

THE DAILY COURIER.

GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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VOL. 1.

LOUISBURG, N. C., THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 27, 1876.

NO. 2.

Church Directory.

METHODIST CHURCH.—Rev. F. L. Peid, Pastor. Services every Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M. Prayer meeting every Wednesday at 7 P. M. Communion service the Second Sunday in each month at 11 A. M. Steward's meeting Monday night after the second sabbath in each month. Sabbath School every Sabbath at 3 o'clock P. M.

ST. PAULS EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Rev. E. Dolloway, Rector. Services on the first and third Sunday in each month, morning and afternoon. Holy Communion monthly on first Sunday. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9 o'clock.

Railroad Schedules.



Raleigh & Gaston R. R. Company.

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,
Raleigh, N. C., June 11th, '72.

On and after Monday June 17th, 1872, trains on the Raleigh & Gaston Railroad, will run daily (Sunday excepted) as follows:

MAIL TRAIN.

Leaves Raleigh 10.00 a. m.
Arrives at Weldon 3.30 p. m.
Leaves Weldon 9.15 a. m.
Arrives at Raleigh 3.05 p. m.

ACCOMMODATION TRAIN.

Leaves Raleigh 8.00 p. m.
Arrives at Weldon 6.20 a. m.
Leaves Weldon 9.15 a. m.
Arrives at Raleigh 8.00 p. m.

Mail train makes close connection at Weldon with the seaboard & Roanoke Railroad and Bay Line Steamers via Baltimore, to and from all points North, West and Northwest and with the Petersburg Railroad via Petersburg, Richmond and Washington City, to and from all points North and Northwest.

And at Raleigh with the North Carolina Railroad to and from all points South and Southwest, and with the Raleigh & Augusta Air Line to Haywood and Fayetteville.

Accommodation and Freight trains connect at Weldon with Accommodation and Freight trains on Seaboard & Roanoke Railroad and Petersburg Railroad.

And at Raleigh with Accommodation and freight trains on North Carolina Railroad.

Persons living along the line of the road can visit Raleigh in the morning by Accommodation train, and remain averal hours, and return the same evening.

J. C. WINDER,
Gen'l Supt.

SCHEDULE OF THE PETERSBURG RAILROAD COMPANY.

PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE WELDON.

Express Train 8.30 a. m.
Mail Train 4.15 p. m.

ARRIVE AT PETERSBURG.

Express 12.10 a. m.
Mail 8.05 p. m.

LEAVE PETERSBURG.

Mail 6.17 a. m.
Express 3.17 p. m.

ARRIVE AT WELDON.

Mail 9.30 a. m.
Express 7.00 p. m.

FREIGHT TRAINS.

Leave Petersburg 9.00 p. m.
Leave Weldon 8.30 p. m.
Arrive at Weldon 5.00 a. m.
Arrive at Petersburg 4.00 a. m.

GASTON TRAIN.

Leave Petersburg 6.25 a. m.
Leave Gaston 1.15 p. m.
Arrive at Gaston 13.30 p. m.
Arrive at Petersburg 7.00 p. m.

Freights for Gaston Branch will be received at the Petersburg depot only on MONDAYS and THURSDAYS.

The depot will be closed at 4:00 p. m. No goods will be received after that hour.

H. T. DOUGLASS,
Superintendent

Lord Palmerston.

He died prime-minister at the age of eighty-one, on the 18th of October, 1865. "The half-open cabinet-box on his table and the unfinished letter on his desk testified that he was at his post to the last." And so he died—the last of a dynasty of great statesmen. A thorough Englishman, both in taste and temper, he made his countrymen proud of him, because he was proud of his country. He believed in England as the best and greatest country in the world. During his long administration of the Foreign Office, he steadily adhered to the principle of insisting against all powers, great or small, on the rights of England. He did not believe in the modern doctrine of non-intervention or selfish isolation.

He always vindicated the authority of the English name, and believed that a reputation for strength and spirit was necessary to a great nation. But he had no love for war and for many years, in the midst of extraordinary difficulties, he preserved the peace of Europe. He hated tyranny, and he was the staunch champion of constitutionalism against despotism. Throughout Europe, with liberal sympathies, Palmerston identified England. He was no fanatic. He was a practical statesman. "He did what he could." He acted up to the best of his light at the time. There was an entire absence of claptrap in his speech and his conduct. He was intent only on saying the exact thing exactly; and it was this which made him the best of letter-writers. His letters have the unstudied freshness of "written talk, they sparkle with a humor instinct with strong common sense, and quite spontaneous. There was no desire or effort to be witty, yet he could catch and improve any passing humorous thoughts. He once, laughingly, quoted the authority of an eminent physician, that continuance in office, with the resulting employment, was good for the health. "Would not active opposition do as well?" "No, no; that stirs up the bile and causes acidity. Ask Disraeli if it does not."

He was a generous landlord, and few of his letters are more interesting than the accounts he sends of his plantations at Broadlands, of the Methodist gardenor whose preaching he intends if possible to stop, and of his improvements of his estate at Sligo. From the latter he got but little profit. He said one day, that he had a thousand tenants who paid under five pounds each. "But do they pay?" "Not always: they pay when they can—when they sell the pig."

Lord Palmerston was brave, intrepid, and honorable; no stain of baseness ever soiled his reputation. The manner in which he comported himself to Lord John Russell reflects the magnanimity of the English statesman, the moderation of the English gentleman. "If," he writes, "Russell's man be a good and proper man, I should wish to appoint him, because you know Russell once treated me in a very rough way, and I desire to show that I have quite forgotten it.— Temple Bar.

Don't Be Sensitive.

There are many people always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without finding that some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance who happens to be pre-occupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some matter personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fruit of their utter irritability. Indigestion makes them see impertinence in every one they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or momentary taciturnity, mistaken for an insult.

To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose that a slight is intended unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes hues in a great degree from the color of our own minds. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly; if, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious toward us. A person get the reputation of being "touchy," and everybody is on his guard, and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased.

Singing In The Family.

Cultivate singing in the family. Begin when the child is not yet three years old. The songs and hymns your mother sang, bring them all back to your memory, and teach them to your little ones; mix them all together, to meet the similar moods, as in after life they come over us so mysteriously sometimes. Many a time and oft, in the very whirl of business; in the sunshine and gayety of the streets, and amid the splendor of the drives in a park, some little thing wakes up the memories of early youth—the old mill, the cool spring; the shady tree by the little school-house—and the next instant we almost see again the ruddy cheeks, the smiling faces and the merry eyes of schoolmates, some grayheaded now, most "lie mouldering in the grave." And anon, "the song my mother sang" springs unbidden to the lips, and soothes and sweetens all these memories.

At other times, amid the crushing mishaps of business, and a merry ditty of the olden time pops up its little head, breaks in upon the ugly train of thought, throws the mind into another channel; light breaks in from behind the cloud in the sky, and a new courage is given to us. The honest man goes singing to his work, and when the day's labor is done, his tools laid aside, and he is on his way home, where wife, and child, and tidy table, and cheerful fireside await him, he can not help but whistle or sing.

"Dey ain't no nigger on de top side er keration," said a colored man at Tennille, the other day, putting his hand to the bandaged head, "what can sing a hymn and put de gear on a kickin' mule at de same time."

The Minister's Wife.

The minister's wife ought to be selected by a committee of the church. She should be warranted never to have headache or neuralgia; she should have nerves of wire and sinews of iron; she should never be tired nor sleepy, and should be everybody's cheerful drudge; she should be cheerful, intellectual; pious, and domesticated, she should be able to keep her husband's house, darn his stockings, cook his dinners, light his fire, and copy his sermons; she should keep up the style of a lady on the wages of a day-laborer, and be always at leisure for "good works," and ready to receive morning calls; she should be secretary to the Band of Hope, the Dorcas Society, and the Home mission; she should conduct Bible-classes and mother's meetings, should make clothing for the poor; and gruel for the sick; and, finally, she should be pleased with everybody and everything, and never desire any reward beyond the satisfaction of having done her own duty and other people's too.

Intemperance.

It covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supple your almshouses, and demands your asylums, engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes victims for the scaffold. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the support of the midnight incendiary, and the prop of the hangman. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemers. It violates obligations, reverence fraud, honors infamy, defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, slanders innocence. It incites the mother to butcher her helpless child, helps the husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parrioidal axe. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. With the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its desolation, and insatiated with havoc, poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin. It murders the soul; is the sum of all villainies and curses, and is the devil's best friend.

He bought a cheap coat of one of the gentlemen from Jerusalem, and he observed next day that it was made of two kinds of cloth, or else it had faded from some previous wear and tear. He went to the dealer with fire in his eyes. The dealer looked at the garment without surprise, and at the wearer with extreme wonder. "Vy, mine gootness!" he said, "you been wear de goat in de sun! You tink him maat of sheet-iron, hey!"

A demure-looking chap hailed a charcoal peddler with the query, "Have you got charcoal in your wagon?" "Yes, sir," said the expectant driver, stopping his horses. "That's right" observed the demure chap, with an approving nod; "always tell the truth, and people will respect you!" and he hurried on, much to the regret of the peddler, who was getting out of the wagon to look for a brick.

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.—Some one asked why there is not a morning prayer for children corresponding to the evening petition, "Now I lay me down to sleep." The New York World replies that there is such a petition, and this is it:

"Now I wake and see the light,
Tis God has kept me all the night.
To Him I lift my voice and pray
That He will keep me all the day."

Threads of Gold.

Everybody can detect an error, but not a lie.

We do not possess what we do not understand.

There are two peaceful powers—justice and fitness.

Sorrow shows us truths as the night brings out stars

Right is a dull weapon, unless skill and good sense wield it.

We are only really alive when we enjoy the good will of others.

A true religious instinct never deprived a man of one single joy.

Unlimited activity of whatever kind must at last end in bankruptcy.

The best result to be derived from history is the enthusiasm it kindles.

A great mistake—to hold one's self too high and rate one's self too cheap.

Nobody looks any longer at the rainbow which has lasted a quarter of an hour.

It is an ancient proverb, "The feet of the avenging deities are shod with wool."

All that is wise has been thought already; we must try, however, to think it again.

Let memory fail so long as you can rely upon your judgment at a moment's notice.

Love of truth shows itself in discovering and appreciating what is good wherever it may exist.

The mind that busies itself much with the future has need to be an uncommonly cheerful one.

A sure mode of never succeeding with your own plans is to give much attention to those of others.

Let him who would have me for a listener speak positively; of the problematic I have enough within myself.

I have cleaned my mirror, and, fixing my eyes upon it, I perceive so many defects in myself, that I forgive those of others.

Fond as man is of sight-seeing, life is the great show for every man—the show always wonderful and new to the thoughtful.

Imagination is only regulated by art, more especially by poetry. There is nothing more frightful than imagination devoid of taste.

Truthfulness is a corner stone in character; and if it be not firmly laid in youth, there will always be a weak spot in the foundation.

I hold my peace concerning many things, as I do not wish to perplex my fellow men, and am content to see them rejoicing at what irritates me.

Self-esteem is a high bred steed, that bounds over the asperities of life. Self-conceit is a blind hack, which knocks its head against every impediment.

The weather may look dark and rainy; very well, laugh between the drops, and think cheerily of the blue sky and sunshine that will surely come to-morrow.

In every generation we should seek to prepare men for another life; but the best possible preparation for another life is one which shall make this world at the same time, a fairer, purer, nobler and better earth to be lived in.