

The Apotheosis of Captain Kidd

DIFFERENT STORY OF THE FAMOUS PIRATE.

There is no more fascinating theme than the buried treasure. Its foundation lies in the experiences of men from time to time that the more energetic of them began to heap up wealth which they began to conceal from avaricious neighbors who envied them in their prosperity.

The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow is childhood's riddition of a mythical myth. The Arabian Nights tales are indolent of hidden treasure. The Golden Fleece probably is an allegory of treasure trove done with Greek artistry. The folklore of India and China repeats with legends of concealed wealth, colored with the fantastical imagery of Eastern superstition. The gold and jade buried in the tombs of Chinese emperors has long furnished plots for fiction. Incidentally, it is said, for finance of the Chinese republic.

It might go on for hours reciting the legends of semi-authentic and authentic cases of buried treasure for which men have been led to arduous searches sometimes successful but more often unavailing and tragic. In fact, tragedy nearly always follows along in the wake of buried treasure hunters. But the subject to be dealt with particularly here is the story of Capt. William Kidd. Here, there will be presented a new story, backed by very strong evidence of the fate of the treasure. In gold and rare eastern stuffs which were sent from the Indian Ocean.

It is now known that Kidd was made a captain by Lord Bellomont, royal governor of New York and Massachusetts, and certain officials of the British ministry to save themselves in a political crisis, and that the trial which resulted in his death by hanging in May, 1701, was a travesty of justice. It is generally known, however, that one of the documents which is reported would refute the charge of piracy was discovered quite recently in the British public record office, where it had remained in obscurity for more than two hundred years. In the course of his trial Kidd referred to him frequently, begging for time which to produce them. He said to the court:

"I have some papers, but my Lord Bellomont keeps them from me, so that I cannot bring them before the court."

Papers "Whitewashed" Kidd.

The papers were afterward smuggled into the public record office and discovered until two centuries later. The discovery, coupled with a review of the proceedings of the trial as recorded in the records of the state trials, in which the probability of the malignancy, the determination of his judges to convict, all are set aside, prove beyond question that Captain Kidd was not a pirate and would shatter a standard upon a pirate's gentleman. But no amount of explanation can ever remove the stigma which rests upon his name and posterity. If the papers of inquiry which he always appears as a body, swashbuckling buccaneer, and the old Kidd ballad, "As I sail'd," will ever remain part of the literature of piracy.

Captain Kidd's buried treasure has been located by legend and sought in every Atlantic seaboard, from Maine to Maine, and on Oak Island, Nova Scotia. Popular belief centres on Gardner's Island, east of Long Island, and the adjacent Westchester county, New York, but of late years the spot occupied by Greenbough's island in Washington near the capital in Washington has found adherents.

The Washington site argument is based upon the comparatively recently discovered purported narrative of a voyage to America in 1699 by Louis de Pallissot, Duc de Pallissot, its authenticity has not been established. In his services in Louis XIV's campaigns the Duc de Pallissot, he was in his narrative, was given a grant of land in Canada. In March, 1700, he sailed from Brest in the brigantine St. Nazaire, bound for Quebec, and on the 24th of the coast of southernly France, the brigantine was boarded by a small crew overcome, before the vessel was looted, the captives were recalled by a signal gun from their ship and hurriedly set off on small cutters, taking De Pallissot and the other passengers as prisoners on the ship, which proved to be the merchant, William Kidd, master.

"As we climbed over her side," says Pallissot, "we were met by Kidd, a tall, nervous man in red coat and lace, in his finery a sharp contrast to the motley crowd of pirates, composed of upward of a hundred and reckless men of all ages, with a sprinkling of black men, both male and female." He found De Pallissot with marked respect, and he alone of all the passengers of the St. Nazaire to share his cabin.

Private Against His Will.

During an ensuing calm the St. Nazaire was looted and burned. De Pallissot abandoned and irritable, like many deep in perplexity, and as he wrote more than he talked, it was some time before I learned his history and fathomed his trouble. I was amazed and grieved at the strangeness of the man's dilemma. For here was one who had become a pirate against his inclination. To make matters worse, his career had been highly successful, so that the world echoed with his exploits. Kidd turned pirate after he had been forced by Bellomont to conduct a privateering campaign against French commerce. In the meantime Kidd's backers in England and New York, fearing to become involved in his disgrace, had induced the government to issue warrants against him. De Pallissot wrote:

"Now, with a public order for his arrest staring him in the face, he was of two minds—whether to give himself up and endeavor to prove his innocence or to continue his ignoble but profitable venture as a buccaneer. Such advice as I felt at liberty to give was strongly on the side of law and decency, and I believe that it was the weight of my counsel that led him to his final determination to surrender himself to Lord Bellomont and demand an inquiry into his conduct and motives."

Captain Kidd sailed direct for Annapolis, stopping first at Hispaniola, the Spanish half of the island of Santo Domingo. On the way he made a rough inventory, according to De



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Pallissot, who had grown to be quite chummy with him, of the loot acquired since leaving Madagascar. De Pallissot reproduces the inventory, which included damasks and silks of Indian quilts of gold and "shawls," carpets, tapestries and Persian mats, ambergris, civet and aloes, slaves, frankincense and cinnamon, tea, ivory, chamolis, hides, spirits and wines. This he designated as "Lot No. 1," to be left aboard the Quedah Merchant in Hispaniola, Santo Domingo, the value being roughly estimated at \$400,000.

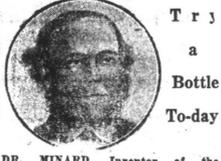
In Lot No. 2 were diamonds, pearls and other jewels, in number more than nine hundred; watches, rings and brooches, carved and embossed ornaments, unset bracelets and buckles, gold ingots and current gold, of a total estimated value of 1 1/2 million dollars. This lot was to be taken to New York in the San Antonio, a sloop he had captured at St. Kitts. The government never succeeded in tracking more than \$75,000 of Kidd's treasure. Bellomont said: "If I may believe the report of men lately come from Madagascar, the Quedah Merchant has taken above 2 million pounds sterling, nearly 10 million dollars."

Buried on Potomac Bank. The transfer as planned was made at Hispaniola, and on May 6, 1699, the San Antonio sailed with a crew of forty men, "picked for their manners to be a show before Bellomont." The Quedah Merchant remained hidden in one of the many bays of the Dry Tortugas. It was afterward looted and burned by the men. Off the coast of the Carolinas a severe storm was encountered, the mainmast was lost and the sloop put into what the pilot believed to be the Delaware River, but which was in fact the Potomac. A new mast was put in and then Kidd decided to bury the loot on the neighboring shore, "having long since considered his determination to turn it over to Lord Bellomont."

"To make a long story short," as De Pallissot narrates, "we moved into the eastern branch of the river and spent the next four days in putting the treasure under ground. Pulling and hauling the chests through the thick brush was exhausting work, and one man died from the heat and the strain." His body was placed in the pit, and the San Antonio departed for New York, Kidd having previously dealt out two hundred pieces of gold to each of the crew. The latitude and longitude of the hiding place was carefully taken and verified by the pilot on every day of their stay and, as recorded by De Pallissot, mark the spot now occupied by the Greenbough statue.

The incident of the interment of the dead sailor received singular verification in 1842. The workmen engaged in excavation for the base of the statue of Washington came upon a human skeleton at a depth of six feet. The conclusion that it was the skeleton of an Indian was readily accepted and no further inquiry made. The seizure of the St. Nazaire, a ship belonging to a nation then at war with Great Britain, was a strictly legal proceeding. Each nation charged the privateers of the others with being pirates. A privateer was a man operating under letters patent from some competent authority, which authorized him to prey upon the commerce of an enemy nation. Captain Kidd was a native of Scotland and the son of a minister. He became a resident of New York City prior to 1689. He was a sailing master out of New York, owned his own vessel, prospered in trade, dabbled in local politics and was recognized by merchants and people of all classes as an eminently respectable citizen. His habits and attire were those of a high class gentleman. His house was luxuriously furnished, the parlor floor being covered with the first Turkish carpet seen in New York. As his wife he chose Sarah Oort, born Bradley, a wealthy and charming widow. They were married May 16, 1691, and two daughters were born to them.

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DR. MINARD, Inventor of the Celebrated MINARD'S LINIMENT.

SHOWING OFF.

My new green car was sick as grease, and yesterday I took nice and neighbors three or five, and as we scorched along the ways I pulled off sundry fancy plays, to show how I could drive. I drove so close to other cars that divers fenders bore the scars of this unseemly strife; I swung round corners on two wheels, and laughed to scorn the tragic antics of jays who dodged for life. But when a man acts like a boob there always is some other rube who'll beat him at his game; a reckless skate ran into me, and now my nose you may see all busted up and lame. My niece is nursing many wounds, and saying words like "Chee!" and "Zounds!" She even mutters, "Pshaw!" The passage of who were my guests are planning for some drastic tests in the abode of law. I sit here in a plaster cast, and now I know full well, at last, that "Safety First" is wise; there is no sense in fancy tricks, endangering the lives of hicks and skates and jakes and guys. There is no sense in running cars so they resemble shooting stars in their erratic course; there is no sense in pulling stunts, while traffic cops, with martial fronts denounce you till they're hoarse. And when I leave my couch of pain and once again get into my car among the surging crowds, I'll be so cautious-men will say, "If everyone would drive that way, there'd be a slump in shrouds!"

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