



BY C. & G. ZARLEY.

JOLIET, ILLINOIS, APRIL 27, 1847.

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 46.

THE JOLIET SIGNAL. Is published every Tuesday morning on Chicago-street, Joliet, Ill. Terms.—Two Dollars per annum payable in advance, or \$2.50 if payment is delayed until the end of the year.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY. JOB PRINTING OF ALL KINDS. Executed with Neatness and Despatch, AT THE OFFICE OF THE SIGNAL. GEO. SMITH CRAWFORD, M. D. National Hotel, Joliet.

CHARLES CLEMENT. Wholesale and Retail Groceries, Boots, Book, Hardware, Crockery, Pailes, Drugs, Dye Stuffs, Paints, Oils &c. Bluff St. opposite Merchants Row West Joliet Ill.

BOARDMAN & BLODGETT. ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY. (Littlefork Lake County, Ill.)

R. F. BROWER, M. D. Office at the Exchange Hotel East Joliet.

DR. M. K. BROWNSON, (Joliet, Ill.) Agent for Seppington's Anti-Fever Pills.

J. BABNETT, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Wilmington, Ill.

S. W. BOWEN. ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

ELISHA C. FELLOWS, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR AT LAW, And Solicitor in Chancery, will regularly attend the courts in the counties of Will, Du Page, Kendall, McHenry, Grundy and Iroquois. Office and residence on East side the river, Joliet, Ill.

JAMES F. WIGHT, GENERAL AGENT, CONVEYANCER, AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.—Naperville, Du Page County, Illinois. July 13, 1844.

JACOB A. WHITEMAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, And Counselor in Chancery. Middleport, Iroquois County, Ill.

C. C. VANHORN, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, Chelsea, Will Co. Ill.

OSGOOD & LITTLE, Attorneys and Counsellors at Law and Solicitors in Chancery, Joliet, Ill., Office on Chicago street, nearly opposite the Clerk's Office. Osgood, W. E. Little.

O. J. CORBIN, M. D. Plainfield, Will Co. Ill.

H. N. MARSH, Manufacturer of every variety of Cabinet furniture and Chairs, Bluff Street, Joliet Ill.

DANIEL CURTISS, Justice of the Peace. Office on Chicago street over Duncan's store, Joliet Ill.

E. H. LITTLE, Attorney at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery, will attend the Courts regularly, in the Counties of Will, Kendall, Grundy, and Iroquois. Office in Morris Co. H. Grundy Co. Ill.

DOOR TRIMMINGS—Mineral Knobs Carpenter's best Rim and Mortise Locks Norfolk and Patent Ring Door Handles, also Butts and Screws, Blind Trimmings, &c., at the Stone Store, East Joliet.

46,080 ACRES of choice and well located farming lands in the vicinity of Joliet. Also, some of the best Town property in Joliet for sale.—Enquire of HUGH HENDERSON, ATTORNEY & C. AT LAW Office in Joliet, Will County, Illinois.

From the Ladies' National Magazine.

LIFE'S ILLS.

BY HIRAM KELSEY.

Ay! let them come—when the heart is warm With the hopes of joyous youth; When light & love mid the wayward storm Beam bright on its holy truth.

Ay! let them come, with their flaming crest, The buffets of manhood's pride! In breast There's a strength & might in the human To stem life's heaving tide.

That brighten each hour that flies; They shall find a soul that can linger on Each dreary "Bridge of Sighs"— That can meet its fate 'mid fearful gloom, Without one unmanly tear, doom, And plunge in the surge of its darkling Unswayed by a hope or fear.

From the Chr. Freeman.

THE TWO BRIDES.

"Good evening, Miss Everett. I was quite sure I should find you at home; therefore ventured to call, as I wish to have a little chat with you," said Catherine Anderson one evening, as she entered the parlor of Mr. Everett's mansion and addressed his only daughter, Mary, who was seated on the sofa engaged in reading.

"I am happy to see you, Miss Anderson, and if I may judge by your cheerful countenance, you are the harbinger of joyful tidings."

"They are certainly so to me, Mary, and I wish you to congratulate me on my good fortune; I am the affianced bride of Walter Saunders."

"I wish you much joy, Kate, as I am in duty bound; but have you no fears, no doubts, in thus placing your destiny in his hands?"

"None, Mary; but why that serious question?"

"Catharine, we have always been dear friends, and you will, I am sure, construe my language as the expression of friendliness and love; I am fearful that Mr. Saunders' habits are bad; his countenance speaks an intimate connection with the inebriating cup."

"Mary, it cannot be;—the noble, the proud, the gifted Walter Saunders is not an intemperate man; it is false, surely it must be!"

"But my dear friend, rumor has long since pronounced him to be fast descending the road to ruin, and I fear it is too true."

"Kate Anderson will not be the girl to be jealous of her dearest friend; and if it should indeed be so, I fear not but I can coax him to renounce the habit, when I am his wife."

"Not so easily done, dear Kate, a man who will not refrain from bad habits before his marriage, will be far less likely to do so afterward, for the sake of his wife; try your influence now, and see if it avails."

"How melancholly you are, Mary, as if a man's occasionally quaffing a little wine, would certainly render him an inebriate, and his wife miserable."

"Surely Kate, when we see so much misery in our land, in consequence of this sin, it behoves us to consider, before we cast ourselves into the whirlpool, from whence death alone can extricate us."

ment. I do not fear but we shall be comfortable and happy."

"Give me for a husband a man who has wealth, and I shall be contented; it seems you differ widely from me in this respect, Mary."

"Yes, Kate; but we will not discuss this topic longer; fortune has favored us both; we have each chosen for a partner, one agreeable to our own mind; and if we are satisfied, that is all, taking it for granted that the gentlemen are of the same mind, as of course they should be."

"In half a dozen years we will compare notes and see which is the happiest wife; our friendship will of course remain unchanged."

Catharine Anderson and Mary Everett were both daughters of wealthy and respectable men; they had been nurtured kindly and tenderly, and as far as externals are regarded, there was no difference in their circumstances. Both were amiable, gay and well educated; but their principles were widely different. Kate never cared for the future; if the present was sunny and bright, the future might be clouded with thick darkness, but it would not cast a shadow upon her happy soul.

Wealth and happiness were synonymous terms, in her dictionary of human life. Mary cared for the present and provided for the future. She enjoyed life as a rational being. She knew that happiness resided in the cottage, as well as in the mansion of wealth, and that love will beautify the plainest and humblest residence.

Walter Saunders, the intended husband of Miss Anderson, inherited a splendid estate at the decease of his father. Reared in idleness, he had contracted habits of dissipation which many beside the gentle Mary feared would prove his destruction. Kate knew no fear, George Barnham was a young man who inherited from his parents, the patrimony of virtue and poverty; unaided and alone he had risen from obscurity to a station of honor and responsibility. No enterprise of benevolence arose, but what found young lawyer Barnham an active agent in its support.

No wonder that he was the accepted suitor of Miss Everett. She poured out the whole store of her garnered affections, and loved him with woman's confidence and trust.

Three months passed on, and the young happy brides are located in their new homes.

Let us pay them a visit of congratulation. Here, in this little cottage, resides our gentle Mary, now Mrs. Barnham.—How tidy and clean every thing appears; even the gravelled walk is characterized with neatness. Ah there is Mary come to welcome us! How charmingly she looks with her white dress, her face radiant with smiles and beaming with health. Let us enter her beautiful home. The pleasant little parlor is furnished with every convenience. How comfortable and cosy! What a bright fire on the hearth; and just run your eyes over this library; what a fine collection of valuable books. See those beautiful exotics in the window: the dining room, kitchen & chambers are in exact keeping; every thing is so orderly and nice; any man would be happy in such a home, and with such a charming bride. Ah! there is the happy husband; see the glad smile which decks the pleasant face of Mrs. Barnham; yes, no tongue is needed to tell the tale of their love. God bless their loving hearts! and they are blessed, truly blessed. But we must hasten, our time is precious. There in that princely mansion resides Mr. and Mrs. Saunders; but why are the window blinds so closely secured? Sure, they are not sick, I trust. Ay, there, the sleepy porter has just begun to open them; fine time to let in the glorious light of day. Why Mrs. Everett's cottage was all swept and dusted, and the breakfast table long since cleared away. I fear Mrs. Saunders is not as early a riser as even Miss Anderson used to be. Well we will continue our walk round the square before we call. Here we are again: I think we may venture to ring at this late hour, for see, it is near eleven o'clock.

"Good morning, Mrs. Saunders; you are surely ill; how languid you look. The marriage life has banished the roses from your cheeks."

"I have a severe headache this morning; I was broken of my rest last night. Mr. Saunders was very sick throughout the night."

"I trust he is better this morning."

"Why yes, these sick turns do not continue a long while."

"Do you call a physician, when he is unwell?"

"Generally; I never was much of a nurse, and I do not know what is best for him, when—" and I thought she sighed, —"didn't you?"

"Really, Mrs. Saunders, you are a splendid residence. I suppose you are in a perfect elysium, are you not?"

be more at ease. I wonder John has not kindled a fire, it is really chilly this morning."

"I suppose, Kate, you will allow us a peep at your house; you remember how curious you used to be to see the establishment of a bride."

"Yes, and I would have asked you before to have looked over the rooms, but I suppose they are in sad disorder; we had company last evening."

"And your husband so unwell! I do not wonder that you are exhausted this morning; but no excuses, pray favor us with a sight at the premises."

"Certainly; this is the dining-room, and when put to rights it is really very pleasant; our servants never do any thing till they are obliged to do it, and they have not cleared the table since supper."

"You are not strictly temperance people I see by the decanters and bottles of champagne which bear witness of once being filled."

"No, Walter thinks he cannot relish his food without a little stimulus. I, you remember, once subscribed the pledge."

"Yes, it read thus. 'Taste not, touch not, handle not.' I am afraid, Kate, you are not a living, active witness of your signature."

"Women, you know, cannot do much—their influence is small."

"I do not agree with you there, Mrs. Saunders. I think—"

"Now don't. Every time I see Mrs. Barnham she is reading me a lecture on temperance. I am tired of the very name!"

"Yes, but our motto is, 'Live upon line, precept upon precept, here a little and there a little.'"

"Come, come; here is the library and here the drawing room; do you see any thing lacking to render me happy? But Walter is coming down."

Mr. Saunders entered the room, and it needed no physician to inform us the cause of his illness the preceding night. His countenance was red and bloated, while the fumes of his stenching breath too plainly proclaimed the depth of his potations. Kate, Kate, deep sorrow and shame will be thy portion! Thy wedded husband, alas! the noble, the proud, the gifted Walter Saunders is a drunkard.

Six years have rolled on, and where are our friends? Come with me. That splendid mansion is the country seat of the Hon. George Barnham. That elegant woman and those cherub children are his wife and babes. Ay, and there is the husband and father. Right worthy is he of the holy, sacred trust which his heavenly Father has given him. He is a man to be loved, respected and honored. But Mrs. Barnham is attired for a ride. Let us accompany her. Perchance she is going to call on our old acquaintance, Mrs. Saunders. No, she has passed the house where we formerly found the bride. Why are we going down this dark, narrow, filthy street! On some object of mercy; for Mary Barnham can have no other object in entering this den of vice. She opened a door and descends into a low, damp cellar. A poor woman stretched on a miserable bed, with two children by her side, meets her view. That voice—it is Kate Saunders! the gay, the blooming girl of some years ago! Where poor desolate woman is thy husband? Walter Saunders sleeps in a drunkard's grave! Yes, and his wife is a drunkard's widow, and his children orphans.

"This is kind, very kind, Mary to seek me out; this is a sad reverse from what in years gone by, I anticipated. Do you remember, Mary, that I promised you in half a dozen years, to compare notes, and see who was the happiest wife, you or I? We need it not: had I heeded your monitions, Mrs. Barnham, this would not have been; but knowingly, wilfully, I wedded a drunkard, and now I am punished; an outcast from society, poverty stricken and heart broken. My children! O! Mary, they are innocent, God will care for them and bless them." Yes, God did provide for them, and they are happy. But their poor parents rest in the grave, the victims of intemperance.

Correspondence of the Signal.

SHREVEPORT, LA., March 15th, 1847.

Messrs. Editors:— I presume the "Signal," of peace and prosperity, is still displayed to the quiet inhabitants of the beautiful prairies. It has been a long time since I have seen anything of the kind, or heard from the land, favored with so propitious a sign. A day of clouds and rain, such as will occasionally darken the brightest skies, confines me within doors; but, happily for mankind, they are able by various means, to light their way when it is dark, or gild at least, the clouds while they stay. For that purpose I employ my pen, and a candle made of Buffalo tallow.

I wrote you on my way down the Mississippi, and designed imposing upon your good nature, in the same manner when-over an opportunity offered; fortunately for you, I have seen but few stormy days; though it is not in dark days, alone, that I remember my friends, or am capable of doing them a favor. The season is considered backward, though the fruit trees have been in bloom for weeks, gardens made, and corn planted. It is not so easy to discover the approach of spring where winter is hardly known; where the woodlands are ever blooming with shrubbery and flowers, and gay with the songs of birds. The most striking indication of change is in the music of the forest; we miss the notes of the robin, bluejay and meadow lark, and their places are supplied by the glad songs of the martin, mocking-bird and parouquet, coming back from the summer valleys of tropical isles, to the happy scenes of their nativity. What sad havoc the fall of man has made with the happiness of the world. It not only made man the foe of his maker and of his fellow-man, but introduced enmity between himself and all created things. By sin he became malicious, murderous, and beasts and birds shun him. Disorder, war and death reign, where, otherwise, there would have been order, harmony and peace. If a good understanding existed between man and his fellow tenants of this terrestrial ball; if the lion and the lamb slept together, and the little child fondled, harmlessly, the rattlesnake, and other venomous reptiles, the sources of human happiness would be innumerable, their extent immeasurable. And those birds, "companions of the spring," as they make their "annual visits," might bear messages of friendship and love, from friend to friend; be persuaded to sing along the path of the wanderer, or in the tree that shades the door of our distant houses. We see them depart, and faint would accompany them, but they take a hasty departure as if from a foe, without a "good bye," or a "what shall I tell you folks!" Happy creatures may they find their nests undisturbed, and escape, through a long bright summer, the net and the gun of the sportsman!

Our southern friends flee from the torrid heat of summer, and delight themselves in the cool breezes of our northern lakes and mountains. I know not why the denizens of the north should not escape from the gloomy skies, the chilling blasts, and cold snows, by which they are visited in the changing year, and enjoy through the inhospitable months of winter, the kindly influence of a southern climate. The inducement is not found in personal pleasure alone. Friendships would be formed; hospitalities reciprocated; courtesies exchanged; and public opinion assuaged by a familiar interchange of views and feelings;—and harmony introduced between individuals and states; where, now ignorance and prejudice are sowing the seeds of discord and disunion. Pleasing scenes and associations, beneficent influences in society and nature, warm the heart and awaken sympathies and friendship more sincere and faithful. It is the brightening skies of April, that loosens the icy fetters of the lake and rill, gladdens the meadows with flowers and cheers the forest with songs, making glad the heart of man. No journey could afford equal pleasure, or be so full of interest to the northern man. In descending the Mississippi after the frosts of November have blighted the foliage of the north, we seem to have passed through the dreary reign of winter, and nature assumes the appearance of spring in about the latitude of Memphis. As we glide along with the velocity of steam, the change from the gloom of winter to the beautiful hues of spring, is so rapid as to bewilder the fancy; and, forgetting that the picture is real, we feel like one wandering in dreams through a fairy land. The change an hour brings, is equal to that effected by a week of April sun and showers. The sunlight brightens, imparting a more dazzling sheen to the broad bosom of the river; the tinge of the forest deepens, and music, of more varied note and livelier strain, delights the ear as we advance.— And, long before we reach New Orleans, all that is beautiful in the light of summer clouds and skies, the verdure of forest, and the bloom of flowers, are enjoyed.— There are other changes the northern man will observe, not less pleasing and interesting. We left the strong close-built farm house, in the midst of leafless trees and blighted fields; the huge barn surrounded by stacks of wheat and corn; cows, horses and sheep, shivering under rude sheds. Here we see the light and airy cottage of the southern planter, in the

midst of flower gardens, and embowered by blooming shrubbery; the large gin-house and ranks of cotton bales, or the sugar house, sending its columns of steam and smoke to the clouds, and surrounded by hogheads of sugar and molasses;—cows, horses and sheep feeding in green fields, or lying in the shade of the thick foliaged trees. Here the dark green of the live oak, and towering magnolia, blends with the paler hues of the orange and myrtle; and the cypress, the tree of gloom, shrouded in long grey moss, that waves mournfully in the breeze, gives a saddened aspect to the otherwise bright and joyous scene; upon which we might gaze, and forget that gloom and sorrow had an existence on earth; and indulge the truthless dream, that our world was one of fadeless beauty, and unalloyed delight! Alas! how quickly vanish such dreams, and how painfully sad the reverse, as no City in the Union can give more numerous and miserable witnesses, than New Orleans. Of this in my next.

Yours, &c.

Official Despatches. From the Union of Sat. April 10.

This evening brings to the government the official despatches from Major Gen. Scott and Commodore Perry. The former were brought to the Secretary of War by Col. Totton of the engineer corps, who displayed so much activity and skill at Vera Cruz. The last were brought to the Secretary of the Navy by Passed Midshipman Fluger, of the "havy."

The accounts of the navy show not only what exertions they made during the siege to capture the enemy, but to save their friends from the wrecks which were subsequently occasioned by the northerners. No navy of the world can boast of nobler qualities and finer materials.

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, Vera Cruz, March 29, 1847. Sir.—The flag of the United States of America floats triumphantly over the walls of this city, and the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa.

Our troops have garrisoned both since 10 o'clock. It is now noon, Brigadier-General Worth is in command of the two places.

Articles of capitulation were signed and exchanged at late hour, night before last. I enclose a copy of the document, I have heretofore reported the principal incident of the siege up to the 24th instant.

Nothing of striking interest occurred till early in the morning of the next day, when I received overtures from Gen. Landero, on whom Gen. Morales had devolved the principal command.

A terrible storm of wind and sand made it difficult to communicate with the city, and impossible to refer to Com. Perry. I was obliged to entertain the proposition alone, or to continue the fire upon a place that had shown a disposition to surrender; for the loss of a day, or perhaps several, could not be permitted. The accompanying papers will show the proceedings and results.

I have time to add but little more. The remaining details of the siege; the able co-operation of the United States squadron, successively under the command of Commodore Conner and Perry—the admirable conduct of the whole army, regulars and volunteers, I should be happy to dwell upon as they deserve; but the steamer Princeton, with Com. Conner on board is under way, and I have commenced organizing an advance into the interior.

This may be delayed a few days awaiting the arrival of additional means of transportation. In consideration of the great services of Col. Totton, in the siege that has just terminated most successfully, and the importance of his presence at Washington, as the head of the engineering bureau, I intrust this despatch to his personal care, and beg to commend him to the very favorable consideration of the department.

I have the honor to remain, sir, with high respect, your obedient servant, WINFIELD SCOTT. Hon. W. L. Marcy, Secretary.

Articles of capitulation of the city of Vera Cruz and castle of San Juan d'Ulloa. PUERTO DE HORNOZ, Within the walls of Vera Cruz, Saturday, March 27, 1847.

Terms of capitulation agreed upon by the commissioners, viz: Generals W. J. Worth and G. J. Pillow, and J. G. Totton, chief-engineer on the part of Major-General Scott, general-in-chief of the armies of the United States; and Colonel Jose Guierrez de Villanueva, Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers, Manuel Robles, and Col. Pedro de Herrera, commissioners appointed by General of Brigade, Don Joaquin Landero, commanding in chief, Vera Cruz, the Castle of San Juan d'Ulloa and their dependencies—for the surrender to the arms of the United States of the said forces with their armaments, munitions of war, garri- sons and arms.

1. The whole garrison or garrisons to be surrendered to the arms of the United States, as prisoners of war, the 29th inst. at 10 o'clock A. M.; the garrisons to be permitted to march out with all the honors of war, and to lay down their arms to such officers as may be appointed by the