

The Murfreesboro Enquirer.

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

The Organ of the Roanoke and Albemarle Sections.

TERMS: \$1.50 Per Year, in Advance.

VOL. III.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1878.

NO. 30.

SUBSCRIPTION:

(IN ADVANCE.)
 One Year.....\$1.50
 Six Months.....1.00
 Single copies, five cents each.

Any person sending a club of five subscribers, accompanied by the cash, will receive one copy free for one year.

ADVERTISING RATES:

SPACE.	1 W.	2 W.	1 M.	3 M.	6 M.	1 Y.
1 Inch.	\$1.00	\$1.50	\$2.00	\$3.00	\$5.00	\$7.00
2 Inches.	2.00	3.00	4.00	6.00	10.00	14.00
3 Inches.	3.00	4.50	6.00	9.00	15.00	21.00
4 Inches.	4.00	6.00	8.00	12.00	20.00	28.00
5 Columns.	5.00	7.50	10.00	15.00	25.00	35.00
1 Column.	10.00	14.00	20.00	30.00	50.00	70.00
1 Column.	15.00	20.00	30.00	40.00	70.00	125.00

Transient advertisements payable in advance. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly in advance.
 Professional Cards, six lines or less, \$10 per annum—half yearly in advance (including paper).
 For the publication of Court notices \$7 is charged, if paid in advance—otherwise, \$8.
 Advertisers may, by counting ten words to a line, and adding the number of display lines they wish, estimate for themselves the length and cost of an advertisement, and remit accordingly. Remittances may be made by check, draft, or registered letter.

Communications containing items of local news are respectfully solicited.
 The Editor will not be held responsible for views entertained and expressed by correspondents.
 Manuscripts intended for publication must be written on one side of the paper only and accompanied by the name of the writer as a guarantee of good faith.
 We cannot undertake to return rejected manuscripts.

Important to Advertisers.

THE MURFREESBORO ENQUIRER is the official organ of Hertford and Northampton counties, and has a larger circulation in Bertie, Northampton, Hertford and Gates counties than any paper published. It also circulates in *Whitcomb* and *Wendell* counties, and as an ADVERTISING MEDIUM is second to no paper in Eastern Carolina.

X A cross mark on your paper **X** indicates that your subscription has expired, or is due. We demand prompt payments, as we need what is due us to enable us to carry on our business more successfully. Promises are worthless unless fulfilled. A subscription is a small amount to a subscriber, but put together, they are considerable to us. So please remit.

JOB PRINTING

of all kinds done in the best styles, and at figures to suit the times.

- STATIONERY,
 CARDS,
 ENVELOPES,
 BILL HEADS,
 LETTER HEADS,
 &c.,
 furnished at the shortest notice. Address all orders to the

ENQUIRER,

Murfreesboro, N. C.

Professional Cards.

W. C. BOWEN,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Jackson, N. C.

Practices in Northampton and adjoining counties. Prompt attention to collection in all parts of the State.

E. L. C. WARD,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Murfreesboro, N. C.

Practices in Hertford and adjoining counties, and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Prompt attention to collections.

J. J. YEATES,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Murfreesboro, N. C.

Practices in the Superior, Supreme and Federal courts.

D. A. BARNES,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Murfreesboro, N. C.

Practices in Hertford and adjoining counties and in the Supreme and Federal courts. Prompt attention to collection.

T. B. JERNIGAN,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Harrellsville, N. C.

Collections made in any part of the State. 1

JOHN W. MOORE,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Pitch Landing, N. C.

Practices in the Superior, Supreme, and Federal courts. Prompt attention to Collections.

B. B. WINBORNE,
 ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
 Winton, N. C.

Practices in Hertford and adjoining counties. Collections made in any part of North Carolina.

D. C. F. CAMPBELL,
 DENTIST.



MURFREESBORO, N. C.

THE SWALLOW.

Of all the birds that swim the air
 I'd rather be the swallow;
 And, summer days, when days were fair,
 I'd follow, follow, follow,
 The hurrying clouds across the sky,
 And with the singing winds I'd fly.

My eager wings would need no rest
 If I were but a swallow;
 I'd scale the highest mountain crest
 And sound the deepest hollow.
 No forest could my path-way hide;
 No ocean-plain should be too wide.

I'd find the sources of the Nile,
 I'd see the Sandwich Islands,
 And Chimborazo's granite pile,
 And Scotland's rugged Highlands;
 I'd skim the sands of Timbuctoo;
 Constantinople's mosque's I'd view.

I'd fly among the Isles of Greece,
 The pride of great Apollo,
 And circle round the bay of Nice,
 If I were but a swallow,
 And view the sunny fields of France,
 The vineyards merry with the dance.

I'd see my shadow in the Rhine
 Dart swiftly like an arrow,
 And catch the breath of eglandine
 Along the banks of Yarrow;
 I'd roam the world and never tire,
 If I could have my heart's desire!

Marshal De Saxe and the Blacksmith.

Maurice de Saxe was a son of the King of Saxony, and a fine lad he was—tall, strong, handsome, and as brave as a lion. But the king, like a certain old woman of whom you may have heard, had so many children that he didn't know what to do; and so, as Maurice had such a lot of elder brothers as to have not much chance of inheriting the crown, or anything else that would keep him in bread and butter, his father sent him out to seek his fortune, like many other princes in those days. So he went over to France, and entered the army of King Louis XV.

Now, at that time, there was always a war going on somewhere or other, and the French armies were fighting in every part of Europe; and the king cared very little who his officers were, or where they came from, if they were only brave men and clever fighters, and ready to go wherever he liked to send them. So, as you may think, it was not long before our friend Maurice, who was quite as brave as any of them, and a good deal cleverer than most, began to make his way. First, he got to be a lieutenant, then a captain, then a major, then a colonel, and at last, while he was still quite a young man, he came out as Count de Saxe and Field-Marshal of the Army of Flanders, with fifty thousand men under him. That was pretty good promotion, wasn't it?

Curiously enough, the one thing that this great general specially prided himself upon was neither his skill in warfare nor his favor at court, but simply his strength. There was nothing he enjoyed so much as showing off the power of his muscles, and astonishing the people about him by bending an iron bar, or felling a horse with one blow of his fist; and he was fond of saying that he would give his purse and all the money in it to any one who was stronger than himself, if he could ever fall in with him.

Now it happened that, one day, while the French and German armies were lying pretty close to each other, Marshal de Saxe sent a message to the enemy's camp, asking some of the German officers to dine with him; and after the meal he began to boast of his strength as usual, till at last an old German general, who sat at his left, said that he would like to see a specimen of what his Excellency could do. Saxe made no answer, but took up a large silver dish, which was standing before him, in his strong white fingers, (for, big and powerful as his hands were, they were white and smooth as any lady's, and he was very proud of them), and, without more ado, rolled it up like a sheet of paper.

"Can your Honor unroll that dish again?" asked he, handing it to the German; and, although the General was a strong man, and tried his best, he found the task too hard for him, and was forced to own himself beaten.

"Your Excellency's strength is very great," said he, "but, nevertheless, I venture to think that there is one man in Flanders who can match it."

"And who may he be?" asked Saxe, frowning.

"A blacksmith in the village of Scheveningen, Dirk Hogan by name. All the country around knows of his exploits; and when I met with him myself, I saw such things as I should have thought impossible, had my own eyes not witnessed them."

When the Marshal heard this, he looked blacker than ever; and the first thing he did next morning was to send off messengers in every direction to inquire for a village called Scheveningen, and a man named Dirk Hogan. And

sure enough, some of them came back with news that there was such a village, and that Dirk Hogan, the smith, had been living there till quite lately, but that now he had sold his forge and gone away, and nobody knew what had become of him.

This was a decided disappointment to our friend Saxe, but he had something else to think of just then. The enemy's army had lately received strong reinforcements, and seemed inclined to attack him; and he was rfidng out one morning to reconnoiter their position, when suddenly his horse stumbled and cast a shoe.

"There's a village just ahead of us, your Excellency," said one of his officers. "Shall I ride on and see if I can find a blacksmith?"

"Do so," answered Saxe, and the officer came back presently to say that he had found what he wanted. So the horse was led up to the door of the smithy, and the smith himself came out to have a look at it.

The moment he appeared, the Marshal fastened his eyes upon him as if he would look him through. And well he might, for this smith was such a man as one does not see every day—very nearly as tall as Saxe himself, and even broader across the shoulders, while upon his bare arms the huge muscles stood out under the tanned skin like coils of rope. The marshal felt at once that he could never be comfortable till he had had a trial of strength with this sturdy-looking fellow, so he bade him bring out one of his best horse-shoes.

The smith did so, and Saxe, looking at it, said quietly:

"This ware of yours is but poor stuff, my friend; it will not stand work. Look here!"

He took it in his strong hands, and with one twist broke the iron like a biguit.

The smith looked at him for a moment, and then, without seeming at all taken aback, brought out a second horse-shoe, and a third, but Saxe broke them as easily as he had broken the first.

"Come," said he, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot; give me the first shoe that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The smith produced a fourth shoe, and fitted it on, and Saxe tossed him a French crown—a coin about the size of a silver dollar. The Dutchman held it up to the light, and shook his head.

"This coin of yours is but poor metal Mynheer," said he, saying the words just as the marshal had spoken his. "It won't stand work. Look here."

He took the coin between his finger and thumb, and with one pinch cracked it in two, like a wafer.

It was now the Marshal's turn to stare, and the officers exchanged winks behind his back, as much as to say that their champion had met his match at last. Saxe brought out another crown and then a third, but the smith served them in like manner.

"Come," said he, imitating the Marshal's voice to perfection, "I see it's no use picking and choosing among such a trashy lot. Give me the first crown that comes to hand, and we'll cry quits."

The Frenchman looked at the Dutchman—the Dutchman looked at the Frenchman—and then both burst into a roar of laughter, so loud and hearty, that the officers who stood by could not help joining in.

"Fairly caught!" cried the Marshal suddenly, and added, "What's your name, my fine fellow?"

"Dirk Hogan, from Scheveningen."

"Dirk Hogan!" cried Saxe. "The very man I've been looking for. But I've found him in a way I didn't expect!"

"So it seems," said the smith, grinning. "I needn't ask who you are—you're the Count de Saxe, who was always wanting to meet with a stronger than himself. Does it seem to you as if you had met with him now?"

"Well, I rather think it does," quoth Saxe, shrugging his shoulders; "and I promised to give him my purse whenever I did meet with him; here it is. And now, if you'll come along with me, and serve as farrier to my headquarters' staff, I promise you that you shall have no cause to repent of having met with Maurice de Saxe."

And the marshal was as good as his word.

—George Grant, founder of the English colony at Victoria, Kansas, died in Victoria Friday morning.

Nothing is so odious in an acquaintance as the discovery of a new defect in him.

—Of the six millions of Roman Catholics in the United States, 1,237,000 are said to be Germans.

—During 1877 there were 8,159 horses brought to Chicago and disposed of at the public yards; also 1,096,745 beef cattle, 4,190,006 hogs, and 364,095 sheep.

The best government is that which teaches self-government.

School Room Exercises.

"John, bound the state of matrimony."

"The state of matrimony is bounded on the North by solitude, on the East by double-trouble, on the West by vexation."

"What are its chief products?"
 "Peevish babies, scolding wives, hen-pecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt ham, and sour-pipes."

"What is said of its climate?"
 "It has a more varied temperature than that of any other state in existence. In that portion of it called Honey moon the climate is salubrious and healthy, the atmosphere laden with the sweets of the flowers of Hymen. In some parts the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception when they expect most warmth, and in some other parts there is the burning sensation of the torrid zone."

"Sarah, has John given a correct outline of the state of matrimony?"
 "Can't say, sir; never was in that state. Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in it with him, and when I return I'll answer the question."

"Well, Sarah, as you seem to be ignorant in Geography, I will examine you in Grammar. Take the sentence 'marriage is a civil contract.' Parse marriage."

"Marriage is a noun, because its name. And though Shakspeare asks what's in a name, and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and therefore a name, shows that the rule established by the bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of very great importance, and being a noun, therefore a name, ergo there is something in a name."

"Good, what is the case of marriage?"
 "Don't know, sir."

"Decline it and see."
 "Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. Had rather conjugate."

"Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case marriage is?"
 "Yes, sir. It is a very common case, and I wouldn't care if it was a little commoner. I 'spose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's case."

"Can you decline marriage?"
 "Jane blushes extremely, and answers, 'Had rather not, sir.'"

"Well, Sarah, what person is marriage?"
 "Second person, sir, because the person you speak to is the one that is going to marry."

"What number is marriage?"
 "Plural number now, sir, because Bill and I are two at the present time."

On the Suez Canal.

The idea of a water communication between the Red sea and the Mediterranean is not of modern origin. The first attempt was made in the time of the Pharaohs, and finally completed under Ptolemy Philadelphus. During Cleopatra's reign this primitive canal had become impassable; but again it was restored under the Caliphs in the seventh century. One hundred and fifty years later it was purposely closed for military reasons; but about A. D. 1000 it was again rendered navigable. Finally, the old canal was permanently abandoned, and the sand allowed to fill the channel. The pioneer in more modern times to give attention to the project of a canal to unite the two seas was Napoleon. His engineer, M. Lepere, went so far as to survey a route, but the enterprise received its death-blow in the withdrawal of the French from Egypt. In 1846 an international commission was appointed to inquire into the feasibility of constructing a canal; but its labors resulted in nothing, excepting to prove that the difference of level between the two seas is but three inches. Finally, in 1855, the master mind of M. de Lesseps presented a plan for a direct route through the Bitter Lakes, Lakes Timsah, Ballah and Menzaleh. In 1856 the energetic Frenchman secured the necessary permission, in spite of the political opposition of the English government, and in 1858 he opened the list for subscribers to the capital. The actual work was commenced in the spring of 1859, and after various vicissitudes, too numerous to detail here, the great undertaking was brought to a successful completion in 1869. On the 17th of November of that year almost all nations—including jealous, doubting England—took part in the ceremony of declaring the Suez canal open to the ships of every nationality. The entire cost of the work will aggregate about \$85,000,000; of which amount Egypt has borne not less than one-half. Through a stress of financial difficulties the Suez canal company was compelled to transfer its title to the Khedive, and he in turn has but lately made the British government the owner.

And now the "visionary canal" at which Britain scoffed has become of such importance to her interests that the same has also deemed it necessary to involve her people in a destructive war! The tariff for the passage of vessels is ten francs (\$2) per passenger, and ten francs per ton—the latter being rated on the registered capacity. A vessel sailing from England through the canal to Bombay will save nearly 5,000 miles over the route around the Cape of Good Hope. The length of the canal is just 100 miles, of which about one-third was actually cut, and the lakes which comprise the remaining two-thirds were dredged to secure the uniform depth. The width of the canal where the banks are low is 328 feet, and where the banks are high 190 feet. The width on the bottom is 72 feet, and the depth 26 feet. The slope of the bank near the water line is one foot in five, and on the bottom one foot in every two. When about half way between Ismailia and Port Said the little steamer halted at a spot called Kantarah, to enable us to procure a meal. And such a meal it was! Our eight passengers were ushered into a rough, low-ceiling room, which had a bar on one side and a bare table on the other. In the centre, under a coal oil lamp, was a round table filled with wine bottles, pipes, cigarettes, etc., and surrounded by as forbidding a set of men as the imagination could picture. They were far worse than any group of "forty miners" in California. The sinister-looking host and his wife set the table and finally gave us the repast. It consisted of coffee without milk, an omelet, and a leathery article dignified with the name of a chop. The only satisfaction I had from the latter was to feed a good-natured, half-starved dog, who displayed an inclination to make friends. The poor brute taxed his powers of mastication to the utmost to dispose of that chop, and when it was finally accomplished he looked up with a consciousness of at least one superiority over man. During our meal the round table party revealed us with several rollicking songs of not the most refined character. Upon calling for the bill the landlady announced that the charge was four francs each. We paid the demand and left, but our fellow-travellers demurred and received a reduction of one franc per person. So indignant was the considerate hostess that exception should be taken to her tariff that she called to the captain to upset the boat.

An Indian Rabbit Drive.

The Piutes and Shoshones of this vicinity, says a recent Nevada paper, have inaugurated a grand rabbit drive in Reese River Valley, which will last five days. The valley is teeming with rabbits, and the method pursued by the Indians in killing them insures the slaughter of thousands of the animals. Their mode of procedure in rabbit hunting is the same as that pursued by the Irish soldier, who captured a prisoner by surrounding him. The Indians select a piece of ground which they know to be the resort of rabbits, and, each man being armed with a gun or bow and arrow, form a circle. Inside of this circle the women and children are placed, and the cattle is gradually contracted, the squaws and papooses meanwhile beating the bush with sticks to start the rabbits. The bewildered little animals rush hither and thither, finding no escape from the circle of hunters, and being hemmed in on every side, and gradually concentrated in a smaller and smaller space, and when the supreme moment arrives, the Indians turu loose their guns and arrows on the confused and affrighted rabbits, slaying large numbers of them at each discharge, and women and children even killing many with their sticks.

Mysterious Mounds in Missouri.

Excitement prevails at Warrensburg, Mo., over the discovery of the remains and relics of some of the ancient mound builders. Several crypts or vaults walled in with dressed limestone have been opened upon the bluffs of Blackwater river, about two miles from town, in which are found specimens of pottery, stone pipes, and various implements whose use is not known. Twenty-four skulls were taken out recently, all of which are so frail, however, as to be difficult of removal. The same is true of the pottery, which is evidently of a very ancient type, and upon some of which are unintelligible inscriptions. The students of the normal school are intensely excited, and a large number of them are now at the mounds, constantly discovering something of interest. Their eagerness interferences with the care necessary to the preservation of the articles disinterred. The vaults so far explored are about ten feet square and six feet high. There are a large number of these mounds on the banks of the Blackwater, at that place, some of them covered with very large trees.

Keep stock off pastures while they are soft. The poaching will cost tenfold by summer, what the stock may get of the very early grass. There is nothing to gain, but much to lose, even if only the pasture is concerned. The feed will not be lost if allowed to grow a little longer.

Train Dispatching.

Dots and pegs of different size and shape indicate the different trains in motion at the same time, and from the chart and an elaborate time-card, the train dispatcher is enabled to direct operations by telegraph with as much intelligence and absolute knowledge as he could possibly have were he ubiquitous and able to give oral commands in a hundred places at the same time. The train dispatcher is supposed to know, and does know, the size of each train, freight and passenger, on his division, the speed and power of each engine, the grade of every mile of the road, and where time can be made up to the best advantage when trains are delayed. He usually works with the superintendent of the road, though frequently he is put in charge of his particular department, and held responsible for the proper management of the duties assigned him, being given great latitude and left wholly unhampered. The train dispatcher keeps a record of the time each train starts from the end of each division, and from that moment until it arrives at its destination, it is constantly under his eye and guidance, like chessmen in the hands of a skillful player. So long as trains move on time he is not called upon to exercise his ingenuity much. It is when a train is dited, or meets with some unavoidable accident that the dispatcher shows up to advantage.

Here he finds a field for the exercise of his full powers. In such emergencies the regular time-card is of no earthly account, and he is forced to improvise one for the occasion. He is called upon to decide which trains shall have the right of way, where and how they shall meet, where to lie on side track, and a thousand and one other matters that arise out of the emergency. On his presence of mind and accuracy of knowledge, depends the lives of hundreds of train men and passengers, and thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of property. An illustration of his daily duties:—Ten trains all off of time and running by telegraphic orders issued by the train dispatcher (such a thing not unfrequently happens), put these trains on a stretch of track sixty miles long, and designate where the five going east shall meet the five going west. One of the five west bound is a through passenger train with no stops to make, and can run at a certain rate of speed; another is a local passenger making all stops, and can run at a certain rate of speed different from the rest; another is a freight with a light load; and another a freight with a heavy load. One has a part of the road to run over where the grades are not heavy, while another has large hills to climb. All these things have to be taken into consideration, plans formed, and executed at once, and these trains started and kept going without delay and without accident.

A Half-Breed's Coolness and Revenge.

The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways, and from a tale told in Mr. Marshall's "Canadian Dominion," his civilized half brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Metis or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments at one of the company's forts. On paying the last instalment he received his quittance from the man who had brought him to justice and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing-table and leveled his musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled the Metis raised his hand with which he was writing and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away, the Indian was amazed to see that his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant and resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed unpursued, those who would have given chase being stopped by the half-breed with, "Go back to your dinner and leave the affair to me."

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Metis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he bade them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat crouched the baffled savage, singing his own death-hymn to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-bye to wife and child, to the sunlight, to the gun and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backwards and forwards as he chanted his strange song, but never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on and awaited his fate. Then the half-breed bent his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueler revenge than if he had shot him dead.