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E. L. C. WARD, Editor and Proprietor.

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CONSTANCY.

The weakest heart, whatever its changes,
Hears of the varying life may run,
However the light affection ranges,
Is constant in its depths to one.

Through sweetest hands the stranger wanders,
Yet none of all like home he sees;
On many a maid his fancy wanders,
But gives his heart to none of these.

By night and day a constant yearning
Burns in his heart for one afar;
No her life thoughts still backward turning,
As the fond needle seeks its star.

The lightest heart, whatever its changes,
Until this world life be done,
However the fickle fancy ranges,
Is constant in its love to one.

Kate Brown.

Soon after my father graduated at old Dartmouth, he had an invitation to go to Connecticut to teach, which invitation he accepted. At the time of which we are writing, about 1792, it was thought a great acquisition to the pedagogy that he held a diploma from a college, and the student found in Connecticut a nice new Academy, as it was called, where young ladies and gentlemen could finish their education in the common branches, and acquire a knowledge of the higher pursuits of life.

Of those who attended this school was a young man of about 20 years who for external appearance would not cause the whole world to fall in love with him—much less were the young ladies inclined to do so, and the reason assigned for this aversion was that for the most part of his time he attended to his own business, instead of other people's.

Jonathan was a person of good judgment, reticent in manner, often called bashful, of good moral attainments; and, withal, an excellent scholar. He was well versed in the common branches of education, but delighted most in mathematics, and was never more in his element than when solving a problem in Euclid.

During the first winter term there was a mathematical question proposed by the teacher for the whole school, and the one who could first answer correct was to receive a valuable present. The answers were to be in writing and numbered as they were handed in, the opening to take place the next Monday.

There were eight answers, of which Jonathan's was No. 1, and the only one that was correct, so he bore off the prize.

This superior knowledge of figures created an envious feeling, and some called him the Dutchman's Jonathan; that his apparel was a tell-tale about onions, etc.

We will here drop our narrative a moment, to explain a little. The father of Jonathan, Jacob Guttridge, was of Dutch origin, who after the war, in which he was a soldier, went to Wethersfield and bought a large tract of land bordering on the Connecticut river, whose flats were a long time noted for their production of onions.

About the same time Colonel Brown, a title which he had received because he was a tory and had taken a commission under New York to oppose the colonists, moved into the place. He was a man of property, and with it undertook to speculate and depress the returned soldiers, buying their continental scrip for mere nothing, with the belief that the government would redeem it at its full value. Alas, however, it became worthless, and the colonel became poor.

Brown was educated to believe that there were two classes in society, the high and the low—that prosperity was one of the adjuncts of the high—the want of it subjected people to the other. In fact he was an aristocrat of the bluest kind. He has become greatly reduced in prosperity, but not in his aristocratic notions of society, and had a beautiful daughter, whom he wished to educate for the higher circles in society, so sent her to this school.

There was a rumor among the scholars that Kate was not so much related to Colonel Brown as she was to her mother. Kate possessed all the virtues of the colonel's wife—kind to associates, obedient to parents, possessing that confidential, loving attribute which placed her in that class of society her guardian so much revered.

We will now return to the school on Monday, when the answers were opened the result of which was as before stated. The scholars began to rally Jonathan, and all except Kate called him names. She took his part, as the saying is, and rather put to shame those who could not answer the question proposed.

The next question proposed was in grammar, the answers to be given as before. There were but five competitors for the present, and on inspection Kate's answer was marked No. 1, and was the only one given as correct. She then became the object of ridicule, and knowing she had spoken in favor of Jonathan, they called her the Dutch-

man's associate, and the tory's ward or step-daughter.

Now Jonathan had a good opportunity to pay his associate, as she was called, and he undertook to show the good qualities of the grammarian which good will was reciprocated with interest. The term of school having expired, the teacher thought to go home to New Hampshire, but the committee proposed to hire him for three years and he accepted the offer, being the preceptor during that time.

The spring opened and with it came a young merchant who filled a store with goods and proposed to do a smashing business in his line. Being without a family, he boarded at Colonel Brown's. The two scholars had now become very much attached to each other, which intimacy was apparent to all, especially to the colonel, who forbade his daughter to have any conversation with the low Dutchman. To break up this intimacy the colonel proposed that the daughter should court the young merchant a little, and to help on the business he sent to Hartford and bought a very handsome pony for the young lady to ride, while the merchant bought another to match in color, but of a larger size.

The pony was called Kate after the daughter, and with a splendid outfit the two were seen riding through the streets nearly every day.

The merchant had bought his goods on credit, and neglected his business affairs. He was soon in want of money to pay his debts, whereupon he applied to Jonathan, who lent him \$400 on a short credit, it being the avails of his last year's onion crop.

One day, as the two were riding past Mr. Guttridge's mansion, the merchant discovered Jonathan plowing, and in a haughty tone, which betrayed the fop and blackguard, said, "I am glad to see you at work in business; you are only fit for digging dirt."

To this Jonathan replied, "business before pleasure."

The elder Guttridge standing near, heard the remark, and said, "Jonathan you had better get your pay of that fellow. Your note has been due long enough to be paid. He will fail if he goes on that rate, buying all and paying nothing."

Jonathan took the remark as an insult, but thought to test the merchant's ability to pay his debt. The merchant had become indebted to several others for money borrowed and wanted to raise \$1,000, so he called on the colonel to sign a blank note. To help on the marriage, which he supposed was to take place soon, he signed it. The merchant got the money and paid the Guttridge debt; but things were getting pretty well mixed up with the merchant and his creditors. The colonel had allowed his name to appear on paper with Joe Hunt, and Hunt finally concluded to use it without his consent.

Jonathan began to think that things were not going right, as the story was out that Kate was soon to be married to the merchant, and he resolved to try his luck at an interview with her.

With his best Sunday suit, he made his way up to the colonel's, but was discovered by the proprietor of the house, who told Kate to absent herself from the room. Jonathan rapped at the door, when a gruff voice bade him come in. After being seated awhile, Jonathan inquired if Kate was alone.

"O yes," said Brown; do you want to see her?"

"I should like to do so," said Jonathan.

"Here, John, take the bride and go lead Kate down from the pasture. Mr. Guttridge wants to see her." (Exit John.)

While John was absent, Jonathan considered how he could turn this evasion to his account. He looked the beast over and pronounced her a beauty and proposed to buy her, asking the colonel to set a price. The owner, thinking to put the price beyond the ability of the purchaser, said, "I will take \$300 for the mare."

"Will you throw in the trappings, or female equipments, at that price?"

"Yes," said the colonel, "for the cash down."

"Then it is a bargain," and they both went into the house to count the money, which was done with witnesses when Jonathan took his property home.

The colonel thought he had perpetrated a good joke on Jonathan—that he would be sick of his bargain, and would pay something to trade back.

He went in a few days to see if he could buy the mare back, and was surprised to find the pony held at a thousand dollars.

"Why do you hold her so high?"

"Because," said Jonathan, "of her name."

The daughter saw a favorable opportunity for her to have an interview with Jonathan, and requested permission to see him in person, that she might borrow the favorite to ride, which was reluctantly granted by the father, and Kate was soon on her way to Mr. Guttridge's residence.

Jonathan met her at the door, saying, "Well, Kate, I did not think the pony would bring you here so soon, but I thought if you had not changed your mind since I saw you last, you would make an errand here before long."

The two retired for a few moments by themselves, but what was said there has yet not been made public. When they made their appearance however, in the kitchen, the tears of the one and the cheerful countenance of the other gave evidence of a satisfactory meeting.

When Kate was ready to go, she said to Jonathan, "will you let me have the pony to ride a few days?"

"Yes, Kate," was the answer, "as long as you please," and he went to the stable and brought out the little beauty, dressed in her best attire, and setting Kate thereon, gave the signal, (which sounded like a kiss) when she galloped away home.

The sixty days had expired at the bank where the money was obtained, and the days of grace had also expired.

The next day, as Jonathan went to the store, he observed the sheriff of the county busy at the desk writing. He was making his returns on several writs, and our friend learned that the sheriff had attached the colonel's house and lot, the store and goods therein, and one gray horse.

In a few days there was posted up in the village a notice of sheriff's sale—"taken by virtue of several executions, and will be sold to the highest bidder, one house and lot now occupied by Colonel Joseph Brown, one store and the goods therein, heretofore occupied by Joseph Hunt, also one grey horse."

The day of sale came, and the property was sold, the house and lot being bid off by Jonathan Guttridge, who was also the highest bidder on the horse.

There was great inquiry for the merchant, but he was not to be found, having left between two days, and also leaving \$2,500 in notes, with Colonel Brown's name on them, which name was placed thereon without his consent.

The colonel found that he now belonged to the lower class, and was preparing to move out and leave his home, not able to stand the mortification of being dependent on that Dutch democrat, as he called Guttridge, when Kate suggested that she could hire the house of Jonathan, and they could remain there at pleasure.

The mother deputized Kate this time to go and hire the house, which she did obtaining it on her own conditions.

Kate now introduced the subject of marriage between herself and the merchant, which her father had urged while she had steadily opposed, and also drew a comparison between Joseph Hunt and Jonathan Guttridge, the one a dishonest fop with no capital, the other an intelligent, industrious, independent farmer. Said Kate, "Father which would you choose to-day for a companion for me?"

"I should not choose that miserable scamp who has been the ruin of me," and here the colonel broke down with grief. "I never can be under obligation to the Guttridges while I live; I never can receive favors from a family I have so long tried to abuse. Do you love Jonathan?" he continued.

"I do," said Kate.

"What reason can you assign for your regard for him?"

"It is his generous, friendly, sympathetic course of conduct toward our family, as well as all others with whom he associates. I regard him as a gentleman."

"You may be right, Kate, but I shall never live to see you married to a democrat."

The next morning the colonel did not appear at breakfast and after a long search he was found suspended by the neck, from a tree in the woods.

There was no demonstration of classes at the funeral, but the remains of Colonel Joseph Brown were laid in the grave to rest forever.

The Widow Brown was every way a lady liberal in her view of society and esteemed by all who knew her. She had favored the union of Kate with Jonathan, and always opposed it with Hunt.

As all objection to the union of Kate and Jonathan was now removed, Mrs. Brown thought proper to undecieve the parties in relation to the parentage of her daughter.

inquiry for a nurse to take charge of an infant daughter four weeks old. A few months after, when Mrs. Brown had become much attached to her charge, she learned that the child's father was a captain of militia under Major-General Joseph Warren, and that he fell in the defense of Bunker Hill, as did his commanding officer.

She found the ancestry of Kate was of democratic blood, while her husband was a bitter enemy to the rebels, and she feared lest she should lose her child if the knowledge of her origin should be made known to him. As he was not at all surprised to see a fine baby on his return, she concluded to keep the whole secret from him, and she concluded to keep the whole secret from him, and in all probability he never knew but that Kate was his own child.

The second winter term commenced with our two friends in attendance, to finish their education, as they said, and nothing occurred during the term to abate the good feeling existing between teacher and students.

At the close of the term invitations were given the entire school, and neighbors generally; to meet at Mr. Guttridge's mansion for an evening visit. The evening came, and with it a large collection of friends, to enjoy the mirth and good things prepared for them. All the plays of the time were introduced and performed, and when these sports became dull it was proposed to play the marriage game, each couple choosing his minister to perform the ceremony.

The fun of the transaction was to see who the young fellows would lead up to the priest as sweethearts but when it was Jonathan's turn to choose he took Kate and appointed the teacher to officiate.

After he had pronounced them lawfully married according to the laws of Connecticut, he proceeded to say that he had promised a present to the one who answered the question in grammar which had not yet been given and stepping up to the bride he placed upon her finger a valuable gold ring, then turning to Jonathan, said, "to you, sir, I am indebted for the answer in arithmetic, and I thought I could not present you a gift more acceptable than a certificate of your marriage with this worthy young lady," at the same time handing him the paper.

The affair passed off with a good deal of mirth, as being a good joke, but all seemed to wish it a reality; and were still more surprised when the officiator told them he had been studying Divinity, and had obtained a license to preach, which included the right to marry—that the marriage was legal in form, and satisfactory to the parties.

Jacob Guttridge died the next year, leaving to Jonathan a farm worth \$6,000, \$4,000 dollars in bank stock, and \$1,000 in mortgage notes, the fruits of an honest industry.

The student made Jonathan's house his home during his stay in the school, and many times has he related the incidents that occurred during his stay in that happy family, which consisted of the two widows and the subjects of our sketch.

Business before pleasure,
Our moral here penned,
May seem too long measure,
Eccoe signum—we end.

Country Girls for Wives.

Young men in our cities engaged in business, with a small capital, or in positions with small salary, wish homes of their own and domestic happiness, but they think, and with reason, too, they cannot afford it. Such is the case. No young man trying to economize can afford to marry, at least, a young lady in the city. Her tastes and ideas are formed in a home of luxury, and to come down to housekeeping with but one servant, no carriage, and the many other inconveniences are enough to discourage her for life, and instead of the smiles a happy wife should wear are frowns of the darkest hue. But, young man, you can have a happy, and a right, willing little woman if you will. The country is full of rosy-cheeked, healthy young ladies, to whom the home you could give would be a perfect paradise. The country girl would be as congenial a companion as the city belle; some of them are better educated, and their good common sense truly surprising. They know how to work and now work should be done, are strong and healthy, and fully as good looking. If the little airs and graces of the fashionable woman are any addition point them out, she will not be slow in acquiring them. Unlike her city sister, the country girl is not wholly engrossed within herself. Her thoughts and cares are for others—taking care of the children, easing the burdens of the mother, adding comfort and sunshine to the household, she has plenty of time for playing the piano, fancy work, oil painting and reading, besides doing her own dressmaking and millinery work. Young men, take this advice; start out in the country this summer, court and marry a country girl. There are plenty of them; you can take your choice. Court her the same as the city lady, judging of her qualifications and if her tastes agree and are congenial with your own.

ARMY paymasters can go fishing.

Society Fibs.

"Dear me!" exclaimed a vivacious young friend of ours the other day, "I have just had to tell the most shocking fib! My conscience troubles me yet."

"Why, and about what did you tell your fibs?" we asked, and the answer was:

"Oh, I went to see my friend Mrs. Brown, who has just gone to housekeeping, and nothing would do but I must go over the whole house, and admire it, of course. Helen kept asking all the time: 'Now isn't this carpet lovely?' and 'Did you ever see a more beautiful table?' or 'Is not that the easiest arm-chair you ever sat in?' and I was bored tired of agreeing with her, and ashamed of myself for doing it; for to tell the truth, I didn't like her taste at all. It is so hard to be enthusiastic to order."

"Then why attempt it at all?" we inquired.

"What would you have one to do? be candid and disagreeable? vex your friends by speaking your mind, and expect them to take your uncomfortable sayings amiably? You must remember that we do not live in the Palace of Truth now-a-days."

"Then it would be better if we did, since one must be untruthful to be liked."

"Not untruthful! that is such a harsh, ugly word," objected our companion.

"I said fibs, you know."

"Well fibs, are untruths, it seems to us, and when you agree with your friends because you fear to offend or annoy them by disagreement, you do violence to your sense of truth, and impair the sensibility of your conscience. The same fibs will be easier next time, and the passive untruth may merge into the active falsehood."

"Then would you have me always say what I think? Can the truth be spoken at all times?"

"It is quite possible to be kind and polite, even in our truth-telling. Offensive candor is not a Christian grace, though we have known many people who were frank even to positive rudeness, under this misapprehension. But conscientious souls, with ordinary tact, will preserve their own integrity without wounding others."

"But what would you do if you went to see a baby as I did lately, and had to say it was a perfect beauty when it was positively ugly? Wouldn't that test your principles?"

"No, because we would not say any such thing. A baby is always a precious gift to its mother, and one might speak of its sweetness and loveliness gracefully enough, without mentioning beauty. Rest assured, that all the fibs which you think friendship and social intercourse demand of you, can be avoided by a little thoughtfulness on your part; and you will not only save your conscience many a pang, but your friends will grow insensibly to realize your exactness of speech, and to prize your words the more."

The Fiend of the Jungle.

The tiger, the tyrant of the Indian jungle, has the precedence over his feebler or less dreaded congeners. Skirting the base of the Himalayan range, extending east and west for many hundreds of miles, is a tract of land covered with jungle, called the Terai; this is his chosen home. Cradled in the long, feathery grass of the jungle, he gambols about in his infancy playful as a kitten, and usually attains when full grown the length of nine or nine and a half feet. Wild hogs, deer, and all the larger species of game, are his usual prey; but sometimes a pair of tigers will take up their abode within a mile of a village, sallying out from their lair every three or four days to pull down a bullock or a buffalo, always selecting the fattest in the herd. The strength of their muscular fore-arms is enormous. Captain Baldwin says: "I remember in Assam a tiger in the dead of night leaping over a fence nearly five feet high, seizing one of the largest oxen, and again leaping back, dragging the bullock after him across several fields and over two hedges." In his old age, when his teeth becomes worn he not unfrequently becomes a man-eater; and such is the devastation he then occasions, that whole villages are sometimes deserted, and extensive districts laid waste from dread of these feline scourges. In these disastrous circumstances the advent of an English sportsman with his rifle and elephants is hailed as a god-send by the whole neighborhood. A tiger often when brought to bay "spits" exactly like a cat. Contrary to the received opinion, tigers seldom roar; but at night the forests resound with the hideous din of their cries which resemble the caterwauling of a whole squadron of gigantic tom-cats. In making a charge the tigers utter a series of short, vicious, coughing growls, as trying to the nerves as the most terrific roar.—*Chamber's Journal.*

—There is a peddler in Sheffield, England, who has been 108 years on the road and is peddling still. He lives on sugar and beer.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—There is to be a Chinese temperance society at Allston, Mass.

—In America some 400,000 have been raised as a jubilee gift to the pope.

—New York City has, it is said, an excess of 10,000 marriageable women.

—A Hartford firm has a contract to furnish a thousand dozen axes to the Indians.

—Newark, N. J., has been experimenting successfully with steam street cars.

—It takes \$100,000,000 worth of liquor a year to assuage the thirst of New York city.

—A bone picker in Schenectady gave \$100, recently toward the erection of a church edifice.

—A monument is to be erected on the site of John A. Sutter's mill at Coloma, Cal., in honor of Marshall, the discoverer of gold.

—In the Kingdom of Prussia, among 6,000,000 births, there were seventy-nine cases of four at a birth, and one case of five at a birth.

—Brooklyn is to have a new gas works with gasometers having a capacity of 1,000,000 cubic feet. The cost will be \$900,000.

—The School Board of Lynn, Mass., has forbidden teachers to set pupils to watch one another on the ground that it tends to excite enmity.

—Hon. Ben. H. Hill was lately a guest of the Savannah Rifle Association at their regular practice, and made a score of 13 out of a possible 15.

—A Paris paper states that the average number of vehicles which daily cross the Point Neuf is 11,500; that of the foot passengers, 63,000.

—The largest contributor to the revenues of England is said to be a brewing firm, which pays about \$5,000 for every working day in the year.

—W. D. Boone, a grandson of Daniel Boone, is now living in Santa Clara Valley, California. He was born in Ohio, and went to California in 1849.

—The lighthouse exhibited by the Government at the Centennial, will soon be put up on Ship John shoal, Delaware bay, just below Cross ledge.

—The Portland Oregonian claims to have information from New York that it is known that 25,000 people from the East are going to Oregon to settle this year.

—A part of the speech of Webster in reply to Hayne, written out in Webster's own hand, has been added to the collections of the Boston Public Library.

—The average of the present senior class at Harvard is 22 years 7 1/2 months. The oldest man is 31 years 2 months old, and the youngest man 17 years and 7 months.

—There are no less than 1,000,000 pear trees of Bartlett, Duchess, Sheldon and Vicar of Wakefield varieties now in vigorous growth around about Ham-monton, N. J.

—Greece has 101 journals and periodical publications, which gives one for each 14,434 inhabitants. The number of political journals is 82, of which 36 appear at Athens.

—Battle Creek, Michigan, is gaining favor as a manufacturing centre. One day last week she shipped machinery to Georgia, Mississippi, California, Oregon, Nevada and Cuba.

—During the first three months of this year nine railroads in this country, with a mileage of nearly 1,100 miles, representing a cost of \$67,000,000, passed into the hands of receivers.

—Thus far this season the Boston Lyceum Bureau has paid Henry Ward Beecher \$42,800 as his portion of the proceeds of this season's lectures. It is better to be a lecturer than President.

—Prof. Trowbridge of the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, has been offered the professorship of dynamical engineering in Columbia College, N. Y., with a salary of \$7,500 per annum.

—There are forty-three thousand clergymen in the United States, but even this number has not succeeded in working the morals of the community up to that point where all will pay on a crowded street car.

—A South Carolina soldier has utilized his time, while in the employ of Uncle Sam, by collecting 50,000 silk worms. He now asks to be discharged, in order that he may enter into the business on a still larger scale.

—It has been discovered in Washington that a member of Congress has sold to a waste paper dealer 300 volumes of agricultural reports, instead of inflicting them upon his constituents. Such delinquency of feeling in a Congressman deserves special recognition.

—Several English railway companies are noted for the fast time made by their locomotives. One, for instance, has made a run equal to 73 miles an hour, another 75, others 72, 70, 69, 67, etc. Mr. Patriek Stirling of the Great Northern, took 16 carriages, 15 miles in 12 minutes, equal to 75 miles an hour.

—The German Chamber of Bookselling, which has its headquarters at Leipzig, has decided to publish a general history of the trade in Germany from its beginning. Between 1801 and 1830 there were about 250 booksellers in Germany; in 1840 their number had doubled. This includes dealers in both new and second hand books. In 1864 the number was 2,859, it is now estimated to be 5,500. As to the books published the number in 1839 was 362, in 1876 it was 1,000, in 1849 was 7,900, in 1875, 12,516 and last year 13,357. The projected history in reference to the gradual growth of the trade, with especial reference to that of Frankfurt, which was its first centre in Germany. Its transfer to Leipzig took place in 1766.