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## THE BUCCANEERS OF TORTUGA.\*

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### CHAPTER XI.

"But a far darker storm—  
The tempest of the heart, the evil war  
Of fiery passions, is fast gathering  
O'er that bright creature's head."

L. E. L.

The dwelling of Montbelliard was situated in a lonely part of the island; it was raised on a platform, and fortified by several pieces of cannon towards the sea; but the back-ground was surrounded by trees, from which it appeared to rise. His household consisted of a deaf and dumb negress, and the black youth, of whom some mention has already been made; but the neighbouring ajoupas and boucans were within the sound of his horn, so that he was not left without the means of defence, although his followers did not occupy any part of his little fortress.

The dread and danger he had lately escaped had still left their impression on the brow of Montbelliard, and the sight of the beautiful female, who was sitting in a melancholy attitude on a low seat, touching the strings of a guitar to some wild irregular words, the offspring of grief and a dis-tempered fancy, did not tend to remove his gloom.

"You have played the spirit to some purpose, lady," said he, in a sarcastic tone, glancing his eyes significantly towards her dress.

The female thus addressed, raised her head, and her pale cheek, whose death-like whiteness had lately formed a ghastly contrast with her long jetty ringlets, now glowed with a hectic and

indignant crimson, that even invaded her neck and bosom.

"Do you think," replied she, "that I would tamely see him bestow my rights upon another? I abhor—detest—and yet madly love him. Yes; Montbelliard, spite of my wrongs, I feel I love him!"

"Distraction!" exclaimed he, fiercely; "I know it well; your jealousy induces you to hover round that guilty man, who scorned—slandered—rejected—and gave you to the sword. I saved you, and yet you still prefer the wretch to me——"

"You saved me, Montbelliard; would that I had died! would that I had never seen you."

"Ungrateful lady, I know that you regard me with abhorrence," replied he; "but ought you to do so? Have I not watched over the welfare of your neglected child, and permitted you to see him, and shed a mother's tears over his cradle! Think of that, Victoria."

"I do—I do!" said she, in a tone of deep feeling; "but now that blessed privilege is mine no longer. She can behold my babe, can hear his silvery murmurs, view his sweet smiles, while I, who bore him, can only wander round the walls that hide my treasure from my sight, and weep! Oh! my dear babe—my Victor! other arms may now embrace thee—other lips kiss thy coral mouth—other eyes look upon thee—while I, who love thee with all the doating fondness of a mother, am debarred thy presence! Yet, Montbelliard, she shall not have my Victor in her whelpish keeping; for I will tear him from her!"

\* Continued from page 58.—Conclusion.