

# OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

Vol. 1.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1867.

No. 39.

## The Weekly Enterprise.

By D. C. IRELAND,

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## CLIFF HOUSE.

Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

W. L. WHITE, Proprietor.

Barlow House, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

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Pony Saloon, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

J. C. Mann, Proprietor.

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Good Templar's Resort, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

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Photographic Gallery, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

John Helm, Artist.

Imperial Mills, Oregon City, Oregon.

Canemah Store, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

Smith & Marshall, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

William Broughton, Contractor and Builder, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

Oregon City Brewery, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

Henry Humbel, Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

Clark Greenman, City Drayman, Oregon City, Oregon.

James M. Moore, Justice of the Peace and City Recorder, Oregon City, Oregon.

John Fleming, Oregon City, Oregon.

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## Society in Japan.

All letters find, all types decay.

That time has strength to touch or tarnish Japan itself receives today.

A novel kind of varnish All Asia mourns; in far Tibet A tear of change perturbs the Lama; You'll hear the railway whistle yet Arousing Yehohama!

Metinks it were a theme for song, This spread of European knowledge; Gasmotes adorn Hongkong, Calcutta keeps a college.

Pale Ale and Cavendish maintain, Our hold amongst the opium smokers; Through Java jungles run the train, With Dutchman for the smokers.

The East is doomed; Romance is dead, Or surely on the point of dying; The travelers' look our boyhood read Would now be reckoned lying.

Our young blades vanish fast; They're obsolete—entirely obsolete; The boys all are gone, and are gone; The Orient prostrate.

The Brother of the Sun and Moon Has long renounced his claims excessive; And now we find a new Tycoon Who styles himself "progressive"

Where once the Dutch alone could trade, One now has a soft hand on the stand, The boys are faintly displayed Of every Western nation.

Our artist—some celestial Leech, Or piped-out Hogarth, sharp and skilful—Has drawn upon a nameless sheet A group of aimless British.

As gently, in the summer breeze, The ribbons and the ripples flutter, They fill the gazing Japanese With thoughts they cannot utter.

The steamers in the distance smoke; The "Pan Steam" begins its functions; There'll be a market soon for coals, When junks go away to junctions!

The Oriental Life boy, Who now surveys those starting vapors, Will learn to shout with bilious noise, The names of morning papers!

The East is dying; live the East! With long we watch his transformation; Our European life at least Is better than stagnation.

The eyes of Calcutta are run; Begins the new, the nobler movement—'Tis half a century of making him Of Japanese improvement!

The Two Voices.—When Gutenberg, the first printer, was working in his cell in the monastery of St. Abergort, he tells us that he heard two voices address him. The one bade him desist; told him the power his invention would put into the hands of bad men to propagate their wickedness; told him how men would profane the art he had created, and how posterity would have cause to curse the men who gave it to the world. So impressed was Gutenberg with what he heard, that he took a hammer and broke to pieces the types he had laboriously put together. His work of destruction was only stayed by another voice, sweet and musical, that fell on his ear, telling him to go on and rejoice in his work; that all good might be made the cause of evil, but that God will bless the right in the end. So to all of us still come those voices that came to Gutenberg, the one calling us to give over and take our ease, to leave the plow in mid-furrow, and to rest on our ears when we should be pulling against the stream.

STANDARD OF CHARITY.—Men measure their charity by a peculiar standard. A man who has but a dollar in his pocket would give a penny for almost any purpose. If he had a hundred dollars he might give one; carry it higher and there comes a falling off. One hundred would be considered too large a sum for him who has ten thousand, while a present of one thousand would be deemed miraculous from a man worth one hundred thousand—yet the proportion is the same throughout, and the poor man's penny, the widow's mite, is more than the rich man's high-sounding and widely-trumpeted benefaction.

COMMISSIONERS IN BANKRUPTCY.—Each Congressional District is entitled to one Commissioner in Bankruptcy under the late law of Congress. Asher B. Bates, Samuel S. Clark, and Jonathan D. Stevenson, better known as the Colonel commanding the regiment that came to this coast in 1847, have been appointed for the 1st, 2d, and 3d districts respectively, in California. It seems rather singular that all three of the appointments for California should have been virtually from San Francisco.

NEW DIGGINGS.—Rich pay dirt has been found within five miles of Idaho City over the Mountain south of Moore's Creek. We got out poles, to assist in building Bancock the first time in 1863, in some gulches about there that, we have often thought, would pay to work.

## Population of the United States.

We have seen various estimates of the present and prospective population of the United States. Some of these calculations were wide of the mark, and others were not backed by any good authority. J. Disternell, in a communication to the N. Y. Evening Post, furnishes some facts and figures of interest. By the census report of 1850, the organized States and Territories contained 31,444,521 inhabitants; of these 448,070 were free colored, and 3,052,760 were slaves. There were also by estimate, 350,000 Indians retaining their tribal character. In a tabular view of the progressive population of the United States, from the original census of 1790 to 1900, by William Derby, we find results which have thus far been most singularly verified by the addition of three per cent. per annum from year to year, starting with the last census:

Year.	Population.
1790	3,929,214
1800	5,308,047
1810	7,242,811
1820	9,637,811
1830	12,866,011
1840	17,069,811
1850	22,992,811
1860	30,937,811
1870	39,922,811
1880	50,967,811
1890	64,022,811
1900	83,227,811

Total estimated increase, 9,374,579.

The conclusion which the statistician arrives at is, that in 1860 the entire population—taking into account the losses from war—was 26,029,555, white and black, showing an increase in six years of 4,842,056, which is somewhat above the estimates of the Census Bureau. It is remarkable that the Derby tables have in every instance been verified when facts were within reach. We not only find what the population now is approximately, but what it will be in 1870, and with reasonable certainty what it will be 20 years hence.

GOOD YAK.—One of the streets of St. Louis, used constantly by loaded vehicles, has had the Nicolson Pavement down upon its surface for eight years, and it is now in as good condition as when first laid, except where it has been disturbed by gas and water companies. We have never felt like taking back one word we have said in favor of this kind of pavement. It is the best street ever made. As a general rule no other pavement will last eight years, and all need constant repairs. They are rough, noisy, hard for horses, and in many other ways not at all what is wanted. This new pavement is certainly infinitely better than any other, so far as the qualities referred to are concerned. It is smooth, noiseless, easy for horses to travel on, and, according to the testimony of those cities where it is in use, quite as durable as any. We have a standing bet with A. G. Walling that his part of Front street, Portland, will be paved with Nicolson, before the Nicolson part will be McAdamized. We will take a few more such.

ELEGANT PASSENGER.—One of the finest things Geo. D. Prentice ever wrote is this inimitable passage: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty is presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence."

SMOKE ON.—The resident Superintendent of the California Petroleum works, at Santa Barbara, has at last revived the old story as to the possibility of finding subterranean oil deposits in that part of the country, by reporting having struck oil at a depth of 300 to 320 feet.

## How to Succeed in Business.

BY A NEW YORKER.

The man who refuses to patronize the newspaper is the man of morbid disposition, of small ideas and no business talent. His light, if he has any, is so completely concealed beneath the bushel of self that it will never burn to any practical purpose and may be extinguished, without a single sigh from the world around. Such a person is known by his works. A spirit of liberality and benevolence never animates him, but he lives on, wondering at the success of others and bewailing his own hard lot.

The newspaper is to the individual what hearing is to the blind. It teaches him better than anything else, what is going on around, puts him in communication with neighboring countries and nations, gives the earliest details of commercial and political news, and tends in the greatest degree to true intellectual development. It has a spirit of universality found nowhere else; self is forgotten in the more important events daily chronicled, and we are shortly led to consider ourselves only as parts of the great whole, which go to make up the grand result.

Take from us the press, and we should immediately fall back to a level with those who lived in the ages of ignorance and despotism. 'Tis only through this agency that we are better than they and enjoy liberties and privileges of which they never dreamed. Books have their order and merit, both of the first order and of undoubted importance, yet, as a power, the newspaper surpasses them all. It goes everywhere, is read by every one, and makes up the public opinion of the day. Without it we should be lost. Business would come to a stand still, markets be unsteady; stocks unobtainable at any fixed value, and everything else uncertain and fluctuating. To say nothing of its importance in instituting and sustaining a correct literary taste and healthful sentiment, commerce is dependent in a great measure entirely upon these daily publications. They give impetus to trade, steadiness to the markets, and an increased activity to all business transactions. We daily examine the columns of the morning paper for the prices current if we have anything to buy or sell, carefully peruse the various commercial reports, and act upon the facts thus obtained; nor is this all, we look here for something more. We expect to find, besides all the matter above enumerated, intelligence which shall direct us where to make our purchases and who to buy of. Indeed, at the present day, this last idea has been reduced to such a system that no man, be he ever so shrewd and intelligent, can hope to succeed in any avocation without thoroughly and energetically advertising his business through the newspaper. Only thus can he place himself and his firm before the public in a right light, and only thus can he be sure of even moderate success. By such a course an acquaintance is formed and a name established, customers are found and business made on the surest and safest foundation possible to build upon.

The importance of advertising is undoubted and universally admitted. The extent to which it is carried proves beyond doubt, its usefulness, and advantages. The man who advertises once is sure to do again, and from each outlay in this direction he reaps more and greater advantages. It opens the most direct road to success and offers equal inducements to all parties. A glance at any of our papers will show at once the fact that those who avail themselves most of this system, are from the highest rank in business life, whose position and standing is obtained only through merit and experience; and this position they owe in a great measure to a steady exercise of the course we have pointed out.

One to be known, must keep his name before the people. He must let them know where he is, what he is, and what he is doing. If not, the people will never take the trouble to hunt him up, since they can always find plenty of others who willingly and cheerfully advise them of their movements and operations, and who consequently receive the custom thus diverted from other channels. One might as well establish himself in the very depths of an African desert and expect to enter immediately upon a profitable business, as to start in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, or any

## From Montana.

HELENA, June 19th, 1867.

We are pleased to note that a large number of families are purchasing property in Helena this season, with the intention of making their homes here. A great many more are en route by steamer and overland from Minnesota, which will considerably increase our present population. Business is looking up, and our merchants are quite busy receiving and shipping goods. Our streets are thronged with strange faces from "America;" money is becoming more plentiful, and makes a marked improvement in our trade. The "croakers" can now stop complaining and go to work. Flour has advanced \$1 per sack the past week. Goods, as a general thing, have declined in price.

There is now a fair prospect of the early extension of the telegraph line from Virginia City to Helena. The required amount of funds (\$12,500) to be advanced to the company by our community has been nearly raised. Colonel Sam. T. Hauser heads the list with a subscription of \$1,000, and with his usual energy was otherwise conspicuous in forwarding the movement. As the material for the line is already here, it is understood that this enterprise will be pushed to completion without further delay. This fact is truly gratifying, as it is a want which our citizens have long and seriously felt.

The water from the Big Ditch was let into the bed-rock flume of Dry Gulch, on Saturday last, and on yesterday Messrs. Ingersoll & Lemon were to have commenced operations with their hydraulic apparatus, as the hose and everything else necessary for the work were completed on Saturday last. The importance of the probable yield of Dry Gulch to Helena can hardly be over-estimated, and it is a source of great satisfaction for us to be able to state that work in that gulch has now fairly commenced on a large scale. The flume is now four hundred yards in length, and has one hundred inches of water running through it, which will be further increased to one hundred and seventy-five or two hundred inches. The fall is four inches to the rod, which gives the water all desirable force. The flume will be extended still further 1,000 feet.

The company expect to take out about one thousand dollars per day, and so rich is the ground that it would readily yield an ounce to the man in almost any portion of the gulch by sluicing. In fact, Dry Gulch is as rich as any other ground yet opened in this section, and if water could have been obtained, the gulch would long since have been yielding its precious deposits.

From near the end of the flume almost to the Prickly Pear, the miners are busily engaged in working their claims, with profitable results. Water from the Big Ditch was let into the Divide branch of said ditch, running down Rodney street to Allen's ranch, which it crosses, and empties into Last Chance, about one-half mile below the graveyard.

Parties have now under consideration the project of running a bed rock flume on the Divide between Last Chance and Dry Gulch, down to the junction of the Prickly Pear and Ten Mile Creeks.

All the ground on the Last Chance side of the Divide between said gulch and Dry Gulch, for one-half mile below Broad street, has been taken up by miners in claims of two hundred and a few square, and some of them have already commenced work.

Last week, Capt. Ziegler and party while prospecting in a gulch about seven miles west of Helena, and in the vicinity of the Blue Cloud quartz lode, discovered good diggings. The gulch is about five miles long, and a large portion of the ground has already been staked off. The Captain is satisfied that the diggings will yield about eight or ten dollars per day to the hand.

A ditch from the Prickly Pear to Trinity Gulch has already been surveyed, and work will soon be commenced thereon. This will supply the bar with all the water needed, and, as the present source will soon be exhausted, the successful and speedy consummation of this enterprise is wished for by all interested in mining at Trinity.

We cannot admire any man, or company of men, who, in their operations in a country, have no regard for the welfare or interests of the place, or any citizens thereof, except

## Don't Quarrel.

Don't Quarrel.—If anything in the world will make a man feel badly, except pinching his fingers in the crack of a door, it is unquestionably a quarrel. No man fails to think less of himself after it than before. It degrades him in the eyes of others, and what is worse, blunts his sensibilities on the one hand, and increases the power of passionate irritability on the other. The truth is, the more peaceably and quietly we get on the better for our neighbors. In nine cases out of ten the course is, if a man chafes you, cease to deal with him; if he is abusive quit his company; if he slanders you, take care to live so that no one will believe him. No matter who he is, or how he misuses you, the wisest way is to let him alone; for there is nothing better than this cool, calm and quiet way of dealing with the wrongs we meet with.

PROMPT.—A friend of ours has a doctor, of the "root and herb" order, in whom he has great confidence, although the medicine is rather filthy. The other day his son, having a bad cold, got a written prescription from the physician, which the father brought to us. It ran as follows:

"Pitcher feet in hot water, gotobed and drink a pint of root."

"I can make out the first part well enough," he said. "Put your feet in hot water, go to bed, and drink a pint—that is plain enough. How what is lost?"

We were embarrassed at first, but a happy inspiration struck us. Let us—L. L.—double—o—tee. Eldritch tea. And that turned out to be the explanation.

OREGONIAN BULL.—In 1863 the above named bar, opposite Hoegen, in Boise Basin, paid largely but prospecting light seldom over sets to the pan. We leary from there that "pans out" just as highly now as ever. Three runs of sluices yielded \$7,000 in one week. Another claim took out \$2,000 in one week, and a Portuguese Company made a cleanup after a run of thirteen nights—not working in day time—and the product was one hundred and ten ounces. The same company's previous clean up, after a run of eleven nights, netted one hundred and nine ounces and five dollars.

IMMIGRATION.—Last year Iowa alone absorbed 60,000 of the European immigrants into the United States; about one-fourth of the whole immigration. The cost of travel to each man is calculated at \$55. The Iowa suggests that a cost for travel of \$72 per head would bring the tide of settlers to our better climate and more fertile land.

LEMON.—Frank Kenyon has got his Salmon City News out. Although out of the range of healthy Salmon he is in a good region. And yet his paper is speaking of stampedes to other diggings from there.

A Mr. Sanford, of Vermont, asks \$12,000 for a merino ram in his possession, and \$10,000 for another.

## Others.

Others.—The only thoroughfare in the city of Helena that has been available as a promenade for pedestrians, or as a convenient driveway for carriages and for equestrians, was Rodney street. This street had become the pride and boast of nearly all our citizens, and we think there was a mutual desire to see it preserved and beautified as a pleasant resort. But we were not a little surprised on seeing the merciless hand of the Big Ditch company at work with the plow and an ox team with crooked drivers, tearing a great, wide, meandering, and ugly channel in the center and the whole length of that only recent thoroughfare in the city;—particularly we were, as well as others, incensed at this abominable outrage to the property of citizens, and to the appearance of the city, when we considered the fact that the same ditch might just as well have been constructed through the unused alley but one half a block to the west, running directly parallel with the street, and which alley would afford the same convenience of grade as does the street itself. For one, we enter our unqualified protest against so useless and wasteful a sacrifice of the interests of property owners and citizens generally, as has been occasioned by the reckless, staggering plowing up of Rodney street by a ditch company which has so certainly received the encouragement and assistance of the people and of the Press.—Herald.

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