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## A ROSE SONG.

BY RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Why are red roses red?  
For roses once were white.  
Because the loving nightingales  
Sang on their thorns all night—  
Sang till the blood they shed  
Had dyed the roses red.

Why are white roses white?  
For roses once were red.  
Because the sorrowing nightingales  
Wept when the night was fled,  
Wept till their tears of light  
Had washed the roses white!

Why are the roses sweet?  
For once they had no scent.  
Because one day the Queen of Love  
Who to Adonis went,  
Bru-hed them with heavenly feet—  
That made the roses sweet!

—Scribner's Monthly.

## Daisy's Courtship.

The old fashioned kitchen door stood wide open, and the strong, sweet west wind poured through the sanded floored room, swaying in slow, graceful waves the blue muslin skirts of Daisy May's morning wrapper as she stood beside the table arranging a pile of stemless flowers in a shallow glass dish.

"Indeed, I'll never marry a farmer, auntie. I love the country well enough—here, at home, where nothing but the poetry of it falls to me—gathering flowers, drinking creamy milk, sketching shady spots, driving wherever I want to, and always sent luscious things to eat—and in winter rides and sleighing, and plenty of books and my music."

"And John Maurice." Her aunt tacked the name very tersely at the end of the long list of attractions; then watched to see the effect on Daisy's face.

The pretty lips pouted charmingly. "Maurice! Oh, John's good enough, of course; but—"

"It's a good thing you have got over your foolish attachment to him, Daisy, for he's going to be married soon. Engaged to one of the prettiest girls you ever saw—a Miss Winchester, visiting at Castledean's."

Daisy's eyes grew a little darker, and then she elevated her eyebrows coldly. "He's engaged, is he? Oh, well, that's perfectly natural, I am sure. I suppose Miss—Miss Winchester, did you say?—I suppose she is a decided blonde, and petite?"

Daisy didn't say that Maurice had often sworn that there was no other style of beauty for him but Daisy's own.

"Oh, bless you, no! Miss Winchester is tall, almost as tall as John, and very stately, and a lovely brunette. Everybody thinks John a lucky fellow."

Daisy rose and took down her garden hat.

"I dare say he is—only I never could see what there was about those tall, dark women to captivate anybody. I'm going over to Minnie Castledean's awhile—may I?"

Mary watched the petite, graceful figure in the navy blue foulard cambric, and white tarlatan shade hat, tied over the clustering, floating curls, and nodded her head wisely and smiled serenely.

"You darling—you perfect darling to come to us. Daisy, I've been just dying to see you and have you at home again. We're going to have the most jolly time this summer, you know. The house is full, and there is Nellie Winchester especially I want you to know, and the handsomest young officer on leave—Gus brought him up—Colonel Cressington; and we've impressed John Maurice—you remember, John. He's the handsomest fellow—beats the colonel, I tell you, and Nellie's just bewitched after him."

And Daisy laughed and assented, and declared she half remembered John Maurice, and was dying to see Miss Winchester, and intended inaugurating a flirtation at once with the military gentleman.

Minnie rattled on, as seventeen-year old girls have a way of doing.

"It's too bad! Nell's gone down to the city to-day to buy ribbons for the picnic—oh, you'll surely be here next Tuesday for our picnic at Eagle's Head, Daisy? I suppose John Maurice will take Nellie, and I am sure Colonel Cressington will be delighted to be your escort."

"Colonel Cressington will be happier than ever before in his life, if he may have that honor, Miss Minnie."

When her morning call was over, Colonel Cressington insisted on walking home with her, and Daisy permitted it—not because he was so handsome and so entertaining, or she so pleased with him, but because—well, she felt a little provoked at hearing so many praises of the lady to whom John Maurice was engaged; and somehow it made her feel better to flirt a little.

And, as if the very fates themselves were propitious, who should she and her gallant cavalier meet, face to face for the first time in three years to Daisy, but John Maurice!

John Maurice—so perfectly splendid in his clear, dark, manly beauty, his stylish clothes—everything just as it should be.

"This John Maurice—and engaged to Nellie Winchester! Daisy's heart gave a bound as he extended a hand which she saw had a plain gold ring on the little finger.

And then she crushed all the joy she had felt at seeing him, and gave him her hand with a cool, graceful little bow.

"Daisy May! is it possible? Why, you are prettier than ever, and—I declare, Daisy, I am awfully glad you're home again."

He was so easily familiar, so frank—and engaged to her?

Daisy smiled. "Thank you, Mr. Maurice, for your good will. I am glad to see you."

It was very proper, very ladylike, but a shadow came over John's handsome face.

"I hope I shall see you often, Daisy. You'll be at the picnic on Tuesday? Cressington, keep that sunshine over her head. Good bye till I see you again."

His horse was prancing restlessly, and he was off like a dart and out of sight when Daisy bowed good-bye to her uniformed gallant at the gate.

"What a handsome fellow John Maurice has grown to be, hasn't he uncle?"

Daisy was sipping her coffee slowly that Tuesday morning—a cloudless June day, that the gods had arranged for the Castledean party's picnic, and Daisy, her lovely golden hair brushed off her forehead in loose burnished waves, and caught at the back of the head with pale blue ribbons, was impatiently trying to get through her toilet.

Her uncle buttered a slice of home made bread with keen relish. "You might travel a seven years' journey and not come across his equal. And he's lucky, too. He sold his interest in that railroad for ten times what he gave, enough to buy him the prettiest farm in the country—Edge Wire, and its stocked first-class, I can tell you. He's bound to make a fortune, and they say that Winchester girl'll bring him considerable."

"He'll never think of her money's worth, that kind of a man at all."

Aunt Mary stole a glance at the girl's face.

"John's a splendid fellow and his wife'll be the happiest woman going. I do say, Daisy, nothing would have pleased your uncle and I better if John had taken a notion to you."

"You should have said if I had taken a notion to John. But you see—I haven't."

She threw a kiss coquettishly, and vanished through the door to have a foolish cry up in her room before she dressed herself.

And when Colonel Cressington drove up in his two horse phaeton, he thought he never had seen such a perfect picture of girlish beauty and happiness in all his life.

And Maurice dashed by in his chaise with Nellie Winchester, radiant in white muslin and rose hued ribbons, in time to get a bow and gleaming smile from Daisy, and to think, with another of those shadows on his face that Daisy had seen before, that Colonel Cressington and Daisy were good—very good friends.

The long summer day had crept pleasantly along, and the lengthened shadows were warning the gay picnickers it was time to be preparing to return. Colonel Cressington and Nellie Winchester had strolled off arm in arm an hour before, and Minnie Castledean and a dozen others were lounging on the soft sward, gossiping, laughing and enjoying a *dolce far niente* generally, while Maurice was walking about unobserved, unremembered by the others, with his head bent down as if in close search for something lost—his ring that had until several minutes before he had not missed, and missing, had at once commenced to hunt for it.

Not that it was so valuable. But a pained white look on his face that had been there at intervals all day intensified as he thought how dear that simple band was to him and why.

He went on and on, separating further and further from the party, until sobs, low, indistinct, as if unsuccessfully suppressed, but unmistakable, attracted his attention, and a second's continuance in the direction he was going brought him in full view of Daisy May, with her head bowed on her hands and her frame convulsed with violent weeping, and glistening on her fair finger the circlet of gold for which he was searching.

Seeing him she sprung to her feet, and dashing the tears from her eyes said: "I found your ring, Mr. Maurice."

She drew it off her finger and handed it to him, calling all the powers of an unhappy, foolish little head to aid her to make her strong and indifferent—who had been sitting there kissing and crying over John's engagement ring.

John took the ring, and holding it between his fingers and thumb, looked in her face, with his own pale and eager.

"Daisy, tell me you were crying because you love me. Is it so? Daisy, my only, my own darling, I almost dread to have your answer, for I fear it will be no. But—do you love me, my darling?"

A sudden glory flashed over her face, her very soul looking out of her eyes. Then her lips quivered piteously.

"Oh! John, how can you talk to me so? Nellie Winchester—"

He pressed her suddenly close to him and pushed her head down on his shoulder.

"Look up, little one. Nellie Winchester is nothing to me, although rumor has said so. You are all the world to me, darling. Am I so to you? Will you take the ring I bought when I heard you were coming home, and determined to secure you for my own as soon as I saw you? Daisy, I have been engaged to you since I can remember. Will you ratify it?"

And with all her soul in the kiss she gave him, Daisy knew her heart was all rest in John Maurice's love.

That night it was announced in the Castledean's parlor privately, of course, that the picnic had been a great success.

Colonel Cressington had proposed to Nellie Winchester and had been accepted, and Minnie confidentially whispered to Daisy:

"Wasn't it cunning? for Nell carried on with John Maurice just to try to make the colonel piqued, so that he would propose. That's the way I mean to do; don't you?"

And Daisy smiled and blushed, and stole a glance at John's happy face, and thought how good everything was.

## Varieties of Canaries.

The common canary is known throughout the civilized world, and is so common as to be cheap in all bird stores; but many of the varieties are rare, and very expensive: these varieties are mostly cultivated in England, however where the song of a canary is not so much valued as its elegant shape or brilliant color. Germany is the great centre whence the world is supplied with singing birds, and in Germany the business of raising the birds and getting them ready to send abroad is chiefly carried on in the villages among the Hartz Mountains of Hanover. The people there are miners and cattle-drovers, but, being poor, almost every family devotes its spare time to rearing canaries and making the little wooden cages in which they are carried to the distant railway station or sea-port. The houses are small, but one corner of the principal room is separated from the rest by a light partition, and given to the birds for their own use, where, in cups, boxes, and gourd-shells, they build their nests and hatch their eggs secure from all harm.

When the breeding season is over, all the young birds are taken to Bremen or Hamburg, to be sent across the ocean to England, America, or away around to India and China. These voyages are made only in the winter, however, because it was found that in summer traveling the birds lost their voices and plumage; but that season is so cold and stormy that usually from a quarter to a half of the cargo perishes before reaching our shore. So many birds are sent, nevertheless, that probably 25,000 came to New York alive last year from Europe. These are distributed through a large number of bird-shops in the city, and the deafening chorus which is kept up from dawn till dark by a hundred or so singing at the top of their voices in a single room, added to the din of small menagerie of other animals, is something surprising to one the first time he enters.

## He Would Have It.

The demand for blue glass has been so great during the past few weeks that an advertiser in the paper, whose stock was nearly exhausted resorted to the following method to obtain exorbitant prices for what he had left.

A customer comes in and asks: "Have you any blue glass?"

"Yes, we have a little; I believe, one pane. What do you want for it? Is it for a lady or gentleman?"

"It is for my wife."

"Well, the glass used for ladies has been so much called for, that we have only a few feet left."

Customer: "Well, I must have some, if I can get it. I have been to several places."

Salesman: "Take a seat, sir, and I will send back and see. Tom, have we any No. 84 left?"

Tom: "I will look." Hunts for blue glass, and returns saying there is just one piece, about 7x18.

Salesman: "Well, we don't want to sell it all; we are very sorry, sir."

Customer: "I will give you your own price for that piece?"

Salesman: "Well, you can have it for two dollars; but I would rather keep it."

And he got his price.

Second sight—A pair of spectacles.

## Tricks of Memory.

The tricks and feats, the oddities and uncertainties of memory, like the tricks and oddities of dreams, have exercised the attention of the learned for many generations. How to account for them—by what process do they, come about? What is memory in its essence, and how does it work? It is a "molecular change in the particles of the brain," according to that of the spiritualists and those antepenultimate reasoners to whom the term "mental life" has a meaning independent of physical conditions altogether? Who can tell? So far as we have gone, on one. As with the science of meteorology, so are we as yet only gathering materials for future laws and demonstrations on the matter of memory.

Memory is one of the faculties that can be improved by care and cultivation, and, above all, by forcing the attention. When people excuse themselves for forgetfulness by saying, "I have such a bad memory," in nine cases out of ten they really mean, "I am so careless, so inattentive." With a mind half-asleep, thoughts vague, wandering, dreaming, their attention floating everywhere like a leaf on a stream, not anchored, not concentrated, they hear what is said to them in a woolly, muffled kind of way, as one sees objects through a veil, or as the deaf hear an indistinct voice. Nothing makes a sharp impression, simply because they are inattentive, and do not give their minds to the subject on hand; hence they forget all that they are told, and when chidden or reminded, plead their bad memory as an excuse for their wandering thoughts. Taken early, this kind of thing may be educated out of a person; but if the habit of inattention is suffered to root, no after efforts will be of much avail; for the will weakens as habits strengthen, and there is besides, the accumulated force that belongs to continuance to be overcome.

Hence the absolute necessity of gently correcting and sweeping out of a young mind this fatal habit of inattention, and thus improving that much-maligned "memory," which is not really in fault. This, however, does not touch the misfortune of a bad memory when a real defect of the brain, and not only the consequence of a remediable cause. Bad memory comes from two things: either grave preoccupation—the place already filled and taken—by reason of much thought, or from the natural failing of old age. A man who has the minute details of delicate experiments, say, to think of and calculate, can scarcely be expected to remember the name of the cook who was sent away last year. He has heard it twenty times and oftener; but inattentive from other causes than those which make our boy, our vague and wandering girl, oblivious of all that they should remember, he has forgotten it as if it had never been, and no efforts can recall it.

In like manner, the memory wears out with age; and one of the first symptoms of that said "fall of the leaf," which is so soon to leave us first bare and then dead, is in the difficulty which we have in remembering faces, facts, dates, and names, save such as belonged to early youth; these are clamped fast on our memory, but the later events hang loose, and drift away altogether. Some people have been known even to forget their own names,—which uncomfortable state of temporary imbecility has happened to the writer of these lines, as also a total forgetfulness, for the moment, of the name and style of the dearest and most intimate friends he possessed. The consequence of this fact has been that more than once an introduction sought to be made between strangers and friends has been nothing more than an unintelligible muttering so far as these are concerned. The stranger's name was remembered with precision, but the friend's vanished into space, and remained there. Again, too, shortsightedness generally includes a bad memory for faces, if not for facts. The cloudy obscurity of vision which gives outlines and general appearance rather than details, runs all faces, all people, into types, instead of keeping them distinct as individuals; by which the memory gets bewildered with those tormenting fallacies "false likenesses," only too well known to short-sighted people, so that they are never quite sure of themselves, and do not know if this person is he to whom they were introduced last night, nor what names belong to the faces which they do remember. Between thinking that they ought to know people whom they never saw in their lives before, and forgetting those whom they ought to remember, the lives of the short-sighted are weighed with a heavier burden than belongs to most; and, however disagreeable to others may be their forgetfulness, they are more deserving of pity than censure. And if to the physical defect of eyesight is added much intercourse with the world and a crowd of acquaintances met at intervals, we come to the last degree of this kind of discomfort, and the ultimate misery to

which want of memory for faces can bring the poor sufferer from his defect.

All great people have had good memories. It seems, indeed, as if this were one of the essential conditions for success. A good memory utilizes all that is learnt; it is the true cumulative faculty by which days add treasure to treasure, solidly built up in the mind—not like those shifting sandheaps of acquirement, when the memory is bad, which are dispersed as soon as gathered. Great intellect joined to a bad memory is like a lame giant. The strength is there, but the ability to use it—nowhere! Every day begins, as it were, a new mental era in the life of such a one. He forgets much of the good got by him in the time that has gone, and though he brings glorious faculties to the study of the subject undertaken at this moment, he does not bring the full experience of that which he has gained before—the full value of that which he has already learned. Hence no one with a treacherous memory can ever hope to become absolutely successful; and all those who have been world-famous have had faithful and tenacious memories, quick, serviceable, and trustworthy. The royal memory is a proverb; but it embodies a truth greater than its apparent flunkeyism, in the fact that a good memory is in its essence royal, and noble, and kingly; and the first-rate men who have had good memories—supremely good—can be counted by scores.

Learning by heart is a good method for improving the memory, especially learning by heart poetry and "pieces." Many technical systems, too, have been advanced by which the memory may be assisted by mental corks and buoys mounted on stilts and fastened firmly to central nails. One instance of this the writer remembers—and only one—out of the set of lectures given by the inventor of a certain system of artificial memory. It is the date of Henry IV. "See," said the lecturer, "I take four eggs, and place one in each corner of this muff. The eggs will remind you of a hen, and 'Hen' is the first syllable of 'Henry,' the four eggs will tell you that this hen is Henry IV. By figures the muff spells '1366.' 'm' being the thirteenth letter of the alphabet—eliminate the 'f' being the sixth, thus to remember the date of Henry IV., put your four eggs into the four corners of a muff." But whether the muff meant the birth, accession, or death of this king of four eggs is a fact that, not being buoyed up by any such artificial cork is now forgotten, and has to be verified only by reference to history.

But the best way for a person possessing a bad memory to avoid the inconveniences resulting, is to make careful notes of all that it is necessary to remember, and to organize his life and doings with extreme punctuality and method.—*The Queen.*

## Dispersal of Insects.

Winged insects are perhaps, of all, most admirably adapted for the special conditions found in one locality, and the barriers against their permanent displacement are numerous. Thus may insects require for their subsistence succulent vegetable food during the entire year, which, of course, confines them to tropical regions; some are dependent on mountain-vegetation; some subsist on water plants; and yet others, as the *Lepidoptera*, in the larva state, are limited to a single species of plant. Insects have enemies in every stage of their existence; foes are at hand ready to destroy not only the perfect form, but the pupa, the larva, and the egg; and any one of these enemies may prove so formidable, in a country otherwise well adapted to them, as to render survival impossible. But, on the other hand, most varied means of dispersal carry insects from their natural habitats to distant regions. They are often met far from land, carried thence by storm or hurricane. Hawk-moths are sometimes captured hundreds of miles from shore, having taken passage on ships which sail near tropical countries, and Mr. Darwin narrates that he caught in the open sea, seventeen miles from the coast of South America, beetles, some aquatic and some terrestrial, belonging to seven genera, and they seemed uninjured by the salt-water. Insects, in their undeveloped states, make their abodes in solid timber, which, transported by winds and waves, may carry its undeveloped, winged freight great distances. Tropical insects are not unfrequently captured in the London docks, where they have been carried in furniture or foreign timber. Insects are very tenacious of life, and nearly all can exist for a long time without food. Some beetles bear immersion in strong spirit for hours, and are not destroyed by water almost at the boiling-point. These facts enable us to understand how, not only by means of its delicate wings, but by winds, waves, volcanic dust, and a thousand other agencies, insects may be carried to remote regions.—*Popular Science Monthly.*

The Nevada Legislature has just made a law which empowers judges at their discretion to sentence men who assault women to stand a certain time in a public street, placarded in large letters "Woman Beater."

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Wagon wheels are among the things which go by turns.

Persons will refrain from evil speaking when persons refrain from evil hearing.

In order to be happy, one must be on good terms with his pillow, for the nightly reproaches it can make must be heard.

Patience and attention will bring us far, if a cat watches long enough at the mouse's nest the mouse will not escape.

Hurry and cunning are the two apprentices of despatch and skill; but neither of them ever learn their master's trade.

Never respect men merely for their riches, but rather for their philanthropy; we do not value the sun for its weight, but for its use.

How certain the man of a weak head, a bad heart and a great fortune is to obtain the attention which needy merit is an humble competitor for.

I consider that it is on instruction and education that the future security and direction of the destiny of every nation, chiefly and fundamentally rests.—*Kosuth.*

Great men leave two different impressions of themselves on their contemporaries—the one the result of their public career, the other of their private life.

Sneer if you will like a fool at the suggestion of reform, morals, religion; every man knows, all there is of true life is personal virtue and rectitude of character.

If thou art rich, thou art poor; for like an ass, whose back with ingots bows, thou bearest thy heavy riches but a journey, and death unloads thee.—*Shakespeare.*

There are errors which no wise man will treat with rudeness, while there is a probability that they may be the refraction of some great truth below the horizon.—*Coleridge.*

He that would pass the latter parts of his life honored and respected, must, in his youth consider that he will one day be old, and remember when he is old that he has been young.

There is a perfect consciousness in every form of wit—using that term in its general sense—that its essence consists in a partial and incomplete view of whatever it touches.

The desire of power in excess caused angels to fall; the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall; but charity is no excess, neither can man nor angels come into danger by it.

This world of education and business and pleasure is all spread out before the young heart, and for the most part a charming world it is in its morning and evening, summer and winter.

For from the crushed flowers of gladness on the road of life a sweet perfume is wafted over to the present hour, as marching armies often send out from their ranks the fragrance of trampled plants.

Love is a familiar; love is a devil; there is no evil but love. Yet Samson was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit.—*Shakespeare.*

It is because gold is rare that gilding has been invented, which, without having its solidity, has all its brilliancy. Thus, to replace the kindness we lack, we have devised politeness, which has all its appearance.

Our energy is in proportion to the resistance it needs. We can attempt nothing great but from a sense of the difficulties we have to encounter; we can persevere in nothing great but from a pride in overcoming them.

Remember that it is not he who gives abuse or blows who affronts, but the view we take of these things is insulting. When, therefore, any one provokes you, be assured that it is your own opinion provokes you.

It is not what people eat, but what they digest, that makes them strong. It is not what they gain, but what they save, that makes them rich. It is not what they read, but what they remember, that makes them learned.

Let those who are appointed to judge of the characters of others bear in mind their own imperfections, and rather strive by sympathy to soften the pang arising from a conviction of guilt than by misrepresentation to increase it.

Philosophy is a bully that talks very loud when the danger is at a distance, but the moment she is hard pressed by the enemy she is not to be found at her post, but leaves the brunt of the battle to be borne by her humbler but steadier comrade, religion.

A little knowledge of the laws of light would teach many women that by shutting themselves up day after day, week after week in darkened rooms, they are as certainly committing a waste of health, destroying their vital energy, and decreasing their brains, as if they were taking so much poison the whole time.—*Charles Kingsley.*

Every young man in the Sioux nation carries a pocket mirror, either of glass backed with quicksilver or of some shining metal; but an Indian maid is not permitted to look at a reflection of her face, even in the brook, for this is the masculine privilege. Almost everything the Sioux brave owns is "wakan" or sacred, but nothing that the squaw possesses is so esteemed.

When the angel of death entered the home of Thomas Carlyle and carried off his wife, the grief of the aged author was excessive. He could neither eat nor sleep, and found his chief comfort, during his sleepless hours, in repeating over and over again the Lord's prayer, that brief but pregnant petition, which has brought comfort and consolation to millions of stricken souls since it fell from the lips of his divine author.