

ny with the English captain, who had sought and gained admission from the senior magistrate.

Townsend, (such was the young sailor's name,) could not believe that Gomez was a murderer. He felt an interest in his fate, and hoped to shield him from the venom he saw lurking in Leonardo's bosom; besides he was the father of JUANA, the lady in whom he had taken so deep an interest.

What he heard from Gomez confirmed his suspicions, and after a lengthy consultation, he turned to leave the cell, when Juana, followed by a younger brother, entered the prison door. Her eyes fell the instant she perceived the stranger: but she raised them immediately, and rushed to her father's arms. If he was not worthy of such a child, greater is the pity; for few in the neighbourhood were more so.

Night was coming on, and the people of the town had retired to their houses, when Townsend and Juana commenced their journey through the deserted streets. Side by side they rode; he comforting her with hopes for her parent's safety; and much he marvelled that the road appeared so short. Often had he admired the prospect by the way-side: the sloping hills, the grassy plains, and all the rich variety of interesting objects; while his ears drank in the melody of distant female voices in concert with the "light guitar," but never before had the short miles flown by so swiftly.

Next day parties were sent off in all directions with orders to leave no bush unbeat in which the missing man might have concealed himself. Townsend heading one of these, rode three or four miles along the shore in a southerly direction to another trading establishment, and meeting with no tidings, he struck off slopingly towards the interior; and passing through orange groves and bubbling rivulets, he approached the town of Hu Macao. The scenery in this part of the island is truly beautiful. On one side of you, rise hill after hill as far as the eye can trace them; on the other, groves of lemons, limes, and oranges,

scent the air with their delicious perfume. Here wide spreading tamarinds and broad-leaved palm trees gratify the eye; extensive valleys, gently undulated, and thickly clothed with maze and sugar cane, relieved at intervals by the lofty pine and towering cocoa nut, enrich the prospect; while every now and then, a boiling-house, itself concealed by guavas and pomegranate trees, rears its great white-washed chimney, which glancing in the sunbeams, resembles much a half seen village spire, reminding one of home and its associations.

The search proved fruitless, and Townsend on his return found many persons collected in Gomez's dwelling, waiting his arrival. One by one they took their leave as the night advanced, leaving *him* with the family—to whom alone, of all their would-be-friends they looked for comfort in their affliction. His frankness, generosity, and the subdued and kindly tones with which he clothed his words of consolation, and his severe but passionless censure of Leonardo's conduct, unlike anything they had ever heard before; won their confidence; and Juana felt happy that she had won such worth.

Silence had prevailed some time in that little circle. The roar of the long surf, swelling in from the broad unbroken bosom of the ocean, often heard for miles through the stillness of the night, fell with a melancholy music upon hearts attuned to vibrate to its mournful melody. It was an interval when the heart, having yielded to some absorbing charm, and being borne above the cankering sources of its woe, catches a passing glimpse of its earthly sorrow, and growing dizzy, plunges down to deeper misery from its momentary elevation. Perceiving this, and judging that his presence would be no longer needed, Townsend rose to depart; and when the last torch held out—the night being cloudy—to guide him down the mountain path, refused its light, and darkness reigned around, he felt as if an era had arrived, from which to date the good or evil of his future life.

It was late when Townsend reached