

THE VOICE OF 1776.

John Withycombe's Oration,
With Respect to Barometer.

The great bell in the Philadelphia statehouse hung sombre and silent. The flower scented zephyrs of a cloudless, summer sky played with the flowing locks of the old bell ringer as he stood and awaited a signal. A bright light glittered in his eye as ever and anon he shot a quick glance at the bell, or with arm bared to the shoulder, clutched the pendant clapper.

Below, the streets in all directions were a mass of surging people. They stood in knots and spoke in whispers, turning eagerly to each other for latest news. Momentous events were transpiring. The very air was surcharged with anxiety. All night the committee had labored and its report was before the Continental Congress. In there on the table was that immortal document, the Declaration of Independence. Pale men with anxious faces were ranged about, debating the portentous question of whether or not to sign.

Impatiently the old bell-man watched and waited for the sign; waited for his flaxen haired grandson to rush from the building and flash to him the signal that the paper had been signed. Hark! there is a stir in the crowd. They are surging at the entrance. The gleaming eye of the silver haired bell-man catches a glimpse of a flaxen head threading the crowd. A nervous hand clutches at the bell tongue. A child voice mounts to the tower. "Ring, Grandpa ring." The old man hears. There is the strength of youth in his muscle as he grasps and swings the heavy clapper.

The bell peals out. It hurls a greeting of freedom to the noon-day sun. The molten notes from its iron throat leap from house to house and then to the mountain peaks. The crowd in the street hears, and burst into a mighty shout, the city hears and starts from desk and workshop. "How they shouted, what rejoicing."

How the old bell shook the air;
Till the clang of freedom pealing
Swept the tiding everywhere.
How the bonfires and the torches
Lighted up the night's repose,
Till from planes like fabled Phoenix,
Glorious liberty arose.

"Independence bell is silent—
Hushed and still its clamorous tongue;
But the spirit it awakened
Still is living, still is young.
As we greet the laughing sunlight
On the Fourth of each July,
We will ne'er forget the bell-man
Standing there athwart the sky,
Ringing out the notes of freedom
That shall never, never die."

The voice of the old bell is the voice of seventy-six. No more does the tongue sway to and fro. But the joyous notes of that July noonday are still pealing. The old bell-man is the type of the men of the time. His eager grasp of the bell tongue as he thundered forth the tidings is the spirit of liberty incarnated. That same spirit coursed the veins and swept the breast of every patriot of the time. In every one there was a desire for liberty and a determination to have it at any cost. Above everything, overshadowing all things, was a consuming, steadfast desire to be free.

It shone from the old bell ringer's eye and surged into his arm as he rang. It was the spirit of Bunker Hill and Warren. It was the spirit that sent Paul Revere across the river at midnight and down the Concord road to tell his countrymen of the coming conflict. It was the spirit in Washington, in Jefferson, and other immortal heroes of the time whose lives were resplendent with virtue, and in whose memory is entwined the history and glory of our country.

"There's not to reason why;

Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs but to do and die,
For Liberty."

Ah! Liberty; for thousands of years you have waited for champions. Through the centuries you had loitered and lingered for defenders. The millions had sought thee and longed for thee, and died for thee; but it remained for Paul Revere and the old bell-ringer, remained for those whom these two typify, to save thee to the world, to incarnate thee in majesty and make thee sovereign and supreme in one great land.

The figure of the old bell-man still stands athwart the sky at Philadelphia and is seen of all men. It is a sight that the heads of autocratic governments in all foreign states have sought, in vain, to hide from the eyes of their restless subjects, subjects which continually see in the old bell-man an inspiration to fight on and on for freedom. The tall form of Patrick Henry still looms aloft with the dazzling sheen of a meteor. From mountain to mountain and from continent to continent they still hear him say: "Gentlemen may cry peace, but there is no peace; the war is actually begun. What is it the gentlemen wish? Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God; I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death." Why should not the nations have heard and heeded voices like these? The roar of the ocean dashing on the reefs; the peal of the thunder as it leaped from peak to peak or rolls through the valley; the detonation of Niagara as it makes a mighty plunge—what are these when above them sweep the impassioned notes of Patrick Henry, or rolls the torrent tones of the old liberty bell.

The forces set in motion by the voice of seventy-six were of immense import to the human race. They established a new state upon a new model and then there achieved human liberty. They affected the mightiest consequences in that all the governments of the world are fashioned more and more after this new model, with a constantly growing share of rights for the common people. Measured by the weal they have wrought for the world, these forces constitute the largest transaction that ever took place in human affairs. Thus in our own beloved country, the voice of seventy-six taught us how to build a mammoth nation. It is taught us how to roll back the Englishmen of 1812. It incited us when the heel of the Spaniard was on the throat of Cuba, to drive the oppressor from the hemisphere. It is teaching us now in the awakening public conscience to drive out corruption and infamy from our corporations and save the increment of our effort in part for our poor.

In France the voice of seventy-six was heard and beaded and on the ashes of tyranny has risen a mighty republic and a free people. The people along the Rhine heard and heeded, and through blood and carnage they wrung from unwilling princes a written constitution. Hungary, poor Hungary, heard and her people rallied under the flag of freedom. They caught the fire of inspiration and in awful battle won for a time the precious heritage for which they fought.

Hark! what is the sound upon the night? 'Tis a shriek. Again and again it rends the air. Hist, mingling with it is the deep detonation of shotted cannon. And the frenzied scream, and the hideous groan, they too come out of the darkness. The rattle, ah, the rattle of musketry, the clack of swords, the thunder of hoof-beats, they are hideous through the night. Murder, death, blood, terror—all these in distorted confusion for the hour. Ha, 'tis Moscow. 'Tis Russia. 'Tis a

OAC TROUBLE.

Dispatches in the Oregonian and Telegram.

The relief of Lieutenant Dennis P. Quinlan, United States Army, as professor of military science and tactics at the Agricultural college is the outgrowth of an incident in which he and Roy McCully, a cadet, came to blows in the commandant's office, about January 5. Lieutenant Quinlan has always maintained that the student assaulted him without provocation, while the latter alleged the attack was provoked by insulting language. Accounts as to the facts by the two or three eye-witnesses do not agree, and the question of who is deserving of all the blame in the incident has been a mooted one.

The matter was referred to the discipline committee, and that body, after taking testimony, referred the whole matter back to President Gatch, without recommendation. The cadet, in the meantime, had made an apology, addressed to President Gatch, expressing regret at what had transpired and promised not to be a party to any similar occurrence. In the apology he mentioned Lieutenant Quinlan by name and promised to obey his commands hereafter. This apology the president accepted and read publicly in chapel.

Lieutenant Quinlan refused to accept the apology, and referred the matter to the War Department. The department suspended Lieutenant Quinlan from duty pending an investigation, and sent out Major Wisser, who took testimony and made a report. After that the department wrote President Gatch, requesting that the cadet be directed to make a written apology to Lieutenant Quinlan, and also that the president reverse his decision as to allowing the cadet to remain in college and in the cadet regiment, and refer the same to the faculty for action.

President Gatch did not comply with the request of the department. March 13 he replied, saying, in effect, that consideration for the welfare of the military department at the college made it impossible for him to comply, and that he would be more explicit in stating his reasons therefor if the War Department deemed it desirable.

When seen tonight with reference to the matter, both President Gatch and Lieutenant Quinlan declared that they had nothing to say. "If a story must be written about the incident, give Lieutenant Quinlan the best of it, and let it go at that," said President Gatch with a smile.

In the Oregonian following people shrieking, screaming, dying for liberty. Above it all, pointing the way, rings out the voice of seventy-six.

But, oh, God; the clash of battle lessens, and one side in the struggle grows weaker and weaker. It is the Czar that wins, and liberty is crushed. Back to their hopeless thralldom, back to slavery sink the bleeding peasants. Yet again will they hear and be inspired to future trial. On and on will swell the molten notes of the bell of freedom. The sweet tidings of the human race emancipated and redeemed is the joyous message from Independence Hall and High Heaven. Behind the luckless Russians in their hopes and aspirations, as he was behind the men of seventy-six, is the Lord God Almighty, master and maker of the universe, and he will at last give them victory and rest. May the good God speed thee and may he bless the bleeding Russians as he blessed and built the men of seventy-six into a mighty and magnificent nation, monument to freedom, leader of an emancipated world, home, haven and refuge for the oppressed and homeless of every creed and clime.

the above article, appeared the following from Washington, D. C., dated March 20:

Lieutenant Quinlan was detailed for duty at the Agricultural College as instructor of tactics and military affairs, and in that capacity had charge of military instruction of all students. He was required to organize cadet companies and to drill and discipline the male students according to Army regulations.

In performance of this duty Lieutenant Quinlan insisted on Army discipline and enforced regulations with the same rigidity that is observed in the regular service, particularly requiring strict discipline among the cadets. The civil authorities at the college, the regular faculty, as it is understood here, did not uphold Lieutenant Quinlan in disciplining cadets who showed disregard for his instructions, and their interference tended to destroy the effectiveness of the military instruction.

Lieutenant Quinlan reported this fact to the War Department, showing the futility of attempting military instruction under such adverse circumstances, and at his request, he was relieved from further duty at Corvallis. Unless the faculty at the Agricultural College shows a disposition to uphold the military officer in the enforcement of discipline among the cadets the department is not inclined to send another officer to succeed Lieutenant Quinlan. The department is averse in making military instruction at the Agricultural College a farce, and that is what it was becoming at Corvallis, according to information obtainable here.

Then following an article in the Telegram, said article being from Corvallis and bearing the date of March 21, which we reprint:

Corvallis is wondering today whether Oregon Agricultural College is to lose its cadet corps, as a result of the recent difference between the faculty and Lieutenant D. P. Quinlan, who was relieved from duty yesterday by direction of President Roosevelt, as first announced in yesterday's Telegram.

President Gatch will say nothing about the affair or the prospect, but he does not seem to be seriously alarmed over the outlook. It is pointed out that drill can go on among the students even without the sanction of the War Department. So far as known no word has been received of the appointment of a successor to Lieutenant Quinlan.

The difference arose over an affair in the commandant's office, January 5, in which Roy McCully, a cadet, struck the Lieutenant. In a letter to President Gatch the cadet apologized and promised to obey commands. This letter was read publicly, but the Lieutenant demanded an apology to himself, personally. The department, when the matter was referred, upheld the Lieutenant, but President Gatch refused to comply, saying he did so out of consideration for the military welfare of the college.

Lieutenant Quinlan has applied for a two months leave of absence and intends spending the greater part of that time in this city.

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