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Little by Little.

When the new years come and the old years go,
How little by little, all things grow!
All things grow—and all decay—
Little by little, on fertile plain,
Ripen the harvests of golden grain,
Waving and flashing in the sun,
When the summer at last is gone;
Little by little they ripen so,
As the new years come and the old years go.
Low on the ground an acorn lies,
Little by little it mounts to the skies,
Shadow and shelter for wandering herds,
Home for a hundred singing birds,
Little by little the great rocks grow,
Long, long ago, when the world was new;
Slowly and silently, stately and free,
Cities of coral under the sea,
Little by little are builded—while so—
The new years come and the old years go.
Little by little old tasks are done;
So are the crowns of the faithful won,
So is heaven in our hearts begun,
With work and with weeping, with laughter
and play.
Little by little the longest day
And the longest life are passing away,
Passing without return—while so—
The new years come and the old years go.

HER THREE HUSBANDS.

AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

This here what I'm goin' to spin begun aboard of the ship Carolus Magnus, Captain Jackson, bound from Liverpool to New York, in the year 1848, or thereabouts; I can't be partic'lar to a year or so, and it don't much matter anyway. 'Taint no use telling you of the fust of the voyage, and makin' a thunderin' long yarn out of nothin', and so we'll jist chipp in to about seven bells of an awful bad night, our watch bein' up tryin' for to furl a double-reefed topsail, the other watch bein' at the mizzen at the same time, the weather showin' awful, and that a change was jist to hand, we bein' to get her round head to the southward and eastward as quick as the Lord would let us afore it come in from the northward and westward and caught us aback.

It were the same old story, carryin' on to the last minut with the southerly wind, and then havin' hard work for to get the canvass in. I've said afore, and I'll say it agin, that a double-reefed topsail are a ugly thing for to furl in a gale of wind. There's so much slack leech that's apt to blow up above the yard, and if the rope ever drops on a man's head, 'tis so heavy that it's apt to knock him senseless. While we was up aloft the change came; the wind flew in to the nor-west, blowin' awful, and with heavy big drop rain. The yard had been braced in aback with the port braces, and when the shift come it filled the sail jist as we was a mittenin' of it, and blowed it out of our hands like so much paper. Belyin' away up above the yard, it come down once with a shot, and Bill Johnson and Harry Williams, what was at the port yard-arm, was knocked off, and went blowin' away to leeward. The rest of us managed for to hold on, and leavin' the topsail a slattin', we laid down for to brace the yards about; and havin' got that done we hauled home the sheets and set the fore-topsail agin, double-reefed, there bein' no more danger once the wind got shifted.

What made it worse in Bill's case were that he'd got spliced jist afore leavin' Liverpool, his wife bein' a steerage passenger. Of course, she took on dreadful when Bill come home missin' next mornin', and it fell mostly to Jack Adams and Joe Carroll for to comfort her, they havin' been shipmates along of Bill in the last ship. Bein' in different watches, they was able betwixt 'em to give her constant comfort, and I must say they done their duty. I've known them men chop wood by the hour or do other chores for the cook, so as to curry favor with him and get manovalins from the cabin to give to this poor creature, and they never let a watch go by without goin' down for to see how she were gittin' on and whether she needed anythin'. From carin' for her in this way, both of 'em got to be dead sweet onto her, and both of 'em got to be knowledgeable about the other's feelin's.

We was about in the latitude of fifteen when Bill went overboard, and there were a long winter's passage ahead of us, and so by the time we got nigh hand to New York the widder had kinder got over her loss, and couldn't but be very thankful to these here shipmates of Bill as had took such care of her.

Well, sir, time come when we was off Nantucket shoals, and due to be in, with luck, in a couple of days, and then it were and there that Jack and Joe began to wonder as to which of 'em should splice the widder after arrivin', both of 'em seemin' no other way out of the matter, and she bein' to be took care of. It weren't altogether a matter of duty neither, come from doin' for her, as they had both got to be uncommon sweet onto her. As I said afore, there were a short

way out of it, which were to ask her which of the two she'd rather have, but she bein' recently in such trouble, and they bein' bashful like, neither of 'em liked for to do this. It were then thought proper that they should be put face to each other on a chist, and the slack of their trousers bein' nailed fast to the chist lid, they should there and then fight it out, and the best man take the widder.

This would have been done only for an old chap what we had aboard which sided agin' it. He were dreadful old and the barnacles were a-growin' all down his back, and, of course, bein' so long a seafarin', he knowed a heap. He said: "See here," says he, "bein's you two has always been friends, what's the use of fightin' 'n' besides," says he, "it stands to reason that if it's settled in this way both of you will be well hammered. Now, the question are, will the widder like a well hammered man as well as she'll like a man as ain't hammered and is all ataunto and ship-shape-like, and my opinion are," says he, "that with a eucbre deck the thing can be settled better every way, three games to be played and the best two to take the Widder Johnson."

This here meetin' approval, that very same day in the last dog-watch Joe Carroll won her in two straight games. And that weren't all; jist afore they begun for to play, Jack, who had been a savin' feller all his life, says: "I've got a matter of \$500 or so in the savin's bank and Joe ain't got none. Now, if he wins the widder, it stands to reason he'll want this money, and if I don't win her it stands to reason that I shan't want it, and so I purposes for to put that in, the winnin' man to take the pile," which it were Joe as done it in two straight games, and were spliced to the widder a week arter we got in by Parson Hodge, in the Mariners' church in Oliver street.

You see, sir, I don't suppose as how the widder cared for to be spliced agin so soon, but what were she to do? Here she were like a cat in a strange garret in this big city, where she didn't know a soul, and as you know, sir, "necessity oft compels what decency forbids;" anyway, spliced they were for a full due, and Jack Adams ships in the Black Ball ship Columbus and goes off to sea.

It strikes me I went into the Marmion along with Captain Edwards, but I don't jist remember, and it don't matter a pin's worth to this yarn, but I know it were a year or so afore Jack came athwart my house agin, and then I stumbled over him one day in South street, near Dover. He telled me that he'd quit shore to sea and was workin' along shore for Bill Dorian, the rigger, cause, he said, his old woman havin' lost two husbands agoin' to sea, were bound for to hold fast to him, and keep him ashore; and then he ups and he tells me that comin' home off of a Liverpool voyage he found the Widder Johnson were a Widder Carroll as well, Joe havin' shipped in a bark bound to Rio, and come home missin', bein' cast away jist to the northward of Cape St. Roque, five of the crew bein' drowned in the surf, one of 'em bein' Joe; an' it jist come nat'ral and were Jack's plain duty for to splice the widder, which he done.

I heard the rest of this yarn, sir, from Bill Johnson, him as was knocked off the foretopsail yard that night when our watch was a tryin' to furl that double-reefed topsail aboard of the Carolus Magnus, which weren't drowned, but come down easy like onto the top of a sea, and nigh hand of some wrecked stuff, which he hung fast to, and were picked up the next day by a English whaler bound to the Pacific, which were nigh onto five years of a voyage afore Bill put his foot on English soil agin, landin' in London and gittin' paid off, and shippin' into a London packet for New York.

Gittin' here, he falls to inquiren' about his wife, and at last comes athwart of a shipmate as tells him of her marryin' Joe, and of him gittin' drowned, and then of her marryin' Jack Adams, and so he gets under way at once for the place where she lived, arrivin' there along about six o'clock of a evenin' jist as Jack were comin' home from his work, and if you'd believe me, sir—I told you first off this were a tough one—who should come up the steps of that house at that very identical time but Joe Carroll, which hadn't drowned at all, but had come nigh hand onto it, and had been took care of by a Brazilian chap for a spell, till he got strong enough, and had then managed to fetch up at Pernambuco, where he were took down with the fever, and went to a hospital for a many months, gettin' out at last, and shippin' in a brig for Baltimore, from which place he had last come, and so here was the three of 'em, all there to once, which made the Widder Johnson say, as I said she said in the first of this: "Too much of a good thing are dreadful."

Well, sir, Bill told me they went in and talked it over friendly like, and of

course he said that she weren't to blame for what she'd done, and Jack and Joe weren't to blame for what they'd done. Here were her rightful and righteous husband come home, and there were nothin' for the other two to do but to shear off. Joe said he were sorry he hadn't got home a week or so sooner, and Jack said he were sorry they'd either of 'em come home. He stashed the riggin' business at once, and him and Joe shipped aboard of the John G. Coster for the East Indies.—World.

Peculiarities of Americans.

A foreigner after traveling in the United States, writes as follows: It is in small, daily transactions that true liberality shows itself. There are in Europe many people—the so-called penny-wise and pound-foolish included—who will readily spend thousands of dollars out of vanity, when they know that they are looked at, and who will do a mean thing to save a few cents. Good specimens of Americans seem to me incapable of such a thing. They don't seem to know any coin of less than twenty-five cents value, which is nearly a franc and a quarter. They won't give less to a bootblack or a beggar. Their hospitality has no limits. A man seldom takes a drink or a cigar here without giving away half a dozen drinks and cigars to those who happen to be around him. These men, of course, consider themselves bound to return the treat, and the man has thus to take six drinks and six cigars instead of one. He gets drunk in consequence, when he probably did not intend to do so.

But this is a matter of small consequence in a country where everybody drinks, and everybody gets drunk once in a while. The interesting point in these drinking transactions for me is the reckless liberality with which money is always spent by everybody. I do not believe there is any other nation in the world which carries about more pocket money, and spends it more freely, than the Americans do. We call almost every evening at Delmonico's, and it is quite a sight to me to watch the fellows sitting in groups at the tables all around, telling wild anecdotes, discussing politics or money matters, and drinking brandy and whisky. Every one of them must spend on this item alone two or three dollars every evening. That makes from 3,500 to 5,500 francs a year. An officer has to have in Europe twenty-five years of distinguished military service, and the rank of a colonel or a major-general, to receive for the support of himself and family the amount of money which an American merchant, broker, or politician spends on his evening drinks.

A Senator's Family.

United States Senator Christianity will have to rise to a personal explanation in the Senate. A paragraph has been going the rounds of the press for several weeks to the effect that his recent wedlock has been blessed with an offspring. The sex of the child, the weight and even the name had been mentioned by painstaking and accurate paragraphers. The friends of Mr. and Mrs. Christianity are writing their congratulations; baby clothing is being sent with tender messages from all parts of the land, and gifts of the orthodox sort on such occasions are showering in upon the Christianity family. Now, Senator Christianity is an honest, sincere man; while he appreciates the thoughtfulness of his friends he feels that he is very undeserving of these kindnesses, and fears that when the truth is known he may be accused of securing these gifts under false pretences. Mrs. Christianity has no need of baby clothes, neither has Senator Christianity, nor have either of them need of toys and trifles of gold and silver, cups and spoons, that are being sent them. The fact is that they have been misrepresented before the public by a wicked and mendacious press. They have no baby at their house and have not had one. Senator Christianity's oldest child was born twelve years ago. The present Mrs. Christianity has never been a mother. They are very grateful for the kindness of their friends, but it's a delicate matter and if worst comes to worst and the newspapers keep up this talk the senator will rise in his seat in the Senate chamber some day and denounce the newspapers.

A New England Oath.

"Eswanny" does such universal duty as an oath throughout New England that the expression merits some attention as a philological curiosity. No one can sojourn among rural New Englanders for any length of time without being driven to speculate as to the origin of the phrase. Could it have come down through ages of gradual elimination from some highly respectable pagan formula, such as "I will swear by any of the gods," for instance? This seems a not wholly incredible supposition, and lifts the seeming vulgarity at once to the level of a "condensed classic."

BOSTON'S BOFFIN'S BOWER.

A Poor Girl's Labors in Behalf of her Fellow-Creatures.

When George Macdonald's "Robert Falconer" appeared, writes a Boston correspondent, society clasped its gloved hands in ecstatic admiration, and wished that Heaven had made it such a man that it might fall down and worship him as a perfectly disinterested philanthropist; but for years a woman has lived and labored in Boston who is as devoted as the Scottish hero, and Boston fashion, Boston politicians, Boston suffragists and Boston benevolent societies frown upon her, and were it not for hard-headed business men, who make no pretensions to philanthropy, her efforts to help her sister women might be prematurely closed by starvation. Jenny Collins is this little woman's name, and "Boffin's Bower" is the title of the institution which she has created and maintains.

The Bower is as quaint as that in which the retired dustman listened to Silas Wegg's readings, and as comfortable. It occupies one floor of a building at the South End, and consists of a large room, which is open to working girls all day and every evening. Pretty pictures hang on the walls; magazines and newspapers lie upon the tables; books are at the service of any one who wishes to read, and convenient lights for any one who is disposed to see. In short, it is a pleasant public parlor, and at first Miss Collins did not intend that it should be anything more. She had been a sewing girl herself, and she knew how long and dreary were the sewing girls' evenings, and how many were fairly forced to go into the street for amusement by the depressing dullness of home. For a year or two she worked hard to make the place pleasant, coaxing elocutionists to read, pianists to play and vocalists to sing for those whom she fondly called "my girls," and steadily refusing to accept any assistance that would place her under obligations to any sect or party. Church and benevolent societies fretted and whined at the ungodliness of the place. Labor reformers, suffragists and prohibitionists denounced it because they could not capture it. But Jenny was undismayed; her girls loved her and she was content.

Then came the great fire, and hundreds of women found themselves on Monday morning with only the slender pittance received Saturday night between them and starvation; Boffin's Bower was crowded with helpless beings begging Miss Jennie for advice; they did not ask for money; many of them were of the tough New England stock that will not take charity from any hand, but they were clamorous for work. Poor Miss Jenny looked at the picture of Betty Higden on the wall, and at her American sisters who stood around her, and saw that the time was come when she must work, not to make women's lives pleasant, but to enable them to live at all, and she took up her burden courageously and never laid it down. She went to the leading manufacturers, whose buildings had been swept away by the flames, and showed them that it was for their interest to keep their old hands in the city, and they one and all gave her money; she went to a few men of social influence and showed them that now was the time for American families to secure American servants if they really wanted them, and they promised to talk in her behalf, and they did. She went to the churches and to the persons who were distributing the funds subscribed for the sufferers by the fire, and they spurned her contemptuously, and she went back to her girls, half angry and half joyful.

She distributed the money that she had obtained with a careful hand, but it was gone at last, and she had to ask for more. She half starved herself; she coaxed beds and bedding from furniture dealers, and gave lodging to a few of the girls; she begged provisions and gave food to others, cooking it herself; and she helped them through the winter, and was happy, although almost exhausted. But this was not the end. Boffin's Bower was known far and wide as a place in which a working girl was sure of a kindly reception and good advice about seeking employment, and the pretty parlor was turned into an intelligence office; it was known as a refuge to which a woman might go without being asked insulting questions, or referred to some other institution around the corner, and its beds were never empty.

Miss Jenny found time to attend to everything, but, not satisfied, she announced that she would give free dinners to unemployed girls during the winter, and would have a fair to defray expenses, and she carried the plan out triumphantly, although the amount realized was pitiable in comparison to that which many a fair for some chimerical humbug has drawn from Boston pockets.

Now she is holding her second sale for the same purpose, and hopes to be able

to feed the hungry another winter, but it must be confessed that were she not the incarnation of energy, the project would be hopeless. Poor Miss Jenny! When she dies we shall give her a monument; until then her conscience and the gratitude of girls for benevolence with no clap-trap about it is sadly neglected in Boston.

THE ELECTORAL BILL.

President Grant's Indorsement of the Bill as Indicated on Returning it with his Signature.

To the Senate of the United States: I follow the example heretofore occasionally presented of communicating in this mode my approval of the act to provide for and regulate the counting of the vote for President and Vice-President, and the decision of questions arising thereon, because of my appreciation of the imminent peril to the institutions of the country, from which, in my judgment, the act affords a wise and constitutional means of escape. For the first time in the history of our country, under the Constitution as it now is, a dispute exists with regard to the result of the election of the Chief Magistrate of the nation. It is understood that upon the disposition of disputes touching the electoral votes cast at the late election by one or more of the States depends the question whether one or the other of the candidates for the Presidency is the lawful Chief Magistrate. The importance of having clearly ascertained by a procedure regulated by law which of the two citizens has been elected, and of having the right of this high office recognized and cheerfully agreed in by all the people of the republic cannot be overestimated, and leads me to express to Congress and to the nation my great satisfaction at the adoption of a measure that affords an orderly means of decision of a gravely exciting question.

While the history of our country in its earlier period shows that the president of the Senate has counted the votes and declared their standing, our whole history shows that in no instance of doubt or dispute has he exercised the power of deciding, and that the two courses of Congress have disposed of all such doubts and disputes, although in no instance hitherto have they been such that their decision could essentially have affected the result. For the first time, then, the government of the United States is now brought to meet the question as one vital to the result, and this under conditions not the best calculated to produce an agreement or to induce calm feeling in the several branches of the government or among the people of the country. In a case, where, as now, the result is involved, it is the highest duty of the law-making power to provide in advance a constitutional, orderly, and just method of executing the Constitution in this most interesting and critical of its provisions. The doing so, far from being a compromise of right, is an enforcement of right and an execution of powers conferred by the Constitution in Congress.

I think this orderly method has been secured by the bill, which, appealing to the Constitution and the law, as the guide in ascertaining right, provides a means of deciding questions of single returns through the direct action of Congress, and, in respect to double returns, by a tribunal of inquiry, whose decision shall stand unless both houses of Congress shall concur in determining otherwise, thus securing a definite disposition of all questions of dispute, in whatever respect they may arise. With or without this law, as all of the States have voted, and as a tie vote is impossible, it must be that one of the two candidates has been elected, and it would be deplorable to witness an irregular controversy as to which of the two should receive, or which should continue to hold the office. In all periods of history controversies have arisen as to the successful choice of the chiefs of States, and no party or citizens loving their country and its institutions can sacrifice too much of mere feeling in preserving through the upright course of law their country from the smallest danger to its peace on such an occasion, and it cannot be impressed too firmly in the hearts of all the people that true liberty and real progress can exist only through a cheerful adherence to constitutional law.

The bill purports to provide only for the settlement of questions arising from the recent elections. The fact that such questions can arise demonstrates the necessity, which I cannot doubt will before long be supplied, of permanent general legislation to meet cases which have not been contemplated in the Constitution or laws of the country. The bill may not be perfect, and its provisions may not be such as would be best applicable to all future occasions, but it is calculated to meet the present condition of the questions and of the country.

The country is agitated. It needs aid, it desires peace and quiet and harmony between all parties and all sections. Its industries are arrested, labor unemployed, capital idle, and enterprise paralyzed by reason of the doubt and anxiety attending the uncertainty of a double claim to the Chief Magistracy of the nation. It wants to be assured that the result of the election will be accepted without resistance from the supporters of the disappointed candidate, and that its highest officer shall not hold his place with a questioned title of right. Believing that the bill will secure these ends, I give it my signature.

U. S. GRANT.
EXECUTIVE MANSION, Jan. 29, 1877.

Frank Walworth is still in the State lunatic asylum at Auburn, and Superintendent Gray believes that he was insane when he killed his father.

The Coquette.

Felipe and she at the play!
Felipe and she at the ball!
Good lovers go hang up your harps
Don Jose, and Mica, and all!
Night merrily filled, I swear?
Felipe be careful I pray:
She loves you, and she will be true
Perhaps for a night and a day,
Felipe, for a night and a day!

For, oh, she is fickle. Last night
Her breath was as warm as the south;
To-day she will give you her hand,
To-night she will give you her mouth.
But to-morrow she'll kill you with cold,
Who fed you on roses to-day.
Those lily white fingers will tear
Your heart, and then fling it away,
Felipe, she will fling you away!

Fashion Clippings.

The newest and most expensive dress trimming is made of parrot's feathers.

All Parisian coiffures require an abundant chevelure or quantities of false hair.

Chefs d'evres of paintings in water colors are seen on many of the new valentines.

All kinds of crochet, netting, knitting and lacemaking are fashionable for fancy work.

Cream colored dominoes, trimmed with cream lace, are in preparation for the masked balls.

The "Miss Angel" costume is the favorite fancy ball dress of artistic young ladies this season.

Fichus and collarettes of velvet trimmed with laces or lisse plainings are worn with open bodices.

Lace scarfs are used as strings for opera hats, attached in such a manner as to form a cape in the back of the bonnet.

The princess dress for evening wear is made high necked, half high, or low, according to circumstances. It must be long and trained.

Chemises and drawers of foulard and pongee silks are worn by a few very fastidious ladies. They are richly trimmed with lace and embroidery.

Dark mastic gray kjars are worn for morning toilet, a paler shade for afternoon, and one still lighter for evening dress when the gloves do not match the costume.

Invisible fronts are worn by young ladies as well as by older women. They save the trouble of crimping the front hair, and will deceive the eye of the closest observer.

Some colors are now never seen in gloves, or, if seen, are a sign that the wearer takes little note of the changes of fashion. These are straw color, tea rose or flesh color, and pale blue; pearl gray and cream are arbitrary shades, and mastic, a peculiar shade of gray, is the favorite.

Bread Recipe.

A lady sent an exchange a recipe for bread making, which reads as follows:

In the evening boil five or six good-sized potatoes, pour water and all over a saucerful of flour, stir with a spoon until I can bear my hand in; pour cold water enough in to make it milkwarm. I then put in a teaspoonful of liquid yeast, put my hand in and stir and work it for twenty or thirty minutes; cover up and set by the stove or some place to keep warm all night. In the morning it looks like soup; take out a tumblerful for next baking. You understand that this is thin, and as much as I want to make I thicken as thick as batter and let it rise again. I work it down twice, the third time use no flour after mixing, but grease my fingers and work it and put it in the pans to rise for baking. When I want to make extra white bread I burn alum and mash up a tablespoonful and sprinkle on the board with a little flour and work the dough in before putting in the pans, but don't think it good for the health.

Hints to the Fair Sex.

A photographer gives the following directions to his customers: When a lady sitting for a picture would compose her mouth to a bland and serene character, she should, just before entering the room, say, "besom," and keep the expression into which the mouth subsides until the desired effect in the camera is evident. If, on the other hand, she wishes to assume a distinguished and somewhat noble bearing, not suggestive of sweetness, she should say "brush," the result is infallible. If she wishes to make her mouth look small, she must say "flip," but if the mouth be already too small and needs enlarging, she must say "cabbage." If she wishes to look mournful, she must say "Rechnuk;" if resigned, she must ejaculate "s'cat."

The four wives of George A. Oliver held a conference in Boston, and resolved to prosecute him for bigamy, when they catch him.