The Franklin Courier.

DEVOTED TO POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND ART.

VOL. 2. LOUISBURG, N. C., SEPTEMBER, 5, 1873. NO. 45.

The Courier.

A Democratic Newspaper
Published every Friday in Louisburg

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Copy 1 year.....2.00
" 6 Months.....1.00
" 3 Months.....75

TERMS CASH IN ADVANCE

Poetry.

Watch for the Morning.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

Watcher, 'tis dark, and thy dwelling is lonely!
The night-lamps shines dimly, and so does thine eye;
Thou art thinking thy portion is wretchedness only.
Disheartened, despairing, and longing to die;
Watcher, look out where the day-star is dawning!
Hope in thy soul let its promise awake;
And, sleepless though weary, still wait for the morning—
Never a night but its morning shall break!

Weeper, 'tis dark, for the Angel of sorrow
Hath spread o'er thy landscape the gloom of his wing;
No hue from the rainbow thy sadness can borrow,
No joy to thy bosom the Spring-time can bring.
Weeper, despair not, there is that can cure thee!
Yes, e'vn to the heartsick a value can be given.
A draught that shall comfort and gladness insure thee,
Drink deeply, drink freely, its fount is in Heaven!

Oh! ye who are suffering, and toiling, and sighing;
Who in darkness of spirit are groping your way:
Who are weary of hoping, and trusting and trying,
Who are sean that your midnight can never be day;
Look forth when the day-star of promise is dawning;
Stand fast by your duty, your God; and your right;
And patient and faithful thus watch for the morning,
Assure it shall bring you both healing and light!

SELECTED STORY.

The Lover's Stratagem.

BY JEHU.

One fine winter evening, early in the present century, Colonel Smith, and his maiden sister, Patty, were sitting on either side of a blazing fire, enjoying their *otium cum dignitate*, without any interruption for at least an hour; and that, considering the sex of Miss Patty, was cetrainly very remarkable.

The Colonel was siting cross-legged in a great arm-chair, with his spectacles on, and his pipe in one hand and a newspaper in the other.

Miss Patty was moving herself gently forward and backward in a low rocking chair. Close by her feet was the cat, while Carlo was stretched out at full length on the rug in front of the fire, and fast asleep.

'I wish Henry was here, to help me about collecting my rents.'

'Well, I really wish he was,' answered his sister.

'I can't expect him this month, yet,' yawned the Colonel.

'Hadn't you better send for him?' said his sister.

Upon this, the dog got up and walked towards the door.

'Where are you going, Carlo?' said the old gentleman.

The dog looked into his master's face, wagged his tail, but never said a word, and pursued his way towards the door: and as he could not well open it himself, Miss Patty got up and opened it for him.

The Colonel seemed perfectly satisfied, and was composing himself for another nap, when the loud and cheerful barking of the dog announced the approach of some one, and roused him from his lethargy. Presently the door opened, and a young man gaily entered the room.

'Why, William Henry, is that you?' said Aunt Patty.

'Henry, my boy, I am heartily glad to see you,' said the Colonel, getting entirely out of the chair, and giving his nephew a hearty shake of the hand. 'Pray what has brought you home so suddenly?'

'Oh, I do not know,' said Henry—'it is rather dull in town, so I thought I would just step down and see how you all come on.'

'Well, I am glad to see you—sit down,' said the Colonel.

'So do,' said his sister,

'There, aunt, is a bottle of first-rate stuff for you; and here, uncle, is one of capital Maraschino'

'Thank you, my boy,' said the Colonel. 'Positively, it does my heart good to see you in such very fine spirits.'

'And mine too,' said his sister.

Henry, either anxious to help his uncle or himself, broke the seal from the top of the bottle of cordial, and drew the cork, while Aunt Patty got some glasses.

'Well, my boy,' said the Colonel, whose good humor increased every moment, 'what's the news in town—anything happened?'

'No—yes,' said Henry; 'I have got one of the best stories to tell you that you ever heard in your life.'

'Come, let's have it,' said he, filling his glass.

Well, you must know,' said Henry, 'that while I was in town, I met with an old and particular friend of mine, about my own age. About two months ago, he fell desperately in love with a young girl, and wants to marry her, but dares not without the consent of his uncle, a very fine old gentleman, as rich as Crœsus. Do take a little more cordial.'

'Why, don't his uncle wish him to marry?' inquired the Colonel.

'Oh, yes,' resumed Henry. 'But there's the rub. He is very anxious that Bill should get a wife, but he's terribly afraid he'd be taken in; for it is generally understood that he is to be the gentleman's heir. And as for his uncle, though very liberal in everything else, he suspects that every lady who pays his nephew the least attention of being a fortune-hunter.'

'The old scamp,' said the Colonel; 'why can't he let the boy have his own way?'

'I think as much,' said Patty.

'Well, how did he mange?' said the Colonel.

'Why,' said Henry, 'he was in a confounded pickle. He was afraid to ask his uncle's consent right out; he could not manage to let him see the girl, for she lives at some distance.—But he knew that his uncle enjoyed a good joke, and was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty. So, what does he do, but go and get her miniature taken, for she was extremely beautiful, besides being intelligent and accomplished.'

'Beautiful! intelligent! accomplished!' exclaimed the Colonel—'pray what objection could the fool have to her?'

'Why, she is not worth a guinea,' said Henry,

'Fudge!' said the Colonel—'I wish I had been in the old chap's place. How did he get along?'

'Why, as I said, he had a picture taken, and as it was about the time of collecting rents, he thought it would make the old man good natured if he went home and offered to assist him; and so, answering all inquiries, he took the miniature out of his pocket, handed it to his uncle, and asked him how he liked it—telling him that a particular friend lent it to him. The old gentleman was in an ecstacy of delight, and declared he would give the world to see a woman as handsome as that, and that Bill might have her.'

'Ha!' shouted Colonel; 'the old chap was well come up with. The best joke I ever heard: but was she really beautiful?'

'The most angelic creature I ever saw,' said Henry; 'but you can judge for yourself. He lent me the picture, and knowing your taste that way, I brought it for you to look at.'

Here Henry took it out of his pocket, and handed it to his uncle, at the same time refilling his glass.

Aunt Patty got out of her chair to look at the picture.

'Well, now,' she said, 'that is a beauty.'

'You may well say that, sister,' said the Colonel; 'shoot me if I do not wish I had been in Bill's place. Deuce take it! why did you not get the girl yourself, Harry? The most beautiful creature I ever did lay my eyes on! I would give a thousand pounds for such a niece'

'Would you?' inquired Harry, patting the dog.

'Yes, that I would,' replied the Colonel; 'and nine thousand more upon the top of it, and that makes ten thousand: shoot me if I would not!'

'Then I'll introduce her to you tomorrow,' said Henry.

As there was a wedding at the house of the worthy Colonel on the following Christmas Day, and the old gentleman was highly pleased with the beautiful accomplished bride, it is reasonable to suppose that Henry did not forget his promise.—*People's Literary Companion.*

An Attractive Home.

A home that is fitted up with taste wil be the resort of a better class of people, and more genuine enjoyment will be shown in visiting, than one which has nothing but the costliness of its contents to recommend it. However much astonishment and vague admiration the one may excite at first, it will finally become an eye-sore rather than an attraction, while the other will reveal a new and beautiful feature at every glance, and will never lose its pleasing power. Apart from this, however, is the all-important, hard practical fact that there is an actual economy in good taste. Thousands of persons annually buy gaudy and vulgar carpets that are not and cannot be objects of interest, when for much less money they might in humbler material, but of equally substantial quality; purchase something much better suited to the character of their rooms, and much more in harmony with the surroundings.

If a room is arranged as a work of art, a carpet is only an item in the general effect, and it is a matter of no consequence that it should excite remark on its own account. What we want when a stranger enters our parlor, is that he shall be impressed by a certain beauty, by a certain completeness, by a certain richness of effect, by a certain home feeling, as if the place were the dwelling of refined people, who think enough of their home to try to make it beautiful. It is not necessary that he should remark whether our carpet is Brussels or ingrain, whether our wall paper cost ten cents or five dollars a piece, whether our furniture is of the most costly wood, elaborately carved and covered with the most expensive material, whether our curtains are of the finest lace or richest damask, but rather that our combinations of colors are harmonious, that our furniture is solid and substantial, and, in fact, that our room has a cosy, comfortable look, which gives some hints to the character of its owner, and which seems to extend a large and liberal welcome.

Compare what thou hast not with what thou hast, and see which is better. This will keep thee from trouble for what thou wantest, and thy desire shall not disquiet thee. Thou art poor, but thou art well, and hast many good friends; or, perhaps thou hast none; but thou hast all the host of heaven—the sun, moon and stars, and all the elements, and all the providence of God, and the charity of all well disposed people, as much as any other man: thou mayest walk in thy neighbor's fields, yea, even in thy enemy's ground and enjoy the pleasures of the morning, recreate thyself with all the sweet odors and behold the beauty of all God's creatures, and delight in that which God delights in. Why shouldst thou be so distracted?

A good natured spinster used to boast that she always had two good beaux; they were elbows.

The gardener who grafted a chestnut to a box-tree found it produced large trunks.

Good Words.

A single word may disquiet an entire family for a whole day. One surly glance casts a gloom over the household, while a smile, like a gleam of sunshine, may light up the darkest and weariest hours. Like unexpected flowers which spring up along our path, full of freshness, fragrance and beauty, so the kind words, and gentle acts, and sweet dispositions, make glad the homes where peace and blessings dwell. No matter how humble the abode, if it be thus garnished with grace and sweetness, with kindness and smiles, the heart will turn laughingly toward it from all the tumults of the world, and home, if it be ever so homely, will be the dearest spot beneath the circle of the sun.

And the influences of home perpetuate themselves. The gentle grace of the mother lives in her daughters long after her head is pillowed in the dust of earth; and fatherly kindness finds echo in the nobility and courtesy of sons who come to wear his mantle, and to fill his place; while on the other hand, from an unhappy, mis-governed and disordered home, go forth persons who shall make other homes miserable, and perpetuate the sourness and sadness, the contentions, and strifes and railings, which have made their own early lives so wretched and distorted.

Toward the cheerful home the children gather as "clouds and as doves to their windows," while from the home which is the abode of discontent, and strife, and trouble, they fly as vultures to rend their prey.

The class of men that disturb and disorder, and distress the world, are not these born and nurtured amid the hallowed influences of Christian homes; but rather those whose early lives have been a scene of trouble and and vexation, who have started wrong in the pilgrimage and whose course is one of disaster to themselves and trouble to those around them.

NOBILITY OF LABOR.—Hardly anything is more contemptible than the conceit which rests upon social position; the conceit of those who imagine that they are thus divorced from the clay of common men; of those who shrink with horror from the idea of work; as something that degrades by its contact, and yet who, likely, owe their present position to some not very remote ancestor, who, recognizing his call to work, lived more honestly in the world than they do, and was not ashamed of soiled thumbs. It is one of the meanest things for people to be ashamed of the work which glorified their ancestors more, with their soiled aprons and black gowns, than they with their fine ribbons and flashy jewelry. It might be a fine thing to be like a lillie, more gloriously clothed than Solomon, and doing nothing as if we were lillies. Advantageous position is only a little more emphatic call for work; and while those who hold the advantage may not be compelled to manual drudgery, they should recognize the fact that manual drudgery may be performed in the same spirit as that which characterize their own work, and therefore it is equally honorable.

HAVE COURAGE.—Have courage It is just as necessary in the conflict of life as on the field of battle. A thousand enemies oppose you in every great undertaking, however peaceful may be its nature. Have courage to meet and overcome them. You do not see, you cannot understand why they should seek to throw obstacles in your way; but they do. Such is the ordinance of nature. Have courage, and your opponents will yield.

Have courage. It is not open enemies alone who will assail you in whatever you attempt. Secret foes will rise up also. Have courage to encounter the treacherous who shoot at you from behind trees, and in the darkness, as well as your more open and more straightforward opponents.

In order to accomplesh any great purpose, it is absolutely indispensable to have a degree of courage which no amount of resistance, whether open or secret, can intimidate. Be brave to the end, and you will win. There is no other way. The only true courage is the courage which is founded on conscience, and is unconquerable.

A boy writing a composition on Extremes remarked that we should always endeavor to avoid extremes, especially those of wasps, bees and hornets.

Moods.

The spirit of man goes up and down as does mercury in a themometer, but unlike mercury, which always stands at one point till the atmosphere changes, the spirit of man rises and falls in the same temperature of surroundings.

To-day everything is lovely, hope quickens the eye to discover possibilities for good fortune, and the blood dances to a song of joy and healthfulness. Yesterday zero was warm compared with the state of the same mentality in the same circumstances of good and evil. Nothing changed but the man.

A mercurial character does not make a desirable companion around the domestic fireside. There is to much uncertainty about this state of mind. An even temper, and one sustained by fortitude is necessary to undergo with quietness of spirit, all the trials of "Home, Sweet Home."

Make home as harmonious as paradise; cheerful as the noonday sun; peaceful as moonlight on a lake; yet the bread will sometimes be heavy, sour or brown, the potatoes will not, the vinegar barrel leak, the coal give out, and a thousand and one little cares present themselves every week which flurry people if they allow it.

Regular diet is a good preventative for depressed spirits. To the lovesick young man or woman, such a preventative is too vulgar to contemplate, but it is a good one nevertheless.

God Bless My Mother.

A chaplain in the navy writes:—Not many nights ago the whole meeting was moved as the heart of one man by a noble looking youth of eighteen who, in the midst of his broken-hearted prayer, burst forth in the earnest supplication:

"O. God, bless my mother! I thank thee that thou hast heard her many prayers, and that I, so long the object of her love, have at last, become the subject of thy grace!" And on the last night the feelings of every one present were again moved in like manner by the testimony of a sailor in middle life, given with sobs and tears, to the blessed influence of a mother's prayers in restraining a wayward son from sin, and bringing him at length by the grace of God, to the hope of salvation.

Let the praying mother whose prayers seem not yet to be answered take courage and exercise new faith in reference to the son of her love from such proofs that praying breath is not spent in vain.

EARLY PRICE.—Abraham bought a piece of land for a burying place. He paid 400 sheckels of silver The lowest sum at which a sheckel is estimated is about fifty-six cents. This would make about $200 for the burying place. In Solomon's time it is mentioned that the price of a chariot from Egypt was 500 shekels of silver (1 Kings, x, 30). This would be about $250. The price of a horse was 150 sheckels; or some $75. The best horses of that age were found in Egypt. The Egyptians trained them well and they were capable of important service. King Solomon, in a valuable chariot drawn by two or four of these horses made as showy and as dignified an appearance, perhaps, as any prince has since.

A man's dearest object should be his wife, but sometimes it is his wife's wardrobe

The most genuine spiritual manifestations are seen in cases of delirium tremens.

When is an army like a tuck in a lady's dress? When it is hemmed in.

Courtship is almost always *bliss*; and marriage is sometimes *blister*.

Carpets, though bought by the yard, are worn by the foot.

'Tis but a little faded flour—boarding-house bread.

The soldier's breast-pin—the bayonet,

The woman question—How shall I have my summer suit made?

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