

lurked at the bottom of each heart? None, perhaps, but those who had remarked, here and there, dark, gloomy houses, breaking in upon the brilliant line of illumination; or seen, at the windows of such mansions, pale, sickly faces regarding the bustling crowd with the sullen look of despair, or engaged in prayer, their eyes fixed on the church spires that rose in the blue atmosphere like needles of gold.

Along the street, marched in double file, the fraternities of monks, with their banners and various costumes; the penitents, with their eyes glistening through their black silk masks; the priests and friars chanting penitential psalms: whilst the bells, with measured toll, mingled their sonorous voice with the solemn hymn. In the midst of this strange scene, a heavy black waggon rolled along, in which sat Joachim, between Pitrius and Jean David.

When the young man awoke, on the morning of that day, from his long slumber, he sought in vain for his uncle, till at length his urgent enquiries drew from his companions the fate, as far as they knew it, of the heroic buccanneer.

"He has taken my place, because he thought I feared to die," he cried, in bitter grief. "Ah! I ought to have foreseen and guarded against this. But it matters little," he added, with an expression of gloomy joy; "I shall follow him to-day!"

He now sat in the waggon, smiling with disdain on the Spaniards around him, who were more pallid and frightened by their own suspicions, than were the prisoners by the certain death to which they were now carried. Joachim endeavoured, but in vain, to catch a glance of commiseration from the female spectators of their route. Under each black mask he fancied to himself the beloved countenance of Donna Carmen. He watched the crowd of penitents for a passing glance, an involuntary gesture, any of these mute signs which go direct to the heart of one being, and are invisible to all the world besides. But alas! all around him were menacing and rancorous. Amidst these grave and plaintive voices that rose in mingled harmony, he could not trace that well-known voice, which, with the instinct of love, he could have told at once. On the contrary, he was soon roused from this state of sweet abstraction, by the hooting and insults which the mob showered on his companions and himself.

The slow progress of the waggon was here even slower than before, owing to a rise in the street at that place. The surrounding crowd, seeing the eyes of Joachim wander from balcony to balcony in search of the beloved form, thought him dazzled by the riches displayed there in such

profusion, and assailed him with jibes and jeers.

"Aye, pirates!" cried a young girl, with a tattered muslin scarf wound round her head; "if your hands itch for booty, there is enough and to spare! Help yourselves, friends!"

"Accursed heretics!" howled an old fury; "you see that we have still, in spite of your robberies, enough to buy halters for your whole brotherhood."

"Hola! friends!" shouted an *aguador*, or water-carrier; "you will find in the square of San Isidro one of your old acquaintances."

"Her high and potent ladyship, Madam Gallops!" added another, amid the cheers and laughter of the crowd.

"But look how wan and ghastly these robbers are!" observed the young girl with the scarf.

"They are afraid!" replied the *aguador*; "we shall have them weep next. But see, comrades! the oldest one there is surely drunk. Look how his head rolls as if he could scarcely keep it on his shoulders!"

In fact, the prisoners were horribly shaken by the clumsy waggon, whose speed was again accelerated. The unhappy men could with difficulty preserve the calmness they had hitherto shown, and Pitrius was attacked by so severe a pain in the head, that he could not forbear exclaiming, in a low tone:

"Infernal torture!"

Suddenly Joachim perceived a motionless female figure in a balcony, unadorned and unillumined. His pulse stopped for a moment, and then rushed on with feverish speed; it was Donna Carmen. He raised himself upright by a violent effort, and saluting her with a gesture full of mournful grace, he said, in a firm and solemn tone:

"May you be happy! may you be happy!"

The young Spaniard pointed to the close-shut door of the mansion, and replied, with a melancholy smile:

"There will soon be a red cross there!"

The noise of the mob had been hushed, in the expectation of finding in this scene, some new food for its cruel enjoyment, and of hearing some insulting raillery fall upon the adventurer. But understanding nothing of what passed, they broke in upon the interview with renewed cries and shouts.

Fray Eusebio, who was walking beside the waggon, in the hope of feasting his eyes on the misery of the young man, now pointed maliciously to the dark prison-like building.

"Donna Carmen shall never issue from thence alive," he said; "bear that in mind!"

The young man turned away his head without reply, and the monk made a signal to the con-