

AWFUL STORY OF VERONICA MUTINY

Seven Men Butchered, Ship Set on Fire by Conspirators Now on Trial.

THE VICTIMS—Alexander Shaw, captain, British bark Veronica; A. McLeod, first mate; Fred Abrahamson, second mate; Alex Bravo, Gus Johnson, Julius Parson, Patrick Doran, able seamen of the Veronica.

THE MUTINEERS—Otto Monson, aged 18; Gustav Rasmussen, aged 20; William Smith, aged 30, sailors on board the Veronica.

THE CRIME—The murder on the high seas of the captain and six of the crew of the British ship Veronica on the night of December 7, 1902, while the ship was on a voyage from the Gulf to Montevideo.

From out of the Atlantic has come a tale of horror.

A mutiny that reminds the readers of Captain Marryat of the days of Captain Kidd, and the manner in which that redoubtable buccannier recruited his practical forces, is told in the legal proceedings against three young men, able seamen all, who are now in a Liverpool jail awaiting trial on a charge of murder on the high seas.

Not since the story of the Alexander Brown and the tragic fate of her officers starting the civilized world has a more thrilling tale of the sea been published.

In the dead of night and with none but the stars to see and to accuse, three men of the Veronica stole quietly forward to where Patrick Doran was holding his silent watch on the lookout. The man, Rau, holding in his hand a belaying pin, engaged the lookout in conversation for a moment and then, holding his weapon aloft for a sufficient time only to give Doran some intimation of his intention, struck the lookout three terrible blows on the head.

And Patrick Doran, with his white, dead face turned upward to the stars, lay still while the work of death proceeded around him.

Seven there were sent into eternity by the bloody work of that night. And now more than a year after the murders, after the mutineers had burned the ship, after long weeks in an open boat at sea with a pitiless rain beating down upon them at times, and again the victims of the scorching sun, three men who performed this wholesale deed of murder are at last face to face with British justice.

In addressing the Liverpool court at the arraignment of the mutineers, Mr. Trubshaw, the prosecutor, related the story of the revolt and the murders and the subsequent acts of the assassins.

The Voyage of the Veronica.
The British bark Veronica was on a voyage between Ship Island, Mississippi, and Monte Video. The 114-foot bark was of 1,100 tons, and with a cargo of lumber, set out from Ship Island on October 11, 1902, having on board a crew of 12, comprising those alleged to have been murdered by the three prisoners, Flohr, and a witness named Moses Thomas, who was cook and steward. All went well until December 7, and it was evident that at that time a conspiracy was formed by the three prisoners and others to murder certain members of the crew.

The Conspiracy.
They had previously armed themselves with revolvers. On the 8th of December, between 3 and 4 p. m., Doran was on the forecastle head on the lookout. Rau, Smith and Flohr approached Doran and apparently entered into conversation with him. Rau had in his hand a belaying pin, and struck Doran three times, which knocked him senseless. They then placed him and locked him in a locker, and Flohr appeared to have been put guard over him. Hearing two shots in another part of the ship, however, Flohr rushed forward. Doran then apparently came out of his locker, but in a senseless condition, and asked for a glass of water. Rau came up, struck him again on the head with the belaying pin, and killed him, the body being thrown overboard by Johnson and Flohr. The first mate, McLeod, at that time apparently approached the forecastle head, where Rau and Smith were standing with loaded revolvers and belaying pins. McLeod inquired where Doran was, and Rau then, without saying anything, struck at him; but unfortunately he hit Smith instead, and the mark thus inflicted on Smith's head appeared today. Smith called out, and with that Rau struck again at McLeod and hit him twice on the head and knocked him insensible. Smith had apparently recovered in the meantime, and he and Flohr threw McLeod overboard. Then Rau and Smith approached the cabin, directed their attention to the second mate, Abrahamson. Both went aft and called to Abrahamson, who was at that time in his cabin. Abrahamson came out, and Rau and Smith then fired two shots at him. Rau and Smith apparently followed into the cabin, but the second mate rushed forward through the dining room of the captain's cabin shouting, "Oh, Lord, captain, I am shot." That would be spoken, too, by a witness named Thomas (the cook), who heard him utter those words. The prosecution suggested that at the time the captain was not in his cabin, but in the after part of the poop, whilst Julius Parson was at the wheel.

Death of the Captain.
Rau then directed Flohr to kill Julius with the belaying pin; he did not take the iron pin, but a wooden pin; he was acting under the directions of Rau the whole time, and he struck Julius on the head. With that Julius ran to the foremast end, followed by Flohr, and accompanied afterwards by Rau with a revolver in his hand. Apparently they did not carry out their intention of killing him, but secured him at the forecastle end of the wheel, and he saw the captain standing at the compass. Rau followed with a revolver in one hand and an iron belaying pin in the other. He struck the captain with the belaying pin. The captain fell towards him and Rau fired a shot at him with a revolver. The captain fell down the steps and scrambled into his cabin, where Abrahamson was at that time. Whilst the captain was

just going through the door, Rau again shot him.

Struggle in the Forecastle.
During all this time Julius Parson endeavored to escape from the forecastle end, where it was alleged, Monson struck him with a belaying pin and killed him; and with the assistance of one of the others threw him overboard. During all this time the cook and steward, Moses Thomas, was in his cabin, which was on the port side, the same side as the second mate's (Abrahamson's) cabin. Moses Thomas was asleep in the middle of the night; he was awakened by hearing two shots. Those two shots, said Mr. Trubshaw, would probably be the two shots that killed the second mate, Abrahamson. Thomas also heard someone run across the dining room shouting, "Oh, Lord, captain, I am shot." It would, no doubt, be Abrahamson who uttered that cry. Thomas then heard Rau shout out, "I have killed the chief officer and the captain"—he apparently being under the impression that the shots had done for the captain—and the boat, and there is no one left now but the cook." Rau went to where the cook was and threatened to kill him. Thomas beseeched him not to kill him, and this appeal was supported by Smith, who said, "Don't kill the cook; he's done nothing." Rau thereupon said his life would be spared on condition that he did everything he was told. He was then ordered to make coffee.

Getting Rid of the Victims.
In the galley Thomas saw Alex. Bravo, Gus Johnson and the prisoners Monson and Flohr standing round the cabin, where it ultimately turned out that the captain and second mate were confined. After making the coffee Thomas was taken to the room next to the galley and locked up. On the first day he heard a deal of hammering, and it would appear as though the prisoners were boarding up the port hole round the captain's cabin, so as to prevent the captain from firing out upon them. The impression being, evidently, that the captain had weapons. On the 10th of December Rau directed that the captain and second mate should be killed, and he, along with Smith and Monson, armed with revolvers, and Flohr armed with a belaying pin, took up a position round the cabin. Abrahamson was the first to be let out and he was shot by Smith. This must have happened close to the side of the ship, because he fell overboard, and as he floated past Rau, Monson and Bravo, he fired on him. That was the last that was seen of him. About two hours afterwards the captain was let out of his cabin and he was shot in the temple by Rau, and his body was thrown overboard by Smith, Rau and Bravo. Later in the evening Thomas was released and in the evening Thomas was released and was ordered to cook supper, and was again informed by Rau that if he did everything he was told his life would be spared. At this time the only men Thomas saw on the ship was Flohr, Rau, Smith, Monson, Johnson and Bravo. He had not seen the other men since the night of the 7th of December. He was sent to search the cabin, and noticed that it was very much upset.

Taking the Quantity of Secrecy.
There was a quantity of fresh blood on the floor, whilst in the forecastle he discovered a quantity of blood. Thomas, in fear of his life, decided to "make up" to the prisoners and remaining members of the crew, and succeeded in becoming very chummy with them, so much so that they allowed him to be present when they related to one another what had taken place. Before he was allowed to hear this conversation, however, he was made to go on his knees and swear that he would not divulge anything he had seen or heard. Of course the prisoners had to account for the disappearance of various men, and Rau and Smith made up a story which it was arranged that they should all tell when they got picked up. For many days Bravo, Johnson and Thomas were made to repeat the story, and at times Rau, whilst Rau stood over them with a revolver threatening to shoot them if they made a mistake. The story was to the effect that one man had died of yellow fever when coming through the Florida Straits; afterwards the main topmast broke and the chief officer fell and was killed. Smith was with him and got his head cut when he fell. After that the captain promoted the second mate to be first mate, and made him (Rau) second mate. Everything went right until the ship caught fire. The captain ordered the boats to be launched. They lost sight of the ship, and the prisoners, who left the ship in consequence of the darkness and smoke. On their boat they had only 11 biscuits and a small keg of water, and no compass. Unfortunately Bravo and Johnson could not remember the story, so they were both shot by Rau. Rau and Smith then went to the forecastle end, where Thomas was ordered to chop up wood and place it in the dining room, piling up the men's clothing on top of it. Rau himself saturated the heap with paraffin oil.

GEN. GORDON FOR PEACE.
(Journal Special Service.)

NEW ORLEANS, April 14.—"I will not discuss any matter that has a tendency to stir up strife between the North and South," said Gen. John B. Gordon, commander-in-chief of the Confederate Veteran Association, who is here to arrange for the Confederate reunion to be held in New Orleans next month.

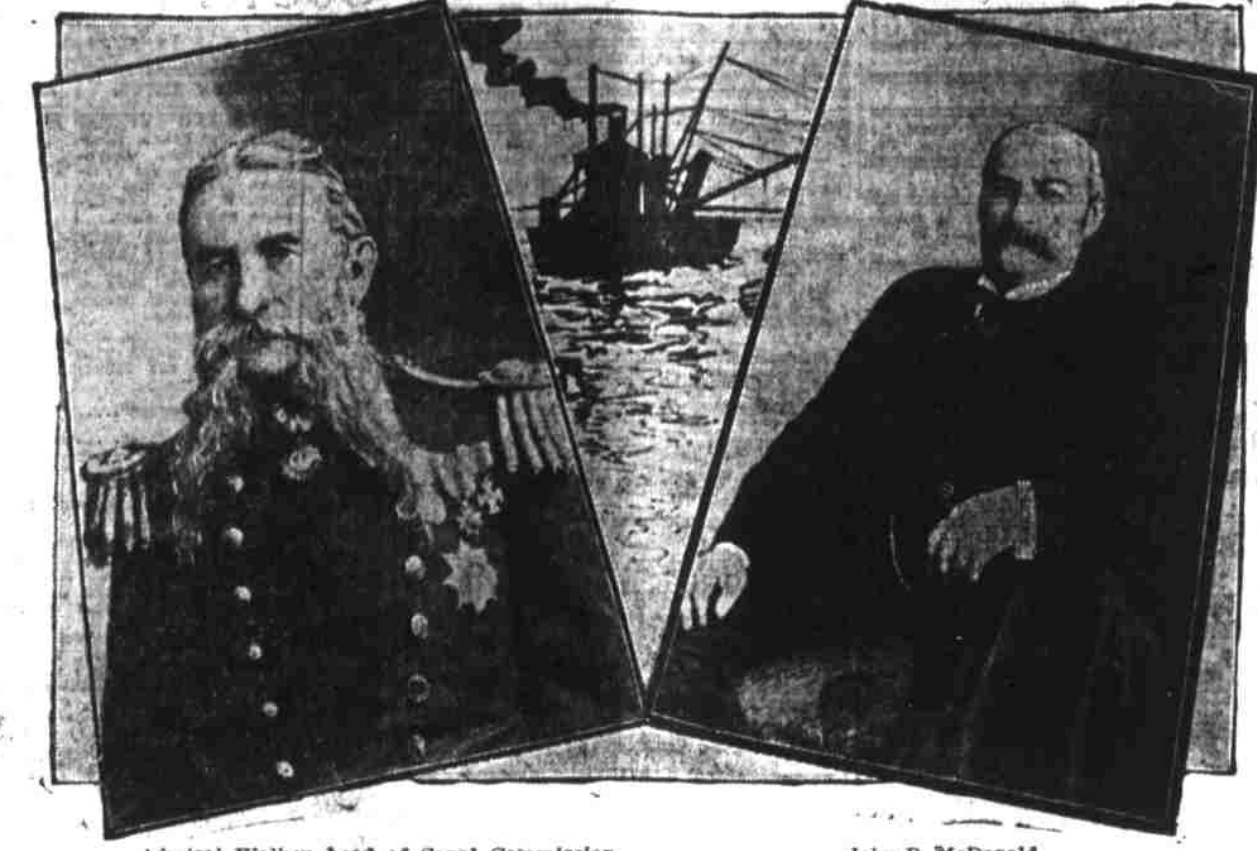
This statement was made by Gen. Gordon today when he was asked to give his opinion of the President's policy toward negroes and on current topics of public discussion.

MEMORIAL GATE TO BROWN.
(Journal Special Service.)

PROVIDENCE, April 14.—Mrs. John Nicholas Brown has offered to give a Brown University a gate in memory of her husband. The gate will stand on George street, where Brown street enters the campus. It will be of Indiana limestone, brick and wrought iron, the monument with the architecture of the John Carter Brown Library building.

MONUMENT TO SWEDES.
WILMINGTON, Del., April 14.—A monument will be unveiled here this afternoon to mark the place where the first Swedish settlers in America landed. It is a place called the Rocks, at the foot of Seventh street, on the banks of the Christina river. The landing was made on April 23, 1639.

M'DONALD MAY GET THE BIG CONTRACT FOR THE CANAL



Admiral Walker, head of Canal Commission. John B. McDonald.

While the contract for the work of the Panama Canal has not yet been submitted to bidders, it is being hinted that John B. McDonald of New York will be the most likely candidate for the important undertaking. McDonald is famous as the contractor of New York's wonderful rapid transit underground railroad, now nearing completion.

A NEW CURVE

Captain Clarkson of Harvard Twirls
a Peculiar In-Drop.

Walter Clarkson, captain of the Harvard baseball nine, has a brand-new curve, which he expects to spring upon the Ellis when the two big rivals clash against each other in June.

The curve is an in-drop. It is delivered in a peculiar, twisting, semi-underhand manner, and comes with terrific force. About seven feet from the plate it breaks sharply, shooting in toward the batsman's chest and down several inches below his swinging bat.

At the present time, Capt. Clarkson says, he is aiming at two things—first, to get perfect control of the ball, and, secondly, to develop a new set of muscles, so that he can make use of his discovery with no fear of injury. Probably no ball is harder to deliver than the in-drop, and it is for this very reason that National Leaguers never use the curve. Clarkson himself is able to throw it only on rare occasions, but is saving it up for a tight place, and when the right time comes it may save Harvard from a bad Dallas loss.

Basketball Squabble.
(Journal Special Service.)
DALLAS, April 14.—Dallas College and Williamette University, who are tied for the Pacific Coast championship, are not able to agree on a date on which to play the deciding game. The Williamette boys will not play unless the floor selected shall be at least 40 feet wide. This would be a handicap to the Dallas team, and they will, therefore, not accept Salem's terms. The University manager has sent Dallas his final proposition, which Dallas has refused to consider. Basketball matters are now at a standstill. Dallas College and Williamette have the strongest teams in the state, and it is to be regretted that the final game cannot take place. As it is, Dallas is willing to stand on its position for the past season and will maintain strongly its right to the Pacific Coast championship.

Carter-Woods Bout Off.
(Journal Special Service.)

LOS ANGELES, April 14.—Billy Woods, the colored 150-pounder, who called off his date with "Kid" Carter, the New York heavyweight, and Sam McVey, the colored heavyweight, has been substituted in Woods' stead. The bout, originally fixed for May 5, will now take place on May 12, at the Los Angeles Twentieth Century Club, May 5.

McClelland and Ryan.
(Journal Special Service.)

TORONTO, Ont., April 14.—Jack McClelland, of Pittsburgh, and Billy Ryan, of Syracuse, are to furnish the fluster entertainment for the patrons of the Crescent Athletic club tonight. The articles call for 24 rounds at 125 pounds. The two are among the cleverest fighters in the featherweight division and are expected to put up an interesting contest.

New Athletic Club.
(Journal Special Service.)

BUTTE, Mont., April 14.—The new Broadway Athletic Club, now in progress of construction, will cost \$20,000. The building will be completed June 1. The first match will be between Martin Duffy, the Chicago lightweight, and Mose La Fontaine, Sharkey and Munroe, will meet later on.

Spinnaker Boom Repaired.
(Journal Special Service.)

WEYMOUTH, Eng., April 14.—The spinnaker boom of the Shamrock I, which was recently carried away by a storm yacht which fouled the old cup challenger with Shamrock III, has been spliced and further trials have been postponed until a new spar can be fitted.

Great Horseman Dying.
(Journal Special Service.)

NEW YORK, April 14.—The world-renowned Orrin Hickok, who trained and drove St. Julien when he made his world's record of 2:11 1/2, is near to death in a sanitarium near Cleveland, O. He is about 70 years old.

There is a Weekly Journal, at only \$1 a year, to any address. There is a Semi-Weekly Journal, 104 copies during the year, for only \$1.50, to any address.

ANNUAL BENCH SHOW TOMORROW

(Continued from Page Eight.)

Ore. Dash, September 1, 1895. Dictator, Jr. Queen, Breeder, Thomas Callahan, Corvallis, Ore. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 73—English Setters. Limit Dogs. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 74—English Setters. Open Dogs. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 75—English Setters. Open Dogs. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 76—English Setters. Open Dogs. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 77—English Setters. Novice Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 78—English Setters. Novice Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 79—English Setters. Limit Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 80—English Setters. Open Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 81—English Setters. Open Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 82—English Setters. Open Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 83—English Setters. Open Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 84—English Setters. Open Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 85—English Setters. Open Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

Class 86—English Setters. Open Bitches. (68)—Frederick V. Holman, Portland, Ore. Oakesley, Cole. Entered also in Class 72.

A LONG DELAY

Difficulties Beset the Plans of
Lanky Bob and O'Brien.

Jack O'Brien and Bob Fitzsimmons are no nearer an agreement as to their battle than they were three weeks ago. As predicted at that time, Fitzsimmons has thrown constant impediments in the way and is probably merely trying to keep himself before the public and attract money to his show.

It is doubtful whether Bob ever intended to fight at all. One thing is certain—that he could not get down to any 156 pounds. Fitz has always been mysterious about his weight and his age. Those who have seen him lately declare that he weighs fully 170 pounds and is not carrying much superfluous flesh at that. Exactly how he could get down to the middleweight limit is a mystery.

Fitz always claimed that he fought Jim Corbett weighing below the middleweight limit. Spectators at the ring-side and some of his seconds on that occasion have stated that Bob weighed every bit of 175 pounds. It is doubtful if Corbett weighed 190 on that occasion; so the discrepancy in weight exists only in Bob's imagination. His object in claiming that he was at so low a figure in that battle is doubtless to impress followers of pugilism with the fact that he won under tremendous disadvantages.

It must be admitted, however, that if O'Brien went into the ring anywhere near the weight of Fitzsimmons, O'Brien might make a showing against Fitzsimmons for a few rounds, but once Fitz got his punch in it would be all over.

TRACK TO BORING NOW BEING LAD

Oregon Water Power and Railway
Company Hard at Work.

Early next week trains will be running to Boring on the tracks of the Oregon Water Power & Railway Company, steam power being used. A full force of laborers this morning began laying steel rails on the new grade extending from Gresham, which for more than three months has been the terminus of the line, and this work will be pushed until the end of the present grade has been reached. As soon as the tracks are down to Boring the powerful electrical generating machinery to be installed there will be shipped out and placed in position. The buildings to contain it have been under construction for some time. It is the plan of the company at the earliest possible date to electrify the entire line, thus leaving the three steam locomotives free to do construction work. Regular trains will be run to Boring shortly. Grade work beyond Boring will continue.

BROKE INTO JAIL.
(Journal Special Service.)
TEXARKANA, Ark., April 14.—Louis A. Monette was convicted of breaking into the county jail at this place and was given two years' sentence. His object in breaking into the jail was to see if a friend of his was there.

Portland Riding Club.

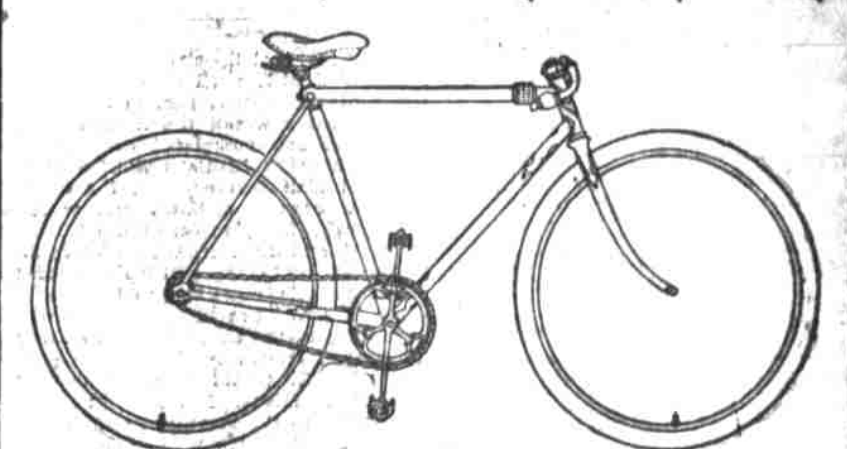


The best medical authorities are unanimous in recommending riding for nervous, lung and kindred complaints. Particularly in this mode of exercise beneficial on this West Coast, where the patient can enjoy the open air, inhale Nature's ozone and the refreshing fragrance of pine, fir, cedar and hemlock. It is safe to say that there is no country so earth where horseback riding is more healthful than in Oregon.

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