

An Exciting Chase in the Mountains

An Outlaw's Flight for Liberty — Unsuccessful Pursuit by Amateur Detectives — The Outlaw Escapes by the Northern Railroad, etc.

As in all well-organized communities, so it is in Blauveltonville. The good people of that quiet village have learned by actual experience that they are subject to many of the ills that beset more pretentious localities, for now they know that while they are engaged in praying for the redemption of sinners, the sinners are engaged in preying on them and despoiling them of those tangible blessings which are the accumulation of years of thrift, honest industry and the sharpened wit and acuteness of succeeding years of experience.

It was this feeling of general insecurity which gave birth to the "Protective and Detective Society of Orangetown," and as its objects are fully explained in its pretentious title, nothing further remains than to give the history of the episode which brings the Society into a prominence which is at once preeminent and deserved.

On Sunday, 7th inst., a stranger, tall, well formed and of splendid physique, but with forbidding countenance, was observed striding across the premises of nurseryman Blauvelt and making direct for the mountains. The stranger carried an overcoat and canvass satchel which attracted the attention of a marshal of the Society, Bombastes Furioso B—the Vidocq of Rockland county. B. F. informed his companion that that looked suspicious, and so they gave chase, when after a short time they suddenly came upon the stranger who revealed no less a personage than the notorious Ed. Tucker. B.F. immediately ordered his companion to proceed for aid to Blauveltonville, whilst he, B. F., remained to watch the now well known outlaw B. F. remained, but the outlaw did not; time with him was precious, as was revealed by subsequent information.

Aid having arrived in shape of some half dozen of the flower of the chivalry of Blauveltonville, active pursuit was again resumed, Bombastes Furioso B—, marshal, in command. He divided his command into two squads, he occupying a central position and slightly to the rear, and with voice ringing bold and clear as a clarion, he urged his men on to victory in tones that surpassed the best efforts of Rignold as Henry IV. on the famed field of Agincourt.

Up, up the steep mountain sides climb this gallant band, followed by their leader. The visions of renown and honor that fill the breast of B. F. cause him to forget fatigue; his chivalrous devotion to the people's cause has struck a responding chord in the hearts of his companions in the chase, who count only the glory that will result from their success.

The outlaw soon got tired of this one-sided game, and concluded that his pursuers were not properly fixed for business. He was correct, for the two who had by this time reached him were not armed, and when the propriety of their immediately returning down the mountain was suggested across the muzzle of a Derringer, they showed their appreciation of the suggestion by hesitating until the arrival of the gallant B. F. B—, marshal, who appeared upon the scene at this time, and although his hand was upon his revolver, yet so sudden was the revelation of the group to his astonished vision, that he was only recalled to a realizing sense of his position by the outlaw's threat: "I know you, Campbell; don't you try to follow me, or I will put a hole in you."

B. F. replied, with the simplicity of childhood, "My name ain't Campbell, and don't shoot me. I only want to speak to you for a moment."

Outlaw—"No you don't," at the same time covering the manly bosom of B. F. with his artillery. As B. F. gazed upon the artillery aforesaid and inspected the interior thereof, his mind reverted to the fact that the President had issued a proclamation designating the 25th inst. as Thanksgiving day. Knowing that his fond parents always expected him to help disjoint and digest a turkey upon each recurring anniversary of the day, a struggle fierce and terrible agitated his manly bosom whilst his Napoleonic countenance was suffused with tears.

The outlaw took pity on B. F. and commanded—"Bout face, double quick, march!" At the word of command, B. F., with the alacrity of a tight-rope performer and the stolid mechanism of a member of the Prussian *landwehr*, obeyed. He hied him to the paternal hearth-stone to recount to the fond ones at home the deeds of daring which had that day made him a power in the land. The outlaw, astonished at the success of his ruse, nearly fell victim thereto, for on a knoll a short distance Messrs. Blauvelt and Hoffman gained their first view of him and were soon in full chase. The outlaw gathered himself and dusted for Nyack, in the friendly shade of which he took refuge and departed on the evening train for New York. It soon transpired that the articles seen with Tucker were taken from the house of James Demarest, near Clarksville, when Bombastes resolved to have the felon or die. He went to Sparkill, thence to New York, and remained all day Monday hunting amid the purlieus and slums for the object of his search, but returned without him.

It is needless to add that B. F. keenly felt his lack of success and wanted to resign his marshalship, but the good people of Blauveltsville will not permit it; they feel that if he, with an experience and qualifications rivaling even Vidocq himself, should withdraw from active official relations, "The Protractive Protective and Defective Detective Society of Orangetown" would soon be numbered among the things of the past. So at the urgent solicitations of members and friends, Orangetown can still boast of the security which guards it from wholesale pillage by the morals and fame which attach to the name of Bombastes Furioso B—, Marshal.

Rockland County Journal, November 20, 1875