

would weep alone and in silence. His disposition naturally generous and kind-hearted, appeared softened by misfortune, and even his brother convicts would feel for so lonely a situation, as they saw him with eyes fixed on vacancy, muttering and talking to himself. His health, in the meantime failed, and it was evident from the increasing depression of his spirits, and the hectic glow of his complexion, that "his days were numbered in the land." For himself, he seemed always to rejoice in the prospect of approaching death, and a faint smile would often pass across his face, as he surveyed his wasted features, and felt the increasing languor of his frame, as the hour of his dissolution arrived,—he wished for the last time to behold the grave where all that was once dear to him lay buried. With this visionary idea, he seized the fitted opportunity, when the windows of his cabin were thrown open, and the guards had retired for the night, to emancipate himself from the slight shackles that bound him, and to swim to the neighbouring shore.

At the dead hour of midnight, lights were seen moving in the convict ship, the alarm bell was rung, the thunder of cannon echoed across the ocean, and the universal confusion of the guards and seamen announced the escape of the prisoner. A well-manned boat, and in which two savage blood-hounds were placed, was instantly rowed to the sea coast, and the dogs closely followed by their pursuers, were sent to hunt out the residence of the maniac. They set forward on their chase, and soon arrived at the little cottage where the sufferer once dwelt, and which was now generally avoided as the unholy resort of evil spirits. The officers approached at the instant, but had scarcely arrived, when a faint shriek of agony was heard. It proceeded from the convict, who had been traced to the ruined home of his father, and was discovered sobbing on the matted couch where he had last slept. The blood-hounds rushed upon their prey, and ere a few minutes had elapsed, the corpse of the parricide, torn in a thousand pieces lay scattered in that mangled state upon the ground.

He was buried with his murdered victims, in the little knoll of earth that we have mentioned in the opening description and though "the winds of many winters have sighed over his remains," and the sea birds have built their nests upon his grave, he lies as quietly as if all nature was hushed into stillness around him. His tale, meanwhile, is often told to the passing stranger, and he pauses to contemplate the wild spot where he sleeps, and the tear of genuine pity often falls at the remembrance of his misfortunes. Superstition has consecrated his burial place, and when the dark wave dashes against the beach, and the rising storm broods over the face of the landscape, his spirit is reported to rise from its sepulchre, and exult in the sight of destruction.