

CAPT. KIDD'S TREASURES.

Working with the Spirits—A Series of Adventures—A Grand Discovery—Quarrel Over the Spoils—Almost a Tragedy.

From Our Own Correspondent

WEST POINT, N. Y., Monday, Nov. 21, 1870.

The crew of the canal-boat *Emma Godley*, which arrived at New-York today from Buffalo, give a most interesting and startling account of a romance among the Hudson Highlands that has scarcely been surpassed, if indeed equaled, since the days of Capt. KIDD and his freebooter crew. JERRY LANIGAN, the tiller man, tells the following story:

"It was about 11 o'clock on Sunday night, we were with a tow of ten other boats going very slowly; we were the last boat: about five miles below West Point we kept close to the west shore and had passed the up Albany boat; it was very dark and I could see nothing but the boat and shore lights, and the dark mountains above on both sides. All at once there was an awful flash, like lightning, and it seemed as if some one had blasted up the whole mountain, for the rocks and sticks flew in the air, and some came all over the boat. I looked ashore and saw a bonfire light up. Just then three or four men seemed lifting up something heavy; then they seemed grabbing at things. Then they began to swear, and at last got to fighting. I took three of the hands and rowed up near there. They were still fighting. We hollered at them. They stopped, and again began to grab up things from the ground. We went up closer, then went ashore. Lordy! what a go! There was a big piece of the rock in the side of the mountain blown out, and a hole made down to the water. Big rocks were thrown all out, and in the place where these fellows were fighting was an old rusty iron box, with gold dollars in. The fellows had been grabbing them out. They had their hats and pockets full—just like these (showing seven Spanish doubloons.) They said they had been digging for Capt. KIDD's treasures under the spirits. One of the fellows face was all bloody, and his eye was blacked. He got in our boat and we pulled back to the tow. He came down to New-York with us and got off as soon as we landed. The other fellows got in their own boat—a yacht. They threw the iron chest in the river.

ANOTHER STORY.

"I live up od the mountain, jest a little back of Snakehole Creek. About 11 o'clock Sunday night, I was undressed and going to bed, when—jimini! I heered an awful smash!—bang! and see a big light. The night was dard. Says I, 'wife, I guess all West point is blowed clear up. Gosh! what a noise!' I jumped into my clothes, and started over the hill. I got down to the river bank, and I see three or four men, or devils, or some such critters, get into a boat and go off on the river. They left a fire behind. I dares'nt go a nigh it. I was too afear'd. In the morning I went and I found these here (showing five doubloons and one soverigu) among the stones."

Several pilots on the river at the time also say that they saw the flash and heard the noise.

UNRAVELING OF THE MYSTERY.

Yesterday afternoon JAMES VREDENBURG, HARRY TUTTLE, DAVID H. BRIGGS and JOHN MEARNS appeared before Gen. MADISON BAKER, as referee, and made a lengthy and almost incredible statement. According to their story, last Spring 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 Capt. KIDD's iron treasure chests were buried. He temporarily suspended his trade—that of a silver-smith—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 Crow 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. While digging by charts in perfect silence, they were surprised, captured and mortally scared by some United States detectives, who took them for fugitive counterfeiters engaged in burying plates. At another time a party of adventurous young men who saw the lights on the mountain side, and could not account for them, came over from Cold Spring to investigate, thinking 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 brimstone 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 Crow Nest was beset by "legions of devils." The spirits then ordered a change of base. So they moved down below Snakehole Creek, a picturesque locality, marvelous for its seclusion, and very prolific of snakes. Again they dug and blasted. Twice they were visited by detectives, who supposed them to be river thieves, and they set all the country ajar with superstitious wonder at the lights on the uninhabited mountain sides. 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. It was the work of a moment to dash in the cover with a sledge-hammer, and disclose piles of coins 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. 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 today. A great piece of the rocky mountain-side down to the river level is torn off, but no traces of the hull of a submerged vessel are apparent, excepting the few green slime-covered ribs which contained the iron treasure chest. One of the treasure-bunters, 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 scrimmage.

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