

THE ANSONIAN

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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Clay Lightly.
Wild flowers die when warm close hands
Their fragile stems too eager seize;
Hold loosely, child, the light live wand
Or for, that would wave free like these.

Touch gently the fine fairy things
That lean their sweet forms against the
Lip's heat.
One hair's thought brushes bloom from
wings
That coyly fan love's silver bowers.
Clasp lightly what thy heart would keep
In dearest hope, in dearest fear;
The soft wind sweeps the May from sleep—
What's a song, which but April's best?

THE MINE'S WEDDING.
Last year, during an extended pilgrimage in the familiar region, I happened into Burrados, England, on a Friday morning. Long before the public house was reached, I knew, by certain infallible signs, that it was "day Saturday." No such boisterous revelry characterizes the "off Saturday."

In addition to the fortnightly peculiarity, there was to-day the additional excitement of a wedding. George Foster had been "walking" with Sallie Lishman six successive "Sunday noes." Last "pay Saturday" he had bought a ring at Newcastle, and to-day the nuptials were to be solemnized at the parish church. In the long "row" of pit-cottages there was no difficulty in discovering the residence of the bride in esse. A crowd of urchins surrounded the door, and were glowing with all the optical power of command. Finally, about ten A. M., the procession emerged—seven couples, each lassie "linking" with her father, the blushing young bride "linked" with the groomsmen.

There was some brave cheering on the part of the miscellaneous mob when the gaudily-dressed party triumphantly pranced up the middle of the street. Patterns of orange-blossoms and furlongs of white ribbon were flaunted in the sunlight; and the silks that composed the dresses of the bride and her maids were of wondrous sheen and brilliant hue. There was more velvet about the groom and his men than I ever remember to have seen on the backs of seven persons before; and there was more watch-chain distributed over the seven velvet vests than I ever expect to see again. Mr. Elijah Lishman, the bride's father, and an old acquaintance of mine, was present in an official capacity, and it did not require a very pressing invitation to induce me to join him. "Old Lish," as he is familiarly termed, and I walked behind and aside from the nuptial procession. We were surrounded by a motley crowd of ragged and bobtail musketeers, armed with shot-guns of every conceivable description and possible antiquity. The pigeon-match gun of to-day marched cheek-by-jowl with the "Brown Bess" that had lain behind the lines of Torres Vedras, or banged away at Waterloo. There were about fifty gunners, besides fourteen men, who wore white-satin coats, large as saucers, attached to their waist lappets.

The genius of disorder seemed to permeate every individual in that crowd. The bunter, the yell, the purposeless profanity—entirely devoid of malice—were absolutely astounding. A stranger meeting the procession would have assumedly jumped over the hedge, under the impression that he saw a company of escaped lunatics. On two or three occasions Mr. Lishman uttered a fearful impression at his own eyes, and requested the crowd to stop their "blairin'"; but the admonition seemed to encourage rather than repress their vociferous merriment.

When we reached the church, only the seven couples of the bridal party, "Old Lish," and myself, were permitted to enter. The two major-domos would have been admitted; but the old clerk was inexorable. "I've seen you snaps before," said he, as he slammed the iron-studded door in their faces and looked it.

It was almost impossible to obtain silence when the curate took his place behind the altar rails. The bridesmaids talked and giggled; the groomsmen whispered and nudged each other and their partners. Presently a whisper ran round, "Sallie's bubbling," and shortly after a murmured imprecation having reference to the speaker's eyes, that "Sallie's fainted." Sure enough, she was sprawling on the pavement; but it was a transparent piece of acting that could deceive nobody. Mr. Lishman watched her contortions and her "bringing to" with much satisfaction. He evidently thought his daughter had achieved a triumph; for he remarked directly to his own, and indirectly to me, that her poor mother had bubbled and fainted before the same like circumstances.

When the curate had finished his prayer, he said to the bridesmaids, "You have done your duty, and now you may go home with your fathers." This was followed by uproarious applause; but, unfortunately, it reminded George Foster's uncle of a story, that

he proceeded to relate, accompanied by much apparent discomfiture on the part of the author of the toast. Said old Mr. Toster: "When 'Lijah Lish, there, began to keep cocks and hens, he used to watch them out by the hour together. He kenn'd nought about poultry then; but yenday he bought a deuk (duck) at Newcastle market, and carried it home, proud as a pecker. After putting the new arrival among his hens, he went and got their bait out, and scattered a handful of oats among them. The hens pecked, but the hungry deuk laid its bill on the ground, and, running it along, scooped up its grub in the wholesale fashion of deuks in general. 'Cum, now,' said the father, Sallie, to the new bird, 'ye munna slother it in like that.' But still the hungry deuk went on. 'Cum out wi' ye,' cries yer father; 'gan on like the hens—none of yer filling yer self wi' a shovel like that.' The deuk sat away, however, and 'Lijah he tucked it under his arm, took out his pocket-knife, and out it bill to a sharp point. Then he threw the deuk down, crying: 'There, now, gan on, fair play, one out at a time.'"

After dinner the seven couples again paraded the street—the bride and the groom leading the van. A tremendous volley of old shoes, slippers, and feather beams, was thrown after her as she left her father's house. They now proceeded up the "row" to see the newly-furnished house, preparatory to repairing to the "Cross-Keys," where the wedding dance was to be held. There were about thirty couples at the ball. The ladies plied their feet gayly. They double-shuffled; they one-two-three-and-hopped; they executed the "high-cut," and they exhibited the intricacies of the Highland fling. The bonnie pit laddies doffed their coats and jumped and hallooed and beat time, until the perspiration ran from them in trickling streams. The fiddler scaped away at a breakneck pace. His body swayed to and fro, and his foot banged away, marking time as if he meant to burst a hole in the floor and disappear through it, chair and fiddle. There were mad cries of "Sneak the fiddle!" when a horrid kind of caterwauling was produced, upon hearing which every Jeckey kissed his Jenny.

The wedding ball wound up with "Joan Anderson, or the cushion dance"—a peculiar performance, where there is alternate kneeling by men before women, and women before men, *ad imitation*, and kissing *ad nauseam*. The poor bride thus was compelled to kiss every man in the room.

At eleven o'clock, Mrs. Sallie Foster was escorted home by her six bridesmaids, undressed, sewed in a sheet, put to bed, and left. After the bridesmaids left the bride, the groom and his men came along. With many good wishes, they left him at the door. Then they sang some ribald verses, and went home to bed.

Sold His Dog.
Dick Lazybones was the owner of a large dog, which cost as much to keep as not more, in mountain and desert. Next to good society the greatest want is water, and not an orange, fig, grape, peach or fruit of any kind can you have without irrigation. And irrigation means money and hard work, and the man who can purchase a good ranch here or fruit orchard of any size can live comfortably without coming here. The foothills and plains are already beginning to turn brown for the lack of moisture, and, remember, that no rain will fall until next fall or winter.

This is also a terrible land. Except a few cottonwoods found on the river bottoms there are no trees but such as the human hand has planted. Whoever, therefore, comes here thinking to make a fortune by raising semitropical fruits or in any honest way without hard work and patient waiting, is sure to be disappointed. Before, therefore, you sell your paternal acres at a sacrifice and come to this famed land, think twice or you will regret but once. Hundreds already here heartily wish that they had remained in the "States," and gladly would they return if they could. An acquaintance, past meridian, who left a good home in the East, thinking from the glowing accounts he had read of the country that he could live here with less work and make more money, says: "Words will not express the greatness of my disappointment." Many of the people feel that the country is actually suffering from the shamefully false statements that are circulated far and wide concerning it. Water is indeed scarce, but truth is scarcer.

We have said nothing in malice of this wonderful country that has given us so much grain and gold. We write to prevent mistakes from being derived by the too highly colored reports of the climate, and the huge fortunes to be found in fruit raising, which reports are being scattered through all the Eastern and Northern States by interested parties; and if this article shall be the means of preventing any from coming here, without proper consideration and careful inquiry, we shall be glad.

The Fatal "Sievris."
Much has been written of the fearfully grand scenery of the Colorado river. This remarkable stream has terrors out of eight more impressive than its canyon walls, and more dangerous than its rapids:
The Colorado river is noted for "swirls," so-called. They occur everywhere, but only at high stages of water. A bubble rises from the bottom, and breaks with a slight sound, on the surface. The water at the point begins a rotary motion, so small that an inverted teaspoon might cover it. Larger and larger grows the circle, till a surface of forty feet in diameter is in motion, spinning round a funnel-shaped hole in the center, two or three feet across at the top, and coming to a point in the depths below.
Often a large tree, floating down the stream, is caught, and its foremost end thrust in the air twenty or thirty feet, while the other passes underneath, the exposed end to be slowly drawn down again, and to disappear. Three soldiers—deserters from Camp Mohave—passing through the ravine in a skiff, immediately below the fork, suffered their craft to run into a swirl.
One of the crew, at the first intimation of danger, threw himself overboard, beyond the charmed circle; and as he swam away he turned his head and saw the boat spin round and round until, one end being drawn into the vortex, and the other upheaved in the air, it slowly sank; as it revolved, into the turbid bosom of the river, its human freight to be seen no more; for the Colorado river does not give up the dead—no corpses lodge on its shores.

The Point.
A London manager was telling rather a poor anecdote, without much point in it, to the members of his company assembled in the green room. Most of them were sycophants, they all laughed loudly at the feeble jest—I beg pardon, all but one. The dull dog who refused to laugh, and who looked profoundly miserable, was at last nudged, by his companion, "Why don't you laugh, Tom?—why don't you laugh? Don't you see the governor is looking at you?" "Let him look, you fool," was the answer, "don't you know I'm going to on Saturday!"

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.
Proprietary Elements of the Natural Wealth of Production and Beauties of Climate.
I have recently, says a resident of San Bernardino county, California, seen an article from Santa Barbara with this caption: "Personal Experience of a California Paradise on Paper." I have also seen an article from the Los Angeles Herald denouncing in the strongest language the aforesaid letter, and promising him, should he visit the "Angel City," a ride on the ragged edge of a three-cornered nail to the tune of the "Bogues' March."

This we call strong language for 1875, and has a strong savor of lawlessness, if not of barbarism. I also consider it good proof that your correspondent told the exact truth—"hit the nail on the head." Slender never makes men wince after such a manner; and we wish to say that our own experience and that of others who have spent some time in southern California goes to confirm all that your correspondent has said.

It is a truth that cannot long be concealed that the world is being terribly deceived in regard to southern California, both as respects its being a paradise for invalids and for fruit growers. I have seen many articles in its praise. All the newspapers here, however much they differ on other points, agree in extolling it in the strongest language, as if it were the "heavenly country" itself; and every poor invalid who reads them thinks that if he can only reach here he will hardly fail of a speedy recovery. As a consequence, many are selling home and homestead at a great sacrifice, and are going to the "sunset land," and in many if not in a majority of instances are coming here to die.

The winter climate here is indeed very different from that of New England and the Northern States. There are no snow storms, no days of pinching cold. There is much beautiful weather. The beautiful perhaps predominates. But it is not Eden, as many would have us believe. The nights are often very chilly, while at midday the sun scorches. It is a land of fogs and frosts, and what is equally bad, of fierce "northers," which are as bad to face as a driving storm, raising, as they do, thick clouds of dust that must be as damaging to a consumptive as the worst New England dampness.

We say, therefore, to invalids who contemplate coming to this "New Italy," take all reports of its marvelous healthfulness at a large discount; otherwise you will be sadly disappointed, as hundreds have already been. Few can afford to die here, and the best place in which to die is home. Think twice before you start for this new Eden. Consider every laudatory account as rose-colored. The probability that you will not be benefited by coming is greater than that you will be.

And that southern California is a paradise for farmers and fruit growers is all moonshine. Ninetenths of the land, if not more, is mountain and desert. Next to good society the greatest want is water, and not an orange, fig, grape, peach or fruit of any kind can you have without irrigation. And irrigation means money and hard work, and the man who can purchase a good ranch here or fruit orchard of any size can live comfortably without coming here. The foothills and plains are already beginning to turn brown for the lack of moisture, and, remember, that no rain will fall until next fall or winter.

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The Lion Tamer.
A Gallie hero observes the following as the only way to deal with lions and lionesses—not to be afraid of them: "Look here, I who speak to you I make 'Saida' fetch my whip or handkerchief like a dog. You have been her. Don't believe she acts through affection. 'Saida' loves me not. Oft, raising her head to lick my cheeks, I read in her look a concealed wrath and an indication possibly fatal to me. It is in those moments that I concentrate all my energy in my eyes—I cause all my will to flow into my brain, and there emanates from me a fascination that must be believed irresistible, and—'Saida' executes herself. If, in that second, I should have the misfortune to exhibit the least apprehension I would be devoured." So speaks Bibbel, the fashionable Parisian manager, who has to be bolder than a lion in his business.

THE STOCK-BROKERS.
A Description of a Notable Set of New York Speculators.
All the transactions in Wall Street, says the Sun, are carried on without any contract except the mere word of a man, and a case of a dispute being brought before an arbitration committee is an exceedingly rare occurrence. True, necessity compels people here to be faithful to their word, for if any formality in the shape of a written contract had been introduced, the demerit would not be able to transact one-tenth of the business they transact now. It might accordingly be argued that this kind of honesty is not of a very high sort, since people are honest simply because they cannot afford to be dishonest.

The community of stock and gold brokers is quite a brotherhood. Except cases when some personal quarrels may have taken place, the brokers are all on terms of excellent fellowship with each other. The youngest of them look very much like schoolboys. All sorts of practical jokes are indulged in while business is going on. Very seldom will you hear any one called by his family name; it is all "Jim," "Jack," "Ben," or "Charley," and the moment two fellow workers become well acquainted, there is hardly any service that they would refuse to each other.

Like every other class of men, the brokers may be divided into respectable and vagabond classes. The respectable ones have plenty of money, large offices, several clerks, and always require from a customer a very heavy margin, while the vagabond boys do business in a free lance kind of style, and will satisfy themselves with a guarantee of \$100, where a solid and respectable firm would require \$1,000.

Like the brokers themselves, so also the stocks may be divided into respectable and blackguard ones. The respectable stocks will allow you to sleep quietly at night, but very seldom is there any means safe things to carry over night, will give you ample chance to gain or lose hundreds of dollars in a few hours. All you can expect to make in speculating in Rock Island, New York Central, New Jersey Central, or any similar concerns is about one dollar a week, unless you lose that sum and have to pay the commission besides; while vagabond stocks will make you lose or win hundreds, possibly thousands of dollars in the same period of time and with the same amount of capital.

The physiological and anatomical condition of the body of brokers is not a very easy subject for investigation, the great brotherhood being composed of members very differently constituted and situated. There are altogether about 1,300 brokers in the Gold and Stock Exchange, and of these barely 500 are in a state to buy to-morrow's new suit of clothes. The vast majority of them are much like briefless barristers or doctors without practice, the only difference being that both the lawyer and the doctor are pretty sure to go onward once they get a start, while the broker is constantly going up and down hill, partly in consequence of the nature of his business and partly because easily-made money is easily gone.

There is a large number of dealers in stocks and gold who are married men, of the most quiet and domestic disposition. The other day, for instance, on seeing a man who had never before touched any vagabond stock, buy a few shares of a fluctuating concern, I asked what was the matter with him. "Oh, spring is coming, and I want some flower seeds for my wife's garden," answered he, "so I'm trying to make a few dollars to cover the expense." Another will in the same way buy a few shares of Atlantic and Pacific telegraph to pay the cost of a new dress or a shawl for his spouse.

The younger and as yet unmarried generation of brokers is, perhaps, not quite so properly behaved a body of persons. In fact, a young Wall street broker and a fast man are almost synonyms. But this fastness of theirs is greatly attributable to the nature of their occupation. Brokerage both in stocks and gold is exciting. A man must be very quick and nervous to get along at all here, and the development of both these characteristics naturally influences the whole of his life.

A VERY BAD CHINAMAN.—Judge Wilson had a case of "very bad Chinaman" in his court at San Diego. One Mongolian charged another with stealing several hundred cigars from his store, and denounced the accused in terms something like these: "He very bad Chinaman; he lived in my house 10 week; he eat my grub, pay me not 10 dollar; he bummer, no good for work, a same as Mexican man."