

CAMPBELL'S ISLE.

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 the lonely, isolated little 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 manner 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 and 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 outlaws like himself—he held many a jolly carousal that made the old woods ring.

In one of his adventures he had taken captive a young Spanish girl, whose wondrous beauty at once conquered a heart all unused to the tender passion. He bore off his prize in triumph, and without asking her consent, made her his wife at the first port he touched. Soon, however, tiring of her company on shipboard, he brought her to his island home, and there left her to occupy his castle, while he sailed merrily away. One year afterward, Sir Guy the Fearless, as he was called, was conquered by an English sloop-of-war; and, true to his daring character, he blew up the vessel, and, together with his crew and captors, perished in the explosion.