

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 1.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

No. 49.

The Weekly Enterprise.

Published every Saturday morning.
By D. C. IRELAND,
OFFICE—South east corner of Fifth and Main streets, in the building lately known as the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.

Terms of Subscription.
One copy, one year in advance, \$5 00
One copy, one year in advance, \$4 00
One copy, one year in advance, \$3 00

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Book and Job Printing!
THE ENTERPRISE OFFICE
is supplied with every requisite for doing a superior style of work, and is constantly accumulating and beautiful styles of material, and is prepared for every variety of book and job printing.

RUSSELL & DALTON,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and
Real Estate Agents.

J. B. UPTON,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,
Oregon City, Oregon.

D. M. McKENNEY,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

JOHN H. SCHRAM,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, HARNESS,
Etc., Etc.,
Main street, between Third and Fourth,
Oregon City, Oregon.

WILLIAM Broughton,
Contractor and Builder,
Main street, Oregon City, Oregon.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CLIFF HOUSE,
MAIN STREET,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Nearly Opposite Woolen Factory.
W. L. WHITE, Proprietor.

OSWEGO HOUSE!
OSWEGO, OREGON.
JOHN SCHMIDT, Proprietor.
I am now prepared to receive and entertain all who may favor him with their patronage. The House is new and the Rooms are newly and neatly furnished. The Table will be supplied with all the delicacies of the season. The House is situated near the steamer landing. The proprietor will at all times endeavor to give entire satisfaction to all who may favor him with a call, and will respectfully solicit the patronage of the Traveling Public.

DAVID SMITH,
Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL,
Black Smith and Wagon Maker,
Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City, Oregon.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1849, at the old stand,
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.
An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight and pocket watches, which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairs done on short notice, and warranted for past years.

Imperial Mills,
OREGON CITY.
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:
FLOUR, MILLINGS,
BRAN AND CHICKEN FEED!
Parties wanting feed must furnish their sacks.

CANEMAH STORE!
JAMES MORETTI & CO.
WOULD INFORM THE PUBLIC—Especially of Canemah, that they have established a Store at that place, where they will keep on hand a well assorted stock of Merchandise and Groceries, which will be sold at reasonable rates, for the purpose of establishing permanently such a necessary at Canemah. Try us.

REGENT BREWERY!
HENRY HUMBEL,
LAGER BEER,
As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.
Oregon City, December 25th, 1866. 107

EXCELSIOR MARKET!
Corner of Fourth and Main Streets,
Oregon City, Oregon.
TAKE THIS METHOD OF INFORMING THE PUBLIC—The public are hereby notified that we have on hand all kinds fresh and salt meats, such as BEEF, PORK,
MUTTON, VEAL,
CORNED BEEF, HAMS,
PICKLED PORK, LARD,
And everything else to be found in their line of business.
GREEN & ALBERT,
Oregon City, April 28th, 1867. 121

J. A. MacDONALD,
General Merchant and Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Groceries, Wines and Liquors!
NOTICE TO ALL
WHO WANT
First Class Fine or Course
Boots and Shoes!
Made or repaired. Special care and attention paid to orders for fine work, such as Ladies' and Misses Fine Gaiters, Gaiters, Fine French Calf Boots, etc.
Orders solicited from abroad will be executed with neatness and dispatch.
THOMAS HILLIGER & SMITH,
Green & Albert's Building, Oregon City, Oregon.

GOING OUT TO WALK.

Several weeks ago, a friend of ours who resides in Oroville, California, lost his wife after a long and painful illness. She left three beautiful children to cheer the sad hearts of those left to mourn her loss. A few days after her death, a gentleman was passing by the house and observed the youngest girl, a blue-eyed darling of four summers, standing at the gate and gazing intently up and down the street. "Whom are you looking for?" asked the gentleman. "I'm waiting for mamma," said the child, with half a sob, "she's gone out to walk. I wish she'd come back."

Weep not, blue-eyed cherub,
For the unretracing step
Of her who watched thy cradle,
May thy tears on earth weep;
She has left the earth forever,
And in the starry dome,
She's watching over the dear ones
Who cheered her earthly home.

The radiant eyes are east downwards
To the home that she has left,
Her prayers are for the dear ones
Of her fond care bereft.
She's praying for her children,
With sorrow stricken down,
On earth their crosses they'll carry—
In Heaven they'll wear her crown.

God guard those tender children,
Blessed with an angel's tears;
Throughout life's trials and dangers
They'll find her when their footsteps
On earth shall cease to roam,
As bright angels are waiting
For her children coming home.

THE TRUE WELCOME.
The welcome which thine eyes express
Is warmer far than tongue can tell,
I speak not, but look; thy glances tell,
We need no words where hearts love well.

The courteous phrase, the studied thought
That lips can frame, let others prize;
Words are but air, and oft mean naught,
Give me the language of the eyes!

COMMERCIAL PROGRESS.
Among the incidental but not insignificant results of the ministry of Gen. Dix to the Tuleteries, is the enlightenment of the French government and people upon the vastness and importance of that great enterprise—the Pacific Railroad, says the Chicago Tribune, and the revolution it is bound to effect in the commerce of the whole world. In a Paris paper of June 30, there is an account of the *Salva des Conférences* of the universal exposition, at which were representatives of all the different races of mankind—Americans, French, Chinese, English and others—gathered for the purpose of listening to a detailed history of the Pacific Railroad. At the conference a letter was read from Gen. Dix, in which he refers to the long time necessary for travelers or merchandise to reach China from Paris, a great portion of the time being taken in traveling away from the direct course. But when the great Pacific Railroad is completed there will be, he says, an almost direct line for their commerce, thus realizing the conception of Christopher Columbus by reaching the East Indies the easiest and shortest way by sailing westward.

The United States is destined to become the great entrepot of trade. It may be interesting and profitable to trace the star of commerce as it gradually took its way westward, and then glance at the probabilities in regard to the point where commercial prosperity will culminate. The Phoenicians were the first navigators of any account of whom we have any authentic history, and even their exploits are shrouded in the mists of tradition. The date of the origin of commerce cannot be determined, but it must have been prior to the records of history, for the conveyance of merchandise by water is so much easier than by land that we may safely conclude that the people who possessed opportunities of this kind were not slow in improving them. Tyre, which so long withstood the assaults of Alexander, the greatest burglar of his age, it not of his race, was the first commercial capital of the world. When that city fell, though it was long before commerce had a metropolis of cosmopolitan dimensions, Corinth and Athens became great commercial cities; and on the eastern shore of the sea which divided Greece from Asia, were some important cities, but none of them equalled what Tyre had been. Finally, the Phoenicians established and raised to prominence Carthage, on the south shore of the Mediterranean. That became a much more important commercial point than Tyre had been, when it finally fell before the sword of Rome, a victim not of commercial but of imperial rivalry. Rome, with no water but the maddy Tiber, was not, nor did it ever become, a great commercial center; but the vast power of Carthage, derived from its ships, stood between the Eternal City and universal empire, and therefore the relentless Romans decreed its utter destruction. Although Rome was not a commercial city, its imperial sway was eminently serviceable to commerce by suppressing piracy and securing a uniformity of interest between different people.

Never to Old Mary.

There was a fine old General once, who having spent most of his life in the field of Mars, knew very little about the camp of Cupid. He was one of those rough and honest spirits often met with in his gallant profession innocent as an infant of almost everything save high integrity and indomitable bravery. He was nearly 50 years old, and his toils were over, when master Dan made him acquainted with a widow Wadman, in whose eyes he began to detect something which made him feel uneasy. Here was the result of leisure.

At length, however, the blunt honesty of his disposition rose uppermost among his conflicting plans, and his course was chosen. At school he had once studied *Orlando's Defense*, to recite at an exhibition, but made a failure, he recollected that there was something in this defense to recite very much like what he wanted to say. He got the book immediately, found the passage, clapped on his hat with a determined air, and posted off to the widow Wadman's with Shakespeare under his arm.

"Madame," said Gen. Uncle Toby, opening the book at the marked place, with the solemnity of a special pleader at the bar—"Madame—

God bless me in my speech,
And little blessed with the set phrases of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' youth
Till now some time moons wasted, they
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little that to great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore—

Here the General closed the book, wiped his forehead, looked up at the ceiling, and said with a spasmodic gasp, "I want to get married!" The widow laughed for ten minutes by the watch before she could utter a syllable, and then she said with precious tears of good humor rolling down her good natured cheeks. And who is it you want to marry, General?"

"You," said Uncle Toby, flourishing his sword arm in the air, and assuming a military attitude of defiance, as if expecting an assault from the widow immediately. "Will you kill me if I marry you?" said the widow, with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"No, madame," replied Uncle Toby, in a most serious and deprecating tone, as if to assure her that such an idea had never entered his head. "Well, then, I guess I'll marry you," said the widow.

"Thank you, madam," said Uncle Toby, "but one thing I am bound to tell you—I wear a wig." The widow started, remained silent a moment and then went into a longer, louder and merrier laugh than she had indulged in before, at the end of which she drew her seat nearer the General, gravely laid her hand on his head, gently lifted his wig off and placed it on the table.

Gen. Uncle Toby had never known fear in hot battle, but he now felt deep inclination to run away. The widow laughed again, as though she would never stop, and the General was about to put his hat upon his nudled head and bolt, when the facetious lady placed her hand upon his arm and detained him. She then raised her hand to her own head with a rapid manoeuvre, and with her finger pulled off her whole head of fine glossy hair, and placing it upon the table by the side of the General's, and remained seated with ludicrous gravity in front of her accepted lover, quiet as a mouse.

Female "Snobism" Snubbed.

A western R. R. conductor tells the following to the Cincinnati Times: "One day last week," said he, "there came on board the cars, from one of the up-country stations, a very pretty, genteel young lady, on her way to the city. She was alone; so I waited upon her to a good seat, and made her as comfortable as possible. It was a few minutes before the starting hour, and she was so agreeable and so talkative that I lingered, and we had a pleasant chat.

"Afterward, when collecting the tickets she detained me again an instant, and gave me some fine peaches, which she said came from her friend's orchard in the country; and really I began to think that I had not had so charming a passenger for many a day.

"Well, we arrived at the depot; and then I attended her to the carriage, handed her up her carpet bag; and, after all, what do you think she said?"

Now, we thought of course, that the young lady would say very positively, "thank you, sir"—smile like a gleam of sunshine and the carriage roll off—and our friend John Van Dusen, the gentlemanly conductor, would bow adieu, and with a sigh turn away, and forget the matter; and stated that as our natural supposition, "No," said the conductor, "she did not say such a thing; but just as her foot was on the step, she turned, and with a sort of look I cannot describe, observed:

"You must consider this, sir, merely a car acquaintance. You must not expect to be recognized if we meet anywhere else!"

"Why, I thought this rather uncivil, to say the least, so I replied very quietly:

"Certainly not, madam. I was just about to remark that you must not feel slighted if unnoticed by me anywhere, except on the cars; for really we conductors have to be careful about our acquaintance!"

"And the lady?" said we. "She looked quite silly as she drove off," replied John.

SPURRY MIS.—A Paris correspondent tells Mrs. Dr. Mary Walker did on finding a bust of General Lee in the American Department of Exposition. "Her little eyes flashed, her thin nose contracted with indignation, her little lips quivered." "How dars she," shrieked the feminine M. D., "how dars one exhibit that?" With that she tore off the lable, and with her pretty foot—for there is much of a woman about her—stamped it on the floor. And the crowd marveled, saying "Who-oo! Are you not afraid of some one?" modestly asked some lady. "Insult somebody! insult somebody!" said she; "I consider that an insult to the world!" And then going away the champion of the insulted world whispered into the ear of the lady: "If anybody asks you who did it, tell 'em it was me."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Motto for an Arab tribe—Up and Bedouin.
The Pacific and Atlantic telegraph company divides 2 1/2 per cent. quarterly.

The family of the late Daniel S. Dickinson have been paid a life insurance of twenty thousand dollars.

Whale meat is the fashion again in Paris. "Whale in oil styles" is the sign of the restaurants.

A genius out west, who wished to mark a half dozen new shirts, marked the first John Jones, and the rest ditto.

Josh Billings says, "marrin' for love may be a little risky, but it is so honest that God kant but smile at it."

The last case of jealousy is that of a lady who discarded her lover, a sea captain, because he hugged the shore.

A Boston man, lately deceased, had insurance policies on his life amounting to \$50,000 payable within sixty days.

M. Alexander Dumas, fils, has engaged to deliver sixty lectures in this country. He is to receive fifty thousand francs.

The difference between a gambler and a theatrical critic is, that one is a player at poker and the other a poker at players.

THE BEST PLACE.

The following sensible advice is given to an inquirer who lives in Minnesota, and "wants to enjoy good health" in Virginia: He had better stay where he is. He wishes to raise small fruits for a large city, let him get ten acres so near St. Paul that he can go in with his own conveyance, and then plant Doolittle Black-cap, Wilson Strawberry, and Cherry Currants.

After he has made a little money, let him build a green house, raise peaches in pots, Black Hamburg, Syrian and other grapes. There, roses will bloom, and lettuce can be picked in January. The earliest cucumbers in New York are not from the South, but Boston. The energy and skill developed by a cold climate are superior to all that a Southern sun can bestow. Under forty-five degrees, vegetation almost rivals the tangled jungles and sweeping foliage of the West Indies or of the Valley of the Amazon. Even the rays of the high sun in July have a strange tropical glare, and marvelous is the growth of trailing, dripping ferns; the forests are crowded with columns of tall, straight trees; wheat grows up to the fence corners, and waving in the breeze are the swampsy seeds of dark green corn. Let those who will languish with fevers, and long for the cooling stream, where insects fill the air and drop from the ceiling. Let who will crush cabbage worms by the hour, start, while at work, from the hiss of the adder, and anxiously look to the South West, over parched fields, for signs of rain. Gold, high culture, skill, and undying energy, are required to make civilized homes in the hot climate. When society is sufficiently progressed, these qualities will appear, but till then let us cling to the grassy horizon of the North.

INFAMOUS CLOTHING.—Ladies' light dresses may be made fire-proof by means of the tungstate of soda. Although since the introduction of crinoline frightful accidents have been more frequent, no serious attention has been given to any plan for remedying the evil. Quite lately, however, a sudden death, caused by a jacket match, has prevented the union of the houses of Savoy and Hapsburg Lorraine. The Archduchess Matilda, the affianced bride of the Crown Prince of Italy, was looking out of the Imperial Palace at Schonbrunn, and in changing her position trod on a lucifer match, which had been negligently dropped on the floor. Instantly her long, light dress was on fire, and was not extinguished until too late. After a short interval of extreme suffering she expired.

The *London Leader* says, "the public mind is now in a ripe condition for the enactment of the most stringent precautions against fatal accidents from burning; and the warning which was repeatedly sent forth, but in vain, through the sad fate of poor ballet girls, who had ventured too near the foot lights, will surely take effect now when an auspicious alliance has been set aside by the most miserable of accidents and when a heater match has proved even more adverse to the pacific relations of two rival powers than the command of Custozza, or the heavy-slotted broadside of Lissa."

One of the pleasantest incidents of the French court stage occurred when the Emperor Napoleon jokingly kissed the Empress Josephine, who was acting a little operative part in the theatre in the palace at St. Cloud. She demurely stepped forward and remarked that any one of the audience who was dissatisfied with the performance might retire, and have his money returned to him at the doors. The consequent laughter was uproarious.

Two men recently fought a duel in Milwaukee, and the weapon used was lager beer. After an hour's drinking they loved each other hugely, hugging and kissing each other, and declaring that there was no insult intended. Another and they were punning each other, and in a few minutes more they were in the lock-up.

The Rev. Mr. Johnston was one of those rough but quaint preachers of the former generation who were fond of visiting and good living. While seated at the table of a lady in a neighboring parish, she asked him if he took milk in his tea. "Yes, ma'am, when I can't get cream," was the ready reply.

The usual place of resort for Dublin duellists was called fifteen acres. An attorney of that city, in opening a challenge, probably thought he was drawing a lease, for land, and invited his antagonist to meet him at "the place called fifteen acres—but the same more or less."

The Rev. Rowland Hill once said, on observing some persons enter his chapel to avoid the rain that was falling. "Many persons are to be blamed for making their religion a cloak; but I do not think those much better who make it an umbrella."

It is stated that the French troops in Mexico will be so delighted when their ships arrive to take them home, that they will unaniously go into transports.

Rev. P. D. Barnhardt, late president of the Fairmount female college, Philadelphia, has accepted the presidency of the Colorado, at Denver.

Good family advice: Let all troublesome topics be avoided at meals. Do no dwell upon the difficulties of the dinner table, for a cheerful spirit not only gives relish for food but a good start at digesting the same.

The Omaha base ball club have given up the proposed expensive trip to Denver.

A German writer estimates that an acre of good buckwheat will yield fourteen pounds of bone daily.

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