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NO. XVII.

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

Whiffs from My Old Camp Pipe.

On the morning of the 26th, April, we left camp at early dawn, and took the direction of Washington.

The roads were dry, sandy and hot and the dust was almost unendurable. We remember that late in the afternoon we came to a swamp, about three fourths of mile wide and had it to wade. We lay down that night with orders to be ready at 3, a. m., and accordingly, we scrambled up in the dark, and daylight found us in sight of Washington. Our Regiment was deployed as skirmishers and advanced to a semi circular ridge, which borders a large swamp in front of the town and which had had all the timber and brush cut down. And our position while it had the advantage of a good view of the town and all the fortifications defending its approach, it had also the disadvantage, of being in full view of their guns, and was the line upon which the enemy had almost daily placed their targets for Artillery practice. And the remarkable accuracy with which they throw their shells, was satisfactory evidence that they had been well drilled. By means of shingles, and our bayonets, the boys were not long burrowing into the ground after our line was established. Each man remained in his pit, as closely as possible, for whenever one showed himself, it was the signal for a shot, as they seemed constantly to have their guns trained on us. Lieut. Thredgill of Co. F was in a pit at the root of a small persimmon tree, against which stood one of their practice targets. He raised up to reconnoitre, his position, and in an instant the flash of a gun warned him to lie down, and the missile cut the tree off about three feet from the ground. This, at a distance of three-fourths of a mile, and was but a fair specimen of the kind of shooting we had to endure during the whole day. We remained in our cramped positions in these pits, exposed to the direct rays of the Sun during the day, and were not relieved until the next morning. At intervals, during the night, a brass band occupying some point where their excellent music, could be distinctly heard by us, regaled our weary moments with their favorite national airs. Our places were taken on the morning of the 27th, by a squadron of dismounted Cavalry—who were evidently not much pleased with the position. The position was on the ruin of a once beautiful farm, but its beauty and glory had departed, at the approach of the ruthless invader and despoiler.

The whole Command was moved off in the direction of Greenville. We passed the beautiful little village of Pactolas, Greenville and Hookerton, through a lovely farming country. At the latter place some of the disabled boys applied to the keeper of the public house for quarters, which was denied them, and they were referred to a citizen whose name was Smith. This family were refugees from one of the coast counties, and proved to be a whole souled Southern man and gentleman—which was more than could have been truthfully said for the "land shark" in charge of the so called Hotel.

We reached the Neuse, some distance below Kinston, early on the morning of the 3d of May, where a pontoon bridge had been thrown across. After a march of twenty five miles, we bivouacked on the upper Trent road. We reached Deep Gulch that evening found the enemy's pickets and drove them two miles, and fell back. A heavy detachment remained near this old picket post, under charge of Maj. Glover of the 21st Ga. Regiment. The troops were marched rapidly in the direction of Pollocksville, and being without rations, a wagon loaded with two barrels of "hard

tack," was dispatched to meet us, and but little time was consumed in appropriating their contents. It was now evidently the purpose of Gen. Hoke to make a bold demonstration against Newbern, and taking with him a good force, he approached rapidly, but cautiously that town on the South, cutting the Railroad leading to Morehead City. Early on the morning of the 6th, we were aroused by the heavy booming of his guns in the direction of Newbern, and the orders to move, which were momentarily expected, came at noon, but not to go to Newbern, but to Kinston. This was unlooked for, by the whole Command, as it was well known that Washington had been evacuated and no danger from that point was apprehended, but when we reached Kinston on the 7th, and found a long train of flat cars in waiting, it was not difficult to conjecture our destination.

(To be Continued)

The Indian War.

The country has been shocked by the startling intelligence that General Custer and three hundred officers and men under his command have been slaughtered in a recent engagement with the Sioux Indians.

This noble officer and his brave men have been offered up as a sacrifice on the moloch of the party, and with no accord, the press of the whole country attaches the responsibility for the terrible disaster where it justly belongs, upon the shoulders of the Grant administration.

The Indians on the Western frontier have been provoked, irritated and swindled by Grant's officers to such an extent as to make war inevitable. And when it was known that a formidable resistance would be made by the Sioux and other tribes, against what they considered unjust and outrageous conduct on the part of the government, the president sends forward an inadequate force, and orders an aggressive movement, which has resulted so disastrously, and caused the loss of so many valuable lives.

The administration of President Grant has been a failure and curse to the country. His policy towards the Indians has been in keeping with the whole tenor of his administration.

To subserve personal and party ends, has been the whole aim of his administration from first to last. The South has been oppressed; the credit of the nation has been impaired; the labor and industry of the country have been paralyzed; corruption has raised its hydra head in every department of the government; brave men and soldiers are slaughtered by hostile Indians, and distress and suffering are felt all over the land, and yet, the equanimity of President Grant and the Radical leaders is not affected, if the Republican party is advanced and its prospects to hold the reins of power are not destroyed.

These things have been endured long enough. The honest masses of every section are awakening to the dangers which threaten the peace and prosperity of the country, and in November next, they will hurl from power a party, which has betrayed every trust and which is responsible for the evils which afflict us.

No country can prosper when its fountain head is corrupt. If wicked and faithless leaders are tolerated and sustained demoralization and ruin will overtake the people, who sustain them. What care Grant and his party for the death of Custer or Canby and their men? What do they care for the credit or peace or prosperity of the people, if they can hold the spoils and run the machinery of government for their benefit? In answer to these questions let their conduct speak. We see them regardless of the danger which threatens the Western frontier, regardless of the consequences of a long and bloody war with the Indians, and indifferent

to the enormous cost of such a war, yet, we see them, instigated by the devilish spirit of party malignity, scattering the military forces in the Southern States to influence the election in their favor, and to disturb the peace, which blesses our impoverished section. The western settlers, who are in imminent danger are left exposed; the soldiers are ordered forward in a wild and savage country to be butchered up, but a vigorous war must be kept up in Louisiana, Arkansas and Mississippi, the United States troops must be kept here to save Hayes and Wheeler, and to prevent a free and fair election. Can it be possible that a free people will uphold such a party? The remedy is in their hands. The 15th of November will tell the tale.—Wilson Advance.

Human Nature in Raleigh.

It is the same here as in Cairo of New Jersey. The other day when a Tarheel with sunken eyes high cheekbones sat down on the steps of a grocery beside several others, he sighed heavily and asked:

"Gentlemen if any of you found a five on the sidewalk, would you hunt for the owner?"

"I would," came from each individual with promptness and dispatch.

"Hav'n't any of you lost a five, have you?" anxiously continued the man.

"I have," answered one and the other went all along the line.

"Describe her gentlemen," he remarked.

One said his lost five had a figure '5' on it. Another said his had a picture of De Soto discovering the Mississippi river. A third said the words "U. S." were plain to be seen on the bill that fell out of his vest pocket.

"Gentlemen, this five don't tally," mournfully remarked the Tarheel.—"None of you have hit the description within a mile and a sand-bar."

"Let's see it," asked two or three at once.

"It's a five, and I found it on the walk," he whispered, holding out one hand.

The five was a nickel. Some of the crowd leaned back and held their hands on their outraged hearts, while others rose up, carefully brushed their coat-tails and said it was time to go home. Only one of the victims seemed to appreciate the situation. He chuckled and gurgled and gasped, and asked the stranger what he would take.

"Whiskey straight," was the prompt reply.

"So would I if I ever drank," said the citizen, and he lounged down town to get up a bot on the weather.—Raleigh Sentinel.

The disgraceful confusion which characterized the Radical State Convention Louisiana, last week, is a fair representation of the kind of government that has so long been fastened upon that unfortunate State.

Two factions are striving for the ascendancy. Several disgraceful fights occurred, the Chairman was thrown from the rostrum and pistols drawn on both sides. This occurring on the second day, the Convention hastily adjourned to meet on the next.

How the inextinguishable hyenas growl at each other over their fated prey, but let one of them be even threatened for something personal in its nature, and up goes the Washington "bloody shirt" telegram imploring assistance.—Mexico Weekly Ledger.

The two great banners as they float to-day:

"Tilden and Hendricks—Reform."

"Hayes and Wheeler—Grantism continued."

There they are, and gods! how like a flaming meteor streams the one—how like a superannated dishrag flops the other.—Courier-Extra.

A Terrible Arraignment of the Radical Party.

In a public document sent out to the whole country and read by millions of people, we find the following scathing rebuke of the Radical party:

The condition of the Southern States attracts the attention and commands the sympathy of the people of the whole Union. In their progressive recovery from the effects of the war, their first necessity is an intelligent and honest administration of government which will protect all classes of citizens in their political and private rights.

What the South most needs is 'peace' and peace depends upon the supremacy of the law. There can be no enduring peace if the Constitutional rights of any portion of the people are habitually disregarded. A division of political parties resting merely upon sectional lines is always unfortunate, and may be disastrous. The welfare of the South, alike with that of every other part of this country, depends upon the attractions it can offer to labor, and immigration, and capital. But laborers will not go and capital will not be ventured where the Constitution and the laws are set at defiance, and distraction, apprehension, and alarm take the place of peace-loving and law-biding social life. All parts of the Constitution are sacred, and must be sacredly observed—the parts are new no less than the parts that are old.

The moral and national prosperity of the Southern States can be most effectually advanced by a hearty generous recognition of the rights of all, by all—a recognition without reserve or exception. With such a recognition fully accorded, it will be practicable to promote by the influence of all legitimate agencies of the general Government, the efforts of the people of those States to obtain for themselves the blessings of honest and capable local government.—Home.

Mortified.

Micklenburg is the second largest tax-paying county in the State.—Boutwell spent more money on it, in 1872, than on any county in the State, in order to carry it over to Grant. Charlotte is full of the great dignitaries of the party, and these are in sweet and loving communion with the Charles E. King to import negro voters, or in any other way promote the interests of the party.—But notwithstanding all this, the Radical Convention at Raleigh overlooked the claims of our county and our city, and even dropped from its rolls, the portly Treasurer, a resident of Charlotte, Bishop Hood who makes a capital Grant prayer and Grant sermon, was not put on the ticket; neither was the eloquent Col. Schenck; nor yet Rev. Burwell Johnson, who blends religion and beef steaks so happily—not a single clerical brother, who gets up protracted church meetings, before every election. We are grieved that the colored brethren all over the State, have been snubbed, but especially mortified at the slight put upon the Future London.—Home.

Custer and the South.

Hon. A. M. Waddell did a graceful act in the introduction of a bill in the House of Representatives for the erection of a statue to Custer in Washington. This will meet with a hearty response throughout the South. No where in the world is bravery more admired than in our country. The men of the Southern States are ever ready to do honor to the memory of a gallant soldier. The South will sustain its representatives in an appropriation for a monument to Custer.

General Franz Siegel votes with Tilden.

The Southern Soldiers in Boston.

If there is anything calculated to remind us that we are one people and are more than ever united not only in the bonds of consanguinity, but in those of mutual regard, trust, confidence and affection, it is the generous liberality with which the people of different sections in this centennial year grasp hands across the bloody chasm that yet remains between friends from Virginia, Maryland, and the Carolinas came North as private citizens and as military organizations to join with us in celebrating the Centennial Anniversaries of the first battles of the revolutionary war; and this heroic, representative citizens and military organizations have returned their visits, enjoyed the generous hospitality of their people, and participated with South Carolina in her commemoration of the gallant defense of Fort Moultrie. And now, again, we have with us, in response to invitations from Massachusetts citizens, military organizations from Georgia, South and North Carolina, and Old Virginia. Among them no doubt are brave men who were the gray during the war of the rebellion; who fought us at Manassas, at Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg; who were in the rebel rifle pits in the battles of the Wilderness, and who charged up the sides of the Cemetery Hill at Gettysburg. And they will meet here the boys in blue, who withstood them, hand to hand and foot to foot, upon these and many another well-fought field; but all resolved that bygone are to be bygones, and that henceforth we are to live in the bonds of a common brotherhood and in the unity of a lasting peace.—Boston Herald.

Dockery.

The friends of Col. Dockery here were much chagrined when they heard that he had been settled.—One of them wished that Settle would be defeated by 40,000 votes, others said, it was so hard to support the nominee against his convictions of right. They all seem to think that their champion has been snubbed by the office holders, and several of them have declared for Vance. The nomination of Settle made Vance no less than 200 votes in Richmond county. The Republicans here object to Settle because he is an aristocrat, one who never lets himself down with the common people.

Col. Dockery is given the Electorship for the State at large, a position that requires hard work with no pay. He will have a sweet time trying to hold up the Grant administration for the admiration and endorsement of honest men. A foul play will be leached upon him, that will make his burden heavy to bear.—Pee Dee Courier.

CHANGE OF CIRCUITS.—Judge Buxton of the 5th and Judge Furches of 10th Judicial Districts have exchanged circuits for the Fall Term of 1876. This was done in consequence of Judge Furches being council in a number of cases in his District.

There is nothing top-heavy about our Presidential ticket. It would run very well either end up.

It is given on the authority of a New Orleans paper, that there is a log in that city, with his ears set so far back that he cannot here himself squeal.

What species of awe is that which is never reprobated? A near thing is never reprobated.

Work has been suspended on the Confederate Soldiers' Monument in Richmond for want of funds to carry on the labor.