

ST. JOHN STAR, THURSDAY, AUGUST 10, 1905

# SIR HENRY MORGAN, BUCCANEER

By CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY.  
Author of "The Southerners," "For Love of Country," "The Grip of Honor," Etc.

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## SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Sir Henry Morgan, a notorious buccaneer, who had been knighted by King Charles II. and made vice-governor of Jamaica, was deposed by King James and ordered under arrest. Morgan admitted the two officers who came to take him, slew them and made his escape. With the help of one Benjamin Harrigold, a former lieutenant in his place, he collected a gang of a hundred out-throats in Port Royal and announced his intention of hoisting the black flag again. Harrigold actively aided him because he hopes in this way to get Morgan in his power and exact a horrible revenge for his brother whom the old buccaneer had hanged. After capturing the Mary Rose Morgan and his gang got safely past the forts with their prize, firing a broadside as they pass. During the next ten days the Mary Rose sailed south while Morgan drilled his crew. The sailors that were taken prisoners when the frigate was captured were given their choice of casting in their lot with Morgan or walking the plank. All joined the buccaneer. Two Spanish frigates, conveying a heavily loaded galleon, were unsuspectingly engaged, and Morgan's vessel was flying the British ensign. Morgan was successful in his attack but was obliged to blow up the stern of his frigate to complete his victory and his vessel sank but not before he and his crew were aboard and in control of the galleon. The convicts were destroyed.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE Almirante Beagle, for such was the name of the galleon, was easily and speedily repaired by the skilled seamen of the Mary Rose under such leadership and direction as the experience of Morgan and the officers afforded. By the beginning of the first day watch even a critical inspection would scarcely have shown that she had been in action. With the wise forethought of a seaman, Morgan had subordinated every other duty to the task of making the vessel fit for any danger of the sea, and he had deferred any careful examination of her cargo until everything had been put shipshape again, although by his hurried questioning of the surviving officers he had learned that the Almirante Beagle was indeed loaded with treasure of Peru, which had been received by her via the isthmus of Panama for transportation to Spain. On board her were several priests returning to Spain and also an aged abbot, Sister Maria Christina.

In the indiscriminate fury of the assault one or two of the priests had been killed, but soon as the ship had been fully taken possession of the lives of the surviving clerics had been spared by Morgan's express command. The priests were allowed to minister to their dying compatriots so long as they kept out of the way of the sailors. In the hold of the ship nearly 150 wretched prisoners were discovered. They were the crew of the buccaneer ship *Daring*, which had been commanded by a famous adventurer named Ringrose, who had been captured by a Spanish squadron after a desperate defense off the port of Callao, Peru. They were being transported to Spain, where they had expected summary punishment for their iniquities. No attention whatever had been paid to their protests that they were Englishmen, and indeed, the statement was hardly true, for at least half of them belonged to other nations. In the long passage from Callao to the isthmus and thence through the Caribbean they had been kept rigorously under watch. Close confinement for many days and enforced subsistence upon a scanty and inadequate diet had caused many to die and impaired the health of the survivors. When the hatch covers were opened, the chains unshackled and the miserable wretches brought on deck their condition moved even some of the buccaneers to pity. The galleon was generously provided for her long cruise across the ocean, and the released prisoners, by Morgan's orders, were liberally treated. No work was required of them; they were allowed to wander about the decks at pleasure, refreshed by the open air, the first good meal they had enjoyed in several months and by a generous allowance of spirits. As soon as they learned the object of the cruise, without exception they indicated their desire to place themselves under the command of Morgan.

As soon as it could be done a more careful inspection and valuation of the treasure was made. The lading of the galleon, consisting principally of silver bullion, was probably worth not far from a million Spanish dollars—pieces of eight! This divided among the 150 survivors of the original crew meant affluence for even the meanest cabin boy. It was wealth such as they had not even dreamed of. It was a prize the value of which had scarcely ever been paralleled.

They were assembled forward of the quarter deck when the announcement was made. When they understood the news the men became drunk with joy. It would seem as if they had been suddenly stricken dead. Some of them stared in paralyzed silence; others broke into frantic cheers and yells; some reeled and shuddered like drunken men. The one person who preserved his imperturbable calmness was Morgan himself. The gratitude of these men toward him was overwhelming. Under his leadership they had achieved such a triumph as had scarcely ever befallen them in the palmiest days of their career, and with little or no loss they had been put in possession of a prodigious treasure. They crowded

about him presently with enthusiastic cheers of affection and extravagant vows of loving service. The general joy, however, was not shared by the rescued buccaneers. Although they had but a few hours before despaired of life in the loathsome depths of the vile hold and they had been properly grateful for the sudden and unexpected release which had given them their liberty and saved them from the gibbet, yet it was not in any

He seized the dazed man by the throat



human man, especially a buccaneer, to view with equanimity the distribution—or the proposed distribution—of so vast a treasure and find that he could not share in it. The fresh air and the food and drink had already done much for these hardy ruffians. They were beginning to regain, if not all their strength, at least some of their courage and assurance. They congregated in little groups here and there among Morgan's original men and started with lowering brows and fushed faces at the frantic revel in which they could not participate. Not even the cask of rum which Morgan ordered broached to celebrate the capture and of which the hands partook with indiscriminate voracity could bring joy to their hearts. After matters had quieted down somewhat and during this time the galleon had been mainly left to navigate herself—Morgan deemed it a suitable occasion to announce his ultimate designs to the men.

"Gentlemen, shipmates and bold hearts all," he cried, waving his hand for silence, "we have captured the richest prize probably that floats on the ocean. There are pieces of eight, and silver bullion enough beneath the hatches, as I have told you, to make us rich for life, to say nothing of the gold, jewels, spices and what not besides."

He was interrupted by another yell of appreciation. "But, men," he continued, "I hardly know what to do with it." "Give it to us!" roared a voice, which was greeted with uproarious laughter. "We'll make away with it!" Morgan marked down with his eye the man who had spoken and commanded. "The ports of his majesty the king of England will be closed to us so soon as our capture of the Mary Rose is noted. England is at peace with the world. There is not a French or Spanish port that would give us a haven. If we appeared anywhere in European waters with this galleon we would be taken and hanged. Now, what's to be done?"

"Run the ship ashore on the New England coast," cried the man who had spoken before. "Divide the treasure, burn the ship and scatter. Let every man look to his own share and his own neck."

"By heaven, no!" shouted Morgan. "That's well said half of them. You can disappear. I should be taken, and Hornigold and Ravensau and the rest. It won't do. We must stay by the ship, keep to the original plan. We'll sail this ship down the Spanish main and capture a town, divide our treasure, make our way overland to the Pacific, where we'll find another ship, and then strike to the south seas! We'll found a community, with every man a law for himself. We'll—"

But the recital of this utopian dream was rudely interrupted. "Nay, master," cried the man Sawkins, who had done most of the talking from among the crew; "we go no farther."

He was confident that he had the backing of the men and in that confidence grew bold with reckless temerity. Flushed by the victory of the morning, the rum he had imbibed, intoxicated by the thought of the treasure which was to be shared, the man went on impudently.

Hornigold clutched at the helm, which had been deserted by the seamen, detailed to it during the course of the hot debate. The old man cast one long, anxious glance to windward, where a black squall was apparently brewing. But he said nothing. The argument was between Morgan and his crew; there was no need for him to interfere. Teach, Ravensau, Velsars and the others drew their pistols and bared their swords, but most of the crew were also armed, and if it came to a trial of strength the cabin gang was so overwhelmingly outnumbered that it would have been futile to inaugurate a contest.

Morgan, however, was frantic with rage. He did not hesitate a second. He rushed at Master Bartholomew Sawkins, and brave man as that sailor was, he fairly quailed before the terrific incarnation of passionate fury his captain presented. The rest of the crew gave back before the furious onset of Sir Henry.

"You dog!" he screamed, and before the other realized his intention he struck him a fearful blow in the face with his naked fist. Always a man of unusual strength, his rage had bestowed upon him a herculean force. He seized the dazed man by the throat and held him as he fell to the deck from the force of the blow and, lifting him up, literally pitched him overboard. Before the crew had recovered from their astonishment and terror at this bold action, the buccaneer officers closed behind their captain, each covering the front ranks of the men with a pistol. At the same instant the other men, Ringrose's crew, came shoving through the crowd, snatching such arms as they could in the passage, although most of them had to be satisfied with belaying pins.

"We're with you, Captain Morgan," cried one of their number. "We've had no treasure, and it seems every way to have a share in this. We've been in the south seas," continued the speaker, a man named O'Lonnolly, noted for his cruelty, rapacity and success, "and the captain speaks truly. There are all that can delight brave men and a race of cowards to defend them."

The man who had been thrown overboard had shrieked for help as he fell. The splash he had made had been followed by another. A Spanish priest standing by the rail had seized a grating and thrown it to the men. Morgan took to the situation in glance. "I, senior," composedly answered the priest, who understood English. Morgan instantly snatched a pistol and fired at the priest's head and shot the man dead.

"I allow no one," he shouted, "to interfere between me and the discipline."

Shot the man dead

of my men! You speak well, O'Lonnolly! And now, O'Lonnolly, you're a dead man! Morgan, pointing to the priest, who was clutching the smoking pistol and stepping toward the huddled, frightened men, "get back to your duties unless you wish instant death! Scuttle him, if I don't blow up the galleon unless you immediately obey! Bear a hand there! If you hesitate—Fire on them!" he cried to his officers. But the men in the front did not linger. They broke away from his presence so vehemently that they fell over one another in the gangways.

"Don't fire!" they cried in terror. "We'll go back to duty, sir!" Morgan was completely master of the situation.

"I am to be obeyed," he cried, "implicitly, without question, without hesitation!"

"Aye, aye!" "We'll wait!" "That's well. Heave that cannon overboard!" kicking the heavy gun over the side. "Now we'll go back and pick up Sawkins," he continued. "Ready about! Station for stays!"

"Look you, Captain Morgan!" cried Hornigold, pointing to the priest. "The squall! 'Twill be soon on us! We'd best reduce sail and run for it!" "Nay," said Morgan. "I'll allow not even a storm to interfere with my plans. Fly the head sheets tight. Hard down with the helm! Aft here, some of you, and man the quarter boat! I said I'd pick him up, and picked up he shall be!"

The ship, like all Spanish ships, was unhandy and a poor sailer. Morgan, however, got all out of her that mortal man could get. With nice seamanship he threw her up into the wind, bore her to and dropped a boat overboard. Teach had volunteered for the perilous command of her, and the best men on the ship were at the oars. Sawkins had managed to catch the grating and was clinging feebly when the boat swept down upon him. They dragged him aboard and then turned to the ship. The sinister squall was rushing down upon them from the black horizon with terrific velocity. The men bent their backs and strained at the oars with all their might. They saw the men on the ship besought Morgan to fill away and abandon their comrades.

"No!" he cried. "I sent them there, and I'll wait for them if I sink the ship!" Urged by young Teach to exertion superhuman, the boat actually shot under the quarter of the galleon before the squall broke. The tackles were hooked on, and she was run up to the davits with all her crew aboard. "Up with the helm!" cried Morgan. The instant the boat was alongside, "Swing the mainyard and get the canvas off her! Aloft, tomen! Settle away the halyards! Clew down! Live, now!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## STORES, ETC. THAT ARE OPEN EVENINGS.

**JEWELER AND GOLDSMITH.**  
A fine selection of jewelry of all description can be seen at the establishment of W. Tremaine Gard, on Charlotte street. Visitors requiring souvenirs of the town cannot do better than call and inspect Mr. Gard's selection. Some fine specimens of Antwerp cut diamonds are exciting great deal of interest at the moment.

**HIGH CLASS TAILORS.**  
Someone has said that the finest set a young man can possess is a good suit of clothes, and there is a deal of truth in the saying. Edgcombe and Chaisson, 104 King street, have just received per steamer Ancon the latest London novelties with exclusive designs. Those requiring a high class suit of clothes should give them a call.

**ICE CREAM.**  
For dessert can be had without trouble and at slight expense by sending your order to T. J. Phillips, 213 Union street. Phone 1,240. Your order will have prompt attention. Any quantity, but only one quality—the best.

**CANDY STORE.**  
She only answered "Ting a ling" to all that he could say. She seemed to live on "Ting a ling" by night as well as day. He said to her, "I'll marry you; but all that she could say was "Ting a ling, ting a ling, ting a ling, ting a ling." The young lady had tried some Ting a ling candy made by A. J. Russell, on Union street.

**UNDERTAKER.**  
Death must always be a painful subject, but when it comes—as come it must—it is gratifying to know that our dear ones have the greatest care and attention shown them in the last offices. T. Fred Powers, of Princess street, pays special attention in this respect, and one cannot do better than entrust him when occasion arises.

**GENTS' CLOTHING AND FURNISHINGS.**  
A store which is situated in a very convenient place, is that of E. Komensky & Co., 48 Mill street, as its handiness to the depot makes it much sought after by people coming in or going out of the city. A full line of the latest gents' clothing and furnishings are carried by Mr. Komensky.

**ONLY REST.**  
If you want style, there are other places—the Clifton House gives insight into the matter. It is near all train and steamers, and its rates are low. Corner Princess and German streets.

**HAIR RESTORER.**  
If your hair is falling out, or you are troubled with dandruff, Dr. Jack's famous hair restorer will positively grow and cure you of dandruff. It has been thoroughly tested in this city for months past and there are hundreds using it and recommending it. Dr. Jack's hair restorer is sold by all the leading druggists and barbers.

**ROYAL DAIRY LUNCH.**  
A plate of Boston Baked Beans and a mug of steaming hot Boston Coffee, 10c. A 21-Meal Ticket for \$2.50 or six meals for \$1.00 (good till used); or a five-up Dinner for 50c. These are a few of the good things you get at the most popular lunch room in the city. GEO. A. WHITTAKER, Manager.

**CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL.**  
If you are dissatisfied with your present position and salary, drop into the office of the International Correspondence Schools, 206 Union street, any evening and learn how you can improve both. Circulars and information FREE.

**NEW BRUNSWICK WOMAN DEAD IN P.E.I.**

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., Aug. 9.—The death took place at the home of her son, William, Central Bedouque, yesterday morning, of Mrs. Robert Crossman after a long illness of 12 years and six months. Deceased was born in New Brunswick and came to the island about 70 years ago.

Leaves to mourn four sons and four daughters, namely: George, the eldest, in New Brunswick; William, at home; Joseph, in Middleton; and Jesse in Cra-paud; Mrs. Hayes in Massachusetts; Mrs. Moore, in North Sydney; Mrs. Nicholson, in Cra-paud; and Mrs. K. Day, Wellington, besides a large circle of friends and relatives.

**HALIFAX RESOLUTION ENDORSED BY SYDNEY.**

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 9.—At today's meeting of the Sydney board of trade the resolution passed by the Halifax board protesting against any attempt to divert or lengthen the eastern section of the transcontinental railway and calling upon the government to carry out the spirit and letter of the contract, which is to provide the shortest route possible between Quebec and Moncton, was unanimously endorsed.

Those desiring information for the tariff commission.

**MISSING WOMAN MAY BE NEW BRUNSWICKER.**

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 9.—The police have been working on the case of a woman who disappeared from Fairview a few days ago. They have reached the conclusion that it is not an infrequent thing for her to disappear, and without paying her board, and they are anxious to find her. She gave the name of Mitchell, but some of her effects showed the name Carroll and she is supposed to belong either to Fredericton or Woodstock.

**HEBREW BAKERS IN FREQUENT RIOTS.**

NEW YORK, Aug. 9.—Frequent outbreaks of rioting marked the course of the strike of the Hebrew bakers on the east side today. In an attack on a bakery in Allen street fifty rioters broke into the place, completely wrecked it, and upset barrels of flour and dough in the street. Two policemen who were on guard in the shop were overpowered and roughly handled, and the reserves had to be called out.

**THE COAL BUYER'S OPPORTUNITY.**

to get Scotch or American Hard Coal or Old Mine Sydney and Scotch Soft Coal at the lowest prices of the season, now offered by

**J. S. GIBBON & Co.**  
61 Charlotte St. & Smythe St.

**AMUSEMENTS.**

**Opera House!**

Thurs., Friday, and Sat., and Sat. Matinee,

**MR. JOHN C. FISHER,**

Presents, by arrangement with the Augustin Daly Estate, the

CHINESE-ENGLISH MUSICAL COMEDY,

**SAN TOY,**

Direct from Daly's Theatre, New York City.

With the same grand production, together with an exceptional cast and company of fifty.

Sale of seats opens Monday. Prices—50, 75c, \$1.00 and \$1.50. Matinee—25, 50c, 75c, and \$1.00.

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GET YOUR SEATS NOW!

Night Prices 25, 50, 75c, \$1.00. Matinee Wednesday, Prices 25 and 50c.

## Dining Room Suite \$25.00.

Consisting of Sideboard with Bev. Mirror, Ext. Table and Six Chairs. All for \$25.00 at

**Bustin & Withers,** 99 GERMAIN ST. Store Open Evenings.

## Now Is The Time

to have your furnaces taken down, cleaned and repaired; as it can be done cheaper and better at this time of the year. Or better let us install one of our Kelsey Warm Air Generators, and have your home cozy, uly heated; not your cellar. Phone 784.

## Keenan & Ratchford,

WATERLOO STREET.

## Carpenter and Builder.

**A. E. HAMILTON,**

Shop, 209 Brussels Street; Residence 55 Exmouth Street. Phone 1628.

## OUR MOTTO!

The best is none too good for our customers. We have made this good in our cake trade. Now try a loaf of our new process bread and you will be convinced that we make no boast when we say it is the finest in town. The home-made product cannot equal it.

## YORK BAKERY,

2 Stores, 290 Brussels Street, 565 Main St., N. E.

## Ask Your Grocer

FOR...

**St. John Creamery Butter and Cream.**

If he does not handle our goods call on us direct.

Creamery open for inspection every day, 92 King St.

Tel. 1432.

**W. H. BELL, Manager,**

## MARITIME PEOPLE

SHOULD GO WEST.

MONTEAL, Aug. 9.—"If the people of this part of the country knew the advantages of the maritime provinces as summer resorts and would spend their holidays there in greater numbers than they do at present, and if the young folks of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were made aware of the golden opportunities which await them in the Northwest, it would be to our mutual advantage." This is what Ald. Ames, M. P., says today on his return from a three weeks' trip through the lower provinces.

Mr. Ames specially deplored the large influx of young Nova Scotians into the United States, particularly into Boston, and suggested that the immigration department should make known to these people the glories of the Canadian west, rather than trying to attract to this country undesirable immigrants from Continental Europe. Immigration from Continental Europe, he thought that if the immigration department would devote some of its money to an endeavor to decart the stream of immigration from Nova Scotia and New Brunswick to the Northwest instead of letting it flow into the United States, and instead also of attracting to Canada immigrants of a very doubtful character from southern Europe, the country would greatly benefit by it."

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