

# MORGAN RAVAGED THE SPANISH MAIN.

Noted Exploits of a Seventeenth Century Pirate who Pillaged and Burned the Coast Cities of Cuba and the West Indies.

The present operations of the American fleet in Cuban waters are not the first history but to record a few of the power of Spain in that part of the world. The very city of Santiago, against which is directed the strength of the Yankee fleet, has fallen in the past before aggressive Anglo-Saxons, as it will again in the near future.

The American people, moved past all endurance at the barbarous inhumanities by Spain against the Cubans, have "in the name of humanity, in the name of civilization," invoked the aid of the army and navy to establish peace and the blessings of liberty will confer upon the blood-soaked soil of the "Pearl of the Antilles."

The ultimate object of the former successful invasion was as far removed from that actuating America at the present time as it is possible to conceive. It was conducted solely for the object of personal gain, under the command of Sir Henry Morgan, the most daring and bloodthirsty freebooter that ravished the Spanish main in the latter portion of the seventeenth century.

The history of Captain Morgan's exploits in the West Indies was written by one J. Esquemeling, a reformed pirate, who accompanied him on his numerous forays, dating from his capture of the island of St. Catherine, in 1665, to the sacking of the city of Panama in 1671. A fine old ballad also commemorates this later adventure. The memoirs were published in England in 1704 and contain, as the title page sets forth, "The History of the Buccaneers of America, From the First Original Down to this Time; Written in Several Languages and Now Collected into One Volume. The Whole Newly Translated into English and Illustrated with 25 Copper Plates."

This quaint old chronicle was first written and printed in Holland Dutch and afterward translated and published in English. In passing through the translator's hands it has acquired the stilted and pedantic figures of English "as she was" in those early days, but enough of the spirit of the original author remains to give an excellent idea of the atrocities perpetrated by Morgan's "gentlemen of fortune." Then, as now, Havana was the strongest fortified city in Cuba. It was also chief in size and commercial importance, and one of the great ports of the island. Each of these two cities had half of the island under its jurisdiction, to which, says the chronicler, "all the Towns and Villages thereof give obedience." Gomez and Garcia could relate quite a different story at the present time.

The islands of Tortuga and Jamaica were the common refuge of the freebooters, who operated against the Spaniards of Florida, West Indies, Venezuela and the northern coast of South America. This portion of the world constituted the Spanish main of bloody romance and savage adventure. At this period there was an immense amount of trade with these islands in tobacco, hides and sugar, and hundreds of Spanish merchant vessels traversed yearly that part of the Caribbean sea lying southeast of the northern South American coast. This traffic was mercurial and the pirates waged merciless warfare, at first against the ships alone, but as their numbers increased they made successful incursions against the villages and towns situated on the islands and along the coasts of Florida and South America.

Jamaica, in Morgan's time, was under the domination of an English governor, who, among other characteristics, possessed an extremely ductile conscience. He was hand in glove with the freebooters, assisting them to outfit their ships with supplies and men and affording them a safe asylum from all attacks in the fortified harbors of Jamaica. In 1665 Morgan began his adventurous career. On account of his active part in a number of successful exploits, he was chosen vice-admiral of a piratical fleet of fifteen vessels which put out from Jamaica fitted for general conquest of coast and inland cities. The first descent was upon the garrison of St. Catherine's island, near Costa Rica, which surrendered under the attack. The town was promptly looted and a great number of the inhabitants slaughtered and taken prisoners. The portion of the fleet laden with booty and captives returned to Jamaica, first leaving a force of 100 pirates on the island to hold it, in the command of one El Sieur Simon as governor. Arriving at Jamaica it was proposed to the English governor that a garrison should be raised for the purpose of fortifying and holding it as a perpetual haven for the freebooters. This plan seemed to be altogether too bold for Jamaica's governor, who, fearing to displeasure the king, declined to reduce his own military force to supply the needed recruits, promptly refused his assent to the proposal. Morgan's practical partner whose name was Mavisel, who had been entrusted to negotiate the affair, then set out to Tortuga to secure new recruits. Here he suddenly died. Meanwhile the Spaniards recaptured St. Catherine and at once transported and executed the pirates.

OPERATIONS IN CUBA.

Notwithstanding this misadventure, Captain Morgan with undiminished courage rapidly equipped a second fleet of twenty vessels to be brought by their crews to a certain part of Cuba, where a general council would be held and plans for future expeditions made.

The literary buccaneer at this point gives a detailed account of the council of war, which, in the printed chronicle, is set forth in all the usual plenitude of lengthy paragraphs and capital letters. Havana was first considered as the combined point of attack, but as the pirates numbered about 300 men and twelve ships and boats, the equipment was deemed too insignificant for the capture of so strongly fortified a place. The town of Puerto Principe was decided upon as the point of assault, because, as the author naively states, "it being at a distance from sea, it never was sacked by any pirates, whereby the inhabitants were rich."

The story of the expedition thus begins: "This proposal was presently admitted by Captain Morgan and the chief of his companions, hereupon they ordered every Captain to weigh anchor and sail, steering toward that Coast nearest to Puerto de el Principe. Here in the bay named by the Spaniards El Puerto de Santa Maria being was prisoner a Spaniard who ashore by night, giving account to the inhabitants of the designs of the pirates, which he overheard in their discourse, while they thought he did not understand Spanish."

"The Spaniards upon this advice began to hide their riches and carry away their moveables; the Governor immediately raised all the people of the

ally the disorganized citizens, retired, and by the aid of his troops and fought until the garrison was captured.

He made a stubborn and gallant resistance, and to the pirate's demand to surrender refused with the remark that he preferred "to die as a valiant soldier than to hang like a dog."

He was finally killed and the city captured. The booty and ransom secured from this freebooting expedition amounted to 250,000 pieces of eight in money and a great quantity of merchandise. While Morgan occupied the city and carried on the exchange of arms occurred between him and the governor of Panama, which is piquant in its Spartan brevity and Attic pungency.

The letters followed an attempt of the governor to dislodge the pirates from the city. His entire force was almost cut off by Morgan's men, who decamped the troops into an ambush, where they were simply slaughtered. Following this abortive attempt word was sent to Puerto Velo that he and his men were on their way to the city, and they were captured, as he (the governor) hoped to do. To which Morgan replied that he would deliver the castles and city when the ransom he had set on it was paid, and, if not paid within the time named, castles and city would be demolished and the prisoners he held shot.

The taking of Puerto Velo by so insignificant a force greatly surprised the governor of Panama, who sent another messenger desiring a small pattern of the kind of arms used in making so important a capture. Morgan, with elaborate courtesy and gave him a pistol and a few small bullets, with word to the governor that if he would accept the slender pattern of arms incidentally used to take Puerto Velo he would keep it a year, he (Morgan) would then return it to him. It is but fair to add that Morgan kept his word with a thoroughness that has lived to the present day, and forms one of the most dastardly and wonderful achievements known in the history of this infamous freebooter.

Morgan, his entire force with the best guns the garrisons afforded, and rich with stolen treasure, Morgan triumphantly sailed to Jamaica. Arrived there, his men, each with his allotted share of plunder, repaired shoreward to the boozing keens and stews, where, with the abandoned and the careless of the princes and their own unbridled, brutish passions to drive them on, they indulged in orgy and debauchery that within a few weeks left them as penniless as before their cruise.

Following the sacking of Puerto Velo, the city of Matanzas, in Cuba, was captured, this being the second time the place had suffered from successful piratical attacks. Other depredations occurred prior to the expedition against the city of Panama. This last was Morgan's most noted exploit. With a vastly inferior force he captured Panama, looting it first and burning it afterward.

Here he secured the greatest amount of booty ever taken by a similar attack. A great quantity of jewels, an immense amount of money and valuable merchandise was collected. But what it amounted to has never been learned.

Whether Morgan had grown tired of the dangerous life and desired to secure sufficient wealth as would enable him to live in comfort in England, the chronicler does not state. He does say, however, that all the treasure the pirates individually received but £200 as their share. Morgan took the best ship of the fleet, which also carried the heaviest guns, and suddenly departed from the rendezvous, leaving the remainder of the society of free companions to shift for themselves. They never saw him again.

Some novelist might construct a very readable tale showing how this arch villain, more bloodthirsty than the Turk, and who had committed more crimes than was ever dreamed of placing in the hands of the executioner, peacefully spent the remainder of his days in some quiet English shire, where, in the guise of a round-bellied squire, he paraded justice by dispensing judgment against men who were angels of purity in comparison to him.

FRANK MARKWARD.

### Fine Fiddles.

The ways in which violins of famous make and great value emerge from obscurity are varied, and no greater proof of this fact has been advanced for many years than the discovery of Thomas Jefferson's favorite violin in the hands of an octogenarian negro near Charlottesville, Va. The violin bears date of 1671, and its maker was Nicolaus Amati. This relic of Jefferson and of the skill of its Italian maker was found by Hans Hildebrandt, a violinist from Baltimore, Md. Mr. Hildebrandt is an amateur musician. The story of his discovery and what led up to it is told by himself:

"I happened into a barber shop kept by a negro at Charlottesville and incidentally asked him my favorite question: 'Do you know of an old violin, a very fine one?' He said he had one of an old fiddle, boss, that belonged to Thomas Jefferson, and old John Scott owns it now.' The barber was so interested that he sent one of his men with me, and soon we were on the road to Scott's house, about two miles from Charlottesville, at the bend of the Monticello mountains and adjoining the old Jefferson plantation. John Scott I found to be an active, bright negro of 83 years. When I saw him he was working in his garden. I asked to see the violin, and he brought to me from the cupboard a dilapidated double violin case that had once been covered with leather. So many years had elapsed, however, since the leather was first placed on the case that a large part of it had come off in patches."

"Opening it I saw that the moths had had a feast with the red lining. The instrument was wrapped carefully in a piece of old cloth, and the minute I looked at it I saw it was the best specimen of Nicolaus Amati's violins I had ever seen. After a while I managed to strike a bargain with the old man, and the violin became my property. In it I am certain I own one of the very best violins existing today. The scroll is most artistically carved, the model and workmanship beautiful. The varnish is of the golden yellow color and the pegs are of ivory. All that was needed was a few repairs and now it is a singing beauty."

"John Scott, from whom I bought the violin, told me that he inherited the instrument from his father, who was a slave of Thomas Jefferson. After returning to Charlottesville with my prize I learned that Jefferson was a good musician and a lover and player of the violin, and he brought me the very best instruments of Italian make. The one I had bought he had christened 'Pet,' and this makes me believe that it was his favorite violin."

### THE MAN BELOW.

While you sing of Schley and Hobson  
And of gallant Dewey, too,  
While with thoughts of them your hearts are all aglow  
I would sing to you of another—  
Just as brave and just as true—  
Of the man who does the stoking down below.

For his home is in the bell,  
Down below,  
And he doesn't hear the yell,  
That goes up when the firing's done,  
When the ship he's with has won—  
He must keep a-shoveling on,  
Down below.

Though his name be never mentioned,  
Though his name or wear him not,  
Though his deeds may never bring him worldly fame,  
He's a man above the others—  
And the bravest of the lot—  
And the hero of the battle, just the same.

He's the man who does the work,  
Down below,  
From the labor does not shrink,  
Down below,  
He is shoveling day and night,  
Feeding flames all blazing bright,  
Keeping up a sizzling fight,  
Down below.

In the awful heat and toffure  
Of the fires that leap an' dance  
In and out the furnace doors that never close,  
On in silence he must work,  
For his name or wear him not  
On his brow to feel the outer breeze that blows.

For they've locked him in a room,  
Down below,  
In a burning, blazing tomb,  
Down below,  
Where he cannot see the sky,  
When destruction stalketh nigh,  
Cannot learn in time to fly,  
Down below.

While the fighting fierce is waging,  
And the cannon's rattle  
And their sizzling shells the enemy surround,  
To the stoker down below,  
Not a word is ever said,  
To his ear is borne no echo of the sound.

When they open wide his door,  
Down below,  
And they cry, "You're work is o'er,"  
Down below,  
There they find him wearily lying  
On a pile of coal and creaking  
Out in madness, for he's dying  
Down below.

WHEN MY TURN COMES.

When my turn comes, dear shipmates  
Oh, do not weep for me;  
Wrap me up in my hammock tight,  
And put me into the sea;

For it's no good weeping  
When a shipmate's sleeping,  
And the long watch keeping  
At the bottom of the sea.

But think of me sometimes and say:  
"He did his duty right,  
And strove the best he knew to please  
His captain in the fight."  
But it's no use weeping  
When a shipmate's sleeping,  
And the long watch keeping  
Through the long, long night.

And let my epitaph be these words:  
"Clear'd from this port, alone,  
A crafty man was stanch, and sound,  
And true,  
Destination unknown."  
And it's no good weeping  
When a shipmate's sleeping,  
And the long watch keeping  
All alone, all alone.

And mark this well, my shipmates dear,  
Alone the long night through,  
Up there in the darkness behind the stars  
I'll look out sharp for you;  
So it's no good weeping  
When a shipmate's sleeping,  
And the long watch keeping  
All the long night through.  
—Barrett Eastman in the Chap-Book.

She Was a Patriot.

While we were waiting at the depot for a delayed train, a little old woman who used a closed umbrella for a cane, and who had seven different patriotic badges pinned to her bosom, came sauntering down the street and upon the long platform and closely regarded each individual man. One of the crowd finally said to her:

### STAMPS BY THE MILLION.

The war series of stamps soon to be issued under the war revenue act will be the daintiest, most artistic, and at the same time the most dignified, of all stamps issued by the government. In a few weeks you will see them attached to nearly everything sold at the drug stores in "put up" packages, to all sorts of documents and to many other things commonly handled. They will soon become well nigh as familiar as the ordinary postage stamp. Since any attempt to reproduce the designs for illustrating purposes would result in the seizure of all newspapers so offending, a pen picture must suffice.

Those to be most commonly seen will be the proprietary and documentary adhesive stamps. They will be slightly larger than the two-cent postage stamp, and printed upon the same good quality of white paper—not the green paper now used in tobacco, cigarette and cigar stamps. The longer edges of the top and bottom, the designs running lengthwise with the surface. On the proprietary stamps beneath an arch bearing the inscription "United States Internal Revenue" stands boldly out, with characteristic dignity and grace, a typical United States first-class battleship, under full steam, riding a restless sea beneath a canopy of fleecy clouds. The documentary stamp shows the figure of a goddess with flowing robes; she holds in one hand an old model battleship, and in the other a scepter.

The designs were happily selected by the John G. Johnson of the bureau of Engraving and printing, because of the conspicuous part thus far played in this war by the American man-of-war, even before the formal declaration of hostilities was made. The perforations separating the stamps on the whole sheets will not be round, like the "punch-hole" perforations of postage stamps, but what are called "knife blade" perforations. They will be dashes instead of dots, and when torn through will leave straight rather than saw-tooth edges.

The same designs will appear upon all denominations of the two official issues—proprietary and documentary—of adhesive stamps. The only difference will occur in the tints and numerals to denote different denominations and the inscription to characterize each of the two series, as said in the bulletin of official engraving you will shortly see some tints never before used on stamps. Uncle Sam's great variety of inks has already been exhausted, and some novelties are being experimented with.

You will be struck by the oddity of the new fractional denominations. For instance, there will be, one-eight, one-fourth, three-eighths, five-eighths, 1, 2, 4, 5, 10 and 50 cent stamps, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10 and 50 cent stamps, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10 and 50 cent stamps, and 10 documentary stamps. The tints will include three shades of blue, green, red and brown, and a number of other novelties in orange and lemon. You will find these fractional proprietary stamps upon perfumery, cosmetics, pills, lozenges and cough drops put up before the new individual proprietary stamps have been designed for those manufactures who prefer them.

The one-cent documentary stamp will be seen ordinarily upon telegraph messages and parlor and sleeping car tickets. The great variety of denominations up to \$10 will be seen upon all sorts of real estate and legal documents, but of lasting etc.

About two-thirds of the force employed on the new stamps are women, mostly young girls, selected because they are much more neat, careful and dexterous for delicate work than is the ordinary man. To keep the wheels running fast enough to fill the variety of new orders necessitated by the revenue act, the force of the great bureau of printing and engraving has been increased to nearly 1,700. By making two shifts Chief Johnson says he can turn out 11,000,000 of the new stamps daily.

### Transforming the Drum.

Into the American households at last has the war come. The drum—that instrument of martial sound—has been transformed into one of the most necessary articles of the home—the scrap basket. Work boxes and work baskets, too, are with a little ingenuity made out of the same implements of the band and of the march.

But little labor is required to fit these drums to their new vocation. If possible—for sentiment's sake, if nothing else—drums that have actually seen service are preferable, but if an old drum cannot be procured, a fresh new miniature one, direct from a shop, glistening all over in its gorgeousness of bright paint will do. Any size is allowable, and the adornment thereafter is limited only by the taste and skill of the fairer enthusiast.

The first step is to cut out one end—do not knock it out, mind you, as that would loosen the strings and break up the drum's entire structure. This excision should be done carefully, and with judgment. Then the interior should be lined with silk, satin or cretonne. Bands of ribbon should be tied around the outside, and in the same fashion as ribbon is tied around any basket, and the metamorphosis should be finished off with huge bows, tied in the most artistic manner.

What are known as "baby drums" are made in the same fashion, into very tiny scrap baskets to stand on the feminine writing table, and yet another use for the transformed drum is as a "hair receiver," to be placed on my lady's dressing table. "Baby drums," too, must be used for these.

### GIRLS NOW WIELD BROOMS.

Those flowing sleeves for girls are unusually pretty this year, but judging from a conversation I chanced to overhear the other day, they are driving the girls with scrawny arms to distraction. I didn't mean to play the aviator, but I'm getting on. It was within hearing distance, for I made a discovery which I am sure will be of interest. You see, the sleeves are very transparent, and that is why the group of girls seemed filled with woe. They were all talking about how thin their arms were and discussing tennis and golf as a means of rounding them out.

"Golf never in the world will do it," girls, nor tennis either," exclaimed one plump-looking miss—the only plump one, by the way, in the group. Look at my arm," and in a trice she had unrolled her cuff links and, without unrolling the pink plique sleeve to her shoulder, displayed a beautifully modeled arm, dimpling in soft rounded curves. "Yes, but yours were gifts of the gods," cried a scrawny one. "You don't know what it means to be bothered about them."

"I do, too! Wasn't I almost a scare-crow a year ago? You remember how thin I was for months after I left school. I tried everything—tennis, golf, massage and physical culture, until I didn't really care a fig whether I had plump arms or not. But I got so thin I could bring about such ideally lovely curves."

"I not only 'did,' but I still 'do' it every day of my life. Now don't laugh when I tell you that I have swept my shirt and bed room five or six times every morning since last August. Haven't you noticed that housemaids nearly always have rounded, shapely arms? The idea popped into my head one day while Nita was sweeping the halls. She had her sleeves rolled up, so I saw her arms from shoulder to wrist, and it was the most beautiful in symmetry that I have ever seen."

"I just didn't wait another minute, but bounded up the stairs into mamma's room and told her that I had made a discovery, and that she must go about and look after her arms, and if she imported brooms, and that every hour, I swept my room over and over again. It tired me most to death, too. My back ached, my head hurt and the next morning I found the muscles of my arms were so sore I could not dress myself."

"Of course it's an awful bother, but when one considers the comfort it brings, why you never once think about that! Just live, that's all, my old plumpie, and then the sweeping comes right after. It really is a tip-top exercise all over for one, too. My cheeks are all aglow when I finally poke the broom away."

"How many brooms do you reckon I've swept out? Just live, that's all, and my carpet has been renovated twice. So you see it is not any more economical than going to the physical culture madam, after all, but it's a great deal more gratifying in the end."

"But how on earth do you do it," asked one of the thin girls. "I don't know how to hold a broom."

"Hold it the best way you can. That's all the information I can give," laughed the plump one. "But you want to buy those with good large sticks, because they do not cramp one's hands so. You must sweep champagne glasses, your palms with the dust, and get some silk dust caps to slip over your hair. You've no idea how funny one looks gotten up so. And if you go to work with a long skirt on it will make you ever so tired dragging it around over the floor. Put on a golf skirt, they are just lovely for sweeping. The thin girls were profuse in their thanks, and went away rejoicing."

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