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TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

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

	3 mos.	6 mos.	1 year.
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Three squares,	10.00	15.00	20.00

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Poetry.

Union.

BY GEO. WHITMARSH.

Union! What an earthly blessing,
To our country what a prize!
How shall freemen now expressing,
In their exultation rise,
Speak thine honors, glorious Union,
Till its echoes thrill us from the vaulted skies!

Say, shall crimes of high commission
Still pervade the land we love?
No! Let Union in fruition,
Bear the peace-branch like a dove,
Till our States are free from faction,
Ever standing as a nation far above.

From the farthest northern mountains,
Whitened by the winter's snow,
To the southern lakes and fountains,
Where the summer breezes blow,
May the song of Union cheer us,
From the aged, youth and maiden, high and low.

Shall our fathers, who did cherish,
Nobly, all with freedom rife—
Shall their sacred struggle perish,
Ending in fanatic strife?
Never! never! we are patriots—
We will sing forever Union! dear as life!

For the "Iredell Express."

Darling Jennie.

Marion may mantle her margins with green,
And wash with her foam the swan's snowy wing,
And smiling Tyrongia roll on to th west,
Where abroad th' dense forests their foliage fling,
The Father of Waters shush up his proud crest;
For they, with her presence, a goddess hath blest.

In th' bright sunny home of the wild cazique,
Mid the woodbine and lone vanilla bowers;
Where Phœbus the west with his glories hath gilt,
Jennie trips over the Eden of flowers;
And sweet blushing gem on Worth's jewel'd page,
The star of her country, first bloom of the age.

For Jennie, ye myrtles, wave sweetly your bloom,
Come laden with odors ye soft blowing gale;
And ye woods and lagoons put on your gay robes,
To honor the charms of the maid of the vale;
With her snowy white neck and lily white hand,
The fairest young maiden that graces the land.

For true, modest worth tune up your proud lyres,
And offer, ye muses, a tribute of song;
With pure inspiration strike sweetly these strings,
Whose notes to the charms of loveliness belong.
With blooms that are fresh from the Helicon dews,
Bind the brow o' the graceful and lovely young Hughes.

Pure as th' sunbeams on dew-drops of crystal,
And gay as the notes the wild warblers sing,
No flower so fair ever bloom'd in the West;
Or mingled its incense with balmies of Spring;
And queen of her sex, the fairest of flowers,
She's queen of my heart, as well as of flowers.

I gaze upon herbage of exquisite hue,
That borrows its beauties from rays of the sun,
With odors as sweet as Araby's The Blest;
And they call back to mind the image of one,
Whose lips none but accents of kindness can tell,
Whose eye is the star-beam where beauty may dwell.

I've listen'd dear Jennie to raptures of song,
Sublimely been moved by music's sweet thrill;
Have rejoiced with the Spring in its banquet of flowers,
And quaff d the sweet zephyrs their fragrances fill;
But give me to live in the smile of thy charms,
And dying at last, let it away in thy arms.

G. L. GRAY.

For the "Iredell Express."

I fain to Thee would Sing.

Respectfully inscribed to "Mary L."

I FAIN to thee would sing,
And a fitful tribute bring,
And twine a wreath of roses for thy brow, gentle one;
But no muse will condescend
A poet's gift to lend,
And the petals of the rose lie scattered now, gentle one.

But I've left the spirit-flowers
That I nursed in summer hours,
In a heart as pure in feeling as thine own, gentle one;
And these for thee I'll twine,
And though no poet's gift be mine,
'Neath friendship's genial sunshine bid them bloom, gentle one;

O! I love thy simple truth,
Fresh in innocence and youth,
And thy soul where the "spirit of the beautiful" doth dwell;
And may each bud of thought,
From my spirit-garden brought,
Rest upon thy brow with a soft elysian spell.

Each lovely thing, and pure,
That shrews thy pathway o'er,
The budding flower, the whispering wind, and streamlets, gentle one,
The silvery stars of even,
Smiling softly down from Heaven,
Speak a simple language to thy heart, responsive to my own.

Yes! such hearts as thine I love!
For a radiance from above
Doth cast a halo round thee which I deem *almost* divine,
And when I'm lone and sad,
To make my spirit glad
I will long again for those sweet music-breathing words of thine.—

And one so pure as thou,
Heaven grant may never know
What 'tis to weep over faded dreams, or priceless treasures flown;
And may thy future be
From dark'ning shadows free,
And thy life's sun set in beauty, as it rose in early morn.

New York, March 24, 1860. P. C. C.

Correspondence.

Written for the "Iredell Express."

Our Social Circle.

"I watch the drowsy night expire,
And fancy paints at my desire
Her magic pictures in the fire."

I am not fond of poetic quotations at the head of a paper. Of late years they have come to indicate nothing but the writer's desire to show that he has read a book or two more than all the rest of the world. However, I use them here because I happen to need them, or choose to have them, or what you please You shall see, after a little, whether they are pertinent to the matter in hand.

I have been sitting, for the last hour, with my feet against the jam, looking at the fire; and while my thoughts (which by-the-way, are considerable *run-abouts*) were *ramaging* among things past, present, and to come, they did not and *should* not, fail occasionally to perch upon you—and the EXPRESS. Now, some chasers of fortune and *catchers* of *folly*, will say that this is fooling away time. Many wise ones of the present day, think our lives are wasting unless our *legs* and *hands* are continually in motion. Materials for building the temple of *wisdom*, are as thoroughly disseminated through all the visible and invisible works of God, as the *shortening* is through a *biscuit*:—it is impossible to bite it anywhere without getting some of it in your mouth Here is *knowledge* which is *not known*. Did you ever think of that? It is (the unknown sort) more precious than gold, and twice as plenty. It is everywhere, from the centre to the furtherest circumference of the universe, and a world of it in every atom.—Here I take *wisdom* to be a knowledge (or *knowing* is a better word) of the *history* and *causes* of *all events*. A majority of this age, however, have corrupted it to mean nothing but "book larnin'." There never was a greater mistake made by mortal man, except, perhaps, the only parallel on record of the man who put his *boots to bed* and set *himself* without the door to be *blacked!* It was simply by the fall of an apple that Sir Isaac Newton first got the idea that the earth would, under all circumstances, *claim its own*. And it is related of that same distinguished individual, who for so many years, when the stars honestly thought he was asleep like an honest man, played the *spy* in their camp, that, once upon a time, while riding along one of the high-ways of England, he came across a lad tending a flock of sheep, who was kind enough to tell him, although the "sky was cloudless, clear, and purely beautiful," that if he did not hurry along, he would be overtaken by a rain-storm. Sir Isaac, thinking that he was on more confidential terms with the upper regions than the shepherd's boy, paid but little attention to the admonition. He had not proceeded many miles, however, before the celestial geographer was sorely visited by the clouds, and had to do like the "Arkansaw Doctor," when the *wolves* got after him—*take a tree*. Now, as the *travail* of Sir Isaac's life was the searching for "the hidden mysteries of all things," as soon as the shower abated, he turned immediately back, (didn't wait for a convenient time) and enquired of the lad by what sign he foretold the storm? The boy replied in his own language, which I am too well raised to use—that whenever a certain *sable gentleman sheep* in his flock turned his *head from* the wind, it forebode trouble in the elements! The philosopher smiled, and turnd away, a little vexed; but finally came to the conclusion that, with all his wisdom, the most ignorant *knew something* that he didn't. It may be, from this, originated the homely adage: "two heads are better than one, if *one* is a sheep's head; and the idea of Napoleon, that "there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous."

Well, it is likely that you and your readers may become tired of the *trash* that frequent breezes of thinking may blow out of my brain; and if you do, I want you to say so. But, "suffer it to be so now," for this brings me to another *idea*, and they are too scattering, in this pine country, to be let slip. *Here it is:* I never read an author, especially one remarkable for his profundity in the science of life, and the natural and social history of man, but I continually meet with thoughts that have aforetime hobbled through the avenues of my cranium; which though I did not at the time suppose worth arresting and *recognizing* to appear at any future time.—Now, if a tree were to fall on me, I have no doubt but I should be killed, for good luck never manifested any cordiality for me; but I never expect to die of *vanity*—and I would rather live and rot a thousand years with the leprosy, than disgrace my heart in my own estimation, and have my brains and blood frittered away by such a *mental famine*. Yet there is *one* idea that must see the light, to wit: *We* (that means all of us) are *wiser* than we wot of. Almost every man (and woman too—I won't slight the *softer* sex, if I know it) knows something, yea much, that would be of use to the world, or at least to one town or county, if he would just let it out. I don't mean every man should turn *author*, for then, those who make *paper* and *ink*, and set *types*, would be the only ones who would make fortunes. Here's the plan: Let the author, if he has the capital, set himself up to be a *dealer in ideas*, by the wholesale, (in books) if you please; and every little *planter* who raises a *few* only carry them forward to the proper emporium and dispose of them, that they may be put in the proper current and course for general circulation. We all can produce a few, even though our *soil* be the very *poorest*. The world, physically and mentally, is an aggregation of parts and particles, and except there be harmony and co operation in it *entirely*, it becomes a disjointed, spotted, shabby, irregular, jarring *conjumblement of inconjunctionable matter*.

Though the foregoing suggests "a consummation most devoutly to be wished," yet, I fear it is too refined, perhaps Utopian, for the *practical* and cherished *liberty* of doing-nothing if we choose of the present day. It is true, the world is making much progress in the *west*, and the whole of creation, in consequence thereof, have *got to bragging* of *this age!* While it is also true, that the *motive power* of this mighty live machinery, is a comparitively few great and self-sacrificing minds and bodies. The *strong* man *shakes* the tree, and the little hungry, weak, (*lazy*) ones picks up and gulps down the *simmons*. That's the way with the world. Fulton died poor; the Apostles were killed; and Columbus was taken back in chains.

Not only does every man know something useful, but every one, however humble, has his *influence*. But most of the men in the world, in one point, resemble *guns*. Though *well loaded*, prepared to do execution, yet they will stand in *the corner* until the rust eats them up, unless somebody will take them out and *shoot 'em off!* Yes, and some of them have rusted so long, when they are made to "go off," they pretty near kick the brains out of the *shoulder!* But it is not philosophical to fret—life's a lottery, and of course *blanks* must be expected.

Well, I said I was looking at the fire. So I was, and being in a reverie—reveries are good things, especially such as the "reveries of a bachelor,"—I concluded to give the foregoing cogitations to the readers of the Express and particularly for the considerations of MARY L., D. C. R., P. C. C., LINNETT, and FRED. Now friends, what say you? Shall we join together and form a club, a *Social Circle*—as it were—wherein we can have our social chat, give vent to our feelings and fancies, and perchance make a column in the Express that will be read with interest, by its numerous readers. In fact MARY L., has made the move, and much obliged to her I am, for the pleasure the perusal of her letters have afforded me. Will you allow me, MARY L., to take a seat by your side in "Our Social Circle?" I will promise to be a 'good boy,' and not to tease you very much; but I fear if that "beautiful sister" of thine is permitted to "be around" that, if I do not *run after her* I will at least be 'casting sheep eyes' at her. I must make that privilege a condition to be allowed, &c.

But it is getting very late, and I must close. Will MARY L. please accept my kind regards and my wishes that her wants may never want wishes.

I must chunk up the fire, my candle has burnt out. Ain't you glad? Good-bye.

The Pines, Mar. 26, 1860. ST. LEDGER.

LEAKSVILLE, N. C., Mar. 23, 1860.

Editors Iredell Express: I read the letter of your Fayetteville correspondent last week, complaining of the falling off of the old custom of wagoning to Fayetteville, with up-country produce, and calling on North Carolina Farmers for North Carolina hay, flour, bacon, potatoes, &c. I was pleased at the enterprising spirit he manifested, particularly in his allusion to the extension of the Coalfields Rail Road to the N. C. Central Road. Such an extension would inaugurate a new era in the history of their section of the low country, and redound greatly to the benefit of the north-western counties, and I have long been surprised that the scheme has not been carried out. But the slur which the above mentioned writer casts on those dwelling on the Virginia line preferring "Virginia notes," &c., was, I think, undeserving. Was the sneer given to Rockingham, Stokes and Forsythe, formerly intimate in trade with Fayetteville, because the citizens are aiming for a Rail Road in their borders? If we have a direct road to Richmond and send down wheat, and bring back guano, Fayetteville is none the loser. I suppose but little of the surplus products of this section crosses the N. C. Central, but is swept off to the East or West. Neither can any part of the East be said to be loser because the increased amount of productions by the use of guano and from other causes, easily imagined, will more than compensate in all probability, for any diversion of the trade Richmond might make.—However, when the Rail Road is built from Fayetteville to tap the N. C. Central, there will be oats hay, bacon and wheat enough for the down-country folks, in exchange for their goods, turpentine, and cash. I have had some acquaintance with the people of this section "near the line" and, I believe, no people in the State are more proud of old North Carolina than they—none who would sooner contribute of their treasure or their blood in defense of her rights. If Virginia's purse aids to establish a Rail Road in our midst and offers to buy all we can raise—who would refuse? CIVIS.

Miscellaneous.

A Thrilling Cave Adventure.

I was born and brought up in the neighborhood of the salt works of M——. My father was second engineer, and I filled the situation of assistant. The scene of our mining operations, at the time of the event which I am going to narrate, was in a narrow valley, lying close to the foot of a perpendicular cliff or rock about one hundred feet high. On its bare sides neither grass or shrub was to be seen, and scarce any inequality was visible; whereupon the climber might find a resting place. In fact, it was considered unscaleable for a distance of about two miles, when it sank down gradually at either end to the level of the plain. Ascending the cliff, one beheld on its summit a wide plain, stretching off in the distance from the sharp edge of the precipice, and from that dizzy point could look down upon the works of the miners below, close under its sides.

Upon the top of the cliff which I have been describing, I was strolling listlessly, late one Sunday afternoon, thinking of a strange and sad circumstance which had happened about a year before in our family. My only brother, a lad of fifteen, had gone out early one summer morning to shoot plover on the heights, and from that hour had never been heard of. When last seen, he was mounting the cliff, from the eastern side, and though (when alarmed at his long delay) we made immediate search and inquiry, we never gained any further information. To speak of our family distress, and my own heart-grieving for my well-beloved brother, it is not my purpose; but it was the only subject of my thoughts on that quiet summer evening, when all the noise from the works were hushed, and the stillness seemed tenfold by contrast.

I approached very near the edge of the cliff. I was now at its steepest part, and looking down at its smooth sides, I thought how terrible a fall would be; but my brother could not have fallen down. In that case his mangled body, at least, would have been found.

I was recalled to myself by a strange sinking of my feet. My first confused idea was that the soil had given way from the edge of the cliff, upon whose utmost verge I stood, and that I was about to be precipitated to the bottom. I became dizzy with horror, for I felt at once that I could not recover myself, so sudden was the caving in of the earth beneath me. I made one stumble forward, in a wild struggle to save myself, felt a ringing and crushing in my ears, and then I lost all further sensation.

It must have been many hours before I was sufficiently conscious to know that I still existed. Sick and bruised, I was long unable to raise myself from the prostrate position in which I became aware, at last, that I was lying. It was quite dark, and every portion of earth or stone that I touched was wet, and a smell of damp salt pervaded the atmosphere. I thought I had fallen into an exhausted salt mine, but soon remembered that I had been standing on the edge of the cliff. It was an impossibility. Then came the idea that I must have fallen to the bottom, and the loose earth and stones have fallen over me. That, too, I soon found equally unlikely, and after groping about some time on my hands and knees—every moment one of intense agony—I became sure that my prison was a cave of some extent. Too weak to move any further, I lay down and endeavored to think of my position. It seemed a hopeless one. I was certainly in one of those caves formed in salt rocks, and sometimes found by miners, running far below the earth's surface. I had no idea how far I had fallen—it might be but a few feet, it might be many hundred. As yet I could find no trace of the passage through which I had dropped, but I remembered that I had a case of matches in my pocket, and it was not long before I succeeded in dragging them out, though it was excruciating pain to my bruised limbs to move them.

Having no taper, I determined to be very careful of the matches, and to improve the short moment of light during which one would last. I rubbed it very carefully against the sole of my boot; then harder, then furiously; but it would not ignite. Then I tried another, with no better success. They were too damp, everything was damp; the matches were useless. With a faint hope of drying them in time, I put the box into my breast, and buttoned my vest over it. What with my failure in procuring a light, and the pain of my bruises, added to my terror and bewilderment of mind, I suffered intensely. Through all, it became clear to me that, instead of falling over, I had fallen through the cliff—strange as it was that hollow ground should occur so near to the edge without the external wall of the cliff caving in towards it. The space thro' which I had fallen must have been narrow, for my body had been bruised, and the skin was torn from my sides, with strips of my clothing—that I could feel. Oh for a light to examine better into my miserable position; but after all, I did not feel without hope. I could not lose the idea that I was to hit upon some means or way of escape; if I only could get the matches to ignite, and show me the form and size of the cave.

Worn out with pain and thought, I must have slept. I awoke with a raging thirst, and almost at the same time, I became sure I heard the dripping of water. I dragged myself towards the sound, stretched out my hand and drops from above fell upon it; eagerly I swallowed a few, which burned my throat: *they were distilled brine*—salt as any impregnation of water could possibly be!

This disappointment crushed me terribly I should die of thirst ere I had found a mode of exit. I thought of the matches, and tried them again, in vain; this time, however, they gave forth a light smoke. In time the heat of my breast would dry them—that was a hope. I had no idea of time, save that my watch had run down while I slept. I wound it up again, knowing that when it again stopped eight-and-twenty hours would have gone by. Again, on my hands and knees, I crept around, feeling by the damp walls, and, as I continued to recede from the spot where the salt water dropped from a projecting rock, I discovered that the cave must be nearly round, and not many yards square. Having discovered this, I became more collected and resolute, and forced myself to a calm review of my position. I had to acknowledge to myself, that my only chance of escape seemed the hole or crack through which I had fallen; but no ray of light betrayed that spot—earth and stones must have fallen in and choked it up. Parching with thirst, and faint with bodily injuries, I was almost at the point of despair, when a distant sound fell upon my ear. I listened with intense attention. Soon, more and more distinctly, I recognized the noise of machinery, the rumbling of carts, and the voices of men; then a bell rang, and with a throb of joy, I recognized it as the morning summons to the laborers in the works. A night only could have passed since my leaving the outer world. Had they missed me? Would they search for me! Alas! there was nothing to lead them to suspect the spot of my captivity. I thought of the strange disappearance of my young brother—this double bereavement would kill my poor mother; but still I was comforted by the knowledge that only a partition of rock separated me from my fellow-men. Now I could almost distinguish their voices. I felt that it was vain to hope that my calls and shouts could be heard by them, yet I could not forbear shouting till I was quite exhausted.

Then I reflected on the means I could find of digging away the barrier of rock.—It could not be thick. I knew that by my facility in hearing sound, and concluded that, as I had fallen close to the edge of the cliff, I had sunk straight down to the level of the valley at its foot, and possibly the wall of my prison was not more than two or three feet in thickness. But I had no implement, save my knife, and that was a slender one, quite unequal to cutting a passage through even the soft and damp salt-rock, which formed the partition. Suddenly I remembered having picked up a heavy iron ox shoe on the wagon road during my Sunday walk. It was still in my pocket. With what joy I pulled it out and commenced eagerly my work.

I will not detail the agonies of those days and nights when I worked on in the darkness, sometimes encouraged, sometimes nearly hopeless. I could not find that I made any visible progress; the sounds were no nearer than at first, and I was growing hourly more exhausted from fatigue and burning thirst. The salt air of the cave inflamed my eyes, parched my skin and excoriated my throat; and often I had a horrible idea that I should go mad; but I worked on. I had wound up my watch 5 times, therefore it must have been the sixth day—deliverance as far off as ever. I had been trying to loosen a fragment of rock which had been somewhat detached from the strata (this I could only judge of by feeling.) If I succeeded I should much reduce the thickness of the barrier at that point; but I had to stop and rest before the final trial. I again tried my matches. I had constantly done so hitherto, but without success, and but few remained; but now the third one that I tried gave forth a light smoke, then a light blue flame, and finally a clear red light. I held it carefully and beheld plainly the cavern in which I was immured. It was a small one, and sparkling from the saline crystals as if studded with gems. Opposite to me was a dark object, on a projection of the shelving rock, and bearing a similarity to the outline of a human figure. I lifted high the expiring match, and, by its last ray, I saw a human face!

In a frenzy of impatience I tried the few remaining matches, in vain; the last one was in my hand; more carefully I drew it over the sand paper; it burned only for an instant, but in that instant, holding it directly even with the body, I recognized the dead, pale, but unchanged face of my poor lost brother Henry!

I was again in darkness, with the dead body and my frenzied thoughts. After a time I resumed fiercely my labor at the rock. A few blows loosened it, and the large mass rolled inwards, and from the fissure in the rock which lay behind it came in a narrow streak of daylight. I was all but mad, or I would not have had strength enough to effect my purpose.

By the aid of my ox shoe I soon increased the hole till it was large enough to admit my head. My shouts soon brought assistance from the works, to which, as I had supposed, I was very near, and soon from that fearful tomb were drawn the living and the dead bodies.

No one knew me until I spoke. The body of poor Henry had been preserved by the salt, and was also partly petrified. That he had been killed by the fall was evident, and had never moved from the ridge on which he fell.

The Bonapartes and Beauharnais.

The Revenges of History.

L'homme propose, et Dieu dispose. This familiar French proverb, which the vicissitudes of life induce even the most unreflecting so frequently to apply, and which some witty writer of the same nation, no less philosophical than gallant, wishing to testify to woman's inevitable influence in all things great and small, has modified into *L'homme propose, et la femme dispose*, is, perhaps, nowhere more forcibly impressed upon the mind in the checkered careers of Napoleon and Josephine. Familiar as every one is with the lives of these two personages, many, however, have never thought of following Josephine through her descendants, and are not prepared to acknowledge how much more closely the Beauharnais are allied to the royal families of Europe than are the Bonapartes. A few, probably, might prove as incredulous, in the presence of proof, as would have been the Viscount Beauharnais had any one revealed to him the fate of his children and grandchildren, when, in 1794, he laid his head under Robespiere's relentless guillotine, and left a widow behind him destined to fascinate and marry the rising General of the republic. Equally surprised, too, would the respectable planter of Martinique, Teacher de la Pagerie, have been had he been told, while attending to his negroes on his far-away plantation, that from his loins was to spring a race of emperors and empresses, queens and viceroys, as powerful as any world had ever known; and that to this end two little islands, colonies of France—Corsica and Martinique—were to contribute.

After the treaty of Tilsit, Napoleon occupied the loftiest position in the civilized world. Enthroned amid the splendor of the most magnificent court of Europe, he was virtually master of an empire stretching over the entire face of the continent, with the exception of Russia and Turkey, and with those two powers he was on terms of cordial alliance. To himself, as every school boy knows, he reserved the imperial throne of France, comprising the France of the present day, Belgium, Savoy, Piedmont, and at one time the whole of northern Italy, and part of Germany. On his brothers and sisters he conferred respectively the diadems of Holland, Naples, Spain, Westphalia and Tuscany; whilst his stepson, Eugene Beauharnais, he appointed viceroy of Italy. Yet, with this unrivaled dominion, he was discontented. As long as he had no issue to transmit his name to posterity he fancied his power ill secured. To consolidate his throne, then, and to gratify the ambitious yearning of his heart, he formed the project of an alliance with the imperial family of Austria. And to accomplish this, he discarded Josephine—his long devoted and faithful wife. She retired to Malmaison, a powerless, weeping woman, a cast-off favorite, without political friends or influence. And he continued to rule, the very emblem of power, all Europe at his feet, millions of men ready to carry out his lightest caprice, and his throne apparently firmer than Gibraltar. Who then would have dreamed of the retribution that time held in reserve?

A few short years more, and Napoleon lay chained to St. Helena's rock, and Josephine lay sleeping peacefully beneath the sod. The rule of the Bonapartes was over, the sceptre of France, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Italy and Westphalia had been transferred to hostile hands. The only scion of the great man fallen, the Duke de Retchstadt, *ci devant* King of Rome, roamed a virtual prisoner in his grandfather's palace at Vienna, bearing in him the seeds of a malady to which he was early doomed to fall a victim. The family name of the ambitious Napoleon figured in none of the courts of Europe.

The children of the discarded Josephine, on the other hand, were rising into power and forming alliances with the proudest blood in Europe.—Her son, Eugene, already allied to the royal house of Bavaria by his marriage with Amelia, daughter of the king, was living with his father-in-law, under the title of Duke of Leuchtenberg. His eldest son, Augustus, married Donna Maria, Bueen of Portugal, in 1835. His younger son, Prince Maximilian, married in 1839 the daughter of the Emperor Nicholas, of Russia. The eldest daughter of Eugene Beauharnais, Josephine, married Oscar, afterwards King of Sweden, son of Marshal Bernadotte, and successor to his father in 1844. The second daughter, Eugenie, married the Prince of Hohenzollern-Hechingen—the Hohenzollerns, it will be remembered, are the reigning house of Prussia; only the Prussian monarchs are descended from a younger son of Rodolphus II., whilst the Hohenzollern-Hechingen boast of descending from the eldest son. The third daughter, Amelie married Den Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil. And the only surviving son of Hortense. Lious Napoleon is now seated more firmly than his uncle ever was, on the imperial throne of France.

Thus at the present day, the descendants of Josephine are allied to the thrones of three empires—France, Russia and Brazil; and three kingdoms—Bavaria, Portugal and Sweden, without mentioning the connection with the Hohenzollerns, and the reminiscences of Eugene's viceroyalty in Italy, and Hortense's clouded reign in Holland.

What better evidence could be adduced of the vanity of even imperial ambition? Napoleon, the most powerful of mortals, sets his whole heart on the hope of perpetuating his family, and sacrifices everything—principle and popularity—to attain his object; yet himself, and all of his name in exile, he leaves behind him but one sickly son, who flickers awhile and then dies out ingloriously, leaving no issue. Whilst Josephine, the woman he discarded, sees her children seated in the palaces of half a dozen kingdoms and empires! And even when the indirect line of the Napoleons is restored to power, it is reinstated only in the person of one whose descent from Josephine is both more direct and undisputed than from her ambitious and repudiating lord. The only royal alliance which the Bonapartes can offset against the Beauharnais is the recent marriage of Prince Napoleon to the daughter of Victor Emanuel and even this was obtained solely through the intervention of a grandson of Josephine! Such is the Nemesis of history.—*New York Post.*

Editorial Change.

A. J. Gilkey, Esq., has taken charge of the editorial department of the Rutherfordton *Enquirer*, a paper which has heretofore been ably conducted by L. P. Erwin.

Acquittal of Capt. Vincent Witcher, and Others.

Lynchburg, Va., Mar. 25.

Capt. Vincent Witcher, Addison Witcher, J. A. Smith and Sam Swanson, tried for killing the Messrs. Clements, in Franklin county, Va., were acquitted on Friday evening last.

Give Your Dogs Water, and Keep Off Hydrophobia.

A freeze up like the present is always dangerous on account of dogs. They can get no drink, and become mad. Every person owning a dog should be carefully to supply the animal with water, daily, as the best preventive against hydrophobia. Frequent cases of this terrible disease occur in severe winter weather, simply because the poor dogs find it impossible to supply themselves with water. Ice and snow only aggravate the thirst—they must have water.

Counsel to the Young.

Never be cast down at trifles. If a spider breaks his web twenty times, twenty times will he mend it. Make up your mind to do a thing, and you will do it. Fear not if trouble comes upon you; keep up your spirits, though the day may be a very dark one.

Troubles never last forever,
The darkest day may pass away.

If the sun is going down, look up to the stars, if the earth is dark, keep your eyes on heaven. With God's presence, God's promise, a man or a child may be cheerful.

Never despair when fog's in the air,
A sunshine morning will come without warning.

Mind what you run after. Never be content with a bubble that will burst; or a firewood that will end in smoke and darkness: but that which you can keep, and which is worth keeping.

Something sterling that will stay,
When gold and silver fly away.

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will come, but resist it strongly. A spark may set a house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Never revenge an injury.

He that revengeth knoweth no rest;
The meek possess a peaceful breast.

If you have an enemy, act kindly to him, and make him your friend. You may not win him over at once, but try again. Let one kindness be followed by another till you have compassed your end. By little and by little great things are completed.

Water falling day by day,
Wears the hardest rock away.

And so repeated kindness will soften a heart of stone.

Whatever you do, do it willingly. A boy that is whipped at school never knows his lessons well. A man that is compelled to work cares not how badly it is performed. He who pulls off his coat cheerfully, strips up his clothes in earnest, and sings while he works, is the man for me—

A cheerful spirit gets on quick;
A grumbler in the mud will stick.

Evil thoughts are worse enemies than lions and tigers, for we can get out of the way of wild beasts—but bad thoughts win their way everywere. Keep your heads and hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may not find room—

Be on your guard, and strive and pray,
To drive all evil thoughts away.

Charlotte Bulletin.

The Tree that Never Dies.

"Mary," said George, "next summer I will not have a garden. Our pretty tree is dying, I won't love another tree as long as I live; I will have a bird next summer, and that will stay all winter."

"George, don't you remember my beautiful canary? It died in the middle of summer, and we planted bright flowers in the ground where we buried it. My bird did not live as long as the tree."

"Well, I don't see as we can love anything. Dear little brother died before the bird, and I loved him better than any bird, or tree, or flower. Oh! I wish I could have something to love that would not die."

The boy paused. During the school hour George and Mary had almost forgotten that their tree was dying, but at evening, as they drew their chairs to the table where their mother was sitting, and began to arrange the seeds they had been gathering, the remembrance of the tree came up before them.

"Mother," said Mary, "you may give these seeds to cousin John; I never want another garden."

"Yes;" added George, pushing the papers in which he had carefully folded them, towards his mother, "you may give them. If I could find some seeds of a tree that would never fade, I should like then to have a garden?"

"Yes, George, I have read of a garden where the trees never die."

"A real garden, mother?"

"Yes, my son. In the middle of the garden, I have been told, there runs a pure river of water clear as crystal, and on each side of the river is the *tree of life*—a tree that never fades. That is the garden of Heaven. There you may love, and love forever. There will be no death—no fading there. Let your treasure be in the tree of life, and you will have something to which your heart can cling without fear and without disappointment. Love the Saviour here, and he will prepare you to dwell in these green pastures, and beside those still waters."

A Model Woman.

"Did you not say, Ellen, that Mr. B., is poor?" "Yes, he has only his profession." "Will your uncle favor his suit?" "No; and I can expect nothing from him." "Then Ellen, you will have to resign fashionable society." "No matter—I shall see more of Fred." "You must give up expensive dress." "Oh, Fred admires simplicity." "You cannot keep a carriage." "But we can have delightful walks." "You must take a small house, and furnish it plainly." "Yes; for elegant furniture would be out of place in a cottage." "You will have to cover your floors with thin, cheap carpets." "Then I shall hear his steps the sooner!"