

## THE LOST TREASURE SHIP.

### ANOTHER SEARCH FOR THE GUINEAS SUNK WITH THE HUSSAR.

The British Frigate 112 Years Ago Went Down at Hell Gate With Her Gold and Prisoners—Captains Simonds Plan to Recover the Vanished Treasure.

The queer looking flotilla which came up the Sound a few days ago and took a position in Hell Gate, almost opposite Port Morris, says the New York Sun, has demanded \$4,800,000 as tribute. The money is locked up under ninety feet of water and about twenty-five feet of mud and sand, and, in addition, is securely bound by a covering of wood and iron, fluted and barnacled until the mass is of rust-like hardness. It has been thus guarded in Davy Jones's locker for more than a hundred years. Several attempts have been made to secure the rich treasure, but Hell Gate has proved the strongest kind of a safety vault, and, so far as is known, the money is where it sank one hundred and twelve years ago. A generation back the last concerted effort to penetrate the barriers was made, and the searchers for the hidden wealth were forced to retreat with the treasure almost within reach. Some of it actually was secured by the divers, a few scattered coins, enough to give credence to the story of fabulous wealth handed down from generation to generation, but the swift tides and Egyptian darkness balked every effort to find the gold.

The Little Giant Hussar Wrecking Company has been started on a different basis, and if it don't haul up the sunken guineas it will be because there are no guineas there. Its search will be carried on by means of the latest perfections of science for such work. Electricity will furnish the light and an application of hydraulic force will rend the wreck asunder. Then it will be known whether history in this case has been true or false; whether the good ship Hussar was a treasure ship, or whether, after all,

#### THE GLITTERING GUINEAS

existed only in the imagination of some sailor. There are people who have so much confidence in the truth of the story as to have subscribed \$10,000 with which to prosecute the search. A stock company has been formed with the shares quoted at \$100 each, and nearly all of them were taken by residents of the little town of Leominster, Massachusetts, a country place remote from the salt water. It is pure speculation on the part of these villagers. If the gold is found, they will realize fabulous returns for the investment. If not, well, the money might have been lost just the same in other channels of speculation.

The story of the wreck of the Hussar, as handed down from the Revolutionary period is mighty interesting. The Hussar was a 32-gun ship, 206 feet in length, with a 53-foot beam. She reached this port on 23d day of November, in the year 1780. The Hussar and the warship Mercury had a fleet of merchant vessels under convoy, and served as carriers of the gold sent by the British Government in payment of the troops then in rendezvous at New London, Conn. The Mercury carried £380,000 sterling (mostly in British guineas). The Hussar carried £580,000 sterling. The aggregate was £960,000, or \$4,800,000 in American money. After the fleet had anchored in New York harbor, the gold on the Mercury was transferred to the Hussar, and while the former remained to protect his Majesty the King's property, the Hussar set sail for New London. The Captain was in a hurry, so he ventured to take the route through Hell Gate instead of the longer but safer southern passage around Long Island. Hell Gate was a different place then from what it is now, and the dangers of the water gap were heightened by an ignorance of the course. The Captain had heard that a negro pilot had successfully steered a large frigate through the labyrinth of rocks and he imagined that he could do the same thing. But Hell Gate was aptly named in those days. At best it was an ugly place, even for the lightest and smallest of craft, but for such a heavily burdened and cumbersome ship-of-war as the Hussar it meant almost certain destruction to attempt the passage. But the Captain was wise in his own conceit, and, after taking on board several prisoners, he set sail and headed the ship for Hell Gate.

The American prisoners were manacled to the gun deck. The Hussar had great success in running the gauntlet until only a few rods separated her from open water. Then she struck heavily on a sunken reef not noted on the chart. The current was running swiftly and the crash opened a big seam in the ship's bottom. The recoil from the ledge sent her back into the current, and she was swept into the open water, sinking fast. All attempts to stop the leak were unavailing. The only chance for salvation was in beaching her. For this purpose there was a promising place three-quarters of a mile further on, where there appeared to be a gradually shelving shore, and toward this the doomed vessel was urged with all speed. She again struck heavily. Hawsers were sent ashore and secured two trees with a view to keeping the ship from slipping back into deep water. This move was futile, for the reuts in the prow admitted water too rapidly, and with her human freight the vessel keeled over and sank, dragging the trees out by the roots. The officers and a few of the crew escaped. Many more met their death. No thought was given to the prisoners chained to the deck, and they went down with their captors. The great ship had sunk in a sheer descent of ninety feet of water.

Naturally the British Government was not disposed to abandon so much wealth without making an effort to get it, and in 1794, fourteen years after the gold went down, two brigas arrived at Port Morris, the present name of the locality, where the hulk of the Hussar lies buried, equipped with apparatus for raising the vessel. For two years the British subjects vainly grappled for the buried treasure; then the American Government awoke to a realization of the fact that they had no legal right to be thus engaged, and ordered them off. In 1819 certain English capitalists organized a stock company to prosecute the search, thus showing that the story about the sunken treasure was known in that country as well as in this. These Englishmen tried a diving bell, but the currents through Hell Gate prevented the use of that apparatus.

Another company was formed, and that, too, failed to make any impression on the wreck. Every year or so new companies would sink more money in the enterprise,

but still the gold remained undisturbed. Then there was a long period of inactivity, during which the tides packed the wreck down more solidly with sand and mud. This current has been the chief obstacle in the search for the treasure, for it sweeps down past this particular spot with special force. The hulk of the sunken treasure ship lies at the base of a steep precipice, with her bow pressed against the rocky wall and her hull turned diagonally to the tide as it flows from the north. The angle between the port side and the face of the precipice is filled with mud and debris swept round her stern and packed in by the whirl of the tide. The starboard side is clearer.

These facts were discovered by divers, who have explored the surface of the wreck. Twenty six years ago the most formidable attack on the wreck was made by a company of Worcester capitalists, who organized the "Worcester Hussar Company" and made enough headway to cause the excitement on this subject to break out afresh. Capt. Charles B. Pratt, one of the pioneer divers of the country, who afterward became Mayor of Worcester, was the originator of that company. With his assistants, he tackled the wreck with dynamite, and in a few months had torn away all of the upper structure. The heavy guns had long before crushed through the deck and lodged over the powder magazine and treasure vault, and had been cemented down by barnacles and sand until the pick would make no impression on the mass. All this work was carried on in the dark, and progress was necessarily slow. Yet enough articles of historic interest and actual value were found by groping along the deck to fan the excitement of the stockholders. A good many gold and silver coins were found in what were probably the officers' quarters, and, mingled with them, were pieces of human bones and skulls—all that remained of the hapless prisoners. A jewel casket filled with necklaces, crosses, rings, earrings, pearls, and other jewels of great value was brought from the depths one day, but that same night it was stolen. Pots and jars of antiquated shapes, bearing on their sides the stamp of the vessel and the royal monogram of Georgius Rex, slender beer pots of curious construction; leathern buckets with the name "Hussar" in broad letters still legible; thousands of cannon balls and bushels of gun flints, together with several whole cannon, one of which was sold for \$1,500, while others found a resting place in Central Park—all these things were disclosed by the divers. They also found many pieces of silver and pewter ware, and, what is more to the point, a mass of what had once been silver coin with an occasional gold coin scattered through the lump. The salt water had washed away the alloy, leaving only the pure metal. These curios are now widely scattered, having been distributed among those who had sunk their money in the speculative enterprise, for this expedition, like the others, ended in failure so far as its real purpose was concerned. Then followed another long season in which the tides were permitted to spread another covering of detritus over the buried treasure, and it was apparently forgotten. The present company will continue the search until the gold is secured or it is conclusively proved that there is no gold there.

#### She Was in it to Stay

They were crooning under the great oak tree, with the moonlight shimmering through the leaves.

"If I should tell you I love you, Ethel, what would you say?" he whispered tenderly.

"I don't know, Harry," she murmured.

"If I should ask you to be my wife, Ethel—what?"

He attempted to take her hand in his, but she thwarted him.

"I don't know, Harry," she answered as before.

Her conduct vexed him. Was the girl deceiving him? Or was he deceiving himself?

"What do you know, Ethel?" he asked in a tone of sarcastic doubt.

The girl rose from the rustic bench on which she had been sitting.

"I know this much, Mr. Montmorenci," she said forcibly, "that no young man on a moonlight night is going to fool me by tentative statements preceded by palpable lies and implying hypotheses capable of backslams and crawling." "I'm in it to stay if you are, but we go in together. See?"

At that moment the moon shone out with a more radiant effulgence and Mr. Montmorenci saw he had the wrong pig by the ear, or words to that effect.

#### A Terrible Warning

Judge (to woman arrested for shoplifting) "When did you begin this sort of thing?"

Woman (weeping): "I began by picking my husband's pockets at nights when he was asleep. Then the descent was easy."

The widow of Hotchkiss, inventor of the famous gun, has left a million dollars for the Fresh Air Fund Aid Society in New York.

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When the truant schoolboy puts in an appearance the next morning his teacher asks him how he enjoyed the ball match.

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A Quebec widow set a bear trap and caught a young man. We expect this will cause a boom in bear traps.

The little things of life—how often we overlook them.—A few drops of oil—a small thing—but the neglect of it may cost a farmer a great many dollars. Rogers' Peerless machine oil can be bought everywhere and is always reliable.

#### Off for the Labrador.

Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Prof. W. M. Reid, J. D. Scomborger, Lyle Vincent and W. D. Vincent, arrived by the Halifax last night. They are some of the party who go to Labrador in the schooner Evelina in the interests of the World's Fair to secure an Esquimaux village with some fifty inhabitants and all appurtenances thereto belonging. The schooner left Cunningham & Curren's wharf today on her mission.

A Recorder reporter was talking to-day to Capt. Wm. McConnell, of Port Hillford Guysboro, who is in charge of the vessel.

An interesting incident was mentioned (and although it sounds like a "puff" of a patent medicine it is worth noting.) "Do you see that man over there," said a friend, "that is Capt. McConnell, who is going after Esquimaux. I have known him for years, and he was that bad with asthma that he had sometimes to be held up on board his vessel. You see him?"—(he was piling wood in a cord measure to take on board)—"he is a well man; and he attributes it to some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that he took, two after each meal."

Out of curiosity, the reporter secured an introduction to the Captain, and after some talk about the expedition, remarked: "Is that correct, Captain, about your recovery from asthma, and that you attribute it to these pills?"

"Well, I don't know anything else. I recovered after taking them."

"And haven't been troubled since?"

"No. Of course we will see what this winter may bring forth; I haven't said anything about it."

"But last winter?"

"I began taking them in December, and found the change brought about in my condition, which Dr. Parker, of Halifax, said was about as bad as it could be."

It isn't often that a patent medicine gets such a big boom in the incidence of news-gathering, as is furnished in the above; but it is all set down just as it transpired, incidentally.

The whole Labrador party consists of Messrs. Tabor and Vincent, Prof. Reid, of Harvard College; Mr. Lyle Vincent, St. Louis; Dr. Barr, Philadelphia, a distinguished naturalist; Prof. Gillette, New Haven, Conn., and Hon. W. F. Ryder, Quebec. They expect to return with about 50 Esquimaux, with dogs, komatiks, kayaks, and a general collection of curiosities from Esquimaux land. The schooner is a handsome model, 95 tons, and is a fast sailer. John Silver & Co. furnished the supplies.

When you come right down to the facts in the case, it's the loose fitting straw hat that shows which way the wind blows.

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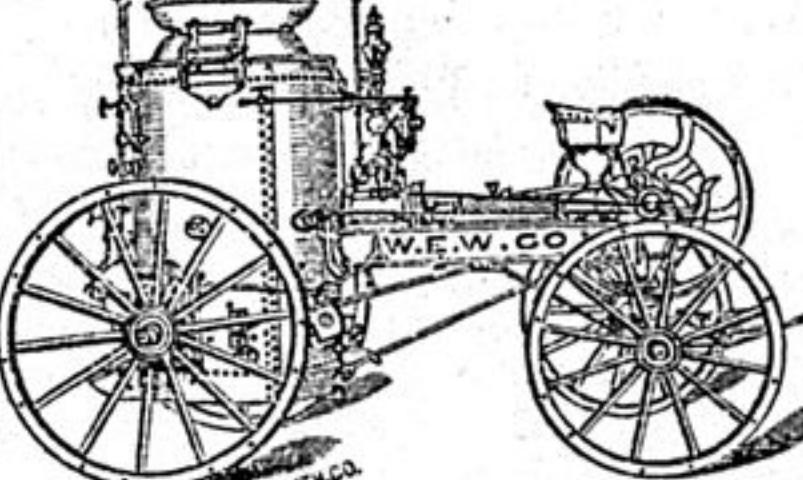
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