

It was said in these days to be haunted by its goblin,—a miserable-looking, gray-headed, gray-bearded, little old man, that might occasionally be seen late in the evening, or early in the morning, peering out through some arrow-slit or shot-hole at the chance passenger. I remember getting the whole history of the goblin this day from a sun-burnt herd-boy, whom I found tending his cattle under the shadow of the old castle-wall. I began by asking him whose *apparition* he thought it was that could continue to haunt a building, the very name of whose last inhabitant had been long since forgotten. “*O, they’re saying,*” was the reply, “it’s the spirit of the man that was killed on the foundation-stone, just after it was laid, and then built intil the wa’ by the masons, that he might *keep* the castle by coming back again; and *they’re saying* that a’ the verra auld houses in the kintra had murderit men builded intil them in that way, and that they have a’ o’ them their bogle.” I recognized in the boy’s account of the matter an old and widely-spread tradition, which, whatever may have been its original basis of truth, seems to have so far influenced the buccancers of the 17th century, as to have become a reality in their hands. “If time,” says Sir Walter Scott, “did not permit the buccancers to lavish away their plunder in their usual debaucheries, they were wont to hide it, with many superstitious solemnities, in the desert islands and *keys* which they frequented, and where much treasure, whose lawless owners perished without reclaiming it, is still supposed to be concealed. The most cruel of mankind are often the most superstitious; and those pirates are said to have had recourse to a horrid ritual, in order to secure an unearthly guardian to their treasures. They killed a negro or Spaniard, and buried him with the treasure, believing that his spirit would haunt the spot, and terrify away all intruders.” There is a figurative peculiarity in the language in which Joshua denounced the man who should dare rebuild Jericho, that seems to point at some ancient pagan rite of this kind. Nor does it seem improbable that a practice which existed in times so little remote as those of the buccancers may have first begun in the dark and cruel