Return The Occident

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

AN INDEPENDENT PAPER,
FOR THE
Business Man, the Farmer
And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY
AT THE
OFFICE—Corner of FIFTH and Main streets Oregon City, Oregon.
D. C. IRELAND, Proprietor.

THE WEALTH OF OREGON shall at all times constitute the paramount interest to which our columns will be devoted. Every measure for the good of the State, whether of *private* or *public interest*, irrespective of party, will find in us an advocate and a defender, to the extent of our ability. We shall aim to attract the attention of the millions of

POPULATION AND MONEY seeking profitable places, to that channel which is now making this the *foci* of the globe, and rendering Oregon with other Pacific States, the graneries of the world, with a centre of trade second to none.

AGRICULTURE will continue to receive that attention which it merits, at the hands of every intelligent Journalist. "*The Farmer feedeth all.*"

THE MARKETS will be watched carefully, and such information as we shall be able to compile will be published.

MANUFACTURERS are earnestly requested to inform us with respect to those various interests, to the end that we may be able to make the ENTERPRISE as near an encyclopedia of the business of Oregon as can be.

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☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times *Neat, Quick and Cheap!* ☞ Work solicited.

D. C. IRELAND, Proprietor.

BUSINESS CARDS.

DR. F. BARCLAY,
M. R. C. L.,
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)
OFFICE—At Residence, Main street Oregon City, Oregon.

W. C. JOHNSON. F. O. M'COWN, Notary Public.
JOHNSON & McCOWN,
LAWYERS.
Oregon City, Oregon.
☞ Will attend to all business entrusted to our care in any of the Courts of the State, Collect money, Negotiate loans, sell real estate etc. Particular attention given to contested Land cases.

JOHN M. BACON,
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 business of a Justice of the Peace.

IMPERIAL MILLS.
Savier, LaRoque & Co.,
OREGON CITY.
☞ Keep constantly on hand for sale, flour Midlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purching feed must furnish the sacks.

WM. BROUGHTON.
Contractor and Builder,
Main st., 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.

DAVID SMITH,
Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL,
Black-Smith and Wagon Maker,
Corner of Main and Third streets,
Oregon City..... Oregon.
☞ Blacksmithing in all its branches; Wagon making and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1849, at the old stand, *Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.*
An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

CLARK GREENMAN,
City Drayman,
OREGON CITY.
☞ All orders for the delivery of merchandise or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

BUSINESS CARDS.

J. H. MITCHELL. J. N. DOLPH. A. SMITH.
Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Proctors in Admiralty.
☞ Office over the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.

A. C. GIBBS. C. W. PARRISH,
Notary Public and Com. of Deeds.
GIBBS & PARRISH,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—On Alder street, in Carter's brick block.

C. P. FERRY,
BROKER, PORTLAND, OREGON.
Cor. Front and Washington Sts.
Agent North British and Mercantile Insurance Company, and Manhattan Life Insurance Company.
☞ Government Securities, Stocks, Bonds and Real Estate bought and sold on Commission.

Dr. J. H. HATCH,
Late Mack & Hatch,
DENTIST,

The patronage of those desiring *First Class Operations*, is respectfully solicited.
Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
N. B.—*Nitrous Oxyde* administered for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.
OFFICE—Corner of Washington and Front streets, Portland. Entrance on Washington street.

DENTAL NOTICE.
HOME AGAIN.

During my four of two years in the Eastern States I have spared neither time nor money to make myself perfectly familiar with and master of my profession. Those desiring the best work that the nature of the case will admit of can find me at my office, 107 Front street, two doors above McCormick's Book Store, Portland, Oregon.
DR. J. G. GLENN.

JAMES L. DALY,
(Late Daly & Stevens,)
GENERAL AGENT,
OFFICE—No. 104 Front street, Portland,
Will give special attention to Collecting and adjustment of accounts, bills and notes; Negotiating Inland bills; effecting loans; buying, selling and leasing real estate; house renting, and to the general agency business in all its branches.

Oregon Seed Store!
R. E. CHATFIELD,
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
Garden and Field Seeds of all Kinds.
PRODUCE AND COMMISSION.
First street, Portland Oregon, Near the Western Hotel.

REMOVAL!
THE JEWELRY

Establishment of J. B. Miller
HAS BEEN REMOVED
To No. 101 Front st., corner of Alder Carter's New Building, Portland, In Chas. Woodard's Drug Store
☞ Where he will be ready to attend to all manner of workmanship in his line.
Watches and Jewelry repaired in the most workmanlike manner. J. B. MILLER.

CHAUNCEY BALL,
Successor to Gradon & Co.,
MANUFACTURER OF
Wagons & Carriages,
201 and 203 Front st., Portland, Oregon.
☞ *Wagons of every description made to order. General Jobbing done with neatness and dispatch.*

A. H. BELL. E. A. PARKER.
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.

LOGUS & ALBRIGHT,
EXCELSIOR MARKET!
Corner of Fourth and Main streets.
OREGON CITY.
☞ Keep constantly on hand all kinds of fresh and salt meats, such as
BEEF, PORK,
MUTTON, VEAL,
CORNED BEEF, HAMS,
PICKELED PORK, LARD,
And everything else to be found in their line of business.

J. F. MILLER. J. W. SHATTUCK.
J. F. MILLER & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
Boots and Shoes!
At the Oregon City Boot and Shoe Store, Main street.
THE BEST SELECTION
Of Ladies', Gents', Boys', and Children's Boots and Shoes, on hand or made to order.

ANDREW WILLIS. WM. BROUGHTON.
WILLIS & BROUGHTON.
Having purchased the interest of S. Cram, in the well known
LIVERY STABLE
One door west of Excelsior Market, Oregon City, announce that they will at all times keep good horses and carriages to let, at reasonable rates. Horses bought and sold or kept by the day or week.

JOB PRINTING NEATLY EXECUTed at the ENTERPRISE OFFICE.

THE MIDNIGHT WIND.

Mournfully! O, mournfully,
This midnight wind doth sigh,
Like some sweet, plaintive melody
Of ages long gone by!
It speaks a tale of other years,—
Of hopes that bloomed to die,—
Of sunny smiles that set in tears,
And loves that mouldering lie!

Mournfully! O, mournfully
This midnight wind doth moan.
It stirs some chord of memory
In each dull, heavy tone;
The voices of the much loved dead
Seem floating thereupon,—
All, all my fond heart cherished
Ere death had made it lone.

Mournfully! O, mournfully
The midnight wind doth swell,
With its quaint, pensive minstrelsy,—
Hope's passionate farewell
To the dreamy joys of early years,
Ere yet grief's canker fell
On the heart's bloom,—ay! well may tears
Start at that parting knell!

—*William Motherwell.*

A GRECIAN SATIRE.

When lovely women stoops alas to frolic
And rues the ruse, too late,
What balm shall soothe her melancholic?
What art shall set her back up straight?

The only thing for her disaster—
The only way her woe to end,
Is to apply a mustard plaster—
If she won't do it, let her bend.

—*C. H. Webb.*

A SEARCH FOR A VOCATION.

(*Concluded.*)

LIFE.—Life was of course a vale of tears. Years rhymed with tears, so it was a length of years.

"Life is a weary vale of tears,
A dreary, dusky length of years,
Where not a ray of light appears."

Then I got life out again gradually. Mark, Dark, Spark.

"But pilgrims o'er its paths may mark
How lights of Faith transform the dark
And Hope illumes it with her spark."

I was puzzling over the next verse when the dinner-bell rung, and I had to take measures to sustain life; but in the course of the afternoon I got through four verses more of the same stamp, and arrived at my grand finis:

"Forests of crosses block the way;
All round the lowering sky is gray
And dim and dark, look where we may,
But still, as farther we advance,
And unknown beauties meet our glance,
Trusting, we deem that good may chance."

I was exhausted. I was unused to severe mental labor; still the supreme satisfaction which the reperusal of these lines gave me repaid me for all; and when I had it in an envelope ready to dispatch, I felt that I had laid the foundation for greatness.

The glory of having written that poem lasted me a week. I considered that I could now sit down and wait for events.

A fortnight went by. I began to be doubtful. Three weeks; and I found little encouragement in the remembrance that the "American people are slow to appreciate genius; and Mr. Bryant, their first poet, is obliged to edit a newspaper for support." Wasn't Mr. Bryant?

One evening Sue came dashing in from school and tossed a letter on my lap, saying, merily.

"Are you an aspiring young woman, Janet? That looks suspicious."

I had been sitting idly in the window, in the most romantic and melancholy style possible. Sue ruined my attitude; for, without waiting to answer, I raced out of the room undignifiedly and broke open the envelope with trembling fingers.

Alas! I drew out my own lines; then a printed "form" of refusal:

"We hereby return to Miss Spinney the poem 'Life,' and regret that it will not suit our columns."

Not suit their columns? What were their columns, that it didn't suit? What mental blindness was this, that let such a poem go unwelcomed!

This was a downfall, and an interval of blankness followed. I began to appreciate my own description of life, considering that it was truly a vale of tears.

I was tempted to despair; but that immortal sentence which has long comforted struggling humanity came to my aid: "Rome was not built in a day;" therefore Jane Spinney couldn't electrify the world in a day. I wasn't grandiloquent as I had been before, but I determined grimly that a master-piece should appear and it should be the work of Jane Spinney.

I took time for it; I mean I was going to take time for it; but my time was taken away from me Louisa Grant, a friend of Sue's came to visit us, and I was forced to remain in common places.

The one advantage of my situation was that I had my chamber to myself. Sue and Louisa occupied another apartment; so I could write after eleven o'clock at night, if I could possibly keep up enthusiasm so long.

I thought I would come down to the level of other people's minds: "Life" had been a great deal too deep. I would write a ballad—a ballad that should be entittled "The Lady's Despair."

I will not inflict the particulars upon the reader. Suffice it to say I went to work and burned midnight oil for six consecutive nights, thus attracting numberless comments from the family.

I must say that it was hard work. The necessity of rhyming interfered with conclusions dreadfully. Nothing but my faith in the result carried me through; but on the sixth night I did get through.

The family had grown tired of euchre that evening, for a wonder, and had inclined toward slumber generally at ten o'clock. I had bade Sue and Louisa good-night in the passage, and had sought my own apartment, invigorated by the thought that I had only one verse more to write; however, that verse occupied me till after eleven.

By the time I had looked over the whole thirteen verses it was half past eleven. I didn't hear the girls' voices any longer; I supposed they had gone to sleep. I was solitary—alone with my grand thoughts. I thought, myself, it would be very nice to "sit, on winter nights, by a solitary fire, and hear the nations praising me, a far off." I didn't doubt I should have that experience.

I thought I would read the poem over; read it aloud, to get a better idea of it. I tilted myself back in my chair comfortably and began:

"THE LADY'S DESPAIR."

"A lady with a weary face
Sat at a turret window high,
And watched the sky."

Good; gave you the idea of patience.

"A lady fair, with lofty grace,
She sat and wept full drearily,
And none were nigh."

I thought I heard a sound. I listened; but it was not repeated. I had been mistaken.

"A knight went riding far below,
Looked up and waved a sad farewell,
Careless of what befell."

There was a queer noise again; perhaps rats in the wall.

"He rode upon a steed of snow.
And in that fair and pleasant dell
Had loved the lady well."

Certainly no sympathetic person could read this without tears.

"Three strokes rang from the tower bell;
She forward leaned, and looked to see
Him passing slow and silently,
Both were so sad 'twas hard to tell
Which was the saddest of them, he
Or—"

A perfect scream of laughter rang in my astonished ears. It proceeded from the hall. I darted to the door with the rapidity of lightning, and flung it open wrathfully.

There was Sue doubled up on the hall floor, in convulsions of laughter, and Louisa holding by the stair railing, with the tears running down her cheeks.

"Or she," gasped Sue, going off again as she caught a glimpse of my indignant countenance. "Oh, Jane, Jane, you'll kill me!"

I was near wishing I could; but my utter stupefaction prevented the expression of the wish, and it seemed quite impossible for either Sue or Louisa to stop laughing long enough to say another word.

"I really think; Jane," gasped Sue again, making a great effort to speak, "that this will suit our columns. Don't you, Louisa?"

"Its pathos!" Louisa managed to articulate.

"And its beautiful flow. Have her die, Jane, do. Have her leap down into the dell; it's fair and pleasant."

"But get the knight out of the way first," suggested Louisa, wiping her eyes. "The fall might crush him."

And they both relapsed again.

"If you think this is honorable," I began, regaining my voice finally, "I must say I differ with you."

"We aren't exalted," said Sue, "not at all. We're in a state of abasement, Louisa and I. But a cat may look at a king, you know, or we may listen to a poetess."

I shut the door in their faces angrily, and locked it. Sue shouted her "regrets that she didn't hear the whole of it" through the key-hole; but, as I made no answer, they both departed and went to rest.

I flung the poem into the fire; and then all my dignity didn't save me from crying. That most woeful of troubles had come upon me, viz: my faith in myself had been shaken. I was afraid the ship hadn't any pilot, the traveler hadn't any guide, and I hadn't any vocation.

Not a moment did I sleep that night; and in the morning my eyes were so red I would not go down, but locked myself in my chamber, reflecting pleasantly that Sue was probably amusing the breakfasters with an account of the "Lady's Despair." I was very unhappy, and had an idea of making a hermitess of myself in future.

By-and-by there came a tap at the door, and my mother's voice, asking to come in.

"Jane," she said, "I have brought you your breakfast, and some advice. What a faculty you have for making yourself miserable!"

"*I* make myself miserable?"

"I know it was unpardonable in Sue to annoy you so; but you should be above such things."

"Above such things?"

"What ever put it into your head," continued my mother, "to think you could write verses?"

"You think a girl should do nothing but wash dishes and iron shirts?" said I, indignantly. "I feel myself fit for something higher."

"I don't want to hurt your feelings, Jane, but—"

"And I want some work especially mine."

"Did you always feel fitted for something higher?"

I was obliged to confess that the attack had come on suddenly.

"But I want an object to work for."

"Then," said my mother, "make binding shoes the object, rather than writing verses; for you are sure you could do the first well. Cultivate any talent you have, Jane, only be sure you have it."

"Binding shoes can't be a vocation for me."

"A vocation? Why do you want a vocation? Why should you have a vocation more than the girls around you? Duty is a vocation, Jane."

"I can't do common things."

"Then pray don't consider that a proof that you can do uncommon ones. I think, if I were you, I would make common-sense a speciality."

And so I lost the only glimpse of a vocation I ever was favored with; for I hadn't the obstinacy to persist in the face of everything. I abandoned my stand-point with as good as I could, lost the hope of distinction, and fell back into stocking darning and obscurity, where I have remained ever since. Long study has made me mistress of the a-b-c of life, and I am at present a peaceful old maid, whose chief use is to look after Sue's children, and whose principal occupation is gossiping and tea-drinking.

—Children need smiles as flowers need sunbeams. If they meet them at home, they will be happy and contented there; if not, they will be likely to seek elsewhere for them. And who can blame them?

—Eggs are 80 cents a dozen in Salt Lake City, and lager beer 25 cents a glass.

LETTER FROM PHILIP RITZ.

WASHINGTON CITY, Jan. 4, 1869.

EDITOR OREGONIAN:

We reached here in nine days traveling time from Boise City, probably the shortest time ever made over this part of the continent, as we took a construction train 85 miles west of Bryan, the usual passenger depot, thereby saving over 80 miles of tedious staging.

EXPENSES OVERLAND.

I will give you a list of the expenses on the route, as this will probably become quite a thoroughfare for our Northwestern people.

I took my own conveyance to Boise city, a distance of 253 miles from Walla Walla; fare by stage, $40 gold, and about $12 for meals, etc., time three days. From Boise City to Salt Lake, 402 miles, we took the stage—time three days and a half; fare $100 currency (it is all currency after we leave Boise City), meals $10 75. From Salt Lake to end of track, 80 miles, $23. To Bryan where we took the regular passenger train, $7 50, meals $3 00; to Omaha, $64 25; meals and sleeping car, $7 25. To Washington City, $40; meals and sleeping coach, $6; making a sum total from Walla Walla to this city of $323 25 currency, *each*. This is the entire expense without laying over.

Bryan is about 200 miles west of the Rocky Mountains.

NATURE OF THE ROAD.

We took a magnificent sleeping coach on the west side of the Rocky Mountains and awoke next morning at Cheyenne city, entirely out of the Black Hills, a distance of nearly 200 miles from where we took the coach. We could scarcely realize that the day before, we had been three or four hundred miles West of the Rocky Mountains.

The road is well built and a great portion of the way very straight, so that when everything is properly regulated, good time can be made. There is one stretch of 60 miles almost as straight as a line. Coming down to North Plattte we ran one stretch of 16 miles in 17 minutes.

Saw no buffalo on the route, and but two or three droves of antelope. We did not see a wild Indian on the route. They have gone with the buffaloes.

When it becomes desirable and necessary for the Government to open up a mail route or an emigrant highway over the continent, there is no cheaper nor more expeditious way to establish such a route than to build a railroad through that country. It effectually disposes of the Indian question.

RECEIPTS OF THE ROAD.

The earnings of this road are enormous. I was told that at the little station of Bryan, the receipts for passengers alone during November, were over $43,000, and that the actual receipts of the road each day, will almost pay for the next day's work at the end of the track. This is perfectly astonishing, as no one thought to make any particular account of the way business through this barren country. It shows what our Northern road will do when built through a rich agricultural, grazing and mineral country, such as it will pass through.

AT OMAHA.

The company are at work on their new bridge at Omaha, and have a temporary bridge on the ice for this winter, so that trains can now pass without breaking cargo. I saw one red Boston car that had strayed away from the "Hub" and was west of the Rocky Monntains, going on to the end of the track.

I have not seen a point on the entire route that I consider as good a place for investment as Council Bluffs or Omaha.

The bridge at Omaha, which is estimated will cost $6,000,000, is bound to cause a large number of railroads to concentrate at this point, as the company have the power to dictate terms to other railroads sending freight or passengers over the eastern part of their road, so as almost to compel them to pass on their bridge. This U. P. Company is already an immense corporation, exerting a powerful influence upon all roads pointing towards it.

RAILROADS IN GENERAL.

Railroading is being reduced to a science here in the East. The large and more wealthy companies are combining in most every direction and becoming powerful monopolies, crushout all smaller enterprises that may start near them. The earnings of the Pennsylvania Central company have reached the enormous sum of $18,000,000 per month.

TALK OF A STATESMAN.

I called on Governor Geary as I passed through Harrisburg. I found him a statesman of the most liberal and generous ideas, entirely alive to the interests of our coast, and particularly to those of the North Pacific Railroad. He said it would be his policy for the Government to assist in building the Northern and Southern Pacific roads, if it took the last dollar in the Treasury; but he agreed in the opinion that it would not be necessary to use a single dollar in cash for that purpose. He is a practical civil engineer and promises to come to Washington this winter to assist in bringing the matter before Congress. With the influence and hearty co-operation of a few such men as Governor Geary there will be but little difficulty in getting our different bills passed, and be the means of establishing and building up such a career of prosperity on our own coast as has never been dreamed of by the most sanguine. Governor Geary invited me to deliver a lecture before the Legislaiure in Harrisburg this winter on the character and resources of our North Pacific coast, which I have promised to do.

I will endeavor to keep you posted on railroad affairs during the winter

Yours truly,

PHILIP RITZ.

MRS. SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Harper's Bazar, for December 5th, devotes a page to Schuyler Colfax and his bride, Miss Wade, giving excellent portraits of both, with a representation of the bridal gift from Mr. Colfax. The *Bazar*, in speaking of Miss Ella E. Wade, now Mrs. Colfax, says the picture shows a sensible, earnest, and thoughtful face, the owner of which would be likely to give none but good counsel to her husband in his responsible position. A friend who knows her well says "she is just thirty-two, and not ashamed of her age. She is not tall, nor short, nor stout, but will average 140 pounds. She is not handsome, but good-looking. She is quiet, reserved, repressed, self-poised, and self-controlled to a remarkable degree. But you think of her that still waters run deep. She seems to have had a life—a quiet country town, village, and farm life—that had not been congenial, or rather has not drawn her out at all; and her repressed manner and nature are due possibly to this. There is no gush, or brilliancy, no show, no exuberance in manner, appearance, and style. Her new life will bring her out; but she has nothing of what is called 'society manners,' and will make no impression upon the multitude. Fastidious and feminine to a very high and rare degree in one of such experience, she is a most admirable selection for a wife for Mr. Colfax—a sweet, true, self-adjusted woman, with a younger heart than I ever saw at thirty odd years, who never would make a career for herself, but would accept and fill whatever place came to her in the way of duty." With such a woman as this for the wife of the Vice President, and such a woman as Mrs. Grant in the White House, we may expect a new order of society matters at Washington which shall exert a beneficial influence throughout the country. The day of plain common sense, which suits the character of the American people, dawns at last.