JOLIET SIGNAL.

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☞All letters addressed to the editors must be Post-paid, or they will not receive attention.

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OF ALL KINDS,
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AT THE OFFICE OF
THE SIGNAL.

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July 13, 1844.

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J. C. H. Hobbs respectfully offers his services to the Ladies and Gentlemen of Joliet and vicinity in Surgical and Mechanical Dentistry. Teeth inserted on pivots or gold plate on the most reasonable terms. Decayed teeth filled with fine gold or tin foil, thus rendering them perfectly sound. (Metallic paste used by particular request.) Tartar removed from teeth without injuring the enamel. His instruments for extracting teeth and fangs, are of the most approved kind.
Office opposite the Eagle Tavern where he may be found at all hours.

READY-MADE CLOTHING—Eastern and Domestic manufactures for sale at CUMMOCK'S *Variety Store.*

From the *Morgan Journal.*

Monterey,

BY HAL HERYN.

Blood runneth in the lowlands,
Tears glisten in the North,
There's ruined hopes, and blasted vows,
Where souls are flowing forth;
The trumph's acclaim and cannon's roar
Proclaim a victory,
And strown with dead and dying,
Is the fields of Monterey.

No taper burneth o'er them,
No Mother's tears are there;
There's dearth of Sisters' weeping,
And lack of fathers prayer,
And bugle notes and rolling drum,
And bold effrontery,
Blend strangely with the weeping
For the dead at Monterey.

And O! for weeping Mothers,
And widowed, lonely wives,
And sorrow stricken Maidens,
What loss of valued lives!
They sit and mourn in agony,
Tears drop down silently,
While joyful song and music,
Hail the fight at Monterey.

Ah! human glory feasteth,
On shroud and coffin-lid! [heads,
Fame wreath's herself with Death's
And murders sanctified,
And talketh loud of mangled limbs,
And hero's gallantry,
While tears flow fast in Northern lands,
And blood at Monterey.

From the Springfield Journal.

From Oregon.

AN INTERESTING LECTURE.

Mr. A. L. Davidson, late of Iowa Territory, now of Oregon, left the Wallamette valley in June last, and arrived in the States some days since. He has been an explorer of Oregon for 18 months, and seems to have a thorough knowledge of the Wallamette valley, and, indeed of all the country in Oregon south of the Columbia river. He has made his claim and has now come to the States for the purpose of returning with his parents.—Mr. D. was in this city last week, on Tuesday night, at the request of several of our citizens, delivered a lecture at the B. Church in which he gave a general description of the Oregon Territory, its advantages for settlement, and the route of emigrants from the South Pass to the Wallamette valley.

Mr. Davidson expressed his decided preference of the valley of the Wallamette over every other portion of the territory, at present, for settlements. He said that the valley was two hundred miles long and averaged one hundred and fifty miles in width. He commenced his description of this valley at the junction of the Wallamette with the Columbia river, passing up the western side, noticing the settlements, the soil, the timber, the general appearance of the country, the creeks, &c, until he reached the three forks of the Wallamette about 100 miles above the falls, and where its navigation terminates. The whole extent of the west bank of that river he represented as happily diversified with prairie, timber, and creeks. The creeks, ran with pure, soft and clear water, and furnished mill seats as often as could be desired. He stated that on Yam Hill river there were flourishing settlements—good improvements, and excellent society, The usual crop of wheat there was 30 bushels to an acre, but 55 bushels has been raised to the acre, weighing 65 pounds to the bushel. He had himself cut down a fir tree in the Yam Hill country, which measured 300 feet in length. Trees had been cut which made twenty lengths of rail cuts, of eleven feet each. The country was agreeably rolling, and the best roads could be made. The uplands were fertile, as well as the vallies of the creeks. The scenery on these creeks was beautiful, and with the pure atmosphere, and glowing health here exibited, imparted an energy and cheerfulness to the people, which he had not seen out of Oregon. This was manifest in their improvements, which were more advanced in one and two years, than could have been accomplished in the Western States within three times that period.

This description of the Yam Hill country, with little variation, will apply to all that extensive country from Yam Hill river on the west side of the great valley, to the Forks of the Wallamette. But few claims have been made south of the Yam Hill country. That beautiful region invites to its possession the energetic Anglo Saxon race.

Mr. Davidson then took his audience to the east side of the Wallamette, and commencing with the Clackamus creek, a few miles below Oregon, city, he proceeded up the east side of that river to the great Forks describing the intervening country. It is a land of hills and vallies, plains and creeks, generally resembling the country on the western side. It was however, selected by the French for their early settlement, and the Methodists for their mission establishment. The French settlement commences some distance above Oregon city. The settlers were originally servants of the Hudson Bay Company. After leaving its service, they married native women, and they have now large families of half breeds. These people are very inoffensive, do not possess the keenness of the yankee in intellect; but the young men are fine looking, and many of the girls are quite beautiful. They are of the Catholic religion; and it is here the Catholics have their Mission establishment. It is now altogether respectable in buildings, and they are this summer greatly enlarging it by the erection of an extensive brick church.

The French have farms, cattle, horses, hogs, orchards, &c. The apples, peaches, pears, and plums, were seedlings, but were generally fine—proving, incontestibly, that the Wallamette valley is well adapted to the cultivation of fruit.

Some distance above is the Methodist Mission establishment. One of the buildings is of four stories, and presents quite an imposing appearance. This mission was designed to civilize and christianize the Indians in the neighborhood. From the lack of physical and intellectual ability of the natives, the object could not be accomplished, and the project was relinquished. The buildings is now used as as a College, and the institution promises much good for Oregon.

There are but few settlements above. The country bears a general resemblance to that on the west side of the river—beautiful mill streams, fine prairies and excellent timber. When the Forks of the Wallamette are reached, the audience was bro't to a country, which, for the beauty of its gorgeous, fertile and gently undulating prairies—its excellent timber on the streams, its groves on the prairies, and on the mounds which rise out of them could not be surpassed, and was entirely beyond his powers of description. Dr, White, in his enthusiasm, called this portion of the valley, "PARADISE"—and the name was not inappropriate. This will be the centre of an immense settlement, and a large town will be likely to grow up at the head of navigation on the Wallamette.

From the point here spoken of to the southern termination of the valley, there are large prairies, and this is especially designed by nature for a stock growing country. Here the stock grower will find good water and grass for stock the whole year round. Here fortunes can be made in rearing cattle, horses and sheep, and all the cost will be in herding them.

The lecturer then led the way to the Klameth and Umqua rivers. These rivers empty into the Pacific Ocean;—the first near the southern boundary line of Oregon, and the second a degree or two north. There is some good country in the Klameth valley. The Umqua valley, however, is far superior, and presents a country from ten to fifty miles wide, connecting with the Wallamette valley, possessed of all the advantages for sustaining prosperous settlements.

Mr. Davidson described the country adjacent to Puget's sound as most valuable. Forty rivers fell into the Sound. Those rivers were filled with salmon; the valleys were fertile, and the timber of the country was not surpassed in any portion of the world. The country abounded in the most desirable and valuable furs.—Puget Sound possessed harbors of unrivalled excellence. The navies of the world might float in them with ease.—Vancouver's island had many commercial advantages, was three hundred miles long; abounded in timber, good fisheries, and fertile land for cultivation. That island would have made an excellent State.

"When we heard in Oregon," said the lecturer, "that Mr. Polk had made the declaration that 'our title to the whole of Oregon was clear and indisputable,' there was one general enthusiastic expression in his behalf. Had we then possessed the power (continued the lecturer, the people of Oregon would have reared him a pyramid—would have elevated him upon its apex—and then surrounding him, would have raised such a shout as would have convulsed the whole of Oregon, and overwhelmed the British man-of-war which lay in the Columbia river, arrogantly defying us. Our hearts leapt at the thought that the whole of Oregon was ours. But a change has come over the scene. Our government has since decided that we have no claims north of forty-nine. Why then did they flatter us in the first instance that the whole of Oregon—a country which embraced within her bosom the resources of a nation—was ours? —A great wrong has been done.—We cannot fathom the conduct of our public men. We have been wounded in our pride and in our ambition. A valuable portion of our territory is lost—the whole of Vancouver is gone—the British have an equal right with us in Puget's Sound and an equal right with us in the free navigation of the Columbia river.

The lecturer described the second division of Oregon—that portion which lies between the Cascade and Blue Mountains He said that there was good land in this section, but it required irrigation to produce crops: especially was this the case in regard to garden vegetables. The country was good for grazing, and subject to greater extremes of heat and cold than the valley below. It was a passable but not a desirable country. He had heard men who had visited this section, and had never gone below, denounce Oregon: They knew nothing about the best portion of the country—they know nothing of Wallamette valley.

The third division was still poorer than the second, both land and timber. There were some habitable spots upon it, It was not inaptly termed a desert of wild sage, sand and rock.

Mr. Davidson, at the request of the audience, described the route of the emigrant from the South Pass of the Rocky Mountains to the Wallamette Valley.—We cannot undertake to follow him over this route. He represented the Pass as apparently of no usual elevation. On each side, at a considerable distance, were mountains. As he proceeded on the route he described the scenery—which in many places was most magnificent and sublime—the curiosities, pleasures and difficulties of the way. Among the curiosities he mentioned the soda lake, the soda springs, beer springs, hot springs, and blubbering springs and some others. The difficulties were that on on two occasions, they had to travel some twenty-five miles without water; the blistering of the face from exposure to the alkali with which the air was impregnated, proceeding from the wild sage; and the shackling condition of the wagons, caused by the dry atmosphere. All these and some other difficulties could be remedied by industry and the exercise of good sense.—When a great day's journey was necessary, and when there was no water to be had by the way, fill your keg with water, eat no salt provisions for the day, and start early. An application of any oleaginous substance to the face, will prevent any unpleasant effects from alkali. To make the wagon wheels stiff and strong, it was only necessary to soak them in water over the night, All the difficulties of the journey could in like way be over come by the exercise of energy, good common sense, and a determination, under all circumstances, to be as comfortable and happy as possible. To one who could enjoy the scenery of nature, there was always much to interest and amuse. There were some, however, that neither the works of God or man would interest. The lecturer had seen such on this route. They would lie in their wagons sleeping half the day—neglect to keep their wagons in repair—indulge their "saw mill appetites," and—grumble.

[To be Continued.]

A few weeks ago the Whigs every where were denouncing the administration for the manner it was conducting the war. They very properly declared that the policy of conciliating the mexicans, or attemping to do it, by treating them as American citizens would be treated by our army, was disastrous in the extreme, and would never terminate the difficulties. They recommended that the army should support itself, if possible, in the enemy's own country, by levying contributions upon the towns taken, and by securing provisions wherever they could find them. To this policy, the National Intelligencer, the metroplitan Whig organ, was committed, as was also many others of the leading organs of the Whig party. We early joined in this view of the matter, and so did the administration, and it was understood that orders had been issued to the army to the same effect. But now a change has come o'er the spirit of their dream. The Intelligencer takes the lead and denounces the very policy it had before approved, and other Whig papers denounce it as robbery and plunder. We doubt not, when the army shall have commenced acting upon the only policy which will ever close the war, we shall lacrymose jeremiads from half the Whig press in the Union about the savage mode of warfare carried on by this Government against the *Chistian* people of Mexico. It is plain that nothing will satisfy a portion of the whig press, as some of them are still denouncing the war itself as a great outrage upon the part of Government against the rights of Mexico. The administration has nothing to do but prosecute the war with the utmost vigor and energy possible, and it will be sure to be sustained by all true patriots of the Democratic and Whig parties. It is clear now to our mind that the war will be vigorously prosecuted—that the masterly inactivity policy of the Mexicans will soon be frustrated, and our arms prove victorious and our troops win laurels.—*Kentucky Yeoman.*

CAPT. WALKER.—It is reported that Capt. Walker had his "gallant bay" shot from under him by a cannon ball; that in falling, one of his legs was under the horse; that the Mexican lancers were close upon him, but to avoid falling into their hands he pretended to be dead until they had passed. One of them, however, approached with a poised lance to prove whether there was life left in the body.—Walker eyeing him all the time; the moment the Mexican's horse was within his reach, jumped up, seized the reins, dropped the lancer from his saddle with his unerring five shooter, then jumped into the saddle himself and joined his regiment. "If," says the *Flag*, "the gallant Captain has lost his steed, the ladies of New Orleans will have another opportunity of testifying their approbation of his conduct."

Applying The Principle.

BY THE YOUNG 'UN.

A brace of legs, thrust considerably too far through a pair of mottled pants, and attached to a couple of the largest sized feet, which were encased in twin cowhide brogans, formed the underpining to a long slab-sided body, of otherwise generous proportions—the whole being surmounted by a head which was covered with a grey "five year old" (at least) seal skin cap. This sum total—legs, pants, feet, shoes, body, and chapeau—was the property, by possession, of Mr. Zenas Humspun.

Zenas had been on "a bat" during the night previous, and had squandered full half a dollar on himself. in white-eye and sweetening. But his returning senses made him feel philosophical—and, on the morning we speak of him, he stood, at an early hour, in——street, gazing mechanically at the telegraphic wires—soliloquizing, thus wise:—

"——'ic!—that's the *telerguff*—W.——'ic—well, I don't poorceive nuthin' per—'ic—culier 'bout *them* strings—on'y one's bigger 'en t'other—'ic."

"That's the *light'nin' line*, the *big* 'un"—said an urchin in the doorway near by.

"W'en does she—'ic start?"

"You'd better ax in thar."

"*Whar!*"

"In the office, up *thar*."

The loafer was shown the door of the building, and by "hook or crook" found his way up three pair of stairs, into the telegraphic office. The attendants enquired "what the gentleman had to forward?"

"For'ud?—'ic—who's she?"

"What will you send?"

"Send *whar?*

"This is the Telegraph office, sir."

"Well—'ic—who'n thunder said it wus'nt?"

"I supposed you had business, sir."

"Nuthin' o' the sort—'ic—quite the re—'ic—verse o' the *contrairy*.!"

"What will you have?"

"I want to make some—'ic—quiries."

The hour being early, and little doing, the clerks very charitably determined upon some fun with the fellow, with a view to sobering him. The opportunity for anything gratuitous escaped them, however—for as they commenced a consultation upon the best means to *benefit* the intruder, he stepped up to one of the batteries, which happened, fortunately, to be but lightly charged—and concluding that the knobs were portable, he pulled his cap over his forehead and attempted to remove one of the balls: the next moment Zenas lay stretched upon the floor!

He rose, as best he could, and turned to the clerk, with,

"Look yere, mister—'ic— wot's yure name? I kin lick as many sich like skunks as *you*, as could be driven into a four aiker lot! Wot in——did yer—'ic, nock an innersent man down that way for; Eh?"

"Nobody touched you!" said the clerk.

"The——they didn't!"

"No, *sir*. You took thed'——

Took *wot*? Yere's yure corntemptible copper"——and, proceeded to dash a loose penny towards the attendant, which lay upon the machine; his fingers came in contact with the battery, and away he went again, heels over head, across the floor!

"Look *yere*; continued the sufferer, who by this time, was well nigh sobered; "'od blast yure infernal pictur, wot in thunder are you 'baout?"

"You mustn't handle the tools," observed the clerk. nearly bursting with laughter.

"Look you! Mr. Wot's your-name—I ain't to be fooled this yere way, fer nuthin'—I arn't. By thunder! I'm a inderpendunt individual, I am; and this yere nokin' people down, without notice of no kind, arn't *the* thing, by——! Ef you'll open that yere door, I'll go out o'this, and no questions axed"——

"*That's* the door, sir."

"That brass handle?"

"Yes."

"I'm blowed ef you *do* though! This child don't meddle with no more *hard ware* in this trap, *no* how!"

The door was opened by the clerk, and the fellow sidled out. A suppressed laugh pervaded the countenance of the attendant, as Zenas departed—which, as the door closed vented itself in a broad haw-haw.

"You're a *smart* young gentleman *you* are! bawled the loafer through the keyhole, as he held the door fast with both hands, "you're a *very* smart young man You'd like to get *out* o' that, and go to breakfast, bimeby, may be! An' ef yer *do* get any grub afore noon, jes let a feller 'bout *my* size know it, will yer! I'll teach yer to knock people down, simultaneously—fer nothin'; I will"—and, from the preparation making on the outside, the prospect was that the "insiders" were to be made prisoners.

A thought struck the attendant. He disconnected the wire, and placing it in contact with the knob of the door upon the inside, his companion let on the battery!

The door flew open instantaneous, and our valiant stranger, with the seal skin cap; was discovered in the act of an anti-angular descent down stairs, the side of his head scraping the paint from the edges of the steps, and his legs, meantime, performing an involuntary pirouette, which would have done infinite credit to a French dancing master!

It so chanced that Zenas had purchased a bunch of lucifer matcher the night before, which he had deposited in his coat pocket. In his progress down stairs, the matches had become ignited, and by the time he had reached the bottom of the first flight, he had partially recovered from the first effects of "the shock"—but the fluid tinged thro' his veins, his coat-tails were on fire, and he was not "set forward" in his imagination any, by this last effort of his tormentors. He discovered the fire, and presuming it was part and parcel of "cussed invention"—he sprang to his feet, and with both hands briskly at work behind him for the purpose of smothering the flame, which was roasting the seat of his inexpressibles—he "put" for the street door at full gallop!

"Fire! Fire! Help! *yere! Ow!* murder fire!" shouted the victim, as he darted into the street.

Away he dashed towards Baltimore, at a speed which the "lightnin' line" itself might have been proud of. Luckily, a square off, he discovered a servant with a hose attached to one of the hydrats, busily engaged in washing off the pavement. He rushed to the spot, and turning short before him—*a posteriori*—he begged him at the top of his voice, "for God's sake" to "*put him out!*

Perhaps his sable friend's eye didn't glisten, and may be his "ivory" didn't shine, as he charitably turned "the current of that stream" upon the unmentionable portion of that poor devil's nethers-ments! "The fire was extinguished without serious damage," as the papers say; the loafer was thoroughly saturated; and having exchanged his heavy inside wet for a skin-drenching, he departed, perfectly sober, amidst the jeers of the crowd who had witnessed the *finale*; most vociferously cursing all improvements in magnetism and combustibles! G. P. B.

PHILADELPHIA Oct 5. 1846.

In this country attempts are sometimes made to draw distinctions in society and specify what constitutes the higher or lower ranks of life. These attempts are not of frequent occurence, and cannot be said to have obtained much of a foothold; but nevertheless, they have prevailed to some extent, and weak minded people have at times given them countenance. The discerning portion of the community treat all such attempts with indifference, well knowing that no distinctions can be created in the United States other than such as are the results of industry, talent or true integrity. Such as are truly talented, and worthy of the confidence of the public, are sure to take their stand where they should, and the efforts of enemies, or false notions of society cannot prevent them. We sometimes hear objections urged against individuals because they are rising from the humbler stations of life, but such as urge these objections are not the sound, thinking and substantial part of community.

Men who have commenced life under the most disadvantageous circumstances and have risen to an elevated and influential position, are deserving of the admiration of our people, and we believe that this class of individuals are in reality the favored class, and as such, our citizens ackowledge their claims. To show that we are right in our views, any one has only to cast his eyes abroad and wherever he finds an individual who has ascended from the lowest walks of life, it is at once seen that there are no prejudices existing against him, in the minds, of the people—the reverse is the case, and we have only to point out such men as occupy prominent places in our Republic, and enough are found, to show at once, that here men are appreciated, much in accordance with what they are. We could if we were disposed, point out individuals, who have commenced under the most discouraging circumstances, and reached a high station in society. Such men are the bright and cheering fruits of our system, and they are cherished and more highly prized, as being so identified with the producing class. They are regarded as occupying a higher station, than others who have been surrounded with means of cultivating their minds, and have not had to grapple with the difficulties of life.

Whenever we see individuals assume airs and place great importance upon the occupation they follow, we are satisfied they are to be pitied rather than condemned, for in our humble opinion, it indicates a weak mind. The man who works with his hands in fashioning out the different kinds of manufactures, is entitled to as much respect, as if he were engaged in counting money in a bank or any other employment, which requires but little labor. The people are sound in this particular, and they are ready to push forward the hardy sons of toil from their ranks, and do them honor.

Messrs. Ralph J. Ingersoll, of Connecticut, the new minister to Russia, and Nathan Clifford, of Maine, the new Attorney General, have obtained the high offices to which they have been respectively appointed, without any solicitation or knowledge on their part. Neither of them knew or suspected that any such honor was to be offered to them by the President of the United States,—*Wash. Union,*