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FROM THE "ANSON TROOPERS."

CAMP VANCE, KITTRELL'S SPRING, N. C.
June 12th, 1862.

Mr. Editor: Presuming that many of our relatives and friends in old Anson, would be glad to hear from the "Anson Troopers." I will endeavor to give them a faint idea of our life since we left the quietude of home. According to orders we bid adieu to our relations and friends on the 28th ult; at the same time receiving many beautiful nosegays from our fair lady friends, as emblems of memory to cheer us on in the road of duty assigned to us by the lamentable condition of our beloved country. We could but shed a tear of grief to testify our mournful feelings, on bidding our last farewell to our dear friends. We then took up a line of march for Salisbury, travelled a few miles and came to Cedar Hill, where we found many of the aged and the youthful to cheer us on. Through the kindness of our esteemed Lieut. E. A. S., he halted and formed us in line to bid our many friends good by. Many of the fair ones testified to their feelings by presenting the boys with nice bouquets. After listening to some good advice, given us by our esteemed friend, D. C., we wheeled about and traveled to the river, finding it so swollen that it rendered ferrying necessary; part of us went over in the boat; the others seeing it rather a slow process, mounted their steeds, and with a yell rushed into the angry looking stream, and all hands soon landed on the terra firma of old Stanly—many of the boys well saturated. We then proceeded on to Norwoods, to feed and be fed. When we arrived at the beautiful little place we found the hostler's department well provided with necessaries for our stock, and on entering the hotel we found the table heavily laden with the substantial of life, ready to allay the craving appetites of our men; we also found many of our friends and acquaintances to welcome us. After resting a short time, at the sound of the bugle, we sallied, mounted, and marched for Albemarle, reached that place just as the golden sun was passing behind the blue horizon of the west. We broke ranks, and some put up at one hotel and some at another, and a goodly number chose to take lodging with the baggage wagons. As for myself and several others, we put up at Mr. Eben Hearne's hotel. After seeing that our horses were all attended to, at the signal for supper, without reluctance, we all repaired to the dining room, and as usual, we found every thing placed before us that could tend to alleviate the cravings of hungry men. As we had sent the Commissary on to Salisbury to procure transportation for our lives, stock, &c., to Kittrell's, all our hopes were blasted by his return to us at Albemarle, with the sad tidings that he could not succeed in getting transportation. So we had to right about and take it all the way through the country. We rose early next morning, ate a good breakfast, and with great reluctance, bid adieu to the people of Albemarle. The Quarter Master, accompanied by two others, went with the baggage to Salisbury and took the iron horse for Kittrell's—the rest of the company took up a line of march for Stokes' Ferry, and I am glad to say that we passed through some as nice country as I ever saw, the fields abounding with wheat, oats and flax. We crossed the Yadkin and traveled on until about night, when we found ourselves in a thinly settled country, and when we wished to take up for the night, we could find but one, able to accommodate us, and he, although blessed with plenty, was averse to entertaining the company. We were halted, and one detailed to go and see the gentleman and buy food for our stock. He returned and reported that it was no go. After a little consideration, we were marched out to see the old gent, and as he knew it had to come then, he surrendered up any thing he had at a reasonable compensation. So we all returned to the roadside, unsaddled, tied, and fed our horses; as to ourselves we had some provision with us, that we eat, and lay down under the canopy of heaven, had a sweet night's rest, rose next morning and were willing to leave that part of the country. We struck out for Trinity College, and while on the march, we were startled by the appearance of a man (Dr. Lacey,) coming out of the bushes apparently frightened. We halted to get water at his house, and he came to us, and said that he saw us coming up the road and thought we were Yankees and so he thought it politic to take leg bail; but he made up his mind that we were Southern men, and concluded to come out and see us; as to his family he said he could not tell where they went to, he told all to take care of number one. He told us how badly scared he was, but I can't describe it. We traveled on to Trinity College, where use to roam so many young men, and now it is left almost alone, as the young men have quit their libraries and taken up the rifle. We found many friends in old Davidson who wished to aid and cheer us on by all the means in their power. Passed on through Trinity and traveled on to Jim Town, passed through the street during a great gale which filled our eyes with dust and small rocks; passed on to Dr. Coffin's immediately on the railroad, and he took us in for the night, put up and fed our stock and had the pleasure of eating a richly arranged supper, after which we went about making arrangements for a night's lodging. Some concluded to stay in the dwelling and the balance of us repaired to the barn, which was partially filled with hay; all hands staid up until 11 o'clock, p. m., to see the cars come in and hear the news. After which we went to our several resting places, the greater part of us chose to stay in the barn, lay down and were enjoying the sweet blessings of sleep, when the room of inmates were disturbed by a large sheep bounding over the floor first on one man and then on a half dozen others. When we had a general cry, "take him out boys." It was very dark and rainy and two or three of the company, finding some sheet in the lot concluded to have some fun, so they caught one and turned it loose among the sleepers, and I guess some of them can say that it was more fun than pleasure, as the cloven-footed animal would graze the skin as he went over the gents, in double quick. We turned out our rowdy companion and finished our night's rest. And all we have to say for Jim Town is that the kind patriotic people may ever treat soldiers as we were treated. We saddled and rode on to Greensboro, passing through some of the most beautiful lands, and beholding on the road-side some magnificent meadows and clover fields. Arrived at Greensboro about 10 o'clock, (on Sabbath.) The citizens all repairing to Church, and it made us feel like we were from home more than ever, hearing the church bells ringing, and we on march, and could not enjoy the pleasure of going as we did when we were at home. The citizens gave us a nice reception

particularly blessed with pretty ladies. We marched on through a fine portion of country, and according to advice of some of our friends, our commissary was sent ahead of the company to procure a night's lodging, as we were told that it would be difficult for us to find any one that could take us in. So they traveled on until near night and found no place to stay, and came back to the company and reported the fact, it was then about dark, and by the way thundering, lightning and raining. So we all crossed Haw River and passed on one or two miles and halted to consider a bad case. The gentleman at the house told us he was able to accommodate our Division; so Lieut. B., had his Division to dismount and feed; Lieut. E. A. S., continued his march onward until he found comfortable quarters for his division; and then what course was left for the 3rd division remains to be told; but we did not remain inactive long before Lieut. S., with the 3rd division gave the order to right about, and we double quicked back, and recrossed Haw River, and went through the dark, our only light being the flashing lightning from the clouds above. We rode up to old Jacob Summers, and Lieut. S., went in to see the old gent, and he refused to let us stay on his place or sell us any corn, &c. Whereupon Lieut. S. demanded the crib key to see if he had enough to feed our stock, and he still declined the idea of doing right. The order was given for us to dismount and unsaddle, and by this time a son of his (Conscript) came up and saw how the thing would go, and concluded to let us have what we wanted, and so we supplied ourselves with plenty of corn and fodder, fed and lay down in an old barn, which afforded very poor shelter during a hard rain, (without any supper especially.)—We did the best we knew how that night, and rose early next morning and went forward to settle with him; and he refused to take Confederate notes. I did not believe that the good old North State was cursed with such a being. He is a wealthy old gentleman, living on the west bank of Haw river, and had at least three hundred barrels of corn and plenty all around him; and from the way he treated us, I cannot consider him a friend to the South. I can't think he has a heart—it must be a gizzard. At any rate, we pressed a lodging that night, and went on next morning to rejoin the company. Found them all well pleased with their fare, as they had fallen in with some of the patriots of the land. Marched on to Hillsboro, where we were greeted by the waving of handkerchiefs, &c. Should we be spared to see the end of the war, we will do ourselves the pleasure to visit old Hillsboro again, as we never, no never can forget the many acts of kindness and the sympathy manifested toward us by the beautiful women of that place. We left with reluctance for Oxford, and right here, I must say that I did not think old North Carolina contained such a beautiful spot as the portion of country through which we passed. I never saw so much wheat, and apparently so little corn planted. The crops of small grain look fine indeed, and are not damaged with rust, as our Anson wheat is. We soon came to Oxford, a beautiful little village, where all were apparently willing to give us a word of cheer and to pray for us and our cause. Some of the whole-souled hearts of Oxford, who know how to appreciate a soldier's condition after a march of 150 miles on horseback, would have us halt and partake of nourishment, but as the day was fast passing away, we had to pass on, and soon arrived at a little place called Tally Ho, where we halted for the night. It is a beautiful village, within a day's journey of Kittrell's. We found many of the right kind of people, who bid us welcome to their houses, gave us the best accommodation, and charged us nothing; and when we started to leave, gave us what smoking tobacco we wanted, as that article abounds in old Granville county, and especially in Tally Ho. We started for Kittrell's and traveled fast for we were anxious to get there. We soon came to an ugly little stream that completely blocked our progress, and compelled us to bivouac for the night within six miles of Kittrell's. We fared well. The people of the neighborhood discommoded themselves to make us comfortable, and told us if any of our company got sick, to bring them to them, and they should be treated as brothers. Should we never have the pleasure of seeing them again, we shall ever retain a sweet remembrance of their kindness to the tired soldier. God bless them. We marched on to Kittrell's, passing some of the largest clover fields we ever saw—one field of two hundred acres, I think with plenty of stock, up to their eyes in it, and the finest fields of corn that we saw during our long march. The wheat in Granville is seriously damaged by rust. We crossed old Tar river while it was at high water mark. We arrived at Kittrell's Depot about 11 o'clock, a. m., finding our quarter-master and party, who went ahead to make arrangements for us, and amid prolonged shouts and cheers we were welcomed to our camping ground, in an old field, grown up in small pines—a very nice place, indeed, good water plenty, and wood convenient. Our quarter-master not being able to procure cooking utensils for us, we fared badly for a few days, but we scoured the country and picked up some water buckets, &c. &c., drew some of Mass. Jeff's bacon and flour, and soon we were living fast. Some made buseuit, some hoe-cakes, while some could make nothing at all. Night come on, and we had no place to sleep, so all hands took it soldier fashion, on piles of fresh cut brush, and were soon in the land of dreams. The people of Kittrell do all they can to make us comfortable. Our camp is right on the R. and G. R. P. and the snorting of the iron horse is almost constantly heard. Soldiers going to the seat of war, the sick, the wounded, and prisoners, are constantly passing back and forth. I was at the depot, the other day, when the train arrived, and seeing many finely uniformed soldiers on board, I spoke to one of them. He said he was from Jackson's army. He was a prisoner. They are fine looking men, and appear to be very well satisfied with their condition. We are all here, thankful that we are enjoying good health, only one or two slightly affected rheumatically. We are pleasantly located, and under the supervision of such noble souls as our Lieutenants E. A. S., W. A. B., and G. D. S., who, if they are always as kind to the noble fellows they have the honor to lead, as they have been thus far, the Anson Troopers will be blessed, indeed. We look anxiously for our Captain. Our esteemed friend, Dr. H. Sturdivant, has been with us ever since we arrived. We would like to keep him but cannot. He leaves for home Monday or Tuesday.

they are a noble set of fellows, all high-toned gentlemen, and deserve the praise they receive, and I doubt not, will, in the future, entitle themselves to the admiration and gratitude of the country.

MEL CARO.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

When General Wayne took command of the expedition destined to act against the Indians of the Northwest, he was fully aware of the difficulties which lay in his way, and the almost insurmountable obstacles to be overcome. The enemy against whom he had now to contend, pursued a vastly different mode of warfare from that which he had recently fought, and vigilance, subtlety, and cunning, were of far greater need in the command of such an expedition, than the orthodox skill of the military chief. It was highly necessary to be constantly upon their alert to prevent surprise; and to guard against the machinations of his crafty foe, he organized several corps of spies, composed of the most efficient and experienced woodmen and Indian hunters which the frontiers afforded. The command of these companies was given to such as were distinguished for their intrepidity and coolness in danger. Among others who merited and obtained this honor, was Captain William Wells, who had been taken prisoner by the Indians while a child, and brought up under their tutelage until he arrived at maturity. He had been engaged in the action with St. Clair, and commanded a select body of the enemy, who were stationed opposite the artillery, and did fearful execution among the cannoners. Feeling assured, after that, that the whites would take a bloody revenge, and anticipating their ultimate success in the contest, he left the Indians and joined Wayne's army. His knowledge of the country, of the Indian language, and, above all, of their habits and mode of fighting, pointing him out as an efficient and valuable scout. Among his men was one by the name of Henry Miller, who likewise had served an apprenticeship with the Indians but had escaped, leaving his youngest brother Christopher—who had refused to fly—in their hands. The Corps of Captain Wells performed many deeds of valor and bravery during the campaign, which raised them high in the estimation of the commander, and excited against him the implacable hostility of the Indians.

On one occasion he was directed by Wayne to bring in an Indian prisoner. Selecting a few of his band, he started on his perilous duty. Cautiously and secretly they proceeded through the Indian country, hoping to surprise a straggling party, but met none with whom they could cope until they reached the Anglaise river, on the banks of which they discovered Indian signs. Searching carefully in the neighborhood, they came upon a party of three Indians, who were gathered about a small fire, cooking venison. They had judiciously selected their camp, having located it on the apex of a small knoll, or mound, which was cleared of underbrush, and gave them an uninterrupted view of the woods around them, thus rendering it difficult to approach without being discovered. Wells, Miller, and McClellan reconnoitred his position, and, in doing so, discovered a fallen tree on one side of their camp, which afforded the only cover within rifle distance of them. It was a delicate affair to gain the shelter of its branches without being seen, which would have frustrated their design. Wells determined to attempt it, however; and, dismounting and tying their horses, they commenced to creep on all fours in a zig-zag direction, taking advantage of every inequality of ground, every shrub and rock, to shelter and conceal their approach. In this manner, after much exertion, they reached the tree, and for the time were covered by its branches. Here they arranged their plan, and prepared for its execution. One of the Indians was on his hands and knees, mending the fire: another was seated opposite to him, engaged in conversation with the third, who was standing in front of the fire, and between the others. All appeared to be in the best spirits in anticipation of their meal, and little dreamed of the proximity of danger.

It was arranged that Wells and Miller were to shoot the two on either side of the fire, while

one ere he had time to recover from his first surprise. Resting their rifles on the trunk of the tree, they aimed at the hearts of their foe, and in a moment more two reports awoke the echoes of the surrounding forest, and McClellan was bounding at his utmost speed toward the camp. Two of the redskins fell dead, while the third, discovering the rapid approach of the intrepid hunter, dropped his rifle, which he had not time to use, and fled towards the river, which at the point where he approached it, had banks twenty feet in height. McClellan was at his heels, however, followed by the others of the party. There was no opportunity to double, and the Indian was forced to leap off into mud and water below. Here he stuck fast, scoundering and trying to get out. McClellan, discovering his situation, sprang upon him, and as the other drew his knife, he raised his tomahawk, and threatened him with instant death unless he surrendered. The rest of the party appearing on the bank above, the Indian found his escape hopeless, and yielded himself a prisoner. After considerable exertion, they managed to drag both out of the mire, and bound their prize, who proved sulky, and refused to speak either in the English or Indian tongue. In washing the mud off his person, they discovered that he was a white man, but they could learn nothing of his history as he still refused to speak. Miller, thinking it might be his brother, whom he had left among the Indians, rode up alongside of him and called him by his Indian name.

The effect was instantaneous. He started, turned towards his brother, and eagerly demanded, in the Indian tongue, how he came to know his name. The other easily explained the mystery, and the brothers were looked in each others' arms the next moment. Their prisoner was, indeed, Christopher Miller, who, by one of those providential occurrences by which the white man seems to be protected from danger, while the red man is fated to extinction, had escaped instant death, perhaps, at the hands of his own brother. Had his situation in camp been different—had he been on either side of the fire, instead of in the center of the group, death had been inevitable. After scalping the two dead Indians, the party returned to head-quarters with their prisoner, and he was ordered to be confined in the guard-house by Wayne, who interrogated him in regard to the intentions of the Indians. He remained for some time sulky and reserved, notwithstanding the efforts of Captain Wells and his brother Henry to induce him to abandon the Indians and return to civilized life. Upon being released unconditionally, he acquiesced, and, joining Wells' company served faithfully during the rest of the campaign.

Zeb. Vance.

If it shall be the pleasure of the people to make him Governor, as at present they seem determined to do, on the 7th of August next, new energy and efficiency will at once appear in the discharge of the duties of that office which have become so important in these times of invasion and war. Had he been Governor at the time Newbern was taken we believe the result would have been quite different. All we lacked was more force, commanded and led by a proper officer. He would have had there the proper and necessary troops and would have inspired them with his presence and command. Had he been Governor we doubt whether the enemy would now have any foothold on the soil of North Carolina. He would have told the Convention that there was great need for something to be done for our seaboard. He would have aroused that body and the whole State so thoroughly to the great danger which threatened us, as to have secured such a gathering of our loyal citizens at the proper points, and such preparations made, that Hatteras and Roanoke Island would to this day, have remained our own. The intention of the enemy to attack these places was known long enough before-hand to have gathered to these places and drilled the whole of the State militia.—Green. Patriot.

The great National Tax Bill passed both Yankee Houses of Congress on Monday. The Bill imposes a tax on everything; even glue, candles, sorews, molasses, wire and coal.

The Philadelphia Evening Journal says that the great influx of negroes into Chester county, Pennsylvania, has so reduced the price of labor