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## THE BUCCANEERS OF TORTUGA.\*

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### CHAPTER V.

Thou art wedded to calamity."

SHAKESPEARE.

At the hour named by Don Fernando, the anxious Victoria repaired to the lonely hillock he had appointed for the place of their meeting. The brow of the acclivity was crowned with lofty trees, which cast a deep shade over a grave, said to be that of a Caraib Chief, who had been treacherously murdered by a Spaniard, and whose spectre was still said to haunt the spot. A half ruined ajoupa, whose slanting roof was nearly veiled by the parasitic plants that flung their garlands over it, whose foliage, fruit and flowers, made it resemble a bower, rather than the deserted abode of man. It had remained untenanted for many years, for the pirate who had erected it, had been so disturbed by the apparition of the grim Caraib warrior, that he had deserted it, and left it to fall to decay; and so strongly were the inhabitants of Tortuga persuaded of the truth of his assertions, that bold indeed was the Buccaneer who ventured to pass near the spot after sunset.

The door of the hut was half open, and by the dim light, Donna Victoria discovered her cousin sitting by a rude table, apparently examining some charts that were lying before him. He had exchanged his Indian habit for the dress of a Spanish cavalier—his plumed hat was thrown carelessly aside, and his hand supported his finely formed head, whose ebon ringlets partly shaded the lofty and expansive brow, whose fairness con-

trasted with the embrowned cheek and sable hair, and presented to the eye of the lovely Spaniard, a perfect model of manly beauty. The face of Don Fernando seemed to reflect the fine qualities of his mind, as the stream returns the image of the flowers that bloom along its banks.

Donna Victoria felt all her doubts vanish as she gazed upon that noble countenance; for who could look upon it, and doubt the truth and honor so legibly written on every feature. Perhaps at that moment, she wondered at herself for having fled from a marriage with him, to wed a pirate; but the deep sigh, that dispelled her kinsman's profound reverie, arose from the upbraidings of conscience, rather than from any severing of her heart from St. Amande.

"You are here, my cousin," cried he. "It is well; you will return to the duty you owe your father!"

"And forsake the duty I owe my husband," replied she, in a sorrowful tone. "No, cruel cousin, leave me to perish with him, but bid me not to leave him."

"Oh! save your soul from the fearful crime of parricide! Ought this sea robber to hold a dearer claim upon your heart, than the noble, but miserable parent, who nightly steeps his couch in tears, and laments continually for her, who is cold and insensible as marble to his grief?"

"A sea robber!" replied she, and the deep flush of indignation suffused her face. "His birth is as noble as your own."

"He has blotted out his patent of nobility in

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