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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No. 100 Front Street, Up Stairs,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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Mitchell, Dolph & Smith,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law, Solicitors in Chancery, and Proctors in Admiralty.

☞ Office over the old Post Office, Front street, Portland, Oregon.

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

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Manufacturer and Dealer in

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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.

JOHN F. MILLER,

Successor to J. F. MILLER & Co.,

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Boots and Shoes!

At the Oregon City Boot and Shoe Store, Main street.

THE BEST SELECTION

Of Ladies', Gents', Boys', and Children's Boots and Shoes, on hand or made to order.

CRAM, WILLIS & Co.,

LIVERY, FEED AND SALE

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—o—

Having recently added to the Livery Stock new Carriages, Buggies and Horses, are now prepared at all times to let the same, at reasonable rates. Horses bought and sold, or kept by the day or week.

GATHER UP THE SUNBEAMS.

If we knew the woe and heart-ache
Waiting for us down the road,
If our lips could taste the wormwood,
If our backs could feel the load,
Would we waste the day in wishing
For a time that ne'er can be,
Would we wait in such impatience
For our ships to come from sea?

If we knew the baby fingers,
Pressed against the window pane,
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
Never trouble us again;
Would the bright eyes of our darling
Catch the frown upon our brow,
Would the print of rosy fingers
Vex us then as they do now?

Ah, these little ice cold fingers,
How they point our memories back
To the hasty words and actions
Strewn along our backward track.
How these little hands remind us,
As in snowy grace they lie,
Not to scatter thorns—but roses
For our reaping by and by.

Strange we never prize the music
Till the sweet-toned bird has flown;
Strange that we should slight the violets
Till the lovely flowers are gone.
Strange that summer skies and sunshine
Never seem one half so fair,
As when winter's snowy pinions
Shake their white down in the air.

Lips from which the seal of silence
None but God can roll away,
Never blossomed in such beauty
As adorns the mouth to-day.
And sweet words that freight our memory
With their beautiful perfume,
Come to us in sweeter accents
Through the portals of the tomb.

Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff.
Let us find our sweetest comfort,
In the blessings of to-day,
With a patient hand removing
All the briars from our way.

STATISTICS OF OREGON.

BY A. J. DUFUR.

NO. 6.

MARION COUNTY.

This county has an area of about one million nine hundred thousand acres, with its entire western boundary resting on the navigable waters of the Willamette river. Excellent soil, commercial advantages, and central locations combined, render it second to none, and one of the most prosperous counties in the State.

Considerable diversity of soil exists in this county, the northwestern portion consisting of an almost entirely level plain of prairie land about twenty miles in length, and fifteen miles in width, intersected with belts of timber conveniently located, and well adapted to farming, building and general farming purposes. The bottom lands of the Willamette, in the west, and of the Santiam, in the southern portion of this county, are rich alluvial deposits. In fact, the before mentioned plains or prairie lands may be considered an alluvial deposit, and are preeminently adapted to the raising of wheat, oats, and all the different varieties of small grain. Good Indian corn can be raised with proper care along the river bottoms, but the climate of Oregon is not favorable to the successful cultivation of this crop, except in particular localities.

The south and eastern portions of the county is hilly, and extremely mountainous. The soil of those hills are of a peculiar red color, and much impregnated with iron, in the form of black sand, like that mixed with the placer gold in California. These red lands and hills are well adapted to a system of mixed husbandry, general farming and stock raising. The wheat produced on these lands is of a superior quality to that raised on the low lands; and although not so easily obtained, still this land may be made to yield forty bushels of superior wheat to the acre, by a judicious system of cultivation. Fruit and vegetables can be produced abundantly on both kinds of soil, but orchards are more healthy and durable on the hills. The kinds of fruit succeeding best are the apple, pear and plum. Peaches, cherries and grapes are not generally cultivated, as the two former are subject to disease in the tree (and manner of cultivation,) and the value of the latter is not generally understood.

The different varieties of timber in this county are the red, yellow, white and black fir, larch, hemlock, yellow and white pine, yellow cedar, oak, ash, maple, alder, aspen, cottonwood, yew and yellow wood (a species of cherry.)

The various kinds of pine and cedar is the timber mostly used for fencing and building purposes. The oak and ash are used for the manufacture of wagons and agricultural implements, and for fuel. The maple and alder could be manufactured into beautiful furniture. But the high price of labor is the chief obstacle to converting these valuable timbers to their various uses. Natural and other facilities are excellent.

Water for domestic purposes in this county is generally good and abundant, being supplied by pure springs and brooks in the hills and uplands, and wells of a moderate depth on the prairies. The means of conveying water to mechanical uses in this county is abundant. No freshets occur in the spring or summer.

The climate is mild and uniform from five degrees below to one hundred degrees above zero mark; the extremes of heat and cold are seldom reached. A few cases of ague and fever occur annually at different points along the Willamette, but such diseases are not common through the county.

In establishing schools and seminaries of learning, Marion is in advance of any other county in the State, having fifty-five school districts, fifty-two school houses, fifty-three school teachers, and three academies and one university.

Churches for religious worship are scattered all over the county, and Salem can boast of more church edifices, in proportion to its number of inhabitants, than any other town on the Pacific coast. In fact, the stranger or immigrant who wishes to make Marion his future home, will find as good society, and as much refinement and good taste existing among the people, as in any location in the older States.

The facilities for marketing, manufacturing and converting all kinds of produce into cash, at remunerative prices, are equal to almost any other location on this coast. The navigable waters of the Willamette, the entire length of the county, furnish the means of shipping to Portland, by river steamer, where productions of all kinds find ready sale at the highest market prices; or, where cash is advanced on consignments, and produce can be shipped to any foreign market desired. Besides these advantages, the various manufacturing companies in this county furnish a home market for the different kinds of staple productions almost at the farmer's own door. The woolen mills at Salem manufacture from twenty-five to thirty-five thousand pounds of wool per month into blankets, flannels and cassimeres, employing about one hundred workmen, at an expense of between seven and eight thousand dollars monthly for labor alone, and furnish a ready market for the farmers' wool.

The excellent flouring mills in this county, among which we notice those located at Salem, produce an article of flour commanding the highest price in the Eastern markets, and equalled only by the flour made by other mills manufacturing from Oregon wheat, help to furnish a ready market for this great staple of Oregon.

The Pioneer Oil Mill furnishes a ready market for flax seed, and has introduced a branch of industry profitable to the farmer, and highly creditable to its proprietors.

The extensive packing and curing house of Thomas Cross, Esq., where the celebrated ham, known as Cross' Sugar-cured, is manufactured, and which commands the highest price in all the California markets, together with dried, pickled and corned meats, cured at the same establishment by the enterprising proprietor, and justly celebrated for their superior qualities, furnishes not only a ready market for the beef and pork of this county, but procures large supplies from many other portions of the State.

The manufacturing establishments of this county are, fifteen saw mills, ten flour mills, one woolen mill, two wool carding machines, one oil mill, two tanneries, six breweries, three machine shops, one foundry, three sash and door factories, and three cabinet shops. This estimate does not comprise blacksmiths, carpenters, and the various other small mechanics employed in general jobbing in the county.

The average price of farming land in this county, as estimated by Hon. John Minto, of Salem, an old settler and practical farmer, is from two to twelve dollars an acre. C. W. Hunt, of Sublimity, estimates it at from four to eight dollars. But as the value of real estate is gradually advancing in this county, perhaps from three to fifteen dollars an acre would approximate nearer to the actual price. There is quite a large amount of unsold public school land in this county; also, good land in the southern part, valuable for its timber and mineral wealth. Some of it is said to have a soil well adapted to grain and grass-growing when cleared.

It is estimated that not more than one-eighth of this county has ever been disturbed by the plow, while seven-eighths is fitted for occupancy by nature.

The mineral resources of this county consist of silver, gold, iron and coal; also limestone, composed of marine shell. The fertility of the soil, the ease with which grain is raised, and the profits derived from farming, together with the high price of labor, have prevented the development of the mineral wealth of this county, and many highly remunerative branches of industry are yet untouched. In fact, the natural resources of this county have as yet been scarcely touched upon.

Salem, the shiretown of Marion county, and capital of the State, is situated on the east bank of the Willamette river, about fifty miles south from the city of Portland, and is the second city in size in the State. The immigrant or stranger sojourning in Salem for a few days will scarcely fail to be favorably impressed with the beautiful scenery and rural loveliness of this flourishing inland town. The generous scale on which this city was first laid out, with unusually broad streets and large blocks, with the numerous neat little churches, erected by the various religious denominations, justly entitle it to its name, "The city of churches and magnificent distances."

Many of the most prominent business firms and manufacturing establishments located here have already been noticed. The numerous substantial brick blocks and elegant private residences erected in this city the past season, is sufficient evidence of its financial prosperity, and the natural resources of wealth in the country with which it is surrounded. There are a number of excellent schools in this town, both public and private. The Willamette University, one of the oldest and best schools on the coast, is located here, and has an elegant brick college building, with a Medical Department attached. And it is not only an ornament to the city, but will ever be a lasting honor to its founders.

Marion county has a population of about ten thousand inhabitants. Its post offices are Aurora, Belpassi, Butteville, Condit, Jefferson, Newellsville, Silverton, Sublimity, Waconda, St. Louis, St. Paul's, and Salem.

The Oregon Central Railroad (East Side) passes through the entire length of this county, and has a depot located at Salem. This road is intended to bring the great Willamette Valley in connection with tide water. The work on this route is being pushed forward with unmistakable energy, and its early completion is a fixed fact. Another railroad is contemplated running from Salem, in a northwesterly direction, through the counties of Polk, Yamhill, Washington and Clatsop, to Astoria. A feasible route has been surveyed, but as yet nothing definite has transpired towards its location.

Henry Ward Beecher says: "It is a great gift to be born rich in the eyes and ears. Some men have carried before them an endless procession of beauty. There are charms for them where others perceive barrenness. There is a concert in the air all the time for those whose ears are tuned aright. Trees harp for them, winds roll their tones musically, and birds and insects fill up the orchestra.

An enthusiastic admirer of the beauties of beautiful women, recently startled a friend—

"Been to church this morning," he asserted.

"To church?"

"Yes; and such necks! full and white, and good enough to eat—six of them all in a row; watched 'em all through service. Oh, my, what necks."

"Miss Colfax, sister of the Vice President, the belle of South Bend, is about to marry Captain Jenckes." Not the distinguished Captain J. of the Horse Marines, we presume.

The Freedom of Modern Social Life.

Girls Handled too Much.

"Shirley Dare" concludes a fashion letter in the Chicago *Republican* with the following:

Somebody wants a chapter on what may be termed intimate etiquette. This is touched by such inquiries as we see in the correspondents' column of ladies' papers, where Lucia wants to know if she ought to allow a gentleman to kiss her when she comes home with him from concert, and Caroline is dubious whether she ought to correspond with her friend's betrothed in secret. One can't but symyathize with the young ladies, knowing how inconsiderately some one has neglected duty towards them. Mothers and guardians seem often to fancy that knowledge of how to conduct oneself in the delicate dilemmas of life comes by instinct. Girls leave boarding school and go into society with the vaguest of notions about their relations to it, and stumble through its small difficulties, hiding their embarrassments as best they can, keeping a brave front to the last, while the world never guesses the secret tortures they undergo in trifling matters. Often enough for mere restless craving for novel confidence, young ladies seek public instead of private advice, when their mothers or friends are quite ready and competent to give them all they need. But there is a great deal of trial that besets young girls at the age when they feel allures most keenly, which the best parents forget to provide against. They ought to recall their own debates of etiquette in youth, and teach their children prudence before they need it. Forewarned, forearmed.

"Nellie, see here," says a prudent father to his girl of sixteen, in tarletan ball dress, warming her slippers before the fire, waiting for her escort—if girls ever do any of the waiting. "You're looking sweetly fresh to-night, and as fresh in heart as in dress, I hope. You are to stay so, do you hear, darling? You're not to let people hold you close when you waltz; nobody has any business to touch you till you have a lover or a husband of your own. I don't want my girl talked about. Remember, nobody has the least right under any pretense to do more than touch your fingers, or lay his hand on you in the permitted freedom of the waltz, unless he is your relative, or going to be."

And after that she would probably sit in the conservatory, letting handsome Jack, the fast, flat and lady-killer, slip his arm by degrees from the back of her chair, lift her locket from her bare neck, and kiss her hand, till he dared kiss her lips and gather her close to him—which would probably be the sixth time they had met, at farthest.

It's right they should! I'm not going to belie the blood that beats in this wrist one instant, to say they should not. Only one should have some choice as to whether one will accept caresses from the wholesale stock of natural liking,—or special reserved fund of precious preference. Suppose, young, warm-hearted girl, that as you lean on that broad shoulder in the half-lit parlor to-night, thinking how nice it is to have somebody fond and protecting, and how dear you seem to be to him, suppose you should, by some invisible magnetic sense, be made aware of all the checks that have rested upon that shoulder and all the forms that arm has encircled. It's fortunate you don't know these things. It might lead you, however, to keep yourself more sacred for some one who will love you as entirely as you love this man, who "takes life as it comes," and, by force of habit, if not inclination, could not remember one woman six months if his happiness depended on it.

Did you ever see the old-fashioned book on etiquette called "The Young Lady's Friend?" Good Mrs. Farras will never guess the benefit that straight-forward, wholesome book of advice has been to girls. She knew the class she was writing for, and gave her opinion in such frank words as these I quote from memory: "You are to allow no personal freedoms from a gentleman of your acquaintance. If a finger is put out to examine a locket or a chain on your dress, draw back and take it off for inspection if you choose. The reason for this rule is clear to those who are better acquainted with the world."

The reason is perfectly clear to every one who comes to twenty-five years of age outside of a reform institution. A man of society, who dealt in occasional roughness of speech, said once in a parlor before ladies, that he would never marry a then New York girl of fashion, for the class allowed themselves to be handled too much. A girl who protects herself from the freedoms too much in vogue in society, increases her value if she only knew it, with those she may have to repulse. I don't believe in prudishness or suspicion, but I do believe when men and women are not content with the friendship that can be expressed by frank, kind eyes, and cordial, brief hand shakes, and clear words, one is not ashamed the world should hear, they should know what intoxication they are sharing.

It strikes one curiously to see ladies forget their hands in a man's clasp while they are talking so earnestly; there is a great deal of expression in the nearness of two conversationalists which often tells a little more than people are aware of. It's all right and innocent, of course, but if people are properly indifferent to each other's hands, why not observe *convenances*, and drop them when the cordial salute is performed? You never see Rev. Mr. Surplice hold anyhand in his but that of young Rocket, the curate with the melancholy large black eyes, and you never see grave legal gentlemen crushing the flounces of equally grave and interesting spinsters. There is a fine, distinct line between the commerce of good will and heaven-warm affection, that bind the human family together and these leadings of attraction that with nameless license destroy the bloom of refinement.

There is one rule that settles a thousand queries of the nature we are considering. Whatever is secret may be safely left untouched. The touch, the look, the intimacy, the correspondence that needs to be secret, has something wrong about it. If you are sure there is no evil in your motives, for heaven's sake come out and avow your friendship or design, whatever it may be. You make the world purer and set a precedent by your frankness that tears away a thousand hypocrisis. The world has a keen scent for the really innocent, and if you cannot face its first sneers of criticism, you have reason to doubt yourself.

Please consider this the porch to a topic of larger dimensions, and don't judge me too hardly for prudery till you hear the rest.

A DOG'S DISGUST.—Sir Walter Scott was fond of telling stories, of the intelligence of his dogs, and used often to get up a laugh at his friend Daniel Terry, the actor, by the following:

Once, he said, he desired an old pointer dog of great experience, a prodigious favorite, and steady in the field as a rock, to accompany his friend Daniel Terry, then on a visit to Abbotsford, and who, for the nonce, voted himself a sportsman, on a sporting excursion.

The dog wagged his tail in token of pleased obedience, and shook out his ears, led the way with a confident air, and began ranging about with most scientific precision. Suddenly he pointed; up sprang a numerous covey. Terry, bent on slaughter, fired both barrels at once, aiming in the center of the enemy, and missed. The dog turned round in utter astonishment, wondering who could be behind him, and looked Terry full in the face; but after a pause shook himself again, and went to work as before. A second steady point, a second fusilade, and no effect. The dog then deliberately wheeled about and trotted home at leisure, leaving the discomfited venator to find for himself during the remainder of the day. Sir Walter was fond of repeating this anecdote, and always declared that it was literally true, while Terry never said more in contradiction than that "it was a good story."

A little girl, worn out by a long sermon, observing the preacher gathering himself for the introduction of another "point," exclaimed, "Oh mother, he is not going to quit at all! he is swelling up again."

"Remember who you are talking to sir," said an indignant parent to a fractious boy. "I'm your father, sir." "Well, who's to blame for that?" said the young impudence; "'tain't me!"

A PUFF.—A brother editor tells us that when he was in prison for libelling a justice of the peace, he was requested by the jailor to give the prison a puff.

MRS. MADISON.

The following reminiscences are taken from Mrs. Ellet's forthcoming book:

At dinner, Mrs. Madison always took the head of the table; Mr. Madison the middle, and one of secretaries the bottom. Her memory was so good that she never forgot a name, and would address each of her guests, though just introduced with twenty others, as if she had known them for years. She was a magnificent looking woman in a drawing-room. Her stately and Juno-like figure towered above the rest of the ladies. When she found a timid young girl she would attend to her most assiduously, conduct her to the piano, and remain with her until she became more at ease. At one of her receptions a tall, dangling youth, fresh from the backwoods, made his appearance and took his stand against a partition wall. He stood in that position like a fixture for a full half an hour, and finally ventured to take a cup of coffee, which it was then the custom to hand round. Mrs. Madison's keen eye noticed his embarrassment, and wished to relieve it. She walked up and addressed him. The poor youth, astounded, dropt the saucer on the floor, and unconciously thrust the cup in his breeches pocket. "The crowd is so great," remarked the gentle lady, "one cannot avoid being jostled. The servant will bring you another cup of coffee. Pray, how did you leave your excellent mother? I once had the honor of knowing her, but I have not seen her for some years." Thus she continued, until the poor youth felt as if he were in the company of an old acquaintance. He took care, secretly and soon, to dislodge the protuberance in his pocket.

BE KIND TO CHILDREN.—Blessed be the hand which prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying where and when it may again bloom forth. Does not almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the quiet days of childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment, as a barefooted boy, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village; with longing eyes he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor of the garden came forth from his cottage. He was a wood cutter by trade, and spent the week at his work in the woods. He was coming into the garden to gather a flower to stick into his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, gave it to him. Neither giver nor receiver spoke one word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now here, at a vast distance from that home, and after the many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has long since withered, but it now blooms afresh.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

"I noticed," said Franklin, "a mechanic among a number of others, at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always appeared to be in a merry humor; who had a kind and cheerful word for every one he met. Let the day be never so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his constant flow of spirits. 'No secret, Doctor,' he replied, 'I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me; and when I go home she meets me with a smile; and then tea is sure to be ready; and she has done so many little things to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.'" What influence then has woman over the heart of man to soften it, make it the foundation of cheerful and pure emanations! Speak gently, then; a kind greeting, after the toils of the day are over, costs nothing, and goes far towards making home happy and peaceful. Young wives, and girls, candidates for wives, should keep this in mind; as to older wives, experience may have already taught them this important lesson.

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.