

hapless captive. "A brave thought—let him look to't."

With such communings, Leonardo reached his dwelling; he, too, sprang into his hammock with feelings the opposite to those of Gomez. Tumultuous joy—if deep nursed passion gratified; if malice amply satisfied; if revenge most foul and wicked, can properly be called such, made him fidgety, and kept him awake till breakfast time.—Having swallowed his coffee, yam, and claret, earlier than usual, he galloped his wondering pony through the suburbs of Naguabo.

"Why to town so soon, my Leon?" cried one acquaintance. "How so fast?" another roared, (Leon was well known, he kept a *tavern* at the Bay,) while all thronged after him to the house of an *alcalde*.

"All works well," thought Leon, entering the receiving room, in which he found the English captain, whom we have introduced to our readers, closing some business with the magistrate.

"I shall order a strict search," the latter concluded, "and if found he shall be confined and guarded till you sail."

"Muchas gracias, Signor," and the sailor was about departing.

"Stay a bit," said Leon; "you spoke of the sailor Jack, if I don't mistake?"

"Yes, what of him?"

"I think he disappeared last night?"

"A little after sunset, the steward tells me."

Leonardo shook his head. "Jaques Gomez!" he muttered, musingly "the owner of such acres! such coffee grounds! and so many bullocks!—do such an act! I'll not believe it! No! I must have been mistaken! Had the man any money on his person, and did any know it?" he added, again addressing the captain.

"I know not," was the answer.—

"Why; what has happened? I thought he had run away."

"It may be so," returned Leonardo, "I'll answer Jaques Gomez didn't hurt him—he's *rich*,—and yet!—a—an insult to his daughters might have been the cause—he refused me one in mar-

riage," Leon whispered to himself.

"It's not Signor Gomez on the hill on the right of the road coming from the Bay, you mean," enquired the Englishman, turning white and red alternately.

"The same! and yet I'll stake my life it was not him I saw; some other person must have had his coat on to disguise himself, and even if it were Jaques, that proves nothing; the seaman will be found."

But Leonardo knew it *was* Jaques Gomez, and that the seaman would *not* be found, and he laughed internally.

During the examination rendered necessary by Leon's dark hints, he so contrived to expose his neighbour's fame, that while he seemed to throw discredit on his senses, he only strengthened the suspicion he wished to fasten on his enemy.

Leon had studied nature in his own way, and in obedience to one of its first laws he wished to seem the thing he was not.

"How amiable is Leonardo," thought the magistrate, "while to justice he'd expose a criminal, he hopes in secret that he may be innocent: what a mighty strife between contending virtues!"

Now Leon was no exception to the class of men with whom his lot was cast. Was he cruel? Go to the cockpit on a Sunday afternoon! Ask any present to rescue the blind and staggering bantam from his murderous foe.—He must die! *Lovely* women see his last death-struggle and they too *smile*; *it may be* that thus terminates the poor bird's suffering. True, Leon kept a shop, and thus he kept in check the passions of his friends, when they had otherwise opposed his will, while his own gained strength from long impunity, and though he was careful to conceal them, they made a little demon of him.

Leon had an idea that he would be an *alcalde* some day or other; and why should he not? "Could'nt he rule others, mete out justice, protect the pure, and punish well the guilty, when so well he knew the secret springs of human