THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

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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. Thessen'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

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☞ 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
BROOKS,
STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,
Oregon City, Oregon.
At Charman & 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 *cheaper as the cheapest.*
Dec. 23:tf

Dr. J. H. HATCH,
DENTIST,
The patronage of those desiring *First Class Operations*, is respectfully solicited.
Satisfaction in all cases guaranteed.
N. B.—*Nitrous Oxyde* 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. 15tf

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

ALANSON SMITH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
PROCTOR AND SOLICITOR.
AVOCAT.
Practices in State and U. S. Courts.
Office No. 108 Front Street, Portland, Oregon,
Opposite McCormick's Book Store.

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. NOLTNER,
NOTARY PUBLIC, ENTERP'I OFFICE
Oregon City, Jan. 13:tf

DON'T FORGET THE OLD FOLKS.

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore."
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft, and slow;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below!

Don't forget poor father,
With his failing sight,
With his locks, once thick and brown,
Scanty now, and white;
Though he may be childish,
Still do you be kind—
Think of him as years ago,
With his master mind!

Don't forget dear mother,
With her furrowed brow,
Once as fair, smooth, and white
As the driven snow!
Are her steps uncertain?
Is her bearing poor?
Guide her gentle till she stands
Safe at heaven's door!

Don't forget the old folks,
Love them more and more,
As they, with unshrinking feet,
Near the "shining shore?"
Let your words be tender,
Loving, soft, and slow;
Let their last days be the best
They have known below?

Speech of C Chauncey Burr.

DELIVERED AT THE JEFFERSON DINNER, APRIL 13TH, IN RESPONSE TO A TOAST ON "FREEDOM."

Mr. PRESIDENT.—I am not insensible to the very great compliment of being invited to respond to this toast of Liberty. But I confess that I do not know exactly how to take it. Is it intended as a compliment to my antiquarian learning? For it must be confessed that Liberty appears to be one of the lost arts in this country. It is the great "dead issue," which, in certain quarters, it is deemed impudent and unpracticable to discuss. There is everywhere a loud bellowing ignorance, glorifying our prodigeous progress in liberty, when every well-informed man knows that we have been for the last ten years so rapidly retrograding in liberty that we have already fallen far behind our English ancestors of centuries ago. As long ago as the old Saxon kings of England, no man could exercise any office, either civil, military, or ecclesiastical, without having been elected thereto by the Folkmote, or the assembly of the citizens of the country. In the eleventh century, even, the counties of England passed a wider range of sovereignty than the party now in power wants to allow the States. And this county-soverignty continued in England even after the Norman conquest; for the conqueror did not dare to abridge too much the right of local self government, so dear to the Saxons. The Folkmote, or county Parliament, at which all the civil, military, and ecclesiastical officers of the country were elected, met twice a year, at stated times, viz., the Calends of May and the Calends of October, and the king had no voice or authority over its meetings. This was a local government, or freedom, enjoyed by the people of England as long ago as the Saxon times. Indeed, the Saxon kings had but little power; no more, certainly, than is possessed by the governors of our States. The Saxon king was anciently only a commander in the field in time of war. He was an officer pro tempore, and was not a necessary member of the civil government. In times of war they chose a general, and all swore obedience to him during the war, but as soon as the war was ended he laid down all command, and every citizen was his equal. The advent of the Saxons into Britain was followed by such continual war that he who was *dux*, a leader, became *rex* a governor. But there was no more difference in the nature of the places than is indicated by the words—the one meaning to lead and the other to govern. But in the change from *dux* to *rex* there was no arbitrary power conferred.

As the *dux* was a servant for the occasion, the *rex* became a servant for life. All power still remained in the hands of the people. The title of king rested solely in the will or sovereignty of the people, and the Folkmote, or country meeting, was his master, while he was the servant. No Saxon king ever attempted to exercise the power at this moment usurped by Congress and Grant, without losing his crown, if not his head. No generation of the Saxons ever permitted such usurpations to go unpunished or unrevenged. How much, then, have we advanced in the knowledge and practice of liberty for the last thousand years? There is not a nation in Europe so free to-day as their ancestors were a thousand years ago.

It is the custom of some to indulge in pleasant talk about the progress of mankind in the knowledge and practice of free government; but such know nothing of history. Their bliss rests in ignorance. All the ancient kingdoms of Europe rested upon the confessed absolute sovereignty of the people, and the kingly authority was never held to be anything but a delegated power, still owned by the people, because never surrendered by them. Not only was this so in the ancient kingdom of Hungary, Bohemia, Denmark, England, and France, but even in Portugal and Spain. The very name of the ancient Franks meant freemen. Our word franchise comes of it. The Constitution of Rome at the time of its first king, Romulus, provided that the people should make the laws and the king keep them—that the people should declare war and the king conduct it. And we know how many kings and emperors of Rome lost their guilty heads in attempts to exercise unconstitutional powers over the people. In the ancient kingdom of Norway, there was hardly a king suffered to die a natural death for the space of three hundred years—they were nearly all killed for attempting to exercise unconstitutional powers. But the people of Spain, as long ago as the seventh century, had a law for usurping kings that I like very much, which was that they should be "excommunicated, and damned to hell-fire." That is the most appropriate punishment ever invented for usurping kings, emperors, or Presidents. It is more than two thousand years since Xenophan wrote that: "A kingdom is an empire over men by their free assent according to laws they have ordained, and a tyranny is an unlawful empire over men against their wills." Now gentlemen, the present government of Grant and Congress (for it is in no sense a government of the United States, as it is without the assent of many of the States) is a tyranny and not a government at all in any true sense of that word. It is "an unlawful empire over men against their wills." All government against the will of the people is unlawfull, and ought to be destroyed—and will be destroyed whenever and wherever the people possess the patriotism and courage to assert their rights, and punish those who would tyranize over them. I shall not take a moment of your time to prove that the scandalous negro Government of Grant and Congress is a tyranny. Every man who is not a fool knows it to be so. But, gentlemen, the crime of this black and barbarous tyranny is not alone with Grant and Congress. A portion of the terrible responsibility rests with us, who are here eating and drinking, instead of out organizing and arousing the people to defend their own rights and preserve the liberty of our country. By allowing any portion of our countrymen to be tortured by the intolerable despotism of the negro Government at Washington, we ourselves become a party to its crimes.

More than two thousand years ago the wise Thucydides wrote that: "Not only are those tyrants who seek to conquer others, but those also, who, when they may stop violence, use no pains to do it; and especially those who would be called the defenders of Greece and the commonwealth, but help not their oppressed countrymen."

Now, gentlemen, no statesman, no intelligent citizen will take it upon himself to dispute this saying of the great Greek historian. And yet, while we sit here warm and merry over our wine, there are hundreds of thousands of our countrymen, honest men and patriotic, and beautiful, loving women, who are inhumanly tyranized over broken upon a wheel of torture, by carpet-baggers, negroes, and soldiers, who are merciless tools of Grant and Congress. And we sit here! We behold their humiliation. We witness their torture. We see the most delicate, nervous refinement bound or forced into a disgusting equality with negroes. O, most horrid of tyrannies! And we sit here! Will God forgive us? Is it possible that we are reduced so low in the scale of manhood as to forgive ourselves? This is the anniversary of Jefferson's birthday, and a good time to swear an oath before the altar of our own souls, that we will from this hour inspire ourselves with the sentiments of the toast, and devote our energies to the sacred cause of American liberty.

He who has no religion that can bear transportation from the sanctuary to the everyday sphere, has a sort that, in spite of spasms of enthusiasm and gushes of fervor, is likely to do very little for his own growth into Christian solidity and power, and very little for the highest profit of others.

ITS MEANING.—The word Iowa is said to mean in the language of the Indian tribes, "The Beautiful Land."

An Affecting Scene.

A JUDGE SENTENCING AN OLD SCHOOLMATE TO BE HANGED.

[From the Memphis Sun's account of the sentence of the Cuba murderers]

Judge Flippin then spoke as follows: "Samuel H. Poston, this is one of the saddest eras in my life. Our parents and their children knew each other. We grew up together, went to the same school, the same church, and played on hill and in valley the same innocent games in boyhood. Years have passed since then. Our roads in life have diverged. You now stand convicted of a great, a capital crime, and I, as the minister of the law, have imposed upon me the painful duty of passing upon you the sentence of death. Were it consistent with my official duties, I would that this cup could pass from me. But I cannot now shrink from the performance of this sad official requirement, and must not, and will not, in the future, though other victims may fall to avenge a violated law. It is, therefore, the sentence of the court that you be remanded to the county jail of Shelby county, the place from whence you came, to be there securely kept until Friday, the 26th day of May next, when you will be taken by the sheriff of Shelby county between the hours of 10 A. M. and 3 P. M., within one mile and a half of the court-house of said county, and then to be hanged by the neck until you are dead, and may God have mercy on your soul."

When Poston was called, both the Judge and Poston were very much moved. Poston shook like an aspen leaf and had to grasp a chair for support. At the conclusion of the sentence, Judge Flippin was in tears, as was also nearly all the large crowd gathered there. It was a most affecting scene, and will ever be remembered by those who witnessed it. It was a surprise to all to know the relation that had existed in early childhood between Judge Flippin and Poston, and it must have indeed been a sad thing for Judge Flippin to consign to death the playmate of his early boyhood days.

James Gordon Bennett's Fortune.

[From the New York Sun.]

We find it stated in the *Chicago Times* that Mr. James Gordon Bennett, the editor and proprietor of the *Herald*, is worth a fortune of ten millions of dollars. How true this may be the country has no precise means of knowing, but there can be no doubt that Mr. Bennett is a very rich man. The profits of the *Herald* alone must be half a million yearly, which would make the value of that establishment somewhere from four to five millions; and it is certain that Mr. Bennett must have large investments elsewhere, both in real estate and other property. This handsome competence has all been accumulated in the management of a newspaper, for it is believed that the editor of the *Herald* has never strayed from his proper occupation to engage in outside speculations of any sort. He has never been connected with jobs either in State or national politics; he has never sworn allegiance to any party; and he has built up the great newspaper which he controls solely by his own genius, courage and pertinacity. As a newspaper writer he is perhaps more truly a man of genius than any other who has risen to distinction in this country. His mind is characterized by originality of thought and wit in equal proportions; and he has always appreciated the value of news. These elements—independence, originality, wit, courage and news—have made the success of the *Herald*; and this success there is now nobody to dispute.

The Newberry (N. C.) *Herald* has the following delicate piece of sarcasm, which cutteth like the well-whetted blade of Damascus:

A patron of a certain newspaper once said to the publisher:

"Mr. Printer, how is it you have never called on me to pay for your paper?"

"Oh," said the man of types, "we never ask a gentleman for money."

"Indeed," replied the patron, how do you manage to get along when they don't pay you?"

"Why," said the editor, after a certain time we conclude he is no gentleman and we ask him."

"Oh-ah-yes-I see. Mr. Editor, please give me a receipt," and hands him a V. "Make my name all right on your books."

THE MOST UNKINDEST.—In referring to Grant's removal of Sumner, Wendell Phillips says "a blow sometimes stuns a drunkard into sobriety." This, says the *Courier-Journal* from Phillips is the most unkindest cut of all.

The Milk in the Connecticut Cocoanut.

[From the N. Y. Day Book.]

The New Hampshire election gave the administration, or the Grant or Mongrel party, such a scare, that they went to work to borrow, beg or steal all the money they could lay their hands on to buy up the State of Connecticut. Grinnel admits that, in the Navy Department of New York, "$10,000 were contributed to carry the Connecticut election." What was contributed by the other Federal departments in this city we do not know; but if they all contributed as much proportionately as the Naval Department did, the contribution from this city could not have been less than $40,000 from the departments, to say nothing of the subscriptions of wealthy individuals. Then there are Philadelphia, and Boston, and all the departments at Washington, which must have poured a flood of money into the State of Connecticut to carry it for the Mongrel party. Rumor says that this corruption fund did not amount to less than $200,000. As an offset to this shameless proceeding, the Mongrel press far and near howled, for two weeks before the election, that Tammany Hall was supplying the Democracy of Connecticut with funds to carry the State. This was a sheer fabrication. We are assured, from a source of undoubted reliability, that the Democratic party did not receive one dollar for election purposes which was raised outside of the State. The cry about Tammany was a trick of the Mongrels to cover their enormous corruption fund of $200,000. All over the State as high as twenty-five dollars a vote was paid to poor white men to vote the nigger ticket. And that was a small price for such a disreputable service. But the money was not the chief cause of the Democratic fizzle. There was, as some of the leading Democrats said, an "unaccountable apathy in the Democratic party." There was, indeed, a very good *apathy*, but it was by no means "unaccountable." It was solely the fault of the leaders of the party, who, with an unaccountable stupidity, went in for a portion of the new nigger vote, thereby placing the Democratic party on a level with the Mongrel party in this most disgusting feature of the campaign. It will take a thousand years to educated the rank and file of the Democratic party to cheerfully acquiesce in nigger voting. Had the Democratic campaign in that State been pushed with great ability and vigor on the pure white basis, such a sharp and wild enthusiasm would have placed the masses beyond the reach of the Mongrel corruption fund. Men whose judgments are influenced, and whose passions and pejudices are fired up, are not easily reached by bribery. But when Democrats saw their own party sunk in down to the level of the true nigger party, in a disgraceful squabble for African votes, they were at once so disgusted with their own party that they instantly became indifferent about its success. This was the milk in the Connecticut cocoanut. This was the cause of that "unaccountable apathy," which puzzled the heads of those leaders who have thrown away an opportunity for a greater triumph than that won by the party in New Hampshire. There is no place in this Union where negro voting is more distasteful than Connecticut. It is but a few years since, on a small vote, negro suffrage was defeated by seven thousand majority in that State. The Democratic party had but to appeal to that true instinct to sweep the State like a whirlwind. The great, and, to the Mongrels, most unexpected triumph of the Democratic party in the second Congressional district of New Jersey, where there were 2000 new negro votes, is proof of the great power of the pure *white* policy in a campaign. We say, had the Connecticut campaign been conducted on that basis, all the vast corruption fund of the Mongrel party would have been powerless to bribe men to vote for the nigger party. But as it was, the Democracy was no better than the Mongrel faction in this particular. It, too, went fishing for nigger votes, but did not catch them. When we heard that such an able and hitherto true Democrat as Mr. James Gallagher was addressing nigger meetings, we gave up Connecticut. It was a disgusting sight to see a brave old whaling captain of Democracy descending to the business of fishing for black fish in a Mongrel mud-puddle. Even in the Southern States, where there is such a preponderating negro vote all the Democratic victories have been won on the white basis. And here in the North, where there is only an insignificant negro vote, and where seven-tenths of the white population hate negro voting as they do the devil, it is an incomprehensible piece of foolishness for the Democratic party to bid for niggers. All the Mongrel party desire is, for the Democratic party to put itself on a level with itself in that particular. But the Democratic party never will. In some places, as in Conecticut this time, it may try the nasty experiment, but the great body of the party, North and South, never will fraternize with negroes, nor with those who are willing to do it. The Democracy is a white party, and it cannot cease to be so without losing its distinction and its glory in politics.

Hon J. R. Haldeman on Land Subsidies.

I am one of those who hold that land grants and subsidies, while they develop a particular region of country and increase the wealth of a certain class of people, nevertheless sap the foundation of republican governments.

I chance to be one of those who believe that this nation is not for a day; that we have a duty imposed on us in the face of all the world, and that duty is the preservation of republican simplicity and democratic institutions rather than the aggrandizement of men and the building up of magnificent empires. * * * *

Gentlemen have said on all sides that the railway question is soon to be the greatest in the land, and that we must grapple with it. And it is evident that there is something radically wrong in all legislation, when we see one man in a single lifetime accumulating $100,000,000. That man is the chief of the great robbers of this continent and age. He and they are the freebooting barons and counts of this time, who, like the robber knights of the middle ages, founded through force and fraud the conspicuous families of Europe. Unscrupulous cunning takes the place of the mailed hand, but our modern robbers imitate the lordly proprietors of thick-walled castles in their exactions upon helpless commerce and industry.

Very Proper.

We learn by the dispatches that the Secretary of the Navy has set aside that part of the sentence against paymaster Lockwood which imposed a fine and imprisonment for the crime of embezzling forty thousand dollars from the Government, and he is simply dismissed from the service. The same course is pursued in the cases of paymaster-general Marcy and Washington, who were guilty of the same offence. This is eminently proper. When Secretary Cameron, at the beginning of the war, inaugurated the sytem of plundering the Government by wholesale, he was punished by a mild rebuke from Congress, and rewarded with the mission to St. Petersburg. Since that time hundreds of officers in all the departments have appropriated the Government funds with impunity, untill at last no attempt is made to punish a defaulter, and the crime scarcely attracts attention unless the amount stolen happens to be a very large one. As the military and naval officers are, at present, the ruling class, it would be unjust to deny them the privileges which the officers in the civil service are permitted to enjoy.—*Plaindealer.*

There is an able Democratic paper published in Hamilton, Ohio, (*The Democrat*) which does not deal much with untempered mortar. If any mongrelized Democrat, who is frightened about "dead issue," doubts it, let him read the following:

The New York *Independent*, a bible-banging-pulpit-slang-whanging-nigger-worshipping sheet, says:

"If the Democrats were to come into power to-morrow, the whole work of reconstruction would be undone, the franchise would be taken from the negroes."

That is exactly what the Democratic party would do if it had the power, and what it will do when it obtains it, which will be in 1872 And now what is the nasal-twanged puritanical editor of the *Independent* going to do about it? Get up another war to gratify the insatiate greed of a few witch-burning hypocritical knaves in New England? Try it on, and this time you will get the punishment due to all traitors.

NATURAL IMPULSES.—Some girls never will learn to restrain the natural impulses of their nature. A minister was baptizing a girl at Ripon, Wis., and when he had submerged her, and came out of the water, he asked her how she felt in her mind. Her answer was, "All hunky, only a little wet."

PROPERLY CALLED. — Letters from Boston are now called "Spokes from the Hub."

STATE RIGHTS.—Notwithstanding that miserable, despised thing, formerly known under the respected name of "State Rights," has been spit upon and trampled upon in the last ten years by the Radical leaders, until the masses of their party have been brought to regard it as dire treason to speak a word in its behalf, it will occasionally vindicate its existence even before the highest tribunal. A striking proof of this has been given by a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States touching the Income Tax. That high tribunal has decided that the United States have no authority to levy a tax on the incomes of State Judges. The State fixes the salaries of its own Judges, and, perhaps, in every State Constitution it is provided that they shall not be increased or diminished during the time for which they are elected. The Income Tax does diminish their salaries, and, of course, violates the State Constitution. The Supreme Court thus vindicates State Rights, and strikes down an Act of Congress interfering with the officers of a sovereign State. We have not seen the reasoning of the Court, but have no doubt it will apply to the salaries of all State officers. Have we traitors on the Supreme Bench?—*Examiner.*

TALKING AT TABLE.—"Is it proper to talk at table?" By all means. We are aware that some few consider it proper to observe perfect silence while at table. We do not know how such a horrible custom originated, yet we have a few times been a guest at such tables, but hope never to be again. The table is just the very place to talk, and the meal hours should be among the pleasantest of the day. Don't talk business and discuss what work shall be done after dinner, but give the time to social chat. This should not prolong the meal inconveniently, but there should be enough of it to prevent the common custom of rapid eating.

BEDS MADE TOO EARLY.—The desire of an energetic housekeeper to have her work completed at an early hour in the morning causes her to leave one of the important items of neatness undone. The most effectual purifying of beds and bed clothes, cannot take place if due time is allowed for the free circulation of pure air to remove all human impurities which have collected during the hours of slumber. At least two or three hours should be allowed for the complete removal of atoms of insensible perspiration which are absorbed by the bed. Every day this airing should be done, and occasionally bedding constantly used should be carried into the open air, and when practicable left exposed to the sun and wind for half a day.

DYING.— Benjamin F. Taylor, of the Chicago Journal, draws the following beautiful picture in reference to the certain departure for that "undiscovered country:"

There is a dignity about that going away alone, which we call dying—that wrapping of the mantle of immortality about us; that putting aside with pale hand the azure curtains that are drawn around this cradle of the world; that venturing away from home for the first time in our lives, for we are dead; and seeing foreign countries not laid down on any map we have read about. There must be lovely lands somewhere stayward, for none ever return who go thither, and we very much doubt if any would if they could.

PREACHERS OF BEAUTY.—"If the stars," writes Emerson, should appear only one night in a thousand years, how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the city of God which had been shown. But every night come out these preachers of beauty, and light the universe with their admonishing smile."

A good way to save the expense of raising children, is to go visiting and leave them at home of an evening to play with a kerosene lamp. John W. McDonald and wife, of Toronto, tried it, with such success that when they have seven more children they will have as many as they had a week ago, saying nothing about the house and things.

A THICK-LIPPED MEMBER.—The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Gazette*, speaking of swearing in of the new members of Congress, says: The appearance of the new comers was quite encouraging. The best face I saw among the few remaing scalawags and carpet-baggers, was that of the negro whose lips covered the whole surface of the lid of the enormous Bible which he kissed with great fervor.

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