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THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE

*A DEMOCRATIC PAPER,*

FOR THE

**Business Man, the Farmer**

*And the FAMILY CIRCLE.*

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY BY

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## PAPA, COME HELP ME ACROSS THE DARK RIVER.

BY GEO. COOPER.

From Peters' Musical Monthly.

INCIDENT.—A little girl lay dying; her father had already gone to the better land; and, as her breath grew fainter and fainter, she murmured "Papa, come help me across the dark river."

Papa, come help me across the dark river.
Voices are calling my spirit to-night;
The shadows around me are fading forever,
And the angels, dear papa, are close to my sight;
One clasp of your hand, the way seems so lonely,
A sweet loving word from your poor dying child.
For I'll be here with mother a few moments only,
And then who will comfort her anguish so wild?
Chorus—
Papa, come help me across the dark river,
Fold me in arms that are loving and true;
Oh the shadows around me are fading forever,
And I shall be home soon, dear papa, with you.

Papa, come help me across the dark river,
Lead me the way that my footsteps must go;
I'll wander beside you and leave you ah, never,
For the angels, dear papa, will love me I know;
There mother will come, where days are all gladness,
And there in the light of yon Heaven we shall stray;
Though it's long since you left us in weeping and sadness,
I'll know the kind face of dear papa straight way.
Chorus—Papa, &c.

Papa, come help me across the dark river.
Faint is my breath, and the angels have come;
O weep not, my mother, that now we must sever,
For I go to dear papa, in yonder bright home;
I see his bright smile, so tender and loving,
And calmly my spirit is taking its flight,
And my footsteps are done with all sadness and roving,
For I shall be with dear papa to-night.
Chorus—Papa, &c.

## Under the Bed.

My hair must, I think, have turned white in a single moment. Let me tell you about it," and Mrs. Hartly, a lady of thirty, or thereabouts, with a pleasant and singularly expressive face, her head covered with a luxuriant mass of hair, silvery white, commenced the following narrative:

"Ten years ago this very day I was married. My husband's business was such that he was not able to leave the city for any considerable length of time, so my dreams of a wedding tour across the continent were unrealized, and so I was compelled to content myself with a few weeks' travel in the West.

"After having visited several of our principal cities, we came across an old friend, who, with his wife, was in search of pleasure.

"One evening, at dark, we found ourselves at a little settlement a few miles from Milwaukie. It had commenced to rain, the night bid fair to be very unpleasant, and to complete our misery, we discovered that the driver we had hired to take us to Milwaukie was either terribly stupid, or a little intoxicated—the latter seemed more probable. My husband, after questioning him in reference to the locality, found that a short distance further on was a tavern, where we could spend the night.

"This was very acceptable news for me, for I had grown exceedingly nervous at the approach of the storm, as well as the lateness of the hour, and the singular behavior of our guide and driver.

"My husband's 'Shall we stop or go on?' met with a hearty 'Stop, by all means,' from the whole party; and after a few moments gropings among the dripping trees, we halted before a little way-side inn, which, at first appearance, presented rather a comfortable aspect. The room into which we were ushered was large, square, and well lighted; a cheerful fire crackled upon the hearth, presented a striking contrast to the chill drizzle outside.

"It did not take long to remove our wrappings and order supper, and in a few minutes a good, substantial repast was laid before us. After having set an unprecedently long time over our coffee, our friends, Mr. and Mrs. Withers were placed at one end of a long passage, and we at the other.

"This is cosy," said Frank, preparing to retire. "The whole get up of this little place reminds me of our country home at the Edst. I haven't had anything taste so good since I left home as my supper to-night. Plain, clean, and substantial; and enough of it; and this is not bad," glancing around at the snowy dimity, and high feather bed. "But what's the matter with you?" he continued, amazed at receiving no reply.

"A strange nervousness had all at once taken possession of me, and the sensation was so new that I was absolutely frightened. It was the first time in my life that I had ever experienced such a feeling of fear, and I was too proud to admit the truth, so I evaded his querry by declaring that I was utterly fagged out and needed sleep. Just then a knock was heard at the door. My husband answered the summons.

"Would you be kind enough," said a voice which I immediately recognized as that of our landlord "to come with me to the next house? A poor fellow has sent for some one to read the Bible; he is in his last agonies, sir, and I am sorry to say no one here can do it, and I have made bold to come and ask you. It seems a shame to have the poor fellow to step out without a single crum of comfort."

"I'll be with you in a moment," replied Frank; and with a "Thank you,' which was altogether too cringing for my taste, the man turned away.

"But, Frank, you are not going!" I exclaimed in horror, as he drew on his boots.

"Why, Liz, what a question! who would refuse such a request?" he replied looking at me. It isn't possible my little wife would say a word against so simple an act of kindness? God only knows what straits we may be reduced to in our last hours. 'A cup of cold water in my name,' and 'as ye do it unto the least of one of these," you remember.

With a sob, which I could not restrain, I hid my face on my pillow.

"Well, I declare, you are nervous," he continued, leaning over the bed to comfort me. You are actually trembling. Now be a good little girl and bolt the door after me. It isn't at all probable I shall be gone over an hour," and without another word, he slipped his watch, pocket-book and one of his pistols under my pillow, and was gone.

"Oh, that dreadful presentiment of evil, and nothing else, that made me so unwilling to be left alone. I tried to say 'Frank I will not allow this. If you insist on going I will accompany you: but in some incomprehensible manner, I was withheld. Probably anxiety to stand well in the estimation of my husband, caused me to restrain further exhibition of timidity.

"He had told me to fasten the door, but I dreaded to step out of bed. It seemed as if some great, black hand was already to grap my ankle; but I knew it must be done, and after a moment's hesitation, I leaped out, turned the key, drew the bolt, and with the speed of an antelope, tucked myself down into the comfortable feathers.

"Sleepy! I might as well have tried to sleep in the regions of the eternal. I couldn't close my eyes even. There was a painful sensation of its being necessary to keep myself together. My feet seemed so far from my head that I was compelled to draw them carefully up, and when at last my knees touched my chin, and there was no further curtailing possible, I tried to define what I was afraid of, but the more I tried the more wretched and perplexed I became. I could see nothing—hear nothing; but a warning of danger had been wafted to my soul, which my soul felt but could not understand.

"A cold sweat started from my face, but I dared not lift my hand to wipe it off. Every sense seemed preternaturally acute. After a space of time, which seemed to me like an eternity, I distinctly heard a slight rustling under the bed. Still I stirred not. Again and again it was repeated, and I at last discovered that somebody was trying to remove from his hiding place. The cause of my horror was then plain. What should I do? Rush to the door, attempt to alarm my friends at the other end of the passage? To save my life, I could not move an inch! Still the strange movements beneath me. It appeared as if my right hand was taken without the least violition of my own, and laid upon the little destroyer under my head.

"My eyes seemed rivited on the foot of the bed, where, in a little while, a hand appeared—a long black hand, which grasped the rail, as if in this way to assist the owner to his feet. Slowly—as I have seen figers appear before a trap door on the boards of a theatre—the horrid thing assumed proportions. Not for a second did I remove my eyes.

"The head was small, covered with long, perfectly strait black hair; tiny bead-like eyes glistened like those of a serpent. The creature's mouth seemed to spread from ear to ear, while the thick, crimpson lip gave crowing hideousness to the most terrible countenance I ever saw or imagined. My hand clutched the murderous little weapon.

"The wretch moved slowly towards me, keeping his horrid eyes fixed on my face, with a leer impossible to describe, proclaimed that he thought his job an easy one.

"Gold, lady—gold—watch—gold! Right away, now! Then Bill hnggy you! muttered the brute, and advanced another step.

"With a steadiness that would have done credit to a professional shooting at a target under ordinary circumstances, this right hand drew out the little pistol, aimed—fired; and in a second's time the giant with a piercing shriek reeled and fell. It appeared to me that a legion of men came running up stairs. They tried the door.

"This I thoubgt part of the plot, of course. My husband had been beguiled into leaving me, and I was in a den of theives. So there I stood by the door, ready to shoot the first person who crossed the threshold. They entreated me to let them in.

"Whoever attempts to enter this room is a dead man!" I answered, with my mouth to the key-hole.

"Let me in Liz, please," said a well known voice. "Bella, open the door. What can be the matter? There is nothing here to hurt you from the outside. Bella, darling, open the door."

"And I did"

"My God! What is this?" came from every member of the household, as the dead body met their view.

"And, my God! What is this?" said my husband, taking my hair, which hung about my shoulders, into his hand, and bursting into tears. "Oh darling! why did I leave you?" was all the poor fellow could utter.

"The man was a villian who had several times escaped the penalties of the law, on what it pleased to term his idiocy.

"So there was no conspiracy?" I ventured to interrogate, after taking a long breath.

"None at all" replisd Frank. "The poor man we went to visit died while I was there.

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GOOD DOCTRINE.—On the 12th ult., in the House, Mr. Cox., offered a resolution reciting that the ordinary expense of the Government, exclusive of interest on the public debt, and a reasonable sum for the reduction of the prihcipal, should not exceed $100,000,000 a year, that the money raised by taxation should not exceed $250,000,000 a year, $125,000,000 to go to liquidate the principal of the public debt; that the existing Internal Revenue system should be abolished and the sum deemed proper to be raised by internal taxation assigned in just proportions to the several States, to be collected by the authorities thereof and paid into the national treasury. That import duties should be levied with view to revenue only, not for the purpose and with the effect of protecting particular classes, trades and individuals, at the expense of the people. That there are many dutiable articles, as salt, coal, &c., which should be entirely free; and others, such as lumber, pig-iron, leather, &c., on which the duty should be greatly reduced; and instructing the Committee of Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of embodying these principles in a bill to be reported to the House. The resolution was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means.

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BUTLER ON GRANT.—Ben Butler's suppressed book on Grant, which is alluded to by Washington correspondents in connection with the Porter-Wells letter which was so unexpectedly brought to light to the ruin of poor Porter, is no myth. Butler *did* write and *did* print such a book sometime in the year of '66, or the early part of '67. It is said to be a book of some 350 or 400 pages, presenting an elaborate array of facts, many of which have never yet been given to the world, to prove that Grant as a military man is a sheer humbug. After he had the book written and printed, Butler probably saw that Grant's popularity was still on the flood, and in spite of anything he (Butler) might do, the man whom he so much hates was sure to be President of the United States. Butler accordingly suppressed his book, waiting for a more convenient season, and has since preteded to bury the hatchet with his ancient enemy, and has even aspired to the position of mouth-piece of the Administration; but that he has forgiven Grant no one who knows him will believe. Sooner or later in all probability "Butler on Grant" will be given to the world, possibly before the author thinks the time quite ripe.—*S. F. Examiner.*

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That was a smarter nigger than Grant who said in the Richmond legislature a few days since; "De Radical party does bery well for a poor ignerent darkey wat don't know any better, but darn a white man that belongs to it."

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"I never could bear children," said a crusty old maid to Mrs. Partington. "Perhaps if you could you would like them better," mildly replied the old lady.

## Fighting Presidents.

President Grant is evidently in a truculent humor. He says he would hold Senator Sumner personally responsible for his alleged injurious and insulting language under other circumstances. That is, he would invite the Senator to the field if he were not President of the United States. Grant is no doubt a man of intrepidity, and if he could fight himself out of an awkward situation, he would gladly resort to that expedient. Sumner is one of the safest men in the country to threaten. He has no more fight in him than Mr. Seward; but Grant did not take that into account.

A chief magistrate of a nation is not in a position. He might waive his rank in case he had given offence, and the other party really felt himself aggrieved. We have no precedent for anything of the kind; but Gen. Jackson once expressed his readiness to fight. Lieut. Randolph made an assault on the General, as the only means of avenging a cruel wrong inflicted upon him by his official superior. Jackson, who was an eminently just man, acted under a misapprehension of the facts in the case. Randolph's conduct was wholly indefensible, not on account of the exalted rank of the person he assailed, but because he was an aged man, more than thirty years his senior. The old soldier, in speaking of the matter to our informant, expressed his surprise that a man of the known gallantry of Mr. Randolph should have resorted to personal violence. "If he had sent me a message," said the General, "feeling himself aggrieved, I would have cheerfully waived my rank and given him satisfaction. You are a friend of his, sir, and I wish you to say to him that if I live through my Presidential term, I shall certainly call him to account for the insult he offered me." Gen. Jackson no more than a game-cock could have refused a challenge. He did not consider himself justified in sending a hostile message while in the Presidential chair, but he was always cocked and primed for a fight. In his quarrel with Gov. Poindexter, then a Senator in Congress from Mississippi, whom he charged with instigating an attack upon him with a view to his assassination, he caused his adversary to be informed that although his hands were tied for the present, he intended to have a shot at him when the proper time arrived. The Govenor, who was one of the desperate sort of fire-eaters, sent back word that he was glad to hear of his determination, and if the matter should happen to escape his recollection, he (Poindexter) would take care to remind him of it.

The old General had no idea that a serious difficulty could be honorably adjusted without burning gunpowder. When Wise pulled the coat tail of Speaker Polk in the rotundo of the Capitol, Jackson was disgusted and indignant at a peaceable adjustment of the controversy through the intervention of mutual friends.—*New York Sun.*

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Divorces of late years are quite common—especially so in Indiana. We notice a list of these granted in that State compiled and published by some energetic fellow, and they are almost as replete with fun as they were with joy, doubtless to the parties seeking them. For the benefit of our readers we will mention a few: One divorces Mary Hare and Wm. Hare. This may be termed a hair breadth escape. Another looses the marriage knot tying Mary Gunn and Wm. Gunn. They are double barreled no longer. Another divides John and Sarah Cannon. That is bursting of ordinance. Another seperates H. S. and Mary Gaines. That is a fair division of gains. Another parts Joseph and Mary Bell. Those bells chime no more. Another divides John and Martha Sowell. That is not so well. William and Mary Pool were disunited. That was a draw game.

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IN CALIFORNIA, when the diggings were paying well, Signor Bliz visited a gulch, and before a large audience exhibited his legerdemain. During the performance, he took out his handkerchief, threw it into the air, cought it again, when he took a twenty dollar piece out of it, asking the boys if they could do that. Old Pete, a "forty-niner," who had never changed his mining shirt since he came into the diggings, immediately went upon the platform, took off his shirt, dipped the tail of it into a bucket of water, held it up and wrung out $39 50 in gold dust, including fifteen pounds of subsoil. Bliz took the next mule train.

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At the battle of Gravelotte a trumpeter was killed by a ball that went in at the mouth of his instrument.

## Too Fastidious.

We observe with regret that some of our Democratic exchanges are inclined to censure Senator McCreery, of Kentucky, for introducing the resolution to restore Arlington estate to Mrs. Robert E. Lee, or to indemnify her for the same. The introduction of the resolution was made the occasion for all the super-loyal Senators to ventilate their loyal indignation against the Kentucky Senator, and gave the cue to all the God-and-morality papers in the country to write column after column of fustian about "ghouls," "hyenas," and the "consecrated grounds" of the Arlington estate. It undoubtedly does seem to these immaculate Senators and highly moral journals that the Senator from Kentucky did intend to lay impious hand upon the shrines of Radicalism, but when it is remembered that this holy shrine itself is stolen property, the point of loyal indignation is blunted.

In the first place, we believe that the United States government pretends to have no claim upon the Arlington estate except a mere tax title. The property belongs, not to the estate of Gen. Lee, but to the heirs of Mrs. Lee, having descended to her from the Father of his Country. The United States government, in entering upon the property, despoiling it for all future uses, and making it without the consent of the legal owners, a hecatomb for the Federal dead, was guilty of gross injustice, and played the role of the cruel tyrant. Now when Senator McCreery comes before the Senate and demands, on the part of the rightful owners, indemnity for the usurpation and spoilation, he is sustained by every principle of law and equity. All the loyal indignation that can be conjured up cannot remove the idea that the United States government has consecrated to holy uses property which it obtained by a robber's might. Mr. McCreery deserves the thanks of all lovers of law and justice, for boldly braving the vicious public sentiment that justifies a gross outrage.—*Reveille.*

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WEDDING.—There are all sorts of weddings and marriages; it would take many pages to register them, from the marriage of true minds to that of a couple of moneybags. Sometimes the bride and bridegroom are masked figures, tricked up and disguised, so that it would be hard to say which is the most deceived in the other. Sometimes it is a living creature united to a shadow. Have you ever known a man married to a doll? He chose her out and paid for her. What a sweet face it is! What high-bred calm! And then again comes the happy lovers, two-and-two; as they pass before the high altars, the long white veils of the brides sweeping along the gay aisles of the churches; their happiness lightens up the faces looking on. Then, perhaps, some blooming young girl comes up, bringing a crutch and a bronchial wheeze, and it now and then happens that a youth appears, leading a wig of false plaits, a set of false teeth, a half a century of bones to the altar. The disparity is not so great as you might imagine. There may be a heart still beating beneath all these adjustments, while the bridegroom, for all his good looks, has not one single drop of warm blood in his body. So bad, good and indifferent, they pass their way. Sometimes it is Peace and Goodwill who go by, hand-in-hand. What does it matter if Goodwill's beard is grizzled, and Peace has crow's feet round about her loving eyes? Sometimes it is Prids and Vain-glory that go sweeping past down the long church out into the churchyard beyond. They are a fine looking couple as they sail along, and they look to see their reflection in the eyes of the bystanders. Sometimes—and this a very strange phenomenon—it is only the past of one of the contracting parties that is united to the present of the other. They find it out too late.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

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An old gentlemen of seventy was going to be married to a girl of seventeen. One day a friend surprised him, tenderly embracing his intended. "I don't wonder at your astonishment," said the young lady to the intruder: you don't generally expect to find old heads on young shoulders." The marriage was broken off.

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A young lady at a wertern temperance meeting said: "Brethren and sisters, cider is a necessity to me, and I must have it. If it is decided that we shall not drink cider, I shall eat apples and get some young man to squeeze me, for I can't live without the juice of the apple.

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A Western editor announces that he is pained to hear that a dear friend of his has gone to heaven.

## Meeting of the Board of Managers.

In its report of the annual meeting of the Board of Managers of the State Agricultural Society, held in Salem Jan. 17th to 19th, the Farmer says:

Since the organization, last fall, of the State Horticultural Society, it has been thought best, by some, for the State Agricultural Society to surrender that portion of the premium list to its charge, and accordingly arrangements were perfected at this meeting of the Board, so that this society has control of classes 12, 13, and 14, provided the entry fees are paid into the treasury of the State Agricultural Society, and that said last-named corporation pay all premiums awarded. It may be asked how this arrangement is to result in any material benefit. Simply in this way; the members of that Society being composed almost wholly of fruit-growers and gardeners, they are better judges of quality in these departments, and of course more competent to arrange articles and award premiums in accordance with the real value of the same. The Horticultural Society is granted the south wing of the pavilion, except that portion used for clerical purposes, and a grand display of fruits and flowers is expected.

The premium list was revised, and class 2 and 11 considerably changed, the latter having been arranged for two committees, instead of one as heretofore. Among the additional premiums offered, is one of one hundred dollars for the best exhibit of agricultural machines—not less than 12—at the Fair of 1871.

The rules of the Society were considerably changed. Strange as it may appear, the Board received information which leads to the belief that the Society has been *swindled* out of over one thousand dollars in receipts evey year, by a system of passing tickets, which has been practiced by many who hold at least a respectable position in society, and by scores of others whose influence for good anywhere would be worth but little. If the request made to each one to wear his badge was complied with, this would be avoided. An effort will be made this year to enforce the rule, and this will secure a greater increase in the receipts. We hope all who desire the prosperity of this Society will assist in exposing the names of those who attempt a violation of well-known rules and regulations of the Fair Grounds.

The Society according to the reports presented, is in a flourishing condition. It was shown that about $5,000 had been expended in improvements during the past, and that the sum of $2,000 would meet all demands against the same including first payment on land purchased last spring.

The Fair will commence October 6th and continue six days.

Space will not permit publication of proceedings and reports in full, and we must conclude with the names of Marshals and Superintendents:

*Chief Marshal.*—Jos. Magone.

*Marshal of Pavilion.*—Alfred Luelling.

*Superintendents:*

Class 1—S. A. Young, McMinnville:

Class 2—Nos 1 and 2 Oriville Stewart, North Yamhill; Nos 3, 4, and 5, Robert J. Ladd, Portland; E. B. Differ, Multonomah, trial of speed—trotters; H. Carrison, Wasco, running; Nos 7 and 8, G. G. Glenn, Marion county.

Class 3—Thos. Smith Roseburg;
Class 4—Fabritus Smith, Salem;
Class 5—W. A. Mills, Hillsboro;
Class 6—S. A. Rigdon, Lane Co.;
Class 7—C. P. Burkhart, Albany;
Class 8—W. Elliott, Clackamas;
Class 9—D. W. Jones, Salem;
Class 10—J. A. Millard Albany;
Class 11—No. 1, John Barrows, Albany; No. 2, D. D. Prettyman, Polk county;
Class 15—T. M. Gatch, Salem;
Classes 16 and 17—S. E. May, Salem.—*W. Farmer.*

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A little boy was advised by his father to use illustrations in his converse whenever they should occur to him; "for," continued the parent, "there is no more forcible way of conveying or expressing your meaning." Shortly after the boy was lectured on generosity. "It's better to give than to receive, Johnny; far better. The Bible says so, and I say so." "Illustrate it Papa. I think I will understand you better." Father could not see the application.

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A gentleman was one day composing the music of a rondeau for a lady to whom he paid his addresses, "Pray, Miss D.," said he, "what time do you prefer?" "O!" she replied carelessly, "any time will do, but the quicker the better." The company smiled at the rejoinder, and the gentleman took her at her word.