

The People's Press.

VOL. XVIII.

SALEM, N. C., JULY 5, 1870.

NO. 30.

The People's Press.

L. V. & E. T. BLUM,
PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms.—Cash in advance.

One copy, one year, \$2 00
" six months, 1 00
" three months, 75

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POETRY.

The Workman to his Wife.

Come, Mary, throw your work aside,
And let your troubles be;
Leave care and toil and smoke awhile,
And spend an hour with me;
We'll seek the cowslip on the bank,
The primrose in the lane;
And happy signs and sounds afar,
Shall make us young again.

It's long, my love, since you and I
Have heard the blackbird sing,
Or caught by running brooks or woods
The glory of the spring;
It's long since you and I have trod
The paths where hawthorns blow,
Then, Mary, fling your work aside,
And let your troubles go.

The trees shall bend to welcome us,
The flowers shall clasp our feet,
The very bees shall hum our praise
In murmurs soft and sweet;
The winds shall swirl with ready voice
The chorus high and loud,
And we'll forget the world my life,
And all its busy crowd.

A thousand things await, love—
Blue skies and balmy air,
Green fields whose very sight shall make
The heart forget its care;
Then never sigh, be glad to-day,
Throw sorrow to the wind,
Nor pause till we have left our ills
A summer's hour behind.

The Fisherman's Treasure.

In a small hamlet of the Terra di Lavoro, on the Gracio Gulf, within the kingdom of Naples, lived an old fisherman named Antonio Morino. He was called a fisherman, because, in his younger days, he had pursued that occupation for a livelihood; and because, at the present time, he owned boats, and frequently joined the toilers upon the Gulf in their piscatorial cruises. At the age of five and twenty he had left his native land for a voyage to India, having promise of much better pay than he could possibly make at fishing. The ship in which he sailed from Naples never returned, and Antonio Morino was given up for lost, and almost forgotten. At the expiration of fifteen years, however, he made his appearance in the hamlet, and was warmly welcomed by his old friends. He told how his ship was cast away in the Indian Ocean, and all hands lost save himself.

At the age of forty Antonio settled down in his own home, and took a wife; and in time a son was born him, whom he called Leonardo. He bought boats, and spent a portion of his time in fishing; but he evidently did this only for pastime; for he never sold any of his fish, but gave to his poorer neighbors what he did not consume in his own family. He made no show of money, and yet he always had it when it was needed. His companions were curious, and sought to fathom his secret, but without avail. Morino seemed to have but one grand aim of life; and that was, to rear his son to a station of honor and independence.

Now the story of Antonio Morino's absence from Italy was this: His ship had been cast away upon the coast of Ceylon, and such of the crew as had not been drowned, with the exception of himself, had been killed by the natives. Antonio had saved his fishing apparatus, the peculiarities of which interested the savages; and they spared him in order that he might show them how to use it. From material obtained from the wreck he made lines, hooks and nets, and in time came to be a favorite in the village, and was allowed much liberty. One day, while out in his boat alone, engaged in fishing for the chief, he found a deep, rock-bound inlet, which he had never before seen, and where he was more the natives were not in the habit of stopping. In this bay he fished up several large oysters, the shells of which he recognized to be such as furnished mother-of-pearl. He opened them, and found pearls; and when he had opportunity he went out and fished for these valuable oysters; and in three years time he had accumulated a large store, many of which were of extraordinary size and beauty. By and by Antonio made his escape, by venturing to run his boat far out to sea, and safely reached the port of Negombo, where he found a Dutch ship bound for Calcutta, in which he took passage, paying the price therefore in a small pearl. Arrived at Calcutta, he soon found a ship bound for the Mediterranean; but before he sailed he was waited upon by a Bengalee merchant, who asked him if he had any pearls to sell. The Dutch captain, it seems, had suspected the fact, and had told the merchant.

The Bengalee proved himself an honorable and responsible man, and our adventurer offered the bulk of his pearls, and received therefor a sum of gold equal to about two hundred thousand crowns. The possession of this sum would have made him crazy, if his conversation with the Dutchman had not given him to understand something near the value of the property he held.

And with this wealth Antonio Morino had made his way back to his home. From Leghorn, where he landed, he had brought his gold down the coast in his own boat, and had concealed it in his cellar, having dug a hole in which to place it. And this gold the adventurer was keeping for his son. He had no idea of investments, or interest; his only concern being to keep a knowledge of his possession from those who would surely rob him if they knew the secret.

At the age of twelve years Leonardo, grown to be a bright and handsome boy, was sent to Capua, to school; and while he was there his mother died. At the age of eighteen he went to Lyons, and thence to Paris, where he made himself acquainted with mercantile matters. On the very day that he was one-and-twenty he came home, bringing with him a beautiful girl whom he wished to make his wife. She was a native of Marseilles—an orphan—and named Cora. Old Antonio loved her at once, and nuptial ceremonies were not long delayed.

On the day following the wedding the old man conducted Leonardo and Cora down into the cellar, and showed them, in a pile, twelve stout earthen jars full of gold. And then he told them the story of his adventures in the Indian Ocean. "My son," he concluded, "this great wealth I have saved for you; but we must not expose it here. On the morrow we will move it away, and set sail for France. You and Cora shall make a home in Marseilles, and I will be happy with you."

Cora asked if there were robbers in the neighborhood. "Ah," said Antonio, shaking his head, "you don't know our country. The nobles would be robbers. Look at Gregorio Barbieri, the Count of Mondragone, who gained a title and a castle just because he discovered the famous medicinal waters; he would not hesitate to rob a church if he had an opportunity."

There seemed to be a direful magic spell in the calling of that name; for within half an hour after they had ascended from the cellar the Count of Mondragone, accompanied by six serving-men as evil-looking and as ugly as himself, made his appearance at the cot. He did not stop to ask questions there, but having seized Antonio and his son, and bound them hand and foot, he bore them away to his castle of Mondragone, where they were introduced at once into a torture-chamber—a dark, dismal, underground crypt—and where the count made known his business.

He had long suspected that Antonio Morino possessed much wealth, and had closely watched all his movements. He had sent a spy to be present at the wedding of the son with Cora, and had learned that the old man bestowed on the bride a necklace of Oriental pearls. And now he demanded to know the truth. But Antonio would not tell him, nor would the son. Then the Count called in his assistants, and the old fisherman was stripped, and cast upon a rack, and his wrists and ankles lashed to the rollers, poor Leonardo standing, all the while, so fettered that he could afford his father no relief.

"Now, Antonio Morino, pronounced the Count, 'tell me, where is your gold? I ask not whether you have much, or little; but I simply demand to know, where is it? I will set your body upon the torment, and I will rack your limbs from their sockets, if you do not tell me. And if you die in my silence, I will put your son in your place, and he too, shall undergo the terrible ordeal. Now speak. Where is your gold hidden?'"

What could the old man do? He knew that the wicked count would keep his word. Had there been hope that his silence could have preserved the gold to his son, he would have died ere he would have spoken. "Hold!" cried Leonardo, as he saw the strong men about to turn the racking beams. "I will tell."

"No, no, my son!" "How! Dost think I would have gold that had cost me my father's life? No—not a morsel of pain shall rack thy dear old limbs, if I can prevent it—look ye Sir Count!"

The old fisherman interposed, and asked Barbieri how much gold would satisfy him. The base and covetous man knew that father and son were in his power, and he would have all, or none. At length, when he saw that there could be no possible hope, old Morino spoke.

"The gold is in my cellar. In the corner next to the old fountain is a flagging stone of a darker hue than its mate, and at the angle nearest the wall is an opening large enough for the insertion of a hand. Raise that stone, and you will find twelve earthen jars, with leaden covers, filled with gold."

It is all I possess of wealth in this world, if you will leave for my poor boy two jars—only two!"

But the Count would not stop to listen to prayers. It was now very near nightfall; and as soon as he could get his horses ready, he set forth, bearing father and son and foot; and he said to them, if he found the gold, they should be free; but if he found it not, they should suffer.

It was dark when they reached the cot, and the women were not there, but Barbieri thought not of them. With lighted torches he went to the cellar, where he found the stone, as Antonio had said; and

underneath it he found the twelve jars; and having removed one of the leaden covers he beheld the glittering gold. He handed the pieces, that his eyes might not be deceived; and he lifted more of the coins. With the assistance of his men he bore the heavy jars to the yard; and when he was ready to start away he turned to give Antonio and his son a parting word, to the effect that, if they made any serious stir about the matter, they should both die.

Antonio Morino and his son were left alone. The old man sank down into his chair overwhelmed with grief, while Leonardo sought to comfort him. "No, no, my boy—you cannot bring joy to my heart again! Oh how many years have I preserved this treasure for thee!—For myself I care not; but for my dear son—"

At this juncture Cora and her maid entered the cot. "O, dear Leonardo, have those terrible men gone?"

"Yes, yes, my sweet wife!" "And the vessel our father had provided—is it ready for sea?"

"Yes, my precious love!" "The wicked Count took you away that he might gain for you the secret of your hidden wealth?"

"Yes. He would have put my father to dreadful torture, and I told him where the gold was concealed. And he has borne it all away!" "Not all," returned Cora, with a brightening look. "When I knew that the Count of Mondragone had carried you away I could well guess his intent; and I furthermore knew that my dear husband would not see his father suffer for the sake of preserving the secret. That the wretch would return in quest of the treasure I felt very sure; and I naturally judged that he would bring you back with him. But I did not mean that he should rob you if I could help it. So I called Lisette, and we went to the cellar; and emptied all the gold from the jars into leather sacks which we found in the upper chamber. Then we refilled the jars with balls and bolts of lead, which we cut from the old fishing nets in the shed. We filled them almost full, but were careful to place on the top a layer of gold coin so that, if the robber should open them, as I knew he would, he should not readily discover the cheat."

"Cheer up, dear father, and prepare for flight. The wicked Count has only gone off with a lot of worthless lead, while almost the whole of your gold is at this moment in the boat which you left secured at the landing-steps back of the cot. You know the tops of the jars were very small, and it required but little gold to cover the exposed surface."

The old man caught the heroic little woman in his arms, and blessed her, and then hastened with his preparations for departure. Every minute was precious; for Barbieri might come back very soon. But they had not much to do. Their vessel, a small felucca, was lying close in by the shore, and before midnight they had bid farewell to the Terra di Lavoro forever; and when, two hours later, the Count of Mondragone came to the cot, filled with wrath and swearing vengeance and death, they were far away upon the bosom of the gulf, catching the fair, brisk breeze that tipped the wave crests toward the Tuscan Sea—far away towards the new home, where peace and comfort and joy were to be theirs, and where Antonio Morino was to be amply blessed in the evening of his life by the love and devoted care of those for whom he had so long and so self-sacrificingly held his strangely-gotten wealth.

Hot Summers.

This is not the hottest summer known. In 1132 the earth cracked by reason of the heat, the wells and streams of Alsace all dried up, and the bed of the river Rhine was dry. In 1152 the heat was so great that sand exposed to the sun's rays was hot enough to cook eggs. In 1160 great numbers of soldiers in the campaign against Rels died from the heat. In 1276 and 1277 crops of hay and oats failed completely. In 1303 and 1304 a man could have crossed dry shod over the river Seine, Loire, Rhine and Danube. In 1393 and 1394 a multitude of animals perished by the heat, which was so great that the harvest dried up. In 1440 the heat was extraordinary. In 1538, 1539, 1540 and 1541, all the rivers were nearly dried up. In 1556 there was a great drought, which extended over nearly the whole of Europe. In 1615 and 1616, there was in Italy, France and the Netherlands an overpowering heat, in 1646 there was 38 consecutive days of extreme heat, as was the first three years of the 18th century. In 1718 it did not rain a single time from April until October. The growing grain was burnt, the rivers dried up, the theaters (but wherefore is not stated) were closed by command of the police. The thermometer showed 36 Reaumur, equal to 113 degrees Fahrenheit. In irrigated gardens the fruit trees bloomed twice. In 1723 and 1724 there was great heat. The summer of 1746 was hot and dry, growing grain being calcined. It did not rain for months. 1748, 1754, 1760, 1767, 1778 and 1788 were years in which the summers were extremely hot. In the famous comet year—1811—the summer was warm, and the wine produced that season was very precious. In 1818 the theaters had to be closed on account of the heat, the highest temperature being 35 Reaumur, or 112 Fahrenheit. During the three days of the revolution in July 1830, the thermometer stood 36 degrees Centigrade—about 97 Fahrenheit. In 1832, during the Uprising of the 6th, and 6th of July, the temperature was about the same.

The French Cats.

HOW THE ZOUAVES DO THEIR FIGHTING—THEY CARRY CATS ON THEIR KNAPSACKS—THE CATS CHANGE THE ENEMY, AND ACT AS GUIDES.

[From the Sunday World.]

France possesses several special or extra corps entirely distinct from the regular army, the National Guard, or the marines. One of them, and perhaps the most particular and eccentric, are the Zouaves. There are two kinds of Zouaves, the African or original Zouaves who, in times of peace are always stationed in Africa, and whose strength there is about 12,000 men, and the Zouaves imitators, or imitation Zouaves, who are armed, equipped, and drilled like the original corps, but do not possess the same perfection in maneuvering, &c. These latter are only stationed a part of the time in Africa; the greater part they are stationed in various parts of France. In their armament they differ materially from the regular infantry particularly in their bayonets, which have the shape of scythes, and their side arm, which is the Algerian yatagan—that is, the particular short-sword of the Kabyles; also, in so far that they prefer to use their own private revolvers.

One of their eccentricities is their love for cats, and they prefer as pets the large gray and black cats of Algiers. The training of these cats is admirable. They know not only all the soldiers, but also their four-footed comrades belonging to the same battalion, and easily pick out their own masters under all circumstances. They are very obedient to them, and not only on the march, but also in battle, take up their position on their knapsacks—from which position they participate in the fight according to their own peculiar style, by jumping into the faces of the enemy, and scratching and biting in a furious manner. During the Crimean war, the wounds in the faces of the Russian soldiers from these cats were so serious and numerous that they had to establish at Odessa a separate ward in the hospital for the better healing of them.

In climbing up and attacking a rocky height, the Zouaves command their cats to the front to lead the way, and carefully watching the way the cats take, they follow them closely, and take advantage of every foothold pointed out by their trusty and agile comrades.

The Suicide of a Queen.

SARAH, WIFE OF KING OSCEOLA, OF THE DELAWARE INDIANS.

Sarah Cooper the wife of the king of the remnant of the Delaware Indians, hanged herself yesterday morning with an old shawl to the rafters of the house in which she was living at Williamsburg, Westchester county. She was the daughter of Mr. Joseph Merritt, of Miles Square, near the White Plains, and was married about a year ago to Osceola Cooper, the youthful king all of that is left of that once great tribe.

The Queen was ordered on Saturday by her lord to wash a lion duster belonging to a young man in the same house, at which she became highly indignant and flew into a violent passion. She vowed that she was a lady, born and bred, and would not condescend to be anybody's washerwoman, even if Osceola himself did command it. She then quit the house and wandered into woods, whither no one knows. At nightfall, she made her appearance in the dining-room, but spoke to no one, as she was evidently very much increased at the insult which she thought her husband had offered to her.

endeavoring to reconcile her, Osceola approached her and desired her to eat her supper, whereupon her fiery temper again took possession of her.

It was the King's turn now to become angry, and he told his Queen in very plain terms that she was putting on airs that did not become her. At this she ran out of the room, and nothing was thought of her until next morning.

As she did not make her appearance at the breakfast table, Osceola began to feel anxious. He repaired to her room, and finding it empty, a general search was made of the premises; still Queen Sarah was nowhere to be found. At last Mrs. Dr. Powell, the medicine woman of the tribe brought her of the attic, and there they found the Queen suspended under a rafter by a shawl. Immediately under her was a little box, which she must have stood on while adjusting the noose, and which she had kicked from under her. The features were remarkably calm and natural.

The neck was dislocated, and it was evident that the dead Queen could not have suffered strangulation.

The radicals of Johnston county recently nominated one Tyler Smith for Sheriff, and he opened a speech thus: "Friends and fellow-citizens: I rise to announce myself a candidate for Sheriff of Johnston county and for the State of North Carolina—yes, for the whole United States."

There has been since July 1, no less than thirty seven cases known where persons were killed, or persons or property injured by lightning in this State. There is no knowing how many more cases have occurred which have not reached the public through the newspapers.

Raleigh has a garrison of colored troops enrolled at Newbern by order of the Governor. They are stationed at the Baptist Grove.

The Gathering of Sumac.

As attention has been turned to the gathering of sumac in this section, we give the following important directions concerning its preparation for market: The sumac should not be taken before the leaf is thoroughly matured say the middle of July. It can be gathered as long as the leaves will stick to the stem or until killed by the frost. Its turning red does not hurt it. The little black sumac is as good as any. The red berries must be thrown out.

It may be wilted in the sun, but must be cured under cover, and not allowed to be burnt by the sun or to get wet, or to be in such large quantities as to heat in curing—any of which destroys its color and strength and renders it valueless. It should not be thrown upon a tight floor to cure, but raised up, so as to let the air get under it. All sumac should be gathered at least a month before it is sufficient cured to be brought in for sale, and in bad weather even a longer time may be required to properly dry it, for not only the leaf, but the stem must be thoroughly dry. All the sap must be dried out, so that the stem will snap short off like a clay pipe stem, or it cannot be received for it will heat and spoil. This must be strictly observed.

However long sumac may have been taken, or however dry it may be, it will draw the dampness from the atmosphere in a damp time, and must not be packed until it is perfectly dried out again. We cannot receive sumac when it is damp, any more than when green; it must be dry.

Sumac should be the same bright color when taken from the bush, and must not look dark or small musty. It is just as important to have your sumac in good order when brought to market as anything else. If sand or dirt of any kind, or any other kind of leaves, are found among it, it will not be bought at any price at all.

The leaf is what is wanted but to facilitate the gathering of it you can strip off the blades—that is, take the little twigs upon which the leaves grow, all of which will be bought when properly cured, according to the above directions, and a high price will be paid for it in this condition. Sumac stripped off or bladed as above is preferred, but merchants will buy thrashed sumac and pay for it according as it is cleaned, provided it has the greatest part of the stem taken out and is not made so fine as to entirely destroy the formation of the leaf, and thus prevent the detection of adulteration. Don't cut it up.

The stripping of the leaves is apt to kill the sumac, and when the stem dies the roots connected with it die also, but if you cut the old stock down, the roots will sprout out again better than ever.—The Farmer's Gazette.

The Enchanted Mountain in Georgia.

In one of the northwestern counties of Georgia, and less than a hundred miles from Chattanooga, is a natural curiosity, called from the Indian tradition, the Enchanted Mountain.

The mountain is not large, and there is nothing remarkable about it until you get on top, when tracks or impressions in the solid rock, which appear to be human tracks are seen.

How these apparent human tracks came to be impressed on the rock of this mountain is one of the mysteries of this mysterious land of ours. There are a great many traditions among the Indians as regards to this mountain, but none of them are satisfactory, and it probably never will be known why it was that left their tracks upon the summit of the enchanted mountain. One of the Indian traditions is curious, for it shows that they have a vague idea of Noah's flood before the advent of the white man. The story had been handed down among the aborigines that it was the landing place of the great canoe after the deluge, and the tracks were made by the people in the canoe as they stepped out upon the rock which had been made soft by the long inundation.

One of the tracks, and the largest one, is seventeen and a half inches in length, and seven and three fourth inches wide. Unlike the others it has six toes. These must have been Noah's tracks, and if there was anything in the mosaic account of the flood concerning Noah's feet, we might have a confirmation of the Indian tradition. The size of the track would indicate that he wore number-eights.

There are 136 impressions of the feet and hands visible on the face of the rock. The smallest foot track is four inches in length and of perfect shape. Another Indian tradition is that a great battle was once fought there, and the large track with six toes is that of the victorious commander. This is essentially Indian, as their ideas of mental greatness were circumscribed by physical size. To be a great warrior with them was to be of immense size and strength. They did not recognize the size and quality of the brain as having anything to do with it.

But who made those tracks upon the Enchanted Mountain? It was human feet, but whose feet, and in what age of the world? If they were chiseled out by human hands, whose hands, and when? Also, that the hearing of the world amounts to so little, for no man can tell.

The following named persons were discharged in Bankruptcy on the 15th ult., before Judge Brooks, viz: Asariah Home and T. J. Martin, of Yadkin county; John Taylor, J. R. Parker, Alpha Caton, Samuel Bailey and A. M. Boer, of Davie county.

Statesville is going to soothe its soul with a brand-new Brass Band. Success to it.

The Cattle Trade.

Though this branch of trade is generally overlooked, its magnitude and importance can scarcely be overrated. In 1869 the railroad freights on horned cattle were fully \$20,000,000. The city of Chicago alone received by the various railroad routes 402,102 head, worth in market value, some \$65,000,000. Of these receipts 294,717 were re-shipped for the various eastern markets. During the same year the receipts at St. Louis were 134,675 head. A large proportion of these supplies are drawn from the Indian Territory and Texas, where they roam in immense herds, and are generally owned by men making stock-raising a speciality, whilst not owning a single acre of real estate. The business done by some of these professional stock dealers is immense, and steadily increasing with the demand and improved methods of shipment. One man sent \$8,000 head to Eastern markets from Chicago in 1864, and his business last year was at least twenty per cent. greater. Cattle are often sold several times while on route. Scarcely any other branch of trade has grown so rapidly during the last few years than that in live stock.

The New York Mail gives lovers of house-cleaning the following directions for bleaching paint: "Provide a plate with some of the best whitening to be had, and have ready some clean warm water and a piece of flannel, which dip into the water and squeeze nearly dry; then take as much whitening as will adhere to it, apply it to the painted surface, when a little rubbing will instantly remove any dirt or grime. After which wash wet with clean water, rubbing it dry with soft flannel. Paint thus cleaned looks as well as when first laid on, without any injury to the most delicate colors. It is far better than using soap, and does not require more than half the time and labor."

OSCEOLA.—Although the osceola has long been a favorite garden vegetable, recommended for its medicinal properties and valued on account of its many uses in the culinary department, it is not generally known that it is one of the very best remedies for coughs and colds which can possibly be used by the afflicted. A raw osceola, or one roasted in the ashes, eaten before retiring to bed, will allay the tickling sensations accompany colds and bronchial affections and secure the patient a sound and refreshing sleep. Persons often pay large sums of money for nostrums and preparations which are represented as sure-alls by their proprietors, who could obtain a speedier and more certain relief in the use of a few osceolas which almost every family has in the house. Try it and learn for yourself.

GRAFTING WAX.—Four parts of resin, three parts of beeswax and three parts of lard, melted together, make a good wax. It takes much less wax and is much handier to work with, and will make a better job to coat rails with wax. This can be done by tearing the rails into strips, from one and one-half to two inches wide, and dropping them into the mixture while cooking. It should be permitted to get cool enough before the rails are taken out, so that sufficient wax will stick to them to glass nicely.—Chattanooga Gazette.

It is known to be a common practice among millers, to mend their broken or worn-out stones by peering molten lead into the crevices. From this cause the flour afterward ground is always more or less impregnated with minute particles of lead, which is one of the worst poisons.—A competent authority states that an artificial stone, which would absorb the purpose much better without any objection, may be made of silicate of soda and chloride of calcium.

The following gem from the writings of Dickens has of late been going the rounds of the press. It was beautiful before; the world's bereavement of Thursday June 18th makes it sadly appropriate now:

"There is nothing—no, nothing—beautiful and good that dies and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child, dying in its cradle, will live again in the better thoughts of those who loved it, and played its part, through its body be burned to ashes or buried in the deepest sea. There is not an angel added to the host of heaven but due to his blood on earth in those who love it best. Dead! Oh if the good deeds of human creatures could be traced to their source, how beautiful would even death appear! For how much charity, mercy and purified affection would be given to have their growth in dusty graves!"

The valley of Egypt comprising an area of about one-fifth of that of South Carolina, was covered in the days of Diocletian, with fifteen thousand cities and towns, containing a population of perhaps some millions. The stupendous ruins which remain bear witness to the intense wealth and grandeur of that land of wonders at a very early period and for many centuries. The Egyptians had little if any commerce with other nations in early times, and all the amazing wealth and grandeur were due to agriculture alone.—Rural Curiousities.

VERMICELLI & MACARONI

AT

ZEVELY'S DRUG STORE,

POSTOFFICE BUILDING,

Feb. 29, 1868