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C. & C. ZARLEY
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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JOLIET SIGNAL.

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DR. HENRY FOLKE, having permanently located in Joliet, for the purpose of practicing Medicine, ould respectfully tender his professional services to e public. Office in Rawley's Block, and residence on Joliet st., a few doors north of the Joliet Bank.
Jan. 13, 1863. tf

D. H. PINNEY, Attorney at Law. Office in Bush's Block opposite National Hotel, Joliet, Illinois
Particular attention given to the procuring of Pensions, Back Pay, Bounty Money and all war claims.

DR. E. HARWOOD, will hereafter give his undivided attention to the practice of his profession. OFFICE on Jefferson st., over Cagwin's Crockery ore. Residence opposite the Baptist Church.

J. H. SEDGWICK, Attorney and Counselor at Law Office with Randall & Fuller, over Stone's Store, Jefferson St., Joliet, Illinois.

HENRY LOGAN, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR at Law and Notary Public. Office over Fox's Book Store, Jefferson Street, Joliet, Ill.

J. H. QUINN, Attorney at Law. Office over Fox' Store, Jefferson St., Joliet, Ill.

WM. C. GOODHUE, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on Jefferson St., (over Mrs. Kavanagh's Millinery Store,) Joliet, Illinois. 49tf

G. S. THOMAS, M. D., Physician and Surgeon offers his professional services to the citizens of Joliet and vicinity. Office No. 77 Jefferson st., over R. Blackman's Drug Store, opposite the Court House, Residence on Jefferson st. corner of Eastern Avenue, Joliet, Illinois. 1tf

W. W. STEVENS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and General Land and Collecting agent. Collections promptly remitted.
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McROBERTS & GOODSPEED, Attorney and Counsellors at Law, Joliet, Illinois. Office in Stone's Block.
J. MCROBERTS F. GOODSPEED.

BOWEN & GROVER, Attorneys & Counselors at Law Joliet, Illinois. Office opposite Court House, Jefferson street.
S. W. BOWEN, D. G. GROVER.

PARKS & ELWOOD, Attorneys, Counselors, Joliet, Will County, Illinois. Office, North side of the public square, Jefferson St.
G. D. A. PARKS. N. D. ELWOOD.

ELISHA C. FELLOWS, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor and Counselor in Chancery, will regularly attend the Courts in the counties of Will, Du. Page, Kendall, McHenry, Grundy and Iroquois. Office ester E. M. Bray's Drugg Store, Jefferson-st., Joliet, Ill.

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, Iroquoe county, Illinois.

H. SNAPP, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Joliet, Will County, Illinois.

JACOB A. WHITEMAN, Attorney and Counselor at Law and Solicitor in Chancery Middleport, Iroquois county, Illinois.

J. H. REECE, German Eclectic Doctor and Oculist Office on Bluff-st., West side, where he may be found at all times ready and willing to wait upon the sick and afflicted. He would just say to those that are afflicted with Diseases of the Eye, that he devotes the cre on of each day to that branch of his profession.

DR. A. B. MEAD, has removed his Office over E. M. Bray's Drugg Store, on Jefferson st., where persons disposed to employ him can always find him when not professionally absent.

DR. A. L. McARTHER, Physician and Surgeon offers his professional services to the citizens of Joliet and vicinity. Office in the Omnibus Block, directly over Mr. Woodruff's Drug store. Residence Ottawa st.

W. J. HEATH, Police Magistrate, and Justice o the Peace, Office on corner of Jefferson & Chicago Streets, Joliet, Ill.
Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care. Collecting, paying taxes, conveyancing, and all ther business pertaining to his office.

DR. E. FENTON BURSON, Minooka, Grundy Co Illinois. (June 26

O. J. CORBIN, M. D., Plainfield, Will County Illinois.

E. I. DUBOIS,
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WILMINGTON, ILL.
LIBERAL advance made to Farmers, who prefer to ship their grain to their friends in Chicago, or St. Louis. n23-1y

A. COMSTOCK,
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MRS. HARRIET KILLMER, Female Physician, offers her professional services to her own sex, in Obstetrics, and the diseases incident to women and children. She will also attend professional calls generally Residence in East Joliet.

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DRS. ALLEN & SALTER, permanently located in Joliet, is prepared to perform all operations in the profession, in the latest and most approved style. Artificial Jobs from a single Tooth to a full sett, inserted on the Atmospheric principle.
Teeth Extracted without pain.
OFFICE on Jefferson St., in Hawley's New Building

CHAS. E. KEELER,
AGENT FOR THE UNITED STATES AND AMERICAN Express Companies, will forward Freightand Valuables to all points of the country. Notes, Drafts and Bills collected, and proceeds returned promptly.
Joliet, July 13, 1863 n4-tf

W. G. THOMPSON,
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER,
WILL furnish Plans and Specifications, and take contracts for, or superintend the erection of Churches, School Houses, Public Buildings and Dwellings.
Shop and Office on Chicago Street, near C. A. & St. L. R. R. Depot. n33-tf

Joliet Marble Works,
CHARLES R. MUNGER, Manufacturer and dealer in every variety of
MARBLE MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, FURNITURE, &C., &C.
Near the Rock Island Depot, Joliet, Illinois. Orders from abroad respectfully solicited

DENTISTRY.
Dr. F. B. CHOCHRANE
WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Joliet and vicinity, that after an absence of some years, has returned to Joliet for the purpose of making it his future home, and adopts this method to inform his friends and the public, that he has take the rooms formerly occupied by Carpenter & Pierce,
OVER BROWN'S DRUG STORE,
where he will be pleased to see all who may need FIRST CLASS DENTAL OPPERATIONS.
Those who may employ him may be assured that all opperations will be performed in a *neat, trusty* and *faithfull manner*.
Nov. 26, 1861. n24-tf

JACOB GEIGER,
BOOK--BINDER AND STATIONER.
No. 168 SOUTH CLARK STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
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.

SHOW RESPECT TO THE DEAD.
CITY MARBLE FACTORY.
LENNON & REES, Manufacturers in every variety of
Marble Monuments, Head Stones, &c.
Jefferson Street, north of County Jail,
JOLIET, : ILLINOIS.
All work warranted to give entire satisfaction, and prices to suit the times. Orders sent by mail will receive prompt attention. (n2-1y)

PAINTING AND PAPERING.
THE citizens of Joliet and vicinity are respectively informed, that we the subscribers continue the painting business in all its branches.
SHOP ON JOLIET ST. (opposite the Joliet House.)
DORR & SCHOTT.
Joliet, Sept. 20, 1859 n14t

JOLIET BOOKBINDERY.
THE undersigned will bind all kinds af Books, in any desired style.
Jobs will be neatly executed and warranted.
Prices moderate.
WM. STARHILL, Bookbinder.
Bluff Street, (one door north of the Gas Works,)
Feb 17, 1863. Joliet, Illinois.

CALL at DOOLITTLE'S and get one of those excellent SEWING MACHINES.

THE VOICE OF AUTUMN.

BY W. C. BRYANT.

There comes from yonder height
A soft repining sound,
Where forest leaves are bright,
And fall like flakes of light,
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze
That, lightly floating on,
Just skies the woody leaves,
Just stirs the glowing trees,
And is gone.

He moans by ledgy brook,
And visits with a sigh,
The last bale flowers that look,
From out their sunny nook,
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies
That light October wind,
And kisses cheeks and eyes,
He leaves their merry cries,
Far behind

And wanders on to make
That soft uneasy sound
By distant wood and lake,
Where distant fountains break
From the ground

No bower where maidens dwell
Can win a moment's stay;
Nor fair untrodden dell;
He sweeps the upland swell
An away.

Mournest then thy homeless state,
Oh, soft repining wind!
That early seek'st and late,
The rest it is thy fate
Not to find.

Not no the mountains breast,
Not on the oceans here,
In all the east and west;
The wind that stops to rest
Not to find.

By valley's, woods and springs,
Wonder thou should'st grieve
For all the glorious things
Thou touchest with thy wings,
And must leave.

When I Would Die.

I would die when the day
Lingers bright in the west;
When the bird flies away
To his soft, downy nest;
When the hum of the bee
Is not heard on the hill,
And the woodland and lea,
And the hamlet are still.

When the sad, weary heart
Can no longer abide,
Oh! how sweet to depart
At still eventide,
When the sun's parting rays
Flash glory and bliss,
And the heart is all praise,—
Be my death like to this.

SUBSTITUTE WANTED.

The other day Chief Engineer Dean of the Fire Department, called at the office where I make shoes for a living, and handed me a big white envelope, notifying me that I was drafted, and must report myself for examination, at Lawrence, on the 13th of August.

Now, I consider it the duty of every citizen to give his life, if need be, for the defence of his country, so on the morning of the eventful 13th, I put on a clean shirt and my Sunday clothes, and started for Lawrence, to see if I could get exempted.

Lawrence, as all know, is situated on the Merrimac river, and its principal productions are mud, dust, and factory, girls.—The city proper, at least that part that I saw, consisted of a long, narrow entry, up one flight of stairs, adorned overhead with a frescoing of gas meters, and carpeted with worn out tobacco quids, and furnished with one chair, two settees, and as many huge, square packing cases, marked 'Q. M. D.' Scattered around this palatial entrance hall where some forty or fifty conscripts, looking very much as if they expected to be exempted by reason of old age, before the young man with the ferocious moustache should notify them of their turn.—Most of them, however, were doomed to disappointment, for while they counted the hours of delay, a door would suddenly open, and the tall young man would single out a man and march him through the open door-way, to be seen no more.

By-and bye—that is, after several hours waiting—my turn came.

'John Smith!' shouted the door-keeper.

'That's me,' says I, and with a cheer from the crowd, I entered a large square room where two persons sat writing at a table, and a third, evidently the surgeon, was examining a man in the last stage of nudity.

One of the writers at the table, a young man with curley eyes and blue hair, nodded to me and dipping his pen in the ink, commenced:

'John Smith, what's your name?'

'John Smith,' says I.

'Where were you born?'

'Podunk, Maine.'

'What did your grandmother die of?'

'Darned if I know,' says I.

'Call it hapentap,' says he; 'and your grandmother, too?'

'I don't care what you call it,' says I, for I was a little riled by his consensical question.

'Did you ever have boils?' says he.

'Not a boil.'

'Or fits?'

'Nary fit.'

'Or delirium tremens?'

'No, sir-ee!'

'Or rickets?'

'I'll ricket you,' says I; though he meant something else.

'Did you ever have the measles?' says he.

Here I took off my coat.

'Or the itch?'

'Yes' sir,' says I; 'that ere fist (and I shoved a very large brown one within three inches of his nose) has been itching for the last ten monutes to knock your pesky head off, you little, mean, low-lived, contemptible whelp, you.'

'My dear sir,' said the mild spoken, gentlemanly surgeon, laying his hand on my arm; 'calm yourself, I pray. Don't let your angry passions rise but take off your clothes so I can see what you are made of.'

So I suppressed my anger, and withdrawing to a corner, I hung my clothes on the floor and presented myself for examination clad only with the covering nature had given me, except about a square inch of corn plaster on my right shin, where I had fallen over a chair, the night before, feeling for a match.

'Young man,' said the surgeon, looking me straight in the eye, 'you have got the myopia.'

'Yes, sir,' said I, 'and a good one, too, a little Bininger, with a drop of Stoughton, makes an excellent eye opener of a morning.'

'And there seems to be an amaurotic tendency of the right eye, accompained with opthalmia.'

'Show!' says I.

'And that white spot in the left eye, betokens a cataract.'

'I guess you mean in the ear,' says I, 'cause I went in swimming this morning, and got an alfired big bubble in my left ear;' and here I jumped up and down two or three times on my left foot, but to no purpose. As soon as I stopped he mounted a chair and commenced feeling the top of my head.

'Was your family ever troubled with epilepsy?' says he.

'Only the two boys,' says I; 'and when they catch them, my wife always goes at them with a fine tooth comb, the first thing.'

Jumping off the chair he hit me a lick in the ribs that nearly knocked me over, and before I had time to remonstrate, his arms were round my neck and his head pressed against my bosom the same way that Sophia Ann does, when she wants me to buy her some new bonnets and thing.

'Just what I thought,' says he. 'Tuberculosis and Hemoptysis, combined with a defect in the scapular membrane and incipient phthysis!'

'Heaven!' says I, what's that?'

'And Cardiac disease.'

'No!' said I.

'And Pendardites

'Thunder!' said I.!'

'Stop talking! Now count after me—offe!'

'One!' said I, half dead with fright.

'Asthma! Two.'

'Two,' I yelled.

'Exostis of the right fabulu! Three.'

'Three!' I gasped.

'Coxalgia! Four.'

'Confirmed Duodenum of the rigt ventricle! Five.'

'Oh, doctor! dear doctor, ain't you most through? I feel faint!'

'Through? No! Not half through. Why my friend, Pandora's box was nothing to your chest. You have Sphynixians, and glorions, and concgoilogis, and persillage, and—.'

Here my knees trembled so I leaned against the table for support.

'And permanent luxation of the anterior lobe of the right phalanx.'

My only answer was a deprecatory gesture.

'And Scrofulous diathesis and Omniopodites.'

I then sank to the floor in utter despair.

'Elutriation!' he yelled, for he saw I was going fast, 'and Maxillarium, and—'

When I woke to consciousness again, I found myself in a puddle of water, an empty bucket near by, and the surgeon astride of my chest, shouting something into my ear, of which however I could hear nothing.

I smiled feebly in acknowledgement of his attentions. At a sign from him, two attendants drew near, and having lifted him into a chair, for he was absolutely black in the face with the violence of his exertions they hoisted me to a perpendicular, and the examination proceeded.

But I will not harrow your feelings by repeating the heart rending details. Suffice it to say, that I was afflicted with Gastritis, Emphysemation, Marcidity, Empyema, Obesity, Condyle of the humerus, Bilicose veins, Hernia in both great toes, and Hermorrhoids in the left heel, besides lots of other diseases whose names I cannot remember. Finally after a rigid examination of my toe nails in search of eruptive lesions, he arose to his feet, drew a long breath, wiped the perspiration from his face with a stray newspaper and recommended.

'Young man,' said he, and his eyes glistened with delight as he spoke, you are really the most interesting subject I have met with. Really a most wonderful cause! I don't know when I have enjoyed a half-hour so thoroughly. Why, sir, with the exception of two, or at most three, you have symptoms of every disease in the medical dictionary. Please let me embrace you again, just to see if I can detect exocosis of the viscous membrane. Well, no,' he continued, with a slightly disappointed air, as he released me. 'I don't seem to find it, exactly, but would you mind coming round to my boarding-house, after tea, so that I can spend the evening osculating after it?'

He was so anxious to find that particular symptom, that I was very sorry to refuse him, but I had promised Sophia Ann that I would be home to tea, and I knew she would worry if I stayed, so I was obliged to decline. Seeing there was a lady in the case he very politely excused me, very much to my relief. 'Well, good-bye, my friend,' said he, as I took my hat to go. I wished it was so you could go to the war I would have you in my hospital in less than a month, and then I could examine you at my leisure. I am positive a little exposure would bring on those two symptoms I spoke of and then what a magnificent subject you would be? How I should like to dissect you! But, then, perhaps you don't feel like it, and if you don't I don't know as I can blame you much for preserving your wonderful organization as long as you can, so you just go into the next room and Captain Herrick will give you a furlough to go home and provide a substitute or pay your commutation Boy, call the next on the list!'

'But, sir,' said I, aghast at his concluding remarks, 'you don't pretend to accept me as able-bodied?'

'Really, my friend,' said he, 'the fact is, you have so many diseases, that I actually know which to specify. It won't do to say cranial disease, when it's your heart that is affected, and if I mention your heart, what's the use of your having consumption. But I know Dr. Cogswell will be pleased to receive your commutation fee, or if you will bring up a likely substitute I shall be delighted to examine him, and some day when we are both at liberty, I shall be most happy to have you call upon me! Hold! Just unbutton your coat for a moment. I must find that exo—"

But here I broke from his grasp, and stopping in the next room only long enough to procure my furlough, I started for the railway station, and never looked behind until I was safe in the arms of Sophia Ann and the children.

And now can anybody inform me where I can find a good, able-bodied substitute, warranted diseased in the head, heart, lungs, or legs, or all of them? To such a man I will give $300 cash down, or if prefered, at the rate of five dollars apiece for each symptom, and promise him in behalf of our Uncle Samuel, food and clothing for three years, together with medical attendance in proportion to the number and malignity of his disease.—*Haverhill Gazette.*

In good old times before the war, writes a friend in the lower regions, the candidates for office in this Southern country were accustomed to resort to strange dodges to conciliate the people and get their votes.

One of them, in the Old Dominion, while stumping the outskirts of his district, came early one morning upon a clearing where a solitary man was hoeing. Alighting from his horse, he took up an extra hoe standing by, and commenced working very vigorously, at the same time delicately hinting who he was, and for what purpose he had come.

The man, however, was obtuse, not seeming conscious of his visitor's design until the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, when he suddenly brightened up and said:

'Wa'll, I reckon you're mighty good at hoein', and if I was only ever in Old Virginny, I'd vote for you.'

The dismayed politician did not let the grass grow under his horse's feet till he was safely out of North Carolina, where he had labored hard all day for naught.

Military Necessity--A Happy Illustration.

When peace, with all its real and substantial benefits, smiles beneficently upon the people, then nothing is heard of that plea of all tyrants since the world began, "military necessity." But if designing and ambitious men influenced perhaps by foreign jealousy and innate ambition, after an effort of years succeed finally in disturbing the peaceful relations of their country, and bring trouble and distress upon the people, then be on your guard against their insidious wiles. They will tell of your wily foe; of his courage, his strength, his numbers. They will plot for your armies to be defeated, and your treasure wasted, for your young men to be destroyed and the whole people to be dissatisfied with their dreadful situation and gloomy prospects, and then they will tell you that "military necessity" dictates the surrender of the right of self government in order to defeat the foe. The old fable of the horse is quite apropos an an illustration.

Æsop tells us that the old horse finding the other beasts of the field unwilling to acknowledge him as their sovereign, applied to man for assistance in subduing his foes. Man immediately consented, and proceeded to put a saddle upon his back.

"Hallo!" cried the horse, "what is that for?"

"Oh, it will be necessary for me to get on your back and have the full control of you for a time, if I am to assist you," answered the man.

The next step was to put the bit into the horse's mouth, to guide him right, Man took a whip in his hand, fastened a pair of sharp spurs on his heels, and mounted.—The horse did not like the spurs, and objected, but was satisfied when told that it was all for his own good, and they would be used simply when he did not pursue his enemy fast enough. When man was mounted and the horse about to start on his career of conquest, a wise serpent addressed him as follows:

"You fool! why have you given up liberty thus? You were free, and now you have placed a master upon your back, and he can make you do whatever he pleases. Why submit to such despotism?"

"Oh you do not understand," replied the horse, "I placed power in his hands only for a time, that I may conquer my enemies; when that is done I can throw him off."

The serpent replied, "never! you have surrendered your liberty, man has obtained a seat upon your back, you have submitted to be saddled, bitted and bridled and so you will continue forever hereafter."

The horse laughed, and the man cried out, and plunged his spurs into the side of the horse:

"Don't listen to him, he's only a copperhead."

Just so it is now with the abolition administration. The saddle, the bridle, the spurs, the whip, are all ready. The people, apparently, stand quiet and ready to be mounted, whipped and spurred. Do not be deceived. "Military necessity" will fasten upon you an incubus of debt and taxation; military satraps will eat out your substance and destroy your children and finally, with a large standing army of a different race (negroes) they will enslave you. Be warned in time—*Jerseyville Union.*

Diabolism.

The St. Louis *Union*, (Republican), in speaking of the arrest of ex Provost Marshal Strachan, says:

"Strachan induced Gen. McNeil to shoot the ten guerrillas, in retaliation for the murder of an old man, about a year ago—It says: "In this transaction Strachan got himself into a serious scrape, for which he was a few days since indicted by the Grand Jury of Marion county. On the morning appointed for the shooting of these ten men, the wife of one of the men thus condemned to be shot, came to Palmyra with six little children, called upon Strachan, and told him her husband was condemned to be shot that day, and these were her children—that if her husband should be murdered she would be unable to support the children, and begged the inhuman wretch, with big tears in her eyes, to release him from the sentence.—Strachan at first refused, but the poor woman's importunities were so persistent that he finally told her if she would raise him $500, and permit him to use her, he would release her husband. The heart broken woman canvassed the town of Palmyra, and found that she could raise the sum of money required. Mr. Revely, of Lagrange, Mo., called at our office some days ago and told us he furnished $300 of the amount, and that he had Strachan's receipt in his pocket for it. The money was raised; Strachan pocketed it; compelled the poor heart broken, afflicted woman to submit to his hellish lust, and released her husband. For this crime against God, against law, against all the noble impulses and instincts of human nature, he has been indicted by the Grand Jury of Marion county.

The editor of the Union has since been arrested. Is it because of the publication of the above article?

Men Who Want the War to go on

All the abolitionists, who want slavery torn out root and branch even if the country is ruined want the war to go on, but they don't want to help.

All the Federal assessors, who make three and four dollars a day, want to help.

And the tax collectors who get ten per. cent on commutation money, want the war to go on if it takes every man—but themselves.

All the shoddy contractors, who have made princely fortunes by furnishing rotten clothing to the soldiers, want the war to go on—without them.

All ship owners, who sell the government rotten vessels, for double the cost of a good vessel, want the war to go on—for they can afford to pay $300.

All the cotton speculators, who go in cahoots with the generals to steal cotton, want the war to go on—until the cotton is all stolen.

All the knaves who sell old spavined, ring-boned and blind horses to the government at exorbitant prices, want the war to go on.

All the provost marshals and under strappers, who get so much a head for arresting Democrats, want the war to go on—without their assistance.

All the New England manufacturers, who got dividends of fifty per cent. want the war to go on—until all the poor men are killed off

All the railroads, who are growing rich by charging the government exhorbitant rates for transportation, want the war to go on—until the Government is bankrupt.

Lincoln and his cabinet, who hope to make their offices perpetual by the bayonet, want the war to go on.

But the people want the war stopped the first moment the constitution is vindicative, and those in rebellion evince a disposition to return to their allegiance.

From the N. H. Union.

Hired to be "Loyal."

When a man deserts the democratic party, he always claims to be a purer democrat than his fellows, and joins the abolitionists to illustrate it. In nine cases out of ten, these men are hired or bought with a price to be "loyal" and they generally chatter more or less loudly according to the price they are paid. A man who can get a brigadier or major general's commission is likely to be a very rabid 'loyalist," and is apt to indulge in the frequent use of such phrases as "copperhead," "traitor," "secessionist," &c., &c, towards his former associates. We have some of these poor devils in this state, but the Lord has been very merciful in his infliction on this score. The abolition leaders call them "war democrats," which measurably relieves the curse of political obliquity and treason, which is very merciful treatment of those recreant fellows. But their new associates, notwithstanding they pet and beslaver these men with praises, still hold them at their true value. We have a tribute to their favor from an Ohio abolition member of congress, Hon. A. G. Riddle.

In a speech of the 29th of September, speaking of the renegades, he said:

"Why who has injured democrats? Haven't we hired them to be loyal, and paid them in places and in honors for their patriotism? [He was too modest to add, and in money] Haven't we thrust by our own noble and unsoiled ones to make place for them? Was not the brave and sagacious and true man, now on his stand [Gov. Dennison] rudely pushed from the executive chair, that a scarred political foe, [the renegade Dod] might have his place," &c.

To this the Harrisburg post exclaims with great severity:

"What a volume of truth there is in this short extract? "Haven't we hired them to be loyal?" You are all hired you political renegades--bought up, every man of you, with a price, like cattle. So says one of your own party, a prominent man—a leader of your new associates; and he knew what he was talking about. You are, he said, the ignoble and soiled ones, for whom better men have been thrust aside. Poor debased wretches, despised but used. If you have any shame left there is but one course left for you to pursue—do as your prototype Judas, did—return the purchase money, and then hang yourselves.

A Big Inclination.

I was acquainted with a well disposed young gentlemen of large fortune, whose only fault was the habit of swearing—such a habit that he often declared he would give half his fortune to be rid of it.

This desire came to the ears of a quaker, who thereupon had an interview with young gentleman, and said;

'I can cure thee of that habit.'

Whereupon the youth caught hold of the Quaker's hand and gave it a hearty shake, saying:

'How can you perform the miracle?'

'I can tell thee. I see that thou art about my size; nobody will know thee; thou shalt come to my house, put on the cocked hat, the coat without buttons, the knee breeches, and the shoe-buckle; and thou shalt find that the strangeness of the dress will have such an effect upon thee when thou art going to talk, that it will restrain thee from swearing—as thou perhaps knowest, my friend, that we Quakers never swear.'

The young man cheerfully assented to the proposal, and accompanied the Quaker to his home, where, after changing his clothes, he took his departure in the garb of a Quaker, and went on his way rejoicing.

The period of the young gentlemen's tour elapsed and the Quaker, all anxiety, started to meet him. Having met him he said:

'Well, friend, how hast thou got on?'

'Very well,' replied the young man.

'Hast thou sworn so much with that dress on?'

The young man, rubbing the sleeves of his coat, replied:

'Certainly not; but I felt a—great inclination to lie!'

Joking on a "Tender" subject.

Secretary Chase started the other day with an armload of cranberry tarts, cologne water, and copies of his Treasury report, to distribute to the contrabands.

In passing the White House he saw the President sitting on a wood pile reading a newspaper!

'Hallo!' said Chase, 'What have you got there?'

'Yankee Notions. I like it. It's bully, especially the pictures. And,' continued the President, who had imbibed some of facetiousness he was reanding. 'I've got a nick name for you.'

'What is it?'

Why, your name is S. P. Chase, and I am going to call you Shinplaster Currency.'

The Secretary being a man of figures if not facts, did not calculate upon such levity, and thought it subtracted from the Presidential dignity.

He therefore called the joker's attention to the condition of the contrabands, and said that green seal champaigne and Havana cigars were needed for their relief.—He added that several of them had had too much broiled turkey and oyster sauce, and that they wanted roast duck and onions on the bill of fare.

The President averred that he had sent them plenty of duck, real canvass back.

'But,' said Chase, sulkily, 'the ducks were entirely too tough.'

'I'll tell you,' said honest old Abe, slily, 'how to make them tender.'

'How?'

'Just print their backs green, and green backs, you know, are a legal tender.'

The Secretary walked off in no very good humor.

Perpetual Motion.

A Western correspondent of Harper's Magazine gets off the following one:

'I was traveling in Virginia by stage, and spending the night at a country tavern, was greatly entertained by the talk of the stage drivers and others sitting by the bar-room fire in the evening. One old codger worked off a good thing.

When I was down to the fair, a good many years ago, there was a prize offered to one who would come nearest to making perpetual motion.

Well, all sorts of machines, of all shapes and materials, were fetched there and shown and the makers of them told how long they would run. As I was walking about among them I seen a sign over a tent—

'All who want to see perpetual motion, and no mistake, meet here and pay the admission fee, and went in.

Very soon a queer little man got up on a box that served for a platform and addressed the audience:

'Ladies and gentlemen, I am going to exhibit the most wondrfullest invention you ever seen. It has been running for full three years and if nobody stops it, it will run forever.

And here he unrolled a strip of paper.

'This is a printer's bill,' coolly continued he.

And he held it up to the gaze of the people, and they admitted that whether the bill was paid or not, they had been sold.'

Didn't Know Whether to be Union or Secesh.

The Louisville *Journal* tells this good story, under the heading, 'Mince Pies vs. Tracts.'

We heard a good story yesterday related by a German who was confined in one of the hospitals at Nashville, which proves conclusively that sick soldiers appreciate food for the stomach more than food for the mind.

A rebel lady visited the hospital one morning, with a negro servant, who carried a large basket on his arm, covered with a white linen cloth. She approached our humane friend, and accosted him thus:

'Are you a good Union man?'

'I ish dat,' was the laconic reply of the German, at the same time casting a hopeful glance at the aforesaid basket.

'That is all I want to know,' replied the lady; and, beckoning the negro to follow, she passed to the opposite side of the room where a rebel soldier lay, and asked him the same question, to which he very promptly replied:

'Not by a d—d sight.

The lady thereupon uncovered the basket and laid a bottle of wine, mince pies, pound cake and other delicacies, which were greedily devoured in the presence of the Union Soldiers, who felt somewhat indignant.

On the following morning, however, another lady made her appearance with a large covered basket, and she also accosted our German friend and desired to know if he was a Union man.

'I ish, by Got; I no care what you got; I bese Union.'

The lady then set the basket on the table, and our German friend thought that the truth availed in this case, if it did fail in the other. But imagine the length of the poor fellow's face when the lady uncovered the basket and presented him with about a bushel of tracts. He shook his head dolefully, and said:

'I no read English; and beside, dat rebel on te nother side of te house need dem so more as me.'

The lady distributed them and left.

Not long after came another richly dressed lady, who propounded the same question again to our German friend. He stood gazing at the basket, apparently at a loss for a reply. At length he answered her in Yankee style, as follows:

'By Got, you no get me dis time; vot you got mit te basket?'

The lady required an unequivocal answer to her question, and was about to move on, when our German friend shouted out.

'If you got tracts, I bese Union; but if you got mince pie mit pound cake unt vine I bese secesh like te tibel.'

Sick soldiers have little desire to read tracts when they are famished for the want of those little delicacies so conducive to the recovery of hospital patients. When our ladies visit hospitals with tracts, we would suggest the importance of accompanying them with a basket of provisions and they will be better appreciated.

A Yankee Device.

One of our peculiar, slabsided, gaunt Yankees lately emigrated and settled down in the West. He was the very picture of a mean man, but as he put himself to work in good earnest to get his house to rights, the neighbors willingly lent him a hand. After he had everything fixed to his notion, a thought struck him that he had no chickens, and he was powerful fond of sucking raw eggs. He was too honest to steal them, and too mean to buy them. At last a thought struck him—he could borrow. He went to a neighbor, and thus accosted him:

'Wal, I reckon you hain't got an old hen nor nothin' you'd lend me for a few weeks, have you neighbor?'

'I will lend you one with pleasure,' replied the gentleman, picking out the very finest in the coop, one that happened to desire to set.

The Yankee took the hen home, and then went to another neighbor and borrowed a dozen eggs. He then set the hen, and in due course of time she hatched out a dozen chickens.

The Yankee was again puzzled; he could return the hen, but how was he to return the eggs? Another idea—and who ever saw a live Yankee without one?—he would keep the hen until she had laid a dozen.

This he did, and then returned the hen and eggs to their respective owners, remarking as he did so:

'Wal, I reckon I've got as fine a dozen of chickens as ever you laid your eyes on, and they didn't cost me a cent, nuther.'

WHO SHOULD PRAY.—First of all, let Abraham Lincoln pray—that his marble heart may be softened—that the bitter curse inflicted by the wicked rulers may be removed—that 'the voice of Rachael for her children crying' may no longer disturb the startled air—that bloody war may cease, and that the angel of peace may once more spread its white wings over a sorrowing land bending beneath the heavy blow of national afflictions.

Let those around and near him pray—pray that their counsels may be free from partizan venom and malignant spite, that their actions may be governed by an honest zeal for the welfare of a prostrate country—that all fraud and corruption may be banished from their midst, and that they may be spared the fearful crime of having aided and abetted their country's ruin and woe.

Let all the country pray—pray that their priceless liberties may be preserved—that illegal arrests, unlawful banishments, and violations of personal rights may no longer prevail—that integrity may dwell in the hearts of their servants, and public virtue once again assert its sway in the high places of the government—that the crimes which have degraded the bad men in power may give place to official purity and rectitude—that wrongs may be righted, outrages redressed, arror rebuked, and that justice may again recalled to a land from whose borders she fled affrighted and dismayed, when the dark shadow of a coming despotism fell upon her pathway.

While at Berryville, Virginia, writes an army correspondent, we established our lines, and all persons residing within them and desiring to go beyond them were required to take the oath of allegiance. An intelligent 'contraband' wishing to go through, on learning the requisition, very innocently asked:

'What is de oath?'

'You must swear to support the Constitution,' replied the marshal.

'Why,' said Sam, 'I can't hardly support de ole woman, times is so drefful hard!'

The marshal let him pass.

ONE VOTE HARD TO GET.—At a late political barbecue the guest of the occasion announced, with a knowing look at the fair portion of his audience, that he was a candidate for nothing *except matrimony.*—An old gentleman in the crowd exclaimed, so that all the ladies could hear: 'Ah well, I reckon that you can be elected to that—*it takes only one vote.*' That one however, as some of our bachelor cotemporaries may be competent to testify, is sometimes hard to get.

Solemn Warning of American Statesmen.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.—It is important that the habit of thinging in a free country should inspire caution in those intrusted with its administration, to confine ourselves within their respective constitutional spheres, avoiding, in the exercise of the powers of one department, to encroach upon another. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all the departments in one and thus create, whatever the form of Government, a real despotism.—Washington's Farewell Address.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.—I see with the deepest affliction the rapid strides with which the Federal branch of our government is advancing toward usurpation of all the rights reserved to the States, and consolidation in itself of all power, foreign and domestic, and that, too, by constructions which, if legitimate, leave no limits to their power.—Jefferson's Works, by A. H. Washington, vol. 7, pp. 223, 293.

ANDREW JACKSON.—Each State has the unquestionable right to regulate its own internal concerns according to its own pleasure; and while it does not interfere with the rights of people of other States, or the rights of the Union, every State must be the sole judge of the measures proper to secure the safety of its citizens and promote their happiness; and all efforts on the part of the people of the State to cast odium on their institutions, and all measures calculated to disturb their rights of property, or to put in jeopardy their peace and internal tranquility, are in direct opposition to the spirit in which the Union was founded, and must endanger its safety. Motives of philanthropy may be assigned to their unwarrantable interference, and weak men may pursuade themselves for a moment that they are laboring in the cause of humanity, and asserting the rights of the human race; but every one, upon sober reflection, will see that nothing but mischief can come from these improper assaults upon the feelings and rights of others. Rest assured that the men found busy in the work of discord are not worthy of confidence, and deserve the strongest reprobation.—Jackson's Farewell Address, Washington, March 3. 1837.

HENRY CLAY.—Abolitionism! with Abolitionists the rights of property are nothing; the defficiency of the powers of the general government is nothing; a dissolution of the Union and the overthrow of the Government in which are concentrated the hopes of the civilized world, are nothing; a single idea has taken possession of their minds, and onward they pursue it, overlooking all barriers, reckless and regardless of all consequences.—[Speech of Henry Clay against the insidious policy of the Abolitionists.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—Through all the history of the contest for liberty, executive power has been considered a lion which must be caged. So far from being the object of enlightened popular trust; so far from considered the natural protector of popular right, it has been dreaded as the great source of its danger.—Works of Webster, vol. 7, p. 134.

PATRICK HENRY.—Is the requirement of the trial by jury and the liberties of the press necessary for your liberty? Will the abandonment of the most sacred rights tend to the security of your liberty? Liberty, the greatest of all earthly blessings! give us that precious jewel, and you may take everything else.—[Speech of Patrick Henry, on the Constitution.

DANIEL WEBSTER.—Free Speech is a home bred right, a fireside privilege. It has ever been enjoyed in every house, cottage and cabin in the nation. It is not to be drawn into controversy. It is as undoubted as the right of breathing the air and walking on the earth. It is a right which cannot be invaded without destroying constitutional liberty. Hence this right should be guarded and protected by freemen of this country with a jealous care unless they are prepared for chains and anarchy [—Great Oration of D. Webster on free speech in 1814.

ANDREW JACKSON.—The legitimate authority of the government is abund