

Mutiny on the High Seas

Fearsome Cruise of the British Ship Lancaster Castle

THERE are many people who declare that nowadays the increased use of steamships and the consequent removal from the seas of the old-fashioned sailing vessel have robbed the ocean of a great deal of its romance. To those who believe that this is the case one may heartily commend the remarkable story told by Captain Peattie of the Leicester Castle, which recently arrived at Queenstown after making the voyage of 14,000 miles round Cape Horn from San Francisco. To find anything like a parallel to this tale of mutiny and murder on the high seas it would be necessary to go back a whole generation to the cases of the Jefferson Borden, of the Flowery Land and of the Caswell. In some respects, however, the present affair is unique and displays features which do not appear in any of the terrible instances just mentioned.

The Leicester Castle, which is a full rigged iron ship of over 2,000 tons register, owned by Messrs. John Joyce of Liverpool, sailed from San Francisco on July 26 last, with a crew number-

victim shouted for help as he lay on the floor of the cabin, but before assistance had reached him five shots had been fired from the revolver, and four of them had taken effect, while the fifth had grazed his arm.

A young seaman named Brennan, a native of County Cork, Ireland, who served for some time in the South African war in an ambulance corps, got him up on to the sofa, washed his many wounds with carbolic and dressed them skilfully, which, perhaps, saved the life of Captain Peattie.

While Brennan was so engaged the second mate, Mr. Nixon, having heard the cries for help, rushed in also to render assistance to his commander, but on entering the cabin door he was shot through the heart by Hobbs and fell dead. The cabin presented an awful scene with the corpse lying on the floor, the locker doors all besmeared with blood and the captain lying on the sofa in an apparently dying condition.

The chief mate now came on the scene and called all hands, with a view to securing the murderer. But in the meantime Hobbs had escaped forward



THE MUTINEER FIRED AT CAPTAIN PEATTIE.

ing twenty-six all told, fourteen of whom were shipped at the port of departure.

As is common enough in these days when the British tar is becoming somewhat scarce, the foremost hands were of mixed nationalities, including Americans, Irish and a number of "Dutchmen," a generic term applied by sailors to natives of Scandinavia and northern Europe generally and not necessarily implying that the men hail from Holland itself. All went well until the night of Sept. 2, when the vessel was in the south Pacific ocean some 800 miles to the north of Pitcairn Island, rendered famous by the mutiny on his majesty's ship Bounty. It was then that there occurred the shocking tragedy of which Captain Peattie gave the following account:

It was midnight, and I was quietly reading in my cabin before retiring to bed. The ship was traveling under all sail and making three and a half knots an hour when an American seaman named Ernest Sears came to my cabin door and knocked. He said: "I beg your pardon, sir, you might come out. There is a man injured. He fell from aloft from the foreyard and has been much injured. He has broken his leg."

Captain Peattie went on to say that he was partially undressed, but, quickly slipping on his clothes, he was about to attend to the injuries of the man when, to his great surprise, another American seaman named M. A. Hobbs entered suddenly and, presenting a revolver, fired straight at Captain Peattie, who was stunned at this attack. Nevertheless he rushed at the man and struck him a tremendous blow with his fist in the face, but Hobbs was a big powerful fellow, and the blow had not much effect upon him. Hobbs fired again, and the bullet struck Captain Peattie in the muscles of the arm.

The fight, the soundness of the attack, the discharge of a revolver and the wound in his arm caused the captain to fall, and then came the time for Hobbs to attack. He seized a huge belaying pin and commenced laboring Captain Peattie with it, battering him about the head with great force. The

with his two comrades, Sears and Turner. They had evidently planned the commission of the crime, intending to kill the captain and the chief and second mates, loot the ship, and then get away to one of the south Pacific islands. They had rigged a raft, on which they drifted away from the ship in the darkness. Nothing could be seen of the three men, but the Leicester Castle was holed in under courses, and at one time it was thought the raft was observed drifting toward the Pacific islands, but this was mere fancy.

The Leicester Castle remained holed to until 6 o'clock in the morning, and although the horizon was scanned with telescopes not a trace of the raft and its villainous occupants could be seen, and it is the opinion of those on board the Leicester Castle that the three men met the death they richly deserved. They are M. A. Hobbs of Illinois, J. Turner of Oregon and Ernest Sears of Idaho.

Captain Peattie also states that Hobbs procured the revolver from the cabin of the second mate, who kept it there in a drawer, fully loaded, and he asserts his belief that the murderer had furnished himself with 100 rounds of ammunition previous to being shipped.

Perhaps the most remarkable feature of this daring crime is the fact that only three men out of a crew of twenty-six should deliberately plan such an outrage and apparently without any kind of consultation with their mates before the man had thought they could carry it out in the teeth of the opposition which they must have known they would meet from a force outnumbering them nearly eight to one.

There appears to have been no kind of provocation, and all suggestion of ill treatment by the officers seems to be absent in this case. Another curious point is that all three of the conspirators were Americans, none of whom, Captain Peattie thinks, had previously been to one and two of whom hailed from inland states of the Union. There is much mystery about the causes of this tragic affair, but it is unlikely to be cleared up, as the mutineers have probably perished.

GRIMSHAW'S PLAN

[Original.]

In the days of slavery in the southern states a young negro was one evening, after a hard day's hoeing, enjoying the recreation of practicing with an old pistol that he had found and polished. Gumbo, as he was called, had a passion for shooting and was an expert. Within a circle of admiring darkies he was tossing up chips and putting bullets through them while in the air. Ambrose Grimshaw, the overseer, hearing the shots, went to see what it meant. From behind one of the cabins he witnessed Gumbo's skill without being himself seen. Then, advancing, he ordered that the boy receive fifty lashes for having firearms in his possession.

Gumbo bore his punishment with patient endurance. It was a common occurrence on that especial plantation owing to the cruel nature of the overseer. The negro showed no vindictiveness and was always afterward obedient, even to servility.

Prochet, the owner of the plantation, was an easy going man, with no head for business, while Grimshaw was as avaricious as he was cruel. One day Prochet discovered that all he possessed was about to pass to his overseer. Grimshaw was above his class in breeding and education. Indeed he was fairly well born. Prochet conceived the idea of marrying his daughter to Grimshaw on condition that the property be settled on him. Miss Prochet objected, especially since while on a visit to St. Augustine she had met a young officer of the United States army at Fort Marion, with whom she had fallen in love and who had asked her hand. But when her father told her that a marriage with Grimshaw was the only way to save the plantation she resolved to sacrifice herself for her father, whom she loved devotedly.

The war came on, and while Prochet became poorer Grimshaw grew richer, being interested in a blockade runner that had made several successful trips from Southampton to Charleston. It was at this time that Miss Prochet consented to marry him. The war had separated her from her northern lover, and she had heard nothing from him since the firing on Sumter. But one morning about sunrise, when no one suspected there was a Yankee within fifty miles, 10,000 of them came hurrying down the turnpike past the plantation, having made a forced march during the night. They went into camp near by, and during the day a young captain of artillery rode up to the Prochet manor house to call upon Miss Prochet. He was Edgar Pennington, the man who had asked her hand.

His coming caused a commotion. Mr. Prochet was in great distress about the matter. Carey's resolution was put to a severe test, while Grimshaw ground his teeth and vowed that she should never wed the young officer.

One night an officer was picked off by a bushwhacker who was never discovered. This suggested to Grimshaw a means of getting rid of his rival. He sent for Gumbo to come to his rooms.

"Gumbo," he said, "would you like your freedom?"

"Yes, massa."

"And \$5,000 besides?"

"Yes, massa." The darky's eyes were as big as saucers.

"Very well. Tonight Captain Pennington will leave the plantation to ride to camp. I will join and ride with him. You follow and when I take off my hat shoot him through the head."

"Why don't you do dat yo'self, massa?"

"I wish to marry Miss Prochet. If I killed Captain Pennington even in a fair fight, it would prevent this marriage."

"But wha' fo' d'yo' go 'long with him when he git shot?"

"To prove that I did not shoot him myself. I shall give you a signal when some one is near to be a witness in my favor. You must shoot from a distance, but you are a good shot and can hit your mark easily."

Gumbo lowered his eyes to the ground and thought while Grimshaw watched him eagerly. Presently the negro looked up and said:

"Reckon I want dat freedom and de five thousand dollars."

"Very well; lark near the plantation gate from 10 o'clock till you see the man come out. If you succeed, come here tomorrow. I will keep my word."

At 11 o'clock Pennington, who had finally secured Miss Prochet's consent to break with Grimshaw, rode out of the plantation gate feeling very happy. He had not gone far before he overtook a horseman whom he recognized as his rival.

"Good evening, captain," said the latter, "riding to camp?"

"Yes," said the captain shortly.

"With your permission I'll ride with you."

"As you like."

Grimshaw made passing remarks at intervals till an army courier, with a dispatch in his belt, met them, when he raised his hat. Pennington was astonished to see the overseer pitch forward in his saddle and fall to the ground.

It was fortunate for Pennington that there was a witness to prove he was innocent of Grimshaw's death, which was never explained, though it was believed that a bushwhacker had intended to kill the officer and had made a mistake.

Grimshaw left no heir, and it was found that his hold on the Prochet property had been acquired by fraudulent means and was void.

After the war Captain Edgar Pennington returned to the south and took back with him Miss Carey Prochet. Gumbo became the captain's body servant, and he told his master how Grimshaw met his death Pennington kept the secret.

THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

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In the old mining days in Nevada I had while working at Crow Valley a tentmate and partner named John Griggs. He was an honest, intelligent man, and our friendship was a strong one. One June day Griggs was killed by a premature blast. He was dead before any one reached him, but we could see how his death had been brought about.

Four weeks after the accident and funeral the men who were working a claim at the edge of the hill on which Griggs' grave had been dug accidentally exploded several pounds of powder. No one was hurt, but a portion of the hill was torn away and the coffin unearthed and shattered. When we gathered around it, we found it empty.

It was, I believe, on the 8th of June that we buried Griggs. On the night of July 16, close upon midnight, I suddenly awoke from a sound sleep. I was alone in the tent, and as it was a warm night the fly at the door was tied back. This permitted the full moon to light up the interior as bright as day. I lay on my side, facing out, and the first object my eyes rested upon was the familiar form of John Griggs. He sat on a box reading one of his books, and for a moment I forgot that he was dead and buried. He was dressed in his working clothes, as on the day he was killed, and the hand which held the book had one finger wrapped up in a rag, just as I had wrapped it three days before his death to heal a cut accidentally inflicted.

I repeat that it was a full minute before it flashed upon me that Griggs was a dead man, and then I uttered a yell which aroused half the camp and rolled off my bunk and rushed outdoors. In three or four minutes I had thirty men around me making inquiries, but I was so upset that I could only point to the tent and whisper Griggs' name. The crowd moved forward and investigated. The man I saw had disappeared, and I was unmercifully grieved for having an attack of nightmare.

A month later, as soon as I could do so without exciting ridicule, I left the diggings and went to Bald Eagle Gulch, fifty miles away. There were about seventy men on the ground, and I was a stranger to all. I staked out a claim, put up my tent and was soon a resident of the gulch. One night about the middle of September, having gone to bed earlier than usual on account of not feeling well, I was aroused at exactly half an hour after midnight by some one speaking my name. I say that I heard a voice call me by name, but I can't offer you any proof. The instant I opened my eyes I saw John Griggs. I saw him just as plainly as I ever saw a living human being, but only for a few seconds. Then he faded away and was gone, and, though terribly rattled, I had not cried out.

After a few minutes, when I got some of my nerve back, I rose and dressed and walked out. There was a light in the tent next to mine on the right, but all the others were dark. I walked down to the creek, thirty rods away, and had just reached it when there came a sudden flash and a terrific report, and I thought the whole diggings had been blown skyward. It was a powder explosion in the tent next to mine. Six tents were swept away by that terrific blast, and four men were killed and six others more or less injured. Of the two men in the tent with the powder we found only fragments.

It is my firm belief that John Griggs appeared that night to warn me of the danger which menaced. You will smile in pity and contempt even though at midnight tonight the mysterious tapping of a "death tick" in the wainscoting will shake your nerve and give you unpleasant thoughts.

You remember the awful railroad disaster at Ashtabula, O.? I should have been a passenger on that train but for a singular occurrence. I sat in the depot only a few miles from Ashtabula, my trunk checked and ticket bought, waiting for that train to come along. There were eight or ten of us in the waiting room. Opposite me, on the other side of the room, were two women and a man. The women were conversing, and the man was reading a newspaper. From his general appearance I took him for a commercial traveler. One reason why I came to look the man over was because I happened to notice that he had lost two fingers from his left hand. They were the second and third fingers, and I wondered how he could have injured them without injuring either the fore or the little finger.

The train was due in seven minutes, as I saw by glancing at the clock, when the stranger with the newspaper suddenly vanished and in his place, his hands empty and resting on his knees, sat John Griggs. He was looking full at me, and for a few seconds I had no more doubt that he was alive than I have of my own identity. Not to strengthen my case, but to add to the mystery a bit further, I will relate that as I sat there looking at my old partner, who had been buried years before, both women turned in a startled way and then moved along a little.

You will say that in this case, as in all others, I did not see what I believe I saw. I have no proofs to offer that I did; you have none to offer that I did not. I sat right there with my eyes fixed upon Griggs while the train thundered up, took on the other passengers and went its way to meet a terrible fate. When the rumble of the trucks died away in the distance, John Griggs faded out of existence as a June fog vanishes before the summer sun, and I was all alone in the room.

Secret Disease

Of all human diseases, that known as contagious blood poison, or the Bad Disease, has caused more misery and suffering and ruined more lives than all others combined. It not only wrecks the lives and aspirations of the innocent, but attracts it, but often the innocent are made to share the humiliation and disgrace of this most loathsome and hateful form of blood poison. Children inherit it from parents, and thousands of the purest men and women have been contaminated and ruined simply through handling the clothing of one infected with this awful malady, or drinking from the same vessel and using the same toilet articles. And when the real nature of the trouble is known, many prefer to suffer in silence or leave the disease to do its worst rather than make known their condition.

Through our Medical Department we offer advice and help. Write us freely about your case, as nothing you say will ever go beyond our office. Let us help you to get rid of this fearful disease, for which some one else no doubt is to blame. It matters not how long the poison has been lurking in your system, S. S. S. will purify and build up your blood, and eliminate every atom of the deadly virus from the system and make a complete and permanent cure.

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NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned that an application will be made by the Board of Commissioners of Lenoir county, N. C., at the expiration of thirty days from the publication of this notice in The Kinston Free Press, to the General Assembly of North Carolina, at its present session, to enact a special act permitting and empowering the said Board of Commissioners to levy a special tax on all property and polls taxable under the law within the county of Lenoir, N. C., for the purpose of repairing the court house and jail, to repair public bridges of the county; to build a public bridge across Neuse river below Kinston and to purchase lands for the purpose of locating a poor house and building a poor house.

January 6th, 1903.

DR. HENRY TULL,
Chairman.

W. D. SUGGS,
Clerk to Board.

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