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Poetry.

Dot Schmall Lettle Baby

Attributed by the New York "Sun" to Deacon Richard Smith, of the Cincinnati "Gazette."

Drue as I leef, most efery day I laugh me wild to saw der vay My schmall young baby drie to play Dot funny lettle baby.

When I look or dem lettle toes, Und saw der funny lettle nose, Und hear der vay dot rooster crows, I schmile like I was.

Sometimes dere cooms a lettle schquall, Dots when der vindy viul will crawl Bright in his lettle schlomack schmall, Dots too bad for der baby.

Dot mak a him sing at night, so schweet, Und gorry barrie he must eat, Und I must clumb shpry on my feet To help der lettle baby.

He pulls my nose and kicks my hair, Und grails me efery where, Und schlobers me - but vot I care? Eot was my schmall young baby.

Around my head der lettle arm Vos schquozin me so nice and varm - Oh! I may dere never coom some harm To der schmall lettle bab.

ORIGINAL STORY.

How Love Triumphed.

BY VIVIAN.

CHAPTER I.

There was silence in the wearied air that night. From sea and shore the echoes gave back no harsh sounds; than the water dashing on the beach, and the song of the sailors. But high above the scene in the deep blue Heavens a pale star glimmered here, and there. The lights gleamed upon the water. There was only a ship upon the ocean in its sad repose and silence, and a wondering figure on the shore, whose slow steps heavy with care and trouble, went to and fro to break the calm. As a disappointed man, Gerard Alwin sadly looked his last upon the falling of this calm and lonely twilight, and on the distant hills of his own home.

The next morning he would sail for another land. Bitter thoughts were in his heart, as he tried to console himself; but with a strange consolation, the only solace he found was in returning to the deep grief which was his alone. He ceased to walk, and stood gazing idly upon the water. Standing thus the night fell darker upon him; he hears a step, and he soon has for his companion his old and valued servant.

'Is it you Fred, and did you come to say farewell?'

Taking from his pocket a package he gives it to him, but before he has time to speak, a dainty note is in his grasp, slipped there by the quick fingers of Fred. He becomes agitated and continues his walk some minutes before breaking the seal.

'Can it be that she has defied her father's law and written me a farewell?'

With trembling fingers the seal is broken.

'I will ever prove true to my vows Gerard, farewell! FLORIA.'

'Could I but believe this one line? It would be the light of my life. No, it can never be—she will soon forget me—with the things of the past, another will soon claim the place in her heart that once was mine; and I—will be forgotten. Cruel thought, it will drive me mad.'

'Why am I leaving this home of rest and quiet, a mother whose love and holy influence have ever kept me in the path of right, and whose heart will break when she knows that her boy is gone to roam on distant shores. Gone!—and what drives him from his home?'

'The heartless decree of a cruel father, who rather than give his child to a man of honor and integrity, and who would make for himself a name among men, will sell her for money, curse the word—how many lives have the love of it blighted and how many homes have at last been made desolate by it!'

In silence he still treaded his way along the shore, finally he was interrupted by Fred.

'Master I wait your bidding. Is the package for Miss Floria?'

'Excuse me, my kind friend for my strange behavior during your stay.'

'Give the letters into her hands, trust no other with them. Fred you have always proven yourself an old and tried friend as well as servant. I am leaving home and mother, guard well your mistress, strive to cheer her in her loneliness and be her friend.'

'I promise you all this,' said Fred. 'Good-bye, Master.'

'Farewell friend.'

The sorrow at parting with this friend of his childhood, seemed to remind Gerard of one who has promised to be a friend to the needy—his thoughts become centred on that Divine source—and there in the presence of 'only the stars,' he knelt on the cold damp ground and prayed from the depths of a grief stricken heart—prayed for Mother's and Floria's happiness.

In a few short hours the noble ship in which Gerard Alwin sailed, was tracking the waves with silvery foam, its white sails swelled out almost to bursting with the favouring gale, and the lightning of triumph was flashing from many a bow.

Floria Rivers was only eighteen.—She was a dark oriental style of beauty, a tall slender figure, and with a pliant grace rarely seen in one so young.—What more could we ask for than the great gifts which fortune had bestowed on this young girl? Her home was a palatial residence; a great grey stone house, half hidden in the magnificent trees, which formed groves, and bordered either side of the broad avenue leading to the house, a green park opening from the drawing-room windows, in which played a silvery fountain, whose dripping waters were music to the ear. The cool shadowed grounds looked like a very paradise in their freshness. But with all this Floria was sad; still there could be seen marks of vitality and energy in the small white hands now pressed closely together.

Her eyes bore marks of excessive weeping, yet even in their languor there was resolution and will, and in the delicate curves of the firmly closed mouth there was decision.

In her hand she held the last words of Gerard Alwin, who had the day before sailed for a strange land, and this had been given her by old Fred. She read it again and again.

He says he will always think of me as his beacon light, began Floria, 'as the star of hope beckoning him towards future greatness. Good bye, and in all the dark and weary hours that shall come to you, I pray that a light such as you have kindled may shine into your soul.'

She arose and crossed the room gracefully, not pausing till she stood facing the mirror and the features there reflected.

'Have I then changed so perceptibly within the last two days? There are marks of sorrow on my countenance. True I have suffered. Gerard is gone, yes gone, that bitter word, never before did I fully realize its import, and he will perhaps never return. Does my father think that I will be forced to a marriage with that vile man? Never, and though my home has before been an Eden, the serpent has now entered, and it will now be a home of misery. I'll work as a governess, anything rather than marry this man for his wealth. This evening he will arrive, and for the first time I will meet him. If could only avoid it, but it is my father's command, and he is relentless. Could my Angel mother but speak to her child.'

She could not forbear another fit of weeping, as she thought of the mother, whom she had loved with a devotion unsurpassed, and to whom she had confided so implicitly all her cares and misdoings, but two years ago the change had come, and she was now lying beneath the green sod. And her heart became softer and purer as she looked from her window and beheld the marble shaft, reared in memory of that mother, and over her crept a feeling of peace and comfort, there was a quiet peaceful look in her dark eyes, and the lines of keen sorrow were already softening round her lips and brow.

CHAPTER II. In a quaint old building of brick and stone, and in a room of great size with massive doors and windows, were several men around tables of wine and cards.

One, the most prominent actor was a dark looking man, he was not large, with a stoop in his frame, and rounded shoulders, very black and evil looking eyes, a low scowling brow, with black hair, and when he moved it was with the stealthy tread of a cat. This man was Maurice Manly, the man of all others that Col. Fabian Rivers had chosen for the peerless Floria. The game was at its height, when Maurice astonished the group by throwing his last dollar.

'That is the last boys, but in less than two months with the daughter of old Rivers, I will be made the possessor of a cool two hundred thousand. I have never yet met the young lady, but this evening's train will take me to her father's palatial abode—and there I will meet the Queen of my heart. The old fellow is up for it, he thinks my fortune more than doubles his own.—Ah! he don't know that even now, my creditors are eyeing eagerly for pay, and are silenced by the rumor of this marriage and then they will be paid, yes, more than paid with the old man's money. Congratulate me my friends on my great success.'

'Congratulate you,' said one of his companions, 'the old father is an ingrate to trust his child's happiness to your keeping, I have seen his daughter, and a splendid woman she is, worthy a man of honor instead of the base unprincipled wretch that you are. Col. Rivers don't know you—you are reputed wealthy, and but for that you would never become the possessor of Miss Rivers, and unless you are keen, you may be seen in your true colors before the consummation of those vows.'

'If you will only hold your peace, until that time I shall then have no fears for my betrayal,' said Manly. And looking at the time, he found that only a half hour remained in which to finish his game, and reach the train. This done, he was soon off, and at eight o'clock that evening presented himself before the door of Col. Rivers. His knock at the door was answered by Floria's own maid—who when she had first presented Col. Rivers with the gentleman's card, went to Floria's room, to announce the expected visitors arrival.

She had made no preparation, and now that Mr. Manly had indeed arrived, she with a listless inactivity prepared herself to receive him. She had been fond of admiration, but now she seemed to have outgrown the spell, to have thrown off an influence that had led her almost sometimes too far. She had lost the power and wish to have men render homage to her, or to be enthralled by her. But with this flash of proud triumph on her cheek faded she seemed still lovely.

Her maid looked at her with something like amazement, as the majestic woman trailed her velvet robes with such a superb air down the broad hall, and as she held with her hand on the knob of the drawing room door about to enter and meet the daunted man—her father's chosen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) We can do more good by being good than in any other way. —RICHARD HILL.

Home Affections.

Where a family of children are taught from childhood to manhood and womanhood, to be kind and loving, one to another, and see the daily exhibition of like kindness and love between the parents and from the parents to them, there we see strong manhood and noble womanhood. Affection does not beget weakness, nor it is effeminate for a brother to be tenderly attached to his sister. That boy will make the noblest, the bravest man. On the battle field, in many terrible battles during our late horrible war I always noticed those boys who had been reared under the tenderest home culture, always endured the hardships of camp, the march, or on the bloody field most silently, and were most dutiful at every call. More, much more, they resisted the frightful temptations that so often surrounded them and seldom returned to their loved ones stained with the sins incident to war.—Another point, they were always kind and polite to those whom they met in the enemy's country. Under their protection, woman was always safe. How often I have heard one regiment compared with another, when the cause of the difference was not comprehended by those who draw the comparison. I know the cause, it was the home education.

We see the same every day in the busy life in this city. Call together one hundred young men in our city and spend an evening with them, and we will tell you their home education.—Watch them as they approach young ladies, and converse with them, and we will show you who have been trained under the influence of home affection and politeness, and those who have not.

That young man who was accustomed to kiss his sweet, innocent, loving sister night and morning as they met, shows his influence upon him, and he will never forget it, and when he shall take some one to his heart as his wife, shall reap the golden fruit thereof.—The young man who was in the habit of giving his arm to his sister as they walked to and from church, will never leave his wife to find her way to his chamber. The young man who has been taught to see that his sister had a seat before he sought his, will never mortify a neglected wife in the presence of strangers. And that young man who always handed a chair to his sister at the table, will never have cause to blush as he sees some gentlemen extend to his wife the courtesy she knows is due from him.

Now. If I were to give you a motto to go through life with, one that will stand you for warning and counsel in any strait in which you might find yourself, I would give it in this one word, 'now.'

Don't waste your time and your strength and your opportunities by always meaning to do something—do it! Only weakness comes of indecision.—Why, some people have so accustomed themselves to this way of dawdling along from one thing to another, that it really seems impossible for them to squarely make up their minds to anything. They never quite know what they mean to do next; their only pleasure seems to consist in putting this off as long as possible, and then dragging slowly through them, rather than begin anything else.

Don't live a single hour of your life without doing exactly what is to be done in it, and going straight through it from beginning to end. Work, play, study, whatever it is, take hold at once, and finish it up squarely and cleanly, and then to the next thing without letting any moments drop out between.

It's wonderful how many hours these prompt people contrive to make of a day; it's as if they picked up the moments that the dawdlers lost. And if you ever find yourself where you have so many things pressing that you hardly know how to begin, let me tell you a secret; take hold of the very first one that comes to hand and you will find the rest all fall into file and follow after like a company of well-drilled soldiers; and though work may be hard to meet when it chugs in a squad, it is easily vanquished, when brought to file.—You may have seen the anecdote of the man who was asked how he accomplished so much in his life. 'My father taught me,' was the reply. 'When I had anything to do, to go and do it.' There is the secret—the magic word 'Now.'

Let us Help one Another.

This little sentence should be written on every heart, and stamped on every memory. It should be the golden rule practiced, not only in every household, but throughout the world. By helping one another, we not only remove thorns from the pathway and anxiety from the mind, but we feel a sense of pleasure our own hearts, knowing we are doing a duty to a fellow-creature. A helping hand or an encouraging word is no loss to us, yet it is a benefit to others. Who has not felt the power of this little sentence?—Who has not needed the encouragement and aid of a kind friend?—How soothing, when perplexed with some task that is mysterious and burdensome, to feel a gentle hand on the shoulder, a kind voice whispering, 'Do not be discouraged, I see your troubles, let me help you.' What strength is inspired. What hope created! What sweet gratitude is felt? And the great difficulty is dissolved as dew beneath the sunshine. Yes let us help one another by endeavoring to strengthen and encourage the weak and lift the burden of care from the weary and oppressed, that life may glide swiftly on, and the fount of bitterness yield sweet waters; and he whose willing hand is ever ready to aid us will reward our humble endeavors, and every good deed will be as bread cast upon the waters, to return after many days, if not to us, to those we love.

When I was a little baby girl would never 'let me be,' for every one would snatch me up and place me on her knee; then so kiss 'squeeze a dim hug me, I'm sure 'Dad, and 'Mum' must have wondered 'I survived it'—but I stood it like a lamb! And again, while but in 'boyhood,' they'd tempt me from my home, through gardens and through pleasure grounds, 'over fairy spots to roam; then with luscious fruits and sweetmeats my small tummy they would cram, and half stiff me with kisses—'let me be like a lamb! When older still, they'd 'lure me through dingle or dell, to gather nuts, or flowers' or ferns; and they seemed to love it well! Yet started, of the trifles, they'd fling their arms around me—but I stood it like a lamb! At last one charming creature, (who could most my soul enchant,) by wondrous winning archness, and a tender, melting glance seemed to say, 'You know you love me, why not take me as I am?' and I felt obliged to do it—but I stood it like a lamb! Thus through childhood, youth and manhood—ay! each moment of my life—my heart has felt the witching power of girl, or wife; and the spell will leave me never, for a potent dam, woman's charms subdue me never—but 'I stand it like a lamb!'

He who don't keep his kret iz unvew, but he who trusts his happiness taw another iz a downright phoo. This haz alvus bin the rule, and alvus will be—no man iz grate unafes he iz good. There iz more weak men in this world than there iz wiked ones. The man who knows how and when tew ackt knows snuff. Manner iz m re powerfull than matter—especially in a monkey. There iz only a phew men in this world whoze opicyuzs I venerate, and you, mi friend, are one of them. He who don't by himself vants his spl-en-did haling evry day else. I haz seen men who waz iz iz iz set in a boat and flib; they had the presence of mind cruff tew bate a hook. F me iz a ladder, a hard thing tew klimb up, but easy enuff tew klimb down. A bright and good-natured old man iz a sunny day in winter. Duty, without brains, iz nothing more than a grandy piktar.

JOHN BILLING. The following is a veritable extract from a letter to his mother of a young New Yorker, who has been spending a month with his uncle at Summit, New Jersey: 'The peach trees are too slippery for me to climb; uncle won't let me eat boats in the milk pails; there's no bird's nest around that I can see; Sallie Law spit molasses on my best pants; a smaller boy than I am, who plays with me, wears a gold chain, and I want to go home.'

The Curiosity of a Fly.

Talk about the curiosity of women! We will back a fly against any woman. Just watch him as he galley traverses a bald man's cranium, halts on the eye lid, and taking a cursory glance around him, waltzes over to the end of the nose, peeps up one nostril, and having satisfied his curiosity there, curvets over the upper lip and takes a glance up the other. With a satisfactory smile at having seen all there is to be seen there, he makes a beeline for the chin, stopping a moment to explore the cavity formed by the closed lips. Arriving at the chin, he takes a notion to creep down under the shirt collar, but suddenly hesitating, he turns around as if he had forgotten something, and proceeded to an exploration of the ears.—This concluded, he carries out his original intention, and disappears between the neck and shirt-collar, emerging, after the lapse of some minutes, with an air seeming to say he had performed his duty. What matters the frantic attempts to catch him, the enraged gesture, and the profane language? They do not disturb his equanimity not a moment. Driven from one spot he alights on another; he finds he has got a duty to perform and does it.

Said a young husband, whose business speculations were unsuccessful:—'My wife's silver tea set, the bridal gift of a rich uncle, doomed me to financial ruin. It involved a hundred of unreciprocated expenses, which, in trying to meet, made me the bankrupt that I am.'—His is the experience of many others, less wise, who do not know what is the goblin of the house, working its destruction. A sagacious father of great wealth, exceedingly mortified his daughter by ordering to be printed on her wedding cards, 'No presents except those adapted to an income of 1,000 dollars.' Said he: 'You must not expect to begin life in the style I am able by many years of labor to indulge; and I know of nothing which will tempt you more than the well-furnished but pernicious gifts of rich friends.'

Among the memoranda of a young man who was recently married, were these: 'Things to be done this afternoon, before the wedding; Get some keys to fit valise; engage carriage for train; get license to marry; get shaved and hair trimmed a little; get button on black breeches, and get a pair of suspenders; buy a bottle of perfumery; be sure to wash feet well.

'Yes, take her and welcome,' responded an Illinois farmer, when a young sewing machine man asked for his blushing daughter. 'She's run away with a schoolmaster, eloped with a showman, shot a wild-cat, and whipped her mother, and the sooner you take her the better.'

The best preventive against chapped hands is to be careful, in washing, that the soap was entirely washed off, and afterward to wipe the hands perfectly dry, rubbing them briskly until there is not the slightest feeling of dampness remaining.

Prudence.—Grandpa, 'Well Willie, how are you getting up? I suppose you are a clever little man, by this time!' Willie, 'I should rather think I was. I can fight any boy or girl in school—school—mistress—yes, and my ma, too!'

'Why do you use paint?' asked a violinist of his daughter. 'For the same reason that you use rosins, papa.' 'How's that?' 'Why, to help me draw my bow!'

A heart that is full of love can forgive all severity towards itself, but not towards another; to pardon the first is a duty, but to pardon injustice towards another, is to partake of its guilt.

There is time for all things. The time to leave is when a young lady asks you what sort of a day it is for walking.

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