OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 6. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1871. NO. 7.

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

TERMS of SUBSCRIPTION:

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

TERMS of ADVERTISING:

Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, ¾ 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 the Proprietor to do Job Printing at all times

Neat, Quick and Cheap!

☞ Work solicited.
All Business transactions upon a Specie basis.

Lost Lilly.

"We will have it out, now, if you please, madam?" said Mark Arkwright to his wife, Augusta.

And they did have it out with a vengeance. Both were high-tempered; neither had learned self-control; and before the scene between them was ended, both had spoken such words as no two people who love each other should ever speak. If two indifferent persons quarrel, it does not amount to much generally, but when two who love each other indulge in the fatal pastime, it is frequently fatal to happiness.

They had been married but a year, and the sweet glamour of romance had hardly worn off. This was their first disagreement, and it began in a *secret*. Perhaps Mr. Arkwright had ample cause to be angry with his wife. I am sure that every man will think so, though woman's judgment might be different.

On the afternoon of the quarrel he had asked his wife to drive with him, and she had declined on that old plea— he headache. He had pitied and petted her, and kissed her hot forehead, and smoothed her soft blonde hair, and established her on the lounge in her room, with a pillow under her head and a shawl over her feet, before he went out for his afternoon drive.

Two hours later, he had occasion to cross Hyde Park, and there, walking down one of the most secluded paths, he saw a purple velvet skirt, beside a black coat. Augusta had a purple velvet skirt, and looked like an angel, her husband frequently told her, all unmindful of the historical fact that angels universally wear white, are supposed to be above the weakness of purple velvet skirts.

The airs and manners of the man were decidedly foreign; he was handsome, and had an uneasy appearance generally—indeed he seemed to be constantly looking over his shoulder.

Arkwright paused in the shadow of a clump of trees, and watched the pair. I suppose "watched" is the proper word, though Arkwright prided himself on being an extremely honorable man, and would doubtless have knocked anybody down who had insinuated anything to the contrary.

There was no mistaking the grace of the lady, the wave of her golden hair, the turn of her snowy neck—yes, the very wreath of purple pansies on her hat—all were Augusta's; and in a moment more her husband heard her voice.

"Dear Arthur" she was saying, "every moment for you here is fraught with peril. Lose no time in getting out of London."

"But, darling," returned the man, "nothing save my love for you has brought me here; and it is hard if I cannot have just this little comfort."

They moved down the walk, and Arkwright heard no more. But he had heard quite enough. He was in a white heat of passion. He dared not follow them and trust himself to speak. There was murder in his heart: He must wait a little till his temper cooled. He went to a stable, hired a fast horse, and rode him till the animal was ready to drop. Then he went home and accused his wife. No matter in what words—they were harsh and bitter enough, heaven knows; and the vile epithets he applied to her at the outset roused all her haughty pride and resistance to arms.

She had heard him through. She attempted no defence; she made no denial; but when he paused from sheer want of breath, she cursed the hour in which she had married him. Then she left the room. He had all night to subdue himself, and if she had come to him with any reasonable explanation, he would have listened to her. But she did not come,

After a while, he sought her in her room; but she had gone. She had taken with her only a bare change of raiment, and left no message to tell whither she was going.

"Fled with her paramour!" Arkwright said, bitterly; and then and there he vowed to give himself no rest until he had, found and killed them both. He tried hard to put his vow into execution. For three years he was a wanderer—seeking always his wife and her seducer, and finding them never.

At last he quit wandering, and went home. He was a very wealthy man now. Lands that he had owned had increased prodigiously in value, and there was no need of his applying himself to business. He built a mansion and lived alone in it, with his books and thoughts for company. He had a retinue of servants to anticipate every wish; he sat at a costly table, and drank wine as old as the hills. He drove horses worth a fortune; he had everything that wealth could purchase, and yet he was never at peace. Though, for the world, he would not have owned to anything of the kind.

One day he was riding in the suburbs of London and came upon a little child sitting by the wayside, sobbing bitterly. She had her apron full of primroses and violets, and a black and white kitten was cuddled up in her arms. Moved by some impulse which he could not have explaned, Arkwright stopped his horse, and accosted her. She sobbed out her little story with all a child's ingenuousness. Her mamma had gone somewhere to carry work, and she and Spot had gone to walk by themselves, and they had walked, oh, so far! and now they were lost.

Her name was Lilly, and the kitten's name was Spottie, and that was all she could tell to prove her identity. Surprised at himself for doing so, Arkwright took her into the carriage—kitten and all—and carried her to his own home.

He advertised her, and for the first two or three days made some effort to discover her relatives. After that, he did not want to discover them. Into his cold, closed heart Lilly had crept, and made her home there; and the desolate, cynical man found himself loving her as a little while before he never dreamed of loving anything again. He got so nervous that he started at every sound of the bell—fearful that some one was coming to claim her.

She and the kitten had it all their own way in Arkwright House. They strayed in the library, and upset the books and papers to their mutual satisfaction. Lilly sat on Arkwright's knee a great deal of the time, amusing herself with braiding and curling his hair into the most grotesque shapes; and Spot, with feline audacity, mounted on his shoulders and nibbled the top of his pen, or thrust her inquisitive little nose into his face, all unrebuked.

But one day just as Arkwright was beginning to feel sure of the child, a lady came for her. This lady was tall and slight, and wore black, and had her face covered by a thick veil. Something in her low, sweet voice stirred the innermost depths of Mark Arkwright's nature, but a fierce pang shot through him when he saw with what eagerness Lilly flew towards her.

"Mamma! darling mamma!" she cried, covering her with kisses. "I so dad 'oo tum! Now oo and I and Spot, and papa are all togedder."

Arkwright reddened. He had been weak enough to teach this child to call him papa. He wondered what the lady thought of his presumption; but she seemed willing to linger. She thanked him for the care he had given Lilly—offered to pay him for his trouble from a very slender looking purse; and being inligantly refused, she turned to go. Lilly was in her arms. Arkwright took a step towards them, and Lilly threw an arm around his neck, drawing him up close, and face to face with the lady. Through the thick folds of the veil their eyes met. He started back, pallid and trembling.

"Augusta!" he faltered, in a choked voice.

"Mr. Arkwright!"

She was the calmer of the two. A woman always is in cases of emergency All the old love, fierce and ungovernable rose up within him.

"This child! Who is it? he asked.

Mine and *yours*," she answered quietly. "She was born four months after our separation. I wish you good morning."

He caught her arm in an iron grasp.

"Stop! *My* child! *Mine*! he cried dreaming, as if it were an effort for him to realize it.

"No not yours now," she said, steadily, "You forfeited the right to claim her when you drove her mother from her home. Mark, at this time—the last time I shall see you in this world—I will tell you the truth. You were jealous of my brother!"

"Your brother! I never knew that you had one!"

"That was where I erred. Arthur was two years my junior, and a cruel misfortune placed him in a position where he was suspected of forgery. He was unable to prove his innocence, and he fled from mistaken justice. I was too proud to tell you that I was the sister of one whom the world looked upon as a felon. In that I sinned. I had a secret from you, and upon that rock our happiness was wrecked. Thank Heaven! Arthur is free now—the guilty party has confessed, and my brother is a man once more."

Arkwright snatched her to his breast, and would not let her go. She tried her best to escape, but he held her fast. I suppose he won her pardon some way, for she remained at Arkwright House, and Lilly and Spot remained likewise.

Go there to-day, and you will see the happiest family this side of Paradise.

What Gov. Walker Says.

[From the San Francisco Examiner.]

Governor Walker, of Virginia, in his message to the Legislature, is reported by telegraph as "eulogizing universal suffrage and equality before the law as having proved conducive to the prosperity and stable rebuilding of the State." The Governor says "that under them Virginia has enjoyed a degree of peace and good order excelled by none of her sister States." To attribute this condition of things in Virginia to negro suffrage equality—for that is what universal suffrage and equality before the law means—is the height of absurdity. That Virginia has lately enjoyed a degree of peace and good order unexcelled by any of the Northern States, we believe is true. Since the carpet-baggers and scalawags were defeated and driven from office, despite the active backing given them by the Washington Administration, the worst enemies of the South have sought in vain for points of attack against her people. This, however, is all owing to the fact that the conservative native white element prevails over the worthless imported adventures, the scalawags and negroes combined. Suppose the old Underwood, mongrel regime, superseded in the election of Gov. Walker, had continued in power—does any one believe for a moment that the same tribute could be truthfully paid Virginia?

If "universal suffrage and equality before the law" produced these things there, why have not they produced them in other Southern States? Why not in North Carolina and South Carolina? The same equality exists all over the Union, and yet we find, in the States named, the most infamous frauds and robberies characterizing Radical rule in each. We find their people driven to the dire alternative of repudiation or bankruptcy.

Universal suffrage and equality are good things where the people are educated and the better elements of society in ascendancy. Where, however, these are in the minority, no greater curse could be inflicted upon a community. This has been clearly proved since the extension of the ballot to negroes. There never were worse governments than in those Southern States where the negro party, backed by Federal bayonets, have had control of the helm of State. If the old, rotten Radical administrations have been superseded by honest ones, as in the case of Virginia, Tennesse, North Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, it was not the result of negro suffrage, but in spite of it. In South Carolina and Louisiana, where the negro element predominates, we find a very different condition of things. Even in these, if left alone by the Federal Government, the better elements of society, although in the minority, could assert themselves over the ignorant and vicious; but this is not allowed them. A corrupt National administration hesitates not to crush out the prosperity and well-being of States to subserve the ends of personal greed and ambition. Until this recreant and corrupt rule is broken, we may look in vain for the permanent prosperity of those Southern States where the negroes excel or nearly balance the whites.

The *World* makes mention of "Colfax, the great American smiler," who gets up every moning to "retire from politics," as some men take a cocktail before breckfast, in order to prepare him for having no opinions during the day.

Grace Greenwood Among the Polygamists.

Grace Greenwood, in one of her letters from Salt Lake City to the New York *Times*, discusses the effect of the sudden breaking up of the pet institution of "Latter Day Saints," and finds her sympathies awakened for the women and children, whom the punishment of the much married must effect seriously. She says:

THE HARDEST CONSEQUENCES

of the sudden and forcible breaking up of the system of polygamy would be visited on the ones who suffer most everywhere, in social convulsions and overturnings, and are everywhere the least guilty—women and children. It would take from hundreds of Mormon wives the little title to the world's tolerance they now possess, destroy their self-respect, and drive them from their—from the places they call home. They have mostly entered on the relation in good faith, in a blind belief that it was of Divine appointment. Even when convinced of their error, dishonor and want have barred their way of escape, and children's arms have held them back. Aside from their own interests or belief, they oppose a measure which would scatter and bastardize their children. For these reasons the women of Utah, though in full possession of the ballot have failed to fulfill the prophecy of Miss Dickinson, to "vote themselves free and virtuous." You are struck by the great number of children everywhere here. Some houses absolutely overflow with them; some tables are embowered with "olive branches." The different sets get along very well together generally, but that is little wonder, after the miracle of agreement between the mothers. Polygamy does not seem to spare women the cares of matrimony.

I KNOW A MORMON HOUSEHOLD

in which two middle-aged wives count about two dozen children between them. I took two little fair-haired girls for twins, and they were a sort of polygamic twins, born almost at the same time in the same house, of different mothers. It seems to me that children here do not look as happy and bright as in our towns. I fancy that the little girls at least have something of the subdued repressed look of their mothers. But some few of them are pretty, and nearly all of them comfortably and neatly dressed. I hear that they have very good schools, and are under good discipline at home, answering to the roll-call at night, and duly honoring their fathers and mothers.

MANY MORMON WIVES

are sisters, and it is said they get along quite harmoniously. The very nature of women seems to be changed here, and turned upside down and inside out. An intelligent "first wife" told a Gentile neighbor that the only wicked feeling she had about her husband taking a second wife was that he did not take her sister, who wanted him, or rather a share in him. She would have liked to have the property kept in the family. I saw the other day, a pair of young wives, sisters, walking hand-in-hand, dressed alike in every particular, of the same height and complexion, and of the same apparent age—indeed looking so exactly alike that it was almost a case of mitigated bigamy. It must seem queer, even to them, to say "our husband." They used to say "our piano."

THE MOST SINGULAR AND UNNATUAL

marriages here are those of men with their wives' mothers. These are not unfrequent. It strikes me this is a seditious plot against immemorial domestic authority, the most ancient court of feminine appeal—that it is an attempt to do away with mothers-in-law. When young wives are taken, the three or four or five do not always become one flesh. There is sometimes rebellion and even hostility on the part of the old wife. Occasionally a husband objects to having even a second wife imposed on him. I heard of one the other day, who, though he finally submitted to the command of the imperial Brigham that he should take and provide for a certain poor women—"a lone, lorn cretur"—declared that he couldn't "a bear her," and at once put her away on a ranch forty miles from town—pensioned and pastured her out. This system has its serious and perplexing aspect—it is a fearful problem, which like the riddle of the sphynx, may prove the destruction of those who attempt rashly to solve it and fail; but it has also its ludicrous, its grotesque aspects, and they always strike me first, though the laugh they provoke is quickly succeeded by a sad realization, sweeping over me like a great bitter wave, of all there is in it of error, of suffering, and of peril.

Plain Truths.

We have a feeling of profound disgust when we read the vile slanders which are daily propagated against the South. A brutal man commits some outrage, bad in itself, condemned by the whole community, but, after all, not half as bad as are many which are daily committed in metropolitan New York, pious Connecticut, or self-satisfied Puritanical old Boston, and straight-way the Radical papers of the country cry out that a Ku-klux outrage has been committed; that all Southern men are Ku-klux, and, therefore, that the whole South is responsible. We confess that we cannot see any fairness in this reasoning. It is based on false principles, and has in view the high object of exciting popular indignation against the South, and, by so doing, to enable the President of the United States to carry out his designs against the liberties of the country. United State Senators are sent as itinerant missionaries through the country to manufacture, not only popular opinion, but also facts, for the purpose of keeping alive excitement and preventing the truth from being known. Low tricks and filthy devices are used by those who profess to act from the highest moral standpoint, and the President of the United States amuses himself grimly by watching the manner in which his tools, and would-be rivals, are aiding in the accomplishment of his objects. He strengthens them, because they strengthen him, by lending the aid of the Courts to the propagation of the most unfounded calumny that has ever been uttered from high places. In North Carolina a number of lawless men were convicted for immoral and outrageous conduct, under a law which we believe to be unconstitutional by the United States Circuit Court, and while we have been glad to see every violator of the peace and good order of society convicted and punished by the proper tribunals, and while we have no sympathy with those who have offended against the laws of order or morals or of society, we must protest, and earnestly protest, against the effort to hold the people of a State, or section of a State, responsible for the evil deeds of a few criminals. When Mrs. Fair shot Mr. Crittenden in the very arms of his own lawful wife, and attempted to defend herself on the ground that Crittenden was morally her husband, it would have been laughed at as ridiculous folly if any man had claimed that all of the women on the Pacific coast were responsible for her conduct. When Mrs. McFarland Richardson caused her husband in law and in morals to kill her imaginary husband, it would have been absurd to hold all the women and men of New York and New England responsible for the vile theories which produced the tragedy. When Ruloff was convicted of crime, no one claimed to attribute his sin to every philologist in his section of the country. When the Avondale tragedy took place no one dared assert that all the mine owners of Pennsylvania were responsible for the fact that mine lacked sufficient ventilation and means of escape. When a Western father roasted and beat his son to death his conduct was not proclaimed to the country as the model by which Western men were guided. When Grant, as President, degraded his office by receiving gifts as a compensation for past or future services, the majority of the people of the United States would have indignantly protested had they been held bound to father his conduct. If this is true with regard to matters which have occurred at the North it is equally true with regard to crimes or misdemeanors which have been committed in the South. We can readily understand the desire of the Radicals to make it appear that a people is guilty of the sins of individuals, but we cannot see how any sensible man, who has watched the recent trials in North Carolina, and has seen that with an army of spies, with the military, and with the Courts, all anxious to discover criminals and bring them to punishment, no prominent or leading man was convicted, can, for a moment, believe that the people of the State were, in any sense, responsible for the conduct of criminals.—*Charleston Courier.*

BIG ENOUGH.—"Ella, my child," said a prudish old maid to a pretty niece, who would curl her hair in pretty ringlets, "if the Lord had intended your hair to be curled, he would have done it himself. "So he did, aunty, when I was a baby; but he thinks I am big enough now to do it myself."

The Evil and The Remedy

From the Washington Patriot.

The condition of South Carolina, after six years of carpet-bag government, is, indeed, truly deplorable. Its history, since the war, displays what Radicalism, pure and simple, is, and can be. In that afflicted State the Administration has had complete control, and without let or hindrance, has worked out the problem of Radical rule and reconstruction to its legitimate and logical sequence.

South Carolina to-day is an exemplification of what Radicalism means, and is; there is no shifting the responsibility nor evading the consequences that have resulted from an exclusive "Republican" manipulation of the State. Swindled by the carpet-baggers, which the military power has saddled upon the State as office-holders—bankrupt by the corruption and thievery of political sharks, who, under color of "loyalty" and in the name of "freedom," have subsidized the ignorant negroes and elected themselves to office; deprived of self government by the President, they are turned over to the tender mercies of a military satrap; denied the privilege of *habeas corpus* and and trial by jury, her citizens are arrested without warrant and condemned without trial. Men and women, black and white, crowded in loathsome jails, without knowledge or notice of the charges alleged against them, by the hireling spies in the pay of the Administration or from any other source!

This is the enertainment to which the people of these States are invited. What has been done in South Carolina may be done elsewhere. The act of Congress under which the President subverts civil law in South Carolina applies to all the States. His organs here have given us to understand that Texas and Georgia will be selected next, and then we may expect it in North Carolina, and Maryland, and West Virginia, and Kentucky, and Alabama, and wherever else, in the opinion of the President, it may be necessary to carry the State at the election of 1872.

That the President has determined to reelect himself no intelligent man now questions; that the Kuklux bill wasconceived and perfected with that intent is manifest, and that the President will not hesitate to avail himself of its facilities is already demonstrated.

We may as well look this question squarely in the face. Where Radical ballots are few, Federal bayonets will be plenty, and the votes of the Southern States will be counted by provost marshals, and results certified by subalterns of the army. There is, in our judgment, but one hope of escape, one chance yet afforded by which this existing and still more fatal prospective despotism may be overthrown and the freedom of the people more established, and that hope is in a fraternal and heartfelt union of the good men of all parties, uniting upon a candidate whose record, life, and character are pure, and who can rally to his support the Democrats, Conservatives, disaffected Republicans who are opposed to the coruption and despotism of the present Administration. Against such a candidate, supported by the millions of honest men that would rally to his standard, there need be no apprehension of bayonets or military proclamations.

HE KNEW THEM.—Not many years ago a prominent citizen of America was in Europe. He met Thomas Carlyle, that wise and clear-headed old Scotchman, who watches the two kinds of Government as anxiously as a school-boy watches for the hour of recess.

At this time the Republican party was in its glory. Carlyle said:

"As sure as the Lord reigns, you are rushing down to hell with desperate velocity. The scum of the world has got possession of your country and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches. A wide, weltering chaos of corruption will be your doom."

The thousand and one Radical defalcations that are bursting forth upon the gaze of the world every hour verifies the statement of the old Scotch sage. One item—twenty-one millions of defalcations by officials, and not a single one of them brought to trial. So says an exchange.

HIS AMEN.—A minister made an interminable call upon a lady of his acquaintance. Her little daughter, who was present grew very weary of his conversation, and at last whispered in an audible key, "Didn't he bring his amen with him, mama?"

UNSAFE.—Fifty young widows reside in the small town of Centreville, Ind., and it is unsafe for an unprotected man to pass through there.

A WOMAN'S DEFENSE OF DRESS. For myself I should be thankful to return to the habits of our grandmothers — buy a bonnet which would do to wear ten years; have three dresses, two for every day and one "nice," and wear them year after year till they wear out, without alteration, also twist up my hair in the plain wad at the back of my head. I should then have more time for reading and study and more money to spend in books and traveling, to say nothing of the unlimited time and money for doing good. And I know of very many women who would be only to happy to throw aside the wearisome shackles of fashion. But what would be the result? With the maiden no more beaux; with the wife a cessation of devotion on the part of her husband—results too direful to contemplate for a moment. I Speak what I know, and testify to what I have seen. I have been myself to parties economically clad, and I was despised and rejected of men; again I have been when more fashionably and expensively attired, and I had more beaux than I knew what to do with. By the way, why don't some of the wise and sensible bachelors court and marry among the vast army of working girls? They are dressed simply, and accustomed to habits of economy. They would be glad to have homes, and would make excellent wives. They are personally attractive, and I doubt not are quite as refined and intelligent as the average of fashionable women. Why is there not a greater demand for them as wives, and why are not the Flora McFlimseys a drug in the market. Let the facts speak for themselves. Be not deceived. O, my brethern. With you lies the fault; from you must come the remedy—refuse to pay court to silks, panniers, frills and chignons, and we should go over to calico in battallions.

ALEXISIANA.—The Louisville *Courier-Journal* gets off the following:

The Russians have a very high opinion of the enterprise of the American people. As evidence of the fact, it is understood that the real object of the Grand Duke's visit to this country is to induce General Grant to go to Russia at the expiration of his term of office and establish a grand consolidated livery-stable and tanyard at St. Petersburg.

The Mayor of Duval's Bluff has gone to the expense of sending a telegraphic dispatch to the Russian Grand Duke, inviting him to visit that city. In view of this fact—and we ask in the name of American hospitality—where is the Mayor of Shirt-tail Bend?

The Grand Duke Alexis speaks English fluently and correctly. He must have been greatly surprised to find the President of the United States has never acquired the same accomplishment.

Alexis found much republican simplicity prevailing at Washington. He met no Grand Dukes there. He must have been introduced, however, to any number of Grand Rascals.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.—A nice young girl at Green Bay, Wis., was being courted by a nice young man. He was generously inclined and made her presents of hair oil, which he purchased from the store of the father of his adored. After giving her some twenty bottles of the oleaginous fluid, he discovered he was working in a circle—as fast as he presented them, she returned them to the store, thus dutifully making trade for her father. No cards.

It cannot be said hereafter that the Japanese have no national humor. The latest Oriental practical joke is the appointment of Gen. G. B. Williams of Indiana, to go to Japan and introduce to that once happy country the system of taxation in vogue in America. The fortunate General's salary is to be $10,000 per annum, free of income tax, which is to be his leading financial plank.

POLYGAMY DOOMED.—"A girl of the period" comments thusly on polygamy: "How absurd; four or five wives for one man, when the fact is each woman af these times ought to have four or five husbands. It would take about that number to support me decently." There is more in this view of the question than one might suppose. There is no educated woman in America but what can spend all the loose money that any one honest man can scrape together.

HIS DETERMINATION.—An Irishman, writing from Philadelphia the other day to his friend in the old country, concluded his letter thus: "If iver it's me forchune to live till I dy—and God nose whether it is so, or no—I'll visit ould Ireland afore I leave Philamedelphy."

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY,