

The Franklin Courier.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

VOL. 2.

LOUISBURG, N. C., AUGUST, 8, 1873.

NO. 41.

Poetry.

Confederate Grey.

BY FANNY DOWLING.

You're like your mother, worn and old,
And scarred with wounds; my suit of
grey;
I'd smooth you free of crease and fold,
And lay you tenderly away.

But ere I hide you from my sight—
Forgetting all that's lost and gone—
Let me recall the visions bright,
I saw when first I drew you on.

I saw a nation spring to breath,
I saw a people proud and grand
In battle to the very death
For freedom and their native land.

I saw a cause pure of all harm,
I saw a noble and without one stain,
I gave for it my good right arm,
I'd gladly give it o'er again!

I saw across a stormy sky
The bow of glorious promise gleam,
And as its splendor blazed on high,
I made like the fancies of a dream.

Then dark as such as might be felt,
Came down upon our hapless land,
And yet we know our woes was dealt
In wisdom by a Father's hand.

Grey clothes, you fill my heart with
tears,
Through to my eyes they may not
pass,
I call on our four glorious years
And all the memories they bring.

Our cause is lost, our hopes are fled,
The land we love sits sore bereft,
Lamenting for her mighty dead,
—You are the only vestige left.

For all we hoped and planned and
thought,
And all we suffered and achieved,
In our Confederate Grey was wrought,
Well may it be with laurel wreathed!

Oh! I once more you will be worn,
When I am in my coffin laid,
Upon the Resurrection morn
I wish to stand in your array!

When with hosannas loud and sweet,
Beautiful with bliss intense,
Our Southern soldiers shall meet
Conquerors in the highest sense.

Oh! I look on you with pride—
Such pride as many hearts may take—
As with our cause identified,
And doubly precious for his sake.

My martyr, 'Genera', for he wore
Such clothes about the king's soul,
That God from his eternal store
Enshrined within a human mould!

I know he wears the garments now,
That moth and rust can never assail,
Adorned upon his brow
To which earth's brightest crowns
are pale.

I know that in him angels trace
Such glory as on Moses shone,
Reflected from his Master's face,
As those he stands beside the throne.

Yet still I love by Memory's ray,
To see him as he used to be,
Clad in his well-worn suit of grey,
The synonym of victory.

The greatest victory he wrought,
Was when, at heaven's supreme be-
hest,
The faith well kept, the good fought,
He went triumphant to his rest.

Across death's river—dark and fleet—
And storming in tumultuous strife,
Forever left earth's noontide heat,
And rested by the tree of life!

There's little left to live for now,
Old suit, for such as you and I,
And but to Heaven's decree I bow,
I'd gladly, like my Genera', die.

But long as God may choose to give
The simplest duty as my task,
I'm willing in his strength to live
And try to do it. All I ask.

When my pilgrimage is made,
And I am numbered with the dead,
To join in Heaven the old Brigade
With STONEWALL JACKSON at its head!

—from the Land we love, Nov. 1866.

Where are you going? asked a little
boy of another, who had slipped on an
pavement. Going to get up! was
the blunt reply.

He is the successful man who, in-
stead of being cornered by events and
circumstances, harnesses them to his
car as he stands to draw him up the dif-
ficult heights,

SELECTED STORY.

Give and Take.

BY D. V.

'O dear, dear! what a monotonous
sort of life this is!' said Kate Emery.

She looked round her little room—
a room on the third floor of Mrs. Kart-
ley's fourth-rate lodging-house. There
was no fire in it—Kate sat in a shawl
to keep herself warm, that raw Nov-
ember afternoon—the carpet was
faded, and the one window-blind was
out of order, and wouldn't draw up or
down.

Kate glanced dolefully at herself in
the one-sided mirror, whose gilt mould-
ings had dropped off like over-ripe
berries.

It was a fresh, pretty reflection that
met her glance, with jet-black hair,
wistful dark eyes, and cheeks red as a
newly-blossomed oleander.

'Yes, I look well enough,' Kate petu-
lantly apostrophized herself; but what
good do my looks do me? I wish I
were rich. I'd have a blue silk dress;
trimmed with white point-applique,
and a pearl fan, and a set of diamonds,
and I'd give a black silk to Madam
Fougomme, the French teacher, who
has worn rusty black alpaca until its
turning to a rich cinnamon brown! O
—and I'd send a five pound note anon-
omously to the poor young wood en-
graver next door, with the plea of
blue eyes, and the church-yard cough.
If I were only rich!

While this disjointed reverie passed
through Kate's mind, a soft tap came
at the door.

'Come in,' Miss Emery called out,
and the young wood engraver came in,
with a cluster of superbly colored au-
tumn leaves in his hand.

'From the old homestead,' said he,
cheerily. 'Mr. Noakes remembered
my penchant for autumn leaves, and
has sent up this fine bouquet by his
son, who came to town with a load of
potatoes. Would you like some?'

'Very much,' said Kate, glancing
at an empty vase on the mantelpiece.
'How fragrant they are!'

Eugene Neville's pale face lighted
up.

'Oh, if you know how they recall
the old woods at home!' he sighed—
'Home! But I have none now. When
my father died, and the place went in-
to other hands, the word became mean-
ingless to me. I thought that I should
one day be rich and buy it back. I do
not think so now.'

He sighed almost inaudibly as he
separated the brightest branchlets for
her.

Kate looked at him, almost as a
mother might pity a sick child.

'No,' she thought, her hand rustling
softly among the dead leaves, 'I
wouldn't send him money if I were
rich; I would buy back the old home-
stead, and let him die there in peace,
poor fellow. For he cannot live more
than a year or two under the most favor-
able circumstances.'

'Oh, take care,' said Eugene, as he
stopped; 'you have knocked a letter
off the table. What an official looking
document!' he added, 'sealed with a
splash of scarlet wax! Catherine Car-
ton Emery! It is for you.'

Kate opened the letter as he went
out—opened it and read it, and rubbed
her eyes to make sure she was not
asleep and dreaming.

'Oh! she murmured, 'Uncle Car-
ton has left me his money, and I shall
be a great heiress. Oh! if poor mam-
ma could only have lived!'

Madam Fougomme got the black
silk dress; and Kate enjoyed the golden
harvest of her money to her heart's
content.

And Eugene Neville—was he forgot-
ten?

'Poor fellow!' Kate murmured to
herself, 'he cannot last long; and I
who am everybody's fairy god-mamma
just at present, I will make him hap-
py, at least, for a time.'

It was a soft April morning, with
the scent of cherry blossoms in the air,

and sudden sheets of sparkling rain,
cleaving as it were the golden wall of
sunshine, when Kate called to take
Mr. Neville out in her pony phaeton.

'It's such a delicious day,' said she,
'and I'm sure it will do you good, Eu-
gene.'

The young wood engraver stood in
the doorway pale and smiling.
'I ought to be at work,' said
he.

'Oh, fiddlestick!' said Kate, inde-
pendently. 'All work and no play—
you remember the old proverb.'

And away rolled the little car-
riage.

'Which way are you going?' the
young man asked, leaning back among
the cushions.

'Oh, I don't know—the Nettieville
road I suppose.'

Eugene's eyes brightened; the color
rose to his thin cheeks.

'I should like to go as far as the old
place,' he said. 'I have not seen it
for a year.'

'Just as you like,' said Kate, chuck-
ling inwardly. Come up, Elfin!—
What are you about, you lazy little
villain! Yes, we'll go to the old
place.'

How his eyes sparkled as they swept
along under the drooping tresses of
the superb old elms that bordered the
road!

How he started when the first tinkle
of the little cascade under the hill fell
on his ear!

'It is like a dream,' said he, 'Alas!
but the waking will come.'

'Does it look as you expected?'
Kate asked as she checked her paces
in front of the wide, old-fashioned
porch, where the honeysuckles were
putting out buds of green leaves,
and hyacinths blossomed among the
borders.

'It is not changed,' said he, mood-
ily. 'It is I that am changed.'

Kate sprang from the phaeton.
'Come in,' said she.
He shrank back.

'I—I would rather not. I don't
wish to intrude,' he said.

'But you will not intrude,' cried
Kate. 'See! the old rooms are wait-
ing for you.'

Reluctantly, yet willing he came
forward into the old sitting room where
he had played as a child.

The sunshine streamed through the
little panes of the south windows; the
wood fire blazed and crackled on the
hearth.

Eugene sat down before the blaze.
Kate watched him, with eyes full of
tears and changing color.

'If I could only die now!' said he.
'Kate you should not have brought
me here. You meant well, I know,
but it was mistaken kindness. For
now, you see,' he added, with a shud-
der, 'it will be so hard to go back
again to the cutters and the blocks of
wood, and the dark, dingy little room
in the city.'

'But you need not go back!' Kate
cried, half sinking on her knees at
his side. 'Eugene, this place is
yours.'

'Mine?' he echoed, vaguely.

'I have bought it from Mr. Noakes.
I have given it to you,' she falter-
ed.

'I cannot take it,' he said, haughti-
ly. 'I can accept no such favors.'

'Not from me, Eugene?
'From no one, Kate. Unless indeed
—but that, of course, is entirely out
of the question.'

'What is out of the question! Do
you mean—'

'But you must live!' Kate burst
forth. 'I can't let you go, Eugene!
I can't do without you.'

And before Miss Emery fairly knew
it, she was engaged—engaged to a pen-
niless, consumptive young wood en-
graver—she, the heiress, for whom her
friends were anticipating such an im-
possibly grand alliance.

'Are you happy?' the young man
whispered.

'Oh, so happy!' she answered,
scarcely daring to look into his eyes.
And they are married.

Eugene Neville never was strong
again, but he did not die. Kate looked
after that.

'For I've no idea of being left a
widow,' she said, gaily.—Literary
Companion.

A Banker's History.

A banker at Paris gave an elegant
feast to his friends, and after the feast
gave a brief account of his early life,
suggested by a large ugly pin in his
napkin. He was a poor boy, and one
day found a large pin used by girls to
fasten ribbons at the neck. Soon he
met a girl who was in trouble, because
she had lost just such a pin. The sequel
follows:

'There is another for you,' said the
boy, good-naturedly, giving her the
one he had found. She seized it hasti-
ly, and with great delight.

'Now I shall not be beaten,' she ex-
claimed.

She now remarked how the boy was
gnawing at his crust, and said, 'I
have got an apple in my pocket, will
you have it? It is a very good one; I
have bitten it already.'

Instead of making any reply, the
beggar-boy soon put his teeth into the
apple which she handed to him, and
went his way. A few weeks after he
returned to that village, as it was then
called. He met the little girl again
who at once recognized her benefactor.
She perceived directly how hungry he
was, she put her hand into her pocket,
but to-day there were no apples there,
and she waited very much to give him
something.

Fortunately she had received a few
packets of needles and pins as a present
from her grandmother, who kept a lit-
tle stall at the fair. She gave the boy
one of these packets, and said, 'Sell
these needles; you can buy apples and
cakes for the money.'

A bright idea came now into the
boy's head; he returned with the need-
les to his own village, and sold them
there to the peasant women. But he
did not go and spend foolishly the
money which he received but went and
bought some fresh needles, and soon
set up as a regular hawker, carrying
about a little box on his back, in which
were needles, thimbles, buttons, thread
and needles of all kinds.

Through wind and bad weather,
through shower and heat, he wandered
from village to village, journeying thus
through the whole of France; and when
he was twenty, he opened a little shop
in one of the suburbs of Paris. He
traded in every thing which could
bring him any profit, and his specula-
tion always hit upon the right sort of
article.

At thirty years of age he possessed
one hundred thousand francs; the half
of this he invested at the Exchange.—
He was fortunate in his calculations,
and in a few years' time he became
very rich.

Now he thought of the pin which he
had found when he was a little vagabond,
and of the little black-eyed girl
whom, by means of this pin, he had
saved from a beating. He travelled to
the village where he then had begged;
he was curious to know what had be-
come of the girl who, by her gift of the
packet of needles, had first aroused in
him the spirit of commerce.

She had grown into a good, suc-
cessful woman—not very young, per-
haps—for she already reckoned thirty
summers. But as yet she had no suitor,
because she was poor. The Parisian
banker sought for her; and said, in a
short manner—

'Young woman, I have a million of
francs property; will you marry me?'

The girl turned pale and red, and
stuttered out, at last, 'Sir, I think
you have come to make fun of me.'

But he now said, seriously, 'Do you
not remember the beggar-boy with the
pin?'

'O certainly,' she said, eagerly, 'I
see him before me now; how ravens-
ously he bit the apple which I had already
bitten, with his white teeth.'

The stranger replied, smilingly, 'I
was that beggar-boy, out of the heart
of that apple grew up my good fortune.
Will you share it, and be my wife?'

The answer was a joyful 'Yes'—
The wedding took place in the village.
The banker was silent and looked
affectionately at his wife, who blushed
very deeply. 'Yes, gentlemen,' he
now exclaimed, 'the beggar-boy not
only became rich, but happy. God has
rewarded him greatly for that one lit-
tle kind action. And, gentlemen, I am
the former vagabond, and my good
wife opposite is the little girl I found
weeping; and this is the pin I found
upon the ground.'

A Wild Huntress.

A Pennsylvania Girl lost in the Wi-
derness—Her love of Hunting Stronger
than her love of Home.

The Whelch "Register" of the 26th
inst. tells the following story of the au-
thority of Julia "Messenger" of Wind-
ridge, Green county, Pa., for whose
veracity it vouches:

A man living near Windridge, Green
county, Pa., had born to him five chil-
dren, four girls and one boy. His
name is Daniel Lewis. When quite
young the boy and second daughter,
named Lucinda Lewis, developed quite
a fondness for hunting, and were out
nearly all the time, roaming the woods
in search of game. They seemed to
delight in nothing so much as the fall
life of a hunter, and would go from
home for weeks at a time. After four
or five years the boy quit it, and en-
tered on the more industrious pursuits
of life, but the girl continued in the
chase. Drawing herself more and more
from human intercourse and restraint,
she has become a wild woman, fleeing
from the approach of her kind and
the speed of a deer.

During the early years of her solitary
life she used to approach her father's
house and entice the dogs to follow
her, learning almost any breed of dogs
to become good hunters. In the hope
of bringing her back to her home and
to civilization, her brother followed her
and shot the dog she had taken away,
using every inducement to get her to
go back with him. But all in vain.

For eighteen years, since she was
twelve years of age, she has lived this
wild life, sleeping in the centre of straw
stacks during the night and hiding in
them during the summer, the wild and
cultivated fruits she intends for her
winter's store of provisions. She is
now thirty years old and is as wild as
the untamed denizen of the forest.

Mr. Messenger says he at one time,
while out hunting, met her in the
woods. Her long black hair, covering
her face and eyes, was matted with
burs and leaves, and her black flashing
eyes made her a startling picture. She
remained perfectly still until he got
within twenty feet of her when she
turned and fled with the swiftness no
man could hope to rival.

A few days since she was seen again,
and then had in her hand three pen-
nants and four rabbits, but although
these encumbered her she eluded every
attempt to capture her. She has been
so long in the woods that she has be-
come perfectly wild. Her dress is made
of the skins of wild animals and a
blanket that she has taken somewhere
during some of her nocturnal predatory
tours.

A PRUSSIAN AMAZON IN SPAIN.—A
Prussian Amazon has appeared on the
theatre of war in Spain. A Valencia
newspaper says: 'We have had the
pleasure of seeing the Prussian heroine
announced who will, it is said com-
mand a battalion of volunteers against
the Carlists. She is well-grown, hard-
ly twenty-five years old, has a rather
pretty face, and blonde hair. She
wore a long upper garment, long rid-
ing trousers and a Phrygian cap and
carried a cavalry sword. We do not
know whether she will remain here or
go to Barcelona.'

'Pot's that?' said Mickey when the
water brought him a plate of hash.

'Wittles.'

Mickey eyed the compound suspi-
ciously, and concluded,

'Be jabers, the man that chawed
that cat ate it.'

Pay Your Subscription.

A Happy Daddy.

In giving publicity to the following
Gublian epistle, the Danbury man or
some other fellow who can appreciate a
good thing when he finds it lying
around loose, says:

We are not obliged to tell how the
following funny letter fell into our
hands all the reader has to do is to read
it and laugh. We congratulate the
new made pa-ri-ent, and hope he will
get over his confusion of ideas shar-ly,
so as to be able to tell his baby from
his horse:

DEAR SILVER EMMA:—I now take
my seat and sit down to take this op-
portunity to inform you that I am
"daddy" at least that I suppose I
am, for Addie has got a nice, fat baby
at ever made up face. We hope that
these few lines may find you enjoying
the same great blessing. Now, this is
to be strictly a business letter. Firstly,
as I said before, Addie has got a nice
baby; next, I have swapped away
old John and think I have got a pretty
nice horse; it is a girl and weighs nine
pounds—I mean the baby—it is just
as fat as butter, and has a good strong
pair of lungs. She is red and has a
bot-tail—the horse, I mean—and a
white stripe in her face, and is a good
driver; she has got blue eyes and a
dimple in chin—I mean the baby—and
just the prettiest mouth that ever open-
ed to receive pap; judging from her
teeth, I think she is about six years
old—I mean the horse now—and the
doctor says is the fairest he ever saw,
without any exception—he meant the
baby—I gave \$21.00 to boot, not on the
baby, though, for in its case the boot is
another fool, and two or three sizes
larger, as near as I can find out. I am
going to harness the horse now and go
after mother, she was born last night
at 20 minutes past nine—I hope you
don't think I mean mother or the horse,
I mean the baby. She is as hearty as
a pig; eat an egg, a biscuit, and drank
three cups of tea—I mean Addie—she
is getting along nicely, and if she don't
have tad luck she will get along grate-
ful. She is subject to disorders of the
stomach, and they said that is a sign
of colic—I mean the baby—I hope it is
for the nurse says colicky babbies
never die. She talks about her nose
as she takes snuff—I mean the nurse.—
I am going to name it Edema—I mean
the baby. There! I've been reading
this over and I see plainly that I ain't
fit to write. The amount of it is, I am
flattered; I am a happy father, and
that accounts for it, so you must ex-
cuse me this time.

Your brother,
JIM.

Young America, going to bed,
handed over his new trumpet, say-
ing, "Gran'ma, you blow while I
pray."

ADVERTISEMENTS.

1873. SPRING 1873.

White, Corling & Co.,
(Successors to Smith & White)

No 25 Sycamore Street.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN

Dry Goods,

Offer to the merchants of Virginia and
North Carolina a choice and well select-
ed stock of

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC

DRY GOODS,

At the lowest market prices. In
our dress goods department will be
found all the Novelties of the Season!
And the staple stock embraces a
large line of prints, Domestic, No-
cens, Linens, White Goods, Notions, &c.

MATTINGS!

We are in receipt of our White and
Colored Mattings, for sale cheap by

WHITE, CORLING & CO.,
April 25-3m.

(10 LINES OR LESS CONSTITUTE A SQUARE)
One Square one insertion.....11.00
One " Each subsequent insertion..... 50
One " One month..... 3.00
One " Two months..... 5.00
One " Three months..... 7.00
One " Six months..... 12.00
One " Twelve months..... 25.00
Contract's for larger space made on liberal terms

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NORTH CAROLINA STATE LIFE INSURANCE Company.

RALEIGH, NORTH CAROLINA

Capital, - - \$200,000.

OFFICERS:

Hon. Kemp P. Battle, President.
F. H. Cameron, Vice-President.
W. H. Hicks, Secretary.
Dr. E. B. Haywood, Med. Director.
Dr. W. I. Royster, Asst. Med. Director.
J. B. Batchelor, Attorney.
O. H. Peiry, Supervising Agent.

DIRECTORS:

Hon. Kemp P. Battle, Hon. Tod R. Caldwell,
Hon. John W. Cunningham, Col. J. M. Holt,
Hon. Wm. A. Smith, Dr. W. J. Haskins,
Hon. John Manning, Gen. W. R. Cox,
Col. L. W. Humphrey, C. Tate Murphy,
Col. Wm. E. Anderson, John A. Williams,
Col. W. L. Saunders, R. Y. McAden,
Col. A. A. McKay, J. J. Young, James A. Graham, F. H. Cameron, J. J. McKee,
J. B. Batchelor, J. C. Baker, Walter Clark,
W. G. Upchurch, J. J. Davis, John Nichols.

FEATURES AND ADVANTAGES

It is emphatically a Home Company
Its large capital guarantees strength
and safety
Its rates are as low as those of any
first-class company.
It offers all desirable forms of insur-
ance.
Its funds are invested at home so
circulated among our own people.
No necessary restrictions imposed
upon residence or travel.
Policies non-forfeitable after two
years
Its officers and directors are promi-
nent and well-known North Carolina-
ians, whose experience as business men,
and whose worth and integrity are
alone sufficient guarantees of the Com-
pany's strength, solvency and suc-
cess.
Geo. S. Baker, Local Agent,
H. A. London, Louisville, N. C.,
District Agent, Pittsburg, N. C.
Good Agents, with whom lib-
eral contracts will be made, wanted in
every county in the State.
mu 21-6a

GREEN & ALLEN, Grocers And

COMMISSION MERCHANTS

Solicit Consignments of
Cotton, Tobacco, Wheat,
Flour, Corn, and
Produce Generally.

Agents for the Excellent Cotton,
Fertilizer and Gulleit's Improved Steel
Brush Cotton Gin.
No. 110 Sycamore Street, Petersburg, Va.
No. 1-17