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MOVE ON.

The bright, sunny hills keep on flowing
Along by the banks and the braes,
And not one Summer blossom stops growing,
No matter how dark are the days.
The clouds, too, keep sailing and lifting,
To let the bright sun arrows through;
Thus nature by changing and shifting,
Keeps moving with plenty to do.
Stand still, and you miss the bright places
That wait for you further along;
Stand still, and the booming oasis
Will comfort you not with its song.
Move on with the grand working army
That labor with purpose of soul;
Move on, and the air will grow balmy,
And victory be yours at the goal.
Step back and there's small hope of winning,
For courage true fleeth most leud;
Step back at the very beginning,
And where will you be at the end?
Go forward, young sowers, at dawning,
With gladness and hope to the field;
Go forward, for sweet in the morning,
To labor for Autumn's rich yield.
Great worlds in their orbits are moving,
And planets unpeopled keep pace,
While in contrast, all living and loving,
Dumb life adds its mite to the race.
Then why, in this busy creation,
That moves without rest or delay,
Oh, why, fair young souls of the nation,
Should man be the laggard to-day?

Pistols for Two.

While the old frigate Brandywine lay at Gibraltar, the American Consul Mr. Sprague, came on board with a man who wished to join the ship, and, after some consultation, said man was received by the captain as a sort of steward, he having agreed to work for his passage and board, and some slight consideration besides. His name was Joe Lattit, and he was a regular specimen of the strolling Yankee; but he dressed well, and was remarkably good-looking, though there was in his face a peculiar look which indicated that he preferred fun to sound sense, allowing, however, that the fun had some sense to it.

The moment I placed my eyes upon the man I knew I had seen him before, and when I had an opportunity to speak with him, I found that he had been a performer of legerdemain and ventriloquism in the United States, and there I had seen him. He had traveled through England, France and Spain, with his implements of deception, and had just brought up at Gibraltar when our ship came in. He brought his whole kit on board in a large chest, which he got permission to stow in the bread-room, where it would be kept perfectly dry. He had quite a "pile" of money, which he placed in the purser's hands for safe keeping, but he would tell none of us how much. But he was liberal and open-hearted, and it was not long before the crew blessed the hour that brought him on board, for he was the very soul of wit and humor.

At length our ship went to Port Mahon, and here our Yankee tars were at home. One pleasant morning a party of us went on shore, and Joe Lattit was among our numbers. Joe was dressed in a perfect shore-going rig, and appeared a gentleman of consequence. Near the middle of the forenoon a few of us entered a cafe, and the only occupant, besides the keeper, was a Spanish officer, evidently an infantry captain, from his dress. We called for wine, and had it served upon a table next to the one at which the officer sat, Joe seating himself so that his back came against the back of the officer; but he did not notice when he sat down how close he would be.

Our laugh and jest ran high, and just as Joe said something more than usually funny, he threw himself back, and thereby hit the Spaniard with such force as to cause him to spill a glass of wine upon his bosom. The fellow leaped to his feet, and before Joe could beg pardon for the unintentional mishap, he commenced a torrent of oath and invective, partly in Spanish and partly in broken English. His language was so abusive that Joe's temper was up in a moment, and instead of asking pardon, as he had intended, he surveyed the raving man from head to foot, and then said:

"Go on, sir. Your language is beautiful, very beautiful for a gentleman."
"Ah! you call me no gentleman, eh?" uttered the officer, in a towering passion.

"If I were going to call you anything, I should call you a jackass!" calmly and contemptuously returned Joe.

"Aha-a-h!" half-growled the Spaniard, rolling his black eyes wildly and furiously. "Now, by Santa Marie, you shall answer for that. I am a gentleman! But you—you—one little cursed puppy! Ah-a-h! Now you shall fight!"

Joe would have laughed the matter off, but he found that the captain was determined to fight, and at length he resolved to accommodate him. "The keeper of the cafe called me on one side, and informed me that the officer was Captain Antonio Bizar, one of the most

notorious duellists of the place; that he was always quarrelsome when under the influence of liquor, and that his companions always left him alone, rather than have a fuss with him.

"Not five minutes before you came in," added the keeper, "four of his fellow officers left him, because they saw he was ripe for a fuss. So you had better get your friend away."

I pulled Joe away, and told him all that had just been told me, but he only smiled, and assured me that there was nothing to fear. I felt sure at once from his very manner that he had some safe fun in his head, and I let him go.

"My name is Joseph Lattit, sir; a citizen of the United States, and General of the Order of Sublime Darkness," said Joe, pompously turning to the Spaniard. "Your name, Sir?"

"Antonio Bizar, Captain in Her Most Catholic Majesty's seventh regiment of infantry. But your office, sir? I don't comprehend."

"O, you wouldn't know if I should tell you. I am simply general of a body of men who have sold themselves to the gentleman who burns sinners and heretics down here." And Joe pointed most mysteriously down towards the floor as he spoke.

The Spaniard smiled very bitterly and sarcastically, and thereupon Joe took up two large knives which lay upon the bar, and tossed them, one after the other, down his throat, making several wry faces as they took their passage downward. The fellow had evidently never seen anything of the kind done before, for he was astounded.

"Now, sir," said Joe, making one or two more grimaces, as though he still felt the knives somewhere in the region of the diaphragm; "you will wait here until I go and bring my pistols, and you shall have satisfaction. Will you wait?"

"I can procure pistols," said the officer, forgetting his astonishment, and coming back to his anger.

"I shall fight with my own! If you are a gentleman, you will wait here." Joe turned to us, and bade us wait for him.

"Here! here! O, *Criax!*" cried the keeper, "where be mine knives?"

"I'll pay you for 'em when I come back," said Joe, and then he beckoned for me to come out. I did so, and he took the knives—one from his bosom and the other from his sleeve—and told me to keep them until he returned.

It seems that Joe found a boat ready to take him off to the ship at once, for he was not gone over three-quarters of an hour, and when he came back he had two superbly-mounted pistols with him. He loaded them with powder in the presence of the Spaniard, and then handing him a ball, he asked him if he would mark it so he would know it again. The fellow hesitated at first, but at length he took it with a mad gesture, and bit it between his teeth.

"I shall know that," he said, "unless it is battered against your bones."

"Now select your pistol," said Joe. The man took them both, and examined them, but he was satisfied that they were both alike, and both good, and he told Joe he had no choice. So our steward put the balls in, and rammed them carefully down.

The whole party now adjourned to a wide court, back of the cafe, where twelve paces were marked off, and the combatants took their stations. I trembled for poor Joe, for I saw not yet how he would make fun of this.

"Count!" cried the Spaniard, impatiently.

"One—two—three!"

The captain fired first, and with a most deliberate aim. Joe fired into the air. Then the latter walked deliberately up to his antagonist, and taking a bullet from between his teeth, he handed it to him.

"You can use this next time," said Joe.

The officer looked first at Joe's teeth, and then at the ball. It was surely the same one he had seen put into the pistol, and now he had seen his foeman take it from his mouth. He was unmistakably astounded.

"Come," cried Joe, "let's load again."

"San Pablo!" exclaimed Bizar, "you use some—what you call him—some trick, he? By San Jago, I shall load the pistol myself."

"Do so," said Joe, calmly, and as he spoke he handed over his powder-flask.

The Spaniard poured out an extra quantity of powder, and having poured it in the pistol, he called for the rammer. He then put in the same ball he had used before. Meanwhile Joe had been loading his own pistol.

"One moment," said Joe, reaching out his hand. "The caps are in the butt of your pistol. Let me get them."

The fellow passed over his pistol, but he kept his eyes upon it. Joe opened a little silver spring at the end of the butt, and, true, there were some percussion caps there. He took out two, and having capped his own pistol, he gave it a toss in the air, catching it adroitly as it came down, and then handed back the other to the Spaniard.

I had watched Joe most carefully, but I saw nothing out of the way. And yet he had changed pistols with his foe.

"Now," said he, "I'll put a ball into my pistol, and then we'll be ready."

He slipped something in which looked to me like a cartridge, but no one else saw it.

"Now," cried the Spaniard, "let's see you hold this in your mouth."

Again they took their stations, and they were ready.

"One—two—three!"

And the Spaniard fired first by aim, Joe firing into the air as before. And again Joe stepped forward and took the self-same bullet from his mouth and handed it to his antagonist. The fellow was completely dumfounded, and so were the rest.

"You no fire at me!" gasped the captain.

"I'll fire at you next time!" said Joe, in a tone of thunder. "Thus far I have only shown you that powder and ball can have no effect on me. Twice have you fired at me with as true a pistol as ever was made, and both times have I caught your ball between my teeth, while I have fired in the air. I meant that you should live long enough to know that for once in your life you had seen, if not the old fellow himself (pointing meaningly downward), at least one who is in his employ! The old gentleman will like the company of a captain of Spanish infantry, and I'll send you along. Come, load up again!"

But the astonished Spaniard did not seem inclined to do so. A man who swallowed carving-knives as he would sardines, and who caught pistol-balls between his teeth, was not exactly the man for him to deal with. While he was pondering upon what he had seen, Joe took a handful of bullets from his pocket, and began to toss them rapidly down his throat, and when these were gone, he picked up half-a-dozen good-sized stones and sent them after the bullets.

"Holy Santa Marie!" ejaculated the Spaniard, while his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. "What a man. By my soul, 'tis the devil!"

And as he thus spoke, he turned on his heel and hurried away from the place. After he was gone, Joe beckoned for me to give him the knives. I did so, and then saw him slip them up his coat-sleeves. When we returned to the cafe he approached the keeper.

"You want your knives?" he said.

But the poor fellow dared not speak. Joe put his hand to his right ear and pulled one of the knives out; then from his left ear he drew the other one. The keeper crossed himself in terror, and shrank trembling away. But we flushed our wine, and having paid for it, turned to go.

"Here," said Joe, "I haven't paid for the use of the yard yet." And as he spoke he threw down a piece of silver upon the counter.

"No! no! no!" shrieked the poor fellow. "O, *criax!* don't leave your money here, don't!"

Joe picked it up and went away laughing. When we were alone he explained to me the secret of his pistols. They were a pair he had used in his legerdemain performances, and such as all wizards use to perform tricks of catching balls, etc. The main barrel of the pistol had no connection whatever with the nipple for the cap; but what appeared to be a socket for the rammer was, in fact, a second barrel—to be sure, smaller than the other, but yet as large as the bore of any rifle-pistol—and with this secret barrel the priming tube connected. So the apparent barrel of the weapon might be filled with powder and ball and no harm could be done.

When Joe returned with his pistols, of course he had both these secret bores loaded with blank charges, and then the other load was nothing but effect in appearance. At the second loading Joe had charged the secret barrel of his own pistol, while the Spaniard had been filling up the main barrel of his. Then, of course, it became necessary to make an exchange, else Bizar never would have got his weapon off. As soon as Joe got the other pistol into his possession, and made the exchange which we spoke of at the time, he had only to press smartly upon a secret spring on the side of the stock, and he had the whole charge which the other had put in, emptied into his hand. So he had the marked ball to dispose of as he chose.

Ever after that, while he remained in Mahon, Joe Lattit was an object of both curiosity and dread on shore, for an account, all colored to suit the exaggerated conceptions of the cafe-keeper, had been spread over the city, and the pious Catholics there wanted nothing to do with such a man, only to be sure and keep on his good-humored side.

A number of very interesting old manuscripts, supposed to be written by some monk of the Solovisk Monastery, near Archangel, and said to throw new light upon the history of the religious sects of Russia, were recently found by a Russian antiquary in one of the book-stalls at St. Petersburg.

Oriental Carpets and Greek Architecture.

A few years ago, the carpets were almost all highly reprehensible. To say that they were barbarous would be to pay them a compliment, for no barbarous people ever made such crudities of line and color as the old "Brussels" and "Ingrain" carpets shown us; though the "Ingrain" designs were often better than those of the more expensive kinds. This was because fewer tricks were played with the warp and woof in the cheap carpet, and the designs were more evidently structural. The objection to all the carpets of the former time, cheap and dear alike, was, that the patterns were too defined; whether "set" or "flowing" they could not be made to blend with what was placed upon them, but pushed themselves so imperceptibly to the fore, that the carpet became the chief thing in the room, instead of being, as it should be, only a background for the rest. Of late years, there has been a great improvement in the designs of all carpets, from the most expensive Wilson to the cheapest Ingrain. In the richer sorts, dark, soft tones with patterns—if patterns can be called—of spots and stains, that now appear, now hide, but are never in the way, are to be bought in many of the shops. Some of the best English carpets are as thick and soft as the best of Persian make, and the designs, when they are not too daring, or when the makers are content with copying the quieter Eastern patterns, are a great improvement on the older manufactures. But one may as well spend his money for an Eastern carpet outright, as buy one of these English carpets. There would be the certainty of getting a design that had no taint of South Kensington in it, and that would be sure not to be the same through any square foot of its space. For one thing Eastern art is valuable to us; it rebukes at every turn our scientific love of precision and symmetry, shows us the charm of irregularity, and teaches us how to make two sides of a thing alike, while keeping them quite different. Whether we shall ever get this into our blood, I don't know. It is an essential principle of all the best decorative art; and necessarily so, because all such design is as far removed as possible from mechanical assistance, and has no other rule or measure than the eye acting through the hand. No two Ionic capitals of Greek workmanship even in the same temple are alike in anything, except general size and character. No more are any two Doric caps alike, nor any two successive feet of any Greek ornament. The notion instilled into our minds that the Greek architecture is all monotonous and repetition is of England or German origin.

The Mound-Builders and their Predecessors.

The earth of this continent shows us that before the Indians there has been a people whom we call the Mound-builders—that is, mounds were thrown up here by men whose bones we find in them, lying among rough tools and utensils, and after the mounds we name the race, who perhaps, were not a different people from the Indians.

But for these mounds we would not know of the men who built them. They are mentioned in no history, human or divine. What was there before the Mound-builder? I would speak of what must have been long before his time—of early, though perhaps not the earliest man in North America. We must know this early man by our experience of his traces. New observations of fact and the ideas they have awakened in myself are put forward, so that you may judge of the reasonableness of the conclusions. And here any boy will afford a competent illustration of the evidence. Almost the first thing that our boys do is to throw stones. It is one of their ways of saying No. There is more than one parallel between savages and our boys to be maintained. Just as the state of mind of the adult savage is paralleled by that of our children, so we must expect that so common a weapon as a stone is to our boys must be extensively used by savages. And this, in fact, is what we do find. There was also a time when this stone throwing was the occupation of grown men of our own race. Stones were used in the warfare of the Celt and the Roman. We remember that David, a Semite, used a pebble from the brook. And we shall find that men of other races, and before David, resorted to the same weapon for all the purposes which in David's time, and with his race, were partly served by metals. There is, then not only a parallel to be drawn between our boys and savages in certain ways, but there exists one between these boys of the present and our men of the past. Just as, when cutting into the crust of the earth, we find the remains of animals and plants which once inhabited its former surfaces, the simpler forms below, the more complex above, so we find the remains of man's tools and implements in the clays and gravels of the last geological period of the globe, and with a like sequence in their character.

The oldest and lowest forms of tools are simplest; the newer and nearer to the present surface, the more varied and complex. We have seen the simplest weapon man could use would be a stone. Even now a wagoner with broken cart looks around naturally for a stone to pound with, and so mend his ways. He picks up a stone on occasion as his ancestors did on most occasions. For the moment he is in the Stone age. And he uses what the earliest man must have undoubtedly used, a stone just as it is. There must have been a time when men picked up such stones as came in their way at the moment with which to throw at animals, to break their food, to injure their fellow-men. Such stones, unaltered by use, can no longer be identified.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

St. Isaac's Church, St. Petersburg.

By all means mount St. Isaac's, even if you have to stay in all day afterward, for in no other way can you form an adequate notion either of the prodigious audacity which planned a vast city on a wet bog, and at the mercy of both river and sea, or the extent, and symmetry and picturesqueness of a city which the Moscow people, sneer at it as they may, find only too successful a rival as the residence of the Court and as the seat of Government. This St. Isaac's Church, built on piles forced deep down into a yielding morass, and continually requiring repairs, from an awkward habit of slipping, has already cost three million sterling, and to an impartial mind is hardly worth the money. It is a four-square building, approached on each side by a grand flight of steps, and supported by a magnificent peristyle of columns sixty feet high, granite monoliths from Finland. There is a central cupola, richly gilt, and supported by thirty granite pillars, the whole surmounted by a golden cross three hundred and sixty feet from the ground. The capitals of the columns are in bronze, and there is much metal ornamentation on the exterior or in the shape of bas-reliefs, statues, and busts, a mingling of materials, which, to me seemed infelicitous. Imposing, however, as the exterior undoubtedly is, the interior is yet more striking to an eye accustomed to the austere simplicity of Protestant churches. The walls are of polished marble covered with pictures, many of which are in exquisite mosaic. The roof is painted in fresco. The iconostas, or screens, which in Greek churches separate the body of the church from the sanctuary, are adorned with columns of malachite and lapis lazuli, and profuse gilding everywhere gives a rich and splendid effect. Roughly described, St. Isaac's is a sort of dwarfed St. Paul's without nave or choir, and the Restoration Committee might do worse than study the decoration of St. Isaac's as a possible model for their own cathedral.

Pleasure as an Incentive to Study.

Coming now to the influences of concentration, we assign the first place to intrinsic charm, or pleasure in the act itself. The law of the will, in its side of greatest potency, is that pleasure sustains the movement that brings it. The whole force of the mind at the moment goes with the pleasure-giving exercise. The harvest of immediate pleasure stimulates our most intense exertions, if exertion serves to prolong the blessing. So it is with the deepening of an impression, the confirming of a bent or bias, the associating of a couple or a sequence of acts; a coinciding burst of joy awakens the attention, and thus leads to an enduring stamp on the mental framework.

The ingraining efficiency of the pleasurable motive requires not only that we should not be carried off into an accustomed routine of voluntary activities, such as to give to the forces another direction, as when we pace to and fro in a flower-garden; but also that the pleasure should not be intense or tumultuous. The law of the mutual exclusion of great pleasure and great intellectual exertion forbids the employment of too much excitement of any kind, when we aim at the most exacting of all mental results—the forming of new adhesive growths. A gentle pleasure that for the time contents us, there being no great temptation at hand, is the best foster-mother of our efforts at learning. Still better, if it be a growing pleasure; a small beginning, with steady increase, never too absorbing, is the best of all stimulants to mental power. In order to have a yet wider compass of stimulation, without objectionable extremes, we might begin on the negative side, that is, in pain or privation, to be gradually remitted in the course of the studious exercise, giving place at last to the exhilaration of a waxing pleasure. All the great teachers, from Socrates downward, seem to recognize the necessity of putting the learner into a state of pain to begin with; a fact that we are by no means to exult over, although we may have to admit the stern truth that is in it.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

Dr. Schliemann's wealth is estimated by those who have the means of knowing at not less than \$3,000,000.

J. P. Hasler, the defaulting cashier of the Carlisle (Pa.) Deposit Bank, hanged himself in the garret of his dwelling.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Pluck will carry a man where a palace car will not.

The Illinois penitentiary contains over 1,500 convicts.

London dispensed last year about \$35,000,000 in charity.

England has about 100,000 miles of telegraph wire in operation.

There are twelve miles of shelving for the books in the British Museum.

New Haven is organizing a fruit-growing colony, for Southern California.

The Rothschilds have five family mansions in Paris, valued at 100,000,000 francs.

A new style of postage stamps of the three cent denomination is to be issued in May.

The salary of the president of Switzerland has been increased from \$2,000 to \$2,700 a year.

Kansas anticipates a very large emigration in the Spring from Wisconsin, Minnesota and Michigan.

A sheep ranch of 640,000 acres has just been surveyed in Menard county, Texas, for a Tennessee breeder.

Earl Township (Pa.) boasts of a very young grandfather, viz., Nathan Rae, who is not yet 35 years of age.

They have a man in San Francisco who is distinguishing himself by eating macaroni by the mile. He disposed of the first mile in 22 minutes.

There is at the present time in the Mexican treasury, the sum of seventeen cents in specie. It has slipped into a crevice, and cannot be got at.

Colonel Delancey Kane proposes that the first trip of the spring season of the Pelham Coach to the suburbs shall be made on Tuesday, May 1.

Mr. Wm. E. Dodge, of New York, is said to be the heaviest timber land owner in the United States. He owns land in the South, the West and Canada.

The new Democratic daily at San Francisco is edited by an Australian. He landed since November, but huris the spirit of '76 at all Returning Boards.

A very old married couple named Minor, live at Fall River, Mass. The husband is more than one hundred years of age, and the wife eighteen months younger.

The shock from the firing of the 80-ton gun at Shoeburyness, England, recently caused bottles to fall off a glass shelf in the window of a house sixteen miles distant.

Kansas derived a revenue of \$89,120 80 from its railroads on state tax alone during the last year. The assessment of railroad property amounted to \$18,205,435.

Four factories at Huntsville, Mo., are prepared to handle three million pounds of tobacco this year. Nearly double that amount finds a market at Huntsville.

A San Francisco clerk paid \$35 a month for his rooms, ate \$3 dinners, and smoked 25 cent cigars. The firm overhauled his accounts, and found them \$21,000 short.

There is talk in London of setting up Cleopatra's needle in Northumberland avenue. To remove the obelisk from Alexandria and re-erect it will cost at least \$35,000.

The Irish organizations of Baltimore have sensibly resolved not to waste their money on a St. Patrick's day parade, this year, but give what they would have spent in that way to the poor.

A curious fish is found in Wallow's Lake, California, which are blood red in color, very fat, and are of superior delicacy to salmon. There are only four known lakes in the world where these fish are found.

The oldest Duke in Great Britain is the Duke of Portland, aged 77; the youngest the Duke of Montrose, aged 25. The oldest Marquis is the Marquis of Donegal, aged 80; the youngest, the Marquis of Camden, aged 5.

Mr. Demas Barnes's loss in his newspaper venture is computed to be \$400,000. The price paid for the privilege of killing the *Brooklyn Argus* in advance of its natural dissolution is variously reported at from \$8,000 to \$35,000.

The match of the national rifle association for the Centennial trophy is announced for September, and notices has been issued to foreign rifle teams. The captain of the Irish team responds that it is uncertain whether it is possible to raise a team to shoot for the trophy this season.

The Health and Police Committees of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors have just laid out the future Chinese burial grounds, a short distance beyond the half-mile track, parallel with Point Lobos avenue. This will be the third time the Chinese have been compelled to remove the bones of their dead interred in this country.

On the Southern Pacific Railroad, 340 miles south of San Francisco, is seen a unique piece of railroading, where the track, after passing through a tunnel, winds around the mountain and crosses itself directly over the tunnel, thus gaining a height of 78 feet on 3,795 feet of rail. About 100 miles further south the road runs through one of the largest tunnels in America, that of San Francisco, 8,967 feet in length.

The Great and Little Dismal swamps, embrace over 3,000,000 acres of the richest lands of North Carolina, a large portion of which, by a moderate outlay for draining, could be made equal to the most fertile of Louisiana. These lands belong chiefly to the educational fund, but are of no present value to it. Governor Vancels anxious to have them drained, and has directed a bill to be prepared for the legislature on the subject.