

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 \$6.50 \$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.

Poetry.

Doomed.

They tell her that the seal of Death is stamped upon her brow. And that Consumption's icy arms are round her even now.

Communications.

Notes on the "Far West."

As I heretofore promised, I will say something of the "Far West," if you can spare room in the "Express."

Our company consisted of Doctors Neal and Blackwell, Mr. Woodson, Cain, and myself, all in search of information, recreation, and pleasure.

Well, to our wagon. Our first day's travel was to Marshall, the county seat, the largest village in Eastern Texas.

are some excellent lands in these and also Van Zandt county, but they are generally on or near water courses.

We at length found ourselves in the bottom lands of the Trinity river. I could not, with adequate justice, describe the richness of its soil;

The change was most pleasant. Coming from the sultry timber land, while the thermometer was at 92°, we here met with a welcome breeze, which, like the water from the smitten rock, followed us wherever we went until we again struck the timber country.

When the Austrians found it impossible to hold their ground any longer they fell back, slowly and steadily, until they reached the village of Volta.

cross of the two. The season was a good one to see the products upon the ground. Wheat was already reaped, and oats was being gathered.

The Trinity separates Henderson from Navarro, and twenty miles from the river we came to this place, Corsicana. It is situated on the prairie, but adjoins some timber land which borders on a water course.

VIATOR. Corsicana, Texas, July 15.

Miscellaneous.

The Battle of Solferino.

I came from Brescia early this morning, and arrived just in time to witness the last half of what I have very little doubt will turn out to have been the greatest battle the modern world has seen.

The battle commenced at a little before five o'clock in the morning—not far from sunrise. Just back of Castiglione rises a high range of hills which projects a mile or thereabouts into the plain and then breaks off towards the left into a wide expanse of smaller hills, and so into the rolling surface which makes that portion of the plain.

As nearly as we can now learn the Emperor Francis Joseph had collected here not less than 225,000 troops, and commanded them in person.

The French very soon drove the enemy out of the posts they held nearest to the town, and followed them into the small villages of the plain below.

When we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross-street to a church which

erlooking it completely on the south and southeast sides, the Austrians had placed very formidable batteries; and when I arrived upon the field and went at once to the height where the Emperor had stood at the opening of the engagement, but which he had left an hour before to follow his victorious troops, the batteries were blazing away upon the French who were stationed on the plain below.

I was too far off to observe with any accuracy the successive steps of the action, but I could distinctly see the troops stationed upon the broad plain, and moving up in masses towards the front, where the artillery was posted, as their services were required.

Those who were more severely injured rode upon donkeys or in carts, and a few were carried upon mattresses on men's shoulders. But these were mostly officers, and nearly all I saw carried in that way were so badly wounded that their recovery is scarcely possible.

During the early part of the day the sky had been clear and the weather hot. But clouds began to gather at about noon, and at 5 o'clock, while the cannonade was at its height, a tremendous thunderstorm rolled up from the northwest; the wind came first, sweeping from the parched streets an enormous cloud of dust, and was soon followed by a heavy fall of rain, accompanied by vivid lightning and rapid explosions of rattling thunder.

Though the cannon may have ceased for a time to take part in it, the fight had meantime gone on; and when I again resumed my post of observation, from which the storm had expelled me, the cannonading commenced quite on the extreme left of the entire field and on the very borders of the lake, northeast from Castiglione and west of Peschiera.

The wind had now gone down, the air was still, and the sound of musketry, as well as of the cannon, was distinctly heard.

It was beginning to be dark when I turned to descend the hill, and all the way down I still heard the roar of the cannon and the clattering of the guns of the infantry.

When we came to where the great procession of the wounded was turning down a cross-street to a church which

had been taken for a hospital. It was certainly the most dreadful sight I ever saw. Every conceivable kind of wound which can be inflicted upon men was here exhibited. All who were able to do so were obliged to walk—the wagons and animals at command being all required for those who could not otherwise be moved.

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freely exposed, are open; and I have repeatedly seen soldiers bargaining for supplies at their windows. But I have heard of no instance and seen no indication of the slightest interference with private property.

Just before nightfall a tremendous cannonading was distinctly audible in the direction of Mantua, and it was supposed by one or two French officers that Prince Napoleon was assaulting that fortress as part of the general plan of the days' operations.

I have thus given you a very general outline of this great battle; it came under my own observation. I am afraid to venture upon any conjecture as to the number of killed and wounded in this battle; but from the nature of the case it must be enormous.

MONTECHIANO—Morning of the 25th. I was obliged to return here this morning, which is four miles from the road to Brescia, in order to get food for man and horse, intending to rejoin again to the battle field in the afternoon.

In and about Castiglione there were 20,000 soldiers in charge of the enormous train of the army, while in the rear of the town there remained a reserve of 20,000 men to support the army in case of disaster.

The town to-night, as might be expected, is simply a camp. The streets, which are narrow, are crammed with artillery and provision wagons trying, almost in vain, to make their way through the town; bivouac fires light up the orchards and fields all around the village; two streams of troops pour out on the two roads leading to the field of battle, extending as far as the eye can reach; sutlers, fruit peddlers; and small dealers of every kind circulate among the soldiers who crowd the streets; an immense train of Piedmontese artillery are brought to a stand in the street while trying to make their way through the town to their place of encampment; and thousands of French infantry, despairing of reaching their tents, have seated themselves upon the narrow sidewalks, and with their horse-walls for a back and their bayonets for pillows, they have addressed themselves in that position to the labor of obtaining a night's rest.

The Prayer Meeting. BY T. S. ARTHUR. 'You will be at the meeting to-night, Marston?' said a man to his friend. They had stopped at the corner of a street, and were about separating.

'O, yes, I wouldn't miss one of these Wednesday night meetings on any account. I enjoy them very much; and gain strength for duty. You will be there?'

'Of course; nothing but a matter of life and death could keep me away.' 'Good evening.' 'Good evening. Come early, Marston.'

And the two men separated. Both had recently joined the church, and both were ardent in their new life, almost to enthusiasm.

On his arrival at home, Marston found that preparations for tea were not in a very encouraging state of advancement; so he said, in a cheerful way, to his wife, who was going about with a baby in her arms.

'You must hurry up things a little, Anna. This is Wednesday night, you know, and I wouldn't fail being at the meeting on any account. Give Maggy to me. There; now your hands free, I ought to have come a little earlier.'

The pale, weary-looking wife smiled on her husband, as she handed him the baby, and said pleasantly, 'You shall not be late, dear, I will soon have all ready. My head has ached badly all the afternoon, and this has kept me behind hand.'

the baby, who had not yet completed her first year. In a shorter time than the husband had expected, his wife's pleasant voice called him to supper. He gave her the baby as he entered the little dining-room, and she sat down with it in her arms to purr out the tea.

'Does your head ache still?' inquired Marston. 'Badly; but I think a cup of tea will do me good.'

'I hope so, indeed. Give baby back to me. I can hold her.' And the husband reached out his hands for little Maggy; who, pleased to return, almost leaped into his arms.

'You must take her back, mother,' said Marston, rising from the table, in about ten minutes, and reaching the baby to his wife.

'It is late, and I must be away, or the prayer meeting will open before I get there.'

But Maggy, who was very fond of her father, did not wish to leave him; and so struggled after her mother had received her, and cried to be taken back.

'Papa must go, darling,' Marston bent down, and tried to soothe the grieving little one. As he did so, Maggy got her arms around his neck, and held on tightly. It took quite an effort to remove them.

As Marston shut the door of his dwelling behind him, and commenced walking rapidly away in the direction of the church at which the prayer meeting was to be held, he was conscious of an unpleasant pressure upon his feelings. What did this mean?—He began at once searching about in his mind for the cause. At first, he could see nothing clearly; but gradually thought went back to the home he had just left, and to his pale, weary-looking wife and children, grieving because he had left them.

'Is this right?' The question came suddenly upon him, and almost arrested his steps.

'I am sorry to leave them alone to-night,' he said within himself; 'and I wouldn't, except for the prayer meeting. I gain so much strength and comfort in this means of grace, that I feel as if it would be wrong to neglect it.'

And so he walked on, but with slower steps, his thoughts still returning to his home, and imagination giving more and more vivid pictures of his wife and children in grief for his absence. At last he stood still.

'I need the blessing I had hoped to receive this evening. The strength, the comfort, the peace,' he said, still talking with himself. 'But, poor Anna! it is hard for her to be left alone. And she isn't at all well.'

'I will go back.' He spoke out resolutely at last; and commenced retracing his steps. 'I must not consider myself alone. Perhaps God will give the strength and comfort I need, even if I do not meet to-night with his people.'

'Oh, James, is it you?' Mrs. Marston started at the unexpected appearance of her husband, who saw, as she looked up, that her eyes were wet.—'Have you forgotten any thing?'

'What is it? Can I get it for you? I forgot to stay at home with my wife and children,' said the young man.

'Oh, James!' Tears gushed over his wife's face. 'And I've come back to remain with them.'

Mrs. Marston leaned her aching head upon her husband's shoulder, and sobbed. This unexpected circumstance quite broke down the little self-composure that remained.