

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS.

VOL. XVI.

SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 23, 1866.

NO. 13.

L. V. BLUM,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS.—TWO DOLLARS a year in advance. One Dollar and a half for six months.
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 of Societies, &c., or anything of a personal nature, will be inserted as advertisements, and charged accordingly. The money must accompany the manuscript.

INDIAN SUMMER.

Just after the death of the flowers,
And before they are buried in snow,
There comes a festive season,
When nature is all aglow—
Aglow with a mystical splendor
That rivals the brightness of spring—
Aglow with a beauty more tender
Than aught which fair summer could bring.
Some spirit akin to the rainbow
Then borrow his magical dyes,
And mantles the spreading landscape
In hues that baffle the eyes.
The sun, from his cloud-pillowed chamber,
Smiles soft on a vision so gay,
And dowers that his favorite children,
The flowers, have not yet passed away.
There's a luminous mist on the mountains,
A light azure haze in the air,
As if angels, whilst heavenward soaring,
Had left their bright robes floating there.
The breeze is so soft, so caressing,
It seems a mute token of love
And floats to the heart like a blessing
From some happy spirit above.
These days, so serene and so charming,
Awaken a dreamy delight—
A tremulous joyful enjoyment,
Like soft strains of music at night;
We know they are fading and fleeing,
That quickly, too quickly they'll end,
And we watch them with yearning affection,
As at parting we watch a dear friend.
Oh! beautiful Indian Summer!
Thou favor'st a child of the year—
Thou dar'st, whom nature enriches
With gifts and adornments so dear!
How fain would we woo thee to linger
On mountain and meadow awhile.
For our hearts, like the sweet haunts of nature
Rejoice and grow young in thy smile.
Not alone to the sad fields of autumn
Dost thou a lost brightness restore,
But thou bringest a world-wide spirit
Sweet dreams of its childhood once more.
Thy loveless fill us with memories,
Of all that was brightest and best;
Thy peace and serenity offer
A foretaste of heavenly rest.

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—A young man and his wife were preparing to attend a Christmas party at the house of a friend some miles distant. "Henry my dear husband, don't drink too much at the party to day; you will promise me, won't you?" said she putting her hand upon his brow, and raising her eyes to his face with a pleading smile. "No, Millie, I will not; you may trust me," and she wrapped her infant in a soft blanket, and they descended. The horses were soon prancing over the turf and a pleasant conversation beguiled the way. "Now don't forget your promise," whispered the young wife, as they passed up the steps. Poor thing she was wedded to a man who loved to look upon the wine when it was red. The party passed pleasantly; the time for departure drew near; the wife descended from the upper chamber to join her husband. A pang hot through her beating heart as she met him, for he was intoxicated; he had broken his promise. Silently they rode homeward, save when the drunken man broke into snatches of a song, or unmeaning laughter. But the wife rode on, her babe pressed close to her grieving heart. "Give me the baby Millie, I can't trust you with him," he said, as they approached a dark and swollen stream. After some hesitation she resigned her first-born—her darling babe, closely wrapped in a great blanket—to his arms. "Over the dark waters the noble steed safely bore them; and when they reached the bank, the mother asked for her child. With much care and tenderness he placed the babe in her arms; but when she clasped it to her breast it was not there; it had slipped from the blanket, and the drunken father knew it not. A wild shriek from the mother aroused him, and he turned round just in time to see the rosy face rise one moment above the dark waters, then sink forever, and that by his own intemperance! The anguish of the mother and remorse of the father are better imagined than described.

Glaxio News

A PLEASANT COUNTY TO LIVE IN.—The Memphis *Advertiser*, of the 1st instant, concludes an article, as follows: "We will now close this article by stating that not in the wide world is there as much shooting, stabbing, and killing, as in Shelby county, when we take into consideration the intelligence of the community. Night after night affray occurs; men are shot within a few yards of our office; bullets are fired into windows—and it is a—n you, elick! bang! I'm shot—nightly, from one end of the city to the other. One of the most astounding features in this revelry of blood is the notoriety of the participants. They go for one another like men at a boxing match. While the fighting two persons become engaged in a deadly struggle, one man jumps some distance away. One of the men, with a knife, then rushed upon the other, and exclaimed, 'I've killed him!' 'You are a liar, says the individual hit, while he had a hole in his head, and put your thumb in. The city is mad; crime is epidemic and the poisonous elements consist in the evil practice of carrying arms."

THE BEWITCHED CLOCK.

BY THE OLD UN.

About half past eleven o'clock on Sunday night, a human leg, enveloped in beautiful broadcloth, "might have been seen" entering Deacon Cephas Barberr's kitchen window. The leg was followed, finally, by the entire person of a live yankee, assured in his Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes. It was in short, Joe Mayweed, who thus burglariously, in the dead of night, won his way into the deacon's kitchen.

"Wonder how much the old deacon makes by orderin' me not to darken his door," so loquuted the young gentleman. "P'russed him I wouldn't, but did 'at say nothin' about winders. Winders is just as good as doors, if there aint no nails to tear yer trowsers on to. Wonder if Sall'll come down?"

O, come down Sall, O, come down,
O, come down Sall, O, come down!
The critter promised me. I'm afraid to move about here 'cause I might break my shins over somethin' nuther, and wake the old folks. Cold enough to freeze a Poliah bear. I'll just sing another verse of that good old song, to let know I'm here:

There was an old woman lived all alone,
She had three darters, all young women grown!
Oh, here comes Sall, now."

The beaotious maid descended with a pleasant smile, a tallow candle, and a card of lucifer matches. After receiving a rapturous greeting, she made up a rousing fire in the cooking stove, and the happy couple sat down to enjoy the sweet interchange of vows and hopes. But the course of true love ran no smoother in old Barberr's kitchen than it does elsewhere, and Joe, who was just making up his mind to treat himself to a kiss, was startled by the voice of the deacon, her father, shouting from his bed-chamber door:

"Sally! what are you getting up in the middle of the night for?"

"Tell him it's most morning," whispered Joe.

"Can't tell a fib!" said Sally.

"I'll make it a truth, then," said Joe; and running to the huge old fashioned clock that stood in one corner, he sit it at five.

"Look at the clock and tell me what time it is," cried the old gentleman up stairs.

"It's five, by the clock," answered Sally; and corroborating her words, the old clock struck five.

The lovers sat down again and resumed their conversation. Suddenly the staircase began to creak.

"Good gracious! It's father."

"The deacon by thunder!" cried Joe—"Hide me Sall!"

"Where can I hide you?" cried the distracted girl.

"O, I know," said he, "I'll squeeze into the clock case." And without another word, he concealed himself in the case, and drew the door behind him.

The deacon was dressed, and sitting himself down by the cooking stove, pulled out his pipe, lighted it, and commenced smoking deliberately and calmly.

"Five o'clock, eh?" said he. "Well I shall have time to smoke three or four pipes, and then I'll go and feed the critters."

"Hain't you better feed the critters first, and smoke afterwards?" suggested the dutiful Sally.

"No—smokin' clears my head, and wakes me up," answered the deacon, who seemed not a whit disposed to hurry his enjoyment.

"Burr-r-r—whia!—ding! ding! ding!" went the clock.

"Tormented lighting!" cried the deacon, starting up, and dropping his pipe on the stove. "What'n creation's that?"

"It's only the clock striking five!" said Sally, tremulously.

"Whins! ding! ding! ding! ding! ding!" went the clock furiously.

"Powers of marry!" cried the deacon. "Strike'n five? it's struck a hundred already."

"Deacon Barberr!" cried the deacon's better half, who had hastily robbed herself, and now plunging down the staircase in the wildest state of alarm. "What's the matter with the clock?"

"Goodness only knows," replied the old man. "It's been in the family these hundred years, and never did I know it to carry on so afore."

With a death grasp. The old deacon began to be dreadfully frightened. He gave one more tug. An unearthly yell as if a fiend in distress, burst from the inside, and then the clock pitched headforemost at the deacon, fell headlong on the floor, smashed its face, and wrecked its fair proportions. The current of air extinguished the lamp—the deacon, the old lady and Sally fell up stairs, and Joe Mayweed, extricating himself from the clock, effected his escape in the same way in which he had entered.

The next day all Appletown was alive with the story of how Deacon Barberr's clock had been bewitched, and though many believed his version, some, and especially Joe Mayweed, affected to discredit the whole affair, hinting that the deacon had been trying the experiment of tasing frozen order, and that the vagaries of the clock case existed only in a distempered imagination.

However, the interdict being taken off, Joe was allowed to resume his courting, and with the consent of the old people to his union with Sally, by repairing the old clock, till it went as well as ever.

DARING OUTRAGE IN KENTUCKY.

A RAIL ROAD TRAIN THROWN FROM THE TRACK AND ROBBED—THRILLING SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

On several occasions trains have been thrown from the track on the line of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and the lives of unoffending men and helpless women and children periled with an atrocious abandon, and the property of the victims pillaged. An exchange gives the following interesting account of the last occurrence of this kind:

It was a little after two o'clock yesterday morning that the train from Louisville to Nashville, due here at 3.30 a. m., was speeding at a rapid rate through the wild lonely country about five miles from the little town of Franklin, and a trifle over fifty miles from this city. Suddenly the watchful eye of the engineer, Jim Stewart, discovered an obstruction ahead on the track.

To whistle down breaks and reverse the engine was but the work of an instant. On sped the train, however, and ere its momentum was half reduced, the engine plunged into a pile of cross-ties and rails which had been placed upon the track by the hands of some human shape, who waited coolly by to commence the work of pillage and plunder. There was a wild crash of breaking iron, and the locomotive leaping from the track and followed by the express car, shot down the forty foot embankment making two complete turns and finally stopping with its head pointing directly back to Louisville.

The baggage car followed the express car partly down the embankment and butting back into the smoking car, which likewise plunged to one side from the rail, left the ladies' car and the sleeping car on the track. There were about one hundred passengers on board the train, among them six ladies and a number of children, all asleep or dozing in the weariness of night travel, but the first shock aroused them in an instant to disagreeable consciousness.

The firing of a volley from the party of banditti outside intimated to every one the cause of their sudden stoppage and the probable fate before them.

The robbers had selected a point where the road runs through a dreary and almost uninhabited country, with thick woods on either side, and piling upon the track a mass of rails and cross-ties they sent three or four men a short distance back with other obstructions on hand to throw across the track in case the engineer should be able to bring his train to a halt before colliding with the mass ahead, and by putting the train back, escape their clutches. These having performed their work, rendered unnecessary however, by the train running from the track, joined their companions at the wreck and the work of pillage commenced. The party consisted of ten or twelve men, roughly dressed, armed with navy revolvers and with their faces blackened after the most approved style of the burnt cork artists. Sentinels were placed at the ends of the cars and the remainder went through the coaches demanding the money and watches of the passengers. Quite a number of those who had large sums of money and valuables about them, had sufficient presence of mind to retreat them in one way or another during the few minutes that passed between the firing of the volley outside and the entry of the robbers. On this account it is thought probable that not more than two thousand, or two thousand five hundred dollars was secured from the passengers. The modus operandi was as follows: The passengers in the sleeping car were aroused and marched into the next car, being searched at the entrance. After the car had been vacated, the villains commenced a systematic search for secreted money and valuables, but were stopped by the burning of the express car, which, in the meanwhile, had caught fire, and by this time was sending up lurid flames, lighting up the surrounding prospect with a ruddy glare. Fearful of losing the chief booty for which they had dared to jeopardize scores of lives, after a hurried search of the passengers, the robbers sprang to the express car to secure the money safe, but it was too late. The fire had already

wrapped the treasure box in its embrace, and the contents were speedily burnt to a crisp, with the entire lading car, which consisted in part of through packages from New York, Cincinnati and other points.

From the express car the fire was communicated to the baggage car, from which meanwhile the baggage master and mail agent had thrown the baggage and mail bags, and it, together with the smoking car were reduced to ashes. The robbers, fearing doubtless to remain longer at the train, collected such light baggage as they could carry, and in about half an hour after the train was thrown from the track, disappeared in the woods, leaving the disappointed travelers to enjoy the spectacle of a burning train and talk over among themselves the incidents of the morning.

One body was terribly frightened, and kept repeating in an agony of despair, "O Lord, we'll all be killed! O Lord, we'll all be killed!"

A gentleman, evidently not accustomed to such little episodes in his traveling experiences, was equally frightened and made no effort to secure his money. When his pocket book was demanded by a villain, who presented the barrel of an ugly-looking pistol to the breast of his victim, he shook like a man with the ague, ejaculating in the agony of terror, "My pocket book hasn't got anything in it, but here's four hundred dollars, only don't kill me, only don't kill me!"

One individual tried to escape the general fate by plunging into the woods, but was silenced by one of the gang, who with a gun, he remarked, "Young man, this is no official affair."

One gentleman placed hundred and forty dollars in his pocket book, and slipped a large package containing seven hundred dollars in his belt, filling it so that he could not get it more than half on. This was noticed by one of the robbers after he had accepted the hundred and forty "as a slight token of regard," and he briefly asked the cause. "Tight boots and short time for dressing," replied the other, as he limped out of the sleeping car with his money safe.

Another gentleman (Captain H. H. Cushing, of Louisville), saved a splendid gold watch, by hanging it down his back inside his shirt.

An individual from Savannah put a hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket book, and secreted a package of five hundred in his overcoat pocket. Just as he was going out of the train, one of the gang remarked, "That's a nice overcoat, hain't it? I believe that'll just fit me." And forthwith overcoat, money and all changed hands.

Capt. S. B. Brown, of Louisville, had his carpet bag taken, containing ten thousand dollars' worth of vouchers and other valuable papers. About one hour after the departure of the robbers he followed up their trail, and some two miles from the railroad found where they had cut open the rails and taken out clothes, ect., leaving the package of vouchers, together with a few of the Capt's photographs, at no value.

An honest citizen relates his experience as follows: "John Oost, sinks I deare de piler past, a ten-ton steam already shut upon a man—'a pater (repeater) to mines head—'I says, 'Hands out your pocket-book, I hain't up out. I gives him my p'p'le, but 'a ask me.—'Ach, liebes, 'vash scart'!"

A reverend gentleman had his money, some two or three hundred dollars, taken, and also his watch, but the latter was found a short distance in the trail of the robbers.

R. K. Dunkless, of New York, had his pocket book gobbled, containing about eighty dollars.

J. C. Goetz, agent of the Louisville Brewery in this city, had a fine gold watch and \$100 taken.

The only man severely hurt by the throwing of the train from the track was the engineer, Mr. Stewart. Promptly at first notice his vigilant eye gave of danger ahead, to reverse the engine and sound the brakes, with his hand on the throttle valve, he stood at his post while the engine made the fearful leap down the bank, and performed the wonderful gymnastics which must have taken place from the position in which it was left. Mr. Stewart received a painful hurt in the leg, which will probably lay him up for several weeks.

Mr. Evans, the express agent, was considerably bruised by the falling of boxes at the time of the concussion. Strange to relate, not a passenger was hurt beyond a slight bruise or scratch.

The Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company lose by this affair as follows:

Damage to new locomotive, \$10,000; three cars burned, \$5,000.

The loss to the Adams Express Company cannot yet be ascertained, but it will probably be more than \$10,000 or \$15,000.

MR. HOOD AND MITCHELL.—Prof. W. H. Mitchell recently ascended Mount Hood in Oregon. He has established the fact that Mt. Hood is really a volcano, and that it is the highest Mountain in the United States. It is 17,000 feet. Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, is not quite 7,000 feet, and is the highest peak East side of the Rocky mountains—*Rel. Stand.*

CHICKEN JUSTICE IN LA CROSSE.

From the La Crosse (Wis) Democrat.

Monday afternoon these eggs off before Police Judge Hubbard, in this city, another law suit, the particulars of which are as follows:

Richard Hendricks on the 17th of September brought suit against "Brick" Pomeroy to recover pay for two roosters that by the defendant with a rooster, the chickens belonging to the plaintiff, on the 25th of September. Through the kindness of the judge, the case has been adjourned from week to week till the return of the defendant, from his destinationing tour of Indiana. This morning the case came on, on Mayor John James & Lyndon being the counsel for the prosecution, the defendant appearing in his own defense.

The court-room was crowded for the idea of trying an editor for stealing, or shooting chickens was a novelty. The plaintiff brought in his bill, sworn to in his own name, testified that he owned the chickens; that they were raised by a hen belonging to him; that he had repeatedly asked the defendant to make for these and sell the eggs, or satisfaction, he was compelled to bring suit, and asked for judgment of one dollar and cost.

The defendant admitted shooting the chickens, and proved by four reliable witnesses the fact.

In April, 1866, the defendant owned a farm near La Crosse, Wis., which he had kept in a stable hire by him, and made for by six of his employees. Through a difficulty in the hens or stable the plaintiff's chickens were in and out of the defendant's farm, and on the approach of any one, would fly off. In an old hen, in the stable, one of the hens, a black one, made her nest, laid thirteen eggs therein, and proceeded to raise a family. While the hen was ready to set the defendant's rooster, the boy who took care of his farm to go down town, and perhaps thirteen eggs of J. W. Robinson & Co. were, and put them in the nest, first removing the other eggs. The boy did so as was proved by the fact that the hen was seen to peck at the eggs a d. q. times or more; he tried to make her leave but she would not, but proceeded to incubate his eggs, duly bought and paid for, without his consent, leave or license, after repeated efforts on his part and by his agents to have her vacate his premises. And further, when the hen had hatched his eggs, she ran off with his chickens, eleven in number, two eggs not producing chickens. To her services he brought an offset, the use of the stable and board bill in the shape of oats; he charged her with the two eggs she spoiled, and demanded a number, at the plaintiff's request, and proved that the chickens and not the hen, were the property of the plaintiff. Hendricks has used all his neighbors for some time, trifling matter half a dozen times each during the past two years. After a patient hearing, the Judge decided that there was no cause of action, and that the defendant was entitled to the other nine chickens, and the plaintiff must pay the cost of the suit, amounting to \$17.57.

THREAD FROM THE STALKS OF COTTON PLANTS.—An inventor in New Orleans has been turning his attention to the value of the stalk of the cotton plant, for the purpose not only of thread, but of cloth, and has succeeded in making the former strong, fine, and every way reliable in the industrial world. The staple is as soft and pliable as thread from flax and can at once be converted into a serviceable fabric, fall as durable as mullin, or the ordinary cotton cloth. One hundred and twenty pounds of stalk will turn out four pounds of thread. A factory is to be established, according to our informant, for the manufacture of thread and cloth, at an early day. This discovery is not new, but the application of the discovery has never been made till now. If it had long been known that the fibres contained in the cotton stalk bore a strong resemblance to the fibres of flax, but the test of its adaptability as a textile material is now for the first time made, should there be no mistake in the experiment alluded to—the actual fabrication of the thread—the manufacture of textile cloth from this thread is a foregone conclusion, and the value of the cotton product is increased one hundred per cent. It does. This remarkable and important experiment ought to have been made long ago, and the discovery of the cotton stalk as a textile material, before the South can accept a new sign the world's support of cotton, and her reputation will gain hundreds of millions of dollars in the pockets of Northern merchants, for cotton is the great staple which mostly constitutes the *Journal of Applied Chemistry*.

WHY MASON'S CELEBRATE THE BIRTH OF JOHN'S DAY.—Mason's Day is an ancient time were dedicated to King Solomon's Tradition informs us that they were thus dedicated from the building of the first temple in Jerusalem, to the Babylonian captivity. From that time to the coming of the Messiah, they were dedicated to Zoroaster, the builder of the second temple; and from that to the destruction of the temple by Titus in the reign of the Emperor Vespasian, they were dedicated to St. John the Baptist.

Quoting to the many messengers and glorifiers which filled that memorable event, Freemasonry fell very much into decay. Many of its lodges were broken up, and but few could meet with sufficient members to constitute their legality. Under these circumstances a general meeting of the craft was held in the city of Benjamin, when it was observed that the principal reason for the decay of Masonry was the want of a Grand Master to direct its affairs. They, therefore, deputed seven of their most eminent members to visit upon St. John the Evangelist, who was at that time Bishop of Ephesus, to request him to take the office of Grand Master. He returned a favorable answer, though well stricken in years, (being upward

of ninety,) yet having been in the early part of his life initiated into Masonry, he would take upon himself that office. He did so, and completed by his learning what St. John the Baptist has accomplished by his zeal. After his death the Christian Lodges were dedicated to him and St. John the Baptist, both of them being regarded as eminent Christian patrons of Masonry. Since then Masons have ever celebrated the 24th of June in commemoration of St. John the Baptist, and the 24th of December in commemoration of St. John the Evangelist.—*Flag of the Lion.*

We copy the following from a bulletin of the Washington City Chronicle:

THE GRAND MASS WATSON TO CONGRESS.
Being profoundly impressed with the importance of the struggle through which the country is passing, and of the necessity of presenting the matter to the attention of the Senate and House of Representatives, in the fall, and more especially at the opening of the next session, a committee of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union of Washington, D. C., do in their name earnestly invite their countrymen, the legal voters of the District of Columbia, to meet in a national mass convention and assemble to be held in the Federal Capitol, on Saturday, December 1st, next, for the purpose of presenting to Congress the following resolutions:

We ask your presence to honor and secure protection to the legal majority in the Fifty-sixth Congress, in whom we recognize the faithful guardians of our constitutional rights and able supporters of the principles involved.

Come in your might! By your presence prove how sternly loyalty stands in the breach. Force thereby the threats and insinuations of a treacherous Executive against the legislative branch of the Government cannot intimidate a free people. Here in the Federal Capitol meet your great, struggle against the unwise and unchristian legislation of the Executive. It is to encourage and strengthen Congress, to whose hands the Constitution wisely commits the proper management of the national purse, permanent and liberty secured.

B. S. CURTIS,
R. J. HINTON,
A. J. BENNETT,
W. S. MOSEK,
L. R. DUDLEY.

Correspondence is invited, and may be addressed, R. H. Hinton, Washington, D. C. The National Intelligencer manifests much concern at the above announcement. He says:

"We are pained and shocked to announce from many sources of reliable information, that the above call looks to the establishment here on permanent of an organization, to be subject to the orders of Congress. What they may be, and what disastrous calamities imposed over our beloved country, Heaven only knows. But the fraternal councils of Better, Wield, and Power may be carried out by the sword and blood, bloody execution."

We are reminded by this of the threats once made by partisans in New York, to organize an army of men threatened them in coming upon Capitol Hill to improve the administration of Andrew Jackson.

The Washington Chronicle favors the statement of the *Intelligencer* that there is any purpose of military organization in the hall of the Soldiers' and Sailors' Committee for a grand mass meeting of the Loyal Legion to welcome and encourage our brave Captain on his approaching anniversary.

With the emancipation of slaves, the cultivation of extensive horticulture is necessary. Even under the system, the mistaken ambition for over twice as much land as old civilization, the cotton was the great agricultural product of the country. The owner of a large number of slaves might have realized more productive returns by concentrating their industry upon a smaller number of acres. That is what was the case then, how much more so now! The exigencies of the present and there will speedily teach the lesson that the more possession of arid tracts, lands, and their slopes before the gratified of land investing the owner with a sufficient importance, will but a only compensate or more substantial realities. Though it is the way in some respects, to be regretted, the fact is nevertheless certain that, to a very great extent, the old landed dignity, as embraced in the proprietorship of broad uncultivated acres, and the slave and his child which grew out of and attended it, are rapidly passing away, and will be compelled to give place to more scientific and progressive notions. (We speak of such change as to be in a measure regretted, mainly in the absorption of those old-fashioned and generous customs which the large planters of the South knew so well how to extend and to observe; but we think it quite sure that, in the sequel, under ordinary circumstances and just and equal chances in the government, it will be instrumental of good in all the elements of material prosperity, wealth and advancement, and in the production of the greatest good to the greatest number, which is, after all, the true aim of political economy.)

Note Paper, Envelopes, &c.
PUBLISHED by G. W. WALKER, at the Press of the People's Press, No. 101 N. W. Corner of Third and Second Streets, SALEM, N. C.
This Office
Sept. 23, 1866.
A MILCH COW FOR SALE
Apply at this Office.