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THE MATE OF THE HINDU.

A STORY OF ADVENTURE ON LAND AND SEA.

BY CAPTAIN RALPH DAVIS.

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SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS INSTALLMENTS.

In order that new readers of THE ENQUIRER may begin with the following installment of this story, and understand it just the same as though they had read it all from the beginning, we here give a synopsis of that portion of it which has already been published.

CHAPTER I.—Ben Johnson robs Lady Dudley and is discovered in the act by her maid, Mary Williams, his sweetheart. Lady Dudley dies of fright. Johnson escapes first having accused Mary of being his accomplice.

CHAPTER II.—Ralph Tomkins, mate of the Hindu, having come from a cruise, goes to Dudley to visit his mother. On the way he meets Johnson in a boat, and in an altercation Tomkins stuns Johnson with an oar. Johnson is arrested for the murder of Lady Dudley and accuses Tomkins of being accessory.

CHAPTER III.—Johnson is held for the murder. Tomkins and Mary Williams are released. Tomkins falls in love with Mary, who goes to Australia with her parents.

CHAPTER IV.—The Hindu takes convicts to Botany Bay. Tomkins, the Williams family and Johnson, as a convict, are aboard.

CHAPTER V.—Doctor Haxton, in charge of the convicts, is incompetent.

CHAPTER VI.—Johnson refuses to work and the officers suspect a mutiny is brewing.

CHAPTER VII.—The Hindu meets an Indian, who asks passage to the cape of Good Hope for a man named Thomas, who is received and says that he was put aboard by mutineers on a convict ship, the Albatross. There is evidence of mutiny on the Hindu, and mutineers, including Johnson, are flogged.

CHAPTER VIII and IX.—Matters seem to improve. The Hindu reaches the Cape and puts Thomas ashore, and a man of the name of York is shipped. It is soon discovered that under York's leadership the convicts will mutiny and take the ship.

CHAPTER X.—A supposed pestilence breaks out.

CHAPTER XI.—The crew mutiny and seize the ship, then get drunk. The officers stand together in the cabin.

CHAPTER XII.—Mary Williams carries arms to the officers.

CHAPTER XIII and XIV.—The mutineers hold the vessel for three days and nights. They ask for the boats, which are in possession of the officers, but are refused.

CHAPTER XV. A DEATH ON BOARD.

At an early hour next morning after the tragedy recorded in the previous chapter a number of the mutineers appeared on the beach, where their provisions yet lay in a heap, and began to carry off various articles. Our hope that Johnson might have been one of the trio seized by the sharks was soon dissipated, as he was the fourth or fifth man to appear. Without so much as a look at the ship he began shouting orders, and for an hour was constantly in sight. At the end of that time everything had been carried out of sight among the bushes. When ready to go, Johnson turned to face us, drew himself up, and, fastening his gaze on Captain Clark, he said:

"Captain, I was playing you soft yesterday when I told you that we'd be content with the provisions. We want the bark, and we'll keep trying for her as long as there's a man left alive. You've shown us no mercy and need expect none from us."

"Well, what's your point?" asked the captain as the fellow paused.

"It's just this: Give us the bark, and we'll go away in her and leave you in comfortable shape on the island. Refuse us, and we'll find a way to destroy ship and all of you, even if we perish at the same time. It shouldn't rest with you and your bloody mates to say no to this, for the men with wives and children ought to have a word. Look here. Saunders, Smith, Williams, you women who want to see home again, are you going to?"

Captain Clark had a rifle in his hands. He raised it to his shoulder and covered the convict and said to him:

"I'll count five and then drop you dead in your tracks!"

He counted one, two, three, and then Johnson turned and walked away. It was not a bluff on the captain's part. His finger was pressing the trigger, and he would surely have sent a bullet into the fellow's head. He would have been justified in doing it, but thus far he had shed blood only in defense. Some of the people were disposed to believe that if the mutineers meditated any further move Johnson would have been too politic to utter threats, but two or three of us took a different view of the matter. He was not a diplomat. He was a man utterly without fear, and when there was a chance for a fight he never thought of using strategy to secure an advantage. Defeat had worked him up to that pitch where he must free his mind, and he would need watching none the less for announcing his determination.

If the wind had not shifted directly into the south, making it an utterly impossible thing to sail the bark out of the bay, no matter how large a crew she might have had aboard, I think our captain would have carried her out and made shift to at least reach another anchorage. The nervous strain had begun to tell on us and some of the women were right down ill, and the knowledge that we were still in peril and might have to fight for our lives at any minute had no consolation in it.

"I don't know what plans they have," said Captain Clark as we counselled together, "but we must be wide

awake for them day and night. If they had one single musket and 50 rounds of ammunition we might have to make terms with them. Thank the Lord that they haven't! They'll cook up some devilish scheme, however, and, as I said, we must be watchful. Let them one get possession and they'd show mercy to neither man, woman nor child."

What I secretly dreaded was that they would fire the forest, which was just then very dry. The thought came to them, no doubt, but the Hindu would have also been consumed, and their plan was to possess her. However, by noon of the day I have been speaking about it came on to rain in grand style, and the storm continued until next morning without a break. Everything being thoroughly drenched, with a certainty of more rain at brief intervals, there was no longer the fear that the forest might be fired by accident or design.

All the men, the single women and Mary Williams were counted off and divided into three watches. Awnings were placed fore and aft to protect the watch on deck from the weather, and during the day, unless too wet, one man in the watch was to be stationed in the cross-trees with a glass and a rifle. As I came on duty on the second morning, having Mary and Haskell in my watch, I was the first one to take a trip aloft.

I left my rifle at the cross-trees and went up until I had a clear view of the island over the trees. I judged it to be about two miles square, and it was thickly covered with trees and bushes except in occasional spots. The mutineers had made a camp about half a mile due north of the ship. The sail had been stretched on stakes, and two or three fires were smoldering, but it was 9 o'clock before I got sight of any of the men. Then they came crawling out, one by one, and I soon had proof that all had not gone merry with them. With the glass I could bring each man so close that it seemed as if I could lay a hand on his shoulder.

There seemed to be a dispute about who should act as cook, and from words the gang soon came to blows. There were half a dozen fights going on at once, and I saw Ben Johnson using hands, feet and a club to restore order. When the fighting ceased, ten of the men seized a part of the provisions and went off through the forest toward the western shore. They defied Johnson and had selected a new leader.

Whether the move would turn out good or ill for us was to be determined. The more they fought among themselves the less likely they were to attack us, and yet we should now have two different gangs, each working independently of the other, to look out for.

The day and the night passed away without an alarm, but at an early hour on the following morning the entire force of the smaller party appeared on the beach and hailed the bark. They were pretty evenly divided between convicts and sailors, and they put forward as their spokesman the sailor who had served as bos'n of the bark. As everybody came on deck in response to the alarm, the party on the beach uncovered their heads in a respectful way, and the bos'n began:

"Captain Clark and good friends all, this is the truth, and may the whole gang of us perish on the spot if it isn't. We were dragged into this business. We had to join 'em to save our lives. Every one of us here would have fought for the ship if we could have got aft among you, but they watched us too close. Mates, I call upon you, one and all, to tell the captain if I'm speaking the truth or no."

"Aye, he is that!" shouted three or four in chorus.

"And what do you want to get at?" asked the captain in reply.

"Well, sir, it's just this way, sir. Those of us you see here have broke away from the others. We have no heart in it, you see. We want to come aboard, sir. We don't ask to be trusted, but are willing to be put in irons and carried to Australia for trial. We may be hung for what we've done, sir, but we shall certainly be murdered if you don't take us aboard."

The sympathies of the women, and of some of the men as well, were at once aroused, and they entreated the captain to grant the request. He silenced them with a gesture and said to the mutineers:

"Harkee, Dick Taylor and the rest of you! Your words are fair, but your hearts are black enough. I know your game, and I say to you that if there's a man of you left in sight when the minute is up I'll put a bullet through his head."

Away went the rascals, helter skelter, and they were only well concealed in the bushes when they sent up a great hissing and groaning and shouting, and when that ceased they indulged in threats to make the blood run cold. They well knew that the iron cages had been destroyed and that we hadn't a pair of shackles or handcuffs aboard. No matter how we secured them, if foolish enough to take them aboard, some one of them would have found a way to liberate himself and all others, and then it would have been slaughter. I do not think there was collusion between the two parties, and therefore mention it as a singular coincidence that directly af-

ternoon the other and larger party came down and stood on the identical spot and made the same identical offer. The spokesman in this case was also one of the sailors, and he stated that they had driven Ben Johnson out of the camp and would have no more to do with him. Captain Clark returned about the same answer, and the words and actions of the mutineers left no room for doubt that they had planned our destruction.

The next event of importance saddened all hearts. Mrs. Saunders was not a robust woman, and with the first signs of trouble aboard had been thrown into a nervous fever. The women had given her the best care they could under the circumstances, but even the skill of a good physician might not have avail-



"Your words are fair, but your hearts are black enough."

ed. The excitement of the situation kept her fever going, and we had been anchored in the bay just a week, when one night she breathed her last almost without warning. It was a shock to all of us and a hard blow to husband and children. We made her a coffin out of the best material at hand, and while two of us stood guard on the shore over our rifles the others buried her in a grave just above high water mark.

The almost immediate result of this sad event was a written communication from all the passengers, which was a protest and an appeal combined. They wanted the captain to abandon the bark, take to the boats and seek to reach Adelaide. He answered it by calling us all together in the cabin and pointing out, first, that owing to the bad weather the voyage would be one of such exposure and peril that he would not undertake it except as a last resort; second, to abandon the bark as she stood simply meant to turn her over to the mutineers, who would pursue and destroy us; third, if she was scuttled or set on fire, he and I lost every dollar we had in the world, and, under the circumstances, it was doubtful if insurance or charter would hold good. It could not be shown we were in sufficient peril to justify such proceedings, and he should respectfully but firmly decline to accede to the wishes of the passengers.

There was bitter disappointment and some strong talk, but in the course of 24 hours a better feeling prevailed. In talking it over among themselves they had come to get a clearer view of the ins and outs of the situation. It would have been a very bad move to abandon the craft and take to the boats, not only as to what the government and insurance companies and owners of the lump of cargo in the lower hold might say, but there would not have been any chance in five of bringing the boats safe into harbor. There was a steady westerly gale, with showers at intervals, and a single day of exposure would have done for the women and children.

The mutineers kept wonderfully quiet after playing their cards as described above. The fact of the matter, as you can plainly see, was that they had no show whatever to get possession of the bark. Except for about half an hour at low tide, the sharks patrolled the bay as if they had an understanding with us, and we took care to encourage them in this by feeding them at intervals. No one could swim off to us, and, as for building a raft, the mutineers would have had labor right under the muzzles of our guns. They had no weapons to fire on us; none of us ever went ashore. And so what could they do? We did not relax our vigilance, however.

Knowing that we had a desperate lot to deal with, we took no chances. Every hour of the day, rain or shine, a man was aloft with a glass to survey the island, and in this way we kept quite fairly posted as to the movements of the mutineers. Two or three days after the death of Mrs. Saunders it was discovered that the mutineers had reunited under the leadership of Ben Johnson, and that they had given more attention to the comforts of their camp. It was further discovered that they had erected a tall signal staff on the west side of the island and were flying a flag from it. Their hope was to entice some craft which might have strayed into these waters to sending a boat ashore in answer to that signal. If they could get possession of a boat, they would try hard to get possession of the ship which sent it ashore. That we might checkmate them in this we watched the sea as well as the land. If help came to us, it would be from the south, while their hope lay in the arrival of some whaler or coaster making a course along the coast.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Market Quotations.

"Sir," said the indignant alderman, "are you not aware that were I to vote for your measure I would be exposed to the condemnation of all the good citizens in my ward? And that sort of thing," he added, lowering his voice, "comes pretty high, you know."—Indianapolis Journal.

Miscellaneous Reading.

STRAIT IN REPLY.

DEFENDS HIS ELECTION TO CONGRESS AS LEGAL.

W. B. Wilson, Esq., has given to the Rock Hill Herald, Congressman Strait's reply to Major John F. Jones. It is as follows:

To John F. Jones, Esq., Contestant:

Answering your notice of contest of my election as representative to the Fifty-fifth congress of the United States to which I was duly elected on the 3rd day of November, 1896:

I deny the allegations contained in the first, second, third, fourth, fifth and sixth grounds of your notice of contest, except as hereinafter admitted; and, on the contrary, allege:

1. That the provisions of Article II, Sections 4 and 6 of the constitution of South Carolina of 1895, and the act of the general assembly of South Carolina, approved March 5, 1896, were not in conflict with said act of congress, approved June 5, 1868, or with any other statute of the United States.

That the state of South Carolina has been a member of the Union, and the equal of any other state therein, continuously since the ratification by her of the constitution of the United States in 1787; and her sovereign rights, including the power to regulate the right of suffrage within her borders, are equal to those enjoyed by the other states of the Union; and said rights and powers cannot be, and have not been abridged by any act of congress.

2. That the state of South Carolina, in the exercise of her sovereign power, had the right to adopt a new constitution without submitting it, after adoption, for ratification, to the people of the state. Neither the constitution of South Carolina of 1868, nor the act of the general assembly of said state, calling the constitutional convention of 1895, required its ratification by the people. That the said constitution has ever since been recognized by all the departments of the state government as the organic law of the state. That the failure to submit the said constitution to the ratification of the people by popular vote was in accordance with the usage in South Carolina in the formation and adoption of her previous constitutions, with the solitary exception, in the extraordinary conjuncture of public affairs in 1868; and is also in accordance with the practice of many other states of the Union.

3. That the provisions of the constitution of South Carolina of 1895 for the registration of voters prior to January 1, 1898, and the laws of the said state passed to carry out said provisions, are not in conflict with the fifteenth amendment and other articles of the constitution of the United States, as alleged in paragraphs fifth and sixth of said grounds of contest, and that in no event could said provisions of said constitution, and the laws enacted thereunder, interfere with the right of any citizen of said state prior to the first day of January, 1898, and can in no way affect your rights in this contest.

4. That the statements contained in your said several grounds of contest, that the boards of registration of the various counties in said Fifth congressional district refused to register more than 10,000 citizens of the state who were qualified and entitled to register for, and vote at, said election, and who, if they had been allowed to register, would have voted for you, are so general and indefinite, that it is impossible to point out, in particular and in detail, the gross error of such statements; but I allege that no such number of persons entitled to vote, ever applied for registration and were refused. That all persons who were refused and denied the right to register, were clearly and manifestly not entitled to register for said election, and that of the number so refused and denied the right of registration, a large number were persons who would in no event have voted for you as a member of the house of representatives in the Fifty-fifth congress. That full, fair, free, and open opportunity to register was impartially given to every voter in each of the counties of said congressional district, and if any persons failed to register and to receive registration certificates entitling them to vote at said election, it was due to their own fault or neglect.

5. That the statements contained in said grounds of contest that the managers of election of the various polling precincts in said district refused to allow more than 9,000 citizens of this state to vote at said election, who were qualified and entitled to vote, and who, if they had been allowed to vote, would have voted for you, is so general and indefinite that it is impossible to point out in particular and in detail, the gross error of such statements; but I allege that no such number of persons were denied the privilege of voting at said election, and that of those who applied for, and were denied the right to vote, the greater number would not have voted for you, and that all of such persons refused and denied the right to vote, were clearly and manifestly not entitled to vote at said election.

I further allege that many Republicans in said congressional district who voted for the nominees of the Republican party for presidential electors, refused to support and vote for you for personal and other reasons, and that many registered colored Republican voters of the said congressional district refused to go to the election pre-

dicts and vote for you, but remained away from the polls, and that you were not the choice of the colored voters of said congressional district for their representative in congress.

Your seventh ground of contest is stated in such general terms and is so indefinite, that it is impossible for me to point out the gross error of such statements in particular and in detail; but I deny that the board of registration, in examining applicants for registration for said election, were unfair and impartial and illegally registered more than 9,000, or any number of Democrats, without any examination as to their qualifications, and without requiring them to read or explain any section of the constitution of South Carolina, and in many cases, without an application by the person registered, as alleged therein; but on the contrary, allege that said boards of registration acted with strict fairness and impartiality, and that they illegally registered no persons who were permitted by the board of managers of the various precincts in said district to cast their votes at said election for me.

I deny each and every allegation contained in the eighth and ninth grounds of your notice of contest, the same being so general and indefinite, that a more particular and detailed denial cannot be made. That said election held on the 3rd of November, 1896, and the registration therefor were conducted fairly and impartially, without discrimination and in accordance with the constitution and laws of the state of South Carolina and of the United States and that you failed to receive no vote that you were lawfully entitled to receive, and that all persons who voted for me were legally registered and qualified voters.

T. J. STRAIT, Contestee.

A STRIKING EXAMPLE.

How Senator Morgan Won a Case With the Bible in Hand.

It was some 20 years ago that Senator John T. Morgan won a very remarkable case in the probate court of Mobile county, Ala., by using the Bible as his chief book of reference before the jury.

A lady possessed of considerable property, died and on her deathbed executed a will, leaving everything she owned to her three daughters. Soon after her death, the dwelling in which the young ladies resided was burned, and the will was destroyed before it was probated.

The three young daughters sought to probate a copy of the will drawn up from what they remembered of its contents. Other heirs undertook to fight the case. Senator Morgan represented the young ladies, and a very distinguished ex-judge of Alabama represented the contestants. The case came up for a hearing before Judge Price Williams, Jr., who is still the probate judge of Mobile county. I was at that time a clerk in the record office and was present during the hearing of the case. A jury was asked for and one was empaneled. The young ladies were put under the rule, and while one was testifying the other two were excluded from the courtroom. The first of the ladies upon the stand testified to the contents of the alleged will, and stated that to the best of her recollection her mother, while sitting up in bed, wrote upon foolscap paper and with a pencil. The next gave about the same testimony as to the contents of the document, but said it was written on note paper and in ink. The third corroborated her sisters as to the contents of the will, but said that as she remembered it the writing was on letter paper and in purple ink.

At the conclusion of the evidence for the applicants the court took a short recess, and Judge Boyles walked into the record room to smoke a cigar, and he there found Senator Morgan busily engaged in reading the Bible.

"What are you looking for in the Holy Book, general?" asked Judge Boyles.

"Oh, a few texts between Genesis and Revelation," was the reply.

When the arguments began Judge Boyles, with the confidence of a winner, arose and proceeded to tear the evidence of the young ladies into smithereens by holding up before the jury the discrepancy of the testimony. "We fortunately put them under the rule," he exclaimed, and not one of them agreed as to how that will was written. Just think, they had it on all sorts of paper and written with all kinds of ink and pencils." He then referred to Senator Morgan studying the Bible and said a lawyer was in desperate straits when he had to leave his law books and take refuge in the word of God.

Senator Morgan leaned back in his chair, listened, smiled and stroked his short gray mustache. Finally it came his turn to address the jury. He walked forward with Bible in his hand and said:

"I hold in my hand a book that I was taught to believe and reverence at my mother's knee. Gentlemen of the jury, I know that every one of you learned to look upon this sacred volume with respect when a mother's holy love guided your youthful footsteps. In this book I studied the life of the Master, and let me tell you why I believe the four gospels have recorded the truth. It is because they differ in some of the minor details. If Matthew, Mark, Luke and John were in collusion and got together to frame a fictitious history, they would have been exceedingly careful to fix the details so as to exclude any discrepancies. In Matthew we read that Christ, when

on trial, was clothed with a scarlet robe. In Mark, Luke and John it is recorded that he wore a purple robe. In Matthew, Mark and Luke we read that one Simon of Cyrene, bore the cross to the place of crucifixion. In John it is written that Jesus bore the cross himself. All differ as to the words written above the cross. Matthew has it: 'This is Jesus the King of the Jews;' Mark: 'The King of the Jews;' Luke: 'This is the King of the Jews;' John: 'Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews.' I say to you that these very differences stamp the gospels with divine truth. Now if the young ladies had gotten together in collusion to tell a story of the writing of a will that never existed, they would have agreed upon the details as to the paper, ink, etc. This would have been their first thought. Their recollections differ because the act of which they have testified occurred when their souls were troubled at the deathbed of their beloved mother. As with the gospels, the discrepancies of their evidence is a testimony of the truth of what they utter." Senator Morgan won the case.

COAL OIL.

The builders of Babel used clay for bricks and slime for mortar. An examination of any of the ruins of Mesopotamia will show that asphaltic mortar was the bed into which their alabaster wainscot pieces were set, and with which their vast terraces were compacted, and probably their roofs protected; the use of which so abundantly only facilitated their destruction when the torch was at last applied.

The pitch used was made by evaporating petroleum. That of Babylon was obtained from the sulphur, brine, oil-springs of Is; the products of which are said to be sold in the village of Hiti.

The story of the catastrophe of Sodom and Gomorrah, if not originated, was perpetuated by the vast accumulations of rock-oil in the centre of the Dead sea, as on the surface of a heated, simmering brine-vat, where it is hardened by oxydation, and drifted to the surrounding shores. A similar phenomenon—a cake of pure petroleum—elicited the amazement of the Spaniards who discovered Trinidad.

Many have spoken of the discovery of coal oil as of recent date, and mistaken it for a modern invention; but oil springs have been known and esteemed, and even worshipped, in every age and many countries.

Herodotus describes a bitumen spring in Zacynthias Zante, one of the Ionian islands; and probably this spring sufficed the Egyptian nation for their incessant, religious use of petroleum for mummies, the embalment of which was universal. The "Greek fire" of modern times was probably compounded of petroleum, from the Zantean springs. Dioscorides tells us that rock oil was collected in Sicily, and burned in the lamps of Agrigentum.

The classic home of naphtha is Baku, a high peninsula on the western shore of the Caspian sea, containing 35 villages and 20,000 souls, rocky and sterile, without an attractive spot, without a stream, without one drop of sweet water, except what falls directly from the clouds, and without a tree. But coal-gas rises everywhere, from a soil saturated with naphtha, and numerous volcanoes in action discharge volumes of mud.

From the time of Zoroaster, the naphtha of Baku has been sent all over Asia, for the service of the sacred fire of the Parsees. The liquid streams spontaneously through the surface, and rises wherever a hole is bored. But especially at Bagean, six miles from the capital village, the sides of the mountain stream with black oils, which collect in reservoirs, constructed in an unknown ancient time; while not far off, a spring of white oil gushes from the foot.

Upon their festival occasions, the people pour tons of this oil over the surface of the water, in a bay of the Caspian, and then set, as it were, earth, sea and sky in a blaze of light. Sometimes, far grander exhibitions take place naturally.

In 1817, a column of flame, 600 yards in diameter, broke out near Bagean, and roared with boiling brine and ejected rocks for 18 days together, until it raised a mound 900 feet in height.

The population use the oil for light and fuel, and coat their roofs with it. A clay pipe or hollow reed, steeped in lime-water, set upright in the floor of a dwelling, serves as a natural and sufficient gas-pipe.

The Ghebers bottle it for foreign use; the Atecschjans fire with it their lime-kilns and burn their dead. No wonder the religious sentiment of Oriental mystics was entranced by such a land of fire as Baku, where, in the fissures of the white and sulphurous soil, the naphtha vapors flicker into flame; where a boiling lake is covered with a flame devoid of sensible heat; where, after the warm showers of autumn, the surrounding country seems on fire, flames in enormous volumes rolling along the mountains with incredible velocity, or standing still expectant; where the October and November moons light up with an azure tint the entire west, and the Sogbda-ku, Mount Paradise, the eastern buttress of the Caucasus, covers its upper half with a glowing robe, while, if the night be moonless, innumerable jets of flame, isolated, or in crowds, cover all the plains, leaving the mountains in obscurity.—Saturday Night.