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UNLOVED AND ALONE.

The sea dove some twin shadow has,
The lark has lovers in seas of grass.
The wild beast trumpets back his vow,
The squirrel laughs along his bough;
But I, I am alone, alas!
As you white moon when white clouds pass,
As lonely and unloved, alas!
As clouds that sweep and drop and pass.

Oh, maiden, singing, silver sweet,
At cabin door, in field of corn,
Where woodbine twine for thy retreat—
Sing sweet through all thy summer morn,
For love is landing at thy feet,
In that fair isle, in seas of corn,
But I, I am unloved and lorn,
As winter winds of winter morn.

The ships, black-bellied, climb the sea,
The seamen seek their loves on land,
And love and lover, hand in hand,
Go singing, glad as glad can be,
But nevermore shall love seek me,
By blowy sea or broken land,
By broken wild or willow tree,
Nay, nevermore shall love seek me.

—Joaquin Miller.

A Sleigh-Belle.

Harold Brown's sleigh dashed merrily up to Harold Brown's door, and at that moment (she was the soul of punctuality) out came Harold Brown's only sister—a little woman wrapped in shawls and veils and worsted things from head to foot.

"Come along, sis," he shouts; and then, without waiting for her to "come along," he jumps from the sleigh, reaches the top of the stoop in three strides—he's a tall, broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, blue-eyed young fellow—catches her up in her arms as though she were only a bundle, and in the twinkling of an eye she is snugly stowed away among the buffalo robes.

Crack goes the whip. "G'lang Ned!" cries Harold. "Ned" tosses his head and paws the ground an instant to set the sleigh-bells ringing properly and off they go.

"Are you warm?" asks Harold of the bundle at his side.

"Almost smothered," answers the bundle, in an indistinct voice with a slight lip.

"That's right, my darling," says the brother, who adores his pretty young sister—the only one left him of four. "I should tear my hair in wild despair if you could cool. Mind you don't for if you but sneeze once, be it the tiniest sneeze that ever was, home you go."

"Never fear, Har," rejoins the obedient small woman. "I promise on my word of honor, not to sneeze. I'll choke first. Ah! here we are," she continues, as they turned into Fifth avenue and take their place at the end of a line of sleighs, big and little, the largest of which stands unoccupied before the handsome and brilliantly lighted house of Albert Lee, merchant and millionaire.

"Yes, and here are all the rest," says Harold, adding with a slight inflection of scorn, "excepting the Lee people. Of course it's the Princess Alberta who is keeping us all waiting"—forgetting, in the most man-like manner, that he had only that moment arrived himself.

"She never was ready when she was a little girl, and I suppose she hasn't reformed in that particular now that she is a big one."

"Big!" repeated the voice from the mufflers; "why, she isn't a bit larger than I am."

"Well, she is a year older, anyhow, and ought to know better," replies Harold; "but I haven't the slightest doubt she's stopping to flirt with some one, or two, or half a dozen of her numerous admirers, utterly regardless of the fact that I—that is, you—to say nothing of forty or fifty others, more or less intimate friends, are freezing outside. Dan Van Rensselaer is buttoning on her gloves, or Will West is fastening the straps of her overshoes, or some confounded nonsense or other. Cora, it's my opinion that that girl flirted in her cradle, made faces on her old lovers, and smiled on the new. 'Alberta'—and she won't let any one soften it to 'Berta,'" he went on, apparently warming with his subject—"what a ridiculous name for such a mite! for mite she is, and mite she will continue to be, for all her scornful looks and haughty ways."

"Oh, Harold!" exclaims the veiled voice, with as much indignation as is possible under the circumstances. "How unjust you are! She's not haughty—she's not scornful—she's lovely! She came to me herself yesterday afternoon—and I happen to know all the others had written invitations—and begged we would join her sleighing party. 'It's to be a real old-fashioned affair,' she said, 'and I want my real old-fashioned friends to come.'"

"Extremely condescending," inter-polates Harold.

"And as for her name, she had nothing to say about that, as you, if you have one grain of common sense, must be aware—no more than you did about yours. And she'd rather be called

'Bertie' a great deal; only her papa insists upon 'Alberta' and, consequently, like a good daughter, she insists upon 'Alberta' too. He wanted a boy when she was born, to be called 'Albert'—that's his own name, you know; and when a girl came instead, he said no girl should interfere with his plans, and he named her 'Alberta' which is almost the same thing. And its just as well he did, for he never had another child, girl or boy."

"Pity the boy hadn't come," grumbles Harold.

"For shame, brother!" exclaims the little woman, partly unfolding the veil that hides her dimpled chin and rosy mouth, that she may speak with greater effect. "How can you wish that there was a great stupid young man instead of that dear, sweet girl? for she is a dear sweet girl, though you, I can't for the life of me see why—neither can Fred—choose to be angry with her."

"I didn't wish for a great stupid young man in her place," exclaims Harold, with a short laugh. "That he would necessarily have been 'great and stupid' only feminine logic can prove; it's beyond me. But if 'Albert' had come first, and Alberta by some other name, second, she wouldn't have been an only child, as she is now, petted and indulged in every whim and fancy, until she imagines herself a queen and all the world her slaves."

"You said 'a princess' a few moments ago," says Cora demurely.

"And perhaps she wouldn't be smiling on that grinning idiot, Dan Van Rensselaer—they say she's going to marry him, his fortune equaling her own, and his great-great-great-great grandfather having been one of the very first Dutchmen that landed on these shores—and turning away from the fellow she has known from her infancy, and who has—Whoa, Ned, keep still! Why the deuce don't she and her train make their appearance?"

"They don't make their appearance, and Cora begins to talk again.

"Harold, you wrong Alberta; indeed you do. It is you that are foolishly proud, not she. When she went abroad she left us rich; when she came back, she found us poor; and yet she had only been home two days when she sought us out. And how did you receive her? In the coldest manner; and then raved and swore when she was gone—you needn't contradict me; I distinctly remember two very wicked words you said—because she didn't rush into your arms and kiss you at meeting, as she did at parting, three years before. Can't you understand, you horrid, splendid old boy, that what is just allowable in a girl of 15 would be highly improper in a young lady of 18? And you have only called upon her once since her return—once in six long months; and pray what did your lordship do on that occasion? Scowled and growled and snapped at Louis Vance in such a ferocious manner that he told my Fred—poor Fred! what a pity they're taking 'count of stock to-night!—he actually thought," with a little chuckle, "you were losing your senses. And what's more, Mr. Harold Brown,"—and the dimpled chin is thrust forward defiantly—"I think, and so does Fred, that it's your duty to apologize for the way you behaved that evening. And I don't believe she's engaged to Dan Van Rensselaer at all. That was only a rumor that floated over here from Paris, and I see no reason why you should accept it for the blessed truth any more than you do the thousand and one idle reports that are always floating about. And, Harold, if you really love her, why don't you tell her so? Fred told me the moment he found out. But there! I sha'n't talk any more; it's no use."

"It is not," declares Harold, with emphasis; "for unless, by some unforeseen turn in the wheel of fortune, she becomes as poor as myself, and I don't believe the wheel contemplates any such turn, I shall never speak of love to Miss Alberta Lee."

"Rude, obstinate, wretched boy!" scolds the little sister; "I wash my hands of you. If you insist upon being unhappy, be so. Not another word do you hear from me to-night, for my breath is all frozen on my veil, making it stiff and uncomfortable, and I've reason to think, notwithstanding my promise to the contrary, my big brother, I'm going to sneeze."

"My darling," says the big brother, fumbling in his great-coat pockets, "I've another sky, or moon, or cloud, or what ever you call it, here—bought it as I came along, for fear—"

"Har," interrupts Cora, solemnly, "if you wrap another thing about me, even if it be the finest gossamer, I shall cease to breathe;" and she twines the veil she had unfolded about the lower part of her face again, and relapses into silence.

"Here she is—and time I think," says Harold, his blue eyes flashing with no pleasant light, as a laughing party ran down the steps of the Lee mansion and crowded into the empty sleigh. "And, thunder and Mars! that infernal Dan

Van Rensselaer is at her side. G'lang Ned!" savagely. And away they all start, laughing, singing, and shouting as only young people sleigh-riding on a fine moonlight night can laugh and sing and shout.

An hour's ride, and then a stop of an hour or two at an old-fashioned country hotel—would there were more of them!—for a dance (the sole music for which was furnished by a very old violin, played by a still older darkey, who, the dance ended, proceeded to display his musical skill with much rolling of the eyes and stamping of the right foot, by performing a composition of his own, the theme being "The Queen Bee's Visit to the Garden of Roses," and the most noticeable point in which was a "hum-um-um," commencing pianissimo, crescendo to fortissimo, and then diminuendo (until the Queen Bee flew away again) and a supper.

At the supper an immense turkey presided, flanked by crisp salads, broiled quails, and the various pies of the country; but he, the turkey, didn't preside long, for he was soon reduced to much less than a skeleton; and then the sleighs were brought from the stable, and the heads of the horses, the horses nothing loth, turned homeward; and the good-natured landlady and the red-haired chambermaid, and Dan Van Rensselaer and his chums, had all they could do in the way of searching for articles of wearing apparel, and helping on jackets, and holding shawls and cloaks, and tying veils for at least fifteen minutes.

"Hurry up," at length shouts some one from outside, "if you want to get back to the city before the moon turns her back on us;" and down stairs they go pell-mell, helter-skelter, and jump and tumble, and are lifted into the sleighs again.

Harold Brown grasps his own particular charge from the group as they reach the roadside, and carefully seating her in his sleigh, heaps the heavy robes around her and springs in himself.

Hundreds of silvery bells jingle together in pleasant discord; the old darkey whose Queen Bee has never extracted so much honey with an "m" from the garden of roses before, flings his battered hat in the air, and shouts, "Hurrah!" and then seizes his old violin and plays "Hail, Columbia," as though every note was a soldier of 1776; and away they speed for home once more.

"How lovely she looked to-night!" begins Harold, after a five-minute's silence. "You needn't speak, toad. After that warm room, and the dance, and the supper, it is more necessary than ever that you should be careful. All I ask of you is to listen. As a listener, you can't be surpassed, although as a talker, like most women, you are apt to get things a little confused. But don't go to sleep, for that is an insult I can't and won't stand. Did you ever see such hair?—spun gold! And how charmingly she wears it! parted in a wreath about her pretty shoulders. Blondes! There's only one blonde in the world, and that's Alberta Lee. Her skin is like the snow with the moonlight on it; and being beautiful because she is so fair, I suppose it wouldn't be fair in me to even dream of her turning Brown. Hi, Ned! Good heavens! the intelligent brute heard that dreadful attempt at a joke and tried to run away. So-o-o, old fellow, I won't do it again. And she never spoke to me, Cora. And yet when we were boy and girl together I've stolen many a kiss from that sweet red mouth unreprieved, and she used to call me 'My Harold.' Let me see—that must have been eight years ago. And then as she grew older, she grew more shy; but I was 'Harold' still, often 'dear Harold,' until her father, who shows what an idiot he is, in spite of his years, by encouraging that great idiot, Van Rensselaer, made that lucky hit in Wal street, and the whole family went abroad to learn how to play the aristocrat to humble friends at home. It's true I didn't go near her to-night. There were too many around her. 'The rose that all are praising is not the rose for me.' And the dance I should liked to have danced with her, the dance we danced together in the 'long ago,' she gave to Louis Vance the very man I came near knocking down one evening at her house for taking her picture from her album and putting it in his breast-pocket, with some silly, spooney remark about his heart. How her mother glared at me as I snatched it from his hand! and she said, with a cool drawl, 'Pray, Mr. Brown, what is it to you?' Deuce take her lovely, exasperating, bewitching impudence she well knew what it was to me, the golden-haired, lily-white little hypocrite! I suppose she'll marry that Van Rensselaer"—and he muttered something which didn't sound like a blessing between his teeth—"or some of his set, not one of whom is worthy to hold her fan, 'the bonnie wee thing,' as our old Scotch nurse used to say"—breaking off with what in a woman we would call a hysterical laugh. "I say, sis, are you

asleep? You needn't say a word, my butterfly; just shake your head."

The worsted things and veils that formed the butterfly's cocoon moved slowly and with difficulty from side to side.

"All right, dear. I feel as though I must talk of her to-night, and to whom can I talk but you, my darling?—my little sister who has never withheld her love and sympathy from me, God bless her! But, Cora, if any poor fellow had loved you all his life long, and you had led him to believe for many years that you returned his affection, and then, growing richer, as he, through no fault of his own, grew poorer—if you turned away from him and smiled upon those who were only his superiors in wealth and position, I'd disown you. Mouse of my life, I would indeed?"

"But suppose the 'poor fellow' had never told his love when we met after a long separation?" whispered the 'mouse of his life.'

"In words, you mean? Pshaw! there are a hundred ways in which a man tells his love, and a woman knows every one of them by heart."

"But suppose," in another faint whisper, "that when she returned from abroad, she found him a man so much less manly than the youth she had left that he could stoop to believe that because he had become poor, as the world goes, she could forget the happy, happy days they spent together, and—care for each other? Suppose that he lent a ready ear to silly reports about her—one, for instance, that she was engaged to be married to that idiot Van Rensselaer?"

"Cora!"

No reply.

"Cora, I say!"

Perfect silence.

"You tormenting little thing,"—shaking her gently with his strong right hand—"why don't you answer me? I won't give you a kiss for a week if you don't. There's something uncanny about you. Where's your lip? You had one a short time ago; you know you did—Cora!"

"My name is Alberta, please, sir," and the veil that had hidden her face flew aside, and a long tress of golden hair floated out and brightened the night.

The reins fell from Harold's hands. Alberta caught them skilfully.

"'Tis well," she said, "that in those by-gone days you taught me how to drive."

For one moment her lover gazed at her in open-eyed wonder. Then he gasped, "Great heavens! what a fool!"

"Thank you, Mr. Brown," said the fair one, with a smile.

"Not you Alberta—thunder and Mars! no, but me, myself—to be so near and yet so far. What a consummate—"

"Skip the hard words; there isn't the slightest need of them," interrupted Alberta mischievously. "Cora thought she'd like a ride in the big sleigh, and I hadn't the heart to refuse the child. Hope I haven't intruded, Mr. Brown. And now, as we're turning into our street, you'd better take the reins again."

"Alberta—Bertie—sweetheart, say something kind to me before we part," he pleads, grasping both the reins and the little hands that hold them.

"What shall I say, Mr. Brown?"

He bends his head and looks earnestly in her face. "Say 'Harold' first."

"Harold," she repeats, with a saucy smile, and then wresting her hands away, she sinks back and leans her head on his shoulder which droops to meet it, and goes on in a softened voice: "I'm not engaged to Dan Van Rensselaer, whom you with charming consistency, call an idiot for loving me; and my papa, who is the dearest and best papa in the whole world, in spite of your impertinent remarks about him, cares nothing for wealth and position, compared to my happiness; and I myself, 'lily-white little hypocrite' to the contrary, haven't the slightest objection to turning Brown, my Harold."

"God bless you, dearest."

"Yes, yes, but don't kiss me just now, please. We're at our own door, and the light of the street lamp is falling full upon us, and there's dear old anxious papa peeping out trying to catch a glimpse of his only son and heiress."

"Good-night," "good-night," resounded from every side as each particular sleigh started for that particular place to which its particular party belonged, with the exception of the sleigh in charge of the horse called Ned.

That remained in front of the dwelling of the "princess," while its happy owner, with Cora, his little sister, who had suddenly appeared at his side, on one arm, and Alberta, his pretty sweetheart on the other, ascended the marble steps.

"Papa," called out Alberta, as they entered the hall, "Mr. Harold Brown has been behaving in a dreadful manner. He has called me all sorts of names, abused me most shamefully to my face, actually shaken me, and, worst of all, declared he wouldn't kiss me for a week. Send John to look after Ned—poor horse he isn't to blame—and then I demand that you demand an explanation."

The Influence of Oxford and Cambridge Over the Professions.

It is nevertheless true that Oxford and Cambridge care little to exercise a large influence over the professions. Let us take the profession of medicine as an instance in point. The study of medicine, more than that of any other profession, is based upon a large extent of scientific knowledge, and any university might consider it a high duty to have its scientific methods of instruction adapted to a noble calling. But Oxford and Cambridge have very small influence, either on the preparatory scientific, or more technical training of medical men. There are 14,101 medical practitioners in England and Wales, and of these Oxford, Cambridge and Durham have graduated only 230, or 1-6 per cent. The Scotch universities have 2,829 of their medical graduates in England, and therefore influence the English medical profession to the extent of 20 per cent; while in Scotland itself, 65 per cent. of the medical profession are graduates in medicine. These figures are taken from an excellent lecture on medical education by Dr. Morgan, an Oxford M. D. Even the ideal of Oxford and Cambridge, that they should lay the basis of necessary culture, but should not teach professions, bears small fruit in the important profession of medicine. The two universities produce annually from 600 to 800 B. A.'s, and out of these, we should find many prepared to enter upon medical studies. But only five or six annually become medical men. Hence it is obvious that Oxford and Cambridge have remarkably small influence on a profession requiring more than any other a large and accurate scientific knowledge. Even if we include the London University, the whole English universities combined only give 4 or 5 per cent. of graduates to the most scientific profession in the country. As regards theology and law, the indirect influence of the English universities is no doubt considerable; but there is no exercise of the higher faculties of theology and law, in the sense of methodized training and instruction, such as is given in the German and Scotch universities. In the present relations at Oxford and Cambridge to public education, their small direct influence on the professions and occupations of the people will be deemed a glory, and not a shame. They stand on the higher platform of given knowledge for its own sake, and not for its applications. I do not combat the elevation of the ideal, but it places the two universities above the heads of the great bulk of the people, and practically restricts their advantage to a class of wealthy men who have no need to study for professions. Middle-class men and poor men are to be found in the universities, but they are attracted there by gold and not by knowledge.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

The Chief-Queen of Burmah.

It is the custom of the Burmese royal family to intermarry strictly within itself. Thus the late Queen was a half sister of the King of Burmah. From this practice may be traced much of the insanity which has constantly made its appearance in the Burmese royal dynasties. Tierrawaddy, a descendant of the great Alaoung Pyah, was a notable instance of a mad King of Burmah, and several other kings have been addicted to suspicious freaks. The Naudau was sixty years old, and is said to have been much respected. During her lifetime she was generally accredited with having a great deal to do with the chief political movements of her day in Burmah. The remains of the deceased Queen are embalmed. She will neither be buried nor burnt. According to the strict immemorial custom of the Burmese court these remains, says the *Rangoon Gazette*, are to be placed in one of the apartments occupied by the Queen during her life in the palace, clothed in royal robes, and surrounded with all the jewels and paraphernalia of Burmese royalty. In that state the body is to remain until time completes the work of destruction, or another King ascends the throne, when the corpse will invariably be thrust into a lumber-room or consigned to mother earth. It is the intention of the King to spend a portion of each day in the apartment containing the remains of the Queen, in contemplations and musings on the transitory nature of this life. This determination is in strict accordance with the precepts of the Buddhist religion. If the Burmese King abdicates, as is not very improbable, he will become a holy Hpoongee. All business is at a stand-still in Mandalay. Every prisoner not under sentence of death will be liberated. The lying-in-state ceremonials are to be opened with great ceremony. In brief, as they say in India, there is a grand *tumasha* going on in Mandalay.—*Rangoon Gazette.*

Times of general calamity and confusion have ever been productive of great minds. The purest ore is produced from the hottest furnace, and the brightest thunderbolt is elicited from the darkest storms.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The smallest hair casts its shadow.
The noblest motive is the public good.
—*Virgil.*

Nature is God's Old Testament.—*Theodore Parker.*

He who knows no language but his own does not even know that.

Whilst thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—*Shakespeare.*

The value of a man's education cannot be estimated by the price he paid for it.

Truth is at the bottom of a well, and the well has apparently caved in.

All philosophy lies in two words, "sustain" and "abstain."—*Epictetus.*

A long life without rest or peace in God is nothing but a long martyrdom.

Do not forget that while you fold your hands, Time folds not up his wings.

If falsehood paralyzed the tongue, what a death-like silence would pervade society.

If every man would only take the advice he gives to other people he would be happy.

It took thousands of ages to fit the earth for man, and it may take as long to fit man for earth.

Be not affronted at a jest. If one throw ever so much salt at thee, thou wilt receive no harm, unless thou art raw and ulcerous.

A well known floriculturalist says: "Not one violet seed in a bushel will grow." Perhaps not, unless he puts some earth in the bushel.

Never put much confidence in such as put no confidence in others. A man prone to suspect evil is mostly looking in his neighbor for what he sees in himself.

An invitation to a starving woman to attend a prayer meeting is not half as good as a square meal. It is difficult to be a good Christian on an empty stomach.

Resolve never to speak of a man's virtues to his face nor his faults behind his back—a golden rule the observation of which would at once banish flattery and defamation from the earth.

Youth vanishes, manhood flies; soon old age is ours, and then, like children, weary with the day's amusement, and tired of petty annoyances and disappointments, we are glad to lie down and sleep.

The hand that hath made you fair hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, should keep the body of it ever fair.—*Shakespeare.*

A young French duchess once observed to Madame de Maintenon: "My aunt, you must admit that in England the queens govern better than the kings, and do you know why, my aunt? Because under kings, it is women who govern, and men under queens."

It were well if there were fewer heroes, for I scarcely ever heard of any, excepting Hercules, but did more mischief than good. These overgrown mortals use their will with their right hand and their reason with their left.—*Jeremy Collier.*

It were certainly ought not to treat living creatures like shoes or household goods which when worn out with use we throw away; and were it only to teach benevolence to human kind were merciful to other creatures.—*Pythagoras.*

Observe method in the distribution of your time. Every hour will then know its proper employment, and no time will be lost. Idleness will then be shut out at every avenue, and with a numerous body of vices that make up her train.—*Horne.*

No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a good temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like flowers springing up in our pathway reviving and cheering us. Kind words and looks are the outward demonstrations; patience and forbearance are the sentiments within.

Early rising is to commence the day with an act of self denial which gives the mind tone for the whole day. It redeems time for early prayer, thereby dedicating the first warm aspirations to God, before the dull, deadening, earthward influences of the world have had time to impart the freshness of early feeling. Late rising is the prelude to a day in which everything seems to go wrong.—*Frederick W. Robertson.*

A Welsh correspondent sends to *Nature* an interesting instance of a joint stock concern in the poultry yard: "Two hens sat on, or by, one nest, and thus between them hatched one chick. They have since, for some weeks, been parading the yard, each clucking and manifesting all the anxiety and care of a true mother over this one. The hens never quarrel, or show the least appearance of jealousy or rivalry."

In "Antonia," George Sand makes Madame Thierry say of her husband, "My poor husband had a fertile, brilliant and graceful imagination; he was one of those who fill life with unexpected pleasures; far from being ambitious, and eager in the pursuit of glory, his aim seemed to be the enjoyment of whatever is most agreeable. Painting was his amusement, and he allowed nothing to trouble him."

This is the way they collect old debts in Moukden, China: The creditor cast the debtor's father, age seventy, into prison. The son had no money; the father had much; the jailors tied the old man, hand and foot in stocks, to a post two feet high, so that he could neither sit nor lie down, and kept him there several days. The process did not wrench a penny out of the old miser. They then cramped his foot into a place between his manacled hands and left him one night. The next morning they found a corpse in the stocks.