

# Oregon City Enterprise.



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OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1877.

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OREGON LODGE, No. 3, L. O. O. F.  
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One door North of Ackerman Road.  
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PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT.  
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Having purchased the above Brewery, we have taken the pleasure to inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture a No. 1 quality  
OF LAGER BEER.  
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## "A LITTLE LAUGHTER."

Deep in our nature God hath set the fountain,  
Sweet and mysterious, whereof joy is born;  
It is his hand that teaches smiles to mourn,  
To lips that long hath known but how to mourn.  
Our pleasures are not idle in his sight;  
Our laughter not unwelcome to his ears;  
Who only looks to find the watered soil,  
Shall find the cold that did that lead destroy.  
And the world crown with chaplets green and fair,  
The brave sweet souls that smile and conquer  
And die.

## UNDER THE VIOLETS.

Her hands are cold; her face is white;  
No more her pulses come and go;  
Her eyes are shut to life and light,  
And she lies under the violets now.  
And lay her where the violets blow.

But not beneath a grave alone,  
To plead for tears with alien eyes;  
Shall say that here a maiden lies,  
Who died beneath the peaceful skies.

When o'er their tombs the squirrels run,  
And through their leaves the robins call,  
The acorns and the chestnuts fall,  
Do not that she will heed them at all.

For her the morning chime shall sing  
And every minstrel-voice of spring,  
That thrill beneath the April sky  
Shall greet her with its earliest cry.

When turning round their diadems,  
Eastward the lengthening shadows pass,  
Her little mourners, clad in black,  
Shall pip for her an evening mass.

At last the roots of the trees  
Shall find the prison where she lies,  
And the leaves and blossoms to the skies,  
So may the soul that warmed it rise!

If any, born of kinder blood,  
Should say to me, "I love her below,"  
Say only this: A tender bud  
That died in the snow,  
Lies withered where the violets blow.

## WHAT DYING PEOPLE SEE.

It is somewhat singular that the natural longing to penetrate the great secret of mortality should not have suggested to some of the inquirers into so-called "spiritual" manifestations that before attempting to obtain communication with the dead, through such poor methods as raps and alphabets, they might more properly, and with better hope of gaining a glimpse through the "gates ajar," watch closely the dying, and study the psychological phenomena which accompany the act of dissolution. Thus, it might be possible to ascertain, by comparison of numerous instances, whether among those phenomena are any which seem to indicate that the person is not undergoing a process of extinction, but exhibiting such tokens as might be anticipated were it entering upon a new phase of existence, and coming into possession of fresh faculties. It is needless to dilate on the intense interest of even such semblance of confirmation of our hopes.

In a majority of deaths the accompanying physical conditions hide from the spectators whatever psychological phenomena may be observed on the moribund, and lower, as if beneath the waters of an unfathomable sea; a word, a motion, a glance, rising up at longer and longer intervals, till the last slow and distant sighs terminate the woeful struggle. When this is the mode of dissolution, it is of course hopeless to look for any indication of the fate of the soul at its exodus; and the same holds good as regards death in extreme old age, and after some long illness, when the sufferer very literally "falls asleep." Again, there are death which are accompanied by great pain or delirium, or which are caused by sudden accidents, altogether hiding from our observation the mental condition of the patient. Only in a small residue of cases the bodily conditions are such as to cause neither interference with, nor yet concealment of, the process of calm and peaceful dissolution in the full light of mental sanity, and it is to these only we can look with any hope of fruitful observation. We ask whether, in such cases, instances have ever been known of occurrences having any significance, taken in connection with the solemn event, where, with they are associated? Does our forerunner on the hilltop show by his looks and actions—since he is too far off to speak to us—that he beholds, from his "Darien," "an ocean yet hidden from our view?"

I should hesitate altogether to affirm positively that such is the case; but, after many inquiries on the subject, I am inclined to believe that it is not so. The truth seems to be that, in almost every family or circle, questions will elicit recollections of death-bed scenes, wherein, with singular re-occurrence, appears one very significant incident, namely, that the dying person, precisely at the moment of death, and when the power of speech was lost, or nearly lost, seemed to see something—or rather, to speak more exactly, to become conscious of some thing—of a very striking kind, which remained invisible to and unperceived by the assistants. Again and again this incident is repeated. It is described almost in the same words by persons who have never heard of similar occurrences, and who suppose their own experiences to be unique, and have raised no theory upon it, but merely considered it to be

"strange," "curious," "affecting," and "nothing more." It is invariably explained that the dying person is lying quietly, when suddenly, in the very act of expiring, he looks up—sometimes starts up in bed—and gazes on (what appears to be) vacancy, with an expression of astonishment, sometimes developing instantly into joy, and sometimes into short in the first emotion of solemn wonder and awe. If the dying man were to see some utterly unexpected but instantly recognized vision, causing him a great surprise, or rapturous joy, his face could not better reveal the fact. The very instant this phenomenon occurs death is actually taking place, and the eyes glaze even while they gaze at the unknown sight. If a breath or two still leave the chest, it is obvious that the soul has already departed.

A few narrations of such observations, chosen from a great number which have been communicated to the writer, will serve to show more exactly the point which it is desired should be established—by a larger concourse of testimony. The following are given in the words of a friend of whose accuracy every reliance can be placed:

"I have heard numerous instances of dying persons showing unmistakably by their gestures, and sometimes by their words, that they saw in the moment of dissolution what could not be seen by those around them. On three occasions facts of this nature came distinctly within my own knowledge, and I will, therefore, limit myself to a description of that which I can give on my own authority, although the circumstances were not so striking as many others known to me, which I believe to be equally true.

"I was watching one night beside a poor dying man of consumption; his poor body was hopeless, but there was no appearance of the end being very near; he was in full possession of his senses, able to talk with a strong voice, and not in the least drowsy. He had slept through the day, and was as wakeful as I had been conversing with him on ordinary subjects to while away the long hours. Suddenly, while we were thus talking quietly together, he became silent, and fixed his eyes on one particular spot in the room, which was entirely vacant, even of furniture. At the same time a look of the greatest delight changed the whole expression of his face, and, after a moment of what seemed to be intense scrutiny, he said to me in a joyous tone, 'There is Jim.' Jim was a little son of whom he had had known the year before, and whom I had known well; the dying man had a son still living, named John, for whom he had sent, and I concluded it was John he was speaking, and that he thought he heard him arriving, so I answered:

"'No, John has not been able to come.'  
"The man turned to me impatiently and said, 'I do not mean John. I know he is not here; it is Jim, my little lame Jim; surely you remember him?'  
"'Yes, I said, 'I remember dear little Jim, who died last year, quite well.'  
"'Don't you see him then?' There he is, that man, pointing to the vacant place on which his eyes were fixed, and when I did not answer, he repeated almost fretfully, 'Don't you see him standing there?'

"I answered that I could not see him, that I felt perfectly convinced that something was visible to the sick man which I could not perceive. When I gave him this answer he seemed quite amazed, and turned round to look at me with a glance of indignation. As his eyes met mine, I saw that he was about to pass over, the light of intelligence died away, he gave a gentle sigh and expired. He did not live five minutes from the time he first said: 'There is Jim,' although there had been no sign of approaching death previous to that moment.

"The second case, which was that of a boy about 14 years of age, dying also of decline. He was a refined highly-educated child, who throughout his long illness had looked forward with much hope and longing to the unknown life to which he believed he was hastening. On a bright summer morning it became evident that he had reached his last hour. He lost the power of speech, chiefly from weakness, but he was perfectly sensible, and made his wishes known to us by his intelligent looks. He was sitting propped up in bed, and had been looking rather sadly at the bright sunshine playing on the trees outside his open window for some time. He had turned away from this scene, however, and was facing the end of the room, where there was nothing whatever but a closed door, when all in a moment his whole expression of his face changed to one of the most wonderful rapture, which made his half-closed eyes open to their utmost extent, while his lips parted with a smile of ecstasy; it was impossible to doubt that some glorious sight was visible to him, and from the movement of his eyes it was plain that it was not one, but many objects on which he gazed, for his look passed from end to end of what seemed to be the vacant wall before him, going backward and forward with ever-increasing delight manifested in his whole aspect. His mother then asked him if what he saw was some wonderful sight beyond the confines of the world, to give her a chance to take it was so by pressing her hand. He at once took her hand and pressed it meaningly, giving thereby an intelligent affirmative to her question, though unable to speak. As he did so a change passed over his face, his eyes closed, and in a few minutes he was gone.

"The third case, which was that of my own brother, was very similar to the last. He was an elderly man, lying of a painful disease, but one which never for a moment obscured his faculties. Although it was known to be incurable, he had been told that he might live some months, when somewhat suddenly the summons came on a dark January morning. It had been seen in the course of the night that he was sinking, but for some time he had been perfectly silent and motionless, apparently in a state of

stupor; his eyes closed, and his breathing scarcely perceptible. As the day dawned of the winter morning revealed the rigid features of the countenance from which life and intelligence seemed to have quite departed, those who watched him felt uncertain whether he lived; but suddenly, while they bent over him to ascertain the truth, he opened his eyes wide, and gazed eagerly upward with such an unmistakable expression of wonder and joy that a thrill ran through the hearts of all who witnessed it. His whole face grew bright with a strange gladness, while the eloquent eyes seemed literally to shine as if reflecting some light on which they gazed; he remained in this attitude of delighted surprise for some minutes, then in a calm and collected manner he dropped forward, and with one long breath the spirit departed."

A different kind of case to those above narrated by my friend was that of a young girl known to me, who had passed through the miseries and experiences of a sinful life in Aldershot, and then had tried to drown herself in the river Avon, near Clifton. She was in some way saved from suicide, and placed for a time in a penitentiary, but her health was ruined to a hopelessly ruined state, she was sent to die in a quiet workhouse of St. Peter's at Bristol. For many months she lay in the infirmary literally perishing piecemeal of disease, but exhibiting patience and sweetness of disposition quite wonderful to witness. On a warm day, when she was young creature! when all her little round of errors and pain had been run; and her innocent, pretty face might have been that of a child.

"She never used any sort of cant (so common among those who have been in refuges), but had apparently some good hold of a very living and real religion, which gave her comfort and courage and inspired her with the beautiful spirit with which she bore her while she gradually and painfully ebbed away, and she seemingly became nearly unconscious. In this state she had been left one Saturday night by the nurse in attendance. Early at dawn next morning—an Easter morning as it chanced—she awoke, and she said to me, 'I have seen other beds in the ward were started from their sleep by seeing Mary S. suddenly spring up to a sitting posture in her bed, with her arms outstretched, and her face raised, as if in a perfect agony of joy and welcome. The next instant the body of the poor girl fell back a corpse. Her death had taken place in that moment of mysterious ecstasy.'

"A totally different case again was that of a man of high culture and education, well known in the world of letters. When dying peacefully, as became the close of a profoundly religious life, and having already lost the power of speech, he was observed suddenly to look up at the ceiling, and to utter a few words, which were believed by the bystanders to be still living in India. The coupling of his name with that of his dead brother excited such awe and horror in the mind of the person present that he rushed from the room. In due course of time letters were received announcing the death of the brother in India, which had occurred some time before his dying sister seemed to recognize him.

"Another incident of a very striking character occurred in a well known public hall, which exhibited the aspect of joyful surprise to those who so often referred, spoke of seeing one after another, three of her brothers who had long been dead, and then apparently re-appeared, last of all, a fourth brother, who was believed by the bystanders to be still living in India. The coupling of his name with that of his dead brother excited such awe and horror in the mind of the person present that he rushed from the room. In due course of time letters were received announcing the death of the brother in India, which had occurred some time before his dying sister seemed to recognize him.

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ing them, the question seems to press upon us, why should we not thus catch a glimpse of the spiritual world through the half-open portals wherein our dying brother is passing? If the soul of man exists at all after the extinction of the life of the body, what is more probable than it should begin at the very instant when the veil of the flesh is dropping off to exercise those spiritual powers of perception which we must suppose it to possess (else were its whole after-life a blank), and to become conscious of other things than those of which our dim senses can take cognizance? If it be not destined to an eternity of solitude (an absurd hypothesis) its future companions may well be recognized at once, even if it goes forth to meet them. It seems, indeed, almost a certainty to be expected, that some of them should be ready waiting to welcome it on the threshold. Is there not, then a little margin for hope—if not for any confident belief—that our anticipations will be verified; nay, that the actual experience of not a few has been verified? May it not be that when that hour comes for each of us that we have been wont to dread as one of parting and sorrow

"The last long farewell on the shore of this wide world,"  
Ere we "put off into the unknown dark," we may find that we only leave, for a little time, the friends of earth to go straight to the embrace of those who have long been waiting for us to make perfect for them the noble life beyond the grave? May it not be that our very first dawning sense of that enfranchised existence will be the rapture of reunion with the beloved ones whom we have mourned as lost, but who have been standing near, waiting longingly for our recognition, as a mother may watch beside the bed of a fever-stricken child till reason illumines its eyes, and we stretched arms it cries, "Mother!"

"There are some, alas! to whom it must be very dreadful to think of thus meeting on the threshold of eternity, the wronged, the deceived, the forsaken. But for most of us, God be thanked, no dream of celestial glory has half the ecstasy of the thought that in dying we may meet at once, before we have had a moment to feel the awful loneliness of death—the parent, wife, husband, child, longed for, the soul of our soul, whom we consigned to the earth-breaking hearts to the grave. Their "beautiful" forms (as that dying lady beheld her brother and sister) entering our chamber, standing beside our bed of death, and come to rejoice us forever—that we can tell the happiness of such a vision? It may be awaiting us all. There is even, perhaps, a certain probability that it is actually the destiny of the human soul, and that the affections, which along with earthly things can survive dissolution, will, like magnets, draw the beloved and loving spirit of the dead around the dying. I see no reason why we should not indulge so ineffably blessed a hope. But, even if it were a delusion, the faith remains, built on no such evanescent and shadowy foundation, that there is one friend—and He the best—in whose arms we shall surely fall asleep, and to whose love we may trust for the reunion, sooner or later, of the severed links of sacred human affection.

Frances Pomer Cobbe, in Contemporary Review.

ANALYSIS OF PETROLEUM.—Anything in relation to petroleum is presumed to be interesting at the present time, and for this reason it may not be out of place to notice that the chemical constituents of rock oil are carbon and hydrogen, generally ninety parts carbon and ten parts hydrogen, by weight. The proportions form about an equal bulk, carbon being heavy while hydrogen is light and volatile. Originally, they are united in gas, and by their union they formed protocarburetted hydrogen, which, being condensed, forms naphtha, or light volatile oil, and after the escape of a portion of hydrogen, the product is heavy petroleum. By a further escape of hydrogen, the residue becomes more solid, as bitumen, pitch or asphaltum, the highest stages of condensation being candle, bituminous and anthracite coal. The diamond is the purest state of solidified carbon, and is probably a crystallized or carbonized coal oil, artificially produced by converging oil into gas, adding a proper equivalent of hydrogen and then condensing the gas. Iron, sulphuric acid and water, when in contact, give off hydrogen gas. Burning charcoal gives off carbonic acid gas. Mix these gases in proper proportions, subject them to heat under confinement, then allow the heated gas to escape through water, and the condensation will produce carbon oil on the surface of the water, but it will cost about ten dollars a gallon, even if you get through without an explosion.—Osceola Kereille.

RIDING ON A WHALE'S BACK.—Mr. D. Finney, with his neighbor, Ansel Bartlett, were off Gunner's point, South Plymouth, coast shooting. They were in separate dories, as far apart as usual, and in that sport, when a hump-back whale rose some distance off and spouted. He rose again near the boat, and Mr. Finney thought, by the direction he was taking, that the next time he came up he would come ahead of the boat, and he would give him a shot. While waiting for him to come up, kneeling in the bottom of the dory, he felt a shock, and he expressed it, found himself on the whale's back dry shod. The next thing he knew he was down and came up on the other side of the boat. Probably the whale sank when he found he had a rider, and drew up his back, when he came up, which was near Mr. Bartlett's dory, and he was taken into his boat. Throughout the whole he had held on to his gun, and brought it on board with him.—Boston Herald.

It was a backward debtor who said: "The dues you say."

## November Fashions.

Very large buttons are all the rage. Moss green is the fashionable color. Cloak sleeves are rather larger and looser.

Jaquard cloth is a new cloaking material. Clef half brims are among the novelties in bonnets.

Cheviot tartans are among the novelties in woollens. Chair de lune, or moonlight gray, is the coming color.

Carriock capes and Carriock caps are handsome novelties. Slate, gray and orange are fashionable combinations of color.

Floral trimmings for evening dresses are richer than ever. Curled cock's feathers tipped with jet are very fashionable.

Neigensene and bourette are the leading winter dress fabrics. Flat flounces, pleatings, bows and trimmings are de rigueur.

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## The Indian Basket Trick.

Ever since the capture of the strange empire of India by the English, or for more than a hundred years, the civilized people have been hearing of the marvellous feats performed by the native jugglers. Naturally, Houdin's announcement of the Indian basket trick made a great sensation. The curtain arose and disclosed a wicker basket of oblong shape standing upon what appeared to be a light table, without any cloth cover upon it. The juggler entered, dragging a beautiful youth, dressed as an Indian prince, wearing a robe of white cashmere embroidered with gold, while upon his head waved a peacock's plume held by a diamond star.

"Mercy! mercy!" cried the child.  
"No—no mercy. You are an Indian and a prince, and must die," was the savage response.

"If I am only a child," cried the innocent boy.  
"That will not prevent my killing you."

With piercing shrieks the child broke away and rushed to the side wing, only to be seized by the English, and again, who, lifting him in his arms, plunged him into the basket, which he closed, strapping down the cover. Then he drew his sword, and having tested its sharpness by striking it in the floor, he thrust it in the basket again and again, while the victim inside gave the most heart-rending cries of pain and agony. Each time the sword was pulled out it was seen to be covered with blood, while the sobs and groans from the inside of the basket grew fainter and fainter, till at length they ceased, and a ghastly silence ensued. During this scene the excitement among the audience was intense. Ladies hid their faces behind their fans; some wept aloud; men shouted hoarsely, "Enough!" The smiling juggler bowed, and proceeded to unstrap the basket, which he turned mouth upward to the audience, showing it to be entirely empty. In the midst of the applause which followed from the amused and relieved audience, the Indian prince was seen to be seated in a box in the center of the auditorium, kissing his tiny hand to those about him, as well as to his friend the executioner on the stage.

This trick was performed with the aid of looking glasses, inserted between the table legs—a contrivance now commonly used in pantomimes and other show pieces put upon our stage. But it was a new thing then, and the scene was remarkably well played by Houdin and the child. As soon as the boy got into the basket, he opened a trap door in the bottom of it, which was placed over a corresponding opening in the table.

When by the looking glass, he crouched down, and the table was raised, and he showed and sobbed until the proper moment came for him to descend through a trap in the stage, and so pass around to the box in the front of the theater. A sponge full of a red liquid was placed at a certain point in the basket, and the sword, passing through this, seemed to be dripping with blood.

It was imperative that the juggler should not pass in front of the table, else his legs would have been red with blood, and that would have disclosed the entire secret. Houdin became dissatisfied with this trick, and made many improvements in it, which the jugglers of our day have still further perfected. It is palpable that this cannot be the way in which Indian jugglers perform the trick in the market-places or other public squares, in broad daylight. They have no looking glass table, no traps through the earth.

Houdin's theory concerning them was that their basket had an opening in it, either at its front or its back, and that, while buckling and strapping down the cover, with the knee lifted up and pressed on the basket as if to tighten the seat, he was more secretly, the child crept out under the bent knee, and hid beneath the voluminous robes of the juggler. Then, while the sword is piercing the basket, and the child's sobs are most heart-rending, the crowd gathered in a compact mass about it, and into the crowd the child easily escapes without being seen, and runs away. At the proper moment he comes running back, as if from a distance, and of course the astonishment of the crowd is unparalleled, for the basket has, in the mean time, been opened and shown to be empty.—Oliver Logan, in Harper's Magazine.

A LONG WAIT FOR A WEDDING.  
Orange county has just had a wedding with enough romance about it for a novel. In 1852 the bridegroom, then a young man, though under an engagement to the lady whom he has just married, enlisted in the Union army. His sweetheart made no effort to dissuade him from what he thought his duty, and with a breaking heart she bade him adieu, and quietly buried her life in her home with her widowed mother, the only living member of the family beside herself. For a while all went well, and loving letters from his sweetheart cheered the gallant soldier, and tender advice and quieting burials from his mother, and she is now a happy bride. His narrative is that some time during the fight he was taken prisoner, and soon after he was sent to a Southern prison, where he was kept about a year, suffering untold torture. He finally escaped and reached the seaboard, where he conceived the idea of personating an English sailor and getting to England on a blockade-runner. After that all is a blank. He learned afterwards that he had been taken ill and soon after insane. On his arrival in England he was taken to an insane asylum by the Captain of the blockade-runner, where he remained until a year ago, when he was discharged cured, but penniless. He succeeded by the assistance of friends in the asylum in securing a situation in a mercantile house, where he rapidly won the esteem of the principals, to whom he told his story. A leave of absence was granted him; he came to Middleton and found his old sweetheart, now a mature lady of 32, still faithful to his memory. They were quietly married, and after he was sent to a Southern prison, where he was kept about a year, suffering untold torture. He finally escaped and reached the seaboard, where he conceived the idea of personating an English sailor and getting to England on a blockade-runner. After that all is a blank. He learned afterwards that he had been taken ill and soon after insane. 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