

"I fear we shan't succeed in making him commit himself. You say he suspected something, when you asked him how he came to visit the hill?"

"Yes, and since then, he regards me with a look of sullen suspicion when we meet."

What followed escaped Leonardo's ears.

"Aye! a precious set of schemers!" said he rising from his concealment, "scoundrel forsooth!" and his keen eye sparkled with the brilliancy of a snake's, preparing to dart its folds on its unconscious victim. He followed their slow steps cautiously till they parted, and Townsend proceeded alone towards the residence of Gomez. He then hastened through the bushes and took a circuitous route in the same direction: when about half way up he stopped at a place where the path winds round the base of a rocky eminence, and presents but a precarious footing; the hill below being very steep and precipitous. Twilight had disappeared, and the moon not long risen, did not throw her light on this portion of the pathway. Here Leonardo concealed himself in the dark shadow of the rock, with his hand ready raised, and his heavy knife uplifted, so that the last possible motion that might alarm his victim would be avoided. He remained some time in this position, peering intently down the path. As the first footfall struck his ear, he exhibited signs of strong internal emotion; his hand trembled, his knees smote rapidly together, and his face became deadly pale; but when he reverted to the conversation he had overheard, a sudden revulsion of feeling took place, and all the strong passions of his nature rushed tumultuously on his soul and moved him to madness. Then the handle of the knife held by the point between the thumb and forefinger, fell a little to acquire a greater impetus.—The sailor now stood within ten paces of his enemy; his eye caught the motion of the weapon just above the line of moonlight. With the rapidity of thought he plucked a pistol from his breast, the knife spun in the air—the

ball having met it before it had left the hand of its owner! In an instant the two men were locked in each others arms. Brief was the combat. The muscles of each were strung at the first grip to their utmost tension, and both bent over the brink of the descent; then neither seemed to move; it seemed as if death had struck them both, so nearly were they matched.—The Spaniard's strength soon spent itself, and his overtaxed muscles relaxing from their sudden energy, he flew from the arms of his powerful adversary, and rolling down the steep descent, brought up midway against some brush wood, where he lay motionless, till Townsend, having groped his way down, went to his relief.

Here was a fresh ground of anxiety—if the wounded man should not survive, his death would afford strong presumption of a league between Gomez and Townsend—if his bruises were not serious, and on recovery he should persist in his machinations, he might invent a tale of devilish malignity.

Townsend, however, was too humane to let him suffer on such considerations; so he had him taken up the hill, where his recovery was anxiously looked for, and it was not until his forbidding features resumed their wonted play, that his attendants again breathed freely. Meanwhile the events which gave birth to this brief sketch began to close.

A hasty step was heard outside, and Jose came running in nearly out of breath; he reported that a small vessel was to be seen running in towards the land with the light night wind, and that he took her for the "*Lizard*." As he concluded his eyes fell on Leonardo's face, which from its expression at the moment plainly evinced an interest in what had been communicated, but whether it were that of anxiety, he could not discover, for the moment he perceived that he was observed, his face became as expressionless as that of death.

Hastily snatching up his hat, Townsend rushed down the hill at the top of his speed, and in a few minutes he stood