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JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY. JOLIET, ILLINOIS, JULY 28, 1863. VOL. 21 NO. 7.

BUSINESS CARDS.

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JAMES FLETCHER, Attorney at Law. Middleport Iroquois county, Illinois.

S. A. WASHINGTON, Attorney and Counselor at Law will attend faithfully to all business entrusted to his care, in this and the neighboring counties. Middleport, Iroquois county, Illinois.

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Cheap Toys, Stationery, Pictures and Frames. All Work warranted.
Mr. Wheeler employed on the Rock Island accommodation Train, will receive and return any Jobs from Joliet and vicinity for me.

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All work warranted to give entire satisfaction, and prices to suit the times. Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention. (n2-1y)

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SHOP ON JOLIET ST. (opposite the Joliet House.)
Joliet, Sept. 20, 1859 DORR & SCHOFF. n14tf

you want a nice fitting Coat, go to WILLIAMS'.

HOW TO LIVE.

BY H. BONAR.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All other life is short and vain;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of living most for heavenly gain.

He liveth long who liveth well!
All else is being flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.

Waste not thy being; back to him
Who freely gave it, freely give;
Else is that being but a dream;
'Tis but to be, and not to live.

Be what thou seemest! live thy creed!
Hold up to earth the torch divine;
Be what thou prayest to be made;
Let the Master's steps be mine.

Fill up each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow truth, if thou the true would'st reap;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvests bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And have a harvest-home of light.

The Words of Strength.

BY SCHILLER.

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen,
In tracings of eternal light,
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And sadness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from the brow—
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven—
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth—
Know this: God rules the hosts of heaven,
Th' inhabitants of earth.

Have love. Not love alone for one,
But man, thy brother's call,
And scatter like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength when life's surges rudest roll,
Light when thou else wert blind.

THE LOST LOVE LETTER.

'Well, wonders will never cease!'

It was a bright little boudoir, with seagreen walls and carpet of the softest emerald velvet, the windows dim with the branching greenery of fragrant lemon trees, and a silky black spaniel coiled up on the rug in front of the fire. Miss Melissa Jones sat in the middle of the room; her false curls stirred by some inward agitation, and her forty year old cheek flushed with a bloom more genuine than she usually wore, while her gipsy like niece, Nelly Howard, a dark, brilliant beauty of seventeen, leaned over her shoulder and eagerly perused the open letter that lay in the worthy spinster's lap. She it was who had made the above remark, to which Aunt Melissa answered testily:

'Wonders? I don't see anything so very wonderful in the matter. If General Plumer chooses to fall in love with me, I can't help it!'

'Why, aunty, he is only twenty two, and you are forty!'

'Only thirty-nine!' ejaculated Miss Melissa, in rather a belligerent tone of voice.

'And he is handsome, and—new, aunty, pardon me, but you never pretended to be a beauty!'

Miss Melissa's cheek grew scarlet.

'Mr. Plumer *Possibly* recognizes the power of intellectual charms,' she answered tartly.

'And more than this,' pursued the relentless Nelly, 'everybody supposed the young man in question to be desperately in love with our little Effie—where is she, by the way? Gone up stairs, I suppose, to cry over her defaulting cavalier. Well, I shall counsel her to call pride to her assistance.

But, by the way, aunty, you haven't told me how and when this epistle arrived.—By post or thro' a messenger?'

'It was yesterday evening,' she simpered, 'Mr. Plumer—Gerald, I should say,' (Nelly made a grimace)—'called. He only stood a minute, talking, by the fire. I supposed, foolish thing that I was, his short stay was owing to Effie's being away from home. But he had not been gone five minutes before I discovered this folded paper lying on the floor at my feet.—Was it not an exquisite way of proposing? See, he calls me his 'dearest one,' and signs himself my 'ever devoted slave!'

'Fiddlestick, Aunt Melissa!' exclaimed the irreverent Nelly. 'He only wants your forty thousand dollars! It's just impossible that a young man like him can really have fallen in love with you!'

Aunt Melissa rose from the chair with a countenance of such lowering wrath, that Miss Nelly wisely remembered the axiom about discretion being the better part of valor, and beat a hasty retreat, only stopping once, to laugh, on the stairs!—But her countenance changed as she entered the room where a young girl sat, with her forehead resting on the window ledge, and her violet eyes sparkling with tears.

'Crying, Effie! Let me wipe the tears away, darling—he isn't worthy one of those diamond drops?'

'Oh, Nelly, I was so secure in the certainty of his love!'

'Forget him, dearest!' urged Nelly.—'Nay, don't sob so piteously—summon up all the pride there is in your gentle nature, and meet him in future as coldly as though he were a stranger!'

And Effie, through her sobs, faltered out that she would try.

Miss Melissa blossomed out that evening like a peony, in a gorgeous crimson silk dress, with gigantic bracelets on her arms, and sat in state in the parlor, her false ringlets glossy with pomatum.

'For Gerald's note said he would call soon, to receive his fate from my own lips,' she simpered.

But, to her inexpressible astonishement, Gerald did not call that evening, nor yet the next? Miss Melissa was puzzled—in all the novels she had ever read, she could not recall any such tardiness on the part of an eager lover.

'What does it mean, do you suppose?' she asked of Nelly, as she reluctantly turned down the gas at the close of the third evening, and went slowly up stairs to bed.

'I don't know, aunty, I'm sure,' returned the malicious damsel. 'Perhap's he's like the boy who has pulled the string of a shower bath, and dodges back in terror at his own boldness. Suppose you send a committee to bring him to a sense of his situation!'

Aunt Melissa slammed the door of her room, with a bang that made the very policeman in the street open his eyes.

Gerald Plumer's room at the Hotel was literally blue with cigar smoke—a fact easily accounted for when you glanced at the recumbent figure of his room mate and boon companion, who was lazily watching the fire and smoking as if for a wager. It was a pretty room, full of elegant bachelor knick knacks, only it looked as if a pair of wild horses might have torn through it, and nobody have picked up things afterwards. For the flower vases were on the floor, and the slippers were on the table, and the boot jack reclined on the mantel, in companionship with a wash pitcher and an odd boot, while the bronze inkstand was crammed back of a heap of crumpled newspapers, and a pair of lavendar kid gloves lay in the coal scuttle.

'What do I care!' remarked Fred. Powers, as he surveyed the scene of desolation from behind his fortress of wreathing smoke. 'I can always find a thing when I want it—if I only look long enough!—'Hallo, Gerald!' for his friend had hastily entered the room, 'what's up now? What are you throwing all those papers about for? how do you know but that they're my love letters? Why can't you tell a fellow what you're looking for? Don't believe it's under the coal box, nor yet in the soap cup. Own up! What piece of carelessness have you been perpetrating now?'

'Have you seen a folded note, lying about here, Fred?' suddenly questioned Gerald.

'I've seen the wash woman's bill and the tailor's little account, tendered in to your humble servant!

'Pshaw—I mean a note in my own writing!'

'No, I haven't,' said Fred, raising himself on one elbow. 'But why are you so anxious about it, my boy? I hope you've not been forging my name to a check for forty thousand dollars?'

'I'm a fool, Fred,' groaned Gerald, biting his lip as he leaned against the mantle piece.

'So I've always told you, you'll please to remember. But in what particular instance has your folly developed itself this time?'

'Well, I've been trying to muster up courage these six weeks to tell Effie Lee how much I loved her; and at length, in despair, I was foolish enough to write a declaration of my sentiments.'

'You made a donkey of yourself that time, my boy,' interrupted Powers. 'These things are awkward in black and white!'

'Fortunately, there were no names mentioned in the note, and I had determined not to use it, but to speak out like a man. But, to my surprise, I find the letter is gone—slipped through a treacherous rip in the lining of my coat pocket. It is nowhere to be found, and I feel a little uneasy.'

'Very natural that you should!' remarked Powers. 'Suppose the greasy old laundress should pick it up on the stairs, and imagine herself invited to become Mrs. Gerald Plumer! Don't look so appealing at me, old fellow; you say no names were involved, and if you dropped it here, as is most likely, it has probably been twisted into a cigar lighter long ago. Don't fret, until you find yourself sued by somebody for a breach of promise!

And Gerald Plumer resolved for the nine hundred and ninety ninth time to be more careful, and the matter slipped from his mind, just as the mischief making little note slipped from his pocket!

'If you please, Miss Effie, here is a card for you,' said the mischievous black boy who attended the door of Mr. Howard's residence. 'De genl'man's in de parlor, and wants for to see you 'ticular.'

'Mr. Gerald Plumer,' read Effie, in surprise.

'There's some mistake,' exclaimed Miss Melissa, starting up in a smiling flutter.—'The card was for me, Pompey!'

'No, Miss Lizzy,' persisted Pompey, firmly; 'it was *Miss Effie Lee*, de genl'man said; and he guv me a quarter, he did!

Effie rose quietly.

'I will see Mr. Plumer,' she said, with dignity; 'but the interview must necessarily be a brief one.'

She left the room while Miss Melissa fidgeted about in a tremor of eager expectation, wondering, every moment, how it happened that she was not sent for!

Gerald Plumer was rather dismayed at the frigid reception vouchsafed him by his lady love, but determined to win the golden prize now or never, and boldly ventured on his errand.

'Effie,' he said, firmly. 'I have called this morning to speak to you on a subject inexpressibly near and dear to me. I might make a longer preface, but I am not skilled in the use of words. Effie, I can only say that I love you most truly and passionately—may I venture to hope that my love is returned?'

'This is a strange announcement, Mr. Plumer,' returned Effie, calmly, 'and singularly inconsistent with the declaration of love you have so recently made to my aunt Melissa.'

'I.'

'You, sir.'

'Effie, let me understand. It is possible that you are under the impression that——'

'I am under an impression, sir, and a pretty strong one, too, that it is scarcely three days since you wrote, offering yourself to Miss Melissa Jones. I do not know how many love affairs you have on hand at once, but——'

'Effie, there is some mistake here,' interrupted Gerald. 'I never wrote to Miss Jones in my life—never thought of her save as a very respectable maiden lady, old enough to be my mother.'

The words had scarcely, passed his lips, ere the door flew open as if by magic, and Miss Melissa herself—who had been stationed suspiciously near the key hole for some minutes—stalked into the room.

'Then, sir,' she ejaculated, 'I'd like to know what you meant by writing me this love letter! I'll have justice done me, if there's law in the land!'

Gerald took the letter from her hand, and his face brightened up with a sudden comprehension.

'I regret that such an embarassing mistake should have been made, Miss Jones,' he said, 'but by what right do you appropriate the contents of this letter to yourself. It was written to Miss Effie Lee. I had concluded, however, not to use it, but to speak instead, in my own proper person. I lost it several days since and am at a loss to imagine how it could have come into your hands. I regret that your feelings have been enlisted, Miss Jones, but I should as soon think of marrying my grandmother!'

The quiet self possession with which he spoke crushed the last faint flutter of hope in Miss Melissa's virgin breast. She turned white and red—half decided to go into hysterics at first, and wholly decided to fall back on scorn and contempt at last. So she walked out of the room, her nose high in the air, and kept the hysterics until she was safe within the precincts of her own room. And then—but our tale has no more to do with Miss Melissa Jones. We must return to the apartment where Gerald Plumer stood, with his arm around the waist of the scarce resisting Effie.

'So you didn't want to marry my aunt Melissa?' demurely asked that damsel

'No—I want to marry you, darling.'

And he did marry her—but Miss Melissa was not one of the bridesmaids!

Moral—Young men, don't be carcless of your love letters!

SEEING THE BATTLE.—'Here's your Daily Times—all about the battle'—cried a newsboy, the other day, vending his wares on one of our street corners. An individual with shoulder-straps, bearing the exciting announcement, purchased a copy, and hastily glancing at the head-lines of the dispatches, remarked to the dealer in afternoon literature, 'Where's all about the battle? I can't see in.' 'No,' said the boy, 'and you never will see it, as long as you hang around this city.'

Other men's woes are our warning; their desolation should be our information.

ONE OF MANY.

Oh! how the music, the wild war-music rose and swelled as the company marched down the street of the little country town! How the banners shook and the bayonets glittered in the August sunshine! Blue were the skies overhead, and along the wayside the fields were green, and the scent of flowers was in the air.

For a moment Margery Dane looked out from her window; then she drew down the curtain, and held her hands over her ears, trying to shut out sight and sound.

'Are they treading on the ground or on my heart?' she cried, with a passionate despair in her tones. 'He is marching away and he will never march back again. Pity me Heaven; I am losing my last sight of him.'

Up again went the curtain, but the last man had gone by. The martial music floated back, softened by distance to pity and tender pain, instead of triumph. Margery was indeed alone.

She had had a lonely life. Not that she had been poor and ill-treated, or in anywise persecuted. But she had neither father nor mother, brothers or sisters. She had a fortune of her own; a very comfortable one they called it in that little town; and the uncle and aunt with whom she lived were kind to her and seldom crossed her wishes. But if you have ever lived just such a life, you know what lonliness means. One would rather have even harsh blame from those whose love is their authority than the cool kindness of people too indifferent to censure. Margery had not been morbid or sentimental in girlhood, or even in childhood. When her heart ached for love, for mother-kisses and fatherly praises, she scarcely understood what she wanted herself, and only betrayed the secret pain by utter recklessness of danger. No boy in Westville rode such gay horses, or climed such high trees, because not a boy there but knew some heart would ache if ill befell him. Want of love made Margery reckless.

But when she was sixteen love came. It was the old, sweet story. She grew in six months from romping, reckless girlhood, to gentle, reticent, and most graceful womanhood. All the tenderness of her nature, which had waited so many years for its object, overflowed at last—longing, dreaming heart, passionate, earnest soul were satisfied. And for once she built no altar to a false idol. Her nature was so pure it tested those she met like a touchstone. It had no affinity with evil, and her choice fell not unworthily. Nelson Harding deserved all—love, confidence, tender girlish trust. I thing, too, his devotion was not less than her own—not less utterly absorbing. He, too, was an orphan, and the new tie was his all.

They had been engaged six months when the war broke out. They were not to marry for two or three years; but they met daily, and so waiting was not wearisome. When the war began, Margery had been afraid Nelson would think his duty called him; but he told her that he would wait until there was more need of him—so many were ready to go then, So he had a year to be happy in.

Then came the call for three hundred thousand, and two or three nights afterward Nelson Harding came, with the words she dreaded,

'I ought to go Margery. Shall I?'

'Go home, now, Nelson, and come and ask me again to-morrow.'

She dared not answer him then, for she was torn between the fear of losing him and the fear of doing wrong. She felt that she must be left alone in the universe with God in order to see the truth clearly.

When he was gone she went up stairs to the little room where, for so many years the solitary child had cried out of her heart's else muttered loneliness to the solitary God. When heaven gave her no father or mother, only Nelson, was it not meant that she should keep the gift? Could it be that the Giver was asking for it back again? And yet were not the chosen people in all ages taught to offer of their best—to lay their first fruits upon the altar? Ought she not to think it heaven's bounty that gave her opportunity to make a sacrifice so costly.

All the night she sat there before her window, or knelt beside her bed, until the daily miracle of dawning repeated itself—repeated its tender pink flushes above the hills, its tremulous mists, its airs af balm, its broadening glory of sunrise! Soon he would come. Soon she must tell him what to choose,—life and love for her and him, or—the right. With that word her soul grew strong; she would be the consoler, not the temptress.

When her lover looked into her eyes, he knew her thought. Still he asked the question.

'What am I to do, Margery?'

'What God and your own soul tell you.'

'And you, child?'

'I am to wait and bear; or perhaps I too, shall find my work.'

So Nelson Harding had marched away in the August sunshide, and Margery was to commence her waiting.

Honor to the brave who fight and conquer, or fight or fall! But is theire the hardest fate? Do not those suffer more who cannot lose in action their fear and anguish—who must count slow hours, shudder at tidings of onward movements, live on fragments of newspapers? Ay; and is it not true that every bullet shoots double, and the shot which flies furthest makes the sorest wound?

But Margery's waiting did not last long. So soon, that it scarcely seemed as if the regiment could have reached its destination, the news of Antietam came. The sixteenth were engaged in it, and she read among the wounded the name of Lieut. Harding. She was a slight, delicately-organized little thing. Her tall, strong lover had been wont to call her his child; but the child did not shriek or faint. She did not even cry. Some spirit other than her own seemed to have taken possession of her—a cool, brave spirit, strong to dare! She went to the room where her uncle and aunt were sitting together. They started when they saw the white, firm face, whence all the pink and prettiness was gone as utterly as if it had been touched by death.

'I am going to Washington, uncle, Lieut. Harding is wounded. He will be in the hospital. The next train leaves in an hour.'

'But, child, you must not go alone!' said Mr. Dane, with startled face and wondering eyes. 'Do you want me?'

'As you please. It might be a help, if you could get away in time. There is only an hour.

She shut the door. Her uncle and aunt exchanged glances.

'She will go,' Mrs. Dane said; 'I know her.'

That settled it. Mrs. Dane's judgment were always final.

When the long journey was over, and Mr. Dane and his niece stood on the threshold of the Baltimore hospital, to which they had been sent from Washington, they met there a Connecticut surgeon whom they knew. Mr. Dane inquired of him for Lieut. Harding.

'There is no hope for him, poor fellow!' was the answer, and then Surgeon Hunt met Margery's eyes, and remembered that she was Nelson Harding's promised wife. He murmured a sincere but half indistinct apology, which her clear tones cut short:

'Thank you—do not blame yourself. I want to hear the truth. It is best that I should know it before I saw him. Now show me where he is, please?'

'Nelson!'

She had been standing for a moment watching him. Eyes and mouth were shut resolutely against tear or moan. But his gastly face was eloquent. She could see in his convulsed features the tortures he was bearing silently. At her voice his eyes opened. The old fond look replaced the pain in them. I think he forgot for a moment that he was suffering when he saw the slight form at his bedside, and heard the voice, the well known, well loved voice. He put out his hand:

'Child—love—Margery!'

'Did you expect me, Nelson?'

'To-morrow, not to-day. I had not thought you could be here so soon. I was waiting for your coming to die. I should have waited a week if need were. But the agony is horrible.'

She bent over him, and left a kiss on the pale forehead. He drew her closer then, and his lips clung to hers with a long, desparing pressure.

'To think after to night I shall never kiss you again, Margery. If we meet in heaven, it will not be as here. I shall love your spirit; but it seems to me I shall miss all the vanished sweetness of tender eyes, loving lips, softly falling hair. God help me, child, how little the best of us know where we are going!'

Then she comforted him with her clearer vision, her stronger faith. It could not be far long, she whispered, their parting. She would be his, through all time and eternity, just as truly as now.

For hours he lay with her hand in his—waiting. It was a strange feeling he had when he heard her voice and met her eyes—a feeling that she had brought him his release from pain—that now even death would treat him gently. But the strange thought may have been true. Through those long waiting hours, with her hand in his, he did not suffer. He only felt his strength ebbing away, and knew that his life was dissolving into moments. Just at the last his face brightened, and he whispered:

'Something tells me you are right, Margery. The future will not be dim and pale beside the present. It will be brighter.—My soul before it leaves the body, is asserting its own immortality. I know now that I shall live hereafter. Never think you are solitary again. I shall live, and I shall love you. Day times and night times will bring you nearer to me, each one.

Then a pause, broken only by her tears, which wet his hair, and her kisses on his lips—then cried, with one last effort.

'Never be sorry, Margery, that I went I am not. I fell doing God's work. If I had turned my back upon the right I should have lost far more than life. God loves you, Margery. Be patient. One more kiss.

She bent to give it to him, but when she raised her head there was no light in the swiftly glazing eyes—his soul was marching on.

Oh, if I could but have told you that he got better—that her coming brought him healing—that he lived to love her in this world—you would not have thought my story so sad then; but maybap it would have been sadder. It is the sleep which knows no earthly waking, and not the life of earth which God promises as a reward to His beloved; and is there not something at once nobler and more joyful than life in dying for a good cause? The story of such a death should kindle courage. There are still souls left strong enough to give thanks for martydom.

Margery Dane found her work when Nelson Harding died. She is a nurse in a hospital—so grave, so still, so thoughtful, and so tender, that her youth is pardoned and forgotten, even as she has forgotten it herself. I think she will live while her country has need of her, and then she will not be sorry to go to her love and her rest.

EUROPE AND AMERICA tremble beneath the tread of armed legions. Great events cast their shadows before us whenever on the map of the world we cast our eyes. On this continent the cause of free government is staked upon the battle fields of the rebellion. Never did one bear upon his shoulders a heavier weight of responsibility than now weighs upon the commander of the Army of the Potomac. Men never occupied a grander place in a nation's eye since the pass of Thermopylæ was defended, than our hardy champions of the Potomac now fill. If they fail, no men ever fell more gloriously; if they conquer and survive, no men will ever hold higher their consecrated heads with their grateful countrymen. Turning away from our struggle the spectacle is not less imposing. The brave Mexicans still hold out against the assaults of a foreign despot, and still prove that a free people in the contest of independence against foreign domination possesses a power almost invincible. Poland, too, rises to the stature of her former greatness. The blood of her ancient heroes begins to mantle in the veins of her modern sons. Russian monarch in laying aside his usual conciliatory spirit has aroused a spirit of Polish nationality which will not down until freedom again flourishes in the land of its early glory. The Pole has in this struggle the heartfelt sympathy of all who respect the rights of nations, and would see the reign of justice and liberty established on earth.—*Boston Post.*

THE RICHMOND CEMETERIES.—Mr Colburn the N. Y. *World's* correspondent, in giving his observations while recently in Richmond, thus alludes to one of the somber features of the city or rather its environs:

The darkness is darker than the brightness is bright. The most momentous, as it is the most solemn fact of all, is told in the record of the cemetries. *Thirty thous and burials within two years, and of these nearly all are from the hospitals!* Hollywood Cemetery is crowded with strangers, but more than this number have found resting places in the beautiful hills and dales of old "Virginia." She may be called "Aceldama, the field of blood."—Mourning all around! One of the most touching sights in the whole of our observation is to see the troops of young wives and maidens in procession to the cemetery with garlands and flowers which erst were destined for the festival.

Alonso was taken to church for the first time. The services had not begun. Deacon Wells, a bald headed man came in; Alonso looked at him curiously. Mr. Osfrom came down the aisle, and he had no hair where the hair ought to grow. Alonso was fidgety. Squire Jones, as bald as Mount Blanc, walked in, and Alonso could hold in no longer. In a clear ringing voice he cried:

'Oh ma! ma! there comes another man, with a skinned head!'

'My dearest Maria,' wrote a recently married husband to his wife.

She wrote back, 'dearest let me correct either your grammar or your morals. You addressed me 'My dearest Maria.' Am I to suppose you have other dear Marias?'

He makes a good market of bad commodities, who with kindness overcomes injuries.

Putting Things too far Apart.

Sambo was a slave to a master who was constitutionally addicted to lying. Sambo being strongly devoted to his master, had, by dint of long practice, made himself an adept in giving plausibility to his master's stories.

One day, when the master was entertaining his guests in the customary manner, he related an amusing incident which took place on one of his hunting excursions.

'I fired at a buck,' said he 'at a hundred yards distance, and the ball passed through his heel and his head just back of the ear!'

This evidently producing some doubt in the minds of his guests, he called upon Sambo to corroborate him.

'Yes, massa,' said the almost confounded slave, after a moment's hesitation, 'me see de ball hit 'im. Jes as massa lift up de gun to de eye, de buck lift him foot to him ear, and massa's ball went clear through him heel and him head at de same time.'

The guests were perfectly satisfied with Sambo's explanation, and swallowed the whole without hesitation; but when the guests were gone, Sambo ventured so far upon his master's good humor as to remonstrate.

'For goodness sake, massa,' said the slave 'when you tell 'nudder such big lie, don't put 'em so far 'part—me had very hard work to get 'em togedder.'

A School Marm's Letter.

Yesterday we picked up on locust street, the following letter from a young lady, teaching school in the "rooral deestricts," to a sister here. While we know we have no business to pry into the private affairs of the young ladies, owing to the vast deal of amazin cussidness we possess, we cannot refrain from publishing the document.

Turckey Vally May 1 1863.

Dere Cister,

You didn't reseve my last fond epis-tol, because ef you hed you de ought to reply, which you haint, and I forgive you.

I toled you I had got a schoole, which I like very exceedingly mutch. I have 30 schoolers; fore boy pupils and the ballance gurls. I have bin studeing very severe all winter, and passed the examination bully. I don't no how long I shall teach if I keep on lickeing of it as I do now, but shall probably teach sicks months.

I sometimes get dreadful lonesomish, but then when I reflec that on to me rests the care of trainin up all them little innocents, and when George he comes to see me, I becomes conted, and gives myself up to blis.

George he is the beautifullest young feller into this bere place. He is a noble Union man, and has often told me he was willing to sacrifice his life onto the caws.

Father he ain't mutch of a union man, he swears dredful about the war and told George into my presents he would boote him of he didn't discontinue to continue his visits me. oh! dere ime so unhappy, I never can get marryed becawze father he says he would rather sea me dye an old made than to marry a dam spooney! which is the horrid words he used respecting my george. From your sad—sad

unhappy cister
MARY ANN.

A NEW SOURCE OF DISEASE.—Mr. Orpheus C. Kerr, historiographer of the Mackeral Brigade, while lately approaching the Capitolian city, encountered a man—or, rather, in his own Johnsonian words—

"When very near the city, on my return home, I met a chap weighing about 255 pounds, on his way to a lawyer's to get his exemption from the draft fixed.

"See here, patriotic invalid," says I skeptically, "how do you come to be exempt?"

"I am exempt," says he, in a profoundly melancholy manner, "because I'm suffering from a broken heart."

"Hem!" says I.

"It is true," says he sniffling dismally. "I asked the female of my heart to have me. She said she had not enough postage stamps to suit her ideas of personal revenue, and she did not care to do my washing. That was enough; my heart is broken, and I am not an able-bodied man."

Drafting, my boy, is of a nature to develope the seeds of disease in the hitherto healthy system.

SAFE BETTING.—A simple fellow was walking through a swamp and came upon a broad ditch.

'I'll bet you two cents you can't jump over that ditch,' said he to himself.

'Done,' said the other side of his mouth, and over he leaped.

'I won that bet, anyhow,' said he.

'Now I'll bet you two cents more you can't jump back again.'

'Done,' said the second voice again, and he jumped, but fell at the bottom in the mud.

'Nothing lost and nothing gained,' he muttered, crawling up the bank; 'that account's even.

The new text book for the elementary class in Physiology, it is understood, will run somewhat after this fashion:

Ques. What is supposed to be the design of the arms and hands, in man?

Ans. To be employed in swinging dumb bells.

Ques. For what was the head made?

Ans. To stand upon, or to be used like the ball of the pendulum, while suspended by the feet, &c.

Mr Jones—'You know, my dear, that I am liable to conscription, and, in case that the habeas corpus should fail, that—that—'

Mrs. Jones—don't give yourself a moments uneasiness on my account, Jones; if you can't find a substitute, I have no doubt that I can!'

WAR JOKE.—Some sunny fellow wrote upon the head of a barrel and hung it against a telegraph post as follows:

"A good beverage for rebs—*Meade* and *Porter*."

Immediately under the above another funny fellow wrote:

"*Grant*-ed."

Not long since one of the magistrates of Bristol (England,) at the council house, addressing a man brought before him, who did not appear under very favorable circumstances, inquired if he were not married?

'No,' replied the man.

'Then,' rejoined his worship, amid peals of laughter from the other occupants of of the court, 'its a good thing for your wife.

The following is said to be an unfailing receipt to kill fleas on dogs:

"Soak the dog five for minutes in camphene, and then set him on fire. The effect is instantaneous."

It is said that the difference between eating strawberries and cream and kissing a pretty girl, is so small that it cannot be appreciated.

Vallandigham's Address to the Democracy of Ohio.

NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA WEST, July 15, 1863.

To the Democracy of Ohio:

Arrested and confined for three weeks in the United States, a prisoner of State; banished thence to the Confederate States, and there held as an alien enemy and prisoner of war, though on parole, fairly and honorably dealt with and given leave to depart,—an act possible only by running the blockade at the hazard of being fired on by ships flying the flag of my own country,—I found myself first a freeman when on British soil. And to-day, under protection of the British flag, I am here to enjoy, and in part to exercise, the privileges and rights which usurpers insolently deny me at home. The shallow contrivance of the weak despots at Washington, and their advisers, has been defeated. Nay, it has been turned against them; and I, who for two years was maligned as in secret league with the Confederates having refused when in their midst, under circumstances the most favorable, either to identify myself with their their cause or even so much as to remain, preferring rather exile in a foreign land, return now with allegiance to my own State and government, unbroken in word, thought or deed, and with every declaration and pledge to you while at home, and before I was stolen away, made good in spirit and to the very letter.

Six weeks ago, when just going into banishment, because an audacious but most cowardly despotism compelled it, I addressed you as a fellow-citizen. To-day, and from the very place then selected by me, but after wearisome and most perilous journeyings for more than four thousand miles by land and upon the sea—still in exile, though almost in sight of my native State—I greet you as your representative. Grateful certainly I am for the confidence in my integrity and patriotism implied by the unanimous nomination as candidate for Governor of Ohio which you gave me while I was yet in the Confederate States. It was not misplaced; it shall never be abused.—But this is the least of all considerations in times like these. I ask no personal sympathy for the personal wrong. No, it is the cause of constitutional liberty and private right cruelly outraged beyond example in a free country, by the President and his servants, which gives public significancy to the action of your convention. Yours was indeed an act of justice to a citizen who for his devotion to the rights of the States and the liberties of the people, had been marked for destruction by the hand of arbitrary power. But it was much more. It was an act of courage worthy of the heroic ages of the world; and it was a spectacle and a rebuke to the usurping tyrants who, having broken up the Union, would now strike down the constitution, subvert your present government, and establish a formal and proclaimed despotism in its stead. You are the RESTORERS AND DEFENDERS OF CONSTITUTIONAL LIBERTY, and by the proud title history will salute you.

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