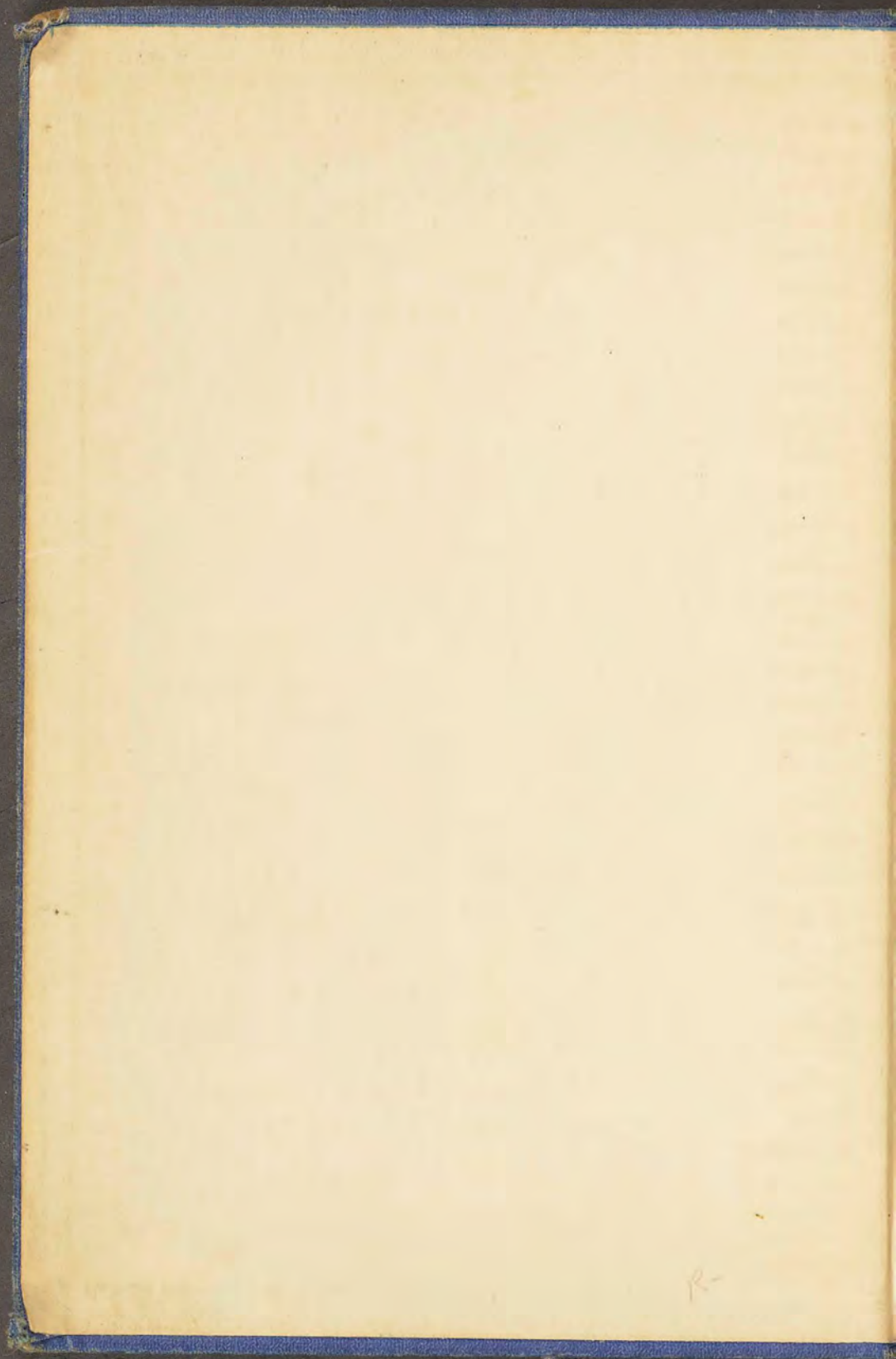
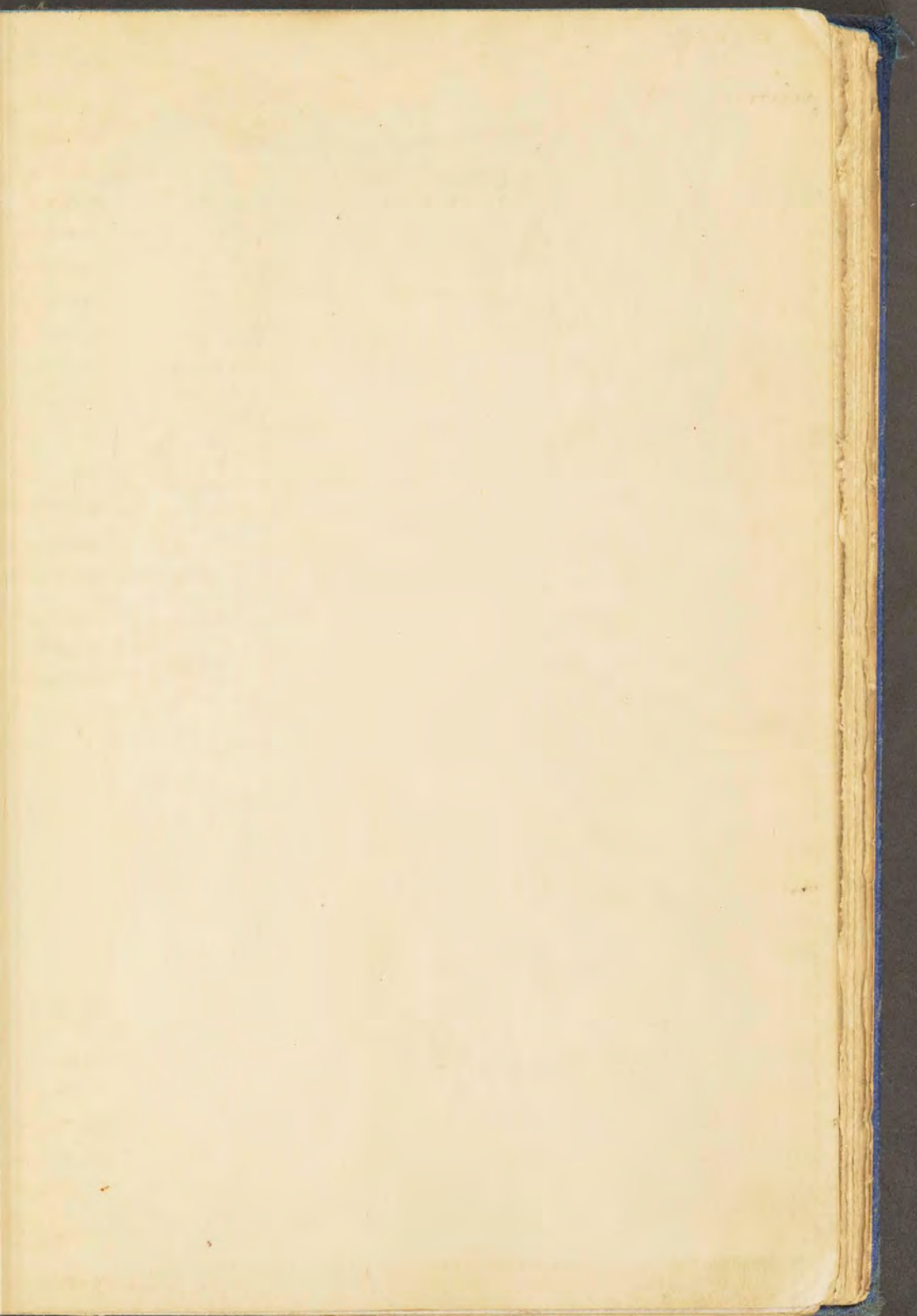
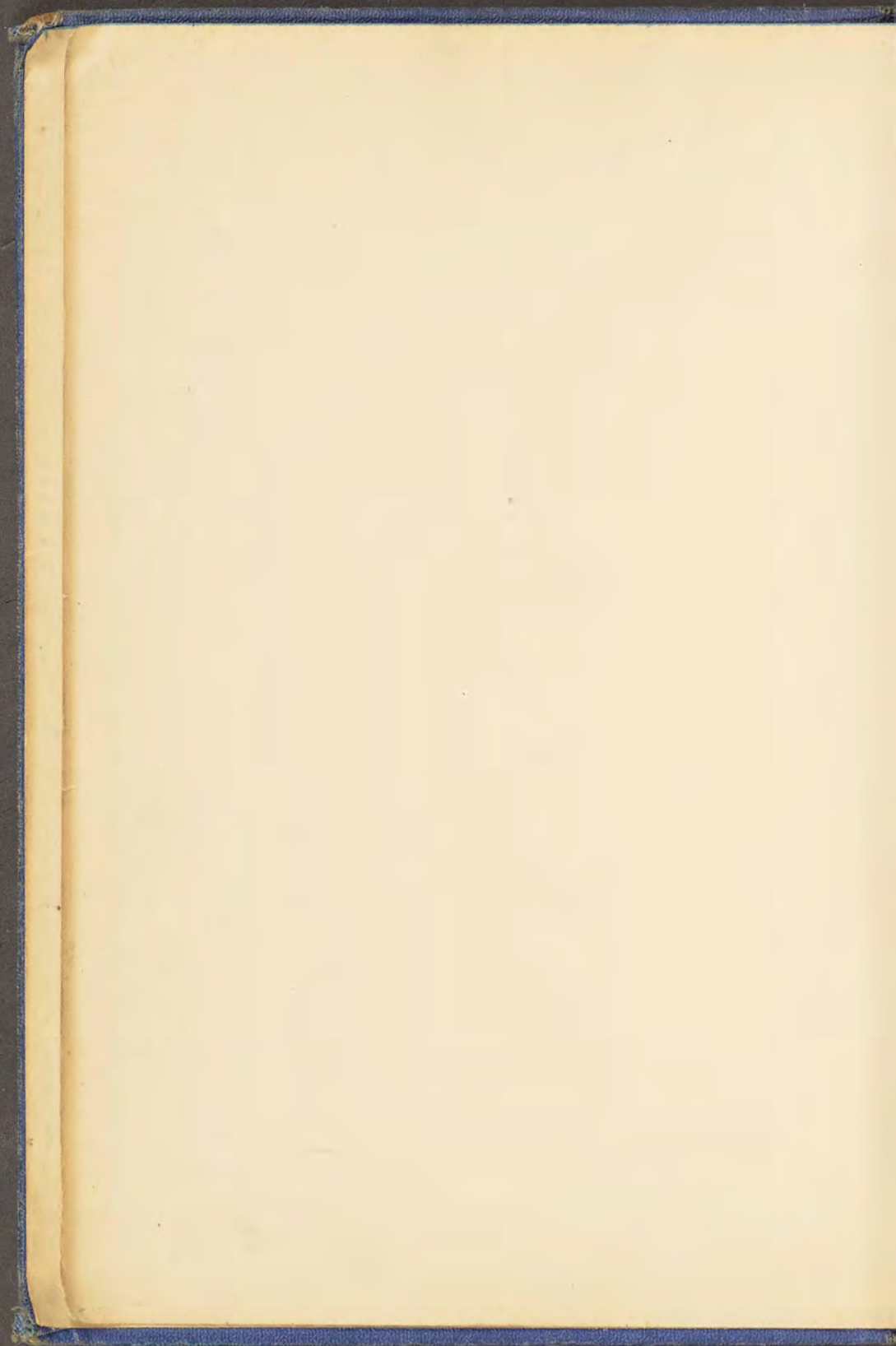


Hunting
Hidden Treasures
Harold T. Wilkins







Hunting Hidden Treasures

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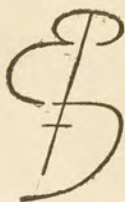
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1929

Hunting Hidden Treasures

By
HAROLD T. WILKINS

ILLUSTRATED



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FIRST EDITION

PREFACE

Some years ago, when writing in a well-known American magazine, *Popular Mechanics*, I told the story of a few of the well and lesser known of the world's treasure caches and wrecks, and I was surprised to note the interest excited in readers as far apart as California, Massachusetts, and Quebec. Three years after the appearance of the article, I continued to receive letters of inquiry from men and women anxious to know the truth about these reputed caches of the ill-gotten treasures of gold moldores and sparkling jewels on lonely islands of the Pacific and the vast Caribbean. Some of the enquirers were hard-headed business men, others were individuals who had either seen or been told of sea treasures coming up on the flukes of anchors and falling back into the waters before they could be grasped by tarry hands outstretched over the gunwales, and yet others may have been women novelists or short story writers on the look-out for pirate gold wherewith to color their romances.

I then thought I would write such a book as this, in the hope that wherever the spirit of adventure is not wholly dead these sprightly tales of living or long-dead seekers may awake an echo in the hearts of young folk and older folk of the young mind, and in all who love the sea. If the book interests the reader and serves to pass away agreeably a leisure hour or two, the writer will be quite content to let the improvement look after itself.

Many sources have gone to the making of this book. Some of them are yet unprinted sea logs and diaries in the historical archives of the British Public Record Office and the British Museum; pre-Revolutionary British-American colonial records, still, in numerous cases, uncalendared and uncatalogued by archivists; old newspaper files and rare books of the 17th and 18th centuries; and, in the case of treasure trove in Great Britain and Europe, some of the traditions current in old-world cities in quiet English backwaters have been drawn upon.

Had not death put an end to the prospect, it is possible that a world-famous salvor, who, in his day, raised millions of treasure from drowned liners and bullion wrecks, would have embarked on the romantic quest of fishing among the timbers of an old silver galleon whose remains still strew the ocean floor off the reef of Ambrosia. He would have used clues furnished in the log of an old English sea-dog, which was unearthed by the present writer.

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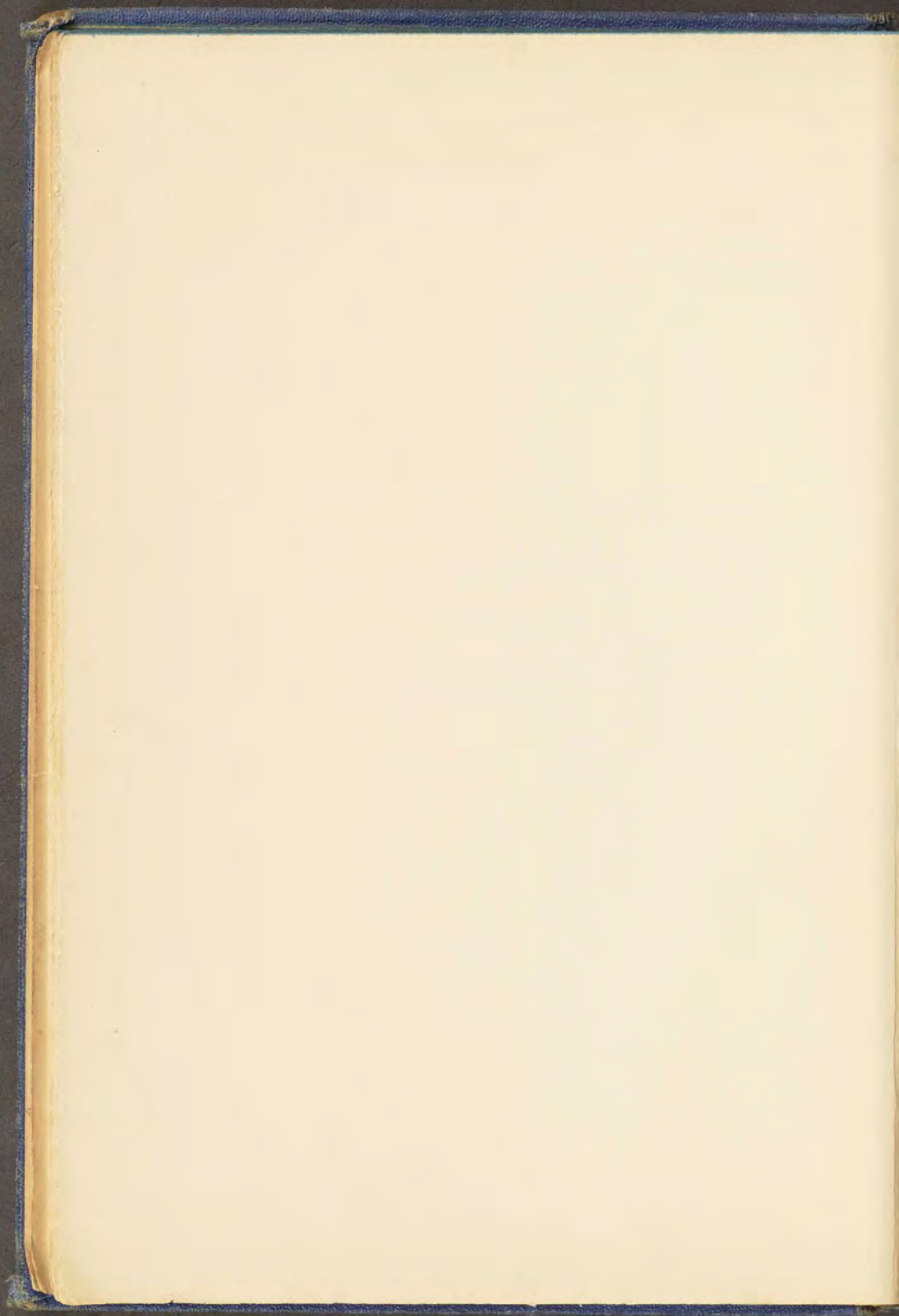
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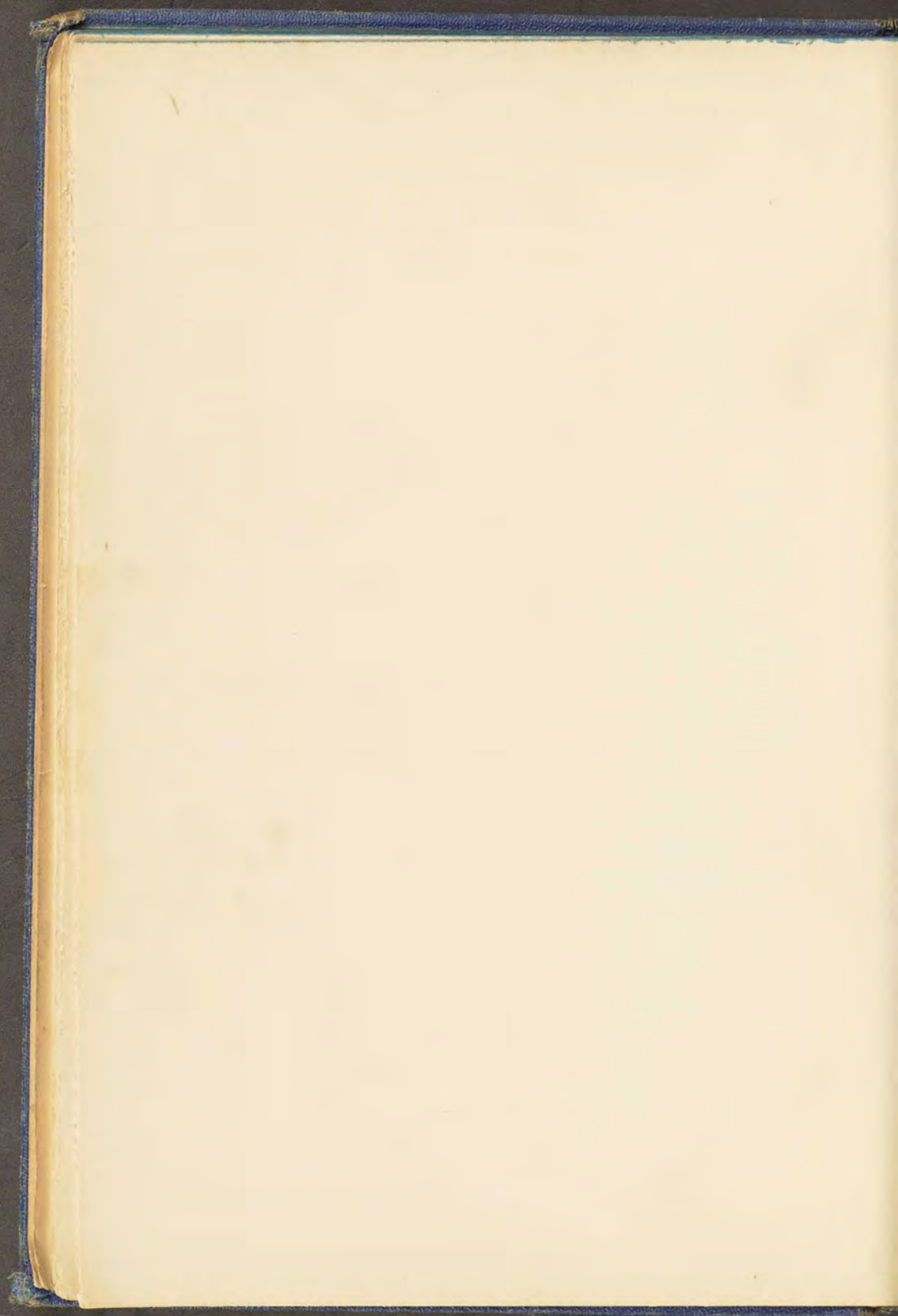
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Hunting Hidden Treasures



CHAPTER I

THE HIDDEN HOARDS OF KINGS

Burgling the Cave-man's Jewel House—Golden Calf of Goodwood—Britain's Lost Treasures—Riddle of the Sands—Where Are the Golden Gates of Glastonbury Abbey?—Secrets of English Cathedrals—A Queen's Buried Jewels—Lost Treasure Wreck of Tobermory Bay—English King Who Turned Buccaneer—Manta Bay and Its Sunken Millions—Strange Story of an Iron Chest—King George V's "Money Coppice"—Corfe Castle's Haunted Treasure Well—The Hidden "Hell" Window—An Archbishop of Canterbury Who Went a-Treasure Hunting—The Gold Giant of Ballyshannon Falls—Woman's Lucky Dream—More Gold Finders and Queer Caches—Strange Tale of the Tower of London's Hidden Casks of Treasure—Pepys and a Pal Dig by Moonlight.

FAR back in the mists of pre-history, when the axes of our Teutonic ancestors were ringing on the trunks of trees in the dense forests of Central Europe, along the shores of the Baltic Sea and the banks of the Danube, shaping rude wheels for the transport of ox-wagons across vast plains and treeless steppes, the lure of buried treasure was drawing them on to the desecration of the mysterious megalithic monuments of older races.

"Treasure, gold in the earth may easily turn the head of any man, conceal it who will!" says the ancient saga of Beowulf, composed or sung in hall by wandering bards ages before the primitive English races crossed the North Sea from Jutland and Friesland.

A vivid Homeric story of the looting of a great treasure hidden in a Neolithic barrow thrills the reader of the

Aryan saga of Beowulf, King of Geatland in Sweden. An outlaw had pilfered some of the treasure of this barrow, which may have been 5,000 or 6,000 years old even in that far-off day. A fiery dragon then watched a hoard of gold and jewels said by the unknown poet to have been hidden in the barrow "three hundred years before by the last survivor of a noble race." In a later and less heroic age, the dragon became metamorphosed into the ghost of a murdered pirate or Negro slave slain by the bloody-handed captain of the *Jolly Roger*, and buried on the top of a massy sea-chest imprisoning the loot of jewels, pieces of eight, and moidores, while eerie lights at midnight scared intruders from the shining sands of the lonely cove!

The Beowulf saga tells how the fiery dragon ravaged the land to find the pilferer, while all the time he lay hidden in the barrow. Enter Beowulf who slays the dragon, and breaks the spell binding the riches to the barrow, but is himself killed. Like a graphic close-up to a cinema picture, the unknown artist paints the dying Beowulf lying on the seashore, while his life-blood slowly ebbs away, staining the stones on the sands. A thane bends down his head and the dying king whispers in his ear that he must enter the barrow and find the concealed vault, loaded with treasure.

The thane gropes his way beneath the lintel of the dolmen where "under the vault of the barrow his amazed eyes behold many a costly ornament—glittering gold lying on the ground, marvels on the wall, and the lair of the reptile, the old twilight-flier—drinking cups standing, vessels of a bygone age and dead races, dingy and of their ornamentation worn. There was many a helmet, old and rusty, many an armlet, cunningly wrought and twisted. . . ."

Towering above the hoard, the buried treasure seeker sees a "standard all of gold, a great wonder all made by hand and woven with the power of enchantment. From this a light shone out, so that he could make out the surface of the ground and see the treasures." Then, "in the caverned hill," one man robbed the hoard, "the work of giants," and loaded himself with drinking cups of gold and jewels, "also he took the banner, brightest of beacons."

There follows an obscure reference to the iron-bladed sword of an aged prince, who had smitten him "long keeper of the treasures who, for the hoard, put forth his terror of flame at midnight burning, till a violent death he died. . . ."

The golden goblets, flagons and dishes, arms and jewelled swords were heaped up on the sands around the dying Beowulf, and rusty were the swords as though they had lain in earth a thousand years. On Hronness, a pyre was made, the body of Beowulf was laid on it, clad in armour, the wood was fired, while the people wept and wailed as the dead king burned to ashes. Then the storm geats raised a mound on the cliffs, Beowulf's beacon-flame, to be seen by seafarers afar off, rowing their tall ships over ocean's spray.

Collars and fibulae (brooches) taken from the hoard, were placed on the pyre, but the gold itself was left in the earth.

Presumably, therefore, an enterprising buried treasure-seeker, equipped with some magical torsion balance of modern science, might do worse than prospect the ground of Hronness, in South Sweden, since folklorists have shown that old traditions often embody a germ of authentic history.

Mediaeval England has its tales of buried treasure,

and, indeed, it was a sheltered industry in which many a fat abbot and even a king or two disdained not to engage. Right at the close of the middle ages, we come across letters patent of Henry VI (dated 12 July 1446) granting to Robert, Prior of Bridlington and the Convent (Bridlington Priory) "treasure trove and deodands, lagan and flothysshe between the ditches called Erledyke and Flayneburghdyke."

Few of the fashionable folk of English society who frequent the royal race meetings of Goodwood would associate that place of snobbery and gilded book-makers "on velvet" with a hoard of buried treasure. Yet the old-fashioned country people around Goodwood today point to a curious local hillock called the "Trundle," beneath which, they say, is buried "Aaron's golden calf." It is there jealously guarded, not by a dragon, but that merry old potentate, the Devil himself, and however deep the diggers may delve, the golden calf sinks deeper still.

One has not heard of séances in Sinai, in the days of Aaron from which the golden calf might have been spirited away and deposited under a hillock in the South of England. It is, however, not altogether impossible that the local tradition may be an echo back to the day, some 5,000 years ago, when a chieftain of the bronze age was buried in a barrow on or near the Trundle, and jewels and gold with richly ornamented swords and weapons heaped up round his remains.

In the bed of the river Nen, near Peterborough, England, silted up with much sand and mud, are said to lie, today, two wagon loads of treasure, the loot of Peterborough and Croyland, sacked by the Danes, in 870. Much mud covers the gold and jewels. But the classic example of a long lost treasure dating from mediæval

England, and still occupying the minds of 20th century buried treasure-hunters, is that of the lost Crown Jewels of King John Lackland of England.

Crossing the Wash, near Welland, on an October day in 1216, King John headed a tremendous train of horse and foot soldiers, and baggage wagons stretching for miles, and loaded with money, plate, jewels, and the Crown treasures. The tide rose swiftly and engulfed his foot soldiers and the baggage train of wagons, while the king and the mobile leaders on horseback scrambled with great difficulty to the shore. John died of a broken heart, says one romanticist, while another more candid friend, avers that new beer, of which he had more than one over the number, plus poisoned peaches, snuffed out the promising career of a royal "wash-out."

However that may be, Sir William St. John Hope, a noted British antiquary, gave a lead to buried treasure-hunters in 1907, when he pointed out that the track of the train of horses, on the fatal day in October 1216, lay across a line of sands now parallel with a railroad embankment between Sutton and Long Walpole, England. In the 711 years that have passed since the treasure was sucked into the Wash, the drag of the quicksands and the eddying and scour of the tide rips may have removed the treasure a long way from its original location; but it is at least possible that the treasure is lying at this moment under a bed of shells and sand, about 40 feet under the railroad embankment. A radio detector of hidden metals might solve this problem.

The English Crown, in the later middle ages, held strong views on the subject of its rights in the matter of treasure trove. There is extant among the MSS. of the Corporation of Beverley, Yorks, a document which tells of the royal vengeance on two men who found treasure

trove on Eske Moor, and concealed the fact. They were the servants of the Archbishop of York and the Provost of York, and their find consisted of eight metal (gold) dishes ("ollas batumer") of 24 gallon capacity, and metal pans. The Archbishop of York cited an Act of Henry III (30th), before Roger de Thurkilby, at York Assizes, and the two unfortunate men were taken and their chattels forfeited to the king.

Famous Sir Richard Whittington, thrice or four times Lord Mayor of London, in the 15th century, who was buried in St. Michael's Paternoster Royal, in the city of London, is reputed to have hidden a great hoard of gold and jewels under his tomb. The tradition fired the imagination of a parson who held the living in the days of Henry VI. He broke in pieces Whittington's marble tomb, but found nothing. The old church was burned down in the Great Fire of London, in 1666.

When bluff Henry VIII broke into the spence and turned the cowls adrift, he gave a tremendous fillip to the business of treasure hunting, as it was destined to be practised by his countrymen in the following century. Hardly an old abbey or a refounded cathedral in England but has stories of fabulous wealth hidden by monks.

The present writer when living in the old-world cathedral city of Gloucester, England, some years ago, was familiar with a periodical crop of rumours about the finding of buried treasure by people living in the shadow of the cathedral, which, before its refoundation by Henry VIII, was known as the Abbey of St. Peter. Someone, not too well off in the world's goods, was reported to have become unaccountably well-to-do overnight.

"Where did they get the money from?" asked their friends and foes, and the answer would be: "Oh, they

must have found some of the money and jewels buried by the old monks before the Reformation."

The ruins of Glastonbury Abbey, Somerset, England, in the orchard isle of Avilon, where the winds blow more loudly than Tennyson supposed, for he was not a man o' the Mendips, are said to conceal a great hoard of treasure hidden there by the last abbot. He baulked the grasping hands of Henry VIII's commissioners, and for his pains was hanged high on a neighbouring hill by that man of blood and amours.

Locally, the tradition of the Somerset yokel has it that the secret of the hiding-place of the hoard died with him, and that in the hoard was a pair of gates wrought in pure gold.

Where are the solid silver bells of Abbot Lichfield, last prior of Evesham Abbey, Worcestershire? To elude the commissioners of Henry VIII the abbot is declared to have buried the bells in a subterranean passage running under the river Avon from the Abbey to a house on the opposite bank. The monks of the Abbey are also said to have hidden a peal of real, almost hall-marked silver bells, also the property of the Abbey in the bed of a moated grange, or outlying farm, belonging to the Abbey and located at Abbots Morton, about nine miles from Evesham.

A romantic story of a similar character is associated with the present ruins of St. Andrews Cathedral, Scotland. At the Reformation all the images and valuables were melted down or vanished—where, has long been a mystery. It is supposed that the treasures were hidden by the priests in an underground chamber of the cathedral. A great deal of excavation has been made for the treasure, but without success. Old residents in the town claim that many years ago they saw a passage, and a

tradition speaks of a strange stair in the cathedral grounds, descending deep into the earth. Explorers tried to find out where it led, but were driven back by foul air, and finally the position was forgotten.

In 1879, a subterranean passage was discovered at the ancient castle of St. Andrews, but where it led to outside the castle is still a mystery. The old cathedral was enriched by the spoils taken from the English after their defeat by the Scotch at Bannockburn. In April 1925, a vigorous search was made for the great hidden treasure of St. Andrews, and a local resident excavated part of North street, at a point midway between the cathedral and the castle. But the treasure still remains in its cache.

Somewhere about the year 1580 a Dutch or Flemish vessel drove ashore in a raging storm off Dunwich, then an important seaport on the English East Anglian coast. It is not known what happened to her crew, but after the storm had died down, a remarkably massive iron chest was washed up on the beach, where it was picked up by a fisherman. Dunwich, for long years afterwards, was slowly eaten away by the waters of the North Sea, and is now reduced from a once thriving town to a mere village of 150 people. In its palmy days, the town kept its muniments in this old sea chest. It is a curiously painted coffer and would admirably serve the purpose of any novelist wishing to obtain one ingredient in a new Tale of Treasure Island Nights.

When let down, its ponderous lid automatically shuts the four bolts of a lock calculated to excite the profanity of a burglar in a hurry to collect and pack up his plunder. One has to use an iron bar in order to turn a gigantic key to open this chest after it has been shut.

This chest, probably forged by some cunning Dutch



Old treasure chests made in Belgium 300 years ago. These chests were often carried in ships and galleons, bullion and strong rooms. Note the intricate locksmith's work on the massive oaken inner lid.



or Flemish artificer of the 16th century, is kept in what is now the village reading-room at Dunwich, and it still holds the register of Dunwich, dating back to 1595. A romantic person might imagine that some such chest once held the jewels stolen from one of Henry VIII's wives, by a servant, who, in the hue and cry, fled underground, and buried the jewels somewhere under the lawns of the Royal Palace of Oatlands, in Surrey.

It is uncertain whether Anne of Cleves was the loser of these jewels. She is said to have stayed for a short time at Oatlands, but so did Queen Katharine Howard, whom Henry married there. Today, the ruins of the Palace stand in the grounds of Oatlands Lodge, belonging to an English High Court Judge, Swinfen Eady. A mysterious subterranean passage, ten feet wide in places, runs along the line of the west side of the main building parallel with the wall of the old garden, and turning north in the direction of the river Thames. It perhaps linked Oatlands Palace with another palace of Henry VIII, wrested by that old thief from his luckless favorite and Chancellor, Cardinal Wolsey. This passage is covered with a pointed arch of brickwork, and a cellar opening out of it is well-arched with moulded brickwork. Today, a well sunk in the floor of the underground way is used to supply a pump in the gardens.

Nobody seems to know the exact length of this underground passage, or its original purpose, but there is a tradition that the passage ran on the north-west to Dorney House—an old mansion in Weybridge.

Builders' laborers, working on the site of the old Palace Gardens, in May 1926—they were making a new housing site—lit on a subterranean passage possibly identical with the one we have just described. They opened it in two places, and found it ran parallel with

the old gardens of Henry VIII. But the treasure cache remains undiscovered.

The lucky find of Spanish Armada treasure was the making of one Elizabethan (16th century) family living in Wiltshire, England. Sir Thomas Gorges, Warden of the Cinque Ports, and an uxorious individual, put up a white elephant of a house, or rather castle, outside Salisbury. He did it to please a caprice of his wife, who made him pull down an old English castle and erect a queer building modelled on Tycho Brahe's castle of Uranienberg. Driving piles deep into the valley marshes on the site of the projected "folly," Gorges ruined his equivalent of a bank balance. Longford Castle, the present name of Gorges' white elephant, is shaped like a triangle with a turret at each corner, and nowadays British and American folk go there to look at the wonderful collection of old Flemish paintings it shelters.

This Elizabethan was a fair representative of the age of get-rich-mighty-quick bourgeoisie, fleshed with abbey lands, and much fat public property, and in 1588, when he was governor of Hurst Castle, a Spanish galleon drove ashore on the Kent coast. Lady Gorges begged Queen Elizabeth to give her the hulk, and finding bars of silver and other treasure in the hold, as well as a great deal of very valuable timber, the Gorges woman sold the lot, and liquidated the debt on Longford Castle.

What thousands of salvors' shareholders' dollars and pounds and burning of midnight rushlights, candles, oil, or modern electric light, what heartburnings and disappointments have been spent or wasted upon another famous Tudor wreck—the famous Tobermory treasure galleon the *Florencia*, flagship of the Vice-Admiral of the Spanish Armada!

A world-famous British Admiralty salvage expert told

the present writer that he had often laughed at the idea that treasure of gold or silver plate may be fished up from this wreck. So the writer showed him an extract from a late 17th century manuscript in the interesting Rawlinson collection of Pepys papers at the Bodleian Library, Oxford. The salvage expert read the paper carefully, and at the end of his perusal, said he thought, there was *prima facie* evidence of genuineness.

Somewhere about the year 1680, one Joshua Maisiee petitioned James, Duke of York, saying that a year before he had taken a voyage to Scotland, and in "Soundemull discovered a wreck called the *Florence* which was Vice-Admiral of the Spanish Fleet in 1588," and that he was willing at his own expense, with the Duke's leave, "to work upon the weighing of her or what he can . . . get out of her."

Attached to this petition is an information of Archibald Miller about the galleon wreck named "*Florence*, sunk in Tippermorie, in ye Sound of Mull." She is

under water at the deepest 9 fathoms at a low water. . . . There is no deck . . . except in the hinder part. There is one great heap of timber which I take to be the cabin. I discovered one door which I take to be the Steerage door, and within that door I did see a number of Dishes both great and small of a white blewish colour, but whether they are pewter or plate I know not. . . . Near this place I did discover one great gun and her mussle up right on end as big or bigger than the gun I lifted which would carry a 48 lb. ball, there is a great heap of cannon shot about midship, and upon this shot lies 3 iron guns. . . .

In the fore part . . . many great ballast stones and some shot amongst them, and there were found

one silver bell about 4 lb. weight, we got without the ship at a pretty distance the said great gun with the other two (all brass guns); the great gun is 11 foot of length and $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches of measure in the bow, the other two were minions, we also got 2 demi-culverins, 2 fallons, 2 slings all brass. . . . We lifted 3 anchors . . . 2 brass sheers, weighing 80 lb. I lifted also the Rother (rudder), and took eight iron pikes of it. It was 28 feet of length, but there was one place broken. . . .

I lifted the kempstane (capstan) of curious work . . . I saw something like a coat of arms, but could not reach it, being entangled. I saw guild upon several standing doors of the ship. I saw one paper of Latin extracted out of the Spanish records that there was 30 millions of cash on board the said ship, and it tells it lay under the sell (sill) of the gun-room. The lieftenant of the ship reports the same to the Earl of Argile (I mean the Marquis' father), and which paper holds good by the lieftenant's report. I found something like metal betwixt the ship and the shore in soft, ooze ground in several places, and think they were guns. The properest time to dive is to begin about 20 May and continue until the end of August. I found a Crown or Diadem and had hooked the same, but being chained it fell amongst the timbers; the crown is also in the Spanish records. I think the goods of the ship may be recovered provided the timber could be taken away, and I do not doubt but all may be taken away provided my pains and expenses be allowed, and . . . though I be an old man, I am willing to go alone upon due consideration, for it is a pity such a great business should

be lost where it may be recovered by industry. . . .

Grinok (Greenock), 20 Nov., 1683.

I was master of the whole employment myself for the space I dived.

* * *

The author of this book wrote to the Duke of Argyll, who is laird of the country in which the treasure wreck lies, asking about this Spanish "Crown or Diadem." The Duke replied as follows:

Mayfair. London. W.

14 December 1924.

The Duke of Argyll regrets that he has no photographs of the Tobermory salvage operations, nor does he know the address of Miss Naylor¹. His Grace believes there was a pause in operations this autumn, as he certainly had no report as to what was going on. The Crown mentioned in the MSS. referred to is said to have been the one intended to be used if Philip of Spain had been ritually crowned in Westminster Abbey.

H. T. WILKINS, ESQ.

The story of the blowing up of the galleon in Tobermory Bay reads like a lively episode from a historico-romantic novelist of the school of Charles Kingsley or Stanley Weyman. The Spanish Armada ships, running the gauntlet of the English navy under Lord Effingham and his captains, lumbered up the English Channel, and anchored off the coast of Flanders. Drake stampeded them with his fire-ships and the whole Armada fleet of one hundred and twenty vessels slipped their cables and fled up the North Sea. More than half were wrecked,

¹ The plucky woman diver who was nearly drowned in descending to the galleon wreck in Tobermory Bay, April 1924.

some on Scotch coasts, others on the West of Ireland, and one north of Fair Isle between Orkney and Shetland. Only fifty-three shattered hulks got back to Spain.

One galleon—presumably the *Duque di Florencia*—rounded the North of Scotland and Cape Wrath, and put into Tobermory Bay, to get stores and tackle. The captain was helping himself to what he wanted, when one Sir Lauchlan Maclean of Castle Duart, mounted guns on the slope commanding the bay, and swore to blow him out of the water. Scotland was then a neutral country, but the English embassy had ordered that the storm-bound ship should not be let escape, as it was thought she had aboard specie and jewels to the value of £300,000, or \$1,500,000.

The Spaniard, says a contemporary, temporised with the Maclean, and agreed to pay in money and manpower by landing marines to help in one of the eternal clan squabbles. The Spanish marines duly landed, carried fire and slaughter over the Hebrides, and were laying waste to a Highland castle, when the Spanish captain called his men off. The canny Scot asked payment, the suave Spaniard answered with smooth words, and the marines were allowed to rejoin their ship, leaving three Spanish captains as hostages in the hands of the canny Scot. He also sent a clansman, Donald Glas of Morven aboard to receive the agreed pieces of eight.

Donald stepped up the galleon's side, and was clapped in irons and sent below decks while the galleon got ready for sea. In the night, the braw Donal' laid a train of powder from his cabin to the close neighbourhood of the magazine. At dawn with a shivering Scotch breeze blowing off-shore, the Spanish captain weighed anchor, called Donal' up on deck, and bade him take a last, lingering look at the shore. The ship was still in

harbour, one hundred yards from the land. Donal' looked his last, went down to his cabin, and, putting a match to the train, blew up the galleon.

Only three Spaniards were saved, and one of them died of his wounds. Some horses swam ashore from the drowned galleon, and from them was bred a type of West Highland pony. There was also a dog who cried pitifully for his lost master and made a deep impression on the Highlanders.

It is believed that the Spanish captain's table was furnished with solid silver plate and tradition said the galleon carried in her hold thirty millions of pesos or pieces of eight. The wreck became the property of the Duke of Lennox, Great Admiral of Scotland, who transferred his interest to the Marquis of Argyll, reserving a share of one one-hundredth of what treasure might be salved. The drowned ship lies in eleven fathoms of water.

Salvage attempts on the Tobermory galleon were made in 1665, 1676, 1680 and 1694, and the finds included ship's guns, copper kettles, and cannon balls, still to be seen in the museum of Inverary Castle. In 1688, a Swedish engineer is said to have fished up a good deal of treasure by the use of a diving bell. In 1730, gold and silver coins were recovered and a fine bronze gun dated 1584, and now at Inverary Castle. In 1740, more guns, and a French field-piece with the arms of Benvenuto Cellini, the famous Florentine autobiographical silversmith. No other search of the wreck seems to have been made till about 1880, when the Duke of Argyll sent a diver down and used an ancient map of the wreck. He got nothing up. In 1903, Captain Burns, a well-known Glasgow salvor, tried his hand on the galleon. In September 1906, a diver is

alleged to have found two pounds of silver in the hulk.

Now, the Spanish Admiralty got wind of the attempt, and in 1905, sent an officer to Tobermory to ask that the bones of men found in the wreck might be sent to Spain for honorable burial. The Spanish authorities said the sunken Tobermory ship was the *Duque di Florencia* or *Duke of Florence*, one of the best and largest ships in the Armada, and belonging to the Tuscan contingent. She was a 941 ton ship, built of African oak, mounting 52 guns, carrying 386 sailors and 100 marines. Her captain was Don Pereira.

The tradition is, as we said above, that the galleon carried thirty millions of pesos, but, *à propos* of this, it must be noted that a peso or piece of eight is about the size of a U.S.A. dollar. One such peso found in the wreck weighed 400 grains, and a cargo of thirty millions of pieces of eight would weigh no less than 765 tons, surely a great freight for a 941 ton ship which would also have to carry many men, horses, and much ammunition and stores! The amount of the alleged treasure, like the story of Mark Twain's death, seems to have been greatly exaggerated.

In the years 1879-1910, one hundred widely scattered silver coins were found on the bottom of the bay, but *not* the long-awaited strong-room or treasure chest. The coins found were pieces of eight, bearing a shield on each side. Other finds were a gold ring, shaped like a double-headed snake, heavy silver plates or salvers, eleven inches wide, and a silver lamp of an antique design. A dowser, about 1906, using his powers of motor-automatism, swore that a treasure of gold, silver and diamonds (?), and two chests of bullion, each 3 feet by 2 feet, as well as thirty-four cannon in rows, and "large masses of metal" lie in the shivered timbers of the wreck

of Tobermory, but he did not actually deliver the goods or any of them. Some old grappling irons—perhaps those of old Archibald Miller of Greenock—were found, and in 1910, steel probes went 120 feet deep into the bed of the bay, and mechanical diggers were also at work.

Did the 17th or 18th century salvors fish up the treasure of the Tobermory sunken galleon, or was there any great treasure at all on board, concerning which the English embassy and Elizabethans were misled by false information or rumours? What has already been said of 17th century salvors makes it probable that a good deal of the treasure has been salvaged.

A battle of learned critics raged in the *London Times* in September 1910, wherein much ink was spilt, many tempers spoiled, and some international reputations torn to shreds in a Bilstumpshismark controversy. But the remains of the knights were gathered up and more Tobermory syndicates appeared like Richmonds on the horizon.

Professor J. K. Laughton, the British naval historian and archivist, splintered a lance with the Duke of Argyll, who, as owner of treasure-trove in the wreck, was bound to defend tooth and nail the theory of the existence of the pieces of eight at the bottom of the bay. Laughton attempted to send the treasure cache in the wreck to limbo. Marines, said he, were not known in the 16th century, hence there could be none aboard the Spanish galleon. No treasure was carried in the Armada, or rather there is no evidence that any large amount was carried in the ships, which were mainly transports. He cited a Spanish writer, Captain Fernando Duro, author of the "Armada Invincible," and "Armada Española," who says there is no such ship as the *Duque di Florencia*

in the Armada list. The *Duque di Florencia*, says Duro, got back safely to Spain, and the archives of Florence record that the ship blown up at Tobermory, was a *mao*, or transport—the *San Juan de Bautista*, a galleon of Castile, of 750 tons, 24 guns, and carrying 297 soldiers and 136 marines, under the command of Don Diego Manrique.

Another *Times* correspondent entered the field. The name of the sunken galleon is a mystery, said he, soothingly. There were two ships in the Armada named *San Juan de Bautista*. One was wrecked off Ireland, the other limped into Santander. The *Duque di Florencia* or *San Francisco* returned to Santander.

Then Archibald Campbell of Inverary (otherwise the Duke of Argyll) got home a ringing blow on the Professor's shield. Says he:

The arms of the *Florencia's* captain have been found on one of the plates recovered from the wreck. In the Armada days, captains dined off their own service plate. The Spanish and Portuguese embassies furnished details of the arms of the Pereira family, and they correspond to those found on the plate recovered from the wreck.

Besides the Tobermory galleon, we learn that Armada ships are to be found in other parts of Scotland; as in Loch Don, facing Oban, where, it is said, there is a Spanish ship which lost its way in a fog; and, off Morven shore, lies another.*

*Also, off Fair Isle, 23 miles S. W. of Mainland, in the Shetland Islands, lies the wreck of "El Gran Grifon," a galleon flying (in 1558) the flag of Don Juan Gomes de Medina, an admiral of the Spanish Armada. Once a fortnight, a fishing smack takes mails to this lone isle peopled by 127 folk. In 1929, a trawler, fishing off the Flannan Islands, in the Outer Hebrides, Scotland, dragged up an antique leathern sleeping-berth from what is thought to be a sunken Spanish Armada galleon. The crew buoyed the location.

Divers again located the Tobermory wreck in August 1910, when they called it *The Great Tuscany*. Suction dredging was adopted. They found one-half of the hulk resting about eighteen feet below the surface of the bay within a small area in which cannon balls, gun parts and daggers have been salvaged, as well as human bones.

Finds in September 1910 included a long, shaped grappler, a richly adorned basket-hilt of a sword displaying beautiful filigree work, a Maltese cross with ball and crown stamped on the guard, and under the crown the monogram "G.R." The guard of the sword was ornamented with imitation flowers and fancy work, and the decorations seem to be of gold.

Another syndicate—the "Pieces of Eight"—opened the project of a fresh attempt on the wreck, by a company meeting on Dec. 9, 1910, at Winchester House, London, E.C. The chairman asked people to invest £2,000 (\$10,000) and promised a return of £500 (\$2500) per cent.

"We want the dollars which the galleon is reputed to have on board," said he. "They are worth considerably more than their face value, owing to historical associations. After the wreck was found, the directors got a steamer with twelve suction pumps, which brought up pieces of eight, uncovered cannon balls, and parts of muskets and swords in a fossilised condition. A dredge will be needed, and I think £2,000 will be ample for the business of clearing the shells and stones away from the wreck. The articles of silver plate on the ship ought to realise £155 (\$775) an ounce at an auction. We may fairly congratulate ourselves that when the dredge reaches Tobermory we shall lay bare all that the sea has

concealed from our predecessors during three and a quarter centuries."

Unfortunately, however, Davy Jones's safe is not so easily cracked. The old sinner of the sea winks at such boasts as these. The Pieces of Eight Syndicate did not get the dollars, but they got tons of romantic feeling and arms, a copper bolt, ivory ornaments, coins, including 120 pieces of eight in excellent condition, and an interesting relic in the shape of a silver medal bearing Christ's portrait, and the legend "Ego Sum Lux Mundi." All rapiers, muskets and cannon balls were encrusted, the basket work of the sword hilts was fossilised, but the leather casing at the ends of the swords was plainly recognisable.

The next syndicate called itself the Treasure Salvage Galleon Company and began operations in April 1912. Using a Priestman digger the excavators pierced a sandbank and found a metal silver salver, a stone cannon ball, and pieces of African oak. Silver plates were fished up crushed and battered, short swords, large pieces of sheet lead and copper, and much heavily encrusted metal. By the middle of September 1912, this syndicate dredged 40 acres, ranging all over the sandbank covering the galleon. Much more African oak came up, as well as wine flagons, encrusted cutlasses, pieces of eight, a gun sight, and the nearly complete skeleton of a fourteen-year-old boy. Rumour said that the Duke of Argyll had given the syndicate an extension of two years.

Then the European Great War broke out, and salvage efforts began to be transferred from the harbour of Tobermory to the stricken field of torpedo warfare. Tobermory next comes into the picture on August 23, 1922, when a new company got to work on the wreck. Bad

weather held up the salvors, who had concluded that the galleon was the *Almirante di Florencia*. Two British Royal Navy officers, including the Harbourmaster of Dover, supervised the diving operations, and a well-known British naval diver was employed. A powerful suction pump discharged 250 tons of water an hour and thirty feet of clay and silt embedding the wreck were sliced around by a circular machine-cutter driven by a motor. The cutter sawed up the débris and detritus around the wreck, and the pump sucked it to the surface and shot it into sluice-boxes in the stem of the salvage steamer *Lincoln*, where men raked it over and put the valuable material on one side. Finds included gold buttons, silver ware, gun parts, human bones and bronze cannon. Unfavourable weather shut down the work in September 1922.

The Tobermory season of 1924 opened with a flourish of editorial trumpets and the emblazoning of the front pages of London picture papers with photographs and captions relating to the world's first woman diver, plucky Miss Margaret Naylor, twenty-six years old. She took charge of the operations, and while making a descent was all but drowned. She was pulled to the surface in a very exhausted state, in a diving gear weighing 190 lbs. An experienced British naval diver supervised the operations, and the manager of the syndicate, a British colonel, advertised in the London newspapers for "gentlemen adventurers with experience of the sea to help in a treasure hunt." Local labour was in a ferment and would not help the syndicate. The Duke of Argyll was to receive a royalty of twenty per cent of the profits of the venture, but one heard nothing of the luck of this company.

The year 1927 opened with a report in a London

newspaper that divers had recovered from the galleon a finely coloured Venetian bowl, a silver salver, more sword hilts and human bones. They were confident, said the newspaper's correspondent, of making further finds. There, for the moment the matter rests, until other enterprising sportsmen have another "flutter" at the wreck.*

Treasure hunting was a favourite occupation of the Stuart Kings of England, and indeed, the merry monarch, Charles II, had such a thirst for illicit gold that he actually took part in a buccaneering expedition to Jamaica, about 1688, when Sir Thomas Modiford was governor! Charles sent out the *Oxford* frigate, which arrived at Jamaica in October 1688, with a commission empowering the governor to send anybody he liked flying the legal "Jolly Roger" to be partners with his Britannic Majesty in the plunder . . . "they finding victuals, wear and tear," on the venerable principle of "heads I win, tails you lose!"

Nor was the hunting confined to kings. A maid of honour at the Court of James I, King of England and Scotland, engaged in this sport of kings. Mistress Mary Middlemore, "one of the maydes of honour to our dearest consort queen Anne (of Denmark)", was granted a patent under the great seal of England (15 James I) "to enter into the abbaies of St. Albans, Glassenbury, St. Edmundsbury and Ramsay, and into all lands houses and places within a mile belonging to the said abbaies" to dig and search for hidden treasure.

The son of this king (Charles I) lost the sum of

* In 1929, a British M. P., Captain S. R. Streatfield, and Colonel K. Mackenzie Foss sent down a diver who made many descents without finding the galleon or the treasure. "Society ladies" of London were said to have been interested in this latest venture.

thirty million dollars or pieces of eight, at sea off the coast of modern Ecuador. The ship so wrecked was consigned by the merchants of Lima to the aid of Charles I, in his wars with the people of England, and it still lies at the bottom of the bay of Manta, awaiting the modern salvor. Winds and tides are difficult and the coast is ringed round by the sides and base of a mountain which descends very near the shore. But what of that when there are thirty million pieces of eight to reward the treasure hunter?

Master Basil Ringrose, gentleman, who was partner in the dangerous voyage and bold attempts of Captains Bartholomew Sharp, Watling, Sawkins, and Coxon, buccaneers in the South Seas, is our authority for the story of the treasure of Manta Bay. The fleets of Captain Coxon and Captain Sharp met at a rendezvous off the Isle of Plate, at six o'clock on the morning of August 13, 1680.

"Our prisoners," writes Master Basil Ringrose in his diary, "told us that in the times of Oliver Cromwell, in the Commonwealth of England, a certain ship was fitted out of Lima, with 70 brass guns, having on board no less than 30 millions of dollars or pieces of eight, all of which vast Sum of Money was given by the Merchants of Lima, and sent as a present to our gracious King (or rather his Father) who now reigneth, to supply him in his exile or distress. But that this great and rich ship was lost by keeping along the shore in the bay of Manta . . . or thereabouts. The truth whereof," writes Master Basil Ringrose, "is much to be questioned."

Five days later, Master Ringrose's ship lay off Solango, when he again writes:

About 3 leagues from Solango are 2 rocks called Los Ahorcados. They appear both high and black.

Besides this, N.N.E. from Point St. Helena, is a high rock which to windward thereof runs shoaling for the space of half a mile under water. It is distant about 8 leagues from the said point, and is called *Chanduy*. At this place and upon this Rock was lost the ship aforesaid . . . that was ordered from these seas to the aid of Charles I. This ship had on board, as the Spaniards relate, many millions of pieces of eight. . . . This rock lies about 2 leagues distant from the main.

There is little doubt that the Civil War between Crown and Parliament in the 17th century caused many wealthy members of the Cavalier party to bury their wealth on their estates. Much of this hidden treasure was never found by their descendants. But a remarkable case of the accidental discovery of buried treasure about this time took place at Ham Castle, located in the parish of Clifton-upon-Teme, Worcestershire, England. This castle was burnt to the ground when it was besieged by Cromwell's forces under the command of Sir William Waller, whose cannon balls were long preserved here.

The chatelaine of this manor was a Mistress Joyce Jeffreys, a simple-minded, good-natured lady, much imposed upon by her servants, and with a great partiality for christening cake. She kept a diary which records her payments for the burial, grubbing up and movements of trunks containing valuables which she was anxious should not fall into the hands of the Cromwellian soldiery. One of these excavations, in 1649, in the grounds of Ham Castle, led to a remarkable discovery by her relative, Mr. Jeffries. The old antiquary, Thomas Hearne tells the yarn in his *Liber Niger Scaccarii*:

At Ham Castle, in Worcestershire, liveth one Mr.—Jeffryes Esq. (*sic*), where about 12 years agoe, was found a vault in a ground on one side of his house, and in it a great Iron chest containing gold, silver and other kind of mettalls. This vault was in the middle of an ancient fort, made in the manner of an halfe moone. Thus Sir Robert of Merton College. November 1661.

The mystery of the origin of this strange treasure vault has never been cleared up, but it may be said that the ancient Ham Castle—of which little is known—is mentioned, for the first time, in 1207, when King John gave it to a certain Thomas de Galweya. A stronghold of some kind survived here for centuries, but the 17th century house which replaced the gutted castle was itself destroyed by fire in 1887 when the diary of Mistress Jeffreys also perished. Ham Castle Farm, as it is now called, stands on the site of the 17th century mansion, and the owner is Sir Francis Winnington. This lonely Worcestershire hamlet, “the world forgetting, by the world forgot,” holds romantic possibilities for the modern buried treasure-hunter.

On King George’s estate at Osborne, Isle of Wight, is a copse or small thicket known as the “Money Cop-pice,” where Eustace Mann, an adherent of the party of Charles I in the English Civil Wars of the 17th century, is said to have hidden a very large sum of money to evade the searches of the Parliamentary agents. He hid it so carefully that he could not find it himself when he came to search for it after the Restoration of lands and merry monarchs. The money is hidden in “Money Cop-pice.” Although the seeker had omitted to make landmarks to find the treasure by, so that its future discovery

would be a matter of chance, he petitioned the British Government to pass an Act ensuring that any treasure trove found on his land should revert to his family. But the estate passed out of his family's possession in 1705 and the cache has never been found.

The romantic ruins of Corfe Castle, a former Cavalier fortress standing on a great chalk hill in the isle of Purbeck, Dorsetshire, England, is famous for a buried treasure guarded by a ghost-defender quite in keeping with the traditions of Beowulf's barrow and the caches of Captain Kidd or Cap'n Flint on Treasure Island. A Saxon king, Edward the Martyr, was murdered by command of his step-mother in this Castle, as he was returning from the chase, and many later English kings were sheltered in its walls. The valuable hoard of treasure lies at the bottom of a well choked with tons of stone from the Castle walls.

When the Civil War between Charles I and the Parliament broke out, Lady Bankes, the chatelaine, the widow of a well-known Caroline lawyer, held Corfe Castle for the king against Oliver Cromwell. She put up a plucky fight, but eventually had to surrender to the Roundheads. Before they clattered over the drawbridge, Lady Bankes collected all the gold and silver plate she could find in the Castle, and flung it down a deep well in the 4th ward of the Castle, pronouncing the usual curse on all disturbers. She then asked the besiegers for ten minutes' respite for the lives of the defenders. The garrison marched out and the Cromwellians marched in to find one Lieutenant-Colonel Pitman, a traitor, hanging from the stone staircase in the Castle.

His part is that of the demon assigned till doomsday to the duty of guarding the treasure from seekers. Local tradition says that the treasure is still at the bottom of

the well, buried under the hundreds of tons of débris hurled down the well when, in 1649, the Parliamentary Commissioners issued on order to "slight" or dismantle the fortress. The Roundheads, however, looted the castle; but, later Charles II restored the estates to Sir Ralph Bankes, the lady's son. Nevertheless, the hidden treasure of Corfe Castle has not been found.

It is possible that a treasure of some sort may lie hidden in the smugglers' den, containing a lift dated 1644, which was discovered at Dover, England, in April 1926. This den was revealed during the inspection of a block of old houses on the Commercial Quay. The house is four storeys high, and the lift went from the basement on the water level to the top of the building. The lift, hidden behind "cushion" walls, is still in working order, and indications are that the old place at one time did a roaring trade as a collecting house, with great popular approval and support in the defiance of the British Republican and the subsequent King's revenue and preventive officers.

Many English cathedrals, at the time of the Civil War, are known to have hidden their artistic treasures to keep them from the fury of the iconoclasts, although it is likely that Cromwell's adherents have been accused of vandalism which ought to be laid at the doors of the plundering agents of Edward VI. Visitors to the Archive Room of Hereford Cathedral Chapter Library, with its chained books, are shown a remarkable mediæval map of the world, made by a 13th century ecclesiastic who is placed in the right-hand corner, on horseback, attended by pages and greyhounds.

The artist—for one cannot call him a "cartographer," since such maps only ministered to the sense of wonder which William of Wykeham recommended the fellows

and scholars of New College, Oxford, to cultivate in the long winter evenings of the later Middle Ages—was Richard de Haldingham or of Lafford, Lincolnshire, and his map shows Julius Caesar sending out three men to survey the earth. Paradise is on the east at the top of the map, Jerusalem is in the middle, and dog-headed men, which Richard mixed up with Indian monkeys, are fixed in Norway. The artist is, of course, a flat-earthite, and is the direct ancestor of the map-makers of the 18th century who put sporting mermaids, spouting sea-monsters, and sailing ships into the spare spaces on the charts lifted by Blackbeard and Captain Avery, pirates, from the luckless merchant snows and pinks they boarded.

Richard's *Mappa Mundi*, drawn on thick vellum and glued to oak, is said to have been hidden under the cathedral floor in the Civil War period of the 17th century. Years after it was dug up and again restored to the Archive Room, after being cleaned and repaired at the British Museum, in 1855.

Fairford Church, Glostershire, England, has a wonderful mediæval stained glass window depicting hell in the ruddiest pre-Raphaelite manner, with a very full flavour of 14th century English naïveté. This was also hidden from Puritan iconoclasts, in a field, and was later replaced in the window lights of the church where the visitor may see it today.

A News Letter to Mr. Henry Hastings, merchant at Marseilles, written from Whitehall, London, on November 7th, 1687 tells of Cornish wreckers and what befell them:

There was formerly an account given of a very rich ship cast away near Loo, in Cornwall, bound from Ostend to Spain, which had on board pres-

ents to that King from Germany, and so ill of an accident that the Bishop of Bristol, in whose royalty the wreck happened, was then in the country, seized the goods and caused the country people to restore the rifled goods to the Crown.

No story of treasure seeking or finding in the 17th century in England, would be complete without reference to the participation of James II and his successor on the throne of England, Dutch William, in such hunts. More will be said of them when we come to speak of treasure-fishing in and around the waters of the Spanish main.

The present writer was recently searching the records of the old Admiralty Court of Oyer and Terminer, responsible for the examination and trials of pirates in the 18th century in London, when he lighted on an interesting Treasury document showing that a well-known Archbishop of Canterbury engaged in a search for buried treasure in the Southwest of England in the year 1700. Nay, if royal princes of the blood and maids of honour disdained not to contaminate themselves with the soilure of ignoble touch of buried gold—why not the men of the gaiters, lawn sleeves, padded thrones and cockaded hats, and all they who wear the insignia of the princely Anglican Church? For bishops are but men, and archbishops less than supermen when it comes to smelling gold! One touch of auriferous nature will make them all akin to the velvet-hunting gentlemen on the board of the old racing firm at Newmarket.

This document, styled the "declared accounts of Henry Baker Esq., of the Treasury,"¹ shows that in

¹ B.P.R.O. A03/1101.

1702, "for severall expenses about a pretended discovery of a treasure in England," there was paid to a certain "Jno. Towers," who had also assisted at the "tryal of pyrates in America" and concerned himself with the transport to England, of pirated goods taken there; the sum of "XX.li XV.sh. VI.d."

Henry Baker Esq., also filed another document, listed in the British Public Record Office relating to the taking of "Pyrates goods sent to England," and "to pretended discovery of a Conceal'd Treasure in England, by order as aforesaid." My Lord Archbishop of Canterbury had been paid charges of 4s 6d and 5s. on account of the discovery of concealed treasure. This document is really full of the stuff of romance, and should be quoted as it stands. It runs:

Paid charges in the business of the hidden Treasure came by Admiral Benbow, and order of the Lords of the Treasury.....	13s.
Paid charges to the Custom House about Elephants' Teeth from America.....	7s.
Paid expence and charges with Mr. Warren and Stukeley about the discovery of conceal'd treasure	9s.
Nov. 1700. Paid to the charges of a Journey p. order of the Lords of the Treasury to Dover and Deal with a gent. from my Lord of Canterbury to order and instruct the Dover Sloop for Falmouth with the Master and others, my Lord's Gent. and the shipp's crew waiting there 10 dayss for another Vessell, with Mr. Stukeley from London, about the conceal'd treasure	£15. 10s.
Dec. 26. 1700. Paid charges relating to Lord Canterbury's conceal'd Treasure and other ex-	

pences on behalf of Mr. Warren at Falmouth	
.....	14s.
Paid charges in the business of the hidden	
Treasure of Lord Canterbury.....	10s.
Jan. 18. 1700-1. Paid ditto. to Lambeth and at-	
tendance Lord Canterbury about the Treas-	
ure	4s.

What was this mystery of concealed treasure reported by Archbishop Tennison, Queen Anne's primate, which induced their prosaic Lordships of the Admiralty of that day to despatch the Dover sloop to Falmouth to wait Mr. Stukeley's arrival from London? Was this concealed treasure found? The log of the Dover sloop says nothing about the trip, which would not have been the case had Captain Edward Stanley, R.N. commanded her. More, a diligent search of the contemporary archives preserved at the British Public Record Office threw no light on the matter, and even a stamped addressed envelope sent by the present writer in December, 1926, to the Librarian of Lambeth Palace, accompanied by a courteously worded request for a reference to any documentary source, casting a light on the mystery, has not induced the reverend gentleman to speak from his monastic seclusion in the Palace Library! Fie, fie, as they said in the year 1700, one would have expected more enthusiasm from the cloth in a matter of this historical importance!

An eighteenth century Irish bishop some years later than 1700, inspired a hunt for hidden treasure in what Dean Swift called the Land of Saints, Fens and Folly, or, as it might justly be called in the annals of buried gold and silver—the land of real and rainbow gold. This prelate, the Bishop of Derry, was sitting at dinner

one day, listening to an old Irish harper who was singing the "Moira Borb." The bishop was puzzled by the meaning of the verse:

In earth beside the loud cascade,
The son of Sora's king we laid;
And on each finger placed a ring
Of gold by mandate of our King.

In fact, as he knew not Irish, the whole ballad puzzled the good bishop. The old harper explained that the loud cascade was Ballyshannon with its salmon leap or waterfall, and that at this spot a man of gigantic stature was buried. Plates of pure gold, said the harper, swathed his breast and back, and rings of gold, so big that an ordinary man could crawl through them, were on his fingers. Two persons present at the dinner, are said to have had their imaginations so fired by the description of the cache that, next day, they went to the falls and dug the ground. They found 2 thin pieces of gold, circular in shape and 2 inches in diameter. On the day after, they resumed the search, but found nothing more, though, as the children say, it is possible they were very "warm." Here is a chance for the treasure seeker on his next summer trip. He can combine pleasure with business by taking a ticket for the falls of Ballyshannon, Ireland. The rings and gold plates are awaiting him (or her).

A labourer's wife who had a lucky dream is the heroine of the next adventure of this kind in our "excellent and indispensable 18th century," neither whose prose nor reason was proof against the hidden lure. The diary of the first Earl of Egmont, Viscount Perceval tells on Monday, New Year's Day, 1753, the story as it came from the blessed lips of Mr. Chamberlayn, our curate, sitting at his lordship's breakfast table:

This week, a labourer's wife in the parish of Plumstead (Kent) dreamt that in her hog-stye she should find in digging a pot of money buried; in the morning she desired her husband to clear the stye, which he refused, whereupon she took her spade and fell to work, and according found a good quantity of Charles the Second's silver coin, with which she immediately paid her debts. It happened that a neighbour over a hedge saw her and went to a lawyer to know if she were not entitled to the half, by which means the matter came to the ears of Mr. Mitchel, the lord of the manor, a rich gentleman at Richmond, who sent a constable and others to demand the money. The woman said she had paid it away, but if he pleased she would give him the receipt. The story was told by the constable to Mr. Chamberlayn our curate, who related it at my table.

O, wise and virtuous woman to waste no time in spending the treasure trove to pay off her debts, and certainly of a delicate and pleasing humour in offering to give Mr. Mitchel, the rich gentleman of Richmond, the receipt in lieu of the merry monarch's silver effigies. It was as though a gentlemanly rat had said to Mr. Mouse: "Well, if the bait's gone, at least you have the smell of the cheese in the trap! Not to speak of my best wishes for your welfare at all times."

What Mr. Mitchel said to the constable when he reported the consolatory offer of the wise wife, on his return to Richmond, our curate did not say. It must have been something worse than what the soldier said to Mr. Richard Roe when that famous and indefatigable litigant informed him that his sovereign Lord the King requested the favour of his appearance at Court.

Right through the later decades of the 18th century, old files of newspapers and magazines record finds of hidden treasures. In 1748, men digging the foundations for a Capuchin monastery at Braga, in Portugal, unearthed a great treasure in the shape of two large urns—one containing 177 gold medals enclosed in four separate vessels, the other urn holding many copper coins of the Roman emperors Nero, Titus, Trajan, Severus and Tacitus, and commemorating campaigns in Germany, Africa, and Jerusalem. Again, in July 1755, men were sinking a well for the garrison at Warrasain, in Hungary, when, at a great depth, they broke through a stone into a vault, where they found a richly gilt globe of silver; a crown of the same metal interwoven with flowers, and gemmed with rubies and emeralds; and a splendid Persian robe embroidered with gold, and having a dragon of solid gold for a neck clasp. The place was a tomb of the ancient kings of Hungary. The commanding officer sent the news along to the royal court, and suspended digging until the kingly pleasure was known.

The people of Kulenberg, in Gelderland, Holland, found pieces of gold and silver money strewing the earth after a heavy rain storm, and when general digging set in, the folk turned up numerous old gold coins scattered over 200 roods of ground and lying six inches under the surface. The coins had been struck by the bishop of Utrecht, the earls of Holland, the dukes of Burgundy, and French and Flanders mints. Next it is a letter from Madrid, in Spain, telling how in 1750, a deep cavern had been found in the village called Urcos, 15 miles from Cuzco, Peru, where, on the banks of the river Xana, three coffins of massy gold, some two and one-half inches thick, enclosed the bodies of three kings.



Huge stone jars as tall as a man and originally containing gold and treasure as well as food and oil, dug up by buried treasure hunters in Crete, Mediterranean Sea, Europe. They were hidden in an invasion by some king contemporary of the Pharaohs of Egypt.



The people were inspired to hope they might also find the immense treasures hidden by the last Inca, emperor Atahualpha.

Now, the mystic wand waves upon London town, and we hear of lucky Mr. Burrowes of Stepney in whose back garden was found a large iron pot full of silver coins of the Commonwealth, which, it was hoped in August 1750, "will fetch a large sum." Then the ruins of an old house falls down in the kingdom of auld Scotland, at Elgin, and a canny auld busybody of an open-handed Scotchman rakes in many old gold coins. Ten years before, he had found some antique coins of the same sort at the same place. Again, the Scotchman's spiritual counterpart, a French peasant, hoeing the ground at Villers Cotterets, strays into a nearby forest to get sand, and finds in a pit fifty-one old gold coins of the size of French double louis, and dated in the days of Charles VI, of France, A.D. 1380-1422. The treasure bogle switches us back to the Orkneys, off the north of Scotland, where, in 1774, Kirkwall men were digging in a moss for turf when, two feet deep, they raked up two cow horns brimming with silver coins minted in the year 1170 and later. Some of the coins resembled coffin handles, but the men grabbed them all the same. Next, in 1775, a farmer digging in his field at Merton bank, Yorkshire, England, was busy on a drain when he found a copper chest holding half a hundredweight of Roman silver money, very fresh in appearance as though it had just left the mint. Julius Caesar had his picture on some of the coins.

In September 1755, we hear of a mason and labourer pulling down Fenwick Tower at Stamfordham, Northumberland, England, when between the floor and the earth they found gold pieces of the reign of Edward II

and III, "but quarreling over their cups about dividing the booty, it came to the ears of Sir Walter Blacket, and as lawful owner he demanded the same, and received from one 80, and from the other 35 coins. They are the size of thirty-six-shilling pieces, and as fresh as if they had just come from the mint." Again, "about the middle of March last 1786, George Kelway, a labouring man, was digging among the ruins of a house at Lyme Regis, Dorset, when he found three small oak chests containing gold and silver coins of the value of £2,000 and upwards as it is said. The coins were of the reigns of Charles I and Charles II, and are supposed to have been buried at the time of the landing of the Duke of Monmouth, in the West, in 1681. The poor fellow had not the sense to keep the secret, for the whole neighbourhood rolled in money, a great part of which is said to have since been recovered."

A cabinet-maker, one William Kenmore, bought, in June 1789, an old house at Linlithgow, Scotland, and set his workmen digging sand from a vault under the house. Four feet under the surface the men found gold and silver coins of the days of Bruce and the six Jameses, Kings of Scotland. A little deeper still, they hooked up an earthen pot with many coins in it. All this time the employer was absent, and the men agreed to share the old coins and say nothing about it. While they were resolved into a committee of a share-out society, Mr. Kenmore's servant maid arrived to ask for her master, saw the treasure, and was bribed to silence. However, a few days later, she tried to change one of the old coins, which she called "a shilling," and straightway, as they say in picaresque early English literature, the "gaff was blown." The employer inquired, and managed to secure three hundred gold and twenty silver coins.

More treasure hidden during the English Civil Wars of the 17th century turned up in the rural village of Sanford, near Chipping Norton, Oxfordshire, where workers found many old but well-preserved gold coins in the rafters of a house they were knocking down. Twenty-five years earlier, they had found similar hoards in another part of the same house, and were given the coins by the owner of the house. The former find was in December 1792, and exactly a year later, the treasure-guarding bogle was again "caught napping." A man of Strathbane, Sterling, Scotland, was chopping an old piece of wood which, for years, had been used as a chopping-block near the "common churchyard," and then as a kitchen foot-stool, none suspecting they had a deposit vault handy. Suddenly, out of the wood there tumbled a shower of silver coins of the reigns of Elizabeth and James I of England, the latter coins bearing a legend in Latin: "Let none separate whom God joins" (alluding to the fusion of the two crowns of England and Scotland). A silver crucifix, a number of valuable old gold coins, and half silver crowns topped the lot. Many silver coins of Charles I and Charles II of England were found in November, 1798, in the roof of Ingestre Hall, Leicestershire, the seat of the Earl of Talbot.

"A few years ago," says an old magazine (May 1794), "as three carpenters were removing an old escritoire at Leeds Castle, Kent, they found hid in it £500 in guineas, half guineas and other coins, which they restored to Dr. Fairfax, the owner of the castle, who gave them £10-10s each for their honesty. The guineas and half guineas were all coined in Queen Anne's reign, and are supposed to have been there since the beginning of this century."

Another quaint yarn of treasure trove brightens the

pages of the same old magazine, three years later. A farmer was removing a dung-heap in a yard at Winterbourne Stoke, Wiltshire, England, when an earthen pot holding 301 silver coins was seen, the rim of the pot being level with the surface of the earth. As usual, the coins were those of the reigns of Charles I and his father, and very fresh and fair. An old house seems to have stood on the site of the dung-heap, and repeated removals of manure had lowered the earth and revealed the cache. "A girl of fourteen, daughter of the farmer, discovered the prize and removed it with ease, to her father's house. The manor belongs to Lord Chedworth, and it is intended to offer the coins to his lordship who will undoubtedly return their value to the girl."

Some folk digging on Deeping Common, in August 1807, found, sixteen inches under the soil, a perfect skeleton and an earthen pot or urn holding a hoard of 782 Roman coins. Then a man exploring the ruins of Cerne Abbey, Dorset, picked up a coin attached to which was a ring of silver wire serving the purpose of a fastener for an ancient amulet. On the coin was the inscription: "There is one God," and a marginal legend: "In the name of God, this drachma was struck at Andalusia, Cordova, in 320 H. The reverse of the coin bore the words: "Munwaya Billah, Emperor of the Faithful," and "Mohammed the prophet of God." None know how came this souvenir of the Ommayad dynasty to a ruined abbey of the English Middle Ages. Possibly it was brought home by some soldier or soldier-ecclesiastic who took part in a war of Christian on Saracen in the day when Abderrahaman the Magnificent prostrated himself on the floor of the great mosque of Cordova.

An earthen pot of 5,000 silver pennies of the time of Henry I and Henry II, and struck at various mints, was

turned up and broken by the plowshares of men working in a field at Zealby, Lincolnshire, in November 1807. One of the numerous finds made in the course of a century by Aberdeen diggers occurred this year, when workmen, clearing out a foundation for a new building, found ten feet under the street a wooden vessel filled with silver coins of the days of Edward I of England, and Alexander III of Scotland. The coins were scattered among the workers who hurried to sell them to silversmiths in the town. The hoard had been hidden during the wars, five hundred years before, and afterwards buried in the ruins when the English troops fired the town, in 1326.

The time machine's detective service was busy in the years 1807-8, unearthing a number of old-time thefts and murders concerned with hidden treasure. There was a leaden box of 270 silver coins, and (two pounds) of silver turned up by the plow at Bossall Farm, Yorkshire, "belonging," as was quaintly said, "to Henry Cholmley Esquire, near the Lobster House, and eighth milestone on the road from York to Malton." The coins were of the time of the Saxon kings of England, Alfred, Edward the Elder and Athelstan, and had been "abstracted" from the mint of St. Peter at York, on the eve of the battle of Harold, last of the English kings, with the Norse pirate king, in 1066. The money was perfectly fresh, quite as it came from the mint, despite its interment of more than seven centuries. Somebody seemed to have plundered the dead corpses and steeds on the field of battle at Stamford Bridge, on 23 September 1066, and then, for some reason, to have buried in the moor treasure of silver chopped from horses' stirrups and gear.

Down south at Henstridge, near Sherborne, Dorset,

England, some men struck their picks into the foundations of an old house and hit on a long, flat stone. When they prised it up, they found under a neatly rolled sheet of milled lead 15 or 16 rose nobles, of the time of Edward III, and well-preserved. Then, in January 1808, other men navvying the foundations of a new school at Chelvey, near Bristol, England, had their reward. These "shovel stiffs" had wherewith to moisten their clay and dry food and make up the loss by perspiration of an entire week. Four feet under the ground they found an urn filled with human bones, and near by a stone bottle, hit by a shovel stiff's pick, broke into a hundred pieces and dissolved into 274 coins of the far-away days of Julius Caesar. Alas, the local reverend gent, of the gaiters and the reversed collar of that day, did deprive said "work stiffs" of the means of providing generous booze and unlimited "shackles" on the hot hob of the local "doss house"! The British Museum got the "bunts," while the stiffs got the thanks. Down the road from the stiffs there once lay an old Roman station known in the days of the legionaries as "Rectunum."

The Tower of London is said to have a hoard of hidden gold, in value £7,000 or £50,000, according to varying estimates. The cache was made, so it is said, by one John Barkestead, a lieutenant of the Tower under Oliver Cromwell, who was hunted down by Royalists, arrested at Delft in Holland, and then by the merry and moral monarch Charles II, King of England, hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn, by Marble Arch, in what is now the West End of London. More than one attempt has been made to find this treasure which is spoken of at some length by the garrulous Samuel Pepys, diarist and one of the secretaries of his Majesty's navy office, in the late 17th century. Some folk say that Pepys and

his friends did not dig in the right place. The story is an interesting one, although it was probably not intended for public consumption since it forms one of the sprightly yarns of Pepys' private diary.

Poor Barkestead was swung to kingdom come on April 19, 1662, and on the following October 30th, Pepys saw Lord Sandwich, all alone in his lordship's chamber, and heard about the treasure.

our old acquaintance, Mr. Wade (in Axe yard) hath discovered to him £7,000 hid in the Tower, of which he was to have two for discovery, my Lord himself two, and the King the other three, when it was found, and that the King's warrant runs for me on my Lord's part, and one Mr. Lee for Sir Harry Bennet, to demand leave of the Lieutenant of the Tower for to make search.

After dinner, that day, Sir Harry Bennet called Pepys and the Lord Mayor aside, and broke the affair to them, and though that worthy the Lord Mayor of London did not look on the business with any great favour, "he durst not appear the least averse to it," but promised immediate aid. "So Mr. Lee and I to our office, and there walked till Mr. Wade and one Evett his guide did come, and W. Griffin and a porter with his pick-axe." They all walked to the Tower with full power from the Lord Mayor to go to work.

Our guide demands a candle, and down into the cellars he goes, inquiring whether they were the same that Baxter always had. We went into several little cellars and then went out a-doors to view and to the Cole Harbour; but none did answer so well to the marks which was given him to find it by as one arched vault.

Counsel was taken, and after hesitation,

"we set to . . . digging until almost eight o'clock at night, but found nothing . . . our guides did not all seem discouraged . . . being confident that the money is there . . . but having never been in the cellars, they could not be positive to the place, and therefore will inform themselves more fully. So locking the door after us we left work tonight, and up to the Deputy-Governor (my Lord Mayor, and Sir H. Bennet, with the rest of the company being gone an hour before); and he do undertake to keep the key of the cellars, that none shall go down without his privity."

Pepys had another "go," two days later, and for two or three hours his men dug in the cellars of the Tower, and under the arches where the guides were confident the cache lay. . . . "I myself did truly expect to speed; but we missed of all; and so went away the second time like fools."

He hears more about the clues to the cache, and six days later, Pepys and Lee go to the Tower in company with a woman who was "Barkestead's great confidant." "She positively affirms that he and she put up £50,000 in butter firkins, and hid it in the cellars under the Tower. The very day that he went out of England (he) did say that neither he nor his would be the better for that money, and therefore wishing that she and hers might. . . .

And so left us, and we full of hope did resolve to dig all over the cellar . . . but (by seven o'clock at night), we saw were mistaken, and after digging the cellar quite through and removing the barrels from one side to the other, we were forced to pay our porters and give over . . . though I do believe there must be money hid somewhere by

him, or else he did delude this woman in hopes to oblige her to further serving him, which I am apt to believe.

However, Pepys, perhaps prodded by his sacred Majesty, Charles II, had yet another "go" about six weeks later, when Lee, Wade, Evett and the workers watched and dug in a garden "in the corner against the mayne-guard, a most unlikely place. It being cold, Mr. Lee and I did sit all day till 3 o'clock by the fire in the Governor's house, I reading of a play of Fletcher's, 'A Wife for a Month,' wherein no great wit or language. Having done, we went to them at work, and having wrought below the bottom of the foundation of the wall, I bid them give over, and so all our hopes ended."

Two questions arise for the treasure hunter: (1) Why should the ingenuous Pepys and his friends have supposed that the woman who was Barkestead's confidant, and presumably a Republican in sympathies, would be ready to oblige with clues to a fortune, in which neither she nor hers would share, Royalists who had hanged, drawn and quartered her friend the late Lieutenant of the Tower? Surely she had no love for the beautiful eyes of his sacred Majesty, whoremonger and bilker of creditors? Is it not likely, indeed, that if she possessed the secret of the cache she would mislead Pepys and his friends? And small blame to her!

(2): Did the seekers hunt in the right place? This question is usually prompted in the case of most bullion wrecks and piratical caches which seekers do not light on at the third attempt. When part of the Tower of London was repaired and restored about 1910, the architect drew attention to the similarity in structure between an old wall north of what the beef-eaters facetiously called the "Bloody old Tower," and a wall

running north of the Bell Tower. He suggested that the cache and the gold lies in the cellars of the King's House, which was Barkestead's official residence before he was dangled on the end of a rope on Tyburn tree. Men who can obtain permission of the British military authority who governs the Tower, or of the British Government ought, the architect suggests, to inquire for a certain place called the "Cow shed." They do not greatly favour new mechanical or other inventions in British military circles, or one might venture to suggest the use of a torsion balance or a radio ore-locator in these cellars.

Pepys himself was himself the maker of a cache of buried gold. At the time of the Great Fire of London, in 1666, he buried his money for safety, in a house at Bethnal Green, whence it was taken to the Pepys mansion at Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, and again buried by his wife and father, in the garden in broad daylight on a Sunday morning after the folk had gone to church. In October 1667, Pepys was moved to take coach from London to Brampton to dig up the gold. He set about the job in a mighty flutter of spirits, like unto an old lady who had lost a dollar on a dark night, and picked up a farthing.

"My father and I with a dark lantern, it being now night, into the garden with my wife, and there went about our great work to dig up my gold. But Lord; what a tosse I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat and be angry that they should not agree better upon the place, and at last, to fear that it was gone: but by and by poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spud to lift up the ground. But good God! to see how sillily they

did it, not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if anybody by accident were near at hand; and within sight of a neighbour's window and their hearing also . . . only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he begun. . . .

But I was out of my wits almost . . . upon my lifting up the earth with a spud, I did discern that I had scattered the pieces of gold round with the ground among the grass and loose earth. . . .

Pepys then took up the gold and the "iron head pieces" in which the coins lay. He found the bags all rotten and the gold earthy. . . . "I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing what was wanting . . . which did make me mad; and at last was forced to take up . . . as many scattered pieces as I could, with the dirt, discern by candlelight, and there carry them up into my brother's chamber, and there lock them up until I had eat a little supper."

When the house was abed, behold Pepys and a pal, all alone in the bedroom, with pails of water and basins, washing the dirt away from the gold, and finding he was a hundred pieces short. To prevent the neighbours "spotting" the treasure hunt, Pepys and the pal went "out about midnight . . . and there by candlelight, did gather 45 pieces more . . . and so in, and to cleanse them." He went to bed at 2 A. M., but could not sleep, and lay awake counting the strokes of the clock. Up in the morning, bright and early, Pepys and the pal were again on the job in the locked up garden, gathering all the earth into pails to sift "just as they do dyamonds in other parts of the world." They found 34 more coins . . . "about 20 or 30 of what I think the true number."

It may be added that when the Dutch fleet sailed up the Thames as far as Chatham—an event which could never have happened in the Republican days of Oliver Cromwell, and the great Admiral Blake—London and the Royalists were all alarmed, and Pepys post haste sent off his wife and father to Brampton. “At two hours warning,” he writes on June 13, 1667: “they did go by coach this day with about £1300 in gold, in their night-bag. Pray God give them good passage, and good care to hide it when they come home! but my heart is full of fear.” After the gold had been dug up he begged an escort from a noble lady patroness, without telling her what the escort was for, and all a-tremble lest he should be attacked by the 17th century hold-up men or highwaymen, set out for London. He reached there safely, handed over one bag of gold to his wife, one to the girl, and took the rest himself, “I being afraid of the bottom of the coach lest it should break.”

CHAPTER II

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF TREASURE-SEEKING

The Cove of Ivory and Gold—Welsh Woman Who Met an Ancient Bogle of a Treasure Mound—The Hoard of the "Silver Chieftain"—Dying French Exile's Romantic Story—Farmer Misses Riches by Inches—Deranged Man's Queer Loss—Mystery of Ireland's Gold Hoards—Why Saxon Spook Haunted Old Barn—Legend of Bell Tolling Under Sea—Sappers Find an Ancient Gold Trumpet—Mysteries of Treasures in Bank of England's Vaults—The Stocking in the Wall—Chest of Gold and Silver Found in London West End—Dead Earl's Forgotten Cache of Gold—Hunting Treasures in the Tombs of Dead Kings and Monks—Gold-Miners Find Silver Chalice Hidden by Long Dead Abbot.

LUNDY, the wildly picturesque island off the coast of North Devon, with an equally wild history of piracy and bloodshed, may fitly usher in the 19th century romance of buried treasure in Britain. Today, the island, which was up for sale in September 1925, is a summer port of call for holiday-makers steaming up the Bristol Channel and not averse to the mild excitement of exploring a rugged island of fishing coves and hills, the home of a population of about forty people. Writs for King's taxes and summonses for county rates do not run in this desirable island, and it has a manor house, cottages, bungalows, and old lighthouse, the ruins of an ancient castle, and quarries from which granite was cut to construct the Victoria Embankment, London.

In fact, Lundy would be an ideal retreat for a blasé millionaire who desires a mild climate, plenty of fishing,

rough shooting, wonderful scenery of hills and ravines, cliffs and coves. The rent roll of the island is about £10 a year, and the last owner was a distant relative of the Earl of Portsmouth. The reader will understand that we are not penning an enthusiastic auctioneer's advertisement, but are giving him some idea of the romantic possibilities of Lundy Island for the modern buried treasure hunter.

Pirates for centuries made Lundy the dread of ancient mariners sailing up-stream to Bristol—and was not Long John Silver landlord of a tavern at the sign of the "Spy-glass" by the dock at Bristol?—or outward bound to the Atlantic and the vexed Bermoothes or Hispaniola. One piratical baron, the bold William de Marisco, kept a band of ferocious retainers in a stronghold on Lundy. He quitted the island one night in the year 1238 and went to Woodstock with the fixed intention of "doing in" King Henry II of England. Creeping in to the royal lodgings at midnight, with a dagger blade between his teeth, he would infallibly have entered the chamber in which Henry lay asleep, and plunged the steel into the monarch's ribs, had not the scream of a startled maid of honour rung out and woke up Henry. The bold Marisco was taken about four years later and hanged in the Tower of London.

Algerian corsairs from the Barbary coast and privateers from Spain and France ravaged its coasts in the days of King Charles I and took much rich loot from the "golden bay" of Barnstaple. "Turkish" (that is, Moorish) pirates landed from three ships and slaughtered the folk on Lundy, and then threatened to burn Ilfracombe, on the mainland, although a King's ship lay not far away in the King's road at Bristol. The pirates had a hectic fortnight in the island and went across to

Cornwall where they tore sixty men out of a church in which they had sought sanctuary. Tradition says that much piratical loot was cached in this island, and as we have seen, tradition is not always a liar.

By the ruins of the Brazen Ward—a 17th century fort on Lundy—is a little cave lying to the north. A semi-circular opening will be observed about twenty feet above high-water mark admitting to this cave, and once inside the explorer finds the floor sound hollow when he stamps on it. Here, says Lundy, treasure is hidden, but nobody has yet tried to locate the cache. Then, a wild cavern of the winds—a Devil's punch bowl of a place on the island—known as "Jenny's cove," has a rich cargo of African ivory and gold waiting some lucky salvor's attention at the bottom of the water.

The African trader *Jenny* drove ashore in this cove right under the cliffs and became a total wreck one wild night about 125 years ago. Her cargo, the ivory and gold mentioned above, still remains in the cove, the gold being contained in leathern bags, as was customary in the 18th century.

Nobody has yet succeeded in locating the alleged treasure of gold specie said to be lying in the drowned holds of H.B.M. warship *Anson*, which drove ashore on a sandy beach off the Lizard, in Cornwall, in December 1807, when she was carrying a large amount of coin for the pay-chest of the British fleet engaged in blockading Brest. One story is that the ship *Anson* also carried a rich booty taken from a Spanish prize which she had captured a short time previously. Not one of the syndicates subsequently formed to salve this drowned gold has fished it up, and at least one syndicate was forced into bankruptcy by engaging in this quest.

That familiar bogle who guards hidden treasure popped up several times in the course of the 19th century. In one of the salons of the British Museum is an amazing gold corselet associated with a ghost story or a hallucination induced by a Welshwoman's vivid imagination or retentive memory, whichever the reader prefers.*

She was a native of Mold, in Flint, North Wales, and was returning with her husband from market about 1810, when, on a lonely road, she saw a tall ghost of a burly figure wearing "a bright coat which shone like the sun." The spectre crossed the road in front of her, and seemed to vanish into a gravel mound. She told the story to many folk in Mold who all laughed at her. Years later, one of her audience, a farmer, bought the land on which the mound stood, and ordered some labourers to fill up a hole near the gravel mound. Four feet down, the labourers unearthed a golden corselet enclosing a few small human bones. A cistvaen (or stone coffin) had been erected over the corselet to protect the bones from the pressure of the soil and tons of gravel which had been piled up over it.

The gold corselet weighed seventeen ounces and was embossed with a neat pattern in relief. A story relating to treasure buried probably at the same epoch as that of the tenant of the Mold barrow, tells of a similar find on the east coast of Scotland in 1819. On the north side of the Firth of Forth, near Largo, is a hill which from

*Folk living near Lexden Park, Colchester, England, say that a table of solid gold was buried in the barrow-grave of an ancient chieftain, which mound is located in that park. The story of the "golden table" may have been handed down by someone who saw the funeral in the far-off past. In 1924, the mound was opened, and a beautiful bronze table, chain mail, cloth-of-gold tunics, and statuettes were taken from this actual grave of a bronze age prince of Britain.

time immemorial has been known as Norie's Law. Tradition says that a great army chief was buried here clad in armour of silver. In 1819, a man in humble circumstances, living near Largo, surprised his neighbours by becoming, in their opinion, passing rich. A silversmith in the neighbouring borough of Cupar, had at this time been offered a considerable quantity of antique silver. He bought a part but the larger portion was sold in Edinburgh.

Just then, a large excavation was found to have been made in Norie's Law, so General Drummond, the owner of the estate on which Norie's Law is located, started to make enquiries, and found that, the poor person, induced by the tradition, had excavated and unearthed treasure trove. Influenced by mixed motives of superstition and conscience, the man had left a lot of the treasure behind in the barrow. He had excavated by night.

The general caused the Law to be carefully explored, and found a number of lozenge-shaped plates of silver, parts of a coat of mail, a silver shield and sword ornaments, and the silver mounting of a helmet. These archæological finds are still preserved at Largo House.

A luckless sailor was the loser by a find of hidden treasure in the next year, when some labourers were clearing out a ditch at Bristol, and lit on a number of guineas, half guineas, and a silver snuff-box. Months afterwards, the sailor was seen disconsolately grubbing at the spot, and when asked what he was looking for, said that before starting on his last voyage, he had hidden his few treasures in the ditch, and cut a notch in a tree to mark the cache.

Another reminder of the English Civil War of the 17th century came from Exeter, in 1820, where workmen demolishing the foundation of some old houses,

came on a large collection of old silver coins. They made merry over their find, which drew the attention of their employer. He caused a careful search to be made, and under a flat stone found a second heap of coins lying in a hollow. The coins dated from the reigns of Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth to Charles I and the Commonwealth, and possibly were hidden in the middle of the 17th century.

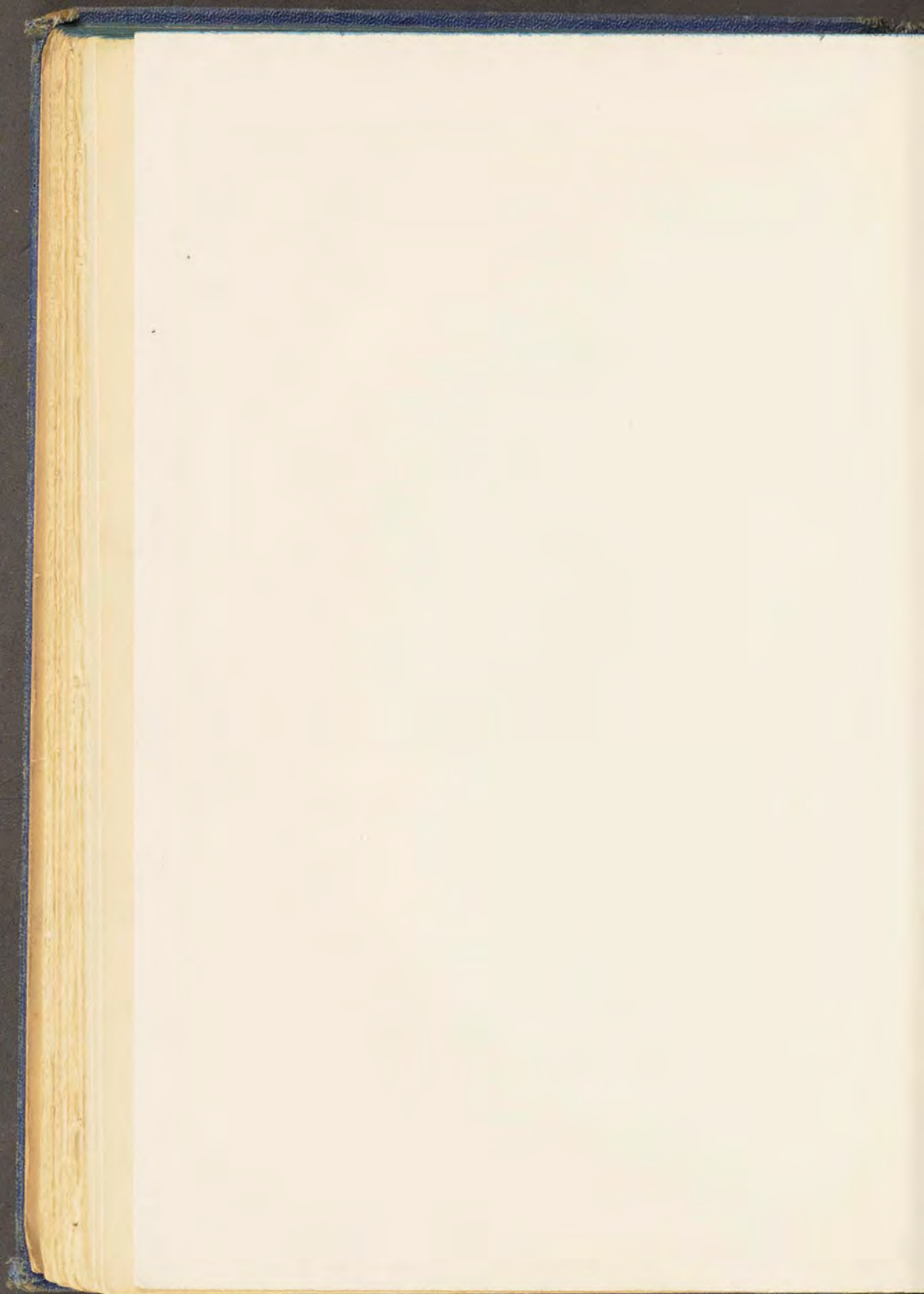
A most romantic story, woven round the personality of a French nobleman—an emigré exiled to England by the Bourbon kings, after the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte,—came in January 1836 from the quaint, old-world village of Great Stanmore, near Harrow, Middlesex, which has an old chapel for a railway station and a red-brick church with a green and leafy churchyard, dating back to the days of Henry VII.

The Stanmore rector's coachman and gardener found in a field on the side of a ditch, a heap of more than 360 foreign gold coins, such as louis d'or, Napoleons, and doubloons, worth about £1.1s. each. The wife of one of the men told the rector's lady, *his* spouse told someone else, and the news got around until a mob of villagers rushed to the spot in great excitement. More stores of treasure were exhumed, until they had found about £4,000 (\$20,000).

The rector claimed the treasure trove, the finders claimed it, and then the Crown set up a coroner's inquest, where a queer story was told. About twenty years earlier, after the downfall of Napoleon Bonaparte, when the Bourbons were on the throne of France, a Frenchman came to live at Stanmore. He used to walk about the quiet English fields in an abstracted manner, and the yokels naturally looked on him as a decidedly eccentric character, and a "furriner." Suddenly, he left



Strange circle of graves where a German doctor dug up treasure in shape of masses of pure gold leaves and blades, precious stones, gold vases, 200 gold buttons, silver shields and gem pendants. The site is that of old Troy of Homer's Iliad.



the place and never returned. Two years passed, and a stranger turned up at Stanmore and searched the fields. He said No. 1 "furriner" was dead, but on his death-bed had revealed that he had hidden considerable treasure.

Landmarks were missing, however, and it seemed that two ash-trees had been cut from a ditch, so that the agent could not identify the cache. Subsequently, a change in the course of a brook gradually washed away earth from a ditch in the field, and exposed the coins. The British Crown authorities took the lot, as treasure trove.

The next buried treasure picture to be flashed on our screen "features" the river Ribble in Lancashire, England. Here, in 1841, a rich hoard of silver ornaments, neck-chains, amulets and rings, weighing 1,000 ounces, and nearly 8,000 silver coins of the reign of Alfred the Great of England, were unearthed. The treasure was in a strong box enclosed by a leaden coffer, lying about four feet below the surface of a field close to the Ribble. The treasure is now in the British Museum. A thousand-years-old tradition said that anyone standing on a hill at Walton-le-Dale, Lancashire, and looking up the valley towards the site of ancient Richester, would be gazing over a rich hidden treasure. In 1810, a farmer actually ploughed twice over the field in which the treasure was said to lie, and missed it by a few feet. The labourers who found it in 1841 were repairing the banks of the river Ribble.

Eight labourers, grubbing up trees on 10 April 1843, on the manor of what was then in fact Tufnell Park—today a suburb of houses and flats situated in North London—found two jars containing 400 gold sovereigns. They shared the find, and one man made haste

to liquidate his share in ale and "Perkins's entire." The lord of the manor, Mr. Tufnell, claimed the find as his by right of treasure trove, but the real owner, a Clerkewell brass-founder, turned up. He said that about nine months before, he had had mental trouble, and took two jars of sovereigns and buried them by night in the field at Tufnell Park. His claim was proved and admitted, but the newspapers of the time do not say whether he "took it out" of the "liquidator"!

The palm for sheer richness of unearthed treasure must be given to Ireland, the origin of whose immense stores of gold hidden in bogs and fens is a mystery, since early Ireland is not known to have had any gold mines. Sir Hercules Read, one time Keeper of Mediæval Antiquities at the British Museum, says that, during the Bronze Age, only ancient Peru and Mexico rivalled Ireland in golden riches. Gold by the barrow load was taken from a cairn in Clare in 1854, and a cache unearthed at Athlone, Westmeath, Ireland, a few years later, was valued at £27,000 (\$135,000). The ancient Irish left relics of gold along the European coasts from Norway to Portugal. In July 1926, more gold vessels were found in a bog in County Clare, and a sword with a hilt of solid gold, the word "proved" engraved on the blade, was dug up in 1927, in a sand-pit at Ballinamuck, Longford, Ireland. The sword is stated to be about two hundred years old.

Villagers of Washington, a quaint hamlet at the foot of the windy Sussex downs, used to crouch round their log fires of a winter night and glance nervously at the dark corners of the wainscot behind them, as they told of the ghost of an old man with a long, white beard, and dressed in the garb of the Saxons in the days before William the Norman, who was seen stooping on the

ground in the gloaming, near a barn on Chancton farm. Of course, the spook was a guarantee of treasure being there under ground. In 1865, the barn was pulled down and the ground ploughed up, when an earthenware vessel struck and smashed on the iron shares. Out there rolled a stream of silver pennies of the time of Edward the Confessor, and Harold. It is presumed they were hidden there to secure them from the plundering hands of the Norman marauders. What happened to the Chancton hoard is told in our chapter on treasure trove, where the reader may see how the parson fared and the village worthies did not.

When the cold winds from the Channel howl across these same Sussex downs, blowing all the way from Beachy Head, bustling the yews in the churchyards, moaning under the eaves and shaking the quaint lattice windows of the farmhouses in the hidden valleys, the church bells may be rung to guide the wanderers over the gloomy downs, and an answering peal, says local legend in West Sussex, comes from far over the deep. The ghostly sea peals are rung on a silver tenor bell of vast capacity which was looted by the monk-and-nunnery-hating Norsemen from Bosham church, and carried out to sea. The great silver tenor bell dropped through the hold of the pirate ship and fell to the bottom, for which some folk in Sussex blame St. Nicholas, patron of mariners. Particulars of the latitude and longitude of this drowned silver bell should be sought by treasure-seekers from the villagers and parson of West Thorney, Sussex.

Some very old and valuable coins turned up under the spade and pickaxe at Malton, England, in June 1863. A workman threw out of an excavation in Castle-gate the remains of a beast's horn, out of which fell a

mass of soil containing thirteen old coins. They were picked up, but the finder thought them worthless and sold them for three pence. The coin came later into the hands of an antiquary who found one to be of the reign of King John Lackland of England, and the others were twelve silver groats and a number of half groats and silver pennies of the reigns of Edward I and Edward II. It was believed that the old horn contained more coins not brought to account. Over the way, immediately opposite to where the coins were dug up, several finely carved stones and the fragments of a fine building have been found. The Crown claimed the silver coins as treasure trove, but some were returned to the holder and part sent to the museum at York.

In November 1872, a party of military engineers were throwing up a battery near Prince Edward's bastion on the lower lines at Chatham, Kent, when, three feet below the surface, a sapper turned up a massive piece of gold shaped like the "crook of a cornet," the outside being fluted. One end of the article was one-half inch in diameter, and the other five-eighths of an inch. The weight was two and one-half pounds, and it was of the purest gold, worth about £130 (\$650) as old metal. The mystery of its origin was not cleared up, but it was surmised the sapper had unearthed part of a sceptre. The Crown claimed it.

The old lady of Threadneedle street, *alias* the Bank of England, went rummaging in her bullion vaults in October 1873, and brought to light treasure and a romantic story calculated to delight the woman novelist in search for a plot for a passionate novel or a newspaper "feuilleton." By her old charter of foundation, the old lady, through the Governor and corporation of the Bank of England, is obliged not only to buy at a fair value

any precious metals brought to the Bank, but also to take charge of any gold or silver ingots or plate and deposit them in the vaults, if desired to do so by any person. At one time, plate chests were deposited for safe-keeping in the bank's vaults, and many of them have been there so long that they have actually rotted away. In 1873, the officers of the bank found a chest in the vaults, which, when it was moved, literally fell to pieces.

They examined the contents, and saw a quantity of massive silver plate of the period of King Charles II of England. With the plate was a parcel of old love letters, bundled and tied in tape, and carefully arranged in order of dates. They recorded the love affairs of one Berners who wooed a lady in the time of the 17th century restoration of that easy-going scoundrel, Charles II, whom no English University professor has yet tried to whitewash. A considerable hunting up of the old records of the Bank established that the Berners family had been customers of the Bank about that date. Here was a clue, and following it up, the Bank directors found that a man of that name was living in 1873, and was the lineal representative of the depositor of the plate chest. The treasure and the love letters were accordingly handed to the legal representative, who sent the plate to a silversmith's, in Coventry street, London, to be cleaned up and put on view, but he did not invite the woman novelist to nose into the contents of his ancestor's billet doux.*

The *Gibraltar Chronicle* of 15 December 1871, tells

* While the old bank was being demolished, in November, 1928, débris fell and killed workers. An inscribed stone was found stating that a box of many valuable coins had been buried under an old pillar, in 1753. Officials of the Bank of England searched for the box, but did not say whether they found the buried treasure.

an interesting story of a discovery of treasure trove in that English fort on Spanish territory.

"A singular discovery was made at the South on Wednesday afternoon. Some years ago, an Irishman named McCulloch and his wife lodged with a Mrs. Underhill in a house in Rodger's row. The man died, and some time later, in November 1862, his widow followed him to the grave. They were known to have possessed a little money. She made a will but did not say where the money was hidden. Just before she died, however, she pointed with her finger to the foot of the bed, and on examining the floor a brick was found to have been moved, but no money was found. Grave suspicion attached to those in the house. The day before yesterday, some workmen in the employ of Mr. Keys were making certain alterations when they found a hole in the wall of the house. In the hole was a stocking containing 120 English gold sovereigns, the missing money. This treasure trove has been handed over to her Majesty's Attorney General."

A man was excavating foundations for a wall near the old board or elementary schools, at Tamworth, Staffordshire, when he dug up a small leaden box. He opened it and found inside 300 coins bearing the impresses of old mints at Stafford, Berwick, and Hereford. The dates were those of William the Bastard, or Norman Conqueror, and William Rufus, the Bastard's son. This find was made in August 1872.

Characteristic "generosity" was shown to finders of treasure in 1875, when the coroner of Bedford held an inquest on ten old guineas of the years 1685-1746, and other gold and silver coins found in pulling down an old farmhouse. Copper coins were among the hoard, and

the British Treasury authorities were pleased to restore these to the finders. "During the past week," say a newspaper of June 13, 1876, "a large-sized horn has been found on the shore of Broad Bay in Lewis. The horn was quite full of silver coins, most of the reign of James VI of Scotland, but some bearing an older date. It is conjectured that in Broad Bay, which is three or four miles from Stornoway, in the Hebrides, on the west coast of Scotland, and has always been a great resort for wind-bound vessels, this horn may have been stolen from some ship and deposited where it was found by somebody who intended to return when the hue and cry had died away. The depositor may have been frustrated in some way. The sheriff of Stornoway took the horn for the Crown."

There was trouble in store for an Irish labourer who found twenty-five golden sovereigns, dated 1807, hidden in the chimney of a house he was pulling down at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, in September 1878. He was pulled up before the magistrates and charged with theft. The coins had been hidden for fifty years on the ground of the then owner of the demolished house, who knew nothing about them. On that ground and for the reason that the coins had no owner the case was dismissed.

The West or Western Central end of London was all agog with the news of a striking find of ancient treasure in Long Acre, near Covent Garden Market, on October 17, 1878. Workmen, digging the foundations for a new shaft

"at the rear of premises occupied by Messrs Morgan, of Long Acre, yesterday morning found a chest containing a large number of gold and silver coins of the days of Henry VIII, well preserved. Besides a quantity of miscellaneous articles, the

box contained about 20 pieces of church plate, including a massive chalice, a ciborium, a monstrance, all set with precious stones, a finely carved crosier head, a lapis lazuli crucifix, a pectoral cross and chain attached, some small vessels, and what seems to have been the mitre of an abbot or bishop. At the foot of the chalice is engraved a cross with a nimbus, and in a scroll a Latin inscription: 'Ad majorem Dei gloriam.' "

Somebody had clearly dodged the commissioners for filling Henry's pocket with public money.

An incident which would admirably suit a modern novelist hard up for a bright, romantic episode to help out a flagging invention, occurred in Dublin, in January 1880. A worker, employed by a Dublin contractor, was examining the locks of a strong room on the ground floor at the rear of a house in Rutland Square, Dublin, on the night of the 19th November, when he came on a cash box of antique make concealed beneath a step leading into the room. The cash box was taken to the contractor's office, and he wrote to a Colonel Palliser, then in the country, to whom the house had been assigned. The box was placed in the vaults of the Royal Bank of Dublin to await the Colonel's return, and the particulars of the discovery advertised.

Claimants came forward, among them the Earl of Longford, and the affair came before the Master of the Rolls—a high legal functionary. Counsel for the Earl of Longford said Longford's father occupied the house in Rutland Square in the years 1817-1848. It was then sold. Before his death, the Earl told his wife that he had a large sum of money in the house in case of need. The Countess of Longford had a thorough search of the house made in 1848, but the money could

not be found. The house was then let to the son of the well-known Victorian poetess, Mrs. Hemans.

When the box was opened, parliamentary papers and letters which had belonged to the Earl of Longford were inside. There was also a plan of the upper part of the house. The Master of the Rolls had to decide the contest between three claimants to the hidden gold—Palliser who was living in the house at the time of the discovery of the cache; a Miss Cookson who had assigned the house to Colonel Palliser; and the Earl of Longford.

This is how that modern Solomon decided the contest: he ordered that the treasure be given up to Lord Longford—there were 800 gold sovereigns in the chest—whose ownership was supported by letters and documents in the box; *but* Longford was ordered to pay the costs of Colonel Palliser, of Mr. Maguire, whose men found the chest; and of the Attorney-General, acting for the Crown of England. By the time Longford had paid these charges and satisfied the demands of the gentlemen of the robe, he possibly regretted that he had not followed the advice of the gentleman from Sheffield, who, in the old play so popular with the playgoers of the English theatres of Victorian days, was wont to settle all disputes by a stentorian roar of "Give it 'em all, my lads, give it 'em b—y well all!"

English newspapers, on the 25th September 1882, spoke of a Parisian shark who got ten French shopkeepers to advance 100 francs each on the security of a hoard of treasure said to have been buried in the foundations of the old abbey of St. Denis, near Paris. In the vaults of this abbey are the tombs of the old kings of France, sacked and pillaged in the French Revolution. The crook used a divining rod to locate treasure which he said had been hidden in 1793. The only treasure the

shopkeepers ever saw in the transaction was that which they "parted" up to the diviner. At the same time, the *London Times* warned collectors to be aware of counterfeit coins of Birmingham ware which were then being planted on the public as treasure trove.

Two years later, the kingdom of Auld Scotland hooked a rich treasure, when workers, in May 1885, digging under Ross Court, Nipper Gate, in the oldest part of Aberdeen, found 12-14,000 old coins in a bronze urn filled to the brim. Many dates and many countries were represented in the hoard. There were coins of the Edwards of England, Scotch coins of King David and Alexander, French coins and ecclesiastical money, from the size of a three-penny piece to a shilling. It is possible someone hid the hoard just before the battle of Barra, near Inverary, where King Edward I of England fought the national Scottish hero, Robert Bruce. The owner, who thought he would also fight the British Crown for the treasure trove found on his property, was worsted in the contest, and broken-heartedly had to hand over the boodle to the authorities.

More gnashing of teeth must have followed the finding of treasure trove in an old farmhouse at Luton, England, in August 1886. Workmen in the employ of the Boff Brothers were cutting up old oak beams, taken from the farmhouse, when they found a large number of old English gold coins, hidden in a cavity which seemed to have been carefully prepared for the reception of the gold. The finders said it wasn't treasure trove, but the British Treasury said it was, and claimed the coins for the national museums. The finders were rewarded by a gift of the value of the coins in the old gold market—of course, much less than their antiquarian value.

When King George and Queen Mary opened the

National Museum of Wales, at Cardiff, in April 1927, they were shown in its galleries a splendid chalice and paten of silver gilt found in a cave in 1890, and supposed to have been hidden at the time of the dissolution of the monasteries by Henry VIII. This is the story of the Dolgelly chalice, as it is named: some workers employed by a Mr. Pritchard Morgan, who was trying to find a Welsh gold mine, were mining at Dolgelly, when their picks struck on the chalice and paten, which they at first thought were of gold. A coroner raised the question of treasure trove, but, in some way, his objections were set aside, and the articles found their way, not to the British Museum, but to a London auction room, where, in March 1892, they were sold for £710, and were found to weigh 46 ounces.

The chalice and paten are very handsomely made, but they are difficult to date. They resemble vessels found in the tombs of great princes of the church, in the 12th and 13th centuries. At the foot of the chalice is an inscription: "Nicolus me fecit de Herefordie," which may be the mark of Nicholas who lived at Hereford about 1382. Attempts are to be made, in 1929, to find the "buried millions" lying in a vault under the courtyard of Roslin Castle, Scotland. When a trumpet is blown in the upper rooms, the ghost of a long-dead lady appears from the dungeons—if she hears the trumpet—and leads the way to the hidden gold. A search is also to be made in Peel Castle grounds in the Isle of Man, for gold and silver coins buried there, 700 years ago, by Danish pirates.

CHAPTER III

"GOLD BUGS" OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Liner *Titanic's* Lost Treasures—Mr. Cakebread and the Battle of Hastings—Ancient Roman Silver Hoard—Treasure of Dead Horse Grave—Mystery of the Crayford Sand Pits—Navvies Fight for Coins—Romance of Cornish Farmyard—Policeman's Garden Hoard—Silver from Anglo-Saxon Melting-Pot—Strange Story of Old Caves—Modern Anglican Church Treasures—Davy Jones's Good Turn—A Gold Rush—Cavemen's Flint Money Boxes—The Ghost of Streatham Hill—Hunt for Bacon-Shakespeare Treasures—Beachcombers Searching by Moonlight—Mystery of Camlet Moat—Crooked Tales of Far Countries—*Laurentic's* Torpedoed Treasures and Their Salvage—The Bogie of the Haunted Bush—Long-Dead Joker's Revenge—Behind the Grandfather's Clock—Cock and Bull Yarn of a Shakespeare Treasure Hunt—Nell Gwynn's Silver Thimble—Night Patrol for British Museum's Gold.

OUR wonderful 20th century world of heterodyne radio, bringing suburban drawing-rooms and remote country hamlets and farmhouses in touch with the four corners of the earth; of Transatlantic telephony; of electric television and of seeing in the darkness by the invisible infra-red rays of the spectrum; of taxi-planes on the airways from London to Bagdad and beyond; and of a thousand other marvels amid which the psychology of our moderns finds it increasingly difficult to retain its sense of the wonderful—nevertheless has a soft spot in its heart for the romance of treasure-hunting and treasure trove.

Amazing as has been the progress of the science of the deep-sea salvor in the 20th century, he will have to achieve even greater marvels if he is to make the sea give up the jewels lying, let us say, in the strong rooms

of the ill-fated *Titanic*. It will be recalled that this mammoth White Star liner smashed into a submerged iceberg in latitude $41^{\circ} 46'$ N. and $50^{\circ} 14'$ W. longitude, while on a maiden trip on April 14th 1912, from Southampton to New York. She carried little cargo, but had a valuable consignment of jewels, among them a splendid copy of Omar Khayyam's Rubaiyat, studded with rubies and costing many hundreds of dollars.

A London bookseller barely succeeded in catching the American mail for the despatch of this treasure, only to have it added in mid-Atlantic to the numerous regalia in the bulging lockers of that ancient mariner, hungry Davy Jones. In the same year, the P. & O. liner *Oceana*, while being towed from the Downs to Dover, after a collision with a German barque, sank off Beachy Head. She carried £750,000 (\$3,750,000) in gold and silver, and all of this treasure was fished up by divers, save two silver bars.

All the treasure at the bottom of the sea does not consist of gold and silver only. In August 1910, Irish salvors started to raise £70,000 (\$350,000) worth of high-grade copper ore, lying on the bed of the sea in Brandon Bay, county Kerry. The copper belonged to the steamship *Port Yarrock*, wrecked in 1894 while on a voyage from Santa Rosalia.

Two little girls, playing with a ball at the marsh-land village of Luddington, near Goole, in the "English Holland," of Lincolnshire, made a lucky discovery. They saw a guinea lying on the soil, and one of the girls called her mother, who searched and found forty or fifty more gold coins. The garden, in which the coins were found, was at one time part of an old house which had been pulled down in 1900, the year before the find. The guineas were dated 1774 and seemed to

have been buried so well that, when the house was pulled down, a foot of the soil was removed, and the ground ploughed and re-ploughed without the money being seen. The news spread, and a crowd of people forked over the ground and carried off the coins, when along came the village "bobby," acting under orders, and claimed the money as treasure trove of the Crown. The guineas were well preserved, in more than one way.

A firm of butter merchants bought a shop at Hastings, Sussex, and set workmen on the job of making alterations, when, in September 1901, they found a secret cupboard, near an old fireplace. They displaced a brick and saw a piece of sack-cloth containing 520 gold coins—sovereigns of the reign of George II. The coroner held his inquest. He was probably not successful in finding many coins to hold an inquest on in the next case, which happened at Romford, Essex, where workmen were lowering the floor of the shop of worshipful Mr. Cakebread, the grocer. They shovelled the rubbish into the street, when one of those gentlemen who never fail to extract pleasure from the sight of other men exercising their muscles, suddenly got a thrill at the cockles of his heart. He saw a coin in the rubbish and snatched at it. He searched for others. Other gentlemen saw him, they sent post-haste for their friends, the saloons emptied, and an "immense crowd" swept down on the stricken field armed with knives, and forks, and even using sieves. The coins were of the reign of George III and of Queen Victoria of England. Some gentlemen objected that others were not observing the unwritten rules of the treasure hunters' association. The others retorted with a *tu quoque*. There was a resort to the arbitrament of "dukes" not to be found in the British peerage. One gentleman smote another on the nose, his friends joined

in, and soon the crowd tumbled over and fought each other to the great scandal of the respectable folk of the quiet town of Romford. The police were sent for, but when they arrived, the scene was calm, the heap had been well raked, and the combatants had quitted the field with, it was said, coins of the value of £200 (\$1,000). So green with age were these coins that they had to be scraped before their value could be ascertained. All this took place on a September day in the year of our Lord, 1904. Mr. Cakebread's house was 200 years old.

In December 1904, four gold coins of the reign of James I and Charles I of England, and 401 silver coins minted by Henry VIII, and Charles I turned up under the spades of workers excavating the estate of a landowner, one Willding Jones, at Oswestry, England. Another of those hoards hidden in the days of King *versus* Parliament. The jury said they were treasure trove, and the Lord of the Manor, Lord Powis, and the tenant Willding Jones, both put in a claim. It is rather unusual for *silver* Roman coins to be found in excavations, but some were found by a labourer excavating for foundations near the site of an old British camp in the shires, in September 1906. The coins were well preserved, and were dated from A.D. 60-80. The man who found them swapped many of them for beer at the local tavern, and they were not recovered by the officers of our lord the King. The Crown and the Duke of Norfolk claimed what coins were left.

A tussle between the Crown and a lord of a manor marked the next find of treasure—at Templenewsam, Yorkshire, England. At the enquiry held at Oulton, near Leeds, on February 19, 1905, the story told was that labourers were preparing the grave of a dead horse at

Lawns Stud farm, on the Templenewsam estate, when they found an earthenware urn containing 260 old, rusty coins of the days of Elizabeth, James I and Charles I. The lord of the manor, Hon. E. E. Lindley Wood claimed the coins under a grant of treasure trove rights, by King James I, to the Duke of Lennox, a predecessor in the title. The British Treasury replied that it was improbable that the lord of the manor held any grant of the royal franchise of treasure trove, which, to be valid, must be a grant from the Crown in express words. The usual franchise of a manor does not include rights over treasure trove. The jury decided that the coins were treasure trove, and went to the Crown.

Ancient gold bracelets were found in sandpits at Crayford, Kent. Nine of the ornaments were found lying close to each other. The men who found them were employed by a local brick and sand company, and having an idea that the ornaments might be valuable, took them to the police station at Bexley, Kent. There, these gold ornaments were claimed for the Crown as treasure trove, found in February 1907. In May of the previous year, eight bracelets were found near the same spot, and are now in the British Museum. Flint and stone weapons were also found, suggesting that a Palaeolithic stone quarry was once there or nearby.

At Brooklands, Surrey, England, is a well-known motor racing track, and here a gang of navvies had a lively scramble on a summer day in 1907. An inquest was held on June 7th, at Weybridge, not on their vile bodies, or any of them, but on what they found. It was a holiday (Whit-Monday) for some, but the men were at work, and one of them, striking his pick into the ground, unearthed a terra-cotta urn containing more than 100 coins. The foreman, half a mile away, saw

the men all in a heap scrambling for the coins, which they sold or pawned. The police recovered about sixty-eight coins, but the urn was broken and never found. The coins were of the time of the Roman Emperors Diocletian, Maximianus, and Constantius. The verdict was treasure trove, so the sixty-eight coins were handed over to the Crown.

A romantic find of treasure trove at an old farm in Cornwall, England, occupied the attention of the coroner, Mr. de Castro Glubb, of Liskeard, on April 18, 1907. Thirty-one gold coins had been found buried in a farmyard named Trembraze, and the last time such a find had been made was a century previous. James Croker Govett, son of the owner of Trembraze farm, said he found the coins while clearing the ground over the site of an old barn. His mother's family, the Crokers, had owned the farm for many years. Mr. Govett produced a document telling how, on July 15, 1745, fifty-five and one-half guineas were found, in the floor of the barn, by John Croker, and Dorothy his wife. A Mr. Volk, jeweller of Liskeard, said many of the coins were rare. There were eight Portuguese milreis, dated 1682 to 1725, the rest were English, among which were—the most ancient of the lot—three gold units, or 20-shilling pieces of James I and Charles I, and guinea pieces, dated 1680 to 1725. The jury gave a verdict of treasure trove, and the coroner handed the coins to the finder, whereupon, the agent of the Duchy of Cornwall, then in court, claimed them from the finder.

No other find of treasure is recorded in England until August 1909, when a man working in a garden at Caversham Heights, Reading, Berkshire, England, found a George II guinea in a fine state. He thought it came there in a load of loam carted to the garden from the

neighbourhood of a local St. Anne's well, three years before. A woman dug up a one-half guinea in a road fifty yards from where the guineas were found; so, some day we may hear of a nice hoard of treasure being found near Caversham Heights and handed over to our lord the King, just as in the case following, where a pot of silver was seen by a police constable.

A builder's worker was digging in the garden of a cottage at Winterslow, South Wiltshire, occupied by a village "bobby," when he unearthed a jar of old silver coins. The "bobby" was standing by, when the find was made, so the coins were despatched to the police headquarters at Devizes, where an archæologist examined them and found they were fifty shillings of the time of Mary and Philip, Edward VI, Queen Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I. Somebody must have lost the clue to the cache when that virtuous monarch King Charles II, found his way back to Whitehall.

Our Anglo Saxon ancestors are known to have detested the sight of nuns and friars and to have lost few chances to loot monasteries. Sometimes they buried their loot and, for various reasons, did not come back to dig it up again. Such a cache was found in 1919, on the land of Lord Balfour at Whittinghame, East Lothian, Scotland. Much digging had been going forward on the isolated hill-top of Traprain, Law, in the Lammermuir range, twenty miles east of Edinburgh, and near the railroad of the North British line. Two Scottish antiquaries, wielding spades, took out enough silver on the top of the hill, near some old earthworks, to fill three buckets to the brim. They were fragments of Roman work, much hacked and worn. Ancient church plate seemed to have been looted from some monastery overseas, but the plate significantly bore designs depicting

the birth of Venus, Pan, and Adam and Eve. A queer mixture of mythologies! One or two coins were of the 4th century A.D., and there were Teutonic silver brooches, loot hidden by Angles or Saxons, on the Law. A splendid lot of silver, lost in the river Tyne, near Corbridge, England, had been found some time before. A coin of Honorius was in the treasure trove found on the Law, and some fragment of the treasure had clearly been through the melting-pot, before being buried.

A jury was empanelled at Winchmore Hill, London, in May 1911, to decide the ownership of treasure found in the district. It was from ancient mints very far apart, and included four pennies of Alexander II of Scotland, four long cross pennies of the reign of Henry III of England, and coins struck, between the years 1247 and 1272, at mints in London, Canterbury, Gloucester, Exeter, Lincoln, Norwich and Dublin. The Scotch coins hailed from Berwick and Edinburgh. Eighteen coins were found, and the Keeper of Coins at the British Museum said the Henry III coins were worth from 1/6 to 2/- (from about 36 to 48 cents U.S.), while the Alexander II pennies were worth 5/- or a little more than one dollar twenty cents each.

Did the Anglo-Saxons and Mercians of the eastern and midland counties of England, hide themselves in secret caverns deep under the Peak of Derbyshire, where they buried much treasure? It seems possible that there is truth in the tradition that they did. The Rev. G. H. Wilson, a Methodist parson of Didsbury, near Manchester, had some romantic adventures in a labyrinth of caves in the Peak district, in September 1924, which ended in a find of buried silver in what may have been the secret sleeping place of a Mercian ruler whose blood was being sought by invading Danes, about a thousand

years ago. All memory of the circumstances of the cache has long passed out of knowledge, and even of tradition.

Mr. Wilson entered a labyrinth of caves in a spot below Beeston cliffs, and close to the river Manifold. The public may enter these caves which are near the famous ducal hall of Chatsworth. "Branching off from the mouth of the cave that fully satisfies the public's curiosity," he said recently, "I found several other totally unlighted chambers as large as churches or the size of average rooms. Groping by hidden passages I came to the almost completely silted-up entry to my treasure chamber. It is about two hundred and fifty feet inward and is roofed by a rock two hundred feet thick. I crawled on hands and knees through twenty feet of a passage now nearly choked with fallen earth, taking with me a small lamp and returning for such tools as I could carry, one by one.

As soon as I began to dig in the soft, dry, earthy floor I made discoveries. I stopped digging when I unearthed what were plainly the bones of a woman's arm and hand. An aversion from such disclosures caused me to replace the soil at once. Someone else may continue the work there. I have worked chiefly by the light of an acetylene lamp from a motor cycle, taking a pound of carbide and a football bladder full of water to keep up the gas supply. Sometimes I have remained in the caves for eight hours. My clothing has been as primitive nearly as that of an ancient Briton. One day, I groped forward in a stooping attitude and charged bare-headed into some cold and moving furry mass that seemed to detach itself from the low roof and creep with uncanny squealings about my head

and shoulders. They were winter bats whose sleep I had interrupted, and they were crawling all over me. Often I have found traces of foxes and their prey. Once my lamp went out, and I had to grope about for half an hour in utter darkness before I got on my return tracks.

My theory has been that in their battles with the invading Danes, the Saxons and Mercians of eastern and middle England, repulsed by the Northumbrians, took shelter in the caves of the Peakland, and were starved or slaughtered. For the first time in a thousand years I have disturbed the tragic hiding-places and revealed the unsuspected mementos of these refugees. Finds, made in fourteen years search of the caves, include coins of Saxon kings, stamped wafer disks of silver, an untarnished ring of pure gold, beaten in rectangular form, and weighing half an ounce, a medallion of heavy silver, two and three-quarter inches wide, and finely embossed and engraved with a geometrical design, having nine of the original studs still in position. This may be an ornamental buckle worn by some Saxon thane or king, in conjunction with the heavy gold ring and remnants of a clasp and crumpled gold lace as a fastener for his rough cloak. There are also other gold rings."

The remarkable amount of ecclesiastical plate, which escaped the searches of Cromwell's commissioners for the suppression of "superstitious establishments" in England, in the years 1535 to 1539, was shown very strikingly in a treasure show at a Church Congress Exhibition (exposition) at Ipswich, in April 1927. No wonder Cromwell lost his head, in 1540; so much boodle had escaped the bags of Henry VIII and his upspringing

bourgeois courtiers, the Cecils, Cavendishes, Dudleys, Russells, Seymours, that bluff Bluebeard felt it necessary to have somebody's blood to atone for the numerous caches made by the wily pre-Reformation monks and their adherents! Roll up, my masters, and gloat on this list of treasure trove into which the Crown of England never stuck its damned fork, as the old Catholics say!

"We have here, my friend," said a reverend gentleman, "800 choice pieces of plate, pre-Reformation, Cromwellian, and armorial. The famous chalice of Clare, looted in the Spanish Armada will be shown you, as well as drinking-horns used as Communion cups. There, is an old Communion cloth, dated 1632, and buried in the days of Cromwell, and dug up only a few years ago in a rectory garden. Suffolk's three most famous coffers have been offered me,—an Edward II coffer from Chebbington, a 13th century coffer from Ickington, and a Flanders cup from Southwold. Interesting books from the county are on show, one lot is a fine Book of Hours, and an illuminated MS. of Edward I. It may be presented to the gaze of the audience alongside an ancient MS. confirmation of lands by Norman Ralph, Archbishop of Canterbury. Lovely reproductions of beautiful mural paintings recently discovered on Suffolk church walls, under white-wash, will be seen for a song. There's a very fine fork coming from Smithfield with which they used to hoist up the faggots when folk were toasted, and another very choice bit is a knife which cut off the ears of recusants."

The rector of an English country church was, in December, 1927, inspired to explore a coal-shed—how he came thus to pry into the domains of the woman caretaker of the church we do not know—suffice it to say

that he fell on a clothes basket, even as old Sir John Falstaff had done before him, and therein he found *not* a litter of blind puppies or superfluous kittens, or a lot of foul linen and dirty clothes; but two fine portly silver flagons which might have contained the sack with which Prince Henry and the red-faced knight assuaged their thirst. The woman caretaker said she thought the old bottles were of no use and since she vainly tried to persuade the rag and bone man to put 'em on his heap of old bottles and dirty shirts, and could not trade 'em for an aspidistra from a suspicious gypsy woman, she had popped the brass bottles under the bed. Thence, added she "my old man slung them into the coal shed."

She had scarce told the tale when the reverend gentleman spat on his pocket handkerchief and started "polishing like mad," and behold out of the dust of ages, emerged the shine of two silver-gilt flagons of the time of Oliver Cromwell, and worth £3,000! They were later sold, and the proceeds given not to the poor of the parish, but to the augmentation of the stipend of the reverend gent., by order of the Chancellor of the diocese.

Ghostly shrieks—*we* may not say whether they are those of owls or disembodied spirits or of belated toss-pots returning in motor coaches from local horse races—heard in the tiny island of Caldey, off the quiet coast of Pembrokeshire, in South Wales, together with the sight of moving fingers of fire indicate the presence of a rich, hidden treasure. This island is a mile and a half long and about three-quarters of a mile wide, and is the charming residence of a community of Trappist-like monks who pray, and plough and spin and weave and say nothing all day long. Caldey island would form an ideal residence for Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. There is a

population of thirty-six monks, and sixty-two men and women, no saloons, no police, and no rates. When night time comes round, this island is more haunted than any wood in old Mexico was before Cortez landed. Shrieks arise, and phantom figures walk abroad. They are ungentlemanly enough to brush against honest folks' clothing in the dark or gloaming.

The treasure hunter's particular attention is directed to the six-foot figure of a black-robed monk, with a cowl over his head who wanders round the ancient priory, on Caldey. He begins his walk in an old burial ground where lie 1,400 years of dead monastics. Some say he has cravings like those of the old Oregonian saloon pioneer who, one day in the backwoods of Columbia, called at a shack to say he agreed with a notice he saw displayed on a board outside: "*Now is the time ter take the rinkles out of yer bely, after the hard winter.*" This black-robed apparition waylaid the woman cook who had been helping at a monastery banquet. He barred her path on the stairs in the twilight, and she fled. A night or two later, at dusk, he trod in the gloaming behind a young fellow ascending the stairs of an old farmhouse on the island. The monk was seen, and a piercing shriek from mother rent the air—"Behind my Joe on the stairs I saw the gaunt figure of a black-clad monk, with a face like death—grey and pallid—peering from beneath his cowl. As I gazed, the spectre faded away." He was next seen sitting on a stile in the twilight wearing a mushroom hat. The woman who saw him in the lane, did not stop to verify her suspicions, but "beat it" at once. There is also the ghost of a white lady, the apparition of a headless lamb, the spectre of a dead donkey, and the phantasm of a madman who prematurely buried himself.

Some if not all of these apparitions are alleged to be responsible for the luminous appearance of a pointing hand or a glow which traverses the walls of the old priory at midnight. It is said to indicate the cache of a wonderful sapphire, of great size, brought to Caldey at the dissolution of the monasteries, in 1535, and hidden in the walls. The jewel belonged to the Abbot of Glastonbury who was hanged on a high hill in the days of Henry VIII. This old priory of Caldey should be worth the attention of the radio locator.

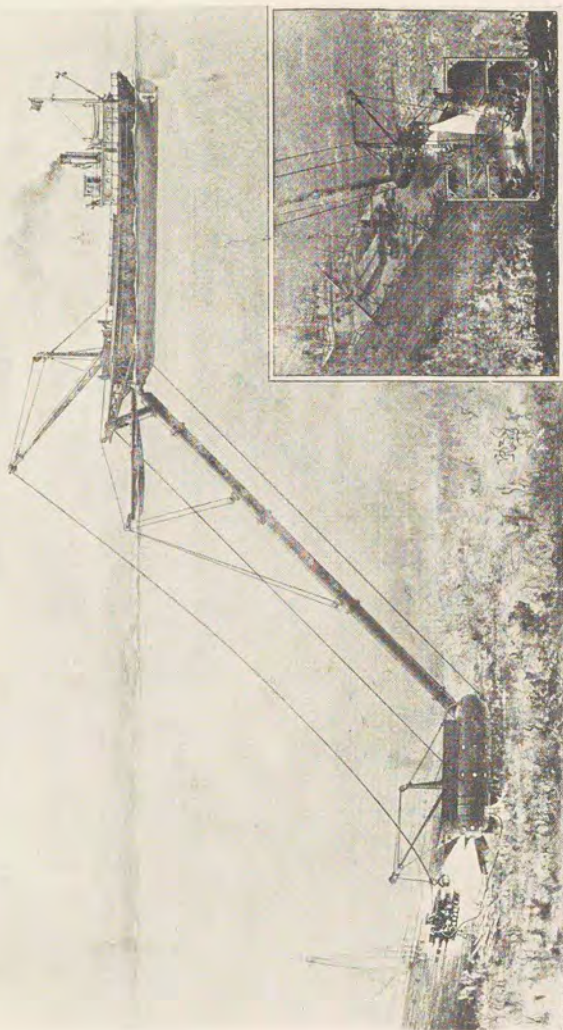
Some treasures of Davy Jones are *not* welcomed by the fishermen on the sea. They would prefer that the old dog were not so generous with his presents. There is the case of the Grimsby trawler, which, in January 1927, felt a heavy drag on her trawl. When she pulled it in, expecting a heavy catch of white fish, there came aboard a motor lorry covered with barnacles. The skipper was for heaving it back again, as his decks were already crowded with lorries, but the crew said it was too heavy. "These lorries are not valuable. We'd far sooner have had a load of fish," said the skipper. Possibly the lorries are the cargo of a steamer torpedoed in the European War.

Still, Davy Jones does the handsome thing on occasions—as in October 1927, when a Mr. Gill of Brixham, Devon, England, having dropped a gold ring into deep water off the landing-stage, in June 1927, was searching for it at low tide. After a few hours of hunting in the mud, he found his ring embedded where it had lain for five months.

For rich treasure of priceless value one must turn to the magnificent livery company's hall in the City of London, known as Goldsmith's Hall. Not long ago workers digging the foundations for the hall, found a rare treasure

in the shape of a miniature altar of Diana. It, of course, dates back to the Roman occupation of the ancient fortress of London. The company's vaults also enshrine a chandelier of chased gold, weighing 1,000 ounces, gold plates with the arms of France quartered with those of England, and a golden goblet made by the Florentine jeweller, Benvenuto Cellini. This goblet was used as a drinking cup by Queen Elizabeth at her coronation.

All the thrills of an old-time treasure trove hunt were enjoyed in June 1927 by a crowd of women and children of Brighton, a village near Chester, England. The Shropshire Union Canal had been drained to allow the lock gates to be mended, when a little boy, playing in the bottom mud, found several sovereigns. He took them home to his mother, who altruistically, or with policy told the neighbours all about it, to the clear prejudice of our Sovereign Lord the King, and his Treasury. Pretty soon, a mob of women and children sallied out of but and ben and rushed to the canal to fork, spade and knife over the golden mud. Two hundred sovereigns were found in the mud. One lady, equipped with a bricklayer's trowel, turned up fifteen golden sovereigns, another picked out with her lily-white hands twenty blackened sovereigns, and eke another had twenty-eight sovereigns. History saith not where, during this gold rush, was the village "beadle." Perchance, off-duty, he sojourns in some cool grot speculating on the high price of "three star." How came the money at the bottom of the canal? It was not placed there by some royal lady anxious to wed the spirit of the water. An aged woman, saith the local chronicler, once lived on the canal bank and banked her sovereigns in a mattress. When she died, the mattress was burned by the sanitary authorities and the incombustible portion thrown into



Simon Lake's proposed Deep Sea Salvage ship with access tops, designed to operate at depths of 300 ft. The submarine is shown resting on the sea bed removing cargo from a submerged wreck, whose side has been blasted by explosives.—Insert: The diver in the ship's hold over which the submarine is resting. The derrick on the submarine breaks the cargo out of the wreck's hold and hoists it clear of the hatch, where the surface vessel raises the load to the sea above.



the waters, which rotted away the fibres and set free the gold. The moral of all this? Lay not up gold and treasure in mattresses whereby the coffers of our Sovereign Lord the King may be despoiled, but invest them in house and land, whereby the Income Tax Collector may levy upon thee unearned income tax at four shillings in the pound.

In the same month, a plumber, demolishing a wall at Colwyn Bay, in the adjacent county of Denbigh, North Wales, picked up a brick, which he broke open. Inside, he found snugly lying a purse of six shillings and sixpence. His luck was not so good as that of a contractor whose men, digging deep in a gravel pit, on the estate of the lord of the manor of Westerham, Kent, found an ancient Briton's flint-like money-box containing fourteen uninscribed gold coins. The coffer was a rounded, natural, crystallised sponge and its interior was smooth. The cache was on Hosey common, and the finders two stone-diggers. An inquest was held, when the coroner solemnly asked an estate steward if he knew who hid the coins?

The steward of the lord of Westerham manor said he did not. The largest of the coins dated from 150 B.C., and the others from about 50 B.C. The large coin was minted in Paris, but the others might have been coined in Gaul or Britain. The jury found that the coins were treasure trove hidden probably with a view to recovery by an unknown person who never came back to claim them. The coins were then sent to a bank at Sevenoaks, Kent, to await the agents of our lord King George, but the lord of the manor said he should claim them. They were valued at £25 (\$125).

A missing treasure was the rather unusual feature in the case of an ancient cairn of the Neolithic, or New

Stone age, opened at Ordie, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in August 1927. The stone cist or chest contained the remains of a mother and child, who lived some three thousand years or more ago. Workmen in removing stones from the ancient cairn, 60 feet wide and five feet high at the centre, found the cist at ground level. It seemed to have been disturbed at a previous date, since the bones were spread out, and the bull's hide in which the treasures of dead folk were wrapped, had been taken away.

Once more we ring up the curtain for the treasure-guarding Poltergeist or goblin. He lives in an old house at Streatham, in south London, or he did live there until, in September 1927, the house was pulled down over his head. The yarn is that a hoard of gold was hidden in this old house by a miser whose ghost has been seen flitting round the trees screening the stone walls of the house which was built of the buttresses of old London Bridge. A housebreaker, or demolisher of floor boards says he found a gold sovereign, or pre-war British pound sterling, under a board he pulled up, and hopes the hoard really exists. "It is the most extraordinary house I ever pulled down, and has many quaint things. I have not seen the ghost, but the men who are at work here rushed out the other day terrified. They said afterwards a cat had frightened them. I have taken mantelpieces from the house, worth £1,500 and the house will be rebuilt in the country, if we can find a buyer." A cinema palace is going up over the miser's cache, so possibly an extra attraction for patrons will be a hunt for the hidden treasure of the ghost of Streatham Hill.

Another flint-stone "bank"¹ turned up at Amesbury,

¹ Flint "banks". Close to the city of Grindaa, in Jutland, about 1700, there lay for many years a large flint used for driving pegs into the

near Stonehenge, Wiltshire, England, in October 1927, when a boy out beating with bird shooters in Chute Forest, Wiltshire, picked up a circular flint and threw it at another stone. The impact burst open the flint, and out showered a number of ancient coins. There were sixty-five of them and the boy took them to the police. The usual coroner's inquest was held, and a letter read from the Keeper of Coins at the British Museum, who said they were about two thousand years old, manufactured in the Channel Islands, off the coast of France, and made of debased gold and silver of the time of Philip of Macedon, father of Alexander the Great. The coins dated from the early Iron Age. Treasure trove, said the jury, in recommending that the boy be rewarded. About the same time, a professor of archæology was examining the ashes of a Roman campfire, near Lancaster, when he found a silver coin bearing the laureated head of the Emperor Nero. Then a man digging on the site of an old Roman camp, at Little Chester, struck his pick against a green, glazed earthenware pot containing 634 silver pennies of the reigns of Edwards I and II (1272-1327). Some of the coins were thrown on the soil and have not been found. The coins were in a good state of preservation. How the excavator found out his mistake is not said, but an inquest was held at Derby and the coins declared treasure trove of the Crown of England.

The traits of the treasure hider are still evident in

England, where among many poor folk there yet lingers a strong distrust of banks and safe deposits. They hide ground for tethering horses, feeding among the corn. Somebody noticed that a ring sounded in a cavity of the flint, so they broke the flint open and found 126 silver coins of Edward I and Edward III of England. The flint had no aperture showing how coins were inserted in it.

notes—bank notes or British treasury notes of the regular currency—in holes in the walls of their houses, and in gardens; lock them in cash-boxes and then put them into ovens for safe-keeping; or place them within reach of the baby's fingers! The notes become mildewed and indecipherable; someone comes home and lights a coal fire under the oven; or the baby tears them up. The heart-broken, thrifty people send along the charred ashes of the money, or the torn fragments, or the musty paper to the British Post Office begging that the remains be sent to the Bank of England for conversion into good and lawful money of the realm. Such may happen, or it may not!

Some folk exploring the grounds of the old moated grange of Arley Hall, Lancashire, set workers to remove an old bridge spanning the moat. The men found a drawbridge in the bed of the moat or ditch but they were not lucky enough to repeat the experience of searchers of the moat, in the year 1800, who found in the bed of the former water-ditch, a quantity of old silver, antique circular dishes and candlesticks, stamped with the emblems of the rose and crown. Arley Hall, now used as a club house for golfers of Wigan, was the ancestral home of Miles Standish, captain of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Even literary history has its stories of treasure trove, real or alleged.* Many people will recall the fantastic

*A woman applied to a London police magistrate, in February, 1929, for advice about whether she could claim a bundle of old newspapers found in the wall of a cottage she had sold. The newspapers comprised a copy of the "English Mercury," dated July 23, 1588, telling of the Spanish Armada's coming; the "Weekly News" (1606) recording the execution of Guy Fawkes and the Gunpowder Plot conspirators; and the "London Gazette" (1666) recording the Great Fire of London. Alas, all these journals are proved forgeries, executed about 1766.

quest of the American, Dr. Orville Owen, who, in the month of February 1911, directed a gang of excavators digging up the bed of the romantic river Wye under the picturesque ruins of the mediæval castle of Chepstow, England. Timbered shafts were sunk on the site of an old Roman ford crossing this salmon-haunted river. All night long, while the cold winds blew from the saltings and sand dunes of the Severn estuary, sputtering naphtha flares shed their blinding light, from the branches of yew trees on the banks and green poles stuck in the bed of the river, upon men chilled to the bone and soaked with the salt ooze and muddied with the abundant silt of the Wye. They diligently sent up for the doctor's inspection bucket after bucket of the river bottom and loads of old stones.

The indefatigable American said he had unearthed two mysterious cyphers left by Francis, Lord Bacon, and apparently embodied in a copy of the 1638 edition of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. Each cypher, worked out into strange symbols of spirals and ovals on rolls of paper a yard wide, gave the clue to the alleged fact that Bacon had left a store of documents in an oaken chest tarred all over and swathed in camlet, proving that he (Bacon) was the real author of the plays credited to William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon. The cache was supposed to be somewhere in the bed of the Wye at Chepstow, on the land of the fox-hunting Duke of Beaufort.

Dr. Owen said he went straight from Michigan to Chepstow and enquired for "Wasp Hill"—mentioned in the cypher—and an old man of Chepstow told him that the name had once been given to what is now known as Castle Wood. The cypher showed that the boxes containing the Bacon documents were hidden on

the precipitous slopes of that hill, but all the workmen found was an ancient iron box handle.

The cache had been moved and more pages of the *Arcadia* had to be deciphered to unearth it or find clues. A wall running down the cliff to the river gave one end of a base for measuring an angle, but a tower landmark was missing, and in this district there are the ruins of many such towers manned by sentries on the watch for Welsh raiders.

"It should be there," said Dr. Owen, as the picks unearthed the foundations of a building, lying in a bank. The digging in the river bed was resumed and half a dozen holes were hurriedly made in the bottom, between the rising of the tides, but without result. Measurements were examined and revised, the variations of the compass allowed for, and a fresh start was made. Under a stake, the diggers came upon piles of yew and oak, rotten from long immersion in the mud. These, they said, were piles belonging to the cofferdam made when the alleged treasure house was first constructed. Then they came on boards—"oak boards wrapped with camlet, covered with tar, such as was mentioned in the cypher"—and finally, the picks hit on concrete, similar to that found some yards away on the bank, miry and mossgrown. And after that, they found—nothing!

The faithful Owen had no tangible reward for his excavations on the ducal land of the manor of Chepstow, and doubtless, far up on high Olympus, the literary gods laughed aloud and the manes of William Shakespeare smilingly walked the meadows of asphodel, "ever treading delicately on most pellucid air," his chaplets of bay still unwithered.

Three years later, two unnamed gentlemen, known to

be deeply interested in the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy, told a well-known London newspaper that they had found a mysterious tunnel in the district of the Chiltern Hills, Buckinghamshire, England, in connection with which they had made excavations in the hope of finding implements and MSS. which would support their theory. They dropped these excavations after the expenditure of much vain effort.

One day, Owen's navvies were dredging in the Wye, when they came across a chunk of iron. They played a waggish trick on him as he stood watching them from the bank. "'Ere y'are, sur, we got 'un!'" Owen, thinking they had found the iron chest of documents, dashed down the bank, scanned the find and rushed off to the local postoffice, to cable to America that he had at last succeeded in his quest. Alas, he came back to find it was only a piece of the old bridge foundation.

The high tides on the other side of England, in East Anglia, where the sea has washed away many old English towns of high memory and former importance, not infrequently brings golden dower to the folk of the decayed fishing villages who chance to walk along the shores in the calm moonlight. Many ancient coins were washed up by one such tide in November 1911, whereof the origin is a mystery. In the Elizabethan moot hall at Aldeburgh, Suffolk, a coroner presided over an inquest in which jurors from Aldeburgh and Thorpe were empanelled to decide the question whether treasure washed up at Thorpness was treasure trove and so due to the Crown authorities of Great Britain. The British Crown authorities of the Treasury, and the official receiver of wrecks and coastguards put their case before the jury who, with one dissident, returned a verdict that the

finds were not treasure trove, and the money was accordingly handed over to a representative of the British Board of Trade.

A mysterious but highly romantic story of treasure hidden in a deep, enchanted well was revived in February 1924, in connection with Trent Park, Essex, the residence of Sir Philip Sassoon, a relative of King George of England. The park is in the heart of Enfield Chase, and girdled by a ring of splendid woods. The long dried-up Camlet Moat is the centre of the mystery, and during excavations in 1924, some interesting archæological finds were made. A dagger, a pair of sandals, deer antlers, and many 12th century tiles, besides a complete drawbridge, thirty-eight feet long by seventeen feet wide, came to light. Then a portion of an ancient manor house, seventy-four feet long was unearthed, to a depth of five feet. Tradition says that at one corner of Camlet Moat lay a deep well with a paved floor, under which is buried a chest containing gold and jewels.

A bogle guards the treasure from pilfering hands, so that, adds tradition, no one has ever reached it because the chest is spell-bound. Tradition even names the ghost—Geoffrey de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, who, on being charged with high treason, fell into the moat and was drowned. But herein is tradition dissonant with history, which will have it that Geoffrey de Mandeville, at one time Constable of the Tower of London, and a great Essex landowner, met his death near Ramsey Abbey, in the Fen district, many miles away from Trent Park, in September 1144, where he had been wounded in a skirmish with Stephen, King of England.

Right across Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, London, runs an old, underground tunnel, from what used to

be Queen Anne's palace, but is now the Italian Hospital. It branches into two separate underground ways, after about fifty yards, one fork heading into the cellar of an inn, the other into a corner church. About August 1926, a bundle of old MSS. was found in the underground tunnel, covered with the dust and cobwebs of a century. Rumour has it that a treasure was buried here in the 18th century.

Hidden treasure has figured in the annals of Scotland Yard, the great criminological centre of Great Britain. Every now and again—the last occasion being on August 23rd 1922—the Yard warns the public of this old form of swindle. As revived in London, it commonly takes the shape of an offer to a man recently dead, but who is known to have surviving relatives, to share with the swindler in the discovery of gold in a far country. The swindler is, of course, deeply grateful for some past service rendered to him by the dead man. If the dead man's relatives show any interest, samples of gold are produced, and a sum of money is requested to meet the expenses of an expedition "now being organised to recover the rest of the treasure." Some person is sure to fall for "this ingenious swindle" every time it is revived.

No account of 20th century salvages of sunken treasure could be considered complete without some reference to the case of the torpedoed *Laurentic*. Most quests for deep sea treasure are the sport of mocking winds and waves, but the year 1924 will be remembered for the thrilling adventures of the Admiralty divers who raised £4,958,000 (\$24,790,000) in gold bullion from the strong rooms of the torpedoed liner.

The 14,000 ton *Laurentic* was acting as an auxiliary cruiser in the European War, and was carrying \$25,-

000,000 of American bar gold when she was torpedoed off Fanad Head, Lough Swilly, on January 25, 1917. Three hundred lives were lost. The brilliant feat of salvaging her treasure would probably never have been achieved had it not been for the work of Commander Geoffrey Unsworth, a wartime mines clearance officer, who raced to the rescue of the drowning liner, and saved her passengers after forty hours of almost superhuman effort in the teeth of a raging sou'wester.

His rescue work ruined his health. Efforts were later made to locate the wreck, but they all failed until Commander Unsworth rose from a bed of sickness and found and buoyed the sunken wreck. When the British Admiralty subsequently rewarded the salvors, they unaccountably overlooked Commander Unsworth's services.

Three weeks after the *Laurentic* had sunk, the British Admiralty salvage ship *Racer* of 1,068 tons was at work to raise the drowned gold. It took her over seven years to complete the task of salvaging the bullion. Storms interrupted the divers' work, and progress was at first very slow. The rip and scour of the swaying tides broke up the hull of the *Laurentic* into a mass of twisted iron-work, and an immense amount of débris accumulated around the vessel. Eight bars of gold were raised to the surface in 1917, about 600 in 1920; 300 in 1921; 900 in 1922; and 1,150 in 1923.

An exact model of the wreckage of the *Laurentic* is said to have been kept aboard the *Racer*, and as pieces of the wreckage were cut or blasted away each day, the corresponding parts of the model were removed. The divers worked at a depth of from 120 to 130 feet, and for months at a time storms stopped the work. Five decks of the drowned liner were blasted through vertically by explosives before the divers could reach the

bullion room. The plan was to leave the interior of the hull as open as possible above the divers' heads.

The *Racer* carried eight chief and two petty officers, all expert divers. An officer went down each morning to make a tour of inspection, and as soon as he returned to the surface the *Racer* slipped her moorings and the charge inserted in the wreck was fired by a torpedo man. The concussion sent hundreds of fish stunned to the surface, so the crew stated, and as soon as the diver below located the bars of gold he telephoned to the deck for the bucket to be sent down, telling the deck officer, as the bucket was hoisted to the surface, the number of bars in the bucket. Waiting destroyers conveyed the bullion to Liverpool, whence it reached the vaults of the Bank of England.

In the result, 3,057 gold bars out of a total of 3,211 lost, were recovered. The cost of the salvage was only £138,000, including a bonus of £6,379 to the officers and men of the *Racer*.

The Green Isle, in the 20th century, as in the preceding ages, adds to the lore of hidden treasure. An Irish-American, resident in the States, is declared to have dreamt repeatedly that there was gold buried under a haunted hawthorn bush on a lonely hillside in the hamlet of Claneyharp, county Tipperary. He went home to Ireland, and told his friends about the dream, but nothing was done, and the man died. In January 1925, a man in the parish of Claneyharp is said to have had a similar dream, which inspired a party to visit the awe-inspiring hawthorn bush at midnight, and begin digging. The noise of footsteps approaching down the lonely road, frightened the diggers and they fled from their own shadows. But the footsteps were not those of the miserly bogle who sits on dead pirates' chests, and had taken

a fancy for a midnight "constitutional." They were merely those of a convivial party. Next night the diggers got back on the job, but heard more footsteps and fled. The trench was filled in, and the grinning "bogle" retired to his cabin in the bog where far into the small hours, he vastly amused his cronies by his description of the midnight flitting of the diggers.

Four hundred Roman coins were unearthed in September 1926 by chance by a man digging in a sand-pit, 300 yards from the beach at Knott End, Lancashire. On moving a large boulder, the man found the skin of an animal which fell to pieces when touched by the spade, revealing a heap of coins. Golfers and passers-by helped themselves to the coins. The spot where the coins were found is in a line with an alcove, the origin of which is a puzzle to local archaeologists. In this case, it is possible that the coins were buried by a Roman soldier of a legion on the eve of battle, who never returned to dig up his hoard.

Men who were digging for outcrop coal on Mallerstang Fell, Westmorland, found 109 Roman coins, covering a period from A.D. 37 to A.D. 260. The effigies of the Roman Emperors Caligula, Marcus Aurelius, Vespasian, Volusianus, Domitian, Trajan, Hadrian were on the coins, which were found at a spot five miles south of Kirkby Stephen, within sight of Pendragon Castle, an old Roman fortress. The Solicitor-General intervened on behalf of the British Treasury, requesting the Chief Constable of Westmorland to enquire about the coins. At the coroner's inquest, which was held at Mallerstang, two days later, John Kerr, a farmer's son, told the jury of nine that he was shepherding at Mallerstang Fell and also looking for coal when he dislodged a stone beneath which he found 128 coins. Another lad also found a few

coins at the time. The jury decided the coins were treasure trove and the coroner said they would be passed on to the British Museum or local societies.*

A long-dead joker had his revenge on treasure-hunters in the form of a huge laugh at posterity when, in October 1923, there was unearthed a leaden casket containing what some folk thought would throw light on the history of Dunfermline, Scotland. The casket was found by workmen excavating the ruins of Dunfermline Castle. The Office of Works of the British Government sent for the casket, but when the officials opened it they had the "spoof" of their career. The contents were a copy of a local newspaper, *The Dunfermline Journal*, of the year 1855!

A king's counsel, or British barrister, who was excavating an old abbey in the Vale of Conway, Denbigh, Wales, in October 1926, found a gold noble, or coin of the reign of Edward III, almost as fresh as it came from the mint. It was lying in a crack at the foot of a staircase of this abbey, named Maenan Abbey, and built by the Cistercian order in the 13th century. In the same month, old Derbyshire folklore was curiously illuminated at the selling of an old grandfather clock in an auction of the effects of a farmer, of the village of Tis-sington. The surprised purchaser found at the back of the clock a leather bag containing about £2 in obsolete fourpenny bits. The clock had not been cleaned for many years, since there is an old Derbyshire superstition that a "boggard," or bogle, always takes up his residence behind the clock and can make things very lively for the householder who disturbs him.

*Roman silver coins, numbering 652, and about 1800 years old, were found in September 1928, by a boy digging in his father's garden, at Muswell Hill, London. The coins were in an earthen jar, while a spoon was also found in the hole.

We may fittingly close this chapter of the 20th century annals of treasure hunting by narrating a remarkable story recalling in some of its features the excavations of Dr. Orville Owen, in the bed of the river Wye, earlier in our own times. Acknowledgment is due to the enterprise of the *London Daily Chronicle* which made the story public in its columns on December 11, 1925, and succeeding days. A man, who, said the newspaper, claimed to be a descendant of Samuel Rogers, a well-known banker-poet, and collector of Shakespearian relics in the early 19th century, approached a prominent Shakespearian of Stratford-on-Avon, with a copy of the "Breeches Bible," a number of old printed works bearing the reputed autograph signature of William Shakespeare, a MS. of the indenture of apprenticeship of William Shakespeare, and personal relics, such as locks of hair, quill pens, rings and the like.

The Shakespearian collector was so impressed by the documents that he bought them from the vendor, who said he had inherited the relics from an aged aunt, who lived in Cornwall, and whose strict religious principles of the Plymouth Brethren, forbade her to turn them into money. (Now, it is clear that our Shakespearian collector of Stratford-on-Avon could have known nothing of the peculiarities of this very exclusive sect, or he would have been aware that no aunt or uncle of this Brotherhood has ever been characterised by such a pathetic aversion to the root of all evil. Potsherd may strive with potsherd and the world go hang, but your Plymouth brother or sister will see to it that before the world *does* go to the devil, it pays its due into said brother's or sister's banking account or old stocking by the bedside. However, we will let that pass.)

A well-known expert of the staff of the British Mu-

seum said he feared somebody had been imposed on, while the late Sir Sidney Lee and Sir Israel Gollancz spoke of "untrustworthiness" and "caution," all being duly quoted to that effect by the *London Daily Chronicle*.

Next day, a reporter of the newspaper went to a house outside a little Berkshire town, and heard from the lips of the vendor of the Shakespeariana an amazing story of a cache and a midnight hunt on the estate of the Marquis of Northampton, at Compton Wynyates, Warwickshire. There, said the man, he and a Berkshire brick-field worker had dug up a buried casket containing a bird's bath of stone, inscribed with the name of William Shakespeare. The reporter was also shown several wonderful robes of gold thread believed to have been worn in Shakespeare's theatrical days, three hundred pages of MS. alleged to be of Sir Thomas Moore's plays found with the Shakespeare MS., a chart of John Harvard, the founder of Harvard University, on which had been penned a chart of a portion of Kent relating to buried treasures at West Malling, and the *pièce de resistance*—William Shakespeare's marriage certificate!

Said the *London Daily Chronicle*, the man added that there was still a vast store of treasure buried on Lord Northampton's estate, including a chest of books from Shakespeare's own library. "I was also privileged to see the plan which led to the discovery of the MSS. on the Northampton estate. It is," proceeded the reporter, "a small piece of paper on which are drawn three trees named William Shakespeare (in the middle), John Harvard and another. At the top, there is an inscription that Harvard, Day, Argent, and another planted these trees on the estate of Wingate House, Compton. Another phrase states: 'We laid to rest what we so dearly loved'!

The William Shakespeare tree is marked by a cross and the following sentence:

'William Shakespeare, his writing which nobody will ever see again!'

"On the back of the plan, in what appears to be modern handwriting, are the lines: 'Laugh and the world is yours,' and 'Beware of false prophets.' "

The man told the reporter that he had sold 140 pages of Shakespearian MSS. for £32,000 (\$160,000) to an American. The newspaper then decided to investigate the spot where the man said he had found the cache of documents. A reporter and the man motored from Buckinghamshire to Warwickshire, and at twilight they stood on the memorable ground of Compton Wynyates. The man pointed out a group of trees, where he said, a foot or so beneath the turf, he, with the aid of a secret chart, had unearthed the leaden casket, on the top of which lay a flat stone slab inscribed with the name of William Shakespeare.

The gardener of Lord Northampton came along with a broad grin all over his rubicund face. The man seemed to have experienced a shock. A tree, marked in the chart "William Shakespeare," and indicating the location of the cache, had disappeared.

"It was here in July 1925," said the man. "It must have been felled."

"Yes," replied the gardener, "it was felled, but not in July 1925, but in August 1924. I saw it cut down."

"Impossible," retorted the man, "I tell you it was here five months ago. We built our canvas screen round it."

The gardener, went on the newspaper, drew the re-

porter on one side. "There is not a word of truth in this cock and bull story. *He* says the casket was buried here about 1818. This land as you see it now did not exist then. In 1909, we built up the whole of this part of the estate two feet. If the casket were there then it must have been sticking out of the ground. It may have been buried here since 1909, but it was certainly not not thirty yards from this spot every night, and he is accompanied by an Airedale dog. Nobody could dig here without being detected."

Alleged Shakespearian caches of documents hold a potent spell over many folk in our own day. The famous doggerel curse on Shakespeare's tomb in the chancel of the church at Stratford-on-Avon has scarcely deterred men or women from opening the tomb to look upon the poet's skull. As these lines are being written, the Dean of Westminster Abbey, London, is being urged to authorise the opening of the tomb of Edmund Spenser in the Abbey, because, so it is said, a number of poets, possibly Shakespeare among them, cast elegies and the quill pens that had written them, into the grave when Spenser was buried in 1599.

Labourers repairing old Sanford Manor House, at Fulham, London, found under the still existing oaken staircase up which the merry monarch Charles II of England used to ride his pony from the panelled hall to the bedchamber of his mistress, sweet Nell Gwynn of Old Drury Lane theatre, a silver thimble of Nell's, and a masonic jewel of the king's. Then, in 1927, excavators in the grounds and halls of Wallingford Castle, England, found, bricked up in an outer wall, a small painting, on a wooden panel, depicting the same king, when Prince of Wales, aged thirteen. The picture was painted in the studio of Vandyke, and had been hidden by

Royalists in the days when Wallingford Castle, Berkshire, was besieged by Cromwell's Ironsides. Somebody had hidden it to escape prosecution by the Republican Government which might have followed its detection in "malignant" hands. A painter and a picture-restorer of Chelsea, London, sampled the colour and the varnish and are positive the picture is as it came from the hands of Vandyke or his assistants.

Then, in the same county of Berkshire, a gardener, digging in the grounds of Somerton Lodge, Winkfield, turned up on the end of his spade a jam jar with forty-five golden sovereigns, dated between 1849 and 1893. The coroner's jury handed the money to the Treasury authorities.

At the British Museum, Bloomsbury, London, you may see on the top of the main staircase, two showcases full of the gold derived from treasure trove in bogs all over Ireland, or caches in Great Britain. Night and day these cases are guarded by lynx-eyed attendants and a patrol, which latter makes its rounds of the treasure gallery from dusk to dawn. The treasure is of pure gold free from alloy, and comprises armlets, collars and crescents, richly ornamented, and some of them a foot wide, coming from old encampments and pits where they were hastily deposited before battles from which the depositor came not back, or in time of raids of Viking pirates committing rape and slaughter on hapless, mild-mannered Saxons.

A Welsh woman living at Penally, near the seaside place Tenby, in South Wales, was walking on Lydstep Sands, near Lydstep Haven, in December 1927, when she saw entangled in the sea-weed a flat, round box of peculiar workmanship, made of oak. Going closer to find what Davy Jones had cast away on the waters, she

opened the lid of the box and saw a date "July 1815," and the legend: "Made from the main beam of the *Bellerophon* that brought home Buonaparte." It may be recalled that Napoleon, whose death by shooting at the hands of Blücher, the Prussian general, had barely been averted by the English Duke of Wellington, embarked in the English frigate *Bellerophon* to claim the hospitality of the British Prince Regent. Sixteen gold coins, dated 1790 to 1802, and identified as Spanish hundred-pesetas, worth about \$24 each, were dug up by farm-workers in a field at Branston, Lincolnshire, (in September, 1928). Next month, a roadman dug 35 golden coins out of a tree-root in a roadside ditch, and, after a scramble with his mates, was forced to hand over about 28 of the gold coins to King George.

CHAPTER IV

TREASURE TROVE IN GREAT BRITAIN

Coroner's Inquest on Buried Gold—King Charles II Warns a Subject—Tale of a Base Fellow Who Found, Took and Quitted—Nine Days' Wonder—Tragedy of a Woman Who Hid Treasure—A Business Gentleman—And a Butter-Fingered Waterman—Gold Rush on Archbishop of Canterbury's Palace—A Canny Scotch Dame—Women's Laps Brimming With Silver—Davy Jones Mystifies Fishermen—Sunday Morning Rat-Catchers Have Adventure—Tom Tidler's Ships—Botany Bay Convict Hides Gold in Wall—The Tin Box in the Ruins—Tale of a Silver Bar, a Reporter and a Tavern—Fate of Two Men who Diddled a Ploughman—Peter Toole and His Palliase—A Story and a Moral for Auction Bargain Hunters—British Official Mandarins Take Thought and Inappropriate Action—British Home Office Violates the Law—Countess Goes to Law With Labourers—Treasure-Seekers Invoke Spooks Guarding Hidden Hoards—How Roman Soldiers Banked Before Battle With Ancient Britons—Gold and Silver Treasure Figures in British State Papers—Crown Battles with British Member of Parliament—Queen Victoria Sends for an Old Gold Chain and Keeps It—Parsons Rewarded for Nothing—Irish Members of Parliament Raise the House of Commons About Treasure Trove—Sawyers Hand Over Gold Found in Old Barn—Gold Rush on City Refuse Heap—Gold Plate Found in Old Trunk Starts Civic Fight—Coroner's Treasure Trove Inquest in 1927—Queer Caches for Treasure—Tales of Timber Treasure Trove—London's Floating Treasure—Gardener Finds Elizabethan Gold Medallion on Allotment.

THE law of England regarding the finders of treasure trove may be unjudicially called an unmitigated and concentrated ass, as Mr. Bumble did *not* say! Outside the British Islands, on the Continent of Europe, most countries follow the old Roman code.

By that code, if a person found treasure buried on his land it became his property; if he found it on the land of another person, he had to share half the value with the owner of the land.

But, in the happy land of England, the Crown—which means the British treasury officials—is the owner of all treasure trove, and, under regulations made in 1925, may, if it chooses, award the finder fifty per cent of the value, which it does or may do after a protracted period of time wherein police, a coroner's inquest, and the officials of a British Government Department show their high contempt of the value of the time of other folk.

Treasure trove is defined in British law as "any gold, or silver, plate or bullion, found hidden in a house or in the earth, or other private place, the owner thereof being unknown." The treasure must be found hidden in the earth or in walls, beams, chimneys, or other places above the earth or in the sea. If found on the earth or on the sea, or not hidden, it is not treasure trove. When the owner or his representative cannot be found, then a coroner's jury is empanelled to decide whether it shall go to the Crown. If the concealer of the treasure is found, then the Crown surrenders its right to him.

As far back as the days of the Anglo-Saxon kings of England, the British Crown is said to have laid claim to treasure trove. The lawyer Glanville compiled, in the reign of Henry II, a collection of the Laws of Edward the Confessor. "Treasure out of the earth belongs to the king, unless found in a church or burial ground. And if found there gold belongs to the king; silver, half to the king and half to the church where the silver was found, be it rich or poor," says this law.

Directions for the holding of coroners' inquests on

treasure trove are given in an old act of the reign of Edward I (4 Ed. 1275-6):

"The coroner ought also to enquire of treasure that is found, who were the finders, and likewise who is suspected thereof, and that they may be well perceived when one liveth riotously, haunting taverns, and did not do so of long time, hereupon he may be attached for this suspicion by 4, 5, 6 or more pledges, if he can be found; and how many soever be found culpable by inquisition, in manner aforesaid, they shall be taken and delivered to the sheriff, and shall be committed to the gaol."

Clearly, a course of the mediæval type of the simple life, in a nasty damp dungeon among rats and toads, was offered freely to the 13th century common man who found hidden treasure and said "nowt" about it to the minions of our sovereign Lord the King.

One does not know if it was a poor man who found £20 in gold and four nobles, worth about £427, or \$2,135, today, in a hole in a wall, in the year 1441. It may have been, since the King (Henry VI), a charitable monarch, allowed him to keep the find.

The merrie monarch, King Charles II of England, like many folk prodigal with the money of others, by no means shared these charitable views of his predecessor of the Middle Ages. Says he, in strongly worded warning addressed to his loving subject, John Shelley, Esquire, at Thackham, in our County of Sussex, "and all others whom it may concern":

Whereas we are certainly informed that certain Large Coynes (or Medalls) of gold, now lately found in Our County of Sussex, are or lately were in your possession, which by the known Lawes of this Realme belong onely unto Us; Our will and



Doubloon of the Spanish Main.



Piece of eight often hidden in pirate treasure caches.

NOTE: The sign for the U. S. dollar (\$) is derived from the older sign for pieces of eight (§ §).



command is, that upon sight hereof you deliver the said gold Coynes or Medalls unto Elias Ashmole Esquire, whom we do hereby appoint to receive the same for Our use. Hereof you are not to fail, as you will answer the contrary at your utmost perill. And for so doing this shall be your Warrant and sufficient discharge in this behalf.

Given at our Court at Whitehall, the 14th day of August 1672, in the fourth and twentieth yeare of Our Reigne.

By His Maties. command. Henry Coventry.

At the manor of Crowcombe, Devon, in 1735, during the reign of George II, a joiner, Thomas Parke, was pulling down an old mansion of Thomas Crew, when he found hidden in a recess in the wall, parcels of old silver coin in several bags. They were then worth about £700, or \$3,500. Sir John Jervis, in his "Office and Duties of Coroners," London 1829, gives the form of inquisition used by the coroner on this occasion. About 1735, much gold and silver coin was found in the ground under the site of an ancient house in Bend street, Cambridge. A big hoard was also unearthed in an old hall at Pillat, Staffordshire, in 1749. It was worth £15,749, but none of it ever reached the Crown, possibly because the finders or finder were or was of good social standing — always an advantage for old-time law-breakers in England. If you weren't of good social standing and chanced to find hidden treasure, then if you were a bold, base varlet, you hooked it clean away with the loot.

Says a newspaper in the month of March, 1826:

About two months since, workmen cutting a new road from Ross to Abergavenny, S. Wales, through Skedfrith, saw one of their number strike his pick-

axe into an old iron pot in the bank, and break it up. Several old coins tumbled out, and the fellow, after helping himself plentifully, decamped and has never since been heard of. The coins were 30 jacobuses, 150 smaller gold coins, of the reign of James I, some of the size of a seven-shilling piece, others the size of half-a-guinea, and others of intermediate size. The Duke of Beaufort, lord of the manor, made no claim, but Mr. Jones of Craig, who owns the land where the treasure was found, had it valued and gave one-third of the value to the workmen.

This was doubtless another of those hoards hidden during the wars between King and Parliament in the time of Cromwell and Charles I.

Possibly, the cache, found at the Eagle Inn, Cambridge, in 1826, by bricklayers, had the same origin. The treasure, consisting of 195 gold coins, valued at £130. 3s., and 3,510 silver coins valued at £70.0. 5½d. —doubtless the worth in old metal—was unearthed by two labourers working underground, on the site of an ancient building. A venerable Anglican archdeacon, full of devotion to the loaves and fishes and the things of this wicked world, figured as a hero in an enquiry into treasure trove, held by the coroner, Mr. E. Cowcher, at the Barrington Arms, Berkshire, England, on June 10, 1839. All the well-to-do sort of the little, old world parish of Shrivenham turned out in force to listen to this nine-days' wonder. Workmen, pulling down some old buildings owned by Viscount Barrington, M.P., lord of the manor, heaved up a number of gold coins on the ends of their picks. The viscount promptly claimed the coins as his property. So the coroner assembled the jury,

carefully directing the village "bobby" to empanel none but the most respectable persons.

It appeared that two men, employed on the demolition of the cottages, had been noticed spending money "profusely," and one of them had changed twenty pieces of gold in guineas, and half guineas of the reign of George III. His banker may have been the landlord of the "Wagon and Horses" on the village green. The money was said to have come from the old cottages. The coroner said he could not find any evidence to attach the vile bodies of any persons as the finders of the treasure trove, so the jury were discharged, and a dear old parson, the Rev. Archdeacon Berens was thanked for getting into the limelight and giving every assistance to the coroner and the bobby. Mr. Berens was present in court.

In March 1841, a person, digging in a garden at Deeping, St. James's, turned up with his spade a parcel of 375 sovereigns (the British gold coins of 1913, worth each about \$5), 11 guineas (nearly \$58), and £43 in silver. This treasure, says a newspaper of that year, "was secreted by a female of penurious disposition, living at that place, and named Farrow, and who, on searching for it, shortly afterwards and not being able to find it, lost her wits from vexation and disappointment." *

"Last week," says a newspaper on July 2, 1841, "as a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Brampton, England, was examining an old desk, which has stood in an outbuilding for a long time, he found a small bag

* Two pails full of gold and silver coins were about this time found under an old staircase in the "Old Peggy Bedford Inn," Middlesex, England, where Oliver Cromwell, and, later, Dick Turpin, the famous eighteenth century highwayman ("hold-up man") stayed.

which he thought was a shot-bag, with shot in it; but, on taking it up, the bottom came out, and to his great surprise, there rolled out 500 spade ace guineas. After counting them, he saw they were all good, and said he was sorry he had not found them twenty years sooner, that he might have had the interest on them also during that period." Some folk are never satisfied with the gifts of the gods, but must also hanker after unearned increment! A number of silver coins were also found in a garden at Brampton, and it is asked by Lord Braybrooke, editor of "Pepys' Diary," if these were not part of a cache made by Pepys, a former owner of the garden?

A slippery-handed waterman figured as the hero of the next episode of lost treasure, on a dark night down by the Thames. The old newspaper's reporter heard about it, and this is how he dished it up on January 5, 1842:

A box containing over £170 in gold, with a quantity of silver, was lost from the *Buckinghamshire*, an outward-bound East Indiaman, last Monday evening. The vessel, bound for Bombay, was lying off Gravesend, and the money belonged to Messrs. Mangles, Price and Company, shipowners of Broad street, London. It was meant to pay seamen an advance wage before going to sea. The vessel was manned by Lascars, and the seraing, or chief native officer, declined to receive it till next morning. A waterman was told to take it ashore, and he, not knowing its value, threw the box carelessly from the gangway to his assistant in the boat, who, the night being dark, missed his hold, and let it fall overboard in 6 fathoms. A number of men were employed next day to find it, but did not.

A reward of £10 is offered the finder.

No doubt, the salvors tried their best to find it, especially as the reward was tempting, but it is said, the unhappy watermen were heard singing in a tavern along the waterside next night: "Oh for a life on the ocean deep and a home on the rolling wave; for who a waterman's job could keep, heaving 'quids* into Davy Jones' grave!"

For a really thrilling and true yarn of treasure-hunting by the Cockneys of old London town, of the month of April, in the year 1842, one has never heard anything to equal the following. It would be a god-send to the newspapers of the modern multi-millionaire in the London town of 1928. We will let the old-time newspaper man tell it in his own words. Says he:

For the last two days, some curiosity has been excited in Lambeth, by the discovery of a vast number of gold and silver coins, gold rings, ancient teaspoons, and a vast variety of other relics in the bed of the river opposite the Lollards' Tower of the Archbishop of Canterbury's palace. The first discoverers of the buried gold were two lads named Phelps and Ellis, residing in High street, Lambeth, who, with a spirit of laudable industry, helped their parents by collecting coals, old iron, and other things which might fall overboard and be stranded at low water. On Tuesday morning, they were so engaged, when one of them raked up a large silver coin. They were too elated to keep what might to them have turned out a valuable secret, but ran to dispose of their prize, and the discovery got wind and spread in all directions.

Other persons now joined in the search, with all

* *Quids*, anglicé, pounds sterling.

the eagerness of diamond-finders in the Brazils, and very soon several gold pieces were dug up, besides hundreds of silver coins. The search continued as long as the tide would permit, with renewed alacrity and increased numbers. One man got coins which gave him £17.12s., for his digging; and another £4.7s.; besides hundreds of others not so fortunate in the value of the finds, though many of them had as many as 50 or 60 small silver coins. Yesterday, the work was again started, and that part of the shore which extends from the pier in front of the wall of the Archbishop's courtyard and garden, had more the appearance of a ploughed field than the bed of a river. Nearly the first thing found was a very curious gold ring of very ancient workmanship, very richly embossed, and very soon after, another of the same date and more elaborate workmanship. The coins were found at intervals, but not in such numbers as on the previous day, and when the earth had been dug out to about a foot, a very old-fashioned teaspoon was found. The tide again stopped the work. The coins found bore the effigies of the Edwards, Henry VIII., and many Spanish coins in a fine state. It is supposed they formed part of the treasure of some one in troublous times, a prisoner in the tower, who lost it in the hurry of an escape.

On Friday, April 1st, a hundred persons assembled on the shore with pickaxes, shovels and spades and started to search the foreshore in front of the Lollards' Tower. Near the centre of the stream, two or three small silver coins were found, and almost a fight took place to get possession of this pay gravel. All the coins were of nearly the same reigns, but were discovered in patches

far apart and embedded in gravelly soil. The finders got about £200 for their discoveries, and they made off fearing a court of treasure trove by the Crown and the Duchy of Cornwall.

A man of Huntly, Dunbeath, Rosshire, Scotland, made the next recorded find of treasure in the year 1842. He was draining a field in the month of July, when he found forty pounds weight of gold, in chains, bracelets, and brooches of feudal times. The canny dame, his wife, was not waiting for any courts of treasure trove. She achieved *un fait accompli* by going at once to Edinburgh and selling the gold for the sum of £3.10s. an ounce. In December of 1842, fortune smiled on a poor boy who was engaged in removing a stock of old clothes from a pawnbroker's at Coventry, England. The old clothes were to be sold at a public auction, and some of them were of a very antiquated cut. He was curious enough to look into the pockets of some antique "duds," and he did the job with "great minuteness." A great number of ancient garments had passed under his fingers and he was about to give up what Fagin's pupils might have called "fogle and ticker hunting" when he felt an unusual substance in the breast of an old top-coat, which made him think some valuable document was in the lining. He set a private mark upon the old top-coat, so that it might be identified at the sale; then he told a friend about it, who purchased for a trifling sum the lot in which the old coat was included. As soon as they reached home, they excitedly ripped open the lining and found a variety of papers neatly folded together. There were four county bank notes of £1 each; a bank postbill of £25, dated 20 June 1815; a cancelled check or cheque on an old Coventry bank; and several memos bearing the name of H. or W. Butterworth.

Then, in April 1844, some workmen dug up a hoard of guineas in a tin box on the site of the Bank of England. Doubtless they judged that the Bank of England had quite as many guineas in its vaults as was good for the spiritual welfare of the Governor and company of the said Bank; for, when the Bank's officials got wind of the find and sent messengers to ask for the guineas to be handed over, said messengers were told gently that it was only a rumour. In May 1844, one Thomas Wightman, was ploughing up a field at Croalchapel, near Closeburn, Limekilns Fife, Scotland, which had originally formed part of a wood named Barnmoor, and had never before come under the shares, when he lit on a big hoard of silver coins of the reign of Edward I of England, and of the Roberts and Davids of Scotland. About 19,000 coins were found, and the discoverer did not keep the good news to himself but told all his neighbours. Crowds of men, women and children assembled and numbers of thrifty housewives were seen carrying money away in brimming laps—much to the disgruntlement of the village "bobby" and the loyal sticklers for the treasure trove rights of our sovereign lord the King.

Davy Jones now took a hand in the provision of treasure hunts. "On Monday last," says the reporter of a newspaper, on 14 June 1844, "fishermen, busy on the beach near Gravesend, saw a small black object washed up on the sands a few yards from where they were sitting; but before anybody could secure it, it disappeared. They kept a sharp lookout near the spot, and half an hour later, saw the object washed far up the beach. They secured it. It looked like a lump of wood, but when they examined it they found inside a small tin box some parchment fragments which seemed part of some ancient deeds. Seals were affixed, and there were

traces of writing on a band. Besides this, there were a number of gold and other coins, but so wave-washed that neither date nor superscription could be seen."

Thieves and housebreakers provided treasure trove in the old days exactly as they do in 1927 and 1928. Three Pendleton, Lancashire, men were out ratting when other folks said it would have been far better had they been sleeping in church. Strolling along the banks of the little river Irwell, one Sunday forenoon, before the nearest "pub" was open, one of the men set his dog ratting in the holes under the willow roots. The dog followed up a scent of a rat to a tree near Bolton toll bar, by Eccles, and began scratching and barking. The men helped him dig out the rat, when out rolled a lot of silver and gold coins. The men grabbed about seven guineas in half crowns, shillings and sixpences. Other men arrived and a game of catch-as-catch-can, grip, grab and scramble was in full swing all on a Sunday morning, by Eccles on the Irwell. It was not known what amount of coin went off in the scrum, but when the police arrived, they consoled themselves with thinking out a theory of the origin of the hoard—perhaps from the cashbox of a luckless farmer of Eccles who had gone to church on a dark Sunday night.

Ould Oireland, the land of hidden treasure and fairies, had figured two years earlier (February 7, 1846), when men digging in a field belonging to a Mr. Rory Kennedy of Borrisokane, turned up 1,000 coins. The larger pieces were broader, but thinner than an English modern shilling. The coins were groats of the time of Henry IV, of England, and seven of them weighed an ounce, while the small pieces were dated in the reign of Henry II, of England. They were found only five or six inches beneath the surface of the soil,

where they must have been lying for hundreds of years.

Memories of old-time piracy and the slave trade are recalled by two curiously coincidental yarns told by the *Nautical Standard* in 1849 and 1850. "Tom Tidler's Ship" is the head over the first story (May 5, 1849).

A vessel of 240 tons burthen, now lying off the London docks, and named the *Carleston*, was recently purchased by three watermen of Wapping. The ship had been engaged in the Newcastle coal trade, but from some cause or other, the owners agreed to part with her. The new purchasers, on examining her, found that one of her after-beams, appeared from the sounding of it, to be very much decayed. Hereupon, Scott, one of the purchasers, said: "It seems to be lined, we had better take down the lining to see what state the beam is in." They did; and to their great surprise, they found Spanish dollars worth £16,000. On enquiry it was found that, 15 years ago, she was a slave vessel, and on the eve of capture, was deserted by her captain and crew before they could remove the hidden loot. The captors had no idea of such treasure being aboard, and the vessel was sold into the Newcastle colliery trade, and while being engaged in this trade the discovery was made. There is no reason to suppose the lucky finders will be disturbed in the enjoyment of the treasure.

So said the writer of the *Nautical Standard*, but we wonder! There are old Admiralty rights governing these matters.

Now for the second story: "Exactly twelve months since," says the *Nautical Standard*, on May 15, 1850, "we announced the fact that a large amount of

treasure had been found in an old clipper, bought by three watermen engaged in the coal trade, but which craft had been captured several years previously in the slave trade. The same good luck has befallen her Majesty's steam sloop *Cormorant*, Commander H. Schomberg, one of whose prizes, an empty slave bark of 382 tons, arrived at St. Helena on 6 March last. The bark had a tedious passage of 48 days from the Brazils, but the voyage was livened by the discovery of 5,000-6,000 dollars headed up in a farinha cask. She was sent to the prize court at St. Helena."

The old days when Great Britain used to transport her criminals or social unfortunates to Botany Bay are recalled by an interesting find of buried gold in a wall at Fortuneswell, near Portland, Dorset, England, in August, 1855. A small boy named Tucker pushed his hand into a crevice of the old wall and pulled out some gold sovereigns. He told a woman and she found and brought away twenty-five gold coins. The good news spread and with much greater alacrity than they would have obeyed the tolling of the bell of the parish church, calling the errant to matins or evensong, a hundred varlets were soon on the scene, fighting, biting and scratching in a new and much more fascinating game than what Eton College calls the "wall game." They levelled the wall to the ground, not caring what the squire might have to say about it; winded the village "bobby" who sought to sustain his dignity and the rights of our lord the King (or her Sovereign Majesty, Queen Victoria), and fell on eighty beautiful golden sovereigns. Money talked, and so did the gentlemen and ladies who did not prove the fittest in this struggle.

After the scramble and the prompt departure of the

contestants with the boodle, explanations were sought of the reason of the affair. The money had been lying in the wall for twenty years, when it had been placed there by a man named Norster, who, with his brother, broke into a dwelling house on Sunday evening when the family were at church. It is possible he and his brother objected to the Sunday observance movement, but be that as it was, they were seen and pursued. The money was hidden in a wall. Both were caught, sentenced at Dorchester Assizes to be transported to a foreign country for their own country's good, and duly sent across the water, to abide for a period of twenty years. On the trip out in the convict ship, the brother Frank, who had hidden the money, died.

London Town again was fated to have its turn at treasure finding. Workmen, levelling rubbish in "ruins" near Queen Victoria street, on August 12, 1856, found a small square tin box, very rusty but very enticing. They threw it on one side, but hearing something rattle inside, one of the men prised the tin box open, and was rewarded by the gratifying sight of sixty-four golden spade guineas, eleven half guineas, and twelve 7-shilling pieces—all, of course, obsolete coins in the English currency.

The wiles of cunning treasure finders in Ireland drew strong complaints from the curator of Dublin Museum, on 24 October, 1859. He alleged that a large amount of ancient gold articles found in Ireland got on the market in London, and so were lost to the Dublin Museum. A great find of gold had been made in the neighbourhood of Athlone, and sold to Dublin goldsmiths for £27,000. The goldsmiths put the metal in the melting-pot, while the finders put the authorities on a false scent. They said the gold had been found on an island in

the Shannon river. The law of the land, said the curator, failed to save for Crown or finders the value of treasure trove.

Said a newspaper on April 19, 1861:

A man living at Hounslow, Middlesex, was enlarging a cellar on Thursday, when he found embedded in the loam below the old farm on which his house stood, an earthen vase or cup containing 800 silver and a few copper coins. There were silver groats of the reign of Henry VI, struck at Norwich, York, Bristol, and London; others of Edward IV, Richard III, and Burgundian pieces of silver of the reign of Charles the Bold, the brother-in-law of Edward IV of England. In the Wars of the Roses, much treasure was hidden, and it is possible the owner of this treasure fell at Bosworth Field.*

Three months later (July 14, 1861), a party of seven workmen were grubbing up several decayed trees on the estate of a Captain Wheatley, at Erith, Kent, when they found a bar of metal some feet below the surface of the ground, and completely embedded in roots of old oak. The bar was taken to the Running Horse tavern, when it was soon found to be of solid silver, bearing the date 1532. The lord of the manor was at first reported

* After the battle of Bosworth Field, the body of King Richard III of England was found beneath a bush on which hung his gold coronet. Whether he crawled there to die like a wounded lion, or whether plundering soldiers had dragged the corpse there, after robbing it, is not known. The night before the battle, he slept at the "Blue Boar Inn," in his own bed, which remained at the inn for a century. One day, the landlady saw a gold coin drop from a chink of this wooden bed. Searching it, she found a secret chest, with a false bottom hiding three hundred pounds of century-old coins, and ancient papers. The mistress told her female servant of the find, and was murdered by her. For this crime the servant was condemned to swing on the gallows-tree at Leicester, England.

to have declined to claim the property, so the finders took it to a certain bullion dealer in the city of London, who said he would buy it, if the Treasury Lords of the British government consented. The newspaper reporter who probably heard about the find in the course of his rounds of the taverns and saloons of Erith, joyously recorded that the Crown *had* waived its rights, and the finders would share what the silver bar fetched. Alas, next day, the agent of the lord of the manor wrote to a most respectable London newspaper saying bluntly that the lord of the manor *had not* waived his rights, and, indeed, had not been told about the find! Voices raised in lamentation, and loud oaths were heard on the next night at the Running Horse tavern, Erith, and it was said they were not couched in terms as respectful as would have been the due of our lady the Queen's Lords of the Treasury, or of the lord of the manor. Also, one labouring gentleman said he had that day cut a bar of oak out of a gate belonging to the said lord of the manor, and proposed, God willing or not, to test its tensile strength on the rear side of the reporter who gave out the story to a respectable London newspaper. He (the reporter) would see, next time he was sighted in those parts!

Now, our lord the King, and our lady the Queen were stirred to take legal action in a case of concealed treasure trove at this time. A Sussex ploughman, William Butchers, was at work in a field on January 12, 1863, when he found bars and pieces of ancient gold. He was employed by a farmer of the village of Mountfield. The metal lay a foot below the surface of the ground, and the ploughman thought it was old brass. It was connected by a series of links a yard long, and each bar was one and one-half inches long and one inch

wide. A kind of trumpet hung from the end of each chain. The metal weighed eleven pounds, as the ploughman found when he put it in the scales.

William Butchers sold the metal, as old brass, to one Silas Thomas, who gave him either 3 shillings or 5/6 for it—the accounts vary—and promised Butchers more if he got a better price. Silas Thomas sold the metal to his brother-in-law, Stephen Willett, a cab-driver of Hastings, who had once been a gold-digger in California, and recognised the metal as bar gold. All might have gone off well, and the innocent ploughman have been cheated without his knowledge, had Willett and Thomas not excited the suspicions of their neighbours by carrying themselves too transparently with the air of men who had come into a sudden fortune. Neighbourly tongues wagged, the bar of the *Old House at Home* tavern became noted for lively disputes and ingenious theories about the origin of the wealth, and soon an envious and citizenlike neighbour had whispered suspicions to a police officer refreshing himself privily and gratuitously in the bar of the said tavern. A London detective from Scotland Yard got busy on the case. He found Willett and Thomas had gone to a bank in Hastings with £300 (\$1,500) in bank notes, and opened an account. The notes were traced back to a firm of gold-refiners in Cheapside, the city of London. They had paid Willett £529 13s. 7d. for 153 ounces of gold. The Crown got wind of the find rather late in the day, for when the official agent arrived on the scene he reported to London "the gold is believed to have been melted down."

The three bars of gold were examined by antiquaries who said the gold had lain in the field for 2,000 years, and had belonged to ancient Keltic kings. An inquest

was held at Hastings, in March 1863, when the jury returned a verdict that Willett and Thomas had concealed the finding of treasure trove from the Crown and coroner. Both men were next prosecuted by the Crown authorities, convicted of stealing treasure trove, fined £265 each, and imprisoned. It is to be hoped that the British treasury authorities, in their meting out of draconian justice to Messrs. Willett and Thomas, did not overlook their duty to reward the original finder, the ploughman Butchers.

A similar case arose in Dublin, in 1867, when one Peter Toole, a labourer of Gardiner's Row, Booters-town, Dublin, appealed against a sentence passed on him by a lower court in Dublin, in connection with an indictment on a charge of concealment of treasure trove. Toole was digging out a sewer at South Hill, Dublin, when his pick struck an earthenware crock, split it, and tumbled out silver coins. Peter Toole asked his fellow-labourer to keep a sharp look-out while he picked up the coins. The other man was promised a share of the find, and later, both men sold some of the coins. A jeweller bought sixty-one ounces of old silver coins from Peter Toole, paying him 4/10 or a little over a dollar an ounce. Somehow, the affair came to the ears of the authorities and a police officer called on Peter Toole, searched a palliasse under Toole's bed, and found concealed therein twenty-six silver coins of the date of Queen Elizabeth, King James and Charles I, and of the British 17th century republic or commonwealth. The hoard was valued at £14. The court upheld the sentence of the lower court, so Peter Toole went "down under" for a spell, and the ancient rights of our sovereign lady the Queen Victoria were vindicated.

People in England who buy old bureaux and sécre-

taires at auctions and afterwards find concealed drawers containing treasure, jewellery, banknotes and the like, should bear in mind that theirs may be the fate of William Willett and Peter Toole if they have no reason to believe that the vendor intended to sell more than the desk itself. A famous law case covers this romantic contingency. A purchaser who retains the contents of a secret drawer may be guilty of felony in such case. Two men, Mr. Mammett and Mr. Tunncliffe, of Ashby de la Zouch, Leicestershire, England, broke up house in October 1839, and sold the furniture at auction. A certain Mr. Merry, a shoemaker, of Ashby, bought at the sale an old secretary or bureau, from Tunncliffe, and paid £1.6s. for it. Mr. Merry kept the old bureau in his house until November 1839, when he sent for young Garland, a carpenter's apprentice, to repair the bureau.

Garland remarked that he thought there must be some secret drawers in the bureau, and touched a spring. He pulled out a drawer of written documents. Mr. Merry started to search and found another drawer in the bureau containing several sovereigns, and other coins, as well as a purse. Under the purse, lay a quantity of bank notes. Merry snatched them up and told the boy the notes were bad. He opened the purse took out a "quid," as the British "lower orders" called it, that is a golden sovereign of the year 1814, worth one pound sterling. That quid he handed over to Garland, the boy, to keep truth at the bottom of the well of the said boy's gullet. Altogether, a sum of about £200 was in that bureau.

When Garland reached home, his parents asked him how he had come by a sovereign—a truly amazing, even disconcerting thing in a country where, from time immemorial up to the present, the British employer of labour

has waxed exceeding fat on employing lads for nothing on pretence of teaching them a trade. Had he stolen it from his generous employer? The truth came out. Mr. Merry had found a fortune in an old bureau, bought at a sale. An unpleasant time began, well calculated to try how far the shoemaker's temperament tallied with his name. Mr. Tunnicliffe's lawyer heard about the find. He set the minions of our sovereign lord (or lady) the King (or Queen) to work. A police constable called at Mr. Merry's establishment, and by more or less forcible means took him along to see what the same British lower orders styled the "beak."

Now, the "beak" was a parson—Justice of the Peace—and he was sitting in chambers when Mr. Merry and the "bobby" arrived. The "bobby" told his story in an early Victorian staccato voice, and a high hat; the reverend beak listened, and not being over fond of the lower orders, of which Mr. Merry the shoemaker was a member, decided it was a case for the court of our Sovereign Lord or Lady, and remitted him to palatial quarters in the local lock-up and "cooler" of the auxiliary penitentiary, to await the attentions of the magistrate at the court of petty sessions. Mr. Merry duly appeared, on a charge of felony. He was discharged, since the magistrate doubted if the charge of felony could be supported.

Mr. Merry now began to move *his* legal pieces in the game of jurisprudential chess. He took the matter before the Lord Chief Justice on assize at the higher court of Justice. Here, one Hannah Jenkins, a witness for the plaintiff, Mr. Merry, said she heard a bystander in the auction room, on the day of the sale, aver that plaintiff might have bought something more than the bureau, as one of the drawers would not open. Thereupon, the

auctioneer, she alleged, said: "So much the better for the buyer. I have sold it with the contents and it is his."

The auctioneer, in court, denied this allegation. He said he had remarked in the auction room: "I have sold the secretary, and *not* its contents." It did not appear that anyone knew that the bureau contained anything. The Lord Chief Justice found for Mr. Merry, and the jury awarded him £50 damages, at the assizes at Warwick.

The next move was an appeal to the High Court of Exchequer, sitting at London. This court granted a new trial, on the ground that the Chief Justice ought to have remitted to the jury the question whether the plaintiff, Mr. Merry, had reason to think he bought the contents of the bureau.*

About 1884, the more than usually imaginative legal pundits of Great Britain came to the conclusion that to reward the finder of treasure trove, with a share of its "intrinsic value"—a very different thing from its antiquarian value—was to encourage its future disposal or concealment by the finders. An order was accordingly made that finders of hidden treasure would be permitted to retain articles not required by any national institution, subject to a deduction of ten per cent. Articles needed for museums were to be paid for at their antiquarian value, less twenty per cent. To conceal such treasure was and is made an offence punishable by fine and imprisonment. Then the British Treasury officials got to work to manufacturing red tape and sealing-wax.

Now, although, as said, concealors of treasure trove may be punished in England by both fine and imprison-

* Budding legal students who wish to know more of this affair should consult *Meeson and Welsby's Exchequer Reports*, vol. 7, page 623, (published London: 1836-1847).

ment, the manner in which this law has been administered by the official mandarins has undoubtedly conduced to the total loss of treasures of great artistic or archæological value. Many finds of treasure trove were and are never made known to the English authorities. Such finds may either be destroyed by the vandalism of the finders, or are lost to the public by being placed in private collections. Sixteen years ago, the Society of Antiquaries sent a strong deputation to the British Treasury, asking for a change in and amendment of the existing law. They suggested that the British Treasury officials post up placards all over the country, assuring finders of treasure trove that it would be to their material advantage at once to make known their discovery instead of destroying what may be of value, or parting with it to a passer-by, or a dealer, for a few pence or a pot of ale.

The antiquaries complained that the Treasury had not acted impartially. In 1886, the authorities had promised that a finder should receive as much as eighty per cent of the antiquarian value of the treasure trove, but this promise had not been embodied in law. If the finders were poor working men, the British Crown had often deducted from the eighty per cent for fear of pauperising the finders. This terribly typical British fear had also led to a delay of many months before the reward reached the poor finder.

The English villager who finds treasure trove, said the antiquaries, would sooner destroy it than hand it to the police with their criminological associations. It is no exaggeration to say that this particular requirement of the law has done much more than anything else in sending to the melting-pot ancient objects of gold and silver. The antiquaries proposed that a local antiquary,

instead of the police, should be authorised to receive treasure trove from the finders. The reply of the British Treasury came in 1925, when, as already stated, a regulation was issued awarding the finder fifty per cent of the value, so that the last state is worse than the first!

In passing, one may say that the autocratic manner of some British departments of state may be seen at its worst in an experience which the present writer had in 1924, when he cited a sub-section of a certain act of Parliament, and a standard legal commentary, regarding the finding of lost property on electric tramcars and omnibuses, in the London metropolitan area. This act and the legal commentary thereon plainly showed that for over fifty years the officials of the British Home Office had been violating—and still are violating—the letter and spirit of an important part of an act of Parliament. Evasion after evasion met the writer, and finally, a straightforward criticism resulted in his being abruptly invited by these circumlocution officials to test the legality of his contentions in a costly law suit, at his own expense. This generous and magnanimous offer to understudy Mr. Jarndyce was naturally declined, but it may be said that it regarded the rewarding of the finders of lost property, and the violation of the law by the British Home Office lay in the fact that for more than half a century these officials had actually administered a repealed sub-section of an Act of Parliament, and had dished thousands of honest folk out of rewards legally due to them for handing over lost property to the authorities. For weeks, the Home Office officials kept up a game of battledore and shuttlecock between the present writer and the police authorities of Scotland Yard. Said a policeman who interviewed the writer: "What encouragement have the police got to hand over lost prop-

erty they may find? They get no reward, either." It is not very fruitful to speculate how far this Home Office maladministration has resulted in much lost property never being found!

We have already seen how an Archbishop of York's man and a provost's man who concealed the finding of treasure trove on Eske Moor, about 1414, were taken and their chattels forfeited to the King of England. English aristocratic ladies of manors and chatelaines were very insistent on their rights to any treasure trove that might be found. The Countess of Berkeley, a member of the Fitzhardinge family, owning the mediæval Berkeley Castle, and much land in the vale of the Severn, Gloucestershire, England, heard, in May 1618, that Thomas Caston, a tiler, who was taking down an old farmhouse, belonging to one Robert Webb, of Cromhall, Ligon, found, hidden between the tiling and the ceiling, over an old oven,

fower and thirty peeces of gold of the coine of King Henry the sixth, as the inscription showed, then each 13s. 4d., which he with others coveting to conceale, a bill was by her (Lady Berkeley) exhibited against fower of them into the Court of Wards, making her title to that treasure trove, under the said charter of King James, but they seeking peace, restored it, and upon receipt of an accompt of the wholl, she honourably gave back a part, rewarded some, retaining the residue to herself,

for says the old vicar of Nibley, Gloucestershire, who chronicles the story, "finding gold is held good fortune."

Treasure hunting, by so-called occult means, reached the stage of a veritable mania among the aristocracy of the Tudor kings of England. Roman, Anglo-Saxon and

mediæval deposits were frequently found in the course of accidental digging. Every lonely glen, haunted valley, deserted ruin, solitary barrow or ghost-ridden wood was supposed to contain hidden treasures of gold and silver, and possibly these beliefs are at the bottom of some of the local legends which have survived to this day in the English countryside.

Magicians were deemed to have at call the goblins who guarded the treasures from hunters, and many a barrow was opened and ruined floor broken up under the instruments of these conjurers and their assistants. A certain William Stapleton, who was a priest in the days of Cardinal Wolsey and Henry VIII, and who mixed himself up in the court intrigues, found himself languishing in limbo vile after some of these treasure hunts. He has left a written story of his adventures which is to be found in the archives of the British Public Record Office. Stapleton says he had been a monk of the mitred abbey of St. Benet in the Holm, Norfolk, and, in 1527, borrowed from Dennys of Hofton, who got it from the vicar of Watton, a book entitled *Thesaurus Spirituum*, another book: *Secreta Secretorum*, a small ring, a circle, a plate, and a sword for the art of digging, studying which he spent six months.

William was often abed when the cock sounded his shrill matins, and when he ought to have been chanting his own matins in the choir along with his brother monks. He was frequently punished for his absence from his spiritual duties, and at last he begged a license of six months from the abbot to go abroad and try to raise the wind for a dispensation from his priestly order. The first person he met on his travels was Dennys of Hofton who advised him to go a-treasure-hunting, and introduced him to two "knowing"—"cunning"—men

who had licenses, or "placards" from the English Crown to search for treasure trove. The Tudor kings of England used to issue these licences on payment of a fee. William and the cunning men, armed with more books and instruments betook themselves to Sidestrand, in Norfolk, England's most superstitious county, then as now, and began operations on a supposed treasure cache. They were caught at work on the estate of a Lady Tyrry who sent for them, asked them all about their intentions, and then gave them notice to quit her grounds. They did.

They were next heard of at Norwich, where another conjuror, Godfrey, with a "shower of spirit"—not Martell's—operated on a Keltic barrow. The conjuror had a boy who "did scry unto the spirit" of the cache, but nothing was found when the ground was opened. This adventure occurred at Felmingham, and when the barrow was examined in the 20th century, it was found that someone had previously opened it, hunting for gold. The conjurors next went to a house in Norwich where treasure was supposed to lie hidden. Stapleton invoked the goblin to appear, but that shy bird refused to come out of the spiritual thicket—"I suppose of a truth" said Stapleton, "because treasure there is none." Stapleton was now on the point of turning the business of treasure-conjuration in, when he was summoned by messenger to go to Calkett Hall and help the Lord Leonard Marquess dig for treasure. His lordship said he would obtain for Stapleton a dispensation from his monachal order, which would convert him into a secular priest, whereupon, his lordship said, he would make him his chaplain. First, however, Lord Leonard tested Stapleton's powers. A servant hid a sum of money in the grounds of Calkett Hall, and Stapleton and a certain

Jackson set to work to find it. They had no luck, but Stapleton and two other priests set out for Creke Abbey, where was an alleged cache of treasure. They called up the goblin, but, again, no boodle was forthcoming.

Stapleton departed for London to get over his disappointment, and a few weeks later, his lordship sent for him, told him he had secured a dispensation, and invited him to spend a few months in Leicestershire. In the spring Stapleton's treacherous familiar again inclined him to hunt for hidden treasure. He went to Calkett Hall, secured his conjuring instruments, and set to work on a treasure said to be hidden in a tumulus known as Bell Hill. Aided by the parish priest of Gorseston, William Stapleton once more invoked the goblin, but the goblin, acting under the order of his trade union, downed tools. "We brought nought to pass," said Stapleton, who mounted his nag and set out for London. Hardly had he passed through the Norton Folgate of the City of London, when the minions of the law, moved by the Lord Leonard, arrested him and cast him into a foul dungeon on a charge of leaving his work without permission. When he got free from limbo, his conjuring instruments had disappeared, and he had to accept temporary employment in the church. Now, the treasure-guarding demons agreed to deliver the goods William Stapleton did *not* want. William was moved to mix himself up in affairs of state, and to draw upon himself the wrath of the Lord Cardinal Wolsey who was alleged to have induced an apparition to haunt the slumbers of my lord the Duke of Norfolk. William was committed to prison, and fades out of this story.

Stapleton was by no means the only treasure-seeker abroad in the land of Henry VIII. One Lord Robert Curzon had been granted by Henry VIII, the monopoly

of treasure-seeking in the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, and he delegated these powers to a William Smith of Clopton, and a retainer named Amylyon, adding an additional injunction to arrest and prosecute any others found treasure-hunting. These curious and, of course, illegal powers, led to Smith's appearance in the city court of Norwich, in 1521, charged with extortion. We see that the treasure-seekers sought out a schoolmaster at Norwich, at Easter, 1521, because they had heard he "was seen in astronomye." He joined them in a visit at two o'clock in the morning to an alleged cache of treasure at "Butter Hilles" within the walls of Norwich. They dug, found nothing, and then, went to "Seynt William in the Wood by Norwich," where they dug for two nights without success.

Two priests joined them in a séance in a house by the market-place of Norwich, but the spirits delivered no negotiable goods. The treasure-hunters now decided to use a little blackmail to secure treasure. They extorted ten shillings from a man whom they accused of "digging hilles," and threatened to summon before Lord Curzon. An unfortunate lime-burner parted with twelve silver pennies and a "christal stone" in order not to be put "to further trouble," and other folk lost books and divining instruments. But let none of the present age laugh at these credulous games. People who invoke spooks to find treasure can be found even in this year 1928!

The Calendar of Treasury Books and Papers in the British Public Record Office, disdains not to record on March 31, 1688, that the Attorney-General had referred to him a petition of William Legg and James Fortrey about an embezzlement of treasure trove found at Woodchester (Glostershire), and worth from £4,000

to £5,000. They asked a reward for their information. No other details appear in the records.

On April 10, 1744, the same archives tell one that Gibbon Hawker of Sittingbourne, Kent, petitioned for his expenses in defending suits respecting 614 pieces of broad pieces of gold found by Thomas Love *et al.*, in December 1737, in a "shave of wood," in the manor of Tunstall, belonging to Sir John Hales, deceased.

Roman coins are frequently found in England. It is known that the Romans, all along their own highways and open stations, left much greater quantities of this hidden treasure than has ever been discovered. "For," says Kennet, in his *Parochial Antiquities*,

it was not only accidentally dropped, but industriously secured before they fought; and when at last they deserted the island, they buried their money in hopes of an opportunity to return and raise it up.

Southey, commenting, in his *Commonplace Book*, on the above, says: "Here he must be wrong. When they left the island, they would surely take their money with them," and Whitaker, the antiquary, urges that "great deposits of coin are never found in or near the Roman stations, but almost always near some line of march where sudden surprizes might be expected . . . within the precincts of greater stations small brass is found scattered in such profusion . . . by that provident and vainglorious people, as an evidence to the future of their presence and power in the remoter provinces."

Finds of treasure trove in coins and jewels in the England of the 1860's, brightened the prosaic pages of the British Civil Service Estimates and the House of Commons papers. In 1860, for example, the Solicitor to

the British Treasury, reported that on the 24th May in that year, 2,000 silver coins were found at Charlton-cum-Hardy, near Manchester, and they weighed 205 ounces, of which only 182 ounces were recovered by the Crown, and melted down by the Mint. John Cookson, a finder, received a gratuity of £10, and sums of £13 and £16 were paid to two silversmiths who had bought the coins for that amount from the other finders.

Old silver coins, numbering 103, were found on the 25th September 1860, at Barrow-on-Soar, Leicestershire, and returned to the finder, a Mr. Black. Other finds recorded in that year included one large silver coin found at St. Peter's, Isle of Thanet, Kent, and returned to the finder, Thomas Sandwell, because the coin was found on the surface of the earth, and hence was not legally treasure trove; 140 silver coins found at Horn-dean, Hants, "not disposed of," seven silver coins in the thatch of an old house at Kibworth, Oxon, "not disposed of"; and a bar of silver found at Erith, to which the Crown rights were waived. It may be noted that the "estimated value" means weight in gold or silver only, at current prices per ounce, and not the antiquarian value, which might be very much more.

A piquant episode, in which the actors were the Secretary to the British Treasury, and a certain Sir J. Clarke Jervoise, M.P., marked the finding of treasure trove in 1861, when a labourer, ploughing a field at Bledworth, Hants, found 240 pieces of silver coin, in a pot, which he broke. Some of the coins were appropriated by the labourers. The coins bore the effigies of Queen Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I. The lord of the manor heard of the find, weighed the coins against current coin of the realm, divided £17 among the labourers, and retained the actual coins found in the pot. Getting wind

of the find, the Treasury put in a claim to the lot, and numerous letters passed on either side. First, the knightly Jervoise claimed rights of treasure trove in the coins—legally he had none; finally he waived his claim, but insisted that he would surrender the coins only to a solicitor whom he forced the Treasury to send down to his place in Hampshire.

A large quantity of gold, in the shape of ancient Keltic ornaments turned up in a field in the parish of Mountfield, Sussex, in 1863. The British Crown got wind of the find rather late in the day, for when the official agent arrived on the scene, he reported to London that the gold "is believed to have been melted down." Then, "an old gold coin" was found at Shabbington, Bucks, in March 1863, "not yet recovered," says the Solicitor to the Treasury, "and no reply to my application." Nine hundred silver coins, found at Comberford, on the 20th May 1863, were valued at the price of old silver, and returned to the finder, six months later. In August of that year, eleven rose nobles were discovered in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. Their estimated worth in gold, apart from their antiquarian value, was put at £9.18s. The Lords of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Treasury sold the coins and remitted the proceeds to the Paymaster-General.

A pretty hoard of 180 silver coins of the reigns of Philip and Mary, Elizabeth, James I, and Charles I turned up at Grantham, Lincolnshire. No doubt, we have here one of the numerous instances of money buried by timorous or "malignant" folk in the days of mated value of the coins at £7.15s., (about \$39), the Civil War between the British Republic of Cromwell and King Charles I of England. The Crown estimated they "were not disposed of" to anyone.

Queen Victoria herself heard on December 16, 1865, that a gold cross and chain had been found at Castle Bailey, Clare, Suffolk, and she ordered, in virtue of her rights in the Duchy of Lancaster, that the cross be sent to her at Windsor, where she kept it, instead of handing it over to a national museum.

Another find, "not disposed of," occurred on 24 October 1866, when 2,940 silver coins, of the estimated value of £95.3s. (\$475) were unearthed at Stamford, Lincolnshire. Three weeks later, 1,797 coins and some fragments were found on a farm at Chancton, near Parham, Sussex (we told the story of this find in the section narrating the adventures of hidden treasure in 19th century England)—and in this case, the British Treasury authorities showed the characteristic British trait of rewarding a British parson and a farmer for a find of treasure trove which would certainly have gone practically unrewarded in the case of a field labourer or other working man, who might actually have made the find. The parson, be it noted, had as much to do with the find, as the Pope of Rome, or Prester John of far Cathay.

The estimated value of the coins was £44. 18s. 6d. (\$224). Parson Beck, rector of Parham, received 120 coins (seventy-eight for himself and the balance for local museums); 100 coins went to the owner of the farm, where the find was made; 681 were bought by the British Museum; and the remainder were sold, the proceeds being remitted to the Treasure Trove account of the Paymaster-General.

Treasure trove finds in the English 1860's ended with two discoveries on 17 January and 18 January, 1868. Small gold and silver coins to the number of 6,905,

together with two ivy leaves and a plate of silver were found at Highbury, London. Valued as old silver, at the price of £44 (\$220), they were deposited in the British Museum. Workers pulling down the walls of an old house on the manor of East Parley, near Christchurch, Hants, found 80 guineas in a wall. The descendant of the original owner claimed them, but the Treasury sold 8 coins for £8. 8s. (\$42), and retained 72 coins until the title was proved. The British Museum also obtained 261 old silver coins found in a house at Lichfield, Staffordshire, in 1868.

We hear nothing more officially of British treasure trove, until 1896, when an Irish farm labourer—of course, Ireland was then part of the United Kingdom of the British Isles—plowing a field at Limavady, in N.W. Ireland, turned up gold ornaments of Keltic origin. A Belfast jeweller somehow got hold of them, and sold them to a Mr. Day, collector of antiquities, who showed them in London at a public exhibition, and resold them to the British Museum, for the sum of £600 in 1897. This affair seems to have provoked the wrath of the Irish members in the House of Commons, and a Committee was set up by the Treasury to consider the matter. This departmental committee adjudged the ornaments to be treasure trove and therefore falling to the British Crown authorities. The British Museum had told the Treasury Committee that it was forbidden by statute to cede ornaments to Ireland, or any other country, which it had once purchased. Within living memory, said the Keeper of British and Mediæval Antiquities, the sea had burst over the land on which the treasure was found, and the probability was that, at the date to which the objects belonged, the sea extended

much further inland, and therefore the objects were technically not treasure trove! The British Museum asked that a decision by process of law be obtained.

The treasure included a hollow collar, a model of a boat with eight thwarts, spars and oars, a gold torc, a semi-spherical bowl with rings, a necklace with three plaited chains, etc. In 1898, treasure trove in Ireland was dealt with by the Irish Academy, which, using the sum of £100 each year provided by Parliament, posted notices throughout Ireland, affixed to the walls of the Irish constabulary barracks and elsewhere, telling the public that better payment would be made by the Academy to finders than they could obtain from dealers.

There is no mention in the British State papers of an inquest held at a farm near Andover, Hampshire, England, on September 28, 1892, on the case of a sawyer who found numerous gold pieces under the thatch of an old barn. The sawyer, by name William Hemmings, was working with others on an isolated farm, known as Steele's Farm, near the estate of Lord Carnarvon, at Highclere, half-way between Newbury and Andover. He told the coroner that he was pulling down the old barn, but refused, on his solicitor's advice, to say what he found. Other evidence showed that Hemmings found under the thatch gold coins dated as early as 1797 and as late as 1835. He changed the money at an Andover bank. Among the coins were several 7-shilling gold pieces (obsolete) said to have been hidden in the barn by a widow in 1841.

The jury found that the coins were treasure trove, and the coroner took them from the clerk of the bank, to be transmitted to the Treasury. The owner of the farm put in a claim to the coins.

A curious incident at Sittingbourne, Kent, in April

1892, though not strictly concerned with treasure trove, is interesting. A large heap of refuse, brought from London, was lying on wharves at Sittingbourne, when some boys nosing about among the garbage, found three gold sovereigns. The glad news spread, and a frantic search of tons of the rubbish, in which men, women and children took part, yielded £30 which the hunters shared equally. What the scavengers said about this invasion of their province is, fortunately, not on record.

A great fight between officials raged in the City of London, in 1912, when, on the site of Wakefield House, Cheapside, workers excavating came upon an old trunk that had been hidden and forgotten. They kept the discovery very dark, and took the 200 pieces of Stuart jewelry, concealed in the old trunk, to pawnbrokers. The London Museum heard about the find, and a round of public houses and saloons made by sleuths resulted in the restoration by various landlords and saloon keepers of most of the silver plate which had been placed in the "pub" and saloon "museums" or graced the sideboards of various steatopygous landladies of saloons. It was thus the ignominious destiny of Stuart plate to be converted into pots of "four-ale," topped with numerous grateful "goes of gin," or "tots" of whisky.

Then, the Corporation of the City of London laid claim to the booty, and hauled out of the muniment room a dusty old charter of James I and Charles I, both of whom had abrogated their rights in treasure trove in consideration of raising the wind by means of loans from the burghers of London town. The First Commissioner of Works—a minor Cabinet Minister in the British Government of the day—also laid claim on behalf of the Crown of Great Britain. The trouble was settled by mediators who arranged that the plate be

divided equally between the British Museum, the London Museum, and the Guildhall Museum of the Corporation of the City of London. No treasure trove* has since been recorded as found in the City of London.

The proceedings of a 20th century court of treasure trove should be interesting. On January 6, 1927, the coroner of Rotherhithe, south of London's dockland, and the retiring place of Lemuel Gulliver of Swift's satire, met in company with his own officer, two policemen, and nine jurymen, at an inquest to decide the ownership of six sovereigns, forty half-sovereigns, and a few pieces of a gold watch and gold chain dug up in Druid street, Bermondsey, London, S.E. They met in the Town Hall, and did a little legal excavation of their own, which brought to light a musty act of 1276, which neither Coke on Littleton, nor Chitty on Torts has made much of in their luminous commentaries.

The coins, the two pieces of gold chain, and the ring of "antique design," as the coroner said, were underneath a large cobblestone and nine feet away from the stone wrapped in a red handkerchief, in the case of the chain and locket. The finder, a labourer employed by a builder, unearthed the coins when digging holes for a gate post on the land of the Southern Railway. His spade broke open a packet disclosing the objects, and the employer took the find to the police.

"I cleaned the coins with a rag, as they were dirty," said the employer to a juror. "In bad weather the ground in which they were found was a quagmire, and it was

*A queer Viking padlock, used by the Norse pirates to secure their treasure chest, was found in excavations in the "City Ditch" at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, London, in November, 1928. It was an ancient barrel lock which could be opened only when a key compressed the iron ribs.

quite possible that anyone passing over the ground might have dropped the coins."

When the finders had given their evidence, the coroner's officer went to the door, crying "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! If there be any manner of person who can come forward and give evidence concerning the finding of this treasure, let him come forward now!"

A few minutes' pause, and the officer said to the coroner: "There is no answer, sir."

While the jury were considering their findings a man stood up in court and said his house had been ransacked in the summer, and if there was any of the jewellery there he would be able to identify it. "I did not report the loss of jewels."

"Then," retorted the coroner, "that ends it as far as you are concerned, and the sensation in court falls to pieces." The coroner also informed the jury—a little rashly perhaps, and not speaking by the book—that the British State was very liberal to finders in such cases. The jury found the treasure was treasure trove, but could not agree whether it had been hidden or concealed in the earth. (N.B. This point about the concealment *in* the earth, is of the very legal essence of what technically constitutes treasure trove, as we have shown earlier in this chapter.) Thereupon, the coroner said the money and jewellery would be handed over to the Treasury officials, leaving the finders to make their claim to their share in the treasure.

Another case of the finding of treasure in a garden of a London house came before a coroner and jury at Islington, on April 14, 1927. The landlady of the house, located in Packington street, Islington, said that one of her tenant's sons showed her a coin which he said he had found in the garden of the house. It was gold, and

when she searched the garden, she found sixty-eight sovereigns and ten half-sovereigns in a paper bag. The earliest coin was dated 1845. When she took possession of the house in June 1914, a German and his wife had rooms there, but they had left in 1919, and were since dead. A solicitor for the landlady said that on November 5, 1926, children were given an old mattress to burn in the garden, and possibly money was in the mattress and fell out of it. He contended that the coin was not treasure trove, as it was found on the surface. The jury found that the coin was not hidden, that it was found on the surface, and that there was no evidence to determine who were the owners.

The august Privy Council's Judicial Committee were called on to decide in April 1926, a case in which a woman of New South Wales had buried very large sums of money in her garden, from which, it was said she had dug up £12,000 (\$60,000) in gold. Here it may be said that people who distrust banks often create treasure trove. About 1908, a London woman revealed in a police court that she kept her money hidden in her mother-in-law's grave in a suburban cemetery. Other folk have been known to choose the mouths of obsolete cannons as a hiding-place for their savings, and it is not long since that, in an old gun stationed in a fort near Shoreham, Sussex, a parcel of jewellery was found, while at Liverpool, a prying small boy brought to light a roll of notes wrapped in a soldier's discharge papers placed in the mouth of a Crimean War gun. The notes were worth more than £100.

Treasure trove, in the shape of valuable old documents, create romantic situations. Quite recently a correspondent of a well-known London newspaper told of a hunt for a four-hundred-years-old document in a

country cottage to which it had been traced. Neither the North of England cottager nor his wife could recall having seen any deed papers, and the lady said she had no idea what such papers looked like. The hunters went to work in grandfather's clocks, behind pictures on the walls, in secret drawers, and behind a hidden panel on the stairs. They even removed part of the old woodwork, but the missing document remained coyly hidden. "Come and have a cup of tea," said the lady of the house after a hard day's search, "I have some lovely home-made jam, I know you will like." When the pot of jam came to the table, the missing deed was found to have been used as a preserve-cover!

Timber treasure trove, of a rare and costly kind, occurs in remote parts of the older American States. An elderly farmer, in 1910, was plowing near a highway when the blades fouled some obstacle in the furrow. He let out a few oaths, and a passing traveller enquired what was the matter. The farmer explained that he had struck a number of ancient tree stumps which had worried him and his ancestors, as the stumps were too big to move easily. The traveller had a look at the stumps and others, and offered the farmer ten dollars each for the stumps as they lay in the ground. The cute farmer thought he had met a green Moses with a desire to bargain for a gross of green spectacles, and he chucklingly closed with the offer. Later on the buyer came back with men and machines and removed the stumps, and then the hard-swearing farmer found *he* had been done. The stumps he had parted with for ten dollars proved to be of old black walnut, so scarce as to fetch over \$400 for veneers!

Timber treasure trove found floating in and on British harbours and beaches has to be handed over by the

finders to the Receiver of Wrecks, who shares its value between the original owner, if he can be found, and the salvor-finder. If the destruction of identification marks prevents the finding of the owner, the salvor gets the whole, and such finds of drifting logs have been known to be worth £100 to the salvor. Naturally, these men are always on the watch for logs drifting from wrecks; the logs float to the surface long after the occurrence of the shipwreck, when they are hooked by the fisherman.

Years ago, an English ship sailed to a small Brazilian port, where, after arrival, one of her masts was condemned as defective, and sawn off. The captain had much difficulty in finding a stick to replace it, but he chanced to see a tree growing in a neighbouring forest which he thought was suitable for a mast. So he had it felled, trimmed and fitted on board. It proved staunch on the homeward voyage, but off her home port, the ship went on the rocks, and was sold by auction as she lay. A cabinet maker, living near, was drawn by curiosity to the sale, recognised the mast as the wood of an extremely rare Brazilian tree, bought it for a small sum, and cut it into veneers which he sold at very high prices.

A shrewd Missouri farmer had a little profitable transaction with other timber trove, in which quantity, rather than quality made for the value. He took over a sheet of water which, at some long-forgotten period, had been used as a timber pond. People poked fun at the old jackanapes in his second childhood, for they could not see what he wanted with such a bargain. But the old jackanapes turned the laugh by draining the pond, and taking out of its floor a million and a half feet of logs worth a very large sum.

Similarly, the mallet tree which chokes the ground of many pioneer settlers in West Australia was regarded as a curse, until it was found that it was so rich in tannin that it would sell for £12 a ton, and pay handsomely for the freehold of the settlement lot.

In the U.S.A., there is a demand for old timber treasure trove with a historical past, especially for ancient planks of sound English oak, or for fiddle wood, for violin makers, derived from the fir and spruce of floor boards of old Colonial mansions, of the pre-Revolution period.

Fortunes float every year up the River Thames between Gravesend at the mouth and Windsor, by the castle of King George. This flotsam consists of barrels of oil, baulks of timber, bales of rubber, cases of candles, and the débris of dockyards and of sunken barges and lighters. Lightermen are always on the look-out for this flotsam and jetsam, which they lasso and hook and deliver to the British Customs authorities, to be stored on what are miscalled the "Burning Grounds" at London Bridge and Rotherhithe. Many years ago, contraband cargoes were burnt on this ground, but today the Customs store up such floating treasure, and when it is sold by auction the finders receive a share of the proceeds. If the owners can be found, they have to pay salvage money to the finders.

The London river police, in 1922, received 26s for each bale of rubber, from a sunken lighter, which they found floating on the water, and delivered to the Burning Grounds.

A curious after-war memory came from the Scottish Hebrides Islands in November 1926, when the seas round the Outer Hebrides were almost black with the casks of absolute alcohol floating ashore in great num-

bers on the beaches of Barra, South Uist and North Uist. They came from the cargoes of vessels sunk during the European War, off the North coast of Scotland. Tides and the action of salt water are breaking up the casks, meant to be used in the wartime munition factories. In this case, one has a treasure which gives no joy to the fishermen whose boats the casks may easily wreck.

Ancient houses in France often yield rich treasure. Workmen, in November 1911, were demolishing an ancient house in the rue de Strasbourg, opposite the old Mont de Pieté at Nantes, when they made a discovery of old gold and silver coins, which they at once dispersed. The coins bore the effigy of Alphonso VIII, King of Castile and Galicia, from 1126 to 1158. On the exergues (lower part) of the coins were inscriptions in Arabic stating that "The Emir of the Catholics is aided by Allah, and Allah protects him." Nantes, which is a port on the Loire, in Western France, must have had some very far-reaching near eastern trading connections in the 12th century. Under the floor of Taimbach Castle, Baden, Germany, 116 gold ducats, of the 17th and 18th centuries were in September 1928, found in a bottle.

The seas of Tunis and old Carthage in North Africa have given up beautiful treasures to archæologists diving at depths of twenty fathoms off shore. The cargo of a dealer in antiquities trading with Africa about 1 A.D. was brought to the surface off Mahdia, Tunis in the summer of 1910, when a reduction of Praxitiles' Eros, a very fine bronze statuette, was first hooked up from the long-drowned galley. Such treasures are now either in the museums of Paris or at Carthage.

Do the secret archives of Constantinople contain priceless literary treasure trove in the form of the lost

masterpieces of Greece, Egypt, and Rome, copies of which went up in flames and smoke at the sacking and burning of the great library of the Ptolemies at Alexandria?

In 1912 and again in 1920, there were rumours in the learned world that these archives of old Byzantium were to be examined by European scholars, but nothing transpired about the matter.

The story of treasure trove in England may end here in the account of the remarkable find by a Kendal (Westmorland) man who in January 1927, was digging his allotment, when his spade turned up a medallion, dated 1575, which was struck to commemorate the incorporation of the borough of Kendal by Queen Elizabeth. This, of course, was thirteen years before the even more memorable day when, as Macaulay told the universal schoolboys, the lone Cumbrians of Skiddaw capped the flaming beacons on the hills round the English coast by building their own little Armada pyre which roused the sleepy burghers of Carlisle.

CHAPTER V

ON BOARD THE GALLEONS

English Pirate Attacks Galleon Fleet Single-Handed—Three Sealed Letters—Enormous Treasures Reaching Spain—Married Men Warned Off—The Armada of the South Seas—Panama Canal: *Mañana!*—Morality of Palm Oil—Piet Heyn's Sensational Coup—"Wooden Leg" Purloins Millions—Buccaneer Cuts Out Galleon Under Fire of Land Forts—Gold Bars Piled Up in Market Place—Sawkins' Brave Thunder—A Novel Fire-Ship—Buccaneer Mynheer Van Horn Steals Into Fortress at Midnight—Alarums and Excursions—Queen Anne's Warships Go a-Treasure-Hunting—Frenchman Steals March on British Cruiser—"No Plundering: Nail Up the Hatches!"—Manila Galleons—Salving the Spanish Wrecks—"Red Legs" and His Feat.

ABOARD a great galleon of the Spanish "flota," lumbering through the Bahama Channels, outward bound to old Spain, in the year 1637, was an Englishman, one Thomas Gage. All the ports had been closed so that news of the sailing of the rich plate fleet to Europe might not leak out and into the ears of the infamous "Lutheran corsairs," and the galleons had victualled and cleared from the Havana some days before. The weather was fair and hopes of a good passage warmed Castilian hearts; for, look you, who, even among the wolves of the sea lying in wait in the Florida straits would dare to attack the convoy's powerful men o' war, armed to the teeth and bristling with guns as they were?

One night, however, on the passage through the Florida straits, an English pirate ship, the *Neptune*, auda-

ciously cut out an eighty-thousand crown cargo ship, right in the face of the Spanish men o' war!

The voice rings across the centuries, clear as the tones of yesterday, as Thomas Gage tells us how the Spaniards stormed and raged up and down the decks, sword and musket in hand, volleying oaths and curses, and grinning murderously at the unfortunate captive Englishmen, whilst the English corsair daringly ran the gauntlet of the Spanish culverins.

How the galleons sailed to and from the New World is better known to the dry-as-dust historical period specialist of the analytical school, digging in the archives of London, Paris, and Madrid, rather than to the general reader. The galleons, or Spanish trading fleet, sailed from Spain for Mexico in late spring or early summer. They watered at the Havana, then, of course, a Spanish port, and returned with the *flota*, or Spanish plate fleet, of warships and merchantmen, sailing in the next spring to Europe. Over the fleet of fifty-eight warships, was a general of the galleons, who, before he left Cadiz, on the outward voyage, received three sealed letters from the Council of the Indies, which governed the Spanish Empire in the 15th and 16th centuries.

He opened the first letter at the Canaries, and learnt at what island in the West Indies he was first to touch. He opened the second letter at Cartagena, telling him whether or not he was to winter at the Havana, and the third letter he opened after leaving the Bahama Channels on the homeward voyage, and learnt his route to the Azores. As soon as the galleons reached Cartagena, a swift courier sped to Porto Bello with news for the Viceroy of Lima. Another courier rushed across the isthmus to the President of Panama, who advised the

merchants in his provinces and sent a boat to Paita, Peru. To Cartagena, came the emeralds of New Granada, the pearls of Margarita and Rancherías, and cacao and tobacco.

The first recorded Spanish treasure fleet left the West Indies for Spain in 1501, and two years later, on July 14, Queen Joan of Spain founded the "Casa de Contratación" (or West India House) at old Seville, which then enjoyed the monopoly of the trade to the West Indies.

Of the tremendous stream of gold flowing into old Seville, the Spanish historian, Don Alonzo Morgado paints a graphic picture. "The riches flowing into the offices of the Casa de Contratación would," says he, "have paved the streets of Seville with gold and silver slabs." Even as late as 1774, the enormous sum of £9,000,000 (\$45,000,000) was reckoned by the anonymous writer of "The Description of the Spanish West Indies," published at London, to have reached Spain yearly from the West Indies.

The régime of the Casa de Contratación was ushered in with picturesque regulations. No Jew, heretic, or person marked with St. Andrew's cross by the Inquisition at an *auto-da-fé*, nor their children could go with the flota. No married man could run away from her, with the flota, unless he had his wife's consent, nor could he manage it with a bachelor's pass, and he had to satisfy the commissioners that his wife really *was* dead! More, no holy father was permitted to embark on the flota with his niece, sister or German cousin, to marry her in the West Indies. When the galleons reached Cadiz, the crew and passengers had to submit to an inquisition by the Council designed to discover whether chests of gold and silver not having paid the King's fifth were aboard

any of the galleons (all chests were searched) ; "whether any blasphemous person, any that keeps a wench, or that have played at prohibited games are on a ship."

The galleons sailed, when outward bound and laden in convoy, about thirty leagues a day, driven by the trade winds from the Canaries over the seven hundred leagues of ocean to Dominica or Deseada. Their summer course lay in a more northerly latitude through the Bahama Channels and the Azores, to avoid delay by the trade winds.

As soon as the Viceroy of Lima, in Peru, got the letters from the President of Panama announcing the arrival of the galleons from old Spain, he ordered the Armada of the South Seas to sail, and sent word to Chile and Peru, and north to Quito, to ship the King's revenues to Panama. Two weeks later, the Armada of the South Seas was sailing from Callao, laden with much gold and silver, to meet the *Navio del Oro* (Golden Ship) at Païta, with the gold of Quito aboard her. They sailed for Panama, while the galleons, on the opposite side of the Isthmus, sailed to Porto Bello.

At Panama, the merchants of Chile and Peru broke bulk, and put the merchandise on the backs of mules, long trains of which, in summertime, went overland eighteen leagues, through swamps and along bridle-paths crossing jungles, hills and rocks and fording unbridged rivers in the world's deadliest climate. Often and often did the consuls ask the Spanish Council at Cadiz to cut a canal through the Isthmus, but the Council said "mañana," and left it to be done by the American General Goethals, three centuries later.

We have seen how the flota sailed for Europe from Havana, and how the buccaneers of all nations cut out galleons at night, and even did not scruple to attack

stragglers by day, while they lay in full sight of the helpless and raving flotilla of men o' war, baffled by contrary winds in the Bahama Channel.

The flota carried cargo which was not so rich as that of the galleons proper. In the 18th century, we hear of register ships sent out by merchants from Spain, who had deposited 30,000 crowns with the Council of the Indies at Seville. The merchants were bound to send only ships of 300 tons burthen, but by extensive use of palm oil, on both sides of the Atlantic, greasing the palms of both customs officers and governors, the ship increased to 700 tons.

The merchants sometimes gain 200-300% by these register ships which enable them to pay so bountifully for cheating the king, after having first robbed his subjects in order to do it, thus the *Description of the Spanish West Indies*, in 1774.

The English, French, and Dutch in the West Indies, people of no delicate stomachs in point of morals, endeavour at dealing in the same way, without the previous ceremony of a licence, and by bribery and force succeed to their wish.

English writers of romantic-historical novels might lead the reader to think that pirates and buccaneers in the 16th and 17th centuries were all of them Englishmen, which was not so. The buccaneers were of all nations, and England in this respect had no monopoly of marine blackguardism. The Dutch Admiral Piet Heyn, employed about 1628 by the Dutch West India Company, carried war with Spain into South American waters. He lay in wait for the Spanish plate fleet, off the north coast of Cuba, and his fleet of 31 ships, 700 guns, and about 3,000 men smashed into the great-

bellied galleons after a running fight, capturing immense stores of gold, silver, indigo and sugar, to be sold later in the Netherlands for fifteen million guilders. The amount of cargo-space in these great galleons left them no adequate means of protection. Don Juan de Benavides, the poor Spanish general in command of the fleet, was arrested, went mad, and was beheaded after arrival at Spain.

The famous Dutch buccaneer, "Wooden Leg" (Pie de Pelo) in 1629, waited for the Spanish flota off Cape San Antonio, on the west of Cuba. He saluted the ships with a broadside, and the Spanish Admiral Don Juan de Guzman y Torres held a council of war and decided to fly for safety to the bay of Matanzas. The galleons ran aground in the bay, and the richer sort fled ashore with treasure in bags and cabinets. There were six to seven millions in the galleons. The Dutch stopped the flight by cannon fire, and although some of the cabinets of treasure were hidden ashore, the Dutch took the lion's share of the treasure, along with 30,000 ducats belonging to friars accused of fleecing their flocks.

There was the old buccaneer of the 17th century, Michael le Basque whose name carries us back to the Mediterranean of the morning of the world when the pirates attacked the fleets of Carthage and old Tyre. He actually ran in under the batteries of the forts of Porto Bello, belching death and fury, and, right in the flame of the guns, cut out a Spanish plate galleon with chests containing a million *piastres* in her holds.

Pirates from Dieppe, on the Breton coast, from the Basque littoral of Northern Spain, as well as "Lutheran corsairs" from England, followed the gleam of the emeralds of New Granada, and the glittering visions of gold from the mountains of Peru which fired the imag-

ination of every bloodthirsty rogue from far Biscay to the Bahamas. At the name of *el Draco*, the noise of the falling sputum, to borrow a choice phrase of Bernard Shaw, might echo among the aisles of Spanish cathedrals, but the deep Castilian oaths and heart-felt execrations rang out just as vehemently at the names and nicknames of Jacques Sore, François le Clerc, Jean Terrier, the Gascon Montbars, and other roaring, plundering blades of the seigneuralty of old France.

The anniversary of a certain day in July 1555 long evoked shudders of horror and invocations of the holy saints and the blessed Mother of God at St. Jago de Cuba, where the Frenchman Sore's buccaneers carried fire and slaughter and wrenched millions of loot from unfortunate Spanish men and women.

Gage paints an extraordinary picture of the piles of gold bars and ingots waiting for the flota in the open market place of Porto Bello. He was there in 1637, at the time of the famous fair when the galleons lay waiting to ship the treasure to Spain.

What I most wondered at was to see the requas of mules which came hither from Panama, laden with wedges of silver; in one day, I told 200 mules, laden with nothing else, which were unladen in the public market place, so that there the heapes of silver lay like heapes of stones in the street, without feare or suspition of being lost. Within 10 days the fleet came, consisting of 8 galleons and 10 merchant ships. . . .

Prices rose to fantastic heights. Gage was asked sixty crowns for a mousehole of a lodging, and a merchant gave one thousand crowns to rent a small shop for fifteen days while the galleons were lading up with silver

"and nothing else." After the departure of the galleons, the town became as dead as any city of damned and fever-stricken souls.

Naturally, the buccaneers did not have things always their own way. The English Captain Sawkins, thinking to repeat the terrible looting and harrying to which Morgan had subjected Panama, appears in the South Seas, about 1680. The Spanish governor of Panama sends to ask Captain Sawkins by what right he is there?

"I know you are Englishmen. From whom have you your commission? And to whom am I to complain for the damage you have already done to my countrymen?"

The thunder of the brave Elizabethans rings in Sawkins' ears. His lips burn with fire, and it is as though he were blown into passion like a reed touched by the mouth of a Greek god.

"As yet," writes Sawkins to the Governor, "my company have not all come together. When they are come up, I will visit you at Panama and bring our Commissions on the muzzles of our guns, when you shall read them as plain as the flame of gunpowder can make them!"

Alas, for the brave Sawkins, fate had decreed otherwise. Not this time was Panama to be sacked by British buccaneers. Captain Bartholomew Sharp, of the same company, abandons the idea of looting Guayaquil, and a certain old man, who, says Basil Ringrose,

had a long time sailed among the Spaniards, told us he could carry us to a place called Arica, where all the plate was brought down from Potosi, Chuquisaca, and several other places within the land, where it was digged out of the Mountains and Mines, and he doubted not we could get there at

least £2,000 a man by way of booty. For all the plate of the South Sea lay there . . . in store . . . until the ships did fetch it away.

They arrived at Arica, after a stormy voyage, and the sea ran so high against the rocks, and the country was so up in arms, that Master Basil Ringrose and company had to sail away without landing.

Still, there were buccaneering compensations in store. They captured *La Sereña*, put it to ransom for 95,000 pieces of eight, but did not get the money, because the Spaniards procrastinated, and aided by the forces of nature (an earthquake shook the ground in the night) opened the sluices and flooded the town. The buccaneers replied by firing it, and in their retreat to the shore, beat up an ambushade of 250 horsemen. On the beach they heard that the Spaniards had all but destroyed their ship.

Somebody in *La Sereña* must have recollected Homer's story of the stratagem of the crafty Greeks who took Troy. They inflated a hide on which a man swam out to the ship. Under her stern, he crammed oakum and brimstone so that it linked up the rudder. He then set fire to the brimstone with a match and swam ashore. The smoke luckily drew the attention of the crew, and men ran up and down the deck in confusion, until they found out what had happened and quenched the fire before it had got a hold.

The crew first suspected the prisoners, but on sending the ship's boat ashore, they found the deflated hide and a burning match. All the prisoners taken off *Guayaquil* were here released—your buccaneer was a far nobler animal than a mere ruffian pirate who had cheated the gallows at Tyburn by getting transported to the American plantations—for the buccaneers knew not what to

do with them, and also feared that the success of the Homeric stratagem might give *them* a similar brain wave.

Greater success met the Dutch buccaneer, Vanhorn, commanding an English ship of fifty guns, when he appeared with two more ships flying Spanish colours, one summer evening off the bar of Vera Cruz. The Spaniards, taking the ships as those expected from Caracas, lit beacon fires in the castle to guide them to harbour, and retired to sleep. At one in the morning, Vanhorn landed men, found the sentinels asleep, and the gates of both forts open.

He seized all posts and surrounded the governor's house. Alarm was sounded by the firing of a musket, and bells rang out wildly. The soldiers ran to arms, but it was too late; for, as dawn came up over the sea, the buccaneers had captured the town, dispersed a squadron of Spanish cavalry, beheaded the friars, and shut up the soldiers and citizens for three days in a church without food or water, while they plundered the town. They got much plate and many jewels, received 70,000 pieces of eight for the governor's ransom, and saw to it that the town paid a ransom of 2,000,000 pieces of eight before they retired in good order to their ships, having lost four men. A Spanish flota was in the harbour, but it was so panic-stricken that it let Vanhorn and his merry men go without striking a blow.

Lawrence, one of the buccaneer commanders in this exploit, fought Vanhorn about the division of the loot. Vanhorn wounded him in the wrist. Lawrence had a share of 16,000 pieces of eight, but his wound gangrened and he died at sea, leaving £20,000 sterling, his money on board, to his twelve-year-old son.

A buccaneer in the rôle of a gold-miner seems out of

character, for usually as we know his preferences were for boarding the Don's galleons in the flame and thunder of the culverins, and wresting in one hour what had taken the Indians, working under Spanish direction, many months of hard toil to win from the mines of Potosi, or wash out of the creeks of Panama. Yet the buccaneers were tempted to settle near Panama, in 1694, and turn gold-miners. They had seen the mines of Santa Maria abandoned by the Spaniards, and they knew much gold was washed into rivers and creeks by freshets rushing down the brooks after tropical rains on the hills. Aye, and they would have maintained their footing there, says Dampier, despite all the Spaniards of the South and Central Americas!

The buccaneers did not do so, however, and doubtless the unfortunate folk of Spanish Cartagena, whom the French *Sieur de Pointis*, with a squadron of French men o' war, plundered of two millions sterling in 1697, devoutly wished by all the saints, or the more potent "yellow jack," they *had* staked claims at Santa Maria. For de Pointis' success was very largely due to his auxiliaries in the shape of six ships manned by 1,500 buccaneers. Dissatisfied with their share of the spoil of Cartagena, the buccaneers went back to the ill-starred city and stripped it of half a million pounds sterling more.

Right on into the 18th century, in the days of Queen Anne of Great Britain and Ireland, the Spanish plate fleets were fair game for English cruisers in the West Indian seas. Lord Hamilton, the governor, writes on the 15th August, 1711, from St. Jago de la Vega, to the Earl of Dartmouth—the reader can see the letter in the British Colonial archives—:

Commodore Littleton, in one English man o'



Buccaneers torturing Spaniard at Panama to make him reveal where he had hidden his wealth. (This picture is taken from the "History of the Buccaneers of America," published London 1699 and translated from the Dutch of Jo. Esquemeling, himself a buccaneer born in Holland.)



war, lay in wait for the Spanish plate fleet off Carthagena and captured the Vice-Admiral of Gallions who died of his wounds, and took another potache (i.e. a coastguard ship) or Gallion. It's said M. du Casse has taken the King's plate from the galleon and most of her other treasures were likewise removed. But notwithstanding the prizes must be very rich and a very great loss to the enemy. Mr. Littleton is again saild in order to lye off of Point Pedros shoales to intercept du Casse, if he should again come out of Carthagena to go to Leeward.

Dartmouth hears next from Thomas Handasyd, the governor of Jamaica, about the doings of du Casse. Handasyd, writing on 2 June 1711, says:

M. du Casse and his squadron will soon sail with money taken from the galleons aboard them, and also with the French assiento money (i.e. derived from assiento or licensed trading with the Spaniards in the West Indies) belonging to the French merchants in these parts, which is believed to be very considerable.

Earlier, on 19 May 1711, Handasyd had told Dartmouth, Queen Anne's Secretary of State, of the arrival of du Casse's squadron in the West Indian waters. The Frenchman had eight men o' war and a Portuguese captive ship of 24 guns. His own ship had an armament of 74 brass guns and 650 men. Handasyd intercepted a letter from the Spanish governor of Cartagena to the Viceroy of Lima in Peru, stating that du Casse had come for the treasure galleons of the flota, "but there is little money in them."

"There is at Cartagena," writes Handasyd excitedly to Lord Dartmouth, "15 sayle of French

and Spanish ships, one of which is the Vice-Admiral of the Gallions, that escaped last year. There is one French man of war with 50 guns, and 3 merchantmen believed to be very rich. It is supposed the French ships will sail very soon. Our men of war and privateers is (*sic*) taking all the care they can to meet with them, if they sail either to the windward or leeward. They are in hopes to come up with some of them. The Spaniards expect 4 men of war to convoy them home, 2 Spanish and 2 Genneans (Genoese?). Three of her Britannic Majesty Queen Anne's men of war are there after the French ships. I have ordered on board 125 soldiers and officers . . . to help man 'em. I am of the opinion that if it please God, they meat with them, they will dust their dublitts!"

News travelled very slowly in those days of the old Colonial empire of the British. Bahaman officials, harassed by the piratical tendencies of their subjects, complained that it took over a year for letters and orders to arrive from the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations at Whitehall, London. Nearly a year after the penning of the above dispatch, Lord Hamilton writes to Dartmouth in London (from St. Jago de la Vega, on 29 August 1711):

Mr. Littleton is return'd again with the squadron under his command, upon advice that about 3 days after he left the coast, M. du Casse sail'd with only 3 men of war, without taking any merchant ships under his charge, or acquainting any person what course he intended to steer, tho' it's generally supposed he went directly home. There are several concurring reasons for believing that they are very rich ships, and therefore I hope from the notice

formerly sent they may still be met with in their passage.

But du Casse was *not* met with, and seems to have reached France safely with the loot, despite all the Admirals of the British Reds and Blues that might have lain the whole way from the Downs to Deseada. The darned, perfidious froggy admiral had stolen a march on the British cruiser on the West Indian station!

Lord Hamilton was clearly piqued by the fiasco, for he warns Dartmouth on March 15, 1712 (Hamilton was then governor of Jamaica):

We have intelligence there are 3 gallions expected soon at Carthagená from old Spain, and Commodore Littleton has ordered some of the ships under his command to cruize some weeks off that place in order to intercept them if they pass, of which I may be able to give your Lordship some account by my next. We have a report, too, of an insurrection in the kingdom of Peru, but have none of the particulars yet, further than that some merchants lately arrived from the coast, assure me that money desynd from Lima for Panama, from thence to Portobello, has been stoppd on that account.

The archives in the British Public Record Office are silent on what success met the second attempt of Littleton, as is often the way of archives when an interestingly human situation develops.

Vice-Admiral Hosier, from H.M.S. *Breda*, lying in Tiburon Bay, Haiti, on May 25, 1726, directs Captain Medley what to do if he meet with the Spanish treasure galleons. This paper of advice is preserved among the MSS. of Lady du Cane.

In case at any time you should lose company with me and meet 2 Spanish ships of war who are

privately fitted out and sent into these parts to carry home the treasure of the galleons, you are to acquaint their captains that if they will put the said treasure aboard of His Majesty's ships under your command, you will safely carry it to Europe and assure the delivery of it as soon as the differences of our two crowns are adjusted; but on their refusal you are to compel them by force of arms, secure the bales of lading . . . of the treasure, and . . . spike the hatches up . . . observing that two-thirds of the said treasure expected home in these ships or galleons belongs to the subjects of princes . . . in alliance with his Majesty.

With the reverberations of the guns of the Anglo-Dutch fleet at Vigo Bay still sounding in their ears, one can guess what would have been the reply of the Spanish captains of galleons to the spidery assurances of Captain Medley. But, with characteristically British bluntness, Admiral Hosier meant them to have no choice in the matter.

Sir Charles Wager, Vice-Admiral of the Red, on active service off the coast of Spain, on April 20, 1727, orders that all ships' captains take care that no treasure ships they meet with coming from Porto Bello, Cartagena, or Vera Cruz are plundered. "On taking galleons, all hatches are to be nailed up." Great Britain was anxious to avoid offending the susceptibilities of neutrals whose nationals were known to have large sums aboard these galleons.

A solitary Spanish galleon used, before and after 1730, to sail each year from Manila, in the Spanish Philippine Islands, to Acapulco in Mexico. She was a 1,200 ton ship, and was convoyed by a thirty gun frigate. Her cargo was valuable, comprising piece goods,

very large Oriental pearls (known as bezoars) ambergris, civet, and about £100,000 in gold dust. The voyage was an extremely dangerous one in those days, when ships in those seas passed over 3,000 leagues of salt water without a glimpse of aught but sea and sky. The ship sailed at the end of June and arrived at Acapulco about Christmas. At the same time, an annual ship arrived from Peru with at least two million pieces of eight.

On the homeward voyage to the Philippines, the Manila galleon ran down the trades in latitude 17° to 19° , and covered about 2,000 leagues in thirteen weeks. Off the Ladrões, fires were lit ashore to warn the galleon if the seas were unsafe. Guns were fired, if danger threatened, and the galleon had then to land the treasure at the nearest port. This duty fell upon a Spanish garrison stationed at Guam, and a sentinel was always on watch prepared to light a beacon fire, if need were.

The captain of the Manila galleon made 40,000 pieces of eight by the trip to Mexico, the pilot 20,000, the two mates 9,000 each, and every common seaman got a thousand pieces of eight.

The last reference to hunts in the West Indies for Spanish treasure wrecks in the 18th century occurs in a letter of Governor Richard Fitzwilliam of the Bahamas, writing from New Providence on 10 February 1733—just after the death of Woodes Rogers. He is addressing the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in London—the ancestor of the Board of Trade and the Colonial Office of the British Government:

“I mentioned to your Lordships in my last letter that a vessell went from hence to the Gulf of Florida to see what the Spanish were doing upon the wrecks, which vessell being returned the master

giving me an account that all the money and other effects that were found and could be got up, were carried to the Havana, but that there were three million pieces of eight on board a large ship that is still missing, in quest of which there are at this time about 200 men and 3 or 4 small vessells attending them in the King of Spain's Bay, but that it seemed very indifferent to them whether they found her or not, and therefore were resolved very shortly to the Havana from which they came."

As late as 1739, the arrangements for the sailing of the galleons remained the same as in the previous century. Among the Newcastle papers, in the British Museum—(Add. MSS. 32692)—is preserved an extract of a letter, sent by Charles Wager, Tho. Clutterbuck, and Vere Beauclerk, officials of the Admiralty Office, to the Duke of Newcastle, on 3 August 1739. The writer of the letter was one Captain Brown, commander-in-chief of His Britannic Majesty King George II's ships of war at Jamaica, and he enclosed a copy of an intelligence from Cartagena, about the Porto Bello annual fair and the sailing of the flota. Says Captain Brown:

"I send an extract of part of a letter from a gentleman of Veracity, residing at Cartagena, that came here in one of the Assiento's snows. This gentleman writes from Cartagena, on 5 June 1739 N.S., and says: 'We are in a manner informed that the commerce of Lima will sail from thence about the beginning of October next, so as to be with the Treasurer in Panama in all that month, and the Galleons, it is suppos'd, will sail from hence for Portobello about the middle of November, so as to open the fair there about the Beginning of December, which generally continues about three months. We are also informed by Letters from Lima that the sum which they intend to send to be employed in the Fair, will amount to above 10 million

pieces of eight, which will be sufficient to buy all the Goods that remain unsold."

So, if His Majesty's Secretary of State cared to bestir the British Admiralty to detach a small squadron of men of war for the West Indian station, they had chances of capturing a rich booty of 10,000,000 pieces of eight at Porto Bello. Nay, there were precedents for the taking of the whole Spanish Flota by *one* English ship! The famous, chivalrous buccaneer, "Red Legs," alias Captain Greaves of Barbados, son of a slave sent to that island by Oliver Cromwell, had achieved that feat some years earlier. Did not this gallant pirate, who would not torture or shed blood unnecessarily, turn the guns of the Don's own warships against the forts of Margarita island, off Venezuela, and storm and capture single-handed a huge plunder of gold and pearls—after which he died in the odour of sanctity in his bed at Barbados? Yet, it is not on record that the Duke of Newcastle brought off the capture. Time and time again, the British Navy of the 18th century had no ships or frigates of the lowest class to spare for such worth-while adventures. What the great Admiral Blake of the English republican navy could accomplish and did achieve was never equalled by any King's ships of the later days of monarchy and reaction.

CHAPTER VI

DRAKE'S DROWNED AND BURIED TREASURES

Don Francis Meets Sir Francis—A Scented Buccaneer—Music at Meals in the Cabin—How England Lost Columbus—The Treasure Hoard of Nombre de Dios—Silver Bars Piled 70 Feet High—Night Adventures in the Woods—Man in White Startles Cavalier in the Dark—Drake Captures 30 Tons of Silver—Great Cache of Stolen Treasure—"Red Beard" Gets Out of Tight Corner—English Sailors Return to Dig Up Treasure—Round the World Loaded with Loot—Sunken Treasure of the Isle of Plate—Time's Revenges.

ON an April day in the year 1579, a Spaniard, Don Francis de Carate, was on board a ship in the Southern seas, or the Pacific Ocean, bound out some days from Acapulco on the coast of Nueva España, or Mexico, when the Spanish pilot sighted a low rakish ship of about 300 tons burden, with a peculiarly English cut about her hull and rigging.

The pilot thought she was a corsair, and his suspicions were not allayed by the fact that the stranger altered her course and made to cut across the bows of the galleon. All sail was crowded on the galleon, but it became plain that the round-bellied Spaniard, with her towering lantern poops was being overhauled by the rakish stranger. A puff of smoke shot from the pursuer's deck, and the report of a heavy gun signalled to the galleon to heave to—which she did without resistance.

Don Francis was bidden come aboard the stranger, and was taken into a cabin where he confronted a great red-bearded Englishman well on in the thirties, who asked some questions about the lading and destination

of the galleon, at the end, courteously inviting Don Francis to dine with him in the ship's great cabin.

The table was richly served with handsome gilt plate, engraved with a coat of arms, just as would have been found at that day in the captain's cabin of any sea-going Don who took his family plate to cruise with him in his naval adventures. The room was strongly perfumed, and even the person of the red-bearded Englishman exhaled a scent as choice and delicate as any favoured by a high-born lady of the English court of Queen Elizabeth.

Ten young English gentlemen—scions of noble families—entered the cabin as the dishes were set out, and bowed low to the Englishman, receiving his permission to sit down at table. The music of violins, dreamily playing old English and Italian airs, wailed from a company of fiddlers in the great cabin, as the diners began to eat. Dinner over, the young gentlemen bowed low to the red-bearded captain, and left the great cabin. The Spaniard noted that whenever they met the captain above or below decks, the young men took off their hats and did not cover themselves again without repeated permission.

A battery of 30 guns was mounted in the ship, which was manned by a crew of 100 men, as well trained as old soldiers in the Italian wars.

Don Francis was aboard the ship of the great *el Draco* news of whose death would have set the bells ringing in every town from old Madrid across the seas to Panama and Lima.

“He [Sir Francis Drake] has two draughtsmen who portray the coast in its own colours,” wrote Don Francis Carate to the Viceroy of New Spain, three days later, after he had been courteously

treated and released. "It troubles me very much to see it, because everything is put so that no one following him will have any difficulty."

This graphic passage in the career of the terrible Drake all down the coast of the Southern Seas occurs, of course, about a year before he started to cross the Pacific on the return voyage to England, when he circumnavigated the globe. But much of moment in the history of treasure-seeking had happened before 1579. Drake's battles with the high-pooped galleons of the Dons in that stormy Elizabethan gust of glorified piracy may remind people of what is not generally known in the history of piracy and British Empire building.

We know that Spain's elephantine policy of excluding all other nations from the exploitation of the rich New World was a direct cause of the illicit trading by interlopers, and of piracy by the swashbucklers and sea-brigands of all nations in Europe. Hakluyt tells us that it was by the chances of the Tudor seas, and a fateful capture by a pirate that the West Indies were not discovered for England by Columbus. The Genoan pioneer, in disgust at the vacillation and sharp practices of the Portuguese Court in the negotiations he tried to carry through before his voyage to the West Indies, sent his brother Bartholomew to the court of Henry VII of England. Bartholomew, on his way to England, was captured by pirates, but when he eventually reached England, Henry VII joyfully accepted the offer of co-operation in the voyage of Columbus. Unfortunately, the acceptance was too late, for Columbus had sailed, sponsored by the Court of Madrid.

On a Spanish ship, captured by the Earl of Cumberland's fleet in 1586, was a certain Portuguese writer, Lopez Vaz, a contemporary of Drake. Vaz had on him a

document telling something of the great treasure of silver plate Drake buried in the woods near the zone of the modern Panama Canal.

After Drake left Nombre de Dios, he went to the Sound of Darien, where he met certain negro slaves fled from their Spanish masters. These told him about a mule train coming laden with gold from Panama to Nombre de Dios. In companie of these negroes he went thereupon overland and stayed in the way where the treasure should come, with an hundred shot, and so tooke two companies of mules wh. came only with their drivers mistrusting nothing, and he carried away the gold, only for that they were not able to carry the silver through the mountains.

But the story of the taking and burying of the great treasure in the woodlands of Nombre de Dios is best told by Philip Nichols, Preacher, who, in London, in 1626, wrote the amazing *Sir Francis Drake Reuiued: Calling upon this Dull or Effeminate Age to followe his Noble steps for Gold and Silver*.

This thrilling yarn opens with a fascinating glimpse of the Treasure House of Nombre de Dios. The mules, going along the Camino Reale from Panama to Nombre de Dios

unladed at the Gouvernour's House, where wee founde the great dore (where the Moyles doe usually unlade) even then opened, a Candle lighted upon the top of the Staires; a faire genet ready saddled, either for the Gouvernour himself, or some other of his household to carry it after him. By meanes of this light, we saw a huge heape of siluer, in that nether room, being a pile of barres of siluer of (as neare as wee could guesse) seauenty foote in

height, piled up against the wall, each barre was between 35-40 pound in weight. At sight hereof, our Captaine (Fr. Drake) commanded straightly that none of us should touch a barre of silver but stand upon our weapons, because the Towne was full of people, and there was in the King's treasure house neere the water's side more gold and jewels than all oure foure Pinnaces could carry, which wee would presently set some in hand to breake open, notwithstanding the Spaniards reports of the strength of it.

Drake was badly wounded in the leg, and his company forcibly carried him back to the ship, fearing his death. "His strength, sight and speech failed him, and he began to faint for want of blood, just as he had commanded his brother, "John Oxnam" and their men to "breake open the King's Treasure House, whilst he and the rest of the men held the market place against the town folk and garrison."

In the woods outside Venta Cruz, Drake's *Symeron* (cimaroons, or negroes) allies, captured a Spanish soldier sleeping in the thickets. He was part of the guard of the Treasure coming next night (February 15) from the city, which was six leagues from Panama. The negroes heard him drawing in his breath heavily as he slept in the darkness, and they smelt a match he had lit for his gun. They jumped on him in a body. They next sent a negro spy into the city, who said that the Treasurer of Lima, intending to pass over to Spain in the first *Adviso*, (or ship of 350 tons), was that night journeying through the woods with his daughter and family, and fourteen mules laden with gold, one mule carrying jewels. There was also to come two other

"Recos" (trains) of mules, fifty in each train, laden with food and silver.

Brought before Drake, the Spanish soldier asked him to save him from the Maroons, and promised, in return, that the Englishmen should that night have more gold, jewels and pearls of great price than they could carry away. He asked only that Drake give him, as he had heard had been done to others, as much gold as the Spanish soldier and his mistress could live upon. Unluckily, however, the Spanish soldier did not get his share of the boodle.

Drake and his men, numbering one half of the company, lay on one side of the way, fifty paces off in the long grass, and John Oxenham and the chief of the negro Symerons, with the other half of the company, lay on the other side, but to the rear. The idea was that Drake's section should seize the leading mules by the head, and Oxenham's company, by the mules' rear.

An hour passed in which they shivered in the cold night air of the pampas. Then they heard the sound of bells coming from afar in the still atmosphere. The jingling of the bells came from the direction of Panama. The mules habitually travelled the part of the journey lying through the forest, by day, and the part of the country where Drake lay in ambush, in the cool of the night. All men were charged strictly to keep quiet, and not hinder any mules coming from Venta Cruz as they bore only merchandise not worth taking.

But one man, by name Robert Pike, to whose head brandy unwatered had gone, enticed a maroon out with him to molest a mule. They got some way down the road, when up rode a richly dressed Spanish cavalier from Venta Cruz, his page running at his stirrup. Pike got up from the ground to see who the cavalier was, and

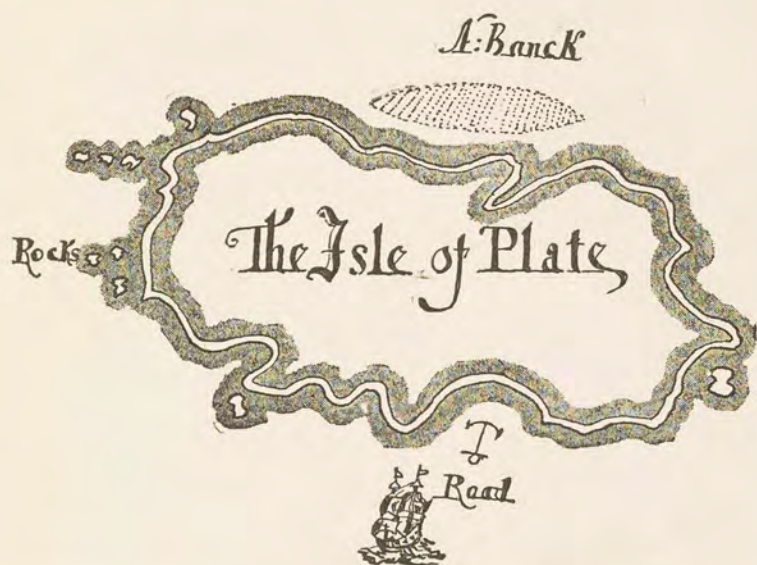
the negro pulled him down and rolled on him to conceal him. The cavalier, seeing that one was all in white—for Drake's men wore their shirts to distinguish each other in case of night battles—was suspicious. He spurred his horse and rode on to warn the Treasurer of Lima to turn the coming mules back, for the company of the terrible Drake was abroad in the shades of the wood.

Our captain had heard (by reason of the hardness of the ground and the stillness of the night) the change of this gentleman's trot to a gallop, and suspected that he was discovered, but could not imagine by whose fault, neither did the time give him leisure to search.

So, "our captain," this time merely captured the victual mule trains and heard later from a Spanish muleteer what had happened. At the next attempt (March 31-April 1) "our captain" marched through the woods in company with a French Captain "Têtu," of the *New-haven*, a man of war, and the maroons. They marched seven leagues in good order and silence. An English mile from the city, they halted and refreshed themselves in great stillness in a convenient place, where they could hear ships' carpenters hammering, and the sounds of the mule trains coming from Panama.

Next morning, the maroons, bitter enemies of the Spaniards, rejoiced with glee to hear the bells of the mules, and assured Drake that his men should have more gold and silver than they could bear away.

There came 3 Recoes, one of 50 mules, and other 2 of seauenty each, every of which carried 300 pound weight of silver, in all about 30 tons. Wee putting ourselves in readiness, went downe neare the way to heare the belles, where we stayed not



A journal kept by Captain Bartholomew Sharp in going overland to the South Seas from the Island called the Golden Islands, in April, 1680. This English buccaneer landed on Aug. 13, 1680, when, he says in his log, now in the Manuscript Salon of the British Museum: "We went ashore and found great plenty of goats, which we drove together and got some alive, but barren and noe water to be gott but out of one very small spring which issues out of a cliff. We could not fill above a gallon a day. At the anchoring place on the N. E. side, this spring is." Here Sir Francis Drake heaved into the sea great quantities of plundered silver plate and money which his ships could not carry.



long, but we saw of what metall they were made, and tooke such hold on the heads of the foremost and hindmost Moyles, that all the rest stayed and lay down as their manner.

These 3 Recoes were guarded with 45 Souldiers . . . sixteen to each Reco, which caused some exchange of Bullets and Arrowes, for a time, in which conflict the French captain was sore wounded and hayleshot in the belly, and one Symeron slaine, but, in the end, these Souldiers thought it the best way to leave their Moyles with us, & to seeke for more helpe abroad: in which meane time wee tooke some paine to ease some of the Moyles, which were heaviest loaded, of their carriages. And because wee ourselves were somewhat weary, we were contented with a few barres and quoits of gold, as wee could well cary: burying about 15 tunne of silver partly in the burrowes which the greate land crabs had made in the earth, and partly under old Trees which were fallen thereabout, and partly in the sand and gravell of a River not very deepe of water.

Two hours passed in this business of hiding treasure, and

we were ready to march back the very selfe same way that we came. Wee heard both Horse and Foote coming as it seemed to the Moyles, for they never followed us, after we were once entred the Woods, where the French Captaine, by reason of his wound, not able to travell further, stayed in hope that some rest would recouer him better strength.

But after wee had marched some two leagues, the French souldiers complained that they missed

one of their men also, examination being made whether hee were slaine or no: it was found that hee had druncke much Wine, and overlading himselfe with pillage, and hasting to go before us, had lost himself in the woods. And, as wee afterwards knew, he was taken by the Spaniards that evening, and upon torture discovered unto them where we had hidden our Treasure.

Two days later, the weary and footsore freebooters marched out of the woods on to the beach, expecting to see the pinnaces told off to wait their coming. Looking out to sea, they were amazed to see seven Spanish pinnaces! Luckily for Drake and his merry men, a great storm of wind had delayed the arrival of his own pinnaces who were rowing with oars against a headwind. Otherwise, the Spanish fleet from Nombre de Dios would have had them at their mercy.

The undaunted Drake cheered his distressed and fearful crew, who thought their retreat had been cut off, and that all the Treasure would now be useless to them.

You shall venture no further than I do. It is no time for fear, but to haste to prevent what you fear. If the enemy have prevailed against our pinnaces, which God forbid, they must have time to search them to examine the Marines to execute their own resolutions. We may before all that get to our ships, possibly not by land, because of the Hills, thickets and rivers, but by water. Let us make a raft with the trees which we have brought down the river and put out to sea. I will be one, who will be the other?

John Smith, two Frenchmen, and a symeron volunteered. The maroons who greatly loved Drake, wanted him to march sixteen days overland, and if his ships

had been captured, to abide with them always. A raft was made, and with a sail made of a biscuit sack, and an oar cut from a young tree to serve as a rudder, Drake left the rest ashore, promising if he once set foot on his frigate to return and take them off despite all the Spaniards in the Indies.

At sea, they were up to the waist in water, and every surge of the waves over the crazy raft reached to their armpits. Parched with the burning sun, and wet to the skin, they endured 6 hours on the salt-water-washed raft, when two of their own pinnaces were seen sailing towards them. Night was coming on, and a gale, and not seeing the raft which lay low on the water, the pinnaces put into a cove. Drake and the other 3 managed to reach the shore, and quitting the raft, ran by shore to the cove, as though pursued by an enemy.

The pinnaces' crew asked how he and all did, and Drake at first answered coldly. Then, seeing their faces fall, he pulled a quoit of gold out of his bosom, and thanked God the voyage was done. That night, he rowed to the Rio Francisco, and took all the rest off, with the Treasure, and by dawn of day, they sailed back to their ships, where Drake divided by weight the gold and silver into two even parts between the French and the English—a practice not followed by the scurvy Welshman Morgan.

Before leaving the coast, Drake dispatched an expedition of twelve of his men and twelve maroons to rescue the French captain, Têtu, or Tortu, and to find and dig up the buried treasure. He rowed the expedition to the Rio Francisco, where he set them ashore. Coming towards him was one of the two Frenchmen who had remained with their Captain. He had escaped by throwing away his share of the loot, and a box of jewels, but

one of his comrades took it up from the ground and so burdened his flight that the Spaniards captured him. Nearly 2,000 Spaniards and negroes, said the Frenchman, had dug the woods to find the cache of silver made by Drake and his men, in their retreat.

This report, notwithstanding, our purpose held, and our men were sent to the place, where they found that the earth, every way a mile distant, had been digged and turned up in every place of likelihood to have anything hidden . . . yet . . . for all that narrow search, all our men's labour was not quite lost: but so . . . that the third day after their departure they all returned safe and cheerefull, with as much silver as they and all the Symerons could find (namely, thirteene barres of silver and some few quoits of gold) with which they were presently embarked without impeachment, repairing with no less speed than joy to our frigate.

And so arrived at Plymouth, on Sunday about Sermon-time, August 9, 1573, at what time the noise of our Captain's returne . . . did so speedily passe ouer all the Church . . . that very few or none remained with the Preacher. . . . *Soli Deo gloria!*

Master Philip Nichols was evidently in no manner of doubt that the God of Elizabethan Anglicanism would be likely to esteem such glory and approve the Red Beard as a man after his own heart!

The astounding exploit which made Drake's fleet a veritable marine bank of bullion, specie, plate, of doughboys and sows of silver, sounds like the sacking of London, Paris and Berlin, all in one, when we listen to Lopez Vaz. Out of a ship at Arica, Drake took 13,000

pesos of silver, burned the ship, and entered the port of Chuli, on the Spanish main. Here, a Spanish merchant captain, with 300,000 pesos of silver in bars aboard his ship was so frightened by the sudden appearance of *el Draco*, two hours after the arrival of horsemen post haste bringing news that he was again off the coast, that he threw all his treasure into six fathoms of water in the haven, and fled ashore in his boat.

This is too much for another Spanish writer, Nuno da Silva, a pilot captured by Drake. The captain, says he, hid the treasure on land where Drake and his merry men dared not seek it because of the strong forces of Spaniards and Indians in the district.

At Cape San Francisco, 10° North of the Equator, our Red Beard ran down with fire and fury a Spanish ship, the *Cacafuego*, bound to Panama with more than 50,000 silver and 40,000 gold pesos on board, besides a great quantity of treasure not mentioned in her bill of lading so that the Spanish King might not levy a toll on it. Drake left the Peruvian coast with 866,000 silver pesos, worth 1,039,200 Spanish ducats, and 100,000 gold pesos, worth 150,000 Spanish ducats, not to speak of vast quantities of pearls, precious stones and plate.

With this plunder, Drake sailed for Nueva España (Mexico), and at an island called Cano, took everything out of the ship, the *Golden Hind*, and careened and cleaned her for ten days. He returned to England via the Cape of Good Hope, arriving home in September 1580. Queen Elizabeth allowed him to retain a rich share of the booty, but Drake was troubled by the fact that "some of the chief men at Court refused to accept the gold which he offered them, as gotten by piracy. Nevertheless, the common sort of people admired and highly commended him."

Evidently, unlike a certain Roman Emperor, the Elizabethan courtiers *did* believe the money smelt differently, and unlike the late General Booth of the Salvation Army, they had not at command a great canting phrase about its being "washed clean by the tears and blood of orphans." Natheless, it was not for such men to refuse gold on the ground of its being ill-gotten, when there must have been aristocratic-bourgeois English men still living whose court-sustaining fortunes had been built out of public property diverted into private hands!

Before that occurred, however, Drake had looted another vastly rich treasure ship, whose tremendous weight and quantity of plate was too much for the capacity of his already loaded fleet. Ships in the haven of Lima were rifled on 3 February 1579. One ship contained a great chest full of royals of plate, and much fine linen cloth and silks. Then, hearing of a rich treasure ship ahead of him, on the main, bound to Panama, Red Beard cut all the cables of the ships in the Lima roads letting them drive helter-skelter ashore or out to sea. Whipping out of the harbour, all sails set, he drove down the wind in full chase of the galleon.

He promised a gold chain to him who should first sight the *Cacafuego*, as the galleon was named. His brother, John Drake, going up into the main top, saw the galleon at 3 o'clock, and at 6 o'clock, they shot at her and blew down her mizzen with a crash. Out of the *Cacafuego*, they took thirteen chests full of royals of plate, eighty pounds weight of gold, twenty-six tons of silver. Nuno da Silva, the captured Spanish pilot, says that Drake took out of the *Cacafuego* forty-four chests of plate of silver and gold, three hundred bars of the

silver belonging to the King of Spain, the rest to merchants.

"The ship ought to be named *Cacaplata* [spitplate] not *Cacafuego* [spitfire]," said the Spanish pilot when they dismissed him.

Nor did the robberies end here. They sacked the town of Guatulco, taking "a full bushel pot of reals of plate," and here "Thomas Moone . . . one of our company, tooke a Spanish Gentleman as he was flying out of the towne, and searching him, he found a chaine of golde aboute him, and other jewels which he tooke and so let him goe."

Really, sir Red Beard, doth not this smack of plain, unvarnished, highway robbery with violence rather than British empire building?

A hundred years later, the fleet of the happy band of buccaneering pilgrims led by Captains Coxon and Sharp heard about Drake's exploits, so lasting and powerful the impression their great red-bearded predecessor made on Spanish memories, if not on Spanish hearts. Separated by a storm, the ships of Coxon and Sharp met off the Isle of Plate at 6 o'clock of a shining morn on August 13, 1680. It was and is a steep island, abounding with tortoises, and no landing except by a gully on the N.E. side. A cross was then standing a furlong from the shore, to commemorate the Spaniard's discovery of the island. Numerous herds of goats were feeding on low shrubs; there were no trees, and no boats could approach for water to the only spring which gushed out on the S.W. side of the island. The sea ran very high, boiling in surf around cruel rocks. Says Master Basil Ringrose:

Sir Francis Drake here made a dividend of the vast quantity of plate which he took in the Armada

of this sea, distributing to each man by whole Bowls full. The Spaniards affirm to this day that he took at that time 240 tons of plate and 16 bowls of coined money a man, his number being then 45 men in all. *Insomuch that they were forced to heave much of it overboard, because his ship could not carry it all.* Hence this island was called by the Spaniards the Isle of Plate, from this great dividend, and by us Drake's Isle. . . .

A curious echo of the Drake legend was heard in 1883, when the British press was full of a project to dredge up Drake in his leaden coffin from the sea-bed where he had been buried to the requiem of the shot of guns off Porto Bello, on the 29th January, 1596. The idea was abandoned.

Time brings strange revenges. When Sir Francis Drake died at sea, it might be, in the words of the Devon ballad:

He went with heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.

His own countrymen of Devon have forgotten him, for the house in which he was born is now a ruin in an orchard by the Bere Alston road, near Tavistock. Overgrown with ivy and shrubs, a rubbish shoot of a derelict cottage of an ancient farmhouse, children play in its ruins, chase the butterflies fluttering around the foliage on the walls, or birds-nest in the rafters. Not even a tablet marks the birth of this son of poor country folk, in a house in which the Drake family were allowed to live rent-free by the Duke of Bedford, whose descendant sold the ruin in 1912. Nobody but an occasional American or Colonel Drake of Virginia, Red Beard's descendant, troubles to visit the shrine.

CHAPTER VII

THE ADVENTURE OF THE SILVER SHOALS

Hurricane Nights in the West Indies—Diving in Tubs for Silver—Captain Stanley of the Royal Navy Seeks Spanish Treasure Wreck—Days on the Ambrosia Bank—Long John Silver Ship in the Downs—Enter Honest John Knepp—Mariners Curse a Sacred Majesty—Captain Phipps Sails in the *Rose*—Sailors Object to Honest Man's Diary—Phipps's Self-Imposed Mission to Reform Boston, Mass.!—Ships Arrive from Silver Shoals—William Game's Dreadful Threat to a Diarist—John Knepp Has an Adventure—Bully Phipps Catches a Tartar—His Luck at the Shoals—Spectacular Success of Second Attempt.

IN one of those hurricane nights for which the vast Caribbean Sea is notorious among mariners, a rich fleet of Spanish galleons laden with silver from the mines of Potosi, crashed on a shoal of rocks near Puerto Plata, on the south coast of old Hispaniola, which to-day is the Negro republic of Haiti. This wreck occurred about the year 1643.

Spanish archives say that not a single ship was saved on that wild night, and for forty-four years their hulls lay rotting under water, resting on a reef called the "Silver Shoals." There they remained undisturbed until a lucky chance betrayed the whereabouts of one of the galleons of the fleet to a bluff New Englander, a seaman stamped with all the rude vigour and reckless courage of the buccaneers who ravaged the South Seas before and during that age.

Faithful to his patrons, and an overbearing scoundrel to those who dared to oppose his autocratic will and

ideas of the conduct of affairs, William Phipps is a man who has left his mark very visibly on the history of treasure-seeking which is buried in the musty manuscript records, mostly unprinted, now lying in the British Public Record Office.

Modern historians are, however, considerably in error who say that Phipps was the first to locate these wrecks of the Silver Shoals. Sir Thomas Lynch, governor of Jamaica, writing on August 29, 1682, to the British Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, in London, says:

A Spanish barque came to fish for silver at the wreck. They still continue at it, and often get 10 or 12 pound weight a man, mostly by the ingenuity of a Bermudian, who has a tub he puts perpendicularly into the sea so that it does not fill, but he can put his head into it when wants breath, by which means he stays $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour under water.

Sir Thomas Lynch, in 1682, addressed a strongly worded reproof to the governor of New Providence, a piratical "fence" or receiver on that old haunt of pirates and scandalous proprietary mis-government by Caroline British peers—the Bahamas.

"It is known," says he, "that your Islands are peopled by men who are rather intent on pillaging Spanish wrecks than planting; that they carry on their work by Indians kidnapped or entrapped on the coast of Florida; and that all the violence you complain of arises only from disputes about these wrecks, from which the English and French have driven the Spaniards contrary to natural rights. For the sea ought to be free and the wrecks are the Spaniards."

One of the first Englishmen to visit the scene of the

Hispaniola wrecks in an endeavour to locate the treasure galleons was Captain Edward Stanley, R.N.—a well-known pirate-chaser in the West Indies in the late 17th century. As we shall see, Captain Stanley was fated to play a dramatic part in the treasure-fishing by Sir John Narbrough, when that doughty admiral of the King's Navee perished in his prime on the high seas of the Spanish main. This book may fairly claim the distinction of being the first to narrate a remarkable piece of romantic history which has entirely escaped the notice not merely of novelists, but of historians. It has done so because the facts of the story have lain buried for more than two hundred years in the log books of the British Admiralty.

It came to the ears of Lieutenant-Governor Molesworth of Jamaica, in 1684, that a West Indian pilot named Smith had found the site of the wreck of the Spanish galleons off the Shoals of Hispaniola. So Molesworth despatched Captain Stanley, who was then on the West Indian station as commander of a King's ship, to find out what truth there might be in Smith's report, and Smith accompanied Captain Stanley.

The luck of Stanley in this quest will be seen in the interesting letter, written by Molesworth, on May 15, 1685, to a very well-known (to students of the period) Crown servant and adviser, whose name continually crops up in the British State archives relating to pirates and treasure-fishing in the West Indian waters, during the last two decades of the 17th century.

William Blathwayt, Esquire, the Crown servant, was secretary at war, and, later, clerk to the Privy Council, as well as Commissioner of Trade to Dutch William III of England, and Queen Mary.

Captain Edward Stanley returned from looking

after the wreck without further success than to increase his confidence of finding it at the next attempt, having, as he says, only failed now through bad weather and want of provisions. He was twice beaten off by a north wind, and was obliged to put into Porto Rico for stores before he could find the reef he sought for, which he did on 1st April. But the bank being of great length, the weather dark and hazy, and no observations being possible by sun or stars, he was forced by bad weather to bear up for this port. He is now very confident that the rocks on which the wreck was sunk are on this bank. His calculations compared with other information make me entertain much fairer hopes than ever before of the venture. As soon, therefore, as the weather breaks up, and Stanley can provide himself with an astrolabe to take an exact observation, I shall send him off again and a sloop with him. He is so confident of finding it, weather permitting, that he told me he would forfeit all wages due to him (about £300) if he did not. He would have preferred September, but as we hear of 2 other vessels bound on the same design, one of them with a Spaniard aboard who was cast away in the wreck, it is necessary to lose no time. We have the advantage of knowing the latitude certainly better than any others. I am anxious to send him off at once, also because Smith and the pilot are so impatient that they may leave him and apply to others.

On November 25, 1685, Molesworth again writes to Blathwayt telling him that:

Stanley is returned having been several times in great danger, beating upon the rocks, many times, but failing to find the rock they looked for. The

peril was such as to discourage them from further attempts. Smith still sticks positively to his first statement. Stanley thinks he must either have seen the wreck or the Spanish directions, for his relations corresponds (*sic*) exactly with it. You shall have his journal by next ship.

A prolonged search by the present writer has not unearthed this ship's journal promised Blathwayt by Molesworth. It is not to be found among the naval papers in the British Public Record Office, and the Librarian of the Admiralty, London, courteously informs me that the collections of British naval ships' journals and logs are very incomplete for this date. In fact, many of these official documents fell into private hands and were retained by 17th and 18th century Admiralty officials (as by the immortal Samuel Pepys, the diarist), or by statesmen, who looked on them and other strictly official archives as their perquisites on retirement from office. Many British official documents of the War, Navy, Colonial and Foreign Offices, have been irretrievably lost in this way.

Among the papers of Henry Horsdesnell, whom James II made Chief Justice of the Bermuda Islands, on Oct. 12, 1687, ordering him to look after the British Crown rights in treasure wrecks, is a fascinating "general account of bullion and money brought from the wreck on the banks of the *Ambrosia*." The *Ambrosia* was a Hispaniola shoal so named in the charts of the late 17th century. The record shows that the total value of the treasure brought under Horsdesnell's official cognisance, and coming from Hispaniola, was £10,787 (about \$55,000) of which the King's share was £988.

Horsdesnell, on June 23, 1687, transmits to Blathwayt, at Whitehall, London, a "General Accot. of the

Bullion &c. brought from ye Wrecke, off Hispaniola." It seems that a certain Abraham Atherley, commander of the sloop *Dover*, and William Davies, commander of the sloop *Experience*, together with about 15 other vessels, had been fishing on the *Ambrosia* wrecks, and had put into Bermuda.

The two ships' captains, Atherley and Davies, brought in treasure worth £3,821 (about \$20,000) and £3,083, respectively, and had surrendered one-tenth to the British king, at the demands of the Chief Justice of the Bermudas. The document is signed by four Bermudan officials, including Richard Ashworth, John Robinson, and Saml. Trott, and there is a quaint postscript showing that one respectable Quaker had no more disdain for treasure-fishing than had his contemporaries, Quakers or Puritans, for a cheap pennyworth of pirate goods. No matter how ill-gotten the goods, if the profits were good, the Quaker was prepared to follow a peculiar inner light of conscience through thick and thin, and bog and quagmire of commercial morality.

Brought in by Solomon Robinson, Quaker, ye value of 800 *lib.* in coyn, as it goes here, out of wich he pys. his Majts.—400 lib., so runs the postscript. Still, Solomon Robinson *had* earned his money fairly on this occasion.

Horsdesnell himself gives the total treasure raised from the wrecks by the eighteen sloops, and other craft, as £11,582, of which the King's tenths were £1,388. 12s. Three years afterwards, when Horsdesnell was petitioning the Lords of the British Treasury for £500 arrears of salary, Blathwayt tells their lordships that Horsdesnell recovered from the salvors of the *Hispaniola* wrecks £6,128 dues for the king, and had sent twelve brass guns into England. "I think he deserves a further

reward beyond the salary of about £210 due to him as Chief Justice of Bermudas." Whether Horsdesnell ever got what he deserved does not appear from the records. It was not a grateful or particularly honest age, and many Colonial governing officials preferred to make their own rewards, not trusting to the recognition of the "High Court of Parliament," in London, or the Royal Court of Kensington.

Now we come upon a "100%, red-blooded, he-man" adventure in the sacred cause of hidden treasure, which will repay the reader who has reached thus far in our story.

One misty, autumn morning in the year 1683, a King's ship, the *Rose*, of 18 guns and 45 men, lay peacefully at anchor in the Downs. The sunlight glistened on her neatly fitted cordage and burnished the metal of her guns and deck gear. On a sudden, the peaceful atmosphere was rudely rent by the sounds of cursing and loud oaths spat out of the tarry throats of as hairy a set of villainous, slit-weasand seamen as ever left England in the days of His Sacred Majesty, King Charles II to hunt for buccaneering "purchase" in the South Seas and the Spanish Main.

The gentle lift and swelling of the tide sucking against the ship's sides, in the roads was broken only by the rhythmic beating of oars in the rowlocks of a boat manned by a tattooed, muscular waterman steering straight for the *Rose*. As the boat rubbed against the hull of the King's ship, a man stepped out of her and clambered up a rough ladder on to the ship's deck. In his hands he bore a bundle of vellum, sealed royally and tied up with tape.

"Blast your sacred eyes and limbs," hailed the chief mate, looking over the side, as the man was coming

up the ladder, "by whose orders do ye come aboard this ship?"

The man, John Knepp, who wrote *A Journal of an Intended Voyage by God's Assistance in His Maties' shipp ye Rose, William Phips, Commander, from the Downes to Boston in New England, on the maine Continent of America*, preserved in Manuscript in the British Museum, and for the first time printed, as to the main part of it, by the writer of this book, was taken aback by the unfeigned heartiness of such a greeting.

"I come on board by order of Sir Richard Haddock, Sir John Narbrough Knts, Commissioners of the Navy Office of His sacred Majesty, King Charles II. I have brought with me the articles for you to sign that were made between you and his sacred Majesty."

The vociferations of the mate attracted the rest of the crew, who swarmed up on the deck from aft. Followed a stormy scene in which all swore and again swore that they would not sign. Nay, some of the baser sort even roundly cursed the sacred eyes and limbs of his Most sacred Majesty, for having inveigled them into such a trap.

"We have made an agreement with Captain Phipps, and not with the King," roared they lustily, and a volley of oaths, cursings and damnations of eyes and blastings of limbs astounded the amazed gulls, flashing their white wings over the green seas.

Never did modern cinema producer, with all the adjuncts of the best-equipped American studio, assemble such a wonderful crowd of hairy villains, tattooed with mermaids and Neptunes, anchors and ships in full sail, few of whom could even sign their names, and some of whom, in coming years, were destined to make their mark of Billy Bones his anchor, as Crown evidence, in

the records of the Court of Oyer & Terminer of King William III and of Queen Anne of England, presided over by the worshipful Knight, Sir Charles Hedges. Yea, and even so, some of them came at last to dance the last fantastic hornpipe on the airy nothing in full sight of honest mariners passing up and down the river at Wapping and Execution Dock, between the flowing of the tides!

"Curse the ship," they bellowed, "we wish she had been afire before we had seen her. We had better have hired a ship of the Merchants, than of his Majesty, for we should not have paid so much for her. . . . We will never sign to such an agreement."

Knepp used many arguments to get them to sign, but to all of them the indignant mariners replied with an earnest enquiry as to what Knepp was doing in that galley?

"I am here to look after his Majesty's interest," said Knepp.

"Damn him and thee," said one villain. "As the king has entrusted our Captain Phipps with the ship, he might as well have entrusted him with all that should be gotten in the voyage," said another.

Knepp then went to add what their honours Sir John Narbrough and Sir Richard Haddock had ordered him to tell the crew and captain of the *Rose*, which was that Phipps was not to wear the King's colours, except on Sundays, and to make no ships strike their flags. For, said Knepp, in deputy for the Navy chiefs, "the ship is His Majesty's own ship, but she is no man of war, nor do you do well to fire a gun evening and morning, to set and discharge the watch, unless you have positive orders from their Honours of the Navy Office."

"We shall continue to do so, until such time as we

have orders from Captain Phipps to the contrary," answered the mate. "He has told us we are on an actual man of war, and have as much power to make ships strike as any ship the King has, and you will see it before the voyage is done."

Knepp was designedly kept so long on board the ship, that when he did get ashore the post was gone, and he could not send a report of this stormy interview to Narbrough and Haddock.

Next day, Tuesday September 4th, Captain Phipps came down from London, where by indomitable perseverance and much haunting of back stairs of Whitehall Palace, and the ante-rooms of noble lords and navy officials, he had succeeded in interesting the merry monarch, King Charles II, in a quest for sunken treasure. Phipps, as his sycophant, the unctuous Puritan Mather, wrote twenty years later, was the twenty-sixth child of a Bristol woman, and was born in 1650 at a plantation on the river Kennebec, in New England. Mather does not tell us whether Phipps ever expressed any views in favour of birth control, so we may leave the reader wondering.

It must suffice to say that Phipps had persuaded the Court of England, by the aid of the Duke of Albemarle, to send him captain of a King's ship, the *Rose*, to fish up the treasure of the plate galleons. He was true to the British naval type of that and a later age, when a hectoring Admiral, Sir Hoveden Walker, commodore, in 1712, of Her Majesty Queen Anne's fleet on the West Indian station, defied a governor of Jamaica, and not only used for trading purposes the section of the British fleet under his command, but on one memorable occasion, actually turned pirate while in command of her Majesty's ship!

Back of the bluff seaman Phipps was the Duke of Albemarle, only son of Christopher Monk, the Cromwellian general who had restored the monarchy on the death of Cromwell. Albemarle, according to his contemporaries, threw himself into the hunt as offering a chance of retrieving his own broken fortunes, and his gambler's personality is attractive enough to be worth a description by one who knew him well. No story of treasure hunting in the 17-18th century would be complete which omitted to mention him.

His Grace the Duke of Albemarle, (says Sir Hans Sloane, the famous physician, and real founder of the British Museum,) aged about 33, of a sanguine, complexion, his face reddish, and eyes yellow, as also his skin, and accustomed by being at court to sitting up late, and also being merry with his friends, when he ate very little, and what he did eat was crusts of bread, and drinking great draughts of Lambeth ale after it, had been very much about 6-7 years before given to hunting, fowling and other exercises of that kind, but now loves a sedentary life, and hates exercise as well as physick, about ye day of 4 August 1687, was taken ill. . . . He could not sleep at night and found his head seemed out of order. They tried to dissuade him from going to a hot place like Jamaica, and advised temperance and good hours. . . .

It was peculiarly fitting that such a man should be associated in this venture with another adventurer, an autocrat who had in him a quality of fidelity to a compact made in an age which is not exactly renowned for morality, or for commercial or any other kind of honour.

To return to the plain tale from the fo'c'sle, indited

by honest John Knepp, informer to the worshipful knights, Sir John Narbrough and Sir Richard Haddock of the King's navee.

Knepp told Captain Phipps what the ship's company had very unflatteringly said about the articles of agreement with his sacred Majesty, and how they wished the ship had been afire first. "Without orders," said Knepp, "your mate has fired a gun morning and evening to discharge the watch."

"Say nothing to their honours about it," replied the Captain, "and it shall be noe more."

That evening, Phipps and Knepp went aboard the *Rose*, and with much difficulty persuaded the tarry argonauts of the ship's company to sign, which they did about 8 o'clock next morning. But despite his promise, Phipps ordered a gun to be fired to set the watch and told the scandalised Knepp that folk on shore would laugh at the *Rose* and her Captain if he omitted that ceremony, which he had performed night and morning since the ship had lain in the roads.

Knepp repeated his warnings of superior orders, and after the crew had signed on for a voyage to Boston and the Bahama Shoals and back, he went ashore at six in the morning to despatch the agreement to London. At nine on the morning of September 5, 1683, they "wayed," saluted with five guns the stern of Sir Thomas Grantham's ship, and the good ship *Rose* of his sacred Majesty was off on her trip to New England.

On the voyage out, honest John Knepp had a rather hectic time, since aboard the ship were one or two men who might have been suitable sponsors at the baptism of the celebrated Long John Silver, at the font of old Newgate prison. He complains that his property vanished mysteriously, and mentions other indignities.

The *Rose*, also known as the *Rose and Crown*, reached the New England shores on October 27, and lay at anchor in the roads off the Brewsters, while the ship's pinnace, with Mr. Edward Randolph, that official investigator of the receiving habits of pirate-loving British Colonial governors aboard, went up to Boston.

Phipps stepped on to the Boston quays, made at once for the Governor's house, showed him his orders, and asked him to stop one William Warren, commander of the ship *Good Intent*, now bound to the plate wreck.

"By stopping him," considerably added Phipps, "you may save a good deal of blood that may otherwise be shed."

The Governor read the orders, and said he could not see they empowered him to stop anybody bound to the wreck.

"Read the orders again," answered Phipps. The Governor read them again, and persisted in his refusal, adding, however: "Enquire if Warren or his ship's company has said anything against his Majesty's interests. Then I will stop the ship."

While Phipps was ashore closeted with the Governor, an old man, the unfortunate captain of a wood boat, was made by the mate of the *Rose* to pay 6s. 8d., the cost of firing a shot, because he refused to strike his topsail to the *Rose*. The old man said he was sorry for it, but was too poor to pay the fine. Word of the incident was sent to Phipps ashore, and he, of course, quite illegally, sent an order that if the old man did not pay he was to be detained a prisoner on the *Rose*. Indeed, the mate would have put the old man in irons, had not the crew interposed on the ground of his age. They sent a boat ashore, got the fine from the owners, and let the poor old man go his way.

On Friday, November 2nd, Phipps again badgered the Governor, the orders in his hand, adding that the men of the *Good Intent* had spoken ill of the King.

The Governor: "I have perused his Majesty's orders twice already. . . . If you can prove what you say and tell me the men's names, they shall be punished, but if you can prove nothing against them, I can do nothing to them."

Phipps now sent his pinnace aboard to search the *Good Intent* to see if they had prohibited goods in the hold.

"If any ships come by while we are on this task, and are cleared," he ordered, "sink them and I will answer to the Commissioners in London." These orders were given to the mate in the presence of Edward Randolph.

Saturday, November 10, saw a shindy in the grave town of Boston. Constables, clearing the taverns, had a brawl with some of Phipps's sailors who did not want to go home till morning. Heads were broken, including the mate's, in three places. To add to the fun, Phipps turned up in the middle of the mêlée and said he did not care a t— for the Governor. He used a word certainly respectable enough in the days of Chaucer or of Doctor Samuel Johnson, but one which the delicacy and politeness of our modern English 20th century forbid us to quote.

"I have orders to call the county to account and have come to teach them better manners," he assured the constables in the streets outside the taverns and grog-shops.

The outraged citizens of Boston made a court case of the affair, and in pursuance of his mission of instruction in good manners and the ways of good society, our Captain broke into the court and told the constables what

he thought of them, in the presence of the Governor and magistrates. The hearing dragged on all one afternoon, and there was an angry scene in the court which would have deeply gratified a modern newspaper reporter, on the hunt for a good "story."

The Governor very properly rebuked our Captain and his men for their outrageous conduct in beating up the Boston "bobbies." Phipps, in a towering rage, hauled out those orders and flaunted them in the Governor's face, swearing to have justice in England.

"If I did *you* justice," replied the Governor, "I should fine you and punish your men, that have so grossly affronted his Majesty's government and subjects in this county. You are not a man of war, and everyone in Boston knows who you are and why you came here. But I would not hinder his Majesty's interests, so I let you go free, at this time."

There were other Richmonds in the field, however, and some of them began to arrive at Boston from the plate wrecks of Hispaniola. That day, Friday, November 16, says Knepp,

a vessell arrived from the wreck, the master of her named Piers Savage, which has been from this place 6 months. He said that there were 6 sail consorting together there that they had as good divers as ever there before, and 6 good drudges (i.e. dredges), and that they had shared but $7\frac{1}{2}$ pounds of plate a man, and that he had made 10 several paths from stern to stern athwart her and found but 30 sowes of silver in all, and he believed there was little more left in her, for he took as much pains in clearing of her with his drudge as possible a man could, and that he had brought up several

pieces, her kelson, and some of her hooks before, and some of her transoms abaft, and that he would not give 5 pounds for any man's share that goes to make a voyage now, for, said he, "if there had been any hopes to get anything more, I would not have come off the wreck having so many and all such good divers. I left 6 sail at the wreck, when I came thence, and they are likely to make but an inconsiderable voyage of it."

Ten days later, Knepp writes in his journal that Captain Phipps had entered into a compact with Warren of the *Good Intent* to fish at the wreck, as we should say today, on a "fifty-fifty basis." Two men were to be exchanged between the two ships to see fair dealing done, and report what treasure might be raised. Warren, on 28 November, flying the King's colours with Phipps's permission, saluted the *Rose* with seven guns, and receiving a like reply, sailed for New Providence, in the Bahamas, to get fresh divers and await Phipps's coming.

Phipps alleged to Knepp, at this time, that he had privately shown the Governor of Boston the King's orders that the *Rose and Crown* be deemed a King's ship, of the same status as a man of war, and empowered to make other ships strike their "pendants" to him. But this allegation was not borne out by subsequent Court proceedings in which Captain Phipps was fined £10 and had to pay £5 to a ship's captain Jenner, who said his ship had been fired on by the *Rose and Crown* for not striking his colours, and £5 to the county. Phipps said he could not pay, and the Governor gave him time in which to pay the fine, agreeing to wait until he came back from the wreck. Whereupon, Phipps said he should appeal to the Admiralty in London, and the Governor replied he was too late.

Now began a very exciting time for John Knepp, who was to find how a cold world has no liking for an informer, even one commissioned by two rulers of the King's navee. It set in on Christmas Day 1683, when a Boston man, Mr. S. Adams, chancing to be at the "Three Cranes Tavern," overheard a conversation between two of Phipps's crew. Said one tarry face to another mariner who looked as though he was accustomed to carrying knives between his teeth on dark nights: "Knepp, blast his eyes, is a subtle dog, who keeps account of the crew's doings, and writes them in his journal each day. I counsel he be despatched before we leave the wreck!"

A third shipmate, appropriately named William Game, swore he would turn over a new leaf with Knepp, and another man when they got to sea. Mr. Adams gathered the impression that Mr. Game was quite ready to use something more cutting than a paper-knife if said leaf could not be turned to his liking.

Naturally, this put "the wind up" Honest John Knepp, as the British "tommy" said when he happened not to notice a monocled, brass-hatted British general, leaving an estaminet in the neighbourhood of Armentières, during the European War, and omitted the formality of a salute. Knepp complained to Phipps, who replied: "The men dislike you, perhaps because you keep an account of their actions. I cannot hold my men's tongues," he added, "but I will punish them when I come to sea."

Knepp: "If I cannot have justice done me here ashore, I shall have little or none done when I come to sea."

The situation then developed into action. Three days later, about six or seven in the evening, Knepp was

walking out of his lodgings to a friend's house in Boston, when he met two men in a dark street.

"Ah, who comes here?" said one of them.

"A friend," answered Knepp.

"God d— you, you are the friend we look for, and now we have met you so happily you shall never get from us alive to tell tales to the Commissioners."

The man lunged at him with a tuck or rapier. Knepp caught the point of the blade with his left hand, and it ran a quarter of its length into his left side. The other bravo made two passes at Knepp and pricked him twice, but not very seriously.

Knepp shouted in alarm, and men ran out of the houses to him. The assailants took to their heels, and, in the gathering darkness, were pursued by townsfolk who were now aroused, but could not overtake the bravos. Knepp went to Mr. Adams's house, and showed his hurts to that gentleman and two of the crew of the *Rose and Crown*, the mate and Gabriel Fishlock, asking the latter to accompany him to his lodgings as he was afraid to go alone through the streets of Boston.

They agreed, and at 9 that evening, Phipps came to see Knepp, and said he thought he knew the men, but rejoined to Knepp's complaints: "It is impossible I can carry strict command where every man finds his own provisions, and has no wages."

Knepp: "So long as you make every sailor your companion, you will have no command of the men."

Now it is in the highest degree probable that Captain Phipps was not mistaken when he said he knew the men who had attacked John Knepp, for not only Captain Phipps, but Mrs. Phipps, who was on board the *Rose and Crown*, was privy to the plot against the life of Knepp. Indeed, Mrs. Phipps, on January 3, 1684, told

a friend that she heard Knepp had written home to the Commissioners in London an account of all that was done on the ship. Says the lady:

I hear he intends to go home, and I have persuaded my husband to force him to go (to the wreck), for if he goes home my husband and company are afraid the Commissioners will send for the ship home before they have made their voyage.

Word of this letter comes to Honest John Knepp. That day, Phipps ordered the foretopsail of the *Rose* to be loosed and a gun fired to warn stragglers ashore that the ship would sail at noon; but apparently he changed his mind because all the pork was not aboard, and the ship's accounts had not been settled.

But more damned rogues were a-plotting aboard ship, as Blackbeard would have said, for on January 7, one of the ship's company tells Knepp of a plot of Phipps and the crew to inveigle Knepp to the "Kings Head Tavern" to drink a glass of wine, and then six men to kidnap him and carry him aboard the *Rose*. The informer, Thomas Burry, was the man told off to decoy Knepp to the tavern.

A woman warns Knepp, next day, that John Malone, the captain of a Boston ketch, had heard Phipps's crew say that, dead or alive, they would have Knepp before they left Boston. Malone's advice is that Knepp take care how he walks abroad in the evenings. More alarums and more excursions around Boston streets were brewing and planning for luckless Knepp, who kept very tight indoors. He hears that Captain Phipps has told one of the crew of the *Rose* that he will post a cordon round Knepp's lodgings, and pull it down to the ground but he will have Honest John alive or dead. Verily, Phipps and his company must have swilled much twopenny ale

and red wine on the sanded floors of old Boston's taverns in those days, for these plots smell of tosspots' wits hard at work.

Natheless, as Bernard Shaw has said, threatened men live long, and John Knepp managed to save himself alive amid so many perils woven out of the ruddy imaginations of Captain Phipps and William Game, mariner. At last, on 15 January 1684, Captain Phipps, his pork aboard, and let us hope, his bills paid, sailed from Boston without Knepp, and with a crew of 103.

Detained by contrary winds, the *Rose* lay off Pembroth's Island, while Phipps went back to Boston. During his absence, seven of Phipps's infamous crew committed an abominable outrage on the wife of an unfortunate man who was the sole inhabitant of the island. The narrative of the outrage makes the blood run cold, and is utterly unfit to particularise here. They killed all the man's stock, sheep and cattle, and broke open his chest and stole all his money.

The *Rose and Crown* reached old Providence, of the Bahamas, on the 9th February, to find that, four days before, two Spanish *barcalongas* from the Havana, manned by two hundred Spaniards, had stormed and raided the haven of old Providence, and carried off £20,000 in money, plate and bullion.

A shipmaster, arriving at Boston, tells Knepp that six vessels were at the plate wreck, but had fished unsuccessfully, and hoped to have better luck next summer. Knepp now fades out of the story, but Phipps has the spotlight thrown on him, by Boswell Knepp, who is, however no Boswellian sycophant, but an indignant critic.

No sooner had the *Rose and Crown* arrived in the harbour of old Providence, than Phipps again played

his part of the hectoring commander of a King's ship. Lying at anchor in the roads was a ketch under the orders of the governor of the island. Phipps ordered the commander of the ketch to strike his colours. The ketch said he had the governor's orders to fly the King's colours, and if Phipps fired as much as one gun and killed only one man, he would give Phipps such a broadside from his great guns as would kill every man on the *Rose and Crown*. The bully had met a tartar, and, seeing the tartar meant business, the bully went ashore and asked the governor how he dared fly the King's colours on a ketch. The bully got a flea in his ear.

The Governor: "I have the King's command to do so, for I shall send her to the Havana to demand satisfaction of the governor for the plundering of these islands by his people."

Phipps pulled out those precious orders and flourished them in the face of the governor. In his case, patriotism was *not* the last, or even the first refuge of a scoundrel.

The Governor: "Have you no other commission?"

Phipps: "No."

The Governor: "Then if you offer to meddle with the ketch, I will secure you and send you in irons to England to answer to His Majesty and the Commissioners of the Admiralty. You gave orders to Captain Warren to wear the King's colours and to make all other vessels strike?"

Phipps: "I did."

The Governor: "Then you are the cause of a pink being taken by the Spaniards here, who would have got free after cutting her cable, if Warren had not by threats of guns ordered her to come to anchor again."

Phipps's subsequent doings on this first expedition to

the plate wreck are heard of through various Boston shipmasters who reported to Knepp the adventures of the *Rose and Crown* off Hispaniola. William Welch, master of the *Resolution*, arriving at Boston, says he was dredging at the wreck and had raised a great deal of rust of silver with sand, and thought he had dredged over some of the silver, when Phipps on the *Rose and Crown* turned up on the scene. Welch was about to investigate his dredging further, but Phipps, anchoring upon the wreck, ordered him off, and threatened to shoot him if he sent a diver down to the wreck.

"I am sure he cannot make any great voyage of it," said poor Welch, "but I verily believe most of the silver is gone. We have got very little in the ten months we were there. Captain Phipps has not above 3 good divers, and they were sick of the small pox when I left."

Two other vessels reached Boston, on May 2, 1684, and said small pox was hot on the *Rose* and her consort. "There is nobody to hinder Captain Phipps at the wreck," said one master, "and he has joined with another wreck-fisher (Captain Rule) who had good divers aboard."

It appears from the British Colonial State Papers that, on February 27, 1684, the King of England sent orders to Sir Joseph Dudley and William Stoughton at Boston, Mass., that they seize Phipps if it appeared that he or his seamen "have a design to defraude the King of the Ship with his plate and bullion therein. This order to be kept secret. (*Countersigned by Sunderland.*)" On June 6, 1684, Stoughton replies to the Earl of Sunderland, at Whitehall, London, promising to persuade Phipps to return from the wreck: "We are sorry that the matter already bears so ill a face that

one of the supervisors on the King's behalf has already deserted the business . . . tho' we were never particularly advised of the cause of the breach. Phipps went away in January, and has already been some months upon the wreck. . . ."

On arrival at Jamaica, bully Phipps and his roaring pirates caused a commotion in the streets of Port Royal, so that a Spanish captain and his factor went to the British governor, Colonel Hender Molesworth complaining that "Phipps had fired a shot at his ship which, on a festival day, had put his pendant under his ram, and made him take it in. Captain Phipps," adds Molesworth, in reporting the affair home to Blathwayt, of the British Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, on November 18, 1684, "meeting the Spanish captain in the street with a rabble at his heels, told him that if he did not pay him for his shot, he would take his sword from him. The Spaniard was unwilling to give up his sword or to pay the money, and the rabble was ready to have laid hands on him if a gentleman passing by had not taken the money from his pocket and paid it for him."

Molesworth complained that Phipps was fishing in the troubled domestic political waters of Jamaica, and making trouble for the British governor. "The Spaniards were so sensibly concerned that the factor asked leave to send two of his greatest ships away . . . tho' I cannot think where they will go." An order to appear before Molesworth and explain his arbitrary conduct was ignored by Phipps. "This man," says Molesworth, "never had better than a carpenter's education, and never before pretended to the title of captain, but now he assumes it, but cannot yet show a commission for it, and takes more to himself than any other of the King's captains. . . ."

It seems to have escaped the notice of all biographers of Phipps, that, in the Manuscript Saloon of the British Museum, there is preserved a Sloan MS. (No. 50 or 1070) which is nothing less than the log kept by Captain Phipps on the shoals of Ambrosia. It opens on January 4, 1686-7. Says the log writer:

This day towards 4 a clock Mr. Rogers came in who gave us to understand that they had been on ye bank, and had two or three days of fair weather. They searcht the bank and told us they had done as much any men could do, and allso that, at 10 aclock in ye morn, standing from ye bank to the S.ward, they were that evening imbayed amongst a parcell of boylers* they knew not off where. They were forced to anchor all night, and by Gods blessing, it being a small breese of wind all night, in ye morning they gott clear of them.

Four days later, success in the fight against Davy Jones and his "boylers" was within their grasp.

"This morning our Captain sent a long boat on board Mr. Rogers, which, in a shoart time returned, wch. made our hearts very glad to see, which was 4 Sows," (here the words "of silver" have been erased in the MS.) "1 barr, 1 Champers, 2 dowboyds (*sic*), 2,000 and odd dollars, by wch. we understood they had found the wrecke."

Phipps and Rogers then careened their ships, got rid of the accumulation of barnacles adhering to the keels, and were victualled by hogs brought down to the shore by Spanish hunters or buccaneers, to where the ships lay at anchor off Port Plate, Hispaniola. The treasure fleet then left for the site of the wrecks, and, on the 21st February, came in sight of a reef of rocks, and

* *Boilers*—breakers or surf, near reefs.

anchored all that night in $11\frac{1}{2}$ fathoms, the weather being fair. Next morning a Mr. Cevell and the second mate got into the long boat and rowed out to windward to sound the dangerous waters strewn thickly with reefs. They were then in Lat. $20^{\circ} 29'$. At 11 A.M., they came back to the ship and reported good soundings of fourteen fathoms, and no reefs for a great way. The reef ran like a half moon across the waters. The pinnacle was hoisted out and Mr. Cevell, Mr. Strong and two divers went to the wreck, and, just as daylight began to shut in, they returned with "189 whole dollars and 51 half dollars out of ye wrecke." Noon on the 22nd February saw the salvors rowing out to the wreck, two divers along with them, and at 5 P.M. they were back on the ship's deck with a freight of 3,266 dollars, 982 half-dollars and "one Dowboyd."

Two days later, the weather continuing fair, a boat from the wreck returned with 2,639 dollars, and 1,177 half-dollars, At noon, on 25th February, the divers sent a boat back laden with 1,805 dollars, 5,313 half-dollars "1 broad Cut thinn Slabb, 1 Dowboy, and 1 Dish, with a small quantity of broaken wrought plate. Weather calm." Brass guns—12 pounders, were the next day's haul, along with 3 sows, 1 doughboy, 11,009 small dollars, 1,700 half-dollars, and a small "quantity of broaken wrought plate," brought back by the ship's pinnacle. The fishing continued very good on the 27th February, when the long boat and pinnacle came back from the wreck with 1 brass gun, 13 sows of silver, 4,008 dollars, 1,334 half-dollars, "but toward 9 aclock, ye wind came about and blew fresh to a very fresh gale. This day, being ye Lordsday, and soe consequently a day of rest, we did not try for to work."

Other fishers of wrecks were hastening to the scene

across the Spanish Main. Next morning a shallop and a sloop came up and anchored under the stern of Phipps's ship. The captain of the shallop bore the name of Abraham, and readers will see that he has been immortalised, in the British State papers, by the worshipful scribe, Henry Horsdesnell, the British Lord Chief Justice of the "vext Bermoothes," taker of the British king's tenths of all sea treasure. Phipps had met Abram or Abraham, when on a previous voyage. With Abraham was the sloop's master, Captain William Davies, acting as pilot. "He had come on purpose from Barbadoes to look for ye wrecke."

These two mariners told Phipps they had also fitted out at Barbadoes, a small 10 gun ship to go after the sunken galleons. The wind blew hard all that day, and "we could not worke on ye wrecke." On March 1, the longboat went to the wreck, and next day back came the divers, very sick, after "a bad day's work," in which, nathless, they had managed to raise 3,931 dollars, and 1,500 half-dollars. Then, Captain Phipps hired the sloop and 1 diver, and next day, in good weather, his bag consisted of 1 brass gun, 4,900 dollars, 2,600 half-dollars, and a small quantity of broken plate. This was followed by the fishing up, on March 3, of 2,399 pounds weight of coined silver, "which we putt in 32 baggs." The divers, says the log writer, could make no great hand of their work—clearly, the fishing had been so good, that Phipps expected a more than reasonable satisfaction—but, on the March 5 "they brought aboard 13 baggs of coyn'd money, weighing 1,139 pounds, 1 Douboy, and a quantity of doubboy gold."

Once more Sunday came round to find the ship "ryd-
ing on ye Ambrosia Banck." We can see the virtuous
heave of the chest with which the log-writer penned:

"This day, being ye Lordsday, wee rested, notwithstanding ye weather was fair." Really, thought the writer, "it is almost tempting Providence so to waste His gifts!" Now, we get a glimpse of the primitive methods of salvage in the days of the late 17th century wreckers.

This morning, 7 March, being very fair weather, our boats went for ye wrecke, with ye Sloope, which they moored on ye Block, to work with ye Tubb. Wind looked rising to a gale. The boats brought in 2,353 pounds weight of coyn'd money, 2 sows and 1 Dowboy.

Davy Jones was getting restive. A boiler broke the rudder of the sloop which was moored over the wreck, and she had to come off it. Still, the fishing continued very good—1,959½ pounds weight of coined money, "9 barrs of 126 pounds weight, 1 sow of 61 pounds, and 19 Dowboys of 177 pounds" represented the treasure of the March 8. Followed next day 250 pounds of coined money, 483 pounds of silver sows, and 634 pounds weight of "barrs and dowboys" of silver. "Total 1,367 pounds." Sickness continued to attack the divers on the wreck, and on 10 March, our captain would not let the divers work, although the weather was fine, as he thought they were not well. But the good work went on: 233 pounds of coined money, 19 sows and 1,394 pounds weight of bullion on 11 March; 2,542 pounds of bullion, doughboys, and sows, and 622 pounds of coined money, on 14 March; and 2,252 pounds weight of bullion and 245 pounds of coins, on 15 March.

The wreckers continued raising treasure running into many thousands of pounds of bullion and plate, daily until 15 April, when "dyvers brought in at evening 144 pounds of coyn'd money of silver," 257 pounds of coins

next day, and 34 pounds of bullion and 137 pounds of coins on the 19th April. Four days earlier, the ship's log tells us that one galleon had been cleared of its precious freight.

14 April—This day, ye wind at E. and S.E. by E.S.E., a fresh breese, notwithstanding our boats went to ye Wrecke, but haueing cleard ye roome where they workt before, our Dyvers spent their day in finding a new one, wherefore they brought aboard but a small quantity, which being inconsiderable, wee lett ye weighing off itt, attend till another time.

The end of the quest was now at hand. Phipps crept gingerly away from the dangerous shoals, where a whole fleet of Spanish treasure galleons had been wrecked, and keeping the lead going and watching the glass, got into more open waters, and set sail for Turk's Island, "leaving behind the dyvers in Mr. Atherley's sloop." A week later, the shallop joined Phipps's fleet, bringing a diver, 1,102 pounds weight of coins, and 255 pounds of bullion. Then it was yo-heave-ho, my bully boys, and the *James and Mary*, in company with the *Henry* commanded by Captain F. Rogers saw the rocks of Turk's Island sink below the skyline as they fled before the trade winds for England, on May 2, 1687.

CHAPTER VIII

FISHERS AT SEA AND SHARKS ASHORE

Bootlicking Puritan's Graphic Story of Mutiny—Phipps's Three Attempts on the Silver Shoals—Coral "Feather" Pointer to Bullion Room—Bobadilla's 1½-Ton Table of Gold—London News Letter Writers Get Busy—The Duke's Melting-Pot—Gunner Arrested—British Crown Claims Sea-Treasure—Gold Fever Seizes Burghers of London Town—A "Poor British Governor" Looks After Himself—Wreckers Up in Arms—Pirates Prey on Silver Fishers—Sea Captain Baker of London "Welshes" His Fellow Salvors—Items from Davy Jones's Locker—Royal Dutch William Wants His Tents—Henry Horsdesnell Claps Wreckers Into Gaol—Son of Poor Governor Loses a Bag of Silver—And Why!—Rogues in Office Who Merited Execution Dock—Treasure Syndicates Fleece the Public—British Earls, Dukes and Lords Go Treasure-Wreck Fishing by Deputy.

THE thrilling story of Captain Phipps's adventures on the scene of the treasure wreck, after he had taken unwilling but not affectionate leave of John Knepp, at Boston, is best told by the unco guid Puritan and bigot, the venerable Cotton Mather, bootlicker-in-ordinary to Sir William Phipps, governor of Massachusetts, our old fire-eater turned respectable in his mature and successful age, after the delivery of the sunken Spanish bullion of Samana to the British king and the Duke of Albemarle in London. (The reader may compare it with Phipps's log which we have quoted in the previous chapter.)

"He persuaded the Court of England," says Mather, "to send him in 1683 Captain of a King's ship, the *Algier Rose* (*sic*), 18 guns and 95 men,

to fish up a Spanish treasure galleon wherein he had informed himself there was lost a mighty treasure."

The search, as Captain Welch had prophesied, was not successful, and Phipps's men found their Long John Silver, mutinied, and approached him on the quarter-deck with drawn swords and proposals to turn pirates on the South Seas. Unarmed, Phipps rushed on the mutineers and by sheer force of his mighty arm and bare fists, raining down smashing blows, felled and quelled the mutineers and their leaders.

The storm subsided for a time to break out with renewed fury when he was clearing the weeds and barnacles from the bottom of his ship, which lay on a desolate Spanish island. Across to the shore, there stretched from a rock a rude bridge made by a fallen tree, and one hundred of his men one day went into the woods on the island. There, all signed a round robin that, at seven that evening, they would seize the captain and eight or ten loyal men of his crew, maroon them on the island, and sail to seek their fortunes by piratical "purchase" on the Spanish Main.

Wind of the plot came to Phipps, about half an hour before it was timed for execution. The mutineers sent for the carpenter, who was on board the ship, and told him what he might look for if he did not join them. With great difficulty, the carpenter persuaded them to give him time to think it over, and the mutineers sent him back to the ship with a spy to keep watch on him.

Once back on shipboard, the carpenter feigned himself seized with colic, and ran down into the Captain's cabin to "have a dram." There, he told Phipps what was a-brewing ashore. Phipps ordered him to return ashore, and when in the woods to pretend to fall in with the

mutineers "plans." Then, calling up the eight men on ship, Phipps asked them if they would stand by him. They would.

Now, all the provisions had been carried ashore and put in a tent, around which the ship's guns had been mounted to repel any Spanish attack. Phipps ordered the guns to be quietly drawn on board ship again. All this time, the rebels were still "confabbing" in the woods, and when they came out it was to find their tent in the direct line of fire of the ship's guns.

"We are betrayed," they shouted.

Then Phipps appeared on deck, roaring like the skipper of a whaler rounding the Horn in a great gale.

"Stand off, ye wretches! At your peril advance a step further towards my ship, and I will let loose the great guns upon you."

Here was a *volte face*! All was confusion ashore. The mutineers retreated to the shades of the woods under a bellowing threat of Phipps to maroon them on the island. Phipps let down the timber drawbridge, and took the food back from the tent to the ship.

The mutineers grew desperate, and fell upon their knees on the strand, saying they had nothing against him, and begging his pardon. They did not like it that he would not go away with them on the South Sea quest. Phipps let them stay on their knees on the stony shore, and after he judged they had been thoroughly frightened, he removed their weapons and took the mutineers aboard ship. He sailed for Jamaica, and wisely turned them off.

Engaging another crew, he returned to Hispaniola, "where by the policy of his address, he fish'd out of a very old Spaniard (or Portuguese) a little advice about the true spot where lay the wreck, which he had hitherto

been seeking." The Spaniard said the wreck lay upon a reef of shoals a few leagues Northward of Port de la Plata, Hispaniola—a port so called from the landing of some of the shipwreck'd company with a boat full of plate saved out of their sinking frigate.

Phipps narrowly searched the spot, of which the old Spaniard had spoken, but could not light on the wreck. He felt he could not trust his crew, and so sailed for England to seek further help. With great difficulty, he enlisted the support of the Duke of Albemarle, and set sail again with a ship and two tenders.

On Hispaniola, Phipps spent hours in the woods, cutting down and shaping with his own hands a *periagua* from the timber of a stately cotton tree. This *periagua*, with the tender kept busking to and fro, over a reef of rising shoals called the Boilers, lying 2-3 feet under water, which would rip open the stoutest ship's bottom and send her into deep water. The crew were on the point of returning to Phipps to say they could find nothing, when a man looking over the side of the *periagua* into the deep water, thought he could see a "Sea-feather" growing out of a rock.

An Indian diver went down to look at this "feather" and came up with the startling news that he had seen a number of great guns on the bed of the sea. The crew were overjoyed, feeling that at last they had lit on the treasure fleet's watery grave. The Indian went down again and brought up a sow of silver, worth about £300. Then the crew prudently buoyed the place and went back to tell the captain, whom they at first distressed with bad news. At the same time somebody slipped the sow of silver under the table where they were sitting with the captain who was declaring his patient resolve to wait until fortune turned.

Presently, he noticed the sow, and cried out in agony: "Why, what is this? Whence comes this?"

Then, with changed faces, they told him the news, and Phipps said: "Thanks be to God. We are made."

All hands went to work and were lucky enough to light at once on the bullion room of the wreck, instead of the ballast, in which bags of pieces of eight had been stored, which would have meant laborious searches and great exertion. In a short time, with no casualties, they salved thirty-two tons of silver. One Adderley, of Providence, who had formerly helped Phipps search for the wreck, met him, and with a vessel and a few hands took up six tons of silver.

A year later, Adderley who had been driven crazy by the sudden rush of wealth, died "distracted" at Bermuda. Upon the plate, which had been lying half a century under the sea, a crust, like limestone, lay several inches thick. Breaking up the incrustation, with iron contrivances, they were surprised by a shower of pieces of eight, rusty and water-stained, falling out by the bushel. Besides the great amount of plate raised from a depth of seven or eight fathoms, there were salved vast riches of gold, pearls and jewels! "all that a Spanish frigate uses to be enriched withal."

Phipps's people went on salving till all their food was gone, but before they dispersed, Phipps got Adderley and his folk to swear they would not betray the location of the wreck, or return till the next year, when Phipps himself hoped to come back to continue the rich salvage. The sows and doughboys of silver came up so fast that on the very last day of their work on the wreck, their divers brought up twenty sows, and it was found they had cleared the sunken bullion of all its massy freight.

Another fear now came on Phipps. His men had come out with him upon seamen's wages, so much a month, and now, tempted by the sight of such vast numbers of pigs and sows of silver, would they rise and take the ship and share the spoil among themselves?

With all the powers of persuasion at his command, he assured that, if they would be true to him, they should have ample reward, and if his employers would not agree, he would share among them his own reward. They took his word, as an honest seaman, and he hastened back to England with the money, feeling he could safely have it on board his ship, and not daring to touch at any port to buy provisions of which he sorely stood in need.

Certain Bermudians got wind of the treasure, and spirited away Adderley's boy to tell them the exact location of the sunken galleons. Many vessels were soon on the scene and raised considerable treasure.

Phipps safely reached London in 1687, with £300,000 treasure aboard, and according to Mather, who is repeating Phipps's own words, no doubt, fulfilled his promise to his men and defrauded his employers of nothing. He had less than £16,000 (\$80,000) for himself, and the Duke of Albemarle, as a testimony, gave Mrs. Phipps, whom he had never seen, a present of a gold cup worth £1,000.

Here we may break the thread of Cotton Mather's narrative, by giving the version of the Phipps treasure story told in a MS. written by Dr. Henry Barham, a contemporary of Sir Hans Sloane, physician—it will be recalled by the reader—to Albemarle.

This Lord Duke (Albemarle) was fortunately concerned in the Handkercher Rack (the name of the treasure shoal at Hispaniola) by means of

which Captain William Phipps (who was afterwards knighted) acquainted His Grace with it, upon which the Duke of Albemarle, together with Sir James Hayes, Mr. Nicholson and others, fitted out two ships, a greater and a lesser, laden with goods to trade with Hispaniola, and other Spaniards in the West Indies, in case they failed of a wreck.

Captain Phipps commanded the great ship, and one Rogers, the little one. They went to Samana, a small Island at the East End of Hispaniola. Captain Phipps goes to Porto Plata, and left Captain Rogers to cruise about the North East of Hispaniola to look for the wreck, which the Spaniards had formerly told Captain Phipps, that in the year 1659, there was a Spanish galleon lost on the Shoals, near the Abroojos, or Handkercher Shoals, to the North East of Hispaniola.

While Phipps was a-trading, Rogers discovers the wreck by means of a Sea Feather growing on the Planks of the ship lying under water. Bringing the welcome news to Phipps, they went thither and found great part of the ship grown over with a sort of white coral, called Lapis Astroitos, or Star Stone (which grows in great plenty in America). They broak into the ship and took up Silver, as the weather and their divers held out. Some days more and some days less, the small ship went near, the great one rode afar off. At last, they got in bullion 22 Thousand, 96 pounds, in coin 30 Thousand, 326 pounds, so that the Duke received for his share 50 Thousand pounds for laying out about 8 Hundred pounds. Others hoping to have the like success, great applications for patents to goe upon wrecks:

and so many was granted at Divers times, and so much money spent in fitting out of Vessells, that it is thought yt. more money have been spent that way than ever was got.

And notwithstanding the great sum of money the Duke got, he had contracted so many debts in England that same was not sufficient to clear them; therefore formed several projects of fishing for more which he intended to put in execution, and thought that if he was at Jamaica, he might forward it by his presence.

"He died," says Barham, "of excess of pleasures, drinking and sitting up late, which did not agree with the climate." This event, anticipated, as we saw, by Hans Sloane, happened in October 1688, a year after his arrival at Jamaica.

In later years, Phipps cherished the hope that the King of England would have given him leave to go after another wreck of a Spanish galleon, which he knew to be lying under water. Especially did he know that when the ship which had the Spanish governor Bobadilla on board was cast away, there was, to quote Peter Martyr, an entire table of gold of 3,310 pounds weight. "It was his (Phipps's) purpose, upon his dismissal from his government, once more to have gone upon his old fishing trade upon a mighty shelf of rocks and bank of sands, that lye where he had informed himself,"—thus Mather's tantalising hints for modern treasure-seekers.

Sir William Phipps died on 18 February 1694, and lies buried at the East End of St. Mary Woolnoth church, London. Says his epitaph brightly:

He discovered among the rocks near the banks of Bahama, on the north side of Hispaniola, a

Spanish plate ship which had been under water 44 years, out of which he took in gold and silver £300,000 sterling.

Did Phipps and his contemporaries and successors find all the treasure lying in galleons and plate ships sunken in the waters off Hispaniola?

In the answer, modern treasure-seekers will find matter of interest. The West Indian writer, Frederick A. Ober wrote, late in the 19th century:

There is no evidence that Phipps found and searched more than a single galleon, and Spanish archives say a whole fleet, laden with silver from the mines of Peru, went down near Puerto Plata, on the north coast of Santo Domingo.

Certainly, this theme of treasure-seeking, whether by land or sea, has always exercised a strong fascination over the ordinary or the extraordinary man. Indeed, he is a very extraordinary man who is not, despite himself, interested in tales of treasure caches or cruises in the world's loneliest seas on golden and romantic quests. The modern news editor of a popular newspaper would make a "splash story" with great "streamer" headings across all its columns, and his ancestor, the news and gossip letter compiler in the London coffee-houses of the 17th-18th century would equally recognise the news value of such a story as Phipps's successful quest, sent out to his patrons among merchants on 'change and country squires.

Preserved among the paper of Sir William Trumbull kept with the MSS. of the Marquis of Downshire, at Easthampstead Park, Berks, is a news letter, dated June 9, 1687:

Letters from Deal of the 7th, advise the arrival of the *James and Mary*, Captain Phipps, from the

West Indies, who went in search of the Spanish galleons that were cast away 42 years since, one of which she found, and got treasure to the value, it is said, of £250,000, having on board 32 tons of silver, at £2,200 each ton. The Duke of Albemarle ventured £600, for which the master of the ship declared he would give him £40,000 on demand. Lord Falkland, Sir John Narborough, and a few more are concerned in her and for every £100 they ventured, there will be at least £5,000 returned. A great deal of coral is grown over the plate. One Sir Edmund King writes post haste to Lord Hatton—the letter is preserved in the *Hatton* correspondence:

June 9 1687.

My Lord,

Tho' it's near II at night, and I fear the post is going, I cannot forbear to send you a piece of news; odd and unusual. There was a rich Spanish ship coming from the West Indies yt. was sunck three score yeares agoe, laden with gold and silver. Duke Albemarle, Sr. Jo(hn) Narborough, Sr. James Hayes and another gott a pattent from the late King, on tearms to gett all the gold and silver they could from the bottom of the sea, by any art yt. ever, they have been 10 years a-trying, and gott dyvers (men used to it) out of the West Indies, and found this ship, and gott her up and safe into the river, worth 250,000 pounds in gold and silver. Duke Albemarle's share, two eights (*sic*), is 40,000; Sr. James Hayes, as much, 40,000; and others proportionably. The King reserved a 10th

for himself. It's certainly true; you'll hear it more at large quickly. Pray excuse yr. humble servant.
ED. KING.

The news came yesterday morning at 3 a clock; and I beseech you present my humble service to Lady Hatton. They are working on another ship. Another news letter from London to Sir William Trumbull, and dated June 30, 1687, says:

The Duke of Albemarle is melting his dividend of silver in his garden himself, which they say will amount to £50,000 which retards his voyage to Jamaica in search of a silver mine. A copper mine is already found in the island. Captain Phipps has been knighted and received a gold chain and a medal. They are fitting him out again with 2 ships, and Sir John Narborough goes in the *Tiger* to convoy him.

One Edmund Sawbell tells his son that:

This day (July 28, 1687) the proprietors of the ship that found the silver in the sea, dined at the Swan Tavern in London, where they gave the Captain a gold medal and chain, and to every sailor silver ones, the medals have the King and Queen's picture.

Says another London news letter, dated July 9, 1687:

Divers medals both of gold and silver, have this week been made upon the subject of the plate taken out of the sea. One side bears the portraiture of his Majesty; the reverse a shoal of rocks with a vessel splitting thereon representing the shipwreck of the Spanish galleons and divers other ships that have been searching after this treasure; near the rocks is the ship of Captain Phipps with

the device above *Naufraga reperta*, the motto of the said medals being *Semper tibi pendeat hamus*.*

Another "newes letter" writer tells his country correspondent on August 30, 1687:

Sir John Narborough in the *Foresight* went down the river on Friday to go for more plate. The Duke of Albemarle is still very ill.

The unfortunate Spanish merchants who had lost heavily when the plate fleet sank off the Silver Shoals, heard of the successful salvage by Captain Phipps:

On the 21st of December last, says a news letter from London, dated January 7, 1687-8, the Spanish merchants attended his Majesty (James II) on account of the memorial delivered by the Spanish ambassador for satisfaction for outrages committed upon Spanish subjects in the South Seas, as also for the silver taken out of the sea by Sir William Phipps, but the king will not send the force hither as intended, and has assured the merchants he will not be answerable for any damage to them on that account.

The gunner and four other officers on board Phipps's ship got into trouble about an embezzlement of treasure from the wreck. A news letter to Consul Hobson, at Venice, on September 18, 1688, speaks of these men being in custody on a charge of converting 1,000 lb. of silver got at the plate wreck, by the ship *Mary and James*.

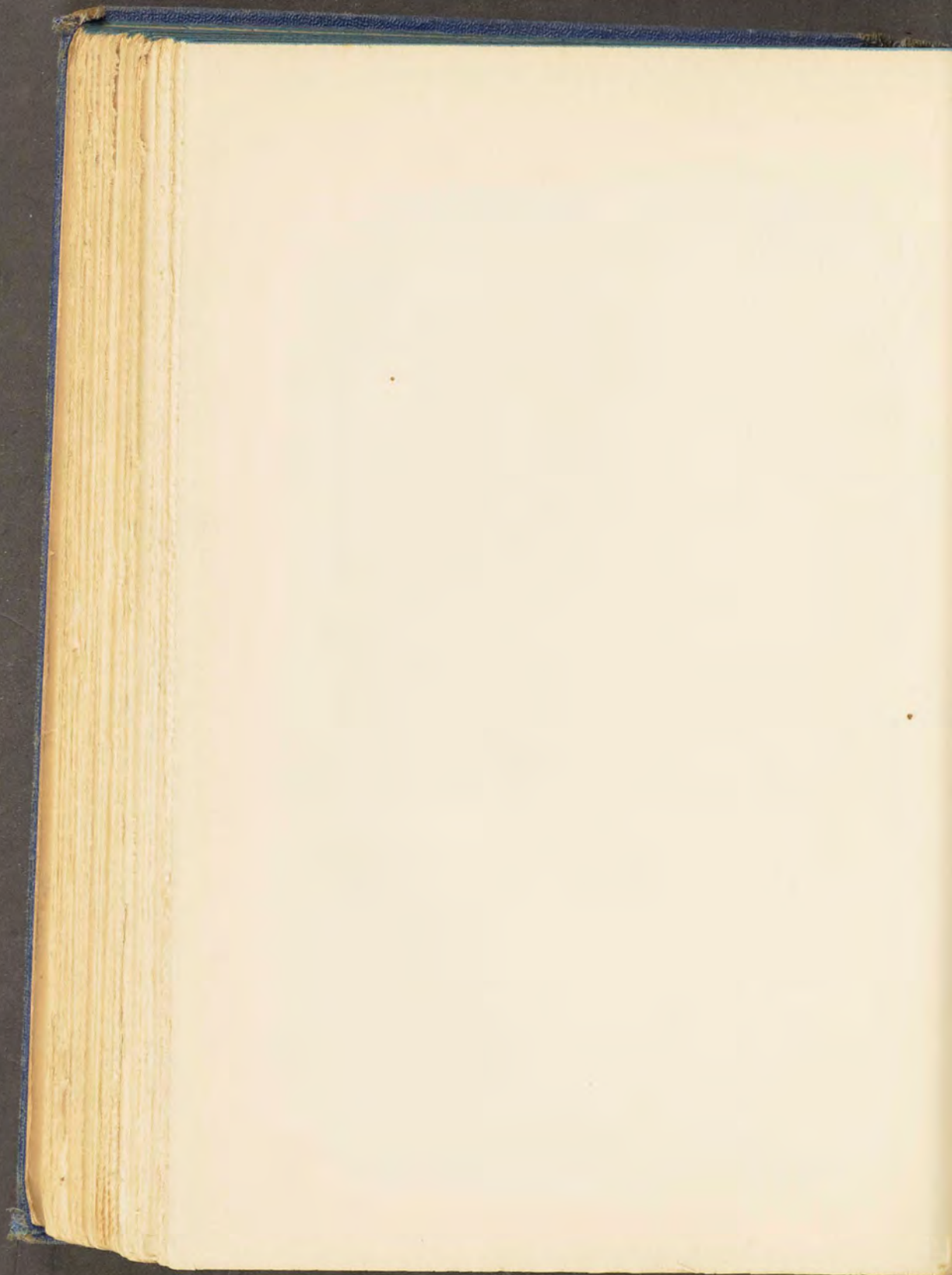
By this time, the king of England, James II, had, to speak in metaphor, become "fleshed," and his teeth set on edge by the taste of treasure of gold and silver, as Henry VIII said of the new patrician bourgeoisie of his day which had grown fat on the looting of abbey lands, and educational charities and the endowments of gram-

* "May the fishing hook ever hang for thee."



Infamous Carolina pirate, "Blackbeard" or Drummond Teach, attacked and killed by Lieutenant Maynard under orders of Governor Spotswood of Virginia in the year 1715. The locality of Teach's treasure cache is a mystery never solved, but it is believed to be in the island of Providence, the Bahamas.

(From the PIRATES' OWN BOOK).



mar schools. Accordingly the British State archives in the London Public Record Office contain copies of letters to Colonial and Plantation governors, enclosing proclamations on the subject of buried treasure. Old Crown documentary rights in treasure trove, and Admiralty jurisdiction over wrecks, were brought out of the muniment cupboards and dusted up for use. These old bogeys, spring-cleaned and dressed up in the fashionable garb of the latter-day Stuarts were not calculated to frighten rascallions who had escaped "scragging" on Tyburn tree, and for whom treasure-wreck-seeking was a spare time occupation. They had likewise small terrors for the respectable Quakers or witch-baiting Puritans of Boston, Salem, and other virtuous townships in the New England States, and they were winked at by Colonial Governors who had to think about ways and means of supplementing salaries, both uncertain and inadequate.

Letters were forthwith sent to all governors in the plantations, respecting "his Majesty's moiety of all Treasure taken out of the Spanish wreck." One document is curious enough to be worth quoting *in extenso*, especially as the reader will not find it printed elsewhere. It runs:

Jacobus Rex. Trusty and well-beloved, wee greet you well. Whereas a wreck has been lately discovered neer the Coast of Hispaniola, from whence a considerable quantity of silver hath been taken up and carried to divers parts of Our Dominions in America, by Severall of Our subjects there, who continue to search for and take up Silver and other Treasure from the said Wreck. And one moiety of all Treasure and riches taken upon, out of, or from the bottom of the sea being by an-

cient Ordinances of the Admiralty due unto Us, as Lord High Admirall, according to the Report or Certificate of our Judge of our High Court of Admiralty and Judge Advocate, wee do therefore strictly charge and require you and other officers under your Government to take care that one moiety or half part of all Plate, Silver, gold or treasure of any kind taken up or out of the said wreck neer Hispaniola, or from any other wreck whatsoever, wch. hath lately been brought, or shall be brought into the Plantation under your Government be duely recovered and received for Our use, without admitting of any Excuse or pretence whatsoever either of paying our Tenths, or of any Contract, Commission or order from any persons or Persons under Color of Letters Patent or any other Grant from us, wee having reserved all matter of dispute in that behalf unto our Royall Determination. And of your proceedings herein, you are from time to time to give an accompt unto the Commissioners of our Treasury to the end you may receive our further direction for the disposal of such Treasure and Riches as shall be recovered and received by you in right of our Admiralty as aforesaid. And so wee bid you farewell from our Court at Whitehall, this 22th (*sic*) day of October 1687, in the third years of our Reigne,

By His Matys. Command.

Sunderland. P.

Md. The like letter was sent circularly to all the Govrs. in the Plantations.

Excited by the spectacular success of Phipps, more would-be treasure hunters came forward in London. To one of them, William Constable, the King grants a

warrant to seize one half of all treasure taken up out of the wreck near the coast of Hispaniola, since the coming-away of the ship *James and Mary*, Captain Phipps, commander, or before the arrival of the new expedition designed by Albemarle and partners.

All Colonial governors and ships' commanders were, at their peril, not to refuse all help in their power to Constable's ship, no governor was to seize or detain the treasure taken from the wreck, and on the arrival of Contable's ship, no governor was to seize or detain the ship, and the Duke of Albemarle was to send an officer aboard to take an exact inventory of the specie raised.

Now the British Treasury officials get very busy writing letters abroad, as reports arrive home about the arrival at various American ports of treasure from plate wrecks. Later intelligence also filters through to England respecting the subsequent mysterious disappearance of such treasure. For example, the King, through Lord Sunderland, instructs his "right trusty and well-beloved Sir Robert Robinson, Lieutenant-Governor of Bermudas, or Summer Islands in America" to note that he (the King) understands there had lately come into those islands two small vessels laden with three tons of plate from the Hispaniola wreck, from which one-tenth had been taken for the King, as by account transmitted home. His Majesty further understands that five or six vessels more had also gone to the wreck with the governor's permission, and under bond to return and pay duty.

In order not to appear too greedy, Lord Sunderland, in the King's name, reminds Sir Robert Robinson that "a full half, not one-tenth, is the King's right share, and must be recovered from the lading of the two sloops mentioned above, and from any others which

might afterwards come into port. Furthermore, to show his great anxiety for a fair deal all round, but especially to his royal self, his Catholic Majesty is sending out a lawyer, Henry Horsdesnell Esquire, to be chief judge in the Islands, and look after Crown rights in treasure."

Hot on the heels of this letter comes another letter signed by the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, Belasye, Godolphin, Dover, J. Ernle, and S. Fox, dated from Treasury Chambers, Whitehall, 28 October 1687. The King has heard that sloops and ships had gone from Jamaica to the wreck, and directs the Duke of Albemarle, the governor of Jamaica, to see that the King's half is secured, and made conditional upon the passing of Letters Patent. Truly, the *auri sacra fames* may as gravely attack a king and his court, as does influenza the common folk of our own day!

Reports reach the agitated Crown, in London, that wreckers are fitting out from New York, Virginia, the Leeward Islands, and other places, to go to the wreck, so on January 17, 1687/8, the Lords of the Treasury write to the governor of Barbados. The King, say they, is told that divers ships and sloops of Barbados have already taken up a considerable amount of treasure and silver out of the Hispaniola wreck. His "loving friends," Godolphin, Dover and company, ask him to take all care that the King has his half of all silver, gold, plate or other treasure from that or any other wreck salvaged by Barbados fishers. The other plantations had the same circular letter.

The fever seized upon the grave burghers of London town, who hastened to join in the gold rush—by deputy. Philip Ford, a London merchant, enters into a bond of £10,000, on 25 November 1687, that all silver and gold, etc., found at the wreck by him shall be brought to

London, and a full account given to the Treasury. The King, or his successors, was to have one-fifth part of all found. The Ford partners had chartered the *Elizabeth*, a ship of eighty tons, and it cleared from Gravesend, on 9 July 1687, under command of Thomas Baker, to sail to Barbados, to "go upon a design of taking up treasure out of a wreck near the Islands, or Shoals of Bahama, with intent to bring it home to England."

Ford petitioned the King asking that the Duke of Albemarle be not allowed to seize ship or treasure *en route* to an English port to pay one-fifth to the King. The King replied, pointing out that William Constable had already been granted a warrant to search for treasure at the wreck; but, notwithstanding such orders Albemarle and Colonial governors were not to seize or detain the ship. As we shall see, presently, the Ford syndicate were successful in their quest, but they seem to have been unlucky in choosing a rogue to command their ship.

Speculative lords and merchants, thousands of miles away from America, stood little chance against wreckers backed up by or forced to share the plunder with Colonial governors who were not at all fastidious about the means they used to supplement their incomes.

A minute of the meetings of the Council of New England, on August 24, 1687, Francis Nicholson, the Governor presiding: "Resolved that commissions shall be given to vessels going to fish at the wrecks off Hispaniola." Nicholson, however, was an honest official, which was not quite the case with the gentleman next mentioned.

The Governor of Bermudas, writes on July 11, 1687, a very interesting letter to William Blathwayt, at Whitehall, London, asking what he shall do about treas-

ure from Hispaniola, brought by wreckers to Bermuda. Says he:

A couple of small vessels came in with Captain Phips lately from the wreck. Phips took from them a ton and a half of plate, and left them as much. They took as much more and brought it here. I took the King's tenths and enclose an account thereof. They gave me 500 or 600 pounds, and have carried 15,000 to 16,000 pounds up the country for themselves. There is not above half a score of them, and all of them poor fellows until now. Pray, obtain for me orders what I shall do else. Five or six more vessels have gone to the wreck with my permission. They have given bond to pay the King's dues on their return, if they are successful. I think of taking security that the King shall have as much more than his tenths as he pleases, and something for his poor governor.

The last pathetic phrase is a gentle reminder that Colonial governors live not on ambrosial food extracted from the air, and that if their salaries are not paid by the Crown, or the legislative assemblies of the countries to which they are accredited, they must even extract or "convey" the ducatoons and pieces of eight from other and unofficial sources. Later, we shall see how honest Sir Robert Robinson, the Colonial governor who wrote this letter, fared in his stewardship of the King's dues from treasure trove.

Coldly and officially, the Crown answers, on October 21, 1687, that it wants one-half of the treasure trove, which must be sent to London by His Britannic Majesty's ship *Swan*.

The arrival of H.M.S. *Swan* at Plymouth from Bermuda, is duly chronicled by the all-seeing news letter

writer who tells Messrs. Goodman & Martin, on May 19, 1688: "His Majesty's ship *Swan* has arrived at Plymouth from Bermuda, with 1,500 pound weight of silver and 12 brass guns that were taken off the wreck . . . recovered by the people that went from Bermuda."

When the news reached America that various noble and bourgeois patentees and fortune-hunters were on the trail of the Hispaniola treasure, its repercussion on the feelings of the indignant professional wreckers may be imagined. Governor Molesworth writes Blathwayt, from Jamaica, on December 7, 1687:

When men heard that the Duke of Albemarle had a patent for wreck fishing, men of ships fishing for it became refractory, and would have forced captains to share at some of the uninhabited islands. Somehow, the captains persuaded them to drop in at port one after another.

Entries in the Naval Office at Jamaica show that from December 22-26, 1687, 11 sloops brought in 5,995 dollars with plate from the Hispaniola wreck.

Pirates, then forming a very large part of the "mercantile marine" sailing the waters and straits in and around the far-circling Caribbean Sea, began to prey on the wreck-fishers. Their lordships, the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations in London hear about the raids, from Lieutenant-Governor Stede of Barbados:

Pirates have captured a sloop of mine fishing at the Hispaniola wreck, and have landed without molestation at mid-day at Newcastle, Pennsylvania, like the most honest men in the world. Their plunder amounts to 12,000-15,000 pounds. The sloop arrived back at Barbados having taken only 117 pieces of eight at the wreck, half of which is

the King's share. I am a great loser by this adventure, as also by another of the same kind. Others have lost and hope to make their losses good by finding new wrecks, of which they believe they know more than I do.

Barbados sends home, on January 27, 1687-8, an account of plate

brought in by the ship *Raven* from the wreck, 947 pieces of eight, ten small broken pieces weighing 831 ounces, one sow of 956 ounces, two plates and one drop 47½ ounces, one sow 738 ounces, one bar 646 ounces. The master swore that the King's moiety had been paid to Mr. Constable on the spot: Signed—John Hallett, Edward Cranfield.

Sailormen from Barbados had poignant complaint to make to official ears about the chiselling, thievish habits of a captain with whom they had co-operated in the great hunt. A certain Thomas Baker, captain of the *Elizabeth* of London, sent out by the Philip Ford syndicate, as previously said, figures prominently as the villain of the piece. A very interesting affidavit, preserved among the archives in the London Public Record Office, tells us of the villainy of Thomas Baker, shipmaster of London town. It was sworn to on 22 October 1687, by William Holland, master of the sloop *Anne*, and seamen of the same, before the Right Hon. Edwyn Stede, Governor of Barbados, at "fontabell House."

The affidavit says they had gone on a voyage to a certain wreck to be found in the open and high sea to the northwards of Hispaniola. They went from Barbados about the middle of September 1686, in company with the pink *Elizabeth* of London (Captain Baker) to a wreck on which, with 5 divers of Barbados, under orders of Baker (according to agreement):

they fished until near ye eight day of November last, at which time bad weather happening, and the aforesaid Thomas Baker declining the enterprise of fishing any longer, upon the said wreck, proposed a dividend might be made on board his vessel, *Elizabeth*, of all which he pretended was obtained.

Baker from day to day took on board his vessel all the plate and money, divers and deponents had found. He then gave out that only 759 pounds of plate and coined money had been raised from the wreck, whereas deponents "by good observation knew that 2 plates and one Cuppe of Silver were not weighed, and included in the quantity named, and certain coined money."

They add that T. Baker, after they

had fished about six weekes, sent away to Antigua his chief mate, who never returned to the ship or sloop. Also, the deponents said that the bags in which the money was put, being whole and sound one night, would the next morning have holes in them, which occasioned complaints among themselves that Baker's ship's company had thieves among them. John Baker and Thomas Baker, brothers, had charge of the money, and no oath was taken that the quantity of money taken was the whole dividend. But oaths were required from seamen that they concealed nothing. All but 100 pieces of eight were gained by negro divers. The divers, by name, Keasar, Salsbury, Tony and Tom Money, were as good as any that ever went from Barbados, and deserved rewarding according to articles of agreement, but they had only one share per man. If they did not consent, the captain said he would carry the treasure to Jamaica, or England, or where

he pleased. Captain Baker took 2 shares, and half a share for a small child in his vessell unable to doo any service.

Which, if all of it is true, shows that Captain Baker must have been a very pretty sea-faring rogue.

Another interesting treasure document is sent on 1 February 1687, to Whitehall from Barbados. It is of the true stuff of a treasure story—"great wedges of silver, unvalued jewels lying on dead men's skulls," and fished up from Davy Jones's locker, it runs:

By vertue of an order from you to us directed, dated 25th inst., we have weighed and tooke Account of what Bulloyn was brought ashore from aboard the Barque *John and Thomas* of Bermudas, Thos. Attwood, Master:

Pieces of eight and broken silver consigned unto sd. Tho. Attwood to dispose of for the severall Persons undermentioned vizt:

In a bag Containing 687 Pieces of eight, weighing ffive hundred and forty ounces, belonging to Tho. Outerbridge, Thomas Hartford, Stephen Wrighton and Thomas Attwood.

In a Silk Stocking conteyning 200 pieces of eight, weighing 150 ounces belonging to Stephen Wrighton.

In a Bag marked T.S. conteyning $77\frac{3}{4}$ pieces of eight weighing 63 ounces, belonging to Thomas Smith and Ruth Willis.

The accts. show that pieces of eight were in pocketts markt M.N., M.T., in a blue bagg markt P.B., E.W., in a small bag, in a rag. There was also broken silver (110 ounces), one Doughboy and one Ingott ($50\frac{1}{2}$ ounces).

(Attwood and others swore that none of the

broken silver or pieces of eight came from the wreck, but were consigned to persons mentioned in trade.)

In a bagg conteyning 140 pieces of eight of Peru and Mexico coyn much deray'd with the water, weighing 96 ounces and 2 skillets of silver (weighing 412 ounces) belonging to Yates.

(Yates swore he had this stuff from the wreck the first time, and gave a consideration to Captain William Phipps, and that he had also paid one-tenth on what he took from the wrecke, to Sir Robert Robinson, Governor of Bermuda.)

Dated 1st February 1687.

Stede, the governor of Barbados, stated that the *John and Thomas*, of Bermuda, had been seized by Captain Ralph Wrenn, of his Britannic Majesty's ship *Mary Rose*, as coming from the Hispaniola wreck, and liable to pay a moiety of the treasure to King James II of England. The governor added that he himself took the treasure ashore and divided into two halves, of which he retained one half for the British Crown.

The treasure hunting at Hispaniola was now in full blast, and the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, on 20 August 1690, noted that wreckers at Hispaniola had been disturbed by French privateers, and might also be molested by other nations in those parts. They therefore proposed that a small fourth rate frigate be detached from the British squadron, then at the Leeward Islands, and sent to Jamaica, thence to the Hispaniola wreck to protect the salvors. Still anxious about the King's tenths of all treasure won from wrecks—and there was now on the throne of England, Dutch William III—their lordships from Whitehall chambers, on September 30, 1690, direct the Earl of Inchiquin (not

"Insiquum," as the colonial archives have it), who was governor of Jamaica, to see that the king had his tenths of all gold, silver and treasure from the wreck, and if divers did not pay up, they were to be mulcted of the full half of all raised.

One Thomas Neal is given letters patent under the Great Seal of England, on 1 October 1690, to fish for treasure "wreckt before 25 June 1688, within 20 leagues of the Bermudas, and taken up by him before 25 June 1694, provided he pay the King one-tenth as agreed." To prevent embezzlement, the Commander-in-chief of the Bermudas, was to be permitted to inspect the fishing at the wreck. Blathwayt, on whose report the patent was issued, recommends that this duty be allotted to the Bermudian commander.

During all these crowded years of treasure-hunting life, our old friend, Henry Horsdesnell, Esquire, had been diligent in his work, although he had not been standing before princes. He, it will be recalled, was the lawyer who had been dispatched to the Bermudas to see that his Catholic Majesty, King James II of England, had his share of the boodle from the wreck. Let him tell his own story.

"I have by searching a man from the wreck," he writes to the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, in London, on October 5, 1688, "recovered over 13 pounds weight of treasure for the King. It was shipped on board Captain Robinson. I put the man on his oath, and found that he had secreted thousands of pieces of eight in the Bohemia (Bahama) Islands. Considering the dangers of pirates, and the loss on the cleaning of the money, which was rusty, I compounded for 415 pieces of eight, white money, which I hope will be approved. I

have another man, one Samuel Harvey, in custody, who brought and entered 500 pounds weight of silver before I came, but agreed to give the governor 34 pounds weight and divided the rest with his men. I recovered one tenth from him some time ago, but no more. He is an ill and refractory person, but he shall give security for the dues before I release him."

Some twenty sloops from the Bermudas had been fishing at the wreck, as we noted in a previous chapter, and Horsdesnell secured for the British Crown the sum of £1,388 in dues from the wreckers on the Shoals bearing the luscious name of Ambrosia. After he quitted his chief justiceship of the Bermudas, Horsdesnell had to petition their lordships of the British Treasury for arrears of salary amounting to £500, one of those little omissions by which Crown and Colonial authorities in those days directly incited an official to "make" his emoluments.

There now appears in the arena the aforementioned honest Sir Robert Robinson, his Majesty's "poor governor" of the vexed Bermoothes. He, as we hinted before, while quite willing to share in the proceeds of salvage from a wreck, had no illusions at all about his ability to live on atmospheric ambrosia and the sense of duty done to a faraway King in Kensington, in faithfully remitting tenths of fishers' spoils from the wrecks of plate galleons. He petitions their lordships of the British Treasury for his salary of £400, which, says he, is 4 years in arrear.

I sent home to England 12 copper guns (3,000 lbs. weight each), a ship of my own of 34 guns, worth £2,000, given me by the pirates, and all moneys coming to my hands. All this was worth

£20,000, and I hoped I might have got more money out of the wreck, of which I might have paid myself, but was altogether disappointed by the coming of Sir John Narborough to the said wreck.

The Treasury called in William Blathwayt, as referee in the matter of this petition, and Blathwayt replies that there is cause of complaint against Sir Robert Robinson, ex-governor of Bermudas, about the King's tenths from the Hispaniola wreck. The evidence for this complaint should be transmitted by Horsdesnell, late Chief Justice of the Bermudas, to their Lordships of the Treasury to be heard by them. Robinson, as governor, had been given for his support twelve shares of land in Bermudas; the sum of £100 per annum from licences to fish for whales; and £240 per annum from Exchequer payments from England. No payment had been made from the Exchequer to Robinson, and £970 was due to him for salary. Moreover, bonds entered into by Sir Robert Robinson, in the Bermudas, for the King's dues arising from the Spanish wreck, should be delivered up by the petitioner, and put in suit by the then government, for the use of the King.

A grave scandal of Colonial administration, as a modern newspaper would say, is revealed in the comment of Blathwayt on a petition, in 1687, to the Treasury from Captain John Robinson, the son of Sir Robert Robinson, who had appointed his son treasurer of the Bermudas. The captain said he had been put to great expense in discovering and guarding treasure from the Hispaniola wreck. Over 1,191 pounds of silver had been sent by him to England, "including a bagg, No. 15. containing 63 pounds weight of Broken silver." He had kept 5% of it as his salary.

In July 1688, went on the captain, he petitioned the

British Treasury to allow him "said bagg of silver and return his bond in custody" of Blathwayt. Their lordships of the Treasury replied by ordering the officers of the Mint in London to take the "bagg of silver into their possession until the King had determined his pleasure." Accordingly, the bag of silver was taken from Robinson from on board the ship *Revenge*.

Blathwayt, the referee, replies in 1687:

Several sloops were permitted by Sir Robert Robinson, governor of the Bermudas, or Summer Islands, to sail from those islands to fish for silver from the Hispaniola Treasure wreck, lately discovered, giving security to answer to the King's dues on their return. Captain Robinson received from the sloops 1,254 pounds weight of silver and 4 ounces, and 12 copper guns, whereas it appears from a receipt of Captain Froud, commander of the *Swan* frigate, there was delivered on board by Captain Robinson to be sent to England, 1,191 pounds 4 ounces of silver, and 12 copper guns, he detaining in his own hands for his salary 63 pounds weight of silver for receiving same.

A document of the Mint in London, showed that Robinson junior delivered up "one bagg No. 15 with 63 pound Stilyard weight of wreck pieces of eight, and broken silver."

The petitioner being further charged with 13 pounds 10 ounces weight of silver received for the moiety of the sloop *Blessing* which came from the wreck after the departure of the *Swan* frigatt from the Bermudas, he discharged the same by £13. 19 shillings paid to his father the Governor. . . . But inasmuch as Mr. Horsdesnell did in 1688 write to the Lords of the Treasury that he feared the King

lost near £20,000 besides some hundreds of pieces of eight, which the Governor's son privately conveyed to his own use, and part in several vessels never brought to account, and that it was said Captain Robinson exacted from those who came from the wreck such sums for his father and himself as had made them unable to pay the King's dues, it is humbly submitted to your Lordships' consideration whether said bagg be delivered to petitioner until Horsdesnell be heard before your Lordships and admitted to make proof of what is alleged by him.

29 March 1694. Whitehall.

The records are silent on the upshot of the proposed enquiry, and possibly their lordships decided to let this pretty pair of rogues in office get away with their plunder, and allow the dirty water to run clear. Yet many a poor seaman hung in chains between the flowing of the tides in Execution Dock, while the crows pecked his rotting carcase, for much less heinous crimes.

Syndicates of mercantile sharks found the promoting of schemes of treasure wreck salvage an admirable way to pluck pigeons bare in London town, in the late 17th century, just as they do in our own possibly not more scrupulous age. Many respectable wits on 'Change were sharpened by these wonderful tales of treasure trove or of sea jewels fished up from the vasty deep, and many bright speculative intellects saw that more money could be made out of share promotions in connection with salvage syndicates than could be won from salving plate wrecks—chancy work with the best of tides and softest of winds in waters infested with rogues of all nations, floating under the sign of the Jolly Roger.

William Blathwayt, on 19 August 1703, suggests that

the Treasury ought to discourage "this pernicious trade of stock-jobbing." Before passing letters patent, their lordships ought to be satisfied that petitioners had proofs that treasure actually was in wrecks, as alleged.

I want to prevent the formation of a society of stock-jobbing, instead of a reall and well-founded undertaking, otherwise subject to usual Crown rights, and the customary safeguards, I have no objection to the grants passing.

He adds in a postscript that Fairfax wanted the area extended from 6° to 26° North Latitude.

This warning of the existence of sharking syndicates was penned at a time when (1703) 2 noble earls were petitioning the Treasury in England to grant them rights in treasure-wreck fishing. Lord Fairfax asked for a grant of all wrecks, jetsam and flotsam and lagan, goods and derelict riches, bullion, plate, gold, silver, coin, merchandise, and all other goods and chattels cast away and wrecked between April 1702 and August 20, 1705, between latitudes 15 and 19 South, in the West Indies.

Blathwayt, writing from Whitehall on 19 August 1703, recapitulates previous grants of rights in wrecks. In 1687, when the Duke of Albemarle intended a second voyage to the wreck on the North side of Hispaniola, he proposed to the King that if he would lend him the warship *Foresight*, as convoy, Albemarle would himself pay the officers' and seamen's wages, victual them, and give the Crown one-fifth of all silver and gold recovered, not exceeding in value £150,000 (\$750,000), plus one third of the value of all treasure over that amount. The King agreed, provided the treasure were brought to London in the King's frigate. The Earl of Feversham, in 1687, was also given rights in wrecks

cast away on the north side of the mainland of America, in return for a share of one-eighth of all the treasure raised, and to be brought all home to London.

The Duke of Leinster was also granted by Dutch William, in 1691, salvage rights for twenty years in treasure wrecks found near rocks and shoals between 12° South and 40° North Latitude, off America. The King asked for one-tenth share in all treasure won, and obliged the Duke to swear to keep true accounts of all bullion and commodities raised. The Lord High Treasurer was also to appoint a deputy to overlook the fishers for wreck treasure.

CHAPTER IX

THE LUCK OF THE WARSHIP "FORESIGHT"

King's Ship Sails for Silver Shoals—"All Is Lost!" Wails Colonial Governor—Captain Stanley R.N., and His "Journal"—"Wattering" Ship at Hispaniola—Enter Sir William Phipps—Wreckers Ordered Off Ambrosia Banks—British Admiral Begins Treasure Hunt—The Handkercher Bank—Phipps Bombs a Wreck Unsuccessfully—"We Have a Sickley Shipp"—Warning of Ships Approaching Treasure Wrecks—Divers at Work Off the Handkercher Bank—Stanley Sails for Another Wreck—Pathetic Last Letter of a Dying Man—Death of Sir John Narbrough—Buccaneer's Plot to Kidnap Duchess—Treasure Waits for Modern Salvors.

A MORE romantic and tragic figure in the annals of treasure-seeking than that of the doughty Sir John Narbrough, one of the late 17th century rulers of the British "navy," could not be found by the industry of the most indefatigable archivist.

His part in the drama of the wrecked Spanish galleon of the Silver Shoals of Hispaniola has been completely overshadowed by the spectacular success of the more fortunate, swashbuckling Sir William Phipps. Indeed, it is amazing that historians of the English 17th century have been utterly silent on the most remarkable feat in Narbrough's whole career at sea—that of his quest of the treasure of the sunken galleon of the Silver Shoals which ended in his death in the very prime of his life and career. Fate must have been in the most ironical mood when it condemned this famous admiral to die in an obscure backwater of the world's seas—so obscure that the true tale of the event has eluded even the historical specialists of the modern age!

Strangely, the *Dictionary of National Biography* dismisses in a few lines what was worth a detailed account, and here the present writer has the honour of giving to the English-speaking world for the first time, the full story of the most romantic passage, and one so singularly clouded in obscurity, in the life of Narbrough. The letter, in the MS. saloon of the British Museum, recording in his own hand his dying hours on the King's ship *Foresight*, "at ye wrecke," here given, is, so far as one knows, printed for the first time.

A native of Cockthorpe, Norfolk, and a Commissioner of the Navy under Charles II and James II, he was forty-seven years of age, when, in 1687, the year before his death, he was appointed commander-in-chief of a small squadron to be sent to the West Indies. Captain Phipps had just returned from Hispaniola with the great treasure of the galleons, and the imagination of Englishmen of all classes was set afire by tales of the immense riches of sunken treasure wrecks waiting to be raised from the bottom of the Bahama seas and the rock-strewn bays of lone West Indian isles.

Probably, there was more bullion and plate, and uncounted thousands of pieces of eight of the coinage of Mexico and Peru lying off the shoals and reefs from which Phipps had come. Someone trustworthy ought to be sent out there in a King's ship to salve the drowned riches, so that James II might be sure of his dues from the treasure wrecks, large sums having, said reports reaching the British Treasury Lords in London, been embezzled by impecunious or avaricious Colonial governors. It is a mystery why a man so highly placed as Sir John Narbrough was sent out on such a quest, but sent he was.

The omniscient news letter writers of the day said he had done very well out of his share in the venture of Phipps and Albemarle—dividends "of 5,000%" had been paid to him and others on their capital invested in the quest. So, on September 3, 1687, Sir John Narbrough sailed from the Downs, in his flagship the *Foresight*, on the double duty of convoying merchant vessels, and to recover treasure from a wreck off the north-eastern end of Hispaniola, where Phipps had been.

We hear of Sir John, in a letter dated 27 November 1687, from the Duke of Albemarle who is writing from Barbados home to Lord Dartmouth in England. Albemarle was hustling Narbrough to the scene of the wreck.

I found Sir John Narbrough in the roads with his ships, whom I desired to haste away towards the wreck, whither also many are gone from this island and Bermudas. Several ships at work upon the wreck, and have taken up great quantities (of treasure) many skirmishes amongst them, some killed and some drowned.

Sir John anchored the *Foresight* near the wreck, on December 15, 1687. Letters from British Colonial governors in the West Indies tell us what happened when the ship arrived. Their tone is distinctly, if not quite legitimately, an aggrieved one.

Sir Nathaniel Johnson, writing home from Nevis, on February 20, 1688, says:

Some Antigua adventurers have landed treasure in the night taken from the wreck. Since then, two other ships have gone from these islands to the wreck, which were sent out at great expense, but arrived only 30 days before Sir John Narborough, and were only just beginning to fish, when they

were forbidden to come near the wreck. They have done nothing but lose money, but I have taken security from them as ordered.

"All is lost," wails Lieutenant-Governor Stede, of Barbados, on 21 March 1688. Stede had seized a ship of Bermuda, and a ship called the *Raven*, bringing plate and money from the wreck. Two vessels had arrived from the wreck with 500-600 pounds of plate aboard. The crew swore they took eight hundredweight of silver; so, clearly, over two hundredweight of silver had "gone up the spout." Stede becomes almost lachrymose:

I know not what is become of my little venture in a small sloop sent to the wreck, but I fear all is lost, not having heard a word of it since Sir John ordered it away from the wreck.

Captain Spragge R.N., of His Britannic Majesty's ship *Drake*, also called at the wreck, and was ordered off by Sir John. Our old friend Horsdesnell, Chief Justice of the Bermudas, tells the Lords of Trade and Plantations in London (28 January 1688):

Some small sloops have arrived from the wreck since my last, but Sir John Narborough was there before them. He encloses an account of the bul- lion from the wreck as reaching the amount of 11,582 pounds. Received for tenths: 1388 pounds, One to his Majesty: 4403 pounds.

Another, hitherto unprinted, source unearthed by the present writer from the 17th century archives of the British Admiralty, tells, in full, the graphic story of the quest of the valiant Sir John Narbrough. It is the narrative of a man who was a prime actor in the drama of the hunt for the sunken treasure of the Silver Shoals of Hispaniola. The log book of Captain Edward Stanley R.N. is in the handwriting of one of the first men to

start on the quest of the sunken Spanish plate fleet, and throughout the dramatic events ending in the death of Narbrough at sea, Captain Stanley kept the captain's log of the *Foresight*. In those days, captains' naval log books were often full of human interest and dramatic events over which hung the mystery and cruelty of the sea. They had not then become the drier-than-dust chronicles of knots per hour, latitude and longitude, and nautical data, which they became in the era of steam navigation of the 19th century.

It begins: *A Journall of our intended voyadge with God's assistance in his Maties' shipp Foresight, Capt. Lawrence Wright, Comdr. Being bound for Jamaica to carry the Duke of Albamarle to bee Gouvernour. Began the 8th of March, anno 1687, by Captn. Edward Stanley (commission'd to bee first Lieutenant).*

The plans were changed, and the *Foresight*, on 15 July 1687, was given to Narbrough to command, while Wright, in the *Assistance*, took Albemarle out to Jamaica. "Sir John Narbrough (received) a commission to command this ship (*Foresight*) to goe for ye West Indias to look for a wrack (July 7, 1687)."

17 July. This afternoon, came on board Sir John Narbrough and called all ye officers to him and showed us his Commission to command the shipp, and looked upon all ye officers' Indents and upon their Expences books, and wee complaining off one of ye Cables, and ye want, of Junck and Bonnets to our courses, hee took a Memorandum of ym. and went for London.

Lieutenant Hubbard was made second Lieutenant.

The *Foresight* sailed from the Downs on August 31, 1687, firing a salute, and by 2 o'clock in the afternoon

of September 9, she was passing the Lizard on the tip of Cornwall, and had left old England astern. She did not drop anchor again until November 25, in the roads of Carlisle Town, Jamaica.

The Governor sent to tell Sir John that the Duke of Albemarle was in sight,

upon wch. we unmoored . . . in company with ye *James and Mary* and *Princes* and *Henry*, intending to meet ye Duke's Yatch, making ye best of her way for Carlyle road to acquaint ye Gouverneur of ye Duke's intending to Anchor thereabout, so past by His Grace and saluted him and all ye fforts saluted him, as hee past ym. Wee ffollow'd him in a line, and about 11 wee anchor'd in 18 fathoms and rid single.

Albemarle now went ashore, and next day, says Stanley, the streets of the Island were covered with green bays, the forts fired, and all the gentlemen of Jamaica, and a regiment of horse and foot paraded. At six on the morning of November 27, the *Foresight* took in water in her longboat, and in company with the *James and Mary* and the *Princes* and *Henry* sailed, "intending for ye wracke." Off the island of Moneca on December 3, they found a Dutch pink anchored, bound for the wreck. "Shee saluted us with 3 guns, answered with one."

Off the Gulf Samma, on the N.E. coast of Spaniolla (Hispaniola or San Domingo) on 5 December, spoak with Captain Strong, and hee gave his opinion yt was ye best way to harbor, for wee should not fetch ye wrack, upon wch. Sir Jn. ordered him to make sail and we would follow him, and furling our main mast, one of our men, William Motherby, was drowned. At 12 o'clock,

we anchor'd in Samana, in 13 fathoms, oozy sandy ground about a musquett shott off shoare, ye Edward key bearing S.E. $\frac{1}{2}$ E. $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile, Banister key W. $\frac{1}{2}$ S., ye Sugar Loaf Hill ESE. Moored with our best bower and stream anchor. Wee spread a Jack flagg in ye Mison and shrouds and fired a gun, it being a sign formerly by Sir Wm. Phipps for ye Hunters* to know him by. Sent our boat for watter. Ye wind off shoar in ye night.

Here, the crew manned two boats and proceeded to hunt manatea, two of which they killed with a striker. One boat went ashore to get wood and water, and "at 10 at night saw two sloops off ye eastward key, but upon sight of us, they clapp'd upon a wind and sent their canoo in with 4 men which gave us an account they belonged to Jamaica, and came from ye wrack to wood and watter, and yt. they left 25 sail at ye wrack."

The sloops came in next day, but at once put out to sea again on seeing the *Foresight* at anchor in the haven. Sir William Phipps, the redoubtable wreck-fisher, arrived at the wreck from England on 7 December 1687. This is a fact of which historians are ignorant. Phipps sent provisions aboard the *Foresight*. Two Jamaica sloops now ran ashore owing to the carelessness of their skippers, and the *Foresight* took off twenty-two divers, agreeing with the sloopmasters to pay them one-twentieth of what treasure might be raised from the wreck by these fishers. Daily, now, more and more sloops were sighted going to or coming from the wreck.

Phipps then piloted the *Foresight* and her consorts through a safe channel off Cape "Cabaron" (Tiburón), and his ship kept ahead all night while "wee kept ye lead going every glass, but could not get ground."

* Buccaneers.

At 9 A.M. they struck the bank, steering between NW. and NW. by N., and rode in thirteen fathoms of water over fine white sand. Looking down from the deck, they could clearly see the bed of the ocean. Ships at anchor by the wreck were sighted an hour later, and seeing the *Foresight* and her consorts,

severall of ye sloops gott to sail and turned to and fro. About 12 o'clock, seeing severall boates at worke on ye wracke, I went by Sir John's order to order them off, and to take possession of it. I carryd 4 divers with me. About 2 o'clock, I gott to ye wrack, and found a small shallup at work with a Tubb, and about 20 boats and canoos full of divers. Searcht most of ym. but found little money on board them. I putt them all of, and tryed our owne Divers, but could nott gett any money.

In ye evening, gott aboard. About 2, ye shipp anchor'd in 13 fathoms. A fine white sand, ye wrack bearing N. by E. distant about 3 mile. Ye E.wdmost part of ye Reeve boar E.S.E. and ye Wstwdmost part (?). The wrack bears from Cape Cabaron N. $\frac{3}{4}$ W, dist. 28 leagues. Lies in ye Latt. of *d-m*.^{*} Heer was at anchor 8 shipps, 24 Briganteens, Sloops and Shalups, all belonging to His Mats. Plantations. They all saluted us and we answered them with nine guns. Faire weather, ye wind at E. by N. and E. by S.

December 16. At ye wrack. About 5 this morning, being fine, cleare weather, ye wind at E.N.E., I went to ye wracke wth some divers. Sir Wm's Boats likewis. Wee took up 5 pieces of plank and 4 peeces of eight. Most of ye divers did bleed at

^{*} CIPHER, as in MS. of Log Book.

ye nose, wch. is usuall at ye first working. At 4, return'd aboard.

Rising winds and rough seas on the reef stopped salvage for the next two days, but the weather turned close and fine on 20 December, and the boats took up four tons of ballast from the wreck. Then for five days, dark, gloomy weather and great winds and seas—those old hinderers of treasure-wreck seekers—prevailed, and Christmas Eve and Christmas Day were ushered in with a roaring hurricane and a threnody of waters. Three mark buoys were washed away from the site of the drowned galleons, but on December 27, the weather let up so far as to allow the taking of three tons of ballast and a "granado" shell, cased with lead from the wreck. "Endeavour'd to work ye Drudg (dredge) but could not, for plank and timber." Bad weather and frequent salutes of guns are now chronicled in the log.

The salvors had better luck on December 30, when the weather turned fine and clear, "ye wind at E. Our boates went to ye wracke, and took up about 500 Dollars and 3 gold buttons. Next day, they took up four tons of ballast and some "peesces of 8/8."

A week later "at ye wrack, 6 January 1688, our boates return'd, haueing taken up 8 silver plate pieces, 50 peeces of 8/8, and 20 Iron shott, some of ym. cased with lead." Next day, they took in ten butts of bread from on board the *Good Luck*, and sent twelve punch-eons aboard the *James and Mary*, "shee being to goe to bring watter. In ye evening, our boates return'd from ye Wrack having but little money." Little more was found by the salvors, and there arrived a barque from New England with nine divers, and a small sloop from Barbados, while four sail were seen in the offing to the west.

The next finds were two guns. "Our boate slung one and broake a 5 inch Hawser. Ye *Good Luck's* boate likewise slung him, and ye slings gave way." The *Good Luck's* longboat works a "Tubb" on 17 January 1688, and all the salvors together fished up 700 dollars. Evidently, the divers had reported a great accumulation of rock lying over the wreck, for Sir William Phipps's longboat could make no headway with a tub, so the *Fore-sight* sent her own longboat with a "Sparr of 40 feet long, with a Crow at ye end of itt, to break ye Rockes down wch. wee supposed to lay upon ye money."

A sloop arrived, on January 29, bound out to look for a galleon lost at Crooked Island, in the Bahamas, "some 20 yeares agoe." She was followed by a London ship freighted with an express from the wreck Patentees, warning Sir John that another Richmond was even then on the way to the wreck—to wit, my Lord Morden with four Dutch men o' war.

Our boates workt at ye wracke, 9 February, and took up a gold enameld case with a lump of amber-grees in it, about ye bigness of a Pidgon's egg.

Another week went by, and then the *Port Royal* of London, commander Captain Edward, arrived with provisions for Sir William Phipps. On the way out from England, said Captain Edward, he had passed my Lord Morden with three men of war, a fireship and a galliot hoy, bound for the wreck. "We might expect him every-day . . . this morning was drowned at ye wrack a negro man. There went a great sea at ye wracke."

The finds on February 17 included 800 pieces of eight and several pieces of timber and plank. A strange ship is seen at anchor on 19 February, and two Jamaican sloops, arriving at 11 A.M., say it is the squadron of Lord Morden. Three days later, at 11 A.M. my Lord

Morden in a 36-gun ship the *Holland* saluted the *Foresight* with nine guns, and was answered with nine guns. The *Holland* appeared quite friendly, but it is possible that her visit had a political significance, rather than a flavour of treasure-fishing rivalry, since William of Orange might be invited by the Whigs to ascend the throne of England, on the likely expulsion of James the second Stuart, and it was desirable to sound the inclinations of such a doughty and influential member of the British governing class as Sir John Narbrough.

"Two days later," says Stanley, "I went in ye Pinnas to show my Lord Morden's lieutenant ye wrack, but there went a great sea on ye wrack, so yt. we could not see anything of her." It seems clear, that if participation in the salvaging of the treasure had been Morden's intention, he thought lightly of his chances; for, on March 1, he sailed for Sammaford, and, on 16 March 1688, his escort of two Dutch men of war left the West Indies for Holland.

Two more sloops, one the *Mary*, commanded by Captain Weatherley, and the other a Bermudan sloop, left the Ambrosia shoals, on March 20 and 25, to try their luck in searching for the Spanish treasure wreck off Crooked Island, in the Bahamas group. Nothing is known of the luck of the Crooked Island quest, but, here, it seems is a chance of fortune to which modern treasure-hunters with their better and scientific equipment might turn their attention.

"Our boates took up about 100 dollars in ye afternoon (of March 20, 1688) at ye wrack," says Stanley, "and (on 22 March and 3 April) severall dishes-plates, broaken peeces of plate silver." A great sea was running on it, the whole time. "Our boates took up severall Dishes and Plates and severall dollars," on 24 March.

"Fair weather . . . at ye wrack (on March 28) . . . ye *Good Luck's* longboat weighed a Coper gun, and caryd it aboard ye *Good Luck*. The weight of it is 28 pounds, and it is a demi-cullverin." Again, "our long boat brought aboard (March 27) a Coper gun, 9 foot long, weight 3,295 pounds. *Ye date on it is 1635*. It is a hole Culverin." "Found a pistoll"—(the second one)—"at wrack," (31 March). "Our pinas went to ye wrack and took up some dishes."

The sails of Captain Fred Frowde, of His Majesty's frigate *Swan*, rose above the horizon. She had come from Bermuda to reinforce Narbrough at the Hispaniola wreck. And, here, one may break off from Stanley's narrative to quote the Admiralty log of Captain Frowde, which document is still preserved at the British Public Record Office, in London. What is of supreme interest to treasure-wreck hunters is the fact that, unlike Stanley, who shrouds the actual position of the wreck in a cipher, Captain Frowde gives the latitude and longitude of the Ambrosia wreck. This log is dated April 7, 1688:

This morning about 9 of ye clocke, writes Captain Frowde, I came to an anchor by Sir Jno. Narbrough in 14 fathoms and a half of water, in sandy, hard, shelly ground . . . and here was ye *foresight*, ye *ffaulcon*, Sir Wm. Phipps in ye *Good Luck*, and ye *exchange*, and about 12 sloopes, and wrecke bore N. by E. $\frac{1}{2}$ N., and about 4 miles off. Sir Jno. and Sir Wm. Phipps between ym. had gott up from ye wrecke about 28 hundred weight, and ye other sloops but very inconsiderable . . . I went with Sir Jno. upon ye wrecke.

Frowde adds that the Ambrosia Shoals consist of two reefs of rocks, and of shoals, about seven leagues broad

from the north to the south reef. The Spanish wreck lay in about the middle of the north reef, which is seven leagues long and $\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide, and was in Latitude X degree Y minutes north, and Z degrees west from Bermuda. One shoal was known as "the Handkercher Bank." *

The Ambrosia Shoals were proving anything save ambrosial for poor Sir John Narbrough and his captains and men. A spell of fine weather came along, and the doughty Sir Williams Phipps redoubled his efforts to get at the elusive plate and pieces of eight fast in the grip of rock and shifting sands. He tried to blow up a coral rock which he judged to be over the drowned galleon's plate room. "The Divers placed ye chest, and Sir Wm. Phipps fired ye fuse, but ye Trunk wch. ye fuse was in being made of canes split before it burnt halfe down, sooe yt. ye Powder in ye chest was damified."

A succession of sloops arrived on the scene and fired salutes. Sir John gave the captain of a Dutch sloop leave to search the wreck with several kinds of instruments "wch. hee had, but hee could not take up anything. . . ." Phipps tried his fire chest again on April 14, but could not fire it. Some consolation for their ill luck fell to the masters of all the vessels working on the wreck for quarter shares—they were invited to dine on the *Foresight*. Then the wind shifted and began to blow alee, so Sir William Phipps moved the *Good Luck* to a new berth, and, on 21 April, Sir John Narbrough and Captain Stanley had another go at the reef,

to look if we could discover ye Galloon's anchors or

* In view of the attentions of treasure syndicate crooks, the author of this book has deemed it advisable to suppress the actual position plotted by Frowde.

guns, and being about a cable and a half length from ye Wrack, I saw a gun and hove ye lead overboard. Wee sent a Diver downe to look upon itt. Hee tould us it was a brass gun. Ye wracke boar from it W. by S. Ye long boat came and waighed itt, and caryed it aboard. It waighed 34 Quarters 22 pounds, and is 8 foot 9 inches in Lenth, and caries 18 pound bullet.

The search was resumed next morning, in a "small gale." I went with Sir Jno. a searching ye reefe, and Sir Wm. went in his pinas and discovered a gun about half a cable's lenth from ye place where we took ye other gun up, and it bore from ye wracke E. And a master of a sloop discovered an anchor about 2 ships lenth to ye E. wd. of ye gun. We waighed ye gun, and caryed itt aboard. It weighs ——— and is ——— foot long.

27 April. Our Long boate broak Severall grapnells and smal anchors indeavoring to way ye Rocks suposd to be grown upon ye Wrack, but could not.

The hand of Fate began to be visible ringing down the curtain on the drama of the Ambrosia reefs.

About 4 this morning (4 May 1688) Richard Benhallock dyed. Hee was Gunner. Sail'd from hence 3 sloops. In ye afternoone dyed John Mutton. We haue a sickley shipp. Our boates workt at ye wrack. We have had a fresh gale at E.S.E., but bad luck at ye wrack. . . . 6 Aprill. Faire weather, small gales. Weighed our small bower to look upon ye Cable and finding him rubed, Lett him goe againe. . . . Dyed John Frenchfield.

A month later, Captain Stanley hears of another

sunken galleon and decides to try to break the luck of the Ambrosia reef.

I went on board ye sloop *Ann*, Sylvanus Weston, Comdr., to looke for a reefe of rocks said by Mr. Swinsted to lye in ye Lattd. of 20 degrees, or thereabouts, and about 16 Leagues to ye Eward of ye reefe, wch. ye wrack we work at lyes. At noon, ye *Foresight* bear of us N. by W. distance 3 Leagues. At 4 wee were off ye Bank, at 5 wee laid ye *Foresight*. At 6 I judgd her to bear N.W. 7 Leagues.

Water ran short on this trip, and the treasure seekers had to quit and sail for Samana to fill their casks. Returning a week later, they had great difficulty in finding the Bank, and kept the lead going in shoal water. The pilot, Captain Swinsted, said the rock lay on the northern edge of the bank, but though they tacked and turned all day they could not find the rocks, but succeeded in losing Captain Swinsted.

The *Ann* returned to Samana for water, and sailed back to the bank—a trip of 2 hours—but finding no rocks and no Captain Swinsted, they bore away next day for the *Foresight*, which they sighted on 21 May, 1688. "I went on board and gaue Sr. John an Accot. of what wee had done," wrote Stanley in his log, "I found Sr. John very ill of a feavour, haueing been taken ill with itt ye 18th inst."

The gallant Sir John was carrying out his orders to the letter. His last remarkable letter, written the day before his death, shows clearly what manner of man he was. Here was no common man who could write a letter as clear and of such a manly simplicity as few admirals in the comfort of the Navy Office at White-

hall could have penned. No one would imagine from its style that it was written by a dying man in the grip of a deadly tropical fever.

It is not of himself he writes, but of the success of the unfortunate quest in the waters of Hispaniola. Apparently, the letter was written to the Duke of Albemarle, who had just taken over the governorship of Jamaica.

On Board his Majtys ship *Foresight*, near the Wreck. May 26. 1688.

May it please Your Grace.

Your Grace's of the 3rd of this Instant, I rec'd by Mr Smith, master of the sloop *Adventure*, of Burmodos, which sloop was the last that sailed hence to Jamaica, and that in the night, whereby I mist the opportunity of writing to your Grace; this comes by Captain John Pointon, Commander of the sloop *Ann* of Jamaica, which may advise your Grace that the 8th inst., Sir Wm. Phipps sailed for New England, and the 10th sent away the *Falcon* to stop at Samana for Water,* and then for England. We finding now but very little Silver on the Wreck, and have used all our endeavours to get up the Rocks grown abaft, but find them to strong for us. We have taken up in all of Silver about Thirty three hundred pounds Troy weight, and four copper guns, and now bad weather coming on, I have given yr. Grace's Commissions to Capt. Silvanus Wilson (Weston?), Comander of the sloop *Ann*, the other to Captain John Kindar,

* Stanley's log records that when the sloop *Ann* returned to Samana, after losing the pilot Captain Swinsted, they found the *Falcon* frigate, wooding and watering, and bound for England. Her captain, Smith, said he had not seen Swinsted.

Comander of the sloop *Charles*, both of Jamaica, and dated them from the 20th March 1687/8, and accordingly they have taken possession of the wreck in the behalf of his Majty, intending this day to sail with the *Princes* for England; the *James and Mary* and *Henry* being gone to Porto Plate for Wood and Water and to follow us, I desire your Grace would be pleased to send up to the wreck some careful Persons to take acct. of the Treasure that shall be taken up, and that all the masters of Jamaica sloops might be bound under a good penalty to carry all Silver and other Treasure they shall take up to Jamaica and expect all their shares at your Grace's hands there. I have likewise sent by Captain Pointon, the Box of Linnings you sent me up by Captain Weatherley desiring it may be disposed of, not else to trouble your Grace with at present, but that I lye very ill of a Feavour, I humbly take leave and remain,

May it Please your Grace,

Your Grace's most Obedience Servt.

John Narbrough.

Lieut. Hubbard presents his Duty to your Grace, and has sent you by Capt. Pointon a Draft of the Shoals of the Wreck.

(From Add. MSS. Brit. Mus. 28053. f. 347.)

The end of the troubles of Sir John was now very near. On the morning of the 24 May, Stanley ordered the *Foresight's* longboat aboard, and "Sr. John gaue Captain Strong and Captain Moris orders to saile for England. Wee are Likewis getting everything ready to saile for England, sent for all ye masters of ye vessels yt. work at ye wreck for a quarter part, to come and cleare." The *James and Mary* and the *Henry* sailed

next day to Porto Plate to water and make the best of their way to England.

Wee cleared all the Vessells upon ye Wrack, and Sr. John haueing two Blank Commissions signed by the Duke of Albemarle to give to whom hee thought fitt to leaue in Possn. of ye Wrack, this morning hee gaue one to John Kendall, comdr. of ye sloop *Charles*, and the other to Silvanus Weston, comdr. of ye sloop *Ann*, boath belonging to Jamaica, and haueing signed all their Certificates, hee ordered mee to saile with his Maj's ship *Foresight* tomorrow morning for Port Plate, to watter, and then for England, hee being then very Ill.

It came on to blow, and the anchor cable broke, Sir John ordered the anchor to be recovered, and Captain Stanley had to send down divers to hook it up by the flukes.

I acquainted Sir John yt. wee had ye Anchor aboard. Hee said hee was glad of itt, but hee was then very ill, and ordered me to saile in ye morning. It was too late!

About 3 (on the morning of May 27, 1688) Sr. John Narbrough dyed. As soon as itt was day, I sent for all ye Chyrurgions of ye sloopes to haue their opinion about preserueing his body for England. They gaue their opinion itt could not bee, for they had not ingredience for that purpos, upon wch. I sent to all the Commanders of ye Sloopes to attend at his buryall wth. their sloops or Canoos, but all ym. thatt had guns attended wth. their sloopes. At 5 aclock I went wth. his corps in ye pinas and rowed towards ye reefe, all ye Sloopes ffolowing me. I ordered ye Master to fire all our uper teer of guns twice upon Striking ye Flagg in

the Pinnaes. I gaue wth. ye advice of Lieut. Hubbard to each Comdr of a Sloop two dollars to by a ring to keep in memory of Sr. John, and to each Chyrugion one Doll. and a halfe.

To the sound of gunfire from the sloops assembled, the *Foresight*, returning a mournful salute, sailed next day for Port Plate, with the *Princes* ahead of the line. They saw the last of the West Indies sink below the horizon at Turk's Island on the 1st June, and they sailed into the Downs, England, on 24 July 1688.

Here came a Deal hoeker aboard of us for ye bowells of Sr. Jno. Narbrough for to carry to Deal Towne, ye wch. was deliuered. Att ye departing thereof 40 gunnes was fired, with 3 volleys of small shott.

Thus died at sea and was buried to the requiem of shotted guns the last of the famous sea rovers upon whose shoulders fell the mantle of the Elizabethan buccaneering spirit, Sir Francis Drake. The wine-bibbing, money-grubbing soul of the born gambler, the Duke of Albemarle wasted no time in composing elegies on the death of valiant and faithful Sir John Narbrough. Albemarle had a keener ear for the sly footsteps of the dun at his back door of the garden wherein we saw him melting his plate when Phipps had come home with the hold of the *James and Mary* loaded with sows of silver. He had no ear for the music of elegiacs and took no stock in even the finest, flawless epigram in the Greek Anthology, weighing dreams as nothing in the balance against the rustiest of sea-stained ducatoons. He writes home from Jamaica to the Lords of Trade and Plantations, in Whitehall:

You will have heard before this of Sir John Narbrough's death. He wrote to me before his death of

his progress at the wreck, and I shall send some sloops there to see if anything is left. I have issued a proclamation forbidding any ship to visit it without my leave. I am likely to be a great loser by the last voyage, and shall be at great expense in maintaining the ships and sloops that will need to be employed there, so I hope that the King will not tie me to the letter of the contract from the time of Sir John's death. (Dated June 6, 1688.)

There was a queer echo of the Hispaniola search some time after the death of Albemarle, in Jamaica. It sounds in the pages of a rare *History of Jamaica*, written by an anonymous person early in the 18th century.

In 1687 (says the writer), Christopher Duke of Albemarle was made Governor of Jamaica. This nobleman was the only son and heir of General Monk who had restored Charles II. Brought to beggary by vice and extravagance, he was reduced to imploring bread from James II, and the King sent him to Jamaica where he died soon after his arrival. He lived long enough to collect a considerable sum of money, for his creditors, gained from his share in the Spanish treasure raised by Sir William Phipps.

On the death of the duke his coadjutors in the diving business, many of whom were buccaneers, complained that they had not received their full share of the prize money, and her Grace the Duchess, who had got possession of the treasure refused to part with a shilling. They formed a scheme to seize her person in the King's House at Spanish Town and carry her off. Luckily, she was warned, and told her fears to the House of Assembly, who thereupon formed a committee of their

ablest members to guard her day and night, until she was safely on board the King's ship bound for England. She arrived home with all her treasure, and we hear she went mad in later years.

Cibber, the well-known comedian of the 18th century, introduced her into a scene of his play, called *The Sick Wife*. She lived on till 1734.

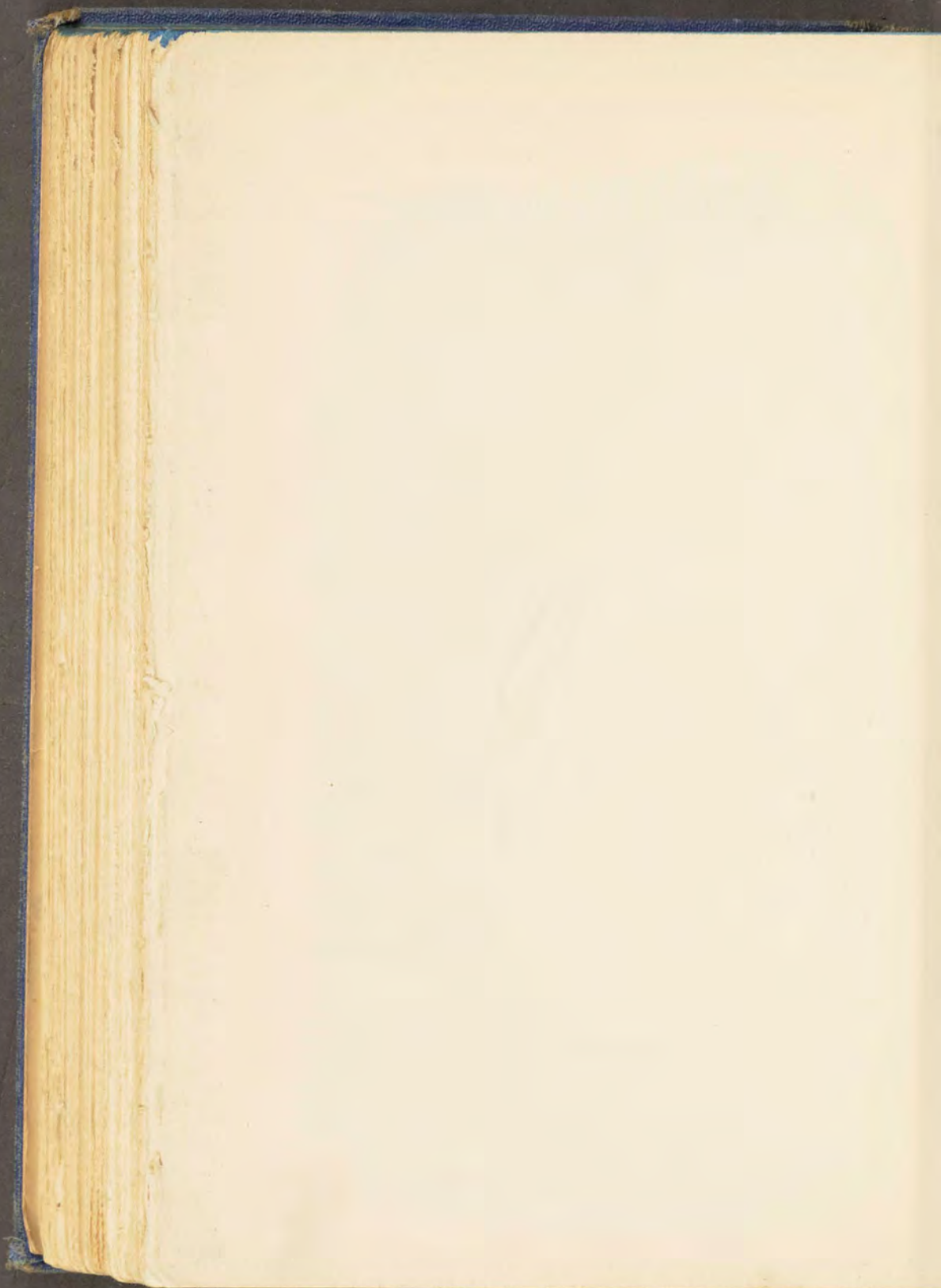
Did Phipps and Narbrough find all the sunken treasure on the Shoals of Hispaniola, or, as it is known to-day, the Island of Haiti? Modern treasure-seekers may take heart of grace when one asserts that they did *not*! There are still doughboys and sows of solid silver plate, gold ingots and thousands of water-stained and sea-sodden rusty pieces of eight and golden moidores waiting to be broken out of Davy Jones's locker in these seas. The modern salvor has what poor Narbrough had not—the resources of the pontoon, compressed air, and all the latest radio devices for locating or fishing up the drowned treasure, not to speak of armoured diving suits for great depths.

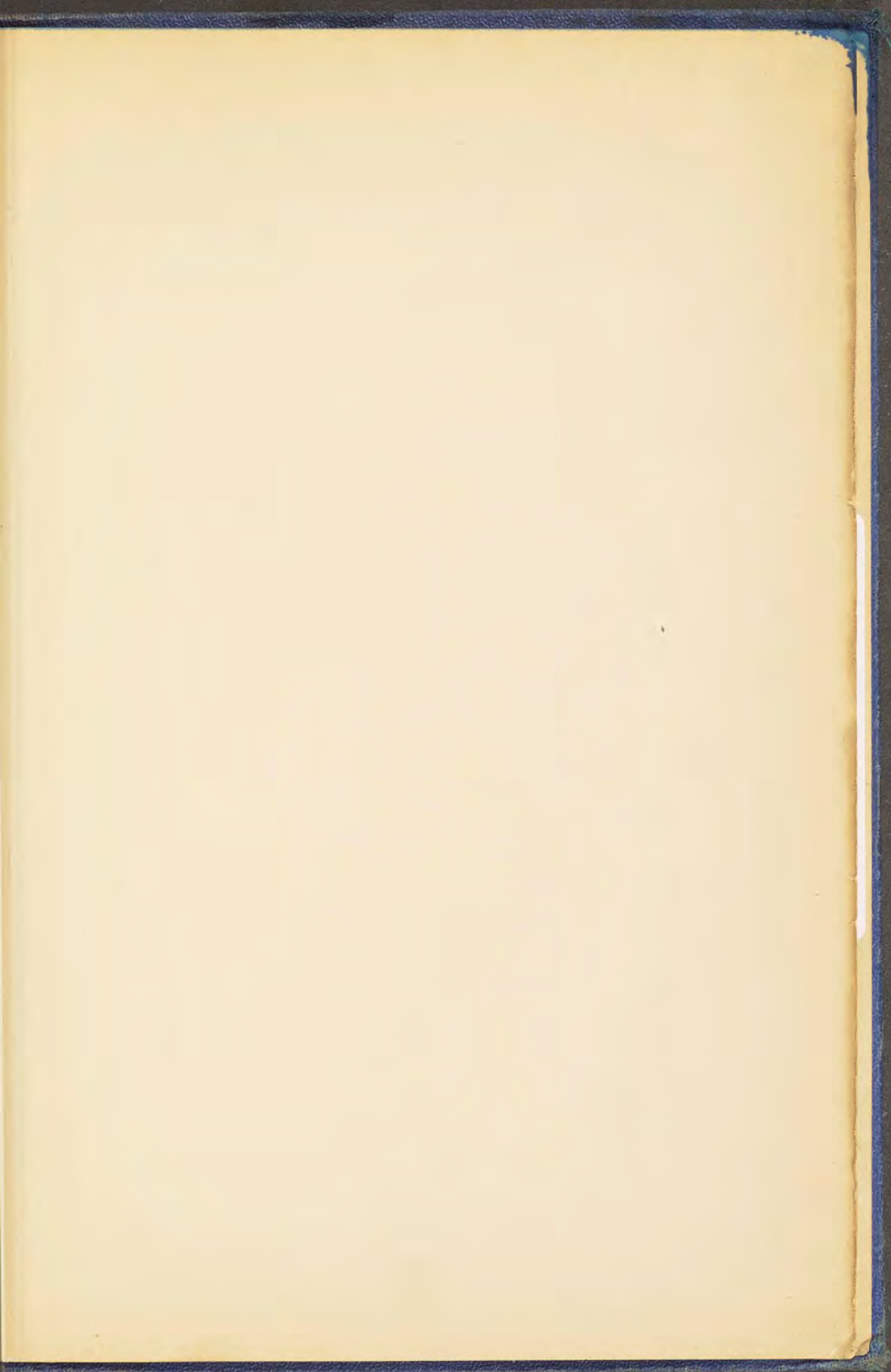
Says Frederick A. Ober, the West Indian authority:

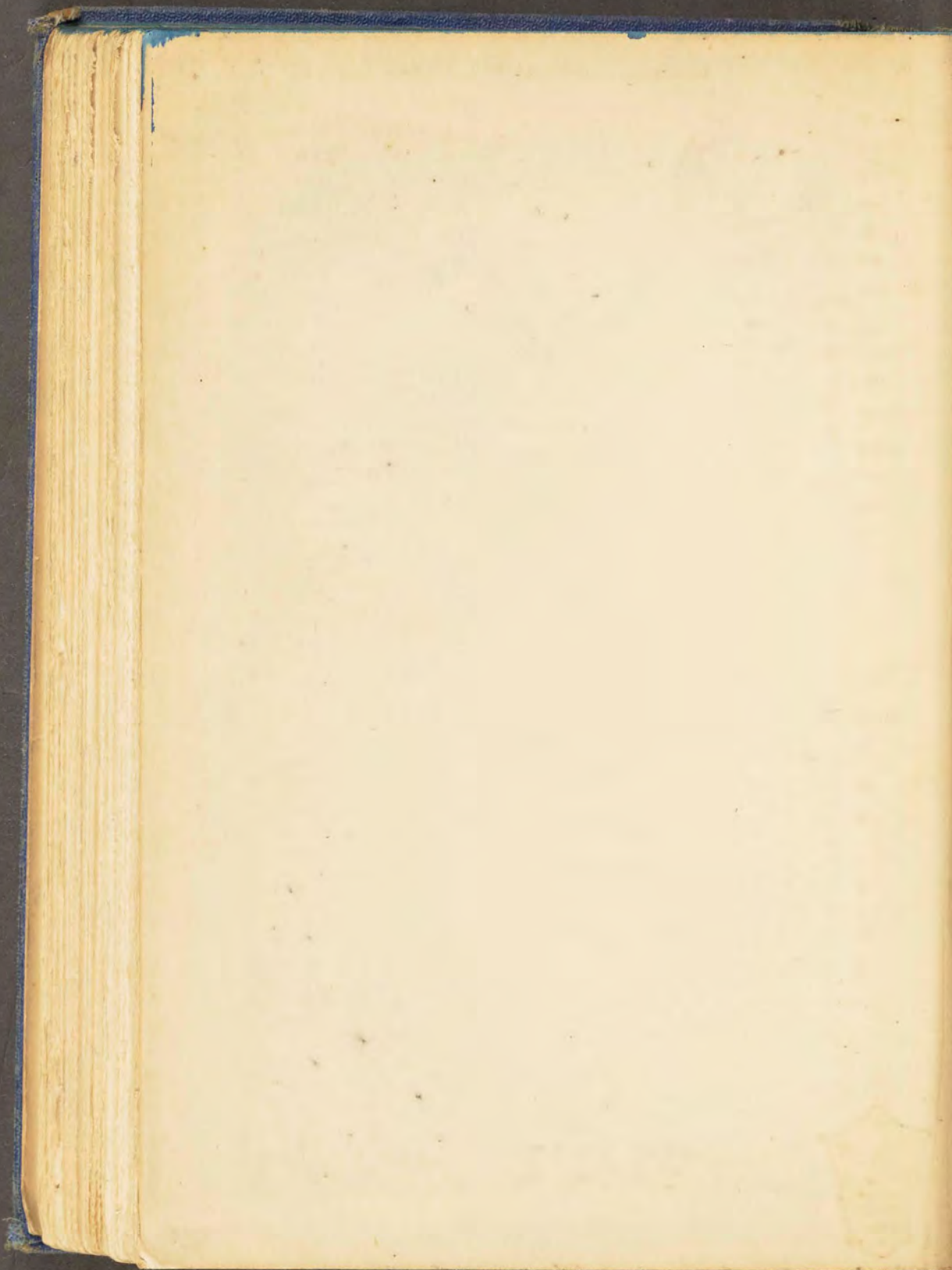
There is no evidence that Phipps found and searched more than a single galleon, and Spanish archives say a whole fleet laden with silver from the mines of Potosi, went down near Puerto Plata, on the north coast of Santo Domingo (or Hispaniola). . . .

In the late 19th century, it is known that a man hailing from Massachusetts found a number of silver bars on the submerged Silver Shoals near to the last resting place of Sir John Narbrough.

THE END









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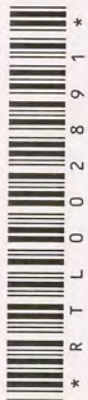
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Hunting hidden treasures



