# THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 3. OREGON CITY, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1869. NO. 43



**THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.**

*A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,*

FOR THE

**Business Man, the Farmer**

*And the FAMILY CIRCLE.*

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY

AT THE

*OFFICE*—Corner of FIFTH and Main streets Oregon City, Oregon.

—o—

*TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:*

Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 00

*TERMS of ADVERTISING:*

| | |
|---|---|
| Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, ₰ sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.$ | 2 50 |
| For each subsequent insertion..... | 1 00 |
| One Column, one year..... | $120 00 |
| Half " " ..... | 60 |
| Quarter " " ..... | 40 |
| Business Card, 1 square one year..... | 12 |

☞ *Remittances to be made at the risk of Subscribers, and at the expense of Agents.*

*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.*

*JOHN MYERS, Financial Agent.*



*BUSINESS CARDS.*

W. C. JOHNSON. F. O. McCOWN. Notary Public.

**JOHNSON & McCOWN,**

**LAWYERS.**

*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.

A. C. GIBBS. C. W. PARRISH, *Notary Public and Com. of Deeds.*

**GIBBS & PARRISH,**

*Attorneys and Counselors at Law,*

PORTLAND, OREGON.

*OFFICE*—On Alder street, in Carter's brick block.

J. H. MITCHELL. J. N. DOLPH. A. SMITH

**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.

**Logan, Shattuck & Killin,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

No. 109 Front Street, Up Stairs,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

**PAGE & THAYER,**

ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

OFFICE—In Cree's Building, corner of Front and Stark streets, Portland. 32:tf

J. F. CAPLES. J. C. MORELAND.

CAPLES & MORELAND,

**ATTORNEYS AT LAW,**

*Cor. FRONT and WASHINGTON Sts.,*

PORTLAND, OREGON.

**W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,**

SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

*OFFICE*—95 Front street—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

**J. WELCH,**

**DENTIST.**

*Permanently Located at Oregon City, Oregon*

*ROOMS*—With Dr. Saffarrans, on Main st.

A. H. BELL. E. A. PARKER.

**BELL & PARKER.**

**DRUGGISTS,**

AND DEALERS IN

*Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Paints, Perfumery, Oils, Varnishes,*

And every article kept in a Drug Store. Main Street, Oregon City.

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,
PICKELED 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.

**112** FRONT STREET, Near Morrison Street.

**131** FIRST STREET, Near Yamhill.

**KAST & CAHALIN.**

**New Stock of Boots and Shoes**

JUST RECEIVED!

*Best Selection in the City!*

Comprising all the leading and best brands known, such as Benkert's, Tirrell's, Fogg's, Houghton & Coolidge's, Reed's, Godfrey's and numerous others, of gents' and boys' wear. Also—Mile's, Sieberlich's, Burt's, San Francisco and custom-made ladies and children's wear.

Our customers and the public in general are invited to call and examine our stock, which we will sell cheaper than ever.

P. S.—Boots made to order, and an assortment of our make constantly on hand.


## IN THE COUNTRY.

BY JULIA A. SHEARMAN.

O'er the smoky track of the railroad,
Stretching in from afar,
Borne by the snorting iron horse,
In the dusty, crowded car.

From the city's noise and glare I come
Once more to a realm of peace,
Where the din is all hushed in silence
And the turmoil seems to cease.

Yesterday—hosts of pale, careworn men,
Threading the crowded street,
With eyes that scarce see the blue of heaven,
For watching the weary feet.

To-day,—the sweet, happy, careless birds,
Warbling from tree to tree,
Drinking in life with each balmy hour
And breathing out melody.

Yesterday—sad-looking, patient beasts,
Dragging their straining loads,
Forced by the whip and the cruel rein
Over hot and dusty roads.

To-day—herds of well fed cattle
Grazing beneath the trees,
Or chasing each other in frolic
While snuffing the sweet, fresh breeze.

Yesterday—rows of gaudy windows
Flaunting their showy wares,
And groups of unnatural women
Parading their silly airs.

To-day—sweet Nature's own drapery
Hanging in exquisite grace,
Green grasses for carpets, and flowers
For delicate woven lace.

And across the road at the window
A fair young face I can see,
'Tis Sally, the farmer's fair daughter,
Watching, yes, watching for me.

With her sleeves rolled above her elbows
And hands that can work with a will,
I'll match her with any town damsel
Decked out on Broadway to kill.

Breathing freely amid this beauty
I'll forget the city's ways,
Sheltered here alike from its labor,
From its censure and its praise.

## FISHING IN AMERICAN WATERS.

The disciples of Izaak Walton, owe Mr. Genio C. Scott a debt of obligation for the ample volume just issued from the press of Harper & Brothers, New York, entitled *Fishing in American Waters.* He has endeavored, and we think successfully, to portray the recreation of the angler in America with his implements and his game, adding a tribute to the temperate and industrious class of men who follow for a livelihood the hazardous business of fishing on the broad seas. He considers the general characterization of fishes; general habits and senses of fishes; taste, smell and hearing in fishes; fecundity of fishes; variety of fishes; times of feeding and haunts of fishes; coast and estuary fishes; angling and trolling for bass; Southern sea trout; angling for sheepshead; fresh water fishing with fly and bait; coast fisheries and fiheries of the United States; ancient and modern fish culture; fish propagation assisted by art; Icthyology, etc. The author is an enthusiast in the "gentle art." He writes warmly, sometimes extravagantly, almost gushingly on the subject of the finny tribes; but he is so sincere in his enthusiasm, so truthful and withal so intelligent, that we have no disposition to be over critical with regard to those blemishes of style and crudities of thought that occasionally force themselves upon our notice. We give some extracts below:

FECUNDITY OF FISHES.

First, Mammalia, including whales, porpoises and all fishes which bring forth alive and suckle their young, whether herbivorous, or carniverous seldom have more than one or two young at a birth, which sailors term calves.

Second, The families of which the salmon and trout are the heads are called by naturalists the *genus Salmo.* These fishes have the palpable mark of an adipose second dorsal fin; their meat is of a tint between mallow and pink, and they are regarded by anglers and epicures as the highest game and most luxurious fishes of the oviparous class, or those fishes which replenish their species by laying eggs, which are vivified by the milt of the male, and then, after a time, the eggs hatch in the water. This process is common to all egg-laying fishes; but, while eggs of the *salmo genus* require from three to four months to hatch, those of the *clupea genus* hatch in as many days. Seth Green hatched shad artificially on the Connecticut river within 40 hours from the time the ova and milt fell into the hateing-boxes in the stream—being the main current of the river—and not in boxes so placed as that a stream should run through or over them, but anchored so as to float in the current of the river, submerging a sufficient portion of them for keeping the eggs covered with water to a sufficient depth. A salmon is supposed to lay a thousand eggs for every pound the mother fish weighs, consequently they average from ten to thirty thousand for each pair.

Third. Included in this class are all the oviparous tribes but those of the *genus salmo.* The number of eggs in the roe of some of these fishes is so great as to appear almost incredible. While the caro and the sturgeon produce from half a million to a million and a half, the celebrated Dutch naturalist Leuwenhoec reckoned that the codfish contains over nine million of eggs. This estimate was based upon weighing accurately a small part of the roe and counting the eggs then weighing the remainder, and estimating the whole from the part counted. Without doubt the fecundity of all the food-fishes of the sea is beyond human estimate; so that, if all the spawn should be fructified by the male fishes, the vast body of fishes would, within a few years, become too great for the waters to contain.

VORACITY OF FISHES.

The innumerable shoals of young fishes constitute the chief part of the food for larger ones, and even those full grown often meet in fierce combat, when the one which has the widest throat comes off victorious by swallowing his opponent. Fish being cold-blooded animals are not susceptible to an acute sense of pain; thus it does not hurt an eel much to be skinned, and a shark has been observed to seek prey for some time after he was split open and entirely eviscerated. The prettiest and most playful of fishes, almost domesticated in private ponds, do not fail occasionally to devour such members of their own family as venture near enough. Sir William Jardine states that "the lake trout are very rapacious, and, after attaining the weight of three or four pounds, feed almost exclusively on small fish, not sparing even their own young."

This being true of the finny tribes generally, how malapropos is the sympathy extended for them by good souls who do not understand the savage character of the objects of their solicitude.

Instances are common of fishes following a hooked one, and while it is being played by the angler, biting pieces out of it, and sometimes swallowing it, so that both are landed. It may be readily inferred from this that small fish form attractive bait. Fish evince no mercy for any living thing which inhabits the waters, and most of the angler's fishes feed readily on their own broods. As fish are generally attracted by the sight or smell of blood, red feathers, burnt wool, and scarlet braid, etc., are found to fasciate them attached to trolls; especially is this proven to be the case in trolling for bluefish, black bass and maskinonge.

I therefore conclude that, as the principal food of all fishes consists of animals and animalculas, with water-insects and the spawn deposited in the waters, these last seeming to form the dainties most eagerly sought by them, so the unlimited veracity of fishes, which has no counterpart in any other branch of animal creation, may be one of the means wisely ordered to check an excessive multiplication; and that their extraordinary fecundity is probably a provision of nature for supplying an adequate amount of food, upon the same principle that land insects are so greatly multiplied probably for supplying foods to birds.

STRENGTH AND PROPULSIVE POWER.

The true indication of a fish's strength is found in the shape of its head and shoulders back to the first dorsal fin, while its speed, or propulsive power, is shown by its shape from the front of the second dorsal and anal fins to the end of the tail, and the shape of this caudal continuation. Of the forked-tail, it has already been remarked that the swordfish and salmon are supposed to be the most rapid swimmers, while of the square-tails the brook trout and squerteague are supposed to propel with the greatest velocity. Among fishes which unite the greatest velocity with the degree of strength must be reckoned the Whale; for, struck with a harpoon or spear with a line attached, the leviathan of the waters darts down into the deep with such velocity that if the line were to entangle it would either be broken or the boat would be capsized. Upon the act of striking a whale, therefore, one man is stationed to give his whole attention to the line running off clear, while another is employed to pour water continually on the wood over which the line runs, to prevent ignition by friction. The angler knows that the sheepshead has this power of diving with the velocity of lightning; so have all fishes which are swift and wide compared to their length. In diving or darting upward, the swim-bladder is a great assistance, as it is found to be compressed while the fish is at the bottom, and expanded when the fish is on the surface of the water. Probably the salmon and the bluefish unite the greatest amount of muscular strength to the greatest power of propulsion. Other fishes of our coast, such as the Spanish mackerel, bonetta, cerus and the horse mackerel, add to the muscularity of the salmon and bluefish the propulsive power of the swordfish and the dolphin. The pectorals, ventrals and anal fino assist the fish in maintaing its balance or level position of body. In expermenting upon the use of fins, Professor Borelu, of Naples, ascertained that after clipping off the pectoral, ventral and anal fins of fishes, all their motions became unsteady, and they reeled from right to left, and up and down, in such irregular manner as to prove that they were left at the mercy of their voracious neighbors of the deep.

## Heroisms of Humble Life--An Affecting Story.

From the New York Sun.

Perhaps the finest of these modern instances occurred two weeks ago on board an English steamer. A little ragged boy, aged nine years, was discovered on the fourth day of the outward voyage from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to the object of his being stowed away, and who brought him on board, the boy who had a beautiful, sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who was well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow aways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and requestioned, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board and his father alone had secreted him and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to exculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar and dragging him to the foremast, told him that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him on the yard arm. He then made him sit down under it, on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-day watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the finest sight, said our informant, that he ever beheld, to see the pale proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy—his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life; but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head and turned pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, this brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif, whom society owned not, and whose own step-father could not care for him—there he knelt with clasped hands, eyes upraised to heaven, while he repeated audibly the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the Lord-Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that a scene as of Pentacost then occurred there. Sobs broke from strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him, and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he now believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his life for the truth of his own word.

## A STRANGE CHARACTER

The San Francisco *Herald* gives the following history of a species of vagabond that seems peculiar to that city:

Early in the morning, rainy or pleasant, Sundays not excepted, we behold a strange-looking, oil-cloth clad old man, pattering along like a badger, near the outer edge of the sidewalk, with his eyes fixed intently upon the gutter. His gait is quick and business-like, and his air the very essence of diligence and independence. On his head is an oil-cloth hat of many summers, and over his back and shoulders is thrown a seedy and well-patched oil-cloth coat. With this water-proof habit, which he never changes, he may be seen venturing forth in a tempest. Who is that strange creature? The bystanders will tell you that he is the San Francisco "Gutter-snipe;" who, besides the garbage-gathering Celestials and the uncouth Digger Indian, is the only one the city can boast of. What he has been is shrouded in remote mystery. It is thought by some that he is a cunning, miserly old monomaniac, who hoards away his gold. Others suppose that he was once a millionaire and that he lost everything in wild speculations at Frazier river, while still others assert that he was reduced to poverty through the treachery of a friend, and that he now abstains from man's society and his monopolies in fulfilment of a vow. What is the real truth concerning his past history and the causes which led him into his present strange course of life, will probably forever remain unknown. Attempt to follow him, and after going the rounds of many blocks and curious crooked alleys, you will bring up at the place of starting, but little wiser for your curiosity. Apparently void of reason, this strange creature exhibits an instinctive trait, strong in some of the lower animals, by universally returning to the starting point.

In his transit along the gutters he seeks only for his food, which consists of such waste culinary preparations as he can collect from the general rubbish. If he sees a piece of an apple or a rusty cracker floating seaward, he pounces upon the prize as a halcyon would give for herring.

He holds no converse with his fellow-man, and the nearest approach to sociability apparent in him is a certain predilection which he has for watching the movements and flight of house-flies. He takes his chances in his daily food-fishing journey, and has no regular thing to depend on. If he is successful in finding a morsel, all is well; if not, it seemingly makes no difference, for his imperturbable equanimity is never disturbed. He will not eat a regular meal or touch food that is offered him; and nothing but food will he take from out the gutters.

This strange and unique creature has shuffled along our pavements day after day for nine years, his real name unknown. If a question is asked him he gives the speaker a hasty half vacant, half inquisitive look, but pauses not an instant. Place yourself immediately in his path a dozen times, and like a persistent bug he will turn out and continue his peregrinations. Not even is his place of abode known. Those who have attempted to trace him to his lodgings generally lose sight of him in the sand hills near the mission. When he made his first appearance he was more civilized, and inhabited a brush hut in what was then a wild spot on Taylor, between California and Sacramento streets. Now he is thought to burrow in the sand, or to sleep in the cemeteries that border the western portion of the city.

—The New England *Homestead* says: "The man who has ten acres in cranberries, well ditched and watered and in good order, has a fortune which would require a very round sum to represent as his capital, for his annual income, under ordinary circumstances would require the capital of a small bank in order to yield such an amount of interest. There are still such lands to be had. The expense of preparing them will be more than met by the first full crop, and after that the yield is usually more than one hundred per cent on the investment.

A DISGUSTED BOY.—"Mamma!" said a precious little boy, who, against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother: "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

## The Wild Horse of the Plains.

From the Willamette Farmer.

Our readers will no doubt peruse with interest the following sketch of the horse in his primitive state, from a correspondent who has traveled through the uninhabited parts of Texas and the adjacent territories:

"The day before we came in view of the Rocky Mountains, I saw, in the greatest perfection, that impressive and, to me, almost sublime spectacle, an immense drove of wild horses, for a long time hovering round our path across the prairie. I had often seen great numbers of them before, mixed with other animals, apparently quiet and grazing like the rest. Here there were thousands, unmixed unemployed; their motions, if such a comparison might be allowed, as darting and as wild as those of humming-birds on the flowers. The tremendous snort with which the front columns of the phalanx made known their approach to us seemed to be their wild and energetic way of expressing their pity and disdain for the servile lot of our horses, of which they appeared to be taking a survey. They were of all colors, mixed, spotted, and diversified with every hue, from the brightest white to clear and shining black; of every form and structure, from the long and slender race to those of firmer limbs and heavier mould; and of all ages, from the curveting colt to the range of the patriarchal steeds, drawn up in a line, and holding up their high heads for a survey of us in the rear. Sometimes they curved their necks, and made no more progress than just enough to keep pace with our advance. Then there was a kind of slow and walking minuet, in which they performed various evolutions with the precisions of the figures of a country-dance. Then a rapid movement shifted the front to the rear. But still, in all their evolutions and movements like the flight of sea fowls, their lines were regular and free from all indications of confusion. At times a spontaneous and sudden movement towards us almost inspired the apprehension of a united attack upon us. After a moment's advance, a short and retrograde movement seemed to tesify their proud estimate of their wild independence. The infinite variety of their rapid movements, their tamperings, manuevers were of such a wild and almost terrific character, that it required but a moderate stretch of fancy to suppose them the genii of these grassy plains. At one period, they were formed, for an immense depth, in front of us. A wheel executed almost with the rapidity of thought presented them hovering on our flanks. Then again, the cloud of dust that enveloped their movements cleared away, and presented them in our rear. They evidently operated as a great annoyance to the horses and mules of our cavalcade. The frightened movements, the increased indications of fatigue, sufficiently evinced, with their frequent neighings, what unpleasent neighbors they considered their wild compatriots to be. So much did our horses appear to suffer from fatigue and terror, in consequence of their vivacity, that we were thinking of some way in which to drive them off, when, of a sudden, a patient and laborious donkey of the establishment, that appeared to have regarded all their movements with philosophic indifference, pricked up his long ears, and gave a loud and most sonorous bray from his vocal shell. Instantly this prodigous multitude, and there were thousands of them, took what the Spaniards called the "stampado." With a trampling like the noise of thunder, or still more like that of an earthquake, a noise that was absolutely appalling, they took to their heels, and were all in a few moments invisible, in the verdant depths of the plains, and we saw them no more."

—A good story comes from Rome. In preparation for the œcumenical Council the Pope ordered from his architect certain embelishments, the plan of which was brought for his inspection by that gentleman's little boy. Charmed by the plan, the Pope opened a drawer full of gold, and said to the child: "Take a handful of coin as a reward for the beauty of your father's work." "Holy Father," replied the child, "take it out for me; your hand is bigger than mine." Pius IX could not help smiling, and obeyed the child.

—Why is a colt like an egg? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.

## The Unseen Rivers of the West

From the S. F. Times.

Since the first exploration of Fremont and his coadjutors among the peaks and canyons of the Rocky Mountain system, the books of travelers in that region teem with accounts of paradoxes that set the ordinary courses of nature at defiance. Of these there are almost numberless different classes, but two or three will serve for illustration. Large rivers, they tell us, after flowing hundreds of miles, and receiving the waters of a large tributary system, suddenly disappear, vanish from sight, and give no clue to their exit. In some cases the mouth of a stream seems to be at or near its middle, the currents flowing both ways till they meet and disappear. Salt Lake, with all the waters it receives, never rises a single inch nor loses a drop of water through any visible outlet.

Again, the traveler, standing upon some of the immense masses of rock among the hills, feels a tremendous quivering motion, as though some Titanic Railway train thundered along beneath the surface. Through fissures in the cliffs strange currents of air roar and whisper, and from far within there comes the faint murmur as of a mighty organ. From Fremont to Dixon, travelers have been content to repeat the phrases of their Indian guides and call these phenomena simply "blowing caves," "trembling rocks," and "lost rivers." If any have dared to theorize, they have feared to write what they have dreamed.

There is at last, however, a book in the press which boldly faces the mystery. The writer is Mr. George Catlin, who for many years dwelt among the Indians of the West, and whose portraits of noted Red Men form the principal record by which that race will be remembered.

Mr. Catlin boldly announces his theory that under the entire Mountain chain, from Alaska to the Caribbean Sea, there flows a vast subterranean river, whose tributaries burrow beneath all the principal and divergent ranges, and derive their waters from the constant melting of the ice and snow of the mountain slopes, and from the flow of the "lost rivers" of the plains. The "trembling rocks" are the roof of some subterranean cataract, whose spray rising through the fissures gives us the "steaming caves" of the Rocky Mountain story.

Among the mountains of Oregon the traveler finds a lake whose shores are a sheer wall of granite 2,000 feet in depth. No human foot ever scaled its perpendicular face, no human hand ever touched its silent waters. Like a huge well it sinks away into the earth like the guarded door of a realm which human discovery can never penetrate. May not this be a window looking down upon the submontagne Amazon which the Indian painter has attempted to describe, a single peep-hole down to the silent river which flows thence under a thousand miles of mountain rock, to mingle at last with the waters of the tropic gulf?

Two well known facts seem to point strongly toward the truth of Mr. Catlin's theory. A glance at any map will show that the river system of the Rocky Mountain country is entirely inadequate to carry off the water which the snow and rain of that district would create. Secondly, the level of the Carribbean sea, at the point where Mr. Catlin's theoretical river would naturally pour out its submarine efflux, is noticeable higher than the open sea outside.

Whatever other facts may sustain or dispute this new hypothesis, it is certain to open the way to a much more minute and intelligent investigation of the subject than it has ever before received. The study of the submontagne river system and the Aztec monuments of Mexico and California, should make that corner of the Republic the chosen haunt of science and discovery for a century to come.

—The poisonous effects of colored socks have attracked attention in Paris, and Dr. Tardieu has given the question scientific investigation. He found that the violet color is produced by aniline, and the red by coraline. The latter is one of the most violent of irritating poisons. By means of hypadermic injections he introduced under the skin of dogs, rabbits and frogs very minute portions of coraline. The results were that the animals died in from two to four days.