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## The Loved and Lost.

"The loved and lost!" why do we call them lost?  
Because we miss them from our onward road?  
God's unseen angel o'er our pathway crossed,  
Looked on us all, and loving them the most,  
Straightway relieved them from life's weary load.  
They are not lost; they are within the door  
That shuts out loss, and every hurtful thing—  
With angels bright, and loved ones gone before,  
In their Redeemer's presence evermore,  
And God himself their Lord, and Judge, and King.  
And this we call a "loss!" Oh, selfish sorrow  
Of selfish hearts! Oh, we of little faith!  
Let us look round, argument to borrow  
Why we in patience should await the morrow  
That surely must succeed this night of death.  
Aye, look upon this dreary desert path,  
The thorns and thistles whereso'er we turn;  
What trials and what tears, what wrongs and wrath,  
What struggles and what strife the journey hath!  
They have escaped from these; and lo! we mourn.  
Ask the poor sailor, when the wreck is done,  
Who with his treasures strove the shore to reach,  
While with the raging wave he battled on,  
Was it not joy, where every joy seemed gone,  
To see his loved ones landed on the beach?  
A poor wayfarer, leading by the hand  
A little child, has halted by the well  
To wash from off her feet the clinging sand,  
And tell the tired boy of that bright land  
Where, this long journey past, they longed to dwell.  
When to the Lord, who many mansions had,  
Drew near and looked upon the suffering twain,  
Then pitying spoke: "Give me the little lad;  
In strength renewed, and glorious beauty clad,  
I'll bring him with me when I come again."  
Did she make answer selfishly and wrong—  
"Nay, but the woe I feel he too must share!"  
Or rather, bursting into grateful song,  
She went her way rejoicing, and made strong  
To struggle on, since he was freed from care.  
We will do likewise: death hath made no breach  
In love and sympathy, in hope and trust;  
No outward sign or sound our ears can reach,  
But there's an inward, spiritual speech  
That greets us still, though mortal tongues be dumb.  
It bids us do the work that they laid down—  
Take up the cross where they broke off the strain;  
So journeying till we reach the heavenly town,  
Where are laid up our treasures and our crown,  
And our lost loved ones will be found again.

## THE TRAMP'S RIDE.

### An Engineer's Story.

Number Ninety-nine stood puffing and blowing off steam at the water tank of a little wayside station—a beauty and marvel of brass and iron and steel; strong beyond simile, making play of the hundred coal ears it drew swiftly along, with its eye piercing the darkness as a noonday sun, with its breath of fleecy steam and heart of volcanic fire, and John Lathrop stood with hand upon whistle and throttle waiting the signal to "go ahead."  
John Lathrop peered out of the cab window into the biting cold and sleet burdened air—thinking of the hard winter—the almost starvation prices to which wages had been reduced, and, more than all of his humble home and bright eyed little boy of half a dozen years, who was then dreaming that "papa" would be home to breakfast and spend the next day (Sunday) with them.  
"It's hard to be poor," he said, brushing the icy frost from his heavy beard and mustache, "and it does seem as if the company might be a little more liberal after the way they worked us and piled up stamps during the Centennial. But—"  
"John, here's a tramp," sung out the fireman from the interior of the water tank.  
"That's nothing new," was the answer. "They were as plenty all summer as blackberries."  
"But the poor fellow's half starved and frozen, and begs so hard for a ride."  
"Ride? Humph! And get sent up for thirty days if any of the big guns of the road find it out?"  
The light from the open furnace door shone full upon the face of the tramp as he stepped from the desolate, icy tank where he had paused to gain something of shelter, even if little of warmth. A rapid sign passed between him and the engineer, and the latter continued:  
"Come aboard. I'll take the chances, I don't think the conductor will give me away, and mighty clear of the brakemen showing their faces more than they can possibly help such a brute

would have done, and who knows but either I or my boy, when he grows up, may want a lift of the same kind."  
"Your boy?"  
"Yes, the brightest, cutest little chap you ever saw. I'll show him to you tomorrow. Yes, and my wife, too—just the prettiest, dearest little woman that ever walked in two shoes."  
No. Ninety-nine was running smoothly and steadily along. It was Sunday morning, and there was nothing in the way—not even an up train to pass until John Lathrop would uncouple his iron steed and put him in the great round stable, to rest and be cleaned, for twenty-four hours. So, while the fireman kept his eyes ahead, John Lathrop seated himself, and, while keeping watch of the steam gauge and his eyes open, told of his early life under canvas, his present home-happiness, and the bright eyed, blithe hearted ones that were waiting there to welcome him.  
"The life of an engineer," he said, "has its ups and downs the same as any other, and is full of danger, and requires a sharp lookout, a strong hand and quick decision. I know one is never safe, and my Jennie often talks of what narrow escapes I've had, and shivers as she thinks how others have been killed running over this very road."  
"Why don't you give it up?"  
"Well, there's an excitement about it I like and the pay is certain, though it aren't what it ought to be, considering the risks we have to run and how we ever carry our lives in our hands, as one might say. Keep a sharp lookout, Jack." (To the fireman.) "I remember well running over this very same section on such a night as this, some three years ago, and going smash through the culvert over the Big Stony, and breaking things generally. Engine, tender and half a dozen cars were stove and piled up together, my fireman killed, and I was dragged out from under the wreck, pretty badly scalded and used up. But my time hadn't come yet, and I was soon on the road again and—"  
"Something on the track! Looks like somebody waving a lantern, but the sleet is so thick I can't rightly make it out," shouted the fireman.  
John Lathrop sprang to his post, made the whistle shriek like an imprisoned and tortured fiend, reversed the engine and whistled on brakes. But his trained eye instantly saw that it would be of no use—that he could not check the headway of the heavy train in time to avert running over the object, be it what it might, for the track was so narrow and walled in by high embankments that escape was impossible. Besides, they were upon the "something upon the track" before they were aware of it, having just rounded a sharp curve.  
"There is my home," gasped John Lathrop, pointing out to the gloom.  
"The Big Stony is just ahead, and—Oh, my God! if the culvert should have given way, and my boy have come to give me warning!"  
"Your home—your boy?" echoed the tramp.  
"Great Heaven! yes," and the strong man became unnerved and robbed of all decision.  
"It is a boy!" shouted the fireman.  
"And may God have mercy upon him, I believe it is your John!"  
The passenger said nothing, but a wild determination flashed from his eyes as he arose, climbed out along the side of the monster engine—a Juggernaut immense enough to have crushed hundreds at a time beneath its ponderous wheels. Then the midday-like sunbeams of the headlight streamed out and made all plain to him, despite the thick sleet and darkness.  
He saw and a shiver other than that produced by the cold passed through him a boy standing directly ahead in the deep cut, waving a lantern, whose blood-red globe shone like an evil eye. Though still at a little distance, he seemed directly under foot and about to be dragged down and devoured.  
"He saved my life," muttered the tramp from between his tightly set teeth, "and I'll do as much for him, if I can. Anyway, I'll try, and I haven't anybody to mourn for me if I do go under."  
His resolution was a desperate one—must be carried out without the delay of a single moment, if at all. He swung himself down upon the pilot, twisted his feet within the iron bars, and extended his body ahead as rigid as if carved from oak, and stretched his hands still in advance.  
It was a trying situation, one requiring the greatest courage—a position no one unused to feats of strength within the arena could have sustained at all. But he did, and bravely, and the engine rolled on nearer and nearer, and the boy, suddenly becoming aware of his danger and the impossibility of escape, sunk down upon the ties, and his scream of mortal agony rung out louder than the jarring of the wheels or the hissing of the steam:

"Father! father! save me. Oh, save me!"  
Save him? John Lathrop was kneeling on the floor of the cab, with his hands raised in prayer, his face white as snow, and working in the most terrible torture. The fireman had taken his place at the lever, throttle and whistle, and the engine plunged with increased speed upon a down grade to grind into atoms all that dared oppose its way.  
It was upon—over the boy! No, Heaven be praised; the arms of the tramp had grasped, lifted and dragged him upon the pilot and to safety before touched by the fire-breathing monster; and when it paused, quivering upon the very brink of the crippled culvert, John Lathrop was holding his brave boy in his arms, hugging him to his heart, and crying over him as a woman.  
In the morn of a clear Sabbath, No. Ninety-nine rolled into the station; and when John Lathrop told his wife of how their boy had been saved, and she sprung to the stranger and kissed him from the impulse of her mother's heart, there was no jealous frown upon his brow.  
**Washington's Strategy.**  
In the month of July, 1777, the American army was at Middlebrook, N. J. General Howe, with the main body of the British army, held New York, and it was known that Burgoyne was coming down the Hudson with a heavy force. An English fleet lay in New York bay, and toward the middle of the month (July) it was reported to Washington that an unusual movement was being made on the water. He was uneasy. It was a critical period. A certain movement he much desired to make, and in order to make it successfully not only must the utmost secrecy be preserved, but, if possible, the attention of the enemy must be drawn in another direction. Finally, he prepared a dispatch of seemingly great importance, directed to General Israel Putnam, which he proposed to forward by an honest Vermont soldier. The soldier was directed to don the garb of a common farm laborer, and to then report at the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, which he did. Admitted to Washington's presence, he was directed to take of his heavy shoes. A shoemaker was present with his kit of tools, who took the shoe in hand, and very soon had the dispatch pegged up between the two soles.  
When the soldier, who had witnessed the operation, had put on the shoe again, Washington told him what he was to do. He was simply to deliver that shoe to General Putnam at a certain cantonment between Princeton and the Hudson, and he was to make his way through the Ramapo pass.  
"But, general, cried the man in amazement, I can reach General Putnam just as quickly by another route. Think of the Cow Boys and the Tories in that pass. I shall be surely captured."  
"My good man," said the commander-in-chief, betraying not a particle of anger, "I do not require you to think, but simply to act and obey. If you fear to go by that route I will send another in your place. I know the danger."  
"No, general, I will go."  
And the man went; and he was captured, as Washington had known he must be; and the enemy, keenly on the alert, found the dispatch, for the hiding place between the soles of the shoe was an old device—found it, as the sender hoped it would be found, and the contents of that dispatch led General Howe upon a false trail long enough to enable General Washington to accomplish the purpose he had in view.  
**The Boy Baby.**  
"Home and Society" in *Scribner* tells how to teach a boy two years old: You must take your baby just where he is now, not much more than a little animal, and educate his physical nature, so rapidly developing. For instance, he has just reached the climbing age: every chair and stool is a worry to you, and a pair of stairs is a perpetual terror. Now show him how to get up and down the stairs, how to place his feet in climbing up into chairs. Let him tumble a little; it will only make him more careful. It is but a foretaste of the hard schooling which experience gives us all our lives. Better a little fall with you close by to stop it at the right place, than a great one when you are "off guard" some day. (Remember that, too, when he is in his teens.) But, I beg of you, if you want to see him grow up active, strong limbed and agile, do not keep his white dresses too clean, nor tie his sashes after the present uncomfortable fashion, so that he isn't conscious of any legs above his knees. Then, let him feed himself. He'll make a miserable mess of it at first, but protect him well with bib and tin tray, and he'll soon teach his spoon the way to his mouth. Let him burn his fingers a little some day when the stove is not very hot; he won't touch it when it would be dangerous.

**A SUMMARY OF NEWS.**  
**Items of Interest from Home and Abroad**  
The Nebraska Legislature after many ballots elected ex-Gov. Saunders United States Senator. Daniel Price, a colored man, was hanged at Warren, Mo., for the murder of a colored man in July last. The doomed man died protesting his innocence. The Turkish grand council, after a spirited debate, rejected the last proposition of the European powers, amidst great excitement and cries of "Death before dishonor." During an election in the Canadian town of De Lisle, a free fight occurred between the French and English roughs, in which the town hall was completely sacked. As an outgoing train stopped at a crossing in Chicago's city limits, three masked men entered the express car and overpowered the messenger and baggage man broke open the safe, which contained \$25,000 worth of valuables. In their haste, however, they secured but \$145 in cash and some drafts, with which they escaped. The report of New York city's superintendent of buildings shows that in 1876 plans were submitted for 1,379 new buildings, being twenty-nine less than in 1875. The amount expended for new buildings and alterations aggregated \$158,714,432, an increase of 14.32 per cent. over the year. During 1876 there arrived at Castle Garden, New York, 75,775 immigrants, against 84,560 in 1875, 140,041 in 1874, and over 200,000 each year back to 1866. Detectives have arrested Horace E. Brown, the adroit forger who passed the \$64,000 check in New York city. Geo. W. Frye, a native of New York, a well-respected citizen, turns out to have been a defaulter in the sum of \$65,000 from the bank of which he was president.  
Hon. George F. Hoar was elected United States senator by the Massachusetts Legislature, on the fifth joint ballot. The rider-pest is spreading to such an extent in some parts of Europe that England has prohibited the importation of cattle, sheep and goats from Germany, France and Belgium. While seven boys were coasting on one sled in Preston, Conn., an accident occurred by which one of them had both legs broken, another one leg broken, a third badly cut in the groin and the other four more or less injured. While Mrs. Conroy, a market woman of Philadelphia, was wheeling her truck from the market to her residence at seven o'clock in the evening an assassin crept behind her and cut her throat, severing the jugular vein and causing death. A fire in Prescott, Ark., destroyed a row of wooden buildings occupied by business houses, and valued at \$17,000. The German Protestant orphan asylum near St. Louis was totally destroyed by fire. The children were safely conducted from the building with the exception of one little boy, who was burned to death. Nineteen unidentified persons were killed in a wreck of the Ashland bridge were buried with impressive services. James E. Bailey has been elected by the Tennessee Legislature to serve as senator for the short term. The smallpox has abated somewhat in Manitoba, although the mortality among the Indians is still large. The internal revenue bureau has issued a circular, calling for help from the army to put down the numerous illicit stills in the mountainous districts of the Southern States. He estimates the government is annually defrauded of \$2,000,000 by these people. A riot occurred in Webb City, Mo., on account of the incarceration of a negro of a character, whereupon his followers opened fire upon the citizens with guns and pistols, which was promptly met by the same. Seven persons were badly injured. The citizens were finally victorious, capturing ten of the ruffians. Five hundred Sioux Indians who have recently been fighting the government troops are reported in Canada, whether they have migrated.  
Upland & Herrick's furniture factory at Rockford, Ill., was destroyed by fire. Loss, \$50,000; partially insured. The watchman was burned to death. Chief Engineer Collins, of the Lake Shore road, became so worried over the immense loss of life by the broken Ashland bridge as to unsettle his intellect and imagine himself responsible for the disaster. In one of his aberrations of mind he committed suicide. A fire at Baeder, Adamson & Co.'s glue works, at Philadelphia, caused a loss of \$20,000, on which there was a small insurance. The bathhouse of Dartmouth College at Hanover, N. H., was destroyed by a fire, together with all the books. Loss, \$3,000. Mrs. Ida Shepherd, a young married woman residing on Sorland mountain, N. J., was dragged from her bed by a party of eight young men, taken a short distance from the house and tarred and feathered, and left lying on the snow in an open field. The bodies were found by neighbors summoned by the husband. Seven of the men were arrested, and set up in defense that the woman's character was so bad they wished to drive her from the neighborhood. Chinese dislike to improvements has led the natives to obstruct the track and assault the employees of the railway company connecting Shanghai and Woosung. Travels stopped at present. A disastrous famine prevails in Corea, and the authorities have been obliged to call on the Japanese government for assistance.  
Information from England says there is no doubt but that the American ship, George Green, was lost with all on board. The Washington Chronicle has been seized for debt and will suspend publication. The boiler in Griffin & Huck's shingle factory, Ink Bayou, exploded, causing the death of three men and dangerously injuring several others. A large part of the boiler, including its top, was blown several rods through a forest, cutting down trees twelve inches in diameter. While the Farmer cashier of the Abington National bank of Boston, was eating lunch in a restaurant, \$5,000 belonging to the bank was stolen from him. The Turkish government has just had shipped to them by the Winchester Arms Co. of New Haven, Conn., a cargo of war material valued at \$1,769,000, consisting of 70,000,000 Remington rifles, with bayonets, 1,000 Winchester guns, 10,000,000 cartridges, 15,000,000 Martini shells, 15,000,000 bullets and 50,000,000 gun wads. A new vein of silver has been discovered in the mine at Newburyport, Mass. Three of the gang of Astoria (Long Island) burglars were sentenced to imprisonment for terms of thirty-five, twenty and eighteen years respectively. Iowa is to organize a national guard. The New York Christian association received \$26,531.64 the past year and expended \$36,345.32.  
P. Culhane's house in Hamilton, Ont., was burned at night. Two children were suffocated and a third fatally burned. The Chinese have suspended commercial intercourse with Russia. Blanchette, convicted of causing the St. Hyacinthe (Canada) fire, has been sentenced to imprisonment for seven years. President Diaz is now in possession of the entire republic of Mexico, excepting Sinaloa and Chihuahua, and his administration is conducted with prudent and wise wisdom; the people complain of excessive taxation. Ex-President Lerdo has embarked for San Francisco. Iglesias and cabinet are at Mazatlan awaiting events. There is much anxiety to know what course the United States will take in regard to Mexico. Diaz has sent \$300,000 to Vera Cruz captured by Indians, one hundred miles west of the Missouri river and all the men killed. Simon Rosland, colored, was hanged at Whitaker, S. C., for raping a white lady. He confessed the crime previous to his execution. By

the slipping of the knot when the drop fell, his death was one of terrible suffering, lasting eleven minutes. By a fire in the Stonehill colliery, near Bolton, Eng., five miners were burned to death.  
John R. McPherson has been elected by the New Jersey Legislature to fill the office of United States senator in the place of Mr. Frelinghuysen. Holland will not permit any further importation of cattle from Germany on account of the prevalence of the rider-pest. The health of the Pope is precarious. Guatemala refuses to aid Costa Rica in warring on Nicaragua. The secretary of the treasury issued the thirty-eighth call for redemption of 5-20 bonds of 1865, May and November. The call is for \$10,000,000, of which \$7,000,000 are coupon bonds and \$3,000,000 registered bonds. The trustees of the riot relief fund, New York city, presented a check for \$1,000 to Policeman John McDonnell for bravery in arresting a desperate burglar. New York canalboat owners are endeavoring to secure lower canal rates. The New York department of the Grand Army of the Republic met in annual encampment, with four hundred delegates. Mrs. H. P. R. Taylor and Mrs. McH. Slaner, wives of planters, were murdered in Gentry Settlement, Ark., by desperadoes who entered the house where the ladies were staying, for the purpose of robbery. Depredations upon the Texas frontier from the Mexican border are reported. The steamship Colombo, from Hull for New York, now fifty days overdue, is given up as lost. One hundred and fifty thousand tons of coal were sold at auction in New York, the prices realized being smaller than those of the previous month.

**Items of Interest.**  
Duels are foolish, and "life is a span," passing swiftly away like a bubble; pistol and bullet have settled their man—But they never have settled his trouble.  
The Grand Duke Alexis, now visiting the United States for the second time, is twenty-seven years old.  
A good man is just as apt to fall down on a slippery place, and crawl around and unable to himself, as a bad man.  
A man, on being told to grease the wagon, returned in an hour afterward, and said: "I've greased every part of the wagon, but them sticks the wheels hang on!"  
Down in Alabama they have discovered a colored child, five years of age, whose body is one half pure white and the other a dark brown. They call it a compromise.  
The late treasurer of Egypt had an income of \$2,000,000 per year, and his great anxiety was to spend every dollar of it. He once burned up \$8,000 to balance his account.  
A fellow, lately imprisoned for beating his wife, said, as he was locked up: "I've one comfort, anyhow; and that is, that I'm not sent to jail for doing a mean thing like getting drunk."  
A co-operative grocery association of Worcester, Mass., has just declared a dividend of eight per cent. on the capital stock and four per cent. on membership trade out of the profits of the last six months.  
You can always tell whether a buzz saw is going, or not by simply feeling of it, but it generally takes about as long to find the ends of your finger as it would to have gone and asked the foreman of the shop if the thing was in motion.  
A bit of Texan humor: A young man at Kember's bluff, in this State, says a Texas paper, acquired the habit of tossing a cocked pistol in the air and catching it by the muzzle as it fell. The last time he caught it was just a moment before he died.  
Only a few years ago a man used to put the seal of affection on her lips. Now he has to pat it on her back, and if it isn't trimmed with oster she makes trouble. The new style costs more, but it can't compete with the other kind for real comfort.  
He purchased his sweetheart a pair of ten button gloves and handed them in at the door himself. The servant girl took them and going to the foot of the stairs, bawled up: "Please, miss, 'ere's a young man as has bought you a pair of leggin's."  
Ulster overcoats are all the rage in Paris now; even ladies wear them. A gentleman asked a janitor the other day: "Is Miss Thibaut at home?" Janitor answered: "I really can't say. I saw his ulster pass by just now; but who was it is more than I know."  
An old steamboat man is said to predict a fresher of unusual magnitude next spring. He argues that, as we had no heavy rain during the fall of 1876, these will be unusually copious in the spring, and as there is a large body of snow on the land the streams will be unprecedentedly swollen.  
A Camden (N. J.) man has been fighting upon the apparent daily income of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. He has reduced it down to an exceedingly fine point, and concludes that every time the great railroad king drew his breath, his stocks and bonds together realized him the sum of fifty-five cents.  
There was a ball recently at Phoenix, Arizona. The tickets were five dollars each, and the ladies so scarce that each gentleman was allowed to dance only a limited number of the dances, in order that none of the sterner sex should be left out in the cold. A young lady in this vicinity, on being told of this, exclaimed: "Oh, that I had been there!"