stand for Cæsar Borgia any day in the year.—All the rest were swayed or persuaded by Booth. His schemes were three, in order:

1st. To kidnap the President and Cabinet, and run them South, or blow them up.

2d. Kidnapping failed, to murder the President and the rest, and seek shelter in the Confederate Capital.

3d. The rebellion failed, to be its avenger, and throw the country into consternation, while he escaped by the unfrequented parts of Maryland.

THE MEN FOR THE WORK.

When this last resolution had been made, the plot was both contracted and extended.—There were made two distincts circles of confidants—those aware of the meditated murder, and those who might shrink from murder, tho' willing accessories for a lesser object. Two colleagues for blood was at once accepted—Payne and Atzeroth.

The former I have sketched; he is believed to have visited Washington once before, at Booth's citation; for the murder was at first fixed for the day of inauguration. Atzeroth was a fellow of German descent, who has led a desperate life at Port Tobacco, where he was a house painter. He had been a blockade-runner across the Potomac, and a mail carrier.—When Booth and Mrs. Surratt broke the design to him, with a suggestion that there was wealth in it, he embraced the offer at once, and bought a dirk and pistol. Payne also came from the North to Washington, and, as fate would have it, the President was announced to appear at Ford's Theater in public. There the resolve of blood was reduced to a definite moment.

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE MURDER.

On the night before the murder Booth found on whom he could rely. John Surratt was sent northward by his mother on Thursday.—Sam Arnold and McLaughlin, each of whom was to kill a Cabinet officer, grew pigeon livered and ran away. Harrold, true to his partiality, lingered around Booth to the end. Atzeroth went so far as to take his knife and pistol to Kirkwood's, where President Johnson was stopping, and hid them under his bed.—But either his courage failed or a trifling accident deranged his plan. But Payne, a professional murderer, stood "game," and fought his way over prostrate figures to his sick victim's bed. There was great confusion and terror among the tacit and rash conspirators on Thursday night. They had looked upon the plot as a melodrama and found, to their horror, that John Wilkes Booth meant to do murder.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE MURDER AND THE FLIGHT.

Six weeks before the murder young Surratt had taken two splendid repeating carbines to Surrattville and told John Lloyd to secrete them. The latter made a hole in the wainscoating and suspended them from strings, so that they fell within the plastered wall of the room below. On the very afternoon of the murder Mrs. Surratt was driven to Surrattville, and she told John Lloyd to have the carbines ready, because they would be called for that night. Harrold was made Quartermaster, and hired the horses. He and Atzeroth were mounted between eight o'clock and the time of the murder, and riding about the streets together.

The whole party was prepared for a long ride, as their spurs and gauntlets show. It may have been their design to ride in company to the Lower Potomac, and by their numbers expect subsistence and transportation; but all edifices of murder lack a corner stone. We only know that Booth ate and talked well during the day; that he never seemed so deeply involved in "oil," and that there is a hiatus between his supper here and his appearance at Ford's Theater.

BOASTS OF BLOOD.

Lloyd, I may interpolate, ordered his wife, a few days before the murder, to go on a visit to Allen's Fresh. She says she does not know why she was sent away, but swears that it is so. Harrold, three weeks before the murder, visited Port Tobacco, and said that the next time the boys heard of him he would be in Spain; he added that with Spain there was no extradition treaty. He said at Surrattsville that he meant to make a barrel of money, or his neck would stretch.

Atzeroth said that if ever he came to Port Tobacco again he would be rich enough to buy the whole place.

Wilkes Booth told a friend to go to Ford's on Friday night and see the best acting in the world.

THE MURDERS.

All evil deeds go wrong. While the clock of the pistol, taking the President's life, went like a pang through the theater, Payne was spilling blood in Seward's house from threshhold to sick chamber. But Booth's broken leg delayed him or made him lose his general calmness, and he and Harrold left Payne to his fate.

I have not adverted to the hole bored with a gimlet in the entry door of Lincoln's box, and cut out with a penknife. The theory that the pistol ball of Booth passed through this hole is now exploded. And the stage carpenter may have to answer for this little orifice with all his neck. For when Booth leaped from the box he strode straight across the stage by the footlights, reaching the promptor's post, which is immediately behind the private box opposite to Lincoln. From this box to the stage door in the rear, the passage-way leads behind the ends of the scenes, and is generally either closed up by one or more withdrawn scenes, or so narrow that only by doubling and turning sidewise can one pass along. On this fearful night, however, the scenes were so adjusted to the murderer's design that he had a free aisle from the foot of the stage to the exit door.

THE TELEGRAPH WIRES SEVERED.

Within fifteen minutes after the murder the wires were severed entirely around the city, excepting only a secret wire for Government use, which leads to Old Point. I am told that by this wire the Government reached the fortifications around Washington, first telegraphing all the way to Old Point, and then back to the outlying forts. This information comes to me from so many credible channels that I must concede to it.

THE FLIGHT OF PAYNE.

Payne having, as he thought, made an end of Seward—which would have been the case but for Robinson, the nurse—mounted his horse and attempted to find Booth. But the town was in alarm, and he galloped at once for the open country, taking, as he imagined, the proper road to East Branch. He rode at a killing pace, and when near Fort Lincoln, on the Baltimore pike, his horse threw him headlong.—Afoot and bewildered, he resolved to return to the city, whose lights he could plainly see; but before doing so he concealed himself some time, and made some almost absurd efforts to disguise himself. Cutting a cross section from the woolen undershirt that covered his muscular arm, he made a rude cap of it, and threw away his bloody coat. This has since been found in the woods, and blood has been found also on his bosom and sleeves. He also spattered himself plentifully with mud and clay, and, taking an abandoned pick from the deserted intrenchments near by, he struck out at once for Washington.

By the providence which always attends murder, he reached Mrs. Surratt's door just as the officers of the Government were arresting her. They seized Payne at once, who had an awkward lie to urge in his defense—that he had come there to dig a trench. That night he might be dug a trench deep and broad enough for both of them to lie in forever.—They washed his hands and found them soft and womanish; his pockets contained tooth and nail brushes and a delicate pocket knife. All this apparel concorted ill with his assumed character. He is, without doubt, Seward's attempted murderer.

HOW A WOMAN CAN MURDER.

Coarse, and hard, and calm, Mrs. Surratt shut up her house after the murder, and waited with her daughters till the officers came. She was imperturbable, and rebuked her girls for weeping, and would have gone to jail like a statue, but, that in her extremity, Payne knocked at her door. He had come, he said, to dig a ditch for Mrs. Surratt, whom he very well knew. But Mrs. Surratt protested that she had never seen the man at all, and had no ditch to clean.

"How fortunate, girls," she said, "that these officers are here; this man might have murdered us all."

Her effrontery stamps her as worthy of companionship with Booth. Payne has been identified by a lodger of Mrs. Surratt's, as having twice visited the house under the name of Wood. The girls will render valuable testimony in the trial. If John Surratt was in custody the links would be complete.

FLIGHT OF ATZEROTH.

Atzeroth had a room almost directly over Vice President Johnson's. He had all the materials to do murder, but lost spirit or opportunity. He ran away so hastily that all his arms and baggage were discovered; a tremendous bowie-knife and a Colt's cavalry revolver were found between the mattresses of the bed.—Booth's coat was also found there, showing conspired flight in company, and in it three boxes of cartridges, a map of Maryland, gauntlets for riding, a spur and a handkerchief marked with the name of Booth's mother—a mother's souvenir for a murderer's pocket!

Atzeroth fled alone, and was found at the house of his uncle in Montgomery county. I do not know that any instrument of murder has ever made me thrill as when I drew this terrible bowie-knife from its sheath. Major O'Bierne, of New York, was the instigator of Atzeroth's arrest and discovery.

FLIGHT OF BOOTH AND HARROLD.

I come now to the ride out of the city by the chief assassin and his dupe. Harrold met Booth immediately after the crime in the next street, and they rode at a gallop past the Patent Office and over Capitol Hill.

As they crossed the eastern branch at Uniontown, Booth gave his proper name to the officer at the bridge. This, which would seem to have been foolish, was, in reality, very shrewd. The officers believed that one of Booth's accomplices had given this name in order to put them out of the real Booth's track. So they made efforts elsewhere, and Booth got the start. At midnight, precisely, the two horsemen stopped at Surrattville. Booth remaining on his horse while Harrold descended and knocked lustily at the door. Lloyd, the landlord, came down at once, when Harrold pushed past him into the bar, and obtained a bottle of whisky, some of which he gave to Booth immediately. While Booth was drinking, Harrold went up stairs and brought down one of the carbines. Lloyd started to get the other, but Harrold said:

"We don't want it; Booth has broken his leg and can't carry it."

So the second carbine remained in the hall, where the officers afterward found it.

As the two horsemen started to go off, Booth cried out to Lloyd:

"Do you want to hear some news?"

"I don't care much about it," cried Lloyd, by his own account.

"We have murdered," said Booth, "the President and Secretary of State!"

And with this horrible confession, Booth and Harrold dashed away in the midnight across Prince George's county.

THE BROKEN LEG.

On Saturday, before sunrise, Booth and Harrold, who had ridden all night without stopping elsewhere, reached the house of Dr. Mudd, three miles from Bryantown. They contracted with him for $25 in greenbacks to set the broken leg. Harrold, who knew Dr. Mudd, introduced Booth under another name, and stated that he had fallen from his horse during the night. The doctor remarked of Booth that he draped the lower part of his face while the leg was being set; he was silent and in pain. Having no splints in the house, they split up an old-fashioned wooden band-box and prepared them. The doctor was assisted by an Englishman, who at at the same time began to hew out a pair of crutches. The inferior bone of the left leg was broken vertically across, and because vertically, it did not yield when the crippled man walked upon it.

The riding boot of Booth had to be cut from his foot; within it were the words "J. Wilkes." The doctor says he did not notice these, but that visual defect may cost him his neck. The two men waited around the house all day, but towards evening they slipped their horses from the stable and rode away in the direction of Allen's Fresh.

THE MURDERERS BEWILDERED.

Below Bryantown runs certain deep and plashy swamps. Along the belt of these Booth and Harrold picked up a negro named Swan, who volunteered to show them the road for two dollars; they gave him five more to show them the route to Allen's Fresh, this really wished, as their actions intimated, to get to the house of one Sam Cox, a notorious rebel, and probably well advised of the plot. They reached the house at midnight. It is a fine dwelling, one of the best in Maryland. After hallooing for some time, Coxe came down to the door himself. As soon as he opened it and beheld who the strangers were, he instantly blew out a candle he held in his hand, and without a word pulled them in the house, the negro remaining in the yard. The confederates remained in Coxe's house till four A.M., during which time the negro saw them drink and eat heartily;—but when they reappeared they spoke in a loud tone, so that Swan could hear them, against the hospitality of Coxe. All this was meant to influence the darkey; but their motives were as apparent as their words. He conducted them three miles further on, when they told him that now they knew the way, and giving him five dollars more—making twelve in all—told him to go back.

But when the negro, in the dusk of the morning, looked after them as he receded, he saw that both horses' heads were turned once more towards Coxe's, and it was this man, doubtless, who harbored the fugitives from Sunday to Thursday, aided, probably, by such neighbors and as the Wilsons and Adamses.

CROSSING THE RIVER.

At the point where Booth crossed the Potomac the shores are very shallow, and one must wade out some distance to where a boat will float. A white man came up here with a canoe on Friday, and tied it by a stone anchor. Between seven and eight o'clock it disappeared, and in the afternoon some men at work on Methxy creek, in Virginia, saw Booth and Harrold land, tie the boat's rope to a stone, and it ashore, and at once strike across a plowed field for King George Court-house. Many folks entertained them without a doubt, but we positively hear of them next at Port Royal ferry, and then at Garrett's farm.

A FEW WORDS TO TAX-PAYERS.

EDITOR STATESMAN: As the annual assessment of taxes under the U.S. Internal Revenue Law is now being made, I desire to say a few words to tax-payers.

The opinion prevails to some extent that any error in the assessment can be corrected by the Collector. This is a mistake. When a party feels aggrieved by the action of the Assistant Assessor, he should at once appeal to the Assessor.—This may be done by letter stating the case briefly.

After the annual tax list is completed, it is advertised and kept open for ten days in each assistant's division to the inspection of tax-payers, when all can go and make such statements and offer such proofs as they may desire. The list is then turned over to, and the amount receipted for, by the Collector, who must proceed at once to collect, without regard to the propriety or impropriety of the assessments.

If, therefore, a person is assessed and the assessment returned to the Collector, the amount of tax must be paid. If a tax is believed to be erroneously assessed, and paid, parties may appeal to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and, if so decided by him, the amount will be refunded, but in all cases the tax will be collected, if property can be found belonging to the person assessed.

If persons will attend to these matters at the proper time and in the proper manner, there need be no difficulty. Every tax-payer may know when the Assessor leaves his precisely how much tax he will have to pay. It is every man's duty to see the Assistant Assessor, and persons absent from home when he calls will be assessed from the best information he can obtain, and if he has reason to believe any person has purposely avoided him, a heavy penalty must be added. When the list is ready for collection ample notice will be given of the time when the collector will visit the county-seats of the different counties, when all are required to pay. The Collector will not hereafter visit any man at his house or his shop without adding the penalty provided by the law. Respectfully, M. CRAWFORD,
Col. Intr. Rev. Oregon.

SAN FRANCISCO ELECTION.—The copperhead papers are endeavoring to deceive somebody with the results of the late election in San Francisco. There were two tickets in the field, but both were Union tickets. Instead of there being any disorganization in the Union party in San Francisco, there was only a dispute on local issues about the management of the City affairs. The People's Party, which succeeded, is older than the regular Union organization, but is just as much of a Union party as the other.

THE MOTIVE OF THE NEW PRESIDENT.—"I desire to have it understood that I consider TREASON to be the greatest of crimes, and not a mere difference of opinion."

The Oregon Statesman.

MONDAY MORNING, JUNE 12, 1865.

The Statesman has a Larger Circulation than any other Paper in the State, and is the Best Medium for Advertisers.

The U. S. Laws and Resolutions are published in the Statesman by Authority.

IS HE A MAN AND A BROTHER?

We regret exceedingly that our democratic cotemporaries are afflicted so distressingly, with the presence of the colored individual in their wood pile. Like the apparation to the unfortunate Macbeth, and the *ignis fatuus* to the benighted traveler, so is the African to the democratic editors. Plagued with terrible presentiments, that they are some day or other to be made equal, in some way or other, to the sable sons of Ham, they are again, as for many years in the past, most piteously begging for such legislation as will effectually quiet their uneasy minds, and forever prevent the African from impudently planting himself in the midst of their family circle.

For the savage Pontiac, who continued to fight and finally fell bravely shedding his last drop of blood for his tribe, when fighting was vain and useless, we have respect. For the Quakers and Puritans, who heriacally expatriated themselves in order to enjoy in a bleak climate and savage wilderness, the liberty of worshipping in their own way, spurning the aid and influence of princes and kings, we entertain the highest veneration and respect; and for a fallen foe, no matter how deep his disgrace if he but reasonably and bravely make the best of his lot, there will always be found generous sympathy, practical aid, and decent respect.—But for men who, having been beaten in every contest, give away to disgraceful flight, and then disgrace even their fall by resorting to the strategy of the ostrich and the disguise of women, to save their necks and escape recognition, no man can entertain anything but feelings of scorn and contempt. So likewise, akin to this feeling of loathing for the dog Davis, is the pity and commiseration we entertain towards those unfortunate white men of the democratic party, who are continually begging and whining for protection against "negro equality." Having been disgracefully beaten in every contest since 1860, and, by their own acknowledgement, received their political death-blow in the defeat of the traitors' rebellion, they now voluntarily add to their disgrace the pitable confession that they cannot hold their own, and maintain their rank and manhood against the free negroes of the United States, without a law for such cases made and provided. Like a slobbering idiot, the editor of the *Review* foreshadows the total eclipse of the white race in America, by those he would swear to be nothing but black barbarians, fit only for slaves; and, like a maniac, declares it is the intention of the Union party to degrade its own members, and all white men, to a position lower than that of negroes. As long as the negroes were in chains, and lorded over by those democrats "born to command," the Northern democracy enjoyed their whisky and newspapers under the solacing reflection that they were really better than negroes (although indulging in such magnanimity as giving the negroes the right of suffrage in New York); but so soon as President Lincoln and General Grant knocked off the chains of slavery, the democracy broke into one dolorous howl, "nigger equality, equality, equality—we are all ruined."

The *Review* is not satisfied with the provision in the State Constitution which excludes negroes from the right of suffrage, and the right to make contracts and hold real estate, but it wants a penal law passed to protect the democracy from the equalizing influences of the negro. Inasmuch as the democracy themselves would not pass such a law when in power, we fail to see the reason or justice in their claim to have such a law passed now by the Union party. But if it would do the poor democrats any good, and stop their everlasting whine about "negro equality," to have their superiority over the negro distinctly recognized we sincerely hope that the next Legislature will pass a law enacting in general terms:—That, whereas the democratic party is now dead and even stinketh, and that in the latter end of its existence it was generally acknowledged to be an aid to Southern traitors and the slaveholders' rebellion; and, whereas serious doubts have been suggested by the editors of its papers, as to the social status of its members and free negroes; Therefore, Be it enacted, That any man who will register his name as a democrat, shall be held, recognized, and considered superior to any negro—as long as he behaves himself with common decency. That would doubtless suit the editor of the *Review*.

But to be serious, we really think this is the reply that justice and common sense would dictate to these democratic editors. This "negro equality" is an old humbug that was originated by the Northern democracy soon after the Southern slaveholders compelled the democratic party to take sides with them against liberty and a free press. It was gotten up to frighten Northern men from voting with the republicans in 1856; and it has been continually rung in our ears ever since, by every slaveholders' lick-spittle in the North, without grounds, cause or excuse, until the changes were exhausted long ago, and now it is so perfectly stale, that every man of any sense and self respect greets it with ridicule.

Because a large number of negroes have been set free in the South, the defunct democracy imagine they see in this old bug-a-boo something from which they can draw some "very effective thunder" for the next election. Acting on this, and not being confident that they could succeed in proving a negative, to wit: That a negro is not equal to a white man, they adopt the brilliant device of the reckless youth who placed an apple on his shoulder, stating that when it was knocked off by his opponent, a fight should commence—so they set up the "negro equality" apple, and invite us to take the affirmative, that a negro is equal to a white man, by going in with our right at *their apple*. Such chaff as that wont catch anybody. That issue has been offered over and over again by the democracy, and no one but the democrat who wrote the miscegenation pamphlet has ever been stupid enough to accept it. This "negro equality" idea, as a political doctrine, is in the exclusive possession of the democratic party, and there it may stay. If there shall ever be a party or set of persons who will contest that question with the democrats, it will be the colored people themselves; and taking the success with which the negro soldiers have maintained their colors in the field against the Southern democrats, we opine that they are fully competent to maintain their rights by discussion or otherwise, in a contest with the backers of their former masters.

But this "negro equality question" is but a shallow device to blind the eyes of the people to the true issue. The democracy is fatally wedded to the doctrine of State sovereignty, as expressed in the resolutions of 1798—99, but, knowing that they contain enough secession and nullification to defeat any party, they will be kept in the back-ground, while it is hoped to win at the polls on mere sham and humbug.

With the democracy "negro equality" is a forlorn hope, their "*dernier resort*." If the Union party pay no attention to their silly banters, all hope for the democracy is gone. If we should be fools enough to be caught with so shallow a device, and get to wrangling about the local affairs of other States, matters which does not concern the Union party as a National organization, then the democrats of the North would expect to regain what their brethren of the South have lost—political power.—But the Union party in Oregon will do no such thing. The social or political status of the colored people in the Southern States will not be brought into any Union county or State convention in Oregon. It will undoubtedly be brought up with immense parade in every copperhead meeting in the State. Great wordy resolutions, replete with chivalric declarations about the race that "was born to command," will be passed with much "sound and fury";—and the democrats will beat the air as usual, and at the polls be badly defeated again.

It is undoubtedly better for the white and black races to live separately, and with that view the Constitution of Oregon is formed.—Negro suffrage will not become a political question in Oregon, because there are but thirty or forty colored men in the State. If there were two thousand colored men, who might vote at the next election, it would be *the* question, and we would wager all our old clothes, that the democrat party would certainly become the champion of "the colored brother." If such a state of facts should turn up, we would see these high toned democrats around here inviting "Johnson" the painter, "Dan" the barber, and "Joseph" the boot-black, to sumptuous and extravagant dinner parties; democratic children would go to none but "colored school marms," and the editors of the *Review* and *Arena* would be running loose, wild with delight, and kissing every "nigger baby" in the country.

That the question will enter into the local politics of the Western, Southern, and Atlantic States, where there are large numbers of colored people, there can be no doubt; and the time may come when it will be a question in Oregon. That the colored people will get their just political rights, there can be no question. The infallible democratic party which arrogates to itself all the political wisdom in all past ages, established the precedent for negro suffrage in the United States, and as the principles of that party (according to its editors) never change, and we must expect them to advocate negro suffrage in Oregon, whenever it is popular to do so. Success is their motto, not principles.

And, as that party claims to be the especial advocate of States rights, it will find itself in an awkward fix, if all the Southern States adopt negro suffrage as soon as practicable, and send up an occasional colored gentleman to represent the seats formerly filled by the democratic Pryors, Rhetts, Wigfalls, &c. States rights is a long plank, and if it leads the democracy to the support of negro suffrage in the Southern States, it will accomplish what they now affect to despise.

THE EAGLES AGAINST THE KITES.—We clip the following sneer at the hard fisted farmers, from the *Arena* of some four weeks ago, and apologize to the *Arena* for not noticing it sooner:

On fourth page of this paper we publish the Bull issued against the Factory Company, by J. L. Parrish, Minto and Payne. It is the most ironical thing lately promulgated. A friend suggests that the interest manifested in the welfare of the people is a good deal like that manifested by the eagles, that offered protection to the doves against the kites, and began by devouring the doves aforesaid.

"Eagles" and "kites"! Well, that will do. The eagle is a noble bird—one emblem of American Liberty. The kite has always been considered the meanest of the feathered tribe. In addition to being a treacherous, wolfish, rapacious, thieving cormorant, the kite is also a filthy bird—no better than a buzzard. The members of the Oregon Wool Growers' Association are the "eagles," and the Salem Woolen Factory is a "kite." Good! We'll bet on the eagles. The eagles support the *Statesman*—the kite supports the *Arena*. The eagles have already raised the price of wool from twenty cents in "truck," at the Factory store, to twenty-one cents, *half cash*, at the other stores, and prevented the kite from buying any wool from first hands. Keep it before the people, then, that the Oregon *Arena* has taken up the cause of its owner, the "kite," against the interests of the hard working, honest wool growers of Oregon.

DEMOCRACY DISGUSTED.—There can be no better evidence of the connection between the Southern rebellion and Northern democracy, than the manner in which the Northern democrats are affected by Jeff.'s disgraceful failure in the Petticoat act. As long as there was a show of success for the Confederacy, the democrats found nothing to be disgusted or disappointed at, save Lincoln's persistent prosecution of the war; but when Jeff. and Lee failed at Richmond, and Lee surrendered, the democracy (the *Arena* for instance) was greatly disappointed—(they secretly hoped and prayed for Jeff's success)—and when Jeff. fell into the "last ditch" in Georgia, the democracy took on a huge disgust, which is very forcibly expressed by one Chris. Flaughers, a leading democrat in California, who is reported in the Nevada *Gazette* as follows:

I was d—d fool enough to think that the South was oppressed, and I said, 'Go in, South, and whip the d—d Yankees!' But I know now that the South ain't oppressed, and never was; and bet on the Yanks every time! And I just hope that Andy Johnson will hang old Jeff. Davis, and hang Mrs. Jeff. Davis, and hang Jeff. Davis' dog—yes d—n 'em, hang every rebel from company sergeant up! Jeff. Davis!—Good Lord!—did did anybody ever hear of such an infernal—intestine—as he is?

THE ELECTION IN VIRGINIA.—The telegraph reports that the disunionists have carried Virginia. Without explanation this would look as if that State was to be placed again in the hands of the rebels. The facts are doubtless these: The election day in Virginia is the fourth Monday in May, we believe, and before leaving Richmond the rebel Governor, Billy Smith, issued his proclamation for the regular election, and under that authority all the rebels voted, and elected their men.—This election will not be recognized by the loyal Governor Pierpont. This view is strengthened by the fact that Gov. Pierpont, who had been organizing the loyal government at Alexandria, could not have been in Richmond long enough prior to the late election to secure county organizations and issued writs of election to the whole State, and so he issued none at all.

A ROW AMONG "OUR SOUTHERN BRETHREN"—GREAT FIGHT AT AN "IRISH WAKE."

Malone, the Editor of the *Reporter*, a democratic newspaper published at Jacksonville, in his issue of May 27th, thus attacks the *Review* and the *Arena*:

We have been for some time casting about for words in which to express our feelings upon the assassination of President Lincoln. The following extract from a letter, received from a gentleman in Lane county who had long filled a high public trust in this State, express our thoughts better than we could do it:

I desire, my dear sir, to thank you from my heart, for the course pursued by you respecting the assassination of President Lincoln. The *Reporter*, *Review* and *Arena* are the only papers claiming to be democratic in Oregon. I confess I felt vexed, humiliated and disgusted at the course pursued by the two latter, when speaking of the death of Lincoln. However deserving of death a man may be, we cannot in good morality, justify his death by assassination. We are a party of law and order; hence, we cannot but oppose violence, and the usurping of power by any one; besides, the morality of murder can't be justified. But, is Lincoln *dead better than Lincoln being?* If not, why do these papers become his eulogists? Why change their tone respecting him? If he was as bad as they used to represent him to be, when did he change so much as to become worthy of their eulogy? Some of *our* papers have not only insulted the name and memory of Washington by comparing Lincoln with the "Father of his Country," but they have outraged all decency and truth by assigning Lincoln a higher name in the place of history!! Could mean, cringing servility and natural, inate baseness go farther? I rejoice—and my democratic neighbors with me—that we have one man conducting a paper in little Oregon who has the manliness to refuse to descend to that kind of low, vile, false and cringing eulogy over the fallen *man*, which he knew was not deserved by the living *President*.

To this charge of "meanness," "*cringing servility, and natural innate baseness*," preferred by Malone against the *Arena* and *Review*, the two latter papers have put in very "humble pie" defenses. The *Review* gets down in the dirt to Malone, and attempts to make amends by abusing the *Statesman*, while the *Arena*, with more show of decency, and some independence, reiterates its former statements in preference to those of the "burnin' and shinin'" light in Jackson county; but in the end begs very hard for peace in the family. It would be a pity to break up so large and influential a concern as the democratic party.—The explosion would be terrible. Do you think the pieces would be discoverable with a magnifying glass, neighbor?

But to return to the row. Malone was brought up in a certain part of the old country where mourning for the dead is celebrated by whisky, dancing, fighting and "sich," and when President Lincoln was murdered, he could not see nor feel anything to be sorry for himself, and not possessing the remotest feeling of respect for the grief of others, "cast about" for some plan to celebrate the occasion according to his own feelings. He concluded that the "Irish wake" was the style that all good democrats would adopt, and thereupon expressed himself accordingly.

To his utter astonishment he finds that the *Review* and *Arena* are opposed to his jollification, and in furious Irish he insists that the "dance shall go on." If Malone has no respect for the murdered President, he is at least consistent in saying so. He abused Lincoln in his life time and he don't intend to take it back now. The *Arena* and *Review* having been brought up "in the white settlements," are alarmed, lest Pat's hearty contempt for eulogies on Lincoln may drive the better portion of the democracy into a party that honors and venerates the name of the great "Defender."

GOOD PROSPECTS FOR THE WOOL GROWERS.—A New York commercial journal, in an article on the future of wool and woolens, remarks as follows:

It will be found that just in proportion as cotton falls in price the machinery of this and European countries will start; employment will be given to the operatives; the demand for woolens will increase; the increased demand for foreign wools in England will increase their price here, which will enhance the value of our own wool; and the increased cost of the production of woolens in these countries will so increase their values that they can no the imported at so low a gold price as during the past four years. This will increase the gold value of our own production. We have shown the value of the delaine wool in England, and we have large quantities of this class of wool produced here which is equal if not superior to the English wools, and there is no earthly reason why this class of wool should be sold one cent less here than in England, say 50c ℔ lb gold.

There is no doubt that in the future wool is destined to bear a higher price, compared with cotton, than it ever did before in time of peace. We have been shown a letter from Knapp, Burrell & Co. which states that late advices from the East are more favorable than they have been; and this would seem to indicate an advance on prices there. By the same letter we learn that K. B. & Co. will grade the wool in Portland, which they may ship East.

THAT BRANDING IRON.—"Our branding iron" seems to have hit somebody. We have received quite a large number of letters from our friends urging us to keep it "hot" and apply it vigorously. Several of our opponents, not to be outdone, have written to us that it was "d—d mean to bring up matters in that way." By the *Arena* we observe that some old rebel up at Scio is terribly exercised about it. He doubtless got an application of it, where McPherson of the *Journal* insists we should apply it. We promise both sides that they shall be indulged in its frequent use, as long as the democratic papers shall refuse to explain or apologize for their infamous abuse of President Lincoln.

OH, YES! OH, YES! MR. PENNYROYAL. COME INTO COURT.—Discovered: The man who writes the Portland correspondence for the *Arena* and who imagines that his hand is inimical to tyrants. Mr. Sylvester Pennyroyal is the man. He is a Yankee by birth, a Puritan by education, formerly an abolitionist, at one time a school teacher, and at present a clerk in a bark-mill at Portland. He is now suffering from dyspepsia, and imagines it is politics. He ought to take "pepsin." Last week he inflicted two and a half mortal columns of stuff upon the readers of the *Arena*, about the Puritans, of whom he is a renegade. We have preserved a copy of his "piece," and when Gov. Andrew's Yankee girls reach Portland, we shall mark it and send it to them, so that they may give him a good ducking in the Willamette. If he does not soon recover from his hallucination, we will wager a new hat that Loryea will be drawing ten dollars a week for the fellows' boarding at East Portland.

NEW MAIL CONTRACTOR.—The contract for carrying the daily mail from Lincoln, California, to Portland, has been let by the department to J. B. Reesides for $200,000. The contractor is an old stage man, with the means and necessary energy to execute the contract faithfully. We remember "Reesides' Line," in the good old times when the old Ohio Stage Company and "Old Reesides" (as he is popularly known) used to carry people on the National road for a trifle. Reesides will either carry the mail in his own coaches or sub-let the contract to the California Stage Company.

☞ But abolition journals inform us that the democratic party is dead.—*Review*.

We have also a little testimony on that point from a *democratic journal*—for instance the Oregon *Arena*, which declared on the 3d of April, speaking of those who took part in the Union jubilee:

Of a few craven and dishonest democrats, who split their tickets at the polls and talked two ways in order to be prepared for any emergency—possessing the knowledge intuitively, that the *military success* of Lincoln is the *triumph* of a disorganizing faction at the cost of all else.

MONSIEUR TONSON COME AGAIN.—The *Arena* waded into the greenback question rather deep, when it accused the *Statesman* of inconsistency in not taking the Legal Tenders at par. Does it forget so soon, that it has been doing much worse, in paying its late foreman his wages in "*greenbacks at par*." We are sorry that the *Arena* is the first paper in the State to commence paying its printers in that way.

ANOTHER ONE DISGUSTED.—A leading democrat out by Sublimity swears that he will never vote that ticket again. The Petticoat act has done the business for him. He expresses the utmost contempt for any man that will mention democracy as a party. They'll soon be hunting for affidavits to prove that they never belonged to it.

TELEGRAPHIC NEWS.

New York, May 23.—The Richmond Whig announces the arrival of two divisions of the Sixth army corps: Gen. Wright's command by Generals Getty and Ricketts respectively, in Manchester. Gen. Wheaton's division of the same corps remained behind, and is being distributed at different points between Richmond and Danville. One brigade is stationed at the latter place.

St. Marks and Tallahassee, Florida, surrendered to our forces on the 9th, and the steamer Spray to Lieut. Gibson, of the Mahaska, on the 11th.

New York May 25.—Gen. Lee will be indicted by the Grand Jury in Richmond, within a few days, for treason.

Washington, May 24.—Gen. Custar is to take command of the Department embracing the States of Missouri and Arkansas.

New York, May 24.—Havana advices of the 20th says, the ram Stonewall has been delivered to the Spanish government by her commander.

Washington, May 25.—Official intelligence has been received of the unconditional surrender of the ram Stonewall to the Spanish authorities at Havana. The Shenandoah is believed to be lost. When last heard from she was prowling in the Indian Ocean.

The new Revenue Commissioner, Mr. Orton, will enter upon his duties on the first of July.

Mr. Seward will give his testimony in the conspiracy trial next Thursday. He now directs affairs at the State Department.

Fred. Seward to-day was notified of the assination of President Lincoln for the first time.

Gen. Logan has been put in command of the Army of Tennessee.

The elder Blair was called before the grand jury of Chief Justice Carter's United States Covrt and testified as to the act of treason committed by Jeff. Daqis. They aggreed to report a true bill. This action, it is understood, is in conformity with the wishes of the Administration.

Fortress Monroe, May 23.—Jeff. Davis and C. C. Clay are in close confinement at this place.

New York, May 27.—A special to the *Tribune* from Washington says: The Attorney General has made a most important decision. He affirms that the amnesty proclamation was a means only to secure a specific purpose, which was the suppression of the rebellion being ended the amnesty ended. It does not restore citizen-ship, property, or equalize rights. The President of the United States has no power to pardon except for what is past. Executive clemency cannot stretch to the future, therefore, the decrees of confiscation must stand. The decision will be given to the public in a few days.

The *Tribune's* special dispatch from Washington says: In the election for the House of Delegates yesterday, the Disunionists swept Nirginia so far as known.

New York, May 23.—The *Tribune's* Washington correspondent says, the grand jury of the District of Columbia, to-day found bills of indictment against Jeff Davis and John C. Breckenridge, for high treason.

Fred Seward had an unexpected hermorrhage which excited renewed anxiety in regard to his case.

Washington, May 27.—The Post Office Department has contracted with J. E. Reeside for the conveyance of the mail, daily and back, on the route from Lincoln, California, to Portland, Oregon, including intermediat points; service to commence on the first of July.

Washington, May 26.—The following order has just been issued from the War Department in relation to mustering out discharged volunteers:

The several Divisions of the various army corps will be kept intact; the commanding Generals, immediately on receipt of orders directing a portion of said forces to be mustered out, will order the same, if not alaeady there, to one of the following rendezvous:

1st. The troops of the middle military department and other armies acting therein, rendezvous in the defences of Washington and land at Harper's Ferry.

2d. Those of the military department of the James at Richmond, and old Point Comfort, Virginia.

3d. Those of the department of N. C., will assemble at Newbern and Wilmington.

4th. Those in the department of the South, at Charleston and Savanah.

5th. Those in the military division of West Mississippi, at Mobile and Vicksburg.

6th. Those in the militars division of Missouri at Litle Rock, St. Louis and Fort Leavonworth.

7th. Those in the department of the Cumberland, at Nashville, Knoxville and Memphis.

8th. Those in the department of Kentucky, at Louisville.

9th. Those in the Middle Department, at Baltimore.

Special orders will be given from the Adjutant General's office, relative to the troops serving in the department of East Pennsylvania, the Northeasrern department, and the department of the Pacific, as the time for the discharge of said troops approaches. In case of one or more regiments of a division being mustered out of the division remaining in the field the said regiment or regiments will be mustered at places where serving at the time and then sent to their homes. The Adjutant-General of the army will designate places of rendezvous in the States to which the regiments after being mustered out, will be formed together for payment. Every regiment will be sent forwarded to its State and rendezous as soon as the rools are complete, carrying their arms, colors and necessary equipage. In the cases of regiments in the respective States, pay and supplies will be issued by the respective departments in requisite quantities.

Washington, May 26.—All the cavalry in the Western Department are to be mustered immediately at Cairo for active Texan service.

San Francisco, June 2.—A large and enthusiastic audience attended the mass meeting held at Platt's Hall, last evening, to give a public expression of sympathy for Mexico. About 3,000 persons were present, and many were unable to get into the hall. Dr. Rowell was elected President. The motto of the Monroe doctrine was conspicuously posted about the hall and elicted rounds of applause. Speeches were made by Dr. Rowell and Thompson Campbell, followed by Generals Ochoa and Vega and other speakers. Every allusion to the Monroe doctrine was received with loud applause. Resolutions were adopted suitable to the occasion and the spirit of the audience, and it was recommended that similar demonstrations of popular sympathy be manifested by public meetings and through the medium of the press. The universal feelins is that Maximillian must leave Mexico.

STRATEGY.—The Payette and Burnt river horse thieves are said to keep in their camps a complete Indian outfit consisting of moccasins, skins, scalps, implements of warfare, etc., which they put to use in different ways. For instance: when they borrow a part of a pack-train they take good care to leave behind them numerous moccasin tracks, which will then show that the Indians made the raid on the stock. Great many ways to steal a horse.

HORRID ABOLITIONIST.—When Mrs. Davis came to the door of her tent in undress uniform, and demanded time to dress, the horrid Yankee told her that he would "wait till she put on her duds." "Duds!" Only thing of a high-toned princess of one of the first families wearing "duds." We are astonished at the horrid abolitionist!

☞ A dead body, perfectly naked, and supposed to be that of the notorious Brocky Jack, was found in the Columbia river on the 4th inst. He lost his life in endeavoring to swim Snake river.

PROMOTED.—By a recent order we notice that Lieut. Col. Curry has been made Colonel of the 1st Regiment Oregon Infantry; Major Drake has been made Lieutenant Colonel, Captain Rinehart Major, A. B. Ingram Captain, Byron Barlow, 1st Lieut.; Albert Applegate, 2d Lieut. 1st Lieut. F. B. White, Oregon Cavalry, has been appointed Captain, and Silas Pepoon 1st Lieut.

☞ The surveying party from Eugene City to Owybee is to be furnished with an escort of forty-five men, under command of Lieut. John McCall. The men recently mustered into the service at Eugene City will compose the expedition.

APPOINTED.—Owen Wade of Clackamas County has been appointed and is now acting as Register of the Land Office at Oregon City, in place of W. A. Starkweather, resigned. Mr Wade has been long a clerk in the office, and is well qualified for its duties.

☞ The ladies of the Christian Commission of Salem desire to acknowledge the receipt of $32 30, coin, collected at Pringle's School House some time since, which was included in the amount receiver, as per Mr. Moores' report last week, but was not properly credited.