

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

VOL. X.

SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, MAY 11, 1860.

NO. 4.

The People's Press,

BY L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

PRICE.—Two Dollars a Year,
PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

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Salem Bookstore.

The undersigned, thankful for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to him, and having just received from the Northern Cities, one of the largest and best assortments of Books, Stationery, Fancy Articles, &c. &c. ever offered in this section, respectfully invites his friends and customers to give him a call, feeling assured that he will sell bargains well, either by Wholesale or Retail. All, as he buys his goods exclusively for Cash direct of the Manufacturers, for Schools and Libraries supplied on the most reasonable terms.

THE RAILROAD

may come to Winston

AND they may not; but one thing is certain, and that is this, the subscriber has received HIS STOCK OF

Spring & Summer Goods

which can't fail to please his numerous customers, in style and price. And he would respectfully invite all who wish to purchase Goods at Reduced Prices, to call and examine his present stock, before they purchase elsewhere.

State of North Carolina,

DAVIDSON COUNTY.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to
May Term, 1860.

Henry A. Grubb, Adm'r of Madison G. Grubb, deceased,
vs.
John Grubb and others.

Petition to sell Land to pay debts.

IT appearing upon affidavit, that Hiram Grubb and Nicholas Frentham and his wife Elizabeth, defendants in the above cause, are not inhabitants of this State; It is therefore ordered that publication be made for six weeks in the People's Press, published in Salem, for said non-resident defendants personally to be and appear at next term of the Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, to be held for said county of Davidson, at the Court-house in Lexington, on the second Monday of May, 1860, then and there to plead, answer or demur, to the plaintiff's petition, or judgment pro confesso will be taken against said non-resident defendants, and the cause set down for hearing as to them.

State of North Carolina,

STOKES COUNTY.
Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions
March Term, 1860.

Wm. A. Lash vs Pylades Smallwood.
Ephraim Boudin vs same.

Attachment levied on Defendant's Lands.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that Pylades Smallwood, the defendant in the above cause, hath removed or so concealed himself that the ordinary process of law cannot be served on him: It is therefore ordered by the Court that publication for six successive weeks be made in the "People's Press," a newspaper printed in Salem, for said Defendant to be and appear before the Justices of our next Court of Pleas and Quarter sessions, to be held for the County of Stokes, at the Court House in Danbury, on the second Monday in June next, then and there to reply and plead to said suit, otherwise judgment by default will be rendered against him, and the land levied on, be condemned for the satisfaction of the plaintiff's debts.

Durified Tar in Capsules,

for the cure of Coughs, &c. Copaliba Capsules; Camphorated Capsules, a cure for sick and nervous headache, Tarant's extract of Cubebs and Copaliba, Tarant's Seltzer Aperient, at the DRUG STORE.

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Miscellaneous.

THE RESCUE,

OR
A True Story of the Supernatural.

From Owen's Footfalls.

Mr. Robert Bruce originally descended from some branch of the Scottish family of that name, was borne in humble circumstances, about the close of the last century, at Torbay, in the South of England, and there bred up to a sea-faring life.

When about thirty years ago, to wit, in the year 1830, he was first engaged in the printing business in Liverpool and St. John's New Brunswick. On one of her voyages bound westward, being then some portion of the Banks of New Foundland, the captain and mate had been on deck at noon, taking an observation of the sun, after which both descended to calculate the day's work.

The cabin, a small one, was immediately at the stern of the vessel, and the short stairway descending to it ran athwartships. Immediately opposite to the stairway, just beyond a small square landing, was the mate's state-room, and from that landing there were two doors close to each other, the one opening aft into the cabin, the other fronting the stairway into the state-room. The desk in the state room was in the forward part of it, close to the door, so that one sitting at it and looking over his shoulder could look into the cabin.

The mate, absorbed in his calculations, which did not result as he had expected, varying considerably from the dead reckoning, had not noticed the captain's motions. When he had completed his calculations, he called out without looking round, "I make out latitude and longitude so and so. Can that be right? How is yours?"

Receiving no reply, he repeated his question, glancing over his shoulder, and perceiving, as he thought, the captain busy writing on his slate. Still no answer. Thereupon he rose, and as he fronted the cabin door, the figure he had mistaken for the captain raised its head, and disclosed to the astonished mate the features of an entire stranger.

Bruce was no coward, but as he met that fixed gaze looking directly at him in grave silence, and became assured that it was no one he had ever seen before, it was too much for him, and instead of stopping to question the seeming intruder, he rushed upon deck, in such evident alarm, that it instantly attracted the captain's attention.

"Why, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what in the world is the matter with you?"
"The matter, sir? Who is that at your desk?"
"No one that I know of."
"But there is sir; there's a stranger there."

"A stranger! Why, man, you must be dreaming. You must have seen the steward there, or the second mate. Who else would venture down without orders?"
"But sir; he was sitting in your arm chair, fronting the door, writing on your slate, then he looked up full in my face, and if ever I saw a man plainly and distinctly in this world, I saw him."

"Him! Whom?"
"God knows, sir, I don't. I saw a man, and a man I had never seen before."
"You must be going crazy, Mr. Bruce. A stranger and we nearly six weeks out!"
"I know, sir, but then I saw him."
"Go down and see what it is."

Bruce hesitated. "I never was a believer in ghosts," he said, "but if the truth must be told, I'd rather not face it alone."
"Come, come man. Go down at once and don't make a fool of yourself before the crew."
"I hope you've always found me willing to do what's reasonable," replied Bruce, changing color, "but if it's all the same to you sir, I'd rather we should both go down together."

The captain descended the stairs, and the mate followed him. Nobody in the cabin! They examined the state-room. Not a soul to be found!
"Well, Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "did I not tell you you had been dreaming?"
"It's all very well to say so, sir, but if I didn't see that man writing on your slate, may I never see my home again."
"Ah! writing on the slate! Then it should be there still." And the captain took it up.

He exclaimed, "here's something, sure enough! Is that your writing, Mr. Bruce?"
The mate took the slate, and there in plain, legible characters stood the words, "STEER TO THE NORTHWEST!"
"Have you been trifling with me, sir?"
"On my word as a man, as a sailor, sir!" replied Bruce, "I know no more of this matter than you do. I have told you the exact truth."
The captain sat down at his desk, the slate before him, in deep thought. At last turning the slate over and pushing it toward Bruce, he said, "Write down, 'Steer to the north-west.'"

not one of the various hands resembled, in any degree, the mysterious writing.
When the crew retired, the captain went deep in thought. Could any one have stowed away? At last he said, "The mate must be searched and if I don't find the fellow he must be a good hand at hiding a seek. Order up all hands."

Every nook and corner of the vessel was thoroughly searched, and that with all the eagerness of excited curiosity—for the mate had gone out that a stranger had shown himself on board—but not a living soul beyond the crew and officers was found.

Returning to the cabin after their fruitless search, "Mr. Bruce," said the captain, "what do you make of this?"
"I saw a man write; you see the writing. There must be something in it."
"Well, it would seem so. We have the wind free, and I have a great mind to keep her away, and see what will come of it."
"I surely would, sir, if I were in your place; it's only a few hours lost at the worst."

"Well, we'll see. Go on deck and give the course north-west. And, Mr. Bruce," he added, as the mate rose to go, "have a look out aloft, and let it be a hand you can depend on."
His orders were obeyed. About three o'clock the look out reported an iceberg ahead, and shortly afterwards what he thought was a vessel of some kind close to it.

As they approached, the Captain's glass disclosed the fact that it was a dismantled ship apparently frozen to the ice, and with a good many human beings on it. Shortly after they had come to, and sent out boats to the relief of the sufferers.

It proved to be a vessel from Quebec, bound to Liverpool, with passengers on board. She had got entangled in the ice and finally frozen fast, and had past several weeks in the most critical condition. She was stove, her deck swept—in fact, a mere wreck; all her provisions, and almost all her water gone. Her crew and passengers had lost all hope of being saved, and their gratitude for the unexpected rescue was proportionately great.

As one of the men who had been brought away in the third boat that had reached the wreck was ascending the ship's yards, the mate, catching a glimpse of his face, started back in consternation. It was the very face that he had seen three or four hours before, looking up at him from the captain's desk.

At first he tried to persuade himself that it might be fancy; but the more he examined the man, the more sure he became that he was right. Not only the face but the person and dress exactly corresponded.

As soon as the exhausted crew and famished passengers were cared for, and the bark on her course again, the mate called the captain aside.
"It seems that was not a ghost I saw to-day, sir; the man's alive."
"What do you mean? What's alive?"
"Why, sir, one of the passengers we have just saved, is the same man that I saw at noon writing on your slate. I would swear to it in a court of justice."

"Upon my word, Mr. Bruce," replied the captain, "this gets more and more singular. Let us go and see this man."
They found him in conversation with the captain of the rescued ship. They both came forward and expressed, in the warmest terms, their gratitude for deliverance from a horrible fate—slow-coming death by exposure and starvation.

The captain replied that he had but done what they would have done for him under similar circumstances, and asked them, both to step down into the cabin. Then turning to the passenger he said:
"I hope, sir, you will not think I am trifling with you, but I would be much obliged to you if you would write a few words on this slate, and he handed him the slate with the side up on which the mysterious writing was not."
"I will do anything you ask," replied the passenger, "but what shall I write?"
"A few words is all I want. Suppose you write 'Steer to the north-west.'"

The passenger, evidently puzzled to make out the motive of such a request, complied, however, with a smile. The captain took up the slate and examined it closely; then stepping aside so as to conceal the slate from the passenger, he turned it over, and gave it to him with the other side up.
"You say this is your hand writing?"
"I need not say so," rejoined the other looking at him, "for you saw me write it."
"And this?" said the captain turning the slate over.

The man looked first at one writing then at the other quite confounded. At last—"What is the meaning of this?" said he, "I only wrote one of these—who wrote the other?"
"That's more than I can tell you, sir—My man here says you wrote it, sitting at this desk, at noon to-day."
The captain of the ship and the passenger looked at each other, exchanging looks of intelligence and surprise, and the former asked the latter:
"Did you dream that you wrote on this slate?"
"Not that I remember."

"You speak of dreaming," said the captain of the bark, "where was this gentleman about noon to-day?"
"Captain," rejoined the other, "the whole thing is the most mysterious and extraordinary; and I had intended to speak to you

out it as soon as we got a little quiet—this gentleman [pointing to the passenger] being much exhausted, fell into a heavy sleep, or what seemed such, some time before noon. After an hour or more he awoke and said to me, 'Captain, we shall follow he must be a good hand at hiding a seek. Order up all hands.' When I asked what reason he had for saying so, he said that he had dreamed he was on board the vessel, and that he was coming to our aid, and that our utter astonishment, when he showed himself in sight, she corresponded with his description of her. We put much confidence in what he said, and still we hoped there might be some mistake, for, for drowning men, you know, will catch at straws. As it happened out, I cannot doubt that it was all arranged, in some incomprehensible way, by an overruling Providence, so that we might be saved. To him be all thanks for his goodness to us."

"There is not a doubt," replied the other captain, "that the writing on the slate, let it have come there as it may, saved all our lives. I was steering at the time a considerable south of west, and I had a look-out aloft to see what would come of it. But you say," he added turning to the passenger, "that you did not dream of writing on a slate?"

"No, sir, I have no recollection, what ever, of doing so. I got the impression that the bark I saw in my dream was coming to rescue us, but how that impression came I cannot tell. There is another very strange thing about it," he said, "Every thing here on board seems to me quite familiar; yet I am very sure I was never on your vessel before. It is all a puzzle to me. What did your mate see?"

Thereupon Mr. Bruce related to them all the circumstances above detailed. The conclusion they finally arrived at was that it was a special interposition of Providence to save them from what seemed a hopeless fate.

The above narrative was communicated to me by Capt. J. S. Clarke, of the schooner Julia M. Hallock, who had it directly from Mr. Bruce himself. They sailed together for seventeen months, in the years 1836-37, so that Capt. Clarke had the story from the mate about 8 years after the occurrence. He has since lost sight of him and does not know whether he is yet alive.

All he has heard of him since they were separated, that he continued to trade to New Brunswick, that he became master of the brig Comet, and that she was lost.

I asked Capt. Clarke if he knew Bruce well, and what sort of a man he was.
"As truthful and straight forward a man as ever I met with in my life," he replied. "We were as intimate as brothers; and two men can't be together, shut up for 17 months in a ship, without getting to know whether they can trust one another's word or not. He always spoke of the circumstances in terms of reverence, as of an incident that seemed to bring him nearer to God and another world. 'I'll stake my life upon it that he told me no lie.'"

"In July, 1859, the Julia M. Hallock was then lying at the foot of Rutgers Square, New York. She trades between New York and St. Jago, in the Island of Cuba. The Captain allowed me to use his name, and to refer to him as evidence for the truth of what is here set down.

FOR YOUNG MEN TO THINK OF.

In the latest preachings upon the "Popular Proverbs," Dr. Holland closes a thoughtful and suggestive discourse on Sensual Pleasure, with the following earnest remarks to young men, which deserve to be thought of:

"Oh! if this world could rise out of this swamp of sensuality, rank with weeds and dark with deadly vapor—full of vipers, thick with pitfalls, lurid with deceptive lights—and stand upon the secure heights of virtue, where God's sun shines, and the winds of heaven breathe blandly and healthfully—would human life become blest and beautiful! The great burden of the world rolled off, how could it spring forward into a grand career of prosperity and progress! This change for this country rests almost entirely upon the young men of the country. It lies with them, more than any other class, to say whether this country shall descend still lower in its path to brutality, or rise higher than the standard of its loftiest dreams. The devotees of sense themselves have greatly lost their power of good, and comparatively few will change their course of life. Woman will be pure if men will be true. Young men this great result abides with you!"

If you could see how beautiful a flower grows upon the thorny stock of self denial you could give the plant the honor it deserves. If it seems hard and homely, despise it not; for in it sleeps the beauty of heaven and the breath of angels. If you do not witness the glory of its blossoming during the day of life, its petals will open when the night of death comes, gladden your eyes with their marvellous loveliness, and fill your soul with their grateful perfume."

"Children," says a modern writer, "are the visible elements of the invisible hereafter, for the world will soon be a conclusion of which they are the premise."

Every man is a volcano, if you only know how to read him.

THE PROCESS OF RAISING ENTIRE BLOCKS OF BUILDINGS.

Probably the greatest mechanical feat on record, is the raising of an entire block of buildings, weighing 35,000 tons, and presenting a front of 320 feet, which has nearly or quite been accomplished at Chicago. The Chicago papers say the process of raising is by the screw, at six thousand of which, three inches in diameter, and of "three-eights thread," six hundred workmen have been employed, each man in charge of from eight to ten screws. A complete system of signals was kept in operation, and by them the workmen passed, each through his series, giving each screw one quarter turn, then returning to repeat the same. Five days' labor saw the immense weight rise through four feet and eight inches to where it now stands on temporary supports, rapidly being replaced by permanent foundations.

The block comprises thirteen first class stories and a large double marble structure, the Marine Bank building. Its subdivisions are a five-story marble front block of three stories; a four-story block of three stories; a second four-story block of three stories, at the corner of Clark street—these all presenting an unbroken front, in the heart of the city and filled with occupants. It presents some of the best retail establishments in the city, and some of the heaviest stocks of drugs, dry goods, etc. Its upper stories are full of offices, and contain millinery rooms, printing establishments, hatteries, etc., and yet, so admirably has the work been conducted, the ceaseless daily tide of pedestrians has not been impeded, but rather increased, from the novelty of the sight, and the merchants and others even speak of an improved trade, though they will welcome the completion of the work none the less.

The block has been raised four feet eight inches, the required height, in five days, and the men are now busy putting in the permanent supports. The total cost of this stupendous work is only \$17,000.

THE "CALIFORNIA YEAST."

A question is under discussion in some of the Tennessee papers, whether this remarkable substance is not dangerous to human life. A correspondent of the Clarksville Chronicle writes that he has been informed by an intelligent and reliable physician of Nashville, that in Madison county, Ala., where the yeast is extensively used, a disease has appeared in the form of a swelling of the stomach, and that it is attributed by physicians to the use of the California Yeast, which, being parasitical in its nature and possessing a remarkable tendency to reproduction, sometimes adheres to and grows in the system. He says that in some cases the enlargement has been so great as to produce death. The Nashville Patriot discredits this report, and calls upon the physician referred to to make public any case in which he knows that death or injury has resulted from the use of the yeast, with all the particulars. It says that hundreds of persons in Nashville have long been using it, as a leaven for beer and to make dough rise, and that it does not know of any case of injury from its use, but does know of benefit resulting from it.

Columbus Enquirer.

THE REIGN OF BLOOD IN UTAH.

We have been shown a letter received by a gentleman of this city, from an officer of the army, dated Camp Floyd, February 15th, 1860, and he reiterates what has been said concerning the murders, and remarks: "Private assassinations have assumed quite an alarming position here. Besides the cold-blooded murders I have written you before, there have been several others, one of which fairly rivals the most atrocious on the criminal record. Not long since, a corporal in the 7th and private in the 5th Infantry, most excellent friends, received permission to take a ride, and after going a short distance were set upon and murdered. Such is the inference, as the body of one, with his head severed from his body was found near a Mormon town, and his companion and the mules gone. There is no doubt of the fact that the Mormons murdered them both for their mules and clothes, and then secreted one of the bodies, so as to make it appear that he had murdered his comrade and deserted, taking the mules with him. A corporal of dragoons having been missed, search was instituted, and his corpse was found near the camp, with three bullet holes in his head, and men going out to walk or hunt have frequently been robbed of their coats, &c."

Such being the facts in the case, how can any one help feeling that the Administration is weak and puerile. Murders of the most atrocious kind are of daily occurrence, whilst the perpetrators go unpunished, and we learn from despatches that the papers are now ready and waiting the signature of the Secretary of War to remove the army, the only safeguard to our citizens. This done, the demons who now revel on the spoils of the slain will exterminate every one in the valley who does not yield to the behests of the church, and acknowledge the lecherous old traitor Brigham Young, as Prophet.

We sincerely hope, that if they do remove the troops, Congress will take the

matter in hand and have them replaced with additional strength in Salt Lake City, and when a murder is committed ferret it out and execute the offender. The memory of the Mountain Meadow massacre is still fresh in our minds, of whole families destroyed, of young girls violated and murdered, and the murderers walking the streets of Salt Lake City with the garments of their victims upon their persons. These are facts that cry aloud for vengeance.

JAPANESE PECULIARITIES.

The Japanese, during their stay at the International Bazaar, have exhibited a great many peculiarities which may be interesting to many readers, and, we believe, have not been told before. They have all shown themselves very easily pleased, and exceedingly well bred. When asked to try some dish new to them, they do so. If they like it they continue eating, expressing themselves pleased; if not, they taste no more, but never express dislike. The Ambassadors are very dignified, and command respect. The inferior officers never enter their apartment without bowing, and the servants invariably drop upon the knee.

They are all very light eaters, but they take their meals very quickly, almost every thing they do slowly, but eating with them is a rapid operation. The subordinates eat nothing but rice; but the dignitaries are fond of sweetmeats, cakes, confections of all kinds, and sauces. None of them eat any meat, except that the dignitaries take a little chicken, and none of them use either milk or butter. They drink both tea and coffee, and are no sooner through with their meals than they go to smoking their wild tobacco in small pipes.

They are all very apt at learning any thing. The manner of folding napkins artistically, for instance, which for any other species of the genus homo would require an apprenticeship of a day or two, the Japanese learn by seeing it done once. Their powers of imitation are consequently very great, and for any kind of manipulation after scholars could not possibly be any where found. They learn to write the English letters in a few minutes, and can copy any thing they see. The faculty of constructiveness, indeed, seems to be a natural development, as also a certain serene good humor, which is indicated by their universally fat, plump, smiling round faces. Another national characteristic seems to be their inquisitiveness. There is hardly any thing that escapes them; about our Government, laws, customs, manufactures, country, and so on, they are never done asking questions. At the International they were very curious to understand the relations between Mr. Haley and his employees; what sort of government was established there; how Mr. Haley could have every thing attended to so well, and how he could exercise so complete a control, unless he was a sort of prince or master. And, it is almost unnecessary to add, they were surprised at much which they learned in regard to the American people; and strange will be the accounts which they will carry home of the great nation which has no Princes and no Emperor.

THE LADIES MOUNT VERNON ASSOCIATION.

A new appointment of Vice Regent for the Mount Vernon Ladies' Association has just come to our knowledge so full of interest that we cannot refrain from placing it before our readers.

From various circumstances, beyond control, South Carolina has been one of the few States unrepresented in this band of sisterly patriots, notwithstanding which she has voluntarily contributed a considerable amount towards the 'Fund.' Now we understand the Regent of the Association has succeeded in obtaining the name of Mrs. Mary Chesnut, the mother of the South Carolina Senator, as vice regent for that State. This lady, now eighty-five years of age, has the proud happiness of being able to say what few living can say, that she had a personal acquaintance with Gen. Washington. In the spring of 1789 Washington visited Trenton, and was received with the most enthusiastic demonstration by the people, especially by the ladies. A "triumphal arch" was erected on the bridge over the Assanpinch Creek, at the entrance of which six young girls strewed flowers before him and sang a song of welcome. One of those girls is now Mrs. Chesnut. And she who in the dawn of life sang the song of triumphant welcome to "The Hero," now in its wane joins those who are endeavoring to pay the noblest of tributes to that hero's memory. We cannot imagine a more beautiful commencement and close of life. Who will not unite with us in the earnest hope that that life may be prolonged to witness the full accomplishment of this noble object?

Natal Intelligence.

Our whole life is intermixed with joys, hopes, fears, and sorrows. We have a succession of pleasure and pain, in which, however, the latter predominates in most men. The great majority of us get only a quart of honey to a gallon of wormwood, an ounce of pleasure to a pound of pain, an inch of joy to a foot of trouble.

"Jim, how does the thermometer stand to-day?"
"Oh, stands on the mantle piece, right upon the plastering."

"Children," says a modern writer, "are the visible elements of the invisible hereafter, for the world will soon be a conclusion of which they are the premise."

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