stolen property as follows: On the 25th of April last, Douthitt's pack train of 36 animals, another train of 30 animals, and 22 head of fine horses from Miller, of Miller's Ranch. All of these were taken in one night in the neighborhood of Markle's Ranch, at Farewell Bend of Snake river; and above that point some 75 miles, from the ranches on Jordan Creek and Owyhee, in the month of May, there were over 100 head of horses stolen, and over 150 head of cattle; and about the first of June 36 head of Hill Beachy's stage horses were sto en from the station near the same place. On the 30th of May, during the term of the Circuit Court at this place, 26 head of fine horses were stolen from the suburbs of the town in the morning, and our town was fired in three places—post-office, clerk's room, and a large stable, the latter of which burned down. On last night, the 22d, our County Judge, Mr. Johnson, lost two very fine horses. The thieves broke open his stable and cut the horses loose and went south with them; and on the same night, the 22d, two men were robbed and shot at, one wounded severely, at Powder River Bridge.

Besides, there have been many depredations committed at Clarke's Creek and Mormon Basin during the last spring, some houses burned, horses stolen, men murdered and robbed.

Therefore, in view of these many atrocities committed by said desperadoes, your petitioners represent the necessity of having a military force, composed of a company of cavalry, to pursue said desperadoes and capture them, and recover property; and respectfully ask your Excellency to lay this petition before Col. R. F. Maury, commanding the District of Oregon and to use your influence to have a company of cavalry ordered here to follow up said desperadoes from this place; and, in case there are no troops at his disposal, that your Excellency will call into service a company of mounted volunteers for that purpose; and we would represent that men can be had here, if they were furnished arms and supplies.

That the companies of cavalry ordered from Fort Churchill, and other troops ordered from Fort Klamath, Camp Watson, and the post in Surprise valley, are excellent dispositions of troops and much need at those places; but it is very important for the protection of property and life, that a company move from this point and traverse the country to Snowy mountain and the head waters of the Malheur river, and together with other troops, said Indians and desperadoes can be captured.

Your petitioners pray that early action may be taken in the premises to preserve peace and security to life and property in Eastern Oregon.

N. Johnson, County Judge, J. D. Haines, Attorney, E. P. Cranston, J. B. Bowen, C. Grant, M. D., W. F. McCrary, H. W. Ware, H. Hyman, and eighty-one others.

JOHN GILROY, THE EARLIEST WHITE SETTLER OF CALIFORNIA.—John Gilroy, an old man of seventy-two years pilgrimage, has paid us a visit to enlist our sympathies for him in claiming some attention from his brother pioneers, and the public in general. In the year 1814, he was left at Monterey by the British brig Isaac Todd, the vessel being bound to British Columbia, ever since which time he has lived in California, witnessing all the earlier and latter stages of civilization. At the time of his arrival the Jesuits had sixteen missions established, about which were gathered the wild tribes of Indians and converted to Christianity, and a few Spanish garrisons kept down all disturbances. Joaquin Ariaga was the Spanish Governor, and Monterey was the chief port and capital; vessels did not visit the coast only during long intervals of years; and except about the missions, the country was a beatiful wilderness, overrun with wild animals. About the year 1823, there was a Mexican emigration from Sonora, and a change of Government. In 1834, the missions began to break up and the Mexicans to acquire the lands in their vicinity, and gradually the Indian has appeared. He says that in very early years the Indians used to bring in gold, but the Jesuits would send them back with it, telling them to bury it where they found it, that should it reach the ears of the greedy white man, their land would be usurped by strangers. Jesuits could do with the Indians as they pleased. Such was the country when Gilroy has lived to see a mighty transformation. Six months ago the old man's wife died, having been the companion of his life from the year 1821. He had born to him seventeen children, nine of whom are living, but little able to give the old man the assistance necessary to end the remainder of his days in comfort. He has seen days of prosperity and owned at one time the site of the present town of Gilroy. He was over generous with his wealth, and now at the advanced age of seventy-two years, feels the pinch of poverty. The Pioneers might seek the old man out and do something for him, as he stands in the van of the Pioneers of this wonderful land.—*Flag.*

THE NEGRO QUESTION.—We hold that the true and steadfast friend of the colored people will never encourage, in the slightest degree, hope of an elevation in our midst to social and civil equality with white people. No true friend will ever flatter them with an expectation that their condition in our midst can be otherwise than subordinate. It is an act of unmitigated cruelty to excite in their breasts hopes and dreams that can never be realized. Then, what is the remedy in their case? Are they doomed to servility and degradation in all coming time? Obviously, there is light in but one direction; they must become a *people* and build up a separate and distinct nationality for themselves. Now, they are not a people; but in another land, with a proper foundation on which to build, there is hope for them. Colonization, based on true principles, alone can lift these suffering and degraded people into true manhood. It may be on the west coast of Africa, in the West Inaies, in Central America, in Florida, in Texas, or anywhere, where it may be lawfully done. The old colonization prejudice must be abandoned; and all good influences should combine to encourage the colored people to go forth to build up, and develop a true and noble manhood.—There is surely talent and spirit enough with them to aspire to independence and a name among the nations of the earth. And though we might not *force* any to emigrate, yet all who should decline to go, ought to be made to realize that in doing so, they doom themselves and their posterity, in all coming time, to a position of degradation and inferiority. The nation ought to enlist in this great work; and our immense navy, at the close of the war, might be profitably employed in the work of removing their negroes to their new homes.—*P. C. Advocate.*

WE THINK THEY DO.—Speaking of a tug-boat for the Columbia river, the Umatilla *Advertiser* asks Portland the following pertinent question: "Why depend upon San Francisco or other foreign aid for what is needed by your own showing? There surely is money enough in Portland that can be spared to build half a dozen tug-boats. Do her citizens love the filthy lucre too well?"

President Lincoln, before leaving Washington on his last visit to the army, wrote a call for an extra session of Congress, which was signed by both himself and Secretary Seward, to be issued in case anything happened to him. The document is now on file at the State Department.

☞Parties who have been through Georgia as far south as the Etowah river, represent that the destitution prevailing in that country is truly appalling. What few inhabitants remain there are almost starved to death, and for want of animals it is impossible for any of them to attempt to raise any crops.

☞The Napa *Register*, writing on the resurrection of the Democratic party, says a party that had the treachery of Buchanan, the rascality of Floyd and the treason of Jeff. Davis all emblazoned on its escutcheon, must be bold and unblushing indeed to attempt to creep out of its coffin—ten fathoms deep in a nation's corse!

☞It has been decided by Judge Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, that a man who expressed his joy at the assassination of President Lincoln is not fit to serve as a juror in the Courts of the United States.

The Oregon Statesman.

MONDAY MORNING, JULY 10, 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.

SHALL REBELS AND TRAITORS BE ALLOWED TO VOTE?

The Constitution provides the qualifications of voters in Sec. 2 of Art. II, as follows:

"In all elections, not otherwise provided for by this Constitution, every white male citizen of the United States, of the age of twenty-one years and upwards, who shall have resided in the United States one year, and shall have resided in this State during the six months immediately preceding such election and shall have declared his intention to become a citizen of the United States one year preceding such election, conformably to the laws of the United States on the subject of naturalization, shall be entitled to vote at all elections authorized by law."

The legislatures of Oregon are powerless to change that provision—powerless to prescribe other qualifications—powerless to disfranchise those who, under this section, are entitled to vote, they *dare not* ignore it, and if they so attempt, before that attempt shall prevail, the people, in their resistless majesty, will crush its puny authors. * * * We are not to be diverted from the infamy of this attempt by charges of defending rebels. The plausible theory that rebels should be disfranchised will be advanced, and that, too, for a specious and unworthy purpose. * * * And now right upon the threshold of this affair, we wish it understood that this is no question for party wrangles.—It is above discussion, and will be met as men meet any invasion of their long established and legally acknowledged rights—it will be resisted as men resist highwaymen and burglars.

We take the above extracts from the *Arena* of last week, and will reply to the whole batch at once.

Nobody proposes to have the Legislature change the above provision of the Constitution, but we do propose to *enforce* it. That is the point. We do not recognize men who have been training under the flag of the Southern Confederacy, fighting in the armies of Jeff. Davis, or in any other way aiding and assisting the Southern rebels to overthrow the Government of the United States, as "citizens of the United States." By such acts, according to the Constitution of the United States, the "citizen" forfeits his citizenship, and becomes a *traitor*; and he cannot, therefore, any longer claim the right of suffrage in Oregon, by virtue of the above provision of our State Constitution, if a State law interferes to prevent him. What right or justice is there in the claim of such a man, to suffrage in Oregon? Is it just that a man in Missouri or Arkansas, or anywhere else, shall be allowed to raise his pony arm against the flag and Government of the United States, use all his efforts to trail the one in dust and dishonor, and destroy the other; and, failing in his infamous treason, after murdering those who would protect and defend the Government and its honor, then set up the claim in Oregon, or anywhere else on God's green earth, that he is a "citizen" of this Government he has attempted to destroy, and entitled to the honors and privileges which he discarded with curses? Is it just, we ask?—Answer that, Mr. *Arena*. Our Constitution is not to be *ignored*—it must be *enforced*.

The *Arena* says that it will not be diverted from the infamy of this move, by charges of defending rebels. All right. You cannot escape the charge of defending rebels and traitors, if you oppose a measure which proposes to disfranchise them. You must either *favor* their right to vote, and if you do, you must *defend* the rebel himself, or you must come out on the side of common decency, common justice, and the side of virtuous loyalty, by opposing the right of these men, whose hands are yet red with Union blood, to vote until they are purged of their treason by future good behavior.—Which side will you take? If you want to be on the side of your country, come out in favor of the purity of the ballot box. If you want to defend rebels, get into the same boat with them, defend their claim to corrupt our ballot boxes by depositing therein traitor's votes—do this—let us know where you stand, and the people of Oregon will sink the whole piratical crew together into a traitor's oblivion and disgrace.

With those residents of Oregon who have sympathized with the rebels, we would offer no regulations or rules concerning their votes on that account. They are well known to the people, and although they have offered what moral aid to the rebellion which they could, they have staid at home and attended to their legitimate affairs. But with every rebel who may come here hereafter, or who is already here, who has been engaged in the rebellion, we would raise a barrier to his vote, until time had sufficiently tested his loyalty, and proven him a *friend* and not a *foe* to the United States. Our position is simply this: We don't want the men who have been fighting willingly for Jeff. Davis in Oregon. We consider them bad men, enemies of the Government, and unfriendly to law and order anywhere. We want them to stay where they committed their treason; and the States which contained them then ought to contain them now, and we do not care what is done with them there. If the Southern States allow rebels and traitors to vote, it is none of our concern in Oregon. We believe that there are soldiers of Jeff. Davis now in Oregon, and that more will come, if not discouraged by State legislation. On this question the Albany *Journal* says:

> We know men in Oregon now fresh from the ranks of armed traitors, who voted at the Presidential election last fall. When one of this kind comes into a town or neighborhood he is an object of especial interest with Copperheads. Linn county has been cursed with the presence at several interesting specimens of this tribe. One of the traitors that participated in raising the flag and hurrahing over the assassination of President Lincoln, at Scio, was an outlawed vagabond who boasted of having been in the rebel service in Missouri. Such men should not be permitted to come among the people of Oregon, steeped in treason and dyed in the blood of loyal men, and enjoy the rights of a citizen.

"And now, right here, upon the threshold of this affair, we wish it understood" that whether this is a question of party wrangles or not, Union men *have the right* to say whether their honest loyal votes shall be cancelled by the votes of cut-throat traitors—and having that right, *they will maintain it*. If the editor of the *Arena* does not want to discuss this question, he can end the discussion by answering "Yes" or "No" to the following questions:

1st. Is a citizen who takes up arms against the United States, willingly, and who has fought in the armies of the so called Southern Confederacy, a traitor?

2nd. Is a traitor to the United States entitled to the right of suffrage in Oregon?

3d. Is the editor of the *Arena* in favor of allowing men who trained under the flag of Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy, and who labored to dissolve the Union by establishing the Southern Confederacy, the right of suffrage in Oregon at the next election?

☞There are 700 men employed on the Western Pacific Railroad. The road is expected to be completed in eighteen months.

COLFAX AND PARTY.

From the telegraph, we learn that the Hon. Schuyler Colfax and his traveling companions, consisting of Mr. Richardson, of the New York *Tribune*, Mr. Bowles, of the Springfield (Mass.) *Republican*, and Lt. Gov. Bross, of Illinois, who are now at San Francisco, intend extending their visit to Oregon, coming overland.

It is the duty of the people of Oregon, as well as our interest, to pay these gentlemen the greatest attention and respect; and we do not doubt but that the people feel this duty, without its being mentioned here, and will take pleasure in manifesting the same. Schuyler Colfax is one of the great men of the nation. His greatness consists not alone in his political station, but also great in the many virtues of his private life, and the unsullied integrity and patriotism of his public life. He is one of the leading Odd Fellows of the United States, and the author of the "Degree of Rebekah." Mr. Richardson is the principal traveling correspondent of the New York *Tribune*; and Mr. Bowles exercises a similar duty on behalf of the Springfield *Republican*, the most popular and influential journal in New England. We believe that Gov. Bross is the proprietor of one of the Chicago papers, the name of which we cannot now recall.

It will thus be seen that these distinguished visitors have the ability to create a vast amount of public opinion; and although we are sure they would not misrepresent us in the least, if we neglected them entirely, yet it is true that they could not make so full and valuable report of our State and its already known resources, as they could if the people with whom they are brought in contact shall labor to make their visit pleasant and agreeable.

Favorable notices in the *Tribune* or *Republican* from these well-known correspondents or in the speeches of Messrs. Colfax and Bross, upon their return, will do far more for Oregon than anything from our own citizens and representatives, no matter how well said. These gentlemen have no pecuniary interests in Oregon, or on the Pacific—no mines, mail contracts or anything of this kind—but have simply come a long distance to see our country, and learn of its resources, condition, &c., and make truthful and interesting reports thereof. Mr. Colfax is charged with a most sacred trust, the delivery of a message to our people from the lips of the late honored President Lincoln—and he is therefore in our midst under circumstances calculated to arouse the deepest interest in what he may have to say to us.—The message of President Lincoln to the people of the Pacific coast, was given Mr. Colfax just before the President started to the fatal theater; and is briefly as follows:

"I am glad you are going thither," said he to Mr. Colfax. "Visit all the mining regions—tell the miners I have not forgotten them nor their interests—tell them I look to them to redeem this nation from its great debt—tell them the government will do all it can to hasten the development of the vast wealth hid in their mountain sides and along their valleys. I shall encourage the discharged soldiers to go there. I shall direct emigration thither. There is wealth there for individual and nation. Go," he concluded, "and do not forget to tell the miners we have them in mind, and are at work for them."

This is the message sent us by the great man we loved and honored so much. It is intrusted to one who was his chosen friend in life. Schuyler Colfax will faithfully deliver it to the people of Oregon. Let the people of our State greet these gentlemen wherever they go, with open hearts. Let not this opportunity pass without manifesting our hospitality in the most hearty manner. Let every worthy make their stay with us an agreeable one.—Salem, the Capital of the State, should at once set about making preparations to give them a proper reception. We expect a telegram from them in season to inform the people when we may expect them.

A SLANDER ON ODD FELLOWSHIP.—In speaking of the jury in the case of Stinson vs. the *Arena*, the *Arena* says:

> You saw the jury composed, with a single exception, of our bitter political enemies, and that single exception was bound to Stinson closer than a brother, by the ties of a secret order, and had the manliness to declare his mind forestalled.

This is a downright slander on Odd Fellowship, in addition to being a gross outrage upon the honorable and just man referred to. The idea expressed by the *Arena* is simply that Odd Fellows will not observe their oaths to do justice where one of the parties is a "brother." This is utterly false. Odd Fellowship inculcates no such doctrine or practice; and we are surprised that the *Arena* should attack so worthy and benevolent a Society in this uncalled for manner. Can this statement be true in the case referred to? Is it reasonable that the *Arena* should allow a juryman to set on its case when he acknowledges that he is forestalled against it? It is not reasonable. The *Arena* accepted the juryman and they have no right now to turn around and insult him.

PRESTO.—The editor of the *Oregonian* writes a good article in favor of a California and Oregon Railroad, which we endorse; and then we inquire whether Portland is not opposed to such an enterprise. Our neighbor then replies by writing an article about a "Willamette Valley Road," and says that we think Portland is an enemy to the road. We do not think Portland opposed to a valley road, but know that your town is heartily in favor of such a road. Neither do we think Portland opposed to the first named road, because we don't know what your town does think on that subject; but the opinion does prevail in the valley that Portland is opposed to a railroad connection with California. We hope this is not true. Portland ought not to oppose any enterprise that will aid this valley. It has been, and is yet, the best friend to Portland; because it is the flour, bacon, wool, fruit, &c., of this great valley which concentrates at, and builds up Portland.

BELPASSI, Ogn., June 25, '65.

ED. STATESMAN: I herewith send you an extract from a letter which I have just received from my brother, J. H. D. Henderson. Believing that it would be gratifying to the loyal people of Oregon, I hope you will give it a place in your excellent paper.

E. P. HENDERSON.

LEBANON, Ohio, May 13, '65.

"* * * One thing, however, I wish to say to you is, that Andy Johnson was *not* near so drunk as he was represented to be. I was present at the inauguration; saw and heard the whole thing, and so far from thinking him drunk at the time, I *did not even think of intoxication, liquor, or anything of the kind.*—All this stuff about drunken imbecility, at the time of his inauguration, is sheer falsehood.—He may have drank liquor, and may have been under its influence at the time; if so, he did not show it."

☞N. O. Parrish & Co. will accept our thanks for late numbers of the popular magazines and illustrated papers. They keep on hand a large variety of solid and miscellaneous reading matter.

STONE BUILDINGS.—The people of the Dalles are re-building the burned district with substantial stone buildings.

INFAMY OF JEFF DAVIS.

EXAMINATION OF LEWIS F. BATES.

By Judge Advocate Holt—Where do you reside? A.—In Charlotte (N. C.)

Q.—How long have you resided there? A.—A little over four years.

Q.—In what business have you been engaged during the past year? A.—I have been engaged as Superintendent of the Southern Express Company for the State of North Carolina.

Q.—State whether or not you saw Jefferson Davis recently at Charlotte (N. C.), and under what circumstances? A.—He stopped at my house on the 19th of April last.

Q.—Did he make an address to the people on that occasion? A.—He did—on the steps of my house.

Q.—State whether or not in the course of that address, or toward the close, a telegram was received by him announcing the assassination of the President of the United States. A.—It was.

Q.—From whom? A.—From J. C. Breckinridge.

Q.—Did he or did he not read that telegram to the crowd? A.—He did.

Q.—Look at that (exhibiting to witness a telegram) and see whether it the same dispatch.

A.—I should say that it was.

[The dispatch was then read as follows]:

GREENSBORO, April 19, 1865.

His Excellency President Davis: President Lincoln was assassinated in the theater, in Washington, on the night of the 14th instant. Seward's house was entered on the same night, and he was repeatedly stabbed and, possibly, mortally wounded.

JOHN C. BRECKINRIDGE.

Q.—State what Jefferson Davis said after reading this dispatch to the crowd, and endeavor to recollect his precise language. A.—Upon the conclusion of the speech to the people he read read dispatch aloud and made this remark: "If it were to be done, it were better that it were well done."

Q.—You are sure those are the words? A.—Those are the words.

Q.—State whether or not, in a day or two afterward, Jeff. Davis, John C. Breckinridge and others were present at your house in Charlotte. A.—They were.

Q.—And the assassination of the President was the subject of conversation? A.—A day or two afterward that was the subject of their sation.

Q.—Can you remember what John C. Breckinridge said? A.—In speaking of the assassination of President Lincoln, he remarked to Davis that he regretted it very much; that it was unfortunate for the people of the South at that time; Davis replied: "Well, General I don't know; if it were to be done at all, it were better it were well done; and if the same were done to Andy Johnson, the Beast, and Secretary Stanton, the job would then be complete."

Q.—You feel confident that you recollect his words? A.—Those are the words used.

Q.—State whether or not the regret which John C. Breckinridge expressed at the assassination was because of its criminality, or simply because it was unfortunate for the people of the South at that time? A.—I drew that conclusion.

Q.—Was there any remark made as to the criminality of the act? A.—No, sir; he simply remarked that he regretted it as being unfortunate for the South.

DEGRADING THEM.—There is a newspaper published in San Francisco by a negro by the name of Bell; and also a democratic paper by one Washington, who succeeds Beriah Brown. Bell and Washington are about to lock horns on the "negro suffrage" question, and the *Flag* gives them the following notice:

> When B. F. Washington began to run Beriah Brown's treason mill, he said that he "intended to command respect." To the utter confusion of the "Superior race," the *Examiner* does not command nearly so much respect as the *Elevator*, and is not so able a paper. It style is absolutely inferior to that of the colored debasement of its political sentiment. We will bet a dollar that in a fair and square discussion of Negro Suffrage, the negro, Bell, is able to floor the Virginian the first fire. Form a ring!

RECEPTION OF COLFAX AND PARTY IN CALIFORNIA.—Placerville, June 30th—Colfax, Bross and party left Carson at four o'clock accompanied by about fifty ladies and gentlemen, in carriages, who went as far as Tahoe. They made the summit, nine miles, inside of an hour. The party was detained two hours on Lake Tahoe, by the machinery of the steamer getting out of order. They arrived here at half-past seven, were cheered at every station along the road, and were received here by the Mayor, military and citizens *en masse*, with salutes and music. Colfax is now speaking and Bross will follow. They are perfectly delighted with the scenery and their reception in the Pacific States. Since entering Colorado their whole course has been a perfect ovation. They spoke ten times in Colorado, seven in Utah, and eight in Nevada. They say they only regret that they have not had a chance to spend any money this side of Salt Lake. A banquet will be given to Colfax and party by citizens of Placerville at 10 P.M.

INDECENCY.—We learn from the Albany *Journal* and the Corvallis *Gazette*, that a prominent Copperhead took the occasion of the Anniversary celebration at Corvallis, to make a stump speech in favor of human slavery, State sovereignty, and other of Jeff. Davis' cardinal doctrines; by way of set-off to the patriotic oration of the Rev. E. R. Geary. After the Copper got through with his secessionism, the crowd called Geary out again, and the old parson deliberately skinned one A. J. Thayer alive.

COLFAX IS COMING.—Since writing the article in another column on this subject, we have received the following telegram:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.

ED. STATESMAN: Leave Marysville 11th for Portland and Olympia; returning leave Victoria 28th, stopping on the road. Must, therefore, be very brief.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

It will thus be seen that little time will be spent at any point. According to this programme, we may expect the party about the 20th inst.

HOE YOUR CURRANT BUSHES.—T. McF. Patton has shown us a very small limb from a currant bush in the garden of Mr. Cooke, which has a pound or so of very nice fruit. It exceeds anything we have seen in that line, and may be credited to the fact that the bushes were well hoed and cultivated.

AGRICULTURAL MACHINERY.—As an evidence of the growth and prosperity of Oregon, we observe that a very large amount of agricultural machinery has been brought into the State this year, and nearly all for this valley. Senator Nesmith brought a very large amount which has all been disposed of at good prices.

☞Judge Stratton informs us that some subscriber, either at Port Orford or Ellensburg handed him either three or six dollars for the *Statesman*. He lost the memorandum and has forgotten the person and amount. If the person handing him the money will drop us a line, it will be made all right.

THE INDIANS.—The Snake Indians are committing depradations in Baker county, as may be seen by a petition in another column addressed to Gov. Gibbs.

☞A banner borne in the great procession at Wilmington, North Carolina, had this very appropriate inscription: "George Washington, the father of his country; Jeff Davis, the destroyer of his country; Abraham Lincoln, the redeemer of his country."

A POEM FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1865.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Committee of Arrangements:

The undersigned, Teachers in Willamette University, to whom were referred the original poems contesting for the honor of the "Prize" to be awarded at the approaching celebration of our National Anniversary, report, that, from the four contributions submitted, they have selected the one signed "Marion," as the most appropriate for the occasion.

Respectfully,
T. M. GATCH,
L. J. POWELL,
L. L. GRUBBS,
F. H. GRUBBS, *Com.*

Salem, July 3, 1865.

MRS. SALLIE GOODRICH THAYER—*Madam:* Learning that you are the author of the "Prize Poem" read at the recent celebration of our National Anniversary, and heartily approving of the loyal and patriotic sentiments therein expressed, and as a tribute of respect, the undersigned would respectfully solicit your permission to publish the Poem.

With respect, yours, truly,
R. MALLORY,
C. B. BELLINGER,
J. W. MCAFEE,
N. T. CATON,
and others.

Salem, July 6, 1865.

To Hon. Rufus Mallory, Dr. McAfee, and others—GENTLEMEN: Your complimentary note in reference to the "Prize Poem" is at hand. Duly appreciating your kindness, it gives me pleasure to comply with your request, tendering you my thanks for the compliment you have bestowed. Respectfully,

SALLIE GOODRICH THAYER.

Salem, July 8, 1865.

POEM:

BY SALLIE GOODRICH THAYER—["MARION."]

Old Time's swift-rolling chariot wheels
Have borne another year away,
And, by the gracious will of Heaven,
We hail again this hallowed day—
This day so dear to patriot hearts—
This day of Independence' birth—
This day of shouts and songs and prayers
And hallelujahs over earth!—
This day that saw the proudest deed
Recorded yet, on hist'ry's page—
This day that saw a patriot band,
In freedom's noblest work, engage—
This day, marked by the loftiest plan
That ever human mind conceived,—
The mightiest triumph ever yet
By union hands or hearts achieved!

Yes, by the kindly smile of God,
We hail once more this glorious day—
We still stand on Columbia's sod,
And 'neath her banner sing and pray.
Oh, what a privilege, patriot hearts,
This sacred right of ours!
To stand beneath this heaven's broad arch—
Upon this fair earth decked in flowers—
Breathing this air, that's free to all—
With brows uplifted 'neath God's sky,
Beneath the folds of freedom's flag
In golden splendor waving high.
Oh, this priceless gift of freedom!
What an inheritance divine!
Was ever such a peerless gem
Brought from the wealth of Indies' mine!
Would all the costly royal trappings
On Britannia's gilded throne—
Would all the centred wealth of Europe—
The richest crown that ever shone—
All the costliest jeweled sceptres,
With their glitter and their glare,
Compose a jewel half so priceless?
Constitute a gift so rare!
Then, oh, my brothers, guard your freedom!
Oh, my sisters, prize it well!
See, that no trait'rous touch pollutes it—
No despot sounds its funeral knell!
'Twas a boon, oh, dearly purchased—
A gift obtained 'mid war's alarms—
Then shield it, on your manly bosoms—
Fold it in your snowy arms!—
A precious treasure won with life—
A sacred right received from God—
And we'll defend and keep it pure,
Or drench the earth in patriot blood!
No star shall leave that banner bright,
While beauty's heart is throbbing true—
While a sabre flashes in the light—
Or a bosom heaves in Union Blue!

Show us the traitor who would dare
To drag that starry standard down!
Show us the nation, far or near,
Who'd like to brave Columbia's frown!

Ah, patriot hearts, take courage fresh,
There's not that realm upon the earth
Whose royal emblem long could flaunt
Where freedom's army marches forth!
Great Britain long enough has ruled—
Bragged of her power—on land and sea,
But *freedom's drum* sounds *slavery's knell*,
And God has said, 'Let darkness flee!"
Well may the British Lion growl,
And fear to see our Eagle soar,
Well may the thrones across the wave
Tremble, when Union cannons roar!

Americans will ne'er forget
How England played the traitor's part—
Stretched out her arm across the sea,
And took our foes unto her heart.—
Nor France—who laughed in secret glee
When rebel guns rent Sumter's wall;
When patriots saw their banner fall!
Yes, well may France and England, now,
Shudder at Columbia's power:
Well may their royal rulers dread
The approaching of the vengeance hour!
For freedom's bayonets gleam to-day,
The brightest in the land—
Her eagle flies o'er every sea—
Her flag by ev'ry breeze is fanned!
And fair Columbia ne'er will stoop
Britannia's royal smile to crave,
So England must be cautious, how
She sends us insults o'er the wave!

And France had better soon recall
Maximilian, from a throne,
Where the tyrant's crown has, *long enough*,
In royal splendor shone!
For Mexico, God never made
To be a pampered monarch's home,
And, surely, 'neath her orange shade
No *Austrian* prince shall roam!
Oh, France and Hapsburg, soon you'll see
With eyes outstretched in wild dismay,
Th' inglorious flight from Juarez' soil
Of your prince, and *protege!*
With a little aid from Uncle Sam,
Spain's brave heroes soon will free
Their land from the perfidious clutch
Of a monarch—that *would be!*
They'll teach Maximilian, once for all,
He must *potiently* sit down,
And wait his chances, *nearer home*,
If he wants to wear a crown!
But few times more his royal eye
Will gaze on Anahuac's top,
Not many suns will gild the sky
Ere from his brow Spain's crown will drop!
Yes, freedom's edict has gone forth
And the tyrant's hour soon comes—
Hark! in the East, West, South, and North,
The revellie of Union drums!
Yes, Mexico, thou glorious land,
Three hundred years, of grief and pain,
Is long enough for one brave band
To bend beneath oppression's reign!
And now your ransom hour arrives—
Oh, greet it on your bended knees!—
Union soldiers march to help you
Drive the spoiler o'er the seas!
Then lift your trailing arms from earth—
No more your country's banner drag—
Spring to meet Columbia's soldiers—
Rally 'neath Columbia's flag!
Yes, lift your bowed heads up to Heaven,
And let your standard kiss the air,
From the sandy hills of Vera Cruz,
To Texenco's gardens fair!
Fear not the power of despots now—
Let your bright flag be unfurled—
And Uncle Sam will stand your backer,
'Gainst the crowns of all the world!

Yes, freedom's goddess henceforth marches,
Loos'ning links in slavery's chain—
Freedom's banner fast advances
To the thrones where tyrants reign!

I wonder what will *Louis* think
When he hears what *Great* has planned?—
That Steele, with thirty thousand men,
Is marching to the Rio Grande!
And what will Maximilian think
When he sees our banner fly?—
And hears the voice of *Union soldiers,*
Shouting "freedom's battle cry!"—
When *armies*, dressed in *blue* and *gold*,—
Answering freedom's bugle call—
With Uncle Sam's bright bayonets gleaming,
March to Montezuma's Hall!

Well may the tyrants of the earth
In wonder strain their royal eyes,
And look with fear upon the land
Where freedom's starry banner flies!
Well may they shudder on their thrones,
At the dreadful hour to come,
And tightly clutch their tott'ring crowns
At the sound of freedom's drum!

Yes, patriots, lift your brows aloft,
And wipe the tears from out your eyes—
Hear how your soldiers firmly tread!
See how your Eagle boldly flies!
Oh, well may freemen now rejoice—
Their country's darkest hour has passed—
Our ship has weathered all the storms,
And anchors now beyond the blast!
A proud, free, powerful nation, we
Now celebrate our day of birth,
And honor those brave arms that first
Raised our bright flag all o'er the earth!
Every city, town, and hamlet
Rings to-day with sounds of mirth;
High and low, throughout our land,
Unite to hail this glorious Fourth!
And know we cause why they should not?
Is there reason still to wail?
Shall we never cease our weeping?
Never lift the mourning veil?
Must every home be draped in black?
This lovely earth be made a tomb?
Our banner always float in crape?
And freedom pine amid the gloom?
Ah, no!—those brothers that we've lost,
Those martyrs in the grave,
Hear not our shrieks above their dust,
Nor see our *sable* wave.
And well we know they died, to add
New joy—not sorrow—to our lot;
And meet it is, that mirth, to day,
Should reign in palace, hall, and cot.
Down deep in ev'ry patriot heart,
Where fountains of affection flow,
Surely, there are some holy spots,
Where choicest buds and roses grow,
Kept sacred by the names of those
Whose blood has crimsoned land and sea,
Those gallant soldiers who have died,
To shield the banner of the free!—
Yes, in our hearts, we all do keep
Sacred the loved names of our dead,
And monuments in memory rear
O'er the spots where they have bled.
And 'tis *remembering* our lost heroes
That we should give thanks to God,
For patriot blood—though spilled—has washed
Slavery's foot-print from our sod!
So let no clouds or sad thoughts mar
The gladness of this happy day:
Let eyes beam bright and voices shout,
And grateful hearts rejoice and pray!
Yes, let your 'glory hallelujahs'
Echo through the earth and sky!
Sing your country's *grandest* anthems—
Wave your starry banner high!—
Greet with your cheerings, long and loud,
Your country's emblem—there unfurled—
That flag, the pride of patriot hearts—
That wonder of the world!
Yes, let your shouts resound beneath it,
Make the hill-sides ring with song—
Oh, ye women fair and lovely,
Oh, ye stalwart men, and strong!
Sing the "Hymn" of your "Republic"—
Peal it out, with voices gay,—
Shout, oh, shout your hallelujahs!—
'Tis your Independence Day!

SALEM, OREGON, July 1, 1865.

ARMIES OF THE EAST AND WEST.

A correspondent who witnessed the reviews at Washington of the armies of the Potomac and of Sherman, thus compares them:

As to the histories of these friendly armies, all are familiar with them. The one was raised on border farms, and, by the necessities of border life, had become inured to hardship, and prompt in the use of weapons. It fought a people like itself, but less self-reliant, and, with the aid of Eastern sailors, broke the South in half. At length, and under the shelter of leviathans in iron, pierced the country as far as the river sources. Then while the army of Meade held the rebel government in its throttle, that of Sherman broke from the rivers and swept the Gulf States, till, by the most prodigious marches on record, it cut off all the seaboard cities from their defending armies, and in turn kept Johnston in thrawl.—Then Meade, quitting also the shelter of the river, stormed Petersburg and Richmond which fell together. They finished the war, each subjugating an army, and while history will do them equal and like justice, the folks of the present day wish to see them compared, as they appeared on review. They had equal chances in the procession. They occupied six hours each in passing. The Army of the West lost Hooker in the review, that of the East lost Sheridan. Meade's army had only a part of its infantry—Sherman's none of its cavalry.—The superior conversance of Meade with Washington City enabled him to so defile his forces that not a gap occurred along the entire route, but Sherman's men once or twice broke in sections for long distances, marring the unity of his procession. Meade's army was composed of the most convential levies—Sherman's of the most individual. The army of the East was composed of citizens—that of the West of pioneers. A gentleman, socially so-cialled, would have preferred the display of Meade.—His men had more readable faces, better characterization, and were less wild and *outre* in their expression. A pioneer would have most applauded the review of Sherman, because his men were hardier, knottier, and wierder.—Meade represented the army of the East, being a graceful and accomplished commander. Logan, and not Sherman, was the West's representative soldier. The army of the West marched, as a rule, better than the East, if rigid mathametical time-keeping is the best of good training. Its constituents were, in physiognomy, just the men of dashing adventures, prolonged advances, and reckless fighting; but Meade's men bore the impress of intelligent patience like that which sat before Richmond four defeated years, and in the end had the plank to pass over the bastions of Petersburg. The officers of Sherman were less punctilious in externals than those of Meade. His staff officers were not so neatly garbed, his line officers were more indifferent to their wardrobe. The West was the best army for a republic, the troops, generally speaking, were the best Meade had to show. Illinois troops, casually remarked, were the flower of Sherman's veterans. The absence of cavalry which would have quite embarrassed Sherman, so far as the spirit of his entertainment went, was made up by series of contrabands and many odd concomitants in the shape of mules, fowls, and dogs, which the soldiers took along. Sherman had less artillery than Meade. The battle flags of both were equally riddled. Harmony prevailed among the partizans of both armies. The country was proud of them all. Their deeds are alike, the fame is equal; their reviews was the most wonderful panorama in American history.

AN ENGLISH PACIFIC RAILROAD.—It appears that an English company is intent on constructing a railroad to to the Pacific through British territory. A recent Montreal paper says:

> Edmund Rice, President of the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad Company, has gone to England to further the interests of that road—English capitals being interested in pushing it on to the Pacific together with a telegraph line, through British America.

DEMOCRACY.—A colored man was recently elected alderman of the Second Ward of Austin, in Nevada. What makes the case more singular is, that he was a candidate of the Democratic party—*Jacksonville Sentinel.*

What made the case more "singular" to our mind is, that a negro should have been found mean enough to be a Copperhead.—*Flag.*

☞Dan. W. Voorhees, a venomous Copperhead living in Indiana, has been forced to leave his home on account of the indignation of the people, caused by his traitorous conduct.

RECEIPTS

Of the Firemen's Ball and Supper, and Report of Geo. M. Stroud and G. Ladd.

Total amount from Ball		$202 00
Paid Gaston for hall	$12 00	
" Hall and Hayward	50 00	
Net proceeds of Ball		$140 00
Total amount from Supper		$273 00
Paid Louis Byrnes	$18 00	
" printing bill	16 00	
" Dutch George	5 00	
" for sugar	3 00	
" for table cloths	2 00	
Net proceeds of Supper		$229 00
Total net proceeds of Ball and Supper		$369 00

The Secretary was ordered to have the above report published in the *Oregon Statesman* and *Oregon Arena*.

THOS. SMITH, Secretary.

MARRIED.

At the residence of I. I. Cole, June 25th, by the Rev. I. P. Denny, Francis M. Henline and Charlotte G. Cole, all of Marion county.

At the residence of the bride's father, in Salem, by Rev. O. Dickinson, July 4th, Mr. Edgar O. Smith, of Salem, and Miss Emily Croft, late of Dedham, Mass.

In Linn county, June 27th, by I. C. Dicky, J. P., Mr. W. H. Bilyeu and Miss Martha M. Dennis, both of Linn county.

At the residence of the bride's father, July 5th, by Rt. Rev. T. F. Scott, Rev. John W. Sellwood and Miss Isabella J. Daly, daughter of Rev. James L. Daly.

At the residence of the bride's father, July 3d, by Rev. Lewis Thompson, Mr. J. W. Johnson of McMinnville, and Miss