

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

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Little Rag-Tag.
curly, bright head, and perched upon it
the flapping of a brown sun-bonnet;
old shoes, forever untied,
socks have holes, whose toes grin
wide.
If or come shade, come shine or come
rain.
Little Rag-tag it's over the same;
with an air of the most supreme content,
She paddles and plays till the day is spent.
Why people complain she never can see,
When God is as good as ever can be;
She talks to herself, and laughs and sings
About the world and its beautiful things;
But, though he is good to all of the rest,
She is very sure that he loves her the best!
How much better this world would wag,
If all had hearts like little Rag-tag!

THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

Fighting Against Fearful Odds—How the Day was Divided—The Results.

Mr. A. W. Kinglake's long-expected story of that ever-memorable fight at Inkerman, when in the thick mist of a November morning, 17,000 or 18,000 French and English troops beat back upward of 71,000 "Sons of the Czar," is at length published. The book, which contains 28 pages, deals only with the two battles of Inkerman, the first being that in which the Da Lacy Evans defeated with 7,000 men three times that number of Russians, on the 26th of October. No less than 440 pages does Mr. Kinglake devote to the one great day which we call Inkerman, and we cannot even pretend to follow in anything like adequate detail this story of that long day's struggle. The author divides the day into seven periods, the first being from 5:45 to 7:30, the second from 7:30 to 8:30, the third from 8:30 to 9:15, the fourth from 9:15 to 10, the fifth from 10 to 11, the sixth from 11 to 1, and the seventh from 1 to 3, by which time the Russians had secured their retreat, thanks to Gen. Canrobert's refusal to press the retiring English.

Mr. Kinglake saves us the trouble of summarizing the points of the fight by giving us himself a succinct description of the leading features of the battle.

The outlines of the fight, like those of the Inkerman itself, are indented and well marked. First period: Moving up from the west under Boimont, and from the east under Pauloff, the assaulting moved forward under a cover of darkness and mist, by no greater effort than that of driving in an oblique picket Gen. Soignaux was able to plant on Shell hill a powerful battery, supported by heavy masses of foot. From the commanding position thus rapidly scaled, and how covered by sixteen battalions, twenty companies, with a strength of fully 10,000 men, were thrown forward to attack Gen. Pannepather along his whole front, while a force, called the "under column," moved up unobstructed to the head of the Carenage ravine in order to turn his left flank. On his right the enemy triumphed. He drove from these of our guns, he drove from the well-served body of nearly 400 men, and meanwhile with the "under column" he successfully turned the position coming up by the well-way at last to within a stone's throw of Pannepather's tents. There, however, all changed, and the mist which had thus far protected the enemy began to favor the English, and the power of the many batteries of rightly wielding big numbers and from the few their sense of weakness. It resulted that with the aid of some batteries—3,900 of our infantry, under Pannepather and Buller, found means to defeat with great slaughter even to expunge from the battlefield the whole of the 15,000 men who had assailed their front, and more proved able to rout the "under column" at a moment when it was moving into the rear camp of the Second Division. The number of Russian officers who were slain was appalling, great Gen. Soimontoff himself fell mortally wounded.

Second period: Gen. Dannenberg, now coming up, assumed the command, and began to act with fresh troops, attacking not only the front of the Russian position, but also the batteries supported by the hand-bag battalions, he signalled his adversaries to fight in two separate combats, and the English, believing, though wrongly, that he demanded work must be part of the English defenses, fastened on it with so eager a hold that Lord Raglan, in the midst of close fighting, could not even attempt to withdraw them. The mist was continued to work its baneful effects, and the combatant part of the English force, now augmented by the arrival of fresh troops, divided itself into unconnected assemblages, with a dangerous gap between them. In one of the two simultaneous fights which were provoked—that is the one in front of Home ridge—Gen. Pannepather, with very scant means, proved able to hurl back

every onset; while in the fight for the sand-bag battery, after long and obstinate struggles, our people drove down the whole multitude which had swarmed on the ledge of the Kitspur; but then, haplessly, they went on to do more, achieving what I have called a false victory over the Russian army. Excepting only a few scores of men, who were difficultly restrained from pursuit, like all of them poured down the slopes, attacked, and charging the enemy, became dispersed in the open ground, and in this way annihilated for a time their power of rendering fresh services. The Russian troops, it was suddenly found, had moved up unopposed through the gap, and the few scores of English still remaining on the heights then seemed to be entirely cut off, yet proved able to fight their way home. For some time the two French battalions which had come up would take no part in the fight, but one of them—the Sixth of the Line—moved forward at length with good will against the flank of the Russian force, then advancing along the fore ridge. The enemy, thus threatened, fell back, and the French battalion victoriously made good its advance to ground on the west of the Kitspur. Thus the efforts the enemy made in the course of this second period resulted after all in discomfiture; but, by the continued necessity for guarding our left, by Pannepather's still ardent propensity to fight out in front of the heights, and now finally by the losses and the dispersals sustained on the Kitspur, the number of English foot soldiers that could be mustered for the immediate defense of the Home ridge was brought down to diminutive proportions.

Third period: That immediate defense of their position, for which our people were so ill provided, became the problem in hand. The enemy, concentrating his efforts on one settled purpose, delivered a weighty attack upon the Home ridge, now almost deserted of English infantry, but guarded by the Seventh Leger, a battalion nine hundred strong. His advanced troops broke over the crest, obtained some signal advantage over both the English and the French, and then, upon being better confronted, began to fall back; but the bulk of the assaulting masses had not ceased to advance all this while, and were seen ascending the ridge. Then, with the Seventh Leger, with a little band of zouaves, and with a few of our own people whom he could gather around him, Gen. Pannepather, after a round struggle, which hung for some minutes in doubt, found means to defeat the great columns thus attacking his center, and the collateral forces brought up on the right and on the left, being almost simultaneously overthrown by other portions of our infantry, and in part also, too, by our guns, the whole multitude of the troops which had undertaken this onslaught was triumphantly swept back into the Quarry ravine.

Fourth period: The allies having no troops in hand with which to press their advantage, the enemy very soon rallied, and with some vigor turned on his pursuers. The French Sixth of the Line had been already driven back from our right front, and our people engaged at the center were more or less losing ground, when the accession of the two eighteen-pounders ordered up by Lord Raglan put an end all at once to the ascendancy of the Russians in the artillery arm, and began to tear open that stronghold on the crest of Shell hill, which had hitherto furnished the basis for all their successful attacks. When, in this condition of things, Gen. Bosquet approached with fresh troops, there seemed to be ground for believing that the end of the fight must be near.

Fifth period: When Bosquet's acceding reinforcements had brought up the infantry on Mount Inkerman to a strength of 3,500, he was induced to advance with a great part of his force to the false position of the Inkerman Tusk. Upon the approach of the Russian column moving up to ground on his left, where he fancied the English stood posted, he was forced to retreat in great haste with the loss of a gun; and some Russian battalions appearing in another direction, it was only by a swift spring to the rear that his troops drawn up on the Tusk proved able to make good their escape. The 1,500 French troops disposed on Bosquet's left rear fell back behind the Home ridge, and the cavalry, which Canrobert brought up to cover the retreat, being driven from the field by some shells, all this accession of adverse columns seemed threatening to end in disaster. The French troops became disconcerted, and the allies were, in this crisis of jeopardy. These waters, however, was masked by the vigor of the English defense, maintained all this while by the barrier, as well as by the night of 170 eighteen-pounders; and Gen. Dannenberg not seeing his opportunity, the despondency of the French

passed away. Upon the accession of yet further reinforcements, Gen. Bosquet resumed the offensive, and with two of his battalions he not only defeated that agile Selinghinsk regiment, which had once more climbed up the Kitspur, but drove it down over the aqueduct and out of the Inkerman battlefield. He also withdrew both the Seventh Leger and the Sixth of the Line from their shelter behind the Home ridge, and again sent them forward, but they moved by the course of the post road, and there had the English in front of them. Then the share of the French infantry in this Inkerman conflict was unaccountably brought to a close.

Sixth period: While still minded to hold fast their respective positions on Mount Inkerman, both the Russians and the French now abandoned the offensive, but our people, still disputing the victory which Canrobert would thus concede to his adversaries, maintained the fight two hours longer without the aid of French infantry, passed gradually from their old attitude of aggressive defense to one of decisive attack, and at length by the united power of Lord Raglan's two eighteen-pounders and a small daring band of foot soldiery, put so sharp a stress on Dannenberg that, without consulting Prince Menschikoff, he determined at once to retreat.

Seventh period: No pursuit worth recording took place. Gen. Dannenberg's retreat being complete, at eight o'clock in the evening, the action came to an end.

The Russian loss Mr. Kinglake gives at 10,729 in killed, wounded and prisoners. Among these were six generals, and if Russian grades were like ours, the number might be stated at twelve. The enemy lost altogether 256 officers, and of the thirty-four fighting battalions twelve were all but annihilated, and twelve more nearly shattered; but even in the remaining ten the losses were ruinously great. The English lost 2,357 men, of whom 597 were killed. One hundred and thirty officers were struck, thirty-nine being killed. The regiments which suffered the most were the Brigade of Guards, right wing of the Twenty-first and Fifty-seventh regiments. There were ten English generals in action, and five other brigadiers, and every one of these was either killed or wounded, or had horses shot under them; and, "with only a single exception, the same may be said of the eighteen colonels or other officers" commanding detachments. The French lost thirteen officers and 130 men killed, and thirty-six officers and 950 men wounded—Canrobert being wounded and a colonel of his staff killed. No gun—Russian, English, or French—was lost, one taken from the French being recaptured.

Consumption of Wood by Railroads.

The National Car Builder reports that at the close of 1873 there were 71,564.9 miles of main lines, and 13,512 miles of sidings and double tracks, making 85,977.9 miles of railway within the United States. Upon these roads the larger portion of the locomotives consumed wood for their fuel. The number of ties used varies from 2,200 to 2,800 per mile. Taking 2,500 as the mean, it appears that 212,692,500 pieces of timber, eight feet long and from six to eight inches in between the upper and lower surfaces, are required to supply this single item. The durability of ties varies, with climate, kind of timber, soil, and usage, from four to ten years. Assuming six years as the average life of a tie, the amount required for annual supply must be 35,448,750 pieces, or 94,530,000 cubic feet. In considering this item it must be remembered that a large amount of waste occurs from hewing and other causes. It must be also borne in mind that the demand for timber by railroads, besides for ties and fuel, is enormous, including fencing, bridges, buildings, and other structures, in great variety and number; that the risk from fires is exceptionally great, and that our requirements in this direction are increasing even more rapidly than our supplies are wasting away.

A Stylish Dinner.

Some wealthy Chinese merchants of San Francisco recently gave a dinner of the highest oriental style to a party of American friends. The dining room was gorgeously fitted up, and the bill of fare comprised thirty courses. The party was wonderful in design, resembling birds, beasts and fishes in endless variety. After each course the party left the table, conversed, lounged or smoked. Following the Chinese dinner came a European spread of twelve or thirteen courses, and the party under went six hours of hard dining.

Dr. Paine believes that bronchitis is caused by parasites.

What they Wore for Charity.

One of the richest dresses worn at the great Charity Ball in New York city was an apricot silk elaborately trimmed with knife platings. Over this was worn a white melleasse tunic, combined with a tablier of duchesse lace, so delicate that if it had been a fresh May morning it might have been taken for cobwebs gathered during a garden walk.

A most striking dress was a white silk, the deep tunic embroidered with flowers of brightest hue, with gay, drooping fringe over a flounce scooped and embroidered. As its wearer whirled through the dance she looked like some bird of Paradise just alighted from tropical shores, but which took very kindly to Strauss waltzes and Lander's orchestra.

Another embroidered dress, if not so fitful in its beauty, was even more brilliant. Fancy a deep cardinal red embroidered with flowers and a close-fitting tunic glittering with jet, and corsage draped with lace.

One of the most exquisite toilettes on ladies who may no longer be considered young, and who are not yet touched with age, was a mauve silk, rich and dainty, heavily embroidered with mauve, shading to purple and up to white.

And still another mauve dress on a lady whose years had put by brighter hues, was half hidden under a deep tulle half formed of fine wide Valenciennes inserting and finished with a deep Valenciennes flounce that spoke of duc's while it showed its beauty.

A unique dress was a peach-blossom silk, with an overdress of soft silk meshes, the same shade as the dress, edged with silken fringe, and corsage high, with long, close sleeves of the net. In describing dresses, you describe the overdress, in that all the beauty, and study, and art of the toilette centers. A white tunic of fine silk cords distinguished a white silk which otherwise might have merited its radiance in the luster and color by which it was surrounded.

A little burnette lady emphasized her beauty with great skill by a black velvet dress, among whose folds wandered garlands of velvet and velvet pearls.

Still another black dress of tulle in soft puffs was scattered with pansies, their velvet wings spread like butterflies, until its wearer, except for the bright face, looked like some sorrowing Psyche.

Again, another black tulle dress was festooned by triple garlands of lilies of the valley, and wound about the stately lady's shoulders and bloom in her hair in wild profusion.

The most poetical dress was a white satin, worn by a tall, willowy blonde. The waist—of course, a corset waist—fitted her perfectly, and from under its curves poured a waterfall of spray in which were caught lilies of the valley; or, to be more explicit, an overdress of tulle, in full folds, caught up with the flowers.

The prettiest picture in the room was a young girl with a fresh, lovely face, framed by a halo of sunny hair, and an exquisite neck raising above a pale blue and white striped "grenadine" overdress bordered by swan's down.

At this great ball in New York city enough money is spent every year for dress and decorations to provide amply for all the suffering people in the State for half the winter.

England's Southern Empire.

England's Empire in the Southern Hemisphere covers 3,000,000 square miles, the size of the United States, less Alaska. The white population of Australasia, as these great islands are called, was, in 1850, about 240,000. Now it is but a little less than 2,000,000. Victoria has grown from 77,000 to 732,000 in these twenty-five years, a ten-fold growth. Queensland has grown from 9,000 to 125,000. Tasmania, which had a population too small to be counted in 1850, has 100,000 now. New Zealand has grown ten-fold in the quarter of a century, from 26,000 to 266,000. The population of Australasia is largely English and strongly Protestant. Immigration has been freely encouraged. Several of the colonies are no longer penal, and the actual number of criminals on the islands is very small.

The Annual Wolf Story.

The Latest Democrat tells with distressing particularity how an old man, living in Rich township, while returning on horseback from a date the other night, was pursued by a pack of wolves, how his horse turned on them, and by stamping and kicking killed several of them, and how the rest chased him to his own door, which he entered with difficulty, leaving the exhausted horse to be rendered in pieces and devoured. We never could quite believe that wolf story, and it really seems to be growing more incredible every year.

PRIZE-FIGHTER TURNED PREACHER.

History of William Thompson Alias "Bendigo"—The Story of his Conversion as told to London Congregationalists.

A "converted" prize-fighter, known as "Bendigo," has recently attracted much attention in London as a speaker at religious meetings. He is now sixty-two years old, having spent nearly a quarter of a century of his life in the "ring." He enjoys the distinction of having "whipped Tom Paddock" and of having fought twenty-one matched fights up to his fortieth year, every one of which he won. He now holds in his possession three belts, including the champion's, and several prizes and testimonials in the shape of silver cups, etc. In addition to his success as a fighter, he has become famous as a skillful fisherman, and his record shows that he has served twenty-eight terms in jail for drunkenness and disorderly conduct. He is a broad-shouldered man, light of foot, and exceedingly "active with his arms." As he tells his story, he was the youngest of a family of twenty-one children, all of whom are now dead save himself. He was early in life forced to exert himself to secure the necessities of life. He does not think he "took to fighting" because he liked it, but he had a mother to support and could get a living easier in this way than in any other. His mother encouraged him, and he easily fell into the business.

He began life in Nottingham, where most of his exploits were performed. He was the most notorious man in the town, and a frequent line in the papers was "Bendigo in trouble again." His account of his last term in Nottingham jail and of his conversion is rather striking. His last imprisonment was not, he says, for thieving. To use his own language:

"I was never as bad as that. When I was a boy, and up to the time when I was a young fellow, my life was a rough 'un, and if I saw any chap eating, and I was hungry, I'd take his grub away from him. O yes, I'd do that; or, if I was dry, and had no money for a drink, I'd think nothing of making free with somebody else's; but, d'ye understand me, I never would what you might call steal anything. Well, this twenty-eighth time was for the old game. It was at one of the public-houses where they were set against me, and wouldn't serve me with any strong drink, even though I had the money to pay for it. So, somebody got a pint of ale for me, and just as I was going to drink it the landlord came along and knocks the jug clean out of my hand. Well, no sooner was he knocked down himself than in come the policeman and there was a row."

He was taken before the bench of magistrates, who knew him well and who had often dealt with him.

"There was one of them," continues Bendigo, "a hearty John Bull kind of a man, that I took a likin' to, and I used always try and get round, and generally managed it, putting the matter to him in a man-to-man kind of way, d'ye see; but there was another, a vinegar-looking, narrow-jawed cove, who was always hard on me. Well, I made my story out pretty well, and made 'em laugh a bit, and, thought I, I shall get off light this time; but I didn't. Said my friend on the bench: 'Bendigo, when you're sober you are one of the nicest men in Nottingham, but when you're drunk you ain't; therefore you will go to prison for two months, and afterward give bail to keep the peace for three months longer.' Well, somehow that sentence seemed to knock me over more than any of the twenty-seven I had served before, and I took to thinking what a fool I was not to live quiet and comfortable on my pound a week like another man. Yes; a pound a week—that's what I've got to live on. Did I save it up? Not I; I couldn't save. No; what I did when I was making a heap of money in the ring was to hand it over to my brother, on condition that he always give me a pound a week, and that's how it comes."

While in prison he attended the regular service every Sunday, and first had his attention attracted by the minister's account "of the set-to between David and Goliath." He became so absorbed in hearing how "David the little un floored the giant and killed him," that he forgot where he was, and shouted out, "Bravo! I'm glad the little un won." When he got to his cell he began to think seriously about what he had heard, and could not avoid the conclusion that "somebody must have helped David to lick the giant."

"Well," he continues, "it was as singular as though it was done on purpose. The very next Sunday the parson preached another sermon, which seemed hitting at me harder than the one the week before. It was all about the three men, Shadrach, Meshach, and Bendigo, who was cast into the fiery furnace, and who was saved by the Lord from being

burnt. Oh, yes, I've heard about that since; it wasn't exactly Bendigo who was the third man, but the name sounded like it to me, and I took it as such, though I didn't say anything to anybody. 'If one Bendigo can be saved why not another?' I said to myself, and I thought about it a great deal. Sunday after Sunday I looked out for something about me in the sermon, and there it always was. After the one about the fiery furnace came one about the twelve fishermen. Now, I'm a fisherman myself. Bless you! I should rather think I was, one of the best in England. Well, after that came another sermon about the seven hundred left-handed men in the Book of Judges; and I am a left-handed man. Of course I am. It was that that beat the knowing ones I have had to stand up against. Well, it was this always going on that made me make up my mind to turn as soon as ever I got out. It was on a Thursday, and in the winter, and when I was let out at the goal door there was my old friends kindly come to meet me. 'Come along, Bendy, old boy,' they said, 'we've got something to eat and something to drink for you already. Come along.' But I had made up my mind, and wasn't to be shook; so I turned round, and I see, 'Look here, I never will eat or drink along with you or along with any man in a public-house again as long as I live. I'm done with it. They looked at each other I can tell you. They couldn't make it out. But there was one man amongst 'em named Waters, and he said, 'Bendy, will you come along with me; I'm going to Beeston, and I know if I went with him I should be all right, and I went. And there I met another friend who wished me well, and said he, 'Bendy, what do you say to coming to the Hall to-night to hear Undaunted Dick?' 'Who's he?' says I; 'I never heard of him.' 'It's Dick Weaver,' says he, 'a collier chap, that was once in a bad way, but who is now converted and turned preacher.' 'Ay,' said I, 'I'll go and hear him; he's one of my own sort; and I went, and I set on the platform, and there I could hear 'em; 'Why, how's this! there's Bendigo up there; 'Look, look, there's old Bendy.' But I took no notice; only sat quiet and listened. Well, next night I was there again, and heard what did me good more than ever. It was bad weather, and snowing hard, and I had to make my way home late at night across a park; and when I was half way across I couldn't hold out any longer. So, in the dark, and with the snow coming down, I went on my knees and prayed as well as I knowed how, and when I got up, I felt a new man. I didn't quite go without ale; I had one half pint between then and Sunday, and then I went to the chapel again and on the platform, and in the face of everybody who was there, I knelt down and told 'em how I was changed, and how that nothing should tempt me to go wrong again, and I've kept my word, and I mean to go on keeping it. Ever since that time not a drop of beer or spirits has passed my lips; and I never felt healthier, or stronger, or more lively than I do now."

Bendigo is not an orator; he cannot even read, but his meetings have been largely attended, especially by persons of his own class, who listen with rapt attention to his story of his conversion and his evidently sincere exhortation. He announces his willingness to spend the rest of his days on the platform, persuading men to embrace religion. His proper name is William Thompson. He is now at work upon his primer, trying to learn his A B C's.

He Advertised.

Col. N. S. Moody, New Orleans, who died recently by his own hand, says the Augusta Constitutionalist, while suffering from an intolerable neuralgic attack, was a singular man. He prospered when Louisiana was wealthy, and he prospered when Louisiana was as poor as a rat. The secret of his continued success was advertising. He knew how to advertise, and the duller the season the more persistently he kept himself and his wares before the public. He was known as the "Shirt King of the South-west." On every dead wall and on nearly every telegraph pole in the Mississippi valley the wayfarer was invited to "get his shirts at N. S. Moody's." Such was his faith in the necessity of captivating the fancy of the people and winning their attention, that it was seriously declared in New Orleans years ago he offered \$50,000 to help pay for a new steamboat intended for the St. Louis trade, providing he had the naming of the craft. His offer was promptly accepted, but almost as suddenly declined, when it became known that Get Your Shirts at Moody's was to be the appellation.

The amount of ice harvested on the Hudson this season is about two and a half million tons.