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FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

BY WILLIAM WARD.

Each thin hand resting on a grave
For lips apart in prayer,
A mother knelt and left her tears
Upon the violets there;
O'er many a road of vale and lawn,
Of hill and forest gloom,
The rooster, Death had roared in
His fearful "harvest home" day—
The last unquiet summer shone
Upon a fruitless fray;
From yonder forest charged the Blue,
Down yonder slope the Gray.

The hush of death was on the scene,
And sunset o'er the dead,
In that oppressive silence,
A pall of glory spread;
I knew not, dare not question now
I met the ghastly glare
Of each upturned and stiffened face,
That shrank and whitened there.
I knew my noble boys and stood
Through all the withering day—
I knew that Willie wore the Blue,
That Harry wore the Gray.

I thought of Willie's clear blue eyes,
His wavy hair of gold,
That clustered on a fearless brow
Of purest Saxon mould;
Of Harry, with his raven locks
And eagle glance of pride;
Of how they clasped each other's hand,
And left their mother's side.
How, hand in hand, they prayed
The day before the fight—
A noble heart beneath the Blue,
Another death the Gray.

The dead, with white and folded hands,
That hunched our village homes,
I've seen laid calmly, tenderly,
Within their darkened rooms;
But here I saw distorted limbs,
And many an eye aglare;
In the soft purple twilight of
The thunder-squall air;
Looping the slope and on the sward,
In ghastly ranks they lay,
And there was blood upon the Blue,
And blood upon the Gray.

I looked and saw his blood and his—
A swift and vivid dream
Of blended colors flashed o'er me; then
Like some cold shadow, came
A blindness of the eye and brain;
The same that seizes one
When men are smitten, suddenly,
Who overtake the sun,
And while he lies, the sudden stroke
That sweeps my soul away;
They buried Willie in his Blue
And Harry in his Gray.

The shadows fall upon their graves,
They fall upon my face,
And though the twilight of my soul,
Like dew, the tears will start;
The starlight comes so silently,
And lingers where they rest,
So Harry's revealing starlight falls
And sinks within my breast—
They will not ask in yonder Heaven,
Where smiles eternal day,
Why Willie wore the loyal Blue,
Why Harry wore the Gray.

The 43d N. C. Regiment During the War.

Whiffs from My Old Camp Pipe.

On the morning of the 9th of Oct., the head of our column was moved in the direction of the mountains, and those who had surmised that a demonstration was to be made against Maude, who was retreating in comparative quiet on the Railroad, around Calpeper C. H., now were satisfied, that such was the intention of Gen. Lee. The fine bracing air of this mountain region enabled the troops, to hold up remarkably well on the steady march. But it was agreed by all that it added nothing to the pleasure of a "deep valley" through those cold clear streams, which rushed down from the slopes of the mountains.

It was a sight not to be forgotten when one standing at a Ford of these rivers, could look back, and as far as he could see, the whole line had prepared for the plunge, by appearing in partial *disabille*. Crossing the Rapidan at an old mill, we passed on over the Robertson river, and bivouacked for the night 8 miles from Madison G. H.

Passing Madison and wading Hazle river, we now come to the inevitable and unmistakable foot-print of the enemy, as seen in the general devastation that every where greeted the eye.

Near the village of Jefferson, our advanced cavalry struck the enemy's cavalry, and a heavy running skirmish ensued, which ended after twilight beyond the celebrated Warren Springs on Hedgeman river. At Jefferson, the enemy had constructed a barricade across the principal street, of tables, bedsteads, bureaus, chair, wagons, &c., which were of as much service as the one proved to be that the Pennsylvania Militia constructed near Chambersburg, by building a rail fence across the road.

We passed the ruins of the splendid buildings at the Springs, just at

dark, but enough was seen to justify the popularity in days gone of this splendid resort for the fashionable and wealthy. The next day we pass the town of Warrenton, where the admiration and devotion of the noble and heroic Virginia women, to our trusted leaders Lee and Stewart, was exemplified by the daughters and matrons of town crowding around and clinging to them. Reaching a piece of wood, 4 miles S. E. of the town, about 4 o'clock p. m., we were ordered into camp to cook rations. Our Brigade was already noted for its skill in capturing wild game, but its success, within an hour from the time we halted excelled anything it had yet accomplished, over the capture of a red fox in an open field, at Summerville Ford. Without firing a gun, they very soon had a wild turkey, an opossum, several mountain partridges and rabbits.

When surrounded by a regiment of yelling rebels, they seemed to be utterly helpless. Moving out before day, pass Gen. Battle's Brigade and catch some of the eloquent appeals as he addressed his men, there in the "hazy mists of the early morn," and very soon, the crack of the sharpshooters rifles told us that his stirring sentences had a purpose in them. The day was consumed in a running fight, in which we killed, wounded and captured several of the enemy. By circuitous and obscure routes, often passing for miles through fields and roads, cut out by our pioneer corps, we at last, on approaching Bristow Station, on the Manassas Gap Railroad, found by the roar of musketry and artillery that we were in close proximity to the body of the enemy. Moving at a rapid rate for about three miles we were halted just after the battle closed, in which Coook's and Kirkland's Brigades had been engaged and lost about four hundred men.

(To be Continued.)

Mr. Peduncle and His Cow.

Mr. Peduncle went out to milk the other day. Now, if there is one thing Mr. Peduncle prides himself upon, it is his perfect command of a cow. With his bucket on the ground he milks with both hands, and sings meanwhile, occasionally bestowing a word of warning upon the cow if she whisks her tail at him or tries to scratch her back with her hind foot. On this occasion he had nearly finished and was singing cheerfully:

"My soul (so now!) be on thy guard,
(What is the Egyptian sandhills ails this cow?)

"Ten thousand (thunder and borax! stand still!) toes arise!"

And as Mr. Peduncle raised him self up from the barn floor and wiped the milk out of his ears and nose, he saw up in the loft the wife of his bosom with a long switch in her hand, with which she had been tickling the gentle animal's nose, and she said in an awful voice:

"Oliver Peduncle, I reckon you'll wrap your old tobacco box in my handkerchief again, next Sunday, won't ye?—and have me to take it to church and sling it out on the floor—hey?"

When he milks now, Mr. Peduncle sings very softly, indeed, and keeps one eye on the loft.

An Unsympathizing Voter.

They say that the politician who isn't enthusiastic in the cause of his party is no politician at all, and this may be the motive mental power which forces some politicians to extremes.

In a charter election held in a Western town the other day, enthusiasm ran high and both parties made a lively effort to get out the full party vote. About an hour before the polls closed it was discovered that the lead-

ing candidate on one ticket was one vote ahead, with no prospect that he could secure another vote. The opposition polled its full strength, but suddenly remembered that a faithful member was on a bed of sickness. A carriage was driven to his house, and the sick man's wife met the committee at the door.

"My husband is at the point of death," she sadly replied to their interrogatories.

"You don't we carry him on a lounge?" queried one of the men.

"He may not live two hours," she replied.

"Couldn't four of us take him on a bed?" continued the man.

"I think he is dying even now," she answered.

"Does he know we are here?"

"He is unconscious."

"Dear me!" sighed the man, as he turned away, "I don't see how he can willfully and deliberately lie there and die when his one vote would sweep the opposition higher than a kite!"

A PITIFUL APPEAL.

Suffering and Starving at Adam's Run, Colleton, S. C.

To the Editor of the News and Courier:

I am requested to forward to you the enclosed preamble and resolutions with request to publish them.

I only add that the condition of the colored population here is deplorable. At an assembly of over thirty men of family on Saturday, I asked each how much corn he had, and one bushel was the most that any one had.

While I write two old women sit on my step caving, they say, the first food they have tasted for twenty-four hours.

Twenty bushels of corn and one hundred and twenty pounds of meat received through Mr. Wm. Hood from the citizens of Due West (some of which I was permitted to use at discretion), has given temporary relief to a few; but aid must be secured.

T. S. Waring, M. D.

THE PREAMBLE AND RESOLUTIONS.

At a meeting of the laboring farmers of the neighborhood, held at Annaveta this day, Mr. Charles Garrett was appointed chairman and Mr. Jonas Simmons secretary. The chairman explained that the of the meeting was to make a united appeal to the public for aid, and offered the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted:

Whereas we, representatives of the farmers, have made every effort to sustain ourselves, yet find want, and even starvation threatening us; and whereas, unless aid come from some source it will be impossible to make our bread for next year and hence nothing but want and continued suffering must follow; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we immediately request the press generally, and the Charleston News and Courier and Walterboro' News, specially, to make our wants known to assist us in this, our time of sore need.

Resolved, That Dr. T. S. Waring be requested to continue aiding us by extending his notice and receiving any contributions of money or provisions that may be sent for us, distributing the same as they come promptly, as many of our old citizens are already feeling the pangs of hunger, and more will rapidly be added to the number.

There being no farther business the meeting then adjourned.

Dr. Waring has consented to act as requested. His post office is Adam's Run, St. Paul's, S. C. His freight depot is Ravenel Station, Savannah and Charleston Railroad.

JONAS SIMMONS, Secretary.

A raw egg mixed with a little sugar, taken every morning before breakfast, is declared to be an infallible cure for dyspepsia.

How Grant's and Babcock's Friends Live in Jail.

ST. LOUIS, May 19.—Uncle Billy McKee and Col. Con McGruo are making themselves free and easy in jail. They occupied, respectively, cells 98 and 100 last night, 99 being used as a store room for the comforts with which they have provided themselves. They retired quite late and were up very early this morning. Not being locked up like other criminals, they came out on the balcony, and tilting back in cane seated chairs, spent a few hours in reading the morning papers, receiving callers, and discussing the situation. About noon they retired to their cells to rest or to meditate, and did not make their appearance for some time subsequently. A contract has been made with a restaurant, under which they are supplied with regular meals, composed of all the delicacies of the market. A boy has been hired to run errands for them, and a colored man has been employed to come every morning and make up their beds and set their apartments to rights.

SLANDER.—The public man who tries to answer every slanderer set adrift against him will be kept as busy as a thin-skinned fisherman on a salt meadow in musquito time. He may kill a dozen tormentors, but a hundred will come to their funeral.—Happy is the man who can sit unmoved in the presence of partisan malice, and feel that his record is all right, and that the confidence of the people in his integrity cannot be shaken by the idle breath of slander.—Washington Republic.

A Strike in South Carolina.

A strike, which bids fair to end in bloodshed, was inaugurated last Tuesday among the negro laborers of the rice fields along the Combaher river in lower South Carolina. The idea of a strike among the laborers seems to be not to work for the white man except on such terms as they (the laborers) may fix.

The strike at first was moderate in character. No depredations were made at first on either persons or property. But as the movement spread from plantation to plantation, from the Combaher to the Ashepoo, it grew in numbers, force and violence. Non-strikers were driven from their work in the fields; some were forced to defend their lives against the mob; others were whipped for refusing to join the rioters, and all were terrified. The strikers have cut many dams on the Ashepoo and flooded the crops with water, and the work of destruction seems but begun, as the spirit of violence among them is growing every day.—Armed with clubs, they go in bands of from fifty to a hundred from place to place inciting other negroes against the whites.

The white people in that section are at the mercy almost of these black savages. In the locality where the strike originated there are about fifteen hundred colored men to sixty whites. Governor Chamberlain was appealed to for protection by the non-strikers and citizens generally. A Trial Justice named R. F. Colecock was appointed at once to quell the disturbance. As soon as this was known a Radical politician of the incendiary class issued his orders in all directions, patrolling the county, defying the Governor, and swearing vengeance against Colecock and his family if he dared to act. Here the matter rests, according to our latest advices.—Nat. News.

TO DESTROY INSECTS.—Dissolve one pound of alum in two quarts of water, and pour it boiling hot into cracks and crevices infested insects.

TWO SPLENDID NOMINATIONS.—The best two nominations for the State Ticket we have seen is Calvin H. Wiley and Gen. D. H. Hill for the office of Superintendent of public instruction. They are both eminently practical and fit men for the place, and we shall be heartily pleased to see either of them put on the ticket. Mr. Wiley has contributed more valuable service to the Free School system in the State than any other man who has labored in that field, and has therefore a proved fitness. Gen. Hill's qualifications are undoubted, and being a brother editor we shall be proud to see him honored by a position the duties of which, if accepted, we know will be performed with conscientious fidelity.—Watchman.

An Indian came to a certain agent in the northern part of Iowa to procure some whiskey for a young warrior who had been bitten by a rattlesnake. "Four quarts!" replied the agent, with surprise; as much as that?" "Yes," replied the Indian, "four quarts—snake very big."

Thirty Seconds Too Late.

Rev. Mr. Bell was always always punctual. We cover might be late at meeting, at the funeral or anywhere else, they all knew that Mr. Bell would not. If called to attend a wedding, his foot was on the doorstep and his hand on the bell-handle when the clock was striking the hour. It was, at first, quite annoying to his flock to go according to their old habits to a funeral, and meet it on the way to the grave, or go to a wedding, and to find it over before they thought of getting there. So old Mr. Bell waited on the minister to ask him why he was always in such a hurry, and so afraid of being too late.

"Well, my good friend, I will tell you; and if, after hearing me, you do not think I am right in this thing, I will try to alter."

"That's surely fair," slowly said Mr. Bell, as if afraid to commit himself.

"When I was a young man, and had been preaching only a few months, I was invited to go to a distant town and preach to a destitute people. I went for some weeks, and then returned home for a few days, promising to be back, without fail, the next Sunday. Well, I had pleasant week among my kind relatives, and was so engaged that I hardly thought of my solemn duties, till Saturday returned, and then my sister and a beautiful friend of hers persuaded me to go out a little while in the little boat Cinderella, on our beautiful lake. The day was fine, and Cinderella spun and darted under my arms as if a thing of life. When we got ashore, I found it two o'clock and I knew the cars started in fifteen minutes!"

"I left the ladies and ran home, and caught up my carpet bag, and ran for the depot. I saw the cars had arrived. I heard the bell ring. With all my strength I ran; I saw them start. I redoubled my efforts, and got within fifteen feet of the cars! Oh, for thirty seconds more! Thirty seconds too late! No more! The next day was a fair, still, sweet Sunday. My mountain people gathering coming down from the glens and following the rills, filled the house with worship. But there was no minister; and the hungry sheep had no shepherd to feed them! He was thirty seconds too late!"

There was a poor blind man, who lived four miles from the church, seldom could be get to meeting. They'dy be ate breakfast early, and his little granddaughter led him all the way down the mountain to the church. How weary, sad and disappointed he was! There was no minister to speak to him. He was thirty seconds too late!

"There was a sick child up on the glens of the mountain, and she had been inquiring all the week for her minister. She was so anxious to see him, and have him pray with her. How she waited the day when he would be there! But not he was not there."

"There was a great gathering of children to the Sunday school. And their little eyes glistened, for their minister promised to preach them a little sermon to-day; but he was not there. He was thirty seconds too late!"

"That poor old blind man never came to the church again. He was too feeble, and never heard another sermon or prayer. The minister was thirty seconds too late!"

"That little girl was dead before I got back, and I could only shed tears over her corpse! I had been thirty seconds too late!"

"On my boudoir knees I asked God's forgiveness, and promised Him, that if possible, I would never again be thirty seconds too late!"

"And now, Mr. Bell, am I right in punctuality?"

"Well, I don't look quite so unreasonably as it might!"

And if it is not well to put off the things of life, is it safe to put off preparation for eternity?—Liddell.

Take the Paper.

Read what Holmes says, ponder and—pay up! Why don't you take the papers? they're the life of my delight, except about election time, and then I read for spite. Subscribe, you can't lose a cent; why should you be afraid? for cash thus spent is money lent at interest, four-fold paid. Go, then, and take the papers, and pay to-day, nor pay delay, and my word it is inferred, you'll live until you're gray. An old neighbor of mine, while dying of a cough, desired to hear the latest news while he was going off. I took the paper and I read of some new pills in force; he bought a box—and he is dead? no—hearty as a horse I knew two men as much alike as o'er you saw two stumps; and no phrenologist could find a difference in their bumps.—One takes the paper and his life is happier than a king's, his children can all read and write, and talk of men and things. The other took no paper, and while strolling through the wood, a tree down and killed him—very good. Had he been reading all the news, at home like his neighbor Jim, I'll bet a cent that accident would not have happened him, for he who takes the paper, and pays his bill when due, can live in peace with every man, and with the printer, too.

RELICS OF ANTIQUITY.—Mr. F. W. Foster who is having a well dug on Hanover, between Third and Fourth streets, informs us that at the depth of thirty-four feet, through solid sand he came to a cypress log, lower down, or thirty-six feet below the surface, was found a pine log. The body of the latter is considerably decayed, but the knots, which bear the appearance of having been chipped off, probably with an Indian tomahawk, are perfectly solid as sound. How many centuries have passed since those logs composed a portion of the forest of cypress and pine which flourished in that locality, and under whose branches the wild aborigines hunted and sported, is hard to tell.—W. Star.

Watts, says Hampton, deserves no belief; Hampton, says Watts, is both far and this;

On only one point their agreement is true; Both own they belong to the Radical party.

Blue Ridge Blade.

When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.