

For the Minerva COMMERCIAL.

The "Hidden Treasure" of the Tuscarawas Path.

In the year 1775, the French had a fort, called, Fort Duquesne, at the mouth of the Allegheny and Monongahala rivers. They had been in possession of this place for a long time, and by trading with the Indians, and in other ways had accumulated a large amount of gold and silver, which was intended for shipment to France at some future time. At the time my story begins, all the country northwest of the Ohio river belonged to France, and was called "New France." England had been trying to get possession of this territory for a long time, and for that reason General Braddock, with a large force of British and Indians, was sent to acquire Fort Duquesne. The French learning of their approach, decided at a council of war then held, that the treasure should be sent to some safe place, under a small escort, while the main body of their army should attempt to hold the British in check till they could prepare for final abandonment of the country. This was the programme, but like many others was considerably changed afterwards. In reading history of that time you will see they over estimated the strength of their enemies.

They not only held the British in check, but well-nigh annihilated the whole army sent against them. Only a small portion was saved by the bravery of George Washington, then an under-officer. The escort spoken of consisted of but ten men, as this was all that it was deemed possible to spare from the fort, and to them was assigned the dangerous duty of transferring the treasure to a place of safety. They were given orders to bury it, and mark the place, if at any time they felt sure that it was exposed to capture.

From the best authority I can get, the treasure consisted of sixteen pack horse loads of gold and silver. The sound of the battle had already broken on their ears before they were out of sight of the fort, which fact accelerated their march greatly. They took a western direction along what was afterwards known as the Tuscarawas Path. On the third day out they saw what was supposed to be an advance guard of the British, and supposing of course their comrades at the Fort were defeated it was decided to bury the treasure, mark the place and try to save themselves. The place they had reached was about 80 miles from the Fort and nearly exactly on the line between what is now Carroll and Columbiana counties at a place they called "Watertown" on account of several springs putting out but a few rods apart. This place is now owned by Clayton Robbins who delights in telling what he knows of the story.

The treasure was scarcely buried and the places marked before they were attacked and several slain. Two only were ever heard of afterwards. Some of the marks left was a deer cut on a tree one mile east and a peculiar stone placed in the fork of a tree eleven feet up at a spring one half mile west. The shovels used were hid under a large log 600 steps north. They were several other marks such as a Beaver Hat spring and Cranberry spring and not designated. From some cause the balance of the French army did not immediately follow and when they did, not knowing the circumstances and and supposing of course the treasure was safe, passed by the place. When they did find out that it was lost and not knowing the marks could not find it. It was forgotten it seems except by one man, of the ten that helped bury it and he kept it in his own breast a secret hoping at some time having the pleasure of digging it out and calling it his own. This man was a Scotch man by birth and after numerous adventures and hairbreadth escapes settled in North Carolina - made a memoranda of the facts and awaiting his time that it would be safe for his return. But this time never came. He died leaving his memoranda with many other papers to

to his nephew. I will leave it to you to read in the history of the United States what happened to this country till 1829 when this nephew in searching over his uncle's papers found the one in regard to his affair. He immediately started to hunt it up first procuring a good horse, saddle and bridle as they were no other way at that time for traveling and armed with his papers turned his face northwest.

He landed at Mr. Evans' in this country that same year, this country being somewhat settled up at that time. This Mr. Evans lived near where Mr. Hines lives at this time and from there commenced his search. This was the first that had ever been heard of the hidden treasure in this country and this man's inquiry raised the excitement to a fever heat.

The Tuscarawas Trail had become a public road. Although several marks such as this man wanted to find were known, no one would tell him where they were thinking to find it themselves. He frequently offered his horse, saddle and bridle to anyone who would show him the marks mentioned. He showed the memoranda of his uncle to several but as it was written in Scotch very little could be made out of it not understanding the language. After a long and fruitless search he gave it up in despair, went back to North Carolina and never returned.

The search was then pushed by several of the citizens, all the marks mentioned by the Carolina man were found; though some of them were not found for several years, and then only by accident.

The remains of the shovels were found by a Mr. Rigbe, on the farm now owned by Mr. Robbins. The stone placed on the forked tree was found by J. Whitacre, on the farm now owned by W. Clark. He was cutting a tree for rails which was split by falling astride another tree; from the growth of the wood it was supposed that the stone might have lain there a century. Mr. J. Whitacre told me on seeing that stone roll out of the tree, he felt as though he could go from there to the very place where the treasure was; but on trying his luck, failed like the rest. The deer on the tree, and spring were known. The remains of muskets and many other relics were found near the Robbins farm, on the land being brought into cultivation. Mr. E. Whitacre found on the land now owned by his son, what was supposed to be the remains of a soldier, by what had at one time been a large log. A musket, bullet moulds, scissors, screwdrivers, over a pint of ounce musket balls were there. All but the balls were badly used up by rust. There were three or four other lots of relics found of nearly the same kind in the neighborhood. These were supposed to be the remains of the escort killed at the time the treasure was buried.

From time to time holes were dug but no treasure was found. The divining properties of the witch hazel rod has been tried. Mesmerisms and spiritualism has been invoked, but all failed. Dreamers dreamed where it was, but they too failed to find it. One man sent to New York at great expense for a machine called a goldometer. This contrivance was said to be a sure thing. It was tried in the house where I now write and several other places. Silver or gold was hidden by one man and found by another with the machine. It was now thought the great problem would be solved, but when tried on the ground where the treasure was supposed to be it failed like the rest - everything failed.

People had quit talking about it when the Carolina papers seem to have got into another man's hands. He wrote to a man in Canton, Stark Co. Ohio, by the name of Tho Halter to try and find the Hidden Treasure. He got so worked on his imagination that he quit a good situation there for that purpose. A great deal of time and money was spent by this man in the search. This again raised the excitement. Numerous holes were dug from five to twenty feet deep, but the earth would not give up the treasure. Since his time a great many more holes were dug with the same result. One hole was dug by a very superstitious dark man who had dreamed where it was. According to his belief if one spoke to him while in the search it would spoil the charm. He was about to it when his wife spoke to him and spoiled the charm. He immediately abandoned the hunt. The next morning he found his horse in the hole dead. This cursed him of treasure hunting. Very little has been done in the last few years in search and mother earth

still holds the treasure and will in all probability till the judgment day.

-T. L. Whitacre, in *Columbiana County, Ohio*

The Love That Lasts.

"I liked a sleigh-ride, too she said,
Dear grandmother, whose face is fair,
Though five and seventy years have
spread their silvery snow-showers on her hair.

"I liked a sleigh-ride, too," said she.
"And there was one I used to know
Who liked full well to ride with me."
"But that was long ago,"

I said,
"Yes; that was long ago."
"And I was fond of moonlight walks.
We'd pace the village through and
through and have such friendly,
pleasant talks,

Such friendly pleasant quarrels too.
My eyes were blue and his were brown:
I always laughed his logic down."
"But that was long ago,"

I said.
"Yes; long and long ago."
"My books were few, in those old times
But each a world of sweet delight
And I remember writing rhymes,
And thinking I was born to write.
The foolish verses! Yet, 'tis true,
They flowed as fountains upward flow,
Free as the wind - as empty, too."

"But that was long ago,"
I said.
"Ah! long, long, long ago."
"Yet, first and last and best of all,
I loved great Nature's royal grace:
The stars that glow, the storms that fall
Across the beauty of her face:
The ripened fruit, the whirling snow,
The fresh grass springing by the way."
"But that," I said, "was long ago."
"Nay, that was yesterday,"

She said,
"To-day and yesterday."
-Mary Ainge De Vere, in *N. Y. Independent.*

The Supreme Court seems to have done wisely in virtually deciding that a professional lobbyist, or any one who sells his influence in behalf of a measure for promoting the private interests of others, is a bad man, who can have no aid from the judiciary in collecting his base hire. We rejoice in this decision.

A Metropolitan journal warns "honest men" to let Wall-street speculations alone during the present excitement. This reminds us of Commodore Vanderbilt, who advised a young man not to bet on a horse race, remarking: "It is wrong to bet on a race; in fact, sir, it is very wrong to bet on anything that you do not yourself control."

An ice gorge is reported several miles below Albany, N.Y., but the dam must have given way during the night, as the water is much lower today. Heavy freshets are anticipated.

No serious outbreak of miners occurred yesterday in Pottsville, PA., but an insecure feeling continues. At Shamokin the excitement is at fever heat. The strikers have completed their work in the mines and ceased to work at Centralia. Incendiarism was attempted at Tuscarora, but was fortunately unsuccessful. Bands of armed and unarmed men are wandering around, and assaults and depredations are not unfrequent. The Workngingmen the strikers's official organ, calls upon them to preserve peace and quietness until the end, which is believed to be near, when a victory for the strikers is predicted.

Settlers in Nebraska have had a rough experience this winter. One of them writes of a neighbor's having had a child die during a violent snow storm and being unable to bury it for over a week, it being impossible to get through the deep snow with it. When the farmers rode to town to get the mail or groceries they invariably took shovels along to dig a way out in case their horses got stuck. The early arrival of winter took many farmers by surprise, and a large quantity of corn was left in the fields, of which urgent need has since been had.

There is only a moderate demand for whisky today, with sales of 194 bris.