

FINALE OF THE WEDDING MARCH

BY CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

MAJOR STEDE BONNET went pirating because he couldn't stand his wife. That is good history, but bad fiction. I put it into a movie scenario once, and the manuscript came back from the movie shop with this constructive criticism:

"Insufficient motivation."

That movie-maker didn't know Mrs. Bonnet! In movies one goes down to the sea in pirate ships only because one's King has abused one, made a slave of one, and deserted one in trouble.

Stede Bonnet's King had used him well. He had given him a life job in the Royal Colonial Army in Barbadoes, and, when Bonnet had reached middle age and the rank of major, His Majesty had been pleased to retire him with honor and half pay.

No, Major Bonnet hadn't anything against his King. But if the King had known the Major's wife, he might have had royal clemency when he needed it sorely.

Major Bonnet, after retiring from the army, became a professional prominent citizen of the city of Bridgetown, Barbadoes. He was rated a wealthy man. Probably he had taken a flyer now and again in colonial shipping enterprises while serving his time in the army. He was a dignified personage; a man of property and education. I can imagine him as vestryman of the quality church of the city, a position which, in that place and at that time, was equivalent in glory to the post of Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks in our own epoch.

But Stede Bonnet couldn't stand his

wife. She is set down in the annals of Bridgetown as a harridan most horrible. Poor Bonnet had managed to maintain appearances and uphold his social standing as an army officer and a man of substance as long as he was busy bossing troops. If he heard foul language at home in the morning, he could take it out on the men during the day. He could order extra maneuvers in the hot Barbadoes sunshine, and his temper could thus be kept under.

But when he retired from the army and the affairs of war, he wanted peace and quiet—and he had to go pirating to get them.

We have no detailed record of the domestic battles that so racked his morale, but it is recorded by the historians of those troubled days that his neighbors and associates pitied him, and did not blame him, concluding that his reason must have been unsettled by his wife's appalling nagging.

In the Spring of 1717 he began looking about for a vessel. Having plenty of money and being of unquestioned standing, he found no difficulty in buying a fine sloop and arming her with ten guns. No one questioned his purpose. Nobody in Bridgetown knew Mrs. Bonnet quite so well as her husband knew her, so nobody suspected that he was preparing to sail forth to slay hundreds of surprised Christians, inwardly gloating because each victim of his cutlass was a vicarious sacrifice, standing for the revolting Mrs. Bonnet.

On a dark night that Spring Major Bonnet sailed out of the harbor of Bridgetown as owner and captain of the pirate sloop *Revenge*. Commentators have been puzzled that a clever and well-educated man of

quality should show no more originality in naming his ship. There were more than a dozen *Revenues* sailing the seas under black flags at that time. Every second pirate felt it necessary to pretend that he had a score to settle with the nations of the world. If you were going pirating and had no imagination or originality, you called your ship the *Revenge* to indicate that you had been put upon and were going to get even.

But Stede Bonnet had imagination. He *was* going out for revenge. He could imagine how his querulous wife would feel when all the neighbors crowded about to sympathize with her because her husband hadn't been able to stand her any longer and had gone off to sea under the skull and cross-bones! Oh, the Major had his revenge!

Unluckily, he did not know port from starboard. He had never been to sea, except as a dignified passenger, uncurious about the gear that made the ship proceed from point of departure to destination. Now he found himself captain of a fine sloop, and the only order he knew how to shout to his seventy salty ruffians was "Forward! March!"

When the crew discovered that their captain was ignorant of the uses of a belaying pin and thought that aft was the name of a cabin, mutiny was narrowly averted. The spectacle of the commander, very seasick and altogether at sea, consulting with the first mate as to the best method of getting from south to north when the wind was south-southeast, was one to wring the heart of any respectable mariner. That any man with ambition to become a real pirate should serve docilely under such direction was beyond the scope of the imagination of every cutthroat aboard the *Revenge*.

Major Bonnet won his first and most praiseworthy victory at sea when he demonstrated to his men that he was really captain of the ship and knew how to enforce obedience, even if he didn't know a pennant from a pinnace. He had his men

soundly flogged, flogged again, served with a double ration of rum, and again flogged.

That was language a good sailor could understand. The Major had failed for lack of a firm hand in managing one establishment. But he wasn't married to the crew of the *Revenge*, and he didn't have to be a gentleman any more unless he wanted to be one.

One of the first captures made by him was the ship *Turbet*, from Barbadoes. He put the crew into boats and, after taking out most of the merchandise, set fire to the ship. One may well fancy that this rough conduct was indulged in to give the wife a good scare. When the sailors from the *Turbet* got back to Barbadoes, how they must have regaled Madame Bonnet with tales of the fierce pirate she had nourished unawares! No doubt the good woman's blood ran cold when she remembered how often and how dangerously she had tempted this raging monster, supposing him to be hopelessly domestic and thoroughly harmless.

Stede Bonnet is the patron saint of all henpecked husbands. Suppressed home-lovers should call upon his name before they go forth to roister.

II

Standing off the Virginia capes for a short cruise, he took half a dozen vessels, mostly from Scotch ports. In most cases he detained the prize only long enough to transfer the loot. Then he let her proceed, after taking a few precautions to make her progress slow and uncertain. But occasionally, no doubt to celebrate his freedom from matrimonial bondage, he would stage a party. He gets credit for inventing the game known as walking the plank. In fact, it is the opinion of many learned historians that he was the only pirate who ever actually indulged in it.

According to tales told by survivors, Bonnet did, upon occasion, rig a wide plank sticking straight out to sea at the port gangway. But this was done only

when the captured vessel carried a large passenger list.

When an ordinary crew was to be dispatched to its reward, Bonnet's trusty men, who had learned to obey cheerfully that they might be long-lived upon the earth, waded in with heavy cutlasses, and the job was accomplished as expeditiously as is the laying low of a half-acre of sunflowers by a Kansas farmer armed with a sharp and heavy corn-knife. But passengers required more delicate attentions. Passengers were apt to be finicky. The ladies, sadly overdressed and under-nourished, used to faint below decks at the sound of hacking cutlasses making contact with sturdy frames. Stede Bonnet's men looked decidedly foolish, lugging unconscious ladies up the ladders to toss them ungracefully overside.

So the plank was rigged, and it proved a blessing. Timid passengers were blindfolded and marched in single file to the plank, and then permitted to continue marching just as far as the limited accommodations would allow. That surprised step into space, followed quickly by a splash into salt water below, furnished unrivalled entertainment for the bully boys of the good ship *Revenge*. Major Bonnet, they swore, was a jolly tar, despite his limited knowledge of the art of navigation.

Favorite survivors of the first cruise off the Virginia capes were taken to New York, whither Bonnet shaped his course so as to dispose of his handsome load of mixed merchandise. All these survivors were men. No women had been spared. Major Bonnet's experience in life had not made him partial to the dainty sex. The happy prisoners were landed quietly at Gardiner's Island, and the word was sent around that a bloody pirate was in port, awaiting customers. New York was then an excellent market for pirated goods, and well-behaved pirates who were not unreasonable in their relations with public officials and public-spirited merchants were made to feel that it was a friendly port of call.

Bonnet sold his cargo and bought provisions, gave his men a bit of shore-leave, and sailed away. He next appeared off the bar at Charleston, where he instituted a sort of benevolent blockade. He took an inbound brigantine from New England, under command of Thomas Porter, and another Barbadoes vessel, a sloop laden with rum and commanded by Joseph Palmer. The sloop was burned after the crew had been set adrift, as in the case of the previous Barbadoes capture. Bonnet was bound to have the good news travel back to the home folk that there had been a real he-man once in charge at the home of Mrs. Bonnet.

III

After cleaning his sloop and taking on water at an inlet on the North Carolina coast, he sailed southward, and dropped anchor in the Bay of Honduras, which was then a favorite meeting place for pirates.

Here the redoubtable Major fell in with Ed Thatch, or Teach, commonly known to a terrified maritime world as Blackbeard. This fearsome scarecrow of the seas had a long black whisker and a yen for shedding Christian blood. He was a bogie-man to all honest mariners, and modest women who had to make sea voyages in those days were wont to burn votive candles at the shrines of Our Lady Star of the Sea, for the special intention of avoiding a meeting, in public or private, with Edward Teach, alias Thatch.

Major Bonnet had acquired a great respect for his own executive ability during the months since he had escaped from his fair commander-in-chief in Bridgetown. He called upon Blackbeard on board the latter's ship, and suggested that the two of them, being the best pirates afloat, should join company and effect a merger. He pointed out that the *Revenge* was an uncommonly graceful sloop, for which he had paid a fancy sum of money.

When Blackbeard heard that Bonnet had paid for his ship, he was desolated by gales

of merriment. Continuing the conversation but a little way, the gay old dog discovered his guest's regrettable ignorance of nautical affairs. Although he had spilled a goodly measure of blood and sailed north and south with his own planks under his feet, Major Bonnet was still a major, and not a captain in very truth. Also, he still called a ship's ladder a stairway.

Blackbeard called his trusted mate, Richards. He ordered him to take command of the *Revenge*, and informed Major Bonnet that he was to act in a clerical capacity aboard Blackbeard's own ship. The two vessels would sail in company, but both must be in command of pirates who knew their salt water. If Bonnet should behave well and make no disturbance, he might live—and learn.

The proud army man made the best of a humiliating situation. He became chief bookkeeper for the piratical enterprise of Ed Thatch. He ranked as a sort of apprentice pirate. And he learned the trade under a master.

Blackbeard had made a name for himself by virtue of a natural talent for showmanship. He went into battle with slow-matches burning in his whiskers, a pistol in either hand, six more in his sash, and enough knives and cutlasses about his person to delight the soul of a collector of arms and armament. And he was a gay fellow with the ladies. On shipboard, while wearing his pirate personality, he used to strangle the women passengers to impress his ruffians with the need of adhering strictly to the rule of no women at sea. But on shore he was known as a gentleman who could enjoy his vacations with the best and spend money in a manner that would soften the proudest feminine heart.

Stede Bonnet learned much from Blackbeard. The two vessels sailed north along the coast, and were joined by others, attracted by the marvelous name of the bewhiskered terror. Soon there was a fleet of three sloops and a full-rigged ship, the

latter carrying forty guns. The fleet was manned by four hundred husky blood-letters. Major Bonnet was studying piracy in no mean academy.

He made several cruises under Blackbeard, and was permitted to take part in the fun whenever he showed any progress in his work. After a few months of this training, he was competent, in the opinion of Professor Blackbeard, to take out a ship under his own command.

Blackbeard disbanded his fleet at Topsail Inlet, in North Carolina, and took a sabbatical year ashore. After all, time was passing, the jolly old throat-slitter was as rich as a king, and there were no ladies to speak of at sea. So the master gave his apprentice permission to take his own sloop, the *Revenge*, and go out on his own account.

Now, George the First, by the grace of God, King, had recently issued a grandiose pardon to all pirates who would surrender to authorized pardoners and obtain a certificate of good character. George was getting into another war, and wanted pirates in his royal navy, or at least in the privateering business. Most pirates were only privateersmen devoid of a good and official war, and they were always eager to sign any sort of document that would add the King's license to their own determination to live by blood-letting.

Bonnet left the *Revenge* at Topsail Inlet and journeyed to Bath. He surrendered to Governor Eden, expressed his unwavering loyalty to the King who had given him his lifetime job in the army, and begged to be permitted to serve His Majesty as a legalized privateer against the Spaniards. This permission was readily given, and Stede Bonnet became once more, for a short time, officially a patriot. He obtained clearance papers for St. Thomas.

He had no crew, but he knew how to get a good one. Blackbeard, just before disbanding his fleet and going in for respectability, had marooned a shipload of men on a barren island, not far from the Inlet, so as to avoid having to pay them

for their services. Bonnet picked up these poor devils and gave them jobs, on condition that they would serve him forever, particularly in punishing their ungrateful master, Blackbeard.

He had determined to go out after Blackbeard, if he could find him afloat, and prove how well he had learned piracy from the master. He had many a score to settle with the baleful old ogre, and he had all of the rescued seamen as stout partisans in his desire. The most able and intelligent of these men was David Herriot, who had had a vessel of his own in honest trade, and had been captured by Blackbeard in the Bay of Honduras. He had become a pirate, and a good one, when there seemed no way out of it. He had served under Blackbeard, but he had become attached to Bonnet, and had secretly commiserated with the latter during his enforced clerkship.

The Major made Herriot sailing master of the *Revenge*, which he now named the *Royal James*, in honor of the current pretender to the English throne. These jolly pirates were pretty good politicians in their way, and several of their captives testified that Bonnet and his men were wont to drink damnation to the King and a health to James, the Pretender, whenever they started out to loot a cargo of rum.

The first cruise of the revived *Royal James* was up the coast to Ocracoke Inlet, where, gossip said, Blackbeard and his favorite henchmen might be found aboard a small vessel, holding council concerning the division of their spoil.

Bonnet declared he could not go to sea as an honorable pirate until he had settled scores with Blackbeard and punished the bewhiskered old fakir for his sins. This got a great hand from the crew, and for weeks the *Royal James* scoured the sea and the inlets in search of the old boss. Had the two forces joined battle, a lot of trouble later on would have been avoided, for undoubtedly they would have wiped each other out. Stede Bonnet, by that time, was a match for any pirate who sailed the seas; even for his devoted instructor.

But weeks were wasted, and Blackbeard, like Evangeline, was always about a day's sail ahead of his pursuer, without knowing that he was being pursued. Bonnet finally gave over the wild goose chase, and went into ordinary commercial pirating.

On this cruise he called himself Captain Thomas, and compelled his men to address him so. He put an antic disposition on in other respects also. Whenever he robbed a ship of her cargo, he insisted upon giving something for the goods taken. He carried a good many barrels of rice, of no great value, and usually he made the captain of the captured boat a present of several of them after transferring his cargo to the *Royal James*. On one occasion Bonnet gave his prize an old rusty cable, and when he took twenty barrels of pork out of a Virginia sloop, he traded two barrels of rice and a hogshead of molasses for the goods, without asking consent. He took another Virginia vessel that had nothing aboard but a few combs and needles and such-like accessories of the toilet. Bonnet gravely transferred some pins and needles to the *Royal James*, and ordered two barrels of bread and a barrel of pork hoisted over the side and transferred to the captured ship, which was then told to go on her way.

Back and forth, between Cape Fear river and St. Thomas, he cruised, taking plenty of vessels and demonstrating to the world that a hen-pecked army officer, given a fair chance, could rehabilitate and assert himself. He became, in the absence of Blackbeard from the sea, the most talked-about pirate afloat.

In August, 1718, he arrived in Cape Fear river aboard the *Royal James*, and accompanied by two sloops recently taken in action. The *James* was leaking badly, and she was careened. The men were set to work at the repairing and cleaning job, and when timbers were needed they stole a shallop and tore it up to supply the necessary materials.

It was very hot weather, and the job lagged. Meantime the report had spread to Charleston that Bonnet was in the river,

preparing for a descent upon the city. Charleston had suffered much at the hands of pirates, and the authorities there were quite generally unfriendly to the rovers, although in New York pirates were able to live in the style to which they had become accustomed and were seldom molested.

Fortunately for Charleston, there were public-spirited rich men in the town. Most noteworthy of these citizens was Colonel William Rhett, receiver-general of the province. Colonel Rhett's descendants are still prominent in Charleston, and they have accumulated a family tradition that is worthy of their pride. They have not forgotten the example set by their ancestor in 1718, when their fine old city was threatened by Bonnet and his pirates.

Colonel Rhett went to Governor Johnson and asked permission to fit out an expedition against Bonnet at his own expense. The Governor was happy to comply, since the province itself was helpless, and there were no warships along the coast. Rhett had learned that Bonnet was ready, or would soon be ready, with his three vessels, well armed. He was given a commission, and presently fitted out and manned with fighting Carolinians two sloops, the *Henry*, of eight guns and seventy men, and the *Sea Nymph*, of eight guns and sixty men. Rhett went aboard the *Henry*, and on September 10 sailed across the harbor to Sullivan's Island, to complete his preparations. Sullivan's Island (mis-called Swillivant's Island by an early pirate historian and his later paraphrasers) plays a further part in Charleston's history, for it was on it that Fort Moultrie was built years later.

Rhett took supplies aboard, and on September 15 crossed the bar of Charleston and set out to capture his pirates. He wasted several days in the pursuit of rumors, but finally arrived at Cape Fear on the evening of September 26.

As soon as he entered the river, he went aground on the sandbar with both his sloops. The Carolinians could see the top-

masts of the pirate fleet, beyond a bend in the river bank. Simultaneously, Bonnet's watchers brought him word of the hostile-looking vessels at the mouth of the river, and the pirates prepared for action.

At dawn Bonnet hoisted his anchors and sailed down the river to meet his enemy, all sails set. Rhett had got off the sandbars, and weighing anchor, went to meet the pirates. Their two sloops took positions upon either quarter of the *Royal James*, and forced her aground. The Carolina sloops themselves grounded only a few minutes later. The *Sea Nymph* was out of range, but the *Henry* was within pistol shot.

At the outset of this extraordinary struggle it appeared that the god of battles was with the pirates. Both the pirate ship and the *Henry* careened on their sandy beds, both leaning in the same direction, and in such manner that the deck of the Carolinian was wholly exposed to the point-blank fire of the pirate, while the latter's deck was sheltered from the fire of Rhett's guns by the tipped-up hull.

Nevertheless, Rhett began pounding away with all the guns he could bring to bear on the pirate.

For five hours the combatants awaited the tide that would float them, meantime using both large and small arms as well as they could. Rhett's deck was swept by merciless musket fire, and his men had to be satisfied with inflicting what damage they could on the pirate's hull.

Whoever got first afloat would win the battle. That was understood by everybody on both sides. So Bonnet and Rhett watched the tide flow in for five hours, and never has a tide meant more to men than did that tide in the Cape Fear river to all those gallant lads, pirates and pirate-chasers, on that September day in 1718.

There was a good deal of droll mockery back and forth between the two ships. The pirates waved a red flag at the Carolinians, and kept asking Rhett to come aboard. This the stout Colonel from Charleston was fully resolved to do, if he could get afloat before being destroyed.

The *Henry* began to float first! The pirates were sorely alarmed, and some of them demanded that their chief surrender at once. But Bonnet wasn't that kind of a pirate. He had surrendered too often in the great house at Bridgetown. He told his men that he would fire the magazine himself if any man attempted to surrender.

But the debate continued among the pirates, although Bonnet took his stand on the deck, two pistols in his hands, and tried to shoot all the defeatists.

The *Henry*, now altogether afloat, made for the *Royal James*, and Rhett gave the order to board.

Bonnet was beaten. His men prevailed. They ran up a white flag in spite of their chief, and the defeated freebooter received Colonel Rhett on board the *James* and gave up his sword like a genuine Major of His Majesty's forces in distress.

Rhett lost twelve men killed and eighteen badly wounded. The pirates suffered rather fewer casualties.

IV

Colonel Rhett sailed into Charleston harbor amid public excitement comparable to that of Armistice Day. He brought with him not only his own two sloops, but also the *Royal James*, and the two Bonnet sloops that had remained out of the fight. He also brought Stede Bonnet, the most redoubtable pirate afloat, and thirty of his men.

Bonnet and his pirates were delivered to Provost-Marshal Nathaniel Partridge, who was obliged to turn the rank and file of the men over to the military for safekeeping in an army guardhouse, since there was no adequate prison. Major Bonnet at once made an impression upon his captors. It was evident that he was a fellow of quality, and the South Carolinians could never be guilty of confining such a personage along with the rag-tag of the piratical world. So Major Bonnet was invited to be the guest of the marshal at his home, but with the formality of two guards at his door.

David Herriot, loyal sailing master for Bonnet, also managed to get himself transferred to the marshal's home, and Ignatius Pell, one of the pirates who had agreed to turn King's evidence, was lodged there to keep him from being killed by the other pirates. Thus the marshal had a full house.

Major Bonnet had behaved himself in such magnificent fashion that he quite captured the imagination of many good residents of Charleston. He was a good-looking man, dignified and gracious, and it was known that he was not understood at home. What wonder that the town was soon divided into pro-Bonnets and anti-Bonnets! There were some major disturbances in the city while preparations for the trial were under way, and there was a considerable demand that this gentleman pirate be permitted to go his way in such peace as he could muster.

The pro-Bonnet movement finally settled down to a plot for the pirate's delivery, and this was effected, apparently, by bribing the guards. Herriot the faithful went along, and a party of Bonnetites was waiting with a boat. This was on October 25, three days before the trial of the pirates was scheduled to begin.

Governor Johnson immediately offered a reward of £700 for the recapture of Bonnet and Herriot. He sent out the hue and cry, replaced the provost-marshal with a person who was thought to be less susceptible to the blandishments of gentle manners, and called Colonel Rhett into conference.

Rhett was never found wanting in time of need. He set out at once with a small party, and trailed the fugitives to Sullivan's Island, where they had been forced by rough weather and shortage of supplies to land.

Bonnet and his little band of faithful followers were hiding in the brush among the sandhills. They were surrounded and fired upon, but made an effort to defend themselves. When Herriot fell beside his master, Bonnet seemed to lose all his fighting ardor. He surrendered and was

taken back to Charleston. This time he was put in close confinement.

Meantime, the trial of the other pirates was under way before a special admiralty court, presided over by the notable Nicholas Trott, one of the most picturesque tyrants who ever graced the bench.

The pirates had a grand trial, with an imposing bench crowded with twelve prominent citizens who acted as judges under the presidency of Trott. The defendants were not allowed counsel. Trott frequently interrupted the proceedings to denounce them, and he spoke to the prisoners as one might to so many very naughty dogs. All but four of them were found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

Bonnet was captured before the trial of his men was completed, but he was not brought to trial until two days after his old companions in arms had been hanged at White Point, near Charleston. The bodies of the pirates were buried between high and low water, in a marsh.

The hanging of his men transformed poor Bonnet. Once the most swaggering and daring of the sea rogues, he now became a shaking, shuddering coward, abjectly pleading for his life. Facing death in a bloody fight at sea, he had been invincible. Bullying his crew of brawling brutes, he had shone as a master whom the worst of men feared to cross. But now, as his merry men swung lightly in the soft November breezes, and he himself faced judgment, he became even more craven than the Major Bonnet who had suffered quietly so long under the lash of a shrewish wife.

The same court that had tried his men tried Bonnet, and Tyrant Trott again presided. He was not so rough with the chief as he had been with the common seamen; not for a moment, indeed, did anybody forget that Bonnet was a rich man and a gentleman.

But the pirate chief was not allowed counsel. Occasionally he ventured to speak in his own defence, and when he did so he spoke humbly and as a broken reed.

"May it please Your Honours," he said, "and the rest of the gentlemen, though I must confess myself a sinner, and the greatest of sinners, yet I am not guilty of what I am charged with."

Trott interrupted to ask him what he had to say in answer to the witnesses who had testified to having been captured by him.

Bonnet, with the straightest face in the world, replied that he had never taken any part in the seizure of a vessel, except when he was acting as Blackbeard's clerk. He explained that when piracies were committed by the men under his charge, when he was sailing in his own ship, it happened because he was asleep in his cabin, and had no knowledge of what the men were doing.

Trott's charge to the jury was a much better speech for the prosecution than either of the prosecuting attorneys had made. He wound it up with this cynical play:

"So I think the evidence have proved the fact upon him: but I shall leave this to your consideration."

The verdict was guilty, and the sentence was that Bonnet be hanged.

Trott, in passing sentence, read a long document in which he quoted Holy Scripture for more than an hour to prove that the prisoner would go direct from the scaffold to Hell, to take his "part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."

V

December 10 was named for the execution of the sentence. Bonnet spent the time until then pleading for his life and planning for a reprieve. He sent a message to Colonel Rhett, who had twice captured him, begging the gallant Colonel to do something for him.

Rhett admired and pitied the fallen pirate. He admired him as a gallant fighter and a pleasant gentleman, and he pitied him in his present plight, because he had heard the story of the scolding wife in

Barbadoes who had driven this estimable fellow to destruction.

Rhett comes very near being the hero of the story. He actually came forward and tried to persuade Governor Johnson to permit him to take Bonnet to England for another trial. He offered to be surety for the prisoner (and this after Bonnet had once escaped!) and likewise offered to furnish the ship to take him to the other side.

Rhett worked for nothing and always turned up when needed, but he is one hero whose city hasn't forgotten. In one of the old churchyards in Charleston, within a few feet of one of the principal streets of the town, I found his grave, covered by a great granite block on which is carved:

In hopes of a joyful resurrection
Here rests the body of
COL. WILLIAM RHETT,
late of this parish,

Principall officer of His Majesties Customs in
this Province.

He was a person that on all occasions prompted
the Publick good of this Colony and severall
times generously and successfully ventured his
life in defence of the same

He was a kind Husband, a tender Father, a faith-
full Friend, a Charitable Neighbour, a religious
and constant worshipper of God

He was borne in London 4th Sept. 1666
Arrived and settled in this country
19th Novembr. 1694
And dyed suddenly but not unprepared
12th Janry. 1722
in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Good old Rhett! He would have taken Bonnet for a ride to the motherland in the hope of saving a fine pirate and a noble swasher of bucklers, of whom he knew the world had all too few! But Governor Johnson would have none of it. Someone produced an insulting letter to the Governor, which, it was claimed, Bonnet had written the night before the battle on the sandbars at Cape Fear. In this bit of bravado, Bonnet boasted that if he should win the fight he would take up his station off Charleston and burn every vessel coming in or going out. Bonnet must hang, declared Johnson.

Now Bonnet reached the depths. He wrote to Governor Johnson an abject letter, in which he humiliated himself far below the level to which a brave man commonly is supposed to descend, even in the gravest emergencies. He said, among other things:

I intreat you not to let me fall a Sacrifice to the Envy and ungodly Rage of some few Men, who, not being yet satisfied with Blood, feign to believe that if I had the Happiness of a longer life in this world, I should still employ it in a wicked Manner, which to remove that, and all other Doubts with your Honour, I heartily beseech you'll permit me to live, and I'll voluntarily put it ever out of my Power by separating all my Limbs from my Body, only reserving the use of my Tongue to call continually on, and pray to the Lord my God, and mourn all my days in Sackcloth and Ashes to work out confident Hopes of my Salvation, at that great and dreadful Day when all righteous Souls shall receive their just rewards.

This crawling in ashes went even further. The fearsome pirate begged that he might be permitted, after severing his arms and legs from his body, to go far inland, out of sight of the sea, and there serve the Governor in some menial capacity for the rest of his life. His parting benediction to the Governor was:

Now the God of Peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, the great Shepherd of the Sheep, thro the blood of the everlasting Covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his Will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his Sight, through Jesus Christ, to whom be Glory forever and ever, is the hearty prayer of

Your Honour's
Most Miserable, and
Afflicted Servant,
STEDE BONNET.

But the Governor was not impressed. Perhaps he suspected that the jolly free-booter did but jest, and that respite would but increase his chances for escape and further depredations.

So on the appointed day Stede Bonnet was hanged at White Point, and buried in the sand, between the rising and falling of the tide. When he was brought to the gallows he was but semi-conscious. Fear had practically killed him before the noose was about his neck.

SAINT ANDY

BY C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

MARK TWAIN, with his customary obtuseness in such matters, called Andrew Carnegie Saint Andrew, and few have seen fit since to dissent publicly from that judgment. No other American captain of industry has been so gently handled by posterity. All of the rest have been written down for the hardy old pirates that they were, and their anti-social conduct has been subjected to open and severe comment for years. But Carnegie has managed to escape the assault. He has been treated, indeed, in quite the opposite fashion. Fundamentally, however, he was no better than the rest of his contemporaries, and his escape from the shower of mud they received is to be accounted for by three facts: first, he was lucky; second, he liked to put his thoughts on paper, and, since he had the gift for persuasive utterance, they seemed to place his conduct above reproach; and third, he openly and ostentatiously gave away during his lifetime most of the money he had cadged. Plainly enough, none of these facts was sufficient to raise him to sainthood, not even the third. But if he was no better than the other brigands of his generation, he was certainly no worse, as will appear from an examination of his career. He was simply one of the gang. That gang included the Rockefellers, Flagler, Frick, Morgan, Vanderbilt, Gould, Oliver, Thaw, Thompson, Harriman—the whole noisome crowd to which, as the egregious Divine-Right Baer put it, "God in His infinite wisdom saw fit to give control of the property interests of the country."

All of these men were far less individuals than personal embodiments of the forces

collectively known as the Industrial Revolution. Carnegie's father was ruined in Scotland by the application of power to weaving: it destroyed the putting-out system. Once in America, Andy, as he delighted in being called, was fortunate or canny enough to be caught up and carried to success by the very forces that had ruined his father. He progressed from the steam cotton-mill to the telegraph business, and then to railroading. He made his first substantial bit of money in an adjunct of railroading, the Woodruff sleeping-car business, later abandoned to Pullman. He dabbled successfully in oil, but abandoned it to Rockefeller. Returning to his first success, railroading, he saw money in iron bridges, then being substituted for wooden ones. From that it was an easy step to owning foundries and mines, and the necessary transport facilities to tie up the two. In 1868 he was instrumental in introducing into the United States the Bessemer process of steel manufacturing. From that point on his career was simply a progress from one triumph of organization to another, culminating in the Carnegie Steel Company of 1899, which was absorbed into the United States Steel Corporation in 1901. Between 1850, when he got his first real start, and 1901, he had accumulated properties valued at \$500,000,000.

According to the Encyclopedia Americana this colossal accumulation was the product of "steady labor, sagacity and self-culture, the natural working of the highest powers on opportunities open to all and less to him than to most." All this is highly dubious. His original accumula-