

## Asa Knollin's Adventure.

BY THE OLD 'UN.

Asa T. Knollin was a genuine specimen of a Down East Yankee—a log chopping, trading, fishing, sea-going, amphibious animal, passing his time between the ocean and the main-land. In one of his voyages before the mast, he went to Porto Rico, and by some chance it happened that his vessel sailed without him. Asa felt somewhat homesick when compelled to prolong his visit, and watched eagerly for an opportunity of returning to his native land.

One evening as he was walking by the sea-side in melancholy guise, he was suddenly surrounded by a gang of British sailors, belonging to the sloop-of-war Terrible, commanded by Capt. Bigshot, and then busy in taking in water, and other stores, preparatory to a continuance of her three year's cruise. Asa was disposed to show fight at first but, as the press-gang were armed with cutlasses, he concluded his policy was to submit quietly, and so he entered the barge without opposition, and was taken on board the sloop.

That night, as he lay awake brooding over his misfortunes, he chafed at his conduct, which was no other than to feign a simplicity, amounting almost to idiocy, and to display as little knowledge of seamanship as possible. He knew how to throw into his countenance an air of complete vacancy and innocence, calculated to throw the shrewdest observer off his guard.

The next day, a dish of boiled beans was set before him without any 'fixings.' Our friend flared up at the meagerness of the entertainment.

"Biled beans and no pork!" he exclaimed. "This is a little too mean, I swow! 'Taint fit for a dog."

"Hadt' you better complain to the captain?" asked the black-whiskered boatswain, with a sneer.

"That's it, old sea-hoss," remarked Knollin. "That's a bright idee. Cap'n, so I will."

And, regardless of opposition, he bolted into the cabin where Capt. Bigshot sat at dinner with three or four officers.

"Who the duce are you?" asked the Captain, firmly fixing his savage eyes upon the Yankee.

"Who be I?" ejaculated Knollin; "why, I'm Asa T. Knollin. Captain, I hope you're well—and how's the folks at hum! pretty spry, eh?"

"Your name's Jonathan, I guess," said the Captain, mimicking the usual tone of Knollin.

"No, it ain't, it's Asa T. Knollin, Captain."

"Well, what do you want of me?"

"Seems to me you live pretty well here, Captain," said Asa, looking over the table.

"Pretty tall fodder; chickens, hams, pine-apples and o-be joyful. Your cook hain't did the clean thing by us, though. S'pose you know nothing about it, so I thought I'd step up here and let you know how they serve us down stairs. Why, Captain, they give us beans without pork?"

"Beans without pork! Astonishing!" exclaimed the Captain, willing to humor the character.

"Yes, Captain, beans without pork. Don't that beat all natur?"

"What do you live on when you are at home?" asked the Captain.

"Pork and beans, biled chowder, flap-jacks and doughnuts," answered Asa.

"What are flap-jacks?" asked the Captain.

"Don't you know what flap-jacks are. Why, I thought every fool know'd that. They're made of flour, eggs, milk and water, beaten up with a fork, and they're slotted into a frying-pan and done brown, sarved up with butter and molasses, whichever you choose, and if they don't go down slick, there's no stones in Roxbury."

"You seem to like molasses," said the Captain.

"Wal, I guess I do," said Asa. "But not raw, as you fellers eat it."

"How then?"

"Wal, I like to run a stick into the bung-hole of a hoghead and then pull it out and drop it into my mouth. Ain't it good, though? Wal, I guess it is."

"Well, Jonathan,"

"Asa, Captain."

"Jonathan, I say, you can go now, and I'll see about the pork to-morrow."

Asa went back to his astonished shipmates, reporting that the captain was 'a pretty slick sort of a fellow.'

One day when the men didn't 'tumble up' from below with the requisite alacrity, the boatswain, rattan in hand, gave each of them a 'remainder' with his stick as he came on deck. Asa was the last, as usual, but, watching the boatswain's bamboo, he caught the weapon in his hands, and dexterously twisted it out of the officer's grasp.

"Hallo, whiskers!" said he, "I hope you did not mean to hit me, 'cause it hurts a feller. No, you didn't—wal, I thought so—I forgive you," and he threw the rattan overboard, escaping to the quarter deck, where his originality and supposed imbecility secured him impunity. In fact, he was treated as a privileged buffoon by the officers.

Taking up a cannon ball, one day, he asked: "What in the world is this yere, Captain?"

"That's what we keep to pepper the Yankees with," answered Captain Bigshot.

"Want to know," said Asa; "how do they work it?"

"We put 'em into those big gus and fire 'em off."

"Swow! you don't say so. Do they travel pretty fast, Captain?"

"You can't see 'em."

"Hurt a body if they hit?"

"Yes, when they are fired out of a gun."

"Not otherways?"

"No."

"Then here goes," cried Asa; and, handling the missile like a bowling-ball, he let it drive among the legs of the officers and men, shouting, "Hurrah, let her rip!"

Cries of rage and pain followed.

"Seems to me, Captain," said Asa, coolly, "them 'ere things does hurt a feller if they ain't fired out of a gun."

One day Captain Bigshot called Asa aft—"Jonathan," said he, "there's a boat alongside; you may get your traps together and go ashore. I think His Majesty can do without you."

"Wal, Captain," replied Asa, "fore you spoke I had pretty much concluded to quit. I kin make better wages fishin' by a great sight. Besides, I want to go hum and see the folks. Good bye, Captain—I shall see you again."

"I think not," said the Captain.

"Guess I shall. Good bye," said Asa, and with a light heart he bade adieu to the Terrible.

More than three years afterwards, during the war of 1812, a British armed vessel, lying at St. John's, was boarded and carried, in a dark night, by a band of Yankee privateersmen. The leader of the expedition then sought the commander and demanded his sword. Indignant and confounded, Capt. Bigshot asked the name of his captor.

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**SOUTHERN VENGEANCE.**—The Charleston *Mercury* of the 19th inst., has the following paragraph under its Columbia (S. C.) correspondence:

"A workman on the new State House, named Powers, has been uttering seditious sentiments here without concealment, and on more than one occasion, expressing his entire approval of Brown's invasion. He was apprehended by the Mayor and subjected to examination in the presence of the Commissioner of this Circuit. The proof of his incendiary language and feelings was abundant and conclusive, although not of any attempt to tamper with slaves. He was, therefore, yesterday ordered to be escorted from prison to the outskirts of the city by the Marshals. As threats of rescue had been made by other stone-masons, he was carried through the town at 11 o'clock a.m., and through the State House yard, where these men were at work, a crowd, of course, in attendance. No attempt at rescue was made, and at the Charlotte junction of the city the Vigilance Committee took him in hand, stripped him to the waist, inflicted twenty-nine lashes and a coat of tar and feathers. Hence he was forwarded by railway to Charleston."

**Gov. Banks Rules the Negroes Out.**—Gov. Banks, of Massachusetts, on Thursday morning last, sent to the Legislature a message vetoing the general statutes, on the ground of the unconstitutionality of the section in the militia act allowing the enrollment of colored men as soldiers. The House sustained the veto, and amended the objectionable clause. The leading objection to the section is that its provisions are in conflict with the Constitution of the United States and United States laws, which do not recognize negroes as citizens.

## Died:

In this city, of dropsy, on Friday morning, 10th inst., JAMES COWLEY, formerly of the Isle of Man, aged 55 years.

He embraced the principles of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints in 1840; emigrated to Nauvoo in 1844, and gathered with the Saints to the valleys of the mountains in 1852. He lived and died a Saint.

Yet again we hope to meet thee—

When our mortal hour has fled;

Then, in heaven, with joy to greet thee,

Where no farewell tear is shed.

In the Mill Creek Ward, on the 5th inst., of dropsy, MARY BOWDEN, wife of William Lang, late of North Molten, Devonshire, England, aged 64 years.

In Payson city, Jan. 14, 1860, POLLY FAIRBANKS, in the 80th year of her age.

This aged mother in Israel left a comfortable home in New Jersey, and moved to Nauvoo in the fall of 1844, in company with her husband, Capt. Joseph Fairbanks. When the church was driven from Nauvoo in 1846, she, with her husband, accompanied the Saints to Winter Quarters, where, from exposure on that journey, he died in February following. In the spring of 1847, she moved with the Saints to the Valley. Her faith in the principles of the gospel remained unshaken to the last.

In G. S. L. City, Oct. 20th, 1859, SUSAN LUCRETIA, wife of William George Petty, and daughter of John and Mary Lowry of Mant, aged 25 years, 7 months and 6 days.

Also, in Mant, San Pete co., Nov. 11, 1859, MARY, wife of John Lowry, sen., aged 57 years, 1 month and 5 days.

Beloved Mary! thou hast left us—

Here with thee we meet no more,

But since our God of thee bereft us,

We will not our loss deplore.

Husband! children! cease your weeping,

For your loss is Mary's gain;

She is not dead—she's only sleeping,

And will wake—will wake again.

Yea, a glorious resurrection

Is for every faithful Saint—

Let us all aim at perfection,

As she did, and never faint.

Never weary in well-doing,

Ever ready to assist;

Weep not friends! for still she's working—

Let her body take its rest.

Now her spirit's with its Maker,

For she's done His will on earth;

Who'd a better right to take her

Than the Lord, who knew her worth?

Soon she followed her daughter

To her Father's house above;

Let his will be done, not ours—

What he's done, was done in love. —[Com.]

## New Advertisements.

## NOTICE.

TAKEN UP, by the subscriber, one bay PONY MARE, ten or twelve years old, right hind foot, white star in the forehead and branded Z on left thigh, with saddle marks. JOHN P. BARNERD. Farmington, Feb. 7, 1860—50-1\*

## NOTICE.

I HAVE had a red BULL, about fifteen months old, feeding in my garden the past month; no brand visible, right ear cropped. The owner is requested to prove property, pay the damages and expenses, take him away and oblige. [50-1] THOMAS BULLOCK.

## FOR SALE.

FOR CASH, SHEEP or YOUNG STOCK, a LOT in the 13th Ward, with a House containing five rooms and a good well. Also, a House and Lot in the 3rd Ward. The land of both lots is very productive. For particulars inquire of (50-2) GEORGE GODDARD.

## ESTRAY.

CAME to my enclosure, about the 1st December last, a brindle COW, 7 or 8 years old, white star in forehead, white flanks, white under the belly, crop out of each ear. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, take her away and oblige. OLIVER BESS, 15th Ward. 50-1

## NOTICE.

SET of BLACKSMITH TOOLS for SALE, all in good repair.—Enquire of JOHN L. BUTLER, Spanish Fork, Utah co. 50-3

## LOST.

A SPOTTED BOAR PIG ran away from my pen in the 18th Ward, G. S. L. City, on the 6th or 7th Feb. Any person giving information of said pig at the President's office, or at my residence in 18th Ward, will be satisfactorily rewarded. [50-1] L. D. YOUNG.

## TAKEN UP.

BY the Subscriber, in the 12th Ward, Great Salt Lake City, on or about the 1st of December last, a dark red STEER, with a slit in the under side of his left ear. No other marks or brands visible. Two years old next spring. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges and take it away. ELLIOT HARTWELL. 50-1

## NOTICE.

I HAVE in my possession a pale red yearling STEER, with swallow fork in the left ear, and an underbit in the right.

Also a black two year old HEIFER, branded with a diamond on the left hip, with crop off both ears, and an underbit in the right.

The owners are requested to prove property, pay charges and take them away. W. G. CHILD, Ogden City. 50-1

## ESTRAYS.

I HAVE in my possession the following creatures, viz: One big red OX, 9 or 10 years old, branded H on left side; brand on left shoulder not legible.

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