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Death-Bed of "Stonewall" Jackson. This is the title of a fine engraving of the Death-Bed of "Stonewall" Jackson.

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The Franklin Courier.

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ORIGINAL STORY. Grace Hazlehurst.

BY CHARLES SOUTH.

CHAPTER VI.

A very quiet party were they on the road, that late afternoon. Willie Ioor was unusually silent and abstracted; Marion had been very much better than any other young gentleman on the island; and admired his beauty, versatility and spirit, he yet kept a jealous dragon-like eye on any presumptuous adventurer who seemed desirous of plucking his golden, Hesperian apple.

The sunshine slept upon the treeless road in the dreamy haunting way of early autumn; and over the hedges on each hand trailed long sprays of crimson vines, mingled with the various shades of green and bronze. These hedges were full of busy birds, bulfinches, old thrushers, red and mocking birds, picking the ripening berries; and every thicket on the wayside made its vicinity vocal with their melodies. An occasional gun report evidenced that the hunting season was yet at its height, and startled vast flocks of whirling kilducks from the long bay marshes.

When they reached the Three Trees, all stopped, with one impulse, to enjoy the prospect. Three immense pines, shot up straight and tall by the roadside, the absence of intercepting shrubbery and thicket extended the view forward to the Martello Tower, a mile across the white terraces of well-blown cotton fields and palmetto crowned bluffs; and to the harbor, a broad gleaming zone under the piled cloud masses, with the picturesque city in the background. The boom of a cannon broke the stillness, and Grace involuntarily glanced back at the sun, certainly not setting. Another—and yet another low thundering, at short intervals.

'They are targeting at Moultrie,' said John answering her glance. 'Major Anderson got a fresh supply of ammunition from the United States steamer that was in last Tuesday.'

'I don't,' cried Marion; 'I want to see a little lively shooting match between them and us before they leave; and they wouldn't try without long odds in their favor. I believe we can beat them, with all their target-practice.'

'Marion, my little brother!' said his sister softly; 'You speak of jeopardizing human life as you would of hunting deer.'

'They would hardly make force necessary to eject them, in case we assert our independence,' remarked John. 'The amount of United State's property, in South Carolina, is so small, compared with her claims on the general Government, or rather, I should say, her share of the public and common possession, there could be no pretext for disputing her action, with any show of justice.'

'And when did the general Government wait for show of justice; that is, since it has been under Northern control?' asked Willie Ioor hotly. 'It has heard that ages ago, a divine being—Justice—fled from earth to Heaven, and returned no more. In this it has full and practical faith—in her flight, I mean. It likes to apostrophize her in maudlin rhyme, and flourishing July and Thanksgiving orations; which has a fine rhetorical effect, especially about Boston. But the North prides itself on being much too sensible to go maundering about in search of a mythical personage, a creature of quixotic imaginations; and wasting working days and money making opportunities in holiday talk. Believe me, if the North sets us have these forts without dispute, it will be because it is afraid to fight, not from any latent instinct of justice.'

'You think secession imminent?' asked Miss Hazlehurst constrainedly. 'I do indeed. Father does not admit any other adjustment of our difficulties as possible; and he represents nine-tenths of the people who have talked of it before me. He is so fired by the opportunity he thinks will be given in the approaching election, he can think of nothing else. Every thing is ripe for it. The North sees it, and in sheer helplessness has raised the taunt that the South cannot be kicked out of the Union. The two sections were utterly unlike in the beginning, and are drifting apart every day. So secession is the more formal recognition of the chasm that yawned between them thirty years ago.'

'That is so,' assented Marion emphatically. 'It is natural they shouldn't want us. They are as different from us as Arabs or Hottentots. I sold my old horse Pinkie—you knew him Willie, to that Massachusetts man, Jonathan Hanks, who has a truck farm on the Main. He is good enough, and honest, as far as I know. When I sent Pinkie over he didn't have the moxie ready, and sent me a note by Peter, saying he had most of it and would watch for me at the city. He sent what he called his bond. I didn't know what it meant, and of course took no account of it. I had never seen a note given for less than an estate. A week afterward, sure enough, he found me in the market looking at some pine apples, and handed me the money. It lacked twenty dollars and he had another note ready for that and my receipt. I told him that gent emen didn't act toward each other in that way, here; they give their word instead of their bond; that I had lost the other paper and didn't want one, but I would sign it for him, and he might give me the rest when he saw me. He hasn't been here long. He looked at me in astonishment, and said: 'What a now young gentleman, I don't see how you calculate to make a living at that rate. But I guess I can get it by next Saturday.'

'And he did.'

'Oh! they are honest enough in their way individually, I suppose,' said Willie. 'But their way is not ours' and I want to get loosed from them. Think of the insouciance of that Down Easter, who said he was ashamed to name his country in the Old World because of this plague spot of the South on its white garments! As if a lank whining yankee—I beg your pardon Miss Grace, but my Southern blood fires up when I think of it—and in truth, his face was crimson and his eyes flashed—wouldn't betray, I say his fatherland at first view anywhere. And our names ranking with the first in Europe, and our ancestry the cream of English and French nobility!'

'I know you are right,' she answered, 'I know that both sections chafe in the collisions of sympathies and interests. I know that the one bond that holds them together is, with us, the embers of our old love for that flag and its association with our great names; and with them, the tide of commercial life that flows to them through our rice and cotton fields.' Yet she sighed as she ceased, and turned a pale and changed face back to the far-away water.

In the silence that fell, a sound grew more and more audible, voices shouting and cheering to the steady accompaniment of a clicking noise, the play of oars in their rowlocks.

'It is a boat race,' said Marion, after listening intently a half-minute. 'I'll wager a dozen Principles that its our boat and yours, Willie Ioor; and that ours wins!'

'Agreed,' said Willie, with a laugh. They were yet resting on their horses at the Three Trees; the harbor was but a mile away and the air very still. The cheering and the cries of the helmsman indicated an exciting struggle.

'They are just opposite Mr. Hinson's,' cried Marion breathlessly. 'There! Didn't you recognize Peter's shout? If we can reach the Martello Tower in time we may watch them clear to the bridge. Sister will you go?'

'Yes, I am willing,' she answered indifferently, but smiling at his eagerness.

They galloped past the field on their left and the marsh beyond, and struck the shore just two hundred yards west of the old tower.

The two boats, fine ten oared barges were just coming clearly into view: the negroes in each strain every nerve and bending their stalwart frames to the oars as if their lives depended upon the issue. The helmsmen and strokes were especially enthusiastic and voluble, the former sometimes springing to their feet with a ringing cheer of encouragement or a spurring objurgation or entreaty to put forth all reserved muscle as the boat promised success or failure. A rapid volley poured forth in a continuous stream.

'Da' e Tony! mek 'er bile.'

'O, boys steady. Give it to her. If you no mind she get ahead.'

'Pull dere Bob. You Harry, move dem hand faster; you lazy fellow!'

Col. Ioor's boat got ahead one clear length, and the rowers seemed content with their victory, and inclined to take some respite, but the leader rose in the stern and with a shout that made the shores ring, bade them redouble their efforts.

'You good for no'n' tings you, give it to her. We got to be live lengths ahead, at least, we we reach de bridge. Don't you see Moss Willie dere?'

But Peter, looking out along the line of spectators, who had gathered from various points, saw his party, and with a yell of mingled desperation and resolve appealed to his men to make one more effort to retrieve their falling fortunes, and 'not let Moss John and Miss Grace see 'em beat.' Under the sudden impetus of the answering strokes, his boat shot forward, bumping the other; which success was celebrated with a prolonged cheer. The struggle was renewed and the excitement sustained.

John and Grace turned homeward from the clamor. Willie and Marion went down to the wharf, or as they called it, the bridge, the former to dispense congratulations and substantial bounty, the latter, partly at John's suggestion, to soften defeat by praise of the fine and almost successful effort at retrieval. It must not appeal to them in their present mortification, that their young people were running away from the boat's disgrace, that were adding insult to injury.

The master of the nearest house had hurried down with decanter and glass, and both pain and pleasure were now downed equally in the 'care'—dispelling 'howl'. The glass passed around from one brown, aching hand to another, leaving a shining wake of glittering teeth and rare good fellowship. All exhibitions of bitterness and triumph were washed away together and the fountains of brotherly love and local pride set flowing. The latter element was further strengthened by the fact, that an Edisto Island boat had passed at the very best possible moment to receive, gratis, a lesson 'ob de bury best rowin dey ever seed in dere born lives.'

The negroes of that island were supposed to be in a very benighted condition compared with the more favored James Islanders; and yet, like other ignorant people, presumed to airs of superiority. This boat in particular had made itself especially obnoxious, by making audible remarks, at a recent period when passing the boat-houses at the Bluff, about James Islanders—prompted doubtless, by envy, and had indulged in obscure allusions to blackberries, as their only sustenance.

The brother and sister going slowly down the village street had a fair view of the targeting from Moultrie; the target being set in the nearer edge of Crab Bank. They saw the gun flash and smoke, the water dash up as the ball struck and ricochete before reaching the goal; then heard slowly following, the heavy reverberating boom of the cannon across the tranquil bay. They watched the scene in silence, both hearts filled with the shadows of coming events; and turned from it at the gate without a word.

Grace lingered on the veranda alone, and stretching out her arms to the sea cried softly, with a half sob, to herself: 'O Loyal, Loyal, come back to us.'

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Heroic of Our Times

We may find heroism, even now, wherever we find the element of duty at work. It is on the forage mission field—it is abroad on the prairie, where the home missionary, the colporteur, the feeble praying band are striving to build up Christian institutions, and to mould society by the power of the gospel. We may trace it along the path of self-denying philanthropies.

We may find it in humble homes where faith triumphs over obstacles, evil surroundings, temptation, and want. We may discover it, too, where it is rarely credited with being found, in homes of affluence, where luxurious indulgence and conformity to fashion give place to Christian sympathy and conscientious fidelity to sacred trusts. He that would be heroic now need not complain of the age. The age merely modifies the conditions under which heroism shall be developed. The difficulties and tasks in which it is nurtured abound to-day, not the less that to the world's view they are commonplace, and seemingly ignoble. To be a true disciple of Christ—to adorn one's profession by a constant life—to stem the tide of frivolity and fashion, living in that simplicity which is according to godliness—to do and give and pray for the triumph of the kingdom of our blessed Lord—to stand steadfast amid the worldliness of the age—to witness a good confession in the face of indifference or of scorn—all this is possible even now, and all this is called for never perhaps more than it is to-day.

A Boy who displayed a long, dangling watch chain, was asked: 'What's the time of day, Jim?'

The lad drew out his watch very ceremoniously, and after examining it for a while, referred to another boy, and said:— 'Is this the figure nine or the figure seven?'

'Well, then,' said the genius, 'it lacks just about half an inch of eight.'

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A Touching Story.

A drunkard who had run through property ruined one night to his furnished home. He entered his empty hall. Anguish was gazing at his heart strings and language was inadequate to express his agony as he entered his wife's apartment, and there beheld the victims of his appetite, his loving wife and a darling child. M. rose and taller, he sawed himself without a word; he could not speak; he could not look up then. The mother said to the little one a h-r-a-i-d.

'Come my dear, it is time to go to bed; and that little baby, as she went, knit by her mother's lap, and gazing wistfully into the face of her suffering parent like a piece of chiseled statuary, slowly repeated her nightly oration. When she had finished, he said: (but four months old) said to her mother, 'Dear mother, may I not offer up a more prayer?'

'Yes, my sweet pea, pray.'

And she lifted up her tiny hands, closed her eyes, and prayed: 'Oh, God, spare my dear papa! That prayer was filled with electric rapidity to the throne of God. It was heard on high; it was heard on earth. The response "Amen" burst from the little's lip, and his heart of stone became a heart of flesh. Wife and child were both clasped to his bosom, and in penitence he said: 'My child, you have saved your father from a drunkard's grave, I'll sign the pledge.'

A Maidens Psalm of Life.

Tell us not in idle jingle, 'marriage is an empty dream,' for the girl is dead (that's single), and things are not what they seem. Life is earnest, single blessedness a fib; 'Man should art, to man return,' has been spoken of the rib. Not enjoyment, and not serenity is our destined end or way, but to set that each to-morrow finds us near a marriage day. Life is long and youth is fleeting, and our hearts enough light and gay, will like pleasant drums are beating wedding merrilies all the way. In the world's broad field of battle, in the bivouac of life, be not like dumb driven cattle—be a heroine—a wife. Trust no future, however pleasant; let the dead past bury its dead! act, act in the living present; heart within and hope ahead. Lives of married folks remind us we can live our lives as well, and departing leave behind us such examples as shall tell! Such examples that a barren, wasting time is idle sport, a barren, non-merrily-brother seeing, shall take heart and count—Let us then, be up and doing, with a heart on triumph, set, will continue, still pursuing, and each one a husband get.—EXCHANGE.

Riches

The man with good, firm health is rich. So is the parent of vigorous, happy children.

So is the clergyman whose coat the little children pluck, as he passes them in their play.

So is that wife who has the whole heart of a good husband.

So is the man whose horizon is not bounded by the "coming morn," but who has a purpose in life, whether she ever meet him or not.

So is the young man who, laying his hand on his heart, can say, 'I have treated every woman, I ever saw as I should wish my sister treated by other men.'

So is the little child that goes to sleep with kisses on its lip, and for whom, waking a blessing waits.

So is the man who, notwithstanding his many temptations, can resist the intoxicating love.

'Mamma,' cried a little girl, in terror to her mother, 'it is Mattie has swallowed a button.' Her mother, seeing her terror calmly replied, 'Well, what good will that do her?' Said the little child seriously, 'Not any good as I see, unless she swallows a button home.'

'Fred,' said a young man, walking up State street in Chicago the other day, 'do you know why you are like a harp's rack by lightning?' 'No,' says Fred; 'I give it up.' 'Because a harp's rack by lightning is a blasted tyre.'