

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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

Vol. II.

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No. 52.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a square for the first week, and Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter...

When directions are not given how often to insert an Advertisement, it will be published until ordered out.

Poetry.

The Vacant Chair.

There is no home—no earthly home— However bright and fair, But has some aching, bursting heart,

Once there were hearts which gladly beat, All free from pain and care; Now crushed, oppressed they sadly gaze Upon a vacant chair.

He sported 'mid the wildwood flowers, And culled each bud most rare; But evening found him at his books, Within his little chair.

Fond hopes are crushed, the world a blank, Hearts filled with gloom, despair, As angelic eyes are fastened on That angel's vacant chair.

Miscellaneous.

Served Him Right.

A very respectable young gentleman, very recently proposed to escort the most beautiful young lady in a large company, home from church.

It is said that the young women in the time of the Revolution, formed associations and adopted resolutions, not to receive the addresses or keep the company of a young man, who was not a good whig or refused to serve his country.

Young men, young men, Who love your drinks, Your barque of hope, And bliss must sink!

Harder than Chess Playing.

Describing a ride on a locomotive, the Pittsburg Post, says:

The engineer in the discharge of his duties, has not a moment from the time he mounts the engine until his trip is completed, that his mind can be relaxed from the most intense application to his arduous task.

There, now, you know I did not mean any such thing. You do not ask me for half the things I wish you would; Uncle Enos isn't stingy to you, that you know.

Love and Housekeeping.

'Charlie, I never can get brave enough to let you go to your Uncle Enos with this matter. You know I have only been here three months, and I don't feel at all acquainted with him.'

'I know that Fanny, dear, and only wait your permission to go to him. I do not think I am acting quite honorably now, and I am afraid he will tell me so when I come to speak with him.'

'Yes, Charlie; but then it would be dreadful to have my uncle oppose our love. He was my mother's only brother, and all the parent I have now.'

'No, sir, you are a great deal too hard-hearted. Now I just remember your burnt fingers. Look at that Uncle Enos, and see if you will not relent.'

'So, my Fanny, you have been encouraging this young chap to come and ask me to give you away in marriage? A precious couple of chickens, pun my word!'

'Not any such thing, sir,' said the little beauty, reddening indignantly; 'Charlie does not expect or wish a dowry with me.'

'There, now, you know I did not mean any such thing. You do not ask me for half the things I wish you would; Uncle Enos isn't stingy to you, that you know.'

'Yes, Fanny, but you may have it to do more than once in your life, for all that. You have to change cooks sometimes, and a week may pass before you can find a new one.'

'My hands will get as brown as the table,' said Fanny, glancing down at her little fingers.

'Well, uncle, it is no use to talk; I cannot make the dinner, I know. The bread, the desert, everything. Now if it was just for you, alone, I would try.'

'You want me to mitigate the sentence; but I can't do it. I won't see a fine young fellow, like Charles, have his prospects for life ruined by a foolish marriage.'

'Little Fanny sought her room with a perplexed face and half-veiled temper; but, though she thought it a very silly whim of a notional old uncle, still her brave, loving heart at last conquered, and next morning she appeared in a simple calico morning-dress and long apron, with a shy, smiling face, ready to take her first lesson of the old house-keeper.'

'Good enough for a king,' said Uncle Enos, as he helped himself to the sixth biscuit. 'You will make the finest housekeeper in the Union. I guess, after all, that I shall keep you for my own little cook.'

'You are very condescending, pussy; I expect to come and take up my quarters with you altogether; so lay in a good stock of muffin rings, and easy arm chairs.'

'Poor little niece,' said Uncle Enos, looking at the fingers. 'I am really sorry, but you will learn to take care in time. Come to the study and I will put something on them that will make them well in a day.'

'Charles listened with much amusement to her accounts of her daily progress, and said he would like to make out a bill of fare for Uncle Enos's dinner-party; they should have only boiled potatoes and turnips, and salt on them.'

'The wedding was a brilliant one, and it somehow became whispered around among a select few that the exquisite cake which every one was praising was made by the fair fingers of the beautiful bride herself.'

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less servants. If her cook takes on airs, it is no inconvenience to her house-hold to have her at once discharged, and she can afford to wait until she finds another to suit her.

It is a stubborn fact that Atlanta has grown more rapidly than any other Southern city has done before her, unless it be St. Louis. Her sister cities in Georgia have been slow to believe that she could or would ever be much of a place—even the place she now is.

Atlanta as an Importing City. It is a stubborn fact that Atlanta has grown more rapidly than any other Southern city has done before her.

Cities have grown up in all ages at the great gateways leading to and from all nations, and on all the great highways through countries. At the junctions and mouths of rivers, even at the risk of life, population often concentrates, to trade, or to receive and distribute productions of the field and the workshop.

Who does not also believe, that, had Virginia done what Washington wanted her to do, and as New York permitted DeWitt Clinton to do, Norfolk might have been what New York is—the commercial emporium of the New World?

Thus, rivers were formerly regarded as the feeders of cities; then followed the canal. But modern progress has substituted the Railroad for the river, and so to speak, the boats and ships are put upon the wheels and propelled over iron rails instead of water.

heavily freighted with the productions of fertile and populous regions of country? If favorably located, therefore, as to health, water and climate, it is quite reasonable to look for a great and prosperous city to spring up in the case of a junction of Railroads, as in that of the junction of rivers.

Exploits of a Swindler.

There arrived in this place one day week before last a man of genteel appearance, who stopped at the Yarborough House and registered his name as "C. C. Frazer, New Kent, Va."

He did not bring any baggage with him, but professed to be in monetary expectation of its arrival by Express. No baggage arriving for two or three days, and not paying his bill at the Yarborough House, he was informed that he must move his quarters. He accordingly moved to one of our other hotels, and before he left the city had run up small bills at all three of the Hotels in our city.

To make a long story short, the consummate rascal succeeded in bleeding the generous-hearted and unsuspecting sailor Captain to the tune of about \$100, and then gave him the slip.

We understand that this man Frazer, alias Harvey, has a captivating address, dresses well, and but for his insufferable impudence would pass for a gentleman. He is something of a musician, and a good conversationalist; professes to have been a lieutenant in the navy, and takes great pleasure in showing a bullet hole in his right arm and a scar on his right, or left side, which he says he received in some engagement.

"Acorn," who astonished the readers of the New York Spirit of the Times, some time since, by his descriptions of the marvellous feats of strength of Dr. George B. Winship, of Roxbury, Mass., writing again on the same subject, says: "Our young giant, Dr. George B. Winship, of Roxbury, continues to increase in strength, and now lifts with his hands, unaided by any straps or

bands, except those given him by the Almighty, ten hundred and thirty-two pounds." That I have seen him do, with as much apparent ease as an ordinary man can lift three hundred and fifty pounds.

When the members of the ill-fated expedition of Lopez perished by martial law at the hands of the Cuban authorities, the Northern press, with little exception, expressed its approbation of their doom.

The victims of this filibustering effort to overthrow the government of Cuba were sixty or seventy in number, mostly young men, conspicuous among whom was young Crittenden, nephew of the distinguished Senator from Kentucky. They had been enticed from their homes by representations that the people of Cuba were eager to strike a blow for independence.

These are truths which the history of the recent past but too sadly confirms, and are, we fear, the shadows that indicate the troubles of the future. Now, what is the duty of the South? What is the duty of all law-abiding, law-loving, Union-preserving men? It is plain. For the preservation of the Union, and for the sake of the laws which protect our rights, our property and our persons, it becomes the duty of the South to forget past differences, bury their old party feuds, and wheel into a solid column, determined to do or die in the cause of Constitutional equality and in defence of Constitutional rights.

Melancholy Accident. Through the kindness of a friend who received a letter from Prospect Hill, Bladen county, we are enabled to give the following particulars of the sad accident referred to yesterday: It appears that at day-light Saturday last, John J. Gilmore, son of Wm. L. Gilmore, aged about 21 years, and a son of W. N. Whitted, aged 13 or 14, started out hunting; at 12 o'clock, being tired, they laid down in a shade with their guns by them, and hearing some rustling among the leaves, both started up suddenly, taking hold of their guns and perhaps cocking them.

A Woman passing as a Man for Forty Years. A most extraordinary revelation was made at an inquest recently, held at the corner of Safford, England. The body of a man was found in the street at Mode Wheel, on the river Irwell, and in the evening an inquest was held. On inquiry, it was found that the deceased, who went by the name of Henry Stokes, was in fact a woman; that she had worked as a brick-setter for about a quarter of a century—during that period—had kept a beer shop in Manchester during the early part of her career, but in every way conducted herself as a man. The jury, after an examination, returned a verdict of "found drowned."

The Duty of Southern Men.

Instead of widening the breach which has hitherto divided the two great parties of the country; instead of laying about to the charge of a brother, or exasperating him with a rehearsal of the inconsistencies into which his youth, his inexperience or his zeal might have led him, it is the duty of Southern men, of all parties, to cultivate a more fraternal feeling, foster a closer union, and as brothers, bound together by the one great motive of maintaining their constitutional rights, to stand unflinchingly by each other through the coming struggle, of 1860.

The day has passed for Southern men to talk of parties. The days of Banks, of Tariffs and Distribution have passed, and with them, passed the reign of reason. These are the dark days of the Republic, the gloom of which surpasses even the gloom of the American Revolution, when stouter hearts than ours quailed amid the conflict.

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