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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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Hornigold had reformed—outwardly, that is—and was now engaged in the useful and innocent business of piloting ships into the harbor, also steering their crews, after the anchors were down, into the Blue Anchor tavern, in which place his voice and will were supreme. He had heard, for Lord Carlingford had made no secret of his orders, that his old master was to be arrested and sent back to England. The news which would have brought joy to a lesser villain, in that it meant punishment, filled him with dismay, for such was the peculiarity of his hatred that he wanted the punishment



to come directly from him—through his agency, that is. He desired it to be of such character that it should be neither speedy nor easy, and he lusted most of all that Morgan should know in his last hours—which Hornigold prayed Satan might be long ones—to whom he was indebted for it all.

And, strange as it may seem, there was still a certain loyalty of a distorted, perverted kind in the man's breast. No matter what Morgan had done, no one else should punish him but himself. He would even have fought for his sometime chief, were it necessary, against the king or his law if need be. He was therefore very much disturbed over what he heard. Had it been possible he would have warned Morgan immediately of his purposed arrest, but he had been detained on the frigate by necessary duties from which he could find no means of escape until too late. He had, however, a high sense of Sir Henry's courage and address. He hoped and believed that he would not be taken by such men as Hawxherst and Bradley, but if he were Hornigold made up his mind to rescue him.

There was a little islet in the Caribbean just below Hispaniola in whose wooded interior still lurked some of the old time buccaneers, proscribed men, who from time to time did pirating in a small way on their own account—just enough to keep their hands in. If the worst came, Hornigold, who with his little pinnace had kept in touch with them secretly, could assemble them for the rescue of their old captain. Then the former governor, in his power and in their possession, could be disposed of at their leisure and pleasure. All these things had bustled the man during the evening, and he sat even now in the midst of the revelry about him plunged in profound thought.

Unobserved himself, he had taken account of every man who was present. He knew all the habits of the port and enjoyed a wide acquaintance among the seamen whose vessels frequented the harbor. He decided there were then in that room perhaps twenty men upon whom he could depend, proper inducement being offered, for almost any sort of service. Among these were five or six superior spirits whom he knew to be tried and true. There was young Teach, the singer of the evening, a drunken, dissolute vagabond who had been discharged from his last ship for insubordination and a quarrelsome attack upon one of his officers, for which he had narrowly escaped hanging as a mutineer. The man was as bold as a lion, though; he could be trusted. There, too, was Rock Brazilliano, a Portuguese half breed, and hobnobbing with him was Raveneau de Lussan, a Frenchman, prime seaman and bold fellows both. Farther down the table the huge Dutchman Velsers was nodding stupidly over his rum.

These men and a few others were veterans like Hornigold himself. They were the best of the lot, but for the most part the assemblage was made up of the sweepings of the town, men who had the willingness to do anything, no matter how nefarious it might be, their only deterrent being lack of courage. Hornigold's single eye swept over them with a fierce gleam of contempt, yet these were they with whom he must work in ease of necessity.

One or two others in whom he reposed confidence, men who composed the crew of his own pinnace, he had sent off early in the evening to Spanish Town to gather what news they could. One of them came in and reported that they will find the house burned down. No one saw us come hither. There will be in the ruins the remains of three bodies.

"Three?"

"Yes. My Lady Morgan's."

"Did you kill her?"

"I didn't have to. They'll think that one of them is mine. No hue or cry will be raised and no search made for me. Do you arrange that the crew of the Mary Rose be given liberty for

when he saw the fall form of the maroon appearing in the doorway through the smoke. No one else noticed the silent Carib's entry, and he stood motionless until Hornigold's eye fastened upon him. Then by an imperceptible move of his head he indicated a desire to speak with him without the room. The one eyed nodded slightly in token that he understood, and the maroon vanished as silently as he had come. Waiting a few moments, Hornigold rose from his seat and began threading his way through the boisterous crowd toward the door. Thrusting aside detaining hands and answering rude queries with an old sailor's ready banter, bidding them on no account to cease the festivities because of his departure and, in fact, ordering a new draft of rum for all hands, he succeeded in breaking away under cover of the cheers which greeted this announcement.

It was pitch dark outside, and he stopped a moment, hesitating as to what he should do. He had no doubt that the maroon had a message for him from his master. But a second had elapsed when he felt a light touch on his shoulder. His hand went instantly to the seaman's hanger at his side, and he faced about promptly. A ready man was Master Hornigold.

"It's I, bo's'n," whispered a familiar voice.

"You, Black Dog? Where's your master?"

"Yonder."

"Let me see him."

A tall, slender figure muffled in a heavy riding coat sat in the stern sheets of a small boat in the deepest shadow of one of the silent and deserted piers.

"Captain Morgan?" whispered Hornigold softly, as, followed by the maroon, he descended the landing stairs toward the boat.

"Tis you, Master Hornigold," answered the man, with an accent of relief in his voice, thrusting the pistol back into his belt as he spoke. He, too, was a ready man with his weapons and one not to be caught napping in any emergency.

"Me it is, sir," answered the boatswain, "and ready to serve my old captain."

"You heard the news?"

"I heard it on the frigate this afternoon."

"Why did you not send me warning?"

"I had no chance. I'd 'a' done it, sir, if I could have fetched away."

"Well, all's one. I've laid those two landlubbers by the heels. Eh, Carib?"

"Where are they, sir?"

"I might make a guess, for I left them bound and the house blazing."

"Tis like old times."

"Aye, I've not forgot the old tricks."

"No, sir. And what's to do now?"

"Why, the old game once more."

"What? Do you mean?"

"I do. What else is there left for me? Scuttle me, if I don't take it out of the dons! It's their doing. They've had a rest for high twenty years. We'll let it slip out quietly among the islands that Harry Morgan's afloat once more and there's pickings to be had on the Spanish main—wine and women and pieces of eight. Art with me?"

"Aye, of course. But we lack a ship."

"There's one yonder, man," cried Morgan, pointing up the harbor, where the lights of the Mary Rose twinkled in the blackness.

"To be sure the ship is there, but"—

"But what?"

"We've no force. The old men are gone."

"I am here," answered Morgan, "and you and Black Dog. And there are a few others left. Teach is new, but will serve. I heard his bull voice roaring out from the tavern. And De Lussan and Velsers and the rest. I've kept sight of ye. Curse it all, I let you live when I might have hanged you."

"You did, captain, you did. You didn't hang everybody, but you didn't spare either."

"Listen," said Morgan quickly. "This is my plan. In the morning when the Hawxherst and Bradley do not appear

the evening yonder at the Blue Anchor. They've not been ashore yet. I take it?"

"No, but they will go tomorrow."

"That's well. Meanwhile gather together the bold fellows who have stomach for a cruise and are willing to put their heads through the halter provided there are pieces of eight on the other side, and then we'll take the frigate tomorrow night and away for the Spanish main. That will give us a start. We'll pick up what we can along the coast first, then scuttle the ship, cross the isthmus, seize another and have the whole south seas before us—Peru, Manila, wherever we will."

"The king has a long arm."

"Yes, and other kings have had long arms, too, I take it, but they have not caught Harry Morgan nor ever shall. Come, man, will you go with me?"

"Never fear," answered Hornigold promptly. "I've been lying for a chance to cut somebody's throat. Where will you lay hid until tomorrow night?"

"I have thought of that," said Morgan promptly. "I think the best place will be the cabin of your pinnace. I'll just get aboard, Black Dog here and I, and put to sea. Tomorrow night at this hour we'll come back again, and you will find us here at the wharf."

"A good plan, Master Morgan," cried Hornigold, forgetting the title as the scheme unfolded itself to him. "What's o'clock, I wonder?"

As he spoke the sound of a bell tapped softly came floating over the quiet water from the Mary Rose.

"Four bells," answered Morgan, listening; "at 10 of the clock, then, I shall be here."

"Leave the rest to me, sir," answered Hornigold.

"I shall. That will be your boat yonder?"

"Aye, just beyond the point."

"Is anybody aboard of her?"

"No one."

"Is there rum and water enough for one day?"

"Plenty. In the locker in the cuddy."

"Good! Come, Carib! Until tomorrow night, then!"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Hornigold, leaping over the pier and watching the boat fade into a black blur on the water as it drew away toward the pinnace.

"He's mine, by heaven, he's mine!" he whispered under his breath as he turned and walked slowly up to the house.

It was late when Hornigold returned to the parlor of the Blue Anchor inn. Half the company were drunk on the floor under the tables. The rest were singing or shouting or cursing in accordance with their several moods.

By his orders the inn servants at once cleared the room of the vainly protesting revellers. Those whose appearance indicated a degree of respectability which promised payment for their accommodation were put to bed. The common sort were bundled unceremoniously out on the strand before the door and left to sober up as best they might in the soft tropic night. Teach, Raveneau and the Brazilian were detained for conference with the boatswain. To these worthies, therefore, Hornigold unfolded Morgan's plan, which they embraced with alacrity, promising each to do his share. Velsers was too stupidly drunk to be told anything, but they knew they could count upon him without fail.

CHAPTER III.

THE next morning, after waiting a reasonable time for a message from the two soldiers at Spanish Town, Lord Carlingford, the new governor, who had taken up his residence temporarily at Port Royal, summoned his attendants and himself repaired to the seat of government to ascertain why no further report had been received from his officers. Great was his astonishment when he found that the residence of the vice governor had been destroyed by fire during the night. The frightened slaves could tell nothing. Morgan and Carib had taken care that no one had marked their departure. Consequently when the search of the ruins revealed the remains of three bodies so badly charred as to be unrecognizable it was naturally inferred at first that they were those of the buccaneer and



the new governor will send more men. He will find the house burned down. No one saw us come hither. There will be in the ruins the remains of three bodies.

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the two unfortunate officers. It was known among the people of the place, however, that Lady Morgan had been seriously ill, so ill that she could not have been removed, and there were some who suspected that one of the bodies was hers and that the arch fiend himself had by some means disposed of the officers and escaped. Therefore a hue and cry was raised for him and a strict search instituted by order of the governor, who, after setting affairs in motion, returned to Port Royal.

Troops were accordingly ordered out, and even details of surly seamen, growing at being deprived of their accustomed shore liberty, were detailed from the frigate, which happened to be the only war vessel in commission in the harbor. Hornigold, Raveneau and one or two of the others known to be former companions of the buccaneer were closely interrogated, but they stoutly declared they did not know his whereabouts and had seen nothing of him. Later in the afternoon it was observed that Hornigold's pinnace was not in the harbor. Indeed, with cunning adroitness, that master mariner himself called attention to the fact, cursing the while his old commander for his alleged theft of the boat and declaring his willingness to join in the search for him. It was known to the authorities that the execution of the boatswain's brother by Morgan had shattered the old intimacy which subsisted between them; consequently his protestations were given credence, and suspicion of collusion was diverted from him.

Lord Carlingford finally determined to send the Mary Rose to sea in an endeavor to overhaul the pinnace in the hope that the former vice governor might be found on her, although the chances of success were but faint. The frigate, however, was not provisioned or watered for a cruise after her long voyage from England. There had been considerable scurvy and other sickness on the ship, and she was in no condition to weigh anchor immediately. She would have to be resupplied and the sick men in her crew replaced by drafts from the shore. Besides, in accordance with the invariable custom, the great majority of the men had been given shore leave for that afternoon and evening, and those few who were not on duty were carousing at the Blue Anchor inn and similar taverns.

The frightened slaves could tell nothing



erns and would be utterly unable to work the ship should they be called upon to do so without being given a chance to sober up. This would take time, and Lord Carlingford upon the representations of his sea officers decided to wait until the morrow before commencing work.

As he could do so, not only personally, but through his able lieutenants, Hornigold busied himself during the day and the preceding night in enlisting as vicious a gang of depraved ruffians as could be gathered together in what was perhaps the wickedest city there was no place within the confines of Port Royal itself where so many men could meet without exciting suspicion. He had accordingly appointed a rendezvous for the night across the narrow entrance to the harbor, opposite the fort, under the trees which overshadowed the strand, some distance back from high water mark. Singly or in groups of two or three the men had gone across in boats after sunset, successfully eluding observation, for the night was moonless and very dark.

There was rum in plenty under the trees on the point, but care was taken by Rock Brazilliano, Raveneau and the others, even including Velsers, that no one should drink enough to lose entire control of his faculties or to become ob-

streperous. No fires were lighted; no smoking was permitted. Strict silence was enjoined and enforced. It was perhaps 10 o'clock before all were assembled.

When morning had cleared their brains of the rum they had taken, there had been ferocious opposition on the part of the older men. Not that they objected to buccaneering. They were eager for the chance once more. But the memory of Morgan's betrayals of his old comrades rankled deep. There were many besides Hornigold who had promised themselves the luxury of vengeance upon their old commander. There were none, however, who had so dwelt upon it as the boatswain, nor were there any whose animosity and determination compared to his fierce hatred. He was therefore able at last to persuade them into a surly willingness to accept Morgan as their captain in this new enterprise. Indeed, without him they could do nothing, for there was no one who possessed the ability or experience to lead them save he. The best men of the old stamp were now in the south seas and far away; they had been driven from the Caribbean. It was not difficult for Hornigold to show them that it must be Morgan or no one.

Their feelings of animosity were, perforce, sunk beneath the surface, although they smoldered still within their breasts. They would go with him, they said. But let him look to himself, they swore threateningly. If he betrayed them again there were men among them who would kill him as remorselessly as they would stamp on a centipede. If he behaved himself and the expedition on which he was to lead them proved successful they might forgive him—all but old Hornigold. Truth to tell, there was no one among them who felt himself so wronged or so badly treated as the one eyed envenomed sailor.

The bulk of the party, which numbered perhaps a hundred men, were simply plain, ordinary thieves, cutthroats, broken down seamen, land sharks and rascals. Not much was to be expected of them. They were not of the stuff of which the old time buccaneers had been made, but they were the best to be obtained at that time in Port Royal. Even they would not have been so easily assembled had they realized quite what was expected of them. They knew, of course, that they were committing themselves to some nefarious undertaking, but to each recruit had been vouchsafed only enough information to get him to come to the rendezvous, no more.

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