

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

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

Vol. III.

Statesville, N. C., Friday, September 28, 1860.

No. 43.

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

Poetry.

Will You Remember Me?

Will you remember me? My gentle friend, When other skies above the bend, And other hands do press...

Social Circle.

We this week, with the members of the 'Circle' welcome our fair friend, MILDRED, from her 'Country Home'...

KIND CIRCLE: Honored as I have been with an invitation from one of your members, I too, would approach your 'musical Circle'...

The Broker and his Clerk.

Many a man who has become a hardened criminal might have been saved to society by a little tender sympathy and discriminate kindness...

The Bones of a Supposed Masterdon.

On the farm of William H. Harrison lying directly on the banks of James River, in the county of Prince George, there is an inexhaustible bed of marl...

Mother.

O, word of undying beauty! Thine echoes sound along the walls of time until they crumble at the breath of the Eternal. In all the world there is not a habitable spot where the music of that holiest word is not sounded...

My Husband.

My husband was all that was good, and noble and generous. I was often passionate and unreasonable. But he would take me to his bosom, kiss me so tenderly, and say so gently, 'You must subdue this unhappy temper, Aggy. It is making you so miserable.'

Notes on Japan.

One trait of Japanese character has evinced itself in a most emphatic manner, since foreign intercourse has been allowed, and that is, a willingness to be persuaded out of their own erroneous impressions; but when an error is made toward compelling, by using forcible or threatening language, they invariably stand on their dignity...

Notes on Japan.

So much were the Americans thought of here, that the Japanese government decided to send an Embassy to America, especially so when the Japanese were made aware of the fact that every attention would be shown to such a mission...

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Miscellaneous.

The Maniac's Confession.

A few years ago I visited an insane asylum. The woman in charge conducted me through various apartments, giving us all the information in regard to the occupants she was able, and kindly answering all the questions...

The Maniac's Confession.

My eyes involuntarily wandered over the apartment. A little table stood in the corner, beneath the grated window. A bible lay open upon it, and as I took it up a paper slid from beneath its leaves and fell at my feet. I raised it. It was a closely written sheet; and a glance convinced me that it was some sort of revelation which had been written there during the last hours of her life that had fled.

The Maniac's Confession.

'What is this?' I asked as I held up the paper. 'Oh, that is probably some of Aggy's scribbling. She used to call for the pen and paper, and she would write over several sheets and then destroy them. That is probably one of them—of no consequence, I presume,' said the woman.

The Maniac's Confession.

'I asked if I might retain it. 'Why, yes, if you wish to,' she replied. I hid it in my bosom, and soon left the premises. 'What could you possibly want of that crazy woman's scribbling?' my companion asked as we left the building.

The Maniac's Confession.

'I fancy there is something here worth preserving,' I replied. 'Let us examine it.' As we rode home I read it aloud to my friend. It was written in a trembling hand, and read as follows: 'I was the only idolized daughter of wealthy parents. I possessed a haughty and imperious temper which was never subdued or restrained. My parents were never religious and no pains were taken to impress upon my mind religious truths. Consequently, I grew up unprincipled and extremely passionate.'

The Maniac's Confession.

While every pain was taken with my education, and accomplishments, my heart was left to run wild, overgrown, and choked by the briars and thorns of selfishness and love of tyranny; yet I was passionately attached to my friends, and as long as they did not cross my imperious will I got on nicely with them. Thus I grew to womanhood. Chances threw me into the society of a young lawyer of distinguished abilities, who had begun what was predicted a brilliant career. I learned to love him with all the depth of my passionate and impulsive nature; and he came to me, and in elegant language told me how long and devotedly he had loved me, and asked me to be his wife.

The Maniac's Confession.

We were married. If I occasionally felt a twinge of distrust of my own qualifications for a wife, I soon silenced it with the argument that my love was strong enough to make up for all deficiencies. My husband was all that was good, and noble and generous. I was often passionate and unreasonable. But he would take me to his bosom, kiss me so tenderly, and say so gently, 'You must subdue this unhappy temper, Aggy. It is making you so miserable.'

The Maniac's Confession.

Then when he was gone I would fly to my chamber, lock the door, and give myself up to a fit of weeping for very shame. We had been married about a year. One evening (would to God I could blot from the record of time that fatal night; but it lives like a hissing, fiery serpent in my memory, and has doomed me to utter despair in this world, and I fear in next!) my husband did not return at the usual hour. I watched long at my accustomed place at the parlor window. His slippers and dressing gown were warming by the grate and everything was in readiness for him; but he did not come. Twilight deepened into darkness, and I began to grow uneasy. All my selfish feelings were aroused, and felt myself sorely grieved. An hour more; yet he came not. I paced up and down the floor in a fit of impatience. A ring at the door, I awaited to hear his steps upon the stairs; but it was a lighter step than his, accompanied by the rustling of silk. It was Nellie B—, an intimate friend, bounded in. She was dressed for the opera. She said her carriage awaited at the door for myself and Ernest. I told her Ernest had not returned from his office, and I could not go. She looked disappointed. A sudden thought seized me. Would not it be capital revenge for his neglect of me to find the

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Song.

Here ye not the voice of Summer Laughing among the balmy leaves? List ye not his lyric chorus Singing 'mid the golden sheaves? From the streamlets in the meadows, From the poplars high in air, Gushes forth the song of Nature. Earth is fair! Earth is fair!

Song.

Here ye not the glad music humming From the misty peaks of mountains? Out their glad and vasty choruses, In the purr of crystal fountains? Here ye not old ocean chanting Hoarsely from his savage lair; List ye not the lakelets singing, Earth is fair! Earth is fair!

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