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# FRANKLIN OBSERVER.



Devoted to Religion, Temperance, Education, Agriculture, Literature, Art, Science, News and General Intelligence.

C. D. SMITH,  
L. F. SILER, } Editors.

"OUR MOUNTAIN HOME; FOR HER WE STRIKE!"

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### Poetical.

#### Lady Byron's Answer to Lord Byron's "Farewell."

In the whole range of English literature there is not, in my opinion, a production, either in prose or verse, that combines within itself more expression of feeling, more real, unspoken, earnest sentiment, than Lady Byron's reply to her faithless husband. Byron's "Farewell" was an ironical bidding adieu to a heart he wanted crushed. But Lady B. has, in defending herself from his irony, "turned the tables" on him most completely. Her reply is scathing, and must have "cut" Byron "to the quick." We call special attention to the proud and noble defence expressed in the last verse. The poem has doubtless been read by all our readers—but it will repay another perusal.—*Memphis Eng.*

Yes! farewell—farewell forever!  
Thou thyself hast fixed our doom,  
Bade thine fairest blossoms wither,  
Never again for me to bloom.  
Unforgiving thou hast called me—  
Didst thou ever say *forgive*?  
For the wretched whoes beguiled thee,  
Thou alone didst seem to live.  
Short the space which time has given  
To complete thy love's decay;  
By untabular passions driven,  
Soon that heart was taught to stray.  
Lived for me that feeling tender  
Which thy verse so well can show,  
From my arms why didst thou wander?  
My endearments why forego?  
Oh! too late thy breast was bared,  
Oh! too soon to me 'twas shown,  
That thy love I once had shared,  
And already it is flown.  
Wrapt in dreams for joy abiding,  
On thy breast my head hath lain,  
In thy love and truth confiding,  
Bliss I ne'er can know again.  
The dark hour did first discover  
In thy soul the hideous stain—  
Would those eyes had closed forever,  
Ne'er to weep thy crimes again.  
But the impious wish, O heaven!  
From the record blotted be;  
Yes, I yet would live, O Byron,  
For the babe I've borne for thee!  
In those lovely features (let me  
All my weakness here confess,  
Whilst the struggling tears permit me),  
All the father's I can trace—  
He whose image never leaves me,  
He whose image still I prize,  
Who this bitterest feeling gives me,  
Still to love where I despise.  
With regret and sorrow rather,  
When our child's first accents flow,  
I will teach her to say *Father*,  
But his guilt she ne'er shall know.  
Whilst to-morrow and to-morrow  
Wakes me from a widowed bed;  
On another's arms, no sorrow  
Wilt thou feel, no tear wilt shed.  
I the world's approval sought not,  
When I tore myself from thee;  
Of its praise or blame I thought not—  
What's its praise or blame to me?  
He so prized—so loved—so adored,  
From my heart his image drove,  
On my head contempt has poured,  
And preferred a wanton's love.  
Thou art proud; but mark me, Byron,  
I've a heart proud as thine own;  
Soft to love, but hard as iron  
When contempt is o'er it thrown;  
But, farewell!—I'll not upbraid thee,  
Never, never wish thee ill;  
Wretched though thy crimes have made me,  
If thou canst, be happy still.

Growth of Memphis.—In ten years, from 1850 to 1860, the city of Memphis has increased in population from 5,280 to 35,000.

A Heavy Load of Debt.—The Petersburg (Va.) Intelligencer says that the debt of Virginia amounts to \$48,000,000, with no prospect of diminution.

## Miscellaneous.

For the Franklin Observer.  
Preachers of the Holston Conference.  
THE DEAD.

Messrs Editors—I have had it in my mind for some time, to write a series of short articles, for the Observer, with the view of giving its readers an account of the preachers of Holston Conference. I cannot think of anything, about which to write, that would be more likely to afford interest to the readers, and enhance the prosperity of your mountain paper more, than the one I have selected.

A sense of incompetency to do any thing like justice to the subject which I have chosen, has, up to this time, kept my pen still. The venture is now made, under a due sense of all that is promised, by implication, in the announcement of the subject; and your readers are besought for their clemency. My recollection of the preachers of the Holston Conference goes back some forty years; and I can now call up—*scidly* call up—quite a number of round-breasted coats, broad-brimmed hats, white-flowing locks, &c., which were the property, and I add, adornment of holy and highly-gifted men of God, who, years since, were gathered to their fathers, and, since then, have rested with their Saviour.—Of a number of these I propose to speak in my series, taking them as nearly in their order as I can.

Perhaps, I ought to say, in entering upon my work, that I do not intend to confine myself to the traveling ministry of the Conference. I honor the locality too highly, to allow me to do so.

SAMUEL WATSON.

Samuel Watson was a local preacher, but he was only such in name, for he traveled very extensively, over the hill country of East Tennessee, holding two days' meetings, and attending quarterly and camp-meetings. Both preachers and people, according to my recollection, were more active, and could get farther from home on errands of mercy, in the days of which I now speak, than they seem disposed to be or do now-a-days. A preacher, in those days, was such in fact, not merely in name.

In calling up things of my earliest recollection, there comes up among them a man about sixty years of age; some five feet eight inches high; hair of a black color, interspersed with frosted locks, and rather thin on the forehead; frame well-proportioned, heavy set, a little inclined to corpulency; a large chest; a luscious eye; broad face and forehead; a somewhat protruded, wide mouth; features rather coarse, but evincing thoughtfulness and intelligence. I see him ascend the pulpit, in the church where I first heard preaching. He bows before his Maker. In deep earnestness he pleads with the preacher's only sufficient Aid. Now he reads his Bible lesson,—aye, he reads it like every minister should do,—in a manner that makes his audience feel that God speaks in his word of truth. The hymn is given out. The audience sing—not one in ten or twenty. What music! No marvel, that Methodists were called *singers* in those days. The prayer is offered; and such a prayer it is—Heaven seems to bend, and lift up the audience from its ruin. The text is announced. All is done in a manner that impresses the whole congregation with the belief that no ordinary man is about to preach. The passage selected is, "We are right well able to go up and possess the goodly land;" or, "They that sow in tears, shall reap in joy;" or, "He that goeth forth, and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him;" or one more awful—"The great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?" He sets out on the proper key; but every word is heard distinctly. He rises, as he proceeds; his soul enters with his strong intellect into the subject.—There are no smoothly rounded periods; no aim is made to force Rhetoric to do what none but God can perform; *ingrammaticians* are not wholly wanting, but they are few, and such as are hardly noticed in the midst of his soul-stirring sentences, which "move, and live, and have their being" in the Holy Ghost. His voice is trumpet-like,—not sweet and smooth; but, still, there is eloquence—the eloquence of truth and heaven-inspired pathos,—it is such eloquence as accompanies the successive peals of thunder, as the lightning leaps from cloud to cloud, and the "Storm King's" voice is heard, warning all who are exposed to seek for shelter. On either of the first texts, named above, he encourages God's people, and especially His ministers. The land of promise is spread out before you. It is graphically described, with its flowing streams of milk and honey. The road thither is plainly shown, as marked out in the Chart of Chris-

tianity. The enemies between the traveler to Canaan and the opening gates of Zion are not kept hidden, nor are they represented as being few and feeble,—far otherwise they are portrayed as giants. But, just as the faint-hearted are getting ready to retreat, the God of battles is shown, "walking in the greatness of His strength," the blazing pillar of fire is seen amidst the darkness; or the guiding cloud, throwing its shadowy wing over Israel's hosts; the command is given, in God's name, to move forward, and enter the promised land; and, ever and anon, one is seen to step into the possession of his reward.

Or the seedman is seen, it may be, sowing his seed under many discouragements, while tears, like rain-drops, water the precious deposit. Soon the waving harvest is shown, as it bends to the sickle; and the man who went out in the mourner's garb is seen "returning," "bearing his sheaves with him." If the last text named be the subject, the day of judgment is brought right before the audience. We not only see the final close of time, but also a living universe, in consternation assembled, and, as the preacher calls out to the sinners—unable to stand,—you fear none will pass the ordeal. Sinners shriek, saints even look sad, till he, at the close, throws the promises, as food, to the faithful.—Such was Samuel Watson. He sleeps in East Tennessee. Peace to his dust.

TRAVELER.

#### The Marriage of the First Born.

The bell sounded. Adieus were hastily exchanged and loving kisses imprinted on rosy lips, and still fonder parting words trembled on other tongues, which must not, could not be spoken, and she was left, the bride of an hour, to be hurried—whither? The gay party of attendants were driven through the crowded streets, the ladies escorted to their homes by their gallant cavaliers, and they in turn conducted to their respective places of business, each wondering, and perhaps wishing that the next to be united by Hymen's silken tie may be himself and the fair being who so lately leaned blushing on his supporting arm. Happy they who in the act of plighting betroth only the reflection of their own joys, and hear only the echo of their golden marriage bells!

Turn we now from the careless spectator who, in offering his congratulations, forgets the parties, and returns to his home and accustomed duties, to contemplate another home from which the light has departed, in the marriage of the first born. How desolate now appears the old homestead as the family returns from the nuptials to wander through the halls and chambers where *her* footfall once resounded! and how silent as contrasted with the hurry of preparation which preceded the bridal! Then there were smiles and tender words, and swift feet, and ready hands, to do the bidding of the bride elect. How each vies with the other in those delicate attentions, intensified by the thought that soon the services it is his privilege to render, will no longer be required at his hands! that she who has grown up in their midst, will soon leave them, to gladden the heart of another! Now, what has been but an anticipation, has become a reality, and the silence which seals the lips, and the sadness which sits on the faces, and lowers still more heavily in the chambers of the soul, testifies to the *then* and the *now*.

The marriage of the first born! How the mother's heart swells with emotion, as she realizes, as only a mother can, the recently assumed responsibilities of her child. She knows what it is to go from the paternal protection to the sheltering wings of another, and can we wonder she has misgivings as to her darling's future? that fears lest the clouds of adversity should obscure, should mingle with her hopes, that the sunshine of prosperity may ever illumine her pathway through life? she feels the import of the words "in sickness and in health," and has been taught by experience how much the bitter and the sweet commingle in the life portion. Can we censure her that her eyes are surcharged with tears and her heart burned with sorrow?

The father returns to his noontday meal and misses the kindly voice which was wont to greet him. At the table, the vacant seat speaks eloquently in praise of the absent, and the manly heart can scarce repress a sigh as he remembers that his home is her's no more.

How oft do the words, "till death do us part," floated carelessly on the sister's ears in season of festivity and rejoicing, awakening no emotion in their bosoms. Now it brings a strain of reflection which

unseals the fountain of tears, and the pent up feelings so long repressed, burst forth in passionate sobs. Fond memory recalls the hours of childhood when, in loving companionship, they engaged in the same sports, and shared the same smiles, and who no longer enhances the enjoyment of the one by her social smile, and lightens the burden of the other by a cheering word. They realize, as they could not before, "the wealth and worth" of that love she has pledged, and the stability of that truth she has plighted to the husband of her youth, "till death do us part," and with the solemn words, a prayer is wafted heavenward, that when the hour of separation does come, and the toils of life are ended, they may be accounted worthy to enter upon "the rest that remains," and be reunited.

"Where nuptial vows are never spoken," to part no more, no more forever! There's an unwonted tenderness in the tones of the little brothers as they speak of their "sister." Their cadences are soft and low, as if it were a profanation to utter that beloved name in a scarce audible voice. They miss her caresses and sisterly offices as they return home from school, or from their street sports, and their mirth is chastened by the thought that they hear no more her words of welcome.

Yes, in spite of all our efforts, the shadows will creep around our hearts and the darkness will gather over our home, although we know our loved one is lacking in the radiance of an affection purer and holier than parents, sisters or brothers can bestow. Nature has done her most gorgeous robes in honor of the bride, but over the enchanted circle of home hords "the spirit of heaviness." The sun is pouring his beams over the earth, but they linger not on the darkened threshold. The voice of music is eloquent without, but ours are tuneless, and there is no heart response to the echoes that they awake. Oh! there is a sadness in the marriage of the first born.

But there is joy also in the marriage of the first born. Imagination portrays another home in which she is the presiding genius—another chamber to be lighted by the sunshine of her presence—another manly heart to be encouraged and strengthened for the battle of life by her loving sympathy. And oh! it is there not joy unobtainable in this, that all through the vicissitudes of life, a warm, noble heart has pledged to her protection the regis of his love?

Keeping the Teeth Clean.—Microscopical examinations, says the Scientific American, have been made of the matter deposited on the teeth and gums of more than forty individuals from all classes of society, in every variety of bodily condition, and in nearly every instance animal and vegetable parasites have been found. In fact, the only persons whose mouths were found to be completely free of them, cleansed their teeth four times daily, using soap. One or two of these individuals also passed a thread between the teeth to cleanse them more effectually. In all cases the number of parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness. The effect of the application of various agents was also noticed. Tobacco juice and smoke did not injure their vitality in the least.—The same was true of the chlorine tooth-wash, of pulverized bark, of soda, ammonia, and various other popular detergents. The application of soap, however, appears to destroy them instantly. We may hence infer that this is the best and most specific remedy for teeth. In all cases the number of parasites was greater in proportion to the neglect of cleanliness. It may be proper to add that none but the purest white Castile soap should be used.

Not at Leisure.—I have read of one that presented Antipator, King of Macedonia, with a book that treated of happiness; he refused it, saying, "I am not at leisure." Many have the book by them—yes, presented to them by Christ—that treats of everlasting happiness, but they slight the present; "I am not at leisure," say they. They have opportunity of hearing the Word opened on week days, as well as Sabbath days, but they are not at leisure. They have means of knowledge for hearing the same Word, but they are not at leisure. They take leisure to their own work, their worldly work—yes, for idle conversation; but they have no leisure for God's work,—their soul's work, eternal work! Reader, have you leisure to be saved? or are you willing to continue in the "bustle of the world, neglect salvation, and be damned?"—*Ralph Erskine.*

#### CLEANING THE LIPS.

No feature in the face of a child is lovelier than the lips, with rows of pearly teeth playing hide and seek behind them. But ah, sometimes mouths which look like rose buds, send forth words unfit for a mother's ear— unfit for the ear in heaven! Some boys who would not dare to utter God's name in vain, say what is coarse and impure, forgetting that this, also, is sin.

We knew a dear old lady who many years ago taught a little private school in a New-England town. Her heart was pure, and therefore her words were sweet. She loved the blessed Saviour, and cared most tenderly for the lambs of his fold. She seemed to live in the little children's world, rejoicing and suffering with them. She had always something pleasant to say, and a flower or kiss to give; so that the scholars loved the school house next best to "mother's room" at home.

They never had to be sent to school, but ran off cheerfully before nine o'clock that they might speak to her before the little bell rang. She believed what Solomon said about the "rod of correction;" but, in some way, she got along without using it very often. Once her heart was deeply wounded by hearing that a little fellow had spoken unclean words when out at play. When forced to punish very little ones, she used to take them on her lap; but as Master Charlie was nine years old, she called him to stand before her. Taking both his hands between her own, and looking into his blue eyes she asked, "Have you been using wicked words to-day, my dear?" "I didn't swear," whimpered Charlie.

"Are you willing to go home, and repeat all you have said in your mother's presence?"

Charlie hung his head and colored deeply, and whispered, "No ma'am, because it would grieve her."  
"And have you forgotten my dear boy that one who is far holier than she, has heard in heaven the naughty words which came from those little lips to-day? I am afraid there is something unclean in your heart; but, as I cannot reach that myself, I will ask Jesus to do it; I can reach your lips; and as I'm sure they are not fit to give your mother the good night kiss, nor to say your prayers I will cleanse them for you. She then took from her desk a bowl of water, a tiny bit of soap, and a small sponge, and bidding Charlie open his mouth, she washed it well—teeth, tongue, lips and all! She then wiped them dry with a soft napkin, and bathed his tear stained face, on which she pressed the kiss of forgiveness. This simple punishment and the real sorrow of her who inflicted it, made a deeper impression on the minds of her scholars. Charlie is now almost a man but never, since that day, has an impure word escaped his lips. At the very thought of such a word, he fancies that he tastes soap; and that he hears again the gentle rebuke of his first teacher.

Children "Fashionably" Dressed.—The absurd fashion of exposing children of tender years to the keen out-door air with but half the necessary protection which their little arms and legs require, is still so prevalent as to require a word of comment. It is true, fond mother, that your chubby three-year old boy is finely modelled as the Cupid of Canova is, but the pleasure you derive in knowing that other people admire the graceful roundness of those limbs will never compensate you for the anguish and watchings which you will experience when he is attacked with croup or the terrific scarlet fever. Strong men find it impossible to spend half their time in the heated houses of civilized society, and then go out of doors with thinly clad extremities without catching all the cramps that flesh is heir to. No one but a highlander, used to the sky for a canopy and the heather for a bed, can go barelegged with impunity in northern latitudes and changeless spring and fall seasons. Yet we daily see little boys and girls dressed in the shortest of clothes, with bare knees and arms reddened and chapped by the cold. Hundreds of innocents die yearly from this very cause alone.

A Sad Tale.—A five dollar note came into the possession of a citizen of Washington, on Monday, with the following endorsement:—"This is the last of \$20,000 spent in gambling in the fashionable halls of Washington. Young men into whose hands this may fall, beware of dissipation, drunkenness, and gambling."

"Have you any traveling inkstands?" asked a lady of a young inkstander. "No Ma'am, we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

#### ANCIENT RUINS IN THE UNITED STATES.

A new stimulus is likely to be given to American archaeology by a discovery recently made some ninety miles north-east of Fort Stanton, a long account of which has just appeared in the Fort Smith (Arkansas) Times.

The plain upon which lie the massive masonry walls, towers and magnificent halls, slopes gradually eastward towards the river Pecos, and is very fertile, crossed by a gurgling stream of the purest water, that not only sustains a rich vegetation, but perhaps furnished with this necessary element the thousands who once inhabited this present wilderness. The city was probably built by a warlike race, as it is quadrangular and arranged with skill to afford the highest buildings on the outer line being pierced with loop holes, as though calculated for the use of weapons.

Several of the buildings are of vast size, and built of massive blocks of dark granite rock, which could only have been wrought to their present condition by a vast amount of labor. There are the ruins of three noble edifices, each presenting a front of three hundred feet made of ponderous blocks of stone; and the dilapidated walls are even now thirty-five feet high. There are no partitions in the apex of the middle (supposed) temple, so that room must have been vast; and there are also carvings in bas-relief and fresco work. Appearances justify the conclusion that these silent ruins could once boast of halls as gorgeously decorated by the artist's hand as those of Thebes and Palmyra.

The buildings are all loop-holed in each side, much resembling that found in the old feudal castles of Europe, designed for the use of archers. The blocks of which these edifices are composed are cemented together by a species of mortar of a bituminous character, which has such tenacity that vast masses of wall have fallen down without the blocks being detached by the shock. We hope ere long to be favored with full and descriptive particulars, as it is probable that visits and examinations will be made amongst such interesting relics of the unknown past, by some of the United States officers attached to the nearest fort.

A Gay Lothario.—John Iverson, was recently arrested and imprisoned at the South, for aggravated polygamy; he had thirteen wives. The daughter of the jailer whose hospitality this insatiable polygamist was enjoying while awaiting trial believed him innocent, pitied him, opened the prison doors, fled with him, and became his fourteenth wife. After eight days of domestic bliss the husband disappeared, and left neither trace nor money behind. A reward was offered for his capture; a description of his fascinating person was circulated; he was recognized in a village tavern by a man who thought of the reward offered, and set about preparing his tools for the victim.

In order to instil confidence into his breast, he made his acquaintance, invited him to his mansion, and then went off to procure legal assistance. When he returned, his home was deserted alike by his intended prey, and his own wife, whom Iverson, had led astray. A wretched man suggests that a proper, though a terribly severe punishment would be to compel this polygamist to live with his fifteen wives at once.

An Unexampled Railroad Frolic.—Mr. Houghlin, fireman of the machine shops of the Michigan Central Railroad, accomplished a feat at Michigan city with the train carrying delegates to the Chicago Convention, which is well deserving of mention. At Michigan city it is necessary to change engines, and in order not to lose time the train was run up the track at fifteen miles an hour, the engine then being uncoupled and run at a faster speed on to a siding, the switch was replaced in time, and the cars dashed along up the main line to the engine waiting to take it to Chicago. Moving at nearly the same speed as the cars, it was coupled to the train, and plunged along with its load. Uncoupling and switching a locomotive, and coupling on another at fifteen miles an hour, is certainly a very remarkable engineering accomplishment.

"Have you any traveling inkstands?" asked a lady of a young inkstander. "No Ma'am, we have them with feet and legs, but they are not old enough to travel yet."

Do good with what thou hast, or it will do thee no good.