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THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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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.
One square, . . .	$3.50	$5.50	$8.00
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Poetry.

The Song of the Spade.

Give me the spade and the man that can use it;
A fig for your lord and his soft silken hand;
Let the man who has strength never stoop to abuse it,
Give it back to the giver—the land, boys, the land.

There's no bank like the earth to deposit your labor,
The more you deposit the more you shall have;
If there's more than you want, you can give to your neighbor,
And your name shall be dear to the true and the brave.

It was not the sword that won our best battle,
Created our commerce, and extend our trade,
Gave food to our wives, our children, our cattle,
But the queen of all weapons—the spade, boys, the spade.

Give me the spade; there's magic about it
That turns the black soil into bright shining gold;
What would our fathers have done, boys, without it,
When the lands lay all bare, and the north winds blew cold?

When the tall forest stood, and the wild beasts were yelling,
Where our stout hearted ancestors shrunk back afraid;
The corn-stock is raised, and mankind claims a dwelling;
Then hurrah for our true friend—the spade, boys, the spade.

Our Social Circle.

For the "Iredell Express."

THE OAKS, June 2d, 1860.

You will think, Messrs. Editors, that I have grown lazy in my correspondence; but I have taken a little jaunt lately; and we have been having a good deal of company both before and since our return. We have had a sweet little Quaker friend from the city of brotherly love with us. She was visiting some friends in Guilford, and as we were indebted to the family for some kind offices when we were North two years ago, we brought her out to "The Oaks" for a few weeks. It was in a good measure for her perusal, that I gave you that last chapter of Peter's opinions of his young mistress and her admirers. This morning a fishing party was proposed by two young gents who had ridden over from town early, and arrived before we left the breakfast table. I sent out to know "if Uncle Ned could let us have three horses?" Ned is omnipotent in the Barnyard, and I knew that the late rains had made it very important to keep every plough going this pretty weather; but for the benefit of our little Quaker friend I waited to get his answer publicly. Becky came back saying, "Miss Mary, Uncle Ned says he can't let you have any horse any how. And Miss Allie, even Blanche is down at the lower place." Blanche and Father's riding horse, are the only-ones over whom Ned does not exercise despotic sway in "thronged times." I affected to sigh, and glanced at Rachel, who had opened her big blue eyes to their widest extent, probably wondering at what she thought of Ned's impertinence; while Harry and the other gents went off to see if a sufficiency of buggies could be obtained for the occasion, as their horses "won't work double," and can't be put in the Carriage.

We took Rachel to church last Saturday and Sunday; a country communion occasion. I knew it would be a new thing to her; the throngs of negroes in their "Sunday clothes," so many of them riding; their hospitable dining together at "Intermission;" so many being baptized on Saturday; and the throng that communed on Sunday, while the immense audience waited so reverently and quietly while they passed and repassed thro' the benches in the grove to and from the *Lord's table.* In the afternoon as we again walked up to the Stand, a pretty group had just preceded us, and several gentlemen (a particular friend of ours among them) stood *gazing;* not conversing, or affecting to converse, not reclining against the trees, but *gazing* at the receding figures, with a look of stupid earnestness on their faces which was any thing but becoming. They did not see us till we almost brushed past them. It is very certain that two of us blushed then. I was anxious that Rachel should be favorably impressed with our neighborhood society, which is I think unusually good; and the friend I allude to, was, I thought, already pleased with her. I saw cousin Harry with that stupid gaze upon his face once, and as we rode home I showed him how he looked! I have never seen him stare at a lady thus since, nor do I think any one else has. I do not think it is a disposition to *seek* or to *find fault;* but a real wish that my friends should look and appear well, and a mortification when they do not, which makes me notice these little things. True, thorough, good breeding, is alas very rare; and unfortunately those who seem the nearest to possessing it, are often persons of selfish souls, more intent upon showing their own grace and superiority, than in making others happy and at ease. The "thousand and one" little courtesies of life, are rarely all learned and practiced, except by those who have been taught from their earliest childhood, a kind consideration for the comfort and happiness of others. Such an one can neither stare nor smile when any one is placed in an embarrassing position; but will either stir to assist, or affect not to see.

June 8th.—Our *Social Circle* does not seem to be very social. I look anxiously over every number to see who has accepted the proffered seat. Most gladly will I make room for the "Wanderer" who so fears to be an intruder, yet so earnestly ask for a corner. I am sorry I cannot allude to the article more particularly—but Mr. Theodore—borrowed it. And he makes a point of doing so; it would not cost more than one of Peter's *half dollars* if he subscribed for the three months he expected to stay in the neighborhood! But, I said a while ago I was not ill-natured: I believe *he* thinks I am.

We have been having quite a gay time for a few weeks. We could not at first decide whether to go to Statesville or to Edgeworth Commencement, as they both came so near together. But we finally gave the preference to Edgeworth, as we must go to Chapel Hill to hear Harry make his graduating speech, and to see and hear Archbishop Hughes. And we heard "a good practical sermon:" not so wonderfully good either; I could have told them beforehand he would not preach his Catholic doctrines then and there! O no! he would rather preach what he thought would be generally acceptable. We American Republicans are *great geese,* with all our boasted charity and independence. It is sickening to see the deference paid to rank and position: and the adulation paid to distinguished foreigners. How the Japanese Ambassadors must *laugh,* (if such grave dignitaries can laugh.) And what lectures they will read the youth of their own country, of the evil consequences of raising young people, as we—suffer them to raise themselves. And the young Prince of England, when he returns to his Island home; what will he tell the noblemen of the Court of the beautiful American girls? I wish in my heart he could make a long sojourn at the South, and have an opportunity of contrasting the society in each portion of our country! Allie "is not sure whether she would not tell him "she was engaged" if he did ask her to dance." The queenly toss of her little head amused me, till I saw that Charlie's face flushed, and not with pleasure, as he caught only these three words, while conversing with our Father. But goodbye for this time.

Yours, &c., MARY L.

Miscellaneous.

Curious Mode of Getting a Wife.

One little act of politeness will sometimes pave the way to fortune and preferment. The following illustrates this fact:

A sailor, roughly garbed was sauntering through the streets of New Orleans, then in a rather damp condition from the recent rain and rise of the tide. Turning the corner of a much frequented alley, he observed a lady standing in a perplexity, apparently measuring the depth of the muddy water between her and the opposite sidewalk with no very satisfied countenance. The sailor paused for he was a great admirer of beauty; and certainly the fair face that peeped out from under a little chip hat and auburn curls hanging glossy and unconfined over her muslin dress, might tempt a curious of admiring glance. Perplexed, the lady put forth one little foot, when the gallant sailor with characteristic impulsiveness, exclaimed:

"That pretty foot, lady, should not be soiled with the filth of this lane; wait for a moment only, and I will make you a path."

So springing past her into a carpenter's shop opposite, he bargained for a plank board that stood in the doorway, and coming back to the smiling girl, who was coquettish enough to accept the services of the handsome young sailor, he bridged the narrow black stream, and she tripped across with a merry "thank you," and a roguish smile, making her eyes as dazzling as they could be.

Alas! our young sailor was perfectly charmed. What else could make him catch up and shoulder the plank, and follow the little witch through the street to her home. She twice performed the ceremony of "walking the plank," and each time thanking him with one of her eloquent smiles. Presently our young hero saw the lady trip up the marble steps of a palace of a house, and disappear within its rosewood entrance. For a full moment he stood looking at the door, and then, with a wonderful big sigh, turned away, disposed of his draw bridge, and returned to his ship.

The next day he was astonished with an order of promotion from the captain. Poor Jack was speechless with amasement. He had not dreamed of being exalted to the dignity of second mate's office on board one of the most splendid ships that sailed out of the port of New Orleans. He knew he was competent, for, instead of spending his money for amusements, visiting theatres and bowling alleys, on his return from sea, he purchased books and became quite a student; but he expected years to intervene before his ambitious hopes would be realized.

His superior officers seemed to look upon him with considerable leniency and gave him many a fair opportunity of gathering marine knowledge, and in a year the handsome, gentlemanly young mate had acquired unusual favor in the eyes of the portly commander, Captain Hume, who had first taken the smart little black eyed fellow with his neat tarpaulin and tidy bundle, as cabin boy.

One night the young man with all the officers was invited to an entertainment at the captain's house. He went and to his astonishment, mounted the identical steps up which two years before tripped the bright vision he had never forgotten. Thump went his brave heart, as he was ushered into the great parlor; and like a sledgehammer it beat again when Captain Hume introduced his blue-eyed daughter, with a pleasant smile, as "the young lady once intebted to your politeness for a safe and dry walk home." His eyes were all a blaze, and his brown cheek flushed hotly as the noble captain sauntered away leaving fair Grace Hume at his side. And in all that assembly there was not so handsome a couple as the gallant sailor and the "pretty lady."

It was only a year from that time the second mate trod the quarter-deck, second only in command, and part owner with the captain, not only in his vessel, but in the affection of his daughter, gentle Grace Hume, who had always cherished respect, to say nothing of love, for the bright-eyed sailor.

His homely but earnest act of politeness towards his child had pleased the Captain, and, though the youth knew it not, was the cause of his first promotion. So that now the old man has retired from business, Harry Wells, is Captain Wells, and Grace Hume, according to polite parlance, Mrs. Captain Wells. In fact, our honest sailor is one of the richest men in the Crescent City, and he owes, perhaps, the greatest part of his prosperity to his tact and politeness in crossing the street.

The Constitutional Union Party.

The representatives of the "CONSTITUTIONAL UNION PARTY" of the United States, who met in convention at Baltimore on the 9th of last month, and nominated John Bell, of Tennessee, for the Presidency, and Edward Everett, of Massachusetts, for the Vice Presidency, have, as is conceded on all hands, entitled themselves to the respect of the whole country, on account of the harmony and conservatism of their action. They were assembled from no selfish or sinister purposes, but in view of the present division of political parties, and the agitated and alarming condition into which the country has been plunged by their errors and excesses. Representing all parts of the Union, they were influenced by the hope of being enabled to quiet those disturbing elements which have excited discord between the North and South, and to put a stop to sectional strife and agitation. To these high objects their labors were directed, without reference to individuals, or to the mere triumphs of a party. With such a spirit only to animate them, they discarded all those tricks and devices by means of which parties, of late years, have been in the habit of achieving their successes, and avowed their sole purpose to be to stand by "*the Constitution, the Union, and the enforcement of the laws,*" as expressing a policy sufficiently broad and national for all the purposes of good government, and as sufficiently protective of all the just rights of every section—of the States as well as the Federal Union. If these are objects worthy to be achieved, then may they justly claim a portion of the public regard. If the establishment of the American Union was, in fact, what we have always esteemed it to be, the most important event in history, the preservation of its integrity and the perpetuation of its authority are the highest duties of patriotism and the noblest services which can be rendered to the State.

The fathers of the Republic, in their compact of government, displayed a wisdom which excited the admiration of the world. Representing a diversity of local interests and sentiment which, in minds less patriotic and more selfish than theirs, were calculated to excite jealousies and strife, they yielded them all up upon the common altar of the Union, and for the common safety of the whole, and stamped their labors with the seal of a sacrificing patriotism which still commends itself to the imitation of us all. The peaceful spirit of concession and compromise presided over their counsels, and infused itself into all their work. Under its guidance they were enabled to establish the "model Government" of the world, "in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquility, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." And if we, into whose hands this Government and these inestimable blessings have descended, with all the obligations they impose, have, before a century of our national existence has passed, so far forgotten the influence of their high example as to desire the success of any party more than their security and preservation, we shall unfit ourselves for their enjoyment. The "*Constitutional Union Party*" has been formed to appeal to the *national* heart, and to labor for the re-establishment of this spirit of concord; to defend the Constitution from assault, to keep the national honor untarnished, and to preserve our institutions as they are for coming generations. Those who compose it, whatever the madness of party may prompt others to say of them, have declared their unalterable devotion to the present Constitution of the United States, and to the Union of the States, which, by means of it, has been so happily and prosperously preserved. They have, as citizens of the United States, fearlessly vowed their allegiance to the Union, without regard to geographical divisions, and declare, as the great and fundamental article of their creed, that the Constitution, wisely administered in its true spirit, is fully capable of preserving the honor and protecting the interests of all parts of the country, and of "perpetuating a *National Brotherhood* among all the States." They are unwilling to see the ship of State wrecked and stranded by a crew stirred almost to mutiny, and feeling a firm conviction that its keel is still strong enough to dash back the waves of domestic faction, have taken their position between these sectional parties, which have disturbed and endangered the peace of the country, with a firm reliance upon the justness of their cause and the integrity of their motives.

There is no disguising the fact that local jealousies have been fermented between the North and South, and that they are becoming more and more alarming every day. As the inevitable consequence of such a state of things, we are continually startled with some new theory, intended to prove that opposite interests exist between the sections, and that these invite to a collision—an "irrepressible conflict"—which must terminate in the triumph of one over the other. Distrust and alienation have, by these means, become disseminated throughout the country, until, in all our party contests, true patriotism is lost sight of in the struggle for sectional ascendency. Two great parties are now rivalling each other in their fierce appeals to local prejudices. The Republicans, having cut off from their organization nearly one-half the Union, are laboring with indefatigable industry to concentrate the *northern* vote upon their candidates for the Presidency and Vice Presidency, while the Democrats, with like pertinacity, and even in the midst of their present party demoralization, clamorously insist that the rights of the South are only safe in their hands. The storm of passion which these rival factions have incited is now raging with fearful violence, and the hearts of brave men are almost failing them in view of the uncertain future of the country. In the midst of this storm, while these angry elements are raging so fiercely, the "*Constitutional Union Party*" would pour oil upon the troubled waters, and calm them into perpetual quiet. They put forth the olive-branch of peace, that it may hush this sectional strife forever. They would eradicate the love of party from every mind where it exists, and plant the love of country in its place. Instead of weakening, they would cause the bonds of Union to grow stronger and stronger with every rising and setting sun; and regarding the people of *all* the States as "members of the same political family, tied together by the same common destiny," they would teach them to await "the same common prosperity, or common adversity, in all time to come."—*Union Guard.*

Chemistry of Nature.

One of the mountain streams which form the Schuylkill river holds in solution so much lime from the limestone region which it traverses that the water is unsuited for domestic purposes. Another is so strongly impregnated with sulphuric acid from the coal mines that it kills all the fish witihin thirty miles. Both streams, which unite above Reading, are clear and transparent above their junction, but below the united stream presents a milky and clouded appearance.—Here nature performs one of the largest, grandest and most useful chemical experiments in the world. Here two streams of impure water are made one and purified by the waters of Maiden creek, unites with the acid which impregnates the Schuylkill, and forms gypsum—first coloring the water a blueish white, and then rendering it clean and pure before it reaches Reading, by the sinking of the gypsum to the bottom of the stream. But for this combination the city of Philadelphia, which it supplies, would be without water from its present source fit for domestic use.

The Fastest Steamer in the World.

The Cleveland and Buffalo steamer, Western Metropolis, made another brag trip Monday night, without meaning it. She left Buffalo on time, and arrived at Cleveland before 5 o'clock on Tuesday morning, going the distance in eight hours and fifty minutes. Her average rate was therefore about twenty-one miles an hour. Capt. Goldsmith says there was no attempt to make extra fast time, but the boat seemed to run away from her engines

A cigar is seldom unpleasant to a young lady when the mouth that holds it belongs to a handsome man.

A crusty old bachelor says he thinks that it is a woman, and not her wrongs that ought to be redressed.

From the Montgomery (Ala.) Mail.

The Disorderly Convention.

As we see references have been made to the disorderly and boisterous character of the Douglas Convention, at Baltimore there is no harm in stating that some of the scenes enacted there during the last day, transcended anything *we* ever witnessed—but then we never saw a National Convention before. The conduct of members when Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts, attempted to speak, was as little like that of gentlemen as it could be. One apparently influential gentleman jumped up and moved that "if the gentleman from Massachusetts, with any of his colleagues, wished to withdraw, he and they be allowed to do so, *with three cheers!*" and forthwith the speaker, aided by others, proceeded to give the cheers. About the time of this disgraceful proceeding, we noticed a hat or two ascending towards the ceiling; and distinct "whoops" and "hurras" were given in different parts of the Convention. Then, again, when Mr. Dick, of North Carolina, got the floor and attempted to speak, he was almost "howled down," before a sharp politician could make members understand that Mr. Dick aforesaid was a political martyr of "great moral courage," who came there to sustain Douglas, altho' he carried Mr. Buchanan's commission as District Attorney, (a vastly lucrative office, especially in the interior,) in his "pocket." After that explanation, the howls became approbatory and complimentary: and the young gentleman went on to deliver, for twenty or thirty minutes, a string of most execrating fustian—showing, we thought, of what very weak stuff Federal Attorneys are sometimes made. [We afterwards heard that a gentleman of position took the ground that this speech was superior to any delivered by Mr. Yancey, while at Baltimore. The speech published with the remark added in a foot note would constitute the most effective joke of the season.] At another time, during the same morning, a Tennessee member made a glorification speech, in which he alluded to five of the withdrawn delegates from his State, as having been "picked up" in Baltimore. Another rather craney and long-necked, but intelligent and determined Tennessean, who held his seat in the Douglas Convention by the same tenure (having been "picked up," like the other five, to complete the delegation,) arose and after great labor obtained a hearing, and cauterized the first speaker in the severest style. In fact, the affair got so warm at last, Tennessean number one walking up the aisle, and number two following with violent gesticulations, as fast as the jam would allow, that we offered a small even bet that there would be a fight. But the 'original' delegate, tho' much the larger man, did not allow his colleague to 'pick' *him* 'up,' but judiciously kept out of arm's reach.

It was worthy of remark how coolly Mr. Butler took the riotous and half-frantic conduct of the members, in his own case. When the swell of voices was sufficient to drown entirely his own good organ, he would quietly cross his arms and wait for his assailants to get out of breath; then he would proceed again, and, finally, was heard in respectful quiet. We shall never forget his last sentence, nor how it 'sold' the Convention, nor how the galleries cheered it! He had been giving reasons why he could not remain in the Convention and he concluded thus: "And, finally, gentlemen, I cannot consent to remain in a Convention calling itself National and Democratic, which has tolerated and sustained"—here the speaker made a prolonged pause, during which members and spectators leaned forward and strained their ears to catch the remaining words, which were—"*the African Slave Trade!*" Then as the speaker slipped quietly away, the galleries shook the strong walls with a double "pluggugly" cheer for the sell, while the members looked inexpressibly blank and bothered."

The "pop-gun" speeches delivered, by the spokesmen of the several delegations, as prefaces to the votes, were mostly very poor, being composed generally of one part bitterness towards the Seceders, to two parts braggadocio. To this rule the remarks of Mr. Parsons, of this State, formed a very agreeable exception. His language was well chosen and the delivery excellent. A very happy allusion to Baltimore as the home of the author of the Star Spangled Banner, with a line or two of the poem, was delicately worded and "brought down" the galleries—or rather, their canes and umbrellas to the floor.

And speaking *of* speeches, there came very near being another, from Alabama, which, had it struggled into light, we should surely have reported. We allude to the parturient efforts, very early in the last day's session, of Col. Wm. Garrett, ex Custodian of the Great Seal of this State. Alas! they produced only—*a motion*—the usual effect of that gentleman's efforts.

"Mr. Speakah!" stormed the Col., manipulating the semi-spherical protuberance in his front.

"The gentleman from Illinois has the floor," screamed Mr. President Cushing, with a fierce rap to back it.

"Mr. Speaker!—I"

"The gentleman from Ill—"

"Mr. Speakah," this time the Colonel fairly *roared*; "Mr. Speakah; I rise to a priv'ledged question."

Thereupon the Chair gave the gentleman from Alabama the floor, and he latter "with all the pomp and circumstance" possible, and *ore rotundo,* and with utterable *empressement,* moved "that the list of delegates from Alabama, *as amended,* be read by the clerk."

This was done—oh, that it had been refused! Then we should have had oratory—then would eloquence have been "sloshed" around, filling every chink and crevice! But the motion was allowed and posterity lost the speech. That it would have placed the Speaker "high up" for the next Vice Presidency, who can doubt?

But we set out merely to state how queer, indecorous and riotous were the proceedings of the Douglas Convention, on the last day, while we were present—and we had no idea of spinning out all this gossip about the speakers. However, "what is writ, is writ."

The "Old Gentlemen's Ticket."

There are those who, with an evident desire to conceal their fears and to keep up their own and the courage of their followers, characterize ours as the "*old gentlemen's ticket*"—thereby intending to signify that Bell and Everett have no chance of election, and if they had, that they are behind the times—too *old fogyish,* and not sufficiently innoculated with the progressive spirit of the age. All this class of men are entitled to be considered as evil advisers, as unsafe counsellors, as bent merely upon the achievement of a party victory, even though it should be at the expense of pressing the country still farther towards the verge of the dangerous precipice upon which it is now trembling. Every man of reflection, of whatever party, who will stop long enough to think, will admit that we are indebted more to false and mischievous ideas of progress for our present domestic troubles than to all other causes combined. They have given rise to new suggestions in reference to the theory of government, to new and experimental notions of policy which their advocates are seeking to introduce, to new modes of interpreting the laws, and to new, and till lately unheard of interpolations upon the Constitution. If we had kept more nearly to the lines of policy prescribed by our fathers, had more carefully heeded their admonitions and profited by their wisdom and example, it would have been far better for the country, because these evils would have been all escaped, and we should have gone on augmenting the prosperity which they sacrificed so much to establish, and developing, to their utmost extent, the immense resources with which Providence has so bountifully supplied us. But, shutting their eyes to all that is glorious in our past history and blindly rushing on in their mad career, they have endangered everything that is valuable in our institutions and put at hazard the Union itself—the sheet-anchor of all the hopes of the nation. And when the mad fanatics and blind devotees of party, who have so heedlessly produced these results, are admonished of the existing danger, are called back to a proper sense of patriotism and duty, are appealed to in the name of the whole people not to strike at the nation's heart, they cooly and calmly tell us that none but "*old gentlemen*" either remember or would imitate the virtues of the past, or desire to shun the progressive vices of the present! We have fallen upon evil times when such men are not visited with popular indignation, and when their false and mischievous clamors continue to serve as the current coin of parties. And it is against all such, wherever they may be, whether North or South, that the friends of Bell and Everett are resolved to make war. We present our candidates as men whose hearts are sound to the core; whose patriotism is capacious enough to embrace every section; who have been trained in the practice of public and private virtue; who are ready to draw wisdom from the example of those who framed our institutions; and we feel in our hearts the honest assurance that, in their hands, the country will be safe; the Constitution secure from harm; the Union preserved, and the laws faithfully administered. In such a cause and with such men to lead us, we may well battle, with bold and undaunted hearts, against these reckless political adventurers. Such is the work before us, and most cheerfully do we enter upon it.—*Union Guard.*

Gift from the Japanese Ambassadors.

The Japanese Ambassadors, before leaving this country, made a donation of twenty thousand dollars to the police of Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, as a mark of their appreciation of the attention of these officials to them while in their respective cities.

Said George, since I have been abroad I have eaten so much pork, that I am ashamed to look a hog in the face.

I s'spose, sir, said a wag who was present, you shave without a glass.

Garibaldi in Camp.—A Visit to him from American Naval Officers

A couple of officers of the U. States steamer *Iroquois,* now at Palermo, started for Garibaldi's camp on the 26th of May, the day before he entered Palermo, and one of them has written a letter to the Herald, describing the visit. We make the following extracts:

We were standing in the shade of a small tree. Within a few feet a piece of white cloth was stretched over four pikes, very much after the John Brown style of weapon, thrust into the ground, the covering hardly high enough to enable a man to sit upright within. A few blankets thrown together at one end, a portmanteau and musket, with other small articles, composed its furniture. This was Garibaldi's tent, hardly large enough for a dog kennel—no better than the poorest of his soldiers. There were no sentinels to guard the life of a man on whom the future of Italy so much depends, and with none of the trappings of war expected around a General world-renowned. We were told that under this tree were his quarters, and that his camp was nothing more than this motley collection of men, tents, horses, saddles, muskets and pikes, with an occasional tri-colored flag hanging from a tree or fence, scattered around in apparent confusion.

I was disappointed and began to believe we had been deceived, when some one said, "There is Garibaldi": it was true. Accompanied by a gentleman in citizen's dress, he was leisurely coming towards us A second look was necessary to assure one of the reality.—There was not a more ordinary, unassuming and apparently uninterested man in the whole scene than he.

Wearing a brown felt hat, pulled forward over his eyes, a red flannel shirt, coarse heavy shoes and a pair of blue pantaloons, in the pocket of which both hands were thrust, and with no coat on, Garibaldi looked more like any Yankee farmer coming in from the field than the leader of a revolution. Understanding who we were, he shook us warmly by the hand, and in good English, assured us that we were welcome. He was just going to dine, and with the remark that our forefathers had tables as poorly furnished, he invited us to a seat with him. So we sat down to a dinner which carried one's thoughts back to the days of our own Marion. The General was seated at the root of the tree on a small box. Saddles and baskets were placed around for the rest of us. A dozen or more, sitting and standing, with the aid of clasp knives and fingers, made a lively attack on a huge kettle of cooked meat, onions and potatoes, placed on the ground assisted by liberal supplies of country wine, tasting better in our tin cups than at the most costly feast. It was a rare sight, and one to be remembered for a lifetime. Garibaldi was, of course, the most interesting of the whole; but apparently unconscious of it all, he kept a general conversation, making numerous inquiries of his friends in New York—of General Avezzani in particular, with whom I was acquainted, and who had fought with him; also of Col. Colt, who was a personal friend and had presented him with four revolvers, and one hundred more for his men, which, through some blunder, had been left behind in his departure from Genoa—a loss which he felt very much.

In personal appearance Garibaldi is about five feet ten inches in height, strongly, but not heavily built, with muscle and a hand like iron; fair complexion, somewhat sunburnt, and has a full short beard, originally red, but now partly grey; a high, straight forehead, brown hair, with partial baldness, and dark eyes, set far back, give him, when uncovered, an air of quiet dignity which cannot fail to impress one with an undefined feeling of respect and admiration, though his whole bearing is such as to make a stranger feel perfectly at his ease. There is something remarkable about his profile which I have never seen before; the forehead and nose appear to be in the same straight line, without the usual indentation between them. There is an air of unassuming modesty about him in everything. In conversation a quiet smile is almost continually on his face; he speaks slowly, several times turning aside to give orders or receive intelligence. In speaking of the coming fight, he made no boasts—said that he labored under great disadvantages from want of arms and discipline. Though he had plenty of men—all, except the 1,000 Piedmontese who came with him, were hasty and untrained, and would require a long time to become properly disciplined; a great part of them were armed with nothing better than pikes of the most primitive construction, scythes and butcher knives; but he evidently was not disheartened.

Real difficulties are the best cure of imaginary ones, because God helps us in the real ones, and makes us ashamed of the others.

The Holly Springs Herald, of Friday says that the prospects for good stands of cotton were never better, and that corn was generally up and doing well.