

Oregon City Enterprise

DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.

VOL. XII.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1878.

NO. 34.

THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER FOR THE

Farmer, Business Man and Family Circle

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

FRANK S. DEBENT, PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

Official Paper for Clatsop County.

Office: In Enterprise Building, One door South of Masonic Building, Main Street.

Terms of Subscription: Single Copy, one year, in advance, \$2.50; Six months, in advance, \$1.50; Three months, in advance, \$1.00.

Terms of Advertising: Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, per square of five lines, one week, 25 cents; for each subsequent insertion, 10 cents.

SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE, No. 2, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT, No. 4, I. O. O. F. Meets every Tuesday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE, No. 1, A. F. & M. Meets every Saturday evening at 7 1/2 o'clock, in Odd Fellows' Hall, Main Street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

BUSINESS CARDS.

WARREN N. DAVIS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon.

CHARLES KNIGHT, CANBY, OREGON, Physician and Druggist.

DR. JOHN WELCH, DENTIST.

E. L. EASTHAM, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

JOHNSON & McCOWN, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

WARD & HARDING, Druggists and Apothecaries.

W. H. HICFIELD, Established since 1849.

JOHN M. BACON, BOOKS, STATIONERY, PICTURE FRAMES, MOUNTINGS AND MISCELLANEOUS GOODS.

A. G. WALLING'S Pioneer Book Bindery.

OREGON CITY BREWERY, HUMBEL & MADDER.

OF LAGER BEER.

Love Unsung.

Guides on, sweet-purling stream.

And mingle with the sea;

Adorn each glen thy waters gleam.

In merry dale and free.

Sing on, sweet bird; the blue expanse

Of heaven's vault is thine;

O lap thy soul in a trance;

Pour forth thy song divine;

But do not give forth thy strain;

I love a maid, but love in vain.

The blithe bird that haunts the vale

Will but half her grief

Sho doth her sorrow on the gale,

And gives her soul relief;

The meadow flower on the field

Basks in the noon-day sun;

And every creature hath a rest.

When daily toil is done;

I do myself make bootless moan,

And bear my burden all alone.

Grief that links two hearts in bliss,

Is but a hidden treasure;

What's but a thorn when singly borne,

When shared becomes a pleasure;

The finer feelings of the soul

Are known by mutual union;

Each spirit hath its counterpart,

With whom to hold communion;

But she is gone, and leaves with me

'The rest of the unsleeping sea.

The "Skeleton in Armor."

The "Skeleton in Armor," unearthed

at Fall River some forty-five years

ago, continues to be a topic of

speculation and discussion among

antiquaries, among those especially who

have desired to persuade themselves that

it was not the skeleton of a Norseman.

Many of the present generation, probably,

have never seen a description of it. It

was found in the year 1833, or earlier,

by men who were digging down a hill and

making excavations.

In 1837 it was described in a paper

published in the *American Magazine*,

and the description was so accurate,

and the illustrations so good, that it

has been a source of information to

many of the present generation.

The skeleton was found in a

grave, and was supposed to be that

of a Norseman, and was called the

"Skeleton in Armor." It was found

in a grave, and was supposed to be

that of a Norseman, and was called

the "Skeleton in Armor." It was

found in a grave, and was supposed

to be that of a Norseman, and was

called the "Skeleton in Armor." It

was found in a grave, and was

supposed to be that of a Norseman,

and was called the "Skeleton in

Armor." It was found in a grave,

and was supposed to be that of a

Norseman, and was called the

"Skeleton in Armor." It was

found in a grave, and was

An Aztec Prince's Wedding.

I must pass over a long period in the

life of Master M. with the more remark

that he graduated in both his military

and religious classes with the highest

honors, and acquitted himself to the

most perfect satisfaction of both the

alumni, or priests, and the teachers,

which is nearly the same as our word

teachers.

Master M. had, for a long time, cher-

ished a hope that some day he might

press the throne as king of Mexico. So,

the Yorkshire lad who begged salt

of a stranger eating eggs near him, so

to have the salt ready in case any one

should ask him to accept an egg, he pre-

pared himself fully for the possible

emergency, and became not only a mil-

itary general, but a leading alumnus.

And then he married. I have not room

to give you a detailed description of the

whole ceremony,—its crowds, and fuss,

and grandeur,—but here is a glimpse of

the way it was done.

A lady whose position in society re-

quired her to negotiate the match, hav-

ing previously made all the necessary ar-

rangements, one evening, hoisted the

happy daisies on her back, and accom-

panied by four young women, each in ap-

propriate costume, bearing a torch, head-

ed to the house of Master M., where she

dropped her cargo of precious humanity.

Then the alfalfa asked them if they

were mutually agreed on matrimony, and

of course they said "yes," when pre-

ceded to tie their clothes together. Then

two old patriarchs and two good old grand-

mothers stepped forward in a very sol-

emn manner, and delivered little sermons

suited to the occasion. The new couple

partook of a feast with their friends,

and concluded a "ninetieth and one,"

to conclude a parting word from the four

old people, and then, just as all married

people do, went to housekeeping, and

having their own way as much as possi-

ble, they began to quarrel. There was

no law of divorce to appeal to then;

death was the only judge who could en-

tertain the question of separation.

Master M. will now disappear, to re-

appear as the Emperor. In the year "ten

radicals" of A. D. 1502, the former mon-

arch died, and the electors selected Mas-

ter M. to supply his place. In the house-

hold of each monarch there was an elec-

toral board of four nobles, whose duty it

was, on the death of the ruler, to elect

his successor from among the sons and

grandchildren of the deceased monarch.

There was no law of divorce to appeal to

then; death was the only judge who could

entertain the question of separation.

Master M. will now disappear, to re-

appear as the Emperor. In the year "ten

radicals" of A. D. 1502, the former mon-

Bookless Homes.

A dreary place is a bookless home, my

young friends; see that in founding a

home for yourselves you do not neglect

the household library. We rejoice in

pretty furniture and artistic pictures; but

we want to see a new book sandwiched

between every two purchases, and news-

papers and magazines drifting around so

thickly that the very order of the sitting-

room is imperilled. We never knew any-

thing worse than intelligent sons and

daughters to grow out of such untidiness.

To go to housekeeping without a family

Bible and Unabridged Dictionary ought

to be elected a criminal offense. Here

lies the beginning of wisdom. Then we

should add modern history to ancient,

poetry to science, Scott, Thackeray, Dic-

kens, Hawthorne and Holmes to theology.

We should know the opinions of the best

minds of to-day, upon all questions of

social life, of philosophy, of agriculture.

We have known famous business men,

keen financiers, to grow out of bookless

homes, but never the great-hearted and

tender-souled. So, parents, remembering

this, glance over your libraries to see if

there be not some vacancy to fill up with

a volume which will add to the cheer

of the windy winter nights. Get for the

boy a copy of Tennyson, or Longfellow, or

Browning—some sweet poet who sings

along the quiet vales of life in notes we

all can understand! Win them to read

around the evening lamp, and most un-

consciously their young souls will be

drawn out to follow after those who call

—to follow, and sing, and be glad—for

great is the power of influence.

CORRECTING CHILDREN IN ANGER.

There is another common error, which

may need to be noticed by the correct-

ing parent, and that is the habit of

speaking to a child hastily and harshly,

and feeling that justice has been done,

and compensating him by some soothing

sugar-plum or honeyed apology. It is not

easy to conceive of anything more likely

to degrade the parent in the eyes of his

offspring than such an inconsiderate col-

lery; nothing more sure to destroy his in-

fluence over the mind, to harden the young

heart in rebellion, and make it grow bold

in sin. In proportion as the parent sinks

in his esteem, self-conceit grows up in

the mind of the undutiful child. Young

people as well as old pay great respect

to consistency, and, on the contrary, de-

spise those whose conduct is marked with

caprice. The sacred relation of parent

is no protection against this contempt.

These, therefore, who would preserve

their influence over their children, who

would hold their own as fathers, should

be sure to keep their tempers under

control, and to be patient and kind, and

to be sure to keep their tempers under

Demolition of Old London Churches.

Four more London churches are to be

demolished. Last year witnessed the de-

struction of the fine church of St. Mi-

chael's, and of All Hallows, which bore

upon its walls the inscription stating that

it had been built by the good King St.

Dion's Backchurch, a remarkable build-

ing by Wren, is now in course of destruc-

tion. Those for the removal of which a

commission has now been issued are as

follows: St. Margaret Patons, Rood

Lane; St. George, Botolph Lane; St.

Matthew, Friday Street; St. Dun-

stons, Broad Street, all works of Wren, and

two of them possessing spires of singularly

original and beautiful design. The Sec-

retary of the Society for the Protection

of Ancient Buildings argues that it is a

crime to destroy such monuments of our

ancestry, and that the preservation of

St. Paul's Cathedral, that architect's great

masterpiece, enough will be left to illus-

trate his views upon ecclesiastical archi-

tecture. For, grand as St. Paul's un-

doubtedly is, it is only one of a class of

buildings common enough on the Conti-

nent—save some style about 1500. In

fact, St. Paul's can scarcely be looked

upon as an English rendering of the great

Italian original, whereas the city churches

are examples of pure English ecclesiastical

architecture as applied to ecclesiastical

purposes, and illustrate a style peculiar

to London, and when they are destroyed

the phase of architecture which they ex-

hibit will have ceased to exist, and

nothing will be left to record it.

THE FOOLISH CALF.

A calf, with the thoughtlessness of

veal youth, could not abstain from

insulting an honest hard-

working ox that was tilling the plow.

"Ox, you are a fool," said the calf, "I

am a fool you are to wear that heavy yoke

on your neck, and go all day long draw-

ing a plow for your master. Why don't

you exchange your yoke for a paper collar

as I have he will know more and won't

talk calf as much as he does now." The

evening, while the ox, whose day's work

was over, was at his rest, he saw a

butcher's cart driving by containing the

insolent calf, who was destined to be re-

duced to cutlets, calves-head jelly, and

material for sewed boots before morning.

"Ah, my fine fellow," said the ox, "you