

# THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 3.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

NO. 32.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**JOHNSON & McCOWN,**  
Notary Public.  
Oregon City, Oregon.  
Will attend to all business entrusted to our care in any of the Courts of the State, Collect money, negotiate loans, sell real estate etc. Particular attention given to contested land cases.

**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.

**GIBBS & PARRISH,**  
Attorneys and Counsellors at Law,  
Portland, Oregon.  
Office—On Alder street, in Carter's brick block.

**Logan, Shattuck & Killin,**  
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No. 109 Front Street, Up Stairs,  
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J. C. MORELAND,  
CAPLES & MORELAND,  
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,  
Opp. FRONT and WASHINGTON STS.,  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

**J. WELCH,**  
DENTIST.  
Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon.  
ROOMS—With Dr. Saffrans, on Main st.

**DR. F. BARCLAY,**  
Surgeon.  
(Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.)  
OFFICE—At Residence, Main street Oregon City, Oregon.

**W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,**  
SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.  
OFFICE—95 Front street—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

**IMPERIAL MILLS.**  
Savner, LaRoque & Co.,  
OREGON CITY.  
Keep constantly on hand for sale, flour, Matines, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing flour must furnish the sacks.

**CLARK GREENMAN,**  
City Drayman.  
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.

**ICE CREAM SALOON.**  
Main street, one door North of the Lincoln Bakery, Oregon City.  
B. F. Newman, Proprietor.  
The proprietor is now prepared to furnish the public with Ice Cream whenever the weather will permit, also Soda, Sarsaparilla, etc. constantly on hand.  
Picnic parties, and excursions supplied, and attended on short notice.

**LOGUS & ALBRIGHT.**

**EXCELSIOR MARKET!**  
Corner of Fourth and Main streets.  
OREGON CITY.  
Keep constantly on hand all kinds of fresh and salt meats, such as BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, CORNED BEEF, HAMS, PICKLED PORK, LARD, and everything else to be found in their line of business.

**JOHN H. SCHRAM,**  
Manufacturer and Dealer in  
SADDLES, HARNESS,  
etc., etc.  
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.

**ANDREW WILSON,** WM. BROUGHTON.  
**WILLIS & BROUGHTON.**  
Being purchased the interest in the  
LIVERY STABLE  
One door west of Excelsior Market, Oregon City, announce that they will at all times keep on hand a large number of good horses and carriages to let, at reasonable rates. Horses bought and sold or kept by the day or week.

**DAVID SMITH,**  
Successor to SMITH & MARSHALL,  
Black-Smith and Wagon Maker,  
Corner of Main and Third streets,  
Oregon City, Oregon.  
Blacksmithing in all its branches; Waggoning and repairing. All work warranted to give satisfaction.

**DELVIDERE SALOON.**  
Main Street, Oregon City.  
BROWN, Proprietor, thankful for past favors, solicits a continuance of the same.  
FREE LUNCH DAILY.  
The very best qualities of Wines, Liquors, etc., on hand.  
Pigs' Feet, Tripe, Herring, Oysters, and delicacies constantly on hand.

**W. P. HIGHFIELD,**  
Established since 1810, at the old stand,  
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.  
An Assortment of Watches, Jewellery, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.  
Repairs done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

## The Grave of the Heart.

There is in every heart a grave,  
A secret, holy spot,  
Filled with the memory of one  
This busy life knows not.

Low down, and deeply dug it lies;  
This cherished grave unseen;  
And years of blighting care thus pass,  
Make not this grave less green.

With jealous love we keep it fresh  
Through many wintry years;  
And when the world believes us gay,  
We water it with tears.

Not for one came alike do each  
Their secret sorrow bear;  
Perchance some mourn a living death—  
Yet still a grave is there.

There is within my heart a shrine,  
All wholly given to him;  
No deeper treasure e'er could make  
Its lights burn low or dim.

Oh! there are things within this life  
Which strangely, deeply thrill;  
In music's softest, sweetest notes,  
We hear a voice long still.

We hear the act a wanton one  
Upon a grave to tread;  
We pass in silent reverence  
The resting of the dead—

Then on the sacred hidden spot  
Let us not press too near,  
Remembering that to every heart  
Its secret grave is dear.

## Growth of our Country.

From the New York Tribune, April 25.

The Ninth Census is to be taken a little more than a year hence, and already speculation is active as to its results. Will our past ratio of increase in population be maintained, in view of our fearful losses by the late civil war? We think it cannot be. In our judgment, this country has now one million fewer inhabitants than it would have had but for that war; and our losses are not yet complete, since the untimely death of so many young and vigorous men is certain to reduce the number of births in the next and even in the subsequent decade. It is said that far fewer children are born than formerly, because of the reluctance of wives to assume the perils and cares of maternity; but we hope to learn that the prevalence of this feeling has been much exaggerated. The talk of New England having fewer children born than those of foreign parentage has just this basis: Half of the young men and a full third of the young women of New England parentage migrate—wander off—"go West"—and their offspring figure in the census returns of Illinois, Iowa, Kansas, etc., while Europeans in youthful vigor replace the "sons of the pilgrims" in their ancestral seats, and bear children to be enumerated at Boston, Providence, Lowell, and our Manchester. We cannot believe that the vigor or the virtue of the old New England stock has departed.

The late Elkanah Watson, writing in 1815 on the progress of population in the United States, said: "In 1810 it was 7,239,903. The increase from 1790, the first census under the Constitution, has been about one-third of each census. Admitting that it will continue to increase in the same ratio, the result will be as follows:

In 1820 ... 9,625,734	—It was 9,625,734
In 1830 ... 12,833,645	—It was 12,833,645
In 1840 ... 17,116,826	—It was 17,116,826
In 1850 ... 22,155,557	—It was 22,155,557
In 1860 ... 31,739,824	—It was 31,739,824
In 1870 ... 42,328,432	—It was 42,328,432
In 1880 ... 56,450,241	—It was 56,450,241
In 1890 ... 73,296,089	—It was 73,296,089
In 1900 ... 100,855,983	—It was 100,855,983

It will be seen that the calculation, though surprisingly near the actual result, runs a little ahead of last year, though Texas had been annexed and New Mexico and California conquered, meantime, as Louisiana had been a few years before Mr. Watson wrote. Deduct all that we have gained by these extensions of territory, and our population in 1860 would have fallen very considerably short of the estimate, though we believe it was then overstated. The census, or at least, a good part of it—was taken by persons whose compensations were based on the numbers returned; hence a strong temptation to exaggerate. We believe the population of this city, for instance, was made 100,000 more than it actually was. We hope to see extraordinary pains taken next year, the lists returned carefully scrutinized and revised, and all persons who shall suppose they have failed to be enumerated or have been enumerated twice, publicly invited to make themselves manifest.

We judge that our population in 1870, fairly enumerated, will fall considerably below Mr. Watson's estimate, though it will somewhat

exceed forty millions. That, unless re-enforced by future annexations, it will in 1900 fall considerably below one hundred millions, cannot reasonably be doubted.

## STATE OF WASHINGTON.

At the last session of the Legislature a law was adopted submitting to people of the Territory the question of calling a Constitutional Convention, preliminary to asking for admission into the Union. At the time of the passage of the bill it was thought that Northern Idaho would be annexed, and what with the gain of population from that quarter and the increase from immigration, it was believed that we would have the population and wealth that would authorize us to ask admission into the Union. Our expectations in that regard have not been realized, and hence it is doubtful whether, at this time, the people of the Territory are prepared to favor the State movement. One or two papers published on the Sound have referred to the measure in terms of approval, but even these fail to indicate that there is a current of sentiment running that way. The misfortune with the great majority of the newspapers in the Territory is: that they are mere personal organs, and only pipe the will of their masters and not the popular will. In this condition of affairs, the piping of certain papers in favor of a Constitutional Convention, simply indicate that ambitious individuals see a chance for an election to the U. S. Senate. With them, all considerations that relate to the public good are lost sight of, and the one sole idea is that of obtaining power and place. As a necessary result, those "personal organs" are without influence, and their favoring a measure is calculated to dampen it, rather than improve its prospects. It is in this condition we find the movement for a State government, and it is owing to the character of its advocates that we fear it will find little favor with the people. That it is desirable that we should get out of Territorial pupillage, is a proposition that commands universal assent, and should our people vote in favor of calling a Convention, it is quite certain that a year or two must elapse before our admission. In the meantime, all the indications point to a large increase in our population and a material augmentation of our taxable resources. The Puget Sound Railroad and the Walla Walla Railroad improvements that are sure to be consummated within the coming two years, will add vastly to our wealth, and in their turn will follow a tide of immigration that will warrant us in aspiring to the dignity of Statehood. Taking this hopeful view of the near future, and disregarding the wishes of aspiring demagogues, we think there is enough in this State movement to entitle it to the favorable consideration of voters without resort to cliches, factions or parties.—Statesman.

## POPULAR DIVERSIONS.

Every St. Patrick's day the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland (with his wife, if he has such an interesting possession), and a grand suite of various officers, goes in state to the Castle of Dublin, and shows himself, at a window or on a balcony, while the guard is being "mounted," in the Castle yard. This year, Earl Spencer, an English nobleman playing the role of Irish Viceroy, complied with the old custom, and with his wife, appeared on the balcony. The lady wore a green tulle dress, and her Viceroy had the left breast of his coat ostentatiously covered with a collection of shamrocks, about the size of a soup-plate—such, also, being the regulation mode of trying to "blarney" the Irish, by their English rulers. Being a woman, rather young and certainly good-looking, the populace who had crowded into the Castle yard, cheered the Vice-queen. After that, they went in, as usual, to amuse themselves—as has been done, in that place, and on that occasion, from time immemorial. Mr. Fowler, who is a banker in London, and also Tory member for the Cornish borough of Penryn, thought it worth while to bring this matter before Parliament, and ask the Irish Secretary whether it was true, as reported in the Times and other newspapers, that at guard-mounting in the Castle yard, in Dublin, on St. Patrick's day, the populace indulged in revelry of a dangerous form, and afterwards expressed their hatred of England by groaning and hissing

the National Anthem in the presence of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland? The official reply was that, in the Castle yard, a few "roughs" got up a dance for a short time (which was the dangerous revelry complained of); that nothing but good humor prevailed; that after the bands left the yard the crowd broke up and went peacefully to their homes; and that there was a certain amount of hissing and groaning when the National Anthem was played, at the close of the proceedings, but not greater than in former years on the same occasion, nor than may be heard, more or less, at the theatres. The Irish Secretary added: "I am sorry to say that it has been a very bad and offensive habit on the part of the lowest of the population of Dublin, on some of these occasions, to express disapprobation of the National Anthem—not, I believe out of any personal disrespect to her Majesty, but thinking that it is an emblem of British connexion, I suppose." So ended the explanation. There is a general belief, arising out of the statement of a popular song, that there is a death-penalty, or a least several years' penal servitude for the terrible offence of "Wearing of the Green" in Ireland. If so, Prince Alfred Patrick Victoria's third son, who arrived in Dublin, on the 5th of this month, on a visit of some weeks, has placed himself in peril, for he wore a green necktie when he disembarked. Moore lamented the condition of affairs in Ireland, where 'tis treason to love her and death to defend.

but the Cockney-Cornish member of Parliament evidently would set down a street dance as treasonable, and send to the block or galows the person who should hiss or groan when "God Save the Queen" was played by a band of uniformed hirelings, who are kept in discipline and loyalty mainly by fear of the cat-o-nine-tails. That Irishmen, of a sanguine temperament, casting aside for a few minutes their causes for dissatisfaction with the British misrule, and excited by lively music and the smiles of the Vice-queen, arrayed in verdant tulle, should have exhibited how they can "cover the buckle," ought not to be imputed as a crime. It is absurd to characterize an impromptu dance as "revelry of a dangerous form." Men are seldom dangerous when they strike into harmless mirth, and Irishmen are surely not to be denominated because they prefer their own "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning" with its beautiful alternation of mirth and sorrow, to the solemn dignity of "God Save the Queen," the authorship of which air is doubtful, some authorities declaring that one Dr. John Bull composed it, while others believe that it is merely an adaptation from an old French melody. The Irish have no enmity to Queen Victoria, even though her dislike to their country is well known, but they are angered because so little has been done by the British government and Parliament to better their condition. Even now the landlord and tenant question has been shelved by Mr. Gladstone until next year, while the less pressing grievance of the Irish Church has been taken up.—Forney's Press.

## FAST MEN OF NEW YORK.

New York Correspondence N. H. Statesman.

New York is a place where a vast amount of hard work is done, and yet it contains a large number of loungers, the richer class of whom are termed "men about town." This name signifies those who are rich enough to do nothing but mischief. They keep fast horses and fast women; and it is this class who support the jockey clubs and other worthless institutions. One cannot be much of a "man about town" on less than \$10,000 a year, and some of this class spend five times that amount. Some of these are single, and some are married; but the tie matrimonial is not of much account with them, and a wife is never allowed to stand in the way of other attractions. Indeed, "the better half" is not much troubled with her husband's society. The man about town owns a box at the opera for himself, and perhaps two or three for female friends of a special character. He has a splendid turn out, though his team, fleet as it may be, is not as fast as himself. He may own a yacht, and have stock in a race course, without interfering with his general character for idleness; and, indeed, he may have an interest in some

business whose burden is borne by others, while he shares the profits. Among this class some are disposed to include Belmont, the banker, who lives in the Fifth avenue, and is a fancy man in many different ways. His connection with the Rothschilds gives him an income of \$100,000, which will enable him to cut quite a dash. Leonard Jerome, the rich stock speculator, is also claimed to be one of the number; but whether he is or not, he knows how to make the money fly. He is probably spending larger sums than any man of his years in the city. The wild extravagance manifested by some of these men about town exceeds all belief, and the sums which they annually expend would be a fortune to a man of moderate desires. However, they generally arrive soon at the end of their purse, and then sink rapidly to the lowest stage of dissipation, and disappear in the general current of misery.

In one of our inland towns has dwelt a man whose name is identical with that of the famous inventor of India rubber goods. He had arrived at advanced years and had accumulated a fortune. His two sons went to New York and commenced business as stock brokers and at the same time entered the ranks of our "men about town." One of them soon abandoned himself to splendid dissipation; and it is said that in three years he spent \$200,000. It is said that his attendance on the "Black Crook," and the infamous concomitants of that most debauching exhibition, cost him \$30,000. The result is the ruin of the concern and all of its best friends. One young relative who had a snug fortune has been forced to sell a beautiful mansion to meet his endorsement of their paper, while the father and mother have abandoned their home, and with their ruined sons have gone South either in the hope of retrieving their fortunes or hiding their miseries from the eyes of those who knew them in their prosperity. A more deplorable shipwreck than this is seldom met.

Another instance of the mad prodigality of a man about town is found in an off-shoot of the great Costar family. We used to see this fellow dashing through Broadway with his splendid team and scattering money in all the avenues of dissipation. But the time came when the writer (then a clerk) had to dun him for a bill of fifty cents. He ran through with \$500,000, and from a splendid suite of rooms in a Broadway hotel he went the street and soon disappeared. The average life of a man about town is about five years, though some who have strong constitutions may resist the ravages of dissipation twice that length of time.

## A DECAYED NOTORIETY.

Washington Correspondence Cincinnati Times.

Hanging about the front of the Metropolitan every day, and sometimes peering in the doorway, for notice has been served upon him to keep out of the hotel, is a gray-haired, broken-down old man, hobbling painfully along with a cane, for he has the gout, besides several kinds of rheumatism, who has been as well known in Washington for thirty years past as the most distinguished statesman in the land. This is the famous "Beau Hickman," or what there is of him. His eccentricities have furnished columns of paragraphs for newspapers all over the country, though to see him now he would naturally wonder how he ever came to get a national notoriety. He couldn't have done it anywhere but in Washington.

Take him anywhere else in the world and he would simply be considered a common nuisance, and treated accordingly. He belongs to some rare old Virginia family (tradition says) and gained the title "Beau" some thirty years ago, when he had money, by the style he used to affect at the Virginia Springs and other places of public resort. He boasts of having been on terms of easy familiarity with Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and the rest who figured at the capital when the Beau was in his prime, and no doubt they did tolerate and patronize him. If he had any wit in those days, or was in the least manner entertaining, there is not the slightest indication of it remaining. He wears a seedy, half military cloak over his shoulders all the time; his hat is of a defunct style, but neatly brushed always, and an eye-glass dangles in front of him from a ribbon. There are several little points about him that show the

dilapidated dandy. His custom for years was to collect a dollar apiece from all Congressmen, and those who had secured Government positions in Washington, on their first arrival at the capital. He only asks for a quarter now, and is ready to take anything that is offered, even a three-cent piece. He mourns over a degenerated Republic, and says there are no men of brains at Washington any more. He leans against a pillar of the hotel, and smiles scornfully at our great American statesmen as they pass—Eggleston, Strader, and the rest—and mutters words of gloom and bitterness. Poor old Beau Hickman! He ought to be pensioned and laid away, for he is about the only link that connects Washington present, with Washington past.

## ARCHEOLOGICAL IMPOSTURES.

The following letter, which is found in the London *Athenaeum*, from the well-known American archaeologist, Mr. E. G. Squier, puts it to be hoped, a lasting quietus on the class of stories to which it refers. Mr. Squier says:

There is a poor kind of trifling common to a part of the American press, consisting of a kind of cross between sensationalism and satire, best expressed by the word "hoaxing." Lately it has taken the direction of monstrously absurd stories about archaeological discoveries, chiefly in our Western States, having a latent intent to ridicule a crack-brained *soi-disant* archaeologist who is now preambulating those regions—a very type of *gobe-mouches*. Of this character is the article "Extraordinary Discovery," referred to in the *Athenaeum* of February 13th, and which made its first appearance in the *Missouri Republican*, giving an account of an alleged ancient tunnel under the Mississippi river, opposite St. Louis. Substantially the same story had been previously published, with the difference that, instead of a tunnel, vast vaults, wonderful in monuments of "Asyrian type," had been discovered hewn in the stony depths of Rock Island. I have before me a long letter from a Vienna *savant* earnestly inquiring into the particulars of the discovery of "immense subterranean" in the cliffs of the Palisades, on the Hudson river, just above this city, and expressing surprise that American archaeologists have not given the world a better account of them than had appeared in the papers.

For three years, not long past, every man in the United States, in any way known in Europe as a student of archaeology, was pestered with inquiries about certain bold impostures, called: "The Holy Stones;" alleged to have been found near Newark, Ohio, in an ancient mound; and which were covered with Hebrew inscriptions, including an epitome of the Decalogue. This hoax, however, got some credit abroad from the kind of endorsement it received from the late secretary of the American Ethnological Society—a very worthy gentleman, but the incarnation of credulity. In this respect the country never produced his counterpart, except, perhaps, in the late Henry R. Schoolcraft, the compiler of that monstrous moon-calf of pseudo-science, "Historical Notes on the History and Condition of the Indian Tribes" published by authority of Congress, who seems really to have believed in what was known as "The Grave Creek Stone," bearing an inscription in "characters resembling the Runic." Jo. Smith's golden plates from a mound in Western New York, on which was inscribed the Book of Mormon, it is only fair to say, were discovered before the Grave Creek inscription or the Holy Stones, and, "when found" a *second time*, should be preserved in the same museum with them.

I could enumerate numbers of these hoaxes, relating to Mexico and Central America, including those of the "Chevalier Pontelli" in Guatemala, of which the illustrations astonished the readers of the picture papers of France, England and Germany; and also, those relating to the extraordinary MSS. found at Oaxacingo (Hoax by-jingo), in South Mexico; but the game is not worth the candle.

AN OLD REPROBATE.—Isaac Lusting, a man 60 years of age, was convicted of perjury in San Francisco, May 21st, and recommended to the mercy of the Court. He is worth \$60,000, and perjured himself to escape payment of a debt of \$28.

—The editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune* rides the velocipede at the rate of a mile in six minutes. He says: "The labor is equal to sawing wood for that length of time at a 'right smart gait,' but then there is a good deal more fun in it, than in sawing wood."

—Ask your neighbor to subscribe for the ENTERPRISE.

## AN EXAMPLE IN STATE FINANCES.

Nebraska has wisely avoided the errors of most new States in running into debt. Two years ago, a new capital was "located" 50 miles west of the Missouri river, in one of the richest agricultural districts of the State. The town is called Lincoln. There are salt springs and inexhaustible quarries of blue and white limestone in that vicinity. The State simply used the proceeds of her public lands to found a capital, erect all the necessary buildings, including a State House, Lunatic Asylum, University, Agricultural College and Penitentiary. It has recently ordered a sale of 1,800 lots in the city of Lincoln, which already contains 1,500 inhabitants; and at the same time, 40,000 acres of rich land will be sold near the town.

It is now estimated, that after all the lands have been sold, which are necessary to raise funds for the completion or the buildings enumerated—and the capitol building is already far advanced—the lands reserved by the State will then be worth more than the whole area was valued before any movement for a capital was made. Not a dollar of taxation will be required to accomplish this great work; and after it is completed, the State will have such large resources that taxation thereafter will be only a nominal matter.

There was a time when such opportunities were within reach in this State. It is too late to recover what has been lost. But it is not too late to say that this time forth taxation in this State shall be steadily diminished.—Bulletin.

THE ISTHMIAN OF SUEZ MARITIME CANAL.—This great work rapidly approaches completion. On the 1st of next October the Mediterranean and the red sea will mingle their waves together. On the 10th of March the waters of the first-named sea were brought into the Bitter lakes. The day was one of Festival in Egypt. The Viceroy was present when the sluice gates were opened and the entire population, occasion: On the anniversary of his advent to the throne, the Viceroy gave a grand ball at his new palace at Gezireh, on the banks of the Nile. More than 3,000 people were invited, and, until six o'clock in the morning, were sumptuously entertained amid the splendors of the Viceroyal Summer Palace. The Chalouf, where the work is being prosecuted at present, is situated near the southeastern extremity of the Bitter lakes, and within twelve miles of Suez. The ground at this point is very hard and stony, with a stratum of conglomerate rock, so that it is necessary to make the excavation by manual labor alone without introducing water and dredges, as in the Serapeum cutting. Thousands of men are here employed under the direction of French officers, and they are paid according to the cubic feet of earth they dig out.

TRAIN ON THE CHINESE.—Geo. Francis Train, in his reply to the committee inviting him to a public dinner, said:

Can't you see that England is using the same intrigue to put the Irish against the Chinese that Exeter Hall used to place them against the negro. They were playing you. You must stand by the Chinese, and use them to do the hard labor on your public works, and elevate yourselves above them. All who are in favor of this, say "Aye." (An unanimous "Aye" was roared out.) This settles the *Morning Call*. (Loud applause and cheers.) Why not organize at once to take down the British flag in California and wheel the State into the Union on the greenback platform? Must thirty-seven States come to one? Specie payments and free trade are both links of the same English sausage, made out of the same English dog! Will you continue to sell England whole skins for a sixpence and buy back the tails for a shilling? or will you make California a great wool growing State? Will not bankers, who first repudiate greenbacks, and to-day repudiate silver, by-and-by repudiate the American Republic?

—The editor of the Minneapolis *Tribune* rides the velocipede at the rate of a mile in six minutes. He says: "The labor is equal to sawing wood for that length of time at a 'right smart gait,' but then there is a good deal more fun in it, than in sawing wood."

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