

of his illustrious namesake, became the lord and master of the isle, and the last of the Campbells.

Young Guy showed no disposition to pass his days in the spot where he was born. After the death of his father, Guy resolved to visit foreign lands, and leave Campbell's Lodge in care of an old black servant. Aunt Moll, and her son Lem, both of whom had passed their lives in the service of the family, and considered that in some sort the honor of the house lay in their hands. Vague rumors were current that the old house was haunted. Fishermen out, casting their nets, avowed that at midnight, blue, unearthly lights flashed from the upper chambers—where it was known Aunt Moll never went—and wild, piercing shrieks, that chilled the blood with horror, echoed on the still night air. The superstitious whispered that Black Mark had been sent back by his master, the Evil One, to atone for his wicked deeds done in the flesh, and that his restless spirit would forever haunt the old Lodge, the scene, it was believed, of many an appalling crime. Be that as it may, the old house was deserted, save by old Moll and her hopeful son; and young Guy, taking with him his only sister, spent his time in cruising about in the schooner he owned, and—it was said, among the rest of the rumors—in cheating the revenue.

Besides the Lodge, or Campbell's Castle, as it was sometimes called, the island contained but one other habitation, occupied by a widow, a distant connection of the Campbells, who, after the death of her husband, had come here to reside. The cottage was situated on the summit of a gentle elevation that commanded an extensive view of the island; for Mrs. Tomlinson—or Mrs. Tom, as she was always called—liked a wide prospect, at least, if nothing else could be obtained on the lonely island.

The most frugal, the most industrious of housewives was Mrs. Tom. No crime in her eyes equaled that of thriftlessness, and all sins could be pardoned but that of laziness. Unfortunately for her peace of mind, she was afflicted with an orphan nephew, the laziest of mortals, whose shortcomings kept the bustling old lady in a fever from morning to night. A wild young sister of Mrs. Tom had run away with a Dutch fiddler, and dying a few years after, was soon followed to the grave by her husband, who drank more than was good for him one night and was found