

THE COLUMBIAN.

St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1882.

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

The State has gone Republican. The selection of nominees seems to have been good, though there were many excellent men on the opposite ticket. M. C. George has been reelected and ran away ahead of his party ticket. He has served the country faithfully, irrespective of party, and will undoubtedly do so in the future. The counties, in many cases, owing to ring influences have kicked the traces. Olackamas, a strong Republican County, has gone on the State ticket Republican, on the County ticket, Democratic. The legislature, it is thought will be Republican on joint ballot, and a Republican U. S. Senator is undoubtedly booked for Washington. Columbia County gave the following parties an excess of the Regular Republican majority (which was 105.) M. C. George, M. C. 4; Edward Hirsch, State Treasurer, 2; J. F. Oaples, Prosecuting Attorney, 31; F. C. Reed, Joint Senator, 4; F. A. Moore, Co. Judge, 18; N. C. Dale, Sheriff, 7; M. E. Hazen, Assessor, 24; H. West, Coroner, 4; The lowest majority on the Republican ticket (52) was for W. H. Conyers, Clerk. Owing to the free use of money and whiskey the ring shoved their candidates through. The hundreds and fifties that promised us their support, like Hessians, lied and went back on us, and now if the ring oppresses and skins them, they need not come to us with their complaints, they must grin and bear it as best they can. We shall not be their champion, but let them suffer the consequences of their perfidy. They have shown the sincerity of their friendship, and when they come to us to help or boost them, we shall quietly let them boost themselves. It will relieve us from many a thankless job. We have done more to help the County and the people in it than any one else, and for every favor we have received a kick or a sneer. But we should not complain, the ancient Jews treated Christ after the same style, and in 9 cases out of 10 everyone that helps to rescue the oppressed from the clutches of the oppressor is met with the rebuff of those he would assist. We have this philosophical deduction that the majority of people like to be humbugged, and that it is hard work to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

Envy seems to be their motive power as far as we are concerned; but we are content to let them have their paltry offices, if they will let us enjoy our private rights, but that they will not do, they pursue us with their rancor in every private business even to the matter of our coaching. But God is making it all right, he is finishing up the job we left incomplete, and we have nothing to say only to stand, and look on. Man proposes, but God disposes.

Tom Watts threatened us with arrest for perjury because we corrected an error in a Land Office Ad. How good people are getting to be! He is like the ancient Pharisees, he can strain at a gnat and swallow a saw-mill. Somebody is very much interested to persecute us and our family. We shall defend ourselves by law as far as we can, and if that fails us by the corruption of its agents, take the pistol and shotgun, we have but one life to surrender, and are willing to die for our rights as our ancestors were at Lexington. It seems as if after passing through such battles as Williamsburg and Gettysburg, we had a right to a peaceful habitation on land we preempted, but a set of unprincipled hounds want to root us out, beggar our family, disgrace us, and all through greed of gain and fiendish envy just because God Almighty gave us a little more brains than they have. We have used our brains to build up the country and everybody in it, we offered our life and yet they are not satisfied with that, they are tired of hearing us called "Just." They have got the paltry offices, let them be content, and leave us alone, even if like Mordecai, we will not bow the knee to their mush-poom greatness.

The West Shore should be patronized by every one. It is a prime necessity of Oregon, not merely an ornament.

Dr. Stewart loses very few patients.

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence of the COLUMBIAN.

New York, May 27, 1882.

WHAT IS THE USE OF IT.

There is very little stirring in the city except the rain that is falling and the bright green leaves in the new doctored trees and the noisy sparrows. Only four murders since the last execution, six days ago; three attempts, one of which may prove a success. So you see papers are dull—for what is a daily paper now without a its regular plethora of horrors? It has long been a subject of remark, that immediately after the hanging of an assassin the very air seem to fill with the mysterious force that impels the criminal classes to deeds of atrocity; and that before the week is closed the columns of the papers teem with new stories of bloodshed. The question in the minds of a great many good men who use their brains to think with, is to whether the brutal strangling of a murderer does or does not deter the thugs from the bloody work that so many of them have learned to look upon as the crowning glory of their lives. Horace Greeley was wont to say, that the worst possible use to which you could put a man was to hang him. His death is the result of a judicial murder, and aided by the quick and graphic pen of the ever ready reporter, it serves not to intimidate the vicious but to encourage them. Nine out of ten murderers "die game" and I say it with no irreverent feeling—nearly all, according to the solemn assertions of their spiritual advisers, go right straight to Heaven. But what of their victims.

MOSES TAYLOR.

Moses Taylor is added to the list of the distinguished dead of the year. He was one of the typical business men of New York. When he was only twenty six years old he had a capital earned by his own speculations, of \$15,000 and at that time such an amount was a fortune. Of course in the present age of large things, bonanzas and Black Fridays this would not be considered much for a young man of twenty six, but the big fortunes that have been accumulating in the metropolis have been in the first place, earned by honest endeavor and have multiplied through careful supervision. The Astors, the Lenoxes, the DeRhams, the Goetts and the few others of what are recognized as the "blue blood" of New York society, accumulated their wealth by degrees. In the good old times our staid ancestors would have looked with mortal horror upon a Jay Gould and regarded a Vanderbilt or a Cyrus W. Field as a special creation of the evil one. But times change and we change with them. The death of Moses Taylor comes as a reminder of how a man may carve his way to honor and fortune and die honored and respected. His father, Jacob B. Taylor was a cabinet maker and was a member of the Board of Aldermen from 1817 to 1826, long before the time when Aldermen were selected from the keepers of rum mills, but Moses Taylor himself never entered actively into politics, although during the civil war he was lavish in his expenditures for the preservation of the Union. He was one of the oldest shipping merchants in the city, doing an enormous business with the West India and Central American ports. Unlike some of his predecessors, however, he seems to have taken no special interest in the city of his birth—so far, at least, as donations go—and while we have an Astor Library, a Lenox Library, and a Roosevelt Hospital, there is no public institution bearing the name of Taylor.

CIGARETTES AND "POOL FOR DRINKS"

There are two evils now operating in this and other cities which are hardly less powerful in their damning influence over the young than rum in its most devilish forms. I don't refer to the so-called boys' and girls' weeklies that scatter poison broadcast over the land; but they are bad enough and their publishers should all be doing the State some service in the stone breaking department of the prisons, I don't count even the variety shows, which are only pest holes, even the best of them. The two I wish to point out particularly are cheap cigarettes and "pool for drinks." Nearly every boy beyond the watchful eye of the mother smokes cigarettes, the nastiest apologies for cigars that were ever devised. Made of refuse tobacco gathered by Italian lazzaroni in the gutters they poison the breath and ruin the health and excite the morbid appetite of many a bright lad intended as an ornament and an honor to his community.

To purchase them—two for a cent—many a little fellow has become a thief And yet no effort is made to put a stop to the traffic.

"Pool for drinks" is a sign to be seen on nearly every busy thoroughfare in the city. In most places where the game is played the chief customers are boys, the majority of whom it were folly to mince matters—must steal the money which the game costs them. The largest of these places is on the Bowery. Open day and night all the year round it is crowded constantly. Policemen pass by the doors and hear the click of the balls on the twelve or fifteen tables in the two large rooms, see boys going in and coming out, often tipsy, yet never attempt to close the place. The Society for the Suppression of Crime is busy in a hundred different directions, its agents tempting men to the commission of crime with a view to the punishment, but I have never heard of an effort on the part of the Society or its agents to bring the proprietor of this "Pool for drinks" place to justice. It is a den of thieves. It is a school for thieves. Every day and every night it is opened in violation of the law. Fights take place here every night, and a fighting man is kept here to look after the interests of the house. Men have their pockets picked here every night, boys get drunk here, day after day and night after night; and yet the place is never entered by an officer of the law—except when he comes to get his cocktail.

A few nights ago I visited this place for the purpose of inducing one of its new customers, a boy of seventeen, to go home to his mother, an estimable lady living in 34th Street, who had not seen her son in three days. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when I entered. The rooms were crowded and every table was busy. On the seats at the sides of the rooms were about fifty loungers, a fair proportion of whom were asleep. The young man I was looking for was not in sight, so I took a seat and waited knowing that sooner or later he would make his appearance. Just opposite to me a "casual" was slumbering peacefully. Nearly in front of him stood one of those characters so well known and so easily distinguished now a days in New York, a well dressed but thoroughly bad looking young fellow, whose business in life is to live without work, to prey upon the cup-shotten fools and the simple rustics always to be found on the busy thoroughfares of the great city. To the right of this man who was evidently serving as a screen for his comrade, was another of similar aspect, who was busily engaged in probing the sleepers pockets. His work was done with the utter matter-of-fact coolness of a man measuring a fence rail, and he displayed no more nervousness nor fear than though under the eye of the passing world. I quietly called the attention of two young men sitting near me. "Do you see that fellow over there picking a sleeping man's pockets?" said I. "Now look a-here young feller," said one of the two, "your photograph would look a heap better if you'd only keep your mouth shut. 'Can't you let that man make a quiet dollar?' In a moment afterward the fighting man of the establishment was on the spot, and the pick-pocket was so thoroughly battered that I doubt whether his mother would recognize him.

OUR WILTING OBELISK.

New York is beginning to be disconsolate and cast down with grief, some Graphic reporter went prowling around Central Park the other day and took it into his wise head that the obelisk was crumbling away. Now New York is peculiarly proud of its obelisk. It has reason to be, and so had Mr. Vanderbilt. He paid over \$100,000 for its transportation to this country and it would not be pleasant for him to see this expensive toy crumble away under the inclemency of a New York winter. There is no doubt, however, that the American climate is producing a bad effect on the dear old monolith. It has been accustomed to balmy airs and the wind, rain and snow of a full grown New York winter do not agree with it; there is no doubt that the inscriptions are becoming somewhat indistinct and that the form of the monolith is becoming somewhat changed. The Graphic suggests that special accommodations be made for it in one of the museums in Central Park, and the idea is not a bad one. When it is remembered that, outside of Egypt, Paris, London and New York are the only three cities that can boast a Cleopatra's Needle there certainly should be good care taken of the American article.

BLIND TOM'S NEW SONG.

Blind Tom is back again. He has been playing all the week to crowded houses; His weight is now about 275 pounds, Tom has "dropped into poetry," and last night I had the pleasure of hearing him sing the following—his own composition to music of his own make. He calls it "The man who mashed his thumb."

I know a very honest man,
Who lives quite far away,
He is beloved by every one
The man who mashed his thumb.
I stood one day near by the hall,
To watch the folks go by
And in the distance far away,
Was the man who mashed his thumb.

This is all of Tom's song. You notice that it is entirely devoid of rhyme; but that does not detract from its merit. One of Robbie Burns' prettiest songs, "For the sake of somebody," contains not a sign of a rhyme; yet who would think of criticising it on that account?

JUMBO AND TALMAGE.

The great Ecclesiastic of Brooklyn, lectured the other day on "Amusements," and took the high ground that although the preachers had always discouraged attendance at theatres and other places under Satan's rule, the circus was not a harmful thing. Whether like the once celebrated Gin and Milk Smith of Black Crook notoriety, Mr. Talmage is on Barnum's pay-roll, I know not, but that he succeeded in advertising Barnum's circus, there can be no doubt, for at his next lecture there were but few people, and those were all bald-headed. It is said that Talmage will not allow Jumbo's name to be used in his presence again.

TWO SIGHTS FOR THE SENSELESS.

A week from to-day, Professor Bibbers whose name is Johnson, will swim across the East River, along the line of the Brooklyn Bridge, with his feet shackled and his arms pinioned behind his back. His mode of locomotion in the water is like that of an eel. At the same time Professor Donaldson who coins fame and fortune under his own name, will leap from the East River Bridge—that is, if the Bridge authorities permit the fool to act according to his folly. Two other fools have engaged \$500, on and against the performance of this feat. It is a subject of regret, especially among coroners and the undertakers—that the trio of fools could not be sewn up in a bag and thrown from the bridge in company.

THE WEEK IN NEW YORK.

The first drunken Chinaman ever brought before the courts, made his appearance at the Tombs Police Court on Monday. Verily John is becoming civilized.

The condition of the Menagerie in Central Park is simply disgraceful. Mr. Bergh is giving the matter his attention.

At no time in the history of New York has there been so much building as now. In addition to thousands of dwelling houses, there are eleven churches in the course of construction.

The recommendation of the Post Master General, to abolish the postage on Newspapers, and Magazines, meets with the approval of all classes.

The Chamber of Commerce reports adversely, on the question of the sales of the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

The price of fruits and vegetables, is extremely high owing to the lateness of the season.

The Steamship Alaska has made the quickest western trips on record. It being seven days, four hours and ten minutes.

Another murder at Greenpoint, who shall say that Capital punishment checks homicides?

The tide of Emigration has reached its height, upwards of 25,000 landed here last week.

Rents in this city are fast getting beyond the means of all but the wealthy. It is stated that the evictions here during the past year exceed those in Ireland.

The report of the Life Saving Service is highly creditable to that branch of the Revenue Marine.

Mayor Grace has sent a memorial to Congress, asking for the immediate sale of the old Post Office building, in order that it may be available as taxable property.

A female deputy Sheriff of Kings Co. is doing good detective work.

Mrs. A. T. Stewart has presented Bishop Littlejohn with the use of a furnished house at Garden City for the season.

The steamship City of Lincoln from

South Wales at one time sighted twenty seven icebergs.

At the sale of Jersey and Guernsey cattle yesterday good prices were realized.

About sixty female detectives find employment in this city, mostly in the divorce business.

The characteristic generosity of Mr. Bennett is providing for the families of the unfortunates who perished on the Jeannette expedition. The parents of Lieut. Danenhower will be in this city on Sunday to welcome their son, who is expected on that day, on the Celtic.

Mr. Bennett and party will meet the steamer in the lower bay. Arrangements will probably be made, to give the survivors a reception in Chickering Hall, or the rooms of the New York Historical Society.

Correspondence.

May 30th, 1882.

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir: As I have seen no Pekin items in your valuable paper for some time, I thought I would inform you of the prosperous condition of Lewis River country.

Farmers of this vicinity are in good cheer, because of their fine-looking crops and gardens; they look splendidly, but would do better after the fall of rain which is badly needed.

School in the Bratton district terminated last week, having been conducted by Miss Lilla Lewis, a very able teacher and a daughter of T. Lee Lewis Esq. of Pekin.

Mrs. Hart, formerly of St. Helen is teaching near Kalama.

Prof. Steers opens school May 29th in the new district on North Fork of Lewis River.

Judge Beall of Kalama has been quite sick, but is convalescing; a rapid recovery is hoped for by his many friends.

Mrs. Sophia Kenyon, daughter of the Rev. D. W. Gardner of Hayes, is very ill; most hopes of her recovery have vanished.

Miss Lella Bozarth of Lewis River had the misfortune to sprain her ankle last week and has been unable to be around since without the assistance of crutches.

A new Post Office, called Woodland has been established at C. C. Bozarth's new store. James Copeland is erecting a fine barn on his farm.

George Buchanan is teaching singing school in the Gardiner settlement. More anon.

To Our Readers.

The West Shore, Oregon's Illustrated Magazine, is now one of the institutions of the country. It is just entering its eighth successful year of publication, and starts out with brighter and better prospects than ever. Its circulation is large and widespread, reaching in to every State and Territory in the Union, and the amount of good it is doing for the Pacific Northwest cannot be calculated in dollars and cents. It is handsomely illustrated, ably conducted, moral in tone, costs only \$2.00 per annum, and, therefore, deserves the most liberal support. It is the most reliable exponent of the resources of the Pacific Northwest, and every resident of this section may well feel proud of it. The original founder of the publication, Mr. L. Samuel, is still at the helm, and judging by his past efforts we can look to The West Shore being better than ever, during 1882. For the special accommodation of our subscribers, and to assist in swelling the list of this most deserving publication, we will, for the next two weeks receive subscriptions for The West Shore at this office at publisher's rates, or they can be forwarded direct to the publisher, L. SAMUEL, Portland, Oregon.

The Verdict of The Jury.

We have just received a copy of the most popular piece of music ever published in this country, called the "Verdict March," composed by Eugene I. Blake. It is written in an easy style, so that it can be played on either piano or organ. The title page is very handsome, containing correct portraits of Hon. Geo. B. Corkhill, Hon. J. K. Porter, and Judge W. S. Cox; also a correct picture of the twelve jurymen who convicted the assassin of our late beloved President. This piece of music should be found in every household through the entire country. Price, 40 cents per copy, or 3 copies for \$1. Postage stamps taken as currency. Ad. dress all orders to F. W. Helmick, Music Publisher, 180 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

Ourselves and went to Vancouver on the *Gazelle* Decoration Day, and the steamboat didn't burst up or upset notwithstanding all the evil reports circulated. No one that had fifty cents to spend got scared off, only those that were a little short, got frightened, and staid at home. "I came the boat was not safe, you know." The orations were first-class and the poem, "The Loyal Dead," and its recitation by Mrs. J. W. Cochran was hard to beat. We liked Genl. Morrow's speech the best, but all were good, and there was nothing to mar the pleasure of the occasion. The *Gazelle* bounded like a beautiful snow-white gazelle over Dakotian plains back to St. Helen.

More Room.

The store-room at the Taylor House, has been leased by G. W. McBride for a warehouse 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. Helens.

Wilkes and Brand, we have heard circulated all kinds of malicious stories in Nehalem about us. All the business we ever had with the Nehalemites, we hired them to chop wood for us, fed them on the best grub in the Portland market, and paid them to the full.

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.

In the canvass of the Election only two precincts had perfectly correct returns. It is wonderful when the County is so full of smart men, this should be so. Even the great Nelson Cole didn't know enough to make out correct returns.

The work on the N. P. R. R. connecting Portland and Kalama will commence at Portland soon, and the sound of the railroad will be heard instead of the turtle in our land. The depot will be a quarter of a mile from our door.

Hon. Jackson Peacher will go around with S. A. Miles' fine stallion during the season. Those desiring fine horses, should improve this chance, as the stallion is one of the best in the whole country.

There is talk of building an Episcopal church on a lot near the school-house. Bishop Morris when here said the Church had funds reserved for that purpose as soon as a suitable lot was selected.

The water keeps rising; work in the mill has stopped, and St. Helen is at a standstill. The Muckles have raised up their store on blocks. It is thought the freshest will be away beyond that of 76.

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

Genl. Grant tried once in his life to get the appointment of County Surveyor, but the powers that were didn't consider him competent. It was not in Columbia County.

We have received the *History of the Libby Family*, a magnificent volume prepared by Charles T. Libby. Shall speak more fully of it next week.

The outskirt of the County were filled with infamous letters about us, we have understood. When we get hold of them we shall publish.

If you want a deed, mortgage or power of attorney executed properly, call on F. A. Moore, Notary Public, St. Helen, Oregon.

We have introduced a new feature in the paper. We shall have a regular correspondence from New York City and Washington.

A Russian-Finn by the name of Matson is supposed to have been drowned near Deer Island.

The *Manzanillo* will make her trip to the Clatskanie, down on Wednesday, back on Thursday.

Capt. Lemont has some of those magnificent Cowlyt hams.