

he committed his soul to
ing broke, and he tumbled
ing from rock to rock, and
g the red cloak fluttering,
the air.

fore Wolfert came to him—
his eyes, the ruddy streaks
y shooting up the sky. He
the bottom of a boat, griev-
tempted to sit up, but was too
A voice requested him, in
ill. He turned his eyes to-
was Dirk Waldron. He had
the earnest request of Dame
er, who, with the laudable
nd pried into the secret con-
d the Doctor. Dirk had been
following the light skiff of the
come in time to rescue the
n his pursuer.

ous enterprise. The Doctor
y found their way back to the
ing some dreadful tale of peril
Wolfert, instead of returning
bags of gold, he was borne
owed by a rabble rout of ca-

ther saw the dismal pageant
alarmed the neighbourhood
thought the poor man had sud-
t debt of nature in one of his
ding him, however, still living,
to bed, and a jury of old ma-
rhood assembled to determine
tored.

as in a buzz with the story of
Many repaired to the scene of
adventures; but though they
of the digging, they discovered
sated them for their trouble.
the fragments of an oaken chest,
which savoured strongly of hidden
the old family-vault there were
boxes, but this is all very du-

of all this story has never to this
Whether any treasure were
at that place; whether, if so, it
ght by those who had buried it
ains there under the guardian-
spirits, until it shall be properly
er of conjecture. For my part,
r opinion, and make no doubt
uried, both there and in many
and its neighbourhood, ever
buccaners and the Dutch co-
earnestly recommend the search
f my fellow-citizens as are not
er speculations. There were
ned, also, as to who and what

was the strange man of the seas who had domineered
over the little fraternity at Corlear's Hook for a time,
disappeared so strangely, and re-appeared so fear-
fully.

Some supposed him a smuggler, stationed at that
place to assist his comrades in landing their goods
among the rocky coves of the island. Others, that
he was one of the ancient comrades, either of Kidd
or Bradish, returned to convey away treasures for-
merly hidden in the vicinity. The only circumstance
that throws any thing like a vague light on this mys-
terious matter, is a report which prevailed of a strange
foreign-built shallop, with much the look of a pic-
caroon, having been seen hovering about the Sound
for several days without landing or reporting herself,
though boats were seen going to and from her at
night; and that she was seen standing out of the
mouth of the harbour, in the grey of the dawn, af-
ter the catastrophe of the money-diggers.

I must not omit to mention another report, also,
which I confess is rather apocryphal, of the buccaneer,
who was supposed to have been drowned, being seen
before daybreak with a lantern in his hand, seated
astride his great sea-chest, and sailing through Hell-
gate, which just then began to roar and bellow with
redoubled fury.

While all the gossip world was thus filled with talk
and rumour, poor Wolfert lay sick and sorrowful in
his bed, bruised in body, and sorely beaten down in
mind. His wife and daughter did all they could to
bind up his wounds, both corporal and spiritual. The
good old dame never stirred from his bed-side, where
she sat knitting from morning till night; while his
daughter busied herself about him with the fondest
care. Nor did they lack assistance from abroad.
Whatever may be said of the desertion of friends in
distress, they had no complaint of the kind to make;
not an old wife of the neighbourhood but abandoned
her work to crowd to the mansion of Wolfert Webber,
inquire after his health, and the particulars of his
story. Not one came, moreover, without her little
pikkin of penny-royal, sage balm, or other herb-tea,
delighted at an opportunity of signaling her kind-
ness and her doctorship.

What drenchings did not the poor Wolfert un-
dergo! and all in vain. It was a moving sight to
behold him wasting away day by day; growing
thinner and thinner, and ghastlier and ghastlier; and
staring with rueful visage from under an old patch-
work counterpane, upon the jury of matrons kindly
assembled to sigh and groan, and look unhappy
around him.

Dirk Waldron was the only being that seemed to
shed a ray of sunshine into this house of mourning.
He came in with cheery look and manly spirit, and
tried to reanimate the expiring heart of the poor
money-digger; but it was all in vain. Wolfert was
completely done over. If any thing was wanting to
complete his despair, it was a notice served upon him,
in the midst of his distress, that the corporation were

about to run a new street through the very centre of
his cabbage-garden. He now saw nothing before
him but poverty and ruin—his last reliance, the gar-
den of his forefathers, was to be laid waste—and
what then was to become of his poor wife and child?
His eyes filled with tears as they followed the dutiful
Amy out of the room one morning. Dirk Waldron
was seated beside him; Wolfert grasped his hand,
pointed after his daughter, and for the first time since
his illness, broke the silence he had maintained.

"I am going!" said he, shaking his head feebly;
"and when I am gone—my poor daughter—"

"Leave her to me, father!" said Dirk, manfully;
"I'll take care of her!"

Wolfert looked up in the face of the cheery, strap-
ping youngster, and saw there was none better able
to take care of a woman.

"Enough," said he, "she is yours!—and now
fetch me a lawyer—let me make my will and die!"

The lawyer was brought, a dapper, bustling,
round-headed little man—Roorbach (or Rolleback,
as it was pronounced) by name. At the sight of him
the women broke into loud lamentations, for they
looked upon the signing of a will as the signing of a
death-warrant. Wolfert made a feeble motion for
them to be silent. Poor Amy buried her face and
her grief in the bed-curtain; Dame Webber resumed
her knitting to hide her distress, which betrayed it-
self, however, in a pellucid tear which trickled silently
down, and hung at the end of her peaked nose;
while the cat, the only unconcerned member of the
family, played with the good dame's ball of worsted,
as it rolled about the floor.

Wolfert lay on his back, his night-cap drawn over
his forehead, his eyes closed, his whole visage the
picture of death. He begged the lawyer to be brief,
for he felt his end approaching, and that he had no
time to lose. The lawyer nibbed his pen, spread out
his paper, and prepared to write.

"I give and bequeath," said Wolfert, faintly, "my
small farm—"

"What! all?" exclaimed the lawyer.

Wolfert half opened his eyes, and looked upon the
lawyer.

"Yes—all," said he.

"What! all that great patch of land with cabbages
and sunflowers, which the corporation is just going
to run a main street through?"

"The same," said Wolfert, with a heavy sigh, and
sinking back upon his pillow.

"I wish him joy that inherits it!" said the little
lawyer, chuckling and rubbing his hands involuntarily.

"What do you mean?" said Wolfert, again open-
ing his eyes.

"That he'll be one of the richest men in the place!"
cried little Rolleback.

The expiring Wolfert seemed to step back from
the threshold of existence; his eyes again lighted up;
he raised himself in his bed, shoved back his worsted