



BY C. & C. ZARLEY.

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From the Pike County Sentinel. Buena Vista's Dead. In the deep secluded valleys Lie the brave and gallant dead,

They of death no terror knew, "Onward" was their rallying cry, Meet our dark our savage foe,

Brighter than the noon-day sun, A lustrous and a glowing halo, Circles Hardin, Clay, McKee,

Be kind to each other! Be kind to each other! The night's coming on,

Let falsehood assail not, Nor envy disprove— Let trifles prevail not,

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Captain Rodney was dressed like an old man. His silvery whig denoted an age not less than sixty years;

Such was the eloping party. The disguises were assumed to facilitate their escape; and so far, each had acted his part well.

Having hastily refreshed themselves, the ladies were escorted to the carriage. The innkeeper was officious in his attentions;

"My good friends," said the Squire, "I am in pursuit of my daughter, who has run away with Captain Somebody, of the army."

"Likely enough; this is the straight road to the Border. I have ridden like John Gilpin since six o'clock this morning—"

"Possibly, my dear sir, we may be able to render you some assistance," observed the Captain, as he and his friends vaulted into their saddles.

"Here is my hand, sir," exclaimed the Squire, "I have not the pleasure of knowing your name, but I dare be sworn you are a gentleman."

"It happens quite singularly," subjoined the captain, "that I myself am bound to Scotland on a matrimonial adventure."

"And as our road is the same as yours, we may as well travel in company," said the three equestrians.

"What turn the adventure would now take, he was unable to conjecture; but he depended upon his military genius to conduct it to a happy issue."

"My good friend," said the Squire suddenly, "what is that on the hill ahead of us? It looks like a carriage; but my eyesight is so short that I cannot make it out."

"You are right, sir," replied Rodney, "it is a carriage. Then let us push along with might and main; for on my soul, I believe it contains the runaway!"

kingdoms. Perhaps I shall forgive Kate after all—especially since I have discovered that Sir Harry is a poor, meanly-mouthed son of a tinker, who knocks under after a ride of forty miles or so, over the finest road in the north country.

"Well, well; I shall not bind myself to forgive the saucy mix; but I will think about it. You mentioned something, sir, about a matrimonial adventure of your own."

"As soon as the carriage comes up, sir, the ceremony will take place. My bride is quite a young lady, with a disposition exceedingly eccentric; she is full of vagaries, and one of them is her determination to be married in male attire."

"Very odd, really." "A person with gray hairs, like myself ought not, perhaps, to think of matrimony. The affair on hand, however, is one of the family policy; and for reasons not necessary to be recounted, we are compelled to be married on the wrong side of Border."

"The carriage now made its appearance, and the ladies were ushered into the little apartment styled 'the parlor.' The hymenial priest being at his post, the ceremony suffered no delay.

"Kate, you have joined a conspiracy to make your old father look ridiculous! I have half a mind to renounce you forever, but—"

"Oh, say that you forgive us!" persisted Kate. "Well, well; I forgive you on condition that you never run away again, and that you throw away that dandy suit by the time the honeymoon expires."

Next morning the whole party returned to Darlington Hall. The Squire was delighted with his son-in-law. Kate is one of the happiest wives in the world, and she carefully preserves her masculine bridal dress as a memento of the most blissful day of her life.

Copper from Lake Superior. It would seem as if the period had at length arrived when we were about to receive substantial returns from the large sums of money expended on Lake Superior for the last two years.

From the mine we learn, that they are raising immense masses of native copper, and that the great difficulty consists in cutting up the masses into small pieces to enable the shippers to get them on and off the vessels.

From the north shore of Lake Huron, the Propeller Earl Cathart has taken on board 250 tons of grey and yellow sulphuret of copper, taken from the Bruce mines, which is to be sent to Baltimore to be smelted.

There are now in the United States thirty-seven million of sheep. These are worth on an average, two dollars each, making seventy-four millions of dollars.

Whigs of Will, arouse! cast off that fatal apathy that has hung like a millstone around the necks of our party.—True Democrat.

A remark more just and pertinent could not have been uttered. There is an apathy that hangs about the term Whig,—an ambiguity in the word when applied to a political party, in a government like ours, that must ever be fatal, as long as the principles of self-government shall be cherished by its people.

Whether General Jackson played the Tyrant or not, has now become a matter of history, and the conduct of the Federal, now "Whig" party, on that occasion, has also become historical, and stamps upon them as a political party, a tissue of fraud and misrepresentation, unparalleled in the annals of this or any former Republic.

No. The same doctrine is advanced—the same system of fraud practiced, and the same principles of misrepresentation is adhered to; and take them all in all, they are the "same old Coon," and as a matter of course, they still continue to wage war against the present institutions, ever hoping that they may meet with equal success in discarding this beautiful system under which we live, as our more honored fathers did in shaking off the iron hand of their government in 1776.

A powerful monied oligarchy, in the character of a National Bank, was among the cardinal doctrines advanced by the Federalists, as essential to give tone to the financial character of the nation.

But "Whigs do your duty!" and since it was the duty of our fathers, as Whigs of '76, to shake off the then existing government, do ye even the same now, that you may be worthy of the name you assumed while in a passion with the departed sage of the Hermitage; you must expect to be "shrouded in Egyptian darkness," without a "solitary ray of hope."

But, believe me, the mass of the American people wish to perpetuate this government, and transmit its glorious institutions (as they now exist) to posterity, unimpaired. But the Whig organ of Will, says, that the Democratic watch word has been, "Down with the pestilent, rotten Whig banks—down with manufactories—a suspension of our public works," &c. Now, this is that "same old Coon" again, and imbibes the principles of Henry Clay, when he was "driving the last nail into the coffin of Jacksonism."

Again, it is said, that "Whig measures are popular and must triumph." Triumph yes, as Satan triumphed when upon the confines of Paradise. We have no banks: But we do have the worst, most ragged, spurious, God-forsaken, currency under the canopy of heaven."

What is their in the habits of industry that need necessarily affect unfavorably the accomplishment of a young lady? Any thing that should make them think meanly, or act unworthily? Any thing that should produce rudeness of conversation, or awkwardness of manners? Any thing that should, in any degree, blunt their perceptions of what is correct in taste, or

ney, as "ragged and God-forsaken!" Will not such epithets cause the "Old Coon" to "back off," when their organ thus assails their legitimate offspring? But they may return, since "Whig measures are so popular." But when were Whig measures popular? Was it when Illinois was flooded with paper money; both foreign and domestic, when the spirit of speculation was unbounded, when by the superabundance of paper money, urged not only individuals, but the State into unparalleled extravagance and speculative debauchery? But every road has an end. So with this Whig bank popularity. There ultimately came a day of reaction; and how did Illinois meet it? Still intoxicated with the siren song of "banking facilities," she labored hard to stem the current, but in vain. Hence, those "dilapidated public works, and scattered materials for rail roads," that the "True Democrat" so piteously bewails. But "we have no banks." True. Mr. Democrat, we have no banks; and what has been the result of the no bank system? The State as well as individuals have aroused from the morbid drowsiness produced by the financial delusion occasioned by this "popular banking facilities," and recommenced the public works—have and are building "factories"—advanced the agricultural interests an hundred fold, and all without the intervention of these "popular Whig measures." Our exchanges are at this time in a better condition than at any former period, since Illinois has become a State, and probably better than any State in the Union; and still "we have no banks," to "regulate the currency;" nevertheless "peace reigns in Warsaw." And does the "True Democrat" wish to jump out of the boat, and again buffet the waves of "Wild Cat" speculations, and those popular banking facilities? Ego.

From the Chicago Cavalier. The Home Education of Girls. We are not a bachelor, but have attained to the state of double blessedness; and not only so, but the honors of his respectable position have been since advanced biennially in regular geometrical progression. We may, therefore, presume upon a right to speak of the Home Education of young girls and young ladies. Now it is our deliberate belief that the course of female education at the present day, is radically defective: the great end, being not to make intelligent, useful, and agreeable members of society, but fine ladies. From the time the child leaves the nurse's arms till it blossoms into womanhood, all efforts, in far too many cases, are directed solely to this result. The cultivation of the affections; the discipline of the mental powers; and a practical and thorough preparation for actual duties, are too generally esteemed of secondary importance, compared with the external graces which are to make a figure in society. And weak fond mothers, never so gratified as when their daughters are able to exhibit the airs and flaunt in the plumage of fashionable fine ladies. If the world in which young ladies are afterwards to move, were an ideal world, as many of them seem to imagine,—if womanhood brought with it no cares; if friends were always to smile, and flutter, and caress, and life had no stern realities, then all this might be well enough. But it is not so. And many a one the spell, which at this blissful period promised but golden blessings in the future, has been abruptly broken, only to reveal to them, in the bitterness of grief, how poorly the ideal qualified them to enforce the actual.

This is short-sighted and mistaken tenderness.—If daughters are left without supporters, will their tender nurturing avail to feed, and clothe, and protect them? Or, in a more fortunate event, will it give the foresight, the prudence, the skill which the duties of nature life demand? Depend upon it, fair readers, however much more accomplishments may command the admiration of the flatterers, yet few sensible men want wives merely as ornaments to their household establishments, but as companions and help-mates in the duties and cares which inevitably devolve upon them.