The Oregon Argus.

W. L. Adams, - - - Editor.

SALEM:

MONDAY, JUNE 8, 1863.

Rather Green.

Our neighbor says:

"A letter of John R. McBride appears in the last *Abolition Airgoose*, in which there is a thinly disguised endeavor to injure Senator Nesmith by *apologizing* for him, and bespattering him with faint praise. If he wishes to accomplish his object, he must select some other vehicle, as Senator Nesmith neither has, or desires to have, any support from the backers of that bran bread, spiritual-niggerite concern."

We don't think the "injury" Nesmith will sustain in Oregon from the publication of M'Bride's letter will be very considerable—neither do you. We don't know that Senator Nesmith desires our "support," or covets our opposition—neither do we care. We shall continue to deal justly with him, as with all other men. We see no particular reason just now for taking your tack in trying to create the impression that Nesmith is particularly thick with us, in order to increase our po[illegible] Not sailing in a personal orga[illegible] not having any particular des[illegible] who don't like our society [illegible] more agreeabl[illegible] such [illegible] cians as have faith in the outcome of the copperheads and believe that the leaders of the party here will again take you into fellowship, should crawl into the hold of your dug-out. We don't yet believe however that Nesmith, who is a man of at least good common sense would endorse your statement that he desires 'no support' from our "backers," unless he is docked of all aspirations, and has concluded to retire from public life, and go to keeping a grocery. We believe, if he was here he would take you across his knee, and spank you soundly for your unauthorized and foolish meddling. A politician who talks after your style, may be set down as a very weak man. No man of brains, of *any* party ever thus makes an ass of himself. Poor Wait, on the canvass for Congress, thought it smart to proclaim every where he went that he didn't want any of our "backers" to vote for him. We don't know but that he feels prouder to-day of his position as a defeated and politically damned politician for all time, than he would if he had succeeded in being elected to Congress by other than the votes of copperheads. If he does, it only shows more conclusively *the littleness of the man.*

Grover once had it in his power to go to the United States Senate, by simply accepting a few Republican votes that were tendered to him in the Legislature. The Lane men, anxious to defeat him and elect Delazon Smith, and believing Grover to be the saphead we told them he was, got the poor nummy to sign a declaration that he ☞ "*didn't want to be elected to the U. S. Senate by the aid of Black Republican votes*"!! That of course did the work for him among the Republicans, while the Lane men, whom he had foolishly hoped to rally to his support by this "democratic" pronunciamento, had him just where they wanted him—cut off by his own act from all hope of reinforcements from those that had the power to save him, and had volunteered to do so if he wished. *He* was a good sample of a general who prefers to suffer a disastrous and disgraceful defeat in a battle, to winning a victory by the aid of nigger regiments. It may be very good *democratic* policy, but it is an unnatural one, and humanity every where revolts at it. The world applauds the *successful* general, no matter what soldiers, white, black, or red, compose the rank and file of his army—while he who sacrifices his army by refusing proffered aid that he chooses to stick up his nose at, on account of the color of their skin or the cut of their clothes, is sure to be written down as less than a man, and be despised by everybody who has a soul above that of a "*tarrapin.*" Grover of course was led by his stupidity into a trap. He trod on the figure 4 with his own feet, felt something "drap," and soon found himself peering through the cracks of his cage at Republicans, who pointed the finger of scorn and loathing at him, and Jolane democrats, who laughed in their sleeves at his stupidity, while the two or three friends he once had were seen with their backs turned walking away from him with [illegible] most sovereign contempt a[illegible]gust. We [illegible] Salem at the time,—saw the [illegible] balted—witness [illegible] the going [illegible] of the animal—and laugh[illegible] heartily [illegible] see him gnaw away at the nubbin of democratic corn that graced the trigger. Now this, by men of the mental caliber of Wait and Grover, who are such abject partisans that they would, at the order from the oracle of the party, walk into a brush heap on fire, even if it singed their pin-feathers all off, will be considered a species of political Gnosticism that is sure to make saints of them. A sad mistake. Few men have mortified the flesh by sitting naked on a cold stone floor and starving themselves, in some convent of political Jesuits, long enough to see through the optics of such political saints as Grover and Wait.—Man in his natural state revolts at such abasement; and there isn't to-day a Long Tom democrat who has a healthy heart thumping under his dirty shirt that would *like* to vote for either Wait or Grover.

We are almost certain that Nesmith has too much sense to join the church where Asahel officiates at the altar, and Wait and Grover are the deacons. The blockhead who announces Nesmith's intention to straddle the trigger that let the trap fall on Grover, has most likely acted upon the suggestions of his *own brain*—a lymphatic development that couldn't possibly see that any man could fail to plow his way into the United States Senate without the "support" of any party in particular,—especially if he happened to have loose change to the amount of about ☞ "*eight hundred dollars.*" ☜ *Our* platform is different. It is the platform that Delazon Smith placed himself on pending the Senatorial election—and it is the platform that all politicians of all parties, who have any brains, stand on the world over.—Here it is. Whenever we come out for office, we *want to win*—and that by the *biggest possible majority.* We want all Union men to vote for us, whether republicans or democrats. Then we want all the copperhead votes we can get. In the next place, if there is any democratic law permitting niggers to vote, such as we had for twenty-nine years in Virginia, we want, just as John Randolph did *then*, all the niggers to vote for us who feel like doing so. Lastly, *after the niggers have all voted*, if we still lack *one* vote of being elected, ☞ *we wouldn't object to have Asahel walk up and cast that vote.*

In the meantime, you needn't trouble you[illegible] stage for himself when he returns. You cannot however drive us into an assault on him, by trying to make us believe that he is a fool, a virulent copperhead, and a dirty dog generally, in asserting that he intends to train in your gang of two or three dozen rotten "conservatives," who have left the Union party, and, failing of making an entrance into the copperhead camp where O'Meara and Pat Malone stand guard for General T'Vault, are now shivering in your nakedness, out in the cold.

ST. LOUIS ELECTION.—There were three parties which ran candidates at the late charter election in St. Louis. C. J. Filley was the candidate for mayor on the "charcoal" ticket, his uncle O. D. Filley was run for the same office by the "claybanks," while J. O'Neil was the nag trotted out by the copperheads. Young Filley, the "charcoal," beat his old "claybank" uncle 1500 majority, and left the copperhead O'Neil behind to the tune of 3,000. The "charcoals" are those who believe in carrying the war into Africa, and ridding Missouri of the curse of slavery as soon as possible. The ticket was supported by business men, the solid yeomanry, and wide awake Young America generally. The "claybanks" are for the war, and gradual emancipation, and their candidate was supported by cautious, slow-moving men, old fogies, and spavined "Wigs." The copperheads are those who call themselves "democrats." They are opposed to the war, are willing to eat any amount of dirt to placate the rebels, and all of them render why a ham of bacon should go up in one scale when a heaven-born principle is thrown in the other. Their ticket was voted by underground cellar grogsellers, and bummers for brothels, by pro-slavery butternuts, and the riff-raff of society generally. You always see them announced in copperhead sheets as "conservatives." That kind of cattle it seems are not as plenty in St. Louis as in New York.

Where is Patrick?

CORVALLIS, May 20, 1863.

ED. ARGUS: Does anybody know what has become of St. Patrick? When he handed over the 'Union' office to Sheriff Alexander, he went off south, giving out that he was going to start a leading democratic organ at Portland, to be run on a huge "power press" (about forty horse, I believe), to be bought with money that would probably be contributed by leading democrats on Long Tom. Upon consulting with old Dock Richardson he concluded that he would have to take off thirty-nine horses, and content himself with a *one horse* "power" establishment, and that Patrick would have to "*tread*" the machine himself. It is said that that proposition was further modified by the democratic caucus called a day or two after to consult about a "leading organ," and subscribe the money to buy a "power machine." The "korkus" is said to have resolved as follows:

"Resolved, by the dimmyeratick korkus of the long Tom Demockrasy that in vu of the hard Times caused by the unconstutional abolition war Tackses that this Korkus deems it best for the present that in lyin a 'power' consarn to print a organ on, our editter be and he is hearby requested to by one of them kind of power fixins such as is used on *dey churns*, and that each member of this Korkus give twenty-five sents to the konterbushin fond, and that the seekretary of this korkus be instructed to korrespond with asahel hush and assertain whether he is willing to konsolidate the two papers and tread the mill for patrick Malone, [illegible] whether [illegible] Portland, as some of our secession democracy are reporting, and whether the "eight hundred dollar animal" is to tread it? V. P.

We are not able to give our correspondent any light on so dark a subject. We suppose however that Patrick has got his "power press," and is staying in San Francisco to learn how to unship it from a *churn*, and gear it to "*a organ.*"

☞ Dr. McBride, Commissioner to the Sandwich Islands, selected Mr. J. L. Barnard, of Corvallis, as secretary of legation. The Commissioner's pay is $7500 per annum. Out of this he has to pay his secretary, as the Government neither furnishes him an outfit nor pays a secretary, as has been supposed by some. Both of these gentlemen left on the Brother Jonathan, which crossed the Columbia bar on the morning of the 27th.

"RED NIGGERS."—"Malignant" says:

"The Boston Commonwealth is a radical republican paper. It is very radical—as much so as the red and black niggers abolition Airgoose."

We can't conceive what you mean by the "red and black niggers," unless it be the young aborigines who are said to have Copperhead, African, and Indian blood in their veins. You can't throw *them* upon our hands, Asahel—you can't *near* do it.

Don't be Fooled.

The "*democratic* convention" closed its labors at Vancouver, W. T., on the 29th ult., by nominating for Congress Geo. E. Cole, formerly a steamboatman on the Willamette river, to run against J. O. Raynor, the Union candidate nominated at the same place on the 25th ult. Mr. Cole makes strong professions of Unionism, though he was nominated by a Convention where Copperheads worked with, ate with, and *slept* with just such "Union" men as Cole. Owing his nomination to such cattle, and leaning on their shoulders for support, if elected, he must needs do some *dirty* work in Congress to meet the expectations of the slimy seals that swam with him across the Hellespont he desires a safe passage over. Our Union friends over in Washington may prepare themselves for witnessing on the canvass all sorts of *deception.* Democracy now-a days never comes before the people but to *hoodwink* and *deceive*; to get office so that it can *betray.* It betrays only *Union* men—Copperheads never regret having supported a "*democratic* ticket." Cole is no stumper, we believe, but he will be able to "drap a few remarks" at all the places [illegible] said Judge [illegible] to do the [illegible] speak [illegible] while Col. Chapman, another apostate Whig friend of ours, will close the exercises with an exhortation.

Our neighbors over the Columbia may look out for a great deal of "Union" thunder on the stump. "*A more vigorous prosecution of the war*"!! the "*last rebel in the last ditch*"!! and all that sort of thing, will no doubt be played on the stump on a harp of a thousand strings, to *deceive* Union men, while the orators will make it all right with the seceshers, by treating them to whisky, and going home and *sleeping* with them. Is a real, sound-hearted Union man to endorse by his vote the loyalty of a man who was nominated by the aid of Copperhead votes, when he *knows* that at the coming election there isn't in the whole Territory a Copperhead, who belts his butcher-knife around the waist of his dirty shirt, who will not stop grabbling potatoes, shoulder his rifle, and start off with his dogs, to cast a vote for Cole, and get treated to a dram? A few years ago, Judge Strong, who was sent here in 1850 as a Whig appointee of a Whig administration, was unsparing in his abuse of the democracy of *that* day. By way of ridiculing them, he used to tell the crowds that he happened among, that he had invented a machine for making democrats, which he called "*democracy made easy in seven lessons.*" His "*machine*" consisted of an inclined plane of seven sections. The first section, upon which the candidate for democratic honors was greased and seated, had but a very *gradual* downward slope, the second section was *more* descending, while each succeeding one had an increased angle of declination, which increased the velocity of the candidate, downwards, till he reached the seventh, *which hung straight down*, and let the fellow "drap" into the mire of a sudden. The Judge being fond of whisky, was in the habit, while exhibiting this "machine" for a treat, to get on the thing, just to show the boys how it operated. On one occasion, after having made *several* drinks by repeating the explanation, a wag of a democrat slushed the seat of the Judge's pants just as he was getting up for the last ride. The consequence was, the Judge on mounting found himself *sliding down.* He was too drunk, the machine was too steep, and he was too well greased, to save himself, and he soon "*drapped*" down the last section into democratic mire, where he has been wallowing, half blinded with mud, ever since.

Col. Chapman was *also* a Whig, till 1851, when Judge Pratt had occasion to order his imprisonment for contempt of court at Hillsboro. The Colonel escaped to Portland, but was pursued by the Sheriff, seized, and tied on a horse to be carried back, *with his face towards the horse's tail.* This is a *fact*, and from the moment the Colonel found himself wrong side before on the horse, he began to experience a corresponding *political* change, and he has been facing the *rump* of the democratic beast ever since.

No more suitable worthies could be found to stump the Territory in behalf of democracy, than these apostate Whigs that went over to sectionalism, as soon as they were convinced that, in order to secure the friendship of nigger-drivers, all politicians must become driven niggers. Let them both attend the sojournings of Mr. Cole, during his pilgrimage in search of democratic votes. Let the Judge go along to exhibit his "*machine*"; but *let no Union man get on it.* Let the Judge put *Col. Chapman* on it, *Cole* on it, get on it *himself*, or put a *butternut* on it—any body but a *Union man.* Let Col. Chapman illustrate "progressive democracy" by riding his animal *tail foremost.* Then let the *people, the bone and sinew* of Washington Territory, *the honest, intelligent yeomanry*, who understand the mighty issues of the day, have patriotic hearts throbbing in their bosoms, and loathe deception, *vote for Raynor*, and thus dig the political grave of Cole. Let them make a *deep hole*, so that "Skookum" may rig up his machine over it, on which Cole can seat himself, and "drap" down into political oblivion—unwept, unhonored, and *unhung.*

MURDERER ESCAPED.—Bunton who killed Daniel Cogdel at Coppel last winter was arrested by Deputy Sheriff Hodges, at that place a few days since, and turned over to Sheriff Witman. He had been in custody but a few hours before he made his escape.

Details of the Late Battles.

Special dispatches contain the following in relation to the battles of the 16th and 17th:

Champion Hill, (20 miles east of Vicksburg), May 16th.—Early this morning McClernand's corps were put in motion. Hovey's division was on the main road from Jackson to Vicksburg, but the balance of the corps was a few miles to the southward, on a parallel road. McPherson's corps followed Hovey's division closely. At 9 o'clock Hovey discovered the enemy in front on Champion Hill, to the left of the road, in the rear of Baker's creek, apparently in force. Skirmishers were thrown out, and the division advanced cautiously and slowly to give McPherson's advance division, under Logan, time to come within supporting distance. Gen. Hovey's corps advanced across the open field at the foot of Champion Hill in line of battle. At 11 o'clock he commenced the battle. The hill itself was covered with timber, and is in fact but an abrupt terminus of the high ridge running north and south, flanked on both sides by deep ravines and gullies, and in many places covered with an almost impenetrable growth of scrubby white oak and bushes. The rebels appeared deficient of artillery throughout the battle, but opened with rather heavy fire from a four gun battery of rifled expounders, planted about 400 yards back from the brow of the hill. The woods on [illegible] sides of the road leading up the [illegible] and winding b[illegible] the ridge for a mile or more, were filled with sharpshooters supported by infantry. Here the battle began in earnest, as our men entered the heavy timber, and raged terribly from 11 o'clock till between 3 and 4 P. M. Hovey's division carried the hights in gallant style, making a dash on the battery, driving the gunners from their posts and capturing the pieces. The rebels lay thick in the vicinity of their guns. Their horses were more than half killed; the gun carriages and caisons were broken and overturned, while knapsacks, blankets, small arms and other debris attested the deadly struggle for the ground. The colors of the 31st Alabama were captured there also. At this juncture the rebels appeared to be reinforced with fresh troops on that wing, and redoubled their efforts to hold their position and dislodge our troops on the hill. Hovey was slowly driven back to the brow, but a brigade from Gen. Quinby was ordered to his support, and the ground was speedily recovered by us. The rebels were finally repulsed. At the commencement of the engagement Gen. Logan's division marched past the brow of the hill, forming a line of battle on the right of Hovey, and advanced in grand style, sweeping everything before them. At the edge of the wood in front of Logan the battle was of the most desperate character imaginable. The rattle of musketry was incessant from the first moment of the engagement, blending in one continuous and deadly roar. The reports were so blended that a single discharge was rarely heard. Not a man flinched or a line wavered in this division. All behaved like veterans, and moved to new positions with the cautious tread of victory. Two batteries were captured by this division, and enough hard fighting done to immortalize it. Besides this, it captured a large number of prisoners, small arms, etc. Between three and four o'clock Gen'ls Osterhaus' and M'Arthur's divisions came into action on the extreme left, and completed what had so auspiciously commenced forward. They were both miles away when the engagement began, but were brought forward with all the dispatch possible. The enemy were in full retreat soon after, and these divisions pursued till nine o'clock, and they are now engaged at Edward's Station 8 miles beyond the battle ground.

Rebel prisoners state that Pemberton commanded in person. Fitz Hugh Lee, and Griggs, who commanded at the battle near Raymond, and others of note, had subordinate commands.

Black River Bridge, (Twelve miles east of Vicksburg,) May, 17th.—McClernand's corps marched to this place this morning. Osterhaus was in the advance. He found the rebels strongly intrenched on the east bank of the river. Our batteries were soon in position, playing on the enemy's works. At 10 o'clock General Lawler's brigade, of Gen. Carr's division, charged across an open field 200 yards in width, and waded the bayou in front, and swarmed over into the intrenchments. In a moment the enemy were utterly discomfited. 17 cannon were taken inside the works, and 1,500 to 2,000 prisoners were taken. No description can do justice to the intrepidity of the troops composing this brigade. The rebel fire of artillery and musketry was appalling, but they rushed on regardless of death, and literally swept everything before them. A Missouri brigade over 1,200 strong, was cut off by the Eleventh Wisconsin regiment, and surrendered. Gen. Vaughn's brigade was also principally captured. The loss of the 11th Wisconsin was slight. The 21st and 23d Iowa regiments led in the charge, and sustained the principal loss. The Eleventh Wisconsin also captured a stand of colors. Furious cannonading continued all day from the rebel batteries on the other side of the river. They fired the bridge to prevent our crossing. Pontoons have been sent to Sherman's corps, he will cross a few miles above here and attack in flank the force opposite, though it numbers 25,000. Our army is in excellent fighting condition, and the troops think themselves invincible. As Gen. Grant rode in front to-day he was everywhere greeted with tremendous and uproarous shouting and cheering.

This morning two 24-pound howitzers, two 12-pounders and some 6-pound rifled guns were surrendered, with horses, harness and ammunition complete, without a shot a few miles back of the road. These guns became separated from the main body of the rebel army yesterday in the retreat, and were cut off by our advance. The loss in to-day's fighting is not heavy on our side. The number of rebels killed and wounded is unknown. Gen. Osterhaus was slightly wounded, but rode on the field again in a carriage.

FOOLISH.—A Union paper down the river gave Cole a mighty puff on *Saturday* after the nomination at Vancouver, but on *Monday following* took it all back. Saturday's puff will of course be paraded before the butternuts of Washington Territory as a "*high endorsement of their candidate by a Republican paper*"—while *Monday's retraction* will never be presented to butternut eyes. Such is the damage a short sighted, injudicious editor of a paper can do.

THE ASPECT OF THE REBELLION.—Recent telegrams have noticed the interception of a letter from Jeff Davis in which he spoke very despondingly of the prospects of the Slave Confederacy. The rebel journals have informed their unhappy Southern readers that the Confederate President is apprehensive of the worst results unless the people make more strenuous exertions and greater sacrifices—as if it were possible for them to do that! The general tone of the rebel press and authorities is despondent. Their editorials, messages and proclamations are no longer confident and boastful. The five-to-one brag, and the invitation to the Yankee hirelings and cowards to accept the honor of graves at the hand of Southern gentlemen, are displaced by comments upon the unexpected power, persistence and valor of the North, instead of "On to Washington," the cry now is "Defend your firesides." Instead of easy triumph, a long, hard and desperate struggle is anticipated. Sidell, the rebel emissary to Paris, writes home despairing of success. All this is a very mild presentment of the great change that has come over the spirit of the pro-slavery traitors' dream. It could be made stronger by quoting their own words. They have cause enough to despair. They have done their utmost and can never do as much again. Their credit and resources are rapidly ebbing away. Their armies grow weaker with every engagement, whether crowned with victory or defeat. The disinclination [illegible] The bl[illegible] The cry of famine is going up and [illegible] riots have occurred in several States. Their domain has been severed by our fleets and armies on the Mississippi. Their military line is steadily being crowded southward, and the area within their control constantly diminished. The mere lapse of time, under these circumsances, without signal discomfitures in battle, is disastrous to their organized iniquity. The Loyal States and Government on the contrary are stronger and more hopeful than ever before. Their credit was never so good as it is to-day. The securities of the Nation are above par, and its obligations are promptly met. With troops enough in the field to keep crowding the rebellion back and to hold all we gain, the immense power of the conscription is behind as an untouched reserve. The sympathy of foreign nations with our cause was never so strong and demonstrative. Business and industrial pursuits in the free States are in a flourishing condition. We are feeding the poor of Europe out of our superabundance. The public confidence and determination are reasserting themselves to the dismay of mischievous factions, who counted on a reaction against the war. All these facts are indisputable. We do not repeat them for the purpose of raising vain hopes of an immediate ending of the war, because that is not to be expected. The rebels in arms will fight to the limit of complete exhaustion, at the bidding of their wicked leaders; but that limit is approaching; and whether we have or have not brilliant success in battle, it will surely be reached; the momentum of the Union cause is steadily, however slowly, crushing all before it. Success gained in this way may not be the most flattering to the national pride, but in this way we shall save the Union, even without genius at the head of our armies, and without an Austerlitz or a Waterloo.—*Marysville Appeal.*

OUR REASON.—A subscriber writing from Yamhill says:

"I see you carry too many guns for the Copperheads. You have knocked his outer tier of breastworks all into green wood, and driven the "conservative"(?) into his "last ditch," where he tries to shelter his head from barbing hooks of argument and iron ball of facts with such thin, yellow, slab covering as "abolition," "red and black nigger," "Billy-goat," "white hairs," "cheap bread, spiritual-niggerite, abolition Airgoose," "radical abolition fanatic," "Greeley, Sumner, Wade, Andrew, Gerrit Smith, Billy-goat fanatics" &c., &c. Now, if I was in your place, I would take a long pole and stir him out of that."

We thank our friend for his suggestion, but we shall probably continue to be governed by the dictates of our own judgment, rather than to walk by the light of his brains. Does our friend suppose that we are a man of no *mercy?*—that we are so devoid of magnanimity that we would deprive a fallen foe of *his only weapons*, and then prod him to death? Our copperhead neighbor *has no other arguments* than such slang as "abolition," "Billy-goat," &c. Is a man who hasn't been blessed with brains, and who writes for the unwashed and unkempt, who also have but little brain forward of the ears, to be held to a line of *argument?*—or expected to hurl the javelins of wit in place of flinging garbage with a sliver? Would our friend in Yamhill be mean enough to club a polecat to death, after having deprived him of his *only means of defence* by dismounting his essence gun? We think not, and we are sure that our friend upon reflection will agree with us, that the copperhead over the way, in the absence of wit, and argument, ought to be allowed to *stink.*

TRUE—TOO TRUE.—Our "conservative" neighbor says that the "abolition Republicans" are delighted with [illegible] Van Buren's *new* speeches m[illegible] declares that he has got out of the democratic wagon to take it on foot, since he finds the vehicle full of bad smelling "conservatives," or copperheads. Our neighbor says he loves John's *old* speeches, such as he made last fall, when he had symptoms of the copperhead bite disorder. We believe Asahel tells the *truth*, and we feel like doing him the justice to say that we have found one truth in a sheet in which such jewels are about as scarce as eye-teeth in a hen's mouth.

OREGON ARGUS.—This is the title of a paper which was issued at Salem on Saturday last, with D. W. Craig and J. N. Gale as publishers, and the prince of Yankee Abolition parsons, W. L. Adams, editor.—*Albany Democrat.*

We are not a "Yankee," friend—neither are we of the Cowper kind of "parsons," who "dare not *mention* hell for fear of offending ears polite." We believe in *uncapping* hell occasionally, and letting it spout the liquid cataracts of damnation, while we take Yankee copperheads by the naps of the neck and hold their noses to the vent hole, to let them smell a little brimstone. We deem it an act of mercy to let you get used to it gradually.

"NEW SORE."—The copperhead "hand-organ" heads an editorial "*New Sore.*" It is evidently anxious to divert public attention from the *old* one.

The Just Cause.

A few years ago, a benevolent Christian lady in Wood county, Virginia, was sentenced to ten years imprisonment for teaching a slave to read the Bible. The indictment read as follows: "That Martha Christian, late of said county, being an evil disposed person, on the fourth day of July, in the year of our blessed Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-seven, at Righteous Ridge, in said county, not having the fear of God before her eyes, but moved and instigated by the devil, wickedly, maliciously, and feloniously, did teach a certain black and negro woman named Rebecca, *alias* Black Beck, to read the Bible; to the great displeasure of Almighty God, to the pernicious example of others in like cases of fending, contrary to the forms of the statute in such case made and provided, and against the peace and dignity of the Commonwealth of Virginia." It was remarked at the time, "how ill adapted the *forms* and *precedents* of Common Law are to the demands of slavery." We should say, on the contrary, that they are admirably adapted; for it is the true spirit of slavery, and in the line of all its demands to charge that teaching poor black people to read the Bible is "by instigation of the devil," and "to the great displeasure of Almighty God."

About the time the present troubles began, when the conflict between North [illegible] culminating in civil war, [illegible] member [illegible] that body [illegible] philosophical analysis of the *causes* of secession. He stated that the original and real cause was a difference between North and South on this subject of slavery; the North regarding it as a barbarism and an immorality, the South as a divine institution and the very corner-stone of society. This abstract difference, he stated, led to practical ones on the extension of slave territory and the rendition of slaves. Hence these troubles.

We have no objection to this mode of stating the issue involved in the present war; for whoever may be right as to the question which is thus shown to be the ground of original difference, the righteousness of secession and of the war it has brought upon the country is in no degree helped thereby. It would still remain to be shown why a difference of this kind should not be settled in a constitutional way, just the same as any other; and why to admit that rebellion and civil war are the proper alternative in such a case is not to make Government the merest "shadow of a shade."

But apart from all that, the loyal people of this country need not fear to go before the world, and before the generations who will read the history of this war, and before the "Judge of all the earth," on this very issue of the right or wrong of slavery. And were it ever so true that the war had become, or had been in the spirit of it from the start, a war against slavery, it would still be a question we need not fear to meet—*Who made it such?* "Our enemies themselves being judges," the war against the Union was begun by them as a means of *preserving* slavery. If in defending the Union the government *destroys* slavery, who is first of all responsible? If, judicially blinded, the supporters of this huge wickedness resorted for its preservation to precisely the measures most sure to blot it out, have they not just themselves to thank for the result? Never, in all history was the hand of Providence more strikingly seen in the overthrow of a great iniquity than in the course of events now tending so rapidly to the overthrow of slavery.—"Surely," O Lord, "the wrath of man *shall* praise thee."

As to the real character of the "peculiar institution," now in danger, what more need be said than it has itself said in such abominable documents as that from which we quoted at the beginning? Fifty or a hundred years hence, men will hardly believe that in a Christian land such an indictment ever went upon the records of court, or that such blasphemy would be tolerated for an hour. Yet it was a reality, and what is worse, it was one case only out of thousands. Now that an issue with this evil power is fairly made, and that by its own means, while its crimes against Government and against the lives of our citizens have outlawed it and put it beyond the pale of any further constitutional protection—surely *now* no man of conscience and principle can doubt that the cause which our brave army maintains is a just one. And let soldiers and citizens, the men in the field and the men at home, remember that "*thrice-armed* is he that hath his quarrel *just.*—*Chicago Christian Times.*

GEN. BANKS.—The "*rheumatic*" copperhead in this city, in winding up a silly assault on Banks, says:

"Gen. Banks is this day the most over-estimated man in the United States."

Banks is a Massachusetts man, and a gentleman of a very high order of intellect, and of undoubted loyalty. The St. Louis Republican, an intensely pro-slavery "Union paper," which wants to save the Union if slavery can be saved with it, says that Banks is a "conservative republican," [illegible] a skillful general. It [illegible] ought to remove Halleck forthwith and put Banks in his place, so as to create confidence in the minds of all loyal men, that the war will be carried on about right. While Western men generally seem to like Banks, we find the Massachusetts men in Oregon, both of the "old line *wig*" and *butternut* persuasions, are all down on him. In *one* case we *know* the reason. We wonder if Asahel, *too*, ever got a drubbing from Banks?

"THE WAR POLICY."—The Secession and copperhead meetings throughout the State are resolving that they are opposed to the war policy of the present Administration—that is, using the whole power of the Government to whip the rebels, and the State Secession Committee resolved on this day week the same thing. Are these parties opposed to Hooker whipping Lee on the Rappahannock, or to Keyes capturing Richmond, or Dupont the city of Charleston, or Rosecrans sweeping treason from Tennessee? Certainly they are! That's what they resolve. The war policy of the Administration is just to do these things, and that's what they declare themselves unalterably opposed to; but they do not say that they object to the war policy of Jeff. Davis, save only that now it may not be vigorous enough to suit them.—*Sacramento Bee.*

RATIO OF SOLDIERS TO POPULATION IN THE LOYAL STATES.—The following table, showing the ratio of the number of soldiers furnished thus far by each State to the population of the State, has been compiled from an article in the Cincinnati *Gazette* of March 30, entitled "Our Army and European Armies," by R. D. Mussey U. S. A. If the figures given in that article are reliable, the results, as deduced below, are certainly very singular; and the great diversity in the different States will be difficult to account for. In Kansas it would appear that one fourth of the entire male population has gone to the war. The States are arranged in the order of their ratio:

1. Kansas,	1 to 7.39
2. Rhode Island,	1 to 11.10
3. Illinois,	1 to 12.68
4. Indiana,	1 to 13.15
5. Ohio,	1 to 13.39
6. Iowa,	1 to 13.50
7. Pennsylvania,	1 to 13.54
8. Minnesota,	1 to 14.65
9. Michigan,	1 to 15.61
10. Connecticut,	1 to 16.12
11. Vermont,	1 to 16.58
12. Western Virginia,	1 to 16.75
13. Massachusetts,	1 to 17.06
14. New York,	1 to 17.58
15. New Hampshire,	1 to 17.86
16. Winconsin,	1 to 18.23
17. Kentucky,	1 to 20.29
18. Maine,	1 to 20.94
19. New Jersey,	1 to 22.40
20. Delaware,	1 to 22.44
21. Missouri,	1 to 31.08
22. Oregon,	1 to 52.56
23. California,	1 to 54.28
24. Maryland,	1 to 58.70

Late Eastern News.

Philadelphia, May 8.—A Baton Rouge letter of May 5th says:

The importance of Grierson's expedition can hardly be realized without some reflection on what has been accomplished. In seventeen days these troops marched over eight hundred miles, and traveled through the very heart of the rebel domain, fighting at every point where they met opposition. They killed and wounded a large number of the enemy, destroyed over four millions worth of property, which would have been of immense assistance to the rebels in the prosecution of the war. On two important railroads they completely cut off all communication with the strongholds of the enemy, captured over 1,000 prisoners and about 1200 horses, and struck at points where they were least expected. An idea of Col. Grierson's command may be gained, when the fact is stated that in thirty hours, while in pursuit of a rebel cavalry force, they marched seventy-five miles, fought four battles, skirmished considerably, forded rivers, and all the time neither men nor horses had anything to eat.

Jay Cook reports that the sales of five-twenties last week amounted to ten million of dollars. The sales this week promise to exceed that amount.

Washington, May 16.—The official report of Col. Davis, commanding a part of General Stoneman's expedition through Virginia says:

Our total loss in the expedition was two commanding officers and thirty-three enlisted men. We brought with us one hundred and seventy-five mules and seventy-five horses captured from the enemy. We captured in the course of our march a much larger number which we could not bring. The amount of property destroyed is estimated at over a million dollars.

Chicago, May 21.—Richmond papers of a late date lay great stress upon the occupation of West Point (Va.), by the Union forces, intimating that its possession will do incalculable damage to a large and most productive portion of Virginia, which, thus far escaped the ravages of war, has supplied the people of Richmond and the troops in the hospital with large and indispensable supplies of breadstuff and other provisions.

The *Examiner* says, further, in reference to our army at West Point, that it will completely paralyze the agricultural energy of more than seventy thousand persons, most of whom do not reside fifty miles from Richmond, because not having suffered from the ravages of war, the farmers throughout the whole region were making extensive preparations for large crops.

PORTLAND, May 28, 1863.

ED. ARGUS: I see the Chopcoreeses is still alluding to the "white hairs" that you made him eat several years ago. I think nothing could evince the whipped puppy equal to parading before the public allusions to an old libel which everybody knows you once crowded down his throat. Why don't you publish the "correspondence" that led to the hasty retraction of the libel on the part of the "Agent"? I think at this stage of the game I would give it an airing—that is, if I had it yet.

W. S. S—.

We *have* that correspondence on hand yet, and have been waiting till we thought the time had arrived to let Asahel read it again. *That* libel, with two or three other little matters, hasn't been judiciously paraded before the public.

NEW DODGE.—The Albany Democrat suggests that wooden-legged politicians would have the advantage of their adversaries in stumping the State. We don't know how wooden-*legged* democrats would have run last spring, but we know that those with wooden *heads* didn't succeed very well.

FROM WALLA WALLA.—Major Truax has been ordered to Lapwai—probably to take command of a post there. It is thought that Col. Steinberger will be returned to the command of Fort Walla Walla. Capt. Mason's company of W. T. Infantry has been ordered out on the old emigrant road across the Blue Mountains to repair the road for Government teams bound for the new post at Boise. The first of the teams left the Dalles on Monday last. The balance of the supplies for Boise will be wagoned from Walla Walla.

RETURNED DESERTERS.—Sixteen from the regular army have given themselves up at fort Walla Walla, under the President's proclamation of pardon. Of these, fourteen were volunteers in Col. Steinberger's regiment.

GOLD AT BOISE.—It is estimated by several miners who have arrived here in the last few days from Boise that there is at the present time over a quarter of a million dollars in dust at those mines in the hands of merchants and miners, who are waiting an opportunity to send it down by some safe and responsible conveyance. It seems strange that all the expresses to these new mines should be discontinued.—*Times.*