

tage, and Clifford having brought his vessel alongside, sprang with his crew on board the English vessel, and speedily decided the contest in his own favour, by massacring the few that remained. Hannah and her child were borne from the sinking vessel, which soon disappeared, with all her guilty treasure.

The cabin of the English vessel was richly and elegantly furnished. A brilliant lamp hung suspended from the ceiling, and poured a warm and steady light on a low couch at the farthest end of the room, where lay the captain of the ship—he was already dead, and the floor around was stained with his blood;—before him knelt a woman with her head bent on the body; her long, dark hair fell upon his bosom, and her arms were thrown around him, as if to preserve him from further harm. Allan Clifford raised her, and as the strong light fell upon her face, who can tell Hannah's feelings when she saw it was Eliza Hill, the friend of her happy youth. Yes! it was she, and the captain was her husband; she opened her eyes, but she was senseless and looked around in mute and hopeless agony. The dead body was carried on deck, and thrown overboard; she heard the noise, and uttering a wild scream she rushed past them, and flung herself into the sea!

Such are the evils to which man is subject at the hands of his brother; for as the "rain falls alike upon the just and the unjust," so in the dispensation of things and order of events, the good must suffer with the evil.

"How dark the veil, that intercepts the blaze,
Of heaven's mysterious purposes and ways—
God stood not, tho' he seemed to stand aloof,
And at this hour the conq'ror feels the proof."

The members of the pirate crew had been considerably thinned in their last encounter, and the English ship had sprung a-leak, and was altogether unfit for their purposes. Clifford therefore resolved to sail for one of his old haunts to dispose of the ship and her cargo, and to embark anew on his daring and ruthless trade. As they neared the land, Hannah's heart beat high with the hope of escaping with her child from the thralldom of sin and misery which she had endured.

One of those rocky and barren islands which lie on the bosom of the Mississippi had been for years, the rendezvous of the pirates, where they paused for a time from their havoc, and where they now cast anchor—huge grey rocks, with summits crowned with low spruce and pine frowned upon the waves that dashed furiously against their ragged sides—the heavy

surf and hidden rocks rendered it dangerous to approach, but at one point the water was calm as a mountain lake, with a passage just wide enough to admit the vessel, bounded on each side by the boiling surf, led past a neck of the island that gutted out into the sea—and thence by a circuitous wind off the land, into a large basin, formed as it were, in the centre of the island.—There again the rocks were as rough and barren as on the outside—a bare old log house stood on the bleak looking shore; several boats and a schooner—such as is used by American fishermen, lay along the beach—some nets and implements for fishing were spread upon the rocks, but with a carelessness that showed they were seldom used—a rugged path led to the house, over which the clouds of night had now imparted a more gloomy appearance. The door was opened by a tall masculine woman, whose attire and appearance might have excited astonishment. She had piercing black eyes and an aquiline nose; her complexion was of a deep yellow, and her firmly closed mouth denoted her inflexible temper and fit companionship for the guests she now received—her dress consisted of a red skirt, surmounted by a sailor's blue jacket.—she wore enormous gold ear rings, a rich Cashmere shawl of the brightest scarlet, was fastened under the chin by a diamond brooch; round her neck, hung a heavy gold chain, from which was suspended a glittering crucifix of brilliants—she was the crazed wife of **REUBEN FOX**, who was ostensibly a fisherman, but in reality the panda of the pirates, who made this lonely island the place of their retreat,—he concealed their booty and gave them intelligence of their prey. Ruth had been the mother of seven sons—five of whom had suffered the penalty of their crimes and their bones hung whitening in the blast; this destroyed her reason and gave a wilder madness to her naturally fierce disposition; but when Paul, her remaining son, was longer absent than usual, her madness knew no bounds; and it was terrific to be near her.

A small apartment of the house was given to Hannah, and here, after placing her child on the rude couch, she threw herself beside him and burst into a passionate flood of tears. This then was the home she had sighed for so long—in the nest of the pirates, with a maniac for her companion, decked in the spoils of murdered innocence; with the power and the will to raise the glittering knife suspended from her girdle, and at any moment put an end to her existence. **Rebellious thoughts arose in Han-**