

# The Murfreesboro Enquirer.

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

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## SOMEWHERE.

Somewhere there blows  
Myrtle and Rose  
And Cedar for me;  
But where, no one knows,  
Or, may not disclose  
The secret to me.

Somewhere a heart  
Is blooming apart  
For love and for me;  
But where, none will tell.  
Dear heart, is it well  
For thee or for me?

Somewhere a grief—  
A skeleton thief—  
Is lurking for me;  
But where, only One knows,  
Who hides future woes  
Somewhere from me.

## A Strange Story.

I was stationed at Agra during the Cabal disaster in 1841, one of a mere handful of British troops, left in charge of the wives, sisters and daughters of the actors in that most unhappy expedition. And a weary, heart-breaking time it was. The lieutenant-governor, who had prayed and besought the Calcutta authorities not to risk the adventure, had the worst forebodings of its fate; and although he did all an able, kindly, and well-mannered man could do to maintain the spirits of the circle, those who knew him could read too well what his fears were. Words could not describe (indeed it is painful for me even now to recall) the dreary wretchedness of that fatal month, during which no tidings came of the devoted army. Evening after evening saw the roads crowded by anxious women, sitting there for hours that they might hear the first news of those who were dear to them, and evening after evening saw them return in despair. And when at last the news came that the sole survivor had staggered, half alive, back to his countrymen, with the tidings of the great disaster, the wail which ascended from those heart-broken creatures I shall never, while I live, forget.

There had been a captain in one of the native regiments, an old acquaintance of mine, by the name of Donnelly, Jerry Donnelly, as he was called by every one. He was careful to explain to every one that his name was Jerome, and not Jeremiah, although why he so unduly preferred the saint to the prophet I never understood. Jerry Donnelly, however, he was, and as strange and eccentric a creature as ever breathed.

He was a very good looking fellow and a first-rate officer, but a careless, rollicking, half insane madcap of a man, with an amazing flow of spirits, little education or culture, a great, almost miraculous talent for languages, with a soft heart and an easy temper. It was impossible to make him angry, but in all circumstances, however unpleasant, he maintained a placid serenity, which seemed to imply that he was on intimate terms with fortune and knew the very worst that she could do.

Among the other tricks which the fickle goddess had played him was that she had married him. Why he ever married as he did no one could imagine. The lady was neither handsome, clever, nor rich. She was simply passable as to looks, with the liveliness of good health and youth, a quality not unapt to develop itself into a vivacity of temper when those other attributes disappear. But, on some impulse, Jerry Donnelly had asked her the momentous question, and had been favorably answered.

A most uncomfortable couple they were. Jerry, from the very first, neglected her—not intentionally, I believe, but simply because for the moment he forgot her existence. It never seemed to him necessary to alter his former bachelor round in any respect; and as the lady had no notion of being neglected, she resented his indifference, and chalked out a line for herself. It may be easily supposed that the one who was not adverse to brandy and water, or the other to gossip and flirtation. They never quarrelled outwardly, but were hardly ever together.

So stood the domestic circle, if such it could be called, of Captain Donnelly, when he was ordered on General Elphinstone's expedition. His wife would have remained at Calcutta, but as all the wives were going to Agra, she for very shame was obliged to go there also. On the first rumors of the disaster she was very indifferent—said she was sure Jerry would turn up at the most inconvenient time, and that if he was happy, she was. When however, the tidings were confirmed, and it was certain that Jerry had perished with his comrades, a great change came over her. She shut herself up for months, saw no one and went nowhere. And when at the end of nearly a year she began once more to look at the world, she was a grave, thoughtful, softened woman. She went up to Calcutta after that, and I never saw her again until I came home on furlough in 1874. She was then living in a pretty place in

Somersetsing, and was known as Mrs. Courtney, of Branley Hall.

I met her accidentally, but she was very glad to see me, and explained to me what I had not heard, that when she had arrived at Calcutta, she found that poor Jerry had, four months before he left Agra, succeeded to this place of Branley Hall, by the death of a distant relation. He had previously made a will, leaving her all his worldly goods, then slender enough, so that in the end this fine estate had come to her, and a new name with it. She asked me to come down and see her, which I did, and learned more of her history.

Sorrow and prosperity greatly changed her for the better. Even her looks had improved, and she was a pleasant, thoughtful and agreeable woman. She had remained for years in Calcutta before she returned, but at once assumed the name of Courtney, which was a condition on which the bequest was made.

"You know, Colonel Hastings, I could not have lost the estate, for what would poor Jerry have said when he got back?"

"I thought the woman's head must have been affected by her troubles, and said nothing."

"I see you think me deranged, but I knew he was alive all the time."

"Why, what could have led you to think so?"

"I saw him, Colonel Hastings. It was in our old Bungalow at Calcutta, about two years after I got back. Late in the evening I heard a footstep outside which strangely affected me. I was lying half asleep, and, starting up in a drowsy state, I heard a voice at the veranda, and, as I thought, inquiring of my stupid old native whether I lived there. The steps then turned away. I darted to the casement, and although the figure was clad in the most extraordinary compound of European and Asiatic garments, I am sure it was Jerry. I darted down stairs and rushed out, but the man had disappeared. The servant said he was a bad fakir, and wished to get in the bungalow, but could or would tell me nothing of what he had said. But I am quite sure it was Jerry. So I am certain he will come back. But you remember he never was punctual," she added, with a faint smile.

I did not say to her that if Jerry was alive she must have heard of him in some other way; but I took leave of her, and shortly afterwards returned to India. In 1853, I was appointed to an embassy to Nepal, a very striking country, governed by a powerful warlike race. The first minister or vizier of the country met us, as in the Nepalese fashion, outside the capital, and we had a very courteous and gratifying reception. He was a tall, handsome man, with a flowing black beard, and conversed with me in Persian, which I spoke fluently. After our interview, one of the attendants informed me that the vizier wished to see me alone, and he accordingly conducted me to an inner apartment. He ordered the attendants to withdraw, and then, in tones only too familiar, he exclaimed:

"Well, Hastings, my boy, how go the Plungers?"

It was Jerry Donnelly, by all that was miraculous. I had observed him staring earnestly at me during the interview, and something in his gestures seemed not unfamiliar to me; but his flowing beard, solemn air, and Oriental dress, so much disguised him, that, even when I heard his well-remembered voice, I could scarcely realize his identity.

"But what on earth are you doing here, Jerry?" said I, "and why don't you go home to your wife, like a Christian?"

"My wife! well, that's the whole affair. You see, she's somebody else's wife, so I'm better out of the way; it would be a pity that poor Sophy should commit bigamy."

"I assure you, you are entirely mistaken. Mrs. Donnelly has not married again."

"Hasn't she, though?" said he. "Don't I know better? Didn't I go to my bungalow and find out that she had married that starched fool Courtney, when she knew I never could endure him?"

To his intense astonishment, I told him how the truth was, and in return he related to me his own adventures. He had been carried into Tartary, and there detained for three years, when he was allowed to accompany a caravan or body of pilgrims to Nepal. Being by that time a proficient in the language, he was taken notice of at court, but very strictly watched. He effected his escape, however, disguised as a fakir, and made his way to Calcutta; but finding, as he thought, his wife married again to a man in his old regiment, he returned, was taken into favor, and had risen to his present distinction.

"Well, I always was a blundering fool, but I went home with a heart so soft to Sophy, and vowing that I would never vex her any more with my

vagaries, that when I heard her called Mrs. Courtney I was turned to stone, and did not care a rap what became of me, not even to be made a vizier, which I assure you, Charlie, is no joke in its way."

"Well, at all events, you must come home now and enjoy your good fortune."

"I am not sure about that," said he. "Recollect, she has grown accustomed to be mistress—I have grown accustomed to be vizier; she won't like to be contradicted, and it's a thing I never could bear, and what I never allowed on any account. Now, if I went home, she would not be mistress, and, as sure as fate, she would contradict me. May be it is better as it is."

Next morning he sent for me again. "I have been thinking," he said, "of all that strange story you told me. I am all changed since we parted. I hardly know myself to be the same man I used to be, and am not sure that I could treat Sophy well. But ask her to come out here, and then she can try. If she likes me in this outlandish place, I will go home with her; if we quarrel here no one will be a bit the wiser, and I can continue to be dead."

"But," said I, "you have no incumbences?"

"Perhaps she might object to the details of your establishment."

"Not a bit," said Jerry; "I have none of your eastern prejudices; let her come, and she will find nobody to disturb her."

She did come, and after living in Nepal for two years, brought Jerry back in triumph to Branley Hall; and such is the true version of a tale which made some noise in the newspapers a few years ago.

## The Stars and Stripes in Turkey.

As I was hurrying through the streets of Philippopolis the day before yesterday, an hour or two after we occupied the town, I saw a little printed American flag stuck in the corner of a building away up on the top of a rocky hill that is piled up with houses, jumbled together at all angles and every conceivable form of architecture. Nothing could have been more unexpected than the sight of this flag, and my first impulse was to rush into the house and investigate the matter, but I was unable to do so for the moment, being on a mission which required haste—to put a stop to plundering in a quarter of the city not yet occupied by troops—and consequently did not get an occasion to visit the owner of the flag until the next day. I met at the door a very easily recognized type of an American woman, and she asked me into a room which was so strangely furnished that I could not believe my own eyes. American painted furniture, American chromos in black walnut frames; "God Bless our Home" worked in worsted; "Scratch my Back" on perforated card board; little vases on brackets, even rocking chairs to sit in. It was like making a single stride from Roumelia to America to cross that threshold. I found I was in the home of Mrs. Mumford, who has been in this country, with the exception of a recent visit to America, the past seven years, first in the service of the American Board of Foreign Missions, and later acting independently in the interests of education. She had arrived from her trip home shortly before General Gourko crossed the mountains in summer, and reached Philippopolis just in time to open a hospital for the wounded who came in from Eski Zara, and to give shelter and protection to numbers of Bulgarians. All through the horrible scenes of the succeeding months, when more than three hundred Bulgarians were hanged in the streets here, she remained at her work. The panic which started here when Suleiman Pasha announced his intention of burning the town on the approach of the Russians did not affect her any as I can find out, and I believe she is about the only householder in the town who did not pack up their furniture to escape. Certainly her devotion to the work she has undertaken solely in the cause of humanity deserves every praise.

## Finding out about the Obelisk.

"What is the somebody's needle they are talking about, Stephen?" asked she. "Cleopatra's Needle," replied he, without glancing up from his reading. "Well, what is a Cleopatra Needle?" inquired she after a moment. "It's an obelisk," was the calm answer.

"An obelisk?" quizzed she. "Yes, yes," continued he impatiently; "monolith—"

"Monolith!" exclaimed she; "now will you please put down that paper and tell me what it is?"

So then and there he told her that the thing they were trying to talk about was a big Egyptian "monolith or gravestone."

And still she had another question to ask, him, and it was:

"Why under the sun didn't you tell me that in the first place?"

—The late Professor Henry made twenty-two inventions, not one of which he patented.

## Summer Excursions.

The thoughtful spectator must view with surprise the exodus of thousands of our citizens across the ocean to make a grand tour of England, Ireland, Scotland, France, Switzerland and Italy, following closely on each others' heels over beaten paths, and seeing little in reality of the manners and customs of the people visited. These tourists are subjected for ten days to all the annoyances of crowded steamships, close state-rooms, the perils of the deep and the miseries of sea-sickness. On reaching the land, they are annoyed by passports and custom-houses; packed into railway cars so arranged that they are exposed to robbery and insult; charged for extra baggage and without any provisions for its safe and prompt delivery; oppressed by exorbitant demands, against which, through their ignorance of the language, they have no redress and considered wherever they may go as victims to be plucked, rather than as guests to be welcomed and fairly treated. And for all this where is the compensation? They can say that they have seen the lakes of England, of Ireland and of Switzerland, the gayeties of Paris and the bustle of London, the snow-capped summits of the Alps and the Apennines; they have drunk the waters of the German Spas, have inspected the art galleries in the large cities filled with the works of the masters; they may even gaze upon the pyramids of Egypt and the waters of the Nile; and for all this they have expended a large amount of money and much worry of soul.

In view of these results and the time, money and worry required to attain them, the question naturally arises: "Why should we, during the warm months of summer, leave our own to sojourn for a season in foreign lands?" We have here at our very door all the variations of temperature and scenery, and all nationalities are to be found among our people. Considered simply as a question of economy—no small consideration during these "hard times"—a far greater amount of pleasure is to be enjoyed on the Continent of America for a smaller amount of money. The traveler is annoyed, neither by passports nor custom-house regulations. Our railway system is as near perfection as invention and money can bring it. The Pennsylvania R. R., and many other leading lines are laid with steel rails, ballasted with stone, traversed by trains of cars handsomely fitted up and supplied with every convenience. The convenient and luxurious Pullman Palace cars are furnished with all the appliances for repose and comfort, while the hotel cars supply the passengers with choice viands as they speed on to their destination. The introduction of the block system and Westinghouse brake, reduce the danger of accidents to a minimum. Everywhere telegraph lines keep up rapid communications, and the complete express system with the checking of baggage insures the safety of the baggage of tourists and relieves them from all responsibility. If communication by water is preferred our bays, rivers and lakes are covered with floating palaces, decorated with almost oriental magnificence, while bands of music enliven the tedium of the voyage.

But, with all these advantages, where shall we go? The difficulty arises not so much from the fewness but the multiplicity of the attractions. If our taste lies in the direction of cataraacts and water falls, there are the Falls of Niagara, of Montmorenci, of Trenton, and the wild leaping of the waters amid the canons of Colorado. Others may prefer the rapids of the St. Lawrence, with its thousand isles. Are we fond of lakes? Then let us seek those grand bodies of water—Erie, Ontario, Superior, Michigan, or the minor beauties of Lakes George, Champlain, and the chain of lakelets that stud like emeralds the Northern boundary of New York. We have in different sections of the country springs impregnated with alum, iron and sulphur, magnetic, soda, hot and cold springs with the sparkling product from the fountains of Saratoga. Where can we find mountains to surpass in beauty and grandeur the granite hills of New Hampshire, the Alleghanies, the Blue Ridge, the White Mountains, the Sierra Nevadas and the huge boulders of Colorado? Then we have the Hudson with its Palisades and Highlands; the Delaware with the romantic views on its upper streams; the placid Ohio and the Missouri, which roll their combined waters in a vast volume to the Gulf. In fact the names of the places of resort is legion and to tempt the visitors, routes have been laid out and combinations formed, which, while affording the greatest facilities, may be enjoyed at a very moderate cost. We again make, therefore, the very pertinent inquiry, "Why should we leave our native land in search of that measure of health, comfort and enjoyment which may be had on this side of the Atlantic, on far more reasonable terms?"

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Unreasonable haste is the sure road to error.  
With God go over the sea; without Him not over the threshold.

Characters never change. Opinions alter; characters are only developed.  
The extreme pleasure we take in talking of ourselves, should make us fear that we give very little to those who listen to us.

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.

A friendship that makes the least noise is very often the most useful; for which reason I should prefer a prudent friend to a zealous one.

Charity toward the weakness of human nature is a virtue which we demand in others, but which we find very hard to practice ourselves.

Happiness, in this world, when it comes, comes incidentally. Make it the object of pursuit, and it leads us a wild-goose chase, and is never attained.

Alas! if the principles are not within us, the height of station and worldly grandeur will as soon add a cubit to a man's stature as to his happiness.

Brevity is the soul and body of wit—it is wit itself, for it alone isolates sufficiently for contrast; because redundancy or profusion produces no distinctness.

Though the word and the spirit do the main work, yet suffering so unbolt the door of the heart, that both the word and the Spirit have easier entrance.

Christ says, "If ye love me keep my commandments. It would be well for us to pay more attention to our conduct and prove the depth of our feelings by our obedience."

Faces are as legible as books, only with these circumstances to recommend them to our perusal, that they are read in much less time and are much less likely to deceive us.

If a man becomes your friend all at once, not for any good reason, but apparently from caprice, the chances are that when his present mood is over he will at once leave you.

Faith builds in the dungeon and the lazar-house its sublimest shrines; and up through roofs of stone, that shut out the heaven, ascends the ladder where the angels glide to and from prayer.

True worth is inevitably discovered by its facial expression, as its opposite is sure to be clearly represented there. The human face is nature's tablet, and the truth is certainly written thereon.

What a pity all our consciences are not as tender as that of the youthful culprit who was overtaken by a hail storm, and who hurried home in terror and told his mother that God was awful angry and had been "frowing stones at him."

Polliteness is the spontaneous movement of a good heart and an observing mind. Benevolence will teach us temperance toward the feelings of others, and habits of observation will enable us to judge promptly and easily what those feelings are.

In taking the veil in Italy a nun casts behind her a bouquet of flowers she has borne upon her bosom. Thus the believer in devoting himself to Christ, casts behind him worldly pleasures; though beautiful as flowers, as evanescent as they.

Every one who repudiates honest debts to churches, which he is able to pay does just so much harm to the community at large, to say nothing of his own personal loss of character and reputation. The spiritual results of such conduct need no comment.

In a celebrated case now before the courts one of the witnesses declared that the Lord enlarged his vision so as to enable him to look through the key-hole and around a corner and see the prisoner mixing poison. That kind of religious faith is a little "crooked."

Thoughtless pleasure is the greatest indecency; a fondness for the world, the greatest folly; and self-indulgence, the greatest madness. And as contrary to these, a universal care and exactness of life, an indifference to the world, self-denial, sobriety and watchfulness, are our greatest wisdom.

Dr. Talmage can find more in the Bible than all the professors of Princeton, and tells what he finds in language which they would find it impossible to use. He told his people that Moses was afflicted with a lifelong nervous disease, caused by "that clasp which he gave the Egyptians;" and that "Jeremiah had an enlargement of the spleen."

Sugar was first mentioned in 625 by Paul Engthetta, a physician. It came originally from China and the East; was produced in Sicily in 1148; in Madeira in 1419; in the Canary islands in 1503, and in the West Indies by the Portuguese and Spaniards in 1510. In 1544 it was cultivated at Barbadoes. Sugar refining was first carried out by a Venetian in 1503, while the process was adopted in England in 1569. Sugar was first taxed by the English government in 1695.

The spirit of self-sacrifice is one of the great beauties of holiness. Husband yielding to wife, wife to husband; brother to brother; sister to sister; friend to friend; in great things, but in small especially. First and foremost, see that the spirit is with you at home; then carry it abroad into the world. It is a spirit that will sweeten happiness and lighten troubles; and when the soul is ready to wing its flight to its eternal home it will have the unspeakable consolation of knowing that it has not lived to itself; that it has left the world happier and better in some degree than it found it; that it has been faithful to its earthly mission.