THE WEEKLY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 5. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1871. NO. 46.

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.

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Single Copy one year, in advance,.....$2 50

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

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A GREAT SECRET.

BY ALICE CARY.

My friend, here's a secret
By which you may thrive;
I am fifty years old,
My wife's forty-five—

A queen among beauties,
The wedding guests said,
When we went to the Church
With the priest and were wed.

That's thirty long years past;
And I can vow
She was no more a beauty
To me, then, than now!

For never the scath of a
Petuland frown
Has ploughed with its furrows
Her young roses down.

And still, like a girl, when
Her praises I speak,
My heart fairly blushes
Itself through her cheek.

Her smile is now tender
For being less bright;
And the little bit powder
That makes her hair white.

And all the soft patience
That shows through her face,
In my eyes, are only
Like grace upon grace.

For still we are lovers,
As I am alive,
Though I, sir, am fifty,
And she's forty-five!

And here's half the secret
I meant to unfold,
She don't know, my friend,
Not the least, how to scold!

Nor does she get pettish,
And sulk to a pout,
So, since we fell in love,
We never fell out!

And here's the full secret
That saves us from strife:
I kept her a sweetheart,
In making her wife!

And if you but wed on
My pattern, you'll thrive,
For I, sir, am fifty,
My wife, forty-five!

EVER SINCE 1861.—Several Republican journals have just made the discovery that California is not and never has been Democratic since 1861. We are rather glad to hear this, remarks the San Joaquin *Republican*. We had formed an impression, from reading the Radical papers of the past few weeks, that the State was Democratic and that the Republicans were spending a great deal of money in an effort to make it something else. But it seems we were mistaken. It's pleasant to know that the defeat of Haight was not a Republican victory. We were apprehensive that the Democrats might regard it as such. The State having been Republican since 1861, there is no Republican victory and consequently no Democratic defeat. We shall try and extract a few drops of consolation from this bit of information. The State has been Republican all along and all this noise and confusion has been merely an effort on the part of a few Democrats to frighten the Republicans! It wasn't much of a scare, though, and only cost our subsidy friends about half a million dollars, but they stole the money from the people and will soon steal back all they have paid out. And so the State has been Republican since 1861. Well, we are really pleased to hear it.

There are 5,000 newspapers in the United States, or one to every 7,000 inhabitants; 1,200 in Great Britian, and 1,640 in France, or one to every 23,000; 700 in Prussia, or one to every 26,000; 506 in Italy, one to every 44,000; 365 in Austria, or one to every 105,000; 300 in Switzerland, or one to every 8,000; 275 in Belgum, or one to every 15,000; 225 in Holland, or one to every 16,000; 200 in Russia, or one to every 530,000; 200 in Spain, or one to every 75,000; 150 in Norway and Sweden, or one to every 20,000; and 100 in Turkey, or one to every 200,000.

Interesting Conundrums.

Now that the Radical press are becoming so horrified at the frauds in New York, we would call their attention to the following remarkable instances of financial success, displayed by different members of that party of great moral ideas, which we take from our exchanges:

A correspondent of the *Central Baptist*, after visiting President Grant's farm, a few miles from St. Louis, Mo., says he "was received by Mr. Eldrod, a relative of the President, who is intrusted by him with the superintendence of property valued at not less than $300,000. The farm includes, with recent purchases, 869 acres, mostly rolling land." Referring to this statement of the *Central Baptist*, the Brooklyn *Eagle* says:

"President Grant went into the army not worth a cent, and has lived quite freely ever since. His horses, equipages, etc., are the theme of admiring descriptions not only at Washington, but at Long Branch, and wherever else he takes up his temporary abode. It is, therefore, quite consolatory to find that out of his not excessive salary, first as General and now as President, he is able to keep $300,000 of blooded stock and such like property idle on a Missouri farm. * * * * These boss politicians, whether called Supervisors or Presidents, contrive to live at the highest point of luxury, and on moderate salaries, and yet to roll up riches."

Then there is the State Treasurer of South Carolina, Mr. Parker. He refuses to allow his books to be examined. The Charleston *News* says of him:

"Three years ago he was little better than a beggar. When elected State Treasurer he was in the depth of destitution. Now he drives fast horses in gold-mounted harness, buys fifteen-thousand dollar diamond pins, and has the reputation of being worth a cool quarter of a million. All this in three years upon an annual salary of twenty-five hundred dollars."

There are plenty carpet-baggers all through the South just like the State Treasurer of South Carolina. They abound in nearly every State.

Another bit of romance is related by the New York *Sun:*

"A follower of Wesley and a preacher of righteousness came to the Senate from a Western State, pious and poor. Serving first in the north wing of the Capitol, then in the Department of the Interior, and then again at the Capitol, he waxed rich, and dwelt in his own lavishly garnished brown-stone mansion, and kept a carriage which the Archbishop of Canterbury would have envied."

Not long since Mr. Speaker Blaine, M. C., from Maine, delivered a speech at Saratoga, N. Y., in which he was particularly severe on "Boss Tweed" & Co., giving as conclusive proof of their dishonesty that they had grown rich in the past ten years. Let us see now how this line of argument convicts Blaine of peculation. A citizen of Maine having asked the Agusta *Standard* to examine the tax list of 1861, and compare the taxes paid by Mr. Blaine in that year with the amount he paid in 1871 as stated in the tax list recently published in the Augusta papers, the *Standard*, after complying with the request, makes this statement:

In obedience to the polite request of our correspondent, we will say that an examination of the books of the Assessor of the city for the year 1861 reveal the fact that Mr. Blaine's total valuation for that year was $1,750, on which he paid a tax, including poll tax, of $25 98. His valuation this year is $37,000, and tax $813 30. This $37,000, however, does not include a large coal and land property in the States of Pennsylvania and Virginia, nor a valuable interest in a Lake Superior copper-mine, nor his princely residence in Washington, valued at $40,000 or $50,000, or any other property. It only represents the assessed value of his property in this city, which probably is not a tenth and perhaps not a twentieth of his total wealth. It will be seen that his valuation has increased twenty-fold in the last ten years, and that the tax which he pays on property in this city this year is nearly one-half the whole valuation of his property then. During all this time Mr. Blaine has been actively engaged in politics, has been chairman of the Republican State Committee, and has been continually in office. In 1861-'62 he held the office of Representative in the State Legislature at a salary of $150, and for the last eight years he has been a member of Congress with $5,000 per year. At least $40,000 of his reputed half million of wealth was received from these sources, from which, of course, must be deducted his expense of living, &c.

Our correspondent, we fear, can never learn how Mr. Blaine's great wealth was so suddenly acquired. Certainly we cannot inform him of the manner in which it was obtained. We only know that two years ago he was comparatively a poor man and that to-day he is a millionaire, rolling in luxury.

Row in the Colored Camp.

The negroes in South Carolina are having a singular division of parties just now. They are dividing on color. The brown mulattoes, quadroons and octoroons are cutting loose from the genuine unadulterated blacks whom they regard as inferior. On the other hand these latter regard the former as mongrels, and according as their shade approximates white, as unfit for their association. A black man of some standing by the name of Delany writing from that State, says: "The colored people cling to the assumption of superiority of white blood and brown complexion. And to such an extent is this carried, I am told, that old societies have been revived and revised, and absolute provisions made against the admission among them of a pure-blooded black. Fire, military companies, and even churches and graveyards, it is said, are permanently established on this basis. In one church at least no blacks are to be seen, and in another there is a division line between the blacks and browns by different seats."

The statements here made, says the *World*, ridiculous as they are, will call to mind how, when the colored population of Hayti had accomplished independence, the same question of black versus brown arose, and became the occasion of no few bloody struggles, until finally the blacks virtually segregated themselves on the western end of the island, or Hayti proper, and the yellow fellows betook themselves to the east, or Santo Domingo. Possibly the same general issue is the secret of the reported hostillity between the two colored West Point cadets. Smith, the elder, is a yellow indivdual, while the new-comer, who has been committed to his care, is a pure-blooded black; and that the brown negro "oppresses" the black—presumably by beating him on the sconce with a dipper as he oppressed his white criticisers—is now the current statement. It would be a singular circumstance if, just as the question of color has bored every white man in the United States into desperation, Cuff should take it up and quarrel interminably about it in turn.

Touching Incident.

In the city lived a poor family the father of which is a Catholic, while the mother is a Protsstant. Recently their daughter, a beautiful child of five years, suddenly sickened and died. During its sickness it was attended by a physician who was accompanied on every visit by his daughter, a girl of fifteen years, who evinced the greatest solicitude for the little sufferer. When death came with its cold icy grasp, the young lady was there, and with tender hands closed the innocent eyes and arranged the form of the babe who had been called home. The funeral took place the next day, and owing to the conflict of religious opinions between the parents, neither priest nor minister was called in. The young lady went to the house of mourning and, in company with the grief stricken parents, followed the remains to the cemetery. Arriving there, the little body was placed by the side of its narrow resting place to allow of a last look at the sweet face which all loved so well. With a low wail the poor mother threw herself down by it, and with passionate kisses sought, as it were, to recall life to the cold motionless clay. Everyone was visibly affected by this outburst, and when she called upon this young lady to offer a prayer for her poor darling, all reverentially uncovered and knelt to the ground. The young lady without a moment's hesitation, knelt and commenced praying. At first her voice was visibly affected by emotion, but as she proceeded she seemed to forget self and surroundings, and poured forth such a fervent and touching appeal to the Throne of Grace that there was not, when she ceased, a dry eye or an unmoved heart in the assembly. When she had finished, the body was carefully lowered into the grave, above which now grows some beautiful flowers, mementoes of the love of the fair young lady.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

Squabbles, an old bachelor, shows his stockings, which he had just darned, to a maiden lady, who contemptuously remarks, "pretty good for a man darner." Whereupon Squabbles rejoins, "good for a woman, darn her."

The Missing Million.

[From the Washington Patriot.]

The following letter from a detective officer employed to "work up" the case of the steamship Golden Rule, which carried the "iron box" referred to in the letter of the Comptroller of the Treasury, with over a million dollars of notes and $162,000 in 7.30's, throws new light on the subject. The Comptroller "presumed" they were "compound-interest notes," but Mr. Wiegel states emphatically that they were "legal-tenders, and nothing else." Between the "presumption" on one side, and the positive contradiction on the other, the public is left to draw its own conclusion, without any aid whatever from official sources. The books of the Treasury furnish no information on the subject. A million of dollars was issued, sent out for circulation, and yet there is not a record to show the denominations or numbers of the notes, or any means of tracing them. How many more millions were issued in the same reckless manner no human being can tell.

This is the way in which the public credit is protected here. Untold millions, representing a debt for which the people are enormously taxed, and transferable like bank notes, are sent forth from the Treasury, without a particle of evidence on the books by which they may be verified in case of dispute or forgery. This fact, which is admitted officially, may well excite alarm in the public mind, in regard to the integrity of coupon bonds, legal-tenders, and other forms of notes which require no endorsement:

BALTIMORE, Aug. 26.—The statement of Mr. Taylor, of the United States Treasury, or of any one else, that the iron safe of the Golden Rule was ever delivered in Washington to the Treasury Department, is a lie.

David W. Gray, Esq., of the then firm of D. W. Gray & Co., of this city, now a member of the old firm of Fitzgerald, Booth & Co., is a living witness of the falseness of that statement.

The schooner on which that safe was shipped for delivery to the United States Treasury officers was consigned to the firm of D. W. Gray & Co., and the safe *was thrown overboard* in a storm by the crew of the schooner, it being a part of the deck-load. This same firm had the collection of salvage on the $160,000 in seven-thirties which were recovered by the wreckers, and who had consigned the safe to them. Owing to some alleged informality, there was much trouble about the collection of the money from the Government, and I am not sure that it has ever been paid.

In reference to the $1,000,000 being compound-interest notes, that is also a myth. When I went to the Issuing Bureau, with a note from Assistant Secretary Richardson, directing that I should have access to books, papers, &c., they could tell me nothing about the notes, excepting that they were numbered in a certain series, and that was all. *They were not compound-interest notes. They were legal-tenders, and nothing else.*

Judge Richardson and Mr. Banfield were very anxious to search the case through, and I was even sent out to Chicago in July, 1869, to get a personal interview with Mr. S. M. Felker. He knows as much about the case, and more than either Mr. Taylor, Murray, myself, or any of those who worked on the case.

I have the letter of instructions now in my possession from Mr. Redington, the chief clerk of the Secret Service Division, in reference to my trip to Chicago, as well as a letter from the confidential clerk of S. M. Felker, in Chicago, making an appointment with me at Felker's house on Sunday, July 10, 1869, where I saw him and compared notes, and got valuable aid and information.

That $1,000,000 went into the hands of scoundrels, and some of the officers of the Treasury received their precentage.

WM. H. WIEGEL.

Every young man must be exposed to temptation: he cannot learn the ways of men without being witness to their vices. If you attempt to preserve him from danger by keeping him out of the way of it, you render him quite unfit for any style of life in which he may be placed. The great point is not to turn him out too soon, and to give him a pilot at first.

A set of paper car-wheels on one of the Pullman cars running to Jersey City, have run over 160,000 miles of track, and worn out entirely one set of steel tires, which have been replaced. The ordinary wheels will only run 60,000 miles

Political Dishonesty.

[From the Chicago Democrat.]

It would not be in common with principles of honesty to charge that public corruption is confined to either party. There are undoubtedly thieves on both sides. No doubt many are disguised by the cloak of Democracy, however they are thieves, no matter where, when or in what political party they are found. There are just two questions which seem to suggest themselves in relation to this matter. The first is. How came things to such a pass? The next is. How shall the thieves be strangled and purity restored to public offices? Things came to such a pass because the Radical party consented to cloak with "loyalty" every crime in the decalogue. When the notorious thief, Ben. Butler, came north from New Orleans, laden with stolen plunder and reeking in the stench of his crimes, the Radicals of Massachusetts welcomed him warmly and sent him to Congress as one of their representatives. He was loyal, and his loyalty covered a multitude of sins. He was licensed to steal because the hand which he thrust into the till was gloved with loyalty. He was privileged to plunder because he wrapped his spoils in the American flag, and fastened his ample pockets with soldier's buttons. He gets to-day the unqualified endorsement of such men as Theodore Tilton—men educated to the Christian ministry, who profess to represent the advanced moral sentiment of the country.

It is because such men as he and such other men as Whittemore and Bowen, of South Carolina, Warmouth, of Louisiana, Davis, of Texas, and Ames, of nowhere, are permitted to escape the punishment of their unnumbered crimes and to exercise a quieting influence on public affairs by reason of their loyalty, that things have come to such a pass.

But if the next year shall bring no change for the better how then shall we avert calamities which will surely befall us? Nothing is left us but to take the control of affairs out of the hands of demogogues and forcing the responsibility of self-government upon honest citizens. Say to the highest official in the land, who has peddled the public patronage for personal gifts, you have betrayed your trust. You may get a renomination at the hands of the place holders, who are your puppets, but you have forfeited the respect of the people, and the days of your official life are numbered. Say to the Congressmen who leave their homes poor and come back from Washington rolling in wealth, your services henceforth are not reduired. Apply the same rule with equal severity to the candidates of both parties. If any man has enriched himself at the public expense, repudiate him and scorn the touch of his stolen dollars.

We must apply the knife to all this corruption, no matter if it should sink deep into men of our own party; the flesh may quiver and the nerves recoil, but spare not. It can touch no vital part of the Democracy. The party will be stronger for the operation. As to the Radicals the instrument that severs this corruption must reach the heart before it measures the depth of the disease.

The "Golden Rule."

Grant and his Administration do not practice the Golden Rule "to any great extent" but it seems from the disclosures of Wood, that they have had something to do with it.

The "Golden Rule" was a vessel bound from New York to New Orleans and contained over a million dollars, money which belonged to the government.

The vessel was wrecked on the coast of Florida, losing no lives but losing all the treasure. Wood was once a detective for the government and an ardent Grant man and he now comes out in a disclosure which implicates some of Grant's warmest friends in the wrecking of the vessel. The theory advanced by Wood is, that the vessel was wrecked on purpose; that the officers connived with the scheme; that the person in charge of the safe containing the money was appointed at the instance of Grant, that the money was stolen by Grant's friend and divided among a certain "Ring" of Grant's officials and a large amount of it was used in carrying elections for the Radicals.

This is an application of the "Golden Rule" to which most of theologians are strangers but we must remember that we live in a progressive age and among theological politicians of very progressive ideas.—*Ottumwa Democrat.*

None but fools believe in dreams.

Female Suffrage.

[From the Ottumwa Democrat.]

The Radicals in four counties in this State, have nominated women as candidates for County Superintendents.

No Democratic convention has nominated women or seriously thought of such a thing.

The friends of female suffrage are found in the Republican ranks and it is evidently their intention to familiarize the minds of the rank and file to women suffrage by first inducing them to vote for female School Superintendents.

It seems scarcely necessary to enter into a serious argument against this last absurdity of the crack-brained school of politicians, but here is one idea which suggests itself in connection with this School Superintendent business and sensible men should consider. Women cannot vote according to our present Constitution. They are placed in the same position with minors. Now if women cannot vote and yet can hold the office of County School Superintendent, what is there in the laws or Constitution to prevent a minor from holding the same office?

The truth is, this whole female suffrage and female office-holding idea is not only one of the greatest humbugs of the age but it is pernicious, demoralizing and unnatural in all its tendencies.

To carry out the female suffrage whim would be to convert the world into one vast boarding house—homes and home circles would be abolished, for how would female politicians, lecturers, congress-*women*, preachers, lawyers and doctors find time to devote to such base and unwomanly occupations as ordinary household duties entail, nursing babies and the like?

To carry out the system harmoniously, would be to board out in great colonies; children would be sent to Foundling Hospitals to be raised by hand and Mrs. Woodhull's ideas would only be reached when women choose each year who shall be the fathers of their children.

Such old fogies as St. Paul, who advised that women should keep silent in the churches, would be ostracised and kicked out of Pantarchy of which Stephen Pearl Andrews would be prophet.

Bibles would be thrown aside to give place to Tennie Claflin's speeches in bad German.

Ancient females in breeches, swinging blue cotton umbrellas would gad around the country ready to mount a dry goods box and make a political speech on the slighest provocation!

Long-haired disciples of the infamous creed would sing their senseless rhapsodies over the dedelightful state of affairs through noses of villainous tone, made pinched and unnatural by Sodomic lusts and indulgences.

Instead ot the glorious shape of woman dressed in modest style gliding unobtrusively through the streets the eye would rest on pantalooned Amazons, gathered in groups around the corners discussing politics or the latest police sensation!

But the heart sickens in contemplating such a future!

It is such a future however as will legitimately come in the train of female office-holding or female suffrage!

To suppress all such tendencies is not only the work of good men but every good woman should do her part in crushing with her scorn and contempt such folly, such wickedness!

A KU KLUX OUTRAGE.—One of the most brutal outrages of modern times was perpetrated last Friday in the vicinity of Moss Station, on the person of a little girl about twelve years old, the daughter of a Mr. Bennett. After accomplishing his hellish purpose, the negro, not being satisfied with the extent of his atrocity, took his knife, cut a hole in the abdomen of the unfortunate girl and outraged her again. He then cut out her tongue, cut off her ears, and with a club beat her over the head, broke her jaw, and threw her into a pond where she was drowned. The news of the crime was soon made known, and the entire community turned out and searched the woods until they found the diabolical wretch. He was then taken in charge by an officer, who started with him to jail at Clinton, Kentucky; he had not proceeded very far, however, before he was overtaken by a crowd of citizens and killed on the spot. But shooting was too easy a death for the wretch—his crime ought to have been punished with death at the stake.—*Union City Courier.*

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens) has purchased a house and gone to live permanently in Hartford, Connecticut.

Gold and Silver Product of the Pacific Coast.

The gold and silver annually produced upon the Pacific coast approximates $80,000,000 an amount that will be greatly increased within the next two or three years. Only a little more than twenty years have elapsed since we began mining for these metals, during which time we have extracted and put into circulation something over $1,200,000,000; to say nothing of the other forms of wealth created by our comparatively limited population meantime. Never before, perhaps, have so small a number of people built up and established upon permanent footing such a broad and profitable business in so short a period. But this has not been accomplished without much loss to individuals, and even the most costly sacrifices on the part of large classes of the community. As in the founding of every other important industry, time and the expenditure of vast sums of money have been required to bring mining to its present state of perfection, nearly all the experiments and trials made in the furtherance of this business have been carried on under conditions involving great hardship and heavy expense.

Hence, while it has brought ample reward, and even opulence, to some, it has inured only in loss to the many, who have, consequently, felt sore over their want of success ecking often to attribute, and sometimes with good cause, their failure to the fault of others. Thus, the prospector and locator of mines is prone to censure the capitalist, and *vice versa*, each conceiving that the other had been overreaching, remiss, or otherwise instrumental in working him a wrong. The indiscriminate indulgence of this feeling, though natural enough, is apt to do both parties injustice, since, overlooking exceptional cases, a survey of the field of operations, so remote and vast, and a consideration of the troubles inherent to a new fancied wrongs were generally the result of excusable ignorance or unavoidable necessity, rather than of willful error. And, as such, they should be overlooked in passing judgment upon the pioneers in this great industry.—*Overland Monthly.*

How do you Like It?

We here present the picture of a farmer, who is going to church dressed in his Sunday clothes, and votes the ticket which is very popular with the thieves and plunderers, headed "Republican:"

TAX ON MAN WHEN IN HIS CLOTHES.

Hat—Silk plush, 50 per cent; ribbon, 50 per cent; alpaca lining for brim, 50 cents a pound and 32 per cent. for leather inside; muslin lining, 7½ cents a square yard; glue, 20 per cent.

Coat—Cloth, 55 cents a pound and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; buttons, if worsted, 20 cents a pound and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; worsted braids, 50 cents a pound and 35 per cent, *ad valorem*; velvet for collar, 60 per cent.; red worsted padding 50 cents a pound and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; hemp padding, 40 per cent.

Pants—Cassimer, 50 cents a pound and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; cotton used therein, 5 cents a square yard; hemp cloth for facing 40 per cent.; metal buttons, 30 per cent.

Vest—silk or satin, 60 per cent; linen lining, 35 per cent; silk buttons 60 per cent.

Braces—25 per cent.

Undershirt—If silk, 60 per cent; if worsted, 50 cents a pound and 35 per cent. *ad valorem*; if cotton, 35 per cent.

Drawers—The same.

Shirt—Cotton, 5 cents a square yard; linen for the front, 35 per cent.

Buttons—35 per cent.

Boots—Raw hides 10 per cent; tanned leather, calfskin, 30 per cent; if patent leather, 35 per cent; soles 35 per cent.

Neck-handkerchief—If silk, 60 per cent; it linen, 35 per cent; if cotton, 35 per cent.

Gloves—Kid gloves, 50 per cent.

Pocket knife, 35 per cent.

Watch, 25 per cent.

Silk watch-chain, 60 per cent."

NEWSPAPERS.—The Pacific *Advertiser* gives the total number of newspapers on the Pacific Coast at 304; of these 215 are weekly, 56 daily, 10 semi-weekly, 6 tri-weekly, 11 monthly, 3 bi-monthly, 2 quarterly and 1 annual. The entire population of the district included in this count is 835,000 inhabitants—giving one newspaper and periodical to each 2,746 of population. If the general diffusion of information is taken as the standard of popular intelligence, these figures indicates that the people of this coast are far ahead of any other portion of the United States, and of course ahead of the world.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY, UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA,