

# 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.

## TERMS FOR CLUBS:

Five copies, one year, \$13.75; Ten copies one year, \$25.00, and for any greater number at \$2.50 per annum.

Subscription must be paid strictly in advance.

## NEW COLUMBIAN HOTEL.

Main St., Corvallis, Oregon.

E. S. Altree, : : Prop'r.

Board and Lodging on reasonable terms. Meals at all hours.

J. K. LERO, PRACTICAL BARBER and HAIR DRESSER. Independence, Oregon.

M. CANTERBURY, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

DIXIE, OREGON. Medical Examiner for Manhattan Life Insurance Co. of N. Y.

JONES THE JEWELER, State Street, Salem, Oregon.

Is the place to go and get your watches, clocks and jewelry repaired in good style. I warrant all my work for one year; if it is not right, I make it right.

REMEMBER THE SHOP IN THE POST OFFICE BUILDING. N. B. Fine watches repaired with the great est care.

Dr. W. D. JEFFRIES.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. EOLA, OREGON.

Special attention given to Obstetrics and diseases of women.

McCaulley & ALEXANDER, DENTISTS.

OFFICE on State street, over Gill's Book Store, Salem, Oregon.

All operations performed by us are warranted to give satisfaction.

One of the firm may be found in our office from 9 o'clock a. m. until 4 p. m. of each day.

S. D. McCAULEY, E. V. H. ALEXANDER.

WATSON & GRISWELL, Architects and Practical HOUSE CARPENTERS, INDEPENDENCE OREGON.

Will take Contracts for Building Houses of every description and kind in town and country. Satisfaction guaranteed. 5tf

J. L. COLLINS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW DALLAS, OREGON.

SPECIAL attention given to Collections, and to matters connected with real Estate

J. C. CARDWELL, DENTIST, PORTLAND, OREGON. DENTAL CHAIR—NO 52 First street by

J. W. McAFEE, M. D., Physician and Surgeon

Office—near residence, corner of Liberty and Court streets, Salem. 1tf

J. E. DAVIDSON, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. INDEPENDENCE - - - OREGON.

J. A. APPLEGATE, W. C. WHITSON, Applegate & Whitson, Attorneys at Law, DALLAS, OREGON.

Office—In the Court House.

C. G. CURL, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW, Salem, Oregon.

Will practice in all the Courts of Record and inferior Courts of this State. Office, in Watkins & Co's Brick, up stairs. 18tf

BONHAM & LAWSON, Attorneys & Counsellors at Law, SALEM, OREGON.

OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE. n27f

GEO. H. CHANCE,

DENTIST, SALEM, OREGON.

Office at Residence, on Front between Chemeketa and Centre streets. n21

# The Polk County Signal.

VOL. I. DALLAS, OREGON, MONDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1868.

NO. 33.

## DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY, Wallamet University. Session of 1868-9.

THE THIRD COURSE OF LECTURES of this Institution will commence on the FOURTH DAY OF NOVEMBER, And Continue Four Months.

The MEDICAL DEPARTMENT is now established as a

PERMANENT INSTITUTION.

The means of illustration in each Department are ample and the course of instruction thorough and complete. Material for

PRACTICAL ANATOMY

Will be supplied. Students, upon arriving in town, are requested to call on the Dean, who will give any information desired. Letters addressed to the Dean will receive prompt attention.

MEDICAL BOOKS

Can be procured in this city.

H. Carpenter, M. D., Dean of the Medical Faculty, 256w SALEM, OREGON.

AT COST! AT COST!!

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

General Merchandise,

Such as

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

At Cost.

We will also sell our Improvements, Storehouse, Warehouse, Barn, Stable, Granary and some other Outbuildings, together with Five Acres of Good Land, set in Timothy. There is on the premises a Splendid Well of Water. WING & APPEL.

All those indebted to us, either by note or book account, are expected to call and settle immediately.

WING & APPEL, Louisville, Polk county, Oregon, Sept. 28, '68.

THOS. BOYCE, ADVERTISING AGENT! NO. 30 (SECOND FLOOR.) MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE, California Street, below Montgomery, SAN FRANCISCO.

BLACKSMITHING. NEW SHOP.

Opposite Salem, on the Spring Valley road, 1 of a mile from the Ferry, the undersigned have opened a

Blacksmith and Wagon Shop

Where all kinds of work in their line will be executed promptly and with dispatch.

REPAIRING done to order—

MANN & PIERCE.

TO

FOUNDRYMEN AND BLACKSMITHS.

Cumberland and Lehigh

COAL and PIG IRON.

1000 TONS.

In Store and Afloat, For Sale by

J. R. DOYLE, San Francisco. [10ly] 413 & 415 PACIFIC ST.

SWEETSTAKES THRESHER, Never Clogs and Far the Best, at DODD'S, Salem.

MUST SETTLE UP.

I HAVE SOLD MY ENTIRE STOCK OF Dry Goods and Groceries to J. G. Brown, and all those indebted to me by book account, will confer a favor, by coming forward immediately and making settlement, either by Cash or Note. J. G. Brown is authorized to settle all accounts.

W. C. BROWN.

In pursuance of arrangements just entered into as per above announcement, I make my bows to all customers of the house and desire a continuance of their favors. Those desiring good bargains in dry goods, groceries, etc., etc., will do well to remember Brown's fire proof brick, Dallas. 193m J. G. BROWN.

## A Desperate Struggle for Life.

I was one day sauntering leisurely along on foot in a prairie not far from the San Bernard, when suddenly there sprang from the tall grass, a few yards before me, a large bristled bull. He began to paw the earth and exhibit unmistakable signs that his blood was up. The brindle's attitude became more menacing as I advanced, and I was within a few spaces of him when he lowered his head for the attack, and I attempted to draw my revolver. It was too late. Before I had time to use my weapon he had sprung upon me and borne me to the earth. In the shock I dropped my revolver. Fortunately for me, although his horns were long and keen, they were wide apart, and thus he had me fastened down—his sharp horns sticking into the earth on either side of me. I seized his horns, as the only alternative, and attempted to hold him.

Now the struggle commenced in earnest. His hot breath in my face almost sufficed me. Still I held to his horns with all my strength, hoping that he would tire of the contest and leave me. He drew me further and further from my only weapon of defense; finally, breaking loose from me, he retired a few steps. I was afraid to move. There he stood lashing his tail against his sides, pawing the earth, his red nostrils distended and his eyes glaring like balls of fire. He looked to me the very impersonation of the fiend of darkness itself. He again bowed his head, one deep thunder like roar came from him and again he was upon me. As before, his horns struck each side of me, and I was held to the earth. Again I seized his horns, and he pushed me slowly toward the spot where the contest had commenced. I, by this time, was almost exhausted. The bull, too, seemed somewhat fatigued. At last he broke loose from my hold and backed off a few yards to renew the combat. I felt that I should be unable to endure so unequal a combat much longer. I looked around and found that we were near the place where the bull had made his first charge. My hat, which I had lost on the first onset, was lying near me, and fortunately but a few feet from it lay my revolver. It was my last hope of life. With all my remaining strength I sprang for and grasped my pistol, just as the bull had gathered himself for another attack. On he came, more enraged than ever. His eyes seemed to emit sparks of fire as he rushed toward me.

I had no time for reflection, but presented my revolver, and when he was within five feet of me I fired. I struck him in the curl of the forehead. He fell forward a dead bull and his heavy carcass in its fall nearly crushed my right leg, and almost smothered me. With difficulty I extricated myself, but it was some time before I was able to stand. When I had so far recovered as to crawl away, I saw a few hundred yards from me a lone tree, the friendly shelter of which I at once sought from the rays of the now vertical sun. When I reached the tree, there sat very comely among its sheltering branches a native herdsman, lasso in hand, who had been a disinterested spectator of the unequal contest from first to last!

ENGLISH MARRIAGES—Marriages in England are becoming less and less frequent than ever before. In the higher classes marriage is effectually discouraged by the tariff placed upon it in the increased cost of living and the greater demands of fashion. Men will not and women cannot marry unless their income reaches the required expenditure of the sphere in life to which they have been educated. The man has his furnished lodging and his Club, with a free range of society; women become independent and turn their attention to politics, social science, literature and art. Single men and single women of mature age are coming to be an important feature in English society.

On January 1, 1865, when the Washington National Intelligence, changed proprietors, Thomas Donahue, who for fifty years had been the chief bookkeeper, retired. Before leaving, however, he obtained the old sign-board of the office, and had it made into a coffin for himself.

A young Albany girl, after receiving the attentions of a young man several months, abruptly asked him when he intended to marry her. The young man said he was not on the marry. She then broke a teapot, filled with boiling hot water, over his head.

## Sunday in Water Street.

Water street has a bad odor among its sister thoroughfares of the Fourth Ward. The very name of the street in itself is suggestive of low dance houses, brothels, pickpockets, drunken sailors, terrible nights, robbery, murder, and outrage.

This street for the last week has undergone a kind of a moral white washing process. The keeper of its lowest dancing brothel, one John Allen, has been made notorious in the newspapers of this city. It is presumed that John has undergone conversion from his former manner of life since he has given up his nefarious business as a brothel proprietor, consequently John is in high demand. His house is exalted, and great crowds of people stream through his "shop" day by day to get a glimpse of this Napoleon of Water street. Prayer meetings are held at noon of each day in John's house, and Allen some times condescends to mount a stool and exhort his "brothering," as he is pleased to dub the miscellaneous crowds who choke his doorway from morning until night to listen to his entrancing voice. These crowds are composed of prostitutes, menders, thieves, sailors, corner loafers, and a number of foolish women of all ages who affect the society of Allen. These women shake hands with John, pat him on the back, and contrive to get a peep at the surrounding nastiness at the same time that they mutter prayers through their lips for John's spiritual welfare. John had a spiritual life yesterday in Water street. There was service in the morning at half past ten and again at five o'clock in the afternoon a prayer meeting was held. John did not speak at either of the meetings, but he assisted, as the Parisians say, by his presence.

The Rev. Mr. Nan Meter, Rev. Mr. Graves, Mr. Jacobs, and others exhorted the crowds at the morning and evening meetings. Allen's place is at 202 Water street, near Dover. This is the Wapping or Rotherhithe of New York. The broad river covered with the commerce of all nations is in sight from the windows of Allen's house. For eighteen years this man has kept a sailor's boarding house and dance hall in this street, and for eighteen years painted and lewd women, the lowest in God's creation, have prostituted their bodies to the men who go down in ships, from all nations of the world. Men crazed with liquor and bereft of sense and sight have gone into this man's house with bloated pocketbook and have afterwards found themselves on their back in the streets without a cent. Sin, degradation, and crime have here found a fitting disciple in John Allen. (The writer looking in at the meeting yesterday, saw John Allen for the second time in his life. He stood in the doorway of his hell, surrounded by half a dozen itinerant clergymen, who were conversing with him, each in his turn. John is perhaps about forty five years of age, with a large bulky frame, side whiskers, blue eyes, of a waterily blue, and wore yesterday a black suit of clothes. The man's face was a puzzle to look at. It is a face that has nothing good in its details. It is brutal in outline and filling up, and yet when lit up by excitement has a certain energy in its tone. It looked like the face of a man who would prosper finely in a bar, room rough and tumble fight. The face of Mrs. Allen is still lower in its tone than that of her husband. The doxology was sung at the conclusion of the prayer meeting. John did not speak, not being called upon to do so. There were in the crowd several ladies of advanced age with benevolent faces, and one or two in Quaker garb. One after the other, they introduced themselves to John Allen and shook hands with him warmly. One old lady said with a simper on her face: "Brother Allen, hold on to Christ; keep fast hold of him and we'll help you to it all the time. You are doing well, brother."

"Well, mam," said Allen, giving her what is called in the Boxery Theatre, a horny but honest palm, "I'm not a going back on Christ just yet. I'm in with yees, shure."

Second old lady—"Don't falter now, Brother Allen. Think of your soul, John."

Allen—"No, mam. I'm a going for it all the time."

Reporter—"Are any of your girls here to day, Mr. Allen?"

Allen—"Oh, yes, they are sirkulating somewhere in the crowd about, I guess."

Reporter—"Why did you not exhort the crowd to day, Mr. Allen?"

Allen—"Oh, well, ye see, I wosn't

called upon to do it. Some of them ministers think they are better talkers than I am, so I lets them tork. I only tork when anybody asks me to git up. Then I tork."

The interior of Allen's house is just as it was when he gave up his lucrative and respectable business. There are the shelves and tables, and the large pewter pitcher from which so many thirsty, drunken sailors have assuaged their thirst in days gone by. One of the tables had a pile of Lynn books and tracts scattered over its dirty surface. The beasty pictures that formerly ornamented the walls have been removed. There was a quite a multitude of noisy children around the door during the meeting.

After receiving a shake after the fashion of the pious old ladies from John Allen's brawny hand, our reporter hearing that the renowned Kit Burns had publicly expressed his disgust at the construction of prize fights, as a ring builder Kit is a success. As a rather he has no equal. His dogs are the fiercest in New York and as far as their general make up goes, nothing can surpass one of Kit's dogs for ferocity of aspect. Kit has all the pictures of all the renowned prize fighters and boat pullers of the present century. Mr. Burns welcomed our reporter in a very cordial manner as he entered his place and the following conversation transpired:

Kit Burns—"How have you been for ever so long, me burl? What prize fight were you at last?"

Reporter—"I missed you at the last one; I attended the Collyer and Edwards fight. You were not present, Mr. Burns."

Kit—"Yah. Wot do I want to go to a prize fight for? It is among a lot of roughs I'd be goin'?"

Reporter—"What do you think of John Allen's conversion, Mr. Burns?"

Kit—"Why I think it's nothing but robbery. I tell ye that's all it is. They ministers and missionaries are all in with Allen. They're hiring his house and paying for it. It is a clear fraud as ever was, I tell ye."

Reporter—"Then you do not believe in the reported conversion, Kit?"

Kit—"Convinced be d—d. I know him seventeen years. He's a beat, and a bad one too at that—I'm bad, and he is a wuss one."

Reporter—"Well, has he not left off his evil doings, Kit?"

Kit—"No, sir. Why there's men seen coming out of his house every morning just as they always did. He has gals, I tell you. Oh, he's an awful fraud."

Reporter—"Well, Mr. Burns, the public will be glad to know your opinion on this matter, as you are looked upon as a representative man with a controlling interest."

Kit—"Well them's my opinions. I wants every one to know them. This prayer meeting is a regular robbery, that's all it is. Did you ever see my dog pit?"

Reporter—"Never. But I should like to very much."

Kit then brought us down a dark and narrow stairs into a back passage, and into a room capable of holding about three hundred persons, with circular seats all around and running up to the roof and a pit for killing rats and dog fighting in the centre of the room, with a barrier or enclosure to keep the spectators when a fight takes place. When sparring exhibitions are given these are carried away. A number of savage dogs were chained under the seats. One of them growled savagely at the reporter and Kit said: "Nice dogs ain't they?"

Kit explained everything, and looking around the room said admiringly: "Splendid place sin't it. I can put five hundred here. I want Mr. Bergh to come down here and give a lecture on dog-fighting and ratting. If rats is cruelty, I'm cruel. But I don't think rats is cruelty. I think Bergh is on the square, but Allen is a beat. If Bergh comes down and gives a lecture in the pit, he'll have lots of people to listen to him, and I'll give him his gin free grasshows nothing. I'm square. But ye know that yerself. Tell Bergh I want him come down. I'll treat him well as shure as ye live."

Here a policeman crossed the street and cried out, "Hallo, Kit, that

NOTES OF ADVERTISING: One square—ten lines or less—first insertion, \$3.00. Each additional insertion, \$1.00. A liberal deduction will be made with yearly advertisers, or persons advertising largely. Legal tenders taken at their current value. Communications of a personal character will be charged half advertising rates. Blanks of every description furnished at low rates on short notice. Legal and transient advertisements must be paid for in advance to insure their publication. Advertisements not marked the length of time for which they are to be published, will be inserted till forbidden and charged accordingly. All advertising bills must be paid quarterly.

you?" "That's me, and no mistake," said Kit. "How are you General Jackson? Tell Bergh I'll blow the pit to h—ll if he'll come down and show me I'm wrong. Good by, ole hoss!" And thus ended our Sunday in Water street.

## Hiram, Come Home.

Oh, Hiram Ulysses, come home to your dad, The clock in the steeple strikes two; The capemaster's gone up, and Ben, Wade's raving mad, And he says it's all over with you. The Chicago Convention will help you no more.

The Methodist Convention wont pay— There is outrageous news comes from Oregon's shore, And in fact there's the devil to pay.

Come home! come home! come home! Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!

Abto Lincoln has gone to the Red Sulphur Springs, And Stanton can't stick any more, Old Thad. in despair to his dusky bride clings.

And Sumner, the enunch, feels sore; Ben. Butler's a stealing a look at those spoons, The bond holders quake for their gold, The hands have ceased playing their total add tuncs.

And I fear me, dear Hiram, you're sold, Come home! come home! come home! Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home.

I've a horse in the circus for you and Colfax, 'Tis the same horse you rode in the South; The monkey stands ready to jump on your back,

And we've whisky to pour in your mouth, Say, Hiram Ulysses, don't feel very bad When you learn that my tidings are true, You're better at home with cigars and your dad.

For the White House ain't waiting for you, Come home! come home! come home! Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home.

The Ka Klux of New York have put up Seymour, And also Frank Blair for his vice, The niggers in Dixie are all going o'er, Like a ship when deserted by mice.

The people are tired of your satrap's rule, You no longer can bolster your cause. They act like a pack of infernal d—d fools And swear they'll be governed by laws.

Come home! come home! come home! Sweet Hiram Ulysses, come home!

MOTHERS.—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of emperors on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. That tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother shall meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, and prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of children are susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out.

You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out, and you form characters or write words or names in the smooth, white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface all you have written. Not so the lines and characters of truth or error which your conduct imprints on the mind of the child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child, which neither the storms nor the floods of earth can wash out, nor death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate.

How careful, then, should each mother be in the treatment of her child! How prayerful, and how serious, and how earnest to write the eternal truths of God on his mind—those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death.

WASTE OF LIFE.—Greely, in his "Great Conflict," says that Grant was at least in one case, so reckless of the lives of his men that they refused to obey his orders. Read: "Twenty minutes after the first shot was fired, fully 10,000 of our men were stretched and writhing on the sod or still and calm in death, while the enemy's loss was probably little more than 1,000. And when, hours later, orders were sent to each corps commander to renew the assault at once without regard to any other, the men simply and unanimously refused to obey it. They knew that success was hopeless, and the attempt to gain it murderous, hence they refused to be sacrificed to no purpose."

J. H. Lewis has just received a case of new style winter boots.