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BY W. B. GULICK.

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From the Saturday Rambler. Come Home.

BY CLARA.

Our hearts are sad and lone,
To see the sunshine of thy smile,
The music of thy tone,
Thy kindly words check the tear,
At rises off within our hearts,
To think thou art not here!

O, then, come home!

O, yes, come home! Our earth has now
But on her robes of green;
Fairer is thy Southern land,
Than is our own, I ween.

Flowers have opened to greet thee—
The birds a welcome sing—
Come! and to our waiting hearts
Thy cheering influence bring!

O, yes, come home!

Thy home is bright and fair,
And yearning hearts here wait,
To wonder why the absent one
Should tarry hence so late.

Thy father waits with anxious brow—
Thy mother's heart o'erflows—
Thy loving sisters wait for thee
With thoughts none other knows;

O, then, come home!

Thy friends are waiting anxiously,
With hearts that scarce can wait,
To almost blame thee that there
Thou tarriest so late.

Thy heart is warm,
Thy heart is true,
Thy heart is true,
Thy heart is true!

Then, haste thee home!

An Elopement Extraordinary.

BY SOMEBODY.

In these days of romance, fun and frolic it
is no matter of surprise that young girls are
now and then guilty of sanctioning, if not
committing very foolish things.

Jenny Richmond was one of those wilful
misses, who concluded subjection to
the powers that be as little better than
wretched slavery, and resolved, at a very un-
assuming age, to decide for herself on all
questions of importance. As a matter of
fact, she enjoyed frequent opportunities for
practice before the commission of some wil-
ful freak, the result of which sometimes de-
monstrated the axiom that two heads are bet-
ter than one. Among other foolish no-
tions, she cherished an unaccountable antipa-
thy for her cousin Frank; that is, it would have
been unaccountable, had it not been known
that she once overheard her parents discuss-
ing the possibility of a union with the afore-
said cousin, when both should attain a suita-
ble age.

Frank was a black-eyed, roguish looking
boy of about fifteen, when the unfortunate
conversation occurred, and Jenny a wilful
girl of twelve; so that parent plans were
ruined rather premature in the estimation
of one of the party.

From that day Frank dated a series of
minor persecutions, but poorly calculated
to fix his affections on Jenny Richmond;
all he could not throw aside the cousinly
interest with which he had heretofore re-
garded her. His pride, too, was some-
what piqued, and inwardly resolved to pay
principal and interest for her frequent slight-
ings than the fortunate occurrence. Mr.
Richmond, the father of Jane, and guardian
of Frank, observing the growing coolness be-
tween the cousins, deemed a separation neces-
sary. Frank accordingly entered at Dart-
mouth, while the daughter found an asylum
for the time being at Mrs. _____'s fashiona-
ble seminary.

Some three years passed in this manner,
during which the cousins never met. Jenny
finished her course at the Seminary, and
graduated with about as much honor as one
of her peculiar temperament might be ex-
pected to win.

At the expiration of Frank's college course
he asked and obtained leave to travel through
the Southern States before his return to the
family mansion, or engagement in his pro-
fessional studies.

It so happened that Jenny now Miss Rich-
mond, had formed, among other pleasant
acquaintances, especial friendship for a young
man from Virginia, from whom she received
an invitation to spend the ensuing winter—
as her will had been for years the only—
she acknowledged, it required no great per-
suasion on her part, to induce her par-
ents to consent to this arrangement, and Jen-
ny left home accompanied by her father, who
reluctantly offered himself as an escort,
she would persist in soon leaving home.

Mr. Richmond had hoped to retain her, and
Frank's return, while Jane was the more
desirous to be absent for that very reason.

The beautiful Miss Richmond lost nothing
in the eyes of the world by being so late
in coming to Judge Richmond's immense estate,
though we are loath to conclude her fortune
was the chief attraction of the multitude who
crowded in her train.

The winter passed off gaily, and until near
the close, with nothing particularly alarming
to the prospects so fully entertained by Judge
Richmond, in regard to his daughter's union
with her cousin.

So long as her heart was free he had no
objection, but from a letter to her mother, he was
eventually led to believe that a change had
come over the spirit of her dreams. She had
met with a young gentleman, so handsome,
so intelligent, and so agreeable, that her fa-
ther deemed it desirable she should return
home, before she made any more discoveries
of the gentleman's attractions. A letter ur-
ging her immediate return was forwarded,
but like multitudes of other parental requests,
it was totally disregarded. She could not re-

turn then, possibly her friends would be so
much disappointed, and she besides, was im-
finitely better contented than during the first
weeks of her visit.

Fearing lest her headstrong will should
lead her into imprudent folly, Judge
Richmond decided to go for her without de-
lay.

His arrival was quite unexpected, and we
are sorry to say not quite so welcome an
event to his daughter as might have been
supposed.

Little Miss Wilful was wild still. She
was not ready to return, and could not, possi-
bly be so under a month or so.

Judge Richmond insisted, while Jane con-
tinued unyielding. Things continued in a
rather unpleasant state for several days, till
at length, as though weary of opposing his
daughter, the Judge ceased his entreaties,
and allowed her to pursue her own course.

The very interesting young man, who, by
the way, bore the very aristocratic cognomen
of Stanley Markham, continued his attentions
despite of the hints, so plentifully thrown out
by the Judge. He was sincerely attached to
the young lady, and believing she was to
him, he would not abandon her for forty fa-
thers unless she so decided.

As the case stood it seemed impossible for
the Judge to carry out his favorite scheme.

The cousin must give place to a stranger, de-
spite a father's wish. Discouraged, eventual-
ly, Judge Richmond returned home to re-
concile himself as he might to his disappoint-
ment.

The lovers sped well in their wooing after
the departure of her father, and when the
time for Jane's return arrived, Stanley Mar-
kham accompanied her to her father's house,
as her accepted suitor and future husband.

His daughter once more safely under his own
roof Judge Richmond prohibited the atten-
tions of the young gentleman who had so far
forgotten the rights of a father as to persist in
them when he was fully acquainted with that
father's objections. The sovereign will of
woman was for once insufficient, and stolen
interviews were their only resource.

An elopement was projected, with as great a
regard to secrecy as two romantic young
lovers should exercise. A very dark night
was chosen for their flight, Markham having
arranged every thing so as to expedite their
departure without the knowledge of the Judge.

To disobey her parents was so common a
thing with Jane, that the present discussion
gave her no uneasiness whatever; but to
leave the home of her youth, to forsake those
who had watched over her from childhood, to
abandon all for another, and that other the
acquaintance of but a few months, it was a
trial she had little anticipated.

Creeping softly to the parlor she paused be-
fore the portraits of her parents, as though
their mute faces were pleading with her dis-
obedience. Beside her own was that of cou-
sin Frank, taken about the time she had over-
heard the conversation of her parents, in re-
gard to her union with him. This recalled all
her former energy. She would not marry
cousin Frank, to please any body. She was
old enough to choose for herself—and she
would.

Making the best of her way through the
garden, she gave no look behind, lest by that
one glance she should lose the courage, the
sight of her cousin's picture had inspired.

Stanley was waiting with a carriage. Spring-
ing in, the door closed and the fugitives were
soon beyond the reach of pursuit. Arrived in
a small village, remote from the observation
of the great world, the marriage ceremony
was performed by the village pastor and the
wayward pair departed for New York. En-
sconced in close quarters at the Astor, Jane
addressed her parents, informing them of her
safety and the pleasure it would give her to
see them.

To this letter Stanley appended a note.—
Whatever it was Jane did not see it. Its ef-
fect was to bring the Judge to New York,
who, as he hastily entered the room of the
runaways, exclaimed,

Good enough for you, you ugly mix, I
might have known Frank would outwit you
in the end.

A glance of surprise was Jane's only an-
swer, as she witnessed the cordial greetings
between her husband and father.

It was Frank, after all, whom she had run
away with and married. Five years and a
large pair of whiskers, had so completely
changed him that Jane never suspected him
of being the cousin whom she railled at so un-
mercifully, and Judge Richmond, though he
had informed Frank of Jane's contemplated
visit to Virginia, never dreamed that he
would trouble himself to look after her.

The still wilful lady declares that she will
never be caught in such a scrape again, and
we sincerely hope she never will.

Energy of Character.

A bold vigorous man, what a tone he
gives to the company he may be in, to the
society in which he lives, to the nation where-
in he was born! Men seen inebriated with
the atmosphere around him, so completely
are they overcome by his presence. He is
never weary, never languid; there is nothing
enervating falls from him in action or speech.
He strengthens and arouses; he sets men of
no confidence on their feet, not purposely, but
by his own example. They see him one of
themselves, the boy that they went to school
with, expanded into a man and drawing all
after him in the vortex in which he moves.

He is a perpetual reproach to the sluggard,
a joy to the timid, those who want confidence,
and who fancy they are by temperament or
situation precluded from possessing or mani-
festing that daring, animating power. En-
ergy of character is continually renovating
society, elevating men to a level whence they
see how easily it is, or seems to become as
great and joyful, as strong and vigorous as he
who, by act or thought, lifted them up. It is
animating to see men press on in the emula-
tion, inspired by some noble fellow who
figures in the past or is present among them.
The enthusiasm one man can create by bold
and earnest action is astonishing. One jovial,
free hearted generous stranger, coming by

accident or otherwise among us will often in-
spire and reinvigorate a clique of friends inured,
completely & trained in, to dullness and cus-
tomary quiet. The enthusiasm of the mo-
ment overbears all our preconceived notions
of order, and our silent respectful decorum,
our fear of giving offence, a pitiful but com-
mon vice, which makes us careful, even to
folly, in what we say, is by the current of this
man's spirit rolling through us, and forcing
up ours, swept away; and the night, the day,
the time whenever it is, from thenceforth is a
bright spot in our history. It is from this
public meetings derive their intense interest,
and public opinion its force. We are sure of
meeting some earnest man who will cheer us,
give us keener fuller sensations, and thus one
or two beings, connected with the millions by
mystic charms of sympathy, communicate
the fire of their own minds to every man until
its powerful energy awakens the dormant
intelligence of all.

The Orphan Boy.

"He faded, yet so calm and meek,
So gently wan, so sweetly weak."

The bustle of the fight was over; the pris-
oners had been secured, and the decks wash-
ed down, the watch piped, and the schooner
had once more relaxed into midnight quiet
and repose. I sought my hammock and soon
fell asleep. But my slumbers were disturbed
by wild dreams, which like the visions of a
fever, agitated and unnerved me; the late
strife, the hardships of my early life and a
thousand other things mingled together as
figures in a phantasmagoria.

Suddenly a hand was laid on my shoulder,
and starting up I beheld the surgeon's mate.

"Little Dick, sir, is dying," he said.

At once I sprang from my hammock. Little
Dick was a sort of protege of mine. He was
a pale delicate child, said to be an orphan and
used to gentle nurture, and from the first hour
I joined the schooner my heart yearned to-
wards him, for I too, had once been friendless
and alone in the world. He had often talked
to me in confidence, of his mother, whose
memory he regarded with holy reverence,
while to the other boys of the ship he had lit-
tle to say; for they were rude and coarse, he
delicate and sensitive. Often when they jeer-
ed him for his melancholy, he would go
jeered by himself and weep. He never com-
plained of his lot, though his companions im-
posed upon him continually. Poor lad! his
heart was in the grave with his lost parents.

I took a strange interest in him, and had
lightened his task as much as possible. Dur-
ing the late fight I had owed my life to him
for he rushed in just as a sabre stroke was
levelled at me, and by interposing his feeble
cudgel had averted the deadly blow.

In the hurry and confusion since, I had quite for-
gotten to enquire if he was hurt, though, at the
time, I inwardly resolved to exert all my in-
fluence to procure him a midshipman's war-
rant in requital for his service. It was with a
 pang of reproachful agony, therefore, that I
leaped to my feet—

"My god! I exclaimed, 'you don't mean
it?'"

"I fear sir," said the messenger, slaking his
head sadly, "that he cannot live till morning."
"And I have been lying idle here!" I ex-
claimed with remorse. "Lead me to him!"

"He is delirious, but in the intervals of lu-
nacy he asks for you, sir, and as the man
spoke we stood beside the dying boy."

The sufferer did not lie in his usual ham-
mock, for it was hung in the very midst of the
crowd, and the close air around it was too stif-
fling; but he had been carried under the open
batticway, and laid there in a little open space
of about four feet square. From the sound of
the ripples, I judged the schooner was in mo-
tion, while the clear warm blue sky seen thro'
the opening overhead, and dotted with myri-
ads of stars, betokened that the fog had bro-
ken away. How calm it smiled down on the
wan face of the dying boy. Occasionally a
light current of wind—oh! how deliciously
cool in that pent up hole—edded down the
hatchway, and lifted the dark chestnut locks
of the sufferer, as with his head reposing in
the lap of an old veteran, he lay in an unqui-
et slumber. His shirt collar was unbuttoned
and his childish bosom, as white as that of a
girl, was open and exposed. He breathed
quick and heavily. The wound of which he
was dying had been intensely painful, but in
the last half hour had somewhat lulled, tho'
even now his fingers tightly grasped the bed
clothes, as if he suffered the greatest agony.

A battle stained and gray haired seaman
stood beside him holding a dull lantern in his
hand, and gazed sorrowfully down upon the
sufferer. The surgeon knelt with his fingers
upon the boy's pulse. As I approached they
all looked up. The veteran who held him
shook his head, and would have spoken, but
the tears gathered too chokingly in his eyes.

The surgeon said—

"He is going fast—poor little fellow—do
you see this? As he spoke he lifted up a rich
gold locket, which had lain upon the boy's
breast. 'He has seen better days.'

I could not answer for my heart was full—
here was the being to whom, but a few hours
before I had owed my life—a poor slight, un-
protected child—lying before me with death
already written on his brow, and yet I had
never known his danger, and had never
sought him out after the conflict. How bit-
terly my heart reproached me in that hour.
They noticed my agitation, and his old friend
the seaman that held his head, said sadly,

"Poor little Dick, you'll never see the shore
you have wished for so long. But there'll be
more than one, when your log's out," he
spoke with emotion, 'to mourn over you."

Suddenly the little fellow opened his eyes
and looked vacantly around.

"Has he come yet?" he asked, in a low
voice. "Why won't he come?"

"I am here," said I, taking the little fellow's
hand, "don't you know me Dick?"

"He smiled in my face. He then said,
"You have been kind to me, sir, kinder
than most people are to a poor orphan boy I
have no way to show my gratitude, unless
you will take the little bible you will find in
my trunk. It is a small offering I know but
it is all I have."

"Doctor, I am dying, ain't I?" said the little
fellow, for my sight grows dim." God bless
you Mr. Danforth.

"Can I do nothing for you Dick?" said I;
"you saved my life. I would coin my blood
to buy yours."

"I have nothing to ask, I don't want to live
any longer, let me be buried by me-
self, you will find the name of the place, and
all about it in my trunk."

"Any thing, every thing, my poor lad, I
answered chokingly.

The little fellow smiled faintly, it was like
an angel's smile, but he did not answer. His
eyes were fixed in that blue sky overhead—
His mind wandered.

"It's a long, long way by there, but there
are brighter angels among them. Mother
used to say that I would meet her there—
How near they come, and I see sweet faces
smiling on me from among them. Hark! is
that music?" and lifting his finger, he seemed
listening for a moment. He fell back, and
the old veteran burst into tears. The child
was dead. Did he indeed hear angels' voi-
ces? God grant it.

Speculation in Whiskers, SHAVING IN A BROKER'S OFFICE.

BY SOL SMITH.

There lived in Millidgeville, in 1832, a
dandified individual whom we will call Jenks.
This individual had a tolerably favorable
opinion of his personal appearance. His fin-
gers were decked with rings, and his shirt bo-
som was hooked with a magnificent breast-
pin; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made ex-
actly to get; he wore kid gloves of remark-
able whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed
in the latest and best style; and to complete
his killing appearance, he sported an enor-
mous pair of Real Whiskers. Of these whis-
kers, Jenks was as proud as a young cat is of
her tail, when she first discovers that she has
one.

I was sitting one day in a broker's office,
when Jenks came in to enquire the price of
exchange on New York. He was invited to
sit down, and a cigar was offered him. Con-
versation turned on the subject of buying and
selling stocks, a remark was made by a gen-
tleman present, that he thought no person
should sell out stock in such a way as such a
bank at that time, as it must get better in a
few days.

"I will sell any thing I've got, if I can make
anything on it," remarked Jenks.

"Oh, no," replied one—"not anything: you
wouldn't sell your whiskers?"

A loud laugh followed this chance remark
and Jenks immediately answered:

"I would, but who would want them? Any
person making the purchase would lose mo-
ney by the operation, I'm thinking."

"Well," I observed, "I would be willing to
take the speculation, if the price could be
made reasonable."

"Oh, I'll sell 'em cheap?" answered Jenks,
winking at the gentleman present.

"What do you call cheap?" I enquired.

"I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars," puffing forth a
cloud of smoke.

"Well that is cheap: and you'll sell your
whiskers for \$50?"

"Yes."

"Both of them?"

"Both of them."

"I'll take them! When can I have them?"

"Any time you choose to call for them."

"Very well, they're mine. I think I shall
double my money on them at least."

I took a bill of sale, as follows:

"Received of Sol Smith Fifty Dollars in
full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and
taken care of by me, and delivered to him on
his order.

The sum of \$50 was paid, and Jenks left
the broker's office in high glee, flourishing
Five Central Bank X's, and telling his ac-
quaintances of the great bargain he had made
in the sale of his whiskers.

The broker and his friends laughed at me
for being taken in so nicely.

"Never mind," said I, "let those laugh that
win."

For a month after this, whenever I met
Jenks, he asked me when I intended to get
my whiskers?

"I'll let you know when I want them?" was
my answer.

A splendid ball was to be given to the
members of the Legislature. I ascertained
that Jenks was one of the managers. One
morning, a day or two before the ball, I met
Jenks in a barber's shop combing up my
whiskers at a wonderful rate.

"Ah! there you are," said he, speaking to
my reflection in the glass, "Come, for your
whiskers, I suppose?"

"Oh, no hurry," I replied, as I sat down for
a shave.

"Always ready you know," he answered,
giving a final tie to his cravat.

"Come to think of it," I said, musingly, as
the barber began to put the lather on my face.
"Perhaps now would be as good a time as an-
other; you may sit down and let the barber
try his hand at the whiskers."

"You couldn't wait until to-morrow, could
you?" he asked hesitatingly. "There's a ball
to-night, you know—"

"To be sure there is, and I think you ought
to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't
see any reason why you should expect to
wear my whiskers to that ball; so sit down."

He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few
moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of
lather. The barber flourished his razor, and
was about to commence operations, when I
suddenly changed my mind!

"Stop, Mr. Barber," I said; "you needn't
shave off those whiskers just yet." So he
quietly put up his razor, while Jenks started
up from the chair, in something very much
resembling a passion.

"This is trifling!" he exclaimed. You
have claimed your whiskers—take them."

"I believe a man has a right to do as he
pleases with his own property," I remarked,
and left Jenks washing his face.

At dinner that day the conversation turned
upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole
town had got wind of it, and Jenks could not
walk the streets without the remark being

continually made by the boys—"There goes
the man with old Sol's whiskers." And they
had grown to an immense size, for he dared
not trim them.

It happened that several of the party were
sitting opposite me at dinner who were present
when the singular bargain was made, and the
all urged me to take the whiskers that very
day, and thus compel Jenks to go to the bar-
ber's, or stay at home. I agreed with them
that it was about time to reap my crop, and
promised that if they would all meet me at
the broker's shop where the purchase had
been made, I would make a call on Jenks
that evening, after he had dressed for the ball.

All promised to be present at the proposed
shaving operation in the broker's office, and I
sent for Jenks and the barber. On the appear-
ance of Jenks, it was evident he was much vexed
at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation
was certainly not lessened when he saw the
broker's office was filled to overflowing by
spectators anxious to behold the barberous
proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a
seat, and leaned his head against the counter
for support. "I can't stay here long; several
ladies are waiting for me to escort them to
the ball."

"True, very true, you are one of the man-
agers, I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain
the gentleman, go to work at once."

The lathering was soon over, and with
about three strokes of the razor, one side of his
face was deprived of its ornament.

"Come, come," said Jenks, "push ahead,
there is no time to be lost, let the gentlemen
have his whiskers, he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly, "I'm in no
sort of a hurry, myself—and now I think of
it, as your time must be precious at this par-
ticular time, several ladies being in wait-
ing for you to escort them to the ball, I believe
I'll not take the other whisker to-night."

A loud laugh from the bystanders, and a
glance in the mirror, caused Jenks to open
his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut
with his single whisker, and he began to in-
sist upon my taking the whole of my property!

But all that wouldn't do. I had the right to
take it when I chose—I was not obliged to
take all at once! and I chose to take but half
at that particular period, indeed, I intimated
to him very plainly that I was not going to be
a very hard creditor; and that if he behaved
himself, perhaps I should never call for the
balance of what he owed me!

When Jenks became convinced I was de-
termined not to take the remaining whisker,
he began, amidst the loudly expressed mirth
of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise:
first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty,
forty, fifty! to take off the remaining whis-
ker. I said firmly "My dear sir, there is no
use in talking, I insist on your wearing that
whisker for me a month or two."

"What will you take for the whiskers?"
he at length asked. "Wont you sell them
back to me?"

"Ah," replied I, "now you begin to talk as
a business man should. Yes, I bought them
on speculation, and I'll sell them if I can ob-
tain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars—must double my
money!"

"No less?"

"Not a farthing less, and I'm not anxious
to sell even at that price."

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's
your money; and here, barber, shave off this
infernal whisker in less than no time, I shall
be late at the ball!"

The barber accomplished his work, and
poor Jenks was whiskered! He went to
the ball, but before the night was over, he
wished he hadn't!

A thrifty old dame, in by-gone years, built
a pudding for a family dinner. Extravagant
as she thought she had been, she was rather
mortified to find that her boarders were too
hoggish to appreciate her kind attention to
their wants; and, in relating her trials to a
neighbor, she pathetically exclaimed: "I made
a pudding to-day and put a whole egg in it, but
after all, our folks would eat butter on it!"

Advice to Bachelors.

If you are desirous of wealth, get married,
for a good wife promotes habits of industry &
economy, and prevents a great many unne-
cessary expenses which cannot be avoided in a
single life.

If you are looking for stations of distinction
and honor, get married, for a good wife will
seek to advance her husband in the prosecution
of all honorable purposes, and lend him that
aid and encouragement which he can derive
from no other source.

If you would become a citizen, get married,
for he is alone worthy of the title who is con-
nected to the great family of man by the ties
of husband and father.

If you are fortunate, get married; for a good
wife will increase your prosperity, and render
you "twice blessed" in the enjoyment of your
riches.

If you are unfortunate, get married. The
cares of the world are lessened by having a
wife who takes pleasure in sharing them with
you.

If you are in business, get married; for the
married man has his mind fixed on his business
and his family, and is more likely of success.

If you are young, get married. Dr. Frank-
lin advocated early marriages, because a man
who marries young, can have the satisfaction
of raising and educating his children before he
dies.

Get married. Let your plans and purposes