

WEST SIDE TELEPHONE.

McMINNVILLE, FRIDAY, JULY 16, 1886.

Gen. Butler is preparing to enter the field for congressman from Mass.

Kansas and New Hampshire prohibitionists have each put full state tickets in the field.

Great floods are prevailing in the south, and many farmers have lost their entire crops.

It now comes to light that Guiteau was a tool in the hands of those whose names are not mentioned, in the assassination of President Garfield.

This looks as if our farmers use some sacks: "The Union Pacific road alone has now 250 tons of bagging, or about twenty-five carloads, en route to Portland, Or."

Salem will have her bridge, Albany is assured of the completion of the O. P. R. R. extension to that city and the editors of the Statesman and Herald are drinking toasts and extending congratulations by telegraph.

Workmen in and around Wilkesbarra, Pa., are talking of running General Master Workmen Powderly for governor of Pennsylvania. They think he could get heavy democratic backing.

A Washington paper says that Senator Dolph beat four queens with three aces, in a game of draw poker, the other day, and got away with the \$20 stakes. We don't believe any such stuff. The idea of Oregon producing a poker player!

J. B. McLane, new Grand Ronde Indian agent, seems to be badly "fired" and foams over to the amount of half a column in the Oregonian, because, he says, some parties have been endeavoring to besmirch his character, which, he says, is good.

The authorities supposed they had captured the condemned man Saunders, at Walla Walla, but there seems to be some doubt about it. The deputy sheriff of Linn county, into whose care Saunders was intrusted at the time he escaped, says he is not the man; others say he is; and there the matter stands. It is reported that Saunders' father is rich, and some suspect that there is money in the business either to turn Saunders loose and claim the reward on his subsequent arrest, or else from Saunders' friends.

Cleveland does not propose to have any "offensive partisans" in office, and accordingly issues an order warning officers against using their positions for partisan purposes. He says: "Office holders are agents of the people, not their masters. Not only is their time and labor due to the government, but they should scrupulously avoid in their political action, as well as in the discharge of their official duty, offending by a display of obtrusive partisanship their neighbors who have relations with them." Just as likely as not the old fellow will be endeavoring to order the Columbia river to flow up stream, the first thing we know. A man holding an office has the same right to his views and the same right to express them as any other person, and all the orders the president feels disposed to issue will not keep him from it, though he may be an "agent of the people."

SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

Statesman.

The following is the report of the superintendent of the penitentiary to R. P. Earhart, secretary of state, for the quarter ending June 30, 1886:

Table with columns for EXPENDITURES and EARNINGS. Includes items like Salaries of officers and guards, Salaries of physician and assistants, Flour, Groceries and potatoes, etc.

The employment of convicts during the quarter has been as follows: Contractors, 170; building commissioners, 34; shoemaking and tailoring, 8; laundry and soapmaking, 9; cooks, waiters and curing meats, 29; hospital stewards, 2; bakery, 3; boiler house and broommaking, 4; carpenter shop, 3; blacksmith and tinning, 3; farming and gardening, 6; care of stock, 3; teamsters, 3; aged, decrepit, diseased, and unable to work, 9; total, 236.

GEO. COLLINS, Superintendent O. S. P.

ORATION.

Delivered by Hon. H. Hurley at Newberg, Or., July 3, 1886.

FELLOW CITIZENS: One hundred and ten years ago to-day the continental congress of the confederate states and colonies adopted and published to the world, the declaration of independence which has just been read in your hearing, and which has annually ever since, and is to-day being read and proclaimed in almost every town and hamlet within the atmosphere of this republic, and wherever floats the stars and stripes.

The patriot chiefs are gathered all, This day a hundred years ago; And bold John Hancock, rising up, Like one who waives a wassail cup, Lifts o'er his head where all can see, The daring flag of the free, And with his pen just lested dipt, Points to his own gigantic script, That e'en our sleeping children know; 'The king can read that name,' he said, 'And set his price upon my head!' Honor to him, and let his name shine forth as fair in death's fame! Honor to him and God bless all Who sat that day in Congress Hall, And pledged their lives and honor bright To stand for freedom and the right.

"Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the May Flower, of a forenoon, frightened with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing with a thousand misgivings the uncertain, tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not in sight of the wished for shore."

I see them, now scantily supplied with possessions; crowded almost to suffocation in their storied prison; delivered by calm, pursuing a circuitous route, and then driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging. The laboring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard, the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats with dashing, shivering weight against the staggering vessel.

I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their ill but desperate undertaking, and landed at last after a five months passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their shipmaster for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter, without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes.

Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers. Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early history of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures of other times, and find the parallel of this.

High though his title, proud his name, Boundless his wealth as wish could claim, Despite those titles, power and pelf, The witch, concentrated all in self, Living shall forfeit fair renown, And, doubly dying, shall go down To the vile dust from whence he sprung, Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

No nation or republic can exist except in a state of tyranny and oppression without the spirit of patriotism within the breast of its people; and whenever that, for any cause ceases to move and actuate the people, that moment the country begins to totter on its foundations and its final overthrow and destruction is only a matter of time. It is well on occasions like this to refer to the early history of this country, its trials and struggles, its rise and progress, and to its great and illustrious men and heroes, their heroic deeds, achievements and examples, and to draw therefrom new hopes, and inspirations of love and patriotism for the land of our birth; and to inspire within us a noble and unflinching spirit in guarding the social trust, vouchsafed to us by our forefathers.

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The nature and genius of our republican form of government is to elevate the conditions of man to fit artificial heights from his shoulders; to clear the paths of laudible perambulation; to afford all an unfettered start and a fair chance in the race of life. It is this that stamps this as a government of the people and for the people, and sharply defines the lines and shows out in bold relief the great difference between this and other forms of government. It is this that has brought up from the common people the heroes of great and illustrious men and public benefactors in all departments of life. That has given us a Washington, a Franklin, a Lincoln, a Garfield, and a Grant. That has warmed and expanded into new life all the latest powers and the genius of mankind. That has given to us and the world the steam engine, the steamboat, the telegraph, the telephone, the sewing machine, reaper and harrow, the cotton gin, and spinning jenny, and a thousand other things useful and beneficial to mankind. And it is this that has made this country the greatest and best that the sun has ever shone upon, and whose influence and example has extended far beyond the confines of her own boundaries, elevating and enabling the conditions of mankind in every country and clime where the name of America is known.

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Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the homeless heads of women and children; was it hard labor and spare meals; was it disease; was it the man-hawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching in its last moments at the recollection of the loved and left beyond the sea,—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate? Is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope? Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious?

them, not one common soldier or sailor is known to have deserted his flag. Great honor is due to those officers who remained true, despite the examples of their treacherous associates, but the greatest honor and most important fact of all is the unanimous firmness of the common soldiers and sailors. To the last man so far as known, they have successfully resisted the traitorous efforts of those who commands but an hour before they obeyed as absolute law. It was the patriotic instinct of plain people. They understood, without argument, that the destruction of this government, and all its liberties, had been in the hands of its traitorous associates, and that the possibilities for mankind, meant no good to them.

The march of civilization across this continent has been most wonderful. Oregon, a few years ago, was but an outpost far out on the very verge of the Pacific ocean, far removed from civilization with thousands of miles of desert and mountains intervening between it and the uttermost outpost of eastern civilization; and many of us have been impressed with its distance and mysterious solitude as we have heard, read or declaimed in our school days the words, "Where rolls the Oregon and hears no save its own dashings." But how changed to-day. From an outpost it has been changed into the center of a happy, thriving, intelligent and energetic civilization that claims the attention and admiration of the world.

There is a grand future in store for Oregon. None are aware that has done much for her. With broad, deep rivers flowing to the sea upon whose bosom can float the commerce of all countries, with grand and magnificent mountains, covered with the choicest timber, in which are hidden nearly all the valuable and precious metals and stone, with fertile plains and beautiful valleys, and a climate the most healthy and agreeable in the world. With all this, it will be our own fault if we expect this state to produce the grandest in the whole galaxy of states. But although nature has done much, we also are required to do much; for there is a vast work before us. Homes must be built, land cleared, factories, workshops, school houses and churches built, and we must take upon ourselves new energy and new life. We must shake off the half-lazy, listless waiting disposition of twenty-five years ago, when we were waiting, watching and dreaming of the time when eastern civilization and energy should reach us. It has already reached us, and we are brought face to face with it, and unless we arouse ourselves, it will overcome us with its never ceasing vigor and push, and we will find ourselves left far in the rear of the rushing car of progress, and amidst the decay, dust and mould of an age that is past and gone forever. Times are changed and we cannot expect to grow rich in a few days as of yore; but there are great possibilities in this state, yet, for all who are temperate, frugal and industrious.

It is said that in every country the body of man is deep rooted into the soil of nature, and that the contemplation of nature and nature's works, by which he is surrounded, are controlling influences or forces by which his disposition and character are formed. If this be so what a splendid people, what a noble manhood, may we expect this state to produce amid such sublime works of nature, such magnificent scenery, such majestic mountains, such beautiful valleys, and a climate and soil unequalled in the world.

Fellow citizens, to us—to this and future generations is intrusted the sacred duty of preserving and perpetuating this republic and its institutions. It is a great, an important and sublime duty; and it is well for us on each recurring Independence day to pause and consider how this can be accomplished. The ruin and destruction of popular forms of government has always been, and must of necessity always be, the result of a lack of public virtue, honor, intelligence and morality—a failure on the part of those intrusted with power and the administration of the laws to exercise the public good. And if we would preserve and perpetuate this republic we must practice and encourage individual virtue, morality, honor and intelligence, with out which civil liberty is an impossibility.

And as a medium through and by which this can be accomplished we can find nothing more potent than that of the home, the school, and the church. A nation that is composed of well appointed and well regulated homes rests upon a sure and steadfast foundation, as they are the nurseries not only of men, but of nations and republics. Let us, then, guard well our homes, and see to it that the lessons of industry, virtue and morality are continually taught there by precept and example. A republican form of government is impossible without intelligence. We must then foster and encourage our common schools and all the avenues for the dissemination of knowledge and education among the people.

We must be true to the church—to the christian religion. We must venerate the Bible, that sacred book around which everlastingly lingers the brightest hopes and fairest prospects of the human family. And finally, in the eloquent and masterly language of Webster, America's greatest statesman: "If we and our posterity shall be true to the christian religion, if we and the shall live always in the fear of God and respect his commandments, if we and the shall maintain just moral sentiments and such conscientious convictions of duty as shall control the heart and life, we may have the highest hopes of the future fortunes of our country; and if we maintain those institutions of government and that political union, exceeding all praise as much as it exceeds all former examples of political associations, we may be sure of one thing, that while our country furnishes materials for a thousand masters of the historic art, it will afford no topic for a Gibbon. It will have no decline and fall. It will go on prospering and to prosper."

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