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[WHOLE NO. 124.]

## MAY MARTIN, OR, THE MONEY DIGGERS.

A GREEN MOUNTAIN TALE.

BY D. P. H. HENSON.

In one of those rough and secluded towns situated in the heart of the Green Mountains, is a picturesque little valley, containing perhaps something over two thousand acres of land, formerly known in that section of the country by the appellation of *The Harwood Settlement*, so called from the name of the original proprietor of the valley. As it formed by some giant hand, literally scooping out the solid mountain and moulding it into shape and proportion, the whole valley presents the exact resemblance of an oval basin whose sides are composed of a continuous ridge of lofty hills bordering it around, and broken only by two narrow outlets at its northern and southern extremities. The eastern part of this valley is covered by one of these transparent ponds, which are so beautifully characteristic of Vermont scenery, lying in the form of a crescent, and extending along beneath the closely encircling mountain on the east nearly the whole length of the interior landscape, forever mirroring up from its darkly bright surface, faintly and vividly, as cloud or sunshine may prevail, the motley groups of the sober forest, where the more slender and soft tinted beech and maple seem struggling for a place among the rough and shaggy forms of the sturdy hemlock, ascending high over all stands the princely pine, waving its majestic head in solitary grandeur, a striking but melancholy type of the original Indian, still occasionally found lingering among us, the only remaining representative of a once powerful race, which have receded before the march of civilization, now destined no more to flourish the lords of the plain and mountains. This pond discharges its surplus at its southern extremity in a pure stream of considerable size, which here, as if in wild glee at its escape from the embrace of its parent waters, leaps at once from a state of the most untroubled tranquillity, over a ledgy barrier with noisy reverberations, goes bounding along from cliff to cliff, in a series of romantic cascades, down a deep ravine, till the lessening echoes are lost in the sinuities of the valley. From the western shore of this sheet of water the land rises in gentle undulations, and with a gradual ascent, back to the foot of the mountains, which here, on every side, rear their ever-green summits to the clouds, standing around this vast fortress of nature, as huge sentinels posting the outworks, and battle with the carrying hurricanes, that burst in fury on their flame-colored sides, and arrest and receive on their own unscathed heads the shafts of the lightning descending for its victims to the valley below, where they cheerily handily from side to side the voice echoes of the thunder peal with their mighty brethren of the opposite rampart.

Not is the beauty of the minor features of the landscape surpassed by the bold grandeur of the main outlines. The interior of the valley, for miles in extent, uniformly sloping to the eastward, checked with beautiful alterations of town and woodland, forever richly clothed in their season with the way and lighter verdure of the cultivated field, or the deep tinted and exuberant foliage of the forest. While a thousand gushing rills come dancing down from the surrounding heights to meet the morning sun and glitter in its first smile, as he looks in over the eastern barrier on his return from his diurnal circuit.

At the period of which we are about to write, the rude dwellings of the small band of settlers, who then inhabited the valley, were scattered at different intervals along the road which entering from the south wound round the westwardly margin of the pond and passed off through the interlocking mountains towards Canada. Of these dwellings the largest, and most respectable in appearance, was the one situated in the most southerly part of the valley. The old house of the pioneer still standing in the back ground surrounded by weeds and briars, had here given place to a new frame house of one story, which, together, with the appearance of the out buildings and the well cultivated grounds adjoining betokened a considerable degree of thrift and comfort in the circumstances of the owner.

Towards night on a beautiful summer's day, at the time we have chosen for the opening of our tale, a young man and maiden might have been seen leaving the door of the cottage we have described, and leisurely taking their way across the pasture, in a direction to intersect the main road at the termination of the clearing on the south. The first named of the couple, apparently of the age of about twenty-five years, was in the full bloom of vigorous manhood. His hardy, robust, and well formed frame was graced with an open, frank and highly intelligent countenance, indicative at once of an ingenious disposition, a light heart, and the conscientiousness of a strong hand, with mental capacity to govern and render it available—exhibiting in his person a fine sample of the early emigrant settlers of Vermont, who were almost universally men of uncommon physical powers, and generally of moral qualities which quailed at no ordinary obstacles, a fact attributable, probably, neither to chance, nor the invigorating effects of their climate, but to the natural operation of these very powers and qualities themselves, which only could incite them to forsake the ease and

comfort of an old settlement, with the certainty of entering upon the hardships of a new one and enduring trials from which men of common mould would shrink with dismay. His fair companion was evidently quite youthful. Her person was rather slightly formed, but of closely knit and beautifully rounded proportions, which were indebted for their almost faultless symmetry to none of the crippling arts of fashion, but solely to the hand of unrestrained nature, giving a free and graceful motion, and a step as light and agile as that of the young fawn of the mountains among which she was reared. The complexion of her face, however, was too dark to be delicate, or to give full effect to the rich brown tresses that encircled her high forehead and fell profusely in natural ringlets down her finely arched neck. And her features, also though regular, were remarkable only for the wonderful vivacity of their expression, though now as she and her companion pursued their way from the house some rods in silence, her mind seemed absent, or absconded by some care, her dark blue eyes seemed sleeping in abstraction—but now her lover spoke, and a thousand variant emotions came flitting over her countenance—a smile of peculiar sweetness played on her lips; her cheeks were wreathed in dimples, and her eyes fairly sparkled with a light at the souls that instant to have taken perch within them.

"May," said he, "May my girl, do you know that I have invited you out for this little walk only to bid you adieu, and that too for a considerable season?"

"Not—surely!" replied the girl pausing in her step, and looking up into the manly features of her lover with an expression of lively concern—"surely you are not going your journey so soon?"

"Yes May, I have a horse in readiness at the village below, and thither I propose walking to-night to be prepared for an early start for Massachusetts in the morning."

"And how soon will you return?"

"Perhaps I may be absent for nearly two months."

"So very long?"

"Most probably—my business is such as may tend to delay—but why so concerned, May? this one more absence and then—"

"Yes, yes, I know what you would say; but why is even this absence necessary?"

"It is but right that you should know, May, and I will tell you. It is now nearly a year since I contracted for the land on which I made a pitch in this settlement. The time for payment when I am to receive a title has nearly arrived; and I am going to gather up the little pittance of property which I earned with my own hands, and left invested in my native state, when I departed for the wild woods of Vermont, and which I now need to enable me to meet this payment."

"It is right then, I presume that you go, but yet I dread your absence."

"Dread! hardly dared to hope that my presence was as much valued, May."

"How vain now!—no, no, I did not mean that—I have other reasons for dreading your absence."

"And what can that be dearest May?"

"Have often thought I would never disturb you feelings by the story of my little troubles."

"Troubles! and not tell me, May—you surprise and disturb me already—to whom should you confide them, if not to me?"

"True Mr. Ashley, true, if you take the interest in me you profess—to you certainly if to any one would I confide them. And indeed should any thing happen to me in your absence in consequence of their existence, I should wish perhaps I had apprised you of the difficulties which beset me."

"O tell me, tell me, May."

"I will—You already know that Mr. and Mrs. Martin, with whom I have lived from a small child, are not my father and mother by a relationship, and I am sorry to say they are not more by their treatment; often have they made me to feel that I am the child of other parents."

"Why surely you never hinted such a thing before, and I never suspected anything of the kind. They certainly have appeared sufficiently kind to you in my presence."

"O yes, in your presence; and even when you are in the neighborhood they are more cautious in their cruelty, but as soon as you are fairly out of the settlement for any considerable absence, I soon am made aware of it by other means than the void in my feelings at the loss of your society. You have been told of a pedlar who undertook to be my suitor the year before you came here. That was their work; and I shall never forget their menaces in trying to unite me to that vagabond, to get me out of the country, as I have often thought."

the tear that had gathered in her eye at the recital of her wrongs, and looked up archly at her lover, "who knows whether I am then to find a better home?"

"Who knows? Ah, May, let the time for proving this but arrive; for by all that is true and sacred in honor or in love, I swear—"O no, no, no," interrupted the girl with returning vivacity, and with that playful tact which women so well know how to quell the storm she has raised in the less versatile bosom of man. "O no, no, don't swear at me—I have enough of that at home."

The lovers having now arrived at the end of their walk, seated themselves amidst a cluster of evergreens on the brink of a high bank, to indulge awhile before the final adieu in that luxury of love, the inter-change of the mutual pledges of affection on the eve of separation. The scenery of the spot was well calculated to enhance the mutual interest of the moment, and hallow it to their feelings.

Some twenty or thirty feet below, and almost directly under their feet, the road, just emerging from the woods, wound along on a scanty jut, or shelf of the hillside, which immediately beyond, formed a lofty precipice terminating in the stream that rushed in stifled murmurs down its rugged channel, deeply embowered in the overhanging forest beneath. The cool spray, stealing through the dark foliage of the lofty fir and spruce whose roots were grasping the rocky margin of the stream a hundred feet below, and whose way and atomized tops now seemed almost within the grasp of the pencils of the struggling sunbeams in glittering vibrations to the heavens, and with grateful freshness came mingling on the scenes with the balmy odor of the birch and gilead. While the seemingly low encircling firmament canopied their heads with that deep and rich cerulean so peculiar to the woolly glens of the Green Mountains; and all around and above them was breathing a purity, and shedding a tranquil brightness beautiful emblematical, alike of the innocent and the unalloyed affections of their gushing hearts, and their sunny anticipations of the future.

Their enjoyment of these happy moments, however, was soon to be interrupted. Their attention was now arrested by the sounds of clattering hoofs in the road below; and turning their eyes to the spot from whence the noise proceeded they beheld a single horseman urging, with cruel application of the whip his faltering steed up the hill towards the settlement. When nearly opposite, or rather under the spot where our lovers sat concealed from view by the boughs of their covert, the horse paused, staggered an instant and fell with his rider to the ground. The poor animal after a few convulsive flounders, gasped feebly, and died on the spot. "Damn the luck!" exclaimed the traveller, giving the dead carcass two or three kicks, "damn the luck, the horse is dead! However," he continued after a short pause occupied in taking a hasty glance up and down the road, and then over the precipice, "however, dead horses like dead men, will tell no tales—that is, if well buried. And here's grave enough down this bottomless gulf in all conscience I should think; so now for a speedy funeral. So saying and hastily unlacing a small valise attached to the crupper of the somewhat tattered saddle and filled apparently with clothing, he grappled with main strength the body of the horse, and rolled it off the precipice, down the steep side of which it was heard heavily bounding through briars and fallen tree tops, till it struck with a faint splash in the water below. With another rapid glance thrown casually around him, he took his valise under his arm, and proceeded leisurely towards the settlement.

"I am so glad he has gone, and without discovering us!" half audibly exclaimed May, the first to rouse from the stupefaction with which they had witnessed the whole transaction that so suddenly came and terminated, like the detached scene of some panoramic exhibition passing quickly before them, I can breathe again now. How strangely he talked to himself! Don't you think his conduct very singular?"

"Singular enough!" replied Ashley, "but he really displayed considerable cool philosophy in the death and burial of his horse; as he termed tumbling him down the gulf!"

"Who and what can he be?"

"I am puzzled to conjecture. He may be a horse-thief fearful of pursuit and detection, as his words, and his pains to get his dead horse out of sight, might seem to imply. But I am more inclined to believe him some watched smuggler, who was riding for life to meet and secure some goods he may have coming in this direction. These gentry often take this back road for their excursions, I am told."

"It may be so, but I did not like his appearance any better than his actions; how suspiciously he looked round to discover if any one was in sight. And how cruel he beat his horse so, and then to kick the poor creature as he was dying."

"Nor did I like the appearance of the fellow at all, and I confess I am not quite satisfied with my own solution of the affair; but I have no further leisure at present to bestow in useless conjectures—perhaps one or both of us may learn more hereafter that will throw light on the subject. And now May, my dearest May, I must go, leaving you to return to the house alone."

"O, not yet."

"Indeed, and indeed, I must linger no longer—see! the sun is nearly to the mountains. But once more, May, do you love me?"

"O too much!"

"And will be true?"

"Forever!"

"Then, dearest girl, may the great One above us preserve you—farewell, farewell!"

"Farewell!" sighed the tearful girl in accents soft and broken as the dying murmur of the distant cascade with which they mingled in the air. An instant, and Ashley stood in the road below giving the last lingering look of parting—another, and he had disappeared from the sight of his sorrowful companion, who slowly and pensively pursued her lonely way back to her home, more than ever, dreary and joyless, home. At the cottage we have already described.

The owner of this cottage, as the reader is already apprised, was a Mr. Martin, who before a few others had made, many years before, the first permanent settlement in the valley. They had purchased of one Colvin a resident of the village, to which allusion has before been made, situated some six or eight miles below, in the southerly corner of what had now become an organized town, embracing the greatest part of this settlement within its boundaries. This man had formerly acted as agent to Harwood, the original proprietor of the whole valley, in disposing of the same lands to others which he subsequently sold to Martin and his companion as principal, the first occupants being some of the first settlers, or rather squatters, perhaps they might be termed, Colvin made a journey to the sea-port in New Hampshire where Harwood resided, and returned with the story that he had bought out the original proprietor, and was now sole owner of the valley. He then immediately set to work in searching for purchasers; and by his unwearied exertions in this respect, and the inducements held out by the firmness of his now reducing prices, he soon succeeded in finding purchasers for all the valley thought capable of improvement. This he had no sooner effected than he suddenly left that part of the country and was heard of no more. From this time the valley made rapid progress in improvement; and many of the families there now permanently located, among which was that of Martin, were at the period of our tale in comparatively easy and comfortable circumstances. Martin and his wife having no children of their own had taken May, the heroine of our story, when young, and adopted her as a daughter. Of the girl's parentage little or nothing had ever been ascertained. Her mother, it appeared, had been taken ill on the road in a neighborhood on the borders of New Hampshire, and gained admittance into a private family to remain during her confinement. The man who attended her was not her husband, but, as he stated, a person employed to convey her to her friends in Vermont. And pretending to give her name and residence, and leaving a sum of money with the family amply sufficient for the present support of the mother and her expected infant, he immediately returned, for the purpose as he avowed, of apprising the young woman's husband of her approaching illness, for in a few hours she gave birth to a daughter; not however without the cost of her life; for she was soon seized with a fever and delirium, which in two or three days put a period to her existence. The infant was handed over to nurse to a married daughter of the family who resided with them, who kindly received the little stranger to share with her own child the nourishment of which it had been deprived by the untimely death of its mother. After a few weeks had elapsed, no one in the neighborhood appearing to claim the child, a letter was sent to the address of the supposed father, but without bringing from any one a visit or an answer. Recourse was then had to the Postmaster of the town which had been given as the residence of the husband; and in consequence, information was soon received that no person or family of that description had resided there. And as no other intelligence was ever after received on the subject, and neither any remarks of the deceased mother during the few hours of her rationality after her arrival, nor any thing found among her effects, affording the least clue for unravelling the mystery, the transaction was very naturally concluded to be one of those frauds often practiced, to palm off as respectable, some frail fair one, and her illegitimate, on strangers. The little innocent subject to these suspicions, thus left unknown and unowned among entire strangers, was not however, on that account neglected. Having been first whimsically termed the May flower, and finally May, from the circumstances of her having been born on the first day of the month of that name, she received the kindest attention from the family till near two years of age, when becoming a pretty and promising child, she was taken by Martin, who then, and for some years afterwards, resided in that neighborhood, from whence he removed to his present residence in the valley.

During the first year of May's adoption, and till the removal of Martin to Vermont, she was allowed, summer and winter, the advantages of an excellent common school, in which she was distinguished for uncommon proficiency for her age. And the taste for reading, which she here thus early acquired, was ever after maintained and improved by means of a choice selection of books which Martin inherited from his father, and preserved out of respect to his memory, rather than

for any pleasure or profit they ever afforded him, or his still more unaltered companion. At this period also she was apparently much beloved by both Martin and his wife, and uniformly treated by them with parental kindness and attention. But as she approached to womanhood, and began to attract the esteem and admiration of all who became acquainted with her, by her amiable disposition, her sprightliness and beauty, this former manifestation of kindness on the part of Martin and his wife began unaccountably to decline; and instead of receiving these demonstrations of esteem towards their deserving daughter, with that pride and gratification which real parents would feel, they seemed to resent at the praises she received, and view them with increasing uneasiness, giving vent to their feelings at least on the innocent and distressed cause of them, in such bitterness of manner and expression as to render her often extremely miserable. And this treatment was the more painful and perplexing, as it arose from no avowed or reasonable causes, being founded probably in a sense of growing inferiority, and a petty jealousy at the preference with which she was personally regarded, and the greater respect which her intellectual superiority always commanded, leaving her the most hopeless of all tasks, the endeavor to conciliate those whose conduct, arises from motives they are ashamed to acknowledge, and whose dislike has no other origin, than in the baseness of their own hearts.

A new era now occurred in the life of May—the era of her first love. William Ashley, an intelligent and enterprising young man, had been employed by a gentleman in Massachusetts, owning wild lands in Vermont, to survey a tract west of the settlement. Making the valley his headquarters and the house of Martin his home on his stated returns from his laborious duties in the woods, he became interested in May—loved her, and was soon loved in return, with that fervor which a young maiden yields up her virgin affections. The intimacy soon resulted in an engagement of marriage; and determination on his part, to purchase a farm and settle in the valley, to all of which, Martin and his wife either seemed coldly indifferent, or manifested their dislike, though, as before intimated, they had the year previous, used considerable management to induce May to consent to the hasty proposals of one, a thousand times less worthy. Ashley having now contracted for a farm in pursuance of his resolution to settle in the place, his time had since been spent in alternately improving his new purchase, and resuming the avocation which had been the means of introducing him into the settlement.

Having now given the reader a brief sketch of the situation and characters of the leading personages of our little story we will return to the thread of the narrative where we left it for its digression.

After parting from her lover, May remained almost unconsciously some time in the vicinity of the romantic spot which had witnessed their adieu; now listlessly stooping to pluck some favorite flower that peeped from its covert beneath her devious footsteps, and now pausing to scratch the initials of her loved one's name on the bark of some solitary tree, while her mind was sweetly occupied with the pleasant reminiscences of the past, or indulging in those dreamy and bright imaginings of the future, which love and hope are forever uniting to create in the bosoms of the youthful. And it was nearly sunset before she was aroused to the necessity of a speedy return to her home. Now quickening her step, however, she soon arrived at the door, and was timidly entering under the expectation of receiving some reprimand from Martin or his wife as was their wont on her being absent from her domestic duties, when with a feeling approaching thoughtfulness, she caught a third person in the room, sitting with his back to her—thinking that his presence would protect her from the anticipated rebuke, till the occasion should be forgotten. But this penalty she would have gladly suffered the next moment in exchange for the disagreeable surprise she encountered. For she had scarcely reached the interior of the room before the person turned round, and in him she at once recognized the man whose singular conduct she and Ashley had lately witnessed with so much surprise and suspicion. She instantly recoiled at the unexpected discovery, and stood a moment mute and abashed before the painful scrutiny of his gaze.

"Why! what is this girl?" exclaimed Mrs. Martin. "A body would think she was afraid of strangers."

"Perhaps, wife," observed Martin with a malicious smile, "perhaps May's walk has confused her wits a little—these love meetings and love partings are terrible things to fluster one—and isn't they May?"

"There!" rejoined the former in a tone of exulting glee, "there! see how the girl blushes! I guess she thinks the gentleman may have seen her and her beau in their loving ramble across the pasture. May, boy, she continued, turning to the stranger, "may be you witnessed the parting?"

"No, I saw no one after leaving the woods till I reached the house," replied the man with evident uneasiness of manner—"Did you pass the way I come, Miss?"

"I have not been in the road sir," answered May, with as much calmness as she could command, in her fresh alarm at the turn in which the conversation now threatened to take, accompanied as she

question was, with a tone and look of suspicion for which she could readily account. The inquiry, however, to her great relief was pursued no further, and the conversation now being directed to other and indifferent subjects, she retreated from the room to hide her blushes, and shed tears of vexation at the secrets of her heart had been exposed to a stranger too, the very one of all others before whom she would have been most anxious to avoid such an exposure, coupled as it had been with her walk, which had put her in possession of an unpleasant secret, as she feared it was, respecting him. How unlucky! she thought, perhaps even now she had become the object of his suspicion and dislike. She had intended, before so unexpectedly encountering him on her return, to make known the transaction she had witnessed. But now should she do it, and the affair should be satisfactorily explained, she dreaded the ridicule which she probably must experience from all parties for acting the spy and eavesdropper—and should it lead to the detection of some villainy, perhaps she would have to be called into court as a witness,—a consequence which she no less dreaded. She concluded therefore, to keep the whole transaction carefully locked up as a secret in her bosom. Having come to this determination, and having succeeded by this time in allaying her disturbed feelings, and in assuming, in a great degree, a calm demeanor, she rejoined the company, her repugnance to the stranger being mingled with some curiosity to learn more of his character, and see whether he would mention the circumstances which had so unfavorably impressed her and her lover, and if so, in what manner he would explain it. But in this she was disappointed, as not the least allusion was then, or ever afterwards made by him to the transaction. May soon perceived, however, that the stranger, had already made rapid progress with his host and hostess towards gaining the footing of a familiar acquaintance, and it was with some surprise that she learned that he was to become for the present, an inmate of the family. He had introduced himself, it appeared, by the name of Gow, stating that he was traveling with the view of purchasing lands; and having heard that the Harwood settlement presented good inducements to purchasers, he had now accordingly paid it a visit for that purpose. This avowal had led to a proffered assistance on the part of Martin to the further objects of the stranger, and soon to the compliance with the request of the latter to take up his abode with the family while he remained in the place. Such was the ostensive object of the stranger's visit. This information May gathered from her mother in the absence of the gentleman, who after supper had taken a long ramble across the farm in the twilight of the account which the man had given of himself, she felt much disposed to discredit, for though the story was simple and reasonable enough in itself, yet she was wholly unable to reconcile it in her own mind with what she had witnessed; and the more she reflected on the subject, the stronger became her suspicions, that there was something wrong in his character, and something that he was making no effort to conceal. During the course of the evening May found frequent opportunities for examining the personal appearance of Gow, for by that name she shall now call him, more closely than she had before the means of doing. Though young, he was evidently haggard in the ways of the world, and seemed well versed in the ordinary modes of flattery, and the art of insinuating himself into the good graces of strangers. His exterior was good, and his demeanor, with ordinary observers, might have been reposing. But those who scrutinized him more closely might easily have detected a hollowness of manner, which showed that the heart was taken but little part in the wheedling language of the tongue, and a sort of questionable expression in the glances of his restless eye, which like the savage in the woods, seemed to avoid open encounter, and to be continually skulking away and back, under the steady gaze of the beholder, as if guarding hidden motives with a constant apprehensiveness of their detection. Such at least were the impressions of May, whose scrutiny instead of lessening had increased the dislike she had conceived towards his person. Besides, she was not altogether pleased with his manner with herself. It was evident from his remarks that his inquiries concerning her, had been all directed to ascertain the nature of the old acquaintance. In short she felt, she knew, that he had some preconceived object in view, some way connected with herself. And she retired to rest that night with sensations of displeasure and with a disquietude of feeling that she had never before experienced.

While such thoughts and undefined apprehensions were agitating the guileless bosom of May, the disagreeable object of her reflections was occupied in another apartment, to which he had retired for the night, in writing a letter to an associate. For the benefit of the reader, we take an author's privilege of looking over his shoulder.

"Well, Col. here I am snuggled at Martin's where I remain, at present, gentleman land-looker as I call myself, till I put other business in train. I arrived this afternoon—sooner by some days than I expected, having come not slow most of the way I assure you. The honest fact is, I bought a horse at the end of the first day's journey. 'Bought' you will say. Yes of an old white cow I run about of in the stable. 'What a mad

cap!' you will again exclaim 'thus to endanger the success of an honest speculation. But the fact was Col., I was getting on too slow for my disposition, and I could not help it.—But the animal fell down and died just as I was coming into the settlement; and I rolled him off a ledge into the brook, where he went on—enjoy much more society, I am thinking, but the fishes and fowls till he is pretty well distributed. So no danger from that little frolic. Now for the girl—she is here, and no common affair neither I assure you! Well formed, handsome and knowing—indeed I fear she knows rather too much—at least, the said reading sort of look of hers I plainly see will require a pretty thick mask. Besides Martin tells me she is engaged to a young farmer, lately settled here, but who luckily started a journey for two months the day I arrived. So you see I have got to push matters rather briskly; and it will be a hard case if she don't find herself Mrs. Gow before the fellow returns.—Lord! if she but knew her own secret, or mine, I might as well try to catch a lark in the sky by whistling."

"As to the other part of our projected scheme, I am sure it will work well.—Martin, whom in my rapid way of doing things I have sounded in all my shapen, informs me that it is generally believed here that precious metals lie hid in these mountains; and I have already hinted my faculties in seeing in the magic stone [he wonders which I find are still believed in among them] and in working the divining rods. Both of these marvelous implements I shall very naturally find in a day or two, probably; when I shall open the golden prospects of Martin's greedy eyes; and if it takes, as we may safely swear it will, I shall commence operations immediately.—So, old boy you may come on with your traps as soon as you receive this; for I shall want you at all events.—I will look out the old cave you described in the mountains, and have all things in readiness by the time you arrive."

Your's in reality, truly, Gow.

The next day was spent by Martin and his new acquaintance in the woods, the former acting as guide, as they rambled over the adjacent tracts of wild land, in furtherance of the professed object of the latter's sojourn in the valley. The next and the next, found them engaged in the same employment to the great wonderment of May, who knowing from the course taken by them, and from their returns to their daily meal at noon, that their excursions were always short and in the same direction, could not understand the use of so much exploring for a general examination of a few lots of land. She was also led to notice that a deep intimacy was growing between them, and she soon perceived that they were engaged in some secret purpose far different from that by which they pretended to be occupied. Gow affected, in the presence of the family, a knowing silence on the subject of their employment, and frequently pretended to check his friends as they began to throw out hints about new houses improvements and purchases, implying a sudden change of circumstances. All this, however, would have but little interested our heroine, and might have passed unheeded by her, had she not noticed of her own for watching the conduct of Gow, whose character from the first she had much reason to regard with suspicion, and whose increasing attentions to herself, which could now no longer be mistaken for ordinary courtesy, and which grew every day more and more annoying, furnished her additional reasons for wishing to fathom his designs.

But it is time perhaps to enquire the reader more fully of the project in which Gow had enlisted Martin.

At the foot of a lofty mountain in the woods about a mile northwesterly from Martin's house, a few days' after Gow's arrival, these personages might be seen seated on a fallen tree, the one with his face protruded into his hat which he held in his lap, seemingly gazing at something at the bottom, while the other was attentively listening to the remarks, which now ensued between them will sufficiently explain the nature of their employment.

"Are you quite certain Mr. Gow, that you have at last found the real genuine sort of stone, which you have this wonderful faculty of seeing things in?"

"O, quite sure. It is the same thin, oval, yellow speckled kind of stone I used when I discovered the pot of money on Cape Cod, that they supposed Kidd buried there. How provoking, to get only a hundred dollars for that job, when I might have gone shares with the man who employed me! I had I chose it! But the fact was, Martin, I was not at that time entirely certain that I possessed this faculty to so great an extent as I afterwards found."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A BARRISTER POSSED.—At the Limerick Assizes a witness of the 'lower classes' was cross-examined by Mr. Bennett, the Queen's counsel, when the following dialogue took place:—

Counsel.—'You do you hesitate to answer me? Why look at me as if I were a rogue?'

Witness.—'To be sure I do.'

'Upon your oath you think me a rogue?'

'Upon my oath I don't think you an honest man.' Continued laughter.

'You swear to that upon your oath?'

'I do, to be sure; and what else could I think?'

'Now why do you think so?'

'Why, because you are doing your best to make me perjure myself.'

The Danville Advertiser, speaking of a young chap who got unusually drunk recently, quaintly says, "he took too much platform."