

I was just in the act of springing up when the sound of approaching voices, one that of Quintana's the other, a rasping one, I guessed Cadalso, *alias* Pasco's struck my ear, and induced me to resume my recumbent posture.

"Hush! hush!" I presently heard Quintana hurriedly whisper; "speak lower for heaven's sake!" They talked in Spanish, by-the-by, which I comprehended well enough, though I could not speak it with remarkable elegance or precision.

"Not I, indeed," was the surly rejoinder; "the mask may slip off how and as soon as it likes. Besides, the young cockerel yonder is fast asleep."

"Are you quite sure it's all right with Captain Valdez?" asked Quintana, an arrant coward if there was ever one.

"Quite sure! why yes; as sure as death! We have got our own again, there's no doubt about that. It's pretty nearly half an hour since the *Felipe Segunda* was boarded and carried by the *Don Enrique's* boats, though as the pistol shots told us not without a stoutish resistance. However, the signal rockets agreed upon between me and Valdez, soon showed that all was right."

"Where is Burbage?" said Quintana after a few moments' silence.

"With Isabella, to be sure!—with his friend Pasco's charming niece—where else? Ha! ha! burst out the truculent brute, with such a reckless ferocity, that I doubted if it could be at all worth while to feign sleep any longer; "the girl has managed the business rarely, and yet now, at the last moment, the pretty, perverse fool is whimpering and lamenting about it, and insisting, forsooth, that the thick-skulled Englishman she has so deliciously bamboozled shall be permitted to depart in a whole skin: yes, he *shall*!"

"You swore that the lieutenant should suffer no personal harm," said Quintana, "besides——"

"Swore," echoed the excited savage, "swore! But you too are a fool! Go and seek them. Valdez and his men cannot now be far off, and it is quite time the farce was over."

Quintana left the room; and Pasco throwing himself carelessly upon a seat began gulping down the liquor on the table. He was quite aware, I felt convinced, that I was not asleep, but still I judged it best not to change my position, the more especially as my right hand, thrust carelessly as it were under my coat breast, securely gripped the stock of a double-barrelled pistol.

A few anxious minutes slowly passed, and then a confused tumult of voices—Burbage's the loudest and fiercest—burst upon us. I jumped to my feet, and at the same moment the lieutenant swept into the room in a frenzy of rage and indignation. Isabella, preceding her brother and five or six grim-visaged ruffians following. Her face, a glance showed me, was pale as marble, and her fine eyes wet with tears.

"Betrayed,—dishonored,—lost,—ruined!"—shrieked Burbage as he caught sight of me; "and by this accursed murderer too!"

It was well for Pasco that a table was between him and his furious assailant, or the lieutenant's sudden and deadly thrust would have required no second stroke. As it was, he received a slight wound only, and Burbage, pinioned in the grasp of three or four rascals, could only madly curse

the taunting villain, in whose power he believed himself to be, and upbraid the beguiling serpent that had lured him to his ruin; and whose too late repentance had but revealed the utter blackness of the gulf in which he was plunged. "Uncle, uncle!" supplicated the weeping, terrified woman, as she threw herself between Burbage and Pasco's menacing pistol; "for the love of God harm him not! You have an oath in heaven to respect his life—his safety!"

It would have been easy enough for me amid the furious din and scuffle to have sent a bullet through the heads of a couple of the scoundrels, but as I fully believed ample help was not far off, it would have been madness to precipitate matters till that help arrived. This much to the reader in excuse of my apparent quiescence, but really calculated inactivity. I chose rather, as soon as I could make myself heard, to implore Burbage to have patience,—to calm himself.

"Patience! Calm myself!" he shouted, as he fixed his bloodshot glance on mine, as if doubtful that he heard aright; "Patience! Calm myself!"

"The young man counsels wisely," said Pasco with a malignant sneer, but at the same time lowering his pistol; "patience is excellent when nothing else may be had. You are in my power, accursed fool, and so is the *Felipe Segunda*, and as many of her crew as have not already been thrown to the fishes. Ha! there is Captain Valdez' whistle. But a few minutes and all scores will be cleared. Off wench!—Is this a time for snivelling?"

The hurried tramp of men swiftly approaching was heard without. Pasco sprang up with ferocious glee to the door, flung it open,—"*Here* Valdez, he cried with ferocious exultation; "*here!*—Hell and Thunder! who are these?"

"The messengers of justice, scoundrel!" shouted Commander King, bursting in and seizing the terror-stricken miscreant. His eager crew followed, and amidst a fierce uproar of shrieks and curses, grappled and secured the whole knot of conspirators. The success of the counterplot was complete!

A few words will close this story. Isabella and her brother embarked unmolested for Cuba, chiefly, I believe, through the intercession of Lieutenant Burbage. Pasco was indicted for murder, and aiding and abetting piracy (the attack on the brig by the boats of the *Don Enrique*), but escaped the penalty to which he would certainly have been adjudged, by dying of brain fever in the hospital at Sierra Leone. Lieutenant Burbage, though for a time a sadder, became as certainly a wiser man than when he permitted himself to be hoodwinked by an artful Syren; who, however, we must not for the honor of womankind forget, was herself the dupe of a relative, upon whose bounty she had depended from earliest infancy. The *Don Enrique* was condemned and purchased into the service, and under another name became, with perhaps the exception of the celebrated *Black Joke*, the most efficient and successful cruiser on the African coast, till the apparition of armed steamers proclaimed to the dismayed slave-mongers that, whether a little sooner or a little later, the end of their atrocious traffic was marked indelibly upon the dial of the future.—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.