

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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

Vol. III.

Statesville, N. C., Friday, March 2, 1860.

No. 13.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING. One Dollar a square for the first week...

Poetry.

Lo-re-Ley.

This is a wild and thrilling story, I heard it many a day. A legend of long passed ages, The song of Lo-re-Ley.

Miscellaneous.

Good Out of Evil.

The effect of John Brown's invasion of Virginia, has been to place the South in a state of greater reliance on its own resources, industry and independence...

Beauty of Woman.

Beauty has been called the power and aim of woman. Diogenes called it woman's most forcible letter of recommendation.

This is Life.

If we die to-day, the sun will shine as brightly and the birds sing as sweetly to-morrow.

The Lime Tree Spring.

AN ENGLISH CLERGYMAN'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

In the spring of 1836 I was appointed Curate in Stetford cum-Barton a pretty little village in the country of Hampshire, bordering on the outskirts of the Cathedral city of Winchester.

It was a quiet place enough. My congregation consisted mostly of farmers and farmer's wives, who came across the fields to church in their clean smock frocks and bright red cloaks, as regularly as the bell began to ring...

CHAPTER II.

'Then it is your favorite place of resort.' 'Otto and I are here every day if it is pleasant. I am not strong enough to walk very much; but the doctor thinks it does me good to sit in the sunshine—and here I have it full upon me; yet tempered pleasantly.'

nough to see this pretty place before dinner,' she said, making room for me on the stone bench at her side. 'I was hoping you would come this morning, indeed, I stationed myself here that you might not pass by my favorite haunt without rendering it due homage.'

'Then it is your favorite place of resort.' 'Otto and I are here every day if it is pleasant. I am not strong enough to walk very much; but the doctor thinks it does me good to sit in the sunshine—and here I have it full upon me; yet tempered pleasantly.'

'Have you been ill then?' She looked up with a gentle smile. 'It is not so much that I have been, Mr. Stuart, I fear, as that I am going to be.'

'I do not quite understand you.' 'My mother died soon after I was born, of consumption—all our family die of it—and generally very young,' she said, in a trembling voice, bending over Otto's silver collar to hide the moisture of her eyes.

'I took her hand. She did not withdraw it, though she colored. 'Miss Erswell—Caroline, if I may call you so—before I promise, I must say one thing. I have had a dream for years; yesterday, for the first time I ventured to hope it might be realized. If I am thrown often into your company, will it grieve you much if you leave one heart the more behind to mourn for you?'

'I shall have one more to pray for in Heaven, that will be all,' she murmured. 'Caroline, is there no hope of a long and happy life before you?'

'None. If there had been I could not have spoken thus to you at our first meeting. But when the grave lies so near it matters little how sincere I am. And if it will draw you nearer to my poor father, know that I too have had my dream; and I recognized you, as you seem to have known me, at the very first.'

'A curl of her shining, chestnut hair was blown just then across my breast, by a passing breeze. I pressed it to my lips; it was the mute sign of a betrothal, as strange as it was delicious. She smiled, sadly.'

'Mr. Stuart, when I am gone it shall be yours. I have but a little while before me. When the first leaf falls, (for I have made the good doctor speak plainly to me,) I shall begin to fade; and the last leaf, I suppose, will lie upon my—'

'I cannot hear you say it, Caroline,' I pleaded. 'Ah, but you must help, not weaken me, in this trial,' she said, sweetly. 'I depend upon you. I want your hand to cling to as I go down into the dark valley, for I do not mind telling you that I dread death very much.'

After the Squire had been informed of her danger, and there was no longer any need of bearing up in order to cheat his anxious eye, she seemed to sink rapidly. There was no anguish in her decay—she faded day by day before our eyes, as a flower might fade—she went gradually from among us, as a full chord of music dies upon the harp—echoing loudly at first, and then fainter and fainter till all is silent.

'The first leaves had long fallen—the cold winds of November were blowing around the Hampshire hills. People prophesied a winter of unusual severity—when in the very midst of storm and gale, came a day or two like summer, with the balmy air and soft blue sky of June. On the first of these, Caroline called me to her sofa just after breakfast.'

'Philip, is Mr. Addison coming to-day?' 'He will be here in an hour, my darling.' 'Sit down here beside me, then,' and she made room for me close beside her pillows, and took both my hands in hers. 'You must not be surprised at what I am going to say—I have a fancy that I shall not see the sun set to-night. No—do not speak above all, do not weep—or I cannot ask something of you.'

'I was quite still. 'You remember that my father wished you to be really his son?' 'Yes.' 'I wish it too, now.' 'My Carrie!'

'That boon was wrung from the cold hand of Death, and yet how precious it was. She let me fold her in my arms and kiss her as I had never done before. 'Listen Philip, she said, 'in Heaven we know there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage. Such a tie as would be dear to both of us, is only for the earth—and I think it would comfort you too.'

'It will at least give me liberty to mourn for you openly, while I live.' 'You will speak to Mr. Addison and to my father.'

'Ask my father for my mother's wedding ring; he has always worn it since her death, and then let it be buried with me. There must be no more such brides—his mission will end to-day. And, Philip, send my maid to me—I must be dressed.'

'How soon shall it be, Carrie?' 'When Mr. Addison comes. The sooner the better, dear Philip.' She called me back as I reached the door, to express a wish to receive the holy communion at the same time, in company with her father and myself. I promised, and having sent a servant with a note to the house, requesting Mr. Addison to come prepared for that solemn rite, I went in search of the Squire. For the next hour all was silent in the house. We were 'proving' ourselves, that so we might eat worthily of that bread, and drink of that cup.'

'When they came for me, I found Carrie sitting up in a great arm chair, dressed in white, and with a lovely color in her cheeks. So strong did she seem that I had hoped she might yet be spared. By her side sat the Squire, his face beaming with pleasure, and the old doctor stood near his eyes fixed upon a painting of the Mater Dolorosa that hung upon the temporary altar that had been erected. I took the place assigned me, and the service commenced. Half an hour passed, and Carrie laid her head upon the pillow with a beautiful smile. I bent down and kissed her cheek. I had the right to do it—a plain gold ring glittered on her finger, and she was my wife!

'I feel so well—so strong—so happy,' she said eagerly. 'Doctor, I think you were mistaken, the end cannot be yet. Father—Philip—let me lean upon you and walk to the window. I am so tired of being wheeled about.'

bath chair; for no servant was to draw her on that occasion; and came racing back with it like a couple of boys. I wrapped her carefully in furs, and placed Otto in her arms after she was seated. The doctor brought a glass of wine and made her drink it; then we all set out.

'Two such ponies as I have got, Otto,' she said playfully. 'And two such outriders,' she added, looking up at the doctor and me walking on either side. We reached the fountain at last, and wheeling the bath chair close to its brim, so that she could look into its clear depths, we gathered close around her.

'Oh, it is beautiful!' she exclaimed. 'Look at the brown of yonder hills and the blue of that sky. There are no green leaves now, Philip.' 'But the air is soft and mild; we shall not have a heavy winter, after all, I trust.'

'There was a dead silence. No one could answer her, for we all felt that she was soon to know. The fountain flashed and bubbled; a light breeze swayed the tree tops; suddenly the dog whined, and I heard my name uttered. I bent over her. 'Your curl, Philip. Give me a knife.'

'The doctor gave her his. She raised it feebly, severed the glossy tress, and then her hand fell—there was one look of love for us all, and the blue eyes closed. 'Stand back,' said the doctor, gravely, as the Squire tried to restore her. 'I saw how it was before she came—it was her last wish and I would not thwart it. But she has gone forever.'

Senator Bigler's Bill to Punish Invasion of a State or Territory. The following is a synopsis of Mr. Bigler's bill, submitted in the United States Senate, in reference to the invasion of a State or Territory: 'The first section provides that whenever any State or Territory is invaded or in imminent danger of invasion from external or internal forces, it will be lawful for the President to call out the militia of the State or States nearest to the point of danger; and also to employ the land or naval forces of the United States. Section second provides that any person actually engaged or participating in any way in a hostile military expedition from one State or Territory against another, shall be adjudged guilty of treason and suffer death. Section third provides that any person having knowledge of such treason and shall neglect to disclose the same at the earliest moment, shall be adjudged guilty of misprision of treason, and shall be fined not exceeding one thousand dollars, and shall be imprisoned not over seven years. Section fourth gives power to the President to seize and detain any vessel fitted out by one State against another for hostile purposes. Section fifth provides that any materials, arms, value, etc., found in such vessel shall be forfeited—one half to the government and the other half to the informer. Section sixth provides that any person furnishing or providing means or money for such hostile expedition, shall be deemed guilty of felony and fined not over three thousand dollars, and imprisoned not over ten years. Section seventh provides that any person enlisting himself or procuring others to enlist shall be deemed guilty of felony and fined three thousand dollars and imprisoned ten years. Section eighth provides that any person fitting out or procuring to be fitted out, any ship or vessel for such hostile expedition shall be fined ten thousand dollars and imprisoned ten years. Section ninth provides that any person accepting or exercising a commission for such hostile service shall be fined three thousand dollars and imprisoned ten years.

Whig National Committee. The Whig National Committee appointed at the Baltimore Convention in 1856, is composed as follows:— Francis Granger, N. Y.; G. L. Potter, Mississippi; B. Silsbee, Massachusetts; D. Kimberly, Connecticut; E. A. Holt, Alabama; L. Anderson, Ohio; J. E. Blythe, Indiana; C. Roselius, Louisiana; W. Robertson, Virginia; Moncure Robinson, Pa. John T. Stewart, Illinois; B. L. Wright, Florida; M. A. Holbrook, Arkansas; John H. Bryan, North Carolina; James W. Jones, Georgia; C. G. McChesney, New Jersey; W. H. Barr, Delaware; Edmund Cooper, Tennessee; Thornton Munsey, Mobile; J. Hanson Thomas, Maryland; Joshua F. Bell, Kentucky.

Arrested for Forgery. S. J. Piggott, doing business as a merchant in this place, was arrested for forgery by the Sheriff of Davidson county, on Sunday night last, and lodged in Lexington jail. He is accused of forging the names of Col. Wm. Henderson and Chas. Hoover, Esq., to a note deposited for discount in the Bank at Lexington. The officers of the bank suspected there was something wrong, from the similarity of hand writing in the signatures, and took the precaution to write to the endorsers, who denied all knowledge of the matter, whereupon, he was arrested. These are the facts as we have gathered them; we sincerely hope that investigation may place the affair in a different and more favorable light.—[High Point Reporter.

Non-Intercourse—Our Duty.

A great deal has recently been said, both by newspapers and the people, about discontinuing trade with the North, and the building up of Southern commercial towns. Whilst something has been done, if we may be allowed to believe the stopping of a few factories, and the dismissal of a great many clerks from the wholesale houses at the North an indication of the fact, we are nevertheless convinced that efforts have been made to take advantage of the present prejudiced state of the public mind, by directing trade to houses in Southern cities, who instead of importing and manufacturing their goods, purchase every article they have on their shelves direct from Northern houses and manufacturers. We should like to see the importing houses of Charleston, Richmond, New Orleans and other Southern cities patronized. It is the duty of Southern merchants to do so, and we believe that they will. But Southern merchants are not blind to the fact that the very houses who are saying most about non-intercourse, are the very ones that are carrying out the principle the least. Look at the recent card by the merchants of Charleston: One half may import their goods direct from Europe, but a glance at the list will convince the merchant that nearly every one of the Clothing houses, Shoe houses, Hat houses, and some other branches of the trade, procure every article they have from the North. Now, we would ask, in all candor, if it is any worse for a country merchant to buy his goods in New York than to buy from a man in Charleston who procures his goods from a Northern market? The difference, we think, is in favor of a direct purchase. How frequently does it happen that the country merchant and the Southern wholesale merchant are buying their goods at the same counter in New York, and so it will continue to be until Southern wholesale houses will foster and encourage their own or European manufactures? Let us have more Southern manufactures. Whenever our capitalists direct their attention to manufacturing instead of sending off to the North for everything to wear and everything to eat, we will find, just in proportion as capital is invested, the people of the South growing independent of the North. Whenever the Southern people learn to support their own mechanics and manufacturers they can then talk of Southern independence, and of their pride and patriotism, and not until then. There are hundreds and thousands of young men in the South who could be profitably employed, if there were openings for their labor. Establish boot, shoe and hat manufactures—erect machine shops, and other branches of industrial pursuits, and we will hear of no more young men leaving the South for the West because they could find no work to do.

It becomes the people of the South to encourage every effort to build up Southern men and Southern trade. Don't quit trading with the North to hire some one else to do it for you. We are not willing that Southern men should conduct their business in that sort of way. But go to work at once—in the right direction. Put up a shoe manufactory, and let us have the article made at home. The shoes will be bought. Hats made at the South will be worn. Ready made clothing can be made in the South, to look as well and wear as long, as if made in New Jersey. If our people would only wear the neat and substantial fabrics which can be made by themselves or their neighbors, hundreds of looms now idle would be put in operation, and thousands of our fair country-women might be profitably employed in the manufacture of homespun. The old ladies throughout the country would find sale for their socks, and stockings which have been made to give way for a flimsy Northern article, not half so good or half so cheap. In fact, whenever the Southern people learn to work for themselves, and patronize themselves, will they become independent.—[Geeville (S. C.) Enterprise.

The Democratic Newspapers. The following pleasant account of the Democracy and their newspapers is the work of one of the party—the Washington correspondent of the Raleigh Standard:— 'The politicians at this point are now giving themselves up, body and soul, to the work of furthering the interests of their respective friends, who aspire to a nomination at Charleston. When will the people take the control of such matters in their own hands, and not be the unconscious dupes and instruments of self-aggrandizing politicians? How long will they permit an irresponsible clique of politicians to determine for them who shall be their nominee? To one who has access to political circles here, and who has his eyes and ears open it appears as though Washington city was alone the point from which should be announced the Democratic Presidential nominee, and that the Charleston convention was but a packed concern; held subservient under certain pains and penalties to ratify the nomination of the man this self-constituted dictatorship of Wash-

ington city should present to them. The press is bought up—men's pens and brains bought and paid for, and used—meaning editorials are scattered broad-cast—north, east, south and west, declaring the popular voice in favor of a certain man. States which are known to be hostile to the candidates of these parties are represented as having a strong under-current, for him. The Vice-Presidency is held up as a temptation—men in doubtful States spoken of in connection with it and enlivened to the seventh heavens in the hope that the sugar coated pill will be taken, and these gentlemen use their influence in securing the votes of their respective States. Flaming editorials appear, for instance, in the Cincinnati Enquirer; to-morrow, and the next, and succeeding days the same editorial, differently worded, is exhibited in a New Hampshire, New York, Missouri and Georgia paper, representing the existence of an unexampled enthusiasm and strength of this particular candidate; the unsuspecting people bite at the gilded and tempting bait, thinking these editorials the honestly expressed convictions of their respective editors, while they are paid for in ready money or rich promises to be redeemed in the future. Trickery, intrigue and scheming seem to be the order of the day.'

'Dancing the Poken.' Well, that was to be a party at Squire Jones' as me and Sally Thomas was invited (Sally Thomas is my sweetheart, but don't tell nobody, cause she won't like it). I concluded to rig up my Sunday-go-to-meetings, and see Sal thar. Well, the nite cum, an Mam and Aunt Jane, they greased my hair, and tied my creckett, an rubbed me powerful fine, an very soon me and Sal wur thar in all our glory, anef I say it myself, there wur a nice pair of folks in the room. Sal, she had been to dancin-school fur sum time, an told me she wur going to dance the poken that nite, an I must do it fo. Well, you see I didn't know no more about the poken than I did about pleasin' law, but, ses I, I'm as smart as sum other folks, an' of Sal wur me to, I'll try, ef I bust—so you see, arter a while the poken wur to be dancet, an' Sal, says she, 'Pete, now's our turn,' and with that she an' I stepped out on the floor; Sal looking as sweet as sugar cane, with her red close on, and a patten' her foot, like a race nag waitin' for the drum tap. As fur me, I felt rather skeered like; my heart kep up a mity thumpin' agin my ribs, an' I felt bad generally. Thinks I, I'm in fur it now, an' bust my biler of I don't go thro; shure. Well, the old nigger fiddler at last got thro pokin' at his fiddle strings, giv a long pull at his bo, an we was off. The first thing Sal done was to make at me, like she wur gwine to run rite thro me; I dodged and made a pass at her, she dodged an' cum at me agin, with a sorter jigger; throwin' out sideways just one foot, then the other, an' I lyn' back like, while her hoops (durn the things) wur a whirlin' roun like a big balloon; she then hitched into me an' cavorted aroun' two or three times; me goin' roun like a top all the time. (It's mighty strong in the arms gals is.) Well, Sal next fotch a few billy-goats jumps, and then hopped up and down like a turkey on a hot griddle, and me all the time a doin' my best to look if I nood what it all wur fur; at last she clinched me agin and shuffled fust on one side and then the uther, till I hitched my darned foot in her hoops, and rip, rip, all the fore parts of her hoops wur lyn' about on the floor. You oder heard Bill Harris, an' Sam-an, Haul, and the boys holler; 'Bill kin out holler anybody, an' he wur a roin' his best.

Here's the devil to pay, ses I, but I can't help it, an' with that I tried to edge up alongside up Sal to beg pardon, but I'll tell you Sal was hot. 'Never mind, Mr. Sporum,' ses she (she always called me Pete afore that,) 'you never mind, (a shakin' her head and rollin' her eye at me) 'I'll not trouble you agin soon with my company.' I was floored, an' all because them infernal hoops wouldn't sta in the rite place. Well, it tux me a good month to make it up with Sal, but I done it, and I swore that if ever I danced 'poken' agin, I hopped the fool-killer would come and nock me in the head. I say so fit.

Lactation in the Human Race.

In vigorous women the secretion of milk is copious. The amount ordinarily furnished by a good nurse is from one and a half to two quarts daily, or from four to five pounds; but cases often occur in which two children receive abundant supplies from one mother, involving a secretion of eight pounds at least. An infant, three months old, will take from forty-eight to sixty-four fluid ounces daily, in six or eight half-pint doses. During the first year, therefore, he will take from one thousand to thirteen hundred pounds. In one thousand pounds of milk there are twenty-six ounces of salts, of which nine ounces are phosphate of lime. In thirteen hundred pounds of milk the salts amount to thirty-three and a half ounces; of which twelve ounces are phosphate of lime. It thus appears that during the first year, the child re-