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

Terms of Subscription

One 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 charged on terms proportioned to the above named rates.
No subscription will be discontinued until all arrears 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, AUGUST 2, 1864. VOL. 22 NO. 8.

Joliet Signal Rates of Advertising.

One Square (10 lines or less) one insertion	$1 00
Each subsequent insertion	75
One column, twelve months	[illegible]
One " six "	[illegible]
Half " twelve "	[illegible]
" " six "	[illegible]
One Square, one year,	[illegible]
A card of 6 lines or less, one year,	[illegible]

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Job Printing of every description will be neatly expeditiously executed to order on the usual terms.
An assortment of blanks kept constantly on hand.
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BUSINESS CARDS.

AUCTIONEER.

R. H. MAPES, 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. 33-1y

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 Ware. Residence opposite the Baptist Church.

WM. C. GOODHUE, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office on Jefferson St., (over Mrs. Havard'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 E. Blackman's Drug Store, opposite the Court House. Residence on Jefferson st. corner of Eastern Avenue. 1tf Joliet, Illinois.

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. n17t

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

PARKS & ELWOOD, Attorneys, Counselors, Joliet, Will County, Illinois. Office, North side of the public square, Jefferson St.
G. S. 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. Gray'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. SNAPP, 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. RECCE, 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 afternoon of each day to that branch of his profession.

DR. A. B. MEAD, has removed his Office over E. M. Gray'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. E. 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. Office 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 in 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. & 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. Order 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. (n23-1y)

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 n24t

JOLIET BOOKBINDERY.
THE undersigned will bind all kinds of Books, in any desired style.
Music 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.
Joliet, July 21. B. U. SHARPE. n5-tf

MIDNIGHT VOICES.

Who has not dreamed, in slumber's hour,
That voices o'er him stole—
That came with more than music's power,
Communing with his soul!
Who has not felt the whispered tone
Of fond devotion near;
The murmur of a name well known,
Of tones and voices dear!

Who has not known, in slumber's spell,
The rapturous delight
Of loving words that on him fell,
Like angels hands at night?
The visioned life apart from this,
But half retained at morn;
The more than earth's allotted bliss,
So long in memory worn!

Oh, in the calm and solemn night,
Folded in slumber's pall,
What words of love, and looks of light,
Upon the sleeper fall!
Beings that love us, watching near—
Angels, that claim our love—
Friends that on earth were all too dear,
Whose home is now above,

Could we retain each whispered tale
Breathed in our sleeping hours,
'Twould sweetly smooth life's thorny vale,
And strew our path with flowers.
Then angel voices, breathing low
Their sweet and loving strain,
With perfect joy would fill us so,
We should not mourn again.

PERIL ON THE YARD ARM.

Among the crew of the 'Maxwell,' a merchant ship bound to San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, there was one of those tall, quaint looking, raw-boned individuals, who generally come under the designation of backswoodsmen.

Here, then, on shipboard, Bill Slings was decidedly out of his proper element. It seemed as though he would never learn the ropes, blocks, and many little intricacies that certain to a full rigged merchantman. Hence the many and serious blunders he made both below and aloft, to the great indignation of Captain Blake, and the amusement of the foremast hands.

'Oh, you infernal lubber!' the skipper would roar out, shaking his fist at him, 'I'd just like to feel of that head of yourn with a handspike, and see what it's made of,' to which Bill would sometimes reply in the following style:

'Look here, cap'n, I consider myself a free and civilized critter, and must be treated accordin'; so don't you go to fellowing me up with your cusses and shakin' of fists. I never was used to it, and it won't do me a speck of good. I can tell ye. As to feelin' of my head with a handspeck it wouldn't convert me nuther, for, laying phrenogies aside, I reckon you'd find it purty tuff arter all.'

Then, in a towering rage, which only the colossal proportions and fearless eye of the backswoodsman could keep within bounds, the captain would order him to take a hammer and knock the rust off the anchors, or sweep the decks with a broom, which would be cheerfully performed by Bill without the slightest suspicion on his part that the captain was overworking him.

But in attempting to overwork our powerful shipmate, it soon became evident that the captain suffered more than his intended victim, as with his prodigious strength of body and quickness of movement the backswoodsman so easily performed the multitude of tasks imposed upon him that the commander was continually harassed in his efforts to invent new schemes to keep him busy.

'Catch me taking such a lubber in my ship again,' the skipper would frequently say, addressing his mate, 'he isn't fit for anything, and I can't think for the life of me, what to put him at next. But we must put him to work somehow or other.—Can't you think of nothing?'

'Send him aloft to tar down,' said Mr. Gumbs, the mate.

'No, no,' said the captain, 'he'll spill all the tar on the deck, and dirty the planks, which we made him scrub so clean the other day.'

'All the better,' said Gumbs, 'for we can make him scrub 'em over again, and there's two nice little jobs you can see—the tarrin' and the scrubbin'—to say nothing of the chance it will give you to cuss him.'

'Glorious!' said the captain. 'Gumps, you're the man!'

'I'm the man,' replies Gumps, and turning upon his heel he sings out:

'You Bill Slings get a tar bucket and tar down that fore rigging.'

'Aye, aye, sir.'

'And mind that you don't spill any of the tar,' added the captain, winking at Gumbs, who winked back again.

'If it isn't agin the bounds of human nature, I won't,' replied Bill, as he mounted, tar bucket in hand.

Presently, as the captain and his mate had foreseen, the black drops began to descend in little showers upon the deck.

Then the former walked forward, and looking up at Bill, poured forth a torrent of curses—laughing all the time in his sleeve, and turning around to wink at his mate. Suddenly one of those winks was stopped in the midst of its career by a drop of tar falling into his eye, and then he swore in earnest.

During the whole of the next day, and the day following, Bill was kept steadily at work scrubbing and scouring the decks, which trek, when finished, was followed by another devised after the same manner as the foregoing.

Thus it was that the officers of the 'Maxwell' managed to keep poor Slings continually employed at something, while they unanimously declared that he was good-for-nothin.

In due course of time, the ship arrived at San Francisco, where she remained about two weeks, and was ready to sail for the Sandwich Islands. An addition had now been made to our number, in the person of a travelling showman, together with three wild animals, consisting of a leopard, tiger, and a wild cat, which he carried with him, and was anxious to display to the good people of Honolulu.

As there was no other convenient place for the cages in which the animals were closely confined, the were placed as far aft as possible, and securely lashed down to prevent their being washed overboard in a gale of wind. The aspect of each of the prisoners with the bristling hair, glaring eyes, and sharp rows of teeth, was savage enough. It was the opinion of Bill Slings which he frankly expressed to the showman, that they didn't have more than half enough to eat.

'And I'd warn ye, stranger,' he added, pointing toward the cage, 'to keep a good lookout on them, and fix up those doors a little, or else the critters will be breakin' loose some of these fine days and creatin a mighty rumpus. Them doors ain't set in as they ought to be—'specially the one where the catamount is.'

But the showman gave Bill a contemptuous glance, saying, 'that he knew what he was about, and that he (Bill) need not concern himself.'

Three days out from San Francisco, we were overtaken by a violent gale of wind which caused us to stow away every rag with the exception of the close reefed topsail and top gallant sail. Rolling and pitching violently among the heavy seas, the ship's motion greatly discomposed the showman's animals, and made them unusually furious. They dashed themselves against the bars of their cage, gnashing their teeth, and uttering savage growls, which mingled strangely with the howling of the gale and the roaring of the ocean.—As night set in they grew much worse, until the noise became demonical. By this time the gale had somewhat abated, but the clouds had turned to a pitchy blackness, and a heavy thunder storm was now raging around us. The night, save when relieved by flashes of lightning, was one of intense gloom, and what with the creaking of the ship's timbers, the loud, sharp crashes of thunder, the roaring of the still turbulent sea, the dying shrieks of the gale, and the howling of the wild animals, we might have indulged in the fancy that we were in the infernal regions rather than on board the ship 'Maxwell.'

'Bill Slings,' said the captain, as the rain began to descend in torrents, 'get the buckets and bang them up to catch water.'

With his usual alacrity the backwoodsman was obeying the command, when an unexpected roll of the vessel caused the captain to lose his balance and slip—his head coming in violent contact with one of the buckets that Bill was in the act of raising. Without pausing to reflect that the fault of the accident lay in himself, the skipper, in a fit of ungovernable rage, lifted his foot and dealt our shipmate a furious kick in the side; but the next moment he found himself lying in the lee scuppers, to which place he had been sent by a powerful blow from the fist of the one on whom he had so unjustly vented his anger. Picking himself up, he roared out in a voice hoarse with rage:

'Mutiny! mutiny! Officers, seize that man. Pound him—kick him—trample him under foot!'

But, grasping a hatchet lying upon the carpenter's bench, the backwoodsman placed his back against the weather rail and vowed that he would cleave the scull of the first man who attempted to lay hands on him. Perceiving that his officers did not dare to make the assault, the captain despatched his son, a lad of fourteen, to bring him up the double barrelled gun that was lying, ready loaded, in his stateroom. The boy obeyed, and returning soon placed the weapon in his father's hands. Pointing it at the head of Bill Slings, the skipper roared out:

'Give up that hatchet and surrender, or you are a dead man.'

At this critical moment a crash was heard in the after part of the vessel, and the next moment a wild cry of terror from the lips of the captain's son, as he sprang into the main rigging and began speedily to ascend, pursued by the catamount, which had at last succeeded in bursting open the door of her cage. All this had occurred so suddenly, that the boy and his pursuer had disappeared in the darkness aloft ere the captain could recover his presence of mind. Armed with such weapons as were nearest at hand, a few of the men had already leaped into the rigging and speeding up the ratlines as fast as their encumbered hands would admit.

'Oh, God! my son—my son—save him!' cried the excited parent, as a sudden flash of lightning revealed to his sight the form of his boy in the top mast shrouds, with the fierce animal a few feet below him. It was plainly evident that the catamount would reach her prey ere the men could succeed in attacking her, as the sailors had not yet got near the top.

Another flash of lightning, and the sharp crack of the captain's rifle, hastily pointed in the direction of the beast, rang out upon the gale, mingling with the terrific crash of thunder which burst forth simultaneously with the report. But looking in vain for the descending form of the animal, and perceiving that he had missed his mark, uttered a cry of such heart rending anguish, that, notwithstanding the late quarrel, they had, the noble heart of Bill Slings thrilled with pity as he listened to him.

Having discharged but one barrel of the instrument another yet remained loaded and the captain felt that the next shot would decide the fate of his son, for it was plain that ere he could have time to reload after his second fire, the boy must be torn to pieces by the savage beast, if indeed this had not already taken place.

Elevating his piece, he anxiously waited for another flash, but when that flash came he did not fire. He had seen his son clinging to the extreme end of the top gallant yard arm far up aloft, while the catamount was but a few paces from him, making frantic efforts to extricate one of her hind legs from a rope in which it had become entangled. So close to each other were the animal and her prey, that the anxious father had not dared to discharge his piece, held moreover by hands which shook from excitement—lest the shot should strike his boy instead of the animal for which it was intended.

'Cap'n,' said Bill Slings, at this juncture, 'you just give me that rifle of yourn, and I'll fix the critter in no time. I'm an old hand at the business, and could hit the varmint if he war twice as high. Them paws of yourn shake so, it's no wonder you couldn't fetch the catamount.'

There was something in the behavior of the backwoodsman to inspire confidence at once, and the captain allowed him to take the weapon from his hands. He was fearfully excited, and his whole frame shook like an aspen.

Bill had scarcely elevated his piece when another flash of lightning illumined the ship, and a wild exclamation of anguish burst from the captain's lips, as he beheld the ferocious beast disengage himself from the rope and make a spring toward the boy. But the exclamation was almost drowned in the report of the rifle discharged by the backwoodsman at the same moment. Then a wild, piercing cry went up amid the storm—a cry like that of a human being—and something dark was seen as it descended through the gloom, and fell with a loud splash into the sea.

The captain's face grew pale as death—so pale that we could see it flash out distinctly through the darkness.

'That cry,' he gasped, laying his hand on Bill's shoulder, 'was human. Oh, God! Wretch, wretch, you have killed my son!'

Bill did not answer.

With outstretched neck, he gazed steadily upwards, as though he would pierce the gloom which shrouded the yards from sight.

'Has this shot struck the beast or the captain's son?' was the question shouted to the men aloft. The wind howled, the thunder crashed, the sea reored, and the ship's timbers cracked dismally—but there came no answer. The suspense was fearful. The captain groaned, and then staggered against the rail, while Bill's face grew as white as a sheet. We could hear his big heart thumping against his bosom. The question was repeated the second time.

'All right!' came from the lips of the men aloft.

'All right, father, I'm safe,' from the lips of the boy, and a few minutes afterwards he leaped to the deck and was clasped to the neck of his parent. Having thus vented his first gush of joyous feelings, the captain stepped up to Bill and, clasping him by the hand, said:

'Bill, I feel that I have wronged you—I now ask your forgiveness for all that has passed—for every harsh word that I have uttered against you—for every needless task that has been imposed on you through my instruction. I have said that you were good-for-nothing. I declare to all hands that you are the best man in the ship; and from this moment a truer friend to you than Capt. Blake does not exist.'

The Captain kept his word; and, as the result of kind treatment, before the end of the voyage, a better seaman than the noble-hearted Bill Slings never walked the deck of any ship.

How to Make Farming More Attractive.

1. By less hard work. Farmers often undertake more than they can do well, and consequently work too early and too late.

2. By more system. The farmers should have a time to begin and stop labor. They should put more mind and machinery into their work. They should theorize as well as practice, and let them both go together. Farming is healthy, moral and respective. The farmers should keep good stock and out of debt. The farm is the best place to begin and end life, and hence so many in the cities and professional life covet a rural home.

3. By taking care of health. Farmers have a healthy variety of exercise, but to often neglect cleanliness, omit bathing, eat irregularly and hurredly, sleep in all ventilated apartments and expose themselves to cold. Nine-tenths of the human diseases arise from colds or intemperance. Frequent bathing is profitable, so is fresh air, diliberation at the dinner table and rest after a meal.

4. By adorning the home. Nothing is lost by a pleasant home. Brooks, paper, pictures, music and reading should all be brought to bear upon the indoor family entertainment; and neatness, order, shrubbery, flowers and fruits should harmonize all without. Home should be a sanctuary so happy and holy that children will love it. Woman delight in it. There would be less desertation of old homesteads if pain were taken to make them agreeable. Ease, order, health and beauty are comparible with farm life, and are ordained to go with it.

The Price of Paper.

The Troy *Times* in the course of a scathing article on the speculators who are running up the price of paper, takes occasion to say: 'The price of paper has been more than double, and yet the demand is made for still heavier impression upon us. At the enormous prices now exacted no newspaper can be sustained at anything like present subscription rates; the business will be ruined, publishers improverished, and the means of intelligense so far restricted as to deprive a large proportion of our people of the instruction of the press.' It is confessed by the large and richer newspapers, that the price of white paper has already risen to a point which exhausted their pofits; and the further advance must lead to an increase in their subscription rates unless they are willing to suffer daily constant loss in their business. The sheet which the reader holds in his hands, commands in the market as it comes from the paper mill, as much as the receipts to us after it is printed and sent out bearing the labor of editors, news-gatherers, telegraphers, compositors and pressmen. Yet the manufactors and speculators insists that higher prices must rule.

Diplomatic Doctor.

Some years ago a celebrated doctor, a great admirer of music, was visiting the South, and was petted in society. A fashionable lady friend of his had two pretty daughters, who had just finished their education at a 'boarding school' in Philadelphia. Our friend, the doctor, was invited to dine and hear the girls play upon the piano. He was asked for his favorite tune, and he requested the fair performer to play Duke of York's March. It was performed, but with such grand flourishes and variations that he saw or heard but little or any of Duke of York's March in it. He was again asked for his preference. Thinking that he was misunderstood in the first instance, he again said, in a little louder voice, 'Duke of York's March, madam?' It was again performed as at first, but he still could not make it out his favorite, the Duke of York's March. Upon being called upon the third time, he spoke very loud: 'Duke—of—York's—March!'

'Why, doctor,' replied the lady, 'the Duke of York's March has been played twice for you.'

'Well, well,' said the doctor, with great coolness, 'the young ladies have played it so well I would be delighted to hear it a third time!'

PATRIOTIC DRINKING.—A 'loyal' man came to town the other day, got a little heavy about his head, and fearing he might be suspected of drinking too freely, apologised to a crowd of bystanders in the following eloquent and patriotic language:

'Now I ax you fellers who's the best citizen, him as supports the Government, or him as dosen't? Why him as does in course. I support Govenment, fellers—every man as drinks supports Government. That is if he drinks taxed liquors. Every blessed drop of licker he swallows is taxed to pay them big officers at Washington and support the war. 'Spose all was to quit drinking, why the war would stop and the Government fall—it couldn't help it on how. That's the very reason I drinks. I don't like grog—I mortally hates it. If I followed my own inclenation, I'd rather drink butter milk, or ginger pop, or soda water. But I lickers for the good of my country, to set an example of loyalty, wirtuous self-denial to the rising generation.'

AN 'OFF-HAND' JOKE.—A sturdy sergeant of one of the Massachusetts regiments being obliged to submit to the amputation of his hand, surgeon offered to administer chloroform as usual; but the veteran refused, saying, 'if the cutting was to be done on him he wanted to see it,' and laying his arm on the table, submitted to the operation without a sign of pain except a firmer setting of his teeth as the saw struck the marrow. The operator as he finished looked at his victim with admiration, remarked:

'You ought to have been a sergeon, my man.'

'I *was* the next thing to one before I enlisted,' said the hero.

'What was that?' asked the doctor.

'A butcher!' responded the sergeant with a grim smile, which despite the surroundings communicated itself to the bystanders.

THE RING AND THE ROPE.—A lady not remarkable for either beauty, youth or good temper, went for advice to a Mr Arnold as to how she could get rid of a troublesome suitor.

'Oh marry him,' he advised.

'Nay, I would see him hanged first.'

'No, maden' marry him as I said to you I'll assure you it will be but a short time before he will hang himself.'

RICH PRESENTS.—The mother of the Viceroy of Egypt has brought many rich presents, on her visit to Constantinople to the Sultan and the Court. Conspicuous amongst them is a superb diadem of diamonds and other precious stones, valued at £60 000, and a single ring—diamond—valued at £15 000.

Artemus Ward on Matters and Things.

NEW YORK, June 26.

The woodent and conyseer must have noticed and admired in varis parts of the United States of America, large yeller handbills, which not only air gems of art in themselves, but they troothfully set forth attractions of my show—a show, let me here observe, that contains 'many livin' animals, every one of which has got a Beautiful Metal.

These handbills is sculpt in New York, & I accordily repair here to get some more on 'em.

I bein' here, I tho't I'd lesson a Address to the public on matters and things.

Since last I meyandered these streets, I have lite all over the Pacific Slope and Utah. I com back now, with my virtue untarnished, but I've got to get some new clothes.

Many changes have taken place, even during my short absence, & sum on um is Sollum to contemplate. The house in Varick street, where I used to board, is bein' torn down. That house, which was rendered memorable by my livin' into it, is 'parsin' away! parsin' away!' But some of the timbers will be made into canes, which will be sold to my admirers at the low price of one dollar each. Thus is changes goin' on continsirly. In the New World it is war—in the Old World empires is totterin & dysentaries is crumbling.—These canes is cheap at a dollar.

Sammy Booth, Dusne street, sculps my handbills, & he's a artist. He studied in Rome—State of New York.

I'm here to read the proof-sheets of my handbills as fast as they'er sculpt. You have to watch these ere printers pretty close, for they'er as apt to spel a word rong as anyhow.

But I have time to look round sum, & how do I find things? I return to the Atlantic States after an absence of ten months, and what State do I find the country in? Suffice it to say, I do not find it in the State of New Jersey.

I find some things that is cheerin, partic'ly the reeolve on the part of the wimin of America to stop wearin furrin' goods.

I never meddle with my wife's things. She may wear muslin from Greenland's icy mountains, and bombazeen from Injy's coral strands, if she wants to; but I'm glad to state that superior woman has peeled off all her furrin clothes and jumpt into fabrics of domestic manufacture.

But, say sum folks, if you stop importin things you stop the Revenoo. That's all right. On the same principle young men should continue to get drunk on French brandy, and to smoke their liver as dry as a corn cob with Cuby cigars, because 4-sooth if they don't, it will hurt the Revenoo! This talk about the Revenoo is of the bosh, boshy. One thing is tol'bly certain—if we don't send gold out of the country we shall have the consolation of knowing that it is in the country. So I say great credit is doo the wimin for this patriotic move—and to tell the trooth, the wimin generally know what they're about. Of all the blessings they're the soothinists. If there'd never bin any wimin, where would my children be to day.

But I hope this move will lead to other moves that air just as much needed, one of which is a general and therrer curtailiment of expenses all round. The fact is we air gettin ter'bly extravagant, & onless we paws in put mad career, in less than two years, the goddess of liberty will be seen dodgin into a Pawn Broker's shop with the othe. green dess up in a bundle, even if she don't have to Spout the gold stars in her head-band. Let us all take hold jintly, and live and dress centsibly, like our forefathers, who know'd moren we do if they want quite so honest. (Suttle goaken.)

There air other cheerin signs. We don't for instans, lack great Gin'rals, and we certainly don't lack brave soljers—but there's one thing I wish we did lack, and that is our present Congress.

I venture to say that if you sarch Godlemity's footstool all over with a ten horse power mikriscope, you won't be able to find such another pack of poppycock gabblers as the present Congress of the United States of America.

Gentlemen of the Sentit & of the House, you've sot there and draw'd your pay and made summer complaint speeches long enuff. The country at large, incloodin the undersigned, is disgusted with you. Why don't you show us a statesman—sumbody who can make a speech that will hit the popular hart right under the great public weskit? Why don't you show us a statesman who can rise up to the emergency, and cave in the emergency's head!

Congress, you won't do. Go home, you mizzerble devils—go home!

At a special congressional lection in my district the other day, I delibritly voted for Henry Clay. I admit that Henry is dead, but inasmuch as we don't seem to have a live statesman in our national Congress, let us by all means have a first-class corpse.

And now, with a genuine hurrar for the wimin who air goin' to abandin furrin goods, and another for the patriotic everywhere. I'll leave public mateers and indulged in a little pleasant family gossip.

My reported captured captur by the North American savijis of Utah, led my wide circle of friends and creditors to think that I had bid adoo to earthly things, and was an angel playin on a golden harp.—Hents my rival home was onexpected.

It was 11 P. M., when I reached my homestid and knockt a healthy knock on the door thereof.

A nightcap thrusted itself out of the front chamber winder. (It was my Betsy's nightcap.) And a vois sed:

'Who is it?'

'It is a man!' I answered in a gruff vois.

'I don't b'leave it!' she sed.

'Then come down and search me,' I replied.

Then resumin my nat'ral vois, I sed, 'It is your own A. W., Betsey! Sweet lady, wake! Ever of thou!'

'Oh,' she said, 'it's you, is it? I thought I smelt something.'

But the old girl was glad to see me.

In the mornin I found that my family were entertainin' a artist from Philadelphia, who was there paintin some startlin waterfall and mountains, and I morning expected he had a hankerin for my oldest dauter.

'Mr. Skimmerhorn, father,' sed my dauter.

'Glad to see you, sir,' I repliede in a hospitle vois, 'Glad to see you.'

'He is an artist, father,' said my dauter.

'A whichist?'

'An artist. A painter.'

'And glazier?' I askt. 'Are you a painter and glazier, sir?'

My dauter and wife was mad, but I couldn't help it, I felt in a comikil mood.

'It is a wonder to me, sir,' sed the artist, considerin what a wide-spread reputation you have that some of our Eastern managers don't secure you.'

'It's a wonder to me,' said my wife, 'that somebody don't secure him with a chain.'

After breakfast I went over to town to see my old friends. The editor of The Bugle greeted me cordially, and showed me the follerin article he'd just written about the paper on the other side of the street:

'We have recently put up in our office an entirely new sink, of unique construction—with two holes through which the soiled water may pass to the new bucket underneath. What will the hellhounds of The Advertiser say to this? We shall continue to make improvements as fast as our rapidly increasing business may warrant. Wonder whether a certain editor's wife thinks she can palm off a brass watch-chain on this community for a good one?'

'That,' says the editor, 'hits whar he lives. That will close him up as bad as it did when I wrote an article ridicculing his sister, who's got a cock-eye.'

A few days after my return, I was shown a young man, who says he'll be dam if he goes to the war. He was settin on a barrel, & was indeed a loathsum object.

Last Sunday I heard Parson Batkins preach, and the good old man preached well, too, tho' his prayer was rather lengthy. The editor of the Bugle, who was with me, said that prayer would make fifteen squares solid nonpariel.

I don't think of nuthin more to write about. So 'Be love you if all those endearing young charms,' etc., etc.

A. WARD.

Disloyal.

Is it disloyal practice to refer to the exploded right of trial by jury?

It is very disloyal.

Is it disloyal to refer to the size of Old Abe's feet?

It is.

Is it disloyal for a husband to object to his house being visited by strange men whose acquaintance his wife forms at the meeting of the loyal leagues?

It is, shockingly disloyal.

Is it disloyal to believe in the Union as it was?

It is.

Is it a disloyal practice to say that the Abolitionists ought to do the fighting in this war for the negroes?

It is, dangerously disloyal.

Is it disloyal to allude to the rate at which the Republicans are plundering the Treasury and the people?

It is.

Is it disloyal to allude to the difference between an old fashioned Democratic gold dollar and the Republican green paper dollars?

It is.

Is it disloyal to allude to the opinions and practices of our fathers on civil liberty or the rights of the States?

It is.

Is it disloyal for a man to sympathise with the family of a murdered friend or relative in the South?

It is, wickedly disloyal.

Is it disloyal to honestly believe in one's heart that if Lincoln is not a fool he is a knave, and that if he is not knave he is a fool?

It is, horribly disloyal.

COURTING.—Some English gossip pretends to give as a fact, the following incident occurring between the Prince of Wales and his present wife on the occasion of their first meeting. She had first read to him a passage from Shakepeare, when he said:

'You would make your fortune in England by reaking Shakspeare.'

The maiden blushingly answered, 'If your Highness thinks so, why not engage me to be reader in the English Court? I am sure you could well afford to pay me.'

'That,' said the Prince, 'depends entirely upon the price you put upon your transcending powers.'

'Oh,' said the Princess, smilling, 'I would not be very greedy. You might engage me to read for life for the moderate sum of—let me see—well, twenty-five shillings?'

'Twenty-five shilling?' said the Prince; 'you are quite too modest.—Twenty-five shillings!'

'Not a bit too modest,' said the Princess, stepping over the grass. 'You know twenty-five shillings amount to something handsome. On reflection you will find that it is an English sovereign and an English crown.'

Off went the royal maiden; she was scarlet with blushes; a tear was on her cheek; she whispered she could recall her words, she thought she had been too bold; but Albert Edward stood transfixed; the little god had lodged a thousand arrows in his heart.

SETTLED.—John Danders, a country blacksmith, the husband of a young wife had labored long and become wealthy, having the custom of all the farmers around. When he was on his death-bed, he called his wife Janet, to him, 'Janet,' said he, 'I am not long for this world; I am wearing away very fast. Now, concerning the business, Jenet, there's Andrew, the fore man, he knows all about the shop, and the customers all like him. You will just let a decent time elaps and then make up together.'

'Oh, my dear John!' said Janet, busting into a flood of tears, 'don't let that trouble you; Andrew and I have settled that already.'

'We have a little girl at our house who glories in being nearly five years old. One day we hired a 'German' to do some gardening. Now Hans was a great whistler, and liked that kind of occupation very much. Mollie was watching him in his labor when Hans commenced whistling.—Pretty soon, all agape, I notice Mollie, but though it was because of Hans' superior whistling. When he stopped Mollie came running up to me, nearly out of breath, and asked, 'Mamma, is Hans Dutch?' I answered in the affirmative. 'Why, Mamma,' said Mollie, '*he dem'l whistle Dutch!*'

During war time a mess of officers on the frontier had an honest Irishman for a servant. As they were taking tea one evening in their barracks, the fire fell down and lit on the boards near it, which very soon began to blaze.

'Bless your soul, Dennis, why don't you put out that fire? said Captain K.

'Indeed I was just going to get something to do it with,' said Dennis, hastening to dispose of the tea-kettle which he held in his hand.

'Pour the water on it,' roared the impatient Captain.

'Sir,' said Dennis, 'this is hot water.'

Youthful Swell—'Now Charley, you are just in time for breakfast—have a cup of coffee.'

Languid Swell—'Thanks, no! I assure yah—my dear fellah—if I were to take a cup of coffee in the morning it would keep me awake all day.'

How do the Republicans propose to prevent repudiation?

By a standing army of negroes, to force the people to pay at the point of the bayonet.

To prevent being sleepy in church—stay at home.

'That hurts my feelings,' as the young man said when he sat on a pin.

Which side of a horse invariable has the most hair on? The outside.

A negro slave in Missouri writes to his daughter; 'For God's sake don't marry a Yankee—get a negro, your equal.'

Questions and Answers.

What was Abraham Lincoln by trade?
A rail-splitter.
What is he now?
A Union-splitter.
Who is Sumner?
A free American of African descent, who whould swear to support the constitution 'only as he understood it.'
Who is Phillips?
One of the founders of the Republican party who 'labored nineteen years to take fifteen States out of the Union.'
Who is Seward?
The originator of the 'irrepressible conflict.'
Who is Chase?
The inventor of a green paper printing office.
Who is Banks?
A cotton speculator who wanted to slide down hill with the Union.
Who is Wade?
An amiable Christian gentleman who wanted to 'wade up to his knees in the blood of slaveholders.'
Who is Francis S. Spinner?
A spinner of *black yarn*, who swore she would 'abolish slavery, dissolve the Union, or have civil war.' now Register of the Treasury.
Who is James S. Pike?
A stale Fish which Mr. Lincoln presented as a Minister to the Netherlands, because he said, 'the Union is not worth supporting in connection with the South.'
Who is John is John W. Forney?
The President's dog.
Who is Hale?
A hale fellow-well-met with the negroes, who introduced a petition to dissolve the Union in 1850.
Who is Deacon Bross?
The founder of the Knud Iverson Monument.
Who is Dick Yates?
The Governor who promised to furnish the 'flaming giants' if the President would change the war for the Union to one for the freedom of the negroes.
Who is John A. Dix?
A brave and invincible General, who never had a chance to show prowess in battle, seized the Park Barracks containing seventy-five sick and wounded soldiers, and twenty-five bushels of vermin.
Who is Henry J. Raymond?
A giant from the blood-stained plains of Solferino, enjoying a pension a Liar Extraordinary to the Administration.
Who is Rev. Henry Bellows?
A *windy instrument* of the Abolitionists, who is trying very hard to make himself the equal of the negro.
Who is Thad. Stevens?
An amalgamationists from Pennsylvania, who honestly practices what he preaches.
Who is Anna Dickinson?
Ask Ben. Butler