

# THE MONTANA POST.

A Newspaper, Devoted to the Mineral, Agricultural and Commercial Interests of Montana Territory.

D. W. TILTON & CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

"MY COUNTRY, MAY SHE ALWAYS BE RIGHT; BUT, MY COUNTRY, RIGHT OR WRONG."

TERMS: \$8 a year, in advance

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VIRGINIA CITY, MONTANA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1866.

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## THE MONTANA POST.

D. W. TILTON & CO., Publishers and Proprietors.

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## Cosmopolitan Bath House.

MAIN STREET, BLACKFOOT CITY, MONTANA.

R. PLUMMER, Proprietor.

W. W. DE LACY, COUNTY SURVEYOR.

Office at the foot of Wallace street, next door to Mr. Simpson's tailor shop. He will be ready at all times to survey ranches, ditches, towns etc., and make accurate maps of the same. Particular attention paid to the survey and mapping of quartz lodes and districts. 101

White Pine Lumber Yard.

Corner of Jackson & Coner St. Virginia City, M. T.

A. M. HOLTER, Proprietor.

ALL descriptions of white pine lumber constant on hand for sale. R. M. RENSHAW, Agent. 94-106

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Stonewall building, Wallace street.

Virginia City, Montana.

J. J. HULL, Proprietor.

FIRST CLASS BILLIARD TABLES. Prime Liquors, and No. 1 Cigars, obtainable at this fashionable place of public resort. 1071

## LEA F. MARSTON, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

Cor. of Jackson & Wallace Sts., Virginia City, M. T.

CONSTANTLY keeps on hand, and makes to order, from Native Gold, all the latest styles of Jewelry.

Particular attention paid to repairing Watches. 65-67

M. CARROLL, GEO. STEEL, CARROLL & STEEL.

Storage Forwarding and Dealers in General Merchandise.

BENTON CITY, MONTANA TER. 88-100.

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Opposite the Theatre building, Jackson St.

This house has just been opened, and is kept on the most approved style. The bar is supplied with the choicest wines and liquors, and no pains spared to make guests comfortable. Ball or Wedding Suppers gotten up on short notice, in the best possible style. 116

H. S. Gilbert, Christian Richter, VIRGINIA BREWERY.

WE HAVE CONSTANTLY ON HAND A LARGE SUPPLY OF LAGER BEER, MALT HOPS, BREWERY FIXTURES, BEER KEGS, ETC.

All orders in our line of business will be promptly attended to. 116

## CALIFORNIA BAKERY.

Deer Lodge City, M. T.

BILLY WILSON, Proprietor.

A fine saloon is attached to the Bakery, and a Club-Room, both of which are fitted up with all the modern improvements. The purest liquors and the best brands of cigars are served out to customers. I am always glad to see my old friends, who live upon the other side of the mountains, as well as those upon this side. 120-2

THOS. M. ISETT, (late of Isett & Brewster, Muscatine, Iowa); W. B. FARR, (late of Scott, Kerr & Co., Salt Lake City); JOHN KERR, (of Scott, Kerr & Co., Leavenworth, Kansas).

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and NOTARY PUBLIC.

Will attend promptly to all business of a legal nature, take depositions, administer oaths, etc.

Immediate attention given to the collection of all claims against the United States, especially such as may arise under the recent act of Congress equalizing bounties. Office over the store of Geo. L. Shoup, corner Wallace and Jackson streets, Virginia City, M. T. 066-111

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Corner of Jackson and Wallace St.

And dealer in TOBACCO, CIGARS AND STATIONERY.

ALSO, A FINE SELECTION OF FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

Suitable for Holiday presents. Collette articles of the best French Manufacture. 59

## BULL'S HEAD MEAT MARKET,

WALLACE STREET.

Two Doors below Proffitts & Russell.

GEORGE GOHN begs to inform the public that he has perfected his arrangements for a constant supply of all articles in his line, of the finest quality.

BEER, MUTTON, VEAL, GAME, FISH, SAUSAGES AND FOWLS.

No meat of inferior quality sold in this establishment. Orders promptly and carefully filled. 120

## CAPTAIN KIDD'S TREASURE.

EDDYTOWN, Yates Co., N. Y., Sept. 21.

To the editor of the New York Herald:

Some two weeks since I obtained a copy of the New York Herald, of Sept. 2, containing an account of the digging up of Captain Kidd's treasure, also of a man who had been a sailor, and had given some account of the place where this money was buried. The article in the Herald stated that a company had at various periods been digging on Oak Island, north of Boston, for the concealed treasure. I wish to know where Oak Island is, for Kidd's money never was there, and I think it probable that I know more about its history than any man living.

My father, James Cowing, was born in Massachusetts, in 1740, and had heard everything connected with it in his time. The story was current in that day that Kidd, with the sailor, who is mentioned in the Herald as having been "one of Kidd's officers," went up the bay of Fundy and buried it. This man's right name was Edward Lowe, the pirate, and when they caught Kidd, and hanged all of his command that they captured, this person fled, and took refuge with a man living on the shores of the bay.

Here he assumed the name of Gibson. He informed his host that he had a pot of money concealed on "the cape," and would sometimes leave him, and remain absent two or three days. He always returned with his pockets full, and furnished his keeper with money as long as he lived. Before his death he told his friends that he would give him the chest that Kidd had buried, for all the pirates were dead. He then related all the circumstances connected with it; where and how to find it; the place to start from, with the points of the compass, the course, and the exact distance in chains and links, with a description of the locality of concealment, peculiarities of the grounds, etc. He stated also that when burying the treasure, they dug a deep hole, and placing it in a tarpaulin, lowered into the hole a four foot chest, and brought the money in bags, silver and gold, and poured it into the chest until it was full. They then shut down the lid, turned the tarpaulin over it, and poured over all a barrel of tar, covering it up with earth to a depth of four or five feet. My father was one of a company formed to go and dig it up. They did not all go; but a considerable number of them went up the bay of Fundy, to the east shore, Nova Scotia, to the place Lowe had described, and found it exactly as he had stated it to be. This party set the compass and run the course, and distance, finding the locality as defined by him. At that time an old Irishman owned the land in this vicinity, and they told him they were searching for money of Kidd's. He swore he would shoot any man who dug on his land for the treasure, and they were therefore compelled to relinquish their object. No part of their knowledge of the secret was confided to this man.

Soon after this period the war of the revolution broke out, and this party never made any further attempts to find the hidden wealth, nor did those who had remained behind when the first expedition set out. My father sold his property and received continental money in payment. This became worthless, and he lost all, and shortly afterwards removed to Ballston, Saratoga county, N. Y. He was at this time about 40 years of age. At Ballston he purchased a farm lying between the east line of Ballston and the little lake. He lived there about twenty years, and it took him the greatest part of that time to pay for his farm, he having purchased it on credit; consequently he was unable to make another attempt to secure the buried prize. In 1785 I was added to his already large family, and about the time his land was paid for he had become, security in a business transaction for a merchant named Sherman, Sherman failed, and it took all my father's property, including the farm, to cancel his debt. This effectually quenched any hopes my father might have had, of returning to look for Kidd's money. He then moved to the town of Seneca, Ontario county, and lived there until he had paid for a farm of about sixty acres. He died in 1829, at the age of 89 years. He had often told me concerning this wealth when I was about 16 or 18 years of age, and I had often thought of going to search for it, but could find no one to accompany me, and had forgotten all about it until I saw this account in the Herald, when it all recurred afresh to my memory. I honestly believe that the money is there, and if the names of places are not altered I am certain that, with the aid of a compass and chain, I could quickly find it. To do this I should like to ascertain the names of all the islands and headlands to the Bay of Fundy, on the Nova Scotia side. I have never told any one the place to start from, nor the course to be taken, nor the distance, that I remember. I am now 81 years of age, well and hearty, though somewhat lame.

If I knew all the names of the islands and headlands on both shores of the Bay of Fundy, as they were named one hundred years ago, it would not take me long to find the place and dig it up. I do not know but that it is rather late in the season to attempt it this year, but if I live I think I shall start next spring, but I shall not go alone. Your paper states that about \$100,000 has been spent already in the search. There is almost a wagon load of treasure, silver and gold together, and if you like you can have a chance in it. If you find for me the names of all the islands, etc., I can find the name of the one I want. If you write to me or send me a paper, please state where Oak Island is, and any information you may have as to where the present company is working.

CALEB COWING.

THE MONTANA POST.—We congratulate our neighbor of the Post on the fine appearance of his paper. It is one of the finest looking papers received at this office, and is a credit to Montana, as well as its editor and publisher.—Mining Journal.

## Correspondence.

NEVADA CITY, Oct. 15, 1866.

EDITOR POST: As I have just returned from a prospecting trip to the Big Horn, a few items incident to it might be of some interest to your readers. In company with four others, I left Helena the 6th day of August, and after traveling six days we reached the Yellowstone river, at the Bozeman crossing, a distance of about one hundred and forty miles. We laid over there seven days, waiting for a man calling his name Wilson, who had promised before our leaving Helena to meet us at this point. This man had told me that he, in company with three other men, had made a very rich and extensive discovery in the Big Horn country, which was all that prompted me and many of my friends to start on this dangerous trip. But greatly to our disappointment, we learned before leaving the Yellowstone that he was an outrageous imposter, consequently he did not make his appearance among us. Then, not wishing to turn back, we united ourselves with the Jeff. Standford prospecting party. Our party by this time had increased in numbers to one hundred and fifteen. With this number we considered it tolerably safe for us to prospect either in the Big Horn or Wind River Mountains. After leaving the Yellowstone we left the emigrant road at our left, taking an Indian trail which followed along at the base of Boulder Mountains. This trail crossed seven or eight quite large streams, some of which were very rocky and rapid. The party along the base of the mountains made short drives, often laying over a day at a place for the purpose of prospecting. Very fine colors only could be obtained there. When the Standford party had traveled together a distance of one hundred miles, we had arrived at a point where we had to either turn up toward the Wind river, or down to the Big Horn. Here the party, all not being of one mind, split. Seventy-five (myself making one of the number) went toward the Big Horn. Jeff. Standford, with the remainder, toward the Wind river. We were three days making the Big Horn river, after leaving Standford—a distance of about seventy miles. A good part of this three days' travel was over bad lands, which was nearly void of grass or water. We rafted the river just above the canyon, fifty-five miles above Bozeman's crossing, where Fort C. F. Smith stands. Being above and on the right of the mountain, we concluded to travel and prospect on this side about seventy-five miles, then to cross over and prospect back on the opposite side. No favorable indications for gold being discovered by us on the upper side, we crossed over. After crossing the mountains, our first camping ground was on Goose creek, an eastern tributary of Tongue river. It was on this creek, about six miles above the Bozeman road, and eighteen this side of Fort Phil. Kearney, where Col. J. N. Rice and J. W. Smith were so horribly murdered by the Indians. I will here give a few of the particulars of this sad occurrence. We laid over one day to rest our horses, which was the 13th of September. Rice being very fond of hunting, started out with Smith for that purpose, both taking saddle animals along. Night came without their return. This fact caused us extreme anxiety, for we were aware that we were among a numerous and bloodthirsty tribe of Indians, altho' up to this time we had seen none, yet many fresh signs had been seen. On the 14th eight men were sent out in search for the missing, who returned at night without success. A search on the 15th proved as fruitless, but about four o'clock p. m. two of our men came in from hunting, and reported that down the creek about five miles they had discovered three dead horses, two of which apparently had been killed by Indians. From the description they gave, we were fully convinced that two of them were the horses belonging to Rice and Smith. Early the next morning fourteen of us went to the spot, and after a few minutes' search found both of their remains, which were lying about three hundred yards from their horses. The third horse we discovered to be an Indian horse. The numbers of pools of blood, pony tracks and other signs that were visible, led us to the belief that quite a number of Indians must have been killed during the struggle. The two bodies were awfully cut up by arrows, four or five of which were still remaining in each. One ball had penetrated Rice's chin; this was the only mark of the kind we discovered on either of the bodies. Both were scalped, and laying on their backs. The only part of their clothing missing was their hats. Rice's watch was taken, but three finger rings and a small breast-pin were left undisturbed. Their guns, saddles, etc., were of course taken away. Both bodies were wrapt in blankets and buried as decently as possible in one grave.

We discovered a hay party the 13th, who informed us that we were about eighteen miles this side of Fort Phil. Kearney, a new fort, which had been established a few months. We probably would not have visited this fort had it not been for a sick man who we knew must be taken there. On the 17th he was carried to the fort on a litter, escorted by the remainder of the party. Fort Phil. Kearney is a distributing post containing about six hundred soldiers. The Indians, since its establishment, have stolen nearly all of their stock, only twenty or thirty poor old horses being left, which were so poor that probably the Indians would not take them. This fort is about one hundred miles from Fort C. F. Smith, on the Big Horn. Between these two forts we saw countless num-

bers of buffalo, and as a grazing country it cannot be excelled.

Twenty-six of our party hired out at the fort as an additional escort for a party who were cutting hay for the fort. For seven or eight days previous the party had been able to cut no hay, but had constantly been employed fighting Indians. There were about sixty of them, and the best that they could do they were not able to prevent the Indians from burning large quantities of hay which had been put up in stacks. Our party, then reduced to sixteen, was too small to undertake the hazardous trip back, but to our great joy we learned that a mail escort of twenty-six soldiers would leave for the Big Horn on the 20th of September, who were anxious to have us accompany them. We readily accepted their proposition. Early on the morning we left a large band of Indians made a raid about the fort, and came very near getting all of our stock. But we were lucky in getting around them just in time to save them. A good many of the "reds" were visible at