

on board a ship in the harbor the riches of the cathedral noted as one of the wealthiest in the world. The ship was captured by a Chilean revolutionary vessel, which was caught by the dreaded pampero, and was beached on a sandy bay of Trinidad. The pirates hid the treasure in the ravine, and signaled the first passing vessel, which, unfortunately for them, was a Spaniard. They were recognized and taken to Cuba and hanged December 2, 1821, in Cabanas fortress, Havana—all save a lad of fifteen, a Finn cabin boy.

Fifty years later, when the mate of a sailing ship trading in the China sea, the Finn told his skipper of the treasure and showed him a chart of the island that had been given to him by the pirates. After the old Finn's death the Captain sent his son to the island. The latter reported that Trinidad in every detail was as represented, but a landslide had closed the ravine with rock and red earth. Incautiously the son told the people of the ship the secret of his mission. The next year an independent expedition went to the island from Liverpool; out the blazing sun, the fever, the heavy surf, and other natural obstacles played havoc with the men, and the expedition failed as have four others, all English, since that time.

If this treasure should be found, some queer complications would follow on the question of ownership. First would be the claim of England, the flag having been raised there as early as 1700; then of the Portuguese of Brazil, who had a settlement there about 1750; of Brazil, since the island lies off her coast; of Spain, to whom the treasure belonged; of Peru, from whose cathedral it was taken; and lastly, the claim of the Church of Rome.

In 1804 a treasure ship with two million dollars aboard sailed from South American ports for Cadiz. The crew mutined and killed the Captain about the time that they sighted some small desert islands, lying, as they thought, two hundred miles south of Madeira. They put the ship into a little bay on the south side of the middle island, which they described as high, flat, and green at the top. Here they made a landing with the treasure and buried it in white sand above high water mark. Soon afterward the crew were shipwrecked off the Spanish coast. One of the few survivors, as he died, told the secret to an English sailor named Christian Cruse, who communicated with the British Admiralty. In 1813 Rear Admiral Hercules Robin-

son was sent with the British ship Prometheus to visit the Salvages, which were undoubtedly the islands in point. Finding the middle island inaccessible, he landed on another, Great Salvage, and dug without result. No other serious attempt has ever been made.

Off the little village of Percé, on the shore of the Gaspé Peninsula, lifts sheer out of the water the Pierced Rock of Percé. It is five hundred and fifteen feet in its greatest altitude, and in many places its walls are not only sheer but lean outward at the top. In the days of the First Empire the rock was owned under royal grant by Captain Duval, renowned as a privateer, who made his headquarters on the coast and anchored in shelter of the rock. From his Indians Duval must have learned that there was a way to the top.

Hiding the Bags of Gold

ONE day when he returned from a cruise, his ship loaded with English spoils, two of the Indians went overside and disappeared. That night a boat was lowered and into it was placed a great brass bound chest, so heavy with gold that ten men were required to lift it, and the boat was rowed to the side of the rock. Strange cries were heard from above, which Duval answered, and out of the darkness a light rope was lowered, to which was attached a heavier line. Then Duval's lieutenant was drawn up, and superintended the raising of the gold in gunny bags. Lastly Duval himself went up astride the chest, commanding the crew of the boat to remain in the precise spot until his return. Just at

dawn he came down the heavy line. The crew thought they had heard shots in the stillness, but the great height made this uncertain. At last Duval returned with his pistols empty and, picking up a blunderbuss, he shot the rope and cut it high up out of reach. The lieutenant was never seen again, nor were the Indians.

For many years the weather worn rope hung swaying against the rocks, a warning to the timid fishermen. Some twenty years later a daring young halibreed discovered the path by which one could climb up the face of the rocks, but he knew nothing of the treasure. Others followed his footsteps, so that the pathway was well known eighty years ago. When the facts about Duval became known after his sudden death, various attempts were made to reach the top of the rock. As over half of the people who tried it lost their lives, and the disturbance of the birds living on it caused great annoyance to the village, the provincial authorities passed a law forbidding anyone to attempt the ascent.

Some sixty years ago the Christina, an East Indiaman carrying a great treasure, was lost; but in what spot no one ever could be certain. Two years later the crew of a fishing schooner found on a reef in the China Sea, now known as Silver Reef, a chain cable and what the fishermen supposed were lumps of lead. They proved to be Sycee silver, and the fishermen were very bitter because they did not secure more when they had the opportunity of doing so without consulting the Government, for the value of what they carried away was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The remainder awaits scientific recovery.

Some twenty years ago a Spanish steamer, the Alfonso XII., foundered in the Canaries. She carried ten large boxes of gold. An expedition poorly equipped was sent out and nine boxes recovered. The tenth is still there—a fortune in itself.

The Spanish frigate San Pedro, with seven and a half millions of treasure, blew up and sank in Camana bay. The Boston Diving Company recovered some of the guns and a part of the treasure, but there is a huge sum left.

An instance of most successful recovery is afforded in the case of the Thetis, which left Rio Janeiro in 1830, carrying eight hundred thousand dollars. She was lost the second day out at Cape Frio. The vessel was held to be a total loss, but Captain Dickinson of the British ship Lightning recovered

Continued on page 13



Monks Removing Their Treasure to a Secret Hiding Place.

AFTER DINNER SPEAKING

By SIMEON FORD

AFTER dinner speaking has resolved itself into an art in America, an art of the humorous kind, which differs greatly from the Continental verbiage attending such affairs. On this side of the pond, no one wants to hear a long discourse upon "Why Irish Emigration Has Fallen Off," or to hear some one read at length some report upon the yield of wheat in the West. No one is particularly interested in the latest bank statistics, nor the possible output of gold and silver. Every man wants to be entertained, and as we are all more or less fascinated with the effect of our convivial feast, it becomes an easy matter to win a reputation as an after dinner speaker.

I must confess that I said much funnier things before I was discovered (?) in this particular field, and it is no easy matter to live up to the reputation of being funny. It is a struggle for me to get up a speech. Some orators try to convey the impression that all they have to do, when called upon after dinner, is to assume a look of pleased surprise, and a boiled shirt, rise up, and let ideas, aphorisms, and beautiful thoughts ripple out of them like beer out of a spigot.

Just picture to yourself the life of a chronic after dinner speaker. He goes home; he surrounds himself with the encyclopedia, Joe Miller's Joke Book, Bartlett's Quotations, a siphon, and a quart of the fount of inspiration; his family gather round him and play on pianolas, phonographs, conversation, etc.; his youngest son seeks information concerning cube root; baby indulges in cholera infantum. In the midst of the beautiful domestic scene, the orator composes his mind. But us orators—I repeat, us orators—are the cusses who have to do the real labor. Look at the stuff we have to boil down!

There are perhaps in town about half a dozen men who are always supposed to be on tap for something funny, and these men are doing overtime. I am so blamed sick of the whole speech making business

that I don't know what to do. I don't want to be funny; I know I am not funny; but they keep insisting that I am. I am willing to leave all that sort of thing to Depew, Hedges, Gruber, and Murphy; they do it easily and spontaneously. But I have to grind it out joke by joke, grin by grin.

There is no use in after dinner speaking for the after dinner speaker. He gradually acquires the reputation of being humorous, and that name disqualifies him in the eyes of the world as a serious minded man of affairs. The only man who did not suffer from such a reputation was Abraham Lincoln. Senators, lawyers, and bankers who once fall under the baleful stigma as after dinner wits lose a reputation for serious business that they can never regain. The whole business is a precarious one, and the successful orator depends on nothing so much as upon his luck to follow a speech of laborious statistics. Any man can sparkle if he is preceded by a bore. The guests want to laugh, and will meet him half way with a roar at some low comedy joke that would meet with a snort of derision, if heard at the sober hour of noon next day.

The Most Famous Speech

ONE of the most famous speeches ever delivered in the United States was that of Henry E. Grady at a New England dinner. This speech was logical, philosophical, and humorous, and has without doubt done more to unite the North and South than any other. Into it Mr. Grady put all the benevolence of his personality all the charm of his diction, and the ripe judgment of his broad experience with political conditions.

There are other famous after dinner speakers in New York; and one of the most famous is General Horace Porter, whose speech at the Pil-

grims' dinner was one of the best, rather one of the most humorous. He began:

"Last summer two pilgrims might have been seen embarking from the port of New York to visit the land from which the Pilgrim fathers once embarked, Senator Depew and the speaker who has just risen. Our hopes of pleasure abroad had not risen to any dizzy height. We expected to feel at home there, upon the general principle that Yankees never appear so much at home as when they are visiting other people. I have noticed that Americans have a desire to go to Europe, and have observed specially that those who have ambitions with regard to public life think they ought to cross the ocean; that crossing the water will add to their public reputation, particularly when they think how it added to the reputation of George Washington, even crossing the Delaware River. Then you go to Scotland, and hardly land there before you hear the bagpipes, and you sit down and weep. You know there is only one other instrument in the world that will produce such strains, and that is a steam piano on a Mississippi steamboat when the engineer is drunk. And in this musical country they tell you in song about the lassie comin' through the rye; but they never tell about the rye that goes through the laddie.

"Then you go to England—you have seen her Colonies forming a belt around the circle of the earth on which the sun never sets. And now you have laid eyes on the mother country, on which it appears the sun never rises. Then you begin to compare legislative bodies. You find that in Parliament the members sit with their hats on and cough, while in Congress the members sit with their hats off and spit. And as you cross the Channel the last thing you see is the English soldier with his blue trousers and red coat, and the first you see on landing in France is the French soldier with his red trousers and blue coat, and you come to the conclusion that if you turn an English soldier upside down, he is, uniformly speaking, a Frenchman."