

however, until after a desperate struggle with one of the party, in which he received a severe wound. The murderer, anxious to conceal all traces of the dead, buried the bodies as he could, and then concealed his treasure in another place, with great care. The rest he so much required after his prolonged exertions came not; but a raging fever, arising from fatigue, want of sleep, and a neglected wound, attacked him; and shortly reduced him to a state, which precluded his keeping up a fire, or providing himself with the necessaries of life. In the silence and solitude of his camp, the misdeeds of an ill-spent life, rose in horrible array before him, and the stings of a reproving conscience became almost too dreadful to bear; the last appalling scene was constantly present to his mind, and struck him with the most fearful dread. Horrible visions were ever flitting before him, and the torments of the damned were his; reason tottered upon her throne, and he was soon reduced to utter helplessness; in that state he was accidentally discovered by one of the few inhabitants of the island, who happened to visit the spot. Such relief as could be afforded, was immediately given, and in broken English, and at intervals, he stated who and what he was, giving the foregoing detail. In a few hours, however, it was apparent that he was fast approaching his end, and during the night which followed, he died raving mad, denouncing curses both loud and deep on the treasure, and all who might ever attempt to regain it.

The pirate was buried near the spot where he died; and many persons, it is said, have since unsuccessfully attempted to recover the jewels and plate, of which, it is believed, the treasure principally consists. It has invariably happened that the seekers after this ill-gotten and blood-stained wealth, have, very soon after their researches, met with an untimely end; and it is alleged, that such will be the fate of all who venture to follow their example. This belief is so well established and so firmly believed, that, for many years, none have been

found fool-hardy enough to seek for the fatal spoils; and they yet remain where they were concealed by the pirate boat-swain.

At the conclusion of the story, I noticed that young Johnstone smiled incredulously; and giving him a sign, I walked out of the house, and in a few minutes was followed by him. He ridiculed the idea of there being any danger in searching for the treasure, and we agreed to go that night to Dark Harbour; to be enabled to refute positively, the assertion that supernatural agency was employed to guard it. We returned to the house, and waited patiently until the whole family had retired to rest; then slipping out, we proceeded to the beach, and launching a light skiff, were just pushing off, when we were most unexpectedly joined by Alice; who said she had overheard, and knew our purpose, and was determined to share in its dangers. Finding, after some remonstrance, that she had determined we should not go, unless she accompanied us, we seated her in the stern of the skiff, and pulled rapidly along the shore, about three miles to the entrance of a narrow channel, leading in through the bank or sea-wall, thrown up by the surf, which channel has since been completely closed. The night was calm and still, and the moon at full, afforded ample light for our voyage. After running up this channel, the outer harbour, as it is called, suddenly opened into a basin of deep water, about half a mile in diameter, from the land side of which another passage or natural canal, led us into Dark Harbour. This last passage was so narrow that the trees on each side almost obscured the light. For a few minutes we were nearly in total darkness; and the basin we next opened, seemed not more than a few acres in extent. Dark Harbour well deserved its name; the water, although clear, appeared of an unearthly, pale blueish colour; lofty pines grew to the very verge of the water all around, and every part of the scene, under that bright moonlight, was really and truly beautiful—yet the impression upon our minds, al-