Oregon City Enterprise.

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

VOL. 11. OREGON CITY, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 29, 1877. NO. 23.

THE ENTERPRISE.

A LOCAL NEWSPAPER
—FOR THE—
Farmer, Business Man, and Family Circle.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

FRANK S. DEMENT,
PROPRIETOR AND PUBLISHER.

OFFICIAL PAPER FOR CLACKAMAS COUNTY.

OFFICE—In ENTERPRISE Building, one door south of Masonic Building, Main street.

Terms of Subscription:

Single copy, one year, in advance.....$2 50
Single copy, six months, in advance.... 1 50

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Transient advertisements, including all legal notices, per square of twelve lines, one week.....$ 2 50
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SOCIETY NOTICES.

OREGON LODGE, No. 3, I. I.

O. F., meets every Thursday evening, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend.

By order of N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE,

No. 2, I. O. O. F., meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings of 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,

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Keep constantly on hand for sale Flour, Middlings, Bran and Chicken Feed. Parties purchasing feed must furnish the sack.

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Boot and Shoe Store,
One door north of Ackerman Bros.
☞Boots and Shoes made and repaired as cheap as the cheapest.
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MILLER, CHURCH & CO.
PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT,
At all times, at the
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And have on hand FEED and FLOUR to sell, at market rates. Parties desiring Feed must furnish sacks. nov12-tf

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nov1-75-tf

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HENRY HUMBEL,
HAVING purchased the above Brewery, wishes to inform the public that he is now prepared to manufacture a No 1 quality of
LAGER BEER.
As good as can be obtained anywhere in the State. Orders solicited and promptly filled.

At Rest.

The wild birds sit and sing, and sing,
In leafy branches clear and low;
The bright clouds lie against the west
In drifts of rosy-tinted snow.

A silver thread of water runs
In shining ripples at my feet,
Fringed round with ferns and daisy-blooms—
White snowflakes, starry-eyed and sweet.

Through drooping willows, cool and green,
The sunlight falls in bars of gold;
The air is full of sweet perfume,
A subtle fragrance all untold.

O, Life, that is so all-complete,
So rounded, and so full to me,
At rest upon this mossy bank
I realize my love for thee!

No wonder that the daisies bloom,
No wonder that the clouds are bright;
Or that the wild birds sing, and sing,
From glowing morn to quiet night!

Marie Antoinette.

BY JOSEPHINE ROBBINS FULLER.

Crowns have many thorns, cruel thorns that not unfrequeittly pierce the wearer to death. Marie Antoinette learned all the bitterness of this sad truth. She first opened her eyes at the palace at Vienna, November 2, 1775. She was the youngest daughter of the Emperor Francis, and the Empress Maria Theresa of Austria. Her childhood was peaceful and happy amongst her brothers and sisters. She saw little of her stately mother, and her father died when she was only ten years old. She had an irrepressible propensity for fun and amusement, but possessed not that love and aptitude for the acquisition of book knowledge, without which teachers are in vain, and opportunities well-nigh useless.

Italian was the only language that she could speak and write, although later she learned to converse in French. She was ignorant of history, philosphy, even of her own native German. In after years she keenly felt her deficiencies, yet she nowhere discovers the weakness, so common to little minds, that of being envious or jealous of others more fortunate than herself in these things.

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 repartee. She was tall, her movements easy and majestic, and there was something in the way she carried her head, in the spirited, animated expression of her countenance, in the very curve of her stately neck, that told you she could do and dare all that was heroic, if occasion required. Her prominent nose and cheek bones, though they marred the regularity of her features, added to the energetic expression of the face. Her hair was a light auburn color, and her eyes blue, frank and sparkling. Her full lips, often parted by merry smiles, disclosed handsome teeth. Her high, broad forehead and arched eyebrows seemed suggestive of the ready mirthfulness that dimpled her cheeks, and the witty sayings that fell like pearls from her mouth.

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, disgusted intellectual circles by her ignorance, and prejudiced the mass of French people against her by excessive frivolity and extravagance. She was, however, sincere and kind-hearted, and would not do what she considered wrong. Her husband resembled her only in the latter qualifications. He liked books and retirement, yet he was too wise to interfere with his wife's pleasures; he had too much judgment and delicacy to say, "Behold my way of doing, act thou right, like myself."

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. The young husband kept on in his own quiet pursuits, studied his wife at a respectable distance; saw that she was lovable, and possessed many traits worthy of admiration, and he patiently waited for her love.

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. He gladly welcomed her, and in return gave her a strong, honest, manly affection. Theirs had become the love that beautifies both palace and hovel. No element was in it that could mar its glory. No remorse with slow and deadly creep turned each sweetness into gall as soon as tasted. No warning conscience forbade pleasant reveries of the beloved, or the presence that was bliss. Their attachment was founded on perfect knowledge of each other, and respect for the real good in the character of each. They did not vex and annoy each other with the many trifles and shallow jealousies that some couples are so ingenious in finding. Their love was deep and sincere, a love that met with God's approving smile, that ennobled, purified, and made fit for heaven. No more indefinable sadness, no more loneliness of heart, no more unsatisfied yearning was theirs, but a fullness, a completeness, a blessedness that rounded out all their capacities for the enjoyment of life. In such a love, what thousands of bright, fresh, new hopes spring up in the spirit; how all the capabilities of the soul for wisdom are strengthened! Rare indeed is such an attachment, although it is perhaps prized more than either wealth, fame or knowledge by the majority of mankind.

The queen valued it more than she did the costliest of jewels, and fairly lived in the devotion of her husband. Beautiful children grew around this affectionate hearth, binding still closer together the hearts of their parents. No outward clouds could ever darken the soft, mellow, amber-tinted happiness of such a union. Danger would only more closely attach the two, and adverse fates would be felt only for the sake of the beloved. Thus 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. Her attire was a simple white dress, her hair was arranged in a plain and becoming manner, and she wore no jewelry. Her children were seated on each side of her. One arm was wound around her son, whilst her little daughter toyed with the disengaged hand. The king sat opposite them, holding an open book, which he closed when his wife signified her wish to converse with him.

The warm summer air was tempered by a gay, breezy, frolicsome wind, which bore on its fleecy wings an echo, as it were, of some delicious, dreamy, poetic refrain. It playfully touched the queen's fair brow, and the loose locks of her children. She looked out of the window into the tranquil blue above, and gave herself up to the influence of the scene. There are in this world moments of such exquisite rapture, when it seems as if the heavens were bent low, and the whole world wears an aspect of such new, rare, and divine loveliness, that we scarcely breathe with blissful awe; thought is suspended, and we are borne far above reality by waves of fanciful, ecstatic emotion.

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. For such moments, although they make life very delightful, likewise preach to us eloquently of the joys of a heavenly existence. The queen felt this as she gazed out on the sailing clouds, with their quaintly-changing shapes. After a few moments, she exclaimed:

"My dear Louis, how potent must be the charm of your book, when it can win you from all the living, wonderful beauty so freely displayed in these delightful views from our window."

"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, whilst 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 wifely tenderness irradiated her expressive face. "It is so delightful," she continued, "to have one true, noble, loving friend, in this false, hollow, artificial sphere of ours."

"I'm glad you find it so," returned the king, with voice and eyes that bespoke grateful emotion.

"Is not this your experience, likewise?" she asked, with simple frankness.

"It is," responded the husband. "I was a stranger to real happiness until I knew a true affection for yourself, and received the same from you; but then I never could make an admired and attractive figure in any gay assembly."

"Thanks for your implied compliment to myself," laughingly rejoined the queen. "I own that I find plenty of fun, and a degree of enjoyment in amusing society, but it is never deep, satisfying happiness like the quiet hours I spend with you and the children. These awaken all that is noble in my nature; whilst amongst frivolous persons I only see something to make me laugh; and you will pardon me, when I tell you that people are very comical in the French court."

"Why do you think so?" asked the king, a little national jealousy traceable in his tones.

"Their manners are so prim, not at all like the graceful freedom of our gay courtiers in Vienna. Many of the French ladies seem like mechanical machines that been have patented, and warranted to move, act, and look in just such a way."

"Can we blame them if they have been so trained?" was the thoughtful response of the king.

"No; but those artificial dames do find fault with me, who never have been caged and tamed," rejoined Marie Antoinette with an arch, merry smile.

"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. "When one of my young friends, the other day, played pranks behind the backs of the formal dowagers, who looked as if each had swallowed an unbending poker the whole length of herself, so stiff and precise were they; the mimicking marchioness appeared so droll that I inconsiderately laughed. You ought to have seen the scandalized regards that were turned towards me."

"But that is only one instance, my Marie."

"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. "I'm free to confess," said Marie Antoinette, with her habitual frankness, "that perhaps the main reason why I dislike the French court is because it is my enemy. Yet I do think that where people have sufficient ideality in their natures to avoid acts of grossness, that easy and unconstrained manners are preferable to such grotesque starchiness."

"Doubtless they are," answered Louis; "but all people have not ideality. Many, too, have very cruel dispositions, and it is necessary for the benefit of society that the animals conceal their sharp claws under long cloaks."

"I presume that you are right. I'm no more of a philosopher than scholar," sighed Marie Antoinette.

"But you're a wise teacher," answered the husband, with a tender smile.

"Pardon, I don't understand."

"You have taught a man, not too susceptible of affection, all that is meant by love."

"I first learned the lesson from my pupil," replied the queen, archly.

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

"'Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide.'

Yet a gentle melancholy always lingered with me, until I loved you, and knew that in return I was by you beloved. Now I feel that even if sorrow should come to me, so long as I had your love, I could never be entirely wretched."

"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.

"Nor I either, my beautiful queen," rejoined the fond husband.

This was true. Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette were so happy in each other's society that they heeded not the low, angry mutterings of the frightful storm, that was soon to break in desolating fury over their doomed heads.

The French Revolution of 1789 began, or rather that most dreadful of terrors, the reign of cowardly mobs. For mobs 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 loathsome 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, hating the queen for imaginary crimes, and because she was an Austrian, 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 Theresa, who was eleven, and Louis Charles, who was eight years 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. Hoarse, rough, brutal voices shouted, "Away with the children!" Without any hesitation or a change of countenance, she sent them away, and stood alone, sublime in her fearlessness. Her heart swelled with a heroic impulse of which the rude, ruffianly coucourse before her never dreamed. That noble woman shrank not nor quailed from what was in all probability certain and sudden death. Her hands were clasped, and her eyes lifted upwards, and an expression of lofty and serene elevation was in her face. There was a moment of intense stillness. Has God, in looking down on this mixed world, ever witnessed a braver act than that of the queen, who stood there prepared to give herself a ransom for her family? Would not even angels feel mute admiration? and would it be strange if, for one instant, the music of the spheres were stilled? Immovable as marble stood the fair, heroic queen.

The misguided crowd were abashed. They admired a courage that would have been impossible in any of their number; and suddenly, hardly realizing what they did, they screamed, "Live the queen! live the queen!"

The effect of Marie Antoinette's heroism was of short duration on these brutal creatures. They demanded that Louis XVI. should return with them to the city. The faithful wife would not for a moment forsake her husband in his peril. She accompanied him with her children. Thirty thousand creatures surrounded their carriage—human animals, incomparably more cruel and bloodthirsty than hungry wolves. Their fierce eyes gleamed with malignity; a demoniac expression was on their hardened visages; their coarse, irregular features grew every moment more distorted; they were like a band of fiends let loose from the infernal regions. And these creatures wore the forms of men and women. They sang obscene songs to insult the queen, and their choruses were maniacal laughter, more appalling than the yells of wild beasts could be. They shrieked, they howled, they murdered the friends of the royal couple, and held the ghastly heads on pikes before the windows of the imperial carriage. The brave queen sat close beside her husband, her boy on her knee, and with a calm voice soothed his childish terrors.

During the two succeeding years these royal persons were but little more than captives in the Tuileries 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 originators put to death, or the slow king suffered them to go by unimproved, as if his mind was too obtuse to enable him to quickly comprehend them.

It is certainly not easy to understand the passiveness of his nature. But even he, when the National Assembly denounced their sovereigns as traitors to their country, falsely accusing them of inciting a rally of the allied powers to put down the rebellion, was at last moved to flight.

They disguised themselves and escaped from their rooms June 20th, 1791, at 11 o'clock in the evening. They were driven the remainder of that night and the next day in carriages with relays of horses. They arrived in the evening at Varennes, one hundred and eighty miles from Paris. They had been discovered before reaching that place, and intelligence of their approach sent in advance. In vain the king appealed to the people; the royal family were arrested, and were obliged to return the next day.

The queen spent that night preceding their return in the Mayor's house. It was a night of intense anguish. She had so lately dreamed of freedom, and now to go back to a captivity more hopeless than ever! Terrible and startlingly distinct were the fearful apprehensions that came before her; not for herself, but for those who were dearer to her than life—her husband and children. What a long night of unutterable agony it was! The seconds were like muffled knells, and the moments seemed to stand still. A preternatural wakefulness strained wide open her eyes, her brain was dizzy with pain, her heart throbbed loud and irregularly. She dreaded the gloomy horrors that her vivid imagination fashioned with such alarming distinctness. Slowly crept away that eternity of woe. The daylight fell tremulously on her haggard features, on her dishevelled hair. Mechanically she raised the heavy mass from her shoulders, mechanically looked at it. Pale, phantom fingers had been at work with the abundant tresses that were yesterday a beautiful brown, and had blanched them to a snowy whiteness. The return to Paris, followed by the mob, was like their former journey to Versailles, only the distance was so much farther, their hopelessness so much greater, and their consequent exhaustion and weariness so much more felt.

Again they were prisoners in the palace. The king for days was mute with despair. The queen knelt before him and begged that they might at least perish like sovereigns, and not be put to death unresistingly; but it was not until the next year, when the mob broke into the palace, irritated at his refusal to authorize a prosecution of the priests, that he aroused himself and bravely faced the brutal ruffians. After the royal family had endured countless insults, the mob, in August, 1792, demanded the dethronement of the king.

Mob violence was now law. The king was dethroned, and imprisoned with his family in the monastery of the Feuillants. 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 dungeon walls kept the infuriated mob from murdering the royal family outright. In their gloomy prison, one by one, their comforts were taken from them. Finally the king was executed. Then they removed her son from the queen. She resisted this cruelty with the fury of a wounded lioness. Afterwards, when they took away her daughter, she displayed the calmness of despair.

She herself was at last sentenced to be guillotined on the 14th of October, 1793. She bore her fate like the brave, proud, noble queen that she was. She stood calmly, with a lofty and dignified mien, before the tribunal, amid noisy and jubilant crowds, heard the false charges against her without deigning to answer a word in her defence, and received her sentence with the same cold and august indifference. She slept soundly before her execution. After she was awakened she arrayed herself in a white dress, with a cap and black ribbon on her head.

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 heard the shouts of the multitude, "Down 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. Another instant the sharp blade fell, and her freed spirit was held close to her husband's in that beautiful world fairer than poets have ever dreamed. And, as the floods of glory strengthened, expanded, and rejoiced her soul, she understood why and how it was that her earthly sufferings were necessary to intensify her bliss in heaven.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

Better than Dancing.

A serious and timely word from an influential person can find the hearts of even the gay and vain, and give their feelings a nobler direction. The ideas of our Revolutionary ancestors as to what is the proper way of giving public welcome to the great were much the same as the popular idea which prevails to-day. Then the public ball, with the graceful minuet and the stately contra-dance, seems to have been the favorite form of demonstration in honor of festive anniversaries and distinguished guests.

When on one occasion La Fayette was in Baltimore on his way to the "front" at the South, a ball was tendered to him.

"Why so gloomy at a ball?" asked some belle of the evening, who had been struck with the soberness of the young French nobleman.

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

"We will supply them," was the impulsive reply of the assembled ladies, who met next day to make 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.—*Sunday School Times.*

A NEW YORK glass factory has just sent 7,000 kerosene lamps to Japan.

When G. Washington Was Young.

Dr. Lossing tells the following anecdote in *Potter'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 years 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 elefants and ever so many pretty things cousin bids me send you one of them it has a picture of an elefant and a little indian boy on his back like uncle jo's sam pa says if I learn my tasks good he will let uncle jo 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 DICKY 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 tame 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 and lead Hero. I have a little piece of poetry about the picture book you gave me, but I musn't tell you who wrote the poetry:

"G. W.'s compliments to R. H. L.,
And likes his book full well,
Henceforth will count his friend,
And hopes many happy days he 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.

Educated Men.

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 a stable government. Such men build up and do not tear down. One thoroughly educated man exerts an influence over an entire neighborhood, sometimes throughout the State and nation; but the influence of a well-directed college is much more extensive and much more permanent. The latter is a perennial fountain, always pouring forth a living stream of moral and intellectual missionaries. Generation after generation may pass away, but the college never dies.

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 not inferior in character and completeness to any in the world—capable of a continuous and healthy growth, and in entire harmony with the wants and sentiments of the American people and of the age. They will tend to produce unity, amity and equality among States widely separated, but going hand in hand to the end of time. They will make 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 imbecility, as the conspicuous wreck of the last vain hope of mankind.—*Senator Morrill, 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 MASK.—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, ay, and sound, stubborn principle, 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 tames 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?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's a small-pox nurse—nursed Bailey who died at Homewood."

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 alighted 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 purloined several articles of jewelry, and, an information having been made against him before Deputy Mayor Bradley, two minions of the law seized 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'se 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 into 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:

"Git!"

"But, boss, de law's got me whar my har's short. What are you gwyne 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 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 degrading 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 Wetherfield, by what authority 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 relieve the State of the disgrace of such slip-shod proceedings.

COULDN'T STOOP TO CONQUER.—Yesterday a young woman was promenading 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 hoe handle, and she took steps four inches long. She wore a patent tip-up hat on the southeast corner of her head, 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: "Darned 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.

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