

WEEKLY ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

L. III.

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NO. XV.

THE CAPETH FOR YOU.

Am weary of plaining and working,
My frame seemed strangely weak,
I took up the black volume,
As I settled into my seat.
Seeking no special chapter;
Drifting just here and there;
Restlessly turning the pages,
To read what the tale should bear.
Till that not a creature
Came stirring language sweet,
Which I was striving to carry
Over the ragged road.
And this was the loving sentence,
Open the book I read,
"Laying your case upon Him,"
Were the words the writer said.
And then, like a strain of music,
Came thrilling language sweet,
"He careth for you," how blessed it
How beautiful, how complete!
Beautiful words of blessing!
Make the darkness light;
He who beholds the sparrow
Keepeth us ever in sight.

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

Whiffs from My Old Camp Pipe.

The firing between our guns and the Fort was kept up, at intervals during the whole of Sunday night and Monday, Gen. Hoke and some of his staff officers, spent the day in reconnoitering the position of the enemy, making plans for the attack. Just before sun-down on Monday, we were ordered up and moved around on the West side of the town and about one mile from it. Our left rested on the Roanoke River, and our right was supported by the Virginia Brigade and Capt. Graham's Battery. The upper Fort for the protection of the town was about 300 yards outside of their line of earth works, and was garrisoned by a Captain and 72 men, and two 32 pounders and several other guns besides small arms. On one side the Fort was protected for several hundred yards by an almost impassible swamp covered with brush and logs, cut down and tumbled in every manner that could impede our advance. Our advance on the Fort, was through an open level field over a half mile when we would all the time be subjected to an unobstructed fire from the point of starting. Our line was formed in the edge of a swamp, where the mud and water was about knee deep and under cover of the trees. Our sharpshooters were formed on the edge of the opening, and at the command, "Forward double-quick!" Our line burst from its cover with the suddenness of an avalanche, and simultaneous with it, came the gallant Graham with his splendid battery, thundering across the field. He advanced at a full gallop under a heavy artillery fire until he reached the desired point which was about 400 yards from the Fort when he halted and immediately opened in gallant and effective style. Our line pressed forward under a galling fire until they reached the stockade, which was now about dark, and immediately surrounded it, as with a cordon of fire. Fifteen of the sharpshooters made opening through the heavy sharpened cedars that had been fastened around the fort to prevent an entrance, and under a murderous fire from the fort, and through a shower of hand grenades they actually sealed it. The gallant and lion-hearted Capt. Hal Macen, fell at the door and many others were wounded. The large body of Infantry in the works around the town, had to stand and witness the struggle, without rendering any aid, as by coming to the rescue, they would have exposed their flank to Gen. M. W. Ransom, who was posted as to strike them effectively. By midnight Gen. Hoke had completely surrounded the Fort and three Yankee Gun Boats, steamed up the river, and began to feel for us. The swollen condition by the recent heavy rains, enabled them to get as near as two hundred of our line, and our Regiment being between the river and fort, got the full benefit of their one hundred pounds, but fortunately for us, they could not lower their bows sufficiently and their shells, shot

and canister passed just above our line. The Ram, 'Roanoke' which had been built to aid in this work, was far up the river, with a large fort two miles above us on the bank of the river, in which was mounted a two hundred pounder especially to pay its compliments to the Ram whenever it attempted a passage, and the river was studded with torpedoes, but it was high enough to let her pass without disturbing them, although the enemy had made every preparation to prevent the passage of the Ram, and had the banks lined with pickets, yet by closing her port holes and obscuring all the lights, she had passed the range of the big gun and was speeding her way to our relief, below the fort before she was discovered. And it being too late to communicate the danger to the gun boats that were playing upon us so furiously, before they were aware of it, she put on a strong head of steam and tore open her port holes in front and opened a terrible fire upon them. They steamed off with all possible speed for the Sound, but the 'Roanoke' kept her speed and fire, and overtook one just below the town and ran her iron snout clear through her hull and drew back to let her sink. Never in the history of the war were troops prouder to hear guns open, for we knew that our deliverer had come, Gen. Hoke now demanded a surrender of the Fort, and after a parley of about fifteen minutes the fort and garrison was surrendered. Before light the lines were re-arranged and disposed in such manner that while a great portion of it was exposed during the day to a raking fire from the Infantry behind the works and forts in the town, yet it allowed no new disposition or change, on the part of the enemy. Early on Wednesday morning our Brigade was formed on the West side of the town while Gen. Ransom's was on the East side, and the advance was one of danger and death from the moment we started, being through fair open level ground for nearly a mile. But the Stars and Stripes floated defiantly from Fort Williams and it must be lowered and all felt that they would be met in the emergency. For some reason they gave most of their attention to the line of Gen. Ransom, for it was found when he reached the line that 335 of his noble Brigade had fallen. As we neared the works and rapidly concentrated our fire, from contracting lines the enemy broke for the fort and about 2600, were hurled and packed within its walls. In a moment it was surrounded and Gen. Hoke sent a flag of truce and called for a parley with the commandant, Gen. Weitzel, who soon appeared outside the fort and was conducted to our gallant leader, who sat calmly and smiling on his 'crapped-eared black, and surrounded by his brave and excited followers. (To be Continued.)

A New Departure.

During all the years of the first century of American Independence, which closed yesterday, the South was distinguished for its dependence on the North—if we except the period of the war. We have relied on the New England States for our clothes; although we raise the cotton out of which they are woven.—We have looked to the West for our bread and bacon, when we could scarcely produce both at home. The consequence has been that the South has been growing poorer and poorer each decade of years while the North has been increasing annually in wealth, magnificence and power. We hope the South will take a new departure with the opening of this second century of the American Union. Our cotton crop would be more profitable to us if manufactured in our own country. We have

all the water power needful. The labor can be obtained. The work is profitable, as experienced teachers. Why then should we not have more cotton factories? Why is not the good example of C. I. Thomas A. Holt, and other leading manufacturers, followed by the capitalist? It is equally important that our farmers should produce their own grain and meat, and not depend on purchasing from northern markets. For a farmer to raise cotton, and buy bread, is ruinous. The history of the farming element for the past few years proves this. If the Southern people will signalize the beginning of this century by taking a new departure in the direction of *Material Independence*, the most sanguine hopes of the South's future prosperity will be more than realized.—*Rail News.*

North Carolina at Philadelphia.

The Legislature of 1874-75 were begged, entreated, implored to appropriate a sum of money to enable North Carolina to make an exhibit at the Centennial. They refused to give a cent. The motives of the General Assembly were good; they recognized the fact that the State is heavily in debt, and that we had better pay our debts before spending money for show; and, besides the idea of joining in the National Celebration did not take very well at that time, anyhow, with many of the members, North Carolinians of such shade of opinion not being alone, but having company in several Northern States. The wisdom of the Legislature we will not question. But we think a thing has turned out, it is to be regretted that something was not done to place North Carolina before the world in her true light. What a magnificent show the specimens of our mineral wealth alone would have made! It would have dazzled the eyes of the gaze; revealed the hidden riches of our State; and attracted thousands to our fields, and mines, and marble beds, and coal-pits. We would have shown gold as bright as the gold of Ophir; marble like that which is dug from the beds of Carrara; and coal as good as ever came from the islands and mines of Newport. We had a thousand other things to exhibit, which would have been of real benefit to the State, had they been carried to the Centennial. As it is, we hear of nothing on exhibition there from North Carolina, except a horned negro and a five-legged calf. That, heaven knows, is bad enough; but when we are further informed that these specimens of our grand and noble old Commonwealth are not allowed to go into the grounds, our misery is complete. That five-legged animal—that horned African—either, is a spectacle that must make North Carolinians weep. It is awful. "If you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now." But we are inspired with the hope that the reputation of our State will be in part redeemed by the presence of the Fayetteville Light Infantry, accompanied by the Governor.—They may be able to wipe away the stain that the bovine anomaly and the monstrosity from the woods of Warren, have brought upon North Carolina's fair fame.—*Rail News.*

The roof that covers the worst tenant in the world is the roof of the mouth. Nothing in wickedness surpasses the human tongue.

Two young men out riding were passing a farm house, where a farmer was trying to harness an obstinate mule. "Won't he draw?" said one of the men. "Of course," said the farmer; "he'll draw the attention of every foot that passes this way." The young men drove on.

Mississippi Arithmetic.

Last winter a negro in my employ, says a correspondent in Missouri, concluded to go to Mississippi—and went. One day this winter I saw the same negro approaching my house, the following colloquy took place:
"Well, Hilliard?"
"Howdy, boss?"
"So you have got back here?"
"Y s, sir."
"How do you like Mississippi?"
"Well, boss, ain't the land ric?—Why its rich enough to sprout young negroes."
"Then what's the matter. Didn't you get rich enough to eat?"
"O yes, boss, but I tell you I didn't like the Mississippi arithmetic, for the very day I got to Aberdeen, a white man hired me for half the cotton and one third the corn I could make. I was to pay him one third the corn I could make. I was to pay him for what he furnished me. Me and Abner and John, my two boys, got plenty to eat, and though we was doing bulky—for we made 15 bales of cotton and 600 bushels of corn, and other truck acc'rdng.—When we got the crop all gathered, Mr. Williams, the man we worked with, called me up and said: "Well Hilliard, I have let you have 200 pounds of meat. I will charge you 23 cents a pound for that. Let you have so much meal. I charge you two dollars a bushel for that. I let you have so many pings of tobacco. I will charge you forty cents a plug for that, and so on."
"And bless the Lord, that white man set down and pined out his book and pencil and commenced in king figures. I heard him say: "Ough's cotton, and mine's corn. And in the end and cotton's mine."
"That's the reason, boss, I didn't like Mississippi arithmetic, and that's the reason I came back to old Arabam."

Campaign Tracts.

Says the *Baltimore Gazette*: In presenting one of the appropriation bills to the House a few days ago, the Hon. Fernando Wood made a strong and able speech upon the resources and expenses of the Government, and the necessity for retrenchment. In one of the interesting tables which were embodied in it, there were presented a statement of the number of employes borne upon the civil list of the United States from 1859 to 1875, inclusive, compiled from the biennial official registers. It shows the enormous growth of the federal patronage and utter hollowness of the republican professions of retrenchment and economy. The following is a summary of the table, and we ask for it the careful consideration of our readers:
Total number of civil employes in 1859.....44,527.
Total number of civil employes in 1861.....46,049.
Total number of civil employes in 1863.....47,375.
Total number of civil employes in 1865.....53,167.
Total number of civil employes in 1867.....56,113.
Total number of civil employes in 1869.....54,207.
Total number of civil employes in 1871.....57,903.
Total number of civil employes in 1873.....85,650.
Total number of civil employes in 1875.....94,119.
These are official figures printed at the government printing office, in Washington. They tell their own story. In 1869, when General Grant came into office, he found 54,207 civil employes on the pay rolls. In 1871 that number, under his administration, was increased to 57,903.—In 1873 he still further increased the pay roll to 85,650. And in 1875 he had it up to the enormous figure of 94,119.

Murder by Negro Politicians.

The river counties of Louisiana are cursed with a dense population of the most ignorant and brutal negroes to be found in any portion of the South. Just such material as can be manipulated to fatal advantage by the incendiary class who have represented Republican politics in these States, is there found in abundance. From time to time, and inevitably in advance of elections, outbreaks and violence occur among this population, which are regularly heralded by the Republican press as promotions of rebellious insurrection and the work of white Klux. In every instance these disturbances, when instigated, have been proved to be the results of the instigation of carpet-bag politicians or of negro leaders. The disturbance reported as a riot, which occurred at Mount Pleasant, near Port Gibson, on last Saturday, ensued in consequence of the murder of a Democratic negro by an organized band of negro politicians. Avowedly for the reason only that he claimed the right of entertaining Democratic sentiments, he was ordered to leave his home, and refusing to do so he was killed. Incidents of a like nature with this have not been uncommon in Louisiana and in other portions of the South where the negro population is thickest. The ignorance and blind passions of the race readily worked upon by men whose only advantage is derived from keeping the two races antagonized. We may look to hear this story many times repeated before the fall elections.—*Mobile Register.*

Soft.

"M ssa was you eber in lub?"
"No, s'r, I can't say that I ever was."
"Well I used to be in lub."
"How did you act when you went to see the young lady?"
"I didn't know how to do nor what to say till I axed my madder."
"And how did she tell you to act?"
"Well, she told me dat when I went to de gal's house dat I must sot down and look kind of lovin' to her, and say something soft."
"And did you say something soft as you term it?"
"Yes, sir."
"What was it?"
"Washed pertaters."

Let Virginia Start too.

We rejoice at the political prospect in North Carolina. We recognize unmistakable omens of success in the zeal with which her Democracy have launched out into the canvass. They have buckled on their armor at the first word of command, and have dashed into the fight like men determined to win a brilliant victory. While we admire the promptness and energy of our friends in North Carolina, we desire to commend their example to the imitation of our own people. Let us profit by it. Is it not time that we too were moving? Have we not a great work to do? and is it not time that we were 'up and doing?' Let us sound the tocsin. Let us have a grand ratification meeting to endorse our national ticket; and let us gird our armor, and march on to victory side by side with our brethren of North Carolina and the other Democratic States.—*Norfolk Virginian.*

It was a Cleyson's small boy who was being talked to by a Sunday school teacher on the sins and frailties of the body, and was asked:—
"Well, my son, what have you besides this sinful body?" Quick as thought the urchin responded. "A clean shirt and a nice pair of breeches."

Kirk Post Master.

Kirk Jenkins, the Post Master at Charlotte, found a note under his plate, at his boarding house, saying that he would have to leave the house, or they would. That they (the boarders) should not eat at the same table with any man who glared in an openly proclaimed manner at the table. I will be remembered that at the Kerk's free show, in Charlotte, a few days ago, I witnessed publicly, that he belonged to Kerk's cut-throats and robbers and he was not ashamed of it. He was reproved by a colored brother—John Schenck, who remarked, that "he, (Jenkins) was the only man he had ever heard boast of his own infamy."
Jenkins pulled up stakes and sought another place. Served his right.—*Concord Sun.*

The Democratic committee of the House have reduced the appropriations forty million of dollars, which, if passed, by the Senate, will have the effect of sending fifty thousand of these office holders to earn a living in some other way, and will leave Gen. Grant about the same number of employes he had when he came into office in 1869, namely 54,207, or 10,000 more than was found to be necessary in 59, under Democratic rule. He and the Republican Senate are fighting to keep those fifty thousand leeches fastened upon the treasury. That is the meaning of the so-called dead lock between the House and Senate. Does any one doubt which party is right?

Now is the time when the stick-up fool, who wants to run for office himself, goes around talking about this man or that man, this family, or that family, wanting to "run the county." As for we, we, and ourselves, we want to make an honest living by work, and we do not propose to go loafing round town, friendly to a man's face and back-biting him out of his sight. All decent people, whether rich or poor, have a contempt for such a character.—*B. R. Blade.*

Mr. O'Farberly undertook to tell how many were at the party: "The two Crograms was one, myself was two, Mike Finn was three, and— and—who was four? Let me see!" (counting on his finger). "The two Crograms was one, Mike Finn was two, myself was three, and—behold! there was four of us, but I couldn't tell the name of the other. Now, it's meself that has it. Mike Finn was one, the two Crograms was two, myself was three—al—by my soul I think there was but three of us or al."

DEATH OF GEN. GEORGE A. CUSTER.

Thousands throughout the Union will read with deep sorrow the melancholy fate of this gallant young officer, who was killed in a battle with the Sioux Indians on the 25th ult. He was a brave soldier, a true patriot, and an accomplished gentleman. He fell where he would have chosen to pitch up his life—at the head of his column, in the discharge of his duty. How sad that such a life as his should have been sacrificed so needlessly. The memory of the generous treatment he received from President Grant, on the eve of his departure from Washington to join his command, will deepen the general sympathy.

(Cincinnati gave the nation a candidate without a purpose, on a platform without meaning. St. Louis responds with a candidate whose name is the symbol of reform upon a platform which means a peaceful revolution in the conduct of the government.—*New York World.*

Gen. Bunsie having been taken ill Gen. Harpeth commanded the Centennial Legion at Philadelphia.