

# THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

VOL. I.

SALEM, N. C., SATURDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1851

NO. 44

## THE PEOPLE'S PRESS (An Independent Paper.)

PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
BY BLUM & SON.  
PRICE—Two Dollars a Year,  
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

Advertisements will be inserted at the usual rates.

## DEFERRED ARTICLES.

### RICE.

The planting of rice was introduced into Carolina about the year 1695. Incidents, apparently small, are often productive of important consequences. A brigantine from Madagascar, touching at Carolina on her way to Great Britain, came to anchor off Sullivan's island—Landgrave Smith, on invitation of the Captain, paid a visit on board his vessel, and received from him a present of a bag of seed rice, with information of its growth in eastern countries: of its suitability for food, and its incredible increase. The Governor divided his bag of rice among some of his friends; who, agreeing to make an experiment, planted their parcel in different soils. The success fully equalled their expectation; and from this beginning arose the staple commodity of Carolina, which soon became the chief support of the Colony, and the great cause of its opulence.

### SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.

A reliable friend detailed recently to the editor of the Memphis Enquirer the following singular and interesting occurrence:—Since the commencement of the term of the Circuit Court for our county, it became necessary for Merriweather, brother of the gentleman some time since murdered in the county, to attend as prosecutor of Peterson, the perpetrator of the horrible crime. It so happened that he rode the horse that his deceased brother was riding on the day of his murder by Peterson. He was in the company of some friends, and rode the same road. The horse is a very fine spirited bay, docile in temper, and with an intelligent eye. When they approached near the spot of the murder, the horse manifested evident signs of alarm and restlessness. Merriweather determined to give him the rein and watch his movements. As he approached near the spot of the murder, he elevated his head and tail, appeared to be watchful and frequently uttered that snort so peculiar to spirited horses when apprehensive of danger.

The noble animal finally smelt the ground and trailed the course which the body of his former master had been conveyed by his murderer. He finally reached the spot, smelt the ground, and pawed and snorted. He then took a circle in the woods, at a moderate trot, returned to the place where the body was found, and repeated the same ceremony. This he did several times in succession, and when reined up, it was with great reluctance that he was forced to leave the place. Is this instinct, reason, or what is it? We have the facts from a source well informed and entirely reliable. We should like to have a philosophical solution of this remarkable event.

### WINDFALL FOR A HATTER.

Mr. James Miller, who has worked as a journeyman hatter, for the last ten years, in Cincinnati, a few days ago received notice from Washington city that the sum of \$65,000 was awaiting his orders at the capital—he being heir to an old Mexican filipenny claim to that amount, which has recently been allowed by the Commissioners. The good news was entirely unexpected to him.

### INTERESTING EXPERIMENT.

In the Rosecreech Workhouse, Ireland, the learned Doctor in charge has appropriated one of the wards to the exclusive use of a deaf and dumb nurse, who has the charge of four infant children. They are to be isolated from companionship with all who have the gift of speech until they have attained the age when children usually acquire a knowledge and use of language. The object is to acquire the natural language of man. This experiment if thoroughly tried, will probably show that man has no natural language. It will be remembered that the Phœnix once made a

somewhat similar experiment with an infant, which was placed in the desert in the charge of persons sworn not to permit the utterance of a word in its presence, and to afford it sustenance by allowing it to suckle a goat. In that instance, the first attempt of the child at vocalization resulted in the imitation of the bleating of its foster-mother.

### Transplanting Trees.

The rules for transplanting are few and simple, and easily borne in mind. First—Dry weather is the best time, or I might say the only time, for transplanting should never be done when the ground is wet. The earth should touch every part of the roots—the holes should be manured, but manure should not touch the roots. October and November, after the first hard frosts have checked their growth, is the best season for transplanting trees. Peach, plum, cherry and evergreen trees are better removed in the spring, as early as possible, but they may in the fall if the roots are well protected by litter. In transplanting trees, the tops should be pruned in proportion to the roots, and the roots in proportion to the branches. If only the small fibres of roots have been broken off, the tops need no pruning, but if the main roots have been broken, then the top must be cut in proportion. In transplanting seedlings, the top root merely requires to be shortened or broken roots cut off. No one need be told to preserve the roots as much as possible, for every one must know that that is best. The older the tree, the longer the roots should be left. Give the roots plenty of room, place them in their natural order. Let the free stand just as high as it did before it was taken up. Press the earth round the roots. Fill up and leave the surface smooth. Two or three days after transplanting, unless the trees are very short, fasten them to a stake well driven into the ground. If an orchard is cultivated, it will grow up in half the time.

I have seen a very good plan, I should think, for raising fruit trees in great abundance, from the trunks of old decayed ones, said to be very successful with the peach. I wish some of your readers would try it, and, in the course of time, report. Take some old and partly decayed tree, or very early in the spring, all of its branches close to the trunk; on the side of the tree least decayed, dig away all the earth at least two feet deep, and the same distance from the trunk. On the opposite side of the tree dig a deep trench, say eighteen or twenty four inches broad and deep, as long as the trunk, beginning at the bottom of the trunk. In this trench bend the tree carefully down, cutting off at the side first, and all the roots which prevent its bending. Secure it well in this position and then cover it lightly with rich mould. In a few weeks a great many shoots will spring out of the ground and grow with great rapidity. These at the end of two years, may be taken up and transplanted. Choice specimens may be preserved without limit in this way.

**GRASS UNDER TREES.**—By sowing nitrate of soda in small quantities in showery weather under trees, a most beautiful verdure will be obtained. I have used it under the beech trees in my grounds, and the grass always looks green. Having succeeded so well on a small scale, I have now sown nitrate of soda amongst the long grass in the plantations, which the cattle never could eat. I now find that the herbage is preferred to the other parts of the field.

**USEFUL RECIPE.**—Here is a receipt to get rid of an acquaintance whose society you do not like. If he is poor, lend him some money; if he is rich, ask him to lend you some. Both means are certain.

**A BIG LUMP.**—A California correspondent of the Journal of Commerce writes from San Francisco as follows, under date of October 14th:

A few days since I had the pleasure of meeting with a minor just down from the mines who with three others had been fortunate in taking out the enormous sum of \$35,000 in three days from the place called Yankee Shovel on the American river. He told me that nature had changed the course of the stream at that point, and working three weeks removing the dirt which has been washed into the original bed of the river, they succeeded in finding one lump of pure gold, weighing one hundred and eighty two pounds, and other smaller pieces, amounting in all, within three days time, the sum as before named of thirty thousand and six and forty dollars.

## Miscellaneous.

### From the Methodist Protestant. OLD MOSES.

Mr. B. was a merchant in Baltimore, and did a very heavy business especially in grain. One morning, as he was passing over the vessels that lay on the wharf with their various commodities for sale, he stepped upon the deck of one, at the stern of which he saw a negro man sitting, whose dejected countenance gave sure indication of distrust, and he accosted him with:—  
"Hey my man, what is the matter with you this morning?"  
The negro lifting up his eyes, and looking at Mr. B., replied—  
"Ah, massa, I's in great trouble."  
"What about?"  
"Kase I've fotech up here to be sold."  
"What for? What have you been doing? Have you been stealing? or did you run away? or what?"  
"No, no massa, none o' dat, it's because I did 'nt mind de aunders."  
"What kind of orders?"  
"Well, massa, stranger, I tell you—Mass Willum verry strick man, and very nice man too, and chry body on de place got to mine him; and I break crew de rule; but I did 'nt intend to break de rule, doc I forgot myself, and got too high."  
"It is for getting drunk then, is it?"  
"O, no sah, not dat nuther."  
"You are the strongest negro I have seen for a week. I can get no satisfaction from you. If you would not like to be pitched overboard you had better tell me what you did."  
"Please massa, don't frow de poor flicted nigger in de wata."  
"Then tell me what you are to be sold for."  
"For prayin, sur."  
"For praying! that is a strange tale indeed. Will your master not permit you to pray?"  
"Oh yes, sah, he let me pray easy; but I hollow too loud."  
"And why do you halloo so loud in your prayers?"  
"Kase de Spirit comes on me, and I gets happy fore I knows it, den I den I gones; can't control myself den, den I hollow if de Satan himself come wid all de wades of dequisition."  
"And do you suppose your master will really sell you for that?"  
"O yes; no help for me now; kase when Mass Willum say one ting, he no do anoder."  
"What is your name?"  
"Moses, sah."  
"What is your master's name?"  
"Mass Willum, sah."  
"Where does he live?"  
"Down on de Eastin Shoah."  
"Is he a good master? Does he treat you well?"  
"O yes; Massa Willum good, no better massa in de world."  
"Stand up and let me look at you."  
And Moses stood up and presented a robust frame; and Mr. B. stripped up his sleeve, his arm gave evidence of unusual muscular strength.  
"Where is your master?"  
"Yander he is, jis comin de warf."  
As Mr. B. started for the shore, he heard Moses give a heavy sigh, followed by a deep groan. Moses was not at all pleased with the present phase of affairs. He was strongly impressed with the idea that Mr. B. was a trader, and intended to buy him, and it was this that made him unwilling to communicate to Mr. B. the desired information. Mr. B. reached the wharf just as Col. C. did.—  
"I understand you wish to sell that man yonder on board the schooner."  
Colonel C. replied that he did.  
"What do you ask for him?"  
"I expect to get seven hundred dollars."  
"How old is he?"  
"About thirty."  
"Is he healthy?"  
"Very, he never had any sickness in his life except one or two spells of de ague."  
"Is he hearty?"  
"Yes, sah, he will eat as much as any man ought, and it will do him as much good."  
"Why do you wish to sell him?"  
"Because he disobeyed my orders.—As I said, he is my foreman; and that he might be available at any moment I might want him. I built his quarters with in a hundred yards of my own house, and I have never rung the bell at any time in the night, or morning, that his horse did not answer in five minutes after. But two years ago he got religion, and commenced what he terms family prayer—that is, prayer in his quarters every night and morning; and when he began his prayer it was impossible to tell when he would stop, especially if, (as he termed it) he got happy. Then he would sing and pray and halloo for an hour or two together, that you might hear him a mile off. And he would pray for me and my wife and children, and all my brothers and sisters, and their children, and our whole family connection to the third generation; and sometimes when we would have visitors, Moses prayer would interrupt the conversation and destroy the enjoyment of the whole company. The women would cry, and the children would cry, and it would sometimes be nearly daylight before I could go to sleep; for it appeared to me that I could hear Moses pray for three hours; he had finished, I believe it as long as I could, and then finished his praying so loud and more, Moses would sing and pray and sing to his own content."

### The Heroes of Saratoga.

AN INCIDENT OF THE REVOLUTION.  
At that dark period of the Revolution which precluded the capture of Burgoyne on the plains of Saratoga, the friends of liberty, increased and driven almost to desperation, by the repeated success of the British arms and the cruelty with which the American prisoners were treated by the enemy, resolved to leave their domestic firesides, "march out to the battle-field," and risk their all upon the hazard of a die. It was a fearful hazard. New York, Philadelphia, and many other important places on the seaboard, were in undisturbed possession of the invaders—the northern frontier was lined with a savage and blood thirsty foe, and the little Spartan band, who swore, by the ashes of their fathers, to live free or die, were compelled to seek refuge in the interior, and patiently but anxiously wait for a favorable opportunity to avenge the wrongs of their oppressed country.

The entrance of Burgoyne into the State of New York, from Canada, with a powerful and well disciplined army, created fresh alarm, and excited a spirit of patriotism among all classes and both sexes, which even the martyrs of Thermopylae might have envied.  
Among the many who thought more of liberty than of life was Hezekiah Elverton, one of the pioneers of Western Massachusetts. He was among the first to raise the standard of liberty in New England, and embraced every opportunity of incalculating into the minds of his wife and son, who composed his whole family, the true patriotic spirit which animated him.  
On a beautiful evening in August, 1777, Mr. Elverton appeared more than usually agitated. He paced the room to and fro for a considerable time, as though in deep thought, and then requested his son to bring him an inkstand, a pen, and a sheet of paper; after which time not a word was whispered by any member of the anxious little family. He carefully folded the sheet and still holding it in his hand, placed himself between his wife and son.  
"Henry, are both our guns in order?"  
"Yes, sir—I cleaned them yesterday, and put in a new flint, for the purpose of pursuing the wolf that has made such havoc among our sheep. I was about to ask you to allow me to join a small party of our neighbors for the purpose, to-morrow, the rogne cannot be far off, and I think he might be easily captured."  
"Henry, did I ever refuse you a reasonable request?"  
"No, father—on the contrary you have granted me many an unreasonable one. But this is certainly for our interests, and we know that our long sabbath seldom betrays you.—Come, father, let us both go."  
"Henry," replied the patriot, his eyes sparkling with youthful animation, "why should we hunt the wolf, when a lion is in the neighborhood?"  
"A lion?" exclaimed the old lady—"how did he get among us?"  
"No matter how. He is among us, and must be conquered. Henry, have you any bullets left?"  
"Only a few—we are out of lead."  
"Out of lead! go to the mine, and get two of the heaviest heavy plates, and melt them into bullets before you go to bed. The lion must be conquered, and both of us must join the party."  
"But where is he, father?"  
"I will explain, my son. A division of the British army is near us, and our only chance of escape lies in the direction of General Stark's camp. It is our duty to go and call on every patriot to join him. At dawn of the morning we must start for Bennington."  
"Hush! put a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a few pieces of dried pease into our hunting pouches. And should I never return, — for the least thin a tear glistened in the eye of the patriot, but he dashed it from his eye and continued:—Should I never return, should I never forsake the home which he held in his hand, contains some instructions relative to the management of your weekly affairs."  
She took the paper and deposited it in her bosom.  
Henry promptly obeyed the instructions of his father relative to converting the plates into bullets, and had scarcely finished when his mother brought him a large packet containing:  
"Oh! the bullets, my son, it cannot be put to a better use, and when you meet the enemy, let every shot count; but before you go, bid farewell to Emmeline for it may be your last farewell."  
"Yes, Henry," said the father, "I will kiss the bullets, while you call up on Emmeline. Tell her the brief day may be postponed; tell her to pray for the success of our arms, or the speedy liberation of our country from the thralldom of despotism, and for our triumph."  
Henry Elverton and Emmeline White had been intimate from childhood. They had recently exchanged vows of eternal fidelity, and the day was already fixed when they were to be ratified as a earthly pair.  
The present outlook for the cause was like a death blow to the youthful hopes of Henry; but he begged his father to reveal it to Emmeline. It is impossible to say by her side. The day of matrimony was depicted on his face, and his eyes were dimmed with tears. Emmeline, by his side, and the first time it

### The Heroes of Saratoga.

many years his cheeks were moistened with tears.  
"Henry?" another voice inquired.—The anxious girl knew not what to fear, expect, or hope, but she endeavored to prepare herself for the worst.  
"Henry, explain and relieve my suspense."  
"Emeline, we must part, perhaps forever.  
The bloom left her cheek; she in vain attempted to rise, when Henry, forgetful of everything but her safety and welfare, caught her in his arms. The embrace was mutual, and restored to Emmeline that confidence in Henry's fidelity which his last words had rendered doubtful.  
"No more, Henry," said she, as she grasped his neck more closely; "a proof of your country's call; should you fall, it would be in a righteous cause; but, should she, after a moment's hesitation, bid you, 'Henry, we shall meet again!'"  
Another beautiful embrace closed the scene, and Henry left the presence of his lovely wife with a much lighter heart than he entered it. Encouraged by her, he could face the cannon, thoughts of danger, in the hope of returning to his much loved home, a sharer in the honors of a glorious victory.

The parting of Mrs. Elverton with her husband was brief and affectionate; her heart was full, but not a tear bedewed her good cheek, and she gave them a blessing, and urged them to depart.  
On their arrival at Bennington, the bloody strife had already commenced; the odds were fearful against our ill-armed and undisciplined militia; but the appearance of recruits, constantly approaching, and joining them from every quarter, encouraged Stark and his little band to hold out till the forces should justify them in making a bold but well planned charge de franc, in hopes to surprise and encamp the enemy. The soldiers fell, moreover, that they were fighting for their friends and little child the graves of their ancestors, and the consecrated altars of their religion, against a foe whose only weapons were the displeasure of their royal master. These considerations, moved every arm, and animated every heart.  
The battle was short and decisive, and in favor of the Americans. Many a fond wife on that day became a widow, many an anxious mother was doomed to consecrate the memory of a favorite son by her unavailing tears of sorrow, and many a soldier pressed to her agonizing bosom to be used for her fellow-soldier to the claimant. This was done by the act passed during the first term of President Washington, which was amended by that enacted by the last Congress, and is now contained in the Executive and War Departments to take care of those who are faithfully executed. The injunction of the Constitution is so imperative, and as binding as any other. It stands exactly in the same language as that clause which provides for the return of fugitives from justice, or of which declares that no bill of attainder or law shall be passed, or of which provides for an equality of taxation, according to the extent or value of the property of the citizen, or of which declares that all United States troops shall be by law. The several articles and clauses of the Constitution, all resting on the same authority, must stand or fall together.  
Some objection has been urged against the details of the act for the return of fugitives from justice, but it is worthy of remark that the same objection is raised against the Constitution itself, and proceeds from the same source, namely, that it is a mere paper, and that it is not worth the trouble to give full and practical effect to its requirements. Fortunately, the number of these persons is comparatively small, and is believed to be daily diminishing, but the same which they present, one which involve the approval and even the existence of the Constitution.

### The Heroes of Saratoga.

cases have heretofore arisen in which individuals have denied the binding authority of acts of Congress, and even States have proposed to nullify such acts upon the ground that the Constitution was the supreme law of the land, and that those acts of Congress were repugnant to that instrument, but nullification is not a better use, and when you meet the enemy, let every shot count; but before you go, bid farewell to Emmeline for it may be your last farewell."  
"Yes, Henry," said the father, "I will kiss the bullets, while you call up on Emmeline. Tell her the brief day may be postponed; tell her to pray for the success of our arms, or the speedy liberation of our country from the thralldom of despotism, and for our triumph."  
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