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

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UNDER THE VIOLETS. Her hands are cold ; her face is white ; No more her pulses come and go ; Her eyes are shut to life and light-Fold the white vestures, snow on snow, And lay her where the violets grow.

But not beneath a graven stone, To plead for tears with alien eyes ; sure he'd be run over. slender cross of wood alone Shall say that here a maiden lies In space beneath the peaceful skies,

And gray old trees of hugest limb, Shall wheel their circling shadows round, To make the scorching sunlight dim, That drinks the greenness from the ground

And drop their dead leaves on her mound. When o'er their boughs the squirrels run,

And through their leaves the robins call. And ripening in the Autumn sun The acorn and the chestnut fall, Doubt not that she will heed them all.

To her the morning choir shall sing Its matins from the branches high, And every minstrel-voice of Spring That trills beneath the April-sky,

Shall greet her with its earliest cry. When, turning round their dial-track, Eastward the lengthening shadows pass. Her little mourners clad in black.

The crickets sliding through the grass, Shall pipe for her an evening mass. At last the rootlets of the trees, Shall find the prison where she lies, And bear the buried dust they seize

In leaves and blossoms to the skies,

So may the soul that warmed it rise. If any, born of kindlier blood, Should ask what maiden lies below, Say only this: A tender bud, That tried to blossom in the snow, Lies withered where the violets grow.

Engineers Story.

Yes, sir. I do believe in ghosts. Why? Well, sir, because I saw one once. Tell you about it? Well, sir, I will, if you'll set down an' listen. 'Taint very much to tell, but it was a good deal to see, you can just bet your life, an' I never go by the place where I see it without feelin' kind o' scary.

Lem' me see. 'Twas in '60. I was jist beginnin' my work on this road that year. I'd been on a road out West, but a friend got me the position here that I've kep' ever sence.

It was a rainy, disagreeable day when the affair I'm goin' to tell you about happened. Jest one o' them days that makes a feller feel blue in spite of himself, an' he can't tell why, neither, 'less he lays it all to the weather.

I dont know what made me feel so, but it seemed as if there was danger ahead ever after we left Wood's Station. An' what made it seem so curious was that the feelin' of danger come on me all to once. It was jest about 4 o'clock, as near as I can tell. Anyway jest about the time when the down express must have got safely by the place where how near we'd been to death. what I'm goin' to tell you about happena lever, a-lookin' ahead through the downhearted, as I've said, though I | thing." didn't know why, when, all of a sudden, the idea come to me that somethin' was wrong somewhere. It took hold o' me an' I couldn't git red of it, nohow. I knew that all was right about the engine. But that feelin' that there was danger ahead never let up once after it got into my head. Queer,

account for it after I'd found out there was danger, jest as I'd felt, an' I haint never been able to account for it sence. the fog an' the rain; it was dark as pitch afore we left Holbrook, which was the last station we passed afore we

all of a sudden. As I was feelin' queer myself, he kinder startled me, a sayin' what he did. "Why! What d'ye mean?" said I

come to the place where I see the ghost.

without lettin' on that I felt uneasy myself. "Do' know," answered Jimmy

"can't tell how I do feel, on'y as it suthin' was goin' to happen." That was just it! I felt the same

thing, an' I tole him so, an' we talked about it, 'til we both got real fidgety. There's a purty sharp curve about twenty miles from Holbrook. The road makes a turn 'round a mountain, an' the river runs below ye, about forty foot or sech a matter. It's a pokerish lookin' place when you happen to be goin' over it an' think what 'ud be if the train should pitch over the bluff inter the

Wall, we got to the foot o' the mountain just where the curve begins. The light from the head-lamp lit up the track and made it bright as day, about as fur as from me to the fence yonder, ahead o' the engine. Outside o' that spot all was dark, as you ever see it, I'll

All to once I see suthin' right ahead, in the bright light. We allers run slow 'round this curve, so I could see distinct. My hair riz right up, I tell ye, fer what posed to allude.

I see was a man a-standin' right in the middle o' the track, a-wavin' his hands; an' I grabbed hold o' the lever an' his knees shook as he stood before the in the course of my life!" whistled down brakes, an' stopped the train as fast as ever I could, fer ye see I he see it too, an' turned 'round to me with an awful scart face, fer he thought

But I began to see 'twan't any fleshand-blood man afore the train come to a over the track, keepin' just about so fer ahead of us all the time.

"My God! it's a ghost," cried Jimmy a grabbin' me by the arm. "You can see right through him."

An' we could! Yes, sir, we could. When I come to notice it, the figger ahead of us was a kind of foggy-lookin' thing, and only half hid anything that was behind it. But it was just as much like a man as if you'd a seen it.

The train stopped.

An' then, sir, what d'ye think hap- saw-mill man whom the boys ran in. pened?

an' thinner, till it seemed to blend right in with the fog that was all around it, and the fust we knew 'twas gone!

"It was a ghost!" said Jimmy, in a whisper. "I knew somethin was a goin' to happen, 'cause I felt so queer

I'd stopped the train, an' I swear I never lor on the south side, a library in the felt so kind o' queer an' foolish as I did when I told 'em what I'd seen 'cause I knew they didn't b'leeve in ghosts, most likely, an' they'd think I was drunk or crazy.

"He see it, too," sez 1, a pointin' to

"Yes, 'fore God, I did," sez Jimmy, as solemn as if he was a witness on the

"This is a pretty how-d'ye-do," sez the conductor, who didn't b'leeve w'ed seen anything. "I'm surprised at you, Connell; I thought you was a man o

"I thought so, too," sez I, "but I can't help what I see. If I was a dyin' this minnit I'd swear I see a man on the track, or leastwise the ghost was one. I thought 'twas a real man when I whistled."

"An' so would I," sez Jimmy. The conductor couldn't help scein' that we was in earnest, an' b'leeyed what we said.

"Take a lantern an' go along the track," sez he, to some o' the men, An' they did."

An' what d'ye s'pose they found? Well, sir, they found the rails all tore up jest at the spot where the train would a shot over the bluff into the river if it had a gone on!

"Yes, sir; they found that, an' I tell you there was some pretty solem'-lookin faces when it got among the passengers

"I never b'leeved in ghosts," sez the ed, I was a-standin' with one hand on a conductor, "but I b'leeved you see somethin', Connell, an' you've saved a drizzlin' rain, feelin' chilly an' kinder | precious lot o' lives. That's a sure

Well, sir, they went to huntin' 'round an' they found a lot o' tools an' things that the men who'd tore up the rails had left in a hurry, when they found the train wasn't goin' over the bluff as they'd expected. An' they found, too, when it come light, the body o' the man whose business it was to see to the wasn't it? But 'twas so. I couldn't curve, where it had been hid away after bein' murdered. An' that man was the man whose ghost we had seen.

Yes, sir. He'd come to warn us o It got dark quite early, on account o' the danger ahead after the men had killed him, an' was a waitin' for us to go over the rocks to destruction. An' he'd saved us.

I found out afterward that there was "I never felt so queer in my life a lot 'o money on board, an' I s'pose the afore," said Jimmy, the fireman, to me | men who tore up the track knew it. So that's my ghost story, an it's a true one, sir.

Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

Many of these productions have a very curious history, if it could be only traced. Some of them probably owe their origin to names distinguished | ing one day in Washington, they fell to in our literature; as Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Mr. E. F. Kimbault gives us the following particulars as to well-known favorites: "Sing a Song of Sixpense" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1680. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. 'London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomable antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II; "Lucy Locket Lost her Pocket," to the tune of which the American song, "Yankee Doodle," was written, and "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" are of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner," is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is sup-

The Saw-Mill Man.

He was a person of deep thought, and desk and explained:

and I suppose I was a little drunk."

found you were standing before a tannery and crying out: Shend porter stop, fer it seemed to glide right along down ere t' car'y up my trunk!' I sup- ing in excellent English: "I thank pose you thought you were in Chicago.' "I suppose so, and I'm very sorry. own seven saw-mills up the shore."

"The shore of time?" "No, sir-the lake shore. I hope you can overlook this affair."

"They are not painted at all, sir." "Then I shall have to fine you five dollars, Mr. Slab. I once made a trip you be, an' you'd a said the same thing through the Saginaw Valley, and I hadn't put in one day when I took a solemn vow to bear down on the first

Well, sir, that thing just grew thinner | seen around any mill; not a pair of inside blinds greeted the weary eye; the front steps were dirty, the stairs had no railings, and just where a climbing rose ought to have been seen there was a pile of two-inch plank to knock sentiment endways. If I ever own a saw mill, sir, I'll show you the cosiest, They come a crowdin' up to find why | tidiest mill in the world, I'll have a parwest end, a studio up stairs, and while the saws are chewing up the logs I'll be imbibing knowledge and making myself famillar with the beautiful.

The saw-mill man started out to smile contemptuously, but one glance from the court made him change it to a smile of approbation, and he carefully handed

over five dollars and went out. After court adjourned Bijah care-

lessly approached the desk and in-"Can your Honor tell me what a jig-

saw is?" "Yes sir, I can. It is a saw with

eeth to it." "Haven't all saws got teeth?" "No sir they haven't."

Bijah turned red, glanced around and

"What saws haven't?" "See-saws haven't." The janitor swallowed a lump ln his throat, smiled in a sickly way, and as

he skuffed to the front he muttered: "Never mind-its only a little while to the new Justice. I'll try and bear it for a few weeks longer."

Malapropos.

Charles Dickens once wrote to friend: "I have distinguished myself in two respects lately. I took a young lady unknown down to dinner, and talked to her about the bishop of Durham's nepotism in the matter of Mr. Cheese. I found she was Mrs. Cheese. And I expatiated to the member for Marleybone, Lord Fermoy-generally conceiving him to be an Irish member -on the contemptible characters of the Marleybone representatives." Two such mishaps in one evening were enough to reduce the most brilliant talker to the conditions of the three "insides" of the London bound coach. who beguiled the tedium of the journey from Southampton by discussing the demerits of William Cobbett, until one of the party went so far as to assert that the object of their denunciations was a domestic tyrant, given to beating his wife; when, much to his dismay, the solitary lady passenger, who had hitherto sat a silent listener, remarked: "Pardon me, sir; a kinder husband and father never breathed; and I ought to know, for I am William Cobbett's

Duval, of Maryland, members of Congress during Washington's administration, boarded at the house of a Mrs. Gibbon, whose daughters were well on in years, and remarkable for talkativeness. When Jefferson became President, Duval was Comptroller of the Treasury, and Giles a Senator. Meetasked the Comptroller if he knew what maid, Jenny Gibbon." "She is Mrs. Duval, sir," was the unexpected reply. Giles did not attempt to mend matters, as a certain Mr. Tuberville unwisely did. This unhappy blunderer resembled the Irish gentleman who complained that he could not open his mouth without putting his foot in it. Happening to observe to a fellow guest at Dunraven Castle that the lady who sat at his right hand at dinner was the ugliest woman he had ever beheld, the person addressed expressed his regret that he should think his wife ill looking. "I have made a mistake" said the horrified Tuberville; "I meant the lady who sat on my left." "Well, sir, she is my sister," was the response to the well intentioned fib, bringing from

sir, then; for if what you say be true, I confess I never saw such an ugly family

An honest expression of opinion per-"You see, I came down for some haps not so easily forgiven by the indi thought 'twas a live man. An' Jimmy machinery, and I had a little time to vidual concerned, was that wrung look around, and I drank a little beer from Mark Twain, who, standing right before a young lady in a Parisian public "Yes, you were. When the officer garden, cried out to his friend: "Dan, just look at this girl; how beautiful she is!" to be rebuked by "this girl" sayyou more for the evident sincerity of the compliment, sir, than for the extraordinary publicity you have given it!" Mark took a walk, but did not feel just comfortable for some time afterward.

One of the humorist's countrymen "Are your seven saw-mills painted made a much more serious blunder. He was a married man. Going into the kitchen one day, a pair soft hands were thrown over his eyes, a kiss was imprinted on his cheek. He returned the salute with interest, and as he gently disentangled the hands of his fair assailant, asked: "Mary, darling, where is the mistress?" and found his answer There wasn't a window curtain to be in an indignant wife's face. "Mary, darling" had gone out for the day, and the lady of the house intended by her affectionate greeting to give her lord a pleasant surprise. He got his surprise whether he thought it a pleasant one he never divulged, but that kitchen

knew Mary no more. After doing his office for a young couple, a clergyman was inveigled into proposing the health of the bride and bidegroom at the wedding breakfast. He wound up a neat little speech by expressing the hope that the result of the union of the happy pair might prove strictly analagous to that of the bride's honored parents. The groom looked angry, the bride went into hysteries, the bridesmaids blushed and became interested in the pattern of the carpet, the master of the house blew his nose with extraordinary violence; and the speaker sat down wondering at the effort he had created, till his better informed neighbor whispered that the lady was not the daughter of the host and hostess, but a niece who came to live with them when her father and mother were divorced.

When a note was handed to Dr. Fletcher in his pulpit intimating that the presence of a medical gentleman, supposed to be in the church, was urgently required elsewhere, the preacher read the letter out, and as the doctor was making for the door fervently ejaculated, "May the Lord have mercy on the patient!"

An unpleasant way of putting the thing was innocently adopted by the New York car-driver who, blissfully ignorant that his interlocutor was Mr. Beecher, replied to that gentleman's query whether he did not think it possible to dispense with running the cars all day on Sunday: "Yes, sir, I do; but there's no hope for it so long as they keep that Beecher theatre open in Brooklyn; the cars have to run to accomodate that."

The Cuisine in Sweden.

The habit of lunching in the very

presence of dinner, of going to a side

table and eating your fill of anchovies

raw herrings, smoked beef and cold eel pie, while dinner is on the very table. still prevails, and is hardly conducive to health. It is said that the habit of taking a "sup," as the Swedes call it arose from the scarcity of delicacies. It was hard to get enough of any one nice thing to make a meal of, so you were first delicately innuendeed off to the brandy table, as it is called, and then allowed to sit down to dinner. The practice is universal in Sweden. Private houses, hotels, and boarding houses all feed you on prelimiary scraps, and woe be to you if you innocently turn away from the proffered luncheon! Mr. Giles, of Virginia, and Judge You fare like an ascetic, and feed yourself on odors. The ordinary routine of dining in Sweden seems to be in wild confusion. Soup sometimes ends instead of beginning the dinner. Iced soups and cold fish are dainties to the Scandinavian palate. Much of the soup nauseously sweet, flavored with cherries raspberries and gooseberries, often with macaroon cakes and spikes of cinnamon chatting over old times, and the Senator | floating wildly about in it. This is often as a sort of dessert, and is cold and often what had become of "that eackling old | beautifully clear. If Heine bitterly reviled the English for bringing vegetables on the table au naturel there is no such complaint to be made here. Heaven, earth and hell are eaten with sauce-sauces red, white and blue, green, yellow and black-sauces celestial and sauces infernal. Strange combinations of ice cream heaped over delicious apple tarts, or strange dishes of berry juice boiled down and mixed with farina, sugar and almonds, then cooled, moulded and turned out into basins of cream, to be eaten with crushed sugar and wine, appear at the end of dinner. The Swedes share with the Danes and Arabs a passionate fondness for sweetmeats. Everything is slightly sweet; even green peas are sugared, as thing different, nothing real; vegetables well as the innumerable tea and coffee | stale, water impure, milk watered and cakes, so that long before the unhappy the desperate connoisseur of beauty the tourist has finished his tour he is a hopefrank avowal: "It can't be helped, less dyspeptic or a raging Swedophobe. neighbor

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

The unknown is an ocean, and conscience is the compass of the unknown; thought, meditation and prayer are the great mysterious pointings of the nee-

Few men know the force of habit. A cobweb-a thread-a twine-a rope-a cable. Venture not upon the first; the last is nearly past human effort to sunder.

Whatever you would not wish your neighbor to do to you do t not unto him. This is the whole law; the rest is a mere exposition of it. The mere lapse of years is not life.

Knowledge, truth, love, beauty, goodness and faith alone can give vitality to the mechanism of existence. The best application for the improvement of the countenance is a mixture

in equal parts of serenity and cheerfulness. Anoint the face morning, noon and night. Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man

of sense from the flattery of sycophants and admiration of fools. Man is only weak by the disproportion there is between what he can and what he is willing to do; the only way he has to increase his strength is to re-

trench many of his desires. A Chinese proverb says, "Great souls bave strong wills; others only feeble wishes." The proverb might have added that good health makes the will strong,

while feeble bodies weaken it. The sweetest life is to be ever making sacrinces for Christ; the hardest life a man can lead on earth, and the most full of misery, is to be always doing his own will, and seeking to please himself.

Religion, like all other wholesome growths, loves the sunlight and the air, if we keep it in our cellars it will wither and die, or else send up a sickly and colorless shoot, that will bear no healthy fruit. The law imprinted on the hearts of

all men is to love the members of so-

ciety as themselves. The eternal, universal, unchangeable law of all beings is to seek the good of one another, like children of the same Father. As folly on the one side, though it should enjoy all it can desire, would, notwithstanding, never be content; so,

on the other, wisdom ever acquiesces with the present, and is never dissatisfied with its immediate conditions. The friend who pardons a wrong, acquires a superiority that wounds the self-love of the pardoned man, and however much the latter may admire the generosity of the giver, he can love as

he had previously done-no more. If you are a wise man you will treat the world as the moon treats it. Show it only one side of yourself, seldom show you self too much at a time, and let what you do show be calm, cool and polished. But look at every side of the

Kind words and smiles, and genial greetings and good wishes, are seeds that thrive and bear fruit, each after its own kind. Cheerfulness is like the widow's measure of meal-the more spent the more remains, and both the receiver and giver are enriched.

It is astonishing how much one with-

out money may give. A kind word, a helping hand-the warm sympathy that rejoices with those who weep. No man or woman is so poor as not to be able to contribute largely to the happiness of those about them. We have nothing of our own but our will; all the rest is not ours. Sickness

deprives us of health and life; riches are taken away from us by violence; the talents of the mind depend upon the disposition of the body; the only thing that is truly our own is our will. The goodness which struggles and battles, and goes down deep and soars high, is the stuff of which heroism is

kept pure. It is the seed which bears fruit in martyrs, and makes men nobler than their nature—the demi-gods and the prophets of a better time. We have but the trials that are incident to humanity; there is nothing peculiar in our case, and we must take up our burdens in faith of heart that, if we are earnest and trifle not with temptation. God will support us, as in the vast

fidelity of his providence, he has sup-

made, by which the world is salted and

ported others as heavily laden as ourselves. Guilt, though it may attain temporal splendor, can never confer real happiness; the evil consequences of our crimes long survive their commissions, and, like the ghost of the murdered. forever haunt the steps of the malefactor; while the paths of virtue, though seldom those of worldly greatness, are

always those of pleasantness and peace. Individuals are not overlooked or forgotten in the multitude. Individual faithfulness is noticed. Individual plety is rewarded. Jeremiah was not lost in the midst of a corrupt age. Daniel and his friends were remembered in their captivity and raised to great honor. In a world of transgressors one faithful friend of God will not be forgotten, though he be the humblest of all.

Give us the country for true happiness, true men and true women. No affectation, no false pride, no hypocrisy, pure air, pure vegetables, pure water, pure milk and, in short, everything that is calculated to make one happy and contented can be found there. Contrast it with the city, and what a difference. Here we see haughty pride; men and women affecting to be much more than they really are; everychalked. We are constantly imposed upon, and each one is suspicious of his