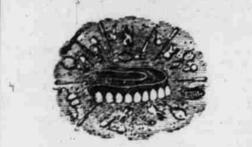


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VOL. 3.

LOUISBURG, N. C., NOVEMBER, 21, 1873.

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FOR THE COURIER. Memory of my Father.

Ten awful years have fled Since I've watched beside his bed; Yet I ask Him of His will, Did my aching heart be still; Murmur low, on bedded knee Lord I bow to thy decree.

Yet, O, Father, God! and Friend! Humbly as thy Thrown I bend; By Thy blood on Calvary shed, Aid me still Thy paths to tread; Give me strength to do Thy will, Strength to suffer and be still.

So that, when life's waves are past, My father I may meet at last - Meet him on that blissful shore, Where death may not enter more, But, free from every earthly stain, My father shall be mine again.

MARGERIE PRINCE. Pugh's Hill.

ORIGINAL STORY.

Grace Hazlehurst.

BY CHARLES SOUTH.

CHAPTER V.

Ten minutes later, she emerged from the honey-suckle bower arching a rear gate of the garden; and again escorted by the proud little pickaninies, walked rapidly a well trodden path that wound between a large orchard on the right and meadow land and meadow fields northward. It turned finally to the left into a growth of oaks, myrtle and cassapa thickets, which margined the borders of a broad but short creek, whose right bank was lined with small frame houses set in gardens of okra, corn, melon and tomatoes. Gaudy marigolds and pinks flouted their bright colors along the clapboard palings, and around the doors strutted poultry of various kinds. - Before each house, at least one dog gambolled with the little black children crowding the grass and rolling on the bank, in imminent danger of rolling in; or else sprang to the front to bark furiously, barking the while, from the approaching procession. The noise brought forward the children and the women getting dinner in doors. - Now began a babel of greeting and welcome.

'La! dare's Miss Grape. Bless your soul honey. I so glad to see you!' 'Massa been down, say you gounin'. Come in honey, I got somefin I been savin' for you. Seem like you nebbber come.'

'Tak de piggin, Job, and go git some fresh water from the spring. I gwine fix Miss Grace some cooter eggs.'

'I got some okra soup mos' done. You come res' here in dis grape vine. I know you lubs 'Dilab's okra soup.'

'Thank you indeed Deliah, and all of you,' she finally found space to say. 'But I must hasten to Aunt Elsie. They say she is very sick. Aunt Jeannina,' she added, appealing to the oldest of the women - portly, good natured and resplendent in a new bandana headkerchief, and scarlet bodice. 'Wou't you keep the children and dogs quiet? She must sleep.'

'Dat I will, honey. You chillun stop your nois'. Go ober in de orchard yonder and git dis Grace some peaches. If dem dogs don't git quiet I'll look um all up in de boat house. You go along, honey, I'll keep um quiet. Wen you come back, you des step in see me, I got some chicken pilau and blackberry dumplin'. You eat gwine back til you eat somefin in Mima's house.'

So adjured, and the adjuration further emphasized by 'nods, bows and wreathed smiles,' Grace passed on under the broad water oaks to where the mouth of the creek empties with musical murmurs into the larger one of James Island. At the point of confluence was the house she sought. The row of dwellings passed around on James Island creek and terminated in

the boat house, Elsie's occupying a central position in the angle thus formed. Softly opening the door, which was slightly ajar, she entered.

A wasted and aged face, on which death had evidently set its seal, was sharply outlined against the white pillow of the bed. A girl lay on the floor beside it, in an abandon of grief; her face buried in her arms folded on a low chair, and her shoulders shaking with repressed sobs. The young lady went softly to her and touched the bowed head.

'Flora!' The girl arose to her knees, threw her arms about Miss Hazlehurst's waist, and clasped her close whilst her whole frame quivered with noiseless but violent emotion. Grace let her weep on, till the storm was nearly exhausted, and then whispered gently. 'It is time to attend to your mother, Flora, I have brought her stimulant.'

A few spoonfuls of wine, put into the unconscious lips, brought slow but certain relaxation to the rigid muscles, the lips moved and fell into easier relations, the eyelids rose a moment and closed again in genuine slumber. Flora, who knelt with her face against the coverlet, reassured by these tokens, kissed the white friendly hand to which she had clung, in grateful, tearful affection.

An air of refinement and chastened taste, superior to her race, apparent in features and person, and in the ordering of the room, marked her as intimately associated with the daily life of the master's family. She was Miss Hazlehurst's maid; chosen in the early childhood of both, sharing her confidence, affection and in large measure, her simple pleasures. Her young mistress was her ideal of beauty, of moral and mental grace; and her service was given, however others might view it, as the tribute Love offers worth, which in its reaction ennobles and blesses the giver, manifold more than the receiver.

The physician entered with the nurse, (an intelligent old negroes) from a professional visit to another house; and, after giving final directions and leaving additional medicine, departed, summoning Grace, by a glance to the door, he said, drawing her out into the morning's freshness and strength;

'My dear child, this disease is not immediately contagious, but your organization is very delicate and unused to malarial influences which are rife here. Let me advise you to stay as little as possible in the house.' He added in answer to the mute question in her eyes. 'If she had more recuperative power. But she is old - however, it is possible.'

There was little hope in his voice and words, but, after he had rode away with a parting injunction, she stood still, looking out over the happy earth; at the merry birds working in the myrtles overhead or dipping into the shadow-haunted stream; at the marsh hens busy in the grass beyond, for the deepest side of the great creek lay at her feet, while the water on the further shore was tangled in impracticable salt-marshes. Nature seemed so wise and poygful in her avoidance of pitfalls and her wealth of revivifying sunshine and happiness, that life felt very near and sweet and death very far off; and it seemed impossible but that Elsie must live and Flora be comforted. And yet, when has earth's glad beauty caused sorrow and sighing to flee away, since they first entered it?

Flora was comforted a little. The trance like state of her mother had yielded to the treatment, and passed into quiet slumber, and she now came to the door to seek the sympathy of the young mistress whose presence brought her the strength and faith which Grace herself drew from nature.

They talked together a little while in low tones; and then, bidding Flora follow, Miss Hazlehurst strolled up the bank, where she could see little round eyes and woolly heads watching for her return. They gathered around her with calabashes of chinquapins,

blackberries, figs and peasanis; thanking her with shy gratification for accepting some of each; looking up into her bright fair face, and drinking in the music of her clear voice and laughter as it rang out at their oddities, with a half worship of her beauty and a proud consciousness that she was theirs - their own - to laugh with and weep with and belong to them all their life long. One brought a small calabash with the various eggs of the birds that haunt these thickets, a collection which had begun early in the spring and been steadily growing since she left them in the dawn of summer. They had been carefully pierced and the contents blown away. Though a shadow fell on the glory of the day to Grace, as she thought of the heart ache and empty nest for each little tinted shell; yet she gave, with a little word for sorrowing 'birdies,' a hearty 'thank you' for the good will of the giver; and withdrawing from her throat its fresh blue ribbon, laid it in the broom path. The message of Olive was delivered, the old mother demurring at enjoying proceeds of the speckled pullets in Olive's absence, 'till Grace promised it should be more than made up to her.

Sending Flora back to her mother, she turned toward the shelter of the mansion. A fresh relay of books must be selected, to be carried to the seaside. Maup' Rins visited, and the wardrobes of the young collegians inspected, or reported on. Books and baggage were packed and dispatched to the boat house to Pete, who was to take them around to Fort Johnson by the creek and Ashley River.

The family met again around the early dinner; Marion coming in after the okra soup was served.

'I've been reconnoitering,' he said. 'On my way back from the boat, where I gave your orders to Pete, father, I found Sambo finishing his dinner of fish and potato on his doorstep. His old snuff colored terrier Rook, set in front of him, watching every mouthful and wagging his stump of a tail to Sambo's nods, who was talking to him.'

'Boss gie me chaw tobacco' dis mornin'. 'E praise me for git too my tassa soon; say 'Dat's a smart boy. Now I too my fish' and tater, gwine cootch roocoon. By'm bye dem, alow nigga come; say 'wha Sambo? I spec 'e de sleep out in de shade. Gindy come hunt for Sambo, Sambo gone.'

'I went with him, and we hadn't been five minutes in the Harvey field before we caught a fine fellow and started back. Coming up at the back of the house, we saw Cindy standing by the canoe and scolding.'

'I wonder wha dat nigga Sambo. I 'eent to gracious 'e ent sub me right; leff me da all dis hot brillin' sun. Eh! oh! wha a dis? she caught sight of the fish scales. 'Triffin' good for notin' ting! 'E catch fish, coot um, eat um, Cindy clean up de scales! Ne'm' mine 'e eat tater, I gwine eat rice.'

'Turning around, she saw Sambo. I had got behind a tree to see the fun.' 'Ah ha!' she said, shaking her head at him. 'You run away from de fish; leff me do my tassa, eat your tater and fish, and leab de place in a li ter.'

'I wish you could have seen Sambo sidle up to her, and steal his arm around her, every tooth visible.'

'Stop gal, wa's ma'af yid yer? I tek Rook and go for cootch roocoon; and wat you tink? As I open de bars down in de back fiel, de dog smell um, in tree minutes 'e tree um, and I bring de fellow home wid me now. See him da!'

Cindy's face shone like the sun coming out from a cloud. 'I gind' de boy is good, Feigh um in, let me look at um. O, de ting is so fat! Go skin um Sambo, leab bile um wid dis rice.'

'Aunt Elsie is a little better sister,' he said presently. 'Flora asked me to tell you that she had spoken and was sensible, and to beg you to go down there a few minutes before you go - John, you must tell Aunt Elsie goodbye. She knows we are going off to-morrow; and I don't think she will live many days. I saw Dr. Porcher in old Daniel's house.'

'Daniel has fallen into another trance, Prince tells me,' said Mr. Hazlehurst. 'I asked Dr. Porcher to visit him and see what is the matter. I was away when he left and didn't see him. I hope Daniel will not visit purgatory again, this night.'

Elsie had been again seen, and stores of tea, arrow root and jelly left her. The afternoon was lengthening the shadows of the magnolias on the sward, and the horses stood ready for their riders at the garden gate. Grace came from the library with volumes of Bushing and Keats in her hand; much too precious to be trusted with the boat, for they were Loyal's latest gifts and had her name in his own prized handwriting, and passages margin marked by his pencil. Thrusting them into a small bag, she hung it on the saddle, and went through the garden, gathered clusters of devoniensis and saffrans roses. She was reaching for a drooping spray of honey suckle, somewhat cumbered by her fragrant burthen when Willie loor's voice spied.

'Let me, Miss Grace, please,' and catching the bough from which it depended, he severed it neatly and placed it in her hand with a gallant gesture of greeting. 'Don't look on me as something uncanny, I came in I assure you, in the regular way. Passing the gate I saw your horses waiting and was tempted to beg the protection of your party to Fort Johnson. My path lies that way too, across Wolf Pit Run, which I hear is now uncanny - very.'

She laughed. 'We mutually find protection. I believe father has deserted us for the club this afternoon.'

'Yes, I passed him in the avenue, I deed he sent me to the library to find and offer my services as guard in his stead. After a vain quest, there, I came through the open window hither, I knew you would be communing with the Muses or with Flora - the flower goddess; I mean.'

'She turned toward the path as if going. His manner suddenly changed to deprecating and he said, with a slight gesture of deprecation. 'We are friends, Miss Grace' are we not? and are going to be parted a long while. You and Elliott Girardeau were talking of friendship and its duties the other evening, of one life mirroring another's. Let me be your mirror. I am no philosopher and cannot plead fear edly, like Eliott. What will you give me to take away as your saviour, to keep my life fresh and pure?' He stood with her photograph in his hand; taken from the album she had left on the library mantel. She refused to see it a d turning, broke a cluster of creamy rosebuds.

'A psalm of life! I asked your picture, and you have given this - a true one. I accept it; thanks.'

It was a simple gift enough, and yet the next moment she wished she had not given it. Marion pushed aside the veiling honeysuckle and stood before them. 'Willie loor! by all ths wonderful. I said that marsh-tackey was you a John said you wouldn't have time to be coming here, your preparations all to be made, and you so far from the bluff. But I knew your horse and saddle - I suppose' he conti ued, viewing Willie's evident discomfiti on and his sister's flushed cheeks by the dawning of a new light, and unable to repress wholly the spirit of m's chief in him, 'like Calhoun! Shirley, who lives three miles off on the Chugh road, you find this the shortest route to Charleston.'

Delivering this missile, he marched off to horse, for John had already mounted, and a d was speedily followed by the two whom he had, as he thought, so put to confusion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Negro Wedding

The bride and groom answering to the names of Andrew and Sassy, were field heads of unmistakably pure Guinea blood, and both of them had passed the first half century of their

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life. Their dress, however, showed that they had not yet entirely eschewed all the follies of their youth, though rude and cheap, as became their condition, it was nevertheless not unembellished with those bits of gay gauze and gilding flung at bright colored shawls and tie in which the negro delights.

'With the most decorous gravity the preacher began: 'Andrew, dus you lub dis yer woman?'

'I dus so!' was the emphatic reply. 'Will you promise to stick close to her froo jime and 'ternity, renounce' all others an' cleabris' only to her for eber an' eber amen?'

'I will do.' 'Will you, honor, an' 'bey' - 'Hold on dar, Ole Jack F - here interrupted the groom, with no little show, of indignation - 'aint no use talkin' to dis nigger, 'bout 'beyin' de wimmen, can't promise to 'bey no wimmen only, 'cept ole Missie!'

'Silence dar! you odumptions nigger! roared the wrathful preacher 'what fur you go fur spile de ceremony? You doose split all de grabity of de passion! Dis yer's only matter of form an' 'is responsible to de cusion! Now don't you go fur to open your black mouf till de time fur you to speak!'

'Will you promise to lub, honor an' 'bey' - (Andrew still shaking his head ominously at the obnoxious word) 'dis yer nigger, Sassy, furnish' her with all things needful fur her comfort and happiness, 'cherishes' an' protects' her from all sufferin' an' sorrow, an' makin' smove de path of all her precedin' days to come?'

'I suppose I must say yes to dat,' said Andrew meekly. 'Een I pronouce dese two couples to be man and wife; an' whem de Lord gad joined together let no man go to put dem asunder!'

Here an uproar arose among the blacks, betokening a dilemma entirely unforeseen by Ole Jack. For, as he had forgotten to require the usual vows of Sassy, they insisted that however truly Andrew might be bound by the matrimony, Sassy was still single, and the pair were but half married. The matter was at last adjusted by the preacher commencing the ceremony de novo, by which means the couple were finally united to the satisfaction of all.

ICT.

FR M A LADY'S NOTE-BOOK.

How we swing; and hang, and balance on the pivot of life! If we were rich instead of poor, into what manifold blessings should our gold receive its life! How those dear to us, deservin', yet never possessing aught of this world's luxury, should revel in the pleasures and comforts, small and great, that gold can buy! If the demon anger had not burnt his hands one day, the hasty words would have remained unspoken and we should still possess that which cannot be regained - a friendship lost. If we had but waited one little day ere passing the letter whose every word was bitterness - the letter which reached its destination but too early, bearing on its wings wounds sharp - than steel can give - what wild self-prospher, and what bitter tears of regret, would have been saved us! We are tired of this old home, beneath the shadow of whose roof-tree we have dwelt for so many years. If there were only more of sun, and less of cloud on our pathway! It is too sultry. If it would only rain! If we could only be content with what we have and are!

If flowers bloomed, and Mother Earth were her robe of green all the year round - if we could always be in a good temper - if people never criticized or found fault with other people - if so sharp words were uttered - if friends never turned to foes - if we were all as good, and kind, and loving, as it lies in our power to be - what a sunny paradise we might make of our world!

Keep Or. - One of Boston's esteemed citizens was in a well-known restaurant, partaking of the wholesome and invigorating apple-pie. Discovering something therein that seemed to have no legitimate connection with pie, he called the proprietor, and deferentially observed to him, 'Don what I have found in this pie - a piece of blue overall with button attached. The enterprising proprietor, not at all disconcerted, quietly replied, 'Well, keep on eating; you may find the man.'