

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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

Vol. III.

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No. 1.

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

Poetry.

"We will Meet in the Morning."

"We will meet in the morning," A dying child said. To the loved ones who gathered In grief round her bed...

Fairies All the Time.

Some ask where the fairies hide themselves When winter's snows are spread, When smiling daisies droop and die...

Salisbury Market—Feb. 14 1859.

Table with market prices for various goods like Apples, Raisins, Coffee, etc.

Miscellaneous.

Did Gen. Jackson use cotton bales to defend the American lines at the battle of New Orleans? This is announced by the Delta in giving an account of an incident with which the name of the late Gen. Planché was connected...

The Wife.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious As are the comforted comforts of a man...

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune...

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is riddled by the thunderbolt...

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection...

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl...

"Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale." The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination...

It was the misfortune of my friend, however, to have embarked his property in large speculations; and he had not been married many months, when, by a sudden succession of disasters it was swept from him...

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better."

The disclosure may be mortifying, but then it is a single misery, and soon over, whereas you otherwise suffer it, in anticipation, every hour in the day.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I heard him through I inquired, "Does your wife know all this?"

"And why not?" said I. "She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her, and the intelligence may break in upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself..."

"Oh, but my friend! to think what a blow I am to give to all her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar!"

"I saw his grief was eloquent, and I felt it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When his paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject..."

"I could be happy with her," cried he, convulsively, "in a hovel! I could go down with her into poverty and the dust! I could—God bless her—God bless her!"

"And believe me, my friend," said I, stepping up, and grasping him warmly by the hand, "believe me, she can be the same with you. Ay, more: it will be a source of pride and triumph to her..."

"I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one whose life has been a round of pleasures?"

"Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms round my neck and asked if this was all that had lately made me unhappy. But, poor girl," added he, "she cannot realize the change we must undergo."

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Some days afterward he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling-house, and taken a small cottage in the country, a few miles from town.

"I will go over and see Amelia this evening," said Mrs. Glover, "and congratulate her upon her husband's success."

"I am afraid that Amelia is growing selfish and capricious. What more can a woman desire than she has?—Two lovely children, and a handsome, talented husband, who is devoted to her."

"Well, Amelia, this tiresome canvass is over at last and I am the successful candidate. Are you not glad, my dear? and stooping he pressed a kiss upon her lips."

"Oh! but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable."

"After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look."

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come! I have been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them—"

"An exchange says that 'in the absence of both editors, the publisher has succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper that week.'"

The Politician's Wife.

By Laura Lincolnton.

"Well, wife, our Representative to Congress is elected at last. Pretty tough work, though, we've had during the canvass. I always prophesied that Henry Faulkner was destined to make his mark in the world."

"How proud his wife must be of him," returned Mrs. Glover. "When they married five years ago he had nothing but his profession, and now, by industry and perseverance, he is in comfortable circumstances, and member of Congress elect."

"Yes, he is not yet thirty, and there is no office to which he may not aspire, for his talents are unquestioned. Doubtless Mrs. Faulkner thinks that she has drawn a high prize in the matrimonial lottery."

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ly deceived, and Amelia perceived that her husband was fast yielding himself a slave to the fatal habit of strong drink. Tearfully and earnestly did she remonstrate with him. His only reply was: "Oh, pshaw, Amelia, you don't know anything about it. I am obliged to treat the people, in order to get their votes. Only wait until this election is over, and I will be as sober and steady as you can wish."

And with this the poor wife was compelled to be satisfied, hoping that her fears had exaggerated the danger, and that all would yet turn out well. She looked forward with impatience to the 'day of March'—the first Monday in August. And now she saw that her husband, once launched upon the ocean of public life, would no longer consider himself as belonging to his family, but to his country.

The result transcended her worst fears. He was brought home that night by some of his companions, in a state of complete intoxication. Year after year rolled on, and the noble, high-minded Henry Faulkner had fallen from his high estate. 'Not in the public estimation, though; for other offices of distinction had been bestowed upon him, and the newspapers, far and wide, rang with praises of his superior talent and eloquence. The fatal stimulant had become habitual to him, but familiarity had deadened its effect, and it was seldom that he allowed himself to be overcome by it. But the heart-broken wife at home, whose household gods had been rudely thrown down, she felt the change from the tender, chivalrous husband of old, to the cold, coarse, moody, tyrannical mate of later years.

The above is no fiction, but the 'ever true' story of a young man, whose love of drink originated in the custom of political treating; grew and became confirmed by it, and ended finally in the blighting of his family's happiness, and the ruin of his own character.

When will such things have an end? Never, we fear, till the ruin of our country's liberties, to which they rapidly tend, shall be accomplished.

An Alleged Forger Captured—A Rival of Monroe Edwards. A man known as Colonel Cross, said to belong to the South, was brought to Philadelphia on Monday from Pittsburg, on a bench warrant, to answer one or more bills of indictment, in which he is charged with forging bank checks. The Ledger says: "The accused is implicated in forgeries perpetrated in most of the cities from New Orleans to Boston, by which large sums were obtained from banking institutions. Genuine checks, from which the forgeries were made, were, it is said, obtained by purchasing, after bank hours, a small bill, and presenting a fifty or a hundred dollar bank note in payment, with the remark that if it was not convenient to give the change, a check for the balance would do. Several forged checks for large amounts were paid at the counters of Philadelphia Banks, among them the Philadelphia, Farmers and Mechanics, Consolidation, and Northern Liberties. The amount obtained in this city reached about ten thousand dollars. It is understood that the indictments against Cross were founded upon the disclosures made by Adolph Bishop now under conviction here. The accused has the reputation of being one of the most skillful penmen in the country, and the checks he is charged with forging were so well executed that their character was not discovered until the perpetrator had fled.

The Pittsburg Chronicle gives the following account of his career in that city: "He left Philadelphia some time ago, and learning on Saturday that he was stopped in this city, officers Wood and Schlemm were ordered hither with a warrant for his arrest. Arriving in the city, they waited on the mayor, and after informing him of the nature of their business, he promised them any assistance they might require in the accomplishment of their object. Officer Riddle was instructed to find out where the fugitive stopped, and was not long in tracing him to one of our principal hotels, where, with his mistress, and a negro, purchased some time ago, at an expense of \$2,000, he was leading a life of ease and luxury. Riddle, after learning all he cared to know, hurried back to the office, and informing the detectives that he had discovered the whereabouts of the man, he was at once resolved to make the arrest. Visiting the hotel, they found the negro and the lady in their room, apparently the happiest couple in the world. Both were placed under arrest, and the gentleman himself making his appearance some time after, he too was taken into custody. The parties, it would appear, came to the city on the 2d of the present month, and have been stopping here since. Cross, the principal, is a heavy-built man, with huge black whiskers, and an appearance of undoubted respectability. He dressed elegantly, and was altogether, as fine a specimen of a solid, well-to-do gentleman as you could pick up anywhere.

The negro, whose name was Robert, Bunnell alias Smith, was nearly white, and pink his master, dressed in the very like of fashion. So little of African blood has he in his veins that he was regarded as a white man at the hotel, and it was only after his arrest that the proprietor discovered that the individual on whom he had been lavishing such attentions for the past two weeks was neither more nor less than a slave. His master treated him at all times as his equal. They visited the restaurants in company, playing billiards together, and associated at all times on terms of perfect equality.

The lady was by all odds the most interesting of the three. Young and beautiful, she dressed in a style of magnificence that rendered her an object of general attention on the streets, and made her the cynosure of every eye. Her crinoline was more expansive, her cloak of a newer cut, and her dress of richer material than the most fashionable of our city belles, and wherever she appeared she became the subject of the most unqualified admiration. She took her arrest very coolly, declaring, with a woman's devotion, that she cared not for herself in the matter, but for him whose happiness was the nearest and dearest wish of her heart. Her name is given as Catharine Cross, and it is believed that she sails from the South. She is a most intelligent and interesting woman, and it is a pity that her destinies should be linked with those of a man charged with the crimes imputed to her protector.

Notwithstanding the number of forgeries attributed to Cross, but very little money was found with him when arrested, and nothing that would tend to implicate him in the offenses laid to his charge. He had but \$50 altogether, and part of that went to pay his bill at the hotel.

Contrast Between the Celestials and Common Mortals. One of the missionaries in China shows up the following 'theys' and 'wes'.

"The Chinese parents decide whom the wives for their sons, and select their daughters shall marry. Their badge of mourning is white, and their funeral cards are written with blue ink. They vote for the dead by proxy, and select a burying place for the departed by the aid of one who makes that his profession. We read horizontally; they perpendicularly. We read from left to right; they from right to left. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they put on their caps. We blackball our boots; they whitewash theirs. We compress the waist; they the feet. We give the place of honor on the right; they on the left. We speak of North-West; they of West-North. We say the needle of the compass points North; they to the South. We shake the hand of a friend in salutation; they shake their own. We locate the understanding in the brain; they in the belly. Our officials designate their office or rank by a star on the breast or epaulets on their shoulders; they by a button on the apex of their caps. We page our books at the top; they on the margin. We print on both sides of the leaf; they upon one. We place our foot-notes at the bottom of the page. We mark the title of a book on the back of the binding; they on the margin of the leaf. In our libraries we set our volumes up; they lay their's down. We keep our wives in the parlor; they keep theirs in the kitchen. We put our daughters to school; they put theirs to service. We propel our canal boats by horses and steam; they pull theirs by men. We take our produce to market by Railroad; they take theirs on men's shoulders. We saw lumber, and grind flour by steam and water power; they do it by human muscle. We turn a thousand spindles and fly a hundred shuttles without a single hand to propel it; they employ a hand for each. We print by power-press and metal type; they on wood blocks, with a hand-brush. We worship God; they offer incense to the devil.

Food for the Horse. A correspondent of the American Stock Journal says that oats and corn in equal parts, ground, are considered the best food for horses in this country. Rye, in proportion of one-third, ground with oats and corn is economical. There is no grain known which contains so much nutriment, chemically, to sustain the animal frame, as the three kinds above named. So far as economy is concerned, much depends on the relative value of the grains used; but generally oats and corn have an intrinsic value over other grain of from 20 to 25 per cent. equal weight. Corn meal and mill feed is fed to horses with good results, by keepers of stage and heavy horses with hay and straw cut fine, wet and well mixed before feeding. Carrots and other roots fed in moderate quantities are good, and conduce much to the health of horses that are worked every day. Bran should never be fed to a horse except in the form of a mash. If given dry, it becomes impacted in the intestines and forms a stoppage to the passage of the ingesta. If a horse has been without food for a longer time than is usual exhausted, having digested the food in