

THE IREDELL EXPRESS.

DEVOTED TO SOUTHERN INTERESTS.

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The Irredell Express.

STATESVILLE, N. C.

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An Episode of the War.

The following verses are from an English journal, depicting the suffering among the operatives in that country for the want of cotton:

Dead—Dead—Dead!
Far better it should be so;
To lie in a pauper's coffin there,
Than Sin's temptation to know
For O, my girl was bonny and fair,
But beauty's a curse, you see,
When hunger and want, disease and care,
Such merciless feuds can be.
It was for her sake, that day by day,
My heart grew heavy and sore;
Till hope itself seemed ebbing away
From my life's dark, sunless shore.

Dead—Dead—Dead!
She was starved to death, I say;
Because of the fierce and cruel strife
'Mid our kinsmen far away.
Man, look on her face so worn and pale,
On her hands so white and thin;
Here was a spirit that would not quail
From striving her bread to win!
But yonder, closed is the factory gate,
The engine is red with rust;
And what could we do but starve and wait
Till peace should bring us a crust?

Dead—Dead—Dead!
With her brother lying ill,
And her father shivering on the step
That leads to the silent mill!
Alone I kneel in my blinding tears—
Alone in my black despair—
My heart o'erburdened with gloomy fear,
Yet far too bitter for prayer!
Why do you pray how the world still grows;
More kind and more wise each day?
War's bloody flame still glitters and glows
The olives of peace decay.

Dead—Dead—Dead!
Oh God! that my curse should fall
On the heads of those whose selfish aims
Have worked such woe for us all!
Men, blame me not for my burning words
Nor bid me these thoughts disclaim;
For death has risen the silvery chords
That swelled through my anguished frame.
True, I'm only a woman, whose heart
Lies struck by a mortal blow;
But God, how keen is the bleeding smart
A mother alone may know!

Correspondence of the Irredell Express.

From the Saltillo Boys.

In a Bad Humor, and the Reasons for it.

CAMP NEAR FREDERICKSBURG, VA.,
Night of Feb. 2nd, 1863.

Don't be discouraged at trifles; but when one is so mortally vexed as I am now, it is hard to keep balanced. Indeed, I fear I shall hardly be able to write a civil letter. It is seldom that I am ruffled—it is useless to fret or get angry out here,—we might as well beat the wind with our fists, but who on earth can suppress his ire when a delicious treat, just within his reach, is snatched away and he is left holding the bag from which the game has fled? I feel like a school mate of mine, who once went to "look his partridge traps." One morning he started out early: it was about his first trip in the business.—A heavy frost lay on the ground, and my juvenile friend went jumping and prancing along to keep himself warm. Presently he came in sight of one of his traps and lo, there were some half dozen partridges in it! If a hard dollar had been presented to him he could not have leaped with more ecstatic joy. He ran up to the trap clapping his hands and shouting, and making such a racket generally that the poor birds, frightened almost to death, set up a tremendous fluttering. This highly pleased the little fellow, and he yelled still louder, upon which the birds made a combined attack on their prison with their tiny wings, when shocking to say, it gave way;—the sticks were scattered a rod around the spot,—every bird mounted in the air with a whirring noise, and the next instant was out of sight! There stood Dick, the forefinger of his right hand clenched between his teeth, and his left hand thrust about a foot deep into his breeches where his pocket should have been; altogether the best picture of abject despair, chagrin and misery I ever witnessed. That was all his own doing—this, is not all mine, though I imagine that I feel about as he did. What in the world is the matter? says some one;—matter enough I say. Here we are, a whole batch of us, this morning on the point of starting home on furlough, consequently as gay as June bugs in a lettuce patch; this evening in the dumps heels over head because our furloughs were knocked into something worse than cocked hats. We were so sure of going that we had announced (among ourselves) what we intended to do first, upon our arrival at home. Some were going to swig a bowl of punch, others an egg-nog, one fellow was going to drink half gallon of butter-milk, another was going to have a satis-

faction of something good to eat, another was going to put on a clean shirt if one could be found, (I tremble for him) all childish whims. One fellow I saw fixing his lips as though he intended to return something sweet, borrowed on the eve of his departure from home, and kept undefiled all this time. I am inclined to the belief that he was the most sensible one in the crowd. At any rate he is determined to be punctual in returning what is borrowed,—think I shall join his squad.

In letters before this I have said that I hardly expected to have the pleasure of spending a week or two at home until we all return for good, and it appears now that my presentiments will be verified. Still we will not "be discouraged at trifles," and when another opportunity for sending up our applications presents itself, we will be first on docket.—When that time will come, or if ever, we cannot tell. We have no reason, however, to complain;—our fare and circumstances are as good as could be expected in the army. Indeed, better than a great many who are equally deserving as we. But a desire to better our condition, though it be but slightly or for a short period, is excusable in us all. The deep snow, too, which has barely disappeared, made us think often of home and long to be there. The reason has not been, and probably could not have been, so richly fraught with pleasures as it has been in the case of Gus Snodgrass. He says,

"We krammed into a normous slay,
All for to go a slayin';
Fortie kupples we made that day,
All for to go a slayin'."

Now that is poetical, or if the sleigh ride was not, it is reasonable to suppose that the "Fortie kupples" were. For lack of sleighs and horses (more for the lack of the better half of the "kupples") we have been denied the greatest of pleasures, a sleigh ride. But we have enjoyed ourselves hugely at the more masculine sports of snow-balling, fighting mimic battles, immersing each other, &c.,—anything for amusement and pastime. This evening heavy games of "leap frog" and "base" are up. We really take things easy. Since drilling is obsolete we have nothing to do but cook and eat, and provide fuel; the last, by the way, is decidedly the hardest task of the three.

Besides the annoyance already mentioned, I received a note this evening which completely upset my usual equanimity. To give my readers an idea of the kind of composition I get occasionally, I will give the letter verbatim et spellatim, with my "irrepressible" comments when I first read it, in the parentheses. For conscience sake I will suppress the real names it contains. Here it is:

"Upper Ford,
Alexander, N. C.,
Jan. 24th, 1863.

"Nat,
Dear Ser.

I set myself (couldn't expect you to lie down) with pin in hand (didn't take it in your toes then) to inform you of your letters in the Irredell Express is full of what aint so—(they are, eh?) an if you ever cum up this way you will get licked sartin. (I will, eh! You can't do it!) I doant take the paper nor I woodent for pay, but mi labor T—takes it an i borer it sometimes. T—likes to read your letters, an his darters read and read em (I'm glad somebody likes to read them) an are goin almost crazy about you (Thunder they are,—I must see about that and prescribe for them. By Jove, it will be dangerous for me to go among the women if my letters produce "fits") but they haint none of them got no sense, but they think they ar big bugs, (big bugs,—well, I wouldn't be surprised if they were—but the old man's "darters"—God bless 'em—I'll keep 'em from going crazy, that I will,—but let me read on) Ther is a heap up my smart fokes these days (that's a fact) but they haint got me inter this war yit nor they aint goin to (that's another fact) so no more at present (nor the future either) but hopin for pece sune, and hopin that you will se the error of your wais, as pansen G—says, an quit writen for the papers.

Yours
H. W. C—"

"See the error of my ways";—yes, well, I've done some things in days past that I should not have done, (who has not?) but if I never do anything more sinful than "writing for the papers," why I consider myself pretty safe. Now it is immaterial to me whether I ever hear from Mr. W— again or not, nor shall I hesitate to "come up his way" if I ever get a chance though a licking should be the consequence, for Mr. T—'s daughters hold forth near his cabin. Not so near I hope as to be in danger of partaking of Mr. W—'s ignorance and incivilities.

Now, my readers, you know why I am in a bad humor this evening; I hope you will consider my reasons sufficient; if not, show me "the error of my ways" and I will endeavor to reform. At this time everything is quiet on the Rappahannock, though but a week ago a battle was hourly expected. We were under marching orders day and night, and twice at the dead hours of midnight we were waked up and told to prepare our rations for a march. Desultory cannonading was kept up on the river, several days and nights, and once or twice it is said the enemy attempted to cross above Fredericksburg, probably feints to draw the attention of commanders, while their real purpose was to cross in heavy force at some other point. Let their designs be what they may, we kept in a very unpleasant state of excitement until Wednesday last, when snow began fall-

ing thick and fast. It continued until Thursday morning, when the clouds broke and cleared quickly away, leaving the earth covered with snow ten inches deep on an average. The sun arose in unclouded splendor, and as his rays fell on the piney woods around us, they glittered like a fairy palace. The snow would have been much deeper had the ground been dry or frozen, but being so wet from late rains a great deal that fell at first melted. The trees and underbrush around us were in good condition to retain every particle that happened to hit them, and I have seldom seen such a magnificent sight as the surrounding forest presented.—The unusually mild atmosphere though caused the snow to dissolve rapidly, and now scarce a vestige of it is to be seen; but the roads, as may well be supposed, are in a horrible fix. I have heard of some brigades suffering considerably for the lack of rations, from the fact that their commissary wagons are hopelessly mired. Military operations are certainly closed here for the present, nor is it likely that we will move any great distance from this point before the opening of Spring. Our troops are in the enjoyment of excellent health, and as a general thing they seem perfectly satisfied with their situation.

Signs at the North.

The condition of affairs in the United States is daily assuming a more portentous aspect. Domestic feuds are multiplying and extending. A general spirit of dissatisfaction and disaffection is rapidly diffusing itself through the mass of society, and strife and wranglings in Congress, Legislatures and public meetings, herald an approaching convulsion which will hurl that land of crime and sin into chaos. The mutterings of the coming storm begin to be heard with appalling distinctness, and although weeks and months may elapse before it beats in all its fury upon the heads of the transgressors whose guilty atrocities have provoked, it must come at last. The longer it is ripening for its work the more fearful will be its havoc when it bursts forth. It is impossible for Lincoln not to see and understand "the signs of the times" which are crowding upon his vision. Look in whatever direction he may the prospect is one of clouds and tempest—enough to alarm him in his wild and devilish career, and make him shudder at the thought of the righteous retributions which are overhanging him from above. Popular discontents are a terrible plague to a government whose wicked usurpations and heartless oppression have produced them. If unappeased by the power which have roused them, they pass on rapidly through the different stages of aggravation, until they eventuate in Revolution, the last resort for an insulted and outraged people to rid themselves of a Tyrant. It would be well for the latter in all cases to heed the first murmurings of dissatisfaction, however faint, that go up to his ears from the sufferers whom he has made so by his lawless acts. Timely and proper repentance and abandonment of his atrocious course might check the progress of disorders in the State, pregnant only with calamity and ruin to himself. But tyrants are not often sensible of shame or given to contrition. The more enormous their vices and misdeeds, the more callous are they to the warnings and appeals of wisdom and reason. Their obduracy grows with the crimes on which it feeds.—Lincoln will not prove an exception from the general rule which governs the case of despots. He will adhere with execrable pertinacity to the ruthless and reckless dogmas which history records in its sketches of the monsters who have figured in past ages as the scourges of their people. He is a far more flagitious criminal than many of the cut throat scoundrels who before him have warred against liberty.

But troubles are brewing for him in his own dominions, and Heaven knows there are formidable ones outside of them. The South sits heavy upon his soul, as the shades of his murdered victims did upon the soul of Richard on Bosworth field. But let this pass for the present. We have no words to-day for the relations between the great Washington Villain and the South. We will consider him in connection with his own subjects, the other side of the Potomac. And what do we see in this connection? Nothing but confusion, perplexity and disorder. Congress, which used to be a respectable body, is a bear garden in which radicals and conservatives (so called) are almost daily pummeling one another in ring fashion. It was but a few days since that a scene occurred in the Senate in which a Senator for speaking the truth about Lincoln in

few but strong words; was well nigh throttled by the Sergeant-at-Arms and forcibly prevented from the further expression of his thoughts. The New York Herald charged that the Speaker was inebriated at the time. But whether he was drunk or sober, never did speaker utter the truth in a terser or more appropriate manner than he did. *In vino veritas.*

Look at the dissensions and squabbles between the government and the Generals of their army, at least a dozen of whom (amongst the best they have) have resigned or been recently dismissed the service or degraded from their commands: McClellan, Buell, Fitz John Porter, Franklin, Sumner, all, but a few months since, high in favor and position, are now in retirement owing to the interference of the radical Abolitionists with the army.

Look at the unsettled and menacing state of the relations between the New England and North Western States, which indicate a growing strife and coming separation between them.—Look at the democratic meetings in Indiana and Illinois—at the resolutions and speeches of prominent and influential public men in that section, such as Richardson, Olds, Vallandigham, Merrick and others—look at the tone of the press in various localities there. Do not all these things prefigure Revolution? Are they not striking signs of the advent of those civil tumults which in the order of Providence are to shake, like the heavings of an earthquake, the political and social fabrics of a people steeped in depravity and crime?—*Pet. Express.*

The Herald's Account of the Florida.

Bennet's Havana correspondent, under date of January 23d, sends the following:
The Rebel man-of-war, privateer or pirate Florida, has safely arrived in this port, although she was chased up to the very walls of the Moro Castle, by Mobile blockading squadron, nine in number. The chase was an exciting one, but unfortunately without the result so much to be desired.

It appears that the pirate Maffit came out of Mobile with as much impudence as he entered it. The steamer seems to have been well punished with shot and shell from the Federal ships and it is reported that she lost her first Lieutenant and sixteen men killed by one shell from one of our men-of-war.

One of her pursuers lost her foremast by a shot from the Florida, and consequently had to give up the chase. The Florida is a fine propeller of 1100 tons burthen; is bark rigged having raking masts, a low sharp hull, and two smoke pipes issuing out of her deck. Her hull, formerly black, has been painted white. She is armed with two sixty-four pounders, two pivot guns, two eleven inch guns, and two thirty-two pounders rifled. It is also said she has a gun that can throw a fifteen inch shell. She is very fast and can easily make sixteen knots an hour.

From reliable information I am enabled to state, or rather, I am convinced that this vessel will sail for the East Indies in a few days. Our Government had better look out for her advent in those waters. Capt. Maffit is no ordinary character. He is vigorous, energetic, bold, quick and dashing, and the sooner he is caught and hung the better will it be for the interests of our commercial community. He is decidedly popular here, and you can scarcely imagine the anxiety evinced to get a glance at him. He was at the Dominico this morning in citizen's clothes, and was the observed of every one. Nobody, unless informed, would have imagined the small, black-eyed, poetic looking gentleman, with his romantic appearance, to be a second Semmes, probably in time to be a more celebrated and more dangerous pirate.

He was alone taking a cup of coffee, seemingly unconscious of having any more serious occupation on hand. As soon as he perceived that his presence attracted attention, he blushed like a girl, paid his bill, and decamped.

AN EDITORIAL OPINION OF THE FLORIDA.

The New York World says:
The exploits of the Confederate steamer Florida, off the coast of Cuba, created profound excitement in shipping circles, in this city, yesterday. And well they might. As swift as the Alabama, stronger and with heavier guns, the Florida is, moreover, commanded by an officer that believes in fighting. His dash at the Hatteras, right under the guns of a whole fleet of Union vessels, shows Capt. Maffit a very different person from Semmes,

The career of the latter has been very destructive to our commercial marine, but he has never yet ventured upon a fight.

The captain of the Oreto or Florida, is a different sort of person, and evidently emulates the fame of a Paul Jones, rather than a Capt. Kyd.—The fact that his crew were Southerners, while the men on board the Alabama are Englishmen, may account for the boldness of the one officer and the caution of the other.

But there is no getting rid of the fact that there are now two formidable war ships afloat, preying upon our commerce. The trouble is that we have not more than half a dozen steamships of war swift enough to overtake them. The Florida is probably a match in a fight for any save our largest ships of war, and we must expect to hear of a disaster every time Maffit comes across any of the small "converted" gunboats that swarm in our Navy. There are hopes, however, that his very boldness will bring him to grief before many weeks are over.

What the Yankee Soldiers Say and Think.

The Providence (R. I.) Post prints extracts from several letters written by soldiers now in the army of the Potomac, which are very significant. One writer, who has been connected with the army almost from its organization, and who has never uttered a word of complaint until now, writes:

DEAR C—: I am sick of this war—so sick that I do not care upon what terms it is settled. I have seen thousands of men lying mangled on fifteen or sixteen different battle fields—all for nothing. Wives, sisters, mothers, and children losing their husbands, brothers, sons, and fathers—all for nothing. For here we have been fighting for over a year and a half and we have not gained one point.—We have lived, and are now living, on nine or ten crackers, a piece of raw pork, and some miserable coperas water, called coffee, per day, all to fill the pockets of a lot of thieves, who are trying to make all they can out of the people and the Government.—The soldiers are all discouraged, and will not fight as they would once on the Peninsula. All we hear from Washington is the nigger, the nigger, the black, filthy nigger. One nigger is thought more of than twenty white men who have left home and all that is worth living for, to come and lay down their lives, if need be, to save their country, while the leaders are doing their utmost to ruin it. It is not because we can't beat the rebels, that the war is not over by this time; for we can beat them. But it is because the Government is too busy thinking of the nigger to see that the men are where they ought to be when they are wanted. You must not set me down as a growler. I have good reason for my growling. Almost every man in the army thinks as I do. If Job had served in the army of the Potomac, he would have sinned, and most fearfully too."

The following extract is from a letter written near Falmouth, by a member of one of the regiments raised in 1862. The writer has been known for several years in the village of Woonsocket, Massachusetts, as an active republican politician, and was a vote distributor at the polls at the last town-meeting which he attended:
"Had I known as much of the management of things six months ago as I know now, fifty yoke of oxen could not have drawn me out here.—It is all a d—d political humbug, and got up to make offices for lazy office seekers. I wish the leaders were as far the other side of purgatory as they are this side. It has turned out to be an abolition war, and ninety-nine soldiers out of a hundred say that if the abolitionists are going to carry on the war, they will have to get a new army. They say they came out here to fight for the Union, and not for a pack of d—d niggers. These niggers are lazy and dirty; they will lie and steal; and they are saucy where they dare to be. If a soldier touches an officer's nigger, he will get court-martialed and lose a month's pay. A nigger is thought more of by the government than the soldiers are. They get as much, or more to eat, get as much pay, and don't have to fight any. A course on such things! I hope something will turn up before to-morrow night that will settle this war. We got whipped at Fredericksburg, and we shall get whipped every time we fight in Virginia! I don't think the North is right, any more than the South."

Bounty Land for Soldiers.
Mr. Conrad of La., introduced the following in the Confederate Congress:

Resolved, That the President be requested to ascertain, as soon as practicable, on what terms and conditions such of the Confederate States as may be in possession of public domain, will agree to grant to each commissioned and non commissioned officer of the army of the Confederate States, who has served during the war, who is not in possession of a homestead in his own right, shall be furnished with a homestead of one quarter section of land.

Mr. Conrad said he thought it was unquestionably time that some such measure should be adopted, and that the States should look forward to making grants of land for the purpose indicated. And the State of Texas should be particularly willing to fill up her vast public and unsettled domain with emigration from the Southern States.

Mr. Chilton, of Ala., moved to refer to a committee of one from each State. Which was agreed to, and

Mr. Chilton moved a preamble together with certain resolutions on the same subject, which he moved to refer to the same committee.

Mr. H. W. Bruce, of Ky., moved to amend by adding the following:

"That the committee also inquire into the propriety of providing artificial limbs for such soldiers as have lost limbs in the military service."

Mr. Chilton said that would properly belong to the committee on the Medical Department and was a separate and distinct proposition.

The amendment was, however, acceded to, and the whole matter referred to a committee of one from each State.

Prepared for Eternity.

For the last thirty years a family by the name of Smith remarkable both for their laziness and ignorance, have lived in Arkansas. Old Smith died. An acquaintance who lived some four or five miles off, happening one day S.'s the day after his death, and having heard of his illness, called and found no one at home except a daughter-in-law, who informed our friend that "the rest of the family had gone to see their daddy buried." Our friend was a religious man, and inquired of the daughter-in-law as to the old gentleman's religious views at his death.

"Did the old gentleman make any preparation for eternity?" asked our friend.

"No," drawled out the woman, "nothin' more than to give the two boys a hoss a piece."

Our friend was satisfied. He asked no questions.

Privateering.

The bill introduced at the last session of the Confederate Congress, and which passed both Houses of Congress, failed of becoming a law by not receiving the President's signature, has been commented upon at great length by the London Index, approving all its alterations of the old law, and especially that feature which allows letters of marque and reprisal to be issued to an officer without the previous registering of the vessel. The difficulties which beset the registering of the vessel on account of the blockade, have deterred many from engaging in the exciting and profitable business of privateering. These obstacles once removed, and a new impetus will be given to privateering which will drive Yankee commerce into the Northern States, there to remain until peace permits it once again to spread its canvas in security.—*Rich. Enquirer.*

The Republican Party Breaking Up.

A Washington telegram of the 16th, in the New York Herald, says:

There is much caucussing and consultation by the Republicans in Committee of the Whole on the state of the party, upon the best means of preserving their political organization from destruction. They talk of reorganizing the party, but in what manner does not yet appear. Greeley has been extremely busy. He is not organizing black brigades, as has been supposed, but reorganizing the Republican party. Some of the leading radicals who were in consultation with him last night shake their heads ominously, and declare that this is the darkest day the country has yet seen. Prominent Republicans acknowledge that they have lost their hold upon the land States. Some of them predict peace as early as next June.