

THE IREDELL EXPRESS,

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

Vol. III.

Statesville, N. C., Friday, October 5, 1860.

No. 44

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

BUSINESS CARDS.

WM. S. PATHE... HAS taken Rooms in the 'Stimontion House'...

DR. H. KELLY... Offers his professional services to the public.

DR. T. J. WITHERSPOON... HAVING located myself at the late residence of John Clark...

HAYNE DAVIS... ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, STATESVILLE, N. C.

WM. C. LORD, Attorney at Law, Salisbury, N. C.

W. H. WYATT, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Brushes, Window Glass, Varnish, &c., &c., &c., SALISBURY, N. C.

JAS. W. DRAKE, COMMISSION MERCHANT, No. 13 St. Louis Street, MOBILE, ALA.

Mrs. J. A. Vannoy, FASHIONABLE DRESS MAKER, Statesville, N. C.

J. SHELLY, MANUFACTURER OF LADIES' FINE SHOES, BOOTS & GAITERS, THOMASVILLE, N. C.

F. SCARR, Druggist & Apothecary, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

HENDERSON & ENNIS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in DRUGS, MEDICINES, and Chemicals.

GARDEN SEEDS, CLOVER AND GRASS SEEDS, PURE WINES AND LIQUORS, FINE SEGARS, TOBACCO, &c., &c., SALISBURY, N. C.

CARRIAGE MAKING, J. W. WOODWARD, Still at his Old Stand, on Broad street, a few doors East of the Public Square.

To Do All Kinds of Work, formerly done at the Establishment. All Repairing done on short notice.

FIRE INSURANCE, The Subscriber having been appointed Agent of the CHARLOTTE MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY Of Charlotte.

THE PUBLIC.—I take this method of informing all requiring Literary aid, that I will be pleased to revise MSS. and prepare it for publication.

WILLIE WARE, Agent, Aug. 31, 1860.

Poetry.

For the "Ire-Idell Express." Moonlight Musings. BY WILLIE WARE. The moonlight glimmers on the flowing bill...

To Henry L. Abbey. BY WILLIE WARE. Dear friend, to-night I wake my lyre, To seek a tone for thee...

Social Circle.

To the "Social Circle." DEAR CIRCLE!—Circumstances require that we should again make our appearance among you...

"Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven, will blossom the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels..."

Speaking of love and friendship—how frequently is friendship mistaken for love, or acted upon as if it were the same sentiment...

And shall we believe in the existence of nothing hidden from our eyes? Because we at times gaze on the volcano and perceive that the fire and lava pouring from its crater...

less constant than the openness of friendship or the unspoken language of the heart less strong than the words which friendship prompts.

It is not unwise and unsafe for so many to be walking life's path together, clasping wedded hands, trusting to the wavering, uncertain light of friendship, its dim taper never permitting them to know and understand perfectly each other?

Yes there is within your breast a spark which some hand can kindle, some breath fan into such a flame that no earthly power can ever extinguish it; by the light of which your way in life shall be illuminated with a constant brightness, your soul shall be warmed...

Willie Ware, we welcome you into our Social Circle and invite you to be seated. We would give you a seat beside ourself, but the one is occupied and the other is promised.

To Angus, I can only say that I am very much obliged to him for casting my horoscope. But what he means by "being posted in the usual way," I cannot imagine.

I am very, very sorry Mary L. could not give me a kindly greeting. The length of your letter was but a poor excuse. I would give you a word of cheer, and if Mr. Editor didn't like it, I would get care a fig!

To the lone Exile I send my kind sympathy and best wishes, hoping that we may hear from him soon and often.

To any and all who may have any inclinations to enter "Our Social Circle" we cordially invite to join us.

As one's moods generally reflect their surroundings, we will doubtless have the "spice of life" in our communications. We have been admirably entertained by the respective members of the "Circle" and their contributions...

Of "Pilgrim" and his journeyings, we hope to hear often, a grand soul speaks through his writings, and a sublime privilege to labor to benefit the great brotherhood of man.

our life's pathway, cause us instinctively to cry, "encore!" And shall we not more frequently hear from that far gorgeous land of the "Magnolia," of fragrant wild, and orange blooms, and deep myrtle shades...

Some member of the "Social Circle" will, we hope, commence a "war of words" with Angus; that if some of his propositions were adopted, doubtless the condition of the "Circle" would be ameliorated, while the interest in our contributions would be, decidedly, much enhanced.

We do not quite endorse Angus' idea of friendship, we deem it no "myth." What is friendship, we fully try to define.

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The hammer is the universal emblem of mechanics. With it are forged the sword of contention, and the ploughshare of peaceful agriculture, the press of the free, and the shackle of the slave.

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Miscellaneous.

A Woman's Bravery. The times shortly anterior to the revolutionary struggle, have given to history as bright instances of heroism as have shone upon our favored land before or since.

In the small town in which was situated Fort Henry, in Ohio county, Virginia, there lived at the time of which we write, a young girl, named Elizabeth Zane.

Elizabeth loved. There had come to the Fort, one in command of its forces, a young officer, who had become attached to Miss Zane, from the first moment that he beheld her.

At early dawn the next day, there arose upon the air a wild cry from a hundred throats, which startled all within the garrison, nerving the brave and intimidating the weak.

"List! do you hear that footfall?" The girl paused, and bent her ear to catch the sound, but without avail.

"List! again that sound! I cannot be mistaken. There is a 'red-skin' near us," he replied. "We must be cautious, or we may be surprised."

The tactics of the besiegers were now changed. As soon as their chief fell, a still wilder shout rent the air. They formed into file, and ran one by one past the dead body, indulging in the most demoralizing gestures, and brandishing their weapons towards the fort.

"We must make the best of our time," he urged, "else we may again be attacked. This warrior has not ventured alone near our Fort. You have saved my life, but the danger is not yet over. I may have to protect you."

found that the people were in a state of considerable alarm, at their protracted absence. They were addressed by one of the first settlers in the place, a sturdy, bold pioneer and hunter, who had passed the better portion of his life amid the hardships and privations of the frontier.

"Brave gal!" continued the pioneer, "She's just the help-meet for a soldier."

"I'll do it cap'n, and raise all the provender around the place. It'll be a seige of some duration. T'arnal death to my old head if I don't try to shoot some of these pizen sarjants."

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us to dispense with you. Some one else must make the dangerous attempt. Who shall it be? Miss Zane moved quietly away, and ere the leaders had decided upon the party who should make the venture, they saw her pass the gate, and hurry out upon the sward in front of them.

"Come back! For heaven's sake return or you are lost." Still the brave girl pressed on and reached the cabin. Just as she disappeared within the low door, the savages caught the first sight of her figure.

"Up here every one of you! As them sarjants approach the cabin let every man select his target and fire plum into his heart. One false shot and she is lost. Steady men—each cover an Injan!"

The wild crew were now darting forward—a simultaneous report rang from the muskets, every shot telling with fatal precision. The enemy had had reached the cabin, and meeting Miss Zane at the door, relieved her of her burden. This sight again gave a mad energy to the Indians. They pressed forward and were again met with the deadly bullets.

Pure Pleasure. Religion is rich with glad influences; for it is a principle infinitely varied—it presides over the different phases of human life, and sanctions and hallows them all.

They have fired every house in the town, insatiate wretches! exclaimed Lee.

"T'arnal death to my old head," the pioneer replied, "of that int so. Look my cabin is the only place safe—jab! see the chief himself is about to apply the torch to my humble roof."

"I forgot in my haste a key of ammunition that is stored under the floor of my cabin. That is the only house left standing. We must get that key or we are lost. I will get it for you."