

# THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

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**I Am Not Old.**  
I am not old—though years have cast  
Their shadows on my way;  
I am not old, though years have passed  
On rapid wings away.  
For in my heart a fountain flows,  
And round it pleasant thoughts repose,  
And sympathies, and feelings high,  
Spring like the stars on evening's sky.  
I am not old—time may have set  
His signet on my brow,  
And some faint furrows that have met,  
Which care may deepen now;  
Yet love, fond love, a chaplet weaves,  
Of fresh young buds and verdant leaves;  
And still in fancy I can twine  
Thoughts sweet as flowers that once were  
mine.

### DID IT PAY?

"Come on, boys!" shouted Dick Smith. "Tem says there are hosts of fellows there already, and we shan't have any of the fun if we don't hurry, and 'tain't every day that we have a chance to be together and have such fun!"

Dick Smith, Charles Long, and Fred Reed were in a great hurry. Dick was ahead, with his cap pushed back and his cheeks all of aglow. The boys quickened their pace as they entered the street that was appointed where the fun should be. Just before the boys reached the place designated, they saw a sight which should have touched the hearts of every one, but in this case it seems it did not.

A young man was staggering along the sidewalk, and when he came to the boys he reeled against Dick, which made him quite vexed, and would have struck him had it not been for Fred, who by this time had reached the spot, and as Fred was blessed with a very good temper, he succeeded in starting Dick along without further delay.

"Come along, Fred, don't bother!" said Dick, after he had started along a few paces, "he's only a drunken fool, anyway."

But Fred did not heed Dick's call. He was bound to see where the drunken man was going to, as he had a deal of sympathy for him. He had not watched the man long when, glancing up, he saw a team coming at a fearful rate, driverless, and the drunken man was heading towards the street center. For a second, Fred paused; he thought of his poor mother at home (who was a widow) depending on him for her support, of how lonely she would be if he should be killed; he even had time to think how in the world she could get the money to buy him a coffin, and the terrible sight he must witness if he remained where he was, and he resolved to make the attempt at the risk of his own life. He then sprang forward, snatched the drunken man from under the very feet of the horses, and reached the opposite pavement, he knew not how. In a moment a large crowd gathered, admiring Fred's courage, and asking him questions, as a crowd in the habit of doing.

"You're very good," said the young man, by this time roused to consciousness.

"What is your name?"

"Frederick Reed."

"And where do you live?"

"No. 15, Court, No. 15," said Reed, and he thought in what a low neighborhood he lived.

"Don't fuss, Fred," said the young man. "I'll tell father about you, and I shall see you again, sometime."

Fred then thought that he would go and find Dick and have the fun he spoke of about an hour previous, but finally decided not to go, as the fun would all be over before he could get there.

"You're lost fun enough to have lost a week," said Dick, by-and-by, coming along where Fred was looking in at a shop window.

"I say, Fred, what drunken man was that?"

"I don't know, Dick; some rich man's son, I guess, for he was dressed finely, and was about my own age. Poor fellow! I pity him. I should rather be poor and temperate, than rich and intemperate."

Dick went off whistling with hands in his pockets. "For every one is fortunate who is satisfied with his lot."

"Well," said Charles Long, "I suppose you didn't get anything for what you did, Fred?"

"Certainly not," said Fred. "Mother says I must do a good deed when I can, without the expectation of a reward."

"You will never lay up much money in that way, Fred."

"I know that," says Fred, "but it makes me feel awful good here" (placing his hand on his heart).

The next day, when Fred went home to dinner, his mother told him that there was a letter for him.

"A letter for me!" said Fred, "what does it mean? I never had a letter in my life." Fred took the letter and read it aloud:

"Frederick Reed is requested to call at the A—House this afternoon, between the hours of two and six o'clock, for William Johnson."

"What does it mean?" said Fred.

"You must go and see," said his mother.

Fred looked at his shabby clothes and shoes, and finally concluded that he could black up his old boots, and his mother could sew up his clothes so they would look respectable.

After everything was ready, he started on his errand. His mother looked out of the window and watched him out of sight. Tears came in her eyes as she thought of the thin clad boy, and inwardly hoped Mr. Johnson might be a man who would give him a situation. Fred hurried down to the A—House and called for Mr. Johnson, and was introduced into a large and well-furnished room. Almost the first thing that met his gaze was the boy that he had snatched from death the day before.

"How do you do, Fred?" said the young man. "Father, this is the young man that saved my life, yesterday."

A man of middle age laid down a newspaper, came forward and took Fred by the hand.

"So you are the lad that saved my Willie's life, are you?"

"I am Frederick Reed, sir."

"Well, my boy, sit down here and tell me all about yourself—everything. Don't be afraid! You see I want to get acquainted with you."

So Fred sat down and told him everything he could remember, even to his clothes that his mother had sewed up before he could come.

Well, to make a long story short, Mr. Johnson went to see Fred's mother, and he told her that he was a dry goods merchant in the city of C—, and he wanted Fred and her to go back with him when he went. After some consideration, she went, and Mr. Johnson found a situation for her where she could earn very good wages. He took Fred into his own store, and soon made him head clerk, and there is not a more promising young man in the whole city of C— than Frederick Reed. The boy that he had saved from death never touched, tasted, or handled the intoxicating cup afterward; that frightful event learned him a lesson which he never will forget.

And now, my dear reader, and I pay I think it did, and you will probably agree with me. If you are ever tempted not to do good when an opportunity is offered, put your temper under your foot, and obey your heart's impulses. Now do not wait for opportunities of doing good to others to come to you, but seek them out, and your Heavenly Father will reward you in heaven if not on this earth.

### The Lost Boy.

Time wears on, and yet no certain knowledge comes as to the fate of little Charley Ross, whose name has been so often mentioned in every household in the country. Almost every week there are rumors of a boy discovered somewhere answering the description of the lost Charley. But in every case investigation proves that, although the resemblance may be striking, it is not the missing child who strangely disappeared last July. Yet the general search which has been instituted has brought to light some hidden things, revealed some mysteries, and discovered some evil-doers, as well as some other long-missing children.

About seven months ago a mother living in New York city desired to remove her child from the nurse under whose charge he had been placed about two years previous. The board had been regularly paid, and when the mother was so situated that she could take care of her child herself, she claimed him. But the nurse refused to deliver him up, and when legal proceedings were instituted she declared that the child in question had died, and the one she had was another one. The court decided that the boy should be delivered to the mother; but by means of a forged order the nurse obtained possession of him during the progress of the trial. Search was at once made; but the nurse, with her helpless charge, had fled to Canada, thence she was traced to Buffalo, thence to Saratoga, and then again she was lost in the thronging crowds of New York city. A detective at length discovered the woman in Jersey City; but no child was with her, nor could he discover the hiding place of the boy, so, at the time, bring definite proof of abduction against the woman. Constant watchfulness, however, brought success, and the little one was discovered in a miserable shanty in Greenpoint, Long Island, where he had been temporarily placed by the treacherous nurse in charge of another woman. The little fellow was speedily delivered to his anxious mother. The motive of the woman in abducting the child is believed to have been to secure a large sum of money from his mother for his return.

**Modistes in New York.**  
Apropos of the incarceration of Mlle. Jouvin for smuggling "Knickerbocker" writes from the metropolis to the Cincinnati Gazette: Modistes have of late years increased in wealth and importance to a remarkable degree. One reason is the increase in extravagance; another is found in the fact that the fashionable women of Boston, Hartford, and other neighboring towns get their dresses made here. There is not a modiste in Boston that can equal a New York style. Boston women come hither for the express purpose of getting dresses, and when \$1,000 is to be invested in this manner the traveling and hotel expense is a mere trifle. The best modistes have elegant parlors on the side streets, near Broadway; the entrance looks like that of a private house. Sometimes no sign is displayed, this being only the case with a few of the most recherche order. The mistress of the establishment is splendidly dressed, with a fine show of diamonds. Her manners are Parisian, her face is roused, and her language is a fascinating broken English, intermingled with the purest French. Her very appearance is a sensation. The assistant is of plain aspect, and is ready at showing the styles while the mistress carries on conversation on the important subject which brings the fashionable world to her establishment. Measures are taken, sometimes by a genuine Frenchman, whose fingers move round a female shape with the agility of a monkey. Up-stairs the scene is different. There one may find the poor girls at work stitching as for their lives—working early and late, going through a daily martyrdom as the victims of greed and oppression; for the mistress, wealth; for them, toil and misery. When you want to talk of a profitable business, just enter one of these establishments. It is perfectly wonderful how they pile on the price. Well, one-half the appreciation of these gay styles consists in the idea of special limitation. Here are choice styles, concealed from all but the very inside ring of golden aristocracy, with prices to match. Some dresses at \$5,000 will answer for these butterflies of fashion, but occasionally even these will be exceeded. A more moderate class may be satisfied with a \$2,000 dress, while others are content with a \$1,000 pattern. These modistes show their profits by their summer trips to Saratoga, Long Branch, and other places of ton. They have their own aristocracy, which is peculiarly exclusive, and of these the present prisoner at Ludlow street is a leader. Whenever her term expires she may expect additional honor as one of the martyrs of fashion and the unjust laws which oppress it. It is probable, however, that the next time she makes a trip to Paris she will be willing to pay the duties on the trunks which form her luggage, instead of taking the risk of a winter in Ludlow street. If they place the jail in a fashionable part of the city it might be endured, but Ludlow street is such a low spot, surrounded by poverty and vulgarity, that this renders the penalty peculiarly disagreeable.

### A Boy's Idea of Heads.

The Young American brings up a "boy's composition" on heads as follows:

"Heads are of different shapes and sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not always hold the most. Some persons can tell just what a person is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A man that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot-headed. If he isn't quite so bright they call him soft-headed; if he won't be coaxed nor turned, they call him pig-headed. Animals have large heads. The heads of fools slant back. Our heads are all covered with hair, except bald-heads. There are other kind of heads beside our heads. There are barrel-heads, heads of sermons—and some ministers used to have fifteen heads to one sermon; pin-heads; head of cattle, as the farmer calls his cows and oxen; head-wind; drum-heads; cabbage-heads; at logger-heads; come to a head, like a boil; heads of chapters; head him off; head of the family, and go ahead—but first be sure you are right."

### Geraniums will Drive off Snakes.

Every species of snake may be permanently driven away from an infested place by planting geraniums. In South Africa the Caffir people thus rid their premises of snakes. A missionary of South Africa had his parsonage surrounded by a narrow belt of geraniums, which effectually protected the residence from any kind of snake. A few yards away from this geranium belt a snake would occasionally be found. It is well known that the whole geranium genus is highly redolent of volatile oils—lemon scented, musk scented, and peppermint scented. What, therefore, is a very pleasant nosegay for man is repugnant to the serpent tribe.

**A YOUTHFUL THESPIAN.**  
**Painful Result of Having a Father Who Will Not Appreciate Shakespeare.**

A few days ago young Gurley, whose father lives in Detroit, organized a theatrical company and purchased the dime novel play of "Hamlet." The company consisted of three boys and a hostler, and Mr. Gurley's hired girl was to be the "Ghost" if the troupe could guarantee her fifty cents per night.

Young Gurley suddenly bloomed out as a professional, and when his mother asked him to bring in some wood he replied:

"Though I am penniless thou canst not begrudge me!"

"You trot out after that wood or I'll have your father trouble you!" she exclaimed.

"The tyrant who lays his hands upon me shall die!" replied the boy, but he got the wood.

He was out on the step when a man came along and asked him where Lafayette street was.

"Doomed for a certain time to roam the earth!" replied Gurley, in a hoarse voice, and holding his right arm out straight.

"I say—you! Where is Lafayette street?" called the man.

"Ah! Could the dead but speak—ah!" continued Gurley.

The man drove him into the house, and his mother sent him to the grocery after potatoes.

"I go, most noble duchess," he said as he took up the basket, "but my good sword shall some day avenge these insults!"

He knew that the grocer favored theatricals, and when he got there he said:

"Art thou provided with a store of that vegetable known as the 'tater, most excellent duke?"

"What in thunder do you want?" growled the grocer, as he cleaned the cheese knife on a piece of paper.

"The plebeian mind is dull of comprehension!" answered Gurley.

"Don't try to get off any of your nonsense on me, or I'll crack your empty pate in a minute!" roared the grocer, as he snatched the basket from him, and his high horse and ask for a peck of potatoes.

"What made you so long?" asked his mother as he returned.

"The grave shall be dug in the cypress glade!" he haughtily answered.

When his father came home at noon Mrs. Gurley told him that she believed the boy was going crazy, and related what had occurred.

"I see what ails him," mused the father; "this explains why he hangs around Johnson's barn so much."

At the dinner table young Gurley spoke of his father as the "illustrious count," and when his mother asked him if he would have some butter gravy, he answered:

"The appetite of a warrior cannot be satisfied with such nonsense."

When the meal was over the father went out to his favorite shade tree, cut a sprout, and the boy was asked to step out into the woodshed and see if the penstock was frozen up. He found the old man there, and he said:

"Why, most noble lord, I had supposed thee far away!"

"I'm not so far away but what I'm going to make you skip!" growled the father. "I'll teach you to fool around with ten cent tragedies! Come up here!"

For about five minutes the woodshed was full of dancing feet, flying arms and moving bodies, and then the old man took a rest and inquired:

"There, your highness, dost want any more?"

"Oh! no, dad—not a darned bit!" wailed the young "manager," and while the father started for down town he went in and sorrowfully informed the hired girl that he must cancel her engagement until the fall season.

### Life in Colorado.

Twelve or fifteen armed men went to the house of Elisha Gibbs, at Fair Play, rapped at the door and told him they would give him fifteen minutes to come out. Gibbs told them he would come as soon as he dressed. After waiting until they thought the time was up, some of the party placed an armful or two of straw against the door and was in the act of lighting it when Gibbs commenced firing at them with a revolver. David and Samuel Boone, Mr. Kane, and Mr. Reed were shot. David Boone died the next night. Samuel Boone died on Sunday night. Kane's wound was pronounced fatal by the physician in attendance, and he is doubtless dead ere this. Reed received an ugly flesh wound. After the shooting was over Gibbs picked up two guns, a rifle, and a hat, which had been dropped by his visitors.

Modern statesmen—Men who promise more they perform.

**Tweed's Prison Life.**

The newly appointed warden of the penitentiary on Blackwell's Island says that when he entered upon his duties he determined to reduce Wm. M. Tweed to the level of the other prisoners, permitting no discrimination whatever in his favor. He caused a strict measurement of the cells to be made to see if one could not be found suitable for the prisoner. A comparison of the measurement of the prisoner's and that of the largest cell showed that the cell was just an inch wider than the prisoner, thus rendering it impossible to put him in a cell without seriously endangering his health. The warden then selected the most secure of the keeper's rooms, and has placed Tweed in one that is very plainly furnished. Dr. Kitchen, chief-of-staff of Charity Hospital, who attends Tweed regularly, finds that the prisoner's kidneys are seriously affected. This, of course, keeps him confined to the hospital in the penitentiary, where he does duty as orderly. The warden says that the prisoner keeps the books of the hospital and does such other writing as is necessary to be done. He finds Tweed a most willing prisoner, ready and willing to do with a good grace whatever he is told. Speaking of Tweed's dress he says that the prisoner is attired in the old prison suit formerly in use at the prison, which is not so different in color from the ordinary citizens' clothing as is the prison suit of to-day. The suit which the prisoner wears was one of the old stock which, with a little alteration, was large enough to fit him. Just as soon as his present suit is worn out he will be placed in one of the new suits the same as other prisoners. Mr. Tweed eats considerable of the prison fare, together with such few delicacies, however, as the physician may order. In obedience to the doctor's orders he is still allowed his daily walks around the island in company with a keeper. In his case, the same as with others, if the prisoner desires to see an extra visitor it is allowed at the discretion of the warden. His family are allowed to see him whenever they desire, which has not been of late; but as to strangers and friends, like other prisoners he can see them or not as he chooses. The warden says that he is determined to remove that air of mystery which the people believe surrounds Tweed's imprisonment.

### The Case of John Mitchel.

Mr. John Mitchel, who was elected to the English Parliament from the county of Tipperary by a unanimous vote, had recently visited England without any interference on the part of the English government. His offense consisted in assaulting the Queen and taking part in a movement to overthrow the British government. In 1848, when Europe was alive with revolutionary impulses, John Mitchel, in conjunction with William Smith O'Brien, Thomas Francis Meagher and many others, engaged in an attempt to free Ireland. Mitchel was tried under an act which made it felony to "compass or to imagine the deposition of the Queen, or to give expression to any such intention." We believe it was the trial of Mitchel and his conviction that led to the rising when, under the command of O'Brien, the Irish patriots engaged in a conflict at Ballin-garry, where several lives were lost. The result of this conflict was the trial of O'Brien and his friends for high treason, their conviction and banishment. O'Brien was allowed to return to Ireland in 1856, and the action of the English government in permitting this was regarded as a virtual pardon to all concerned with him.

Others of the patriots escaped from transportation, with the conviction, it is believed, of the British authorities, and have lived in the United States. Among them the most conspicuous is John Mitchel. He has been a resident of the United States for many years, and has taken an active part in journalism and politics. The ground of the objection to his taking his seat in Parliament is that he is a felon under sentence.

Some years ago the same district which has elected Mitchel elected O'Donovan Rossa to Parliament. Rossa had been sentenced to imprisonment for an attempt to overthrow the British government. At the time of his election he was actually in prison, undergoing sentence. Mr. Gladstone moved that a new writ be issued, and the election declared void, on the ground that Rossa was "a felon, undergoing punishment."

The matter is creating a sensation in Ireland and England.

### JUNE OF THE GRAPE—YOUTH.

"Grandpa, what's the meaning of 'Grape of port wine from the wood?'" Grandpa (Gentleman of the old school).—"Logwood, my dear boy, nowadays! Logwood! Logwood!"

**Kit Carson the Scout.**

Mrs. Jessie Fremont, in a Ledger article on Kit Carson, the famous scout, pays a high tribute to his memory. She says: Carson had eminently the nature that rendered him *survivant de la vic*—the nature that comes from gentleness combined with strength, from that innate sense of justice which gives to others what we require for ourselves, from a healthy nature to which cheerfulness is so natural that instinctively they feel its lack and seek to impart it. To such a nature the morbid, the nervous, the heart-sick and weary come and are comforted, and feel as invalids do when they get into those favored climates where an even temperature and the certainty of daily returning sunshine and no surprises of frosts or rains, insensibly bring calm and healing.

Such a nature attracts to itself and retains only what is best in all it meets, and as the character engraves itself upon the countenance, so the many years since I had seen Carson had done their ennobling work so effectively that my old friend was perfectly in keeping with the beautiful library of the friend's house in which we met again.

He had lived what we idealize in writings and love to read. And about him, too, was the dignity of coming death.

I had been written to from Washington that Carson was there, ill and depressed; that he had not consulted a physician yet, but thought he had had the heart injured in an accident; that if I would urge him to come to me and be well nursed and see a physician, something might yet be done, although his condition seemed very serious.

Carson had been for years an important part of my life, when it was all filled with energetic action, and when true friends in the old home watched for and protected the absent, and welcomed them back on the return from long dangers; and now that death, and political differences as relentless, and the war, had completely ended that life, I saw, for the last time, one of the few who had not changed from that old time of youth and health and friends and a complete home.

But Carson was only troubled by my emotion, and told me, with his own simplicity of courage, that he had seen Dr. Sayre, who had told him he might live to reach his home (at Tuos, near Santa Fe), but that he might also die at any moment, as the heart was fatally injured by the accident from which Carson dated his illness. In trying to save a mule, he had become wounded in its lariat, and both fell together over a steep precipice—Carson's left side getting the blow as he fell on the rocks below. His open-air and absolutely temperate life delayed the inevitable end.

His only wish now was to get home and not let his wife have the shock of hearing of his death.

"Yesterday I thought I was gone," he told me. The Indian chief who was with him in his room told him what he had said—he himself only knew that all at once he "felt the bed rise with him" and with that a "drowning feeling," but with a new, strange element which made him cry out, "Lord Jesus, have mercy!" "I did not know I said it, but I know I might, for it's only the Lord can help me where I am now."

The chief had taken him from the bed and carried him to an open window. "I noticed he was crying. 'What's that for?' I asked him. 'Because you looked dead, and you called Lord Jesus.'"

I give this much of our dear old friend's sacred last talk with me because those who knew him best were the most pained by the singularly untrue use made of his name by one incapable of understanding him. And as Old Mortality kept the mosses from hiding the inscriptions on the tombs he cared for, so it needed that some should not allow the fungus growth on honored names.

Carson did reach home. And his wife did feel the shock he had so hoped to soften to her; she even felt it so much that she died. Then Carson's friends at the fort made him come to stay where they and the surgeon of the post might do all they could to lessen his suffering. And so, surrounded by his friends and love and honor, his end came.

His wife was one of the good New Mexican Spanish families, and their children belong with the most respected and wealthy old settlers there, although Carson's post as Indian Superintendent left him no richer than when he was only guide and hunter.

General Sherman, who was among his most valued and attached friends, had the good fortune to be able to offer a free scholarship in an Ohio college to one on. He, I am sure, and all who knew Carson best, when they hear him spoken of, will not think of him only as the brave man, or the great hunter, or the cool, sagacious, admirable guide, but first and tenderly as their "Dear old Kit."