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S. 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. 1tf Joliet, Illinois.

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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.

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Will attend promptly to all business intrusted to his care. Collecting, paying taxes, conveyancing, and all other business pertaining to his office.

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

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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. n22-1y

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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 Jaws 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 Freight and Valuables to all points of the country. Notes, Drafts and Bills collected, and proceeds returned promptly.
Joliet, July 13, 1863 nd-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 E. 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 taken 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 OPERATIONS.
Those who may employ him may be assured that all operations will be performed in a *neat, trusty* and *faithfull manner*.
Nov. 20, 1861. n24 tf

JOLIET CITY BANK.
F. L. CAGWIN, BANKER,
JOLIET, ILLINOIS.
☞ *Office Opposite the Post Office* ☜
RECEIVES Deposites, buys Gold and Silver, and uncurrent Money, Buys and Sells Domestic and
FOREIGN EXCHANGE,
and sells PASSAGE TICKETS from Europe and the Continent by Steamer and the famous
BLACK STAR LINE,
Makes collections in parts of the United States, Canadas and Europe.
☞ Negotiates loans on Real Estate, and for the sale and purchase of the same.
Joliet, March 24, 1863. n41-tf

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 of Books, in any desired style.
Jobs will be neatly executed and warranted.
Prices moderate.
WM. STAEHLE, Bookbinder.
Bluff Street, (one door north of the Gas Works,)
Feb. 17, 1863. Joliet, Illinois

20 BBLS MICHIGAN FLOUR (Buchanan Mills) White Wheat, at less than the Market price.
AT 45 BLUFF ST

$5,00 Reward.
STRAYED from the subscriber's farm in March last, a large red and white spotted cow, with a white face; large horns, and is seven years old.
Also, a large grey brindle cow, strayed in May last. The above reward will be paid for either by the subscriber,
B. U. SHARPE.
Joliet, July 21, n6-tf

From the Morning Mail.

WHAT THEN?

When of men a million more,
Bravely shall their life-blood pour,
'Till the land is red with gore,
What then?

When by battle and the raid
A million widows more are made,
Before the crimson tide is stayed,
What then?

When upon the Southern gale
Comes the orphan's feeble wail,
And cries for bread our ears assail,
What then?

When the cannon, sword, and brand,
Shall desolate the stricken land,
And silence o'er its brooding stand,
What then?

When the rebel's power shall cease,
And we like those of ancient Greece,
"A desert make and call it peace,"
What then?

When the city, town, and plain,
Crushed beneath a tyrant's reign,
Have no sufferer to complain,
What then?

When the tyranny of power,
O'er the country dark shall lower,
Of Freedom's death shall come the hour,
What then?

"JOHN MASON."

'What kind of people have you here?' I asked of one of my acquaintances, after becoming a denizen of the pleasant little village of Moorfield.

'Very clever people with one or two exceptions,' he replied. 'I am sure you will like us very well.'

'Who are the exceptions?' I asked. 'for I wish to keep all exceptions at a distance. Being a stranger I will wisely take a hint in time. It's an easy matter to shun an acquaintanceship; but by no means so easy to break it off after it is once formed.'

Very truly said. And I will warn you in time, of one man in particular. His name is John Mason. Keep clear of him if you wish to keep out of trouble. He is as smooth and oily as a whetstone; and, like a whetstone, abrades everything he touches. He's a bad man, that John Mason.'

'Who or what is he?' I asked.

'He's a lawyer, and one of the principle holders of property in the township. But money can't gild him over. He's a bad man, that John Mason, and my advice to you and every one is to keep clear of him. I know him like a book.'

'I'm very much obliged to you,' said I. 'for timely caution, and I will take care to profit by it.'

My next acquaintance bore pretty much the same testimony, and so did the next. It was that John Mason was not the right kind of a man, and rather a blemish upon the village of Moorfield, notwithstanding he was one of the principal property holders in the township.

'It it wasn't for that John Mason,' I heard on this hand, and 'if it wasn't for that John Mason,' I heard on the other hand as my acquaintanceship among the people extended. Particularly bitter against him was the first individual who had whispered in my ear a friendly caution; and I hardly ever met with him, but he had something to say about that John Mason.

About six months after my arrival in Moorfield, I attended a public meeting, at which the leading men of the township were present. Most of them were strangers to me. At this meeting I fell in company with a very pleasant man, who had several times addressed those present, and always in such a clear, forcible and commonsense way as to carry conviction to all but a few who carped and quibbled at everything he said, and in a very churlish manner. Several of these quibblers I happened to know. He represented one set of views and they another. He had regard to the public good; theirs looked, it was plain, to sectional and private interest.

'How do you like our little town?' said this individual to me, after the meeting had adjourned, and little knots of individuals were formed here and there for conversation.

'Very well,' I replied.

'And the people?' he added.

'The people,' I answered, 'appear to be a fair sample of what are to be found everywhere; good and bad mixed up together.'

'Yes. That, I suppose, is a good general estimate.'

'Of course,' I added, 'we find in all communities certain individuals who stand more prominent than the rest—distinguished for good or evil. This appears to be the case here.'

'You have already discovered, then, that even in Moorfield there are some very bad men?'

'Oh, yes! there's that John Mason, for instance.'

The man looked a little surprised; but remarked without any change of tone:

'So you have heard of him, have you?'

'Oh, yes.'

'As a very bad man?'

'Of course. You know him I suppose?'

'Yes, very well. Have you met with him?'

'No, and I never wish to.'

'You've seen him I suppose?'

'Never. Is he here?'

The man glanced round the room and then replied:

'I don't see him.'

'He was here, I suppose.'

'Oh, yes; and addressed the meeting several times.'

'In one of those sneering ill-tempered arswers to your remarks, no doubt.'

The man slightly inclined his head, as if acknowledging a compliment.

'It's a pity that such a man as this John Mason,' said I, 'often have wealth and some shrewdness of mind to give them power in the community.'

'Perhaps,' said my auditor, 'your prejudices against this man are too strong.—He's not perfect, I know; but even the devil is often painted blacker than he is. If you knew him, I rather think you would estimate him differently.'

'I don't wish to know him. Opportunities have offered, but I have always avoided an introduction.'

'Who first gave your character of this man?' he asked.

'Mr. Laxton,' I replied. 'Do you know him?'

'Oh, yes; very well. He speaks hard of Mason does he?'

'He has cause, I believe.'

'Did he ever explain to you, what it was?'

'Not very fully. But he gives him a general bad character, and says that he has done more to injure the best interest of the village, than any ten of it's worst enemies that exist.

'Indeed! that is a sweeping declaration. But I frankly own that I cannot join in so broad a condemnation of the man, though he has his faults—and no one knows them, I think, better than I do.'

The name of John Mason was associated in my mind, with everything that was bad, and I replied by saying that I was very well satisfied in regard to his character, and did not mean to have anything to do with him while I lived Moorfield.

Some one interrupted our conversation at this point, and I was very soon separated from my very agreeable companion.—I met him frequently afterwards, and he was always particularly polite to me, and once or twice asked me if I had fallen in with that John Mason yet; to which I always replied in the negative.

Careful as we may be to keep out of trouble, we are not always successful in our efforts. When I removed to Moorfield, I supposed my affairs to be in a very good way; but things proved to be otherwise—I was disappointed, not only in the amount I expected to receive from the business I followed in the village, but disappointed in the amount of money I felt sure of getting by a certain time.

When I first came to Moorfield, I bought a piece of property from Laxton—this business transaction made us acquainted—and paid cash down, one-third of the purchase money; the property remaining as security for the two thirds, which I was under contract to settle at a certain time. My first payment was two thousand dollars.—Unfortunately, when the final payment became due, I was not in funds, and the prospect of receiving money within five or six months, was anything but good. In this dilemma I waited upon Laxton, and informed him of my disappointment. His face became grave.

'I hope it will not put you to any serious inconvenience.'

'What?' he asked.

'My failure to meet the payment on this property. You are fully secured and within six months I will be able to do what I hoped to do at this time.'

'I am sorry, Mr. Jones,' he returned, 'but I have made my calculations to receive the sum due at this time, and cannot do without it.'

'But I havn't the money, Mr. Laxton, and have fully explained to you the reason why.'

'That is your affair, not mine, Mr Jones If you have been disappointed at one point it is your business to look at another. A contract is a contract.'

'Will you not extend the time of this payment?' said I

'No, sir, I cannot.'

'What will you do?'

'Do? You ask a very strange question.'

'Well, what will you do?'

'Why, raise the money on the property.'

'How will you do that?'

'Sell it, of course!'

I asked no further questions, but left him and went away. Before reaching home, to which place I was retiring, in order to think over the position in which I was placed, and determine what steps to take, if any were left to me, I met the pleasant acquaintance I had made at the town meeting.

'You look grave, Mr. Jones,' said he, as we paused, facing each other. 'What's the matter?'

I frankly told him my difficulty.

'So Laxton has got you in his clutches, has he?' was the simple, yet I perceived meaning reply that he made.

'I am in his clutches, certainly,' said I.

'And will not get out of them very easily, I apprehend.'

'What will he do?'

'He will sell the property at auction.'

'It will bring the claim under the hammer.'

'No. I suppose not, for that is really more than the property is worth.'

'Do you think so?'

'Certainly I do. I know the value of every lot of the ground in the township, and know that you have been taken in, in your purchase.'

'What do you suppose it will bring at a forced sale?'

'Few men will bid over twenty-five hundred dollars.'

'You can't be serious'

'I assure you, I am. He, however, will overbid all up to four thousand. He will, probably, have it knocked down to him at three thousand, and thus come into possession of a piece of property upon which he has received two thousand dollars.

'But three thousand dollars will not satisfy his claims against me.

'No. You will still owe him a thousand dollars.'

'Will he prosecute his claim?'

'He?' and the man smiled 'Yes to the last extremity, if there be hopes of getting anything.'

'Then I am certainly in a bad way.'

'I'm afraid you are unless you can find some here who will befriend you in the matter.'

'There is no one here who will lend me four thousand dollars upon the piece of property,' said I.

'I don't know of but one man who is likely to do it,' I was answered.

'Who is that?' I asked eagerly.

'John Mason.'

'John Mason?' 'I'll never go to him,'

'Why not.'

'I might as well remain where I am, as to get into his hands. A sharper and a lawyer to boot! No—no. Better to bear evils that we have, than to fly to others that we know not of.'

'You may get assistance somewhere else, but I am doubtful,' said the man and bowing politely passed on and left me to my own unpleasant reflections.

Laxton made as quick work of the business as the nature of the case would admit; and in a very short time the property was advertised at public sale. As the time for the sale approached, the great desire to prevent the sacrifice that I was too well assured would take place, suggested the *de neier resort* of calling upon Mason. But my prejudices against the man were so strong, that I could not get my own consent to do so.

On the day before the sale, I met the individual before alluded to.

'Have you been to see Mason,' he asked.

I shook my head.

'Then you have made up your mind to let that scoundrel, Laxton, fleece you out of your property.'

'I see no way of preventing it.'

'Why don't you try Mason?'

'I do not believe it would do me any good.'

'I think differently.'

'If he did help me out of the difficulty,' I replied, 'it would only be to get into a more narrow corner.'

'You don't know any such thing,' said the man, in a different tone from any which he had spoken, when Mason was the subject of our remarks. 'Think for a moment upon the basis of your prejudice, it lies mainly upon the assertions of Laxton whom your experience has proven to be a scoundrel. The fact is, your estimate of Mason's character is entirely erroneous.—Laxton hates him, because he has circumvented him more than a dozen times in his schemes of iniquity, and will circumvent him again, if I do not greatly err, provided you give him the opportunity of doing so.'

There was force in the view. True enough. What confidence was there to be placed in Laxton's words? And if Mason had circumvented him, as was alleged, of course there was a very good reason for detraction.

'At what hour do you think I can see him?' said I.

'I believe he is usually in about twelve o'clock.'

'I will see him,' said I, with emphasis.

'Do so,' returned the man; 'and may your interview be as satisfactory as you desire.'

At twelve precisely, I called upon Mason, not without many misgivings, I must own. I found my prejudices still stronger; as to the good results, I could not help feeling serious doubts. On entering his office, I found no one present but the individual under whose advice I had called.

'Mr. Mason is not in?' said I, feeling a little disappointed.

'O, yes. He is in,' was replied.

I looked around, and then turned upon the man's face. I did not exactly comprehended its expression.

'My name is John Mason,' said he bowing politely. 'So be seated, and let us talk over the business upon which you have called to see him.'

I needed no invitation to sit down, for I could not keep my feet if I had tried, so suddenly and completely did his words astonish me.

I will not repeat the confused blundering apologies I attempted to make, nor give his gentlemanly replies. Enough, that an hour before the time at which the sale was advertized to take place on the next day, I waited upon Laxton.

'Be kind enough,' said I, 'to let me have that obligation upon which your present stringent measures are founded.'

The man looked perfectly blank.

'Mr. John Mason,' said I, 'has generously furnished me with the funds necessary to save my property from sacrifice, and will take the securities that you hold.'

'Curse that John Mason,' ejaculated Laxton with excessive bitterness, turned away abruptly and leaving me where I stood. I waited ten minutes, but he did not come back. A suspicion that he meant to let the sale go on if possible, crossed my mind, and I returned to Mason who saw the Sheriff and had the whole matter arranged.

Laxton has never spoken to me since—As for 'That John Mason,' I have proved him to be a fast friend and a man of strict honor in every thing. So much for slander.—*American Model Courier.*

Walking on a Raft.

Mace Sloper, Esq., in the *Knickerbocker*, tells the following story:

There was a fellow once stepped out of the door of a tavern on the Mississippi, to walk a mile up the shore to the next tavern. Just at the landing there lay a big raft—one of the regular old fashioned whalers—a raft a mile long.

Well, the fellow heard the landlord say the raft was a mile long, and he said unto himself;

'I will go forth and see this great wonder, and let mine eyes behold the timber which the hand of man hath hewn.'

So he got on at the lower end, and began to ambulate over the wood in pretty fair time. But just as he walked up the river, it walked down, both travelling at the same rate. When he got to the end of the sticks, he found they were pretty near shore, and in sight of a tavern; so he landed and walked straight into the barroom he had come out of. The general sameness of things took him a little aback, but he looked the landlord straight in the face, and settled it in his own way:

'Publican,' said he, 'are you gifted with any twin brother, who keeps a similar sized tavern, with a duplicate wife, a comporting wood-pile, and corresponding circus bill, a mile from here?'

The tavern keeper was fond of fun, and accordingly said it was just so.

'And, Publican, have you, among your dry goods for the entertainment of man or horse, any whisky of the same size as that of your brothers?'

And the tavern man said that from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same, he had.

The two took drinks, when the stranger said:

'Publican, that are twin brother of yours is a mighty fine man—a very fine man indeed. But, do you know, I'm afeered he suffers a good deal with Chicago diptheria.'

'And what is that?' asked the toddy-sticker.

'It is when the truth settles so firm in a man that none of it ever comes out. Common doctors, of the catnip sort, call it lyin'. When I left your brother's confectionery, there was a raft at his door which he swore his life was a mile long. Well, Publican, I walked that raft from bill to tail, from his door to yourn. Now I know big time, an' I'm just as good for myself as for a hoss, and better for that than any man you ever did see. I always walk a mile in exactly twenty minutes on a good road, and I'll be busted with an overloaded Injun gun if I've been mor'n ten minutes coming here, stepping over the blamed logs at that.'

Careful of the Negro.

In the great 'Battle of the wilderness,' on the 6th ult., the New York *Tribune's* account says:

The negro troops of General Burnside, commanded by Gen. Ferrero, had been placed at the disposal of General Sedgwick, with the request that unless absolutely necessary, they should not be put into the fight.

The negroes remained within a mile and a half of the front during the entire day until dark, and were not brought into action.

This was the most fierce and desperate of the conflicts of the campaign, and was in fact a drawn battle. If we had a number reliable troops equal to that of the number of negroes thus kept idle, it might have been made a decisive victory.

Also, in 'Carleton's' account of the battle of the 16th, near Spottsylvania, describing Burnside's operations at an important crisis of the fight, he says 'the colored troops were not in the charge.'

So in General Bank's disastrous battle on Red River, we are told that the negro troops were not used.

Why was this? Are these blacks reliable? And if so, why were they not made to do their part in the bloody work?

These facts are significant. They show either that the officers incommand have no confidence in the negro troops, or that they are very careful of placing them in a position to be 'hurt.'

A gentleman gave up his seat in the cars to a lady, who accepted it without acknowledgment,

Standing a while, after the car moved on, he stooped over as is to listen and said her—

'What did you say, ma'am?'

'Nothing, sir,' was the reply of the startled lady.

'Oh, pray excuse me,' said he, 'I thought you said thank-ee!'

'Madam,' said a polite traveler to a tasty old landlady, 'if I see proper to help myself to this milk, is there any impropriety in it?'

'I don't know what you mean; but if you mean to insinuate that there is anything nasty in that milk, I'll give you to understand you've struck the wrong house. There ain't the first hair in it for as soon as Dorothy Ann found that the cit was drowned in the milk, I went right straight and strained it over.'

OUR MINISTER'S TRIAL.

BY REV. W. H. HAYWOOD.

A good man was our pastor, Rev. Thornton Haven, and one of no common eloquence. Our best—I had almost written good—church members loved him. I am sorry that a few, thorned by the words which fell from his lips when he endeavored to excite his brethern and sisters to

"A closer walk with God,"

regarded him with other emotions than the fruits of the spirit.

Like all other good men, he was carefully watched by those who would have been transported with fiend like delight could they have found a flaw in his conduct.

'Well! well!' said Mrs. Monroe, the wheel-wright's wife, to her husband, as they sat at the breakfast table one morning, 'suppose Mr. Haven did kiss Fanny Lawton. She was almost one of the family—what in the world was the harm?'

'But,' said the wheelwright, 'I don't believe that he did kiss her.'

'Fanny herself said he did,' replied the wife.

This seemed to be a clincher to Mr. Monroe. He deliberately wiped his face with his handkerchief, and with a downcast, thoughtful look, and much slower, pace than usual, went to his shop.

He had hardly taken his shave in his hand and began to apply it on an unfinished spoke before Deacon Brown came in.—The Deacon stood awhile chewing a small fragment of a shaving and talking about this, that, and nothing. Suddenly he said:

'Brother Monroe, have you heard about our minister?'

'Yes,' replied the brother.

Then there was not a word spoken for several minuets. The wheel-wright lustily worked on the spoke—the Deacon looked out of the window.

At length Mr. Monroe asked, in a low tone of voice:

'What is to be done?'

'Something must,' was the Deacon's answer, 'or the cause will suffer.'

And then he walked rapidly up the street.

'What is the story about Mr. Haven's improper treatment of young ladies?' asked the cynical lawyer Thompson of Woodward, the tavern keeper.

'What' said the mixer of cherry cobblers and drawers of strong beer, 'the parson is no better than others.'

'Have you heard of the saintly priest Haven's fall?' was the question of one infidel to another.

'Yes; just as I thought it would be ha, ha, ha!'

'Something must be done,' were the words of Deacon Brown, 'and that soon,' he thought, but did not speak

So from the wheelwright's he went to the house of another Deacon—Benton Johnson. He heard the story, and being an enemy believed it, and was determined to deal with the offender.

The deacon called upon the minister.—Deacon Johnson was spokesman. The story in full was that Mrs. Barnard, a grass widow—that is, a woman whose husband had heard, as she was passing the parsonage, Fanny Lawton say to one of the children, 'You lost a kiss from your father by not being in the house when he got home this afternoon from the lower village, and I got it.'

Mr. Haven denied ever having kissed the girl, and suggested that the deacons should write to Fanny, who was teaching school about twenty miles distant, and get at the truth of the matter.

The deacons did. They stepped into the minister's study and wrote. In a few days there came the reply.

'You ask me if on one occasion Rev. Mr. Haven gave me a kiss—where we were, and who were present. In answer I state; Rev. Mr. Haven did one afternoon, while I was staying at his house, and in the sitting room, give me a kiss. No persons but ourselves were present.

Deacon Johnson was elated, and immediately wrote to his wife's cousin a young candidate, that there would soon be a vacant parish where he, no doubt, could receive a call.

Deacon Brown was thunderstruck and disappointed. Fanny Lawton's word was not to be doubted—it was so plain a matter that there could be no mistake. Mr. Haven, after all, was a wolf in sheep's clothing. Still the minister denied the charge. He could not do such a thing without being aware of it, and knew that he had never kissed the girl, or any other girl but his wife, before marriage or since, in his life.

Deacon Johnson brought the entire matter before the church. He was excellent on such cases. The charge contained two distinct allegations.

1. Rev. Thornton Haven had been guilty of a great impropriety, which rendered it expedient that he should be dismissed from the pastorage

2. He had lied in the matter,

Fanny Lawton was sent for, and the church called together Rev. Solon Dickinson, the pastor of a neighboring church, was present to moderate the meeting.—The meeting house was filled. Every member of the church, but the old bedridden Polly Stearns, was present. The tavern was well represented. All the scoffers and scorners, within half a score of miles who could get there were in attendance.

The church meeting was duly opened. Deacon Johnson then brought forward his charges.

Fanny was called to testify. Her testimony was:

'One afternoon—I think it must have been early in March—three of Mr. Haven's children and myself were alone in the sitting room; their mother had gone to the sewing circle. Mr. Haven came into the house, from the other village; the children met him at the door which opens from the sitting room into the hall; as he came in they went out, and he gave each, as they met him a kiss—then coming in, gave me one.'

A painful silence followed Miss Lawton's testimony. At length, Deacon Johnson put the question:

'Did he close the door before he came into the sitting room?'

The answer was:

'I think he did.'

Had a pin fallen on the carpet, it would have been heard in any part of our large and beautiful sanctuary.

Then Mr. Haven rose up and said:

'Miss Lawton, what did you do with that kiss I gave you?'

'Here, it is,' said Fanny, holding up a species of confectionery sometimes called a kiss.

Then there was another pause, and silence that was oppressive. All were too much amazed, and either gratified or mortified and disappointed, to move. Most of those present held their breaths.

'Fanny,' said our blessed minister, 'did I ever kiss you?'

'No; never. I never said you did.'

So ended our minister's trial.

The following order, *verbatim et literatim* is said to have been received by an undertaker from an afflicted widower:

'Sur—my waif is ded, and Wants to be berried to morro. At wunner klok U nose wair to dig the Hole—bi the said ov my too Usher waifs—Let it be deep.'

Peace Question in the Rebel Congress.

On the 4th of May the following occurred in the House of Representatives of the rebel Congress at Richmond:

Mr. James M. Leach asked leave to make a personal explanation.

He noticed an article in the *Examiner*, making an attack upon the people of North Carolina in general, and those of his district and himself, in particular. After reading the article, he entered into a lengthy criticism upon it.

He said the rumors and charges against his people originated in the State; they came from a clamor gotten up by certain disappointed parties who had vented their spleen by grossly misrepresenting those who had received the support and the countenance of the people. It originated men who once denounced the present governor as a peace man and a traitor to the country.

Mr. L said he was a peace man—a peace man upon the principle of recognizing the independence of the Southern Confederacy. Said he was in favor of the appointment of commissioners to treat with the United States whenever they were willing to treat with us, as had been done in the revolutionary war.

He said the people of his district were as loyal and devoted to the Southern cause as those of any other in the Confederacy. He said they had sent to the army more men in proportion to their population than any other district in the South. That they had proved their devotion to the cause on almost every battlefield—had nobly fallen with "their feet to the enemy and their faces to the sky."

He was prepared to prove that there had been fewer desertions from the troops of North Carolina than from those of any other State in the South.

He said the views he entertained upon peace were the same that had been expressed by the Vice President of the Confederacy and many other distinguised men in the South.

He said that it was true that there was much opposition to the late act passed for the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, and since the publication of Mr. Stephens' speech it had much increased. He had intened himself to introduce a bill to repeal the late act.

He heard that the act had been passed for the purpose of suppressing public sentiment in North Carolina. If so, its object had been and would be defeated.—While the people of North Carolina were willing to make any every sacrifice for the honorable prosecution of the war, they would not quietly submit to the destruction of their rights and liberties.

Mr. J. T. Leach also rose to a personal explanation.

The article in the *Examiner* he had no doubt, alluded to him. He said he endorsed every word that had been said by his colleague. He said he was a peace man—for an honorable peace—peace that will do justice to those that commenced the war, and those who have sacrificed their all upon the altar of their country. He said he was a Southern man, and would stand by the rights of the 'Sunny South,' and was willing to make any proper sacrifice for its success.

But, he said, is it any discredit to a man to be in favor of peace? How are you to put an end to the war without negotiation, and how are you to negotiate without being in favor of peace?

Commissioners had been appointed in all wars we ever had to bring about the the cecession of hostilities and put a stop the shedding of blood.

He said we must lay aside all this spirit of villification and prejudice which seemed to fill the minds of persons on the subject. The people of North Carolina had been abused and villified more than those of all States of the South, and why was it? Was it because she had furnished so many thousand noble and true men, who had sacrificed their all the for cause?

He said it was true their was disloyalty there—a disloyalty that he was proud of—a disloyalty that is opposed to bad laws and worse administration. He said that the recent act suspending the writ of *habeas corpus* had created some disloyalty there.

Mr. Staples desired to ask the gentleman a question. 'Are you for peace on any other terms than that of independence of to the South?

Mr Leach, I am for peace on the basis of the independence of the South if it can be obtained; but if not, then I am for peace on the best terms we can get, short of subjugation. Is the gentleman satisfield?

Josh Billings' Prayer.

From too many friends, and from things at luce ends, Good Lord deliver us!

From a wife who don't luv us, and from children who don't look like us, Good Lord deliver us!

From snaix in the grass, from snaix in our boots, from torck-lite processions, and from all nuzum, Good Lord deliver us!

From jack pedlars, from young folks in luv, from old aunts without money, and from kolera morbis, Good Lord deliver us!

From wealth without charitee, from pride without sence, from pedigrees worn out, and from all rich relashuns, Good Lord deliver us!

From nusepapir sels, and from pils that aint fisick, from females who faint, and from men who flatter, Good Lord deliver us!

From virtue without fragrance, from butter that smells, from nigger kamp meetings, and from cats that are courtin, Good Lord deliver us!

From other folks sekrets, and from our own, from mormons, and megum's and wimmin committees, Good Lord deliver us!

From pollyticians who pra, and from saints who tipple, from rickoffee, red herrings, and all gras widders, Good Lord deliver us!

From folks who won't laff, and from them who giggle, from tite beets, easy virtue, and ram mutton, Good Lord deliver us!

LAZINESS.—Laziness in a bad disease, and like many other kinds, is often self imposed. In the case of many individuals, it is an inherent malady, and, consequently, hard to oust from the system. But it is often the case that this disgusting distemper is brought on persons by their own deliberate selfishness—by a vastly discreditable disposition to shirk the inevitable burdens incident to living a decent life.—Laziness of this kind is one of the cardinal sins, and should subject the obnoxious offender to the discipline of treadmill.—More particularly is laziness offensive to the young and healthy. To learn to work, and work cheerfully, is the central lesson of life. Begin to learn it early—eschew laziness as the most disgusting of all faults and one that will surely end in hopeless misery—for depend upon it, none can be so insensible to laziness as to be, in the end, incapable of suffering. Nature is, in the event of non-payment of her demands, a stern and merciless creditor. Therefore, boys and girls, keep square your accounts with her.

Many a fellow, who talks of laying down his life had much better elevate it.

A Roadside Colloquy.

'And so Squire, you don't take a country paper?'

'No, Major, I get the city paper on much better terms, so I take a couple of them.'

'But, Squire, the country papers often prove a great convenience to us. The more we encourage them, the better the editors can afford to make them.'

'Why, I don't know any convenience they are to me.'

'The farm you sold last Fall was advertised in one of them, and thereby you obtained a customer, did you not?'

'Very true, Major, but I paid three dollars for it.'

'And you made more than three hundred dollars by it.' Now, if your neighbors had not maintained the press and kept it ready for use, you would have been without the means to advertise your property But I think I saw your daughter's marriage in those papers—did that cost you anything?'

'No, but—'

'And your brother's death with a long obituary notice. And the destruction of your neighbor Rigg's house by fire. You see these things are exaggerated until the authentic accounts of the newspapers set them all right.'

'Oh, true, but—'

'And when your cousin Splash was up for the Legislature, you appeared much gratified at his defence—which cost him nothing.'

'Yes, yes; but these things are news to the readers. They cause the people to take the paper.'

'No, Squire Grudge, not if all were like you. Now, I tell you, the day will surely come when somebody will write a long eulogy on your life and character, and the printer will put it in type with a heavy black line over it, and with all your riches, this will be done for you as free as a grave is dug for a pauper. Your wealth, liberality, and all such things will be spoken of, but the printer's boy, as he spells the words in arranging the type to these sayings, will remark of you, 'Poor mean devil,' he is even sponging an obituary.'—Good morning, Squire.'

Everybody for Lincoln.

It is amusing to see accounts of little office holders and office pap suckers, too lazy or intemperate to obtain a living by honest labor, endorsing Lincoln and spouting much patriotism on street corners.—Their intense love for the President so earnestly exhibited reminds us of a little story, as Old Abe says:

A man was riding through a rough and ruin-marked country one day, when he saw a half starved, lazy, drunken, long fingered cuss digging like a dog at a hole in a bank.

Says he:

'Hallo, what are you up to stranger?'

'Me! Why I'm digging out a woodchuck.'

'Do you expect to catch him!'

'Catch 'im? Great God! (as Jim Lane says,) ther's no *expect* about it! It's wood chuck or starvation, for there ain't enough meat in the house to smell after it's spoilt, and I'm busted at all the groceries.'—*La Cross Democrat,*

'Well, Ann, have you consented to be the wife of Mr. White?'

'No, Sally, I didn't quite consent.'

'Why not? I think he loves you.'

'Yes, but he didn't pile up the agony high enough. When I give my hand to a suiter, I want him to call upon the Gods to witness his deep devotion to me. I want him to kneel at my feet, take one of my hands between both his, and with a look that would melt an adamantine rock to pity, beg me to take pity on his sufferings; and then I want him to end by swearing to blow his brains out on the spot, if I do not compassionate his miseries.'

'How do I look, Pompey,' said a young dandy to his servant, as he had finished dressing himself.

'Elegant, massa; you look as bold as a lion.'

'Bold as a lion, Pompey! How do you know? You never saw a lion.'

'O, yes, massa, I seed one down to massa Jenks,' in de stable'

'Down to Jenks,' Pompey? Why you abominable fool, Jenks hasn't got a lion; that's a jackass.'

'Can't help it, massa, you look just like him.'

THE MULTIPLICATION TABLE.—Bill S—is a good accountant, like all men will sometimes make mistakes, and in one of his bills figured up that '8 times 8 are 88.' The debtor was slow in discovering the mistake and demanded an explanation.—Bill examined the account and saw that he was 'down' but did not like to admit it; so, putting on a bold face, he said:

'That's all right.'

'How so?' was the inquiry.

'It's all owing to the inflation of the currency,' said Bill. 'the multiplication table, like everything else, has gone up!'

'Bill, I've been dabbling in real