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C. & C. ZARLEY
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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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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E. I. DUBOIS,
Forwarding & Commission Merchant,
WILMINGTON, ILL.
LIBERAL advances made to Farmers, who prefer to ship their grain to their friends in Chicago or St. Louis. n22-1y

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

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DRS. ALLEN & SALTER, permanently located in Joliet, is prepared to perform all operations in the profession, in the latest and most approved style. Artificial Joints from a single Tooth to a full set, insertion by 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,
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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. n05-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 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 faithful 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. 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 BURT 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 subscribers.
Joliet, July 21, B. U. SHARPE. n6-tf

JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY. JOLIET, ILLINOIS, AUGUST 16, 1864. VOL. 22 NO. 10.

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" " six "	[illegible]
One Square, one year,	[illegible]
A card of 10 lines or less, one year,	[illegible]

JOB PRINTING.
Job Printing of every description 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 us becomes responsible for the same.

A "TRAITOR'S" LYRIC.

BY WALTER ANONYM.

Do you uphold the Nation's cause,
And think—as Daniel Webster thought—
The Constitution and the Laws
With Union's life inwrought?
Does then your soul, indignant, swell
With scorn for that foul fiend who said
"*Your Magna Charta is from Hell!*"
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you revere our chartered rights?
And thus prove traitor—as they say—
Those Æthiopian Zeophites
Who now hold sway;
Do you despise the vulture horde—
Upon the country's vitals fed—
Who serve corruption as their Lord,
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you revert to former days,
(Those days of glory and renown,)
When Patriots won the Statesmen's bays
And wore the mural crown?
When not the place could make the man,
But aye the man the place bestead—
When godlike Daniel led the van—
You are a "Copperhead!"

Do you offer pray that strife may cease,
That war may stay his crimson hand,
And that the broad white wings of Peace
May brood the land?
If such your prayer, for one I say
Heaven's blessing rest upon your head!
Come, share with me the *soubriquet*
Of "Traitor!" 'Copperhead!"

Doubt not the broad philanthropy
Which dots the land with heroes' graves!
Which strains the rivers to the sea
With the rich life-blood of the free—
Curdling the ocean wave!
Then come! dark clouds are drifting fast
Above the old ship's topmast head:
Come! nail your colors to the mast!
Live! die a "Copperhead!"

When, through these clouds, the Union star
Shall struggle through its sad eclipse,
And the red meteor of the war
'Neath the horizon dips,
No higher eulogy be mine,
No epitaph—if haply dead—
Than this short cabalistic line:
"Walter, the Copperhead!"

IDAHO.

A STORY OF PERU,

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

Oriana, Countess of Cinchon, and wife of the Viceroy of Peru, was wasting away with a slow but insidious malady that bid defiance to all the skill that the court doctor, Garcia, could bring to combat it.—What to her were the luxuries and splendors of her new home in that flowery land to which she had so willingly and with so much joyous anticipation accompanied her husband! They were yet young in years and love. With what delight she found herself installed in a gorgeous palace, dignified with the title of 'vice-queen,' and surrounded by a court that was not excelled in splendor by many an European one!

Her joy was short lived. The light faded from her eyes, her blood almost seemed to cease its flow, and her step grew slow and languid. Day by day she faded like a bright flower transplanted from its native bed to an uncongenial clime, until her husband began to despair of her recovery, and reproached himself for having brought her to that fatal clime.

'Do not repine, Carlos,' she would say, in answer to his bitter self upbraidings.—'Heaven ordained all for the best. Could I have been happy had I remained in Spain, with an ocean flowing between us? No; I should have pined myself to death. If I must die now, are you not here to close my eyes and hear my latest sigh?—The thought consoles me for all I suffer, and resigns me to meet the worst with fortitude.'

So, unrepiningly, the young wife—scarcely more than a girl in years—lingered on. Among all her attendants there was one she most especially favored, a young Peruvian girl, named Idaho. She had found her one day whilst riding in the forest, and, being struck with her wild grace and beauty, had attached her to her person. Never had mistress found a more willing maid. Idaho, apparently, was attached heart and soul to her patroness.—And when this strange sickness came, she it was who watched almost incessantly by her restless couch, fanned her fevered brow, and presented the cooling draught to her parched lips.

Envy is the curse of palaces. The ladies who had accompanied the countess from Spain could ill brook this favoritism of the Indian maid. There was little cordiality existing between the Spaniards and the Peruvians whom they dominated over. The Peruvians were conquered, not subdued. The cruelty of Pizarro and his followers was still a household legend, unimpaired by the lapse of years. The pride and arrogance of the Spaniards was met by a dogged submission which plainly showed how unwillingly a brave but feeble race submitted to the yoke. The Spaniards despised the natives of the soil, who returned this feeling with an intense hatred, which burned all the more fiercely, because its fires were concealed.

The new vice-queen had instituted a new era in provincial government; she looked upon her Indian subjects as human beings, and treated them as such. Hence her partiality to Idaho. She prized the untutored Indian girl, whose face was but the mirror of a guileless heart, far above her European attendants, and made no secret of her partiality. This favoritism incensed the ladies of the court beyond measure, and Idaho's destruction was resolved upon. Already the poisonous tongue of slander was at work. To judge of the progress the enemies of Idaho had made, we must listen to a conversation which took place between the Viceroy and the learned Dr. Garcia.

They had just emerged from the sick-chamber upon the flower-covered veranda, leaving the countess to the care of the ever watchful Idaho.

'What think you of this strange malady, doctor?' asked the Viceroy.

'Your Excellency, it baffles all my skill to determine.'

'But you must have formed some conjecture?'

'Most certainly—I were no true son of Æsculapius had I not done so; but what are conjectures in a case like this? I am called upon to cure an intangible disease beyond the power of any medicine as yet known to science. 'In my opinion, her ladyship is suffering from a fever peculiar to this climate and country, the only remedy for which is an herb of some kind known only to the Indians.'

'Why not obtain it from them?'

'Impossible! They are bound by the most fearful oaths never to reveal it to their European conquerers. Many a fruitless day's search have I had in the forest looking for this same herb. I have offered gold, employed threats, but all in vain. They will not reveal the precious remedy. I verily believe that if you were to burn one of these Indians at the stake, he would die with the secret unspoken.'

'Doctor, I have heard the story of this wondrous herb, and I believe it to be a sheer fabrication, like the marvelous gold mines—el doradoes—we hear of, but never find. This disease, which we find so incurable, is nothing but the effect of a slow poison secretly administered,'

'Poison! What reason have you for this conclusion?'

'The events of the past. My predecessors died from the effects of poison administered by an Indian. You know the sullen hate they still bear towards us. Poison is their only weapon.'

'And you think the countess' malady proceeds from poison'

'Such is my firm belief.'

'It is also mine.'

'Ha! you agree with me then?'

'On the contrary, I differ with you entirely. The poison which has been administered to the countess is the miasma that floats in the air, that subtle essence which sans the very foundation of health, and baffles all my drugs. What put the thought of poison into Your Excellency's mind? Who would wish the death of one so well beloved as your excellent lady?—Have your suspicions fastened upon any one?'

'Yes; the favorite waiting maid of the countess—Idaho'

'Idaho!' repeated the good doctor, in utter astonishment. 'Impossible! she watches over her as tenderly as a sick mother over her ailing child. Idaho!—Were an angel from heaven to come down and accuse that girl, I would not believe him.'

'You have great faith in that girl, doctor,' said the viceroy, with a smile.

'I have great faith in pure, unadulterated human nature,' returned the doctor, warmly; and with a head whitened by the frosts of fifty years' experience, I assure Your Excellency that Idoha is a simple child of nature, unacquainted with the name of crime.'

'It may be so, doctor. I am not wont to judge hastily as you know; and I assure you that I have strong grounds for my suspicions against this Indian girl. Simple child of nature as you think her, she has a lover.'

'I see nothing to her prejudice in that—it is the most natural thing in life to fall in love.'

'She often meets this lover in the forest Being suspected, she has been followed and watched. Yesterday she had a meeting with her lover, who, by the way, is a chief of some consequence, called Guatamoxin. One of our ushers, who had been despatched for that purpose by Donna Clara—' 'The old Jezebel!' said the doctor, *solo voce* —'unconscued behind a tree, overheard their conversation, though of course his imperfect knowledge of the Indian tongue prevented him from understanding it. But he comprehended enough to know that Idaho demanded something of her lover, which he showed great reluctance in granting, but, at last yielding to her pressing importunities, he placed a small package—apparently a powder folded in a leaf—in her hands, with a strict injunction for her to use the utmost precaution and secrecy, as discovery would be certain death to both. The listener heard them mention the name of the countess, and had no doubt that the powder, drug, or whatever it may be, was intended for her; and he, moreover, heard her lover say that the best time to administer it would be the full of the moon to-morrow night.'

'That is to-night?'

'Precisely. Doctor, we must watch this girl to-night.'

'Exactly the suggestion I was about to make, Your Excellency.'

'Should we detect the girl in the act—'

'We will take the—poison from her, and analyze it!' The doctor's eyes sparkled

'Do what you will with the poison,' said the viceroy; 'but, by my father's memory! if this girl prove guilty, she shall die a fiery death!'

The moon's full beams shone in through the looped up curtains of the countess' chamber with a sickly lustre. A lamp shed its subdued rays upon the pale face of the countess who lay upon her couch in slumber. Not in peaceful sleep, but in heavy lethargy of exhausted nature. Her breath came in convulsive gasps, and her bosom rose and fell with an uneven motion. Beside her couch knelt Idaho, her long black tresses floating upon her shoulders, and her deep, black eyes sparkling like diamonds from the pale vermilion of her face. Solitary and alone she maintained her weary vigil beside the sufferer. Her delicately moulded hands were clasped in prayerful supplication as she gazed tearfully upon her lady's face. She turned from her sad contemplation and cast a look at her windows.

'The moon is at the full,' she murmured, unconsciously, as it were, uttering her thoughts aloud. 'Now is the time.' She rose gently to her feet and went cautiously to the windows, gave a searching scrutiny to the veranda, and then dropped the heavy folds of the curtains, shutting out all vision from the exterior. Her movements were as cautious and as stealthy as the leopard in its forest lair. Now she stands beside the table, the lamplight shining on her face which displays an emotion of fear. She takes from her bosom a small package, another cautious glance around, and the contents of the leaf she holds—a powder—is mingled in the countess' drinking cup, and the leaf returned to its hiding place. A gleam of exultation passes over her features when this is done.

'This is her daily drink,' she says aloud, as if addressing some one—perhaps the evil spirit of her race—whom she deems to be present; 'and it now contains that which will set at rest her every pain.'

She takes the cup in her hand and examines its contents by the light.

'I will myself administer thy slow, but certain influence on her,' she says, apostrophizing the cup.

She advances towards the couch; footsteps sound in her quick ears, a hand grasps her wrist, and the cup is taken from her despite her sudden effort to destroy it. She turns around and sees the viceroy and Dr. Garcia, and a suppressed scream bursts from her lips. She is utterly dismayed and overcome. So strong is her appearance of detected guilt that even the worthy doctor's faith in her is shaken.

The viceroy advances to Idaho, grasps her by the arm, and leads her from the chamber. She makes no resistance, but yields to his guidance with the obedience of a child. The doctor silently follows, bearing the fatal cup in his hand. Not a word is spoken, the invalid's slumber must not be broken.

Outside the chamber are soldiers, into their charge the viceroy places Idano, with these stern words:

'Prepare for instant trial, nor hope past feelings of compassion will recur to interpose between you and your certain sentence.' Then turning to the doctor, he added:

'I charge you, disclose not to the intended victim of her atrocious guilt what has occurred. Oriana's frame, torn as it is by these murderous practices, would not survive the knowledge that such a specious form inclosed a heart black and polluted with that worst of human vices, ingratitude!'

So saying, the viceroy went to seek a more trusty watcher for his sick wife's couch.

'What will you do with that?' asked Idaho, glancing wildly at the cup.

'Analyze it, and learn its contents,' he answered.

'Oh, no! do not!' she cried, eagerly, 'it will not save me—my doom is fixed!'

'What if I should discover that it is no poison?' demanded the doctor, with a searching glance.

'No discovery can save me now,' she said, despairingly.

'Then she is indeed guilty!' exclaimed the doctor, as his last hope faded, and he turned sadly away.

Idaho was conducted to prison, and ere dawn the palace was all astir with her detected crime, though every one was strictly forbidden from mentioning it to the countess, who, when she awoke, called for her favorite, and was much grieved at her absence.

Idaho's doom was pronounced—she was to be burnt at the stake, a terrible example to the Indians, and one which, it was hoped, would deter them from future attempts at poisoning. Before two days had passed, thanks to the gossiping enemies of the hapless girl, the crime and sentence of Idaho was circulated throughout Lima and penetrated to the forest beyond.

On the second day a young Indian presented himself before the viceroy. It was Guatamoxin, the lover of Idaho. He came upon a strange mission. He was the real criminal, he said, for it was he who had given the poison to Idaho. If she must die, he wished to die with her.

Though somewhat struck with the abnegation of self which this singular demand exhibited, the viceroy, exasperated by the attempt which had been made upon the life of his countess, consigned the lover to a dungeon there to await his doom.

The fatal day on which the lovers were to perish rapidly approached; but now a great change came over the countess, her malady at last yielded to the skill of Dr. Garcia, and she recovered sufficiently to leave her bed. And now the fate of her favorite could no longer be concealed from her, and great was her indignation and incredulity when she learned the crime with which she had been charged.

On the next visit she received from the viceroy, who found her in her chamber attended only by Dr. Garcia, she at once scornfully scouted the idea of her favorite's guilt, and demanded the release of the prisoners. But the viceroy was not easily to be turned aside from the implacable justice he had resolved upon.

'You are deceived in this girl, Orianna,' he said; 'we detected her in the very act of guilt.'

He recounted the scene they had witnessed in her chamber, on the night of Idaho's arrest; but the countess was still incredulous. Turning to the doctor, she demanded:

'Did you analize the contents of the cup, Doctor?'

'I did.'

'What did it contain?'

'A drug that will make my fortune in Europe,' returned the doctor, with a pleasant smile. 'The wonderful bark (not an herb, as I fancied), containing quinine, reduced to a powder, a certain cure for the fever of this climate. I have at last obtained the Indians' secret, so strictly guarded, thanks to Idaho; for she would have cured the countess before I could, had I not taken the cup from her hand.'

'My faithful Idaho! Doctor, why have you kept this a secret, and allowed the poor girl to suffer so long?'

'I couldn't help it, my lady. I was obliged to experiment with the bark, and make sure of its healing properties before I could speak. The girl looks upon death as certain, both for herself and her lover, for they have betrayed the secret of her tribe.'

'Neither shall die,' cried the countess, with energy. 'I will protect them—care for them so long as the life Idaho has preserved, is left me.'

The viceroy could not now gainsay her wishes, and in a few moments the lovers, restored to life and freedom, were kneeling at her feet. She never lost sight of their welfare afterwards, but had their marriage celebrated in her presence, and attached them to her household. When she returned to Spain, they went with her, for their betrayal of the virtues of the bark had made them exiles from their tribe. The countess also took with her a quantity of the wonderful Peruvian bark, which acquired such a celebrity in Europe that it was called after, 'Chinchona,' a name which it bears to the present day. So the one grateful act of a loving heart has been the means of affording relief to suffering millions years after that heart ceased to beat.

'One virtuous action hath more worth than all the pyramids,
And virtue writes a more endearing epitaph
Than the marble sarcophagus in which Sesostris meant to sleep.'

Hints on Etiquette.

In all associations, keep constantly in view the adage, 'too much freedom breeds contempt.'

Never be guilty of practical jokes; if you accustom yourself to them, it is probable you will become so habituated as to commit them upon persons who will not allow of such liberties; I have known a duel to arise from a slap on the back.

If there be another chair in the room, do not offer a lady that from which you have just risen.

Always suspect the advances of any person who may wish for your acquaintance, and who has had no introduction, circumstances may quickly this remark, but as a general principle, acquaintances made in a public room or place of amusement are not desirable.

Never converse while a person is singing; it is an insult, not only to singer, but to the company.

The essential part of good breeding is the practical desire to afford pleasure, and avoid giving pain. Any man possessing the desire requires only opportunity and observation to make him a gentleman.

If, in public promenade, you pass and repass persons of your acquaintance, it is only necessary to salute them on the first occasion

Do not affect singularity of dress by wearing anything that is so conspicious as to demand attention; and particularly avoid, what I believe I must call, the ruffian style.

Never lose your temper at games, and particularly avoid the exhibition of anxiety or vexation at want of success. If you are playing whist, not only keep your temper, but hold your tongue; any intimation to your partner is decidedly ungentlemanly.

Let presents to a lady be characterized by taste—not remarkable for intrinsic value.

Except under very decided circumstances; it is both ungentlemanly and dangerous to cut a person; if you wish to rid yourself of any one's society, a cold bow in the street, and particular ceremony in the circles of your mutual acquaintance, is the best mode of conduct to adopt.

Never introduce your own affairs for the amusement of a company; it shows a sad want of mental cultivation, or excessive weakness of intellect; recollect, also, that such a discussion cannot be interesting to others, and that the probability is that the most patient listener is a complete gossip, laying the foundation for some tale to make you appear ridiculous.

The medical journals treat of the evils of lying in bed. The habit of lying out of bed seems to us a greater evil. This world, however, is given to lying, any how.

Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson.

We copy the following from the *Banner of Light*, a spiritualist paper published in Boston. The remarks purport to come from the 'spirit' of the rebel General 'Stonewall' Jackson, and contains his views on the 'institutions at home,' more particularly that of 'African slavery.' He says:

'Friends, in your Northern patriotism, you have doubtless associated the name of 'Stonewall' Jackson with all that is repulsive; in your Northern loyalty stigmatized him as a disloyalist, a rebel, as an enemy to your National Government.

But my dear friends, did you ever pause for a moment to think 'Stonewall' Jackson might not have been as conscientious as you are? Did you ever pause to consider that Southern disloyalists may be as loyal in their sphere as you are in yours?—Very few of you doubtless have thought of this.

I confess that during my earthly life I did not see these things as I now see them in spirit-life, as I now understand it. If I had, I might have done very different. But even as it is, I have few regrets surrounding me.

Could my friends at the North have seen me ere I entered as an active member of the Southern Confederacy, they would at least have believed me to be honest, for as I live, I spent whole days and nights questioning my conscience—which was my God—to know which was right, to know what course to pursue.

I felt that the time had come when all shuld be up and doing something, when we were all called upon to do something for our country, and each would have to do that which seemed to be best and truest to them as individuals.

So after weighing the subject carefully and measuring it as well as I could, I at last came to the conclusion that it was my duty to do all I could for my country, or that portion of it which I called my home. I must defend the institutions of home—They were both very sacred dear to me. African slavery was to me a something which I felt was sanctified by the Divine. I felt that slavery was the very best of blessings that could be conferred upon the black man.

I looked upon slavery in all its bearings; critically I examined it, and I could see no way by which the black race could be sustained so well as by means of slavery. I loved them from my birth, many of them intensely. They were to me like children, and I felt that to send them out upon the cold world alone would be cruel; and I saw no way, in the present condition of society, to colonize them.

Indeed, they are not fit to be colonized, and I felt it in my soul that slavery was the very best condition in which they could be placed.

So, feeling as I did, it of course had very little weight in turning the scale I felt, indeed, I knew, that there was much of rottenness at the heart of the Government to which you are loyal subjects I had lived there, I knew by experience that there was more of darkness than light

I felt that your Federal Government was sick at heart, and that a Southern rebellion might be perhaps the only physician that could restore it to health; and I might as well lend my efforts in that direction as to see them toward perpetuating a condition which to me was full of evil.

Had I seen that Government was based upon immutable Justice, had I seen that Federal Government living, or exerting its influence, under a flag that represented Right and Justice, instead of the evil that that is found dwelling in very many of the hearts of the rulers of your nation, I might have done different, I might have remained true to the Government.

I now take broader views. I now see with clearer vision. I now know no North, no South, no East, no West, but wherever I can exert my influence upon the side of Right and Justice, there it shall be given, and no one shall hereafter say that I am bound to any party, save that of Eternal Justice.

The New Slave Trade.

In almost every one of the recruiting and substitute brokers offices such conversation as the following is of daily occurence:

Gentlemen—What is the price of a likely young negro to-day?

Broker—From $550 to $600, according to the demand.

Gentleman—Could you furnish me with three or four sound negroes at any less price?

Broker—No sir! There is a demand for all we have in Massachusetts, where we send those who can't pass examination, and when we go larger prices.

Gentleman—How soon could you fill an order of twenty or thirty negroes to fill the quota of our town, at, say, $550 each?

Broker—We can't take orders ahead.—The price is going up every day. We expect an other car lord to morrow or next day, and we will sell at the market price. This talk savors of the slave mart; but it is repeated in Buffalo every day. White men bring, in one instance, from $50 to $100 dollars more than negroes. One man paid $675 for a sound Canadian yesterday. The market is fluctuating, but the tendency is upwards.—*Buffalo Courier, July 26.*

Once on a time, not long ago, not so far from Millersburg as it might be, a good hearted man and his long-tongued, style-talking wife, attended a social party. Almost every three minutes his wife would check her husband thus:

'Now, William, don't talk so loud!'

'Come, William, don't lean back in the chair that way!'

'Now, William, don't get noisy over there!'

'Say, William, let the girls alone and sit by me.'

At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the husband, who was really pitied by all in the room, arose and said:

'I beg pardon of the company; but as my wife insists on being boss all the time, it is right she should have these!'

And he deliberately took off his pants, handed them to her, and sat down in his boots and drawers.

The company was astonished; the women burst into tears. The happy couple soon went home, but neither of them wore pants.

How the affair was settled we cannot tell, but the last time we saw William he had the pants on. We are inclined to think she will not again boss him in company in a hurry.

THE PRIVATE SOLDIER.—If there is a being in the world who is deserving of private affection and public gratitude, it is the soldier who marches a private in the ranks of the army, to fight for his country, and offers his blood and life as a sacrifice for the maintenance of the Union and the Constitution. And yet how seldom it is that they get the honor and reward their service entitle them to. It is the private who carries the gun! it is the private who marches on foot through the mud, frost and snow; is the private who erects bridges over swift streams, and rears the lofty fortifications; and it is the private who, with the bayonet set, charges on the deadly rifle pits and against squared columns of the enemy; and yet how seldom it is that he receives the honors and the rewards of his noble conduct!

What Vallandigham was Arrested for--Nothing but Free Speech.

The Cincinnati *Enquirer* brings up the charges against Mr. Vallandigham for which he was exiled. These charges read very strange *now*, and should make his persecutors blush for their illegal military *court* of injustice—the Judge Advocate of which was since dismissed from the army for peeping into a lady's bed-room:

In the month of April, 1863, by order of Gen. Burnside, Mr. Vallandigham was banished from his native State for the crime, as was charged in the Judge-Advocate's specifications, of uttering in a public speech the following sentiments to his fellow citizens. He (Vallandigham) is reported to have said:

'This is a wicked, cruel and unnecessary war.

'A war not being waged for the preservation of the Union.

'A war for the purpose of crushing out liberty and erecting a despotism,

'A war for the freedom of the blacks and the enslavement of the whites.

'If the Administration had wished, the war might have been terminated honorably months ago.

'Peace might have been honorably obtained by listening to the proposed mediation of France.

'The Government of the United States was about to appoint military marshals in every district, to restrain the people of their liberties, to deprive them of their rights and privileges.

'General Military Order 38, of the Department of the Ohio, is a base usurpation of arbitrary authority.

'The sooner the people inform the minions of usurped power that they will not submit to such restraint upon their liberties the better.

'He was at all times and upon all occasions resolved to do what he could to defeat the attempts now being made to build up a monarchy upon the ruins of our free government.

'He firmly believed, as he had said six months ago, that the men in power are attempting to establish a despotism in this country more cruel and oppressive than ever existed before.'

Read it, honest freemen of the United States; that is all that Mr. Vallandigham is even charged with as an excuse for hunting him down like a dog! Had he not a right to say that—a perfect right?—Who dare dispute it? Have we an aristocracy in this country that has an monopoly of freedom of speech, to whom has been given superior privileges over their fellow citizens? The matter will not bear discussion. It is too plain. The finger of shame and scorn should be pointed at those who have the audacity to palliate or in any inalienable rights of an American as the persecution of Mr. Vallandigham.

Riding with a Negro.

The papers have been finding fault with the President because he rode out with a negro in his carriage the other day, as an evidence of the importance of that perquisite and appurtenance of his administration. That is all very well. He ought to be ashamed of himself, or the negro had, we are not certain which. But we submit to a generous public that this is not the first time, by many, that the President has rode with a negro.

When he was a candidate for the Presidency he rode the whole race with the negro, and finally rode into the white house with him.

When he issued his "bull against the comet," he was riding with a negro, and that ride was very much to the detriment and disgrace of the country.

When he proclamated against the rights of white men and suppressed the *habeas corpus* act, he was riding with a nigger, over the rights, liberties and lives of citizens.

When he sent Banks up Red River on a cotton stealing expedition, he rode with a negro, and thereby destroyed thousands of the soldiers of the Union.

When he appointed Beast Butler as commander of the expeditited to City Point, he rode with a nigger, and a sexern battle and fearful defeat was the consequence.

When he removed McClellan from the command of the army of the Potomac, to give room to such men as Joe Hooker and Burnside, who gave us Fredericksburg and Chancellorville, he rode with the negro, and as a result thousands of men were slain and the war protracted indefinitely.

When he refused to accept an offer of peace from the Rebel Commissioners, he rode with a negro, and has thus again continued the war and sacrificed more lives without cause or necessity.

When he says that peace shall not be made unless the negro is first endowed with freedom, he is evidently endeavoring to again ride with a negro into that seat of power which he has disgraced by his imbecility and treachery to the constitution.

In short, the President has done little else than ride with a negro, since he was first dragged from his obscurity in Springfield that he might become the agent and the instrument of those who sought to destroy the "Union as it was, and the Constitution as it is." And since he has done nothing else, why should we single out particular cases for animadversion? Condemn the whole journey with the negro, and thus save time.—*Peoria Mail,*

'To all Whom it may Concern.'

The disgraceful proclamation of the President to the Rebel Commissioners must cause the cheek of every true American to tingle with shame.

Whom does not peace concern.

A million of families in the land to-day are mourning the slaughter of some of their number in the field of blood. They look with horror, upon the approaching conscription of half a million more of friends and brothers to be dragged from their homes as sacrifices to demon of Abolition.

Whom does it not concern.

Ask the widow and the orphan, who mourn for the ravages of the past and fear the desolation and want which is to come, and they will tell you whom it has already concerned.

Was a nation ever before so trifled with by a brutal demagogue in its hour of agony. The execrations of the Christian world should be poured upon his head, and the people en masse rise up and hurl him from power.—*Burlington Argus.*

THE PRESENT INFLATION.—Bill S——is a good accountant, but like all men will sometimes make mistakes, and in one of his bills figured up that '8 times 8 are 88.' The debtor was not 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!'

Meggs says of female volunteers occasionally discovered in the ranks of our army, that they pant for adventure, and pant for glory, and having a pair of pants they put them on.

The Horrors of this War.

A lady of Roanoke, Virginia, writes the following to the Lynchburg paper, detailing the conduct of the federal soldiers in that village. The loyal people are now suffering in their turn the wrongs complained of by the people of Virginia. Such is war, and yet there are persons who desire its continuance indefinitely:

"The Yankee army passed through this village on Tuesday morning last, and pillaged the houses of everything they could carry off with them. I am for the first time in my life a beggar. I cannot describe, or, you may imagine what they have done to us.

They not only stole my cow, flour, meal, meat, lard, and, and in fact, everything we had to eat, but they rifled our trunks, took all of my gold and silver money, my silver plate, and every kind of kitchen utensils, knives and forks, etc., and they destroyed what they could not carry away with them.

They made a road through our front yard and tore down our fences, grazed our oats and destroyed nearly everything we had.

They not only done so, but our neighbors were treated likewise. One General rode up and told my servant woman if she would go, he would take her up behind him. She told him she did not want to go as she had a good master.

You never saw such destruction in all your life. The people that told them they were for the Union were treated worse than the others. They called them d—d liars, and other vile names.

The next morning I did not have a dust of flour or meal in the house, and not an ear of corn to send to mill. We were in a destitute condition; but, thank God, some of our friends, not so near the road, who were more fortunate, came in and very kindly offered to loan us. They say when they come again it will be with fire and sword.

ALAS, POOR WHITES.—We have read a great deal in the abolition newspapers about the bravery of the negro troops in the battle. These organs would gladly make the world think that *the negroes better than the white man.* Monstrous as this fact may seem, it nevertheless is a fact! The white race is belitled that the negro may be glorified. We do not see how a deeper abyss of shame can be reached.

After every battle, the army correspondents of the abolition organs are sure to give the niggers credit for the best fighting The black were eulogized extravagantly for the fighting said to have been done by them at Milliken's Bend and Port Hudson, but respectable officers who went at both places say that the stories were vile exaggerations, if not base fabrications.—Much was said about the desperate fighting of the niggers upon the parapet in the assault on Fort Wagner, but this was all a hoax; the niggers were subsequently proved not to have been within several hundred feet of the parapet. A late dispatch dwelt enthusiastically upon the alleged fighting of the niggers at Petersburg, but every other item in the despatch turned out to be false and fraudulent, and no doubt that the portion about the niggers was good for nothing as the first.

Those who insist on nigger superority do it probable to exalt themselves, for although their skins may not be black, they must be conscious that are as much niggers in soul as the Kaffers and Hottentots are in person. Their souls, if souls could be made palpable to the sense, would be found to have kinky heads, flat noses, long heels, and an odor stronger, but less agreeable, than a civet cat's.—*Louisville Journal.*

A YANKEE TRIAL.—Old Benjaman B——, of ——, Connecticut or, as he was called by his neighbors,