

"The girl is thoroughly Yankee, bred in the bone!" muttered the father, in a tone which savoured both of anger and contempt. "I must keep my own councils, or she is patriotic enough to betray even her own father!"

"The squall is nearly upon her!" cried Mary Fielding, with excitement; "but she is rapidly shortening sail, and seems to be fully aware of her danger. How the wind whitens the surface of the sea, making a mile-broad path across it; and the ship lies directly in its track. What a whirlwind of foam! Hark, the roar of the lifted and lashed waves reaches us even here, dear father! The ship has got it now in all its fury! See how she bends over, as if she would upset; and—see! she has disappeared from sight for ever! Mercy upon the poor souls within her!"

She covered her face with both hands, and seemed to be putting up prayers. Mr. Fielding, who had the spy-glass constantly at his eye, with more eager interest than mere humanity and sympathy would dictate, vainly endeavouring to make out her nation, for she had no colour set, merely remarked—

"No fears for her safety. They put her under close-reefed topsails before it struck her. She must be a bad sea-boat, or ignorantly officered, to shipwreck in a white squall, heavy as this one is."

"De frigat' no poseeble to be see more, seffiorita, coz de theek meest hide 'im away," observed the Creole, in a lisp and pleasant tone, but with a strong Cuban accent, and he took off his cap and made her a respectful congee.

"You are right, Pedro. She may be safe. Foe or friend, I have put up my prayers for her safety," answered the generous girl.

The roar of the storm, which was not three miles off, was now so loud and terrific that all eyes were directed to the spectacle. It was a whirlwind in mid air, its base upon the ocean and its diameter scarcely a mile, proceeding from a low