H. H. Bancroft.

OREGON CITY ENTERPRISE.

VOL. 6. OREGON CITY, OREGON, FRIDAY, MAY 10, 1872. NO. 28.

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, ₱ 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.

BUSINESS CARDS.

F. BARCLAY, M. R. C. S.

Formerly Surgeon to the Hon. H. B. Co.

35 Years Experience.

PRACTICING PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Main Street, Oregon City.

JOHNSON & McCOWN

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT-LAW,

OREGON CITY, OREGON.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS of the State.
☞ Special attention given to cases in the U. S. Land Office at Oregon City.
April 5, 1872-tf

J. M. THOMPSON, C. W. FITCH.

THOMPSON & FITCH,

Attorneys at Law,

AND

Real Estate Agents,

EUGENE CITY, OREGON,

OFFICE TWO DOORS NORTH OF THE POSTOFFICE.

REAL ESTATE BOUGHT AND SOLD,
LOANS NEGOTIATED, AND ABSTRACT OF TITLES FURNISHED.

WE HAVE A COMPLETE ABSTRACT of Title of all property in Eugene City, and perfect plats of the same, prepared with great care. We will practice in the different Courts of the State. Special attention given to the collection of all claims that may be placed in our hands. Legal Tenders bought and sold. sept17

JOHN M. BACON,

Importer and Dealer in

STATIONERY, PERFUMERY, &c., &c.,

Oregon City, Oregon.

At Chapman & Warner's old stand, lately occupied by S. Ackerman, Main street.
10 tf

JOHN FLEMING,

DEALER IN

BOOKS AND STATIONERY,

IN MYERS' FIRE-PROOF BRICK,

MAIN STREET, OREGON CITY, OREGON.

DR. J. WELCH,

DENTIST.

OFFICE—In Odd Fellows' Temple, cor of First and Alder Streets, Portland.

The patronage of those desiring superior operations is in special request. Nitrous oxide for the painless extraction of teeth.
☞ Artificial teeth "better than the best,' and *as cheap as the cheapest.*
Will be in Oregon City on Saturdays.
Nov. 8-tf

W. H. WATKINS, M. D.,

SURGEON, PORTLAND, OREGON.

OFFICE—Odd Fellows' Temple, corner First and Alder streets—Residence corner of Main and Seventh streets.

W. F. HIGHFIELD,

Established since 1849, at the old stand,
Main Street, Oregon City, Oregon.

An Assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' weight Clocks, all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairing done on short notice, and thankful for past favors.

CLARK GREENMAN,

City Drayman,

OREGON CITY.

☞ All orders for the delivery of merchandise or packages and freight of whatever description, to any part of the city, will be executed promptly and with care.

NEW YORK HOTEL,

(Deutsches Gafthaus,)
No. 17 Front Street, opposite the Mail steamship landing, Portland, Oregon.

H. ROTHFOS, J. J. WILKENS,
PROPRIETORS.

Board per Week	$5 00
" " " with Lodging.....	6 00
" " Day....	1 00

Address of F. O. McCown, Esq.

DELIVERED IN OREGON CITY, APRIL 26, 1872.

BROTHERS, SISTERS AND FRIENDS:—We are met to-day under most favorable circumstances, to celebrate the fifty-third anniversary of the establishment of Odd Fellowship in America. I congratulate you that through the favor of Divine Providence, rapid progress has been made not alone by Odd Fellows, but by our race, toward the attainment of a more perfect unity and a more general dissemination of the feeling of brotherly love among the sons of men.

As the mariner plows his lonely way over "old ocean gray and melancholy waste" pauses at noonday, takes his bearings and ascertains his latitude and longitude. So let us to day in the meridian splendor of our onward progress over the sea of human life, "furl the sails" and "lay to" for a time, while we make a reconing and ascertain the distance we have made from the home part—note our position in this great highway of human life—mark the sand shoals, breakers, currents and counter currents that threaten us and thus be able to safely proceed on our journey. A blind veneration for things but timely seen in the far off past, coupled with an instinctive love of mystery, with which the human mind surrounds that which it does not understand have induced most Associations of a kindred nature, to claim their origin in the remotest ages of the world—Solomon, Abraham, Adam—and Egypt, Greece and Rome, are laid under contribution by turns to prove, that such a length of time has elapsed since their birth that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Odd Fellowship, while it enlists the hearts and sympathies of thoughtful men, while in vigor of labor, in strength of effort, in singleness of purpose, in nobleness of aim, in the magnificent splendor of success in the accomplishments of its mission, it yields the palm to none. It does not for a moment claim an age coextensive with man, neither the Hebrew Theocracy, the oracles of Egypt, nor the mythology of ancient Greece and Rome are asked to aid Odd Fellowship, on the contrary, it is the outgrowth of a later civilization. It is of both modern and humble origin. It boasts no long line of kings as its founders. No laurel crowned hero with historic sword, jealously guarded its infantile years. Sages and statesmen were not attendants at its birth. A little more than a century ago, among the humble mechanics of the British Metropolis in a tavern, surrounded by fumes of tobacco and ale, there took shape and form an organization from which we claim our patentage. The acknowledgement of God, the Father of all things, was its chief corner stone, and but one degree lower in rank, to that other, not less holy and eternal truth, the brotherhood of man found place. As to what strange, rude, often idle and ludicrous ceremonies, filled up their lodge rooms at initiation, you and I have no means of knowing. What matters it, in the clearer light and purer morals of Odd Fellowship of to-day, if there even were a greased pole, or a venerable goat used at such times, or why are you and I made better or worse, when told of the jolly convivial customs of those rude, unlearned and unlettered mechanics of the 18th century. It is enough that if even these Lodge gatherings, ministered more to the physical than to the spiritual man; they, from the necessity of their time, from the wants of their nobler and better nature, sowed the seed from which has sprung a most beautiful tree, under whose shade we rest to-day, with grateful thoughts to the Ruler of the universe, who so shapes and controls the affairs of men, as to eliminate love, charity and truth from such a small beginning. 'Tis thus ever in the affairs of men. The stream that trickles forth from the side of snow capped hood, scarcely sufficient to slake a man's thirst at its source, gathering strength is transformed into a mountain torrent, and soon becomes the mighty river, bearing on its bosom ships freighted with riches of the East.

Odd Fellowship was forced into being by the tyranny, bigotry, superstition and opression that weighed with heavy burdens the souls of men, in the 18th century. It was one of numerous experiments tried by enthralled, enslaved and ostracised social and moral manhood. That it contained the germs of truth, subsequent events have fully demonstrated and hence the prosperity that has attended its course. If in its early history it imbibed and retained practices, which a more refined and elevated civilization utterly condemned, the constantly increasing light and wisdom of later years have forced into retirement all that was not good, pure elevating and instructive, and you, brothers, who have walked the sacred precincts of the Lodge room, know full well that nothing rude, unseemly or improper find a habitation there. But on the contrary, at its very threshold you are simply but eloquently and impressively taught lessons of wisdom and instruction, which you might spend a whole life and never learn elsewhere. You know that its ceremonies, grand and solemn as they are, are in all respects characterized by gentility, politeness and courtesy.

But we will return to our history. Fifty three years ago, in the city of Baltimore, on the 26th day of April, 1819, five men met in answer to a call published by Father Wildey, and organized probably the first Lodge of Odd Fellows on American soil. History informs us that for several years the Order made but little progress. Its founders and members were comparatively obscure men. Its name and the convivial practices, which still clung to it, threw around it a cloud that the more strict and respectable cared not to penetrate. But Brother Wildey conscious of good intentions, and confident of the ultimate benefits the Order must confer if successful, bated no jot of hope or effort. It had as yet scarcely more than a precarious existence. There were only two degrees conferred on its members up to 1821. White and Blue—Scarlet, Pink and Green, were subsequently added. The first camp was organized in 1827, with Father Wildey as first Chief Patriarch. The Grand Lodge of the United States, was organized the 15th of January, 1825, and held its first communication on Washington birthday following. The Manchester Unity, the parent stock in England, subsequently granted the Grand Lodge of the United States a charter, at the earnest solicitation of Father Wildey, who visited England at his own cost to obtain it; and thus was completed the admirable structure, which has proved so effective in promoting the wellfare and growth of Odd Fellowship in this hemisphere. Well have Odd Fellows honored themselves in erecting over the remains of the venerable Father of Odd Fellowship, who passed to his reward, full of honor as of years, in 1861, a monument surmounted by a life sized figure of charity protecting orphans

P. G M. Ridgley, in his eulogy upon Brother Wildey, most eloquently says "The Order founded by Bro. Wildey was simply a humane institution; its main objects were to relieve brethren; bury the dead; and care for the widow and orphan. But gradually there were infused into its lectures and charges much moral and unsectarian religious instructions; and at each revision, these principles were increased, deepened and strengthened until its beneficial and relief measures from being ends have become means to a higher and greater end—to improve and elevate the character of man—to imbue him with conceptions of his capability for good—to enlighten his mind—to enlarge the sphere of his affections and thus lead him to the cultivation of the true fraternal relations designed by the Great Author of his being. Bro. Wildey planted the seed and cultivated the tree. It bore fruit richer and better than he had anticipated. He builded better than he knew; but as founder and architect, he dwelt in the Temple which he had reared for more limited objects. His cherished aims and details were all reared but directed beyond the merely social and physical to the moral and spiritual, to lift its members up to their proper position, to hold man to a strict standard of duty to impress him with the value of character among his fellows and lead him to a true appreciation of his whole duty whether to God, himself or to his brother man adrift amid the storms and breakers of life."

More than one million of dollars was spent last year in the relief of the distressed and education of orphans. Is it not a mighty power for good in the land with its 325,000 men organized in one grand system for alviating the ills and wants of life, and by its elevating influence gently leading to a higher standard of morals and virtue? Who can estimate its value? How much does the race of man owe to this Order, once a by-word and reproach, in being an humble instrument in the hands of our Great Author to consumate His all-wise purposes.

To-day man stands proudly forth in the dignity of his manhood—in the image of his Maker, *the clanking fetters of the once enslaved are rusting beneath the tread of freemen.* Bigotry and superstition have slunk back to the very outskirts of civilization, and side by side the Jewish Synagogue, the Roman Cathedral and the Protestant churches, with their spires all pointing heavenward, proclaim that the long dark ages of the enthralled mind and fettered conscience have passed away and given place to the reign of toleration and Charity, you may if you can, ascertain how much our Order, founded on the fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man, has aided in practically and theoretically disseminating ideas and principles which have induced men after the long lapse of ages to assert his dignity and claim for the humblest in the land, rights before the law equal to that given a king, if you cannot it is because of the magnitude of the task. 325,000 Odd Fellows directly by their relations as husbands, fathers, sons and brothers, bring within the pale of our organization not less than one and a half millions of human beings, scatter these as they are broadcast throughout the civilized nations of earth having their lodges in North America, Europe and Australia among all classes of society armed with a revenue amounting to no less than $4,000,000 sacredly devoted to benevolent purposes alone. You have a grand army of men and women whose hearts actuated by love of their race, prompts to noblest deeds of charity and love. While Odd Fellowship studiously endeavors to zealously guard her portals against the admission of the unworthy, it is not always successful and unfortunately here and there is a man who has dishonored its name and brought a reproach upon the Order; but so efficient are our laws that short indeed is the time that one who does not act like an honest man can remain within its walls. Odd Fellows never uphold a brother in the wrong. It is the fault of all human institutions that the base and dishonest use them for a cloak to cover their evil deeds. Our Order is no exception to the general rule.

An objection is made by Christians that many of our members make the Lodge room their altar and thus stop short of doing their whole duty in relation to their Maker and their fellow man. If this be so, the fault lies with the members who may not be blessed with the light to guide poor frail tottering human souls to a higher and holier aim. Odd Fellowship points unmistakably to God as the author and preserver of all things and then leaves man to follow in the way the Holy Bible, his conscience, and the teachings of nature may dictate. The Bible, the Word of God, belongs in every lodge room; and you, brothers, know how solemnly impressive its lessons of benevolence, charity, love to God and man are taught. Far be it from me to lessen for a moment the highest and holiest institution of earth, the Church. But her mission is to evangelize the world, to lead man to a proper knowledge of the revealed Will of God to man, and of his accountability to his Maker, both in the present and future state of existence. We on the contrary, without in any degree, interfering with the mission of the Church, attempt to soothe man's sorrows, assuage his grief, relieve his wants and elevate him to the proper dignity of his manhood. If in doing this we have occupied ground that more properly belongs to the Church, I ask you if it is our fault—are we trespassers? No. We found a vacant field and have humbly entered upon it and made it rich in blessing our fellows. If the church desire to contend for what we may now rightfully claim as ours, let them organize systems of relief for their parishes. At every meeting of that body let the question, simple as it is, be asked: "Does any brother or sister know of a sick brother or sister in distress—have the hungry been fed—the naked clothed—the wants of the poor relieved—have the sick been visited?" He that spoke as never man spake, said, "In as much as ye did it unto one of these ye did it unto me." Give the church our thorough organized system of relief and let it be faithfully administered, let there be funds for the purpose alone of relieving the needy and distressed. Let generous hearts and willing hands carry out these provisions and you and I will still find that there is enough left for us to continue in our ministration of love; there is room for both, each in its proper sphere; and Odd Fellows would but be too glad to hail with welcome all who will assist in this noble work. Among generous souls engaged in doing good there need be no jealousy.

Masons have their proper field of labor in love and charity; and you, brothers and sisters, know there is no jaring, no discord. For our Order, we modestly claim that our system of relief can be better ministered than kindred association. The haughtiest in the land, the most sensitive nature, receives benefit when by unforeseen circumstance, he is brought to the door of poverty and want without in any manner compromising his dignity, because in health and prosperity he has helped to build up a fund that he simply draws upon when sick and in want.

That our Order yet retains much that might be made better; that there are habits and practices yet persisted in by those who compose its members which ought to be dropped, all are willing to admit. But judging the future by the past, there is no limit to our progress. Our Order is not in any degree conservative. It has always shown a readiness to adopt new ideas and principles when they promised good results; unlike our brethren of a kindred Order, we are willing to learn from the age in which we live and at this very date our Order has in consideration a step forward that will still more strongly enlist those who desire to leave something for wife and children when they quit the scenes of earth.

"Woman, priceless gem, earth's dearest treasure, chastened ornament of infinite wisdom, man's choicest jewel, inspired with holy affection that melts sorrow into tears of gladness and mirth—like a ministering angel ever diffusing happiness around her holy shrine endowed with light and wisdom that disperseth gloom and darkness from around his pathway—imbued with immortal spark divine that lives again in eternal light from whence springs wisdom, joy and love that makes earth a paradise. "'Tis woman that directs the youthful mind and seals the destiny of millions." 'Tis woman that lends us her aid in our labors and indeed without her influence and support much that we plan and carry into execution would never be accomplished. The Rebecca Degree to which we admit our wives, though of recent origin has proved an efficient aid in carrying out our purposes of benevolence and charity.

If Odd Fellowship with its present standing goes forward at the same rate that it has marched in the past, even keeping pace with its onward march of progress, may we not confidently expect that not very far away in the future its principles of benevolence, charity and toleration will control the entire race of man and be brought into a closer and more intimate relation with all the works of nature in her grand harmony which began at creations dawn "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

"The harp at nature's advent strung
Has never ceased to play;
The song the stars of morning sung
Has never died away.

And prayer is made and praise is given,
By all things near and far;
The ocean looketh up to heaven,
And mirrors every star.

Its waves are kneeling on the strand,
As kneels the humble knee,
Their white locks bowing to the sand,
The priesthood of the sea!

They pour their glittering treasures forth,
Their gifts of pearl they bring,
And all the listening hills of earth
Take up the song they sing.

The green earth sends her incense up
From many a mountain shrine;
From folded leaf and dewy cup
She pours her sacred wine.

The mists above the morning rills
Rise white as wings of prayer;
The alter curtains of the hills
Are sunset's purple air.

The winds with hymns of praise are loud,
Or low with sobs of pain;
The thunder-organ of thy cloud,
The dropping tears of rain.

With drooping head, and branches crossed,
The twilight the forest grieves,
Or speaks with tongues of Pentecost
From all its sunlit leaves.

The blue sky is the temple's arch,
Its transept earth and air;
The music of its starry march,
The chorus of its prayer.

So nature keeps the reverent frame,
With which her years began,
And all her signs and voices shame
The prayerless heart of man."

NONE.—"Mr. Janes," said a clergyman, on a pastoral visit, "I don't see you and Mrs. Janes at church Sunday evenings." "Well, no," replied Mr. Janes; "my wife has to stay at home to take care of the children, and as it comes rather hard on her, I stay to keep her company." "Why how is that? Don't you keep any servants?" "O, yes, we keep two; but they don't allow us any privileges."

WELL SAID.—One of the finest things that Father Taylor ever said was when pleading for poor worn-out ministers, he said: "They are like camels bearing precious spices and browsing on bitter herbs."

The Carpet-bag Despotism.

EXTRACT FROM A SPEECH OF HON. D. W. VOORHEES, OF INDIANA.

Sir, what single benefit, what solitary blessing has been bestowed upon that devastated region in return for the hundreds of millions of taxation which have been wrung from it, and the yet greater burdens which still impend over its struggling and impoverished inhabitants? Where is the great public work that tells of the outlay of these immense sums? What deed of benevolence or honest fame has ever been achieved? Other lands have been plundered by the oppressor, but none was ever left so naked and destitute of every advantage arising from its own immense contributions.

The great Napoleon wasted the substance of France, and consumed her vitals in the remorseless rage of ambition; he hurled the rising generations of his empire one after another into the flaming vortex of war; he gave them to the edge of the sword, and to the unconquerable fury of the elements; he palsied all the industries, and blighted every field and fireside; the shadow of the tax-gatherer and the conscripting officer fell on every foot of the French soil; and yet conclusive sobs, of grief shook the breasts of his subjects when he fell, and the whole empire stood uncovered at his bier when his dead body was brought back from the tropical seas to sleep in her bosom. Though he had oppressed France, he had given her glory in return. Though he had taken with an unlicensed hand, he had adorned her as a lover does the mistress of his heart. Stately buildings reared their heads on high; solid thoroughfares were opened for the people, waste lands were drained and reclaimed; education was fostered; the arts and sciences were munificently patronized; and a code of laws was passed and promulgated which established and enforced domestic justice and peace. She had these benefits of which to boast when reminded of her awful sacrifices.

And when Cæser the armed conqueror and spoliator of his own and other countries, lay in bloody funeral state in the market place it was said of him with truth:

"He hath brough many captives home to Rome
Whose ransom did the general coffers fill."

And—

"When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept."

And again the orator of his good deeds exclaimed—

"Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas."

* * * * * *

"Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards
On this side Tiber, he hath left them you,
And to your heirs forever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves."

If he had plundered the Roman treasury, he had often filled it again; if his vaulting ambition brought sorrow to the poor, he sympathized with them; if his career was sustained with extortion, he spent his gains in beautifying the eternal city; if he had robbed the people of their substances in his lifetime, he provided that much of it should return to them at his death. And if we turn from the far-off regions of antiquity to the immediate presence, still we find no parallel to the evil administrations of the South. With what a clamor the corrupt practices of four or five men in the city of New York have been hailed for many months past. The air has been vocal; the press has resounded; the telegraph has been made weary of its daily burdens, and the accusing voice of self righteous indignation has been universal and unceasing. The Democratic party, it is true, chrushed these men in an instant; but still the story of their offences salutes us everywhere. And yet their work of extortion, compared to that in the South, is as the mote to the beam, the molehill to the mountain, the speck in the sky to the cloud that darkens the whole heavens. Their crimes, too, have a still further mitigation in the comparison. If they enriched themselves, they at least did not take all. They made New York the wonder and glory of modern civilization. If they robbed the people, they bestowed upon them in return a city more magnificently adorned with public works than Rome or Paris in their days of pride, of pomp and of power. Her glorious parks, her vast avenues, her newly opened, solid and far reaching streets, will testify to after ages that her officials bequeathed to her some compensation for the wrongs they inflicted on her good name. No such conduct illuminates a single page of the present epoch in the South. You look in vain from Hampton Roads to the Bay of Galveston for a single monument to the public good by that party which has so sternly and so corruptly governed in all that wide-spread region.

No colleges, seminaries or schools founded or endowed with the treasurers that have been stolen; no lofty edifices or durable roads constructed; no massive bridges thrown across the wide rivers; no parched plains irrigated and made productive: no rice swamps ditched and redeemed for cultivation; no canals cut to connect the natural channels of trade and commerce; no rivers improved or harbors made more spacious and secure; none of these works of utility and patriotism relieve the monotonous desolation which unholy avarice and unrestrained oppression have stamped on the South. She has nothing to mitigate her degredation. She has been stripped and robbed and left by the way side. Her effects, money and credit have been transported to other States and climes, to return to her no more forever. Her well flavored and fat fleshed kine, feeding in the meadows, have been devoured. The frogs, the darkness, the lice and the locusts left more blessings behind them in Egypt than this portion of this Republic has received from its modern rulers.

Sir, I challenge the darkest annals of the human race for a parallel to the robberies which have been committed on eleven American States. Ireland has been made to enrich many a lawless lord lieutenant sent over by England to govern that beautiful but unhappy island. The stories of her wrongs and pillage have been said and sung in every hamlet in the civilized world; yet her contributions to the cause of a wicked government have been mere pittances compared to what the South has been compelled to make.

Seventy years before the birth of Christ, Sicily was ravaged and despoiled by a consul of Rome, Though more than nineteen centuries have come and gone since then, yet the name of Verres retains all its freshness of immortal infamy. He was prosecuted by the authority of the Roman senate, and fled for an asylum to strange and foreign lands. He died miserably in exile, and his dishonored dust was not permitted to mingle with the soil of the Roman republic. We find, however, in Middleton's Life of Cicero, that all the peculations, extortions, bribes larcenies charged on Verres during his entire administration of the affairs of Sicily did not exceed $2,000,000; equal to only one-third of the amount for which the *Tribune*, of New York, says Governor Scott fraudulently issued the bonds of South Carolina in a single transaction. The basest Roman consul whose name is preserved on the pages of the historian become respectable by the side of a Southern Governor under the present policy of this Government. The crimes of Warren Hastings, as the ruler of distant and conquered colonies, have long been the theme of swelling periods and lofty declamation. There was much in his situation to extenuate his offenses. He was charged by his government to hold its valuable possessions on the other side of the globe. He was in the midst of fierce revengeful and undying hostilities. He was surrounded by a race with which he had no bond or tie of blood or of language. It was perfidious and cruel, and mocked at the faith of treaties. But even admitting that his guilt was as great as it was painted by the flaming imagination of Burke or impassioned rhetoric of Sheridan, yet all the plunder she imposed upon all the East Indies do not equal those which have been fastened on the two States of Georgia and Louisana alone since the disastrous dawn of reconstruction.

Sir, on the facts which I have stated, I invoke the judgement of the country. What right have you to expect peace and order in a land whose rulers are lawless felons? When did a bad government ever fail to produce wickedness and crime? Do you expect the people to obey the laws when the officials do not? Do you expect them to love and reverence a government whose policy has made them bankrupt and miserable? Do you wonder that they become restless, desperate and disobedient as they daily behold the fruits of their toil stolen in the government? Are you amazed at scenes of violence, outrage, bloodshed and cruel vengeance, when the Executive of a State sets aside the entire administration of justice? Rather should you be filled with astonishment at the forbearance and moderation you have witnessed. If the foremost agents in the work of Southern ruin and destruction since the close of the war had been driven from that country by its plundered citizens, who now would rise up here and condemn the act? In the disorders which afflict the South the philosophic mind beholds the inevitable results of well known causes. Had you sown the seeds of kindness and good will, they would long ere this have blossomed into prosperity and peace. Had you sown the seeds of honor, you would have reaped a golden harvest of contentment and obedience. Had you extended your charities and your justice to a distressed people, you would have awakened a grateful affection in return. But as you have planted in hate and nurtured in corruption, so have been the fruits which you have gathered.

A FITTING COMPLIMENT.—The Yreka (Cal.) *Union* pays our candidate for Congress the following neat and appropriate compliment:

The Oregon Democracy have nominated a candidate for Congress, who cannot fail to make a good run. We refer to Hon. John Burnett, present County Judge of Benton county, who has grown up from a boy in Oregon and is supposed to be familiar with all her wants and requirements. Certainly, no State in the Union requires as much from the Federal Government, in the way of favorable legislation, as Oregon. So far, she has had one real earnest hard worker for her benefit—the late Lansing Stout, who "should have died hereafter." Mr. Burnett is a young man, of plain appearance, but an eloquent speaker and an earnest reasoner. He is a nephew of ex-Governor Burnett, of this State, and was born in Missouri. As an eloquent pleader at the bar, he has but few equals. Sprung from the masses himself, he will be a true representative man of the people and a watchful guardian of their interests. Oregon has needed a man for some time who will legislate for her local interests, without attempting to revamp the nation as Williams has attempted to do. May she find such a man in the person of John Burnett.

THE CANVASS IN OREGON.—Private letters inform us that the campaign in Oregon opens most favorably for the democracy. The nomination of Judge Burnett for Congress meets with universal favor, and everywhere the working Democrats are preparing to go into the canvass with vigor. Governor Grover, Col. Nesmith, Geo. R. Helm, Ben Hayden, and others of the best speakers of the State will at once take the stump, and labor for the good cause from now to the day of election. Our correspondents express the opinion that the democrats will double the majority of two years since, and that they will make large gain in the Legislature, thus securing the election of a democrat to the United States Senate. All signs are auspicious, and our democratic friends go into the fight determined to win. With the June election, radicalism will be dead and buried in Oregon. —*W. W. Statesman.*

MRS. CUNNINGHAM PLAYING RADICAL.—Mrs. Cunningham is the lady who has charge of the Mount Vernon estate. She gets about $500 per month from steamboats that visit there. Congress has made large appropriations, and contributions have been sent from various States to preserve intact the home of the Father of his Country. This lady, exercising the privilege of male officials, drives her fine carriage horses, lives in style, discharges everybody employed, keeps the money and refuses to account for it in any way, and generally acts about as the other financial agents of the Radical administration. We shall in all probability hear more from her in a few days. The women will stir her up though the men may be afraid of her.

THAT INFERNAL TAX.—The amount of money plundered from the people of this country by the Internal Revenue Department in 1871 was $18,375,388 20. That was rather a large sum to be gathered by an unconstitutional tax; but what will the people say when informed that the expense of assessing and collecting this tax was $7,225,362 50. The Fifth Auditor of the Treasury Department swears or affirms to this fact, and we have no reason to dispute his statement. Think of it! exclaims an exchange. Nearly seven and a quarter million dollars of this plunder went into the pockets of the assessors and collectors. Are we not eaten up by office holders? Is such robbery justifiable? When will it end?

Nature's sun rises in the morning and goes to rest at nightfall. Many of the rising sons of the present day get up at noon and retire at daybreak.

The practice of wearing vails over the eyes is said to very injurious to the sight.

COURTESY OF BANCROFT LIBRARY.