

# The Albemarle Enquirer.

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

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## AGE AND SONG.

In vain men tell us time can alter  
Old loves or make old memories falter.  
That with the old year the old year's life closes.  
The old dew still falls on the old sweet flowers,  
The old sun revives the new-fledged hours,  
The old summer rears the new-born roses.  
Much more a Muse that bears upon her  
Raiment and wealth and flower of honor,  
Gathered long since and long since woven,  
Fades not or falls as fall the vernal  
Blossoms that bear no fruit eternal.  
By summer or winter charred or cloven.  
No time casts down, no time upraises,  
Such loves, such memories, and such praises,  
As need no grace or sun or shower,  
No saving screen from frost or thunder,  
To tend and house around and under.  
The imperishable and peerless tower.  
Old thanks, old thoughts, old aspirations,  
Ould men's lives and lives of nations,  
Dead, but for one thing which survives—  
The inalienable and unpriced treasure,  
The old joy of power, the old pride of pleasure,  
That lives in light above men's lives.

## A Wife's Confession

I did not marry for love. Very few people do, so in this respect I am neither better nor worse than my neighbors. No, I certainly did not marry for love; I believe I married Mr. Cartwright simply because he asked me.  
This was how it happened. He was the rector of Doveton, and we lived at the Manor House, which was about ten minutes walk from the church and rectory. We had daily service at Doveton, and I nearly always attended it, and it came to pass that Mr. Cartwright invariably walked home with me. It was a matter of custom now, and I thought nothing of it; it pleased him, and on the whole it was rather pleasant to me also.

I must confess, however, I was rather surprised when, one morning, as we got to the avenue which led up to the Manor House, Mr. Cartwright asked me to be his wife.  
I have never been able to find out why I said "Yes," but I did; perhaps I thought it a pity to throw away so much love; perhaps it was because he was so terribly in earnest that I dared not refuse; perhaps I feared his pale face, at his low, pleading voice would ever haunt me if I rejected his love; or, perhaps, it was because he only asked me to marry him—he did not ask me if I loved him, for I think he guessed I did not; perhaps it was all these reasons put together, but anyhow I said yes, and in due time we were married.

I ought to have been very happy, for he was a most devoted husband, but I was not, and though I did not notice it then I know now that for the first six months after our marriage he was not happy either.

It was all my fault—I either would not or could not love him; I accepted all his devotion to me as a matter of course, but I made no effort to return it, and I am sure he found out that he had made a mistake in marrying a woman who did not love him.

One morning, about six months after our marriage, he told me at breakfast that he intended leaving me alone for a few weeks, to stay with his mother, who was not very well. He watched the effect of this announcement on me, but though I was really displeased, I concealed my annoyance, and asked carelessly when he would start.

He replied the next day, if I had no objection, and so it was settled.

He was more affectionate than usual that day, and I was colder than ever; I only once alluded to his journey, and that was to ask if I might have my sister Maud to stay while he was gone.

The next morning I was anxious to avoid a formal parting, so I drove to the station with him. As the train moved off, I remembered this was our first parting since our marriage, and I wished I had not been so cold.

When I got home the house looked dreary and empty and there was no one to meet me; presently one of the servants came for the shawls and with her Nero, Mr. Cartwright's retriever, which when he saw I was alone, set up a howl for his master. I patted him and tried to comfort him, feeling rebuked by his grief as he followed me, whining, into the house. Every room seemed empty, and each spoke of the absent master. At last I wandered into his study, where he spent his mornings and liked me to sit and work; and now I remembered how often I had excused myself, saying I preferred the drawing-room and this reflection did not add to my happiness.

There was a photograph of me standing on his writing table, and another on the chimney-piece; on the walls hung two or three of my drawings, which he had begged of me when we were engaged; indeed the room was full of little remembrances of me; I opened a book I had given, and in it was his name in my handwriting, and underneath in his own, "From my darling wife." I laid it down with a

sigh, as I thought how carefully he treasured everything I had ever given him, and how little care I took of all his gifts to me.

Everything I attempted, everything I looked at reminded me of his goodness to me and of my coldness and ingratitude to him. At last I went to bed, where, after working myself into a fever of anxiety lest he should not have reached the end of his journey in safety I at length cried myself to sleep.

The next morning I went down to breakfast with a heavy heart, for I knew I could not hear from him till the next day; it seemed so strange to breakfast alone, and Nero appeared to think so, too, for he was most unhappy, sniffing round his master's chair in the most melancholy manner.

My plate for the first time since my marriage, was empty, as I sat down to breakfast, for my husband, who was an early riser, always had a little bouquet to greet me with every morning; frequently I forgot about it, and left it to be put into water by the servant; this morning I would have treasured it most carefully if he had gathered it.

After breakfast I determined to rouse myself and go and visit some of the people in the village, so I filled my basket with some little delicacies for the sick and set out.

Wherever I went it was the same story, all held forth on my husband's goodness and kindness, for all had been helped by him in some way or other, and all loved and respected him. As I listened with burning cheeks I felt as if I was the only person on earth who had treated him with cruel ingratitude, and I was the very person whom he most loved and cherished.

At last I went home, tired and sick at heart; but there was no one to notice I was pale and worn-out, no one to get me wine or soup to revive me, no one to make me lie down and rest, as he would have done had he been there. Oh, how I missed him! What a fool I had been! Was there ever woman loved and cared for as I had been? Was there ever friend so ungrateful? Oh! why had I ever let him leave me? I was sure he would never come back. Why had he gone away?

And conscience answered, "You drove him; he gave you all he had to give, and in return you gave him nothing but cold looks and unkind words; and so he left you to seek love and sympathy from his mother."

This thought almost maddened me. In fancy I saw her sitting in my place by his side, loving and caressing him, as I had the best right to love and caress him. I pictured her receiving tenderly the little loving acts I had received so coldly, and now I was seized with a jealous anger against her. I mentally accused her of estranging my husband from me, and of trying to win his love from me, as though his heart was not large enough for both of us.

When Maud arrived in the afternoon, I treated her to a long tirade of abuse against mothers-in-law in general and my own in particular, and I vented all the anger I really felt against myself on the innocent Mrs. Cartwright.

"Why, Nelly," said Maud, "I thought you liked Mrs. Cartwright so much, and thought her so nice, that you even wanted her to live with you, only your husband, very properly, as mama says, objected."

"So I did," I answered; "but I did not know then she would ever entice my husband away from me in this way or, of course, I should never have liked her."

"Really, Nelly, you are very hard on the poor women; for, as I understand, Mr. Cartwright went to her of his own free will, because she was not well, and he thought his company would do her good," said Maud.

"Nonsense; I am sure he would never have left me alone, unless she had put him up to it," I replied, rather crossly.

"The truth is, Nelly, you are so much in love with your husband that you are jealous even of his mother; and you are making yourself miserable about nothing. Why, Mr. Cartwright will be back in a fortnight, and I dare say you will get a letter from him every day; so cheer up, and let us go for a drive," said Maud.

I agreed to this plan, and giving Maud the reins, I lay back and thought of her words. Was she right after all? Was I jealous? Was I really, as Maud said, in love with my husband? Had I only found it out now I was deprived of his company? Was this the reason I could do nothing but inwardly reproach myself for my conduct to him? And the longer I thought, the more convinced I became that Maud was right, that I was jealous and that I was in love, as she called it.

This knowledge did not make me happier, for I no sooner knew I loved him than I longed to tell him so, and make up, as far as I could, for all my former cruelty, for I could call my conduct by no milder word. I passed a sleepless night, and as I lay awake I composed various letters of confession, which I resolved to send the following day; but when morning came, my pride

stepped in, and I began to feel it would be impossible to write, and I settled I must wait till my husband came home and then tell him how his absence had altered me.

I got up early and walked out to meet the postman, so anxious was I to get a letter from him; it was the first I had ever received from him since our marriage, and no girl was ever so anxious for or so pleased with her first love-letter as I was over this.

It was a long letter, full of loving messages and terms of endearment, all of which cut me to the heart, for they sounded like so many reproaches; in reality, I think there was a tone of gentle reproach throughout the letter. He gave me an account of his journey and of his mother's health, begged me to write to him a few lines every day, but he said not a word about returning.

I spent the morning in answering it, much to Maud's amusement, who, of course, thought I was pouring out volumes of love and complaints of my temporary widowhood; after tearing up about a dozen sheets of paper, I at last sent a short note, cool and with no allusions to my misery. The more I tried, the more impossible I found it to write any expression of love or penitence, though I was hungering to do so.

For a whole week I went on in this way, suffering more acutely every day, and every day receiving long, loving letters from Mr. Cartwright, and writing short, cold answers.

I lost my appetite; I could not sleep at night; and the torture I was enduring made me look so ill that Maud became frightened, and declared she would write and summon my husband home, and tell him I was pining away for him. I forbade her doing this, so sternly that she dared not disobey me, for I was determined that he should never hear from any lips but mine that at last his heart's desire was attained, for I loved him.

At last, when he had been away ten days, I could bear it no longer, for I felt I should have brain fever if I went on in this way, so I determined to go on to Melton, where Mrs. Cartwright lived, and see my husband. I came to this decision one night, and went into Maud's room early in the morning to tell her my intention. I expected she would laugh at me, but I think she guessed something was wrong, for she seemed glad to hear it and helped me to pack a few things and set off in time to catch the morning train.

It was three hours' journey. They seemed three years to me, for the nearer I got to my husband the more impatient I was to see him. At last we got to Melton, a largish town. Of course, as I was not expected, there was no one to meet me, so I took a fly to Mrs. Cartwright's house, where I arrived about three o'clock.

I learned afterwards that Andrew was with his mother in the drawing-room when I drove up, but thinking I was only a visitor, he escaped into another room, so I found my mother-in-law alone.

By her side was some of my husband's socks which she was darning, socks which I had handed over to the servants to mend, and which I now longed to snatch away from his mother. His desk stood open, a letter to me which he was writing lying on it.

The servant announced me as Mrs. Andrews, my voice failing as I gave my name so that Mrs. Cartwright held up her hands in astonishment when she saw who it was.

"My dear, Nelly! Has anything happened? How ill you look! What is it?" she exclaimed.

"I want my husband," I gasped, sinking into a chair, for I thought I should have fallen. Without another word Mrs. Cartwright left the room; I feel sure now she guessed all about it, and I can never thank her enough for forbearing to worry me with questions as to what I had come for.

She came back in a few moments with a glass of wine, which she made me drink off, saying she would send him to me at once if I took it. I complied, and she went for him; in another minute I heard his step outside the door, and then he came in.

"Nelly, my love—my darling! what is it?" he cried as I rushed into his outstretched arms, and hid my face on his breast, sobbing bitterly. For some moments I could not speak; at last I recovered myself enough to sob out: "Oh, Andrew, my love, my dear love! can you ever forgive me? I came to seek you, and tell you I can't live without you." I would have said more, but his kisses stopped my mouth, and when at length he let me go there were other tears upon my cheeks beside my own.

That was the happiest hour of my life, in spite of my tears; and before my mother-in-law again joined us, which she discreetly avoided doing till dinner-time, I had poured out all I had to tell into my husband's ears, and I had learned from him that he had left me to try what effect his absence would have on me; for he had felt for some

time that my pride was the great barrier he had to overcome to win my love.

He had judged right. He was too generous to tell me how much he had suffered from my indifference, but I knew it must have grieved him terribly. He is a different man now, he looks so happy, and I know he would not change places with any on earth. We went back to the rectory the next day, but we could not persuade Mrs. Cartwright to come with us; she said we were best alone, and I think she was right.

## How a Woman Buys Meat.

There is so much of "human nature" in the following, that we doubt not that many of our fair readers will gently smile, if not "laugh right out," as they read it:

When a woman enters a butcher-shop to select a piece of meat for dinner, she has her mind made up to take mutton roast. Therefore, when the butcher rubs his hands, and asks what she will have, she promptly replies: "I'll take some that nut—"

She stops there. Her eye has caught sight of ham, and she suddenly decides to take ham.

"Best ham I ever saw, madam; how much?"

"Well, you may give me three pounds. Well, I don't know either. My husband was saying he'd like some sausage."

"Plenty, madam. Now, then, how much will you have?"

"It's pork sausage, is it?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I suppose a pound would be enough for our small family; but—but—"

"Shall I weigh a pound, madam?"

"I was wondering if a veal pot-pie wouldn't suit him better," she answered. "You have veal, I suppose?"

"O, yes, madam; here's a splendid bit of veal, as good a piece as I ever saw."

"Yes, that does look like veal," she says, lifting it up.

"And you'll take it?"

"Let's see," she muses. "Y—no, I guess not. I'd better take pork chops."

"Nice chops—how much?" he asks.

"One of those slices will weigh a pound, I suppose?"

"About a pound, madam."

"And it was a young hog?"

"Quite youngish, madam."

"And you cut the rind off?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well," she says, heaving a deep sigh, "I guess you may give me some beefsteak—some that's nice, and be sure and cut all the bone out!"

And she's only been half an hour coming to the point.

## The Family Hammer.

No well regulated family pretends to do without a hammer. And yet there is nothing goes to make up an equipment of a domestic establishment that causes one-half as much agony and profanity as a hammer. It is always an old hammer, with a handle that is inclined to silver, and always bound to slip. The face is as round as a full moon and as smooth as glass. When it glides off a nail and mashes a finger, we unhesitatingly deposit it in the back yard, and observe that we will never use it again. But the blood has hardly dried on the rag before we are in search of that same hammer again, and ready to make another trial. The result rarely varies, but we never profit by it. The awful weapon goes on knocking off our nails, and mashing whole joints and slipping off the handle to the confusion of mantel ornaments, and breaking the commandments. Yet we put up with it, and put up the handle on again, and lay it away where it won't get lost, and do up our smarting and mutilated fingers; and, after all, if the outrageous thing should disappear, we kick up a terrible hullabaloo until it is found again. Talk about the tyrannizing influence of a bad habit! It is not to be compared to the family hammer.

## Our Property.

Mr. Spillman had married a second wife. One day Mr. S. remarked: "I intend, Mrs. Spillman, to enlarge my dairy." "You mean our dairy, my dear," replied Mrs. Spillman. "No," quoth Mr. Spillman, "I intend to enlarge my dairy." "Say our dairy, Mr. Spillman." "No, my dairy." "Say our dairy, say our—" screamed she, seizing the poker. "My dairy! My dairy!" yelled the husband. "Our dairy! Our dairy!" screamed the wife, emphasizing each word by a blow on the back of the cowering husband.

Mr. Spillman retreated under the bed. In passing under the bed clothes his hat was brushed off. He remained under cover several minutes, waiting for a lull in the storm. At last his wife saw him thrusting his head out at the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from its shell.

"What are you looking for?" said the lady.

"I am looking for our hat, my dear," said he.

## Aquariums.

The first step taken to establish an aquarium was made by the British Zoological Society which set up a few tanks and made a small collection of fresh water fish, though the collection never went very far. Then the Parisians started a larger aquarium in the Bois de Boulogne, and a marine one was instituted at Arceachon during the period of the Maratime Exhibition. The major part of this, however, was devoted to shell fish. Boulogne followed suit as did Havre. None of these aquaria however are not worth more than a passing notice. Concarneau also attracted attention at this time, but these were rather viviers than aquaria, being large square basins into which the tide flowed and where large turbot, crazy fish, &c., &c., were kept alive. Then Hamburg made its mark under the management of Mr. W. A. Lloyd, who managed to render it very successful. Then followed Berlin. Next the Brighton aquarium was projected, and the Crystal Palace constructed one under the management of Mr. Lloyd and the people of Hastings determined to follow the example. Southampton caught the infection, and carried out a very fine project, including winter gardens, concert rooms and an aquarium. Next came Manchester, under the able supervision of Mr. Saville Kent. Then Naples and several others on the continent were called into being; and the Westminster Palace, under the able management of Mr. Robertson, included under the title of aquarium not only an aquarium but theatricals, acrobatics, conjurations and mighty magic, for the exhibition of which Mr. Robertson could certainly have run the risk of being roasted by our intelligent forefathers. Rothsay followed, but this is a small concern, though it attracts large crowds of excursionists and perhaps pays a better dividend than any of them. The expense was small, and continues to be kept small; no money which can be made available for dividends being wasted. Next, Scarborough made a start, and the great Yorkshire watering place erected a very handsome aquarium, but somehow they do not seem to get on with it satisfactorily, and have contrived to fall out with the town authorities. Birmingham is the latest projector of an aquarium, but that is still in embryo. None of them, however, can equal that at Brighton, whether as regards the great range of accommodation, the beauty and brilliancy of the tanks or the great variety, rarity and abundance of the specimens of fish exhibited. There the student of ichthyological science may gather observations and facts in the natural history of fish both old and new and strange. The fish are made to feel the loss of their liberty as slightly as possible, the conditions of their artificial abiding places being assimilated as closely as possible to their natural ones, and the manner in which the most of them thrive shows that they do not in any way miss their liberty, while the perfect freedom and ease with which the spawning operations of many of the fish are conducted season after season, gives forcible evidence in the same direction. Larger fish in many of the species may be seen in the Brighton Aquarium than are ever brought to market by fishermen, and the rapidity of growth made by some of them appears to be almost unexampled. For instance, sea trout, after their first journey to the sea, would, in a state of freedom, be thought to have made a fairly good growth if they reached one and a half or two pounds within the next year. Sea trout have been taken off the Brighton coast in their first migration, and being placed in the tanks of the Aquarium, have grown up to five and six pounds weight within the twelvemonth, thus throwing a positive light upon the capacity of growth in the Salmonidae upon which we were previously doubtful and uncertain.

## Excellent Interest Rules.

Finding the interest on any principal for any number of days. The answer in each case being cents, separate the two right hand figures of the answer to express it in dollars and cents. Four per cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate right hand figure from product and divide by 9. Five per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 72. Six per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45. Eight per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 45. Nine per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 6. Ten per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 36.—Twelve per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 3. Fifteen per cent.—Multiply number of days and divide by 24. Eighteen per cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure and divide by 2. Twenty per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 8. Twenty-four per cent.—Multiply by number of days and divide by 15.