THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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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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☞ Keep constantly on hand all kinds of fresh and salt meats, such as

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And everything else to be found in their line of business.

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☞ Keep constantly on hand for sale, flour Midlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purching feed must furnish the sacks.

UP THE COLUMBIA.

EDITOR WEEKLY ENTERPRISE:

Dear Sir: So much has lately been said and sung in praise of the Dalles of Oregon and its surroundings, and the magnificent river scenery *en route* thereto, that it may sound like an "oft told tale" to speak of it; but, as the columns of your valuable paper are perused by many who may be seeking a spot where they may find rest for the weary mind, and devote a few leisure days to real enjoyment, I can cheerfully recommend them to that locality, and, if not encroaching too much upon your time and space, would refer to a recent excursion made there, for the benefit of those who might wish to go and do likewise. Our party of eight, among whom were numbered three ladies and a gentleman from Oakland, Cal., left Portland on the steamer "Cascade." The day throughout, was one of Oregon's brightest, and as we steamed along the Columbia above Vancouver, the ever-changing beauty of nature's panorama, called forth exclamations of wonder and adoration from the strangers who accompanied us.

Arriving at the "Dalles," we found every comfort and accommodation at the "Umatilla House," in justice to the proprietors of which, I am prepared to say there is no hotel in Oregon where the science of cooking and serving meals is better understood. The day following, we visited the salmon ground, made famous by the wonderful exploits of George Francis Train and the Committee of Ways and Means. The river at this point is a sight to behold, being literally crowded with salmon, and the Indians have only to stand upon the rocks and select such as they like. A cold in the head, to deaden the sense of smell, is a luxury to be desired, while standing there.

On the morning of the next day, we prepared for a grand encampment on Fifteen Mile Creek, for the purpose of hunting and fishing. In this enterprise, all difficulties were overcome, by the prompt assistance of the gentlemanly agent of the O. S. N. Co., at the Dalles. Mr. Frank F. Dodge, a thorough sportsman who knows every want and requirement for the camp, and his kindness we never shall forget.

Our prospect of pleasure were increased by the addition to our party, of Mr. Dodge and Captain Sam Holmes, and with a spanking four in hand and double team, guided by experience drivers, away we sped over the smooth hill roads. The day was lovely, the atmosphere clear and Mounts Hood and Adams, freed from the clouds of smoke that had so long hid them from view, displayed themselves in all their wild grandeur.

Our camping ground was reached at mid-day, and our tents pitched on the velvety grass of a beautiful meadow, through which, the clear cold water of the creek bubbled its greetings of welcome to us.

The business of camp life commenced, boxes and packages opened, provisions laid out, and here allow me to introduce another and important member of our party, James Fountain a most attentive and polite colored man and a thorough good cook—James did not consider that the California ladies were so experienced in this rough way of living as our Oregon ones, and, as a mark of his attention to their more polished style he carried in his hand the entire journey, an elaborate cruet stand and bottles, for the table.

Guns, ammunation and fishing apparatus were arranged for the morrow. The fields and hillsides were stocked with prairie chickens, while the creek furnishes a supply of fine speckled trout. A few hours of each afternoon were sufficent to give us all more game than we required.

In the evening round our bright camp fire, with songs and laughter we passed the happy hours away. Four days of this life were quickly and pleasantly spent, and we looked with regret to the breaking up of our little camp. An evening or two before then, our party was enlivened by a visit from Mr. Geo. Knaggs and his lady, who spent the night with us. Who, that has been up or down the Columbia during the past five or six years does not know Knaggs, the inimitable, the man with rolicking laugh, and hat always hanging by three hairs at the back of his head. May his shadow never be less.

By this time we had become an organized band, and in order that we might have a lasting memento of this happy event, our camp poet was ordered, under penalty of being cut of his lager, to prepare some verses appropriate to the occation, he hied into cover and soon returned, with the following touching lines, set to the tune of Gideon's Band.

DODGE'S BAND.

What a merry life in camp ore lead,
From formal ways and stiffness freed
So tune your voices clear and strong
And merrily sing this good old song,
We all belong to Dodge's Band.

We've left all care and toil behind,
To gather strength of body and mind
Let mirth and joy the watchwords be,
And go in for a jolly spree,
For that's the way with Dodge's Band.

Lets sing the pleasures of the camp,
For birds and fishes on the tramp,
The bubbling brook and willow trees,
The girls a wading to their knees.
They all do so in Dodge's Band.

Our little party numbers ten—
Six woman fair and four strong men,
With James our cook in all things neat
For serving up cannot be beat
He knows whats good for Dodge's Band.

Before we go our different ways
In memory of those happy days
Write again our choral ring
And the several names we'd sing
Of those who make up Dodge's Band.

There's Ella, Johnny, Frank and Nan,
Minnie, Mollie, Ben and Dan,
With Brother Sam, who form the crew
And Dodge our gallant captain too
To him, let each give heart and hand,
For he's a stunner to command.

After the reading of which, the Poet was warmly embraced by the ladies, crowned with a wreath of willows, and allowed a double ration of lager.

The hour of departure come, we took a last fond look at the spot where so much enjoyment had been found. A pleasant ride to the Dalles, another day spent there, and we took our course, homeward, with hearts full of gratitude to the kind friends who had contributed so much to our happiness, and with a sincere hope that you, Mr. Editor, may find leisure to escape from your chair, and experience a like soul reviving trip. I am sincerly yours, and one of

DODGE'S BAND.

EARLY "GRAY LAWS" of VIRGINIA

From Putnam's Magazine.

By a statue of 1662 everybody was obliged to have his child baptized by a minister of the Church of England or be fined 2,000 pounds of tobacco. Any dissenting minister presuming to solemnize the rites of matrimony was fined 10,000 pounds of tobacco, and every such marriage was pronounced invalid. All persons were forbidden to take any journals or do any work on the Sabbath, except of necessity, and all persons were ordered to attend the worship in the parish church or chapel every Sunday, or be fined 50 pounds of tobacco for every absence. Quakers and other recusants, totally absenting themselves from the established religious services of the parish, were fined 20 pounds per month; and, in addition, every Quaker was fined 200 pounds of tobacco for each occasion he was present at a meeting of his sect. An act of 1795 provided that every one who absented himself, or herself, from church for one month (except Quakers, etc.,) or failed to make due observance of the Sabbath, should pay for every such offence the sum of five shillings, or fifty pounds of tobacco, or, failing from any cause to make prompt payment, should receive "on the bare back ten lashes, well laid on." By an act of the same year, any one who being brought up in the Christain religion, should deny the existence of God or the truth of the Scriptures, for the first offence was disabled to hold any "office or employment, eccleastical, civil, or military;" for the second offence he was "disabled to sue in any court of law or equity, or to be guardian to any child, or executor or administrator of any person, or capable of any gift or legacy, or to bear any office, civil or military, forever within this colony, and shall also suffer from the time of such conviction three years imprisionment, without bail or mainprize.

—Newton, in speaking of the velocity of sound, says it travels at the rate of 968 feet a second; Flamsteed, Halley, and Derham, 1142; Florentine Academy, 1148; Du-Hamel, 1172; Boyle, 1200; Roberts, 1300; Walker, 1338; Mersennie, 1474. Different sounds, however, travel with different velocities: a call to dinner will run over a ten-acre field in a minute and a half, while a summons to return to work takes from five to eight minutes.

—Can any one define the exact width of a narrow escape?

SPIRITUAL LOVELINESS.

From the American Phrenological Journal.

Genuine lovliness is the effulgence of sublime virtue; it is a soft and mellow light, diffusing a delicious radiance over the entire character, and investing its possessor with a halo of indefinable beauty. It is the "fresh ripple from deep fountains" of inborn love. It is the gentle dew descending from the clear heaven of a pure and lofty mind—the mystic charm that "pleases all around, from the wish to please." Let us seek, then, to adorn ourselves with this most charming of all ornaments. Keep the chambers of our souls clean and unpolluted. But every pure emotion and generous sentiment we should sedulously cultivate and foster with persevering care. Breathe a kindly feeling for all. Desire to impart a pleasure to all with whom we meet. Live to scatter flowers of joy in every path we tread,—to be a golden beam of soft and mellow light in every home we visit. Aim to move as a loving seraph in every circle. Thus animated by inward emotions and purposes, our outward lives and actions will shine with softened luster upon all. Thus will we sway a scepter of hallowed power over many hearts; and while we "draw to ourselves the love of others, as the diamond drinks up the sun's rays, only to return them in tenfold strength and beauty," we will put on charms which "no beauty of known things, nor imagination of the unknown, can aspire to emulate. We will shine in colors purer and brighter than pearl, or diamond, or prism can reflect. Arabian gardens in their bloom can exhale no such sweetness as a lovely spirit diffuses."

Living to bless others, we will ourselves be blessed, because

"All worldly joys are less
Than that one joy of doing kindnesses."

And when, in the dying hour, we are feeling that

"Power, will, sensation, memory, fail in turn,
Our very essence seems to pass away,
Like a thin cloud that melts across the moon,
Lost in the blue immensity of heaven."

then those we have loved, and blessed in loving them, shall watch our departing souls, and breathe after us the prayer of

"Heaven's peace upon thee, even as thou hast
Over this soul a calm of sunshine cast."

DANIEL WISE.

OLD JESSE GRANT,

The number and variety of stories which are told of old Jesse Grant, the individual to whom we are indebted for our present stable government, are past computation. Here is the last one:—A young man over in Covington, the other day, met and accosted old Jesse, although ignorant as to who he was, and requested him to furnish him with change for a five-dollar bill. He acceded, and while making the necessary transfer, being loath to lose an opportunity for making himself known, he took occasion to say: "Young man, do you know that you are talking to the father of the greatest man in this country?" He was immediately informed by the party addressed that he was not aware that he stood in the presence of one who had that proud distinction. "Yes," resumed the garrulous Jesse, handing over the desired change, "I am the father of the most illustrious hero this country ever produced." The young man looked at him for a moment with an expression of grave astonishment on his face, and then exclaimed: "What, you don't tell me that you are the father of Stonewall Jackson!" The paternal author of our President turned upon his heel and walked away supremely disgusted.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

THE MINT AT THE DALLES.—The *Mountaineer* says: Work on the Mint building is going forward satisfactorily. There are now employed upon the building about twenty men. We noticed this week some splended specimens of stone cutting upon granite blocks from the quarry above town. This stone is very hard, but so tough that it can be worked without breaking or spalting, into fine mouldings or other fancy shapes. The foundations of the building having been completed, work is now going on upon the ground story.

Handkerchiefs are now made in New Orleans from the ramie plant. The texture is finer than silk.

The Tennesee negroes are holding mass-meetings—to denounce Brownlow.

"BONNIE JEAN."

The following anecdote respecting Burns' "Bonnie Jean," is given in the Dumfries *Herald*—the writer, who signs himself "D.," gives it thus:

The following story was related to me by a lady who had the particulars of it from Mrs. Burns herself, with whom she lived for many years on terms of the closest and most friendly intimacy. It may be noticed that the anecdote has never "been in print." It is well known that the fame of Burns sent troops of admirers from "a' the airts the win, can blaw" to visit his widow, who continued to reside in the house in which her husband died. A big burly, open-hearted Englishman one morning touched the "knocker" that adorned the door of the modest house in Burns street, being anxious to see the celebrated "Bonnie Jean." The appeal was answered by Mrs. Burns herself, who, happening to be "elbow-up in her baking," was not in a state to receive visitors. The stranger soon told his story, and was courteously shown into the parlor by Mrs. Burns. Ever anxious to gratify the admirers of her husband's genius, the good lady doffed her dusty apron, put on a tidy cap, and immediately reappeared in the room where the stranger was waiting. The Englishman seeing his old friend who had opened the door to him, asked again to see "Bonnie Jean." "Weel, sir," said Mrs. Burns, Bonnie Jean stands before ye, and I'm afraid by your look that you'e somewhat disappointed." "Ten thousands pardons, madam," said the stranger, rising, "I thank you for your goodness in permitting me this distinguished honor and valued privileage." It is unnecessary to detail the usual commonplace conversation that took place on such an occasion. Just as the Englishman rose to depart he expresesd his delight with the interview, and proceeded: "I am, madam, a most enthusistic admirer of your husband's memory and genius, and should value as priceless the smallest thing you have to give. I would willingly pay for anything without giving you offence; but the most worthless thing in your eyes would be to me priceless; any scrap, or article or relic, I would keep as the apple of my eye!" "Weel, sir," answered Mrs. Buras, with a twinkle of fun in her eyes, I fear the house now contains few of these relics of the bard; indeed, so great has been, the demand for them during the by past years that I begin to think the only relic is *myself*," and doubtless you'll no tak the gift o' that!" The Englishman doubtless made good his retreat.

LAST WORDS OF GREAT PERSONS.

Be serious.—*Grotius.*

Head of the army.—*Napoleon.*

I have loved God, my father, liberty.—*Mad. de Stael.*

Let me die to the sound of delicious music.—*Mirabeau.*

Is this your fidelity?—*Nero*

A king should die standing.—*Augustus.*

I must sleep now.—*Byron.*

Kiss me, Hardy.—*Nelson.*

Let the light enter.—*Goethe.*

All my possessions for a moment of time.—*Queen Elizabeth.*

What, is there no bribing death? *Cardinal Beaufort.*

Monks, monks, monks.—*Henry VIII.*

I feel as if I were myself again.—*Walter Scott.*

It is well.—*Washington.*

Independence forever.—*Adams.*

A dying man can do nothing easy.—*Franklin.*

Don't let poor Nelly starve.—*Charles II.*

There is not a drop of blood on my hands.—*Frederick V.*

I resign my soul to God, my daughter to my country.—*Jefferson.*

It is the last of earth.—*J. Quincy Adams.*

Then I am safe.—*Oliver Cromwell.*

In me behold the end of the world with all its vanities.—*Sidney.*

Don't let that awkward squad fire over my grave.—*Burns.*

I thank God I was brought up in the church of England.—*Bishop Gunning.*

It is beautiful.—*Mrs. Browning.*

—A Vermont man has written to a lawyer in Indiana "to know" whether he can have a devors" being unable to support his wife, asking, moreover, what it will cost. saying "If it costs twenty dollars, I can't pay that mutch."

—A person who is considered landless has sometimes two to three achers in his mouth.

DEMISE OF THE INCOME TAX.

It is with a feeling of intense relief that the American people wait for the early demise of that incomprehensible legislative blunder christened the "Income Tax Act." That unconstitutional monstrosity terminates a hideous existence this year, after one more draft upon the means of honest men, and one more exemption for rogues. If Congress had set its wits to work for the purpose of infusing dishonesty and rascality among the people, it could scarcely have discovered a more suitable instrument. It was useless to go over ground so thickly strewed with the *debris* of shattered reputations, mendacious statements, inquisitorial researches, false returns, and vicious results. A more perfect cloak for the perpetration of frauds, and a better school for the corruption of morals, it would be difficult to devise. The meshes of its net were most conveniently arranged to catch or let slip either big or little fish, to suit the captor's convenience. The title of this law should have been "Lying made Easy and Profitable." If the statue against perjury could have been rigidly enforced, one-half the nation would now be standing guard over the other half, inclosed in penitentiaries. Public curiosity will be greatly exercised to discover what new vampyre will let loose in its place. In matters financial the assembled wisdom at Washington have exhibited no wonderful sagacity, and it is the knowledge of this fact which militates against the wise, judicious, and equable revenue system emanating from that source. Nevertheless, as we have managed to struggle through the Income Tax without absolute disintegration, we may indulge in the prospect of surviving its successor, for a more intolerable measure would be a legislative impossibility.—*Commercial Herald and Market Review.*

WORDS OF PRAISE.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She made your home comfortable, your heart bright and shining, your food agreeable. For pity's sake tell her that you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than for many years; but it will do her good for all that, and you, too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for the words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat and winter's toil they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors, that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun and its daily going down. Home every day made beautiful by an appreciation of its holiness. You know, if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt, whenever you want it, that somebody's finuers have ached in the toil of making it so smooth and lustrous.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for the numberless attention bestowed upon them in sickness with a hearty—"Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains!" They thank the tailor for giving them fits; they thank a man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank a young lady who moves along in the concert-room—in short, they thank everything out of doors because it is the custom, and come home, tip their chair back and their heels up, pull out the newspaper, grumble if their wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire is gone down, or, if anything is just right, shut their mouth with a smack of satisfaction, but never say "I thank you."

I tell you what, men, young and old, if you did but show an ordinary civility toward those common articles of housekeeping, your wives, if you would give them the hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before they were married, fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are counterbalanced by your own.—*Forney's Press.*

—Shrewd inquiries are being made whether the cup of sorrow has a saucer. Can any one tell us?

BOYS.

We like boys; we were a boy once ourselves. Many things can be said in their favor. If it was not for the boys many of our tradesmen could not live. The glass-put-in man would'nt have much to do and putty would fall in price, if there were no windows to break. There would be no customers for the cast-iron peaches and green apples which will soon be here; but for the boys the doctors wouldn't have so much to do in curing cholera morbus arising there from. Boys can be useful when they have a mind to, and can sell newspapers, black boots, hold horses, and do chores. In printing offices the boys are known as devils—printers have a plain way of speaking. Boys individually are better than boys collectively. If there was only one boy in the world, we think he would be a good boy; it generally takes two boys to get up any mischief. Have one boy in a store and you can have him useful. Hire a second and their time will be chiefly devoted to chasing one another over the counter, and firing the dust brush or directory at each other's heads daily. A boy begins to be a nuisance when he is eight years old. How soon he grows out of it depends upon circumstances. Some never do. It is questionable whether boys lead an enjoyable existence. They take a great deal of fun at other people's expense, but they have almost always got grievances. They would like to have their own way a little more, and a pretty way it would be. Give a boy his choice of all occupations in life, and the chances are that he would prefer either to be a Robinson Crusoe on a desert island, or a captain of a band of robbers, such as he has read about, and seriously thinks of going into one or other of these desirable occupations when he gets to be a man. He has great respect for a stage driver and the captain of a canal boat; there is an idea of command in the positions that takes his ideas. His idea of being a man is having plenty of money, doing what you please, and being able to smoke or chew tobacco without getting sick over it.

Somebody wrote a song, "Would I Were a Boy Again." Those who had the bringing up of him are not likely to have the same sentiment. Raising a boy once is as much as anybody wants to undergo, and fortunately, when they once grow up they stay growed up and have children of their own to afflict them.—*Echo.*

NOT DEAD YET.—Andy Johnson's return to the United States Senate, in view of the result in Tennessee, is almost certain. This is not the least satisfactory result of the contest in that State. Andy is a bold, positive exponent of that class of political ideas that is least agreeable to the blatant radical rulers. He has the one grand virtue that he will not be put down, and, therefore, discussion in the Senate will be the less monotonous for his presence. He has a Union record that no man can impeach. He is a Southern Senator not open to the carpet-bag objection, nor assailable on the copperhead sneer. He is genuine in all senses, absolutely fearless and honest, and will "make Rome howl" from his place in the Senate with much better effect than ever he did in his messages. He is the first President since John Quincy Adams whose political vitality has not been exhausted by the Presidency.—*N. Y. Herald.*

The thief who stole some silver plate from a Mr. McKean, of Terre Haute, Ill., writes him a letter from Atlanta, Illinois, which he closes as follows: "Finally, allow me to respectfully suggest to you in future you will content yourself with cheap spoons, and spend your surplus cash in the cause of humanity and of Christ."

A man in Elmira who married a handsome but scolding woman, call her—"A thing of beauty and a jaw forever."

—"Young man, do you know what relations you sustain in this world?" said a minister of our acqaintance to a young man of his church. "Yes, sir," said the hopeful convert, "two cousins and a grand-mother; but I don't mean to sustain them much longer."

—"I say, Mike, what sort of potatoes are those you are planting?" "Raw ones, to be sure; yer honor wouldn't be thinking I would plant boiled ones?"

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY