



THE SPECTATOR.

Fourth of July Celebration at Salem.

Mr. Editor—The Committee of Arrangements request that you publish the following condensed summary of the proceedings of the 4th of July celebration, near Salem, Champoege county.

At 12 o'clock the Rangers, under the command of Capt. Bennett, together with an immense assemblage of citizens, were formed about 400 yards from the Camp Meeting stand, and marched in good order to the stand by Lieutenant Holt. The heavy fall of rain prevented the ladies from marching as was anticipated; however, there was in attendance at the stand, a large number of the Oregon fair. After order was restored, by the company being seated, a most solemn, touching, and pathetic prayer was offered up to Almighty God by the Rev. D. Leslie, the chaplain, when the Declaration of Independence was read by J. Smith, Esq.; after which W. G. T'Vault delivered an oration, suitable to the occasion, and satisfactory to the audience, as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN—The importance of the occasion will be but little apology for my appearing in the situation I now do. The story of our country's sufferings, our country's triumphs, though often and eloquently told, is still a story that must not be forgotten, though I may tell you no new thing, of that which I shall speak, is to the descendants of the heroic men who lighted the beacon of liberty and unfurled by its blaze the triumphant banner. The recital, however unvarnished and unadorned, you will listen to, for it never can fall heavy on the ears of the descendants of the American patriots.

We have met to commemorate the day which gave our nation birth; in this we all possess a common interest, and you with faces glowing with sympathy and joy, prove the feelings which the occasion hath excited. If indeed there be anything in association to effect the mind of man, we need not strive to repress the emotion which agitate us here.

If our purposes had never been conceived—if we, ourselves, had never been born, the 4th of July, 1776, would have been a day upon which all subsequent history would have dwelt with striking emphasis, and the glories of that day will stand a point of attraction to the cause of successive generations while science and christianity prevails, and the multitudes of the earth remain enlightened.

But we are Americans; we live in what may be called the early age of this great continent, and we know that our posterity, thro' all time, are here to suffer and enjoy the allotment of divine and human enactments. We see before us a probable train of great events; we know that our own fortunes have been happily cast, and it is therefore that we should be moved by the contemplation of occurrences which has guided our destiny, and settled the condition in which we should pass that portion of our existence which God allots to man on earth.

We cannot read even the discovery of the new world without feelings of strong personal pride and interest in the event, without being reminded how much it has effected our own fortunes and our own existence. It is therefore impossible for us to contemplate with unaffected minds that interesting, I may say, that most touching and pathetic scene, when the great discoverer stood upon the deck of his own shattered bark, the shades of night falling upon the sea; yet no man sleeping, tossed upon the billows on an unknown ocean; yet the stronger billows of alternate hope and despair, extending forward his harrassed frame, straining westward his anxious and eager eye, till heaven at last granted him a moment of rapture and ecstasy in blessing his vision with the sight of the new world.

Nearer to our times, more closely connected with our fates, therefore equally interesting to our feelings and affections, are the settlement of our own beloved county, by colonists from England, when the pious few who landed at Plymouth Rock, on the 22d of De-

ember, 227 years ago, the then pilgrims and forlorn hope of the settlement of this mighty continent, as well as the achievement of our national independence. We cherish every memorial of these worthy ancestors; we celebrate their patience and fortitude; we admire their daring enterprise; we teach our children to venerate their piety, and we are justly proud of being descendants from men who have set the world an example of founding civil institutions on the great and united principles of human freedom and human knowledge. To us, their children, the story of their labors and sufferings can never be without its interest. No vigor of youth; no maturity of manhood, will ever lead the nation to forget the spot where its infancy was cradled, nourished and defended.

But the great event in the history of our continent, which we are now met to commemorate, that prodigy of modern times, at once the wonder and blessing of the world, is the 4th day of July, 1776, that gave birth to the declaration of independence, and secured for us that blessing which God has made man capable of enjoying—"liberty upon equal rights and privileges," brought about by the American revolution.

In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national power, we have assembled together on the beautiful plains of the Willamette; far, far towards the setting sun—by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

Events so various and important that they might crowd and distinguish centuries, are in our times compressed within the compass of a single life. When has it happened that history has had so much to record in the same term of years as since the 18th day of April, 1776—the day on which the first blood was spilt that forever separated America from Great Britain, and gave to the former not only a rank among the nations of the earth, but that which only can exalt a nation—liberty and free institutions, which are the durable foundations of its glory and rising prosperity. Its tranquility and happiness; its increasing population and wealth, the rapidity of which is unexampled in the annals of the world.

Our own revolution, under other circumstances, might itself have been expected to occasion a war of half a century, has been achieved, 28 sovereign and independent states erected; a general government established over them, so safe, so wise, so free, so patriotic, and so practical, that we might well wonder the establishment should have been accomplished so soon, were it not for the greater wonder it should have been established at all. Two or three millions of people have been augmented to upwards of twenty, and the great forest of the west prostrated by the successful arm of industry, and the dwellers on the shores of the Atlantic become the neighbors of the hardy pioneers of the valley of the mighty Mississippi, and even the summit of the great Stony mountains, is no longer a barrier to the enterprising Anglo-Saxon; the institutions, cradled and nourished by experience to maturity, are annually transported across the summit and through the sandy desert to the shores of the Pacific, and ere long, the inhabitants of the beautiful and productive valleys of the Columbia will be ingrafted into the great republic, and become the key to commerce between the never-ending enterprise of the U. States and the east. At present we have a commerce which leaves no sea unexplored; navies that takes no law from superior forces; revenues adequate to all emergencies of the government.

Europe, within the period of our existence as a nation, has been agitated by a mighty revolution that has shaken to the centre her political fabric, and dashed against one another thrones that had stood tranquil for ages. On this, our continent, our own example has been followed, even within the memory of many who are present; colonies have sprung up to be nations; Texas has taken the lead, and will be a beacon light to others, to cheer them on in that truly christian faith, that the people are capable of self-government, and if permitted to judge of the future from the past, we are sanguine that the day is not far distant when the eagle of liberty and self-government will cry aloud in accents not to be misunderstood, and proclaim to the inhabitants of North America glad tidings of great joy. You were created to govern, not to be governed; the institutions of your government, founded upon equal rights, entitle you to the admiration of the world.

In view of our own exalted station, we are led to inquire where are our fathers who bequeathed to us our national honor and our individual happiness? those venerables who, for us, faced the roar of the hostile cannon; witnessed the conflagration of their own houses; the ground strewn with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that was manly to repeated resistance; thousands of bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war or death? Where are they now? for they witness them no more. All is peace. Alas! they are not here; they are gathered to their fathers, and live only to their country in her grateful remembrance, and their own bright example. With them we remember the names of our beloved Washington, the father of his country, and a host of other heroes and statesmen, eminent, revered, and beloved; among those men of noble daring, there was one who now sleeps in the bosom of his own native soil—he was a gallant young stranger, who left his delightful home; the people he came to succor were not his people—he knew them only in the wicked story of their wrongs; he was no mercenary wretch, striving for the spoils of the vanquished; he ranked among nobles and looked unawed upon kings; he was no friendless outcast; his kinsmen were about him; peace, tranquility and innocence shed their mingled delight around him, and to crown the enchantment of the situation, had a wife, said to be lovely even beyond her sex, and graced with every accomplishment that would render her irresistible, at the age of 15 had blessed him with her love, and made him the partner of her life; the evidence itself would have convinced you that this is but a feint picture of the reality; yet from all these he turned away, and comes like a lofty tree that shakes down its green glories to battle with the winter's storm; he came, but not in the day of successful rebellion; not when the new risen sun of independence had burst the cloud of time and careered to its place in the heavens; he came when darkness curtained the hills, and the tempest was abroad in its anger—when the plow stood still in the field of promise, and briars cumbered the garden of beauty—when fathers were dying and mothers weeping—when the wife was binding up the gashed bosom of her husband, and the maiden was wiping the death-damp from the brow of her lover; he came when the brave began to feel the power of man and the pious to doubt the favor of God. It was then, when the gallant stranger joined the ranks of a persecuted people—freedom's little phalanx bid a grateful welcome—with them he courted the battle's rage—with theirs, his arm was lifted; with theirs, his blood was shed—long and doubtful was the conflict.—

At length kind heaven smiled on the good cause, and the beaten invaders fled; the profane was driven from the temple of liberty; many brave struck the redeeming blow for their own freedom; but who, like this man, has bared his bosom in the cause of strangers? Others have lived in the love of their own people; but who, like this man, has drank the sweetest cup of welcome with strangers? Matchless chief of glory! Generations of men, yet unborn, will repeat the beloved name of Lafayette.

But we turn to that imperishable glory bequeathed to us, their children—that imperishable glory that is blazing over the gorgeous fields of liberty. The star-spangled banner, with her golden eagle of equal rights, is the common heritage of every American citizen, when he dwells on the sublime and eventful scenes enacted at Bunker's Hill, Trenton, Yorktown, Chippewa, New Orleans, the Thames, and on the proud waves of Erie and Champlain, the fire of national enthusiasm will sparkle in his eye, and the flush of national superiority will mantle in his cheek, and he will triumphantly exclaim, I am an American citizen, and her Union is mine.

And now let us indulge in honest exultation, in the conviction of the benefit which the example of our country has produced, and is likely to produce; and let us so endeavor to comprehend in all its magnitude, and so feel in all its importance, the part assigned to us in the great drama of human affairs, placed at the head of a system of a representative and popular government, thus far our example shows that such governments are compatible, not only with respectability and power, but with repose, with peace, with security of personal rights. Our history hith-

erto proves that the popular form is practicable, and that with wisdom and knowledge men may govern themselves, and the duty incumbent on us is to persevere in the consistency of the cheering example, and take care that nothing may weaken its force and authority with the world. If, in our case, the representative system ultimately fails, popular systems of government must be pronounced impossible. No combination of circumstances more favorable to the experiment can ever be expected to occur; the last hopes of mankind therefore rests with us; and if it should be proclaimed that our example had become an argument against the experiment, the knell of popular liberty would be sounded throughout the earth. These are excitements to duty—they are not suggestions of doubt.

While the spirit of union triumphs, we have nothing to fear from the animosities of party, however turbulent, they will be harmless; like the commotions of the physical world, they will be necessary. May the day be far distant when it shall be said of this country that it has no parties; for it must also be said, if any be bold enough to say it, that they have no liberties. Let hawk-eye! jealousy be forever on the alert, to watch the footsteps of power—fear not party zeal, for it is the salt of your existence. There are no parties under a despotism—there, no man lingers round a ballot-box; no man distracts his head about the science of government—there is a calm sea.

It is no vain remark to make here that the eyes of the world have been watching our republican form of government for 70 years, during which time we have run the glorious race of empire; friends have gazed in fear, and foes in scorn; but fear has turned to joy, and scorn is lost in wonder. The great and united experiments of American statesmen have succeeded. Mankind beholds the spectacle of a land, whose crown is wisdom—whose heraldry is talent; a land where public sentiment is supreme, and where every man erects the pyramid of his own fame.

But the cry of every American citizen is, our country! our country! On our country heaven's highest blessings are descending. I would not, for I need not, use the language of inflation; but the decree has gone forth, and as sure as the blue arch of heaven is in beauty above us, so sure will it span the mightiest dominion of the earth; imagination cannot outstrip reality, when it contemplates our destinies as a people.

One half century ago, the rich and extensive country situated between the Alleghany and Stony mountains, slept in solitary loneliness; fifty years changed the character of that country, and very nearly blotted from its face the peculiar people that once inhabited it. Art in a great measure has usurped the power of nature; the children of education are too powerful for the tribes of aborigines that inhabit this continent. As a race, they have withered, and will continue to do so until their arrows are all broken—their springs all dried up; their wigwams returned to the dust; their council fires will go out; their war-cry will not be heard; they have been long sinking before the mighty tide which has been pressing them from the rising of the sun to the setting; they will soon hear the roar of the last wave that will settle over them forever; ages hence the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will wonder to what manner of persons they belonged.

American citizens, you should feel proud that your destiny has been cast, at this particular age of the world, where the pious men in the desert region may build a city of refuge, around which they may erect an impregnable wall of safety, to enjoy and perpetuate religious freedom; the sacred herald of civil liberty, on the Dorick columns of which a majestic temple has been raised, and they who dwell within its walls, will never bow in bondage to man, until they forget to bend in reverence to God.

The regular toasts read on the occasion, will be found in another part of this paper.

NEW ROOT.—Mr. Hannay, of Dalquhairn, has obtained one or two varieties of the potato, from South America. The icuna has also been introduced by him, a root something between the yam and the potato. This year he has about a score of sets, which are promising to do remarkably well. In the event of their coming to the proper maturity, we have no doubt the use of them will gradually spread.—*Dumfries Herald.*