

ELODIA.

O sudden heaven! superb surprise!
O day to dream again!
O Spanish eyebrows, Spanish eyes,
Voice and allures of Spain!
No answering glance her glances seek,
Her smile no suitor knows;
That lucid pallor of her cheek
Is lovelier than the rose;—

But when she wakens, when she stirs,
And life and love begin,
How blaze those amorous eyes of hers,
And what a god within!

I saw her heart's arising strife,
Half eager, half afraid;
I paused; I would not wake to life
The tinted marble maid.

But starlike through my dreams shall go,
Pale, with a fiery train,
The Spanish glory, Spanish glow,
The passion which is Spain.

The Triumph of Innocence.

Near the eastern extremity of the island of Cuba, where the palm and orange trees rear their fragrant heads in wild and luxuriant beauty, a little creek makes in from the blue and flashing sea, and extends inland for several miles, but hidden from the eye of the casual passer by a thick growth of mangrove and other tropical bushes that fringe its winding banks.

At one point this creek makes a curve or sweep, in such a manner as to form a sort of bay or cove, with sufficient water for vessels of a light draught to make a harbour there. In this little cove, at the time of the opening of our tale, two schooners lay lazily riding at their anchors, like two sleeping warriors reposing side by side upon the field of their glory.

They were vessels of about two hundred tons burden each, very sharp and rakish, and with immensely heavy masts and yards, as if intended more for fast sailing than for the burdens they were expected to carry. They were both armed with twenty-four-pound cannonades, with a single long brass thirty-two amidships, and altogether had a very suspicious appearance, notwithstanding that their decks were entirely deserted, save by a rough-looking sentinel, who, armed with a heavy cutlass, paraded to and fro the quarter deck of each as regularly as the motion of a pendulum.

On the green beach in front of the anchorage, where the two schooners were lying, might have been seen a little collection of huts with a formidable-looking fortress situated on an open square, surrounded on all sides by the dwellings of the inhabitants, which it was evidently intended to protect. Several heavy pieces of artillery protruded their black, mischievous-looking muzzles through embrasures cut in the walls of the fortress, like the port-holes of a man-of-war, and it was evident, from the appearance of the establishment, that no honest community had its dwelling there. Several rude and weather-beaten-looking men, clad in a sort of outlandish uniform, were lounging round among the bamboo-thatched huts, evidently impatient with their shore life, and anxious to be off again upon the blue waves of the laughing sea, whose glorious waters might be discerned from the spot, stretching far away, until they mingled with the golden-hued ring of the horizon.

Among this rude and fierce-looking fraternity might have been seen one who was a man of quiet and dignified deportment, and who seemed desirous of keeping himself aloof from the rugged herd by which he was surrounded. He was apparently not more than thirty years of age, with a sun-burned, ruddy countenance, and with an eye that shone like one of the frozen Pleiades on a cold and frosty night. His dress too was of a much finer material than that worn by the others, and a single glance would have sufficed to tell to the most casual observer that he could have been none other than the leader or commander of the band, who were lounging about the huts with a restlessness which told how little they relished the inactive life they were doomed for a time to lead.

Such was in fact the case. The individual described was Alphonse Hartstene, one of the most daring and dreaded corsairs that ever infested the seas, and his terrible fame had already extended over the whole maritime world. Cruel and reckless, he destroyed without mercy all who fell into his power.

For many years this dreaded pirate had occupied the little creek at the eastern extremity of Cuba, and had fortified it in such a manner as to defy the attacks of any force that would be likely to be sent against him; and here in a guarded security he spent his leisure time when wearied with his cruises at sea, and when his crew required recreation and rest from their labours. But there was one thing wanting to complete his happiness; and that one thing he was now determined to have.

Alphonse Hartstene paced slowly to and fro between two of the huts for a considerable time without speaking to any one, occasionally casting his eyes with a long and wistful gaze off upon the waters of the far-stretching sea. His mind was evidently ill at ease, for at intervals he muttered to himself in broken accents, and seemed determined upon some project, the nature of which as yet remained locked in his own breast.

"It is no use living longer in this way," at length he said, "I am wearied with my loneli-

ness, and the time has come. She must be old enough by this time, I think. Let me see. It must be some twelve years since I saw her. Yes, she must be eighteen now—just the right age! By Jupiter! I'll about it at once!"

Taking a silver whistle from his pocket, Hartstene blew a shrill note, and at once, as if they well knew its import, the whole band of corsairs, some two hundred in number, came thronging from the huts around their chieftain, eager to hear what he had to communicate to them. When they had all assembled in a circle around their leader Hartstene addressed them in the following words:

"My lads, I have assembled you together in order to lay before you a scheme that I have in contemplation, and which I expect you will heartily join in with, and assist me to carry into execution."

"Name it! name it!" cried several in the same breath, "and you'll find that we will not be backward in assisting you to carry out your plans. Name the project."

"Enough, my lads; your very earnestness convinces me of your sincerity, and I thank you for this additional proof of your devotion to my person and the noble cause in which we are engaged. Listen to me, then, with patience. Many years ago, before I joined your honorable fraternity, and while I was a sailor before the mast, I chanced to be at a certain place, where I beheld the most beautiful child the world ever saw. She could not have been at that time more than six years of age, but her childish beauty, even at that time, made an impression upon my heart that has never been effaced. I have ever since the moment I beheld her determined that she should be my bride at some future time. Since that period full twelve years have elapsed, and I calculate that she must now be about eighteen—just the right age. Now, my lads, my situation here is very lonely as you must all well know, and can you guess what I propose to do?"

"Go off on an expedition and seize upon the maiden," said one of the pirate in reply.

"You are right. Get all ready, as I wish to sail this very morning. My heart has pined for that sweet being for long and weary years, and she must now be mine. I cannot live here in loneliness longer. What say you, my lads? Shall I reckon upon your assistance?"

"You may, you may," shouted a dozen at the same instant; and like a swarm of bees the horde separated and went their several ways.

Never did the sun shine upon a fairer creature than the sweet and bonnie Adelaide de Warren, the belle of Martinique. With a form whose matchless symmetry might challenge comparison with the models of the most famous sculptors of antiquity, and a face which ever seemed illuminated with the beautiful sunshine that dwelt within, she moved about the admired of all beholders—the observed of all observers. She was now about eighteen years of age, and although her favour had been sought by many there was but one who filled a niche in that temple of purity, the shrine of her fresh young heart.

Louis de Villiers, the young duke de Montfort, was a youth who united in his person all the noble qualities that of right belonged to the members of the old régime. At an early age he had entered the French navy as a midshipman, and had already arrived at the rank of a lieutenant, having won his way to promotion by many a gallant deed, which had rendered his name famous throughout the vine-clad land of France.

For the last three years the frigate to which he was attached had been upon the West India station, and, being much at Martinique, he had been accidentally thrown into the society of the fair Adelaide de Warren, the belle of the island. To see her, to know her, and to love her, were to the susceptible and gallant Villiers synonymous terms; and it was not long ere fortune favored him with an opportunity of declaring his passion to the object of his affections.

It was a bright and sunny day in April when the young duke proposed to the gentle Adelaide to take a gallop through the wood to a long, high cape, at the eastern extremity of the island, which overlooked the waters of the sleeping sea, on which many a distant vessel reposed with folded wing, like some diminutive seabird, awaiting for a breeze to bear them on the way to their destined ports. It was a beautiful spot, from which could be described the lovely and verdant landscape for many miles around; the French fleet at anchor in the bay; the houses of the town nestled in diminutive masses together, with the zigzag windings of the mazy streets. All could be as distinctly traced as the dotted lines upon a map, and appeared like some Lilliputian model of a fairy scene.

It was towards sunset, and a cool and refreshing breeze had just sprung up, and came fitting over the waters of the sparkling sea, crisping their tiny waves, and then, as it reached the land, waving the tall palm-trees to and fro, and passing with a rustling sound through their leaves and branches.

Adelaide and Villiers, having tethered their horses to a tree, wandered along the beach, which at that spot sloped gradually down to the water's edge, until they came to a huge rock, which offered a most tempting place of rest, and from which could be obtained a view of many miles in extent. They were now a long distance from any human habitation, and the place and the hour seemed well calculated to open their hearts to all the tender influence of love.

The young couple seated themselves upon the rock, and after remaining for some time lost in a delicious reverie Villiers broke the silence by a declaration of his passion, and poured into the listening ear of the maiden a story of all his hopes and fears.

But Adelaide de Warren, though gentle and kind-hearted, was yet a trifle of a coquette; and with the vacillating spirit of many of her sex resolved that she would not unconditionally surrender herself to any man, although that man might, as in the present case, have proved himself a hero. She therefore answered his pleadings with an averted gaze, and informed him that the man who won her hand must expect to perform some feat of arms for her, which should render him worthy of her consideration.

"Name it, name it; what shall it be?" cried the youth, energetically.

"Nay, you must study some plan to win my admiration. I cannot surrender at discretion to any person who has not performed some deed of daring for my sake, and mine alone."

"And if I were to perform some desperate deed of chivalry for your dear sake, would you then consent to crown my wishes?"

"Perhaps so," said the maiden, archly, and with a light and silvery laugh; "you shall see when the time comes. But look! what is that vessel doing there, Villiers? She seems to behave strangely."

"Yes, strangely enough," answered the young officer, steadily regarding the vessel in question; "we will watch her for a short time and see what it all means."

The craft which had attracted the attention of the two lovers, for such they really were despite the efforts of one of them to hide her feelings from the eyes of the other, was a long, low, black, and rakish-looking schooner, which during the discourse above narrated had come up within a short distance of the land, and having brailed up her foresail and hauled down her flying jib had been hove to under her fore topsail and mainsail, and one of her quarter boats was now being lowered and manned preparatory to putting off for the shore.

"What can all this mean, Villiers?" inquired the maiden, in a tone of alarm; "look! the men that are getting into the boat are armed! Let us take our departure or some harm may befall us."

"Fear not—they will not harm us. I suspect it is a party of smugglers; at any rate I wish to remain until they land and see what it means. Don't fear, dearest, they shall not harm you so long as I have the power left me of protecting you."

The confident tone in which the young officer spoke reassured the fair girl, and she determined to remain. The boat was now rapidly drawing near the shore, and Villiers could see that she was full of armed men; but what their purposes might be remained to him wrapped in the most impenetrable mystery. In a short time, however, the boat reached the shore, and, being hauled up on the beach, the party landed, and leaving two men in charge of the cutter the remainder of her crew, consisting of twelve ruffianly looking creatures, headed by a man much more genteel in his appearance than any of his followers, took their way along the beach in such a direction as Villiers quickly saw would bring them very near the spot where he and Adelaide were seated.

"Let us fly," said the maiden, trembling violently. "Look! what a ferocious set they are! If they should chance to be pirates what would become of us? We should be destroyed!"

"It is too late to fly now, dearest. If we were to attempt it we should be seen, and they would quickly overtake you. Besides, they cannot, I think, be pirates. What would pirates be doing here? Our best plan I believe is to remain where we are, and let them pass us. They will probably not molest us."

"Heaven grant they do not, Villiers, but I feel a presentiment of evil," said the fair Adelaide, shrinking back.

As the rude-looking men approached still nearer where the two lovers were seated Villiers began to hope they might pass him by without notice; but in this he was mistaken. The route pursued by the party was one which would lead them to town, whither they seemed bound; but just before turning an angle in the beach which would have hidden Villiers from their sight fate ordained that one of the coarse men should spy them.

Quick as thought the attention of the others was called to them, when, instead of pursuing their way, they paused abruptly, and after a little low-toned consultation among themselves, the whole party came forward and were quickly confronting the young officer and his terrified companion.

"Maybe," said one of the men who seemed the leader of the party, "you can inform me whether one Monsieur de Warren still resides in the neighbouring town. I have particular reasons for wishing to find his whereabouts."

"There is a gentleman of that name residing there," replied the young officer, in a careless tone, while Adelaide averted her face from the party, "but why do you wish to see him?"

"Perhaps you can also inform me," continued the other, without noticing the question, "whether he has a daughter, and, if so, whether she still remains unmarried."

At this last remark Adelaide, who trembled like an aspen leaf, cast a furtive glance upon the questioner, while her face assumed the hue of the sculptor's marble, and then withdrew her gaze. But what as had been that glance

it had been sufficient. The stranger saw that the pale trembler was the person he sought, and quick as thought he shouted:

"That's her! Seize her, and bear her off to the boat! Fate has assisted us in a most marvellous manner! She has saved us the trouble of going to the town and hunting her out as we had intended, and as come out, like a sensible girl as she is, to meet us. Take her, my lads, and away to the boat with her!"

"What means this outrage?" shouted Villiers as the ruffianly gang were about to lay violent hands upon his lady-love, "and who are you, sir?" addressing the leader, "who are about to commit this deed?"

"Softly, softly, good master," said the ruffian, in an ironical tone, "you shall know all in due season. In the first place you ask what this means. Know then that many years ago when this lovely young lady was a mere child, and I a sailor before the mast, I chanced to be at this island, and one day caught a glimpse of her walking with an old gentleman in the plaza. I immediately inquired who and what she was, and since that moment her dear image has remained impressed upon my memory. I swore to wait until she had grown to be a woman, and then to bear her off and make her my bride. As to your second question who I am my name is Hartstene the Pirate! Perhaps you have heard of me."

"Yes, villain, often! You are the scourge of mankind—the blackest—"

"I can't remain here talking with you, sir," said Hartstene, in a sarcastic tone, "I have other business on my hands. Take that young lady, my lads, and bear her off to the boat. I will be with you anon. Away with her!"

The pirates quickly gathered around the trembling maiden, and despite her cries and lamentations bore her off. Villiers struggled with her captors with all his might, but what could he, an unarmed man, effect against twelve armed ruffians, bent upon carrying out the orders of their leader?

Nothing, for when he seized upon one of the gang who was bearing away his love another of the ruffians dealt him a powerful blow upon the head with his fist, which sent him bleeding and insensible upon the earth. And there, after giving him a contemptuous kick or two, the pirates left him, and hurried onward with their prize.

When at length the young officer came to his senses he rose to his feet, and saw that the boat containing Adelaide had been pushed off and was making for the schooner.

Running down to the beach, the young man shouted to the maiden:

"Keep up good spirits, I'll rescue you ere a week, or perish in the attempt."

"Ha! ha! ha!" came hoarsely back over the water from the rude pirates as the boat shot onward like an arrow towards the schooner; and immediately after arriving alongside her fore-topsail was filled away, her foresail and flying jib set, and under all canvas she stretched away to sea, leaving Villiers gazing after her with wistful eyes and almost lost in despair.

But this despair was of short duration and was succeeded by the keenest rage and desire for vengeance.

Taking a last long glance along the rim of the horizon, where the vessel that contained his love could be faintly seen rising and falling like a snow flake in the grasp of the tempest, in order to see what course she was steering, Villiers turned away, and, repairing immediately to town, acquainted the parents of Adelaide with their terrible bereavement, after which he hastened on board the admiral's flag ship and laying the whole matter before the dignitary asked his advice in regard to it.

"Pity you," said the kind-hearted old admiral when Villiers had concluded his narrative, "I pity you from the bottom of my heart, and will assist you to the utmost of my power—not only in order that the pirate may be captured, but that you may rescue the lady of your choice. Yonder lies the 'Cassard,' a fast-sailing and first-class brig of war. You may take command of her in person, get her under way as soon as possible, and go in pursuit of the piratical schooner."

"I cannot speak of my thanks," said the youth, almost choked with emotion, "but my prayers shall ever ascend for your happiness and prosperity," and leaving the flag ship Villiers immediately repaired on board the "Cassard" and, taking command, hove up her anchor, made all sail, and by evening twilight way standing out of the bay under a cloud of canvas, cheered by the crews of all the ships of the fleet.

No sooner was the fair Adelaide on board the schooner than she was taken down into Hartstene's cabin, the door of which was carefully locked and guarded.

Left to herself, she had ample time to reflect upon the best means to be pursued, and resolved after due deliberation that it would be her most prudent plan to seem to acquiesce in the schemes of the pirate, and to appear reconciled to her fate. When therefore Hartstene entered the cabin, after the vessel had got well clear of the land, and informed Adelaide of the "distinguished" honour that awaited her, to his utter astonishment she neither sobbed nor wept, but gallantly informed him that she would consent to become his bride, on condition that he should not insist upon the consummation of his hopes until the schooner reached a harbour, and that her privacy during her stay on board should not be invaded.

To this arrangement Hartstene readily consented, not a little rejoiced to find her so tract-