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

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The guns of the fort commanded the harbor mouth and under ordinary circumstances would have made it impossible for a ship to enter or leave without permission. The mouth was narrow and dangerous, but the best pilot in the West Indies stood forward leaning over the rail, conning the ship. Raveneau and Velsers, than whom no better seamen ever held a spoke, by Morgan's orders were stationed at the wheel to steer the frigate. Rock and Teach distributed the best of the men among the guns of the spar deck battery on the port side. As was usual, the guns were already charged. There were no loggheads available, no matches with which to fire them, but Morgan instructed those who seemed to have some skill in gunnery, whom he placed in temporary charge of the cannon, how to fire them by snapping their pistols at the touch-holes, which were primed from a powderhorn that had been brought by the pirates. The land breeze was fresh and strong, and the Mary Rose vindicated her claim to be considered a fast sailer. She fairly ripped down the harbor, threading her way through the channel under Hornigold's nice pilotage until she came near to the narrow entrance. By Morgan's orders each man re-



fire at the portholes of the fort as they passed, and he charged every one under pain of death to keep all fast until he gave the word. Hornigold bent all his mind to getting the ship safely out of the harbor. Two or three reliable men were stationed in the gangway, whose sole business it was to repeat his commands without fail during the confusion, no matter what happened. They were right in the entrance now and coming opposite the fort. The men below were still keeping up a great noise, but a hail which came across the water from the rampart was entirely audible, the distance not being more than half pistol shot. "Hello, the Mary Rose! Hello, the frigate!"

"Wouldst sit in my place?"



"Aye, aye! What is it?"
"Where are you going? Where's Lord Carlingford?"
There was no answer. The rapidly moving ship was fairly abreast the fort now. In thirty seconds she would be beyond it.
"We have killed the governor and Kemphorne, and this is the ship of Sir Henry Morgan, bound for the Spanish main on a buccaneering cruise. Fire!"
A perfect hail of shot at point blank range belched forth from the twenty-four guns of the larboard battery of the onrushing ship. In the surprise and confusion caused by this murderous discharge at short range the frigate slipped by, and, although every gun in the fort, whether it bore or not, was finally discharged by the infuriated soldiery, no serious damage was done to the ship. Here and there a man fell. Pouring an effective musketry and pistol fire upon the surprised garrison, the frigate slipped through the channel. Before the cannon could be reloaded they were out of range. There before them lay the open sea, bounded to the southward by the rich and unprotected cities of the Spanish main.

"We're out of the harbor, sir," cried Hornigold, coming aft to where Morgan stood triumphant on the poop.

"That's well!" said the commander. "Secure the guns and muster the crew. We'll divide into watches and bear away to the southward."

"Long live Sir Henry Morgan, King of the buccaneers!" cried a voice out of the darkness, and amid a tremendous roar of cheers the vessel swept away.

CHAPTER V.

TEN days after her departure from Port Royal the Mary Rose was tumbling southward before a gentle breeze through the blue and languid seas. Much had happened in the interval. In the first place, Morgan's crew reloaded and drilled the ship's crew relentlessly. With the aid of the five principal adventurers, whom he had constituted his lieutenants, he had brought the motley crowd which he had shipped into a state of comparative efficiency and of entire submission to his iron will. The co-operative principle which had been the mainspring of action as well as the which produced unity among the brethren of the coast had ceased to be regarded as so far as Morgan was concerned. He took care, however, to be upon fairly amicable terms with the officers in command and the veterans, though he treated the rest of the riffraff like the dogs they were. They murmured and raged, but did not revolt, although it was quite possible if he pushed them too far and they found a leader they might make trouble.

In accordance with Hornigold's advice, after deliberation between Morgan and the leaders, the Mary Rose had first run up to La Vaca Island, south of Hispaniola, and the number of original marauders had been increased by fifty volunteers, all those, indeed, who could be reached from the small pirates who made that delectable spot their rendezvous. In addition to those the crew had also been re-enforced largely from those of the unpaid and discontented seamen and soldiers of the frigate who had happened to be under hatches the night of the capture. Presented with the choice of instant death or adherence to the band, most of them had accepted the latter alternative, although, to their great credit be it said, not until one or two of the loyal veterans who had hotly refused to have anything to do with their ruffianly captors had been forced to walk the plank as an example to the rest should they prove recalcitrant. Partly through terror, partly through discontent, partly on account of promises of the great reward awaiting them, speciously urged by Morgan himself, for he could talk as well as he could fight, and, most of

all, because even at that date it was considered a meritorious act to attack a Spaniard, some seventy cast in their lot with the rest.

Among the 220 members of the heterogeneous crew so constituted were to be found natives of almost every race under the sun, even including one or two Spanish renegades, and it would be safe to say that the lowest and meanest representatives of the several races were assembled on that very ship. The officers and men who had been recruited from Isla La Vaca as well as the elder original members of the crew of the Mary Rose, together with a select few of the remainder, were men of approved courage. The officers, indeed, bore reputations for hardihood and daring not to be surpassed. Most of the rest, however, were arrant cowards. As a body the band could not compare except in leadership with the former bands of buccaneers.

Morgan himself, however, almost made up for all deficiencies. His eye was as keen, his hand as steady, his soul as reckless and his skill as high as when he had led the greatest buccaneer fleet that had ever assembled on the famous Panama expedition. Everybody on the ship hated him except young Teach and the faithful Black Dog. But they all feared him as much as they hated him, and they admired him as much as they feared him.

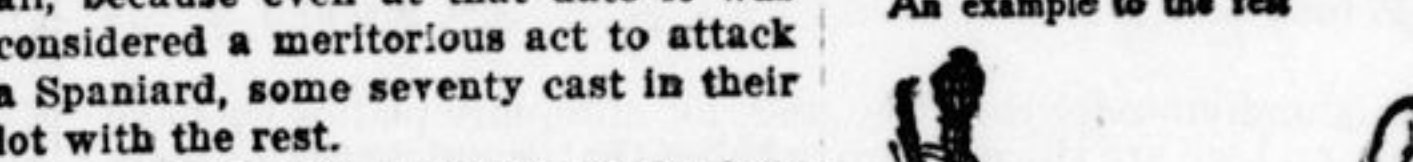
So far as he was concerned, discipline was absolute. No admiral of the fleet was ever served more promptly and respectfully than he. Even his nearest associates were treated with a certain haughtiness, which they bitterly resented and which they would have called in question had the situation been other than it was. Truth to tell, influenced by Hornigold, they had embarked upon a mad enterprise, and they needed Morgan to bring it to a successful conclusion. Without him

Red Rose Tea Uniformity

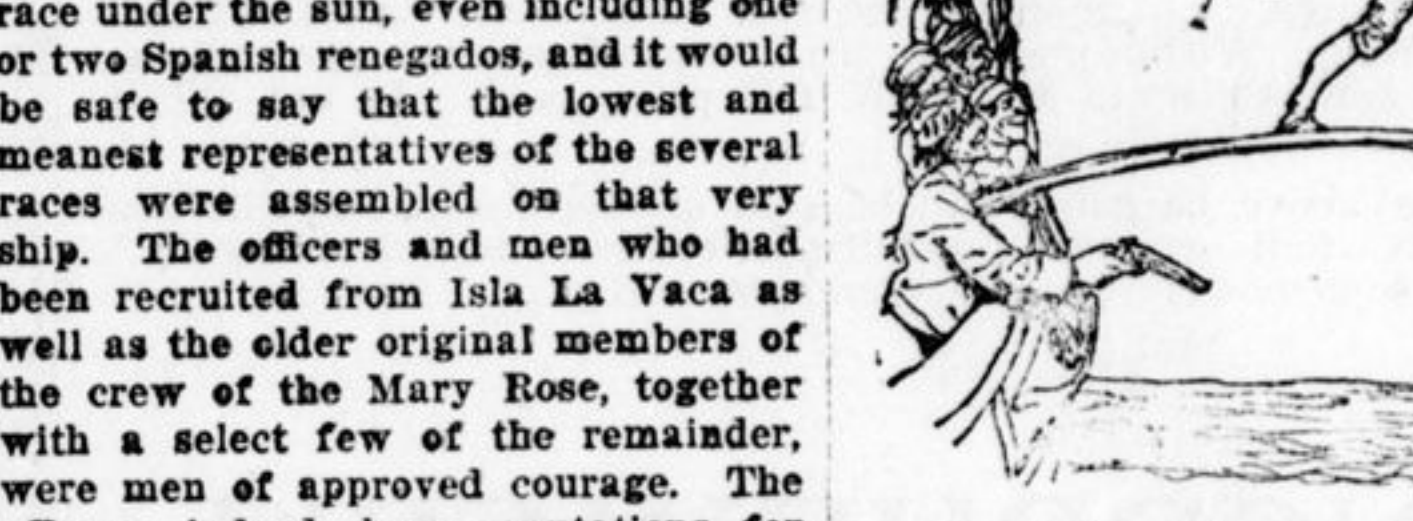
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An example to the rest



working the ship were obeyed and Morgan personally imposed implicit obedience and respect for his commands, no duties other than those required were performed by the men. During the day when not at work or at drill they drank, smoked, gambled and fought at pleasure, although, as the captain mercilessly exercised them during long hours, at the great guns and with small arms, they did not have any too much leisure for play. During the night they kept watch and watch of course, but in it all they took no care of the ship, and filth and dirt abounded. If they had anticipated a long cruise things would necessarily have been different, but as they had gone far to the southward now and might make a landfall at any moment there was no necessity for bothering about mere cleanliness. Morgan had not communicated his ultimate purposes to his men as yet, but as he was the only navigator on the ship he was allowed to have his own way.

Breakfast had been served—a meager breakfast it was, too, for all hands were on short allowance of everything but spirits, on account of the unprovided state of the ship. Fortunately for their contentment there was plenty of rum on board. The men were congregated forward on the fore-castle or in the waist, wrangling and arguing as usual. The officers gathered on the quarter deck, and Morgan paced the high raised poop alone, overlooking them, when the lookout suddenly reported three sail in sight. The half drunken sailor who had been sent aloft at daybreak had kept a negligent watch, for almost as soon as he had made his report the ships were observed from the deck of the frigate.

The Mary Rose had the wind on her quarter, her best point of sailing, and she was covered with canvas from her trucks to her decks, from her spitsail yard to her huge mizzen crossjack, a lateen sail. The wind was light, but she was making rapid progress toward the approaching strangers, who, with their larboard tacks aboard, were beating up toward the English.

Attended by the maroon, Morgan, pistol in hand, went forward to the fore-castle, kicking his way clear through the sullen, black browed mass of sailors. He ran a short distance up the weather fore shrouds and took a long look at the strangers. They all flew the yellow flag of Spain. One was a huge galleon, the other two smaller ships, though larger in each instance than the Mary Rose, and all heavily armed.

One of the plate ships from Porto Bello was due in this latitude about this time, and Morgan instantly surmised that the galleon was she and that the two others were Spanish frigates to give her safe convoy across the ocean. Spain was at peace with all the world at that time, and the two frigates would have been ample to ward off the attack of any of the small piratical craft which had succeeded the buccaneer ships of the Caribbean. The Spaniards had no idea that such a venture as Morgan was about; therefore, although they had sighted the Mary Rose long before she had seen them, because they kept better watch, they came on fearfully and without hesitation. It was evident to the experienced officers among them that the vessel was an English frigate, and as Eng-

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