

action?"—so at least he argued. His outward man differed little from those around him. His head was larger than most other men's, 'tis true; but then the same eternal dingy pantaloons, hung by greasy braces from his shoulders, graced his ungainly body; and the same unsocked, saffron coloured ancles peeped from beneath his flapping trousers. He wore shoes from fear of centipedes and cheegos, and on great occasions he put a jacket on, of salt-and-pepper coloured calico:—besides all these, suspended from a leathern belt, hung a heavy knife, his practised hand could throw with deadly aim some fifty paces: a broad rimmed chip, or hat of Panama, completes the costume. Such was Leonardo, the Catalan, and such in dress, with little alteration, is any Naguabonian.

Signor Gomez slept till 10 o'clock. His waking thoughts dwelt on his night's adventure; a little cherub in his sleep had—following up the train of thought he fell asleep on—so far convinced him that he had nought to fear from friend or foe, that he took his breakfast in a quiet state of mind; then shaved and prepared him for his daily duties. He had finished his hasty toilet, and was looking with a pleased eye at the various domestic arrangements of his family, and perhaps his worldly prosperity, for most of which he had to thank dame fortune: shared his thoughts,—for he looked surprisingly contented—when some one without enquired if Signor Gomez was at home. Jaques looked a little disconcerted, when the next moment half a dozen law officials filed into the centre of the room; but he kept his courage. Such order and dispatch might have been well meant, and Jose might have been pleased with the performance at another time. As it was, he became indignant. "How now, master Pedro?" he demanded, "why these guardians and their staves?"

"You're my prisoner, Signor Gomez! accused of murder!—body buried on the mountain, or something of the sort; but hav'nt time to parley now." Pedro beckoned to his underlings—shrug-

ged up his shoulders, and marched out of the house, leaving its inmates mute with consternation.

Jaques and his escort moved in solemn silence through the crowd that thronged the entrance to Naguabo.—Not that they who composed the escort sympathised in the affliction of the prisoner—far from it; they felt their consequence; stern and collected they disdained to exhibit to the gaze of their admirers the tokens of inferior minds.

Few among the crowd thought less of Jaques for the crime of which they judged him guilty. They were in a measure callous to all sense of crime; but many showed signs of satisfaction—they could trample on the fallen; kick below their level the man they once had fawned upon.

When does the crowd, with no dissentient voice, praise or condemn?—When do all, forgetting self and narrow prejudice, join in one mighty theme of approbation? or when does censure fall from all, the effect alone of virtuous principles?

Some there were with a less morbid sense of immorality, who had *their* motives for hoping he might escape.—The prisoner was conveyed at once to the Court house, where the magistrates had already taken their seats, and waited his arrival.

Witnesses were called, and testified that a sailor, known as "Jack the man-of-wars-man," had disappeared, no one knew whither; that Gomez had been on board the English brig till after sunset; and Leonardo with *great reluctance* repeated all he knew. When asked, whether he had any thing to say why he should not be committed to await his trial for murder, Jaques reddened to the temples, hung down his head a few minutes, and then firmly answered, "No!"

The keep or prison of Naguabo stands on the eastern side of the square already alluded to, it is a dirty, gloomy, and unhealthy place; the receptacle of vermin—a very battle ground for rats and crabs. Jaques shuddered as he entered its loathsome precincts, in compar-