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**THE MOUTH OF THE LEANY.**  
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE REE OF RECLUSE."

CHAPTER VIII.  
[CONTINUED.]

"There was that he loathed," sighed Amise to herself, but it was all breathed in one articulate sigh, and she answered mournfully. "No; it was no fault of poor Captain Stafford's. Ah! Sir Walter, you who know those seas, see you any hope? May they not have rounded the world like Sir Francis Drake, and be yet on their way?"

"I can scarce entertain that hope, fair mistress," sadly said Raleigh. "Stafford was no man to transgress his instructions so widely for glory's sake. Moreover, I have heard tidings from a freshly returned vessel that weigh heavy on me." He paused.

"They cannot be worse than our forebodings," faintly but eagerly said Amise. "Then it must be told," said Raleigh.

"The Captain of the Gainful Mariner came yesterday to Drake, and me with tidings that he had fallen on the hull of a ship that he fully believes to be the Elizabeth, lying off a reef of rocks some ten days sail from the Azores. He searched the rock, but found no living man there."

"No living man?" repeated Amise. "Ay, for he found two recent corpses of English seamen, lightly buried in sand, with rocks rolled over it, as might be done by men destitute of tools."

"Then the others—"  
"Mark you, Mistress Amise, they had not perished, for if so, some at least had lain unburied. They must have been taken off by some ship—Spanish or English? that is the question."

Amise could almost have re-echoed the question with a scream, so momentous did she well know it to be. Was it an ignominious death or liberty? But lighter voices came in—Spanish or English? Sir Walter, are you the man to put that query?"

And Amise, presently waking from the whirl of emotion, found that the hospitable crew of the borders of Dartmoor were pressing upon Grace their invitations to bring her mother and Amise farther inland. Every one was explaining the various arrangements for driving the cattle up to the floor, and for the women and children to betake themselves to its valleys on the first alarm of actual landing, and every vehicle, from the Mayors of Plymouth's coach down to the humblest cart on a country farm, seemed to be ready to be put in requisition. Even Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Kirkham, though without the least alarm lest Philip II's invasion should ultimately succeed, thought the lonely mouth of the Leany might be tempting for those sudden undisciplined descents, most terrible of all for the unprotected, and strongly urged on Grace that she should bring her mother out of reach of the danger.

"If there be need, it shall be done; thanks, my kind uncle," said Grace; "but scarcely as yet." There would be more certain danger to my mother in attempting to move her, and, even were it not so, an untimely flight would dishearten our tenants."

"There spoke the Queen's true subject," said Mr. Kirkham, grasping his niece's hand; "you are right, Grace; flee not when no man pursueth! We at Plymouth, and Hawkins and the rest of us on the look-out at the Scillies, will send you ample notice if there were pressing danger."

"Lack-a-day!" sighed a miming, fluttering young dame, whose high-crowned hat and yellow-laced farthingale, with a hoop extending from her morn pony's tail to his nose, wildly imitating Lady Raleigh's of last year; "you have the heart of a lion, Mistress Grace; I should die of the spot if I thought the villain Spaniards were within a hundred miles of me? I could not sleep sound for a single night down there on the coast. I call it a sin. What can render her so headstrong, Amise?"

"Fears for our mother," said Amise. "Our mother! She is none of yours," repeated the bride; "you are not bound to her or to Undercliff. Come up to us, Amise; we have plenty of young sparks forever with us, and are as merry as the day is long, with music and dancing to drive fear away! And my brother Harry would be your devoted servant. Ah—"

For Amise, taking advantage of some movement among the horses, had slipped out of her young ladyship's neighborhood, and was on the other side of Mr. Kirkham's brand back.

The lady, however, rattled on to Raleigh; "Ah! poor little Amise! Colyton

knows not what manners are, and no wonder, mumping forever in that narrow hole. So fair and wealthy as she is, too! One would have thought she would have deemed herself well out of so lubberly a fellow as Mark Lynch; but they do say that the sailor-gentleman had stolen her heart, and belike he did, for sport must have been scant at Undercliff. However, be that as it may, 'tis mere folly to sit in a corner weeping over spilt cream, and Grace Lynch ought not to be so self-seeking as to allow it! I shall speak to Master Kirkham. He has some power with them, and did Harry win her he were a noble man."

But ere the lady's long speech was ended, the throng was melting away, and the troops were joined by their leaders, and led away to meet again so soon as a beacon on the Hoe should give warning of the first sight of the enemy.

CHAPTER IX.  
THE SPANISH DESCENT.

The beacon had blazed! Drake's game at bowls had been played out. The night was over of which we have heard. "Such night in England ne'er hath been and ne'er again shall be"; the men of the Undercliff estate were with the train-bands on the watch under Mr. Kirkham's command, and the Leamy at full tide glistened tranquilly in the July sun, the swans sailed majestically beneath the wooded banks on the opposite side, and Grace was supporting Mrs. Lynch as she walked along the garden, and as Amise cut the lavender, babbling of laying them round those first shirts to which her infant Mark was soon to take instead of his swaddling clothes.

Amise with her basket was somewhat in advance, and had turned a corner of the garden out of sight, when suddenly, with a startled face, pale cheeks, and panting breath, she flew back, and laying her hand on Grace's arm, gasped out, "O Grace! they are come! They are in the river! Old Keland knows she is of Spanish build. Dick is come to warn us. But they are putting out a boat. O Grace! what shall we do?"

"What is it? What does she say?" "Nothing wrong with Baby Mark!" asked the mother.

"No, no, mother," said Grace, in the usual persuasive voice in which she spoke to her. "Only we will come up the hill. Amise, child, run on. You know what we fixed. You and the maids up into the cavern. I will bring her when she will move."

"With you! I will not leave you!" cried Amise, trying to get Mrs. Lynch's other arm into her own, and thus to drag her on to a cavern, amid rocks and trees some half mile up the river, where there was little chance of any Spanish penetration.

"Who is she? What would she? Why does she not cut the lavender to scent my baby's shirts?" demanded Mrs. Lynch, fretfully withdrawing her arm.

Amise wrung her hands with despair. "Foolish wench," said Grace, but still tenderly, "see you not that you are one of my worst cares? Off! Fear not for us. I will bring her as well as I can, and God will help me and save us."

"Together, or not at all, wildly cried Amise. "Oh! for some one to carry her!"

The boy had run down to the house with his terrible tidings, and the maids flocked out in terror, some running up to their mistress, some rushing up the hill to the woods, and Grace was endeavoring to make her voice heard.

"Amise—Molly, any of you—to the stables. Harness the horse to any cart you can see. You, Jenny, help me to carry her down to it. So we may yet reach the cave. Never mind the staff."

Grace's presence of mind so far prevailed, that Amise had sprung off to the stable to execute her part of the design, and Jenny, a stout country girl, was about to lift the old lady off the ground, when there was a redoubled shriek, and on the water's edge, on the steps from the garden, Grace beheld a dark figure in the too well-known garb of a Spaniard.

The maids, one and all, crowding scream upon scream, fled headlong, and Grace was left alone with the helpless, unconscious figure on her arm. She saw instantly that fight was out of the question, and that the slight remnant of Spanish chivalry was the only hope. She courted with dignity, that she might make it evident that she was of the gentle blood, to which the Spaniards were wont sometimes to accord mercy, and had begun to speak. Little hope as there was of his understanding English. "Sir, I entreat mercy for—"

But with outstretched arms he sprang on, dropped on his knees at their feet, clasped his hands above his head, with a wild cry, "Mother, mother! Grace! Don't you know me? Where's my father?—Where's Amise?"

Ere, however, Grace had done more than sob out one "Mark!" her mother was clinging to her in terror. "What is it? Who is he, child? He is a rude stranger. Where's your father? Where is little Mark?"—and her eyes roamed over the garden as if seeking her infant and his nurse, to protect them from the intruder.

"Mother, I am here! I am Mark. O mother! your blessing," cried Mark, still kneeling and trying to seize and kiss the withered hand; but this only added to her terror, no less than did Grace's earnest assurances that Mark, her son Mark, was indeed before her. They confused her.

She pushed both son and daughter aside with hasty, trembling hands, bade Grace not hinder her, for she must go to the child when strange men were about, and set off with hurried, tottering steps along the terrace.

The excitement of the young men, Van Kirk and all, was exceeding; but Stafford, wild as were Mark and almost all the sol-

diers to be in the fray, would not move forward till he could perceive through the smoke where was a fit interval for bearing down into the midst. Ignorant as he was of the plan of attack, he was anxious to discern the flag-ship, and there place himself under orders, and he further knew that in spite of the English flag obtained in haste at Falmouth, there was peril to him in the height of the meter, from the unmistakable Spanish appearance of his ship.

After a time the flashes became less frequent, the smoke less dense; the English vessels, often with sadly tattered sails, began to show forth plainer; in fact the cessation on their part was as Stafford absurdly guessed, for want of powder, and as the atmosphere became clearer, so that the green shores of the Isle of Wight grew visible, the English vessels might be seen making for the shelter of the Solent, where they might be able to procure powder from Portsmouth for the next day's fight. The great Spanish ships in their castle-like dignity hovered about slowly in the offing, as though uncertain whether to avenge the insults of the day or proceed according to their original design to their eastward attack.

Almost at the rear of the English, with masts shattered and every token of having born the brunt of the engagement, moved a vessel, whose masts were had fixed from the first the eyes of all on board the Santa Clara; and when a huge galley was seen moving forward, as though to cut her off from her companion vessels, Stafford gave the word, and a cheer followed the welcome order for bearing down to the rescue. Before the Spaniards had time to pour one broadside into the now silent English vessel, the Santa Clara lay between, and thundering from all her decks, took her whilom sister utterly by surprise, and after a short sharp fight, brought her as a prize into the Solent.

There the vessels were finding anchorage, and boats busily plying between them and Portsmouth, Cowes, and Ryde, in search of provisions alike for men and guns.

Stafford ordered his boat to be lowered, and commanded the attendance of Mark Lynch, for nothing less than a command would have broken into his silence. They took their two chief prisoners with them, Vankirke and the Spanish captain, and returned to the flag ship, where they could already discern the assembly of brave captains, there met for council, pacing the deck, and standing to watch their arrival with curiosity, as though they were objects of speculation.

Coming alongside, Stafford stood up, and baring his head, craved permission to come on board and report himself to the Lord Admiral.

"Hail!" cried a well-known voice, as a never-to-be-forgotten figure leant over the bulwarks, "those are tones I never thought to hear again! What! Stafford, man, has come from the dead to help me in my pinch?"

"It was you, then, my dear, noble patron!" cried Stafford. "I doubted me it was your old trick of handling your ship."

And as Stafford swung himself up the ship's side, he was at once clasped in Raleigh's arms, ere the Knight, turning round, presented him with full form of courtesy to the venerable Lord Howard of Effingham, as the gentleman whose timely aid had done himself at least good service, and as also his excellent friend whose shipwreck he had much feared. Accordingly, Stafford was called upon for an account of his adventures, which he narrated in his brief, modest style, pointing out Mark Lynch as the brave volunteer who had carried the rope, and who had afterwards by his ingenuity enabled the prisoners to turn the tables upon their enemies.

"Ha, my young comrade," said Raleigh, heartily, "methought there was the making of a sailor and the marring of a squire in you."

"You gave me good advice, sir," said Mark, low and briefly.

"Of that kind that no one ever follows," replied Raleigh. "Have you been at home?" he added, kindly, drawing the youth apart in the desire to prepare him for what had taken place there.

"I have," said Mark, "long enough to know how utterly all is lost to me. Sir, if you have any fresh adventure on which to send a man who has wrecked all—"

"How!" said Raleigh, "would you be off again, when yonder sweet little maiden has been waiting and watching for you all these years?"

A look of intense pain passed over his face as he answered—

"Not for me. That is all at an end."

Raleigh looked unsatisfied at him, but it was no time when the great captains of England could spend many moments upon a young man's love passages, and he returned again to the Council of War.

Nor did the two young men again meet him until after that great engagement in the Straits of Dover, which was compared to a Morris dance. The Santa Clara held her part gallantly in the fray, and in that terrible storm, which did the work of destruction of the enemy, and protection of England, as no heart of flesh, no vessel of oak, could ever have done, she put into the same harbor with Raleigh's ship, and then it was that Sir Walter Raleigh heard Lord Stafford's tale in its fulness, and understood from him how Mark's bitter enemy had astonished him, and how generously it had been laid aside in the time of peril; how Lord now could not understand the angry mood which the young man seemed to have as much difficulty in suppressing, even while so absolutely fulfilling his hopes by the promise of his sister.

"His sister?" exclaimed Sir Walter. "Who else could it be but the grave, calm, admirable Grace? I thought his

passion strange and uncalled for, since though her nature be lofty, and I may be beneath her in fortunes, certainly my birth needed no such contempt."

"Where is the lad?" cried Sir Walter, more than half laughing. "let me see him. Of that cross purpose should endure full four years! Where is Master Lynch? Send him to me instantly."

"Sir," cried Stafford, greatly discomposed, "you do not deem that there is any doubt of—"

Raleigh shook himself free of the alarmed startled Stafford, and, waving him back, went to meet Mark Lynch, who, disturbed in the depths of his cabin by a message from Sir Walter, was making his gloomy way through a storm of rain to obey the summons.

"Mr. Lynch," said Raleigh, "I find that I have to congratulate you on having won an admirable brother-in-law."

"You know more of my family affairs than I do," said Mark; "but I am amazed if my sister Grace has taken this time for being wooed."

"Ay," said Raleigh, "as I understood, it was you yourself that promised her."

"I, sir! let me ask who has dared thus to make use of my name?"

"The bridegroom himself—no other than your captain, Lionel Stafford, who told you so."

Mark broke in, heedless of all respect— "Stafford! Stafford! Sir, you are under some marvellous error. He, as I now believe, unwittingly stole the heart of my betrothed, and by him I yielded her."

"He believes that it was your sister that you granted, and only wondered at your grudging manner."

"My sister?" gasped Mark. "Let me see him, sir. He can be under no such delusion! It is you—pardon me, Sir Walter—who cannot imagine the way I have caused myself to be treated. My sister—But it is all one to me—the other poor child loves him. The misery he has brought—"

"I think," said Sir Walter kindly, "that if a stranger may judge of the constancy of a maiden as certain names were spoken, it was not that of Stafford that made Mistress Colyton blush and glow, with a tear in her bright eye."

Mark was now spurred into one of his impetuous fits. He strode on to the little inn parlor where Lionel was pacing up and down in almost equal agitation. Catching him by the hand, he abruptly demanded—

"Lionel, which is it?"

"Mark! can you doubt? Did you deem me all these years a traitor? Can you imagine that I could prefer that little—"

he hardly caught himself before he had become uncomplimentary—"that pretty little child to one so noble, so deeply thinking, as your sister?"

Mark caught him by the hand, and wrung it as he had wrung it in the storm three months ago.

"And this—this explains all!" exclaimed Lionel. "This was the cause of your displeasure! It was from your own heart that you were tearing what you gave to me!"

What skills it to say more? The Armada's battles have been better fought than ever we could fight them; and as for the affairs of the mouth of the Leany, no one will doubt that Mark easily made his peace with Amise, and that when her ring was restored it was once for all, and also that a quiet, unobtrusive, but very deep love had all along existed in the heart of Grace for the brave and gentle sailor. His share in the treasures of the Santa Clara was enough to form the foundation of his fortunes, and make it not otherwise than prudent that both the marriages should take place at once, and Sir Walter Raleigh came down to Farnley for the express purpose of giving away the two brides.

Old Mrs. Lynch, hearing the name of Mark about the house again, became calm and satisfied, and under the tender care of Amise lived years enough in her gentle foolishness to soften on her sex's mind that bitter sense of unfeeling cruelty that had caused him so much agony on his first return.

THE END.

CHANGES OF THE EARTH'S SURFACE.—The accounts of the effect of the great earthquake in Peru are interesting, because they show something of the agencies by which the face of the earth must frequently, in past times, have been altered. How islands which were mountains have been raised in the sea, and how they sank down again we have read in the cosmological treatises, but we have in this Peruvian earthquake very remarkable confirmation of the theory that the great changes upon the globe have been the result of subterranean commotions. In Peru the face of the country has been changed. Hills have been sunk down, lakes have been made where there were high and dry lands; rivers have dried up in their courses, and new streams ran where there were none before. The incidents of this calamity shows on a small scale what might have been done over a great scale before the era of man's occupation of the earth. In the Sandwich Islands it has been noted that there has been a subsidence of a portion of the shore, varying from eight inches to seven feet, the change commencing immediately after the great disaster in Peru. To philosophers these matters are of very great interest.

A country man, walking along the streets of New York, found his progress stopped by a close barricade of lumber. "What is that for?" said he to a person in the street. "Oh, that's to stop the choicest." "Ah, I have often heard of the board of health, but I never saw one before."

A horse is a man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

Most of the shadows that creep over our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.

KEEPING SWEET POTATOES.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman, writing from Ohio, who says he kept sweet potatoes in good sound condition eleven months, gives the following directions:

1. The sweet potato should be gathered in dry weather, if practicable, after setting at as much maturity as the season allows. A frost that will kill the vines simply does not necessarily destroy or injure the tubers; but it is injurious to let them remain long in the ground after that circumstance, if the weather should be good and damp.

2. In handling them, avoid jarring, then by showing them quickly against each other, or by any other means, as this will induce decay, more than any other mechanical operation. They should be handled as carefully as eggs. A tuber may be cut with a knife without injury to its keeping, but a bruise is very often fatal.

3. To keep them in sound condition, it is necessary that they should have a dry atmosphere, a temperature of 55° to 60°, with as little variation as possible, and sufficient ventilation to keep the atmosphere dry, but avoid fluctuations in temperature.

4. When placed in these circumstances, which should be immediately after they are gathered, let them cool off, and do not disturb them except for use or market, as any handling or sorting after once put in the place to keep, hastens decay.

They may be put in bins of any size, holding hundreds of bushels if desired. If packed in very dry sand, they will not wilt quite so much but this involves more labor and expense, and does not perhaps preserve them more certainly. Generally, cellars are poor places to keep them, as they are liable to be damp and poorly ventilated.

Should the potato become damp at any time, as is sometimes the case about storing it, it need not cause alarm. It is caused by the potatoes being colder than the atmosphere around them, and so condensing the moisture in the air. A small increase of heat will soon restore the dryness.

HOW TO GRAFT GRAPE VINES.—A North Carolina farmer gives under the head of "Something Worth Knowing" the following: Cut the graft sometime between the 1st of December and the last of January; pack them away in a box, bedded in wet sand and keep them in a cellar until the juices of the vine to be grafted are half grown—any less until the sap has ceased to flow. Then dig down below the collar, or the point where the roots of the vine radiate, and hasten for the largest and most thrifty, cut them loose from the collar and with pen bring them to a perpendicular position. Cut off the stem at the collar, and graft just as you would an apple tree, bearing at least two buds on each side, and place a large hill around it, reaching to the top of the graft, covering the upper end an inch with moss, straw, or fine earth; and then, if the graft fails to grow, it is because the graft has lost its vitality before the stock was done. You may have a vine for each runner of the vine grafted—sometimes half a dozen. If the roots are thrifty, they will grow the first summer from 3 to 16 feet in height, and you can thus have a crop of grapes the second year.

Wild figs are the best to graft in. So trace indigenous to the soil in which they grow, and know better than a tame variety at what depth to strike their roots.

PERUVIAN MUMMIES.—The statement that during the recent earthquake in Peru, five hundred mummies were thrown to the surface, is confirmed by travelers, who report that the desert hills in that region are filled with the desiccated bodies of the aborigines. The preservation of these remains of mortality is attributed to the climate, and also to the soil, which is impregnated with nitre. The bodies of the natives are interred in shallow graves, and the wind removes the light sand covering them, so that even in ordinary times hundreds of so-called mummies, wrapped in coarse grass, matting, or in crumbling nets, have been exposed.

ROYAL FAMILY EXPENSES.—The expenses of a family are illustrated by the amount paid annually for the support of Queen Victoria and her household. The Queen receives \$1,225,000 a year; the Prince of Wales, \$500,000 and wants more; the Duke of Edinburgh, \$750,000; the Crown Princess of Prussia, \$400,000; Princess Louise of Hesse, \$250,000; Princess Christiana, \$200,000; the Duchess of Cambridge, \$200,000; the Duke of Cambridge, \$200,000 besides \$17,200 as commander-in-chief. Besides all these, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz (Duchess of Cambridge's oldest daughter) receives \$15,000 a year; the Princess of Teck, \$25,000. Then there are the younger children of the Queen still to be provided for, and the Princess of Wales' children.

A wag has truly said, if some one could come out of their coffins and read the inscriptions on their tombstones they would think they had got into the wrong grave.

Blind man's legs is supposed to resemble a man's legs, because it is a fellow feeling for a fellow creature.

A bore is a man who persists in talking about himself when you wish to talk about yourself.

Most of the shadows that creep over our path through life are caused by our standing in our own light.