

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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

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

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 fearful 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,' she said, sadly.

Charlie smiled at the little lady's half indignant expression, and told her not to mind it, it was very natural in the kind-hearted old gentleman, and then the two set vigorously to work planning a campaign, by which they should secure a sanction to their engagement, which had been already of five months standing.

So it was all decided that next day after dinner, a time when the most of men are usually in a good humor with themselves and the world at large, Charlie should boldly call on the dreaded uncle in his own den of a library, and honestly open up the weighty matter; make full confession of his love for his lovely niece, and wind up with asking the trifling favor of her hand in marriage.

'So, Miss 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!

'Poor Fanny could hardly see that an answer was expected to this flattering remark, so that she only looked down and folded away very diligently at her crumpled cambric handkerchief.

'Not any such thing, sir,' said the little beauty, reddening indignantly; 'Charlie does not expect or wish a dowry with me. All he asks is your approval; and the bright eyes looked down again on the tiny plaits laid in the handkerchief.

'My approval of your jumping off the dock into the East River! that would be just about as sensible. Rather more so, should say, than for that precious young gentleman to ruin his prospects for life by setting up housekeeping with a little school miss, who cannot even make a biscuit. What earthly thing do you know, pussy, about keeping house? You would ruin Master Charles in one year.'

'Why, Uncle Enos, it is the most unreasonable thing in the world!—Charlie can afford to keep a cook always. He would never wish me to cook a dinner.

'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. What will you do in the meantime? not fast, I hope.

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

'Charles will love them just as well, if he loves them at all, and better too, because you make the sacrifice on his account.'

'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. If I give my little adopted daughter away to any body, she shall be a gift worth having.'

'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. I will give you seven dollars per month, and put a new carpet on the kitchen in the bargain.'

'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. If not, I expect I shall pack up and elope by to-morrow, taking the eastern train going to Boston before you get a chance to look round.'

'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.'

Fanny persevered day after day, working systematically; she found the mountain gradually dwindling to the mole-hill, and with such strong incentive to labor, she succeeded far beyond her expectations or those of her uncle. In a marvelously short time she was pronounced by the experienced house-keeper, to be mistress of the art, and only required practice to perfect her accomplishments. She had enjoyed the work for its novelty, and, as she could leave it or take it up when she chose, she took good care not to exert herself.

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. But he loved the dear girl, who was willing to do so much for him, all the better for her brown hands; and the rosy cheeks grew brighter every day. The exercise was a vast benefit to Fanny, and so she ever regarded it in after years.

At length the important dinner came off, and the success was complete. The roast ducks were 'done to a turn,' scalloped oysters and vegetables most delicately prepared. The jellies and pickles were properly placed in the opposite corners; the boiled turkey was accompanied by boiled tongue, and everything else in perfect order. The dessert was delicious, and the whole was as complete as the most famous French cook could have served up. Uncle Enos was much gratified to give his pretty niece a diploma, which he did that very evening, with a handsome marriage settlement of a thousand a year in the bargain.

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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, 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.

Although this growth has been so unexpected and astonishing, it is easily traceable to a sufficient cause. Indeed, to our mind, had not the city grown to its present size, under the many circumstances favorable to it; or should it not grow quite as rapidly to still more magnificent proportions, there would have been greater cause of wonder, than that she has grown to be what she is.

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? or, have shared the prosperity and distinction with her.

Thus, rivers were formerly regarded as the feeders of cities; and 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. Is it any more strange that towns should spring up and grow along the lines of Railroads, than upon the banks of rivers? Is it not reasonable that at the terminus of a Railroad a want of trade should grow up, just as at the mouth of a river? Should we find no city at or near where several rivers formed a junction, which flowed through a fertile and populous country, would we not be very much surprised, even should the location be detrimental to health? Why, then, should we be surprised to see a city suddenly spring up and grow rapidly, which is situated at the terminus of one or more long Railroads, or at the junction of several, all of them bearing trains daily,

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 momentary 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. He was a man of insinuating address, and could "bring in" with almost any body. During his sojourn in our city he borrowed small sums from several, bought a suit of clothes on credit from Messrs. Rosenthal & Poole, and ordered and had cut a fine suit at Mr. Thomas Callan's tailoring establishment. A gentleman who had seen the rascal in Charlotte county, Va., some time in March last, and there learnt something of his character, cautioned several of our citizens against him, and this coming to his ears, he armed himself with a bludgeon, and taking with him two or three other men into whose friendship he had ingratiated himself, started out in pursuit of the gentleman who had exposed him. The gentleman hearing that he was being sought after by the scamp, and apprehending that so desperate a villain might attempt to assassinate him at night, he took out a peace warrant against him and had him arrested, but finally withdrew the complaint upon condition he would leave the city forthwith. So he left the city the same day, going in the direction of Henderson. This was on Wednesday last. It was fortunate for him that he left so opportunely, for on Saturday, a gentleman, Capt. Geo. W. Edmonds, arrived here in search of him. It seems that he had been operating in Wilmington more extensively than he did here. There he represented himself as Robt. E. Harvey, and professed to be the son of Mr. Harvey, President of the Richmond and Danville Railroad. In Wilmington, we learn from Capt. Edmonds, he put up at the Carolina Hotel, and registered his name as "Robt. E. Harvey, of Richmond, Va." Capt. E. who found the impostor at the said Hotel on his arrival there, and seeing him apparently familiar with every body about the hotel, being a stranger himself, supposed that Frazer, alias Harvey, was well known to the community, and that he was a wealthy young man, from the liberal manner in which he treated to champagne, &c. Frazer, alias Harvey, was not long in introducing himself to the Captain, and soon after doing so asked a loan of ten dollars, which the Captain let him have. Shortly after, Frazer asked the Captain to take a walk with him, and taking Captain E. to Messrs. Hines & Domler's tailoring establishment, showed him a fine suit of clothes he was having made, and generously recommending the tailors, advised the Captain to give them an order himself. The Captain accordingly gave them an order for a vest.

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.—When the Captain found he had vanished, he went in every direction in pursuit of him, to Weldon, Newbern, &c., and finally came to Raleigh, where he learned that he had probably gone to Henderson. The undaunted Captain pursued him thence and found him in the Hotel, but ere he could lay hands on him, the wily impostor darted through the back door, and escaped his pursuit. While in Wilmington, we learn, he forged a check on Mr. Fremont, the Superintendent of the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad, but the broker to whom he presented it, suspecting it was not genuine, refused to cash it.

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. He is about 5 feet 11 inches in height, of fair complexion, and generally keeps his face clean shaved.

The Strongest Man in the World. "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. This extraordinary young man only weighs one hundred and forty two pounds, and is but 25 years old. If he keeps increasing his strength as he has the past year, by the time he is thirty he will be, indeed, a "Sampson!" This young man is not only physically strong, but has an intellect equal to his extraordinary muscular powers. He is a giant in more ways than one, and is surely destined to astonish the world.

Crittenden and John Brown.

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. But the Black Republican press did more than express their approbation. They were jubilant with delight; they rioted in the scene of slaughter; not one voice of commiseration, not one tear of sympathy, in all their ranks, but from every eye beams of delight, from every voice shouts of triumph.

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. We do not justify now, as we never have justified, that foray into the territory of a peaceful neighbor. We have always believed, and we now believe more than ever, that the South ought to make a friend and not an enemy of Spain, and draw close the bonds of an entente cordiale between ourselves and an ingenious, gallant and hospitable people, who possess institutions and characteristics, in many respects resembling those of the people of our own sunny clime.

But these thoughtless and adventurous young men, instigated and assisted by the agents of Northern capitalists, whose commerce is more interested than the South can possibly be in the acquisition of Cuba, all expatriated their bold and mid-day invasion with their blood, and the press which now sympathizes with the midnight incendiary with a shout of satisfaction. Crittenden and his companions had no trial by jury, no opportunity of defence, no leisure to prepare for another world; but each and every one was shot down at once under martial law. Brown, even, according to his own showing, has had a fair trial; he has been permitted to have counsel of his own from the Northern States, he has been allowed to make incendiary speeches in his own defence, and having been tried and convicted in the process of law, he was not hung up at once as he deserved, but his execution deferred for thirty days, and during the interval he is treated, according to his own declarations, with a humanity and tenderness that render it unnecessary even for his own wife to be at his side. Yet, the eyes that looked with stony glare upon the pool of youthful blood in Cuba, are now dropping floods of hypocritical tears over this man's fate, and the voices that were then heard only in exultation, are now howling like wild animals that have lost their mates. Finally, the age, character and bearing of most of the filibusters might have elicited the sympathy even of those who approved their doom. Crittenden, a mere boy, full of manly and ingenuous impulses, leaving behind him fond and dear hearts at his fireside, and allied by blood with one of the most national of American statesmen and eloquent of American orators, with a long life of usefulness, and distinction before him, shot down in the very morning of his life, and dying like a hero, without one word of complaint or one prayer for human mercy—ah, that was a sweet-smelling sacrifice to the demon of abolition. But this old Brown, this common horse-thief and murderer, this plottor of the most horrible crimes and bloodshed among an unoffending people, this veteran sinner who has nothing to offer justice but the wreck of an ill-spent life—he is a hero, he is a martyr, he is a dying apostle; nay, in the language of that disgusting pedant and blaspheming infidel, Ralph Waldo Emerson, "he converts the gallows into a cross."—Richmond Dispatch.

A Woman passing as a Man for Forty Years.

A most extraordinary revelation was made at an inquest recently, held at the corner for Salford, 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—that she had been twice married 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 a examination, returned a verdict of "found drowned."

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. As they rose young Whitted's gun fired—the whole load entering Gilmore's stomach and passing up towards his left shoulder and lodged there. This was the only testimony given to the jury of inquest, and was the declaration of young Gilmore before his death which happened a short time after dark; his extreme suffering caused the examination to be brief.

The writer says: "It is not exactly known how the accident occurred, but they were evidently some steps apart." Gilmore was thought at first to have had hold of the gun, but from the scattering of the shot, it must have been otherwise. There were over 31 distinct shot holes. The jury rendered the verdict of death, by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of James McK. Whitted.

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. Fanaticism—a fanaticism worse than that which deluged France with the blood of thousands—has taken possession of one portion of our peaceful and happy country, and already the blood of innocent men has been shed, on the soil of that State which gave birth to the immortal Washington.—That soil has been polluted by sworn rebels against our Country's laws, engaged in inciting and encouraging a civil and a servile war, while Senators and Members of Congress, in the Northern States, have openly and repeatedly expressed their sympathies for the rebels. The Government has been set at defiance; treason and the doctrines of a "higher law-irrepressible conflict" have invaded the very storehouse of the nation, and, with the assassin's war-hoop, have frightened the peaceful and unsuspecting citizen from his mid-night slumbers, to find himself the captive of an armed insurrection.

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.

This is no time for sectional quarrels—this is no time for local broils, nor is it any time for brothers bound together by the same great interests, to be at variance. We must be a unit. The South must forget the minor differences which once marked the dividing line between the two great parties of the country, and rally to the support of those true men, of the North who have thus far braved the storm of fanaticism and risked their all for the sake of the Union and the Constitution.

There are conservative men at the North, and with them we should act, whether we be democrats, american, or whig, for, if the Union is preserved it will be the result of the combined wisdom of Northern conservatism and Southern unanimity.—Dem. Press.