

THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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Old School Punishment.

Old Master Brown brought his ferule down, and his face looked angry and red. "Go, seat you there now, Anthony Blair, along with the girls," he said.

Then Anthony Blair, with a mortified air, with his head down on his breast, took his penitent seat by the maiden sweet, that he loved, of all, the best.

And Anthony Blair seemed whimpering there, but the rogues only made believe; for he peeped at the girls with the beautiful curls, and ogled them over his sleeve.

DOWN IN A COAL-PIT.

Trifles often lead to great disasters, and it seemed but a trifle to me when, one November morning, a telegram was put into my friend Willis' hands as we were preparing for a day's shooting. His presence was demanded in London on some trust business, and he had immediately to give up all idea of sport. He begged me, however, to take Rover and the keeper, and pursue my recreation as if he were with me. I was not eager to make a large bag; so I determined to discard the man, and take a long ramble on the lonely hills behind Bradford, in the hope of picking up a stray woodcock, as well as a brace or two of grouse. Perhaps I was a little tired of partridges amongst the turnips, and wanted an excuse for a walk as much as anything. The day was somewhat gloomy. Torn wisps of dark cloud hurried over the hills at the back of my friend's house, but I did not mind a wetting; so started with Rover, my pointer, who frisked about in an exhilarated state as his master. Soon I gained Baddon Fell, the highest point in the district, and turned to look on the tall chimneys and smoky pall of Bradford. Thence my course lay over hill and valley, succeeding one another in gentle activities. Neither grouse, which were very wild, nor woodcock, fell to my gun. At noon I rested, and ate a couple of biscuits, by way of lunch. Then on again; and on rising a slope, I beheld a small *serp* of brambles, spruce ferns, and larch, with a holy or two intermingled, surrounded by a dilapidated fence. It was about a hundred yards across, and none of the trees were more than ten feet high; but it was in a sheltered spot, and was just the place in which a woodcock would rest a short time after its flight. Rover divined my intention, and pulled on a few yards before me. No one was in sight. A few sheep dotted the face of the opposite hill. Rain had begun to fall, and the whole landscape was cheerless to a degree. I climbed the slight fence, and followed Rover into the brushwood. A dozen steps, and I suddenly felt myself slip forward. I caught the stem of a larch, and to my horror, glided down, with a crashing of sticks and a howl from the terrified dog—glided down as it might be for a moment or two, through bushes and brambles, with an awful plunging, all disappeared into darkness, while bushes and earth rattled over me for another few seconds. To this succeeded a crash and a stunning blow, and I knew no more.

After what seemed an age, I came to myself, weak and sorely numbed; every limb aching, and my head splitting with agony, but without any broken bones, as I discovered when able to stand up again. The fact of my having slid down on the mass of debris had providentially saved my life, but the disentangling myself from the bushes and briars which had almost smothered me, took of itself some little time. Slowly recollection returned with the flow of blood in its old channels, and after having been frozen, as it were, by the shock. It was pitch dark, and awful silence reigned around. High up, I could discern a patch of gray sky, but it was evidently the hour of twilight, and soon it, too, faded out. At length, I gathered my senses, and the conviction then flashed upon me that I had fallen down the shaft of a disused coal-mine, and that, too, one situated in such an out-of-the-way valley over the black hillsides, that rescue was extremely improbable. Willis, I now remembered, had mentioned these old shafts to me a few days ago, and had told me that scrub and brushwood were usually planted over the sight of them; or some rough planks and hurdles loosely thrown over the yawning mouth of the pit. Also, his outcrops had been thrown away! Striking a light with a flint, I found it was six o'clock; so that I must have been unconscious for some hours. I began to move about, for, though much oppressed with the horror of my situation, I wanted to circulate my blood, and to gain full powers of thought. I sat in the coal-pit, and as I was in the direction of the shaft, I took sin in the direction of the shaft was, and drew the trigger. I shall never forget the result.

For an instant the vast caverns that seemed to yawn on every side around me were lit up, and I could catch a glimpse of huge buttresses reaching up on high, like the arms of Atlas. The roof I could not see, owing to the momentariness of the flash, but the noise was appalling. The explosion echoed and reechoed round the dark vault, and then fled away in muttering thunders into the unknown darkness, seeming to be caught up, and buffeted between the buttresses, and, for several moments after these repercussions of sound had ceased, to linger like the recurring undertones of some monstrous passing-bell. I am not superstitious, but it seemed just as well not to be ringing my own knell; so I determined to waste no more powder in utterly futile attempts to make somebody hear.

A low moan of pain at my side now made me start; but on calling to Rover, I found it proceeded from him. He had fallen with me, but, less fortunate—as I found on scrambling to where the moans proceeded from—had broken his back in the descent. It was piteous to feel the poor animal licking my hand, and to know that he was powerless to drag himself a yard. Even in the upper world there would have been no cure for him, and sorry as I was to lose his companionship in the utter darkness which enveloped me, I knew it was more humane to put an end to his sufferings. There was agony in the thought, but what could be done? Immediately, the faithful creature was no more, and now I was left absolutely without a friend in the bowels of the earth. I in a measure encouraged myself, however, by thinking that after dinner had waited an hour, Mrs. Willis would probably become alarmed, and send out to scour the neighborhood. But who would dream of looking for me in a deserted coal pit? and who could track my steps over the barren moors, to the point where the earth subsided under me? And then once more hope awoke strong and irrepresible within me.

Being greatly exhausted, I could no longer resist sleep, and when I awoke and struck a fuse, I found it was again six o'clock six a. m., I supposed, of the day after my accident. Shortly after, the watch stopped, and I was for the future obliged to guess at the lapse of time, as the watch key had been left on my dressing table at home.

Energy returned after my slumber, and, together with a burning thirst, drove me to leave the mouth of the pit, and search for water. I left my gun and pocketbook behind me, having first inscribed a few words on a page of it, in case rescuers should descend in my absence. I walked on boldly from the mouth, where, high above, the circular patch of sky was once more appearing with dawn, and affording me a ray of hope. When fairly in the darkness, I stopped to listen, and the silence was awful. Again I pressed on through what seemed light sand, but which I well knew was dry coal dust, which invariably carpets a pit, and extends up to the ankles of any one walking in it. At length I heard the pleasant sound of water trickling down, and immediately I was on the edge of a rill, at which I had a delicious and refreshing draught. I lay for some time by the rill, and left it invigorated, and once more, strange to say, hopeful.

How to find my way back was now my difficulty. Hunger admits of no parleying, and I was now resolved to appease my appetite on what had before seemed so revolting, the flesh of poor Rover. Staggering back to the spot where he lay, there was a hurried rush past me of an army of small animals. The truth flashed upon me. Poor Rover's body was being gnawed to pieces and devoured by rats.

Strength of mind almost again forsook me. These frightful creatures, I thought, were waiting in the gloom to pick my bones as well. Though this were a disused working, the presence of rats, I felt assured, pointed out that there were worked portions of the mine at no great distance. If they did not muster up courage enough to overwhelm me by numbers, I might yet be saved. Now I took up my gun as a protection, and resolving to give up what I had previously regarded as a treasure of inestimable value, the rill of running water, prepared to strike boldly into an opposite working, and take my chance. My flask was full of water, and with it I might support life for a couple of days, if the worst came to the worst. I lightened my waistband—a plan to appease the cravings of hunger, which I had learned also from the Red Indians—and dipping a finger of my kid glove in the flask, by dint of chewing it, made a sorry meal, but yet one that greatly relieved my pangs, and opened the salivary glands to my wonderful refreshment. My new track led to a floor of very uneven nature, and over which the roof could be felt. I concluded that this was rather a forlorn working than a thoroughfare, so

to speak, of the mine, and turned to one side, where the roof again rose. This I supposed to be the passage leading to the abandoned working from the main adit of the mine. On the same level and dusty floor, I here kicked something which sounded metallic, and picked up what I made out by feeling to be an old safety lamp. The padlock was still on its side, and the ring at the top was not eaten away or rendered less easy in its play by rust. Clearly, the pit had not been many years abandoned. And then a brilliant thought struck me. With hands trembling from excitement, I opened my pocket-knife, and forced off the little padlock with some little trouble. Then I drew out my fuse-box, scarcely daring to allow to myself that there might be sufficient oil left in the lamp to admit of my obtaining a light, if it was but for a short time. There was but one fuse left. All my hopes, almost my existence, seemed centered on it. At length I plucked up courage enough to try to strike it. It flizzed for a moment, and then went irretrievably out, dashing all my expectations to the ground, and leaving me once more in utter darkness, both outwardly and in my heart. Worse still, as I turned the lamp I felt the precious drops of oil pouring over my fingers. I would then have willingly given all I possessed for another match.

After this disappointment, I once more began to despair; and yet, determining not to give in without another great struggle, I went on, blindly hoping to light upon some clew which might perchance lead me to a working still actively prosecuted, for I knew that much of the district underlying the hills over which I had wandered was honey-combed by the operations of the colliers. At all events, this was my only chance, and it seemed well to keep up hope to the last. All at once, I fell over a hard projection, and on stooping down, found it was an iron chair *in situ*. Though the rails and transoms had been removed, here was a discovery (though I would not build too much on it) which kindled hope, and I felt in front of it I kicked another, and then another. These successive chairs showed that I was on a track, at all events, along which I could hasten without constant fear of running against the walls of the pit, and which, so long as I was careful to keep touching these chairs, might lead me to a frequented part of the pit. The most intense listening disclosed no sound. It was quite possible, I thought, if I pursued this track, that it might bring me to a level entrance into the pit. I must have rambled on for an hour, pursuing my monotonous task of kicking these iron chairs, which regularly succeeded each other at intervals of four yards, till, to my great joy, I reached a rail, fixed on the chairs; and a few yards further, finding the rail continuous, I began to feel certain that I was on the right mode of escape. Taking the last draught of water which remained, I made a mental vow not to lie down, for I felt I should never rise again if I did. Fortunately the end was at hand.

Was I dreaming, or out of the body in Hades? Did a dull knocking strike upon my ears, or was it the labored thud of my heart's slow beating that I heard? I shook off fancies for a moment, and realized as I stood there, leaning against the wall, that repeated blows, smothered by distance, were being struck before me. The knocking continued; two or three blows being given, and then a momentary halt. I recognized the sound of colliers' picks, and thankfully strove to penetrate to them, but my knees would no longer support me; I staggered on, and fell prostrate. Still, it seemed so awful a death to die within reach of succor, that I shouted as loud as I could, and was entranced when the knocking ceased, as though the colliers were listening. The revulsion of hope was too much; my faculties all became dim and hazy; I fired off in succession the two barrels of my gun.

My next recollection is that of a knot of colliers, in semi-nudity, who had just left their workings, and come through the brattice which divided their portion of the pit from the disused part, and were standing round with their safety lamps. They had fled, they afterwards told me, at first, thinking an explosion had taken place in the abandoned workings; and it was long before the "buddy" could persuade any of them to follow him. But when they once saw my deplorable condition, agonized with hunger and thirst, grimy from head to foot with coal dust, thin and cadaverous with anxiety, no sisters of charity could have been more tender in their ministrations. Warm tea and bread in spare morsels were given me; and then I was raised, and carried to the working, put in a wagon, and drawn by one of the pit horses to the pit-head. Never shall I forget the delight of being brought up to "bank," and once more feeling the blessed air of heaven blow on my lagging cheeks. And if any day my resolu-

tion not to shoot again on a Yorkshire moor were in danger of being shaken by the hospitable invitations of Willis, my nightly dreams would soon force me to abide by my vow.

The French in Mexico.

The Princess Salm-Salm, in her "Recollections of Mexico," says: The French officers treated the Mexicans with the utmost insolence and contempt. Gentlemen whom they met on the street were insulted and maltreated; and the ladies dared not venture into the street, from fear of being subjected to like indignities. Their rapacity was unlimited, and their conduct, when they were on any military expedition, equaled in horrors everything the old historians have recorded. Wholesale butcheries, the execution of innocent persons, and the plundering and burning of houses, were not the worst of their crimes. Their treatment of women, and that, too, in the presence of their friends and parents, was so bestial that the unvarnished facts would not be believed. Their name will be forever held in execration in Mexico, and their recent discomforture by the Germans has, I am sure, rejoiced ever true Mexican heart. Bazaine carried himself in Mexico as though he were the emperor, and Maximilian only his under-strapper. Every body trembled before him, and even the French despised as well as feared him—at least every man of them did who possessed a spark of honor.

His brutality, arrogance, and cruelty, are well known to the world; not so, however, his treason and intrigues against Maximilian, whom he wished to compel to abdicate, because that better suited the policy of Napoleon III. He even furnished the Liberals with munitions, and surrendered to them cities; yes, he even went so far as to offer to surrender the capital to Porfirio Diaz, which ignominious proposition was refused. Porfirio Diaz, who is a man of honor and incapable of telling a falsehood, told Prince Salm-Salm this himself.

I have said that Bazaine was low and avaricious. To justify this accusation I have only to cite what was well known to everybody in Mexico. There was nothing he would not do to enrich himself. Among other things, he had—in the name of others, of course—two stores in the city, the one a grocery, the other a draper house, in which were sold French stuffs almost exclusively. In this manner he grew rich very rapidly, for he found means to avoid paying any transportation or duty.

In order to account for his rapidly-increasing wealth, or rather to conceal the means by which it was acquired, he gave out that the Mexican lady whom he married was very rich. This was entirely false; the girl he married, and who is now his wife, was poor.

A Defaulter's Gold.

Ten years ago Charles Windsor was cashier of the Mercantile Bank, New York. He became a defaulter to that institution to the amount of \$160,000, and fled to Europe, where, it is believed, he still remains. Previous to his defaultation and flight he lived at Factoryville, owning and occupying premises now the property of Mr. Albert Bodine, and which for considerable of the intervening time have been unoccupied. Recently Mr. Bodine made arrangements to have the place put in order for a tenant, and while three men were at work clearing out a cesspool they came upon a large amount of gold coin, variously stated at from \$20,000 to \$30,000, which is doubtless part of the \$160,000 taken by Windsor from the bank and placed by him in the cesspool for safe-keeping until such time as he might have the opportunity to secure it. The matter was kept quiet until the bank officers were informed of the discovery, and have, it is understood, made arrangements to claim the gold, although there is some doubt about their ability to identify it.

Washing Not Taken In.

A good old minister of a New England Baptist church was agreeably surprised by the intelligence from one of his flock that five individuals had expressed a desire on the next Sunday to have the baptismal rite performed upon themselves. After its performance, however, he was somewhat chagrined that only one of the five joined the society of which he was pastor. A few Sundays after the same worthy elder waited on him with the intelligence that ten more desired immersion. "And how many of them will join the society?" queried the minister. "Two, I regret to say, are all we can depend on," was the elder's reply. "Very well," said the good old man, "you may as well inform the other eight that this church doesn't take in washing."

EXPERIMENTAL SURGERY.

Some of the Curious Results of the Work of the Surgeon.

The power of the lower forms of animal life to withstand mutilation, says the *Scientific American*, is well known. Out an angle worm in two, and the tail end will reproduce the head and the head a tail. Other worms may be cut into many pieces and each fragment will straightway develop a complete worm. A polyp will endure decapitation a score of times, a new head growing on every time. In like manner, the stomach of one of these creatures is capable of developing all the other parts. Still lower in the scale, the normal method of multiplication is by division, and elementary cells of more highly differentiated organisms seem to retain more or less of the primitive character. By virtue of this inheritance, spiders reproduce their lost limbs and crabs their claws. In the higher forms of life, the power diminishes so far as complex organs are involved; still it is retained to a much greater degree than is commonly supposed.

Pull out hair or a finger nail, and it will grow again. Remove a portion of the skin and it will be renewed, unless the wound is too broad or the life of the surrounding parts too feeble. Even then it is possible to transplant to the denuded surface minute particles of skin from other parts, and in a short time these epidermic islands will extend their borders until the wound is covered and the sore heals with scarcely a scar. In like manner a severed finger may be made to grow together again, and an amputated nose built up in form with live flesh from the cheek.

In such cases muscular fibers as well as skin are restored or reunited by internal growth. This may be observed also where a deep cut is healed. It has been found, too, that the muscular tissues, which perform involuntary motions in the interior of the body possess the same power of self-restoration. It is this recuperative faculty which enables the cattle of Abyssinia to supply their barbarous owners with steaks without losing their lives. The hungry savage throws his ox upon the ground, makes a cross cut in the skin of the flank, lifts the skin and cuts out a chunk of beef for his dinner, replaces the skin, and drives on rejoicing, trusting to internal growth to restore the mutilated part to health and soundness.

In every wound of the skin or muscle, nerves are severed. The restoration of the functions of feeling and motion, with the progressive healing of the wound, shows that the nerves are likewise capable of reparation. The renewal of nerve connection has been watched in cases where, as is sometimes necessary, a section of a large nerve has been cut out. In a couple of months after the nerve is cut, a gray lump appears on one extremity of the severed nerve. Growth proceeds towards the opposite nerve end until a new connection is made, at first more slender than the original; but by degrees the nerve elements increase in size and whiteness, until, in from four to six months, the nervous cord is fully restored. The process, it is said, goes on even when two inches of nerve has been excised.

About a dozen years ago it was demonstrated that cartilage, formerly supposed to be incapable of renovation, was also subject to the same laws. The cartilaginous tissue of dogs and rabbits was divided, and at the end of two months was found to be completely restored. Similarly the tendons by which muscles are attached to bones are able to reunite when severed or torn out: a fortunate circumstance for a prominent clergyman of this city, whose *tendo achillis* was suddenly snapped while walking along the street one day last winter, thus making his foot temporarily useless. Thanks, however, to the gradual reunion of the tendon, the crippled limb will in time be restored to usefulness.

Still more remarkable is the restoration of bones, and even the development of bones in abnormal positions by the transplanting of the periosteum, the membrane surrounding bony structures and the principal agent in elaborating them. Formerly, in case of a badly shattered or diseased bone, the amputation of the limb was the only resource. Now the skillful surgeon excavates the damaged parts; and in a few months the limb, which has never lost its form, repairs its losses, and regains its strength. Attempts have also been made to graft healthy bones in place of diseased ones, but they have fallen short of perfect success.

It may be interesting to know that the people of this country consumed last year 1,636,335 pounds of arsenic, 780,737 pounds of camphor, 116,063 pounds of jalap, 26,202 pounds of opium, 237,213 pounds of nux vomica, and \$999,899 worth of vaccine virus, all of which was imported.

A GREAT MYSTERY.

A French Chemist Succeeds in Turning Cotton into Silk, and then Mysteriously Disappears.

A few weeks ago there arrived in New York city from New Orleans, the *World* says, a dapper little Frenchman named Paul Magner. He had been a practicing chemist in New Orleans, and claimed to be the discoverer of a wonderful process by which flax or cotton fiber could be converted into silk, or into a texture so nearly like silk as to defy all ordinary inspection and tests. The results of this process—of which the Frenchman alone had the secret—had already been exhibited by sample to a limited circle of manufacturers and experts at the South. So thorough and deceptive was the change which it accomplished that the majority of such persons could only imagine a fraud. They smiled with incredulity at the assumption that the specimens submitted to them by the Frenchman were other than genuine silk, which, they insisted, he must have substituted adroitly for the flax and cotton yarns that he professed to have transformed. But Paul Magner was a chemist of some reputation. He claimed that he had devoted long, patient months to the analysis of the various fibers. In the cocoon of the silkworm he had identified certain elements which were wanting in the fibers of the flax and cotton plants. These elements, chemically obtained, he claimed to be able to apply to the latter products in such manner that they should be converted into an article which must be regarded as silk in all that the name implies. Parcels of cotton and flax yarn, accurately weighed, distinctively marked and otherwise identified, had been passed into his laboratory by the dozen, and within fifty minutes he had returned corresponding ones of lustrous silk! The latter had even been analyzed by expert chemists, and certified not to be real silk, but to be veritable cotton and flax yarns as of old.

Magner made arrangements with a silk house at Paterson, N. J. A quantity of chemicals, prepared for the transmission of cotton, flax, etc., into silk, was soon in readiness. A small parcel of flax yarn was operated on; woven into ribbon by the machinery; came out as glossy as the purest silk. All concerned were in ecstasies. "There's millions in it," was the unanimous cry, and it was thereupon baptized, and it was to be known in commerce by the name of *solene*.

But now comes a most singular story from Paterson. Suddenly the Frenchman disappeared. The friends of Magner could not account for his absence. The proprietor of the factory still maintains perfect faith in the Frenchman's process, and the integrity of the man himself. He thinks that the latter was worried and overwrought, perhaps became entirely crazy, and fled to Europe to escape imaginary evils. A box of ribbons, woven from common flax yarn, but brilliant as from the looms of Lyons, remains at his office to testify to what might have been.

The Stovepipe.

It is singular, says the *Danbury News*, the influence a stovepipe has upon a married man. There is nothing in this world he respects so much. A passing load of furniture may, in its general appearance, be so grotesque as to call forth the merriment of the thoughtless young, but if there is a piece of stovepipe in it no larger than a hat, he will not laugh. We don't care who the man is, how he has been brought up, what his position, wealth or influence, there is that about a length of stovepipe which takes hold upon his very soul with a force that he is helpless to resist. And the married man who can stand with his hands raised, his hair raised, and his throat grow dry and husky, is an anomaly which does not exist. Stovepipe has only one ingredient, and that is contrivance. It is the most perverse article in existence. It has done more to create heartache, embitter lives, break up homes, and scrape off skin, than all other domestic articles together. The other domestic screwdriver pales its ineffectual fires in the presence of a stovepipe, and the family hammer just paws in the dust and weeps. We don't care how much pain are taken to remember and keep in order the links, they will not come together as they came apart. This is not a joke, this is not exaggeration; it is simply the solemn, heaven-born truth. If we appear unduly excited in this matter we are sorry for it, but we cannot help it. We cannot write upon the subject at all without feeling the blood tingle at our very fingers' ends.

* Since the ice has disappeared from Great South bay, L. I., it is found that about half the oysters left on the beds during the winter are dead.