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A CARCANET.

BY H. H. STODDARD.

Not what the chemists say they be,
Are pearls—they never grow;
They come not from the hollow sea,
They come from heaven in dew!

Down in the Indian sea it slips,
Through green and briny whirls,
Where great shells catch it in their lips,
And kiss it into pearls!

If dew can be so beauteous made,
Oh, why not tears, my girl?
Why not your tears? Be not afraid—
I do but kiss a pearl!

—Scribner's Monthly.

(From the Haddonfield Asteroid.)

Her Promise and His Vow.

BY LILLIAN LESTRANGE.

It was a proud, happy day for Marion Altemus when Aleck Prescott declared his love for her; not that it was a new thing for Marion to have a lover, for I doubt if there was any girl in the village who had more admirers than Miss Altemus.

Aleck was a handsome fellow of about twenty-five, and when one of Marion's friends introduced her to him that eventful summer, he mentally thought he had never seen a more beautiful girl. And, truth to tell, Marion Altemus was pretty. Her worst enemy, if the girl had one, must have acknowledged that. The golden hair fixed in dainty braids and curls on the small head, dark violet eyes that could look so bewitchingly into yours when they chose, a small, delicate figure, yet with a very dignified one. This was Marion Altemus, who, although an orphan, would never feel the need of a mother's care with such an aunt as Miss Linton to watch over her. Marion and Miss Linton both lived in the large stone house on the hill which was still called "the squire's house," though the master of it had been dead nearly twenty years. His gentle wife soon followed him to the grave, but before doing so placed little Marian, then a bright, pretty child of two years in her sister's care, a charge which Mary Linton faithfully kept, so faithfully that people said Miss Marion was really spoiled; but, spoiled or not, she was a general favorite with all who knew her, especially the male sex, and they were all a little jealous when she allowed Aleck Prescott to pay her such marked attentions. One more than any I am afraid, for Felix D'arcy had proposed a month before and been refused by her. Something which upset his pride wonderfully and maybe did him a little good, for the next time he met Marion he was certainly more respectful to her. Well, Aleck was a lucky fellow the people said, all except Felix, in whose heart a growing hate for his good-looking rival came, that grew stronger and took firmer hold every day, although he pretended to be Aleck's warmest friend.

But now something had happened that made pretty Marion shudder to think of. She was riding home from Mrs. Greyson's party when she heard a voice that was dearer to her than all others, in loud dispute. She leaned forward and told the coachman to drive slower, it was such a lovely night that she was in no hurry to get home. The man obeyed, and Marion put her frightened head out of the carriage window and looked at the two men, one steady and the other, who was evidently intoxicated. The sober one was Felix D'arcy, the other—Good Heavens, not Aleck Prescott? As the sickening truth forced itself upon Marion, she leaned back on the cushions almost fainting, though Felix's loud, coarse words "Come, Prescott, don't be such a fool, hurry and get home. Suppose your angelic Marion was to see you in such a plight, what would you do?" did not escape her sensitive ear. Then they came to their boarding house and both went in.

Poor little Marion, who had never known a care. It was hard to love an idol and find it clay.

Marion did not often return home from parties alone, but Aleck had told her he had some urgent business to attend to and would not be able to see her home. So she had refused all the many offers, preferring to be by herself to-night. She needed no company, and was only happy in the thought that Aleck loved her.

But now all was changed. She was angry that she had not found out his fault before. Of course she would never marry him now. Her reverie was interrupted by the coachman opening the carriage door and saying respectfully, "You are home, Miss Marion." She recalled her scattered senses like one in a dream. She went hurriedly by the cosy sitting room, where Miss Linton always waited up for her and where Marion was wont to come in and rehearse all the evening's proceedings, into her own room and threw herself on the bed, giving vent to hard, dry sobs. But she was not left to her own reflections long, for Miss Linton had followed her and coming in now found the small figure on the bed, her face buried in her hands.

"Why, Marion, my child, what is the matter?" she questioned in surprise.

Marion turned her tear-stained face to the kind, gentle one bending over her. Here was help indeed, for she always went to Miss Linton with every trouble. So leaning her golden head in her aunt's lap, she told her the whole disgraceful story.

Miss Linton listened with a white, shocked face, then, when it was done, she said, smoothing the curls from the flushed brow, "Well, dear, this is a sad blow, but you must try your best to save him."

"What can I do, auntie?" cried the girl, impatiently.

"You alone can do nothing, Marion, but God with you, you can," replied Mrs. Linton solemnly.

"But would you have me marry a drunkard, auntie?" and the girl shuddered.

"Heaven forbid, my child; but Marion dear, we must be charitable and not judge too harshly. Perhaps, for all we know, it is his first offense."

"But what shall I say to him when he comes to-morrow?"

Then Miss Linton talked to the excited girl 'til she was calm again and left her to "Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer."

The next evening Mr. Prescott was announced and Marion went down to meet him with a firm resolve in her heart.

He advanced to meet her without stretched arms.

"And how did my little witch get along without me?" he cried, pressing a kiss on the white cheek.

"Better than Felix D'arcy got along with you," she returned scornfully.

"Marion what do you mean?" he cried hoarsely.

"Only that I had the pleasure of seeing you and Mr. D'arcy enter your boarding house last night." She was watching him intently and thought she saw the hot blood surge up all over his handsome face. "And Mr. Prescott, I wish our engagement to discontinue," and she took off the sparkling solitaire and held it towards him. But Aleck only looked at her with a dazed expression.

"Marion, Marion, do you mean what you say? believe me, my darling, this is the first time I drank to excess, and did not know I was doing so then. After finishing my business last night I was hurrying to meet you at Mrs. Greyson's, for I was through sooner than I expected, when I met Felix D'arcy, who invited me to come in and see how handsomely their club was fitted up, for he was just on his way to it. Little dreaming of any harm, I consented and followed him into the brilliantly lighted apartment. Before I went Felix had wine brought in and I drank a glass, but at the time thought it smelt more like whiskey. After that I grew drowsy and knew nothing more until I found myself in bed this morning. Marion will you cast me off after this?" He came and looked down into the lovely face with yearning eyes.

Marion's firm resolve faltered a moment. Could she have him leave her? Oh! how dearly she loved him. But it was only for a moment, then she looked up and said, "Aleck Prescott, when you come to me at the end of two years, and tell me that no liquor has passed your lips all that time, then and then only can I be your wife." She went hurriedly out then, afraid to trust herself any longer.

Aleck gazed after the retreating figure, and looking towards Heaven, he said, "Marion, may God abandon me if ever I break the promise I now make."

Two years quickly passed, but they seemed eternity to poor Marion. How she accused herself night and day for her folly. Miss Linton had not the heart to scold the girl for her ridiculous firmness after his explanation. And Marion, not knowing whether he was angry with her or not, looked for him then and again in vain. She had never seen him since that evening, though it was nine days wonder with the gossips as to where Aleck had gone and why Marion did not know. But the nine days were soon over, and the village people soon found a new theme to discuss.

But at last it was the second anniversary of the day Aleck left her, and Marion dressed herself with a beating heart. Blue was his favorite color. So she dressed herself in a delicate blue crepe just showing the white neck and rounded arms. She then went into the conservatory and gathered some tiny pure lilies of the valley, looping her dress here and there with them. There was a flush in her cheeks that had not been there for many a day, and Miss Linton said gaily, "Who is expected to-night, that my little girl looks so happy?" Marion only smiled, and seating herself at the piano, she played a soft, sweet melody that had once been Aleck's favorite.

She was in a fever of expectation. The dainty little clock on the mantle struck ten. Marion's eyes were losing their brightness and her cheeks their bloom. Just then the bell rang. Without a word Miss Linton rose and left the room; another moment and Marion Altemus heard a step that she knew so well and then Aleck Prescott came into the room.

"My darling, are you mine still?" he whispered.

"Forever, Aleck, until death do us part," was the solemn answer.

An hour later Miss Linton entered and saw them perfectly happy. "I will not disturb them," she thought, and going out she left them to themselves.

Chinese Finger Nails.

The custom of wearing long finger nails obtains among the aristocracy of parts of China and Siam. The disfigurement is supposed to add to the importance of the individual, as it is evident that the wearer can not do any work, and must, therefore, be a person of elegant leisure, backed by a fortune corresponding to the length of his nails. The hand of an Annamite dandy has nails four or five inches in length. The thumb-nail has a characteristic shape, and that of the first finger is cut short to enable the person to pick up small objects. Without this slight alteration the hands would be nearly useless. Nails of still greater enormity may be seen. They are said to have attained the extraordinary length of thirteen inches, and in this instance the nail of the first finger is not entirely cut off.

The Arrest, Imprisonment, and Death of Robespierre.

He was crushed by the restless ferocity and endurance of his antagonists. A decree for his arrest was resolved upon by acclamation. He cast a glance at the galleries, as marvelling that they should remain passive in face of an outrage on his person. They were mute. The ushers advanced with hesitation to do their duty, and not without trembling carried him away, along with Couthon and Saint Just. The brother, for whom he had made many honorable sacrifices in days that seemed to be divided from the present by an abyss of centuries, insisted with fine heroism on sharing his fate, and Augustin Robespierre and Le Bas were led off to the prison along with their leader and idol. It was now a little after four o'clock. The Convention, with the self-possession that so often amazes us in its proceedings, went on with formal business for another hour. At five they broke up. For life, as the poet tells, is a daily stage-play; men declaim their high heroic parts, then doff the buskin or the sock, wash the paint from their cheeks, and gravely sit down to meat. The Conventionals as they ate their dinners, were unconscious apparently that the great crisis of the drama was still to come. The next twelve hours were to witness the climax. Robespierre had remained to be seen whether the Convention would not be crushed by the Commune of Paris. Robespierre was first conducted to the prisons of the Luxembourg. The jailer, on some plea of informality, refused to receive him. The terrible prisoner was next taken to the Marrie, where he remained among joyful friends from eight in the evening until eleven. Meanwhile the old insurrectionary methods of the night of June and of August in 1792, of May and June of 1793, were again followed. The beating of the *rappe* and the *generale* was heard in all sections, and the tocsin sounded its dreadful note, reminding all who should hear it that insurrection is the most sacred and the most indispensable of duties. Hanriot, the commandant of the forces, had been arrested in the evening, but he was speedily released by the agents of the Commune. The Council issued manifestoes and decrees from the Common Hall every moment. The barriers were closed. Cannon were posted opposite the doors of the hall of the Convention. The quays were thronged. Emissaries sped to and fro between the Jacobin Club and the Common Hall, and between these two centres and each of the forty-eight sections. It is one of the inscrutable mysteries of this delirious night that Hanriot did not at once use the force at his command to break up the Convention. There is no obvious reason why he should not have done so. The members of the Convention had reassembled after their dinner, towards seven o'clock. The hall which had resounded with the shrieks and yells of the furious gladiators of the faction all day, now lent a lugubrious echo to gloomy reports which one member after another delivered from the shadow of the tribune. Toward nine o'clock the members of the two dread committees came in panic to seek shelter among their colleagues, "as dejected in their peril," says an eye witness, "as they had been cruel and insolent in the hour of their supremacy." When they heard that Hanriot had been released, and that guns were at their door, all gave themselves up for lost and made ready for death. News came that Robespierre had broken his arrest, and gone to the Common Hall. Robespierre after urgent and repeated solicitations, had been at length persuaded about an hour before midnight to leave the Mairie and join his partisans of the Commune. This was an act of revolt against the Convention, for the Mairie was a legal place of detention, and so long as he was there he was within the law. The Convention, with heroic intrepidity, declared both Hanriot and Robespierre beyond the pale of law. This prompt measure was their salvation. Twelve members were instantly named to carry the decree to all the sections. With the scarf of office around their waists and a sabre in hand they sallied forth. Mounting horses, and escorted by attendants with flaming torches, they scoured Paris, calling all good citizens to the support of the Convention, haranguing crowds at the street corners with power and authority, and striking the imagination of men. At midnight heavy rain began to fall. The leaders of the Commune, meanwhile, in full confidence that victory was sure, contented themselves with incessant issues of paper decrees, to each of which the Convention replied by a counter-decree. Those who have studied the situation most minutely are of opinion that even so late as one o'clock in the morning, the Commune might have made a successful defense, although it had lost the opportunity which it had certainly possessed up to ten o'clock of destroying the Convention. But on this occasion the genius of insurrection slumbered. And there was a genuine division of opinion in the eastern quarters of Paris,

the result of a grim distrust of the man who had helped to slay Hebert and Chaumette. At a word this distrust began to declare itself. The opinion of the sections became more and more distracted. One armed group cried *Down with the Convention!* Another armed group cried *The Convention for ever, and down with the Commune!* The two great faubourgs were all astir, and three battalions were ready to march. Emissaries from the Convention actually succeeded in persuading them—such the dementia of the night—that Robespierre was a royalist agent and that the Commune were about to deliver the Little Lewis from his prison in the Temple. One body of communist partisans after another was detached from its allegiance. The deluge of rain emptied the Place de Greve, and when companies came up from the sections in obedience to orders from Hanriot and the Commune, the silence made them suspect a trap, and they withdrew toward the great metropolitan church or elsewhere. Barras, whom the Convention had charged with its military defense, gathered together some six thousand men. With the right instinct of a man who had studied the history of Paris since the July of '89, he foresaw the advantage of being the first to make the attack. He arranged his forces into two divisions. One of them marched along the quays to take the Common Hall in front; the other along the Rue Saint Honore to take it in flank. Inside the Common Hall the staircases and corridors were alive with bustling messengers, and those mysterious busybodies who are always found lingering without a purpose on the skirts of great historic scenes. Robespierre and the other chiefs were in a small room preparing manifestos and signing decrees. They were curiously unaware of the movements of the Convention. An aggressive attack by the party of authority upon the party of insurrection was unknown in the tradition of revolt. They had an easy assurance that at daybreak their forces would be prepared once more to tramp along the familiar road westward. It was now half-past two. Robespierre had just signed the first two letters of his name to a document before him, when he was startled by cries and uproar in the Place below. In a few instants he lay stretched on the ground, his jaw shattered by a pistol shot. His brother had either fallen or had leaped out of the window. Couthon was hurled over a staircase and lay for dead. Saint Just was a prisoner. Whether Robespierre was shot by an officer of the Conventional force, or attempted to blow out his own brains, we shall never know, any more than we shall ever be quite assured how Rousseau, his spiritual master, came to an end. The wounded man was carried, a ghastly sight, first to the Committee of Public Safety, and then to the Conciergerie, where he lay in silent stupefaction through the heat of the summer day. As he was an outlaw, the only legal preliminary before his execution was to identify him. At five in the afternoon he was raised into the cart; Couthon and the younger Robespierre lay, confused wrecks of men, at the bottom of it; Hanriot and Saint Just, bruised, begrimed, and foul, completed the band. One who walks from the Palace of Justice, over the bridge, along the Rue Saint Honore, into the Rue Royale, and so to the Luxor column, retraces the *via dolorosa* of the Revolution on the afternoon of Tenth of Thermidor.—*Fortnightly Review*

A Chapter on Pigeons.

In olden times the flesh of pigeons was considered a preventative of the plague, and all other pestilential diseases; also a cure for trembling and palsy; and the superstitious believed the use of it to be of great use to near-sighted people. The flesh was always given as a restorative after severe illness, and thought quite as much of, for the purpose, as "beef tea" is at the present time. Yet to-day, in some foreign countries, pigeons are not considered fit for food. In parts of Russia they are revered as emblems of the Holy Ghost. In Venice they are the proteges of the city. They are fed every day at two o'clock, being called together by a dinner-bell, and no one is allowed to interfere with them. Any person found ill-treating them is arrested and fined, or, if an old offender, imprisoned. It is believed by the Viennese that these pigeons are in some way connected with the prosperity of the city—that they fly three times around it each day in honor of the Trinity, and that their presence protects the people from danger by water and flood.

So far as we can learn, the flesh of all pigeons is good for food. It is nourishing and heating in its nature, and for that reason well suited as a diet for convalescents. The flesh of our wood pigeons is the finest flavored of all species in America, and by connoisseurs is esteemed superior to that of any other bird. In kitchen parlance the pigeon is considered as game, whether wild or domestic, the flesh of the latter being less fine and delicate.

Very High Life—A Soiree Among the Stars.

There were sundry mysterious winks exchanged across the heavens one bright winter night, for it had been whispered among the Celestials that the Seven Sisters were to give a grand soiree that evening, which all the constellations were expected to attend. Aurora Borealis had been engaged to light the halls for the occasion, and were flashing in all the splendor when the guests began to arrive. First came Cassiopeia, in the regal chair, attended by her beautiful daughter Andromeda. Then Orion appeared; he had evidently taken more than usual pains in arranging his sword and belt, for it was surmised that he was flirting a little with Virgo. He had rivals, however, in Castor and Pollux, who soon came in escorting her ladyship. She was quite pale with fright, occasioned by a terrible growl from Leo as she passed his lair. Had not Aquarius come at the time with his water urn she would not have been able to join the circle.

Mars looked fierce and warlike as usual, but gave many a tender glance at Venus, who was acknowledged the star of the evening.

Jupiter was attended by all his satellites, but Mercury sent a polite note saying he was afraid to venture so far from the sun, for fear of taking cold. Earth was there, but appeared quite bashful with only one attendant; the great bear was chained to the North Pole that he might not disturb the company. The Eagle came flying down the milky way to grace the scene with his presence. All acknowledged that this was the most brilliant assembly of the season.

Soon a collation was proposed, and after sipping a few goblets of nectar, the partners were chosen and all began to move in the magic mazes to the music of the spheres.

And Jupiter, Juno and General Mars, with Venus and Saturn, danced round the fixed stars.

When the sisters were weary They rose to the sun, And blew out their candles And spouted all their fun.

A Lobster's Sagacity.

A striking instance of sagacity in a lobster is recorded by Mr. Barker, of the Rothesay aquarium, in a letter to one of the Scotch papers. It seems that three lobsters were placed in a tank previously occupied by flat fish, and in which inadvertently a flounder had been left buried in the shingle, where it died. One of the lobsters, "a veteran of unusual size," soon discovered the dead body of the flounder, and dragging it from its resting place, retired with it to a corner of the tank. Shortly afterward it was noticed that the flounder was missing. It was impossible that the lobster could have eaten it in the water, and the handle of a net revealed the fact that upon the approach of the two lesser lobsters he had buried the flounder beneath a heap of shingles on which he now mounted guard. Five times within two hours was the flounder unearthed, and as often did the wiry lobster rebury it with his huge claws, each time ascending the pile and turning a bold front to his companions. This story shows conclusively what a vast amount of quenched intelligence may sometimes be concealed in a salad.

Homely Girls.

"How did that homely woman contrive to get married?" is not unfrequently remarked of some good domestic creature, whom her husband regards as the apple of his eye, and in whose plain face he sees something better than beauty. Pretty girls who are vain of their charms are rather prone to make observations of this kind, and a consciousness of the fact that flowers of loveliness are often left to pine on the stem while weeds of homeliness go off readily, is no doubt at the bottom of the sneering question. The truth is that most men prefer homeliness and amiability to beauty and caprice. Handsome women are sometimes very hard to please. They are apt to overvalue themselves; and in waiting for an immense bid they occasionally overstep the market. Their plain sisters, on the contrary aware of their personal deficiencies, generally lay themselves out to produce an agreeable impression—and in most cases they succeed. They don't aspire to capture paragons with princely fortunes, but they are willing to take anything respectable.

Education of Children.

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage; and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death they will thank death for it, and not thee. I am persuaded that the foolish coddling of some parents, and the over-stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. Suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps, for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy and atheism.—Lord Burleigh.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—A man in Abingdon, Va., has a pet fish that follows him around like a dog.

—Gov. Nicholls of Louisiana lost an arm and a leg in the Confederate service.

—Rev. Talmage, of Brooklyn, preaches to three thousand hearers every Sunday.

—Mr. John L. Lick, will receive \$250,000 from his father's estate of \$3,000,000.

—Butter was in use 4,000 years ago. Some of the original stock appears to have held over.

—A Brunswick, (Ga.) man raised 250 quarts of strawberries on a lot forty by fifty feet last season.

—Paris has 112,000 dogs on which taxes are paid, and it is estimated that there are 40,000 more which escape taxation.

—The present debt of New Orleans is \$22,000,000; that of Charleston is \$4,672,563, and that of Savannah \$3,800,649.

—Emperor William, of Germany, has eighty-eight decorations. He wears the insignia of very near all the orders of Europe.

—There are seventy-five insurance companies in the city of New York. This number embraces good, bad and indifferent.

—Capt. Isaac Bassett, the principal door-keeper of the Senate for many years, entered the service of that body as a page in 1832.

—Peter Golet, the millionaire, keeps his cow in a fine pasture in the heart of New York city, and his milk costs him \$3 a gallon.

—They are fencing off the Yosemite Valley, erecting barricades, building walls, and pressing to make every patriot pay cash down for all he sees.

—There are 3,500 street lamps in Islington, England, and, on an average, there are 1,000 squares of glass broken in these lamps every week by street boys.

—Cincinnati boasts of a centenarian in the person of Mrs. Angela Onetto, better known as Podesta, who is in the 109th year of her age. This venerable lady is probably the oldest person in Ohio.

—Gen. Robert E. Lee was one of the vestrymen of St. John's church, Brooklyn, in 1842. He was at the time captain in the Engineer Corps, and stationed at Fort Hamilton.

—Elder Evans, the leader of the Lebanon Shakers, has started a graveyard on a new plan. The graves are to be twenty feet apart, with a tree planted over each, so that in time there will be a handsome grove.

—Secretary Schurz has detailed one of the lady clerks in his department, a native of this country, who was educated in Germany, to take charge of his German correspondence.

—It is stated that it cost about \$93,000 to get the steamship *Americo* off "the beach at Long Branch." This is about at the rate of \$1,000 a day for the entire time she was stranded.

—A Boston firm, which for a time turned out 18,000 feet of blue glass a week is shortening sail. The curious have all the blue glass panes they can experiment with at present.

—Ex-Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island has gone to South Carolina to start up certain industries, in which he is interested, and which have been in a state of suspension for a long time.

—It is stated that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company proposes beautifying its roadway in the State of New Jersey by planting shade trees at the different stations and switch houses along the line of the Amboy division.

—The prospect of a foreign tour in which Geo. Francis Train, Geo. Alfred Townsend, George, the Count Joannes, Eli Perkins, Sergeant Bates, and Wendell Phillips, were to jointly participate, were grieved to say, has been abandoned.

—General Stoneman, the famous cavalry officer, is managing a large farm in Los Angeles county, California. He says his children have four different kinds of fruit every day in the year, and there are only four days in the '85 that they cannot go out and pluck them.

—At Lohara, in the Chauda District, Central Province, India, there is a hill of magnetic ore which would probably yield 500,000 tons of iron without going below the surface. The ore is wonderfully pure and contains nearly 70 per cent. of metallic iron.

—General George B. McClellan has declined the invitation to deliver the oration before Post Watrous, of Binghamton, on Decoration Day. He had previously declined an invitation to perform a similar service at the National Soldiers' Home, in Dayton, Ohio.

—Over one hundred and twenty-five mountains in South Carolina have been measured by Professor Guvot of Princeton College. Black mountain is the highest, measuring 6,707 feet, while fifty-four are over 6,000 feet high, fifty-five between 5,000 and 6,000, and fifteen between 4,000 and 5,000 feet. The lowest is 2,500 feet high.

—Mrs. Samuel Colt, of Hartford, Conn., has conveyed the property in Hartford, known as the Church of the Good Shepherd, including the lot on which the church stands, to "the Trustees of Donations and Bequests for Church Purposes" of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Mrs. Colt reserves the right to manage the property during her lifetime.

—Devote each day to the object then in time and every evening will find something done.—Goethe.

—Childhood itself is scarcely more than cheerful, kindly, sunny old age.