THE JOLIET SIGNAL,
Published every Tuesday, on Jefferson Street Joliet Will County, Illinois.
C. & C. ZARLEY
Editors & Proprietors.

Terms of Subscription

At year, in advance,	$2 00
paid within the year,	2 25
not paid within the year,	2 50

Subscriptions for a period less than a year, will be rec'vd on terms proportioned to the above named rates
No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publishers
Letters must be pre-paid to insure attention.

JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY. JOLIET, ILLINOIS, JULY 12, 1864. VOL. 22 NO. 5.

Joliet Signal Rates of Advertising.

One Square, (10 lines or less) one insertion	$1 0
Each subsequent insertion	50
One column, twelve month	[illegible]
One " six "	[illegible]
Half " twelve "	40
" " six "	27
One Square, one year,	[illegible]
A card of 10 lines or less, one year,	[illegible]

JOB PRINTING

Job Printing of all descriptions will be neatly expeditious executed to order on liberal terms.
An assortment of blanks kept constantly on hand.
All orders for Advertising or Job Work must be accompanied by cash, unless some person known to the office becomes responsible for the same.

BUSINESS CARDS.

AUCTIONEER.

R. H. MAPPS, announces to the public that he has taken out license, and offers his services as auctioneer, and will attend sales for that purpose in this city and County, if required, Charges moderate. Orders promptly attended to. Postoffice address, Joliet. 32-1y

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 store. Residence opposite the Baptist Church.

WM. C. GOODHUE, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on Jefferson St., (over Mrs. Kavanagh's Millinery Store,) Joliet, Illinois. n9tf

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. 1-1y

W. W. STEVENS, Attorney and Counselor at Law, and General Land and Collecting agent. Collections promptly remitted. Office in Hawley's new Block, Joliet, Ill.

RANDALL & FULLER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW Joliet, Illinois. n17tf

McROBERTS & GOODSPEED, Attorney and Counsellors at Law, Joliet, Illinois. Office in Stone's Block.
J. McROBERTS F. GOODSPEED.

PARKS & ELWOOD, Attorneys, Counsellors, Joliet, Will County, Illinois. Office, North side of the public square, Jefferson St.
W. 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 over 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, Iroquois county, Illinois,

H. SNAFF, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Joliet, Will County, Illinois.

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

J. H. BAKER, 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 exclusive attention 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 of 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 other business pertaining to his office.

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

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

E. I. DUBOIS,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, ILL.

LIBERAL advance made to Farmers, who prefer to ship their grain to their friends in Chicago, or St. Louis. n22-1y

A. COMSTOCK,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND DEPUTY COUNTY SURVEYOR. Maps and Plats drawn to order. Offices in the Court House. dec16-n27

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 on East Joliet.

DENTISTRY.

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 Freight and 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. & T. 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 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 OPERATIONS.
Those who may employ him may be assured that all operations will be performed in a neat, trusty and faithfull manner.
Nov. 26, 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. 30, 1859 n244

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) Fall 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 gray brindle cow, strayed in May last. The above reward will be paid for either by the sub scriber.
Joliet, July 21, B. C. SHARPE. n5-tf

THERE IS NO DEATH.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore,
And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown
They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize,
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The frost leaves daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away—
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now in everlasting song
Amid the tree of life!

And where He sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint or vice;
He bears it to that world of light
To dwell in Paradise.

Born in that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear, immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless Universe
Is life—There are no dead!

THE TWO LETTERS.

My stay in New York had been prolonged far beyond my original intention when I visited that city, and I was pining to return to my native village, and to the arms of my dearest Julia, whom I hoped soon to make my bride. I had drunk deep of the cup of sorrow during my absence from her, and I looked forward with glowing anticipations to the time when we should meet to part no more.

At last my business took a favorable turn. There was no longer anything to detain me in New York, and I made hasty preparations for a departure to my native village. It was the evening before I designed to set out, that I wrote two hasty letters to prepare my friends for my reception.

The first of these epistles was to Julia. It ran thus:

"Dearest Girl:—I shall leave New York in the three o'clock train to morrow afternoon. In an hour from that time I shall be with you. I never knew how I loved you until my heart was tried by the test of absence; now I feel how devotedly, how truly I am your own. Oh! what joy it will be to meet with you once more! That will be the happiest moment of my life, except when I can, for the first time, call you my bride.

Yours till death,
FREDERICK."

The second letter was addrgessed to an old maid of my acquaintance, who had been like a sister to me, and to whom I was indebted for many little acts of kindness:

"My Dear Friend:—I write this in haste to inform you that I shall probably visit you some time to-morrow evening.—You see I don't want to find you unprepared, And I want you to treat me well, too, even if I do not call on you the first of any. Don't think my affection for you has in the least diminished, but you must know my affection for another has increased, and strong as are your claims upon me, her's are somewhat stronger. Now don't be jealous; for after I'm married, I shall be as true a friend to you as ever.

Sincerely yours,
FREDERICK."

Having finished both of these letters I sealed them with the same haste with which they had been written, fearing that they would be to late for the mail. Superscribing them in a hurried hand, I sent them to the postoffice, where they arrived just in time.

At three o'clock on the following day I was at the depot, and in the cars. I was too impatient for steam itself. I even believed the telegraph couldn't have transported me to the arms of my Julia soon enough to satisfy my impatience. I tho't that the cars moved slower than a mule, and thought at one time of getting out to run along ahead of them.

However, slow as I thought I was traveling, I arrived in good time in my native village. I did not stop to shake hands with a single soul, but hurried to meet my Julia. I arrived at her father's house. I expected to see her face at the window looking out for me, but it was not visible. However, I reflected that, like all women, she was coquettish, and avoided showing her pretty eyes at the window, just to tease. Yet I felt certain she would be looking out for me, and I have a distinct recollection of offering to bet fifty dollars with myself that she was peeping through the blinds at me, or from behind a curtain.

I ran up to the door and entered without knocking. I opened my arms, expecting Julia to jump into them, and supposed of course she would; but I shut them up again quick enough, when I saw the old lady approaching, not her daughter.

'Where's Julia?' I cried.

'Oh, she's gone—'

'Gone!'

'Yes.'

'For heaven's sake,' I gasped, 'tell me where.'

'I was going to, but you interrupted me,' said the old lady, crustily. 'She has gone to spend a few days with her cousins.'

I was thunderstruck, I concientiously believe that at that moment I was as white as a piece of parchment. At any rate, I could swear before any court that I felt very faint and weak.

'When did she go?' I faltered.

'About two hours ago.'

'Two hours ago! What! didn't she receive my letter?'

I was terribly excited. I felt that my eternal happiness depended upon the woman's answer. If Julia had gone to see her cousins when she knew I was coming—that I would be there that night—I felt that it would break my heart.

'Yes, I believe so,' drawled the old lady. 'I heard her say something about getting a note from you—that she expected you to call here to-night.'

It was enough. My heart was a heap of ruins! Oh, the faithlessness, the fickleness, the heartlessness of woman! All that has been said of her is but flattery; she is a serpent in angel's form! Oh, deception! oh, despair—my unutterable woe, when I learned that Julia was gone—gone when she knew I was coming—and blame me not for giving vent to my feelings in such expressions as these.

I thought I should be very scrupulous about swearing to anything that took place the next half hour after my heart received that heavy blow. One thing I am sure of, I left the house and got into the street, but whether I ran there, staggered there, or was carried there by my friends, I could not conscientiously affirm. The first I heard from myself, I was approaching the door of my friend, the old maid, and she was running out to meet me. This probably brought me to my senses.

I was past being surprised at anything that may happen, else I should have tho't it a little strange that Lucy should throw herself into my arms, and offered me her lips to kiss. As it was, feeling the need of sympathy, I embraced her warmly, exclaiming:

'Dear Lucy, you're the only true friend I've got.'

'Oh, I hope not,' she replied 'But I am glad you think I am a true friend to you, for I am.'

'And you will always be?'

'Always, Frederick! Oh, and we shall be so happy!'

'What does she mean?' thought I.

'We shall be so happy, dear Frederick,' she repeated; 'I know we shall. The truth is, my dear, I have long loved you—in secret—hopelessly; but after receiving such a dear, affectionate letter from you——'

'What?' I cried, starting in wonder.

'Why, after receiving such a dear, good letter,' said Lucy, 'I am so happy that I must tell you all my heart. When we are married, Frederick——'

'I am dreaming,' thought I.

'We shall have this pleasant event to talk about, won't we?' Why you can't think how surprised and delighted I was to receive your letter. I laughed over it, and cried over it; and if I have read it once I have read it fifty times.'

'Then it seems,' she continued—so happy that I was fairly provoked with her—'it seems that absence has taught you how much you love me.'

I was stupified—thought I was insane—couldn't understand one word Lucy said. Meanwhile she unfolded the letter. Then—then I understood it all. I uttered a scream that was scarcely human—it was so wild—and eagerly snatched the letter. It was the letter I sent to Julia.

Yes; then I understood it all; I had made a mistake in superscribing the letters, and Julia had got Lucy's, while Lucy had got Julia's. And Lucy had been flattered with the hope and belief that I loved her, while Julia—poor girl!—believed I was about to marry her. This was the cause of Lucy's tenderness; this was the cause of Julia's visiting her cousins

I laughed; I danced: I dare say I cut up every manner of silly capers which a man ought to be ashamed of. And Lucy all the time staring at me as I before stared at her. This thought brought me to my senses.

'A mistake,' I stammered—'this letter—I wrote in a hurry—put the wrong name on the back—sent yours to Julia—and Julia's—this one—to you!'

I shall never forget the old maid's consternation. She understood what I wished to say—she saw the error in its true light. I tho't she would sink through the floor, but she had hold of the door latch, and that probably sustained her. At that moment my conscience bit me a severe cut and made me smart. How I cursed my carelessness, which had been the cause of so much mischief. I made a hurried apology, but I did not stop to see if Lucy fainted, or to have the pleasure of holding a smelling bottle to her nose, in case she should sink into that interesting state.

I thought of Julia. I flew to make an explanation. It was three miles to her aunt's house, but I was, there in a trifle over three minutes. Puffing like a steam engine, I asked to see her, and was shown into a room where she was alone. She regarded me with so cold a look that I am sure it would have chilled me through—made an icicle of me, perhaps—if I had not been so hot running. I threw myself at her feet. She started back—it might have been because her hand touched my face, which was burning like a coal.

'Dear Julia,' I sighed.

I panted, I suppose; but sighed is the better word.

'Well, sir,' said she coldly.

'Don't scorn me; I'll make it all right. It's only a mistake.'

'What?'

'Why, that letter——'

'That letter, sir, was a very friendly one,' I am sure. Indeed!' added Julia, bitterly, 'I feel quite flattered by your confidence in me, in making known your intentions to marry. I hope you will get a good wife, sir; hope you will be happy——'

'Julia, Julia!' I cried, in agony, 'I say it's all a mistake. That letter was not meant for you.'

Julia's assumed coldness, indifference had vanished in a moment. Then she looked at me.

'It wasn't for you,' I repeated. 'I wrote that to Lucy Mathews—put the wrong name on the back. Here's the letter I wrote to you'

I gave her the one I had snatched from Lucy. She read it eagerly. She saw the mistake, and burst into tears of joy. The next moment we were locked in each other's arms. I was intensely happy. But in an instant the bright heaven of my love was clouded. I thought of Lucy.

'What shall I do?' I cried. 'She tho't the letter was addressed to her, and believed I loved her. What a mistake!—What shall I—what ought I to do?'

'Go to her at once,' said Julia, 'and make a full explanation and a suitable apology.'

I followed her advice. I met Lucy on the threshold.

'Not a word,' said she, laughing. 'I don't need any apology from you; you have not done any great damage to my old maid's heart. I received your letter; I was not so foolish as to think you meant all those pretty tender things for me.—But I meant to punish you for your carelessness, by making you think you had done a world of mischief. Ha! ha! ha! how silly you did act.'

I was willing that Lucy should laugh at me; it made me feel more easy, for I knew that I deserved it. I pouted a little, however, and strove to look dismal, until she repeated what she had said about our being so happy when we were married, which caused me to echo back her laugh with a hearty ha! ha! ha!

Reader, I didn't marry Lucy, but I did make abride of Julia, as soon as I could get her parents' consent.

On the very evening of my marriage, the old maid whispered in my ear, with a saucy laugh, and a mischievious twinkle of her eyes, 'how happy we shall be when we are married, Frederick!'

DONE BROWN.—A swell from the city, who was spending an evening in a country tavern, cast about him for some amusement. Feeling secure in having possession of the most money, he made the following offer:

'I will drop money into a hat with any man in the room. The one who holds out the longest shall take the whole and treat the company.'

'I'll do it,' said an old farmer.

The cockney dropped in a quarter, the countryman followed with a bungtown copper.

'Go on,' said the cockney.

'I won't,' said the farmer, 'take the whole and treat the company.'

Snuff is a dollar a pound, yet people still continue to thrust it up their noses.

MARY OF MEDICIS.

Or, The Last Stroke of Fortune.

Twenty years ago an old house was still standing in Cologne, which showed to the street a frontage of five small windows.—It was the house in which the first painter of the French school, the immortal Rubens, was born, a. d. 1577. Sixty years later from this date, the ground floor was occupied by two old people, a shoemaker and his wife. The upper story which was usually let to lodgers, at the time we write of. Two, however, occupied the garrets. The evening was cold and wet, and the shoemaker and his wife were sitting together in the room below.

'You had better go up stairs again,' said the man to his wife, 'and see how the old lady is. The old gentleman went out early, and has not been in since. Has she not taken any thing.'

'It is only half an hour since I went up stairs, and he has not come in. I took her some broth up at noon, and she hardly touched it, and I was up again at three; she was asleep then, and at five she said she would not want anything more.'

'Poor lady! This time of year, and neither fire nor warm clothes, and even not a decent bed to lie on; and yet I am sure she is somebody or other. Have you noticed the respect with which the old gentleman treats her!'

'If she wants anything it is her own fault. That ring which she wears on her finger would get her the best of everything.'

Then came a knock at the door, and the women admitted the man they had just spoken of, whose grizzled beard fell down on his tarnished velvet coat. The hostess sadly wanted to have a little gossip with him, but he passed by, and bidding them a short good night, groped himself up a steep and crooked starcase. On entering the chamber above a feeble voice inquired the cause of his long absence.

'I could not help it,' he said. 'I have been copying manuscript, and as I was on my way here, a servant met me who was to fetch me to raise the horoscope of two ladies who were passing through; they were ladies whom I have known before—I thought I could get a little money to pay for some samples which will be of service to you.'

'I am cold.'

'It is fever cold. I will make you something which you must take directly.'

The flame of a small tin lamp sufficed to heat some water, and the patient having taken what the old man provided, was diligently covered up by him with all the clothes and articles of dress he could find. He stood by her motionless till he perceived she was fast asleep, and indeed long after; he then retired into a small closet, and sought repose on the hard floor.

The next morning the lady was so much better that her attendant proposed that she should leave the house for a moment or two, and he succeeded in getting her forth as far as the Place St. Cecilia. It was seldom that she left the house, for notwithstanding the meanness of her dress, there was that about her carriage which rendered it difficult to avoid observation.

'Do you see that person yonder?' she said suddenly. 'If I am not much mistaken, it is certainly the Duke of Guise.'

The stranger's attention had also been attracted, and he now approached them.

'*Parbleu!*' said he, 'why that is Mascali. What, are you married?'

'He does not know me,' sighed the lady.

'I must indeed be altered.'

Mascali had, however, whispered a single word in the Duke's ear, and he started as if struck by a thunderbolt; but instantly recovering himself, he hastily uncovered his head, and bowed nearly to the ground.

'I beg your forgiveness,' he said; 'but my eyes are growing so weak, and I could so little expect to have the honor of meeting you——'

'For the love of God, name me not here? A title would be too strong a contrast with my present circumstances. Have you been very long in this place?'

'Three days. I am on my way from Italy. I took refuge there when our common enemy drove me forth and all my earthly goods.

'And what are your advices from France? Is the helm still in the hands of that wretched caitiff?'

'He is in the zenith of his power.'

'See, my lord duke, your fortunes and my own are much alike. You are the son of a man, who, if he had not too much despised danger, might well have set the crown upon his own head, and I, once the queen of the mightiest nation of the universe—and now both of us are alike. But adieu,' she said suddenly, and drawing herself up, 'the sight of you my lord duke, has refreshed me much, and I pray that fortune may once more shine upon your steps.'

'Permit me to attend your majesty to——'

A slight color tinged the lady's features as she answered with gently commanding tone.

'Leave us, my lord duke, it is our pleasure.

Guise bowed low, and taking the lady's hand he pressed it reverently to his lips. At the corner he met some one to whom he pointed out the lady and then he hastened away.

The next morning a knock at the door announced a person inquiring for Monsieur Mascali, she had a small packet for him, and a billet. Inside this was distnectly written:—

'Two hundred *louisdors* constitute the whole of my present fortune; one hundred I send for your use.

GUISE.'

And the packet contained a hundred louisdors. The sum thus obtained sufficed to supply the wants of the two old pair two long years. But the last louis had been charged, and the lady and her companion were still without friendly succor. The shoemaker and his wife had undertaken a journey to Aix la-Chappelle, to take up some small legacy. It was on the 13th of February, 1642. A low sound or moan might have been heard issuing from the garret; a withered female form, more like a skeleton than a thing of flesh and blood, was lying on a wretched bed of straw in the agonies of death. The moans grew more indistinct; and a slight rattling in the throat was at length the only audible sound, and this also ceased. An hour later, an old man, dressed in rags and tatters entered the chamber. A word only had escaped his lips as he tumbled up the falling staircase: 'Nothing! Nothing!' He drew near the bed listlessly, but in a moment he seized an arm of the corpse with an almost convulsive shudder, and letting it suddenly fall, he cried: 'Dead, dead, of hunger cold and starvation!'

And this lady was Mary of Medicis, wife of Henry IV. Queen Regent of France, mother of Louis XIII., of Isabella, Queen of Spain, of Henrietta, Queen of England, of Christiana, Dutchess of Savory, of Gaston, Duke of Orleans—dead of hunger, cold and misery! And yet Louis XIII., the cowardly tool of Richlieu, his mother's murderer, is still called the 'Just!'

If you want enemies, excel others; but if you want friends, let others excel you.

Friendship often ends in love; but love in friendship never.

The Girls in my Day.

Not the girls of eighteen hundred and sixty-four, who jump at once from bibs to ball dresses; but the girls of '*my day*,'' as old ladies say, and I know I ought to be an old lady' and I am only waiting for my hair to turn gray before I stop jumping down three stairs at a time' and clapping my hands when anything delights me

Yes, in "my days girls were girls; and did not think a coiled silk dress more appropriate for school wear, than a clean, nicely-fitting calico; nor did they run out of school in recess to the nearest confectioner's to get a pocket full of candy and poisonous fruitdrops, to munch in school hours, to spoil their appetite and digestion; nor wear long ribbons, streaming from their hair, or rings, or bracelets, or gold watches; but instead—shilling calico; and learned less Spanish and more sewing; and women-teachers, kindhearted, but of iron will, who would stand on girl-nonsense or evasion. The talk of girls in my day was not of "beaus and the opera," but their dolls—yes, you may laugh—their dolls; which I played with, well pleased, until I was fifteen years old, and with whom I had long conversation about matters nearest my childish heart, outpouring all my griefs and joys, and going to sleep cheek to cheek with those my silent but steadfast friends. Learning the dexterous use of the needle in the manufacture of their little ropes and under garments, which were one day to be exactly re-produced for dolls not quite so silent; but I did not think of that *then*; no—I only knew that I wanted somebody, if Fever became too big to play with dolls (which I doubted), to whom I could talk as freely and who would listen to me as patiently as they did. There were little boys among my playmates, to be sure; but it was not the custom then to talk to little girls in pantalettes about their "beaux;" so that we played together without any thought of sex; and when a little boy who used to come and see me Saturday afternoon and sit on a log in the woodshed, pouring into my apron a store of three-cornered nuts and raisins, I threw my arms around his neck and kissed him as heartily as if he had worn a frock, and told him that my doll had another baby, and that it was a boy, and that it was to be christened next Saturday.

At that age, in eighteen hundred and sixty-four, I should have been promenading Broadway in a flounced silk, with an embroidered pocket-handkerchief dangling at the ends of my kid gloves, and a French bonnet on the back of my head' declaring that I was "so bored!" As it was, I coasted down hill on the boys' sleds, making fearful havoc with my pantalettes; climbed fences like a cat, rolled over and over in the snow, and took a simple supper of bread and milk, and went to bed without a single thought of what I should wear the next day.

These recollections often come to me now, when I meet flocks of school-girls with their jaunty hats and feathers and embroidered dresses, and I wonder are they any happier than I was then; when no policemen stood guarding over the mud-puddles that I had to skip across on my way to school. When, if I fell, I had to "jump up and take another:" when the word 'headache' was unknown to me, and I didn't wait for plain dinner till three o'clock in the afternoon when school was dismissed; when there were no long lesson to study out of school; but instead, plenty of time to jump, and run, and climb, and "slide," and play at snow-balling, and in short, to earn for ourselves good constitutions, and that terrible modern bugbear of a name—*romp!*

All that is poured into a vase after it is full runs to waste. In other words, after twelve o'clock, when the cheeks of school-girls flush and their heads begin to ache, I wouldn't give one penny for all they learn.

FANNY FERN.

An Unkind Tear.

When I used to tend store at the "Regulator," in Syracuse the old man comes round one day, and says he—

"Boys, the one that sells the most 'twixt now and Christmas, gets a vest-pattern."

May be we didn't work for that vest-pattern! I tell you there were some tall stories told in praise of goods just about that time; but the tallest talker and the one that had more cheek than any of us was a certain Jonah Squires, who roomed with me. He could talk a dollar out of a man's pocket when the man had intended to spend only a sixpence; and the woman—Lord bless you—they just handed over their pocket-book to him and let him lay out what he liked for them.

One night Jonah woke me up with. "By Josh, old fellow, if you think that ere's got any cotton in it, I'll bring down the sheep it was cut from and make him swear his own wool! 'Twont wear out either—wore a pair of pants that kind o' stuff myself for five years, and they're as good now as when I first put 'em on! Take it at thirty cents, and I'll say you dont owe me anything. Eh! too dear? Well, call it twenty-eight cents. What d'ye say? Shall I tear it? All right, it's a bargain"

I could feel Jonah's hands playing about the bed-clothes for an instant, then rip! tear! went something or another, and I hid my head under the blankets, perfectly convulsed with laughter, and sure that Jonah has torn the sheet from top to bottom. When I woke up the next morning I found—alas, unkindest tear of all—that the back of my night-shirt was split from tail to collar-band!

Buying a Wife.

Speaking of marriage, recalls a talk with our dragoman on our way to the ancient Pyramids.

"Well, Mahomet,' said I to him, 'I see all the women have their faces covered; how do you manage the matter when you think of getting married? Didn't you ever see your wife's face till she was your wife.'

'No, sir, not till I was married; but when I thought that perhaps I should like to marry her, I sent my mother or my sister, you know, to see her; and if my mother or my sister tell me she have a big neck, or an ugly face, or is too fat, or is deformed, or is not any good looking, then I don't marry her, you know. But if they tell me her good looking, and is all right, then I ask her father if I may have her, you know.'

'But what about her own consent? Did any body ask that?

'Oh, no compal her. If her not willing, her father not force her, you know.'

'That's all right, certainly; what price is usually paid?'

'Oh, not always the same; hundred pounds, fifty pounds, twenty pounds, ten pounds—different prices, you know.'

'How much, for example, did you pay for yours.'

'Twenty pounds.'

'Well, what do you think about it; did you make a good bargain?'

'He?'

'Do you think now that she was worth as much as that?'

At this he shrugged his shoulders in the peculiar way common to Germans, Italians, and some Orientals.

'Oh, didn't care for the money; it's my religion, you know to pay for my wife; and I pay twenty pounds.'

I had quizzed him sufficiently, and the desired information was obtained.

Why Mr. Lincoln should not be Re-elected.

A correspondent of an eastern paper gives the following reasons why Mr. Lincoln should not be re-elected.

1st. He is at heart a secessionist. On January 14th, 1848, he made a speech in Congress, in which he said: "Any people, any where, being inclined and having the power, have a right to rise up, and shake off the existing government and form a new one that will suit them better."

2d. He has violated his pledge to the people. In July 1861, Congress passed a resolution, which was adopted by him, in these words: "That this war is not waged in any spirit of oppression, or for any purpose of conquest or subjugation, for the purpose of overthrowing or interfering with the rights or established institutions of the States, but to maintain the supremacy of the constitution."

3d. He has violated the constitution which he took a solemn oath to support, in ways without number. His emancipation proclamations which he has issued, he himself acknowledged he had no power to to do.

4th. He has suspended the *habeas corpus* in States where there was no necessity for it.

5th. He has caused to be arrested and imprisoned citizens for expressing their candid opinion as to the acts of the Administration, without allowing them a trial by jury, and has afterwards discharged them without attempting to produce any charges against them.

6th. He has muzzled the mouth and the press in a more arbitrary manner than any despot in Europe.

7th. He has prolonged the war for the purpose of collecting a great army to aid and assist him to a re-election as President, by the point of the bayonet.

8th. He has sent armies to Florida and Louisiana for the purpose of organizing new States for the purpose of voting for him for the next President—and by so doing twenty thousand men have lost their lives.

9. He has squandered millions upon millions of the public moneys to colonize and support the negroes and has no sympathy for the white soldiers who are slain by thousands in the army.

10th He has organized an army of negroes and forced them from plantations, where they could have raised food for the army and have supported their families who are now starving and dying.

11th He has initiated a system of extravagance and corruption in the conduct of the war which will, sooner or later, overthrow our government.

12th. Before he was elected he declared himself against the election of a President for the second term. He has violated this pledge, and now says that it was all a joke.

13th. Being suddenly raised from the common walks of life to the highest honor in the gift of the nation, he became vain and puffed up, and keeps a corps of soldiers as a body guard which no other President ever did.

14th. He has set a set of fanatics and shoddy contractors and all kinds of speculators for his advisers, and they flatter him, which pleases his vanity, and makes him think he is the greatest man in the world. He will soon wake up and find in all these things a joke, and honest Old Abe will go down to posterity a great joker and nothing more.

An Officer's Blunder.

An army correspondent writes:

Lieutenant K——, of our regiment, is dismissed, and has gone home, but he will be long remembered by the man, he was so sociable with them, and always good natured in style of address. It was, 'How are you, my good soul?' or 'my good fellows,' on all occasions. He was a man of considerable rim, but his education was poor, and he sometimes made laughable blunders in conversation, partly through ignorance, and partly through carelessess. For instance? While our regiment was steaming over the bar, at S——, he accosted the captain of the boat with:

'Well, captain, are we going to get safely over the bar with this tide?'

He was answered in the affirmative.

K—— now looked over the rail at the water, and asked:

'How many *furloughs* deep is this water, captain?'

Some of our boys, who came from the same town with K——, tell the following story of him:

K—— was walking down the street one evening, when he met a friend, who accosted him with:

'I shall expect to see you at the levee, at the ball, to night.'

'Oh, yes; I am going,' answered K——.

'That's right,' said his friend; 'and be sure to bring a lady with you.'

'Well, I will go home and *insult* my wife, and if she won't go, I will get a—*mantitute*.'

It is perhaps needless to say that K—— meant to consult his wife, and if she could not go, he would get a substitute.

Reverses of Fortune.

How many thousand females who once cherished the expectation of filling a splendid station in life, have been reduced to the necessity of exerting themselves to gain a subsistence!

You all are probably acquainted with such; you may, perhaps, have heard it remarked of them that their trials have rendered their characters more interesting and valuable, by throwing them upon their own resources.

Those of you who now enjoy prosperity may have no fear that your situations will ever change; you may not conceive the possibility of suffering those reverses which you have witnessed in others.

But riches are proverbially fleeting; a storm at sea may wreck the freighted vessel, on which families depend for wealth; fire may consume property; the failure of others may involve; the channels of trade may be turned; manufacturing interests may decline, or landed estates may sink in value; upon these and a thousand other chances does the uncertain tenure of worldly wealth depend.

Let those who set themselves up above others because they have more of the goods of this world, remember these things.

Good for Evil.

'Mama,' said little Annie, 'please give me *two* apples for lunch. I want to give one to Jane Wood.'

'Certainly, my dear; but why do you want to give Jane Wood one,' said her mother.

'Because, mama, she *stole* one out of my basket yesterday, and I want her not to be any more, for our teacher told us that if we are sincere in praying, 'Lord lead us not into temptation,' we should not only keep out of the way evil ourselves, but try to keep others from being tempted; and I think if I give Jane an apple she will not be tempted to steal.'

The apple was given, and a little while after Jane said to Annie, looking very penitent:

'Won't you please to take this apple back again? I suppose it is mine now, as you kindly gave it to me, and I want to pay the one I stole from you yesterday.

Jane never stole again. Annie's kindness cured her.

A Buffalo Hunt.

An Idaho emigrant, who left this city last April, in a letter to one of our citizens give the following account of his first buffalo hunt after reaching the plains:

"Dear C——: I can think of nothing that would interest you more than the history a recent day's hunt.

Early in the morning D—— and myself left the company to hunt buffaloes, mounted on two of our best horses. The day was very warm and we rode until ten o'clock when we came to a river, and upon examining our map found that it was Wood River, and was ten miles off the road.

Here we dismounted and quenched our thirst—and pleasanter water I never drank. We sat on the bank some time, resting our horses and watching a flock of antelope that were quietly grazing near by. Not wanting to kill antelope that day we did not disturb them. It was buffalo we were after that day and nothing else

After resting sufficiently we mounted our horses and started up the river. We had not traveled far when we came upon a large buffalo that not been killed a great while, which gave us encouragement. But we rode on about ten miles farther without seeing fresher signs. On consulting our guide-book we found we were nearing the road.

By this time we were almost famished for something to eat and drink. But with spirits clear down, about four o'clock in the afternoon, what should greet our eyes on rising a hill but a drove of buffalo grazing leisurely along. They were about a half a mile distant and had not discovered us. We got off our horses and let them rest.

During this time the buffalo started across to the Platte for water. This pleased us for we knew that we would have them on the Platte Valley, a level piece of land about three miles wide. When they reached the valley, we mounted our horses and started after them on a walk. They soon discovered us and turned and broke for the hills. We put spur to our horses to get between them and the hills and my horse being the best runner I distanced my comrade and got ahead of them first. But they did not change their course and came charging right at me. And a more vicious set of looking villians I never saw, with long shaggy heads. I was not in a very safe place and D—— thought I was gone up, sure. But I was not frightened and when they came near enough I fired both barrels of my trusty rifle at them, wounding one of them severely. This made an opening in their ranks and they passed on each side of me. I undertook to draw my revolver but my horse was so scared that I could not. Meanwhile D—— shot and wounded one, and then rode along side of another and fired at it with his revolver. We pursued them but seeing that wounded ones would not go far we slackened our pace. After running some distance farther the one I had wounded laid down. We loaded our rifles again and D—— got down the gulch where the buffalo had disappeared and I went around to get ahead of him. D—— soon discovered him and fired at him with both barrels of his rifle. He came thundering past me and I fired at him but it only seemed to accelerate his speed and he soon fled out of our sight.—We went in search of our game and entering a deep gulch with high banks we had not went far before I, being in the lead at the time, unexpected espied a few paces from me rushing from some bushes