

Victoria Toledo had not found a refuge from despair in a watery grave. She had flung her veil and mantle on the surface of the stream, and had crept into a sort of cave, whose entrance was partially concealed by shrubs and creeping plants, whose existence was well known to her; and hastily drawing together the screen of briars and leaves, hid herself in a darkened nook from the dagger of the pitiless and hard-hearted pursuer. As soon as his departing steps fell on her throbbing ear, she tore her dress, and with desperate calmness bound up her wound, and then leaned her aching head on her hand, and endeavoured to reflect on the course she must pursue. A wild throng of distracting thoughts rushed through her mind, and threatened to quench the light of reason forever; and once she turned her streaming eyes on the torrent, and reflected that in its dark bosom she might yet find a refuge from despair. The remembrance of her child—of St. Amande, came to her aid, and saved her from self-slaughter. Yes; he, like her, had been the victim of a fiend—he had not been faithless; but then, the betrayed and dishonored wife, recollected her shame, and wept, till a sort of stupor stole over her senses, and wrapt them in a kind of temporary death.

Remorse led the conscience-stricken Lacroy to the spot as soon as evening had wrapt the western world in shade; and by the light of the moon he commenced his search. He had once been a captive among the native Americans, and had, by singular good fortune, been adopted by one of his captors in the room of a son who had fallen in battle; and he was well versed in the arts by which those warlike tribes track their enemies to their hiding places; and when he gained the ravine, he carefully examined the shrubs and bushes, whose fallen leaves might give some indications by which he might trace her hiding place, if she had not indeed plunged into the rapid stream. The scattered foliage attracted his Indian-like eye, and led him to the cavern, where he discovered the object of his eager search; and Victoria, awakening from her swoon, found herself supported in the arms of a stranger, who soothed her terror and proffered his assistance with such an appearance of manly sincerity, as won the confidence of the unhappy Spaniard, who raised her feeble hands towards heaven, and blessed the Providence that sent a deliverer to her aid. The danger of St. Amande again pressed on her distracted mind, and she conjured the pirate, in the most pathetic terms, to save her husband. He was greatly moved; but the impossibility of the task painfully struck him. Donna Victoria read it in his eyes, and uttered a cry of despair.

"Poor, injured lady," said he, "Montbelliard has engaged, by mighty bribes, the ships, some adventurers fitted out from Europe—men who know no feelings but avarice—the refuse of mankind, who care not with whom they serve, so that they are paid with gold. It becomes not me to speak, for I am deeply stained with sin; but it were vain to say how first Montbelliard gained this fearful ascendancy over my mind. We were friends in youth, and he moulded me into the wretch you see me. Well; that is past, I loathe myself and him. If it were possible to overtake him, the Buccaneers on this island would arm to a man in our defence; but the traitor sailed an hour ago."

Another cry from the wounded Spaniard, wrung the heart of Lacroy.

"I will exert my utmost powers, dear lady! Come, leave this dismal place. Yes; I swear to thee, that I will save your lord or perish in the attempt. He took her up in his arms, and bore her to a place of safety, and having left her in charge of some women, and despatched a trusty messenger to her with her child, who had been left to his guardianship by his guilty associate, hastened to communicate Montbelliard's treachery and intended attack upon Tortuga to the neighbouring Buccaneers. By good fortune, two ships had unexpectedly returned from a successful cruise on the Spanish main, whose commanders instantly agreed to make every exertion to save one of their strongholds from the Spaniards; and before morning, Lacroy found himself upon the deep, with the Spanish lady and her child and a considerable force.

#### CHAPTER XV.

"His breast with wounds unnumbered riven,  
His back to earth, his face to heaven,  
Fallen Hassan lies—his unclosed eye  
Yet lowering on his enemy.  
As if the hour that sealed his fate  
Surviving left his quenchless hate."

BYRON.

"What was left to me  
So highly born?—No kingdom but revenge;  
No treasure but thy tortures and thy groans."

YOUNG'S REVENGE.

ALL was confusion and wild uproar in Tortuga—the midnight air rang with the clash of steel, and the roar of musketry, mingled with the shouts of the victors, and the groans and execrations of the wounded and dying. Amidst the clouds of smoke, the martial form of the Exterminator might still be faintly discerned, struggling with all the energy of courage and despair, against the overwhelming