

# Noble County Register.

VOL. 1

LIGONIER, IND. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1858.

NO. 31

## Noble County Register

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY MORNING BY  
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ana.

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THE undersigned has established an Ag-  
ency for the purchase and sale of Real es-  
tate in Noble and adjoining counties, and has  
effectuated arrangements which offer superior  
inducements for those wishing to buy or sell  
the same in this section of the State.  
Particular attention will be paid to Renting  
Houses, Leasing farms, and other business  
which it may be necessary for non-residents  
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above variety of Goods, are invited to call  
and look at this stock.  
Kendallville, March, 1858

### How to Make up a Quarrel.

William Ladd was the President of  
the American Peace Society, and he  
believed that the principle of peace,  
carried out, would maintain good will  
among neighbors as well as nations. But  
there was a time when he had not fully  
considered this subject—had not thought  
much about it—as I dare say many of  
my young readers have not, and he be-  
lieved that if a man struck him a blow,  
it was best and fair to strike back again,  
without considering if there were not some  
better way of overcoming the offender,  
or if a man did him an injury, why, as  
people commonly say, he would 'give him  
as good as he sent.'

He then had a farm, and a poor man  
who lived on land adjoining his, neglected  
to keep up a fence which it was his  
business to keep in order; and in conse-  
quence, his sheep got into William's  
wheat field, and did much mischief.—  
William told his man Sam to go to the  
neighbor, and tell him he must mend the  
fence and keep the sheep out. But the  
sheep came in again, and William, who  
is a very orderly man himself, was provoked.

'Sam,' said he, 'go to that fellow, and  
tell him that if he don't keep his sheep  
out of my wheatfield, I'll have them  
shot.'

Even that did not do—the sheep  
were in again.

'Sam,' said William, 'take my gun  
and shoot those sheep.'

'I would rather not,' said Sam.

'Rather not, Sam? why there are but  
three; it's no great job.'

'No sir, but the poor man has but  
three in the world, and I'm not the por-  
tion that would like to shoot a poor  
man's sheep.'

'Then the poor man should take pro-  
per care of them, I gave him warning;  
why did he not mend his fence?'

'Well sir, I guess it was because you  
sent him a rough kind of message; it  
made him mad and he wouldn't do it.'

'I considered a few minutes,' said  
William Ladd, 'and then I told Sam to  
put the horse before the buggy.'

'Shall I put in the gun?' said Sam.

'No,' said L. I saw he half smiled;  
but I said nothing. I got into my bug-  
gy and drove up to my neighbor.

He lived a mile off, and I had a good  
deal of time to think the matter over.

When I drove up to the house, the  
man was chopping wood. There were  
a few sticks of wood, and the house was  
poor, and my heart was softened.—  
'Neighbor!' I called out.

The man looked sulky, and did not  
raise his head.

'Come, come, neighbor,' said I, 'I have  
come with a friendly feeling to you,  
and you must meet me half way.'

He saw I was in earnest, laid down  
his axe and came to the wagon.

'Now neighbor,' said I, 'we have both  
been in the wrong; you neglected your  
fence, and I got angry, and sent you a  
provoking message. Now let us face  
about and both do right. I'll forgive  
you. Now let's shake hands.'

He didn't feel quite like giving me  
his hand but he let me take it.

'Now,' said I, 'neighbor, drive your  
sheep down to my pasture. They shall  
share with my sheep till next spring;  
and you shall have all the yield, and  
next summer we will start fair.'

His hand was no longer dead in mine,  
and he gave me a good friendly grasp.  
The tears came into his eyes, and he  
said—'I guess you are a Christian, Wil-  
liam Ladd, after all.'

'And the little fracas with my neigh-  
bor about the sheep, was the first step  
to my devoting myself to the Peace  
Society.'—*Cleveland Leaflets.*

### A Terrible Duel.

A few years since as a new English  
gentleman, whose name we shall call  
Brown, was passing a few days at one  
of our western cities, he had the mis-  
fortune unintentionally to offend the  
susceptible honor of a tall militia Col.  
who was one of his fellow boarders.—  
His apologies not being satisfactory, a  
challenge was sent him, which, how-  
ever, he declined upon conscientious scr-  
uples. The colonel who by the way  
had won in two or three encounters  
quite a reputation as a duelist, at once  
conceived the idea that his opponent  
was a coward, and resolved to disgrace  
him in the presence of all the assem-  
bled wisdom of the house. Accord-  
ingly the next day, at dinner time, in  
marched the duelist, armed with a cow-  
hide, and advancing to Brown's chair,  
proceeded to dust his jacket in the  
most approved style. Brown was as-  
tonished. Luckily he had been a lieuten-  
ant of militia in his native State and  
he knew the importance of incom-  
moding his enemy by a diversion. So,  
seizing a gravy tureen he tossed the  
contents of it full in the face of the  
belligerent colonel, and before he could  
recover from the drowning sensation  
this occasioned he sprang upon the  
table and began to shower upon him  
with a liberal hand the contents of the  
dishes around.

'You are an infernal—'

'Coward!' the Colonel was about to  
say, but at that moment a plate of  
greens struck full upon his mouth, and  
the word was blocked, lost forever.

'Ha!' cried the New Englander,  
whose blood was now up, 'four greens  
are you? Take a potato, too,' and he  
hurled a telling volley of hard potatoes  
at him. 'Excellent eggs, capital with  
calves head,' and crash came a plate  
of soft-boiled eggs against the side of  
his cranium.

The blows of the cowhide which had  
hitherto fallen upon the Yankee's head  
and shoulders now began to fall more  
weakly and wildly, and it became evi-  
dent that the assailant, half stunned  
choked and partially blind, was getting  
the worst of it. His courage was ooz-  
ing out.

'Take a turkey!' shouted Brown, as  
a noble old gobbler descended fairly on  
the colonel's head, and bursting filled  
his hair and eyes with delicious looking  
stuffing; 'there's the fixings,' he contin-  
ued, as the squash and jelly followed  
after.

By this time the colonel was irre-  
trievably defeated; and his merciless  
opponent seized a huge plum pudding,  
steaming hot, and holding above his  
head and seemed about to bury him  
beneath it. He quailed in terror, and  
made a rush for the door.

'Stop for the pudding!' Colonel, stop  
for the pudding!' shouted Brown.

'Pudding! colonel, pudding!' scream-  
ed his fellow boarders, amid convul-  
sions of laughter. But the colonel was  
too terrified, and he did not cease run-  
ning until he had locked himself into  
his room.

But although the colonel escaped  
from the pudding, he did not escape  
from the ridicule which the affair occa-  
sioned. He subsequently challenged  
four persons against whom his ire was  
particularly excited, and they consented  
to fight, but availing themselves of  
the privilege of the challenged party,  
appointed pudding bags for the weapons.  
At length the unhappy duelist finding  
that no one was willing to shoot or to  
be shot at, was obliged to quit the  
State.

### Shelly and the Yankee Captain.

The following is a description of a  
visit made by Shelly and Trelawny to  
an American vessel lying in the port  
of Ligonier:

'It is but a step,' I said, 'from these  
ruins of the worn out Greece to the  
New World; let's board the Yankee  
clipper.'

'I had rather not have any more of  
my hopes and illusions mocked by sad  
reality,' said Shelly.

'You must allow,' I answered, 'that  
graceful craft was designed by a man  
who had a poet's feeling for all things  
beautiful; let's get a model and build  
a boat like her.'

The idea so pleased the poet that he  
followed me on board of her. The  
Americans are a social, free and easy  
people, accustomed to take their own  
way, and to readily yield the same priv-  
ilege to all others, so that our coming  
on board and the examination of the  
vessel, fore and aft, were not considered  
as intrusive. The captain was on  
shore, so I talked to the mate—a smart  
specimen of a Yankee. When I com-  
mended her beauty, he said—

'I do expect, now we have our new  
copper on, she has the look of a brass  
serpent; she has a sleek run and her  
bearings are just where they should be.'

I said we wished to build a boat af-  
ter her model.

Then I calculate you must go to  
Baltimore or Boston to get one. There  
is no one on this side of the water that  
can do the job. We have elegant ac-  
commodations, and you will be across  
before your friend's beard is ripe for  
the razor. Come down and take an  
observation of the state cabin.

It was about seven and a half feet  
by five.

Plenty of room to live or die com-  
fortably in, he observed; and then  
pressed us to have a chew of 'the real  
old Virginia'—i. e. tobacco—a  
cool drink of peach brandy. I made  
some observation to him about the  
Greek vessel we had visited.

'Crank as an egg-shell,' he said, too  
many sticks and a top-hammer.'

I seduced Shelly into drinking a  
wine glass of weak grog—the first and  
last he ever drank. The Yankee would  
not let us go until we had drunk to the  
memory of Washington and the pros-  
perity of the American Commonwealth.

'As a warrior and a statesman,' said  
Shelly, 'he was righteous in all he did  
—unlike all who lived before or since.  
He never used his power but for the  
benefit of his fellow creatures.'

For truth and wisdom; foremost of the brave;  
His glory's glances dazzled not;  
True life's ambition, generous and great,  
A life to life's great end to consecrate.

'Strangers,' said the Yankee 'truer  
words were never spoken. There is  
dry rot in all the timbers of the Old  
World, and none of you will do any  
good until you are docked, refitted and  
annexed to the New.'

You must log that song you sung—  
There ain't many Britishers that will  
say as much of the man that whipped  
them. So just set that down in the  
log, or it won't go for nothing.'

Shelly wrote down some verses in the  
book, but not those he had quoted; so  
we parted.

### DISCOVERY & SETTLEMENT OF AMERICA.

An Oration delivered at Ligonier, by A. M.  
Latta, Esq., on July 4th A. D. 1858.

Believe me, fellow-citizens, I rise  
with no pretensions to eloquence in ad-  
dressing you upon this 82d anniversary  
of our National Independence, for it is  
not possible for any eloquence to equal  
the rising majesty of the people's spirit  
—but I come before you as a citizen—  
one who loves his country and her insti-  
tutions, and my tongue is fraught with  
the spirit of American liberty. In this,  
and this alone, consists my eloquence,  
for this has its seat in the hearts of the  
people. Were I asked to give the key  
to our National eloquence I would in-  
stinctively point you to the Declaration  
of our Independence—that great and  
measurable charter of our civil and  
religious liberties, bequeathed to us as  
a rich legacy, baptised in the blood of  
our revolutionary heroes, for there,  
there is the embodiment of American  
eloquence—every line, every sentence  
and every word has a tongue of flame  
and a voice of inspired oratory—speak-  
ing forth the long cherished sentiments  
of the great American heart.

It is as true of nations as individuals,  
that past reverses are merged and for-  
gotten in present prosperity, hence to-  
day we only recognise ourselves as A-  
merican freemen, surrounded by all the  
paraphernalia of National power and Na-  
tional glory,—a proud, happy and inde-  
pendent Republic, commanding and re-  
ceiving respect, not as a matter of cour-  
tesy or charity solely, but as a matter  
of right and of comity from all other  
powers.

We are indeed a great People—we  
are millions strong—we have ships  
sailing upon every sea—our commerce  
extends to the ports of every other  
Nation, and to be accompanied by the  
American flag upon the high seas, is to  
be honored and protected, and, the in-  
fluence of America, whether in peace  
or in war, is felt and acknowledged by  
the whole world.

I believe the secret spring to Amer-  
ican power, American influence, Amer-  
ican enterprise and intelligence, con-  
sists in the isolated fact that each and  
every American citizen is a sovereign  
freeman, and as such has a voice in the  
councils of his Nation. His interest  
is the interest of the Government, and  
in turn the interest of the Government  
is his interest, and believing himself in  
possession of the power to exercise an  
influence, in the deliberative assemblies  
of his country, he devises plans, adopts  
measures for its promotion and well be-  
ing, shares alike in its prosperity and  
adversity, and here arises our jealousy  
as Americans, for our own peculiar in-  
stitutions, for the interest of one is the  
interest of all in a National point of  
view; we are impelled onward by the  
same common motive to obtain the same  
common end. The individual heart of  
every member of society beats in uni-  
son with the great National heart—  
blending together as part and parcel of  
the same, so that an approving or dis-  
approving chord, cannot be touched,  
but what it will send an electric thrill  
vibrating through the whole body polit-  
ic and corporate; and being thus united  
and woven together, gives to us our  
power, stability and reputation.

And this all is the result of liberty  
of eighty-two years standing—the lib-  
erty for which our forefathers, many of  
them, fought bled and died to achieve,  
for themselves, for us and all coming  
generations. Those old patriots have  
fallen asleep, and entrusted their sacred  
charge to our keeping; with directions  
to care for and to foster, and, I believe,  
the result shows that we are obedient  
sons, and that their exertions were not  
thrown away upon an idle speculation;  
these then are the fruits of liberty in  
1858.

But there is another view of this  
question underlying liberty, long before  
its birth and coronation, which we do  
not so fully realize—for the most of us  
have been rocked in the cradle of lib-  
erty from our earliest infancy, and know  
but little about the trials and sufferings  
incident to its achievement. We to-  
day, enjoy liberty in its realization, con-  
nected with all its pleasures and bless-  
ings, while our forefathers knew it only  
in anticipation, connected with all its  
trials, sufferings, and apparently insur-

mountable obstacles, in the way of its  
achievements.

Then pause with me, my fellow cit-  
izens, for a few moments, while we roll  
back the car of time, throw up the cur-  
tains which divide us from the past a-  
ges, and resurrect our early fathers to  
life; and by reason of liberty and the  
oracles of reason, take a panoramic  
view of America as it was; and in order  
to do this effectually we must wipe out  
all the cities and towns of America—  
blot out the present inhabitants, and a-  
gain draw the dark mantle of the forest  
all over this western continent—cloth-  
ing it in all its original majesty, of sul-  
len gloom, filled with its hordes of sav-  
ages and wild beasts.

I am one of those who believe that  
there was an overruling providence  
guiding and directing men and circum-  
stances to the sure attainment of civil  
and religious liberty in America, and I  
shall endeavor to present the links, and  
put together the chain of facts contrib-  
uting to this end.

Look back, if you please, with your  
mind's eye, nearly four hundred years,  
and you will discover a Christopher  
Columbus, of Genoa, in Italy, a poor  
wool-comber, disrespected by many, re-  
spected by a few, but denounced by  
most, as a crazy fanatic, yet he, he rises  
majestically as the first beacon light,  
like some tall seraph, pointing away  
down through the vista of coming time  
with the unerring finger of inspiration  
to American liberty, for had there been  
no Christopher Columbus, we have no  
reason to believe this continent would  
have been discovered, and were it not  
discovered then we could have no A-  
merican liberty. His very resolution—  
the character of his mind, and the con-  
ceptions of his mighty genius, added to  
his unyielding perseverance. All, all  
point with a mathematical certainty  
to the fact that he but fulfilled the de-  
sign of his creation in the discovery of  
this continent. For twenty long years  
he was projecting this voyage and ap-  
plying to the different courts of Eu-  
rope for pecuniary aid, and as often re-  
fused, yet he did not despair. No,  
there was a living coal, like prophetic  
inspiration, burning upon the altar of  
his heart, that could not be quenched;  
as fixed and definite in its purpose as  
the fat of the Eternal. No one can  
doubt but such was the design of his  
very creation—more especially when  
we take into consideration the fact that  
age after age had passed away, genera-  
tion after generation had sunk into  
their graves, millions upon millions had  
lived and died, and still this continent  
lay unexplored in the far off depths of  
the ocean. Among all the great phi-  
losophers, sage, statesmen, bold and in-  
trepid navigators, not one had ever con-  
ceived the idea, as a substantive fact,  
that there was a continent, beyond  
their own until it originated with Chris-  
topher Columbus; and not one of them  
had the boldness to explore the deep,  
until he had first scaled its floods and  
made his grand discovery; but to the  
contrary, had been in the habit of  
looking upon the ocean as a vast waste  
of water, convulsed by stormy winds.  
Whirlwinds, tempests and earthquakes,  
lay concealed in their secret chambers,  
and every coming wave was tinged with  
electric flame, like fiery serpents in  
frantic play. No wonder then that  
they denounced him as a madman, but  
notwithstanding he was in every way  
adapted by nature as an explorer, still  
he could not accomplish his ends with-  
out the use of other agencies, for he is  
only one link in the chain, and as al-  
ready stated, was poor, and unable to  
fit himself out for the voyage, and in  
the whole course of twenty years con-  
stant labor he had been unable to re-  
ceive any help, but finally concluded to  
make his last desperate effort for aid at  
the court of Spain; and here, to his in-  
finite delight, he found a spirit that  
caught the fire of his own soul—as  
benevolent, heroic, and enterprising as  
it was wise, prudent and self-sacrificing;  
and destined by the workings of an  
overruling providence, to be instrumen-  
tal in the discovery of a new world, a  
new people and opening resources of  
wealth for the nations never before  
dreamed of. And this guardian spirit  
which for the time being, presided over  
the destinies of America, was none other

er than the spirited Isabella of Spain,  
who stripped off her jewels to aid in its  
discovery. Proud and glorious woman?  
She has gone to her grave all covered  
with laurels, leaving a more brilliant  
and enduring jewel behind than could  
be realized from all the pomp and pa-  
geantry of the combined courts of the  
East.

The name of Isabella is irreparably  
interwoven into all the great and sac-  
red relations of America, for, had  
there been no Isabella of Spain, there  
could have been no Washington of A-  
merica, no home for the free, no land  
for the brave, or Asylum for the op-  
pressed of all other nations. Colum-  
bus would have died in obscurity, de-  
nounced as a madman, and America  
would to-day, be seated in silent majesty  
in the midst of the seas, wrapt in et-  
ternal gloom, and unknown by any  
save the aborigines of this forest, and;  
in assisting Columbus her judgment  
was at stake, her means and reputation  
was at stake, and more than all, she  
was opposed by the whole people, who  
looked upon her in the light of a fra-  
natic follower of a wild fanatic. Every-  
thing seemed to conspire and combine  
in his defeat. Then, under all these  
chilling and appalling circumstances,  
who can doubt there is a spirit who pre-  
sides over the destinies of nations, and  
that the heart of Isabella was touched  
by the finger of inspiration as she point-  
ed across the ocean, as it were, by means  
of a prophetic telescope, and how must  
have her soul swollen with delight as  
the western continent, in all the pride  
and loveliness of its primitive majesty  
arose to its view.

We now have two links in the chain  
pointing towards the discovery of the  
Western Continent, but still the plan  
is incomplete; for all the genius and  
resolution of Columbus, added to all  
the power and wealth of Isabella, could  
not scale the high seas without the aid  
of the mariner's compass. Then how  
much power must it add to the argu-  
ment, when we take into consideration  
the fact that the discovery of America  
and the discovery of the Mariner's  
compass were but a little removed in  
point of time. Why, I ask, this strange  
coincidence, if independent facts, each  
of which, is indispensably necessary to  
make up the whole plan? There was  
no person at that time on the whole  
Eastern Continent who conceived the  
idea but Columbus. Nor was there a  
person who desired to act the part of  
Isabella, and no instrument to this day  
has superseded the Mariner's Compass—  
Isabella and Columbus might have con-  
ceived and planned forever the discov-  
ery of this Continent, yet they could  
never have achieved their object with-  
out the aid of the Mariner's Compass.  
So, Isabella might have been in pos-  
session of the Compass, yet it would have  
been a useless and idle instrument in  
her hands without the aid of Columbus.  
So, also, the Compass and Columbus  
might have been coincident, yet they  
would have been powerless without the  
aid of Isabella; and take any and every  
view you see proper of these facts, and  
they must bring about the same logical  
result—not as a forced conclusion, but  
as an absolute and irresistible fact, for  
had the Mariner's Compass been dis-  
covered after the death of Columbus,  
the same defeat must have followed; and  
I believe, that there is no man so lost  
to the understanding of all the oracles  
of reason, as to suppose for a moment  
that this was all the result of chance.  
No, no! chance has no method, no log-  
ic in it; it is the reverse of method, the  
reverse of logic. It was the plannings  
of the genius of liberty, and that gen-  
ius is the spirit that presides over the  
destiny of Nations.

There then, are the three concurring  
and governing facts, which led to the  
discovery of this continent. The bal-  
ance of its history you know. You  
know that Columbus left Palos, in Spain,  
with his little fleet on the morning of  
August 14, 1492, and that their course  
was south-westward until they had  
reached the Canary Islands, after which  
they proceeded exactly west. You  
know of the mutiny among the seamen,  
and how, on the 21st of October, they  
faintly discovered land, and the 22nd  
brought them alongside of a beautiful  
green island—one of the Bahamas.