

JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY G. & C. ZARLEY.

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For the Signal.
CHILDHOOD'S FRIENDS.
BY MRS. E. A. W. HOPKINS.
Where are ye, childhood's friends?
Time bears me swiftly on,
While mournful memory sends
The solemn answer—"gone!"
Gone with the far off hours
Of life's sweet morning time,
The green bush and the flowers,
That deck'd my native clime.
Gone, with familiar streams,
Whose waters, deep and dark,
Return the sun his beams,
Or bears the pleasure bark.
Gone, with the ancient trees,
That shade the placid brook,
Where oft I sat at ease,
With that mate friend—a book.
Gone with the village spires,
The sound of solemn bells,
The fields that were my sire's
(Where yet the pilgrim dwells.)
Gone with the tall grey rocks,
Of mountain's steep and high,
Whose summit overlooks
The plain with lordly eye.
Where are ye, youthful group,
Of brothers, sisters, friends,
That gather'd like a troop
Where the old willow bends?
O, send the voice of all,
(Once happy loud and clear.)
As I your forms recall,
With a regretful tear.
Hark! whispering voices come
From every distant land,
None from the youthful home
Of that far-severed band.
I hear them from afar,
From mount, and plain and sea,
Where evening claims her star,
And morning paints the lea.
The distant Tropic sun,
Looks down with burning ray
On the fair brow of one
I played with many a day.
The far-famed Tea-plant springs
Where one is doom'd to dwell—
One where the native wrings
Juice from the cocoa-shell.
One where the turban'd Turk
Inhales the drowsy weed—
One where the Spanish dirk
Makes Jealousy's victim bleed.
One where the fruitful vine,
Its yearly tribute yields;
Doth quaff Italian wine,
And think of native fields.
One where the Britain cries
"God save our noble queen,"
Doth turn his longing eyes
When crowns are never seen.
One on the Texian soil,
On prairie rich and wide,
For yellow dust doth toil,
And kneel at mammon's side.
One o'er the distant hills
Of Oregon has gone,
To dwell by unknown rills,
And weep to see his own.
And some have gone to war
To toil for glory's wreath,
To ride on Havoc's car,
And speed the cause of death.
But shall I name the lands
Where childhood's friends reside?
Go, count Zahara's sands,
Or leaves by autumn dried.

MARSHAL SOULT.
The chamber of Peers is arranged like our two Houses of Congress. The seats are semi-circular, bending around a common centre where the president sits. The members are all dressed up in diplomatic coats, and present to an American the appearance of an assembly of military officers. The Senate had not commenced as I took my place, and the Peers were slowly dropping in one after another, and taking their respective seats. There was the Duke de Broglie, Guizot, and others, and last of all, in came old Marshal Soult, he looked like an old warrior, with his dark features, clear eye, and stern expression. He is about the middle size, though stout, with a bald spot on the top of his head. His pantaloons were very full, made so, evidently to conceal his bow legs. It was a useless expedient, however, for the Marshal's lower extremities from a perfect parenthesis which nothing but petticoats can ever conceal. As he stood a moment, and cast his eyes over the chamber, I thought I could detect in his cool and quiet glance, and self-possessed bearing the stern old warrior that stood the shock of so many battle fields. As he limped along to his seat, my mind involuntarily ran over some of the important events of his history.
Born of humble parents, entering the army as a private soldier, marshal in hand, he rose to be Marshal of the Empire, Duke of Dalmatia, and Peer of France. He early exhibited his wonderful coolness in the hour of danger.

At the battle of Fleurus, General Marceau commanding the right wing under Lefevre, was routed and forced to fall back. In his agony he sent to Soult for four battalions, that he might regain his lost position.
Soult refused.
'Give me to me,' exclaimed the indignant and mortified Marceau, 'or I will blow my brains out.'
Soult coolly replied, that to do it would endanger the whole division. Being then a mere aide-de-camp, and unknown, his refusal astonished Marceau, who asked in a rage:
'Who are you?'
'Whoever I am,' replied the imperturbable soldier, 'I am calm, which you are not; do not kill yourself, and lead on your men to the charge, and you shall have the four battalions as soon as we can spare them.'
His advance had scarcely been given, before the enemy were upon them—'and side by side, these two men raged through the battle like lions. After the battle was over, Marceau held his hand to Soult, saying—
'Colonel, forgive the past you have this day given me a lesson which I shall never forget: You have, in fact gained the battle.'
This is a fine illustration of Soult's character. Cool, collected, and self-reliant, the tumult of battle, and the chaos of defeat never disturbed his perceptions or confused his judgment. At Austerlitz he did the same thing to Napoleon. As Bonaparte gave him the command of the centre that day, he simply said—
'As for you, Soult, I have only to say, act as you always do.'
In the heat and terror of battle, an aide-de-camp burst in headlong gallop into the presence of Soult, bearing orders that he should immediately carry the heights of Pratzen.
'I will obey the Emperor's orders as soon as I can,' replied chieftain, 'but this is not a proper time.'
Bonaparte was in a perfect fury at his answer, and sent another aide-de-camp with preemptory orders, but before he had delivered them, the proper time had arrived, and the awful column of Soult was in motion, and the next moment his head was enveloped in the smoke of cannon, and in a few minutes after, torn and mangled, appeared upon the crest of the hill, where it struggled two hours for victory, and won it. Soult had delayed his charge because the enemy were extending the lines, and thus weakening their centre. Bonaparte saw at once the reason of his delay, and struck with admiration at his behavior, soon after rode up to him and in the presence of the whole staff exclaimed—
'Marshal, I account you the ablest tactician in the empire.'
It was Soult's cannon that thundered over the grave of Sir John Moore, who fell at Corunna, and the noble hearted Marshal inscribed a memorial to his brave opponent on the spot. He was in the carriage of Waterloo, and there, on that wild field saw the star of Bonaparte set forever.
As he slowly limped to his seat, I could not gaze upon him without feelings of the deepest interest. On what wild scenes that dark eye had looked, and in what fierce fights that now aged form had moved. The memories of such a man must be terrible, and what fearful scenes lie between him and his youth! A word, an allusion to the victorious Bonaparte—the standards taken from the enemy; and now drooping over the President's head—the picture on the walls, must frequently recall to him those fierce battlefields; and, forgetful of the business that is passing round him—on his aged ear will come the roar of battle, on his flashing eye the shock of armies—the wild retreat—the rout and victory. Among the last remaining props of Napoleon's empire, he too is fast crumbling away. He has escaped the sword of battle, but he cannot escape the hand of Time.—Heady.

ANTIQUITIES OF WISCONSIN.—In traveling over the prairies, and viewing their graceful slopes and variegated surface, the imaginative mind goes back to the time when the primitive tribes inhabited the fair region, and is busy in peopling each hill and dale with the dusky forms of the savages who once inhabited them. It is no idle fancy. The impressive silence of the prairies has ages before us, been broken by the sound of human voices. Abundant traces are not lacking of these departed nations whose existence seems to us like fleeting shadows. On the tops of these sunny hills, which excite so much admiration, the observer will notice traces of ancient tumuli—degraded, perhaps, by the action of a thousand storms, nearly to the common surface. Beneath the sod, an intensely black soil is found—the dust of death—and here repose the nations!
But it is not alone by their graves that their existence is indicated. The antiquities of Wisconsin, although differing somewhat from those of Ohio, are quite as interesting. They seem to prove the existence of a race before the last Indian tribes, and much superior to them. Traces of their works are found all over the country. The military road leading from

Pairie du Chien to Madison, and ten miles distant from the latter place, passes between two of these ancient works. They are in the shape of animal lying upon their sides, and have been made by piling up earth in the requisite shape. One of them is 96, and the other 108 feet in length. They are precisely such monuments as a rude people would be most likely to form. Remains of this description are also very frequent around the Four Lakes, and in the vicinity of the Blue Mounds. One of the hills is an embankment in the form of a cross, as it is usually represented as the emblem of christianity. On others, birds with expanded wings, lizards, tortoises, &c. &c. The erection of these works must have cost immense labor to a primitive people; much greater than the latest race of Indians were capable of putting forth.
These antiquities possess many features of peculiar interest. Though doubtless contemporaneous in their origin with the tumuli of Ohio, they are essentially different. They seem to make a distinct tribe. No other works that we are acquainted with, have the shape of these. Wisconsin seems to have her own peculiar system, as doubtless she had her own isolated tribes.—Gale, Jeff.

"IN AT THE DEATH."
BY SOLTAIRE.
On a bright June morning, while seated in camp on a lofty ridge near the Colorado river in which, with two companions, I was engaged in trapping beaver, I descried, far down on the plains, an object moving to which I knew to be a buffalo, although in appearance, from the distance which lay between it and the spot upon which I stood, it looked no larger than a common sized dog. I had but a few moments before returned from a five mile tramp, after an unsuccessful examination of our traps, and though tired I resolved if possible to have a taste of buffalo, for this was the first we had seen during a month's sojourn among the hills—the herds seldom travelling so high up. Acting upon this resolution, I straightway put on my wet moccasins, which I had a few moments previous hung upon rods near our fire.
The Indians so infested our neighborhood that we never moved from camp but with extreme caution; so, after concluding my necessary preparations for a start, I took a general survey from a neighboring peak—without, however, discovering signs of an enemy. I counselled my companions, before I parted with them, to keep watch of my progress, and in the event of their discovering Indians, to inform me of the fact by waving their handkerchiefs and pointing in the direction in which they were seen. Having concluded all preliminary arrangements, I descended into the valley, rifle in hand and knife in belt, with my ear open to hostile sounds, and my arm nerved for vigorous defence. After a tedious travel over broken ways and through deep and dark ravines, I reached the valley, and struck out from the timber, in order to gain a view of Nell's peak, near where our camp was situated. Another reason for avoiding the covert was the fact of its always being the red man's lurking place. In about two hours' travel I came near the solitary buffalo, quietly feeding on a slope near the edge of a deep ravine, through which the Drip, a small tributary of the Colorado, winds. I now edged into the timber, and having gained a closer position, discovered my prey to be a large bull, which I judged, from his timid manner of feed, had been separated from the herd by an attack of Indians, and having gained the entrance to the valley, had pursued his way to this quiet spot. Carefully approaching him I gained a favorable stand on his left and poising my trusty rifle, fired. With a snort of pain, he backed several paces and fell upon his haunches. Loading again, I advanced to dispatch him, when, with a roar of pain and with a sudden bound he approached to within a few paces of where I stood. Having but an instant to spare, I hastily raised my rifle and pulled trigger, when, to my horror, the piece missed fire, even while the infuriate animal was so near that his breath mingled with his blood, was blown upon my person. Time for thought was none. I could not regain the timber, so dropping my rifle, I made for the ravine. The rifle was a moment's diversion in my favor, for the beast passed to the next death-dealing weapon; but the next instant, with blood-shot eyes, he rushed towards me. I looked into the ravine, and a glance revealed to me a perpendicular precipice of one hundred feet with the stream fretting and boiling, dark as ink at the bottom! To leap across it was impossible—to plunge down was not to be thought of but as an act of despair—and alternative there appeared to be none. To thus have come to a hurried decision, with peril on every side, the chances were ten to one that the worst horn of the dilemma would be chosen. The sequel will show.

A small projection of about three feet long by one wide, upon which grew a few scrubby bushes, presented itself at about ten feet distance from the edge of the ravine, and, without a second thought, I held a moment by the edge of the precipice, and dropped upon this small shelf, which shook and quivered from the con-

cussion of my leap, until I fancied I could feel it sliding from its place! The thought was horrible, and I shut my eyes in a partial swoon, expecting the next moment to be dashed into the bubbling current below; but after waiting a reasonable time, and no such concussion occurring, I opened them. And now my heart grew sick again at the peril of my position, from which there appeared no prospect of escape. I had spent but a moment in this contemplation—and just then thoughts were speeding rapidly through my brain—when the infuriate bull, his eyes like balls of fire, and the red current of life spouting from his nostrils, appeared above me, on the very brink, his forehoofs pushing the earth at the edge upon my head, while from his mouth he deluged me with a flood of sanguine hue my position was horrible—most horrible! He paved the earth and feebly shook his mane as if in exultation that his destroyer was about to be destroyed; and then the deep heaving of his mighty chest would again deluge me with its torrent of lava, which felt hot as shower from Etna, and fell, dying like some victim for a heathen sacrifice.
Suddenly the struggles of the wounded buffalo appeared to cease—the blood poured from his nostrils in an uninterrupted stream—his eye grew dim and his glassy stare was fixed upon mine, while his body for a moment swayed to and fro, as if he was about to sink down upon the earth; but dreadful was the thought, and terrible became the certainty, that this huge form was gradually sinking over the edge of the precipice, directly above the scant footing upon which I stood. There was no escape! Every moment made his fall in the ravine more certain, and at contemplation of being hurled by this dying mass into the craggy bed of the stream beneath, my blood congealed with terror! Slowly his dark form sunk, and the earth, crushing away beneath his bending limbs, pattered down upon me, until with apprehension I had grown mad, when with a rushing sound like an avalanche, the wounded beast tottered over the verge.—For a moment, as he struck the projection on which I stood, his bulk poised, and the next, frantically grasping his shaggy mane, I was hurled with him to the bottom of the ravine, my slender resting place on the side of the precipice falling around me in a shower. I was stunned for moment with the shock; but the cold stream bubbling about me soon brought back consciousness, when I found that my antagonist had happily fallen undermost. His form had broken the force of my plunge into the ravine. After washing the stains of victory from my person, I cut out a few steaks as a proof of my being "in at the death," and left his carcass to the wolves, well satisfied with my share of that game.—St. Louis Reveille.

CAPT MAY AND HIS FIRST COMMISSION.
—A Washington correspondent of the Philadelphia Ledger, in announcing the nomination of Capt May as Brevet Major and Brevet Lt. Col., states a singular fact in connection with his original appointment as Lieutenant of dragoons.—During Gen. Jackson's administration young May, then but a boy, and expert in horsemanship, was hoping for a military appointment. A lieutenant's vacancy occurred in a regiment of dragoons. May heard of it, and mounted his horse, dressed with fustian jacket and pantaloons, in huntsman's style and dashed from Brown's Hotel, on the Avenue, up to the President's House and on to Georgetown, through mud, rain and every thing else. Upon arriving there he turned his horse's head "back again," and dismounted at the portals of the President's House, covered with mud. Says he, "Jimmy" to O'Neal, then the door keeper, "I want to see the President." He is in a cabinet council to-day," says Jimmy. "But I must see him," says May. O'Neal, looking at the rider and the horse, imagined the visitor the bearer of an important government despatch and immediately retired to make the announcement to Gen. Jackson. The old General, with his characteristic promptitude, directed his cabinet to withdraw, and the elegant stranger to be ushered in. Young May an elegant lad, six feet and beautifully proportioned, cap in hand, made his bow to the president. "What is your business, young man?" asked the old hero. "I learn, sir," said he, "that there is a vacancy in the Lieutenantcy of Dragoons, and I have road, sir, a long distance, through mud and sleet to ask of you the appointment." Jackson astonished, scanned him from head to foot, and from the scrutiny, judged that he had about him the material of a soldier.—Said he, "Are you a good horseman?" "My horse is at the gate," "see me mount and dismount."
The old General, struck with the appearance of the young man, followed him to the grounds in front of the President's mansion. May mounted, rode and dismounted as man never did before. This occurred during the Florida war. The old General asked him whether he could kill an Indian? Yes," said May, "kill him, by—, and eat him!" The next day May was Lieutenant of Dragoons!

DR. O'NEIL of the 3d Regiment of Illinois Volunteers died at the Charity Hospital in New Orleans.

FIRST AMERICAN STANDARD.—The following extract is from the London Morning Chronicle, of July 25, 1775. The analogies of the first American ensign are ingeniously set forth; yet as our prejudices against the snake are deeply rooted, and as old original sin itself, few of our countrymen will regret that the device was changed. The extract, however, is a curiosity, and will be quite new to nine-tenths of the present generation.
"The colors of the American fleet have a snake with thirteen rattles, the fourteenth budding, described in the attitude of going to strike, with the motto; DON'T TREAD ON ME! It is a rule in heraldry, that the worthy properties of the animal in the crest, should be considered, and the base ones cannot be indented. The ancients accounted the serpent an emblem of wisdom, and in certain attitudes, of endless duration. The rattlesnake is properly an emblem of America, as this animal is to be found in no other part of the world. The eye of this creature excels in brightness most of any other animal. She has no eyelids, and is therefore an emblem of vigilance. She never begins an attack, nor ever surrenders; she is therefore an emblem of magnanimity and true courage. When injured, she never wounds until she has given notice to her enemies of their danger. No other of her kind shows such generosity. When undisturbed, and in peace, she does not appear to be furnished with weapons of any kind. They are latent in the roof of her mouth, and even when extended for her defence, appear to those who are not acquainted with her to be weak and contemptible, yet her wounds, however small are decisive and fatal. She is solitary and associates with her kind only when it is necessary for their preservation. Her poison is at once the necessary means of digesting her food, and certain destruction to her enemies. The power of fascination attributed to her, by a generous construction, resembles America. Those who look steadily on her, are delighted, and involuntarily advance toward her. She is frequently found with thirteen rattles, and they increase yearly. She is beautiful in youth, and her beauty increases with her age, her tongue is blue and forked as the lightning."

PRIZE FIGHTING.—Two vagabonds or rather beasts in human shape, last week started from this city, in a steamboat, accompanied by bottle holders, time-keepers, umpires, black legs, and rowdies in general, for the purpose of knocking and hanging each other, not to gratify any malice or to settle any quarrel but solely for the sum of two hundred dollars for the winner! To understand boxing or the "art of self-defence," as it is called, for the purpose of chastising insolence, or to protect one's self when attacked, in an accomplishment. But when it is sought for no other purpose than to rear prize fighters, fill the pockets of gamblers, and make rowdies, the sooner the teaching of it is dispensed with, the better for society.—The vagabonds in this instance were named Wilson and Stewart. Well aware that since the death of McCoy, who was killed by Lilly in a prize fight in Westchester county, prize fighting is a state prison offence in this state and in New Jersey, they went into the usually quiet state of Connecticut, to pound each other's faces and black each other's eyes. After fighting eighty-five rounds, as they are technically termed, occupying some two hours, the sheriff of Fairfield county, having raised a posse, made a descent upon the ring, when the fight was broken up, and the parties came back to this city, leaving two or three of their number in the hands of the sheriff. On Thursday, they again made another attempt to finish their battle, crossing Westchester county into Connecticut, where Stewart was declared the winner in the sixtieth round.—It is said by the "knowing ones" that it could hardly be called a pugilistic encounter, according to the rules of the English ring, neither of the combatants knowing much about prize fighting. We hope the authorities of Connecticut will make a requisition for the two brutes and their abettors, and give them a chance of cooling their fighting propensities by a few months' labor in Weathersfield state prison. The owners and proprietors of steamboats that let them out to convey rowdies to such "sport," are almost as bad as the parties themselves.—Noah's Messenger.

Corporal Streeter, says—"The man who would apologise for typographical errors in a newspaper, might as well stereotype a paragraph for that purpose at once."
"I always think," said a reverend guest that a certain quantity of wine does a man no harm after a good dinner." "Oh no sir," replied the host, "it is the uncertain quantity that does the mischief!"

RAILWAY DEFINITIONS.—Q. What do you mean by an 'Up Train'?"
A. A train whose engine explodes.
Q. What do you mean by a 'Down Train'?"
A. A train whose engine gets off the line, and throws the carriages over—Punch.

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