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Poetry.

For Miss Etta Woodson's Album.

A lovelier flower may yet be born, Of fragrance sweeter still, And gems of richer hue be found, To charm the miser's will.

Tell Me.

Tell me, ye gentle zephyrus, Who bless life's hours through, Is there one sacred shrine, Where printers get their due?

Correspondence.

For the Iredell Express.

Messrs. Editors:—It may be a few Texas items would be regarded with some interest by a portion of the readers of the "Express."

CLIMATE OF TEXAS.

From the mouths of the people of this section, and from the reports of other portions of the State, it is generally believed that this has been the severest winter in Texas, that the "oldest inhabitant" can remember.

AGRICULTURAL.

The minds of the farmers are now engrossed with their farms, and the preparations for planting; very little corn is planted, though some farmers have already finished.

FINANCIAL.

condition of this country, times are rather stringent. Money is in great demand, and readily commands ten and twelve per cent, which, with you, would be considered rather an extortion.

TRANSIT.

The great influx of emigrants to this country still continues unabated. While wages are passing daily moving families, the streets are crowded with them.

PACIFIC RAIL-ROAD.

in the Old North State? If not, let them remain in blissful ignorance of the grand concern. I am located within two miles of the far-famed road, and I sincerely believe, a greater hubbub, and a greater swarming machine, never was started this side of Mason & Dixon's line.

A Patriotic Speech.

By Hon. F. M. Bristow, of Kentucky.

The following extract from the speech of Hon. F. M. Bristow, of Kentucky, delivered in the House, before the election of a speaker, and when the excitement was at its highest pitch, will be perused with pleasure by all Union-loving men:

"Whilst your party or mine may, in their turn, and then another and another, rule the destinies of this country, and become each in its turn corrupt and extravagant, the people will still continue in their majesty to hurl the dominant party from power by the peaceful legitimate exercise of the right of suffrage; and still our institutions and form of government will be continued; and even if we should not organize at all, such is the beauty and strength of our system of government that our rights and privileges will be guarded and protected by the States until the people have time to make an orderly selection of Representatives, who will meet the first Monday in December, 1861, and organize readily, and make the necessary appropriations to pay our debts with interest from the time they were due. That would be the Thirty-Seventh Congress; and I apprehend that few of us would be members, unless we should be so fortunate as to convince our constituents that it was not our fault. Let us defer this explanation for the future before the people, and make our explanations before that tribunal.

Much has been said in our disorganized condition that I approve in the abstract, and much that I disapprove. I must be permitted to say, in this connection, that Kentucky is deeply interested in the institution which has been the cause of so much agitation and discussion; and whilst the people of the third congressional district, which I have the honor to represent, own more of that property than any other district in the State, they are eminently conservative and law abiding, prosperous and happy in their domestic relations, determined, yes, resolutely determined, to protect their rights, of person and property; and whilst Kentucky has a border of seven hundred miles on the free States, separated only by the Ohio river, and her loss in value of slaves annually, as stated by the way matters stand out West, and doubtless many portions of the East are not behind in refinement. It is among the young men that intemperance is making such havoc; but young men respect the opinions of ladies, and are to a great extent governed by them—then if the ladies were to discontinue intemperance in every case, neither look at nor speak to a man when he is drunk, nor for six months afterwards—how soon should we see a radical change!

Savoy.

In the extreme northwestern corner of the kingdom of Savoy, lies the province of Savoy, by nature a barren mountainous region of a hundred miles by sixty, and containing about a half million of inhabitants, poor in the extreme, though hardy and industrious, independent in character, and able to subsist upon a very little. Indeed, they eke out a subsistence upon chestnuts when all other sources of living fail; or, packing up a few simple wares on their backs, scale the Alps and become traveling merchants and peddlers of the humblest kind, chiefly in France. The loftiest peaks of the Alps rise in their midst, and what little wealth they have is brought chiefly by travelers, who from the Lake of Geneva are tempted over by the scenes of natural grandeur with which their country abounds. These mountains have for ages sheltered an independent people, zealous for personal liberty. This district was, in point of fact, the original nucleus of the kingdom of Savoy, and as far back as the year A. D. 1000 it was governed by its own rulers, who annexed Piedmont in the beginning of the fifteenth century, as they had Nice in the fourteenth. This province was by Napoleon I. governed as the district of Mont Blanc, and some of the inhabitants, remembering the glories of the Empire, would have no objection to return and again become an integral part of France. The question of this re-annexation is now, indeed, being freely agitated in the French papers. Wreathed from France by the treaties of 1814 and 1815, there is nothing for which Napoleon III. so anxiously longs as to regain at least some of the territory which was despoiled from his nation by the reverses of his uncle. He would, therefore, not unwillingly allow the King of Sardinia, it seems, to help himself to Central Italy, and extend his domains to the south and east, giving up in return the provinces of Nice and Savoy to the north and west.—This would be the most effectually of any thing annul the treaties of the Holy Alliance restricting France within its ancient limits.—Philadelphia Ledger.

As Patriots, in the Republic as it is,

devoted to its continuance: and may we and our posterity, as the worthy descendants of the gallant heroes of the Revolution, both now and in future stand by the compact of the Constitution formed by their wisdom and consecrated by their blood, as the only hope of freedom?"

We know that virtue herself may be ridiculed, and the worst motives attributed to the best actions; but in view of the wisdom that conceived and the blessings derived from a wise administration of our Government, we are still disposed to sing paeans to the Constitution and the continuance of our glorious Union. As one of the family of States, Kentucky will still hope to be kindly treated—no interference with her reserved rights as a State. She has a right to expect not only a faithful regard to her constitutional and legal rights, but also the social kindness which should ever characterize the family relation.

Now, sir, I did intend to close these remarks by a motion to proceed to a vote for Speaker; but I am not entitled to make that motion while occupying the floor by the courtesy of the gentleman from South Carolina.—Thanking him, therefore, for his kindness I yield the floor.

Gen. Jackson—His Valor when a Boy.

The following incident of the boyhood of General Jackson is copied from Parton's Life of Jackson. It occurred during the partisan war in the Waxhaws:

In that fierce Scotch-Indian warfare, the absence of a father from home was often a better protection to his family than his presence; because his presence invited attack. The main object of both parties was to kill the fighting men, and to avenge the slaying of partisans. The house of the quiet hero Hicks, for example, was safe until it was noised about among the Tories that Hicks was at home.—And thus it came to pass that when a whig soldier of any note desired to spend a night with his family, his neighbors were accustomed to turn out and serve as a guard to his house while he slept. Behold Robert and Andrew Jackson, with six others, thus employed one night in the spring of 1781 at the domicile of a neighbor, Capt. Sands. The guard on this occasion was more a friendly tribute to an active partisan than a service considered necessary to his safety. In short, the night was not at all quiet.

Death of J. G. Bowman, Esq.

We regret to announce the death of our fellow-citizen, J. G. Bowman, Esq. He has been in feeble health some time. Mr. Bowman has frequently filled the editorial chair with much ability. He also ranked high as a teacher, in the duties of which profession he had been several times engaged.—Columbia Guardian.

A Romance in Real Life.

The Police Court, usually developing nothing but the dregs of the lowest life, occasionally reveals a bit of romance, more astonishing than the imagination of fiction, and displays the revelations of life in a manner almost incredible.

This morning a case was examined before Justice Aikin, which has an air of romance around it, and exhibits a revelation of real life from which a most thrilling tale of fiction could be wrought. A woman named Ellen Welch was found last night by one of the policemen, roving about the streets, slightly intoxicated. She was arrested upon the charge of vagrancy. Parties who are knowing to her history, inform us that some five or six years ago, Ellen ran away from Ireland in company with a dashing young Irish man, whom her parents had forbidden her to marry. Her father lived at Castle Kerry, and was a man of opulence and influence, and Ellen had been well brought up. But, with that perverseness which is always a characteristic of love, she was bent upon marrying the young officer.

She accordingly eloped with him and came to Philadelphia, where she was married. She lived with her husband about a year, at the expiration of which time he died. She then came to Chicago and married again, but again was doomed to misfortune. Her husband, who had the reputation of being an excellent man, was drowned in the river by falling from a schooner. Ellen maintained herself by sewing for a time, but finally fell in with disreputable characters, who fleeced her out of her clothing and an allowance of thirty dollars which she received every three months from her father, through the priests. She then took to drinking, and by gradual descent soon fell to a low depth.

We know from indubitable sources that this woman, arraigned before the police court for being a common vagrant, is an own niece to Daniel O'Connell, the great Irish orator and reformer, her mother, Mary O'Connell, being his sister. Her parents, as we said before, occupy Castle Kerry, and are known throughout the length and breadth of Ireland as a family of opulence, and widely esteemed for their many acts of kindness.

A Louisiana Planter Badly Sold.

The Chief of Police has just received from a wealthy planter, information of his having been swindled out of nearly \$8,000 in cash by an elegant sharper, who sold him false checks for that amount.

The Sabbath in Cuba.

The editor of the Columbian South Carolina, writing from Trinidad to Cuba, says: "In business matters, there seems to be no difference between Sundays and other days; the streets are all open, and things hawked about the streets as during the week. Sunday is the great day for amusements—ball games and cock fights and bull-baiting being the chief. During the day the streets are empty, returning from a walk, a man in a white dress and white trousers, with a white shirt and white necktie, and a white hat, is seen in the streets. A man standing at the door that just communicated this information said that the house was full, and no more could be admitted. At these balls the colored people sit with the whites, though some recognize them as such, and dress in the extreme of fashion. The colored girls have equal pretensions, and their set of dress is a prominent feature in the picture."

Disbanding of the Revolutionary Army.

"When has the sun, in all his course, since time began, shone upon a more like the disbanding of the Revolutionary army? Where is the history that can show its parallel, for the people that can boast its equal? An army flushed with victory, that had just achieved the independence of its country, and given it a name and a price among the nations, had effected, with indescribable toil and hardship, and high purposes of its enlistment, and that had large and just claims upon the treasury as well as gratitude of the nation, is summoned on parade for the last time. Their arrears are unpaid—they are without a dollar, in their pockets—without comfortable apparel—without a single day's rations in their knapsacks, hundreds of miles from home—which may have been doled out, in their absence by savage violence—many of them enfeebled by sickness and protracted sufferings, all of them goaded by extreme sensitiveness, by a most eloquent exhibition of their deserts, and an existing portrait of their grievances, by a talented and ingenious factiousist. Will their love of country overcome the promptings of selfishness and the keen and bitter stings of disappointment? Will they refuse to listen to the song of the syren, that justifies and urges self-maintenance? Will these careworn and neglected veterans pile their arms, and literally beg their passage homeward? Will they quietly surrender the means of redress in their hands, and trust cold charity for bread, and the tardy justice of the country for remuneration? Oh, it is more than human—it is God-like! The drum beats—the line is formed—the flag of independence is advanced to the front—the officers, with uncovered heads, bid their men a silent farewell! Fling off, they pile up their arms in solemn silence, and with clasped hands and averted eyes, are dismissed each to his own way. Is there aught in Grecian or Roman story, in ancient or modern revolutions, that can equal the last act of our veteran fathers' magnanimity and patriotism?"

Bold and Successful Robbery.

One of the most audacious robberies ever consummated in New Orleans, was successfully perpetrated yesterday in the Louisiana State Bank, and we believe it was the first one of this kind ever accomplished in this city. The same game has been played before in the North and Europe.

A lady, the wife of a steamboat pilot, Mrs. Yates by name, went to the bank to get a check for five hundred dollars cashed. The paying teller handed her twenty-five \$20 gold pieces, which she wrapped up in her pocket handkerchief, and left the bank.

True Delta.

We trust that every Southern member of Congress at least, and every citizen of the South, will oppose every proposition and every project for the acquisition of Cuba against the wishes of its lawful proprietors. Surely, after the scenes which have lately transpired in Virginia, no Southern man can countenance a filibustering invasion of a friendly island, nor condemn the severest measures which the Spanish authorities have ever taken, or may hereafter take, for their protection. What Virginian is there, who, if a Cuban, would hesitate to deal with filibusters just as Virginia has dealt with old Brown? The idle stories of the oppression of the Cubans, just as groundless as the abolitionist's tales of Southern oppression, those wretched fables which inspired Brown and his companions with their quixotic purpose, and which even now inflame the sympathies of the blacks and encourage against their masters. Even if the Cubans are oppressed, are we called upon to break their chains? Must we become, like the abolitionists, the self-constituted champions of oppressed humanity? We demand justice from the North, let us keep our own hands off Cuba and all our weak neighbors. Let us show that we do not require "might" to make us respect "right"; let us do to others as we would that others should do unto us. We are all aware that it is the North which must be principally benefited by the acquisition of Cuba; but designing men in that section have always sought, and are still seeking to make the South a cat's paw for the purpose of taking the tempting chestnut out of the fire. All that the South has ever gained by filibustering and the illegal prosecution of the African slave trade, is the reputation throughout the world of an aggressive practical rascal, whilst Northern capital and Northern commerce have been the principal advantage of both kinds of enterprise.—Richmond Dispatch.

Propriety of Genius.

Cicero's first great speech in defence of Boscus was made at the age of twenty-seven. It was at the same age which Demosthenes distinguished himself in the Assembly of the Athenians. Dante published his Vita Nuova when just twenty-seven.—Dryden first gave testimony of his poetical genius at the age of twenty-seven. Bacon began to form his new system of philosophy into some form when about twenty-seven. Burns issued his first publication in his twenty-seventh year. Washington was but twenty-seven when he covered the retreat of the British troops at Braddock's defeat, and was appointed to the command in chief of all the Virginia forces. John Quincy Adams was appointed by Washington, in 1794, minister resident to the Netherlands, thus commencing his public life at the age of twenty-seven. Napoleon, we believe, was only twenty-seven when he led the army into Egypt. Some of the poets that have been the pride of England have commenced to write early in life. Some few, however, have produced their best pieces at an old age. Chaucer was fifty years old before he attained any reputation as an author. Young never wrote anything that could be called poetry till he was over sixty; and he was more than eighty when he published his poem on "Resignation." Chaucer wrote his best poetry after he was sixty. Pope wrote at twelve years of age. Cowley at fifteen. Chatterton at eleven. Samuel Rogers was fixed in his determination to become a poet by the perusal of Beattie's "Minstrel," when only nine years of age. Thomas Moore wrote poetry in his fourteenth year, which was published in the Dublin Magazine. Campbell wrote his poem on the "Pleasures of Hope" at twenty-one—the same age at which Pope wrote his essay on "Criticism." Shelley wrote at the age of fifteen; at eighteen he produced his wild atheistic poem, "Queen Mab." Keats published his "Endymion" in his twenty-second year, a cruel criticism on which caused death. Mrs. Hemans ventured on publication in her fifteenth year. Mrs. Norton composed her "Sorrows of Rosalie" in her seventeenth year. John Mayne in his sixteenth year published the germ of his "Silver Gun." Hannah Moore published her "Search after Happiness" in her seventeenth year. Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton wrote verses at the age of five or six years.

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