

State Library

# The Murfreesboro Enquirer.

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

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### THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT.

It is not always sunshine  
 In this bright world of ours;  
 Sharp thorns and weeds grow thickest  
 Amid the fairest flowers;  
 In fruits how'er enticing,  
 Lurk worm-spots at the core;  
 For each one's bread and butter  
 There is a sanded floor.

In lustrous silks there's cotton,  
 In flowing tresses rats,  
 In ermines, soft and snowy,  
 The skins of Thomas cats;  
 In Hebe's form there's whalebone,  
 On Venus' lips carmine,  
 Old boots are thrown in sherry  
 To make Madeira wine.

The best of golden butter  
 Is oleomargarine;  
 The finest of old brandy  
 Is next door to benzine;  
 The fragrant leaf of Cuba  
 Is cousin to sauer-kraut;  
 To often are the milkman's cans  
 Replenished at the spout.

If, then, your reputation  
 Proves quite unfit to air,  
 Pray, how then does it differ  
 From most things seeming fair?  
 And why heap maledictions,  
 Because through me—no doubt—  
 You broke the 'leventh commandment—  
 "Thou shalt not be found out."

### Taking Her Down.

Two girls, both young, and one very beautiful, sat conversing in a comfortable sitting-room in a mansion at the West End. The handsomer of the two, Maude Pierson, wore a traveling dress of brown merino, and was evidently resting after a journey.

In spite of a certain languor born of fatigue, and her unbecoming dress, the girl was undeniably a beauty, of a gorgeous brunette type. Her companion, passing pretty, was of the same dark tint, but smaller in figure, and far from possessing Maude's great beauty.

"Tell me about everybody," Maude said. "I am fairly hungry for gossip," after vegetating nearly two years in that abominable place with my aunt. She has left me an ample fortune, however, so the time was not altogether thrown away.

"Dead?" cried her companion. "You are not in mourning, and—why, Maude, you said you were going to Lady Ralston's this evening."

"So I am. Aunt Maria has been dead six months, and requested me not to wear black and to return to town in November. But, Cora, tell me the news. Who has been the belle of our set since I left?"

"You conceited girl!" laughed her friend.

"Bah! What is the use of duplicity? For, between ourselves, I should be an idiot if I did not know I was handsome. How is Lord Frederick Seymour?"

"One question at a time, though I can answer these two together. The belle has been the object of Lord Frederick Seymour's special attention since she made her debut last month. Mrs. Hursey introduced her. She is a niece, I believe, of old Mrs. Mortimer, who died three years ago and left her all her money."

"But who is she?"

"Her name is Worthington—Esther Worthington."

"Esther Worthington," cried Maude, sharply. "What is she like?"

"Tall, slender, very fair, with delicate features, and unmistakably a beauty, who sings exquisitely; and having been on the continent with Mrs. Mortimer, speaks two or three modern languages with fluency."

"How old?"

"About your age, I judge—twenty-four or five."

Maude broke into a harsh laugh.

"Mrs. Mortimer's niece!" she cried. "Well, that is rich! And so young. Lord Frederick Seymour is in love with her!"

"He is certainly very devoted. Every one thinks there will be a match."

"A match!" cried Maude, in another burst of mocking merriment. "Lord Frederick Seymour and Esther Worthington! Well! well! I tell you," she said, with a touch of sarcasm in her tones, "it will not be a match!" I will take her down!"

"What do you mean?"

"Will this belle be at Lady Ralston's this evening?"

"Probably. But do tell me, Maude, what do you know about her?"

"I know enough to cool Lord Frederick Seymour's ardor," said Maude; "and he shall learn the truth. To think of that girl's daring to move in our set!"

"Well, as to that," Cora replied, "being handsome, accomplished, refined, and heiress to double your fortune, Maude, I cannot see where the audacity comes in, especially as Mrs. Hursey has her for a guest, and we all know how particular she is. The Seymours themselves are not prouder than the Hurseys."

"You wait until the evening. I suppose the girl thinks nobody here knows

her. I'll humble her! She won't attend any more fashionable parties after I've told my story."

"But what is your story?"  
 "You'll hear to-night."  
 "Tell me now," said Cora coaxingly.  
 "No. Let me lie down awhile and rest, or I shall look like a ghost this evening."

A very brilliant ghost it would have been to resemble Maude Pierson, as she entered Lady Ralston's salon a few hours later. An evening dress of garnet velvet, cut to display the beautifully rounded shoulders and arms, and trimmed with rich black lace, ornaments of diamonds, and a cluster of white flowers in the jetty braids of hair, all heightened her queenly beauty.

Looking across the crowded rooms, she recognized her rival in a tall, slender girl, who wore white lace over peach colored satin, and ornaments of fretted gold. Lord Frederick Seymour was already in attendance, apparently, for he was leading this lady to the head of a quadrille just forming, when Maude entered. The sight stimulated anew all the hatred of Esther Worthington that had been aroused by Cora's description.

A cold-hearted, calculating woman, devoted to dress, wealth and luxury—selfish to the heart's core, carrying the smiling face of a belle over a bitter envy of all more fortunate than herself—Maude Pierson had never felt the touch of womanhood until her heart opened to Lord Frederick Seymour.

An orphan, dependent upon an aunt devoted to the frivolities of fashion, Maude's education had been superficial, and an undue value had been given in her thoughts to the advantages of birth, position and fortune.

Miss Pierson was very proud of the blue blood in her own veins; and Maude's success as a belle was as much a triumph to her aunt as to herself.

When the long illness set in that drove Miss Pierson to the seclusion and quiet of a country home, her niece had begun to hope that the attentions of "Lord Fred" were more than those called for by the ordinary requirements of society.

It had been a great blow to her to be suddenly whirled out of the vortex of London gaiety, to be buried alive in the little town where much of her childhood had passed, under her aunt's care. But she was far too polite to murmur loudly, and when her relative died it was with the firm conviction that all Maude's tender care and attention were dictated by warmest affection. It was singularly characteristic of Miss Pierson that in her will she stipulated that Maude should return to London six months after her death, and wear no mourning.

In one of her last interviews she said to her: "You will soon be twenty-five, Maude, and you shall not bury yourself here next winter. It might ruin your prospects of a good match."

And Maude, secretly exultant, wept copiously as she assured her dear aunt that "society would have no charms for her were she to be deprived of her lifelong companion."

Yet the six months dragged wearily when she thought of Lord Frederick Seymour. Would he love her better for her golden charms, or did he know her fortune, after all, was small compared with his own princely income? Had a fairer face eclipsed her memory?

Carefully during the long summer did the beautiful brunette cherish her own charms, and gloriously did they repay her care when she burst upon her old friends, more superbly handsome than ever, at Lady Ralston's reception.

Esther Worthington, looking at her as she entered the room, turned to her companion, saying, in a low tone: "Is not that Miss Pierson?"

"Yes. Is she not handsome?"

"Magnificently so. I can scarcely imagine a more queenly beauty. She was not a very pretty child, dark and thin. Will she recognize me, I wonder, as easily as I do her?"

"You were children when you last met?"

"About twelve years old; but we lived near each other for six years before that. Will she look down upon me now as scornfully as she did then?"

"Hush, you pain me!" was the reply. "Try to forget the dark days."

"Nay, for they make happy ones all the brighter," was the gentle reply.

"Bow to your partner."

For the music of the quadrille sounded in the long room, and attention was required to the intricacies through which Miss Worthington and her partner proposed to lead their set.

When it was over, Esther, leaning on her partner's arm, turned to find herself confronting Maude Pierson. With a sweet smile, she extended her hand.

"Have you forgotten me?" she asked.

"I remember you well," was the reply, in a freezing tone, "and I confess my surprise is very great to meet a charity girl among my friends."

"A charity girl!" cried several voices.

"You may doubt me," said Maude,

answering them, "but let Miss Worthington deny, if she can, that she was taken from a charity school to be the nurse's maid of Mrs. Thurston, my aunt's cousin and neighbor. Let her deny, if she can, that she did a menial's work for years in their house. She may palm herself off as Mrs. Mortimer's niece upon strangers, but I, knowing her, decline the honor of her acquaintance."

The delicate, beautiful Esther Worthington grew very pale during this insulting address, but she drew herself erect as haughtily as Maude Pierson herself, as that young lady ceased to speak.

"All you have said is quite true," she replied, and the only reason for concealing the facts you now force upon my friends was the request of my dear aunt, Mrs. Mortimer. Mrs. Hursey, Lady Ralston, and several others of those who honor me with their friendship, know well the family history you force me to relate to our friends here. You will pardon me for obtruding my private affairs upon you; but since Miss Pierson has attacked my veracity I must defend it. My parents were married against the wishes of my mother's father, who carried his resentment to the grave, and cut my mother out of his will. When I was a babe, my father died, and my mother, ill, feeble and penniless, was taken to the workhouse where she, too, died. Her sister, Mrs. Mortimer, was in Canada at the time, and unaware of my existence.

"What Miss Pierson has so delicately told you of my childhood is quite true. I was taken from the workhouse to fill a servant's place; but my employers were kind, and I was allowed to attend school in the winter. I think they will testify that if my duties were menial they were faithfully performed. When I was thirteen, my aunt returned home and found me out. Since then I have been her charge, and the kindest love was lavished upon me until, at her death, I became the guest of my friend, Mrs. Hursey. I hope you will pardon me for taking up so much of your time; and if you desire, with Miss Pierson, to decline the further acquaintance of a workhouse girl, I can only accept your decision with some regret for a deceit that was only in accordance with the wishes of the dead."

"Stay a moment," said Lord Frederick Seymour, as the friends of the beautiful girl ever had pressed more warmly than ever around her; "let me speak one word. By the request of Miss Worthington, I have refrained from mentioning the honor she has conferred upon me, and which is the crowning pride and happiness of my life. When I asked her to become my wife, to give me the priceless treasure of her love, she told me the story you have just heard, and I, too, joined my entreaties to those of her aunt. Not," he added haughtily, "that I valued my future wife the less, but I understood that, even in our society, there are some ignoble enough to count her early misfortunes as a shameful fact, and ignore the beauty of character that could keep her noble, pure and true, even in the lowly home to which the misfortunes of her parents condemned her. Miss Worthington will you take my arm to the conservatory?—you are pale and need rest."

With an air of tender affection, of fond pride, he led her through the group of friends who spoke warmest words as she passed.

Finding her a seat near the fountain, he said, in a low tone: "I am glad they all know it, Estie, for a secret is a troublesome burden."

"But, you—oh, Fred, if it shames you—"

"Hush! I never honored you so highly, or loved you so fondly, as I did when that girl found insulting taunts answered by your own dignified frankness. We will not speak of it again. Rest here till I bring you an ice, and we will return to our friends."

"Maude," Cora said, as the girls unbound their hair in their own room before retiring, "I don't think your little scene was altogether a success. From the warmth of her friends, when Esther Worthington returned to the drawing-room, and Lord Frederick Seymour's devotion, I really imagine you placed that lady upon a higher pedestal of favor than ever, in your amiable endeavor to take her down."

**Confidence.**

All confidence which is not absolute and entire is dangerous. There are few occasions where a man ought either to say all or conceal all, for, how little soever you have revealed of your secret to a friend, you have already said too much if you think it not safe to make him privy to all particulars.

There is nothing so easy as to be wise for others; a species of prodigality, by-the-by—for such wisdom is wholly wasted.

Hath any wronged thee? Be bravely avenged; slight it, and the work is begun; forgive, and it is finished. He is below himself, that is not above an injury.

### Vanity.

The condemnation of vanity collapses when we try to answer the plain question, what is vanity? Try to define accurately the various cognate terms, vanity, conceit, pride, egotism, and their numerous allies, to mark out accurately their points of resemblance and contrast, and then test your conclusions by appropriate examples. Take a few cases at random. Here is Miss Martineau, for example, who says in her autobiography that all the distinguished men of her time were vain—and she does not add that the limits of time or sex are a necessary part of the assertion. But was she not vain herself? No, for she formed a singularly modest and sound estimate of her own abilities. But again, yes, for she certainly seems to have considered that to one person, at least, Miss Martineau was incomparably the most interesting person in the universe, that coming generations would be profoundly interested in the analysis of her character and the genesis of her work, and also that the merits of her contemporaries might be accurately gauged by the extent to which they did or did not sympathize with Harriet Martineau. Is not egotism of this kind mere vanity disguised by a superficial air of impartiality? Take the vanity, again, which is revealed so curiously in the recently published letters of Balzac. Here it becomes a force which leads a man to reckon himself among the four greatest heroes of his age, and goes far to make him what he supposes himself to be. It develops a kind of monomania leading to utter absorption in his own affairs, in his literary ambition, and, above all, in calculations as to the number of francs into which his genius can be coined. Was it a strength or a weakness? Contrast it with the vanity—for many people will call it vanity—of his contemporary Doudan. Doudan's letters reveal to us a man of that admirable fineness of intellect so conspicuous in the best French writers, which may be defined as the sublimated essence of common sense. But his exquisite sensibility was pushed to such a point as to destroy his fertility, and but for his letters his name would have been known to his fellows only through a passing allusion of *St. Beuve*. Shall we say that Balzac's vanity led him to produce the "Comte de Marnes," and Doudan's humility made him produce—nothing? Then vanity is so far a good and humility a bad thing. Or shall we say that this excessive sensibility is but vanity disguised—that a man who trembles before criticism thinks too much of his own importance? The theory is a common one, and enables us verbally to condemn vanity in all forms; but it implicitly admits too that vanity may produce diametrically opposite results, and at times co-operate hand in hand with humility. Infuse vanity into such a man as Goldsmith, and it adds a childlike charm to his character; it gives a tinge of delightful humor to his writings, and enables his friends to love him the more heartily because they have a right also to pay themselves by a little kindly contempt. Make a Byron vain, and half his magnificent force of mind will be wasted by silly efforts to attract the notice of his contemporaries by attacking their best feelings and affecting (a superfluous task) vices which he does not possess. The vanity of a Wordsworth enables him to treat with profound disdain the sneers of Edinburgh reviewers, and the dull indifference of the mass of readers; but it encourages him also to become a literary sloven, to spoil noble thought by grovelling language, and to subside into supine obstructiveness. Conversely, the vanity of a Pope makes him suffer unspeakable tortures from the sting of critics compared to whom Jeffrey was a giant condescend to the meanest artifices to catch the applause of his contemporaries, and hunger and thirst for the food which Wordsworth rejected with contempt. But it also enables him to become within his own limits the most exquisite of artists in words; to increase in skill as he increases in years; and to coin phrases for a distant posterity even out of the most trifling ebullition of passing spite. The vanity of a Milton excites something approaching to awe. The vanity of a Congreve excites our rightful contempt. Vanity seems to be at once the source of the greatest weakness and of the greatest achievements. To write a history of vanity would be to write a history of the greatest men of our race; for soldiers and statesmen have been as vain as poets and artists. Chatham was vain; Wolfe was vain; Nelson was childishly vain, and the great Napoleon was as vain as the vainest. Must not our condemnation of the quality undergo some modification before we can lay it down as an absolute principle.—*Cornhill*.

**Bear your own Burden.**

I have the healthiest kind of scorn for a grumbler! He reminds me of a pig—he has got into such a natural habit of grunting that he never does anything else.

Never mind displaying your shallow dignity, Mr. Misanthrope, and spluttering about its all being very well for those to talk who have only the bright side of life to bask in; if they had been plundered and slandered and lied about and abused as you have been, they would feel their wrongs as bitterly and learn to hate the world and mankind even as you do.

Bah! You're a blockhead, if that's your logic!

What would you think of your neighbor if he had close cracks and crevices of his house to the binding, chilling storm of yesterday, and swears he will keep it closed forever, as it will never cease to blow and rain any more, although to-days warming sunshine falls upon his roof, and the cheering song of a mellow breeze and the soft whispering of invisible hope try vainly to find a lodgement inside the darkened windows. This is a big world, and yours must be a world-wide distress concentrated in one individual, if "all the world" is to blame for the one little storm in your breast. Is that light-hearted lad or lassie interested in your woe, that you must needs force a gloom upon them by your cheerless visage? Will it excite their sympathy? What portion of your sorrow was occasioned by that little happy child, playing so innocently on the street with its top or ball or marbles, that you feel yourself constrained to kick at his toy and scowl at his joyous face until you drive away his pleasure and excite a disposition to give you what you richly deserve—a grand licking?

Did it ease the bitterness of your heart, Did it remove one iota of your trouble, Did it put money in your pocket or restore a lost confidence? Did it better matters?

There are times in every life, I guess, when the human heart is so grieved and sore that even sunshine seems a painful intrusion; but those seasons are sacred to yourself. Such pain is not to be paraded; and the traces of it that leave their silent mark upon the countenance, have a tendency neither to repel nor discourage, but rather to ennoble and develop a spirit to endure as well as conquer the ills that come, sooner or later to every one of us.

When your turn comes, bear it as you must, but bear it bravely. As soon as you begin to snarl and whine, and blame this one and that one, and after a while the whole world, you are a miserable shirking coward; and since you are determined, by your face and manner, to make your friends and family, and all mortal man, and his creator, help you bear the burden, why I really do not see why you should not have an unusual burden to bear, and we may keep our heartfelt sympathy for some one more in need of it. Not for you were the lines written:

"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining;  
 Behind the clouds the sun's still shining;  
 'Tis in the common fate of all—  
 Into each life some rain must fall,  
 Some days be dark and dreary."

**Longest Tunnel in America.**

Few people know how great an engineering enterprise is going on in Baltimore County. For one thing alone, a tunnel six and four-fifths miles long, 36,510 feet, is being built underground, for over four-fifths of the distance through hard gneiss and granite. It will be the longest tunnel in the country, and there will be only two larger in the world—Mont Cenis, which is eight miles in length, and the St. Gotthard now in process of construction, which is to be nine and one-quarter miles. The fact that the water supply tunnel lies near enough to the surface to allow of numerous shafts, greatly facilitates its construction. The tunnel is a circle twelve feet in diameter, and extends from the Gunpowder River, about eight miles from the city, to Lake Montebello, the distributing reservoir near the Harford turnpike, about one mile and a half from the city, the direction being twenty degrees west of south. This tunnel will conduct the water from the Gunpowder River to Lake Montebello. Thence a conduit 4,120 feet long, known as the Clifton tunnel, from the fact that it passes under a portion of Clifton Park, conducts the water to a point just south of the Harford road, where it enters six mains, each four feet in diameter, which convey the water to the city, a distance of 1,900 feet. The country along the line of the works is hilly, and the tunnel varies in depth below the surface from 67 to 353 feet. There are fifteen shafts in the main tunnel, the deepest extending 294 feet below the surface. The water rains down from the crevices of the rocks, and pours along the bottom of the drift. The work of the tunneling is all done by hand, it being cheaper than the machine-work in a drift of such narrow diameter.—*Real Estate Reporter*.

It is better to spend one's time in acquiring more knowledge than to waste it in parading what one has.

People do not lack strength; they lack will.—*Hugo*.