A. L. Bancroft & Co.

THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,

FOR THE

Business Man, the Farmer

And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY

A. NOLTNER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick Building.

—o—

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Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 50

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 2 sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.	$ 2 50
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One Column, one year.....	$120 00
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BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times *Neat, Quick and Cheap!*

☞ Work solicited.

All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHARLES E. WARREN,

Attorney at Law,

Oregon City, Oregon.

Sept.16:1y.

JOHN FLEMING,

DEALER IN

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

MACK & WELCH,

DENTISTS.

OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, corner of First and Alder Streets, Portland.

The patronage of those desiring superior operations is in special request. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth.

☞ "Artificial teeth "better than the best," and as *cheap as the cheapest.*

Nov. 25:tf

Dr. J. H. HATCH,

DENTIST,

The patronage of those desiring *first Class Operations*, is respectfully solicited.

Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.

N. B.—*Nitrous Oxyde* administered for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.

OFFICE—In Weigant's new building, west side of First street, between Alder and Morrison streets, Portland, Oregon.

H. W. ROSS, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,

☞ Office on Main Street, opposite Masonic Hall, Oregon City. 13tf

"Live and Let Live."

FIELDS & STRICKLER,

DEALERS IN

PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,

COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.,

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.

☞ At the old stand of Wortman & Fields Oregon Cit , Oregon. 13tf

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,

SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

ALANSON SMITH,

Attorney and Counselor at Law,

PROCTOR AND SOLICITOR.

AVOCAT.

Practices in State and U. S. Courts.

Office No. 108 Front Street, Portland, Oregon, Opposite McCormick's Book Store.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,

Established since 1849, at the old stand, *Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.*

An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.

Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

CLARK GREENMAN,

City Dryman,

OREGON CITY.

☞ All orders for the delivery of merchandise or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

(Deutsches Gasthaus,)

No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steamship landing, Portland, Oregon.

H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS,

PROPRIETORS.

—o—

Board per Week	$5 00
" " " with Lodging.....	6 00
" " Day.....	1 00

A. NOLTNER,

NOTARY PUBLIC, ENTERPRISE OFFICE

Oregon City, Jan. 13:tf

BLANKS.—All kinds of blanks can be had at this office Job Printing of every description neatly executed, at short notice.

Restorationists vs. Destructionists.

Public debts and standing armies are regarded by the common sense of mankind as the two main causes of the oppression and misery of the masses in modern times, and the once free, intellegent, brave and manly American people have, at this moment, the biggest debt and the biggest standing army expenses in Christendom. What an astounding thing to realize, that now, in the teeth of the loud bragging of fools and knaves of the "progress" of the country, the railroads and common schools, the forging of keys to unlock mountains of gold, and the pretended belief the country is richer than ever, after the annihilation of half of the entire property accumulated since its first settlement, here stand the two awful foundation *facts*, that we have the biggest debt and are taxed to support the biggest army in the world, and *therefore* there are causes at work to enslave, degrade and brutalize the millions, more potent and positive than in the worst governed and most outraged people in Christendom! Why, if the American people could have one clear, exact glimpse, for five minutes, of the real "situation," a million of men would march to Washington, and annihilate their "government" from the face of the earth, and then give no rest to their feet or sleep to their eyelids until they found some path of safety or road to restoration out of a condition of things so horrible and unparelelled. But let us go into detail, and contemplate the distinct and isolated facts that now stare us in the face.

It is a *fact* that a Northern sectianal party, of barely one-third of the people, got possession of the government ten years ago, and within these years have sacrificed a million of lives and wasted half of the entire property of the country.

It is a *fa t* that for five years past the people have been taxed more heavily to support standing armies than have those of imperial France, and to pay the interest on a public debt greater than that which, in England, has ground out two millions of paupers within a century.

It is a *fact* that our commerce, which, ten years ago, was second only to that of England, has so utterly disappeared, that in 1870 there were fewer ships built than in 1770, and, save in "pleasure yachts," ship building in this country is likely to become one of Wendell Phillips's lost arts.

It is a *fact* that standing armies, for five years past, have been kept in the South to abolish the natural supremecy of the white people, and thus to abolish negro labor, for, left to his own volition, the negro not only is not but cannot be a producer.

It is a *fact* that this sectional party of barely one-third of the people, has been kept in power, and is now in power solely by the bayonets of standing armies in the South.

Finally, it is a *fact* that this sectional party of barely one-third of the people claim to have totally overthrown the American system, and instead of self-governing States, composed of a homogeneous citizenship, to have set up a "New Nation," including negroes, Indians, mulattoes, Chinese and all the lower races in our midst, and that gives Congress the power to enforce its principles everywhere by standing armies, if needs be.

Such are the *facts* that stare us in the face, and that, leaving out of view the tremendous ruin wrought, present the most astounding revolution of human society the world ever saw, and that not only may, but *must* end, sooner or later, in universal chaos, horror, blood and misery without parallel—save where the same thing is "tried" on in Mexico and South America. What, then, is to be done to save the country, our children, the lunatics themselves, from these inevitable horrors? What, in a word, can be done to save our Republican institutions and society itself from chaos? Why, we must restore the work of the fathers—the White Republic of 1860—that glorious and beneficent Union which lunatics, fools and traitors have overthrown, under the mask of defending it. This is the work to be done, and the Democrtic press must do it. The "Democratic party," as it stands to-day, is an incumberance. Its assumed leaders are most of them as blind and ignorant as the Abolitionists themselves, without consiqence or moral sense of any kind, and for the sake of office, a seat with niggers in the Mongrel Congress, would barter their souls, or what is left of that once respectable article. The straightout, intelligent and unpurchasable Democratic press, that understands the dangers and boldly expose them, can alone arouse the people, and restore our Republican system. *There are, in fact, but two classes of men in the country—Restorationists and Destructionists, and all who fail to work for the former belong to the category of the latter*, no matter what they call themselves, and if John T. Hoffman or William M. Tweed assent to the Mongrel amendments, they are equally traitors with Greeley and Garrison, and fools, to boot.—*Day Book.*

DIGNITY OF LABOR.—It would seem that employment, from the morning of creation, when God Himself worked and rested, and when Adam was commanded to till the soil and subdue the animal, implies peculiar dignity and honor. It is apostolic, it is Christ-like, it is God-like to work. No system of education is complete that does not harden the hand and toughen the muscle, while it developes the intelect and enlarges the heart. The religion that shows nothing but pale cheeks and lily-white fingers is not the religion of the Bible. Highways and hedges are better sanctuaries for an acceptable service than studies and cloisters and cells. Scars and knots on the hands are more honorable than rings and gloves. Bronze out of the sunbeams is more beautiful on the face than rouge out of shops. Only a worker attains the true symetry, strength and glory of manhood or womanhood. Genius itself falters in a conflict with labor. Industry has the long end of the lever that moves public opinion, parties, Congresses and thrones. It was men with brown faces and sinewey arms that built the pyramids in Egypt, reared the temple on Mount Moriah, and walled the Holy city with adamant, circled an Asiatic empire with impenetrable granite, put arm in arm the old and new world as whispering mother and daughter, spanned the American continent with a thoroughfare of iron from sea to sea, cut a canal for steamers across the desert sands where the Israelites wandered for forty years; it is men with sunburnt features and nerves of steel that to-day whiten the world's white waters with the toils of commerce, navigate all rivers, explore all lands, and subdue the earth as God at first commanded.

THEY CONCUR.—Governor Geary, of Pennsylvania, joins Governor Hoffman, of New York, in rebuking the impudent attempt of President Grant to trample upon the reserved sovereignty of those two States. We are glad to see this significant concurence, not only of a Republican and Democratic Governor, but of the Executives of the two most potential States in the Union—the "Empire" and the "Keystone"—in a warm and earnest and distinct reprobation of an exercise of Federal power in the States, which, if not manfully resisted must inevitably grow in audacity and watonness, until State independence and authority are effectually destroyed and a consolidated government, with undefined and unbounded powers, shall be established on their ruins.—*Philadelphia Mercury.*

GOVERNOR OF UTAH.—The San Francisco *Chronicle*, in speaking of the appointment of Geo. L. Woods, to the position of Governor of Utah says, that "his administration of affairs, while Governor of Oregon, was both able and dignified." Yes, George and his friends were able to steal all they could possibly lay their hands on. This is about all the ability he displayed while occupying that position. An exchange remarks that George has an eye to the main chance. Brigham has succeeded in hoarding untold wealth, and a conflict between the Mormon authorities and Federal officials is not desirable. Money is all-powerful in diplomacy. Brigham has too much and Woods not enough.—*W. W. Statesman.*

"A WHITE MAN'S GOVERNMENT."—We care not what may be said of this Federal Government, but there is one thing certain, and that is, this will be, it shall be, "A White Man's Government." Intelligence and wealth must have, and shall have the ascendency in this country. Radical fanaticism may yell and howl as it pleases, but Democracy is sworn to rescue the country from the rule of Mongrelism, and all isms, introduced here by the Puritan crew of the Mayflower, which unfortunately landed on Plymouth Rock. Ignorance and pauperism shall not rule instead of intelligence and wealth. Let the Mongrels put this in their pipe and smoke it.

SHINGLE WEDDINGS.—Iowa being too youthful to hope for Golden or Silver weddings propose to inaugurate "Shingle Weddings" as a fashionable entertainment. They are to occur when the "first fruit" is old enough to jurtify an application of the article which gives the title to the occasion.

The Cause of Lee's Death.

Dr. B. L. Madison and H. T. Barton, attending physicians of General Lee, have contributed to the Richmond and Louisville *Medical Journal* a detailed account of his last sickness, and the treatment pursued. They sum up the case as follows:

We had long been painfully impressed with the conviction that depressing moral causes were slowly but steadily undermining General Lee's health, in a ratio far exceeding the inroads of mere physical disease. Indeed, how could it be otherwise! The terrible strains upon him during the momentous campaigns of 1863 and 1864, the agony of mind endured at Appomattox, the wail that went up from widows and orphans all over the desolated and ruined South, the bankrupt condition of his native State, the mute and eloquent woe appealing to him on all sides, were enough, and more than enough, to bow his mighty spirit, and to crush out, with fatal tread, the energies of his life! And more than this, with all this mighty sorrow weighing him down, he ever preserved a calm, serene, and even cheerful exterior. Few, even, of his most intimate friends, knew the depths of his anguish, rendered all the keener and the more poignant, by the very efforts to suppress it. He felt it his duty to conceal it, even while conscious that, like the Promethean vultures, it was tearing away his heart. No man less heroic than himself, no man less sustained by great Christian faith and Christian principles could have borne his burden for an hour. Yet, even with him, it was only a question of time. General Lee died of a broken heart, and its strings were snapped at Appomattox! In reference to the proximate cause of his death, we were of the opinion that it was due to passive congestion of the brain, not proceeding far enough to produce apoplexy or effusion. There was positive evidence of acute softening, of cerebritis, or of embolism. There was no paralysis of motion or sensation, but marked debility from the first. His symptoms, in many respects, resembled concussion, without its attendant syncope. The treatment was based upon the above diagnosis.

THE OUTRAGE COMMITTEE.—Since the appointment of the Outrage Committee by the Senate, the Radicals have found out that its back-actionary effects are likely to prove more injurious to them than its direct force to the parties intended to be hurt. Governors Holden and Scott, of North and South Carolina, have been summoned to give testimony, but we are told it is probable that the North Carolina Conservatives will submit some evidence rather damaging to Holden and showing, beyond all doubt, that bands of pillagers and barn-burners in that State, who have lately been arrested and taken before the civil authorities for trial, have confessed that they belonged to the Union League. The effort to fasten these outrages on the Conservatives will be pretty effectually negatived.

FREE TRADE.—The Democratic journals throughout the West are all in favor of the free trade doctrine. So are we. We believe in the principle of buying what we need where we can get it the cheapest, and selling what we have to dispose of where we can get the most for it. This is the true secret of national as well as individual prosperity, and by-and-by it will be the acknowledged doctrine all over the country. The old cry of "protection" is played out; inasmuch as the only ones who are "protected" are the wealthiest men in the land. Did anybody ever hear of tariff for the protection of the poor man? We guess not. The manufacturers are about the only class that are "protected," but the men who work for them get none of the benefits of such protection. Free trade is the panacea for all the ills of the tariff. Let the people begin to open their eyes to their own interests. The "protection" humbug has veiled them long enough. Wake up! It is getting daylight, and the mists and shades of the tariff-night are rapidly disappearing.—*W. W. Statesman.*

Some hard-up editor gets off the following: "We love to see the blooming rose in all its beauty dressed; we love to hear our friends disclose the emotions of the breast. We love to see the cars arrive, all laden at our door; we love to see our neighbor thrive and love to bless the poor. We love all these, yet far above all that we ever said we love—what every printer loves—to have subscriptions paid."

DIFFERENT.—It is successful to love that laughs at locksmith's—disappointed love is of a different key.

Ex-President Johnson on President Grant.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* has visited ex-President Johnson at his house in Greenville, Tenn., and elicited from him the following very candid remarks concerning Gen. Grant:

The intelligent men of the party don't know what to do with Grant. It would gratify them much if he would resign, but he won't. So far from resigning, he's working and intriguing for a second term. He will never get it. He is no more fit for a President than a goose. He has got no ability—nothing but a little low cunning. His cunning is of a poor sort; it is mean cunning. He never had an original idea in his life. He is an insignificant little fellow, a bundle of personal piques, petty spites and prejudice. He is as selfish as the days are long. He used the highest office in the gift of the people to advance private ends and those of his family, and intrigue for a second term. He knows a little something about horses, but has not brains enough to make a first-class horse jockey if turned out to the business, although that is about all he is fit for. If we are to have a horse jockey for the highest office in the land we had ought to have a good one.

Grant's coming to the surface is the result of an accident; nay, it is an accident of an accident. You may search history from the foundation of the world to the present, and you will not find a case like his—a man who rose solely by the power of accident. In the boiling cauldron of war, the scum rises to the top. In the bubbling off he came up from the bottom, and run off, as scum always will, or we should never have heard of him. By a series of accidents he rose to the command of the army. He was the creature of a peculiar combination of circumstances.

He rose to the top in the general turmoil and throwing up. The rebellion would have been suppressed without him. He was an incident to the strgule—like a baggage wagon, for example. A baggage wagon had a part to perform, but without the war sentiment and patriotism in the North, it could have done nothing. Neither could Grant. Everything was furnished him that he wanted. His armies outnumbered those of the rebels. Every engine of war was placed at his disposal. The rebellion went down while he was in command. If any one else had been in command at the time it would have been the same, although the result would have been brought about with less loss of life. His Wilderness campaign was a perfect massacre. His road was paved with skulls and washed with blood. His conduct in regard to the exchange of prisoners was inexcusable. In his correspondence on the subject he let one sentence drop which illustrates his character. A ray of light passing through a crevice will often light up a whole room. So it is with the character of a man.

We fequently get a clear insight into his heart, as it were, by a single sentence that he may write or speak. He is utterly remorseless; objecting to exchange prisoners with the rebels because our men in their hands were weak and emancipated, while the rebel prisoners were strong and able to go right into the army and fight us.

Grant, sir, is a small man; he is little every way you take him. He is a bundle of small, contemptible prejudices. He does not rise to the dignity of a man. He lacks courage as well as discrimination. He thinks he is making tools of certain politicians, when in truth, they are making a tool of him. But he does not know it; he is to be pitied.

Before I would go into Grant's Cabinet, either in 1872 or any other time, I would get me a situation as assistant hog driver, or, as an old man in the country used to say, I would tie a rope around my neck and then round a tree, and then walk off.

The editor of the Huntington (Pa.) *Globe* is a man of sense. Hear the genious talk:

LOVE HER.—Have you got a sister? Then love and cherish her with a holy friendship, says an exchange, to which we add, if you haven't got any sister of your own, take some other feller's sister and love her. The effect is just as good and sometimes better.

Suppose that other feller had no sister, would a pretty little cousin do just as well?

A PEELER.—A Colorado lover thus describes his sweetheart; "She's a peeler, she is. She killed a bear when she was fifteen, and a Digger Indian when she was eighteen, and now she'll whip her weight in wildcats—whoop?"

A First-Rate Temperance Talk.

A Captain of a packet vessel sailing from New York to Liverpool, says he never heard but one temperence talk that was worth any thing, but that was "first-rate." He once went to a temperence meeting at Liverpool, to oblige a friend, and a good looking, well dressed man was called upon to address the meeting. He now stood up before the meeting, and he said he never had made a speech in his life, and did not believe he ever should, for it was not in him. However, he would tell what temperence had done for him. When he used to drink, somehow he never was well, could never pay his quarter's rent, nor his weekly bills, nor clothe himself nor his family decently; but now that he had left off drinking, his rent was punctually paid to the day, he had no weekly accounts—for he had ready money. They all saw how he appeared and was dressed. And, taking a nice looking woman by the arm, and four children by the hand, he said: "You see how my wife and children look, in health and appearance. Well their food and dress is all paid for, and if you want to see how my house is furnished, come and see me at home any evening except church night, which is Tuesday, and this meeting which is Thursday, and you will find me in as well furnished a room as any one needs, Besides this, I have a hundred pounds in the savings' bank. This is all I can say to-night." And he sat down. He had said enough.

In New York Mrs. Jane F. Halstead, aged 70 years, has sued for a divorce from her husband, David P. Halstead, aged 75 years; adultery is the offense alleged against the young rascal. But David counter charges upon the frisky damsel by alleging that she had been doing the "same dings," and thereby had attempted to palm off upon him a child of which he was not the actual parent. And then, as a further reason why he should not give the juvenile Jane the additional alimony she demanded, the young David averred that he had a child out of the regular order to support—and even worse than this—that a woman and five other of his children depended on him for maintenance. If such things can be done in the dry bush, what may not be done in the green?

A Detroit man went out shooting pigeons, and took a flask of brandy with him. On returning he struck a racing track in the suburbs of the city and walked around it all night, wondering why he did not get to Detroit. At daylight the matter was made plain to him, and he has sworn off. That night on a mile track was the best temperance lecture he ever heard.

MIXED.—There is a family in one of the towns of Southern Berkshire, Mass., in which four own sisters are lawfully called "mother" by two individuals. A husband and wife are cousins, their mothers being sisters. The husband's mothers died, and a few years later a third sister married his father. Later still the wife's mother died, and a fourth sister married her father.

A young woman delegate in the recent Ohio convention of woman suffragists, plumply said: "For my own part, I love a man, individually and collectively, better than woman; and so, I am sure, does every one of my sex, if they, like me, would utter their real sentiments. I am more anxious for man's elevation and improvement than for woman's, and so is every true woman.

In the present house of Representatives there have been thirty cases of contested seat, and in salaries and expenses there has been paid to the unsuccessful contestants the sum of $100,000. In addition to this, as much more has been paid for printing the testimony in the contested cases.

HER REFUGE.—Woman says an exchange, has her refuge in strong epithets and round phrases which answer all the purposes of profanity in conversation—that is, to give emphasis to sentences rather weak. "Gracious," "good gracious," "gracious me," "goodness"—words in "g" seem to be the favorites—"sakes alive," "laws"—these are examples of a wide range of a light swearing artillery.

THEIR DEMANDS.—The Stanton wing of the womanites demand: First, the ballot: second, participation in all the educational advantages of the country; third, the right to labor in any calling; fourth, perfect equality in the marriage relation.

Why is the hen immortal? Because her son never sets.

GOOD DOCTRINE.—Have you enemies? Go straight on and mind them not. If they block your path, walk around them. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air, they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark, "they are sparks which if you do not blow will go out of themselves." Let this also be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandall of those who are bitter enemies against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for abuse. Let the poor fellows talk—there will be a reaction if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

HOW TO QUIT SWEARING!—A story is told of a citizen of Danbury, who was cured of the wretched habit of swearing, in a novel manner. He was an inveterate curser and grumbler. At meals he neglected a blessing, and swore at everything, from the gravy to the teapot. His oaths discolored the napkins, soured the bread, and curdled the milk. His wife, who evidently beliveed the hair of a dog would cure the bite, stood this unseemly conduct "until forbearance ceased so be a virtue." One morning he was unusually cross and profane, and was about to take a fresh start at something else, when his wife suddenly broke out with a series of oaths that made the old gentleman get up and leave his chair as though some one had introduced a pin between the canes. As soon as she ceased, he breathlessly remarked, "Well, I swear, if it has got so you can swear, it is time I quit. And he did.

MOURNFUL.—Negro-worshipers, from Sumner down to the lowest of the disreputable gang, prepare to weep! If you have tears to shed let 'em shed! It is very melancholy, but the term of Senator Revels expires on the 4th of March next, and then the Southern States will be without a negro Senator, for Gen. Alcorn, who takes Revel's seat, is a white-man, who was a rebel, and is a Radical, but still he is a *white* man in color at least, and that is something now-a-days, when darkies seem to rule the roost. We venture, just here the prediction that no other negro ever warms a seat in the United States Senate—unless San Domingo is annexed—while white men hold political supremacy in the United States.—*Exchange.*

The Cadiz (Ohio) *Sentinel* thus fires a forty-pounder in among a lot of ducks:

Lying around loose in the pockets of subscribers are a good many dollars that belong to printers.

The same paper says:

Wherever a Democratic county paper is well supported, there the party and its principles grow and flourish. The most efficient aid a Democrat can give to his cause is to extend and increase the circulation and usefulness of his county paper.

Truer words were never spoken. Money expended for Democratic newspapers does more for the good of the people than when expended for bayonets, uniforms for a standing army, or transportation for a marauding one.

A gentleman speaking of the happiness of the married state before his daughter, despairingly said: "She who marries does well, but she who does not marry does better." "Well, then," said the young lady, "I will do well; let those who choose do better."

An Atlanta paper of last week says: "A lady in this city tied her hubby's hands and feet the other day, just for fun, and then went through his pockets for a certain billet-doux. His physicians say that his face won't be badly scarred, though he may remain permanently bald."

A PROLIFIC WOMAN.—A Norwegian lady has arrived in Milwaukee with some twenty of her children. She says there are so many accidents she didn't think it safe to bring them on one boat, as in case of wreck she wouldn't have any heart to commence life in a new country. She expects the rest of them early in January.

An individual who was puzzled to know where all the Smiths came from has at last found out. At Waterbury, Conn., on a long brick factory, appears a sign inscribed "Smith Manufacturing Company."

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,