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FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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On Creation.

"In the beginning, God created." Prior to the great beginning. When there was no heaven or earth, when there was no sunlight—sunlight—when creation had no birth—When a black and boundless nothing, breathless, lifeless, round him fell, what occurred to wake his slumber? What was there to break the spell? Breathless, cheerless, all-prevailing, Starless, voidless, boundless night, Was the nothing at beginning. Out of which sprang worlds of light; Out of which were made the heavens—Countless worlds remote and near, And all living, moving creatures—In the depths of sea or air. Yet we know not what aroused Him To begin the mighty plan Of creation in its vastness, Forming lastly sinful man. Why did He not leave great nothing In its harmless, silent space Rather than make man so sinful As to damn the human race? But 'tis said that man was sinless Until tempted, when he fell—Tempted by a subtle serpent, Crawling from the depths of hell; Pure and spotless as the lily In its early opening bloom Until tempted by the devil To the shades of sin and gloom. When that black and boundless nothing, Harmless, lifeless, round him fell, Why did God create the devil Or conceive an endless hell? If creation sent forth evil, Or an evil come of good, Then where is the point dividing Satan's works from works of God? When there was no sunlight, moonlight; When there was no heaven or hell; When there was no place for sinning, Or for sinful man to dwell? Why was silence ever broken? Why was man to weakness born? Why were devils made to tempt him, And then leave him here to mourn? Vast and searching are these questions Piercing, probing to the core, Peering back beyond creation To great nothing—nothing more. Vast, though simple, is the question, Piercing, probing to the core: Is it true there once was nothing, Nothing, nothing, nothing more?

THE HASTY WORD.

"Away you go; and don't let me see your face again for a week! You are the torment of my life!" So spoke Mrs. Dorrence to her little daughter, a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl of eleven years. She meant nothing out of the way; but she allowed herself to become fretted, and the harsh, ungrateful words slipped from her tongue without thought or meaning. The child left the room, and the mother plied her needle more vigorously than before. But Mrs. Dorrence was not left alone. Mrs. Naseby, a cousin of her husband's, was there on a visit, and had been a spectator of the scene which had just passed. And these two women were much alike. They were both true and faithful wives; kind, indulgent mothers; and warm-hearted, trusting friends. Mrs. Naseby was some years the elder, and consequently, more of life's experience to guide and direct her. For some time after the child had gone both women sat and sewed in silence; but at length Mrs. Naseby spoke. "You remember our little cottage by the seashore, where we used to live before my husband went into business in the city? My oldest son, Clarence, was then thirteen years of age—a bold, fearless, noble-hearted boy, who never knew that it was to be cruel, and who was the pet and pride of his friends, both old and young. Still I used to think that sometimes bothered me. When he was at home from school his wants were so many, and his persistence in claiming his privileges so determined, that I often allowed myself to speak very harshly and unkindly to him; and though the hasty words always fell back upon my own heart with pain and mortification, still I was slow to break myself of the unpleasant habit. "One day, while I was engaged, Clarence came in and asked me for some cake. I told him I could not get it for him. He then asked me if he might not get some himself. I answered him quite sharply: 'No!' The feeling manifest in my quick, short answer, called up a corresponding feeling in his bosom, and he did not attempt to hide it. He replied to me, and then I spoke more harshly than before. He finally told me that if I would not give him the cake he would take one of his father's boats and go out into the harbor. Two of his schoolmates, he said, were going with him. I had suffered myself by this time to get entirely out of patience, and I spoke words which even now make me shudder when I recall them to mind. I told him to go, and I also told him that I did not care if he never came back. Of course I meant nothing. The

words were the fungi of my heated blood. He went away, and after he was gone I was sorry that I had spoken to him as I had. As I stood there alone I recalled to mind the first-born of my love—I remembered the smile of my curly-headed boy—I remembered his warm kisses, and his ringing laugh—his soft, warm arms, about my neck, and his 'dear mamma.' Oh, how I wished I had not spoken those hasty words—'I do not care if you never come back!' I became nervous and uneasy. A heavy hand was upon me, and a chill was in my heart.

"The cruel words rang in my ears, as they had dropped from my lips, and I involuntarily prayed to Heaven that no harm might come to my child. Dinner time came, but no Clarence. My husband was in London at the time, and I was alone with my three young children. Towards the middle of the afternoon, a messenger came to our house, and told me that one of my husband's boats had been capsized; and that three boys were in the water, and two boats had put off from the shore to their assistance. What passed during the next half hour I know not, except that I ran down upon the beach, and stood there, wringing my hands and praying Heaven to spare my child. At length one of the boats came to the shore, and when the men brought my boy to me I thought he was dead. His boat had been struck by a squall of wind in rounding the point, and when she went over he had used his first energies in saving his two companions. He had got them in a safe position upon the overturned boat; and just as he was about to secure a safe hold for himself a heavy sea came rolling in and swept him off. When the boat from the shore reached him he had sunk the third time, and one of the men caught him by the hair of the head and drew him out. But no one there knew what to do for him. They simply laid him upon some old sails, and brought him to me. And then some one took me by the arm and led me to the house, while two men bore my child after me. When he had been laid upon the bed I heard some one say that the boy was gone. Oh, Heaven only knows what I suffered at that moment! In the anguish of my heart I could only cry out: 'God spare my child!'

"But help was at hand. An old sailor, who had had experience in such cases, and who had seen the boy brought in, came to save him. He gathered together every blanket in the house, and had men heat them by the blazing fire. At first my child was utterly senseless; his legs and arms were cold as ice; and the pulse in his wrist not perceptible. I knelt by his bedside while the strong man plied the hot blankets. He gasped and struggled, and I expected that every moment would be his last of earthly life. Oh, what a time was that for me! I cannot describe my feelings—you can imagine them much better. For half an hour I knelt there, with my fingers upon my boy's pulse, while the men—six of them—worked with the blankets. By-and-by I felt a fluttering beneath my touch; the pulse began to throb; the lungs were being freed from the burden of water. At length the eyes opened, and their first glance rested upon me. 'Clarence, who is this?' I asked. A smile broke over his pale face and he answered: 'It's you, dear mother!' And then the old sailor told me that I need have no more fear. He assured me that my child was safe. I could bear no more. I sank forward upon the bed, and I remember that two of the men took me up and bore me away. It was some weeks before my boy was able to be out as before; but the fever consequent upon the terrible strain upon his system at length wore off, and my Clarence was strong and buoyant once more.

"Marie, I believe that from that time to the present I have never spoken a harsh, impatient word to one of my children. Had my boy died in that dark hour I should certainly have gone crazy. Never, never does the impulse to speak thoughtlessly, come upon me but I remember those cruel words which I spoke to my first-born on that day, and find flashing upon my memory, with an influence chilling and startling, the picture of that cold and senseless form, so near to the brink of the grave! It was a fearful lesson, but I think I needed it; and, what is more, I know that I have profited by it." Mrs. Naseby wiped her eyes and arose and left the room. The calling up of that old scene had affected her so deeply that she wished to be alone until her heart had grown still and quiet again. An hour afterwards, as she sat by the window of her chamber, she saw Mrs. Dorrence coming across the yard with little Lizzie in her arms. The child was pressed closely to her bosom, and she kissed it over and over again; and as she came nearer, Mrs. Naseby saw traces of tears upon her cheeks.

That Team of Mustangs.

A large crowd gathered in Sacramento, attracted by the moving through the streets of an old building. The building was about fifty feet long, had been mounted on four wooden truck wheels with a pair of wagon wheels in front, to which a team of six stout mules were hitched. After many tugs the old house started, the driver yelling, and the mud flying all over the sidewalk, scattering the crowd. After an hour's time they succeeded in dragging the building about one hundred and fifty feet. Within a few feet of a crossing they stuck fast, owing to a slight rise in the street made by the crossing. The driver shouted himself hoarse, the six big mules floundered about in the mud, but not an inch would they budge the old building. The crowd increased, and bets were made that they would never start it again. A teamster from the rod-woods, with four mustangs, had stopped to watch the performance—a smooth-faced, athletic young fellow. He said nothing until, roused perhaps by a splash of mud, he walked to the front wiping his face on his sleeve, and said: "I ain't got but three dollars, but I'll bet every cent of it that my four mustangs will start that rookery out of there." There was a derisive laugh from the crowd, and half a dozen takers. "Put up the money," said the teamster. "If I had more or knew where to borrow any, I'd see the last one of you." The bet was taken, Jerry Fernier held the stakes, the six mules were taken off and the four mustangs hitched on. Meanwhile the interest of the crowd increased and bets were made with big odds against the teamster. When ready to start the excitement was at a high pitch. The little mustangs bent to their work, but the house did not move. He started them again; no go. Nothing daunted, the teamster, in answer to the crowd who were chaffing him from all quarters, said: "If Jim Shaw was here I'd get the money and bet \$50 that I could start it. I ain't got 'em wadded yet." "I'll bet you \$50 against one of your horses," said a well-known lively man, "that you can't pull it five feet." "It's a whack," said the teamster; "put up the coin." The money was handed to Jerry Farmer, the stakeholder. Another tug; the little mustangs seemed to hump themselves, but it was no go. "I'll bet you another fifty agin that mare's mate you can't do it," said the lively man, eagerly. "Done," said the teamster; "I'll bet the last hoof of 'em on it, and you may swing me to one of them oaks in the plaza if they can't do it." By this time the excitement was running high among the lookers-on, and the bets were numerous. One offered to bet \$100 he could not do it, and the teamster got a friend to take the bet for him. Those who had watched the teamster elosely now noticed a change in his manner, a curious smile on his countenance. He walked up to each horse successively, tapped him on the rump with the butt end of his blacksnake, and said to each: "Stand up there now, in your harness." For the first time he mounted the near wheel, seized a single reip, turned his lean off "haw," swung them back "gee," cracked his whip, gave a yell, and, as they straightened, the unwieldy load rose over the obstruction like an old hulk over a swell at sea, greeted by a burst of applause from the bystanders. The mustangs pulled for about twenty-five feet, and he stopped them. "You see, boys," said the teamster, as he got down, "I'm with them all the time and know just what they can do, and"—with a child-like smile—"just when to make 'em do it." As he dropped the stakes in his overall's pocket, he said: "I'd give \$50 out of that ar stake if Jim Shaw had been here to see that team pull."

An Illustration of Mormon Life.

An illustration of Mormon life is found in the history of a young girl who had engaged herself to marry a young man named Robinson. She saw a Mr. Stagner, who had one wife already, and soon had a vision that she was intended for Stagner's wife. She was sealed to him accordingly, but after some years she once more saw Robinson, experienced another vision, was unsealed from Stagner and married Robinson. Then Robinson had a vision and took to himself an additional wife, but she died soon afterwards. In the meantime Stagner's original wife also died, and Mrs. Robinson had a final vision which she made known to Stagner. But this appears to have gone beyond the latter's faith, and inclination also, for he refuses to enter the matrimonial relation again for her or anybody else. By the rules of Mormon belief she is shut out of heaven if she remains as she is, and her condition is thus more unfortunate than that of any widow mentioned in history or romance.

A DAUGHTER'S CONFESSION.

Perjury that Consigned her Father to the Gallows.

A short time ago Lodieta Fredenburgh and Albert Fredenburgh, her son, were condemned to be hanged at Herkimer, N. Y., on Friday, Dec. 31, for the murder of Orlo Davis, an aged cripple, in the town of Gray, last summer. They were convicted on the evidence of Mary Davis, a young married daughter of Albert Fredenburgh, and daughter-in-law of the victim, and a confessed accomplice in the murder. Mary testified on the trial that her father told her that the old woman and himself intended to kill Orlo Davis, and that she must assist them, or they would kill her also; that she went to the barn and held the light for a time, until relieved by her father; that she then stood guard while her father held the light, and the old woman killed Orlo with the ax; that her father washed the blood from the ax, and threatened to kill her if she told of the murder. This story was told in such a simple and artless way, and the girl stood the searching cross-examination of the counsel for the prisoner, the court, the district attorney and the jury believed it to be true, and the old woman and her son were found guilty.

Ever since his sentence Albert Fredenburgh has persistently maintained that if he could have an interview with his daughter, who, with her husband, Franklin Davis, is still confined in the Herkimer jail, he could prove his innocence. His counsel went to Herkimer to bring about such an interview, and it was arranged to have the meeting in the parlor of the jail. Albert was first taken into the parlor and seated in one corner. Then his daughter Mary was brought in and given a seat in an opposite corner. This was done to enable two persons, who were in adjoining rooms, to hear the conversation, which must necessarily be loud. Fredenburgh said to his daughter:

"Mary, I am going to die, and I want you to tell your father the truth with reference to the murder of Orlo Davis." "It was seventeen minutes before Mary spoke a word, and then she merely said something about the stove. Then her father asked: 'Who killed Orlo Davis?' and she replied: 'She killed him.' 'Who is she?' asked her father, and Mary replied: 'The old lady.' In answer to further questions Mary said that her father was not present when the murder was committed, and knew nothing about it; that she held the light and her grandmother struck the blow. She then went on to detail the circumstances of the murder as given in her statement below. The persons in the adjoining room listened a tentively, one of them taking down what was said. After all had been told the two persons stepped into the room. Mary seemed frustrated at first, but on being spoken to recovered her self-composure. She was then questioned as follows:

Q.—Mary, did you know that anybody was listening during the conversation you have been having? A.—No.

Q.—Your statement is altogether different from what you swore to in court. A.—Well, it's true.

Q.—You say that the statement you have just made to your father is the truth, as it was? A.—Yes, it's true, every word.

Mary having said she was willing to repeat the statement in the presence of District Attorney Mills, S. S. Morgan, the prisoner's counsel, Deputy County Clerk Smith, and Sheriff Eaton, a telegram was sent for District Attorney Mills, and that gentleman reached Herkimer in the evening. Mary Davis was taken into the room where the persons named above were, and made the following statement, which was taken down by Deputy County Clerk Smith:

"The first time I heard anything said about killing Orlo was about midnight. Grandma first spoke about it. I was in the bedroom. She came and called me and said she was going down to kill Orlo, and wanted me to carry the light. I said I would not do it. She said if I did not go she would kill me. I told her I did not want to go. She said that it would make no difference, that I would have to go. She made me take the light and carry it down to the barn and hold it for her. She took the ax and killed him. Then she went back to the house. I went back to bed. I saw grandmother the next morning. Father was abed when we went to the house. Father did not get up. I don't remember whether she or me spoke to father. He did not say anything. My father did not know I was going to the barn. Father did not go to the barn with me. Father got up first next morning. I had not yet got up when father got back from milking. When I got up I saw father going toward Mr. Adams'. I don't remember as grandmother said

anything next morning. I went to the barn next morning to feed the chickens. Grandmother stepped into the barn and looked at Orlo, and came out. Then we went to the house. I took the lamp to the barn that was to court. Grandma took the same ax that was to court house. I stated at court on trial that father went to the barn with us; it was not true. Father did not say he would kill me if I did not go to the barn, as I said in court. Father did not hold the light when grandmother struck the blow. Father did not wash the overalls when he came from the barn, as I swore. Almira Davis told me to swear that father went to the barn. Father had no knowledge that I know that Orlo was to be killed. Almira Davis told me to say that father went to the barn as Elisha Underwood's after my child was born."

Albert Fredenburgh gave Deputy County Clerk Smith of Herkimer a sealed letter, which bore this inscription: "This is my confession, and a true one." Mr. Smith agreed to preserve the letter sealed and not open it until after the hanging. He did not believe it was a confession of guilt, but a reiteration of former stories. After the interview with Mary, however, Albert, at the request of his counsel, directed Mr. Smith to deliver this letter to the sheriff. This was done, and the document was opened and read in the presence of the persons who were present when Mary made the above statement. It is as follows:

"HERKIMER, Dec. 25th, 1875.

"I New take my pen in hand to rite a bouite the murder of orlow Davis June 23th I left home in the morning a 9 o'Clock and was a way from home i left greenville that site at hat past eight With lital areu hodge. When Wee got to his house wee stoped and talLked a bouite a Shuvell he had lost and then i Went Strate to gorge Adamsens to calrey him a paper of Smoking tobaCo i got thair at 9 o CloCk i left thair at ten o CloCk and when i got hom it was ten by my clock i then eate my super and Went to bed and did Not gey up till morning and did Not have eny talk with eny one a bouite killing orlo Davis or Did not kill him nor did not know he Was a going to be kild nor Did not see him kild and did not know he Was kild til i Went in to the barn the next morning to get Some eggs and found him Ded I an as inebent as a Child unboone of the killing of Orlo Davis and thank god for that i can gon hapey and inebent in the Site of god i am to be hung for the lye my Daughter swore to a ganeeced mee i can gon to the gallos inebent in the Site of god and i thank god for herkimer County Can have it to say that the first man that thay hung in Herkimer Was inebent and the guilty you Cleare led this be a Sad Warning to both old and young to never hang a nutther inebent man plice think of me

"this is riten by ALBERT FREDENBURG in Herkimer Jale

"please have this printed." While Mary was making her statement she frequently said: "I feel better, now that I have told the truth." Before this she declined to talk about the case with Mr. Morgan, saying that she had told all she had to tell about it. Her object in testifying as she did on the trial may have been to shield her husband, Franklin Davis, as it was at the suggestion of his mother, Almira, that her first story was told.

A Foolish Girl.

Love of mystery and romance seems to be an inherent part of the moral make-up of girls. I remember hearing of a silly little creature, the daughter of a well-to-do grocer, who persuaded her lover that papa would never consent to their union, so eloped with him. At the end of two days, during which time her parents were frantic with anxiety, young madam came home, bringing her husband with her, and the pair threw themselves at the feet of papa and mamma in the most approved fashion. After the first excitement and joy of reunion was well over, practical Mrs. Grocer said: "Lor, Samantha, my dear, why didn't you stay at home and get married comfortable!" "Why, mamma," exclaimed the bride, "would you have been willing for me to marry a poor carpenter like John!" "Surely I would, as long as he is honest," replied the mother, with an approving glance at her new son-in-law, who by this time began to look and feel foolish. "Then we shan't be a persecuted pair after all!" cried Samantha, bursting into tears; and for some time she refused to be comforted. Absurd as this story is, it typifies a large class of girls whose love of romance leads them into countless absurdities, if nothing more.

Michigan has eighteen persons who are over a hundred years old.

MARRIING.

A Woman Gives Her Views as to the Difficulty.

I am pleased to see the discussion upon domestic life and ways and means; for there was never a time when there was more need to study economy than now. Depleted treasuries have forced the subject home to us all; but, as usual, the conclusion seems to be reached that woman is at the bottom of the trouble.

Four years of hard experience have taught me that we can live on much or little, as we like—can with difficulty make a salary of \$30 per week cover our wants, or can do it with but six, and I do not know but I was as comfortable upon the last as the first aim. The main point is to find out what you can afford to spend and make up your mind how to use it, and that is what must answer the purpose. One can board on thirty cents a day or \$3; but he should know before breakfast what he intends to spend, and order accordingly.

A couple of young friends of mine were married last spring, furnished rooms and had restaurant board. Times grew tighter, money scarce, and the wife, a dear, patient little woman who had never known adversity, set herself to be a helmsman in the only way she knew—by the practice of the strictest economy; for had she not read countless times that it was the extravagance of wives that ruined husbands? and hers should never ruin Harry, poor, dear fellow. She studied into every outgo—rent, meals, laundry bills, and dress expenditures; was her own servant and out down each item half, denying herself every amusement or trifle that cost a farthing, but still Harry's brow was knotted with trouble. "Poor boy," she said one night as she sat on his knee trying, in sweet, womanly ways, to comfort him, "what a pity we got married just yet. We ought to have waited—it makes it so hard for you to get along." Then that man did a thing worthy of his manhood, and I have faith to believe the recording angel set it down against his name and that it will cover a multitude of sins. "Ellen," he said, "it is not costing me half to live now that it did before I had no wife to support. I wasted more money on myself and friends for cigars, whisky, champagne suppers, and fast horses alone every month than we spend together now; and the worst of it is, while I have allowed you to retch until you have robbed yourself, I have scarce done it at all, but I will begin in earnest now and bear my share."

Men are not usually so frank with their wives—perhaps not with themselves, as this; it would be better if they were. Then they will not talk business with their wives, of course supposing them to be ignorant of its details, and they may be; but many women have excellent judgment and an intuitive keenness of perception that stands them in the place of experience. Other people who play chess or cards barely, can, while looking on as others play, detect the slightest mistake, and could they detect the moves would save the stakes. And thus the wife, who is but a looker-on in the game of life at her husband's reckless moves, might, were she allowed to suggest or advise, save him many a time.

Again, husbands, especially young ones, who were used to putting on a good deal of style and were extravagantly generous before marriage, hate to come down to facts and say: "I have nothing but a small salary or an already embarrassed business to depend upon," and in her ignorance she does that for which he and the world blame her severely. Misled and deceived by his injudicious silence, how could she know what wrong she did him until too late? I cannot join in the cry against women who wish or require the men they marry to have money or property; for the wife knows full well, first: that his home cannot be made either comfortable or attractive to one who has been used to the luxury of hotel life or rooms and board in first-class marble fronts, without it. Second, she knows that if a man wants to save or accumulate anything, or is ever going to do it, he will have done something toward it by the time he is old enough to marry and settle down. If he has not, probabilities are that he never will, and will most likely be one of the dissatisfied, disgraced, improvident husbands who do such a vast amount of grumbling about the cost of living. Times are perpetually hard with them, and finding fault about the expense of supporting a family will be a chronic mental disease for which a wife can discover no remedy.

A Detroit judge has decided that a hotel keeper cannot confiscate the luggage of a permanent guest for debt. The decision is regarded as a singular one, and has set the Messrs. Bonifaces of Detroit talking simultaneously.