THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 4. OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1869. NO. 5.

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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Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$3 00

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

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Half " "	60
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And every article kept in a Drug Store. Main Street, Oregon City.

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Manufacturer and Dealer in

SADDLES, HARNESS,
etc., etc.,
Main Street, Oregon City.
☞ Wishes to represent that he is now as well prepared to furnish any article in his line as the largest establishment in the State. He particularly requests that an examination of his stock be made before buying elsewhere.

F. S. ŌSTHEIM,
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CUTLERY, YANKEE NOTIONS, &c.
—o—
☞ No. 83, corner of Front and Washington streets, fire proof brick store, called the Old Corner, opposite American Exchange, Portland, Oregon. 37:3m

The Maiden's Choice.

O! give me the life of a farmer's wife,
In the fields and the woods so bright,
'Mong the singing birds and lowing herds,
And the clover blossoms white.
The note of the morning's heavenward lark
Is the music sweet to me;
And the dewy flowers in the early hours,
The gems I love to see!

O! give me the breeze from the waving trees,
The murmur of summer leaves;
And the swallow's song as he skips along,
Or twitters beneath the eaves;
The plowman's shout as he's turning out
His team at set of sun,
Or his merry "good-night," by the fire-fly's light,
When his daily work is done.

And give me the root and the luscious fruit,
My own hands rear for food;
And the bread so light, and the honey white,
And the milk so pure and good!
For sweet the meed of labor is,
When the heart is strong and true,
And blessings will come to the hearth and the home,
If our best we bravely do.

STATISTICS OF OREGON.

BY A. J. DUFUR.

NO. 4.

WASHINGTON COUNTY.

Washington county is situated in the northwest corner of the great Willamette valley, and is one of the best grain growing counties of the State, watered by the Tualatin river and its tributaries, with beautiful prairies of unsurpassed fertility, timber and wood land sufficient to more than supply the home demand, and within an easy day's drive of navigable water, make it among the most desirable locations for a home in the State.

In answers to inquiries made by the Committee, asking information relative to the resources of Oregon, the following communication has been received from John T. Scott, Esq., which, for its clear and comprehensive statement of facts, the Committee has thought best to insert entire:

Forest Grove, Washington County, September 25th, 1868.

Hon. A. J. Dufur, Chairman of the Oregon Agricultural Society:

DEAR SIR—In compliance with the foregoing circular, I will briefly answer the several inquiries in their order.

First—The character of public buildings: We have located in our county the Pacific University. The buildings consist of three large and commodious framed structures, sufficient to accommodate the present wants of the community. And I may here remark, that this Institute is well patronized, and the *corps* of teachers is not excelled in the State.

Second—The average price of farming land, improved and unimproved: Improved farms can be obtained for from ten to twenty dollars per acre, according to the amount of improvements; unimproved, at from three to four dollars.

Third—The amount of tax on the dollar in this county is fourteen mills.

Fourth—The general nature of the soil, etc: Our country contains some of the best farming lands in the State. The Tualatin Plains are well adapted to vegetables, and fruit of all kinds.

Fifth—The different kinds of timber and adaptation to building, lumber, fence, etc.: We have all the different varieties that are to be found throughout our State, conveniently located for farming and lumbering purposes. Our water-power is abundant and ample.

Sixth—Quality and convenience of water for stock and domestic purposes: Wells are mostly used for families; water soft and pure, and easily obtained; numerous creeks and springs abound.

Seventh—Climate, health, etc.: We are situated in the northwest corner of the Willamette valley; our climate is mild and of an even temperature; the general health of the country is good.

Eighth—Inducements held out to mechanics, professional men and tradesmen: The various mechanical professions thrive well here, although there is not a sufficient supply for the demand; in fact, we want more population to develop our vast resources. We could welcome ten thousand settlers to our county, and yet there would be room for more.

Ninth—The facilities for immigrants to obtain supplies of all kinds: We have a large surplus grain crop, and seeds of all kinds are cheap and abundant among us, and easily obtained. Agricultural and mechanics' tools can be had as cheap and of as good a pattern as in many of the older States.

Tenth—Opportunities for schooling and meetings of religious worship; Pacific University and Tualatin Academy afford all the advantages in this immediate neighborhood that could be desired for the education of our children and youth. This school is of the highest order. There are three church edifices in our village—Congregational, Baptist, Methodist.

Eleventh—Mills and manufacturing resources: We have several grist and saw-mills in our county, but there is room and a demand for more.

Twelfth—Can Government land be obtained in your county? All our mountain lands are vacant, but will soon be monopolized by the Oregon Central Railroad (west-side.) There are numerous tracts of mountain land that would make desirable homes.

With much respect, I submit the foregoing to your Society for the general information of the public.

JOHN T. SCOTT.

Washington county has an area of about 350,000 acres; is estimated to have nearly 25,000 acres under cultivation; a population of 4,500 inhabitants, and an assessed property valuation of $898,900.

Heroism of a Girl only Eleven years Old.

On Friday of last week, a family named Crowley, living at Pugwash, N. S., were aroused from sleep, about 11 P. M., by the cracking sound of fire. Mr. Crowley rushed to the barn, where two of his sons slept, to arouse them. On his return he found it impossible to get up stairs, where five of the family were sleeping, or to his father's room, where the old man and a little son were sleeping together. But at last the cries of Mrs. Crowley awakened the eldest daughter, who, on rushing to the window, was told to throw herself down. The noble child replied: "No, my brother and sister must be saved." Returning through the smoke and heat, she snatched up her sleeping brother, nine years old, and carried him to the window, from which he contrived to get down. Again she returned—the flames having penetrated the room this time—and taking up her sister, seven years old, she carried her also to the window; and here, says the Rev. Edwin Clay, M. D., "the dear girl had more than she could do, for her sister in her fright refused to be thrown out, and with the flames coming up around her, she struggled with her until she put her out of the window, and the child dropped helplessly to the ground. After hanging a moment or two upon the window-sill, she dropped down herself, a distance of nearly sixteen feet. When she rose from the ground she said: 'I am done, mother; but I have saved my brother and sister from being burnt up.' With much difficulty and personal risk, Mr. Crowley was all this time endeavoring to save his aged father and little son. The night was extremely cold, and none of them had saved a particle of clothing. The mother, with her burnt children, then walked a distance of nearly half a mile, and I was soon sent for. In about three hours after the fire, I was attending to the wants of the suffering children. I saw there was no hope of saving the dear girl, for, from her forehead to the bottom of her feet, she was one mass of burnt flesh. This, with the fearful shock of jumping so far, and walking such a distance in the cold, caused her to sink rapidly, and at six in the morning she died, aged eleven years and eight months, a martyr to the love of her brother and sister. I never before saw such courage and firmness in one so young, and while dressing her bruised and burnt limbs, she uttered no complaint. Her sister died in the evening, and the grandfather suffered fearfully from the effects of his jumping out of the window. The rest, I hope, will all recover. It was a sad sight to see the parents, broken-hearted, weeping over their suffering loved ones."—*Montreal Witness.*

Josh Billings says: "If I was in the habit of swearing, I wouldn't hesitate to cuss a bed bug right to his face."

A western woman, in advertising her runaway husband, says: "David has a scar on his nose where I scratched it."

UP IN A BALLOON.

Frightful Experience of Professor La Mountain in the Saginaw Valley.

From the Saginaw, Michigan, Enterpise.

The late balloon ascension from Bay City, on Tuesday afternoon, is perhaps one of the most dangerous exploits ever accomplished by an æronaut. The balloon was filled before starting to its utmost tension, but owing to recent repairs leaked badly, so that after one or two unsuccessful attempts, Mr. Headly who was to have accompanied Professor La Mountain, was obliged to get out of the car. Mr. H. had the catables, instruments of observation and tissue paper used to ascertain the ascending and descending force of the balloon, and before he could transfer the articles named, those who held the car let go, and the balloon shot up with a rapidity that carried it to an altitude of two miles within a few minutes. A perfect gale of wind was blowing at the time, and a moment after rain and sleet commenced falling. Professor La Mountain says that it became all at once intensely cold. The cloud he entered was one swimming mass of snow flakes, interspersed with rain, which formed a frost work on the car and netting of the balloon. The earth was lost to view. By tearing up his handkerchief and throwing out shreds he became conscious that he was passing upward with wonderful rapidity, and along with the current of the air eastward toward the lake, and, without a pound of ballast to regulate his descent, he reached for the valve rope, with the intention of lowering himself gradually. To his surprise the valve would not open. The rain and sleet accumulating on the top of the balloon, had frozen the valve so tight as to resist the pressure from below. Putting his whole strength to the task, he gave a strong pull on the rope, pulling out the iron staples attaching the rope to the valve, the rope falling down into the car. The balloon was mounting up faster than ever. It had passed the storm cloud, which was a mile below, and the heavens above were as clear, and the sun shining as brightly as at midday in June. But the air was very cold, and La Mountain was benumbed with cold. He had attained a height of over three miles. The balloon could not burst, for when the expansion became too great the gas could escape from the flues or valve below, which was open; but he was fearful of being carried into or over the lake without having made preparations for such an event. Mounting the hoop overhead, he reached for the knife only to find that he had left it on the ground. Clinging to the rope with one hand, he succeeded with the other and his teeth, after some exertion, in tearing a rent in the balloon from the bottom ten or fifteen feet upwards. Then serving the opposite side the same way, he descended to the car to watch the progress. During this operation the ends of the fingers of both hands became frozen. For a few minutes the balloon kept ascending, then, as the gas escaped, it reached an equipoise, and a moment after commenced to gradually descend to the earth. Every instant increased its downward speed. The Professor says that he heard the cloth tearing, the rents enlarging, until, with a crash that sounded like a death-knell, the cloth gave way to the pressure, opening a seam on both sides from the bottom to the top. The gas escaped instantly, leaving not a thousand cubic feet, while the air rushed in filling up the vacum, the balloon acting as a parachute. The Professor gives it as his opinion that at the height of two miles there was not a foot of gas in the balloon. The cloth, bellying out, formed a strong resistance to the atmosphere, and retarded the descent. He remembers distinctly passing through a cloud, and the sensation on regaining sight of the earth. He has an almost indistinct recollection of approaching the earth's surface. A dull moaning, like the surging of the waves, greeted his ears, the flapping of the cloth became louder, and a moment after he became unconscious. On regaining his senses he found himself lying in a woods, and his balloon was some yards distant. Several persons who had seen the balloon descend had come to the scene, and were standing near; they assisted him. His arms and legs were badly bruised, and himself stunned, but no bones were broken or internal injury sustained. The spot where he fell is seven miles from Bay city.

A Romance in Real Life.

A Paris correspondent says: "A very extraordinary story was recently narrated to me, for the truth of which I can vouch. An American gentleman, a man of middle age and wealthy, who has a splendid suite of apartments in a fashionable quarter of the town, had a curiosity to enquire of his landlady who and what were his fellow tenants. After she had described the usual families, *au troiseme*, the clerks, strangers, etc., the actors, milliners, and musicians, who inhabited the highest flights, madame recalled a remote garret corner, inhabited by a young lady, whom she described as afflicted by a dreadful eruption, which rendered her hideous, and who was to the last degree, poor, neglected, and hopeless. 'Still, she is a lady—a true lady. Poor soul, she cannot live long in such misery!'

"My friend visited the invalid, and found her in dreadful circumstances. He ascertained that she was evidently a German, though speaking several languages, like a native. He bade the landlady remove the sufferer to a good room, provide her with comforts and medical attendance, and call upon him for weekly allowances for her support, after which he almost forgot his charity, or if he did recollect it—it was with a shudder at the wretchedness he had witnessed.

"One morning the landlady came and stated that the poor lady had recovered, that his allowance had been so carefully managed that she was provided with a traveling outfit, and that before returning to Germany she wished to return him her thanks.

"He assented; and what was his surprise when, instead of the pale, shrunken, horribly repulsive object whom he had seen, there entered a young lady of extraordinary beauty, whose every glance and movement, despite the plainness of her dress, indicated style and elegance.

"Her gratitude was unbounded; she seemed almost to worship the man who had been so generous. She did not, however, hesitate to accept from him a further gift of money, after which she departed.

"All this took place some time ago. Last autumn our American traveled. At every town he found rooms engaged for him; distinguished people called on him; every comfort seemed to fall on him as if by luck. It was to luck he attributed it, for though a mysterious hand was at work, he did not for a long time suspect it.

"While at Berlin he was, however, amazed at receiving an invitation from one of the first of the Hanovarian nobility to visit him at his estate. He went there, was overwhelmed with kindness, and found in the castle, as only daughter and heiress of his host, the young lady whom he had relieved.

"The next day she explained the mystery. I regret that I cannot now repeat it. It was one of those long stories of dreadful crime, shame and—an innocent victim—agony and flight, which hang over most noble families, and once in every generation or so, bear a sufferer to the abyss. In the last instant of hope, the American had rescued such a victim, and circumstances had enabled her to return to her former station."

ANOTHER REAL ROMANCE.—An Iowa paper of recent date gives the particulars of a romantic story which borders somewhat on the marvelous:

Years ago a Pennsylvania farmer loved and married a charming young girl that lived near him. The marriage time passed on, and soon the farmer contracted a taste for liquor, which frequently got the best of him. His wife remonstrated with him which on one occasion ended by the husband stabbing her with a butcher knife. He left precipitately, supposing he had killed her, hid himself in the West, where in a few years he became a prosperous and wealthy merchant. The wife in the meantime recovered, and after living alone for five years, married again. Her husband, however, died at the expiration of a year; and she also went to the West. Then the incredible part of the story appeared. The parties met again after their long separation, and became acquainted, but neither recognized the other. An engagement was entered into, resulting in marriage, and upon the wife disrobing in the evening he noticed the scar made by his hand years ago, and suddenly recognizes her as his wife of former years. Here is a chance for story writers.

The Plow and the Bond!

He who by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

The other day we saw a plow in the furrow, its bright steel visible now and then as the steady-pulling team drew it around on its great work. We stood by the roadside and thus ran our thoughts. Who will agree with them?

—Now look at that plow. In the hands of that farmer's son, drawn by willing cattle, it is doing a great work. It cost but a few dollars. It is worth untold millions to the nation. It prepares the ground for the seed which will bring forth crops for the benefit of all. The mold-board, the plow-share, the beam, handles and cross-rungs, all are the work of man, his work, to benefit still others.

The man who owns this land pays taxes thereon. The man who owns the plow, the cattle, pays taxes on them. He pays taxes on all he has, on all he raises, on all he has invested. And he must do so year after year. For what?

We will tell you.

School taxes, that children may be educated.

Road taxes, that roads may be kept in order.

Town taxes, that the taxes of the district may be collected and rightly applied.

County taxes, that the courts, sheriffs, jurors, and county officers may be supported.

State taxes, for like reasons.

The man—the cattle, the plow pays these taxes. That plow is of use. If all the plows in the land should be exempt from work for five years! Would not the man and the cattle rejoice?

But hold on—how would the man, his family, his cattle live? And how the weeds would grow over their fields.

And who would, who could pay the taxes when the plow rested in rust and idleness, hidden away in some shed or cellar?

God-speed you, plow and plowman. And man care for you, plow and plowman. And protect you, as you make the wild into a garden, give employment and reward therefor, for the benefit of people and country.

Whoa!

Now, then—*get up!*

And the cattle pull, the plowman manages, lifts, twists, and settles down to the handles. The eyes of beast and man protrude from sockets—the muscles of man and beast swell and stretch—the plow-point is fast in something, and there is a bad break in the furrow.

What is the cause? A root—a stump—a stone—a rock?

No!

Only an iron box—a fireproof safe. Handle it with care—the Government stamp is thereon, and you must not break, mar, cancel, or repudiate it.

The iron-box is full of bonds.

All nicely printed and folded.

These bonds are hidden away to escape taxation. One of them earns more than ten plows, but it is not taxed.

The plow earns wheat.
The bond earns gold.
The plow pays taxes.
The bond does not.
The plow earns gold to drop into the iron box, in the shape of taxes.
The man who bought the plow paid all it was worth, and each year lessens its value.
The man who bought the bond paid half its worth, and it is increasing in value each year.
Who owns the bond?
The man who just rode by in his carriage.
Who owns the plow?
The man who is working with it to support his family—who works while the other rides.
The plow earns.
The bond earns.
The plow is taxed.
The bond is not.
The plow fears the heat, the fly, the rust—the wet may keep back its reward.
The bond fears nothing, for if the plow does not earn the interest the bond calls for, the cattle are sold and dropped into the iron-box.
The farmer is taxed on all he has—the iron box full of bonds pays no taxes.
The farmer supports the one who owns the bonds, which are but notes he must pay.
And the plows are everywhere.
The bonds are everywhere.
How came plows in the fields?
Men placed them there to do a great work with.
How came the bonds there?
When the people were fighting and the plow idle in the furrow, those who dare not fight dug holes and hid their boxes. The Government filled them with bonds, and placed stamps of exemption thereon.

The bondholder planted bonds, and his crop of gold is certain.

The farmer planted sons on battle-fields—he now works to enrich the ones who own the Government, the bonds, the plow, the farmer, and the muscle of America everywhere.

The plow and the bond.

We like the one and the man who holds it.

We hate the other as we hate any one or any government that robs labor of its reward.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

MODES OF WALKING.

Observing persons move rather slow, their eyes, and sometimes their heads, moving alternately from side to side, while they occasionally stop and look around.

Careful persons lift their feet high and place them down lightly but firmly, and frequently pick up some obstruction and place it down quietly by the side of the way.

Reflecting and calculating persons generally walk with their hands in their pockets and their heads slightly inclined.

Modest persons generally step softly for fear of being observed.

Timid persons often step off from the sidewalk on meeting another, and prefer going around a stone to stepping over it.

Shrewd yet shallow persons "toe out" and have a long swing of their arms, while their hands are always in their way.

Wide-awake persons also "toe out," move rapidly, with their bodies inclined forward, while their heads have a jerky motion from side to side, and their arms swing steadily close to their bodies.

Careless persons are forever stubbing their toes.

Lazy persons scrape about loosely with their heels, and are first on one side of the walk and then on the other.

Very strong-minded persons place their toes directly in front of them, and have a kind of stamp movement.

Unstable persons walk fast and slow by turns.

Venturous persons try all roads, frequently climb the fences instead of going through the gate, and never let down a bar.

One-idea persons, and always selfish ones, "toe in."

Cross persons are very apt to hit their knees together.

Good natured persons snap their finger and thumb every few steps.

Fun loving people have a kind of jig movement.—*Ex.*

Two physicians at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them ended the discussion by saying: "Very well, have it your own way now, but the *post-mortem* will show that I am right." The patient was not much encouraged.

A couple of fellows who were pretty thoroughly soaked with bad whiskey got into the gutter. After floundering about for a few minutes, one of them said: "Jim let's go to another house—this hotel leaks."

'Twas a bit of sarcasm on the part of the newsboy who sung out, Ere's your *Police Gazette.* Another of them things from Harriet Beecher Stowe.

A white man recently married a black woman at Kansas City, and a black man a white woman—All Radicals. No cards.

It must be a happy thought to a Jersey lover, to know that his blood, and that of his sweetheart, mingle in the same musketo.

"George, how is your sweetheart getting along?" Pretty well; she says I needn't call any more.

Why is a proclamation like eight drachms. Because it ounce-is.

When do oarsmen resemble Indian chiefs?—When they *feather their scalts.*

Motto for market gardeners—Let us have peas.

When is iron the most ironical?—When it's a railing.

Why is a parish bell like a good story?—Because it is often toll'd.

THE FOOT GUARDS.—Boots and Shoes.