

nah's mind and she doubted the guiding hand of mercy in the events of her life. What had she done to merit such a destiny as was her lot. Forced to be the witness of the ravages of torture, murder, and despair, wrought by the hand of one she had promised at the holy altar to love; and when she pressed her lovely child to her heart, the sickening consciousness that it must learn to hate its father, the dark spirit of so many deeds of woe, fell like a blight on her soul. While these thoughts were brooding in her mind, the child awoke, and by his sobs, threw open the leaves of a book which lay near him—it was a bible of Eliza Hill's, brought among other things from the vessel; it was thrown aside as of no value—the baby's hand rested on the page, and the dim rays of the lamp fell on the words, "those whom the lord loveth he chasteneth," a better spirit dawned on Hannah—she knelt and prayed before the holy book, and she arose comforted and strengthened to sustain her future troubles.—The next morning Ruth appeared in a Leghorn bonnet and lace veil of Eliza Hill's; she offered some robes to Hannah, but she turned shuddering from her. "What aileth thee, foolish one," said Ruth, "art thou not the bride of Allan Clifford? and why not deck thee as becomes him? truly thy rusty black suits not the bride of my avenger—look here," said she, holding up the sparkling cross which hung from her neck, "this belonged to a dark-eyed Spanish girl like thee; she was pale and sad, but Allan liked not she should mope when he was gay; he left her to weep alone, and yonder she sleeps beneath yon mountain cliff—come—let me dress thee." Hannah was forced to comply, and dress herself in the garments of her dead friend. Ruth brought a casquet of the most splendid jewels, and fastened on Hannah's shrinking arm, bracelets whose starlike rays had flashed on a sultana; she then left her, and Hannah taking up her child, wandered forth over the cliffs; unknown to herself she took the path leading to the spot pointed out by Ruth as the grave of the Spanish girl. A low mound was thrown up against the grey rock—the moss looked bright and green on that lonely grave, and the dew drops shone like eastern gems. Some fragments of paper which had been blown into the crevices of the rock attracted Hannah's attention: she drew them out—time and damp had almost destroyed them. Some leaves remained entire, they were part of the journal of Maria del Gama, the daughter of a Spanish noble, whom Clifford had torn from the arms of her father, ere he

was forced to walk the pirate's plank. The journal was written in Spanish; and Hannah wept bitterly as she deciphered the still legible writing. Maria had loved Clifford with all the deep fervor of Spanish love; he taught her to forget her father, her country, and her friends; but at times the visions of past days rose on her mind, and she grew sad and melancholy. Clifford soon wearied in her presence—Maria discovered his apathy, and to rid himself of her upbraiding, he left her on this lonely island, where she soon died of a broken heart, and the young and high born Spaniard was laid in her rude grave by the uncouth hands of Reuben Fox and his wife. Hannah lingered long by the grave of the ill-fated girl and wept bitterly over this new link in the chain of Allan Clifford's crimes; at length she left it, and pursued her way up among the rocks. A steep path led to the summit of the highest, and here a view met her eyes that might well have charmed the happy, and soothed the sorrows of the sad. Far beneath, lay the Mississippi, clear and beautiful, without a *wrinkle* on its glassy surface; reflecting in its still waters, clear and distinctly, each cliff and tree along the shore, till another world seemed living on its bosom. No cloud floated in the deep, rich blue of the heavens; the mountains rose sublimely against the sky, and stood out in bold relief, with all their deep shadows tinted with living gold, and further off they rose and sunk, till they were lost beneath the verge of the horizon; the immense space visible, the kindling light and the extreme stillness diffused over the scene, rendered it more lovely than under less favourable circumstances a scene of more varied beauty could have looked. Hannah was enraptured, and "looked through nature up to nature's God."

It was long since she had witnessed such a scene, and her aspirations floated free on the gentle breeze. For a while she forgot her sorrows, and the rich sunset was pouring its crimson light around her, when she heard a voice calling her. Hannah's thoughts were far away with her father, Eliza Hill, and Henry Orville. She was living in the green homes of memory when that voice recalled her—she turned and saw the white veil of Ruth, who was ascending the cliff in search of her. Hannah trembled, and casting a glance on her own glittering adornments, she would fain have thrown them from her, but she dared not; Ruth chided her for her long absence, and taking the child from her, began to descend the rock. Hannah followed in terror for the child, but she need not