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America to Iceland.

We come, the children of thy Vinland,
The youngest of the world's high poems,
O land of steel, and song, and saga,
To greet thy glorious thousand years!
Across that sea the son of Erik
Dared with his ventureson dragon's prow;
From shores where Thorfinn set thy banner,
Their latest children see thee now.
Hail mother-land of skalds and heroes,
By love of freedom hither hurried,
Fire in their hearts as in thy mountains,
And strength like thine to shake the world!
When war and ravage wrecked the nations
The bird of song made thee her home;
The ancient gods, the ancient glory,
Still dwell within thy shores of foam.
Here, as a fount may keep its virtue
Where all the rivers turbid run,
The manly growth of deed and daring
Was thine beneath a scantier sun.
Spart apart, neglected, exiled,
Thy children wore their robes of pride,
With power that brings, in this triumph,
The conquering nations to thy side.
What though thy native harp be silent,
The chord they struck shall ours prolong
We claim thee kindred, call thee mother,
O land of saga, steel and song!

BAYARD TAYLOR.

THE BOYS AT BEECHWOOD.

"The little one," needs breaking in.
That's what he's born for—wants toughening,
You see, and I feel it's my duty
To help on that part of his education myself."
"I don't know about it," said the little one.
"I'm not a goose! Time for seasoning that young moon-calf, Appleton. The doctor's gone in town, and Kit Banning with him. They aren't coming back till the ten o'clock train to-morrow, so we're all right. It's just the best kind of a night for our purpose, too. The thermometer is down to nowhere, and I tell you we can have one good haze."
"It's the old plan you spoke of, Rique?"
"Of course it is. I've got the rope ready. I brought it out of the barn just now, before Tom looked up. All you need to do is to get up and come along when I scratch on the outside of your door—so. Eleven o'clock, sharp. We must wait till Hoston is asleep, and the old lady and all the fellows."
Beechwood had been built for a family mansion. Afterwards it was remodeled for the school. There were no large dormitories, but many small rooms, each one of the twenty pupils had his chamber to himself.
Away at the farthest end of the main building, opening off the hall, were two bedrooms. One of these was Kit's, the other Bernie's. This will show why Rique had waited for Kit's absence before carrying out his project.
Bernie was asleep, with his yellow curls tossed about, and the moon shining through the window upon his pillow. A poor little kitten which he had adopted was coiled up at his feet. Suddenly a shake of the shoulder awakened him, and the child saw two figures standing at the foot of the bed.
"Kit!" he still. "Don't scream if you know what's good for yourself," said a low voice. At the same time Bernie felt a handkerchief bound tightly round his mouth. "Here, now, slip on your drawers and come along. It'll be the worse for you if you try to make a fuss."
"Poor, little, shivering, frightened child! More dead than alive, wondering what it all meant, wondering if he were ever to see his mother's face again, he felt himself led by these muffled figures out into the dim hall and up to the open window.
Jake and Rique had disguised themselves by means of hat-brims turned down and neck-collars turned up. Bernie had no distant idea, save that the house had been attacked by robbers, and all the rest killed.
But what were they doing to him? He saw a rope, and felt strong hands binding it about his trembling body and under the arms. Then he felt himself lifted to the window-ledge.
"Now be quiet, or you'll get your brains knocked out," said the taller of the two, and the next instant the little, delicate, lame, mother-loved boy was tossed out of the window, and held dangling in the terrible cold of that February night between the heavens and the earth.
The tormentors lowered the child and raised him, lowered and raised again, in this horrible saw-of torture.
"Ding-dong, ding-dong," sang Rique, under his breath. "Hope he's enjoying this. She didn't get up, did she? Her fingers got toughened a bit. Look here, Bernie Appleton," extending his head out into the night, "how do you fancy it down there? Having a swing all for nothing, that's what you are, my fine lad."
Jack put out his head and looked down, too. No answer came up from the child hanging below. It was a bitter night. The very stars had an icy glitter. The moon was about setting, and above large and round across the frozen lake.
"I say, Rique, it's fearfully cold. You ain't afraid the young one'll freeze?"
"Ain't?" "Bother! What's anybody afraid of?"
"Nothing; only what if we should haul him up a bit, and then let him down again?"
"All right. Heave away, then. There! Why, pull, I say. Pull, why don't you, Jack?"
"I am pulling—pulling as hard as I can."
"So am I, and the rope don't give a whit. What's the matter down there, I wonder? See here, Jack, there's trouble—peering anxiously out and down."—"Here's a go! That miserable rope is going away down there, above the light of day, on the lightning-rod."
"You don't mean it! What are we—?"
Jack stopped. The two boys stared at each other through the shadows. Then Rique exclaimed, "I know," and bent forward again, speaking in a loud, hoarse whisper.
"Appleton!"
"Only silence followed."
"Appleton! I say, Bernie! you're

caught. Just put your arm out, can't you, and jerk the rope off that nail by the lightning-rod. It's close to your hand."
"No answer. Through the clear night came the rush and shriek of the mid-air night train out from the city.
"Bernie! you can hear; come, just grab the rope and pull it off, and we'll have you back up here, quick as a wink."
Still silence, and that dead weight hanging away down below. A frightful possibility, a horror of dread came creeping over the minds of the two boys.
"O Jack, you don't suppose—it isn't he can't be—dead?"
"What shall we do? He will be; he'll freeze there in ten minutes more. I'm going to call the master—call Hoston."
"Stop! Wait; no, I'll call the deacon."
Two minutes, and Charlie Newman, the sober, silent boy, whom Rique called a coward, and whom he had for months ridiculed, was beside them at the window. The two bedrooms were at their left hand; at their right was the roof of the wing—a steep roof having a dormer window opening out upon it. The window at which Bernie hung was just at the angle of the main building and the wing.
"Can't we bring a ladder?" asked Jack.
"All fastened up in the barn. Besides, no ladder of Dr. Vose's is long enough to reach this floor."
"There's but one way," said Charlie; "I can go round and climb out that dormer window, crawl along over the eaves-trough, and nnook the rope that way."
"You'll fall and break your neck."
"Give me two or three yards of this rope to tie round my waist," and already Charlie had Rique's knife and was cutting the rope. "Jack, come with me; Rique, you hold on to that end."
"O, what an age it seemed to Rique as he stood there alone, grasping the rope from whose other end was suspended—what? A living or a dead child? Was he a murderer?"
"O, what a horror of trouble this mischief has got me into!" he cried to himself.
Then he groaned. He groveled on his knees before the window. He dared not think what the end might be,—the night with its fearful cold, the fright Bernie must have gone through, the little fellow's delicate look.
"They say he has been sick so much," thought Rique.
"O, why didn't I think of all this before? There, Charlie has got round."
Just across the angle formed by the main building and the wing was the dormer window, and out from it came creeping cautiously Charlie's rather heavy figure. The boy whom Rique had called a "muff," was risking limb, not to say life, in his effort to save Bernie, and to shield his tormentors, for, of course, it would have been the simplest thing to have aroused the family and told all. But that Charlie would not do, even when he remembered how Rique had abused him.
Out upon the icy roof he crawled; on, a little by little, where a mistletoe would send him falling, he made every verge of the roof, came the brave boy.
"O Charlie, do be careful," urged Rique; and then, scarcely daring to breathe, he watched until he saw the shadowy arm outstretched, felt the rope strain under his own grasp, and then heard Charlie say—
"There, Rique, it's all right. Draw him up."
"All right!" Rique doubted that. The rope to be sure was straightened, but alas for that limp, motionless weight at the end of it!
An instant, and the child's helpless body was at the window; the next Rique felt a strong grasp drawing him backward, and a voice said, sternly,—
"Leave him to me. Ramon, go to your own room."
It was the doctor, who had come home on the late train, and who had reached his own house just in time to witness the final movements of this midnight torture.
"My own room? O, Dr. Vose, can't I wait and see how Bernie is?"
"For reply Dr. Vose motioned with one arm towards Henrique's chamber; with the other he clasped little Bernie to his bosom, walking with him down the dim hall.
The house responded with the sound of feet that went and came in haste. Doors opened and shut. Across the snow-waste of the plain a horse and rider went rushing villageward. Then they returned with one pressing hard behind.
"It is the doctor," said Henrique to himself.
Then he stoled out on the landing. People were hurrying back and forth in the lower hall. Presently two men came out, and stood whispering just below him.
"Had the child been a robust child," said one of the two ("it is Dr. Farley," thought Rique), "the result might have been different; but the little fellow was so delicate. With such a boy the fright and the fearful cold could scarcely be anything but fatal. Doesn't take much to kill such a little fellow."
"Kill?" "Fatal?" "He was?"
"To Henrique only one thing—murder! He dragged himself back to his room, shut the door, and locked himself in there with the horror of great darkness upon his mind.
Hour after hour passed, and the winter dawn looked on a boy flung prostrate along the floor, his eyes dilated with terror and remorse. No word of mine, no words of a far better narrator, ever can tell what that night was to Henrique Ramon.
"Rique," came a whisper, with the first ray of sunshine at the door.
"Rique, let me in."
"Well?" gasped Rique, in frozen desperation, as Charlie faced him. The wretched boy had risen to unfasten the door, and now stood showing a ghastly, scared face with a hunted look in the eyes.
"Don't tell me; I know."
"Can you hear him away up here? It is awful. He thinks he's up in the air, and can't get down again. Poor

child! talks all the time about it, and pleads."
"Talks? Bernie? Why, I thought"—Rique seized Henrique's arm—"I thought he was dead!"
"O, no, indeed. Dr. Farley says it's a dreadful shock, but he thinks he'll be round again in time."
Even Henrique could not comprehend why Henrique said that thing himself. His knees and over his head in the bed-clothing. He did not know of that lower deep in which the wretched boy had been struggling during these last hours.
"And Dr. Vose? What do you suppose he'll do with us?" asked Jack, an hour later.
"As though I cared what he does to me, if Bernie will only get up again," answered Rique.
And Bernie did "get up again." The first time he went out, it was to be wheeled in an invalid's chair up and down the porch, and then, with Henrique pushing him—Henrique whose face had come a new look. I think it grew there during that night of horror, and the day of thanksgiving which had dawned after it.
"Of course Dr. Vose will expel Ramon," said half the world, and the rest of it replied, "Of course he ought to do it."
But Dr. Vose, after an hour's talk in the library with Henrique the day after the trouble, came to another decision. As for Henrique himself, he scarcely thought what was to come to him now that he had been saved the worst doom.
"I tell you, boys," he said, the first time he went upon the play-ground, "you may say what you please. You can't any of you hate me worse than I hate myself for this performance; and whatever you do, I've made up my mind about one thing. I won't have him again in 'breaking in' small boys. That's all."
Rique turned and was walking off, his head bent down. A voice called,—
"Ramon, I say." It was Charlie.
"Come back here. I, for one, am ready to hush up, so long as you've said so much. Bygones are bygones, and there's my hand on it."
The other boys, some of whom had, one by one, and Ramon took himself off at last, to rush into the house and up to Bernie's room, where he threw himself down and whispered—
"I could have gone through a good flogging easier; they were so kind."
"Some one else is kind," and Bernie put a little smile on his face, and said, for the two were fast friends now.
On the play-ground Bernie was never seen without his "guardian," as the boys said, close at hand. "Bygones were bygones" save for two things; one was Rique's memory of that night of horror, the other was Henrique's starting up sometimes in his sleep, and crying out in terror, "Please let me down! Please don't drop me! O, I'm falling, I'm falling!"
"He will not get over that for years," Dr. Farley said. "It was a fearful shock, a little more and he would have been unsettled for all time. A narrow escape."
And this "narrow escape" was the first and last of hazing among the boys at Beechwood.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Word to Adventurers.

A friendly bit of advice to those who intend visiting the Black Hills gold regions, says a correspondent, may not be out of place. The simple mention of the existence of gold in any new section of country, is enough to fire the imagination and unsettle the mind of a great many persons, who are always waiting for something to turn up. Somehow there is a fascination in digging gold directly from the earth instead of getting its equivalent by other forms of labor. The effect of the reports from the Black Hills, therefore, may be to create, especially in the West, a new gold fever, which, like all such diseases, must have its run. Reason and wholesome advice have little power to check the malady when once it has begun. Possibly they may be of use in preventing it.

To those, therefore, who contemplate an immediate rush to the Black Hills gold district, let me administer a friendly caution, based on two or three considerations. First, that the country is the recognized home of powerful bands of hostile Indians, who have sworn to repel any intrusion of the white man. This country is a part of their reservation. Until it is purchased from them by the Government they have a prior claim and a perfect right to protect it. Be assured that they will do it. That they have not acted and opposed the present expedition is nothing in the argument. They were informed of its object, which was not to settle but simply to explore. They knew also its great strength, and feared an encounter. Small parties of whites entering the Hills in defiance of the red man's right, as well as the laws of the Government, would find themselves between two fires, and would be pretty sure to be burnt by one of them. The scalp-dance is a favorite pastime of the Sioux, and a few unprotected miners might easily afford them material for this sport.

Secondly, though I have no reason to doubt the truthfulness and skill of our miners, and the correctness of their reports as to the extent and value of the gold field, yet it must be remembered that the yielding area, so far as determined, is not great; nor can it be said with any certainty how long it would last. The results thus far, though promising, are unsatisfactory. It would not be surprising if the field should prove both extensive and rich. But only further exploration and experiment can establish the fact. Those who seek the Hills only for gold must be prepared to take their chances. Let the over-confident study the history of Pike's Peak. The Black Hills, too, are not without ready-made monuments for the martyrs who may perish in their parks.

The Sea-Cow.

Both the Indian and St. Lucie rivers of Florida are filled with a coarse, rank grass, which takes up to a depth of from twenty to thirty feet, and rises to the surface. It is called manatee grass, because it is eaten by the wonderful manatee or sea-cow. Florida is the only spot on the North American continent where this animal is found. It is amphibious and herbivorous, and weighs from 800 to 2,000 pounds. It suckles its young, and has a head like a seal, a nose like a cow, flippers like a sea-lion, and a tail like a whale. Such is the description by those who have seen it. Of immense strength, when at bay it can easily knock a boat to pieces. The body is powerfully built. The bones are like iron, and the ribs are short, thick, and heavy, and as white as ivory. The manatee is very shy. Once in a while one is shot. Several have been netted. One was captured a year ago and taken to Savannah alive, but it died within a few months. The meat is eaten by the people living on the upper Indian river, and is said to be sweet and palatable. Indians are extremely fond of it.

While on the way up from Lake Worth, two men named Moore and Hammond had a narrow escape from a manatee. They were sailing at twilight in one of the sluggish and tortuous lagoons leading to the Everglades. While rounding an abrupt curve in a mangrove swamp they started a manatee. The monster was sleeping under some low branches. Thinking itself cornered, it made a rush for the boat. Fortunately the water was deep, and it slipped under the bow. Its back, however, scraped the keel, and the craft was lifted from the water. The manatee lashed the waves with its tail, barely missing the boat, and raised such a swell that she half filled with water. Two pale-faced men as you ever looked upon a shark, and two terrified natives, hurriedly made their way to the shore.

Years ago an Indian river hunter was caught in a similar fix. The sky was overcast and the night very dark. A frightened manatee shattered his boat and he went to the bottom. The hunter caught the boughs of the overhanging mangroves and tried to pull himself ashore, but was barred by a network of roots. All night long he clung to the mangroves. Clouds of mosquitoes and sandflies surrounded him and he suffered almost intolerable tortures. At daylight he managed to get into the swamp, and after incredible hardships worked his way to a point opposite Jupiter Light, where he made himself heard and was rescued.

A Rapid Raise.

Captain Sutter, an ex-officer of Charles X's Swiss Guards, who had been forced to emigrate in 1830, had settled in California and founded a little colony which he called "New Helvetia." In the year 1847, he entered into a contract with Mr. Marshall to have a saw-mill built for him on a branch of the Sacramento river. During the progress of the work, a little girl, the millwright's daughter, picked up a shining yellow lump under the mill race, and showed it to her father as a pretty stone. Marshall took it to Captain Sutter, who at once recognized the precious metal, made careful investigations and soon found that the whole country, watered by the Sacramento river and its numerous tributaries, abounded in gold. San Francisco was then a wretched village containing 400 inhabitants; and in a few years the population rose to 40,000; and it is now a magnificent city, the capital of the western world, the terminus of the longest line of railway ever planned or executed, and the rival of New York in the greatest contest of cities for the seat of government of America. And all this has been brought about in twenty years by a few tons of gold.

Items of Interest.

There are 800,000 more women than men in England.

A California hotel has water tanks in the attic, and is proposing to cultivate fish there, in sufficient quantity to supply boarders.

A lady cop asked his physician what he considered the best size for a man. "Exercise!" exclaimed the sturdy disciple of Esculapian.

A Roman Catholic priest of Darmstadt, Germany, has been sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for introducing politics into the pulpit.

"Grandma, why don't you keep a servant any longer?" "Well, you see, my child, I'm getting old now, and can't take care of one, as I used to do, you know."

One-sixth of America's population of about 30,000,000 it is said cannot read or write; 5,000,000 out of a total school population of almost 13,000,000 receive instruction.

A gentleman who landed from an Erie express train in Brooklyn attracted universal attention by the magnificence of his diamond breast pin. He was supposed to be a hackman from Niagara Falls.

Quite a crop of carbuncles and malignant pustules appeared at Varennes, France, brought from the Beauce in sheepskins; but they were stamped out by iodine injections into the cellular tissue.

It is reported that some people at Port Henry, N. Y., use nitro-glycerine for catching fish. It kills everything within fifty feet, and from fifty to seventy-five pounds of fish are taken at a single explosion.

The kicking to death mania has extended to Ireland. A man named Nolan, in the county of Meath, recently received fatal injuries by being kicked by some persons who are not yet fully identified with the crime.

It is quite usual for a Colorado farmer to be aroused in the night by a knock on the door, and it is quite usual for him to open the door and shoot the stranger before asking any questions. The stranger is most always some one who deserves killing.

Bazaine's bargain was apparently made with a steamship company at Genoa—a gentleman and a lady chartered a little steamer for an excursion along the littoral, with privilege to stop at any point for any time, to be paid at two p. m.

They tell of an Admiral's wife at Newport who walked to church, and found herself so stared at that she thought there was something wrong about her black mourning dress. When she left the church she found out the reason to be that not a person beside herself was walking.

Give a man the necessities of life and he will be contented. Give him the conveniences, and he craves for the luxuries. Grant him the luxuries, and he sighs for the elegancies. Let him have the elegancies, and he yearns for the follies. Give him all together, and he complains that he has been cheated both in price and quality of the articles.

An eight-hour man, on going home the other evening for his supper, found his wife sitting in her best clothes, on the front stoop, reading a volume of travels. "How's this?" he exclaimed. "Where's my supper?" "I don't know," replied his wife. "I began to get your breakfast at six o'clock this morning, and my eight hours ended at two p. m."

Benito Barona of New Mexico, went to Arizona, recently, and stole two horses. He was followed by three frontiersmen. They overtook him, bound him to a sapling, whipped him till blood flowed, slit his ears, and left him tied in the wilderness. A man named Martinez released him, and in less than a week he stole Martinez's saddle, but gratefully left his horse.

A bequest of \$150,000, made two years ago by Dr. E. R. Johnson to establish a charitable institution for colored people at New Bedford, Mass., has failed of its purpose by the fact that one condition was that his daughter should leave no "heirs," when the probably meant "no lesser." The daughter has died without children, but her mother is her heir and gets the property.

Mr. Higgin, Q. C., sitting as Assistant Judge at the Liverpool Assizes, on August 14, sentenced a young Wigan collier, named John Glover, who had all but kicked to death an old man of eighty-four, to ten years' penal servitude. Mr. Higgin had consulted Mr. Justice Archbold, who agreed with him that a very heavy punishment was necessary to put down this brutality in Lancashire.

A disconsolate widow in the western part of New York State, daughter of a former noted railroad officer, repairs to the tomb of her husband every evening at sunset, enters the vault, and sees herself in a chair formerly used by the departed, where she remains sometimes several hours, always an hour, and she has done this, with scarcely an intermission, for two years since her husband's death.

Boarding House Spirits.

Milwaukee has a boarding-house that, to say the least, is not a desirable home for those who love quiet. Spirits have taken possession, and create a furious uproar. The phenomena have been observed by many witnesses, and are of a violent character. Eggs, sausages and crockery-wares fly about in the air indiscriminately. A servant pie took a walk about the room, and then deliberately burst into pieces, scattering the crust and fruit over the room. Stove-ware, dishes, sticks of wood, pails and furniture seem suddenly inanimate, and are thrown furiously about. A domestic in the employ of Mrs. Giddings, in whose house these demonstrations occur, is a somnambulist, and to her influence all the disturbances are attributed. When she is out of the house no manifestations occur, but when she returns they commence with redoubled energy. Physical and spiritualists are much interested in the case.

Salient Points of Character.

The world generally takes men at their own apparent estimate of themselves. Hence, modest men never attain the same consideration which bustling, forward men do. It has not time or patience to inquire rigidly, and it is partly imposed upon and carried away by the man who vigorously claims its regards. The world, also, never has two leading ideas about any man. There is always a remarkable unity in its conceptions of the characters of individuals. If an historical person has been cruel in a single degree he is set down as cruel and nothing else, although he may have had many good qualities, all not equally conspicuous. If a literary man is industrious in a remarkable degree, the world speaks of him as only industrious, though he may be also very ingenious.

London Newspapers.

The Danbury man does not have an exalted view of London daily newspapers, for in one of his letters he says: "They are rather slow concerns, and these London dailies. They crowd their advertisers into repulsive limits; they mix up their matter without any regard to classification; they publish but a beggarly handful of American news; they report in full the most insignificant speeches; they don't seem to realize that there is such an attraction as condensed news paragraphs; they issue no Sunday paper, and but one or two have a weekly; they ignore agriculture and science, personals and gossip; they carefully exclude all humor and head-lines, and come to their readers every week day, a sombre and mournful spectacle that is most exasperating to behold."