

ductors to hasten the speed of the waggon, which seemed every moment on the point of being overturned by the rude jolts it received.

"Oh! how I suffer!" murmured Pitrians, slowly turning his blood-shot eyes towards Joachim.

"Courage, comrade, courage!" replied the latter. "Let not these wretches triumph by seeing you tremble now!"

"Die as you have lived, without fear," added Jean David.

But when the waggon stopped at the place of execution, in the square of San Isidro, and Pitrians was called on to descend from it, he tottered as he endeavoured to rise, and fell back with a violent shudder.

"Oh! the old pirate!" cried a voice, "how terrified he is!"

"Yet he has slain enough of Spaniards without the least show of pity," said another. "He did not tremble then!"

"You will see we shall have to carry him to the scaffold," added a third.

"Drink! give me something to drink!" stammered the prisoner.

"Untie the cord that binds his hands," said a female voice; "he has not the strength now to crush a fly."

"Drink! drink!" repeated the adventurer, in a choking voice.

"Courage, Pitrians!" urged Joachim. "A few minutes more, and all will be over. Up—up with thee, man!"

"I cannot—I cannot," he faintly murmured. "I feel like a weight of lead on all my limbs—a dim cloud gathering over my eyes. Give me to drink, for mercy's sake!"

"Coward! coward!" shouted the crowd, which was now gathered closely around the waggon.

At this insulting cry the buccancer opened with difficulty his glazing eyes. He slowly rose, and endeavoured to support himself on his trembling limbs. He then made a step towards the still jeering mob; but it was his last effort. He stretched out his arms and fell heavily back, exclaiming, in almost inaudible tones:—"Help me, Montbars!"

A mocking laugh burst from the by-standers. "The pirate will kill no more Spaniards!" cried the *aguador*.

"Terror has killed him," added one of the escort of the *lanceros*.

Fray Eusebio bent with a triumphant smile over the lifeless form of Pitrians, and shook him rudely by the arm. But he suddenly started back, with a face full of the utmost consternation.

"It is not terror!" he exclaimed, breathlessly; "it is the yellow fever!"

LIV.  
L'OLONNAIS.

It was the first time since the commencement of the pest, that this name had been pronounced. All the Spaniards of Hispaniola knew, by report and tradition, of this frightful disease, the twin-sister of the *vaxito prieto*, which had so cruelly ravaged Brazil and Chili for many years, and had recently appeared in Barbadoes and Martinique.

All therefore recoiled in terror, the fatal word passing in whispered accents from one end of the procession to the other. The torches fell from the trembling hands of the penitents; the chant suddenly ceased; the circle round the waggon gradually widened. None dared to face the yellow fever, that invisible assassin that never warned before it struck, which, they conceived, instilled its deadly poison in the breath, the clasp of hands, or the contact of garments. The people seemed paralyzed. A word had sufficed to isolate every heart; each feared his neighbour as the agent of infection, and drew back as from his bitterest enemy. The mournful sound of the still-tolling bells increased the universal terror, and the crowd melted silently away.

"Fray Eusebio!" said the governor, Don Cristoval, sternly; "you were wrong to make such a revelation so publicly. We must proceed with these pirates. Resume the hymn for the dying," he added, turning to the priests; "Fray Eusebio may be mistaken."

"No! no!" replied the still terrified monk. "See, my lord! the face of the adventurer is tinged with a deep yellow."

"Why incur needless danger?" interposed the prior of one of the convents.

"The yellow fever is communicated with the utmost rapidity, my lord!" urged the physician of Don Cristoval, who stood beside him.

Without waiting for the governor's reply, the priors hastily retired, followed by their monks, to their several convents; the different fraternities had already disappeared, and the penitents and the rest of the people had fled, almost on the first alarm. None remained in the square besides Don Cristoval, Fray Eusebio, and the company of *lanceros* that escorted the former, except a few ill-clad men scattered here and there, who gradually drew nearer the waggon.

At the order of the governor, the *lanceros* advanced, although with much hesitation, towards the prisoners, with the intention of conducting Joachim and Jean David to the scaffold.

"Come, my bold fellows! do your duty quick-