

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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

Vol. II.

Statesville, N. C., Friday, October 21, 1859.

No. 46.

Table with 3 columns: Rate, Duration, and Total Cost. Includes rates for one square, two squares, and three squares for one, six, and twelve months.

Poetry.

The Diamond Ring.

By GEORGE ELLIOTT. Six times fair earth hath stolen round Her mystic lovel, the glowing gem...

Miscellaneous.

The Brothers.

A TALE OF LOVE. [TRANSLATED FROM THE DANISH.] It is a fresh, cool summer morning, the birds appear to have exhausted themselves with the singing...

with animation. "You see, it stood so entirely alone, nobody ever came near it, and out before the door the purple heather grew so thickly! When I lay there in the morning, it was so warm and still, and one never heard a sound but the humming of the wild bees, and the whirring of the great flies' wings. In the autumn my mother and I used to cut off the long heather, bind it in bundles, and sell them yonder in the village. There was a well near our door, and when one looked down into it, oh! it was so dark, and deep, and cold! And when one was drawing up the bucket, it creaked as if it were a laborer to come up; and if it were let go again, one might wait and watch a long time before it got down to where the water was. In winter my mother sat in the house spinning; then the snow almost blocked up our little windows; we dared not peep out of the door, for fear of the cold north wind getting in; and if one ventured into the outhouse to get pots for the little stove, one's teeth chattered with the cold. On the long, pitch-dark nights, when we went to bed early, to save candles, we used to lie awake and creep close to each other, listening to every sound. Oh! how glad we were that we were too poor to fear robbers or bad men. Do you think it possible that there could be such a dear cottage as ours anywhere?"

she preferred; her heart would have led her willingly to do so; but to make the other brother unhappy! Had they not both been so kind to the poor child whom they found under the tree? Which, could she say, had surprised the other in affection to her? Besides, neither of them had asked her which she liked best. No—neither of them had ventured to do that; but both became more gloomy, both apparently more miserable, and the love of both became more impetuous. "They were all three sitting together one evening; for the young men's mother was now very feeble, and mostly confined to bed. At length, Johan spoke of the news he had that day heard at the clergyman's house—that war had broken out, and that the king had called upon all his faithful subjects to assist him in it. For the first time, for the first time in many months the brothers looked frankly and unsuspectingly at each other, and holding out his hand George said: "Brother! shall we go to war?"

not anger him that she wept, for his own heart was so overcharged with misery that it seemed to weigh him down to the earth. At length he felt somewhat easier; he tried to concentrate his thoughts upon Ellen, and he had everything that could remind him of his brother removed from sight. Yet, when in passing through the woods, he came near some large tree, on which his brother and himself, as children, had cut their names together, painful and dark remembrances would rush on him; and it was still worse when his mother wept, and spoke of George—of what he was as a little boy, and how good, and affectionate, and kind-hearted he had always been. When in the society of the neighboring peasants, he was silent, and seemingly indifferent to all amusement, and when he heard them remark "How Johan is changed since he went to the wars!" he felt himself compelled to leave them, and fly to solitude. Ellen was kind and gentle to him; but when, of an evening he loitered near the window of her little chamber, he could not help hearing how she sighed and sobbed. One afternoon, when he came slowly home from his work in the fields, he began to commune with himself, and his soliloquy ended by his saying to himself—"I will be happy; for, as things are now, I might as well be where George is." And thus, resolving, he went straight to the window of Ellen's room, at which she was standing, and leaning against the outside frame, he said: "Listen to me, Ellen! We have mourned long enough for George. I have been fond of you ever since you were a child—will you be my wife now?"

for each other; we will do all we can for our mutual happiness through life—and when one has a good conscience everything goes well." Her last words pierced Johan to the very soul; he felt perfectly wretched—he became as pale as death—and a confession which would have crushed his hearer's heart trembled on his lips; but he forced it back to the depths of his own soul, and was silent. After a few moments she seemed to be listening to something, and suddenly she exclaimed: "Hark! the church bells are ringing! They are coming—I must hasten to our poor mother." After she had left him, Johan remained for a time in speechless anguish. "When one has a good conscience," he repeated at length. "Yes—it is true! But I, who have not a good conscience, how shall I become fortunate and happy! Oh! if she adored me—if she would be willing to me—of what avail would that be to me? Do I not feel that every endearment is a crime—every word of love an offence to him in his grave? Oh! if she knew all, she would spurn me from her, order me out of her presence, and heap curses on my head! But soon—soon—she will not be able to do that. We shall become man and wife—aye, man and wife before God's holy altar—but will that ever be? When I walk with her up the church aisle—when the bells are ringing, the church adorned with green branches and flowers, and the rich tones of the organ make the heart swell in one's breast—can I be proud and happy? Can I help looking back to see if a bloody shadow be not following me amongst my kindred and my friends, who are the bridal guests? Oh! horror, horror! And when the pastor pronounces that those whom God has joined together no man shall put asunder—oh! the blood will freeze in my veins. No living man—but a shadow from the tomb—a spectre—a murdered brother's revengeful ghost—will appear. Oh! George, George! arise from your grave, and let me change places with you!"

is so still, that the gentle trickling of the water in the little rivulet near can be heard at an unusual distance. The quiet moonbeams shine on the windows of the cottage where George and Ellen, the newly-married couple, are, and the roses which cluster round them exhale their sweetest perfume. But what wanderer is you, who, with a sash on his back and a staff in his hand, stands beneath the oak trees on the hill? He stretches out his arms towards that lowly house a last adieu, for his path must henceforth lead elsewhere. Why does he now kneel on the grassy height? why does he lift his hands to Heaven in prayer? Can it be possible that he thanks God because his beloved is his brother's bride? Can it be possible that, with a heart unbroken by grief—that with tears which are not of sorrow, in his eyes he can leave all he has ever loved, to become a pilgrim in a foreign land? Is—for a conscience, released from the heavy burden of guilt, supports and blesses him, and transforms every sigh into gratitude and joy.

democracy to address any such appeals to their ancient opponents, for the Whigs cannot avoid the conviction that these expostulations are the offspring of a simulated patriotism. They remember that in other days the Democracy had no such abhorrence of "coalitions" with Freesoilers, and they therefore doubt the genuineness, or at least the disinterestedness, of the advice which is now so gratuitously proffered. Where slept the Democratic thunders of denunciation when a Free-soil Senator of the United States was elected from the State of Massachusetts by a combination of Democrats and Freesoilers against the National Whigs? Why did the sentinels of Democracy neglect to cry aloud and spare not when a similar "fusion" was effected in Vermont, in Connecticut, and elsewhere at the North? As late as the year 1854 it is known that the Federal office-holders in the State of Massachusetts were among the most prominent supporters of the "coalition" which had defeated the Whigs, and some among us perhaps have not quite forgotten the circumstances under which a distinguished functionary in the city of New York lost his head for stubbornly refusing to recognise "the Freesoil wing" of the Democracy in his appointments to office. While the memory of these transactions survives we incline to believe that Whigs will not be greatly moved by the fervent "appeals" of our Democratic friends, who suddenly manifest so much more zeal for the political virtue of their ancient adversaries than they formerly showed for their own.

Higher.

Higher is a word of noble meaning—the inspiration of all good deeds—the sympathetic chain that leads, link by link, the impassioned soul to the zenith of its glory, and still holds its mysterious objects standing and glittering among the stars. Higher! lifts the infant that clasps its mother's knees, and makes its feeble effort to rise from the floor—it is the first inspiration of childhood, to burst the narrow confines of the cradle, in which the sweetest moments have passed forever. Higher! laughs the proud school boy at his swing, or as he climbs the tallest trees of the forest, that he may look down on his less adventurous companions, with a flush of exultation, and abroad over the fields, and meadows, and his native village. He never saw so extended a prospect before. Higher! earnestly breathes the student of philosophy and nature; he has a host of rivals, but he must eclipse them all. The midnight oil burns dim, but he finds light and knowledge in the lamps of heaven, and his soul is never weary when the last of them is hid behind the curtain of morning. And higher! his voice thunders forth, when the dignity of manhood has invested his form, and the multitude is listening with delight to his oracles, burning with eloquence, and ringing like true steel in the cause of freedom and the right. And when time has changed his locks to silver, and worldwide is his renown, when the maiden gathering flowers by the roadside, and the boy in the field, bow in reverence as he passes, and peasants look to him with honor, can he breathe forth from his heart the fond wish of the past? Higher yet! He has reached the apex of earthly honor, yet his spirit burns warm as in youth, though with a paler and steadier light, and it would even borrow wings and soar up to heaven, leaving its tunic to moulder among the laurels he has wound around it, for the never ending glory to be reached only in the presence of the Most High.

A Fast Story.

An Englishman was bragging of the speed on English railroads to a Yankee traveler in England. The engine bell was rung as the train neared the station. "What's that noise?" inquired the Yankee. "We are approaching a town," said the Englishman. "They have to commence ringing about ten miles before they get to a station, or else the train would run by it before the bell could be heard! Wonderful isn't it? I suppose they haven't invented bells in America yet?" "Why, yes," replied the Yankee; "we've got bells, but can't use them on our railroads. We run so fast that the train always keeps ahead of the sound." "Indeed!" exclaimed the Englishman. "Fact," said the Yankee, "had to give up bells. Then we tried steam-whistles—but they wouldn't answer, either. I was on a locomotive when the whistle was tried. We saw a two-horse wagon crossing the track, about five miles ahead, and the engineer let the whistle on, but it wasn't no use. The next thing I knew, I was picking myself out of a pond by the roadside, amid the fragments of the locomotive, dead horses, broken wagon, and engineer lying beside me. Just then the whistle came along, mixed up with some frightful oaths that I heard the engineer use when he first saw the horses. Poor fellow, he was dead before his voice got to him. After that