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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

A DEMOCRATIC 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.

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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.

CHEQUERED LEAVES.

I saw a stream, whose wave were bright
With morning's dazzing sheen,
But gathering clouds, ere fall of night,
Had darkened o'er the scene;
How like that tide my spirit sighed,
This life to me had been!

The clouds dispersed; the glorious West
Was bright with closing day,
And on the river's peaceful breast
Shone forth the sunset ray;
My spirit caught the soothing thought
Thus life might pass away.

I saw a tree with rip'ning fruit
And shading foliage crown'd;
But ah, an axe was at its root,
And fell'd it to the ground;
Well might that tree recall to me
The doom my hopes had found.

The fire consumed it, but I saw
Its smoke ascend on high;
A shadowy type, beheld with awe,
Of that which cannot die,
But from the grave shall rise to crave
A home above the sky.

OUR SATURDAY NIGHT.

The Family Record.

Saturday Night again! How the weeks come and go—singly here—blended into one varied past as they are called to His presence. To-night we opened the Bible by chance at the Family Record. Singular! Exactly between the old and the new—the past and the coming, so far as affects our future.

Born!

Married!

Died!

Three words and the sum of life is told. *Born*—and who cares for us? Only one or two.

Married—and who cares for us? As if there were more than one to answer?

Died—Oh GOD—! let us not be forgotten by those who say they love us, and who will not forget us, no matter whether married or died, given or mated, here or hence. Little would there be of life did not some one love us—did we not think that some heart would hold our memory sacred—that 'way over the wondrous river where the skies are brighter, the seasons more even, the joys sweeter, would we find waiting us, or stand waiting the coming of the loved.

At best it is but a short stay here. Hardly long enough to become acquainted. Merely an evening call, and—good-by! But so it is written, and so we are content. No one escapes death. We do not wish to. It makes but little difference whether we go at noon or sundown, if our new home be happy. Without a doubt or tremble we are ready to go, for ours is that full faith which has long since made the heart entirely at rest concerning the future. When the carriage comes we are ready to go—meanwhile we will look at the pictures, chat with our friends, or put the house a little more in order for those who remain, that they may not be compelled to do the work we might have done.

And yet we do not care to go. All these beautiful skies—bright stars, trees, hills, rivulets, lakes, flowers, and the pastimes for humanity will remain for others as toilet articles are left after we have gone to the party! We can part from the beauty of this world, for the flowers are over yonder. Buds here, flowers there. And we shall not care for the beauties we leave when at rest over there! Age puts away the toys of childhood, for they are no longer wanted.

But we had rather stay than go, for we do not know who will care for our loved ones! Who will look over all the little scrolls of paper, the letters, memorandums, and keep-sakes? Somebody. And they will smile at our old fancies, and wonder why this little thing be here, and that one there, saved so carefully. Little will they know the history each could tell or why we prized them to preserve. Never breeze more laden with odor of perfume than these little keepsakes are with memories. Why we walk back to the distant bank of the past on these stepping stones in the stream others cannot see!

And who will care for the ones we love? Who will care for her who gave us that priceless jewel years ago? Who will care for the one who for years has been so good, so pure, so true, so kind, so loving? This is the only real sting death has. They who walk hand in hand, palm in palm, for years on the road, cannot bear to part. Who will care for the one who with us, years ago, stepped, as it were, behind the screen, to weld hearts for the future? For this we would live; for the longer together on earth, the less time to wait for each over in Heaven, as the beautiful home we are going to is called.

Who will protect her? Who will hold her to his heart and open so wide the doors thereto that she may enter and know that all within is hers? Who will love her as we do? Who will hold her hand, still her troubles, look so truly and tenderly in her eye as we feel to? Who will bear with her nervous hours—her little forgettings—her sad moments, her need of love as we would? In all this great big world God gave us is not one we would give *her* to! They may take our houses and lands—our books, pictures, letters, keepsakes, jewels, life, reputation—take all, for they are but things of our creation, prized more in the chase than capture—but God gave us to each other and may we be not long parted. She has been so good to us—so kind—so true—so earnest. Never a wrong has she done us or falsehood told. When came the storm, to our heart she came for shelter. When there was beauty in the sky, 'twas she who pointed it out to us.

When others said we would fail, 'twas she who said we could not and would not, for her love would sustain us. To be sure ours was but the home of a workingman, but never did walls contain more priceless treasure. When others were cold and cruel in words, she was good and kind. When others doubted our purpose or honor, she never did, and thus made us strong and invincible.

And her hand has soothed our pain—stilled the temples wildly throbbing—her eye gone into the depths of that darkness which, like a fog of Hades, at times envelops the stoutest and brightest heart, to drive it away—her kiss has brought life and warmth to energies—her words have so often kindled anew the fires of hope on an ash-covered hearth—her life, ideas, wishes, hopes, future and eternal resting have so woven in with ours that the great joy of life brings the great sting of death!

Who will protect the one we so love *then?* It is the only agony approaching dissolution doth bring. Will she be tempted? Perhaps; for all are. Will she fall? No—a million times *no?* Will she suffer? No, for we will work and save lest the one or ones so dear to us should come to want. No, we must not let her suffer—we will guard against that, and if she be good and not selfish, this care will make her love us the more. And herein confess we to ten-fold selfishess! But we cannot help it.

And so we work, and love, and labor, and look to the future that we may not leave her, the best loved of all to suffer—to mourn when we are sleeping undisturbed, visited only by her; she may be cared for—wrapped and safe in the mantle woven by our hands while on earth. Who will earn a home. Will not lose it in dissipation. Will not tarnish our love for her by contact with all—will not spoil the beautiful dinner she is ever preparing for us alone by partaking of here a little and there a little as homeward we journey. He who truly loves knows what this means—and it means more than it contains words.

The winds might blow very, very cold on her, and who would wrap the mantle of true love about her, for who would know her worth as do we? And we know her heart would go down like lead into the waters of bitterness when came the hour which said, "no more can he come." Others might be good to her, and kind, and gentle. But what is their "good" to our love—their "kind" to our adoration—their "gentle" to our worship? And there are others who would mourn as we would, should they go down before us—but these could live and love, comforted in their loves, which would absorb grief even for the dearest friends.

And we should feel so sad and heartsore to think we must die or go home without having all the unkind words we may have hastily spoken, forgiven. Oh, how the memory of unkind words lives in the heart. Let us not speak them to the ones we love. Let us be better, more kind and gentle, bearing with each other, for none are quite perfect—none except our loves. And if they are, we must not speak unkindly—if they are not, we must forgive them! Our homes may not be palaces—we may be children of toil, but we can have palaces in our hearts, and live happier than we do if we but strive aright, for he who wins by earnest striving best knows and enjoys the reward.

We will strive, if we are poor. We will be a man, no matter how soon we may go or how long we may stay. We will do by her as we promised in the years of the past, when speaking by the card of ordainment each soul said. "I have found it!" And as we thus care for her we will she love us, and we will save our own respect. And thus we can do good—can be of use—can more enjoy the beauty of life, and when our name is placed on the family record as *Died* shall know we live in memory and are thought of oftener than every *Saturday Night.*—"*Brick*" *Pomeroy.*

THE DIGNITY OF MECHANICAL PURSUITS.

The recent humiliation suffered by the peerage of Great Britain conveys a lesson fraught with important consideration for the people on this side of the Atlantic. For nearly half a century we have been insensibly, but none the less surely, engrafting upon our social system, very erroneous, pernicious ideas of what constitutes respectability. So far has this gone, that not a few have come to consider manual labor something to be shunned as undignified, and a bar to refined society. Children are reared up in idleness and look at the workshop with contempt. Vain, silly parents, with more money than brains, and more pretensions that either; recoil at the thought of having their sons taught some mechanical pursuit. Nothing but one of the learned professions, the army or navy, the bank or counting-room, are supposed to be fit arenas for the surprising abilities of their offspring. Under such teachings, the youthful mind becomes vitiated, and it is not without some feeling of mortification that many of our young men find themselves forced to acknowledge that their fathers or grandfathers were toiling mechanics. All, however, are only too eager to claim descent from those who have shed their lustre upon the mechanic arts; those whose names stand foremost upon the historic page as the great benefactors of mankind; the titanic exemplars of the superiority of mind over matter—such men as Franklin, Watts, Fulton, Stephenson, Howe, Hoe, Guttenburg, Faust, Shaffer, Caxton, Burritt, McCormic, Ericsson, and a host of others. It is time to recognize that true nobility has its origin in the workshop; that to the mechanic the world is indebted for its progress, refinement, civilization, commerce and dignity. It is time to acknowledge, by daily practice and social demeanor, our obligations to the mechanic arts, by instructing our most promising youth how to become lords of creation. Teach them how to combine, control and utilize those gigantic forces which astonish and appal, while they enoble, dignify and civilize. The false aristocracy which sprung from brigand barons or predacious lordlings is giving way before the superior claims of mental merit and wondrous artisan conquests. The field for mechaical enterprise is by no means exhausted. Triumphs never yet dreamed of are still to be attained. Astonishing results are yet possible. The elements still abound with undiscovered forces. An illimitable domain of artistic research is yet to be explored and subdued. But these triumphs, these conquests, these results, are only possible through the workshop. They are not accessible to the practical student. They are to be achieved only by hard hammering and critical observation. Let American heraldry be founded upon grand mechanical achievements, and let the doors of refined society be opened wide to receive the victors. In this lies our true nobility.—*Commercial Herald.*

A NEGRO MARRIAGE.—A Chicago correspondent of Harper's *Drawer* mentions the case of an old mulatto who belonged to an acquaintance. The old mulatto was asked if he was legally married to the woman whom he called his "wife." To which he replied; "Yes. We had no minister; but we took a-hold each other's hand, knelt down together, and I axed her if she'd be my wife till death. She said yes; and then 'we took de Lord's name in vain,' and we was lawfully married."

There are only 420 registered voters in Yreka.

A REVOLUTION IN GEOLOGY.

A recent article in the *Advance* having elicited inquiries as to the Aqueous Formation of Granite, and the bearing of that theory on the interpretation of Genesis, it may be interesting to many of our readers to give a statement of the question and the progress of the discussion. We do not of course pretend to speak with the authority of professional geologists, but simply to present the statements of some of the most eminent scientific men on the subject—such as Rose, Sir C. Lyell, Ansted and many others, who now acknowledge granite as an aqueous formation.

The current theory is, that our globe has been formed from a condensing nebulæ of gas at an intense heat, which gradually cooled down into the condition of molten metal, of which the granite is the principal part; that a thin crust of cooling matter, forming the present habitable globe solidified upon the surface, and the action of the rains washing down the exposed surface into primeval seas has formed the sedimentary strata, which were again elevated by earthquake, or more gradual upheavals, to their present positions. Such is the theory of the text books, illustrated by engravings of sections of the interior of the earth, showing the crust as less in proportion to the molten interior, than the skin of an orange to the pulp.

It has been known, however, to advanced geologists, for some time, that facts were accumulating contradictory to this hypothesis. In the meetings of the Geological Society of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, of the French Institute, and of several German Scientific Associations, papers were read from time to time, and translated and published in the scientific journals, assailing one or the other of the grounds of the Igneous Theory; and within the last seven years detailed accounts of experiments tending to establish the aqueous formation of granite have been laid before the scientific world, and are now in process of discussion. These papers have not, till quite recently, attracted the notice of American Geologists, who though prompt to publish any alleged facts apparently hostile to the Bible, such as the hoaxes of the Abbeyville and Calaveras skulls, are not at all quick to perceive facts tending to establish its authenticity. Theologians generally are not apt to be familiar with scientific periodicals, preferring to wait and receive their science after it has been filtered from its crude contradictions and digested into volumes. Thus they have not had their attention called to these recent discoveries.

The attacks on the Bible at our Chicago Academy of Sciences and of several speakers at the meetings of the American Association in this city, last year, however, induced Rev. Robert Patterson, D. D., to deliver a course of lectures on the Development theory, including the nebular, the Geological and the Zoological Departments, and to publish the examination of the Astronomical department in the *Family Treasure* (Western Tract Society, Cincinnati), and the lecture on *The Aqueous Formation of Granite*, in the April number of the *American Presbyterian Review.* This articles has provoked the crititism of *The Independent*, and of many of the Unitarian papers; which, however, do not pretend to contradict the facts alleged. They simply assail Dr. Patterson as a scientific authority. It should be stated, however, that he does not offer himself a scientific authority in the question; he simply narrates the discoveries and experiments of scientists, and quotes his authorities for the facts he alleges. We subjoin a *resume* of his article as the most compendious mode of stating the case:

The igneous theory is the geological continuation of the Nebular Theory; which has been exploded by the great discoveries of Spectrum Analysis, and, The Correlation of Forces; the former disproving the existence of homogeneous eternal nebulæ; the latter reducing all the motions of the heavens to mechanical motion, and the laws of mechanics proving that a mechanical Perpetual Motion is impossible.

The only physical facts alleged in support of the igneous theory do not logically prove it. These are the increase of the temperature as we sink into the earth; and the phenomena of earthquakes, volcanoes, etc., Earthquakes however, have a dozen different theories. The increase of temperature is not according to any uniform rate; in some of the English mines one degree for every forty-four feet; in Saxony one for every sixty-five feet; in the Dalnath mine in Cornwall, a degree for every seventy-five feet; while Kupfer gives as the result of his researches, just half of this, a degree for every thirty-seven feet. The artesian well at Chicago, at a depth of 700 feet, should give water at Kupfer's rate, nearly 20 degrees above the average temperature, while in fact two degrees below it. The artesian well at St. Louis shows a similar contradiction of the theory. These discrepancies indicate not one general world-wide source of heat, but many separate, various and local causes. There is no agreement among geologists as to the amount of the internal heat. Humboldt calculates the solid crust at twenty-four miles; Hopkins at eight hundred. Gordier says the heat of the internal sea is 450,000 ° F., or about one hundred and sixty times that of melted iron.

This is contrary to the law of melting bodies. Every foundryman knows that he cannot raise a crucible of melted metal above the melting point while a bar of the unmelted metal floats in it. It is also contrary to all the experience of steam boilers that volcano holes should exist for five minutes in the shell without blowing off all the gas and liquid within, as the *Essex* was blown off when riddled with rebel shells. It is contrary to the laws of hydrostatics, since the tides of an infernal sea of molten granite would speedily destroy the shell with the attacks of a hydraulic ram four thousand miles in length. It is also contrary to the dynamics of astronomy; a globe chiefly molten could not retain its present shape half a year. It is contrary to the laws of heat; a cooling globe must also contract; but our earth has not sensibly contracted since the earliest measurements.

Influenced by these considerations a number of observers set down to study the problem *de novo.* They discovered in the ejections of volcanoes, water, shells, fish, and even pine twigs. It was evident to them that these things did not grow in a lake of fire. Then they found that contrary to the theory of granite being the primary rock, it was more recent than any other; being found overflowing and upheaving both secondary and tertiary strata, and that in great abundance. Next it was discovered that all the constituents of granite existed in the sedimentary rocks—minerals which would have been changed at a far lower heat than that necessary to melt granite rock. Then *fossils* were discovered in granite rock. Next the quality of granite was found to be of the specific gravity of 2.6, proving that it was formed from an aqueous solution, and not by fire which would have a specific gravity of 2.3. Then water marks were found in mica. Finally, Daubree has actually manufactured fieldspar, in the remaining constituent of granite, by mixing kalain with the alkaline solution, at a temperature of 400 ° C. under presure. This completes the demonstration.

The most eminent geologists accept the facts. Sir Charles Lyell, in taking the Chair of the British Association in 1864, asserts it *ex cathedra;* and Professor Ansted last year read a paper before the same Association on *The Conversion of Stratified Rock into Granite*, exactly reversing the anti-biblical theory. He says: "Geologists, until recently, have spoken of granite as the primitive rock, as the nucleus of the earth, and as having been from time to time erupted, playing an important part in the general disturbances by which the frame-work of the earth is supposed to have been constructed. The observations of Daubree and Lerby, show that all true granite had been elaborated with water, under great pressure, at a temperature below melting heat; that it had neither been ejected, nor had it formed a frame-work. There are granites of all ages, and of many kinds. Numerous observations show that granite alternates with, and passes into stratified rocks, and must itself in such casess be stratified rock; and that its production does not necessarily involve the destruction and obliteration of all the stratified rock with which it is associated. This view of the nature of granite will greatly affect the theories of geology." (*Annual of Scientific Discoveries*, 1868, p. 226.)

It will not only "greatly affect," but if sustained, will utterly overturn the whole fabric of infidel geology in all its parts—cosmogony, development and chronology. It does not leave one stone upon another of the whole structure. The foundation facts alleged are false. The fundamental process is exactly contrary to that decided by the geologists. The time necessary for the conversion of stratified rock into granite in not so many months as the geologists have demanded millions of years. And the whole business is a good specimen of the scientific superstition which accepts unproved and impossible theories as of sufficient importance to shake men's faith in the word of God.

Such is an outline of the lecture. Of course we do not commit ourselves to it, as we have not had opportunity to examine the authorities; but we commend the subject to the careful investigation of all interested in the bearing of geology upon the Bible; since, if Dr. Patterson's authorities are trustworthy, as they seem to be, this is nothing less than a revolution in Geology.—*Advance.*

CATS IS A QUEER ANIMAL.

What under the sun possesses them to go about nights like roving lions is more than we can tell. Instead of doing their transactions in the daytime like honorable men, they go about at unseemly hours when people would sleep, and inflict much undue interruption upon slumberers. In fact, their nocturnalings in this city are becoming too grievous to be borne.

And we respectfully petition Kennedy's clubs to light on the aforesaid felines, who have no more feelin' for a fellow than to get under his window at the dead hour of night, with melodies more resembling the Boston Peace Jubilee than they do music. What they yawl and squall about is more than we can understand. It shows the tom-cat-foolishness of cats, and often leads us to exclaim in the language of the Prophet: Why are these things thus?

They remind us of the Pharisees, and therefore we say unto them, when you thus enter upon your devotions go into your closets secretly, and do not make so much disturbance to be heard of men. Just as if men would not know what you were doing, or take any satisfaction therefrom, or receive any benefits by them conferring the aforesaid rites in the dead hour of night.

Oh cats, it is our opinion you are a humbug! Hasten the time when cold weather shall again cause a demand for sausages, and blessed be the man who first invented fiddle-strings, thereby putting your yaul and yaulop to some good purpose. If you are here why don't you stay at home and not go visiting, to boo-loo over family troubles. Why go as it were into the newsapers with your little complaints? Why not be possessed of common sense? Why not take good advice and warning, that your last end be not worse than your first? For if you do not cessate your midnight under the window where we vainly attempt repose, there will be many things lighting down upon you, other than Horatio dreamed of in his philosophy.

We would not be profane, but at the same time in consideration of the unmusical musicians, we say boldly and without hesitation, darn the cats! And darn the habit of telling all they know when no one cares about it.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

Prophesying is the order of the day. The Hickman (Ky.) *Courier* says Miss Susan Caroline Goodsey, the sleeping wonder, died at her mother's home, some eight miles from Hickman, on Wednesday, July 14th. The history of Miss Goodsey is well known to the public, a statement of her wonderful condition having been published extensively by the press of the United States. At the time of her death, Miss Godsey, was about 26 years of age, and had been asleep, as described, about 14 years. She said the "sun will be a total eclipse on the 7th of August" (this is remarkable, because parties assert that she could have had no knowledge that this was according to calculation), "and that the sun would never shine as bright after that day; that this would indicate the end of the world, which was speedily approaching."

A BAD CASE.—Victor Emanuel cannot lie down for fear of an attack of apoplexy.