

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

VOLUME I.

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No More.
This is the burden of the heart,
The burden that always bore;
We live to love; we meet to part;
And part to meet on earth no more.
We clasp each other to the heart,
And part to meet on earth no more.
There is a time for tears to start—
For dew to fall and larks to soar;
The time for tears is when we part,
To meet upon the earth no more.
The time for tears is when we part,
To meet on this wide earth—no more.

THE STORY OF A RIFLE.

A Sketch by Mark Train of Life on the Mississippi River.

Mark Train was one time a pilot on the Mississippi River. There was no easy work for him to learn the river, its shifting bars, its snags, etc., and in telling the story of his early trials and tribulations he plainly shows the difficulties he encountered. He says:
At the end of what seemed a tedious while I had managed to pack my head full of islands, towns, bars, "points," and bends; and a curiously inanimate mass of lumber it was, too. However, inasmuch as I could shut my eyes and reel off a good long string of these names without leaving out more than ten miles of river in every fifty, I began to feel that I could take a boat down to New Orleans if I could make her skip those little gaps. But of course my complacency could hardly get started enough to lift my nose a trifle into the air before Mr. B., my instructor, would think of some question to fetch it down again.
One night we had the watch until twelve. Now, it was an ancient river custom for the two pilots to chat a bit when the watch changed. While the relieving pilot put on his gloves and lit his cigar, his partner, the retiring pilot, would say something like this:
"I judge the upper bar is making down a little at Hale's Point; had quarter twin with the lower lead and mark twin with the other."
"Yes, I thought it was making down a little, last trip. Meet any boats?"
"Met one abreast the head of twenty-two, but she was away over Higgins' bar, and I couldn't make her out entirely. I took her for the Sunny South—hadn't any skylights forward of the chimneys."
And so on. And as the relieving pilot took the wheel his partner would mention that we were in such-and-such bend, and say we were abreast of such-and-such a man's wood-yard or plantation. This was courtesy; I supposed it was necessary. But Mr. W. came on watch half twelve minutes late on this particular night—a tremendous breach of etiquette; in fact, it is the unpardonable sin among pilots. So Mr. B. gave him no greeting whatever, but simply surrendered the wheel and marched out of the pilot-house without a word. I was appalled; it was a villainous night for blackness, we were in a particularly wide and blind part of the river, where there was no shape or substance to anything, and it seemed incredible that Mr. B. should have left the poor fellow to kill the boat trying to find out where he was. But I resolved that I should stand by him any way. He should find that he was not wholly friendless. So I stood around and waited to be asked where we were. But Mr. W. plunged on serenely through the solid firmament of black cats that stood for an atmosphere, and never opened his mouth. He is proud, thought I; he would rather send us all to destruction than put himself under obligations to me, because I am not yet one of the salt of the earth, and privileged to snub captains and lord it over everything dead and alive in a steamboat. I presently climbed up on the bench. I did not think it was safe to go to sleep while the lunatic was on watch.
However, I must have gone to sleep in the course of time, because the next thing I was aware of was the fact that the boat was breaking, Mr. W. gone, and Mr. B. at the wheel again. So it was four o'clock and all well—but me; I felt like a skinned of dry bones and all of them trying to ache at once.
Mr. B. asked me what I had stood up there for. I confessed that it was to do Mr. W. a benevolence; tell him where he was. It took five minutes for the entire prepostousness of the thing to filter into Mr. B.'s system, and then I judge it filled him nearly up to the chin; he called me a compliment—and not much of one either. He said:
"Well, taking you by-and-large, you do seem to be a different kind of an ass than any creature I ever saw before. What did you suppose he wanted to know for?"
I said I thought it might be a convenience to him.
"Convenience! Deah!—Didn't I tell you that a man's got to know the river in the night the same as he knows his own front hall?"
"Well, I can follow the front hall in the dark if I know it is the front

hall; but suppose you set me down in the middle of it in the dark, and not tell me which hall it is; how am I to know?"
"Well, you've got to, on the river!"
"All right. Then I'm glad I never said anything to Mr. W."
"I should say so. Why he—have slammed you through the window and utterly ruined a hundred dollars' worth of window sash and stuff."
I was glad this damage had been saved, for it would have made me unpopular with the owners. They always hated anybody who had the name of being careless, and injuring things.
"Do you see that long slanting line on the face of the water?" said Mr. B.
"Now that's a reef. Moreover, it's a bluff reef. There is a solid sand-bar under it that is nearly as straight up and down as the side of a house. There is plenty of water close up to it, but mighty little on top of it. If you were to hit it you would knock the boat's brains out. Do you see where the line fringes out at the upper end and begins to fade away?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, that is a low place; that is the head of the reef. You can climb over there, and not hurt anything. Cross over, now, and follow along close under the reef—easy water there—not much current."
I followed the reef along till I approached the fringed end. Then Mr. B. said:
"Now get ready. Wait till I give the word. She won't want to moulder the reef; a boat hates shoal water. Stand by—wait—wait—keep her well in hand. Now crump her down! Snatch her!"
He seized the other side of the wheel and helped to spin it around until it was hard down, and then he held it so. The boat resisted and refused to answer for a while, and next she came surging to starboard, mounted the reef, and sent a long, angry ridge of water foaming away from her bows.
"Now, watch her; watch her like a cat, or she'll get away from you. When she comes abreast the head of Higgins' bar, let up on her a little; it is the way she tells you at night that the water is too shoal, but keep edging her up, little by little, toward the point. You are well up on the bar now; there is a bar under every point, because the water that comes down around it forms an eddy and allows the sediment to sink. Do you see those fine lines on the face of the water that branch out like the ribs of a fan? Well, those are little reefs; you want to just miss the ends of them, but run them pretty close. Now, look out—look out! Don't you crowd that slick, greasy-looking place; there ain't nine feet there; she won't stand it! She begins to smell it; look sharp. I tell you! Oh, blazes, there you go! Stop the starboard wheel! Quick! Ship up to back! Set her back!"
The engine bells jingled and the engines answered promptly, shooting white columns of steam far aloft out of the scaple pipes, but it was too late. The boat had "smelt" the bar in good earnest; the sandy ridges that radiated from her bow suddenly disappeared, a great dead swell came rolling forward and swept ahead of her; she careened far over to larboard, and went tearing away toward the other shore as if she were about scared to death. We were a good mile from where we ought to have been, when we finally got the upper hand of her again.
During the afternoon watch, Mr. B. asked me if I knew how to run the next few miles. I said:
"Go inside the first snag above the point, outside the next one, start from the lower end of Higgins' wood-yard, make a square crossing and—"
"That's all right. I'll be back before you close up on the next point."
But he wasn't. He was still below when I rounded it and entered upon a piece of river which I had known some misgivings about. I did not know that he was hiding behind a chimney, to see how I would perform. I went gayly along, getting prouder and prouder, for he had never left the boat in my sole charge such a length of time before. I even got to "setting" her and letting the wheel go entirely, while I vaingloriously turned my back, and inspected the stern marks and hummed a tune, a sort of easy indifference which I had prodigiously admired in B., and other great pilots. One I inspected rather long, and when I faced to the front again my heart flew into my mouth so suddenly that, if I hadn't clapped my teeth together, I would have lost it. One of those frightful bluff reefs was stretching its deadly length right across our bows! My head was gone in a moment; I did not know which end I stood on; I gasped and could not get my breath; I spun the wheel down with such rapidity that it wove itself together like a spider's web;

the boat swayed and turned square away from the reef, but the reef followed her! I fled, and still it followed—still it kept right across my bows! I never looked to see where I was going; I only fled. The awful crisis was imminent—why didn't that villain come! If I committed the crime of ringing a bell, I might get thrown overboard. But better than that kill the boat. So in blind desperation I started such a rattling "shivaree" down below as never had astounded an engineer in this world before, I fancy. Amid the frenzy of the bells the engines began to back and fill in a furious way, and my reason for took its throne—we were about to crash into the woods on the other side of the river. Just then Mr. B. stepped calmly in to view on the hurricane deck. My soul went out to him in gratitude. My distress vanished; I would have felt safe on the brink of Niagara with Mr. B. on the hurricane deck. He blandly and sweetly took his toothpick out of his mouth, between his fingers, as if it were a cigar—we were just in the act of climbing an overhanging big tree, and the passengers were scudding astern like rats—and lifted up these commands to me ever so gently:
"Stop the starboard. Stop the larboard. Set her back on both."
The boat hesitated, halted, pressed her nose among the boughs a critical instant, then reluctantly began to back away.
"Stop the larboard. Come ahead on it. Stop the starboard. Come ahead on it. Point her for the bar."
I sailed away as serenely as a summer's morning. Mr. B. came in and said, with mock simplicity:
"When you have a hall, my boy, you ought to tap the big bell three times before you land, so that the engineers can get ready."
I blushed under the sarcasm, and said I hadn't had any hall.
"Ah! Then it was for wood, I suppose. The officer of the watch will tell you when he wants to wood up."
I went on consuming, and said I wasn't after wood.
"You ought to know what you're doing. Did you ever know of a boat following a bend up-stream at this stage of the river?"
"No, sir—and I wasn't trying to follow it. I was getting away from a bluff reef."
"No, it wasn't a bluff reef; there isn't one within three miles of where you were."
"But I saw it. It was as bluff as that yonder."
"Just about. Run over it!"
"Do you give it as an order?"
"Yes. Run over it."
"If I don't, I wish I may die."
"All right; I am taking the responsibility."
I was just as anxious to kill the boat now as I had been to save her before. I impressed my orders upon my memory, to be used at the inquest, and made a straight break for the reef. As it disappeared under our bows I held my breath; but we slid over it like oil.
"Now don't you see the difference? It wasn't anything but a wind reef. The wind does that."
"So I see. But it is exactly like a bluff reef. How am I ever going to tell them apart?"
"I can't tell you. It is an instinct. By-and-bye you will just naturally know one from the other, but you never will be able to explain why or how you know them apart."
It turned out to be true. The face of the water, in time, became a wonderful book—a book that was a dead language to the uneducated passenger, but which told its mind to me without reserve, delivering its most cherished secrets as clearly as if it uttered them with a voice. Now, when I had mastered the language of this water, and had come to know every trifling feature that bordered the great river as familiarly as I knew the letters of the alphabet, I had made a valuable acquisition. But I had lost something, too. I had lost something which could never be restored to me while I lived. All the grace, the beauty, the poetry, had gone out of the majestic river! I still keep in mind a certain wonderful sunset which I witnessed when steamboating was new to me. A broad expanse of the river was turned to blood. In the middle distance the red line brightened into gold, through which a solitary log came floating black and conspicuous. In one place a long, slanting mark lay sparkling upon the water; in another the surface was broken by boiling, tumbling, rings, that were as many-tinted as an opal. Where the ruddy flush was faintest was a smooth spot that was covered with graceful circles and radiating lines ever so delicately traced. The shore on our left was densely wooded, and the somber shadow that fell from this forest was broken in some places by a long, ruffled trail that

shone like silver; and high above the forest wall a clean-stemmed dead tree waved a single leafy bough that glowed like a flame in the unobstructed splendor that was flowing from the sun. These were graceful curves, reflected images, woody heights, soft distances; and over the whole scene, far and near, the dissolving lights drifted steadily, enriching it, every passing moment, with new marvels of coloring.
I stood like one bewitched. I drank it in, in a speechless rapture. The world was new to me, and I had never seen anything like this at home. But as I have said, a day came when I began to cease noting the glories and the charms which the moon and the sun and the twilight wrought upon the river's face; another day came when I ceased altogether to note them. Then, if that sunset scene had been repeated, I would have looked upon it without rapture, and would have commented upon it, inwardly, after this fashion: This sun means that we are going to have wind to-morrow; that floating log means that the river is rising, small thanks to it; that slanting mark on the water refers to a bluff reef which is going to kill somebody's steamboat one of these nights, if it keeps on stretching out like that; those tumbling "boils" show a dissolving bar and a changing channel there; the lines and circles in the slick water over yonder are a warning that that execrable place is shoaling up dangerously; that silver streak in the shadow of the forest is the "break" from a new snag, and he has located himself in the very best place he could have found to fish for steamboats; that tall, dead tree, with a single living branch, is not going to last long, and then how is a body ever going to get through this blind place at night without the friendly old landmark?
No, the romance and the beauty were all gone from the river. All the value any feature of it had for me now was the amount of usefulness it could furnish toward compassing the safe piloting of a steamboat. Since those days I have pitied doctors from my heart. What does the lovely flush in a beauty's cheek ripple above some deadly disease? Are not all her visible charms soon thick with what are to him the signs and symbols of hidden decay? Does he ever see her beauty at all, or doesn't he simply view her professionally, and comment upon her unwholesome condition all to himself! And doesn't he sometimes wonder whether he has gained most or lost most by learning his trade!

ROMANCE OF THE REBELLION.

A Cotton Claim Sold for \$90 and Afterwards Worth \$107,190.

The award in gold of over \$197,000, made by the British and American mixed commission to Augustine R. McDonald, a subject of Great Britain, but for some years a resident of Louisville, has been paid by the United States government. This claim was brought for losses sustained in the burning of cotton during the late civil war, and was the second largest claim adjudicated by the late committee. The claim was originally for \$2,500,000. Witnesses were examined, and the testimony covers 6,000 printed pages of record of the commission.
This intelligence, which was flashed over the wires from Washington, was a rather startling bit of news to quite a number of persons in and about this city. In 1864 Augustine Ralph McDonald, a British subject, made application in Washington, and received a promise of protection and the necessary permits from the Treasury department of the United States, authorizing him to purchase cotton in the insurrectionary States. He also secured an autograph letter from President Lincoln to the officers of the army and navy, directing them to assist him. He appeared to have fabulous wealth, and made enormous purchases of cotton in Louisiana and Arkansas, then in insurrection against the government. Before he could remove his newly acquired property to market Congress, by a law, prohibited the transfer of cotton from within the Confederate lines. In January or February of 1865 General Osborne, of Illinois, and his troops came upon some 7,000 or 8,000 bales of cotton belonging to Mr. McDonald in Louisiana and Arkansas, over which the British flag was flying, and burned it. Then the Confederate soldiers in turn got hold of Mr. McDonald's person, and, as the story goes, made him pay \$50,000 for his liberty. Mr. Augustine Ralph McDonald next appears in Cincinnati, and as a member of the firm of S. P. C. Clarke & Co., of Memphis, Tenn., files a petition in the United States District Court H. H. Leavitt presiding, on the nineteenth day of December, 1869, praying to be adjudged a bankrupt, and offering to surrender all his assets for the benefit of his creditors. He reports his liabilities at \$177,380, and his assets consist in a multitude of claims against various parties in the South, some litigated, but all indorsed either "worthless" or "doubtful." On the schedule, classed in the first category, was the following entry: "Claim against General Osborne, of the United States army, and others, for the burning in January or February, 1865, of from 7,000 to 8,000 bales of my cotton in Arkansas and Louisiana." An order was granted to sell the supposed worthless claims at private sale, and the identical claim mentioned above was sold to Mr. William White, tobacco dealer on Front street, Cincinnati, who had had other business transactions with Mr. McDonald, for \$20. The bankrupt applied for his discharge, and no objections being urged, he was discharged of his debts on the 16th of March, 1869, and took the usual oath on the following day. The month of May, 1871, witnessed the creation of the treaty between England and the United States, under which the mixed commission on British and American claims was organized. To this commission Mr. Augustine Ralph McDonald submitted a claim for identification in the sum of \$2,500,000. It was the same old claim which Mr. White had purchased from the assignee for \$20, but which now appeared again in the hands of Mr. McDonald. Mr. McDonald, who had disappeared from the city, pushed his claim diligently, and in September, 1873, the award was made by the commission as stated above.

ON THE LEDGES.

A Squatter Colony in New York City—Their Ways of Life and Their Crimes.

One does not have to go to the far West nor to the Pines to find squatters, a New York paper tells us. Just below the south line of Central Park, and in the very heart of the city, is a rocky ledge which is covered with a human population—a large number of squatters. They have built their huts and shanties on the rocks, comparatively free from domiciliary visitations of health officers and policemen. Each squatter has constructed his airy chateau at the least possible expense to himself; furtive plunder from lumber-yards and piles of dry-goods boxes have furnished materials for the entire village on the rocks. Perched up on these crags live a curious population. They hang on the edge of precipices like swallows under the eaves of a barn; their nests are crowded all along the ledge like queer parasites. The people themselves are indescribable. They have no place in the directory; no street and number, no landlord, and no permanent abode. They are like the grasshoppers which camp in the hedges of a cold day, and when the sun arises they flee away.
As might be expected, this colony of the rocks is not a specially law-abiding one. The hand of the law is lightly felt upon them. Whatever people may think who live in brown-stone houses and pay taxes, water-rates, and gas bills, these colonists cannot say that the world is governed too much. Very likely there are decent and worthy people among these squatters. The community is not altogether bad. But the police say that when stolen goods or other plunder can be traced to the upper part of the island, they look among the houses on the rocks. They do not always look in vain. But in the irregular, ill-kept and squalid clusters of villages which cover the ledge, one may be sure to find the moral diseases naturally at home with dirt and physical degradation.
Every once in a while we hear of some colonist beating his wife to death. Once we read of a mother killing her daughter murdered in one of the shanties on the rocks near the East river. The scanty details of this last incident give a vivid idea of life in the colony. The man, who was powerful enough to have taken care of himself when sober, came to one of the huts where another man dwelt by himself. Asking shelter for the night, he agreed to furnish a bottle of whiskey for his entertainment. The bargain was concluded, and the pair made a night of it. The host, as he says, woke up from his drunken sleep next morning to find his guest horribly murdered and mangled on the floor of the shanty. This is all the rest of the world knows about it. This single scene gives us a fair idea of life and death in the colony of the rocks—a community that lives in the basest heathenism in sight of the costliest churches on the continent, and by which hundreds of comfortable sippers weekly roll luxuriously to hear the Gospel.
Civilization seems to have stepped over these outcasts. Here and there an avenue or a railway has been forced through the rocky barrier, and the colonists in the way have fled, howling at modern improvements. They have melted into the great mass of crime and misery—nobody knows where. But, for the most part, the singular people live on, unconcerned with the care that vex others, and occupied with their goats, pigs, and doubtful pursuits. It is a singular anomaly—this unlawful colony on the verge of a high civilization. They are squatters of such ancient usage that they seem to have gained a title to their homesteads. Sometimes the lawful possessor of the rock finds the tenant so difficult to dislodge that the campaign against him is not worth all its costs. People crowded out from the lower part of the city take refuge on the rocks like rats driven out by fire or flood.

Rather Hot.

At a dinner party in "town" last August, there were two sisters present, one a widow who had just emerged from her weeds, the other not long married, whose husband had lately gone to India for a short term. A young barrister present was deputed to take the widow into dinner. Unfortunately he was under the impression that his partner was the married lady whose husband had just arrived in India. The conversation between them commenced by the lady remarking how hot it was. "Yes, it is very hot," returned the young barrister. Then a happy thought suggested itself to him, and he beamed, with a cheerful smile, "But not so hot as the place to which your husband has gone." The look with which the lady answered this "happy thought" will haunt that unhappy youth till his death.

At the U. S. Naval Academy.

The troubles at the academy growing out of the treatment of colored Cadet Baker by members of the fourth class still continues. Cadet Engineer Gordon Claude, of Annapolis, was ordered during drill, exercises to fence with the colored midshipman, and this he positively refused to do. The superintendent of the academy thereupon told the young man he must obey orders or resign, but even this failed, and Claude declined to do either. He was thereupon told to consult his father before giving a final answer. The latter called upon the superintendent and told him that his son was raised as a Southerner, and that he would not advise him to do what he would not do himself. Accordingly the young man was expelled from the academy.

Sudden.

The sudden death of the Fourth Duchess of Oneida is chronicled in the newspapers, though no particulars are given regarding the character of the malady which thus carried off an ornament to the society in which she moved. The Duchess left one son only three months old, a vigorous infant, promising well, though totally neglected by his father, the Fourteenth Duke of Thordale. The Duchess died in this country, where she had resided for several years. Her death will be generally regretted. So a St. Louis paper pathetically says.

A Gargle.

A GARGLE.—Lemon juice used as a gargle is said by a French physician to be a specific against diphtheria and similar throat troubles, which he has successfully used for eighteen years.