

# THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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## Faith.

Mid naked bought the robin king:  
That birds will break he is so sure;  
So sure that flowers and all sweet things  
Must wither while the years endure.  
Thought cold the wind, he had no doubt  
Of warmth and comfort on the way;  
He knows that all green blades will sprout,  
However late the frosts delay.  
He knows, by wonderful provision,  
That summer soon will haunt the wood,  
And bring the barren bough fruitless,  
And to the empty nest its brood!

## A MUTINY AT SEA.

### A Graphic Description of the Mutiny on Board the American Schooner Jefferson Borden.

The story of the mutiny on the Jefferson Borden, an American vessel at sea, is thus told by a correspondent of the Tribune: The vessel is a large three-masted schooner, and left New Orleans for Liverpool. The officers and crew numbered nine men, and the captain's wife was on board. The crew was augmented at New Orleans by the addition of three men, who hailed from a sailors' lodging-house in the city, and to whom the captain agreed to pay the port price of \$20 for the voyage. Their names were Miller, Clew and Smith. Severe weather was encountered at sea, and for some misconduct the sailor Miller was put in irons. He repented and signed a compromise and promise to offend no more.

At midnight, on April 20th, the mutiny began. The two mates of the vessel had already been murdered before the captain became aware of the position of things. About one o'clock, he says, he was awakened by Miller's knocking at his door, and shouting to him to come to the fore-castle to see a man who had broken his leg. On opening the door he observed Miller standing with one hand behind his back and a countenance that did not at all events betoken peace. He asked him who it was who was hurt, and receiving the reply: "I do not know, but some one is hurt," he inquired where were the mates, but before he could receive a reply, his wife, who appeared to have a suspicion that something was wrong, warned him from within the cabin not to go. Fortunately he did not, or at all events he did not venture forth till he was armed with a revolver. Meanwhile, finding that the mates were not in their berths, he drew the conclusion that something serious had happened. The ship's cook, who had been called from his bed by Miller, went to the cabin and inquired what was the matter. All that the latter could tell him was that the mates were not in their berths. The cook thereupon went on deck, and when Miller and the other two men had gone to the fore-castle, he went forward as far as the deck-house, where the berths of all the able seamen were situated.

Seeing the Russian and Smith talking together, he asked again: "Where are the mates?" to which the only reply he got was another request from Miller to come forward and see the man with the broken leg. He emphatically refused to go forward, adding: "Don't fool me." Seeing nothing of the officers of the ship, and noticing the demeanor of the men, he was satisfied that a revolt was being arranged, and he at once informed the captain, who now came forward armed as above stated and called upon the men to submit to his authority. The only reply he received was a shower of missiles hurled at the officers' quarters at the stern of the ship. Bottles, bolts, pieces of cast iron, portions of a smashed grindstone, were made use of by the mutineers. In response to this, their first sign of open warfare, the captain fired his revolver. This caused the men to withdraw to the deck-house for shelter. The men showing no disposition to emerge from their shelter, the captain held a consultation with his faithful ally Aikin, the cook, and with his assistance collected all the available firearms—three revolvers and a double-barreled gun—and made ready for a renewed attack. The men, however, did not emerge from their quarters, and at five o'clock in the morning, when day had broken, and singularly enough a perfect calm had succeeded the boisterous weather that had attended them without intermission from Boston, the captain crept thither, and finding the men all dozing, he hit upon the happy expedient of rapping up the deck-house door. They did not offer any opposition to this course, but persistently refused to surrender themselves, and declared they would not yield submission to the captain. Capt. Patterson, though in this dire extremity, and suffering an anxiety which can easily be imagined, acted apparently with great mercy. He offered to accept the submission of the men on their consenting to be put in irons, but plainly told them if they did not he would fire upon them and so disable them. The

men, however, were very firm in their refusal, and at length the captain had, as he states, no alternative but to fire upon them. Shot after shot was fired in through the deck-house window and through a hole made in the side, and still, though wounded, they declined to yield.

Having thus secured himself from further attack, the captain began to consider his position and to search for the missing members of his crew. The Swedish sailor was still at the wheel, he having, strange to say, remained there during the whole of the affray, neither attacking nor defending party appearing to think of him. The cook, of course, was with the captain, and the three men were in the deck-house. This left three members of the crew to be accounted for—the two mates and the boy. The captain had at first his doubts as to whether the former were not secreted in some part of the ship, but he concluded that the latter had been thrown overboard. The men for a long time would not admit that they had thrown them overboard, and with the hope that they were still alive, he again and again demanded of the men what they had done with them. The American, Smith, at length volunteered to give up the mates if the firing was stopped. The captain replied that as soon as the whereabouts of the mates were made known, the firing should cease. Search was made in every conceivable part of the ship, but it was not until after the men had yielded to Capt. Patterson's authority, that they admitted the fatal truth, and Miller, who was suffering much from the effects of his wounds and from thirst, frankly confessed that they had thrown them overboard. They had, in fact, been murdered before the captain was called from his berth by the false alarm about the man with the broken leg.

It was the second mate's watch upon deck at the time of the outbreak, and the method of disposing of him seems to have been that he was struck on the head with a capstan bar, he falling insensible from the blow into the sea, but whether it rolled over into the sea, as some of the men state, or whether all assisted to throw it over, as is more likely, does not clearly appear. The American sailor next went to the first mate's cabin, and told him it was eight bells and time for his watch on deck. On leaving his cabin the unfortunate man was accosted by Miller, who felled him to the deck by a blow upon the back of his head with an iron bolt. The body was quickly disposed of in the same way as that of the other officer, by casting it into the sea. The man Jacob Lumber, who was at the wheel, says he heard cries of "Oh! Oh!" from the direction of the officers' quarters, but did not at the time suppose they came from the mate. His position would prevent him from seeing anything that was going on unless it took place amidships, as the helm is stationed upon the top of the officers' quarters, on a raised quarter-deck. There can be little doubt that the *modus operandi* was planned for the murder of the captain, as the position and manner of Miller at the time of the false alarm about the man with the broken leg would indicate an intention to belabor him on emerging from the door. The boy appeared next day from the captain's quarters, and states that, previous to the attack on the watch, he was gagged in his berth. A large handkerchief was tied tightly round his mouth, and his hands well secured with a rope, by which they were tied behind his back. He was thus dragged from his berth and flung into the lower hold of the fore-castle. He managed, in course of time, to extricate himself from his bonds, and he seems to have climbed up through the hatchway, and in the darkness of the night to have crept aft and secured himself from discovery in the officers' quarters.

The boy, who is a native of Calais and whose parents reside there at the present time, states that the men suspected him of watching them and anticipated that he would, if not put out of the way, be very likely to thwart their plans. They would no doubt have murdered him had they not known him to be skilled in the use of the wheel, so, as they surmised, they conveniently stowed him away until such time as his services would be required to assist them in getting the ship to land.

The men having surrendered, they were brought upon deck and secured in irons. It was then found that, with the exception of Clew, who was seriously wounded, they were not so badly hurt as to be totally incapable of work, or so much disabled as, without restraint, to place them beyond the reach of further fear. The following day even Miller and Smith took a turn at the pumps. Their wounds were dressed, and though carefully watched for the remainder of the voyage, they were well attended. It was discovered that Miller had received

five bullet wounds in one leg, one in his side, and one bruise on one shoulder. The Englishman Clew is in the worst condition. He has two wounds under the left rib, and he is not expected to recover. Smith, the American seaman, had been shot through the right wrist, and bullets had seriously grazed his left shoulder and two fingers of his left hand.

Though the mutiny was thus to all appearances effectually quelled, the position of the captain and those who had remained faithful to him was by no means without cause for anxiety. They were at least a thousand miles from land, and with a large vessel to manage only a crew of poor hands to rely upon—the captain, two men, and a boy. For seven weary days and nights this small crew managed to keep the vessel in its course, but with what difficulty may be well imagined. Mrs. Patterson, with a heroic courage and devotion, made herself of great use, frequently relieving her husband and his watch, and so allowing him to take the rest he so greatly needed. A Norwegian bark, bound for London, was hailed, from which one man was spared. On Thursday, the 6th of May, the vessel entered the Thames, having at the Nore—the entrance to the river—taken on three extra hands and a pilot, as well as a medical man sent by the consignees of the ship. The latter, Mr. J. C. Russell, of Gravesend, gave his attention to Mrs. Patterson and the sufferers. Messages were sent on board from Mr. Nunn, the United States Consul in London, and on arriving at the docks, Capt. Patterson was heartily greeted by a number of American captains, whose vessels were in port.

Various suppositions are offered as to the motives of the men in perpetrating this terrible deed. The motive they themselves attribute is harsh usage on the part of the captain; but that idea is at once dispelled by a knowledge of the captain's general demeanor. Moreover, according to the statement of the lad, it would appear that their object was plunder. They frequently asked the doctor and what he saw there—whether there was any money or greenbacks.

## A Long Drawn Story.

Once upon a time there was a king who had a beautiful daughter who was much sought after in marriage, and being very fond of stories, he made proclamation that whoever would tell the longest story should marry his daughter, but whoever failed should have his head cut off. When this became known crowds of young men flocked to the palace, each to tell a story, but it did not last long, and off went his head.

Then another went in, but with a like result, and so on, no one being able to tell a story long enough to satisfy the old king. The people then became frightened and for a time there was no more stories told. At last a young man expressed his determination of trying his fortune before the king.

His friends tried to dissuade him from it, but it was of no use; he appeared before the king, who told him it would be certain death. But he began his story thus: "During the seven years of famine in Egypt in Joseph's time, there being nothing in the fields to eat, a flock of locusts came upon a small hole in one of the granaries in which the corn was stored: it was just large enough for one locust at a time to go in and come out. So a locust went in and got a grain of corn; then another locust went in and got another grain of corn; then another locust went in and got another grain of corn."

"Go on with your story," said the king; "we will imagine all that."

"Oh, no; I cannot go on with my story until all the corn is out."

So he went on: "Then another locust went in and got another grain of corn" for about three months. When the king asked him how much they had got out, he answered:

"About one cubic foot."

The king groaned, and the man went on with his story about three months longer. The king then asked him if he wasn't most done; he answered:

"Oh, no, they have got to clear out the seven granaries that it took seven years to fill. Then another locust went in and got another grain of corn."

The king here broke down and said: "Take my daughter, take my kingdom, take my lands, everything I own, but, in the name of the prophet, have done with those infernal locusts."

## EARLY DAYS OF CALIFORNIA.

### Gen. Sherman in his Personal Narrative Tells us About Them.

General Sherman, in his new book, tells us about California in its early days as follows: Our vessel arrived at the roadstead of Monterey bay, after a voyage of one hundred and ninety-eight days from New York. "Everything on shore looked bright and beautiful, the hills covered with grass and flowers, the live-oaks so serene and homelike, and the low adobe houses, with red-tiled roofs and whitened walls, contrasted well with the dark pine trees behind, making a decidedly good impression upon us who had come so far to spy out the land. Nothing could be more peaceful in its looks than Monterey in January, 1847." "We found the people of Monterey a mixed set of Americans, native Mexicans and Indians, about one thousand all told. They were kind and pleasant, and seemed to have nothing to do, except such as owned ranches in the country for the rearing of horses and cattle. Horses could be bought at any price from four dollars to sixteen, but no horse was ever valued above a double or Mexican ounce (sixteen dollars). Cattle cost eight dollars fifty cents for the best, and this made beef net about two cents a pound, but at that time nobody bought beef by the pound, but by the carcass. Game of all kinds—elk, deer, wild geese, and ducks—was abundant; but coffee, sugar, and small stores, were rare and costly. There were some half-dozen shops or stores, but their shelves were empty. The people were very fond of riding, dancing, and of shows of any kind. The young fellows took great delight in showing off their horsemanship, and would dash along, picking up a half-dollar from the ground, stop their horses in full career and turn about on the space of a trilluck's hide, and their skill with the lasso was certainly wonderful. At full speed they could cast their lasso about the horns of a bull, or so throw it as to catch work all day on horseback in driving cattle or catching wild horses for a mere nothing, but all the money offered would not have hired one of them to walk a mile. The girls were very fond of dancing, and they did dance gracefully and well. Every Sunday, regularly, we had a *balle*, or dance, and sometimes interspersed through the week."

At that time, what is now San Francisco was called Yerba Buena. "A naval officer, Lieutenant Washington A. Bartlett, its first alcalde, had caused it to be surveyed and laid out into blocks and lots, which were being sold at sixteen dollars a lot of fifty varas square; the understanding being that no single person could purchase of the alcalde more than one lot of fifty varas, and one out of a hundred varas. Folsom, however, had got his clerks, orderlies, etc., to buy lots, and they, for a small consideration, conveyed them to him, so that he was nominally the owner of a good many lots. Lieutenant Halleck had bought one of each kind, and so had Wamer. Many naval officers had also invested, and Captain Folsom advised me to buy some, but I actually insulted that he should think me such a fool as to pay money for property in such a horrid place as Yerba Buena, especially ridiculing his quarter of the city then called Happy Valley. At that day Montgomery street was, as now, the business street, extending from Jackson to Sacramento, the water of the bay leaving barely room for a few houses on its east side, and the public warehouses were on a sandy beach about where the Bak of California now stands, viz.: near the intersection of Sansome and California streets. Along Montgomery street were the stores of Howard & Muns, Frank Ward, Sherman & Runkel, Rep & Co., and it may be one or two others. Around the plaza were a few houses, among them the City Hotel and the custom-house, single-story adobes with tiled roofs, and they were by far the most substantial and best houses in the place. The population was estimated at about four hundred, of whom *latakas* (natives of the Sandwich Islands) formed the bulk."

The time passed rapidly away until so spring of 1848, when the great discovery was made, which at once produced a social and financial revolution in California. The event is simply recorded by the author, without the preliminary flourish of trumpet which a man of less common sense would have added to sound forth on the occasion. "I remember one day that two men, Americans, came into the office and in-

quired the office for the governor. I asked them about the eccentric James Lick is the business, and one answered that they statement that he has been used for some time down from Captain Sutter \$55,000 by his physician, for services special business, and they wanted to during a period of twenty-two years Governor Mason in person. I took We hope this will be contradicted, for them in to the colonel and left them if true, it puts Mr. Lick in a very awkward position.

went in, and my attention was directed to a series of papers unfolded on his table, in which lay about half an ounce of placer-gold. Mason said to me: "What is that?" I touched it and examined one or two of the larger pieces, and asked: "Is it gold?" Mason asked me if I had ever seen native gold. I answered that, in 1844, I was in Upper Georgia, and there saw some native gold, but it was much finer than this, and that it was in phials, or in transparent quills; but I said that, if this were gold, it could be easily tested, first, by its malleability, and next by acids. I took a piece in my teeth, and the metallic luster was perfect. I then called to the clerk, Baden, to bring an ax and hatchet from the back-yard. When these were brought, I took the largest piece and beat it out flat, and beyond doubt it was metal, and a pure metal.

"Still, we attached little importance to the fact, for gold was known to exist at San Fernando, at the south, and yet was not considered of much value." "The winter of 1848-49 was a period of intense activity throughout California. The rainy season was unfavorable to the operations of gold mining, and was very hard upon the thousands of homeless men and women who dwelt in the mountains, and even in the towns. Most of the natives and old inhabitants had returned to their ranches and houses; yet there were not roofs enough in the country to shelter the thousands who had arrived by sea and land. The news had gone forth to the whole civilized world that gold in fabulous quantities was to be had for the mere digging, and adventurers came pouring in blindly to seek their fortunes without a thought of house or food. Yerba Buena had been converted into San Francisco. Sacramento City had been laid out, lots were being rapidly sold, and the town was being built up as an *enterpot* to the mines. Stockton also had been chosen as a convenient point for trading with the lower or southern mines. Captain Sutter was the sole proprietor of the former, and Captain Charles Weber was as yet known as "French camp."

## Apprehension in the West.

A gentleman who has lived in Nebraska, and who is conversant with the devastation caused by grasshoppers in previous years, states that needless apprehension has been caused by recent reports from the West. It has been stated that not only are the grasshoppers doing much damage to the crops of Kansas farmers, but that the insects, having crossed the Missouri river, are destroying the crops growing upon farms in the western tier of counties of Missouri. It is furthermore stated that farmers in the West fear that the locusts will cross the State of Missouri and devastate the wheat fields of Southern Illinois. Hitherto, the gentleman states, the grasshoppers have never passed beyond the second tier of the river counties of Missouri. Hatched in the mountains, the grasshoppers in the first year of their flight eastward rarely reach the Missouri river. Indeed, the "grasshopper line" of devastation the first year is at least one hundred miles west of the Missouri river. At the present time, they are not full grown, and do not fly in clouds as they do the first year of their flight from the mountains. They will probably be destroyed after only a short advance into Iowa and Missouri. They deposit their larvae in the ground in the fall. Sometimes, as last fall, when the winter is very late, the larvae hatch out, and in the cold weather shortly following, are inevitably destroyed. This circumstance ought to diminish their numbers the present spring. No grasshoppers of this kind have ever reached Illinois, at least any that were recognized or committed any remarkable devastation.

## Russian Punch.

The Russian punch must be a nice drink. It is made of a mixture of vodka, champagne, *nalwka* (which is defined as a kind of gooseberry wine resembling the French *cassis*, which is much affected by the Russians) and any other kind of wine that may be at hand. Apricots, melons and cucumbers are put in to flavor, and sugar to sweeten it, and the whole is then ignited and allowed to burn till it boils. Sensible people who should see such a drink as this, and become acquainted with its preparation, would know what to do with it without hesitation. But there are some remarkable individuals who think it proves nothing to have other people experiment with such a compound, they must try it for themselves. It looks as if Mr. MacGahan had felt called upon to allow the mixture to work upon his own constitution, for he says: "Though palatable and insinuating, it is the most diabolical compound I have ever tasted. Every drop of it is laden with headache for a week and dyspepsia for a fortnight."

## Items of Interest.

The man of the —The type-setter.  
If a man is natural nowadays, he is chagred with trying to be eccentric or silly.

Men who stir up strife are generally cowards. An anonymous writer is careful to non in any mass himself.

Many a man has reached the summit of fame and then looked down into the humble valley he came from and longed to be back again.

How a woman can keep on talking while she is twisting up her back hair and has her mouth full of hairpins is a mystery not yet explained.

It is stated that there are eight millions of German-speaking people in the United States having three hundred newspapers and periodicals in their own language.

A New York State man has been practicing eight months for the State shoot, hoping to win a two dollar medal. Fourteen dollars per day wouldn't hire him to plant corn.

Make a note of this, young men, and when you are "oldest inhabitants" you can tell your grandchildren that in the year 1875 navigation was not open on the canals until May 18.

If any young man expects to go to New York and marry a young lady with a brown stone front just because he parts his hair in the middle, he will find out that he has made a mistake.

George III., speaking to Archbishop Sutton respecting his large family, made the remark: "I believe your grace has better than a dozen." "No, sir," replied the archbishop; "only eleven." "Well," replied the king, "isn't that better than a dozen?"

"Are the young ladies of the present day fit for wives?" asked a lecturer of his audience. "They are fit for husbands," responded a female voice; "but the trouble is that you men are not fit for wives!" The applause was great, and so was the discomfiture of the lecturer.

The Constitution of New Hampshire contains a religious proscription clause. Governor, Senator or representative unless he is of the Protestant religion. At various times attempts have been made to strike out the proscription, but they have failed.

The first ounce of blood injected into Gen. Frank Blair caused an effect upon the general similar to intoxication. Upon investigation, the physicians discovered that the subject who had furnished the blood had been on a bit of a spree the day before, and with the blood had been transferred some alcohol. It was a clear case of drunk by proxy.

Talk about puzzles, but here is a tough one: Two men, A and B, bought one hundred acres of land at \$100 per acre. Each paid \$5,000. A took his share of the north side at \$110 per acre, while B took his share south side, at \$90 per acre. How much land did each get? How can the question be proved? Of all the men who have figured on the problem, no two agree exactly.

## A Colorado Boy.

In September, 1860, the first babe saw the blue Idaho firmament and breathed the crisp mountain atmosphere, under circumstances little less primitive than those which attended his Savior's birth. David Cartwright and wife were the parents who were rendered happy by the little fellow's appearance, and the boy was born under the spreading branches of a pine tree, which is yet standing, near the center of the village. This specimen nugget soon became the pet—and, it is said, the somewhat demoralized pet—of the rough miners, and, catching their roving disposition, he rambled around the confines of the camp, at the rather youthful age of two years, with the apparent ease of an Arab. He was called "Rock," on account of his wonderful hardness, and often showed his appreciation of the honor conferred upon him. The crowning act of Rock's life—so far as known—was just before he discarded his wadding garments, at the age of two and a half. While on his way to superintend the working of some extensive gulch diggings, one day, he tumbled head foremost into a well, where the bottom could only be found at a depth of thirty feet. Upon striking he found only six inches of water, and didn't propose to be worried much by such a fall, so immediately commenced calling for help. It was his sad fate, however, to remain there six long hours before being discovered, but when men finally came to the rescue his put-up wrath knew no bounds. There was no crying about it, but such a volley of invectives, upon the heads of neglectful parents never before fell from childish lips. Here is a sample: "You sink I kin lay in a well all day without nuffin 'tast like a fog! 'Fy wasn't no better fadder's mudder's 'ou I'd do wifout shillin'!"