THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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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.

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☞ 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.

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GOODS BY THE PACKAGE, FOR CASH,
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THE BLUEBELL.

There is nae spot in a' the world,
Sae bonnie and sae fair,
As where the modest Bluebell grows,
And scents the balmy air.
It blooms in every meadow green,
In Scotia's woods and dells;
'Tis O! the sweetest, bonniest flower,
Amang the Heather Bells.

O, mony a time, an' mony a day,
In other climes I've strayed,
And seen the flowers that blossom there,
In sunshine and in shade.
But, ah! beneath auld Scotia's skies,
And in my native dells,
The Bluebell is the sweetest flower
Amang the Heather Bells.

The winds may blaw across the moor,
The tree bend to the blast;
The birdies cease their winsome sang,
And skies be overcast;
But, oh! where'er my feet may roam,
My heart with rapture swells;
For there my favorite flower I see,
The queen of Heather Bells.

STATISTICS OF OREGON.

BY A. J. DUFUR.

NO. 5.

CLACKAMAS COUNTY,

This county is situated on the navigable waters of the lower Willamette river, and probably holds out greater inducements to the capitalist who wishes to make successful investment in the various manufacturing enterprises or to the industrious mechanic with limited means, than any other locality of equal size on the Pacific coast, or even in the United States.

The following information relative to the present resources and natural advantages of this county, was furnished the Committee by D. C. Ireland, Esq., editor of the Oregon City Enterprise, a gentleman who has taken great pains to obtain and circulate valuable information through the columns of his paper, relative to the mineral, mechanical, and agricultural wealth of this State.

First—There are no public buildings in Clackamas county worthy of note, if we except the Seminary at Oregon City. The County Jail is a miserable structure, but we have very little use for a jail in this region.

Second—The average price of farming land, improved and unimproved, is from three to five dollars per acre. Wild land is abundant at from one dollar and twenty-five cents to two dollars per acre.

Third—The assessed value of property in Clackamas county, and the tax levied, is as follows, for the four years past:

Years.	*Valuation.*	*Mills Tax*
1864.....	$1.238.877.....	5
1865.....	1.605.394.....	7½
1866.....	1 624.756.....	5
1867.....	1.648 876.....	9½

The last levy was for extraordinary expenses in purchasing bridges, etc., by which all of our bridges were made free from toll. The figures under the head of valuation, show a healthy increase in the development of the resources of the county since the damage by floods of the winter of 1861–62.

Fourth—The general nature of the soil for farming purposes is good. Grain, vegetables, and the various kinds of fruit grow in abundance here, even on our poorest lands. Stock raising and dairying could be gone into at a small expense. There is no better country for timothy grass than this; its growth on our highest hills is luxuriant, and it serves to kill out fern.

We have all the varieties of timber common to Oregon, in Clackamas county. Oak and ash, suitable for wagon timber and the woodwork of agricultural implements, is said to be more abundant and of better quality in this than in any other county, and has been worked out by parties in years past with profit to themselves, and the opportunity still remains. The amount of material for building, fencing, etc., is inexhaustible in this county, and a general lumbering business is now being carried on by ten or a dozen companies, with available space for a hundred more.

Sixth—The quality of water for family use in Clackamas county cannot be excelled—pure living springs and mountain streams course through every section. The amount of water available for power, is far in excess of any other single county in the world, perhaps.

The falls of the Willamette, at this city, provide man with more than one million horse-power. The factories of Lowell and Lawrence, were they here, would consume but a portion of the water adapted by nature to milling and mechanical purposes in this town. Oswego can be made to furnish one-quarter of that amount, while Milwaukie has significant value in this respect, and the Clackamas, Molalla, Butte creek, Mill creek, Tualitin, and many other streams which we might mention, furnish valuable locations for mill sites and water power.

Seventh—The temperature of this locality is even. Excessive heat and excessive cold is very rare. The general health of the county is good. Billions affections are but little known among our people.

Eighth—We can offer better inducements to mechanics and tradesmen, who can bring capital with them, than other counties of the State generally. We could do better by them had our citizens capital themselves to develop our resources. Professional men and teachers we have but little use for at present. Such places are now ably filled. We want blood, and muscle, and money.

Ninth—Immigrants can obtain anything in this county they desire at reasonable cost.

Tenth—Opportunities for schooling and meetings for religious worship are good in Clackamas county. In this city alone there are five churches—Methodist, Episcopal, Catholic, Congregational, and Baptist. We have also in this city three private select schools, and one excellent public school capable of teaching the higher branches.

Eleventh—The facilities for marketing and means of transportation in this county are equal to any on the Pacific coast. This is a community of consumers, chiefly operatives and laborers. The same may be said of Oswego, where miners, choppers, teamsters, coal-burners, furnace-men, etc., form the bulk of population. We have three steamers running daily (Sundays excepted) between Oregon City and Portland, to which will soon be railroad communication connecting us with the present sea-port of Oregon, only ten miles distant.

Twelfth—We have two woolen factories in Clackamas county. The leading one, located in Oregon City, is about 100 by 60 feet, four stories, built of stone and brick, and contains twelve sets of the latest improved machinery. The Oswego iron smelting works were erected in 1867, at a cost of about $100,000. There are several lumbering mills in the county. The celebrated Imperial flouring mills are located at Oregon City, and the famous Standard flour is made at Milwaukie. The only iron made on the coast is made at Oswego; it is equal to the best Scotch pig, and is sought for by California foundrymen. We have a large tannery at Milwaukie, which turns out leather that sells in San Francisco along side the best Santa Cruz. We have a paper mill doing a flourishing business. We have gold and silver quartz mines in this county of value. We have coal and lime, and copper has recently been discovered in considerable quantities. The Oswego Milling Company export lumber, and all other mills manufacture for domestic uses. At this city salmon fishing is carried on to considerable extent. Seven nets have been run this season.

Thirteenth—There is Government land in this county available for settlement, and we are told that much of it would be of value for agricultural purposes. Mechanical or lumbering pursuits cannot be gone amiss of. The Government Land Office is located at Oregon City, at which Mr. Owen Wade officiates as Register; and Mr. Henry Warren, Receiver.

—Among the duels which deserve to be recorded is that between the celebrated Irish barristers, John Philpot Curran and John Eagan, nicknamed "Bully Eagan." The latter was a man of immense size, while Curran was slim and short. The chances of being hit were, therefore, in favor of the former, for (as Curran said) it was like firing at a haystack. Curran, therefore, proposed to equalize the chances by chalking lines on Eagan's body, so as to mark out his (Curran's) size thereon, and by agreeing that *no shot should count which took effect outside these lines.*

It is said that a man in Lowell, Massachusetts, has invented a scarecrow that is so hideous that crows all around there are carrying back the corn they stole last summer. New Orleans has found it out, and is anxiously waiting to see if it won't frighten Butler into carrying back those spoons.

A NOTED DUELIST.

From an article on "Duel Fighting," in *All the Year Round*, we take the following account of the death of the notorious French duelist, known as the Count de Larilliere, who had fought upwards of forty duels, and killed eleven individuals, before the death of one of his victims was avenged in the manner described below:

On the evening of a masked ball at the grand theatre at Bordeaux, Larilliere was seated in an adjoining cafe, which he was in the habit of frequenting with the members of his own particular set. It was eleven o'clock, and our duelist, who had been for the moment abandoned by his ordinary companions, feeling in no particularly quarrelsome humor, was imbibing peacefully a glass of punch. Suddenly a tall young man, wearing a black domino, and with his face concealed behind a black velvet mask, entered the cafe and strode up to the table at which Larilliere was seated.

None of the ordinary habitues of the cafe took any particular notice of the new comer on his entrance, as the masked ball which was to take place that night sufficiently explained his costume; but, no sooner was the mysterious visitor observed in the vicinity of Larilliere's table than all eyes were turned toward him. Without a single observation he seized hold of Larilliere's glass, threw away the punch it contained, and ordered the waiter in loud voice to bring a small bottle of orgeat in its place.

Witnesses of the scene say that at this moment, for the first time in their lives, they observed Larilliere turn pale. It was the belief in Bordeaux that during the fifteen years this man had been applying himself to the task of destruction, he had never allowed his countenance to betray the slightest emotion.

"Scoundrel!" he exclaimed to his masked adversary, "you do not know who I am," making, at the same moment, a vigorous but unsuccessful effort to remove the mask from the stranger's face.

"I know who you are perfectly well," coolly replied the unknown, forcing Larilliere violently back with one hand. All present started to their feet, and though no one among them ventured to approach the disputants, they contemplated none the less anxiously the issue of this strange provocation.

"Waiter!" again exclaimed the unkown, "be quick with that bottle of orgeat."

At this second command the bottle was brought, whereupon the masked man still standing immediately in front of Larilliere, who was foaming at the mouth with rage, proceeded to draw a pistol from his right hand pocket. Then addressing his adversary, he said:

"If in the presence of this company, and for my own personal satisfaction, you do not at once swallow this glass of orgeat, I will blow out your brains with as little compunction as I would those of a dog. Should you, however, do my bidding, I will then do you the honor of fighting with you to-morrow morning."

"With a sabre?" asked Larilliere, in a paroxysm of rage.

"With whatever weapons you please," replied the stranger, disdainfully. Whereupon Larilliere swallowed the orgeat with an expression of countenance as though it were to him the dregs of a bitter cup indeed, while every one present preserved a death-like silence.

The masked man, satisfied with the effect produced by his provocation, now retired, saying to Larilliere as he did so, in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by the lookers-on:

"To-day I have humbled you sufficiently; to-morrow I intend to take your life. My seconds will wait on you at eight in the morning. We will fight on the spot where you killed the young Chevalier de C."

This was the name of the Count's eleventh victim.

The following morning Larilliere found himself in the presence of a man no longer wearing a mask, and who appeared to be some twenty-five years old. The seconds by whom he was accompanied were two common soldiers, belonging to one of the regiments stationed in the citadel of Blaye. The bearing of the unknown was collected and dignified, and singularly resolute. His seconds had brought weapons to the ground, but Larilliere's seconds took exception to them, at which a scarcely perceptible smile passed over the stranger's face.

On taking his position, Larilliere turned toward the second nearest to him and said in an undertone, "For once, I believe, I have found my equal."

The combat commenced. At the first passes the Count was confirmed in his opinion that he had to deal with a skillful adversary. However his courage did not fail him, though there were times when he seemed to lose his composure. Lunges and parryings succeeded each other with rapidity on both sides. Larilliere, desirous of bringing the affair to a close, had tried his finishing stroke two or three times, only to find his sword turned aside by his adversary's blade. Harassed at finding his efforts unavailing he insolently remarked to his opponent, "Well, sir, at what hour do you intend to kill me?"

There was a momentary silence, broken only by the clash of the two swords.

Then the stranger, who seemed to have profited by that slight interval to assure himself that the advantages of the encounter lay decidedly with him, quietly said to Larilliere's last question: "Immediately." Saying which he thrust the point of his sword between the ribs of his adversary, who sprang backward, tottered, and sank into the arms of his nearest second. Putting his right hand to the wound, he said, with difficulty: That, sir, is not a sabre cut—it is a thrust with the point—with the sabre I feared no one." In a few minutes he fell back dead.

The stranger now advanced politely toward the seconds of his victim, and inquired if he was at liberty to depart.

"You will at least tell us your name?" asked they in reply.

Larilliere's opponent proved to be one of the young officers of the garrison at Blaye.

HABIT.—Scott, in his autobiography, tells a story against himself, illustrating his early perception of personal peculiarities. One boy was always above him in his class-and, do what he would, till, observing him always fumbling at a lower button of his waistcoat as he answered a question, it occured to him to cut it off on the sly. He watched with some anxiety for the result. The ruse answered only too well. When the boy was again questioned, his fingers sought for the button; missing it, in his distress he looked down for it in vain. "He stood confounded," says the penitent aggressor. "I took his place, nor did he ever recover it, or suspect the author of his wrong." This story, however, tells two ways. Doubtless some bodily habits establish associations favorable to the memory, and quieting to irritability; the mischief is that the mind becomes dependent, and is stranded when cut off from the old moorings.

CHARGE TO A JURY.—If the jury believe from the evidence that the plaintiff and defendant were partners in the grocery, and that the plaintiff bought out the defendant, and that the defendant paid the note by delivering to the plaintiff a cow, which he warranted not to be breechy; and the warranty was broken by reason of the breachiness of the cow, and he drove the cow back and tendered her to the defendant, but he refused to receive her, and the plaintiff took her home again and put a heavy yoke on her to prevent her from jumping the fences, and by reason of the yoke she broke her neck and died; and if the jury believe that the defendant's interest in the grocery was worth anything, the plaintiff's note was worthless and the cow good for nothing, either for beef or milk, then the jury must find out themselves how they will decide the case; for the court—if she understands herself, and she thinks she does—don't know how such a case should be decided.

A few days since Capt. Joseph W. Coppage, while ploughing in a field near Naples, Ill., turned up a pot of gold coin. He stopped his team, examined the glittering metal closely, counted it, and found it amounted to $4,000. However, a doubt depressed his soul. He feared the metal might possibly have been deposited there by counterfeiters, and might prove worthless. He took it to Winchester, and sold it to one of the banks for $5,000 in greenbacks.

The proprietor of a Boston bone mill advertises that "persons sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and dispatch."

HOW A FISH SWIMS.

From Harper's Magazine, December 1869.

So much, then, for the manner and the means of overcoming the attraction of gravitation in the fish. Now, how does it swim? We have found that the successive or simultaneous removal of the dorsal, anal, pectoral, and ventral fins only rendered the fish's position unsteady; but he could swim as well as before. But if the end of the caudal fin be snipped off, its speed is diminished; if the entire fin is removed, it moves still slower, and with evident exertion, but bravely keeps it up until the tail itself has been cut off up to or beyond the anal fin; then at last the poor victim to science succumbs, rolls over and over like a log upon the water, gasps convulsively, makes a few desperate but ineffectual struggles with its abbreviated tail—and dies.

Mr. Bergh would probably object. But the sight appears more cruel than it is, for the successive cuts seem to disturb the fish very little; and as the whole is over much sooner than the dying struggles of a hooked fish, we may claim the right to make the sacrifice for our intellectual dinner—especially as it occurs by no means every Friday.

We have learned that a fish can not swim without its tail. Let us now inquire how it swims with it. Very much as you scull a boat with an oar; but with the difference that in this case the oar is a part of the boat, and is flexible both in its length and in its height.

Let us suppose our fish floating at rest in the water. Its tail is extended straight behind the body; suddenly it is bent to one side; this of course turns the head toward the same side, and perhaps carries the fish a little backward; but now comes a more forcible backward stroke of the tail, which turns the head the other way and propels the fish forward. Then, having reached the middle line, it is gently bent to the other side, and again forcibly extended. The result of these alternate movements of the tail in opposite directions is, as in the sculling of a boat, to propel the fish forward, not in a straight but a zigzag direction. But the successive movements are so rapid that we notice only the resultant forward motion, which is in some species, as in the salmon, at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles an hour, and so powerful that the sword-fish has been known to thrust his sword through copper sheathing, a layer of felt, four inches of deal, and fourteen inches of oak.

But it may now be asked, "Why does the backward stroke of the tail carry the fish forward any more than its forward stroke carries it backward? for they must pass through the same space."

There are four different reasons: *First*, The forward stroke is much less forcible and rapid than the backward. *Second*, The water is already moving; for the previous backward stroke of the tail from the other side to the middle line has forced the water in all directions out of its way, so that the further stroke forward meets comparatively little resistance; but the backward stroke meets all the more, and is therefore the more effective in sending the fish forward. *Third*, This and the *Fourth* reason depend upon the form of the tail, or upon the will of the fish.

There are some tails, such as those of the sharks and of the sea snakes, which are long and narrow and stiff from edge to edge; and these are "feathered" like an oar. But the tail of an ordinary fish is not only much wider, but flexible in every direction, and capable of being spread out or narrowed by the action of little muscles attached to the bony rays which support it. Now such a tail *may* be feathered, and probably is, when the fish is moving slowly; but for more rapid movements it is probable that the whole tail is spread out and hollowed backward for the backward stroke; but that upon reaching the middle line it is narrowed and made convex for the forward stroke, so as to offer the least resistance to the water.

Those fishes which have scales overlapping each other are aided in still a fifth way; for in the forward stroke the scales upon that side of the tail would be flattened closely together so as to present a plane surface; but in the backward stroke the edges of the scales would be raised a little from the bending of the tail, and would offer a roughened surface to the water.

General Logan has joined a temperance society.

ORIGIN OF THE SPICES.

Children, come learn something about the various kinds of spices, so that when you are in the kitchen helping somebody to make cakes, sauces, puddings, or pies, you can take an intelligent interest. It is well to know what you are grinding in the mill, or grating on the nutmeg-grater; so here are the facts. Be careful, though, that you do not let your knowledge fall in the dough and make it heavy.

Nutmeg is the kernel of a small, smooth, pear-shaped fruit that grows on a tree in the Moluccа Islands and other parts of the East. The trees commence bearing in their seventh year, and continue fruitful until they are seventy or eighty years old. Around the nutmeg or kernel is a bright brown shell. This shell has a soft scarlet covering, which when flattened out and dried is known as mace. The best nutmegs are solid, and emit oil when pricked with a pin.

Ginger is the root of a shrub first known in Asia, and now cultivated in the West Indies and Sierra Leone. The stem grows three or four feet high, and dies every year. There are two varieties of ginger, the white and black—caused by taking more or less care in selecting and preparing the roots, which are always dug in the winter, when the stems are withered. The white is the best.

Cinnamon is the inner bark of a beautiful tree, a native of Ceylon, that grows from twenty to thirty feet in height, and lives to be centuries old. The United States has imported nearly $19,000 worth of cinnamon in a single year.

Cloves—native to the Moluccа Islands, and so called from their resemblance to a nail (*clavis.*) The East Indians call them *changkeh*, from the Chinese tcheng-kia (fragrant nails.) They grow on a straight, smooth-barked tree about forty feet high. Cloves are not fruits, but blossoms gathered before they are quite unfolded.

Allspice—a berry, so called because it combines the odor of several spiecs—grows abundantly on the beautiful allspice or bayberry tree, native of South America and the West Indies. A single tree has been known to produce one hundred and fifty pounds of berries. They are purple when ripe.

Black pepper is made by grinding the dried berry of a climbing vine native to the East Indies. White pepper is obtained from the same berries freed from their husk or rind. Red or Cayenne pepper is obtained by grinding the scarlet pod or seed vessel of a tropical plant that is now cultivated in almost all parts of the world.—*Hearth and Home.*

UNSEASONABLE.—A matter-of-fact old gentleman in new England whose wife was a thorough "Destructionist," was awakened out of his sleep by his possessed rib one stormy night, with the words: Husband! did you hear that noise? It's Gabriel a comming! It's the sound of the chariot-wheels!" "O, pshaw you old fool!" replied the good old man, "do you s'pose Gabriel is such an ass as to come on wheels in such good sleighing this? I tell you it's not him—turn over and go to sleep."

Josh Billings has turned editor, and, in "answer to correspondents," he perpetrates the following, which will answer remarkably well as an epitome on Horace Greeley's new book on Political Economy—so called:

"*Gertrude.*—Your inquiry stumps me. The more I think about it, the more I can't tell. As near as I can recolleck now, I think I don't know. Much might be sed both ways, neither may be rite. Upon the hole I think I wood or woodn't, jist as I think best or otherwise.

Thos. E. Hogg is called the "Texas Poet." Who'd ever thought that poetry could be found in a hog?—*Exchange.*

We never knew a hog who could write poetry, but we have read the productions of Bacon, which were replete with good sense—we have also seen bacon which was full of bad scents.—*News Letter.*

You are denying a fact to get off a joke. One of the sweetest English poets of the present age is Hogg, and we assure you we have perused some delightful effusions from that Hogg's pen.—*Galveston Dispatch.*

Have you a sister? Then love and cherish her. If you have not a sister of your own, then love somebody else's sister.

BANCROFT LIBRARY,