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[Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act.] TRUE PIRATE STORIES. THE CRIME OF EDWARD JORDAN, PIRATE AND MURDERER.

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His Deed of Blood for Which He Was Executed and Hanged in Chains-Confronted in the Court at Halifax by a Man He Supposed He Had Murdered.

A fearful thing, a horrid shape, a ghastly semblance of a human form, swayed to and tro by the winds from the ocean and the breezes from the land ! There it hung in mid-air, remote from human habitation, fon a lonely shore little travelled by day and avoided by all by night. In summer and winter, in sunshine and storm, it dangled there until the salt sea air rusted the firon chains which held and bound it, and brought decay to the grim tarred shape itself. In the dark and stormy night when the wind and the sea joined their weird voices on the shore, the creaking and clanking of the gibbet and its awful burden were borne hoarsely and harshly to the ear of the traveller whose evil destiny had brought him near the spot which was shunned and accounted as accursed.

One evening, a lady of gentle birth, the wife of Governor Lord Dalhousie, Junaware of the proximity of the gibbet, was driving along the quiet road at dusk, when she was startled by what seemed a mingled moan and wail. Looking in the direction of the sound, her eves encountered the slowly Jordan, Margaret, his wife, and their four swaying figure of the dead man. Shrieking with fear she hastily drove to her home at Government House, and a few days later the ghastly shape was taken down and hidden from human view forever.

For years after, the gibbet remained, without its burden, but still bearing a large and rusted chain, which creaked and rattled to the terror of the timid, and sounded a voice of warning to the evil doer.

More than threescore years have passed away since the last trace of this gibbet disappeared from the shore at the end of the road leading from Point Pleasant tower, Halifax. It marked the spot where Edward Jordan, pirate and murderer, was executed for his erimes in the year 1809. The sole relic of the unfortunate man which is now to be seen by the public is his skull,

to Halitax and applied to the Tremains for further supplies, but they declined to give him any more credit except for a few things necessary for the service of his fishery. While in Halifax he was arrested on a capias at the instance of another creditor and thrown into jail, from which he was released by the Tremains paying the debt. It was then, apparently, that he formed the desperate purpose of retrieving his fortunes by getting possession of the schooner by an act of piracy and murder. His plan was to have the vessel sent to Perce, get his family aboard, get rid of the captain and make his way to Ireland.

Going to Messrs. Tremain, he asked them to let the Three Sisters go to Gaspe, on his account, to procure and bring back the fish he had cured, amounting, he said, to more than a thousand quintals.

The project seemed to be for the advantage of all concerned, and the schooner was accordingly fitted for the voyage, Captain Stairs taking command on the 15th of July and sailing from Halifax two days later. He arrived at Perce at the latter end of July or first of August, but found the quantity of cured fish on hand to be very much less than had been represented. Only a part of a cargo, 600 quintals, was obtained, and of this only about 100 quin-

tals, or less, was from Jordan. The Three Sisters sailed from Perce for Halifax on the 10th of September, having on board the captain and crew, with Edward children, three girls and a boy, the latter being about eight years old. All went well until the 13th of the month, when the schooner was off the coast of Nova Scotia, some four miles south-west of Cape Canso. On that day, as noon approached, Cap-

tain Stairs went below to the cabin, for the purpose of getting his quadrant, in order to take the sun. He was tollowed by Heath, the pilot. The captain was standing near the table directly below the skylight, Heath being near him, when on looking up he was astonished at seeing Jordan presenting a pistol down the skylight, and pointing the weapon directly at him. Startled and alarmed, the captain sprang aside, and at that moment the pistol was discharged, the ball entering the breast of

Heath, who fell on his knees and exclaimed,

'Oh, my God, I am killed !" Captain Stairs had moved barely in time to save himself. As it was, the bullet grazed his nose and the side of his face. Recovering his presence of mind he went to his trunk for his pistols, which he kept loaded, and which he had seen there when previously in the cabin about ten minutes before he went to get the quadrant. He found that the trunk had been forced open and that the pistols were gone, and that has been difficult, at this distance of time, his cutlass was also missing. While searchto obtain accurate details. Having some | ing for the weapons, he heard several pistol shots on deck. Unarmed though he was, Captain Stairs determined to take the chances of going on deck rather than to risk being penned up in the cabin and killed. With this intent, he started up the ladder, when he saw Jordan in the act of descending with one had the good fortune to succeed through the special courtesy of Mr. H. W. Black- of his feet on the step. In his right hand he held an axe, and in his left a pistol. By a quick movement the captain seized Jordan by the arms, begging him, for God's sake, to spare his life, at the same time shoving the pirate backwards until they reached the deck. Jordan snapped The schooner Three Sisters, 63 tons | the pistol at him, but it missed fire, upon which Stairs instantly seized the weapon by the barrel, wrested it from his assailant and threw it overboard.

Early in July, 1809, Jordan again came was not one chance in a thousand that he could be saved, and he himself had no hope of rescue. Acting on impulse he had chosen death by drowning in prefer-ence to being slaughtered on the schooner. That one chance, however, by what seems the wonderful providence of the Almighty, was granted to him. Getting hold of the hatch, he crawled on the top of it, and lay there clinging to the edge of the boarding with a convulsive grasp, nearly unconsc-10us, a mere speck, upon the lonely ocean. Three hours and a half later, somebody on board the American fishing schooner Eliza, Captain Stoddard, discerned what

seemed to be a piece of driftwood tossing on the waves. Coming nearer, a human form was seen upon the hatch, and a boat was sent to the rescue. Captain Stairs was found in a dazed condition, clinging so tightly to the hatch that his fingers had become rigid, so that time was required to loosen the grasp without breaking them. He was taken aboard the schooner and restoratives given him. Some ten days later he was landed at Hingham, Massachusetts, from which place he made his way to Boston and told his remarkable story to the British pro-consul.

On hearing the statements of Captain Stairs, the pro-consul communicated with the customs authorities of Boston, and a circular was sent to the collector at every port in the United States, giving a de-scription of the vessel and of Jordan and Kelly. Captain Stairs also sent an account of the tragedy to Messrs. Tremain at Halifax.

Sir George Prevost, governor of Nova Scotia, thereupon issued a proclamation, reciting the facts and offering a reward of one hundred pounds sterling for the capture of Jordan, Kelly and Jordan's wife. The underwriters of Halifax offered a further reward of one hundred pounds, and in addition to this the Tremains offered one hundred dollars. All the vessels of war on the station were instructed to be on the watch for the stolen schooner and those who had it in charge.

The account of the pursuit and capture of Jordan, and of his trial, at which he was confronted by the man he believed to be dead, must be reserved for another number. ROSLYNDE.

THE PREACHER'S TRIAL.

AN INTERESTING CHAT WITH THE REV. W. J. CHAPIN.

In the Strain of Pulpit Labor He had Overdrawn his Health Account-How he met the Crisis and Returned to his Duties with Renewed Health.

WRONG IDEAS OF SIBERIA. It Has a Vast Extent of Arable Land and

A. B. Miller, a gentleman who was to accompany a party to Russia on a scientific expedition, in speaking of the country which his party was about to visit, had this to say : "Siberia is popularly supposed to be a barren waste, extending from the frozen ocean on the north to the sands of the Gobi desert on the south. But this popular impression is altogether wrong. Exclusive of the timber region of the north and the deserts of Turkestan, Russia in Asia contains an area of five million square miles of land suitable for agricultural or pastoral pursuits. The population num-bers nearly eighteen million, and there are several cities which possess over fitty thousand inhabitants. The agricultural products exported, which con-stitute only a very small part of the whole, are valued at an average of twenty million dollars a year. The output of the mines exported is entered at upward of twenty million dollars annually, and the furs, fish, skins and other products that come into European Russia from Siberia are worth from five million to six million dollars, It was for the purpose of developing this vast territory and encouraging immigration thither, that the government of the czar has undertaken to expend thirty million dollars upon the railway mentioned, which will be over four thousand miles long and will connect the Black sea and the Baltic with Viadivostock on the sea of Japan. It is not expected that the railway will pay expenses of operation for some years to come, but it will doubtless be an important factor in the shifting of existing trade routes, and it will certainly open up a new and productive continent to settlement."



W. Richards

kept in the musuem at Halifax for the inspection of the curious.

The story of Jordan 18 one of which many have heard, but in regard to which it data, including a paper prepared by the late P. Lynch, who remembered Captain Stairs, one of the actors in the tragedy, I have for some time been seeking to obtain more complete information. In this I have had the good fortune to succeed through adar, of Halifax, who has permitted me to obtain from his valuable files the accounts of the tragedy and the trial given in the newspapers at the time.

burthen, sailed from Halifax for Perce, in the Gaspe peninsula, on the 17th of July in the year 1809, for the purpose fof obtaining a cargo of fish. The vessel was owned by Jonathan and John Tremain, of Halifax, and was in command of Captain John Stairs, whose relatives are living in Halifax, and one of whom, Mrs. J. S. Knowles, the captain called to him for help, but he is now a resident of St. John. Those who sailed in the schooner, in addition to the captain, were John Kelly, mate; Thomas Heath, seaman and pilot; Benjamin Matthews, seaman; Edward Jordan and er-deck, and she had a boat-hook in her Patrick Cinnett, passengers. The latter was an invalid, who remained at Perce, and had no share in the events; of the return voyage. Jordan had chartered the schooner to bring fish to Halitax, for to be more exact, he had induced the owners to send the schooner to bring some fish which the mate kept his back towards him and he claimed to have there.

Jordan was a native of Ireland, about 38 years of age, and had taken] an active part in the Irish troubles in 1797. Having been taken in arms he was found guilty | Kelly ! of being concerned in the rebellion and exercising men in the night, but succeeded in making his escape. In 1798, he availed himselt of the king's proclamation, gave himself up and was granted a pardon. He was married in Ireland, and a year or two later came to America, llanding at New York, from which place he went to Montreal and Quebec, and finally established himself in the fishing and trading business in Gaspe. He was unfortunate in his ventures, however, and became deeply in debt. In June, 1808, he visited Halifax and purchased some goods from Messrs. Tremain, paying in part for them and receiving credit for the remainder. In the following September, he again came to them and solicited a further? credit in order to carry on his fishery and to rig a schooner which was then on the stocks. He obtained what he wanted, and gave waters could live more than a few minutes Messrs. Tremain a bill for sale of the at the most, and this was the opinion of

Heath, immediately after being shot, had crawled from the cabin to the deck, where he had fallen dead with the blood streaming from his breast.

Kelly, the mate, was at the wheel when Stairs and Jordan reached the deck, and made no answer. Matthews, the sailor. came hastily aft to assist the captain, but he appeared to be badly wounded and fell down before he reached the spot. Jordan's wite and children were on the quarthands.

A fearful struggle was going on between Stairs and Jordan for the possession of the axe which the latter had in his hands. The captain finally secured it, and endeavored to strike Jordan, but was unable to do so. because of the grasp the other had upon his arms. Stairs again called for Kelly, but paid no attention. Then Mrs. Jordan advanced upon the captain, struck him several times with the handle of the boathook and exclaimed :

"Is it Kelly you want? I'll give you

Finding himself unable to strike Jordan, the captain threw the axe overboard, and freeing himself from his antagonist went forward. Jordan at the same time went aft and secured another axe.

During the fight between the two, Matthews had called out to Jordan, "For God's sake do not kill the captain !" As Jordan went forward after procuring the second axe, Matthews stood in his way and the pirate struck him on the back of the head, knocking him down, and struck him several other blows until he was dead. Having thus slaughtered the crew, Jor-dan rushed towards the captain to finish him, but Stairs had by this time determined to trust to the mercy of the ocean, rather than to remain with the certainty of being killed on the deck. The hatchet was lying on the deck, and seizing it he threw it overboard, jumping into the water imme-diately atterwards. The wind was blowing a tresh gale at the time, and a heavy sea was running. It seemed impossible that anyone who trusted himselt to the angry

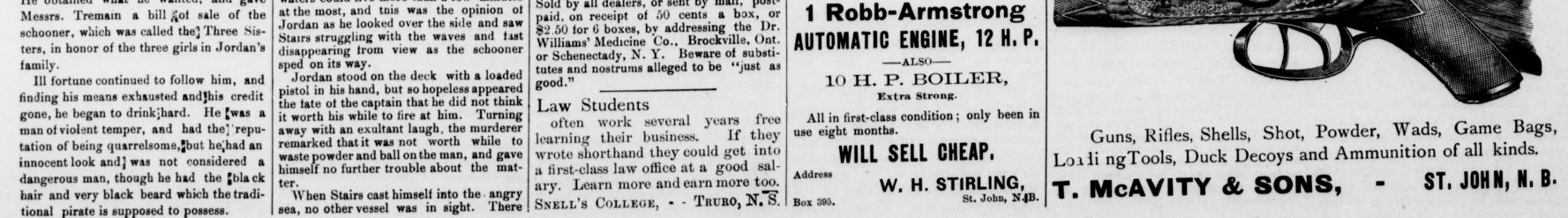
[From the Springfield, Ill., Journal.] In the pretty village of Chatham, Ill., there lives a Baptist divine whose snow white hair is the one outward sign that he has encroached upon the days beyond the allotted three score years and ten. His clear eye, keen mental faculties and magnificent physique all bear witness to a life well spent. This pioneer in God's eternal vineyard is Rev. W. J. Chapin, whose 72 vears are crowded with noble deeds in the Christian ministry.

To a Journal representative who asked him something of his career in the ministry, Mr. Chapin talked in an interesting strain, and said that, in spite of the indications to the contrary, his life had not all been sunshine and good health.

"As my present appearance testifies, I was fortunate in the possession of a very vigorous constitution. But as is too otten the case, I overestimated my physical resourses, and when it was too late learned that I had overdrawn my health account. The crisis came about eighteen years ago. At the time I was preaching the gospel from the pulpit, and I became suddenly so ill that I was compelled to stop before my sermon was finished. It was a bad case of nervous prostration, and for a time my triends and family were greatly exercised over my condition. Complete rest was imperative, and Mrs. Chapin and I planned and took a long trip. My health was sufficiently restored to resume work, but I was not the same man. I felt absolutely worthless physic-ally and mentally. I had so lost control of my muscles that my fingers would involuntarily release their grip upon a pen, and my hand would turn over with absolutely no volition on my part. About two years ago, to intensify matters, I was seized with an attack of la grippe. I recovered only partially from it and had frequent returns of that indescribable feeling which accompanies and follows that strange malady. I looked in vain for something to bring relief and finally I read an account of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Something seemed to tell me that they would do me good and I commenced using them. They gave me additional strength from the start and toned up my system from a condition of almost absolute prostration so that I was able again to resume my duties as a minister. The improvement was simply marvellous, and the credit is due Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Chapin was present during the

conversation and said : "I don't think Mr. Chapin could ever have resumed his preaching atter he had the attack of la grippe had it not been for Pink Pills. They did him so much good that I decided to try their efficacy on myself. I have been troubled for years with what our physician, Dr. Hewitt, called rheumatic paralysis, and since taking the Pink Pills I have been stronger and the pain in my right arm and hand is less acute. We keep the pills in the house all the time, and they do me a great deal of good in the way of toning up my system and strengthening me."

In all cases like the above Pink Pills offer a speedy and certain cure. They act directly upon the blood and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents a box, or



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