

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1866.

Vol. 2.

No. 21.

The Weekly Enterprise.

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.
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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, Parish's Block, Portland, Oregon.
RESIDENCE:—Washington street, between Fourth and Fifth streets. 157-13

O. P. MASON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,
102 Front st., Portland, Oregon.

WILL ATTEND TO BUSINESS IN ANY
County in the State or Washington Territory, including business under the Bankrupt Law. 6713

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. 15713

J. WELCH,
DENTIST.
Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.
Rooms with Dr. Sullivan, on Main Street.

A. C. GIBBS,
Notary Public and Com. of Deeds.
GIBBS & PARRISH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

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

W. C. JOHNSON,
F. O. W. COHEN,
Attorneys at Law,
157 Front Street, Oregon City.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
157 Front Street, Oregon City.

WILL ATTEND TO ALL BUSINESS
entrusted to my care in any of the Courts of the State,
collect money, negotiate loans, sell real estate,
etc. Particular attention given to contested
land cases. 15713

MITCHELL, J. S. DOLPH, A. SELL,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and Prac-
tisers in Admiralty.
Office over the old Post Office, Front
street, Portland, Oregon.

BENTON KILLIN,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Office in Charman's Brick Block, up
stairs. (2613)

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. 15713

J. B. UPTON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR-AT-LAW,
157 Front Street, Oregon City.

Office over the store of Pope & Co.,
Main Street. 15713

C. A. DOLPH,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT-LAW,
157 Front Street, Portland, Ore-
gon. 15713

C. P. FERRY,
(Late Ferry & Foster),
157 Front Street, Portland, Ore-
gon. 15713

Agent North British and Mercantile
Insurance Company.
And Manhattan Life Insurance Co.
(Benefits, and Real Estate bought and
sold on Commission. 15713)

DAVID SMITH,
Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL,
Black Smith and Wagon Maker,
Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City. 15713

CLARK GREENMAN,
City Drayman,
157 Front Street, Oregon City.
All orders for the delivery of merchandise,
or packages and freight of whatever descrip-
tion, to any part of the city, will be executed
promptly and with care. 15713

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1819, at the old stand,
Main Street, Oregon City.
An assortment of Watches, Jew-
elry, and Sewing Machines, all of which are warranted
to be as represented.
Repairs done on short notice,
and thankful for past favors. 15713

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. 15713

OSWEGO BUSINESS.

J. A. MacDONALD,
Green Street, Oswego, Oregon.
Post Master and Dealer in
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
Groceries, Wines and Liquors.
OSWEGO BREWERY
AND BILLIARD SALOON.
Henry Gans, Proprietor.
The proprietor of the above saloon wishes
to inform his friends and the public in gen-
eral that he is now ready to accommodate
them with the best of Liquors, Beer, Wines
& Cigars. Also agent for the sale of Hum-
boldt's Oregon City Lager Beer, Cream Ale etc.
Orders promptly attended to. 15713

OSWEGO HOUSE!

JOHN SCHLADE, Proprietor.
I am prepared to receive and entertain
all who may favor him with their patronage.
The House is new and the Rooms are
newly and neatly furnished. The Table
will be supplied with all the delicacies of
the season. The House is situated near the
steamer landing. The proprietor will at all
times endeavor to give entire satisfaction to
all who may favor him with a call, and will
respectfully solicit the patronage of
all Travelling Public. 15713

HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, &c.

McLaughlin House.
Main street, (opposite the Woolen Mills),
Oregon City, Oregon.

E. B. KELLY, Proprietor.
This is the most commodious Hotel in
the city. Newly furnished, and just open
for the reception of guests. 15713

NEW COLUMBIAN HOTEL,
Nos. 118, 120 and 122 Front st.,
Portland, Oregon.

P. B. SINNOTT, Proprietor.
The largest, best, and most convenient
Hotel in Portland. Located in the center of
business, and near all the steamer landings.
Can accommodate six hundred persons.
At Reduced Rates!
Board and Lodging, per day, from \$1.25 to
\$1.50—according to the room occupied,
and according to the week, month, or
season, and superior accommo-
dations for families. A good
breakfast served daily. 15713

HOUSE OPEN ALL NIGHT!

Hotel Omnibus, with the name of the
Hotel on it, will be at the landings on the
arrival of steamers, and will convey passen-
gers and baggage to and from this hotel free
of charge. Warm and cold Baths. 15713

WHAT CHEER HOUSE,

Nos. 129, 131 and 133 Front Street,
Portland, Oregon.

REDUCED RATES!

The undersigned having taken this well-
known, and well patronized, House has
been lately re-fitted, and the proprietors are
now able to offer accommodations to their
patrons. The table will be furnished
with the best market articles, and be under
the immediate supervision of the proprietors.
Rooms well heated and well ventilated.
A large fire proof safe for the deposit of
valuables. Baggage taken to the hotel free
of charge. Board per week, \$5.00
Board and Lodging, \$8.00 to \$9.00
(According to the room occupied.)
Notice will be left on the table, which is
in the power of the proprietors to render guests
comfortable. LYONS, LEONARD & Co.,
Proprietors. 15713

WESTERN HOTEL,

Portland, Oregon.
Corner of First and Morrison streets,
15713

The best and most comfortable Hotel in the
State, where every want is anticipated,
and everything supplied. Warm and cold
Baths attached to the house.
This Hotel is located near the steamship
landing. The Hotel, however, will be in at-
tendance at all the Landings, to convey
passengers and baggage to and from the
house free of charge. 15713

AMERICAN EXCHANGE,

(Late LINCOLN HOUSE)
No. 81 Front Street, Portland Oregon.
L. W. QUIMBY, Proprietor,
(Late of Western Hotel)

This house is the most commodious in the
State, newly furnished, and it will be the en-
dorsement of the proprietor to make his guests
comfortable. The baggage Wagon will at all
times be found at the hotel, ready to receive
the baggage of steamships and river boats, carrying bag-
gage to the house free of charge. 15713

CLIFF HOUSE,

MAIN STREET,
Nearly Opposite Woolen Factory.
W. L. WHITE, Proprietor.
T. W. RIBBLES, Proprietor.
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. 15713

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 above well kept house. They will
find Messrs. White & Ribbles always
on hand to make guests comfortable.
W. W. BARLOW
Oregon City, August 1, 1867. 15713

OREGON HOUSE,

Main Street, Oregon City.
JACOB BOEHM, Proprietor.
ESTABLISHED 1857.

REDUCTION IN PRICES!

The undersigned wishes to give notice
that the above house, No. 81, 83, 85, 87, prices
at the above house will be as follows:—
Board and Lodging per week, \$5.00
Board and Lodging per day, \$1.00
Board and Lodging per day, \$1.00
Oregon City, Oct. 2d, 1867. 15713

PATTON HOUSE,

Two doors south of the old Court House,
Front Street, Portland, Oregon.
W. N. PATTON, Proprietor.

Single meals, 25 cents. Beds, 25 cents.
The house is newly fitted, and furnished
in the best style. 15713

Fred. Muller,

The Original Pazarotta
Eggs to introduce to his old
customers and the public, that
his NEW RESTAURANT,
Two doors from Alder, on First Street, Port-
land, is now open.
Orders, Glass, Chop, etc. 15713

IN DESPAIR.

The nights they come and the nights they
go,
And the rosy twilights round them lie—
And the stars are bright and the stars are
sweet.
And I sit in the silence and watch them
move;
But all the while the heart beats low,
For the moon is out of my sky!

THE SEASONS COME AND THE SEASONS GO—

Spring so gay, and Winter so drear—
And I sit in the light of the golden hours,
And pick the blushing and beautiful
flowers;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the May is out of my year!

THE MORNINGS COME AND THE MORNINGS GO—

Yellow and purple, crimson and gray—
And the milk maid sings as she calls her
cows,
And the farm lad whistles the white he
doves;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the lark, the lark is away!

THE RAIN DESCENDS, AND THE GARDENS GROW—

And the canonic makes green her bed,
And the bushes are full as bushes can hold
Of bells of silver and globes of gold;
But all the while my heart beats low,
For the rose, the rose she is dead!

THE TIDES THEY EBB AND THE TIDES THEY FLOW—

And the sun shines more than the storm
can frown,
And the ships with their white sails flowing
free
Like a forest of silver over the sea;
And all the while my heart beats low,
For the one good ship goes down!

SOMEbody's DARLING.

Into the ward of the white washed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! so young and so
brave!

Matted and damp are the curls of gold,
Kissing the snow of that fair young
brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now,
Back from the beautiful, blue-veined brow
Brush his wand'ring waves of gold;
Cross his hands on his bosom now—
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low—
One bright curl from his fair mate take—
They were somebody's pride, you know;
Somebody's hand had rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white?
Or have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best! He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart embraced there;
Somebody's heart his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer;
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave and grand!
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay—
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And there he lies with his blue eyes dim,
And the smiling, child-like lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead—
Pansing to drop on his grave a tear,
But the lecturer forgot to tell us
that he himself preferred that any
body else should save him than Cap-
tain Winslow, or his men.

These lectures, delivered in the
Southern States, will have a most
salutary effect. Union men will be
made to feel that they have acted in
a most dastardly manner in not per-
mitting the heroes of the South to
sweep through the country like a
whirlwind, to plant the Confederate
flag upon the battlements of the na-
tion, and to proclaim Jeff Davis
Emperor, and Raphael Semmes Lord
High Admiral. The hearts of those
who fought against the Union will
throb with renewed patriotism, and
will leap with joy at the recollection
that they assisted in the attempt to
destroy this despotic Government; they
will likewise rejoice that they had
a sea captain who could apply the
torch to an unarmed merchant
ship with as much indifference as he
would sit down to breakfast, and yet
respect private property—even watch-
es, chronometers and spoons. 15713

WIFE MURDER.—

Paul M. Burke,
of Bennington, Vt., shot his wife on
the night of January 22d, firing five
shots at her, four of which took effect.
She probably cannot live. He was
arrested at her for procuring a divorce
from him. 15713

POISONED.—

Several families in
Newport, R. I., have been poisoned
recently by eating "scallops" that
had been cooked after they had been
frozen and thawed again. Physicians
say this shell fish, under such circum-
stances, is very apt to be poisonous. 15713

SHEWED.—

"I don't think, indeed,
that you are very smart." "No, in-
deed, wife, but every body knows that
I am awfully shrewd!" 15713

A farmer in Wisconsin raised

seven acres of hops last season, and
made a clear profit of seven thousand
dollars. 15713

SEMME'S LECTURES.

Semmes delivered his lectures on
the Cruise of the *Alabama*, in Lex-
ington, Kentucky, lately. The editor
of the *Statesman*, loyal paper of
that city, attended, and thus records
his impressions:
"As he progressed with his sub-
ject, we wondered how it was possi-
ble that, under a Government like
ours—where the people are oppress-
ed, trodden down and trampled un-
der foot; where there is no freedom
of speech or liberty of the press—a
man could stand before an American
audience and use such daring utter-
ances as came from the lips of the
distinguished Admiral. Why, he
spoke of the vessels constituting the
American marine as 'ships belonging
to the enemy,' as glibly as if we had
just closed a war with some foreign
power, and he had just returned from
a cruise upon its coast. And then,
how his eyes sparkled, in describing
the capture of a merchant or whaling
ship, when he uttered the words:
'We applied the torch!' It was no
ble, grand, 'chivalrous.' Besides, the
Admiral never interposed with private
property—as did Sherman and his
bummers'—not he! He overhauled
an outward bound California steam-
er, mistaking her for one homeward
bound, with a million or two of gold
on board; but as the ship was only
freighted with men, women and child-
ren, (some five hundred in all) and not
gold, he was greatly disappointed.
As it was, however, the passengers
had a considerable amount of money
to pay their traveling expenses; but,
although, according to the laws of
war, the Admiral had a perfect right
to seize it all, he magnanimously re-
frained from despoiling the passen-
gers. Had he acted like Sherman
and his bummers' in their march to
the sea, he would have taken the last
dollar; but the Admiral never inter-
fered with private property! The
lecturer's description of the fight be-
tween the *Alabama* and the gaucbat
Hatteras, which resulted in the sink-
ing of the latter, was extremely graph-
ic, and delighted his very attentive
audience beyond measure. It must
be borne in mind that this was a
great victory, as the *Hatteras* was a
heavier ship, and in every other re-
spect equal, if not superior, to the
Alabama. But notwithstanding his suc-
cess on this occasion, the wily Admi-
ral was too cautious to risk another
fight with a Yankee ship. It was
worthy of remark to note with what
delicacy the lecturer referred to the
attack, death and burial of the fa-
mous *Alabama*; and we were much
enlightened by the contrast between
his own magnanimous conduct and
that of Captain Winslow of the *Kear
sarge*, who permitted one-third of
the *Alabama's* crew to drown, in not
using proper means to save them.
But, the lecturer forgot to tell us
that he himself preferred that any
body else should save him than Cap-
tain Winslow, or his men. 15713

Hoisted by His Own Petard.

A Philadelphia paper tells—or rath-
er lets the hero of the incident tell—
of a German watch-maker in that city,
who, hearing of frequent burglaries,
concluded to fortify his store against
the gentry who work with skeleton
keys and crow bars. The watch-ma-
ker said:
"I hears much things apout de
all a'ville; hears they preaks stores
into 'em very much. Vell, I dinks I
vixes 'em, so that the nex time they
goomes to my store, py tam, they no
goomes to it mit the floor, with the
moozle pointin' to the toor. So den
I runs a string from the trigger up
mit der wall und down mit der toor,
so ven Mr. Purglar opens himself mit
der toor, yx, if he pize de tam brains
out of de pizeel, vy den you see, I
can't help it, don't it? That's vot I
say."

Last night I left the toor point-
ing at the moozle of the biztel mit
two bullets in it, und goes out to drink
some lager mit der boys. I some-
times triink too much lager. Fell I
can't help it. I bores myself into
more ash dweenty sixteen klans lager
und then I koes home. Ven I pass
mine store I dinks I petter ash look
in ut see if nothing bese all right.
That is right, don't it? If it don't
ain't help it.

Vell, mit so many classes of me in
der lager I forgit apout der boss biztel
und ven I makes open mit der
toor, bang by tam, I yooget gets a
pullet mit mine elbow und anudder
pullet gets mine hat through it all
the vile! Vot I seart? Vell, if I
vos I can't help it. You'd pe seart
yourself, aint it?

I yoostr throw away the boss pizeel
und I never sets no more dross mit
der toor, bointing at der moozle
und ven I makes open mit der
toor, bang by tam, I yooget gets a
pullet mit mine elbow und anudder
pullet gets mine hat through it all
the vile! Vot I seart? Vell, if I
vos I can't help it. You'd pe seart
yourself, aint it?

KEEP COOL.—Better not speak at
all than speak under the promptings
of passion alone. I will relate an an-
ecdote illustrative of this point. In
conversation with Mr. K—, of the
city of U—, a few weeks ago, he
related to me the course he pursued
in collision between himself and one
of his neighbors. This neighbor ac-
cused him unjustly and falsely; and
that, too, in a most provoking way.
His first impulse was to retaliate in
the same spirit, but his better nature
predominated and he made no reply.
Two or three days afterward he met
his neighbor, but concluded that pas-
sion was too strong in him to hazard
an explanation. He resolved within
himself to wait, if it required years,
until he should get the mastery over
himself, so that he could tell that man
the exact truth and the whole truth,
and command his respect. This
point he at length reached. He felt
that he was cool—had got the victo-
ry over himself. And then he replied
to his neighbor in perfect frankness,
telling him the truth in such a way
that he quailed before him. Thus,
rather than give offense, or rather
increase offense, he said nothing, but
traced to time and patience. This
was the better way. 15713

VERY NICE.—A lady says the first
time she was kissed she felt like a tub
of roses swimming in honey, cologne,
nutmeg and cranberries. She felt at
so as if something was running through
her nerves on feet of diamonds, escort-
ed by several little cupids, in chariots
drawn by angels, shaded with honey
suckles, and the whole spread with
melted rainbows. 15713

OLD MAIDS.—There are 1,500,000
old maids in England and Wales.
Sad to say, one third of the number
cannot hope to marry, as there are
not men enough to go round. Of
every one hundred women in England,
eighty-five are wives, thirty-nine are
spinsters and three are widows. The
old maids are more numerous in high
life than in low. 15713

CO-OPERATING.—Robert Tyler, son
of the ex-President, is editor of the
Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*, and
in which office, an Eastern paper says,
"his beautiful and accomplished
daughter, Letitia Christiana Tyler, is
engaged in setting type." 15713

NUMEROUS.—Bradford Macomber
of Taunton, Mass., who died intestate
not long since, without wife or issue,
left \$44,000. It was inherited by his
consins, who, hunted up, number just
44, getting \$1,000 each. 15713

OUTCASTS.—The number of infants
thrown away by their parents and
picked up in the street of New York
last year, was 1,723, of which number
749 now fill the children's nurseries
on Randall's Island. 15713

WORK COMMENCED!

The following paragraphs, from
the Portland papers received on the
6th, speak for themselves:
The *Herald* says: We have heard
a great many diverse and conflicting
reports about a railroad project, gen-
erally designated as the "Perine
road," which contemplates a direct
road from here to Salem, principally
on the east side of the river. We do
not positively know whether this
project has any substantial basis or
not; and from some of the names
heretofore associated with it, we
confess that our confidence has not
been greatly strengthened. But the
indications which we see, unmis-
takably mean business. Directly op-
posite the window where we write, we
see a very fine looking gentleman, of
considerable reputation as a railroad
engineer, preparing his plans and
giving his directions to a corps of
apparently competent assistants, all
seem here, as we are credibly in-
formed, to commence an immediate
survey, and as soon as practicable there-
after, to commence the vigorous con-
struction of the road. A director of
the company—a gentleman whose
word none of our best business men
would question in any business trans-
action—informs us that it is the in-
tention of the company to put in
operation not less than thirty miles
of the road within the coming sea-
son, and to push on the work to Sa-
lem and from thence up the Valley
at the same rate of speed, and that
the means to accomplish the work
are confidently relied upon. He
also informs us that half a million of
dollars have already been invested in
railroad iron, and other material for
this road, and that two vessels laden
with iron had arrived in San
Francisco—the last within the past
two days. These facts were com-
municated to us in no boasting man-
ner or with any apparent view to
notoriety. If all this smoke is with-
out fire, it is inconceivable how
we can imagine from the circum-
stances of the case no motive for de-
ception. The management of the
project is placed in the hands of
some of our most responsible citizens,
none of whom, so far as we can learn,
have as yet been called upon for a
dollar. If persons from abroad send
us half a million of dollars in rail-
road iron, a corps of engineers under
a well known and competent chief
and put the whole matter under the di-
rection of citizens of whose integrity
and business capacity the people
have confidence, we know of no rea-
son why we should discredit the un-
dertaking or question its source. It
may be that our citizens will be cal-
led on to contribute to the enterprise.
It would be very singular if they
were not, for it will be vastly more
in their best than those foreign
capitalists who invest their money in
it; but of any such design we are not
informed. We do not seek to know
how or where the means were raised,
or what motive actuates the projec-
tors. We are only highly gratified
at what we see and hear of its pros-
pects. 15713

The *Oregonian* says: Mr. T. R.
Brooks Chief Engineer of the Oregon
Central Railroad, and his assis-
tants, began the work yesterday
morning of making the preliminary
surveys. The first stake was driven
on the bank of the river, near the
Bonyard, and in a line produced by
Third street, and then the engineers
proceeded up Third to the centre of
Main, taking distance, and activity,
etc. From Third street they pro-
ceeded down Main to the river and
by observation fixed a point on the
East bank in line with the centre of
Main street. It is inconceivable how
we can imagine from the circum-
stances of the case no motive for de-
ception. The management of the
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The battle having ended, and the
prisoners being secured, the latter
was conducted to the Pottawatomie
camp near the fort. Here the wife
of Wan-bes-ne-mah, an Illinois
chief, perceiving the exhausted con-
dition of Mrs. Helm, took a bottle
and dipping up some water from the
stream, which flowed sluggishly by
them, threw into it some maple sug-
ar, and stirring up with her hand
gave her a drink.
"It was," says Mrs. Helm, "the
most delicious draught I had ever
taken, and her kindness of manner,
amid so much atrocity, touched my
heart." 15713

Her attention, however, was soon
directed to other objects. The fort,
after the troops had marched out,
became a scene of plunder. The cat-
tles were shot down as they ran at
large, and lay dead or were dying
around her.
Most of the wounded prisoners
were butchered. The unwounded
remained in the wigwags of their
captors. The work of plunder being
complete, the fort next day was set
on fire. 15713

Captain and Mrs. Heald, after be-
ing exposed to many dangers, were
taken to Detroit, where they were
finally exchanged. Lieutenant Helm
was wounded in the action and made
prisoner. He was afterward taken
by some friendly Indians to the Au
Sable, and thence to St. Louis,
where he was liberated from captivity
through the intervention of an In-
dian trader, named Forsyth. Mrs.
Helm, who suffered from a severe
wound in the ankle, was taken to
Detroit, where she was exchanged.
She lived for many years after her
thrilling adventures. 15713

Mrs. HELM.—The horrors of the
massacre at Chicago, in August,
1812, are too familiar to require us
to recall them to the minds of our
readers. Amid the slaughter of that
day one lady, Mrs. Helm, wife of
Second Lieutenant Linai T. Helm,
displayed such courage and such ex-
alted heroism as to entitle her to a
place among our memorable women.
When the Pottawatomies, treach-
erous escort of the blinded party un-
der Captain Heald, turned upon the
party, Mrs. Helm was in the midst
of the fire, and calmly awaited the
result. Unlike her, the surgeon of
the party, Doctor Voorhes, was filled
with terror. Seeing Mrs. Helm,
near, he said, in great alarm:
"Mrs. Helm, do you think they
will take our lives? I am badly
wounded, but I think not mortally.
Perhaps we can purchase safety by
offering a large reward. Do you
think," continued he, "there is any
chance?"
"Doctor Voorhes," replied Mrs.
Helm, "let us not waste the few mo-
ments which yet remain in idle or
ill-founded hopes. Our fate is in-
evitable. We must soon appear at
the bar of God. Let us make such
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