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E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

OUT OF THE DRAFT.

Consumption's wan fingers so thin and so cold,  
Clutched the throat of my brother with unyielding hold,  
And he died in that city that Quantrell's base holds  
In their malignant hate lately put to the sword,  
But they brought his soul's casket away from the West,  
To rest in that spot that of Earth he loved best;  
In the midst of our farm by our father he lies  
'Neath the marble that points where he's gone—  
To the skies,  
And over his grave many a summer has laughed—  
No war-trumpet can wake him—he's OUT OF THE DRAFT!  
My mother oft goes where each dead treasure lies,  
And wipes the big tears from her old faded eyes,  
Her hair that was once a most delicate brown  
Is now white as the snow on Mt. Washington's crown,  
And her face that was loveliest of all the Maine girls  
Is wrinkled with sorrow that's whitened her curls.  
How often the wish o'er her spirit has rolled  
Her husband were living and she were not old!  
She's recoiled now to the cup she has quaffed,  
He's living in heaven, and OUT OF THE DRAFT!  
How oft my dear brother Charley she speaks  
While the tear-drops unwittingly roll from her cheeks,  
He was but an infant, and died on her breast;  
A neighbor, not she, since related the rest,  
How all of the blood from her warm-hearted frame,  
In great purple spots, to her mother-cheeks came  
When the death-angel touched with his wand  
The dear boy,  
And withered forever that branch of her joy,  
To manhood ne'er grew he, an untimely grief,  
He was torn from Life's tree—but he's OUT OF THE DRAFT!  
There was one son she had that was sadly beguiled,  
Hate followed his footsteps and Fortune ne'er smiled,  
On others his country bestowed every gift,  
To his burden she gave not a Phariase's lift,  
But while others forsook her, and left her to wreck,  
To her rescue he went at her agonized beck,  
Through the wild surge of battle God steered his frail craft,  
He's a volunteer soldier, and OUT OF THE DRAFT!  
Of sisters there's one, the other when small  
The angels inveigled away from us all,  
Of the living my mother oft mirthfully said  
She had wished that a boy had been born in her stead,  
For amidst the wild whirlwind while men jostled on,  
A girl like a straw, was borne hither and yon,  
And oft mid Life's tempest she floated aloft,  
But now 'tis all right, for she's OUT OF THE DRAFT!

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence of the COLUMBIAN,  
NEW YORK, June 7, 1882.

THE RICH MAN'S RETURN.

William H. Vanderbilt has come back from his vacation of a month, three fourths of which was spent in watching the curling waves and drinking in the ozone of the North Atlantic. Perhaps he comes to put his broad shoulders under the drooping stock market and give it a "spring boost," but I doubt it. Why should he? What need he care whether stocks go up or down? He is not one of the weak lambs of the street to whom a rise or fall of ten points means salvation or ruin. He would drive as fast horses, drink as costly wines buy as rare pictures, and sleep as easily under the canopies of a five thousand dollar bed, whether the market is booming like the Mississippi river at Vicksburg or as dull as a Patent Office report. I know of no man who so easily carries the burdens and cares of enormous wealth and great official responsibility. With his massive frame, his daily outdoor driving and walking, and his recreation of visiting and receiving in that palace of his, he is likely to be as vigorous twenty years hence as to-day. It is the fashion to declaim against Vanderbilt as a "purse-proud monopolist" and to shower like epithets at the possessor of untold millions, but the fact is that, after all, other people get a good deal of his money. He spends liberally and these who charge to his pride and ostentation the possession of a house costing anywhere from one to two millions—overlook the fact that those hundreds of thousands have gone from his strong box into the hands of carpenters, bricklayers, painters, artists, decorators, iron workers, furniture makers, glass blowers, carpet weavers, and the hosts of artisans whose combined brains and handwork have been called into requisition for the erection and furnishing of the superb mansions on Fifth Avenue, and that a large part of this money will to-day be found to their credit in the

savings banks. I believe in the right and duty of rich men to spend their money freely, and so get it into the hands of those who have greater need for it, and this is something which Vanderbilt does with no niggard hand.

UNIQUE AND PRECIOUS.

No doubt Mr. Vanderbilt's library is filled with rare and costly books, and I should like to have free range of its shelves and time enough to enjoy the contents thereof. The old Commodore was not much of a "literary feller" and knew no more of classics than he did of the chemical composition of a cucumber, but he had some of the most costly books that the world ever saw, nevertheless, and if William H. inherited these, it is safe to say that he don't keep them in his dunes, the library, but rather in the vaults of the offices at the Grand Central Depot. A friend of mine was negotiating with the Commodore, a few years before his death, for a proposed new issue of Central and Hudson bonds. They differed in half of one per cent on the price offered and asked, which isn't a big difference on a 1,000 bond, but counts up when the amount under discussion is \$10,000,000. Finally the Commodore got a trifle mad,—"it" said he, "I know the bonds are good, and if people don't want them at my price, I'll take 'em myself as 'I have done before. Look here,"—and he took out of a vault one of a series of small volumes, opened it, and rapidly ran over the pages. Each leaf was a bond for \$5,000 payable to Cornelius Vanderbilt, and there were five hundred leaves in the book. Two millions, five hundred thousand dollars between the covers of one volume, and there were more where that one came from! The monotony of the literary contents might be forgiven for the sake of the soundness of the principle involved, and the (7 per cent) interesting way in which it was treated.

"MILLIONS FOR DE FENCE"

The bronze fence around Vanderbilt's house cost \$40,000, but a poor little Lutheran church society in the city has paid ten times as much for a fence they didn't build. Several years ago—in fact in 1796—the church in question was looking around for a new building site, a lot containing six acres "out in the country" was offered them as a free gift provided they would not only erect the church edifice but put a neat and substantial fence around the entire tract. They demurred at the fence, it would cost too much and the place was so far out of town that the fence was unnecessary except to keep the cows out, and they had no objection to the cows being in. So they declined the offer. That six acres embraced what is now the corner of Broadway and Canal streets, and six millions would be too small a figure for it to-day. If the church had built the fence and held the ground, they would now be rivals in wealth with the aristocratic Trinity church corporation which hardly knows how to spend its income. The Lutherans of the present day think of what might have been, and rail at the indefensible shortsightedness of their ancestors.

STEWART'S STUPENDOUS STORE.

With the present month will go out the house of A. T. Stewart & Co. The doors are to be finally closed on June 30. Four hundred employees have already been discharged, eleven hundred more are to go. I've no time and you no space for moralizing on the downfall of a great house. The papers have done all that for the past three months, Stewart died and the business has been dying ever since. In England the business and the good will of so vast an establishment would have been "taken over" by a joint-stock-company of practical merchants, and the name would have been saved to the mercantile world. But that is not the American way. No one man cared to buy it out and New York merchants do not go in to co-operation transactions. What will be done with the great edifice on Broadway is not yet known. There was talk of making a museum of it, but that was an absurdity and would never have paid. If it was not so far down town, it would be more successful as an apartment dwelling house, its great interior court, and its four street sides giving all rooms light and air, and it may come to that yet. There seems to be no other as profitable use of brick and mortar and marble now-a-days as to put them into enormous "French flat" houses, which are no more like the genuine Parisian flat than European Hotels in New York are like the inns of London and Berlin.

STEWART'S BUSINESS HONESTY.

A. T. Stewart remorselessly crushed

out and undersold smaller tradesmen, and he had a despotic and arbitrary way of dealing with his employees which made him feared but never loved. And yet there was never a merchant who more rigorously insisted on fairness and honesty toward his customers. Whether you paid high or low prices; whether you bought Merino prints or Persian carpets, you got what you paid for, and you got it at a fair price. An incident will illustrate this characteristic of the dead merchant prince. At the very last occasion on which Mr. Stewart ever gave a dinner party, indeed it was the last time he ever sat at his own dinner table there were present a very few New York people to meet an English gentleman, who is now a member of Gladstone's cabinet. Conversation ensued upon Mr. Stewart's principles of business which had contributed to his great success. A retired banker of this city remarked: "To my mind the great principle which has guaranteed Mr. Stewart's preeminence has been the absolute confidence he inspired in his patrons. The first time I was ever in his store, (now thirty years ago) I saw a piece of goods which pleased my eye. The price was surprisingly low. I asked the clerk if it was the best quality of its kind. He said it was and was extolling the goods, when a voice behind me said, 'Young man, why do you say this is the best quality? It is not the best quality, and you know it, you will report at the office this evening, Sir.' Then turning to me, the stranger said 'The clerk made a mistake, sir, this is second quality goods having handsome finish but not the wearing quality, you may desire to secure at a higher price.' It was Mr. Stewart that was addressing me, and from that day I traded with A. T. Stewart & Co., with absolute confidence in getting honest goods for the money."

BUSINESS DEPRESSION.

The times are not as they were a year ago. Financially there is nothing doing, and the brokers mourn. Stocks which were up in a balloon are coming down with a thud. The outside public are not buying so the holders at high prices find it hard to unload. The railroad war cut down earnings frightfully, the iron mills are not sorry for a temporary strike of the workmen, for new orders are not plenty and many old ones are being cancelled. Railroad building has been carried too fast and too far. The cold and wet spring is retarding the corn planting and causing forebodings of harder times for both railroads and speculators. It is a curious fact that outside "the street" these who come in now and then to try a speculation in stocks almost invariably speculate by buying and not selling. They will buy on margin and take the chances for a rise, but seldom venture to sell what they haven't got on the hope of a fall. No outsiders are now buying, hence the daily fluctuations of shares are simply the marking up or down by the members of the joint stock mutual association, known as the Stock Exchange. Quotations drop and droop, day by day, and there is no good ground for the hope of a permanent rise for the present. Meantime before another "boom" begins it will be a good time to examine into the ways and means by which innocent and hopeful inventors are made to build up enormous fortunes for the sharp manipulators and promoters, and this I propose before long to help my readers to do.

SOME SUMMER.

weather is upon us at last, and the poor belated leaves and flowers and grass are just jumping with joy and warmth. It is marvelous how rapidly the foliage has come out in the little city parks, within the past ten days. With the birds and the babies in Watson Square will come George Francis Train, to feed the sparrows and hold the boys and girls on his knees, and let the sunlight stream down on the grey head which has, in its day, evolved audacious and prodigious schemes enough to overturn the world if they could all have been carried out but which now content itself with writ-

ing to the newspapers in favor of an oatmeal diet and on living on twenty-five cents a day. Like a burnt out and over-driven locomotive, Train has had his day of tremendous energy and fire, when no obstacle was too formidable for him to attack at full speed and with a dangerous head of steam, but now he is laid up for repairs, the fires drawn, the valves rusty, and side-tracked to make room for newer models.

The 4th of July at Vancouver.

A Grand Encampment.

Preparations for celebrating the 4th of July at Vancouver are almost complete in detail.

ELLSWORTH POST G. A. R. of Vancouver is arranging to entertain the comrades of Posts in Oregon and Washington Territory.

GEN. MILES Commanding the Department of the Columbia, who is also a Grand Army comrade of the first call, enters enthusiastically into the affair and has promised to furnish camp and garrison equipage for a Grand Encampment on the Military Reservation.

All visiting comrades are requested to take quarters in the Encampment, where, recitations, old stories and songs will revive many a half obliterated memory of the stirring days of the Rebellion.

Ellsworth Post will have charge of the encampment, and do all in its power to make the occasion one of pleasure to their visitors.

As the numbers visiting Vancouver on the 4th will be far in excess of the accommodations of its hotels and restaurants, families and parties should provide themselves with luncheons.

Ample tent accommodations on the Garrison Grounds will be provided, not only for comrades of different posts but for their families also.

In the evening a grand display of FIREWORKS will be exhibited near the encampment.

This pyrotechnic display is a gift from the

MEXICAN WAR VETERANS

of Portland and Vancouver Barracks, as a recognition on their part of the hospitable manner in which they were entertained by Gen. Morrow and his estimable lady on Decoration Day.

The Orator of the Day will be Gen. Morrow, comrade of Ellsworth Post.

Major E. G. Adams, Editor of the COLUMBIAN, will be Foot of the Day, and deliver a poem composed for the occasion. Hon. N. H. Bloomfield will also deliver an oration and Hon. Charles Brown will read the Declaration of Independence.

The Philadelphia Musical Journal for April, fully maintains its high character and certainly will delight all who see it. It contains the following choice selections of sheet music, arranged for the piano: "Douglass, Tender and True," a favorite and beautiful ballad; "I'm going home to Clo," a popular and taking song; "Little Birdie Mine," a song sure to please everybody; "Maid of Beauty Waltz," a gliding and pretty melody; and "Sweet Smile Schottische," an excellent composition. These selections alone are worth the very moderate price charged for the number (ten cents) and if bought in the regular way, at a music store, would cost more than a year's subscription (one dollar). But the Philadelphia Musical Journal does not rely solely upon its sheet music features. It is full of excellent and highly interesting reading matter, consisting of the latest musical news and gossip, able and fearless editorials, books, reviews, answers to correspondents, etc., etc. George D. Cox's amusing and entertaining serial, "Love's Artifice," is concluded in the current number. We cordially advise all our readers to send for a copy and see for themselves what a miracle of want and cheapness it is: Published by Wm. Nuneviller, No. 1300 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"The most perfect gem in the song line that we have seen for many a day has just been issued by Sherman, Clay & Co., of San Francisco. The title is "There May be Eyes as Brightly Beaming," the music is arranged by H. M. Gosworth, the song is in the original key of E. flat, as sung by Mr. Digby Bell in "Madame Favart." The marked price is 35 cents."

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

Correspondence.

BEAVER VALLEY, June the 10th, 1882. ED. COLUMBIAN—Dear Sir: As I have not seen any items from this part of the valley, so I will pen you a few lines. We, the people of Beaver Valley and vicinity are going to have a Grand Celebration, July the 4th, 1882. The celebration will be in the beautiful cedar grove on G. T. Mays' farm in Beaver Valley, Columbia Co. Ogn.

The people of Beaver Valley and vicinity met at the school-house to adopt programme and regulations for the 4th of July '82. Meeting called to order; Dr. J. W. Meserve was elected Chairman of the meeting, J. W. Richards Secretary of meeting. A committee was elected to form regulations and programme; committee on programme, W. H. Hankins, G. T. Mays, J. Nelson, O. B. Anstine, J. Hudson, I. S. Parcher, and it was voted that the people would bring provisions and set the long table and have a public dinner free to all.

Committee on programme and regulations elected.  
Dr. J. W. Meserve, Orator of the day.  
W. H. Hankins, to read the Declaration of Independence.

Rev. G. B. Riggs, Chaplain.  
J. W. Richards, Marshal.

Moved and seconded that Dr. Meserve appoint table committee. The following were appointed as table committee, Mrs. Winchester, Mrs. Mays, Mrs. Nelson, Mrs. Malcom, Mrs. Kiser, Miss Ella Malcom, Miss Nina Malcom, Miss Nancy Hudson, Miss Alice Smalley, Miss Susan Hudson, Miss Mary Hankins, Miss Minna Hankins, Miss Myrtle Washburn, Miss McKee, Mr. I. S. Parcher, Mr. J. Hudson, Mr. O. B. Anstine.  
W. H. Hankins was appointed to procure music at Portland for the 4th.

We will have refreshments and good order. There will be no intoxicating drinks at or near the speaking. We invite all. As there was no more business, we adjourned.

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 North west, 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 especial 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 L. 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. Corbhill, 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. Address all orders to F. W. Helmick, Music Publisher, 180 Elm Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

A Doctor's Opinion.

Mr. J. L. Knapp, of Santa Clara, Cal., who was cured of acute inflammation of the bladder by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Care to many hundreds of people from Texas to New York, have seen it tried by many of these, and have yet to hear of a single case of failure.  
COL. JOHN C. WHITNER.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

Arrived this week a full assortment of newest styles of dress goods including Broades, Grandines, Brocades, Soursuckers, Fancy Gingham and moccie cloths also American prints, white goods, Ladies' and Misses' hosiery in all colors, Lisle-thread gloves, Embroidery &c. &c. at McBride's Store.

J. R. Frierson will deliver an oration at Clatskanie on the 4th of July, A. D. 1882. We have no doubt it will be a splendid one. We shall publish it, and our readers may expect a rich treat. Mr. Frierson has a fine mind in a body shattered with wounds obtained in the War of the Rebellion. It seems the Republican party of Columbia county should have done something for him the last election, but with many of them the extent of their patriotism, and love for those who rescued the land extends only to their lips; in our case did not even extend that far as they lied about us with a malignity and meanness that makes them hang their head even though they succeeded.

A distinguished man in Columbia City was caught last Sunday tearing down the fence around the Neer field on Germany Hill to let his cows into the tall grass. One and some other party who had rented it were lying in wait, and caught the gentleman. The Sunday before when we and our family were up there, while we were in the upper field after strawberries, we held some one calling their cows, and when we came back, saw the fence torn down and went to work and put it up.

Major Adams will have a place of honor in the splendid volume of New Hampshire poets soon to be published, the compiler, Bela Chapin informing him he should insert five of his pieces. Hon. W. D. Fenton said New England ruled the world; if Major Adams gains the ear of New England, as he soon will, his fame will become world wide, and like Lord Byron some fine morning he will wake up immortal, and his defenders will feel exceedingly small.

July 1st, 1882, See Official Settlement.

Parties whose accounts are due are requested to call and make the regular semi-annual settlement of accounts on or before July 15th. Accounts which have been due for one year or more must be paid, or settled by note immediately.

G. W. McBRIDE.

Received a call from Miss Dora Copeland and Miss Davis and Mr. Espy on Wednesday. Miss Copeland has improved very much in looks, and will be fully as beautiful as Mrs. Mollie Kellogg. She has the brilliant looks of her mother, and will be a perfect image of her in figure and appearance when a little older. Mrs. Copeland is in Portland at her daughter's.

We have received a paper, the Garnett Plaindealer from Garnett, Kansas, from a son of a cousin of ours. This gentleman's name is Lorin H. Gordon; he is Justice of the Peace there, and was lately elected Delegate to a convention to nominate Member of Congress. The paper was from May Gordon, a name pretty enough for a poetess.

Mrs. F. A. Moore and James Muckle Sr., delegates to the Grand Lodge of I. O. G. T. have returned from The Dalles where the Lodge convened. Mrs. Moore was elected Worthy Grand Marshal. There are only 9 Bands of Hope in Oregon, and the one at St. Helen is No. 9. The next session of the Grand Lodge will be at Astoria.

David F. Fox has sent us a paper the Daily Territorial Enterprise, Virginia, Nev., containing an account of the awful accident that lately occurred in the mines at Virginia City, whereby two persons (rescuers) lost their lives, the parties, most in danger, being ultimately saved through the heroic endeavors of the other miners.

Mrs. Olive E. Adams, (sister of Mrs. Adams) residing at Durham, New Hampshire, is having success as an Artist, and has a number of pupils, even from Boston, the Athens of America. If she could visit Paris, Germany and Italy, her friends think she would develop into one of the finest painters in America.

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