

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 3.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 3, 1869.

NO. 34.

BUSINESS CARDS.

PAGE & THAYER,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
OFFICE—In Cree's Building, corner of
Front and Stark streets, Portland.

J. F. CAPLES.
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Cor. FRONT and WASHINGTON STS.,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

JOHNSON & McCOWN,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Office—on the old Post Office, Front
street, Portland, Oregon.

Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Solicitors in Chancery, and Pro-
cureurs in Admiralty.

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Portland, Oregon.
OFFICE—On Alder street, in Carter's
brick block.

Logan, Shattuck & Killin,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
No. 100 Front Street, Up Stairs,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

TO LET.
Three Rooms: Well, and all the conven-
iences for a man and his wife—or for an of-
fice. Rent cheap.

J. WELCH,
DENTIST.
Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.

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

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—85 Front street—Residence cor-
ner of Main and Seventh streets.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1849, at the old stand,
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

CLARK GREENMAN,
City Drayman,
OREGON CITY.

LOGUS & ALBRIGHT,
Excelsior Market!
Corner of Fourth and Main streets,
OREGON CITY.

JOHN H. SCHRAM,
Manufacturer and Dealer in
SADDLES, HARNESS,
etc., etc.,
Main Street, Oregon City.

WILLIS & BROUGHTON,
Having purchased the interest
of S. Crum, in the well known
LIVERY STABLE

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

BELVIDERE SALOON.
Main Street, Oregon City.
M. BROWN, Proprietor, thankful for past
patrons, solicits a continuance of the same.
FREE LUNCH DAILY.

DAVID SMITH,
Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL,
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SUNDOWN.

I stood by the marge of the summer sea,
As the day was quietly dying,
When the waves were lulled in a dreamless
sleep

And the seamen plaintively crying.
The broad red disk of the setting sun
Was poised on the mighty ocean.

And the wavelets were breaking one by one
On the shore, with a dreamy motion.
But a gorgeous curtain of blue and gold
Now fell on the sleeping billow.

And the sun, like a monarch infirm and old,
Reclined on his glowing pillow.
But again a change, as he sank to rest,
On the couch of surpassing glory.

For the hues that trembled on ocean's breast,
Mocked the wonders of Eastern story.
Slowly these beauties all passed away,
As I saw Night's shadow descending.

And I deemed it well, such a perfect day
Should have such a perfect ending!

SPEAK GENTLY.

I am entirely at a loss to know
what to do with that boy," said
Mrs. Barton to her husband, with
much concern on her face, and in
an anxious tone of voice.

"Never yield to his imperious temper;
I never indulge him in anything;
I think about him, and care about
him at all times, but see no good
results."

While Mrs. Barton was speaking,
a bright, active boy, eight years
of age, came dashing into the room,
and, without heeding any one,
commenced beating with two
large sticks against one of the win-
dow-sills, and making a deafening
noise.

"Incorrigible boy!" exclaimed
his mother, going quickly up to
him, and jerking the stick out of
his hand; "can I not teach you ei-
ther manners or decency? I have
told you a hundred times that
when you come into a room where
any one is sitting you must be qui-
et. Go up-stairs this moment, and
do not let me see your face for an
hour!"

The boy became sulky in an in-
stant, and stood where he was,
pouting sadly.

"Did you hear what I said? Go
up-stairs, this moment!"

Mrs. Barton spoke in a very an-
gry tone, and looked quite as angry
as she spoke.

Slowly moved the boy to the door,
a scowl darkening his face, that was
but a moment before so bright and
cheerful. His steps were too deli-
berate for the over-excited feel-
ings of the mother; she sprang to-
ward him, and seizing him by the
arm, pushed him from the room and
closed the door after him.

"I declare I am out of all heart!"
she exclaimed, sinking down upon a
chair. "It is line upon line, and
precept upon precept, but all to no
good purpose. That boy will break
my heart yet."

Mr. Barton said nothing, but he
saw plainly enough that it was not
all the child's fault. He doubted
the use of speaking out and say-
ing this unequivocally, although
he had often and been on the point
of doing so involuntarily. He knew
the temper of his wife so well, and
her peculiar sensitiveness about
everything that looked like charg-
ing any fault upon herself, that he
feared more harm than good
would result from an attempt on
his part to show her that she was
much more than half to blame for
the boy's perverseness of temper.

Once or twice the little fellow
showed himself at the door, but
was driven back with harsh words
until the hour for tea arrived. The
sound of the tea-bell caused an in-
stant oblivion of all the disagree-
able impressions made on his mind.

His little feet answered the wel-
come summons with a clatter that
stunned the ears of his mother.

"Go back sir," she said sternly
as he opened the dining-room door,
and sent it swinging with a loud
convulsion against the wall, "and
see if you cannot walk down-stairs
more like a boy, than a horse."

Master Henry withdrew, pout-
ing out his rosy lips to the distance
of nearly an inch. He went up
one flight of stairs, and then re-
turned.

"Go up to the third story,
where you first started from, and
come down quietly all the way, or
you shall not have a mouthful of
supper."

"I don't want to," whined the
boy.

"Go up, I tell you, this instant,
or I will send you to bed without
anything to eat."

This was a threat that former ex-
perience had taught him might be
executed, and so he deemed it bet-
ter to submit than pay too dearly
for having his own way. The dis-
tance to the third story was made
in a few light springs, and then he

came pattering down as lightly;
and took his place at the table
quickly, but silently.

"There—there, not too fast; you
have plenty to eat, and time enough
to eat it in."

Henry settled himself down to
the table as quietly as his mercuri-
al spirits would let him, and tried
to wait until he was helped, but in
spite of all his efforts to do so, his
hand went over into the bread-
basket. A look from his mother
caused him to drop the slice he
had raised it was not a look where
there was much affection. While
waiting to be helped his hands
were busy with his knife and fork,
making a most unpleasant clatter.

"Put down your hands!" harshly
spoken, remedied this evil, or rather
sent the active movement from the
little fellow's hands to his feet, that
commenced a swinging mo-
tion, his heels striking noisily
against the chair.

"Keep your feet still!" caused
this to cease.

After one or two more reproofs,
the boy was left to himself. As
soon as he received his cup of tea
he poured the entire contents into
his saucer and then tried to lift it
steadily to his lips. In doing so
he spilled one-third of the contents
upon the tablecloth.

"Have I not told you over and
over again, you bad boy, not to
pour the whole of your tea into
your saucer? Just see what a mess
you have made with that clean
tablecloth! I declare I am out of
patience with you! Go away
from the table this instant!"

Henry went crying away, not in
anger but in grief. He had spilled
his tea by accident. His mother
had so many reproofs and injunc-
tions to make that the bearing of
them all in mind was impossible.

As to pouring out all his tea at
a time, he had no recollection of
any interdiction on that subject,
although it had been made over
and over again very often. In a
little while he came creeping slowly
back to the table, his eyes on his mother's
face.

Mrs. Barton was sorry that she
had sent him away for what was
only an accident. She felt that
she had hardly been just to the
thoughtless boy. She did not there-
fore, object to his coming back,
and said, as he took his seat:

"Next time, see that you are
more careful. I have told you
again and again not to fill your
saucer to the brim; you never can
do it without spilling the tea on
the tablecloth."

This even was not spoken in
kindness.

A scene somewhat similar to this
was enacted at every meal; but in-
stead of improving in his behavior
the boy grew more and more heed-
less.

Mr. Barton rarely said anything
to Henry about his unruly manner;
but when he did, a word was
enough.

That word was always mildly
but firmly spoken. He did not
think him a bad boy, or difficult
to manage; at least he had never
found him so.

"I wish I knew what to do with
that child," said Mrs. Barton, af-
ter the little fellow had been sent
to bed an hour before his time, in
consequence of some violation of
law and order; "he makes me con-
stantly feel unhappy. I dislike to
be scolding him for ever; but what
can I do? If I did not curb him
in some way, there would be no
living in the house with him. I
am afraid he will cause us a great
deal of trouble."

Mr. Barton sat silent. He want-
ed to say a word on the subject,
but he feared that its effect might
not be what he desired.

"I wish you would advise me
what to do, Mr. Barton," said his
wife, a little petulantly. "You
sit and do not say a single word,
as if you had no kind of interest
in the matter. What am I to do?
I have exhausted all my own re-
sources, and feel completely at a
loss."

"There is a way which, if you
adopt it, I think might do good,"
said Mr. Barton with a slight ap-
pearance of hesitation. "If you
would speak gently to Henry, I am
sure you would be able to manage
him far better than you do."

Mrs. Barton's face was crimson
in an instant. She felt the reproof
deeply; her self-esteem was severely
wounded. "Speak gently, in-
deed!" she replied; "I might as
well speak to the wind. I am
scarcely heard now, at the top of
my voice."

As her husband did not argue
the matter with her, nor say any-
thing that was calculated to keep up

the excitement under which she
was laboring, her feelings in a lit-
tle while quieted down, and her
thoughts became active. The
words "speak gently" were con-
stantly in her mind, and there was
a reproving import in them.

On going to bed that night she
could not get to sleep for several
hours; her mind was too busily en-
gaged in reviewing her conduct to-
ward her child.

She clearly perceived that she
had too frequently suffered her mind
to get excited and angry, and that
she was often annoyed at trifles
which ought to have been over-
looked.

"I am afraid I have been unjust
to my child," she sighed over and
over again, turning restlessly upon
her pillow. "I will try and do
better," she said to herself, as she
rose in the morning feeling but lit-
tle refreshed from her sleep.

Before she was ready to leave
her room, she heard Henry's voice
calling her from the chamber where
he slept. The tones were fretful.
He wanted some attendance, and
was crying out for it in a manner
that instantly disturbed the even
surface of the mother's feelings.

She was about telling him angrily
to wait till she could finish dress-
ing herself, when the words "speak
gently" seemed whispered in her
ear. Their effect was magical; the
mother's spirit was subdued.

"I will speak gently," she mur-
mured, and went in to Henry, who
was still crying out fretfully.

"What do you want, my son?"
she said, in a quiet, kind voice.

The boy looked up with surprise;
his eye brightened, and the whole
expression of his face was changed
in an instant.

"I cannot find my stockings ma-
ma," he said.

"There they are, under the bu-
reau," replied Mrs. Barton, as
gently as she had at first spoken.

"Oh yes, so they are!" cheer-
fully replied Henry; I could not see
them anywhere."

"Did you think crying would
bring them?"

This was said with a smile, and
in a tone so unlike his mother, that
the child looked up again into her
face with surprise that was, as Mrs.
Barton plainly saw, mingled with
pleasure.

"Do you want anything else?"
she asked.

"No, mama," he replied cheer-
fully; "I can dress myself now."

"This first little effort was crown-
ed with the most encouraging re-
sults to the mother; she felt a deep
peace settling in her bosom, the
consciousness of having gained a
true victory over tendencies of both
her own heart and that of her boy.

It was a little act, but it was the
first-fruits; and the gathering even
of so small a harvest was sweet to
her spirit.

For the first time in many months
the breakfast-table was pleasant
to all. Henry never once interrup-
ted the conversation that passed at
intervals between his father and
mother. When he asked for any-
thing it was in a way pleasing to
all. Once or twice Mrs. Barton
found it necessary to correct some
little fault in manner, but the way
in which she did it did not in the
least disturb her child's temper, and
instead of not seeming to hear her
words, as had almost always been
the case, he regarded all that was
said and tried to do as she wished.

"There is a wonderful power in
gentle words," remarked Mr. Bar-
ton to his wife, after Henry had
left the table.

"Yes wonderful indeed; their
effect surprises me."

"Love is strong."

Days, weeks, months, and years
went by; during all this time the
mother continued to strive very
earnestly with herself, and very
kindly with her child. The hap-
piest results followed; the fretful,
passionate, disorderly boy became
even-minded and orderly in his hab-
its. A word, gently spoken, was
all-powerful in its influence for
good, but the least shade of harsh-
ness would arouse his stubborn
will, and deform his fair young
face.

Whenever mothers complain to
Mrs. Barton of the difficulty they
find in managing their children, she
has one piece of advice to give, and
that is, "Command yourself, and
speak gently."

—The Columbia River Manu-
facturing Company have organized
as follows: President, J. B. Knapp;
Vice-President, N. W. Spaulding;
Secretary, S. W. Backus; Treasurer,
D. W. Grant.

Warrants, Subpoenas, etc.,
sold at \$1 per 100, at this office.

"Listen to the Mocking Bird."

A friend of ours has been to
see and hear George Greene's
mocking bird and goes off in the
following: "Greene has had the
taste to import the finest mocking
bird we have seen in Oregon. It
fills the air all around the Carter
Block with volumes of the most
delicious notes, singing as mirth-
fully as if in its native woods and
chapparel of the coast below. It
goes through the round of airs
from ballad to opera, pouring
forth strains irregular in tone and
changing rapidly into all the
songs of all the birds it ever heard.

The canaries find it a rival of more
power than Beech's brass band,
and can only throw in a gentle
twitter while it is taking breath.

Its language necessarily Castil-
lian, not having yet been broken
into Dixie or Yankee Doodle. It is
calm as a successful office holder af-
ter election, amid the clatter of
glasses, billiard balls, and drays
and trucks of the noisy street. The
wine beneath him cannot equal his
own power as a "mocker," and the
Philharmonics, in full chimes,
would only attract his attention
for a moment, and he would then
overwhelm them with his torrent
of "wood notes wild." This cantan-
trique(?) deserves the highest kind
of a reception, the freedom of the
city in a gold seed tray, and from
the people and press generally, all
the "notes of admiration," in full
chorus. Let us hope that no fami-
ly arrangements will impair her(?)
voice such as occurred to the glori-
ous "Jenny," that its exquisite
strains may delight the promenade
for years to come."—Oregonian.

SCIENCE AND WAR.—The Lon-
don Peace Society has for some
years past been actively promul-
gating its views on the continent
of Europe, as well as at home.

Its foreign auxiliaries are now
(aided by increasing popular in-
telligence) developing into active
and influential associations with
a valuable literature of their own.

From a recent eloquent address by
M. Frederick Passy, Secretary of
one of these continental bodies (the
Paris League of Peace), we ex-
tract the following striking allu-
sion to the effect on warfare of the
modern scientific improvements:

"War used to be a duel; a fright-
ful one, but yet grand and attrac-
tive. The combatants knew and
appreciated those with whom they
fought. Courage, perseverance,
physical strength, and the union of
strength with foresight, still avail-
ed much, whatever might be the
risks as to success or defeat. Man
was still something even amid the
most fearful onslaughts of brute
force. He felt that it was so, and
was proud of it. But in our own
day, science has advanced, and
has brought to perfection not only
the arts of production but those of
slaughter. She has reduced war
almost suddenly to a mere mechan-
ical operation. 'It is scientific
butchery' as a contemporary writ-
er (M. Guerout, in the *Opinion
Nationale*) has energetically ex-
claimed. We now make use of
killing machines. We deliver to
them men, the flower of our youth,
and they give them back to us—
corpses. Under these conditions
the interest of conflict, and almost
all conflict itself, disappears. We
have but huge executions, charac-
terized by horror alone. The sol-
dier, the officer, the general are now
no more, literally, than flesh for
common. Thought and feeling will
revolt with disgust in face of these
vast and stupid butcheries." *Peace
Society's Papers.*

—Josh Billings welcomes spring
as follows:

"Spring came this year as much
as usual, hail butinous virgin, 5000
years old and upwards, hale and
harty old gal weleum two York
State and parts adjacent. Now
the birds jaw, now the cattle hol-
ers, now the geese warble now the
kats sigh, now the pigs scream,
and natur is frisky; the virtuous
bed-bug and the nobby cockroach,
are singing Yankee Doodle and
'coming thru the rih.' Now may
be seen the musketeer, that gray
outlined critter or destiny, solitary,
and alone, examining his last years
bill, and now may be heard, with
a naked ear, the hoarse sloughish
bawling in the barnyard."

—The population of Illinois is
about twice that of Massachusetts,
but her area is about seven times
as great, to say nothing of the
greater fertility of her soil and her
more favorable climate.

—Why is a hen immortal? be-
cause her son never sets.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

—What is worse than raining
cats and dogs? Hailing cats and
omnibuses.

—Gen Joe Lane who was on
the Democratic national ticket with
Breckinridge in 1860, has joined
the Roman Catholic Church.

—Wilson's Circus is on the way
up to Oregon having performed at
Colusa lately. It contains several
excellent performers, with the im-
mortal Harry Jackson as clown.

—The movement in favor of sepa-
ration of the upper peninsula from
Michigan and its erection into a
State or Territory by itself, by the
name of Superior, is gaining in
strength, and petitions are circu-
lated and obtain many signers.

—In the rich heavy lands of the
West and on some of the clayey
farms in New England, cow-yards
are often sad places for male or fe-
male to sit down in and milk from
one to a dozen cows. The *Ohio
Farmer* recommends that such
yards be paved with blocks of
wood. Logs of any size may be
drawn up during the winter, cut
into blocks of equal length, say six
inches and squared at leisure. Af-
ter smoothing off the surface of the
yard, lay the blocks as closely to-
gether as possible, and fill the in-
terstices with gravel.

—The generally received opinion
that the American aloe, or century
plant, blossoms only once in a hun-
dred years appears to be not al-
ways sustained by facts. One of
these rare plants, in the possession
of Messrs. Frost, at the Genesee
Valley Nurseries, in Rochester,
now gives clear indications of
blossoming. This plant is believed
to be over seventy years old. There
is a case on record of a century
plant which blossomed in Dover-
shire, England, in 1820 at the
youthful age of nineteen. It put
forth 10,000 flowers. A plant
flowered in Cornwall, England, in
1837, which was not more than fif-
ty-six years old. The number of
blossoms was 5088—yellow in col-
or, and about five inches in length.

How to DESTROY ANTS.—The
following is recommended to care-
ful housewives as a way of rid-
ding closets of these little pests:
Procure a large sponge; wash it
well and press it dry, which will
leave the cells quite open; then
sprinkle over it some white sugar,
and place it where the ants are
troublesome. They will soon col-
lect upon the sponge and take up
their abode in the cells. It is only
necessary to dip the sponge in
scalding hot water, which will wash
them out—dead. Put on more su-
gar and set the trap for a new haul.

OLD FELLOWSHIP.—The Grand
Lodge of the United States will
hold its next session at San Fran-
cisco, in September. Representa-
tives thereto will be passed free
over the Central Pacific Rail-
road, and probably over the Union
Pacific also. Those who may visit
the Grand Lodge of the United
States are, members of Grand Lodges
in possession of the Royal Purple
Degree, if recommended by the
Representatives of his State. Past
Grand, of the Royal Purple De-
gree, when vouched for by the
Representatives. By special
resolution, adopted during a ses-
sion, Royal Purple Degree mem-
bers, who are not Past Grand,
may be admitted to witness the in-
stallation of Grand officers only.

SURPLUS WOMEN.—The St.
Louis *Republican* is severe upon
men of Massachusetts for abandon-
ing that State, and leaving the wo-
men behind them, and it draws a
comparison between the Yankee
and the European method of doing
the same thing. It says: "One
hundred thousand of the male popu-
lation emigrate singly, in the ex-
pectation of establishing them-
selves in the West, where they are
sure to find an easier life and bet-
ter chances to accumulate wealth
than in their own over populated
State. To make their prospects
certain, they act differently from
European emigrants. They do not
embarrass themselves by taking the
female members of their fami-
lies with them, but leave their old
homes singly, and never think any
more of supporting those whom
they have left unprotected. Mark
the difference. One hundred thou-
sand American women are home-
less in their native State, because
their nearest relatives and natural
protectors stole away from them.
Innumerable foreigners come in
every day, and every female
among them finds at once a home."

WHAT MAY BE.—In 1815, Elk-
ana Watson, Benjamin Franklin's
friend, predicted that in 1900 the
population of the United States
would be 100,000,000. Assuming
this to be the case, that in 1870,
our population will number 42,000,
000; in 1880, 58,000,000 and so
on to the end of the century, we
can form some idea of the great
development which awaits trade
and commerce. There is, in fact,
no limit to which our commercial
ramifications can be extended, and
wise legislation, the removal of re-
strictions upon trade, and a re-
gard for natural laws, will soon
make us the greatest commercial
nation upon the globe. A West-
ern gentleman facetiously remarked
at a New York banquet, a few
days since, in a speech glorifying
the Northwest, that Paris, London
and Vienna would eventually be
compelled to come to city of Law-
rence, Kansas, to obtain their fash-
ion plates. It is not too much to
predict, however, that our commer-
cial relations and influences will
in time exercise a controlling influ-
ence over the entire world.

AN ENGLISH NICKNAME.—The
expression "goddam," as signify-
ing an Englishman, is of most re-
spectable antiquity. Beaumarchais
makes "Figaro" declare that it is
the groundwork of the English
language, on which the essential
basis being once given, a great va-
riety of phrases may be composed.
But this view was peculiar to Beaumarchais. "Goddam," or, rather,
"an goddam," in the French of
the people, signifies, and has signi-
fied for at least four centuries and
a half, simply an Englishman. It
was so used by Joan of Arc, in
whose honor a great religious com-
memoration was lately held at
Orleans. In one of the discourses
pronounced, the fact was recalled
that before going into battle at
the gates of Orleans the Maid was
offered some lunch, which she de-
clined, saying, "Keep it, I will
come and eat it presently, with a
goddam." "Gardez le, je vien-
rai le manger tant avec un god-
dam." There is a touch of fast-
ness in this reply, which is novel
but not wholly disagreeable in the
mouth of the charming young hero-
ine and saint whom the Bishop
of Orleans now proposes should be
officially canonized.—*Pull Mall
Gazette.*

ABSORPTION OF LIGHT BY THE
AIR.—Professor H. Wild has con-
tinued his interesting investigations
upon this subject in Germany, and
the conclusion at which he arrived
is highly remarkable, the *Scientific
Review* states. He finds that dry