THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 5. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, AUGUST 4, 1871. NO. 39.

The Weekly Enterprise.

A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,
FOR THE
Business Man, the Farmer
And the FAMILY CIRCLE.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY
A. NOLTNER,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.
OFFICE—In Dr. Thessing's Brick Building.

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:
Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 50

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, 1 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 o 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

CHARLES E. WARREN,
Attorney at Law,
Oregon City, Oregon.
Sept.16:1y.

JOHN M. BACON,
Importer and Dealer in
BOOKS,
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,
Oregon City, Oregon.
At Cheerman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackerman, Main street.
10 tf

JOHN FLEMING,
DEALER IN
BOOKS AND STATIONERY,
IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,
MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

MACK & WELCH,
DENTISTS.
OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, corner of First and Alder Streets, Portland.
The patronage of those desiring superior operations is in special request. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth.
☞ "Artificial teeth 'better than the best,' and *as cheap as the cheapest.*
Dec. 23tf

Dr. J. H. HATCH,
DENTIST,
The patronage of those desiring *First Class Operations*, is respectfully solicited.
Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
N. B.—*Nitrous Oxide* administered for the Painless Extraction of Teeth.
OFFICE—In Weigant's new building, west side of First street, between Alder and Morrison streets, Portland, Oregon.

"Live and Let Live."
FIELDS & STRICKLER,
DEALERS IN
PROVISIONS, GROCERIES,
COUNTRY PRODUCE, &c.,
CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS.
☞ At the old stand of Wortman & Fields
Oregon City, Oregon. 13tf

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,
SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.
OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,
Established since 1849, at the old stand,
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.
An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairings done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

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.

NEW YORK HOTEL,
(Deutsches Gasthaus,)
No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steamship landing, Portland, Oregon.
H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS,
PROPRIETORS.

Board per Week	$5 00
" " " with Lodging.....	6 00
" " Day.....	1 00

A. G. WALLING'S
Pioneer Book Bindery.
OREGONIAN BUILDING,
Corner of Front and Alder Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
BLANK BOOKS RULED and BOUND to any desired pattern.
MUSIC BOOKS, MAGAZINES, NEWSPAPERS, Etc., bound in every variety of style known to the trade.
Orders from the country promptly attended to.

The Administration.

[From the Washington Patriot.]

If a patient marked with eruptive disease were to wrap himself in a lute-string garment, or draw a gauze veil around his hideousness, it would not be more ineffectual and preposterous, than for this Administration to delude itself by imagining that the filigree of its Anglican diplomacy conceals its general imbecility and wrong-doing. The historical student, who has no party feeling or predjudice, but who, in the cause of truth, desires to make up the record for posterity, looking at the lapse of the last two years, as to which there was so much promise and so much expectation, will find no single thing to signalize but this wretched, ineffectual British Treaty We challenge any partisan of the Administration to point out to us any other accomplished fact which it can boast of. What the value of the Treaty is, in our estimation, the readers of this journal are well aware, and we do not dwell on it further than to note that the latest reports from England show, a difficulty on its terms has already arisen, and that the British claims on us, which, antecedently, no one in the country dreamed of, are to are to be very considerably enlarged. This, however, is entirely incidental.

We are quite aware that its supporters claim a merit in the reduction of the public debt—some two hundred out of twenty-three hundred millions. But this is done at the sacrifice of every other interest, and at a ruinous rate of taxation. If Grant and Boutwell should be continued in power, and the taxes be kept up on their present oppressive scale, the debt might be extinguished somewhere about 1900. Such is the cold comfort the country is offered. We incline to think that this generation of ours—for before 1900 the mature men of to-day will be dead, and the young will be getting old—would be rather better pleased to be made concious of an abatement of daily or yearly expenses in the form of taxes; of being able, if one has any money in a bank or saving-bank, to draw it out without paying a tax of two cents for doing it; or, if he has none but what he earns by the sweat of his brow, to get it without a stamped receipt. The tea and coffee of the healthy operative, and the quinine for his poor fever stricken children, might be cheaper if there was not quite so much speed to gain fictitious glory, and to liquidate an historical debt, some of which, considering its results, certainly belongs to posterity.

There is, however, another form of indebtedness floating about, as to which some unreasonable people think something might be done. It consists of solemn promises of the Government to pay what are known as dollars, $1s, and $5s, and $10s—the currency which poor men are paid their wages in. Nay, they are more than that. It is made matter of necessity that every one to whom debt is due, be it much or be it little, must accept these Government obligations as money. The Administration don't care about this homely debt. There is no spurious glorification in redeeming it. It rather suits the Government to keep its currency floating' We are very particular in sending coin abroad to the rich bankers in London and Frankfort for their interest, but nobody seems to care how much the poor emigrant has to pay in exchange when he makes a remittance to his old parents at home. The Administration has taken no steps to restore specie payments. Rags suit its policy better.

We are aware too, that "these people" have a great scheme for funding the debt at a lower rate of interest, by which the burthen of the annual interest was to be ever so much lightened. To effect this, every sort of machinery has been set in motion. Europe fairly bristles with our agencies; and the result is—absolute failure. The national banks, obedient ministers of Executive will, whose privileges are so valuable in other respects that they can afford to accept a lower rate of interest, have converted a small part of their securities, and here, pretty much the thing ends. Some sixty millions out of the tremendous aggregate is the total of success, and we read in one of the best informed and most thoroughly devoted of the Administration presses that—

It is a fact that our national loan abroad is now held in less favor than is that of the new loan of France, with her empty treasury and crippled resources, and even a stable government threatened. But France's financial integrity is unquestioned, and hence her good credit.

These, then, are the unquivocal triumphs which this Administration claims. All the rest is absolute negation—mere vacuity—and for this impotence we primarially arraign it. Its positive acts of wrong form another chapter, which we may hereafter open. We pause now upon the postulate, the conceded fact, that the Grant Administration, washed into power by an overpowering surge of excitement, has, in more than half its period of legitimate existence, literally done NOTHING!

"The Dead Democracy."

The Radcial papers and stumpers constantly tell us about the dead Democracy. This has been dinned into our ears for the past six or seven years. Nevertheless the party still lives, and just about this time gives its opponents a vast deal of trouble. In fact, they themselves begin to find out their mistake, and that never before had they to contend against so united, vivacious a foe. We give a few specimens of this awakening sense on the part of our political enemies:

The Democratic party is stronger than ever it was in its history. It means now to win, and I do not say that it cannot win.—[*Horace Greeley at Vicksburg*

You make light of Democracy, but to-day, in the State of New York, there is a clean Democratic majority of ninety thousand. We never did have the Irish, and now we are losing all the Germans.—[*N. Y. Times* (Radical.)

What mania possesses this Radical party? I am a Radical myself, but I am no ostrich, to run my head in the ground and think I am invisible. Too much stealing is death to us.—[*Senator Conkling* (Radical.)

But two courses are open to all Americans who love the Republic They are to defeat Grant and elect some man who is not a soldier. Bayonets and the Constitution do not pull in the same harness.—[*Cincinnati Commercial.* (Rad.)

Grant, with his Ku-Klux bill, thinks he can kill the Democracy. It will take more men by a million than he had at Appomattox.—[*N. Y. Sun.* (Rad.)

A great deal has been said about the dead Democracy. Those who think it dead surely never read the history of the resurrection. There will be signs in the heavens and on the earth in 1872, when the Democracy gets its soldiers in the field. —[*Springfield* (Mass.) *Republican* (Radical.)

He is a fool or traitor who expects to win an easy victory over the Democratic party in 1872. Grant can never do it with the bayonet.—[*New York Evening Post* (Radical.)

They may say what they please, but those who are most confident do not know these Democrats. They are the most dangerous when they seem the most whipped. Do not put any faith in them and do not trust them. In retreat they are treacherous and often fatal.—[*Louis. Republican* (Rad.)

The Lee Monument at Lexington.

It has been heretofore mentioned that the executive committee of the Lee Monument Association has adopted the design of Mr. Valentine, a young Richmod artist of uncommon promise, who had been suggested by Mrs. Lee for the proposed monument to be erected to the memory of Gen. Lee, in the chapel of Washington College, at Lexington, Va. Mr. Valentine, accompanied by Col. J. J. White, of Washington College, spent some days of last week at the St. Clair Hotel in this city, where the cast was seen and much admired by many of our citizens. The design comprises a plain sarcophagus on one side of which are the Virginia coat of arms, and the arms of the Lee family on the other. At the head is a plain Latin cross. At the foot, the name, Robert E. Lee. Upon the couch, on the sarcophagus, is the great soldier, in a recumbent position of monumental effigies of the old knights, but in natural and graceful repose, as if in sleep. The likeness is admirable. The military uniform is partly covered with drapery; one hand lies across his breast, as it was often observed in life; the other, relaxed, just touches his fallen sword. The young artist has achieved a triumph. Mrs. Lee has said that the design is faultless. It is enough to add that, in the opinion of all who have seen it, the work is worthy its subject.—*Baltimore Sun.*

LONG FACES.—"Barber," said a farmer to his tonsor, "now corn's cheap you ought to shave for half price." "Can't Mr. Jones," said the man of razors, "I ought really to charge more, for when corn's down farmers make such long faces that I have twice the ground to go over.

WELL DESCRIBED.—Babies are described as coupons attached to the bonds of matrimony.

Sneering at Newspapers.

The power of the newspaper is beginning to be admitted by a majority of the intelligent people. But we doubt very much whether, even among this class of minds, there is anything like a proper realization of the extent to which the newspaper press is to-day influencing human opinion, changing customs, controlling politics, encouraging or retarding progress, aiding or injuring the church, blessing or crushing families, saving or destroying men. Yet there are found those who at times are not ashamed to display their ignorance or envy by decrying the press and sneering at newspapers. There are politicians whom some ill wind has carried into the legislature, or perhaps to Congress, who will occasionally vent their spite against the newspapers by a sneer, although in point of real influence the average political editor out-weighs him a thousand times. Ministers of the Gospel have at times, been so indiscreet as to intimate their low estimate of the religious press, forgetting that an editor of a religious paper, having a circulation of 15,000, address more people every week than the most popular of them will speak to in a life time. And once in a while Mr. Moneybags or Mr. Landlord swelling with his self-importance, expresses the opinion that newspapers are not much account. Yet the man who sits on the tripod of the country newspaper is a greater importance than all the rich men in the country.

But if any of the parties to which we have referred have an ax to be ground—any project to be advocated, how differently they act. Then the newspaper is the most important instrument of the day, and the editor is just the finest fellow in the whole community. Smiles, bowings and kind words are showered upon the occupant of the editorial chair. But if he has been long in the service, he is not easily hoodwinked; he will quickly read the whole man and discern his whole object. The truth is that no class of men expend so much unrequitted toil in behalf of educational and humane institutions, to promote public enterprises, and to advance the pecuniary interests of individuals, as do the conductors of the public press. The man who sneers at newspapers as of small account, must be one to whom, for some inscrutable reason, less than the usual amount of common sense has been given; or one who, his demands having become altogether unbearable, has been snubbed in the editorial sanctum; or one who has come into collision with some newspaper and been badly worsted; or one who is only capable of envy because of the power wielded by others; or one who stands in daily dread of having his own bitterness and meanness exposed.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

NOVEL DUEL.—An apothecary lately refused to resign his seat at a theatre in Vienna to an officer, who, feeling himself insulted, sent him a challenge. The apothecary was punctual at the meeting, but observed he had a new way of settling the dispute. He then drew from his pocket a pill-box, and taking therefrom two pills, thus addressed his antagonist: "As a man of honor, sir, you would not wish me to fight on unequal terms. Here we are, therefore, two pills, one composed of the most deadly poison, the other perfectly harmless. We are, therefore, on equal grounds if we both swallow one. You shall take your choice, and I promise faithfully to take that which you leave." It is needless to say that the affair was settled by a hearty laugh.

MISTAKES.—The following are a few of the mistakes which suggest themselves to the publisher of a newspaper:

It is a mistake to suppose that the subscription price of a paper is clear gain to the publisher.

It is a mistake to suppase that he obtains his white paper for nothing.

It is a mistake to suppose that printers can live bodily by faith.

It is a mistake to suppose that it is easily to please everbody.

It is a mistake to suppose that money due to the paper is as good to us in a year as it is now.

It is a mistake to suppose that we would not be thankful for what is due, as well as for new subscribers.

The Radical papers are again beginning to talk about the "Decay of Democracy." They are whistling to keep their courage up, for it is certainly the liveliest cropse the Radicals ever saw.

THE STYLE.—In Wyoming, the bride furnishes the ring and the license, and the blushing bridegroom falls into hysterics.

$18,000,000 Tariff on Shoes.

In a paper protesting against the tariff on materials entering into the manufacture of shoes, in the United States, the manufacturers to the number of some four hundred say, "the combined tax upon all the articles forming the materials of our industry yield the government a revenue of only $3,000,000, while they impose upon the manufacturers of boots and shoes a tax of $18,000,000—which must eventually be paid by the wearers of these necessary articles." These protestants represent the greater portion of the manufacturers of this country, and know whereof they speak. They farther say, "the legislation of our own country has driven our products from the markets of Canada, Mexico, and the West Indies, and South America, which we have enjoyed for more than a century. It has transferred the manufacture of our products to a great degree to Canada, where it enjoys greater advantages, and is subject to fewer impediments in the prosecution of business." Thus to put $3,500,000 into the treasury, a sum equal to fifty cents per annum upon every human being in the United States is paid by the people! *Eighteen millions of dollars* out of the people's pockets, and $3,500,000 into the treasury of the government, and the result is, we are cut off from supplying countries which are the natural consumers of our products. But thus the Radicals will have it.—*St. Joseph Gazette.*

Croakers.

An eccentric lawyer named Burgess many years ago lived in New England village, and became quite famous for his "skeptical notions."

Attending a town meeting, after its adjournment he lingered among the groups of substantial farmer deacons who composed it and listened to the prevailing conversation. The bad weather, the fly, the rot, and drought, and the wet were duly discussed, when some one turned to Burgess and asked, "How comes on your garden?"

"I never plant anything," replied Burgess with a solemn face, "I am afraid even to put a potato in the ground."

"It's no wonder," groaned one of the persons present, "it's no wonder; for a man who disbelieves in revealed religion could not expect to have his labors blessed,"

"I am not afraid of failing in a reward for my work," replied Burgess; "but I am afraid that agricultural labor would make me profane. If I planted a single potato, what would be the result? Why I should get up in the morning, look about and say, 'It's going to rain, and 'twill ruin my potato' then I should in dry weather say: 'The drought will kill my potato,' then I should be unhappy because the 'rot' might destroy my potato; in fact gentlemen," concluded Burgess in a solemn manner, "I should be afraid to to do anything that would induce me to constantly distrust Providence."

The reproof was deeply felt by many present; and months afterward, the farmers, with a fear of Burgess before their eyer, talked of the blessings rather than of the evils attending their daily labors.

GO TO SLEEP EARLY.—Many children instead of being plump and fresh as a peach, are withered and wrinkled as last years's apples, because they do not sleep enough. Some physicians think that the bones grow only during sleep. This I cannot say, certainly; but I do know that those little folks who sit up late at nights are usually nervous, weak, small, sickly.

The reason you need more sleep than your parents is, because you have to grow and they do not. They can use up the food they eat in thinking, talking and walking, while you should save some of yours for growing. You ought to sleep a great deal; if you do not you will in activity consume all you eat, and have none, or not enough, to grow with.

Very few smart children excel, or even equal, other people when they grow up. Why is this? Because their heads, if not their bodies, are kept too busy; so that they cannot sleep, rest and grow strong in body and brain. Now, when your mother says Susie, or Georgie, or whatever your name may be, it is time to go to bed, do not worry her by begging to sit up "just a little longer."

But hurry off to your chamber, remembering that you have a great deal of sleeping and growing to do to make you a healthy, happy, useful man or women.

TELL HIM.—When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

GOOD TOAST.—An Oregon toast over the ardent; "Here's what makes us wear old clothes."

Going to Heaven from a Wood-shed.

Mrs. Callender, of Delaware, and her husband were fully persuaded that on Wednesday of last week, the heavens were to resound with the trump of Gabriel, and they were to be caught up into the air together with the rest of mankind, ahead of whom they, however, determined to get by being fully prepared. There was little originality in their mode of preparation; as people used to do when Millerism was epidemic, they prepared white robes for themselves, the same being night-clothes slightly altered. Early in the evening they arrayed themselves in these dresses, and sat quietly within doors until night came on, when thinking that it would be easier to ascend from the roof of their wood-shed than up through the chimney of their house, they went thither, going up by means of a ladder. In mounting, the thought struck Mr. Callender that it would be as well to sew up their garments at the bottom, in case of adverse winds, and he returned to the house for a needle and thread. Meantime his wife sat shivering on the roof and gazing at the stars as they rolled peacefully overhead. She assisted her husband to mount the roof, and then sewed the dresses as he directed. There they sat for a while shivering in the cold and holding sweet converse. By some accident Mrs. Callender slipped from her perch, and being unable to achieve voluntary motions by reason of her sewed dress, slid for a minute, and then rolled tranquilly off the shed, falling about five feet to the ground. She screamed lustily for help, but she had fastened her husband in such a way that he could not come to her assistance for some little time; and when he had managed to free himself from the intolerable bonds, he made the best of his way down the ladder, and found his wife pretty badly hurt; so badly, indeed, that he had to ride for the doctor, who found the lady's ankle dislocated. The good people will probably stay in the house when next they wish to ascend, preferring to go aloft through the crooked flue of the chimney, rather than roll to the ground and go to heaven with broken shins.

Don't Advertise.

Don't do it. Don't advertise your business; its paying out your money to accommodate other people; if they want to buy your goods, let them hunt you up.

Don't advertise, for it gets your name abroad, and you are apt to be flooded with circulars from business houses, and to be bored with "drummers" from city wholesale establishments, all of which also results in soliciting your order for new goods, and money to pay for them, which is very annoying to one of a dyspeptic temperament.

Don't advertise, for it brings people in from the country, (and country folks you know are of an inquiring turn of mind,) and they will ask you many astonishing questions about prices, try your temper with showing them goods, and even vex you with the request to tie them up; which puts you to the additional trouble of buying more.

Don't advertise; it gives people abroad a knowledge of your town, and they come and settle in it; it will grow, and other business men will be induced to come in, and thus increase your competition.

In short, if you would have a quiet town, not too large; if you would not be harrassed by multitudinous cares and perplexities of business; if you would avoid being bothered with paying for and losing time to read a great cumbersome newspaper, just remain quiet; don't let the people know five miles away where you are nor what you are doing, and you will be severely let alone to enjoy the bliss of undisturbed repose.

A reliable exchange says that it knows of a boy who accidently swallowed a silver half dollar. They gave him warm water and tartar emetic and antimonial wine, and poked their fingers down his throat until the boy thought he would throw up his toe nails. After a while a doctor came along who understood such cases. He administered a small dose of patent medicine, and in less than ten minutes the boy threw up the half dollar in five-cent pieces. Science is great thing.

NO HYDROPHOBIA.—A physician of twenty-five years experience, in Louisville, expresses his disbelief in the existence of what is known as hydrophobia. He asks any reliable physician who has ever seen an instance of it, to make a written statement of the fact.

Can a lover be called a suitor when he don't suit her?

Another Good Republican Witness for the South.

W. H. Hunter, Radical Sheriff of Lowndes county, Alabama, has published a letter rebutting the slanders of the miscreants who say that "no Republican's life is safe in Alabama." Referring to that pestiferous class:

Why do these fellows persist in misrepresenting our people? They must be manufacturing ammunition for the "Ku-Klux Committee."

While it is true that outrages have been committed in various parts of our State, it is not true that a Republican's life is not safe in this county. The Republican officers of this county are treated with the utmost kindness and civility by all classes of our citizens, and my duties as sheriff bringing me in contact with almost every one, I know whereof I speak.

We have a population of 5,000 or 6,000 voters, and only one jail or calaboose in the county, and but one prisoner in jail.

A murder was committed in our county a few days ago. Capt. Jesse Heard was killed by one Haliman, and I would not be surprised to see his death announced by some of our sensational papers under a heading something like the following: "Another Ku-Klux Outrage! A Prominent Republican Murdered!!! Capt. Heard was a Confederate soldier and a Democrat, but was beloved by all who knew him, irrespective of party.

I believe that where the local officers (be they Republicans or Democrats) do their official duties honestly, and treat the citizens with respect and kindness, there will be no trouble. I could raise a *posse* of five hundred of our best citizens to put down any violation of the law, whether by Ku-Klux Klan, Union League, or Black Horse Cavalry.

Quantrell—Is He Still Alive?

[From the Lawrence (Kansas) Standard.]

A sort of mystery seems to overhang the fate of the famous guerilla chief, Quantrell. It has several times been reported that he perished near the close of the war, but nothing definite and certain has ever been stated. He has good reasons for concealing his movements if living, and has heretofore done so. At different times, however, reports have arisen and spread abroad to the effect that he was not dead, and we have good reasons for beleiving them to be true. Quantrell was seen in 1868 at the White Pine silver mines, in Nevada. A prominent citizen of this city, about two months since, conversed with a resident of Fort Lyon, New Mexico, who stated that in 1868 he met Quantrell at the White Pine silver mines. He was introduced to him as Quantrell, and talked to him of his adventures during the war and about the raid. Our informant vouches for the reliability of the gentleman, residing at Fort Lyon, from whom he received the statement given above. Its truth is confirmed by another party, who was in this city about six weeks ago, and who also stated that he met Quantrell at the same place some time during the same year. These reports coming from different quarters confirm each other. This information comes from perfectly reliable sources, and would seem to indicate that this noted raider had survived the war, and is now somewhere in one of our Western Territories. We simply give the facts as stated to us, vouching for nothing but the reliabillity of our informants, one of whom conversed, not long since, with a resident of Fort Lyon, as we have stated. For the present, we withhold names, although they can be given if desired.

CAN'T RUB IT OUT.—"Don't write there," said a father to a son, who was writing with a diamond on his window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out. Did it ever occur to you child, that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

You wished a wicked thought one day in the ear of your playmate. It wrote itself on his mind, and led him to do a wicked act. It is there now: you can't rub it out.

All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God. Be careful. The record is very lasting. You can't rub it out.

CHANCE FOR A POOR MAN.—A man in Davenport, Iowa, offers, through the columns of a local paper to give $50 to any man who will elope with his wife.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY,