

Capt. Kidd.

A West Point correspondent of the New York Times is alleged to have become responsible for a monstrous story which we do not hesitate to pronounce to be a hoax. Besides the improbabilities manifest in the statements which were made in the papers two months since respecting the operations on the river slope of Cro' Nest, not a point of which has ever been substantiated, this last pretended "change of base," which "the spirits then ordered," shows a more bare faced attempt upon the credulity of the public. We beg to be informed how this piratical money chest can hop about so nimbly and what kind of spirits these must be, which are so well posted in the affairs of Kidd? We want to know how a "vessel" got so far into the bowels of the mountain that "ten pounds of powder" could scarcely dislodge it? If these "adventurous young men" of Cold Spring, will come forward, we shall be pleased to present their statements to the people. Meanwhile, we shan't believe that there is a word of truth in the statement, that any of our boys ever went over the river to "find the river banditti," and got scared at a few rocks which were rolled down the mountain. Those of our people who have courage sufficient to cross the Hudson in the dark, know that there are no devils in the rock rolling business just at present. The yarn is very like that which was circulated about that "cave" and the coins, bones and other relics which were carried down there by the Newburgh Sabbath breakers, along with their whisky, to make a sensation when they got home. But we must hasten to the extracts:—

"Jerry Lanigan, of the canal boat Emma Godoy, says that as they were passing down the Hudson on Sunday night, when about five miles below West Point, they heard an explosion on shore and that fragments of rocks fell down all about their boat. Afterwards several men appeared at the scene of the explosion and were busily engaged in picking up something, until finally they engaged in a severe quarrel."

From what we know of the "Jerry Lanigans" who navigate in canal boats, we do not attach much weight to anything which they may say which is not supported by probability or, some more credible testimony.

Yesterday afternoon, James Vredenburgh, Harry Tuttle, David H. Briggs and John Meares, appeared before General Madison Baker, as referee, and made a lengthy and almost incredible statement."

These names have a specious look, especially that of the General. How came he to be the office of "referee"? Then, these men. They have been, according to the tale, sneaking about the Highlands, ever since September, only working at night and then in perfect silence, and they propose to continue the hunt under the same auspices. Would they be likely to give their names to a newspaper scullion, or refer the decision of their matters to any "General Madison Baker"?

Briggs, who is an enthusiastic spiritualist, had a dream, which revealed to him a great rusty iron chest submerged under the waters, close by the rocky mountain ledges of the Hudson Highlands. He put away the vision, but it came again even more distinct. He then went to a clairvoyant, who directed him to the spot where Captain Kidd's iron treasure chests were buried. He temporarily suspended his trade—that of a silversmith—and enlisted three companions before named, who, together chartered a yacht and went upon the expedition. The clairvoyant furnished particular instructions, which they closely adhered to. At first they landed at Cro' Nest and took possession of an abandoned dwelling. The spirits under whom they proceeded, only allowed them to work at night. In September they commenced operations. While digging by charts in perfect silence they were surprised, captured and mortally scared by some United States detectives. They took them for fugitive counterfeiters engaged in burying plates."

All this twaddle about "spirits," "clairvoyants and dreams" will deceive no sensible man. If the "United States' detectives" had occasion to "capture" them, it was for other causes than legitimate money hunting according to a spiritualist. If we do not mistake, the "abandoned house" has been occupied by Mr.

Gov. P. Thompson and Sumner. He knows nothing of the adventures, their adventures, or their arrest.

"At another time, a party of adventurous young men who saw the lights on the mountain side, and could not account for them, crossed over from Cold Spring to investigate, thinking that they might find the river banditti that had been operating at wholesale through the various towns. The diggers suddenly extinguished their light, and sent a shower of stones which went crashing through the woods below, filling the air with bituminous fumes. The adventurers could not take such a reception, but tumbled and leaped down the mountain to their boats and pulled homeward for dear life, fully believing that Cro' Nest was beset by 'legions of devils.' The spirits then ordered a change of base. So they moved down below Snake hole Creek, a picturesque locality, marvellous for its seclusion, and very prolific of snakes. Again they dug and blasted.

Twice they were visited by detectives, who supposing them to be river thieves, and they set all the whole country ajar with superstitious wonder at the lights on the uninhabited mountain sides."

As far as we have been able to learn, there has been no "country ajar" in this part, unless it has been effected by these newspaper lies, which generally find some one fool enough to believe them, however repugnant the falsehoods may be to good sense and christian belief.

"Finally, after many attempts, the successful blast was made with ten pounds of powder on Sunday night. The explosion was awful. It seemed as though the entire mountain had been split in two. A great ledge at the water's edge was riven and a monstrous boulder overturned. Underneath this was a portion of a decayed vessel. They pulled it out and discovered a huge rusty iron chest."

We really feel sympathy for the old mountain "split in two," with an awful explosion and ten pounds of powder. The poor vessels, also, is to be pitied, having sailed under the "great ledge" in Kidd's time, and having been fastened then, until last Sunday, by the "monstrous boulder." Of the "huge, rusty, iron chest," we remember to have read, at least thirty years ago. That chest is an old acquaintance—we believe in the chest. It has been exhumed at all points, from Montauk to Cape Hatteras, and from West Point to Snake hole Creek, Orange County, as anywhere.

"It was the work of a moment to dash in the cover with a sledge hammer, and disclose piles of coin smeared with mud. Frantic with excitement they scrambled over the spoils and finally came to blows, when the spectators, Jerry Lanigan and his boat's crew, came upon the scene and interposed. It seems that they actually secured about seven thousand dollars in ancient Spanish doubloons and sovereigns, besides some jewelry, all of which was greatly discolored by the water, rust, &c."

Bully for Jerry Lanigan! He was on hand at the nick of time, when good grabblings of "mud-smeared coin" were to be made. The "blows" were a natural consequence. The whole report is a "blow" of great magnitude, and the "mud" covers the narrative just as it did the doubloons. Jerry knows doubloons, having handled so many of them on the canal boat for the past ten years. Then Jerry and General Referee can tell at a glance, on a dark Sunday night, just how many dollars old Spanish coins are worth, especially when "greatly discolored by the water, rust, &c."

"An amicable arrangement for the division of the spoils has been made. They intend to renew operations at another place in the Spring—all under the direction of the spirits. Several persons from West Point visited the scene to day. A great piece of the rocky mountain-side down to the river level is torn off, but no traces of the hull of the said submerged vessel is apparent, excepting the few green slime-covered ribs which contained the iron treasure chest. One of the treasure hunters, Harry Tuttle, had his face considerably bruised, as he says, by a piece of rock from the explosion, but as the boatmen declare, from a blow received during the scuffle."

This is the last news of the precious board. A "few green, slime-covered ribs" only remain to tell the golden tale. Harry Tuttle and his black eye has followed Jerry Lanigan to the canal boat, "which, of course, took a turn about the cat harpoons on the harbor's tack, laid the mizen stayrail against the lee scupper and jammed the taffrail into the wind's eye, while the numerous crew were absent in the captain's gig at the scuffle for doubloons, sovereigns and jewelry. Somebody has been looking at the bulge in the bottom of a whisky bottle. He lives

at West Point and it is said that he writes for the Times.

Thanksgiving.

We record with pleasure the fact that the people of our village and vicinity showed more respect for the proclamation of the President and Governor, on Thursday than is usual in Cold Spring. Religious services were held in the Episcopal, Catholic, Baptist and Methodist churches and the public order was unusually well preserved. Few indications of drunkenness were to be seen and none of boisterous intoxication. The day was chilly and the sky overcast, which kept so many in doors that the village had quite a Sunday appearance especially after eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at which hour nearly every store was closed for the day.

Surprises.

We are informed that a series of surprises occurred to some young gentlemen and ladies on Wednesday evening. The party was formed for the purpose of surprising a Mr. Hustis in the Highlands. Well, when the time for starting came, the "fellows" were surprised to find the girls absent to the Concert of the Presbyterian Sunday School in the Academy street chapel. When those musical exercises were closed, the girls of harmonious hearts were surprised to see that the rest of the party had gone, at their ease, leaving not conveyance for half the number of those who remained. Next, Mr. Elijah Hustis was surprised, after his bedtime to see a score of lads and lasses swarming into his cottage and clamoring for transportation. The big wagon was at last made ready, a little hay spread upon the floor thereof, and the company packed therein like herrings for a market. The lights of Nelsonville had scarcely been left behind, when a general surprise sprang up at the unusual amount of room which every other man seemed to require. Some of the party were, also, surprised at the enormous size of their feet, which appeared to be sat upon by every body in the wagon. Two gentlemen of the latter class surprised the others by jumping out in the darkness, trusting to their own good luck, rather than to have their feelings trampled upon in the vehicle. After a few minutes, one of the pedestrians—the one of the romantic smell and the good clothes—was surprised at the absence of the "tramp, tramp," of his comrade's relieved soles on the uneven edge of the road. He retraced his steps and exclaimed, "Thou haberdasher with the light-brown hair, hurry up those number nines!" A faint groan, way down in the wooded gloom where a rash of unseen waters made the heart quake to look, surprised the terrified therapeutic; and, he, in turn, surprised the slowly receding wagons by the announcement that, one of their number had gone into the depths in search of the center of gravity whereon to rest. A general *facilis deservit* ensued. When the hatless and hapless youth was reached, a glad shout of surprise went up among the trees and rocks that he was yet alive, with but a few cuts and bruises.—

Now the other Acts of the surprises, how the surprised host "ramosed the ranch" and has not been heard of since, how like gigantic grasshoppers the cramped passengers danced about to restore the pliancy of muscles distorted; how the briary hay and the seams in the wagon floor drew line and stipple engravings, not yet effaced, are they not written in the Chronicles of Jacob?

The Reading Room.

It is not that we are, personally, interested in this institution more than others that we so often and earnestly urge upon the young men of our village a hearty co-operation with the officers of The Reading Room Association. No, we have the means at our disposal to furnish ourselves with all necessary books and papers without joining any such organization, but we see, so clearly, the importance of keeping the Reading Room in operation and know, so well, the certain dissolution which awaits all societies which are not sustained by zeal and fidelity, that we cannot refrain from placing the claims of this Association before the public on all proper occasions.— A highly proper occasion now offers, since the Board of Directors have called a meeting of the members, on the 6th of December, to take into consid-

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The Truth at Last.

The facts in the case of the pretended discovery of Capt. Kidd's treasure chest, the story of which we quoted and commented upon in our last issue, is said to have transpired on Tuesday. It is now claimed that there was a ranch and a blast about a mile below Long Island on the west shore, where the wild and uninhabited mountain rises in a very steep inclination from the water's edge, and the only possible approach is by a small boat through the water on the river side. John Mearns is alleged to have sworn that he met David H. Briggs at a Spiritualist seance in Grand Street, Williamsburgh, last Winter. He came to me last Spring, and said he had had a dream three times over the same way, had seen and talked with spirits, and they showed him the place where a ship's wreck was lying at the bottom of the river, near the shore, just below an Island on the Hudson River, not quite up to West Point; they said a rusty iron chest full of gold and silver, money and jewelry was in that wreck; all one needed to do was to go and get it; then there was another place up among the rocks on the mountain side, in a cave were pots and boxes of diamonds, jewelry, spoons, buttons and lots of precious things. He went to an old wench who lives in an alley near the Brooklyn Navy Yard, near the Military Park; and we all went there; it was a nasty place; she had a dark room, and a table in it contained a human skull and bones; she turned some drugs and had a mumbling to herself, and then told us where to go and dig; Briggs then proposed that we should all put in and make up \$500 and go to work, living on that as a general fund. We chartered a boat and went and dug; twice the police came upon us thinking we were river thieves; we worked a good part of the Summer; Briggs would go down and see the wench now and then, as he said, to get directions, and he would ask for money to pay for the drugs, that he burned in the lamp to make the "charm"; we kept on giving him money; I gave \$600, Vredenburg gave him \$200, and Tuttle gave nearly \$900. After a while we gave up the other place and tried to find the wreck that was full of treasure.

We worked about three weeks dragging the river. We dared not do anything by day for fear the "charm" would not work in daylight, and besides, if we did, other fellows would find out our secret and come and get the prize perhaps. We had a hut and boarded ourselves, hiding our boat by day, only going over to Garfison's or Peekskill for groceries. Finally Briggs said that a great piece of ledgy rock that had fallen from above concealed the wreck. So we drilled into it. Sunday night a week ago, we fired it at twelve. It was all split apart. Briggs reached down in the water to his waist and hollered: "Now, we've got it! there it is!" and we all took hold and pulled out the wreck; in it was this iron chest we broke it open and found it full of coin. Briggs said it was all gold doubloons, and gave us some bright ones; the rest were all black and covered with mud—as he said, from age; we heard some one coming, and hurried and put all the coin in bags; then Briggs took the iron chest and sank it in the river; that is the last we have seen of him. When we got to New York we had the coin examined, and found that, except the few pieces he had put in our hands, the whole collection was a lot of old copper, American and English pennies mixed with mud. "I believe he has swindled us out of \$2,402, our hard earned savings."

On Wednesday, Detectives Baker and Clinton, accompanied by three of the treasure hunters, named John Mearns, James Vredenburg and Harry Tuttle, raked the river bed where the chest was thrown in on that Sunday night, and the rotting, green slimy piece of the wreck—supposed to be that of Kidd's sunken vessel—proved to be portions of an abandoned sloop now half submerged in the mud, just below Newburgh, on the west shore.

The chest was a condemned iron box used by some express company. Even the rust on it seems artificial, and was probably made by acids.

RESAWAT.—About four o'clock on Monday afternoon the new horse of Mr. R. E. Dalzell driven by his son Willie S., accompanied by Mr. Wm. H. Ladd, began to show signs of insubordination. The two gentlemen succeeded in restraining the spirited animal until descending the curbs near the Foundry School House when it became unmanageable. Efforts to guide it into the fence were unavailing, as it turned, after grazing the boards, and ran into the street throwing Ladd out upon the hard road where he lay insensible from the shock. After being assisted by the Misses Lawson, the gentleman walked home, but found it necessary to call a surgeon. The horse ran with Dalzell to Main Avenue Underhill, open. A serious damage was done to the driver's freight and...

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