OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 6. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1871. NO. 6.

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

—o—

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:

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

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, $ sq. of 12 lines, 1 w.	$ 2 50
For each subsequent insertion.....	1 00
One Column, one year.....	$120 00
Half " "	60
Quarter " "	40
Business Card, 1 square one year.....	12

☞ *Remittances to be made at the risk o Subscribers, and at the expense of Agents.*

BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

☞ The Enterprise office is supplied with beautiful, approved styles of type, and modern MACHINE PRESSES, which will enable he Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times

Neat, Quick and Cheap!

☞ Work solicited.

All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

A "LECTURE" BY WOODHULL.

FREE LOVE. PASSIONAL ATTRACTION AND CELESTIAL AFFINITIES.

The New York *Herald* of Nov. 21st contains a long report of a lecture by the Woodhull at Steinway Hall in that city on the evening preceeding. The following circular had been scattered freely in all the benches of the hall—which is the largest of its kind in New York—before the audience had taken their seats:

FREEDOM! FREEDOM! FREEEOM!

IN ITS LAST ANALYSIS:

THE SOCIAL RELATIONS.

If it is good in the Religious and Political sphere who shall dare deny that it is good in

THE SOCIAL SPHERE.

For the express purpose of silencing the voices and stopping the pens of those who, either ignorantantly or wilfull, persistently misrepresent, slander, abuse and vilify her on account of her outspoken advocacy of, and supreme faith in God's first, last and best law,

VICTORIA C. WOODHULL

Will speak at Steinway Hall, Monday, Nov. 20, at 8 o'clock p. m.,

ON "THE PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL FREEDOM."

Involving the question of Free Love, Marriage, Divorce and Prostitution.

She wishes it distinctly understood that freedom does not mean anarchy in the social relations any more than it does in religion and politics; also that the advocacy of its principles requires neither abandoned action or immodest speech.

Horace Greeley, Gov. Hawley, of Connecticut, and Boston Exclusives, are specially invited to seats on the platform. All her lesser defamers should secure front seats.

The *Herald* goes on with its report:

Our reporter found his way into the hall, which was but dimly lighted at the moment. Several young ladies of very bold behauior passed him at the gate door, evidently professional and unfortunate in character. Then came a stream of very respectable looking people—men and women—some few of the latter having cultured faces. The red-headed girl bounced in, saying, as she threw off her shawl, "I hope, by gosh! I haven't come here for nothing in all this rain," and then she flounced down into a seat and held her place. While waiting for the hall to fill, which occurred very rapidly, our reporter paid a visit behind the scenes to call upon Mrs. Victoria Woodhull. Going thro' a side door he found that lady in a little room off in a narrow passage, standing talking to her sister Tennie C. Claflin, with a roll of manuscript in her hands. The Woodhull had an inspired look, and it was very evident that the spirit of Demosthenes, a familiar of hers, was upon the lady.

A large number of Free Love ladies and gentlemen, most of the latter being very homely in feature, accompanied by Mr. Stephen Pearl Andrews, the Great American Panarchist, now entered the room to bid Victoria "God speed" before she went on the stage. Finally, all having been said, Mrs. Woodhull, followed by Tennie Claflin and the body of reporters, and preceeded by God-like Tilton, marched to the stage. As Tilton got on the stage his friend Moulton cried to him:

"Are you going to introduce Mrs. Woodhull to the audience, Tilton?"

"Yes, by heaven," said the flowery Tilton, "since no one else has the pluck to do it."

As Mrs. Woodhull walked on the stage timorously everywhere a great shout of applause went up for her from the audience which had literally packed every seat on the ground floor, the two galleries, and which occupied every foot of standing room in the aisles. A hundred ravenous male bipeds leaned over the platform, standing up in front of the audience, and not less than three thousand persons were present, nearly half of whom belonged to the gentler sex of the Free Love persuasion.

THE LECTURE.

As Mrs. Woodhull came forward to the front of the stage to read her lecture, which she did in a clear and pleasing voice, the audience cheering her with much gallantry, particularly the young men about town, who were quite noisy and vociferous. She spoke in substance as follows:

My Brothers and Sisters: I appear before you to-night to discuss the most delicate and difficult subject in which human interests are involved; one in which everybody is interested, as well as directly and intimately concerned; but which, on account of its delicacy and difficulty, almost everybody instinctively avoids; I refer to the principles of social freedom, love, marriage and divorce; or the relations between the sexes.

There is no escaping the fact that the principle by which the male citizens of these United States assume to rule the female citizens is not that of self-government but of despotism; and so the fact is that poets have sung songs of freedom and anthems of liberty

HAVE RESOUNDED FOR AN EMPTY SHADOW.

Over the sexual relations marriages have endeavored to preserve sway and to hold the people in subjection to what has been considered a standard of moral purity. Whether this has been successful or not may be determined from the fact that there are scores of thousands of women who are denominated prostitutes and who are supported

BY HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF MEN

who should, for like reasons, also be denominated prostitutes, since that which will change a woman into a prostitute must also necessarily change a man into the same.

THIS CONDITION, CALLED PROSTITUTION,

seems to be the great evil at which religion, the public morality, burl their special weapons of condemnation, as the sum total of all diabolism; since for a woman to be a prostitute is to deny her not only all Christian but also all humanitarian rights.

Now I will put the question direct. Are not these eminently proper subjects for inquiry and discussion, not in that manner of maudlin sentimentality in which it has been the habit, but in a dignified, open, honest and fearless way, in which subjects of so great importance should be inquired into and discussed? An exhaustive treatment of these subjects would involve the inquiry what should be the chief end to be gained by

ENTERING INTO SEXUAL RELATION.

This I must answer by saying "good children, who will not need to be regenerated," and pass to the consideration of the relations themselves. All the relations between the sexes that are recognized as legitimate are denominated marriage. But of what does marriage consist?

Marriage must consist either of love or of law, since it may exist in form with either term absent; this is to say, people may be married by law and all love lacking, and they may also be married by love and lack all sanction of law. True marriage must in reality consist entirely either of law or love, since there can be no compromise between the law of nature and statute law by which the former shall yield to the latter.

Law cannot change what nature has already determined. Neither will love obey if law command.

LAW CANNOT COMPEL TWO TO LOVE.

It has nothing to do either with love or with its absence. Love is superior to all law, and so also is hate, indifference, disgust and all other human sentiments which are evoked in the relations of the sexes. It legitimately and logically follows, if love have anything to do with marriage,

THAT LAW HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.

And, on the contrary, if law have anything to do with marriage, that love has nothing to do with it. And there is no escaping the deduction.

Considerable dissatisfaction was here manifested by the audience, but after some hissing and cheering commingled, the speaker continued:

I do not care where it is that sexual commerce results from the dominant power of one sex over the other, compelling him or her to submission against the instincts of love, and where hate and disgust is present, whether it be in the

GILDED PALACES OF FIFTH AVENUE

or in the lowest purlieus of Greene street, there is prostitution, and all the law that a thousand State assemblies may pass cannot make it otherwise.

I know whereof I speak; I have seen the most damning misery resulting from legalized prostitution. Misery, such as the most degraded of those against whom society has shut her doors never know. Thousands of poor, weak,

UNRESISTING WIVES ARE YEARLY MURDERED,

who stand up in spirit life, looking down upon the sickly, half made-up children left behind, imploring humanity for the sake of honor and virtue to look into this matter, to look into the fair daylight all the blackened, sickening deformities that have so long been hidden by the screen of public opinon and a sham morality.

It does not matter how much it may be attempted to gloss these things over and to label them sound and pure: you, each and every one of you, know that what I say is truth, and if you question your own souls you dare not reply; is it not so? If these things to which I refer, but ot which I shudder to think, are not abuses of sexual relations, what are?

I would not be understood to say that there are no good conditions in the present marriage state. By no means do I say this; on the contrary, a very large proportion of present social relations are commendable—are as good as the present status of society makes possible. But what I do assert, and that most positively, is that all which is good and commendable, now existing, would continue to exist if all marriage laws were repealed tomorrow.

At this remark about the marriage relation, nearly half the audiance rose to their feet and hissed Mrs. Woodhull most vehemently, while the other half cheered tumultously! The noise was really deafening, and Theodore Tilton vainly endeavored to make himself heard. Now and then he was heard to say—

"Ladies and gentleman," and then the audience would hiss him down for a few moments, and the storm would break out anew.

Mrs. Woodhull, excitedly—Let the gentleman or lady who is capable of hissing or interrupting me (here she stamped her foot) come forward on this platform and define their principles fairly. [More hisses and cheering.]

Mrs. Woodhull began at some length to excuse the stain of illegitimacy, when Mrs. Brooker, her sister, who had been waiting an opportunity from her seat in the balcony over the stage, jumped up, and facing the audience, who liked the fun and were cheering loudly, said, directing her remarks to Mrs. Woodhull.

"How could you expect to be recognized in society unless you knew who your father or mother was?"

Mrs. Woodhull—I assert that there is as good and noble men and women on the top of this earth suffering from the stain of illegitimacy as any man or woman before me, and God knows I do not know how many illegitimate men or women there are in this hall tonight."

Here the confusion became so great that nothing more could be heard on the stage. Mrs. Brooker, the sister of Mrs. Woodhull, would not sit down on her lofty perch in the balcony, and kept facing the audience, who cheered her loudly, while several ladies who sat by her, fearing a riot, left their seats and retreated into the inner box.

Mr. Tilton—Ladies and gentlemen, sometimes there occurs in a public meeting an incident like this, in which Americans vindicate the right of free speech. You shall all be heard if you only give us time. I must say, however, that this lady has hired the hall, and she is entitled to be heard first.

At this juncture a policeman came out of the rear box to the open balcony where Mrs. Brooker sat, and placing his hand upon her wrist, turning his back to the audience, endeavored to drag the lady out. Every man and woman in the audience, at this high-handed proceeding, seemed to consider themselves personally insulted, and such a storm of indignant hissing and groans, mingled with counter cheering, broke forth that the unlucky policeman was compelled immediately to vacate the box and disappear from view.

Mr. Tilton—I see that you have vindicated free speech. Now let Mrs. Woodhull be heard, and you shall be heard in your turn. I saw the policeman put his hand on the lady in the balcony. Now the lady in the balcony shall also be heard. [Mingled cheers and hisses.]

Mrs. Woodhull, who had shrunk back timidly during the uproar with her manuscript, came forward and said boldly, "Yes, I am a free lover! I believs I have an inaliable right to change my husband every day if I like. I trust I am understood, for I mean what I say and nothing else. I claim that freedom means to be free."

Here the wild young men in the audience cheered most tumultuously, and Mrs. Brooker sat down, her forces broken but not yet utterly routed.

Mrs. Woodhull then continued her lecture as follows:

It seems to me that no grosser insult could be offered to women than to insinuate that she is honest and virtuous only because the law compels her to be so; and little do men and women realize the obloquy thus cast upon society, and still less do women realize what they admit of their sex by such assertions. I honor and worship that purity which exists in the soul of every noble man or woman, while I pity a woman who is virtuous simply because a law compels her.

It may be proper and legitimate, and withal perfectly causistent, for the philosophers of the *Tribune* school to bundle all the murderers, robbers and rascals together and hand them over to our camp labelled as Free Lovers. We will only object that they ought to hand the whole of humanity over, good, bad and indifferent, and not assort its worst representatives. Among the cases cited as evidences of the evil tendencies of free love are those of Richardson and Crittenden. Why? Because she believed in the spirit of the marriage law; that

SHE HAD A BETTER RIGHT TO HIM

than had Mrs. Crittenden, to whom the law had granted him; and rather than give him up to her, to whom he evidently desired to go, and where, following his right to freedom, he did go, she killed him. Could a more perfect case of the spirit of the marriage law be formulated? Most assuredly not!

Now, from the standpoint of marriage reverse this case to that of free love and see what would have been the result had all those parties been believers in an dpracticers of that theory. When Mr. Crittenden evinced a desire to return to Mrs Crittended, Mrs. Fair, in practicing the doctrine of free love, would have said "I have no right to you, other than you freely give; you loved me, and exercised your right of freedom in so doing. You now desire to return to Mrs. Crittenden, which is equally your right, and which I must respect. Go, and in peace, and my blessing shall follow; and if it can return you to happiness then will you be happy.

Would not that have been the better, the Christian course, and would not every soul in the broad land, capable of a noble impulse, and having knowledge of all the relevant facts, have honored Mrs. Fair for it? Instead of a murder, with the probability of another to complement it, would not all parties have been happy in having done right? Would not Mrs. Crittenden have loved Mrs. Fair for such an example of nobility, and could she not safely have received her even into her own heart and home, and been a sister to her, instead of the means of her conviction of murder?

I know too well the miseries of the married state. While in the profession of a clairvoyant thousands of poor, heartbroken husbands came to pour their sorrows into my ear. (Cheers and laughter.] If our sisters who inhabit Green street and other filthy localities choose to remain in debauchery they are only exercising the same right as our brothers who visit them. [Applause.] The honest women of a town in the State of New York some two years ago organized for the purpose of putting down prostitution. They pushed the matter until they found their own husbands, brothers and lovers in these houses of prostitution; then they desisted, and nothing has been heard of the movement since. Promiscuity in sexuality is simply the anarchical stage of development wherein the passions rule supreme. What can be more terrible than for a delicate, sensitively organized woman to be compelled to endure the presence of a beast in the shape of a man who knew nothing beyond the blind passion with which he is filled, and to which is often added the delirium of intoxication? I protest against this form of slavery. I protest against the custom which compels women to give the control of their maternal functions over to anybody. It should be theirs to determine when, and under what circumstances, the greatest of all constructive processes—the formation of an immortal soul—should be begun. It is a fearful responsibility with which women are entrusted by nature, and the very last thing they should be compelled to do is to perform the office of that responsibility against their will, under improper conditions or by disgusting means.

Mrs. Woodhull then concluded her lecture with an eloquent peroration, strongly advocating the cause of free love.

Mrs. Brooker (rising in the balcony)—I want to know how it is possible for Mrs. Woodhull to reform the ladies in Greene street, if she is in favor of promiscuous intercourse? [Applause and laughter.]

Here the audience dispersed.

Figures for Tax-Payers.

Some political economist, deploring the indifference with which the American people regard the profligacy of the powers that be, and how lightly they speak in connection with public expenditures and Radical defalcation, has gone to the trouble of computing what a million dollars really is, and gives this as the result:

A million of silver dollars possesses a vastness that is rather startling to a man who has never faced a pile. To count this at the rate of one thousand and five hundred dollars an hour, and eight hours a day, would require a man nearly three months. If the said dollars were laid side by side they would reach one hundred and thirty-six miles, while their transportation would require fourteen wagons carrying two tons each.

We are enabled by the aid of this to arrive at some other facts that should be made familiar to the tax-payers of this country. Figuring from this basis we find that the Radical paymaster, Hodge, who was caught last week, stole $500,000 from the United States Treasury, that he took dishonestly just sixty-eight miles of silver dollars, or seven wagon loads of the precious metal. When Norton, the Radical theif who plundered the Treasury through the New York post office, and whose stealings came to light the same day of Hodge's exposure, stole over $115,000, he gobbled about fifteen miles of silver dollars, or over a wagon load, weighing over two tons.

The Radical postmaster at Atlanta, Georgia, who defaulted about the same time for over $30,000, gathered home some four miles of dollars, or a good load for a single drought horse.

The three hundred Radical collectors and assessors, who together defrauded the Government out of $20,000,000, and none of whom have yet been prosecuted by Grant, got a grand aggregate of 2,720 miles of silver dollars, or 380 wagon loads, making 560 tons.

Tax-payers will find in the above food for serious reflection. We have here introduced but a few of the notable defalcations that the rings at Washington were unable to keep from public gaze, but they are sufficient to explain to the Americam people why they are required to pay such enormous taxes, and why the expenses of the Government annually reach astounding figures.

A HINT TO PARENTS.—Nervous children suffer untold agonies from fear, when put to bed alone. No tongue can tell the horrors of a lonesome room to children. A little delicate boy whom his parents were drilling to sleep alone used to cry violently every night and his father would come in and whip him. He mistook pertinacity for obstinacy, and he thought it his duty to conquer the child's will. One night he said:

"Why do you always scream so, when you know you shall be punished?"

"O, father, father!" said the little fellow, "I don't mind your whipping me, if you only stay with me."

The father's eyes were opened from that moment. He saw that a human being cannot be governed by dead rules, like a plant or animal.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was recently waited on by a committee appointed by the Massachusetts Woman Suffrage-seekers, and was asked to define his views. He thus declared himself in a letter to the Committee:

After careful thought and some study, I am firmly and unequivocally opposed to woman suffrage, and shall feel it my duty in the very improbable contingency of my ever occupying any considerable public office, to stand by the old immemorial division of activities and functions which seems to be at the foundation of society.

COOL.—The Duke of Wellington was once in danger at sea, when, just before bedtime, the captain came to his cabin, and announced that in a few minutes all would be over. "Very well," said the Duke, "then I shall not take off my boots."

Face the Figures.

The vote for Willers, regular Democratic candidate for Secretary of State, was, in this city, 83-314. The vote for Ledwith, Tammany candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, was 46,156. This shows that 37,158 Democrats in this city who voted for the Rochester State Ticket would not vote for Ledwith.

What became of the votes of these 37,158 Democrats? Scribner, Republican candidate for Secretary of State, received in this city, 54,132 votes. Barrett received for Judge of the Supreme Court 88,280 votes, or 34,148 more votes than Scribner. Where did Barrett get this excess of votes over Scribner? Of course from the Democrats who voted for Willers, but would not vote for Ledwith.

Shandley, Tammany candidate for Register, received in this city 53,427 votes, or 28,877 less than were given for Willers, Democratic candidate for Secretary of State. Sigel received for Register 81,753 votes, or 26,326 more votes than Scribner, Republican candidate for Secretary of State, obtained. From whom did Sigel get these extra votes over those given to Scribner? Of course from those 28,887 Democrats who voted for Willers, but who refused to vote for Shandley.

We might take the figures given for all the candidates in this city at the recent election; and show similar results. Indeed, we might work out the problem throughout the entire State, and the product, would be of a corresponding character.

And yet, in the face of these figures, there are a great many fools who claim the results of the election in this city and in the State as a Republican triumph, while there are others who are stupid enough to claim it as a verdict in favor of Grant's renomination.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THE SQUIRES INDIGESTION.—Old Squire H—was a very successful and substantial farmer, in an interior town of Massachusetts, and a more amazing eater never lived in any town any where. And especially much did he eat when fresh pork was to be the nourishment. Well, at a certain time one of his hogs had been killed. The next morning there was to be fresh pork for breakfast, and the old man eat most wondrously. In the course of the forenoon he ate his lunch, consisting of bread and butter and mince pie and cheese. At noon his dinner consisted of fresh pork, pickles, mince pie, and the usual accompaniments. His afternoon lunch was like that of the forenoon. When he came home to his supper, his favorite dish had been prepared as part of that meal. The old man fretted and scolded till fresh pork was added to the substantials. He ate voraciously, as usual. In the evening he toasted some cheese, buttered and ate it. Just before going to bed he roasted a couple of apples and ate them. In the night he was taken with a severe colic; the doctor was with him till morning, and wrought a miracle in saving the old man's life. The next day Bolles W., one of his neighbors, went in to condole with the old Squire. "Faithful Bolles," said the old worthy, "I liked to have died last night. I'll never eat another roast apple as long as I live. I never did love them very well; and last night I ate only two, and they nearly killed me."

WOMANLY MODESTY. — Man loves the mysterious. A cloudless sky, the full-blown rose, leave him unmoved; but the violet which hides its blushing beauties behind the bush, and the moon when she emerges from beneath a cloud, are to him sources of inspiration and pleasure. Modesty is to merit what shade is to figures in painting—it gives it boldness and prominence. Nothing adds more to female beauty than modesty; it sheds around the countenance a halo of light which is harrowed from virtue. Botanists have given to the rose hue which tinges the cup of the white rose the name of the "maiden blush." This pure and delicate hue is the only paint Christian virgins should use; it is the richest ornament. A woman without modesty is like a faded flower, which diffuses an unwholesome odor, and which the prudent gardener will throw from him. Her destiny is melancholly, for it terminates in shame and repentance. Beauty passes like the flower of the albo, which blossoms and dies in a few hours; but modesty gives the female character charms which supply the place of this transitory freshness of youth.

SORRY.—An Indiana paper notes the death of a subscriber, and touchingly adds; "We are sorry to hear of the death of any of our subscribers who are prompt about paying us."

DYSPEPSIA.—The celebrated and very clever Dr. Abernathy, of London, once opened his mind to an American, who sought advice in his sufferings from dyspepsia: "I'll be hanged," said he, "if I ever saw a Yankee that didn't bolt his food whole, like a boa constrictor. How the devil do you expect to digest food that you neither take the trouble to dissect nor the time to masticate? It's no wonder you lose your teeth, for you never use them; nor your digestion, for you overload it; nor your saliva, for you expend it on the carpets instead of on your food. It's disgusting; it's beastly. You Yankees load your stomachs as a Devonshire man loads his cart, as full as it can hold, and as fast as he can pitch it in with a dung-fork, and drive off; and then you complain that such a load of compost is too heavy for you. Dyspepsia, eh? Infernal guzzling, you mean. I'll tell you what, take half the time to eat that you do to drawl out your words, chew your food half as much as you do your filthy tobacco, and you'll be well in a month"

THE WAY TO PROSPER.—A good story is told of a man in a city not more than fourteen miles distant from New Bedford, who on the ceremony being performed of uniting him, for better or for worse, in the holy bonds of wedlock with a lass from the country upon whom he had for three successive weeks bestowed his adorations, immediately made application at an intelligence office for a situation for his spouse as a domestic. This was considered a shrewd act by the acquaintances of the liege lord, but the stoy increases in interest when it is known that after obtaining the desired situation he, pretending to seek the better enjoyment of the connubial felicity incidental to his newly formed relations, obtained board under the same roof. The best of the story is not told until the fact is disclosed that he managed to have the weekly earnings of his better half retained as payment for his own board.

PRESENT-TAKERS IN FRANCE.—The Countess De Gentre has been tried before the Correctional Tribunal of Paris and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, with a fine of one hundred thousand francs, for attempting to corrupt a public functionary. The public functionary was the inspector of a cattle market, and the manner in which the Countess attempted to corrupt him was by making a valuable present to his wife. It will be seen that present-taking by public functionaries or their wives is not considered a reputable practice in France; which would render it a very uncomfortable place of residence for the Grant family.

A VERY SENSIBLE WOMAN.—A lady in Iowa has published her reason for opposing the Woman Suffrage proposition, and she concludes as follows:

I do not believe that all men are so terribly false and untrue to their marriage vows as some would make it appear. But admit for a moment that it is so, and why must women have the same rights? Let custom accord to women all that is now charged to men, and where would be the restoring influences of public opinion that hold in check many of the "women of the period?" You may look at this matter in whatever light you will; but simmer it down, and it is but a quarrel with the Almighty that we are not all men.

"Five years ago," remarks the Philadelphia *Court Journal*, "we fought the Democracy with the spellingbook and whipped them. This year our weapon is the arithmetic, and is just as deadly." To which the the Cincinnati *Enquirer* responds: "Precisely. It *is* hard to beat your arithmetic when there are divisions in our own ranks; when additions are made to your party by the use of the bayonet; when your votes are multiplied by repeaters and revolvers, and our ballots subtracted from the box by rascally judges."

HIS OPINION.—The Chicago *Journal* says the Rev. Mr. McConkline, of Philadelphia, and formerly of Chicago, recently refused to allow his church to take up a collection for suffering Chicago, on the ground that he knew the city well, and in his opinion the recent calamity was a manifest indication of the displeasure of Almighty God with the wickedness of the city, and he did not propose to meddle with the affair.

MANY DEATHS.—Some fellow with plenty of time on his hands estimates that Dr. Livingstone has suffered thirty-five newspaper deaths within the last seven years. And yet he is not a dead Livingstone.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY,