

have feared. Ruth was warmly attached to Clifford, who she styled the "avenger" of her sons, and his child shared her fierce love; she would toss the lovely infant in her long, bony arms, and tell him to imitate the deeds of his father, while her eyes sparkled brightly on the delighted child; and Hannah would pray from her inmost soul that rather might he sleep beneath the earth than live to do as Ruth wished. Hannah had now passed three years on the island; Clifford had been but once there, and Reuben and his son were often absent—thus Ruth was her only companion;—she learned to fear her less, as in her wildest fits of madness she ran shrieking among the rocks of the island, and never came near the house.

In the fourth year of her abode here a tremendous storm had blown all night, and in the morning the snow drifted so as to darken the windows of the log house. Hannah arose that morning with an undefined sense of coming evil hanging heavy about her. Ruth had been absent all night and her screams rung on the blast. Contrary to her usual custom, she came home in the morning, and remained in the house all day. The paroxysms of her madness seemed to increase, and towards evening she was frantic beyond what she had ever been before. Hannah, nervous and agitated by the ravings of the maniac, retired to her room and laid her child on the bed, and then sat down to watch by its side. She wished earnestly even for Clifford's return, to relieve her from the horrid screams of Ruth. She had not sat long, before a heavy stupor, rather than slumber, came over her; a light seemed gleaming close to her eyes, and the figure of Ruth with her knife pointed to her breast, standing over her—another instant, and her trials might have been all ended, when a scream from the child aroused her faculties, and she opened her eyes on the glaring orbs of Ruth fixed on her; the maniac shrunk beneath her glance—her raised knife fell on Hannah's arm and wounded it; she then fled from the house, leaving Hannah in total darkness. A few hours after, Clifford and a party of his men entered the house with Reuben and Paul, who returned along with them. Hannah rejoiced as she heard their footsteps—now her heart sank as she heard their boisterous laughter. Soon a blazing fire shed a light on the rough walls, and the table groaned beneath the pirate's cheer, and they drank deep of rich wine from the sunny shores of France, which had been intended for other lips than theirs. Clifford played with his child till he was weary; Hannah then laid him on the bed,

she threw open the windows and the cold night air blew fresh in her face—feverish by the agitation she had endured. The storm was now over, and the pale moon looked out bright and beautiful from the deep blue sky, gemmed with stars, thick as dew drops on a summer morn.

As Hannah gazed from the window, she saw a boat glide suddenly into the basin of the island, and in an instant it touched the beach; a number of men sprang out of it, and before Hannah could recall her thoughts, the house was surrounded, and after a short resistance the pirate band made prisoners, and conveyed to the frigate which lay off the island to convey them to the hands of justice. A daring and bloody piracy had lately aroused the vengeance of the injured state;—the pirates were tracked to their den, and Allan Clifford now lay chafing like a lion in the toils, hopeless of receiving that mercy himself, which he had never shewn to others. The lieutenant of the party sent to the island, remained on shore while the boat conveyed the prisoners to the frigate. As the men returned for their officer, a wild shriek met their ears, and hurrying they beheld the lieutenant—stabbed from behind by a woman—fall dead to the earth! They quickly ran to the spot and found Hannah standing with her eyes wildly fixed on the dead man, and her hand streaming with blood. She was seized and hurried roughly to the boat.

Fearful of a concealed body of the pirates, they proceeded rapidly to the frigate. In a few days the pirates stood at the bar; the court was crowded to excess, and strong excitement against them prevailed, for no crime so arouses the sympathies of human nature, or calls more loudly for vengeance, than piracy; so cruel, so cold, and so treacherous.

Allan Clifford and three of his associates were condemned to death, and the others to imprisonment for life. Beside them at the bar, stood the once innocent and happy Hannah Gray; a rich dress of pink satin contrasted strangely with her pale and haggard face; the brilliant jewels Ruth had forced upon her she still wore, and their splendour seemed to darken her crime; her hand was yet stained with blood—her dress was spotted with the same, and even the beautiful hair of the child, who clung frightened to her hand, was tinged with the deep red hues. No eye in that crowded court but looked on her with anger as the murderess of the lieutenant, the bravest officer of their navy, and every finger was raised in scorn at her gaudy attire. Allan Clifford's selfish heart had no sorrow to spare for others. Hannah