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MISCELLANEOUS.

The Devoted Wife.

She was a beautiful girl when I first saw her. She was standing at the side of her lover at the marriage altar. She was a little pale, yet ever and anon, as the ceremony proceeded, a faint tinge of crimson crossed her beautiful cheek, like the reflection of a sunset cloud upon the clear waters of a quiet lake.

Years passed on, and I again saw those lovers. They were seated together where the light of sunset stole through the half closed and crimson curtain lending a richer tint to the delicate and exquisite embellishment of the rich and gorgeous apartment.

Time had slightly changed them in outward appearance. The girl's buoyancy of the one had indeed given place to the grace of perfect womanhood, and her lip was somewhat paler, and a faint line of care was slightly perceptible upon her brow.

Her husband's brow, too, was marked somewhat more deeply than his age might warrant; anxiety, ambition and pride had grown over it; and left the traces upon it; a silver hue was mingled with the dark of his hair which had become thin around his temples almost to baldness.

He was reclining on his splendid ottoman, with his face half hid by his hand, as if he feared that the deep and troubled thoughts which opposed him were visible upon his features.

"Edward you are ill to night," said his wife in a low, sweet half inquiring voice, as she laid her hands upon his own.

Indifference from these we love is terrible to the sensitive bosom. It is as if the sun of heaven refused its wonted cheerfulness, and glared upon us with a cold, dim and forbidding glance.

It is dreadful to feel that the only being of our love refuses to ask our sympathy, that he broods over the feelings which he scorns or fears to reveal, dreadful to watch the convulsive features and the gloomy brow, the indefinable shadows of hidden emotions, the involuntary sigh of sorrow to which we are forbidden to participate, and whose character we cannot know.

She essayed once more. "Edward," she said slowly, mildly, and affectionately, "the time has been when you were willing to confide your secret joys and sorrows to one who has never I trust, betrayed your confidence. Why, then, my dear Edward, is this cruel reserve? You are troubled and yet refuse to tell me the cause."

Something of returning tenderness softened for an instant the cold severity of the husband's features, but it passed away, and a bitter smile was his only reply.

Time passed on, and the twin were separated from each other. The husband sat gloomy and alone in the damp cell of a dungeon. He had followed ambition as his God, and had failed in his high career. He had mingled with men whom his heart loathed, he had sought out the fierce and wronged spirits of the land, and had breathed into them the madness of revenge.

He had drawn his sword against his country; he had fanned rebellion to a flame, and been quenched in human blood. He had fallen; miserably fallen, and was doomed to die the death of a traitor.

The door of the dungeon opened, and a light form entered and threw herself into his arms. The softened light of a sunset fell upon the pale brow and wasted cheek of his once beautiful wife.

"Edward my dear Edward," she said, I have come to you; I have reached you after a thousand difficulties, and I thank God my purpose is nearly executed."

Misfortune had softened the proud heart of manhood, and as the husband pressed his pale wife to his bosom, a tear trembled on his eye-lash. "I have not deserved this kindness," he murmured in the choked tone of agony.

"Edward" said his wife, in an earnest but faint and low voice, which indicated extreme and fearful debility, "we have not a moment to lose. By an exchange of garments you will be able to pass out unnoticed. Haste or we may be too late. Fear nothing for me, I am a woman, and they will not injure me for my efforts in behalf of a husband, dearer than life itself."

"But Margaret" said the husband, "you look sadly ill. You cannot breathe the air of this dreadful cell."

"Oh speak not of the dearest Edward," said the devoted woman. "I can endure anything for your sake. Haste Edward, and all will be well," and she aided with a trembling hand to disguise the proud form of her husband in a female's garb.

"Farewell my love, my preserver," whispered the husband in the ear of the disguised wife, as the officer sternly reminded the supposed lady that the time allotted to her visit had expired.

"Farewell, we shall meet again," responded the wife; and the husband passed out unsuspected, and escaped the enemies of his life.

They did meet again—the wife and husband—but only as the dead may meet in the awful communings of another world. Affection had borne up her exhausted spirit, until the last great purpose of her exertions were accomplished, in the safety of her husband—and when the bell tolled on the morrow, and the prisoner's cell was opened, the guards found, wrapped in the habiliments of their destined victim, the pale but beautiful corpse of the devoted wife.

The tomb of Moses is said to be the traveller's stake his thirst at the well of Jacob. The gorgeous palace of the wisest and wealthiest of monarchs; with the cedar, and gold, and ivory, and even the great Temple of Jerusalem, hallowed by the visible glory of the Deity himself, are gone; but Solomon's reservoirs are as perfect as ever.

Of the ancient architecture of the Holy City, not one stone is left upon another; but the pool of Bethesda commands the pilgrim's reverence at the present day. The columns of Persepolis are mouldering into dust; but its cisterns and aqueducts remain to challenge our admiration.

The golden house of Nero is a mass of ruins; but the Aqua Claudia still pours into Rome its limpid stream. The Temple of the Sun in Tadmora, in the wilderness has fallen; but his fountain sparkles as freshly in his rays as when thousands of worshippers thronged its lofty colonades.

It may be that London will share the fate of Babylon, and nothing be left to mark its site save mounds of crumbling brick-work. The Thames will continue to flow as it does now; and if any work of art should still rise over the deep ocean of time, we may well believe that it will be neither a temple nor a palace, but some vast aqueduct or reservoir; and if any name should still flash through the mists of antiquity, it will probably be that of the man who in his day sought the happiness of his fellow-men rather than their glory, and linked his memory to some great national utility and benevolence.

This is the true glory which outlives all others, and shines with undying lustre from generation to generation imparting to works something of its own immortality, and in some degree rescuing from the ruin which overtakes the ordinary monuments of historical tradition or mere magnificence.—Edinburgh Review.

INGENUOUS TOOTH PULLER.—Dr. J. C. Burch, of Evansville, Indiana, has invented one of the most ingenious and effective instruments for pulling teeth stamps that we have ever seen, and we believe it is the best for the purpose now in use.

The new instrument has a neat small pad, forming one side of the jaw, while the other is of the hook bill form, like the old kind has a lateral motion. The shoulder and lever handle of the hook jaw has a joint in it which is operated by an inside spring, so that when the two handles are brought together like those of a pair of pincers, the joint spoken of through the hook jaw into and grasps the

tooth at once, while the cushion is made to rest on the jaw, and gives a firm fulcrum for action. The operator jerks the decayed rasal tooth from his seat with the utmost ease. The Doctor has found the instrument to operate beyond his expectations.—Scientific American.

Uncle Benjamin's Sermon. Not many hours ago I heard Uncle Benjamin discussing this matter to his son, who was complaining of pressure.

"Rely upon it, Sammy," said the old man, as he leaned on his staff, with his grey locks flowing in the breeze of a May morning; "murmuring pays no bills. I have been an observer any time these fifty years, and I never saw a man helped out of a hole by cursing his horse. Be as quiet as you can, for nothing will grow under a moaning harrow, and discontent harrows the mind. Matters are bad, I acknowledge, but no ulcer is better for fingering. The more you groan, the poorer you grow.

Repining at losses is only putting pepper in a sore eye. Crops will fail in all soils, and we may be thankful that we have not a famine. Besides, I always took notice that whenever I felt the rod pretty smartly, it was so much as to say: "Here is something which you have got to learn." Sammy don't forget that your schooling is not yet over, though you have a wife and two children."

"Aye," cried Sammy, "you may say that and a mother-in-law, and two apprentices into the bargain, and I should like to know what a poor man can learn here; when the greatest scholars and lawyers are at loggerheads, and can't for their lives tell what has become of the hard money."

"Softly, Sammy, I am older than you; I have not got these grey hairs and this crooked back without some burdens. I could tell you stories of the days of continental money, when my grand mother used to stuff a sully box with bills to pay for a yeilding or a wheat fan, and when the Jersey women used thorns for pins, and laid their tea pots away in the garret. You wish to learn these seven things:

First: That you have saved too little, and spent too much. I never taught you to be a miser, but I have seen you give a dollar for a "notion," when you might have laid one half aside for charity and one half for a rainy day.

Secondly: That you have gone too much upon credit. I always told you that credit was a shadow; there is a substance behind, which casts the shadow; but a small body may cast a great shadow, and no wise man will follow the shadow any further than he can see the substance. You may now learn that you have followed, and been deceived into a bog.

Thirdly, That you have gone too much in haste to become rich. Slow and easy wins the race.

Fourthly, That no course of life can be depended upon as always prosperous. I am afraid that the younger race of working men in America have a notion that no body would go to ruin on this side of the water. Providence has greatly blessed us and we have become presumptuous.

Fifthly, That you have not been thankful enough to God for his benefits in past times.

Sixthly, That you may be thankful that our lot is not worse. We might have famine or pestilence, or war, or tyranny; or all together.

And lastly, to end my sermon, you may learn to offer with more understanding, the prayer of your infancy, "Give us this day our daily bread."

The old man ceased, and Sammy put on his apron and told Dick to blow away at his bellows.

Important Discovery. LARD RENDERED FLUID BY MIXING WITH ROSIN.—Professor Olmstead, of New Haven, has lately made the important discovery that, by adding one pound of powdered rosin to three pounds of lard, well stirred together, the mass becomes semi-fluid at 72 deg. Fahrenheit, and on being melted, which it does at 90 deg., and the lard 97 deg., of heat, the compound will remain transparent and limpid at that temperature. As it cools, a pellicle begins to form on the surface, at 17 deg., and at 46 deg., it remains a dense semi-fluid.

The discovery of the above-named fact will be of great importance to those who use hard lamps; as the lard is rendered more fluid by the rosin, and as the power of illumination increased two-fifths; yet after two hours burning, it loses its

brilliantly, on account of the thick becoming clogged. This will be an important objection in families, where in point of economy, the gain will be considerable, for lard is worth three or four times as much as rosin.

To machinists, the discovery is very important, as it enables them to make use of lard instead of oil. Professor Olmstead says; a thin coating of the compound, laid upon a grate or sheet iron stove with a brush, as thin as possible, will keep it free from rust all summer, although stored in a damp place.

To soap makers the discovery is also important. If one pound of the compound is added to two pounds of common Windsor soap, the quality is greatly improved, and the tendency that soap has to grow rancid, when in use or kept moist, is thus entirely prevented. A shaving cream of an excellent quality may be made by taking a cake of good shaving soap and steaming it soft in a close cup and mixing half its weight with the compound and working it well together, adding a little oil of almonds or any other agreeable flavor.

The same compound applied to boots and shoes, renders them nearly impervious to water, and if applied to the soles, will not soil the floor. The uppers will be soft and pliable, and not prevented from receiving a blacking polish.—American Agriculturist.

New Patent for a Planing Machine. Mr. Geo. W. Beardlee, of this city, has filed his caveat for a patent for a planing machine, which he claims to be a decided improvement upon those now in use. We have seen a model, and judging from this, we coincide with him in the estimate of this invention. He terms his machine the "rotative cutter," and claims that its superiority over all other machines consists in its simplicity, both in construction and operation, it having neither belts nor gears in nor about it, but all located upon the floor.

When once adjusted, and for it cannot be deranged by the removal of the cutters, or from any other ordinary cause, it operates uniformly and with great accuracy, dirt and shavings pass off without aid.

The greatest curiosity about it is the movement of the endless sectional platform and its manner of "turning corners"—the movement being on a concentric, and different from any we ever saw. The whole machine is very simple in its construction, and consequently operates with little friction. It is of great strength, and the cost is much less than those now in use, growing out of its simplicity. It is claimed for it that its operation will produce work superior to that of the hand plane, and that its ordinary speed will one hundred and fifty feet per minute, or 9000 feet per hour, and that it can be increased to 200 or 300 feet per minute, without any danger to the machine. The planer is so arranged that they will yield, and permit splinters, if any occur, to pass away, without damage or disordering the machine, which is a great fault of some of the other patents.

Mr. Beardlee, in connection with Mr. Samuel Albro, of this city, has also got a patent for a matching apparatus, which is to be connected with his planing machine. It is claimed that it is constructed on a plan that exceeds any now made to form a tongue and groove.

Both sides of the board can be planed at the same operation. This machine and these improvements remove the objections which have been made to stationary cutters, and is superior to revolving cutters, as it will plane a much larger quantity in the same time.

Such is an outline of this new improvement in operative machinery. It is, in a mechanical branch of much importance, and in which many machines have been patented. If this proves in its operation all that is claimed for it, and what it now gives promise, it will supersede those now in use. The patentee will go to work immediately in the construction of machines, so that ere long they will be thoroughly tested.—Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.

Keeping Pace With Us. An eye open to the progress of the great movement contemporary with ourselves, is necessary to a knowing occupation of our place on the planet Earth, and we therefore copy a word or two upon Mormonism, first quoting a well known verse:

"Wherever God builds a house of prayer, The devil always builds a chapel there; And 'till he found upon Zion's mountain, The latter has the largest congregation." Thus runs the extract we speak of: "Mormonism," says the editor of the

Christian Watchman and Reflector, (Boston) "grew up amid scenes familiar to our boyhood. The elevation on which the golden plates are said to have been found, was well known to us before it received its present name of Bible Hill. The store in which we performed a short clerkship, used to be occasionally swept by the father of the Prophet for a glass of grog, or such articles as would sustain his needy family, who were mere vagrants, making shift to live as they could, and spending much of their time in nocturnal money-digging. The men whose testimony and affidavits concerning the family are contained in the book alluded to, which is an expose of the fraud, were several of them our familiar acquaintances. We know that what they say of the money-digging, night-soiling, fortune-telling, lying and drunkenness of the family is reliable. Martin Harris, whose farm was mortgaged to print the Golden Bible, and some of the printers themselves, are names familiar to our youth. Those acquainted with the enterprise in its perception, smiled at the clumsy cheat as a thing too contemptible for a thought, and that must die in its birth."

To us, therefore, its subsequent history is 'one of the most unaccountable things of this unaccountable age. To see Joe Smith hailed as a Prophet of the Lord by seventy five or a hundred thousand people; to trace his footsteps through Ohio, Missouri, and Illinois; to see his followers threading their way, amidst privations inconceivable, across the Great Western Desert, and planting themselves in the rich valleys of Utah and on the borders of the Great Salt Lake; to know that gorgeous temples have arisen under their hands in Ohio and Illinois, and that another, the largest structure in the world, is projected at their new home; to observe their missionaries traversing this country, Great Britain, and making their way even to Palestine, multiplying their proselytes by hundreds, and shipping them to their promised land in the West, suggests the idea that some powerful spirit from the other world, some power of the element, like the devils whom Milton represents as dividing themselves among the gods and religion of the ancient heathen nations."

Ladies' Sport in Berlin. The Berlin correspondent of the Boston Traveller, thus notices a very pleasant winter past-time in that city: In the vicinity of Berlin, where the river Spree overflows the meadows, are large skating ponds, which on pleasant days are resorted to, I could almost say by thousands of people. To see so many men skate, would not call us, who have seen enough of this sport at home, very far from our way; but when the ladies turn out, as they do here in large numbers, to join in skating, the sight is altogether too novel and beautiful to be allowed to pass unnoticed. It is a strange fact, considering the vicinity of a city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, that the crowd is usually composed of the higher classes—Professors and their daughters—some of the Princes—members of Diplomatic Corps—Students—members of the Parliament, &c., can be seen in swarms.

The ladies have skates which can be laced to their feet like gaiter boots, and as some of them have evidently had years of practice, it is one of the most beautiful sights to see them gliding, and as it were, waltzing over the clear ice. Sometimes, arm in arm with a gentleman or hand in hand, they move rapidly from one side of the pond to the other. Sometimes a whole band together, keeping time, waltz back and forth. A father and his daughter—brothers and sisters—young men and their wives—little girls and boys—are gliding about in every conceivable figure: while the shore is lined with ladies and gentlemen, who, standing or sitting in their carriages, are looking at the sport, or perhaps they get on to a sled, and are pushed by some gentleman out upon the pond into the midst of the skaters. Such an animated, lively, exhilarating scene does not often present itself in America. It is astonishing that they can keep up the respectability of this exercise near a city; and yet nothing could be more aristocratic than the appearance of the skaters.

The Americans in Berlin, have often been seen to see the sport and to take an active part in it. It seems quite like the renewing of our old school days to find ourselves mounted upon skates, and engaging in games which we had given up long ago at home. Skating was certain-

ly not one of the things contracted for in our anticipations of pleasure in Germany, and can be set down as one of the agreeable surprises. Do not the German ladies have the advantage over ours in being able to take more exercise?

SONG OF THE CAROLINA GIRL. By a Lady. Our hearts are with our native land, Our song is for her glory; There's many a gallant deed to tell In Carolina's story: Her valiant sons have won them names Among the great of earth; And children, from the cradle, learn To lip of Southern birth.

Our hearts are with our native land— There's none on earth above her; Her sons are rare—her daughters fair— And then they dearly love her! Let others boast of what they please, To each other we're unwilling; We'll love our Southern rights and ease And grudge them not a shilling.

We love our gallant barque of State, And sadly should we mourn her, If on her halloved deck appeared The semblance of dishonor: But not her sons are true as brave And full of native feeling; The fosterings of a Southern Son We never fond of kneeling!

Our hearts are with our native land, Our song is for her glory; She hath many a name that's known— Will live in classic story; Her sages and her Poets too Have lit the sacred fire; And the genius of a Southern Sun Will fan its flames higher.

We love our reverend Fathers gray, We love our virtuous Mothers— The meed of that angelic grace We will not give to others; For chastity and modest worth, And pure domestic bliss, Have never worn a sweeter smile In any land than this!

Our hearts are with our native land, And never shall degrade her, Her flow'ry vales and sunny hills Are not for the invaders; And dearly as we prize the charms, Which Heaven has kindly sent us, We'll guard them as our treasure, With love to our defenders.

THE FARMER. BUSCH GRASS IN THE FAR WEST. Attempts are making to introduce, east of the Mississippi, the bunch grass, which the emigrants to the land of gold find so nutritious for their cattle in crossing the Rocky Mountain. It grows on hill sides, preferring pebbly and sandy soils, producing a reed like oat, and a stalk which contains abundance of saccharine matter. The dry summers on the mountains ripen it in May or June, and the hay on the stalks remains good all the winter, till the following year. It is said to give the flesh of neat cattle a fine flavor.

A NEW KIND OF FENCE.—Mr. J. R. Remington, of Montgomery, Alabama, (the inventor of the Remington Erial Bridge) has patented a new and useful invention. It is a cement for making solid fences, as durable as granite, and at a very reasonable construction. The chief ingredient is sand, and it can be easily manufactured by plantation hands. The cement panels are conveyed to the spot where the fence is to be located, and the two legs of each let into the ground like common posts. The cost to the planter is estimated at 10 cents per panel of ten feet by five—four inches thick—far cheaper than the wire fence. It does not, or at least should not detract from the merit of this invention that it hails from Alabama, this time, rather than Maine or Pennsylvania, or that the modest little town of Montgomery ventures competition with the great manufacturing cities of the East for the honor of originating some of the useful discoveries of the age.—Charleston Courier.

REMEDY FOR POTATO ROT.—Mr. John T. Snyder, of New Jersey, has furnished a remedy for Potato Rot, which is described as follows: "At a period when the potato rot usually commences, scatter a handful of ashes around the vines on each hill, and it will effectually prevent the disease. The application should be made as late as possible."

BOTTS IN HORSES.—Mr. A. A. Winn furnishes the following recipe, which he assures us is an infallible cure for botts in horses:—Mix half a pint each of soft soap, molasses, vinegar and brandy, or whiskey, together, and give it to the animal while it is foaming. Mr. W. says that he has known it to cure the worst cases.

Things as they Are, and Things as They Should Be. Few are ready to acknowledge that they are very greatly influenced by the sentiments and opinions of others, nevertheless, all of us are so influenced, and to a far greater extent than we are willing to admit.

Men are valued, not for what they really are, but for what they seem to be. How often do we see one man cringing and bending to another, because from his supposed wealth, he has gained influence and distinction. But mark, how sudden a change ensues. Let the true circumstances of this man be known, and all those cringing, cringing, lick-spittles, desert him in an instant.

We once knew an ignorant but self-opinionated booby, who claimed an acquaintance with various persons distinguished in the community for their wealth and influence; but, sad to relate, one day, one of those distinguished ones met with a reverse of fortune, and so, our famous gentleman who was formerly so well acquainted, with the unfortunate, actually forgot him, and could not possibly call to mind that he had ever seen him.

And why should this man not forget his wealthy, and well dressed associate? If he had not done so, he would have been "recrout" to the principles upon which society in this nineteenth century is based: So society teaches, and so, to be consistent, must society act.

Ah, friends, no matter whether you have any brains or not, do not dress like a lord, and you will be treated as such. It would be doing violence to the present apparent constitution of human society, to stop in the public highway, and grasp the hand of the green-jacketed mechanic, and drop a word of encouragement to cheer him in his daily toils. It would not be popular because society says so; and if you go counter to what society says, and teaches, you run the risk of its displeasure.

So it is. Men are not valued for what they are, but for what they seem to be. This being true, hypocrisy necessarily runs through society, influencing such as possess the desire for admiration, making such endeavor to appear what they are not, in order to gain that approbation which they could not secure by appearing what they really are.

"Cousin Sally Dillard." The Sons of Temperance recently had a public meeting in Wilkesboro, North Carolina, at which several excellent speeches were delivered. It was Court week, and Hamilton C. Jones, Esq., a distinguished lawyer of that State, well known to many of our readers, as the author of "Capt. Rice, he gin a treat," entered the Court House at an advanced stage of the exercises, and manifested endeavoring to maintain an icy—A man from Ashe county had gone in with the crowd in a high state of incitation, who at length, overcome by the potent god he worshipped, fell prostrate on the floor. The author of "Cousin Sally Dillard" was discovered, notwithstanding his endeavors to prevent it, and so loud and repeated were the calls for him, that he was forced to come forward. Approaching from the outer circles of the crowd, enveloped in a cloak, with his hat in hand, Mr. Jones spoke as follows:

"Gentlemen and Ladies: I am greatly flattered by this urgent call, but I cannot make you a speech to night. I hold that no one ought to attempt addressing so respectable an audience as this, without considering what he might say. I have made no such preparation, and therefore, must beg to be excused. Moreover, I hold that I should be entirely "out of order" to occupy your attention at this moment, for there is a gentleman out here in the back ground, (turning round and pointing to the fallen Silenus) who is making a much more forcible speech upon the subject of temperance, than I could hope to make with over so much preparation! While, therefore, the gentleman from Ashe has the floor, I must not intrude."

The effect, we may well conceive, was irresistible: even the fallen Silenus, some of whom were drifting towards the floor themselves, joined heartily in the laugh, and the "gentleman from Ashe" is not like soon to hear the last of the joke.—Temperance (S. C.) Advocate.

A sick man was told that nothing could cure him but a quart of stump tea. "Then I must die," said he, "I don't hold but a pint."