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which we had landed, and as the tide was on the ebb I do not think that it would have been possible for any man to have stemmed it in the rocky channel which led to the bay. Nevertheless, we landed parties and scoured the country for miles around. But from no direction did we ascertain that any one had been seen who would in the slightest degree answer to the description of either of the two pirates.

What afforded more grief to the sailors than even Mannering's disappearance was the fact that the Pirate's hoard had also vanished. The search for this was still more unremitting than the search for definite proof of Mannering's death. Every loose piece of rock in the neighbourhood was overturned, but neither of the gold which he had taken from the *Dunster Castle*, nor of the diamonds he had obtained from the same source, was there the slightest trace. A year has now elapsed, and the search for the treasure has been made by others — by many others, but without result. Amongst the searchers, I have been informed, the most persistent is the respectable director of the diamond mine, whose despair at being despoiled led him to make the personal attack upon Mannering on the bridge of the Union Castle liner. I have recently heard, indeed, that he has bought the piece of land on that northern Spanish coast on the foreshore of which lies the entrance to the rock-bound pools, and that a notice now appears at the entrance warning off trespassers in five different languages. To me this seems a really touching example of Hebraic optimism.