

CHAPTER III.

MARY FIELDING remained a few moments standing where her father had left her, upon the verandah, and gazing with interest upon the ship-of-war, which, with her head sails backed, lay to, stationary upon the sea. Taking the spy-glass, she tried to "guess" her nation; but as this was the first frigate she had ever seen, there was but little chance of success in this species of nautical scrutiny. But her eye in ranging along the horizon detected a second vessel some distance to leeward, and which seemed to have met the squall also, for her foretopsail was close reefed.

Mary was sailor enough to know that the second vessel was a large schooner with foretopgallantsail yard across; and she knew by the rakish slew of her masts, that she was a different affair from the clumsy, short, upright-masted coasters she had been accustomed to see pass the Beacon Head, and anchor in the bay.

"Dears me, Miss Mary, 'ow can you love to look so much hon the 'orrid sea, and 'old that 'eavy glass at arms' length, enough to break both of your harms, to say nothing of jaming your heyes hout? I 'ate the sea—I'm so tired of seeing it. Hit is the same thing from morning till night, blue and dull. One might has well turn their faces hup and look hat the sky hall the time!"

"And it is pleasant to look at the sky, especially in the