

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One Dollar a square for the first week, and
Twenty-five Cents for every week thereafter.
Sixteen lines or less will make a square.
Reductions made in favor of standing mat-
ters as follows:
One square, 3 mos. \$3.50, 6 mos. \$5.00, 1 year, \$8.00.
Two squares, 7.00, 10.00, 14.00.
Three squares, 10.00, 15.00, 20.00.
When directions are not given how often
to insert an advertisement, it will be published
until ordered out.

BUSINESS CARDS.

HAS taken Rooms in the Simonton House where he will be pleased to wait on all who desire his Services.
W. F. DRAKE.

DR. H. KELLY
Offers his professional services to the public.
Office on College Avenue, opposite the
Methodist Church, Statesville, N. C.

DR. T. J. WITHERSPOON.
HAVING located myself in the Town of
Statesville, N. C., I offer my Professional Ser-
vices to the surrounding public.
T. J. WITHERSPOON, M. D.
January 27, '60 8:15

HAYNE DAVIS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
STATESVILLE, N. C.,
Will promptly and diligently attend to all
business entrusted to his care.
Office opposite the Jail. Oct. 22, '58.

WM. C. LORD,
Attorney at Law,
Salisbury, N. C.
WILL Practice and make prompt col-
lections in Rowan, Stanly, Iredell and Cata-
wba Counties. Office in the corner of Gov-
ern's Building opposite the Book Store.
June 22, '60. 22:45

W. H. WYATT,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils, Dye Stuffs, Brushes,
Window Glass, Varnish,
&c., &c., &c.,
SALISBURY, N. C.
Jan. 1, 1859—5:15

JAS. W. DRAKE,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 43 St. Louis Street,
MOBILE, ALA.
Jan. 21, 1859—7:45

Mrs. J. A. Vannoy,
FASHIONABLE DRESS
MAKER,
Statesville, N. C.
Receives monthly the French, English and
American Fashions.
33:60:15

J. SHELLY,
MANUFACTURER OF
LADIES' FINE SHOES,
BOOTS & GAITERS,
THOMASVILLE, N. C.
Which he sells at Wholesale &
Orders for Shoes by the quantity promptly
attended to.
nr16:60:15:15

F. SCARR,
Druggist & Apothecary
CHARLOTTE, N. C.
DRUGS, CHEMICALS, OILS,
WINDOW GLASS, &c.,
AT WHOLESALE
See advertisement in another place.
August 10, 1860. 15

HENDERSON & ENNIS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
DRUGS
MEDICINES,
And Chemicals,
Paints, Colors, Varnishes, Brushes, Win-
dow Glass, Putty, Dy-Stuffs, &c.,
Lancet, Lamp, and Machinery Oil, Kerosene
Oil and kerosene Fluid, Lamps of every
description, Perfumery and Toilet
Articles.
SALISBURY, N. C.
7:15

GARRAGE MAKING.
J. W. WOODWARD
Is established on Broad street,
a few doors East of the Public Square,
where he is prepared
To Do All Kinds of Work
formerly done at the Establishment.
All Repairing done on short notice, and in
a workmanlike manner. Interest charged
on Accounts after 1st January.
Feb. 27. 13:45

FIRE INSURANCE.
The Subscriber having been appointed Agent
of the
CHARLOTTE
MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY
Of Charlotte,
Will receive and forward Applications for
Insurance against Loss and
Damage by Fire, on the principles
of the Company.
The Company is doing a prosperous business.
No call has ever yet been made for an in-
statement on a premium note.
E. B. DRAKE,
Agent.
11:45

TO THE PUBLIC.—I take this op-
portunity of informing the public that I
will be pleased to revise MSS., and pre-
pare for publication, and will write Essays,
Fables, Sketches, Lines for Almanacs, &c.,
and poems on every subject, and Letters.
The utmost secrecy maintained. Address
WILLIE WARE,
Aug. 31, 1860. 33:45
Brooklyn, N. Y.

BLANKS FOR SALE HERE.

Poetry.

Lights and Shadows.

For the Iredell Express.
When our way is dark, and weary in the lonely hours of
night,
And across our pathway dreary gleams the lightning's
flashing light,
It darts and helters with its gorgeous, blinding ray,
As it breaks upon the scene like a sunbeam in 'midday;
It betrays the wide spread landscape with a bold, unerring
power,
Revealing, wide in midnight valley, stream, wood, hill and
tower;
Darker, drearier now than ever do we gazing out our way,
Lost, completely lost and startled; long we wait for returning
day,
Thus we sometimes wander—wary, misanthropic, and sad
kneel,
All around us bright eye flashing, not a glance to seek our
own;
Tired of life, and sore with sighing over joys once ours but
lost,
Leave us for a fitting greeting, or a once familiar friend,
While the past, with lightened shadows, thus is busy
with our heart,
Sudden hope lights up our pathway, some new joy to being
shared,
Wooing us with soft caresses, charming us with guileless
ways,
And we list with human weakness to the unmeaning
words of praise,
Floating hours are but as moments, weeks are shortened
into days,
While we thus entranced, bewildered, back in pleasure
Simeon's rapt;
Summer rays? Ah, yes! too truly summer rays—'tis right-
ly named;
Henceforth as the summer, succumb to cold win-
ter's claim;
For, while we trust, with sweet abandon, clouds come
floating up our sun;
Something new attracts our charms, some new pleasure
to be won;
Of the bright, cheerful affection, oh! the darkness of that
night, which the heart's grief and bleeding; like some lone
deserted town,
STATESVILLE, N. C., Oct. 21, 1860. P. C. CARLTON.

Miscellaneous.

DUDLEY GRAHAM.

BY MOLLIE MYRTLE.
'Dudley Graham! What a pretty name!
The speaker was a young girl
about fifteen years of age. Very pret-
ty she looked, with the glittering
fingers of the sunshine resting in her
curls; and the spring breezes kissing
the crimson of her dimpled cheeks.
'Tell me all about him, Robert,' she
continued, addressing a youth, who
stood near.
'You know I'm not good at word
portraits—but I'll bring him up this
evening,' returned the youth, moving
off.
'Will you, Robert? Oh! you dear,
good boy!' she entered a little
gate that led to the pretty brown cot-
tage where she lived. Robert Har-
wood was nineteen 'years old,' and
surely goodness and intellect were never
more united in one person than in
him. Jennie Mayburn tripped lightly
to the house with her young heart full
of Dudley Graham; but Robert Har-
wood moved slowly down the main
street of the little village and thought
of Jennie, blue-eyed Jennie Mayburn.
'I'm lame,' he murmured. 'She can
never love me, but Dudley Graham,
with his handsome form and bounding
step, can win what all my life I've
craved for. He will not prize the rich
treasure, but I, oh, and the boy ended
the sentence with a mute prayer for
strength. As only such natures can
love, Robert loved Jennie Mayburn,
and she saw it not, prized it not. Ah!
many a sweet cup of happiness is held
to our lips, and we cast it aside as un-
worthy—while other draughts we quaff
so eagerly, finding too late the bitter
and gall at the bottom. And how I'll
gladly give up my riches, my position,
my name, my life, for the sake of
being united to her. His eyes were
dark, 'splendor haunting,' eyes that
were shadowed by short jetty clusters
of curls. He had a merry old-hand way
that was very fascinating; and yet,
there was no nobility of heart or mind
in his composition—brilliant, fascinat-
ing, unprincipled, are the three words
that describe him.
'Robert Harwood saw with pain the
growing intimacy between Jennie
Mayburn and Dudley Graham; but
whenever he attempted to check it,
she'd say 'Pshaw! Robert, you're jeal-
ous and then a proud, painful flush
would sweep over the brow of the boy,
and his heart would give great cries
of anguish, though his lips told no tale
of what was passing within. But there
were times when the voiceless starlight
heard the yearning tenderness of his
tones, as they spoke the words in mid-
night dreams, 'Jennie, darling Jennie!'
'Robert, you've always called me
'little sister, haven't you?'
'The young face was radiant with the
light of a great happiness.
'Yes, little sister,' repeated Robert
Harwood, smoothing her curls.
'Well, if I'm your sister, I ought to
tell you everything, oughtn't I?' Jen-
nie Mayburn asked, nestling closer to
him.
'Yes, everything,' answered the boy,
still twisting her curls and thinking
how very happy it would make him if
she'd only tell him one thing—that she
loved him.
'Well, hide your eyes, Robert, till I
tell you,' the pretty pink fingers were
pressed tight over her eyes, and Jen-
nie's crimson lips rested against his
ear, and whispered—'I'm engaged to
Dudley Graham!' The pale-
ness of death overspread the face of
Robert Harwood, and, tearing her
hands down fiercely from his eyes, he
gazed with a wild stare of mute anguish
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embarrassment on the face of Jennie
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lips of Robert Harwood, as he said:
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your little sister, ain't I?'
'The girl nestled closer to him, as if
a faint perception of the truth dawned
on her mind, and she would fain com-
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'Yes, my little sister, Robert an-
swered, in a cold, mechanical tone, but
over his soul surged wild waves of ten-
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eternity, meeting no return. 'Good-
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her.
'Good-bye, Robert,' said Jennie
Mayburn, unconscious of the great
jewel that she was passing by, un-
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love of Dudley Graham.
'Not my will, father, but thine be
done, was the lame boy's prayer, as
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It betrays the wide spread landscape with a bold, unerring
power,
Revealing, wide in midnight valley, stream, wood, hill and
tower;
Darker, drearier now than ever do we gazing out our way,
Lost, completely lost and startled; long we wait for returning
day,
Thus we sometimes wander—wary, misanthropic, and sad
kneel,
All around us bright eye flashing, not a glance to seek our
own;
Tired of life, and sore with sighing over joys once ours but
lost,
Leave us for a fitting greeting, or a once familiar friend,
While the past, with lightened shadows, thus is busy
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Sudden hope lights up our pathway, some new joy to being
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Wooing us with soft caresses, charming us with guileless
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him.
'Yes, everything,' answered the boy,
still twisting her curls and thinking
how very happy it would make him if
she'd only tell him one thing—that she
loved him.
'Well, hide your eyes, Robert, till I
tell you,' the pretty pink fingers were
pressed tight over her eyes, and Jen-
nie's crimson lips rested against his
ear, and whispered—'I'm engaged to
Dudley Graham!' The pale-
ness of death overspread the face of
Robert Harwood, and, tearing her
hands down fiercely from his eyes, he
gazed with a wild stare of mute anguish
into her blushing face. 'Don't Robert,
what ails you? What makes you look
at me so?' and alarm took the place of
embarrassment on the face of Jennie
Mayburn.
'A hollow laugh broke from the white
lips of Robert Harwood, as he said:
'Look at you so? Look how?'
'Oh, Robert, you frighten me! I'm
your little sister, ain't I?'
'The girl nestled closer to him, as if
a faint perception of the truth dawned
on her mind, and she would fain com-
fort him.
'Yes, my little sister, Robert an-
swered, in a cold, mechanical tone, but
over his soul surged wild waves of ten-
derness more passionate, perhaps, be-
cause they must roll on through all
eternity, meeting no return. 'Good-
bye, Jennie,' he said, rising to leave
her.
'Good-bye, Robert,' said Jennie
Mayburn, unconscious of the great
jewel that she was passing by, un-
checked, for a worthless, tinsel thing, the
love of Dudley Graham.
'Not my will, father, but thine be
done, was the lame boy's prayer, as
he leaned heavily on his cane.

Poetry.

Lights and Shadows.

For the Iredell Express.
When our way is dark, and weary in the lonely hours of
night,
And across our pathway dreary gleams the lightning's
flashing light,
It darts and helters with its gorgeous, blinding ray,
As it breaks upon the scene like a sunbeam in 'midday;
It betrays the wide spread landscape with a bold, unerring
power,
Revealing, wide in midnight valley, stream, wood, hill and
tower;
Darker, drearier now than ever do we gazing out our way,
Lost, completely lost and startled; long we wait for returning
day,
Thus we sometimes wander—wary, misanthropic, and sad
kneel,
All around us bright eye flashing, not a glance to seek our
own;
Tired of life, and sore with sighing over joys once ours but
lost,
Leave us for a fitting greeting, or a once familiar friend,
While the past, with lightened shadows, thus is busy
with our heart,
Sudden hope lights up our pathway, some new joy to being
shared,
Wooing us with soft caresses, charming us with guileless
ways,
And we list with human weakness to the unmeaning
words of praise,
Floating hours are but as moments, weeks are shortened
into days,
While we thus entranced, bewildered, back in pleasure
Simeon's rapt;
Summer rays? Ah, yes! too truly summer rays—'tis right-
ly named;
Henceforth as the summer, succumb to cold win-
ter's claim;
For, while we trust, with sweet abandon, clouds come
floating up our sun;
Something new attracts our charms, some new pleasure
to be won;
Of the bright, cheerful affection, oh! the darkness of that
night, which the heart's grief and bleeding; like some lone
deserted town,
STATESVILLE, N. C., Oct. 21, 1860. P. C. CARLTON.

Miscellaneous.

DUDLEY GRAHAM.

BY MOLLIE MYRTLE.
'Dudley Graham! What a pretty name!
The speaker was a young girl
about fifteen years of age. Very pret-
ty she looked, with the glittering
fingers of the sunshine resting in her
curls; and the spring breezes kissing
the crimson of her dimpled cheeks.
'Tell me all about him, Robert,' she
continued, addressing a youth, who
stood near.
'You know I'm not good at word
portraits—but I'll bring him up this
evening,' returned the youth, moving
off.
'Will you, Robert? Oh! you dear,
good boy!' she entered a little
gate that led to the pretty brown cot-
tage where she lived. Robert Har-
wood was nineteen 'years old,' and
surely goodness and intellect were never
more united in one person than in
him. Jennie Mayburn tripped lightly
to the house with her young heart full
of Dudley Graham; but Robert Har-
wood moved slowly down the main
street of the little village and thought
of Jennie, blue-eyed Jennie Mayburn.
'I'm lame,' he murmured. 'She can
never love me, but Dudley Graham,
with his handsome form and bounding
step, can win what all my life I've
craved for. He will not prize the rich
treasure, but I, oh, and the boy ended
the sentence with a mute prayer for
strength. As only such natures can
love, Robert loved Jennie Mayburn,
and she saw it not, prized it not. Ah!
many a sweet cup of happiness is held
to our lips, and we cast it aside as un-
worthy—while other draughts we quaff
so eagerly, finding too late the bitter
and gall at the bottom. And how I'll
gladly give up my riches, my position,
my name, my life, for the sake of
being united to her. His eyes were
dark, 'splendor haunting,' eyes that
were shadowed by short jetty clusters
of curls. He had a merry old-hand way
that was very fascinating; and yet,
there was no nobility of heart or mind
in his composition—brilliant, fascinat-
ing, unprincipled, are the three words
that describe him.
'Robert Harwood saw with pain the
growing intimacy between Jennie
Mayburn and Dudley Graham; but
whenever he attempted to check it,
she'd say 'Pshaw! Robert, you're jeal-
ous and then a proud, painful flush
would sweep over the brow of the boy,
and his heart would give great cries
of anguish, though his lips told no tale
of what was passing within. But there
were times when the voiceless starlight
heard the yearning tenderness of his
tones, as they spoke the words in mid-
night dreams, 'Jennie, darling Jennie!'
'Robert, you've always called me
'little sister, haven't you?'
'The young face was radiant with the
light of a great happiness.
'Yes, little sister,' repeated Robert
Harwood, smoothing her curls.
'Well, if I'm your sister, I ought to
tell you everything, oughtn't I?' Jen-
nie Mayburn asked, nestling closer to
him.
'Yes, everything,' answered the boy,
still twisting her curls and thinking
how very happy it would make him if
she'd only tell him one thing—that she
loved him.
'Well, hide your eyes, Robert, till I
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