

THE IREDELL EXPRESS, PUBLISHED WEEKLY. E. B. DRAKE, BY W. E. DRAKE. EUGENE D. DRAKE & SON, Editors and Proprietors. TERMS OF THE PAPER, \$2 a Year, in Advance.

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. Two squares, 7.00 10.00 14.00. Three squares, 10.00 15.00 20.00. When directions are not given how often to insert an Advertisement, it will be published until ordered out.

BUSINESS CARDS.

W.M.S. TAPE, Sewing Machine. HAS taken Rooms in the Simonson House where he will be pleased to wait on all who desire his Services. Dr. H. KELLY, Offers his professional services to the public. Office on College Avenue, opposite the Methodist Church, Statesville, N. C.

DR. T. J. WITHERSPOON. HAVING located myself in the Town of Taylorsville, I offer my Professional Services to the surrounding public. T. J. WITHERSPOON, M. D. January 27, '60.

HAYNE DAVIS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Will promptly and efficiently attend to all business entrusted to his care. Office opposite the Jail. Oct. 22, '58.

W.M. C. LORD, Attorney at Law, Salisbury, N. C. Will Practice and make prompt collections in Rowan, Stokes, Fiedell and Catawba Counties. Office in the corner of Cowan's Building opposite the Book Store. June 22, '60.

W. H. WYATT, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Window Glass, Varnish, &c., &c., &c. SALISBURY, N. C. Jan. 1, 1859—7-ly

JAS. W. DRAKE, COMMISSION MERCHANT, No. 13 St. Louis Street, MOBILE, ALA. Jan. 21, 1859.—7-ly

Mrs. J. A. Vannoy, FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKER, Statesville, N. C. Receives monthly the French, English and American Fashions. 33-60-ly

J. SHELLY, MANUFACTURER OF LADIES FINE SHOES, BOOTS & GAITERS, THOMASVILLE, N. C. Which he sells at Wholesale. Orders for Shoes by the quantity promptly attended to. nr10615-ly

F. SCARR, Druggist & Apothecary, CHARLOTTE, N. C. DRUGS, CHEMICALS, OILS, WINDOW GLASS, &c., AT WHOLESALE. See advertisement in another place. August 10, 1860. 1y

HENDERSON & ENNISS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in DRUGS MEDICINES, And Chemicals, Paints, Colors, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Glass, Putty, Dye Stuffs, &c., &c., &c. AT WHOLESALE. See advertisement in another place. August 10, 1860. 1y

GARDEN SEEDS, CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS, PURE WINES AND LIQUORS, for Medicinal Purposes. FINE SEEDS, TOBACCO, &c., &c., SALISBURY, N. C.

CARRIAGE MAKING, J. W. WOODWARD, No. 11 at his Old Stand, on Broad street, a few doors East of the Public Square, where he is prepared. To Do All Kinds of Work formerly done at the Establishment. All Repairing done on short notice, and in a workmanlike manner. Interest charged on Accounts after 1st January. 15-4t

FIRE INSURANCE. The Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the CHARLOTTE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY of Charlotte, Will receive and forward Applications for Insurance against Loss and Damage by Fire, on the principles of the Company. The Company is doing a prosperous business. No call has ever yet been made for an instalment on a premium note. E. B. DRAKE, Agent.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.—I take this method of informing all requiring literary aid, that I will be pleased to revise MSS. and prepare it for publication, and will write Essays, Tales, Sketches, Lines for Albums, Obituaries, poems on every subject, and Letters. The utmost secrecy maintained. Address WILLIE WARR, Aug. 31, 1860, 33-14, Brooklyn, N. Y. BLANKS FOR SALE HERE.

Poetry.

A Dream of the Stars. I dreamed the lamps of heaven's dome bright upon a shimmering world at night. When a scorch from the heavenly land laid on my head its benumbing light. He reached for me from that land afar. He laid me near from star to star. And left me wings of radiance bright, Bestowing strength for the airy flight. I soared aloft to a starry sphere And oh! the wonders beings there; Bright, shining ones with sunny bowers—Where naught would grow but thornless flowers. As gaily did the youths wear fair. Fairer than those the maidens were. They sweetly sang of Heaven above And walked in innocence and love. They never felt the dreary night—No sorrow dimmed their joyous light. They knew not death, nor heard his name, And sweet halcyon days to them were given. No sorrows trail had e'er the ground—No storm nor hail nor snow. The crystallizing waters flow. They are unchangeable from above. The hand and love of God is there. Beneath the waiting night's laughter. Of broken vows they never had dreamed. Their star of love looked ever beamed. When stars of love struck their golden eyes, For music made the music wise. With hearts like gentle fountains, they flow. These notes surpass Apollo's lyre. I left this benumbing sphere of light, And through vast spaces winged my flight. Millions of starry worlds I saw. And scenes that filled my soul with awe. Nor heard a single wail of woe—Not saw one bitter tear to flow. Stars of innocence—gemmed the sky. While flocks of banners, waved on high. Then said to me the shining One Whose dazzling splendor filled the sun—'Had you never looked this holy way Your earth had been an Eden still.' LIZZIE. EYE GARDEN, N. C., Sept. 1859.

Kissing the Wrong Person. The other day, a crowded train, stopping at a station near Lorain, Illinois, (we believe,) a handsomely dressed and deliciously pretty young lady sprang from the platform to the deck of one of the cars, and casting her glance, like an evanescent sunbeam down the double row of passengers in the vehicle, suddenly fixed it, with an exclamation of delight upon a good looking but rather shamed-faced young man, who sat beside a handsome girl apparently his bride, near the middle of the car. No sooner had he blushed beneath the affectionate gaze of the gushing young creature aforesaid than she sprang to his side and half choked him in the embrace of her delicate arms, exclaiming, as she imprinted a warm kiss on his slightly feathered lips: 'Why Fred, how do you do? And this is the dear little wife, you wrote to me about?'—The dear little wife, seemed to think this was coming it rather strong, and the way her eyes flashed was caution to thunder clouds. As for 'Fred,' he probably underwent more agony than ever before, mocked the possible bliss of man encased by pretty arms. The kissing lady was not to be put off by the coolness of reception, however; but again, kissed the imprisoned bridegroom, as she hurriedly asked, 'But why don't you get off the train? Don't you know you've got home!' The expression of wild despair that overspread the young man's face at this climax, and the condensed fury of his bridal partner's glance at the early head of her unexpected rival, were too much for the passengers. Everybody saw that there was some mistake, and a laugh 'went up from the assemblage' that made car-windows and doors leap in their sockets. For the first time the pretty young discoverer of Fred seemed to notice that she was attracting attention, and, from a look of startled bewilderment, she suddenly burst into an April shower of tears dropping her nose upon the agonized traveler's bosom pin, and sobbing out: 'O, Fred, what does all this mean? Have you really forgotten me?' This was piling on the agony with unmitigated steepness and an 'impending crisis,' was distinctly visible to the naked eye. The bride commenced drawing off one glove, the 'local' of the Lorian News, who was on board, frantically tore his notebook from his pocket, and had already written 'Mysterious Affair, in a heading, when the terrified young man managed to stammer: 'Re—really, madam, you are mistaken in the person. My name isn't 'Fred' and I live in Chicago.' The effect of this overwhelming announcement may be easily imagined. Everybody saw the 'point' at once.—The young lady hastily raised her head from the young man's shoulder, and as she more closely scrutinized the features of her relative, a beautiful smile broke through her tears, like a beam of sunset blushing in the misty veil of a yielding storm! Shaking back her curls, she then said: 'Why

Miscellaneous.

The Qualified Housewife. Many parents expect their daughters to marry and thus be provided for; the daughters themselves expect it. But it may be well for both parent and child to consider the chances against the provision. Marriage may come, and a life of pecuniary adversity, or a widowhood of penury may follow; or marriage may not come at all. As civilization (so called) goes on, multiplying wants, converting luxuries into necessities, the number of single women fearfully increases, and is in greatest proportion where there is most refinement, whereby women are least qualified to take care of themselves. In the simple lives of our ancestors, men were not deterred from marriage by the difficulty of meeting the expenses of their families. Their wives were helpmates. If they could not earn bread, they could make it. If they could not comprehend the 'rights of women,' they practised her duties. If they did not study political economy and algebra, they knew the calculation by which the 'penny saved is the penny gained.' Instead of waiting to be served by costly and wasteful servants, they 'looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness.' The puritan wife did not ask her husband to be decked in French goods, but was truly 'The gentle wife that decks his board, And makes the day to have no night.' In giving the reasons that restrain men from marrying at the present day, and thereby diminish the chances of this absolute provision for women, we beg not to be misunderstood. We would not restrict women to the humble offices of material existence. The best instructed and most thoroughly accomplished women we have ever known, have best understood and practised the saving arts of domestic life. If parents, from pride, or prejudice, or honest judgment, refuse to provide their daughters with a profession or trade, by which their independence may be secured; if they persist in throwing them on one chance; if daughters will themselves persevere in trusting to this 'neck-or-nothing' fate, then let them be qualified in that art and craft in the which their grandmothers excelled, and which is now, more than at any preceding time, the necessary and bounden duty of every American wife, whatever be her condition. Never by women in any civilization was this art so much needed, for never, we believe, were there such obstructions to prosperity and comfort as exist in our domestic service. And how are the young women of the luxurious classes prepared to meet them? How are the women of the middle classes fitted to overcome them? And how are the poorer class trained to rejoice in their exemption from them? If a parent look forward to provision by marriage for his daughter, he should at least qualify her for that condition, and be ashamed to give her to her husband unless she is able to manage her house, to educate her children, to nurse her sick, and, to train

I do believe I have made a mistake. Ah then—the laugh came in. The 'mystery,' was soon explained, the affectionate girl was expecting her 'brother Fred' home from California by that train and the victimized youth's resemblance to her auferentous relative led to the mistake. Though somewhat disappointed, of course, the young lady took the matter gayly, and went laughingly from the car, amid the irrepressible applause of all parties. The anguished bride, too, drew back the lower edges of her glove—and as the cars moved off, she was seen to smile upon the abashed youth whom she had selected to buy bonnets and thingumies for her

her servants—the inevitable destiny of American house-wives. If she can do all this well, she is a productive partner, and, as Madam Bidolich says, does as much for the support of her household as her husband. It may, or may not be the duty of a mother to educate her children in a technical sense. But if her husband is straining every nerve to support his family, it would be both relief and help if she could save him the immense expense of our first-rate schools, or the cost of a governess. If she is skilled in the art of nursing, she may stave off the fearful bill of the physician.

There would be fewer wretched marriages, fewer dissipated, degraded men, if women were taught to feel the angel duty, which devolves upon them, to keep the wandering steps of those who are tempted so much more than they, in the paths of virtue and peace—to make them feel that in the busy world is noise and confusion—that at home there is order and repose—that their 'eyes look brighter' when they come there—that the smile of welcome is ever ready to meet them, the book ever ready to be laid aside to minister to the husband's pleasure; they would find amusement then at home, and not try to seek it elsewhere. And not alone to the higher classes of society should this be taught; it should be a lesson instilled into the minds of all, high or low, rich or poor. Fewer heart broken wives, weeping and scolding, would stand waiting at the door of public houses to lead the unsteady step of their drunken husbands home, if that home had offered a room as cheerful, a fire as bright, a welcome as ready and cordial as at the tap-room they frequent. Duty has so seldom so strong a hold on men as women; they cannot, will not, for duty's sake, remain in a dull, tedious, ill-managed, quarrelsome house, but leave it to seek elsewhere the amusement which falls them there; and when riot and revelry have done their work, the wives and sisters who have done so little to make them otherwise, are pitied for their bad husbands and brothers.

The Christian quarter is now a vast channel house. The stench that rises up from the burnt and putrifying bodies is intolerable. Hundreds of dogs have taken possession of it, and stare with a wild and frenzied look at every approach to disturb them in their horrid feast, while the want of water is driving many of them mad. All the fugitives declare with one accord, that had it not been for Abd-el-Kader, but a male Christian would have escaped. The exertions made by this illustrious man to save the Christians are incredible. While the Government soldiers, both regular and irregular, were either leaving the Christians to their fate, or joining in the massacre, Abd-el-Kader rallied round him some scores of his devoted followers, the remnants of his old guard and hurried off in person to the scene of murder. Not content with rescuing those he encountered in the streets, he entered into the houses, and tore the victims from beneath the very arms of their assassins. These latter many times presented their muskets at his breast, and threatened to shoot him, but undismayed the hero would tear open his vest, uncover his breast, and exclaim, 'Shoot me; shoot me; I prefer death to witnessing such enormities; and the ruffians fell back abashed before the noble and undaunted countenance of one who even they remembered was the far-famed champion of Islam. At one time he threatened to lead on his 4000 Algerians against both the people and the troops.

Whether Abd-el-Kader rescued one Christian, or groups of them, he immediately forwarded them under a guard, either to his own house, or to the British Consulate, or to the Castle. In this age of testimonials, is there a man on earth who deserves a testimony more than he? He has actually sent the jewels of his family to Beyrout to be sold in order to raise funds to support the hundreds of poor Christians who are still in his house. Upwards of ten thousand women and girls at least, were huddled together in the Castle, with nothing but the ground to lie upon, and famishing with hunger. But alas! what was the fate that awaited them there? Why, in the darkness of the night the officers and sol-

diers of the Turkish regiment stationed in it fell upon them, and, singling out the girls at leisure, according to their taste and fancy, outraged and violated them. This scene of violence and lust was something appalling. The gates of the Castle were purposely left open by the commanding Turkish officer, to enable the Mussulmen to come in and select the objects of their vile desires. Under pretence of taking them away to 'take care of them and give them shelter, young maidens were torn from their mothers' arms and hurried away. No tears nor entreaties availed; the Turkish soldiers forced them to deliver themselves up to their ravagers and spoilers. Scores have been taken away into the interior, where they are being sold for a mere trifle, or handed over from one ruffian to another. The boys and lads who were allowed to live, have all been circumcised.—Many old men were first circumcised and then put to death, being told tauntingly they were lucky to die with the mark of the faith. Finally, a diabolical attempt was made to kill all the Christians in the Castle by issuing to them poisoned bread, and 28 died in consequence. A few days after the massacre of the Mussulmen had been completed, the Mussulmen living in the valley Cele Syria, or the district of the Bekaa and Balbec, rose on the Christian population; and commenced the work of butchery. They were incited and absolutely headed in the bloody work by the Turkish irregular troops. Everywhere the same story—the ferocious assassins, the sanguinary and remorseless exterminators of the Christians are the Ottoman Turks; these bloody-thirsty Turks, whose empire England has been so anxious to uphold, and in whose behalf she sent forth her noblest sons to perish on the desolate plains of the Crimea. The universal cry of the Christians is: 'Save us from the Turks.' They say they will leave the land to a man, and brave every species of hardship rather than sit down again under their treacherous and heartless rule. In a few hours the terrible and luxuriant plains of Balbec were darkened by volumes of smoke ascending from its burning villages. The Catholic bishop reports that twenty-three churches have been totally destroyed. The crosses were broken into pieces, and thrown into the most disgusting places. Again the frightful scene of Damascus was renewed—women and girls seized and violated, the men shot down without mercy, or escaping as well as they could in terror and dismay to the mountain sides, either of the Lebanon or Anti-Lebanon. While clambering up to some place of security as well as they could, bands of women and children, worn out and exhausted by fatigue, would at times sit down for a short repose, but the cry, 'The Turks, the Turks,' would make them start to their feet, and give them a momentary strength to push on, like the French in the retreat from Moscow, when the cry arose of 'The Russians, the Russian.' Hundreds more widows and orphans are thus added to the terrible list of sufferers, of whom there must be more than 100,000 souls now craving the mere bread of life. In Beyrout alone are 7000 widows and 14,000 orphans; but the mountains are full of them. Twelve thousand of them are expected to arrive shortly, under escort, from Damascus.

and the extreme sweetness of his smile. He was not in the carriage of the French Minister, though I believe it had been placed at his disposal, but in one hired for the occasion. Followed and accompanied by three lines of carriages he went along the Marine, through the Basso Porto, surrounded by thousands, and deafened by the greetings, up the Lago Castello, and so on by San Carlo and the Palace of the King, which royalty left only a few hours before, and entered the palace of reception for foreign princes.

AN EXCITING SCENE. The crowd waved backwards and forwards, and looked up to the windows and shouted for the appearance of Garibaldi. First came one red coat, then another, and at last the hero. What a cry of 'Viva' there arose from the vast mass below! When last that balcony was occupied by a distinguished personage it was by the Great Duke of Tuscany, but in answer to no calls, for there were only a few of those idlers who always hang about the palaces of princes. It was impossible to make himself heard amid the noise and confusion, and so Garibaldi leaped over the iron railing and gazed intently on the crowd. A wave of the hand at last asked for silence, but in vain. 'Zitti, Zitti!' rose from all sides, and there was a perfect silence. 'Neapolitans,' said a voice as clear as a bell, and with an enunciation so distinct that nothing could fail to reach the ear:—

This is a solemn, holy and memorable day, from being subjects under the yoke of tyranny, you have become a free people. I thank you in the name of the whole of Italy. You have performed a great work, not only for Italy, but for all humanity; whose rights you have vindicated.—'Hurrah for liberty!' so much dearer to Italy, inasmuch as she has suffered so much more than other nations.—'Long live Italy!'

The cry was taken up by the thousands assembled, and 'Viva Italia!' might have been heard from one end of the city to the other. On entering the palace, and the room which Garibaldi had received, I saw him giving audience to a deputation of Venetians. 'We are all ready and organized, General, and anxious to begin.' 'You cannot be more anxious than I am,' was the reply, and then he left the room to repose and take some refreshment.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GARIBALDI. The following is an extract from a letter from Mr. Edwin James to a friend:— SALERNO, Sept. 6—9 A. M. Under the gray twilight of a September morning we steamed out of the harbor of Naples in search of Garibaldi. Count Cavour had kindly placed at our disposal a Sardinian Corvette, the Aulione (so named from the place where one of their great battles had been gained), and at half past eight o'clock we had entered the beautiful bay of Salerno. A sultry sun had struggled through the thick sea mist, and poured its fiercest rays upon the long row of stately white houses which form the great strata of Salerno. From the deck of the corvette we soon observed that great excitement prevailed in the town; the shore was thronged with people; the whole population, about 20,000, was astir. As we approached we could observe that bayonets glistened in the sun, and the echoes of loud 'vivas' reached us. What did it all mean? As we steamed slowly towards the shore, the large crowd moved to the point where we prepared to land, and anxiously watched the debarkation of our party—the Hon. Evelyn Ashley, Captain Godman, Fifth Dragon Guards; Mr. Adam Smith and myself. From the windows of the Intendenza, the mansion house of Salerno, waved all sorts of flags, pieces of red cloth, the tricolor, the Sardinian and the Neapolitan colors, and handkerchiefs of every hue. Every window was thronged; the dark eyes of the South Italian beauty flashed from every casement, and fair hands waved their fans most excitingly. But who had arrived? Was Garibaldi here? Had the man whose name is now on every lip reached Salerno? Was he within an hour by the railway of the doomed city? Where was his army? Where the 17,000 Bavarian troops who were in the town yesterday, and had been sent from Naples to make the last stand for his effete and impotent monarch? On I went at once to the Intendenza. I sent in my card, and found that the gallant Colonel Peard, 'Garibaldi's Englishman,' was installed in the gaily rooms of the old mansion, and one or two of Garibaldi's staff. He had entered the town alone, and in the name of the General had taken possession of it. The Bavarian troops, who the day previously were stationed in this town, and who guarded the beautiful pass which terminates the railway, were not to be seen, and unarmed men had captured a considerable city. From Colonel Peard, with whom I had an interview, I learned that the General was expected at Eboli, a village about sixteen miles distant—and I at once proceeded thither. Along the road we met many hundreds of the Neapolitan troops who had laid down their arms near Monte-

leone, sending their way home—wretched looking creatures, footsore and dispirited; and many lying in the edges of the vineyards half famished and almost dead. At the entrance of Eboli, on the descent of the pass of the mountain upon the side of which the village rests, we saw four old picotresque carriages driving in hot haste into the narrow streets of the village, and one of the General's staff—an American—to whom I had given a seat in the carriage, espied the General, and I shouted, 'Viva Garibaldi!' We followed to the Intendenza, and in a little bedroom, crowded with his staff and the local authorities, I had my first interview with the distinguished and brave liberator of Italy, in his red shirt, in a dirty pair of jean trousers and worn out boots. Combining his long, thin hair at the glass, stood the greatest patriot since Washington. Mr. Ashley and I were announced. He remained in the same attitude for a few minutes, but was evidently thoughtful. He shook his most cordially by the hand, asked most anxiously the state of Naples, and whether the King had left at the time of our departure, and whether troops were placed between Eboli and Salerno; but his greatest anxiety was to know the feeling of the English people on the great mission he has to carry out. He spoke in the highest terms of the impartial and kind conduct of our Admiral at Naples, and requested us to see him again in the evening at Salerno, to which place, after changing horses, he was hastening. He stated that his determination was to take Naples at the earliest moment, and that he desired to do so without its costing a life, if possible. All was bustle and excitement. The National Guard, aware of his approach, mustered in large numbers; their unmilitary band were making their utmost noise. Deputations of priests and Franciscan monks were crowding into his presence. Women and children were throwing flowers into the room, in the corner of which he sat, in a rickety old chair, unmoved and tranquil. There is a simple grandeur about his demeanor which is very striking, very cool and collected, but when he spoke of the subject of French policy his eye lighted up instantly, and in short epigrammatic sentences he spoke of the sympathies of the French people with his cause; but in terms which I need not repeat of the policy of the Emperor.

Mounting our mules we started back to Salerno, and on our journey met one of his regiments on their march to Salerno. The General had retained the bands of two of the regiments which had laid down their arms at Monteleone, and nothing could be more ridiculous than the appearance presented by his tattered troops headed by the smart band of the army of the King.

We shared some wines we had on the mountain side with the officers and men, and drank the health of our Queen, the friend of Italy, and success to Garibaldi, under the shade of a large vineyard. On entering the town (Salerno) we found it brilliantly illuminated, and up to the very top of the mountain every cottage had its little lanterns peeping forth like glistening stars 'in the blue canopy of heaven.' Thousands had collected, bands played, and when the General appeared by torchlight at the window of the Hotel de Ville the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds, and in to midnight was this scene protracted. The crowds seemed drunk with the idea of liberty, and with the hope of casting off their despotism which had crowded the horrible prisons with untold victims, and this night the General will sleep with his small staff within an hour's distance of Naples. He has not met a soldier of the King, nor has one life been the sacrifice.—What a revolution! A dynasty overthrown by the mighty influence of opinion—a kingdom so corrupt and so degraded that a hired soldiery, employed to suppress the constitutional liberty of the people, refuses in the hour of need to protect even the person of the King! What a lesson to monarchs!

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION. TO THE BELOVED POPULATION OF NAPLES, THE DAUGHTER OF THE PEOPLE. It is with true respect and love that I present myself to this noble and imposing centre of the Italian population, which many centuries of despotism have not been able to humiliate or to induce to bow their knees at the sight of tyranny. The first necessity of Italy was harmony, in order to unite the great Italian family. To-day Providence has created harmony through the sublime unanimity of all our provinces for the reconstruction of the nation. And for unity the same Providence has given to our country Victor Emanuel, whom we, from this moment, may call the father of our Italianland. Victor Emanuel, the model of all sovereigns, will impress upon his liegemen the duty that they owe to the prosperity of a people which has elevated him for their chief with enthusiastic devotion. The Italian clergy, who are conscious of their true mission, have, as a guarantee of the respect with which they will be treated, the ardor, the pa-

From the London Times Correspondence. Garibaldi Enters Naples. GARIBALDI'S ARRIVAL—GARIBALDI CAME IN FROM SALERNO BY RAIL. At the railway the National Guard were stationed at all the entrances, and flags were coming down in rapid succession, for the arrival of the Dictator was sudden, like everything he does, and the people were unprepared. The waiting-rooms inside were full of the most eminent characters of Naples, at least among the liberals. There were all the members of the Comitato which has issued its mysterious commands for so many months; Azala, the new commander of the National Guard; Leopardi, the historian; a great many of our countrymen, Lord Lanslow asked the number; a few, but very few ladies, as still there was an impression that a row might take place. At last twelve o'clock strikes, and a bell sounds, and from a distance a signal is made that Garibaldi is approaching. 'Viva Garibaldi!' rises from a thousand voices, and the train stops; a few red jackets get out, and they are seized, hugged, and kissed with that most unmerciful violence which characterizes Italian ardor. There was one poor elderly man who by virtue of his white beard was taken for Garibaldi, and he was slobbered so that I thought he must have sunk under the operation; but the great man had gone round by another door, and so there was a rush in all directions to intercept him. We drove round by a side street to the front of the Carmine, and, thus by a knowing dodge we came in front of the Dictator. There is no mistaking that face; there is the grandeur and the benignity of Nature's nobleman expressed in a village about sixteen miles distant—and I at once proceeded thither. Along the road we met many hundreds of the Neapolitan troops who had laid down their arms near Monte-