

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 2.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1867.

No. 10.

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 Advertising.
Transient advertisements, per square
(12 lines or less) first insertion, \$2.00
For each subsequent insertion, 1.00
Business Cards one square per annum
payable quarterly, 12.00
The column per annum, 12.00
The half column, 6.00
Legal advertising at the established rates.

Book and Job Printing!

The Enterprise Office
is supplied with every requisite for doing
a superior style of work, and is constantly
accumulating new and beautiful styles
of material, and is prepared for every
variety of

PRINTING!

AT SATISFACTORY PRICES.
The Public are invited to call and
examine our specimens and facilities
for doing work.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

Dr. F. Barclay, M. R. C. L.,
Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.

OFFICE—At Residence,
Main Street, Oregon City.

Dr. CHARLES BLACH,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.

OFFICE—Corner of Washington and Front
streets, Parrish's Block, Portland, Oregon.

RESIDENCE—Washington street, between
Fourth and Fifth streets.

O. P. MASON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
202 Front St., Portland, Oregon.

WILL ATTEND TO BUSINESS IN ANY
Court in the State or Washington
Territory, including business under the
Bankrupt Law.

D. M. McKENNEY,
Attorney and Counselor 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.

C. W. PARRELL,
Notary Public and Const. of Deeds.

GIBBS & PARRISH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Portland, Oregon.

OFFICE—On Alder street, in Carter's
New Brick Block.

W. C. JOHNSON,
Notary Public.

JOHNSON & McCOWEN,
Attorneys 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.

R. F. RUSSELL,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and
Real Estate Agents.

Will practice in the Courts of the second,
third and fourth Judicial Districts, and in the
Supreme Court of Oregon.
Special attention given to the collection
of claims at all points in the above named
Districts.
Office in Parrish's brick building, Albany,
Oregon.

J. B. MITCHELL, J. N. DOUGLASS, A. SMITH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and
Proceedors in Admiralty.

Office over the old Post Office, Front
Street, Portland, Oregon.

BELTON KILLIN,
Attorney at Law.

Office in Charnan's Brick Block, up
stairs.

CHARLES S. WHITMAN,
Attorney at Law.

Office—Corner of Fifth and D streets,
Washington City, D. C.

Special attention given to the adjust-
ment and issuing of patents for private land
claims, Preemption and Homestead settle-
ments, and all classes of business before the
United States Land Office.

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 pertaining to
the office of Justice of the Peace.

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

Office over the store of Pope & Co.,
Main Street.

C. A. DOLPH,
Attorney and Counselor-at-Law,
277 Office 104 Front Street, Portland, Ore-
gon.

J. WELCH,
DENTIST.

Residence over Charman & Bro's store, Main
Street.

DAILY & STEVENS,
REAL ESTATE BROKERS, COLLECTORS
AND GENERAL AGENTS.

Office—1st floor Vaughn's Brick, corner of
Main and Front streets, Portland, Oregon.

Particular attention given to the ad-
justment of accounts, legal and other doc-
uments, transferred at short notice.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CLIFF HOUSE.

MAIN STREET,
Nearly Opposite Wooden Factory.

W. L. WHITE, Proprietors.
T. W. RHODES, Proprietors.

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.

Notice to the Public.
I HAVE this day closed the Barlow House
in favor of the Cliff House. Hope my
old customers will give their liberal patron-
age to the new establishment. They will
find Messrs. White & Rhodes always
on hand to make guests comfortable.

W. M. BARLOW,
Oregon City, August 1, 1867.

OREGON HOUSE,

Main Street, Oregon City.
JACOB BOEHM, Proprietor.

ESTABLISHED 1857.

REDUCTION IN PRICES:

The undersigned wishes to give notice
that from Saturday, October 5th, 1867, prices
at the above house will be as follows:

Board and Lodging per week, \$3.00
Board and Lodging per day, 40.00
Oregon City, Oct. 24, 1867.

AMERICAN EXCHANGE.

147 Front Street, Portland Oregon.
L. P. W. QUIMBY, Proprietor.

(Just of Western Hotel.)

This house is the most commodious in the
State, newly furnished, and it will be the en-
deavor of the proprietor to make his guests
comfortable. The Baggage Wagon will al-
ways be found at the landing on the arrival
of steamships and river boats, carrying bag-
gage to the house free of charge.

OSWEGO HOUSE!

OSWEGO, OREGON.
JOHN SCHADE, Proprietor.

I am now prepared to receive and entertain
all who may favor me 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.

Board per week, \$3.00
Board and Lodging, 4.00
Single Meals, 50

Imperial Mills,

OREGON CITY.
KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR SALE:
FLOUR, MILLINERS,
BEAN AND CHICKEN FEED!

Parties wanting feed must furnish
their sacks.

JOHN H. SCHRAM,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, HARNESS,
etc., etc.

Main Street, between Third and Fourth,
Oregon City.

THE attention of parties desiring anything
in my line, is directed to my stock, be-
fore making purchases elsewhere.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1848, at the old stand,
Main Street, Oregon City.

An assortment of Watches, Jew-
elry, and Seth Thomas' weight
Clocks, all of which are warranted
to be as represented.

Repairs done on short notice,
and thankful for past favors.

I. S. ROSENBAUM & Co.,

No. 45 Front St., Portland Oregon.
WHOLESALE DEALERS IN
Tobacco, Cigars, Snuff, Stationery,
Yankee Notions, and Toys.

Orders promptly attended to.

A. J. MARSHALL,

Wagon and Carriage Maker, Main
Street, Oregon City.

Wagons made to order, and all work in
this line executed in the most satisfactory
manner, at reasonable rates.

All kinds of country produce taken
in exchange for work, at cash prices. Give
me a trial.

William Broughton,

CONTRACTOR and BUILDER,
Main Street, Oregon City.

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

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 assort-
ed supply of the finest brands of wine,
liquors and cigars.

Fashion Billiard Saloon.

Main Street, between Second and Third,
Oregon City.

MANN & LEARY, Proprietors.

This Saloon is yet a favorite resort, and as
only the choicest brands of Wines, Liquors
and Cigars are disposed to customers a
share of the public patronage is solicited.

Special Families supplied with the
choicest liquors, English Ale and Porter,
in bottles, on the most reasonable terms.

BELL & PARKER.

DRUGGISTS,
AND DEALERS IN
Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints,
Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,
And every article kept in a Drug Store.

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY.

L. ZIGLER & SON,

COOPERS,

Oregon City, Oregon.

THE UNDERSIGNED ARE NOW PRE-
paring to make all manner of ware in the
line of cooperage, from a well-bucket to a
hogshead, of both light and straight work,
and all other articles, and at reasonable prices.
Call and examine samples of our work, as
it is our own recommendation.

L. ZIGLER & SON,
Oregon City, Oregon.

THE MOTHER.

FROM DR. HOLLAND'S KATHINA.

— "In good time,
There came to us a child, the miniature
Of her on whose dear breast my babyhood
Was nursed and cradled; and my happy
heart,

Charged with a double tenderness, received
And blessed the precious gift. Another
fruit

Of human love gurgled to meet my lips,
Another store of good, as rich and pure,
In its own kind, as that from which I drank,
Was thus discovered to my taste, and I
Feasted upon its fulness.

— "With the gift
That brimmed my cup of joy, there came a
grace

To her who bore it of fresh loveliness,
If I had loved the maiden and the bride,
The mother, through whose pain my heart
had won

Its new possession, fastened to my heart
With a new sympathy. Whatever dross
Our months of intimacy had betrayed
Within her character, was purged away,
And she was left pure gold. Nay, I should
say,

Through her maternity. A heavenly change
Passed o'er her soul, and o'er her pallid face,
As if the unobscured yearning of a life
Had found full satisfaction in the birth
Of the new being. Her long weariness
Was but a trance of peace and gratitude;
And as she lay—her babe upon her breast,
Her eyelids closed—I could but feel that
heaven,
Should it hold all the good of which she
dreamed,
Had little more for her."

A Page for the Young.

MARGERY.

The bells of the village church had
been ringing sweet and clear, and the
sound was borne on the summer
air miles away, making solemn music,
which was very pleasant to a
little lonely heart.

On the steps of the farm-house,
watching the shadows, or looking
now and then with a wishful glance
toward the bright sky, sat Margery.

Margery who? That was all
she had no other name, she said,
when strangers questioned her.

Farmer James had found her one
wintry night on a snow-drift by the
road side. She was warmly wrapped
and sheltered from the storm. Several
changes of clothing, a sum of
money, a paper on which was written
"Margery," were in a basket near
her. She had been kept by the farmer's
wife, who hoped some day to be re-
warded, and who at first built many
air-castles, which had for their founda-
tion the coming of Margery's rich
friends. She was sure they were
rich, she said, for the child's clothing
was fine and soft, and the lace upon
the little dresses was worth more
than her best Sunday gown.

But as years passed and these un-
known persons gave no sign, she
grew weary of her charge, and by
degrees indifference gave way to ac-
tual unkindness.

Poor little Margery, what had she
done, and why was she so unlike the
happy children whom she sometimes
met? She often wondered, as she
did that Sunday afternoon, sitting
in the sunshine, how many miles off,
heaven and whether she could
walk there if she tried? "I wish I
knew which road to take, and had
somebody to go with me, for I am
so tired of living here!"

Little children who, with folded
hands, say "Now I lay me down to
sleep," who are laid to rest by loving
hands, with mothers' good night
kisses on their lips—little happy
children—how blest are you who
read wonderingly of this child, whose
life was so unlike your own!

Margery had been taken once by
a kind neighbor with her children, to
the village Sunday school. There
she heard, for the first time, of a bea-
utiful place called heaven, the home
of God and his angels. The good old
minister was talking of Jesus, of the
little ones whom he had blest while
on earth, whom he still loved in
heaven, where after death good chil-
dren would go to be shining angels
in the sky.

Margery went home like one in a
happy dream. She scarcely heard
the scolding words that Mrs. James
poured out like a torrent. She
should not always have to be scolded
and beaten. She should not always
be tired and lonely. There was
some one who would love her, if she
only could reach him; there was a
beautiful home if she only knew the
way there.

She kept the sweet thoughts in
her little sad heart; dreamed of them
when she slept, and took comfort in
them as she went upon her errands
day by day, or tended the fretful
child whose mother had so little pity
for her desolation.

One morning when the busy dame

seemed to be in an unwonted mood,
more gentle than she remembered to
have seen her, Margery took courage
and ventured to ask information
on the subject that had occupied so
many of her thoughts.

"If you please ma'am how far is
it to heaven?"

The astonished woman dropped
her iron, putting in danger thereby
her good man's Sunday linen.

"What put that into your head
I'd like to know?"

Poor frightened Margery, for
once her anxiety to hear something
of the blissful home she was deter-
mined to seek, gave her courage.

"I heard the minister talk about
God in heaven, and I thought if it
wasn't too far and I could find the
way I'd like to get there."

"Well, I never," said Mrs. James,
and turning fiercely upon the child,
"Do you think it's a place for the
like of you? because, if you do you're
mistaken, I can tell you. Try to get
there indeed! I think you may try!
Now just do you go and shell them
peas, and don't let me hear you talk
such foolishness again!"

So the child went out once more
into the shadow that had so long
been like a pall on her heart, and the
great hope that had been as a sunny
gleam for a little while, suddenly
faded out of her yearning heart.

But the longing was still there.
Margery had never been taught a
prayer; she did not know that God
could read her every thought and
wish; that his eye of love was always
watching over her; if she had, she
would not have fallen asleep so often,
with her cheek wet with tears, or
have looked around on the meadows,
and up into the sky as then, with such
a hungry feeling for love and kind-
ness.

She was alone, as she had often
been on Sabbath days; no mother's
loving fingers fastened dainty robes
for Margery; she ought to be thank-
ful Mrs. James told her, "to have
such decent clothes, it wasn't every
one who would give them to her—
but for her part, she couldn't abide
ragged!"

The decent clothes, however, made
so poor a show that she did not
choose to exhibit the child who wore
them, to gossiping neighbors.

So the little girl staid quietly at
home alone, as I said before, except
that "Watch," the house dog, mov-
ed lazily after her when she walked
about, and sometimes rubbed his cold
nose against her hand, and wagged
his tail, as much as to say, "Don't
fret, here is one friend for you!"

And the great friend above all
others, whom Margery did not know,
looked down upon the lonely child,
and saw how desolate her young life
was. So it was, that but a few
more Sabbaths found her in the ac-
counted place upon the door-step,
or in the meadow, or looking out
at night, from her little window, at
the shifting stars.

There came a time, when a dread-
ful fever took from many homes, one
and another, who were sadly missed,
and its fatal touch was laid on Mar-
gery, for whom no one cared on
earth, but who was just as precious
in God's sight, as those whose graves
were wet with many tears.

The bright spirits whom we can
not see, though they are often near,
watched over Margery. A neighbor
who had buried her own little daugh-
ter was sitting by the child at the
last, and thinking she asked for water
took it to her: "Isn't it beautiful,
beautiful?" said the little one, "I
shall get to heaven after all, they've
come to show me the way! 'Isn't
it beautiful?' and with a smile on
her lips, and a light in her eyes that
made her face gloriously fair, the
soul of little Margery was borne up
to the Beautiful Land, and the songs
of the angels welcomed her, where
she could never be sad nor lonely any
more!

LOVE SICKNESS.—A correspondent
of the Knickerbocker says: It is my
duty to impress on you the certain
fact that one half of our young people
lose their senses when they lose their
hearts. One of our party has al-
ready written five letters to his lady
love, and he goes about groaning and
sighing in a most pitiable manner.
He has no appetite, and sleeps at the
top of the house, close to the moon.
He cannot stand by one of the col-
umns of the piazza without putting
his arm around its waist, and I
caught him kissing an apple to day
because it had red cheeks.

Ask your neighbor to subscribe
for the ENTERPRISE.

The Mayward Mine.

A correspondent of the Bulletin
lately visited Sutter creek, where
Hayward's celebrated mine is situa-
ted. Readers have all heard of the
wonderful riches of this mine, and
perhaps also of the more wonderful
perseverance of its proprietor, who
for years worked against discourag-
ements and disaster, until his san-
guine anticipations were realized, and
he tapped the golden stream which
has since flowed so liberally. Once
and again, we are told, he seemed to
have exhausted all his resources, but
with indomitable perseverance he
pushed the enterprise forward, and
his some people call good luck. It is
the working out of the proverb of the
wise man, "The hand of the dili-
gent maketh rich," by a Yankee
commentary, "Never say die."

That unfortunate Englishman who
in Grass Valley committed suicide
and destroyed his family with him-
self, because his mining schemes had
been unsuccessful, had only to put
one blast more into his tunnel, and
he would have reached the lead and
triumphed—but he hadn't the pluck.
Let every man, whatever be his busi-
ness, put in one more blast before he
draws trigger on his own brain.
We are told that Hayward is about to
turn his mine into a joint stock com-
pany. We think he will manage best
himself. We have an old proverb:
For he that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

From the unpublished poem of
mine, says the writer I quote again:
Who would from mines his pockets fill,
Himself must pick, or run the mill.

—One of those strange phenomena
which are observed occasionally in
nature, says the Stockton Independ-
ent, was noticed Thursday night
aboard the Julia. In coming up the
Bay, in deep and apparently still
water, the vessel commenced rocking
to and fro, bringing her gunwale
nearly under the surface. So violent
and so undulating was the motion
for a minute or so, that passengers
could hardly keep on their feet. The
Tulare, a short distance astern, ob-
served the motion of the Julia, and
the consternation on board, but ex-
perienced nothing unusual herself.
The occurrence is of so extraordinary
nature, and so unaccountable, that
unless some plausible explanation
could be given, one might almost
doubt the evidence of the senses of
those who violate strange freaks of
the waters. Is the veritable sea-ser-
pent a denizen of the inland Califor-
nia waters, or was this a subterranean
earthquake?

—The Grass Valley National says
that John Williams, a Cornishman
who stole quartz specimens from the
Bush Creek quartz mine, and who
was convicted thereof in Sierra
county, was released on bail on ac-
count of some flaw in the indictment,
and will await the action of the next
Grand Jury. This case illustrates
some of the beauties and consistencies
of common law, to wit: The prisoner
testifies that he stole the quartz,
told where and how he got it, which
all went to prove that he did not
steal anything. The law is that real
estate cannot be stolen, and the counsel
for the prisoner claimed that the
quartz was real estate if taken
from the ledge and carried away im-
mediately.

—The excitement in the newly
discovered gold and silver mines in
Industry, Me., increases, and the
promising land is being rapidly se-
cured by speculators, to one of whom
is granted, in the language of a recent
deed, "one sixteenth of all the min-
ing interest in my farm, with the
privilege of mining, flowing, digging,
blowing, and raising the devil in
general."

—Rev. Wm. W. Cooke, who has
just been appointed an assistant min-
ister of Trinity Church, New York,
is well known as one of the finest
tenors in that city. The senior as-
sistant minister receives \$7,000 per
annum, with an extra allowance of
\$2,000 per annum. The junior as-
sistants, \$4,000. The salaries of all
the ministers of Trinity have lately
been advanced.

—The Washington Star has been
sold by its proprietors to three young
men—two of them now in the estab-
lishment—for \$100,000, one third
each. That transfer was to be made
November 1st. The net earnings of
the concern for ten years range from
\$20,000 to \$40,000 per annum.

—The gold mines for the colony of
Victoria, yielded from January 1st
to July 1st, of this year, \$15,000,000.
It contains 73,378 miners. Of
these 10,000 are Chinamen.

Can't Fill the Order.

A friend who resides in the At-
lantic States wishes us, says the Ac-
cocate, to send him a sample of the
mammoth trees of California. He
asks for a section of one of the largest
—ten or twelve feet, or less, in
length, and the full size of the trunk.
Let us see if the order can be filled:
Six muscular men can fell a giant,
using immense augurs to cut him
down. It will require from twelve
to fifteen days to make him bite the
dust. His huge body, nearly four
hundred feet long, lies level on the
earth. As it is over thirty feet in
diameter, its upper surface is about
equal in height to the walls of a three
story business house. A cross cut
saw fifty feet in length would prob-
ably do to saw off a section of the fal-
len tree, but it would require a vast
deal of scaffolding and muscular force
to accomplish the task.

The forest of giants is two hundred
miles from the ocean, and there is
not a truck in America suited to
carry this sawlog out of the moun-
tains; and were it on the wharf at
San Francisco, there is not a vessel
on the Pacific that would find it con-
venient to stow away such a block of
wood.

A few years ago, an enterprising
gentleman succeeded in taking a sec-
tion of the bark from one of those
trees—a large one which is known as
the "Father of the Forest." He
took it to New York and placed it
on exhibition. More than this cannot
be done.

We have stood in those forests and
gazed on those saplings, and we have
a just idea as to their immense and
frightful proportions. But one who
has only seen the scrub growths of
the Atlantic States can form no just
conception of a full grown tree, such
as the Pacific solely only produces.

In a short time the railroad will
be completed, and then our eastern
friends can come over and see on
what a grand scale this portion of the
world has been constructed.

It would be a pleasure to send
Friend J., a chip or two of our trees,
but it is not convenient.

ARTLESS SIMPLICITY.—One of the
sweetest incidents, says an exchange,
which we have noticed for many a
day—and one which shows the effect
of early training, assisted by a pure
and undefiled imagination—has just
fallen under our observation. It is
thus related: A lady visited New
York City and saw on the sidewalk
a ragged old and hungry little girl,
gazing wishfully at some of the cakes
in a shop-window. She stopped,
and taking the little one by the hand,
led her into the store. Though she
was aware that bread might be better
for the cold child than cake, yet she
desired to gratify the shivering and
forlorn one, she bought and gave her
the cake she wanted. She then took
her to another place, where she pro-
cured her a shawl, and other articles
of comfort. The grateful little crea-
ture looked the benevolent lady full
in the face, and with artless simplicity
said, "Are you God's wife?" Did
the most eloquent speaker ever em-
ploy words to a better advantage?

—Alarming rumors are in circula-
tion in Antwerp as to the critical
state of the dykes in Holland. It is
asserted that the weirage of the
eastern branch of the Scheldt, in al-
tering the course of the river, has
nected in a disastrous manner on the
dykes. They are menaced at several
points, and they must all be
strengthened, an immense labor,
which will