

# THE ANSON TIMES.

R. H. COWAN, Editor and Proprietor.

We Proudly call ours a Government by the People.—Cleveland.

TERMS: \$2.00 Per Year.

VOL. II.

WADESBORO, N. C., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1886.

NO. 47.

## ANSON TIMES.

Terms—Cash in Advance.

One Year \$2.00  
Six Months \$1.00  
Three Months .50

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One square, first insertion \$1.00  
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WADESBORO, N. C.

Practice in the State and Federal Courts.

**JAMES A. LOCKHART,**  
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,  
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**H. H. DePew**  
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Office over G. W. Huntley's Store.

All Work Warranted.

May 14, '85, ff.

**DR. D. B. FRONTIS,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON

Offers his Professional Services to the citizens of Waadesboro and surrounding country. Of the respective kind.

A. B. Huntley, M. D., J. T. Battle, M. D.  
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**I. H. HORTON,**  
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WADESBORO, N. C.

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**Anson Institute,**  
WADESBORO, N. C.

**D. A. McCREGOR, PRINCIPAL.**

J. J. BENNETT, A. B.  
J. W. KILGO, A. B.  
Miss M. L. McCONNELL, ASSISTANTS.

The Spring Term begins Monday, January 11th, 1886.

Tuition—In Literary Department, \$2, \$3 and \$4 per month.

Instrumental Music, \$4 per month.

Vocal Music, \$1 per month.

Use of piano for practice 50 cents per month.

Board, \$10 per month.

Contingent fee, \$1 per year.

For Catalogue apply to the Principal.

**Morven High School,**  
MORVEN, N. C.

**JAMES W. KILGO, A. B., Principal.**

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TUITION, PER MONTH.

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Intermediate, 2.50

Advanced, 3.00

Board from \$8 TO \$10 per month.

For further particulars address the Principal.

**WM. A. MURR,**  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN

Stoves, Tin-ware, Sheet-Iron

—AND—

**HOLLOW WARE.**  
WADESBORO, N. C.

**HOTELS.**

When you go to Charlotte be sure to call on

**S. M. TIMMONS,**  
FOR  
Fine Mountain Whiskies

IN THE  
**Old Charlotte Hotel**  
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

YARBROUGH HOUSE,  
RALEIGH, N. C.  
PRICES REDUCED TO SUIT THE TIMES  
CALL AND SEE US.

### THE WINDS.

The North wind's howling legions Swept down from boreal regions. From the pallid zone where winter's throne Was wrought in the wide wa, wan and lone.

Unnumbered years ago, They came on wings whose fluttering Bestrew the world with snow, And their icy breath is bitter death, Their footfall only woe.

The East wind comes with sadness, And pain, and midnight malice, From a solitude where curses brood And poisoned darts are brewed.

And sorrow throbbles gladsie; It comes like a ghoul from spectral coast Where cyprus branches wave, And out of its plumage fall ghastly glooms Like those that encircle the grave.

The South wind comes a-sighing, To buds and blossoms replying, He comes in quest of love and rest, And presently, on a rose's breast, In rapture lies a-dying.

He comes like dreams, and only seems, He tells his love's story; His life is a song to murmuring streams, His death—a rich perfume.

The zephyr, fragrance laden, Brings balm to man and maiden— Brings dove-eyed rest to the troubled breast From the mystical regions of the West— From love's enchanted Aiden;

It comes with news as fresh as the dew That gather in starry hours, With wonderful store of tender lore From the sweet book of the flowers.

—George K. Camp.

### ATTACKED BY PIRATES.

James Torrence was a foremast hand on the British bark *Huntress*, and one morning in the seventies we left Singapore, bound to the South by way of the Straits of Sunda. We had sixteen hands on the bark, and for armament we had a nine-pounder mounted on a carriage and a good supply of muskets and pikes. All of the sails to the north of Australia are suspicious waters for a home ship. Pirates have shrouded their ever since ships began to sail, and I'm thinking it will long before the business is wiped out. There are hundreds of islands in the Java and Banda Seas, and each one of them offers a secure headquarters for a gang of native pirates. They are not as bold as before the government cruisers got orders to patrol those waters, and sink every craft which could not show honest papers; but they are there still, and the temptations are so great to expect they can ever be entirely suppressed. On our way up, when off the Red Islands, on the northwestern coast of Sumatra, we overhauled an Italian brig called the *Gampelle*. She was stripped of sails, cordage and most of her cargo, and had been set fire to and scuttled. For some reason the flames died out, and the water came in so slowly that she was floated six hours after the pirates abandoned her. Our mate went off to board her, and he found a shocking state of affairs. She had been laid aboard without resistance by two native boats, armed with muskets and pistols. The crew had at once been made prisoners, and set to work to strip the ship and hoist out such cargo as the pirates coveted. She was run in behind one of the islands and anchored, and for three days and nights the pirates were hard at work on her. Each man of the crew worked under a guard during the day, and at night Captain and all were secured in the fore-castle. The crew numbered fourteen.

Toward evening of the third day the pirates had secured all their plunder. Several native crafts had been loaded and sailed up the coast to some rendezvous, and only one remained to take on the last of the plunder. As no actual violence had been offered Captain or crew during the three days, there was hope that the pirates would go away and leave them in possession of the robbed and dismantled brig. Just what shift they would have made in this case I cannot say, for the craft was left without sail, rope, block or provisions! About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the crew were ordered forward, while the natives collected aft, and at a given signal fire was opened on the defenceless men. To their credit let it be recorded that they set whatever weapons they could lay hands on and dashed at the pirates, but it was simply to die like brave men. In ten minutes the last one was shot down. The pirates then raised the anchor and got it into their boat, bored holes in the ship's bottom, and started a fire in the hold amidships. The information I have given you came from a little chap on board who was making his first voyage as an apprentice. He was, if I remember right, only thirteen years old. On the morning of the third day he managed to hide among the cargo, and the pirates completed their work and sent the bulk drifting out to sea without having missed him. He was on deck to catch the painter of the mate's boat when she drew alongside, and to one of our crew who could speak Italian he gave the story as straight as the Captain could have talked.

We reported the affair at Singapore, and a British gunboat was sent off to investigate. She returned before we had completed our loading, and reported that she had made no discoveries. It was a warning for our Captain, and he wisely determined to heed it. We took on shell and grape for our cannon, a dozen revolvers were purchased for the crew, and on the very day we left, the Captain brought aboard two very heavy rifles which he had picked up somewhere at a bargain. I call them rifles, but they were young cannon, carrying a three-ounce ball, with powder enough behind it to kick the marksman half way across the ship. We left Singapore as well prepared as a merchant vessel could be, and it seems that the Captain was advised to

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The fight was ended. A bit of wind blew the smoke away, and we looked down upon a terrible sight. The boats seemed full of dead and wounded, the living sought shelter under the half-decks. Why, there were bodies without heads, heads without bodies, and arms and legs and pieces of bloody meat enough to make the bravest turn pale. As we cut their lashings they drifted off, and the American with his big rifle, and two or three of the men with muskets, kept up a fire on everything that moved. Presently the breeze came up, and as we made sail and got the bark where we could haul her we ran down for the shows. They were light built, and it needed only a fair blow to crush them. The first one we struck on her starboard quarter, and although the bark glanced off, we crushed in her members, and she filled and went down inside of five minutes. There were about twenty living men on the other, and as we bore down for her at a good pace they uttered shouts of terror and made signs of surrender. Our Captain had no mercy for them. We put the ship right in the dhow's broadside, and we cut her square in two and rolled the bow one way and the stern the other, while the living, wounded, and dead went into the sea together. —New York Sun

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As soon as the Captain knew what had happened, he called upon all the crew to shelter themselves and wait for fire at close quarters. One man was detailed to assist the cook with the hot water, and powder and bullets were placed handy for reloading the muskets. I was stationed near the gun carriage, and I noticed several shells lying about under foot. The American kept firing away with the rifles, knocking over a pirate at every shot, and pretty soon the two craft were near enough for us to open fire with the muskets. I presume we wasted a good many shots, for we were green hands and greatly excited, but I am likewise certain that we also did great execution. We had a plunging fire down upon a mass of half-naked fellows, and we must have veeded out a full third of them. There was no air stirring, and the smoke soon grew thick about us. By and by the shouts and yells of the pirates sounded close at hand, and their craft were laid alongside and they began climbing the rail. We now flung down the muskets and used the revolvers and pikes. When the revolvers were empty we used capstan bars, clubbed muskets, or whatever we could lay hands upon. Our rail was clear in half a minute, and then I picked up a shell

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We gave him a cheer, and began our preparations. The cook was ordered to fill his coppers full of water and start a rousing fire, and the arms were brought up and served out. There were three or four men who had served at a heavy gun, and these took charge of the cannon, and the piece was loaded with a shell. When the Captain called for some one to use the rifles, the only man who answered was an American. He took them aft, loaded them with his own hands, and by the time the pirates were within a mile we were ready as we could be. The bark was lying with her head to the east, and the fellows were approaching us from the north, on our broadside. The mate kept his glass fixed and announced that both craft were crowded with men, but that he could see no cannon. They made slow progress, and we were impatient to open the fight. By and by, when they might have been three-quarters of a mile away, the Captain passed word for the gunners to send them a shot. In a few seconds the shell flew over the pirates and burst in the air. It was a good line shot and something to encourage, but before the cannon rent another shot the American had a try with one of the rifles. The mate was watching his shot from the rigging, and the report had scarcely died away before he shouted:

"Good for the Yankee! He hit at least a couple of them."

The second shell from the cannon burst over one of the boats and took effect on some of the men, as reported by the mate. The American then fired again, and again his bullet told. We were doing bravely and were full of enthusiasm, but the struggle was yet to come. The fellows bent their energies to creeping closer, and pretty soon they opened on us with musketry, and the balls began to sing through the rigging in a lively manner. We had our muskets ready, but the Captain ordered us to hold our fire and keep sheltered behind the rail. One of the piratical craft was a quarter of a mile in advance of the other, and the third shell from the cannon burst aboard her, and must have killed and wounded a dozen or more men. There was great confusion aboard, and she remained stationary until the other craft came up. During this interval the American got in two more shots, which found victims. We now looked upon the victory as assured, and there was cheering from one end of the ship to the other. We were a little ahead of time. The third shot from our big gun burst it, and although no one was hurt, we were thus deprived of a great advantage.

As soon as the Captain knew what had happened, he called upon all the crew to shelter themselves and wait for fire at close quarters. One man was detailed to assist the cook with the hot water, and powder and bullets were placed handy for reloading the muskets. I was stationed near the gun carriage, and I noticed several shells lying about under foot. The American kept firing away with the rifles, knocking over a pirate at every shot, and pretty soon the two craft were near enough for us to open fire with the muskets. I presume we wasted a good many shots, for we were green hands and greatly excited, but I am likewise certain that we also did great execution. We had a plunging fire down upon a mass of half-naked fellows, and we must have veeded out a full third of them. There was no air stirring, and the smoke soon grew thick about us. By and by the shouts and yells of the pirates sounded close at hand, and their craft were laid alongside and they began climbing the rail. We now flung down the muskets and used the revolvers and pikes. When the revolvers were empty we used capstan bars, clubbed muskets, or whatever we could lay hands upon. Our rail was clear in half a minute, and then I picked up a shell

and a burning wad ran forward. A dozen natives had gained the bow and were pushing our men back. I lighted the fuse and gave the shell a roll along the deck into the crowd, and I give you my word that not one of them was left alive after the explosion. One of our men on the quarter threw a second shell, and I brought the third one and threw it from the bow.

The fight was ended. A bit of wind blew the smoke away, and we looked down upon a terrible sight. The boats seemed full of dead and wounded, the living sought shelter under the half-decks. Why, there were bodies without heads, heads without bodies, and arms and legs and pieces of bloody meat enough to make the bravest turn pale. As we cut their lashings they drifted off, and the American with his big rifle, and two or three of the men with muskets, kept up a fire on everything that moved. Presently the breeze came up, and as we made sail and got the bark where we could haul her we ran down for the shows. They were light built, and it needed only a fair blow to crush them. The first one we struck on her starboard quarter, and although the bark glanced off, we crushed in her members, and she filled and went down inside of five minutes. There were about twenty living men on the other, and as we bore down for her at a good pace they uttered shouts of terror and made signs of surrender. Our Captain had no mercy for them. We put the ship right in the dhow's broadside, and we cut her square in two and rolled the bow one way and the stern the other, while the living, wounded, and dead went into the sea together. —New York Sun

The bark made good weather of it, and we had a good cruise and run down on the new course until Bilton might have been sighted from the mast head, when the e came a calm. The wind had died away about midforenoon, and the drift of the bark was to the north. We looked for a change at sunset, but nothing came, and the night passed without wind enough to move a feather. My watch was below when daylight came, and we got the word to turn up lively. To the Northeast, off the coast of Borneo, two or three green islands were in sight, and between us and the islands were two native craft bearing down upon us. These craft were about the size of pilot boats, half decked over, and rigged like a catboat. They had been sighted when six or seven miles away, and as my watch came on deck the mate descended from the perch aloft, where he had been using the glass, and reported to the captain that the craft were approaching us by the use of sweeps. The calm still held, but it was clear enough to a sailor's eye that we should have a breeze as soon as the sun began to climb up. No man asked himself the errand of those boats making out to the Huntress. At that time and locality there could be but one answer. The Captain presently called us aft and said:

"Men, the craft which you see pulling out for us are pirates. We shall have a breeze within an hour, but they will be here if it. If we cannot beat them off, we are dead men. They take no prisoners. I look to see every man do his duty."