

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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Rest at Last.

No more beneath life's daily cross
To bend with faltering steps and slow;
No more in all the heart desires
The bitterness of loss to know;
No more to force a careless mirth
While struggling with the tear-repressed;
No more to toil with fainting strength,
But softly, calmly, laid to rest!

Wounded no more by cruel tongues,
No more perplexed by honest doubt;
No more disheartened by defeat
Where life's best efforts were poured out;
No more through endless seeming nights,
Waking and prayerless to repine!
Outraged now! A deep repose,
Perfect as I long desired, is mine!

THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

James Rodney was so handsome! He had fair, fresh complexion, straight features, flaxen hair, and haughty expression. He was the young and prosperous proprietor of a country hotel, where Miss Emily Wilbur went to recruit her health.

Emily was a spoiled child, a petted beauty, an heiress, a confirmed coquette, and twenty years old, though her slight figure, and small, childish features, made her look little more than sixteen. Emily's principal cause of suffering arose from her dark blue eyes, which threatened serious results to the vision. Removed from the fashionable life she had led from childhood, no acquaintances in the place, no one to admire her, no one to flirt with; not allowed to read, write, sew, or use her eyes in any way; no one to walk with save the ancient aunt, who was guide, philosopher, friend, and duenna, poor little Emily found time hanging heavily on her hands.

"She wearied of the rolling hours," as Tennyson hath it; or, as she less elegantly expressed it, she was "regularly bored to death." She couldn't sing and play all day long, nor walk from morning till night; and she couldn't endure Aunt Charlotte's eulogistic efforts to entertain her.

One day they were sitting on the balcony, the aunt poring over a dreary book, little Emily yawning wearily in response, when all of a sudden a trim equipage dashed up to the door, and James Rodney sprang to the ground. He looked up as Emily looked down, took off his hat, and bowed gracefully but coldly. Miss Wilbur did the same, disdainfully. She was haughty and supercilious to him, because, mentally as well as actually, she looked down upon him.

"And yet why should I?" she inquired, aloud, in reply to her own train of thought.

"Why should you what, dear?" said the mild aunt.

Emily blushed, and bit her lip, in confusion at her inadvertence.

"Nothing, auntie," she laughed, in reply; "I was only thinking."

"Aloud! That's a very bad sign. I'm afraid you're much worse, child. Hadn't you better take that last new medicine a little oftener?"

"He is certainly very handsome," continued Emily, musing.

"Who? Doctor Wellache? I can't say I agree with you, dear, unless it was a long time ago—certainly years before he took to wearing that coffee-colored wig."

"Coffee-colored wig!" echoed Emily, and laughed out long and merrily.

Mr. Rodney, who had been busying himself about the horses all this time, caught the silver-toned sound, and looked up again, frowning deeply, saying to himself, "She is laughing at me—at my country ways, no doubt. Still, she might be more polite than to laugh before my very face. How impertinent these fine young ladies from town are! Thank heaven, I'm heart-whole; but if ever I should marry, it shall be some unaffected country lass, with none of your town airs and graces."

And, so thinking, Mr. Rodney disappeared under the balcony, and was soon lost in his multifarious duties of landlord. Still, he had time occasionally to think of Miss Wilbur; and, whenever he did so, he got into a very bad humor, and slapped down whatever he happened to have in his hand with some muttered derogatory remark on that young lady, who never before had looked on mortal man but to charm his eyes and enslave his heart.

After his exit, Miss Emily sat on the balcony, cogitating thus:

"He is very handsome! It would help to pass the time. He's just as much of a gentleman in his manners as many a fashionable grandee. Besides, I can cut him whenever I choose, just as that gentleman did when somebody claimed acquaintance with him on the score of having met him at Bath. 'Ah, true!' replied the gentleman; 'and I should be very happy to meet you again—at Bath!' I can do the same to Mr. James Rodney, and I'd like to serve him out for talking no more notice of me than if I were not—"

A beauty, she meant; for flattered

little Emily was accustomed to have people gaze after her in the street, and start with pleasant surprise when they first saw her. And to have been weeks in the same house with a young and handsome man without his falling hopelessly in love with her, nor even to have tacitly expressed his acknowledgment of her charms by admiring glances, cut her to the quick. She worked herself into a passion.

"The man's a fool!—a boor!—a country clown, for all he looks so distinguished! I do believe he hasn't the sense to know when he 'gazes on beauty's brow.' He don't know enough to look upon a pretty woman when he sees her, and I have a great mind to—"

Well, whatever were the result of those cogitations, to tell the plain, unvarnished truth about Miss Wilbur, she resolutely threw herself in his way, and persistently made herself agreeable to him. She thought him very intelligent "for a country landlord," and superbly handsome. But why was it he seemed to stand proof against her various fascinations when so many of his betters had succumbed? She was determined that he should give up his heart, and then she would have her revenge. Revenge for what? Why, that he had not fallen, pierced by the arrows of the merciless little Cupid who perched himself on pretty Emily's ivory shoulder, and launched his cruel arrows in every direction.

James Rodney was one of those to whom the old proverb of "still waters running deep" would well apply. He had far greater perceptive faculties and strength of character than Miss Wilbur dreamed of. She readily mistook his silence for impenetrable stupidity, whereas he had fathomed her transparent little plots to come across him, and had as resolutely made up his mind to apparently resist her blandishments as she had that he should feel her power.

At the same time, he had fallen in love with her almost as first sight, and the struggle was hard to keep to himself under the fire of her bright and laughing eyes. He met her with unappreciative coldness, her playful badinage with indifference, her gayety with silence, and her soft, appealing glances with unanswering stolidity.

These were tactics little Emily had never before encountered, and they wrought her up to fever pitch. Vexed, irritated, annoyed, her vanity wounded, she thought of little else than how to circumvent him. She dreamed of his straight nose by night, and of his flaxen hair by day, and thought with delight of his delicate, aristocratic mustache; then questioned herself as to the possibility of enduring love in a country hotel, away from town and her grand friends, who would, no doubt, cut her as she had originally intended to cut James Rodney. So greatly had her ideas changed since she first began to swing round the magic circle of flirtation, that she fired up at the thought of any one "looking down" on him. Love is an edged tool, and not seldom cuts both ways; and by little Emily's imaginings it will be seen that she had been playing with fire and had signed her heart.

The truth is, she was now as infatuated as James Rodney himself, only our town belle had not the self-restraint of our country landlord, nor his cool, self-denying resolution.

By the time the autumn had come "her soft eyes, her low replies," unconsciously to herself had revealed to him the state of her feelings; still, remembering her original disdain, he obstinately refused to see her sufferings, or to confess himself in love with the metropolitan heiress. Moreover, it amused him to reverse the usual order of things, and to compel her to do the wooing. She was almost crazed with doubt by this time.

As the guests began to leave, Rodney had more leisure, which he graciously devoted to Miss Wilbur, which she more graciously accepted, and the aunt most graciously permitted, reasoning, as her niece had done—that it did not matter who they went about with in a country village, where no one knew them. Besides, they could drop him whenever they liked, and it would be so dull without him—he was so pleasant, so kind—what could they do without his thoughtful attentions? Above all, he never presumed on the acquaintance; so what harm could come of it?

None did, until one day they went fishing. Aunt Charlotte had a headache and could not go, for which she never forgave herself for years after. She did not think that a climax must come to everything, and it would have come some other time to our lovers when she was absent.

Emily had, perhaps, never heard fishing described as "a bait at one end of the rod, and a fool at the other." Sitting there, on the green banks of the river-side, listening to the murmuring of the stream with the waving boughs of the autumnal trees overhead, and that

dear, pensive Rodney beside her, all her "fancies turned to thoughts of love."

At last, the enamored couple, each fighting against the heart, got on that most dangerous subject, love! Rodney, out of sheer fun and obstinate pursuance of his plan, in contradiction of and in direct opposition to hers, determined to make her feel herself hopelessly entangled in the net she had spread for him. He declared—deceitful pale-face!—that he had never been in love.

"Never?" reiterated Emily, looking down.

"Never!" emphatically repeated Rodney, enjoying her disappointment.

"You have!" rejoined little Emily, suddenly determining to carry the war right into the enemy's country.

"I have not."

"No contradictions or untruths. You not only have been in love, but are now."

"I'm not."

"You are!"

"With whom?"

"With me!"

This was a flash of triumph, as if she had surprised his secret, and nothing was left for the vanquished foe but to throw down his arms and beg forgiveness of the victor. Instead of which, James Rodney looked steadfastly into her flushing face with a cold, sarcastic smile, and said, deliberately, "I have allowed you to think so, Miss Wilbur, but it is time to undeceive you. You thought to break a country heart for pasture ere you went to town. But you failed completely, and the 'country heart' not only openly rebukes you for your unhallowed spirit of coquetry, but turns the laugh on you."

Little Emily rose up, flaming with mortification and indignation. Exposed—found out—trapped—played with—to be laughed at—a town belle by a country gawk! And she had loved the fellow, too, that was the worst of it! She arose, trembling with anger, and burning with the ignominy of defeat.

Rodney sat still, quietly sneering outwardly, but inwardly rejoicing that he thus had power to move the haughty beauty. At last she found voice enough to say, "Laugh at me! Yes! Recall your words, or I'll throw myself into the river before your mocking face!"

"Oh, no you won't," answered Rodney, with a light laugh. "It's safe enough to threaten when you know I'm near enough to pull you out. I'd have to do that much for common politeness, but mind you, not for love's sake. You're afraid to throw yourself in—afraid of drowning?"

"Am I?"

"Yes, I think so—indeed I feel certain that you are."

"I'm not afraid."

"You are."

"You'll see, monster!"

With that, poor jaded little Emily, half distracted, suddenly ran to the bridge, a few steps distant. As she reached the middle of it, she cast a beseeching look at Rodney, as if imploring him to relent, and take back his cruel words before it was too late. He glanced up at her with a smile of doubt, and coolly threw his line far out into the stream. Maddened by his indifference, Emily leaped forward over the bridge, and fell into the river exactly where his fish-hook was. It got entangled in her dress, and dragged the rod out of his hand. Rodney, with one bound, plunged into the river, and soon brought to shore the dripping girl, rod, and line, and hook, and all. His next manly movement was to take her in his arms, kiss her, and wildly implore her forgiveness, while he carried her back to the hotel, where her aunt screamed madly that "her darling niece was dead!" and to "bring that last new medicine!"

Emily lingered a long time on a sick bed; but never was there such a heart-broken, penitent lover as poor Rodney. At last he made his peace, for they had both suffered too much of a shock and a fright to tease each other any more, or to trifle with their hearts.

When the invalid grew convalescent, Rodney obtained her father's consent to their marriage by intimating that, though it would be unpleasant, it was still possible to do without his benediction. Years after, the "obdurate father" lost his wealth, and our country landlord became one of the greatest hotel proprietors in England; then, and not before, did he become reconciled to little Emily's choice.

"Better late than never," tritely remarked Rodney, who also occasionally facetiously remarks that it does not fall to the lot of every man to catch a wife when he goes fishing.

His Gold.—A Dubuque man went abroad—first burying his surplus wealth, six thousand dollars in gold, in a field. On his return, the place having been made a hog pasture, he was unable to find, by reason of much rooting, the place of burial. Finally the hogs themselves found the treasure, and rooted it over to its overjoyed owner.

All About Mules.

Nellie, a mule owned by Lord Gifford in England, a few weeks ago fell in cantering across the field and broke her neck. This fact would not be worthy of comment had not the hybrid had a history. Nellie was a hunting mule. "Standing over fifteen hands, gentle, untiring, and with a good mouth—a rarity in a mule—there were few runs in which she was out she did not see the end of; no fences too cramp or big for her." It is seldom that a mule has speed enough to keep up with the hounds, therefore Nellie was an exception among hybrids. We are told, says *Turf, Field and Farm*, that she was a great favorite in the parish, and that as no fence could keep her, she was allowed to crop where she pleased. She had reached an advanced age when she met her death by accident. To a Southern man there is nothing remarkable in the performances of Lord Gifford's mule. When a mule takes it into his head to roam at will about the country, no ordinary fence will hold him, and he clears with ease inclosures which would stop the best hurdle horse that ever ran for a purse. Hence, when on the Southern plantations the mules are turned out to graze, the most enterprising of the drove are hobbled or yoked, to prevent them from leading the others into mischief. Saddle mules are not uncommon in the Southwest, and occasionally command very high prices. We remember one about fifteen hands high, a mare mule, belonging to a wealthy Red river planter in Louisiana, who could pace her ten miles an hour with ease, and keep it up half a day, which was thought cheap at twelve hundred dollars. For hunting in mountainous districts no horse that was foaled can keep up with a good mule, and we remember one in Rappahannock county, in Virginia, which was generally in the lead of a field of very bold riders.

The Vegetable Bitters Man.

Josh Billings has this to say of the vegetable bitters man:

"Whenever a man gets broke and can't think or nothin' to raze the wind with, and his unkle won't hav him boardin' at his house any longer, and his boots wants tappin' the wust way, and he takes sum rubare root, a fu katnip blossoms and sum black cherry tree bark, and sokes them fourteen hours in cheap whisky and goes headlong into the life-renewatin' tonik bizness.

He plasters every fence, saw-mill log, stum wall and cow's back from Portland, Me., to San Francisco, with red-yellow plakards, offerin' to heal the halt, make the blind talk and deaf see, and renew the livers of all kreashun for one dollar and a quarter a bottle.

He takes rooms at some first-class hotel, drives four-in-hand and never is seen only on the jump.

He is az full of bizness as the superintendent of a Sunday-school on a piknik day; and call on him when you will to kollekt yure little bill on eight dollars, he haz just left for Baltimore, or won't be home from Nu Orleans until week after next.

These men are not all over them unskrupulus; sum of our compounds are too simple to do any hurt or good; and the wurst, perhaps, that can be said of them is, that they knowingly practiss upon the kredulity of human natur.

The vegetable bitters man is a cunning critter, full of pomposity, frequently accumulates a fortune, but he never can entirely outlive a certain kind of rubarb and katnip smell that scents his reputation.

The Next House.

The *World* remarks that the Forty-fourth Congress will usher in a new era in the career of the republic. Though a Republican Senate and a Republican executive will exist for two years afterwards, the party, it says, will be rendered powerless for further partisan action by the presence of a Democratic House of Representatives. The House will consist of 292 members. Of these 275 have already been elected, and 17 remain to be elected during the year.

Of those already elected 163 are Democrats, 100 Republicans, 6 Independents, and there is one vacancy caused by the death of Mr. Head, of Tennessee, Democrat. The States yet to choose Representatives are: New Hampshire (3), in March; Connecticut (4), in April; California (4), in September; and Mississippi (6), in November. Conceding the Republicans five Representatives from Mississippi and two from the other States, the members to be elected this year will be, the editor says, Democrats, 10; Republicans, 7. The anti-Administration majority in the next House of Representatives, therefore, will be not less than 78, and it may be 80.

He that abounds in excuses for unwarranted unkindness received, robs malice of its keen edge.

COL. LONG'S BATTLE.

With Two Men He Fights Over 400 and Wins the Day.

The story of Lieutenant-Colonel Long, an American in the Egyptian service, and the fight which won for him an eagle, is thus told: Lieutenant-Colonel Long begins his report to General Gordon of the affair at M'rooli, dated at Foweira, September 3, 1874, by saying that on the morning of the 17th of August he accomplished the navigation of the Nile from Uronogani to Uganda (a navigation made for the first time), and that he has "discovered an immense basin—a lake—the true source of the Nile (?), which delayed him and also prolonged his route." I will give you the substance of his report of "Rafaïre a M'rooli."

At the debouching of this hitherto untraveled river, and near the mouth of the river Kafon, and near M'rooli, he expected to be met by the M'tongolis (sheiks), who were ordered by King M'tesa to bring him supplies. His provisions were nearly exhausted, being reduced to three kilograms of farina and three kilograms of beans. One of the M'tongolis had deserted him at the beginning of the journey. Toward noon he searched the left bank, and fired his rifle two or three times, to warn of his approach the other M'tongoli, who, according to the agreement with M'tesa, ought to have met him there with supplies. Judge of his astonishment, then, when he saw push out from the tall grass that bordered the river a fleet of about thirty boats filled with Keba Begites to the number of 400. Shaking their lances, howling and yelling, and uttering frightful cries, they advanced upon him. There were in his party three combatants—himself and the two servants, named Said and Abdel; the two servants and the three children were, of course, non-combatants. The colonel had a Reilly rifle, No. 8—elephant—and the soldiers had Sniders. The two canoes were made fast together with strips of cloth, and then the pursued turned to continue their route, the strong following, pressing nearer and calling out:

"You can't escape; you die here." The colonel replied that it would be better for them if they took themselves off. At noon the chief of the savages tried to turn their right flank (if that is a naval expression), and to board the canoe. He had better minded the fire. A well-aimed shot from the Reilly No. 8 struck the M'tongoli chief in the breast, and he fell stone dead. The colonel then commanded a general fire from the whole artillery, and for an hour, he says, three rifles never did better work. At length the barbarians, with terrible loss, were beaten off, and quitting their barks they ran along the shore, attempting to follow the canoes by land. The whole country seemed to be up in arms; there was a tremendous beating of drums and blowing of horns, warning the assailed that they were not out of danger. The three men kept up a continued and well-directed fire upon the crowds clamoring along the banks, and the hot shot at last had the effect to scatter the natives, and at set of sun they were seen no more.

Thus ended this lively little battle, and without any injury to the little company, except a blow on the nose which the colonel received from a revolver in the inexperienced and nervous hand of a servant. Upon arriving at Foweira he learned from direct sources that the M'tongolis lost eighty-two killed, including two chiefs. We may well believe that Lieut. Col. Long praises the courage and obedience of Said and Abdel, and recommends their promotion to the grade of sergeant; and that the watchful Khedive has not delayed to promote the lieutenant-colonel and decorate him with an order.

A Narrow Escape.

In connection with Gen. Sheridan's present visit to New Orleans, the Galveston (Texas) *Mercury* recalls the following incident as occurring during the war: "The general had taken passage on the Haroine, Capt. Green, to inspect the lower forts, and night had set in before his task was completed. The little craft was quietly working her way through the muddy river, and the general, as was his habit, was sitting reading on the quarter deck, so absorbed that he did not pay much attention to a blank cannon shot fired across the bow of the boat ordering her to stop. Following it, however, came a reminder from a shotted gun, when one of the officers, rushing to the captain, asked him if he knew he was passing Fort St. Philip. Of course the captain didn't; but Sheridan, overhearing the conversation, and taking in at a glance the perilous situation, ordered him to bring the boat to. She was at once boarded by United States officers from the fort, who informed the general that if she had continued on her course they would have been compelled to sink her.

The Unfortunate Clerks.

The office of the Chief of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing at Washington, was earnestly and vigorously besieged by a number of the discharged female employees, the morning after the wholesale discharge of the clerks. They were importunate to a degree that was distressing to the messengers, who were obliged under their directions to refuse them admittance into the sanctum of the chief, notwithstanding the fact that many told stories of suffering that were really touching. One of them, a well preserved matron, told how needful her salary was to her and her children. The messenger said, "Madam I am sorry that I cannot listen to you, but I really must attend to the wants of the others who are here."

"Oh, sir," said she (turning to a representative of the *Star*, who was waiting to see the chief), "can't you do something for me. I am a woman; you are a man and can talk to that doorkeeper better than I can. Oh! if you knew my troubles; how my little ones suffered when I was out of this situation, and how I had to deprive them of little luxuries they so enjoyed when I was in, you would not refuse to try to get me in. Ask him, sir, for God's sake, to let me in. It is bread and life for me!"

Another one—a young woman—held her breath almost with anxiety when she asked the messenger to let her in; and when she, like most of the rest, was refused entrance, she took from her pocket a letter and asked the man to read it. He replied, with kindness, "My dear miss, I cannot do so; I haven't the time." Then the young lady read it aloud to the bystanders, and it conveyed a story of suffering and privation that shamed the hearts of our legislators. She had to support her mother and two orphan children of her sister. All save her were helpless, and with the \$50 per month she had received, and the hard work she had performed after the day's labor at the treasury, she had kept them comfortably. But how could she save much with the load she had upon her? She had but little left, and soon it would all be gone. Her soul was brave and willing, but there was no work upon which to feed its willingness and courage. She was soon broken in spirit, and craved pitifully the aid of all about her. She was soon afterwards made glad by the successful efforts of a Virginia Congressman who appeared with her card of restoration in his hand and she went on with a glad heart, and was followed with the sympathy of all who heard her story.

What Might Have Been.

"What might have been" is told in the following account of a thrilling occurrence on the line of the Marquette, Houghton and Ontonagon railroad, in the copper mining region, at the head of Lake Superior:

But the principal reason for my writing was to tell you what happened to Johnny — (He used to run on the Central, you remember). He was pushing one of our big snow plows over the road with a sixty-ton engine, such as we have to use here on account of heavy grades, and had just started down a very long and heavy grade near "Michigan." You know how they have to run. Well, John had just let her out for what she was worth, when, on turning a short curve, he saw about a quarter of a mile ahead, a four-horse team hitched to a sleigh that was caught in the track somehow. The men in charge seemingly made frantic efforts to get the sleigh loose, but at last gave it up, and to Johnny's surprise they all ran off so hard as they could go across the fields. Jack threw her over as soon as they came in sight, but the old thing was going too fast to allow brakes to hold her. Then he opened his whistle and "made her howl." At that the horses began to get restive and scared, and at last gave a plunging together that started the sleigh, just in time for the engine to graze it as it went by, the horses starting off on a run, but were caught by the men in charge. As soon as Johnny stopped, he went to find out if any hurt had been done, and you may guess how he felt when he learned that the sleigh was loaded with eight hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine just from the magazine at Michigan, enough to start a young railroad in the moon, if Jack had struck it.

Success.—An old lady in Lockport recently achieved eminence by carrying a quart of popped corn to a donation party, and eating two dozen fried oysters, a pound of crackers, three slices of fruit cake, half a mince pie, and some apples, after which she was threatened with "spasms," and in the effort to prevent it she sacrificed all the wine there was in the house. She attends donations regularly, and does a good deal for the church in that way.