

father, and too unsuspecting to suspect him less American than herself, it raised in her mind no doubt or suspicions of his insincerity—emotions which, in reference to his patriotism, she had never for a moment experienced.

The surface of the ocean began to resume its former quiet aspect: a gentle wind rippled its bosom, and bore the ship onward, in a north-westerly course, at about three miles an hour. The stranger at length hove to, about six miles distant from the entrance to the pear-shaped bay, which was called Weconnet bay by the Indian fishermen.

"He has come to, to repair damages," said Mr. Fielding; "and now her broadside can be seen, Moll She is a frigate; and, by her high poop and full bow, and the breadth of her topsail yards, I will wager fifty guineas she is a John Bull." And he brought his hand down with emphasis.

"You seem delighted, father, at the prospect of an enemy so near, when I should suppose you would feel most anxious. Nothing can prevent the vessel from coming in, and taking whatever you have. An American would protect you. And such I hope it is, as I would rejoice once to place eyes on a war-ship of my own country!"

Mr. Fielding was about to make some remark that would evidently have compromised his patriotism with Pedro, if not with his daughter; when the former remarked, in his sycophantic, fawning, bowing manner, his black eyes dancing and glittering, and his teeth smiling:

"Me see Americano frigate in Habana, señorita; he berry *hermoso*—nice, bootefool; big gun *veinte ocho*, and officer *bueno grande*; splandy uniform, and sword berry sharp. I see too mosh."

"I should like to go to Havana! It must be a beautiful city," said Mary Fielding, thoughtfully; but not answering Pedro so much as uttering aloud thoughts which his mention of Havana suggested to her.