

probably gone for supplies to one of the settlements; but the same person also mentioned to his friends, on his return home, that he had seen, on the margin of the river, and close to the clearing in question, a large limestone rock, curiously marked with an anchor. No doubt it had been the work of one of the sailors in an idle hour.

A year passed by, and some Indians, on their way from Whyecomagh to Niganiche, reported to the settlers on the upper part of the Wagamatkook that the strangers had returned, and were busy digging about the hut, as usual. Still, the inmates never ascended the river, or visited their nearest neighbours, who were some ten miles distant, but continued to show every disposition to live as much as possible by themselves. At the close of the summer of 1804, a party of new settlers, on their way to the district between the Wagamatkook and the Bedeque, landed at the entrance of the former river and went to the hut, with the hope of finding some of their countrymen who could give them information respecting the country which was thenceforth to be their home. As they approached the building, however, they noticed that no smoke was proceeding from the roof, that the door was off its hinges, and that there was no appearance of life about the premises. What surprised the visitors especially was the fact, that the ground, for a considerable distance around the hut, was dug up in a most fantastic manner, just as if the former occupants had been in search of water. Pushing the rude door aside, they entered a room, with a rough fire-place at one end and a bunk at another place, and a table, a couple of chairs, roughly made from deals. Not a creature, living or dead, was found inside—to all appearances, the hut had been deserted for some weeks.

As one of the visitors turned to go out, he noticed something white lying on the floor, close to the bunk, and on picking it up he saw that it was a piece of coarse paper, like what is generally used for keeping a ship's log. Smoothing it out with some difficulty, he was able to decipher the following words:

Henry Martine told William
a limestone rock
Wagamatkooke, falling into the Brass d—
Marked by him, Henry Martine
Treasure, with [anchor]
Yards, in a
From the said rock.

These are all the words that could be made out, for there was only a very small fragment left of the original document, which had been evidently set on fire by the occupants of the hut before their departure. The discovery of the paper, taken in connection with the holes and anchor-mark in the vicinity, will be conclusive evidence, of course, to most persons that the mysterious strangers had been engaged in searching for hidden treasure. But here the reader will naturally ask—Did they find any? It would be exceedingly gratifying to the writer if he were able to satisfy the enquirer; but, unfortunately, he has only been able, after much patient investigation, to ascertain the foregoing details. If there was any treasure really discovered at the