

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

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NUMBER 6.

Farm and Household Department.

Housekeeping Department.

Rat Poison.—Procure from a druggist a clear solution of arsenate of potash and mix it with barley, wheat or stale bread; let the whole stand until dry. Then scatter it about in the localities infested with the vermin.

Veal Sausages.—Chop fat bacon and lean veal in equal quantities, with a handful of sage and a little salt and pepper. It should be chopped and beaten well together, rolled and fried.

Scrambled Eggs.—Beat up a dozen eggs and turn them into a pan, in which a little butter has been allowed to melt; throw in finely chopped boiled ham or parsley, and a little pepper and salt, and toss about rapidly to prevent sticking. Serve up on buttered toast.

Poached Eggs.—Carefully break fresh eggs into a shallow pan of boiling water; have ready slices of buttered toast, and when the white part has set round the yolks, take them up with a skimmer and lay each one upon a slice of bread. They are seasoned at table.

To Exterminate Roaches.—Roaches may be exterminated by taking flowers of sulphur one-half pound, potash four ounces. Melt in an earthen pan over the fire; pulverize and make a strong solution in water, and sprinkle the places they frequent.

To Prevent Moths' Ravages.—Hemp, when the blossoms are just opened, is an infallible preservative of textile fabrics and furs against the attack of moths. The stalk with leaves and flowers is cut when blooming, about July, and dried in the shade. It is said to preserve its properties for several years.

Floating Island.—One quart of milk, sweetened; whites of six eggs; wine to the taste; half pound of pulverized sugar for the island; a little currant jelly. Beat the eggs and add the sugar by degrees, and as much currant jelly as will make it a fine pink. Pour the milk in a glass bowl; with a tablespoon place the island on it in heaps tastefully arranged.

Sugared Pop Corn.—This delights all children, and is within the reach of every one. One cup sugar, white; half cup of water; boil till it comes to a boil in the corn, as much as the pan will hold. If nicely popped, this will sugar two quarts of corn. Stir well so that it does not stick together. The grains ought to separate.

Notes on Health.

Tobacco.—Softening of the brain is a disease always connected with the use of narcotics in some shape. Tobacco is a powerful agent in its production. Trembling is one of the usual symptoms of acute, and a common result of chronic, nicotine. The Minister of Public Instruction in France issued a circular to the directors of colleges and schools, forbidding tobacco to students, as injurious to physical and intellectual development. Tobacco and insanity are closely connected. It is stated upon the best authority that of those who become insane from the supposed use of spirituous liquors, eighty-seven per cent. also use tobacco.

Fruit and Health.—An absence of fruits implies doctors' bills. The best medicine an emigrating family can carry to a newly-settled country is a box of early-bearing fruit trees, currant, gooseberry, and raspberry bushes, and strawberry plants. Western residents say that as long as they have ripe fruit they remain free from all disease resulting from malaria.

Hair Dyes.—Cases of paralysis resulting from the use of hair dyes are counted by the score. The New York Board of Health a year or two ago, warned the people of dangers from this source. The chief medical officer of the Brooklyn Life Insurance Company states that a few years ago that company paid a policy on the life of a man who, a post-mortem examination demonstrated, killed himself by dyeing his hair.

To Cure Sleeplessness.—Let the full meal come in the middle of the day. Two hours after it has been taken walk three or four miles or ride twice that number. Eat a light, easily-digested supper, and pass the succeeding hours till bed-time in a way agreeable but not exciting. Avoid causes of worry, and sleep in a fresh bed and a well ventilated apartment.

New Treatment of Cancer.

Another treatment of cancer has been brought out by Dr. Hasse, of Berlin. An account of it is given in the *Medicinische Central Zeitung*, Feb. 18. Dr. Hasse injects with a hypodermic syringe, pure alcohol, to which one per cent. of ether is added, not into the new growth, but around its edges, thus obliterating, he claims, the vessels, especially lymphatics, which convey the infection, and causing the atrophy of the growth itself. The pain is rather severe, but is much reduced by ice bags, and lasts only about two hours. The injections are repeated every eight to fourteen days, and have no alarming reactions. He claims striking success in carcinoma of the mamma, and in cauliflower excrescence of the uterus, but has failed in epithelioma of the lip, which he attributes to the impossibility of obliterating by this means the large and closely adjacent coronary artery.

THE DEAD POET.

An Episode in a Life.

Captain Adair, and a young lady to whom he was betrothed, Louisa Haynes, sat as two of a gathered company. One glance would tell you what Captain Adair was. Thirty, good looking, brave, and rich—what more could any woman ask, unless it were love; and that Dennis Adair gave as he gave everything else—freely, generously. He would have given his life, had the need arisen, for this woman who held his heart in her keeping—this woman, who had said that she loved him; whose warm breath on his cheek favored his blood and thrilled his pulses like wine.

In the grate a fire burned with a cheery glow. From the open door floated the hum of the gay voices, the ripples of light laughter, even fragments of the conversation. There was a hush presently; some one was beginning to sing.

"That is Maclean's voice!" exclaimed Captain Adair.

A good voice, just touched with a soft Celtic accent. The words were the words of that sweet song—one of the sweetest ever sung—"The Irish Emigrant's Lament." Did its tender pathos touch any long past experience in his own life, that the singer's voice trembled so over the lines? They did not know. And what was it that made Dennis Adair's face change as he listened?

"I'm sitting on the stile, Mary, where we sat side by side,

On a bright May morning long ago, when first you were my bride.

The corn was springing fresh and green, the lark sang loud and high, and the red was on your cheek, Mary, and the love-light in your eyes."

Hearing it, the coils of lustrous blonde hair, thick sown with pearls, and the perfect face drawn rather near to the soldier's breast, passed out of his mind as if they had never been. He stood on the green shores of his native land, with the blue skies of spring above his head; and beside him nestled a fair young girl, with dewy blossoms in her hair, and in the tender eyes a look that no other woman's had ever worn for him.

Ah, me! Ten long years lay between that time and the present; but it all came flooding back, the clasp of the gentle hand, the glowing hopes of his sweet spring-time, the lark's song above their heads, and all the glory and brightness of a day that had long since passed away.

"Tis but a step down yonder lane, the little church stands near, the church where we were wed, Mary—I see the spire from here; but the graveyard lies between, Mary, and my steps might break your rest, where I've laid you, darling, down to sleep, with your baby on your breast."

Home, and wife, and little child. Strange memories these for the courted man, the gallant cavalier, whom women delighted to honor. But I think that in the lives of most of us there are some passages which the world never reads—some pages forever sealed even from the eyes that love us best. Louisa Haynes never guessed, even while her lover's arm was about her, how his thoughts had gone over leagues and leagues of blue water, to a green grave in old Ireland, guarded by a simple cross, emblem of the sleeper's faith.

"I'm bidding you a long farewell, my Mary, kind and true, but I'll not forget you, darling, in the land I'm going to. They say there's bread, and work for all, and the sun shines always there, but I'll not forget old Ireland, were it fifty times as fair."

Bread and work he had found in the far-off lands he had gone out to; fame and riches, too; but he had not forgotten old Ireland, nor the love, faithful and unselfish, that had blessed his early manhood. Years might come, and a fairer head lie on his breast where hers had lain, but no other ever could be to him just what she had been—not even Louisa, tenderly beloved though she was; for that early happiness had come to him in the brightness and freshness of youth, and that—ah, no!—never comes again to any one of us. And when the song was ended and its echoes had died away, Dennis Adair woke up with a start, and saw his promised wife beside him.

Captain Adair rose, gave her his arm, and took her back to the more frequented rooms. Among all the revelers none played their part better than the man who had just been face to face with his dead past; for the peaceful unities of outward life must be preserved, and it is not well, I think, for any of us to carry our hearts in our faces.

BILLIARDS.—There is an old story told of a fellow who sauntered into a billiard room. The keeper asked him would he play a game. He said he would. The keeper got the first inning, and thinking he was dealing with a "billiard sharp," he run the game out. The other fellow quietly put his cue away, and started for the door. The keeper sang out, "Here, you haven't paid for your billiards." "Billiards," says he, "billiards; I haven't played any billiards," and he left.

T Tr or Fire Department use electricity to unfasten their horses from the mangers

THE DRUNKARD'S WORLD OF FANCY.

What a Man Suffers Under the Effects of Mania-Potu.

In language, the classical beauty and purity of diction of which are perhaps unsurpassed in the English language, De Quincy, in his "Confessions of an Opium Eater," gives a graphic account of his experience while under the influence of the narcotic drug, or while recovering from its effects. That painful feeling of intense self-concentration when the only world existing is the world created by fancy, when imaginary persons in all their actions assume an appalling reality which makes the very soul shrink back upon itself; when consequences follow causes altogether anomalous and contrary to natural sequence, all are described in such a vivid manner that while it cannot fail to charm, it makes the sensitive reader shudder.

But the peculiar mental feelings following the excessive use of opium have some redeeming features when compared with disorders consequent upon the excessive use of alcoholic stimulants. In the one case the dreaded snakes are not present, and the blood does not course through the veins like a molten, metallic current, burning and seething the quivering flesh as it flows along. The horrors endured are not those of "Dante's Inferno," those of the damned and the surrounding spirits are more likely to be those from Elysium than the fire-breathing denizens of a lost world.

The following brief sketch conveys but a faint idea of the mental torture endured while suffering from mania-potu, in its worst form, and will, perhaps, interest some, when it is stated that the mental states described were the results of the combined use of alcohol and sulphate of morphia to an excessive degree. The narration will at least possess the merit of being true, though falling immeasurably behind the yet terrible reality, which would require the pen of a Shakespeare or a Schiller to do it justice.

A protracted period of excessive indulgence in drink produced lately a feeling of intense self-consciousness and wakefulness in the subject of the sketch, which made sleep impossible. He resorted to narcotics, and in doing so, he followed the path of a reckless misery, and the exhausted brain was racked by foolish fancies and horrible fears of impending danger. As the brain weakened the imagination seemed to strengthen, and was less under the control of the reason and will. Strange voices whispered into the ear, and weird and awful faces loomed up in the darkness of the night. It was all fancy, and he knew it; but all his philosophy could not banish these phantoms of the mind or that feeling of unrest which was fast driving him to insanity.

As the period of sleeplessness lengthened the phantoms of the brain became fearfully minute and distinct in every detail. Faces flared and more ravishingly beautiful than were ever dreamed of in the most exuberant fancy of the past, passed in quick review before his eyes. Some, Claude Lorraine in their beauty, seemed to be bathed in the roseate hues of the setting autumnal sun; forms in which passion found expression in celestial beauty. Others, classically perfect in form and feature, pale, cold, passionless as the moon in its silvery radiance of a winter's night, looked to the wondering beholder like visitants from a world where the feelings that sway humanity are unknown. Visually, those persons were as real as any reality; but the mind was not yet in that state in which it could accept, even on the evidence of the senses, those creations as flesh and blood, like himself. But that time was rapidly approaching. The will, also, seemed to be changed in its functions, and at its fiat the imaginary personages would disappear to be followed by others, who, in their appearance and number, were not subject to his volition.

Thirteen days and nights without a moment's sleep, four grains of sulphate of morphia, and whisky *ad libitum*, the scene completely changes. Foul, loathsome reptiles are crawling on the floor, wall and ceiling. A hand is reached forth to test the reality of an ugly, lizard-shaped creature.

At the touch a flame of fire starts from it, and the wretched man starts back in terror. He feels his hair singeing and his face burning at the contact of the unearthly fire. The creations of his imaginations are now accepted even by his reason as realities, and he yields himself without further effort to the fantasies of his disordered mind. Slimy snakes crawl up his legs and coil themselves around his writhing body. A thousand poisoned fangs pierce his flesh; they enter inward through every opening of the body; they are crawling through his intestines and are gnawing at his heart; he screams with pain, and prays for deliverance; but a mocking fiend stares him in the face, and breathing a sulphurous vapor upon him, cries, "Too late!" He sinks upon the floor exhausted, and a huge serpent spits a fire, burning fluid on his face. His blistering skin bursts, his body swells, and complete insensibility relieves the wretched victim from his sufferings.

After remaining in this state for twenty-four hours, consciousness is restored, and

he discovers, with delight, that his fearful fever has abated during that period of rest. He recovered slowly, and though he will never entirely recover from the shock, he is thankful that his life has been spared, and is determined that an indulgence in liquor will never again make him subject to such a fearful visitation.

The preceding sketch is true in every particular, and horrible incidents in the case are omitted, as it would be impossible to describe them, and if they were, they would not be credited.

American Ship Building.

A public dinner was tendered to Mr. John Roach, the American ship-builder, by merchants of New York and others. At the meeting it was stated that in 1861 the amount of American tonnage entered at ports of the Union from foreign countries was a little over five millions of tons, against about two millions and a quarter of foreign tonnage so entered. For the year ending June 30, 1873, American tonnage entered from foreign ports had sunk to a little over three and a half millions of tons, while the foreign tonnage had risen to over eight millions. In other words, at the beginning of the war, American vessels trading between the United States and foreign ports had more than double the carrying power of all their foreign competitors, while, during the last financial year, the foreign vessels had more than double the carrying power of those of their American rivals.

The causes which have chiefly contributed to this state of things are briefly, the absorption at the opening of the war of three-quarters of a million of tons of our merchant vessels for purposes of military transport and coast defense; the transference of another three-quarters of a million, from prudential considerations, to British and other flags, and the absolute destruction of over 100,000 tons by Confederate cruisers. In this way fifty-three per cent. of the mercantile marine of the United States disappeared between 1861 and 1866. It was even said that from 1866 until recently, the United States ocean-carrying trade has partially stood still. That is, we have with considerable difficulty maintained our tonnage, and in a few hundred close of the war left it. During the same period Great Britain has been adding an average of 100,000 tons a year to her steam vessels engaged in foreign trade. During the last two years there have come from the ship-yards on the Delaware, 38,000 tons of iron steamers for our foreign trade. But how slender a competition is this to the 550,000 tons of foreign steamships, owned by fifteen different companies and distributed among 170 vessels, coming into the port of New York alone!

Marrying his Dead Wife's Sister.

M. D. Conway writes to the Cincinnati *Commercial* of an extraordinary sensation that is just now pervading London society. It is caused by the announcement that Mr. Holman Hunt, the eminent artist, is about to marry his deceased wife's sister. Such a marriage, of course, cannot be legally celebrated in England, and so the parties have determined to go abroad to seek some country where the alliance is legal. The great question, "Ought we to visit her?" is likely to be raised, for it is understood that Mr. Hunt means to take his wife off to Jerusalem, which may now be regarded as his residence. In the eyes of English law a lady married to a deceased sister's widower is not married at all, and as the lady in this case belongs to a family of high rank, a good deal of the excitement arises from that score. But more of the dismay arises from the fact that Holman Hunt is the especially religious artist of England. If a rumor had been heard of the Archbishop of Canterbury it wouldn't have so amazed society, as Hunt has never been such a worldling as the average English bishop, who loves old port and looks kindly on fox hunting. This marriage will revive the question of abolishing the laws which prohibits it.

Lemons Wholesome.

When people feel the need of an acid, if they would let vinegar alone, and use lemons or apples, they would feel as well satisfied, and receive no injury. A suggestion may not come amiss as to a good plan, when lemons are cheap in the market, to make good lemon sirup. Press your hand on the lemon, and roll it back and forth briskly on the table to make it squeeze more easily; then press the juice into a bowl or tumbler—never into a tin; strain out all the seeds, as they give a bad taste. Remove all the pulp from the peels, and boil in water—a pint for a dozen pulp—to extract the acid. A few minutes boiling is enough; then strain the water with the juice of the lemons; put a pound of white sugar to a pint of the juice; boil ten minutes, bottle it, and your lemonade is ready. Put a tablespoonful or two of this lemon sirup in a glass of water, and have a cooling, healthful drink.

"Isay Pat, are you asleep?" "Not a sleep!" "Then be after lendin' me a quarter." "I'm asleep, be jabers!"

A PLAGUE COMING.

"Seven Year Locusts" Approached.

We desire to warn the people, says the Trenton (N. J.) *Gazette*, that, in all probability, they will be visited by one of the Egyptian plagues this year. It is the season for the regular periodical appearance of the "Seven Year Locusts." They appeared in enormous swarms in 1860, and again in 1867, and if they are "on time" will put in their appearance the coming summer. In their former visits they appeared in the month of June, and will probably do so this year. They first appear in the form of a sluggish and unsightly brown beetle, and emerge from the ground through small round holes, the ground in some places being so thickly perforated as to resemble a honeycomb. When they have emerged from these holes they crawl up and attach themselves to weeds or the trunks of trees, and thus remain basking in the sun until the perfect locust is matured. In the course of a few days the locust bursts its crude, brown, beetle-like shell and flies away, leaving the husk, like another perfect and entirely different insect, still adhering to the tree or weed upon which it was fastened, with a clean cut slit, as though done with a sharp knife, in the body from which the locust made its escape. The liberated locusts at first spend a few days in merrily singing songs of rejoicing over their advent to a new existence, the noise made by them in some localities being deafening, although not particularly unpleasant. They very soon, however, address themselves to the chief business of their ephemeral existence, which seems to be to adopt the means to propagate their species after a lapse of seven years. They may be seen at this time in countless myriads, slowly crawling along the smaller branches of young trees, and industriously perforating them at intervals of about a quarter of an inch with a sharp, lance-like instrument, with which they are provided. In these incisions they deposit their eggs. The wounds they make in the wood are so poisonous as to kill the branches in which they are made, and these in the latter part of summer, or the early part of autumn, drop to the ground, when the eggs find their way into the earth, and appear in the form and manner described. We have never first appeared in the whole process from form of beetles until the dropping of the dead twigs, and our description is from personal observations. With the wonderful instinct of self-preservation with which beneficent nature has endowed her creatures, the locusts choose high and dry ground as their field of operations, gravelly ridges being their favorite resorts. They never seek a swamp or low grounds in which to perforate the trees and deposit their eggs. The short history of the locust is replete with impressive lessons of the perfect and marvelous handiwork of nature.

A Mixed Financier.

We have been on both sides of the currency question, says the Seymour (Ind.) *Times*, one day seeing our way clear as mud in one direction, and the next seeing it equally clear in the other. Just where we now stand is somewhat mixed. Sometimes we take a quick glance at the thing and feel like the late Horace Greeley, as it were, and are sure that "the way to resume is to resume," but if we suffer reflection to work doubts will cloud this simple theory. Having no clear conception of the subject, we generally write from the promptings of the moment, and having no fixed principles on finances, only to get all the money we can and keep it, our readers may look for any kind of doctrine, or for different kinds. We are not quite sure that we are alone in our financial muddle. In fact it looks as if several of our statesmen had been tarred with the same stick. If we understand ourselves just now, we are in favor of the Inflation bill just passed, and shall cheerfully pocket our part of the swag if any comes this way—although last week we were honestly opposed to inflation. We shall endeavor to be honest in our views, whatever they may be; and the rather, as honesty is thought to be the best of policy.

Another Story of Poor Laura Bridgman.

The Hartford *Times* relates a circumstance in the life of Laura Bridgman, the blind mute whose history excited so much interest many years ago, which indicates the remarkable acuteness of her remaining senses. While at the Connecticut Asylum, a party of ladies, strangers to her, called to see her, and had their interview with her after they had taken off and hung up their shawls, bonnets, &c. Laura (who has always possessed the sense of touch) went to each one of them and felt of them. After satisfying her curiosity in this way, she went on with her usual work—for she could knit and do a great many other things. When the ladies rose to depart she went to the place where they had hung up their things, and taking down each article separately, carried it to its proper owner.

Anna, to her beau—Frederick, what city is that you are going to visit this fall? Fred—if you have no objections, I'm going Home—Anna.

Notes of the Day.

If a merchant manages to get his stock without paying for it, you had better not believe him when he advertises to sell under cost.

Probably the wittiest saying in the language is Douglas Jerrold's definition of dogmatism—that it is puppyism come to maturity.

"Grandma," said a little urchin, "your specs are upside down—do you wear them thus to see to sew?" "No, my dear, I wear them to see."

A young man who swallowed three ounces of landanum and five grains of morphia was forced by his friends to walk the streets of Baltimore for 15 hours. The exercise saved his life.

Charles Mathews, the comedian, brought up his son as an architect. When asked what profession the young man was intended for, he replied that he was "to draw houses, as his father had done."

"Do you see this stick, sir?" said a very stupid acquaintance to Sydney Smith. "This stick has been all round the world, sir." "Indeed?" said the remorseless Sydney, "and yet it is only a stick."

"Your Honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me knows I am incapable of lending my aid to a mean cause." "That's so," said his opponent; "the learned gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause; he always gets cash down."

A newspaper writer in Mississippi, who had a difficulty with a man and killed him, wrote a gushing tribute to the memory of his victim, which was published in the next issue of his paper, laying special stress upon the gallantry with which he met his fate and fought to the last.

A young unmarried clergyman in Brockport, in conversation, said that young ladies now-a-days can make a rich cake, but they cannot make good bread. A few days after the remark, the *Fishkill Standard* asserts, the divine received fourteen loaves of bread, with the compliments of fourteen young ladies of his congregation.

During the state of siege at Madrid the Captain General of Police directed that no shooting of guns or pistols should take place in the neighborhood of the metropolitan theatre, the performance, he said, "let the actor step in front of the stage, and in order to satisfy the audience, he may shout 'Bang! bang!' or 'Boom! boom!'"

Scandinavian Character.

Gustavus Adolphus and Charles XII are two types of Swedish character. Every Swede has either a Lutzen or a Bender. But even as an adventurer the Swede always knows how to keep up appearances. He may sink below morality, but he never sinks below decency. His shrewdness may have vulgar purposes, but his tricks do not show it. He never abandons himself. Without dignity, or at least the show of dignity, he cannot live. Thence is in the Swedish character a lofty aspiration; connected with a talent for brilliant display; a longing for the sublime in its exalted or in its fearful form; an audacious, adventurous spirit; and he who knows their language, their literature, and their history, will always imagine the Swedes marching into the world in glowing uniforms of yellow and blue, with glittering bayonets and thrilling chants. They are a nation of soldiers. They are the soldiers of the North. While the Swede seems born to own a million and spend two, the Norwegian is born to earn two cents and save one. The steady, prudent, responsible Norwegians! Although Norway is not the laud in the world best fitted for agriculture, and, although it has other resources, as, for instance, fish, iron and timber, which contribute largely to the maintenance of its inhabitants, get agriculture is the main business of the Norwegian people, and few nations, if any, have the agricultural stamp so distinctly and so nobly impressed upon their character.

The Norwegian is a prudent man. He can calculate and wait for the opportunity. The statistics of births and deaths in Norway give a striking instance of the prudence of the people, when compared, for instance, with those from Hungary. A traveler in Norway cannot help noticing that he meets so many old folks and so few children; while in Hungary he would not be at all astonished if told that every man was doomed there to die when he reached his thirtieth year, generally leaving thirty children behind him. But in Norway every child, few though they are, grows up to manhood and womanhood; while in Hungary, which swarms with children, most of them are dying when they begin to live. The Norwegian farmer asks his farm whether it can support a family or not, and he waits for seven years in pious abstinence till his position allows him to marry. In no country I know of is so little done for the convenience and enjoyment of the present generation, and so much for the comfort and development of generations to come.—*Clemens Peteren, in the Galaxy for May.*