

The publication day of the SIGNAL is changed to Tuesday.

An Important Disclosure.

AN HONEST REPUBLICAN ON THE RAMPAGE AFTER GOV. WOODS.

A NEW PHASE OF THE LEGISLATIVE DEAD LOCK SUBJECT.

Dark, and Darning Treachery, Somewhere.

CORVALLIS, Dec 29, 1868.

EDITOR SIGNAL—

You may think a republican impatient for presuming to correspond for your paper on a political topic; but I simply ask your indulgence in this instance that I may expose what must seem to have been a very unworthy motive of our Governor, in connection with the untimely disruption of the Oregon Legislature in October last, granting that my information touching the subject matter of what I propose to disclose to be true, and there seems to be no reasonable doubt of its correctness at the present time.

When the aforesaid Legislative Assembly was dissolved, by the republicans, it was generally supposed by republicans to have been, in common parlance, simply a "sharp trick" on their part to defeat the election of a Copperhead Librarian and a few other minor officers; for myself I confess I endorsed the action at the time, and gave the Governor and resigning members credit for their shrewdness and timely device which left a republican Librarian in possession of that important office, and in view of the fact that the republicans were in a hopeless minority in both branches, I concluded that they were entitled to much credit for effecting anything at all or securing any political advantage whatever. This, it is now painfully evident, was an untenable view of the portentous affair. Few of us who endorsed the resigning members and the action of the Governor in advising such resignations, and his subsequent declaration that he would not reconvene the Legislature, realized that a stupendous calamity would befall the State in a financial aspect in default of passing the appropriations.

But I am wandering. Governor Woods, according to a seemingly well founded conviction which now obtains among my immediate acquaintances, would be but too glad for it to be understood that he simply desired to defeat the election of a Copperhead Librarian. This was certainly not what prompted his action. It will be remembered that Ben Holaday & Co. had, through various means, succeeded by the Governor and in fact every prominent man of Salem irrespective of politics, secured what he regarded as substantial advantages in the way of legislation favorable to his railroad project then in hand. Hordes of Chinese were in the State. Ben Holaday proposed to work them because they work cheaply. Gov. Woods was interested in some measure in Holaday's success. The Legislature had enacted a law virtually excluding Chinamen from the State. This would be fatal to Holaday's hopes. The Governor had not signed the China bill, but must do so or veto it by the day after the session fizzled out. It was important to the Governor that the Legislature should burst up, no matter how, for he well knew that the Legislature would pass the China bill over his veto if that body remained in session. How important it was for the Governor to defeat the China bill, the country will probably never know, for surely no one would suspect that Holaday brought other than legitimate arguments to bear with him to secure the defeat of the measure. Taken all together, I am of the opinion that the Governor would gladly have it thought that his action in connection with the disruption of the Legislature was prompted only by a desire that a republican should retain the office of Librarian.

Further developments will be promptly reported; meanwhile believe me FOR THE RIGHT.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EARLY OREGON—A CON- TRAST.

MONMOUTH, Polk Co., Dec. 25, 1868.

EDITOR SIGNAL:

Having nothing special to engage my attention for the present, I thought I would commit a few thoughts to paper, and transmit them to the SIGNAL, hoping thereby to lead the mind of the "old Settler of Oregon" to the contemplation of the past history of our State, contrasting the present condition of Oregon with that of twenty years ago, and to ask himself, "am I better to-day than at that time? Is the present condition of affairs—social, religious and political—of my adopted State, such as to warrant me in the conclusion that all my aspirations to advance my domestic happiness have met with a full realization by emigrating to this 'far Western Land?' For myself, having been a resident of Oregon for twenty-three years, having left my father's home when but a youth, and taken up the weary march for this then distant land, I must say that my fondest anticipations have been realized.—Health, the greatest boon vouchsafed to man has been my lot, and where health is, there certainly should be contentment. Twenty-three years ago to-day I spent my first Christmas in Oregon. Twenty-three years! What changes have taken place in that time! The youth of that period has become the aged parent. Parents of the same period—those of them who still survive—are now venerable Grand parents, who but wait the summons of their maker to disrobe themselves of mortality, and surrender their spirits into the hands of the Eternal God. Twenty three years ago! It appears to me that at that period, in this country, then almost a wilderness, the recurrence of Christmas was scarcely noticed; no Almanacs, no Sabbath day's worship, no communication with the outside world, time sped along without special recognition by the people as it passed. At that date it required six month's time to receive word from our friends in the distant States. How anxiously we all looked for the arrival of the weary emigrant to learn something that was transpiring in the far distant land of our nativity. How great the change now; by the energy and intellect of man, bringing into subjection the forces of electricity, and the timely extension of lines of electric communication to our shores, we are placed in speedy communication with not only our old homes, but the rest of the world beside. At that time, one vessel a year, in sight of Portland, while it was a source of congratulation, was a curiosity to the humble dwellers on the Pacific Coast. Then a person, by the exercise of the severest manual labor, might propel his canoe to Oregon City, and back, and if he was pretty lucky bring a little flour with him; if he was unlucky, perhaps it found its way to the bottom of the Willamette. There are pretty large canoes now floating upon bosom of that majestic stream, thanks to the energy and enterprise of our people.

Let the imagination picture to itself the changes that may—nay will—be wrought in Oregon during the next 23 years to come.

AN OLD RESIDENT.

REMEDY FOR DELIRIUM TREMENS.—Apropos of the ice-poultice cure for sea sickness, we notice that an Irish medical journal reports a case of special treatment of delirium tremens by this remedy. The ice was applied from the fourth cervical down to the first lumbar vertebra. In a short time the following phenomena was observed: 1. The induction to sleep. 2. The diminution and final disappearance of the tremors. 3. The regulation of the heart's action. 4. The cessation of sweating. 6. The production of a rise of temperature all over the body, with a return of the natural color to the face. The patient fell asleep soon after the application, and slept the greater part of three days, during which the bag was applied three times daily.

Recovery was rapid and complete without the use of stimulants. Penitentiary supplies are being purchased at a republican house in Salem at ruinously high figures—75 per cent above retail prices it is said.

THE NEWS.

COMPILED FROM DISPATCHES TO THE DAILY "OREGONIAN."

General Grant has expressed himself as opposed to turning men out of office merely for opinion's sake. The purpose of the administration will be the faithful performance of the duties of the great office; to see that the laws are carried out; that honesty prevails in the public service.

All officers capable and efficient now in the public service, who have shown peculiar capacity for their positions, and have furnished evidence of having performed their duty in the highest degree faithfully, no matter what their political opinions may be, it would be improper to replace them with persons who could perform the duties no better.

In Lafayette, New York, a widow named White, just previous to her death, sent for some fellow members of the Methodist Church, and confessed to them in her dying hour that about eleven years ago she poisoned her infant; about a year afterwards she poisoned her husband. The only reason of her making this confession was to relieve her conscience of this bad crime. She was perfectly sane at the time of her death.

A proposition to make two States of Michigan is being discussed. The republicans want two more United States Senators.

A dinner was given in honor of Senator Caserly's arrival in New York, from California.

Calls have been issued for a Woman's and nigger's Rights Convention to meet Washington City about the first of May. Gen. Longstreet writes a letter against Herod's Herod in the republican camp.

Andrew Johnson has issued a full and complete pardon for participation in the rebellion, to all concerned. This includes Breckenridge, Davis and the rest of mankind.

METROPOLITAN WISDOM.—The San Francisco Times thinks the present first session of the Forty third Congress, while the *Alta* refers to it as the "Forty-second." The *Chronicle* pokes fun at its big cotemporaries but does not state what Congress is now in Session. The *Examiner* has its say—correctly as far as it goes in one direction—but then it diverges finally from the line. That paper informs its cotemporaries that the Second Session of the Fortieth Congress is now dragging its slow length along, and that the First Session of the Forty First Congress will assemble on the 1st. Monday in December, 1869. This latter theory is not correct. Applied to the good old days of the Republic it would do; but mutations and changes have been the order for the past 8 years. Our once simple systems have been desecrated by Vanadial hands and despoiled by knaves. The first session of the Forty-first Congress assembles on the 4th of March next as will be seen from the following, which is the first section of an act passed at the second session of the Thirtieth Congress, and approved January 22, 1867. It is entitled "An act providing for the meeting of Congress," and reads as follows:

"Be it enacted, &c., That in addition to the present regular time of the meeting of congress there shall be a meeting of the Fortieth Congress of the United States and of each successive Congress thereafter at 12 o'clock M. on the 4th day of March, the day on which the term begins for which the Congress is elected, except that when the 4th of March occurs on Sunday the meeting shall take place at the same hour on the next succeeding day."

Will our big neighbors of the "Metropolis of the Pacific" give the SIGNAL credit for straightening them out in this important matter.

The Corvallis College is in the enjoyment of a high degree of prosperity. Rates of tuition in the primary department have been reduced. On the 23d ult., the fall session closed with suitable exercises. The *Students Offering* by Mr. W. R. Privett, and the *Literary Cosket* by Miss Chemoweth were read and elicited the commendations of the large audience in attendance.

The tax on a gold watch worth one hundred dollars is one dollar; the tax on one hundred dollars worth of tea is thirty dollars—Who pay the taxes?

WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

About forty years ago, there lived in the western part of New York a lonely widow-mother. Her husband had been dead many years, and her only daughter was grown and married, living at the distance of a mile or two from the family mansion.

And thus the old lady lived alone day and night. Yet to her conscious innocence and trust in God, she owed her feeling of safety and cheerfulness, did her work quietly during the daylight and at eventide slept sweetly.

One morning, however, she awoke with an extraordinary and unwonted gloom upon her mind, which was impressed with the apprehension that something strange was to happen to her or hers. So full was she of this thought that she could not stay at home that day, but must go abroad to give vent to it, unbosoming herself to her friends, especially to her daughter. With her she spent the greater part of the day, and to her several times repeated the recital of her apprehensions. The daughter as often repeated the assurance that her good mother had never done injury to any person, and added "I cannot think any one would hurt you, for you have not an enemy in the world."

On her way home she called on a neighbor who lived in the last house before she reached her own. Here she again made known her continued apprehensions, which had nearly ripened into fear, and from the lady of the mansion she received answers similar to those of her daughter. "You have harmed no one in your life time. Surely none will molest you. Here, Rover," said she to a stout watch dog that lay upon the floor, "here, Rover, go home with Mrs. Mozher, and take care of her." Rover did as he was told to do. The widow went home, milked her cows, took care of everything out of doors, and went to bed as usual. Rover had not left her for an instant. When she was fairly in bed, he laid himself down outside, and as the widow relied upon his fidelity, and perhaps chid herself for needless fear, she fell asleep. Sometime in the night she awoke, being startled probably, by a slight noise outside the house. It was so slight however, that she was not aware of being startled at all, but heard, as soon as she awoke, a sound like the raising of a window was heard near her bed, which was in a room on the ground floor.

The dog neither barked nor moved. Next there was another sound, as if some one was in the room and stepping cautiously on the floor. The woman saw nothing, but now, for the first time she felt the dog move. He made a violent spring from the bed, and at the same moment something fell on the floor, sounding like a heavy log. Then followed other noises, like the pawing of a dog's feet; but soon all was still again and the dog resumed his place on the bed without having barked or growled at all.

This time the widow did not go to sleep immediately but lay awake, suffering, yet not deeming it best to get up. But at last she dropped asleep, and when she awoke the sun was shining. She hastily stepped out of bed, and there lay the body of a man, extended on the floor, dead, with a large knife in his hand, which was even now extended.

The dog had seized him by the throat with a grasp of death, and neither man nor dog could utter a sound till all was over. This man was the widow's son-in-law, the husband of her daughter. He coveted her little store of wealth, her house, her cattle, and her land, and instigated by his sordid impatience, he would not wait for natural death to give the property up to him and his, but made this stealthy visit to do a deed of darkness in the gloom of night. A fearful retribution awaited him. The widow's apprehensions, communicated to her mind and impressed upon her nerves by what unseen power we know not, the sympathy of the woman who loaned the dog, and the silent but certain watch of the dog himself, formed a chain of events which brought the murderers blood upon his own head, and which are difficult to be explained without reference to that Providence which numbers the hair of our heads, watches rough-how them as we may."

The silly charge continually echoed through republican prints to the effect that the Democracy is responsible for the failure to pass the appropriations is not believed by any honest and intelligent republican. The entire business—appropriations and all—would have been completed within six hours from the time the radical rascals seeded.

A man in Rochester sold his vote for a barrel of flour and upon opening the barrel found it to contain only saw dust and sand.

A GRATIFYING INDICATION.—No surer indication that the SIGNAL is a power for the right, than the fact that irresponsible vagabonds have been employed to attack it anonymously. The paper is a thorn in the side of traitors and evil doers generally. That's what's the matter.

AN INSTRUCTIVE ANECDOTE.

Most young people are very fond of displays in dress. Rings, breast-pins, and similar superfluities, are all in good demand among them. We have known a girl to spend a month's wages for a single article of this kind, and a young man to run into debt for a cane when he had scarcely clothing enough to appear respectable. The following story of a successful merchant will show to such how these things look to sensible people. Said he: "I was seventeen years old when I left the country store where I had 'tended' for three years, and came to Boston in search of a place. Anxious of course, to appear to the best advantage, I spent an unusual amount of time and solicitude upon my toilet, and when it was completed I surveyed my reflection in the glass with no little satisfaction, glancing lastly and approvingly upon a seal ring which embellished my little finger, and my cane, a very pretty affair which I purchased with direct reference to this occasion. My first day's experience was not encouraging. I travelled street after street, up one side and down the other, without success. I fancied toward the last, that the clerks all knew my business the moment I opened the door, and they winked ill-naturedly at my discomfiture as I passed out. But nature endowed me with a good degree of persistency, and the next day I started again. Toward noon I entered a store where an elderly gentleman was talking with a lady near by the door. I waited until the visitor had left, and then stated my errand. 'No, sir,' was the answer, given in a crisp and decided manner. Possibly I looked the discouragement I was beginning to feel, for he added in a kinder tone, 'Can you take a hint?' 'I don't know,' I answered, and my face flushed painfully. 'What I wish to say is this,' said he, looking me in the face and smiling at my embarrassment, 'if I were in want of a clerk, I would not engage a young man who came seeking employment with a flashy ring upon his finger, and swinging a cane.' For a moment mortified vanity struggled with common sense, but sense got the victory, and I replied, with rather a shaky voice, 'I'm very much obliged to you,' and then beat a hasty retreat. As soon as I got out of sight I slipped the ring into my pocket, and walking rapidly to the 'Worcester depot,' I left the cane in charge of the baggage master 'until called for.' It is there now for aught I know. At any rate I never called for it. That afternoon I obtained a situation with the firm of which I am now a partner. How much my unfortunate fiery had injured my prospects on the previous day, I shall never know; but I never think of the old gentleman and his plain dealing with me, without always feeling, as I told him at the time, 'very much obliged to him.'—Protestant Churchman.

A WOOLLY HEAD IN THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

The reconstructed and loyal State of Florida, acting through her Legislature has chosen a buck nigger to represent her in the Electoral College, with instructions to cast the vote of that State for Grant. As Grant was nominated by niggers in the Chicago convention, and a nigger was on the committee appointed by the convention to notify him of his nomination, it is but right and proper that a sprinkling of that race should grace the Mongrel body chosen by the States to perform the crowning act of casting the people's liberties at the feet of a military dictator, and if he does not seize the imperial sceptre and wear the diadem of despotic power, it will not be because he fears the popular voice of the people. They have shown that they are willing to be slaves and desire nothing so much as a stern master to rule over them. Our liberties are now in the keeping of a single man, to be disposed of in manner and form as in his judgment may seem meet.

A WOOLLY HEAD IN THE ELECTORAL COLLEGE.

The following stanza was penned by an Irish poet who must have had the Mongrel party in mind's eye at the time:

The weak and worn she tramples on,
The trusting she betrays,
And even when justice must be done
She cheats before she pays.

APPLICATIONS FOR LICENSE.—No little commotion has been created in our midst lately by petitions being put in circulation for licenses authorizing two several saloons to deal out "chauffing" in "less quantities than one quart." Remonstrances are being circulated and numerous signed. The question will probably be settled to-morrow, the County Court being now in session.

Uncle Jack Lewis says he is not sure that he can give those indebted to him as long a time yet as Jonah promised Nineveh—40 days—in which to repent. He desires to settle up.

Judge Collins takes his seat to-day.

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