

THE COLUMBIAN.

St. Helen, Columbia Co., Or.

FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1882.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.	
1 year, in advance.....	\$2 00
6 months ".....	1 50
3 months ".....	1 00

ADVERTISING RATES:	
One square (10 lines) first insertion.....	\$2 00
Each subsequent insertion.....	1 00

E. G. ADAMS, Editor & Proprietor.

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

[Concluded.]
Chinese wages will not get an American who has to support a family very fat. We never heard of any member of our class dying of the gout. Here is something a man in California who worked his life about out trying to compete with cheap labor wrote:

It warn't just much of a place I had
Down thar in the Sacramento valley;
Only a homestead, but, good or bad,
'Twas all I owned when I married Sallie.

I'd worked as long as Jacob had worked
To get this home for my little beauty—
Worked hard, you bet you, and never shirked,
And fair or foul was on deck for duty.

And so, when I had money enough
To buy the homestead and put her in it,
You cannot blame me, though times was rough,
If I warn't willing to wait a minute.

Foolish, I grant you; I see it now,
But shoo—thar isn't no use in prating;
I wed without the price of a cow,
After six long years of work and waiting.

I owned the homestead, a tidy block,
Well fenced and set in the river's forage;
But what is the farm without the stock?
Like a darned fool I slapped on a mortgage.

Well, I furnished up the house a bit;
I paid, very like, too big a sum for't;
But, then, my gal was to live in it—
To hum she'd allers been used to comfort.

So I went to work. The land was good;
I allers was called way up in labor;
The farm was mine, and I understood
How men work harder for self than neighbor.

We dodged along for a little while,
Not poor exactly, not yet in clover,
Still, I was rich in my gal's bright smile,
Each evening at hum when work was over.

That mortgage gave me a heap o' thought—
I've often fancied on mornings sunny
I could see a shadow lying athwart
The furrow I plowed. 'Twas that cursed
money.

But pretty soon the trouble began;
It came this way, for in my position,
A married, yet single-working man,
I couldn't live through the competition.

What could I do with my single arm?—
Every man in the whole broad valley
Had Chinese help and a bigger farm,
Crushing the life out of me and Sallie.

Chinamen living on rice and beans;
Chinamen toiling from dawn till nightfall;
Chinamen working in times between;
And I alone! Now does it seem rightful?

I couldn't stand it, I tell you frank;
I'd work till I dropped in any weather;
But fighting coolies, you'd bust a bank
Just to keep body and soul together.

Look here; you're fresh from the East, you say;
There the men grumble at their condition.
How would they like fifty cents a day—
That's coolie wages—for competition?

Right here, right here in this very spot,
The yellow plague is gathered and focused;
They're killing the state with their slow, dry rot,
Eating it up like a Kansas locust.

co ever were. We must lay aside politics and go in for the good of the country if we want to celebrate many more Fourth of Julys. Mammon cares not for people or country, gold and power he craves, he sneers at your tottering form, laughs at your three score years; to get his cent per cent he will tear down your lowly yet honest roof and graze his cattle on the spot it covered. Your sons unable to learn trades will go to the bad, and your fair daughters will become the playthings of these wretches who having been enriched by a generous people would now push us down to starvation terms and take all there is left. Am I not right? Look at the murder of Garfield who was a friend to the people. See the rings formed in the country. Vanderbilt, Gould, Claus Spreckles, Stanford and a few others with more land and money than would pay the National debt. See the country full of paupers, see the readiness with which the military is furnished to these men to quell any agitation of the people, see laws passed making it a felony for labor to ask higher pay from capital. See how the people are plundered by unconstitutional acts and the laws passed to further increase the power of these men and keep down the poor. Read back if your memory don't inform you, then remember the republics that existed before and of the liberties of the people not even remembrance remains. Do this, and remember that history but repeats itself, and if you don't agree with me that our country and our liberties are in danger I will say that I am mistaken. We all love our country and glory in our freedom, we revere our ancestors, we are ready to fight for flag and country at any time, yet we are slow to perceive danger. We never do and never have, and never will till the blood of our people reddens the earth, and we have to settle by war what we should have settled by good laws rigidly enforced in time of peace.

I claim with you a share in all the love you may have and pride you may take in our country, and for my wife and children I claim the same. I want to see our country go on to last forever the main place of Freedom in the world. But like you I want to see equal rights before the courts and Congress for the poorest as well as for the richest and not allow a self appointed few who style themselves "the wealth and intellect of the country to dictate to courts, Congress and people in a manner more arrogant than the autocrat of Russia would assume.

I copy some items from a New York paper that will show that some of our aristocrats have said and done and intended doing if they can.

"The rumor published some time ago that Vanderbilt had procured the title of Prince for his son is true. On his last visit to Europe he paid the Pope ten thousand dollars to confer on his son the title of Prince of Rome. This will just suit the shoddy aristocrats who educated abroad early learn to despise our institutions and who worship the meanest specimen of humanity if it has a title." Another says: "We see in the Berlin Zeitung of Feb. 23 an article that may be news to many of our citizens," Count Von Linden who lately spent two months in the United States has returned. He was given a dinner in New York the day before he sailed for home. Mr. Cyrus W. Field of Cable fame presided at the dinner, and there were present only nine persons, all members of the Manhattan Club and the wealthiest men in New York. From them the Count learned that the common people in the United States, though allowed to vote, have no choice in the selection of candidates, and that it is only a question of time when the form of the government will be changed and an empire established. They think the people now see the failure of a popular government and for the sake of better wages and all that they can purchase will consent to a change of the form of government. If that is done there are numbers of our aristocracy who will consent to go there and purchase estates." Commenting on this the paper says: "Cyrus W. Field was set wild by medals and titles conferred on him by foreign governments, and his intercourse with the lazy nobility of Europe has engrained in his little soul only contempt for our people and our government. He is the man who erected a statue to Andre who was hanged as a spy by Washington. Had he common sense he would know that he treads on dangerous ground.

The people put up with two much from his class. We allow them to run our State Legislatures, our Courts and the Congress of the United States, to

starve and crush our laborers, to steal from the Treasury millions on millions of money and to seize upon more Government land than is cultivated by all the rest of the people. We hope they will proclaim an Empire. In the short time they survive such proclamation they will find out that lightning can't strike quicker or more effectively than can the outraged American people. Let that come and the reign of such men will soon be over and the voice of the people once more be a power in our land. This country does not yet belong to a few Vanderbilts, Stanfords, Camerons, Grants, Tildens, and Fields as they will find out. Gentlemen we are ready for your proclamation."

Once destroy our laboring classes and break up those of moderate wealth and where is our country? These Shylocks would have to prey on each other till all were devoured.

Major Adams in his paper says that the republican party here ought to have given me something. You on Clatskanie know very well that I belong to no political party, and want no office and the republican party owe me nothing. I am for breaking up both of the old parties, and throwing out our National bosses and putting in good men of the people, who instead of ruling the people will remember as did Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Lincoln and Garfield that they are servants of the people, and not paid agents of the cursed corruptionists who wish to perpetuate a rule of the monied aristocracy and crush out all thoughts of freedom and liberty from the people.

I thank you for your kind attention. May you all live to enjoy many a glorious fourth. May you and all the people succeed in every legitimate undertaking. May a thousand liberty loving families people up our rich hills and valleys, and keep out the land grabbers. May all have plenty to do and be able to do it, and have plenty to eat and to wear and a competence in old age, and may the whole world soon celebrate days made sacred to the freedom of man as we do our national holidays. And may we become unnecessary even by people struggling for their rights, and impossible for those who "govern by divine rights."

Our New York Letter.

Special Correspondence of the COLUMBIAN,
NEW YORK, July 8, 1882.

The Russian Jews, unhappy victims of a senseless, brutal persecution, hardly paralleled in the history of the human race, continue to arrive in large numbers. Over 12,000 have already landed. Employment has been provided for nearly all, but the charitable Jews of New York, who have labored day and night for so long to aid their suffering co-religionists, are at their wit's end to know what to do if any more exiles are thrown upon their hands. They are by no means cleanly in their habits, and although intelligent and willing to work, are physically incapable to perform severe manual labor. An Irish wag, in a speech last night, enumerated the disadvantages resulting from the immigration of refugees and wound up thus:

"He is dirty, unfit for hard labor, poor as Pats pig, and can't shpake English as good as uz can win we are babies. I can say this much more of the Jew—he brews trouble every day wid the police."

As for "trouble wid the police," it is a question whether the Geoghegans, the McCartlys, the O'Shaughnessys and the tribe of Murphys, are not a point or two ahead, as our jail and prison records would seem to indicate. But it were well for the Russian Jews who are awaiting transportation, to call to mind this old Polish precept, and to act in accordance therewith: "Niepepsz wiepsza piepskin, Posapiepsish wiepsza piepskin." Which means, literally, "Don't pepper your pig with too much salt, or you'll not be able to eat it." This, construed liberally, may be thus rendered: "Don't anticipate the delights of deglutition, and don't believe when you reach the land of the free, and the home of the brave, you will each receive 160 acres and a mule, to gether with gold enough to start a Clatham Street clothing-store or a pawnbroker's shop on the Bowery. If you do, you'll meet with 99 per cent of disappointment."

SCORE ONE FOR THE STRIKERS.
The striking freight handlers have gained a victory, the Southern Railroad of New Jersey having agreed to pay the 20 cents an hour for overtime. As this is the only road that has made the concession, it is the only one for which the freights were moved yesterday, with in-

telligence and efficiency. A large number of Russian Jews have refused to continue work, and as they and the Italians seem to be utterly unable to contend with the accumulation of freight, the other companies will be obliged to let them go, and the old hands will fall in again, notwithstanding the fact that some of the companies continue to advertise for German workman. The railroad companies must give in. They are at a tremendous expense; because they must employ twice the usual number of men at the old rate, and hundreds of special police at wages running from \$2.50 to \$3.50 per day; and the waste and confusion of the freight business, are astounding. Goods consigned to Philadelphia are sent to Chicago, and freight intended for Cincinnati finds its way to Boston, or gets no farther than Yonkers. Cheese, butter and all other perishable materials are being ruined at the rate of thousands of dollars a week; and before long the suffering merchants of the City, who are a power when they wish to be, will make the purse-proud railroad magnates howl.

THE NEW MYSTERY.

The murder of ex-detective William Keely, on Wednesday night, at Sixth Avenue and 14th St., is still a puzzle to the police. Yesterday, Henry Finlay, a young commission broker, who was present when the assault was made on Keely, was arrested. He says he did not see the man struck, but saw him stagger and fall. He was assaulted by one of a noisy company composed of four Cubans, one Frenchman, two Americans.

WANTED—A POPULATION.

While New York is groaning because of the uncomfortable influx of needy foreigners, Hawaii is yearning for an addition to her population. It is understood that an agent of King Kalakaua is on his way to New York to intercept some of the Russian Jews and Italians, and offer them flattering inducements to become subjects of the dusky monarch.

Another rumor is to the effect that efforts are to be made to lure the Chinese over in large numbers. We cannot very well spare the *Chow Chows*, the *Yee-Wahs*, the *Hip-Tongs*, and the *Sing-His*, who do much of our laundry work, here; but San Francisco will no doubt gladly welcome King Kalakaua's representatives, and do everything in her power to induce John Chinaman to migrate.

A NEW DEPARTMENT.

The brewers of New York and its vicinity have given notice that they will hereafter so far respect the feelings of the serious part of the community, as to refrain from delivering beer to their customers, on Sunday. This is making a virtue of necessity; for their action is due to the refusal of their drivers to work on that day. Should the saloon keepers now give that holiday to their bar-tenders, they would earn the lasting gratitude of a great many people, sinners, as well as saints. As things are now, and have been for some years, the excise law is a dead letter; and on Sunday, the bibulous man, by slipping in at the side door of any saloon, in the City, can get all the liquid stimulant he may stand in need of. Fact is, that the excise law and some others are like the figures in the barber's window—more for mock than mark.

STUYVESANT SQUARE.
This is a lovely breathing-place, a delightful spot of greenery, lying between East 15th and 17th Streets, and bisected by Second Avenue. It is the property of St. George's Church congregation, whose double-towered temple of worship stands on the west side. The square was donated to the Church by one of the descendants of Gov. Peter Stuyvesant, with the stipulation that it should be closed at sunset, and that no dogs should ever be allowed within its gates. Here is where a local poet was "loafing and inviting his soul," after the manner of Walt Whitman, when he nursed his faithful companion, Aballiboozlanganoribo. Filled with dread lest that wonderful dog should have fallen into the hands of the "Ketchers" and carted off to the pound to be asphyxiated, the poet rushed to the park entrance, where he discovered the animal seated on the pavement studying the warning on the iron gate. "No dogs admitted to this park." Last evening, just before the time when sunset is announced by the big mounted 24 pounder at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, I entered Stuyvesant Square, to learn how it was occupied when the gun fired. The boom of the big gun was answered by a shrill whistle in the mouth of a stout man in the square and forthwith the men, women and children began to flock toward the gates.

But down in the South Eastern corner sat a loving couple, deaf to all sounds, save those of their own voices. The stout man became indignant, and still blowing shrill blasts from his penny trumpet, stalked toward the corner. "I say, what are you people doing there?" said he, angrily. "Didn't you hear the whistle?" "Yes, we heard the whistle," said the whiskered half of the loving pair, "but we thought it was somebody calling a dog."

Then the whiskered half walked off sadly, to carry on their courtship elsewhere, while the throng at the gate gave them a glance of pity, as they passed.

CHIPS.

The Salvation Army of Brooklyn has been put to rout by one man with a garden hose, and another man with a paste pot. The general sentiment of the community is, that the "Army" is a nuisance, and that it should be abated, but not by means of water and paste.—A child is born this week in Harlem, weighing only half a pound.—Congressman John H. Starin gave a free excursion up the Hudson to 3,000 paupers from the Five Points.

Our Washington Letter.

[From our Regular Correspondent.]
WASHINGTON, D. C., July 8, 1882.

The season of preparation for summer at the watering places has merged into summer itself and groups of gay and happy tourists, clad in the richest and brightest of colors, are to be seen on every side. In this city the opening of July caused a general feminine flitting, the breaking up of many charming homes. With the departure of their families Senators and members took refuge in the hotels and now resignedly await the close of the session. Dullness is sitting down in every quarter where scenes of gayety prevail in the winter season. Parks, avenues, theatres, club windows, hotel steps, are abandoned to strangers for the next two months.

The recent discussion on political assessments in both houses of Congress has excited general attention and, taken in connection with the Hubbell-Curtis controversy over the assessment circulars, will have a depressing effect on the financial scheme of the Congressional committee. Political assessments, or assessments of Federal office-holders for political purposes, will probably never become a national issue from the fact that it has been the custom of both political parties to levy tribute of this nature, but this fact cannot disguise the evil effects of the system. It is essential idea of the spoils system that the offices should be made to support the party. There are clerks here to day who are still paying ten per cent. a month on what they borrowed to pay their campaign assessment. I mean "voluntary contribution" with tears in their eyes, knowing it deprived their children of clothes for school or that it compelled them to violate their honor.

The one public measure of importance which has passed the House of Representatives displays the incapacity of the present Congress even more distinctly than what it has left undone. The revision of the tariff having been put off the House undertook to revive the internal revenue laws in order to relieve the country from needless taxation. After muddling over the subject for half a year what is the result? The removal of a few petty stamp taxes on patent medicines, perfumery and the like, to which nobody objects and which costs nothing to collect and the reduction of the tax on cigarettes, which ought to be taxed out of existence. That is the sum of reform. The whole costly machinery of the internal revenue service remains.

The House of Representatives was yesterday again the scene of an encounter of words, in which Messrs. Robeson, of New Jersey, and Whitthorne of Tennessee, were the principals, and in which the amenities of debate were grossly violated. Mr. Robeson, in closing the debate on the naval appropriation bill not content with a general defense of his administration of the Navy Department, without mentioning any names, referred in bitterest tones to Mr. Whitthorne, whom he accused of "purloining the public school funds of the State," and with bringing his brother from his Tennessee home to take a contract under an administration to which he was politically inimical. Goaded by the severity of Mr. Robeson's language, Mr. Whitthorne seems to have lost his temper, for he quickly pronounced Mr. Robeson's charge "a lie, whoever tells it or who ever repeats it," and concluded by "branding on the forehead of Mr. Robeson the words 'falshood and perjury.'"

At this point the matter was dropped the participants having exhausted their abuse.

My letter giving the items of expenses of the Congressional spree to York town has made some of the Congressmen rather sensitive. There is a probability, however, that we shall finally know about the disgraceful matter attending Garfield's funeral. The more these things are exposed the better will be the chance of preventing any more such exhibitions.

Upon the reassembling of the Criminal Court this morning to continue the star-route trials, Judge Wylie remarked that he saw that the case had been going on in the newspapers since the adjournment of the court. "I don't know what progress the newspapers have made," he continued, "may be they have found a verdict." Mr. Merrick today authorized a denial of the rumor of a disagreement among the counsel for the government in the star-route cases, growing out of the alleged suppression by Mr. Bliss of certain newly discovered evidences of the most important character. At a conference of government counsel this morning it was agreed that the grand jury should be immediately reconvened and another set of indictments framed.

Dr. Lamb's official report of the autopsy made upon the body of Guiteau immediately after his execution is published to day. It is the opinion of the learned editor of the medical journal to which the report was first transmitted for publication that it presents nothing to indicate that assassin was of unsound mind.

A Trip to the Cowlitz.

A week ago last Monday we made a trip with our family to Toledo. We went on the steamer *Toledo*; arrived there quite late in the evening and found it a flourishing settlement. This Cowlitz Valley is an empire in itself, and is fast filling up with settlers. The land is of excellent quality, and water communication and railroads are handy. A liberal appropriation from Congress is needed for the Cowlitz river, and then the steamboats could go 30 miles above Toledo, and open for settlement an immense region. No one has an idea what a chance there is opened for any one wishing a splendid home.

Captain Joseph Kellogg is the Cortez that has opened this *Terra Incognita* to the public by pushing his steamboats through rocks and drifts and snags to the heart of this invaluable kingdom. His boats are daily loaded with the treasures of this region. This is not a new country, but an old one resurrected into a higher, nobler life of activity.

On the way we became acquainted with Mr. Hodges and family, connected by marriage with the Meeker family, also with Mrs. Mitchell. We found them, people of culture and refinement. Hodges and Mitchell start a shingle mill at Castle Rock. Mr. Mitchell was formerly an editor and Mr. Hodges is a pensioner, and belonged to the old Army of the Potomac whence he bears noble scars. He was in a Michigan or Wisconsin regiment, we forget which; but it is all the same, wherever he came from he acted well his part in the great drama of the Rebellion.

We found a nice clean bed at the hotel, and had excellent fare on the boat; all the ladies go their pile on the steward of the *Toledo*, and if he fills the bill with them in the matter of cookery, he can pass without an onion. The air on the river was invigorating and delicious. Woods and Caples have a big store at Toledo. There are besides two or three other stores, a shoe shop, drug store, kept by Dr. Boyce, a saloon by Mike Dunnegan, a hotel by Mr. Shultz. J. M. Dinsmore has a fine ranch a mile and a half from the river, and has raised a fine crop. He found a skeleton of a man on his claim. There was a dollar and a half in the skeleton's pocket, so if he was dead, he was not dead broke. Very consoling thought in this country!

We started back on Tuesday, but only got as far as Freeport. We met on the boat Miss Smith, sister of Mrs. Candler Huntington, and quite a number of interesting ladies and gentlemen. We had some excellent berths on the *Joseph Kellogg* by special invitation of the Captain, and came up on that boat. Mr. Burroughs, the steward, was very attentive and made everything very pleasant. Mrs. Orin Kellogg and daughters were on board, an amiable and beautiful lady, formerly a Westfall of Washington Co.

George Foster's house on the Columbia River has a fine appearance, and the scenery seemed uncommonly beautiful, as we came up to St. Helen.