THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

VOL. XV. SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 13, 1866. NO. 46.

L. V. BLUM,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—THREE DOLLARS a year in advance. One Dollar and a half for six months. Ten copies to one Post Office, $20 00

ADVERTISING RATES.

ONE DOLLAR per square (12 lines or less) for first insertion, and fifty cents for every subsequent insertion.

Longer advertisements in proportion.

Obituary notices, Resolutions adopted by Orders, Societies, &c., or anything of a personal nature, will be inserted as advertisements, and charged accordingly. The money must accompany the manuscript.

We copy the following poem from a late number of the *Field and Fireside*:

LADY ROWENA.

BY JOHN H. BONER.

I

The sun went down, the ship-like clouds
  Anchored upon the sunset sea
Sailed out of port with golden shrouds
  In deep tranquility;

And when the moon rose in the east,
  Like some pale nun from evening prayer
After the going of her priest,
  And stars shone saintly fair,

Lady Rowena walked alone
  On the balcony under her casement high—
On the fountains below in the garden shone
  The moon in the eastern sky.

The odorous breezes seemed to oppress
  The lady, and the water below
With its airy plash, as she quickly paced
  The balcony to and fro.

Was the lady ill that she looked so white—
  That her lustrous eyes were starred with tears?
And was she telling the silent night
  Of joyful hopes?—or fears?

For she ever crossed her breast, and sighed
  "Oh, joy—oh, bliss—oh, pain!"
Then, kissing her rosary, drooped her head
  And told her beads again.

II

One year ago the lady stood
  At the altar of Saint Aloasis—a bride,
Pledging her faith and womanhood
  To the man who stood at her side.

And not for wealth she wedded him,
  For she had leagues of land;
Golcondian diamonds were to him
  No treasure like her hand.

III

When trees were bright, in April days,
  And larks were overhead,
And all the land broke out ablaze
  With roses flaming red,

Sir Vincent and the lady walked,
  All in the pleasant weather,
Under the bloomy trees, and talked
  With down-drooped eyes together.

IV

Ah, lady, when with dark Sir Ralph
  The tender vows then spoken
Were cancelled by a harlot-laugh,
  And o'er the wine cup broken,
You little thought that he to whom,
  Before the sacred altar,
Was pledged your virtue—to the tomb—
  With lips that did not falter,

That Vincent, whom you thought was gone,
  Without the chamber stood
And saw you. At the ghastly dawn
  You found him in his blood.

V

Saint Agnes convent stands alone
  Within a vale, and ever
At midnight, when the holy moon
  Through windy clouds that sever

Shines clear and cold, a pale nun stands
  By the cross above her bed,
Telling her beads with trembling hands
  And praying to be dead.

FARMER HOPE'S TROUBLE.

Farmer Hope sat brooding over the kitchen fire; a few rays from the covered embers glanced at him, now and then blinked, winked, and went to their ashen sleep again. When they did so the farmer stirred them up with his heavy boot.

A heavy, broad-shouldered man was farmer Hope, and as he stooped in his arm-chair, over the smouldering hearth, his muscular frame drooped with a ponderous weight, as if the heart inside of it were heavy to lift. A miserable drop, that should have been a tear, hung pitiously at the end of his nose; for farmer Hope had worked out early and late this autumn, and the only thing he had got by it was a cold.

"Every thing goes the wrong way," said the farmer.

He might have said this to himself, but that grandmother Beck sat in the doorway, knitting. The last ruddy rays of twilight gleamed over the sloping cornfield that occupied the rising ground just beyond the house, and a broad band of sombre crimson swept in across the porch and over the floor of the inlet room; the lingered sky light was better than candles, grandmother Beck was wont to say—and more economical. Silent and smoking and solemn sat the two, and nothing went in the doorway, the old lady occasionally raising her empty pipe with an inquiring look to the departed fire-place. Farmer Hope's pipe generally stood by twelve o'clock, and was not touched until the morrow morning, when it was filled and lighted with the first ray of sunshine that stole into the room. Farmer Hope was a good man, and a kind man, and a man who had his own way in his own house, and who was not given to swearing. Hence, when he did swear, it was a matter of some moment, and his family were wont to pay attention to his words. Farmer Hope had been heard to say, on a certain occasion, that he felt better after it; and, as he was a man who seldom felt better for any thing, his family had a tolerable respect for his opinions on this point.

Farmer Hope was