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FOR

CAPTAIN KYDD'S TREASURE;

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A

STARTLING NARRATIVE,

BY

ONE OF THE PARTY. -



NEW YORK :

J. B. CONKLIN, 54 GREAT JONES STREET.

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A. D. S.

DIGGING FOR MONEY.

BY

ONE OF THE PARTY.

"Put money in thy Purse."—Iago.

CHAPTER I.

On thou immortal bard, did ever man utter suggestion more important? Well did'st thou know, oh! king of poets, that future generations would adhere to thy saying, and "put money in their purse. The king, the beggar, the infidel the christian, all, all alike are struggling to "put money in their purses." Thy memory, oh! master of the quill, will be handed down as it has been, from generation to generation, for thy many utterances of advice, none of which are more universally observed than is this, "Put money in thy purse."

All men are anxious to obtain money. And why should they not? Money is man's God, his assertion to the contrary notwithstanding. Man will leave no means untried to fill his purse honestly, and many will "put money in their purse dishonestly—but of this no matter. I believe that men are as honest as they can be under the circumstances, and their organizations; therefore I will at once to my story.

During the summer of 1855, at the request of a friend, I visited a spirit-medium for the purpose of witnessing some of the wonderful manifestations which he told me he had seen, and which he said he firmly believed were made by departed spirits.

Accordingly one evening in the month of August, my friend and I started and soon reached the medium's domicile on Canal street. We found several intelligent men, and some pretty women, seated around the table with the medium, who, as soon as he saw my friend, nodded knowingly, and invited us to take seats at the table, which we immediately did, my friend sitting beside the medium, and I between

two fair damsels. Soon it came my turn to ask questions of the spirits, and I took a pencil and wrote:—"Are there any spirits who will communicate with me?" Rap, rap, rap, which being interpreted meant yes.

I then wrote, "who are you?" The medium seized a pencil and wrote with the rapidity of lightning.

"I am captain Robert Kydd:" and he shoved the paper over to me.

"Captain Kydd!" I exclaimed, "well captain, what have you to say? come let me learn, I am all attention!"

The medium then wrote, "You are an honest man."

"Thank you, captain, that's more than most mortals are: but, captain, how do you know that; are you acquainted with me?"

The medium then wrote, "Yes, I have been seeking four honest men, and you now make up the number, and if you will consent to do as I shall direct, I will put you in a way to obtain a large amount of treasure; but, I must see you alone with the medium, I can say no more to night. Remember I want to see you in private with this medium."

Just at this moment I cast my eyes around the room and saw hanging on the wall the following notice:—

TERMS.—For 15 minutes, 50 cts.; for half an hour, \$1.00; 1 hour, \$2.00.

"Oh! oh!" I mentally said, "here's the key, see me alone with the medium, eh! well, we will consider about that."

I then replied aloud, "Well captain, I'll consider—my engagements are very pressing just

now—but I will try and have a private interview with you to-morrow or next day; and here the medium's large, blue eyes fairly glistened, no doubt at the prospect of getting two or perhaps four dollars from me—but of that anon, he like all men, wanted to "put money in his purse."

Nothing of interest took place during the balance of the evening, other than one of the fair damsels seated beside me, and who, should she ever read this, will please pardon me for looking at her questions as she wrote them, but the truth was she had prettier hands than face, and besides, her fingers were decorated with massive diamonds, (at least they appeared to be such,) and I could not avoid reading, as she wrote:—

"Does Charley love me? Will he marry me? How soon? &c., &c. All of which she told the company were satisfactorily answered."

About 10 o'clock the circle was pronounced closed by the medium, and my friend and I, bidding Charley's delighted intended and the rest good night departed for our homes.

"Now, what do you think of Spiritualism?"

"That it is all a Humbug," I replied.

"A what!" he said in surprise.

"A Humbug—Humbug, the word is plain enough, is it not?"

"But how do you account for the tipping, of the table, the writing, the rapping, and above all, the correct answers which were given to the questions?"

"Oh easily enough; the medium did it all."

By this time we had reached the corner of Broadway and Canal sts., and my friend and I separated, each going to our respective home. He, no doubt thinking that I was unjust in my scepticism while I pitied him, for I knew him to be a good, honest, truthful man, though too apt to be over credulous.

I thought no more of spiritualism nor of captain Kydd for several days. My first visit to a medium had fully established the conviction in my mind, that it was all a delusion and that the mediums were all impostors.

One morning, about ten days after my visit to the medium, as I was on my way to my place of business, I met captain Smith, a well known business man, one who had passed twenty-five years of his life at sea; as soon as he saw me he grasped my hand and said: "Mr. H— I am delighted to see you, I was on my way up to your Residence—come I have a project, in view, which if successful will be a fortune to

you and I, come me want you to go with me at once and see the medium, I have been directed by—but no matter who at present, to bring you to him, come—and he fairly pulled me along.

"Why captain Smith, what's the matter?—where do you want me to go with you? This is my business hour, and I must hasten to my store—I can't go anywhere with you this morning unless it be to my place of business."

"But you must, H.—you must, I tell you I have received directions from—from—but I can not tell you yet, come, do come I will explain all to you when we get there."

"Get where?" I asked

"At the mediums', the spirit-mediums'."

"Nonsense captain, I shall do no such thing do you mean the medium or *professed* medium on Canal street?"

"Yes, the same, come, come you shall not be detained more than half an hour, but you must so don't say no."

Seeing the excited state the captain was laboring under and not wishing to expose him or myself longer to the already occasional suspicious glances of the passers by, I concluded to go with him and see what would take place—and off we started down Canal street, and soon reached the medium's—the same that I had previously visited.

We found him disengaged, and captain S. informed him that we should like to engage the present hour to hold conversation with the spirits, if agreeable, this he readily consented to and in a few moments we were seated at the table: when the medium observed: "you are a medium! and at the same moment he took a pencil and wrote: "Yes and to prove it I will now entrance him, and make him speak."

Robert Kydd.

"Entrance who?" I asked.

"You, sir, the spirit refers to, I presume" replied the medium.

"Entrance me!" I exclaimed, Pshaw!"

"Well let us sit quietly a few moments, said: captain Smith, and see what will be done."

This I reluctantly consented to, and during the next five or ten-minutes, not a word was spoken by either of us.

Presently, I began to feel a drowsy sensation, and my entire system seemed to be paralyzed, I tried to shake off the feeling, but found to my utter astonishment that I had no power to

“speak or move. I remembered hearing the medium say, ‘captain he is passing into a trance—should he speak can you write fast enough to record what he may say?’ I remembered no more, the next half-hour must ever remain a blank in my life’s-book, and yet if I am to credit the word of my friend, during the half hour that I was unconscious I was busily engaged revealing the locality of some of captain Kydd’s reputed hidden treasures—but as I have the communication which I uttered, or was said to uttered, and which I firmly believe, I did deliver while under that singular and as I now believe spiritual influence, I will give it *verbatim* as it will be necessary, that the reader may understand the cause of my doing what I afterwards did.

“Friends I thank you for this opportunity—for this privilege—God only knows how long I have desired to reveal what I shall to you.

History has handed down to you many of my dark deeds, alas too many, and my name is blasted with crime, and used to frighten children to obedience—my hands are red with the hearts-blood of my fellow creatures—all this is true, (and here the medium wept like a penitent sinner) true—true—oh the horrors of the blood-stained—damned. But, I have been told that there is yet hope, and the way has been pointed out to me, by those who live in a higher sphere, one of whom is my mother: I am informed that to progress out of this dismal state, it is necessary that I should reveal to honest, men on earth, the place where lies buried some of the illgotten treasures; which I obtained through gores of human blood, while living in my earthly form, and that they must apply it to the relief of suffering humanity; I saw your friend (meaning the medium through whom he was speaking) here a few evenings ago and reading his mind I discovered that he was an honest man, and would with the other persons that I have selected, act justly, and appropriate the treasure as it must be after it is in the possession of mortals. But one is absent, I would that all were present, as it is I will proceed: First, to the condition which each of you must pledge yourselves to sacredly carry out. It is this:—

As soon as you have secured the treasure you must deposit it in some responsible Bank until such time as you can purchase a suitable piece of ground, on which you are to erect a building—to be called the ‘Poor Man’s Home.’ You are each to have enough out of the principal

reserved to support yourselves and family comfortably during your earthly life and *no more*; the remainder must be reserved for the poor and needy. With this declaration on my part, are you now ready to proceed?”

Here the medium and captain S—h gave their affirmation, and the spirit proceeded?

“I am warned that to retain a longer control at present would prove detrimental to this medium’s health, I will therefore withdraw from him, with a request that you will all meet me here on Wednesday evening next, and you will please notify friend B—h to this effect. You *must* all be present then. Now, good bye friends—brothers, good bye. Pity and remember poor unhappy. Captain Kydd.”

When I returned to external consciousness I listened in amazement, to what my friend read to me, and could scarcely credit him when he told me that I had spoken the identical words which he read to me, but on being assured by him that he had written, and read precisely what I had uttered, while unconscious I was compelled to believe him, for notwithstanding his credulity, I knew him to be a man of unquestionable veracity.

Nothing more could be received from the spirit of Kydd or any other, and after repeated attempts to get further communications, we concluded to leave, and captain S—h handed the medium two dollars as payment for the time occupied, but no sooner did he reach out his hand to take it, than it was instantly, and violently agitated and he took a pencil and wrote:—

“No he must not take any money from you for any services rendered: each must labor freely and gratuitously in this affair.”

I confess, that this had much to do towards strengthening the conviction that the man was honest in his mediumship—more so than anything that could have been done at that time. For where can you find a dishonest man who would refuse, after professionally earning, to “Put money in his purse,” and I cannot pass over this part of my narrative without suggesting to many, particularly to those who would make us believe that they have a mortgage on the public’s spiritual welfare, and who are too apt to preach, and denounce all mediums as knaves and impostors, to endeavor to pattern after this one act of his, and not strive at all hazards, and on all occasions to accumulate the filthy, yet necessary lucre—but I will back to my story. After the medium had written the

above he said: Well gentlemen, from this I am to understand that we are to meet again on Wednesday night; do you feel disposed to comply? If so, captain S——h will you see friend B——h and inform him? At what hour shall we meet?"

"At any hour that may be convenient" replied captain S——h "nine or ten o'clock."

This I consented to and Captain S——h and I departed.

On reaching my store the first person I met was friend B——h, who taking me by the hand said:—"Good morning H——, so you have been holding more conversation with the spirits, I learn? "Conversation with the spirits, how do you know that?" I asked, some what surprised that he knew that I had been to the medium.

"How do I know it? why bless your soul I have the best authority, the spirits."

"The spirits," I asked "why; have you been in communication with them?"

"Yes I have, do you not know that I am a medium, and have been for some time; but let us go into your back office a few moments, I wish to say a few words to you in private."

CHAPTER 11.

"It is now some six or seven months," commenced friend B——h after we had seated ourselves in my private office "since I first discovered that I was a medium, I was told so by the spirit of my sister, at the medium's, the one you visited this morning, "How do you know that I have been there?" I asked.

"Don't interrupt me H., it is enough for you to know at present, that I *do know* you have been communicating with the spirits—with Captain Kydd, and more—that you have been entranced. You need not deny it, for it is useless, I know all about it, but, as I was saying, my sister said I was a writing medium, and that she would that night, meet me in my room, and influence me to write; well, to make a long story short, I did that night set alone in my bedroom, and in a few moments I felt a curious nervous-twitching in my right arm and presently it began to move and my hand wrote:—"My Dear Brother—I am here with you, I love you; there is no death; I am happy; Mary." You may imagine my delight after reading the lines I had written, and I continued to sit with a heart overflowing with love and gratitude, but I could write no more that night. The next evening I sat again, and my sister wrote more,

and from that time to this I have been in daily communication with the spirit-world.

This morning, while at breakfast, I felt a strong influence upon me, indicating that my sister wanted to say something to me, and as soon as I could conveniently leave the table, I did so, and went up to my room and seated myself, with pencil and paper all ready. After sitting a few moments, my hand began to move and wrote independent of my own mind, this communication which I will now read to you:

"My Dear Brother—my mission to you this morning is of a humane character, and urgent, had it not been, I should not have disturbed you while at your meal; I was fearful that you would be surrounded by repelling influences, after you mixed with the business world, and I should then have no opportunity to tell you what I want to. Your friend H. and Captain Smith will visit a Medium this morning, and it is designed that the spirit of Kydd shall entrance him and make him speak. This will be done in order to convince him that spirits do communicate with mortals; but he is very much embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances, and has a note to pay to day and has not the money to pay it—now brother, you have the means, and I want you to go to his place of business and loan him enough (two hundred dollars) and tell him to be of good cheer. It is necessary that his mind should be kept free from worldly trouble as much as possible, as he will be the principal medium through whom directions will be given to procure Kydd's treasure. Do as I request, brother, and you will increase the happiness of many, among whom is your sister Mary."

"Well, this is very considerate on the part of your sister Mary," I replied, "she is right, I have a note to pay this day, and it is true, I am short of funds, and it has caused me some anxiety of mind."

"Well, say no more," said B——h, "here's the amount, take it, and pay me when it may be convenient."

"Thank you B——h or perhaps I should say your spirit-sister?"

"Either, or both," he replied "Now what do you think of spiritualism?"

"That it is all very strange," I answered "and a subject worthy the investigation of every person. I then told him all that had transpired at the medium's that morning, and after some farther conversation he left, and I went to the

Bank, took up my note, and felt quite happy the balance of the day.

That evening at tea I mentioned the subject to my wife for the first time, and told her that I was almost persuaded to believe in the truth of Spiritualism, and asked her whether she would like to see some of the manifestations:

"Oh! dear no!" she exclaimed, "I would not visit a medium for the world, and I hope you will not again,—it is all the Devil's doings. Brother Davis our minister, told me so last evening." "My minister, not our minister, you know Mary that I do not belong to the church!"

"I know you do not, but soon will, I know you will, the Lord will yet answer my prayers and make you see the error of your ways and unite with the Church."

"Perhaps I shall, Mary, and when I do, I will be as zealous in advocating the peculiar doctrines of John Calvin, as I have been hitherto in denouncing them, but, Mary, listen to me, we have now been married twelve years, and during that time we have lived happily together I have allowed you to think and believe as you pleased about religious matters, while I have looked upon death as the end of man's existence, and religion as a farce. I have been honest in my belief, as I believe you have. This morning I witnessed that which has changed my opinions. I now believe that I have an immortal soul—in fact, Mary, I am a Spiritualist, and this is not all, I am a medium!"

"Dear me, William," replied my wife, "I hope you are not so silly as to believe that spirits communicate with us, or if they do, that they are good spirits. What will the world say—you will ruin yourself and family and I fear lose your soul."

"Mary, I left home this morning a confirmed Atheist—I now believe that there is a God and a life beyond the Grave. What can the world say to such a belief? I am a SPIRITUALIST!"

"Oh dear! Oh dear! my poor, poor deluded husband, you will bring disgrace and ruin upon yourself and family;" and here she wept as if her very heart would break. While she was giving vent to her tears the front door bell rang, and I went to see who was there, on opening the door I found it to be Mary's minister. I invited him into the parlor: and then informed Mary that her clergyman was in the next room and I presumed he had called to see her.

"Brother Davis here!" she exclaimed, "Oh Lord, I thank you—he has been sent here to

talk with you—come, William, you will go in with me and listen to his Heavenly wisdom, will you not?"

"Certainly, Mary, I will, if it will do you any good," and I went with her.

"Good evening, brother Davis," said my wife, and I at the same time extended to him my hand, and the conversation commenced.

"I called," said the minister, "to solicit aid from you, to relieve the absolute needs of a poor widow, a member of our church who is suffering from sickness, and who is on the eve of being turned out of doors by her landlord because she has not the means to pay her rent, I have received nearly the amount from Brothers Jones, Clark and Williams, and being in your neighborhood, I thought, perhaps you would contribute a little towards assisting to make up the amount."

Certainly, Mr. Davis, certainly I will render what aid I can," and I handed him as much as I could well afford, remarking: "Though not a member of your church, still I feel called upon to help the poor and needy whenever I can." This matter being settled, I then said: "Mr. Davis, my wife informs me that you know something about Spiritualism—that you have satisfied yourself that it is demoniac—Is this so?"

"I have not personally investigated the subject," he replied, "but I am informed by some of my clerical brethren who have, that the phenomena really exist, and that it is spiritual but evil in its source; and I feel it my duty as a servant of the Lord to warn all to have nothing to do with it. I intend to preach upon it next Sabbath, and trust that you will accompany your wife to church, and then hear what I may say."

"Do I understand you to say," I asked "that you have never investigated the subject yourself, but have formed your opinion from what your clerical brethren have told you?"

"You do," he replied; "I know nothing about it, from personal experience, yet, I am satisfied, that spiritual manifestations really occur, but they are produced by evil spirits."

I then said, "How would you like me to judge your actions by the same rule?"

"What do you mean by the question: have I done ought to call forth your criticism?"

"Not exactly" I replied, "but on my way home this evening I overheard a conversation between two persons, who in a rather subdued

voice, were evidently desirous of being very secret, in their conversation, but, hearing your name mentioned my curiosity was excited and I was guilty of that mean act of listening, and feel now that it is my duty to be still more so by repeating it—believing that the intention is right and the motive good. One of the persons—I don't like to mention names, was remarking as I came up:—"Have you seen Brother Davis, our minister to day?" "No" answered the other—"why do you ask?"

"I called upon your friend the philanthropist, as he is called, and in the course of our conversation, he asked whether I knew a certain Landlord; I answered I did—that I had only a few moments previously seen and conversed with him. We were talking about the hard-times, and of the condition of the poor. He said that it was difficult to collect his rents—that his sympathy was often called out—that he had once been placed in straightened circumstances himself, but now he had enough—that when his tenants, were honest and willing to pay, but not able, he did not distress them—this very day, said he "I gave Mrs Collins a receipt in full. Your philanthropic friend expressed surprise, and went with me immediately and asked if the woman was in distress, she answered, *no*, she was very comfortable, the Lord had always provided for her, and she was willing to trust him.

"Well," says the gentleman who began the first conversation, "It is strange, for I know the minister is now out collecting money for this very widow, for the purpose of paying her rent—he must have been deceived—or else intends to pocket the money." I then left your friends my dear sir, and now by the rule that you are judging spiritualism, I am bound to suppose you are, at least, guilty of false pretenses.

"Oh! husband, now that is going too far, to call brother Davis, a minister of God, a swindler," said my wife.

"I do not, Mary, I am only applying Mr. Davis' rule to himself—I have no doubt, but that his humanitarian effort in this instance, has been actuated by pure and God-like motives. He probably had been informed that this widow was in distressed circumstances."

"I was informed by sister Hardenbrook," said the minister, "that sister Collins was in a destitute condition, and would be turned out of doors to-morrow if her rent was not forthcoming. This information sister H., gave me last Sabbath, and with a view to relieve her, I

started this morning to raise a subscription for that purpose."

"You only heard it," I remarked: "and that last Sabbath—just as you learned that Spiritualism was demoniac. If you had, as it was your duty to have done in both instances, made the examination yourself, you would undoubtedly have found that your information was false. There is nothing, my dear sir, that displays a man's ignorance so much as an explanation of that which he confesses to know nothing about. No, sir, your clerical brethren, and the entire Priesthood may denounce Spiritualism as demoniac, it would not cause me to believe it, until I had personally, and from experience found the teachings of the spirits to be demoralizing and evil in their tendency."

"I grant the power of your remarks," replied he, "but you know as well as I do, the weakness of the human mind, and what power the evil one has over a large portion of mankind—how plausible all this species of logic is, to the uncultivated experience. This subject, my young friend, has already been looked into by the learned men of the day, and by many of my clerical brethren, who unite generally in concluding (and wisely to,) that it is a dangerous thing, calculated to subvert all our present ideas concerning the future destiny of man, and his hope of salvation. No, my friend, the whole thing is a preposterous evil, and should be avoided. Take the advice of one of more matured years—of one who has given the religion of our blessed Lord a quarter of a century's trial, and who has never for one moment during that time felt that there was any need of other light, than he has found in God's Holy Word: *The Sacred Scriptures*."

Perceiving that it would be useless to argue further with him, and as he manifested a desire to depart, I said no more upon the subject, and in a few moments after he left.

"Mary," said I after the minister had gone, "I did not tell you all that occurred this morning while I was at the medium's; would you like to hear it?"

"Oh no, I don't want to hear anything more about spiritualism, and I do hope that you will take the advice of good brother Davis, and go no more among the spiritualists."

"Well, Mary to please you I will not mention the subject again in your presence, unless you desire it, but, I assure you that I shall not desist from investigating it farther, at every opportunity that offers, irrespectively of the ad-

vice of your clergyman." I then commenced reading a book, and she took a news-paper the peculiar organ of the Baptist church, (the Examiner I believe) and I was soon absorbed in the midst of 'Cooper's Pioneers.'

After a while Mary said, "Here is something in the paper about spiritualism, shall I read it to you?" "Yes, do," I replied glad to hear her mention the subject. She then commenced and read:—"More Spiritual Humbuggery." We copy the following from one of the spiritual so-called papers, and present it to our readers that they may see its absurdity:—

"REMARKABLE VISION."

"Mr. Editor—As you have solicited facts, from your readers, I have been induced to send to you this remarkable account of a spirit appearing to a man, and revealing to him the way to obtain that which he had long and earnestly prayed for; namely: peace of mind and a hope of Heaven. I do not feel at liberty to give the full name, as he has many descendants still living—and who might object to having the account published in a Spiritual publication. I will therefore only give his initials.

Mr. C— was an earnest man, and was much perplexed about the future state of existence—he could not find that evidence which would satisfy him, from any of the religious doctrines of that day, and he made it a practice to pray every day to the Lord, that he might have revealed to him, directly, some evidence that would remove his doubts, and enable him to have that lively hope of his immortality, which he so earnestly desired. Mr. C— was not only a man of prayer, but deeds, for I am informed that he gave much and often to the poor,

One day about nine o'clock, while Mr. C— was alone in earnest devotion, there suddenly appeared before him a Spirit. He ceased praying and looked tremblingly at it, and said:—

"What is it?"

The Spirit replied:—"Brother C—, thy many good deeds, and earnest prayers have been heard and witnessed by thy Heavenly Father, and I am sent, to put thee in the way to possess that which thy heart desires."

He then told him to send to a certain place some eighty miles distance, and go to the house of a Mr. Simon, who lived near the side of the water, and inquire at that house for a man named Mr. S. Peter, a medium, through whom would be told him, what he must further do. As soon as the Spirit had spoken this it vanished.

Mr. C— immediately called those of his family and hired men, who were near, and told them what he had seen and heard. So strong was the impression that the Spirit had told him the truth, that he decided to send at once to the city named by the Spirit, to learn whether such persons did live there. And accordingly he dispatched three trusty men that very day.

They arrived at the city, during the next day and on inquiry, learned that there was such a man living there, and also that there was a man stopping with Mr. Simon, who pretended to hold communication with the Spirit-world, or in other words, was a medium. The men went to the house and knocked at the door, and inquired whether Mr. S. Peter was there.

While they were at the door, Mr. Peter, who had been in the upper part of the house, and having just been in a trance, was told while in that state, that men would call for him—to go with them to a certain place, and that he must go—doubting nothing; for it seems that Mr. Peter, like many other mediums, had become rather selfish, and a little vain—so much so, that when told by his Spirit guides who the men were, and where they wanted him to go, he rebelled and said:—"No, I do not feel willing to associate or mix with such characters. But his Spirit friends showed him the folly of such an objection, and he at last consented—and when the men reached the door and inquired for him he heard them and went down and said:—"Come in, gentlemen, I am the man you seek. What do you want?"

They then told him their errand and that Mr. C—, their employer desired them to bring him to his house. As it was late in the day, and the men were tired he told them that it would be best to remain over night, which they consented to do. Early the next morning they started and some of the more zealous, believers in Mr. Peter's mediumship, and the doctrines, he taught, concluded to accompany him. They all reached in safety the house of Mr. C. the next day, and when he saw them coming he came out to meet Mr. Peter and embraced him, saying, "it is well that you have come." He then took them into the house, and the medium was controlled and spoke such words, that Mr. C— was convinced—and he and his entire household became believers in Spiritualism."

Fraternally yours:

CREDULITY.

"I shall have to differ a little with the editor of the Baptist paper, Mary, I can see nothing

absurd in the account you have just read" I remarked when she had concluded reading.

"Why William," replied she "You do not believe that it is true surely?"

"Certainly, I believe it, why should I not? I believe that spirits have communicated with me, and I can see no reason why a spirit should not appear to the man mentioned."

"Oh I forgot, William, you are a Spiritualist," said Mary in a jocose way "and Spiritualists, will believe anything, no matter how absurd it may be."

"Of course Mary, you don't believe it, do you?"

"No, indeed I do not, I am not so foolish as to believe any such nonsense."

"Still, Mary, you believe that the big fish swallowed Jonah; and that Joshua knocked down the walls of Jericho, by blowing on rams horns; that he commanded the Sun and Moon to stand still, and they did so. That Lot got drunk and then ravished his daughters. You find no difficulty to believe these, do you?"

"The Bible tells us so, William, and the Bible is the word of God—and God permitted these things to be done for a wise purpose. Yes, William, I believe in my Bible, and oh how I do wish that you also believed it."

"Mary" said I, "you do not believe the Bible if you did you would not disbelieve the account you have just read to me—no Mary to prove to you that you, like thousand other Bible-believers, do not know what you do believe, I will now read to you the Tenth Chapter of Acts"—which I did, and request the reader to do likewise.

On the Wednesday evening appointed by the spirit of Kydd, we all met at the medium's, and after we had formed a circle around the table, we asked if the spirit of Captain Kydd was present, and if so, whether he would communicate. The question was answered by three loud and distinct raps—indicating yes.

"Now, Captain," said B—h, "we are all here and at your service; do you wish to write or speak what you have to say?"

It was then written by the medium:

"I will control the medium I last spoke thro'. All of you sit quiet, and join hands. Kydd."

We then joined hands and after sitting ten or fifteen minutes. I began to feel the same drowsy sensation I previously had experienced and in a few moments afterwards I was in the trance state. As I have a copy of the commu-

nication Kydd spoke through me on that occasion, I will give it here:

"Good evening, friends. I am pleased that you are all present—I will now briefly give you the directions, so that you can proceed as soon as you choose, and unearth this, one of the many magnets which draw and keep me near earth. It is but three miles distant from where you now are, and the place is easy of access. It is guarded by the spirit of the man I slew at the time I buried it—he is unwilling to give it up, and will do all in his power to prevent you from getting it; but if you will follow my directions, and keep brave hearts and strong nerves, he cannot prevent or harm you.

"Captain Smith, I want you to get a small pocket compass; and to-morrow all be ready to follow the medium through whom I am now speaking. I shall control him and guide you to the spot, but you must have a compass, that you may take the bearings. I shall retain control of him until you nearly reach the treasure, when it will be necessary that I withdraw my influence from him, in order to keep off the spirit of the man guarding it; as he is determined not to yield up, what he considers his rights. I have done all I could to persuade him to leave the place and progress out of his present condition—but he will not listen to me; and as my power to command men ceased with my earthly life, I have no alternative—no help, but such as I can obtain from you.

"Meet me here again to-morrow morning at 7 o'clock, and I will join you and guide you through this man (meaning the medium through whom he was speaking) to the spot.

"Good night, and may God bless you all, is the prayer of
CAPTAIN KYDD."

"Captain Kydd," said Mr. C., the medium, "Why not give the full directions at this sitting, why procrastinate?"

While he was asking the question his hand began to move, and wrote as follows:

"Friend C., through your own lips I will give the full directions to-morrow morning, and also a conclusive test that I am Kydd."

"There now, C., what more do you want?" remarked friend B—h. "Captain Kydd," asked he, "Can you bring, as a test that this is really you, a Cockle shell, fresh from its ocean-bed?"

"I will try," was written, "but I must leave you now—again, good night, Capt. Kydd."

"That's all very well, friend B—h, but

my experience with the spirits, has caused me to observe caution, and require pretty strong proof of identity. I can't see the consistency in this putting off until to-morrow, what might as well be done to night. Why, if this is in reality the spirit of Captain Kydd, can't he tell us in a few words, where the treasure is?"

"Conditions, friend C. *Conditions*, perhaps are not favorable to night," replied B——h, "keep cool and patient until to-morrow!"

"Well," responded Mr. C., "let it be as Kydd desires—to-morrow morning then, and we all decided to go to Taylor's and get some oysters—which we did, and after satisfying the animal man, in that way, we each departed for our home.

CHAPTER 111.

At 7 o'clock next morning we all again were seated, in circle at the table, friend C. still retaining grave doubts of the spirit communicating, being the notorious personage alluded to.

"Are you present Kydd?" asked B——h, and no sooner had he spoken than there dropped upon the table, in the centre of the circle, apparently coming from the ceiling, a Cockle shell which bounded off on the floor.

What's that! we all exclaimed in the same breath, and instantly Mr. C. became entranced and rising upon his feet, with a solemn tone, and commanding attitude, said, pointing, to the shell—"There is a symbol of the mighty deep, to prove my identity. Captain Smith" continued he; "you will wear this shell attached to a string around your neck, which shall prove to you through life a safe-guard,* against all danger as long as you retain it." The medium then picked it up and handed it to him—then resumed his seat still entranced.

We each then examined the shell and all remarked it's dampness and strong sea-water odor. "This shell will require purgation, to enable you, captain Smith to wear it around your neck," I observed whereupon the medium, in the same tone as before, said:

"You have all examined the emblem I have just brought here, and none have seen the hole for the string."

We then examined it more closely and strange to say, the shell *actually* had the hole requisite and precisely in the place that would have been

selected. Captain Smith wears it to this day, and thus far it has proved to him a safe-guard.

The dubious reader will ask: how did the shell get there; did Kydd really bring it from its ocean-bed? My only answer is that, I *know* the shell was not thrown upon the table by either of the persons comprising the circle, as all our hands were joined, and the shell was seen by all, to descend from the ceiling. No human person could have done it without detection, as it was clear daylight, and the door locked, and neither of the windows were up.

"If Kydd or some other spirit did not bring it there, who did?"

I did question the propriety at first, of mentioning this occurrence in my narrative, but upon more mature reflection, I concluded that as the recent "Bone Story" had been received as an actual occurrence, by many of the Spiritualists—that peradventure, those who believed that the ignorant Negro, Cornelius, had power and did bring, a distance of 65 or 70 miles, his entire skeleton, and deliver it bone by bone, in the presence of individuals—that they would not require any extraordinary stretch of credulity, to believe that a more intelligent spirit could bring and deliver a small Cockle shell, a distance of 25 miles. To the decided skeptic I can only say, as some one was reputed to have said to the rich man in torment: "They would not believe, even did one arise from the dead."

But I will not wander from my narrative.

After the lapse of about ten minutes, Mr. C. still remaining entranced—Kydd commenced, in accordance to his promise, made the evening previous, and spoke the following directions through the medium:

"You, my friends, have congregated to receive instructions from an invisible intelligence concerning the locality of my buried treasure and the mode or means of obtaining it. I will not lacerate my soul anew by depicting, or congeal your blood by reciting, how I obtained it. You will proceed from here and procure the compass, which will be selected by Captain Smith, and then all take the 'Old Hudson Ferry' to Hoboken. After arriving there, you will go directly West two blocks, and by examining your compass, you will find that the street runs due North and South. Follow this street four furlongs, or just half a mile, and then, by examining your compass, you will find that the road leads you North-west by West half West; follow this road one furlong, and then strike off West, toward the base of the hill, where you

* The philosophy connected with this talisman is not clear to us, but it may be, that the shell being magnetized by the spirit, would act as a magnet to attract him at any moment of danger to the person to whom it was given.

will find *—again examine your compass, and go ---until you arrive at a rock the exact shape of a Coffin. Upon the top of this rock you will find a Cross; thirty paces lies three and a half feet below the surface, a flat stone three feet long and two and a half feet wide and six inches, thick. On the top of this stone also is a Cross. Under this lies buried in 12 iron-pots, *Two Millions of Dollars!*

You must be prepared to summon all your nerves, for you will surely meet face to face, the powerful and cold-blooded miser, that I slew and buried near the treasure. He it is for years has prevented me from communicating this intelligence to mortals: being suddenly and unexpectedly stricken down while his whole mind, and soul were absorbed in the ill-gotten gains; his spirit is so material in its nature, that he can, and will appear to you, apparently as material to mortal vision, as ever he appeared in life. You will therefor not be, frightened, for he cannot harm you. Myself, as well as some of my companions, have vainly striven to obtain sufficient control of some medium, whereby we could communicate intelligently the exact locality of this hidden treasure, which, alas, has dragged and kept us down to the lowest possible degradation, misery and mental torment. Thanks to a merciful God! Spiritualism has developed mediums through whom spirits can make known their desires. It is through this medium, and the assistance of his controlling spirit-friends, that I am able now to speak to you, and relieve my soul of the load that drags it down and prevents my progression.

When you reflect upon the awful price this treasure has cost humanity—the widowed homes, and the fatherless children that have been deprived of protection and support, as well as the innocent, helpless, victims, that were wantonly sacrificed to prevent disclosure of my villainy, I trust my friends, that you will justly appreciate the weighty responsibility the discovery of this treasure entails upon you.

The penniless beggar, the homeless widow the ragged orphan—all, alike have a claim to your sympathies and support. Every friendly appropriation to the relief of suffering humanity will help to relieve my soul from the awful load of guilt that has so long weighed me down in darkness and despair.

* As the writer yet believes that the treasure is buried there, he does not feel at liberty to give the exact course and distance further.

This is all now. All go with captain Smith to procure the compass, and I will go with you. Friend H., keep passive, and yield to me, I shall control you as soon as I see it necessary. Go now with cheerful, hopeful hearts, and I will lead you to the spot."

We then all started with captain Smith, to procure the compass.

CHAPTER 4.

OUR sitting had occupied nearly an hour, so that when we reached the place where captain S. told us good compasses could be procured, it was about half-past eight o'clock. We found only the Porter there, who was busy sweeping out the store. Captain Smith told him what we wanted, and he informed us that the salesman had not yet come but he expected him every moment; we therefore seated ourselves, and I soon felt that same peculiar sensation come over me, and ere I could speak I was once more lost to the external. It seemed that I had been only a few moments in this state, when the salesman arrived, and in obedience to captain Smith's request, showed him several small pocket-compasses. Just as he was about to examine them, I was brought to the counter, and picking up one of the yet unopened compasses, I said: "Here is as good a compass as there is in this store;" and then turning round I said, to a person who at that moment entered; "This is as good a compass as there is in this store? you know sir, as you made it." He took it, and examined it, and said:—

"Yes, this compass is one of my make, and is as good a one as you could select out of a thousand; yes sir, that is a perfect compass." and he handed it back to me. Captain Smith then bought it, and we all departed for the ferry. I will here state, that during the entire journey from the place where the compass was bought, until we arrived within five or six rods of the spot designated by Kydd, a distance of three miles, I was kept in the trance state; or in other words, I was Captain Kydd. My eyes were open, and to the casual observer, as much myself as any man could be: I will therefore in speaking of myself, use the name of Kydd.

"Captain Smith," said Kydd, "You keep that compass in your hand closed, and do not open it until I give you orders."

"Aye aye sir," said he, "Which way now, Captain Kydd?"

"To the Old Hudson Ferry," replied Kydd "come give me your arm:" and he locked arms

with Captain Smith, and B—h and C—n also walked together behind them.

"Where is the Old Hudson Ferry, Mr. C." asked B—h

"I don't know, ask Kydd," he replied.

"Captain Kydd, where is the Old Hudson Ferry?"

"At the foot of Barclay street: come on I will lead the way," he answered.

We soon reached the Ferry, and as there was no boat in the slip, B—h purchased some cigars, and handed one to Mr. C. and Captain Smith, and then asked Kydd whether he would like to smoke.

"No, thank you," replied Kydd, "I don't smoke."

"Captain Kydd," asked Mr. C., "how is it, do some spirits chew tobacco, smoke cigars and drink liquor? I have been informed that some spirits do so."

"Wait until we get on board of the boat, I will then answer your question."

As the boat was then entering the slip we prepared to go through the Ferry gate.

"Kydd," asked Mr. C., "have you any money to pay your passage?"

"No," said he laughingly, "but this medium has: I will borrow a little, and you can charge it to the account of the Treasure." And he took from the pocket a quarter of a dollar, and handed it to the man at the gate saying, "take out for four."

By the time we had got on the bridge, the boat was in the slip, and just as we were about to step on board, intending to go into the gentleman's cabin, Kydd turning round said:—

"Heave your cigars away and go into the Ladies Cabin, we shall be more quiet there, and as I mean to answer Mr. C.'s question, I don't wish to be disturbed."

As soon as we were seated in the cabin, Captain Kydd turning to Mr. C., commenced and said:

"Now, friend C., I will answer your question. Every individual has two guardian spirits: one corresponding to his Spiritual or interior man, and the other corresponding to his Animal or exterior man, both of whom are always with him. It is not necessary that a spirit should be in a room, or by his side, in order to be with him. If the sympathy is strong enough to attract the spirit to the physical at all, that sympathy can be extended, for ought I know, Infinitely,

and is the Telegraph, over which every thought, desire and action, travel with the speed of lightning, making known to the spirits in connection with such, their whereabouts, conditions, and needs."

"Why," said Mr. C. "Am I to infer from what you say Captain, that some mortals have not sufficient sympathy to attract a spirit to them?—you say, 'If the sympathy is strong enough at all &c.'"

"There are thousands so material in their nature," he answered "that they have but very little spirituality developed, and such appear to the spirits as a dark mass, with but a small glimmering spark of light in the center—New York is full of just such apologies of organized humanity—(Wall street and the Fifth Avenue in particular.)

There are spirits who drink rum (and that of an inferior quality) and chew tobacco, smoke cigars, and indulge in every kind of stimulants. Perhaps I cannot better give you the idea I wish to, than by relating one or two incidents of my own experience during the early part of my spirit-life.

"Yes do, do so," said B—h, who had become intensely interested.

"On first discovering that my spirit had separated itself from its corporeal body, which I did not until two days after my execution, I learned that *appetite* was still a part of man.

Many of my crew had gathered around me, rejoicing that I had arrived.

"I say, Captain," said one, who had been one of my sailors during the last voyage that I had made and whose brains I had blown out for some mutinous remark that he had made when about to take the Treasure on shore to bury it. "I say, Captain, that was a damned mean act of yours, and now I intend to have satisfaction;" and he advanced towards where I stood. My first impulse was to take a pistol and shoot him dead; and I felt for one, but soon discovered that I was not only without pistols, but clothing. It may appear strange to you, that I had not made this discovery before, but I am relating now, what occurred immediately after consciousness was restored. Villain, I exclaimed, as he grasped me by the throat, I'll teach you, to use such language to me, and I seized him by the neck and hurled him from me. Immediately a great shout of laughter filled the air. And, "Hit him again Cap!" "Go at him again, Ben,—damn his eyes, show

him that he can't command or bully over us here."

Such noise and confusion as then followed, no language can convey the least idea of. I had, during my earthly career, witnessed many uproarious scenes, and much confusion, but nothing approximated to what I experienced on that occasion.

The crew were about equally divided in favor of both: but I noticed that those who sided with me, inwardly chuckled over my humiliation, for I need not say that I was humiliated; the thought of placing myself on a level with one of my own crew, or of receiving a back word from him, was indeed humiliating; however, there was no alternative; to fight or be whipped was inevitable, and we went at it. After a few rounds, Ben. cried for quarter, which I did not feel inclined to give, and I continued to hit him right and left, until five or six rushed upon me, and forced me off.

"That will do Captain," said one, "Ben. has cried quarter, and you must not strike him again, come now, shake hands and be friends." Noticing that I frowned with contempt at his familiar remarks, he continued and said:—

"Come, Captain, no putting on airs here, you don't command *THIS CREW* any more; and as for your considering yourself any better than we are—why, said he with a sarcastic smile, you will soon learn different." He then turning to the rest, said: come on Boys, let's go and get a drink, and let the Captain seek some more congenial companions, he'll soon find them I've no doubt." and away they all started filling the air with their hideous noise.

I was alone, and memory, that part of man that never dies, was at work; I seemed then first to realize that I was a spirit. All my horrid deeds of earth-life, were vividly brought to mind, and I placed my hands over my eyes and shed tears of penitence. Suddenly, I felt a light and gentle touch upon my shoulder, which sent a pleasing thrill throughout all my system, and a sweet voice spake and said:—

"Robert, look up."

I started, and exclaimed, "Who speaks!"

Looking round I saw standing near me, with a smile upon her angelic countenance my mother "Mother! dear mother," I exclaimed, "Is this indeed you?—" and I extended my arms to embrace her, when she began to recede from me, pointing with her hand upwards, and said:—"Robert my son, joy and peace are yet for you;

Progress, my child and join your mother." Swiftly, yet distinctly, did she recede from me fast disappearing amidst a halo of light the brightness of which dazzled my sight.

Sweet memories of my childish days possessed me, and "Mother, dear mother, I will, I will," I involuntarily uttered. At last she had disappeared entirely, and I was once more alone.

Oh God! the bitter anguish of that moment: no pen can write it: no mind save the Infinite describe it.

"Halloa! Captain Kydd, you weeping here? What's the matter with you? Well it's time you did, MURDERER!" said a horrid voice close to my ear. I looked, but could see no person, and I was in the act of speaking when voices all about me commenced repeating "Murderer!" "Murderer," "Murderer," "Ha! Ha! Ha! Slayer of men, Pirate; ROBBER!" Maddened by my feelings and the horrid yells that surrounded me, I rushed from the place, not knowing, whither I went. On, on, with the speed of thought I moved, until I suddenly found myself in the midst of men, who where singing, shouting and dancing, over what seemed to me to be a dark cloud, dotted here and there with sparks of light. I joined them, and said:

"Friends, what are you doing?"

"Raising the devil on earth," replied one:—come, don't you want to have some sport Ah, I see" said he "you are a stranger here. just come from earth, eh?" and he advanced to me, and looking me in the face said, "Why if it a'nt Kydd, Hurrah! Boys, here's the Captain, now what say, shall we choose him as Captain here? "Yes," was the unanimous shout, "He's our man, Hurrah for Captain Kydd," and they rent the air with their shouts.

"Jones," said I to the man who spoke to me first, and who I now recognized as one of my gunners, "it is indeed I your Captain; tell me Jones what does all this mean?— what is that dark mass before us?"

"That" replied he, "is London, and we are going to have a regular spree,—but Captain, I see you don't know the ropes yet, well, I didn't either, when I first came here, but I'll pilot you Captain if you will come."

"Lead on Jones, I will follow anywhere, to free myself from my present horrible state of mind," and taking Jones by the arm, we passed into the dark mass. Suddenly I began to see streets and houses, and all appeared as plain and earthly as before my execution.

We walked on until we came to a celebrated Club House, and Jones proposed that he and I should enter it, to which I agreed. We then passed through the open door into the back room, where we saw some twenty or thirty men some sitting at tables playing cards—some playing billiards, and others sitting quietly smoking or sipping punch.

"Here we are, Captain," said Jones; "now choose your man, and I will mine, and we can drink, play or smoke, in fact do just as they do."

"I do not understand you, Jones—what do you mean by choosing your man?"

"I'll show you, Captain. Let's go up to that young man smoking the cigar, that's my Lord D.'s eldest son, he is a good fellow—likes good punch and cigars. I've had many drinks and puffs with him, come I'll show you how," and we went up to him.

"Now, Captain make him drink."

"Make him drink! Why how can I make him drink?"

"Do you not see his mind?"

"Yes, he is now saying, 'Waiter, a glass of punch and a cigar.'"

"No, Captain, he is only thinking that, but you can make him give the order aloud, if you want to, just whisper into his mind these words: 'a glass of punch and a cigar, waiter,' and I'll go round to that other man, and do likewise."

I approached close to the young man, and placing my mouth to his head, said, 'A glass of punch and a cigar.' Instantly I saw my words take form, and connect with his mind, and he gave the order to the waiter, who soon placed the beverage before him, which the young man commenced to drink. Instantly I began to feel all the sensations one experiences after taking a good glass of punch, and I found no difficulty while I remained in sympathy with him, in inhaling the essence of whatever kind of stimulants he called for.

The ringing of the Pilot's bell, to slacken speed, arrested Kydd's interesting narration.

"Now my friends," said Kydd, "remember your previous instructions, as it will not do for me to control the medium sufficiently to give them again, as it might attract attention, and thereby jeopardize the whole undertaking. I will control his movements, simply without speaking—in other words, he will be your Pilot, all follow him in silence."

At this moment, the boat was made fast to the

bridge, when we all took up our march in the order laid down by Kydd; He and Smith, first, B——h and C——n second. We soon arrived at the corner of the second block, when the compass was examined, and we found the street running in the direction desired, and precisely as before stated. We had proceeded a distance of about four furlongs, when Kydd spoke, and pointing to a mound of earth said, B——," there is the spot where you stood, when you were testing the qualities of Graham's patent buck-loading Rifle; that tree in the distance, was your target."

"My God! exclaimed B—— as he grasped C., by the shoulder; "that is true to the letter. I was so intent in carrying out instructions that I quite forgot the occurrence, though it took place but three or four weeks since."

"No more talking," said Kydd, "come on I will give you further evidence that I am Kydd. I alluded to the subject to renew your assurance of my presence, and power and thereby increase your faith; we will now proceed."

On arriving at the angle of the road, we examined the compass, and found that it had the exact bearing before described by Kydd. We followed this road according to directions, when Kydd suddenly cried, Halt! and said;

"Do you see that tree standing alone, near the road-side? When you get abreast of that tree, you will hear the report of a gun, fear not, but follow on in silence. On reaching the tree, sure enough. Bang, went what appeared to us to be a cannon, and so near to us, that we were nearly deafened by the noise, no smoke could be seen anywhere. After proceeding a few hundred yards further, Kydd halted again, and pointing to another object ahead, (a log) said: "as soon as you are up with that log, another gun will be heard, and when, abreast of that large rock on the left hand, two more guns will be heard after that you will hear no more cannons, while in this locality. My gunner Jones, with some of his party, are with us and these salutes are given, as evidence to you that I am Kydd."

Agreeably to Kydd's prediction, as we came to the log, the report of another cannon was heard and when we reached the other places named previously by Kydd, the same salute was made, and he informed us that no more cannon reports would be heard, which proved true.

After proceeding some distance in silence, Kydd again cried, Halt! and directed us to examine the compass, which then, as previously,

corresponded with our former information.

We now proceeded — one furlong, and then — some distance, towards the base of the Hill. Seeing that our course would compel us to pass over a large portion of wet ground and noticing, that by our going about a quarter of a mile farther north, we could go through a lane which led from the main road, through a barn yard to the woods, and thus avoid the marshy ground, Mr C——n suggested to Kydd, the propriety of doing so. Very well said Kydd smilingly “do so, you and Mr. B——h take the lead.”

B——h and C——n, in obedience to Kydd's request started on arm in arm, towards the gate which opened in the lane, and Kydd and Smith followed after. In a few moments, they were several yards in advance of us, and Captain S. told Kydd, that he would have to increase his speed, otherwise they would soon be out of hailing distance, and he thought that it would be best that they all should keep together.

“Don't be alarmed Captain Smith, they will not pass through the barn-yard gate until we get up to them.”

“Why? asked Smith.”

“Wait, you will see,” he replied.

By this time they had passed through the first gate, and Mr. C. beckoned to us to hurry up, which Kydd did not seem inclined to do. In a few moments, they reached the barn-yard gate, when Bow, wow, wow, said ‘a big dog,’ whose savage barks and growls, warned them to desist from entering,

“Get out, you brute!” said Mr. C.”

Bow, wow, wow,” was the answer.

“Damn the dog,” said B——h, and he picked up a stone and threw it at him. This only excited the dog's ferocity, and he made an attempt to jump over the gate, which he failed to accomplish. and at the same instant, B——h and C. started and ran back to us.

“What is the matter?” asked Smith.

“Oh nothing of any moment, only a slight obstruction at the gate yonder.”

“A dog, eh?” remarked Kydd, “come on, I will lead the way, I told you Captain Smith, that they would not pass through that gate until we came up.

Kydd then took the lead, and we each followed in Indian file. As we neared the gate, the dog commenced his attack again, and seemed to be more furious than before. Just as Kydd reached the gate, a man from the house, which

was only a few yards distant, hallowed, and said;—

“Don't go through that gate, that dog is very cross! Thank you sir, for your warning, answered Kydd, but our course lies direct through your barn-yard and pass through it we must; and as he finished speaking, he placed his hand upon the gate and said;—

Come on, and have no fear. He opened the gate, when we expected to see the dog bound out and fly at us, but no sooner was the gate opened than Kydd, raising his hand at the dog, and pointing to the kennel said,—

Go lie down sir, and instantly the dog cowered down, put his tail between his legs, sneaked off; and went into his kennel. Now, come on, said Captain Kydd, and we passed through the yard, without further annoyance from the dog, and as soon as we reached the wood-side, Kydd halted, and said, — “Externally I leave now; follow directions, and fear nothing.” As he said this, I passed out of the trance, and was again myself. “Why! where are we? I exclaimed?”

“On foreign ground—in New Jersey; but all's right, come on,” said Mr. C.

CHAPTER. V

My God! I exclaimed. Can it be possible, that I have been brought from New York, to Hoboken, and that while unconscious?

“It is really the case, replied Mr. C. You have been controlled by Captain Kydd, and have entertained, if not instructed us. Have you any idea what you have been talking about?”

“Not the slightest.” I replied. “How very strange, I can scarcely credit my own senses.”

“Oh, that is not at all strange, remarked Mr. C. nine-tenths of the world are apt to doubt the evidence of their own senses; but Mr. H. do you believe in spirit Parasites?”

I believe in human Parasites, I replied. Why do you ask?

Simply, because Kydd, in his conversation through you, impressed me with the idea, that we all have more or less of these spirit gormandizers with us. At all events, be that as it may I shall hereafter observe a little caution, especially in using tobacco, lest I may be chewing the weed for some spirit parasite's gratification. But which way shall we go now?

After consulting, we decided to go back to where we had deviated from our course, in order to avoid crossing over the marsh, when we

halted, and examined the compass, and then struck off — — — to find the rock resembling the "Coffin." In a little while we came to it, and found it to be a perfect resemblance of that narrow house in which the mortal part of man decays, and which, notwithstanding that our christian friends tell us it is not the home of the sleeping dead, still to them it is, if we are to judge from the many gorgeous tombstones, and great care taken to keep out intruders, held by them as such. Thank heaven, Spiritualism, has taught me to look upon death, and the grave, without gloom or fear. I want no tombstone, to mark the place of my body's decay—no mummering Priest, or mock ceremony over it, at its burial. I would have my friends, look upon my lifeless mortal part as they would upon a worn-out garment, and I am perfectly willing, that it should be the subject for the dissecting knife of a liberal Medical Fraternity.

"Here we are gentlemen," said B—h, "and thus far the work goes bravely on; all is true as described by Kydd to the letter; only think friend C.—and he slapped him on the shoulder, we now stand within thirty paces of *Two Million Dollars!* and he walked about manifesting the greatest ecstasy of joy.

The spot on which we stood was wild and picturesque and well calculated to impress with the idea, that dark deeds could be committed there with impunity

We then shaped our course by compass and Captain Smith commenced to pace off thirty paces, leaving the rest of us seated on the grave. As soon as he reached the spot, he hailed us, and we all started and went to him.

"This is the spot!" said Captain Smith "now what's to be done; we have no further directions given us by Kydd?"

"Kydd, Kydd, Kydd!" said a voice apparently at the place we had just left.

"Who is that speaking?" asked Mr. C—"Some person in the woods," I observed, "had we best go and see who it is?" Yes, we all replied let us go at once; keep Mum said B. We had gone but a few steps, Captain Smith being ahead, when we saw standing in front of us, a most singular looking man apparently about forty years of age, dressed in an old fashioned military suit, resting upon a musket, and looking menacing at us. We halted in double quick time, when Captain Smith addressed the man, and said:—

„Well sir, what do you want?" Instantly

the man raised his musket and pointing it at Smith said;—

"Away! from this place THIEVES!"

"Heavens!" said B—h, and he trembled with fear, grasped Mr. C. by the arm, who also manifested evident signs of alarm, "that is the spirit of the man guarding the treasure; and he shrank back pulling Mr. C. with him.

"Don't be alarmed" said Captain S. "he cannot harm us," and then addressing the man who still remained in the same place looking savagely at us, said:—"My friend you are mistaken, we are not *Thieves*, we are *Honest* men, and have come here to ascertain the spot where Captain Kydd buried certain treasure, we have his permission and intend to carry out our purpose, therefore, it is useless for you to interfere, as you have not the power to prevent us. We are your friends, and our desire is to benefit you, so stand aside, or I will walk right through you," and as he concluded speaking he moved forward a few steps towards the man, who immediately disappeared.

"Thank Heaven, he is gone," said Mr. B., positively, I never was more alarmed during the whole course of my life."

"May he not appear again?" enquired Mr. C., "to tell the truth gentlemen, I never was more frightened—I am as nervous as a man can be."

We then held a council (not of war but of action,) and came to the conclusion that we would retire a little from that spot and then form a circle, and see whether we could get any communication from Captain Kydd who we all felt strongly impressed, had not deserted us.

We then walked up the hill a few yards and coming to a large flat rock we each took hold of hands and formed a circle, and remained perfectly silent for a few moments, when friend C's., hand became violently agitated, and paper and pencil were placed on the rock before him and his hand wrote:—

"You, Captain Smith, stood over the treasure; all return home and meet me again next Wednesday evening, until then farewell.

Kydd."

We then went back to the spot where the treasure was said to be buried, and took certain bearings so that we should have no difficulty in finding it again either by day or night; after which we returned to New York, and separated with the understanding that we should all

meet at Mr. C.'s room on the Wednesday evening following.

CHAPTER VI.

Agreeably to Mr. Davis' request, and the repeated solicitations of Mary, we both started Sunday morning for church, to hear Mr. Davis' sermon against Spiritualism. On our way we met Mr. Barker and his wife, who were also wending their way to the Lord's house of worship. The reader will pardon me if I wander a little from my narrative, but, friend Barker is an important personage, a very strict church-going man and with all exceedingly self-righteous; makes very long prayers, groans frequently during service, and is always ready to say a word in Prayer Meetings. When I first knew friend B. he was what the non-religionist, call a straight-back Presbyterian, but from some difficulty or misunderstanding with the pastor of his church, he withdrew from the Presbyterians and united with the Methodist. Here friend Barker soon became a class-leader and also one of the stewards. In class, none were more active or zealous, and in prayer meeting, why, friend Barker had but few equals; However, some three years ago Mr. B. took a dislike to the newly appointed dominie, and the result was he demanded a certificate of with-drawal; which was readily granted and he joined friend Davis' congregation, and had by his indomitable will, and "Holy Piety" attained the position of Deacon of the church. Somehow Mr. Barker always succeeded in church-elevation, and the love of God never appeared to flow more warmly into his soul than it did when the brethren asked his opinion on some matter of church discipline, or called upon him to take charge of the exercises, and never did he appear more luke-warm than when deprived of the privilege of making a long public prayer or exhortation, which very often occurred when brethren from adjoining churches were present. The truth was friend B.'s religion consisted in a love to be heard for his much speaking, and a desire to lead. But we will not speak further at present concerning friend Barker, we may have an experience to relate in a future narrative, when we shall enter more into the particulars.

"Good morning sister H. Ah! Mr. H. glad to see you accompanying your wife to church," said Mr. Barker as we walked up to them.

"Good morning Mr. Barker—beautiful morning," I replied.

"Yes, bless the Lord," said he, and he commenced humming over the words;—

"Sweet is the day of sacred rest
No mortal care shall fill my breast,"

"You appear to feel quite happy this morning," I remarked.

"Yes my soul is full of glory, the Lord has been good to me friend H. Prosperous in business, and a daily out-pouring of his spirit. Why should I not feel happy? and he again commenced:—

"I'll praise my God while he gives me breath
And when my voice is lost in death," &c.,

We soon reached the church, when happy Mr. Barker insisted that Mary and I should occupy seats in his pew; which I reluctantly consented to. The choir were just singing, and as I took a seat the words:—

Hark from the tomb a doleful sound,"

fell heavily on my ears.

After the hymn was concluded, Mr. Davis offered up a solemn invocation to God in which the Lord was requested to bless our Country, the President and all holding office under him, the saint, the sinner, the church, and especially the one we were in; concluding with these words, which I noted in my memorandum book, and insert verbatim.

"And Oh Lord, we pray Thee, to hasten the day when Thy Holy-Sabbath, will be universally observed, throughout this entire land, and particularly this city. Fill the hearts of the wicked conductors of the Sunday News-Papers, with fear, that they may no longer issue their Infidel Sheets, on Thy Holy Sabbath Day. Help Oh, Lord God, the Mayor and Common Council of this City, to rigidly enforce such laws as have been enacted for the good of the people, especially such as compel men to observe the Holy Sabbath Day. Hasten the period Lord, when Thy People shall no more be annoyed by the sacrilegious sound of the car-bells—when the poor unfortunate misguided youths, will cease to disturb and distract, Thy worshippers with the cries of their unholy traffic. When the solemn chimes of Thy Sanctuaries, will be obeyed and all come into Thy temples of worship. These mercies and blessings we humbly ask for Christ Our Lord and Redeemer's sake Amen."

The prayer concluded, Mr. Davis commenced and said:—

"Brethren my text for this morning can be found in the first epistle of John 1V th. Chapter, and 1st Verse.

"Beloved, believe not every spirit; but try the

spirits whether they are of God : because many false prophets are gone out into the world."

Brethren, I earnestly solicit your attention and prayers on this occasion and may the Lord help me to speak with the spirit, and with power. (A loud, sharp, quick, Amen, from Mr. Barker.

John the beloved disciple of our blessed Lord, perceiving as he did with prophetic eye into the future, saw that in the latter days, some would depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and the doctrines of devils, and he warned the brethren, not to believe all teachers, who boast of the spirit, but to try them by the rule of the Catholic faith ; by the Catholic faith, I do not mean the faith of the Romish Church, but the faith, of our blessed Lord. The term Catholic, means universal or general, the Catholic epistles of the apostle are addressed to all the faithful, and not to a particular Church—hence the Catholic faith implies, the faith of the true church, which is the church of God."

Mr. Davis then went on to speak about the evil effects of spiritualism, admitting the fact. He denounced, as only ministers generally do, all those who believe in its teachings, as Infidels and Free-lovers. He portrayed in vivid language, the horrors of the damned ; warning his flock to avoid having anything to do with spiritualists, or the spirits ; quoting text after text to prove that, "In the latter days some should depart from the faith giving heed to seducing spirits," and ever and anon, calling upon the Lord vehemently to check its progress, to stay and circumscribe Satan's influence, to have mercy and save those who had been led astray and make them come back to the house of Israel at once, or if such was not in accordance with His divine will, to cut them off immediately, that they might no more induce, or lead others astray, the Mediums particularly he requested the Lord to remove out of the way, "If they will not hearken unto Thee Lord withdraw Thy Spirit from them—Remove them Lord out of the way, that Thy house may be filled, and Thy Holy name be blasphemed no more."

Pious Mr. Barker would now and then utter a loud "Amen," or "Glory to God," or an awful groan, and roll up his eyes with holy horror whenever his minister would emphasize his remarks. Evidently, friend Barker shouted without fully comprehending what his clergyman was saying, as on one occasion after a

somewhat lengthy narration of the deplorable case of a man who had been led on step by step, by the communications which he had received through mediums, until he had finally become insane, and had to be conveyed to the Asylum, leaving an invalid wife and five small children destitute. "Oh, my hearers," said he, "think of it, here was a man, once a good and useful member of society, a loving husband, a kind father, suddenly deprived of his reason, his family left destitute, and he sent to the Mad-house, all in consequence of giving heed to these seducing spirits."

"Glory to God," said Mr. Barker, loud enough to be heard all over the house.

But I will not tire the reader, with any further quotation of what I heard on that occasion, suffice it to say, that an hour and a half listening to the demonizing remarks of Mr. Davis, tended to develop the devilish condition of mind, which, at times, all are subject to, and when Mary, on our way home, asked me what I thought of Mr. Davis' sermon, I for the first time since our marriage, gave her a short and snappish answer.

On Wednesday evening, agreeably to the communication written by Kydd, we all met at the Medium's room on Canal street, and as before, we remained quiet until the spirits commenced manifesting by moving the table. As usual, friend B. was the first to question, and he asked whether Kydd was present, and if so how, and through whom he desired to communicate. We were informed by the table that it was his intention to control Captain Smith, this time, and that he would give us further and final directions. We then all joined hands and at the suggestion of Mr. C. we sang a few lines to a lively tune, to produce harmony. We all knew that Captain Smith was a Medium, I say we knew, not from any evidence we had had, that he was, other than his word, as he had told us that on several occasions he had been entranced by the spirits, and we believed him. We sat nearly half an hour before the spirit could get control of him, which after several efforts it at last succeeded in doing, and spoke as follows :—

"The top of the morning tu ye surs—or I should say the tail of the evening, as it is now nare midnight."

"Why ! who are you ?" we asked.

"Who am I, is it ? Be jabbers, I am meself and meself only, who the devil should I be but me own swate self, Billy O'Roke."

"Well Billy, what under the sun has brought you here to-night?" I asked.

"Under the sun, is it? By the pipers that played before Moses, but it is not under the sun, that I am a tal a tal, the devil, a bit of up or down is there here sur, but, it's not trifling that I'll be, I have come to talk sense sure, to ye, and that's a hape more than ye hered last Lent-Sunday and so 'tis.

"Who do you mean Billy?" I asked.

"Who do I mane is it? Well then sur, it's your own beautiful self, that I mane, sure, and was ye not at the church, and did not ye sit quietly and listen to the Praist, prach, and a prach it was, sure enough. by the bogs of Ould Ireland, and that's the spot that I grew at, a bigger pack of lies, it was never me luck to hear spake from the mouth of a Praist, Houly Vargin, but he looks at the butter-side of his bread close enough sure."

"Billy, Billy," I said, "you must not be too severe upon the minister," for I concluded that he referred to Mr. Davis' discourse against Spiritualism.

"Bad luck to the man, that would concoct such lies, and prach them to the pape—sure and did't he say, that the spirits were all devils and so he did, and am I not a spirit? Oche and sure, was he faunst me, now I'd bate the devil out of him, and so I would." And here the medium squared himself in a regular scientific, pugilistic attitude.

"Billy, we don't think that you or any spirit is a devil, we have a better opinion of the inhabitants of the spirit-world," said Mr. C.

"Well be me sowl now, I like that, it's a gintleman that ye are, and so it is, if the Praists do say that ye're a Humbug. But I'll tell my errand here and be done with it. Well then to begin, it's not dead that I am tho' Winnie thinks that I'm dead, and the Praist, Heaven bless him for he belaves what he says, tells her when she goes to confession, that I'm well through Purgatory. But I'll not be spaking of what I am, but what I've come here for. Well, then I'm here to say a word for the good of all. It's money ye're after, but, ye's must dig for it, and so ye's must—can ye's handle the spade boss? (addressing Mr. C.) sure you ne'nt answer, it's meself that knows ye can, for wasn't I wid ye, the night ye used the spade so handy—thinking ye would get the money the wench* tould ye was buried near the school-

house, but I see ye don't want me to spake about that—Can ye handle a pick sur? (addressing B.) faith I know ye can't, but that is no fault of yours, it's owing to ye's bra'ing up—well the man that drives the pen is as nadeful as the man that drives the pick. Captain Kydd tould me to come and spake to ye's and get acquainted with ye's, so that when ye's was diggin I might help ye's—there now I'm done, so I'll lave."

"Wait Billy, wait," said Mr. C. "I would like to ask you one or two questions."

"O be aisy now boss, it's not the like's of me that's capable of enlightening ye's, but go on now, I'll do the best I can for ye's".

"Billy, when did you die?"

"Faith, I've yet to learn that I am dead."

"I know that Billy, but I mean when did your spirit leave its earthly body?"

"What year is it now?"

"This is 1856, Billy."

"It is indade, well then it's twenty-five years since I was drowned—but I'll tell ye's all about it. It was this wise. Winnie, that's me wife, that was but she has another man now, and me was coming till Amereky, and one day at say, Winnie said to me, said she, Billy, the mate says I can hang me clothes up in the fore riggin to dry and I want you to be after taking them up there and hangin them up. So I took them and went up the riggin, and was tying them to the ratlin, when Tom Duffy, that's one of the sailors was coming down from above and steped on me hand that I was howldin on by, and it hurted me so that I let go me hold not thinking, and fell off into the wather. Murther, I hallowed, as I struck the wather I'm kilt, and as the say closed over me, I crossed meself. I had on me big brogans, so that I went well down, but I soon came up again to the top, and as I did, I struck me head against the side of the ship, and that's all I knew 'till I found myself on the deck again Winnie was crying to kill herself, and I said Winnie, be aisy and don't cry, I'm not kilt, but she did not mind me, and I took hold on her and shook her, but she didn't same to notice me. I said poor sowl, she thinks me kilt and has gone mad, so I left her and went up to the mate, and said—"Mr. Mate, and sure my woman has gone crazy," but he took no notice of me aither, then I went up to Tom Duffy, and said, "Tom, that was a mane trick ye did sure"—but he neather seemed to know that I was nare him. Just then I heard the Captain give an order to fill-

*Mr. C. and a party did dig by direction, of the spirit of a negro woman, for treasure said to have been buried by a party of Hessians, during the Revolutionary war.

away, "The man's drowned by this time," said he, and then Winnie screamed and fell down on the deck, and Bridget Connolly and another woman took her up and carried her below, "Bridget, said I, I'm not drowned, is Winnie dead?" But she, like the others, didn't seem to know that I was spaking. I then said to myself—"sure they've all gone mad," and I went again on deck, but it was all dark there, and I couldn't see anything and I said to myself, I wish I was back again in Ould Ireland, and soon as I said it, then I was there. Faith I thought I was draming. Then I met Father Ward, the Praist, that I once used to know but who was dead these ten years and more, and I said Houly Father, whin did ye's come to life again?" "Billy," said he, "you are in the spirit world now, do you know it?" "Faith no," I said, "I'm not in the spirit world—sure I'm in Ould Ireland." "I know it," says he, "the spirit world is in Ireland, and every part of the Earth. Billy, you are now dead to the world." Oh! Murther, I said, am I dead?—Where's Purgatory? Oh Father, houly Father Ward," I said, and I fell down on my knase and prayed and crossed meself, "don't let me be put into a very hot place, you know, houly Father, that I was not a very bad man, I confessed regularly, and did penance every day."

"Billy," said he, "it is left to you to choose, Purgatory, is the state of the mind—and not a place, you can select just such a part of Purgatory as you like."

"Is that so?" I said.

"It is," said he,

"Faith then I'll not go nare it."

"Have ye seen the Houly Vargin and all the blessed saints?" I asked.

"I have," he said.

"Have ye seen the Divil?" I asked.

"No," said he "the Divil is a myth, but Billy, you will soon progress. There comes your Father, Billy, he will talk with you," and with that he went off; but I'll not Bother ye further, now ye's will remember me, and when ye's digging for the money, I'll be with ye's think of that now," and Billy left.

"Well really Billy is a new character, and to me a very interesting one," I remarked.

"Yes" replied Mr. C. "the spirit-world seems to be peopled with as great a diversity of minds as the physical-world. Billy has never visited a circle where I was sitting before, and it is strange that he should have come this evening, especially, as this meeting was

expressly designed for Captain Kydd. I wonder whether Kydd is present," continued he, and as he asked the question, I was entranced and the following communication was spoken.

"You no doubt, felt somewhat surprised my friends to receive a communication from the source you just have, but, it was at my request that he came. Neither of you have an overabundance of physical strength, and as the spirit, Billy readily consented to render such assistance as he could, after learning my object in revealing to you the treasure, I deemed it best that he should be placed in sympathy with the circle this evening, which I am happy to see he has succeeded in doing.

Captain Smith, I was much gratified to witness your courage on the occasion of the man appearing; your positiveness repelled him from you, I was apprehensive, that when the testing time arrived, you might like our *brave* friends here, Mr. B—h and Mr. C—n, be found wanting. No offence gentlemen, I do not censure you, a man cannot at all times act the man you did the best you could, and that is all that could be expected. I will now state what you must do further, and then you must act.

Prepare yourselves with the necessary implements, and be on the ground precisely at midnight. Let the night be Wednesday next, and do not fail to be punctual, nor allow inclement weather, should it be such, to prevent you from making the effort on that night. The man who guards the spot will continue to annoy you as much as possible, but do not fear him as I have said before, he cannot harm you. You will find one of the pots to contain,

63 ounces of Gold-Dust,	
4 packages of gold-rings and precious	
2 " " Agates,	[stones,
8 Bars of Gold,	
10 " " Silver,	
1 Can containing Spanish-Doobloons.	

It will require more strength than you could command to raise either of the iron pots, consequently you will appreciate, the assistance of my Irish friend Billy. The remaining eleven Iron Pots, contain Gold-Dust, Gold and Silver bars, Gold and Silver coins, precious Stones, Magnets, Jewelry, and other valuables. The pot you will first come to, is the one I have given the contents of; and should you not be able to take more than one away the first night, I should advise you to take that one; and previous to a second attempt consult me here. Do not either of you call for me to communicate

upon this subject, unless all are present. Should you either be in communication with the spirit world, when others are present, and I desire to say anything upon this subject, I will voluntarily do so. Now you have your final instructions, and as it is time that you retire, I will leave. God bless you all."

"One moment, Captain. if you please, the narration of your early experience in spirit-life, you remember, was suddenly prevented from being continued by the boat reaching Hoboken. Will you please continue it now? It was very interesting to me, and I know that each person present would be happy to have you remain, and learn more of your experience?" said Mr. C.

"Yes, please do," was the unanimous request.

"Well, as you wish," said he. You remember I was at the Club-house in London with Jones, my gunner, and I was drinking punch through my Lord D's eldest son. I continued to influence him to drink and smoke, until he became so intoxicated that he had to be carried from the room, placed in his carriage and conveyed home perfectly insensible. I was still in close sympathy with him, so much so, that I began to feel symptoms of reaction, as the stimulants he had drank began to lose its exhilarating effects. I endeavored to withdraw myself from him, but found to my surprise, that my attraction towards him was greater than my desire to withdraw—consequently, I was compelled, to remain in sympathy with him, and in a great degree, feel as he did. On reaching his residence, the servants conveyed him to his room, undressed him and put him to bed, and he was soon left alone. He lay very restless, and would now and then mutter to himself, "what an ass, I have been, oh, my head, how it does ache; I'll not indulge with punch again." And in this way he talked to himself, until finally, I saw him rise up and stand beside me. I was somewhat surprised to perceive that he recognized that I was in the room with him, and I was still more surprised, when I saw that his body yet lay upon the bed. I spoke to him and said:—"I am glad to see that you have come to yourself."

"Why! who are you?" said he.

"I am Captain Kydd, and have been with you all the evening." I then held a long conversation with him, at the conclusion of which, he as suddenly returned to his body, and I saw him get up, and dress himself. It was now morning.

I saw from his mind that he had no remem-

berance of what had transpired in his dream; for I have since learned, that what is termed dream, is an actuality, and a consciousness at the time, of the spirit-life, though it very rarely occurs, that impressions of these visits are retained after waking, or if they are, but indistinctly. While a person is dreaming, the spirit leaves the body, and holds conversation with spirits: of course there is not an entire separation, for in such a case it would be impossible for the spirit to re-enter its body again. When the spirit disconnects itself temporarily, as in dreams, it is still connected to it by sympathy, and only when that sympathy ceases to exist, can the body decay. Thus you will perceive, that when you enter spirit-life, you will not be absolute strangers in a strange land, as each of you have made frequent visits here, while in that state known to you as dreaming.

"Pardon me Captain, for interrupting you, but how did it happen, that you seemed to be an entire stranger, and in a strange place, when consciousness was first restored?—surely, you must have had dreams at some time during your earth-life;" asked Mr. C.

"Certainly, my friend, I had dreams, but it does not necessarily follow, that I should have recognized the place I was in at that time. You cannot explore the entire spirit-world in dreams: I have since recognized many persons and scenes, that I had seen while in the dream-state.

I remained with the young man the most of that day, unable to free myself from him. Suddenly I thought of Jones, and said. I wonder where Jones can be, when almost instantly, he stood before me, and said;—"Why Captain, still in sympathy with my Lord D's son? How have you enjoyed yourself? I had a glorious time, I got my man three sheets in the wind, and myself shivering. After you left I influenced my man to play a game of all-fours with Dick the Minister's son, and as I had such a good sympathetic control with him, I enjoyed the game much. We beat the Minister's son every game and won some two hundred pounds from him. This made him mad, and he called my man a cheat. I told Ned to floor him, this he did not want to do, but I felt that the clergyman's son had insulted me as well, so I kept saying, floor him, don't be a fool or called a cheat. At last I made him draw off and fetch him one right between his nighthead, and he keeled over in a jiffy. Well you may be sure there was a row then, and I stood by enjoying the sport. At last some officers

rushed in and arrested the young man, and he is now locked up. I left him a little while ago and was about to go join the boys, when I heard you call me, and here I am."

"I did not call you Jones."

"Yes Captain, you did, thoughts are things, here, and your thought was for me, and I knew it though at the time I was with the young man in Prison."

"The young man you say is in Prison. I should like to visit him, it is not long since I was in such a place myself, suppose we go to him—why! where are we, I exclaimed; where is the man I have been with? Why this is not my Lord D's residence, this is a Prison! "All is right Captain, here is the man I have just been telling you about, see how uncomfortable he feels, what say Captain, lets cheer him up."

"It seemed that I had no sooner expressed a desire to be with the man in prison, than I lost sight of the young man I had been so long in sympathy with, as well as the house we were in. In fact the desire to be with another, was the means by which I freed myself from him."

"Well Jones, how can we cheer him? I am willing, and ready to lend a hand."

"I'll show you, Captain, now come let's go close up to him, and you say as I do, 'The man you struck has died—you will certainly be tried for Murder, and be hung.' Now, Captain now," said Jones, and we both said aloud. 'The man is dead, you will certainly be tried for Murder, and be hung.' Immediately the young man began to say to himself, 'oh! suppose that man should die, I shall be a murderer,' and he commenced to weep, and pull his hair, and walk about the cell."

"Why, Jones, that makes him feel more miserable," I said, "see how he cries."

I shall not be able to control the medium longer now. At some future time, I will with pleasure continue. Once more good night. Do not fail to be punctual, next Wednesday night."

Kydd then left us and we closed the sitting, with the understanding, that we should meet again the next Wednesday evening, at Mr. C's room at nine o'clock,

CHAPTER VII.

Agreeably to the arrangement we all met at the rooms of Mr. C. on the Wednesday evening following, and after a few moments consultation, we started for the "El Dorado"

"Well, gentlemen, what will be the best mode of procedure—shall we take an omnibus to the ferry, and then walk from Hoboken up to the place, or shall we hire a hack here?" asked B. after we got out in the street.

"Hire a hack here by all means," said Mr. C., "How could we get the Treasure away, after we have it in our possession if we have no conveyance?"

"True, true," responded B., "That will be best," and we accordingly walked up to the corner of Broadway and Canal streets, when seeing a hack standing there we engaged the driver of it, to take us to Hoboken and back for three dollars per hour. In a few moments we were rattling up town towards the Christopher street ferry, intending to take that ferry in preference to the Barclay street.

"There said B., "We have no pick or lantern." What will we do?"

"I know where we can procure both," replied Mr. C. and he hailed the driver, telling him to drive down to Jackson's Hotel at the foot of Spring street, where he said the pick and lantern could be procured. On reaching the hotel Mr. C. and I went in, and finding Mr. Jackson at home, we soon had the necessary implements in our possession.

"Mr. C. which way to night, so late?" asked Mr. Jackson.

"Oh, only on a spiritual expedition," he answered. "I am not at liberty to say now, but I will tell you to-morrow:

"All's right I suppose, success attend you," said he.

The driver looked suspiciously at us as we stepped into the carriage, and ventured to ask, what we were going to do with the pick, spade and lantern.

"All's on the square, coachee," said B., drive on which he did with a hurra, for it did not seem to be but a few moments before we arrived at the ferry, and as good luck would have it, the boat was just about ready to start, and in a moment after we were on our way across the Hudson.

"Gentlemen may I ask what ye's going to do at Hoboken, faith. I am fearful that I'll get in a scrape."

"Keep cool driver, keep cool, you will not be harmed," said Captain Smith.

This seemed to satisfy him, as he questioned no farther, but I have no doubt he thought a

"heap," as our southern friends would say. On reaching Hoboken, Captain Smith took an outside birth along-side of the driver to act as Pilot, and we moved on at a rapid rate towards the place.

"Friend C." said I "what is your candid opinion; do you really think that we shall succeed and get the treasure to night?"

"I do," he replied "some one has written that, 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood leads on to fortune.' And I believe this is the young flood which is to fill our pockets with the needful, and I really trust that it is the case, for my purse is almost daily at low-ebb."

"Hilloa! what's the matter Captain Smith?"

This question was called forth by the sudden stopping of the carriage.

"Don't know, balky horses I suppose, they have come to a sudden and dead stand," which in fact was the case, neither the driver's voice or his whip, would make them go one step.

We all got out and I took one of the horses by the head, and Mr. C. the other, while Capt. Smith and B—h, each took hold of a wheel, and we pulled and pushed, the driver at the same time laying on the whip with all his strength, but to no purpose, they would not go one inch. After ten minutes labor in this way we all ceased our endeavors to make them go, and being somewhat exhausted Mr. C. and I sat down on a log near by the carriage to rest.

"Driver, why did you not tell us that your horses were balky?" asked Captain Smith.

"They are not balky sur, they niver done the likes of this before, and I've drove them this twelve month—faith they say something, and its skared they are."

"See something, fudge, tell that to the marines, they are balky horses and if they belonged to me, I would knock them in the head," said Captain. Smith.

"Sure sur, I tell you they are not balky, a fraer tame niver was hitched together—they say something—what's that sur!" and he pointed with his whip ahead of the horses.

"Howly Mother it's a soger wid a gun, get out of that you blackguard, and he brought the whip down with a will and a get ep, but it was no go, the horses would not budge an inch.

"What do you see driver?" asked Mr. C. who at the same time caught hold of my arm and tremblingly said; "I fear that it is the spirit of

the man guarding the treasure!" "I see a man standing before the horse's heads, he must be drunk," said he.

Captain Smith and I then walked around in front of the horses, but we could see no person there, and we asked the driver whether he still saw the man. He told us that the man had started and run up the road just as we reached the horses heads, and asked if we saw him.

"No," said Captain Smith, "we have seen no man. Now start your horses," continued he and the driver gave the reins a jerk in a true Hibernian style and said, "go on ye bastos," and they started off on a brisk trot without further urging. We ran up and got into the carriage, and were troubled no more with balky horses during the rest of the ride. We reached the road-side of the woods at about half-past eleven o'clock, and there we stopped, and told the driver to wait at that spot until we returned—telling him we should probably be gone an hour and a half, or perhaps two hours, but under no consideration to leave the place until one of us returned. To this he consented, and we shouldered our tools and started. The path from the road through the woods was unbroken and a "hard road to travel," and before I had gone twenty paces, I had scratched my hands and face and tore my coat in several places by the briers and underbrush. At one time I actually despaired of ever being able to reach the spot, but as everything in this world has an end, or I should say a change, so had our passage through the briers. We arrived at the grave and looking at our watch, found it to be just fifteen minutes to twelve o'clock. We therefore lost no time in pacing off the thirty paces and finding the spot.

"Here we are gentlemen," said Capt. Smith. "Now let us go to work with a will, and we shall soon know for a certainty, whether there is any treasure buried here." He then took the pick and commenced to loosen the earth while I followed after with the spade, and during the next five or ten minutes, the most expert Corkonian could not have made a larger hole in the same time than I did. It was agreed that we would spell each other, and as soon as Captain Smith and I had worked until we felt like resting, B. and C. took hold and picked and dug with equal alacrity and speed.

We found it pretty hard digging as the spot was full of small stones and roots, so that our

progress the first two feet was slow, and laborious.

While they were at work, Captain Smith and I sat some few feet from them upon a log watching them dig, and we were both positive that we saw a third person in the hole who was busy throwing the dirt back as Mr. C. shoveled it out. We deemed it wise to say nothing to them, fearful they might become frightened and leave, for notwithstanding both Mr. C. and B—h love money as every man does, I do not think that either of them would have remained there one minute had they seen what we did. The weather was very sultry, and the mosquitoes were as thick and hungry as starved wolves, and equally as ferocious.

"Captain Smith, said I in a low tone of voice so that they could not hear me, "do you see that man in the hole with C. and B.?"

"Yes I have noticed that a third person was there, since they commenced, but I thought as you said nothing, perhaps you did not see him. I am glad to see you take it so coolly I see you do not fear him."

As the night was excessively hot, we were compelled to relieve each other frequently, and notwithstanding we kept both pick and spade, constantly in motion, at two o'clock we had only excavated a hole four feet square and two feet deep.

"Hard work," said Mr. C. as he handed me the spade, after about ten minutes digging.

"Yes, but every spadeful makes one the less to throw out," I answered, and I commenced with renewed vigor; and they went to the log and seated themselves to recruit. We then dug on in silence a few minutes, when Mr. C. spoke in a low tone, "Captain Smith, you and Mr. H come here quick! some person is coming this way!" We instantly dropped our tools and hurried up to them when they both positively declared that they heard a voice coming down the hill. We immediately put out our lantern and laying down behind the log, waited in breathless suspense. After remaining in this concealed position for some minutes, and hearing nothing, Captain Smith rose and cautiously moved off to reconnoiter; while we remained concealed behind the log.

"In a few minutes he returned, and told us that he could not see or hear any person, and that he thought friends B—h and C. had been deceived, and fancied they had heard something.

"Look there! look there!" said Mr. C., "There is a man in the hole! My heavens this is more than mortal eyes can endure. We'll never get it, I am sure we never will," and he manifested the strongest desire to leave.

"Don't be too sure of that," said Smith, he is only a spirit, and cannot if so inclined harm us, why, friend C. I am surprised, that you have no more courage, come man what are you afraid of—I wish Billy, or some other spirit would control you," continued he.

"Oh! for heaven's sake Smith, don't express any such desire, it may attract some evil spirit to control me," said he.

"Why, I thought you did not believe that there were evil spirits?" asked Smith.

"I do not, by evil I mean undeveloped spirits."

"Here friend C." said I, "take some of this Lager Bier, it will strengthen your physical system, and also create a little 'dutch courage,' and I handed to him a bottle which we had brought along with us, containing some of that beverage.

He took the bottle and raised it to his mouth, when his hand began to shake violently, and he threw it into the bushes and immediately was entranced and said:—

"It's the likes of that he should'n't be after drinking, wather is better for him; come on now me boys, faith I towl'd ye's I'd be wid ye's, and now that I have controwl, I'll tache ye's how to handle the spade, come now sur, I can't be after staying long. Take the pic' boss B—h and I'll follow after yo's wid the spade."

"Good evening Billy, we are glad that you have kept your word," I said.

"Yes," said Captain Smith, "I am thankful that you have controlled friend C. He is a great coward, don't you think he is, Billy?"

"Oh faith, it's himself that can't help it; but come on now, it's better to make the pick hould a bit of conversation wid the dirt that's on the top of the treasure than to be spaking about the faults of the madium," saying which Billy jumped into the hole, and I after him.

After we had been about ten minutes at work during which time we had deepened the hole some ten inches, Billy suddenly laid the spade down and said:—

"I must lave the madium now, but I'll not lave ye's," and Mr. C. came out of the trance.

Captain Smith then took Mr. C.'s place, and he and I continued the work until we had struck the stone, when B—h and C. relieved us. We kept alternately relieving each other until about three o'clock, when B—h, who was shoveling out the dirt, suddenly cried out:—

"Hold the light here, quick! I have the dirt all off the stone!" and feeling with his hand over its surface, said:—

"I feel indentations where the cross ought to be; quick with the light, quick!"

As soon as we could get the lantern lighted, for we had at our first alarm extinguished it, I handed it to B—h, but no sooner was it in his hand than it went out. I lighted it again and passed it to him, but the second attempt to get into the hole lighted was as unsuccessful as the first. There was not a breath of air stirring, nor was there anything the matter with the lamp, as it burned well enough while out of the hole. Several more efforts were made to get it into the hole lighted without success, when Captain Smith said somewhat impatiently, "Come out of the hole, and let me try."

He then took the lantern and jumped into the hole, and after seven trials at last succeeded in keeping the lamp lighted long enough to see that there *really* was a cross *apparently* chiseled out on the top of the flat stone.

"Another and further confirmation," said B—h, rubbing his hands, and manifesting the greatest delight. "I felt positive that we should find it all as told us; who can doubt now?"

We were all highly elated; even our insect friends, the mosquitoes, seemed to participate in the joy, as they sang about our ears, and kissed our hands and faces with an extra degree of affection and force.

Just at this moment a man's voice startled us. We ceased our talking and heard it again. We soon found that it was a man belonging to the farm house near by, and within sight, who was out at that early hour feeding his horses.

"What time is it," whispered Captain Smith to me. I looked at my watch by the light and found it to be half-past three o'clock.

"What shall we do," I said, "daylight will be upon us in a few minutes, and then we shall be in full view of all who may happen to pass along the road."

"We must fill up the hole as quick as we can, it will not do to be seen here," said Captain Smith. "We must take another night for it—come, let us commence at once, day-light is breaking."

We immediately set about shoveling back the dirt, and just as the eastern horizon began to make distant objects visible we had completed, and so arranged the place that a casual observer would not suppose the spot had been molested by

"The Diggers." We gathered up our tools and made all haste for the carriage. Arriving at the place where we had left it, we were somewhat surprised to find it gone. We then hurried on to the ferry, concealing the tools as well as we could with our handkerchiefs.

We passed but few persons on our way to the ferry, and reached it just as the five o'clock boat was about starting. We found our driver and his carriage on board and learned from him that he had waited until half-past three o'clock, and then concluded that he been "sold," or that we were "body catchers," and had been caught in the act of disinterring, and prevented from returning. He consequently decided that the best thing he could do, was to mount his box and go home.

We arrived at C.'s room at six o'clock, tired and worn out by our night's "digging for money." The reader will no doubt ask, "Well, is this all?—did you not dig again?—if not, why?"

Stop, reader, if such are your questions; we are not yet prepared to answer you; but we *will* in time.

Circumstances beyond our control prevented us from making a second attempt the next night, and much to my surprise, I learned the following morning that Captain Smith had been appointed to the command of the barque "Island of Cuba," and was to sail that day for the coast of Africa. This information I learned from B—h, who was waiting for me at my store.

We immediately hastened to the vessel and found the Captain on board, who told us that his appointment to the command of the barque had been pending for several days, and that he had that morning received notice to take charge, and sail with the next ebb tide, which he was compelled to do, for the coast of Africa.

Wishing the Captain a pleasant voyage and a speedy return, we bade him good bye, and hastened to Mr. C.'s room. Here we had an interview with the spirit of Kydd, and learned from him that it would be impossible for us to get the treasure unless Captain Smith was with us; and that it would be useless to try. We reluctantly consented to give up the undertaking until after Captain Smith returned, which did not occur till the month of February, 1859, when he called upon the writer and reported himself ready for a second trial at digging for Captain Kydd's treasure, but alas! B—h had sailed, a few weeks previous, for England, and was not expected back until April. Here was another disappointment, but we have since arranged to dig again, as soon as we can effect a lease of the ground on which is said to lie buried Two MILLION DOLLARS.

Before repeating we decided to make another effort the next night, should nothing that we were to expect, and with this understanding I went home.



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