

by; only, my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he begun the work when he laid the money, but that doth not excuse it to me; but I was out of my wits almost, and the more from that upon my lifting up the earth with the spud, I did discern that I scattered the pieces of gold round about the ground among the grass and loose earth; and taking up the Iron head-pieces wherein they were put, I perceive the earth was got among the gold and wet, so that the bags were all rotten, all the notes, that I could not tell what in the world to say to it, not knowing how to judge what was wanting or what had been lost by Gibson in his coming down; which, all put together, did make me mad; and at last was forced to take up the head-pieces, dirt and all, and as many of the scattered pieces as I could with the dirt discern by the candlelight, and carry them up into my brother's chamber and there lock them up till I had eat a little supper; and then all people going to bed, W. Hewer and I did all alone, with several pales of water and basins, at last wash the dirt off of the pieces and parted the pieces and the dirt, and then begun to tell; and by a note which I had of the value of the whole (in my pocket) do find that there was short above 100 pieces, which did make me mad; and considering that the neighbour's house was so near, that we could not suppose we could speak one to another in the garden at the place where the gold lay (especially by my father being deaf) but they must know what we had been doing on, I feared that they might in the night come and gather some pieces and prevent us the next morning; so W. Hewer and I out again about midnight (for it was now grown so late) and there by candlelight did make shift to gather 45 pieces more — and so in and to cleanse them, and by this time it was past 2 in the morning; and so to bed, with my mind pretty quiet to think that I have recovered so many.

And then to bed, and I lay in the trundle-bed, the girl being gone to bed to my wife. And there lay in some disquiet all night, telling of the clock till it was daylight; and then rose and called W. Hewer, and he and I, with pails and a Sive, did lock ourselfs into the garden and there gather all the earth about the place into pails, and then Sive those pails in one of the summer-houses (just as they do for Dyamonds in other parts of the world); and there to our great content did with much trouble by 9 a-clock, and by that time we emptied several pails and could not find one, we did make the last night's 45 up 79; so that we are come to about 20 or 30 of what I think the true number should be, and perhaps within less; and of them I may reasonably think that Mr. Gibson might lose some, so