ORIGINAL DEFECTIVE


# THE COLUMBIAN.

St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

FRIDAY, JUNE 30, 1882.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

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E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.


## BAKER OF OREGON,

Hon. M. C. George, of Oregon, who has just been re-elected to Congress, delivered the following tribute to the great orator of the Pacific coast, Senator Baker, of Oregon, at the recent Decoration Day services near Ball's Bluff, Va., where Baker lost his life. He said: Upon this National cemetery, this once "dark valley of the shadow of death," the fatal battle ground of Ball's Bluff, fell many a noble, gallant soldier. But among all the brave, true men who died upon these heights of Leesburg, none could have been braver, none could have been truer, than Edward Dickinson Baker. He was a Senator from my State. The first words he ever uttered in that august body, the American Senate, were inspired by the grandeur, the sublimity, of the natural scenery of the wild West—that of the great chasm formed by the torrent of the Columbia breaking through the mountain range, the Cascades between the everlasting snow-capped Mount St. Helens and Mount Hood, "where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound save her own dashings." For a time he had laid aside the role of an American Senator for the sword of an American soldier, as once before he had gone from the halls of the lower House of Congress to serve in the war with Mexico.

HE HAD THE OFFER

of a major general's commission, but as its acceptance involved his resignation as a United States Senator, he declined to accept the high distinction and honor. From the very first, however, the presentiment of death was upon him. He felt, and so expressed himself, that he would never come from the struggle alive. And the dark wings of that dread messenger hovered o'er him, until, on this fatal battle ground, it drooped its fearful talons to bear aloft the immortal spirit of the soldier-stateman.

THE LIPS THAT SPOKE

the words of wisdom and courage were here sealed forever. The eyes that beamed with all gentleness and love were here closed in the dim, dull lustre of death. The voice, which so often in most beautiful cadences wafted upon the air the brilliant word-paintings of the fervid imagination, or proclaimed in mighty strength the truths that live forever, was here stricken into the paralysis and silence of death. The true, warm heart, that throbbed with patriotic devotion for the cause of liberty and humanity. poured forth upon this battlefield its life-blood in defence of his life's principles. The great brain—the seat and organ of such subtle strength and power—whether striving with a Lincoln or a Logan in the tribunals of justice, or Smith in the arena of political debate or coping with the polished Breckenridge and the adroit Benjamin in the forum of the Senate—was here pierced and shattered forever by the deadly rifle ball.

HE DIED AT THE HEAD

of his column, bravely cheering his men, and proclaiming that he would not ask them to go where he was not willing to lead. His noble lifeless form was borne, from this field rended with rifle bullets and bayonet wounds. Wrapped in a bloody shroud, with banners drooping above his pulseless form; with melancholy dirge floating upon the despondent air; amid the sorrowing hearts of his countryman drooping like the flowers upon the breast of the departed, he was borne from this consecrated ground to receive that "mournful tribute which the majesty of the American people offered to the unreplying dead."

HE NOW SLEEPS

near the rolling billows of the far off Pacific. His body is interred in Lone Mountain cemetery near the Golden Gate, where, years before, on its dedication, in the spirit of fatal prophecy, as it were, he had exclaimed: "Hither shall come the pale maiden from the tearful abodes of sorrow. Hither shall be borne the stricken warrior from the bloody fields of freedom." With him all was a matter of principle interwoven with the very life and woof of his existence. His was the eye of faith, that, accepting the prophecy of a Seward, believed that some day—it might, for aught he knew, be infinitely far distant, so far that mortal man could not then foresee—slavery would be lost and absorbed in the superior blaze of freedom.

WHILE BELIEVING THIS,

he trusted the people of this land, he felt that feverish sentiment would subside, and returning reason would resume its place, and that the Constitution would remain safe, unshaken forever, until

Wrapt in flames the realms of ether glow,
And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below.

His was the personification of the peaceful spirit of eloquence and the undaunted spirit of war. He was a wonderful man—one of those geniuses of nature which thwart across the sky of human existence.

Of foreign birth, he laid down his life for the country of his adoption. We were proud of him. My State, the most distant on the golden Pacific, honored him with her highest trust. He was our Senator when he fell. We are proud of our soldier, our orator, our statesman, and our hero.

BAKER WAS PATRIOTIC.

and magnanimous. His was the clarion voice in the grand volume of invocation which everywhere arose to high heaven, "Spare us from the madness of disunion and civil war," and he was the last of the Senators to give up the hope that something might be done by conciliation and compromise. He hoped, he sympathized, he struggled to the last, but all in vain. At the final moment he nerved himself for the desperate encounter. In the senate, in these words, he proclaimed his intention: "Now, I will not vote to lay down arms till, without treaty, the flag of the United States waves over every portion of its territory. Till then give the President a million men, give him the whole revenue of the government and the whole property of the people; do not refuse a single regiment; do not furl a single sail; do not abate a single jot of all your embattled vigor till that hour shall come; do not make peace till

THE GLORY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG

shall be its own defence." "Why, sir," he exclaimed, "I have heard it said that there was a time in Ireland when a virgin, alone, unguarded, could go through all its length and breadth with a crown upon her head and a golden vase in her hand, and no man disturb her honor or rob her of her treasure. I desire, before I make peace, to see the time when a volunteer drummer boy shall be able to carry the flag of the United States in every city and in every wilderness where it has once floated, amid the enthusiasm, the submission, the profound reverence, of every man, woman and child who gazes upon its stars."

HE, LIKE CLAY AND WEBSTER

and Jackson and Lincoln, was for trying the strength of the Constitution. His soul became fired with military ardor at the attack on Sumpter's walls; and at a mass-meeting in Union Square, in New York, he delivered an address which thrilled the souls of all who heard it. He there pledged his personal service to his country as a soldier, and closed with these impressive and eloquent words, which were greeted with a thunder of applause: "And if from the far Pacific a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in this contest, that voice is yours to-day. And if a man whose hair is grey, who is well nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion as this, and in such an audience, let me say, as my last word,

WHEN AMID SHEETED FIRE

and flame I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest in contest upon foreign soil for the honor of your flag, so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword never yet dishonored—not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for government, for constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity, and in hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves there glory may persue and freedom be established."

IT IS A SAD COINCIDENT,

in view of the eloquent oration delivered by Colonel Baker, in California, on the laying of the Atlantic cable, when he joyfully proclaimed that "thought had bridged the Atlantic and cleared its unfettered path across the sea, winged by the lightning and guarded by the billow," joining England and America, and calling, as he did, another Field to scale the Sierra Nevadas as he had sounded the sea, until the Atlantic and Pacific had been linked together. That, singular as it may seem, the first message, a few years after, flashed across the completed link to the Pacific carried a current of sorrow to the people of the West in the announcement of the death of Colonel Baker.

BAKER WAS A MAN

of wonderful eloquence. His flights of thought were like the graceful ascent of the eagle to the sublime heights among the grand mountain crags and cliffs above. I recall a beautiful illustration from his reply to Benjamin in the Senate when he paid this tribute to the liberty of the press: "Sir, the liberty of the press is the highest safeguard to all free government. Ours could not exist without it. It is with us, nay, with all men, like a great exulting and abounding river. It is fed by the dews of heaven that distill their sweetest drops to form it. It gushes from the rill as it breaks from the deep caverns of the earth. It is fed by a thousand affluents that dash from the mountain-top to separate again into a thousand bounteous and irrigating rills around. On its broad bosom it bears a thousand barks. There genius spreads its purpling sail. There poesy

DIPS ITS SILVERY OAR;

there art, invention, discovery, science, morality, and religion may safely and securely float. It wanders through every land. It is a genial, cordial source of thought and inspiration wherever it touches, whatever it surrounds. Sir, upon its borders grow every flower of grace and every fruit of truth. I am not here to deny that that river sometimes oversteps its bounds I am not here to deny that that stream sometimes becomes a dangerous torrent and destroys towns and cities upon its banks; but I am here to say that without it civilization, humanity, government, all that makes society itself, would return

TO ITS ANCIENT BARBARISM.

Sir, if that were to be possible, or so thought for a moment, the fine conception of the great poet would be realized. If that were to be possible, though but for a moment, civilization itself would roll the wheels of its car backward two thousand years. Sir, if that were so, it would be true that—

'As one by one in dread Medea's train,
Star after star fades off th' etherial plane,
Thus at her feet approach and secret might,
Art after art goes out, and all is night.
Philosophy, that leaned on heaven before,
Sinks to her second cause, and is no more;
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And unawares, morality expires.'

HOW APPLICABLE NOW

to himself are the eloquent words he uttered years ago over the dead body of his friend Broderick: "As in life no other voice so rang its trumpet upon the ear of freeman, so in death the echoes will ever reverberate amid our valleys and until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart." Many years have rolled away since Edward D. Baker was stricken dawn. Dust has long since returned to dust and ashes to ashes. The silver cord has been loosed and the golden bowl been broken. All that was mortal of the hero and statesman has perished from the eyes of men. But his record yet lives. The charming sentiments, the convincing arguments, and sublime thoughts, the grand truths which poured forth from his eloquent lips chrystalized in classic mould and glittering in beautiful word-gems, yet live in the memory of his faithful countrymen. Though time is already laying its effacing hand upon the marble tablet which casts its shadow over his grave, yet upon the tablets of the heart of every true American and upon the imperishable records of his country in living letters we may read for all time to come how worthily he lived and how gloriously he died.—*The National Republican.*

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Major Adams in response to the following invitation has prepared an Original Poem entitled "The National Birthday."

VANCOUVER, W. T. June 21st. 1882.

MAJOR E. G. ADAMS, ST. HELENS, OGN.

*Sir*:

I am instructed by the "Committee 4th July Celebration" to invite you as "Poet of the day" and to deliver us a short poem on the 4th. prox. Please answer by return mail.

Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR HAINE,
Secy. Com. Arrangts.

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The *Herald of Industry* edited and published by Mrs. Stow in San Francisco, is a spunky, energetic exponent of a woman's rights, and we wish it success which every man must that respected his mother. Mrs. Stow has lots of grit and sand.

## A Great Rescue.

The mystery as to the fate of the seven imprisoned miners in the Alta mine has for three days oppressed the people like a horrible nightmare. We are not unaccustomed to frightful catastrophes in the lower levels. The people of Virginia are too familiar with mining tragedies in many appalling forms to be unnerved by the ordinary run of accidents. But the familiar circumstances attending this last disaster, unique in its terrors, enveloped as it was in awful mystery from the beginning, and leaving all the while a slender thread of hope for the rescue of victims, constituted a strain upon the sympathetic emotions of the entire population such as has never been experienced before. The alternating hopes and fears of many hours gave way early yesterday afternoon to something like a cheerful faith that after all the terrible sacrifice was not to be, though this pleasing prospect was dimmed by the sad reflection that two brave men had willingly laid down their lives in a vain attempt to carry succor to their companions in the dark and noisome drift.

It was, therefore, with an indescribable sensation of relief that at midnight were heard the shrieks of many whistles, loud and long, proclaiming the success of the untiring efforts put forth to rescue the imprisoned miners. The protracted battle with hot water had been fought and won. Back from the mouth of a steaming hell, and from the jaws of death, the gallant rescuers had snatched and borne to the earth's surface seven imperiled lives The work of deliverance was complete. Grim despair had been driven from the thresholds of weeping women and children, and grief had given way to joy at many a hearthstone. This was the import of the midnight chorus of whistles sounding over the hills, and those who had neither kith nor kin among the seven rejoiced with their relatives and friends that they had been safely delivered from their great peril.

There was one man whose faith from the beginning never once faltered, and whose encouraging words of hope cheered many an anxious, desponding heart. Superintendent Boyle held tenaciously to the belief that the men were alive and would all be rescued in good time. He stood at his post, supported by as cool and brave a set of men as ever drew breath, and toiled away at the work of getting the water out of the mine until he was prostrated by sheer physical exhaustion. The rescue of the seven miners was a great and heroic exploit. It is probably without a parallel in the history of mining accidents. It developed all the qualities of courage, valor, pluck and those grand traits in man which call forth the exercise of an unselfish and sublime devotion to others by whatever names they may be designated. The attempt of the two men who lost their lives in an endeavor to penetrate the drift in search for the others was rashness itself, yet an illustration of magnificent heroism. Never was a more forlorn hope embarked. Who can conceive of the appalling prospect before two men venturing in a frail boat to steer through Egyptian darkness along a narrow channell of hot water over two thousand feet down in the bowels of the earth? The death of these two martyrs to the cause of humanity throws a gloom over our general rejoicing to-day at the fact that the seven men in the Alta mine have been finally brought to the surface alive. *Territorial Enterprise*, [Virginia, Nevada].

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## A Doctor's Opinion.

Mr. J. L. Knapp, of Santa Clara, Cal., who was cured of acute inflamation of the bladder by Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, after the doctors could do nothing for him, met one of his old physicians shortly after his recovery, and asked him what he thought of the effect of the medicine. Said Dr. Carpenter: "I think that medicine one of a thousand the way it has acted in your case."

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## July 1st, 1882, Semi-Annual 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.

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WASHINGTON, June 30.—Guiteau was hanged at 12:53 P. M.

## 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 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 pyrotechnia 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 Poet 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.

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## 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's 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 programm, 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. Kiger, 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.

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## Absolutely Sure.

I have no more doubt of the beneficial effects of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure than I have that the Genesee river empties into Lake Ontario.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D. D.,
Washington, D. C.

## LOCAL NEWS.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

A large and well assorted stock of men's boots, mens, 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.

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J. Wesley Dodson did a benevolent deed not long since that deserves mention; he nursed a sick man in Washington Territory through a long illness, and then furnished him money to return to his friends in the States. This was the more benevolent as all the funds so furnished had to be earned by the hardest kind of labor.

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## New Goods.

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

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We went on Thursday to Portland on Thursday to Portland on the *Manzanillo*, which makes trips every Monday and Friday to Astoria and every Wednesday to Clatskanie. This is a finely finished boat, and its Captain, officers and crew are very civil and obliging. It has a cosy cabin and nice furniture to match.

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Mrs. Ellen Perry has been engaged at Blakesley's hotel, and her genial pleasant countenance makes everybody look good-humored, and everybody pronounces the grub just splendid with such an excellent cook to superintend culinary operations.

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Mr. Mayger, of Bradbury, informs us the fishtraps along the Columbia are taking many fish, but the nets do not meet with as good luck in such exceedingly high water, as the fish swim near the shore.

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A lady in this County not long ago received a letter from a friend of hers informing her that an acquaintance of theirs, not living in this County, had died of *inflammation* on the brain.

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The water has not been off of the lands overflowed in the late freshet long enough to render them fit for cultivation. The sediment seems to retain the moisture a long while.

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## An Extraordinary Offer.

There are a number of persons out of employment in every county,—yet energetic men willing to work do not need to be. Those willing to work can make from $100 to $500 a month clear, working for us in a pleasant and permanent business. The amount our agents make varies,—some making as high as $500 a month, while others as low as $100, all depending on the energy of the agent. We have an article of great merit. It should be sold to every House-owner, and pays over 100 per cent profit. Each sale is from $3.50 to $10.00. One agent in Pennsylvania sold 32 in two days, and cleared $64.00. An agent in New York made $45.00 in one day. Any man with energy enough to work a full day, and will do this during the year can make from $2,000 to $6,000 a year. We only want one man in each county, and to him will give the exclusive sale as long as he continues to work faithfully for us. There is no competition, and nothing like our invention made. Parties having from $200 to $1,000 to invest, can obtain a General Agency for ten counties or a state. Any one can make an investment of from $25 to $1,000 without the least risk of loss, as our Circulars will show that those investing $25 can after a 30 day's trial return the goods unsold to us and get their money back, if they do not clear at least $100. They show that a General Agent who will take ten counties and invest $216.00 can after a trial of 90 days return all goods unsold to us, and have money returned to them if they fail to clear at $750.00 in that time. We are not paying salaries, but want men willing to work and obtain as their pay the profits of their energy. Men not willing to work on our terms will not work on any. *Those meaning business* will receive our large descriptive circular, and extraordinary offer by enclosing a three cent stamp, with their address. The first to comply with our terms will secure the county or counties they may wish to work.

Address, RENNER MANUFACTURING CO., 118 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.