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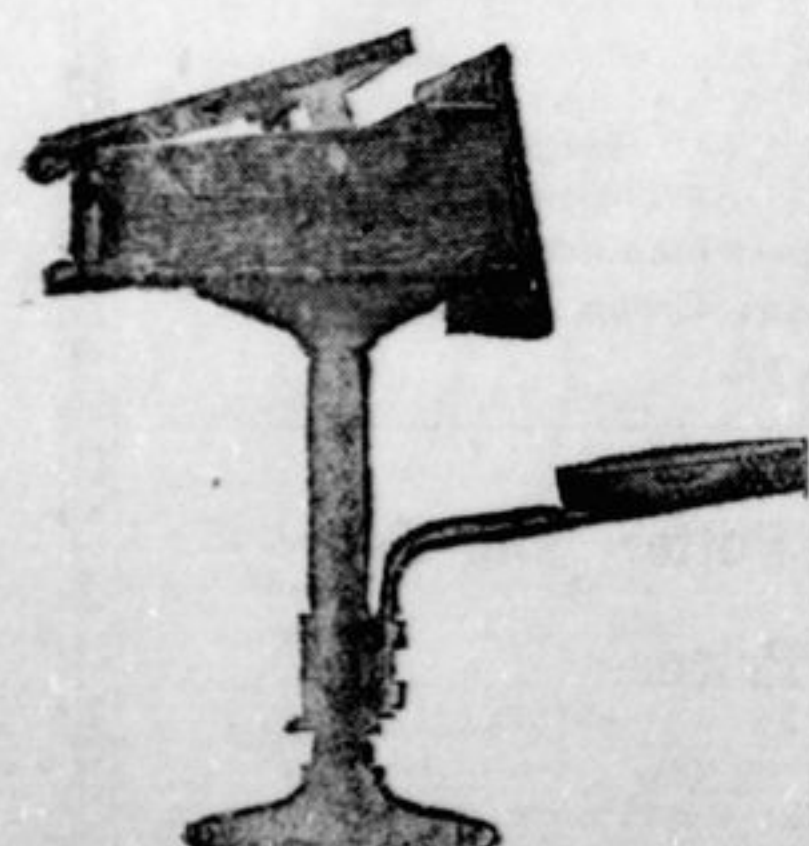
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## DURHAM FOUNDRY



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MANUFACTURED BY

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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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"We give no quarter to pirates and murderers!" the other shouted.

"That's what I thought," said Morgan triumphantly, and as he spoke he drew from his pocket a silver whistle like a boatswain's call. He blew it shrilly before the wondering men.

At that instant Teach, followed by the few men who had remained below in the powder division, came running up to Morgan from the hatchway between the two forces.

"Is't done?" cried the captain. "Aye, sir. In another!" "Forward, gentlemen!" shouted the Spanish captain, dropping from the quarter deck to the main deck. "God and St. Jago! Have at them!"

Before he had taken two steps the terrific roar of a deafening explosion came to the startled buccaneers out of the blast of flame and smoke, in the midst of which could be heard shrieks and groans of the most terrible anguish. Teach had connected the powder with the fuse, and when he had heard the sound of Morgan's whistle, the agreed signal, he had ignited it and blown up the stern of the frigate.

The Spaniards were hurled in every direction. So powerful was the concussion that the front ranks of the buccaneers were also thrown down by it. Morgan happened to fall by the side of the Spanish captain, and the latter, though badly wounded, with determined and heroic valor raised himself on his arm and strove to kill the buccaneer. But the faithful Carib, who

Strove to kill the buccaneer



had reserved one charged pistol by his master's command for such an emergency, shot him dead.

Morgan struggled to his feet and looked at the scene. Some of his men did not rise with the others, for they had been killed by the falling splinters and bits of iron. The whole stern of the Mary Rose was gone. There was not a Spaniard left before them. A few figures shrieking vainly for help, clutching at floating pieces of timber, might be seen struggling in the sea. The Spanish frigate had a great hole in the port side of her afterworks. She was on fire. The three ships were rocking as if in a hurricane.

Panic filled the minds of the greater part of the buccaneers at this tremendous catastrophe. Had Morgan to save himself ruined his own ship? They were appalled by the terrific expedient of their captain. Wild cries and imprecations burst forth.

"The ship is sinking!" "We are lost!" "Silence!" shouted Morgan again and again. "The ship is sinking, but our ship is there. Let those who love life follow me!"

He sprang at the burning rail of the Spanish frigate. Black Dog was at his heels; Ben Hornigold followed hard upon; Teach was on the other side. From the waist Raveneau and the Brazilian strove to inspire the men. Old Velsers from the forecastle drove them forward as quickly as he could. Presently they recovered their courage in some measure, for the fighting force of the enemy had disappeared. They had lost a ship, but there were two other ships before them. They swarmed over the rail with cheers and cries. There was little or no resistance. The men of the frigate were stunned into helplessness by the explosion, although the captain of the galleon rallied a few men and fought until they were all cut down and the two ships were taken by storm.

They had scarcely gained the deck of the galleon before the remains of the Mary Rose sank beneath the sea, the wounded upon her decks vainly crying for succor.

By this time the weather side of the remaining Spanish ship was a mass of flame, and there was imminent danger that the fire would be communicated to the galleon. Giving his men time for nothing, Morgan set to work furiously to extricate himself. Axes and hatchets were piled and all the skill and seamanship of the conquerors brought into play. Finally they succeeded in getting clear and working away from the burning frigate. Morgan at once put the galleon before the wind and when he had drawn away a short distance hove to the ship to take account of the damage before determining his future course.

Far back on the ocean and low in the water drifted the sinking remains of the first Spanish frigate. Near at hand was the hulk of the second ship, now a blazing furnace. The first was filled with living men, many of them desperately wounded. No attention was paid to them by the buccaneers. They cried for mercy unheeded. Anyway, their suspense would soon be over. Indeed, the first ship sank and the second blew up with a fearful explosion a short time after they got away. A brief in-

spection showed that the galleon had suffered little or no damage that could not be repaired easily at sea. Taking account of his men, Morgan found that about twenty were missing. Taking no care for them nor for the two ships he had fought so splendidly, pirate though he was, he clapped sail on the galleon and bore away to the southward.

## CHAPTER VII

THE Almirante Recalde, 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 dog 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 Recalde 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 so 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 inquiries.

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 hatches. 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 calculation satisfied the buccaneer of the immense value of his prize. 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 180 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 mad. Some of them stared in paralyzed silence; others broke into frantic cheers and yells; some reeled and shuddered like drunk 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 human man, especially a buccaneer, to view with equanimity the distribution—or the proposed distribution—of so vast a treasure and feel that he could

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He seized the dazed man by the throat



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:

"No, Sir Harry Morgan, we've decided to follow our latest plan. We'll work this ship up to the New England coast and wreck her there. There are plenty of spots where she can be cast away safely and none to know it. We'll obey you there and no farther. We've got enough treasure under hatches to satisfy any reasonable man. We're not afeared of the king if you are."

"You fool!" thundered Morgan. "You will be hanged as soon as your part in the adventure is known."

"And who is to make it known, pray? As you said, we are poor ignorant men. It's nothing to us if you are marked, and you—and you," he continued, stepping forward and pointing successively at Morgan and the little band of officers who surrounded him. "A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, we'd have you understand, and we're content with what we've got. We don't want no further cruisin'. There's no need for us to land on the Spanish main. We've made up our minds to 'bout ship and bear away to the northward. Am I right, mates?"

"Aye, aye! Right you are!" roared the men, surging aft.

"You mutinous hound!" yelled Morgan, leaning forward in a perfect fury of rage, and his passion was something appalling to look upon.

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, Raveneau, Velsers and the officers 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 waist belt ere 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 we're not to have a share in this either. We've been in the south seas," continued the speaker, a man named O'lonnois, 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."

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Dr. Hart's Celery-Iron Pills enrich the blood, tone up the nerves and invigorate the whole system, producing it sickly, weakly men and women that strong, vigorous, healthy feeling that makes life worth living.

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By the single box the Pills are 40c.

JNO. A. DARLING  
CHEMIST — AND — DRUGGIST  
DURHAM, ONT.

The man who had been thrown overboard had shrieked for help as he fell. The splash he had made as he struck the water had been followed by another. A Spanish priest standing by the rail had seized a grating and thrown it to the man. Morgan took in the situation in a glance.

"Who threw that grating?" he cried. "I, senor," composedly answered the priest, who understood English.

Morgan instantly snatched a pistol from De Lussan's hand 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, L'Olonnois. And for you, hounds," he roared, clubbing the smoking pistol and stepping toward the huddled, frightened men, "get back to your duties unless you wish instant death! Scuttle me, 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!"

Morgan was completely master of the situation.

"I am to be obeyed," he cried, "implicitly, without question, without hesitation!" "Aye, aye!" "We will!" "That's well. Heave that carrion overboard," kicking the body of the priest. "Now we'll go back and pick up Sawkins," he continued. "Ready about! Station for stays!" "Look you, Captain Morgan!" cried Hornigold, pointing to leeward. "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. Flow the head sheets there! 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, hove 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 as never before. It did not seem possible that they could beat the wind. 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!"

[CONTINUED]

A Hard Question.  
Modern Maiden—I wish some advice. Old Lady—Certainly, my dear. What is it? Modern Maiden—Shall I marry a man whose tastes are the opposite of mine and quarrel with him, or shall I marry a man whose tastes are the same as mine and get tired of him?



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## South Grey Fair.

(continued from page 3.)  
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