

THE COLUMBIAN, St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

FRIDAY, May 5, 1882.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 1 year, in advance \$2 00; 6 months " 1 50; 3 months " 1 00. ADVERTISING RATES: One square (10 lines) first insertion \$2 00; Each subsequent insertion 1 00. E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

The Political Outlook.

The news from all parts of the County are of the most cheering nature for Adams. He will sweep the County like a flame of fire. The bugles are playing a they did in Revolutionary times, "Adams and Liberty." It is given up even by our enemies that we shall be triumphant. They are getting their grave clothes ready and have a wonderfully subdued look. They had a number of plans to break us down, one was to hold us back till their Convention. We stole a march on them, and came out before the Convention. They thought then they would nominate Moore, and he was so immensely popular, we should be eternally squealed, but they were fooled in two particulars, they were fooled about us and about Moore's popularity. As a politician Moore has no popularity, the only time he tried here was two years ago and he made a complete failure. He is regarded a successful lawyer, but a successful lawyer is rarely popular at least among those that lose by his ability.

The great trouble with Moore is, he is like old dog Tray, he has got in among a sorry set of curs, and will have to take the consequences. He has put out to sea on a raft of crow bars and will get swamped. He has a practice worth more than the office of Judge, and is not dependent on the ring for living, if he only thought so. If he would strike out from the ring, he would be richer than he is with them. All that they have they want for themselves. We are richer with their enmity than friendship. They are so greedy they will fight over a bone. Every flunky of theirs wears poor clothes, and lives on cheap food. Probably before long nobody will be hired but Chinamen, or whites reduced to Chinamen by small wages. Upper and lower Scappoose, Milton Creek, Columbia City, Sauvie's Island, Upper Settlement on the Clatskanie and the Beaver are solid for Adams. St. Helen will throw half her vote, so will Deer Island, Beaver Valley, Rainier and Lower Clatskanie for Adams. And no doubt before election the whole county except Carly Caples, the Muckles, Pomeroy, Conyers and a few other flannel mouthed scrubs will fall into line and go for Adams.

The ring have gone whining around like whipped curs saying we were down on every foreigner; we are if they are Chinamen, but if they are white or half white we are not. As long as any foreigner is naturalized we consider him to have as good rights as we have, but no better; we wish to do to others as we wish them to do to us. We know Queen Victoria would intrude on no man's private rights. The English are very tenacious of private rights, and if anybody should do in England as the Muckles have here, the whole country would be in arms. We care not where a man's birth-place is as long as he is a man and not a sneak. Our soul is too big to be held in a peck measure. This last attempt of the ring to crawl under Queen Victoria's petticoats, and cry, is very tetching, and exceedingly thin.

F. A. Moore has been to Marshland and stopped all night at the hospitable mansion of Mr. Graham. He went in part on legal business, as Dan McCrack has lit out, leaving his creditors to mourn. Mr. Moore says a number in Marshland will vote for us; that we shall have a large following in the county of old soldiers and a big vote from the Democratic party, and we will add what we did not that nearly all the Republicans will vote for us except a little set of ninnies who think they run the Republican party, when they don't run anything.

There is great dissatisfaction over the nominations on Deer Island, and there will be any amount of scratching. There is nobody that has anything against Adams, and the Muckles are universally detested. Everybody glories in Adams' spunk, and today he is the most popular man in Columbia County, and all regret they have but one vote to cast for him.

Major Adams will canvass the whole County before June 5th.

This trio went down on the *Mason* to electioneer in the lower end of the Co. James Muckle, F. A. Moore and W. H. Conyers. They will probably take on Merritt Pomeroy and Nelson Cole. We wish we had their photographs to keep crows out of the corn. Let them talk, the paper has more wings and a longer tongue than even Pomeroy's, which is hung in the middle, and flops at both ends. The ring may spread false reports, but the ballot-box will tell the story. Don't believe a story the ring tells, and you will get near the truth. It intends, we have heard, to carry the county by fraud, and throw out precincts where we have the majority. Let every one stand on guard and keep his eye peeled. Vote for Adams, and you are all right, and the County will be free forever. The reign of tyranny will be over, and done, and the Muckles like snakes crawl into one of their old stumps out of the light of day.

W. H. Conyers, would be County Clerk, received a letter from Judge Shattuck of Portland, containing 42 cts. in postage stamps due for taxes, whereas said Conyers called said Judge a son of a— and other endearing epithets because he knew no better than that. Then J. M. Divine, who stood near, offered to pay him 42 cts. in coin for said stamps, as they were just what he wanted which Conyers refused, and said he would send the stamps back to Judge Shattuck and learn him to know better than that or words to that effect. Judge Shattuck is a man respected by everybody, and Conyers you can all judge how much he is respected.

Pomeroy was convicted in Washington Territory of cutting timber on Government land, and now he is Chairman of the Republican County Committee. Surely the ring is short of timber when they have to put W. F.'s paroled convict in leading positions. Pomeroy has run for almost every office in the County, and been defeated. He was the most popular man in the Lava Beds when Major Adams, Joe Cowan, and I. W. Campbell were absent. Such popularity deserves recognition; he should have his mouth new-lined with red flannel.

A visitor went in to see F. A. Moore the time Moore was deputy sheriff. Moore was teaching a night-school, and Charley Muckle attended; he was learning his letters, he had a big primer with "picters" in it. There was the wret, there was the daug, there was the best, there was the lacy, there was the here was the horg; after the visitor left he went with the air of Prof. Agassiz, and requested Mr. Moore to not admit visitors who disturb him in his profound scientific researches. He was educating him if for a rim-uastar.

If anybody would like to have a clear idea of biblical research by a very astute intellect, they should listen to the learned discourse of Wash Muckle on Noah's ark, and how he ran the critters into it, and how he ran a saw mill, and built the ark, story by story, and then listed the animals from one story to another by applying porous plasters to their backs, so that they shouldn't get water-logged. See Muckle's Commentaries on the Holy Scriptures, Page tooth.

When a certain official moved here he had a big bucks in patch on the seat of his pants (it took a whole hide), he also had a rocking chair whose seat was made up of hay-ropes. There was an awful struggle between that chair-seat and that other seat, but that other seat won the day after it had its new hide stitched on. The official had sat so much in that chair, he could have hatched out any amount of chickens had eggs been kept under him.

If you vote for the St. Helen ring, you will have the "schmile" of the Muckles. That lovely Charlie (ye gods, what beauty!) and that beautiful Jim will "schmile" like young hyenas on you. You won't get any money, but you will get those "schmiles" or the stereotyped ones always for sale at lawyer's offices. They are worth the world; everything looks cold and dark in the world without one of these "schmiles" which have no cash value, but like the rainbow are "a beauty and a joy forever."

When Merritt Pomeroy was a babe his mother used to put her thumb on his head to prevent his taking cold in the place where his brains ought to have been, and having "guitar," and when she mislaid her thumb, she mislaid her Pomeroy.

Mr. Cole says he has a cancer. We think it is only ring-wor.

The fence around Frogmore cost us \$600. When the Muckles rode in horse-back on the Neck they tore down our fence. When, after attending to their logs, they went on, they let the broken-down fence lie for "old Adams" to put up, and our cows and horses would get out, and we lose days hunting them. One day we nailed up a panel of fence on the Neck; a half-hour after they or some of their hired hands rode in and stove it down; there were the horse's hoof-tracks visible in the soft mud going and returning.

We found a lot of Captain Rockwell's men one-day cutting some beautiful ash-les we had reserved for oars on Frogmore Neck. We asked him who sent them up to cut wood there. They said, the Muckles, and they supposed this was their last, that from the way they talked they had an idea they owned everything around St. Helen. The Muckles played the same trick on Taylor. Very liberal to give away other people's property.

A number of years ago the Muckles nailed us some hay. Just before their causter came, we saw our long reins all right in the barn; a few minutes after he left, our reins were missing. We don't think the Muckles stole them, but it is a nice plan to hire enterprising men like "Red," as teamsters, such ones keep the harnesses all up without any expense.

The people of Columbia City had to buy the strings for their huge bridge across the carry. They threw in all their labor and a little lumber was very judiciously allowed them by the County Court because they did not buy lumber of the Muckles, and got it in stead at the Columbia City Mill.

How did Merritt Pomeroy meet his master Dean in peace after he had gone with G. W. McBride and Moore to sell his out, when everything was done to throw him overboard, and the Muckles, having used him to their heart's content, cast him away, like an old shoe.

Dr. Caples has performed a skillful operation on a she-goat of his. He has set her leg. We canvassed Columbia City, and found it sold for Adams with the exception of Dr. Caples and his goats who will probably go for Moore.

It seems to us the Republican Convention was a sick old affair when it elected such men as G. G. Caples and Merritt Pomeroy (give him a luther nudd) for the Co. Committee.

Conyers has gone, we understand to Clatskanie, which is going solid against him except one man, who is afraid he will move back on the Clatskanie, and votes for him in self-defense.

Old man Muckle saw the *Shubrick* lying off St. Helen once on a time, and says, "There is her Majesty's Ship of War!" We replied, "Not much, you are not in Canada."

We have come to the conclusion that in that case where that fellow got hit by the cannon-ball in the heel, the cannon-ball was going very slow or he was going very fast.

The meeting of Pomeroy after he had betrayed Dean must have been like Judas when his bowels burst out, and he went and hanged himself on a sour apple tree.

The Muckles got word of Nehalem to cut a trail up and down Frogmore Neck. They did this without consulting us, cutting down trees, and doing just as they pleased.

Enoch Conyers is a soul-sleeper, and so cannot go for W. H. Conyers or anybody else, no matter how near related, except he has a permit from Rev. Nichols.

Perhaps the ring is too ignorant to know that subornation of perjury is a crime. If they are ignorant we would inform them of it.

The Muckles say we ought to be appointed, instead of elected. That is what they are trying to do, but are not likely to succeed.

The inferior court of the ring meets at Moore's office, the supreme court at Muckles' store, Chief Justice Jim in the chair.

If you vote for Moore, it is the same as if you voted for Jim Muckle, they both use the same quill to write with. Van Blaracoom's calf didn't want to be gnawed in the ears by the man that tuck her, but was never-the-less. The Muckles try to up Taylor, but they walk up the wrong passage.

Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor

Died in St. Helen on Sunday last at fifteen minutes before 4 P. M., aged 55 years. The 11th of November she would have been 56. Her maiden name was Tru pass, and she was born in England. She came with her parents to Quebec, and then to Westfield, Orleans County, Vermont. Her father's family consisted of father, mother, a brother and two sisters, all of whom survive her except her father, and who still reside in Vermont in the place where they originally settled. Her mother is 76 years old, and this will be a sad blow to that maternal heart, which will doubtless rue the loved one gone before. The subject of this sketch was married to Fitus H. Taylor Jan. 21st 1853, and the young couple emigrated in company with Joseph Stoughton and wife to Oregon on the 18th of March 1854. They arrived at Scappoose April 11th 1854. In 1856 they settled on Sauvie's Island at the upper place where is such an orchard of fine pear-trees, and the style of the improvements show they possessed highly civilized tastes.

They have always borne the name of being high-spirited people. They never wished to infringe on anybody else's rights, or have any body infringe on theirs. This is the gold n'ral, and what we regard as the *genuine gold* in human character. They have always been very industrious, and never have eaten the bread of idleness. In all womanly arts Mrs. Taylor was superior; her artistic hands made everything beautiful about her clothing and that of her family. She was skilled in embroidery of all kinds and accomplishments.

They were substantial people, no showily, no pretensions, genuine, no jinx-back. When they talked, they meant it. If they liked you, you knew it. If they didn't you knew it. They have worn like old gold, brighter from the first day their feet pressed the soil of Scappoose. In 1868 Mr. Taylor built the Taylor Hotel in St. Helen, and ran it three years. In 1868 he bought the Canning place on the foot of Sauvie's Island, and also owns a part of the original McNulty claim near the McNulty bridge. He also has a valuable estate in East Portland. His lands are situated in places where they are likely to enhance in worth.

The children of the family are Florence, Nora, Clara and Lillie. Florence is married to W. H. Whitney, Nora to W. A. Bailey, and Clarence, the only boy, died when between 2 and 3 years of age. This was a sad blow to Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and one from which they never fully recovered. Mrs. Taylor had but little to say on religious subjects, but she so loved that when Death came it had no terrors, and she was willing to go. She said the hardest was to leave Lillie, her youngest child, but she passed peacefully away, and awoke on a beautiful May morning in Paradise with her sweet little boy, Clarence the first to greet her "on the evergreen shore."

We may not intrude on the grief of her heart-stricken family. Their sorrow cannot be expressed in words. Her memory is fragrant, her life is like a rose bush that climbs a garden wall, and has bloomed on the other side, but the fragrance floats back to this world all the same. Rev. Mr. Wolverton attended the funeral services at the Court House, a mourning cavalcade of sincere mourners conveyed her remains to Angels Rest on Germany Hill.

On Friday, May 5th Elver on son of Wm. A. and Nora Bailey, died aged 10 months. Thus this little babe has quickly followed his grandparent, Mrs. Taylor to the unseen world. It is to be buried on Saturday. Mr. Bailey, the father, has been telegraphed for, he is at Myrtle Creek in Southern Oregon.

We desire to extend to the citizens of Columbia County our grateful thanks for past liberal patronage and while soliciting its continuance for the future, hope through you to gain many new patrons; we have added to our large stock of Drugs and Medicines, a complete stock of Pants, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass &c. &c., and sell as low as the lowest; our place being central, affords a convenient place for storing your parcels when in town, making purchases, and we extend a cordial invitation to all to make our place headquarters—Come and see us.

Very Respectfully,  
W. J. O'CONNOR & Co.

Money to loan on real estate security by F. A. Moore Esq. St. Helen, Oregon.

Correspondence.

Lewis River, Apr. 27, 1882.  
The John S. Bozarth fur has been rented to Saul Sprou, Junior. The place looks sad and lonely to all. We no more meet that well-known face, J. S. Bozarth's, who used to meet all his neighbors with a welcome smile. We no more hear the sweet sound of the organ he used to play for us when we were wont to go there or the singing and whistle of the merry girls and boys. No they have gone to live with their brother H. Bozarth who has been appointed administrator of the estate. It is to be hoped he will discharge his duty true to his fatherless and motherless sisters and brothers.

Mr. King and wife and her sister, Mrs. A. B. Bozarth will start next Monday for the upper country, going for health and a new home.  
Mr. C. C. Bozarth and his amiable lady are liked very much. We hope they will do well in the mercantile business.  
DICK.

At a meeting of the Republican Co. Central Committee held at St. Helen, May 6, 1882 for the purpose of nominating a candidate for representative to the Legislature to fill the vacancy on the ticket caused by the declension of Mr. Joseph Dobbins, it was resolved to renew the nomination of Mr. Geo. W. McBride, which was unanimously tendered him by the vote of the last Co. Convention.

Referring to the above we desire to state, that Mr. Dobbs has notified the committee that he has recently received an appointment under the United States as Deputy Surveyor, and that it is impossible for him to complete his contract so as to resign his present appointment in time to enable him to take a seat in the Legislative Assembly. His letter declining the nomination is as follows:  
"BRADBURY, COLUMBIA CO., OREGON.  
May 1, 1882.

To the Republican County Central Committee—GENTLEMEN: Having recently accepted an appointment as Deputy U. S. Surveyor, which renders me ineligible to a seat in the legislative assembly, I must respectfully decline the nomination for Representative to the legislature. Yours truly,  
JOSEPH DOBBINS."

We have received from Mr. McBride the following letter:  
St. Helen, Oregon, May 6, 1882.

To the Republican County Central Committee—GENTLEMEN: I accept the nomination for representative to the Legislature. In justice to myself I desire to say that while for personal reasons, I prefer not to be a candidate for any office whatever, I now feel that I would be wanting in proper respect for the wishes of the Republican Co. Convention (and direct in my duty as a republican, should I, under existing circumstances, decline the nomination renewed by you as their representative.  
GEO. W. McBRIDE.

On motion it was ordered that notice of the nomination be sent to the COLUMBIAN and to the Oregonian.  
By order of the Committee.  
M. POMEROY,  
Chairman.

A Testament Reviser's Opinion  
The eminent author, Prof. A. C. Kendrick, D. D., LL. D., who is professor of Greek in the University of Rochester, and was one of the revisers of the New Testament, in general conversation with a number of gentlemen, a short time since, said: "I have received from the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure very marked benefit, and can most cordially recommend it to others."

Demost's Magazine has been reduced in price to \$2.00 per year. If clubbed with the COLUMBIAN, it will cost \$1.50. W. Jennings Demorest is the Publisher, 17 East 14th Street, New York. It is the Queen of Fashion Monthlies. Any one wishing to club with the COLUMBIAN can have both for \$3.50. Address Major E. G. Adams, St. Helen, Oregon.

More Room.  
The store-room at the Taylor House has been leased by G. W. McBride for a ware-house and is being fitted up with groceries, provisions and crockery. The demand from local merchants for more room is a sign of the increasing prosperity of St. Helen.

The *Mamanillo* will make her trips to the Clatskanie, down on Wednesday, back on Thursday.

LOCAL NEWS.

Hats, Hats, Hats.  
Just arrived direct from San Francisco, the largest and most complete assortment of men's and boys' hats ever brought to St. Helen, at McBride's store.

Judge Pope was here today. He is an enthusiastic supporter of us, and we consider it no small compliment that a man who was elected County Judge for 20 years is one of our warmest supporters. All the friends of Judge Pope may feel satisfied that nothing they could do would please him more than to cast a vote for us in the coming election.

T. H. Taylor will come out Independent for County Treasurer. Mr. Taylor is one of our best citizens. He came here in 1854—is a Vermonter by birth and came from a land where there are no flunkies or slaves. He is able to go his own head. He lives here in town, and we hope every right minded man will give him their vote.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.  
A large and well-assorted stock of men's boots, men's women's, and children's shoes of all kinds carefully selected by Mr. Giltner in San Francisco now arriving and to arrive at McBride's store. Especial care has been taken to get the very best goods in the market.

Our daughter Blanche has been very sick with pneumonia. Owing to the skillful treatment of Dr. Stewart she is on the mend, but she has had a severe time. It has hindered us about our paper. Her life seemed on a pivot, and care for her occupied every moment of Mrs. Adams' time.

We have received calls this week from Mrs. Stickle and Mrs. Leonard, who brought Blanche some very fine blackberries. Mrs. Hancock and Mary have called, also S. A. Miles, J. L. Allen and H. Van Blaracoom.

Rev. T. M. Reese will preach at the Scappoose schoolhouse at 11 A. M. and at St. Helen at 7 P. M. the first Sunday in May and Rev. Mr. Sellwood at the usual hours in St. Helen the second Sunday in May.

F. A. Moore Esq. has received 56 volumes of the California Supreme Court reports, worth \$237. His law library now is worth hard on to \$1500. We are happy to chronicle his success.

J. S. Davenport is having his place of resort fixed up in splendid style. All that trimmings, paper and paint can do to beautify a room will be done. Two ladies played there a game of billiards.

Daniel Shavers is up and at his old stand. He gives great credit to Dr. Lovell. He says he is curing him. Mr. F. M. Hazen also gives the Dr. great credit in getting his boy up.

Mrs. Perry shows great enterprise in attending writing school. She walks in through mud and rain. If young people were like her, we would have nobody but educated men and women.

We met a beautiful young lady, Miss Alice Lyons. She is a correspondent of the COLUMBIAN, look out for something spicy when she writes. She corresponds for the Vancouver *Inquirer*.

Joseph Copeland is building a residence on his ranch on the Scappoose road for a home during high water. William Copland intends to move soon east of the mountains.

The new postal route between St. Helen and La Centre will be soon established. It will be a great convenience. The *Latus* will carry the mail. It will go three times a week.

We never saw any one look more pleased than did Dr. Stewart when he pronounced our little daughter out of danger. He throws his whole soul into his profession.

Mr. Spencer, stepson of William Watts of Milton, is keeping school in District No. 7. A Mr. Maxwell is teaching on the Upper Scappoose.

Dr. Stewart loses few patients and meets with grand success as a Doctor. Nobody that has once had him, likes to give him up for anybody else.

Received a call from George Barr of La Centre. He had just been to Clatskanie. He missed us at home, but met us in town.

Elwin Ridley has started a store in the Durell house, and has a fine assortment of fruits, nuts and candies at reasonable prices.