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C. & C. ZARLEY,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY. JOLIET, ILLINOIS, JUNE 11, 1861. VOL. 18 NO. 52.

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The Stars and Stripes.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

The banner of St. George may float
Above Old England's walls,
The red cross gleaming from the towers,
Of her time honored halls.
But fling from every summit here,
The banner of the free.—
Old England's war-stained flag is fair,
But "Stars and Stripes" for me

No Moslem crescent finds a place
Upon our banner fair,
The emblems of eternal light
Beam on the azure there.
Each twinkling star which decks the sky,
Shines with unborrowed light,
The sun of many a planet sphere,
The glory of the night.

So, in our Union, every State,
To every home a sun,
Adds to the glory of the whole,
"Inseparable and one."
"Union and Liberty" they tell—
Those stars upon our flag;
"Long may it wave" in triumph above
Each mean secession rag.

Nail to each mast your country's sign,
The standard of the free!
And then defend its stars and stripes
On every tossing sea.
Freedom and peace shall yet be known
To our beloved land—
For oh! the striped and starry flag
Is held in God's right hand.

THE HAPPY MAN.

The Laborer is happy
Contented with his fate,
Who dwells within a cottage,
Where smiling children are;

Ah, when his task is over
And he returns at night,
To meet his smiling loved ones,
How great is his delight!

His sleep is sweet and balmy,
Just like that of a child;
His dreams are always pleasing,
His visions always mild.

No monster e'er him standing,
Can terrify by night,
Or bring the sweat fast rolling
From him o'ercome by fright.

Nor is hiscalm mind tortured
By quarrels and disputes,
For by his claims and moneys,
Which sleepless he computes.

His conscience e'er is quiet,
For he has learned to say,
Upon his knees each morning:
God's will be done to day.

If any man quiet happy,
Upon this earth can be
Contented with his calling,
The Laborer is he.

A PRIVATEER'S STORY.

The following singular night adventure, in the harbor of Grenada, and the narrow escape from capture of the noted privateer, the "Yankee," of Bristol, R. I., has never before, to my knowledge, been recorded, save in the log-book of that fortunate little cruiser.

I will, therefore, tell the story in the words of her brave old commander, as I gathered it from his own lips:

It was in the last week of December, 1812, said Capt. Wilson, and while running up to the Havana, that we fell in with a Newport cruiser, who reported that the Island, or rather the port of St George Town, was at that moment in the occupancy of the Americans. That he had sailed from the place only two days before, and left in the harbor one of our frigates and two sloops of war, while the stars and stripes were flying from the flag staff of the old fort.—The same day I boarded a Spanish droger, the skipper of which had seen the vessels of war sailing into the port at the time stated by the privateersman.

What object our fleet could have had in taking formal possession of this insignificant place, I could not imagine, unless it was for the sake of obtaining fresh supplies At all events, I was glad to hear of it, as I was myself in need of provisions. I concluded to make the harbor, and purchase such supplies as I might require.

It was night before we made the land; but as I was acquainted with the entrance of the harbor of St. George Town, I did not fire a gun for a pilot, but kept boldly on in to the outer port.

The night was quite dark, and a hazy mist hanging over the water rendered the obscurity so great that no object could be perceived a couple of cable lengths off. My sharpest sighted youngsters were constantly on the lookout, but no vessels were to be seen, as we glided slowly and silently past the shore batteries and the fort beyond, into the smooth water of the inner bay.

As we reached this point, the haze lifting a little, showed us, at a little distance, the faint outlines of a large ship, which I doubted not was the American frigate; and a little beyond several other smaller vessels could be distinguished.

Scarcely had we made this discovery, than the people on board this ship were made aware of our approach, and hailed us, inquiring who we were.

"The American privateer Yankee," I replied. "What ship is that?"

No answer was returned; and supposing the question was not heard, I waited till we had run farther down into the harbor before I repeated it.

We had passed between the fort and the ship, and were in the act of clewing up, when a voice from the other vessel cried out:

"Luff! luff, there—the privateer!"

Supposing, naturally enough, that we were running into shoal water, I shouted to the man at the wheel:

"Hard down your helm!"

"Aye! aye! sir!"

Scarcely was the order obeyed, than the schooner, answering to the helm, shoved her bows deep and fast into a sand bank, where she remained immovable.

This, of course, immediately excited our suspicions that all was not right; for the pretended caution to "luff," was doubtless given to produce exactly the result it had.

"I'm afraid, sir," said my first officer, stepping to my side, and speaking low, "that we are now really in for it! That ship, sir, is an Englishman, or I am greatly mistaken."

"I've no doubt of it myself, sir, now.—The treacherous knave has got us into a scrape by that rascally signal. But she's probablp a prize of the American frigate, and is now lying under her guns."

"But it's strange, though, that a prisoner should be permitted to mislead a vessel entering port."

At this moment a boat was seen to leave the ship, and pulling a good distance around our stern, made directly for the mole under the fort.

Scarcely ten minutes elapsed after the landing of the boat, when all was commotion in the fort. The drums beat to quarters, and men with lanterns were running in all directions, while we could also perceive that the crew of the ship near us were silently preparing to drop from the berth. We could hear the sound of their capstan bars as they shipped and unshipped them, in the act of heaving home the anchor.

While this was doing, we were by no means idle; for now, certain that mischief was really intended, our little crew, greatly reduced, to man the various prizes we had sent home during our heretofore successful cruise, were called to quarters, and all were ready to act as the emergency might require.

In the meantime a boat left the ship, and approaching the schooner, the crew attempted to climb up our side. But I kept them at bay while I demanded to know where the American frigate lay.

"She sailed yesterday," was the answer.

"And the sloops of war?" I enquired.

"They all left the port together," replied the officer.

"What ship is that?" I next asked.

"The Marquis of Durham," answered the man. "The port is now in possession of His Majesty's troops, and I demand your surrender. You have fifteen minutes to deliver your sword in person to the commandant of the castle. On the expiration of that time if the summons is not obeyed, the batteries will be opened upon you."

"Come on board," said I; and as the skipper of the merchant ship and the boat's crew came on deck, I ordered them under arrest. From these men we learned the facts, which were these: The little squad of American men-of war had merely entered the port for supplies, the batteries not being sufficiently manned to prevent their entrance. The little garrison had escaped to the hills till the sailing of the ships, when they again returned and took up their old quarters. The large merchant ship we had mistaken in the obscurity of the fog for the American frigate, had arrived that afternoon, having outsailed the convoyed squadron of the British West Indiamen, to which she belonged.

We now perceived that the object of the British merchantman was to drop out of the range of the guns of the fort, while we should remain fast grounded on the shoal, and exposed to their shots, when the first discharge from their heavy cannon would have knocked us into splinters.

Every man on board was aware of the immediate danger that we were in, but they were brave fellows, and waited as coolly for my orders, as if we had been at sea in pursuit of a chase.

"That fellow yonder, sir, is dropping from his berth," said one of the officers.

I looked toward the Englishman, and could see that she had hove home her anchor, and boats were out with a line hauling her head round towards the outer harbor; the other craft in the harbor beyond, was evidently in motion.

"Get out the boats," said I to my first mate, "we'll overhaul that chap. There's but one chance left us. We'll have to leave the schooner to her fate, and transfer our people to that vessel. Possibly we may do so before the fort opens upon us. Get all hands ready for boarding!"

Hardly was the order communicated to the men, than with a cheer they sprang into the boats, and were ready to pull away to the merchantman.

But at that instant, as good fortune would have it, a sudden flaw of wind from the land struck our sails. The little vessel yielded to the breeze, and careening sufficiently to clear her keel from the sand, floated immediately into deep water.

A loud huzza now broke from the men, which, regardless of the consequences to the shipping beyond us, provoked a shot from the castle, which passed harmlessly over our stern.

"Away, my hearties!" I shouted to the boarders. Get possession of the Englishman, and all will be right!"

While the boats were pulling in the direction, the schooner, under the influence of the freshening breeze, bore down upon the larboard, the privateer ran into the main rigging on the starbord side, thus bringing her between us and the guns of the castle

I knew that all the fortifications of the port were upon that side of the harbor, and intended to keep under the shelter of the ship still beyond the range of the guns of the shore batteries, as well as those of the castle, as the main fort was called.

We obtained possession of the ship without a struggle, and forcing the English sailors to assist in the working of the ship, soon made sail, and were running through the outer harbor before the enemy supected the ruse we were playing.

In the meantime the fortunate land breeze which was bearing us from the dangerous proximity of the shore, also lifted the vapors which had been hanging over the water and shipping, showing to the astonished and doubtless chagrined people of the place that not only had the ship changed her position, but the privateer also. The latter they had no doubt, was fast aground, as had been reported to them; and when they discovered us sailing side by side out of the harbor, the truth seemed to flash across them—the Yankee was running away with the ship.

The forts now opened upon us, and a line of fire belched forth from the castle, but without effect, as we were by this time out of range of it. Not so, however, with the shore batteries, on the tongue of land making out from the outer harber; for we were scarcely a pistol shot from the mouths of their cannon, and the heavy shot struck with crushing effect into the hull, and among the spars of the prize. Occasionally one passing through the sails and rigging of the ship would make an ugly wound in some of our upper spars. But our hull was completely protected by the large merchantman, as our decks were scarcely on a level with her deep water line.

The breeze continued to freshen as we ran out of the harbor, and in a few minutes we were beyond the reach of the shot; though the enemy continued much longer to pound away at us in vain.

I now boarded the prize which had been the means of our wonderful escape. She was terribly cut up, and many of her crew were lying dead and wounded upon her decks.

While I was giving proper directions for the care of the latter, Mr. Richmond, who had been examining the condition of the hull, came to me and reported that the ship was sinking.

We lost no time in hurrying the English crew, with their effects, on board the privateer; and scarcely had we sailed a thousand yards from the richly-freighted merchantman, when, with a lurch and a staggering motion like a drunken man, she went down and the ocean claimed the noble prize as her own.

Four days after this singular night adventure, the Yankee was lying snugly under the wall of the Moro, in the harbor of Havana.

The Social Horror.

An untidy woman! Little soap and much perfume. Plenty of jewelry, and a lack of strings and buttons. Silks and laces and tattered underclothes. Diamond rings, and soiled collar. Feathers and flowers, and battered cap-frill. Silk stockings and shabby boots. Who has not seen her? If you are a person of courage, enter her dressing room. Make your way over the carpet through mismated slippers, tippets, belt ribbons, hair pins, pictorials, magazines, fashion prints and unpaid bills, and look vainly around for a chair that is sufficiently free from dust to sit down upon. Look at the dingy muslin window curtains; the questionable bed quilt and pillow cases, the unfreshness of everything your eyes fall upon. Open the closet door, and see the piles of dresses, all wanting the stitch in time, heaped pell mell upon the pegs; see the bandboxes without covers, and all the horrible paraphernalia of a lazy inefficient, vacant, idealess female monstrosity, who will, no doubt be chosen out of a bevy of practical good common sense girls, by some man who prides himself on his knowledge of women.

☞ "Doctor," said a man to Aberne thy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half an hour without sense or knowledge."

"Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives.

From Vanity Fair, May 18th.

Artemus Ward in the Southern Confederacy.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

You hav perhaps wondered wharebouts I was for these menny dase gone and past. Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Toomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a popolar newspaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye ma here. I've been among the sesesshers a earnin my daily peck by my legitimate perfeshion, and havn't had no time to wreld my facile quill for the "Great Kemsick Paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly and I likewise had a narer scape of my life. If what I've bin through is "Suthern hoospitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarve that they made two much of me. They was altogether to lavis with their attenshuns.

I went among the sesesshers with no feelins of annermossity. I went in my perfesshernal capacity. I was astooated by one of the Loftiess desire which can swell the human buzzum, viz: to give the people their money's worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests and Wax Statoots which I venter to say air onsurparst by any other statoots anywhares. I will not call that man who says my statoots air humbugs a liar and a hoss thief, but bring him bef me and I'll wither him with one of my skornful frowns.

But to proceed with my tail. In my travils threw the Sonny South I heard a heap of talk about seseshin and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politishuns in all the villages was swearin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prahayrie Flower) should not be noggerrated. They also made fools of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Stripes continnered to wave over my little tent. Moorover I was a Son of Malty, and a member of several other Temperance Societies, and my wife she was a dawter of Malty, an I sposed these fax would secoor me the infloonz and pertection of all the fust famerlies. Alas! I was disipinted. State after State seseshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things cum to a climbax in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premtoridly ordered to haul down the Stars and Stripes. A deputashun of red faced men cum up to the door of my tent whare I was standin takin in money (the arternoon exhibishun had commest and my Italyun organist was jerkin his soul-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, sir," said a milingtary man in a cockt hat, upon a hi and holy mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin thruout this sonny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, sir!"

"What's the matter with him?" sez I "don't his vittils sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, sir, will continner to scream all over this brite and tremenjus land."

"Wall, let him *scream*. If your Eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!" The man annoysd me for I was bizzy makin change.

"We air cum, sir, upon a matter of duty——"

"You are right, Capting. It's every man's duty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum——"

"And that's the reason you're here," sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wantid to joak I'd giv him some of my sparklin eppygrams.

"Sir, you are inserlent. The plain question is, will haul down the American flag, and hist the Southern flag!"

"Nary hist!" Those was my reply.

"Your wax works and beests is then confiscated & you air arrested as a spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whiskey in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive fluid can you individoually hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confisticated. I axed them if that was generally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but said I was arrested as a spy, and must go to Montgomery in irons. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—the water proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amoosement had been to muchly combined at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns an empty beer bottils at my massive brow, an takin other improper liberties with my purson. Resistance was useless for a variety of reasons I readily obsarved.

The Sesehers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to money box and confiscated all the loose change thorein contaned. They then went and bust in all my cages, lettin all the animiles loose, a small but helthy tiger, among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dorgs to pieces, and I allers sposed from his gineral coonduck that he'd hov no hesitashun in servin human beins in the some way if he could git at them. Excuse me if was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I saw that tiger spring in among the peple. "Go it, my sweet cuss," I innardly exclaimed, "I forgive you for bitin off my left thum with all my hart! Rip 'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has been inwaded by Sesesshers!"

I can't say for certin that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days afterwards sum miles distant with a large and well selected assortment of seats of trowsis in his mouth, and as he looked as though he'd bin havin some vierlent exercise, I rayther guess he did. You will therefore perceive that they didn't confiscate him much.

I was carried to Montgomery in irons and placed in durans vile. The jail was a onery edifiss, but the table was librally supplied with Bakin and Cabbage. This was a good variety, for when I didn't thanker arter Bakin I could help myself to Cabbage.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothin to talk about, however, and I was very lonely, specially on the first day; so when the jailor parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs an the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but thare was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dishevveled a state as possible, & rollin my eyes in a manyyuck stile, I cried: "Stay, jaler, stay, I am not mad but soon shall be if you don't bring me something to Talk." He brung me noospapers for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a intervu with Jefferson Davis, the President of the Southern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlite and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and sed his gallant men had benn a little enthusiastic in confiscating my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confiscated me too muchly. I had some hosses confiscated in the same way onct, but the confiscators air now poundin stun in the State Prison at Injinnapylus"

"Wall, wall, Mr. Ward, you air at liberty to depart; you are friendly to the South, I know. Even now we have many friends in the north, who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. Davis, there's you grate mistaik.—Many of us was your sincere friends, and thought certin parties among us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns too much. But J. Davis, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods called the Star Spangled Banner, the North gits up and en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individoonals—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We shruld indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the hart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorious government smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle mother hastes to take her naughty boy across her knee, but she knows it's her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wollup you out of your boots! J. Davis, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is making a egregius mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuf. You're too small powder for me," said the President of the Southern Conthieveracy.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinsvil Mounted Hoss Cavalary! I'm Capting of that Corpse, I am, and J. Davis, beware! Jefferson D., I now leave you. Farewell, my gay Saler Boy! Good-bye, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthieveracy on my way home was thrillin enuff for yellow covers. It will for the subjeck of my next. Betsey Jane and the progeny are wel:.

Yours respectively, A. WARD.

A Vivid Description.

An eye-witness gives the following description of the burning of Gosport Navy Yard:

"I need not try to picture the scene of the grand conflagration that now burst, like the day of judgment, on the startled citizens of Norfolk, Portsmouth and all the surrounding country. Any one who has seen a ship burn, and know how like a fiery serpent the flame leaps from pitchy deck to smoking shrouds, and writhes to their very top around the stand like martyrs doomed, can form some idea of the wonderful display that followed. It was not thirminutes from the time the trains were fired till the conflagration roared like a hurricane, and the flames from land and water swayed, and met, and mingled together, and leaped up again, and by their very motion showed their sympathy with the crackling crashing roar of destruction beneath. But in all this magnificent scene the old ship *Pennsylvania* was the centerpiece. She was a very giant in death as she had been in life. She was a sea of flame, and when "the iron had entered into her soul," and her bowels were consuming, then did she spout from every porthole of every deck, torrents and cataracts of fire that to the mind of Milton would have represented her a frigate of hell pouring out unremitting broadsidee of infernal fire. Several of her guns were left loaded, but not shotted, and as the fire reached them she sent out on the startled and morning air minute guns of fearful peal, that added greatly to the alarm that the light of the conflagration had spread throughout the surrounding country. The *Pennsylvania* burnt like a volcano for five hours and a half before her mainmast fell. I stood watching the proud but perishing old leviathan as this sign of her manhood was about to come down. At precisely half past nine o'clock, by my watch, the tall tree that stood in her center tottered and fell, and crushed deep into her burning sides, while a storm of sparks flooded the sky."

The Gospel Copyrighted.

The New York Independent has secured by copyright the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher, published in that paper! So that now we have the Gospel not only "according to" Matthew, Luke or John, but "according to the Act of Congress!" The old injunction—"Go ye into the world and preach the Gospel to every creature"—requires amendment by adding, "Who can find a seat in Plymouth Church, or who will buy the New York Independent."

Had the editor of the "Jerusalem Express," or "Judea Observer" only possessed the enterprise of our modern religions, he would have "made a fine thing" by copyrighting the Sermon on the Mount!

The truth is, probably Jesus was not at that time preaching on a salary of $6,000 a year, with fifty dollars more each week from the "Jerusalem Express" for reports of his sermons; and therefore no one considered it necessary to have that celebrated discourse "entered according to governmental decree in the Scribe's office of the Southern province of Palestine."

People then preferred to have it said, "The poor have the Gospel preached to them," to securing the Gospel of Jesus by copyright. But times have wonderfully changed. Now no stray, contraband sinner, may steal crumbs of grace that fall from the Plymouth Church table, but rather must pick them from the Independent platter, at five cents a crumb!

We have already plenty of toll-gates (church doors) on the various heavenly highways, but this is the first instance, we believe, of copyrighting a guide-boad!—Who will take out a patent for the plan of salvation?—*N. Y. Herald of Progress.*

Feeling on the Battle Field.

The following is the experience of a wounded Frenchman, in the Crimean war, in regard to the feelings of a soldier in conflict:

"Before the battle begins it is usual to feel no little tremor, and many cheeks, which are known to be in communication with stout hearts blanch visibly. As the conflict becomes imminent, courage recurns, and with the first flow of blood an enthusiasm is raised which constantly increases, and very seldom flags in the least until the last shot is fired. The effect of seeing a comrade shot down is generally to excite an unappeasable thirst for vengeance against the foe, though in the end one "gets used to it."

"When wounded, less than mortally, it is not usual for the soldier to be immediately aware of the fact unless some bones are broken. A sabre may be run through any fleshy part of the body, and even a bullet lodge in dangerous proximity to the vitals, and he for some time be totally unconcious of ever a scratch. When life is taken by a single blow the effect is varied with the nature of the wound, as well as with the temperament of the man. Some times the poor fellow will leap high in the air giving a piercing scream, and again he will lie down quietly. Oftener however, he simply falls dead without a struggle.—In most cases the features of the killed, remain unchanged for a long time after death—eyes open and brilliant, and perchance, a smile illuminating the face. To see such a one it is difficult indeed to realize the presence of the grim monster Death."

☞ Girls, says Quilp, have the gift of merriment on all occasions, far beyond boys. Look at young people on the street; the lads are mainly of a sober countenance, while the lasses are all a-giggle with jollity. To be sure, the damsels cry oftencst; but that, you know, is really a "valuable water-privilege."

What Labor is in a Republic.

A spicy writer in *Life Illustrated* says:

"You are a plebian," said an ancient snob to Cicero. "Yes," said the Roman orator, "the nobility in my family begins in me, that of yours will end with you."—Labor is honor and who scorns the laborer need not envy the donkey its redundancy of ear. Let us look at this subject philosophically. While it is true that the farmers are the most independent class of workers in the world, it is also true that they work more hours and harder than most classes of men. They usually rise before the sun has struck a light, and work until "evening lets her curtain down, and pins it with a star." Not a few voluntarily made slaves of themselves until they employed machinery, which has no aching bones, no nervous energy to be exhausted, and is never prostrated by fatigue. Even now, vast multitudes of farmers work too much; they do so because there is so much to be done—because so many persons shrink the yoke of labor, and seek ignoble ease in kid gloves and silk stockings, and the task of toil falls unequally upon the industrious. It is a common saying, crystalized into a proverb, that the work of woman is never done. Half the women in the world are household drudges. We are paradoxical creatures. One class of men make dolls of their daughters, and seem to think the chief object of life is to teach them how to make lambs and lions lie down peacefully in the millenium of their worsted work. Another class run to the opposite extreme, and, to use the mildest form of speech, permit them to make slaves of themselves. On Monday the woman must wash and draw the water from a deep well, or a distant spring, when a few dollars would put a pump in the house. On Tuesday she must iron, on Wednesday she must churn, on Thursday she must bake, on Friday she must sew, on Saturday she must patch, and on Sunday she must stay at home and take care of the children. Now, these labors must be performed by somebody, but they can be lightened, abridged so that labor will be a pleasure as well as a duty—so that "toil will evolve happiness, as a flower exhales perfume." Let the ornamental and useful be united in the education of girls. Let them play on the wash-tub and piano, thread the meadows and the needle, make beds of flowers as well as beds of feathers."

A True Irish Soldier.

The following dialogue really took place between Lieu. A. C. C——d, late of the United States Texas army, and Pat Fletcher, one of the privates of the second cavalry, now at Carlise, then near Fort Bliss:

Officer—Well Pat, are you going to follow the General? (Twiggs).

Pat—If General Scott others us to follow him, begar Toby, (Pat's horse) can gallop as well as the best of 'em.

Officer—I mean won't you leave the abolition army and join the free South.

Pat—Begar I never enlisted in the abolition army and never will. I agreed to serve Uncle Sam for five year, and the divil a pin mark was made in the contract, with my consint, ever since. When my time is up, if the army isn't the same as it now, I won't join it again.

Officer—Pat, the "Second" (Cavalry) was eighteen months old when you and I joined. The man who raised our gallant regiment is now the Southern President.—The man who so lately commanded it, is now a Southern General. Can you remain in it when they are gone?

Pat—Well, you see, the fact of the matter is, Lieut. C., I aint much of a scholar; I can't argue the question with you, but what would my mother say if I deserted my colors? Oh, the divil a give in I'll give in now, and that's the ind of it. I tried to run away once, a few weeks after enlistin', but a man wouldn't be missed thin. It's quite different now, Lieutenant, and I'm not going to disgrace either iv my countries.

Officer—Do you know that you will have to fire on green Irish colors in the Southern ranks?

Pat—And won't you have to fire on them colors [pointing to the flag of Bliss] that yourself and five of us licked nineteen rangers under? Sure it isn't a greater shame for an Irishman to fire on Irish colors, than for an American to fire on American colors. And th' oath'll be on my side, you know, Lieutenant.

A Good Country for the Ladies.

The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of the men at about thirty or thirty five years, and that of the women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to prosecution; and old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. "Why should I give you place," cried a young man to an unmarried general, "when you have no child to give place to me when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevent a gallant, nor riches tempt him to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with large families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut off all the bride's hair on the wedding day, so that for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with years.—*Travels of Herodotus.*

The New York Herald's Map.

The New York Herald gives a map of the theatre of war, and shows the location and number of the secession forces in Virginia. It gives the following figures: At Lynchburg, 25,000; Burksville, 1,000; Petersburg, 5,000; on James river, 1,000; Richmond, 8,000; Lexington, 1,000; Staunton, 3,000; Charlottesville, 2,000; Gordonsville, 2,000; on York river, 5,000; Fredericksburg, 8,000; Dumfries, 2,000; Leesburg, 3,000; Harper's Ferry, 8,000; Point of Rocks, 5,000, and Williamsburg, 1,000. The troops at Norfolk are not included, but from other sources we learn there are from ten to fifteen thousand.—These figures would place the secession forces at about one hundred thousand men, who are scattered over the entire Tidewater, Piedmont and Virginia. The estimate is probably not much, if any, above the mark, and shows that the forces of the enemy in Virginia have hitherto been underrate.

BARON ROTHSCHILD.—Rothschild was a man of imaginative positiveness. He foresaw that the fate of Europe hung upon the battle of Waterloo, and took his measures to have intelligence of the result twenty-four hours in advance of the British nation. A carrier pigeon brought him the eventful cypher. He untied the minute legend hid beneath its wing. He hastened to the stock exchange and boldly purchased consols when the people thought him drunk or crazy, and "bagged" a million sterling on the morrow.

☞ Well, Cuff, what's de matter?

Nothing, Sambo, only South Carolina gone to seed.

What for Cuff?

Don't know—somebody said, cause, Massa choose it.

The Cost of War.

It is estimated by military authorities that the yearly cost of putting and supporting a thousand soldiers in the field, is about one million of dollars, or a thousand dollars a man. This includes, of course, the whole expense, pay, arms, clothing, rations, &c. The annual expense of the regular U. S. Army of 13,000 men. is about $15,000,000.

To put 100,000 men in the field, therefore, and keep them there during one year, will cost one hundred million of dollars. Double the number and double the expense; trebble the one and you trebble the other.

There are therefore two great points to be considered in war—how many troops can you get; and how many can