

## BLACKBEARD'S DEN

Haunt of the Notorious Freebooter on St. Thomas.

VERY PICTURESQUE FIGURE

Murder of His Men and Captives Among His Favorites—Had Nineteen Wives and a Hoard of Valuable Treasure.

From the New York Times.

"Come down into the hold, my merry men, and we'll have a little hell of our own." This was the cheerful request of the pirate Blackbeard, when business was dull and time hung heavy on his hands. As such a request was also in the nature of a command and further emphasized by a display of the small arsenal of pistols, arquebuses and cutlasses which Blackbeard wore about his person, his crew always accepted his invitation with alacrity.

Once in the hold, with the hatches battered down, the general pirate lighted sundry pots of brimstone, previously prepared, and then serenely awaited developments. With lungs of leather and a constitution habituated to diabolical pastimes, Mr. Blackbeard inhaled the sulphurous fumes as though they were gales of incense from Araby, and when one of his unfortunate messmates ventured to cough he was promptly knocked on the head. And when at last, sneezing and coughing, spitting and swearing, the crew essayed a bolt for the hatches and outer air, the festive mariner simply crossed his hands and fired indiscriminately into the crowd of writhing wretches, wounding and killing without mercy.

A PICTURESQUE PIRATE.  
That was Blackbeard's idea of a good time, and perhaps anticipatory of the good times in store for them when he and his comrades should have departed for the pirates' happy hunting grounds. At all events, it was simply one of his lighter pastimes, his really serious work being put in on the hapless sailors and merchantmen who fell into his hands while his vessel was cruising the seas between the Island of Jamaica and the coast of America. Another of his diversions consisted in making his many prisoners walk the plank, said plank being stuck out over the side of the vessel, with the farther end projecting into nowhere and the howling waves beneath. The scene of this pirate's deprecations was chiefly about the group of islands known as the Virgins, in the West Indies, where the numerous concealed harbors and inlets gave him opportunity for escape when hotly pursued by his many enemies. For, though it may seem very strange, this great man had enemies who, perhaps jealous of his success and desirous of putting an end to them, chased him from one place to another most persistently.

It was about the middle of the seventeenth century that Blackbeard, formerly known as Captain Trench of Bristol, England, took to the high seas for a living and became the scourge of the Spanish, Dutch and English merchant marine. He had discovered in the Island of St. Thomas, then recently taken possession of by the Danes, a retreat after his own heart. It abounds in hidden harbors, deep inlets, reef-enclosed bays and protecting promontories that commanded wide extended view of the surrounding seas. The Danes had seized it, finding it particularly unoccupied; and, not to be behind them in push and progress, he took possession of the best strategic point on the island. They had erected a little red fort (which may be seen today), supplied it with a cast iron cannon (still there), garrisoned it with a handful of stolid soldiers, appointed a governor and police inspector and then claimed it all. This claim Captain Blackbeard was disposed to resent, and so, when the valiant Danes drove him out of their fine harbor he vowed he would bring the compatriots of the immortal Hamlet to terms.

He sneaked around to the other side of the island, the northern shore, where he knew of a harbor as good as their own, and there landed. This harbor is still there and is yet as solitary as the day old Blackbeard sailed into it with his rapacious crew. It lies directly north of the high hills of Charlotte Amalia, which is also known as St. Thomas, but there is a high hill intervening, which shuts it out from the rest of the world, and the handful of Danes in their little red fort. It is deep, hard-shaped, with high cliffs on either side, and a beautiful beach of white sand at its lower end, nearest to the town beyond the hill.

CONQUERED THE DANES.

Landing there at their leisure, the pirates carried their stores and guns to the top of the hill, peeping over the crest of which they could see all the town and harbor of Charlotte Amalia spread out before and beneath them. This hill crest is about 1,500 feet above either harbor, north or south, with its outlying reefs and islets. Having taken possession of the hill crest, Blackbeard then had the Danes at his mercy. But this was not what he wanted—this narrow ridge, so far above the sea that his retreat might be cut off at any moment—his desires were fixed upon a certain tower, standing isolated upon one of the central hills on which the town was beginning to be built. Having accumulated at the crest all the stores and ammunition necessary, together with such cannon as he could spare from his ship, he waited a favorable opportunity to descend and take the tower. This came that night, and, if any of us had been there, we might have seen a band of villainous cutthroats carefully wounding their way down the steep hillside toward the object of their desires. They finally reached it, summoned the captain in command of its small garrison to surrender—which he did at discretion—and then quickly took possession. When, next morning, the peaceful Danes gazed northward, they saw the pirate flag, with its emblems of death, flying from the parapet of the old tower.

That they were astonished goes without saying; that they hastened to point their antiquated cast iron guns in the direction of the tower is a matter, of course. But they never fired them off. Discretion was clearly the better part of valor in this instance, especially as it was enforced by the pirate commander's threat to blow their fort into smithereens at the least sign of offensive preparation. Down from the hill crest Blackbeard brought his ammunition and plunder, not forgetting, you may be sure, the 19 women who stood to him in the nature of wives, and whose fair faces were veiled from the sight of curious spectators.

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF WIVES.  
And there they were incarcerated, tradition tells us, these 19 captive brides. They are a heterogeneous col-

lection, their very nationalities showing the broad sympathies and catholicity of taste of their husband. There were Creoles from Cuba; two had been snatched from the very jaws of Havana from a galleon just sailing out of its former harbor. Three were taken on the Spanish main and, judging from their dark complexion, had native Indian blood in their veins. One came from Jamaica, the daughter of an English trader, and had first seen the light in a seaport town of old England. She, with her complexion of cream and roses, was reputed the favorite of the stern, black-whiskered sailor, and consequently was hated by the others. How long they were confined there tradition does not inform us, but it is likely that the deeds of their master soon brought upon him the combined fleets of the nations which he had so long and violently outraged. Square-sterned Dutch droghers, full-waisted English ships, high-decked Spanish galleons, all were scouring the seas after this universal enemy, and it were very strange if he should not be brought to bay at last and made to answer for his misdeeds. A sea dog born and bred, he could not long stay ashore, even though holding

securely a fort that dominated the island of the Danes. Leaving a portion of his harem in the tower, he climbed down to the hidden harp-shaped harbor behind the hills and again ventured forth upon the sea. There, finally, he met his fate in the person of a valiant officer of the English navy, who, after a fierce fight, overcame him and carried him and his bloody crew to port. It is a matter of history that this valiant lieutenant sailed into a harbor of Virginia with the head of Blackbeard affixed to his bowsprit. It was the fiercest, most savage looking head that has ever been seen since the Medusa shook her snaky locks and transformed living men to stone. For the face was covered to the eyes with bushy whiskers black as night, curling and profuse, and his enormous beard was adorned with wax tapers and lighted matches when its owner was in action, giving him an appearance nothing less than diabolic. But the shaggy head, with its whiskers, still adorned with matches and tapers, was at last taken in triumph to shore, never more to wag in hideous jest or to determine the fate of victims by a nod. Nineteen lovely widows were left behind, perchance to mourn, but with

whom they were left as residuary legatees, or where they were left, is not known at the present day. But the tower is there, still standing on its central hill, above the quaint town of Charlotte Amalia, the little red fort is there, with its gaping old guns still pointing skyward, and the Danes are there, stiff and formal as of yore.

Will Adjourn Thursday.  
The Bishops re busy—The Week's Forecast in Conference.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 23.—Bishop Warren presided to-day at the Methodist general conference. Rev. Dr. E. F. Scott was elected editor of the Southwestern Advocate. It was ordered that Dr. E. W. Hammond, the displaced editor, be paid a salary until other work can be procured for him. Dr. Homer Eaton was made treasurer and Dr. Louis Curtis assistant treasurer of the Missionary society. Dr. F. L. Nagle was elected editor of House and Home and Dr. J. P. Berry of Detroit editor of the Epworth Herald.

Reached An Agreement.  
Denver, May 23.—The Transmissouri committee has effected a compromise between the Southern Pacific and Missouri river lines, under which the Southern Pacific agrees to withdraw its individual rates into Utah on shipments by water from New York to San Francisco and join the Missouri river lines on their tariff from points on the river to Utah. The percentage of the Southern Pacific under the new agreement will be somewhat better than before the rate cutting commenced. The traffic managers of Colorado-California railways have decided to apply the Colorado common points commodity rates from Missouri river to the Pacific coast. This will be a great advantage to Denver.

Weekly Bank Statement.  
New York, May 23.—The weekly bank statement shows: Reserve, increase, \$3,123,225; loans, decrease, \$3,058,000; specie, increase, \$1,422,200; legal tenders, increase, \$1,458,300; deposits, decrease, \$952,100; circulation, increase, \$147,000. Banks now hold \$21,701,500 in excess of requirements.



## A Needless Burden.

If all the troubles of life were divided into two bundles—one bundle containing the necessary evils which there is no help for, and the other bundle made up of the unnecessary miseries which we might easily get rid of—the second bundle would be much the larger. It would contain many headaches, backaches and other distressing symptoms, beside a constant sense of weariness, worry and despondency, as if life was hardly worth the effort of living. All this is not due to any mental malady or organic disease, but nine times in ten, though the truth seems hard to believe, the whole trouble comes from some form of that subtle, peace-destroying malady known as indigestion, and if you had faith to believe in the mild, unfailing power of Ripans Tabules as a certain cure for these unnecessary evils, the whole unbearable load of suffering and discouragement might be thrown off in a day and sent tumbling back among forgotten troubles.

Ripans Tabules begin the good work almost as soon as they are swallowed. A sense of relief is felt in the stomach; the head becomes clearer; the spirits brighten up. This is simply nature's magic. The nutritive powers are coming into regular action again, and throwing off every symptom of indigestion, biliousness, constipation and all that train of evils and irregularities.

Every woman should keep a box of Ripans Tabules in the house; they are worth their weight in gold to her. Every man employed in a sedentary occupation should carry a vial of them in his pocket. They are the prescription of an experienced physician, compounded from the purest quality of medicines and put up in the most convenient shape.

Among the symptoms for which Ripans Tabules are an almost infallible relief and cure are acidity or flatulence in the stomach, nausea, offensive breath, dyspepsia, rush of blood to the head, dizziness, fluttering of the heart, sluggishness, poor sleep, loss of appetite, depression, heartburn, bad taste in the mouth, pain in the stomach or abdomen, catarrh, sallow skin, and skin eruptions.

A box of Ripans Tabules (price 50 cents) contains six small vest-pocket vials; each vial holds six tabules (36 in all), and each tabule is an exact dose. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price by

THE RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, 10 SPRUCE STREET, NEW YORK.

FROM MISS LUCY W. LEWIS, RANDOLPH, MASS.

"I can speak only in praise of 'Ripans Tabules.' I am troubled by what my physician has called Nervous Dyspepsia. My work, that of a school teacher, often brings on a state of intense nervousness, which prevents digestion and results in severe headaches. I have found that by watching my feelings, and taking a tabule with meals—as I feel myself becoming tired and nervous—I get relief at the time and prevent further trouble. I have derived much benefit during the time I have used them, and do not intend to be without them.

Lucy W. Lewis.

