

# THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

A Family Newspaper—Devoted to Politics, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, and Miscellaneous Reading.

Vol. III.

Statesville, N. C., Friday, November 23, 1860.

No. 51.

### 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 mat-  
ter 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 publish-  
ed until ordered out.

### BUSINESS CARDS.

**W. M. TATE**  
DENTIST  
HAS taken Rooms in the Simonton House  
where, he will be pleased to wait on all who  
desire his Services.  
m16:154f

**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.**  
H. Having located near the Town of  
Taylorville, I offer my Professional Ser-  
vices to the surrounding public.  
T. J. WITHERSPOON, M. D.  
January 27, '60 8:1y

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

**WM. C. LORD,**  
Attorney at Law  
Salisbury, N. C.  
Will Practice and make proper collec-  
tions in Rowan, Stokes, Iredell and Cata-  
wba Counties. Office in the corner of Cow-  
an's Building opposite the Book Store.  
June 22, '60. 234f

**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—5:1y

**JAS. W. DRAKE,**  
COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
No. 13 St. Louis Street,  
MOBILE, ALA.  
Jan. 21, 1859—4:7f

**Mrs. J. A. Vannoy,**  
FASHIONABLE DRESS  
MAKER,  
Statesville, N. C.  
Receives monthly the French, English and  
American Fashions. 55:99:1y

**J. SHELLY,**  
MANUFACTURER OF  
LADIES' FINE SHOES  
BOOTS & GAITERS,  
1 THOMASVILLE, N. C.  
Which he sells at Wholesale  
Orders for Shoes by the quantity promptly  
attended to. em16:99:13:1y

**F. SCARR,**  
Druggist & Apothecary  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.  
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, OILS,  
WINDOW GLASS, &c.,  
AT WHOLESALE.  
See advertisement in another place.  
August 40, 1860. 1y

**HENDERSON & ENNIS,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in  
DRUGS  
MEDICINES,  
And Chemicals,  
Paints, Colors, Varnishes, Brushes, Win-  
dow Glass, Putty, Dye Stuffs, &c.,  
Essential Oils, and Medicines of all kinds,  
Wholesale and Retail.  
SALISBURY, N. C.  
7:1y

**FIRE INSURANCE.**  
The Subscriber having been appointed Agent  
of the  
**CHARLOTTE  
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY  
Of Charlotte,**  
Will receive and forward Applications for  
Insurance against Losses 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.  
114f

**CARRIAGE MAKING.**  
J. W. WOODWARD  
IS still 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  
famously done at the Establishment.  
All repairs done on short notice, and in  
a workmanlike manner. Interest charged  
on Accounts after 1st January.  
Feb. 27. 134f

BLANKS FOR SALE HERE.

### Poetry.

**Selected.**  
In Memory of Emma Louie, Infant of Richard  
and Mary Cowan.  
Death found strange beauty on that cherub brow,  
And dashed it out. There was a flash of rose  
On cheek and lip—he quitted the valley with low,  
And the rose faded. Poeth from those blue eyes  
There spoke a wishful tenderness—a doubt  
Whether to glaze or sleep, which innocuous  
Ame can wear. With ruthless haste, he bound  
The silken fringes of their curtaining lids.  
Forever. There had been a murmuring sound,  
With which the babe would claim its mother's ear,  
Charming her eye to tears. The spoiler set  
His seal of silence. But there beamed a smile  
So fixed and holy from that marble face—  
Death gazed, and left it there—he dared not steal  
The signet-ring of Heaven.  
Robson County.

"The melancholy days . . ."  
The saddest of the year—  
Of wailing winds and naked woods  
And meadows brown and bare."  
But he seems afterwards to have repented  
himself and writes  
"Oh Autumn!  
Turne a lot too'hist  
Forever in thy colored shade to stray."  
A sweet poetess of the South, now dead,  
Mary E. Lee, thus spoke of Autumn:  
They call the brow! but not because  
Thy robe is colored with a russet hue,  
For thou hast beautiful attire, and takest  
Een as they will a drapery ever new;  
Not one amongst thy companions can unfold  
Such stores of emerald, gold, ruby, gold."  
Scarce one of our poets but has some  
graceful tribute to this season, so full of love-  
liness as ours. Even here in Western North  
Carolina we miss much of the magnificence  
of the "many-colored woods" of the Northern  
States—but with us there is much to be seen  
and admired. A walk in the  
"Variegated woods which first the frost"  
will reveal to the eye "bright bow of many  
colors hanging upon the forest tops." In every  
direction on hill top and in the valley, nature  
wears every variety of tint, mingled in the  
wildest and yet sweetest confusion. Many  
poets complain that the change in the  
foliage at this season of the year causes feel-  
ings of melancholy, "arousing sad and sor-  
rowful ideas like the flash on the hectic  
cheek." But I can see no such import in its  
meaning. Here is no sudden blight of youth  
and beauty, no sweet hopes of life are blast-  
ed, no generous aims at usefulness and ad-  
vancing virtue is cut short; the year is draw-  
ing to its natural term, the seasons have run  
their usual course—all their blessings have  
been enjoyed, all their precious things are  
careful for; there is nothing of untimeliness,  
nothing of disappointment in the shorter days  
and lessening heats of Autumn. As well  
may we mourn over the gorgeous coloring of  
the clouds which collect to pay homage to  
the setting sun, because they proclaim the  
close of day; as well may we lament the  
brilliance of the evening star and the silvery  
brightness of the crescent moon, just as we  
lament to the heavens, because they declare  
the approach of night with her shadowy  
train! In very truth the glory of these last  
waning days of the season proclaims a grand-  
eur of beneficence which should rather  
make our poor hearts swell with gratitude at  
each return of the beautiful Autumn accord-  
ed to us. Forgive this long and probably  
uninteresting autumnalia, but I love it so,  
I cannot keep from writing about it.

LINETTE, to you we extend the good right  
hand of fellowship. We cordially welcome  
you into "Our Social Circle." One gifted as  
thou art will always find attentive and inter-  
ested readers. We return thee our most  
humble and heart-felt thanks, for thy words  
of praise and commendation. We will try to  
deserve them. Let us hear from you often;  
for your words fill upon my heart like twin-  
light dew upon the sun-sick flowers.  
MILDRED, we also, welcome you into the  
"Circle." But our gallantry will not allow us  
to see you seated at any one seat, so we give  
you a chair. We hope you will very soon  
give us a long letter filled with "fragments  
of interest," but *not* *poetry*. We are con-  
fident that you can write letters of interest  
and that will be perused with pleasure by  
each member of our Circle. Let us hear from  
you in your "Country Home" frequently.  
Annie, old fellow, we "greet thee," but  
why don't you give us another of those good  
long letters that we all read with so much  
interest? I am glad to see that Linette has  
"pitched into" you. I think she rather gets  
you. Now come out and let us have a "war  
of words." "Variety," you know, "is the spice  
of life." Let us have some of the *peppery* too.  
MARY L. WILHE WARE, and EXILE, are  
certainly becoming very *unusual*. Dear friends  
why do you not give us your sweet musings,  
and cheering letters more frequent? Why  
silent so long?

Please excuse this "lengthened sweetness  
long drawn out," and believe me  
Yours Ever,  
St. LEGER.  
The Poet, Oct. 30th, 1860.

**To the "Social Circle."**  
Dear Circle—The Summer with its long  
and sultry days, is over and Autumn, "magni-  
ficent and pompous autumn" with trailing  
clouds, innumerable tints, with leaves that  
fill the air with solemn whispers and point  
vague signs in hues of beauty, cometh "with  
dye'd garments of glory." The evening shad-  
ows of the year are beginning to fall upon  
us, with a pleasant and soothing sensation  
of relief, under the glare and heat of Summer;  
while the delicious mornings and evenings  
make us regret that the "soft twilight of the  
slow declining year," cannot last forever.—  
It is a singular fact that nearly all the old  
English poets speak of this season in the  
saddest and most melancholy strains. Shake-  
speare terms it "the chilly Autumn," while  
Collier speaks of it as the "sallow Autumn."  
Wordsworth addresses it as "Autumn mel-  
ancholy night," and Shenstone writes  
"Oh plaintive autumn! how I grieve  
Thy sorrowing face to see—  
When languid airs, are taking leave  
Of every drooping tree."  
Further quotations of the same character  
might be made from Chaucer, Spenser, Dry-  
den, Milton, Thomson and indeed the entire  
list of early English poets. Those of later  
times with an occasional exception, have  
treated this season a little more respectfully,  
and seem to have appreciated its beauties.—  
Instead of "Autumn melancholy night" we  
find such expressions as "gay autumnal  
tints" and  
"Autumn, thrice happy time,  
Best portion of the year."  
Indeed one would be justifiable in believing  
that there had been a great change in the  
nature of things since the days of "Will  
Shakespeare, the baillifs son," and yet we  
imagine, the only change has been in public  
sentiment. Cower the Christian poet was  
the first to discover that Autumn was not a  
melancholy season, and now there is no lack  
of English poets who are able to see and ap-  
preciate beauties in landscape, to which their  
forefathers were entirely blind. In the eyes  
of American poets this season of the year  
seems always to have worn a cheerful aspect.  
True Bryant, in one of his poems speaks of

### Miscellaneous.

**The Mountain of two Lovers.**  
BY LEIGH HUNT.  
We forget in what book it was,  
many years ago, that we read the story  
of a lover who was to win his mis-  
tress by carrying her to the top of a  
mountain, and how he did win her.  
We think the scene was in Switzer-  
land, but the mountain though high  
enough to tax his stout heart to the  
utmost, must have been among the  
lowest. Let us fancy it a good lofty  
hill in the summer time. It was, at  
any rate, so high that the father of  
the lady, a proud nobleman, thought  
it impossible for a young man, so bur-  
dened, to scale it. For this reason  
alone, in scorn he bade him to do it,  
and his daughter should be his.  
The pansy assembled in the valley  
to witness so extraordinary a sight.  
They measured the mountain  
with their eyes; they commended with  
one another and shook their heads;  
but all admired the young man; and  
some of his fellows, looking at their  
mistresses, thought they could do as  
much. The father, on horseback, a-  
part and sullen, repented that he had  
subjected his daughter even to the  
show of such a hazard, but he thought  
that it would teach his inferiors a les-  
son.

The young man, (the son of a small  
land proprietor, who had some preten-  
sions to wealth, though none to nobility,  
) stood respectfully looking, but  
confident; rejoicing in his heart he  
should win a mistress, though at the  
cost of a noble pain, which he could  
hardly think of as a pain, considering  
who it was he was to carry. If he  
died for it, he should at least have had  
her in his arms, and have locked her  
in the face. To clasp her person in  
that manner was a pleasure he com-  
templated with such a transport as is  
known only to real lovers; for none  
others know how respect lightens the  
joy of dispensing with formality and  
civilities and makes grateful the respec-  
t.

The lady stood by the side of her  
father, pale desirous and dreading.  
She thought her lover would succeed,  
but only because she thought him in  
every respect the noblest of his sex,  
and that nothing was too much for his  
strength and valour. Great fears  
came over her, nevertheless she knew  
not what might happen in the chances  
common to all. She felt the bitter-  
ness of being herself the burden to  
him and the task; she dared not look  
at her father nor the mountain. She  
fixed her eyes on the crowd—which,  
nevertheless, she beheld not—and, on  
her hand and her fingers' ends, which  
she doubted up toward her with a pre-  
tence—the only deception she had ever  
used. Once or twice a daughter or  
mother slipped out of the crowd, and  
coming up to her, notwithstanding  
their fears of the Lord Baron, kissed  
the hand which she knew not what to  
do with.

The father said: Now sir, put an  
end to this mummery. The lover  
turned pale for the first time, and took  
up the lady.  
The spectators rejoice to see the  
manner in which he moves off slow,  
but secure, as if encouraging his mis-  
tress. They mount the hill; they  
proceed well; he halts an instant be-  
fore he gets midway, and seems refus-  
ing something; then he ascended at a  
quicker rate, and now, being at the  
midway point, shifts the lady from one  
side to the other. The spectators give  
a great shout. The Baron, with an  
air of indifference, bites the tip of his  
guntlet, and then casts on them the  
eye of rebuke. At the shout the lover  
resumed his way. Slow, but not  
feeble in his step, yet it gets slower.  
He stops again, and they think they  
see the lady kiss him on his forehead.  
The women begin to tremble, but the  
men say he will be victorious. He  
resumes again; he is half way between  
the middle and the top; he rushes, he  
stops, he staggers, but does not fall;  
another shout from the men and he  
resumes once more; two-thirds of the  
remainder part of the way are con-  
quered. They are certain the lady  
kisses his forehead and eyes. The  
women burst into tears, and the stout-  
est men looked pale. He ascended  
slower than ever, but he seems to be  
more sure; he halts, but it is only to  
plant his foot to go on again, and thus  
he picks his way, planting his foot at  
every step, and then gaining ground  
with an effort. The lady lifts up her  
arms as if to lighten him; he stops,  
he struggles, he moves sideways, tak-  
ing very little steps, and bringing one  
foot every time close to the other.  
Now he is all but on the top; he halts  
again; he is fixed; he staggers, a groan  
goes through the multitude; suddenly  
he turns full towards the top; it is  
lucky almost level; he staggers, but  
it is forward. Yes, every limb in the  
multitude makes a movement as if to  
assist him; see at last he is on the top,  
and down he falls with his burden.  
An enormous shout—he has won! he  
has won! Now he has a right to car-  
ress his mistress, and she is caressing  
him, for neither of them gets up, in  
he has fainted, it is with joy, and in  
her arms,

### Miscellaneous.

The Baron puts spurs to his horse,  
the crowd following him, half way up  
he is obliged to dismount; they ascend  
the hill together, the crowd silent and  
happy, the Baron ready to burst with  
shame and impatience. They reach  
the top; the lovers are face to face on  
the ground, the lady clasping him with  
both arms, his lying on each side.  
"Traitor!" exclaimed the Baron, thou  
hast practised this feat before, on pur-  
pose to deceive me. Arise!  
You cannot expect it sir, said a  
worthy man who was rich enough to  
speak his mind, Samson himself might  
take his rest after such a deed!  
Part them!" said the Baron.  
Several persons went up, not to  
part them, but to congratulate and  
keep them together. These people  
look close; they kneel down and bend  
an ear; they bury their faces on them.  
God forbid they should ever be parted  
more, said a venerable man, they can  
never be. He turned his old face,  
streaming with tears, and looked at  
the Baron: "Sir, they are dead!"

**A Texan's Best Shot.**  
William Bowie, a brother of the  
celebrated and renowned James Bow-  
ie—in an early day distinguished him-  
self in an Indian fight, known as the  
battle of Rocky Fort, by making one  
of the best shots on record. A party  
of 25 daring adventurers had wander-  
ed about 100 miles above the white  
settlements. James and William Bow-  
ie were among the number, in fact  
James had the command of the forces.  
After exploring the country for several  
days, and killing a large number of  
buffalo, they one night concluded to  
start home the next morning. Accord-  
ingly, after having breakfasted on  
buffalo and honey, they set out for the  
settlements. As yet they had saw  
no signs of Indians. About ten o'clock  
they crossed a fresh Indian trail.  
"Hallow, boys!" said Bowie, "do you  
see this? Now keep a good look out,  
for a hundred red Camanches are in  
the neighborhood, I should not be sur-  
prised if they are camped at that  
branch, pointing in the direction of  
some elms to the right. Now be read-  
y, and keep a good look out, as we  
may be surprised." In a moment all  
hands were busy examining their  
guns. Thus they traveled on in al-  
most breathless silence. Spies were  
finally sent out, and after some delay  
the position of the Indians was found  
to be very near, and that the red skins  
had discovered them. Bowie then  
turned to the company and said, "boys  
we are discovered; there is but one  
remedy, and that is to keep cool, and  
we can easily whip the devils. But  
we must take advantage of them as  
they out number us at least five to  
one. If you will follow my directions,  
I will give them a drubbing they will  
not forget soon. They bid him lead,  
telling him that they were ready to  
follow. "Tom, you and George fall  
back again; but be sure not to let your-  
selves be discovered. Do not get  
more than five miles behind, and be  
certain to come to us by three o'clock.  
About two o'clock, whilst the com-  
pany were watering their horses at a  
small rocky stream, the spies came up  
and reported that the Indians had got  
straight on their trail, and were pur-  
suing. "Then we must fight this even-  
ing," said Bowie, "for if we camp to-  
night without having some breastwork  
or fortification, they will kill the last  
one of us. Now fill your gourd with  
water. Here on this hill we will fight  
the rascals. Every one get to piling  
up these rocks, and build a fort for  
ourselves and horses." His orders  
were obeyed, and the company soon  
found themselves encircled in a fort  
about five feet in height. They had  
not finished it however, until the In-  
dians came in sight.  
With demon-like yells, they charged  
upon the little fortress. When within  
about sixty yards of the fort, a streak  
of fire shot up from the pile of rocks,  
and twenty Indians bit the dust. This  
caused the Indians to halt, or rather  
retreat, and give the Texans time to  
reload. Again they charged, again  
the stream of fire burst upon them,  
and again a goodly number of them  
fell. Afraid to charge again, on cer-  
tain death, they concluded to frighten  
the whites, and make them surrender.  
They were now about 300 yards from  
the fort. One of the savages climbed  
up a tree about ten feet, and stood  
erect in a fork, who held in his left  
hand three reeking scalps, shook them  
at the Texans and ordered them to  
surrender. "I'll kill that d—d rascal,"  
says William Bowie, "or I'll shoot 'til  
sundown at him." As he said this he  
took up a gun loaded with an ounce  
ball, laid a stone about a foot thick  
under the muzzle of his gun, laid flat  
down himself, and taking deliberate  
aim, fired. An unearthly scream from  
the savage told the tale. He was  
killed! The Indians raised the body,  
placed it on a horse (for he was their  
chief) and turned their faces westward.  
About fifty of their number had been  
killed or wounded. Seven of the Tex-  
ans had been struck with arrows, and  
three of them killed. After they had  
left, the ground was measured, and it  
was found that Bowie had killed the  
Indian 250 yards! Reader, was not  
that a good shot, indeed?

A man had better need alms than  
be too mean to bestow them.

**Gen. Jackson's Wife—Her Last Hours.**  
The new volume of Mr. Parton's  
"Life of Andrew Jackson" has the fol-  
lowing account of the death of the  
General's wife:  
On Monday evening, the evening  
before the twenty-third, her disease  
appeared to take a decided turn for  
the better; and she then so earnestly  
entreated the General to prepare for  
the fatigues of the morrow by having  
a night of undisturbed sleep, that he  
consented, at last to go into an adjoin-  
ing room and lie down upon a sofa.  
The doctor was still in the house.  
Hannah and George were to sit up  
with their mistress. At nine o'clock  
the General bade her good night,  
went into the next room, and took off  
his coat, preparatory to lying down.  
He had been gone about five minutes;  
Mrs. Jackson was then for the first  
time removed from her bed, that it  
might be re-arranged for the night.  
While sitting in a chair, supported in  
the arms of Hannah, she uttered a  
long, loud, inarticulate cry; which  
was immediately followed by a rattling  
noise in the throat. Her head fell  
forward upon Hannah's shoulder.  
She never spoke nor breathed again.

There was a wild rush into the room  
of husband, doctor, relatives, friends  
and servants. The General assisted  
to lay her upon the bed. "Bleed her,"  
he cried. "No blood flowed from her  
arm." "Try the temple, Doctor." Two  
drops stained her cap, but no more  
followed.  
It was long before he would believe  
her dead. He looked eagerly into  
her face, as if still expecting to see  
signs of returning life. Her hands  
and feet grew cold. There could be  
no doubt then, and they prepared a  
table for laying her out. With a choking  
voice, the General said:  
"Spread four blankets upon it. If  
she does come fo, she will lie so hard  
upon the table."  
He sat all night long in the room  
by her side, with his face in his hands,  
grieving, said Hannah, and occasion-  
ally looking into her face, and feeling  
the heart and pulse of the form so  
dear to him. Major Lewis, who had  
been immediately sent for, arrived  
just before daylight, and found him  
still there, nearly speechless and wholly  
incapable. He sat in the room  
nearly all the next day, the picture of  
despair. It was only with great diffi-  
culty that he was persuaded to take  
a little coffee.  
"And this was the way," concluded  
Hannah, "that old mistus died; and  
we always say that when we lost her  
we lost a mistus and mother too; and  
more a mother than a mistus. And  
we say the same of old master; for he  
was more a father to us than a master,  
and many's the time we've wished him  
back again, to help us out of our troubles."

It will require volumes to impart an

### Miscellaneous.

accurate description of it with all the  
historical associations connected with  
it. My purpose is briefly to speak of  
such subjects as seem to deserve par-  
ticular attention. For more extended  
accounts, I recommend the valuable  
work on Jerusalem by Dr. J. T. Bar-  
clay; an American, who now resides  
there, and has for many years made it  
his home.  
As soon as I had recovered from the  
fatigue of my journey, I ascended to  
the roof of the Mediterranean Hotel,  
which is situated in one of the most ele-  
vated portions of the city, from whence  
I obtained an extensive view. The  
four hills are still traced which secured  
to Jerusalem its most remarkable fea-  
tures. These are Mounts Zion, Moriah,  
Acra, and Bezetha. The several val-  
leys which divide the one from the other  
serve to mark the different quar-  
ters of the city. Mount Zion, so fami-  
lar to all readers of sacred history, ex-  
tends a considerable distance on the  
southwest side of the city, and rises  
from fifty to one hundred feet higher  
than either of the other eminences;  
consequently, every part of it is seen  
to advantage from the spot occupied.  
No one can look on it for the first time  
without being moved almost to tears  
by the recollection of the moment and  
thrilling events which transpired there  
centuries ago.

Here was David's house and the royal  
residences of his successors. Here,  
too, stands the celebrated fortress of  
David, a part of which is the famous  
tower of Hippicus. On this hill, also  
stood the house of Caiaphas, the high  
priest, and here now stands the Church  
of St. James, said to have been erected  
where the apostle James was buried.  
Here are pointed out, even at this day,  
the tombs of David and Solomon, and  
near to them stood the house in which  
our Saviour celebrated His last pass-  
over. No part of the ancient wall  
which embraced this hill, as described  
by Josephus, was standing at the time  
of the capture of the city and the de-  
struction of upward of seventy thou-  
sand of its infidel inhabitants, by God-  
frey, at the head of the Crusaders, on  
the fifteenth of July, A. D. 1099. The  
walls then only embraced, as we learn  
from the historians of that day, Mounts  
Moriah, Bezetha and Acra. Now only  
a part of Zion's hill is embraced  
within the present walls.  
[Home Journal.]

**What the Bird Said.**  
"Don't lag, Johnny," said the little  
boy's mother, "but go straight to  
school."  
"Yes, mother, I will," said Johnny,  
and off he trudged.  
When he passed Mr. Wheeler's  
barn, a robin redbreast flew out of the  
woods, and perched on the nearest  
bough, and began to sing, just as if he  
were singing to Johnny and nobody  
else. Was it singing, "Stop, Johnny,  
stop, or 'Go, Johnny, go'?" The lit-  
tle boy loved birds, and redbreast was  
so near.  
"It is singing 'go,' or 'stay,' just  
according to my think," said Johnny.  
"I think it says 'Go,' and I shall go."  
So Johnny, in spite of all the pleas-  
ant things which tempt a little boy to  
lag behind school-time on a sweet sum-  
mer's morning, went straight to school,  
and was in his seat when the mistress  
rang the opening bell.  
Johnny is right. A great many  
things have a meaning to us accord-  
ing as we think. To the little boy  
who said it was too pleasant to go to  
school, and so played truant, rebreast's  
note would have been, "Stay, stay,  
'Stop, stop,' for he did not love his  
books, and wanted an excuse for neg-  
lecting them."  
All along the way, children, there  
are pleasant voices, which will lead  
you astray, or forward you in the path  
of duty, according to the chord, which  
they find in you. The key-note is in  
your own bosom. Pitch it right; pitch  
it for the right; and then your life  
will be a pleasant tune, sweet to your  
father and mother, sweeter to your  
God and Saviour.

**American Progress.**  
In 1820 there were twenty-three  
States in the Union; now there are  
thirty-three. Then its area was one  
million seven hundred and eighty-six  
thousand one hundred and fifty  
square miles; now it is two million  
nine hundred and thirty-six thousand  
one hundred and sixty-six. Our pop-  
ulation then was nine million six hun-  
dred and thirty-three thousand one  
hundred and thirty-one; now it is thirty-  
three million. Our shipping then  
was one million two hundred and eighty-  
thousand one hundred and sixty-five  
tons; now it is six million one  
hundred and forty-five thousand one  
hundred and thirty-seven. Our an-  
nual imports then amounted to seven-  
ty-four million four hundred and fifty  
thousand dollars; now they amount to  
three hundred and thirty-five million  
seven hundred and sixty-eight thou-  
sand one hundred and eighty dollars.  
Our exports then were sixty-nine mil-  
lion nine hundred and sixty-one thou-  
sand seven hundred and sixty-six dol-  
lars; now they are three hundred and  
sixty-six million six hundred and eighty-  
nine thousand four hundred and two  
dollars. Our revenue then was sixteen  
million seven hundred and seven-  
ty-nine thousand three hundred and  
thirty-one dollars; now it is seventy  
million dollars. The real and personal  
estate of our citizens then was not  
over one billion of dollars; now it is  
estimated at ten billion of dollars.

It will require volumes to impart an