THE IREDELL EXPRESS,
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E. B. DRAKE. BY W. P. DRAKE.
EUGENE B. DRAKE & SON,
Editors and Proprietors.
TERMS OF THE PAPER,
$2 a Year, in Advance.

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Miscellaneous Reading.

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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a square for the first week, and Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter. Sixteen lines or less will make a square.—Deductions made in favor of standing matter as follows:

	3 MOS.	6 MOS.	1 YEAR.
One square,	$3.50	$5.50	$8.00
Two squares,	7.00	10.00	14.00
Three squares,	10.00	15.00	20.00

When directions are not given how often to insert an Advertisement, it will be published until ordered out.

Professional and Business Cards, &c.

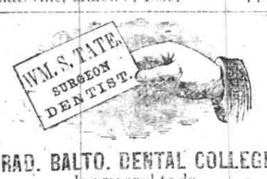
JAMES F. BELL, Jr.,
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND
SOLICITOR IN EQUITY,
Statesville, N. C.,
Will promptly attend to all business intrusted to his care in the Courts, (County and Superior,) of Iredell and adjoining Counties. January 1, 1859.—5-1y

DR. Y. S. DEAN
Will attend all Calls, both in Town and Country, Office on College Avenue, two doors west of the Printing Office.
Statesville, N. C. 2

DR. H. KELLY
Offers his Professional services to the public.
Office on College Avenue, opposite the Methodist Church, Statesville, N. C.

HAYNE DAVIS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
STATESVILLE, N. C.
Will promptly and diligently attend to all business, entrusted to his care.
Office opposite the Jail. Oct. 22, 1858.

Dr. A. A. LAURENCE
HAVING COMPLETED HIS MEDICAL EDUCATION, and located, *permanently*, among them, respectfully presents his claims to the patronage of his friends in Statesville and Iredell.
Statesville, March 8, 1859. 14tf



GRAD. BALTO. DENTAL COLLEGE,
Is prepared to do
All kinds of Plate-work,
In the neatest and most desirable style, and has all the late improvements known to the Profession.
Teeth filled in the best possible manner. Irregularity of the teeth, diseases of the mouth and antrum successfully treated.
Communications, by mail or otherwise, will receive prompt attention.
TERMS: Cash or note on completion of work.
Teeth Extracted without pain.
Feb. 25.—12tf

STEVENSON & BOWEN,
[LATE STEVENSON, BOWEN, & NESMITH,]
Wholesale Dealers in
DRY GOODS,
HAVE ASSOCIATED WITH THEM
DANIEL M. ZIMMERMAN,
Formerly of LINCOLNTON, N. C.,
And REMOVED to the large Store,
53 North 3d Street, below Arch,
PHILADELPHIA,
Where an Increased Stock will be kept, and inducements offered equal to any House in the Trade.
Jan. 28, 1859.—8-6m

JAS. W. DRAKE,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 13 ST. LOUIS STREET,
MOBILE, ALA.
Jan. 21, 1859.—7-3f

T. C. & B. G. Worth,
GENERAL COMMISSION MERCHANTS
Wilmington, N. C.
DEALERS in Lime, Plaster, Hair, Cement, Land Plaster, Robinson's Manipulated Guano, Tasker & Clarks Phosphatic Fertilizer. Orders for any of the above filled without charge of Commission. *Times Copy.*
March 4, 3m-pd.

SIMONTON
HOUSE.
THE subscribers having become lessees of this spacious New
HOTEL
located near the public Square and Court-House, in Statesville, respectfully announce that they are prepared to accommodate the traveling Public and all who may favor them with patronage, with entertainment equal to any first class Hotel in the Union.
MRS. M. A. WREN & SON,
July 3d. 3tf

WILSON & NEWHARD,
WATCH-MAKERS
AND
JEWELERS,
STATESVILLE, N. C.
KEEP constantly on hand a large assortment of Watches and Jewelry of all kinds.
Clocks, Watches and Jewelry of every sort, repaired in the best manner and on the most reasonable terms.
August 28th, 1858.

FIRE INSURANCE.
The Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the
CHARLOTTE
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Charlotte,
Will receive and forward Applications for Insurance against Loss and Damage by Fire, on the principles of the Company.
The Company is doing a prosperous business. No call has ever yet been made for an instalment on a premium note.
E. B. DRAKE, Agent.
11-tf

Poetry.

SPRING.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Dip down upon the northern shore,
O sweet new year, delaying long;
Thou dost expectant natures wrong.
Delaying long; delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,
Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
The little speedwell's darling blue,
Deep tulips dashed with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping wells of fire.

O thou, new year, delaying long,
Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud,
And flood a fresher throat with song.

Now fades the last long streak of snow;
Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,
The distance takes a lovelier hue,
And drowned in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a lightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
The flocks are whiter down the vale,
And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
In yonder greening gleam, and fly
The happy birds that change their sky
To build and brood, that live their lives.

From land to land; and in my breast,
Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

From the Household Words.

LOST ALICE.

CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Why did I marry her? I often asked myself the question, in the days that succeded our honeymoon. By right, I should have married no one. Yet I loved her, as I love her still.

She was, perhaps, the strangest character of her girlhood, I could not comprehend her; and I often think, when I raise my eyes to her grave, quiet face, as she sits opposite me at dinner, that I do not comprehend her yet. There are many thoughts working in her brain of which I know nothing, and flashes of feeling look out at her eyes now and then, and go back again, as captives might steal a glimpse of the outer world through their prison bars, and turn to their brick-walled solitude once more. She is my wife, I have her and hold her as no other can. She bears my name, and sits at the head of my table; she rides beside me in my carriage, or takes my arm as we walk; and yet I know and feel, all the time, that the darling of my past has fled from me forever, and that it is only the ghost of her bright youth, that lingers, near, me now.

She was not a child when I married her though she was very young. I mean, that life had taught her lessons which are generally given only to the grey-haired, and had laid burdens upon her which belong of right to the old. She had been an unloved child, and at the age of sixteen she was left to herself, and entirely dependent on her own exertions. Friends and family she had none, she was accustomed laughingly to say; but I have since found that her sisters were living, and in happy homes, even at the time when she accepted that awful trust of herself, and went out of the great world to fulfil it. Of this part of her life she never speaks; but one who knewher then has told me much. It was a time of struggle and pain, as well it might have been. Fresh from the life of a large boarding school, she was little fitted for the bustle of a great selfish city; and the tears come to my eyes as I think, with a kind of wonder, on the child who pushed her way through difficulties at which strong men have quailed, and made herself a name, and a position, and a home. She was a writer—at first a drudge, for the weekly press, poorly paid, and unappreciated. By-and-by, brighter days dawned, and the wolf went away from the door.—She was admired, read, sought after, and—above all—paid. Even then, she could not use the wisdom she had purchased at so dear a rate. She held her heart in her hand, and it was wrung and tortured every day.

"I may as well stop breathing as stop loving," she would say, with a happy smile. "Don't talk to me about my folly. Let me go on with my toys; and if they break in my hand, you cannot help it, and I shall not come to you for sympathy."

She was not beautiful; but something—whether it was her bright, happy face or the restless gaiety of her manner—bewitched people, and made them like her. Men did the maddest things imaginable for her sake; and not only young men in whom folly was pardonable, but those who should have been too wise to be caught by the sparkle of her smile, or the gay ringing of her laugh. She did not trust them; her early life had taught her better; but I think she liked them for a while, till newer fancy came, and then she danced past them, and was gone.

It was in the country that I met her first; and there she was more herself than in the city. We were distant relatives, though we had never seen each other, and the Fates sent me to spend my summer vacation with my mother's aunt, in a country village, where she was already domesticated. Had I known this, I should have kept my distance; for it was only a fourteenth or fifteenth cousinship that lay between us, and I had a kind of horror of her. I hardly knew why, I was a steady-going, quiet sort of lawyer, and hated to have my short holiday of rest and quiet broken in upon by a fine lady. I said as much to my aunt, in return for her announcement of "Alice Kent is here," with which she greeted me. She looked over her spectacles in quiet wonder as I gave her a slight sketch of the lady's city life, as I had it from the lips of "Mrs. Grundy" herself.

"Well—live and learn, they say.—But whoever would think it was our Alice you are talking of, Frank! However, I'll say no more about her!—You'll have plenty of time to get acquainted with her, in the month you mean to pass here. And we are glad to see you, and your bed-room is ready,—the one you used to like."

I took up my hat, and strolled away to have a look at the farm. By-and-by I got over the orchard wall, and crossed the brook, and the high road, and went out into the grove behind the house, whose farthest trees were growing on the side of the hill which looked so blue and distant from my chamber window. It was an old favorite place of mine. A broad wagon track led through the woods, out to a clearing on the other side, where was a little sheet of water, called The Fairy's looking-glass, and a beautiful view of a lovely country, with the steep green hills lying down in the distance, wrapped in a soft fleecy mantle of cloud and haze. I could think of nothing when I stood there, on a fine sunshiny day, but the long gaze of Bunyan's Pilgrim through the shepherd's glass at the beautiful city towards which he was journeying. And it seemed sometimes as if I could wander "over the hills and far away," and lose myself in one of the fair valleys at the foot of those hills, and be content never to come out and face the weary world any more.

I walked slowly through the woods, with the sunshine falling through the green leaves of the young beeches in chequered radiance on my path, drawing in long breaths of the fresh air, and feeling a tingling in my veins and a glow at my heart, as if the blood were flowing newly there, until I came to the little circular grove of pines and hemlocks that led out upon the Fairy's Looking glass. Something stirred as I pierced my way through the branches, and I heard a low growl.

A girl was half-sitting, half-lying, in the sunshine beside the little lake, throwing pebbles into the water, and watching the ripples that spread and widened to the other shore. A great black Newfoundland dog was standing between me and her, showing a formidable row of strong white teeth, and looking me threateningly in the face.

She started, and looked sharply round, and saw me standing in the little grove with the dog between us,—She burst out laughing.

I felt that I was cutting rather a ridiculous figure but I put a bold face upon the matter, and asked coolly,

"Are you Alice Kent?"

"People call me so."

"Then I suppose I may call you cousin, for I am Frank Atherton?"

"Cousin Frank! We have been expecting you this week. When did you come?"

"Just now."

She made room for me beside her. We talked long, about our family our mutual friends, and the old homestead of the Athertons, which she had seen, though I had not. She told me about the house, and our cousins who were then living there, and I sat listening, looking now and then at her, as she sat with the sunshine falling round her, and the great dog lying at her feet. I wondered, almost as my aunt had done, if this was indeed the Alice Kent of whom I had heard so much. She was dressed plainly, very plainly, in a kind of grey material, that fell around her in light soft folds. A knot of plain blue ribbon fastened her linen collar, and a gipsy hat, lying beside her, was trimmed with the same color. Her watch chain, like a thread of gold, and a diamond ring, were the only ornaments she wore. Yet I had never seen a dress I liked so well. She was tall (too tall, I should have said, had she been any one else; for when we were standing, her head was almost on a level with mine) and slender, and quick and agile in all her movements. Her brown hair was soft and pretty, but she wore it carelessly pushed away from her forehead: not arranged with that nicety I should have expected in a city belle. Her features were irregular, full of life and spirit, but decidedly plain; her complexion fair, her mouth rather large, frank and smiling; her eyebrows arched, as if they were asking questions; and her eyes large, and of a soft dark grey, very pleasant to look into; very puzzling too, as I found afterwards to my cost. Those eyes were the only beauty she possessed, and she unconsciously made the most of them. Had she been a Carmelite nun, she would have talked with them; she could not have helped it.—When they laughed, it seemed their normal state—the bright beaming glance they gave; but, when they darkened suddenly and grew softer and deeper, and looked up into the face of any unfortunate wight with an expression peculiar to themselves, heaven help him!

Though I had known her only five minutes, I felt this, when I chanced to look up and meet a curious glance she had fixed on me. She had ceased to talk, and was sitting, with her lips half apart and a lovely color mantling on her cheek, studying my face intently, when our eyes met. There was an electric kind of shock in the gaze. I saw the color deepen and go up to her forehead, and a shiver ran over me from head to foot. It was dangerous for me to watch that blush, but I did; and I longed to know its cause, and wondered what thought had brought it.

"Fred, bring me my hat," she said to her dog, affecting to yawn. "It is time for us to go home to supper I suppose. Are you hungry, cousin Frank?"

"Yes—no," I answered, with my thoughts still running on that blush.

She laughed good naturedly, and took the hat from the Newfoundland, who had brought it in his mouth.

"How fond you are of that great dog," I said, as we rose from our seat beneath the tree.

"Fond of him?" She stooped down over him with a sudden impetuous movement, took his head between her two hands, and kissed the beauty spot on his forehead. "Fond of him, cousin Frank? Why, the dog is my idol! He is the only thing on earth who is or has been true to me, and the only thing——" She stopped short, and colored.

"That you have been true to," I said finishing the sentence for her.

"So people say," she answered, with a laugh. But look at him—look at those beautiful eyes, and tell me if any one could help loving him. My poor old Fred! So honest in this weary world."

She sighed, and patted his head again and he stood wagging his tail and looking up into her face, with eyes that were as she had said, beautiful, and, what was better far, brimful of love and honesty.

"I doubt if you will keep pace with us," she said, after we had walked a few steps; "and Fred is longing for a race: I always give him one through the woods. Would you mind?"

"Oh dear, no!"

The next moment she was off like the wind, and the dog tearing after her, barking all the [illegible] I did not see her that night no more.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

I was, as I have already said, a grave, steady-going lawyer, verging towards a respectable middle-age, with one or two grey hairs showing among my black locks. I had had my dreams and fancies, and my hot, eager, generous youth, like most other men; and they had passed away. But one thing I had not known, one thing I had missed (save in my dreams,) and that was a woman's love.

If I ever gave my visions a body and a name, they were totally unlike all the realities I had ever seen. The wife of my fireside reveries was a slight, delicate, gentle creature, with a pure pale face, sweet lips, the bluest and clearest of eyes, the softest and finest of golden hair, and a voice low and sweet, like the murmurings of an Æolian harp. And she sat by my chair in silence; loving me always, but I dare say, if I had met the original of this placid picture in life, I should have wooed and won her, and have been utterly miserable.

So, as a matter of course, I fell into danger now. When Alice Kent went singing and dancing through the house, leaving every door and window open as she went, I used often to lay down my pen and look at her, and feel as if the sun shone brighter for her being there. When she raced through the grove or orchard with the great dog at her heels, I smiled, and patted Fred on the head; when she rode past the house at a hand gallop on her grey pony, Fra Diavolo, and leaped him over the garden gate, and shook her whip saucily in my face, I laid aside my book to admire her riding, and never thought her unwomanly or ungraceful.

We grew to be great friends—like brother and sister, I used to say to myself. How that liking glided gradually into loving, I could not have told. I met her one day in the village street. I turned a corner and came upon her suddenly. She was walking slowly along, with her dog beside her, and her eyes fixed upon the ground, looking graver and more thoughtful than I had ever seen her before. At sight of me her whole face brightened suddenly; yet she passed me with a slight nod and a smile, and took her way towards home. Seeing that flash of light play over her grave face, and feeling the sudden bound which my heart sprang up to meet it, I knew what we were to each other.

It was late when I reached home, after a musing walk. The farmer and his wife had gone to bed, the children were at a merry-making at the next house, and a solitary light burned from the parlor window, which was open. The full moon shone fairly in a sky without a cloud. I unfastened the gate and went in; and there in the open door sat Alice, with a light shawl thrown over her shoulders, her head resting on the shaggy coat of the Newfoundland dog. His beautiful brown eyes watched me as I came up the path, but he did not stir.

I sat down near her; but on the lower step, so that I could look up in her face.

'Alice, you do not look well.'

'But I am; quite well. I am going away to-morrow.'

'Going away! Where?'

'Home. To London. Well, what ails you cousin Frank? Did you never hear of any one who went to London before?'

'Yes; but why do you go?'

'Why? She opened her eyes and looked at me. 'For many reasons. Firstly, I only came for six weeks, and I have stayed nearly three months; secondly, because I have business which can be put off no longer; and thirdly, because my friends are wondering what on earth keeps me here so long (they will say soon it is you, Frank.) They vow they cannot do without me any longer, and it is pleasant to be missed, you know.'

'And so you are going back to the old life, Alice? And by-and-by I suppose you will marry?'

'I would not advise any man, be he old or young, in case he does not think it wise or prudent to marry the woman he loves, to linger with her in the doorway of a silent farm-house, and hold her hand, and look out upon a moonlight night. The touch of the small, light fingers was playing the mischief with my good resolutions, and my wisdom (if I had any.)

'Alice,' I said softly; and I almost started, as she did, at the sound of my own voice, it was so changed. 'Alice, we have been very happy here.'

'Very.'

I took both her hands, and held them close in mine. But she would not look at me though her face was turned that way.

'There is a great difference between us, dear Alice. I am much older than you, and much graver. I have loved never any woman but you in my life, while you have charmed a thousand hearts, and had a thousand fancies. If you were what the world thinks you, and what you try to make yourself out to be, I should say no more than this—I love you. But I know you have a heart. I know you can love, if you will; and can be true, if you will; and I ask you to talk to me honestly, and tell me if you can love me, or if you do. I am not used to asking such questions of ladies, Alice, and may seem rough and rude; but believe me, when I say you have won my whole heart, and I cannot be happy without you.'

'Yes, I believe you,' she said.

'But do you trust me, and do you love me?'

She might trifle with a trifler, but she was earnest enough with me.

'I trust you, and I love you,' she answered, frankly. 'Are you wondering why I can stand before you, and speak so calmly? Because I do not think I shall ever marry you. You do not love me as I have always said my husband should love me. I am wayward and exacting, and I should weary your life out by constant craving for tenderness. I was made to be petted, Frank; and you, though a loving, are not an affectionate man. You would wish me at the bottom of the Red Sea before we had been married a month; and, because you could not get me there, you would go to work and break my heart, by way of amusement. I know it as well as if I had seen it all—even now.'

She looked at me, and all her woman's heart and nature were in her eyes. They spoke love and passion, and deep tenderness—all for me. Something leaped into life in my heart at that moment which I never felt before—something that made my affection of the last few hours seem cold and dead beside its fervid glow. I had her in my arms within the instant—close—close to my heart.

'Alice! if ever man loved woman with heart and soul—madly and unreasonably, if you will, but still truly and honestly—I love you, my darling.'

'But will it last! O, Frank, will it last?'

I bent down, and our lips met in a long, fond kiss.

'You will be my wife, Alice?'

She leaned her pretty head against my arm, and her hand stole into mine again.

'Do you mean that for your answer? Am I to keep the hand, dear Alice, and call it mine?'

'If you will, Francis.'

It was the first time she had ever given me that name. But she never called me by any other again until she ceased to love me; and it sounds sweetly in my memory now, and it sound sweetly to my dying day.

The University.

We learn from the catalogue just published, that there are here this year, 456 matriculates—a larger number than last year. Of these, 93 are Seniors; 103 Juniors; 119 Sophomores; 95 Freshmen; 46 Partial Course Students; 23 Law Students; 76 Scientific Students. There are 278 from this State; from Tennessee, 59; Louisiana, 28; Mississippi, 26; Alabama, 21; South Carolina, 15; Texas, 15; Georgia, 14; Virginia, 8; Kentucky, 4; Florida, 4; Arkansas, 2; Iowa, 1; New York, 1.

From the Montgomery Mail.

Floating Jokes.

BY GUSS.

In the Wrong Room.—Have you never, in some of your pleasant moods, wished you possessed the powers of Dr. Valentine or Jeemes Pikes? Not for the purpose of vexing the life out of any one, as did the wicked Cobb on to Monsieur Pipelet; but for a little harmless amusement, as does that rare of a ventriloquist, Signor Blitz.

A friend of ours, who is liberally endowed with imitative powers, related to us not long since an amusing adventure, in which he played a prominent part, that made us really envy his faculty of manufacturing fun. Our friend was a lodger for the night at the 'Floyd House,' Macon, Ga. To use his own language, 'I was lighted to a room in the fourth story, at bed time. I had retired, and was enjoying my 'self-confessional.' The room, although rather elevated, was commodious. In the gy-dothenuse corner was another bed.—The moon, just over the street, could scarcely, with all its penetrating powers, force its inflected rays into my room, owing to the cloudiness of the atmosphere and the 'bleached domestic' hanging before my windows. I had been in bed perhaps a half hour, when I heard footsteps approaching my door. The door was opened noiselessly, and two men came in. I could see there were two—only when moving. However, my first thought was one of apprehension; but upon their going silently to bed, I resolved to play off a little joke upon my neighbors. I began to imitate an old man of the country, with his offclide voice and lung spitting cough. By his side *apparently* lay his beloved companion, wedging in a word or so of advice, when opportunity offered a chance. Even the innocent infant was not forgotten—aroused by the restlessness of its parents, it manifested its vexation by plaintive wailings. 'Old beloved' became furious at the disturbance.—Mama vented her spleen upon baby, and confusion was fairly rioting over in my corner. About this time, I saw a head pop up from the other corner. 'Bob, burst my timbers if we have'nt made a mistake and got into a family room.'

'Old man, didn't you hear the dog?'

'No, no! go to sleep—you are always thinking about ghosts.'

The 'head' brought out from under the cover a body, and then legs. 'Bob,' said the 'head,' 'you can stay, if you are a mind to, but *I'm going*,' and out came head, body and legs, followed by 'Bob,' now aroused to a consciousness of the peculiar delicacy of his situation. No time was taken to clothe themselves, for the door was immediately opened, and the 'head' and 'Bob' disappeared.

It required all the nerve I possessed to restrain my laughter while my neighbors were hastily decamping; yet I kept up the conversation between the 'old beloved' and mama and the wailings of baby.

But a few minutes elapsed ere my door was again opened, and the Bar-keeper, with a candle, followed by the 'head' and 'Bob,' entered the room and approached my bed. I feigned heavy sleep. 'You see you are mistaken,' observed Bar-keeper. 'I tell you,' replied the 'head,' 'that Bob and I were in that bed yonder; see where we rumpled it—and we heard a man, his wife, and I don't know how many children over here in this corner.'

The muscles of Bar-keeper's cheeks began to twitch, and Bob seemed touched with awakening intelligence.

As profound as was my slumber, I could scarcely help from roaring out.

'Do you think that fellow has been playing a prank on us?' asked the 'head.'

'Well, it kinder looks that way,' says the Bar-keeper.

The 'head' approached my bed, laid his hand roughly upon my breast, and shook me violently. 'Stranger, stranger,' said he, 'where's that woman and baby?'

I yawned, stretched, and rubbed open my sleep-loaded eyes, and appeared astounded at the unexpected visitation.

'Where's that woman and baby you had here?' repeated the 'head.'

'What woman and baby are you speaking of?' said I, in utter amazement.

'Ah, poor innocent young man! how suddenly ignorant you are. Get up from your bed and follow us, instantly.'

'But, sir, I—'

'Get up, I say.'

I half arose, yet hesitated. The look of the 'head' was austere; yet Bar-keeper and Bob were smiling.

'Get out of bed, and don't keep us here all night.'

I was a little irritated at this; and, springing to the floor, I demanded the cause of my being disturbed at that hour of the night.

'No harm will be offered you, stranger,' said Bar-keeper, with a half choked laugh

'For hiding that woman and baby,' said the 'head,' with a smile struggling at the corner of his mouth.

'What do you wish with me?' said I, hastily pulling on my clothes.

'Arise and follow us,' said the 'head,' in a deep, sepulchral voice; 'you are to meet the fate of the royal beast, who was 'drowned in a butt of malmsay.''

Having finished my toilet, I followed my curious visitors to the 'hole in the wall.' I was led up to the *bar*, and called upon in the presence of 'his Honor,' who presided behind, to make a full confession of my *capital* offence. Bob exploded, Bar-keeper swallowed his quid, trying to save his breath, while 'his Honor' half-closed his eyes in ecstacy.

'Give us,' said the 'head' in an authoritative tone, 'some wine. Let it be dark for the criminal, that with it he may drown the recollection of his deed of darkness. Give to us pale wine, that we may hide the frightful vision that drove the blood from our cheeks, in its health-giving body.'

'How long,' said my friend, 'we practised at that bar—how many pleas and *counter* pleas, rebuttals, rejoinders and sur-rejoinders we *put in*—how we vanquished, to the no small satisfaction of 'his Honor,' Otard and Heidsick, Esqrs., and hurled them empty and prostrate to the floor—how our eloquence, like a flood, swallowed up judge, jury, prisoner and all, is not for the pages of historical narrative, but for the memory of the participators in that midnight revel."

Ludicrous attempt to Poison a Husband.

The following story is the talk of a village in Halifax, N. S. It appears that a certain woman felt that her spouse was an incumbrance, and applied to a druggist of the village for six penny worth of arsenic. He very properly refused, and informed her husband, at the same time inquired of him for what purpose his wife could want of it. The husband told the druggist that if she applied again he must sell her some harmless article in lieu of arsenic, and they would see what her objects were. She did apply again, and the wary apothecary delivered her some carbonate of soda, telling her husband what had occurred. When he went home he found a meet pie prepared for dinner; he pretended at first want of appetite, and invited her to help her self. She refused, and at last he ate a quantity of pie. In a little while he professed then alarming sickness, and finally death.—The treacherous woman manifested great concern during these proceedings, but the instant death appeared to her to have occurred, she passed a rope through the chamber floor, and knit it to her husband's neck, in order that when the neighbors were called in he might appear to have hanged himself. She then ran up stairs to draw up and fix the rope.

The instant she disappeared, the dead man revived, released himself of the rope, and passed it round the leg of a table, and the woman hung that useful and domestic article instead of the other one, her husband. The latter also ran upstairs, and inquired of the faithless woman "what she was after drawing the table up that way?" The affair has ended for the present, in his, as the phrase is, taking the law in his own hands. He has given her as the Yorkshire folks say, "a right down good hiding."

"Keep it before the People."

Keep it before the People, That this profligate Administration has spent FIVE MILLIONS OF DOLLARS, in two Congressional terms for public printing, and that they have been guilty of waste of SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS annually, during that time, in collecting the revenue, the proof of which is given in the report of even a Democratic committee!

Keep it before the People, That the wasteful donation of Public Land by a Democratic Congress, enabled the Directors of a single Railroad to use a MILLION OF DOLLARS in bribing the passage of the scheme through Congress and the Wisconsin Legislature, as fully proved before a legislative committee—showing how the national treasure and domain are squandered by those claiming to be the people's friends!

Keep it before the People, That this Democratic Administration seeks to give injurious control to the Federal government over State Banks and Railroads, by means of an infamous National Bankrupt law, as recommended by James Buchanan in his Message, and his Democratic Secretary of the Treasury!

Keep it before the People, That this Democratic party prefer to squander the national domain of land to unnaturalized foreigners, to foreign felons and paupers, and to pet corporations, instead of keeping the same as a sacred trust for all the States to whom it belongs!

Keep it before the People, That the corrupt party in power, asked for a transfer of the war-making power to the President—to allow him to make treaties without the supervising control of the Senate; and to trust their President with the enormous service corruption fund of THIRTY MILLIONS, to be used either abroad or at home!

Keep it before the People, That this summary of only a part of the misrule of the Democracy, shows the necessity of a combined effort of all the opponents of a corrupt Democracy to rescue