

Juana had been absent on a visit to the town, and it was during this time, the scene described in our first pages occurred. In the confusion that followed the arrest of their father, none noticed that any stronger passion was felt by one, when all seemed *equally* attached.

Townsend and his companion had scarcely accomplished half the ascent to the house when they were discovered by its inmates, who ran directly down to meet them, all but Juana and her mother. It required but little study to discover that pleasant news now burdened Townsend's bosom; but they forbore to question him until they reached the house. The old lady looked at her remaining daughter and thought at first she was ungrateful, because she went not with her sisters: but on reflection, charged it to timidity.

The first burst of joyous exclamation over, the family who already saw in bright perspective, the liberation of their relative, and their own happiness restored—gathered round the stranger, and discoursed on matters which made the time pass heedlessly. All noticed the marked attention he bestowed whenever the soft melodious voice of their quiet sister broke upon their gaiety with a chastening influence; and the eager gaze she fixed on his animated countenance, spoke the impassioned interest she took in all he uttered. He told them of bright lands beyond the dark blue waves; of green fields, of broad streams, of pathless forests, and of laughing-rivulets; where the fever's spectral shape is never seen. He spoke too of peaceful vales, and gushing founts, unsteeped with poisonous juices. He told of young friends who dwelt there, fearless of the dread tornado's furious career; and as his subject warmed, so did the attention of his hearers, and more than one of them looked a longing wish to visit that far land he told them was his home. Juana pressed forward as he proceeded, and thought within herself she had heard such words before, but she could not call to mind the time or place or person of the relator; all was vague and indistinct, and visionary; and she sup-

posed that she had been vouchsafed a glimpse, though transient as the meteor light, of the fortune that awaited her, and she felt happy.

On the evening of the second day after Jose's discomfiture, he and Townsend landed on a high ridge or neck of land, which projects into the sea and terminates in a rocky reef, separating the bay of Naguabo on the north from a quiet sandy beach, more protected from the swell by intervening rocks. They strolled down the neck some distance before they crossed to the other side. As they receded from the haunts of the inhabitants, and the solitude increased the caution they had at first observed, diminished, and they conversed in a higher tone.

Leonardo watched their proceedings from his door, and connecting them with the frequency of Jose's visits to the brig, and his late unusual liberality, began to suspect a plot against himself. Turning the key of his shop therefore, he stepped carelessly into the road and passed leisurely up the street, with his hands thrust into his pockets. When out of sight, he quickened his pace and struck in an oblique direction across the fields, which brought him to the high ground before alluded to. Passing down under cover of the thick shrubbery until he observed Townsend advancing towards him, he concealed himself in a place he knew it would be necessary for them to pass through, and waited their approach. In front of him was an open space overlooking a wide expanse of sea on either side and far towards the east; while behind reposed the hamlet. Arriving here, they paused and for a while the conversation ceased, as the splendour of sunset burst upon their senses, and allured them from their dwelling among the sordid things of earth, to revel in the glories of a far off world. Anon their thoughts fell back upon themselves, and were occupied with the plodding details of their own existence.

"He's a great scoundrel!" Townsend recommenced, evidently following up the thread of their previous deliberation.