

ror, the figure of the murdered Victoria pointing at her with a menacing gesture; her wild and agonizing scream roused the pirate chief from his dreary contemplation of the phantom; and when his glassy eye again sought the mirror, the vision was gone.

The white lips, and wild stare of the company, told too plainly that they, also, had seen the apparition of the Spanish lady; and hands that had never shaken in battle, now trembled like the leaves of the aspen; but none dared to breathe to his fellow, the fear that paralyzed his hardly frame; for all dreaded to awaken the fury of their chief. St. Amade never spoke of the events of this night, or even alluded to the supernatural appearance that had harrowed up his soul; but he was observed to avoid solitude, which he had always loved, and carefully to shun the dark hour, and by night his apartments in the fortress were now too brilliantly illuminated, to leave a darkened nook for fancy to people with shadows or ghostly phantoms. From that night he drank more wine than had been his wont, and his laugh became more loud and frequent. Yet there was a gloom upon his brow that ill agreed with the smile on his lip, and "none ere could trace the gladness to his eye."

The Buccaneers, when alone, vented freely the suspicions they dared not avow in the presence of St. Amade and his friends, and foretold the fall or violent death of the pirate chief, whose star of ascendancy they imagined, would ere long set in blood; and all were agreed that the apparition of the murdered wife boded no good to her cruel husband.

CHAPTER IX.

"Shall't have a play of this?
Thou scornful page, there lie thy part."

SHAKESPEARE.

THE phantom figure of Victoria Toledo was now frequently seen gliding among the trees, or standing on the edge of the jutting cliff, from whence it was supposed she had been hurled into the sea. Mysterious music, accompanied by a voice of exquisite sweetness, was nightly heard stealing on the air at the solemn hour of midnight, and those who had once heard her sing, could not easily mistake the rich harmonious strains for any but those the Spanish lady had once loved to breathe.

Twice the spirit had been met, and challenged by two Dutch traders, who had fired at it, but with no more effect than if they had directed their pieces against the vapoury cloud that sometimes gathers round the summit of the table

mountain of the Cape. The appearances of the phantom became more frequent, and haunted every part of the island, and it was rumoured, that it had even been seen wandering round the guarded fortress itself.

St. Amade, although he never avowed the anguish that devoured his mind, was a prey to the most gloomy apprehensions, and sought to atone for the deed he had caused to be committed by grievous penances, and it was whispered, had actually ordered masses to be offered up in the chapel, for the repose of his victim's soul. Yet, he was so fully convinced of his wife's guilt, that the pains he inflicted upon himself, and the holy rites he caused to be celebrated, rather originated from superstition than repentance. He did not regret her death, but lamented that he had cut her off at an unprepared moment. Neither prayer nor penance availed—the spirit of the murdered Victoria still haunted the island of the Buccaneers.

At length, he remembered his neglected child, whose exile from the paternal roof had, perhaps, called up the spirit of his mother, from the deep waves of the Atlantic; and one morning the father of the infant of Victoria directed his steps towards the lonely ajoupa, where the last descendant of one of the noblest and most ancient families in France, had been cradled for the last ten months.

As St. Amade approached the hut, he heard that well known voice, singing those accents which had once been so dear and precious to his soul, but whose sound now had the power of agonizing his heart, and filling it with horrible dread. The words had often been sung to him by Victoria, in the early days of their wedded life; and he had then hung enraptured over her, and had firmly imagined himself to be the object of her fond love, the pole star to which all her young affections turned with undeviating constancy.

With a strong effort he mastered the sort of stupefaction that was stealing over his senses, and lifting the latch, beheld Zamor, the black, rocking the cradle in which his own fair child was sleeping.

"Heard you that song?" cried he abruptly, addressing the black. "Methought it sounded within these walls."

From some perversity of temper, the black chose to answer the question in the Mexican tongue, although it was evident that he perfectly understood the French language in which it was asked. Still in spite of the Mexican guttural, to which few except a native can give its own strength, the voice seemed familiar to his ears, and even ro-