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sir. It is the small one-sail vessel that seems stealin' along under the shadow o' the inner side o' the Beacon cleef and makin' for the outside."

"I see it, but can't make out who is in it: it is growing too dusky, for the sun you see is just disappearing. But it is a xebec, probably Dirk Harder, or some other running out to fish all night. I see nothing in that!"

"I would rather keep all boats in bay, sir," responded David with a cautious shake of the head, "until these suspicious vessels are out of sight; for if some one should tell them what wealth o' goods could be found in here, an' the ship were English, ye were a ruined mon afore the morn, Mr. Fielding!"

Mr. Fielding did not hear or heed these remarks of the suspicious and cautious Scotsman, for he was at the moment looking, with an expression of intense satisfaction on his face, through his glass at the frigate, which, in changing her position, brought her colours for the first time into full sight; but only for an instant, for the sunset-gun thundered from the larboard bow, and the blood-red bunting descended to the quarter-deck and disappeared. But Mr. Fielding had seen them distinctly enough in the brief moment of their exhibition to his eyes, to recognise the "cross of St. George and merrie England," which words half escaped his lips in joyful accents. But discretion checked their utterance; for he knew that none there present would sympathize with him, unless it were Hetty, who, however, was half dead with terror at the roar of this last gun.

"What did you see, father? You seem to have discovered something that pleases you."

"Pleases me! It ought not, child. The frigate is English. I clearly made out her colours as the wind blew them out the moment that sunset gun was fired."

"An English frigaat!" repeated David with the keenest