

# THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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## Poetry.

From the Memphis Bulletin.  
**Katie's Secret.**  
The sunlight is beautiful, mother,  
And sweetly the flowers bloom to day;  
And birds on the branches of hawthorn  
Are caroling ever so gay;  
And down by the rock in the meadow  
The rill ripples with a song;  
And, mother, I too have been singing  
The merriest all the day long.  
Last night I was weeping, dear mother,  
Last night I was weeping alone;  
The world was so dark and so dreary,  
My heart grew heavy as stone.  
I thought of the lonely and loveless—  
All lonely and loveless was I!  
I can scarce tell why it was, mother,  
But, Oh! I was wishing to die!  
Last night I was weeping, dear mother,  
But Willie came down by the gate,  
And whispered "Come out in the moonlight,  
I've something to say to you, Katie."  
Oh! mother to him I am dearer  
Than all the world beside.  
He told me so in the moonlight—  
He called me his darling, his bride!  
So now I will gather me roses,  
To twine in my long braided hair;  
And Willie will come in the evening,  
And smile when he sees me so fair;  
And out in the moonlight we'll wander,  
And down by the old hawthorn tree,  
Oh! mother, I wonder if any  
Were ever so happy as we?

And the idea of March have almost come,  
and then we have the April showers. I wonder  
what is the origin of "April fool." I have  
met it somewhere but cannot recall it. The  
day is somewhat differently observed of late  
years. All the young people send "missives"  
of some sort to all their acquaintances, but  
methods no gentleman would send one on  
that day to any lady he cared for. Well,  
that day, and Valentine's day, help to fill  
Uncle Sam's pocket; and they are at least  
as valuable as some of the Congressional docu-  
ments which fill the mail-bags, and flood the  
country.  
Sure enough we're to have a wedding  
shortly. Becky and her faithful Will are to  
be married, I said in my last. I wrote her  
name *Becky*; but I might as well do so,  
since it is so fashionable, it is all Fannie,  
and Sallie, and Rhoda and Petie, and Lotie!  
They had at first selected the 1st of April  
forgetting that it is Leap-year, and the day  
comes on Sunday instead of Saturday. I have  
persuaded her to put it off a week, or she  
might be called an April fool.  
I gave her leave to go to town, last Satur-  
day to make some purchases for the mome-  
ntary occasion, and it so chanced that Allie's  
handsome and fashionable admirer from  
Charlotte died with us that day. He came  
only to call, but our father with his usual  
hospitality insisted on his remaining. You  
know country ladies like to show that they  
are quite as fast to city manners and customs.  
The servant who assists Becky in the dining  
room is rather a new hand, and made a mis-  
take or two which sorely annoyed Alice, tho'  
she was too well bred to allude to it. Our  
bountiful and well served table need not fear  
comparison however, and I, in my place at  
the head of my father's table, felt that nothing  
important was omitted.  
Our guest is quite a City Exquisite. But  
his movements are too measured, his conver-  
sation too precise, his hair too perfectly  
smooth, and his hands too white. And *entre  
nous*, I do not think Mr. Theodore Augustus  
will prove a very formidable rival to  
our friend Charlie—, with his frank, earnest  
manner, and his ingenious face; if it is  
not quite as strictly handsome.  
Well, we shall see in time, and perhaps I  
may inform you how matters progress. For  
the present, and perhaps for some time,  
Adieu.  
M. V. L.

Send a lieutenant and twenty men to  
the village, pick out ten of the vaga-  
bonds, and shoot them down! was the  
brief order. "Where is Waldorf?" he  
added, turning to one of those useful  
creatures who are always willing to  
act as guides and interpreters for the  
enemy, in their own land.  
"There is a village called upper Wal-  
dorf which lies near the head of a small  
valley to the left; Middle Waldorf is  
on the other side of the hill, and Lower  
Waldorf about half an hour's dis-  
tance beyond."  
The Marshal, not caring to annoy  
himself by more minute inquiries, went  
to bed. If ten men were shot that  
was sufficient.  
The next morning, at sunrise, Lieu-  
tenant Lamotte, with twenty men,  
marched over the trampled hills to  
seek Waldorf. It was a disagreeable  
business, and the sooner it was over  
the better. On reaching a ridge, which  
overlooked the intersection of two or  
three valleys, more than one village  
was visible through the cold fog—now  
beginning to rise. "Quiet Waldorf!"  
inquired the officer of the man he had  
impressed by the way. "Das," answered  
he, "is *Waldorf*, pointing to a  
village on the left. "En avant!"  
And in fifteen minutes more the French-  
men marched into the little hamlet.  
Halt! in an open space between  
the church and the two principal beer  
houses, the officer summoned the in-  
habitants together. The whole vil-  
lage was already astir, for few had  
slept that night. Their ears were still  
stunned by the thunder of yesterday,  
and visions of burning and pillage still  
danced before their eyes. At the  
command of the lieutenant, the sol-  
diers seized all the male inhabitants  
and forcibly placed them in line be-  
fore them. The women and children  
waited near in terrible anxiety, for no  
one understood the words which were  
spoken, and these ominous prepara-  
tions led them to judge the worst.  
At this juncture the son of the vil-  
lage pastor appeared upon the scene.  
He was a young man of twenty, who  
was studying theology in order to be-  
come his father's successor, and for-  
tunately had some knowledge of  
French. The appearance of things,  
without the cries and entreaties of the  
terrified people, told him that his help  
was wanted. He immediately address-  
ed himself to Lieut. Lamotte and begged  
for an explanation.  
"I am ordered to punish this village,"  
answered the latter, "for your treat-  
ment of our soldiers last night. The  
Marshal orders that ten of you shall  
be shot. The only thing that I can  
do is to allow you to draw lots among  
yourselves, or to point out those con-  
cerned in the outrage."  
"But," continued the young man,  
"your general has been misinformed;  
no French soldiers have visited our  
village before you. We have truly  
been in great fear and anxiety the  
whole night, but the valley is deep  
and the village is partly concealed from  
view by woods on the side. There are  
also the villages of Middle and Lower  
Waldorf, which lie further down in  
the open valley. You can soon satisfy  
yourself, sir, that this village is en-  
tirely innocent, and I entreat you not  
to shed the blood of our harmless peo-  
ple."  
"There is no time for investigation,"  
said the officer. "I am ordered to pro-  
ceed to Waldorf and am guided thither.  
I will wait till you make your choice  
of ten to be sacrificed, but have no  
authority to do more."  
By this time the people had learn-  
ed the fate in store for them. The women  
with tears and appealing gestures  
crowded around the officer, begging  
him to spare their sons and husbands.  
The men stood silent, with bloodless  
faces, and dumb, imploring eyes. The  
scene was evidently painful, both to  
the officer and the soldiers, accus-  
tomed as they were to the unmerciful  
code of war. They were anxious to put  
an end to it and leave; but the clergy-  
man's son, inspired with the belief  
that the fate of ten men rested upon  
his efforts, continued to urge his plea  
with a zeal and eloquence that would  
not be set aside.  
Lieut. Lamotte struggled while be-  
tween his sense of duty and his natural  
humanity, while the young advoca-  
te appealed to his conscience and to  
the obedience which he owed to a high-  
er command than Davoust. Finally  
he consented to wait while a sergeant  
was dispatched to head-quarters, ac-  
companied by a peasant to show him the  
nearest way. A few lines hastily pen-  
ciled stated the facts in the case, and  
asked for further instructions.  
Meanwhile the inhabitants waited  
in a state of suspense scarcely to be  
endured. Lieut. Lamotte, who, as a  
thorough Frenchman, soon wearied of  
a painful emotion, and shaking it off  
at the risk of appearing heartless, said:  
"The morning is keen, and a walk  
before breakfast can't diminish the  
appetite; can you give us some re-  
freshments from your hidden supplies?"  
At a word from the young man many  
of the women brought out what  
they had prepared for their own break-  
fasts, with black bread, mugs of beer,  
and a small cheese or two—sufficient  
for a rough meal, of which the soldiers  
partook, with the usual laughing com-  
ments on *la cuisine Allemande*.  
The company of victims looked on

in silence, and more than one uttered  
gloomily, "We are feeding our execu-  
tioners."  
"Even if that should be true," said  
the young man, "it is but doing as  
Christ has taught us. Whether or not  
we obtain Christian charity from these  
men, let us, at least, show them that  
we are Christians."  
The rebuke had its effect. A few  
of the men assisted in entertaining the  
soldiers, and the latter with their fac-  
ility for fraternization, soon made  
themselves at home. As the stomach  
fills, the heart also enlarges, and the  
men began to say among themselves:  
"It is a pity that these men should  
be shot by mistake."  
It was not long before the sergeant  
and his guide arrived. The former  
handed the lieutenant a note, which he  
hastily tore open and read:  
"Waste no time in parley. It is in-  
different which village is punished; an  
example must be made. Do your duty  
and return instantly."  
So ran the pitiless answer.  
"Choose your men!" said the lieu-  
tenant, rising to his feet, and grinding  
his teeth to keep down his faltering  
heart. But now the lamentation broke  
out afresh. The women clung around  
the men who were led to them, and  
many of the latter, overcome by the  
general distress, uttered loud cries and  
prayers for mercy.  
The young man knelt down in front  
of them, saying to the officer, "I do  
not kneel to you; but I will pray that  
God that He will remove the sin of  
slaughter from your soul."  
As the officer met his earnest eyes,  
full of a sublime calmness and courage,  
his own suddenly filled with tears. He  
turned to his men who stood drawn up  
in a line before him, but no word was  
spoken. Their hands were in their  
pockets, and there were drops on many  
cheeks which they could not wipe  
away. There was a silent question in  
the officer's eye—there was a silent  
answer in theirs. The former turned  
hurriedly, beckoned the young man to  
him, and whispered in an agitated  
voice:  
"My friend, I will save you by strat-  
agem. Choose ten of your most coura-  
geous men, place them in a line be-  
fore me and I will order my soldiers  
to shoot them through the head. At  
the instant I give the order to fire  
they must fall flat on the ground; my  
soldiers will aim high, and no one will  
be injured; as soon as the volley is  
fired I will give the order to march;  
but no one must stir from his place  
until we are a good way off."  
These words were instantly trans-  
lated to the people, but so great was  
their panic that no one offered to move.  
The pastor's son then took his place  
alone, in the vacant space before the  
line of soldiers. "Offer myself," said  
he, "as one trusting that we shall be  
saved; and I call upon those of you  
who have the hearts of men in your  
bodies to stand beside me." Young  
Conrad, a sturdy farmer, but newly  
a brother-in-law, joined him—casting,  
as he did so, a single encouraging look  
upon his future wife, who turned dead-  
ly pale but spoke not a word. One  
by one, as men who have resolved to  
face death—for most of them had but  
trembling confidence in their escape—  
eight others walked out and  
took places in line. The women shud-  
dered, and hid their eyes—the men  
looked steadily on, in fascination of  
terror—and the little children in awe  
but ignorant curiosity. The place was  
as silent as if devoid of life.  
Again the lieutenant surveyed his  
men.  
"Take aim!" he commanded. He  
continued, "aim at their heads, that  
your work may be well done!" But  
though his voice was clear and strong,  
and the tenor of his words not to be  
mistaken, a flash of hidden meaning  
ran down the line, and the men under-  
stood him. Then came the last  
command—*Fire!*  
But in the second which intervened  
between the word and ringing valley,  
the ten men were already falling. The  
crack of the muskets and sound of  
their bodies were simultaneous. With-  
out a pause the lieutenant cried:  
"Right about, wheel! Forward!" and  
the measured tramp of the soldiers  
rang down the narrow village street.  
The women uncovered their eyes  
and gazed. There lay the ten men,  
motionless and apparently lifeless.  
With wild cries they gathered around  
them; but ere their exclamations of  
despair had turned into those of joy,  
the last of the soldiers had disap-  
peared in the wood. Then followed  
weeping and embracing, as all arose  
from the ground—laughter and sobs  
of hysterical joy. The pastor's son  
uncovered his head and knelt down;  
while all reverently following his ex-  
ample, uttered an eloquent prayer of  
thanksgiving for their merciful deliv-  
erance.  
What this young man had done was  
not suffered to go unrewarded. A  
blessing rested upon his labors and his  
life. In the course of time he became  
a clergyman, filling, for a while, his  
father's place for the people he had  
saved, but was afterwards led to a wider  
and more ambitious sphere. He  
was called to Leipzig, received the de-  
gree of Doctor of Divinity, and finally  
became known throughout Germany

as the founder of the *Gustav Adolf  
Verein* (Gustavus Adolphus Union),  
which has for its object the dissemina-  
tion of Protestant principles by means  
of voluntary contributions. In some  
respects it resembles the Home Mis-  
sion of our own country. Many churches,  
built by this association, are now  
scattered throughout the United  
States.  
The inhabitants of Waldorf never  
forgot their pastor, nor he them. He  
came back from time to time to spend  
a few days in the quiet little village of  
his youth, and where the most event-  
ful crisis of his life was passed.  
In 1856 three out of the ten peccado  
victims of Davoust were still living in  
their old homes, and the people be-  
thought them that the semi-centennial  
anniversary of such an event deserved  
a special celebration. Dr. —, of  
Leipzig, (formerly the pastor's son),  
was invited to be with them. He  
came—he would have come from the  
ends of the earth—and after a solemn  
religious service in the church, pro-  
ceeded to the very spot on which he  
had stood and faced the French mus-  
kets, and there related to the children  
and grand-children of those he had  
saved, the narrative I have given in  
less moving and eloquent words.  
Those who were present described the  
scene as singularly impressive and af-  
fecting. The three old men sat near  
him as he spoke, and the emotions of  
that hour of trial were so vividly re-  
produced in their minds that at the  
close, they laughed and wept as they  
had done on the same day fifty years  
before.  
In conclusion, the speaker referred  
to the officer whose human stratagem  
had saved their lives. "Since that  
day," said he, "I have never heard of  
him. I did not even learn his name;  
but he is ever remembered in my  
prayers. Most probably he died a  
soldier's death on one of the many  
fields of slaughter which intervened be-  
tween Jena and Waterloo; but if he  
should be living, it would cheer my  
last days on earth if I could reach him  
with a single word of gratitude."  
In the same year there lived, and  
no doubt is still living, in Lyons, an  
invalid and pensioned captain of the  
Napoleonic wars. After a life of vic-  
issitudes, he found himself in his old  
age, alone, forgotten and poor. Men  
no better and braver than he had ac-  
quired distinction by lucky chance;  
fortune had come to others and others  
had begotten children to cheer and  
vitalize their declining years. Him  
the world passed by, and for years he  
had been living a quiet, silent, pinched  
life, by the aid of his scanty pension.  
His constant resort was a cafe where  
he could see and read the principal  
European journals, and perhaps mea-  
sure the change of politics of the present  
time by the experience of his past life.  
One day in November, 1856, he en-  
tered the cafe as usual, took his ac-  
customed seat as he was wont to do,  
and picked up the nearest paper. It  
happened to be the *Anglo-Burg Allee-  
manne Zeitung*; but he had not read  
one year in Germany and understood the  
language tolerably. His attention  
was attracted by a letter dated Jena,  
"Jena," he thinks, "I was there too;  
what is going on there now?" He  
reads a little further, celebration at  
Waldorf. "Waldorf, the name is fa-  
miliar; where have I heard it?" As  
he continues his perusal, the old cap-  
tain's excitement, so unusual a circum-  
stance, attracts the attention of all  
the other habitués of the cafe. "Dav-  
oust—Waldorf—the ten men—the  
pastor's son—did I dream such a  
thing, or is this the same?" Forget-  
ten for years and years—effaced by a  
hundred other military adventures—  
overlaid and lost in the crowded stores  
of a soldier's memory, the scene came  
to light again. The pastor's son still  
lived, still remembered and thanked  
the preserver of his native village.  
Many long years had passed since such  
a glow warmed the chambers of the  
old man's heart.  
That evening he wrote to Dr. —  
in Leipzig. He was ill, and but a  
few months distant from his last hour;  
but the soldier's letter seemed like a  
providential answer to his prayers and  
brightened the close of his life. A  
manly and affectionate correspondence  
was carried on between the two while  
the latter lived. The circumstance  
became public, and was officially re-  
cognized in a way most flattering to  
the pride of Captain Lamotte. The  
Grand Duke of Saxe Weimar and the  
King of Saxony conferred upon him  
the honors of their respective homes,  
which were followed soon after by the  
cross of the legion of honor from Louis  
Napoleon and an increase of his pen-  
sion, which assured him ease and com-  
fort the rest of his life. A translation  
of the doctor's narrative publish-  
ed in the French papers drew atten-  
tion to him, and he was no longer a  
neglected frequenter of the cafe. He  
was known and honored even without  
his three orders.  
"Cast thy bread upon the waters  
and thou shalt find it again after many  
days."  
A beggar boy made application to a  
farmer's wife in Scotland for relief,  
and was refused on the ground that she  
"had no copper," to which the little  
urchin very accommodatingly replied,  
"I take siller, mem."

An Adventure with Gov. Corwin.  
The Frankfort correspondent of the  
Louisville Journal is responsible for  
the following story of Gov. Corwin.  
Nearly all the political readers of  
the Journal know William R. Camp-  
bell, for so many years the Whig doc-  
keeper of the House of Representa-  
tives. He is responsible for the fol-  
lowing:  
"In the year 1830, Campbell went  
to Ohio from Nicholas county in the  
State, on the hunt for some runaway  
negro. He intended to go to Snake  
Creek, Warren county, Ohio, which  
there was a negro settlement; which  
he had reason to believe harbored the  
runaways. He stopped at Lebanon,  
the county seat of Warren, his horse  
being sore and jaded, and entered the  
hotel there and entered his name at  
the register. It was about three weeks  
after the Kentucky State election, and  
as soon as the loungers discovered that  
he was from this side of the river they  
crowded round to learn the result, and  
one gentleman inquired of him what  
had been elected Governor. Camp-  
bell told him that Judge Clark had  
been elected Governor over Mr. Flo-  
noy. The inquirer did not believe  
this, and offered to bet \$100 that it  
was not the case. Campbell told him  
he was not in the habit of betting, but  
assured him that his information was  
correct. Just then a black fellow, who  
had come into the bar-room, a then  
dapper fellow, who looked like a bar-  
ber—stepped forward and told the  
gentleman he was the man for his bet,  
but the gentleman said he did not want  
to bet with him, but to take the Ken-  
tuckian down, but they were always  
bragging set. The black fellow then  
asked Campbell if he was from Ken-  
tucky, and receiving an affirmative an-  
swer, proposed that they should take  
a walk together. Campbell hesitated  
at first, as he was not in the habit of  
such associations, but remembering the  
object of his mission and thinking the  
darky could put him on the track of  
his runaway he finally consented, as he  
was somewhat curious to know the ob-  
ject of the request. When on the  
streets he asked Campbell if he ever  
drank. Campbell replied, "Yes, some-  
times," upon which his sable guide led  
him into a coffee-house, and asked if  
they had any bacon for sale. The  
keeper said no, when the black fellow  
told him that he owed him a small bill  
already, and if he would sell him some  
bacon he would pay him all, but if he  
would not he should pay him nothing.  
The keeper then set out some whiskey,  
and they both took a drink. Camp-  
bell, however, omitting the touching  
of glasses, as he says, "because it was  
not customary in Kentucky to hob  
nob with a negro." After the libation,  
Campbell seeing an engine passing to  
a fire, rushed out into the crowd and  
made several dexterous dodges and  
passes among the firemen and citizens  
in hopes to escape his companion, who  
was becoming rather a bore, and he  
did not much care to have his friend  
see him in such company. He con-  
templated to escape, and returned to  
his hotel, where he was very soon re-  
joined by his sable friend. Campbell  
thought this was becoming rather in-  
familiar, and so to avoid him he went  
out to the stable to look after his horse,  
but his dark shadow soon followed him.  
Thinking he would commence a con-  
versation which might lead to in-  
quiries about Snake Creek, he asked what  
was good for the sock back of a horse  
chafed with the saddle. The present-  
ed barber seemed a horse-leech al-  
to, he promptly replied, "Colonel, by  
calomel, the very best thing in the  
world, sprinkled dry over the raw spot."  
Campbell, though he regarded the fel-  
low as useful, as well as ornamental,  
was anxious to get rid of him, and so  
returned towards the hotel again, but  
the shadow would be at his side. If  
he fell behind, it would fall back too,  
and if he hurried his step it would ac-  
celerate its step. Finally they stop-  
ped, and the intruder commenced the  
following colloquy:  
"From what county in Kentucky do  
you hail?"  
"Nicholas."  
"Ah! that adjoins Bourbon, does it  
not?"  
"Yes."  
"I thought so. I was born in Bour-  
bon myself. Do you know Gov. Men-  
dall?"  
"Very well."  
"Do you know Garrett Davis?"  
"I do."  
"Do you know Chilton Allen?"  
"Intimately well."  
"Ah! Kentucky is a great State,  
and you have a great man living a-  
mong you, sir—the greatest man the  
country has ever known or can ever  
know."  
"Whom do you refer to?"  
"Henry Clay, sir—a man, sir, a  
head and shoulders above every other  
man in the Union."  
"Why my good fellow, where did  
you get acquainted with all these gen-  
tlemen?"  
"Oh, I served in Congress with  
them."  
"You! why who are you—what's  
your name?"  
"Corwin, sir—Tom Corwin!"  
Dr. Johnson once said, "a man is in  
general better pleased when he has a  
good dinner upon his table than when  
his wife talks Greek."

They'll do to tie to.  
The Ladies of Alabama have the  
true motto in them. The ladies of  
Demopolis in that State, are circulating  
the following resolutions, which  
have already been numerous signed:  
Whereas, the Northern section of  
the Union is placing itself in antago-  
nism to the institutions, rights and  
equality of the South in this Confed-  
eracy, and its politicians, teachers and  
divines have lighted the fire of fanati-  
cism, which, if unresisted, will lay  
waste our land and desolate our fire-  
sides.  
And whereas, it is becoming in us  
to withhold our aid and support from  
our avowed enemies, will endeavor, as  
our sacred duty, to encourage the de-  
velopment of the industrial resources  
of our State and the South; therefore  
be it.  
Resolved, That we but emulate the  
patriotism of our mothers of the Revolu-  
tion, when we declare that we are  
willing to practice any self-denial to  
assist our fathers, our husbands, our  
brothers and our sons, in maintaining  
their rights to liberty and independ-  
ence.  
Resolved, That for this purpose,  
and to contribute our humble mite to  
the advancement of Southern com-  
merce, Southern manufactures and  
Southern industry, we hereby pledge  
ourselves to purchase no article of  
Northern manufacture; no books from  
Northern publishing houses, and no  
goods bought in Northern markets,  
from and after the 1st day of March  
1860, even should we have to resort  
to the primitive "homespun," or the  
fabrics of our own handiwork.  
Resolved, That we will not hereaf-  
ter support a Northern preacher, em-  
ploy a Northern teacher, or travel in  
Northern clime in pursuit of health or  
pleasure.  
Resolved further, That the forego-  
ing resolutions shall be binding upon  
us until the questions now affecting  
our political existence and our lives  
be determined fairly and justly to our  
section; or until the South shall take  
her stand among the nations of the  
world, and the people of the North as  
she holds the rest of mankind, "en-  
emies in war, in peace friends."

**Correspondence.**  
THE OAKS, March 7, 1860.  
I have been silent longer than usual, and  
might give many reasons; but ladies are so  
in the habit of making apologies I will for-  
bear, but cousin Hal should resort upon me  
my charge of vanity, and say, "as if any body  
cares!" Alice, my gentle Sis is in dire per-  
plexity just now, between her love for the  
South, and her love for *freedom*. Our father  
has given us a liberal supply of money for our  
Spring wardrobe; and she would prefer to  
send on as usual, by our merchants, for some  
special articles, to ensure their being different  
from the rest of our acquaintance. Our mer-  
chants, when they bring on any thing very  
new or desirable, bring so many of just the  
same sort, that we never know who may be  
dressed exactly like ourselves, no matter how  
much money we may spend. I should like  
to tell you one of Alice's experiences in this  
respect, but fear she might object. But it was  
many! Pa brought her home the other day,  
a most beautiful Homespun dress and with  
a quiet and amused smile upon his face, re-  
quested her to make it and wear it to the Ex-  
amination at ——. The colours were so  
rich, it might easily have been mistaken for  
cashmere across the room. She pleaded very  
hard for him not to insist, and promised to  
wear it the next time we go to town to make  
calls. He could not refuse his petted beauty,  
his motherless child. How beauty does  
influence us all, what a power it wields for  
good or ill! And yet, how often are the  
beautiful so utterly vain, so conscious of their  
attractions, that we turn with a sense of relief  
to a sweet plain face, which, by exerting  
and demanding nothing of us, all that woman  
should desire, the love of the few who know  
her, and are associated with her. It is strange  
that the atmosphere of love and adulation in  
which she has lived, has not spoiled my  
sweet sister; but I cannot perceive that it has.  
She is one of the most unselfish beings I have  
ever known, considerate of the comfort and  
happiness of all around her, and could not  
wound the feelings of her bitterest foe, if she  
had one; always as ready to weep with those  
who weep, as to rejoice with those who re-  
joice.  
Harry has petitioned for a seat in the car-  
riage when we go to town, promising to wear  
an entire suit of Homespun, tipped off with  
a pair of Thomasville boots, and capped with  
a coarse straw hat. Alice made him last Sum-  
mer to fish in. But then he looks well in  
anything and he knows it. I can credit all  
except the hat. He came in just now and  
looked over my shoulder, as he claims the  
privilege of doing when I write for the Express.  
He says, "Well Coz, you are too bad, I wish  
you could not read me so well." What a  
pity those handsome boys and girls, who find  
it out! However the greater trouble, is that  
some will find it where there never was any  
to find. Wonder where they buy their look-  
ing-glasses? I should like to get one.  
Self-love and a vivid imagination are very  
potent leuitants. He fancies that, among  
some upcountry ladies visiting in town, is his  
lady of the "waving handkerchief." I tell  
him, "perhaps so, she laughed loud enough,  
on the street the other day." He admits she  
must be different from his "lilly of the val-  
ley," whose glossy ringlets are "dark in the  
shadow, and gold in the sun," who is to be  
worshipped at a distance, and not flattered to  
her face. He forgives all my scolding, be-  
cause I admire her, as much as he does. "A  
soft voice and a gentle look is an excellent  
thing in woman."  
What beautiful weather we are having—  
I wish I could send Mr. D. the Boquet I  
have gathered this morning. Your mountain  
breezes are yet too chill to permit her to  
gather such a one.  
Have you seen the "Southern Field and  
Fireside"? It is a most excellent paper, and  
fully equal to any thing of the sort published  
at the North, and is superior to I think to many  
that are extensively purloined among us—  
Why are we as a people, so prone to think  
any thing from abroad preferable to what we  
can get at home? Much of the insolence we  
have to bear, is the result of our own blind  
adulation for them, and our want of a proper  
self-appreciation. We are beginning to learn  
wisdom, but it may be at a dear, a very dear  
price. Our beautiful, our own, our native  
land, the Sunny South. Why have persons  
and daughters not loved and prized her more?  
If they have not, they have scorned their  
birthright. I had rather be a daughter of  
the good Old North State, than to be a Prin-  
cess of any land the sun shines upon.

**Miscellaneous.**  
**The Parson's Son.**  
A TRUE STORY.  
BY HENRY TAYLOR.  
On the 15th of October, 1856, a celebra-  
tion of a peculiar character was  
held in a small village near Jena. It  
was an occasion of an entirely local  
nature, and might have passed unob-  
served and unknown to all except in  
the immediate vicinity but for this con-  
nection in the battle, which fifty years  
and one day before annihilated the  
power of Prussia. An account of it,  
however, was published in most of the  
German newspapers, and how this cir-  
cumstance, the sequel of the story  
which I am about to relate, was brought  
on. At the time the celebration took  
place, I was residing in Gollha, not  
more than fifty miles from the spot,  
and received the story almost in the  
very words of the chief actor in it. I  
am sorry that his name, and that of  
the village, have escaped my memory. All  
other particulars made too deep an  
impression on me to be easily forgotten.  
We may first go back to the 14th  
of October, 1860. On that day the  
windy uplands of the northeast of Jena  
witnessed the brief but terrible con-  
flict which resulted in the triumphant  
entry of the French army into Berlin  
eleven days afterward—during which  
Prussia had lost 60,000 men, 65  
standards, and 600 cannon. A por-  
tion of the French army was encamped  
on the battle field, or quartered in the  
villages around. The poor inhabi-  
tants, overwhelmed by this sudden av-  
lance of war upon their quiet fields—  
where for a hundred years or more  
they had reaped their harvests in peace  
—submitted in helpless apathy while  
their houses and barns were plundered  
by the lawless soldiery. The battle  
was over, but there was no lull in the  
blast of ruin. Through the clouds of  
cannon smoke which settled into the  
bosom of the deep valleys as the raw  
October evening came on, were heard  
in all directions shrieks of fear, yell  
of rage or triumph, and cries of pain  
or lamentation.  
Davoust—the "Butcher of Ham-  
burg," as the Germans called him—  
took up his quarters for the night in  
one of the most convenient and com-  
fortable houses which could be found  
in the neighborhood of the scene of  
slaughter. Here he rapidly issued or-  
ders for the disposition of the forces  
under his command, gave directions  
from his adjutants. He had taken his  
cloak, and was about retiring to an  
inner chamber for repose, when an  
officer entered. "Pardon me, general,"  
he said, "but there is a case which re-  
quires attention. The German *canaille*  
must be taught to respect us." Ten  
soldiers of company —, of the  
Fourth Infantry, who quartered them-  
selves in the village of Waldorf (let us  
say) have been driven away by the  
people, and two or three of them are  
severely injured.  
Davoust's cold eye glittered, and  
his moustache curled like the lip of a  
mastiff, as he turned and halted a mo-  
ment at the door of the bed-room—

Send a lieutenant and twenty men to  
the village, pick out ten of the vaga-  
bonds, and shoot them down! was the  
brief order. "Where is Waldorf?" he  
added, turning to one of those useful  
creatures who are always willing to  
act as guides and interpreters for the  
enemy, in their own land.  
"There is a village called upper Wal-  
dorf which lies near the head of a small  
valley to the left; Middle Waldorf is  
on the other side of the hill, and Lower  
Waldorf about half an hour's dis-  
tance beyond."  
The Marshal, not caring to annoy  
himself by more minute inquiries, went  
to bed. If ten men were shot that  
was sufficient.  
The next morning, at sunrise, Lieu-  
tenant Lamotte, with twenty men,  
marched over the trampled hills to  
seek Waldorf. It was a disagreeable  
business, and the sooner it was over  
the better. On reaching a ridge, which  
overlooked the intersection of two or  
three valleys, more than one village  
was visible through the cold fog—now  
beginning to rise. "Quiet Waldorf!"  
inquired the officer of the man he had  
impressed by the way. "Das," answered  
he, "is *Waldorf*, pointing to a  
village on the left. "En avant!"  
And in fifteen minutes more the French-  
men marched into the little hamlet.  
Halt! in an open space between  
the church and the two principal beer  
houses, the officer summoned the in-  
habitants together. The whole vil-  
lage was already astir, for few had  
slept that night. Their ears were still  
stunned by the thunder of yesterday,  
and visions of burning and pillage still  
danced before their eyes. At the  
command of the lieutenant, the sol-  
diers seized all the male inhabitants  
and forcibly placed them in line be-  
fore them. The women and children  
waited near in terrible anxiety, for no  
one understood the words which were  
spoken, and these ominous prepara-  
tions led them to judge the worst.  
At this juncture the son of the vil-  
lage pastor appeared upon the scene.  
He was a young man of twenty, who  
was studying theology in order to be-  
come his father's successor, and for-  
tunately had some knowledge of  
French. The appearance of things,  
without the cries and entreaties of the  
terrified people, told him that his help  
was wanted. He immediately address-  
ed himself to Lieut. Lamotte and begged  
for an explanation.  
"I am ordered to punish this village,"  
answered the latter, "for your treat-  
ment of our soldiers last night. The  
Marshal orders that ten of you shall  
be shot. The only thing that I can  
do is to allow you to draw lots among  
yourselves, or to point out those con-  
cerned in the outrage."  
"But," continued the young man,  
"your general has been misinformed;  
no French soldiers have visited our  
village before you. We have truly  
been in great fear and anxiety the  
whole night, but the valley is deep  
and the village is partly concealed from  
view by woods on the side. There are  
also the villages of Middle and Lower  
Waldorf, which lie further down in  
the open valley. You can soon satisfy  
yourself, sir, that this village is en-  
tirely innocent, and I entreat you not  
to shed the blood of our harmless peo-  
ple."  
"There is no time for investigation,"  
said the officer. "I am ordered to pro-  
ceed to Waldorf and am guided thither.  
I will wait till you make your choice  
of ten to be sacrificed, but have no  
authority to do more."  
By this time the people had learn-  
ed the fate in store for them. The women  
with tears and appealing gestures  
crowded around the officer, begging  
him to spare their sons and husbands.  
The men stood silent, with bloodless  
faces, and dumb, imploring eyes. The  
scene was evidently painful, both to  
the officer and the soldiers, accus-  
tomed as they were to the unmerciful  
code of war. They were anxious to put  
an end to it and leave; but the clergy-  
man's son, inspired with the belief  
that the fate of ten men rested upon  
his efforts, continued to urge his plea  
with a zeal and eloquence that would  
not be set aside.  
Lieut. Lamotte struggled while be-  
tween his sense of duty and his natural  
humanity, while the young advoca-  
te appealed to his conscience and to  
the obedience which he owed to a high-  
er command than Davoust. Finally  
he consented to wait while a sergeant  
was dispatched to head-quarters, ac-  
companied by a peasant to show him the  
nearest way. A few lines hastily pen-  
ciled stated the facts in the case, and  
asked for further instructions.  
Meanwhile the inhabitants waited  
in a state of suspense scarcely to be  
endured. Lieut. Lamotte, who, as a  
thorough Frenchman, soon wearied of  
a painful emotion, and shaking it off  
at the risk of appearing heartless, said:  
"The morning is keen, and a walk  
before breakfast can't diminish the  
appetite; can you give us some re-  
freshments from your hidden supplies?"  
At a word from the young man many  
of the women brought out what  
they had prepared for their own break-  
fasts, with black bread, mugs of beer,  
and a small cheese or two—sufficient  
for a rough meal, of which the soldiers  
partook, with the usual laughing com-  
ments on *la cuisine Allemande*.  
The company of victims looked on

in silence, and more than one uttered  
gloomily, "We are feeding our execu-  
tioners."  
"Even if that should be true," said  
the young man, "it is but doing as  
Christ has taught us. Whether or not  
we obtain Christian charity from these  
men, let us, at least, show them that  
we are Christians."  
The rebuke had its effect. A few  
of the men assisted in entertaining the  
soldiers, and the latter with their fac-  
ility for fraternization, soon made  
themselves at home. As the stomach  
fills, the heart also enlarges, and the  
men began to say among themselves:  
"It is a pity that these men should  
be shot by mistake."  
It was not long before the sergeant  
and his guide arrived. The former  
handed the lieutenant a note, which he  
hastily tore open and read:  
"Waste no time in parley. It is in-  
different which village is punished; an  
example must be made. Do your duty  
and return instantly."  
So ran the pitiless answer.  
"Choose your men!" said the lieu-  
tenant, rising to his feet, and grinding  
his teeth to keep down his faltering  
heart. But now the lamentation broke  
out afresh. The women clung around  
the men who were led to them, and  
many of the latter, overcome by the  
general distress, uttered loud cries and  
prayers for mercy.  
The young man knelt down in front  
of them, saying to the officer, "I do  
not kneel to you; but I will pray that  
God that He will remove the sin of  
slaughter from your soul."  
As the officer met his earnest eyes,  
full of a sublime calmness and courage,  
his own suddenly filled with tears. He  
turned to his men who stood drawn up  
in a line before him, but no word was  
spoken. Their hands were in their  
pockets, and there were drops on many  
cheeks which they could not wipe  
away. There was a silent question in  
the officer's eye—there was a silent