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FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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

Whiffs from My Old Camp Pipe.

On Sunday, the 15th of May, the enemy had advanced his position, until he held a position of the breast-works, that had been constructed in connection with the Drewry's Bluff defences, and his whole line was parallel to and confronting our forces, who now occupied the line of works, from the James to a point considerably beyond the Pike. An animated fire was kept up at points along the line during the whole day, and late in the afternoon, it became so warm on the right of our line, that we all thought a general engagement was imminent. It was just at this time that President Jefferson Davis and Gen. Braxton Bragg, rode along our line and were met by the gallant Gen. Beauregard. They had a somewhat protracted conference, and the effect on the troops was not calculated to inspire confidence. For we well knew that should Mr. Davis and Gen. Bragg agree in any line of policy, that conflicted with the views of Beauregard, the latter, by virtue of his subordinate rank, would have to yield, but we all felt that we preferred to risk Gen. Beauregard in an emergency; and grave apprehensions were produced, by the appearance of these two most useful men in the Confederacy, in our midst, and in council with our leader. Our lines now, extended from Guinea Station through Richmond with its resting on Petersburg, with its left threatened by Grant, and its right by Butler. It was evidently the purpose of the enemy to turn our right with Butler's forces, take possession of the Danville & Petersburg Roads, and remove the obstructions from the James; and then secure a position on the rear of our Capital, while Grant should pass its front. The audacity of Butler, and apparent reluctance of Beauregard to attack him, could be attributed to nothing, but our small force, and while all felt assured of the issue when it was made, yet the situation was felt to be indeed critical, for all knew that success to Butler was irretrievable defeat to us, and most probably the fall of Richmond. By Sunday night, Butler had entrenched himself strongly, and the two armies now watched each other, as two giant foes in the ring, each seeming anxious to catch an opportunity to strike with advantage the first blow. Our Regiment, for some reason unknown to us, was placed in the Division of Maj. Gen. Robt. Ransom, which now occupied the left of our line.

On Monday morning, the 16th, we were ordered to leave all baggage, canteens, &c., and to march as quietly as possible—no one being allowed to talk. The enemy now occupied a position, nearly parallel to our line of works and generally about three hundred yards from them. Long before daylight, we were taken by the flank around our works and next to the James, and fled in between the two lines of works, and formed our line immediately on their front, under cover of the densest fog we had ever seen. Our sharpshooters were properly disposed, and our reinforcements, were brought up, and the strictest orders given them as to their duty, as our support in the charge. Especially was this case with a Virginia Brigade that was placed immediately in our rear. The officers in our hearing, passed along their line cheering and encouraging the men, and telling them "if the line in front falters, run right over them." &c. Just after light, the signal was given for us to move forward. The ground had been cleared, partially, and was covered with brush, logs, &c.; and the fog was so dense as to obscure everything around us. We could not see whether we were aligned on the right or left, and of course, could tell nothing

of the position of the enemy or our proximity to them. We rushed forward through the impenetrable mist, and the sharpshooters in many places, found that they had passed through the line of the enemy's sharpshooters, and were on the works, before they were aware of it. The firing from their breastworks now opened in all its fury, and our line not being able to see anything, found itself tumbling headlong over strong telegraph wires, that the enemy had stretched from stump to stump, and under one of the severest fires that we encountered during the whole war. We were halted and the line was readily adjusted, and then the roar of battle opened in all its fury. Their range being unobstructed, and our line being only a short distance, and on a slight elevated position, made their fire severely accurate. Our cartridge boxes were all filled, but our Regiment, at the time the enemy broke on our front did not have exceeding two rounds left. Never did men endure a heavier and steadier storm of ball and shell for the same length of time, with more heroic bravery, especially as our aim was entirely governed by the report of their guns, since it was impossible to see them. Our line, or at least that portion including our Regiment, stood firm as adamant, and not a single man was missing from his post in the 43d, when the smoke and fog lifted from the scene of blood and carnage. It was indeed a critical moment when we found our ammunition exhausted and looked around for the Virginia Brigade to take our place, and which was directed that morning "to run over us if we faltered." Fortunately the enemy just at this moment broke on our front. The Virginia Brigade could not where he seen, for they had taken refuge behind the Forts, Breastworks and hills, far in the rear. Our Regiment, under our brave and spirited Lieut. Col. Lewis, was withdrawn with orders to replenish our cartridge boxes. The enemy's sharpshooters finding that we did not pursue them came back and took possession of their breastworks, and the Virginians were rallied and brought up to occupy our line, when the enemy's sharpshooters opened on them and they gave way. Just then Col. Lewis, occupying a position where he could see the whole scene, ordered our Regiment to form a line so as to strike the flank of the enemy, who by this time were crossing the works and advancing. They were swept from the field like chaff before the storm, and we were pressed forward until their retreat was turned into an utter rout. By a skillful maneuver, a portion of our forces were sent down the James, and succeeded in getting into the rear of their right, and charging captured a whole Brigade, officers and all. On the turn pike we took a splendid battery of parrot guns, and the prisoners numbered about 4,000. It was indeed a dearly bought but brilliant and glorious victory. Gen. Whiting, who was every moment expected to strike his rear, from Petersburg, from some cause failed to come in time, or the victory must have been crushing and overwhelming. Hotly and closely did we chase Butler to his safe retreat at Bermuda Hundreds. The battle was in its results, one of the most important fought during the war, and never has, and perhaps never will, be regarded in its true character. The mastery skill and genius of our splendid General, as displayed in successfully defeating and routing a greatly superior force, well equipped, well disciplined, and well organized, with a small force, only partially organized and worn out by the severest duty of thirty-two days, and that by assaulting him, a strong and well fortified position, list its significance and importance, in having occurred amid the great giant battles Shottsylvania. The

battle of Drewry's Bluff, was one of the best and hardest fought of the war, but it was eclipsed by the terrific shocks, between the two great armies of Lee and Grant at Spotsylvania and the Wilderness.
(To be Continued.)

Taz Hargrove's Infamy.

Having known well what Colonel Tazwell L. Hargrove's career was before and during the "late unpleasantness," we could hardly believe what was written about him in a recent letter to the Raleigh Sentinel. Col. Hargrove was the trusted, fearless and high toned leader of one of our great parties in Granville county in the years when to be a leader was a strong mark of gentlemanliness as well as of ability. He was eloquent on the stump and venerated in the caucus room, though a stripling compared with the other acknowledged leaders of his party—such men as Abram Venable, Nathaniel E. Canady and Jas. M. Bullock. During the Confederate struggle he was among the bravest of the brave and truest of the true, never wavering, never repining at privation and suffering. As his civil record had been honorable and brilliant so his military record was all glorious and men praised his heroic valor was the commonest subject of laudation. The war came to an end. A pretended peace hugged the land in its treacherous embrace. Hargrove at first stood by his people—the people he had lived with and fought for; the people who had honored him with their confidence and elected him by their suffrages. But an evil day came. The tempter came, and Hargrove—he who had been almost peerless in his county and among his people—fell forgotten where the proud antebellum triumphs on the hustings and at the ballot box, forgotten the more splendid glories of the fratricidal field, forgotten the long years of trust well kept, of honor untarnished, of works the noblest; sunken the fame, the faith, the manhood in the fetid pool of Radicalism. Old friends fell away aghast without a word—words were fruitless and a mockery. New friends came like blackberries in June. But what friends! Well, he secured his reward. We may hope he is happy. Well, this man Hargrove, Attorney-General of North Carolina, it is alleged by a correspondent of the Raleigh Sentinel, who wrote from Oxford, said in a public speech in Oxford, on the 1st of July, the words following in language to that effect: "I was in the legislature at the time it was proposed to outlaw the Lowry gang. I voted and worked against the bill. I voted and worked against the reward offered. I thank God for that. Before they were caught they made twenty-one Conservative Democrats bite the dust." The Lowry gang were murderers and desperadoes of the worst class; mixed in blood between the white, Indian and negro races. They lived the life of swamp brigands for more than ten years. Their deeds are known of men in this part of the world, for the press has chronicled their crimes and their crimes and the minutest particulars of their life in the recesses of Robeson have been set forth in interview, history, drama and fiction. Hargrove knew of their character not only from public prints, but he was advised of it in his capacity as a member of the Legislature. That body, then Republican in politics, had professed to be concerned at the depredations of the gang and pretended to take steps for the suppression of the outlaws. Now Hargrove says he voted and worked against the act of outlawry, and voted and worked against the reward offered for the apprehension of the bandits. And he thanks God for it! What a confession! What bloody gratitude! At first we refused to be-

lieve that Tazwell L. Hargrove or any other creature in the form of man breathing the free air of North Carolina, and herding with animals less savage than a Hindoo tiger, could have manifested so much horrible brutality. We think yet it is barely possible, though he has been silent a whole month resting under the damning imputation. Can it be true that this Attorney General of North Carolina, and this nominee on the Republican ticket for the same position, has lost every instinct of the human, and that his associations have sunk to a level with the lowest brute, far below some of his wicked associates? Can it be?—W. Star.

Election Law.

By chapter 237 of the public laws of 1874-75, the election in North Carolina has been changed from the first Thursday in August to the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, 1876. We publish below the amendments made to Battle's Revisal and to the laws of 1873-74, which the change was made, and would suggest to the Press of the State the propriety of copying it: Secretary of state to furnish on requisition, registration books of the first Monday of September 1873. Registrars of voters to be selected on or before the first Monday of October, 1876. Registrars to revise the existing registration books of their precinct, (or ward) or township, as heretofore, but instead of performing this duty in July and up to the day preceding the first Thursday in August, they will sit between the hours of sunrise and sunset on each day (Sundays excepted) from the first Tuesday in October, 1876, up to and including the day preceding the Tuesday after the first Monday in November. Judge or inspectors of election to be appointed by county commissioners on or before the first Monday of October. Returning officers of senatorial districts composed of more than one county to meet on Tuesday, one week after the election, at places designated in Battle's Revisal. When senatorial returning officers are prevented from meeting on designated day, as above, return shall be waited for and received if they arrive on the following day, &c. Sheriffs to furnish certificates of election to members of the house of representative and senators, where the district is not composed of more than one county, previous to Wednesday before the third Monday in November. Sheriff shall also, at least ten days before the first day of December, notify all persons elected in the county at the court-house on the first Monday in December. Sheriff or other returning officer of every county to transmit by mail or otherwise to speaker of the house of representative's vote for state officers on or before the third Monday in November, 1876. Secretary of state, on or before the first Monday in October, 1876, to furnish to county commissioners of each county copies of so much of chapter 52, of Battle's Revisal, as relates to elections, as amended by chap. 237, laws of 1874-75. The above are amendments to Battle's Revisal. Chap. 132, laws of 1873-74, is amended as follows: Strikes out the first Thursday in August as the day of election of members of the general assembly, county officers, members of U. S. house of representatives, and inserts: Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, 1876. Changes time of election of state officers, from first Thursday in August to Tuesday next after the first Monday in November, 1876. State officers, presidential electors, members of congress, members of the legislature, and county officers are to be elected, and the proposed amendments to the constitution of the State

are to be voted upon. The returns of the vote cast on the amendment to be made by the sheriffs to the chief justice of the supreme court, at Raleigh.

All officers whose terms of office would expire at the election occur on the first Thursday in August will hold over until their successors, to be elected in November, qualify.

Secretary of state to furnish copies of election act of 231 March, 1875, to county commissioners, who will give three months' notice of election.

Hymn Higher than a Kite.

Here is the way the Republicans do their colored friends. Ike young, Dick Bodger, Bill Smith and Jim Boyd went to Goldsboro to defeat Hyman, the colored congressman in the second district. Gov. Brogden received the nomination. The colored lawyer, J. E. O'Hara was placed on the ticket as elector. This office pays nothing—Congressmen gets \$5,000 a year. Brogden must have that. Couldn't stand Hyman on the ticket. Brogden was nominated on the 9th ballot—hard work, nip and tuck. The colored man can now see the workings of their ring-masters. The Raleigh Sentinel says these four men who hope to eat the bread of idleness, as they have been the piercest of luxury for years, at the hands of the negro, and they go out of their districts to Goldsboro to take from J. M. Hyman, a poor negro, and give to Gov. Brogden who has grown rich from holding office sixty years. This is food for the colored man to reflect on. Only one colored man with Congressional honors and now he's kicked out. And that's the way these white Rads will do with every paying office. Nigger do the voting, white Rads hold the office.—Torch Light.

Where Are the Soldiers?

The total number of troops in the United States service is put down now at 26,979. Of these, 7,052 are said to be in the Southern States, looking after the political interests of the carpet baggers; at recruiting stations there are said to be 4,216; and at Northern posts, stations and forts there are 4,868 more. Laying the number of massacred men with General Custer at 300, this will account for 16,433 men, which, deducted from 26,979, leaves 10,546 still unplaced. The St. Louis Republican pertinently asks: "Where are these ten thousand five hundred soldiers? They are not with Terry or Crook or Gibbon. Where are they? Unless the total number has been falsely given, they must be somewhere about the country. The whole number in the Black Hills country, already there, or on their way to strengthen the commands, cannot be more than four thousand men. Where are the other six thousand five hundred? Are they in the Southern States looking after the political interests of the carpet-baggers, and on the *qua vive* for 'brutal outrages,' manufactured to order, or where are they? Figures don't lie."—Sar. News.

A Remarkable Snake.

About two weeks ago Mr. James M. Howell killed a moccasin snake at his house, near Hobgood's Mill, measuring 37 inches in length with 21 distinct letters of the alphabet on its back and side. This we call an educated snake as it certainly knew its letters. New come on with your snake stories. This is true. No joke.—Torch Light.

Feed the Indian all winter, arm him in the spring, fight him all summer, and make a new treaty with him in the fall. Verily, verily, the Indian department is run by men whose brains need to be lowered to their heels or raised to their heads.—Kat Seal.