

# THE ANSONIAN.

FEARLESSLY THE RIGHT DEFEND—IMPARTIALLY THE WRONG CONDEMN.

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## The Farmer is King.

The farmer sat in his old arm chair,  
Boys and girls,  
Contented there,  
"Kate-a-dears,"  
He said to his wife, who was knitting near,  
"We need not fear  
The hard times here,  
Though the leaf of life is yellow and sore."  
"I'm the king, and you are the queen  
Of this fair scene,  
These fields of green,  
And gold between,  
These cattle grazing upon the hill,  
Take their fill,  
And sheep so still,  
Like many held by a single will."  
"These barnyard fowls are our subjects all;  
They heed the call,  
And like a quail  
On feet wings fall,  
Whenever we scatter for them the grain.  
'Tis not in vain  
We live and reign  
In this our happy and calm domain."  
"And whether the day be dim or fine,  
In rain and shine,  
These lands of mine,  
These fields of thine,  
In cloudy shade and in sunset glow,  
Will overgrow  
With crops that grow  
When gold is high and when it is low."  
"Unweal with shifting of stocks and shares,  
And bulls and bears,  
Strikes and eases,  
And the affairs  
Of speculation in mart and street,  
In this retreat  
Sweet peace can meet  
With plenty on her rural seat."

## MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

A Graphic and Thrilling Description by Ann Eliza Young—A Series of Preceding Outrages Throughout the Territory—Did Brigham Young Give the Order for the Slaughter?—Mrs. Young No. 19 Instances that he Did.

There are few people living who are enabled and willing to shed as much light on the terrible Mountain Meadow massacre as Mrs. Ann Eliza Young, wife No. 19 of Brigham Young, of Salt Lake City. Since the confession of John D. Lee, one of the murderers, she has been engaged in the preparation of an account of the terrible affair. Her narrative of the heartless slaughter of the innocent and unoffending immigrants seems almost incredible; but the authoress vouches for its truth, and says that while much of it is drawn from her own personal knowledge, still the whole story is entirely reliable, having been collected by her from various sources of information which she has had access to in obtaining material for her forthcoming book. Her own recollections of the atrocious murders and outrages, as well as the names of persons which she furnishes, are matters which should not be lightly considered by the authorities now conducting the trial.

Mrs. Young No. 19, in commencing her account, states that this Mountain Meadow massacre was only the outbreak, on a larger scale, of atrocities which had been practiced in the territory, and that they were the result of the doctrine of blood atonement which was being taught and enforced most zealously by the Mormon priests. The Mormon people always regarded immigrants with distrust, and they were encouraged in this by the priesthood, and Mormon spies always dogged their footsteps.

Among the most tragical incidents which Mrs. Young herself remembers is that of an immigrant train, which passed through Salt Lake, and was joined by three apostate women, who sought refuge in the train from Mormon persecution. They were followed up by a detachment of Mormon men five days, and ultimately overtaken. The Mormon leader, with the captain of the train, ordered him that he had three women (the Mormons) wanted. The captain of the train hesitated. Said the Mormon leader: "You outnumber us with twenty-four hours we will have enough here to outnumber your train." This argument prevailed.

The three women were delivered up. The three immigrant wagons were ordered by the Mormons as they left. The captives were afterward killed. Mrs. Young No. 19 was informed by one of the party while in Sacramento last fall.

Mrs. Young No. 19 claims that Brigham Young has an organized secret band whose sole duty it is to rid the world of obnoxious and dangerous persons. They are known, she says, as the "Danites," or "Destroying Angels," and then she goes on to relate this incident as an example of their method and operations: "Henry Jones and his mother lived in a house near where I lived when a girl. They were startled from our sleep one day by loud cries and pistol shots. No one took any notice of them, but in the morning a wagon was driven through the street of the city containing the dead bodies of the murdered mother and son. A placard attached containing these words: 'Apostates, beware!' This was an example to terrorize the peo-

ple. Another and more notable instance of the same sanguinary spirit was the "Morristown massacre." One Morris undertook, with others, to start an offshoot of the church. He alleged that Brigham was a false prophet and he the only true one. He went with his followers about thirty miles to the north of Salt Lake City and encamped there in tents. Brigham Young, quickly dispatched the Mormon militia to root them out, under the command of Daniel H. Wiles, lieutenant general, and they were all massacred.

Mrs. Young No. 19, at the time of the cruel and commonly wicked Mountain Meadow massacre, was living in Payson, and she remembered well the suppressed whisperings which passed from mouth to mouth concerning the fated train. She claims, however, that the majority of the Mormon people were innocent of their blood. Only a few, she says, were in the confidence of the leaders of this diabolical scheme, and she thinks there is much excuse to be made for them otherwise, for they are taught in the church and from the pulpit that living, stealing and killing in the interests of the church were not sins. Thus, when it was whispered around that John D. Lee and his men had murdered these immigrants many of the people honestly refused to believe it, and even when proof was conclusive they tried to disbelieve it. Mrs. No. 19 says that just before the massacre Mr. Young caused great excitement by issuing a proclamation forbidding the passage through or entry into the Territory of all immigrant trains.

Religious zeal, made blind by the long and persistent misrepresentations of the priesthood, was undoubtedly a main motive. Without that fanaticism which marked the fearful transaction in all its phases it could never have been written in history at all. Joseph Smith left the Mormon church a heritage of divine assumption such as never characterized any other sect since the time when, led on by a cloud of smoke and a pillar of fire, the Israelites journeyed toward Canaan as the favored people of Jehovah. The outer world was Babylon and its inhabitants (were Gentiles). Was it wonderful, then, asks Mrs. Young No. 19, that, believing themselves the Israelites of the nineteenth century, the Mormons were ready to believe also in their right to take the lives of their own and God's enemies at the same time? She has heard it on good authority, she says, that John D. Lee (who has now revealed his share in the infamous business), after the last poor victim had been despatched, waved his sword over his head and exclaimed, exultingly: "This day has the name of Israel's God been glorified!"

The chief exciting cause, however, according to the opinion of Mrs. Young No. 19, was that the army of Albert Sidney Johnson was entering Mormon territory, and the Saints were preparing to make an armed defense of Utah. They had been driven, with their accursed institution of polygamy, from the East into the wilderness; in the wilderness they proposed to make a stand. The Nauvoo Legion was drilling day and night to resist the United States invasion; the stars and stripes were regarded as the flag of a hostile country; in point of fact, the Mormon territory was in a state of rebellion. Some of their leaders attributed to the immigrants threats of assisting in that section the work which Johnson was beginning in the northern part of Utah. The most intense excitement was kindled by such imputations. Finally, the massacre of the train held out to the cupidity of the leaders the attraction of unusually good spoils. The moving stock of the train by itself, that is to say merely the wagons, teams and loose stock, was estimated to be worth nearly \$400,000.

Every remnant of their property was sold to the highest bidder, and as the bishop disposed of it he carefully blotted out all traces of identity, by tearing fly-leaves from books where they had on them the names of their former owners. A great deal of the spoil was, however, never sold in this way, but was divided quietly among the chief men. Then, as might have been expected, the scoundrels quarrelled over the division of these rewards of their cruelty. Lee and Haight disagreed; the Indians complained of shabby treatment, while the people at large asserted boldly that the leaders appropriated more than a fair proportion of the plunder. Probably it was through these dissensions that the story gradually leaked out, and that justice got upon the track of the assassins. At any rate, it did come out. John D. Lee led the van of the conscience-stricken confession makers. Later came the admissions of a Mormon school-teacher named Spencer. In his wake followed J. M. Young, another of the dastardly band, and then came the chief, Haight, with his disclosures. Then came the era of inquiry and feeble

and ineffectual efforts to avenge, with the arm of the law, this glaring atrocity. The grand juries, composed of Mormons, would not, dare not, indict the accused parties, and they availed themselves of the immunity thus secured to them to judiciously disappear. Bishop Philip Klingensmith, who helped in the awful work of that day, apostatized and made a full, detailed narrative of the affair. Others followed him also.

Brigham Young gave the order himself for the massacre. It may never be proved, but the belief will not be weakened on that account. Not only was the jewelry taken from the immigrants worn by the leading Mormons, but Brigham Young used for many years to ride in a carriage taken from the immigrants, with his family and friends. I am afraid the public here have but little idea how small a chance there is that justice will ever overtake the chief instigators and leaders of this massacre. The fact is that Brigham Young has defied and continues to defy the authorities of the United States. Judge McKean, than whom no sturdier friend of justice in Utah ever lived, was deprived of his office at Young's instigation. Judge Boreman, who is presiding over the present trial, is another unflinching defender of American law, but should the case reach the supreme court the other two judges—viz., David P. Lowe and Philip Emerson are both under the control of the Mormon church, appointed by President Grant under influence brought to bear by the polygamist delegate apostle George Q. Cannon and United States Senator Sargent, of California, who is the champion of Brigham Young at Washington. United States Marshal Maxwell is another law-abiding man, who is determined to enforce law and promote justice or die. But the painful fact is only too true that no Mormon has ever yet been punished under the laws of the United States. Mrs. No. 19 believes it impossible that any Mormon jury should ever faithfully try a Mormon prisoner. In the endorsement house every Mormon is made to take a secret and seditious oath, one clause of which binds him to bear eternal hostility to the government of the United States and to avenge the murder of the prophet, Joseph Smith.

## Startling Adventure of a Child.

A windmill is a very pretty picturesque object sitting upon a high bluff, with its figure outlined against the sky fanning itself on a warm evening. The further off it is within the range of vision the prettier. George Wells, a wealthy citizen of Monona county, Iowa, lives next door to a very high windmill. Mrs. Wells has a little eight-year old daughter, whose curiosity the monster windmill excited. She wanted to get the nearest possible view of it, so she climbed and climbed, and never thought how far above the ground she was getting. That evening, when her father came home from a journey to a neighboring town, his little pet daughter did not run out to the gate to meet him as usual, and at this he wondered. He feared something must be the matter with her, but was not left long in doubt, for a little musical voice which he well knew came to him from afar, and it seemed from on high. It was as if an angel had spoken, and the father was almost afraid to look up lest he should see his darling daughter floating away from him on an angel's wings. But he did look in the direction of the sound, and, to his consternation, beheld his little girl away up on the other side of the windmill, standing on a ladder just under the vanes, and evidently at some how to get down. The top of the ladder looked not much wider than the times of a table fork, and a slip would have occasioned her a fall of one hundred and twelve feet to the ground. The huge vanes were revolving rapidly enough to make one dizzy, just above her tiny head. The father summoned all his presence of mind and treated the situation lightly. He shouted to his child "bravo," to give her confidence. A cheery little "hurrah" came down from above. The father then shouted: "Nellie, haven't you got it about fixed?" "Oh, yes, papa," came floating from the dizzy height. "Well, then, come down, dear." The child commenced the descent. It was a critical moment. A few rods of the ladder made would give her confidence. The father stood breathless as nearly under his child as he could get, thinking that he might save her if she were to lose her grasp and footing. She made it in safety, and acknowledged she was just a little bit scared away up there toward heaven, and nobody near to pull her in. Nellie's father and mother told her never to go so near the windmill again, and especially not to make herself a little tomboy by climbing ladders.

A priest has been captured and carried off by eight brigands in Sicily.

## An Illinois Vendetta.

Another victim has been added to the already long list of those who have fallen in what is now widely known in Illinois as the "Williamson county vendetta." Captain Geo. W. Sisney is, we believe, the eighth who has perished in consequence of the protracted quarrel of the Russells and the Bulliners, which has kept Williamson county in a ferment for years. An attempt was made to assassinate Mr. Sisney as early as 1869, when he was set upon by the family of Bulliners and severely wounded, but recovered. He had no direct connection with the Russell-Bulliner quarrel, but had incurred the displeasure of the Bulliners in consequence of a lawsuit in which they were defeated. Some time last year a second attempt was made to assassinate him by shooting from ambush, but the guns in the hands of the would-be assassins failed to go off, and he escaped, but recognized one of his assailants as he ran away. This individual, whose name was Cagle, was indicted for the crime, and we do not know that the case was ever tried, the enforcement of the law in Williamson county being very lax. Some months after—that is to say last fall—another and more successful attack was made on Sisney, he being shot by some one from the outside as he sat in his house near a window in the evening. At that time he was severely wounded, and after recovering he rented his farm and removed to Carbondale for the sake of greater security. The result shows that he has at last fallen a victim to the bloodthirsty vengeance of his enemies under circumstances almost precisely similar to those which came near proving fatal last fall. Mr. Sisney was a native of Williamson county, and was a captain in an Illinois regiment during the war, and last year was the Republican candidate for sheriff in Williamson county. Both he and Dr. Hincheliff—the latter being the last victim before Mr. Sisney—were universally respected.

## Loss of Life from Flood, Fire, Etc.

The loss of human life from flood, fire, earthquakes, etc., during the past six months has been very great. The following shows the loss, so far as the facts and figures have been published: By flood, in Toulouse, France, 215 (and probably more, these figures representing only the bodies found); from measles in the Fiji islands, 50,000; by the overflow in the Danube, in Pesth, 600; from earthquakes, in New Grenada, 16,000; Asia Minor, 2,000; in the Loyalty islands, where the earthquake was accompanied by a terrible tidal wave, 2,000; at San Cristobal, Mexico, 70; from famine in Asia Minor, 20,000; from marine disasters, by the loss of the Schiller, in the Scilly islands, 350; the Gottenburg, off the Australian coast, 166; the Cadiz, 62; the Fu Sing, a Chinese steamer, 50; the American ship Violetta, 42; the Vicksburg, collision with icebergs, 40; the Thornabla, 29; the Cortes, 26; the George Batters, 21; the Bride, Bern, Berlin (Japanese), and the Alice, 20 each; and the Lochnagar, 16. There have been other severe disasters on the South American, Chinese, and English coasts which involved a serious loss of life, but it is impossible to estimate them, as the telegraph furnishes no record. From tornadoes and hurricanes the loss of life has been as follows: In Hong Kong, 500; Georgia, 317; Chili, 60; Louisiana, 20; France, 11; Missouri, 6; Mississippi, 11; Arkansas, 5; Michigan, 3; Wisconsin, 3; Illinois, 3; South Carolina, 2; and Kansas, 1—total, 944. Thirty-five fires have been reported, by which 304 lives have been sacrificed. Only three of these have been accompanied by a heavy loss of life, being the burning of a match factory at Gottenburg, Sweden, 50; steamers at New Orleans, 75; and the recent Holyoke (Mass.) church disaster, 92. Explosions, mainly in this country, have killed 207 people. Total, 78,812 in six months, and the whole story is not yet told.

## A Check that Can't be Forged.

A gentleman deposited a package in the safe this morning, says a Long Branch hotel correspondent, and asked for a check for it. Our affable and obliging clerk gave him a check which he himself invented and put in vogue at Saratoga fifteen years ago. Hastily writing the gentleman's name on a square of paper, the clerk as hastily tore it in two. He gave the gentleman one part and pinned the other part to the package. This was the check, and an unforgeable one at that. For observe; often as you may do this thing to duplicate it is impossible. You might succeed, perhaps, though with extreme difficulty, in making an exact reproduction of your own writing; but to tear apart two pieces of paper in the same way so that a fragment of one will fit a fragment of another is something you can't do, but you have my permission to amuse yourself by trying.

## THE GREAT MISTAKE OF HER LIFE.

A Woman Who Had Unparalleled Good Judgment in Everything Except in Choosing a Husband.

A local correspondent of the Boston Transcript writes in this strain: I happen to know a woman, now more than sixty years old, who was taken from an honorable business avocation, in which she had been eminently successful, to become a wife. Like many others of her sex, she was mistaken in her husband—not that he had what are called vices, for of these he had none. He neither drank, gambled, nor frequented clubs, nor had he any immoral proclivities. But he did not believe that a wife should know anything of her husband's business affairs, which idea also comprehended that he did not believe she could understand them! The truth was that he did not know his wife. It happened, however, that he went to her whenever his affairs became desperately straitened, and by means of her severe economy, often managed to extricate himself. Once when he had foolishly exhausted his income in building additions to old houses, or in expensive repairs for exacting tenants, for which his bills came in fast, she patiently showed him how to manage certain investments, proposing to take stores in lieu of those absorbing houses—a successful change. She gave up valuable servants, and executed an amount of work with her needle which seemed almost incredible, besides drilling in raw people at low wages to take partially the place of those she felt obliged to relinquish. She instituted a kind of domestic economy, than which nothing could be more admirable and praiseworthy. And yet, with all this, she never gained her husband's regard or confidence. He would come to her to get him out of his "tight places," as he called them, but when he had gotten out, and was doing apparently well again, he ceased to consult her, never telling her how far his income ought to go, nor whether he had anything left after paying general expenses.

He chose to relinquish business after some years—an ill-judged step under the circumstances. He had some small capital, however, and his wife ventured to suggest certain purchases of real estate, but he disregarded her advice. She mentioned to him four different chances for investment, all of which have since doubled or trebled in other hands, but he would not listen to her. Much against her wishes he purchased an old-fashioned house for his family to live in, and spent more on its repairs than a new one would have cost. He sold it subsequently at a price that would scarcely meet the original outlay. He agreed to sell valuable pieces of property, while she was positively refusing to sign her name to the transfer, and was afterward compelled to give her signature on being told that "the property was his, not hers, and he would do what he pleased with his own." Still her work went on—mending, patching, going to market for frugality, keeping her house clean and neat, and her children clothed with her own handiwork. Certain property was under mortgage; she hoped to save something to pay this, and never took sugar in her tea, hoping to make even that an item in her rigorous economy. But, though his wife's influence was of so little consideration, he gave his confidence to an intriguing man of no honor and little credit, who had become known to him through some former business connections. This man beguiled him; made him assume the very investments against which the wife had remonstrated; borrowed money from him which he never intended to repay, almost entangling this weak-minded husband in a network of bankruptcy.

So years went on, the poor wife expecting anxiously that the time would arrive when she would be living upon an assured income and see the reward of her hard and unremitting labor in an easy old age. Alas! such was his promise and such her hope. But hope is delusive. He had broken his promise and deceived her in all his transactions; his whole income was pledged to pay notes on bogus stock and other fancy investments against which she had before strenuously protested, and would still have warned him had he confided to her what he was about. It was found by careful calculation that if he had placed \$70,000, which he had received by inheritance, into such estates as she had proposed, he would have been worth in less than six years more than double the amount of the legitimate investment. Nearly thirty years had this careful woman been a wife, assisting judiciously in the education of her children, studying character, and the vast internal growth of our city—capable of being the adviser of her husband in all things pertaining to domestic and financial economy. "What an ill!" she said to me one day, in the agony of her heart. "I am only a heaver of wood and a

drawer of water' in my husband's house; when I wanted to be his true and faithful partner, lightening his cares and aiding him by service and counsel." This man cherished the idea that no woman had a right to know her husband's affairs. This is what many a man has said; but when the downfall comes, the poor woman has to submit to it, and to bring all her waning energy, even in old age, to bear, and, if possible, to improve the bad result.

## The Story of a Robber Chief.

When in Albania Olive Harper went to visit a robber chief, dined with him, and tells the story as follows: After the meal was concluded, Vasil Carabas rose to go, and making a low bow to me, and taking a fold on my linen traveling dress and pressing it to his lips, he begged I would not think quite so hardly of him as others did, and he begged me to accept, as a slight token of his pleasure in having seen me, a beautiful diamond ring. I somehow could not make up my mind to do so (or perhaps required a little more urging), and so I coupled my refusal with a request for one of the silver buttons he had on his jacket. He cut it off and gave it to me with a pleased smile, and, with the other hand, threw the ring away as far as he could. I will confess that I was just a little sorry I hadn't taken it, for it is a pity to waste diamonds like tears.

We were soon on our way again, and it was dark. The old captain told me the history of the robber chief. Some years ago he had a position in society as the only son of wealthy and respectable father, and was himself respected as a young man of courage and intellect. He had one sister, a lovely young girl of fourteen and a half years. A certain man of high position in Athens stole the maiden and kept her hidden from her people for two weeks. Vasil loved this sister tenderly, and he searched for her far and wide, and at last succeeded in finding her in the retreat in which this man had confined her, and on learning the story of outrage and disgrace, he became almost beside himself with rage against the cowardly villain who had perpetrated it, and swore vengeance against him to the death. He embraced his sister tenderly, and said: "My sister is dishonored, and my sister dishonored must die, that the fruit of that dread disgrace may not rest forever a reproach to all of her kin," and with these words he plunged his knife in her heart. That same day saw the death of the wretch who had caused this sorrow and death, and as the man was of high position the story was hushed as much as possible. The young man threw himself upon the mercy of the government, relating the story and what he had done and demanding justice—that he should be acquitted of crime in what he had done. But, instead of that, the utmost rigor of the law was enforced, and he was placed in prison, from whence, by the aid of two trusty friends, he escaped and took to the mountains, after one year's imprisonment.

## A Female Traveler.

British manners and customs ever prove a fertile source of amusement to Gallic critics, and a French contemporary has now been chaffing what he calls the English "sixth sense," the bump of traveling. He maintains, however, that they do not travel always for the love of the thing, and tells the following story as a proof: Twenty years ago a Liverpool steamer packet company wanted to extend its premises, and resolved to buy a piece of land belonging to a maiden lady of "an uncertain age." The spinner sold her land at a very low price, and as a set-off negotiated that a clause should be put in the agreement to the effect that during her whole life she and a companion should at any time travel free in the company's vessels. The day after the agreement was signed she sold her furniture, let her house, and went on board the first outward-bound vessel belonging to the company, without troubling herself about the destination. Since then the lady has always lived on one ship or other, accompanied by some lady traveler for whom she advertises, and whose passage-money she pockets. She is reckoned to have made over ten thousand dollars by the transaction, and the company have offered her upward of this sum for her privilege, but cannot get quit of her at any price.

A French Burglar.—With a most odacious countenance and crumpe on his hat he waited at a Paris station for the coffin to be lifted out of the train; but it was heavy, for it was lined with lead. And while the people looked on with sympathy and wondered if it was his wife, his mother or his father, the well informed police invited him into a private room, where they opened the coffin and emptied it of its contents of Russels lace.