

THE ENTERPRISE.

OREGON CITY, OREGON, DEC. 10, 1875.

Grant's Message to Congress.

On account of the imperfect working of the telegraph, up to the time of going to press but portion of the President's message has been received. Being pressed for time, we are compelled to make a very brief summary of the fragment before us—promising, however, that next week's issue shall contain that very important document in full:

Our manufacturers and mining interests have greatly increased; our merchants everywhere are known for sagacity and integrity. Under the head of Education the President says: "As the primary step therefore to our advancement in all that has marked our progress in the past century, I suggest for your earnest consideration and most earnestly recommend it, that a constitutional amendment be submitted to the legislatures of the several States for ratification, making it the duty of each of the several States to establish and forever maintain public schools, adequate to the education of all the children in the ordinary branches, within their respective limits, irrespective of sex, color, birth-place or religion; forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious, atheistic or pagan texts, and prohibiting the granting of any school funds or school taxes, or any part thereof, either by the legislative, municipal, or any other power, for the benefit of any other object of any other nature or kind whatever, in connection with this important question." The message strongly advocates the taxing of religious corporations. In 1875 the church property of the United States which pays no tax, municipal or State, amounts to \$1,000,000,000. "By 1900, without check it is safe to say, this property will reach a sum exceeding \$3,000,000,000." "I would," the President says, "suggest taxation of all property equally, whether church or corporation, exempting only the last resting place of the dead, and possibly, with proper restrictions, church edifices."

"Our relations with most of the foreign powers continue on a friendly and satisfactory footing." Concerning the Cuban question—which is the most important topic contained in the message—the President recounts the disadvantages resulting to this country from the protracted war in Cuba, and the impossibility of according to the insurgents' belligerent rights, while they have nothing but skirmishes, while they do not possess a single port flying their flag, and while they are without any civil government or local habitation. "I am satisfied," reads the message, "while the accordance of belligerent rights to the insurgents in Cuba might give them hope and inducement to protract the struggle, it would be a delusive hope and would not remove the evils which this Government and its people are experiencing, but would draw the United States into complications which it has waited long and already suffered much to avoid. The recognition of the independence or of belligerency being thus in my judgment equally inadmissible, it remains to consider what course shall be adopted, should the conflict not soon be brought to an end. * * * I am of opinion that other nations will be compelled to assume the responsibility which devolves upon them, and to seriously consider the only remaining measures possible, mediation and intervention. * * * Mediation or intervention seems to be the only alternative which must sooner or later be invoked for the termination of the strife. At the same time, while thus impressed, I do not at this time recommend the adoption of any measure of intervention."

The Investigation in San Francisco.

Under the caption of "A Farce! A Screaming Farce!" the *Colonist*, with a two-edged sword, cuts at the committee appointed to investigate, in San Francisco, the disaster of the steamer Pacific.

It says that Captain Waterman, of that committee, is the very man who examined the Pacific and gave her a certificate of seaworthiness. Then to show how incomplete have been these inspections, it quotes from the sworn statement of a man named Allen, who says that in inspecting, Waterman simply walked through a ship, counted the buckets, and then took a pot of champagne lunch; the sailors meantime returning the boats and buckets, which had been borrowed from some other vessel, for the purpose of presenting a good appearance during the examination.

The article then accuses Waterman of growing suddenly and enormously rich on a salary of \$3,000 per annum, and laughs at the idea of a true and just report being brought in, in the face of all this, and when the only other man on the committee is Capt. Waterman's mate, by name, Hillman.

The article closes by asking: "Does it not come within the province of this or the Dominion Government to direct the attention of the United States authorities to the farcical character of the investigation with the Inspector of Hulls sitting in judgment, as it were, on himself?"

Tweed's Escape.

When we read of Ali Baba discovering the magic words which threw open to him the accumulated wealth of a band of robbers, or when we see Stalacta in the fairy piece of the modern stage, by a single tap of her wand change rugged rocks into the most brilliant crystals, we look upon such performances as supernatural, or from a practical stand, as absurd. But a performance of this kind has just taken place in real life, in business-like New York. William M. Tweed, ex-foreman of "Big 6," ex-Grand Sachem of Tammany Hall, and ex-Boss of New York City, convicted and imprisoned for plundering the New York City treasury, and the New York City people generally, after spending immense sums in retaining the most astute counsel the city could afford, has suddenly discovered their inefficiency, and by some mysterious agency has broken bolts, bars and doors, and glided out into the air of freedom. What that mysterious agency was, we leave our readers to conjecture from a simple narrative of the facts of the case, as received by telegram:

It seems that Tweed, on account of actual or pretended sickness, was allowed many privileges, among which the unprecedented taking of afternoon drives seems to be the most serious and reprehensible. It is rumored that he had been gone a week before any report of his escape was made to the police headquarters. The full account of his escape, and the very patent collusion of his keepers are contained in the following telegram:

Warden Dunham called on Inspector Dilk, at the police central office, and stated that he had accompanied the prisoner to the residence of Mrs. Tweed, Madison Avenue and 30th street, and while there Tweed had requested permission to see his wife privately. Dunham unhesitatingly granted the request and Tweed went up stairs to his wife's rooms, leaving one of his sons to entertain Dunham and his deputy. After waiting about ten minutes, Dunham became uneasy, and sent young Tweed up stairs to tell his father to come down immediately, as they desired to return to jail in a short time. The young man returned and informed Dunham his father had gone. Dunham at once searched the house, but no trace of the Boss could be found. Leaving the deputy in charge of the house, Dunham hurried to the residence of Sheriff Connor and informed him of the escape. The police authorities were promptly notified, and the central office detectives at once went out scouring the city in all directions.

Deputy Warden Gardner, in charge of Ludlow street jail, during Warden Dunham's absence stated that neither he nor any person in the jail learned of Tweed's absence until about half past eight. A man rang the bell, and when the door was opened by the deputy warden, the man, whose name was not known, nor his face familiar, said that Warden Dunham had sent him down to the jail to say that Tweed had escaped; further than this he could not say, and he then took his departure. It is supposed that Tweed left the jail about 4:30 p.m. with Dunham. It is also thought that the keeper, Edward Hagan, also accompanied them, as he has not since been seen at the jail. This afternoon the deputy warden took an affidavit to Mr. Tweed, who was then in his room, but the deputy did not know the contents of it. Tweed was visited by his counsel, David Dudley Field and Mr. Wm. Edelstein, the latter a partner in business with Tweed's son at one time. Although three unoccupied houses adjoin the residence of the Boss, none of them was searched. In 20 minutes after the police were notified of the escape, word had reached every police station, and the mounted squad was out in force riding through the suburbs of the city at full speed. Inspector Thorne received notice at once, and soon was at the precinct station house, and taking Sergeant Whitcomb and Detective McGowen, visited the house of Tweed, and leaving a force to guard the entrance, searched the house from roof to cellar, but not the slightest trace of him could be found. Sheriff Connor called a number of town police precincts. President Madsel, of the Board of Commissioners, was visited at his residence, and there all imaginable plans for the recapture of the fugitive were talked up and put into execution. The authorities seemed utterly bewildered.

Central office detectives were sent to every part of the city where was the least possibility of Tweed's being found, and the officers on the approaches to the North and East rivers, were especially instructed to be watchful. President Madsel said, in his opinion, Tweed escaped earlier than reported, or the police would have been more successful in finding than at a time.

Sheriff Connor has offered a reward of \$10,000 for the arrest of Tweed.

Newspaper.

Petroleum V. Nasby will write New York letters to the Albany Register.

Brown & Stewart have started a bright little sheet at Albany called the Evening Demorat.

The second number of the Thorngrove Stock Journal and Record has just been issued.

Mr. Eldridge Morse intends starting a six column weekly at Snohomish City.

The Bedrock Democrat has been enlarged.

The Albany Morning Call has paid its last visit and called its last call.

G. W. Quivey, having bought out G. W. Robert's interest in the Benton Democrat, is now the sole proprietor of that paper.

Ellen Burgess is postmistress of Bake-Oven, Wasco county.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

[From Our Regular Correspondent.]

NEW YORK, Nov. 24, 1875.

It is humiliating to look through our great dailies and see what prominence is given to revolting crimes, and scandals of questionable morality. An educated foreigner has written one of our literary weeklies that judging from the tone of the New York press, our city must be one of the most licentious, and its people, for supporting such a press, of the most degraded tastes. Murders, to be palatable to the majority of our readers, must not only be doled out in all their horrible detail, but must be sugared with all the flash and sensation of which our tongue is susceptible. Executions must be vividly painted, even to the last death struggle of the poor victim, and to the cutting down and burying. Cases of *crim. con.* are looked upon as insipid if not given in all their nakedness, and recited in the unequivocal Anglo Saxon of every day life. With a press of such a character it is not to be wondered at that we all, more or less, are influenced by it, and that at times your correspondent finds himself gloating apparently over just such disgusting topics. As I am very much of a plagiarist in my correspondence, and as the papers are monopolized by descriptions of murders, rapes, and executions, I admit that it is very "close sailing" to steer clear of the Charybdis, sensation and filth on the one side, and the Scylla, insipidity, and bosh on the other. To give you some idea of the style of literature that now engrosses the attention of our people, and fills our journals, I will give you a sample—shorn of all its linguistic bombast, and typographical tricks:

In 1860 there lived near the old town of Aylett, King William Co., Virginia, a wealthy planter by the name of Roane. He owned a fine mansion and large tracts of land, both beautiful and remunerative. His wife, with whom he received a large fortune, was connected with some of the most distinguished families of Virginia and Maryland, and was a lady of varied accomplishments. Her table, over which she presided with all the graceful dignity of the *auncien regime*, was noted throughout the State for its bounteous hospitality as well as for its genial wit and elegant *persiflage*. Born to this aristocratic couple were three children, two girls and a boy. The latter, like his father, was stern and determined, but frank withal, and a good boon companion. The girls, Mingie and Belle, inherited from their mother her quick, impetuous and exceedingly jealous disposition. Earnest and ardent in their affections, they must monopolize the heart of the object of their love, or their big black eyes would snap fire, and the Italian blood, received from their Florentine ancestor, would show that through two centuries none of its sensuality had been lost. The family was a very happy one. Why indeed should not they be happy who have health, wealth, education, social position, and a refined and cultured acquaintance? Alas! the hand of death reached down and took off their fond mother. Mingie, having lost thus a guiding and sacred counselor, seemed to lose all self-control, and one day, in a fit of anger, she ran away from home—and has never been heard of until the other day, in a most tragic manner, in this city. Last year a wealthy brewer of convivial habits, named Whitney, met in a house of ill-repute in this city, a girl of refinement, beauty and education. He took her out of the house, and hiring a "flat," or suite of rooms on Fifth Avenue, furnished them elegantly. Here "all went merry as a marriage bell." Each apparently wrapped up in the other, no one dared intrude upon their privacy, save an old colored servant woman whom Mingie had befriended in her more prosperous days. After dinner one day last week, Whitney feeling drowsy, threw himself on the lounge for a nap. Jealousy, however, was working in the breast of Mingie, and she upbraided him about an old flame. "Let me alone, Mingie, I am sleepy," was all the response she could get. After several unsuccessful attempts to get his attention, she said, "You shall repent this," and forthwith repaired to her room, where she dressed in the style Whitney most admired, came back to the room where Whitney was sleeping, took a large navy revolver that was hanging on the wall, and lying down by Whitney's side, shot herself through the heart. Thus ended the life of one whose stars predicted a most happy future—thus passed away "one more unfortunate weary of breath."

Ax Albany correspondent sends us the following items under date of Dec. 7th:

The water has fallen about six feet here since Sunday.

The mills will soon resume business.

We are to have a marriage in high life, Mr. W. L. Petters to Miss A. V. Blain, at the U. P. Church, Rev. S. G. Irving is to tie the knot.

This town will soon "sport" a steam fire engine—and yet we are not

far from the "ops, you know!"

Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris will come over from England to winter in Washington, at the Presidential mansion.

Oregon Grazing Lands.

A late number of the New York Times has the following:

J. M. W., Sandy Hill, N. Y., writes:

"In a recent issue of the semi-weekly *Times* was a short article on the grazing lands of Oregon and Washington Territory. The writer pronounced Eastern Oregon to be the best grazing region in the United States. I wish to inquire whether New Mexico and Arizona are not superior to Eastern Oregon for wool growing and cattle raising generally, on account of the milder climate? Can you refer me to any book or pamphlet on Oregon which gives a general description of the climate, fauna, flora, topography, &c., of that State?"

Reply.—We do not know of any work of the kind referred to. We should judge Oregon to be the better locality for cattle and horses than Arizona and New Mexico, and at least equal to them for sheep. But all these countries have many more and greater drawbacks, with no better facilities for stock growing, than the plains east of the Rocky Mountains and many of the valleys of the mountains, including Colorado, Dakota, Wyoming, Western Kansas, and Nebraska. Mr. E. A. Curley's work on Nebraska, mentioned last week, gives a very fair account of these localities, which are very similar in character.

The above shows plainly to those acquainted with Oregon and its advantages, that there are those at the East who are almost entirely ignorant of the great natural advantages of this northwest coast. The ideas of comparing the cold, bleak and almost barren alkali plains of Nebraska with the rich bunch-grass regions of Oregon, for grazing purposes, seems to us simply absurd. There are, in the eastern part of this State, large tracts of the best bunch-grass range yet unoccupied, on which stock of all kinds will live and thrive the year round with but little care, and without any extra feed except for a few weeks during an unusually cold winter, which does not occur often than about once in ten years. There are some stock raisers who put up feed and keep it on hand always against an emergency, others on the contrary make no provision whatever for cold winters, reasoning that even were they to lose their entire band of stock ones in ten years, so great are the profits of the business that it would still be a paying investment. This charlatan, by simply using the prefix "Dr.," is allowed to carve and mutilate the bodies of our people, to harass and destroy their digestive organs, and in fact to take their lives.

While it is true that we have a great many skilled physicians in this State, it is also true that the profession contains a larger number of humbugs. They are, perhaps, in every town of considerable size in the State. In the first place no man should be allowed to collect a bill for medical attendance unless he can show a diploma from some respectable medical college. If a man has not got brains enough to get such a diploma he certainly has not enough to be entrusted with the sick and wounded. Let him take his proper place among the old women, as a nurse, and forbear his loud-mouthed boasts, his flaming posters, and itinerant life. Eastern States have passed the most stringent laws on this subject, and California in consequence is flooded with the refugees. That State is now aware that special legislation is needed to get rid of these murderers, and the result will be that Oregon will suffer from a worse plague than that of the frogs, experienced by Pharaoh. Let the members of the incoming Legislature take hold of this matter in earnest—life is not a thing to be trifled with—and see that proper laws are passed to free us from these pests. The plea that people deserve to be punished for employing quacks has no force. Every person is not able to judge of a man's medical abilities or attainments, and as "drowning men catch at straws," sick men should be forgiven if they reach for supports which give such questionable aid.

Hops.

Well deserved praise is always relished by frail humanity. Oregonians naturally like to hear of their large and superior wheat crop, their beautiful rivers, their delicious fruits, their flax and their fisheries; their hops, however, is a topic it seems that until lately, has been very little attended to, and deserving consequently of but limited boasting. The following extract from the New York Evening Post, concerning our State and the article under consideration, we feel confident will be read with pleasure by all taking interest in our growth and wealth:

There was a large yield on all the fields in Oregon. The culture there is yet in its infancy, but the bottom lands of the Willamette will probably prove the finest lands in the world for hop growing.

In the last issue of the West Shore were some very sensible remarks on this subject, as the following will show:

"At the late State fair Mr. J. H. Tattle, of Lane County, received the first premium for the best quality of hops. From him we learn that, as a hop country, Oregon is unsurpassed, giving the largest yield and surest crops of any State in the Union. Mr. T. states that the yield, all over this State is from 1,500 to 2,600 lbs. acre, which, at the present low price of the article (15 cts. per lb.), would be equal to 75 cts. per bushel for wheat. Last year hops sold at 27½ cts. per lb., equal to \$1.37½ per bushel.

Our farmers would do well to pay some attention to the culture of hops. Five acres would be quite sufficient, as ten acres will give employment to as many hands and leave a larger profit in ordinary seasons than 200 acres of wheat."

John Bull, look out, or you will not long be able to say, "You can't have the beer, because you 'aven't got the 'ops, you know!"

Mr. and Mrs. Sartoris will come over from England to winter in Washington, at the Presidential mansion.

STRONG IN THE FAITH.—Printed over Boss Tweed's prison bed, was "In God We Trust." If he gauged the honesty of others by his own, we cannot find fault with his meagre reliance on "the promises of persons," but must admit that we are not a little surprised at his temerity in trusting to Providence. He took his little motto from the silver trade-dollar, and it is more than likely that the source from which he got his pious head-piece, is that to which he had so implicitly trusted, instead of to the "Giver of all Good," as announced by the dispatch.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

Garnier challenges Cyrille Dion, the billiard champion, for the championship.

Gov. Kellogg is trying to prevent McEnery from getting the seat in the U. S. Senate he claims.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 5.—Although

the weather is very bad to-day,

The recapitulation by departments of estimates for 1877. Congress, \$6,358,475; Department of State, \$1,601,053; Treasury Department, \$171,132; War Department, \$57,430; Navy Department, \$22,792,420; Interior Department, \$40,594,125; Post Office Department, \$8,862,714; Department of Justice, \$3,850,040; Department of Agriculture, \$251,566; Grand total \$314,612,606.

The appropriations for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, were \$16,861,592 less than estimates, and the estimates for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, are \$4,612,608 larger than estimates for the previous year.

Secretary Robeson's report of the naval service for the year shows that the number of vessels of every class and description now borne in the navy register is 147, carrying 1,195 guns and 152,492 tons measurement, many of these are sailing vessels of little or no value, as part of the efficient force for river cruising or fighting purposes. The steamships number 52, of which 25 are tugs, 38 of the whole number being ready for sea when required. The ironclad fleet consists of 26 vessels, 21 monitors, 2 torpedo ships and 3 never launched, of all vessels 80 are available, including 16 ironclads and 2 torpedo boats.

All the Pacific Coast Senators and Representatives were in their seats to-day to accept the Naval Academy and Idaho delegate.

S. S. Fenn is here to contest Gov. Bennett's right to admission as delegate from Idaho.

Senator Sargent has asked for a reduction of the duty on wool.

The Centennial Commission prays Congress for a \$1,500,000 appropriation.

NEW YORK, Dec. 8.—O. Erlich & Co. have just received the following dispatch from their agents at Southampton: "The Deutschland ran ashore on the long sands. Fifty of the passengers and crew are reported drowned. Part of the passengers and crew landed at Harwich, Tuesday evening."

SUMMARY OF STATE NEWS.

The Courier says much summer fallow is lying idle, owing to the unusual wet season, which has prevented farmers from sowing their fall grain.

The steamer Calliope was sunk at the wharf in Portland last Sunday morning, by being struck by passing drift.

Mr. Emil Bories has presented to the worthy editor of the Yamhill Reporter a new pair of shears. Did we not know Snyder to be a most graceful