

# THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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

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No. 39.

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.—  
Reductions made in favor of standing mat-  
ter 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 directors are not given how often  
to insert an advertisement, it will be publish-  
ed until ordered out.

## Poetry.

### Rain.

When the air is hot, and trees are droop-  
ing, and the land parched, how often has the  
prayer "Lord! give us rain!" fallen from fever-  
ish lips and anxious hearts. This is all  
well expressed in the following little gem:  
O gentle, gentle summer rain,  
Let not the silver lily pine,  
The drooping lily pine in vain  
To feel that dewy touch of thine—  
To drink thy freshness once again,  
O gentle, gentle summer rain!

### A Smile.

How gaily glows that snowy veil  
Upon the bosom of your stream,  
No storm-presencing cloud doth veil  
The ardent sun's resplendent beam.  
But see!—the lurid lightning flashes—  
The waves leap—the frail bark dashes—  
Shoots beneath the infant ocean,  
Midst the troubled waves' commotion.  
Fen so with those whose life is Love,  
No phantom shadows haunt their sky;  
For Venus' smiles all clouds remove,  
And Cupid's arrows blind the eye.  
But softly dawns the reign of sorrow,  
The bright light—a cheerless morn-  
ing, and care, (with's poisonous darts)  
Absorbs what buoyant Love imparted!

## Miscellaneous.

### Fannie's Elopement.

"Fannie," said Judge Clifton to his daughter, one morning, laying down the paper, over the top of which he had come for some time regarding her, "come hither, my child!"  
Fannie very dutifully did as she was bidden. And as she stood by his side, the Judge took both of her small hands in one of his, and smoothing caressingly with the other her soft shining hair, looked tenderly into her face.  
"You are a woman now, Fannie," he said.  
"Eighteen last Christmas, papa," returned Fannie, demurely, trying to assume the dignity and gravity which befits that mature age. "Though to tell the truth, they looked strangely out of keeping with her slight form and girlish face, and, in spite of all her efforts, her rosy mouth would dimple with smiles, and her eyes wear the arch, saucy expression that was natural to them."  
"Can it be possible?" exclaimed the old gentleman, heaving a deep sigh. "How time does go, to be sure! You are a year older than your mother was, when I married her. Well, well, he resumed, after a pause, taking off his spectacles, and wiping them carefully, he re-adjusted them upon his nose. "I suppose I must come to it some time, and it may as well be first as last. All fathers have to lose their daughters, and I suppose I shall have to make up my mind to lose you."  
"Lose me, papa?" exclaimed Fannie, opening her eyes in astonishment. "Why, what do you mean? I hope I am not going to die yet awhile."  
"You know well enough what I mean, you judge. I mean that like all the rest of the silly young girls, who never know when they are well off, you will be getting married."  
"For shame, papa," said Fannie, blushing and laughing. "I shall do no such thing."  
"Of course not," returned the judge, dryly. "Never had such an idea during the whole course of your life, I dare say. Couldn't be persuaded to do anything so highly improper."  
"But what put that idea into your head this morning?" persisted Fannie, whose curiosity was aroused.  
"The visit of a certain young gentleman, who has requested permission to pay his addresses to you."  
"That homely and disagreeable Major Sinclair, I suppose," said Fannie, scornfully.  
"No, my dear, it is not. It was that handsome and very agreeable Mr. Charles Ray. What do you think of that?"  
"To her father's surprise, Fannie's countenance fell; her rose-bud lips showed a very perceptible pout, and a frown actually gathered on her smooth, open brow."  
"Think?" she repeated, with a disdainful toss of the head, "I think he came on a fool's errand; that is what I think."  
"Hoity, toity!" exclaimed the old gentleman, with a puzzled air. "What has come over you now? It seems that you have changed your opinion very suddenly."  
"As Mr. Ray never took the trouble to ask my opinion, it can matter very little to him if I have," retorted Fannie. "O, ho! there is where the shoe pinches, is it?" said Judge Clifton, laughing. "Well, never mind, my dear, he is coming here some time to-day to talk with you about it. I have given him my full permission."  
"Without which he would have stayed

ed away, I suppose," said Fannie, in an undertone.  
"What is that, my dear?" inquired the old judge, who was a little deaf.  
"I said that it will not be convenient for me to see Mr. Ray," said Fannie, in a louder voice. "He may come if he chooses, but I cannot be at home."  
"Fannie," said Judge Clifton, sternly, "what is the meaning of this folly? Of course you will receive him. Mr. Ray is a worthy and honorable man, and I shall insist that he shall be treated civilly."  
"I suppose the next thing you will be insisting on my having him for a husband," she returned, her eyes filling at this unwelcome harshness in her indulgent father.  
"My dear child," said the judge, kindly, touched by the evident grief of his daughter, though unable to understand the cause, "I shall insist on no such thing. I really supposed you had a partiality for the young man, and I was glad of it, for I entertain a very high opinion of him. Only remember that I desire you to see him this evening, and tell him so yourself."  
But it so happened that business of a very pressing nature called Fannie over to her sister's that evening, much to her lover's disappointment, and her father's chagrin, who was quite mystified at his daughter's conduct.  
"Only to think, Mary," said Fannie, as she drew a chair up to the table where her sister was sewing, "that Charles Ray has asked papa's permission to visit me."  
"Well, it's just what I expected," replied Mary, quietly.  
"What, without a word to me about it?"  
"I suppose he was pretty well informed of your sentiments in regard to him," said her sister, smiling.  
"Well, he will find himself mistaken if he thinks he is going to marry me," said the little lady, with dignity. "I have no idea of being bargained for like a piece of merchandise."  
"Why, Fanny! I really thought that you liked Charles. I am sure that it was very proper and honorable in him to ask papa's permission before speaking to you."  
"Very proper, I dare say," said Fannie, scornfully. "But I can't abide these proper people that always do everything by rule. I suppose if papa had refused, he would have walked away as meek as a whipped spaniel, and never come near me."  
"How ridiculous, Fannie! Papa thinks a great deal of Mr. Ray. I heard him say only the other day that he would rather have him for a son-in-law than any one he knew."  
"He thinks a great deal more of him than I do, then," was Fannie's scornful rejoinder. "I have no idea of having a husband picked out for me. I can make my own selection. And I would rather never marry than to have for a husband such a tame, spiritless man as Charles Ray."  
Fannie was as good as her word. She took every opportunity of avoiding her suitor, for whom she had hitherto exhibited a preference, which would, no doubt, in time have ripened into a warmer feeling; never giving him a chance of seeing or speaking with her alone.  
This obvious change in her deportment quite disconcerted poor Charles, who was sincerely attached to her, and was a source of much annoyance to Judge Clifton, who had set his heart on the match.  
"My child," said the judge to Fannie, one morning, a few days after, "I quite agree with you in your opinion of Mr. Ray; he is an insufferable puppy!"  
"Who, Charles Ray?" said Fannie, in astonishment.  
"Yes, Charles Ray, I repeat, is an insufferable puppy!" said the old gentleman, in a still more excited tone and manner, bringing his cane down on the floor with emphasis. "To keep hanging round here when he knows he is not wanted? I shall take the very first opportunity I have of requesting him to discontinue his visits."  
"Why, how you talk, papa!" exclaimed Fannie, her color rising. "I see nothing at all out of the way in the young man; he has always behaved remarkably well, I am sure."  
"Perhaps you may not," replied the judge, sternly, "but I do; which is some consequence, whatever you may think to the contrary. And I shall make it a point with you that you abstain from all intercourse with him."  
And so the old gentleman went out of the room, banging the door after him in a manner that quite frightened Fannie, who had never known her father so excited before.  
"I can't imagine what papa can see out of the way in him," thought Fannie, as she looked upon his handsome, animated countenance. "He has a beautiful smile, and is so very gentlemanly in his manner, beside."  
Perhaps something of this was visible in Fannie's countenance. At any rate, there was something in its expression which emboldened him to take a seat by her side, which he had not ventured to do for some time.  
"He had hardly done so, however, when the door opened and Judge Clifton walked in. His brow grew dark as his eye fell on Mr. Ray.

"How is this, Fannie?" he said, sternly; "I thought that I had previously instructed you in regard to your intercourse with this gentleman. And as for you," he added, turning to Charles, "I beg leave to inform you that you are coming here for what you won't get with my consent. I have other views for my daughter, and desire that you will, for the future, keep away from the house."  
"This tirade so shocked and astonished Fannie that she burst into tears. Upon which, her father desired her, in no very gentle tone, to leave the room, which she lost no time in obeying.  
After indulging in a long, hearty cry, Fannie wiped her eyes, and went over to her sister's to pour all her grievances into her sympathizing bosom.  
Mary consoled her as well as she could, but ended in advising her to soften her father's feelings by avoiding Mr. Ray as much as possible. To which the young lady very indignantly responded that she would die first. "That she would show papa that she was not a child, to be controlled in that way. Not she."  
Fannie stayed to tea; and in the evening, who should come in but Charles Ray. The meeting was rather embarrassing to both, but Fannie, anxious to atone for her father's rudeness to him was more than usually gracious and conciliating, and this soon wore away. Charles remained all the evening, and at his close accompanied Fannie to her father's door, though he did not consider it advisable to go further.  
"How well Mr. Ray looked to-night," said Fannie to herself, as she entered her room. "I never saw him so agreeable."  
After this, Fannie met him frequently at her sister's, and every succeeding interview deepened the favorable impression she received that evening. At last the lady's heart was fairly caught, was brought to terms, and obliged to surrender, and to that tame, spiritless man, Charles Ray.  
When Fannie began to realize the state of her feelings, the strong aversion that her father had so suddenly conceived for her lover began to trouble her. But in spite of all she could say she was unable to persuade him to renew his former proposition to the judge, or to make the least attempt to conciliate him.  
Weeks passed, and as there appeared to be no hope of obtaining Judge Clifton's consent, Charles at last proposed a clandestine marriage, and after a severe struggle in Fannie's heart between her affection for her father and her love for him, the latter triumphed.  
It was nearly eleven o'clock at night, and Fannie Clifton sat at the open window of her room, anxiously awaiting the approach of her lover. An elopement does not appear to be such a funny affair, after all; her cheeks were pale, and tears filled her eyes, as she thought of the indulgent father that she was about to leave forever. Suddenly a low whistle fell upon her ear. Fannie seized her bonnet and shawl, and glided noiselessly down the stairs, and was soon in her lover's arms.  
"Dear Charles," she sobbed, "I am afraid I'm doing wrong. It seems ungrateful to leave poor papa, who has been so kind to me."  
"Do you love him more than you do me, Fannie?" inquired Charles, a little reproachfully.  
"O, no! Charles, I do not mean that. But do you really think that he will forgive me?"  
"I have not the least doubt of it, darling," he replied, a quiet smile playing around his lips.  
"Soothed by this assurance, she allowed him to lift her into the carriage.  
"I hope you are not going to stop here, Charles," said Fannie, in alarm, shrinking back into the carriage, as, after riding nearly a mile, they drew up in front of a large white house.  
"Why, this is Elder Kingsley's! I know him very well."  
"O! that will make no difference," replied Charles, gayly, jumping out, and then holding out his hands for her to alight. "I've told him all about it. He is expecting us."  
It seemed so; for the venerable man had not yet retired, and manifested no surprise at their appearance, or the errand on which they came. They stood up, and Elder Kingsley, in a few solemn words, united them for life. The ceremony was so brief that Fannie could hardly realize that she was a wife, and looked up bewildered into her husband's face, who was looking down upon her with a proud and happy smile.  
They were too much absorbed in their own happiness to observe the approach of a gentleman who had entered unperceived, until he stood directly opposite to them. Fannie turned, and uttered a cry of terror and surprise, for it was Judge Clifton, whose eyes were fixed upon her with a look of severe displeasure; though an attentive observer would have noticed a slight twitching around the mouth, evidently prompted by an inclination to laugh.  
"Forgive me, papa!" exclaimed the new-made bride, bursting into tears.  
"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the judge, unable longer to contain himself. "Forgive you! of course I won't. I'll cut you off without a shilling—banish you from my house forever, you deceitful baggage, you! Do you know what you

have done, you ungrateful mix? You have married the very man I had selected for you—done the very thing you declared over and over again you never would do. Ha, ha, ha! it is the most capital joke I ever read of!"  
When Fannie comprehended the successful ruse that had been practised upon her, she made a strong effort to assume a displeased and indignant look, but it was a complete failure.  
She was, in reality, too happy at the unexpected turn that affairs had taken, to look otherwise than pleased; and received the congratulations of her numerous friends, who now poured in from an adjoining room, with all the smiles and blushes usual on such occasions.  
"Are you offended, dearest?" inquired Charles, as soon as they were free from observation. Fannie might have been, but there certainly was no trace of anger in the soft blue eyes that were raised to his, overflowing with love and happiness.  
**A Visit to the Pyramids of Egypt.**  
SHIP LACONIA, OFF ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT, MARCH 27th, 1859.  
On the morning of the 23d inst., we started soon after sunrise for the Pyramids of Gizeh. Our party consisted of four gentlemen and one lady, followed by boys, and led by an Arab dragoon, whom we found faithful and efficient.  
A pleasant ride of about an hour brought us to the Nile river at old Cairo. After crossing the river we traveled for some distance through a beautiful grove of date palm trees, which are extensively cultivated in this vicinity. In about two hours we reached the base of the Pyramids. They are situated just on the edge of the desert, and, as they are approached, they present one of the most imposing scenes in the world. One can scarcely realize the enormous size of these wonderful structures until he walks around them, nor can he properly estimate their great height until he has ascended to their top.  
In a little time after our arrival we were surrounded by a troop of remarkably tall and athletic Arabs, headed by their Sheik, earnestly contending for five franks from each of our party for the privilege of being carried to the top of the highest Pyramid. We refused to give the price demanded, and, upon some of us starting up alone, the old Sheik very gladly agreed to take us for one half what he first demanded. It took three men to each person—two to pull by the hands and one to push. And though we were carried with great rapidity, only stopping for a few moments to get breath, we were nearly half an hour getting to the top. I was much amused by the Backslish song of my guides, as they hurried me up the perilous height, the substance of which was as follows: We go up fast, no be afraid, Allah, Allah, Backslish, Backslish. Every few moments they stopped singing and plead in plain English for a back-sheik, declaring that the Sheik was a scoundrel, and would not give them a cent of the money I was to pay him, and no rest could be found until they received what they demanded.  
The view from the top of this Pyramid is one of the finest and most interesting in the world. On the west the great Sahara with its hills and plains of drifting sands, is spread out before you. On the north lies the most beautiful and fertile valley in the world, itself is shaped like the Pyramid on which you stand—gradually extending from ten miles in width at this point, to eighty miles in the delta—and as far as the vision extends, its deep green surface is variegated by many species of grass and grain, upon hundreds of separate farms of different sizes and shapes. To the east can be seen the golden Nile, the life of man and beast. And beyond, grand Cairo, the Babel of the modern world, with its five old citadels towering high above. While on the south, on the side of the river, about ten miles distant, and in full view, is the site of the ancient Noph or Memphis, the city of Pharaohs and the home of Joseph and Moses during their residence in Egypt.  
Of this renowned old city there are scarcely any remains besides its Pyramids, which are believed to have been built by the Israelites. And of that remarkable people they are most appropriate emblems. For, as these Pyramids stand isolated and alone, resisting the influences of the storms and sands of the thirty-seven centuries, while silently witnessing the rise and fall of nations around their base, their Israelitish builders exist a separate and distinct people among all the nations of the earth. Though in India they are bronze, in Africa black, in Europe white, they still in features and character, everywhere retain the peculiar type of their race. And though every where dispersed and persecuted, they continue to exist, while other nations pass away, and were never more numerous than to-day, nor will they probably be less so until they are gathered back to Jerusalem to "mourn over Him whom they have pierced" and to welcome the glorious return of Him whose first coming they have been so long expecting.  
When we came down, we went into the interior of the Pyramid. After

descending with lights for a considerable distance and again ascending a narrow passage for about one hundred feet, at an angle of about twenty-seven degrees, we came into the Queen's room. This is one of the finest rooms in the Pyramid, perhaps about twenty feet square and nearly twenty feet high. In one end of it is a large sarcophagus, which is supposed to have been intended for the body of the Queen. All the interior of this room and the sarcophagus are of the same hard red granite, of which the obelisks and temples were constructed, and was probably brought from the first cataract on the Nile, a distance of about six hundred miles. One of our party fired a pistol, and so great was the echo the sound seemed louder than that of a cannon. We found it a difficult matter to get back to the open air without falling, so smooth are the stones over which we walked in descending, and ascending the two inclined planes, which lead into this magnificent abode of the dead.  
After taking lunch at the entrance of the Pyramid we rode round to the next largest of these gigantic structures. This one is of much interest from the fact of its still retaining a larger part of the smooth coating, which, evidently, at one time, belonged to all these Pyramids. From here we went into some of the many ancient tombs in the vicinity, hewn out of the solid rock. The bodies they once contained have all been taken away and conveyed to different parts of the world. How little did the proprietors of those vaults imagine that their bodies would ever be taken from these solid resting places into the museums of nations, whose existence, in their day, was scarcely known to the civilized world.  
Near by and just in front of the Pyramids is the celebrated Sphinx. The face of this remarkable monument of antiquity has been greatly defaced, and the whole figure with the exception of the head and back, is enveloped in the sand, which the wind has for ages been drifting down from the desert.  
As we returned to Cairo, we visited the lovely little island Rhonda, which contains one of the finest gardens in Egypt. It is of much interest from having been, as many believe, the island upon which Moses was caught in the bulrushes. We saw here the ancient Egyptian Nilometer, one of the most valuable and best preserved of all the Egyptian antiquities. It is a fine marble column with the various heights to which the River has risen at different periods, marked upon it.  
Soon after leaving the river, we were taken into a Greek church, and shown a room attached to it, where tradition says Joseph and Mary with the infant Jesus abode during their stay in Egypt.  
We very much regretted that we could not spend a longer time in Cairo, and that we were prevented going to Thebes, as we at first intended. Unforeseen circumstances compelled us to abandon our intended excursion up the river and return to Italy.  
As our steamer moved out of the harbor at Alexandria, it was with a feeling of sadness that I looked for the last time upon this mysterious land, and thought of its remarkable history. Scarcely any other part of the world has undergone so many changes and been ruled by so many different people. In no other instance has a nation of people, once the most powerful and enlightened, come down to the level of the weakest and the basest. Twenty-four centuries have passed since God, by his prophets, declared that the pride of her power should come down, and that there should be no more a prince in the land, that she should become the basest of nations. The infidel Volney in his book of travels tells us how literally this prophecy has been fulfilled; "Deprived," says he, "twenty-three centuries ago of her natural proprietors, she has seen her fertile fields successively a prey to the Persians, the Macedonians, the Romans, the Greeks, the Arabs, the Georgians, and, at length, the race of Ottaman Turks. The system of oppression is methodical: every thing the traveller sees or hears, reminds him of slavery and tyranny."  
Such must continue to be the condition of this unhappy land, while the Mohammedan power lasts. But the Crescent is rapidly waning and the day will surely come when the power of the false prophet shall be destroyed, and the gospel banner, once sustained here by St. Mark, St. Clement, and St. Athanasius, shall wave in triumph, not only in Egypt but over every part of this large, dark, mysterious continent; and even now Ethiopia begins to "stretch forth her hands unto God."  
—N. C. Presbyterian. H. R. S.

"That's a Fine Strain," said one gentleman to another, alluding to the tones of a singer at a concert the other evening. "Yes," said a countryman who sat near, "but if he strains much more he'll bust."  
Value the friendship of him who stands by you in the storm; swarms of insects will surround you in the sunshine.  
The source of all grace and peace is the indwelling of the Holy Spirit.

**The Stamp.**  
The pen has justly been denominated "mightier than the sword." The press has been characterized as the palladium of our liberties—the bulwark of the rostrum have often been made resonant with popular applause, but we appear as the pangyrist of the stump. It is an institution peculiar to America. A wag has said, "put an American baby six months old in the stump, and he will immediately say fellow-citizens, and call the next grade to order."  
For the last three months, the people of Tennessee have been marching to the stump like pilgrims to some consecrated shrine. The stump has been the hub of a trysting tree, around which freemen gathered to learn political truths. It has been the hallowed spot on which the aspirant made confession of his sins or imbibed new positions of patriotism. Indeed, for the last three months the public tongue has been a going. Tennessee has swelled the volume of the vast flood of speech. We are rejoiced at this demonstration. It shows that our people are not disposed to give away the public offices of the State as listlessly as if they were worthless pinhead trinkets. The interest which the people manifest in public affairs is a favorable omen. Liberty is never endangered so long as the people manifest inquiry and the freedom of speech remains unabridged. The right of canvass public measures and the petitions of public men should be as free as the breathing of the air or the rolling of the earth. Free discussion has never been odious to tyrants and the minions of licentious power. As Testam Burges eloquently said, "Free discussion, and liberty itself, eloquence and freedom of speech, are contemporaneous fires, and brighter and blare, or languish and go out, together. Abolition liberty was, for years, protracted by that free discussion, which was sustained and continued in Athens. Freedom was prolonged by eloquence." Liberty paused and lingered, that she might listen to the divine intonations of her voice. Free discussion, the eloquence of one man, rolled back the tide of Macedonian power, and long preserved his country from the overwhelming deluge.  
When the light of free discussion had, throughout all the Grecian cities, been extinguished in the blood of those statesmen by whose eloquence it had been sustained, young Tully, breathing the spirit of Roman liberty in the expiring embers, rebuked and transmitted, from the banks of the Tiber, this glorious light of freedom. This mighty savior of the forum, by his free discussions, both from the rostrum and the Senate house, gave new vigor and a longer duration of existence to the liberty of his country. Who more than Marcus Tullius Cicero, was loved and cherished by the friends of that country? Who more feared and hated by traitors and tyrants?  
Freedom of speech, Roman eloquence, and Roman liberty, exercised together, when, under the proscription of the second triumvirate, the brave bravo of Mark Antony placed in the lap of one of his profligate minions the head and hands of Tully, the statesman, the orator, the illustrious father of his country. After amusing herself some hours by plunging her sword through that tongue which he so long delighted the Senate and the rostrum, and made Anthony himself tremble in the midst of his legions, she ordered that head and those hands, then the trophies of a savage despotism, to be set up in the forum.  
It will be an evil day for American institutions when the people sink to apathy, and the galvanism of the stump ceases to arouse them from their fatal lethargy. "The price of liberty is eternal vigilance," and when the stump no longer attracts the votaries of freedom, liberty will soon die out. Like stagnant water, the public heart will soon become impure if it were not stirred. Check an occasional notion in the political waters and inflammation and gangrene is superinduced. A general and patriotic excitement of the people, in relation to the election of their public officers, is as essential to the health and energy of the political system as circulation of blood is to the health and energy of the natural body. The stump is the instrument to stir the placid waters, and to keep healthy the body politic. There is less danger in the stump-orator, demagogue though he may be, than there is in the political drone, who knows nothing and cares nothing for the institutions under which we live. But so long as the stump is patriotic, corruption will be exposed, and the chains of despotism will never manacle the limbs of freemen.  
We repeat, then, that it is the duty of the American people to eulogize the stump. It is a great institution, a powerful engine; used in perpetuating the liberties of the stump the block is fired, the heart is made to throb, the courage to rise, and all the faculties roused and accelerated. The subtle magnetism of the passion flows from the stump-orator into his audience, and his inspiration is infused into them before they are aware of it. Some of the loftiest and most sublime outbursts of eloquence frequently gush out from the stump. From this sacred tablet the speaker is often startled by some new and powerful thought, like lightning from the beam of the storm-cloud. All praise, then, to the stump. The eagle and the stump of a hickory tree should be the American coat of arms.—*Memphis Avalanche.*

### More Wonderful than the Mammoth Cave.

"Dr. D. L. Talbot, in commencing a series of articles for the *Fort Wayne Times* in regard to the Wyandotte and Mammoth Cave, says:  
Wyandotte cave, one of the most extensive and remarkable in the world, is situated in Crawford county, Indiana, about twenty-five miles below New Albany, on Blue river. I have called it a remarkable cave. The Mammoth Cave of Kentucky has hitherto been designated as the greatest known cave in the world. It may startle your scientific readers to hear me assert the fact that there is one stalagmite alone in Wyandotte Cave more massive than all the stalagmites and stalactites in Mammoth Cave put together. This cave I have surveyed and mapped a distance of twenty miles in length, and there are numerous avenues. I have never penetrated to their end, although I have visited the cave for scientific and other purposes, over a dozen different times—spending on one visit four days and nights within its darknesses halls.  
The Mammoth Cave is distinguished more for its vastness than its beauty—the Wyandotte for its great extent, its mammoth halls, its lofty ceilings, reaching frequently to the height of two hundred and sixty feet; and especially for its numerous and beautiful fountains which almost continually meet the eye in every direction. A portion of this cave has been known and visited for over forty years. This portion is about three miles in length. It is termed the *Old Cave*. In 1850 a new door from within the old cave was discovered, which extended the caves united to about twelve miles in extent. In 1853 a still never discovered of ingress was accidentally made, which has added eight or ten miles thereto, and disclosed a clan of formations more extensive and more beautiful than any heretofore known. This cave contains every kind of formation peculiar to the Mammoth, and other caves, besides some very peculiar and unique formations found only in Wyandotte Cave.  
**A Miracle of Honesty.**  
At a party once several contested the honor of having done the most extraordinary thing, and a reverend gentleman was appointed sole judge of their respective pretensions.  
One party produced his tailor's bill, with a receipt attached to it. A buzz went round the room that this could not be outdone, when a second proposed that he had just arrested his tailor for money he had lent him.  
"The palm is his," was the general cry, when a third put in his claim.  
"Gentlemen," said he, "I cannot boast of the feats of my predecessors, but I have returned to the owners two umbrellas they left at my house."  
"I'll hear no more," cried the astonished arbitrator; "this is the very *plus ultra* of honesty—unheard of deed; it is an act of virtue of which I never knew one capable. The prize is—"  
"Hold!" cried out another. "I've done still more than that."  
"Impossible!" cried the whole company, "let us hear."  
"I've been taking my paper for twenty years, and paid for it every year in advance."  
He took the prize.  
**Laughter and Health.**  
Cheerfulness is the elixir of life. A hearty laugh is more potent for health and virtue, than all the potions of pill-bags and the creeds of semi-fidel pulpits.  
Are you unwell? Dangerously bad? Well, do you expect that health will come to you, and take possession of torpid system, as you sit communing with your blue spirits?  
If you wish to remain comfortable and happy "through life's restless din," you must cultivate hopefulness in your soul. Look on the pleasant side—not forgetting realities—"fear not, only believe." How plain and simple nature portrays! how she laughs if the fullness of joy. All beings on earth, and in the air, unite in one voice of the purest praise and exultation to nature's God. Why despair? Away with melancholy—laugh at something, anything, or nothing; but laugh. Put a pleasant joke on your associate, and allow him to return a similar one.  
Laughter is a panacea for ills, bodily and mental. It dissipates gloom, lightens care, and drives pain and blue devils off in a hurry. Try it! Laugh.  
Ingratitude is so deadly a poison that it destroys the very bosom in which it is harbored.  
Why does a sailor know there is a man in the moon? Because he has been to sea.