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C. & C. ZARLEY
EDITORS & PROPRIETORS.

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JOLIET SIGNAL.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY. JOLIET, ILLINOIS, NOVEMBER 22, 1864. VOL. 22 NO. 24.

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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.

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. 1tf.) Joliet, Illinois.

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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. KERN, 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 attention of such day to that branch of his profession.

DR. A. B. MEAD, has removed his Office over E. M. Bean'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 add 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.

D. C. FENTON BURSON, Minooka, Grundy Co Illinois. (June 26

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

E. I. DUBOIS,
Forwading & 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. decl6-n27

MRS. HARRIET KILLMER, Female Physician, offers her professional services to her own sex, in Obstetrics, and the diseases insident 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 Insertion a single Tooth to a full suit, inserted on a Atmospheric principle.
Tooth Extracted without pain.
OFFICE on Jefferson St., in Hawley's New Building

J. MORRISY,
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, 1864 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.
ear the Rock Island depot, Joliet, Illinois. Order from abroad respectfully solicited

DENTISTRY.
Dr. F. S. 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. 20, 1861. n24 tf

JOLIET CITY BANK.
F. L. CAGWIN, BANKER,
JOLIET, ILLINOIS.
Office Opposite the Post Office
RECEIVES Deposites, buys Gold and Silver, and uncurrent Money, Buys and Sells Domestic and
FORE'GN 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, Canada 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. (n24-1y

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

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

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

$5.00 Reward.
STRAYED from the subscriber's farm in March last, a large red and white spotted cow, with a white face, branded 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. n6-tf B. D. CHARPE.

BRAN and SHORTS by the 100 or ton, at Mill Prices, at
CASWELL'S.

FAR AWAY.

Upon the shore
Of Evermore
We sport like children at their play;
And gather shells
Where sinks and swells
The mighty sea from far away.

Upon that beach,
Nor voice nor speech
Doth things intelligible say;
But through our souls
A whisper rolls
That comes to us from far away.

Into our ears
This voice of years
Comes deeper, deeper, day by day;
We stoop to hear,
As it draws near,
Its awfulness from far away.

At what it tells
We drop the shells
We were so full of yesterday,
And pick no more
Upon that shore,
But dream of brighter far away.

And o'er that tide,
Far out and wide,
The yearnings of our souls do stray;
We long to go,
We do not know
Where it may be, but far away.

The mighty deep
Doth slowly creep
Up on the shore where we did play;
The very sand
Where we did stand
A moment since, swept far away.

Our playmates all
Beyond our call
Are passing hence, as we too may;
Unto that shore
Of Evermore,
Beyond the boundless far away.

We'll trust the wave,
And film to save
Beneath whose feet as marble lay
The rolling deep,
For He can keep
Our souls in that dim far away.

TIME.

All time is past. The future hour
Not yet begins to be.
The present? The-mere line that parts
Time from eternity.

Exclamtless stores of good and ill
Hid in the future lie
But ours the choice which part to seize,
As they come floating by.

And Time's the record of the choice,
To fill with joy or shame
The soul when Jesus' word shall come
The judgment to proclaim.

JASPER'S NURSE.

BY MRS. L. S. GOODWIN.

'WANTED—A soldier of the Potomac Army wishes to open a correspondence with some young lady, with a view to mutual entertainment and improvement—Address, Jasper Dean, Co. G. —— Mass Reg. of Vols. Washington, D C'

Now tell me, who could have thought of Hitty Blake answering an advertisement like that? Stranger things may have happened, but hardly in the village of Bellmont. A poor orphan girl, 'adopted' into the family of the rich Eq. Grove—the sole advantage of her adoption was that she had drudged without pay—Hitty had grown up, so her schoolmates said, 'as homely as a hedge fence' None knew better than Hitty herself, that she was very, very plain.

The 'squire's wife, who was a great manager, though always dolorously advising her friends *never* to adopt a child'—speaking as from personal experience—as often in the 'squire's ear alone congratulating herself on the bargain she had made in adopting Hitty Blake. It might be another instance of the mistress' economy, that Hitty, though nearly seventeen, was still in short clothes, looking like a child of twelve

Nobody, in fact, ever thought of Hitty as ever becoming a woman, with the feelings and aspirations belonging to her sex How the giddy boarding-school band would have laughed at the idea of her having a beau—a gentleman correspondent—and capping the climax by getting married!

Yet Hitty had her own ambitions, if not hopes; and her feelings—were mostly sorrowful enough. Her bountiful benefactors, the 'squire and lady, had given her some small chance at the common school, and from this Hitty had become quite a scholar; not, of course, that she could *parlez vous* like Miss Imogene, the 'squire's niece, but in ordinary English branches she was much better educated than that young lady, and especially had acquired a pretty handwriting.

Well, it was the night of the first of January, 1864. and Hitty, after a hard day's work, went up to her attic bedroom at last. No one had thought of a New Year's gift to her; but during the day she had come into possession of a newspaper; so shutting her door quickly, she dropped down before her little table, to read the few minutes that her night-lamp should last

And she read that advertisement of a soldier. It was the first thing her eyes fell upon, and it seemed to satisfy them; they gently lifted themselves from the printed columns, and though turned only on the bare yellow-washed wall, which I am sure they did not see, a dreamy, pleased look came into them, which by-and-bye like the water of an overfull fountain, rippled out upon all her face. No one was there to see it, but while thus she dreamed her girlish dream with quickened pulse and smiling lips, the face reflected unconsciously in her bit of broken mirror, had a strange fascination that was almost beauty

When her lamp burned itself out she never knew, nor when she undressed and went to bed, leaving unread the story and the poetry she had longed after all the afternoon, and continuing her dream, which was to her a poem and love tale personified. Hitty had never been so happy in her life.

Next morning she rose as soon as it was light and wrote a letter—its object of course, being simply entertainment and improvement. The letter she took down stairs with her, not daring to leave it in any of her boxes, for fear Miss Imogene should happen over and make search, as she always took the liberty of doing when it suited her; and finding it show it up to the family, as she had done a copy of some love verses a short time before, making them and poor Hitty a standard object of ridicule.

The letter she carried in her bosom all day, and a secret deep beneath it in her heart. When another day of drudgery was past, somebody with face deeply hidden in a hood, crept timidly into the village post-office, deposited a letter, then ran away, as though a post office and a letter to a soldier were the most frightful things in the world. Hitty knew nothing of society, and the question of the propriety or impropriety of what she had done, never once arose in her mind. Least of all could she have imagined a loyal hearted man, willing to fight for his country, setting a trap for young unsuspecting females. And in this instance, at any rate, such a suspicion would have done the soldier great injustice.

How Hitty watched and waited and hoped and feared, or whether he that had called himself Jasper Dean received other communications in reply to his advertisement, I will not pause to tell; but when eight days were out, Hitty received an answer to her letter. How strange, she thought that anybody should write to her! And such a frank, agreeable, manly missive it was. Hitty had always had her opinion on the state of the country and the great events of the day; but never must express an opinion on any subject to one of the household. Now here was a friend—an affable, intelligent correspondent. Hitty was delighted—we know she might be.

Other letters passed between them; and once as Hitty, whom they had served to raise in some degree above her degraded position, broke a seal and read, she uttered an exclamation, dropped the written sheet and blushed crimson. What was it about? Why the soldier had requested her photograph, that was all. *All!* It might be a pleasant thing for a proud beauty to allow her likeness to circulate through a regiment or a division—but Hitty was so fearfully homely, and she knew it—knew it so well and felt it so keenly, that she half cried her eyes out before morning over the bitter fact.

In the morning, however, she looked it in the face and was able to smile. Her woman's shrewdness had hit upon a plan In a matter of any moment she would not for her right hand have deceived another; this correspondence between herself and the soldier of the Potomac was, in itself, a mere farce; when the army moved as it would in the spring, the letters which had been some relief to the ennui of camp life, having thus answered the purpose for which they were commenced, would cease and the writers hear of each other no more The name of Jasper Dean she had believed from the beginning a fictitious one, and had felt authorized by it to assume a *nomme de plume*. What harm if now she should send the soldier the daguerrotype of her cousin Mary, who was married and went to California years ago—her cousin who used to be called beautiful—letting it pass for her own? So she sent it, with only the words—From my friend Bel Darwin.' Darwin was the name of her uncle, Mary's father, dead and gone; and while her parents lived, she was never called Hitty, but Bel, from the last syllable of her name.

'Have you find bed your dress?' asked the 'squire's wife of Hitty a short time after this. Hitty had been her own dressmaker for two years

'Yes—and here it is,' holding up a new gingham

'Why, what have you that length of skirt for? and where did you get the cloth to make it of? exclaimed the 'squire's wife between surprise and wrath.

Because I chose from this time to wear my skirts long like others of my age; and as to material, I have done with a breadth less'

To the first audacious assertion, Mrs. 'Squire Grove could not reply for astonishment, but she presently exclaimed:

'A breadth less!—its just apoint—'twill draw straight around your hoops.'

'I am going to leave off hoops.'

'No. A-sure as you stay in my house you ain't You'd went three starched skirts a week, and starch has riz'

'I intend staying in your house very little longer

'Hitty Blake, what do you mean? Why I'd as soon—' and there she stopped, too excited to utter another word.

'Only,' said Hitty, quietly, 'that I am going out as an army nurse My place is engaged. I shall start to-morrow morning.'

'Ungrateful creature!' sobbed her mistress; 'and I have just given you this new gingham. It's all the reward one need expect for adopting a child!

Hitty went to Washington, entered the hospital, and being strong and accustomed to hardship, became at once one of the most efficient nurses. In the new style of dress, her height was increased and her figure improved quite to perfection; while the gentle and holy purpose which filled her heart and looked out of her eyes, gave to her face an attractiveness its owner little dreamed of

The greatest sufferer in her ward at that time was a young man ill of typhoid fever. From the hour of being brought to the hospital he grew rapidly worse, and soon was wholly delirious; in which state he remained for days, the physician having no hope of his recovery; while the poor patient, unconscious of everything around him, moaned for his mother and talked of a daguerrotype which he had carried with him into battle.

At last, longing to comfort him, Hitty bethought her to search the clothes he had worn; and in a breast pocket was found a daguerrotype; what was her astonishment to see in it the very one she had sent—the face of her cousin Mary! It was wrapped in the last letter addressed to Jasper Dean Hitty knew then that this poor young man, apparently on the very verge of the grave, was no other than her correspondent.

Whether the knowledge increased her devotedness as his nurse, which thing had seemed impossible, or how it was, I cannot say, but the patient passed the crisis of his disease, and one morning, looking up with intelligent eyes and a faint smile, inquired of Hitty whether she knew anything of a daguerrotype which had belonged to him. It had awakened no memories, he had put it from him and would have nothing to do with it when she had offered it to him before.

Now he received it from her, pressed it to his lips, and by and by, lying with closed eyes, put it in his bosom; while poor Hitty turned away with a pang at her heart, and a white face, that looked as if she was surely going to faint Such a dreadful thing it seemed, to own a face so in contrast with that picture! How foolish to have sent a daguerrotype at all.

She was aroused by the sick soldier asking.

'What is your name?'

'Mehitable Blake.'

How homely the syllables sounded in her ears. She was sure he would think it exactly suited her face. She was not going to ask his name, but of his own accord he said:

'Mine is Jasper Darwin.'

Darwin—was it possible? The very name she had adopted as his correspondent; and she had not ascertained that he bore the name at all. She said:

'I once had relations by that name'

But a question and an answer decided it, that Jasper was of a different family entirely, and not the most distant relationship existed between him and herself.

A week after, Jasper was sitting bolstered up in bed for an hour, and Hitty beside him. They had been conversing together, and he had striven to thank his nurse as he wished for the care she had bestowed upon him. The latter could not bear to hear it, so changed the subject by saying with feigned lightsomeness:

'Here, Mr. Darwin, is the daguerrotype. You are rather careless of it lately; twice I have found it in the foot of the bed—Here it is to keep you company while I go through the ward'

'I don't care for the daguerrotype indeed,' he surprised her by remarking, and he took it and laid it on his table without a look.

'Not care for it—so beautiful too?'

'It is beautiful I was very proud at receiving it, and showed it among all my cronies, and not one of the advertising band had received a likeness to compare with it. Yes, I then almost if not quite fancied myself in love with the original for she wrote me charming womanly letters that seemed to purify the very atmosphere around, but—Miss Blake, won't you stay a moment longer? I shall regard lightly both picture and original henceforth, if I may be blessed with the sight of your living face.'

But for the expression of sincerity she caught in a glance at his handsome face, Hitty would certainly have believed her patient was making sport of her. So frightened she was, she laid her face against the pillow and burst into tears.

She had a confession to make, and she made it; and the soldier and his nurse were afterwards very joyful.

Wasn't it curious that she should have selected by chance for her *nomme de plume* the very name—Bel Darwin—which came to bear till death parts them Jasper has quite recovered, and is in the field again, a good and brave man, while his little wife continues to be an angel of mercy to the sick and wounded, and will till the war is over.

Jo Dows on the Races.

Mill races are not conducted in accordance with the rules of the turf, and Wilkes' Spirit is no authority whatever with regard to them To correct misapprehension in the minds of those who may not be familiar with mills and their races, we will state that a mill race is a dike for conducting water from a pond to a mill. What would be more absurd than to see a couple of saw mills in a race round a half-mile track? If never exciting the sport mill races of that description would militate very much against the future usefulness of the mills, and result in their final demoralization.

We have explained what constitutes a race to a mill. There is another race to a "mill" when a prize fight comes off

Horse races have their uses. They serve to teach little boys how to imitate their *betters*. Then horses, like men, improve by "going around." It is to the horse-race that we are indebted for that charming little ballad, in which the vocalist declares that he has placed himself under solemn obligations to "run all night," and to continue that exhausting exercise during the hours illuminated by the sun. While announcing his determination to venture what available funds he may have upon the equine quadruped with abbreviated narrative, he seeks to know what confiding gentleman will take a similar risk "on the bay."

The foot race is not the least interesting of the races In this race the biggest-footed man don't always accomplish the biggest *feat* We once witnessed a race between 1 diana in which 'Fi-ettlout' beat "Bigfoot" clean out of his boot.

This leads us to speak of another race—the Indian race It was discovered by Christopher Columbus, a travelling showman, who, in seeking novelties for the next season's business, visited this continent on board of a government lighter. The F F's of Virginia, a race that is nearly run out (of the State) date their descent from a female of the Indian race, whose principal business was going around and saving the lives of such unfortunate members of the Smith family as had been exposed to the "war-club," a complaint quite prevalent in the early days of Virginia, to which the white man, enervated by the civilization of the fourteenth century, was prone to succumb.

The Indian race was once a splendid race. They were called "the noble red men," although it is a historical fact that there was not a well *red* man among them. They chased the deer across the plains, and, until civilization was introduced, were *chaste* themselves. They were warlike, and sometimes fought among themselves, yet their Charleston Conventions were characterized by the greatest harmony

Where now is the noble race of men? Instead of making war they make baskets, and in place of picking quarrels among the clearings. They smoke for peace no more The Indian race is nearly extinct this side of the Western frontier, being only occasionally revived at a country fair, where the fastest Indian wins a purse of a few dollars and gets drunk on free whiskey.

Rights of Americans.

A wag has made the following summary of what he calls the inalienable rights of Americans, and which are not enumerated in the immortal Declaration of Independence:

To know any trade or business, without apprenticeship or experience.

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, position, or opinion of parents.

To have a wife and children dependent on cutting notes of business, and in case of sudden death, to leave them wholly unprovided for.

To teach our children no good trade, hoping that they will have, when grown up, wit enough to live on the industry of other people.

To enjoy the general sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculation.

To cheat the Government if possible

To hold offices without being competent to discharge the duties

To build a house with nine and six inch walls, go to funerals of tenants, firemen and others killed by the fall, weeping over and lamenting the "mysterious dispensations of Providence."

To build our cities and towns without any parks public squares, broad streets, and ventilated blocks, and call pestilence a visitation of God.

With all thy Might.

An exchange has the following, which illustrates an important truth.

'Look at that boy! He is a stout, strong fellow, and one of the sharpest in the workshop. But he will not serve our purpose; he must be dismissed.'

'Why?' I inquired.

'Because he does not work with all his might. Just watch the drowsy, indifferent way in which he handles his tools He is thinking of something else all the time'

This was said by one of the proprietors of an extensive manufactory for machinery as he conducted me through part of his works.

'You must require great strength of muscle in your workmen,' I remarked

'No, not so much strength of muscle as strength of purpose It is not men of might that we want, but men who use their might; men who work with zeal and energy at whatever they set themselves to do. It is not the strong and big boys who do the most work, but the boys that are in earnest, active and strong of purpose; doing one thing at a time, but doing that one thing well.'

A retired butcher, who had made a large fortune, was in company with several ladies at a game of whist, where, having lost two or three rubbers, one of the ladies, addressing him, asked, 'Pary, sir, what are the stakes now?' To which, ever mindful of his old occupation, he replied—'Madam, the best rump I cannot sell lower than seven-pence-half-penny a pound.'

From the Shenandoah.

How we are Restoring the Union.

The following letter is from a correspondent of that superlatively 'loyal' journal the New York *Evening Post*. Read it freemen, and see how bravely the work of 'restoring the Union' goes on under Lincoln's policies. The same course of treatment, so long as abolitionism controls the war and bars all efforts for an honest peace, must be applied to one million square miles of territory south of the Ohio. How long in the job likely to require for its completion?

MARTINSBURG, VA., Oct. 20, 1864.

A visit to this town since Sheridan began his operations in the Shenandoah Valley is peculiarly interesting. The place is now held as a military post by our forces, and its population is largely increased by the arrival of refugees from all parts of the Valley. Originally it contained between three and four thousand inhabitants. Yesterday afternoon after obtaining quarters through the assistance of some military friends, I sallied out for a look at the town.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE.

Darkness was near at hand, and the sight was picturesque in the extreme.—Over a space of fifty acres or more, were spread in unique clusters, hundreds of families in the Valley of the Shenandoah. The government had furnished them with the soft, bituminous Cumberland coal, which abounds in this region, and each little family had lighted a pile which burned bright but smoky, like a blacksmith's fire; and round it were grouped the few articles of household gear, which like the children of Israel they had carried with them from out of Egypt

They were scattered over chests, in the lee of bureaus or behind barricades of tables, covered with old quilts or tattered blankets, with nothing but the angry sky above their heads, and the bleak cold wind whistling around them; the women while children of tender years, often with babes at their breast; the young girls and boys, and feeble old men—for there were no young or able men in their group—cowered over the fitful blaze of these fires.

One woman nursed a little babe carefully wrapped in an old shawl, and her daughter at her side held another just about as small. I asked her—for they were not displeased at questions, and I waited for no introduction—'If the babies were twins' 'Yes,' said she, nine weeks old,' and she screened the wind from the face of the child with her shoulder; 'we had to leave; seventy families all came away at a time. Me and my children came with them.'

'How many children have you?' said I.

'Four children, sir; my eldest girl is twelve.'

'Where are you going?'

'We don't know, sir'

The country was lighted up with fires, and the smoke and the dampness reflected the light till it seemed that a vast city was spread around. I strolled from group to group

Sheltered by some old boards piled against the ruins of a brick wall, I stumbled on the first case of 'miscegenation' I ever saw. Facing the fire stood a black Congo man herculean proportions, dangling in his arms a beautiful blue eyed child, with curling auburn ringlets. The delicate spiritually look of the child—which was about two years old—attracted my attention.

I presume it had been his master's and asked him whom he belonged to?

Colonel Grey was my master, sir; belonged to der rebel army, he did, sir.'

'Well,' said I, 'how came you to bring away his child?'

'Dis is my child, master—my own child, sir Dere's my wife and my other children, sir;' and, sure enough, there at his side sat a woman perfectly white I presumed she was of the 'poor white' class.—She was nursing a little mulatto babe, and two other children of various shades were playing with the fire; and this completed the family.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

Farther on was seated on an old chest another woman, a Niobe in her distress.

'You look very sad, ma'am,' said I

'Yes, and I feel so, too, sir,' replied she. 'But I've got through crying long ago, sir; I've no more tears to shed'

'Do you come from the valley?'

'Yes; we are all from the valley.'

'How far?'

'Nigh fifty miles! reckon we come—Why, we were rich,' continued she; 'we had a nice farm, a good house and barns, and let me tell you what we had. We had nine head of young cattle, we had four cows, and we had four old horses and six colts.

Then there were thirty and six fatted hogs, and six pigs. Then I had in the house two barrels of apple butter, three hundred pounds of honey, three crocks of butter, and I had silk in the house for two new dresses—to say nothing of my drawers being full of sheets and pillow cases, and all kinds of house linen and a feathered one every bedstead. Well, sir, I was a Union woman, I was, I gave my honey and my apple-butter, and all my things to your men when they came up here scouting, and I never begrudged it. When the order came for your men to clear the valley, they came while I was over to a neighbors; I saw the light in my direction, and, oh dear! I knew what was going on; I knew my barn was going. I ran all the way, and I came in one man with a pot of butter, and another with a pot of honey, and all my things; I knew whose they were, and when I got there they had gutted my house I just had time to get a few things together—there's all that's left, sir,' pointing with an air of unutterable despondency to a little pile of effects at her feet

Said I, 'Have you nothing left but those?'

'Only thirty dollars in money besides,' said she.

We sold a colt to one of your men; he was a kind man, too—for thirty dollars.—We had considerable of Confederate money but that was no good'

'Well, where do you intend to go?' I asked.

'Me and the children hope to go to Ohio,' said she; 'but we don't know as we shall. We don't know what to do.'

With a sad heart I picked my way on among darkness was so near at hand that to prevent being lost, I made my way home as fast as possible.

'Ah, Sam, so you've been in trouble, have you?'

'Yes, Jim, yes'

'Well, well, cheer up, man; adversity tries us, and shows us our better qualities.'

'Ah, but adversity didn't try me; it was an old wagabond of a Judge, and he showed up my worst qualities.'

A man proves himself fit to go higher who shows that he is faithful where he is. A man that will not do well in his present place because he longs to be higher, is fit to be neither where he is, nor yet above it.

The Little Quakeress.

An amusing matrimonial story is told by a correspondent of the olden time in New England It so fell out that a young couple became very much smitten with each other—as young people do. The young woman's father was a wealthy Quaker—the young man was poor but respectable The father could stand no such union, but resolutely opposed it, and the daughter dare not disobey—that is to say, she dare not disobey openly. She 'met him by the moonlight,' while she pretended never to see him, and she pined and wasted in spite of herself She was really in love—a state of sighs and tears which women oftener reach in imagination than reality. Still the father remained inexorable.

Time passed off She let concealment, like a worm in the bud, prey on the damask cheek, however; but when her father asked her why she pined, she always told him. The old man was a widower, and loved his daughter dearly Had it been a widowed mother who had Mary in charge, a woman's pride would never have given way before the importunities of a daughter. Men are not, however, stubborn in such matters and when the father saw that his daughter's heart was set upon the match, he surprised her one day by breaking out—

'Mary, rather than mope to death, thee had better marry as soon as thee chooses, and whom thee please.'

And then what did Mary? Wait till the birds of the air had told her swain of the change, or until her father had time to alter his mind? Not a bit of it. She clapped her neat, plain bonnet on her head, walked directly into the street, and then directly to the house of her intended fast as her feet would carry her She walked into the house without knocking—for knocking was not then fashionable—and she found the family just sitting down to dinner. Some little commotion was exhibited at so unexpected and so unusual an apparition as the heiress in the widow's cottage, but she heed'd it not Mary walked directly up to him, and took both his hands in hers

'John,' said she, 'father says I may have thee'

And John got directly up from the dinner table, and went to the parson's. In just twenty five minutes they were married.

Artemus in Trouble.

In the faul of 1856 I showed my show in Utiky, a truly grate city in the State of New York

The people gave me a cordyal reception The press was loud in her praises

I day as I was given a discription of my Beests and Snakes in my usual flowry stil, what was my chorn and disgust to see a big burly fellow walk up to the cage containing my wax figgers of the Lords Last Supper, and sesse Judas Iscarrat by the feet and drag him out onto the ground—He then commenced to pound him as hard as he coud

'What under the son air you about?' cried I

Sez he, 'What did ye bring this pussy anemus cuss here for?'

And he hit the wax figger another tremejus blow on the hedd.

Sez I, 'Yew egregius ass, that air's a wax figger—a representashun of the false Postle'

Sez he, 'That's all very well for you to say, but I tell you, old man, that Judas Iscarrt can't show himself in Utiky with impunity by a darned site,' with which observashun he kaved in Judassa hed.—The young man belonging to one of the first families of Utiky.

I sued him, and the Jury drawt in a verdict of Assault in the 3rd degree.

What they Dislike.

A clergyman dislikes to see his deacons yawn as he approaches his thirdly; close their eyes at the development of the eleventh head; begin to nod at the rounding off of the twelfth; and to hear them snore in chorus, ere he gets within gunshot of his lastly

A physician dislikes to meet a healthy, rugged, 'never say die' looking sort of a man who evidently 'throws physic to the dogs,' and would be right glad to toss the doctor after it.

An editor dislikes to be bored with a lengthy and miserably written communication on a subject about which his readers know but little, and care less, signed 'A subscriber from the beginning,' or something of that sort.

New Location for Dyspepsia.

Old North was helping us in haying, and one day when I was turning the stone for him to grinde his scythe we were talking, of a neighbor who had been bedridden for years.

'What's the matter with him?' North asked.

I told him that he had lost the use of his legs, suffered but little pain, and went on to describe his case as well as I could, adding that the doctors were unable to name the disease.

'Well,' said North, with a prodigiously wise, self satisfied air: 'I can tell ye what 'tis: he's got dyspepsy in his legs! What's the matter.'

One day a lady visited an acquaintance, and while standing at the front door indulging in gossip before parting, an Irishman came up and asked could he put the cool, lying before the door, in the cellar—The lady asked the price, which being satisfactory, the bargain was concluded, Pat went to work.

'I wouldn't employ foreigners if I were in your place,' remarked the visiter.

'Arr! cried the lady of the house, as a peculiar light shone in her blue eye; then just send your husband around, and I'll give *him* the job and discharge this man'

The offended female left in a huff, and visited there no more, nor were her visits desired after such an exhibition of narrow mindedness.

Proverbs.

Wise distrust is the parent of security.

So much only is mine as I either use my self or give for God's sake.

He who has the longest sword is always thought to be in the right

Play or gaming hath the devil at the bottom.

He who throws a stone against God, it falls upon his own head.

A courtier is a slave in a golden chain.

Love thy neighbor; yet pull not down thy hedge.

Three may keep counsel, if two be away.

A good word is as soon said as a bad one.

That great is ill saved that shames its master.

No one is a fool always, every one some time.

'Yes, ma'am, that's a crack article,' said a storekeeper to a lady purchaser. 'Oh, mercy,' cried she, 'if the thing is cracked, I don't want it.'

'You are a nuisance—I'll commit you,' said an offended judge to a noisy person in court.

'You've no right to commit a nuisance,' said the offender.

Answering a Lawyer.

Jersey law is rigorous to an extent Pennsylvania has never reached. The austerity of the Courts of our Spanish sister over the Delaware prevents many of the little sparkling *rencontres* of wit and conversational acuteness that prevails in our city courts. One day last week, in the Camden Court, a Lottery case was on trial—A man had been arrested on suspicion of being connected with a New York lottery, and a full court room attested the interest created in the trial. The man declined to plead guilty, and the attempt to prove it was insufficient Evidence was feeble and conflicting As a last resort the defendant was called to the stand, and the counsel for the Commonwealth proceeded to interrogate him:—

'How do you live, sir?'

'By my wits.'

'What keeps your wits going?'

'Pile of money.'

'Pile of money? Have you any avocation?'

'No, sir.'

'Observe that, gentleman of the jury, he has no avocation, but he has a pile of money Where does that money come from?'

'Don't know?'

'Sir, how do you get it?'

'In separate amounts.'

'Where do the amounts come from?

'Don't know.'

'Who sends them to you?'

'Don't know.'

The whole court house was in a laugh. The lawyer, noted for his persistant and successful questioning, was at fault. The witness, who was evidently a fast one, leaned complacently against the railing, waiting for the resumption of the dialogue. He had evidently been in a similar predicament before and was prepared for any emergency. The lawyer tried it again, and on a different tack.

'You do not know where the money comes from. How, then, do you receive it?'

'By mail.'

'Oh! by mail. And, sir, do you dare to insult this Court and the intelligence of this jury by stating that you receive a pile of money from the office, and don't know where that money comes from? Why sir, I should like to be in such a condition and I would soon ascertain why moneys were placed in my possession. I should like to receive a pile of money by mail—'

'I believe it,' interrupted the witness

The effect was electric. The jury laughed The judge was busy referring to his massive tomes. The court room was in an extensive cachination, and the witness only smoothed the glossy ends of his polished soap-locks, and looked askance at the attorney. The latter gentleman thought he had better retire from the stand before the hearing went any further, and the case was dismissed. The defendant went on his way, privileged to live by his wits, and derive piles of money from the mails whenever occasion favors.

Love of Life.

The instinctive love of life begins with the consciousness of existence, and acts steadily throughout with more or less intensity until consciousness ceases. It is stronger than reason.

We shrink from death whilst reason acknowledes that life is not worth preserving The instinctive feeling still prevails; and it is necessary that it should be so, for if the preservation of life were left to the determination of the judgment it would in thousands of instances most assuredly be thrown away as a worthless thing. The few of our species who, wrung by maddening anguish, commit suicide do not invalidate the general principle, that the love of life is an instinctive principle stronger than reason.

Besides, as in other cases, these few exceptions prove the general law The unhappy suicide is generally a man of strong mind The idiot never commits suicide. Instinct has no reason to oppose it in his mind; and for the same reason the lower animals do not commit the act of self-destruction.

At a dinner party one of the guests used his knife improperly in eating. At length a wag asked aloud: 'Have you heard of poor L——'s sad affair? I met him at a party yesterday, when to our great horror, he suddenly took up the knife, and—' 'Good heavens!' interrupted one of the ladies: 'and did he cut his throat?' 'Why, no,' answered the relater, 'he did not cut his throat with his knife; but we all expected he would, for he did actually put it up to his mouth.'

A young lady rather given to gossiping, was in the habit of complaining of a bad taste in her mouth every morning She consulted a physician upon the matter.—He told her it was because she went to bed every night with so much scandal in her mouth 'Well, then, Doctor,' said she, 'I'll let it all out before night hereafter.'

'Whether women be handsome or not,' observed Bacon, reputed one of the seven sages, 'does not signify; if they are ugly, they turn one's stomach; if they are lovely, they turn one's head.'

The future is never what we anticipate—it is always darker or brighter—the present only is ours—and we are fools if we become its slaves instead of being its master.

Frank Hayman was a droll dog. When he buried his wife, a friend asked him why he expended so much on her funeral. 'Oh, sir,' replied he, 'she would have done so much, or more, for me, with pleasure.'

A young lady was heard to say that she could not go to fight for the country, but she