

to pray to the Virgin, brother, but to the devil, to the father of all cheats, to teach me to circumvent those cunning priests, and gain possession of their treasures. Hush! you think I speak wildly. Listen, for a whole moon, I knelt, from dawn till dusk, before the great altar of Nuestra Señora, the very pavement was worn into hollows by my bare knees. The officials extolled my piety, and celebrated my penance; but was such the absolution I sought? No, Hermano, I never knelt before the golden censers, the candlesticks, and the gorgeous trappings of the altar, but I wished to tear them down. Two negroes assisted me, and I did it. Madre de Dios! such commotion as it made in the town; the people seemed to have made a vow to talk of nothing else, and the padres yelled as if it were dooms-day. The poor blacks yelled, too, for they were speedily suspected, and expired under such tortures as could only be devised and executed by such agents of the fiend; but I had sworn them to secrecy by all the rites of Obeah, and they died with clenched teeth, and closed lips,—died and “made no sign!” Ha, ha! I am safe; my punishment is afar off. Hush! the treasure is buried among the rocks of an old fishing station, ten fathoms down. I alone know the spot; assist me in raising it to-night, and we will share it, take the first chance of escaping to New Orleans, and begin a new life.”

“I consented at once, for the devil is ever ready to take advantage of a man’s necessities, and, as I confessed before, skipper, honesty was a compass I had almost forgotten to steer by; perhaps, however, my concurrence appeared somewhat too prompt to be satisfactory, for José grasped my hand firmly, and looked into my face long and earnestly with his dark, gypsy-like eyes, as if he were reading my heart like the leaves of a book. He seemed satisfied, and we continued to discuss the matter in a low tone, till the midnight chimes sounded from the minster of the Remedios, and we could hear the long drawn cadence of the serenades, or night watch, as they commended the sleepers of the city to the Virgin of Guadalupe. José twisted his serape around him, and stealing along in the shadow of the houses we made with hasty strides for the Moletta. It was such a night as might have been chosen for such an expedition, black, clouded and dreary; such a night as precedes and follows the ruthless hurricane. The sea too had an ominous murmur, like the growl of a hungry monster awaking from its sleep. We were not easily daunted, however, and my companion unfastening his doree, we put off fearlessly for the old fishing station. José’s experienced eye was not long in discover-

ing the repository of his treasure, though the night was dark as Erebus, and we could scarcely see a fathom ahead, save by the fitful lightning that at times shewed us the heavy black waves mounting round about us like Leviathans; the spray too was driving furiously since the wind rose. I looked at my companion as he bent forward to lay his paddle beside me. A streamer played over his face; it was as pale as death.

“Tis a wild night, shipmate,” said I.

“So much the better; wear up the doree while I strip.”

He flung his serape over me as he spoke, to shield me from the drift, and again cautioning me to bear up against the current, and keep near the spot, he crossed himself, and dropped heavily but quietly into the water. I thought I heard a cry as he descended, and my anxiety began to take the shape of fear. I feared he had stunned himself against a sunken rock; but in a few moments he rose again, though he seemed to lie inert and helpless on the water, his bare arms heaving idly with the billows. I called to him, but he returned no answer. Pale with fear, I paddled to where the light had shown me his floating body, and seizing it by the shoulder, with a strong effort I dragged it into the boat. As I did so, blood-warm blood spouted over my breast and knees. I uttered a yell of horror, and let my load drop heavily at my feet. It was a headless trunk! The jaws of a shark had anticipated man’s justice—the earthly punishment of the ill-fated and guilty José had only been protracted, not repealed!”

SPRING.

BY MRS. L. A. S. WAKEFIELD.

The gay, the merry, the beautiful spring
Has a gladsome voice in everything:
The bees and the birds, a joyous throng,
With cheery tidings, exult in song.
The opening bud, and the blushing flower,
The fresh’ning green of the leafy bower.
Seem touched by the spell of freedom’s power.
The gay, the merry, the beautiful spring,
It touches the heart, and thrills each string,
Awakening thoughts of days gone by
When hopes were brightest, and loved ones nigh.
Once more wild fancy resumes her reign,
I breathe the air of my native plain,
And sit at my childhood’s hearth again,
Or listen the sounds of noisy mirth,
And bound again o’er the soft green earth;
Then wade the streamlet, then climb the hill,
And bring from the rocks the echo shrill,—
But these days are passed, and in their stead
We’ve an aching heart, and a weary head:—
This of earth’s cares is the final mead.