

POLK COUNTY SIGNAL.

VOL. I.

DALLAS, OREGON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1868.

NO. 37.

The Polk County Signal.

IS ISSUED EVERY MONDAY MORNING.

J. H. UPTON, Publisher.

Terms—One year, \$3 00; six months, \$1 50; three months, \$1 00.

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THE undersigned having concluded to close out their entire Stock, consisting of

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Such as Dry Goods Groceries, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hardware, Crockery, Tin Ware, Drugs and Medicines, etc., etc., Will sell the same

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Railroad Matters.

On Sunday last, in company with a friend, we took a walk along the West Side Railroad. At the end of Fourth street, we encountered the first bridge, which is a massive structure, 800 feet long and 85 feet high, across Marquam's Canyon. It is now completed ready for the ties, the stringers being laid with a foot-path of boards between them. Further on, we saw other bridges and deep cuts that give evidence that a great deal of work has been done. The big cut, 60 feet high in the middle, is now finished and the road bed is completed to the summit at Slavin's Pass. There are no laborers at work on this side now, the first camp being in Washington county. Everything looks like progress and seems to justify the prediction we have heard made, that cars will run to Hillsboro by next July.—Portland Herald.

For eloquence, point, spirit and pathos, it is doubtful whether Judge Hayden's speech in the Circuit Court in behalf of the doomed Sutton has ever been equaled in Oregon by any attorney. His speech is universally spoken of as a masterpiece of genuine eloquence. The Judge is in his element in defense of the weak and powerless against the giant efforts and abundant resources of the State. When he has failed to clear a prisoner, his case had been indeed a hopeless one. It is right. It is human. It is correct for every possible effort to be made in behalf of a victim of the law's vengeance that he may have the full benefit of every circumstance that would in least tend to soften the rigor of impending punishment; and the lawyer who neglects to do his whole duty in behalf of the weak and powerless, or who, in point of ability, is not equal to the task of defending a prisoner well, should not be allowed to appear in one's behalf.

We sometimes hear a man say, "Well I hardly ever read advertisements in a newspaper any how." The chances are two to one that such person "hardly" ever reads anything else. But he found that Richmond was taken, that Jeff Davis was captured and that we had a war on our hands for more than four years, by hearing somebody talk who did read. The same theory applies to advertisements. Those who do read talk about what they learn from the newspapers, and thus the most stupid are accommodated with information in spite of themselves, as it were.

The Oregonian goes into "nearly spasms" because the grand jury in Portland refused the other day to indict 13 Union soldiers who voted in Portland on the 3rd instant. That paper says that soldiers have no right to vote while in the service of the United States, and hence, it urges, that these 13 veterans ought to be indicted and punished for so doing.

PRESIDENTIAL.—This word belongs to a class of adjectives which are formed from substantives by the addition of *al*. For example, incident, incidental; orient, oriental; regiment, regimental, and so on. When the noun ends in *ce*, euphony and ease of utterance require the modification of the sound of *al* into *ial*; as official, and so on. But we might as well say parental as presidential. "Presidential campaign" is a blatant Americanism for Presidential canvass.

The city clock of Galveston, Texas, has been sold under an execution for a city debt. We should think the purchaser would be much in the same fix as the boy who won the elephant at the raffle.

A New York paper mentions two cases of quarantine, three of Grecian bend and one of cholera morbus. Same treatment applicable to all.

MERIT REWARDED.—Dr. W. D. Jeffries, of Eola, is an educated and skillful physician and surgeon, and as a consequence of true merit, his practice is extensive and increasing.

It is always a pleasing task for us to record the eminent success of those among us whose services are so necessary to life and health.

The necessity for medical men, educated and skilled in all the intricacies of the science must be apparent to all, and we look forward to the day when empyrics and quacks will have to give way before the march of enlightenment and be heard of no more forever.

Ben. Butler stole from a gentleman in New Orleans one hundred and eleven thousand in coin. Suit was brought against the old pirate and judgment recovered in New York. Greenbacks were worth 40c. on the dollar at the time. The radical saint, Ben, paid the amount in greenbacks, clearing considerably over an hundred thousand dollars in greenbacks by the transaction. The loil party elect and re elect this monster to Congress, and hence endorse a downright thief. God and morality, myboy.

Miss Piney W. For-ythe is publisher of the Liberty, Mississippi, Advocate. Miss Forsythe says in her salutatory that the Advocate was first issued Jan. 1st, 1838, and that the paper has been regularly issued ever since—that for the last twelve years it has been run exclusively by members of the family—five children—2 girls and 3 boys having grown up in the Advocate office printers. Miss F. has good ability as a writer.

MORE LUNATICS.—A new religious colony is projected. The papers say that several hundred families, styling themselves "Friends of Jerusalem," are about to leave Wurtemberg to settle in Palestine.

The incitement to this tomfoolery is found in certain chapters of Jeremiah. Queer people in this world. Jerusalem pilgrims will be apt to go hungry.

There are various opinions entertained as to the ability of women to become successful printers. Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton says they are a success in the business. If the Revolution is indebted to women for its "make up," those engaged on that paper unquestionably are a success, at least.—The Revolution, for perfection in typography, has no peer in New York city.

After the loil love feast in this place over "Oregon Redeemed!" republicans bet their money freely on the State.

It is all up with them now. If they will be virtuous there is a show for them yet being happy, but not this time.

MUDDLED.—The Unionist copies our account of the breaking into Mr. A. S. Crider's boot and shoe establishment and credits the same to 'Sentinel.' That paper, also, in speaking of a letter recently written to the Herald by H. C. Huston, says that gentleman was a Senator from Polk county.

We see that many republican papers are extravagant in their laudations of the rebels who lately overthrew the Spanish Government. How consistent! What better is a Spanish rebel than an American rebel? Or, if to rebel is such a serious wrong, per se, why countenance it anywhere?

Over fifty thousand dollars was staked and lost by republicans in and about Salem on the result of the election in this State. Judge Denny's dispatch proved a costly one to his party.

Official vote of New York State gives Seymour 9,452 majority.

South American Phenomena—A Brilliant Descriptive Letter.

ARICA, PERU, Sept. 18, 1868.

Dr. William Trevis, Columbus:

When I promised a few weeks since to write you from the sunny lands of the tropics, I hoped to have sent pleasant pen photographs of the southwest coast, and to have led you with me among the orange groves, to look upon the people of Peru as they are, courteous, hospitable and kind to the stranger. But I had scarcely arrived within her boundaries when that terrible convulsion occurred, which has shaken the Pacific coast for over three thousand miles, and obliterated towns, provinces and communities forever from the face of the earth. The general features of the catastrophe have doubtless appeared too often in the American press to need present repetition. A more vivid idea of the actions of the earthquake will, perhaps, be formed from a sketch of its results as they here present themselves in all their fearful reality.

Arica was the most attractive city of the whole Peruvian coast. Rivulets of pure water flowed through its streets; its northern boundary was a mass of foliage, where the strange but delicious fruits of the tropics grew in profusion, and the traveler, either from South or North, was wont to bear with him pleasant memories of a scene so much, much in contrast with the barren and rock-bound coast on either hand. To the south, imposing and majestic, rose the Morro, a huge cliff, a thousand feet in height, crowned by a battery, and at whose foot sleep the mummied Incas of an age long past. The railroad to Tacna skirted the bay; a handsome Custom-house of stone and iron fronted the mole, and being the entrepot of the south of Peru and of the bay of Bolivia, there were everywhere evidences of busy trade, wealth and refinement.

But a swift and sudden doom was hanging, like the sword of Damocles, over the unconscious city. A little after 5, on the afternoon of August 13th, the solid earth heaved and shook like a storm tossed vessel, a roar deep and hoarse, as of subterranean thunder, was heard, and in the instinct of self-preservation, the frightened inhabitants fled to the streets and plazas. The delay of a moment was fatal; for, torn from their foundations, as though by a giant hand, houses, churches, factories, all went down in one undistinguishable mass of ruin. The huge pillars of the Custom-house were tossed about like pipe stems, and fragments of stone and huge blocks of masonry were hurled like pebbles from a sling. Those who could, fled to the sloping side of the Morro, stumbling and reeling like drunken men upon the heaving surface of the troubled earth. Thick clouds of dust arose, and the darkness multiplied the terror of the panic-stricken fugitives.

Some few, bolder than the rest, remained behind; some to extricate a loved one from the ruins; some to save some little from the general wreck; but soon a roar, louder and hoarser than that of the earthquake itself, was heard; and the sea, crouching, as though to make the leap more deadly, retired from the shore, and thundering on in one unbroken wave, forty feet in height, dashed down upon the devoted city, and completed the annihilation of Arica. Seven times the waves retired—seven times the waves flung themselves, tiger-like, upon the unresisting victim. The earth still swayed to and fro, and moaned like one in distress; and the homeless, homeless, desolated groups knelt shivering upon the mountain side, and with white faces and quivering lips, prayed for mercy.

In the harbor were anchored the U. S. steamer Waterce, the United States storeship Fredonia, the Peruvian frigate An erica, and a number of merchant vessels. Tossed like corks upon a whirl pool, now stranded by the reced-

ing wave, now borne swiftly forward upon its crest, their situation was terrible, and made ten-fold more so by the utter darkness which soon shrouded the scene. The merchant vessels were hurled upon the rocks and utterly destroyed—the Chanarillo having rolled over and over and wrapped around her one hundred and twenty fathoms of chain cable, like thread upon a spool. The America was crushed, her spars carried away, and a large proportion of her officers and crew swept into eternity. The Fredonia, moored near the pier, by four anchors, resisted for some time the pressure of the elements, but was finally torn from her moorings and utterly destroyed, with every soul on board. The Waterce was commanded by cool and brave officers, who took every precaution—battered down hatches, secured the guns, ran lifelines from every available point, assembled all hands on the hurricane deck, and having done all that human foresight could suggest, calmly awaited the result. The force and the velocity of the sea may be shown faintly to the imagination from the fact that she was swept along at from 25 to 30 miles an hour, dragging with her 120 fathoms of chain and her heaviest anchor. Seven times were they carried back and forth by the resistless flood, not unmindful, even in such moments of fearful peril of the duties of humanity, but gathering into their hospitable deck such unfortunates as floated past in boats or on fragments of wreck. The waters thundered upon the crowded deck, but the precautions taken were effectual, and when the Waterce finally settled gently upon the sand, and the roll was called, not a solitary one of her complement was missing. She lies on an even keel, her bow pointing seaward, her taper masts as upright as though she were at anchor, and her hull apparently uninjured; her flag floats as usual, and it is taken down as punctually at sunset, as though she were still a formidable floating battery. But her cruise is up; she lies half a mile inland, and will henceforth serve only as a sorrowful monument of the power of the elements.

The scene, as I rode slowly along the front of the city, can better be imagined from what I have said, than intelligently described. For miles the beach is strewn with sad mementoes of the catastrophe. Iron chests, gun carriages, coaches, boxes of tea, masses of twisted track, maps, books, papers, broken boats, furniture, anchors, etc., etc., were mingled in wildest confusion, while the angry sea muttered threateningly, as though in wrath at the remnants of prey snatched from its remorseless grasp.

While, in such emergencies, the noblest traits of man's character are at times brought, so are the darker features of his disposition often thrown into prominence. While the officers of the Waterce were clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, sheltering the homeless, helping the wounded and burying the dead, troops of human vultures were prowling among the debris for plunder, occasionally scared from their unholy work by the uncovering of some dead face, or the more intelligible warning of a cocked revolver. The very night of the ruin, when the waters were still in a state of unrest, and the earth still sobbing, at intervals, like a fretful child, the glimmer of lights upon the shore, and the sound of heavy blows, pointed out to the watchers on any hill where the work of plunder had begun. The iron safes were rifled, cases of merchandise broken open, and their contents carried off openly by the mule load.

But one strange and solemn freak of earthquake was the splitting off of a huge stratum from the Morro itself, disclosing some three hundred huacas or Indian graves, dating long before the conquest. Their inmates sat in grim immobility, in a crouching posture, their faces toward the sea, each with some little memorial by his side—a string of colored shells, a rude hook and line, a jar of wine, or a clumsy trinket of beaten gold. There they had lain for centuries, in such perfect preservation that it seemed hard to believe that they were not contemporaries of the present race.

I propose visiting the interior in a few days, and will write you whenever incident of sufficient interest shall present itself, trusting that I shall never again have to paint so painful a picture as the destruction of Arica.—Columbus Crisis.