OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

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By D. C. IRELAND,

OFFICE:—South east corner of FOURTH and MAIN streets, in the building lately known as the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.

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Will attend to all work in his line, consisting in part of Carpenter and Joiner work—framing, building, etc. Jobbing promptly attended to. (52

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His store is between Jacobs' and Ackerman's bricks, on the west side of Main street.
Oregon City, October 27th, '66. (tf

Professor A. J. Rutjes,

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WILL be glad to receive a number of Pupils at his Music Room, at the private residence of Mr. Charles Logus. He will also continue to give instructions at private residences. No charge for the use of the piano. My pupils will please give me notice when ready to commence. 3:1y

DAVID SMITH W. K. MARSHALL.

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Black-Smiths and Boiler Makers.

Corner of Main and Third streets,
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Blacksmithing in all its branches. Boiler making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction. (52

R. HENDRIE,

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Life's Leaves.

The following poem is touchingly beautiful. Many an eye will be dimmed by a tear as it reads these lines and the thoughts go wandering away to "memory's wildwood:"

"The day with its sandals dipped in dew
Has passed through the evening's golden gates,
And a single star in the cloudless blue
For the rising moon in silence waits;
While the winds that sigh to the languid hours
A lullaby breathes o'er the folded flowers.

The lilies nod to the sound of the stream
That winds along with a lulling flow,
And either awake or half in a dream,
I pass through the realms of long ago;
While faces peer with many a smile
From the bowers of memory's magic isle.

There are joys and sunshine, sorrows and tears,
That check the path of life's April hours,
And a longing wish for the coming years
That hope ever wreathes with the fairest flowers;
There are friendships guileless—love as bright,
As pure as the stars in the halls of night.

There are ashen memories, bitter pain,
And buried hopes and a broken vow,
And aching heart by the restless main,
And the sea-breeze fanning a pallid brow;
And a wandering on the shell-lined shore
List'ning for voices that speak no more.

There are passions strong and ambitions wild,
And the fierce desire to stand in the van
Of the battle of life—and the heart of the child
Is crushed in the breast of the struggling man;
But short the regrets and few are the tears
That fall at the tomb of the vanquished years.

There's a quiet peace and a domestic love,
And joys arising from faith and truth,
And a love unquestioning far above
The passionate dreamings of ardent youth;
And kisses of children on lip and cheek,
And the parent's bliss which no tongue can speak.

There are loved ones lost! There are little graves
In the distant dell, 'neath protecting trees,
Where the streamlet winds and the violet waves,
And the grasses sway to the sighing breeze;
And we mourn for the pressure of tender lips,
And the light of eyes darkened in death's eclipse.

And thus, as the glow of daylight dies,
And the night's first look on the earth is cast,
I gaze 'neath those beautiful summer skies
At the pictures that hang on the wall of the past—
On sorrow and joy chanting a mingled lay
When to memory's wildwood we wander away."

A new method of inducing *indisposed* young men to attend church has been adopted in some sections of the country, as the following indicates: A nice young man, a little worldly-minded walked to church once with a very pious young lady. Arrived at the church door, worldly minded young man declined entering; whereupon, pious young lady seized his hat, and placing it under her cloak, sailed into church, leaving the worldly minded young man standing at the door minus his hat. The last heard of worldly minded young man, he was seen wending his way down the church aisle as demurely as if nothing had happened.

"Madam," said a husband to his young wife, in a little altercation, which will sometimes spring up "in the best of families," "when a man and his wife have quarreled, and each consider the other in fault, which of the two ought to advance toward a reconciliation?" "The best-natured and wisest of the two," said the wife, putting up her mouth for a kiss, which was given with unction. She was the conqueror.

The celebrated portrait painter, Stuart, once met a lady in the street in Boston, who saluted him with:—"Ah! Mr. Stuart, I have just seen your miniature, and kissed it because it was so much like you." "And did it kiss you in return?" "Why, no!" "Then it was not like me."

A little boy being told by his mother to take a powder she had prepared for him, "Powder, powder!" said he, putting on a roguish smile—"mother, I ain't a gun!" The mother went off.

If any hard affliction hath surprised thee, cast one eye upon the hand that sent it, and the other upon the sin that brought it; if thou thankfully receive the message, he that sent it will discharge the messenger.—*Enchiridion.*

True modesty is a flower whose grateful odor endures for ages. False modesty is a weed as poisonous as stramonium, and as deadly, in its ultimate effects, as the prussic acid distilled from the green and pretty peach trees.

AT the recent Commencement of Harvard College the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon the veteran printer, John Wilson, of Cambridge, Mass.

Abuse of Language.

We had occasion very recently to animadvert on the extravagance into which men are apt to be betrayed by what is often called the "inspiration of a crowd." If that extravagance took only the form of loud speech and vehement gesticulation, its effect would only be local and ephemeral. But when it takes the form of words which, from the position of the speaker or other circumstances, are all carefully caught up, written out, telegraphed abroad, and printed in a thousand newspapers, the evil done, whether to the speaker himself or the cause he advocates, becomes general and permanent. Reticence in a public man aspiring to position is politic; as an officer of the State it is a duty. We all known that Henry Clay would have President of the United States if he could have been induced to hold his tongue; and even Cass might have reached the same position if pen and ink had been kept out of his reach.

We do not mean to say that a Secretary of State or a President of the United States, whose conduct must be judged by the people, should be debarred from explaining or vindicating it in a form more popular than through messages and State papers. But we do mean to say that in a country where every speech from any such functionary is telegraphed everywhere, printed in every hamlet, and read by everybody, one carefully prepared and digested popular exposition is all that is needed. The ideas intended to be presented, when once put before the public, lose force and effect by reiteration, and are liable, from inadvertence on the part of the speaker, from excitement consequent on travel, the meeting of crowds, or from other causes more obvious, to be distorted by the speaker himself, and take a form of extravagance amounting to the monstrous.

A most conspicuous and melancholy example of the truth of what we say has been afforded during the late Presidential pilgrimage, in which the intelligence and moral sense of the North has been shocked by the frequent use of language which, if used in the literal sense or general significance, would imply a condition of things in the country more alarming and revolting than prevailed during the worst days of anarchy in France. If the President of the United States, who should never utter a word without deliberately weighing its significance, really believes that all the men who differ with him on a question of great difficulty and delicacy, who comprise more than two-thirds of Congress, who embrace the Governors of nine-tenths of all the loyal States, and three-fourths of the aggregate members of all the Legislatures of those States—if he really believes what he says, that they are "traitors," "trying to destroy the Union," then that conviction should be communicated to the country and the world with a solemnity becoming the momentousness of the announcement, and not shouted forth with passionate gesticulation in the face of a surging crowd, in answer to the insults of a drunken boor! In such case he should remain at his post at the Capital, and thence proclaim the terrible fact in such language as Washington would have used, in sad and earnest appeal to the patriotism and intelligence of the country. But the President does not mean what he says. He is using forms of expression unhappily too common among writers and speakers in the South, who mistake extravagance and hyperbole for force, and who have lost all just conception of the power and purports of words. That there is a large body of men differing from the President in his policy, who are vehement in their denunciation of it, and of him as, in their belief, a deserter from principles and measures to which they had supposed him attached, in common with themselves, there can be no doubt. But their dissent does not justify the heavy charge of treason from Presidential lips any more than their vituperation deserves notice from the Chief Executive of the nation.

We regret profoundly the recent Presidential trip. Mr. Johnson, as well as the American people, must bitterly blame those who planned and advised it. The dignity of the Presidential office has been lowered and the weakest side of Mr. Johnson's salient character unnecessarily exposed. The men who dragged him away from his post of duty knew better than any other equal number of men what were the faults and perils of the illustrious Tennessean. They knew how the opposition, the taunts and the sneers of the slave aristocracy of his region had greatly unsettled the equilibrium of a mind which, under other circumstances, might have been eminently judicial, and had given to natural earnestness a tendency to violence in action and extravagance of speech, which the exciting trials of the last four years had not contributed to diminish. It was their duty as friends and counselers, and as American citizens, charged in all ways with sustaining the national reputation, to have checked this tendency, and avoided instead of seeking opportunities for its exhibition. Earnest and disinterested friends advised Mr. Johnson to remain in the Capital, and, if requiring repose and recreation, to seek it somewhere else than among heated crowds and on rushing and suffocating railways. Could these be real friends who overruled that rational advice? Is it possible that their purpose was the opposite of that of the sons of Noah, and that, by facilitating political suicide, they should clear the way for personal preferment?—*N. Y. Paper.*

THIS is an old story, which few persons have not heard. When Governor of New York, Seward, in those pre-railroad days, had occasion to visit a certain part of the State, and accordingly mounted upon a box of the mail coach in order that he might enjoy his cigar and the scenery. The driver was an inquisitive fellow, and his passenger humored him.

"Land agent?" said the driver.

"No," quoth Seward.

"Selling goods?"

"No."

"Traveling preacher?"

"No."

"Circus?"

"No."

"What then?" said the baffled driver; "what is your business?"

"Governor," replied Seward, with a tranquil puff.

"Governor o' what?"

"Governor of the State of New York," replied the smoking passenger, with composure.

"Get out!"

"Well, I can convince you of that," said Seward, "for here is a man with whom I am acquainted," and as the stage passed by he saluted him. "Good morning, Mr. Bunker: I want to ask you a question—am I not the Governor of the State of New York?"

"No, by thunder!" was Bunker's unexpected answer.

"Who is, then?" said the startled smoker.

"Thurlow Weed!"

When a lady would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say "bosom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect upon the company is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing not suggestive of sweetness, she should say "brush," the result of which is infalible. If she would make her mouth look small, she must say "flip;" but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say "cabbage." If she wishes to look mournful, she must say "kerchunk." If resigned, she must forcibly ejaculate "s'eat." Ladies, when having their photographs taken, may observe these rules with some advantage.

YANKEE INVENTIONS.—The Parisians amuse themselves by telling wonderful stories about the Americans. One is to the effect that, not satisfied with discarding linen around their throats, the inhabitants of the Great Republic now wear paper shirts and stockings, to the intense disgust of the washerwomen. They also affirm that steel collars have taken the place of paper ones; but that the inventor of this last innovation, in stooping to enter a Broadway stage, cut his throat from ear to ear, and is not expected to recover! There is also (according to Paris gossip) a wonderful Yankee machine so constructed that it immediately stops a speaker the moment he commences to tire his hearers. Quite a useful contrivance that must be!

The lofty mountain of virtue is of quite a contrary make to all other mountains. In the mountains of the earth the skirts are pleasant, but the tops rough; whereas the skirt of the mountains of virtue is harsh, but the top delicious. He who studies to come at it, meets in his first steps nothing but stones, briers and thistles; but the roughness of the way diminishes as he proceeds on his journey, and the pleasue of it increases until at length, at the top he finds nothing but beautiful flowers, choice plants and crystal fountains.—*Tillotson.*

A model house is now being built as an experiment in one of the suburbs of Paris. It consists of ten stories, besides the cellars underground. It has no staircase, but every minute an hydraulic lift. As the upper stories will be more airy and quiet than the others, they will probably let at a higher rate than the lower floors.

The French navy has the biggest gun yet cast—a 40,000 pounder.

The Causes of Rain.

The air, the great reservoir of rain, seems placed in the system of nature to be the grand mediator between the land and water. Books inform us that the atmosphere is a compound of oxygen and nitrogen gas; but, in fact, an atmosphere consisting simply of these is not to be found in our system. So much greater is the affinity of air for water than the attractions of the particles of water for each other, that all over the world, even at the icy pole, where water perpetually hastens from the liquid to the solid form, the air is drawing moisture into itself, licking as it were the surface of the ice rocks to fill itself with vapor. Sir David Brewster has called this capacity of air for water, its power to *dissolve* water, since it destroys its most common form, and compels it to become, like itself, a light elastic gas.

Suppose this process of dissolution to go on over the ocean, the surface of the two expanses will touch each other, and the air in contact with the sea will become charged with vapor. This moisture will gradually diffuse itself through the layer of air next above it, and so on until it has permeated the entire body of air, the lowest stratum drawing up fresh moisture from the deep as fast as it is relieved of its former load. This, however, would of itself be a very slow process; it would be something like what we see when a quantity of salt is allowed to dissolve at the bottom of a vessel containing water; supposing the mixture to remain quiet, a long time is required to permit of its complete salification, but let it be stirred—that is, let the saturated strata of water be removed from contact with the salt and the less saline portion be substituted, and the process will be rapidly perfected. The rapid diffusion of vapor through the atmosphere is provided for by winds which remove the moist air from the aqueous surface, and bring a thirsty, dry atmosphere to receive its charge. From a square mile of water, six hundred and ninety tuns per day will evaporate. The extent of watery vapor enveloping our earth, at any moment, has been computed to be nearly twelve thousand cubic miles. Notwithstanding the great extent of this moisture in its attenuated form, if the whole were suddenly condensed to liquid water and deposited on the earth, it would only cover its surface to the depth of from four to five inches. It is estimated that the atmosphere absorbs and precipitates this large quantity of water every year.

The quantity of moisture which a given measure of air will hold as solution, depends on the degree of its temperature, increasing as this becomes warmer. At the poles, in consequence of the extreme cold, the air is filled—that is, its power of containing is exhausted, when but very little water has been absorbed; hence the wind which blows from the poles is comparatively dry. Under the line, and throughout the tropics, evaporation goes on with extreme rapidity. When the water is warmer than the air, the vapor does not rise, but hangs over its surface as a mist; when, on the contrary, the air is warmer, the vapor rises, until, reaching an elevated region, it becomes condensed and appears as a cloud. It is for this reason that clouds are higher in summer than in winter, and that a lowering atmosphere generally announces the approach of rain; because the air is so completely saturated with vapor that the reduction of temperature produced by a very small elevation is sufficient to condense the excess of moisture which the air is unable to dissolve.

We have seen that the quantity of vapor which a measure of air, say a cubic foot, will hold, depends on its temperature. But it must be remembered that, at any temperature, vapor is lighter than the air which contains it; if we take the number eight to represent the weight of a foot of air, that of a light body of vapor may be represented by the number five. Hence the tendency of vapor to ascend, from which it will be seen that, whatever the temperature of the air which contains it, vapor is constantly tending to its coldest part, since warmth decreases as we ascend; and further, that the capacity of air to hold moisture, not only increases with an accession of heat, but increases very much faster than the temperature. If the heat of a given body of air be taken to be four, and its capacity to contain moisture also at four, an addition of heat which shall raise the temperature to eight, or double, will increase its capacity for vapor nearly to sixteen, or almost four fold. We have thus, on the one hand, an affinity of air for water, capable of being greatly augmented by temperature, and on the other hand a tendency for vapor, obeying the law of its gravity, to take the highest place in air, as oil does in water; the first tendency to fill the atmosphere with water, the second favorable to its condensation. What will disturb this balance, so as to precipitate moisture? or in other words, what is the immediate cause of rain?

This question again may be narrowed. Whatever causes that a body of vapor shall be in a certain place as a wind, bringing the same from a distance, on a lake or a river supplying the same by evaporation, might be reckoned among causes of local rain. We will now suppose the vapor to hang over a neighborhood, and ask what will determine it to the liquid form? Anything which tends to lower the temperature of air saturated with moisture, may deprive it of its power to retain it in solution. A cloud may travel hundreds of miles without meeting any object capable of changing its condition. Suppose it to contain as much vapor as it will hold, and to meet a colder cloud, as full of moisture; they will mix, and the temperature of the first will fall. If the capacity of a cloud to hold vapor were increased in the same ratio without heat, the loss of the warmer cloud would be the gain of the colder; but since, as we have seen, the latter is much less than the former, a little loss of heat causes a great loss of moisture, which condenses and falls. Suppose again that our warm cloud, instead of meeting another cloud, should be carried against the cold surface of a mountain, a like effect would be produced; the cloud would gather round the cone and be rapidly turned into water. The former of these instances illustrates the cause of rain in champaign or level countries—the latter that of mountainous districts. In the case of thunderstorms, another cause is present to promote the thorough mixture of air; the clouds are generally completely saturated with moisture, and also in opposite electrical conditions. The fall of rain is then copious, and the air not only mixes much more completely, but with great rapidity. It is needless to show how much winds have to do with promoting the mixtures of bodies of vaporized air at different temperatures. If the vapor is condensed by a temperature capable of freezing it immediately, it falls in the form of snow; if it has time to take the form of drops before freezing, it falls as hail.

"I CANNOT, SIR."—A young man—we will call him Honest Frank—who loved truth—was a clerk in the office of some rich merchant. One day a letter came recalling an order for goods, which had been received the day before. One of the merchants handed it to Honest Frank, and, with a persuasive smile, said:

"Frank, reply to this note. Say, 'The goods were shipped before the receipt of the letter countermanding the order.'"

Frank looked into his employer's face with a sad but firm glance, and replied:

"I cannot, sir."

"Why not, sir?" asked the merchant, angrily.

"Because the goods are now in the yard, and it would be a lie, sir."

"I hope you will always be so particular," replied the merchant, turning upon his heel and going away.

Honest Frank did a bold and upright thing. What do you suppose happened to him? Did he lose his place? No—quite different. The merchant was too shrewd to turn away one who would not write a lying letter. He knew the value of such a youth, and, instead of turning him away, made him his confidential clerk.—*Children's Companion.*

Let the love of your brethren be as a fire within you, consuming that selfishness that is so contrary to it and is so natural to men; let it set your thoughts on work to study how to do others good; let your love be an active love intense within you, and extending itself in doing to the souls and bodies of your brethren as they need and you are able.—*Leighton.*

A fellow out West, on being asked whether the liquor he was drinking was a good article, said: "Wall, I don't know; I guess so; there is only one queer thing about it—whenever I wipe my mouth I barn a hole in my coat sleeve."

What is the difference between a Summer dress in Winter and an extracted tooth? One is too thin, and the other tooth out.

When a cuning man seems the most humble and submissive, he is often the most dangerous, look out for the crouching tiger.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken. The full heart knows no rhetoric of words; it resorts to the pantomime of sighs and glances.

The Emperor Napoleon has given up visiting Nancy this Winter, for which Eugenie ought to be thankful.

The Uncertainties of Law.

The Troy *Whig* tells a story of a case at law in that State. In 1855 a man was run over on the Hudson River Railroad, and his wife sued the company for damages. The case was first tried before a justice, and the plaintiff non-suited. She then appealed to the Supreme Court, and the non-suit was taken off. She then tried the case before another justice, and got $2,500 damages. The railroad company appealed this time, and the fourth trial was held in the Supreme Court, the verdict of $2,500 being affirmed. The railroad company again appealed, and the fifth trial was had before the New York Court of Appeals, which reversed the former decisions and ordered a new trial before a justice. This gave rise to the sixth trial, which came on before another justice, who non-suited the plaintiff. She then appealed, and the seventh trial took place before the Supreme Court, which this time affirmed the non suit; but the lady again appealed to the highest court, and the eighth trial was had before the Court of Appeals in April last. This court reversed all the former decisions, and sent the case down to the justice to begin again. Thus, after eleven years' contest in the courts, and eight trials, the case is where it started in the Justice's Court in 1855.

WARNING FROM THE STAGE.—The great tragedian Macready would never allow his daughters to enter a theater. A recent memoir of an actor of brilliant genius, written by his daughter, states that his children during their childhood were carefully kept from everything connected with his profession. "Occasionally," says she, "we were permitted to visit the theater, but we were never allowed a free indulgence of promiscuous plays." A son of this actor, who himself is quite distinguished in the same line, on being recently consulted by a soldier's orphan daughter, in reference to going upon the stage, earnestly entreated her to abandon the idea, on account of the immorality of such a life. Another eminent actor, George Vandenhoff, on quitting the profession for the bar, gave the following gratuitous advice to any "ingenuous youth" thinking of becoming an actor: "Go to sea; go to law; go to church; go to physic; go to Italy, and strike a blow for liberty; go to anything, or anywhere that will give you an honest and decent livelihood, rather than go upon the stage. To any young lady with a similar proclivity, I would say, buy a sewing machine, and take in plain work first; so shall you save yourself much sorrow, bitter disappointment, secret tears."

A late English invention of colored starch is one of the greatest novelties in the London fashionable world. Several colors are already produced, and the invention is being extended to others. Any article starched with this preparation is completely colored by it, but as the dye readily washes out, the garment that was pink to-day may be made green to-morrow, and so on. This starch is of great use for those bright but treacherously colored muslins that are very costly, but, as their colors wash out, continually perplex their owners. If the pattern has been green, starch of that color is used, and the green remains, and the same is true of any other color. To have the means always at hand, not only of keeping colors fast, but also of varying them day by day, must be invaluable to ladies.

By the systematic arrangements of labor, and the great improvements in machinery, recently introduced into the workshops of England, very superior "Barlow" knives are now turned out at a cost of about five cents each; while a very common knife is produced for about one and a half cents—less than two cents for the blade, handle and manufacturer's profit! Making full allowance for the sad commentary which this fact presents with regard to the miserably low equivalent which English operatives receive for their labor, it, nevertheless, affords a most striking evidence of the vast benefits derivable from modern machinery, and the admirable systematization of labor which is now introduced into all large manufacturing establishments.

Brethren, the very food of the soul is prayer; we cannot do without it. Show me the leading man in society, whose word is as good as his bond; whose judgment is always clear; whose affections are always warm; whom everybody loves, and who loves everybody, and I run no risk in asserting that such a man is a man of prayer.

The man in jail who, looking out of the window of his cell exclaimed, "This is a grate country!" is now generally admitted to have spoken within bounds.