

THE COLUMBIAN.

St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

FRIDAY, JULY 14, 1882.

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E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

ORATION.

Delivered by J. R. Frierson at Clatskanie, Oregon, July 4, 1882.

Fellow Citizens, ladies and gentlemen:—In other places the people will have learned and noted men to talk to them. History will be ransacked and the whole course of time will be gone over down to the present day. Nations and individuals—the acts and writings of heroic men and women, poets and scholars, living and dead will be brought out, and our country past and present and future held up and compared with all that has gone before, and ways pointed out for the people to perpetuate our grand Ship of State through all threatened dangers to the haven of safety. Mr. Ramsey in his very able address has stated many facts and truths plainly enough for all of us to see. I have no books for reference, and my knowledge is the same as yours. But I do not allow any one to excel me in my love of country and devotion to our flag and the working people of our land. After hearing Mr. Ramsey speak I feel as did a Southern darkey down in Arkansas some years ago. Sambo met Cuffee one day and being very hungry in anticipation of the good things soon to be distributed during Christmas week said: "How is yer Cuff?"

"I's purty well thank you, how's yer-self Sambo?"

"O! 's toler'ble, but powerful hungry."

"I's middin hungry myself" returned Cuffee.

"Now Cuffee" said Sambo, "you likes chickens, turkeys, corn pone, cat-fish, and other good things, and am a purty good hand to find de very best tings to eat, but I'll bet you fifty cents right here, dat I can name something for a good squar meal dat you'll say is better'n anything you can think of."

"I done take dat bet, I jist need dat fifty cents, and I tell you dat baked possum and sweet potatoes beats um all."

"Take de money Cuffe dat's jis what I tought myself" said Pomp as he went away minus his fifty cents. Now Mr. Ramsey has sorter taken my possum and taters, but if you people have patience I'll try and give you a kind of hash for the Fourth of July that may answer in lieu of a better meal. When Mr. Tichenor got me into this scrape he gave me no chance for refusal. When our children heard it one of them wanted to know of her mother if she was going to deliver an oration too. Her mother said "no not on the 4th, but if your father has too much of a 4th of July I'll deliver an oration afterwards." So you folks can see what a scrape I am in. I also want to say that Mr. Tichenor promoted me very rapidly. It took three years service during the war to get me a position as First Lieutenant and Adjutant and I never got any higher. I came to Clatskanie, Presto! I am promoted two grades, and I live in hopes of being a Colonel or a General by next 4th if I live.

All over our land to-day the people meet together to commemorate the action of that noble band who one hundred and six years ago declared all men free and equal, and pledged their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honors to carry to a successful issue the greatest, grandest attempt ever made by a people to shake off the despotic rule of a tyrannical king, and drive away the mercenary agents who appointed by the king, had but one object in view, which was to become rich in as short a time as possible.

Of that struggle I shall speak hereafter. In other countries the people are called together at certain times to join in a jubilee celebrating the birth of some crowned despot, or some great general, who slaughtered thousands of poor people, and wrecked their humble homes in order to the better keep in subjection those left, and cause them to cease murdering at their wretched lot, which is a bare existence on refuse food, and shelter in hovels close and crowded and not fit for dogs—worse in fact than Chinese in our country occupy, while the wealthy and titled aristocrat gorge and stuff themselves, and feed their dogs far

better than the laboring men and women and children are fed.

For a people to leave their homes and join in celebrating events in which they can have no possible interest seems a mere mockery, and comes from their hearts about as much as would have come from our hearts a glorification of the veto of the Chinese bill if we had all been forced out and guarded by soldiers, while we filled ourselves with beer and cheap wine, and the air full of drunken shouts over that measure which is only one of many employed by men made mad by wealth, who not content with their great wealth and unlimited power, would crush out forever the freedom of America, break up all family ties, and have us as are the coolies of Asia.

In the United States we have but two National Holidays—two days that may be said to belong to every American. All such who love liberty better than life, be they American, or foreign born, poor or rich, on these days feel that in their possession they have an interest more precious than lands, jewels, or goods.

One of these days is the anniversary of the birth of Washington—the man who refused a crown—the man who lived but for his country and sought only its welfare—the man whose equal the world never held and is not likely to.

"No braver heart e'er pass'd away,
No nobler form of human clay
Was from its lord obliged to sever,
Sally they bared his silent dust,
Assured his spirit with the just
Will rise again in endless day,
When all of earth is rolled away
Forever and forever."

On the page of ancient story
Of the ages, dim and hoary
With the mouldering dust of time,
Are recorded deeds of glory,
Triumphs won on fields all gory
With the blood of men sublime,
Whose consecrated lives shall gather
The homage of mankind forever
Forever and forever.

So high among the grand and brave,
His honored name will firmly grave,
As one who fought to free the slave,
And yielded naught to treason ever;
Whose patriot heart and steady gaze
Foresaw the dawn of victory's days,
When freedom's flag should proudly rise
To blend its azure with the skies,
Forever and forever."
(To be continued.)

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 \$75.00 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.

Pastoral Verification.

SANTA CLARA, Cal., May 3, 1881.
H. H. Warner & Co.: Sirs—I have used your Safe Kidney Cure and find it all it is represented.

Rev. D. L. FISHER, D. D.
Pastor Baptist Church.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

Guiteau's last day on earth.—His dying prayer.—The last words and acts of the assassin.—The President's death expired. Scenes at the Jail.

Our correspondent's last interview with the condemned man.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 30, 1882.

The second day of July, 1881, will always occupy a conspicuous place in history, and as years roll on the anniversary of an event unparalleled in the history of the country. On that day James Abram Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, was shot by a vile assassin, and received wounds which resulted in his death at Elberon, N. J. seventy-nine days afterward. The world was horrified at the act. To-day the streets resound with the cry of "Extras" announcing the hanging of the murderer. The case of Charles J. Guiteau who has just expired on the scaffold a crime far greater than that of regicide, its swiftness has not kept pace perhaps with the inspiration of an outraged people for short, sharp and decisive retribution; but the work of the executioner was none the less unerring and infallible when the hour which had been named in the evidence and mercy of the court for the condemned man's death noted its arrival upon the dialposts of the gallows. The country should be satisfied as far as the accomplishment of the immediate fact is concerned. The atonement has been swift and sure enough.

At 8 A. M. this morning Dr. Hicks went in to see the prisoner at his request. At this time he asked Dr. Hicks if he could secure Mr. Russ's consent to take a bath. Dr. Hicks said that Mr. Russ proposed that he take a tub bath in the cell. He expressed his thankfulness for this and then asked Dr. Hicks to go out to the scaffold and see that it was all right and then ask the warden to let the trap spring as soon as after 12 o'clock as possible. He read a poem, which he styled "Religious Baby Talk," and under took to sing it, but he broke down, saying: "It's no use; I am no musician." Then he said, "My heart is tender, and I don't think I can go through the ordeal without some emotion. I presume that I will weep. This, however shows no weakness on the great question that I was inspired; but when a man is getting near the heavenly world it is natural that one should have feeling as the heavenly influence is pervading him." He remarked that he was satisfied that God inspired him to do the act for which he was to suffer. As to his book, he asked that complimentary remarks in reference to the administration be eliminated. He then disposed of his books, giving them to Dr. Hicks, and went over his letters destroying the useless ones and giving Dr. Hicks directions as to getting them to his family. He then discussed with Dr. Hicks the program for the execution, stating that he wished the doctor to offer prayer and he would read his favorite chapter, the 10th chapter of St. John, and follow with a prayer and then read his poem, "Simplicity, or Religious Baby Talk," and he wished the trap spring just as he concluded.

At a few minutes past eleven considerable commotion was noticed around the entrance to Guiteau's cell and word was immediately brought that he had fainted dead away. There is no doubt that he has been under a very severe pressure of self-control for the past twenty-four hours and finally nature asserted herself. Restoratives of a simple nature were quickly applied, and in a few minutes the fainting man was brought to. His recovery was followed by a prooxym of sobbing. Dr. Hicks implored him to make an effort to calm himself and meet his fate in a manly way, but the sobbing continued apparently involuntarily. At twenty minutes past eleven Guiteau had recovered sufficiently from his fainting spell to hear the death warrant read, and five minutes later Warden Crocker proceeded to his cell with his paper in his hand. The Warden told the prisoner to stand up which he did and the reading was then commenced. The Warden said it was his faithful duty to see that the sentence was carried out. Guiteau remained standing and listened with apparent composure, shifting about uneasily at the last. At the conclusion of the warden's remarks, which were: "The year which in its beginning had seen President Garfield wounded would in its ending see the completion of the tragedy." Guiteau replied: "All right, you will have to settle the matter with your God."

On his way to the scaffold Guiteau paused momentarily at the window adjoining the door which leads to the scaffold, and cast a longing glance at the beautiful scene spread before his vision—his last view of old Mother Earth. Spreading away eastward from the jail is a stretch of beautiful verdure, through which winds the mirror like Branch, extending past cottages and clusters of trees. Beyond is a high rolling background of green hills brought into relief by the blue sky canopy—a truly beautiful picture. The following jail officers officiated on the scaffold: Old Robert Strong, Captain Coleman, Captain Torrrens, David Jones, William Hudson; at the west entrance door, W. G. McGill; at the inner grated door, Captain Crocker.

His Dying Prayer on the Gallows.

Father, now I go to Thee and the Saviour. I have finished the work Thou gavest me to do, and I am only too happy to go to Thee. The world does not appreciate my commission, but Thou knowest Thou didst inspire Garfield's removal, and only good has come from it. This is the best evidence; that the inspiration came from Thee, and I have set forth in my book that all men may read and know that Thou, Father, didst inspire the act for which I am now murdered. Father, I tremble for the fate of my murderers. This government and this Nation, by this act, I know will incur Thy eternal enmity, as did the Jews by killing Thy man, my Saviour. The retribution in that case came quick and sharp, and I know Thy Divine spirit of retribution will strike this Nation and my murderers in the same way. The diabolic spirit of the nation, its Government and its newspapers towards me will justify Thee in cursing them, and I know that the Divine law of retribution is inevitable. I therefore predict that this Nation will go down in blood, and that my murderers, from the executioner to the hangman, will go to hell. The laws are inexorable, O Thou Supreme Judge! Woe unto the men that violate Thy laws; only weeping and gnashing of teeth await them. The American press has a large bill to settle with Thee, righteous Father, for their vindictiveness in the matter. Nothing but blood be on them and this Nation and its officials. Arthur, the President, is a coward and an ingrate. His ingratitude to the man that made him and saved his party and land from overthrow has no parallel in history. But Thou, righteous Father, will judge him. Father, Thou knowest me, but the world hath not known me; but now I go to Thee and the Saviour without the slightest ill feeling toward a human being. Farewell! ye men of earth!

CHARLES GUITEAU.

At 12:28 the benediction was pronounced. At 12:29 the noose was placed around his neck by Mr. Strong, one of the guard, and the black cap was then put on. At 12:40 the drop fell, and Guiteau's last words, as spoken from beneath the cap were "Glory! Glory!" As soon as the trap fell the news was communicated to the crowd outside, who cheered loudly. The assassin struggled but slightly after the drop and in a few moments he swayed to and fro from his weight. There was scarcely a struggle after the body fell. At 1:20 P. M. the cords were removed from his arms and legs and at 1:22 the rope was untied where it was fastened to the scaffold and the body lowered to the coffin. Drs. Reyburn, Hartigan, Hall, McWilliams, Harrison, Crook and Young Marshall Henry, Warden Crocker, and several others stood about as the body was lowered to the coffin, the black cap removed and the hands folded. The features were an expression of pain, but were not distorted. There was no dislocation save a dark red line across the neck, and the deep lines running down between the eyes, which gave him a "cowering" look in life, appeared to be drawn deeper in death. The eyes, which were slightly open, were gently closed by the hands of Dr. Reyburn, and the coat drawn together close about the neck to hide, as far as possible, the mark of the rope. Old Colonel Sam Strong who has adjusted the noose for fifteen or twenty murderers, says that the execution of Guiteau was the most complete affair in all its details that he ever saw. "No man," said he, "with his mental faculties ever died so game." Other old jail officials say that they never saw a man die so easy. Many outsiders say that no sane man could have died so calmly. Dr. MacDonald says it was a wonderful death, but it does not prove either his sanity or insanity.

At a late hour yesterday afternoon, while the evening rations were being served to him, an opportunity was given to the waiter for a brief conversation

LOCAL NEWS.

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.

S. A. Miles knows more about a horse than most men, and with the Bible thinks a horse is a vain thing for safety and never trusts to horses standing without losing the tugs or allows a small child to stay alone in a wagon. An ounce of precaution in such cases is worth lbs. of cure, and marks the wise man. We publicly thank him for his reproof to us. In such matters we are too careless, and trust too much to luck.

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New Goods.

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

Received a visit last Sunday from Mrs. S. A. Miles, and Mrs. McElhany. We never saw Mrs. McElhany look so well. She grows younger all the time. She is much pleased with her daughters' marriages. Mrs. Miles improves on acquaintance all the time. She appears to possess the spirit that thinketh no evil, the spirit which marks the true Christian.

Tomorrow the term of the village school ends. Mr. Quick has the golden opinions of all. Our daughter says he calls it a miss in spelling if a word is not correctly divided in syllables. We are glad to chronicle a departure from the slipshod manner of teaching as characteristic of Oregon.

Mr. Peter Turner leaves tomorrow for Columbia, the capital of South Carolina. He will go into the quarry business there. Peter promises us some letters; we should not be surprised if he should develop a fine literary talent, as he is the grandson of Turner, the celebrated Era poet.

Mr. J. R. Frierson and wife and child arrived in town from Portland, and were warmly greeted by old friends. Their baby for personal beauty would take the prize anywhere, and is full of music as a music-box, and if she lives will undoubtedly make a prima donna in the world of song.

Mr. Johnson, trader at Fullerton Landing will soon leave for Rogue River. Mr. Johnson lost a leg the first part of the late war. He will have a pension of \$10 per month under the new law lately passed.

Mr. W. H. Whitney has rented the Taylor place in the woods with its beautiful creek for a chicken and duck ranch, and Mr. Obed Blakesley has rented for a term of years the Taylor Island farm for a hog ranch.



The leading Scientists of today agree that most diseases are caused by diseased Kidneys or Liver. If, therefore, the Kidneys and Liver are kept in perfect order, perfect health will be the result. This truth has only been known a short time and for years people suffered great agony without being able to find relief. The discovery of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure marks a new era in the treatment of these troubles. Made from a simple tropical leaf of rare value, it contains just the elements necessary to nourish and invigorate both of these great organs, and safely restore and keep them in order. It is a POSITIVE REMEDY for all the diseases that cause pain in the lower part of the body—for Torpid Liver—Headaches—Jaundice—Dizziness—Gravel—Fever, Ague—Malarial Fever, and all difficulties of the Kidneys, Liver and Urinary Organs. It is an excellent and safe remedy for females during Pregnancy. It will control Menstruation and is invaluable for Leucorrhoea or Filling of the Womb. As a Blood Purifier it is unequalled, for it cures the organs that MAKE the blood. This Remedy, which has done such wonders, is put up in the LARGEST SIZED BOTTLE of any medicine upon the market, and is sold by Druggists and all dealers at \$1.25 per bottle. For Diabetes, enquire for WARNER'S SAFE DIABETES CURE. It is a POSITIVE REMEDY. H. H. WARNER & CO. Rochester N. Y.

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.

We have received *Health's Colic & Journal*. It is a very interesting paper and well worthy perusal.

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