

# THE QUEEN OF THE ISLE.

## CHAPTER I.

### CAMPBELL'S ISLE.

ABOUT six miles from the mainland of M——, with its rock-bound coast washed by the waters of the broad Atlantic, was an islet, known in the days of which I write as Campbell's Isle.

This island was small—about two miles in length and the same in breadth, but fertile and luxurious. The dense primeval forest, which as yet the destroying axe had scarcely touched, reared its self high and dark in the northern part of the island. A deep unbroken silence ever reigned here, save when some gay party from the opposite coast visited the island to fish or shoot partridges. Sometimes, during the summer, pleasure parties were held here, but in the winter all was silent and dreary on this lonely spot.

This island had been, from time immemorial, in the possession of a family named Campbell, handed down from father to son. The people of the surrounding country had learned to look upon them as the rightful lords of the soil, "to the manor born." The means by which it had first come into their possession were seldom thought of, or if thought of, only added to their reputation as a bold, daring race. The legend ran that, long before Calvert came over, a certain Sir Guy Campbell, a celebrated freebooter and scion of the noble Scottish clan of that name, who for some reckless crime had been outlawed and banished, and in revenge had hoisted the black flag and become a rover on the high seas, had, in his wanderings, discovered this solitary island, which he made the place of his rendezvous. Here, with his band of dare-devils—all