ANSONIA

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND-IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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The Autumn Song. In spring the poet is glad, And in summer the post is gay ; But in autumn the post is sad,

And has something sad to say. For the wind moms in the wood, And the lesf drops from the tree ; And the cold rain falls on the graves of

And the cold mist comes up from the sea. And the autumn songs of the poet's soul Are set to he passionate grief

Of winds that sough and bells that toll The dirge of the falling leaf.

THE COBLIN TOWER.

"Lam glad you have come here," said the Marquis of Boltono to the young knight, Gaston de Pontaille, as they sat upon the terrace of Boltono Castle. I am glad you have come for many reasons—especially because I love the company of a young and valiant soldier." Gaston bowed and a flush of pleasure

passed across his brow. "The robbers about here are very bold, just now. They attacked you, I

believe." "Three of the villains ventured to do so, but I sent-them away with more than

they expected." "A steel ransom. Ha! ha!" wift is very strange that you are not

able to discover their retreat." "Very-very strange. My men have sought in every direction."

"The country is favorable to secrecy," said Gaston, looking round.

It spread far away around the castle. From the height upon which Boltono stood, the wide plain and the surrounding hills could be distinguished for a great distance. Hills and crags were near the eastle, gullies and paths formed by torrents lay among them. A river flowed through the plain, turbulent and

"Yes, it is a good place for them," said the marquis, in reply to Gaston's exclamation.

"But yet I wender at their hardihood."

"They rolf almost every friend who comes to visit me, unless I send my soldiers to guard them," said Boltono,

"This should be stopped. I wonder that they do not show themselves somewhere.

Let us forsake this subject for the pres-

ent. See you you tower ?" "Yes. It is older than the rest of your eastle, is it not? I have been much interested in it.

"It is very old and is of Roman construction. We never use it."

"Never! Why not?"

Tis haunted."

" Haunted?" Gaston was surprised at the seriousness of the marquis, and out of respect to him he suppressed a rising smile of contempt.

"Yes. It has for many years gone by the pame of 'the Goblin Tower.' " Why so ?"

"Because there are sights to be seen there and sounds to be heard which are not of this world. Shrieks are heard at the dead of night, and lights gleam from the turrets. All the peasantry tremble, quake for fear."

"But have you never entered to see the cause of those things?"

"God forbid that I should seek to know aught of the doings of the powers of darkness!"

"They may be done by hands of man, noble marquis." "Impossible! Who would dare?"

"No great obstacle could prevent them if no one ventures there."

"Men have gone there and never returned. In the life of my grandfather there was a legend about it, and a saying whenever the castle was freed from the goblin within, there would be no

more robbers without." "What! have the robbers always been

All the time that the tower was haunted."

Gaston was silent, and mused for a

"I will tell the story," said the marquis, "it is not long. This tower was built, as I have said, by the ancient Ro-

mans, and has been in the possession of many a baron. Once, about two hundred years ago, our family lived in Florence, and a baron who was related to strange man, of dark thoughts and a gloomy aspect. That tower he made his residence. At night lights gleamed from pany you to the place." it, and strange sounds were heard there, like no sounds in the world. By day vast clouds of smoke poured from it, often concealing the tower from view. No one knew what he did. No one could imagine what were his occupations. But he became very rich all of a sudden, and built this adjoining castle. The neighbors all believed that by the assistance of the evil one he had found out the

the neighborhood. Once they ventured to attack the castle itself.

. "At last there came a fearful time. The night was perfectly dark. Suddentower saw flames ard sparks issuing from around, and a long table of massive conthe windows of the upper rooms which struction stood in the middle. he occupied. Shrieks resounded from it. The people burst into his room; the baron was not to be seen. A bundle of burnt flesh and clothes lay on the floor, with mysterious blackened fragments all around.

"My grandfather had a beautiful daughter, whom he promised to the man cause of those fearful sounds and apundertook it, but no one has seen them since."

· Gaston was not so much awed by the legend as the marquis.

"They did well-these suitors-and would do the same for a similar prize."

"What! would you venture there?" make me your son-in-law," said Gaston, with his ingenious countenance covered by a flush of pleasure and confusion. but I have done nothing to win the lovely Alvira. Suffer me to win her in this way."

"What!" cried the marquis.

Alviras."

"But let me also do this. Noble marquis, I cannot-must not be refused. Why need I fear? Are not friends all

from the demons." "Demons! I fear them not. With my die." rust in God and the holy saints, how can the evil one injure me?"

"I implore you not to think of

Alvira. Promise me not to tell her. I will free your house of demons and robbers, or die."

The marquis gave a reluctant consent. It was mid-day, and Gaston walked outside the castle. There was a deep gorge in the hills behind, and the Roman tower rose above this, while the other parts of the extensive castle lay further from it, Gaston walked to the verge and looked down. The porter had told him not to venture there-that the people in the castle were afraid of the goblins who dwelt there. But Gaston despised the idle tale.

"Goblins-ha! ha! What a strange mind the marquis must have not to see that these mysterious robbers are, the goblins and the makers of all this riot. But I must descend and examine here."

He went down slowly and softly among the bushes which grew thickly enough to hide him from view. At length he was surprised to see a beaten path.

"Ha!" he cried, "this was never made by goblins. I will follow and see where it leads.

He descended carefully, and watched and the hearts of all within the castle the path to see that none were viewing him. At last the murmur of a brook told him that he was at the bottom of the chasm. The path before him took a sudden turn around a rock. Leaning stealthily over this, he looked forward. There was the base of the goblin tower, which arose very far on high, from its foundations at the bottom of the chasm. There was a small aperture here, so hidden by bushes that none but the sharpest and most observant eye could have detected it. He went nearer, and hearing nothing, he trawled close to it. Looking in he saw steps which led up.

"Now, were this unused, the steps would be covered with grass and mold, but they are smooth and are used often. After a few minutes the young knight

departed by the same path, and soon stood in safety upon the top of the declivity, well satisfied with his expedition. "Well, Gaston," said the marquis, at night, "are you still determined?"

"I am. I ask only my arms. Can I have the way shown me?" "Once more, Gaston, let me implore

you not to go," "I must go, noble marquis, for I have

said it." · Retract your words."
... I cannot—I would not."

"Then I must part with you., I fear I shall never see you again. I will accom-

The two walked along a desolate hall extending entirely through the castle. The night was dark and the wind moaned as they went on. Doors banged and noises were heard through the house.

"Those noises do not come from the tower. They are made by the wind," said Gaston. "Ah! here we are, I suppose,"

They pansed before a massive caken philosopher's stone. The people suffer- door, which the marquis opened after

ed very much from him, and robbery unlocking. The belts sounded harsh as was carried on to an alarming extent in they grated hack. They entered the room. The light which the marquis held was feeble, and illuminated it but in part. The apartment was large, and the walls were wainscoted with oak, carved in the ly, some who were looking toward the antique. Chairs of olden form stood

> "I will go into your closet, and watch the room. I can be hidden there." "Do so. Do not expose yourself. Do

> you want the light?" "No-oh! no. I will be better in

the dark." He opened the door of an old closet heart. It was empty. There was an opening in who would venture to search out the it, through which any one within could pearances, which ever since the baron's entered. The marquis departed, lock-

pared to watch. An old chest stood here in one corner; upon this he seated himself and waited. which came to his sharpened ears. Low "Noble sir, you have promised to moanings sounded without, the doors loosened by age rattled on their hinges, the heavy, dusty drapery shook and flut-

There was a faint light in the room. As Gaston looked through, there seemed to come a brighter light. He was sure of it. A strange thrill shot through "I am willing to enter that tower." him as the room began to grow visible, "No, no; you are rash. This is not illuminated by some unseen power. oravery, it is rashness. You have done Footsteps—low, muffed footsteps, soundsnough, dear Gaston, to win a dozen ed without-beneath, whisperings and exclamations were heard by his excited cars. His heart beat quick-he held his sword more firmly.

"The hour is coming-the time-"Your friends cannot preserve you the scene is at hand. Now we will see whether Gaston de Pontaille will

He leaned forward more earnestly. At the extremity of the road he heard whisperings - murmurings - footsteps, but he could not look there. The light "No, no; permit me. Do not tell grew brighter. Some form approached. Gaston looked out.

and through two holes in the veil which covered its head the eyes gleamed with rabbi is Samuel Adler, by birth a Gerintense brightness. He came to the man and now in his sixty-fifth year. ed in the same manner. Two more came bloody death has given the name a in, and the four sat down at the table. "Wine," said the first, in a deep harsh

One rose and brought a number of bottles. Then each one, lifting his veil,

suspense. "Comrades," said the first one, "the bishop had much gold. To-morrow the

marquis shall give more," A low murmer of applause went

"He would have been unmolested had he refrained from molesting us." "Ha! ha!" said another, in a dis-

cordant voice. [" He thought not of The Goblin Tower." "What will he not pay for her ran-

som?" Gaston started. "And the young knight-would he not give his soul to purchase her?"

"Margo," said the leader, "bring her along." Margo departed, and the others began to divest themselves of their mantles.

Each one, taking off his black rebe, disclosed the well-armed figure of a sturdy "I heard footsteps here this night, said one. "May there not be a true

goblin"-"Fool!" cried the leader, savagely. the goblins of the tower, Autonio. Ha!

What breath is that?" "I said so !" cried the other. The three started as a rattling sounded in the room. They looked at each other and turned pale. The entrance of their comrade put an end to their terror.

" Bring her along!" cried the leader. Gaston could see nothing, but he heard a low moan as though from a female, and the tone struck a chill to his inmost soul.

"Good e'en, my pretty maid," said the leader. " Bring her nearer, good Margo, let her be seated." There was a slight struggle and Margo

brought forward the prisoner. Gaston started-his frame shook in frenzied rage. It was Alvira! He restrained himself. "Who are you, and why dare you

thus treat the daughter of Boltono ?" "Because we love the smiles of lovely women. Wasit not rash in you to walk alone on the terrace at such a time? Could we-the goblins of the tower-

resist the temptation!" "What will you do with me!" "You shall cheer us in our lonely tower." "O, God!" she eried, wringing her

hands in agony. "No lamentation :" cried the leader.

"Come, we wish you to be gay-cheer

Avira wept in despair.
Weep not! Why should you

Come, let me have a kiss."

He rose up and reached out his hand Alvira shrunk back. He stepped for-The others looked on in hideous glee—they saw not the armed figure who stood with uplifted sword.

"Come, one kiss"— Villian!" cried Gaston, in a voice of thunder. Alvira saw him-all saw him as with a bound he sprang forward and buried his sword in the robber chieftain's

"Die!" cried the infuriated knight, and turning upon the nearest, with a look cut into the room. Here Gaston blow he severed his head from his body. The others rose and grasped their dagtime have been witnessed there. Several ing the door carefully. Gaston drew his gers. Gaston struck at the nearest and sword, and, holding it in his hand, pre- the weapon was dashed from his hand, while the owner was felled to the ground. Margo, the fourth, fell upon his knees. With a strong hand Gaston bound him, The hours passed tediously away, yet he and taking his rescued love in his arms, sat in patient silence listening to every he bore her forth along the hall to the sound. And these were of many kinds, great hall of the castle. The noise had roused the marquis, and the inmates of Boltono soon knew all that had happened.

A week after the nuptials of Gaston and Alvira were celebrated, and the body of Margo hung in chains from the summit of the "Goblin tower."

Hebreic Synagogues.

The New York correspondent of the Rochester Democrat estimates that there are 50,000 citizens of Hebrew descent in New York city. Of their places of worship and religious teachers, he

Bays: As a people, they are strongly attached to their ancient service. A few have wandered into infidelity. The Jews are, to a large degree, of foreign birth, being almost entirely Germans; hence they prefer this element in their religion. The chief synagogue in this city is that that of the Temple Emanuel, corner of Forty-third street and Fifth avenue. It is a new structure of great beauty, and It was a tall figure dressed, in black, cost \$500,000. In doctrine it is of the reformed or rationalistic order, and its table and sat down. Another was dress Benjamiu Nathan, whose mysterious and wide notoriety, was a member of this body. Rabbi Adler preaches in German; but his assistant, Gustave Got-theil, is a good Engline scholar, and offi-ciates in that tongue. Each of these men drank in silence. Gaston watched in receives \$5,000 a year, and this double salary speaks well for the liberality as well as for the wealth of the society. Another rabbi of foreign birth is David Eigbon, of Bayaria, who came to this city in 1864, and has charge of a synagogue on the Seventh avenue. Samuel Isaacs, rabbi of the Grand street synagogue in Forty-fifth street, is a native of Holland, and has labored in this city since 1839. The ark in this institution cost \$70,000. Services are held in Hebrew and German. Rabbi Huesch, native of Hungary, who came hither in 1844, has charge of the Lexington avenue synagogue. This edifice and its appointments of worship cost \$600,000.

4 Remarkable Swindle.

A most unique swindle is reported in the Evenement as perpetrated by a Parisian. About a month since the Havre correspondent of a large banking house in Paris received the following letter from the head of his firm;

Paris, Jan. - -, 1875. DEAR SIE:- I write to warn you that You are a novice. A goblin! We are (the son of, our principal cashier has disappeared with some 200,000 francs in bills drawn upon you by us. He will probably present them in Havre shortly after the receipt of this advice by you. Of course you will refuse payment. As his father is a very old and valued servant, we have concluded not to cause him the disgrace and mortification of knowing that his son is a felon. You will therefore aflow the scoundrel to go free. If you can manage to get rid of him by sending him to America, advance him 200 or 300 louis and let him go and hang himself. Confidentially,

The day after the receipt of this letter by the Harre house a young man of fine address presented himself and attempted to negotiste the stolen bills. The letter was shown him, and he fell on his knees in a flood of repentant tears. He exday, and the day after the Havre house detailing the facts. No bills had been stolen from the Paris house, the letter principal cashier has no son. The police

A Boy Soldier.

One of the wounded after a battle, writes a correspondent from Spain, was little more than a boy, a slim, pale-faced fellow of not more than seventeen. His features were more regularly formed than is usual among the lower orders of Spaniards from which his regiment had been chosen, and it was impossible to refrain from regarding him with interest. He did not speak a word to any of the companions by whom he was surrounded. His head was enveloped in a white bandage and another bandage passed under his left arm aud over his right shoulder, showing that he was wounded in two places, and most painfully, if not dangerously wounded, too, for every now and then a spasm crossed his handsome features which were distorted with the agony he was suffering. Small heaps of brushwood had been piled up into bonfires which were burning brightly, and the flickering light from which threw weird shadows over the faces of the wounded men, flitting here and there among whom were soldiers carrying impromptu torches made of tow and pitch, and admini-tering to the wants of the sufferers. Water was the cry of one and all, and it was pleasing to see the haste with which their companions in arms who had been more fortunate rendered numerous little services to their wounded companions. When a groan louder than usual was heard from one of them, a grim-visaged soldier-whose sole duty it was to see that the poor fellows were in as comfortable positions as could be expected under the circumstances-would inquire if he could do anything for the sufferer in the way of rearranging the blanket or paletot upon which he was The young fellow to whom I have al-

eady called attention seemed to be a general favorite with all the men, and everal soldiers were gathered around him. He seemed to be in too great pain to pay much attention to them, but when the soldier held a little tin pannikin of water to his lips, and then raising his head as carefully as a mother would have lifted her sick child, he scraped the send into a heap under the end of the blanket so as to serve as a sort of pillow upon which the wounded man could recline more comfortably. No word of thanks was uttered, but the look which the poor lad gave him was one which the old weather-beaten soldier will not forget in a hurry, accustomed though he may be to scenes of a similar character. A quarter of an hour afterward this same soldier threw his coat over the boy, who was shivering, possibly more on account of the pain which he was suffering than because it was a chilly evening. And yet this man, so attentive to a wounded companion in arms, who did not even belong to the same regiment, and whom he had seen but a few days previously at St. Sebastian, was a member of the most bloodthirsty lot of fellows who are numbered in the ranks of the Alfonsist army-the miguelettis. These men never dream of giving quarter, never ask for it, and a Carlist will fight until there is no breath left in his body sooner than surrender himself as a prisoner to one of them, for he knows well that death will certainly be his fate. These were the men who emulated the sanguinary barbarity of Santa Cruz at Anderlasse, and butchered several Carlist prisoners, wounded and cut off from all chances of escape, at the attack upon Behobie bridge on the French frontier, of which your readers were given an account.

Table Decoration. A writer in Scribner's says : The

pleasures of the table should appeal to the eye and mind as well as to the palate. Form should be consulted; grace should be indispensable. The savor of food gains much from its setting and its accompaniments. A few flowers, perfect order and neatness, with congeniality and answered a neighbor's advertisement for sympathy about the board, will insure a seamstress. Poor, faded, worn women, what an Apician feast might not. The in that most dismal of all poor women's day of uniformity in table as well as other furniture has passed, the present fancy being for oddness and variety. gretfully and sadly from the door, where This, spart from the picturesqueness, is they met an enraged chambermaid deboth convenient and economical, since tailed for special duty, whose duty it has the breaking of one or two pieces does not necessitate the purchase of an entire tion is filled. At twelve she was struck new set. It is not unusual now to see on an elegant breakfast table each coffeecup different from its neighbor, and no pressed a willingness to come to Ameri- two of the plates alike. But it is at tea ca, and 250 louis (\$1,250) were given -most informal of meals-that the greatest variety and the prettiest effects him, with many cautions to reform. The greatest variety and the prettiest effects young man sailed for New York next may be produced. Flowers have come to be indispensable to many tables, and received an answer to its letter of advice | they will be ere long, let us hope, indispensable to all. They need not be rare nor costly. They are so beautiful, even originally sent was a forgery, and the the plainest and poorest of them, that nothing else can supply their place. A of New York were notified to look for few green leaves, a dozen way-side this remarkable swindler, but no light daisies, a bunch of violets, impart a spelling or packing her trunk. But has yet been thrown on his movements charm and awake in us the touch of what a tale of misery those numberless

Going Behindhand. "They tell me Farmer H. is going ehindhand."

"I guess there's no doubt of it." "But I don't see how it can be. He has one of the best farms in the country, and he used to be considered a good farmer."

"True-but his farm is certainly running out, and I am told he is running in

"I don't see how that can be." So conversed two neighboring farmers, and while they conversed Farmer H. was looking for his hoe.

"Dan," he cried, to one of his boys, "where is the hoe! I've been looking for it this half-hour. I might have had my work done by this time. ' Where

is it?" "I dono, dad. It's sum'rs, I s'pose." "Somewhere, you young rascal! Didn't you have it last night?"

" No. " Didn't I tell you to hoe the cucum-

"Yes; but I couldn't find the hoe."

The two joined in the search. "Look here, Dan," said the father, after a fruitless time, "you must have left that hoe somewhere. Why don't you put things in their places when you've done with them?"

"Well, dad, where is the place for the hoe? Where do you al'rs put it ?"

The parent was posed. His tool-house had been used for a wood-shed, and though he had often talked of building another, he not yet done so. By-and-bye, before the hoe was found,

neighbor dropped in, and after chatting awhile he said, with a smack of the lips, and an expectant rubbing of the

"By the way, H., have you got a drop in your jug?"

"I guess so. Would you like a bit?"

"Well, yes-if it's handy." "Of course it's handy."

Als! he had no difficulty in putting his hand upon his jug at once; and had the two wondering neighbors been there to hear and see, they would have wondered no more why Farmer H. was running behindband.

An Eclipse of the Sun.

The coming eclipse of the sun will occur on the fifth of April next. The central eclipse begins on the earth a little southwest of Cape Agulhas (South Africa), in longitude ninety-nine deg. nineteen min. seven sec. east from V ton, and in south latitude thirty-five deg. thirty min., at eleven hours fortyfour min. Washington mean time. The first contact thus barely escapes the southern extremity of Africa and the central line, along which the shadow of the moon (interposed between the earth and sun) advances, runs from southwest to northeast. Its track is now almost entirely oceanic, passing southeast of Madagascar and not quite grazing its southeastern extremity. Thence also missing Mauritius, where an able body of observers could take the field, it flits rapidly onward, crossing the equator in about longitude one hundred and sixtysix deg. east from Washington, or about eighty-nine deg. east from Greenwich. It then strikes through the Nicober islands, in the southern part of the bay of Bengal, and sweeps across Tenasserim, Siam and Anam, passing out into the China sea and finally making its last contact on the open bosom of the Pacific a little northeast of the Ladrone islands, The point of this last contact is about one hundred and forty-seven deg. east of Greenwich, in latitude twenty-one deg. twelve min. north, and occurs at about fifteen hours twelve min., Washington mean time.

An Answered Advertisement. The New York correspondent of the St. Louis Republican says: In all this wind and rain and cold and slush ninety applicants within three hours have possessions-an old broche shawl-have clambered the high steps and turned rebeen since ten o'clock to say the situawith a labor-saving process, and hung out a placard to the bell handle which set forth in this rich specimen of English the latest bulletin:

" A gurl is ingagedno uze to inquire Eny Further-den't ringe no bel."

This was successful with the next dozen comers, when paterfamilias came home, gazed in astonishment at this literary effort, twitched it down and lugged it in. Probably that "gmi is ingaged" at present in correcting her