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The Bartender's Story.

When I knowed him at first there was suthin',
A sort of a general air,
That was very particular 'pleasin',
And what you might call—debonair.
I'm aware that expression is Frenchy,
And highfalutin, perhaps,
Which accounts that I have the acquaintance
Of several quality chaps.
And such is the way they converse,
But, speakin' of this here young man,
Apparently nature had shaped him
On a sort of a liberal plan.
Had giv' him good looks and good language,
And manners impressin' with vim
His belief in himself, and that others
Was just as good fellers as him.
Well, this chap wasn't stuck up, by no means,
Nor inclined to be easy put down;
And was thought to be jolly agreeable.
Wherever he went around town,
He used to come in for his beverage,
Q'ite regular, every night;
And I took a considerable interest
In mixin' the thing about right.
A judicious indulgence in liquors,
It is natural for me to admire;
But I hev to admit that for some folks
They is pison complex and entire;
For rum, though a cheerful companion,
As a boss is the devil's own chum;
And this chap, I am sorry to state it,
Was floored in a wrastle with rum.
For he got to increasin' his doses,
And took 'em more often, he did;
And it growed on him faster and faster,
Till inter a bumper he slid.
I was grieved to observe this here feller
A lettin' hisself down the grade,
And I lectured him out it sometimes,
At the risk of his injurin' trade.
At last he got thundersin' seedy,
And lost his respect for hisself;
And all his high notions of honor
Was bundled away on the shelf.
But at times he was dreadful remorseful,
Whenever he'd stop for to think,
And he'd swear to reform hisself frequent,
And end it—by takin' a drink.
What saved that young feller? A woman
She done it the singlest way!
He come in the barroom one evenin'
(He hadn't been drinkin' that day)
And set hisself down to the table,
With a terrible sorrowful face,
And got there a-growin' repeated,
A callin' hisself a gone case.
He was thinkin' and thinkin' and thinkin',
And cursin' hisself and his fate,
And endin' his thinkin', as usual,
By orderin' a "bourbon straight."
He was holdin' the glass in his fingers,
When into the place from the street,
There come a young gal like a spirit,
With a face that was wonderful sweet.
And she glided right up to the table,
And took the glass gently away,
And she says to him: "George, it is over,
I am only a woman to-day.
I rejected you once in my anger,
But I come to you lowly and meek,
For I can't live without you, my darling,
I thought I was strong, but I'm weak.
"You are bound in a terrible bondage,
And I come, love, to share it with you;
Is there shame in the deed? I can bear it,
For at last to love I am true.
I have turned from the home of my child-
hood,
And I come to you, lover and friend,
Leaving comfort, contentment, and honor,
And I'll stay to the terrible end.
"Is there hunger and want in the future?
I will share them with you and not shrink;
And together we'll join in the pleasures,
The woes, and the dangers of drink."
Then she raised up the glass firm and steady,
But her face was as pale as the dead,
"Here's to wine and the joy of carousals,
The songs, and the laughter," she said.
Then he riz up, his face like a tempest,
And took the glass out of her hand,
And slung it away stern and savage,
And I tell you his manner was grand.
And he says: "I have done with it, Nelly!
And I'll turn from the ways I have trod,
And I'll live to be worthy of you, dear,
So help me a merciful God!"
What more was remarked it is needless
For me to attempt to relate;
It was some time ago since it happened,
But the sequel is easy to state:
I seen that same feller last Monday,
Lookin' nobly and handsome and game;
He was wheelin' a vehicle, gen'lmen,
And a baby was into the same.
—Peleg Arkerwright.

EVERARD DALE'S LESSON.

"Everard, do not go and leave me here alone," said Agnes Dale, clasping her small hands piteously; "it seems so gloomy, and trouble is near, I know."
"Nonsense, Agnes. There is no trouble coming. Your foolish fancy has invested my going to New York with terrors having no foundation," and Everard Dale laughed merrily.
"But there is no particular need of your going now, and you know how I feel."
"I could go next week or next month as well, but I must go sometime, and choose to go now, just to show how foolish your fancies are."
"Well, if that is the case, I will say no more about it," and having pleaded as long as her womanly dignity would allow, Agnes turned and left the room.
"What foolish creatures women are!" said her husband. "They think we must bow to every whim and fancy they have. I will not do so, that's certain."
Ah! if husbands would sometimes humor their wives' fancies, much misery and many heart tragedies might be avoided.
Agnes Armand and Everard Dale had been married one year. Agnes was the most beautiful and wealthy young lady in Provost, and, while spending the summer there, Everard Dale had become acquainted with her and won her for his wife. She was proud, intelligent, accomplished and womanly; and, having been brought up in a home where every wish had been gratified, had never known the sting of disappointment. Everard Dale was arbitrary and thoughtless in his own way, and careless in his method of obtaining it.
When she married Everard, Agnes had loved and honored him, but she had been bitterly pained when she came to know him thoroughly. Not that he was wicked; he was simply selfish. He loved his wife, but his was one of the natures that think their manhood requires an assumption of authority, especially in their own households.
Everard and his wife had been growing away from each other all the year of their married life, and now he was doing an unnecessary act that would sever the already frail cord binding her to him.
She had become possessed with the idea that if he went to New York trouble would come to her, and this idea he had laughed at. She had tried entreaty, almost prayer, but he had remained obdurate. A poor hero, seemingly, yet there was feeling in him, if the weak selfishness that covered it could be penetrated, and something waken it to action.
"He does not love me at all, or he would do as I wish," and the proud woman bowed her head and wept bitter tears.
But she was mistaken. He did love her, and would have suffered much because of this love, but having lived for self alone, he did not know what consideration for others was.
"I will leave him," she continued, "I will not be treated like this; since he cares but for my money he can have it; and I have loved him so much."
Agnes was high spirited, and with her action followed quickly after thought. At the time her husband reached New York she left Provost, bound for the great metropolis.
She left a letter for her husband on the table in her dressing-room. It was short and pointed, saying:
"EVERARD DALE—I have learned that when you said you loved me it was my money to which you referred; keep it, and may it do you much good. I love you, but I do not care to love and have no return; therefore, I leave you. Where I am going no one knows, but I shall not come back. My trouble has come to me. Good-bye!
AGNES."
Then, with hot tears burning her eyes, she went away.
Three days after this Everard came home, and inquired of the servant who admitted him where his wife was.
"Mrs. Dale left home the same day you did, and has not yet returned."
"Did she say where she was going?"
"No, sir."
"Nor leave any word for me?"
"Not that I know of, sir."
He stopped to hear no more, but hurried up the broad stairway to her rooms. They were chill and lonely, showing that no one had lately used them. A terror crept over him, but he went on to the dressing-room, which opened beyond her boudoir. There he saw the letter, and, breaking the seal, soon knew the extent of his loss.
Had his life met no shock, he would always have remained a selfish and arbitrary man; but this tearing away of the cloak that hid his true nature from himself was what he needed to waken his better manhood.
"I have wronged her and she hates

me," he moaned, "and yet I love her," and the proud man wept like a child. But he roused himself, for, as I have said, his manhood was strong. "I will seek her," he said, "and find her if she be alive, and never shall my feet pass the door of this house unless she is with me, or I know that she is dead."
By inquiring at the station he found that she had taken the New York train. So he placed the house in charge of an old servant and followed her. And now began a weary search. He sought her among her old friends, the fashionable people with whom she had been wont to mingle, but they knew nothing about her.
Employers of sewing women were surprised to have a sad eyed, fine looking man solicit the privilege of walking through their workrooms; but though he visited all of these places that he could find, and repeated the inspection so often that the superintendents and employees thought him crazy, and refused him further admittance, he could find no trace of his wife.
Then he traversed the vile haunts of the city, and entered every home of vice, but she was not there. Each day brought him no nearer the end of his search, and still he did not grow hopeless.
Once he thought he saw her. It was in an intricate maze of thoroughfares. As he was hurrying on a cart was backed violently on the sidewalk, and had not a rough, strong grasp held him, his search might have ended then and there; when he could again proceed, the form he was following had disappeared. But a few seconds had intervened, and he hurried to the next crossing, expecting to see the familiar figure in this street, but it was not there.
Then he patiently inquired at every door for blocks on either side of the way he had been following, but to no avail. This search through the poverty stricken, crime reeking homes of New York made Everard Dale a worthy man, one in whom love for God, as shown in love for his creatures, budded and bloomed and grew to noble fruitage.
If I cannot find her, I can do some good with her money," he thought, and, whilst seeking her, his hand gave to those he found needing his help, and his words of kindness, hope and love called up bright smiles to many faces.
Leaving her home, Agnes had come to the great city, uncertain what to do or where to go. While her money lasted she fared well enough, but when it was all gone the bitter trial came.
She was beautiful, but beauty was a sad dower in the city where it is bought and sold for gold. She was talented, but such gifts command no price where there is an overplus of them. She was good, trusting, loving; and the city is full of brightened innocence, blasted faith and broken hearts.
Agnes sought employment, and at last, when her plainest garments were all that lingered had left her, and starvation stared her in the face, her beauty obtained work from one who thought to make her his prey.
Those who have no knowledge of want, whose well stocked wardrobes and groaning tables prevent them from thinking that life is hard, or that some souls are tempted and lured into selling themselves for bread, forget that they are only a small part of humanity, and that many cannot command even the mean things they spurn. But want is purity's greatest foe, and charity should be rich indeed to many a fallen one.
Men who live in the haunts of vice are generally very good judges of those their will can conquer, but Harold Clargham was deceived in Agnes. She worked faithfully, but repelled all his advances with a scorn and contempt that was exasperating to one of his low and base nature, so he discharged her.
By strict economy she managed to keep her squalid attic room for a month after leaving Clargham's employ. Then winter and sickness came, and she was thrust forth one stormy evening, to go, she knew not where.
She wandered aimlessly along the streets, and was jostled and stared at, but she heeded it not; she saw brilliant lights, but shunned these, and at last came to the docks.
The tall masts of the ships loomed up tall and ghostlike against the dark and heavy clouds. The waves came moaning among the wharves and vessels, and the sound seemed the death-song of a passionate, broken heart. There was a sob and wail in the rising wind that fitted well with the scene.
Alone, for the gloom had made all other mortals seek the glare of the well lighted street, she watched the river flowing on to the ocean. She could dimly see it through a space left open at the end of the wharf where she stood, and it looked very cold and dark and still. She walked slowly toward it, and at last stopped just above its shadowy flow.
"It is only a step," she thought, and

then leaned against the large post that stood at the corner of the wharf, and sighed wearily, and a sob shook her poor, weak form.
"Oh, if he had only loved me!" she said, but there was no whisper of hope to comfort her, and she did not know he had been seeking for her during all the long months of her suffering, that even now he was near her, watching, though he did not know it was she.
"I will end it now," she cried, bitterly, "and may God have mercy on my soul!"
Then she attempted to spring into the river's cold embrace, but a strong hand held her back. She turned, and from a passing vessel came a gleam of light that ran across the dark waters, up the face of the wharf and at last lit their faces.
"Agnes, darling!"
"Everard!" and she sunk insensible at his feet.
He took her in his arms and bore her back into the lighted streets. People stared at him, and wondering looks and questions followed him, but he heeded nothing, and carried the thin form, that was light as a babe's to him, on to his hotel, where he laid her on his bed, and chafed the cold hands and feet, but she gave no sign of returning consciousness.
Then the physician came and gravely shook his head. "I cannot say that she will recover," he said, "and if she does, her reason will doubtless be clouded."
Everard Dale's soul sent up a silent prayer to God: "Save her, good Father; give me time and chance to show her how I love her, and long for her forgiveness," and God heard and answered his prayer.
It was after long weeks of watching and care that Agnes Dale opened her eyes to consciousness, and saw her husband bending over her, a great love and tenderness in his eyes, and heard a voice say, softly: "Forgive me, and love me again, my own darling."
Her weak hand sought his, and the wasted fingers closed around it, the light pressure telling him that he was loved and forgiven. Experience had made him tender and loving, as well as strong and true, and when Everard Dale bent down and kissed his wife's thin lips, the kiss spoke to her soul and told it what it most longed to hear.
As from darkness comes light, as from the rough seed springs the beautiful flower, and from the coldness of winter is born the glory of spring, so from sorrow and pain came trust and love and joy to these two souls.
My story is finished; and, though it may seem that it is founded on a little thing, still all lives are made up of such, and were it not for the little joys and glad spots in them, they would be dark indeed. If we will consider the feelings of others—let the one to be considered hold the position of wife, child, friend, or stranger, it matters not which—we will find that our thoughts will meet with fewer rebuffs, and that gladness and true kindness are not such rare things as we thought them to be.

The Very Latest.

A well informed politician, who has read with interest the various propositions by which trouble arising from the counting of the electoral vote may be avoided, has, after due consideration, concluded that he has eliminated a compromise from the difficulties of the situation which is sure to be indorsed by the American people. He proposes that the vote of Louisiana shall be given to Tilden and Hendricks, and that they shall be inaugurated. That Thurman, of Ohio, shall resign his place in the Senate forthwith, and that R. B. Hayes shall be elected and chosen president of that body. Mr. Hendricks shall immediately be sent as minister to the court of St. James, which pays better than being Vice-President; Mr. Hayes will thus become Vice-President, and at the expiration of two years President Tilden shall resign and Senator Hayes will succeed him as President for the balance of the term. The plan would be incomplete unless Mr. Wheeler was assigned an honorable position. It is therefore suggested that Senator Conkling be requested to resign and accept the French mission, and that Mr. Wheeler be elected to fill the vacancy, and then elected president of the Senate, after Mr. Hayes becomes President. Mr. Thurman shall be secretary of State under Tilden, and Mr. Hendricks, on his return from the English mission, shall be elected to the Senate to fill the vacancy in Indiana.

QUICK WORK.—A story told in the American colony at Dresden is of an encounter between one of the young lieutenants of the army and a stalwart American. They jostled on the sidewalk and the officer drew his sword. Thereupon the American knocked him down violently enough to stun him, and having broken the sword over his knee, laid his card between the pieces and proceeded calmly on his way.

The German Army.

A correspondent writing of the German army says the amount of work done by it is great. During the milder months every regiment drills four or five hours a day, and from five to eleven in the morning the streets to the parade grounds resound with the music of their bands as they march to and fro. The grounds are at all times full of squads drilling or practicing gymnastics. Three years form the period of actual service, but any one possessing a certain amount of education may by payment of his own expenses escape with a single year; all, however, must serve alike for three years in the reserve, called out for six weeks in each year, then for six years in the Landwehr, and finally until the age of forty-two in the Landsturm, no service being required from the two latter classes. Everybody has heard this system is compulsory, but I fancy few Americans realize its stringency. The law takes no consideration of rank, occupation or condition. I have known of gentleman serving in the same ranks with their own servants, and the story runs that once when the crown prince, attracted by a fine looking man in the ranks, asked him if he were willing to better his condition and enter his service as a butler, he was answered: "Pardon, your highness, but I keep my own butler." No substitution is permitted, and neither wealth or influence can secure exemption from actual service. The result is the most perfect army that has ever existed, but, also, of course, much hardship. I knew, for instance, this summer, a poor musician who must refuse an engagement at \$75 per week to take his six weeks' military exercise, and my landlady's daughter had to defer her wedding because the intended was suddenly drafted for maneuvers. One continually hears of such instances, but the complaints are comparatively few, for men generally recognize in the army the bulwark of their conquests, and go patiently on, deferring their engagements, commercial or matrimonial, till the repose of the Landwehr is attained.

Treatment of the Insane.

The interest which has lately been aroused touching the treatment of the insane in the asylums for their seclusion, an exchange says, is something which is of periodical occurrence, but we hope the present agitation of the subject will have practical results. There is no question about it, the entire subjection of the insane to their keepers encourages gross abuse of them. Their malady makes them oftentimes exceedingly troublesome to their attendants, and the circumstance of their misfortune causes little heed to be given to their complaints, no matter how serious. Their stories may be called delusions by those whom they accuse, and are so in very many cases, but that they are true in others has been unquestionably proved. There is no department of medicine so unsatisfactory as that which concerns the treatment of a diseased mind, and no maladies are so perplexing, so various and so contradictory in their manifestations as those of the mental and nervous organization. But the best informed specialists in New York and abroad discountenance physical violence in the management of the insane. In our asylums the trouble does not lie with the physicians in charge, except so far as negligence of supervision is concerned; it is due to the cruelty of brutal or exasperated attendants, who have the immediate charge and can always oppose their sane denials to the insane accusations of their patients.

Washington and Andre.

The English historian, Chalmers, stated that Washington ordered the gallows, on which Major Andre was hung in 1780, to be built in sight of the prisoner. This accusation aroused the ire of the Americans who flourished in the early part of the century. No one was angrier than John Pintard, and he did everything that could be done to correct the mistake. One day, sitting in his office, a venerable personage called on him, and as usual the conversation turned on Andre.
"What!" said Pintard, "do you know anything about that execution?"
"I do, for I was one of the guards who kept watch on him while in prison, and who marched alongside him to the place of."
"Well, what did you do? Tell me," exclaimed Pintard.
"We took him from the house where he was kept, and marched along the road until we turned into a lane, when Andre shrunk back, and with a shudder said: 'Is that to be?' The gallows could be seen, and was seen by Andre for the first time, from the turn in the lane."
"Of course Chalmers lied," said Pintard. "Everybody knows that Washington did not answer Andre's letter asking that he might be shot, and now everybody knows that Andre was not in sight of the building of his gallows."

Items of Interest.

A Hartford life insurance company has just purchased real estate in New York city to the value of \$3,000,000.
Next to throwing kittens into a mill-pond the saddest sight is that of a lady at a charity fair drowning two or three poor little oysters in a gallon of thin milk.
A man, ragged, bruised and penniless, who was sent to jail at Boston as a common drunkard, was once a rich and prosperous citizen, an honored alderman and a candidate for mayor of the city.
A lady who had married an inveterate smoker was asked if she had no prejudice against tobacco, to which she replied that she had undergone the smoking process so long that her prejudice had been perfectly "cured."
The most horrible death on record is that reported of a French convict who attempted to escape from Cayenne. He became entangled in the river weeds, and was eaten alive by the crabs which swam in those waters.
If I was flat footed as you are I would not be afraid of slipping on the sidewalk." "Yes," was the response, "some people are flat on one end and some on another." And then the first chap looked thoughtful, and went down street.
At a recent examination in one of the schools in Washington, the question was put to a class of small boys: "Why is the Connecticut river so called?" A bright little fellow put up his hand. "Do you know, James?" "Yes, ma'am! Because it connects Vermont and New Hampshire, and cuts through Massachusetts!" was the triumphant reply.
Charles Lamb was once riding in a stage coach in company with one of those sympathizing souls ever on the lookout for an opportunity to compassionate afflictions. "What a bad cough you have, sir," said the sympathizing one, after Lamb had recovered from a violent fit of coughing. "I know it," replied Lamb, "but it is the best I can do."
The captain of an English ship which recently arrived at Bombay saved his vessel during a hurricane which lasted two days by filling two canvas clothes bags with oil, punctured each slightly and then towing them astern. The oil slowly spread over the water and the huge waves that had been breaking over the vessel, threatening to founder it, spent their force at some distance, while around the vessel there was a large space of calm water.

Population of Countries.

The lecture given recently by M. Leonce de Lavergne, at a meeting of the French Academy, is far from being correct. M. de Lavergne stated that, next to Spain and Denmark, France is the most thinly peopled country in Europe. The fact, however, is that Denmark, with an area of 700 geographical square miles, contains a population of 2,000,000 inhabitants, equal to about 2,857 inhabitants to each square mile, while Greece, with an area of 950 geographical square miles, has a population of 1,400,000 souls, equal to 1,474 to each square mile. Norway, with an area of 5,800 geographical square miles, has a population of 2,000,000, or only 350 to the square mile; Sweden, with 8,000 geographical square miles and a population of 4,500,000, equal to 562 to the square mile; Russia, with about 350,000 geographical square miles and some 80,000,000 inhabitants, equal 230 to the square mile; and Portugal, with 1,725 geographical square miles and 3,500,000 inhabitants, or 2,030 to the square mile, all are much more thinly peopled than Denmark. Spain, with 9,200 geographical square miles and 17,000,000 inhabitants, shows 1,850 inhabitants to each square mile; France, with 10,000 geographical square miles and 37,000,000 inhabitants, gives 3,700; and England, with 5,500 geographical square miles and 30,000,000 inhabitants, shows 5,454 to each geographical square mile. The population of Denmark is every year increasing in a large proportion.

American Justice.

The Paris Figaro tells the following story: In the United States recently a case of highway robbery was on trial before a judge. The robber and his victim were confronted, when the following scene took place: Judge to the victim—"How much money did you lose?" Victim—"Two thousand dollars." Judge—"How came you to have so much money on your person?" Victim—"I was going to buy cotton." Judge (shrugging his shoulders)—"To buy cotton with the market as it is? You must have been mad! (To the robber)—What did you do with the \$2,000 you stole from this man?" Robber—"I bought pork." Judge (with a benignant smile)—"Your head was level; pork is bound to go up. (To the victim)—Should you not blush to see how much more worthy of the favors of fortune that man is than yourself?"

Cost of Wars.

It is computed by an eminent authority that England's old French wars cost her about \$5,000,000,000; her share of the Seven Years' war, \$415,000,000; the revolt of the American colonies, \$490,000,000; the two opium wars with China, \$44,000,000; the Kaffir war, \$10,000,000; and the Abyssinian expedition, \$40,000,000. The expenditures of the nations participating in the Crimean war are thus estimated by a contemporary: France, \$400,000,000; England, \$1,000,000,000; Turkey, \$80,000,000; Sardinia, \$35,000,000; Russia, \$800,000,000.

Every infant, says the Scientific American, can say "no" several years before it can say "yes." Whereupon it should be remembered, though, that infants are not invited to "take something."