

# THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

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## The Beautiful Gate of the Temple.

I.  
Little familiar gate!  
Gate of the home by the way;  
Hour for which daily to wait,  
Hour at the close of the day.  
Hand in hand close pressed,  
Arm never trusted in vain!  
Hearts in each other at rest,  
Home, all home again!  
II.  
Gate through which all must pass,  
Gate at the end of the way;  
Men call it a Gate of Brass;  
A prison-gate, they say!  
They think it can only divide,  
Pitiless, heavy, and strong;  
But we who have looked inside  
Know they have named it wrong.  
Know it not strong, but weak,  
Its bars all shattered and slight;  
More bars of shadow, that streak  
And prove the inner light;  
Gate where all bonds shall break,  
All severed hearts unite.  
III.  
Terrible, Beautiful Gate!  
Gate of the Temple of God!  
Well through the day we may wait  
Till it open for us our abode.  
Hands in hands close pressed,  
Hearts past all parting and pain,  
In God and each other at rest;  
Home, all Home again!  
Beautiful Gate of Life!  
Gate at the end of the Way!  
Well worth Day's toil and strife,  
For that hour at the close of the day!  
—By the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family."

## MY QUIET FELLOW-TRAVELER.

One bitterly cold evening last winter, I was sitting with my old schoolfellow, Charlie Foster, in my study—the most comfortable room in the house, arranged throughout with a proper regard to warmth and convenience.  
"How jolly this is!" exclaimed Charlie, glancing round. "I would rather be in than out such a night as this. Just listen to the wind, how it howls and blusters, and yet not a breath gets in here. I must say this is not a bad corner to occupy in this weather, and I envy you not a little. Things always seem to go straight with you, Harry. I do believe you never had a slice of ill luck or a disagreeable adventure in your life."  
"You are wrong there, my boy," replied I. "For once upon a time—it is a long while ago now, though—I had a very disagreeable adventure, which might have ended in my being hanged by mistake for some one else. You remember, no doubt, that sixteen years ago, instead of being one of the partners in the firm of Ross, Haviland & Laurence, I was only a clerk in their office."  
"Yes, yes, I know," nodded Foster. "Well, one day Mr. Haviland, not being well enough to go himself, sent me to C— on some rather important business; some valuable documents had fallen into the hands of an obstinate, stupid old fellow, who had been guardian to a client of ours. The client was now of age, and wished to act for himself, and manage his own affairs, but old Brown, not considering him fit to do so, persisted in retaining the papers, and my mission was to persuade him to give them up quietly, and, in the event of his refusing, to threaten him with legal proceedings. I had great difficulty in inducing him to listen to reason, but when, at last, I succeeded, I telegraphed the news of my success homeward. I strolled down to the station, took a first-class ticket, and, after waiting for about ten minutes, the express came up, and I took my seat. As I got into the carriage, a tall, good-looking young fellow, fashionably dressed, got out, and with that feeling of idle curiosity that sometimes comes over one when one has nothing to do, I put my head out of the window and looked after him; and, to my surprise, he got into another carriage a little farther on. I began to wonder why on earth the fellow got out as I got in, and felt vaguely uncomfortable about it. However, when I perceived that the only other occupant of the carriage was an old gentleman, apparently fast asleep, I concluded that the young man wanted to smoke, and that the old gentleman, before addressing himself to his slumbers, had objected.  
"This satisfied me, and I began to go over in my mind the events of the previous day. 'Well,' thought I, 'certainly I have managed the business very well. I expect I shall receive the compliments of the firm for it. I wonder if they will give me anything more substantial than compliments. If they do make me a present, it will be very acceptable just now,' said I to myself, for you see, Charlie, about eight weeks before my dear Lizzie had presented me with a plump, red, pugnacious little sprite. Well, all the aunts and cousins—to say nothing of my wife—pronounced it the prettiest baby in the world, and I dare say I thought they were not far wrong; but one cannot sacrifice to a household idol of this kind without a little extra outlay, and for this reason and a few others not worth while mentioning, Lizzie and the baby were uppermost in my thoughts. I amused myself like a child with spending the money I hoped to receive in a dozen different ways for their benefit.

"At times I glanced at my fellow-traveler, who was all this time sound asleep in the corner directly opposite to me. His head was thrown back, a bright yellow bandana handkerchief covered his face, and a thick railway rug was tucked tightly round him. Now having started in a great hurry, as Ross and Haviland had got a hint that old Brown meant to make a lengthened tour on the continent, I had forgotten to take my wrapper with me, so I contemplated my opposite neighbor with rather curious eyes, thinking how warm and comfortable he looked and how very cold I felt. I tried to forget my discomfort by reading over my papers; but when at last I got through them, I was as cold as before, or perhaps a little colder. However, we were getting near our journey's end, and that was some comfort. I determined to follow my fellow-traveler's example and take a doze. I wish heartily that I had not done so.  
"First of all, I had a singularly unpleasant dream; for I dreamt that, on arriving at home, I found the street door open, and on going in, saw staircases in all directions. I went up the one I fancied led to my rooms; but it seemed as if I should never get there!—I fought after flight I went up, and thought the stairs would never come to an end. Then suddenly I found myself in the drawing-room, and was struck by the cheerful look of everything; there was no fire in the grate, and the room was so dimly lighted that at first I did not see Lizzie. Then I became aware that she was leaning back in the arm chair, with the child lying in her lap; her eyes were closed, and her face was deadly pale. I cried out her name, but she did not move. With an undefined dread that seemed to make my heart contract, I rushed across the room to her; the floor heaved and swayed with my weight; I flung myself down by Lizzie's side, and had seized her hand, when the chair overturned with a crash, and she seemed to fall heavily into my arms.  
"I awoke with a cry of terror. The train had run nearly off some facing points, and the tremendous jolt had thrown my fellow traveler across my knees. I lifted him half up, but he made no effort to help himself. With difficulty I replaced him on the seat. The head dropped back into the old position, and as the light now fell on the face, I saw to my horror that the man was dead!  
"I fell back into my seat, gasping for breath; but the next instant I started up, and went to the farther side of the carriage. 'Dead?' said I to myself. 'No, it's impossible, he cannot be dead,' and turning hurriedly towards the old gentleman, I endeavored to stammer out a possible hope that the fall had not hurt him. It would not do; the words died away on my lips. I felt the fact of his death was but too true, and the folly of asking a corpse if a fall had hurt it crossed my mind, and gave me an absurd inclination to laugh, though I never felt less merry in my life.  
"Then a terrible curiosity drew me back, almost against my will, to look again at the lifeless man. The blue glazed eyes were wide open; the jaw slightly dropped; the once rosy color had settled in patches of dark purple in the cheeks. He was a tall, stout man, apparently about sixty-five, and must have been handsome when alive; indeed, the face would have been handsome still, but that the half-open mouth and sightless stare gave him such a ghastly appearance.  
"The bad dream I had had, the sudden startling awakening, and the horrid certainty that I had been traveling all the way with a corpse, utterly unnerved me, and I vainly endeavored to regain my composure. I could only gaze on the dead face before me with vague feelings of wonder and distress.  
"Well, Charlie, I did about the most foolish thing I could have done," continued I. "A shrill whistle and the shrieking of the speed announced our approach to Highgate, and in another moment the lamps at the station flashed their light in and out of the carriage window, as we passed up to the platform. With a desperate feeling that, as after all it was no business of mine, I might as well try to escape a heap of questions that I could not answer, I snatched up the old man's yellow handkerchief, flung it over his face, seized my traveling bag, and sprang out of the carriage.  
"I remember well the nervous dread which came over me that the body would be discovered before I could give up my ticket and get clear of the station. No one stopped me, however. I hailed a cab, jumped in, and in ten minutes more was safely deposited at my door. There I dismissed the cabman with a double fare, and in another minute stood in my bright, cheerful sitting-room, with my dear wife clinging to my arm.  
"Everybody was as unlike my dream as possible. Lizzie looked rosy and smiling; her baby was in his cradle, fast asleep; there was a bright fire in the grate; the supper-table was laid, and our neat little cook engaged with a tray on which Lizzie seemed to have assembled all the good things she could think of. But, in spite of the comfort around me, I could not shake off a feeling of disquietude, and I suppose this was visible enough to a pair of loving eyes like my wife's, for she said—  
"What is the matter, dear? You look quite upset."  
"Oh, Lizzie!" I burst out, "I have had such a horrid adventure! I must tell you about it."  
"Not yet," returned she. "Sit down and take some supper first, and you shall tell me afterwards. However dis-

agreeable your adventure was, it has not ended badly, since I have got you safe home again, my darling." And thereupon she gave me a kiss, which had such a reviving effect upon my spirits that I allowed myself to be seated at the table, and there, under the combined influence of my kind little wife's cheerful face, a good supper, and hot brandy and water, I began to recover myself, and proceeded to relate what had happened.  
"Lizzie only laughed at the dream, and told me not to be superstitious, but looked grave and horrified enough over the account of the poor old man.  
"When I had finished, my wife looked so anxious and discomposed that I began to regret having told her, but, suddenly raising her head, she said—  
"Dear Harry, ought you not to have stayed and explained what had happened? Might not people think that—that?"  
Her voice broke and her eyes filled with tears.  
"By Jove! Lizzie," cried I, starting up, "you are right, of course! They might think I had a hand in the poor fellow's death. Why, how could I be such a fool! I must go at once and give information at the police office."  
"I put on my coat as I was speaking, but the happy thought came a little too late; for just as Lizzie was handing me my hat, there was a tremendous peal at the front door! My wife and I looked at each other. She turned very pale, and I burst out laughing. That was not quite the right thing to do, perhaps, under the circumstances; but could I not help feeling amused, as well as embarrassed, at the scrape my folly had got me into, and I had not at the time the slightest idea of the disagreeable consequences that were to follow.  
"Cheer up, little woman," said I. "It is all right; I did not do it, you know. Go to bed like a wise girl, and I will come back as soon as I can and tell you the sequel to my story."  
"Just then the cook opened the door, and said—'Oh, if you please 'um, there's two policemen at the door, and they says, 'um, as they want to speak to master.'  
"Very well," said I, I will go to them. It is very possible I shall be absent some time, ock, so take good care of your mistress till I come home; and giving Lizzie a hasty kiss, I walked out and faced my uninvited visitors. Before I could speak a word, one of them touched me on the shoulder, and said—  
"You're wanted about that old gentleman found murdered in a first-class railway carriage at Highgate station."  
"Yes," I said; "I was just coming down to the police station about it."  
"Oh! was you?" said the man, in a grimly facetious manner; and looking up, I saw he had stuck his tongue in his cheek, and was winking at his comrade. I longed to knock the fellow down, but knew it would hardly do to yield to the inclination; so I tried to console myself by remembering that I had only my own stupidity to thank for the unpleasant position I was in.  
Foster grinned, and nodded a friendly and provoking agreement.  
"Well," continued I, the police station was not far off, and we were soon in the presence of the inspector. As we entered, he turned his calm grave face towards us, and fixed an inquiring look on me for an instant; then, signing me to come forward, he said quietly, "Will you state all you know about this affair?" and he pointed with his pen to a bench, on which the body of my late fellow-traveler was lying.  
"I told him I knew nothing about the matter—that I did not know the man was dead until a few minutes before the train stopped, and had been much startled and shocked at the discovery."  
"Why did you not give information as soon as you reached the station?" said the inspector, drily.  
"Well, really," stammered I, "I do not know why. Of course I ought to have done so. I can only account for my negligence to do it by the fact of my being in a hurry to reach home, and the certainty that he would be seen by the officials directly, who would know better what to do than I did."  
"This was a sorry kind of explanation, and I was hardly surprised to find that it did not satisfy the police, but was, nevertheless, considerably dismayed when the inspector informed me I was a prisoner.  
"Poor little Lizzie," thought I, "what a fright she will be in." However, I was permitted to send her a message to the effect that I was detained to give evidence, and that she was not to be uneasy.  
"I was then taken in a cab to Bow street, where I was charged with murdering and robbing an old gentleman, name unknown. My pockets were turned out, my papers, purse, and watch taken from me, and even my cigar-case, which was at the moment certainly the greatest privation. The charge was taken, and I was marched off to a cell and locked up. There, sitting on one bench with my legs on another, and my back fitted into an angle of the wall, I passed the night—such a miserable night it was! I should have perished with cold had it not been for the kindness of the jailer, who lent me a thick loose coat and a blanket. In wretched discomfort I dozed and dreamt, starting up now and then in bewilderment, wondering where I was, and then suddenly recollecting, sank back in my corner to doze and wake by turns till morning. After some cold coffee and bread, I was again taken before the court and examined, and, to my horror, sent to the House of Detention till the inquest should be over, when it was intimated I should be brought up again.  
"Well, to cut short my story, for I see you are yawning, I must tell you

that the inquest was held, and the doctors discovered that the old gentleman was not murdered at all, but had died of apoplexy. So my offense was reduced to theft only; the old fellow's pockets had been emptied and his watch taken.  
"I should, no doubt, have been sent back for further evidence, but that a prisoner was brought in, upon whom the stolen property had been found. This prisoner proved to be the identical tall, good-looking man who had left the railway carriage as I got in. The young fellow, who, on account of his gentlemanly stylish appearance, had got the sobriquet of 'the Prince,' was a professional thief; but on this occasion he had been on a pleasure trip to the north, to see some friends, and he solemnly declared that he got into the carriage where the old gentleman was without any business-like intentions; that he always traveled first class, because it was more comfortable, besides being 'genteel.' He said—and, as you know, the statement was borne out by the medical evidence—that the old gentleman had a fit, and that, though he did his best to assist him by opening the windows, loosening the old fellow's neckcloth, and holding up his head, he died in a few minutes. 'And then,' added 'the Prince,' 'I thought the poor old boy couldn't want his watch or his purse again, and I knew they would be very useful to me, so they changed pockets; and then I stuck him in the corner where the other gentleman found him. But I do hope,' continued he, looking round with an air of candid innocence, so well assumed that I felt inclined to applaud—'I do hope no one would go to say as taking what nobody else didn't want was stealing.' Unfortunately, some rather important people could not be brought to see the matter from his point of view, and 'the Prince' did not visit his friends in the north again for some years.  
"So ended my very unpleasant adventure, Charlie. I have taken many a day's journey since, but never again with such a very quiet fellow-traveler."

## LOST IN THE WOODS.

### Four Days Without Food or Fire.

Three or four weeks ago a young man named George Spinney, living in Cleveland, received word that his brother John, foreman of a lumber camp in Huron County, Mich., was dangerously ill and desired his presence. George reached the camp as soon as possible, found his brother better, and remained ten days and nursed him. The lumber camp was twelve or fifteen miles from any settlement, and five or six from any house, and the road leading in was a blind road, having many windings and turnings. When he went in Spinney was accompanied by some of the lumbermen who were hauling out their goods and breaking up camp, and he paid little attention to the road or the direction.  
John was to remain in the woods with a few men to drive some logs, and George made preparations to return home as soon as his brother was convalescent. A team and three men left camp with him early in the morning, but after proceeding a mile Spinney found that he had forgotten his watch and went back after it. He secured it and started to overtake the team, and had no idea of being lost until he had walked two hours and failed to overtake them. He had endeavored to cut across an elbow in the forest instead of following the track of the wagon, as was prudent, and when he found himself bewildered he struck for the camp. He went right away from it, and it was four days before he saw a human face again. He was not alarmed at his situation until after noon, as he expected to come upon a camp or a cabin.  
He shouted himself hoarse in an hour or so, getting no response, and he fired off three chambers of his revolver before it occurred to him that he might wander in the woods for a day or two.  
About 3 o'clock in the afternoon Spinney found himself walking in a circle. He marked a tree and started due east, but at 5 o'clock he returned to the same locality, and as it was beginning to grow dark he made preparations for the night. He says he slept quite soundly, and suffered but little from the cold, being in a thick forest. Next morning he saw squirrels and partridges, but having only three bullets he dared not risk a shot.  
He made his breakfast of strips of basswood, which he peeled from a tree, and did not suffer from hunger during the day. He shouted about every half hour, and many times listened for the sound of axes or the shouts of men. The morning was sunshiny, and he could keep a direct course, but the sky clouded over after dinner, and Spinney caught himself walking in a circle. He came upon an old camp just at dark, and slept there that night, appeasing his hunger by chewing some old pork rinds which he found in the cook shanty.  
It was about 3 o'clock on the afternoon of the fourth day before Spinney found his way out, and was then guided to the lake shore by the sound of breakers. He was constantly on the move during the four days, averaging, he thinks, about twenty-five miles per day, but he must have doubled on himself a good many times, as the camp was only twenty-one miles in a direct line from where he came out. He chewed basswood sprouts, slippery elm bark, beech limbs, and once found a few dozen tomapples, and he did not lose much flesh.  
Cremation Among the Old Greeks.  
The body was placed upon a pyre built of wood, to which fire was communicated in the presence of those who had attended the funeral; when the flames were extinguished the bones were collected and placed in urns made of various materials. These were preserved in tombs, built commonly on the roadsides without the city gates. The funeral took place at night. The procession was headed by musicians; these were headed by hired mourners, who lamented and sang the funeral song; after these came the freedmen of the deceased, sometimes amounting to a considerable number, wearing the cap of liberty. Immediately preceding the corpse were persons bearing waxen masks, representing the ancestry of the deceased; the corpse itself, placed upon a couch, was commonly borne by the freedmen or by the immediate relatives; the family following after—the men, contrary to usual custom, with their heads covered, the women with their heads bare, their hair disheveled, and often beating their breasts and uttering piercing cries. If warranted by the rank of the deceased, the procession passed through the forum, and an oration was then pronounced over the body. Finally, the corpse, with the couch upon which it was borne, was placed upon the funeral pyre, built commonly in the form of an altar, with four equal sides. The nearest relative, with averted face, kindled the pyre, and perfumes, oils, articles of food, ornaments and clothing were frequently thrown on while it was being consumed. When the pile was burned down, the embers were extinguished with wine, and the bones and ashes collected by the nearest kin, sprinkled with perfumes, and placed in an urn. As the Christian religion gradually obtained the ascendancy, a corresponding change took place in the mode of disposing of the dead; bodies were no longer burned but interred, and the offices of the church were substituted for the rites of paganism.

## Items of Interest.

The man who is venial himself believes that everybody has his price.  
Bergh says that a dog never goes mad until his master does. It's all sympathy, in his view of it.  
The world uses 250,000,000 pounds of tea and 718,000,000 pounds of coffee every year. China furnishes nearly all the tea, and Brazil more than half the coffee.  
The surgeon in charge of Fort Blair, a penal settlement of British India, says that the oil of a tree called gurjum has cured every case of leprosy under his care.  
Temperance societies are being formed in France, the members of which pledge themselves not to drink alcoholic liquors at any time, and wine and malt liquors only at meals.  
A farmer living near Glasgow, Del., has a mad horse. The horse is penned in a stall by himself, and keeps up a continual kicking and knocking his head against the partition. He was bitten by a mad dog last summer.  
The Chicago Tribune says that first-class carpenters in that city, who were employed a year ago at \$3 per day, are now glad to get \$1.50 per day, and that this decline in the cost of labor runs through the whole scale of employments.  
The toothless may derive hope from the fact that at Killin, in Perthshire, an old man died at the age of ninety-one years; but five years before his death he had six new teeth, which he said were quite serviceable, and "as sharp as lanets."  
There is said to be a single arsenic mine in Cornwall, the monthly product of which is sufficient to destroy the lives of five hundred millions of human beings; while, if the amount of white arsenic contained in the adjacent storehouses were judiciously administered, this globe of ours would be completely depopulated.  
On Bainbridge Island, Washington Territory, recently a logger accidentally discovered the outcroppings of a coal mine. He mentioned the fact in conversation, and some of his hearers at once proceeded to the locality, and finding that there was a coal vein there they chartered a steamer to Olympia and pre-empted the land, thus snatching a fortune from the logger.  
A cuttle-fish has been caught at Olympia, Washington Territory, measuring eight feet from tip to tip of its eight long arms. The arms were of gristle, lined on the under side, their entire length with saucer-shaped suckers, varying from the size of a pea to two inches in diameter. This is the largest cuttle-fish caught in North America of which there is authentic record.  
Just a Question or Two.  
An exchange thus descends upon printing office bores, hitting the mark so fairly on the head, we cannot fail to appreciate, indorse and copy. Here are a few of the innumerable questions which printers are called upon to answer:  
Do you print both sides of the paper at once?  
How long does it take to make a newspaper?  
Suppose you write everything you print, don't you?  
Why are those boxes of different sizes, and how do you know where to find a certain letter?  
Can't you print a picture of anything you want to? I should think you could. Why can't you? (After printing some horse-bills for a man not long ago, he found fault with them because the "cut" was not just like his horse. On another occasion a gentleman came to us with the information that he had left his horse in front of the office and wanted a picture of it taken and some bills printed.)  
If you print one hundred bills for \$3, I suppose you will let me have four for twelve cents!  
I should think it would be fun to be an editor,—you don't do anything but sit down and read newspapers and stories all day.  
Do you throw your type away after you have printed upon it once?  
You don't care if I take a handful of this type, do you?  
It can't be very hard to set type all day—is it now?  
Can't I help you print something?  
I wish you would print my name for me; it wouldn't be much trouble to print off just one name.  
What is this for? what do you do with that? what makes that look so funny? what are you going to do now? what for? why? what makes you keep so still? you don't care if a fellow just talks, do you?  
By the time a man goes through with this list of questions, his company becomes so monotonous that he cannot fail to perceive its effects upon the listeners, and he walks off with the impression that we have treated him unkindly and impolitely.  
All the above is to the point, and when the questioner takes the hint and leaves of his own accord, we feel serene.  
But then, when as occurred with us the other day, a man comes in with a 32-page pamphlet with the back torn off, and insists on us printing him a copy of that same, backs and title-page included, for ten cents, because that is all the original copy cost him, we feel disposed to explain to him the quickest method of getting down stairs, free of charge.