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JOB WORK. (PRINTING WITH CARE AND AT LOW PRICES.)

At Rest. The wild birds sit and sing. In leafy branches clear and low.

A silver thread of water runs In shining ripples at my feet. Fringed round with ferns and daisy-blossoms.

O, Life, that is so all-complete, So rounded, and so full to me, At rest upon this mossy bank.

No wonder that the daisies bloom, No wonder that the clouds are bright; Or that the wild birds sing, and sing.

Marie Antoinette. BY JOSEPHINE BOHRINS FULLER.

Crowns have many thorns, cruel thorns that do not unfrequently pierce the wearer to death. Marie Antoinette learned all the bitterness of this sad truth.

Italian was the only language that she could speak and write, although later she learned to converse in French.

When she was fifteen years old she was married to Louis Charles, heir apparent of the French throne. She was at this time very graceful and lovely, full of vivacity and apt at reports.

It was almost impossible to make a stiff woman of society of this free, wild, impulsive creature. She horrified ceremonious individuals by her reckless disregard of etiquette.

Their marriage had been one of policy, and such unions have their advantages, for if the young couple have no opportunity to fancy that they are in a grand passion, they likewise have not the unhappiness so often known, that of recovering from their delusion after living together a few weeks.

After she had been married seven years, the gay butterfly wearied of her artificial life, folded her wings and lovingly nestled close to her husband's heart.

"How do you know?" questioned the king in a tone in which was mingled some concern. "By their looks and appearance generally," rattled the queen, in a lively manner.

"I could tell you many others, for whenever I break any of the absurd court rules, the ladies' faces seem to say, 'Behold the Tartar!'" The king looked down musingly.

The queen valued it more than all the costliest of jewels, and fairly lived the devotion of her husband. Beautiful children grew around this affectionate heart, binding still closer together the hearts of their parents.

they lived for twelve years without sorrow, except when they mourned the death of two of their children, and even such a bereavement loses half its poignancy when the heart is filled with conjugal affection.

It is always a pleasure to contemplate the felicity of good people, and we will glance at them in one of their happiest moods. Marie Antoinette was seated in a fauteuil, in a luxuriously-furnished boudoir in her little palace, the Trianon, within the bounds of Versailles.

The warm summer air was tempered by a gay, breezy, frolicsome wind, which love on its fleecy wings at once, as if were, of some delicious dreamy, poetic refrain.

Perhaps this is one of the blessings reserved for the saints in heaven, and we are permitted such foretastes of bliss in order to convince us how greatly celestial felicity can excel the beatitude of every other.

"My book has no such spell as your voice, my enchantress," answered the gallant husband, as he closed the volume, and the habitual melancholy left his brow, while a subdued expression of genuine fondness stole over his agreeable features.

"I thank you for what you say, with all my heart, for I know that you are sincere," replied Marie Antoinette, as a look of tenderness irradiated her expressive face. "It is so delightful."

"It is a stranger to real happiness until I knew a true affection for yourself, and then I never could make an admitted and attractive figure in any gay assembly."

"Thank you for your implied compliment to myself," laughingly rejoined the queen. "I own that I find plenty of fun and pleasure in my enjoyment in amusing society, but it is never deep, satisfying happiness, like the quiet hours I spend with you and the children."

"Why do you think so?" asked the king, in a tone of national jealousy traceable in his tones. "Their manners are so prim, not at all like the graceful freedom of our gay courtiers in Vienna."

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"I'm as flattered as happy," responded Louis, "for although I never knew the kind of trouble Spencer talks about when he begins with."

"I am so well contented with the present, that I have never any gloomy forebodings of the future," was the cheerful answer of the happy wife.

The French Revolution of 1789 began, or rather that dreadful or terrible, the reign of cowardly and tyrannical despots, as they are always cowardly, started in the first place by one or two cowards, then augmented by ignorant, brutal, human animals, ragged, idle, filthy and drunken, that arm themselves with whatever they can maim or kill, and creep from low, dirty dens, like bathhouse serpents bent on destruction.

The queen urged the king to take decided steps to at once quell the rebellion. But he was of opinion that gentle means were best. She was advised to fly from the scene of danger with her children, but she refused to desert her husband.

The mob, emboldened by scarcely any opposition, butting the queen for imaginary crimes, and the king for real ones, crowded around the palace at Versailles, butchered her soldiers, and called upon her to show herself in the balcony. A friend threw himself before her, entreated her not thus to risk her life, and offered to go in her place.

She refused his generous protection, took her two children, Marie Therese, who was eleven, and Louis Charles, who was eight, year old, and obeyed the call of the rabble. She thought to move their compassion at the sight of these tender innocents. She had yet to learn that pity does not exist in a mob.

Her husband was now law. The king was dethroned, and imprisoned with his family in the monastery of the Feuillades. Afterwards they were put in a dark fortress called the Temple. France was at this time one scene of terror; blood flowed freely in the streets, and only dangerous walls kept the infuriated mob from murdering the royal family outright.

At 11 o'clock her hands were bound, and she was jolted in a rough cart through the crowd, that looked like troops of spectres in the misty air of that cold, damp day. In the same tameless, courageous spirit with which she had borne all her reverses, she bore the abuse of the multitude, and with the Austrian! After she ascended the scaffold she knelt and said, in clear, silvery tones, 'Lord, enlighten and soften the hearts of my executioners! Adieu, my children! I go to join your father.'

Her children in their dungeons could not hear this last earthly farewell from the lips of a fond, loving mother, but it may be that they felt its influence in the moments of elevated calm that God so often gives to those most sorely tried, for soul speaks to soul of the beloved, and is understood, though their bodies may be wickedly separated.

During the two succeeding years these royal persons were but little more than captives in the Tuilleries and St. Cloud. They were surrounded by a national guard, under pretence of giving them protection, but in reality to keep them prisoners. It was in vain that the queen urged her husband to use active measures for quelling the insurrection; in vain she urged him to use his authority, or else flee to the frontiers.

He could bravely endure, but he seemed incapable of prompt action. Besides, he believed that he could satisfy the people by repeatedly yielding to their demands. He might as well have tried to extinguish raging flames by pouring on them oil. Finding that she could not induce her husband to use active measures, Marie Antoinette bore her trials with calm fortitude and unwavering cheerfulness, teaching her children, or employing herself with embroidery. Plans were formed by their friends for their escape, but they were discovered and the organizers put to death.

"I cannot enjoy the gaiety of the scene," was his reply, "while so many of the poor soldiers are without shirts and other necessities."

"We will supply them," was the impulsive reply of the assembled ladies, who met next day to give up clothing for their suffering defenders.

In this and other ways, the mere pleasure-seeking spirit of even those troublous times often met a just rebuke and was turned into wiser channels.

A New York glass factory has just sent 7,000 kerosene lamps to Japan.

When G. Washington Was Young. Dr. Loring tells the following anecdote in Patten's American Monthly, in connection with an account of Stratford House, the seat of the Lee family.

"It (Stratford House) is only a mile from the birthplace of Washington, and stood in the midst of a highly cultivated country, dotted with the mansions of people who formed a very refined society. There Washington and Richard Henry Lee undoubtedly often played together, and within that mile between the dwellings was the scene of the following correspondence when they were boys only nine weeks old, there being only a few weeks' difference between their ages. Little Lee wrote:

"Pa brought me two pretty books full of pictures he got them in Alexandria they have pictures of dogs and cats and tigers and elephants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elephant and a little Indian boy on his back like uncle Jo's son pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle Jim bring me to see you will you ask your ma to let you come to see me."

"Richard Henry Lee." To this note little Washington replied. "Dear Nicky I thank you very much for the pretty picture book you gave me. Sam asked me to show him the pictures and I showed him all the pictures in it; and I read to him how the same elephant took care of the master's little boy and put him on his back and would not let anybody touch his master's son. I can read three or four pages sometimes without missing a word. Ma says I may go to see you and stay all day with you if it be not rainy. She says I may ride my pony Hero if Uncle Ben will go with me to look after him. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I mustn't tell you who wrote the poetry:

"G. W. compliments to R. H. L. And like his book full well. Hereforth will count his friend, And hopes some happy day may spend. Your good friend, 'GEORGE WASHINGTON.'"

The "poetry" was written, it is said, by Mr. Howard, a gentleman who used to visit at the house of Mrs. Washington.

Beyond the calculation of mere dollars and cents, it may be regarded as an axiom that where the masses are educated, there will be a nation of patriots, strongly devoted to the principles of civil liberty and observant of the laws of stable government.

Our national colleges, fitted for their work, are not servile copies of previously existing institutions, whether at home or abroad; but, though different, are intended to be in the progress of time a perpetual contribution to the political strength and the intellectual stamina of our country, which is to be forever governed by the people; and the great question now to be solved is whether it shall be well-governed by an educated, vigorous and virtuous people, or be dragged down by the preponderance of illiterate and blundering imbeciles, as the conspicuous wreck of the last hope of mankind.—Senator Merrill, in U. S. Senate.

THAT STUFFED CAT.—The other day when a Detroit boy of fourteen bought a stuffed cat at auction the crowd derided him and had a great deal of fun at his expense. They didn't know that the boy had a heap of genius and a mountain of bright ideas, and he didn't tell them. Yesterday morning the lad opened out in a vacant lot on Cass avenue, having the help of several other geniuses. A clothes line was stretched from a peg driven at the sidewalk to a fence fifty or sixty feet away, and not over a foot from the ground. By means of straps around the body and two iron rings, with a stout fish-line to pull on, the cat could be drawn along the rope like a flash and hauled through a hole in the fence. When things were in working order the stuffed feline was placed at the stake, the boys got behind the fence, and the number of dogs which tried to give that cat a cold shaking up was almost beyond count. They strained every nerve to catch her as she was drawn along the rope, and as they followed her through the fence, believing they had a dead sure thing, two boys on either side of the hole let fall four stout clubs with military precision. Each dog seemed to realize the whole joke in a minute, and the way he started for home nearly killed the jokers.—Detroit Free Press.

A MARK.—Men are apt to think that the gay, laughing girl who has seemingly not a care in the world, is frivolous and heartless. Few know that observation and good sense, joy and sorrow, stabborn and good, are often hid beneath the mask of a gay, frolicsome disposition. There is much more reason to suspect the seeming faultless than the frank girl, who shows her follies on the surface.

"Wearing the heart upon the sleeve" is a good plan. If a woman has a heart, it is always a gay one, until misfortune or affliction comes it.

The total amount of Indiana's Common School fund, June, 1876, was \$8,870,871.93.

A Small-Pox Nuss.

Yesterday, says the Pittsburgh Leader, on the train which leaves East Liberty shortly after eleven o'clock, was a rather dilapidated-looking colored individual as a passenger. No notice was taken of the dusky traveler until the conductor came into the car and stated to an acquaintance: "See that darkey?"

"Well, he's a small-pox nuss—nursed Bailey who died at Homestead." The comments were few, but there was an immediate scramble among those seated nearest to the nurse, while the more timid retreated to the platform and held an indignation meeting. This proceeding aroused the ire of the colored person, who took it exceedingly ill that he should be shunned by his fellow travelers because of his vocation, and he slighted from the car upon its arrival at the depot with ill-disguised expressions of disgust.

But he was heard from again. Later in the day it was alleged that while employed at the house of Mr. Bailey he had perused several articles of jewelry, and, an information having been made against him before Deputy Mayor Bradley, two ministers of the law set out upon the colored person and proceeded in a very unceremonious style to hustle him before the tribunal. When nearing the magistrate's office a thought occurred to the prisoner, and he suggested that it would not, perhaps, be the correct thing for him to enter the justice shop.

"Why?" queried one of the officials, giving the prisoner an extra boost. "Cos I've a small-pox nuss, boss. Dat's why."

Simultaneously with this statement one constable fell off one side, while the other dug rapidly away from the other, and the prisoner found himself a free man. Not knowing very well what to do under the circumstances, the colored person meandered to the office and proceeded to argue his own case with the magistrate in a very friendly and confidential manner. As soon as the justice dispenser discovered who and what his visitor was he retreated to the back part of his office, and, with an expressive gesture, howled:

"Bat, boss, de law's got me whar my bar's short. What are you geyne to do about de case?" "Git!" shrieked the justice, "and never show up here again."

And the prisoner got. Twenty-two years in Prison. Here is a little story, says the Hartford Courant. Twenty-two years ago a young man in New Haven was engaged to marry a young woman there. For some reason she transferred her promise to marry, if not her affections, to another person. The first suitor, who was a respectable mechanic, disapproved of the match, and declared that his rival was a disreputable person, who would lead his affianced wife a wretched life, and that while he could surrender her himself, he would rather she should die than marry that man. Accordingly, and as he said, solely to save her from the awful fate of such a degraded marriage, he killed the girl. He did not attempt to conceal his deed; he justified it, and regarded himself as the savior of the girl's happiness. He was tried for murder and acquitted on the ground of insanity, although he stoutly denied that he was insane, and said that he had acted upon his cool conviction of what was good for the girl, and was ready to suffer the penalty of the law for the homicide. Acquitted, he was remanded to the county jail by the court; he remained there seven or eight years, all the time protesting that he was in his right mind, and that the State should either hang him for murder or release him. He was then transferred to the State Prison at Waterbury, where a fortnight it does not appear, under no sentence. There he has remained until this day in the same state of mind, apparently rational on all subjects, except that he insists that he had a right to kill the girl to save her from dishonor; and that if the State thought otherwise it should have punished him as a murderer. This is the story of Willard Clarke, who has petitioned the Assembly to remove him from the State Prison to the insane asylum at Middletown. If he is insane that is where he belongs. If he is sane he has a right to his liberty, having been once acquitted on trial for his life. So far as it appears he has now been in jail nearly a quarter of a century without authority of law; for if there is anywhere existing a legal commitment of Clarke as a lunatic, the State Prison is not a legal place for the confinement of lunatics who have not been convicted of crime. It is quite time that the Assembly reach the State of the disgrace of such slipshod proceedings.

COURT'S STROP TO CONQUER.—Yesterday a young woman was promiscuous up Erie street. There wasn't much that was remarkable about her and she was homely. But she was "so stylish." She was laced and tied back till she looked like a bow handle, and she took steps four inches long. She wore a patent tip-up hat on the southeast corner of her ear and her hair descended into her eyes with "idiotically studied confusion." Near Prospect street she dropped a little red bow with a gold pin attached and it fluttered to the edge of the sidewalk. She stopped and looked at it. It might as well have fluttered to the edge of the universe and dropped over for anything that she could do to get it. She walked around it two or three times, gazed sadly at it and then walked a block to Bolivar street, got a small boy and paid him ten cents to come back and pick up the bow. As the boy rejoined his companion he remarked: "Darnd if I ever seen a woman so proud. She wouldn't pick up her own things from the sidewalk."

But it wasn't pride.—Cleveland Herald. It is foolishness for a man to try to make game of a boarding-house chicken by looking at it, under the impression that a steady gaze of the human eye will make any animal quail.

What is Murder?

An interesting question, says the London Times, which has long been a moot point in Westminster Hall, was argued on Wednesday evening, in Grey's Inn Hall, before Mr. Justice Bowen, barrister, President. The point was the following: "A murder having been committed, a reward was offered for the detection of the murderer. A, to gain the reward accused B an innocent man, and caused him to be apprehended and tried for the murder. At the trial A, giving evidence for the prosecution, falsely and corruptly swore that he committed the crime, whereupon the accused was legally convicted and hanged. On these facts could an indictment against A for the murder of B be maintained in law?" For the prosecution, Mr. Lush and Mr. Simon maintained that a philosopher or a statesman would consider A's crime murder. His evidence related his victim's life and reputation together, and the law was as it should be, it was murder to do so. It is murder in other countries and by the Roman law. A man may kill another by words producing acts of others. In answer to the court, counsel distinguished A's crime from the lying of Jago, Mr. Mattinson and Mr. V. Brown, for the prisoner, contended that whatever A's moral guilt was he was not technically guilty of wilful murder. There has been no such charge for 129 years. It might have been anciently murder, but it was not now held to be so. Lord Coke was with them, and even Titus Oates was only indicted for perjury. The same view was taken in "Higgin's Case," and by Foster, the barrister. There was no malice here, either in law or in fact, and defense was only a misdemeanor. The President said that the law implies malice from homicide. B was actually killed by A. The case was analogous to that of a man who constrained another to start a dangerous marine engine, knowing that another is within it, and the last twilled successive. He entertained no doubt that in a real court a judge would hold this to be "murder."

Don Pedro's Wealthy Country. All intelligent travelers who have visited Brazil speak in the most glowing terms of the country. Prof. Agassiz regarded it as the most productive and interesting country on the globe, and the one in which it is easiest to obtain a quarter of a century without authority of law; for if there is anywhere existing a legal commitment of Clarke as a lunatic, the State Prison is not a legal place for the confinement of lunatics who have not been convicted of crime. It is quite time that the Assembly reach the State of the disgrace of such slipshod proceedings.

THE MAX FROM BOSTON.—This is the way she told the story to the Chief of Police, as she sat on the edge of a chair and wiped her nose twice every time she wiped her eyes open. She began:

"I keep a boarding house on Fort street east, sir, and a week ago last night, sir, a good-looking man rang the bell and said he'd come to look up my house, sir. He wanted to know if I was married, sir, and when I said yes he said he'd take board for a week. He said he was looking up an estate, sir, and that he lived in Boston."

"Looking up an estate," repeated the Chief, as he wrote it down.

"Well, sir, I didn't take for any money in advance, as he was such a gentleman, but yesterday he handed me a \$20 bill and I gave him back \$14. I went down to the store and they said the bill was a counterfeit. I told the man so when I got home, and he got mad in a second. 'Who impugns my honor?' he cried, as he took the bill. 'I will go down there and make the symposium grovel in the dust for this!' That's all what he said, sir, as he got on his over coat, sir."

"And he went?" queried the Chief.

"He did, sir, and he hasn't returned, sir, and the satchel went with him, sir, and the sycophant here before you, sir, has been swindled out of \$14 and a week's board. Doesn't it look that way to you, sir?"

And the Chief confessed that it did.—Detroit Free Press.

STUDYING OUT OF SCHOOL.—It is indeed a depressing sight, the groups of girls released at night from our public schools, straggling homeward, laden with six or eight text-books, which they are to pore over with intense anxiety during the long evening hours—hours which should be devoted to healthful recreation. An anxious school-girl is a pitiable object, as with that anxiety comes cough, sleeplessness, loss of appetite, and a long list of formidable evils. We are almost willing to say that girls ought to be prohibited by statute law from studying out of school hours. A law of this nature would seem to be as much needed as that which prohibits manufacturing establishments from employing youth under a certain age.

THE NORRISTON HERALD has ascertained that "blue glass" is used up and administered internally, will cure a dog-of-sheep killing.