

A FAMOUS PIRATE HARBOR ON THE COAST OF HAITI

By JOHN T. McCUTCHEON.



THE HOME LIFE OF THE PIRATES OF TORTUGA.



WATLING'S ISLAND is 12 miles long by six miles broad. There is a better settlement called Cockburn Town on the other side of the island. On the eastern point is a monument erected by two newspaper men, Walter Wellman and Charles Lederer, and this is said to mark the spot where Columbus first hit the beach. The island was named after John Watling, an old and bloodthirsty buccaner, of whom the following story is told:

On January 28, 1682, a weather-stained and spectral ship arrived in Barbados. Its sails were patched and ragged, the paint on its sides was ash-colored, the tar had cracked away in blisters, leaving bare the planks, which were as yellow as a faded leaf. The ship looked as if it had passed through a century of sun, wind and rain, and it creaked like an old basket.

The ship was a galleon of 400 tons, and its name, painted across the stern in letters of faded gilt, was "The Most Blessed Trinity." It was leaking freely, there were cutlass hacks along the gunwales, bloody stains marked the cabin woodwork, and there were masses of blood-clotted hair that marked where some man had had his brains blown out. The commander was Bartholomew Sharp, a desperate and bloody pirate who had sailed away from the West Indies two years before with a crew of 320 buccaners. He had crossed the Isthmus, attacked Panama and captured the Most Blessed Trinity. Then followed a long record of successful pirating, of battle, murder and sudden death, of mutinies and quarrels.

Sharp then sailed around the Horn for the West Indies, an 18 months' trip of unparalleled adventure, peril and hardship.

Many of the company were killed in battle, some died from sunstroke, delirium and drink; some were crouching in Spanish prisons, and one had been marooned on a desert island in the Southern Pacific.

On the voyage home the captain had trouble with his crew. A mutiny had set in, and the crew, sated and tired of lawlessness, became the victims of a religious revival. They rebelled against Captain Sharp's lax morals, indifferent piety and utter disregard for the Sabbath. So they seized him, put him in irons and stowed him away in the hold. In his stead they elected John Watling, a bloodthirsty buccaner, who at once began Sunday services on board. The sound of hymn singing resounded from morn till night, and the pious Watling led in prayer with a husky voice from too much rum.

A few days later another reaction set in, and somebody shot Watling through the liver, killing him. In all likelihood Watling at some time in his piratical career made Watling's Island his headquarters, and from this circumstance the island received its name.

From Watling's Island we cruised south over a smiling sea, and in the late afternoon anchored in a shallow lagoon behind Fortune Island. We went ashore, thrilled by the name of the place, but we found that the fruit steamers were in the habit of stopping

there to take on black labor for service in Central American ports, dropping these laborers at Fortune Island on the return trip.

This touch with civilization has spoiled Fortune Island, and we found the settlement to be uninteresting and commonplace. So we soon left this island with the attractive name and started for Tortuga and Haiti, the cradles of buccanery piracy, and the most famous of all pirate strongholds.

At an early hour we hoisted anchor and slipped out of the lagoon behind Fortune Island. There was a suggestion of piracy, a suggestion of adventure, for the sun had not come up and the island, as we skirted its shore, was dim and shadowy. The dawn came slowly and pervadingly. First a faint grayness, gradually growing brighter, until the sun shot up joyous and golden in its glory, painting the sky with flaming banners and tipping the edges of clouds with the fires of morning. The sea was glassy and smooth, but a giant swell rose and fell like the peaceful breathing of the deep.

At last we had reached the Summer seas of our imagination, where the air is warm and balmy and laden with the fresh sweetness of morning. Occasional zephyrs caressed our brows with a touch as light as a moonbeam—in Cuban words, it was all very nice.

Here was the dancing sea, the trade wind, the sparkling waters—all the things that one dreams about when he thinks of cruises among pirate islands. Fortune Island dropped beneath the horizon, and through the long delightful hours of the day we forged southward toward Tortuga. Great Inagua was skirted on our port beam, and then it, too, sank behind us. In a few hours we should raise the turtlelike bulk of Tortuga, with the crumpled and mountainous mass of Haiti beyond it.

I confess to a feeling of eager excitement as we approached this greatest of all buccanier strongholds, Tortuga, and knew that soon we should be treading ground that is hallowed in pirate history.

Tortuga is a little island about 20 miles long and three miles wide, separated from Haiti, or Hispaniola, as it used to be called, by a channel five or six miles wide. The island is said to contain more buried treasure than any other spot in the West Indies. When the buccaners, in 1630, were driven from St. Kitts and other islands to the south, they came to Tortuga and established a stronghold which the King of Spain, with all the ships and men at his command, could not break up. From this stronghold they sent their swift-sailing vessels made of pine and oak, and when the ships were heavy with treasure they would return to Tortuga to rest up and refit for new conquests.

The return of a successful expedition was the signal for a period of great rejoicing, from the Governor down, and the fame of the place spread so rapidly that all the adventurers of the Caribbean flocked there in droves to enlist under the notorious leaders.

It was from Tortuga that Pierre Le Grand sailed forth in a small boat to seek what he might find. He was the first of the pirates. He and his comrades, 29 in all, were in an open boat, and for a long time they could find nothing to seize and capture. Consequentially they became so desperate that when they saw the great flagship of the Spanish fleet near the Cape of Tiburon they determined to attempt its capture. It was a case of succeed or starve.

So under cover of darkness they approached the great ship and prepared to board it. A hole was bored in the bottom of their little boat so that they left no means of escape. This plan was designed to render them all the more desperate and determined. Each man had a pistol and a cutlass, and as their boat sank under them they climbed on board the great flagship, surprised the officers during a game of cards, and soon had fastened down the hatches, and thus made prisoners of all the sailors on the ship.

This proud achievement was a great stimulant to all people who desired to get rich quick. There was a great boom in piracy, and the little island of Tortuga was busy getting up expeditions to emulate the splendid achievement of Pierre Le Grand. The latter, by the way, called his prize France, where he converted his treasure into cash and settled down to the peaceful life of a country gentleman. Soon after Pierre left a new leader sprang up. This was Francois L'Olonais, who came to Tortuga much improv-

ished. He was fortunate in gaining the friendship and esteem of the Governor of Tortuga, who gave him a ship and told him to go out and "pyrate." In a short time he became so successful that the fame of his cruelties made him known throughout the maritime world. He thought nothing of killing with his own hand a score or two of captives, first having cut out their tongues to prevent them from yelling. Sometimes he would cut out their hearts, but even then, they were not as heartless as he. Whenever L'Olonais announced that he was getting up a new expedition there would be hundreds of volunteers eager to enlist under him. Then, when fully prepared, he would sail forth with his fleet of 20 or 30 ships, and spread desolation on land and sea until he was ready to return to the peace and security of Tortuga.

L'Olonais was Tortuga's most prominent citizen. Everybody wished him success, for when he returned from a successful cruise there was joy and jubilation for a month on the island. The Governor would buy the cargo for about one-twentieth of its value, and then sell it back to the pirates for a good profit. It was evident that the Governor was alive to the opportunities of his position, and also that the poor pirates were not very good business men.

After Captain L'Olonais had robbed and killed people right and left for a considerable time, he had a mishap. The Indians of Darien captured him one day and tore him to pieces alive, throwing

his body, limb by limb, into the fire. This was the end of L'Olonais. Tortuga thrived as a pirate stronghold for 23 years. In 1643 Lavasseur was made Governor of the island, and for some time he was a fairly good official. Then like most officials who hold office too long, he became intolerant and cruel. The pirates began to complain, and a couple of adventures whom Lavasseur had adopted as his heirs, became engaged in a quarrel with him over a woman, and killed him. The adventures then seized the government and held it until a "man of the hour," named De Fontenay, arrived with the express intention of being Lavasseur's successor. He achieved this end after some preliminary rough work, and adopted the title, "Governor for the King of Tortuga and the Coast of San Domingo."

The King of Spain then sent an expedition of five ships and 400 men, and after nine days of fighting, succeeded in defeating De Fontenay. At the time of the surrender there were 700 French inhabitants, mostly pirates, 200 negroes and 250 Indians, with their wives and children on the island. The pirates had two forts, one with 14 cannon, and the other, posted on the hill overlooking the harbor, with 45 cannon.

Thus ended Tortuga as a pirate stronghold, and the "brethren of the coast" transferred their affections to Port Royal, in Jamaica, or, later, to Nassau in the Bahamas.

Few strangers now visit Tortuga, for the natives who live on this island view any attempt to land there as an invasion, and might make trouble for the invaders.

This difficulty had been foreseen, however, and a special permit was obtained from the Haitian Minister in Washington. It was deemed advisable first to visit Port de Paix on the Haitian shore opposite Tortuga to see whether any further formalities were necessary before visiting Tortuga, and with this object in view we rounded the west end of the island and steered straight for Port de Paix.

No one can approach Haiti on the north without a certain awe of the scenery. A more mountainous country rarely exists. The great peaks rise sheer from the water and are clothed in wonderful foliage of lovely tints. The little town of Port de Paix lies in a small bay, and as seen from the sea it looks as though it had slid down the steep mountains and lodged at the water's edge. Two ancient masonry forts flank the town, but like nearly everything in the black republic of Haiti, they are now in a state of ruinous dilapidation.

A white Italian barque was at anchor in the little harbor; also a big, rusty-looking German steamer, from the deck of which four German officers in undershirts looked idly on as our captain tried to find a suitable spot for an anchorage. At a ship's length from shore there was a depth of 40 or 50 fathoms, and so we backed out and sounded until a better place was located.

and consular agents living there, and on the afternoon the inhabitants were beating drums and wearing garish masques in celebration of the Mardi Gras festivities, which last several days.

A wilder, more barbarous looking swarm of black people could hardly be found anywhere. Civilization had touched them only enough to make them insolent and distinctly hostile to white visitors. There was a complete and conspicuous absence of friendliness toward us as we landed and walked through the filthy and reeking streets. Mobs of grotesquely masked figures, some of whom were outrageously obscene, circled around us with beating drums and loud clamors for money. If their attitude had been that of good-humored revelry all would have been accepted in a complaisant spirit, but the attitude was insolent and threatening.

Most of the dancers were in costume, some disgusting, but all interesting, from an ethnological point of view. The dancing was suggestive in the extreme, and the music was a wild and haunting shriek of brass and drum, and the general effect one of barbarous indecency. Long after we had left and were stretched out on the clean decks of our boat we could hear the shrill strains of Haitian music and the din of black revelry ashore. Port de Paix is no place for fastidious strangers.

In the morning the channel was glassy and smooth. A white man agreed to go across to Tortuga with us and pilot our boat across the reefs and shoals that make an approach to the island a precarious proceeding. A half hour later we anchored a few hundred yards from the beach at Tortuga and saw a dozen or so of black natives waiting on the rickety pier. The wrecks of three or four ships showed above the water of the bay.

Tortuga is mountainous and densely wooded. Great forests of mahogany, logwood, candlewood, Lignum Sanctum, gum trees, and China root grow on the island, as well as mangoes and palm-trees. An American company took out a great deal of mahogany some years ago, but when they had taken all that was easily accessible, they withdrew. Now a Belgian company is trying to reach the mahogany that grows in the more inaccessible parts of the island, and are building a little logging railroad to bring the huge timbers to the beach. For this concession they pay the Haitian government \$4000 a year. One or two white representatives of this company are on the island, and they constitute the white population.

Our landing was at a place where a little valley penetrates the island, and it was here that the main settlement of the pirates was established. Several little white frame houses and a number of shacks are all that now remain to mark the town where once Lavasseur, Pierre le Grand, L'Olonais, Bartholomew Portugues, Roc the Brazilian, and a host of other famous pirate chieftains once defied the world.

It was hard to visualize, in imagination, the life and events that this self-same spot had seen three centuries ago; hard to realize that here by this self-same stretch of beach the swaggering hordes who terrorized the Spanish main and raided the Caribbean were accustomed to rest and frolic after their bloody expeditions. I tried to picture the "home life" of the buccaners, the ordinary everyday events that come even in the life of a wicked buccaner, but it was impossible. One sees only a serene sea, a peaceful valley, and densely wooded hills, with a sleepy little town sprawling up the valley from the beach. There is nothing practical about the present aspect of Tortuga. The history of the place is more familiar to the visitor than to the resident.

We asked about the pirates and about the ancient ruins. Even the white man didn't know where there were any old fortifications in the vicinity, but after some insistence on our part, we started to explore the hills near the landing.

The centuries had tangled foliage all the ancient landmarks, but after a time we discovered the ruins of one of the forts that used to command the sea front. Here were the bastions, and topped over among the underbrush were several old bronze cannon, which we photographed. These were the only relics that gave evidence of the days of ancient glory of Tortuga.

Perhaps there is buried treasure there, but if there is, it is surely safe from the inhuman hands of the tiny but, and the idea voluntarily of doing any manual labor that is not compulsory is far from their minds.

We found no hostility such as we expected, but perhaps the presence of the white man, an attaché of the Belgian company, gave us immunity from any hostile advances.

When we left and steamed out in the channel our chief satisfaction lay in the consciousness that we at least had visited the great old pirate stronghold, and that we were three of the few Americans who have ever been on the island. Some day I may go back and capture a few of the old bronze cannon.

In the afternoon we cruised eastward along the great mountains of northern Haiti shore and in time saw ahead of us the mighty uplift of Cape Haitien. Behind the cape, in a secure harbor, lay the town of Cape Haitien, and it was there that we were to start on an overland trip across the island of Haiti, through the heart of a benighted land peopled by voodoo worshippers who still practice human sacrifice and cannibalism as part of their African worship of the "Green Serpent."

It was in the bay at Cape Haitien that the Santa Maria, Columbus' flagship, was wrecked. The little ship was in 1492, and it was in a little fishing village on the shores of the bay that he found a refuge with Indians.

Perhaps no district in the world has seen so many bloodshed and massacres as Haiti, and particularly the part around Cape Haitien, so that historically, as well as ethnographically and geographically, it is a place of great interest to our adventures in the black republic.

Our struggle to obtain gasoline, our visit to the great fortress built by the black King, Christopher, and our overland trip across the island of Haiti is a story that must remain to be told in a separate narrative.

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HOW NORWAY HAS SOLVED DIVORCE PROBLEM

IT IS Fru Ella Anker, a leader of the woman's movement in Norway, who announces that her country has solved the divorce evil. No more interesting figure than Fru Ella Anker appears in woman's realm. She is a sister-in-law of Herr Johann Castberg, Minister of Justice in the last Norwegian Cabinet. Herr Castberg framed the law of 1910, which is believed to have accomplished the miracle. Fru Anker expects to visit the United States before many months to agitate in this country, as she already has done in England, for a general divorce law modeled on the Norwegian measure.

"First, I want to make it clear," said Fru Anker to an interviewer, "that this law which has done so much to solve the divorce evil in my country was one of the direct results of the enfranchisement of my sex. The law was passed by a Liberal government, but it had the support of all parties. It is based on the principle that mutual love between the husband and the wife is the only moral basis for marriage. When that feeling falls or is seriously shaken, it is absurd to bind the two together any longer. The law ought then to step in and provide the means for a divorce."

"Our law provides admission to separation as the preliminary to divorce when both parties request it, and similar relief when one requests it on such grounds as make it probable that mutual good will is ruined. If there is agreement between husband and wife, the law grants a divorce without inquiring into the reasons, but as security

that the step has been well thought over before action, it provides that a year of separation must intervene before the application for the actual granting of the divorce. If the request is made by only one party, two years of separation must precede the actual divorce.

"In my country divorce is not looked upon as a disgrace but rather as a relief from an unfortunate state of affairs. It is kept out of the courts as much as possible, the machinery being largely in the hands of administrative officials. The proceedings are very simple and extremely cheap. The cost varies in different cases, running from a little less than \$1 to \$25. It is not

necessary to employ lawyers. It is the duty of the administrative officials to make their own investigations and to collect the necessary information, to settle the questions of money and to arrange for the care of the children. "When a husband and wife agree that they want a divorce, they appear before a magistrate and ask for 'an order.' He sends them to the Conciliation Board, a permanent institution for mediation in all matters of judicial conflict. If the officials of the Conciliation Board find it impossible to change the minds of the couple, the latter are granted a separation order. At the end of one year the Ministry of Justice is compelled to make the di-

vided final if it is demanded by either husband or wife. "Separation, as the preliminary divorce is called, is granted by the Ministry of Justice for the following causes:

"Continued neglect of support (either by the man's money or the woman's work in the house). "Continued alcoholism. "Bodily ill-treatment of consort and children. "Grave discordance. "Immediate divorce is given on the application of one party of the following causes:

"Separation lasting for two years. "Incurable insanity for two years. "Separation de facto for three years (if the consorts have lived apart from each other for three years). "If one party without the knowledge of the other before marriage has been suffering from: "Insanity. "Bodily faults which make him or her unfit for marriage. "Crimes enumerated in the criminal law. "Criminal punishment with loss of liberty for three years for manslaughter. "Desertion for two years. "Infidelity on the part of either husband or wife has been a ground for divorce in Norway since 1880. It is still considered a crime, and the offender can be punished with penalties and imprisonment on the request of the other party. But few divorces are nowadays

obtained on this ground, the couples preferring to come to an agreement and give no reason for their request for a divorce. In 1910, of the 390 divorces 287 were granted on the grounds of separation de facto, 131 by mutual consent, 11 on the ground of insanity, two for bodily unfitness, and only nine for infidelity.

"After separation and divorce the common property is divided equally between the husband and the wife. Usually the husband is called upon to contribute to the support of the wife, the exact extent of his contribution being fixed by the magistrate and depending upon the earning capacity of both the man and the woman. If the divorce is caused by her conduct he can be excused the duty of support. If she

married again he is also excused. The court is called by the magistrate. A Norwegian wife is looked upon as the sharer of her husband's property. Upon his death, as upon divorce, she has a claim on half of his wealth. The husband cannot give away more than one-tenth of his money without his wife's consent, and the wife has a right to all she earns after her marriage.

"After divorce there is an obligation upon both parents to support the children. No fixed rules are laid down, but each case is decided on the circumstances. If the parents can agree upon a plan, they can enter into a contract, but the terms must be approved by the magistrate. If the parents cannot agree, the Ministry of Justice settles the question. The utmost care of the welfare of the children is taken in my country, and the magistrate must constantly consult the guardian committee, a permanent institution for the care of all deserted children.

"Either party is privileged to marry again after divorce in Norway. We cannot see that society has anything to gain by hindering divorced people from remarrying."

"This easy divorce law has not been followed by a great rush of dissatisfied couples to the courts. As a matter of fact, with the easiest and cheapest divorce law in Europe, Norway has one of the lowest divorce percentages. In 1910 there were 390 divorces out of 400,000 existing marriages, of which 14,600 had taken place that year. The percentage is about two-and-a-half per cent. The percentage is apt to be considerably lower this year and in the future, because in the total of 390 divorces for 1910 are reckoned the accumulation of the six years' separation, which the Norwegian law formerly prescribed."

and Hrolf was created first Duke of Normandy, when he had demanded and received in marriage the King's daughter, who had fallen a victim to his rugged, manly charms. Hrolf, with his respect for woman and his love for his royal wife, embraced the Christian religion and became a vassal of the French King. His faithful Norsemen followed his example in both particulars and took to wife the beautiful daughters of France.

A century later his lineal descendant, William the Conqueror, followed by his "Flower of Chivalry," the Normans who combined the dauntless bravery of their viking ancestors with the culture and polish of the French, led the Norman invasion into England, where they wrested the crown from the subjects of Harold the Saxon.

THE FIRST SUFFRAGIST—HE WAS PIRATE BOLD INVESTIGATORS FIND

Continued from Page 4.
established and in practice, she was given rights and privileges never before contemplated by the vikings. Maidenhood was highly respected and protected, and upon marriage the woman became the equal and the companion of her husband, instead of being his inferior and his slave. Whatever she received by inheritance or through marriage was her own property to dispose of at her will. Whatever restrictions in this particular were laid upon her were also laid upon her husband. Her advice in the councils was sought and had great weight.

Marriage was made a civil contract. If the bride had a dowry, the bridegroom was obliged to meet it with an equal contribution, and the combined

fund was set aside for the benefit of the offspring. The place of the wedding was for the first time transferred and collected the necessary information, to settle the questions of money and to arrange for the care of the children. "When a husband and wife agree that they want a divorce, they appear before a magistrate and ask for 'an order.' He sends them to the Conciliation Board, a permanent institution for mediation in all matters of judicial conflict. If the officials of the Conciliation Board find it impossible to change the minds of the couple, the latter are granted a separation order. At the end of one year the Ministry of Justice is compelled to make the di-

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