

**THIS ISSUE IS ALL ABOUT
FINDING AND MAKING MONEY**

by Timothy G Beckley
mruf08@hotmail.com

Obviously we'd all like to be as rich as "Rockefeller," but we all know how hard it is to win the lottery or to marry "Donald Trump."

It would help a lot if a kindly Leprechaun pointed our way to a pot of gold, but we all know that the wee people are just imaginary – or do we?

So you have two choices as I see it with this issue – grab up a copy of **Maria D' Andrea's** hot new spellcraft book. The Long Island psychic has long been assisting others in reaching their financial goals. We have published more than a half dozen of her works to date and the **POSITIVELY POSITIVE SPELL BOOK** is going to make all you "Wish Makers" very happy that Maria is adding another very useful volume to her ever growing list of books. This book also offers the helping hand of **DragonStar**, representative of a long existing Atlantis-based secret society that has recently gone at least semi-public with the help of our publishing efforts.

– SEE PAGE 10

In addition, we are particularly proud of what has turned out to be a very thick, large format, "coffee table" book. **SPOOKY TREASURE TROVES – UFOS, GHOSTS, CURSED PIECES OF EIGHT AND**

THE PARANORMAL

is a marvelous treasure chest of absolutely true tales that

provide insight into some of the greatest buried and sunken treasure hordes discovered and still to be uncovered, and how some benevolent spirit or "ET" could lead you to a fabulous fortune worth millions of your very own!

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Concludes on Page 3

See Page 14 For Associated Books

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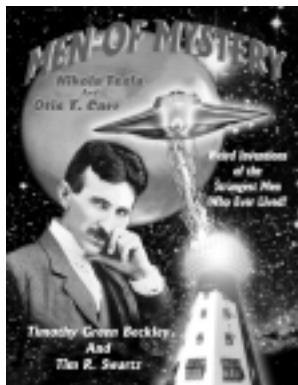
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THE HUMAN AURA
A DISC-SHAPED CRAFT THAT CAN TAKE US
TO THE MOON IN UNDER AN HOUR**



NIKOLA TESLA – Though chosen to share the 1912 Nobel Prize in Physics with Edison, Tesla refused the award and during his life tore up royalty contracts which would have earned him millions of dollars. Not much is known about this “strange” loner, as Tesla spent most of his life in total seclusion. However, those who did know him even slightly say he was not a

normal human, but a real SUPERMAN, either a reincarnated master – or a spaceman with superior mental powers placed here to assist in earth’s technological development.

OTIS T. CARR – A student of Tesla’s, the Baltimore-based engineer believed that every person should have the opportunity to travel to other planets which he believed to be inhabited by human-looking space people as physical as you and I. Based on conversations with his mentor, Carr constructed a flying saucer-shaped device that he believed would take us to the moon and beyond. He received much ridicule and harassment that eventually landed him in jail under bogus charges of fraud – the government claiming that it is impossible to create an operational free energy device.

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Concludes from front cover

on board. In a bit of “magical synchronicity” the jewels were removed from the ocean floor 300 years to the exact day by a salvage company called 1715 Fleet – Queen’s Jewels LLC. During a press conference the treasure hunters leader Brent Brisben made a startling revelation: “People love treasure stories. . . . People freak out that we’re literally ten to fifteen feet off the beach in two to three feet of water.” Furthermore, states Brisben, “Five years ago before I got into this business, I would have told you that magic is in fairy tales. . . . And I do not wish to speak of this in ‘religious terms,’ but I truly now believe that there is an energy that pervades these shipwrecks that I can’t quantify. I truly believe that these shipwrecks wanted their story to continue; that this magically happened on this anniversary because this story still needs to be told and it’s currently unfolding.” Now isn’t that a blessed mouth full?

Our **SPOOKY TREASURE TROVES** is for young and old alike. If you love adventure and some insightful tales of the bizarre, this is a book that could put you on the track to finding your own treasure in life.

– SEE BACK COVER FOR MORE DETAILS!

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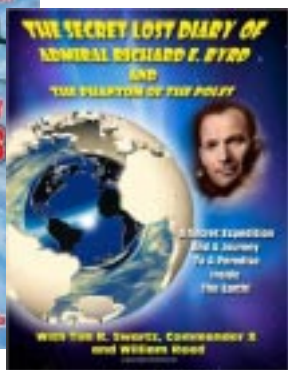
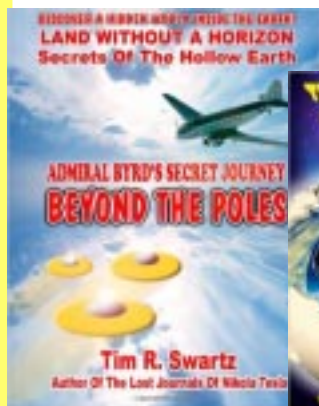
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**EMMY AWARD-WINNING PRODUCER CLAIMS FAMED
EXPLORER DISCOVERED ENTRANCE TO HOLLOW EARTH!**

One of the world's most enduring mysteries, a legend that stretches from ancient times to the present, is that of the Hollow Earth. As one learns from reading Tim R. Swartz's two excellent offerings from Global Communications, the mythology concerning a world inside our own dates back to pre-Biblical times. So is the Earth hollow, as some believe? Calling on expert testimony from scientists, Emmy Award winning producer Tim Swartz skillfully makes the case that it is more than scientifically possible for our planet to be hollow – it is in fact probable that we share our world with a hidden race who lives beneath our feet and occasionally interacts with us mere surface dwellers for good or evil. Admiral Richard Byrd's trips to both the North and South Poles in the early part of the 20th century are covered in great detail by Swartz.



Byrd claimed to have located large openings at the poles that serve as doorways into the interior of the planet, as well as strange landscapes of lush green vegetation and animals roaming freely on the surface where we have long been told there is only snow and ice. It is said that a media cover-up was quickly put into place and Byrd ceased to talk about his discoveries publicly.

THE NAZIS IN SHAMBALLAH

Swartz provides further clues about the government's knowledge of the Inner Earth, along with some fascinating speculation about why such tight secrecy is maintained. Is the shadow government of the New World Order already in contact with the beings

down below? The Nazis, according to Swartz, made an expedition to Antarctica before the outbreak of World War II for just such a purpose, hoping to establish relations with the Aryan supermen said to dwell under the surface there. There have also been reports of flying saucer-type craft being seen in the vicinity displaying a swastika on their outer skin. Swartz contrasts that dark tale with a sunnier interpretation of the Hollow Earth theory, namely the existence of a hidden paradise in the planet's interior called Agharta or Shamballah. It is said this mythical wonderland is lighted by a small internal sun, and that wondrous vegetation and animal life abound there, as well as a race of gentle, technologically advanced people who are very concerned about our possible self-destruction through misuse of nuclear weapons. **Admiral Byrd's Secret Journey Beyond the Poles** strikes just the right balance between pragmatic scientific inquiry into the tantalizing notion that the Earth is hollow and stories of the fascinating assortment of creatures that are said to reside there. Swartz has also written another book called **The Secret Lost Diary of Admiral Richard E. Byrd and the Phantom of the Poles** which deals more directly with how Byrd's discovery of the Hollow Earth was quickly covered up by the press and radio outlets of his day.

In his real-life "secret diary," Byrd wrote, "There comes a time when the rationality of men must fade into insignificance and one must accept the inevitability of the Truth! I am not at liberty to disclose the following documentation at this writing. Perhaps it shall never see the light of public scrutiny, but I must do my duty and record it here for all to read one day."

The truths we finally learn are so completely unbelievable that there is no need to question why Byrd hesitated to reveal them publicly, no doubt fearing he would be locked away in a madhouse, protesting the accusation of insanity to deaf ears.

In any case, Tim R. Swartz has put together a pair of winners in the always interesting stream of new books coming out from Inner Light/Global Communications.

TIM R SWARTZ

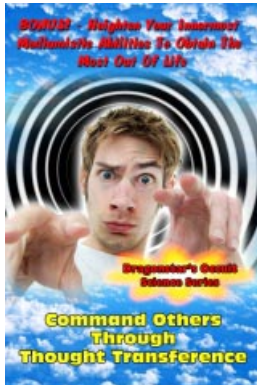
An Indiana native, a photojournalist and Emmy Award-winning television news producer, Tim Swartz has traveled extensively and investigated paranormal phenomena and other unusual mysteries in such diverse locations as the Great Pyramid in Egypt and the Great Wall of China.



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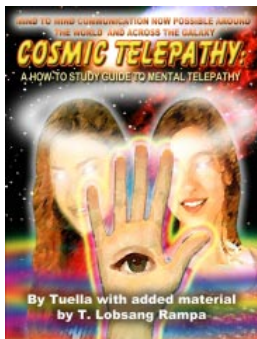
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In time, their public séances could only be categorized as amazing. The brothers were bound hand and foot so that they could not move about in order to cause deception. Once bound, they were placed inside a locked cabinet of extremely limited proportions. And this is where their very theatrical demonstration would begin – first with disembodied voices being heard throughout the room or theater. Then musical instruments began sounding loudly and eventually emerged from the upper

portion of the spirit cabinet, flying about the room and in general causing quite a visual spectacle in the darkened quarters.

The expression **DARK SÉANCE** became intimately associated with the chaos and mayhem which seemed to follow the brothers, causing them to flee from their performances for fear of bodily harm and even death. One theater critic suggested those attending the demonstrations bring along smelling salts. Supposedly one woman had her arm mangled upon being trampled and having people jump on her from out of the upper balconies trying to get a close look at the spirit materializations. Furthermore, their valet was said to have been startled to death when an apparition appeared in his sleeping quarters, and he suffered a heart attack.

During their sittings they allowed members of the public to be locked in the spirit cabinet with them. Several times they were attacked at close quarters and even hit over the head so as to render them immobile, to show that they were either responsible or not responsible for what was happening in the room (it was proven time and time again they were not!). They were even chased down the streets, and ended up in the hospital, with the police asking them to please leave during the night should they be set upon again.

Had the Brothers simply admitted they were illusionists and prestidigitators, they would have been respected, beloved and rich. But they steadfastly refused to take the easy way out and deny the truth of genuine spirits being involved.

Here is the full story of the most amazing occult séances of all time – including the intimate details of their lives as researched by Tim Beckley and by those who knew the brothers the best. Includes a lengthy entry by Sherlock Holmes creator and the great occult investigator, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.

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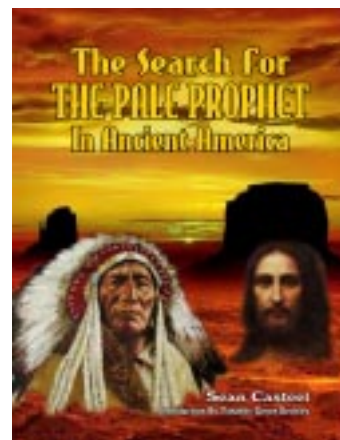


Christ portrayed in the four Gospels of the Bible. The Pale Prophet's love and compassion for the people - who would come to be called "heathen" by the European invaders 1500 years later - is unmistakably authentic.

For those interested in Ancient Astronauts, among Hansen's essays we find references to the flying saucers, as recollected by the aged chief of the Paiute tribe, who said the ships were familiar to them and had been seen since before the counting of time. The wise men among the natives had a fearful reverence for the mysterious airships, and it was said among them that it was not wise to be "too curious" about the saucers or their occupants. There are also Native-American allusions to Atlantis and Lemuria discussed in Hansen's essays.

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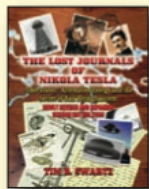
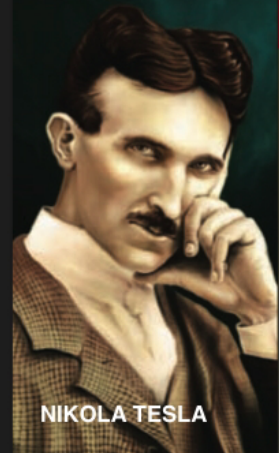
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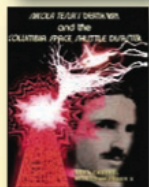
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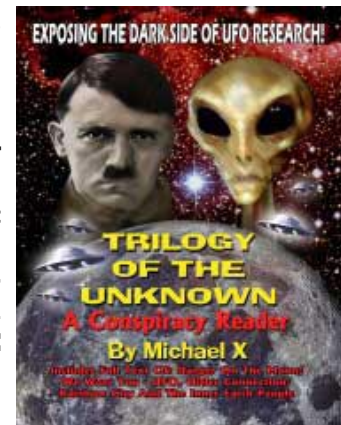
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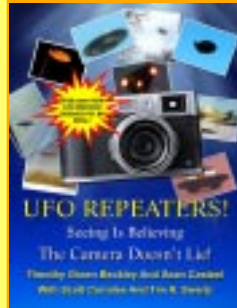
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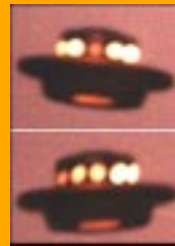


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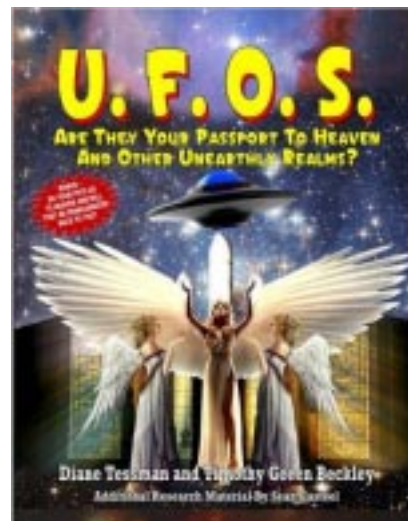
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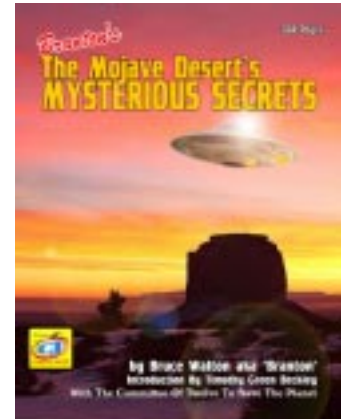
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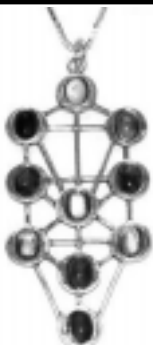
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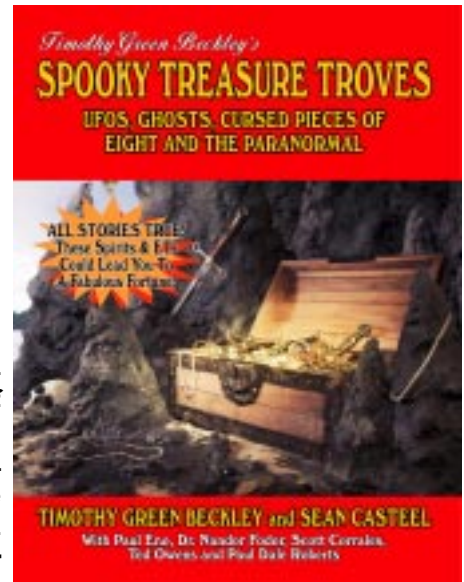
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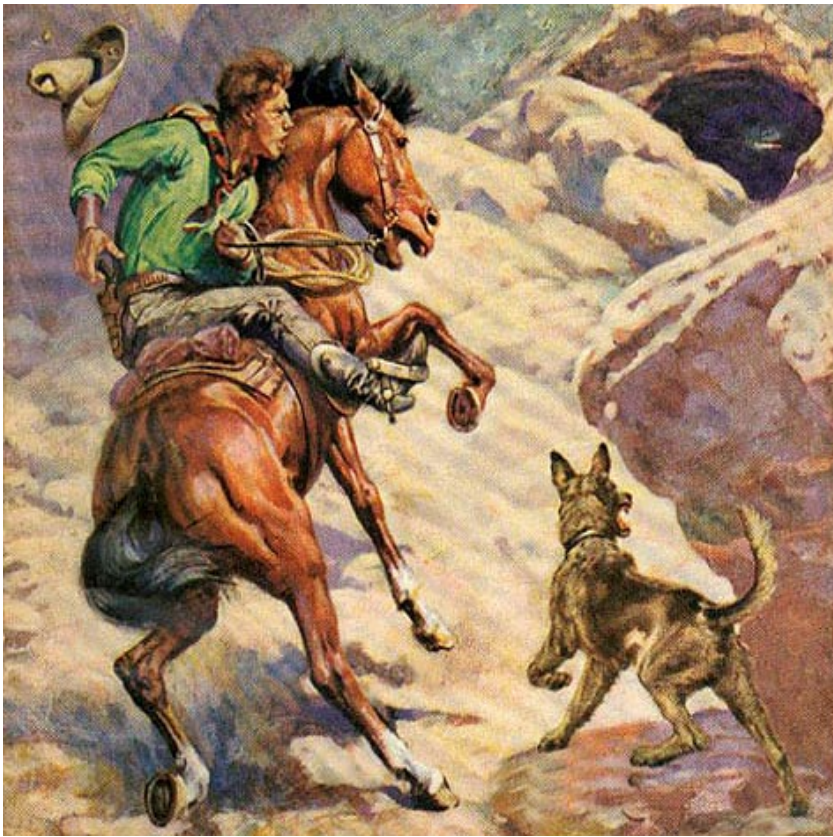
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THE LORE OF HAUNTED TREASURE AND IT'S GHOST AND FLYING SAUCER CONNECTION

by Timothy Green Beckley
Special Excerpt From
SPOOKY TREASURE TROVES
mruf08@hotmail.com

Somewhere along the twisting path of the paranormal I discovered that UFOs and ghosts seemed to be attracted to buried treasure – either to guard it or lead to its discovery. Both phenomena have supposedly led prospectors directly to the proverbial “mother-lode” or hovered

so damn near it as to be beyond mere coincidence. I guess you could say they functioned as a sort of sign as to where to dig or dive – if the ultimate prize is underwater. Other times you better get your pistol or pick axe ready to protect yourself from the walking dead, though, come to think of it, neither instrument can wound or kill something that has already turned to dust. So it's better to hope you're light on your feet and can hightail it a safe distance away.

I have no statistics on any of these paranormal declamations, but I've heard an assortment of rumors. Now, in the case of UFOs, we're not talking about spaceships with humanoid pilots on board, but more likely ornery spook or ghost lights that seem to be under “intelligent control” but not piloted by “aliens” as we've come to imagine them – at least that is what I would assume.

Though I must say that one scribe pointed out to me that if the ancient astronauts known as the Annunaki were really coming here from Planet X thousands of years ago to take human slaves in order to mine for gold, perhaps they are still searching for this valuable substance – or perchance the slaves themselves are returning from the realm of spirits to haunt these particular locales as a form of retribution against their slave owners. It's all assuredly conjecture. Pure speculation. But something uncommonly bizarre does seem to be going on that connects some lost treasures with the eerie sector of the phantasmal.

In all honesty, I first started to put two and two together “treasure-wise” and to think about any possible connection with the supernatural (the supernatural would include UFOs, which I believe to be more psychic in nature than physical hardware from outer

space) when I started working out of Jim W. Moseley's office in Manhattan. Jim was the editor/publisher of "Saucer News," a magazine devoted to the investigation of unidentified flying objects. Jim was a well-known media personality, pushing subscriptions on TV and radio shows like the popular Long John Nebel Party Line, a five-hour talk fest that was broadcast nightly over WOR, a station that pumped out wattage over thirty states, creating a huge audience in the tens of thousands.

Moseley had taken over my less-polished mimeographed zine – known as "The Interplanetary News Service Report" – and hired me as managing editor of his illustrious rag. JWM had garnered a somewhat "mysterious – lone wolf – reputation" among certain incredulous types in the UFO field who accused him of being a government agent or a member of some global cabal they loosely referred to as the "International Bankers."

One of the reasons for this negative notoriety seems to have been Jim's ability to disappear for considerable periods of time, leaving behind his Fort Lee, New Jersey, digs (he actually resided in Guttenberg, the next town over but picked up his mail from the same Post Office Box in Fort Lee for decades) and traveling overseas. Since his father had been in the military, this made him a prime contender for being a possible agent of darkness.

Truth is, Moseley and his father – U.S. Army Major General George Van Horn Moseley – had not spoken in years because of their highly polarized political views. This included taking particular exception to his father's outspoken racist and anti-Semitic views, including his claims that America must "breed up" its own decaying population by copying Nazi eugenics practices and launching a program of "selective breeding, sterilization, the elimination of the unfit, and the elimination of those types which are inimical to the general welfare of the nation."

Some have accused Jimbo of being a "tomb raider" because some of the artifacts he dug up while on "saucer sabbatical" in Peru were indeed buried more or less "six feet under," which technically made him a grave robber. The treasures consisted of everything from pottery to beautiful gold burial masks that bought him a fabulous fortune once he bribed Peruvian authorities to smuggle the pieces out of their country and into the U.S. where such "foreign relics" were NOT considered to be contraband.

Flying saucer provocateur, and Moseley's friend, Curtis Collins, has summed up Jim's treasure hunting days thusly:

"For the next several years, Moseley divided his time between the U.S., 'Saucer News' and Peru treasure hunts. Jim's absences were a mystery to the flying saucer fans and 'Saucer News' readers and the subject of much speculation. This helped fuel fanciful rumors that he was a saucer spy! Also, while in Peru, Jim found time for both some real saucer work and also some mischief."

I knew Moseley very well on a personal basis from having worked with him daily out of his "Saucer News" office on Fifth Avenue. When he wasn't "out of town" on mysterious business dealings, I also partied until the wee hours with him and our sometimes wild gang of "saucer kooks" and had many discussions with Jim, both sober and inebriated.

At this stage, I don't profess to recall the intimate details, not having written them down, but Jim was certainly familiar with the lore and legends of Peru as far as ghost

legends and flying saucers went. He said his frequent guide, a fellow by the name of Robert Kennedy, had told him that the spirits of the departed often guarded the places where they had been buried with valuables. I don't think they were intentionally hoarding these treasures from their position in the spirit world, but I am certain they had no intentions of having others dig them up centuries after they had been placed in the ground. That's sacrilegious in anyone's book.

Many a tomb, both in Peru and elsewhere, has a longstanding curse associated with it – especially ones that involve something valuable being buried underground. That's one of the reasons no one has ever located the Lost Dutchman Mine tucked away in the Superstition Mountain Range of Arizona outside of the heat-baked city of Phoenix. It's said that the spirits of the local native Indians, as appointed guardians, prevent anyone from getting anywhere near the cave where all the valuables are buried. Many have died and disappeared there, and some have even been abducted by UFOs, but that's another story for another time.

Regarding his treasure-hunting days in Peru, Jim had mentioned to me that mysterious flashing lights were being seen fairly frequently at high altitudes all over this South American country and there was some thought that flying saucers might be creating this unexplained phenomenon. Others have said that there is so much purportedly lost treasure in the mountainous regions around Machu Picchu that you can't possibly separate potential treasure from the UFOs hovering and streaking across the sky.

My friend and crystal skull explorer Joshua Shapiro said he became interested in the area near Lake Titicaca, Peru, after reading a book by Brother Philip (aka George Hunt Williamson) called "Secret of the Andes and the Golden Sun Disk of MU." In his book, Brother Philip describes a secret brotherhood in this area who administer a special school for those on the spiritual path.

"Lake Titicaca is even higher than Cusco. The Lake itself is very large and there are many islands within it. The large Peruvian city which is on the shore is called Puno, and this is where one stays. I know many of you have seen the derbies the women wear



in Peru (which they got from the British, when they were there) and this is the case in Puno. Some of the local people have villages on the reed islands, and, in our last trip, we were able to go on one of their reed boats, which were very sturdy and comfortable. I asked our navigator if he ever saw UFOs in this area, and he said it is a common thing. Many people claim they have seen UFOs come in and go out of the water. Another friend told me that Jacques Cousteau once went in a submarine there to see what is under the water and was so shocked by what he saw that he has never spoken about this. My tour guide said the local people believe the Golden Sun Disk of the Inca is buried here. I think of all the places in Peru I visited, I saw more UFO-type 'clouds' here than everywhere else. Also, all the islands in the lake have stone terrace structures everywhere. The question I asked myself is, where did they get all these stones?"

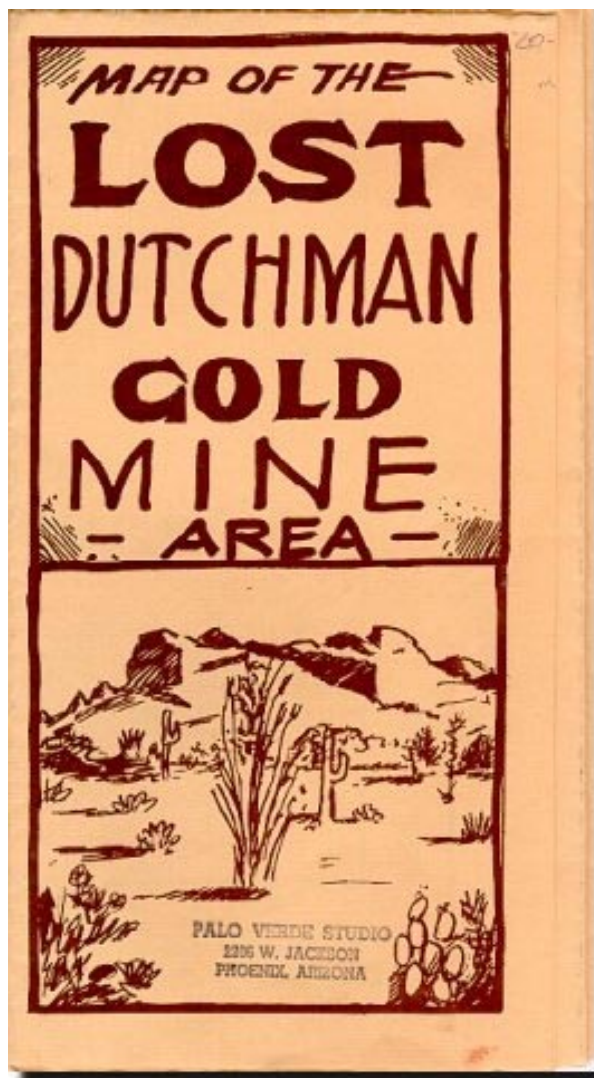
MORE UFO TREASURE TALES

Up around Mt Rainier in Washington State where Kenneth Arnold saw a string of nine crescent-shaped UFOs back in June of 1947 there is so much gold said to be buried in them there hills that you need a state guidebook to plot them all out on a map. From time to time some happy go lucky prospector – yes there are still a few of the old breed still around laying claim to some secluded grubstake – will come into town carrying a

pouch of sparkling nuggets, but it doesn't seem anything really to get excited about as the vast troves are still there for the taking if you happen to hit upon the right "ghost flame" to direct the way to the deep veins that exist below the earth, inside the mountain itself.

Actually, your best chance to come across a pocket of nuggets would be up around Yakima Indian Reservation,, though the locals certainly would not think highly of you if you absconded with what rightfully might be theirs according to tradition. At one point in the 1970s there were so many UFO sightings in the area that the Parks Department built a viewing stand from which the phenomena was even photographed.

Paranormal investigator Ryan Dube gives these additional details: "The Yakima Indian Reservation is located in the southern part of Washington state and covers roughly 3,500 square miles of both forest and flat land. The first reports were made by forest rangers in 1960, and most impressively Chief Fire Control Officer Bill Vogel reported a ninety-minute sighting of a mysterious ghost light in the sky over Toppenish Ridge. The officer reported that the light had a teardrop appearance (like a flame). Air Force investiga-



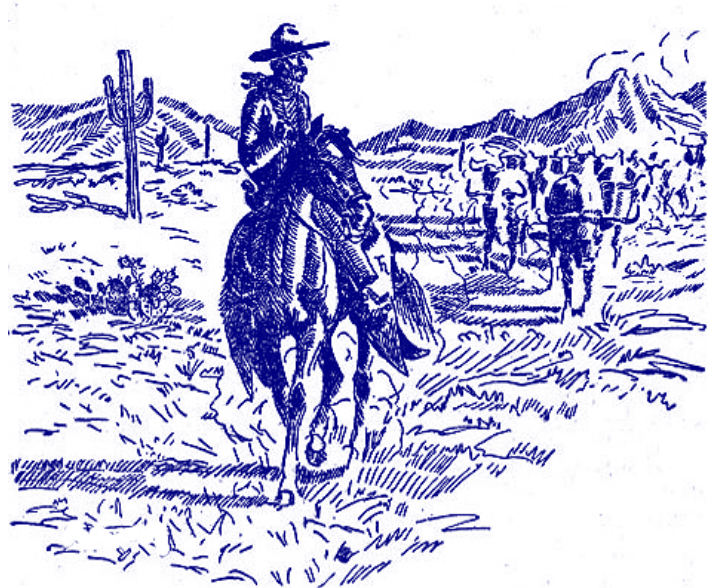
tors also became involved and gathered information on the light including photo and video footage. The lights attract both ghost enthusiasts and ghost hunters. Campers and Rangers observed and reported the greatest level of activity throughout the 1970s, and a number of witnesses even reported receiving telepathic messages from the lights as well as electrical devices failing.”

Maybe this “natural” or supernatural phenomena persists because of the high concentration of certain minerals in the earth. I know from personal experience that a large crystal deposit can make any good spook light, as they are also called, jump to high heaven and attract a good deal of attention.

Fellow author and PSI proponent Preston Dennett says he has personally kept tabs on what has been called the Oriflamme Mountain Lights. “These light,” Dennett insists, “have an ongoing reputation for hovering over areas where miners are known to have found gold and thus locally have become dubbed most appropriately ‘Money Lights.’”

In his suspenseful book *Supernatural California* Preston describes the Money Lights in rigorous detail.

“One famous location is the Oriflamme Mountain in the Southern California desert town of Anza-Borrego. Located on the western edge, the Oriflamme Mountain is composed of Granite and Schist bedrock. It has several streams which flow from it. Oriflamme Canyon is lined with oaks, sycamores, willow and cottonwoods. It is a popular site for hiking, camping and biking and remains a largely untouched wilderness area. The Oriflamme Mountain is also known for its mysterious ghost lights. The name “Oriflamme” actually translates as “Golden Flame.” Apparently, the accounts of these lights reach so far back in history that the mountain was actually named for them. The lights occur all over the mountain and range out over the adjacent Borrego Valley desert.



“While the oral traditions are well-established for centuries, the first recorded account came in 1858, when a stagecoach driver passing by the mountain observed “phantom lights” dancing on the mountain. From that point on, reports began to pour in from other witnesses, including settlers, prospectors and soldiers.

“At first, the lights were thought to be from the spirits of the Native Americans who once inhabited the area. Several ancient Indian burial grounds are located in Oriflamme Canyon and the surrounding areas. True to their profession, however, prospectors generally theorized that the money lights, as they called them, indicated the presence of treasure or gold, and in fact gold has been found in the area.

“One of the strangest and most famous of the sightings occurred in 1892, to a group

of three prospectors camping near Grapevine Canyon. One of the men, Charles Knowles, described what happened. He and his companions suddenly observed three "lights" which looked like "fireworks" or balls of fire. The strange lights seemed to rise directly from the ground. They traveled in an arching pattern, reaching an elevation of about 100 feet. As they started to fall back down to the earth, the lights exploded. About thirty minutes later, the lights returned. On this occasion, the lights behaved very differently. They rose from the ground and arched up to 100 feet, but instead of exploding, they returned to the ground where they stopped, reversed in direction, and traveled back to their starting location. Clearly these are not normal lights!

"The sightings continued. Miners periodically saw the lights over the adjacent Vallecito Mountains and across the Borrego desert. At times, the lights reportedly lit up the night sky like a fireworks show. During the Prohibition era, it was speculated that the lights were caused by bootleggers. And at one point, the Oriflamme lights again came under suspicion for indicating the presence of illegal immigration or smuggling activities.

"Still, the lights continued to appear. Reports have continued on and off reaching to the present day. In the 1930s, a sighting of one of the mysterious ghost lights bobbing up and down along San Felipe Creek was reported to the American Society for Psychical Research, which printed the account in their journal. More recently, in October 2002, the International Earthlight Alliance (IEA) conducted a field investigation into the lights. The IEA is composed of scientists with various disciplines devoted to studying the phenomenon of earth lights.

"On October 18, 2002 Marsha Adams of the IEA headed a team of researchers for an on-site investigation. While the team did not observe the lights, they were able to interview firsthand eyewitnesses from the nearby town of Butterfield who confirmed that the lights still appear. Still, no explanation to account for earth lights has ever been found. One recent scientific theory is as bizarre as any other theory. It states that when strong winds blow sand up against large quartz outcroppings, they create a strong charge of static electricity. When the static-electric charge is strong enough, it discharges and causes the lights to flash. The area is now preserved as Anza-Borrego Desert State Park. To reach Oriflamme Canyon, take Highway S-2 one mile south of the Box Canyon Historical site. There is a small sign that reads "Oriflamme Canyon." It is a three-mile dirt road that may require four-wheel drive. Stay left as the road forks and it will lead you to the base of the canyon. Here you will find some of the ancient Indian "morteros" or grave-sites. The canyon leads up to the south-west. The mountain itself can be observed from Highway S2, four miles west of Butterfield ranch. Two dirt roads lead up to the mountain. The Butterfield Ranch Resort is located at: 14925 Gt. S. Overland, Julian, CA 92036. Phone: 760-765-2179"

I have been pleased to have Preston Dennett on as a guest on Exploring The Bizarre a weekly podcast I co-host with Emmy Award winning producer Tim R Swartz on the KCOR Digital Radio Network (all shows on archived at KCOR.Com or can be found on my YouTube channel Mr UFOs Secret Files – or simply under Tim Beckley. In the "golden days" of UFO newsstand publications I relied on Preston to be a regular contributor to the now defunct UFO Universe and UFO Files magazines. I believe he told me last time we

spoke that he had written seventeen books (don't hold me to that figure!) which included UFOs Over New Mexico, UFOs Over Arizona and the forthcoming UFOs Over Colorado. That's a hell of a lot of UFOs over somewhere.

Preston's conclusions. "UFOs definitely seem to be hovering over mines, and in some instances, are actively digging there in gold mines, silver mines, copper mines, uranium mines, you name it." Wild speculation? But certainly within the framework of this wondrous topic which hopefully will have you turning these pages till you have come to the end. You ARE invited to stop on over to Preston's website anytime - <http://prestondennett.weebly.com/>

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SPOOKY TREASURE TROVES – UFOS, GHOSTS, CURSED PIECES OF EIGHT AND THE PARANORMAL

ADMIRAL BYRD'S SECRET JOURNEY BEYOND THE POLES

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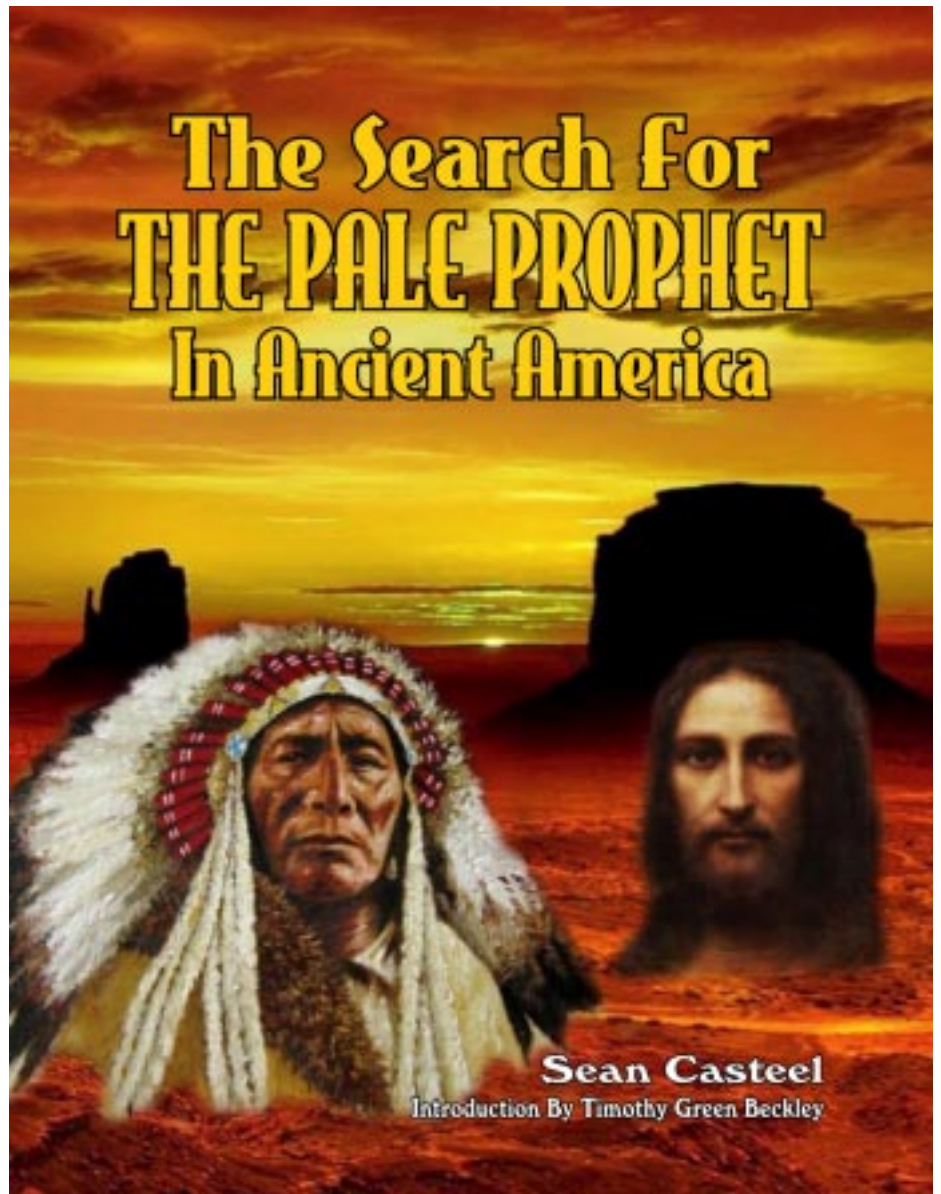
The cover of Tim Beckley's latest book, **Spooky Treasure Troves**

**WHO WAS THE CHRIST-
LIKE FIGURE THAT
WALKED ANCIENT
AMERICA?**

**– “PALE PROPHET” OR
ANCIENT ALIEN?**

By Sean Casteel

The Pale Prophet who visited the Americas in the first century A.D. certainly knew how to make an entrance the people would never forget. And the full story is told in what I, as the author, believe to be an exciting new book titled “The Search for the Pale Prophet in Ancient America,” published by my associate Tim Beckley’s Global Communications. Beckley is now co-hosting, along with Tim R. Swartz, the podcast “Exploring the Bizarre” on the KCOR Digital Radio Network.



According to ancient native lore, when the Fair God first arrived at the Polynesian Islands it was with three ships with giant sails like enormous birds with wings uplifted, glowing goldenly in the dawn light. The people watching the events were frozen to immobility.

“What manner of monsters are these with the great wings?” they asked in awe.

“Perhaps they have come to devour the people!” shouted one native.

Then the islanders saw something white moving toward them, apparently from the Great Birds. The white object glided easily over the water “with the rhythmical ease of a man walking.”

“As the spot of white came closer,” writes anthropologist L. Taylor Hansen, “they saw in amazement that this was a Fair God, manlike in form but unlike their people. Soon they could see Him clearly, the gold of the dawn light shining around Him, making a halo of His long curling hair and beard. As He came up on the wet sand, the warriors stared in fright at His garments; they were dry. Now they knew that a god stood among them, for

none but gods can walk on water!"

Putting aside for the time being the idea that we're dealing here with Jesus Christ himself, again displaying his ability to walk on water as recorded in the Christian Gospels, what we have here is a classic example of the "ancient astronauts" approach to the flying saucer mystery. A relatively primitive indigenous culture is confronted with what may be technological marvels that the natives ascribe to "gods" with abilities far beyond their comprehension. The ships with sails like huge birds with wings uplifted, for one, may be an attempt to describe a kind of flying craft that wasn't some form of a "boat" at all.

But none of the great "ancient astronauts" researchers, from Erich von Daniken to Zechariah Sitchin to Brinsley LePoer Trench, have ever covered the same territory as the late anthropologist L. Taylor Hansen, who spent decades traveling among the Native-Americans and collecting their legends regarding the Healer, the Prophet, the Miracle Worker, God of the Dawn Light, the Wind God, the Teacher, the White-Robed Master. Although the names are different, the legends are chanted and sung the same.

Very little is known about L. Taylor Hansen, who died in 1976. One thing that is known, however, is that her first name was Lucile, which she shortened to "L" so that she could pass herself off as a man, at least in literary terms. In 1918, while still a college student, she spent her summer vacation with the Chippewa Indian tribe in Michigan. According to writer Bette Stockbauer, who provides some of the scant biographical material available on Hansen, this interest was more than scholarly. The Chippewa's language and dances, their culture and religion, struck a richly harmonic chord in Hansen's soul.

Dark Thunder, the Chippewa chief, shared with young Hansen much of the tribal knowledge and told her of a Holy Man who had visited the tribe in long ago times. This man came to the Native Americans when their empire was united and their great cities stretched for miles. Wherever the Holy Man went, the miracles followed, and always He spoke of the Kingdom of His Father.

"In this brief story," Stockbauer writes, "Hansen sensed the germ of one much greater. That summer, a council of many tribes was called to tell the young lady the holy legends. Her own gift to the council would be a book that would preserve their words for future seekers. Thus was born 'He Walked the Americas,' a book pursued over two continents, during the course of 45 years."

At the Indian council meeting, Hansen was charged with the mission of recording the legends of the Pale Prophet for posterity. But in the meantime, in order to meet her expenses, she sold science fiction stories to pulp magazines, disguising herself as a man so she could succeed in a field completely dominated by the male element. In the 1940s, she was given space for a regular column in "Amazing Stories," a sci-fi pulp magazine, to air her nonfiction views on the current state of anthropology and archeology. Ray Palmer, the magazine's legendary editor, not only published her "Scientific Mysteries" columns, he would also eventually publish "He Walked the Americas" in 1963 through his Amherst Press company and thus is an important figure in the overall story as well.

All of the foregoing is contained in "The Search for the Pale Prophet in Ancient America." In the first section of the book, I summarize and quote from Hansen's "He Walked

the Americas” as well as adding my own Biblical insights and correlations not present in the original text of Hansen’s groundbreaking work.

I think perhaps Hansen felt she was writing for the more “Biblically-literate” audience of her own time, or maybe she felt that the Biblical correlations were so obvious that they didn’t need to be spelled out for the reader. In any case, I DID spell them out, and I hope it makes understanding the legends of the Pale Prophet a little easier. The more overt relationship of the legends to the Gospels will be dealt with in a separate article.

TRIBAL MEMORIES OF FLYING SAUCERS

Let us now return to the “ancient astronauts” view and the aforementioned essays by Hansen. In a piece called “Tribal Memories of the Flying Saucers,” reprinted in full in the new Global Communications release, Hansen disguises herself as a Navaho Indian named Oga-Make. But the style of the writing is unmistakably her own even as she hides behind one of her known pen names, an identity that is again male along with being a pseudonymous Native American. This is the price she had to pay in the pre-feminist years of the late 1940s, when the essay was originally published.

“Most of you reading this,” the essay begins, “are probably white men of a blood only a century or two out of Europe. You speak in your papers of the Flying Saucers or Mystery Ships as something new and strangely typical of the twentieth century. How could you but think otherwise? Yet if you had red skin, and were of a blood which had been born and bred of the land for untold thousands of years, you would know this is not true.

“You would know,” the essay continues, “that your ancestors, living in these mountains and upon these prairies for numberless generations, had seen the ships before and had passed down the story in the legends which are the unwritten history of your people. You do not believe? Well, after all, why should you? But knowing your scornful unbelief, the storytellers of my people have closed their lips in bitterness against the outward flow of this knowledge.

“Yet, I have said to the storytellers this: now that the ships are being seen again, is it wise that we, the elder race, keep our knowledge to ourselves? Thus, for me, an American Indian, some of the sages among my people have talked, and if you care to, I shall permit you to sit down with us and listen.”

Oga-Make/Hansen then shifts to a dialogue with the aged chief of the Paiute tribe.

The chief begins by saying: “You ask me if we had heard of the great silver airships in the days before the white man brought his wagons into the land. We, the Paiute nation, have known of these ships for untold generations. We also believe that we know something of the people who fly them. They are called The Hav-musuv.”

The flying saucer occupants, the Hav-musuv, first came to the area in large rowing ships before the land became a dry desert. After the waters dried and the rowing ships were no longer of use to them, they created “flying canoes,” which grew to become large silver ships with wings. The Have-musuv built a city in the nearby caverns, where they dwelt in peace and were far removed from the bloody warfare of the other local violently combative tribes.

“Have you ever seen a Hav-musuv?” Oga-Make/Hansen asked.

"No, but we have many stories of them," the chief replied. "There are reasons why one does not become too curious. These strange people have weapons. One is a small tube which stuns one with a prickly feeling like a rain of cactus needles. One cannot move for hours, and during this time the mysterious ones vanish up the cliffs. The other weapon is deadly. It is a long silvery tube. When this is pointed at you, death follows immediately."

The chief described the appearance of the Hav-musuvv.

"They are a beautiful people," he said. "Their skin is a golden tint, and a headband holds back their long dark hair. They dress always in a white fine-spun garment which wraps around them and is draped upon one shoulder. Pale sandals are worn upon their feet."

The chief tells a fascinating legend said to have happened many years before the coming of the Spanish. A Paiute chief lost his bride to sudden death. In his overwhelming grief, he went seeking the Hav-musuvv in order that they put him out of his misery with their deadly silver tube. As the mournful chief climbed the last mountain on his quest, one of the men in white appeared suddenly before him, brandishing the silver tube and motioning the chief back. The chief made signs that he wished to die and continued onward. Then others of the Hav-musuvv appeared and decided to take the chief with them.

Many weeks after his people had mourned him for dead, the Paiute chief came back to his camp. He had been in the giant underground valley of the Hav-musuvv, he said, where white lights which burn day and night and never go out, or need any fuel, lit an ancient city of marble beauty. There he learned the language and history of the mysterious people, giving them in turn the language and legends of the Paiutes. He would have been content to stay among them forever in the peace and beauty of their life, but they bade him return and use his new knowledge for the people.

Oga-Make/Hansen then asks the current Paiute chief if he believed the story.

"I do not know," the old man replied. "When a man is lost in Tomesha [a particularly forbidding stretch of hostile desert], and the Fire-God is walking across the salt crust, strange dreams, like clouds, fog through his mind. No man can breathe the hot breath of the Fire-God and long remain sane. This has always been a land of mystery. Nothing can change that. I must still answer your question with doubt in my mind, for we speak of a weird land. White man does not yet know it as well as the Paiutes, and we have ever held it in awe. It is still the forbidden 'Tomesha – Land of the Flaming Earth.'"

The short essay by Oga-Make/Hansen wonderfully embodies much classic "ancient astronauts" lore as well as timeless legends of a paradise hidden within the earth, which was also spoken of by the Tibetan seer T. Lobsang Rampa and many others. (Global Communications offers several of Rampa's titles to those seeking further enlightenment on the universal legends of Shangri-La.)

In any case, "The Search for the Pale Prophet in Ancient America" opens the reader to a whole new treasure trove of possible alien visitations to a land and a people long thought of as backward and savage. The Lord of Wind and Water and his civilizing influence on Native America is echoed not only in the Gospels but in the stories of ancient Sumer, Egypt and Babylon, who had uniformly credited gods from the sky with the be-

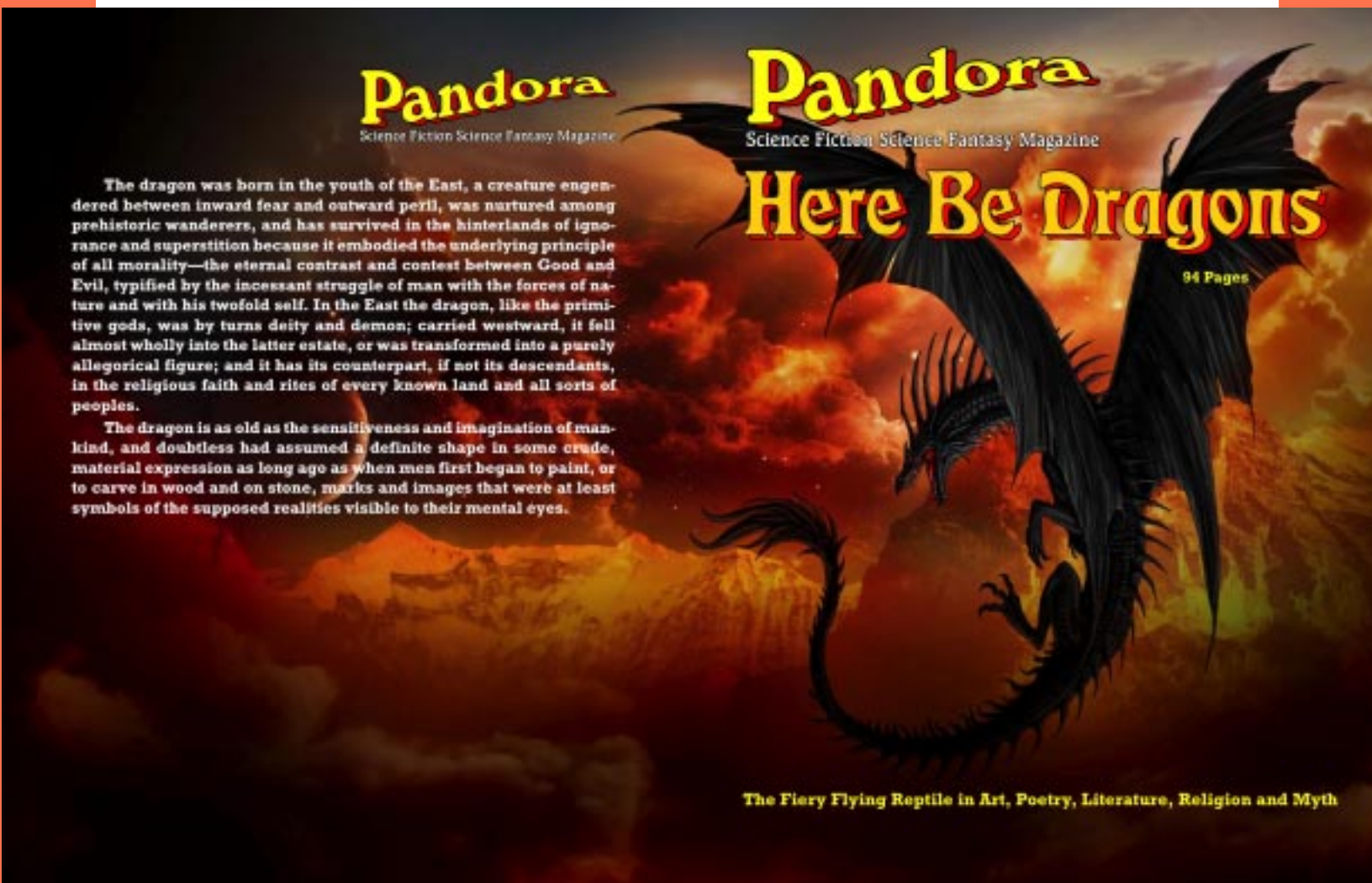
ginnings of their organized societies. That the same helping hand also came to the ancient Americas, while generally acknowledged to be true, has never been told in quite the same way as it has by L. Taylor Hansen in *“The Search for the Pale Prophet in Ancient America.”*

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A WIDE AND PERILOUS SEA

Piracy embodies the romance of the sea at its highest expression. It is a sad but inevitable commentary on our civilization, that, so far as the sea is concerned, it has developed from its infancy down to a century or so ago, under one phase or another of piracy. If men were savages on land they were doubly so at sea, and all the years of maritime adventure—years that added to the map of the world till there was little left to discover—could not wholly eradicate the piratical germ. It went out gradually with the settlement and ordering of the far-flung British colonies. Great Britain, foremost of sea powers, must be credited with doing more both directly and indirectly for the abolition of crime and disorder on the high seas than any other force. But the conquest was not complete till the advent of steam which chased the sea-rover into the farthest corners of his domain. It is said that he survives even today in certain spots in the Chinese waters,—but he is certainly an innocuous relic. A pirate of any sort would be as great a curiosity today if he could be caught and exhibited as a fabulous monster.

The fact remains and will always persist that in the lore of the sea he is far and away the most picturesque figure,—and the more genuine and gross his career, the higher degree of interest does he inspire.

There may be a certain human perversity in this, for the pirate was unquestionably a bad man—at his best, or worst—considering his surroundings and conditions,—undoubtedly the worst man that ever lived. There is little to soften the dark yet glowing picture of his exploits. But again, it must be remembered, that not only does the note of distance subdue, and even lend a certain enchantment to the scene, but the effect of contrast between our peaceful times and his own contributes much to deepen our interest in him. Perhaps it is this latter, added to that deathless spark in the human breast that glows at the tale of adventure, which makes him the kind of hero of romance that he is today.

He is undeniably a redoubtable historical figure. It is a curious fact that the commerce of the seas was cradled in the lap of buccaneering. The constant danger of the deeps in this form only made hardier mariners out of the merchant-adventurers, actually stimulating and strengthening maritime enterprise.

Buccaneering—which is only a politer term for piracy—thus became the high romance of the seas during the great centuries of maritime adventure. It went hand in hand

with discovery,—they were in fact almost inseparable. Most of the mighty mariners from the days of Leif the Discoverer, through those of the redoubtable Sir Francis Drake down to our own Paul Jones, answer to the roll-call.

It was a bold hardy world—this of ours—up to the advent of our giant-servant, Steam,—every foot of which was won by fierce conquest of one sort or another. Out of this past the pirate emerges as a romantic, even at times heroic, figure. This final niche, despite his crimes, cannot altogether be denied him. A hero he is and will remain so long as tales of the sea are told. So, have at him, in these pages! Joseph Lewis French.

GREAT PIRATE STORIES

THE PICCAROON

“Ours the wild life in tumult still to range.”—The Corsair.

We returned to Carthage, to be at hand should any opportunity occur for Jamaica, and were lounging about one forenoon on the fortifications, looking with sickening hearts out to seaward, when a voice struck up the following negro ditty close to us:—
“Fader was a Corramantee, Moder was a Mingo, Black picaniny buccra wantee, So dem sell a me, Peter, by jingo. Jiggery, jiggery, jiggery.”

“Well sung, Massa Bungo!” exclaimed Mr. Splinter; “where do you hail from, my hearty?”

“Hillo! Bungo, indeed! free and easy dat, anyhow. Who you yousef, eh?”

“Why, Peter,” continued the lieutenant, “don’t you know me?”

“Cannot say dat I do,” rejoined the negro, very gravely, without lifting his head, as he sat mending his jacket in one of the embrasures near the water-gate of the arsenal—
“Hab not de honour of your acquaintance, sir.”

He then resumed his scream, for song it could not be called:—“Mammy Sally’s daughter Lose him shoe in an old canoe Dat lay half full of water, And den she knew not what to do. Jiggery, jig——”

“Confound your jiggery, jiggery, sir! But I know you well enough, my man; and you can scarcely have forgotten Lieutenant Splinter of the Torch, one would think?”

However, it was clear that the poor fellow really had not known us; for the name so startled him, that, in his hurry to unlace his legs from under him, as he sat tailor-fashion, he fairly capsized out of his perch, and toppled down on his nose—a feature, fortunately, so flattened by the hand of nature, that I question if it could have been rendered more obtuse had he fallen out of the maintop on a timber-head, or a marine officer’s.

“Eh!—no—yes, him sure enough; and who is de picaniny hofficer—Oh! I see, Massa Tom Cringle? Garamighty, gentlemen, where have you drop from? Where is de old Torch? Many a time hab I, Peter Mangrove, pilot to Him Britannic Majesty squadron, taken de old brig in and through amongst de keys at Port Royal!”

“Ay, and how often did you scour her copper against the coral reefs, Peter?”

His Majesty’s pilot gave a knowing look, and laid his hand on his breast—“No more of dat if you love me, massa.”

“Well, well, it don’t signify now, my boy; she will never give you that trouble again—foundered—all hands lost, Peter, but the two you see before you.”

“Werry sorry, Massa Plinter, werry sorry—What! de black cook’s-mate and all?—But misfortune can’t be help. Stop till I put up my needle, and I will take a turn wid you.” Here he drew himself up with a great deal of absurd gravity. “Proper dat British hofficer in distress should assist one anoder—we shall consult togeder.—How can I serve you?”

“Why, Peter, if you could help us to a passage to Port Royal, it would be serving us most essentially. When we used to be lying there a week seldom passed without one of the squadron arriving from this; but here have we been for more than a month without a single pennant belonging to the station having looked in: our money is running short, and if we are to hold on in Carthagera for another six weeks, we shall not have a shot left in the locker—not a copper to tinkle on a tombstone.”

The negro looked steadfastly at us, then carefully around. There was no one near.

“You see, Massa Plinter, I am desirable to serve you, for one little reason of my own; but, beside dat, it is good for me at present to make some friend wid de hofficer of de squadron, being as how dat I am absent widout leave.”

“Oh, I perceive—a large R against your name in the master-attendant’s books, eh?”

“You have hit it, sir, werry close; besides, I long mosh to return to my poor wife, Nancy Cator, dat I leave, wagabone dat I is, just about to be confine.”

I could not resist putting in my oar.

“I saw Nancy just before we sailed, Peter—fine child that; not quite so black as you, though.”

“Oh, massa,” said Snowball, grinning, and showing his white teeth, “you know I am soch a terrible black fellow—But you are a leetle out at present, massa—I meant, about to be confine in de work-house for stealing de admiral’s Muscovy ducks;” and he laughed loud and long.—“However, if you will promise dat you will stand my friends, I will put you in de way of getting a shove across to de east end of Jamaica; and I will go wid you too, for company.”

“Thank you,” rejoined Mr. Splinter; “but how do you mean to manage this? There is no Kingston trader here at present, and you don’t mean to make a start of it in an open boat, do you?”

“No, sir, I don’t; but in de first place—as you are a gentleman, will you try and get me off when we get to Jamaica? Secondly, will you promise dat you will not seek to know more of de vessel you may go in, nor of her crew, than dey are willing to tell you, provided you are landed safe?”

“Why, Peter, I scarcely think you would deceive us, for you know I saved your bacon in that awkward affair, when through drunkenness you plumped the Torch ashore, so——”

“Forget dat, sir—forget dat! Never shall poor black pilot forget how you saved him from being seized up, when de gratings, boatswain’s mates, and all, were ready at de gangway—never shall poor black rascal forget dat.”

“Indeed, I do not think you would wittingly betray us into trouble, Peter; and as I

guess you mean one of the forced traders, we will venture in her, rather than kick about here any longer, and pay a moderate sum for our passage."

"Den wait here five minute"—and so saying, he slipped down through the embrasure into a canoe that lay beneath, and in a trice we saw him jump on board of a long low nondescript kind of craft that lay moored within pistol-shot of the walls.

She was a large shallow vessel, coppered to the bends, of great breadth of beam, with bright sides, like an American, so painted as to give her a clumsy mercantile sheen externally, but there were many things that belied this to a nautical eye: her copper, for instance, was bright as burnished gold on her very sharp bows and beautiful run; and we could see, from the bastion where we stood, that her decks were flush and level. She had no cannon mounted that were visible; but we distinguished grooves on her well-scrubbed decks, as from the recent traversing of carronade slides, while the bolts and rings in her high and solid bulwarks shone clear and bright in the ardent noontide. There was a tarpaulin stretched over a quantity of rubbish, old sails, old junk, and hencoops, rather ostentatiously piled up forward, which we conjectured might conceal a long gun.

She was a very taught-rigged hermaphrodite, or brig forward and schooner aft. Her foremast and bowsprit were immensely strong and heavy, and her mainmast was so long and tapering, that the wonder was how the few shrouds and stays about it could support it; it was the handsomest stick we had ever seen. Her upper spars were on the same scale, tapering away through topmast, topgallant-mast, royal and skysail-masts, until they fined away into slender wands. The sails, that were loose to dry, were old, and patched, and evidently displayed to cloak the character of the vessel by an ostentatious show of their unserviceable condition; but her rigging was beautifully fitted, every rope lying in the chafe of another being carefully served with hide. There were several large bushy-whiskered fellows lounging about the deck, with their hair gathered into dirty net-bags, like the fishermen of Barcelona; many had red silk sashes round their waists, through which were stuck their long knives, in shark-skin sheaths. Their numbers were not so great as to excite suspicion: but a certain daring, reckless manner, would at once have distinguished them, independently of anything else, from the quiet, hard-worked, red-shirted, merchant seaman.

"That chap is not much to be trusted," said the lieutenant; "his bunting would make a few jackets for Joseph, I take it." But we had little time to be critical, before our friend Peter came paddling back with another blackamoor in the stern, of as ungainly an exterior as could well be imagined. He was a very large man, whose weight every now and then, as they breasted the short sea, cocked up the snout of the canoe with Peter Mangrove in it, as if he had been a cork, leaving him to flourish his paddle in the air, like the weather-wheel of a steam-boat in a sea-way. The new-comer was strong and broad-shouldered, with long muscular arms, and a chest like Hercules; but his legs and thighs were, for his bulk, remarkably puny and misshapen. A thick fell of black wool, in close tufts, as if his face had been stuck full of cloves, covered his chin and upper-lip; and his hair, if hair it could be called, was twisted into a hundred short plaits, that bristled out, and gave his head, when he took his hat off, the appearance of a porcupine. There was a large saber-cut across his nose and down his cheek, and he wore two immense gold earrings.

His dress consisted of short cotton drawers, that did not reach within two inches of his knee, leaving his thin cucumber shanks (on which the small bullet-like calf appeared to have been stuck before, through mistake, in place of abaft) naked to the shoe; a check shirt, and an enormously large Panama hat, made of a sort of cane, split small, and worn shovel-fashion. Notwithstanding, he made his bow by no means ungracefully, and offered his services in choice Spanish, but spoke English as soon as he heard who we were.

“Pray, sir, are you the master of that vessel?” said the lieutenant.

“No, sir, I am the mate, and I learn you are desirous of a passage to Jamaica.” This was spoken with a broad Scotch accent.

“Yes, we are,” said I, in very great astonishment, “but we will not sail with the devil; and who ever saw a negro Scotchman before, the spirit of Nicol Jarvie conjured into a blackamoor’s skin!”

The fellow laughed. “I am black, as you see; so were my father and mother before me.” And he looked at me, as much as to say, I have read the book you quote from. “But I was born in the good town of Port-Glasgow notwithstanding, and many a voyage I have made as cabin-boy and cook in the good ship the Peggy Bogle, with worthy old Jock Hunter; but that matters not. I was told you wanted to go to Jamaica; I dare-say our captain will take you for a moderate passage-money. But here he comes to speak for himself.— Captain Vanderbosh, here are two shipwrecked British officers, who wish to be put on shore on the east end of Jamaica; will you take them, and what will you charge for their passage?”

The man he spoke to was nearly as tall as himself; he was a sunburnt, angular, raw-boned, iron-visaged veteran, with a nose in shape and color like the bowl of his own pipe, but not at all, according to the received idea, like a Dutchman. His dress was quiz-zical enough—white-trousers, a long-flapped embroidered waistcoat that might have belonged to a Spanish grandee, with an old-fashioned French-cut coat, showing the frayed marks where the lace had been stripped off, voluminous in the skirts, but very tight in the sleeves, which were so short as to leave his large bony paws, and six inches of his arm above the wrist, exposed; altogether, it fitted him like a purser’s shirt on a hand-spike.

“Vy, for von hondred thaler I will land dem safe in Mancheoneal Bay; but how shall ve manage, Villiamson? De cabin vas point yesterday.”

The Scotch negro nodded. “Never mind; I dare-say the smell of the paint won’t signify to the gentlemen.”

The bargain was ratified; we agreed to pay the stipulated sum, and that same evening, having dropped down with the last of the sea-breeze, we set sail from Bocca Chica, and began working up under the lee of the headland of Punto Canoa. When off the San Domingo Gate, we burned a blue-light, which was immediately answered by another in-shore of us. In the glare we could perceive two boats, full of men. Any one who has ever played at snapdragon, can imagine the unearthly appearance of objects when seen by this species of firework. In the present instance it was held aloft on a boat-hook, and cast a strong spectral light on the band of lawless ruffians, who were so crowded together that they entirely filled the boats, no part of which could be seen. It seemed as if two clusters of fiends, suddenly vomited forth from hell, were floating on the surface of

the midnight sea, in the midst of brimstone flames. In a few moments our crew was strengthened by about forty as ugly Christians as I ever set eyes on. They were of all ages, countries, complexions, and tongues, and looked as if they had been kidnapped by a pressgang as they had knocked off from the Tower of Babel. From the moment they came on board, Captain Vanderbosh was shorn of all his glory, and sank into the petty officer while, to our amazement, the Scottish negro took the command, evincing great coolness, energy, and skill. He ordered the schooner to be wore as soon as we had shipped the men, and laid her head off the land, then set all hands to shift the old suit of sails, and to bend new ones.

"Why did you not shift your canvas before we started?" said I to the Dutch captain, or mate, or whatever he might be.

"Vy vont you be content to take a quiet passage and hax no question?" was the uncivil rejoinder, which I felt inclined to resent, until I remembered that we were in the hands of the Philistines, where a quarrel would have been worse than useless. I was gulping down the insult as well as I could, when the black captain came aft, and, with the air of an equal, invited us into the cabin to take a glass of grog. We had scarcely sat down before we heard a noise like the swaying up of guns, or some other heavy articles, from the hold.

I caught Mr. Splinter's eye—he nodded, but said nothing. In half an hour afterwards, when we went on deck, we saw by the light of the moon twelve eighteen-pound carronades mounted, six of a side, with their accompaniments of rammers and sponges, water-buckets, boxes of round, grape, and canister, and tubs of wadding, while the coamings of the hatchways were thickly studded with round-shot. The tarpaulin and lumber forward had disappeared, and there lay long Tom, ready levelled, grinning on his pivot.

The ropes were all coiled away, and laid down in regular man-of-war fashion; while an ugly gruff beast of a Spanish mulatto, apparently the officer of the watch, walked the weatherside of the quarterdeck in the true pendulum style. Look-outs were placed aft, and at the gangways and bows, who every now and then passed the word to keep a bright look-out, while the rest of the watch were stretched silent, but evidently broad awake, under the lee of the boat. We noticed that each man had his cutlass buckled round his waist—that the boarding-pikes had been cut loose from the main boom, round which they had been stopped, and that about thirty muskets were ranged along a fixed rack that ran athwart ships near the main hatchway.

By the time we had reconnoitred thus far the night became overcast, and a thick bank of clouds began to rise to windward; some heavy drops of rain fell, and the thunder grumbled at a distance. The black veil crept gradually on, until it shrouded the whole firmament, and left us in as dark a night as ever poor devils were out in. By-and-by a narrow streak of bright moonlight appeared under the lower-edge of the bank, defining the dark outlines of the tumbling multitudinous billows on the horizon as distinctly as if they had been pasteboard waves in a theater.

"Is that a sail to windward in the clear, think you?" said Mr. Splinter to me in a whisper. At this moment it lightened vividly. "I am sure it is," continued he—"I could see her white canvas glance just now."

I looked steadily, and at last caught the small dark speck against the bright background, rising and falling on the swell of the sea like a feather.

As we stood on, she was seen more distinctly, but, to all appearance, nobody was aware of her proximity. We were mistaken in this, however, for the captain suddenly jumped on a gun, and gave his orders with a fiery energy that startled us.

“Leroux!” A small French boy was at his side in a moment. “Forward, and call all hands to shorten sail; but, doucement, you land-crab!—Man the fore clew-garnets.—Hands by the top-gallant clew-lines—jib down-haul—rise tacks and sheets—peak and throat halyards—let go—clew up—settle away the main-gaff there!”

In almost as short a space as I have taken to write it, every inch of canvas was close furled—every light, except the one in the binnacle, and that was cautiously masked, carefully extinguished—a hundred and twenty men at quarters, and the ship under bare poles. The head-yards were then squared, and we bore up before the wind. The stratagem proved successful; the strange sail could be seen through the night-glasses cracking on close to the wind, evidently under the impression that we had tacked.

“Dere she goes, chasing de Gobel,” said the Dutchman.

She now burned a blue-light, by which we saw she was a heavy cutter—without doubt our old fellow-cruiser the Spark. The Dutchman had come to the same conclusion.

“My eye, captain, no use to dodge from her; it is only dat footy little King’s cutter on de Jamaica station.”

“It is her, true enough,” answered Williamson; “and she is from Santa Martha with a freight of specie, I know. I will try a brush with her, by damn!”

Splinter struck in before he could finish his irreverent exclamation. “If your conjecture be true, I know the craft—a heavy vessel of her class, and you may depend on hard knocks, and small profit if you do take her; while if she takes you——”

“I’ll be hanged if she does”—and he grinned at the conceit—then setting his teeth hard, “or rather, I will blow the schooner up with my own hand before I strike; better that than have one’s bones bleached in chains on a key at Port Royal. But you see you cannot control us, gentlemen; so get down into the cable-tier, and take Peter Mangrove with you. I would not willingly see those come to harm who have trusted me.”

However, there was no shot flying as yet, we therefore stayed on deck. All sail was once more made; the carronades were cast loose on both sides, and double-shotted, the long-gun slewed round, the tack of the fore-and-aft foresail hauled up, and we kept by the wind, and stood after the cutter, whose white canvas we could still see through the gloom like a snow-wreath.

As soon as she saw us, she tacked and stood towards us, and came bowling along gallantly, with the water roaring and flashing at her bows. As the vessels neared each other they both shortened sail, and finding that we could not weather her, we steered close under her lee.

As we crossed on opposite tacks, her commander hailed, “Ho, the brigantine, ahoy!”

“Hillo!” sung out Blackie, as he backed his main-top-sail.

“What schooner is that?”

"The Spanish schooner Caridad."

"Whence, and whither bound?"

"Carthagen to Porto Rico."

"Heave-to, and send your boat on board."

"We have none that will swim, sir."

"Very well, bring-to, and I will send mine."

"Call away the boarders," said our captain, in a low stern tone; "let them crouch out of sight behind the boat."

The cutter wore, and hove-to under our lee quarter, within pistol-shot; we heard the rattle of the ropes running through the davit-blocks, and the splash of the jolly-boat touching the water, then the measured stroke of the oars, as they glanced like silver in the sparkling sea, and a voice calling out, "Give way, my lads."

The character of the vessel we were on board of was now evident; and the bitter reflection that we were chained to the stake on board of a pirate, on the eve of a fierce contest with one of our own cruisers, was aggravated by the consideration, that the cutter had fallen into a snare by which a whole boat's crew would be sacrificed before a shot was fired.

I watched my opportunity as she pulled up alongside, and called out, leaning well over the nettings, "Get back to your ship!—treachery! get back to your ship!"

The little French serpent was at my side with the speed of thought, his long clear knife glancing in one hand, while the fingers of the other were laid on his lips. He could not have said more plainly, "Hold your tongue, or I'll cut your throat;" but Sneezer now startled him by rushing between us, and giving a short angry growl.

The officer in the boat had heard me imperfectly; he rose up—"I won't go back, my good man, until I see what you are made of;" and as he spoke he sprang on board, but the instant he got over the bulwarks, he was caught by two strong hands, gagged, and thrown bodily down the main-hatchway.

"Heave," cried a voice, "and with a will!" and four cold 32-pound shot were hove at once into the boat alongside, which, crashing through her bottom, swamped her in a moment, precipitating the miserable crew into the boiling sea. Their shrieks still ring in my ears as they clung to the oars and some loose planks of the boat.

"Bring up the officer, and take out the gag," said Williamson.

Poor Walcolm, who had been an old messmate of mine, was now dragged to the gangway half-naked, his face bleeding, and heavily ironed, when the blackamoor, clapping a pistol to his head, bid him, as he feared instant death, hail "that the boat had swamped under the counter, and to send another." The poor fellow, who appeared stunned and confused, did so, but without seeming to know what he said.

"Good God," said Mr. Splinter, "don't you mean to pick up the boat's crew?"

The blood curdled to my heart, as the black savage answered in a voice of thunder, "Let them drown and be d——d! Fill, and stand on!"

But the clouds by this time broke away, and the mild moon shone clear and bright

once more upon this scene of most atrocious villainy. By her light the cutter's people could see that there was no one struggling in the water now, and that the people must either have been saved, or were past all earthly aid; but the infamous deception was not entirely at an end.

The captain of the cutter, seeing we were making sail, did the same, and after having shot ahead of us, hailed once more.

"Mr. Walcolm, why don't you run to leeward, and heave-to, sir?"

"Answer him instantly, and hail again for another boat," said the sable fiend, and cocked his pistol.

The click went to my heart. The young midship-man turned his pale mild countenance, laced with his blood, upwards towards the moon and stars, as one who had looked his last look on earth; the large tears were flowing down his cheeks, and mingling with the crimson streaks, and a flood of silver light fell on the fine features of the poor boy, as he said firmly, "Never." The miscreant fired, and he fell dead.

"Up with the helm, and wear across her stern." The order was obeyed. "Fire!" The whole broadside was poured in, and we could hear the shot rattle and tear along the cutter's deck, and the shrieks and groans of the wounded, while the white splinters glanced away in all directions.

We now ranged alongside, and close action commenced, and never do I expect to see such an infernal scene again. Up to this moment there had been neither confusion nor noise on board the pirate—all had been coolness and order; but when the yards locked the crew broke loose from all control—they ceased to be men—they were demons, for they threw their own dead and wounded, as they were mown down like grass by the cutter's grape, indiscriminately down the hatchways to get clear of them. They had stripped themselves almost naked; and although they fought with the most desperate courage, yelling and cursing, each in his own tongue, most hideously, yet their very numbers, pent up in a small vessel, were against them. At length, amidst the fire and smoke and hellish uproar, we could see that the deck had become a very shambles; and unless they soon carried the cutter by boarding, it was clear that the coolness and discipline of my own glorious service must prevail, even against such fearful odds; the superior size of the vessel, greater number of guns, and heavier metal. The pirates seemed aware of this themselves, for they now made a desperate attempt forward to carry their antagonist by boarding, led on by the black captain. Just at this moment the cutter's main-boom fell across the schooner's deck, close to where we were sheltering ourselves from the shot the best way we could; and while the rush forward was being made, by a sudden impulse Splinter and I, followed by Peter and the dog (who with wonderful sagacity, seeing the uselessness of resistance, had cowered quietly by my side during the whole row), scrambled along it as the cutter's people were repelling the attack on her bow, and all four of us, in our haste, jumped down on the poor Irishman at the wheel.

"Murder, fire, rape, and robbery!—it is capsized, stove in, sunk, burned, and destroyed I am! Captain, captain, we are carried aft here—Och, hubbaboo for Patrick Donnally!"

There was no time to be lost; if any of the crew came aft we were dead men, so we

tumbled down through the cabin skylight, men and beast, the hatch having been knocked off by a shot, and stowed ourselves away in the side berths. The noise on deck soon ceased—the cannon were again plied—gradually the fire slackened, and we could hear that the pirate had scraped clear and escaped. Some time after this the lieutenant commanding the cutter came down. Poor Mr. Douglas! both Mr. Splinter and I knew him well. He sat down and covered his face with his hands, while the blood oozed down between his fingers. He had received a cutlass wound on the head in the attack. His right arm was bound up with his neckcloth, and he was very pale.

“Steward, bring me a light.—Ask the doctor how many are killed and wounded; and—do you hear?—tell him to come to me when he is done forward, but not a moment sooner. To have been so mauled and duped by a buccaneer; and my poor boat’s crew—”

Splinter groaned. He started—but at this moment the man returned again.

“Thirteen killed, your honor, and fifteen wounded; scarcely one of us untouched.” The poor fellow’s own skull was bound round with a bloody cloth.

“God help me! God help me! but they have died the death of men. Who knows what death the poor fellows in the boat have died!”—Here he was cut short by a tremendous scuffle on the ladder, down which an old quartermaster was trundled neck and crop into the cabin. “How now, Jones?”

“Please your honor,” said the man, as soon as he had gathered himself up, and had time to turn his quid and smooth down his hair; but again the uproar was renewed, and Donnally was lugged in, scrambling and struggling between two seamen—“this here Irish chap, your honor, has lost his wits, if so be he ever had any, your honor. He has gone mad through fright.”

“Fright be damned!” roared Donnally; “no man ever frightened me; but as his honor was skewering them bloody thieves forward, I was boarded and carried aft by the devil, your honor—pooped by Beelzebub, by damn,” and he rapped his fist on the table until everything on it danced again. “There were four of them, yeer honor—a black one and two blue ones—and a pie-bald one, with four legs and a bushy tail—each with two horns on his head, for all the world like those on Father M’Cleary’s red cow—no, she was humbled—it is Father Clannachan’s, I mane—no, not his neither, for his was the parish bull; fait, I don’t know what I mane, except that they had all horns on their heads, and vomited fire, and had each of them a tail at his stern, twisting and twining like a conger eel, with a blue light at the end on’t.”

“And dat’s a lie, if ever dere was one,” exclaimed Peter Mangrove, jumping from the berth. “Look at me, you Irish tief, and tell me if I have a blue light or a conger eel at my stern!”

This was too much for poor Donnally. He yelled out, “You’ll believe your own eyes now, yeer honor, when you see one o’ dem bodily before you! Let me go—let me go!” and, rushing up the ladder, he would, in all probability, have ended his earthly career in the salt sea, had his bullet-head not encountered the broadest part of the purser, who was in the act of descending, with such violence, that he shot him out of the companion several feet above the deck, as if he had been discharged from a culverin; but the recoil sent

poor Donnally, stunned and senseless, to the bottom of the ladder. There was no standing all this; we laughed outright, and made ourselves known to Mr. Douglas, who received us cordially, and in a week we were landed at Port Royal.

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