

Reel 167B

All songs sung by Capt. Charles Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver,

- 1-7 The Cumberland's Crew; 5 vs. only to show how his father sang; it; for fuller version see SBNS; Capt. Cates tells story of negro who was mess boy on the Cumberland when she was sunk.
- 7-15 Klondike Gold Rush; 3 vs. of what is probably a very rare song; also lengthy talk on various men named Moody, and collision of the Pacific and Orpheus.
- 15-22 Charles Augustus Anderson; 12 vs. well sung; N.S. song of mutiny; have 6 other versions.
- 22-26 The Stately Southerner; 6 vs. of good song of Paul Jones, but pitched too low; have 6 other versions
- 26-27 Whoa Mule; one long vs. & long chorus; U.S. sailors' song; comic; sung with spirit; good.
- 27-28 Santy Annie; one verse only as sung by a former Neva Scotia sea captain; this is the sea chanty known as Santy Anna
- 28-end Sacramento; 2 vs. & cho; sea chanty well sung; proper title Banks of Sacramento.

There is quite a bad hum in the machine throughout much of this tape.

(The only really truly western song that I know of is one they sang in the days of the Klondike gold rush. You know Vancouver a bit? Well Skagway is approximately a thousand miles north of Vancouver and Moodyville was a little place in North Vancouver. There was a sawmill started there by a State of Maine fellow named Sewell P. Moody. There are two places. There's Moodyville and Port Moody, and Port Moody was named after Richard Moody who was an Englishman who came with Sir James Douglas in charge of the Royal Engineers. But Moodyville was named after Sewell P. Moody who was a State of Mainer, so when you hear it mentioned in this song you'll know what it is. This is a song the miners sang when they left Bernard Inlet where I'm the mayor. It went like this:)

Oh come to the place where they struck it rich,
Come where the treasure lies hid,
Where your hatful of mud is a five pound note
And the clod on your heel is a quid.

2

They scratches the earth and it tumbles out,
More than your hands can hold,
For the hills above and the plains beneath
Are crackin' and bustin' with gold.

3

Klondike, Klondike, label your luggage for Klondike,
Oh there ain't no luck in the town to-day,
There ain't no work down Moodyville way,
Pack up your traps and be off I say,
Off and away to the Klondike.

X&XX

Question: Is this song still sung?

Answer: I never heard it before. My father was one of the vigilantes that shot Soapy Smith. He and Frank Reid, the man that actually shot Soapy were living together when it happened, and my father was either the captain or the ? and he left after the trouble was more or less over. Soapy Smith was away at the time; he was up at Lake Bennett, and he came back after my father left and he and Reid shot each other and they were both killed. Reid killed Soapy instantly, and Reid lived two weeks, but I was going to tell you another little incident that's quite British Columbian.

Sewell P. Moody-and out there there is a big lake called William's Lake. It's right in the heart of our cattle country. Well William's Lake is really named - it's Bill's Lake - it's William Dietz' lake, and William Dietz and Sewell P. Moody started the Moodyville Mill. There's a picture of a log that was cut in the days of Moodyville, a solid fir log, and this will interest you Nova Scotians, and according to the picture of all the data on the bottom of the page, it was 25 feet in diameter, the bark was 2 ft. thick, and the circumference, including the bark, was 77 feet. That was the kind of tree at Moodyville Mill. They couldn't pull them with oxen. They had to split them I suppose. In 1875 - Moodyville incidentally was started during the Civil War, about '62, and in '75 Sewell P. Moody undertook to go to San Francisco, and over in Victoria there

was a passenger service by boat from Puget Sound, Victoria to San Francisco on a little boat called the Pacific, a little side wheeler. They went aboard this thing. I don't think there was much kept in the way of records or anything. You just paid your passage when you went aboard, and the Pacific sailed from Victoria along in the afternoon. The Straits of Juan de Fuca are 60 miles long, and somewhere just at dusk she passed Tatouche(?) Island, that's where Cape Flattery is. They saw her pass Cape Flattery. She headed down to the coast towards San Francisco. That same night, and it wasn't a stormy night, just blowing freshly from the southward, a three masted Cape Horner called the Orpheus a three-masted ship was coming up, Capt. Sawyer I think his name was, coming up the coast towards the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and the captain said that he was off watch. He was down in his cabin and he suddenly saw the Orpheus swing rapidly to port. He knew something had happened. He ran up on deck, and when he got up on deck he asked the mate what was the matter, and the mate said he thought he had seen the Cape Flattery light, and Capt. Sawyer said that wouldn't be possible because he knew by his reckoning that they weren't there. So they peered out into the darkness. It was kind of rainy, and then they saw this light again, and they decided it was a ship's mast headlight.

Now you see a sailing ship didn't carry a white light, just red and green, and in those days with oil lamps they were pretty feeble, and a steamer carries a white mast headlight as well, so they watched this ship approaching, and a sailing ship only carried a hand horn, they couldn't make very much sound, and they tried in every way to catch this ship's attention but she bore right down on them and all of a sudden when she was very close to them they heard her gongs, her engine room gongs, and apparently she went astern, but she came up against the starboard side of the Orpheus, and she ranged up against her two or three wallops. It wasn't rough, but there was a heavy ocean swell, and she tore away the heavy standing rigging of the Orpheus, more or less let her masts adrift, you see, and the ship was more or less in dire straits because the masts might tear right out of her rocking around ~~xxxxxxx~~ that way, you see. So this steamer caromed off the side of the Orpheus and disappeared into the darkness. And the crew, the captain of the Orpheus, they were very furious that such a thing should be done, to leave them disabled and to go away without any attempt of rescue. And by gosh you know, the Pacific never arrived at San Francisco. A couple of days later they picked up two survivors. One man's name was Jolly. I forget who the other man was. One died when they were bringing him in, and the other fellow lived but he said he knew nothing about it. He was on the Pacific and he woke up in the water, and a few days, weeks, months later, I don't know when, among the driftwood along the coast of the State of Washington, they picked up a board and on it was written in pencil, "All is lost. Good-bye. S.P. Moody." So that was the end of Sewell P. Moody of Moodyville.

The Orpheus, as you see, was very seriously disabled, and she was blown up along the Washington coast to finally go ashore on the west coast of Vancouver Island near Carmana(?) Point, that's the Canadian entrance side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, and when the crew of the Orpheus arrived they were very severely criticized because they didn't offer any assistance to the Pacific, but Capt. Sawyer and his crew were just as insistent that the Pacific had

made no offer of assistance to them. In fact there wasn't a sound of any kind, so they said. There wasn't a hail, there wasn't a voice heard, nothing. She just disappeared. She came to them, she crashed into them, and she disappeared off into the darkness, and that was the end. So both ships were really lost, but I don't think any of the crew of the Orpheus were lost.

Question: Both ships were disabled so neither could go to the help of the other?

Answer: Well I think it's generally conceded that the Pacific was so rotten that she just hit the Orpheus and then went down bodily. She never ~~xxx~~ went anywhere. She wasn't disabled, she just went down plunk.

Told by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and recorded by Helen Creighton, at Dartmouth, August 1956.

(Since I saw you last I made a very remarkable discovery
In the Citadel I was looking around yesterday, and here I see
the skull of that famous mutineer who my father called Charles
Augustus Anderson. And as a boy my mother used to get quite mad
at my mother for singing these awful ditties just at bedtime
when I was going to sleep. Would you like to hear my father's
version of it?

Question: Was this your lullaby?

Answer: I imagine it was.)

Come all ye human countrymen, with pity lend an ear,
And hear my feeling story, you can't but shed a tear,
I'm held in close confinement, bound down by iron strong,
Surrounded by thick granite walls and sentenced to be hung.

2

Oh Charles Augustus Anderson's my right and proper name,
My father was a shipwright, I might have been the same,
I came of decent parents and now I die in scorn,
Believe me now I do lament that I was ever born.

3

I shipped aboard the Saladin as you will understand,
We were bound for Valparaiso, MacKenzie in command,
We arrived there in safety without the least delay,
Then Fielding came aboard of her, curse on that fatal day.

4

Our ship was heavily loaded, and being homeward bound
With copper, iron and silver, and gold ten thousand pounds,
Likewise two cabin passengers aboard of her did come,
And one was Capt. Fielding, the other was his son.

5

'Twas Fielding who induced us to do that horrid crime,
We might have well prevented it if we had thought in time,
We shed the blood of innocence, the fact I'll ne'er deny,
We stained our hands with human blood for which we have to die.

He did upbraid our captain ere we were long at sea,
And one by one induced us into a mutiny,
'Twas on a Sunday morning that the bloody work began,
And Fielding brought a Bible out and swore us every man.

7

Was the twenty-fourth of April, I'm sorry to relate,
We began our awful enterprise, at first we killed the mate,
And then we killed the carpenter and overboard him threw,
And then we killed our captain and three more of the crew.

8

We found on Capt. Fielding, for which he lost his life,
A brace of loaded pistols, likewise a carving knife,
We suspected him of treachery which did enrage the crew,
He was seized by Carr and Galloway who overboard him threw.

9

His son he begged for mercy, he being so alone,
We treated him like his father, no mercy to him was shown,
We treated him like his father, no mercy to him we gave,
And we buried the son and father in the ocean's briny wave.

(over)

Our firearms and weapons we threw into the sea,
 We said we'd sail for Newfoundland, on this we did agree,
 We squared away before the wind, we could do nothing more,
 And on the twenty-eighth of May we were shipwrecked on the shore.

11

'Twas in the town of Gotebourg whete I was bred and born,
 Now in this city of Halifax I end my days in scorn,
 Oh listen all you sailor men, a warning take by me,
 To shun all evil company, beware of mutiny.

12

They took him in the morning, on the gallows he did stand,
 He viewed the mighty ocean, likewise the pleasant land,
 Just then the cord slipped through a ring and quickly stopped his
 breath,
 And he ended his career of life in the awful jaws of death.

(Now how is that for a ~~memory~~ good memory? I didn't have a scrap of paper?)

No, that was very good, but I was thinking it was strong stuff to put a small boy to sleep on.

That's what my mother used to think. I guess you know the story of it. This Capt. Fielding was a bad type of person. I don't know whether he was a Nova Scotian too, but I rather think he was. And it was in Valparaiso, and he apparently got in some trouble with the authorities, this Capt. Fielding's ship. It was the Fitula, the name of the ship, and he got in trouble and the ship was seized and he got away with apparently his young son, ~~xxxxxxx~~ just a boy, and begged Capt. Mackenzie who had a very happy ship to take him and his son back to Nova Scotia, or wherever they were going. That's how the thing happened, and then when they got aboard and found all this rich cargo on the Saladin, well he organized this mutiny.

Question: Did your father know any of the people who were on board?

It happened long before my father was born you see. It happened in 44 I think. It wouldn't be of any great time before that. My father was born in 59, 15 years before and then maybe another ten years before he would hear of it being around, he'd be maybe 25 years old).

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver,
 and recorded at Halifax by Helen Creighton, August 1956.

(I imagine this is one of my father's songs from the Mississippi.
He went up to Lorraine, Ohio, and he did steamboat on the Mississippi
for a while right down to New Orleans. It goes like this:)

Cho.

(Whoa mule I tell you,
(Whoa mule I say,
(Keep your seat Miss Lucy Jane
(And hang on to the shay.

(For we're goin' down to the parson's,
(Now Lucy you keep cool,
(I ain't got time for to kiss you now,
(I'm busy with this mule.

1

Oh he kicked the stuffins from our goose
And broke a nigger's back
And he stopped an early railroad train
And he kicked it off the track.

He can kick as quick as lightning,
And he had an iron jaw,
He's just the thing to have ~~xxrow~~ around
To tame your mother in law. Cho.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver, and
recorded by Helen Creighton at Halifax, August 1956.

Santy Annie

Reel 167B 27-28

Oh Santy Annie, my dear honey,
Oh ho you New York girls,
Can you dance the polka.

(That was one of Capt. Robart's songs, and I just thought of another one if you'd like to have it. It's quite a common one, and it's Sacramento. This is the way Capt. Robart sang it.)

Banks of Sacramento

Reel 167B28-end

Oh Sacramento's a fine old man,
Doo da, doo da,
Sacramento's a fine old man,
Doo da, doo da dey.

Cho.

Blow boys blow
For Californio,
There's lots of gold so I've been told
On the banks of Sacramento.

Sacramento's dead and gone,
Doo da, doo da,
Sacraments's dead and gone,
Doo da, doo da dey. Cho.

Sung by Capt. Chas. Cates, Mayor of North Vancouver,
and recorded by Helen Creighton, August 1956 at Halifax.

(He says this is a capstan chanty)