

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 1.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1867.

No. 41.

The Weekly Enterprise.

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By D. C. IRELAND,
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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, \$12.00
One column per annum, \$120.00
One half column, \$60.00
One quarter column, \$30.00
Legal advertising at the established rates.

Methodist Lodge No. 1, A. O. U. W.
Holds its regular meetings on the first and third Saturdays of each month, at half past six P. M. in the Court House, Oregon City, Oregon.
By order of W. M. W. C. T.

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Meets every Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock, in the Masonic Hall, members of the order are invited to attend.
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CLIFF HOUSE.

Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
We invite the citizens of Oregon City, and the traveling public, to give us a share of their patronage. Meals can be had at all hours, to please the most fastidious. (15)

BARLOW HOUSE.

Main Street, one door north of the Wooden 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. (15)

W. F. HIGHFIELD.

Established since 1829, at the old stand, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Gold, Silver, and Copper Goods, all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairs done in the shortest notice, and thankful for past favors. (17)

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!

IT IS ONLY NECESSARY TO LET THE PUBLIC BE INFORMED THAT
JOHN HELM, ARTIST,
Has removed to the photographic rooms on Main Street, lately occupied by Morrison & Co., where he is prepared to execute best work that ever.
For Children's Pictures the best hours are between 10 and 12 o'clock A. M. (25-27)

Imperial Mills, OREGON CITY.

KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:
FLOUR, MILLINGS,
BRAN AND CHICKEN FEED!
Parties wanting feed must furnish their sacks. (19-20)

OREGON CITY Paper Manufacturing Co.

Manufacture, and have constantly on hand, a very Superior Article of Straw Wrapping Paper.
Orders will receive prompt attention.
J. D. MILLER, Secretary. (21-22)

CANEMAN STORE!

JAMES MORRITT & CO.
WORLD INFORM THE PUBLIC—Especially the citizens of Oregon City, that they have opened a store at the 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 store as is desired. (13-14)

Fashionable Tailor.

Main Street, between Second and Third, Oregon City.
J. C. Mann, Proprietor.
This above long established and popular tailoring establishment, in a fine new room, and is only the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars are dispensed to customers a share of public patronage is solicited. (14)

SHADES SALOON.

West Side Main Street, between Second and Third, Oregon City.
GEORGE A. HAAS—Proprietor.
The proprietor here has to inform his friends and the public generally that he is now opening a saloon at the place where he will keep on hand a well assorted stock of liquors and cigars. (13-14)

Good Templar's Resort!

Our Dear South of the Post Office, OREGON CITY, OREGON.
THE PROPRIETORS TAKE PLEASURE in stating that they have fitted up the above resort in good shape, and will keep open every day and evening, (Sundays excepted), for the entertainment of the public, with Billiards, etc., on strictly temperance principles. Ice Cream served on Saturdays and Sunday evenings. (23-24)

OREGON CITY BREWERY!

HENRY HUNBEL,
Having purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture No. 1 quality of LAGER BEER!
As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.
Oregon City, December 29th, 1866. (14)

EXCELSIOR MARKET!

Corner of Fourth and Main 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, HAMS, PICKLED PORK, LARD, etc., etc., and everything else to be found in their line of business.
LOUGS & ALBRIGHT,
Oregon City, April 20th, 1867. (21-22)

Mayer's Market!

IN MOSS BUILDING, Main Street, Oregon City.
The undersigned will keep on hand all the varieties of Fresh and Cured Meats:
Poultry, Vegetables, Corned Beef and Pork, Bacon, Hams, Lard, Tallow, &c.
A liberal share of patronage is solicited as I expect to keep as good an assortment, and at as good prices, as the country affords, which will be delivered to purchasers at any reasonable distance in the city.
B. MAYER. (23-24)

MARBLE WORK.

MORRISON & NELSON,
Dealers in California, Vermont, and Italian Marbles, Obelisks, Monuments, Head and Footstones, SALEM, OREGON.
Marbles and Furniture Marble furnished to order. (22-23)

Bill Heads Printed.

At the Enterprise Office.

The Man for Me.

I love Dame Nature's handwork,
And spy the world around,
At Christian, Heathen, Jew or Turk,
Where'er her craft is found;
I study, too, what art can do,
And men and manners see,
And when I view a lad that's true,
Why, he's the man for me.

I've mixed with men of every grade,
Of high and low degree,
The man who toils with plow and spade,
The poor of quality;
I've known a prince not worth my frown,
I've loved a poor navvie,
The man that's honest, up or down,
Oh! he's the man for me.

Give me the man, or serf, or lord,
Who seems to cheat or lie;
Who wants no oath to bind his word,
No bond his acts to tie;
Who meets the sorrows of his kind
With love and sympathy,
And though sharp eye, can yet be blind
To faults which many see.

Who fawns not at the rich man's door,
Nor quails though nobles frown;
Whose hand is up to help the poor,
Or pull the tyrant down;
Who, taught to know what others feel,
Looks on with charity,
Nor quits his friend through word or deed,
Aye! he's the man for me.

When nature forms her model man,
She moulds him true and right;
He lacks no pedigree to scan,
No sword to prove his might,
Through voice or rod or hidden gray,
The mark you still may see,
That stamps him "nature's gentleman,"
Aye! he's the man for me.

—J. G. Macmillan, M. A.

A British Colonist on the Cession of Russian-America.

The Hon. Joseph Howe, the eminent Nova Scotian, has been making a speech, in which, after paying his respects to the recent act of Confederation, he thus speaks of the cession of Russian-America:

"Hardly was the measure passed when England got a diplomatic slap in the face by the purchase of Russian-America without notice or the slightest warning, and even an effort to adjust the Alabama claims appear to be but coldly entertained. What next we may get nobody can tell, but this is certain, that by that purchase the hold of Great Britain upon this continent is made more precarious, while the difficulties of the Confederacy are proportionably increased. By that purchase the United States have acquired a country as large as Canada; they have increased their land frontier, from which they can annoy us, by nine hundred miles, and their coast line upon the Pacific by fifteen hundred. In fact, they sandwich British Columbia between California on the one side and this new purchase on the other, in which there are seventy thousand Indians, so that the defense of our territory beyond the Rocky Mountains is almost impossible. The English newspapers try to comfort themselves with the idea that this country is all ice and snow. That is not the case—the worst of it abounds with fur-bearing animals, and of the value of the mines and of the rich valleys of the interior but little is known. The coast, for a thousand miles, enjoys a moist but not a very severe climate. It abounds with lumber, fish, and water-power. Into this region the young men from Maine and Massachusetts will rush, and in five years the whole coast will be civilized with saw-mills, fishing-craft, and active deep-sea navigation. Even this ice will be turned to account, and will soon employ a large amount of tonnage, conveying it to the East Indies, China and Japan. Columbia, in this environment, is to come into the Confederation, and we are to defend it. By what means, we have yet to learn. But the worst feature of this transaction is the internal evidence it bears of the intimate relations between Russian and the United States, out of which may grow political enterprises that no man can foresee."

McDonald, in the *American Flag*, continues his sketches of the inmates of the Stockton Asylum, and gives the following account of a Lunatic Funeral:

"Two or three persons died during the week of my visit in January. It was cold and rainy, and the blurriness of the season shook off the frail wreaths that were poised on the edge of time. Immediately the corpses were taken to the dead-house, and prepared for interment, after a becoming interval, during which their lunatic friends may visit them. Some of these scenes are very touching, and to myself were exceedingly interesting. A plain but decent coffin is used, which is placed on a stout bier and carried off to the cemetery, and after interment a tall triangular board, bearing the name, but not the name of the sleeper beneath, is driven down at the head. Patients of a proper condition of mind may attend the funeral, on permission of the Superintendent, which is never denied; and thus many a poor friendless one, who has been long lost to the outer world, finds a sincere and tearful mourner at last. There is somebody dying every few days, worn out by the ravages of slow and incurable disease, or the turbulence of a restless mind. One ward is chiefly filled with patients who have softening of the brain, in its last stages. Some of them are too far gone to notice anything; none of them speak, and some will cover their heads with the blankets when looked at. It is generally the result of dissipation and debauchery, sometimes of continual anxiety. There is no hope for them. They must go, and that rapidly, to the grave. Oh, so unspasmodically melancholy! And here, suffer me to add, that if at all understanding the frightful condition of these helpless beings, who are suffering under what the ancients call 'thrashing of God,' I can see in these streets and about the doors of the milder poor-shops, the wrecks of men who are only not so far gone. Some of them will fetch up in the cells which I saw emptied of their skeleton tenants, with eyes set, strained and staring in the most horrible aspect of death, like the figures in the old pictures of the Judgment Day. And the man that set the conflagration of hell ablaze in their brains!—he, when he shall have made money, may have a pew in one of the churches!"

A BIG HOG AND A LITTLE ONE.—A German tavern-keeper in Cincinnati, who entertains porkmen and caters to the taste both of his countrymen and patrons, had a roast pig for dinner on Sunday. The animal (a small one) was served up whole, and as it was placed on the table set forth an appetizing and savory smell that pervaded the dining room and made every occupant wish for a slice; but to the astonishment of every guest a great, burly, hirsuted Teutonic guest dealer from the country sat down opposite the dish, and inconspicuously appropriated the entire roast. The landlord happened to be absent, and good breeding prevented any of the guests from entering a protest, so Hans made such havoc of the dish, and wiped his lips with such evident relish, that one of the waiters, with a keener sense of the fun, approached him and inquired if he would have anything else. Hans' beaming face brightened in a moment, and he asked in reply, "Got any more or dem little hogs?"

SALT LAKE CITY.—A correspondent, writing from Salt Lake City, says: "This singular town covers an area of about nine square miles—that is three miles each way. It is one of the most beautifully laid out cities in the world. The streets are very wide, with water running through nearly every one of them. Every block is surrounded with beautiful shade trees, and almost every house has its neat little orchard of apple, peach, apricot and cherry trees. In fact, the whole nine square miles is almost one continuous orchard."

TROPICAL FRUITS IN CALIFORNIA.—An enthusiastic agriculturist in the southern part of the State, who has spent many years in Africa, latitude four degrees north, writes to the *Alta* that he is confident that the lower counties of California will produce bananas, pineapples, plantains and rice, and he hopes to see coffee reckoned among the products of "this glorious country."

Among the Crazy Ones.

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Bishop Thompson's Sermon.

Bishop Thompson preached last Sunday morning, says the S. F. Times of the 17th, in Powell street M. E. Church, to a large and intelligent congregation, among whom we noticed Admiral Thatcher and suite. The sermon was based on the words of Paul (Rom. 1, 2:1) urging the living sacrifice of believers to God. The Bishop dwelt I, on the Christian Sacrifice; II, on its reasonableness; III, on the motives which urged to it. The usual methods of remark on the duty of consecration were soon passed over, and the speaker applied the subject in the following inferences:

First—That no man had a right to select his location in life without consulting the will of God. He should consider the place as to business, schools and churches, as to social character, and then, above all, inquire in his heart for God's will in the matter. The speaker inferred,

Secondly—That a man had no right to select his own vocation without consulting the will of God. Some men were afraid God would call them to preach if they consulted his will. Afraid of being like the Son of God! But they should consult God; they should open the map of the world, the Bible, and the map of the Divine mercies, and ask what calling would enable them to meet most perfectly the expression of the Divine mercies, in working in the world. The speaker inferred,

Thirdly—That no man has a right to dispose of his property without consulting the will of God. He remarked that systematic benevolence was a very good thing. It was giving one tenth or one fifth of the income to benevolent objects, and regarding the balance as our own. He said that when we had given away one half of our money, the other half should not be used selfishly. All really belonged to God. Not that we should give all to the church, but we should use all from a sense that it belonged to God. He remarked that Providence was turning the channels of wealth from heathen lands and bringing them into Christian countries. Christianity was concentrating within its borders all the wealth of the world. There was money enough for all the interests of humanity. The speaker had visited the Bank of England, where the Governor showed him the bills piled up like linen, in many different closets. Some of these bills were for a million pounds. He had examined one of that size. He was shown large piles of bullion in the yard. Then he passed from the Bank along Lombard street, where were twenty-eight other Banks, each one of which was using from ten to fifteen million dollars a day. He was impressed with the amount of wealth accumulating steadily in Christendom. He instance the abundance of wealth in the United States. We had found three billions of money to spend in the war, and now we found the means to pay the interest on it, so great that it a man stood by a mountain of silver dollars he could not shovel up enough in a year to pay the year's interest, and yet it is paid. It showed that there was vast wealth—all that was lacking was the spirit indicated in this text.

The Bishop illustrated his sermon by many figures and personal incidents that were well chosen and finely expressed. We give a single example. A man who had given much to institutions of learning, said to the Bishop that he must stop his contributions, and younger men take hold of these objects. The Bishop told him he had done very well, yet had not given much for a man worth as many millions as he was. Millions! said the man; why I am not worth a million, nor half of it. Yes, you are, said the Bishop. Convince me, said the man. Well you have a fine pair of eyes. What would you take for a million? Would you be blind for a million of dollars? No, indeed. Well, put down eyes, \$1,000,000. Then you have ears. What do you call those worth? Very well, put those down at a million. So the Bishop went on till he had put down in addition, limbs, mind and heart, each at a million, when the man cried stop. Yes, I will stop, said the Bishop, when you will cease talking thus foolishly of having exhausted your obligations to contribute to the cause of religion and education, while you have ability by many good points, and also by great simplicity and earnestness.

Wit and Humor.

The butcher Death never spares a man because he isn't "fat enough to kill."

An insurance company heads its advertisement thus: "Best five taken at lowest rates."

An English doctor sent his bill to a disconsolate widow, "for curing your husband till he died."

Most of our magazines pay nothing for contributions and get matter worth just what they pay.

The newspaper is a law for the indolent, a sermon for the thoughtless, a library for the poor.

If you wish to fatten a thin baby throw it out of the window and it will come down plump.

Little girls believe in the man in the moon—big girls believe in a giant in the honeymoon.

"I'm a broken man," exclaimed a poet. "So I think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

What is the difference between Noah's ark and an archbishop? One was a very high ark, but the other is a hierarch.

On the subject of conundrums, it may be observed that men without arms ought to be successful in the ring. They can none drum.

What is the difference between a wealthy toper and a skillful miner? One turns his gold into quarters and the other turns his quartz into gold.

A pet little girl boasted to one of her friends that her father "kept a carriage." "Ah, but," was the triumphant reply, "my father drives an omnibus."

A boy in Springfield, to the inquiry why a ship is called "she," quizzed his teacher with the reply, "because the rigging cost more than the hull."

A disturbed individual wonders how a few organ grinders can manage to keep up so much music under his window. We presume it is by taking turns.

A country critic speaking of the music of a two dollar accordion says: "The swelled dandy in his delicious suffocation, like one singing a sweet song under the bed of the dead."

One of Josh Billings' maxims: "Rise early, work hard and late, live on what you can't sell, get nothing away, and if you don't die rich and go to the devil you may sue me for damages."

"Look here, boy," said a nervous gentleman to an urchin who was munching candy at a lecture, "you are annoying me very much." "No, I ain't, neither," said the urchin, "I'm gnawing this 'ere candy."

A little girl was told to spell "ferment," and gave its meaning with a sentence in which it is used. The following was literally her answer: "F-e-r-m-e-n-t, signifying work. I love to ferment in the garden!"

Smyth spent two whole days and nights in considering an answer to the conundrum, "Why is an egg pig derdone like an egg overdone?" He would suffer no one to tell him, and at last hit upon the solution—Because both are hardly done.

To make a valuable speckled dog bullet proof, Mark Twain says—Take off his hide and line it with sheet iron. Russia iron is the best, and is slicker and more showy than the common kind. Dogs prepared in this way do not mind bullets.

A gentleman calling on his bachelor to order something for dinner, was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton. "Why," said he, "would it not be better to have a bridle? as I should then certainly stand a better chance of getting a bit in my mouth."

The Apache Indians have been scalping another emigrant trail in Arizona. The New Haven *Palladium* sees no reason why Indians should not be permitted to vote, as well as black men. The Apaches, at least, seem to take very naturally to the "polls" of travelers.

A Californian tells of a man who resolved to quit drinking, and went to a notary to get him to draw up an affidavit to that effect. The document was drawn, read and proved; the party held up his hand and murmured the usual "s'p'ne." It was properly sealed and delivered. "What's to pay?" asked the notary. "To pay—to pay?" exclaimed the party; "nothing of course; this is a labor of love." "Nothing to pay?" returned the grateful but very forgetful affiant, "You're a brick. Let's take a drink!"

"The Ghost" is man's last conundrum, and everybody is obliged to give it up.