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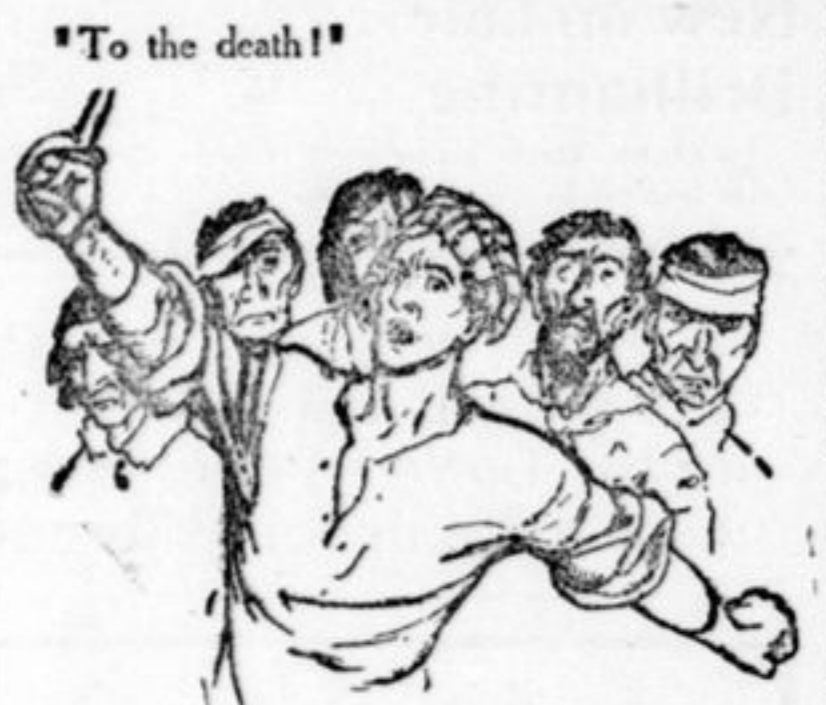


'EUREKA' SCHOOL DESK.
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C. SMITH & SONS

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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"To the death!" cried young Teach, who had come forward and mingled with the crowd, lifting a naked cutlass as he spoke. His cry was taken up and repeated, first by one and then another, until the whole body was yelling frantically to be given a chance to fight the Spanish ships.
 "That's well," said Morgan grimly. "Master Teach, here, will command forward on the fore'side. Raveneau and Velsers shall attend to the batteries in the waist. I appoint you, Hornigold, to look after the movements of the ship. See that the best hands are at the wheel and have sail trimmers ready. My Portuguese friend, you may look to the after guns. Now to your stations. Cast loose and provide! Man the larboard battery! See everything is ready, but hold your fire and keep silence under pain of death! You frigate over there we'll strike first. She'll be unprepared and unsuspecting. One good blow ought to dispose of her."
 As he spoke the men hurried to their stations. There was no lack of skill on the frigate, and now was seen the value of Morgan's constant drilling. The cannon of the ship were cast loose



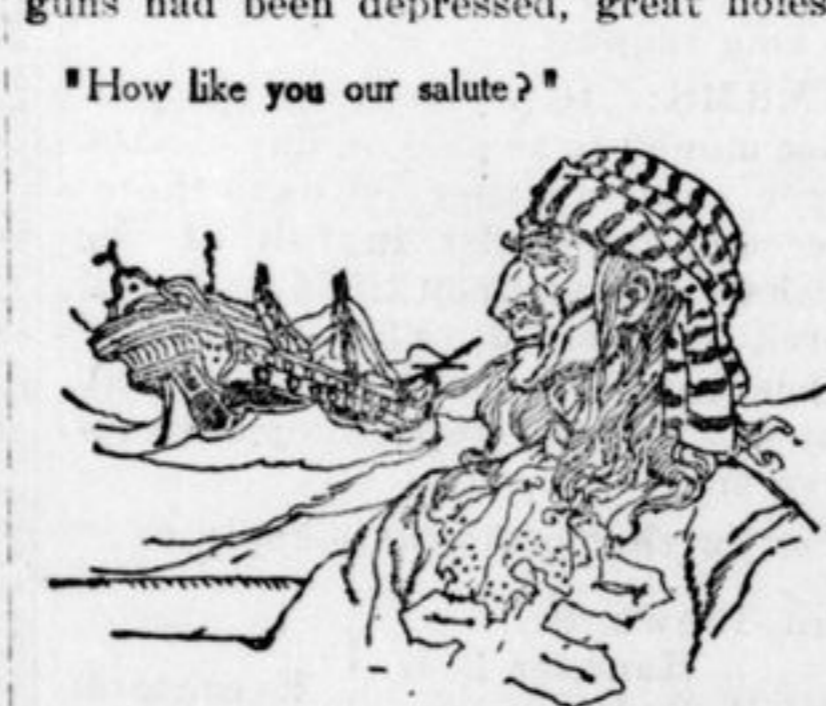
and loaded, loggerheads and matches lighted, small arms distributed and primed, pikes were served out, cutlasses loosened in their sheaths, and such as had armor, still worn in greater or less degree even in that day, donned it, and the ship was full of busy preparation.
 "We've no flag flying, sir," said Hornigold as the men settled down to their stations, grim and ready.
 "Aye," said Morgan, "show the English flag. We'll make as much trouble for his gracious majesty King James as possible."
 In a short time the glorious colors of England, which had never waved over so despicable a crew before, rippled out in the freshening breeze. As they were rapidly approaching the Spanish ship now, Morgan descended from the poop deck to make a personal inspection of his frigate before beginning action. He found everything to his taste and passed along the lines of silent men congregated around the guns with words of stern appreciation.
 The crews of the guns had been constituted with great care. The gun captains in each instance were tried and proved seamen, men as fearless as they were capable. The weaker and the more wretched of the band had been so placed that opportunity for showing cowardice would be greatly circumscribed, and the stern command of the captain that the officers and petty officers should instantly shoot any man who flinched from duty was not without effect. He did not hesitate to remind the men, either, that they fought with halbers around their necks.
 "Hornigold," said Morgan as he stepped up on the quarter deck again, "I want the frigate to pass as close to windward of that Spanish ship as you can bring her without touching. Let her not suspect our desire, but whirl into her as we get abreast. Don't fall foul of her as you value your life!"
 "Aye, aye, sir," answered that veteran, squinting forward along the jibboom with his one eye as if measuring the distance, "I'll bring her close enough for you to leap aboard and yet never touch a rope yarn on her."
 He spoke with the consciousness and pride of his skill.
 "Now, lads," cried Morgan, "have everything ready, and when I give the word pour it in on yonder ship. I want to settle her with one broadside. Stand by for the word! Now lie down, all, behind the bulwarks and rails. We must not arouse suspicion."
 The two ships, the Mary Rose going free, the Spanish frigate close hauled on the port tack, were now within hailing distance. As they approached each other the buccaneer could see that the other ship was crowded with men. Among her people the flash of sunlight upon iron helms denoted that she carried a company of soldiers. The Spaniards were entirely unsuspecting. The men had not gone to their quarters, the guns were still secured—in short, save for the military trappings of the soldiers on board and the tampered muzzles of her cannon she was in appearance as peaceful a vessel as sailed the seas.
 The two ships were near enough now to make conversation possible, and the Mary Rose was hailed by a tall, richly dressed officer in glistening breastplate and polished steel cap standing on the fore-castle of the other ship.
 "What ship is that?" he cried in broken English.
 "This is the frigate Mary Rose." The usual answer to such a hail would have been, "This is his Britannic maj-

esty's frigate Mary Rose," but the Spaniards suspected nothing as Morgan continued, "carrying Sir Henry Morgan, some time vice governor of the island of Jamaica."
 "I have the honor to wish the vice governor a very good morning," answered the Spaniard, courteously waving his hand in salutation.
 "Now, Hornigold; now!" said Morgan in a fierce whisper.
 The old boatswain sprang himself to the wheel. With his powerful hands he revolved it quickly until it was hard up. The frigate answered it instantly. She swung away toward the Spaniard to leeward of her with a suddenness that surprised even her steersman.
 "And I salute the vice governor," continued the Spanish captain just as the English ship swept down upon him, and then he cried in sudden alarm and excitement:
 "Have a care, señor! What mean you? You will be aboard of us! Hard up with the helm!"
 As soon as the Mary Rose had begun to fall off—aye, even before her motion had been perceptible—Hornigold had reversed the helm.
 "Flaw the head sheets there," he cried, shoving the wheel over spoke by spoke with all the force of his arms. "Flatten in aft a little, here! Steady! We're right abreast now, captain," he said.
 Almost as quickly as she had fallen off the nimble frigate, beautifully handled, came to the wind again. She was now almost in touch with the other ship. Hornigold's seamanship and skill had been magnificent. He had done all that was asked of him and all that he had promised.
 "Aye, aye," answered Morgan in triumphant commendation. "Handsome-ly done. I could leap aboard!"
 The Spanish ship was filled with confusion. The captain, with his face black with rage, stood on the fore-castle shaking his fist.
 "This is outrageous, sir!" he shouted. "You have nearly run us down! What do you want?"
 "I want to return your salute," answered Morgan suavely. "Up, lads!" he cried. As the men sprang to their feet he roared out fiercely: "Stand by! Fire! Pour it into them!"
 The Mary Rose was almost in contact with the Spanish ship when a perfect tornado of fire burst from her side. Every gun in her broadside, and she was a forty-eight gun frigate, was discharged point blank at the astonished enemy. Not waiting to reload the guns, the crew seized the small arms ready charged to hand and as they slowly swept by poured a withering fire upon the Spaniard's crowded decks. Out of the flame and smoke the Mary Rose burst upon the astonished eyes of the officers and men of the two remaining ships. The first frigate was a wreck on the water. Some of the pirate guns had been depressed, great holes

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 He had no fear of the armament of either one, but if those Spanish soldiers ever got a footing upon his own deck it was probable they could not be dislodged without a tremendous sacrifice of life, and as he gazed over his motley crew he even questioned their ability to contend successfully with such a mass of veterans. He had hoped that the remaining frigate would detach herself from the galleon, in which event the superior handiness and mobility of his own ship, to say nothing of his probable advantage in the way in which his batteries would be fought, would enable him to dispose of her without too much difficulty. Then he could with ease place the huge and unwieldy galleon at his mercy. But the two Spanish ships stuck close together, too close indeed, Morgan thought, for their own safety. They were both on the wind, with their larboard tacks aboard, the frigate slightly ahead and to windward of the galleon—on the side, that is, whence the Mary Rose was approaching. So far as he could divine it, the Spanish plan, if they had formulated any in their hurry, appeared to be for the frigate to engage the Mary Rose, and while she had the latter ship under her battery the galleon would tack across the English vessel's bows or stern, as might be, rake her, get her between the two ships, run her aboard and thus effect her ruin. The plan was simple, practicable and promised easy success, provided the Englishman did what was expected of him.
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had been opened by the shot, the masts had been carried away, and the devoted ship was sinking, her decks covered with dead and dying.
 "We wish you the compliments of the morning, señor," roared Morgan, facing aft toward the battered and ruined frigate. "How like you our salute?"
 But the captain of the Spanish vessel lay dead upon his bloody deck, and if any answered the jeering taunt it was drowned by the laughter and cheering of the English crew. They had eliminated the first ship from the game. They had diminished their enemies by a third, and full of confidence they swept down upon the other two.

CHAPTER VI.
ALTHOUGH they could not comprehend the reason for the vicious attack upon their consort by a ship of a supposedly friendly power, it was evident to the Spaniards in the two remaining ships that the English frigate was approaching them with the most sinister and malevolent purpose. Consequently the exultant men on the Mary Rose could hear the shrill notes of the trumpeters on the two other ships calling their men to arms.
 With a confidence born of success, however, Morgan resolutely bore down upon the enemy. Even the dastards in his crew had been excited by the ease and success of the first treacherous blow and plucked up courage, believing that their captain's invincible skill, address and seamanship would carry them safely through the next encounter.
 The Spanish had little warning after all, for the breeze was rapidly freshening, and in what seemed an incredibly short time the English frigate was close at hand. Though they worked

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 He had no fear of the armament of either one, but if those Spanish soldiers ever got a footing upon his own deck it was probable they could not be dislodged without a tremendous sacrifice of life, and as he gazed over his motley crew he even questioned their ability to contend successfully with such a mass of veterans. He had hoped that the remaining frigate would detach herself from the galleon, in which event the superior handiness and mobility of his own ship, to say nothing of his probable advantage in the way in which his batteries would be fought, would enable him to dispose of her without too much difficulty. Then he could with ease place the huge and unwieldy galleon at his mercy. But the two Spanish ships stuck close together, too close indeed, Morgan thought, for their own safety. They were both on the wind, with their larboard tacks aboard, the frigate slightly ahead and to windward of the galleon—on the side, that is, whence the Mary Rose was approaching. So far as he could divine it, the Spanish plan, if they had formulated any in their hurry, appeared to be for the frigate to engage the Mary Rose, and while she had the latter ship under her battery the galleon would tack across the English vessel's bows or stern, as might be, rake her, get her between the two ships, run her aboard and thus effect her ruin. The plan was simple, practicable and promised easy success, provided the Englishman did what was expected of him.
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 Meanwhile the crew had been re-charging the battery and reloading the small arms. Morgan addressed to them a few words of hearty approval of their previous actions and predicted an easy victory over the two ships. The Spanish captain naturally supposed the three ships were sailing if persisted in would have brought about the result—that the Mary Rose would pass along his larboard side and the two vessels would engage in the formal manner of the period, yardarm to yardarm until the galleon could get into action and so settle it in the purposed way. He intended, of course, if it could be brought about, to throw the masses of soldiers he was transporting home upon the English decks and carry the frigate by boarding.
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