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RATES OF ADVERTISING IN CASH. One inch, first insertion, \$2 00. Each subsequent insertion, 1 00.

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JOB WORK. Printed and bound by the proprietor.

Love Unbought. Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unought, Love gives itself, but is not bought; No voice, nor sound betrays Its deep impassioned gaze.

It comes—the beautiful, the free, The crown of all humanity— In silence and alone To seek the elected one.

Famine in India. The New York Tribune recently contained a letter from the Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, for fifteen years a missionary of the Dutch Reformed Church in India.

The rain-fall in Southern India is confined to two seasons. The "southwest monsoon," as it is called, which sets in from across the Sea of Arabia during the months of May and June, brings the lesser rains, which, continuing a month more or less, partially fill the water-courses and render the soil moist.

At once, too, on the coming of this monsoon, the millions of acres of uplands which cannot be cultivated by irrigation are sown with millet, ragi, pulse, and the like; of minor cereals used by the Hindus. But the most of their food grains are raised by irrigation.

less fields and consequent continued scarcity in many a locality. But it is in its present aspects that people have more to do. Let me take a rapid glance at the condition of affairs to-day. I will go to the pier in Madras which reaches out nearly a quarter of a mile across the surf of the open roadstead.

Lying at anchor near the pier are more than a score of vessels, foreign and native, emitting bags of rice imported by Government and by private parties for the famine regions. All along the sandy beach for a mile are heaps of rice-bags piled sometimes fifteen to twenty feet high.

There is another singular evidence of the severity of the famine. It is this: Gang-robbing on the highway and in the country villages, usually called "Dacoities" in India, are becoming fearfully common, and when the perpetrators are arrested they often plead guilty so as to be sentenced to the great "Central Jail," for there they are sure of two years of good food and comfortable quarters, and skilled medical attendance if sick.

How does the Government meet this answer, nobly. The Government rightly regards it better to give the people employment with good pay and impart food for them to buy, than to support them in idleness. Works, then, of public advantage, but of not enough pressing importance, to be undertaken otherwise, are at once put under way in every famine-stricken locality. Roads are surveyed and built; new reservoirs and tanks are constructed; old ones are repaired and enlarged; public wells are dug in each city and village; new markets, jails, and court-houses are erected; new streets are laid out and graded in cities, or old ones widened or improved, or public parks and squares are built to employ the idle masses; and all these expenditures borne from Government funds to save the lives of the people.

Wiertz's Weird Pictures. BY FRED K. HASTINGS. Brussels is a small Paris. Some think it more pleasant and interesting than the French capital. Be this as it may, Brussels has one institution which is unique and which alone is worth the trials of a channel passage to see—the Wiertz Museum. This is not a Museum in the English sense, but in the Continental. It has no antiquities, no collections of geological or anatomical specimens, but is simply a gallery of paintings. The paintings in this Museum are all by one man, Mors Wiertz. He was a man of great genius, and the Belgian government allowed him an annuity, giving him also a large, old-fashioned house, and left him at liberty to paint what pictures he liked, on condition that they should be sold to the State at his death. It was a good arrangement. Here, on the spot where they were painted, is a large number of most valuable and suggestive pictures.

But let us look at some of the pictures. Here is a large one that catches our eye immediately on entrance. "A great one of this world." It is a very large painting, about fifteen feet square. It represents a huge figure bending to smite or clutch men, women and children. He has one hand by a leg between his teeth, and one foot is just coming down with terrific power on a number of other ways who are scrambling to get out of his way.

It may be that there are households to be found in which ladies can with advantage to themselves and their employes undertake the duties hitherto performed by servants. There is no doubt that many well-bred and well-educated gentlemen would rather cook all day long than teach a village school, and to listening to a child playing a scale upon it. But after all, the system of lady help is a retrogressive movement, and therefore can only have a partial and temporary success.

Wiertz had a passionate detestation of war. He satirized in different pictures. "The civilization of the nineteenth century" is the representation of soldiers bayoneting a defenceless woman and child. "Food for cannon" is a huge cannon with a number of dimpled children playing around and in it, ignorant of their future destiny.

Wiertz has a picture of angels landing in pieces a net of "Woodchick Infants," while pruning forks, a scythe, and a Bible are shown, having signs noted. One of his satires is entitled "The soldiers' epoch—Light." Here the angel of peace has the demios of war underfoot and is building aloft a torch in one hand, and in the other the sword which he has picked from the feet of the destroyer.

Wiertz has resorted to various methods to give effect to his paintings. He tried all lights for his pictures except the sun. 8 machines he had procured thrown before them so that you are compelled to take a certain position in order to view them; then they break upon you with stereoscopic effect. Such is the case with the "Concierge," and with the "Caricue." The latter quite deceives one. I heard a lady say to another, "What is that lady peeping through the door in the corner?" She evidently knew that it was a painting. Then there are pictures seen only through small apertures. Such is that of "a man buried alive." You peer into a gloomy sepulchre and see a man who has been buried alive, by some mistake, who has weakened from his trance, has just burst open the coffin lid and is stretching out his hand in horror, grasping for some evidence that he is not dreaming. On the rough dead coffin are the words, "Died from cholera, certified by the Doctors." Another is rather amusing than repulsive. Overhead is a picture of Hugo's Hunchback of Notre Dame. He is represented as very ugly, with unkempt red hair and rough crimson garb. Looking through a hole, into which the face exactly fits, the same figure is seen, with the same

rough red garb and shaggy hair, but the features are seen to be those of the observer. However beautiful the face of the gazer it is made to look ghastly by these surroundings. I watched several go, and having were their own, they hastened and which alone is worth the trials of a channel passage to see—the Wiertz Museum. This is not a Museum in the English sense, but in the Continental. It has no antiquities, no collections of geological or anatomical specimens, but is simply a gallery of paintings.

Such canvases sermons are aptly preached in the city of Brussels, among many, a not unprofitably, be thought over by other than the Belgians. "Vanity, vanity, all is vanity," without piety, liberality, light and love.—Portland Transcript.

Daughters as Lady Helps. It may be that there are households to be found in which ladies can with advantage to themselves and their employes undertake the duties hitherto performed by servants. There is no doubt that many well-bred and well-educated gentlemen would rather cook all day long than teach a village school, and to listening to a child playing a scale upon it. But after all, the system of lady help is a retrogressive movement, and therefore can only have a partial and temporary success.

The Future of Damascus. The Russian Government is less liberal than the Porte, and an attempt to carry out its customary policy of reducing everything to a dead level by the introduction of the Russian language and the Russian religion by imperial edicts, would have resulted from the policy of the semi-tolerant Turk. It is probably written in the book of fate that the Danubian provinces, where Christians are most numerous, will be more independent or pass under the protectorate of Russia. But when the Moslems are driven out of Europe, their rule in Syria will be less tolerant than heretofore, and the fanaticism of the people will be less easily curbed.

The Sewing Machine Tumble. Several important patents have failed of renewal, after one or more renewals in the past, and sewing machine manufacture is practically open to the world. It will receive the leading makers' attention to all machines at just half former prices; and similar reductions must be announced soon by makers at large. This downfall of a long existing monopoly will immensely help poor people. The sewing machine has become essential in almost every home. It has cost too much money, and henceforth we may anticipate its general sale at prices which people can afford to pay.—Rural Home.

The United States, within the last ten years, has sold \$43,000,000 worth of arms and munitions of war to Europe, and still the demand continues. Hitherto Turkey has been our best customer, but now orders upon a liberal scale are coming from Russia. No less than six issues men have appeared in Washington, of late, to be inaugurated as President.

Burlington's Babies. Little Tatty, whose parents live on North Hill, is the sweetest, brightest little tid-toddler of four short summers, who says the cutest funniest things, in the brightest way, you ever heard. The other day her father came in from the wood shed, where he had been giving the wood-sawyer some instructions, and her mother was sitting in a low rocking chair, half arm, one of those chairs the ladies love to see in, and her Aunt Jennie had just opened the door of the bridge to let the merry little canary, as like the ugly being from whom they are bright and restless as Tatty herself, fly out and exercise its dainty wings around the sitting-room. Little Tatty had been playing very quietly by herself, with her dollies, and picture books, and building blocks scattered all around her. Suddenly it sounds aim at like a made-up story, but Tatty's own mother, a very sensible woman, set at all given to seeing marvelously smart and wonderful qualities in her own children, at most mothers are, Tatty's own mother told it with her own lips; suddenly she had noticed her father as he came in at the door and now saw him for the first time, suddenly she scrambled—and he must have been there for five or six thousand years she doesn't believe she could ever forget a syllable of it; suddenly she scrambled to her feet, and without ever looking at her father said: "Mamma, 'ant (want) a lity (little) piece o' bed (bed) and butter."

Old Saws. The Florida Agriculturist wants additions to these old saws; many of them will be found correct and useful. Send them on postal cards. When pigs pick up straw and run about it is a sign of rain. When fowls begin to oil their feathers look out for rain. Look for rain also when frogs begin to croak very loud, smoke hangs near the ground, objects look near to you, and swallows fly low. Soap a fly to drive into hard wood. Grease a screw and it will go in easy. Sprinkle starch in a tight box to get it out. For a felon roast a sour orange, or lime, cut a small hole and stick your finger in as hot as you can bear. For a cold mix the juice of a sour orange with a little brandy and with sugar, and take a teaspoonful when the cough is troublesome. Soles of old shoes will make hinges for tight gates. For chafe on your horse burn leather and cover the sore spot with coal; or cover with gunpowder and vinegar made into paste. Mercurial ointment rubbed on a gunning barrel will keep it from rusting. To cure a chink of oak rub the back gently between the shoulders. Tomato juice, or b-rax, and sugar or honey will cure thorns in children. Dip a rag in the mixture and let them suck it.

LOCUSTS IN VAST NUMBERS.—Reports from some parts of Henderson county, (N. Y.) state that the seventeen-year locust has appeared in vast numbers there early in the season. In 1860 they did not come until June, but they now invaded our autumn. In the vicinity of Greenbush they are increasing in number, daily, and the well remembered music made by the wings or vocal organs of the insects in 1860 is heard on every side. The locust first made its appearance in a large grub, coming out of the ground backwards. Its wings soon unfolded, when it at once attacked the nearest tree. The ravages of the seventeen-year locust are confined entirely to the trees. They make deep grooves the entire length of the smaller branches and twigs, which soon cause the foliage to die and turn yellow. The locust is over an inch long, and is a formidable looking insect. It has no resemblance to the grasshopper locust, but looks more like a huge beetle. The back of its head bears marks that form a plain letter W. This is the third time the seventeen-year locusts have been known to make their appearance in this country, 1843, 1860, and the present year. They were so thick in the first mentioned year that they were destroyed and hauled away by the bushes by farmers and others, who thrashed the trees. From all appearances they will be very numerous this year.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE embraces 7,700,000 square miles of territory, and a population of 234,750,000, of which one-sixth are Christians, over one-tenth Mohammedan, more than two-fifths Hindus, and one-fourth heathens of various kinds.

LABOR'S DEMANDS.—There was an exciting scene in the State Assembly at Albany, N. Y., the other day, on the question of the passage of the appropriation bill for a million of dollars to complete the capital building. Workmen had been given to understand that the bill would be passed even if the Governor vetoed it. When the roll was called the necessary two-thirds vote to override the veto was found wanting. The crowd in the galleries yelled against those who voted against the workmen's interests, and some members appearing outside several were beaten and driven back by the yelling crowd, and were obliged to escape by the rear door to their hotels. A large body of police arrived subsequently and drove the crowd from the capitol and from the Governor's house, which was threatened. A large crowd then went to the Delavan House and other hotels, threatening to molest members, and in some cases actually followed members to their rooms in the hotels, threatening vengeance by workmen. Finally the police in great numbers, managed to disperse the mob.

LAST Sabbath, just as the last rays of the setting sun were crawling up out of night, a worthy tramp came climbing out of the kitchen window out on West Hill, with his hands full of bread and meat and his pockets full of gaudy rings and spoons, and as he gazed around upon the peaceful, holy scene, his heart melted, better feelings came over him, and he uttered in the direction of the sacred pava shob, he sang softly and tenderly, "Sweet Sabbath thine."—Hawley.

The Wrong Word. The ridiculous causes for which duels are fought are well exemplified in this case of a man who blundered in a word. A writer in the New York Herald says: I remember to have heard or read somewhere a serio-comic anecdote related by Sheridan, which is well worth repeating. An Irish officer, who had served in Malta, and also in the Indies, was very fond, at table, of relating his adventures, and telling of the wonderful things he had seen. Sometimes he might get a little mixed, but his intent was to tell nothing but the truth. One day, at a public dinner, he was expatiating on the luxurious living at Malta, and spoke particularly of the excellent quality of the anchovies. He had never seen any like them anywhere else. And then how freely they grew there! He told of a grove of them which he had seen growing in the Governor's garden upon the esplanade.

A gentleman present disputed the statement that anchovies grew on trees. The Irishman reaffirmed it most emphatically. The wine was flowing, and the lie passed. A challenge was given and accepted. On the following day, the parties met, attended by their seconds. At the first fire, the Irishman's shot took effect in his opponent's thigh, the ball hitting the bone, and causing such a blinding that the latter fell up on his back, and in such pain that he kicked his heels vigorously. "I faith, major," said our hero's second, "you've hit your man, but I think not dangerously, for see what lively capers he is cutting." "Capers," exclaimed the Irishman, with a start, "Oh, by the powers, what have I done! Bad luck to me forever for such a dreadful mistake!" And hastening to the side of his antagonist, who had been raised to a sitting posture, he grasped his hand, gushing forth as he did so,—"My dear friend, I hope you ain't killed, or if I've harmed you seriously, I'll ask your pardon forever, for I made a murderin' mistake. It was capers that I saw growing upon the trees at Malta, and not anchovies at all!"

Education of Women. The latest advices from India report that the university of Calcutta, one of the most important in the world, has resolved to admit female students both to the lectures and to degrees on the same terms with males. After the debate in the council the motion was carried with only one dissenting voice—that of the Roman Catholic Father Lafont. It is regarded as certain that the two universities next in importance in India—Madras and Bombay—will also follow the example of Calcutta. The converts to medicine, and the reformers to introduce relief into those classes from which men and all scientific treatment have been so long rigorously excluded, that they are suffering women more chambers of torture or living sepulchres. It is not a very pleasant reflection on the in this direction of social civilization India bids fair to outrun America, and the "heir of all the ages" have to follow slowly after the nation nearest to the cradle of the Aryan race. In Spain, also, the new "Institution Libre de Educacion" is teaching women. In this country women have now a pretty fair chance to study and obtain degrees, though they are still shut out from most of the lecture rooms in which the best teachers are employed. This country has not yet attained to the idea that young ladies may associate with young gentlemen as innocently in the class room as in the ball room. There is something so sensual in mathematics, such incitements to flirtation in grammar, so much sin in syntax, that our college faculties hesitate to admit in study the proximity so obviously harmless in the theater and the walk. But Mr. Bennett, who has undertaken to champion in this country the plan of co-education, tells me that he has been astonished to find that it has been going on in several parts of England for many years. In one excellent school, kept by the Misses Lanning, in Hampshire, young persons of both sexes—in all terms—have been receiving education for the past twenty years.—M. D. Conroy in Cincinnati Commercial.

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LOVE is of the nature of a burning-glass, which still in one place, burns; changed often, it is powerless.

A Narrow Escape in the Croton Aqueduct. Once a year, or oftener, usually in November, an exploration is made of the interior of the aqueduct from end to end, by Mr. Benjamin S. Church, the resident engineer, who for over twenty years has been in charge of this part of the work. The water is shut off at the Croton dam, and the aqueduct is emptied by the waste-waters which I have described. Many strange and exciting adventures befall the men detailed for the service; and though but one life has ever been lost, large parties have sometimes been in imminent danger. The man-holes having been opened previously, the laborers, under charge of Mr. Church, and in rough suits, enter the aqueduct at the dam, and travel downward either alone or in an ingenious car propelled by a crank like the hand-cars used on a railway. The effect is weird and awe-inspiring. Some of the men carry torches, whose smoke and wavering blaze cut and flash in the darkness and throw fantastic shadows and reflections on the walls. The voices reverberate like peals of thunder, and seem to awake responsive vibrations in the massive stone and brick work itself. In some conditions of the atmosphere, laborers repairing the masonry five miles below can be distinctly heard by those at the entrance, and at all times the human voice pitched in an ordinary key can be heard at a distance of one or three miles in long, low rumbles. A broad band of light frames the men in, and behind this there is an impenetrable blackness, so dense that an inexperienced person takes every step with extreme caution. There are few greater promoters of terror than the power of darkness, and the simple, superstitious Irishmen descending the lighted shaft, the entrance to leave sunshine, air, and fresh air, seem to cheerless mood. The short clay pipes are allowed to go out and few words are spoken. It is a business to be done with as soon as possible. Thousands of tons of water are pressing against the gates at the entrance, and should a bar give way would rush down the aqueduct, the unfortunate men and their tools would be swept away and engulf them with irresistible force. Once, in fact, an order was misunderstood, and twenty men narrowly escaped with their lives. Mr. Church, with this number of laborers, entered the aqueduct to make some repairs, and instructed the keeper at the dam to let the water flow in again at 11 P. M. The party were making some repairs at a point some distance below the entrance at 11 A. M. when Mr. Church noticed a gradual rise in the water. Afraid of causing a panic, he did not say anything to his men, but urged them on in the hope that the work might be completed that morning. The water continued to rise, however, first subsiding their feet and then creeping up toward their heads, with a noise of a sea and a feeling of suffocation. The water was that of a spring, and was not so hot as the water which is being slowly cooled by an incoming tide. The engineer once realized the fact that his order was misunderstood, and that the water had been turned on at the wrong time, and would soon be within a few inches of the roof of the aqueduct. By this time the men were in a highly nervous condition, and Mr. Church had to use his authority in preventing them from making a confused retreat for the nearest exit, which was some distance away. Meanwhile the water had made its way above their knees and was rushing toward the aqueduct with a velocity of two miles and a quarter per hour. It was no easy work working against such a current as this, and the progress made toward the man-hole was an exceedingly slow. The torches were successively put out by the splash until only one remained, and three a dim, yellow, uncertain flicker on the dark surroundings. There was one danger which Mr. Church foresaw and was particularly anxious to avert. If the men were not kept under control, each would make his individual struggle to reach the ladder at the man-hole, and a deluge would result that might prove fatal. As the water increased in depth the greed of, of course, became their terror, and when the gray light of the opening came into view their bodies were outstretched to their waists, while the current a most lifted them off their feet. By ransacking with them and communicating their fears, Mr. Church allied their fears and they gained the ladder, and ascended it, one by one, in safety.—Wm. H. Reising, in Scribner.

LABOR'S DEMANDS.—There was an exciting scene in the State Assembly at Albany, N. Y., the other day, on the question of the passage of the appropriation bill for a million of dollars to complete the capital building. Workmen had been given to understand that the bill would be passed even if the Governor vetoed it. When the roll was called the necessary two-thirds vote to override the veto was found wanting. The crowd in the galleries yelled against those who voted against the workmen's interests, and some members appearing outside several were beaten and driven back by the yelling crowd, and were obliged to escape by the rear door to their hotels. A large body of police arrived subsequently and drove the crowd from the capitol and from the Governor's house, which was threatened. A large crowd then went to the Delavan House and other hotels, threatening to molest members, and in some cases actually followed members to their rooms in the hotels, threatening vengeance by workmen. Finally the police in great numbers, managed to disperse the mob.

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