

# The Murfreesboro Enquirer.

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

The Organ of the Roanoke and Albemarle Sections.

SUBSCRIPTION, \$2 per Annum, in Advance.

VOL. II.

MURFREESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1877.

NO. 27.

## SAFE.

Safe? The battle-field of life  
Seldom knows a pause in strife,  
Every path is set with snares,  
Every joy is crossed by cares.  
Brightest morn has darkest night,  
Fairest bloom has quickest blight,  
Hope has but a transient gleam,  
Love is but a passing dream.  
Trust is Folly's helpless waif,  
Who dare call their dearest safe?

But thou, though peril loom afar,  
What hast thou to do with war?  
Let the wild stream flood thy brink,  
There's no bark of thine to sink,  
Let falsehood weave its subtle net,  
Thou art done with vain regret.  
Let Fortune frown and friends grow strange,  
Thou hast past the doom of change.  
We plan and struggle, mourn and chafe—  
Safe, my darling, dead and safe!

## The Settler's Escape.

There are many incidents connected with the early settlement of Kentucky, that have not as yet been touched upon by the sketch-writer or the novelist, much as has been written of those days; and the following adventure, which we now give to the reader, is one of those that have for so long a time lain buried, and are now for the first time brought before the gaze of the great public.

Among those that regarded themselves as living within the confines of Boonesboro, though so far from the station that bore the name of its founder as to be almost entirely unprotected by it, was a settler known by the name of Dick Turner. He had built his cabin on the very outskirts of the settlements, and with his wife and three children, had for two years lived in peace and quietness, unmolested by the savages that were at all times in greater or less numbers abroad on the war-path.

Their nearest neighbor was half a mile away down the river, out of sight and hearing; and, had it not been for the smoke that every morning curled above the tree-tops, one would not have known, standing in the door-way of Dick Turner's cabin, that this was the only settlement for miles around, for on every side was the forest, unbroken and solemn in the days before Daniel Boone led the first party of hardy adventurers over the Cumberland Mountains.

One afternoon, the last of August, as Dick was at work in his "clearing," and, as it chanced, at a point as far from the cabin as was possible for him to be without being in the forest, he was startled by the sudden appearance of half a dozen Indians, hideous with war-paint, who surrounded him almost before he could spring and grasp his rifle, that he always carried into the field when at work.

Startled by their sudden appearance, he made a motion toward it; but a heavy hand was placed upon his shoulder, and its owner said, in broken English, "White man go with us."  
"No," said Dick, looking him full in the face. "Can't do that; much work to do."

And he pointed at what he had been doing, and then he cast a wistful glance at his rifle, which was now in the hands of one of the savages.

"Come," said the savage, the one who appeared to be the leader, as well as the only one who knew a word of English. "White man must go."

Dick glanced towards the cabin, and saw his wife standing in the doorway, apparently in great alarm at his situation. "The savages saw her; and after a word or two between themselves, three of them started in that direction. Unperceived by his captors, Dick made a sign that his wife fortunately understood, and she disappeared without closing the door in such a manner that the savages failed to obtain admittance, as Dick saw, to his great joy, when, after trying it for a few moments, they hastily returned and joined the others.

Evidently small in point of numbers, they cared not to waste the time that would be necessary for a siege; so they had desisted from their efforts to make captives of the woman and children.  
"Come," said the savage, laying his hand on his captive's shoulder; and Dick, who had felt his heart rise that his loved ones were left behind, went almost cheerfully into the forest, in which the shadows of night were already beginning to gather, casting only one backward glance at his home, to wonder when he would see it again.

Then he resolutely put his face forward for the fate the future had in store for him. The future might be a long captivity, or it might be death; yet, as he walked between his captors, and the shadows grew deeper about him, a hope was in his heart that he might escape, perhaps before the sun should rise on the morrow.

That night was a long and weary one to the settler. Evidently they feared pursuit, and stopped not for rest or food until the sun was an hour high, the next day. Then, as if feeling secure, they had a long halt, made a fire, and one of the number shooting a deer, they cooked and enjoyed a plentiful repast.

Thus far, the savages had used him well, only taking the precaution to bind his hands behind his back, in such a manner that he found it impossible to use them in the least. They had been very considerate of his comfort; and he determined, by appearing as cheerful as possible, to drive away from their minds any thoughts they might have of any unwillingness to accompany them, so that his chances of escape might be better, though their suspicions were constantly on the alert.

In this manner the day passed, and with the first shades of evening, they made preparations to encamp. A fire was made—as they seemed to consider themselves so far from the settlements, that they need fear no danger from the

whites—and a couple of the party soon brought in game enough to afford them a generous supper.

This cooked and partaken of, they all lay down to rest, Dick with a savage on either side of him, so close that he could not stir without their being aware of the motion; and, as an extra precaution, they had bound his feet together as tightly as his wrists, and the prisoner's heart began to sink within him as it had not done before; for he saw, while thus bound, no possible chance of escape offered to him.

A couple of hours passed, and still Dick had not closed his eyes. One after another of the savages dropped off, as he knew by their hard, regular breathing, until at last he was the only one of the group who was not asleep. Oh! if his hands were only free, how soon he would be at liberty again!

He pulled upon the thong with all his power, until they cut deep into the flesh, like the keen edge of a knife; and at last, to his great joy, he found out that the knot that held his left hand had slipped a little. Another strain, and it moved a little further; and with another, it was parted so far asunder that, with trifling exertion, he pulled his hand through.

The savage lying on the left side of him moved; and he lay perfectly motionless, almost holding his breath, with his hands under him as when confined. But the Indian only stretched himself a little, and then was off to sleep again.

Dick now went to work to free his other hand; but the knot was drawn so hard that, even with the help of the other, he found it impossible to do so.

He remembered his pocket-knife, that he had given to his boy to play with, upon going out to work, the afternoon of his captivity. If he had it now, how quick he would be a free man!  
The moon had risen, and was shining down through the branches of the trees, and he saw rays glittering on the blade of a knife in the belt of the savage that had so recently moved.

It was a desperate undertaking, but his situation required desperate measures. With the utmost caution, he stretched out his liberated hand, and slowly drew the knife from its resting-place. The Indian never stirred, and his deep breathing told Dick that he was sleeping soundly. A moment more, and he was lying with the cords cut from his limbs, with none of the savages wiser for his motions.

Now came the most difficult part of the operation—to rise to his feet and get beyond the confines of the camp-fire, without awakening any of his captors. But Dick proved equal to the emergency. Slowly and with the utmost caution, he rose upon his hands and knees, the snapping of a twig, he knew, would betray him to the watchful ears of those about him.

On his feet at last, he stepped over the sleeping savage whose knife he held in his hand, and slowly approached the Indian by whose side his rifle was lying. That he did not mean to leave behind, he would need it for his own protection, and to procure food with, before he would regain the settlement. Stooping down, his hand was upon it, when the savage, awakened by the slight motion he made, essayed to spring to his feet.

That action cost him his life, for Dick plunged the knife he still held in his hand into his breast, and he fell back with a deep groan.

All caution was now needless, for every savage was awakened, and snatching up his rifle, Dick sprang out into the forest, followed by a war-whoop from the lips of every redskin.

A moment only was required to show them the situation, and to shake off the sleep that hung heavily on their eyelids. They saw their dead comrade on the ground, and caught a glimpse of their prisoner, as he sprang away. Then, with another fierce war-whoop breaking from their throats, they started in pursuit.

Dick's blood ran cold, as he heard the shouts that ran through the forest; and well he knew that, if he again fell into their hands, he need expect no mercy, for they would avenge the death of their comrade by the most fiendish of tortures.

With only a few paces the start, he knew he had not much chance of escape; but, slim as the chance was, he determined to make the best possible use of it.

For half a mile, about the same distance was kept between them; and then, in spite of all his efforts, they gained upon him, and he knew that in a few minutes more he would be in their power, unless he could manage to deceive them in some manner, and get them on another track.

The part of the forest he was now in was very dense, so that only a few straggling moonbeams found their way here and there through the tree-tops. No Indian was yet in sight; though they were scattered on every side throughout the forest, trusting more to the sense of hearing than to the trail made. A large tree lay on the ground before him, and as he passed the trunk, he saw there was a cavity sufficiently large for him to force his body into it.

This was the hiding-place he sought, and he at once availed himself of it. Placing his rifle in before him, he forced his way in for a distance of perhaps twenty feet, where he lay perfectly quiet, though almost afraid the beating of his heart would betray him to his enemies.

Five, ten minutes passed, and Dick was on the point of emerging from his hiding-place, when he was startled by the sound of a footstep above his head. An Indian was walking along the trunk, and he could hardly fail to see the cavity and the signs he had made in forcing an entrance to his hiding-place.

The settler again gave way to despair, which was augmented a moment after, as the savage gave a shrill whoop, to call his companions. Then he knew too well that his retreat was discovered; but he lay perfectly quiet, hoping, against his better judgment, that he might yet succeed in escaping.

In a few moments he knew, by the sound of feet, that the savages were all together, and he heard a consultation, not one word of which he could understand; but he was not long left in suspense as to what they had agreed upon. He heard some at work at the entrance of the trunk, while others were heaping brushwood above him; and he knew, by this, that his hiding-place was discovered, and that the savages intended to burn him alive inside the tree.

To describe the terrible agony that convulsed the heart of the settler, as he became aware of the object of his enemies, is more than our pen can do.

He was not afraid to die; but a death by fire is one from which the bravest would shrink. There was no chance of dying by suffocation, for the tree was full of seams that admitted the air. No, death would not come to his relief, until the red flames should wrap his body like a winding-sheet. And this would not be quickly done. Hours must elapse before the flames would reach him. The tree was a resinous pine, and would burn briskly for awhile on the outside; but the interior of the trunk was damp, and would not catch so readily. The torture would only be the more prolonged.

Death would come at last; but not until it had been experienced, as it were, a dozen times by the unhappy man within.

Higher and higher the red flames rose, as the dry brushwood was heaped upon the glowing pile. Like so many spirits of evil, the red demons worked at their terrible task. To avenge their comrade was grimly in their minds; and as the minutes went on, they listened for some shriek to come from the flames, to delight their savage hearts.

And our friend in his fiery prison, how sore he felt the terrible ordeal! Already he could feel the heat, and in a few moments more it would be insupportable.

Once he had tried to escape from his shell, but found that the aperture had been so securely closed up that it was impossible. Death by their arrows would, he thought, have been better than by the flames; but this was denied him.

Hotter and hotter it became, until he felt a stinging on his leg, as he lay upon his side.

A place had burnt through, and now the terrible torture had begun. The end was not now far away; and, with thoughts of his wife and children uppermost in his breast, he waited for death.

Higher and higher rose the red flames, as the savages worked steadily for the death of their victim; but it was fated that theirs was to be accomplished first.

A loud report and a volley of bullets came ringing through the leaves, and the five savages fell to rise no more.

The next moment, a dozen of Dick's neighbors from the settlement, who had been in pursuit all the past day and night, rushed forward, and an exclamation of disappointment fell from their lips, as they saw nothing of the object of their search.

At that instant, the report of a rifle rang out, as if from the centre of the fire, startling them back again; but the next moment, the one of them who had been examining the end of the tree, that as yet was untouched by the fire, exclaimed, "Quick, boys! tear away the fire. He is in this trunk, and the redskins were roasting him alive!"

With a will, the brands were scattered in the forest, and in a few moments Dick was hauled out, more dead than alive, though not much burnt; and afterwards, whenever he told his story, he always said that his rifle saved his life, the heat causing it to be discharged just at the right moment.

## The Alpine Horn.

The Alpine horn is an instrument made of the bark of a cherry tree, and like a speaking trumpet, is used to convey sounds to a great distance. When the last rays of the sun gild the summit of the Alps, the shepherd who inhabits the highest peak of these mountains, takes his horn, and cries, with a loud voice, "Praised be the Lord." As soon as the neighboring shepherds hear him they leave their huts and repeat these words. The sounds are prolonged many minutes, while the echoes of the rocks repeat the name of God. Imagination cannot picture anything more solemn or sublime than such a scene. During the silence that succeeds, the shepherds bend their knees and pray in the open air, then repair to their huts to rest. The sunlight gilding the tops of these stupendous mountains, upon which the vault of heaven seems to rest, the magnificent scenery around, and the voices shepherds sounding from rock to rock the praises of the Almighty, fill the mind of every traveler with enthusiasm and awe.

## A Romantic Belle.

I once had pointed out to me, at Peale's old museum in Philadelphia, a bow and quiver which had a history. What became of the articles when the curiosities of that museum were divided I do not know.

An African prince, captured in battle, begged so hard that his bow and quiver, which had been his father's might be left in his possession, that his request was granted. Captivity, of course, meant slavery. For a beggarly sum he was sold by his black captor to a slaver, and in time found his way to South Carolina, where he became the property of Colonel Motte. He brought his bow and quiver with him, and in his new home, with arrows fashioned by his own hand, he brought down many a choice bit of game for his master's table. The slave was strong and remarkably intelligent, as well as willing, and as the master was kind and humane, the life of the dusky prince was far from unhappy or irksome. The whole family prized him, and he, in turn, became strongly attached to them.

At length the slave died, and after he had gone, his bow and quiver, the story of which he had often told in eloquent language, were preserved as relics of the faithful servitor in the colonel's family, for the family could not but gratefully remember the services, the fortitude and the unswerving fidelity of the strong and gentle lambo.

During the Revolution, Colonel Motte fell while fighting for liberty. In the campaign of 1781 his widow was driven from her house on the Congaree river, and the place was turned into a British garrison and strongly fortified. In time this garrison was besieged by a detachment of the American army, but its defenses were so strong that the force was not sufficient to take it by assault. The American commander, who was a South Carolinian, and an old time friend of the Motte family, went to the widow, now living in a poor hut within sight of her stately mansion, and told her that the preservation of her house and property was the only impediment to the capture of the British.

"What would you do?" asked Mrs. Motte.

"Set the mansion on fire and burn them out," was the officer's reply. "And how will you set it on fire?"

"I have not yet thought, Madam. I had regard for your wishes in the matter, and wished first to consult you."

The widow reflected awhile and then asked:

"When would be a favorable moment for applying the torch?"

"This very night, after the sentinels are posted, and the rest of the garrison asleep."

"Make your arrangements," said the patriotic woman, "and at your signal I will set the house on fire for you."

"You?"

"Yes, I will do it."

The officer saw that she was in earnest and he went his way to make preparations.

And then the widow went at her work. One of the children had brought away with them from the house lambo's bow and quiver of arrows. The arrows were long and finely made, with steel heads and delicately feathered shafts. With a lot of loose tow she made torches of the arrows, the prepared heads of which she set in a pail filled with spirits of turpentine.

At eleven o'clock that night the American commander came and told Mrs. Motte that all was ready. Taking the pail, with the soaking arrows in her hand, she called upon her stout servant to attend her. He was a powerful fellow, and used to the bow. Arrived at a favorable locality, she opened her lantern, and lighted a pitchwood splinter. Then the servant fixed an arrow torch to the bow string, and the widow set the inflammable tow on fire. In another instant the fiery messenger was sped on its way, and it alighted upon the roof of the mansion, far from the immediate reach of the garrison.

By the time five of these ignited torches had been surely landed upon different parts of the roof, the mansion was in flames beyond the power of the aroused inmates to subdue them.

And yet the brave, noble woman did not lose much of her property. The British, fearing a horrible death by fire, laid down their arms and surrendered, and joined with their captors in extinguishing the flames, which was accomplished before the fire had extended below the garrets.

## Turning into Cats.

Once there was a law that, on a certain day, when the meeting house bell rang for noon, everybody should turn into a cat.

Some people don't believe this is true; but you ask the children and the barn-swallows!

Well, and so you may be sure it was great fun to sit up on the big granite rock on the side of Deer Hill and see them turn, just where they were and whatever they were doing, at that very minute!

The minister's son had come into the study, with his hat in his hand, and said:

"Shall Cornelius and I, sir, take our scythes, sir, and go out and mow a little while, sir?"

And then Mr. Fadyon's fool caught hold of the bell-rope.

Mr. Fadyon's fool knew some things as well as anybody; and he knew how to ring the bell exactly when the sundial and the noon-mark and his grandmother's eight-day clock said it was noon.

So "ding, dong!" went the bell, and—it was only a Maltese kitten that had hold of the rope!

Just at that hour, Aunt Patty was out in her garden hoeing weeds, with an old hat of Uncle Rodney's tied on her head; and she began to turn, first her nose and then her chin. They were very long and sharp when she was Aunt Patty, and they grew short and snubby, and whiskers began to start, and her ears pricked up as though she heard something, and then, quicker than you could say "scat!" she was a spotted cat chasing Deacon Davis's hens, that were trying to sneak through the garden fence with the old rooster's spurs on. After scaring them half out of their feathers, she kept on through Mrs. Deacon Davis's cat hole, and up in the back chamber, where she prowled about and sniffed in all the dark corners and behind the old tea-chests and barrels.

When she was Aunt Patty she always had mistrusted whether or no Mrs. Deacon Davis hadn't some cobwebs and poke-holes out of sight, for all that she kept everything looking neat as wax on the outside.

And then the minister's son jumped with one spring on the minister's hair and clawed off his glasses, for he liked rough ways and mischief as well as any boy, only he had to be proper because he was the minister's son.

The minister looked around solemn and dignified, a good deal astonished; and then his glasses grew rounder and rounder, and his arms grew slenderer and slenderer; and then he seemed to wink all over; and then there was a great black cat, with a white spot on his throat and a white face and four white feet, sitting in the study-chair, snapping at the flies, with one paw on a volume of Jonathan Edwards's sermons.

It was a great change for the minister. But as for Mrs. Deacon Davis, she didn't seem to need to alter hardly a bit. Her eyes were the mildest skimmilk before, much more faded than an old cat's eyes; and her hair was pale buff and sort of furry. And she had a way of rubbing herself against the side of her chair as she talked along in a kind of purr-purring tone. She stopped work for the first time in her life, though, and taking her yellow paws out of the wash-tub, went to chasing dandelion-down.

But as soon as ten o'clock anywhere in town struck one at the same second, all the cats turned back to people again; and you ought to have seen how surprised they were to catch themselves doing such odd things.

Aunt Patty was rummaging through the minister's wife's bureau-drawer among her best clothes; and, bad as that looked in a cat, it looked a thousand times worse in Aunt Patty, with Uncle Rodney's hat still on her head and a hoe under her arm.

Mrs. Deacon Davis was curled up asleep in the rocking-chair, and she rubbed her eyes and pat her hands in the wash-tub again, and didn't know anything had happened. She wouldn't believe it now if you should tell her. Only, when her clock struck one (it was always a little slow), she felt grieved to see a few cat's hairs on her chair-cushion, and to find she had lost so much good time right out of the heart of the day. "But then," she thought, "my nap has rested me up completely, and with such poor health as I enjoy, I do suppose I needed it. And, all is, I must work the smarter to make up."

The minister looked most astonished to find himself playing with a large brown, limp rat. "It is very extraordinary! Most remarkable!" said he. "Gloriana!" he continued, turning to the black serving-maid, who was swinging herself down from the cherry-tree, where, a moment before, she had been a black kitten, chasing a squirrel. "Gloriana! you may take this dead animal and bury the creature in the garden. It will act as a fertilizer."

And then he began to walk up and down the footpath, from the door to the gate, with his hands behind him, and to think over the heads of his next sermon.

On the whole, it was funnier when the cats became people than when the people became cats; they were so surprised and shocked to find where they were and what they were doing.—St. Nicholas.

We are what we must, and not what we would be. One hour assures not another. The will and the power are diverse.

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

As we are, so we view the world. Air of importance—One's first breath. Children are the to-morrow of society.

Pity is the tenderest part of love.—Yalden. Order gave each thing view.—Shakespeare.

Friendship is full of dregs.—Shakespeare. We cannot do evil to others without doing it to ourselves.

Few men are raised in our estimation by being too closely examined. No gifts, however divine, profit those who neglect to cultivate them.

Among all forms of mistake, prophecy is the most gratuitous.—George Eliot. What we know here is very little, but what we are ignorant of is immense.

A grain weight of sincerity and practice is worth a talent of knowledge. Prayer is a shield to the soul, a sacrifice to God, and a scourge to Satan.—Bunyan.

You cannot prove a thing to be good or beautiful to a man who has no idea of its excellence. Many persons are more desirous to know what they should do, than to do what they know.

There are many who talk on from ignorance rather than from knowledge, and, who find in the former an inexhaustible fund of conversation. To neglect, at any time, preparation for death, is to sleep at our post at a siege; to omit it in old age is to sleep at an attack.

Fair soul, in your fine frame hath love no quality? If the quick fire of youth light not your mind, you are no maiden, but a monument.—Shakespeare. The person who has a firm trust in the Supreme Being is powerful in His power, wise by His wisdom, happy by His happiness.

When you feel as if you have violated a rule of propriety, you feel ashamed; when of prudence, regret; when a rule of right, you feel remorse.

I look upon an able statesman out of business like a huge whale, that will endeavor to overturn the ship unless he has an empty cask to play with.—Steels. It is the amends of a short and troublesome life that doing good and suffering ill entitle man to one longer and better.—William Penn.

God is the only being who has time enough; but a prudent man who knows make shift to find as much as he needs.—Lovel.

The difference between a fashionable hat and a fashionable bonnet is very simple. One is worn over the ear and the other is worn on the nape of the neck. Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince, as wine or woman to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.

No man is poor who does not think himself so. But if in a full fortune, with impatience he desires more, he proclaims his wants, and his beggarly condition. The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

It is never too late with us so long as we are still aware of our faults, and bear them impatiently; so long as aspirations, eager for conquest stir within us.—Jacobi.

So great is the effect of cleanliness upon man that it extends even to his moral character. Virtue never dwelt long with filth; nor do I believe there ever was a person scrupulously attentive to cleanliness who was a consummate villain.

The custom in Eastern Turkey is to remove the boots and shoes on entering church. An American saw at Anitla, Turkey, 1,200 boots and shoes at the door of a church presenting a very curious sight. The men go in barefoot, but keep their hats on.

Envy cannot be hid. It accuses and judges without proofs; it exaggerates defects; its conversation is filled with gall, exaggeration and injury. It stands out with obstinacy and with fury against striking merit. It is hasty, insensible and brutal.

Botanists have a class of plants which they name *incomplete*; we might in the same sense speak of incomplete, imperfect men—those, namely, whose longings and struggling, are not in proportion to their doing and performing.—Goethe.

The faithful devoted Christian is all heartedness. While others do things coldly and without interest, he puts his whole soul into his labor, and does it with hearty good will and with a vigorous healthy zeal, because he loves to do it.—Murray.

"Storm King," the highest of the Highland peaks, is 1,529 feet above tide water. The chain which was stretched across the river at West Point in war time was 1,350 feet long, and was manufactured from ore obtained near Bear Mountain, which is 1,350 feet high—a singular coincidence.

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog, which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputant were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! You know no more about it than they do."