The Franklin Courier.

GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

TERMS: $2.00 per Annum.

VOL. V. LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1875. NO. I.

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'To each bird its own nest is charming.'
Italian Proverb.

By Heaven's well-appointed plan,
When the boy becomes a man,
Or, again, as seemeth good,
Girls attain to womanhood,
Though they journey far or near
From the home they love so dear,
Seeking honor, wealth, or fame,
Nothing ever seems the same.

We may sup or dine in state
At the tables of the great,
May partake of sumptuous fare,
Viands rich and dainties rare,
In, perhaps, some far off clime—
But there often comes a time
When we'd rather have instead
One sweet slice of 'mother's bread.'

Then the chamber where we passed
Happy hours that sped too fast,
Childhood's outlook o'er life's sea,
Veiled in magic mystery,
Through the world we look in vain
For such peaceful rest again—
Childhood's dreamless sleep of bliss,
Crowned by mother's "good-night" kiss.

Blessed home! we see thee yet,
For we never can forget.
Though in death our kindred sleep,
Though sad trials make us weep—
Though in thorny paths we stray,
Or along the flowery way,
Wheresoe'er we rest or roam,
Ne'r forget thee, childhood's home

—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Original Story.

The Cherished Ring.

A SKETCH OF AN OLD MAN'S EXPERIENCE.

BY JAMES A. DAVIS,
Of Flat River, North Carolina.

Author of "The Broken Vow, &c."

I am now an old man groaning beneath the weight of years. My hair once a beautiful auburn has, by the frosts of nearly seventy winters been transformed into a snowy-white. I am as it were, resignedly awaiting the approach of death, which can be at no great distance off. My life has been exposed to a thousand misfortunes, but I have endured them all without a murmur.

It was one beautiful morning in May nigh on to fifty years ago that my earthly happiness was destroyed forever. Can I remember it. Yes. It is inscribed upon the tablets of my memory, to remain ever unobliterated. I was engaged to Ida Lee, and we were to be married very soon. I dreampt of nothing but love and happiness, but alas, pleasure is but momentary, and happiness resembles the uncertain sunshine of an April morning. I was reclining upon a bench beneath the boughs of a large oak in the front yard, my mind occupied with pleasant contemplations for the future, when I observed a horseman riding very rapidly towards the house, and coming in the direction of Mr. Lee's. He stopped but a moment at the gate just long enough to tell me that Ida was dangerously sick. Reader, it is impossible to describe the awful sensation that immediately took hold of me, I was wholly unprepared for the reception of this unexpected intelligence. When I arrived there the old gentleman came out to meet me.

"Harry, I fear"— he stammered out, and then burst into a flood of tears.

This was too much for me. It was useless to strive against emotion. To see this old man weeping like a child, the tears rolling down his time-worn and withered cheeks was sufficient to soften the hardest heart.

"She is all the child I have," groaned the old man piteously.

The physician came, and after examining the patient seated himself, gravely pronouncing the case a sure attack of brain fever. I was permitted to see her, and when I reached the bedside I asked, "Do you know me Ida,' She answered not, a crimson glow flushed her cheek, and for a moment the light of reason appeared to regain her empire; but alas, it only animated her features to impress more strongly the trace of anguish, and vanished. Wild frenzy darted from her eyes, heavy sighs and convulsive starts betrayed the agitation of her mind, and at length a flood of tears drowned the tumult of her soul. My heart echoed sigh for sigh and returned tear for tear. I could not bear the scene, my bosom labored beneath the weight of woe, and I hastily left the room.

Exhausted and powerless she reclined upon the bed, her eyes closed and she seemed to be slumbering peacefully. The great hills of old Vermont began to be tinged with the beautiful reflection of the sun's rays as he disappeared behind the horizon, casting a greater gloom over every countenance.

All through the weary hours of the night the doctor kept his position, and in awful silence watched every symtom of his patient, his expectations resting on the state in which she might awake. Harassed in body and distressed in mind, I could not calm my spirits sufficiently to partake of rest. Those and those alone that have experienced such moments of pain, can give a description of the great agony that is mentally changing hope to fear. The gray dawn of the coming day was beginning to be visible in the East when I was summoned to the room by the request of Ida. With an expectation bordering on fear I approached the door of her chamber. The great stillness that pervaded within shocked my nerves to such an extent that I seemed paralyzed. As noiselessly as possible I opened the door and went in. Reason had regained her empire, she spoke in the same old familiar tone, the articulation of each syllable cutting deep into my heart.

"Harry," she said, in a consoling tone as the tears ran down her feverish cheeks, "be composed, its God's will, try and meet me in Heaven."

It was beyond the power of possibility for me to speak, something I know not what choked my utterance. The great distraction of my mind was partially but momentarily relieved by some feeble hope of her recovery, but that too vanished, it did not remain to comfort me but a moment.

"Take this ring," she said, giving me one of hers. "Cherish it throughout life. Our engagement one must never be taken from my finger. Kiss me for the last time Harry, meet me above, where—"

Here she broke down, she never spoke aloud any more, her lips moved slightly as if she was praying, and for me. It was an awful moment. A soft and Heavenly composure irradiated the countenance of the expiring girl. It was a calm which guilt cannot wear, a calm which religion alone produces, a calm which might have shown on the features of a dying martyr. What is wealth or ambition? What are the pursuits, the joys of life? Answer, ye sons of sensuality. Will they calm us in the hour of death? Will they soothe us in the day of sorrow? Will they lessen the pangs of retrospection, or gladden the prospects of futurity with happiness and peace? Ah, no, short, tired and unsubstantial, they are like the gay sunbeams dancing on the waters which the next passing cloud obscures. The sky was as cloudless as the life of a little child. The birds were carolling mournfully among the branches of the forest as the body of that sweet girl was conveyed to the burying ground and carefully interred. The solemn procession retraced their steps homeward with the slow step of mourners, with sorrow visible upon the countenance of all.

* * * * * * *

It has, dear reader, been many years since that great transformation in my life occurred. I still possess and cherish the ring she gave me beyond all earthly things. With God's help I intend to be prepared to meet her in Heaven—that home beyond the skies where neither sorrow nor affliction enters.

My Prayer.

One of the saddest sights of autumn is the fading of the flowers. Who that has a heart must not feel it ache a little when, instead of fresh and fragrant blossoms, he sees the dried, brown, withered spectres of flowers dropping from the branches; when the petals of the latest roses fall as one essay to pluck them; and when a little parched twist is all that remains of the bountiful and many-tinted morning-glory! The autumn garden preaches a sermon that no one likes to listen to. As the wind whirls the dead, scentless things along the path, one hears, "*Sic transit gloria mundi*," in their ghostly rustle.

For all the bloom and beauty of the world comes to this autumn-fading at last. There it lies under the tombstones. There were red roses here, and white lines, and purple pansies, and golden crocuses. These brown, rustling relics are they. So the pictures on the wall tell of red lips, and of white brows, and eyes more purple-blue than pansies, and wealth of golden hair; and in the spring there were kisses for them; in the summer, life's splendor; and then came autumn—autumn the gray, autumn the cold autumn the desolate, and then the wind blew them away.

Nay: do not tell me these will bloom again next year. Not these; others as sweet, but never these again. So those living roses, those spring-time hopes of the human heart bloom doubtless—so we are taught—in brighter, spheres; but on Earth they come no more. Nor can I take in the hand next spring's violet and say, "you are the same that died upon my bosom a year ago."

No; for us, walking in the garden still, the flowers that died are dead—dead forever.

Now, as the winds grow chill, and the fires begin to glow upon the hearth one grows to learn the beauty of these strong flowers that linger late—the Artemisia, the Queen Margaret, the Golden Marigold, and the Dahlia—even the stiff red Coxcomb! One could kiss them, because they live on, even amongst fading foliage and dropping vines. The bouquet that blooms upon the mantel in October is most precious of all. Though the late flowers are a little course, and their perfume is not exquisite, we hold the summer by them a little longer, though she has gone.

I think if I could I would follow the flowers about the world, lingering nowhere longer than they did. I would see the rosebuds open all the year, and never tarry in any land until the flowers died. And might I have my prayer, let me not linger in this world until the winter snows of of life fall over me, but leave it while my hands may yet clasp some sweet blossoms—while in life's garden yet glow some bright flowers that loving hands may gather to lay upon my breast.

MARY KYLE DALLAS.

Their Latin.

A good story is told of an old farmer, whose son had for a long time been ostensibly studying Latin in a popular academy. The farmer not being satisfied with the course and conduct of the young hopeful, recalled him from school, and placing him by the side of a cart one day, thus addressed him:

"Now, Joseph, here is a fork, and there is a heap of manure and cart; what do you call them in Latin?"

"Forkibus, cartibus, et manuribus," replied Joseph.

"Well, now, said the old man, "if you don't take that forkibus pretty quickibus, and pitch that manuribus into that cartibus, I'll break your lazy backibus."

Joseph went to workibus forthwithibus.

Politeness is the mother of peace. She keeps familiarity and impudence from being knocked to death, and often saves herself a broken head.

Farmers and Newspapers.

We have been frequently surprised to see how many farmers, well to do in worldly riches, neglect or refuse to take some good newspaper for the benefit of themselves and family. They seem to think that they have no interest in the affairs of the outside world; that they have to deal with nothing except the land that they plough, or the stock they feed, and the children they are rearing in ignorance. They forget that they are a part of the human family, placed upon this orb to work out the plans of the good and wise Creator, and as such have no right to dam up the great streams of progress.

The laws of progression are as unalterable as are any other in nature, and that man who impedes those laws with an offspring uneducated and besotted with ignorance commits a sin which rests not on himself, but on his descendants for long years in the future.

Newspapers are made to spread intelligence and improve the morals of mankind. To the farmer, above all men, they should be a necessity, from the very fact that they afford him, in his isolated condition, the only means of mixing in the busy scenes of life. Man in his hermit state becomes a personification of selfishness—caring only for himself. Development comes alone from associating te ourselves the advancement which they make.

No farmer should do without this social schooling, both for his own good and that of his children; and in no way can he obtain it so cheaply as through the newspaper and periodical literature of the age; and he who neglects to receive these advantages deprives himself of light and lives out his days in worse than heathen darkness.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS.—In Wendish Prussia, there are villages where certain old customs are still observed on the death of the head of a family. If the man should happen to have been a bee-keeper, one of the family goes to the hive, and striking the comb, exclaims, "Bees, arise, your master is dead." A similar custom prevailed, possibly still prevails, in parts of England, and furnishes the idea for an interesting poem by Tennyson, entitled "Telling the Bees." The English custom was based on the supposition that unless the bees were told of any death occurring in the family they would quit the premises, and the manner in which the information was conveyed, was by placing a black cloth over the hive. In the Prussian villages already alluded to, it is the custom on the morning of the funeral of a farmer, for the men to proceed to the cattle-sheds, and after causing the cattle to get upon their feet, place cheese before them, and solemnly announce to them that the body is about to be taken away.

A very genteel-appearing young man, wearing kid gloves and carrying a lithe and flexible walking stick, thought he would have a joke with a rusty and venerable farmer on the fair grounds, last Tuesday afternoon. "Halloo," said the dandy, "are you one of the judges on hogs?" "Waal, yaas, walk right up and let me look at you," said the old farmer. That youth was soon lost amid the crowd, and no other judges on swine saw him.

Twenty-five Radical county treasurers in Iowa have defaulted, or, in other words, have been caught stealing millions of the people's money. The other Radical treasurers are considered shaky; but then this is one of the States which, for its devotion to Radicalism, Parson Newman took occasion to thank God at Washington last Sunday.

A Dutchman and an Irishman once met on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing his mistake remarked, "Faith, an' I thought it was you, an' you thought it was me, an' it's naither of us."

We hate some persons because we do not know them, and we will not know them because we hate them.

"Ah, parson, I wish I could take my gold with me," said a dying man to his pastor. "It might melt," was the consoling answer.

A Vinsennes, Ind., man and his wife after a stand up fight of an hour concluded to call it "a draw." She drew about six handfuls of hair out of his head.

An Illinois man hasn't cut his whiskers since 1861, and he doesn't propose to until the Democrats elect their President. He'd better engage a barber for '76.

"I meant to have told you of that hole," said a gentleman to his friend who, walking in his garden, stumbled into a pit of water. "No matter," said the friend. "I have found it."

An editor, who speaks with the air of a man who has discovered a new fact by experience, says that the new way to prevent bleading at the nose is to keep your nose out of other people's business.

There are miles enough of railroad in the United States to go three times around the world, and yet there are not enough to go once around among us, which shows what a big country this is.

Thiers complained that the sunshine hurt his eyes and a friend proposed blue spectacles. "Change the color of my spectacles!" said the veteran. "Oh, no! France would be agitated for a month."

"You appear in a new role, don't you fellow?" was what the impertinent young man remarked as he dug a cockroach out of his fresh bread at the breakfast table. A roccate flush permeated the landlady's pallid cheek.

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JOHN ELLIS.

S p 10th 3m.