

treasure being hidden on the Pacific coast, and giving what appeared to be explicit directions how to find the buried riches.

This naturally created great excitement in the neighborhood, and ever since the cliffs and rocks around the bay have been thoroughly explored time and again, but all to no purpose; and it was left for two Portland gentlemen, one a prominent surgeon in the city, and the other a well-known insurance man, out on a summer jaunt, to make the first discoveries tending to establish the truth of the story.

These gentlemen had been fishing on that greatest (?) of trout streams, the Trask, and had decided to walk over the mountains to Clatsop beach. After securing a guide they started. On the afternoon of the second day, after following the trail, as it led around the base of Mount Kearney, along the edge of the high cliffs, which at that point put a stop to the encroachments of the rough waters of Nehalem bay, they sat down to rest.

In an effort to be agreeable, the guide proceeded to relate the story of the Spanish treasure, as above told. The insurance man, after hearing the old fellow through, in a mock-serious manner—a manner to which he is much given, by the way—said:

"Now, if I was looking for buried treasure, I would look right under this rock," indicating the large boulder on which he was sitting.

It was a piece of basalt, such as is found further out on Tillamook head, and not at all like the sandstone formation of Mount Kearney and the cliffs. Suiting his action to his words, he, with the help of his companions, rolled the large rock over. After scraping away the earth from around the under side of the boulder, some rude characters were found chiseled on its hard surface.

There was first a large letter M, with two bars across it; to the left of this was a large cross; to the right, an anchor, and below, the letters D E, followed by eight large dots, or periods; and again, under these marks, an arrow, the head pointing in the same direction as the periods.

The guide was thunderstruck, and looked on with mouth and eyes wide open; the young men, being none the less surprised, were silent. A little search disclosed the fact that the large rock was the center of a square, a rod each way, the corners being marked by four smaller boulders of the same geological formation, and marked, two with a cross each, and two with an anchor.

The insurance man studied the characters a few minutes, and suddenly struck by an idea, began pacing off toward the cliff, as if measuring a town lot. He took three good long strides, stopped, stooped down, and kicking away the loose earth, found a

stone with an anchor cut into it; he went a few feet further and found another rock, marked with a cross. The next three yards brought him to the brow of the cliff, and, also, to another, and much larger, rock. Turning this one over, not without some difficulty, it was so large, he found it marked with an anchor, and a good sized orifice, leading into a small cavity within the stone, was disclosed. Thrusting his hand into the aperture, he drew forth a roll of parchment, the silken bands which bound it being as firm and strong as when new, the salt air having been unable to penetrate the rock.

The roll of parchment proved to be a manuscript, written in the Spanish language. This manuscript was handed to the writer, who has made the following translation of what is the confession of *barra Arteaga Mariscal*, commander of the Spanish ship *Santos dos Todos*:

"September 15, 1688.

"I, *Ibarra Arteaga Marsical*, captain of the ship *Santos dos Todos*, write. For many, many days, I have not seen a human face—not since *Gonzales* fell (?) over the cliff. I dare not go and look over; I fear to see the avenging faces of those whom I have murdered; yes, murdered, and for what? Oh, why did I do it! I can not take the riches, I can go nowhere; every night I see them all. They come to me in my sleep, and sometimes I feel like jumping over that horrible cliff myself; but no, I fear to meet them; I must live and confess to the good bishop. Yes, all I murdered! First, *Eduardo*, for I cut the rope, as we held him over the cliff, the last time he went to the cave; *Pedro* and *Gonzales* thought the sharp rocks cut the rope, but no, I did it. *Eduardo* was cruel, and I thought his sinister eye boded me ill, and that he wanted to kill me. Then *Pedro*, as he stood on the cliff, looking out over the sea. I crept up behind him, and he fell and disappeared. Then poor *Gonzales*, as he rushed up and looked down, he, too, I pushed over, and as he fell he turned his face upon me, white with fear, and with a frightful shriek he struck the cruel rocks, and bounding from one jagged point to another, fell on the hard sand a mangled corpse. Oh! how it rings in my ears! Will I never cease to hear that last despairing cry of poor *Gonzales*? He was a kindly man, but I could not trust him. Yes, I am the last of the unhappy crew of the beautiful *Santos dos Todos*. I am about to leave here and travel toward the rising sun. I know if any one should find this confession I should be burned at the stake, but I can't help it; I must write; and it was all to save the treasure for the great cathedral. They would have stolen it. I will hide this in the hollow rock, midway between the large boulder and the cliff.