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

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No. 5.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a square for the first week, and Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter...

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.

Poetry.

Ella May.

Reclining in a passive mood, In a listless attitude, Sit sweet Ella May! Sighing with the gentle wind, Emblem of a distressed mind, Sighing all the day.

Miscellaneous.

Midnight Train to Paris.

Light it true, who's to tell? Light it when I know not? The better, I should not, but then never to know how all.

It was Christmas eve—I remember it well—a dreary day as ever December brought us. Our part of the country is not a cheerful one in winter: it is in the north, and high up, and not much sheltered; the snow falls early and lies late there, and the wind and wintry rain sweeps over the hills in a wild, hopeless, pitiless way, that people who are not used to it find it very hard to keep up their spirits against; and even if you are used to it, can't afford to be idle those days, and sit looking out of the window on the driving rain, and the cloudy hills, and the splashy ponds that are not more muddy than the low, dull sky. If ever I do, I get thinking over days gone by, and the hopes they carried with them; and the present, so drearily different to that I used to think it would be; of the future that looks, when I am in this mood, and I think about it, very much like the prospect I see out doors—as dull, as indistinct, as hopeless.

However, I must come back to my Christmas eve, and keep on straight to my story.

I was, alone, for the first time of my life, at that period of the year. My brother, with whom I had lived, had been obliged some weeks previously to go to Paris on business. He was agent to Lord Somerleigh, on whose estate we lived, and who resided much abroad. It was a cruel disappointment both to Frank and me that he could not be at home for Christmas, and I am afraid I did not bear it as patiently as I might have done; for I was then but quite a girl, and Frank, who was a good many years older, had spoiled me, as a father is apt to spoil an only child, so that it was a rare thing to me to have my wishes crossed.

I had got through the morning pretty well, for there was always plenty to do in our little household, and I had many resources in the way of books, drawing and music; but when the evening came on, there arrived, under cover of the darkness, such a legion of blue devils, that I could not stand up against them. O! the wind, shrieking, and howling and wailing!—and the rattling of doors and windows, and the dash of the sleet against the window! Then there would come in draughts that, despite the glowing fire, blew chillily between my shoulders and about my ankles, and caused the curtains to wave in a way that it made me feel very uncomfortable indeed to look upon; and, worst of all, Linda, Frank's pet sister, whom I had got in to keep me company, became troubled in her mind, and would sit for a few minutes looking gloomily into the fire, with her damp nose twitching till it gave out a low whine, and then she would walk to the door, and sniff under it, and look back at me and lie down with a flop, and get up again and walk to and fro restlessly, and listen, and even come now and then to utter a low growl; all of which demonstrations on her part so added to my nervous comfort that I had a great mind to call up Jane from the kitchen, even though I knew Bill Hawkins, to whom she was to be married the day after New Year's Day, had come in to see her, and I was unwilling to disturb her *tert-a-telo*, which even Bessy, our other servant, respected, by going up to bed before her usual time.

Suddenly Linda's vague uneasiness assumed a more dignified form; she trotted briskly to the window, listened, sniffed, and then burst forth into a violent fit of barking, which was echoed by Hero and Nep, outside.

A good deal startled, I opened the door, and stood by it, ready for all emergencies, for I must tell you it was a rare thing indeed for any stranger to be about there at that time in the evening, and the dogs never barked at any but strangers. Then there came a violent peal at the door-bell. I stood on the landing and listened over the banisters, while Bill Hawkins, followed by Jane, went to the front door. "Don't 'ee open it, Bill," she whispered loudly, "until 'ee knows who it be."

"Bother, lass," was all Bill's rejoinder, as he drew back the bolt and turned the key. "A telegraphic message for Miss Grey," I heard a strange voice utter. My heart smote me—it could only be from Frank—and I ran down and met Bill on the stairs, took the paper from him, and rushed back to the light to read it.

"Your brother is very ill," it said; "we hope not in danger, but would advise you, if possible, to lose no time in coming to him." Then followed directions about trains, steamboats, &c.

Of course, there was but one thing to be done. Jane and I hurried a few clothes into a trunk, Bill engaged to have the dog-cart at the door before five o'clock in the morning, and, hardly stopping to undress, I threw myself into bed, and after tossing about through some weary hours, of insupportable suffering and anxiety, I fell asleep larely an hour before Bessy, warned by Jane, came to call me.

At any other time, the thought of taking such a journey alone, and a great part of it at night, in itself, would have been sufficient to fill me with the extremest anxiety, not to say alarm. I had never traveled by myself in my life—I had never crossed the sea; but now my mind was so filled with a foreboding terror and anxiety about my dearest dear Frank, that I hardly thought of these things. I might have taken Bessy, but I knew that once away from home, she was an unhelpful little body, and besides I was so utterly ignorant of the probable amount of my traveling expense, that I was afraid, perhaps, with two of us, my money might run short, and then what should I do!

Before the clock struck five we were off—Bill Hawkins and I—in the dog-cart, meeting the cutting wintry wind as it swept across the world. It was good twelve miles to the railway station, and though old Jack put his best foot foremost, what with the hills and the heaviness of the roads, it took us well on to two hours to get there. However, I was in time for the train, that was all I cared about, and soon was whirled off miles and miles away from the farthest bit of country that my longest rides or drives had made me acquainted with.

Then, indeed, I began to feel a lone lorn creature, and as I had the carriage all to myself, I indulged—truly indulged is the word under some circumstances—in a hearty fit of crying.

In due time we reached London.—At the station we met old Mr. L., Lord Somerleigh's lawyer, and a sort of friend—one of those people we call friends because we have been in more or less close contact with them all our lives—of Frank's. He told me that he feared Frank's illness was small-pox. "A bad case?" I asked. "He shook his head—he could not say; he was afraid so, because delirium had set in almost immediately. It was the physician who had written to him and sent me the telegraphic message."

Mr. L. gave me the passport he had secured for me, took me some where—I don't know where—to eat something which I couldn't eat; saw me back to the railway station, and again I was in the train on my way to Dover.

This time I was not alone in my carriage. There were three persons besides myself: a husband and wife, who had evidently had a quarrel on the way to the station, and who kept up small bickerings most of the journey. The man I should say had begun the battle; he was fat, red, and of a generally choleric and appoplectic aspect; but the woman must have been a rare one to perpetrate such differences. She was lean and sallow, with a hard black eye, and a slit of the mouth that went down at the corners, and a determined would-be victim look and manner, unspeakably hard to be borne with. Opposite to me, in the corner, sat a young man of about five-and-twenty, fair, and curly-haired, with a clear, kindly blue eye, and a face as pleasant to look upon as you ever saw.

I am free to confess that when I was able to collect my thoughts and take a little notice of what was going on about me, I had a vague satisfaction in having him opposite to me, instead of one of those others.

I suppose I looked very dreary and woe-begone, for occasionally I accidentally encountered my neighbor's eye glancing at me with a certain amount of pitying interest. It was bitterly cold, and I was not as well provided as I might have been with wraps; besides which, I had never thoroughly recovered from the chill of my early morning's drive. He saw me shiver, I suppose; but without speaking, he

unstrapped a railway wrapper he had placed beside him, and quite simply and naturally, not only insisted on lending it to me, but helped to envelop me in it, with as much skill as care. "Are you going to cross over this evening?" he asked. "Yes."

"And on to Paris?" "Yes," I said again; and somehow, by the time we got to Dover, I had told him the object of my journey, and various details thereabout.

I suppose it was very foolish, and that some people would have been much scandalized; but I felt it a comfort to speak to anybody that looked and spoke kindly, and I was barely nineteen, and so unused to the world's ways!

He was going to Paris, too, and he asked me, as if it were a favor, to let him look after me, and see to my luggage, and get me through the Custom House, and all the rest of it. "I have sisters of my own," he said, "one, I should think, about your age, and you must let me do for you what I would do for her."

We had a rapid passage, and happily I was not a bit sick; and was able to stay on deck all the time.

My new friend would not hear of taking his wrapper; but finding me a sheltered corner to sit in, he rolled me up in it from head to foot, and came every few minutes to see how I was getting on.

It was quite dark by the time we landed. He helped me through every difficulty; insisted on getting me some dinner at Calais, and in due time we started by the night train for Paris.

We had a carriage all to ourselves. "You are tired to death," my friend—might I not call him my friend?—said; "put up your feet and let me cover you up—so; and now lie back in the corner and go to sleep."

I did as he bade me quite passively, all but the going to sleep—I couldn't manage that at all once. The thought of, and the fear for Frank, lulled during a little space, came back upon me and tormented me without ceasing; and though I shut my mind against them, they haunted me and kept me long waking.

All this time my friend read quietly by the light of the lamp, and I could see him now and then glance at me to know if I was asleep, and I pretended to be, as a child does when its mother has bidden it slumber.

At last, fairly worn out, to sleep I went in earnest. I don't know for how long—it seemed a great while—and then woke up out of a terrible dream, composed of all sorts of horrors—sickness, death, tossing on weary waves, and torn by mad rushing trains, never, never arriving at my destination—all the circumstances of my mission and journey jumbled up into a tangled maze of impossible terrors.

I caught myself, when I woke, still sobbing and gasping, and then, bending towards me, full of pity and anxiety, was the kindly face of yesterday, for it was now in the first hours of the morning, and the kindly voice came soothingly on my ear.

I started up, considerably ashamed of myself. "I beg your pardon!" I exclaimed, rubbing my eyes; "I'm afraid I have disturbed you."

"Oh, no; I can seldom sleep when I'm traveling. I'm afraid you're not rested, you have slept so uneasily—try to compose yourself again."

"No, I've done with sleep now; I'd rather wake any time than have such horrible dreams again. Dear, dear! when do you think we shall get there?"

"Not for some hours yet. What shall we do to lighten the time for you? Could you read, do you think? Here is a very amusing book."

I tried to read, but in vain; the dim light, the tremulous movement, the fatigue, and the anxiety, all made it a labor instead of a relief to me. My neighbor quietly, and without speaking, took the book out of my hand.

"See that won't do. Tell me, where is your brother staying in Paris?" "In the Rue de Martignon; do you know where that is?"

"Oh, well; I am going very near there myself. But you must let me take you to your brother's, first—Have you ever had the small-pox?"

"No, never." "You have been vaccinated, of course; but have you been lately?—since your childhood?"

"It is a great risk," he said, deliberately. "I wish you could be vaccinated first."

"Ah, but that's impossible! I'm not the least afraid; and they say that's the best preservation. At any rate, what will be, will, you know?"

"You are a brave little lady; you are not afraid either for your life or your pretty face?"

I drew up a little; somehow I did not like that last word; it seemed—what shall I say?—out of place, not in keeping with the rest of his manner. He saw I was annoyed, and within the next five minutes contrived by voice and look and manner to apologize without a word of actual excuse.

We talked on till, as we drew near Paris, two of the other passengers got in at a station where we stopped. One

of these, a smart but dirty young man, took a place next my friend, and nearly opposite to me, and after staring at me for some time, said aloud to his companions: "Elle est jolie, l'Anglaise." (The English girl is pretty!)

My friend colored up furiously. "Monsieur, mademoiselle—je n'est pas sourde, et, de plus, elle comprend le français."—(Sir, the young lady is not deaf, and she understands French.)

"Pardon, monsieur—je n'avais aucune intention d'offenser mademoiselle—pardon!" (I beg your pardon, sir; I had no intention of offending the young lady.)

And thereabout my dirty neighbor withdrew himself from observation by pulling his traveling-cap over his eyes and feigning to count lumber, while his companions talked apart to each other and laughed, apparently much amused at his discomfiture.

At last we reached Paris, and then, for the first time, I began quite to realize my position, to feel that I was about to see Frank, to know to what end my voyage had served, to learn whether I was to rejoice or tremble; and so overpowering was the sensation that I shivered from head to foot, and could hardly answer the brief questions my friend put to me.

"Poor child!" he said, "try to compose yourself; I'll put you into a *fiacre*, and you keep there quiet till I come to you. Give me your keys; I'll go and see to your luggage."

There I sat by myself, I can't say how long—not long, I daresay, but it seemed a weary time to me—feeling about as miserable as I had ever felt in my previous life. Since then I have had a larger experience of terrible hours, but that was the first very dark one to which my memory now goes back. But it brightened with the return of the welcome face and voice, that came on me as those of one long known and trusted.

He directed the coachman where to go, and then stepped in beside me. "Thank you, you are very, very good!" was all I could say; "what should I have done without you?"

He smiled upon me—he had a beautiful smile. "I only wish I could do more for you—be of real comfort and help to you. Promise me one thing," he said, turning to me suddenly, with earnest eyes and voice; "promise that this shall not be our last meeting—that you will let me see you again!"

"I promise." "Your hand upon it!" I laid my hand in his, without the least mistrust, and he held it for a moment, pressed, and then resigned it. "May I call to-morrow?—next day?"

"Next day, please—I shall be so occupied to-morrow." "So it shall be."

We spoke no more until the *fiacre* clattered up to the number indicated in the Rue de Martignon. My friend jumped out and rang the bell.

"Who am I to ask for?" he said, coming back to the coach-door. "Mr. Grey."

With a sharp click the little door in the middle of the *porte-cochere* opened as of itself, and my friend stepped through it and disappeared, despite my cry after him to let me out. I had called to the coachman to release me, when he returned, with a face that made me shiver.

"Well?—tell me!" "Your brother is very ill; prepare yourself to find him so."

"Not dead! Oh, my God! not dead?" "No, no, really; give me your arm, I will help you up stairs."

I had need of it to climb those weary four flights up which he supported me. At the door we met Dr. R.—"I thought it right to send for you, Miss Grey," he said, "but I cannot let you see your brother at this moment; the risk—worn out as you must be, and coming from the outer air; would be too great; besides, he is not conscious—would not recognize you."

"I must see him! Oh, I must! what have I come all this weary way for else? And who can tell how long—"

A violent burst of tears checked further speech, and then my friend spoke gently but firmly: "Come in and sit down for a moment."

He took me into the little sitting-room pointed out by Dr. R.—there were Frank's books, his writing-case; a dozen little memorials of him—placed me on a sofa and took a seat beside me, drying my eyes with his own handkerchief; it was perfumed with a certain scent he always used, the odor of which I cannot smell now without an agony of recollection; and soothing the violence of my emotion.

"Wait just a few minutes," he said, when I became calmer, "while I speak to the doctor. You shall see your brother as soon as possible."

The two conversed apart for a little, and then Dr. R.—retired. "He is gone to see if there be any change in your brother, and will admit you as soon as he is able."

In about a quarter of an hour Dr. R.—led me in to Frank's room.

All words are vain to express my impression of the sight before me, and I pass it over in silence.

I cannot say how long I remained

by the senseless figure, which bore no shadow of resemblance to my darling Frank—to any human creature; but when Dr. R.—led me back to the sitting-room, dumb and speechless with terror and despair, I found my friend still there.

From that time all became dim and obscure to me, for the same night I was attacked with the symptoms of the disease, and God knows how I struggled through it. By the time I was out of danger, Frank was dead and laid in his foreign grave, and I was utterly alone in the world.

Lord Somerleigh has sent to inquire for you many times, Dr. R.—said, when I was able to attend to anything, and to know what he can do to assist you; he begs you will be frank, and say whatever you desire. He is in great trouble himself: Mr. Yorke has taken the disease. I feared it was only too probable he might."

"Mr. Yorke?" I looked up for explanation. "He would come constantly to the house—into the lodging itself—while you were ill; so was continually renewing the chances of infection."

Mr. Yorke—Lord Somerleigh's son—my friend—all this flashed across me at once! He, too, then, was to be dragged into this horrible fate, and that through me, a stranger, whose existence a month ago was unknown to him!

Dr. R.—attended him also, and I had daily reports of him, for which I waited with a sickening anxiety, the real nature of which I could not long conceal from myself. After an anxious and dangerous struggle, however, the disease took a favorable turn, and he was declared on the road to recovery.

Lord Somerleigh came himself and took me to his house, as soon as I could be moved. He was a widower, but had two daughters, both living with him. They were very, very kind to me—God bless them!—then, and have been ever since.

"To-morrow you shall see Cecil, if you will, Lady Helena, the elder, said to me. "It is a great comfort to him to know you are in the house, poor, shivering boy!" She ended with a heavy sigh.

Next day as I was lying on the sofa in her *boudoir*, Cecil Yorke was led in with a deep green shawl over his eyes; Lady Helena met him at the door, and tenderly taking his disengaged hand, conducted him to my couch, placed a chair for him, and in silence she and her sister left the room. For some moments neither of us spoke, so intense was our agitation. At last he said: "Give me your hand—let me feel you!"

I held it out to him; he stretched his—not in the direction of mine—but vaguely, gropingly. I saw the truth in an instant—he was blind!

Yes, utterly, hopelessly blind. Cut off, in the prime and pride of his youth, his strength, his beauty, from all that might make the future bright and desirable—from life's best hopes, gifts, enjoyments.

"I had hoped," he said, "to have asked the possession of this little hand once—that is over now."

"Why over? I struggled to say."

"Have they not told you—do you not see—what I have become? Never, never more shall I see the light of heaven, or the light of my life—your sweet face; do not be angry with me now," he added, with a faint smile, "for calling it so."

"And is that all that separates us?" "All?"

"Yes; is there no other reason?—no other consideration or obstacle? Is it because that through me you have lost your sight, you give me up?"

"Entirely—solely!" "Then I swear, oh, how joyfully! to be yours as long as we both shall live. Hush, I love you, ten thousand times better than I should have loved you strong, well, prosperous, happy! Life without you would be a burthen intolerable to be borne. What! I, friendless, homeless, I may say, probably deprived of any good looks that may once have pleased you; I am not to esteem myself too proud, too blest in being allowed to give my life the one object of rendering yours as endurable as it may be made? No, if you reject me, all hope, all joy, are taken from my future. My fate is in your hands."

He could not throw me off; his father, whatever might have been his feelings under other circumstances, had no objection to make under those that existed, (Cecil was, moreover, only his second son,) and it was agreed that in a year—my darling brother's recent death made me demand that interval—we should be married.

Meanwhile, I was to return home as soon as my health should be entirely established, and Cecil was to come and spend much of the time of his probation at Hollylands, his father's estate, to which my dearest Frank had been agent.

The spring and summer and autumn passed away, no matter now to tell how. There are passages in one's life, that one can think of by hours together, but that can never more be described in words.

The memories of dead happinesses, like the memories of dead friends, may

be invoked by the heart, but not by the tongue. There is something awful in speaking of the dead aloud. Hollyland House was barely three-quarters of a mile from the cottage where Frank and I had lived since my childhood, and which Lord Somerleigh allowed me to remain in, till the period of my marriage should arrive; and straight, that after traversing it many times, Cecil learned to find his way to the cottage alone.

In summer, I did not mind his coming so, but as winter drew on with storms and wild weather, I felt nervous about it. But he only laughed.

"The blind magnet finds its way to the pole in all weathers," he would answer.

Again, "The time drew near the birth of Christ, and in Christmas week we were to be married; Lord Somerleigh was coming over purposely to be present at the ceremony, and Cecil's sisters to be my bridesmaids."

The winter had set in very stormily, and heavy rains had swollen the hills-streams into torrents, and flooded the low lands in many places. The night that ushered in Christmas eve was a terrible one.

Wind, thunder, and lightning, and sheets of rain, kept me nearly all night waking; and I resolved that ere the hour arrive that could, at the earliest, bring Cecil to me, I would go on my way to meet him, and prevent the possibility of his coming alone.

To me, hill-reared and hardy, weather was nothing; and before midnight, despite wind and rain, I sallied forth in the direction of Hollyland House.

About half-way between it and my cottage, one of the largest of our mountain streams crossed the road, and was spanned by an old stone bridge. As I neared it, looking up through the beating rain, I stood aghast—the centre of the bridge was gone! On either side the piers of the ruined arch gaped, and between them rolled and roared the water, raging against the obstacle itself had formed in the mass of crumbled stone-work that encumbered its bed.

"Oh, well that I have come!" I thought. "Probably Cecil knew not of this, and here will I take my stand till I see him."

Near an hour I waited there, sheltering myself as best I might behind the parapet of the bridge, still looking through the blinding rain and far towards the path by which he must advance.

At last I saw him, and springing up, and drawing as near to the edge of the chasm as I could with safety, I shouted a warning to him. He paused for a moment; but I could see that, from the roar of the water, and the wind blowing in my face, he could not distinguish my words, and I doubted even if he recognised my voice, for he still advanced with a doubtful, puzzled air. Again I screamed to him to stop—to stop for God's sake! and again, he paused and listened. Then, throwing myself on my hands and knees, I leaped towards the very vibrating verge of the gulf, heedless of the stones and earth that crumbled down a few inches before me, and exerting all the force of my lungs in one supreme effort, I shrieked out once more my warning.

This time he recognised my voice—what oh! to what purpose!—to shout my name, which the wind, that prevented his distinguishing my words, brought me—to spring forward with outstretched hands, and—O Father of Mercies!—to disappear among the foaming waters!

His lifeless body was found before night, miles below the broken bridge, and was buried the day after that fixed for our marriage.

I have often wondered that his father and sisters did not hate me—that they could bear to look upon me after all that I had been the means, however innocently, of bringing on them.

But they knew what I felt. I suppose that great sympathy in so retrievable a calamity made them forgive me. They have been very good to me—God bless them!—Well, well, thank God, we cannot see us live forever!

But that ain't a circumstance to a place on the Eastern shore; there the land is so poor that it takes two kildeas to say 'kildaes'; and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullen stalk, and look with tears in their eyes over a fifty acre field; and the bumble bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; all the musquites die of starvation, and the turkey-buzzards have to emigrate.

But there is a country in Virginia which can beat that—there the land is so sterile that when the wind is at the northwest, they have to tie the children to keep them from being blown away; there it takes six frogs to see a man, and when the dogs bark they have to lean against the fence; the horses are so thin that it takes twelve of them to make a shadow, and when they kill a beef they have to hold him up to knock him down!

But, oh!—there is a region in Jersey, saith Mose Draper, where they held a two week's jubilee in the churches, because it was announced that a fresh blade of grass had sprouted in the southern part of the county. There the natives once murdered a traveller for the sake of half a gingerbread cake, which he was rumored to have in his pocket, and there, too, they turned a man 'out of meeting,' because, after a visit to Philadelphia, he reported that while in that city he had had at one time as much as he could eat.

Whatever Midas touched turned into gold. In these days, touch a man with gold and he will turn to anything.

Adulteration of Drink.

The Parliament of Great Britain takes considerable pains to protect the public against the adulteration of food and drink, so injurious often to the health of the people. An investigation was had recently by a select committee of that body, and the report has just been made and published.

Dr. Normandy, who was examined as to the adulterations of beer, said that the publican who sells it adulterates it with common salt to increase thirst, and with sulphate of iron, cocculus indicus, sulphate of ammonia, and extract of gentian. Cocculus indicus is used to produce intoxication; but is more injurious than the intoxicating effects of alcohol in the beer. There is a difference of fifty per cent. of alcohol in the beer after it comes into the publican's hands. Out of fifty samples of draught porter and stout examined, only one-third of them were the produce of malt and hops alone.

The 'sickness,' 'briskness' and 'disagreeable acidity,' even of the better samples, might be traced to the adulteration with roots, sugar or like saccharine matter, liquorice, roasted quassa and stinking finings. Nicotine, alum, copperas, acetate of potash, and vinegar, are all used to flavor and color the beer. Many of these substances are of a poisonous nature. They are sold usually by the druggists to publicans. In gin, sub-carbonate of potash and alum are used, and also sulphuric acid and oil of almonds, to produce what is termed 'beading,' or bubbling when poured into the glass. The 'finings' are made of fins and fish skins, and frequently the rats get into the tubs, and are poured out with the finings, in a decomposed condition, into the beer barrels. This is the stuff which Englishmen drink, and is very much like the drink which is furnished in this country; the latter, however, being more adulterated than even the same English article, because there is not the same care taken to expose the practice of adulteration. The physicians of this country attribute the difficulty they now have with mania-a-portu cases to the villainously adulterated compounds which are now sold under one name or another as spirituous drinks.

Poor Places to Live At.

There is a place in Maine so rocky that when the Down Easters plant corn, they look for crevices in the rocks, and shoot the grass with a musket; they can't raise ducks there no how, for the stones are so thick that the ducks can't get their bills between them to pick up the grasshoppers, and the only way that the sheep can get at the sprigs of grass is by grinding their noses on a grindstone.

But that ain't a circumstance to a place on the Eastern shore; there the land is so poor that it takes two kildeas to say 'kildaes'; and on a clear day you can see the grasshoppers climb up a mullen stalk, and look with tears in their eyes over a fifty acre field; and the bumble bees have to go down on their knees to get at the grass; all the musquites die of starvation, and the turkey-buzzards have to emigrate.

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Sewing-Machine and Piano.