

eye of God, and as such, tried to feel rejoiced at his return.

That very night, Henry Orville started for Liverpool, and from thence to America. His feelings had received a shock that time could hardly cure. Allan Clifford seemed to think that his absence required no explanation, he merely said the ship he sailed in from B—t had been wrecked, that he alone was saved, and that he had written two or three times; a friend had told him that the old man had gone to "Davy Jones," and that he was now come to look after Hannah. He was still very handsome, but his manners had a rudeness and coarseness in them truly disagreeable; not the simple plainness of a sailor, for that is always fresh and delightful, but a careless roughness, that told tales of his past life. He certainly gained nothing in Hannah's estimation, from a comparison with the elegant and intelligent Orville; but she checked the thought the instant it was formed. She strove to forget Henry, but it was impossible to do so; every thing,

"The breeze upon the sunny hill,
The billows of the sea,"

All brought him fresh to her memory; and she was glad when Allan announced his intention of leaving the country. From what passed in his conversation, it seemed as if he had spent the most of his time since he had been absent, on the southern coast of America, and thither he spoke of going. He hardly deigned to ask Hannah's consent; for he was so thoroughly convinced of his own superiority as her lord and master, that he thought to declare his will was enough. Hannah might perhaps have been inclined to dispute this supreme right, but as it was, she was quite willing to go with him. Captain Gray left his daughter a handsome sum of money—this Allan was soon in possession of. He purchased a new, Baltimore built brig, with her interior fitted up for passengers; he engaged his crew, saying he was going to sail, first to London, and from thence with emigrants, who had freighted the ship, to South Carolina; he was now ready for sea, and Hannah, after bidding farewell to Eliza Hill, who accompanied her on board, was soon far on her way from the land of her friends and her childhood; from the land where her dead parent slept; and where she had known that one bright dream which "still haunts the greenest spot in memory's waste." She was now alone in the world, bound however by sacred ties to one with whom she was little acquainted, and

whose name had often caused her to blush for herself in secret; but the mind of Hannah, like the bee, sucked honey from every thing, and rose above her griefs. As yet she had seen nothing in Allan to make her hate him; and she thought in time she might even love him. The fresh sea breeze and the blue ocean, joyful in their mirth, raised her spirits, and she felt pleased with the novelty of the scene; but before long her peace vanished, and circumstances arose which perplexed her. When she asked if their London voyage was not almost accomplished, the only answer she received was a contemptuous smile. Each day new faces appeared among the crew, and there were at least five-and-twenty men where ten would have been sufficient for the size of the vessel. A number of them were Malays, the crew of a ship lost on the coast of Ireland—they were a hideous looking set, and seemed fit for "treason, stratagem, and spoil."

Instead of proceeding to London, they put into a lonely harbour on the coast of Scotland, and in a short time the vessel was totally altered—the straight, honest looking masts of the brig were changed to the long raking ones of a schooner—the paint, which had been olive and white, was now black and yellow. As Hannah looked over the side, she saw even the hull was changed in true Yankee style—a broad band of bright yellow ran along her side; now that was gone, and the whole of her hull was deep black—in short, no one would have known the good brig "Polly" in the cunning looking schooner that now took her place on the waters. One day Allan entered the cabin, and threw down a large roll of different coloured *bunting*, and told Hannah there was some work for her, which he wanted done immediately; he showed a paper on which was drawn flags of different nations and numbers of private signals, which she was to copy and form of the bunting he had brought. She would fain have enquired the use they were to be put to, but she dared not question Allan Clifford, and all she could do, was to obey his orders; dark suspicions arose in Hannah's mind, as she bent over her task, but they were too dreadful to think of, and she stifled them as they arose. Hannah was ingenious, the stripes and stars of America, the lilies of France, the crosses of England, and even the crescent of the Ottoman, were soon completed to Allan's satisfaction, and he praised her diligence. She then ventured to ask why he had them made, but he did not choose to inform a woman of his intentions, and with a sarcastic smile in-