

# THE DAILY COURIER.

GEO. S. BAKER, Editor and Proprietor.

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LOUISBURG, N. C., FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 28, 1876.

NO. 3.

## Church Directory.

**METHODIST CHURCH.**—Rev. F. L. Reid, 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 several 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..... 5.09 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..... 12.30 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

## Small Waists.

Small waists and early deaths, says the Home Journal, have been the subject of recent comments of a physician of celebrity, and his notion that the latter is the certain sequence of the former is borne out by almost all authorities of every country. Yet no matter how the physiologist or physicians may talk, women have always compressed their waists and expanded their skirts, and they always will, until public opinion pronounces for a heavy figure. It has never influenced a fashionable woman yet to hear that Venus de Medici had a large waist, she has been told so ever since that faultless image of female beauty was disinterred.—She merely shrugs her shoulders and draws her laces tighter. She knows very well that if she went to a ball with that figure of Venus no man would ask her to dance. So important a matter it is to have a small waist that it has become a matter of pride to the Austrian people, and is mentioned in the court journals that the Empress of Austria is celebrated for possessing a waist which only measures sixteen inches. This is a greater nobility than even the possession of sixteen quarterings on your shield, without which you cannot be admitted to the best society of Vienna. "Sixteen," therefore, is a magic number at Vienna. There are many persons, to be sure, who have as small a waist, but they have not the height and contour and becoming fullness which the Empress has. Undoubtedly there will always be foolish mothers who make their daughters sleep in their corsets, and many foolish women who will always draw their laces too tight; but the golden mean remains; a figure well, but not too stiffly supported, a waist slender, round, but not too small for the adjacent figure, is the grand desideratum of female beauty. A large woman in France, where women have a taste for the becoming in dress conferred upon them by Providence, wears ample draperies, loosely-fitting garments, and a corset which does her the best possible service for it makes her look and feel at her ease—no labored breathing—no unnatural redness—no fear of suffocation—she is simply a large beautiful object, instead of a pillow tried in the middle, with a general air of asphyxia. Large women should remember that no tight lacing makes them look any smaller. Age, which reduces everything else, is apt to add on to the figure of woman and time brings on undesirable stoutness. This cannot be better treated than it was by the late Duchess of Devonshire, one of the most beautiful of women, who grew at forty as English women are apt to do, very stout. "How have you kept your complexion so pure, my dear duchess?" said one of her fellow ladies-in-waiting at the court of Queen Victoria. "By dressing at ease and keeping my temper," said the handsome duchess.

As you cannot avoid your own company, make it good as possible.

There are many who know their own wisdom, but there are but few who know their own folly.

## From Daniel Deronda.

A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on affections.

Vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under a love which it cannot return.

The most powerful of all beauty is that which reveals itself after sympathy, and not before it.

Who supposes that it is an impossible contradiction to be superstitious and rational at the same time?

Honor comes from inward vocation and hard-won achievement; there is no honor in donning life as a livery.

Often the grand meanings of faces, as well as written words, may lie chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them.

The subtly varied love drama between man and woman is often such as can hardly be rendered in words put together like dominos, according to obvious fixed marks.

A soul burning with a sense of what the universe is not, and ready to take all existence as fuel, is nevertheless held captive by the ordinary wirework of local forms, and does nothing in particular.

In many lives there is much not only of error and lapse, but of a certain exquisite goodness which can never be written or even spoken, only divined by each of us according to the inward instruction of our own privacy.

What, in the midst of the mighty drama of life, are girls and their blind visions? They are the yearning of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels are borne onward through the ages the treasures of human affections.

Children demand that their heroes should be fleckless, and easily believe them so; perhaps a first discovery to the contrary is hardly a less revolutionary shock to a passionate child than the threatened downfall of habitual beliefs which makes the world seem to totter for us in maturer life.

Preeminence is sweet to those who love it, even under mediocre circumstances; perhaps it is not quite mythical that a slave has been proud to be bought first; and probably a barn-door fowl on sale, though he may not have understood himself to be called the best lot, may have a self-informed consciousness of his relative importance and strut consoled; But for a complete enjoyment the outward and inward must concur.

Macbeth's rhetoric about the impossibility of being many opposite things on the same moment referred to the clumsy necessities of action, and not to the subtler possibilities of feeling. We cannot speak a loyal word and be meanly silent; we cannot kill and not kill in the same moment; but a moment is wide enough for a loyal and mean desire, for the outlash of a murderous thought, and the sharp backward stroke of repentance.

An Irishman having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, exclaimed, "That is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend!"

## Editorial Cares.

The editor of a Texas paper gives the following figures of a statistical memorandum of his every-day life, and still people will think that editors have but few cares to disturb their slumbers, and start into the newspaper business to enjoy life:

Been asked to drink.....	11,392
Drank.....	11,392
Requested to retract.....	416
Didn't retract.....	416
Invited to parties and receptions, by parties fishing for puffs.....	3,333
Took the hint.....	33
Didn't take the hint.....	3,300
Threatened to be whipped.....	174
Been whipped.....	0
Whipped the other fellow.....	4
Didn't come to time.....	770
Been promised whisky, gin, etc., if we would go after them.....	5,640
Been after them.....	5,000
Been asked what's the news.....	300,000
Told.....	23
Didn't know.....	200,000
Lied about it.....	99,977
Been to church.....	2
Changed politics.....	32
Expect to change still.....	50
Gave to charity.....	\$5.00
Gave for a terrier dog.....	25.00
Cash on hand.....	1.00

## Dying expression.

It is well.—Washington.  
I must sleep now.—Byron.  
Kiss me Hardy.—Nelson.  
Head of the army.—Napoleon.  
Don't give up the ship.—Lawrence.  
Let the light enter.—Goethe.  
Into thy hands, O Lord.—Tasso.  
Independence forever.—Adams.  
The artery has ceased to beat—Haller  
Is this your fidelity?—Nero.  
This is the last of earth.—J. Q. Adams.  
Give Dayroles a chair.—Lord Chesterfield.  
A dying man does nothing well.—Franklin.  
Let not poor Nellie starve.—Charles III.  
What! is there no bribing death?—Cardinal Reaufort.  
All my possessions for a moment of time.—Queen Elizabeth.  
It matters not how the head lieth—Sir Walter Raleigh.  
Clasp my hand, my dearest friend: I die.—Alfieri.  
I feel as if I were to be myself again.—Sir Walter Scott.  
Let me die to the sound of delicious music.—Mirabeau.  
I know that my Redeemer liveth.—Horace Greely.

**AN EXPRESSIVE SERMON.**—In a terrible agony, a soldier lay dying in the hospital.

A visitor asked him: "What church are you of?" "Of the church of Christ," he replied.

I mean, of what persuasion are you, then inquired the visitor. "Persuasion!" said the dying man, as his eyes looked heavenward, beaming with love to the Saviour; "I am persuaded that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus."

## The Oldest City.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore. Baalbec is a ruin. Palmyra is buried in a desert. Nineveh and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates. Damascus remains what it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in the desert, a presidential capital, with martial and sacred associations extending through thirty centuries. It was near Damascus that Saul of Tarsus saw the light above the brightness of the sun. The street which is called Strait, in which it was said he prayed, still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago. The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter 'because it was given to man to have but one paradise and for his part he resolved not to have it in this world,' is to day what Julian called the 'eye of the East' as it was in the time of Isaiah 'the head of Syria.' From the city of Damascus came the blade, so wonderful the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia and that beautiful arts of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, and a kind of mosaic engraving and sculpture united, called denasking, with which boxes, bureaux, swords and guns are ornamented. It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the stream of Lebannon and the river of gold, still murmur and sparkle in the wilderness of the Syrian gard.

## From Longfellow.

The sunshine of life is made up of very few beams that are bright all the time.

Men of genius are often dull in society; as the blazing meteor when it descends to earth is only a stone.

How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy. In youth we are looking forward for things that are to come. In old age we look backward to things that are past.

Many readers judge of the power of a book by the shock it gives their feelings, as some savage tribes determine the power of muskets by their recoil, that being considered best which fairly prostrates the purchaser.

Fantastic idols may be worshipped for a while, but at length they are overturned by the continual and silent progress of truth, as the grim statues of Copan have been pushed from their pedestals by the growth of forest trees, whose seeds were sown by the winds in the ruined walls.

**A CHRISTIAN WARNING.**—She was a colored lady and attending a revival of religion, and had worked herself up to the extreme pitch of going to the good place in a moment, or sooner if possible. As her friends gave vent to their feelings, she likewise gave vent to her feeling, and exclaimed: "I wish I was a June bug!"

A brother of sable hue, standing near by, inquired:

"What you want to be one for?" "That I might fly to my Jesus." "You fool nigger; woodpecker ketch you 'fore you get half way dar."

Precocious boy munching the fruit of the date tree: "Mamma if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an almanac."