

though unacknowledged, was one of awe and dread. Two immense blackened pines, one on each side of the entrance, said to have been scathed by lightning, appeared fit guardians of the place; and their lengthened shadows thrown upon the water, assumed to our imagination, the form of a gigantic hand, pointing to the narrow entrance, and warning us to begone. Not a word was spoken, and not a sound, save the light dash of our oars, broke the stern silence of the place, until we landed and endeavoured to penetrate to the spot where the treasure was said to be concealed; when, as if Heaven were displeased with our impious attempt, the moon was suddenly overcast, and we were left in darkness. We were on the point of returning, when Alice refused to do so, saying we must persevere; and that if we now turned back, we should be laughed at for our cowardice, and scolded well for our rashness. She produced her father's pocket-flask, which she had brought with her, and a sup or two from it, assisted in screwing up our courage. We again set forward, and the moon partially appearing, we were enabled to grope our way, and soon arrived at the place we sought. It was a sweet secluded little forest glade; and apart from its horrible associations, it offered as peaceful and calm a scene of sylvan beauty, as could well be imagined. This treacherous peace was, however, of short duration, for as soon as we began to clear away some brushwood, in order to commence our operations, a low, moaning sound was heard; we still persevered, but at the first blow of our pick-axe, the moaning was redoubled; and though there was no other indication of the wind having risen, the trees about us began to sway their branches to and fro, to creak and groan, and, as it seemed, even to laugh in fiend-like mockery and derision. I threw down the pick, which was instantly seized by Alice; and with a strength of which I could not suppose her possessed, at one blow, she broke through a slab of stone. Loud and distinct groans, and a dry rattling noise succeeded; and

we perceived, to our horror, that we had disturbed one of the depositories of the murdered dead! the broken moonlight shewing fitfully the ghastly hue of the skeleton; which seemed to move and crawl in its narrow bed! as the moving branches, first intercepted, and then admitted the moonbeams upon the whitened bones! Hastily covering up the unhallowed grave, we tried again in another spot; at first, all was quiet, the sound of our implements alone disturbing the stillness of the night, until my spade struck a hard substance, which returned a dull, bell-like, ringing noise, and we hoped that we had, at last, found the steel casket in which the most valuable of the jewels were said to be contained. At this moment, a pale blueish flame played about our heads, and lit up the scene around us with a most unearthly glare! Confused cries, half in mockery, half in horror, rang in our ears; and even Alice, whose almost supernatural courage I have already mentioned, broke into a shriek of terror. A cold, clammy, death-like hand was laid upon my face, and I felt myself in the grasp of a being of another world: when, suddenly, the voice of old Johnstone broke through the confusion, as he shook me roughly by the shoulder, with:

“Hilloa, my lad, you have let your can of grog fall upon the hearth, and faith, it was a stiff one; for it blazed up merrily, and set your wig on fire.— If Alice had not clapt a wet cloth over all, you would have had a regular singed sheep's head!”

And, most unaccountably, I found myself seated at the old man's kitchen fire, from whence I had started so long before, with a crowd of faces round me, endeavouring to suppress the mirth, evidently excited at my expense; in which all with difficulty succeeded except Alice, who replied to my wild stare, with a hearty laugh, observing “that she would mix no more toddy for me, if I thought so little of her brewing as to go to sleep, and let it fall in the fire.”

A year or two since, I met Alice upon the mainland, and reminding her of