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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. Thessing's Brick Building

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Grant and the G. A. R.

Grant's office-holders, remarks the *Carson Register*, are not slow at doing their master's work. While his opponents are sleeping they are busy. One of the evidences of their craft has come under our observation in the shape of two nicely-printed circulars, evidently printed on the government press. One of these, neatly adorned with emblematic illustrations of commercial and agricultural progress, contains the following: "National Standard—the representative of the G. A. R.—The Soldier's friend—Gen. U. S. Grant for 1872. Leut. Wilber F. Cogswell, General Agent, P. O. Box 50, Washington, D. C. Decrease of Public Debt since March 1st, 1869, to October 1st, 1871, $265,799,320. Union and Grant." The other circular consists of laudations of Grant declaring him "the only man in the Republican party that can with safety be nominated to the Presidency for the next term, "and much of the same sort.

We have been frequently assured that the Grand Army of the Republic is not a political organization; but these documents do not confirm it. Gen. Grant's renomination is urged as he is "the representative" of that wide-spread body, and the support of its members is pledged to that renomination. The existence of such an organization bodes no good to the Republican party, and still less to the country. There are thousands of honest and independent Republicans who will not care to figure on the outside merely as instruments in the hands of a secret society, to work and vote for nominations which they have no hand in making. If the Republican party is to be in the interest of a select few—a sort of political aristocracy behind the scenes—the mass of Republican voters have but little real interest in it. They become merely political serfs, to spend their money, and do the dirty work of a cabal with whom they are not adjudged worthy of personal association. Worse than this, a country which is ruled by the decrees of a secret military organization must soon become a Republic only in name.

SAME COLOR IN THE DARK.—Certainty cannot be always attained in the hury of every day life. Blunders often follow on the heels of haste, as was illustrated by an infatuated youth, Sunday night. He had taken his dulcina home from church, and was lingering in the doorway for a moment's dalliance. The little lady had gone inside and partially closed the door. Through the little space, made by the door left ajar, he was toying with the kisses that she gave him sweet. So interested was he that the approaching footstep of the servant escaped him. Not so the lady. She heard it and jerked away her head just as the African's wooly crown was in its place. The smack that he gave the sable Abigail resounded like the crack of a wagon whip, while the sound of her explosive "gorra mighty—what dat?" mingled with the fleeting foot-falls of his lady-love, as she retreated up the stairs. The youth says the African's kiss was'nt good, after what he had tasted. He says he wont kiss in the dark any more. —*N. O. Picayune.*

The Washington *Chronicle* shouts out to the Radical party: "Back to the first principles!" It has had its back to them for a long time.—*N. Y. Times.*

BROKE HIM IN.—A Chicago lady has broken in her husband to carry the baby, play the nurse and make, from cream baking powder, the nicest and sweetest buscuits.

The President Self-Judged and Self-Convicted.

[From the Washington Patriot, November 8.]

In the Autumn of 1866, there was, it will be remembered, a serious disturbance threatened in Baltimore, and a riot was apprehended in the event of the removal of the Police Commissioners by the Governor. President Johnson was requested to send United States troops to Maryland to mantain order, and Gen. Canby was directed to proceed to Baltimore and investigate the condition of affairs and report. General Grant, then Commander-in-Chief, was consulted by the President and directed to make a report on the subject, which he did on the 24th of October, 1866. After detailing the circumstances of the case, he proceeds to discuss the question as to the propriety of using military force in the local affairs of a State, and among other things said:

"The conviction is forced on my mind that no reason now exists for giving or promising the military aid of the Government to support the laws of Maryland. The tendency of giving such aid or promise would be to produce the very result intended to be averted. So far there seems to be merely a very bitter contest for political ascendency in the State. Military interference would be interpreted as giving aid to one of the factions, no matter how pure the intentions, or how guarded and just the instructions. It is a contingency I hope never to see arise in this country while I occupy the position of General-in-Chief of the army, to have to send troops into a State in full relations with the General Government, on the eve of an election, to preserve the peace. If insurrection does come, the law provides the method of calling out the forces to suppress it."

This was five years ago; the writer was then Commander-in-Chief, and is now President. He did not expect that in five years the nation would be centralized like Rusia or France, and dreams of empire had not dazzled and bewildered him. It was then believed by every one that a State should be permitted to protect the peace of its own citizens; that if any attempt was made by the Federal Government to control the affairs of local government, it would be met with force, and the authors of the treson be hurled from power, tried, convicted and punished; that unauthorized use of the army is a crime; that the military force, illegally employed, is a mob, and its commander leading it, a criminal. Now, without the faintest shadow of insurrection or rebellion in the state of South Carolina—no effort to obstruct the Government, or denial of the binding force of existing laws, or the forms of established government in the State—with the whole State machinery in full operation—no one questioning its ligitimacy—executive, judicial and ministerial officers in the regular and peaceable discharge of their duties—without the solicitation or consent of the Executive or the Legislature, the Federal army is hurled upon this defenseless State, and the dragonades of Louis XIV. reproduced in what is still called, by courtesy "our Republic."

CHARLES A. DANA AND U. S. GRANT.—The Louisville Commercial is generally a sensible paper; but falls into ridiculous nonsense when it says that "the editor of The *Sun* has a bitter hostility toward General Grant." We have no more personal hostility against Gen. Grant now than we had in 1863, when at Vicksburg we saved him from being relieved from his command and sent back to sell sole leather at Galena on a salary of $860 a year. Supporting him then did not grow out of personal reasons, neither does opposing him now. He was a good General: but he is a very bad President, and his continuance in office would be an unmixed evil to the country. That is the whole story.—*N. Y. Sun.*

PROGRESS OF VOUDOOISM.—The introduction of schools among the emancipated negroes in the South has not had the effect of checking the popular belief in Voudooism, which on the contrary, is spreading to regions where it was formerly unknown. One reason of this is the removal of all restrictions as to travel, thus permitting the agents of the superstitious to roam about in all directions. Any old rough looking negro with a bag of lizard heads, old bones, and other traps calculated to excite the African imagination, can tramp from one plantation to another, living on the best the country affords, without troubling himself about work at all. The negroes will all fear him, and they will many of them be ready to pay him liberally for exerting his supernatural powers in their behalf. Some of these fellows are very cunning.

Joel Parker.

The Trenton (N. J.) *Gazette*, a Radical paper, in commenting on the brilliant success of Joel Parker while the Radicals secured a majority in both branches of the Legislature, declares that his great victory places "that gentleman at the very head and front of the Democratic politicians of the country as an available Presidential candidate next year," and says it would not be greatly surprised "if Mr. Parker should head the Democratic National ticket next year."

The New York *Herald* notices the article in the Trenton paper, and says its suggestion is not a bad one. The *Herald* declares with some force that "as the defeat of theDmocrats in Connecticut laid out Governor English as a candidate for the Democratic nomination, so has their defeat in Pennsylvania shelved Hancock, in Ohio laid out Pendleton, in Indiana squelched Hendricks, and in New York put a quietus, for the present at least, upon the Presidential aspirations of Governor Hoffman. Besides, little Jersey has never enjoyed the honor of having a hand in any Presidential race, with the exception of the time when Frelinghuysen ran for Vice President on the Henry Clay ticket, and therefore is entitled to some consideration."

We predicted that Parker's success would make him candidate for President, and it is apparent now that his chances for the Democratic nomination are as good as, if not better than those of any other man. Although a statesman of positive character and pronouced views, he seems never to have given offense to any portion of his party, and is popular with all classes. He must be a wonderful man if something cannot be brought against him, and if he shall be his party's leader in 1872 the Radicals will not fail to paint him very black. It is certain, however, that he is universally beloved by the Democracy of the country, and they would delight to follow him in the coming conflict. He is a strong man, truly. The entire party could and would unite on him as the Presidential nominee. Besides, his nomination would be a well-merited compliment to the "Lone Star of Norththern Democracy."

The Party Responcible.

The Sacramento *Union* commences a leader in its issue of Thursday, thus:

"The Republican leaders in Texas and South Carolina have been misleading their party, and have got it in each State into a disgraceful position. In South Carolina they have been in a coalition with railway and other thieves to plunder the State, and have actually plundered it to the amount of $20,000,000. This is driving South Carolina to the desperate act of repudiation, and the worst of the business is that this appears to be about the only remedy left. In Texas they have not done much better for the last three years they have been in power, and the result is that the Democrats elect the whole Congressional ticket. The majority of the people are staunch Union men, but they find it less dangerous to throw themselves into the hands of the Democracy than to risk the further rule of a Republican party that has fallen among robbers and unscrupulous leaders."

What is here said of South Carolina and Texas may be said of every Southern State where the Radicals have had full sway. Wholesale robbery and unblushing profligacy have distinguished their administrations. More than two hundred millions of indebtedness have been saddled upon the people of the South since the work of reconstruction commenced. And this by men placed in power and kept there by grossest frauds and Federal bayonets. Radical Congresses and administrations are responsible for this shameful condition of things. The best men of the South have been ostracised by the party in power at Washington and thieving, unprincipled adventurers from other States and worthless native scalawags have been given the control of public affairs. The result has been as every sensible man might have foreseen. But these graceless scoundrels are not the parties really responsible. As we said, the authorities at Washington are the guilty ones. The whole policy of the Government towards the South has been to place and keep these creatures in office. So long as Federal bayonets are used to control elections it is useless to look for better things.

Nothing is so disgusting to all respectable auditors as to see a bony old maid with a concave stomach and a neck like a chicken get up in a suffrage meeting and preach free love.

Phenomena of the Northern Fire.

[From the Green Bay Advocate.

There are some phases of the great calamity which fell upon the region last week worthy of scientific investigation. The testimony of the cooler-headed survivors of the fires at Peshtigo and Sugar Bush and Williamsville is united as to the one phenomenon: They say that the fire did not come upon them gradually from burning trees and other objects to the windward, but the first notice they had of it was

A WHIRLWIND OF FLAMES,

in great clouds, from above the tops of the trees, which fell upon and enveloped everything. The atmosphere seemed one of fire. The poor people inhaled it, or the intensely hot air, and fell down dead. This is verified by the appearance of many of the corpses. They were found in the roads and open spaces where there were no visible marks of fire near by, with not a trace of burning upon their bodies or clothing. At the Sugar Bush, which is an extended clearing, in some places four miles in width, corpses were found in the road, between fences, which were only slightly burned. No mark of fire was upon them, but they laid there as if asleep. This phenomenon seems to explain the fact that so many were killed in compact masses. They seemed to have huddled together in what were evidently regarded at the moment as the safest places, away from buildings, trees, or other inflammable material, and there to have died together. Fences around cleared fields were burned in spots of only a few rods in length, and elsewhere not touched. Fish were killed in the streams—as at Peshtigo.

We hear the universal testimony that the prevailing idea among the terror-stricken people of those places was that

THE LAST DAY HAD COME.

They needed not to be terror-stricken for such imaginings. What other explanation could be given to that imminent time, when there was an ominous warning and sound coming from the distance; when the sky, so dark just before, burst into great clouds of fire, the beasts of the forest came running for succor, into the midst of the settlements, and the great, red, consuming roaring hell of fire fell upon all around. The dreadful scene lacked nothing but the sounding of the last trump—and indeed the approach of the awful roaring, and the premonitions from the distance, supplied even that to the appalled imaginings of the people.

THE EPSY THEORY,

we think it is, that continued and widespread fires will bring on rain, seems to be exploded in this instance. These fires had lasted nearly or quite four weeks, ravaging forests over a great area, and still not a drop of rain. The rain only came with a change of wind to the northward, and several days after the worst burnings were over with.

Catechism for Woman-Suffragists.

In view of the demand for female suffrage it is proposed that the following political catechism for ladies desirous of entering the arena of politics be propounded, for answers, to all candidates:

What is the best seasoning for ballot-box stuffing?

In opening a marking list would you use silk or worsted?

Do you consider the electioneering the jewelry of the campaign?

Would you measure the canvass of a ward by the yard?

Is it "measures not men" that you desire?

Do you consider caucusses Irishmen from Cork?

Would you stand up to vote a motion down?

Would you propose musk or cologne when the scents of the meeting was called for?

Ought a chip hat to be worn in log-rolling for an election?

Are you too modest to press the question?

Are you familiar with the music of political organs?

What sort of a vehicle is a political hack?

How old must a woman be to be entitled to the right to suffer age.

Are good teeth requisite for stump speeches?

Do you believe in the doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils," and if so, do you consider a man spoils in political life?

Would you sit on a standing committee?

Would you insist on having your weigh when the vote was declared to be a light one?

REGULARLY.—Boarders in Chicago are now regularly rising from their hashes.

NOBODY KISSED ME GOOD NIGHT.

BY GRACE MELBOURNE.

Kneeling alone in the stillness,
Down by the white-covered bed,
Softly the tear-drops were falling.
Bowed was my young, tired head.
Stealing so soft through the chamber,
The moon with its mystical light.
The words kept so silently coming—
Nobody kissed me good night.

Home, with its gentle caresses,
Loved ones, with faces so true,
Oh I can see them so plainly!
Darlings, I am praying for you!
Here the soft good night, so loving,
And the bright smile to my sight,
Would be a blessing. Ah! sadly
I wait for the loving good night.

Love, what a charm you have given
To this strange pathway of ours!
You have adorned it so brightly,
With your most beautiful flowers.
And, in the silence, while kneeling
Here, in this soft, changing light,
How can I help but remember
Nobody kissed me good night?

But there's a thought that will cheer me
And I am glad when I say
Some one will miss me a little,
Some one will earnestly pray.
May be that some one is thinking
Of one 'neath this soft, fading light,
And wonders, so silently dreaming,
If somebody kissed me good night.

And in the dear little circle,
Gathered so happily there,
They may be thinking and wondering—
O! it looks peaceful and fair!
And when they kiss all the others,
They'll wait ere they put out the light,
And say as they think, perhaps fondly:
'I wonder who kissed her good night.'

Well, well, little heart, are you foolish
To linger so long o'er a kiss?
You have grown so used to its sweetness
No wonder its sunshine you miss.
O! how many are wretchedly starving
For the love of a heart true and bright.
I'll not mourn, for I know there are dear ones
Who would eagerly kiss me good night.

Rules of Health for Married Ladies

Get up at three o'clock in the morning, clean out the stove, take up the ashes, sweep the front sidewalk and scrub the front steps, nurse the baby put the mackerel to soak, build a fire, grind the coffee, get your husband's garments to warm, see the shirts aired, boil the mackerel, settle the coffee, set the table, rouse the house, carry up some hot water for shaving to that brute of a lazy husband. By this time you will have an appetite for breakfast, hot.

After breakfast, wash the dishes, nurse the baby, dust everything, wash the windows, wash and dress the baby, (that pantry wants cleaning out and scrubbing,) nurse the baby, draw the baby in the wagon for his health, put on the potatoes and cabbage, nurse the baby—sweep everything, take up the dinner, set the table, fill up the castors, change the table-cloth—there that baby wants nursing. Eat your dinner, cold again, and nurse the baby.

After dinner wash the dishes, gather up all the dirty clothes and put them in soak, nurse the baby every half hour, receive a dozen calls interspersed with nursing the baby. Make some tea for baby's internal disarrangements, hold the baby for an hour or two to quiet him, tea ready, take yours cold, as usual.

After tea, wash up the dishes, chop some hash, go for some sugar (good gracious! how the sugar does go, and thirteen cents a pound,) get down the stockens and darn them—keep on nursing the baby—sit up till twelve o'clock nursing the baby, till husband comes home with double shuffle on the steps, a decided difficulty in finding the stairway, and a determination to sleep in the backyard. Drag him up stairs to bed, then nurse the baby and go to sleep.

Women in delicate health will find that the above practice will either kill or cure them.

SOME BAD PRACTICES.—To attempt to fatten three hogs into 1,200 pounds of pork on just as much feed as will keep two nicely growing.

To estimate agricultural fairs arrant humbugs, and spend three days every month saving the country at political meetings.

To depend upon borrowing your neighbors' rakes, mowers, and all sorts of implements in haying and harvest time.

To house a thousand bushels of grain waiting for a rise, till one-tenth has gone to feed rats and mice, and the remainder smells like the essence of rat, and the price is reduced forty per cent.

To plant out a big orchard of fruit trees with a first thought of money-making, and then leave them to do or die.

To think it smart to stop your paper because all the ideas published do not agree with your own.

QUERIES.—Is it murder to drown your sorrows, or to kill time? Did the horseman who scoured the plain use soap?

The Democratic majority on the State ticket of Maryland is 12,000.

Stubborn Facts.

The infamous usurpation of the authorities in Texas in connection with the recent election there were not confined to the illegal intimidation, or to fraudulent returns of the voting, but extended to actual murder, robbery, and to other acts of oppression which would be considered frightful in a country by an absolute despot.

The people of Limentone and Freestone counties were known to be strongly against the Grant candidate for congress; and only by throwing out their votes could the returns be made to elect him. This was done by a somewhat complicated process. An old man in Groesbeck was shot down in the streets by a squad of negro police, and when the local authorities endeavored to arrest the murderers they resisted. On this pretext Gov. Davis proclaimed martial law, not only in the county where this disturbance occured, but also in the adjoining county, throwing out the votes of both; and, as a punishment for their political opinions, one of his Major-Generals has levied upon the inhabitants of the former county a war tax of $40,000, payable in three days, under the penalty of ten per cent. additional and an immediate sale of their property! This may seem incredible, but it is true. Here is the order issued by a subaltern of the the State standing army maintained in Texas in flagrant violations of the Constitution of the United States. It bears date October 24,

"Pursuant to orders received from Major-General A. G. Malloy, commanding State forces in Limestone county, I am ordered to assess and levy a special military tax of forty thousand dollars ($40,000,) to be paid by the citizens of Limestone county, to defray the expenses of military commission State troops now on duty in said county. I therefore levy a tax of three per cent. on the hundred dollars of taxable property situated in said county, as per assessment rolls of 1871. All persons owning property in Limestone county are notified to appear at my office, in the city of Groesbeck, immediately, and pay the same. All persons refusing or failing to pay said tax within three (3) days from above date, ten (10) per cent. will be added, and their property levied upon and sold to satisfy said tax."

These measures are taken against the numerous Republicans who refuse to support the thieving corpet-bag officials who have robbed the State in every conceivable manner, as well as against the Democrats; and the State authorities exultingly proclaim that they are acting in concert with the Administration at Washington, and that they have the whole power of the Federal Government to back them. The efforts so sedulously made in Washington to mislead public opinion in regard to the true situation of affairs in Texas afford confirmation for the truth of this boast.

If Grant does these things in Texas now, what may we expect here in the North in 1872 should he receive the nomination of the Republican party?—*N. Y. Sun.*

"CHEEP HUMAN LABOR.—I despise the word. It signifies squalor, degradation, ignorance and vice. Are not laborers men—our fellow-men? They have bodies to clothe, and stomachs to feed, and minds to educate and spirits to elevate, and old age to provide for. They have homes which they love, wives whom they cherish, and children whom they hope to make worthy citizens—the honest fathers and virtuous mothers of a succeeding generation. And can you remember these duties and see these aspirations; can you contemplate the patient hopefulness and cheerful and contented, because fairly compensated industry, and talk of cheap labor. Labor is too cheap now. Labor does not receive its just reward.—*Geo. H. Pendleton.*

NEW DEPARTURE.—The Missouri *Republican*, one of the ablest Democratic papers in the country, proposes that the National Democratic party shall take the action of the Democratic party in Missouri last year as an example, and put in nomination no candidate for the Presidency in 1872, but to unite on any man who shall be nominated by the bolting or dissatisfied Republicans in opposition to General Grant. So far the proposition has been received with little favor, and nearly all the organs of public opinion have already stamped it with their disapprobation.

It is very dangerous for any man to find any spot that is sweeter to him than his own home.

Some hearts, like prim-roses, open most beautifully in the shadows of life.

AN UNHEARD-OF AFFLICTION.—In the town of Rochester, Ulster county, Penn., resides a young woman who, when four years of age, lost the use of her limbs, and has been confined to her bed for twenty years, being now over twenty-four years old. Report has it that there are no bones in her arms, that they gradually kept diminishing, and the nails on her fingers and toes protruding, being lined by an extension of flesh that prevents their being pared, until some of the largest of them are between three and four inches in length. There are bones in the arms, however, but none in the thumbs, and they are very small in the arms. The nails, likewise, are full as long as reported, and bear no resemblance to ordinary finger nails, but appear more like bony excrescences than otherwise.

Another remarkable condition of this child of affliction is that it is claimed she cannot bear the application of water, as wherever it is applied immediately swells, and becomes inflamed and painful. She has also within the past two months been smitten with blindness. She says she has very little pain except when they attempt to move her. Though entirely helpless, the organs of speech seem strong and clear. She can remember perfectly well when she was a sprightly little girl, able to run about and enjoy herself at play.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—When the summer of youth is slowly wasting away in the nightfall of age, and the past becomes deeper and deeper, and life wears to its close, it is pleasant to look through the vista of time upon the sorrows and felicities of our earlier years. If we have a home to shelter, and hearts to rejoice with us, and friends have been gathered together around our firesides, and rough places warfaring will have been worn and smothered away, in the twilight of life, while many dark spots we have passed through will grow brighter and more beautiful. Happy indeed are those whose intercourse with the world has not changed the tone of their holier feelings, or broken those musical chords of the heart, whose vibrations are so melodious, so tender and so touching in the evening of life.

RATHER WINDY.—On one occassion Crawford, the guide, was ascending the White Mountains with a party from Philadelphia. The day was very windy, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the gentlemen could keep their hats upon their heads after they had emerged from the forest to the bare rocks. One of the party asked Crawford if he had ever experienced a more windy day. "Yes," was the reply. "And did you go on to the summit?" "Yes; and it blew so hard that the first one that stepped thereon had to get the one behind him to hold his hair on for him." "And what did *he* do? "Why, he got the one that came next to do the same for him." But what did the last one do when he came beside them?" Why, gentlemen, he was bald-headed." The gentleman, from Philadelphia had no more questions to ask.

A NEW PHASE OF THE WOMAN QUESTION.—The Iowa State *Register* puts it thus:

"Miss Jennie Sweney was postmistress at Blairstown. But the other day she got married, and then there was no Jennie Sweney any more. Losing her name she lost her office, and a widow lady, named French, has been appointed in her place. This suggests an inquiry: Supposing some of the young unmarried women elected County Superintendents in Iowa this fall should get married during their official term, would they marry themselves out of office? If the people of a county elected Miss Mary Smith Superintendent, would she, as Mrs. Mary Jones—John Jones' wife—be competent to continue in the position? If so, and she should sign her new name, how would it be legalized? It would look as though Mary, when she said yes to John and the minister, would have to say good-by, office. It may be we shall have a practical test whether a girl will love an office best or a man."

A BOSTON lady remonstrated with the colored servant for abusing his wife, upbraiding him after this manner: "Jack, what a pretty little smart wife you have. If I were you I would try to make myself more agreeable to her. I would fill the coal-scuttle, feed the pig, gather the vegetables for her, and—and—I would not strike her." The only answer from Jack was: "Why I'se done marrid Lou—I isn't courtin her?"

We rarely repent of having kept silent; we often repent of having spoken.

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