

# THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

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## The Destruction of Lisbon.

### Horrors of the Earthquake.

The morning of November 1, 1775, dawned serene, but the heavens were heavy. Since midnight the thermometer had risen one degree, and stood, at 9 o'clock, at fourteen degrees above freezing, Readmur. As it was the feast of All Saints, the churches were thronged from an early hour, and all their altars brilliantly illuminated with thousands of tapers and decorated with garlands of various tinted muslins and thin silks. At 9:45 o'clock the first shock was felt. It was so slight that many persons attributed it to the passage of heavy wagons in the street, and even to mere fancy. Three minutes afterward a second shock occurred, so violent that it seemed as if the heavens and earth were passing away.

The agitation lasted fully ten minutes, and ere it diminished the greater portion of the city was in ruins. The dust raised obscured the sun; an Egyptian darkness prevailed, and to add to the universal horror, the fearful screams of the living, and the groans of the dying rose through the air. In twenty minutes all became calm again, and people began to look around them and consider the best means of escape. Some were for going to the hills, but were soon discouraged from so doing by the rumors that those who had already gone thither were suffocating from the effects of the dense fog of dust which still rose from the falling buildings. They then rushed towards the quays which line a part of the Tagus, but only to learn the horrible news that these had sunk into the earth with all the people and edifices upon them. Those who thought to put out to sea were told to look at the river, and lo! in its center they beheld a whirlpool which was sucking in all the vessels and boats in its vicinity, not a fragment of any of them being ever seen again. The royal palace had been entirely swallowed up, and over its site is now the vast square of the Pazo, or Black Horse, one of the largest public places in Europe. The great library of the Holy Ghost was in flames, and its priceless Moorish and Hebrew manuscripts were fast becoming ashes. The opera house had fallen in, the Aqueduct was no more, and the great church of San Domingo was but a heap of stones, beneath which lay crushed to atoms the entire congregation.

The Irish Church of St. Paul was the death-place of one thousand persons, and the palace of Demposta, where Catharine of Braganza, widow of Charles II., lived and died, had fallen over from the heights on which it was built, and utterly destroyed the poor but populous part of the town which lay beneath it. In a word, where but an hour since was Lisbon was now nothing but desolation! As to the people, who can describe their condition? At least seventy thousand persons had perished, and the majority of the survivors were cruelly wounded, and in agony of mind and body. Some went mad with fright, others lost forever the power of speech, sinners went about confessing their secret crimes, and fanatics, believing the last day had come, cried out to the horror-stricken multitude to "repent, for Christ was coming to judge the quick and the dead."

As the day waxed on, the wretched Lisbonese grew calmer, and it was universally declared that the safest places, now that the dust was diminishing, were the heights overlooking the city, and thither the majority fled. Here they found their court assembled, for the royal family was unfortunately at Belem, where, strange to say, the earthquake was scarcely felt at all, and had hastened at once to the hills. The cardinal patriarch was here also, and so was Pombal; and these two men, with surprising presence of mind, by their admirable courage, were enabled before night to inspire some feeling of order among the excited throng. The King and Queen behaved nobly, and the young Duke of La-rions deserves to be immortalized for his splendid conduct. He organized a band of noblemen who went about aiding the wounded, rescuing the children, and even burying the dead.

It was a strange and awful sight to see this multitude gathered together on the summit of the hills which once overlooked their magnificent capital, and which now looked down upon a mere mass of smoldering ruins. As the day declined and night came on, the cardinal issued a proclamation ordering all to kneel in prayer and entreat the mercy of God upon them; and then rose on the air the wailing tones of that saddest of psalms, the Miserere. When the shades of night had fully fallen a frightful discovery was made—the city was in flames in a hundred places. The conflagration was greatly increased by the strong wind blowing from the sea.

There was no hope of saving anything, and it was but too well known that thousands of human beings who had taken refuge in the cellars and crypts were being roasted alive. If the anxiety of the escaped was dreadful to witness, the scenes within the city itself were even more terrible. Robbers, escaped jail-birds, low sailors, and degraded negroes formed bands and went

about amid the ruins, pillaging the wounded of their trinkets, and even murdering those who ventured to oppose their ghastly deeds. The lewd inhabitants of the brothel broke from the rigid restraint in which they were confined by law, and joined the bandits. They plundered such of the wine stores as were left intact, and maddened with drink, and probably with terror, cast off their garments and went whooping their blasphemous songs through the desolate streets, if such they could now be called, while the lurid light from the innumerable fires cast a blood-colored glow on their naked and contorted bodies. They got into the churches, robbed the sacred images, threw the holy vestments over their shoulders, and made the ruined vaults re-echo the shouts of their beastly revelry.

"It seems," said Fray Bernardo de Carmo, "as if pandemonium had vomited forth its demons, and that the powers of darkness had indeed prevailed." From the cellars of the houses rose the piercing cries of those who were perishing from their neglected wounds, or suffocating from the effects of the foul atmosphere. Here a mother wept over the bodies of all her children; there a group of timid nuns stood around their abbess and knew not what way to turn; now a fanatic rushed along howling dismal prophecies; now a long file of white-clad Cistercians passed by reciting mournful prayers; and then again fell upon the ear the horrid maniacal laughter of the gang of lewd women and brutal men at their dreadful revelry. An aged nobleman, in full court garments, was seen searching among the ruins of her palace for her jewels, and a famous Phryne of the day, Theresa Brandino, suddenly converted, did such noble deeds of charity that her name deserves to be written in letters of gold.

For fifteen days was the city infested with robbers, until Carvalho, afterward the celebrated minister Pombal, set an example of courage and energy. He descended into Lisbon, and remained days and nights together in his carriage or on horseback, directing affairs or assisting in clearing away the ruins. He planted soldiers all over the city, and whoever could not give a clear account of the property found in his possession was hung then and there, and 357 persons thus perished.

### To Find a Drowned Person.

It is said that quicksilver is an infallible means of discovering a body, no matter how deep the water in which it lies. As an instance I will describe a case that once came under my own observation. A gay party of ladies and gentlemen had been rowing on one of the New England lakes, when by accident the boat was overturned, and all hands fell into the water. One of the party, who was an excellent swimmer, was the means of rescuing two of the others, conveying them safely to the distant shore; but in returning to help another, who was still supporting herself upon the bottom of the boat, the swimmer became exhausted, and sank himself to rise no more alive. It was a sad occurrence indeed; and the gay summer guests who had seen the party embark on that bright morning were changed into a band of mourners. Efforts for the recovery of the bodies were immediately begun, and persons were grappling in all directions without success. The water was very deep, and after a day or two of unsuccessful experiment the hope of recovery was about to be abandoned, when some one thought of the quicksilver. A loaf of bread was procured, and some four ounces of quicksilver having been buried in the middle of it, it was thrown into the water from a boat containing the grappling party. The loaf at once floated away, the boat following it, and after a while it began to whirl around in a circle, and finally sank to the bottom. This was the signal for the irons to be thrown out, and after a few efforts they were successful in hooking the clothing of one of the drowned persons—the gentleman of whom we spoke. In his pockets were found some coins, keys, etc., which had doubtless attracted the quicksilver. A second loaf charged in like manner led to the discovery of the other body, that of the lady, whose watch and jewelry attracted it in the same way. This simple method it may be of use to remember, as accidents of this kind are apt to be more frequent at this season of the year.

### A Cheese Show.

Will. Carleton, the author of "Farm Ballads," lectured at Hudson, Ohio. As the lecturer was to speak upon domestic themes it was thought best by the committee, out of compliment to the subject and the leading industry of the place, to make a splendid display of their leading domestic product. Accordingly, as there were no chairs in the hall, it was seated with a thousand large-sized cheese boxes, tastefully arranged in quadruple rows; the platform was garnished in like manner, and to cap the climax of domestic appropriateness, a pyramid of solid old cheese was improvised for a table, and a seat for the speaker and officers of the evening; also for the band. This arrangement gave a peculiar pungency to the atmosphere in that part of the hall where he spoke.

### How Sunstrokes Occur.

A business man rushes from his counting-room and devours a half masticated dinner. This he washes down with a considerable quantity of ice water; and, having seized his hat, he rushes to his counting-house again. He seeks the shady side of the street, with the impression that he is safe from the sunstroke; but he forgets that his imperfectly masticated dinner, the excess of water, the excess of muscular exertion, is creating great excitement in his blood.

And, although he is in the shade, he might as well be in the sun at 98 degs, for the effects are the same—vertigo, dizziness, colors before the eyes, blue, red, green; nausea, stupor and death! In fact, he has received a pure sunstroke, undiluted.

This is not an exaggeration, and the above instance has been given merely to illustrate the disease more fully.

Those who have never seen a sunstroke could not, at first, distinguish much difference between it and apoplexy. Dissection, however, reveals a dissimilarity, and hence different treatments have necessarily been adopted.

Thus, sunstrokes are treated under the impression that there is an excess of blood on the brain, and this blood must be, of course, removed. We employ the following means:

Elevate the head, remove the clothing, expose to the cool air, and if he has ceased breathing or is unconscious, induce artificial respiration. Cold water should be among the first remedies. Apply this frequently and continually to the head and heart, and place the feet in hot mustard water. This will induce the blood from the head; while it is very beneficial to give stimulating drinks.

If water or ice is not at hand, a cooling mixture can be made by mixing alcohol, borax and camphor together, and applying it directly to the head or breast. When the symptoms abate he should be removed to a cool, cheerful room, where, having discharged all indigestible substances from the stomach, he has some hopes of becoming better.

Dyspeptic persons should never venture much in the sun, and it is exhibiting much temerity for persons of plethoric habit of body to be engaged much on the water. Rich living, heavy food, especially meat and indigestible food, generally, should be eschewed in warm weather.

The head should be confined in a light hat, lined with green; the hair should be kept cut, the body clean; the pores open; but, at the same time excessive perspiration should be prevented, as it induces exhaustion, and it generally happens that sunstrokes are received when the body is exhausted.

Flannel should be worn about the body, for the reason that it serves to repress the perspiration from coming to the surface too rapidly; but when it is required to prevent excessive perspiration the following bath may be used with advantage: About a quart or a pint of rock salt should be placed in about seven or eight gallons of water; a little alum should be added, and the body should then be bathed thoroughly.

### A Working Girls' Frolic.

Among the excursions given by the charitable of New York city was one to the poorer class of working girls. The *Sun*, describing the affair, says: About 800 enjoyed themselves. One old lady of sixty exclaimed: "It's the first time I've seen the ocean since I came over it from Dublin twenty-seven years ago." When this aged girl reached the beach the first thing she did was to take her seat on the ribbed sea sands, divest herself of her shoes and stockings and plunge in the surf. With her dress killed up to her knees she paddled about as if she intended to go over the water to the Emerald Isle.

In less than ten minutes girls and women were rollicking in the waves. Three strong men were stationed at the further end of three ropes to keep them from going out too far. They rollicked like children in the waves. The older ones were transformed into children and the children were metamorphosed into water witches. They rolled over and over in the surf, enjoyed the knock downs they received from the billows, chased each other up and down in the shallow water, and learned in an incredibly short time how to catch the in-rolling waves so as to be tossed up on the beach. It was with difficulty they could be got out of the sea to partake of a bountiful chowder lunch.

### The Johnstons.

A Southern paper speaks of Generals Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston as "the two illustrious kinsmen." This is a mistake, as the Richmond (Va.) *Enquirer* explains. It says that Gen. A. S. Johnston's father was a Connecticut man by birth, having been born in Litchfield, in that State. Gen. Sidney Johnston was born in Mason county, Ky. Gen. J. E. Johnston is a son of the old revolutionary patriot, Judge Peter Johnston, of Virginia, and was born in Prince Edward county, of that State. If there was any blood relationship between them it is not known.

### The Colorado Potato Beetle.

We have on several occasions drawn our readers' attention to this great enemy of the potato, but if the hundredth part of the reports we have of its doings in the West were only true, it would still be worth while to have weekly notes of caution on the part of potato-growers East to look out for him. We do not, for instance, believe that myriads of the beetles start for the nearest church-spire when they arrive in a new neighborhood, and smilingly watch the farmers for miles around dropping potato sets, and calculate to an hour how long it will take for them to drop just down on them as they push through the ground to devour the whole crop; but we do not believe it is, figuratively speaking, worth our potato-grower's while to look from church-steeple or any other intellectual high place that will aid him in seeing the destructive insect before he come too near. Every day we are learning some new facts about the destructive power of the thing. In the case of most insects they appear only at certain seasons. If we keep them away for a few weeks we are safe for the rest of the year. We have supposed from what we have read about the Colorado beetle that its ravages were confined to midsummer and autumn, but the Champaign, Illinois, correspondent of the *Country Gentleman* tells us that it appeared in that section this season as early as the 12th of May. It is by no means certain that the insect will be very troublesome this side of the Alleghanies. There are little peculiarities of climate which insects can detect, though we with our science cannot, which are often at work to restrain certain species within certain limits. It is not in nature that any one thing shall override the earth. We have in the East a small beetle with three lines instead of ten, as in the Colorado one, and much smaller every way, which feeds on the potato though not to any serious extent, which species we believe is not known in those regions where the great enemy abounds. It may be that each of these is to keep to its own boundaries. It is also true that though a few scattering cases have occurred of the insect having been caught in Pennsylvania, and no doubt there may have been hundreds not seen for every one taken, they have not as yet made themselves seriously felt. We have some hope from these considerations that we may escape, and our seaboard States become the potato-growers for the whole Union; but this is mere speculation, and we would not have our friends abate one jot of their interest in making themselves acquainted with the insect or in keeping a sharp lookout for him. —*Germanstown Telegraph.*

### Why Children Die.

The reason why children die is because they are not taken care of. From the day of their birth they are stuffed with food, choked with physic, suffocated in hot rooms, steamed in bed-clothes. So much for indoors. When permitted to breathe a breath of air once a week in summer, and once or twice during the coldest months, only the nose is permitted to peer into daylight. A little later, they are sent out with no clothes at all, as to the parts of the body which most need protection. Bare legs, bare arms, bare necks, girted middles, with an inverted umbrella to collect the air and chill the body. A stout, strong man goes out on a cold day with gloves and overcoats, woolen stockings and thick double-soled boots. The same day a child of three years old, an infant in flesh and blood, and bone and constitution, goes out with soles as thin as paper, cotton socks, legs uncovered to the knees, neck bare, an exposure which would disable the nurse, kill the mother in a fortnight, and make the father an invalid for weeks. And why? To harden them to a mode of dress which they are never expected to practice. To accustom them to exposure, which a dozen years later would be considered downright foolery. To rear children thus for the slaughter-pen, and then lay it to heaven, is too bad.

### Experimenting to Some Purpose.

A Detroit architect desired some fireproof brick the other day for the floor of a new barn, but when he learned the cost per thousand he determined to experiment a little with some common brick. He procured a few hundred and had them delivered, when they were placed in a large vat, such as the pavers use in which to heat their tar, and allowed to absorb the hot tar for four hours. In that length of time the bricks were as black as the tar itself, and soaked full of it, and when allowed to cool off it was found that their solidity had been greatly increased. A reporter of the *Free Press* struck one of the bricks eight or ten hard blows before he could even break a piece off, and to strike one with a hammer is like striking a rock. Subjected to the same tests as the regular fireproof brick, the tar-soaked brick came out finely. To determine their fireproof qualities, a number of the brick were passed into the blazing furnace, and after a severe test they came out without a flaw or a crack; in fact, they were rendered stronger and tougher for the baking, and it was almost impossible to break one.

### The Boy-Murderer.

#### Statement of Jesse Pomeroy's Mother—A Popular Theory Exploded.

The mother of Jesse Pomeroy, the boy-murderer, has made a statement to a reporter of the Boston *Globe* concerning the mania of the boy, and upsetting the theory of his being marked, which has been widely published. She said: "Before going into the butcher business my husband worked in the navy-yard at Charlestown, where he was employed for a period of ten years. He was at work there four years before Jesse was born, and remained there until he was nearly six years of age. It was after this he went into the butcher business. He did not kill cattle, but carried the carcasses about the market. I never saw an animal of any kind slaughtered. I do not believe in the theory of Jesse's being marked. The statement regarding the visit of the three physicians is false. The only gentleman of science who questioned me on the subject of Jesse was a phrenologist, and he did not seem to understand Jesse's mania at all. I have frequently received letters from persons in all parts of the country, principally in the West, asking for some of Jesse's hair, and other absurd requests, that I have not paid any attention to. The story of Jesse sticking knives into raw flesh is also false. I think his vaccination had more effect on him than anything else. He was vaccinated when he was four weeks old, and shortly after his face broke out, and had the appearance of raw flesh, and some fluid issued from the wounds that burned my arm when it dropped on it, from which fact I judged the fluid was poison. This lasted until he was six months old, when his whole body was covered with large abscesses, one of which was over his eye, and occasioned the cast or fallen appearance that he wears at present. At the time it was thought he would die, but he recovered slowly, and Dr. Lane, who attended him, stated that all the sickness was occasioned by vaccination."

Mr. Cotton, Jesse's counsel, had a long interview with him, and says that the boy looked somewhat paler than usual, but otherwise was not much changed. He told the same story in relation to the murder of Katie Curran as that given at the inquest by Chief Savage. On being asked why he did the deed, he said: "I do not know; I couldn't help it; it is here," accompanying the word "here" with a gesture indicating it was in his head. He wished his parents had sent him to sea, and said that if he was let out he would go to sea and never come back. He was also of the opinion that when he grew to be a man he could resist the temptation to do such bloody deeds, but at present the temptation was too strong for him. He was perfectly cool during the interview, but not so collected as he has been hitherto, and stated in answer to a question that he had confessed because he was uneasy about the murders.

### The Growing Crops.

Omitting fractions, the States named below produced the annexed bushels of corn in 1872:

Alabama	16,000,000
Arkansas	13,000,000
Nebraska	2,000,000
New Hampshire	1,250,000
Vermont	1,500,000
California	1,300,000
Iowa	141,750,000
Illinois	143,750,000
Minnesota	6,250,000
Indiana	81,200,000
West Virginia	8,200,000
Kentucky	65,000,000
South Carolina	7,600,000
Pennsylvania	35,000,000
Maryland	11,000,000
Texas	20,000,000
Michigan	14,000,000
Louisiana	7,500,000
Maine	1,000,000
New York	16,500,000
New Jersey	8,000,000
Missouri	66,000,000
Mississippi	15,000,000
Tennessee	41,000,000
North Carolina	18,700,000
Kansas	47,000,000
Virginia	17,700,000
Wisconsin	16,250,000
Ohio	100,800,000

The ground now planted exceeds the area planted in 1872 by one-tenth.

### A Gypsy Swindling Dodge.

Quite a sensation has been caused at Jonesville, Saratoga county, by the discovery of a new swindling dodge. A band of gypsies have encamped there, and one of the number owns or did own a smart trick pony. The *modus operandi* was to trade the animal with some farmer, getting generally from \$15 to \$20 to boot. The gypsy whippersome French words in the pony's ears, whereupon the animal prances and acts in such an ungovernable manner that the victimized farmer is glad to pay \$15 to get his own horse back. The gypsy at last found a man he could not victimize, and one who drove off with the pony notwithstanding all the efforts of his master to keep him.

It is the fashion now at Newport to substitute nice little kittens for lap dogs when the ladies take their drives. An observing friend of the *Providence Journal* writes the fact that the kitten in all cases "was supported by both hands of its mistress, and faced the horses, surveying the landscape perhaps, with a contented air.

### The Boy with the White Eye.

Medical jurisprudence, says the *New York Times*, will be sorely tried by the details of the murders in which the boy Pomeroy is supposed to have been engaged in Boston. The lad, now fourteen years old, was convicted of maiming some of his comrades in a shocking manner. He was sent to the State Reform School, and was eventually pardoned out. Next, one of his little playmates named Mellen disappeared, and his body was found in a marsh mutilated in the manner formally adopted by young Pomeroy. The circumstances of the case all pointed to the Pomeroy boy as the probable murderer; but he was arrested, but has not yet been put on trial. About the same time—last March—Katie Curran, a child ten years old, mysteriously disappeared. All search was unavailing; but last month her mangled remains were found concealed in a cellar of a house occupied by the Pomeroy family at the time of her disappearance. The atrocious mangling of the body corresponded with the wounds inflicted upon the previous victims of young Pomeroy. The chain of circumstantial evidence leads so directly to the lad, it is not surprising that public opinion in Boston unanimously convicted him without trial. The subsequent confession of the boy places the matter beyond dispute. His own account of the murder is a marvel of cold diabolism. The strange side of the whole tragedy is that this young monomaniac was ever allowed to go at large after he had shown his horrible type of insanity by maiming six or seven boys, at different times. It is clear that he is a creature of diseased mind.

### What Ram Does.

While a temperance lecturer was speaking in the West, the husband of the lady president of the society came staggering toward the stage. With shame, mortification, and deepest anguish depicted on her countenance, the wife sprang to intercept him, not knowing what he would do. He pushed by her and reached the rostrum. Just as he passed her, she slipped the protruding bottle from his pocket and placed it on the table at her side. In the meantime the drunken, half-insensible husband returned to the audience and sat down. All was still as death; rising to her feet and holding the bottle up to view, the half-frenzied wife exclaimed: "Here is the cause of my sorrow! Here are the tears—yea, the very life-blood of a drunkard's wife. Look at it rumblers; here is the poison dealt out by you to a once loved husband of my youth; but now [pointing to her husband] behold the remains—nothing but the remains—of what was once a noble and honored man. Love, truth, even manhood itself has fled. Now behold him! And here [pointing to the bottle] is the cause." She stopped for a moment, and nothing was heard but the sobs of the audience; then, turning her pale, anguish-stricken face towards heaven, she said: "How long, O Lord, shall intemperance reign, blighting our dearest earthly hopes and draining our very life's blood?" then turning to the audience: "Can you wonder that I raise my voice against this terrible evil? Sisters, will you help me?" Cries of "Yes, yes!" came from every lady in the house. She sat down pale and exhausted.

### Built of Sea-Shells.

I've just heard of a very wonderful thing. The houses and churches and palaces of the big and beautiful city of Paris are almost all made of sea-shells!

This is how it happened: Some hundreds of thousands of years ago, the waters of the ocean rolled over the spot where Paris now stands. Under the ocean waves lived and died millions and millions and millions of tiny sea-shell animals. By-and-by, after a great, great many years, the ocean waters no longer rolled over this spot, and the very, very big piles—I might say, indeed, the mountains—of dead shells were left for the sun to shine on, the winds to blow on, and the rains to fall on for many centuries more, till the shells had hardened into rocks. Then, after hundreds and hundreds of years more, men came and began to build houses. They dug in the earth, and found the sea-shell stone, with which they built the beautiful houses and churches and palaces for which Paris is so famous. And yet the poor little sea-shells that lived and died so long ago never get the least bit of credit for all that they did for the fine city. Perhaps, though, they don't care. At any rate, we will remember them, and that will be something.

While we are talking about this matter, it may be well to remember that a great many of the rocks in different parts of the world were made of sea-shells, and freshwater shells, in just about the same way that the stone of Paris came to be ready for the builders.

Now is the time when the gentle rhubarb is in bloom and pies and sauce from it are in order. The housewife's recipe is to "put in twice as much sugar as there is rhubarb. Then put in as much again and shut your eyes, and shovel in as much more as your conscience will let you."