

THE FOREVER.



EXPRESSIONS OF PATRIOTIC SENTIMENT IN HARMONY WITH OUR INDEPENDENCE ANNIVERSARY.

Fourth of July Ode.

Our fathers fought for liberty,
They struggled long and well,
History of their deeds can tell—
But did they leave us free?
Are we free from vanity,
Free from pride, and free from self,
Free from love of power and pelf,
From everything that's hoggerly?
Are we free from stubborn will,
From low hate and malice small,
From opinion's tyrant thrall?
Are none of us our own slaves still?
Are we free to speak our thought,
To be happy and be poor,
Free to enter Heaven's door,
To live and labor as we ought?
Are we then made free at last
From the fear of what men say,
Free to reverence To-day,
Free from the slavery of the Past?
Our fathers fought for liberty,
They struggled long and well,
History of their deeds can tell—
But our country must set us free.
—James Russell Lowell.

The Declaration of Independence.

It stands, and must forever stand,
A beacon on the summit of the
mountain, to which all the inhabitants
of the earth may turn their eyes, for a
genial and saving light, till the time
shall be lost in eternity and this globe
itself dissolve, nor leave a wreck behind.
It stands forever, a light of admonition
to the rulers of men, a light of salvation
and redemption to the oppressed. So
long as this planet shall be inhabited
by human beings, so long as man shall be
of a social nature, so long as govern-
ment shall be necessary to the great
moral purposes of society, so long as it
shall be abused to the purpose of oppres-
sion—so long shall this declaration
hold out, to the sovereign and to the
subject, the extent and the boundaries
of their respective rights and duties,
founded on the laws of nature and of
nature's God.

J. Q. ADAMS.

The Nobility of Service.

He who serves the Master best serves
man best, and he who serves truth
serves civilization. There is nothing
that lasts so long or wears so well and
is of such inestimable advantage to the
possessor as a high character and an up-
right life, and that is what you teach
by example and by instruction. And when
you are serving man by helping him to
be better and nobler you are serving
your country. . . . It is no longer a draw-
back to the progress of a young man to
be a member of a Christian church. It
is no embarrassment; it is an encour-
agement. It is no hindrance; it is a
help. There never was in all the past
such a demand as now for incorruptible
character strong enough to resist every
temptation to do wrong. We need it in
every relation of life, in the home, in
the store, in the bank, and in the great
business affairs of the country. We
need it in the discharge of new duties
that have come to the government. It
is needed everywhere, never more than
at this hour.

WM. MCKINLEY.

Liberty and Union.

While the Union lasts, we have high,
exciting, gratifying prospects spread
out before us and our children. Beyond
that I seek not to penetrate the veil.
God grant that in my day, at least, that
curtain may not rise! God grant that
on my vision never may be opened
what lies behind. When my eyes shall
be turned to behold, for the last time,
the Sun in Heaven, may I not see him
shining on the broken and dishonored
fragments of a once glorious Union; on
staves severed, discordant, belligerent;
on a land rent with civil feuds, or drench-
ed, it may be in fraternal blood! Let
their last feeble and lingering glance,
rather, behold the glorious Emiza of
the Republic, now known and honored
throughout the earth, still full high ad-
vanced, its arms and trophies streaming
in their original lustre, not a stripe
erased or polluted, nor a single star
obscured, bearing for its motto, no such
miserable interrogatory as—what is all
this worth?—nor those other words of
delusion and folly—Liberty first and
Union afterwards—but everywhere,
spread all over in characters of living
light, blazing on all its ample folds, as
they float over the sea and over the
land, and in every wind under the whole
heavens, that other sentiment, dear to
every true American heart, Liberty and
Union, now and forever, one and in-
separable!

DANIEL WEBSTER.

Columbia, My Country.

Columbia, my country! my song is of thee,
Thy honor and glory mine ever shall be;
From hillside and valley, o'er mountains and
plain,
Shall echo forever sweet freedom's refrain.
REFRAIN:
Columbia, my country, thou beautiful land!
The world in thy light shall be free!
May God keep me steadfast, in heart and in
hand,
Still faithful, my country, to thee.
Columbia, my country! my heart thrills with
love;
To thee am I loyal, God hears me above;
Thy foes are my foes, to thee would I give
E'en life, were it needed, that freedom might
live.
Columbia, my country! earth's fairest domain,
I honor thy heroes who for thee were slain;
Thy flag still the emblem of freedom shall be,
Columbia, I love thee, sweet home of the free.
—G. M. VICKERS.

American Patriotism.

We are the freest government on the
face of the earth. Our strength rests on
our patriotism. Anarchy flees before
patriotism. Peace and order and secur-

ity and liberty are safe so long as love
of country burns in the hearts of the
people. It should not be forgotten,
however, that liberty does not mean
lawlessness. Liberty to make our own
laws does not give us license to break
them. Liberty to make our laws com-
mands a duty to observe them ourselves
and enforce obedience among all others
within their jurisdiction. Liberty, my
fellow citizens, is responsibility, is duty,
and that duty is to preserve the excep-
tional liberty we enjoy within the law
and for the law and by the law.

WM. MCKINLEY.

Our Country.

On primal rocks she wrote her name,
Her towers were reared on holy graves,
The golden seed that bore her came
Swift-winged with prayer o'er ocean waves.
The forest bowed its solemn crest,
And open flung its sylvan doors;
Mead rivers led the appointed guest
To clasp the wide-embracing shores;
Their record must abide in thee.
First in the glories of thy front
Let the crowned Jeweled truth be found:
The right hand flung with generous wont
Love's happy chalice to furthest bound.
Let justice with the faintest scissel
Hold fast the worship with thy sons,
Thy commerce spread her shining sails
Where no dark tide of rapine runs,
So link thy ways to those of God,
So follow from the heavenly laws,
That stars may greet thee, warrior-browed,
And storm-eyed angels hail thy cause,
O land, the measure of our prayers,
Hope of the world, in grief and wrong!
Be thine the blessing of the years,
The gift of faith, the crown of song.
—JULIA WARD HOWE.

The Star-Spangled Banner.

The star-spangled Banner! Was ever
flag so beautiful, did ever flag so fill
the souls of men? The love of woman;
the sense of duty; the thirst for glory;
the heart-throbbing that impels the hum-
blest American to stand by his colors
fearless in the defense of his native soil
and holding it sweet to die for it—the
yearning which draws him to it when
exiled from it—its free institutions and
its blessed memories, all are embodied
and symbolized by the broad stripes and
bright stars of the nation's emblem, all
live again in the lines and tones of Key's
anthem. Two or three began the song,
millions join the chorus. They are
singing it in Porto Rican trenches and
on the ramparts of Santiago, and its
echoes borne upon the wings of morning,
come rolling back from far away Manila;
the soldier's message to the soldier; the
hero's shibboleth in battle; the patriot's
solace in death! Even to the lazy sons
of peace who lag at home—the pleasure-
seekers who merry-making turns the
night into day—those stirring strains
come as a sudden trumpet-call, and
above the sands of revelry, subjugate
the moment to a stronger power, rises
wave upon wave of melodious resonance,
the idler's aimless but heartfelt tribute
to his country and his country's flag.
It was not a singer of the fireside,
but a heartless wanderer, who put in all
hearts the Anglo-Saxon's simple "Home
Sweet Home." It was a poet, not a
warrior, who gave to our Union the
Anglo-American's homage to his flag.
Even as the Prince of Peace who came
to bring eternal life was the Son of God,
were these His ministering angels; and,
as each of us, upon his knees, sends
up a prayer to Heaven for "Home, Sweet
Home," may he also murmur, and teach
his children to lip the sublime refrain
of Key's immortal anthem—
"Tis the Star-Spangled Banner, O, long may it
wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!"
—HENRY WATSON.

The "Expanded" United States.

Met a feller 't'other mornin'—
Most amusin' sort of case;
Had a cur's style about him,
Cert'ly could not well be wus—
Says—"Where you hail 'em, partner?"
An' he smiled in a knowin' way,
An' replied in foreign lingo—
"Puerto Rico, U. S. A."
Seen a feller down on Broadway,
With a shockin' head of hair,
An' a lot o' tropic garments,
An' a most outlandish air,
"What's he 'bout?" a feller shouted:
"An' before we'd time to say,
This yere heathen turned an' ans'rd—
"Honeyluler, U. S. A."
Met a feller here on Olive,
With a somber-co on;
Had a lot of shaggy whiskers,
Nearly all his clothes was gone,
Stopped an' ast me fur a quarter;
Says—"My home is fur away."
"Where you from?" The varmint answered
"Santiago, U. S. A."
Seen a feller at the Southern,
With a heavy iron box,
Overcoat was lined with bearskin;
Wore a dozen pair of socks,
Sized him up to be a miner,
Judged by his awkward way;
Seen him write in big characters—
"Circle City, U. S. A."
Seen a saddle-colored heathen,
Wearin' 'carring in his nose;
Linen cuff 'round his ankles,
Most indecent lack of clothes,
"Where this heathen guy here spring from?"
I inquired in lofly way;
An' he had the nerve to answer—
"From Manila, U. S. A."
"Hully Gee!" says I, "I never heard o'
These here cannibals before,
Atz these heathens yere all voters?
Will we stan' fur any more?"
Nex' you ask a feller,
"Whur he's from, an' he will say,
With a lofly kind o' flourish—
"All creation, U. S. A."
—Nashville American.

The city of Galveston, Texas, is pre-
paring to engirt itself with a mammoth
sea wall as a protection against any such
tidal disturbances as demolished the
island city nearly two years ago. The
obstinate courage of the Galvestonians
is worthy of all respect, but the appli-
cation of the old parable of the house
built upon the sand is still in force.

To think of the volume of patriotic
eloquence which will swell the breeze
today the country over is to become
dizzy. There will be speeches for every-
body, good, bad and indifferent. All
will ring with the spirit of sturdy inde-
pendence. There will be orators who
will take occasion to felicitate their
hearers upon the fact that their country
is expanding, taking up new responsi-
bilities, and widening its influence.
There will be other orators who will
maintain that we are untrue to our
Declaration of Independence and to our
traditions in that we are crushing liberty
in the Philippines. Yet others will ex-
patriate on evils at home which call for
remedy. All, however, will have one
thing in common, good of the Nation at
heart, and if in a multitude of counsel-
ors there is safety, Uncle Sam will be
found doing business at the old stand
for some years to come.

NATIONAL CAPITAL CORRESPONDENCE.

The experience of Mr. Henry H. Gilroy
and myself last Sunday, may interest
Oregon readers. We had planned to
make some visits in the most delightful
of Washington suburbs, lying between
the Potomac and the beautiful hills to
the eastward, where President Cleve-
land built a summer house and laid off
lands known as Cleveland park. It is a
region of hills and dells crowned with
magnificent forest trees and dense groves
shadow the hollows that intervene. It
is a spot that nature intended for rest
and recreation and man has developed
with classic architecture, to create love-
ly homes surrounded with all that art
can add to native scenery, with grand
old oaks, chestnuts, and other monarchs
of the olden time to complete the har-
mony.

Our object was to call on Mr. A. B.
Slauson, one of the chiefs of the Library
of Congress, formerly connected with Or-
egon journalism, whose wife is a daugh-
ter of Mr. Robert Irvine, of Albany, so
there were associations to make the visit
agreeable.

From there we wandered yet farther
through the realms of Cleveland park,
until we came to "Red Top" the central
feature, for there the President erected
an ideal summer home to take the young
wife to whom he married during his
presidency. The mansion is rarely situ-
ated, with broad verandas, where we
passed an hour with our host and other
visitors. That hill overlooks such land-
scapes as the vicinity of this city can
furnish.

Still a mile to the west—all the time
among beautiful hills that are covered
with homes that tax the art of the build-
er to create and the landscape gardener
to beautify—and we come to a silent
point that overlooked the world with
the Potomac for a neighbor. Here was
Ruthven Hall, one of the historic fea-
tures of the District. It was the home
of Dolly Madison, to which she removed
the treasures, relics, valuables and man-
uscripts of the White House when our
British friends burned the Capitol and
White House 90 years ago.

"Ruthven Hall" is painted on the
north front. It is a curious feature of
old time architecture, built of stone,
wide spread with only a single story;
the hill side location permitted that the
kitchen and servants quarters were be-
low. We had invitations from friends
who have their summer home there to
take dinner with them and found other
visitors to make it more enjoyable, in-
cluding a lady of ancient Puritan decent
who proved that our common ancestors
landed on the shores of New England
nearly three hundred years ago.

As our host showed us through the
ancestral halls of the Ruthven mansion
he opened up two grand parlors and re-
marked: "Just imagine what scenes of
ancient hospitality and of Colonial high
life and society these rooms resounded
with in the long ago."

It is interesting to have visited on
that summer afternoon, two such re-
minders as the modern home where
President Cleveland spent his summers
so lately, where the elegancies of the
later time have been secured regardless
of cost, and the old-time Ruthven hall,
where Virginia hospitality was exercised
long before this city was dreamt of in
the brain of the Father of His Country.

It was interesting to study the walls,
that still retain their old time tapestry.
From the knoll where Ruthven hall
stands the look down the river shows
a beautiful view of Washington, four
miles away, shrouded between intruding
hills, that are studded with homes to
the east, making a scene of wondrous
beauty.

As I came back in the evening, I saw
opposite me in the car, a good looking
young woman who seemed as white as
the rest, but was attended by a negro.
The girl was attractive, well dressed
and well behaved, but possession of a
modicum of African blood made her also
a negro.

Congress is nearing the end; they
may remain to bicker over what demo-
cracy hopes to make capital from,
but that is like the drowning man
catching at straws. Democracy learns
from the South that voters there are
tired of the abuse of the army and not
opposed to the policy in the Philippines.
That much should have been apparent
to any level headed observer without
argument. It is amusing to see the
flings they are casting at each other.
Mr. Cleveland attended a meeting held
in remembrance of Mr. Tilden, and
made a brief statement of his views and
devotion to democratic principles. It
was one of the strongest utterances of
the time and calculated to help unity

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and success, but the Louisville Courier
answered it with scorn and wrath as
coming from one of the worst traitors to
the party. Bryan will probably be as
bitter if he dares to free his mind.
Reviewing the work of the session it
must be conceded that Oregon came off
with flying colors and full pockets. No
Oregon interests have been neglected;
at no time has our delegation been
turned down. Our veterans are pen-
sioned, their worth has been recognized.
One of the important measures for our
state is the Irrigation Bill, that involves
the redeeming of millions of acres in
Eastern Oregon that is fertile soil only
lacking moisture. Let that part of our
state become productive and it will
make us the greatest state of the Pacific
Northwest.

The bill originally provided that
money should be expended at the dis-
cretion of the Secretary of Agriculture,
which might leave Oregon out of the
question, but Mr. Tongue properly
claims credit for the amendment that
provides that the majority of the money
received from sale of lands in any arid
state shall be expended in such state.
As Oregon has a wide area of lands for
sale, this provision must benefit Oregon.
Summing up the work of the session it
is evident that our state has secured all
it could rightfully ask for. It is also
true that Mr. Moody has made a good
working member, has done fully his
part to secure results. Only that his
constituents differed from his views as
to leasing stock ranges, he might have
been reelected for a third term. There
is no question as to his ability and use-
fulness, with capacity to make friends
and assist results. S. A. Clarke.

Real Estate Transfers.

Reported by the Yamhill Co. Abstract
Co. at McMinnville, Oregon, for the
week ending May 31, 1902. The place
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Eugenia R Foster & hub to R A
Stewart 43 a in A B Faulconer
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M Hall dle 13 r3. 160
G & C R R Co to Jens Nelson 40 a
in sec 21 t5 r6. 200
Wilbur Shook to E L Shook 124 a
in John Brisbane dle 12 r3. 1800
A J Hunsaker & wf to J K Coles bk
7 Fir Grove sub and other real
property. 2700
G W Miller to W H Etwiler et al
236 a sec 15 t3 r3. 200
Mehala Cozine to Bertha Kelley a
hub 3 a blk 6 Fir Grove sub
W R Derby a wf to Mary Flynn 4
a in Fairlaw sub. 500
P W Chandler to Eli T Branson 2
45 a blk 2 Chandlers 3rd add to
McM. 350
Catherine Cook to H B Cockerham
47 a in McM. 350
B F Wright & wf to T J Force 47 a
in T M Wright dle t3 r4. 550
J L Howell a wf to T J Force 45 a
in T M Wright dle t5 r5. 400

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Leaves Corvallis 11:30 a. m.
Arrives Albany 12:15 p. m.
No. 3 For Detroit:
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Arrives Detroit 5:45 p. m.
No. 4 From Detroit:
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