

daughter of the fine-looking, silver-haired man, who marched up and down the portico, was very evident from the shape of the profile and the form of the eye. She was standing at the western angle of the verandah, looking earnestly seaward, and watching with animated interest a "white squall," as the sailors term a peculiar kind of gale, remarkable for its violence and brevity. From her position she commanded the sea and sky in one complete view. Having seen the cloud *create itself* out of nothing, as it were, in mid sky, and then darken and lower over the sea, like a huge inverted balloon, she felt that she could not divert her eyes from the strange and sublime spectacle until she should see the issue—the meeting of the storm and of the sea! The latter, beneath it, grew suddenly black as night, while sunshine and blue sky were everywhere else around. The sudden darkness cast by the shadow of the down-rushing cloud of wind upon the waters, revealed all at once to her eyes, and at the very moment we introduce her to the reader, a sail white as snow!

At the sight of it she turned pale, and her lips parted as if with terror—that sort of humane terror which noble spirits feel in sympathy with fellow-mortals in peril.

"Look, dear father, look! The storm will burst upon that vessel, and all on board will perish!"

The gentleman paused in his walk, and following the direction of her eye, glanced seaward.

"You are right! She will get the whole weight of that squall. My glass here, Pedro," he called aloud.

The person addressed with this foreign name, though not then on the portico, in a moment made his appearance with a spy-glass, and placing it in the hands of his master, he bowed very low, and stepped back with the profound deference of a menial. Small in stature, slightly framed, with a dark complexion, jet black hair curling in corkscrew ringlets down his cheeks, and a pair of eyes like those of a basilisk, small hands