



BY C. & C. ZARLEY.

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BY CAROLINE F. ORNE.

Ho, ye who at the anvil toil, And strike the sounding blow, Where from the burning iron's breast The sparks fly to and fro, While answering to the hammer's ring, And fires intenser glow— Oh, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil And sweat the long day through, Remember it is harder still To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who till the stubborn soil, Whose hard hands guide the plough, Who bend beneath the summer sun, With burning cheek and brow— Ye deem the curse still cling to earth From olden times, 'tis hard to toil And labor all day through, Remember it is harder still To have no work to do.

Ho, ye who plough the sea's blue field— Who ride the restless wave, Beneath whose gallant vessel's keel There lies a yawning grave, Around whose bark the wintry winds Like fiends of fury rave— O, while ye feel 'tis hard to toil And labor long hours through, Remember it is harder still To have no work to do.

Ho, all ye labor—all who strive, Ye wield a lofty power, Do with your might, do with your strength Fill every golden hour: The glorious privilege to do Is man's most noble power. Oh, to your birthright and yourselves, To your own souls be true! A weary, wretched life is theirs Who have no work to do.

Capt. Armstrong's Cavalry Charge.

AT QUIMBY'S BRIDGE.

The splendid charge of a portion of the Second Dragons under Capt. May, in the late battle of the RESACA DE LA PALMA, indicates the great importance of that arm of the service. While reading the account of their gallant charge through a narrow gorge, flanked by musketry, and swept by the grape and cannon of nine pieces of artillery, it recalled to my mind a charge made by the troopers of Lee's Legion in the Revolution—which, although not equally hazardous, was one of great daring.

The Legion was composed of three companies of Infantry, and three troops of Cavalry, number in all, three hundred and fifty men commanded by that finished soldier, Lieut. Col Henry Lee, through whose incessant and unwearied exertions it was kept in the most perfect state of efficiency and discipline—the horses powerful, and in excellent condition, and the men, thorough y accoutred and equipped.

The charge to which I allude, was one made at Quimby's bridge in South Carolina, by the advance guard under Captain Armstrong, as gallant and dashing an officer as ever drew a sabre.

The 16th British Regiment, Lt. Col. Coates having become isolated at Monk's Corner, Marion and Lee determined to fall upon it, and cut it off by surprise before it could obtain relief. The British officer having taken the precaution to secure the bridge across the Cooper river by a strong detachment, it becomes necessary for them to make a long circuit, through the deep sands in the hottes part of summer before they could form a junction with Sumpter, whose aid was required in the intended attack. The junction was not effected until evening, and the attack was deferred until the following morning; but about midnight the whole sky becoming illuminated by a great conflagration, it was evident that the enemy had taken the alarm. They had set fire to the church to destroy the stores, and decamped in silence. By the neglect of the militia, who had deserted a bridge at which they were stationed, the enemy had been able to draw off, and obtain a considerable distance in advance, before their retreat was discovered. Lee immediately followed on with the cavalry in pursuit of the main body, but was unable to come up with it, until he had arrived in the neighborhood of Quimby's bridge, about 18 miles from Monk's Corner.

Upon his first appearance, he discovered the baggage of the regiment under a rear guard of about one hundred men advancing along a narrow road, the margin of which was bordered by a deep swamp on both sides. As soon as the cavalry came in view, the British officer formed his men across the road which they had hardly effected, when the charge was sounded, and the Legion of cavalry rushed on them with drawn swords at full gallop. The voice of the British officer was distinctly heard, "Front rank—bayonets—second rank—fire!" and no discharge immediately followed, the cavalry officers felt great solicitude, lest its reservation was meant to make it more fatal on their approach, for on the narrow road, and in the close column in which they were rushing on, a well directed fire would have emptied half their saddles; but the soldiers alarmed by the formidable appearance of the cavalry, threw down their arms and supplicated for quarter, which the cavalry were most happy to grant. The prisoners being secured the main body of the

cavalry pushed on under Capt. Armstrong for the bridge, which was still about three miles in front, in the hope of cutting off the enemy before they should succeed in reaching it. As Armstrong came in sight he found that Coates had passed the bridge and was indolently and dispersedly reposing on the opposite side of the river, awaiting his rear guard and baggage.— He had, by way of precaution, taken up the planks from the bridge, letting them lie loosely on the sleepers, intending as soon as the rear should have crossed to destroy it. Armstrong drew up, and sent word back to Lee, who was still with the prisoners, requesting orders, not communicating the fact that the bridge was intempered. Lee's adjutant soon came galloping back with the laconic message:—"The order of the day, sir, is to fall upon the enemy without regard to consequences!" Armstrong, for a moment, leaned upon his saddle, towards the Adjutant, thunderstruck at this reflection on his courage—in the next, his sword glanced like a streak of light around his head his noble horse leaped with a snort, clear of the ground, as the spur rowels were buried to the gaffs in his sides, and in another, shouted in a voice of thunder—"Legion, cavalry—charge!" At the head of his section, he cleared the bridge, the horses, throwing off the loose planks in every direction in their career. The next instant driving the soldiers headlong from the howitzer which they had mounted at the other end to defend it, he was cutting and slashing in the very centre of the British regiment, which taken completely by surprise, threw down their arms, retreating in every direction. The horses of Armstrong's section had thrown off the planks as they cleared the bridge, leaving a yawning chasm, beneath which the black stream was rushing turbidly onwards; but Lieut. Carrington, at the head of his section, took the leap, and closed with Armstrong, engaged in a desperate personal encounter with Lieut. Col. Coates who had barely time to throw himself behind some wagons, where they were parrying the sabre cuts made by the dragons at their heads.

Most of their soldiers, alarmed at the sudden attack, had abandoned their officers, and were running across the fields to shelter themselves in a neighboring farm house. Lee had now got himself up to the bridge, where Capt. O'Neal, with the third section had halted, the chasm having become so much enlarged by Carrington's horse throwing off additional planks, that his horses would not take the leap and seeing the howitzer abandoned, and the whole regiment dispersed except the few officers who were defending themselves with their swords while they called upon the flying soldiers for assistance, he proceeded to recover and replace the planks.

The river was deep in mud and still deeper in water, so that the dragons could neither get a footing to replace the planks nor a firm spot from which they might swim their horses to the aid of their comrades. Seeing this posture of affairs, some of the bravest of the British soldiers began to hurry back the assistance of their officers, and Armstrong and Carrington, being unable to sustain, with only one troop of dragons, so unequal a combat, abandoned the contest, forcing their way down the great road, into the woods on the margin of the stream, in the effort to rejoin the corps. Relieved from immediate danger, Coates hurried back to the bridge, and opened a deadly fire from the deserted howitzer upon Lee and the soldiers who were fruitlessly striving to repair the bridge, and being armed only with their sabres, which the chasm made perfectly useless, as they could not reach the enemy across it, they were also forced to give up the attempt, and retire without the range of the fire from the gun.

Marion shortly after coming up, in conjunction with Lee, marched some distance down the banks, where they were enabled to ford the stream, and effect a passage. In the edge of the evening they reached the farm house, but found that Coates had fortified himself within it with his howitzer and was thus impregnable to cavalry. While halting in front, Armstrong and Carrington came up with their shattered sections. Neither of the officers were hurt but many of the bravest dragons were killed and still more wounded. Some of the finest fellows—men who had passed through the whole war, esteemed and admitted, had fallen in this honorable and unsuccessful attempt.— Being without artillery and within striking distance of Charleston, they were obliged, fatigued as they were, to commence their retreat. Placing the wounded in the easiest posture for conveyance, and laying the dead on the pommels of their saddles, the legion counter-marched fifteen miles; at its close, burying in one common sepulchre the bodies of those who had fallen.

HAPPINESS.—All other blessings in the world are incomplete without content. With it, we are happy; without it we can never be so. And contentment is one of the easiest attainments in life. It depends only on the actual enjoyment of what we have, without thinking of acquiring that which we have not. But we all of us have our separate desires. When we gratify them, we express our satisfaction; when they are absent, we sigh for them, and all the while we over-estimate the value of those objects, and never consider the paralyzing influence which they exercise over our happiness. Regardless of what lies in our own hands, we grasp at an object perhaps it is difficult to reach; but we attain it, and when we do so, we let it go—only to pursue some other. Thus we make our lives an endless chase after shadows—neglecting to use those we have already mastered. And our end is happiness! that frequent and familiar term so little understood. Yes, all this excessive vehemence, which actuates us in the chase of such a variety of objects, proceeds from the ignorant apprehension that we cannot secure happiness by too many methods. But a few—a very few, dexterously managed—are sufficient. Where contentment dwells there happiness dwells also—oftener in the cottage than in the palace—more frequently with toil and hardship than with luxuries and refinements, by so many deemed the surest way and means to live happy and satisfied. Oh! useless delights! oh, unsatisfactory pleasures. Happiness soft and amiable, full of virtues and good humor, knows no distinction of persons, but dwells among all conditions of mankind. She takes up her abode with evenness of disposition and serenity of mind. Those who are surrounded with abilities and stirred up by excitements to gratify their passions, are many removes from happiness. We ramble far abroad to find that which lies concealed at home.

The Mighty West.

From the Correspondence Jour. of Com.

The agricultural capacities of the West are destined to astonish the world, if they have not done so. Bread stuffs and provisions have already poured down to New Orleans and over the lakes, in such vast quantities that the trade in these great articles of human sustenance has been completely revolutionized. The great oxen which I saw at Chicago, show that the quantities of delicious beef which is packed there, is capable of being extended indefinitely; and I do not write without good authority, when I say that on the best prairies of Wisconsin, wheat is now grown and bagged, ready for market, at sixteen cents a bushel, making ample allowance for all expenses. The pork of Ohio has within a very few years come to be an article of immense value, and yet all these things are but just begun.— The peopling of the West has but commenced, its productions are yet in their littleness. Whatever some men may think and say about the new policy of England being of no value to us, I am sure it is totally without good foundation. No where in the wide world, can bread stuffs and provisions be produced at such low priced as in our Western country, and nothing but this new policy of England could have saved the west from being smothered and buried in its own productions.— Home markets, important as they are already glutted and nothing but the feeding of the millions of Europe, could sustain and carry on the mighty agricultural growth of our country. Beyond all doubt in my mind, the free policy of England is not only something, but everything to us, as it is salvation to her. But for the foreign markets of the world our products must decay on hand, and the advance of the new settlements be checked and limited to the neighborhood of the great thorough fares of transportation. The utter want of value which some articles experienced a few years ago, would for aught I can see, be widely extended to other articles. No where else has the Creator made things so ready to the farmer's hand as in the west. State after State is but one extended plain of the richest soil.— But more than this, a very great portion of the soil is cleared and ready for the plough when the west was first penetrated, it had the features of the most highly cultivated and civilized portions of Europe; vast tracts, some of them so large that from their centre the eye could not reach the surrounding forests, were cleared and covered with luxuriant vegetation, while the woods free from under brush, as if subdued with the most careful hand, rivaled the parks of English lords in beauty and the abundance of deer, grouse, and all sorts of game with which they were stored. How the prairies came to be what they are, the skill of the wise men has so far failed to discover. Even that great reason of "volcanic action" which in hilly countries accounts for all that can not otherwise be accounted for, fails here and the philosophers are obliged to confess that no magician or astrologer can solve the question. The superficial appearances are, to be sure, accounted for with tolerable satisfaction, by no means of the annual fires which for ages it is supposed the Indians have set to catch game; and which have swept over these limitless regions, destroying everything but the shoots of the oak, and even most of them, and all except in favored localities; but adding a new layer of rich ashes to the old deposit, and preparing the way for a renewal of rank vegetation, when the spring sun should again warm the earth. But while these deposits of ashes may account for the deep black mould which covers the prairies, they do

not account for the marine shells found in them, the seeds of trees which are found deep beneath the surface, and which spring and grow from the earth of a newly dug well, not for many other peculiarities which characterize the wonderful inland lakes of land. But whatever secondary causes may have been employed, to make the prairies what they are, it is plain that they are, and were meant to be the granaries from which food should be produced in unexampled cheapness for man and beast. Real civilization, is imparting the perfect beauty of the apparent civilization in which the west was found; for since the annual fires of the Indians have been stopped, the underbrush is growing rank through the woods, and transforming them into the character of common forests.

But I shall not attempt to describe the natural features of the west, or rather of that little sample of it which I have seen, (for I would not have any one suppose me ignorant enough to think that I have gone into the west, by merely going to the head of Lake Michigan)—such details have been plentifully giving by others, and in a better way than I could do it. "There she is, look at her."

Letter From Oregon.

From the Chicago Democrat.

OREGON CITY, February 22, 1846.

DEAR FATHER, AND FRIENDS:—

As the rainy season has set in, the roads are very bad, and the country being new, and the settlers far apart, it is almost impossible to get from one place to another, except in boats. All the traveling I have done since I arrived in the valley, has been on the Willamette and Columbia rivers. I expected to have traveled about some, viewing the country, but the weather is different from what I expected; ever since my return from the mouth of the Columbia, it has rained two thirds of time. Since I returned I have been doing but little, it being so rainy that I did not like to work out, but now the weather is getting good, and work will be wanted.— I will have a job in repairing two mills, situated 30 or 40 miles above here, as soon as the river is down. In few days I can work on a Catholic church, and have the specie for it by waiting until October. This country is so situated that it will be a very rich and populous State, if it should come under the protection of the United States. If they do not conclude to admit us, the colony is able to protect itself. The land is so formed on the coast and rivers, that it would be next to impossible for a naval force to come in by water. On all the streams upon which ships can sail, the banks are very high, with heavy timber coming down the water's edge, so that a few good riflemen would pick every unlucky sailor who might show himself. This Territory is so large, I have but little doubt that it will soon declare itself independent.— Take into consideration the country of California, which is fast settling with emigrants from the States, who are not fond of the Mexican laws and stand ready to revolt the moment they are strong enough. If these Territories should ever join as one republic, which I doubt not will be the case, (unless our government extends her protection over us soon,) this would be one of the finest on the American Continent. This is to be one of the richest lumber countries on the globe, and as for water power, it cannot be surpassed. Almost every stream in country has perpendicular falls I have seen a number, ranging from 10 to 60 feet fall. A respectable gentleman informed me of a Red fir which has blown down, measuring 314 feet in length, and 13 feet in diameter. At the mouth of the Columbia I measured a Spruce, 71 feet on the stump, and 243 feet long, 200 of which were intended for Shingles. Spruce is excellent for boards, being free from knots, and it works similar to good pine. There is plenty of pine up the Wallamette and at Puget Sound, Cascade Mountains, Sant-am river. This wood makes the best of boards, shingles, rails, &c.— Cedars have been found here measuring 300 feet in length. The natural productions are crab-apples, cherries, huckleberries, straw berries in great abundance, black and red raspberries, cranberries, and a fruit similar to grapes grows on a small shrub. There is a number of other kinds of fruit for which I know no name. The above mentioned fruits grow here in great abundance; the timber land is covered with strawberry vines. It is very common for farmers to preserve a barrel of them every season. Farmers plough here all winter if they choose, and sow grain at any time from September till April. I have seen some fields from which a good crop was taken three years in succession, without sowing but one. The rain probably causes wheat to come up without being sowed but once. Wheat was never known to rust in this country. The soil, so far as I have examined it, is deep and loamy, with clay and gravel bottom, generally a little sandy. The average crop of wheat is 31 bushels to the acre. Some parts of the country is not good for corn, but a tolerable crop can be raised with a little extra labor. With few exceptions the emigrants are well pleased with the country and prospects. There are 39 or 40 men going to the States, on

of which will carry this letter. Most of them expect to return next season.

You may expect letters and papers from me every time there is a chance to send them. I expect to remain here until I get a title to a piece of good land. I have not yet made a choice, but shall, as soon as I have time. Some say the mouth of the Columbia is the place, others Puget Sound, and some Oregon City. These places will all be large towns in a few years, and I am determined to select land which will grow in value.

I must close, assuring you that I ever remain your affectionate son.

J. H. McMILLEN.

To Joseph McMILLEN and Family.

ANECDOTE OF DANIEL WEBSTER.— During one of College vacations, he and his brother returned to their father's, in Salisbury; Thinking he had a right to some return for the money he had expended on their education, the father put scythes into their hands and ordered them to mow.— Daniel made a few sweeps, and then resting on his scythe, wiped the sweat from his brow. His father said, "What's the matter, Dan?" "My scythe don't hang right, sir," he answered. His father fixed it, and Dan went to work again, but with no better success. Something was the matter with his scythe—and then it was again tinkered—but it was not long before it wanted fixing again, and the father said in a pet; "Well, hang it to suit yourself." Daniel, with great composure, hung it on the nearest tree; and putting on a grave countenance, said, "It hangs very well now; I am perfectly satisfied.— N. Y. Mirror, 1830.

We extract the following from the Matamoros correspondent of the New Orleans Picayune:

We often hear of Yankee enterprize, but let any one come here to see it in perfection. Dry goods stores, groceries, "lickeries," gambling houses, eating houses, hotels—think of some one having the coolness to turn Arista's "head quarters" into a hotel—printing offices, &c. We only want an assortment of Yankee clocks and wooden nutmegs to make the thing complete! Alas, how are the mighty fallen! Gen. Arista's "head quarters" turned into a store, "lickery" and gambling shop! Gen. Mejia's into officers for the paymaster and engineers! Col. Tintano's into a "lickery" and water-melon shop! The house occupied by the inspectors of Customs—the best house in town—has been turned into a gambling and eating house, "lickery" and billiard rooms! What a temple for green "sass" drinks!

What a "kicking out" there will be of these money changers when the Mexicans get possession of the town, after peace has been made. I can fancy the deep anathemas the Mexicans will heap upon us, and how fiercely they will scratch off the big black signs we have painted over their doors!

If that witty Mexican officer could come back here just now, who said the Americans "were like monkeys," "doing as they did," whenever they threw up a work we did the same—of course this was previous to the 9th May!—he would be convinced that the Mexicans have initiative powers—for every shop our people open they open one, if not two.— Their stock is, however, generally very limited, consisting of a few water-melons, two tumblers, four bottles—two of brandy and whiskey and two of beer—a few figs and a few cakes. The liquor, however, takes the lead, and when they have made four or five dollars they are quite rich, sufficient to play looter upon for the next two months.

CAPT. SMITH'S BEAR STORY.—About the year 1833, I settled at the Lower Peach Tree, in Wilcox county, (Alab.) and cultivated a few acres in corn and cotton, besides a small potato patch and bed of garden' as was usual in those days. My nearest neighbor, (John Champ-on.) being better off than the rest of us, had a nice gang of hogs, and, feeling a little above his neighbors on account of his wealth, and being rather an overbearing man, too, was not particularly weather his stock broke into other people's fields or not. My crop was too small to feed my own family and John Champion's hogs too, so I complained to him several times but got no relief, when, being at old Erasmus Culpepper's house, one day, I heard him say that if a foot, or an ear, or even a piece of bearskin was thrown down in a place where hogs use, that they would never show their snouts there again. I went home and got the skin of a bear which I had killed some time before, and having supplied myself with some corn, I went out and saw about twenty fine year olds mounching away in my field. I "told them up" and catching a good runner, sewed him up in the bearskin, and then turned him loose, when he ran after the rest, who fled from the supposed bear. The last that was seen of them was at Basset's creek, near forty miles from my house, only two being alive—one running from his fellow sewed up in the skin, and he trying to catch the other—the rest were found dead in the road, having literally run themselves to death. It is needless to add that John Champion's hogs staid at home after that.

Newark Daily Advertiser.