

The People's Press.

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The People's Press.

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Softly on the Bruised Heart.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls!
And to the dry and parched soul
The moistening tear-drop calls;
Oh, if they who walked the earth,
Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
Knew the power that kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.
The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pityance give,
And bid delight to wretched hearts
Return again and here;
Oh, what is life if life be lost?
If man's unkind to man?
Or what the Heaven that waits beyond
This brief and no tall span?
As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine.
Oh! then be kind who'er thou art,
That breathes the mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

WHO WAS THE COWARD?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

"Will you bear that, Edward?"
The young man to whom this was ad-
dressed, stood facing another person about
his own age, on whose flushed countenance
was an expression of angry defiance.
The name of this person was Logan.
A third party, also a young man, had asked
the question just given in a tone of sur-
prise and regret. Before there was time
for a response Logan said sharply, and in
a voice of stinging contempt:
"You are a poor, mean coward, Edward
Wilson! I repeat the words, and if there
is a particle of manhood about you—"
Logan paused for an instant, but quick-
ly added, "You will resent the insult."
Why did he pause? His words had
aroused a feeling in the breast of Wilson
that instantly betrayed itself in his eyes.
The word "coward" in that instant of
time, would have more fittingly applied
to James Logan. But, as quickly as the
flash leaves the cloud, so quickly faded the
indignant light from the eyes of Edward
Wilson. What a fierce struggle agitated
him for the moment!
"We have been fast friends, James,"
said Wilson, calmly. "But even if that
were not so, I will not strike you."
"You're afraid!"
"I will not deny it. I have always been
afraid to do wrong."
"Bah! Cant and hypocrisy!" said the
other, contemptuously.
"You know me better than that, James
Logan; and I am sorry that in your re-
sentment of an imagined wrong, you
should so far forget what is just, to my
character as to charge upon me such mean
vice. I reject the implied allegation as
false."
There was an honest indignation in the
manner of Wilson, that he did not attempt
to repress.
"Do you call me a liar?" exclaimed
Logan, in uncontrollable passion; draw-
ing back his hand, and making a motion
as if he were about to slap the other in
the face.
The eyes of Wilson quailed not, nor was
the smallest quiver of a muscle perceptible.
From some cause the purpose of
Logan was not executed. Instead of giv-
ing a blow, he assailed his antagonist with
words of deeper insult, seeking thus to
provoke an assault. But Wilson was not
to be driven from the citadel in which he
had entrenched himself.
"If I am a coward, well," he said, "I
would rather be a coward than lay my
hand in violence on him whom I had once
called friend."
At this moment light girlish laughter
and the ringing of merry voices reached
the ears of our excited young men, and
their relation of antagonism at once changed.
Logan walked away in the direction
from which the voices came; while the
other two remained where they had been
standing.
"Why didn't you knock him down?"
said the companion of Wilson.
The latter, whose face was now very
sober and very pale, shook his head very
slowly. He made no other response.
"I believe you are a coward!" exclaimed
the other, impatiently, and turning off,
he went in the direction taken by Logan.
The moment Wilson was alone, he seated
himself on the ground, concealed from
the party whose voices had interrupted
them by a large rock, and covering his
face with his hands, sat motionless for
several minutes. How much he suffered
in that little space of time we will not at-
tempt to describe. The struggle with his
indignant impulses had been very severe.
He was no coward at heart. What was

right and humane he was ever ready to do, even at the risk to himself of physical and mental sufferings. Clearly conscious was he of this. Yet the consciousness did not and could not protect his feelings from the unjust and stinging charge of cowardice so angrily brought forward against him. In spite of his better reason, he felt humiliated, and there were moments when he half regretted the forbearance that saved the insolent Logan from punishment. They were but moments of weakness; in the strength of a manly character he was quickly himself again.
The occasion of this misunderstanding is briefly told. Wilson made one of a little pleasure party for a neighboring village, that was spending an afternoon in a shady retreat on the banks of a mill stream. There were three or four young men and half a dozen maidens; and, as it happens on such occasions, some rivalries were excited among the former. These should only have added piquancy to the merry intercourse of all parties; and would have done so, had not the impatient temperament of Logan carried him beyond good feeling and a generous deportment towards others. Without due reflection, yet in no sarcastic spirit, Edward Wilson made a remark on some set of Logan's that irritated him exceedingly. An angry spot burned instantly on his face, and he replied with words of cutting insult; so cutting, that all present expected nothing less than a blow from Wilson as his answer to the remark. And he dealt a blow was his first impulse. But he restrained the impulse; and it required more courage to do this than to have struck the insolent young man to the ground. A moment or two Wilson struggled with himself, and then turned off and marched slowly away.
His flushed and then paling face, his quivering lips and unsteady eyes, left on the minds of all who witnessed the scene an impression somewhat unfavorable. Partaking of the indignant excitement of the moment, many of those present looked for the instant punishment of this unjustified insult. When, therefore, they saw Wilson turn away without even a defiant answer, and heard the low, sneeringly uttered word "coward" from the lips of Logan, they felt that there was a craven spirit about the young man. A coward we instinctively despise, and yet, how slow we are to elevate that higher moral courage which enables a man to brave unjust judgment rather than do what he thinks to be wrong, above the mere brute instinct which, in the moment of excitement, forgets all physical consequences.
As Edward Wilson walked away from his companions, he felt that he was regarded as a coward. This was for him a bitter trial; and the more so, because there was one in that little group of startled maidens for whose generous regard he would have sacrificed all but honor.
It was, perhaps, half an hour after this unpleasant occurrence, that Logan, whose heart still burned with an unforgiving spirit, encountered Wilson under circumstances that left him free to repeat his insulting language without disturbing himself at some distance, and beyond the range of observation. He did not succeed in obtaining a personal encounter, as he had desired.
Edward Wilson had been for some time sitting alone with his unhappy thoughts, when he was aroused by sudden cries of alarm, the tone of which told his heart too plainly that some imminent danger impended. Springing to his feet, he ran in the direction of the cries, and quickly saw the cause of excitement. Recent heavy rains had swollen the mountain stream, the turbid waters of which were sweeping down with great velocity. Two young girls, who had been amusing themselves at some distance above, in a boat that was attached to the shore by a long rope, had, through some accident, got the fastening loose, and were now gliding down, far out in the current, with a fearfully increasing speed, towards the breast of a mill-dam, some hundreds of yards below, from which the water was thundering down a height of over twenty feet. Pale with terror, the poor young creatures were stretching out their hands towards their companions on shore, and uttering heart-rending cries for succor.
Instant action was necessary or all would be lost. The position of the young girls had been discovered while they were yet some distance above, and there happening to be another boat on the mill-dam, and that night on hand, Logan and two other young men had loosed it from the shore. But, the danger of being carried over the dam, should any one venture out in this boat, seemed so inevitable, that none of them dared to encounter the hazard. Now screaming and wringing their hands, and now urging these men to save their companions, stood the young maidens of the party, on the shore, when Wilson dashed through them, and springing into the boat, cried out:
"Quick, Logan! take an oar, or all is lost."
But, instead of this, Logan stepped back a pace or two from the boat, while his face grew pale with fear. Not an instant more was wasted. At a glance, Wilson saw that if the girls were saved, it must be by the strength of his own arm. Bravely he pushed from the shore, and, with giant strength, born of the moment, and for the occasion, from his high, unselfish purpose, he dashed the boat into the current, and bending to the oars, took a direction at an angle with the other boat, towards the point where the water was sweeping over the dam. At every stroke the light craft sprang forward a dozen feet, and scarcely half a minute elapsed ere Wilson was beside the other boat. Both were now within twenty yards of the fall, and the water

was bearing them down with a velocity that a strong rower, with every advantage on his side, could scarcely have contended against successfully. To transfer the frightened girls from one boat to the other, in the few minutes of time left ere the draw-sweeping current would bear their frail vessel to the edge of the dam, and still to retain an advantage was, for Wilson, impossible. To let his own boat go and manage theirs, he saw to be equally impossible.
A cry of despair reached the young man's ears, as the oars dropped from his grasp into the water. It was evident to the spectators of the fearful scene that he had lost his presence of mind, and that now all was over. Not so, however. In the next moment he sprang into the water, which, near the breast of the dam, was not more than two feet deep. As he did so, he grasped the other boat, and bracing himself firmly against the incoming current, held it poised a few feet from the point where the foam-crested water leaped into the whirlpool below. At the same instant his own boat shot like an arrow over the dam. He had gained, however, but a small advantage. It required his utmost strength to keep the boat he had grasped from dragging him down the fall.
The quickly formed purpose of Wilson, in thus springing into the water, had been to drag the boat against the current to the shore; but this he perceived to be impossible, the moment he felt the real strength of the current. If he were to let the boat go, he could easily save himself; but not once did such a thought enter his own heart.
"Lie down close to the bottom," he said, in a quick, hoarse voice. The terror-stricken girls obeyed the injunction instantly.
And now, with a coolness that was wonderful under all circumstances, Wilson moved the boat several yards away from the nearest shore, until he reached a point where he knew the water below the dam to be more expanded and free from rocks. Then throwing his body suddenly against the boat, and running along until he was within a few feet of the dam, he sprang into it. A moment or two the light vessel, as it shot out into the air, stood poised, and then went plunging down.
The fearful plunge was made in safety. The boat struck the seething waters below, and glanced out from the whirlpool, bearing its living freight unharmed.
"Which was the coward?" The words reached the ears of Logan, as he gathered with the rest of the company, around Wilson and the pale, trembling girls he had so heroically saved. Fair lips asked the question. One maiden had spoken to another, and in a louder voice than she had intended.
"Not Edward Wilson," said Logan, as he stepped forward and grasped the hand of him he had wronged and insulted.— "Not Edward Wilson! He is the noblest and the bravest!"
Wilson made an effort to reply; but he was for some moments too much excited and exhausted to speak. At last he said: "I only did what was right. May I ever have courage for that while I live!"
Afterwards he remarked, when alone with Logan: "It required a far greater exercise of courage to forbear when you provoked and insulted me in the presence of those who expected retaliation, than it did to risk my life in the mill-dam."
There is a moral heroism that few can appreciate. And it will usually be found, that the morally brave man is quickest to lose the sense of personal danger when others are in danger.

How Matches are Made.

A block of wood two feet long, and of a thickness sufficient for the length of a match is placed upon a little iron shelf, in one of these machines, not a great deal more ponderous than a sewing machine. The shelf jumps, moves forward little by little, bringing the end of the block just above a cutter composed of tiny circles of steel, which take off twelve splinters at each ascending stroke. These splinters then pass between the links of a chain, as it is called, composed of two pieces of wood (each the length of a common clothes pin, and of the same shape, where it opens at both ends) placed together, their convex sides towards each other. These pieces are linked at either end in twos, the pairs about an inch apart, forming a continuous chain, two hundred feet in length. This chain passes through the machine directly over the cutter, the splinters as they are separated from the block being received between the two sides of the clothes-pin links, which are grooved to suit them. The chain moves very rapidly enough to take up the results of each cutting as the knife performs its work. Passing along a few feet, a little hammer jumps up from the floor and strikes each link with force enough to dislodge the imperfect splinters, which are but slightly held, and they drop upon the floor. A few feet further on the chain passes over a wheel, which revolves slowly in a tiny reservoir of melted brimstone, the ends of the incipient matches getting a bath as they pass. After this they move forty or fifty feet further, until quite dry, when on their return course, they are held down by a steel finger, and made to just taste the liquid phosphorus, which is taken up by a second wheel from a reservoir similar to that which holds the brimstone. They then finish their journey of forty or fifty feet, by which time they are quite dry. At the end of the course the chain passes over a wheel elevated above the cutting-machine, from which it falls perpendicularly. As each link reaches a tray made to receive them, the matches, smoking and threatening to ignite, are gently pushed from it by a sliding piece

STATE ITEMS.

The clothing of a colored woman, named Eveline Green, caught fire in some unexplained way, in Wilmington, on the night of the 15th inst., and before she was rescued, she was so horribly burned that she died next day.
A colored man named Gossett died in Wilmington, on the night of the 15th inst., of inflammation and, finally, in the disease which killed him.
Mr. Geo. W. Foust, of Guilford, purchased some \$700 worth of stamps some time ago, and put them on barrels containing spirits. He then stored his liquor, but upon entering the store-house recently, to take a look at his stock, he found that the rats had eaten off every stamp.
Hon. W. N. H. Smith, formerly a member of Congress from this State, but now a resident of Norfolk, Va., has been retained as one of Gov. Holden's counsel in the impeachment trial.
Colored men are leaving Edgecombe county for Louisiana, where they are obtaining work upon the sugar plantations.
A man named Williams Norris, living in Pitt county, was shot dead on the 7th inst., while attempting to escape from an officer of the law who was conveying him to jail.
Two prisoners escaped from the jail of Bladen county on Monday night of last week. A third prisoner named Baker, charged with murder, was in the same cell, but refused to avail himself of the opportunity to escape.
Rev. M. Thomas, of Person county, has had his left ankle badly mashed by the wheel of a loaded wagon passing over it.
Milton, in Caswell county, has three large and well arranged tobacco warehouses.
The new Light House at Cape Hatteras is nearly completed.
Capt. Swift Galloway contests the seat of Gen. C. H. Brodgen, as Senator from Green and Wayne counties, claiming to have received a legal majority of the votes cast in those counties in August last.
The people of Beaufort county, including a number of prominent Republicans, held a meeting at the court-house on the 12th inst., and adopted strong resolutions in favor of an immediate Convention. They have become awakened to the fact that it is our only salvation.
Mr. John Taylor, one of the most respectable citizens of Robeson county, was foully murdered in cold blood on last Saturday morning, by Henry Berry Lowry, the outlaw for whose capture a reward has been standing for months. The deed was committed with a double-barreled gun, the victim being shot through the head. A party of United States soldiers were encamped only 100 yards off, and witnessed the deed but before they could grasp their arms, Lowry had plundered the body and fled. Intelligence was at once sent to the Federal officer commanding at Lumberton, and he at once hurried forward with his entire command, but the outlaw could not be tracked.
M. S. Littlefield, the great bond operator, is said to be in Florida, looking after the Legislature of that State.

GENERAL NEWS.

A young married woman, apparently in good health, fell dead in Coatesville, Chester county, Pa., a few days ago, while she was preparing dinner, and her aged mother, hastening down stairs on being summoned, fell and was killed instantly.
Hon. John Covode, Republican member of Congress from the 21st Pennsylvania district, died suddenly in Harrisburg on the 11th inst., from disease of the heart. Though of limited education, he was a man of great energy and an aggressive partisan. He became well known throughout the country by his connection with the celebrated investigation of charges against President Buchanan in relation to the Kansas difficulties during that administration. Mr. Covode's Congressional career was about to expire, his district having been carried last fall by the Democrats.
The United States war steamer *Sigsbee* has been wrecked on a desert island in the Pacific Ocean. Several of the officers and crew set off in a small boat to seek assistance, and after being exposed for a month, reached the Sandwich Islands, where, upon attempting to land, four or five of them were drowned. The government has dispatched a vessel to the island where the steamer was wrecked, in order to rescue the survivors, if there are any.
In New Hampshire politics are said to be taking a decidedly religious turn. It appears that the Free Will Baptists, the Methodists, and regular Baptists each have a candidate for Governor, and it is thought the Methodists will carry the day. Well, if they are going to mix up religion with their politics, they must be in a bad way altogether.
Admiral Porter was confirmed by the U. S. Senate on the 13th inst., the vote standing 30 yeas to 16 nays. Porter thus steps into the shoes of the late Admiral Farragut.
The Republican authorities at New Orleans have ordered that colored children be admitted into the same schools with white children, in that city, and taught together.
The President has appointed Ex-Senator Wade of Ohio, Dr. Howe and President White of Cornell University, as the Commissioners to San Domingo. A. A. Burton has been appointed Secretary to the Commission. The President tried to get Bishop Simpson and Bishop Ames, both of the Methodist Episcopal Church North, to accept Commissionships, but they declined having anything to do with the affair. Several prominent newspaper editors, however, have volunteered to go out on the expedition, at the President's invitation.
Perry Fuller, lately Collector of Customs at New Orleans, a prominent politician, and widely known as the active friend of President Johnson during the impeachment trial of the latter, died suddenly in Washington on the 11th inst. of paralysis of the heart.
Gen. Alcorn, the Republican Governor of Mississippi, has refused a commission in the State militia to a man who spoke disparagingly of General Lee at the time of his death. The Governor says he "cannot even seemingly approve of any man cast upon the memory of Gen. Lee."
On the 11th inst., a man named Peter Smith, living at Williamsburg, N. Y., and who had shortly before lost his wife and child, went to the Lutheran cemetery where they were buried, and shot himself above their graves. His dead body fell across the last resting place of his wife.
A verdict of \$20,000 damages was given in the Circuit Court at Richmond on the 14th inst., against the Richmond and Danville Railroad, for 600 boxes of tobacco destroyed at the Danville depot by a party of straggling Confederate soldiers two weeks before the surrender of the town.
The schooner *Wanderer*, which brought a cargo of slaves from Africa to Savannah, Geo., in 1859, has been wrecked off the northern coast of Cuba. Her captain and crew were saved.
Orville Grant, the brother of the President, was waylaid, and knocked down in the streets of Chicago one day last week, and robbed of his watch and revolver. Ku Klux! Ku Klux! Troops! Troops! Chicago must be reconstructed right off.
A Connecticut man has invented an almanac good for 300 years. He advertises that if any man, after using it 300 years, isn't satisfied with it, another almanac will be furnished gratis.
A despatch from Memphis, dated 16th inst., says that the steamer *McGill*, from St. Louis for New Orleans, took fire and burned at Shoo Fly bar. The weather was intensely cold, and many who escaped drowning, were frozen to death. Fifteen are known to be lost, including the captain, clerk, three women and two children. It is not known how many more.
Georgia is, at last, partially represented in Congress. On the 16th inst., Young, Price, Bethune and Long, the latter colored, were sworn in as members of the House. The first two are Conservatives, and the latter are radicals.
On the 16th inst., Senator Trumbull of Illinois endeavored to get the Senate to pass an amnesty bill, instead of removing disabilities by piece meal, but he failed.
New Jersey is the luckiest State in the Union. It is out of debt, its receipts from its investments cover its expenses, and there are no taxes on the people. Now everybody needs put up stakes, and make a rush for New Jersey. Land is high there, and the sand flies are abominable.
The "Pope's Curse" against Victor Emmanuel, which is going the rounds of the press, is not genuine. It was written by Laurence Sterne, the celebrated English novelist, and can be found word for word in his well-known "Tristram Shandy." The Pope has issued no curse against the King of Italy, but has simply warned him that he has rendered himself liable to the edict of excommunication pronounced by the Council of Trent, three hundred years ago.
The war in Cuba has degenerated into a mere struggle on the part of a few outlawed Cubans against the Spanish authorities, and the contest is characterized by atrocities and barbarous conduct on both sides.
A colored man from Wilmington, N. C., was ejected from the dress circle of the Richmond, Va., Theatre, on the night of the 15th inst. He was told that that place was designed for white ladies and gentlemen exclusively, and requested to take a seat in the colored part of the House. He refused, and was summarily dragged out.
The Emperor of Russia has ordered the arrest and imprisonment of a number of his subjects who presumed to petition him for liberty of speech and liberty of the press.
An explosion occurred in a coal-mine near Sheffield, England, on the 12th inst., by which twenty-six persons were killed and nine injured.
Since the 1st of September last, over 9000 persons, with 1,664 wagons, have emigrated to Texas from Georgia and Tennessee.
A female school-teacher in New Hampshire has been convicted of forgery, and sent to prison for three years.
The recent cold weather has killed thousands of orange, lemon and banana trees in the Gulf States.
Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is now living at Geneva, in Switzerland, and is avoiding all notoriety.
The State debt of Virginia amounts to \$41,391,000.