

The Franklin Courier.

MY GOD, AND THEN MY STATE.

VOL. 1.

LOUISBURG, N. C., APRIL 12, 1872

NO. 31.

THE COURIER.
Louisburg:
 FRIDAY.....APRIL 12, 1872
Terms of Subscription.
 One year in advance, \$2.00
RATES OF ADVERTISING.
 One square, one insertion, \$1.00
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 Contracts for longer time and space, made on liberal terms.
 All letters should be addressed to the editor.

P. Warwick,
 NO 53 SYCAMORE STREET,
 Is now offering Bargains in
CHINA, TEA AND DINNER
WARE,

House Furnishing Goods,
 TABLE CUTLERY, SILVER PLATED
 CASTORS, SPOONS,

PLATED FORKS AND KNIVES, A LARGE STOCK OF LAMPS, &c., &c., &c.
 call and see for Yourself.
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It is my intention to keep the best assortment of goods in my line, at the most reasonable prices, to which I invite the special attention of COUNTY DEALERS.
 My stock embraces all the latest styles, most of which are truly elegant in design and finish.
 Parties wishing Cutlery, Crockery, &c., &c., for their private use, need only send me their orders, with the amount of money they wish to expend, stating the articles needed, and I will guarantee satisfaction, in quality and price, thus saving them the expense and trouble of coming to the market.
 All I ask is an inspection of my stock, and a trial.
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 No 12-6m

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stock of Hats.



Thomas R. Moore,
 No. 115 Sycamore Street,
 PETERSBURG, VA.
 Offers a full and attractive stock of
HATS, CAPS, LADIES' AND MISSES' FURS,
UMBRELLAS AND WALKING CANES.
 His stock embraces a full line of STAPLE GOODS. Also all the novelties of the season, at prices that cannot fail to please the closest buyers, both wholesale and retail.
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LINSEED OIL, VARNISHES,
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BRANCH & HERBERT,
GROCERS AND
Commission Merchants.
 NO 123 Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.
 Will give their personal attention to the sale of TOBACCO, COTTON, and all other PRODUCE entrusted to their care.
 Liberal advances made on Produce in Hand.
 Charges for selling Tobacco the same as at Warehouse, and Insurance Free of Charge.
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 Formerly of firm of Branch, Rives, & Co. Formerly of Halifax County, North Carolina.
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ROBT. A. MARTIN & CO.,
GR O C E R S AND
Commission Merchants,
 No. 2 Iron Front Building, Petersburg, Va.
 Give strict personal Attention to Consignments and make prompt returns.
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D. JOYNER & CO.
COMMISSION
MERCHANT
 94 Sycamore St. Petersburg, Va.
 Will attend to the sale of Cotton, Tobacco, and all other produce consigned to them. Orders solicited and filled promptly, for Groceries, Provisions, Fertilizers, Cotton Bagging and Ties, and all other Farmers Supplies.
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JOS. J. DAVIS,
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 Will practice in the several Courts of Granville, Franklin, Nash, Warren and Wake.
 Prompt attention paid to the collection and remittance of money.
 July 15, 1871. 1-

W. K. BARHAM,
ATTORNEY and COUNSELLOR at LAW
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 OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE.
 Will practice in the Courts of Franklin and adjoining counties, and the Supreme and Federal Courts at Raleigh.
 Collections made everywhere.
 July 15-17.

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Wholesale Grocers and
COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
 Solicit Consignment of
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Wheat, Flour, corn, and
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MINNIS GALLERY!
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 AT THE FOLLOWING REDUCED RATES.
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 CARTE DE VISITE, FOUR FOR \$1.50,
 HALF DOZEN, \$2.00,
 ONE DOZEN, \$3.50,
 LARGER SIZES, EQUALLY LOW IN PROPORTION.
 Small Pictures copied and enlarged to any desired size, and finely finished.
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HAVE YOUR SADDLES, HARNESS, and BRIDLES made and repaired at home, and thus save money. The undersigned is always prepared to do work in this line well and promptly, at small rates. Give me a call. Encourage home workmen.
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 One door above T. N. & W. H. Carth's Store.

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 LOUISBURG, N. C.
watch Maker and
Jeweler

Will take orders and make repairs for customers, for any kind of good in the Watch and Jewelry line, not on hand at moderate rates and guarantee satisfaction.
To watch Makers,
 A GOOD WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER wishing to locate in a thrifty and growing town would do well to correspond with
N. B. WALKER.
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New Arrival
 I have another good supply of CANDIES APPLS ORANGES PRUNES DATES, LEMONS FIGS RASINS CHEESE BUTTER JELLY'S, CHESTNUTS GINGER-CAKES, LEMON and SODA CHACKERS, CREAM TARTER, SODA GINGER PEPPER NUTMEGS CITRON and many other articles at Lowest Market rates for cash.
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B. P. CLIFTON,
 CORNER COURT & MAIN STREETS
 Keeps constantly on hand a good and well selected stock of
DRESS GOODS
CLOTHS & CASSIMER'S
BOOTS & SHOES
HATS
SHAWLS & CLOAKS
READY MADE CLOTHING
BRIDLES & HALTERS
LAMPS, CHIMNIES &c &c
 A NICE LOT OF PRINTS & COBBLD ALPACAS just received and for sale cheaper than cheap at
CLIFTON'S.

AXES YOU CAN BUY A GOOD AXE for one dollar at
CLIFTON'S.
KID GLOVES FOR
 ONE DOLLAR PER PAIR AT
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LARGE LOT OF WEEDING HOES, SHOVELS SPADES & PITCH-FORKS AT
CLIFTON'S
15 BARRELS NICE RYE & CORN WHEAT
5 BARRELS OLD APPLE BRANDY
 OLD JAMAICA RUM, WINES &c., AT
CLIFTON'S.

LADIES WALKING SHOES & GENTS double CALF BOOTS a splendid lot and warranted to wear well, at
CLIFTON'S
CONFECTIONARIES.

A FRESH LOT OF CANDIES, COCOANUTS, LEMONS, ORANGES, PICKLES, Canned FRUITS, APPLES, SARDINES &c., &c.
 Fresh OYSTERS always on hand
B. P. CLIFTON.
 Feb. 16-17

LIFE AND FIRE INSURANCE
AGENCY.
BROOKLYN LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK.
 Cash Assets, \$2,000,000.
 All policies issued by this Company are non-forfeitable—and definite cash value endorsed plainly on each participating Policy.
IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE CO. OF LONDON.
 Cash Assets and Accumulations, \$8,000,000 in gold
 "The Undersigned represents the above Companies, and will be pleased to see his friends at his office in Louisburg. He will take pleasure in explaining fully, the particulars of Insurance to all who may call."
GEORGE S. BAKER.
 July 15-3 m.

Learn to Say No.
 BY MRS. F. P. CHAMBERLAIN.
 Charles Haskell was just sixteen—he had finished his course of study at the High School, and being impetuous and active, he longed to begin his part in the drama of life. The day came that he was to leave his childhood's home. His mother's parting advice was earnestly given; she said "I have prayed for the blessing of heaven upon you—in your life, leave such 'footprints on the sands of time' as you would wish your dearest friend to follow. Let the motto be your guide, and to every temptation, 'learn to say no.' I have embroidered the motto as a book-mark for you—it is done with strands of my own hair. Before we meet again, all that is mortal of me, except these few strands, may be crumbled into dust. Then let the motto be a reminder of all a mother could counsel a loved son."

Young Haskell went to a distant city.—His unseen guardian angel went with him, and tempter also, and now the contest for mastery between the two began.
SCENE I.

"Well, chum, you've come to the city in just the right time. This is a fair week, and we clerks can choose any one day we please to go. There is always the biggest crowd the day the horse race. Oh, it is glorious excitement the way they bet. And then you'll see more blooded stock in one day, than in a lifetime of common observation." They decided to go together, and Haskell felt secure in the thought that he could not be induced to bet—oh no, not he.

"Look, Charley—here they come prancing—see that arched neck, and how those hoofs keep time to the music." The ring is soon filled with spirited mettle, and "hurrah, I bet"—are sounds that fill the air. "You bet ten dollars," said the dark tempter, "just you bet!" "Nothing," said the guardian angel. "Remember your prayer, 'lead me not into temptation,' and here you are in the midst of it." "Go ahead, and run your chance to make your ten hundred," said the dark spirit. "Remember the good prophet Ezekiel says: 'Behold, therefore, I have written mine hand at thy dishonest gain which thou hast made,' said the guardian angel.

Haskell turned to his companion and said, "I'll leave this crowd. I'll not take the first step towards being a gambler."
SCENE II.
 Again the tempter came. "Have a cigar, Charley, these are royal Havanas. Quite a genteel article." The cigar lay on the table before him. "Be genteel and smoke," said a dark voice, "it's very social when with a friend, to while an hour away, and forget the cares of life in the fragrant weed." "Don't begin," said a mild, sweet monitor—"it will introduce a long train of physical evils, and you cannot afford to discount your time."
 "Thank you," said Charley. "I do not wish to learn to smoke. I have no desire to die of any of the nervous diseases of smokers."
 "Ha, ha! Charley! You're quite a philosopher and Puritan. For my part, I'm not tied to my mother's apron strings, and as we don't go through this vale of tears but once, I'm bound to have a good time as I go along. Good bye, Puritan Charley!"

"Evil communications corrupt good manners," said Charley. One cannot smoke without spitting—the latter is certainly considered ill-mannered, and the former a bad habit."
SCENE III.
 Months passed, and New Year's came. The tempter this time was beautiful as the fabled Helen.
 "Here is wine, it is old and rare, papa only opens it for festive occasions like this. Take it, as a pledge of good wishes for the coming year."
 Said the inner dark voice, "Drink, you simpleton; don't offend the fairest friend you have, just for one swallow." "Touch not—taste not—handle not," said a sweet still voice, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The frosty air of the winter's morning seemed to wait from his childhood's home—"learn to say no!"

"Thank you, Miss Emma, I have never yet tasted anything that can intoxicate, and I will not begin. But I wish you joy, pure, like the crystal of yonder empty glass and may your life never be shaded by sorrow, deep hued as the wine of this Goblet."
 With a courteous bow he left the rich apartment.
 Three temptations had crossed Haskell's life, and not without a mental conflict had he come off victor. The step once taken in the right direction, it was more easy to follow it up. To day, Haskell is an honored man, and his companion of the horse race and cigars makes self-indulgence his first cure, and is loved and respected as much in a decreasing ratio as a Haskell in an increasing one.

Boys, learn to say no, not from policy, but principle. Don't say it in a sickly, feeble way, and by the tones of your voice give others to understand "I'll say yes, if you will urge me a little," but let it be a round, clear and distinct "no" as well defined and sparkling as the full moon. A heathen moralist once said, "it is not because things are difficult, that we dare not undertake them." Boys of the nineteenth century, what is it then? Is not self-gratification the principle root of all the evils? Dare to do right—be hold of spirit—but gentle in manner. Say no to trifles of sin, as well as to flagrant transgressions. Let your inner and outer life be at peace, and in the end merit the higher eternal life.

Boys' Rights.—By a Boy.
 Talk about the women, and the darkies, and the—the—the rest of 'em, none of 'em all are half so badly treated as boys are. I know a lot, and can give you their names. Ask 'em all. They'll tell you, to be a boy is to be somebody without a right in the world.

You're to take all the sass that's given to you, and give none back, 'cause you're a boy. You are to pay full fare in the cars and omnibuses, 'cause you're a boy, and not a child; and never have a seat, 'cause you're a boy, and not a man. Fat lady gets in after it's all full, and looks about her, everybody looks at you. Old gentleman says, "My son," reprovingly. Conductor says, "Come now, you boy!" You've paid your sixpence. No matter that's nothing. You have been on your legs with bundles all day. Who cares, you're a boy. Now a horse has such a load given to him as he can carry, and a man won't take any more than he can walk under. Ask boys what grown folks think they can carry. There's no limit to it.

Who doesn't know a boy who does a man's work, and does it well, for a tenth of what a man would get for it? Who hasn't seen an advertisement for a boy who writes a good hand, understands accounts, is willing to make himself useful, boards with his parents, is trustworthy, no objections to sitting up all night, no impudence about him, the best recommendations required, and two dollars a week wages!

Ask boys whether old folks don't make as much fuss about such places as if they were doing you a favor that would set you up in life.
 Who wants a boy anywhere? Your sisters don't in the parlor. Your father don't; he always asks if you're not wanted to do something somewhere. You make your mother's head ache every time you come near her. Old ladies snap you up. Young ladies hate boys. Young men tease you, and give it to you if you tease back. Other fellows,—it's because they're aggravated so, I know,—always want to fight, if they don't know you; and when you get a black eye and a torn jacket, you hear of it at home.

You look back and wonder if you ever were that pretty little fellow in petticoats, that everybody stuffed with candy; and you wonder whether you'll ever be a man, to be liked by the girls, and treated politely by the other fellows, paid for your work, and allowed to do as you choose. And you make up your mind every day not to be a boy any longer than you can help it, and hear your grandfather or somebody complaining that there are "no boys now," and wonder if they remember the life they led that he don't consider it as a subject of rejoicing.
 There's only one comfort in it all; boys will grow up, and when they do, they generally forget all they went through in their youth, and make the boys of their day suffer just as they did.

The Saturday Review calls the fashionable "chignon" a lie, and reproaches the ladies with systematic deception in wearing false hair. Undoubtedly the hair is false, but as there is rarely any pretence about it, we are inclined to think that it is not a "lie." Mrs. Opie, in her book on "Lying," said a wig was a lie; but she did not mean a high tow wig like that worn by an English Lord Chancellor, which resembles nothing that ever grew on the head of man. We observe the false hair from the charge brought against them. With the present fashion they deceive nobody.

A Scotchman, observing that the once white linen of one of his workmen had, through long absence of soap and water, become a lazy black, inquired, as a prelude to a homily on cleanliness, how often his shirt was washed. "Once a month," was the reply. "Why I require two shirts a week." "Two shirts in a week?" ejaculated Robbie, "ye mean be a dirty deevil!"
 Many ladies express great dislike for the "Dolly Varden" costumes, and confidently assert that they will never be seen wearing them. If the fashion lasts any length of time, however, we would not be too sure that they would not change their minds.