H. L. Bancroft & Co


# Oregon City Enterprise.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, NEWS, LITERATURE, AND THE BEST INTERESTS OF OREGON.

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## THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL DEMOCRATIC NEWSPAPER FOR THE Farmer, Business Man, & Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY FRIDAY.

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REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 3, I. O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M., Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. O. F., Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

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S. HUELAT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW: OREGON CITY, - - OREGON. OFFICE—Chapman's brick, Main st. 5 mar1872-tf.

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L. T. BARIN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OREGON CITY, : : OREGON. OFFICE—Over Pope's Tin Store, Main street. 21mar73-tf.

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## Parties---New and Old.

From the S. F. Examiner.

Some of our "independent" papers indulge occasionally in wild writings about the probable proximate dissolution of the two old parties, and the creation of a new organization out of the best elements of the defunct bodies-politic; but we fail to see any signs of such an impending decease, or of such reorganization from the ashes of the ancient antagonists in the political conflicts of the country. There are only two ways in which great political parties which have at any time been a majority and held possession of the general government have ever disappeared from our politics. There have been but four such parties since the organization of the government—the Democratic party, which has existed from that day to this; the Federal party; the Whigs, and the present "Republican" party. The Democratic party was also called Republican when it was organized under Jefferson, and is still designated "Democratic Republican" in the older States; but it has continued the same party everywhere, from Jefferson's day to the present hour.

Four parties, and four only, have administered the government during the eighty-six years of its existence. This is a fact worth weighing by the sciolists, who fancy that new parties can be substituted for old ones as easily as women change the fashion of their apparel. Only two parties which acquired sufficient strength and stability to obtain control of the government have ever disappeared from our politics, and these were the Federalists and the Whigs, who sprung from the loins of Federalism. Each of these was superseded in a different manner, and they furnish the only guides to our judgment in matters of this kind.

There are only two methods by which great historical parties are supplanted and abolished, and whether a party is extinguished by one or the other of these methods depends upon its relative strength when the process of destruction commences its work. When a political party has long dwindled and at length become so small that it has less than half as many supporters as its successful opponent, it is liable to disappear by splits or schisms in the latter which is no longer held together by fears of the success of its adversary. Some one of the factions into which the powerful party divides is certain to court the decaying organization and give it an opportunity to make its power felt by throwing its weight into one of the scales. This is the way the Federalists came to their end as a party. It maintained its organic existence until the successor to President Monroe was elected in 1824, when four Democratic Republican candidates were in the field. The election went into the House, Clay giving his support to Adams, thus beating Jackson and Crawford, and Clay thus became the leader of the new party which arose in opposition to the Democracy and took the name of Whig. It is evident now that a long time must elapse before the Democratic party can disappear in that way. It is too formidable in numbers to relieve the Radical party of fear and permit it to divide. The attempt to divide it in the Greeley campaign was a signal failure, though supported by many of its most eminent leaders and powerful journals. Even in the last Presidential contest the Democratic party had a majority of the white vote of the country.

The conditions do not exist for the Democratic party to disappear in a way similar to that by which the Federalists were swallowed up and absorbed. The other way by which a great historical party may disappear is by the organization of a new party of sufficient vitality and earnestness of conviction to grow and become predominant. It was in this way that the Whigs were finally overcome and extinguished. A new party destined to supplant an old one is likely to be of slow growth at first, as are most things destined for long life. The anti-slavery party, called successively the Liberty and Free-Soil party, existed side by side with the Whig party for twelve years before it succeeded to its place. It was organized by Salmon P. Chase and the Free-Soil Buffalo Convention, and ran Presidential tickets in 1844, 1848, and 1852, constantly accumulating strength and courage until the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, in 1854, enabled it by a change of name to become a powerful organization. This was the nucleus of the Radical-Republican party which ran Fremont for the Presidency and administered the parting kick to the Whig carcass, which has never been heard of since.

It is quite evident that the Democratic party is in no danger of extinction in this way. No third party has risen to play the part of the Free-Soilers. The Liberal Republican party never had any strength, nor any distinctive principles. It was founded on mere personal hostility to General Grant, and consisted of Republicans who would have continued to act with their party had they seen any possibility of superseding him by another candidate. It has never voted in any such way as to show what its members really are, and does not seem disposed to act a separate part in politics. All the newspapers which were its organs, have retired from its advocacy, and one of the leaders—Murat Halstead—lately said, at the Schurz banquet in New York, there was nothing left of it, and no chance for a third party. Most certainly, the existence of the great historical Democratic party is not seriously threatened by a party in that shape. The people will arrange themselves, for some time yet, on the side of either the Democratic or Radical organization; but for a third or a new party the time is not yet ripe.

## A "Cousin Sally Dillard" Testimony in Ireland.

"Well, my lord judge, sure it was election; and faith 'twas a dark cloudy, wet sort of drizzling day, and says I to my old woman, 'I believe I will go down and 'posit me vote,' And says my old woman to me 'Well, Buck, as it is a sort of a dark cloudy, wet sort of a drizzling day,' says she, hadn't you better take the umbrill?' Says I to the old woman, 'spect I had better take the umbrill.' So I took the umbrill' and advanced on down toward town, yer see, and be faith, when I got down thar Mr. Cole, Sure, and for why?' Says he, 'He has got my umbrill.'"

The witness was here interrupted by the Court, and told to confine himself to the actual fray between the prisoner and Cole, the prosecutor. In answer to this the witness rewarked, in a tone of indignant remonstrance, 'Well, now, I am sworn to tell the truth, and I'm going to tell it my own way; so t'aint worth while for you to say nothin' about it.

Well, I was going to say it was on last election day for our glorious Parliament of Lords and Commons, and says I to my old woman, I believe I'll go down to town and give my vote for the Home Ruling gintleman.' Says my old woman to me, says she, 'Buck, as it is a sort of a dark, rainy, drizzling sort of a day, hadn't you better take your umbrill? so I took the umbrill and advanced down toward town until I arrived thar. Well, the first thing I did when I got thar was to take a drink of rale Dublin whiskey, which was monstrous good, and says I to myself, Buck, my auld fellow, you feel better now, don't you?' And while I was advancing around Mr. Cole, he came to me, says he Buck, have you seen anything of old neighbor Harris?' Says I, 'And why is it ye ax me?' Says he, 'The old man has got my umbrill?' After awhile I gave my vote to the Home Ruling gentleman, a rale old Irish gentleman, and then Mr. Cole and me had a drap more of Dublin Whisky, and advanced back toward home, and Mr. Cole was tighter than I ever seed him. And so we advanced until we got to where the road and path forked, and we took the path, as any other gentleman would, and advancing backward awhile, we arriv' to old neighpor Harris sitting on a millstone with the umbrill on his arm, and about that time the prisoner comed up, and we advanced on till we arriv' at John's house. John is my neffew, and likewise my son-in-law. He married my darter Jane, which is next to Sally. Arter we had advanced to John's house, we stood in the yard awhile talking, and presently Mr. Cole got to cussing about politix, and I advanced into the house whar was John's wife, which is my darter Jane. Well, after talking awhile with 'em my neffew, says he, 'Uncle, let's go home.' Says I, Good, you darlin'. So we trotted out together. And there's all I know about the assault, for I warn't there.

THE SITUATION IN LOUISIANA.—W. A. Wheeler, of the Louisiana Congressional Committee, addressed a letter to the *Times* in answer to the question, "Is the Louisiana adjustment a success or a failure?" He says: "I firmly believe that Louisi- has at last caught the inspiration from a new order of things, and that, exhausted as she was with tumult and violence, yet with a just government and the education of the people—the last just now her greatest need—she, with steady but slow pace, will emerge from what seemed to be her utterly helpless condition." In regard to the reinstating of the four Democrats in the House of Representatives, he says: "No one can be found in Louisiana to assert that at the time these four Democrats were unseated, there was a quorum present, so these four Democrats had never been legally expelled from their seats, and having done nothing to forfeit them, their reinstatement was an act of simple justice which all understanding the facts must approve."

PENNSYLVANIA BANKRUPT.—Mackey the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania, has made an affidavit showing that the State is practically bankrupt, as he swears that on March 31st there was but one dollar and seventy-six cents of available cash in the Treasury. When the character of the men who have had the handling of the State funds for some years past is borne in mind, the people of Pennsylvania may perhaps think themselves lucky that even that trifling sum is left. The Treasurer gives the total State indebtment at $24,374,223, and the balance in the sinking fund at $1,178,151, although the people have been led to believe that this fund was about $300,000,000.

ONE GOOD WIFE.—A paragraph is going the rounds of the newspapers to this effect: "There is one good wife in the country, and every man thinks he has her." Old Brown who lives on Olive street, who is bald, and whose wife has red hair and a wicked eye, read this and murmured as he meditatively passed his hand, over his head "I dunno, I dunno!"

"I see very little of you," said an old gentleman at a Louisville ball to a young lady whom he had not met in a long time before. "I know it," was the artless reply, "but mother wouldn't allow me to wear a very low necked dress to-night the weather is so cold."

## Romance of an Old Puritan.

FIRST LOVE AND SECOND MARRIAGE.

William Bradford whose name stands second on the list of signatures to the celebrated compact made in the little cabin of Mayflower, and who became the second Governor of Plymouth colony, was born at Ansterfield, Yorkshire England, in the month of March 1588. His parents dying in his youth, he was left to the care of his grandparents, and after them to his uncles. His family was respectable, but was among the yoemanry of England, and he was bred to agriculture.

At an early period he took upon himself the care of his large estates, and to improve and beautify them was his occupation and pleasure. But while each day found him busy with the men in his fields, night found him busy with his books. He became a proficient in the Latin, Greek and Hebrew languages, and French and German he both read and spoke with ease. While still a mere youth he identified himself with the Puritans, and at seventeen years of age was one of a company who attempted to escade to Holland, in quest of liberty to worship as their consciences counselled. But they were betrayed, and cast into prison at Boston, Lincolnshire.

While religion and numerous other grave and earnest objects had their place in his mind, there was one corner where a more beautiful, less grave, but as earnest a passion held sway. Love had entered the heart of the young Puritan; and often, while his head was bowed over his book, the graceful figure of her he loved would charm his eyes, making his heart throb with delight. When as a child he had played with little Alice Carpenter, he knew that she was lovelier and sweeter to him than any golden-haired, rosy-lipped little fairy. She was just two years younger than himself.

As years passed, and her form became taller and fuller, the golden curls deepening in shade to a sunny brown, she grew more beautiful to him. Many were the walks they had together. His lands joined her father's, and of a Summer evening, leaning over the hedge that divided them, long and sweet were the conversations they enjoyed.

One eve in Autumn Alice announced to him that she was to go to London with an aunt, to stay some months. The news came like a death-blow upon William. The Carpenter family had been highly distinguished in former times, and one of its members had received from the King the honor of knighthood, but they were now indigent, and William determined to risk his fate, and ask Alice of her proud and stern father. He hoped that his own broad lands and fair name might influence the father to accept him as a suitable match for his lovely but portionless girl.

But he did not know the pride of the old man. He was dismissed with haughty and severe reproofs for his presumption. His religions belief would have raised a barrier had there been no other, and sad was the interview of the young lovers that evening at the trysting-place where they had spent so many happy hours. It was to be their last meeting. William was too proud and high-minded, and Alice too dutiful, to act in opposition to a parent's wishes.

Alice went to London, and in course of time was married to Constant Southworth, a wealthy and honorable man. William devoted himself to his farm and books.

By-and-by he felt that a wife was needful to him, and his eye fell on Dorothy May, a sensible discreet woman of his own rank in life. He did not love her as he had loved Alice, but he felt an honest and true affection for her, and she proved to be an estimable, faithful wife.

The number of those professing the Puritan faith increased, and trial and persecution were their lot. William was one of the earliest advocates for their removal to America, where they might enjoy their religion undisturbed. He was with the little band in their hasty fight, in their sojourn in London, and upon the stormy and perilous ocean in the cabin of the Mayflower.

While in Cape Cod harbor, and during his absence with a party sent to explore the coast, his faithful wife, Dorothy, fell from the ship and was drowned. He sincerely mourned for her, for she had been an affectionate wife, but, with the submission of a Christian, he calmly turned to the duties of life. Life for him was a warfare with hunger and cold, disease and savage enemies. What the colonists suffered is well known.

Mr. Bradford was now a mature man of thirty-two, and when Governor Carver died, a few months after their arrival, he was elected his successor, and for a period of more than thirty-one years he directed the affairs of the colony. But while with fatherly care he watched over the little colony, he often felt the want of women's ready sympathy and soothing tenderness.

He thought of Alice. The love he had felt for her had never died out of his heart. While the husband of another, it had slumbered, but now Alice and himself were both free, for her husband had died a year since. Did she remember the lover of her youth? And if she yet cherished that memory, would she consent to leave a happy home and troops of loving friends to share the fortunes of one in a wilderness?

At last he decided to write to her, and propose that she would share his fortunes. Early in the Spring of 1623 the letter was sent. He set before her faithfully all the trials and privations to which she would be exposed; he left it to her to decide whether she could regard his love as an equivalent for the sacrifices she would be called upon to make. And he requested her, if she should consent, since the affairs of the colony would not suffer his absence, to take passage in the first ship bound for the colonies.

The time passed slowly to the Governor, until, on the 14th of August, a sail was discerned, as yet a faint speck on the horizon. It was the ship so long expected. If she were not there, there would at least be a written rejection of his proposal.

The whole population of the town crowded to the landing. Governor Bradford stood firm and erect, conspicuous among the little crowd. When the vessel touched the shore, all hurried on. The Governor passed from one to another with warm welcomings; but his eye watched for Alice. He sees her not. His hope has gone out. "It is God's will" said the devout Puritan.

Just then a woman ascends the stairs from the cabin. She is taller than the Alice of his remembrance. Strange, for though he knew years must have changed her, yet she had always been in his mind the slender girl from whom he had parted. And here she stands, the beautiful, stately, dignified woman. Probably she too, had her surprise.

For a moment the pair looked at each other, and the "William!" "Alice!" burst from their lips, and the hearts so long sundered were united. That very evening the marriage took place. There was joy of heart, but no extravagant display. Long and happy was the union here consummated.

Thirty-four additional years was the good Governor spared to the colony, whose prosperity he did so much to promote. His wife survived him fifteen years. She was well educated and dignified in deportment, and did much for the improvement of the rising generation. Pilgrim Hall stands upon land formerly in her possession. It is recorded of her that she was a good matron and much loved while she lived, and heartily lamented when she died.

## William's Landaulet.

Shortly after it came out that Attorney-General Williams indulged in a landaulet at the public expense, it was said that the vehicle had been purchased by a gentleman who designed making a tour with it through some of the Western States. As Williams is soon going out of office, he ought to have the landaulet to exhibit as one of the trophies of his incumbency of the department. It is said that he intends to return to Oregon when he retires, with the design, if possible, of capturing the United States Senatorship which will be one of the prizes to be gained at the State election in 1876. If he only had his landaulet, and traveled extensively through Oregon previous to the election, exhibiting himself all at places of importance, with some of the agents of the Department of Justice who furnished the "bloody shirt" outrage stories, he would be completely fixed. The people would be able to fully appreciate his great services in the Department of Justice. They would have constantly before their eyes the proof of his greatness. They would know at once that Williams was the man with the landaulet whom the United States Senate would not confirm as Chief Justice, and that he was the genius who could, by simply nodding to an agent, present an outrage to the people of the North as if by magic. Knowing this, they would know whether they wanted Williams in the Senate or not, and take measures accordingly.

RESIGNED.—"Landaulet" Williams who has so long disgraced the nation as Attorney General, has discretly stepped down and out. This may be noted as the only valuable service he has ever rendered the government, and even this was prompted by a desire to save his scalp. The next House had an impeachment rod in pickle for him, which would have been applied with merited severity had not he dodged in time.—*San Jose Argus.*

An old maid doesn't know what it is to bend over the children's little white bed, softly pat their curly heads and hear one of them growl out: "Now then, Sam, keep your paws off'n me or I'll bat you in the eye."

A man seventy-seven years old has made his appearance in Philadelphia wearing a hat which he put on thirty-one years ago, vowing that he would never remove it until Henry Clay was elected President.

COMING INTO STYLE.—"Shingle weddings" are coming rapidly into style now, it is said. This novel wedding takes place when the "first-born" is old enough to spank.

DOUBLES THE VALUE.—Mary Ellen says that she knows what she is talking about, and that it just doubles the value of a kiss to have to burrow for it under a big mustache.

"George, dear, don't you think you are rather extravagant, eating butter with that delicious jam?" "No indeed, love, don't you see, the same piece of bread does for both."

At a spelling match at Indianapolis the other night, everybody went down on "Ipecacuanha." It usually brings everything up.

FAVORS THEM.—There's a schoolma'am in Oneida county who lets her best-behaved scholars chew her gum a little while.

## Presidential.

From the S. F. Examiner.

Spontaneously from all parts of the country come tributes of admiration for the manly course Governor Tilden of New York has taken in the contest with the public thieves of his State. So deficient have our high officials been in integrity and moral courage, that the spectacle of a brave, resolute, and honest Executive, manfully inaugurating a fight against a powerful gang of public plunderers, whose position has seemed impregnable, is witnessed with admiring awe by a people who had become skeptical as to the ability, fidelity or courage of any official. General Tilden has shown not only the requisite courage, but he has manifested the highest capacity of mind, as well as the most exhaustless patience and tenacity of purpose, in the pursuit of the official malefactors. The manifestation of these high qualities in the Tweed cases and in the present onslaught upon the Canal "ring" has suggested simultaneously to people in all parts of the country the propriety of placing him in the field as a candidate for President.

The election of such a man as Tilden to the Chief Magistracy of the Union would be the assurance of an indefinite extension of the progress and prosperity of the country, because of his moral worth, intellectual capacity, and undeniable fidelity to Democratic principles, as they were understood in the good old times, when the Democracy directed the destinies of the Republic and maintained its honor and glory at home and abroad.

Governor Tilden's candidacy should also bring to the support of the Democratic cause that large class of persons who are indifferent to party ascendency, but anxious that the Government shall be in honest and competent control. The crowning merit of Tilden is his public spirit and integrity. Throughout his whole life not a stain of suspicion has ever attached to him of any unworthy conduct. The too customary vices of the public men of this age have been foreign to him. The love of lucre, a tendency to speculation, nepotism, jobbery, favoritism, or intrigue, has never soiled his reputation nor impaired popular respect for him. His walk and conversation before men have been reflexive of rigid morality, purity of life and dignity of deportment.

The busy demands of Governor Tilden's professional life have not permitted him the enjoyment of the retirement and leisure which are so dear to all men of thought, of large intellect, and long service and strain of the faculties. Nor is it his temperament to cease from labor and struggle so long as there is work to be done for a good cause. Hence the Democracy, especially its long night of adversity, has never been remote from his thoughts and dreams. Its fortunes, its preservation, its eventual restoration to power, have been the great end to accomplish which he bent his entire energies. When nearly everybody else appeared to despair of ultimate success—when many of the ancient chiefs were relaxing their efforts in the apparently hopeless task of reviving the fortunes of the grand old party, Tilden was steadily at work, planning, talking, uniting, organizing, and devising methods to place the Democracy once more upon the highway of success. His labors were enhanced enormously by the corruptions of interlopers in the party, who had used its pure name and stolen its stainless standard to cover their own bad acts. To purge the party of these vermin, to clear its record and cleanse its escutcheon, to expel, disgrace, and punish those who had purloined the habiliments of an honest organization to serve their infamous personal ends, was the achievement of Samuel Tilden. This was truly a herculean undertaking, and its accomplishment gave him a claim to the gratitude, admiration, and esteem of all honorable men, which is now redoubled by his efforts to dislodge a still more formidable band of public robbers from their position. He is just the man to grapple with the "rings" who have been for years fastened on the national government. Gov. Tilden's course, from first to last, commends him to the affection, devotion and support of the Democracy of the whole Union, as one of the ablest, most efficient, and deserving of the Democratic leaders. It will be a glorious day for the Republic when such a man shall be installed in the White House.

HOW SHE CALLED.—Yesterday noon as a Sixth street man was digging in his garden his wife appeared at the door and shouted:

"Come, you old fraud—come in to dinner!"

As he did not come she opened the door pretty soon and yelled:

"Hain't you coming to dinner, you blasted——!"

She saw a neigbor in the garden along with her husband and finished:

"——old darling, you!"

HIS ASSETS.—A resident of an interior town came to Detroit the other day to secure a stock of groceries, having decided to enter into business. As he had no money at all he was confronted with the inquiry:

"What are your assets?"

He deliberated a moment, scratch- his head, and slowly replied:

"Wall, I attend church purty reg'lar!"

He hasn't started in the grocery businee yet.

THE SONG OF THE WASHINGTON YOUTH.—"I want to be a lobby man, and in the lobby stand, with brass upon my forehead and greenbacks in my hand."

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