

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 1. OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1867. No. 13.

The Weekly Enterprise.

By D. C. IRELAND,
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING
OFFICE:—South-east corner of Fourth and Main streets, in the building lately known as the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.
Terms of Subscription.
One copy, one year in advance, \$3.00
If delayed, 4.00
Terms of Advertising.
Transient advertisements, one square (12 lines or less) first insertion, \$2.50
For each subsequent insertion, 1.00
Business cards, one square per annum, payable quarterly, 18.00
One column per annum, 30.00
One half column, 20.00
One quarter, 15.00
Legal advertising at the established rates.

Multnomah Lodge No. 1, A. F. & M. S.—Holds its regular communications on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at half past six p. m. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M. Oregon City, Nov. 6th, 1866. 31y

Oregon Lodge No. 3, I. O. O. F.—Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Masonic Hall. Members of the order are invited to attend. By order N. G. 31y

Willamette Lodge No. 15-1, O. G. T. Meets every Saturday evening, at the rooms corner of Main and Washington streets, at 7 o'clock. Visiting members are invited to attend. By order of W. C. T. 31y

W. C. JOHNSON, F. O. M. COWS, Notary Public.
JOHNSON & McCOWAN,
OREGON CITY, OREGON.

Will attend to all business entrusted to our care by the Courts of the State, collect money, negotiate loans, sell real estate, etc.
Particular attention given to contested land cases. 15y

D. M. McKENNEY,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law
WILL ATTEND PROMPTLY TO ALL business entrusted to his care.
Office—One door north of Bell & Parker's Drug Store, Oregon City, Oregon. 31y

S. HUELAT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office over Charman & Brother. 31y

JAMES M. MOORE,
Justice of the Peace & City Recorder.
Office—In the Court House and City Council Room, Oregon City.
Will attend to the acknowledgment of deeds, and all other duties appertaining to the office of Justice of the Peace. 21y

Dr. F. Barclay, H. R. C. L.,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)
OFFICE:—At Residence,
Main Street, Oregon City. 31y

Dr. H. Saffarans,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
OFFICE—In J. Fleming's Book Store,
Main Street, Oregon City. 31y

H. W. ROSS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
(Office over Charman Bros., Main St.)
Oregon City. 1y

John Fleming,
DEALER in BOOKS and STATIONERY.
Thankful for the patronage heretofore received, respectfully solicits a continuance of the favors of a generous public.

His store is between Jacobs' and Ackerman's bricks, on the west side of Main street, Oregon City, October 27th, '66. 1y

Professor A. J. Rutjes,
TEACHER OF MUSIC.
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. His pupils will please give me notice when ready to commence. 31y

SMITH & MARSHALL,
Black Smiths and Boiler Makers,
Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City, Oregon. 31y

Blacksmithing in all its branches. Boiler making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction. 52

BARLOW HOUSE,
Main Street, one door north of the Woolen Factory,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Wm. Barlow, Proprietor.

The proprietor, thankful for the continued patronage he has received, would inform the public that he will continue his efforts to please his guests. 52

William Broughton,
CONTRACTOR and BUILDER,
Main Street, Oregon City.

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

BENNETT HOUSE,
Salmon, Oregon.
L. JAY S. TURNER.

HAVING LEASED THE ABOVE HOTEL in as good style, as any house on the coast. It has been determined to make the Bennett as good as the best, and better than any public house in Salem. Charges moderate. 52

OREGON CITY BREWERY!

HENRY HUMBEL,
Having purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No. 1 quality of LAGER BEER!
As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled. Oregon City, December 23rd, 1866. 13y

Mayer's Market!
IN MOSS' BUILDING, MAIN STREET,
Oregon City.

THE UNDERSIGNED WILL keep on hand a variety of fresh and cured meats, such as Poultry, Vegetables, Corned Beef and Pork, Bacon, Hams, Lard, Tallow, &c., &c., &c.

A liberal share of patronage is solicited, as I expect to keep as good an assortment, and of as good quality as the country affords, which will be delivered to purchasers at any reasonable distance in the city. B. MAYER.

LOGUS & ALBRIGHT,
EXCELSIOR MARKET!
Corner of Main and Fourth sts., Oregon City, Oregon.

TAKE this method of informing the public that they keep constantly on hand all kinds of fresh and salt meats, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, CORNED BEEF, PICKLED PORK, HAMS, LARD, &c., &c., &c.

And everything else to be found in their line of business. LOGUS & ALBRIGHT, Oregon City, November 1, 1866. 21y

JOHN MYERS, 1866, H. C. MYERS,
J. MYERS & BROTHER,
Cheap Cash Store!
Under the Court House, in Oregon City.

Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Groceries, Hardware, etc., etc., which they sell upon as low terms as any house in Oregon. Oregon City, October 23, 1866. 21y

CANEMAN STORE!
JAMES MORETT & CO.,
WOULD inform the public—Especially of Caneman, 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 necessity at Caneman. Try us. 31y

JOHN SCHRAM
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, HARNESS, &c., &c.,
Main Street, between Third and Fourth,
Oregon City.

THE attention of parties desiring anything in my line, is directed to my stock, before making purchases elsewhere. JOHN SCHRAM.

A. LEVY,
Main Street, at the Telegraph Office,
Oregon City, Oregon.

Dealer in
Kester's Ready made Clothing,
Cigars, Tobacco, Pipes, Stationery,
Cutlery, Willow and Wooden
Ware, Yankee Notions,
Fancy and staple Groceries, Candies, Nuts,
Toys, etc. 52

Fashion Billiard Saloon
Main Street, between Second and Third,
Oregon City.

J. C. Mann, Proprietor.
THE above long established and popular Saloon is yet a favorite resort, and as only the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars are dispensed to customers a share of the public patronage is solicited. J. C. MANN.

SHADES SALOON.
West Side Main Street, between Second and Third, Oregon City.

GEORGE A. HAAS, Proprietor.
The proprietor begs leave to inform his friends and the public generally that the above named popular saloon is open for their accommodation, with a new and well-assorted stock of the finest brands of wines, liquors and cigars. 52

THE GEM.
Main Street, opposite the Post Office, Oregon City.

E. PAYNE, Proprietor.
The undersigned takes this method of informing the public that he has purchased the above saloon, and now offers a choice and well selected stock of foreign and domestic wines, liquors, etc., which cannot fail to please those who may extend their patronage. The best Lager Beer, Ale and Porter in the State, always on draught. 31y E. PAYNE.

PONY SALOON.
Main Street, Oregon City,
Adjoining the Brick Store of S. Ackerman.

JAMES MANN, Prop.
This popular saloon is always supplied with the very best quality of Wines and Liquors, Ale, Porter, Beer and Cider, Cigars and Tobacco. Give me a call. 71y JAMES MANN.

W. B. PARLOW'S
Livery, Feed & Sale Stable,
(ESTABLISHED 1852.)
Main Street, Oregon City.

FIFTEEN years' experience of a customer in a satisfactory manner, and still favorable terms, also to feed, buy, sell or exchange horses. 52

One by One.

One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one thy gifts shall meet thee,
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee, far to-morrow
Every day begins again.
Every hour that flees so slowly,
Has its task to do or bear;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nortly daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reading heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
T're the pilgrimage be done.

THE EXPRESSION OF THE EYE.—They play at a game in France in which certain members of a company are entirely concealed with the exception of their eyes. Everything is hidden except the eye itself—and then it is the business of the rest of the company to identify the concealed persons simply by their eyes. One who had played at this game told me that the difficulty of such identification is incredibly great, and that he himself was unable to find out his own wife when thus concealed. More than this, it happened, that on one occasion a lady, celebrated for her beauty and especially distinguished by her fine eyes, La Duchesse de M—, was drawn into engaging in this pastime, there being only one other person hidden besides herself, and this an old gentleman not celebrated for his eyes. The pair were duly concealed and bandaged up with nothing but their eyes visible, and then the person—a lady—who was to declare to whom the respective eyes belonged was introduced. Without a moment's hesitation she walked up straight to where the old gentleman was placed, and exclaimed: "Ah, here there is no one but La Duchesse de M— who can boast such eyes as these." She had made the choice, and it was she who won.

FUN AT HOME.—Don't shut your house, lest the sun should fade your carpets and your hearts, lest a hearty laugh shake down some of the dusty old cobwebs there! If you want to ruin your Sonnets think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left on the threshold without when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in gambling-houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation somewhere; if they do not find it at their own hearthstones, it will be sought at other and less profitable places. Therefore let the fire burn brightly at night, and make the household delightful with all those little arts that purgish so perfectly understand. Don't repress the buoyant spirits of your children; half an hour's merriment round the lamp and firelight of home lights out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day, and the best safeguard they can take with them into the world is the influence of a bright little domestic sanctum.

BLESSINGS AND PAINS.—A Western friend sends the following to *Larper's*: "We have in our town a good-hearted and well-meaning man, who, sometimes, in endeavoring to be profound, gets off some very queer sayings. Among other good qualities, he has an implicit confidence in Providence, which he once qualified in this way: 'He had just returned from a long and tedious ride, on a wet and cold winter day. Sitting down by the fire and warming himself, he remarked to a friend, 'Peter, I really believe if it had not been for the blessing of a kind Providence and these thick pants, I should have caught my death of cold!'"

AN IRISH BUFF.—An Irishman, from Battle Creek, Michigan, was at Bull Run battle, and was somewhat startled when the head of his companion on his left was knocked off by a cannon ball. A few moments after, however, a spent ball broke the fingers of this comrade on the other side. The latter threw down his gun and yelled with pain, when the Irishman rushed to him exclaiming: "Blast yer soul, yer gwild woman, shotp crying; yer make more noise about it than the man that losht his head!"

A young gentleman of the city, describing affairs in the country, writes that "the cows act very badly about being milked; sometimes, when you are almost through, they will kick the milk all over you, and you have to go to work and milk them right over again."

What a suspicious monster the man must have been who first invented a lock, but what a trusting creature the woman who first allowed a latch key.

Plain Talk With Married Ladies.

ED. ENTERPRISE:
Finding that at least one of your readers besides myself feels an interest in domestic education in contra-distinction to the education of the schools, I am emboldened to send you a series of papers on kindred subjects, which I respectfully submit to the women of Oregon, hoping that I may meet a sympathetic response from them. These papers are addressed to married ladies, of which company I am one,—notwithstanding the shrewd doubt of your Astoria correspondent's wife; and to those ladies who may read these little essays, I have only to say that I know whereof I speak. A LADY READER.

FIRST PAPER.
I propose to address you familiarly, my dear ladies, upon the following subjects:

- 1st. Mutual Duties.
- 2d. Relations with Kindred.
- 3d. Relations with Society.
- 4th. How to Order a Home.
- 5th. Intellectual Progression.
- 6th. Every-day Christianity.
- 7th. Responsibilities of Parentage.
- 8th. Peculiar Cares of Infancy.
- 9th. How to commence the Infant's Education.
- 10th. The growth of character in Children.
- 11th. What you owe your sons.
- 12th. What you owe your daughters.

Let me at once remove any suspicion from your minds that I am about to inflict upon you a repetition of the thousand and one tiresome homilies to which your sex is repeatedly called to listen, the whole meaning of which is that you shall be sufficiently obedient, and humble, and over-poweringly grateful to your husbands for the favor they have done you in making you their wives. I shall talk only of mutual duties, as I have no belief in any other. But, even in relations that are quite mutual, one may take the precedence by virtue of some peculiar circumstances; and thus, in the marriage relation, the husband, by reason of his superior advantages of sex, age, strength, business ability, and acquaintance with the world, takes precedence. From him should emanate those ideas, and from him should come those acts of generosity, protection, and tenderness, which could not fail to make your return of duty gay and delightful. This, however, is not always the case, and where it is not, there is inevitable sorrow, if not discord and alienation.

It has been, through long times past, too much the fashion to separate the moral and the intellectual, and to require of your sex only the moral, and of the man only the intellectual. This distinction I reject, as not founded on Christianity, neither upon nature; but as having originated in the same manner that all other wrong and oppressive ideas have originated,—in the convenience of the stronger party.

The keeping of all intellectual gifts was arrogated by man, and with these he pretended, and still continues to pretend, to be fully occupied. The virtues were handed over to woman to be taken care of; and, however slightly man has held his share of the divided treasures, he has always insisted that woman should be particularly careful of hers. I do not object in the least to this requirement on his part, but I might suggest that a more equal distribution of good gifts would mend our human condition; and that should man ask for the restoration of half the virtues, and return to woman a portion of her intellectual endowments, the great discrepancy now existing between the mental and moral exaltation of these two halves of one, would be shortened.

It is not so difficult often to be in the practice of patience, cheerfulness, kindness, and every other Christian quality, as it is to suffer the being required to be so by a party not practicing these virtues. That is why, I say, a husband should make it easy for his wife, by setting the example; just as she in her turn exercises all these qualities for the benefit of her children, or any other members of the household whose happiness depends on her.

You will not be surprised that I speak more often of what should be, than what is; because if what is were right, there would be no need of speaking at all. A great French writer has said that "marriage is confession." The union of two hearts begins in this, that they tell every thing to each other; and I would counsel you to that kind of confession from the beginning, inasmuch as I know that a great many misunderstandings arise between married lovers where one supposes the other to entertain some thought or feeling quite foreign to the truth. The more we love, the more jealous we are of those suspected thoughts and feelings. It is therefore best for your happiness that you should confess to your husband what torturing suspicions sometimes beset you with regard to his sentiments toward you; and it is also just as important that you should have his confession of the same kind of misgivings—which are by no means peculiar to your sex, as some suppose. I have known men just as sensitively alive to every little apparent neglect as the most refined woman. In general, a mutual confession would set such matters right, and always it should.

If, then, between married lovers, a confession is a duty, it is not to be neglected by another class of married persons—and

sad as the fact may be, that class is not small—who can not be said really to be lovers, but only friends held in the sacred relationship of marriage, by convenience, or by a reluctance to part bonds too thoughtlessly assumed, but which in their very nature are destructible. So easy is their neglect of duty to creep in here, that it seldom fails to make itself manifest, and to bring the usual heart-burnings along with it. The very imminence of the danger requires more conscientious watchfulness, and the duty of confession is in a like degree heightened. The tenderness shown in such cases, where tenderness is not of spontaneous growth, may prepare the barren heart for a full flowering of love in the future, and you may yet have the happiness of finding that your husband, from being merely your friend and protector, has become your lover as well.

A more unhappy class still, is that one which really is, but is your own best appearance of self-respect; because if you show that you have been foolish enough to marry a man whose opinions you did not respect, or even so unfortunate as to have been imposed upon by such a man; you confess at once your humiliation before those people who have little sympathy for you, and who will go away and mention it to your disadvantage. Besides, this respect which you show your husband, naturally impresses him with an admiration of your good sense and affection, and he is the more likely to return the attention under similar circumstances.

A proper attention to dress is fully as much a sign of a loving wife as it is of a lady-like taste; for no woman of refinement can endure to look stolidly in the presence of a husband whom she loves and respects. She will rather shrink from betraying any of the necessary defects in her toilet, which will sometimes occur, either through illness or a press of unusual duties. There is something essentially coarse in the mind of that woman who can unconcernedly appear to the eyes of her husband in ill-fitting, soiled, or unbecomingly dress. I do not say that no true wife will ever appear thus; but I say that when she does so, she can not fail to be annoyed, and that she will not often be surprised thus if she can prevent it.

I have little enough sympathy for men who are crying out against the extravagance of your sex, so long as they are wasting quite as much, or more, upon wines, cigars, fast horses, chance-games, gentlemen's suppers, secret societies, silly celebrations, and Irishmen's votes; still, I protest against the useless, may *criminal* expenditure on dress, which for a few years has been the fashion of all the world who could be in the fashion. The Bible is against it, every gentle, modest, and womanly sentiment is against it; the demands of charity are against it; good sense and convenience are against it, and, in fact, it is every way wrong. Dress is, or should be, an indication of taste and character. There is a sort of sentiment in dress, properly managed. But I would defy, the most expert to find out a lady's taste, or her peculiar characteristics, from the manifestations of dress as it is now accepted by our fashion-following women of America. Extravagance is its sole expression; not of money alone, but of material, ornament, color, all. A woman is so dressed up an object, as scarcely to be recognizable as a woman; and certainly the change is no improvement. I shall rejoice when dame Fashion takes a whim to be a little more modest and retiring, as then I shall hope to see again occasional glimpses of my old ideals of woman, both as maiden and as matron. Not only out of consideration for your husbands' purses, but for the true dignity and grace of womanhood, implore you to go back a few degrees in the present exuberance indicated by the mode. That woman is most truly great who can dare to be out of the fashion, when it outrages her sense of propriety or expediency; for the mode is without doubt the most exacting of tyrants. To find out and to conform, as much as you conveniently can, to your husband's taste in colors and so on, will increase your charms in his estimation, and is a pleasant thing to do, as every woman loves, or should love, to be admired.

These things which I have mentioned, though, perhaps, to some seemingly inconsequential, as affecting the depth or fervency of love, are, I assure you, of great weight after all; since it is not by great things, but by trifles that the sum of your daily life is made up. As every minute helps to make the hour, so every smallest grace or most trifling fault swells the sum of your virtues or your imperfections. But there are duties of a sterner and higher nature which every wife ought to perform with all the sacredness of a religious service. To sustain before her husband such a character for purity as to make him ashamed of vice; to show such discretion in the keeping of his business or other secrets, as to make him take pleasure in confiding them to her; to encourage him in depression, by a cordial cheerfulness; to assist him in embarrassment by a willing economy; to participate in such pursuits of his as will tend to make you more united; to amuse his leisure, so as to give him a love of home, and in every way endeavor to order things so as to secure his highest degree of happiness. That is what you owe to your husbands; that is what your husbands, in the first place, owe

to you. But even their default hardly can excuse you to your own consciences for a neglect of what is clearly your duty. I do not mean to be understood to say that at all times and under all circumstances you can perform each of these duties that at some other time you may. If you are sick, if the terrible trials of womanhood weigh you down, if too much household labor has worn you out with fatigue, you may omit those little cares for your husband's pleasure, which otherwise you would take delight in assuming. It is now his turn to amuse, to encourage, to assist; and if you have always done your duty, he must be a monster of selfishness who would not gladly make this return.

To be disappointed in love before marriage, is a sorrow of great magnitude to many; but there is no grief and no despair so utterly overwhelming as the disappointment in love which sometimes comes after marriage. Take good care that it comes not to you or yours by any fault of your own. At just such points as these, men have plunged into intemperance and wild excess,—they have gone to be shot down in battle,—they have broken life, and thrown it away like an empty goblet, and gone, like wailing ghosts, out into the dread unknown.

And if men can not brook this great revelation of feeling, how then may a woman? If you should ask me, what is a woman's strength, life, and aspiration, I should answer you always Love. Live for that, and you will live happily and well.

MOTHERS' ATTENTION.—A case of death from fright is given in the *Milwaukee Wisconsin*, which occurred at Evansville, in that State. A child, five years of age, when playing on the steps, was threatened to be shut up in a dark room if he did not go in and stay in the house. The child, frightened, ran in, and fell in paroxysms on the floor. He begged his mother not to let the man shut him up, and he would never go on the steps again. He sickened from this fright, and never recovered. When conscious, he begged his mother to keep the man away, and he never would go on the steps again. And when the little fellow was dying, he said, "Papa, don't let me die; I never will go on the steps again." Is it not possible that this one more melancholy case may do something to induce the breaking-up of the shameful habit of frightening children, whose whole future is often periled by one moment of terror?

GETTING RID OF TWO AILS [ALES] AT ONCE.—A student in one of our State colleges was charged by the faculty with having had a barrel of ale deposited in his room, contrary, of course, to rule and usage. He received a summons to appear before the president, who said:

"Sir, I am informed that you have a barrel of ale in your room."

"Yes, sir."

"Well what explanation can you make?"

"Well the fact is, sir, my physician allowed me to try a little ale each day, as a tonic, and not wishing to stop at the various places where this beverage is retailed, I concluded to have a barrel taken to my room."

"Indeed! And have you derived any benefit from it?"

"Ah! yes; sir; when the barrel was first taken to my room, two weeks since, I could scarcely lift it. Now I can carry it with the greatest ease."

NOT LOST, BUT FOUND.—A gentleman, crossing a narrow bridge, said to a countryman whom he met:

"I think this narrow causeway must be dangerous, my honest friend; pray, are not people lost here sometimes?"

"Lost! No, sir, I never knew anybody lost here in my life. There were several drowned, but they were all found again!"

It is stated that the clerk of a rural church in England recently made the following announcement to the congregation:

"You are desired to attend a meeting in the vestry, at four o'clock, to consider on the means of 'eating the church and digest other matters.'"

"Mast-head, ahoy!"

"Ay, ay, sir," was the answer.

"Do you see a light?"

"Yes, sir."

"What light?"

"Daylight, sir."

HEAVY GALE.

An Illinois bruiser, in describing a gale of wind, said that a white dog, while attempting to breast the storm, was caught with his mouth wide open, and turned completely inside out.

A fashionable paper says the female head has become a sort of museum for gold bands, combs, butterflies and pendulous wreaths which hang under the chin.

A traveler, perceiving two crows flying side by side, said: "Ay, that is just as it should be; I hate to see one crow over another."