LAFITTE:

THE PIRATE OF THE GULF.

BY THE AUTHOR

OF

"THE SOUTH WEST."

"A chief on land—an outlaw on the deep."
"He left a Corsair's name to other times,
Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

BYRON.

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LAFITTE:

THE PIRATE OF THE GULF.

BOOK II.

CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XIII.

"As no privation is so great as the loss of personal liberty, so no enjoyment is so great as its restoration."

PRESIDENT EDWARDS.

COUNT D'OYLEY AND CONSTANZA—AN ALARM—UPON THE SEA—HOPE BRIGHTENS.

SHORTLY after Juana entered the cavern, two figures, one slight and boyish, the other taller and stouter, came forth from the cave, passed with a hasty and suspicious tread by the drunken guard, whose pistols they secured, and crossed carefully the plank bridge over which the taller, who was in female apparel, carefully assisted the lighter, who wore a cap and pea-jacket.

On gaining the shrouds, the apparent female passed her arm around the waist of the boy, and supported his unsteady and unpractised footsteps down the descent to the deck.

"Now dearest Constanza, all your energy and presence of mind is necessary. There stands the

watch with his head leaning upon the quarter rail, holding to a stay. He is not wholly intoxicated, but we must pass him as Juana and Théodore; now move lightly and firmly."

"Va usted a los infiérnos!" muttered one of the sleepers, as the count's foot pressed heavily upon his hand.

Constanza had the presence of mind not to scream, when the disturbed sleeper turned over upon his hard bed, and grumblingly fell asleep again.

"Who are you, there? Carramba! Is it you Juana? Por amor de dios! but that agua de vita of yours Ju-Juana my beauty, has made the schoo-schooner, and the bay, and the land, go rou-round in a merry reel," he said, slowly and thickly articulating—"Fa la rá la ra lá, la! But who is that Juana?" he said, suddenly stopping in the midst of a drunken pirouette. "Oh, I see! Señor Théodore. Your humble servant; I kiss my hand to you. It is your next watch Señor Théodore, your watch! Do you take Señor Théodore? I b-believe I am drunk or getting so—but it's all owing to—to that beauty there—she fascinated me master Théodore, she fascinated me. There sweet Juana, hold up your pretty face, let me banquet on it. So, gi-give me a small sip more, one si-sip at that fl-flask; what kills may cure, yo-you know, Señor Théodore!"

The disguised count handed him the bottle, and while he was diligently engaged in quaffing its contents, he handed Constanza over the side of the schooner into the boat, and immediately followed himself.

"Ho! wh-where are you go-going, Juana?—oh! I, I see, to get the clothe-clothes. Well, I'll take them up—take them up,"—and as he made an attempt to reach over the quarter-railing, he lost his equilibrium, and staggering backward, fell across the companion-way, where he lay nearly insensible.

"Now, Constanza, dearest," said the count, "sit perfectly still. Are you alarmed? have you all firmness?"

"Perfect—perfect, Alphonse," she whispered, "I can assist, if you require it."

"No no, dearest, brave girl! I shall need only your mental energies."

Cutting with a cutlass which he had taken from the deck, the painter, or rope which secured the boat to the schooner, he cautiously, and without noise, shoved off from her. Then seizing an oar, five or six of which besides a mast with a single sail lay along the thwarts, he wrapped a portion of the carpet which he severed for the purpose, around it, and placing it in the rowlock or cavity fitted for its reception in the stern, gently as though he plied a glass oar, he turned the head of the boat, and impelled her, by sculling, across the basin to the entrance of the rock-bound passage which communicated with the open sea.

Constanza, with a fluttering pulse but courageous heart, sat silently by him. Not a word was spoken, and not a sound was heard around them. Even the motion of the blade of his oar as it divided the water, was noiseless, and the ripple under the stem scarcely reached her ear.

They had now entered the passage, and with more boldness and assurance the count urged forward his little bark. Their bosoms began to swell with hope, as the schooner, the mouth of the cave, and the tall cliff gradually faded in the distance; when suddenly, the loud voice of one giving the alarm as they thought, fell upon their ears with fearful distinctness, curdling the current of life in the bosom of the maiden, while a cold thrill passed over the heart of her lover.

"We are missed," said the count incited to greater exertion, "but the chances are on our side."

With a seaman's skill he worked the single oar, and urged the boat through the water with increasing rapidity.

But a single voice had yet been heard by them, and listening, they recognized the air of a song, which some one—Diego, as they judged from the sound of the voice, was singing in a wild air—

"The winds are fair—far on the main,
The waves are dashing free,
Heave, comrades, heave the anchor in,
The order is—"To sea!"
Square broad the yards, trim down the sail,
We'll bowl along before the gale!
Heave O! heave O! ye ho!

What life, so stirring, free as ours?
Where'er we list, we roam:
The broad, blue sea—this gallant bark
Our heritage—our home.
The white surge dashes from our bow,
As fleet and far the waves we plough.
Heave O! heave O! ye ho!

Our bold and daring deeds resound
In many a distant clime;
Minstrels and gray-beard sires shall tell
Our fame in after time—
When those who cavil at our sway,
Forgotten, shall have passed away.
Heave O! heave O! ye ho!

Though landsmen frown upon our deeds,
And deem us "men of fear,"
Bright-eyed signoras bend with smiles
Our bold exploits to hear.
Our life is in their smiles—the brave
They love, but scorn the coward, slave!
Heave O! heave O! ye ho!

We lack not gold—a princess' dower
Each brave heart may command;
We lack not wine—we've vintage rare
From many a sunny land.
No wants have we—no cares we know!
We're proud to call the world our foe!
Heave O! heave O! ye ho!

Here's lady's love—bright gold and wine,
Freedom from all control;
Here's dastard's hate—here's all that loves
The free and fearless soul.
Then bring the ruby wine—fill high,
Drain to the chief your goblets dry.
Heave O! heave O! ye ho!"

"It is but that drunken watch," he said, as he listened to the last notes of the song dying away in the distance, "he has recovered from his momentary stupor, and is now giving vent to his excitement in a bacchanalian song. Would to heaven he had been as much of the animal as the guard. Be not alarmed dear Constanza," he continued, stooping to kiss her brow, "do not fear; there is no real danger;" and he still swayed vigorously to the oar.

"But may not Lafitte, who is so rigid in his exactions of duty, if he is awakened by this man, come to learn the cause and discover us? Heaven forbid! Holy Maria bless us, and aid us with thy presence!" and she sought her crucifix to press it to her lips, as she lifted her heart in devotion.

"Oh! Alphonse—I have lost my crucifix, my mother's dying gift;" she exclaimed, alarmed, "my long cherished medium of communication with heaven! Oh! have you it?"

"No, dearest, you have probably dropped it."

"My sainted mother! it is an augury of evil. Holy virgin protect me!" and tears filled the eyes of the lovely petitioner, as with locked hands she gazed upwards.

"Calm your feelings, sweetest," he said cheeringly, "we shall soon be free. See! they pursue us not. Listen! the voice of the singer is scarcely heard; and look about you! we are just at the mouth of the passage with the open sea before us, and Port au Prince but a few leagues to leeward. Courage my brave Constanza," he added encouragingly. "Now we are out of the pass—I feel

the sea breeze already upon my cheek. See how it is playing with your hair. No, do not fear; do you see that bright burning star, deep set in the heavens, directly above us? That star, my love, I have always regarded as the star of my destiny—whenever that is in the ascendant I am successful. Be happy, for with that eye of light open above us, we have nothing to fear.

"Feel the wind! how refreshing it comes from the sea! Now Constanza we will hoist our sail; and the gull shall not skim the water with a swifter wing than our little bark."

He raised the mast, and hoisted the little latteen sail, which swelling and distending as it caught the breeze, instantly depressed the boat down to one side, and impelled her rapidly over the water. Under the influence of this new agent, it sprung lightly forward, skipping from wave to wave and dashing their broken crests from her bows.

The count who had taken his seat by the side of Constanza now that the boat was urged forward by the wind was congratulating her upon their escape.

She silently pressed his hand, and kept her eyes fixed steadily on the shore.

"Did you see that light?" she said, suddenly clinging to his arm.

The count, who was intent upon his duty of governing the boat, whose head he turned towards the entrance of St. Marc's channel in the direction of Port au Prince, where he expected to find his frigate, turned and saw the edge of the moon just appearing above the distant cliff and broken into apparent flame by the woods over which it was rising.

"No no, sweetest, it is the moon; a second augury for good. It smiles upon our departure. See now, as she ascends the skies, how she flings her silvery scarf out upon the waters."

"No no, not that, it was a flash. Hark! did you

hear that?" she exclaimed, as the heavy report of a gun came booming over the sea.

"It is indeed a gun, and fired from the schooner; but be not alarmed, they can hardly reach us."

"Hark! what whizzing, rushing sound is that over our heads?"

"A bird, merely," said the count quietly; and then added to himself, "That shot was well aimed. Courage my dearest, this beautiful boat was built for sailing. If this wind holds, we shall make Cape St. Marc by sunrise, and then if we are pursued, which I doubt, we can run into the town—but if not, we will continue on to Port au Prince, which is but fifteen leagues farther. Ah! there is another flash."

A few seconds after he spoke, the report of a second gun came sharply from the shore.

"Courage, Constanza! they cannot reach us now. That too was shotted," he added. "If they have discovered our escape, Constanza, dearest, they are firing at some object which they think is our boat. It will require time to take them off and put them on the right track. Blow bravely winds! Are you confident, dearest?" he asked, pressing her to his heart; "there is now no longer cause for fear."

"Yes, now I begin to hope we may yet escape. Heaven, I thank thee!" and she looked devoutly upward, the mellow moonlight falling upon her fair forehead, and adding a richer gloss to her dark hair. In that attitude something fell from her bosom, and rung as it struck the bottom of the boat.

"There is your crucifix, sweet Constanza," he said, bending to pick it up—"What! no, a dagger! What means this?"

"My last hope on earth, if yon outlaw had retaken us," she answered, with firmness and emotion.

"God forbid! Constanza;—noble spirited woman!" he exclaimed, embracing her.

Morning found the lovers in sight of the town of St. Marc. At the first moment of dawn the count eagerly searched the horizon for an indication of being pursued, and just as the sun lifted his disc above the inland mountains, his beams fell upon a white spot many leagues to the northward, and on the verge of the sky and sea.

Pointing out to her the pleasant town of St. Marc at the head of the bay of the same name, he suggested to Constanza the expediency of continuing their course to the port of their original destination; as the sail which he saw in the distance, even if in pursuit, was too far off to overtake them. To this she acquiesced with buoyant spirits.

Before a steady wind, they now held on their way along the romantic and cultivated shores of the channel—their bosoms elated with the hope of soon terminating their varied and trying adventures.

CHAPTER XIV.

LESIO.—"Hast heard the news, Vesca?"
VESCA.—"What news?"
L.—The Pole 's escaped, and carried with him my master's daughter."
V.—"The Saints! you jest, Lesio!"
L.—"'Tis true as the cross. My master has ta'en horse and half a score of followers and spurred in pursuit."
V.—"Heaven grant he catch them not."
L.—"Amen!"

AN ALARM—DISCOVERY—RESULT—PURSUIT.

WE will now return to Lafitte, whom we left lying in troubled sleep on one of the rude benches in the cave upon which he had thrown himself, after having, with a severe struggle between his passions and desire to act honourably towards his fair captive, decided upon giving her and her lover their freedom, and convey them to Port au Prince in the morning. His sleep though deep, was still tortured with dreams.

A fourth time he dreamed. He was upon the deck of his vessel, contending hand to hand with an officer. At length he disarmed him, and passed his cutlass through his breast, from which the blood flowed as he drew out the steel. He uttered a cry of horror! It was the bosom of Constanza! A loud voice rung in his ears, which sounded like a chorus of triumph at the fatal deed. He sprung to his feet,

and the cry "To arms—to arms!" rung loudly in his ears.

"To arms, señor," shouted his lieutenant—"a boat is in the passage—we may be surprised!"

"The outlaw, shouting to the men who slept about him to arm and follow, hastened to the terrace, where two or three of the buccaneers had collected.

"Awake the crew in the schooner," he shouted. "Where is the guard? Ho! there! Ho! the guard! where is he?" he sternly demanded.

His commands, issued in the cavern, had been followed by a hasty and simultaneous rising of the sleeping crew, who had not heard the alarm given by Théodore, who, leaving a recess within the cavern where he slept, had gone forth to stand his watch, when the boat of the fugitives in the passage caught his quick eye, and he instantly flew to communicate his discovery to Lafitte.

There was now a bustle of preparation on board the schooner, when Lafitte gave orders to the crew to ascend to the platform and defend it. Having lost so many men in the severe fight of the previous night, he did not wish to expose the lives of his men needlessly.

"Up! who is that lagger there?" he demanded, as the form of the guard lying on the quarter-deck caught his eye.

"It is Diego, señor—he is dead, or dead drunk," replied one of the men.

"Drunk? Throw him down the hatches, and leave him to the knives of the enemy, if there be any."

"Théodore, how do you make that boat? you said you saw her in the passage;" he inquired, turning quickly to the youth: "I can see nothing."

"Look sir! there! just beyond the farthest rock

—see! she has a sail, which I did not before discover—she must have set it since."

"That boat is not approaching," replied Lafitte, after looking for a moment in the direction indicated by Théodore, "she is outside, and standing to the south. What can it mean?"

"Whoever it is, señor, they seem to have been ashore on mischief!" said one of the crew. "Here is Gil also drunk or dead."

The pirate turned as he spoke, and saw the body of the guard, insensible where he had fallen.

"Ho! a light here. He is warm," he said, placing his hand upon him. "Faugh! he breathes like a distillery. Up, brute, up!" he cried fiercely; but the drunkard remained immoveable. With an execration, the chief raised him from the ground with an iron grasp upon his throat, and hurled him over the precipice into the sea.

"Say you the watch is drunk too?" he inquired, as the waters closed over the body of his victim.

"Yes sir, as dead as the guard;" replied the man whom he addressed.

"By the holy cross! I would like to know what this means!" he shouted.

"Diable! Now I think, señor," said one of the men; "somebody stepped on my hand while I was asleep, and I afterward dreamed of hearing a boat leave the schooner."

"Fool! dolt! dreaming idiot! there may have been good cause for your dream—you deserve to be swung from the yard arm," he said, striking the man with the hilt of his cutlass. "But why do I dally—light that match—depress that piece Théodore, if you see the boat."

"Yes, señor!" replied the youth in a voice which had lost its former animation. He now began to suspect whom the boat contained, having, as the man spoke of his dreams, cast his eyes over the

terrace and discovered that the schooner's boat was gone. Obeying the command of his chief, he levelled the gun high over the true mark which was now visible as the white sail of the boat gleamed in the rising moon—while his bosom beat with apprehension lest his good intention should be unsuccessful.

The chief seized the match and fired the piece, the report of which reverberated among the cliffs, and died away like distant thunder along the caverned shores of the bay.

"A useless shot—they still move on," he exclaimed. "See! the white sail glances in the moonlight. Do better than that." The gun was eagerly depressed and fired by Lafitte himself, with no better result, and in a few moments the object of their attention and alarm, was entirely invisible in the haze and darkness of the sea.

"I would give my right hand to know what this means!" said the pirate musingly.

"The schooner's boat is gone sir!" said one of the men hastily.

"Gone!" he exclaimed, springing to the verge of the terrace—"Gone indeed! hell and devils! it is so!" he shouted, as apparently a new thought flashed across his mind. "That light here!" and seizing a lamp from one of his men, he rushed through the long passage into the inner cavern with rapidity, and entered the chamber recently occupied by his prisoners.

It was silent and deserted. He looked into every recess—sprung through the breach into the opposite room, and called upon their names, yet the echoes of his own voice and footsteps only replied. Again he traversed the apartments, scaled the walls and searched every niche and corner of the room, before he was thoroughly convinced of the flight of his captives. Then he dashed the lamp upon the

pavement, and muttered between his clenched teeth deep execrations.

For several minutes he paced the cavern like a madman; gradually he became calmer and spoke:

"They have escaped me then! she whom I worshipped has doubted my faith—no! no!" he added quickly, "she has not; it was he—*he!* I will pay him back this deed. Curse, curse the fates that are ever crossing me! Here I have been humbling my passion to his—schooling my mind to virtuous resolves, for the happiness of this woman who despises me. For the bliss of this titled fool who doubts my word, I have let slip the fairest prize that ever fell into the possession of man. But the charm is broken—now will I win her! There are now no terms between him and me. I will pursue him to the death, and her I will win and wear. She shall yet become the bride of the detested outlaw."

"Ho!" he shouted, without having formed any decisive plan to pursue with regard to the fugitives —"Cast off and make sail on the schooner—spring! we must overhaul that boat. Lively! men, lively!" he added, as hastily issuing from the cavern, he energetically repeated his orders for immediately getting under weigh.

The morning sun shone upon the sails of the pirate's schooner, many leagues from the point of her departure, crowding all sail and standing towards the south and east as the most probable course taken by those of whom Lafitte was in pursuit.

The outlaw was upon the deck which he had not quitted since the schooner left the basin, his eager eye scanning the faint lines of the horizon.

"Do you see nothing yet, Théodore?" he inquired of his young protegé, whom he had sent aloft —"See you nothing?"

"No, señor, the sun is just lifting the haze from the water—you can see better from the deck."

"Sail ahead!" shouted a man on the forecastle.

"I see it," cried Théodore, "as the haze rises—it is ahead, just off St. Marc's town. If it is the boat we seek it is useless to pursue it, as it has at least two leagues the start of us, and unless we take her out from under the guns of the town we must give her up."

"If it were from under the guns of the Moro, I would take her out," exclaimed the buccaneer chief. "Set the fore top mast studding sail—we will yet reach them before they get under the land," he added, bringing his spy-glass to his eye.

"It is the boat!" he exclaimed joyfully after a moment's scrutiny; "I would know my little gig as far as I could see her. It is the fugitives! they have hauled their wind and are passing the port no doubt for Port au Prince."

"Now favour me, hell or heaven, and I will yet have my revenge!" he added through his shut teeth; and under additional sail the pirate dashed on after the boat of the fugitives.

Théodore descended to the deck after the discovery of the boat, with a thoughtful brow and a gravity unusual to his years and to the individual, who was naturally gay and light hearted, while a vein of delicacy, high moral sentiments, and an honourable feeling in spite of his education formed the basis of his character. Perhaps, however—although gratitude in every shape should be a virtue; perhaps, it was shaded by a grateful attachment to his benefactor which influenced him to do that against which his heart and judgment revolted. Sometimes he had modified his obedience to the instructions of his friend and chief, and occasionally he had dissuaded

him from insisting upon the act, or when this was impossible to appoint some other agent. Whenever he thought his own presence would diminish the amount of human suffering, he would often with the hope of doing good when evil was intended, overcome his own repugnance, and himself voluntarily become the agent of the outlaw.

Knowing the character of his protegé, and desiring when he parted from Constanza to render her situation as comfortable as circumstances would admit of, Lafitte had appointed his young friend to the pleasing and congenial duty of protecting her to Kingston. How he executed this task is well known.

In the fair Castillian he had taken a deep and lively interest; and her helpless situation, her extreme beauty and gentleness had captivated him and made him, if not her lover, her enthusiastic devotee. Her image was ever present in the waking hours of the romantic youth, and he could never picture a paradise without filling it with angels whose bright faces were only some beautiful modification of that of the Spanish maiden.

When the shipwreck of the brig again threw her into the power of Lafitte, knowing his impulsive character, Théodore trembled for her happiness. In the silence of his own bosom he had sworn that he would protect her from insult, even to the shedding of the blood of his benefactor. When he discovered the absence of the boat and her escape, his heart leaped with joy, and the darkness of the night alone kept him from betraying his emotion upon his tell-tale features.

Appearing to second Lafitte's anxiety to overtake them, he did all in his power to retard the preparations for commencing the pursuit. During the dark hours of the morning as he leaned over the quarter-

rail watching with a trembling heart the indistinct horizon, fearing to look lest he should discover the boat, yet by a kind of fascination constantly keeping his eyes wandering over the water, his thoughts were busy in devising means to prevent the recapture of the lovers.

CHAPTER XV.

"No man, however abandoned, has utterly lost that heavenly spark by which he participates in the Divine Nature.

"If charity rather than censure, governed our intercourse with the depraved, we might kindle this spark into a fire that should purify the whole man, instead of mercilessly quenching the smoking flax and breaking the bruised reed."

NEWTON.

LAFITTE AND THEODORE—PERSUASION—A VICTORY—CHANGE OF PURPOSE.

WHEN morning showed clearly the object of their pursuit, the cry of the sailor, which made the blood of Lafitte leap, sent the life-current of the youth's veins back to his heart chilled and dead.

"What means that sad countenance, my young child of the sea?" inquired Lafitte, playfully, as, in pacing with an elastic step, fore and aft the quarter-deck, he stopped and tapped lightly the shoulder of the boy who was leaning thoughtfully against the rigging, gazing upon the glimmering sail of the boat diminished in the distance to a mere sparkle upon the water.

"Want of sleep has paled you, Théodore. Go below and turn in, and when the watch is next called you shall once more become fair lady's page. Ha! your blood mounts quickly to your cheek! Nay, never be ashamed to be esquire of dames. It is the best school of gallantry for a spirited youth! Silent, sir page? and pale again!—but I crave your pardon, my boy, I meant not to jest with you," he ad-

ded as the youth's emotion although from a different cause than he imagined, visibly increased.

"You do not jest with me, señor, my more than parent; but there is something weighs heavily upon my spirits. I cannot throw it off!" he replied in a serious and impressive tone of voice.

"What is it, Théodore? tell me freely. It must indeed be heavy to chill you thus; you are not wont to give room to sadness without cause—a deep cause must there be for this. Tell me freely what so saddens your spirit, you have never yet asked favour of me in vain. Surrounded as I am by men who fear, but love me not, there is happiness in feeling that there is one whose attachment for me is sincere.

"You have been a greater source of happiness to me since first I took you from amidst the ocean than words can express. Till then my heart was like a wild vine running riot upon the dank earth; but you, my child, have caught up at least one tendril, and so trained, nourished and twined it about your heart, unpromising as it may have seemed, it bears some fruit of human affection.

"It tells too what the whole vine might have become," he continued sadly, "had it not been trampled upon and laid waste by him who should have cherished it, instead of being sought out and nurtured by the hand of affection. To all but you I am cast out as a loathsome and poisonous weed; and if I did not know that one human breast knew me better, I should be, if you can believe it, a much worse man than I am. It is this little tendril your love has nurtured which binds me to my species —which makes me not forget that I am a man!"

"There is one other breast that does you equal justice, señor?", said the boy inquiringly and with embarrassment, as the outlaw turned away and walked the deck in silence.

"One other! what—whose?" none but the all-seeing Virgin, who knows me by my heart, and not by my actions, as men know me. It is the will, not the deed, boy, which makes the guilt."

"Father Arnaud whom you sent for to Havana to confess the men, says differently," remarked Théodore.

"No matter what he said," replied the chief hastily. "The father was bigoted, and loved his wine too well for his doctrine, to be seasoned with the right spirit. It is the will—"

"Ha! we gain on the boat rapidly," he said interrupting himself, and looking out forward, and then continued:

"It is the will, that stamps the guilt or innocence of an action. If I, waking suddenly from a dream discharge a pistol at the phantom which scared me, and pierce your heart, I am absolved by heaven of murder. I had not the will to slay you;—there is no guilt involved in the act. But if I resolve to kill you and place the dagger in my slave's hand, and he strikes home the blow which releases your soul, then I am guilty, though my hand struck not the blow. No, no!" he added with energy, "I am not so guilty before heaven as I seem. God is merciful. I would rather He and all heaven should read my heart than man—man! guiltiest of all, yet the most unforgiving of guilt;" and his lip writhed with a scornful smile as he spoke.

"But, señor," inquired his companion, his mind diverted from his anxiety for the fugitives by the language of his friend—"you have been engaged in scenes of strife and carnage; was not the blow the agent of the will at such times?"

"Not always—no!" he replied, after a moment's reflection, apparently appealing to memory—"with but two exceptions have I voluntarily and delibe-

rately spilled human life ; for these I am accountable. May God in his mercy, assoilzie me for them! But am I accountable, strictly, for impulses which are beyond my control—which are not truly my own acts ? Seldom have I done deeds of violence, where I did not regret the fatality which impelled me to do them—revolting at the act, of which at the same time I felt the necessity."

"Then you resolve all actions into one single cause—irresistible fate—dividing them into three kinds—accidental, impulsive, deliberative. But shall we not change the subject sir?" he added abruptly, as he thought of the fugitives.

"There is one, who regards you with the same feelings I do ; she—"

"She ? Whom mean you ? No, you do not mean her !"

"I mean the Castillian."

"Say you so, Théodore ?" he said, grasping his arm. "You have been much with her. Do you know her heart ?" and he looked steadily and eagerly into his face.

"It is not of her heart I speak, señor, but of her expressed opinions." The pirate's brow changed, but he listened in silence. "I have heard your name frequently upon her lips, and never as the world uses it. She spoke of you with interest.—"

"Ha !"

"The interest she would feel for a brother ;" he continued, without noticing the interruption. "She asked me of your character, the tone of your mind, and indeed all I knew of you."

"And how did you speak of me to her ?" he inquired eagerly.

"As I can only speak of my benefactor," he said taking and warmly pressing his hand : "As I, and no one else know you."

"Thank you, thank you, Théodore;" he said, moved at the generous sincerity of the boy. "And what said she further?"

"She alluded to her capture—to her interview with you; and she spoke of and enlarged upon your generous nature; she said she could never cease to remember you with kindness, and that next to the stranger count, you shared a place in her heart."

"Said she so much?" he exclaimed, his eye lighting with hope. "Prosper me Heaven! and she may yet, voluntarily be mine!"

"But the Count D'Oyley, sir!" said Théodore with emphasis.

Abruptly changing his tone and manner, which were softened by his conversation with his young friend he exclaimed almost fiercely—

"And what of him? Has he not outraged me? has he not stolen off, when my plighted word that he should have safe conduct to Port au Prince was yet warm upon his ear? what shall bind me to terms of courtesy to him? We gain upon them bravely;" he added eagerly, as he turned in his walk, and looked steadily ahead. "I almost fancy I can see the mantilla of the maiden floating in the breeze."

"And what is your purpose with the lady sir, if we recapture her?" inquired the youth with firmness and respect.

Lafitte started at this abrupt question, and his face flushed and paled again before he spoke.

"Purpose? purpose? purpose sure enough!" he slowly articulated.

"Señor, you would not do the sweet lady harm?"

"Harm! what mean you sir?" he said, turning fiercely upon the boy and grasping his cutlass hilt.

"Forgive me señor! but rather than so gentle a creature should come to harm, I would be willing"

he continued, mildly and firmly, "to pour out my heart's best blood."

"Do you dare me to my face, Théodore? do you presume upon my affection, to use such language? Know you that where deep love has been planted, hate takes deeper root. Boy—boy, below!" and his anger rising with his words, he struck the youth violently upon the breast. He reeled against the main-mast, but recovering himself, with a face in which resentment and wounded feelings struggled forcibly, he silently descended to the cabin.

His captain paced the deck alone for awhile, with agitation in his step and manner, and then hastily followed him.

"Théodore, my son, my brother, forgive me that blow! It was an angry one, and I would atone for it. Oh! if you knew how I have been punished for a blow like that given in a moment of passion in early life, you would forgive and pity me."

The youth rose from the table, where he sat with his head leaning upon his hand, and threw himself into the arms of his benefactor.

"Forgive you! It is all forgiven. Ungrateful should I be to let this cancel all I owe you, my more than parent. I spoke warmly for the lady, for I feel much for her—so gentle! so lovely! and then her whole soul wrapped up in her lover. Oh! if you could see how their hearts are bound up in one another—how pure and deep their love—how fondly she doats on him; you would—I am sure you would, like me, be willing to sacrifice even your life to make them happy. For my sake," he continued warmly, "if you regard me—for her sake, if you love her, pursue them no farther. Seek not to capture them. Oh! let them go free, let them be happy and their prayers will be for you; your

name will be graven upon their hearts for ever, in letters of gratitude. What is your purpose, if you take them? It is true, they are almost in your power; but let them go in peace. Stain not your heart and hand with innocent blood, and far deeper moral guilt. Let there be no more marks of crime upon your brow; for oh! my benefactor, you cannot possess her even as your wife without dark and dreadful crime!" Observing that Lafitte remained silent and moved by his appeal, the noble and youthful advocate for innocence and love continued;

"You love her deeply,—intensely. I know it is an honourable love you cherish. Let her still be free, and such it will be always, and your soul sinless of the crime I fear you meditate. But take her once more captive, and you debase her to the earth either as a bride or mistress. Your love will turn to disgust; and hatred instead of gratitude which now reigns there, will fill her breast for the slayer of her lover, the violator, even with the sanction of the Holy Church, of her honor, and plighted troth.—Nay sir! please listen to me—it is for your honor, from love to you, my best benefactor, I speak so freely. Do you not remember, just before Constanza left your vessel, I remarked how cheerfully you smiled, and what a calmness dwelt upon your brow, and how consciousness of doing right and governing your own impulses, elevated and ennobled the expression of your features?"

"I do, Théodore."

"And were you not then happy—happier than you had been before—happier than you have been to-day?"

"I was—I was!"

"Was it not the victory over yourself, and the resolutions which on bended knee you made to the lady, that henceforward your course should be one that she would feel proud to mark—Oh! was it not

the calm confidence of rectitude, when you let the maiden go free, and the resolution to win an honourable name which thus restored peace to your bosom and composure to your brow, and ennobled you in your own mind with sentiments of self-respect ?"

"It was—it was, my Théodore."

"And were you not very happy; and did you not feel better satisfied with yourself than ever in your life before, when your eye dwelt upon the faint speck indicating the fast disappearing vessel which contained the being who had called up these holy and honourable feelings ?"

"Théodore, I did my boy !"

"Oh ! then why will you throw away this cup of happiness, when it is once more offered to your lips ? why will not my excellent benefactor create for himself again, this happiness ?" he said, taking the passive hand of his friend and chief, and looking up with an entreating smile in his face.

"I will Théodore, I will ! you have conquered !" exclaimed Lafitte, touched by the passionate and affectionate appeal of his ardent young friend ; and yielding to his better feelings, he said, after a few moments' affecting silence. "Théodore, you have conquered—go to the deck and give what orders you will."

"Yet, for Constanza I will live ; for her sake," he said mentally as the happy boy disappeared up the companion-way—"I will become an honourable man. Oh ! that some good angel would help me to do what I wish to do, but have not the power ! Bright spirit of my departed mother !" he said looking upward calmly and thoughtfully, "if there is a communication between saints and men, give me thy assistance ; temper my passions, allure me to virtue, make me to abhor my present mode of existence and refrain evermore from dying my hand

in guilt. To thee, I offer my broken and subdued spirit; I am in thy hand, take me and mould me as thou wilt!"

"Sail ho!" shouted the lookout from the foretop-mast head. The cry was again repeated by the officer of the deck at the entrance of the companion-way, before the pirate moved from his statue-like attitude.

"Where away, Théodore?" he quietly asked, as he slowly ascended to the deck.

"Off the starboard quarter, sir. I have put the schooner about?" he said inquiringly to his captain, looking with sympathy into his pale face.

"It is well, Théodore!"

"The stranger, sir, is in a line with the boat. If he should be one of our cruisers—"

"True boy, true; we must watch over their safety. Alter her course again, we must see that they come not to harm."

In a few minutes the schooner was once more under sail, standing for the boat which was now about five miles ahead.

"What do you make her?" he hailed to the man aloft.

"I can't see her very distinctly now sir, she is almost in the sun's wake. There! now I make her out sir—a large vessel, and very square-rigged. I think she must be a man of war. I can't make her hull yet, she's down, to her fore-yard, under the horizon."

"We must look out, and not run into the lion's den;" said Lafitte; "there is a stir I see among the craft in the bay of St. Marc, as though they suspected the wolf was abroad," he continued with a saddened smile. "Stir up the crew, Ricardo."

"Aye, aye, sir. Forward there all! Be ready to tack ship," shouted Ricardo. "To your posts men." A momentary bustle ensued, and dispersed

in different parts of the vessel, the crew remained silently awaiting the next command of their officer.

The stranger gradually rose above the horizon, and showed the majestic proportions of a large frigate, standing close-hauled on the wind out of St. Marc's channel. The boat containing the lovers, was now within a mile of the ship of war.

"That is the French frigate señor, that passed us the night we came out of the devil's punch bowl," said Ricardo. "See, she has the French ensign flying at her peak."

"Ha! it must then be the Count D'Oyley's frigate," said Lafitte. "So we shall in our turn, have to play the fugitive."

"No, señor," said Théodore, "he will not pursue us; but were it not as well to put about. See, the boat steers for her."

After watching with his glass for a long time, and with much interest, Lafitte saw her run along side of the stranger, who lay too and took the lovers on board.

He then laid down the spy-glass, and giving in a calm and measured tone, his orders to put about and stand for Barritaria, with a melancholy expression upon his fine features, he descended into his state-room, leaving the command of the vessel for the remainder of the day, to his lieutenant.

BOOK III.

BARRITARIA.

"Came you here to insult us, or remain
As spy upon us, or as hostage for us?"

THE TWO FOSCARI.

"And now he stood upon the dazzling height
For which he long had laboured."

THE CONQUEROR.

"————————wealth, such as
The state accords her worthiest servants; nay,
Nobility itself I guaranty thee."

MARINO FALIERO.

BOOK III.

CHAPTER I.

"It was a rational conjecture that, on account of the difficulty of ascending the Mississippi river, the British would seek a passage through the pass of Barritaria. It was also feared they would form an alliance with the Barritarian chief, to promote their object, as he was perfectly acquainted with every inlet and entrance to the gulf, through which a passage could be effected."

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

BARRITARIA—THE CHIEF AND HIS ADHERENTS—A STRANGE SAIL—A CHASE.

THE third part, or natural division, of our tale, opens in that portion of Louisiana, described in the historical sketch of the Barritarians commencing the second book, to which we refer the reader, and six days later than the period with which we closed that book.

On the seventh morning after the scenes and events just related, nearly the whole of the fleet, consisting of thirteen vessels, over which Lafitte held command, composed principally of brigantines, polaccas, small schooners of that peculiar class known then, and now, as the "Baltimore Clipper," two or three gun boats and feluccas, besides many small boats with and without masts, were anchored in the little harbour behind the island, and under cover of the guns of the strong hold of the smugglers, crown-

ing the western extremity of the island of Grand Terre.

Between these vessels and the smooth beach, boats were constantly passing and repassing, whilst the wild air of some popular French or Spanish song —the loud laugh of reckless merriment, or bandied jokes, mingled with strange and fierce oaths, floated over the water to the shore with wonderful distinctness in the clear morning air.

On the southern or opposite side of the island, upon a gentle eminence commanding a prospect of the sea to the south—while over the intercepting trees was an uninterrupted and distant view of the masts of the anchored fleet—in various natural attitudes, was congregated a group apparently deeply engaged in watching the movements of two vessels standing towards the island.

The shape and number of sails of the approaching objects which engrossed the attention of the observers, indicated vessels of small and equal burden; apparently sailing side by side, and making, with all their canvass spread, for the western pass.

As they lessened their distance from the island, and their low hulls rose above the sphericity of the sea, the interest of the spectators became more intense. Suddenly a little triangular flag was run up to the peak of one of the vessels nearest the entrance to the lake, and at the same instant a light cloud of blue smoke shot suddenly from the side of the more distant vessel, and curled upwards, wreathing over her tall masts. This was followed by the sharp report, deadened by the distance, of a shotted gun.

The knoll upon which this party were assembled, consisted of a grassy swell, dotted here and there by a magnificent live oak, and terminating abruptly several feet above the sea in a perpendicular precipice of earth, formed by the encroachment of the

waves, combined with the heavy rains characteristic of that climate, acting upon the loose and impalpable soil of those alluvial regions. Under a large and venerable tree, which, growing near the precipice, hung partly over it, casting a deep shadow not only upon the summit of the cliff, but upon the beach beneath, lay buried in deep sleep, like one who had kept long vigils the preceding night, the athletic form of the chief of the buccaneers, whose dress and appearance we will employ the time occupied by the vessels in gaining the island, to describe.

With a cheek browned by southern suns, his manly features gave no indication of that age which a silvery hair sprinkled here and there among his raven locks, betrayed. An ample, dark, gray roquelaure faced with black silken velvet, lay outspread by the foot of the tree, serving him both for a couch and protection from the dampness of the morning, which the up-risen sun was rapidly dissipating before his warm and enlivening beams. One arm grasping a richly inlaid belt pistol in its conscious fingers was bent under his head, constituting the sleeper's only pillow, while the other was buried in his bosom. The blue collar of his seaman's shirt was turned back from his throat and neck, exposing them to the refreshing breeze of the sea, and displaying a depth and strength of chest, as uncommon in this day of physical degeneracy, as it was the birth-right of the men of a sterner age.

Encircling his waist, was a gorgeous belt of wampun—the gift of a Mexican Indian chief, as a token of his gratitude to him for preserving from violation his only child. In it glistened the handle of a dirk, and the curled heads of a brace of serviceable pistols. A black velvet jacket, a slouched sombrero, and a pair of full, long pantaloons ornamented with numerous bell-buttons, pendant from the eye by little

chains, ringing with a clear tinkling sound at every tread of the wearer, with low wrinkled boots, peculiar to that period, completed the dress, and with the addition of a sheathed sabre mounted with costly jewels, lying by his side and within reach of his disengaged hand, also the arms, of the handsome and athletic sleeper.

At his feet, and comfortably stretched upon the cloak of his master, apparently dozing, but with eyes of watchfulness and intelligence that took notice of every surrounding circumstance, lay a noble dog, of that dignified and sagacious species, originally derived from the island of Newfoundland. Scarcely, however, and with strong struggles of self denial, did the faithful animal, with philosophy worthy of a stoic, resist repeated temptations to quit his post from time to time, presented him in the shape of certain comestibles, by a third individual of the party.

"Dat dog Léon, love stretch de lazy bone on massa cloak, more dan eat. Here, you wooly nigger, Léon, come get dis nice turkey wing for you breakuss."

Léon occasionally raised his eyes, and looked wistfully upon the tempting morcel, then casting them upon his master, reprovingly and negatively shook his head.

Upon a rude hearth, not far from the sleeper, burned a bright wood fire, over which, suspended upon a crane resting upon two upright crotchets, hung a large iron pot, the black cover of which was constantly dancing above the boiling water, which, with certain culinary instruments and preparations around, gave sign of an intention to break, by a substantial meal, the fast of the night.

Into this vessel, Cudjoe, as he progressed in dissecting a wild turkey, tossed, as he sawed them from the body, the severed portions, with which

however, before consigning it to the boiling receptacle, he would provokingly tempt his fellow servant, the philosophical Léon, from his duty.

Cudjoe, this mischievous leader into temptation, whom we have before passingly introduced to the reader, was a young slave about four feet high, with a glossy black skin, ivory white teeth, two of which, flanking his capacious jaws, projected outwards, with the dignity of the embryo tusks of a young elephant. His lips were of ample dimensions, and of the brightest vermillion, the lower one hanging down, and resting familiarly upon his short, retreating chin. His nose, which surmounted, or rather stood in the rear of these formidable appendages to his mouth, was of vast dimensions, terminating in a magnificent expansion of the nostril, and threatening to encroach upon the province of his ears, which hung down in enormous lappels, as if welcoming the expected proximity.

His eyes were small, restless, and almost deficient in that generous display of white, characteristic of his race. One of these organs, he kept at all times hermetrically sealed, while the other enjoyed that obliquity of vision, which rendered it difficult for the beholder to decide certainly as to the particular point their owner was directing his visual orb.

His neck, short, thick, and bull-like, was set into broad shoulders, from which depended long arms hanging by his side like those of the ourang-outang. and, terminating in short stunted fingers, of which useful ornaments two and a half were wanting. His feet were broad and flat, of equal longitude either way from the base of his short legs, which were placed exactly in their centre; so that he seemed to enjoy the enviable facility of progressing in opposite directions without the trouble of turning his body.

His forehead, lined with innumerable fine wrinkles, was very high and round, down to the centre of which the reddish wool curled barrenly to a point, displaying a physiognomical feature, which was the mere mockery of that intellect it indicated. His voice or rather his voices, for nature charitably making up his deficiencies, had bestowed two upon him, in ordinary conversation was sharp and wirey, and pitched upon a shrill, discordant key; but when he sung, as he often did, the soft airs of his tribe for the amusement of his master, the melody of a syren seemed floating around the enraptured listener.

His natural disposition was gentle and affectionate; but when roused to revenge, he was more terrible than the uncaged hyena. Gratitude to his master, who captured him from a slaver, and subsequently saved him from an imminent and revolting death, had bound him to him with a faithfulness and attachment nothing could diminish, and death only terminate; while the shrewdness, activity and animal courage of the young and deformed African, rendered him a useful and necessary appendage to the person of his master.

The fourth and last figure in the group was a supernatural and decrepid old man, with a noble, yet attenuated profile, doubled with age and infirmity, with a sunken and watery eye, haggard features, a long, neglected, gray beard, and a few straggling silver hairs blowing about his aged temples. He was clothed in coarse and squallid garments, which he confined to his form with one hand, whilst the other sustained a bundle of dry fuel that he had just gathered on the skirts of the forest. From time to time, the old man would add a stick to the fire, and kneeling down blow feebly the expiring flames, while at intervals, he muttered indistinctly with that unconscious manner, characteristic of second childhood.

But the aged menial, was not only afflicted with imbecile dotage, but the rays of intellect were faint and flickering in his shattered brain. The light of mind was extinguished in mental night. The cistern was broken at the fountain. Who may read the dark page of that old man's life and trace out the causes which led to such effects?

Not far from the scene of the aged man's occupation, and within ear shot of the sleeper, four or five dark-looking men in the garb of buccaneers, reclined upon the sward, smoking and watching in silence the approaching vessels.

To the right of the knoll occupied by these groups, at the distance of half a mile, rose the strong hold of the buccaneers; while in the rear, and hidden from a prospect of the sea, interspersed among the trees and surrounding the fort, were several rude huts constructed for the habitations of those of the band, not immediately engaged in the duty of defending the battery. Upon the walls of the fortilace, and among the adjacent village of cots, figures dressed in various wild and fantastic, yet sailor-like garbs, were seen, either engaged under the trees cooking their morning meal, burnishing their arms, or hastening to and from the hold of their chief, as though busy with preparations for some important event.

By these individuals, the objects which had attracted the attention of Cudjoe, the old man, and the group of smokers had not yet been discovered.

"Who tink dem two vessel be, stannen for de pass on de win?" asked Cudjoe, pausing a moment in the midst of his dissecting operations, as his restless one eye, always on the alert, caught sight of the white sails of the two vessels, standing, with all drawing sails set for the island.

Old Lafon fixed his bleared eye-balls in the direction Cudjoe indicated by extending in his long arms

a dissected leg of the turkey upon which he was operating, and shook his palsied head.

"See now, dey sail togedder like two gull on de gulf; dey jis de same bigness."

"No, no! the old man cannot see; two, did you say? Then shall one destroy the other. Alas! for two! it is an evil number," and he talked incoherently, mumbling the words in his toothless jaws.

The two vessels now stood in close-hauled, with starboard tacks on board. The one to leeward however, seemed to gain rapidly upon that to windward, who hoisted her colours, a broad English ensign, while a parti-coloured signal fluttered from her main-peak.

"By St. Jone, but dat is one dam English cruiser!" exclaimed Cudjoe as the colours were spread to the breeze, "and sacre debble, if dat aint one o' our own craf he chasin."

One vessel was now evidently in pursuit of the other. The pursuer was a large-sized English armed brig, while the chase was a brigantine, light-armed, but a very fast sailer, and every moment increasing the distance between herself and pursuer. Still she displayed no colours, when the brig fired a gun ahead, to compel her to show them.

At the same moment, the chase run up the Carthagenian flag, and returned the gun by a whole broad side.

The sleeper started from his deep sleep at the sound of the single gun, and with his sabre in his grasp, stood upon his feet, a tall, finely-formed and manly figure. His dark hair curled around his expansive forehead; beneath his arched brows glowed eyes of the deepest black, now sparkling like coals of fire as he glanced seaward at the approaching vessels. As the English colours of the armed brig caught his eye, his lip, graced by handsome mustachoes blended with his dark whiskers, curled with

a cold expression of contempt; but as he gazed more steadily upon the vessels, a proud smile lighted up his sun-browned features.

"Here comes a timber of old England's wooden walls, banging away at the Lady of the Gulf, as if she had nothing better to do than to scale her guns at my vessels.

"Ha! that tells well, my good lieutenant!" and his eye lighted with pleasure as he saw the head of the Englishman's bowsprit and jib-boom shot away by the gallant broadside of the chase and fall into the water.

The buccaneer was now too far to leeward, to reach the pass without tacking; and before he could execute this nautical manœuvre, the English brig ranged upon his larboard quarter.

"Well, Monsieur Johnny," continued the pirate quietly watching the movement of the two vessels, "if you fire your starboard broadside into my little clipper, we may turn the brigantine over to Cudjoe here for a riddling seive.

"Ha! she has grounded, and,—now the Englishman has saved his powder;" and instead of firing her broadside into the brigantine, as her manœuvreing threatened, the English brig leaving the chase, ran boldly in and came to an anchor close under the island, and about half a mile from the cliff upon which stood the group, who with various degrees of interest had watched the nautical movements we have briefly described.

"By the holy cross! but sir Englishman shows consummate impudence, firing his spare shot into one of my vessels, and then dropping his anchor in the face of my battery as if he had done me good service. Holy devil! but his coolness shall be warmed a little with red, iron bullets, if my little battery has not forgotten how to speak.

"Here Cudjoe, you beautiful boy, go as though

the devil sent you, and tell Getzendanner I want to see him."

"An who but de debble do sen me?" chuckled Cudjoe, but very wisely to himself, as he went off like a second Mercury, marvellously aiding his progress up the slight ascent to the fort with his long arms, which he alternately applied to the ground with great dexterity and effect.

"Ha! he launches his pinnace! and it is prettily manned withal. And there flutters a flag of truce!" exclaimed the pirate, as he saw these indications of pacific intentions on the part of the brig.

"Blessed visit of peace! sending out round shot as its pioneers. Ho! my men!" he shouted. And his boat's crew springing from their recumbent attitude upon the grass, were upon their feet and at his side.

"To the boat! Let us reconnoitre this mysterious stranger, who thus saucily beards us to our very faces," he commanded, seizing his weapons and casting his cloak upon the ground. Hastily buckling his sabre around him, and placing his pistols in his belt, he descended the cliff followed by his oarsmen, and the next moment stood upon the beach.

CHAPTER II.

"Towards the close of the war, there appeared an armed brig on the coast, opposite the pass of Barritaria. She fired a gun at a vessel entering, and then tacked and anchored off the island. A pinnace, bearing British colours and a flag of truce was sent to the shore, conveying four British officers, who had come to treat with the chief, and endeavour to gain him and his adherents, which comprised a force of one thousand men, besides thirteen vessels, over to their interests. Upwards of two hundred men lined the shores when they landed, and it was a general cry among them, that the British officers should be made prisoners as spies. It was with difficulty Lafitte dissuaded the multitude from their attempt, and led the guests in safety to his camp."

LATOUR'S WAR.

PRISONERS—MUTINY—SOLILOQUY—AN INTERVIEW.

THE seamen placed their shoulders to the bows of the boat and shoved her off, while their leader, taking from one of his men a coarse seaman's jacket and tarpaulin, put them on, at once and effectually covering his richer dress, and concealing any indications of rank above those around him. Stepping on board, he seated himself in the stern sheets and took the helm.

"Give way men!" he cried in a low yet energetic tone of command; and the light boat shot away from the beach like an arrow.

In a few moments, he approached within hail of the pinnace, which, with steady pull was making for the shore.

"Boat ahoy!" hailed an officer in the full uniform of a British naval officer, who was standing near the stern of the boat leaning upon his sword, while

another officer of the navy, and a gentleman in the military dress of a commander of infantry, were seated under a canopy in the stern sheets.

"Ahoy!" and the manly voice of the disguised rover rung full and clear over the water, as he replied.

"Where is your captain?" inquired the English officer, as the boats came close to each other.

The outlaw, preferring from motives of policy to conceal his real character, replied:

"If you mean the Barritarian chief, you will find him on shore."

"Are you of his band?"

"We can communicate any message to him," he answered evasively.

"I am the bearer of a packet to Captain Lafitte;" replied the officer, "I would know to whom I entrust it."

"We are of Captain Lafitte's party, and will execute any commission with which we may be entrusted, be its import peaceful or hostile," said Lafitte firmly.

"What say you Williams, shall this business be entrusted to this stranger?"

"It is perhaps, the only alternative;" he replied cautiously; "he is, most likely, one of the outlaw's band, and will no doubt convey the packet safely to his chief."

"Ho! Monsieur, will you convey this packet to Captain Lafitte, and say to him that we will here await his reply?" demanded the English officer; and he proffered to him as he spoke, a large packet heavy with seals.

"I will, gentlemen; but had you not better see Captain Lafitte yourselves? If you will pull into the shore with me, I will notify him of your desire of an interview with him."

After a few moment's hesitation the officer com-

plied, and the two boats were soon seen approaching the island, by the buccaneers on the beach, who, alarmed by the firing, had assembled on the shore in great numbers, armed and prepared for conflict, where they watched the movements of the boats with no little interest.

When they came within reach of the guns of the battery on the shore, and within hail of the beach, where nearly two hundred men had already collected, the disguised buccaneer, desirous of detaining the officers until he learned the contents of the package, stood up in his boat, threw aside the seaman's jacket in which he was enveloped and turning to the British officers, said calmly, but in a determined tone :

"Gentlemen, I am Lafitte—you are my prisoners!"

The astonished officers, half drew their swords, and grasped the handles of their pistols.

"Draw no weapons gentlemen! you are, you see, in my power. I shall detain you but a few hours."

"Base traitor! Well is it said, you honour no flag but your own blood-stained ensign, if thus you recognise a flag of truce. The devil himself would respect that emblem of peace and honourable confidence!" shouted the Briton fiercely.

"Nay, sir officer,—Do you bring messengers of peace at the cannon's mouth?—Do you bear a flag of truce in one hand and a lighted match in the other? —Peace, sir,—It is you, sir, who tarnish the flag you accuse me of dishonouring?"

The boats had now reached the shore, and Lafitte springing out upon the beach, said :—

"Gentlemen, I will take your arms—"

"Jacques, hold these men," he continued, pointing to the crew of the pinnace, "under safe guard until further orders. Stand back! back—men!" he called loudly to his followers. "Why do you

crowd thus, with lowering brow and hand on weapon, around my prisoners?"

"Spies! spies! Muerto a los Ingleses,—Down with the British!—seize them—hang them!" cried the multitude, and rushed forward with lifted weapons as if determined to seize them in spite of the stern discipline which usually controlled their fierce natures.

"Men, do you press me?" he shouted as they still closed around the Englishmen. "Back, hounds! or by the Holy God I will send one of you to breakfast in hell!" and he drew a pistol from his belt.

The most forward of the men at that moment laid his hand upon the arm of one of the officers, who stood between the buccaneer chief and the bow of the boat from which they had just stepped. The report of a pistol rung in the air, and the daring mutineer fell a corpse at the feet of the Englishman."

The crowd fell suddenly back, as they witnessed this summary act of piratical justice. "Away with this mutinous slave!" he exclaimed; and his followers near him, raised the corpse in silence and moved away to bury it in a hastily scooped grave in the sand beneath the cliff.

"There is nothing like blood to cool blood!" he said, quietly turning to his prisoners. "Now, Messieurs, let this severe but necessary act of discipline, assure you of my desire to secure your personal safety."

"Here, my brave fellows, you are but tools of subtler men," said he, turning to the crew of the pinnace, who sat moodily and in silence in their boat, expecting momently to be sacrificed to the violent passions of the lawless men, who, although awed into temporary passiveness, might the first opportunity, satiate their appetite for blood upon their defenceless persons.

"Here men, shove off this boat!"

The British coxswain looked at his officer for instructions.

"Put off, Carroll; but watch any signal from the shore," he said; and under the combined efforts of several of his own crew the boat shot out from the beach, the men stooped to their oars, and in a short time, were along side of their brig.

In the meanwhile the Barritarian conducted through the retiring horde, the English officers to his fortress, while dark eyes gloated on them beneath the lowering brows of men—familiar with crime, pursued, until it had become a passion—whose hands mechanically rested upon the butt of a pistol, or the handle of a dirk or Spanish knife.

The fortilace into which the chief ushered his prisoners, crowned a slight eminence of the island overlooking the sea to the south, and the lake or bay of Barritaria to the north, whose distant shore was marked by a low level line of cypress and other trees.

The quarters, or camp, as it was more frequently termed, of the outlaw, consisted of a brick edifice within the fort, constructed on a plan similar to those old Spanish houses still to be seen in the more ancient portions of the chief maritime port of Louisiana. The entrance to the fort consisted of a low, massive gate-way, before which paced a sentinel in the dress of a seaman, with a drawn sabre in his hand and a brace of heavy pistols stuck in his belt. On either side of this gate-way, was a row of barricaded windows, admitting light into several small apartments, used as store, sleeping, and guard rooms.

"Weston, close the gate and add three men to every guard! on your life admit no one without my orders!" said Lafitte as he passed into the fort.

The sailor whom he thus addressed lifted his hat and moved to obey the order, while his captain with his three prisoners passed through the gate-way

into a rude court, around which were ranged several low buildings, serving as work-shops, storehouses, and quarters for the men who staid on shore. Several pieces of dismounted cannon were lying about the court, while a long, mounted gun, which turning on a pivot, commanded the whole of the interior of the defences, made use of in quelling domestic disturbances, stood in front of the buildings, just mentioned as the quarters of the chief. To this dwelling, after crossing the court, he conducted his involuntary guests.

"Théodore!" he called, stopping at the entrance: and the youth, with a pale, and as the Englishman thought, a strikingly intelligent face, came forth from a room communicating with the passage running through the building, with a pen in his hand as if the voice of Lafitte had interrupted him while employed in writing.

"Théodore, conduct these gentlemen into the opposite building and tell Weston to place a guard at the door." "Gentlemen," he added with courtesy, turning to the officers, "I regret the necessity of placing you under temporary restraint, but the fierce humor of my men require it. They unfortunately suspect you visit our island under feigned pretences, while your real object is, to examine the coast for the purpose of making a descent:" and he looked at them severally and fixedly as he spoke.

"You will excuse me," he said abruptly after a moment's pause; "while I examine the package of which you are the bearer!

"Cudjoe, see that the gentlemen are comfortable in their room and have refreshments placed before them."

The officers politely bowed to their captor, who returned their courtesy with dignity; and following their youthful guide, disappeared.

In a few minutes Théodore re-appeared in the court, closed behind him a heavy door, turning the massive bolt in the lock, and returned to the quarters of the chief, where he found him examining the contents of the package.

He was seated at a table in a small room, lighted by two barred windows deeply set in the thick walls overlooking the western pass, and affording an extensive prospect of the southern sea. The opposite window commanded the anchorage with its little squadron, and the bay of Barritaria, with the distant green line of the level horizon.

Five or six rude chairs, a large ship's table, and a seaman's chest were the only articles of furniture. Several charts, a few books, and bundles of filed, and many loose papers, lay upon the table.

For an hour, he sat perusing the official papers which had been placed in his hands, then laying them upon the table, and leaning his head upon his hand, he remained a long time buried in deep thought. Suddenly starting up, he cried:

"Théodore, conduct Captain Lockyer to me. What turmoil is that without?" he added with a raised voice, as loud words reached his ears. "Send Weston here!"

"Weston," he said rapidly, as the captain of the guard appeared at the door—"run the long gun out of the port hole in the gate, and bring it to bear upon the blustering fools, and wait my orders to fire. See that it is well charged with grape."

"Aye, aye, sir!" said the guard, who had been recently promoted from the command of a pollacca to the defence of the fort. And the creaking of the gun-carriage as it was swung around to the appointed position, had scarcely ceased, when a heavy footstep was heard in the hall, and the bearer of the packet entered the quarters of the pirate.

"Be seated, sir," said Lafitte, waving his hand to a chair, which the officer occupied. "I have considered the propositions contained in these documents before me, and feel honoured in the confidence reposed in me by your government. But the subject of which they treat is of too great moment for hasty decision. I shall require a few days delay before I can return a final answer."

"Captain Lafitte!" replied the officer; "without commenting upon the circumstances which make me your prisoner, and which I am happy to acknowledge it is not in your power wholly to control, I will proceed, by communicating my private instructions, to second the arguments made use of by my superior officer, with which those papers before you have made you acquainted, for the purpose of inducing you to become an ally of England, in this her present contest, with the North American States. I am instructed to offer you a commission in his Britanic majesty's service with the full pardon and admittance into the navy, with ranks equivalent to what they now hold, of all under your command, if you will throw the weight of your power and influence into the scale in our favour."

"These are tempting and honourable proposals Monsieur, and as honourable to the gentlemen who make them as flattering to the subject of them!" replied the outlaw in a tone between irony and sincerity; "But do I understand you, that I and my officers retain command in our own vessels, provided that we substitute St. George's cross for the flag under which we now sail?"

"Such were not my instructions, Monsieur Lafitte. It is expected that the armed vessels which compose your Barritarian fleet, will be placed at the disposal of the officers of his majesty in the contemplated descent upon the coast."

"These are conditions with which I am not at present, prepared to comply;" answered the chief. "They are—"

"But consider the advantages which will result sir, both to yourself and the numbers you command;" interrupted the officer. "You will be restored to the pale of society, bearing an honourable rank, (pardon me, Captain Lafitte) among honourable men. The rank of Captain shall be yours, if you co-operate with us, and moreover, the sum of six thousand pounds sterling shall be paid into your hands, whenever you signify your acceptance of the terms proposed. I beg of you sir, do not permit this opportunity of acquiring fortune and honour to yourself, but glory and success to the arms of England, who is ready to welcome you as one of her bravest sons, escape you."

"Sir, replied the Barritarian, your offers are extensive, too much so for an outlaw—a banned and hunted man. Ambition will not allure me to accept them; for have I not power, fame and wealth as I am? Is the reward of ambition greater than this? what will it gain me more? Honor? desire of an honourable name? Alas! *that*, I have not. That—that indeed, were a spur to drive me to your purpose. But will men confer honour upon dishonour? Will a pardon, a title, a station, make men think better of me? Shall I not, in all eyes, still be Lafitte? the branded, the despised, the feared and cursed of men? No—no—no! Yet," he added, as the image of Constanza passed across his mind, "I will think of it, Captain Lockyer; I will reflect upon your proposals. I wish to become a better and a happier man. Fate, passions, influence—not principles, has made me what I am!

"I will consider this matter sir," he added, coolly, casting his eye upon the paper which lay before

him, with a manner that implied his desire to terminate the interview.

The officer however still lingered—"I should think sir," he urged, "that little or no reflection would be necessary respecting proposals that obviously preclude any kind of hesitation. You are at heart, if not by birth, a Frenchman, Captain Lafitte, and therefore, in the existing peace between our respective nations, a friend to England. You are outlawed by the government of the United States; your name is held up to infamy, and a price is set upon your head by the executive of Louisiana.

"What have you sir, to bind you to America? The tie which alone binds the slave to the galley. The ties that bind you to England are many and may be increased a thousand fold. Promotion is before you among the gallant gentlemen of her navy—"

"*Gentlemen*!" interrupted Lafitte sarcastically, "aye, gentlemen!" What Lethe can make the outlaw the gentleman? Sir, I may become a British officer—daring, brave and gallant, may be—but, shall I be recognized as a gentleman?

"No, no!" he added after a pause, and with bitter emphasis, "I must still be Lafitte—the pirate!"

"Nay, Monsieur! nay, Monsieur!" said the Englishman touched by Lafitte's manner; "allow me to suggest, that with your knowledge of the coast and its narrow passes, your services will be of infinite value to the success of our arms against southern Louisiana. An army is now waiting in Canada to unite with the forces here, and it remains with you to promote the success of the step. It is on your skill, sagacity and knowledge we rely to bring about this object."

"Truly Monsieur these are lofty schemes,—well and deeply planned. Such inducements as

you have offered to an honourable career, must not, nor will they, be disregarded. I must, however, deliberate before taking so important a step, as that proposed by Col. Nichols, your superior. Good morning sir."

"Théodore! conduct captain Lockyer to the guard room."

CHAPTER III.

"Lafitte having taken the earliest opportunity, after the agitation among the crews had subsided, to examine the pacquet brought by the officers, listened calmly to the splendid promises and ensnaring insinuations held out to him by the naval captain. He replied, that in a few days, he would give a final answer. His object, in this procrastination, being to gain time, to inform the officers of the state government of these overtures." LATOUR'S MEMOIRS.

GETZENDANNER, AND THE BUCCANEER.—A SIGNAL.—THE MUTINEERS.

THE outlaw paced his room with a firm tread, after the officer left him, his brow contracted with thought and indignation, whilst the white line of his even teeth glittered from between his curled and contracted lips, upon which dwelt a sarcastic smile, expressive of the bitterest scorn.

"Poor fools! they extend the right hand to Lafitte, and say, 'come and help us, good sir pirate'!" said he, dashing the papers from him, and rising from his chair as the door closed upon his departing prisoner:—"Cunning diplomatists as they are! they shall find me the cunninger. They seek my aid, and have come to ask it, with red hands bathed in the blood of my men. They carry aloft the flag of truce, as though a lady's white 'kerchief would cover their treachery. This Englishman thinks I have little cause to love my countrymen! Thinks he I have better cause to love Eng-

land? Has she not hunted me down, worried and torn me. Pressed, imprisoned, or hung without ceremony, the bravest of my men; sunk my vessels, and chased my cruisers from the sea, with overgrown frigates? Verily! I have much cause to love her!"

"But, Massa! 'merica do worse nor dat; she take, she kill, she burn de craf'; she do, damma, much more ob de debil's mischief dan massa Inglish. She say she block you up in de bay, and play de debil wid de camp on de island, and send for to do it, dat brave cap'un Pattyson—and if he come, he knock de ol' camp to pieces, or Cudjoe no nigger—che! che! che!"

Lafitte paused a moment in his walk to and fro in his little chamber, as his reflections were thus interrupted. Cudjoe seldom restrained his thoughts in the presence of his master, who allowed him such license, not only because experience taught him that he might as well stop his breath as his tongue, but he had often profited by the shrewd observations to which his slave from time to time gave utterance, winding up every speech with a low chuckle, expressive of satisfaction.

"You say well, Cudjoe! My countrymen have given me little cause to love them neither. But, then," continued he, relapsing into his former thoughtful walk; "but then it is my country, and cursed be the hand that betrays either the country of his adoption or of his birth! She is my country, and I love her! No, proud Englishmen!" he added firmly, "you shall yet learn that there is not only honour among outlaws, but love of country—pure and disinterested patriotism; and England shall learn, that the outlaw Lafitte is too honourable to submit to propositions which she had not honour enough to withhold. She shall learn, that, although she condescends to take the hand of a priced man,

from motives of policy, that man feels that he rises superior to her when he refuses to accept it. No! there is more honour for Lafitte in serving his country as an outlaw, than in betraying her, with the deck of a line of battle ship, which he could call his own, under his feet. Where lies the greatest infamy, in those who propose to an outlaw, or in the outlaw who refuses to betray his country? Ho, slave!" he called sternly, as he concluded.

Cudjoe was at his side in a moment, with a long arm stretched to the handle of the door, while he stood in the attitude of one just about to run—

"Hasten, and tell Captain Getzendanner I desire to speak with him."

This personage, with whom the reader is already somewhat acquainted, was standing before a three-cornered fragment of a mirror that once probably had reflected the features of some honest sea-captain, affixed into a lattice of a small hut, covered with palmetto leaves, situated opposite to that occupied by his commanding officer. The hut was about ten feet square, and so low that Captain Getzendanner, who was not very tall, unless five feet two inches be termed so, could not stand upright, without bringing the apex of his cranium in familiar contact with the roof. Besides a hammock slung athwart the room, the apartment contained a seaman's chart, and a dark inlaid mahogany table, that once, no doubt, graced the state-room of some fair lady, one or two chairs, and a planed board, then reclining against the side of the cabin, but which, twice a day, when he was on shore, laid horizontally from the top of one chair to the other, served effectually as a table.

Two or three cutlasses, a brace of pistols, small swords, carbines, muskets, boarding caps, and the various rude paraphernalia of a sailor's wardrobe, were hung, or strewn carelessly, about the walls and floor of the apartment.

The only opening admitting light to the interior, was a square window, defended by a lattice of reeds, which served at the same time to support the lieutenant's mirror, before which he had been performing the unclassical operation of shaving—almost a sinecure with him, on account of the generous depth of whiskers and mustachoes which he allowed to grace his round physiognomy. The lieutenant was of that age, when silver begins, though sparingly, to mingle with the legitimate hue of the hair, and when, from a proneness to table pleasures, the person begins to assume a rotundity, which, from some imaginary resemblance, has been compared with that of a puncheon.

A Dutchman, and moreover a bachelor, he was a man of phlegm. From a snub-nosed cabin-boy, under a Hudson river skipper, he had passed through all the phases of a sailor's life, until an unfortunate predeliction for certain golden sequins contained in a stranger's purse, who promenaded the quay at Havana, led him to seek a mode of life, where the distinction between *meum* and *teum* was less scrupulously regarded than in the pale of society.

"Mein Got, but in in dis little tamn tree corner, dere is no seeing half-quarter of a jentlemansh fas'," and as he spoke, he dodged every way his red round face, gashed here and there with his razor, peering through his fiery red whiskers and bushy hair, like the full moon, (to venture such a comparison,) seen through the bright leaves of an autumn tree.

"Vat vool maks de fashion off shavin'.—Blood and blodkins! if I cut one tamn more hair off my fas'! Abra'am was one wise mans, and he wore a beard a saint might shwear py, and dunder and blodkins! fader Abra'am vill pe nor petter man nor mynheer Capt. Jacop Getzentanner,—to pe shure! Hi, you plack peast of de teyvil's tam,—vat you poke

your ugly snout in here for, heh ?" suddenly shouted the lieutenant, as he saw, without the effort of turning his body, the reflection of Cudjoe's features in the glass, as he darkened the little doorway opening into the interior of the camp.

"Vat now, you elephantsh cub? Some infernal order pefore preakfast, I vill shwear! I vish Captain Lafitte, who ish a most exshellent sailor, and very much petter gentlemansh, vould get into the comfortable habits of doing pusiness after preakfast ish eaten. It were petter for de digestions. Hi, you kunning ape—I'll cut your ugly visand off if you pe saucy—to pe shure!" and he brandished his razor, threatningly.

"Gi, Massa Cap'un Jacob, if you use dat instrum', you quicker saw him off—Che! che! che!" and Cudjoe looked behind like a wary general, to secure a retreat.

"Hoh! hoh! hoh! you pe pretty near de truth," said the burly captain, laughing good-humouredly; "here, you take de razor yourself to saw off dose vite tusks. It vill help you peauty;" and the captain chuckled at his own wit, as he esteemed it, complacently in his own bosom; but the eye of the slave gleamed with rage, and a demoniac smile fearfully displayed the hideous features of his mouth for a moment, and then he echoed the laugh of the officer; but deep and bitter was the hatred which rankled in his dark bosom against him for tampering with his deformities. Lafitte, and he alone, could allude to them jocosely, with impunity; but it was seldom that he did so; whilst his followers, imitating his language and manner towards the slave, without penetration to discover the strong current of resentment excited in the bosom of the object of their rough witticisms, were sowing unconsciously seeds of revenge in the heart of the deformed negro, of which they were, in his own

purposes, destined to reap the bitter fruits. He never forgot nor forgave the joke elicited by his natural deformities. To time and opportunity, while he passed by the present jest with a laugh, or apparently unnoticed, he deferred, whilst he gloated over his terrible schemes, that revenge, which he had sworn by Obeah, his most solemn adjuration, should be one day his.

"Vell, you peauty plack poy, vat do you vant mit me?" inquired the captain as he cleaned his razor upon the edge of the glass.

"Massa say him want see you? dem English capins dat come play de spy, make de water boil and all de fuss," replied Cudjoe, turning about to go, although in the opinion of captain Jacob there appeared no necessity for such a preparatory change in his position.

The slave walked grumblingly to the quarters of his master. "Young elephant—heh! saw de tusk—heh!" and he ground his large teeth together, while the protruding objects of the officers jest, glanced longer and whiter from his huge red lips.

The portly captain after twisting his mustachoes into a fiercer curl, and placing on his carroty locks a broad brimmed hat, looped up in front to a silver button made of a frank piece—buckled on a huge sword, placed his pistols in his belt, which he drew tighter with the air of a man who expects to meet, and is accustomed to, danger—passed, not without some difficulty through the narrow door, and rolled along over the area to the quarters of his commander.

Entering the door of the passage leading to the room, he heard the heavy and measured tread of its occupant, pacing the floor, as his habit was, when his thoughts were busy, and matters of deep and exciting interest occupied his mind.

"De lion is lashing his sides mit his tail," said he, "captain Jacop Getzentanner look to your discretions."

"Come in," answered a low, stern voice as he tapped hesitatingly at the door with the point of his sheathed sabre. The visitor entered, and at a nod from his master, Cudjoe handed him a chair.

"Captain Getzendanner, I have sent for you. This is a time of action. You love the British, Getzendanner?" and he looked fixedly into the face of his officer, with his deep, searching eyes which let not a shade of expression escape detection and mental analysis.

"Tousand teyvels! Captain Lafitte," replied the Dutchman warmly, striking his clenched fist upon his knee. "Do I love de murterer of my proder? did dey not press him into der tam navy? and vas he not kill in de pattlesh? I love de hangman petter, vat ish one tay to tie mine veasand round apout mit de hemp."

"Well, I thought as much," replied Lafitte, "and knew you would rather swing to the yard arm, than do Mister Englishman service. Here are papers, but you do not read?"

"I vas read Teuche, ven I vas a leetle pit poy; put de smooth Inglish lettersh pe mitout handles, and I never could keep dem from slipping out of mine memorysh, and now tevfil a one is left behind put F—to pe shure," said he, half seriously, half humourously.

"And that you remember from its resemblance to a gallows, ha! worthy Getzendanner? But a truce to this trifling. Here in these papers," and he struck emphatically the documents he held in his hand, "here are proposals from the Hon. W. H. Percy—so says the endorsement," and his lip curled ironically as he continued, "Captain of his Brittanic majesty's sloop of war Hermes, and Admiral

of the naval forces in these seas, and from Lieut. Col. Edward Nicholls commander of his majesty's military forces on the coasts of Florida, to me—simple Captain Lafitte." He then briefly stated the nature and extent of the proposition to his astonished lieutenant.

"Now, Getzendanner, I well know, for love nor fear, would you obey neither me nor Satan, but from hatred to the English, I can depend upon your co-operation; therefore I will trust you; but betray me and you know the penalty. Here, in this paper, you have my written instructions, which if you cannot read, Théodore, who is always in my confidence, will explain to you."

Théodore, at this moment, who was leaning out of the window which overlooked the sea, suddenly interrupted him.

"There is a signal flying on board the Lady of the Gulf, for your presence on board, sir."

"Ha! it is so indeed. What can Belluche want? why not send a boat? Have ready my barge, Théodore. Getzendanner, I must aboard; during my absence observe the strictest vigilance in the camp, and on your life, see that those Englishmen escape not; and that the excited crews of the privateer do not seize and sacrifice them to their suspicions. On my return, I will talk with those mutinous fiends, and you must aid me in giving a right direction to their roused feelings. Ho! there, you sea-dogs, are you ready?" he shouted from the window.

"Aye, aye, sir," came from the beach, where at the end of a small pier lay a large boat, in which, resting on their oars, sat eight seamen in red shirts and white trowsers, each with a red woolen cap upon his head. They were all dark, fine looking men, with muscular arms, whose sinews, exposed

by the drawn up sleeve, showed in relief out from the surface like whip-cords. The glitter of their dark eyes, and the reckless expression of their faces, indicated that marked character, peculiar to men trained in the school of blood and rapine. They were seated two by two, on the four thwarts of the boat with their faces to the stern, where with his hand resting carelessly upon the head of the tiller, sat Théodore, who had preceded Lafitte, dressed in an embroidered jacket of velvet, and snow-white trowsers, with a richly wrought belt, confining a brace of costly pistols and a silver-hafted dirk. An eye, of the rich hue of the chestnut, sparkled beneath a brow whose fairness a maiden might envy, and a profusion of silken, auburn hair curled luxuriantly from under his blue velvet Spanish cap, terminated by a tassel, which, drooping over his ear, played with his delicately browned cheek in the passing breeze. An expression of resolution, calm and deep determination, the more severe, from its being foreign to features so delicate, compressed his lips, as he gazed upon the turbulent crews of the vessels lining the beach, talking loudly and fiercely of British spies, and occasionally whispering to each other, that their leader was about to sell them to the English as the price of his own pardon. At that moment, there was a movement among the multitude, which gave back on either hand as he advanced, and Lafitte came through the crowd to his boat.

"What means this turmoil, my men?" he said, in a conciliatory tone as he stepped upon the gunwale; "have you not confidence in me? These men are not spies. They seek restitution for those two London brigs taken by you before my return from my late cruise in the West Indies; and shall they not have it, if they state their terms in ready gold?" he said chiming in with their humour.

"Aye, give them their vessels if they give us their gold," cried several voices.

"Very easy said, my masters," growled an old weather-beaten smuggler near Lafitte, "but who is to handle the chink when its got?" and he cast his eyes moodily and suspiciously at his commander.

"Down with old Fritz;" said two or three who heard him; "our captain is all honour; we never have had cause to grumble at shares."

"Rest easy, my men," continued Lafitte in the same tone; "you shall have all things explained and understood when I return from the schooner. If there is a man who mistrusts Lafitte or doubts his word, let him step forward."

No one moved, and the next moment every hat was in the air.

"Give way," he cried to his young coxswain, and shoved off from the land amid the cries of, "Long live Lafitte—viva Lafitte!" which rose long and loud from the fickle and tumultuous assembly upon the shore.

CHAPTER IV.

"Discipline among a community of outlaws can only be preserved by frequent and summary acts of justice."

"Lafitte having occasion to leave the island for a short time, the crew seized the British officers, and placed them under guard. On his return, he released them, represented to his adherents the infamy that would attach to them if they treated as prisoners, persons who had come with a flag of truce. Apologizing for the disagreeable treatment they had received, and which he could not prevent, he saw them safe on board their pinnace."

LATOUR'S LOUISIANA.

AN ATTACK FROM THE MUTINEERS—INTERVIEW WITH THE BRITISH OFFICERS—SECRET EXPEDITION.

THE business of Lafitte on board the Lady of the Gulf relating to the private disposition of some specie, which, unknown to his crew, the captain had smuggled into his state-room, having no immediate connexion with our story, we shall leave him to transact without our supervision, and return to the prisoners confined in the guard-room of the fortalice.

"Well, Williams, we are in a fine pickle, cooped up in this seven-by-nine bit of a box, at the tender mercies of Lafitte and his merciful crew," said the naval officer, getting up from the rude bench on which he had been sometime seated in silence, and looking forth from the grated window.

"Damme," he continued, "if I ever saw such a swarm of gallows-looking cut-throats as were assembled on the shore to honour our debarkation! They need neither change of place nor body, to be fiends incarnate.

"You say true, Lockyer," replied the military officer addressed; "such black-browed villains would shame the choicest corps of Beelzebub's infantry. I have no doubt he would set up a rendezvous on this blessed island of Grand Terre, Barrita, or whatever else it is called, if he did not apprehend his new recruits would corrupt his old soldiers."

"But then," replied the naval officer, "their chief seems to be a man of other metal. I could hardly believe I was looking upon the celebrated Lafitte, when I gazed upon his elegant, even noble, person and fine features, in which, in spite of their resolute expression, there is an air of frankness, which assures me that he never would be guilty of a mean action, however familiar bold deeds of blood and battle may be to his hand. I have seldom seen a finer countenance nor a nobler presence than that of this same buccaneer. What a devil he must be among the women?" he added in a gay tone, passing his hand complacently over his own fine face. "I will wager my epaulettes against a middie's warrant, if he has not broken more hearts than heads."

And as he ceased speaking he stroked his whiskers, and glanced with much apparent self-approval upon his bright breastplate which reflected his handsome features as in a mirror.

"What think you," he continued, turning to the other naval officer by his side, "can we trust Lafitte in this matter? He seems to care for our welfare, nor would he have sent that fierce Spaniard to breakfast with his infernal highness this morning, if he had determined to sacrifice us. He might have suffered our massacre, without being charged with foul play. We are in his power safe enough! What fatal temerity could have induced us to let him inveigle us within reach of his guns? For such a blind piece of folly, if it does not end better than I foresee, I will throw up my commission and run a

lugger between Havana and Matanzas, with a young savage before the mast, and a bull-headed Congo negro, for officers and crew. Curse me," he added, with much apparent chagrin, "but Captain Lockyer, you have run your craft hard aground; if you get clear this time, you may thank any thing but your own wits."

"Hark! there's a gun—another—a volley!" exclaimed the military officer.

"Good God! can these infernal fiends be attacking the Sophia?" exclaimed Captain Lockyer; "ho, there, guard! what, ho! what is that firing and commotion without?" he cried, springing to the barricaded window which only overlooked the court.

The guard, who was a heavily armed and tall Portuguese, with an air half-military, half-naval, preserved in keeping by a tall chasseur's cap, a sailor's jacket, and loose trowsers, paused a moment, while he took a huge quid from a roll of tobacco he held in his fist, and then turned to the window and replied, while a malign expression lighted up his full black eyes—

"Holy St. Antoine, caballeros, but you need not be so warm! it is only a bit of a trial among the men, to see who is the stronger."

"How mean you, guard?"

"I mean, signores, that the party that proves the strongest below on the beach there, will either let you remain peaceably where you are till El Signor Captain Lafitte returns, or take you forth to dangle by the necks from the live oak before the gate."

"What! how you jest," exclaimed, in great perturbation, the officer of his majesty's royal colonial marines. "Villain, you jest!" and the fingers of his gloved hand, involuntarily sought the precincts of his windpipe, with tender solicitude.

"Jest! do you call that jest, señor?" as a loud

shout filled the air, mingled with cries of "seize them! spies! swing them! down with the gates!" above which was heard the voice of Capt. Getzendanner, in vain exerted to quell the turmoil.

The officers, like resolute men determined to sell their lives dearly as possible, drew each a concealed dirk from his bosom, and stood with folded arms, facing the window which commanded the main entrance to the court from without, and towards which the noise was rapidly approaching.

The guard himself, mounted a flight of steps leading to the flat roof of the guard-house, not only commanding a view of the ground outside of the defences, but of the whole island, the southern sea to the horizon, the passes, and the bay, with its fleet riding quietly at anchor.

"By St. Josef!" he exclaimed, as he gained the summit, and cast his eye beneath upon the tumultuous scene.

The whole green esplanade, or terrace, which sloped from the fort to the beach, was dark with a dense crowd of men, all under the intensest excitement, which they manifested by shouts, execrations, and brandishing various weapons in the air. The crowd, consisting of persons of all nations, tongues, and hues, mostly in the garb of seamen, seemed to the eye of the guard divided into two unequal divisions, one of which was assembled with arms in their hands around the gate, and near a large oak, growing by the fort, under the command of Getzendanner, who with loud oaths, a sabre in one hand and a cocked pistol in the other, was standing before another party, pressing towards the gate, some of whom were armed with pistols, harpoons, and heavy spars. The last, slung between eight or ten men, by ropes, in rude imitation of the ancient battering ram, threatened destruction to the barred gate, for which it was evidently designed.

The two hostile bands, with ready weapons, were eyeing each other with looks of hatred.

"Den tousand teyfils, and py all de shaints, you sall not pass into de camp, Miles Cosgrove—to pe shure!" continued the lieutenant, his face livid with rage, and an eye full of determination, as a huge seaman, with an Irish physiognomy advanced, with a handspike, a little in advance of the mutineers, "you once shaved mein life, Miles, and I don't forget it; put, py Got himself, I vill make a port hole in your tam long carcass, if you move anoder step forward."

"Misther lieutenant," replied the Irishman calmly, lifting his hand to his hat, "we mane to hoort not wone hair of your head, but we are resolved,"—and he raised his voice so that all, even the prisoners in the guard-room heard his words,—"we are resolved to seize them British officers—they are spies! and they have either desaived Captain Lafitte, or he himself is a traithor! So stand aside, Captain dear, an' let us pass. You have but a handful of men to oppose us!" and he cast his eyes contemptuously over the small party of better disciplined buccaneers who rallied around their officer, to aid him in upholding that discipline, which they knew, could alone hold their dangerous community together. The number that met his eye was indeed small, for most of those who had at first opposed the measure, when they saw the popularity of the cause, espoused by the other party, like sager politicians on more distinguished theatres, wisely went over to the stronger side.

The Irishman then turned his eye back upon his own followers, numbering six to one of his opponents. "Be discreet captain, and let us pass peaceably into the fort," he said, with some show of sullen earnestness; "See you these men sir?" he added with increased ferocity, pointing to his rude

and undisciplined force, "they will pass through that gate, if they pass over your dead bodies."

Captain Getzendanner finding resistance vain against such a fierce and overwhelming torrent, replied:

"On one condition shall you pass de gate: dat you give me your vord, Miles Cosgrove—and I know de value you place on dat—dat you vill only mount one guard from your mutinous crew over dem prisoners, till Lafitte comes on shore; and den refer de decisions of dis matter to him. Dis ish mein vish—to pe shure!"

"I give you the pledge, misther lieutenant, that you ask," said the Irishman, who was mate of one of the pirate's cruisers.

"Den you sall pe admitted," he replied, and a cunning, treacherous expression glowed in his eye as he spoke, requiring more than the Irishman's penetration to detect. "Ho! dere Weshton, unbar de gate and obey your first ordersh?"

With as rapid a step as was consistent with his corporeal dignity, the Lieutenant with his men, who might number about seventy, moved round the angle of the building towards a stockade or exterior fortlet, in the rear of the main defences, while the besiegers rushed in a mass to the entrance. Too impatient to wait the unlocking of bolts and bars, those who bore the suspended spar, rushed at half speed against the gate, which partly unbarred, gave way before the tremendous power of the beam, swung with tremendous momentum against it.

The forcing of the gate was followed by a shout, and a rapid and tumultuous rush into the narrow passage. All at once, a fearful cry burst from twenty throats—

"Hold there! back! back! for God's sake hold!" cried the Irish leader of the assault in a voice of terror, and in another moment a match would have

been applied to the long gun by Weston, in obedience to the command of Lafitte, repeated, as he left the passage to the gate open, by the wily lieutenant, though not understood by the mutineers at the time.

The appalled men uttered a shriek of dismay, and those who had the most presence of mind, fell flat on their faces, while the rest, in wild confusion and terror, crowded back upon each other uttering cries and imprecations of despair and fury.

At this fearful crisis, the bars of the grated window gave way as they were wrenched out, one after another by an iron hand. Lockyer sprung from the aperture grasping one of them, and overthrew his guard who attempted to intercept him; and, just as the torch was about to ignite the powder, to send a shower of iron hail into that living mass of human beings before its open mouth, the murderous hand was arrested by his irresistible grasp, and the flaming torch hurled far over the heads of the multitude, and quenched in the sea.

"By the twelve apostles, sir Englishman, you have saved your life by that bould act," exclaimed the astonished Irishman as soon as he could recover from his momentary surprise, as amid the cheers of his party, Lockyer drew back a step, and surveyed with a firm manner and folded arms the motly crew before him. "By St. Pathrick, men, but we may thank that stranger that we did not make our dinner on grape shot and slugs."

A shout of "viva el Ingles!—viven los Ingleses!" replied.

From the momentary check the mutineers received at the sight of the long gun, standing open-mouthed in their path, and on account of the sudden change of sentiment produced by it among those in advance, who had witnessed the bold and humane act of the gallant Englishman, it was easy to direct the current of their feelings.

"Give back now my honies. You see this Englishman is no spy or he'd have let that bloody spalpeen Weston blow us into purgatory. Return sir to the guard room," he added, addressing the officer, who was now as much the idol of their respect, as he was before the object of their hatred, "and you shall be protected until Captain Lafitte comes on shore."

The crowd acquiesced in the proposition of their herculean leader, with a shout, and turned their rage against Weston, who with his guard had retreated into the quarters of their commander, constructed both for strength and defence, and firmly secured the entrance.

The English officer was once more shut up in the guard-room with his fellow prisoners, while Cosgrove after posting a guard of men by the door and window, attempted to restore order among his undisciplined associates, who, now finding a worthy object upon which to vent the rage which the gallant act of the Englishman had turned from himself and his fellow prisoner, had brought the gun, so recently directed against their own bosoms, to bear upon the door of the building containing the guard, and with cries of revenge, were only waiting for a torch, for which one of the number had been sent, to drive the whole charge of grape through the door and force a passage to their victims.

Suddenly there was a movement among the privateers at the gate, and "Lafitte!—the captain!" passed hurriedly from mouth to mouth.

"Holy devil! what means all this?" cried the chief, pressing through the crowd, who shrunk back before his lightning eye and upraised sabre. "Take that, sir," and the hand which was about to apply the burning brand to the priming of the cannon, fell, still grasping the blazing wood, severed

from the arm, by a single blow from the sabre of the outlaw.

The next moment he stood upon the gun, with a drawn pistol in each hand;—his eye flashing, and his tall athletic figure expanded with rage, while a broad circle was made around him, as the men involuntarily drew back from the summary justice of his ready hand.

"How is it!" he continued, vehemently, "that I cannot leave the camp half an hour but there is mutiny among ye knaves! By the holy St. Peter, you shall remember this morning's work! Who are the ringleaders of this fray? Who, I say?" and his voice rung in their ears. "Come forward!" and his eyes passed quickly over the silent and moody multitude, each man, as he dropped his own, felt that they were fixed individually upon himself.

"What—Cosgrove! my trusty Miles Cosgrove!" exclaimed the pirate, as the tall Irishman stepped forth from among his fellows,—"and yet I might have thought it," he added; "it were a miracle to find one of you a stranger to treachery. What could have led you," he continued, raising his voice, "thus boldly to despise the authority of your Captain, and throw off the discipline of our community?" Speak, sir! what was your object in this mad assault upon the garrison of the fortress—a small one indeed, for we thought friends and not traitors, were around us? What have you to answer, sir?"

"Captain Lafitte! I have this defence," said Cosgrove, coming forward and speaking with a firm countenance and a clear eye, which shrunk not beneath the stern gaze of his superior. And in a few words he detailed the circumstances as they had happened.

"Cosgrove, I believe you. You are impulsive and headstrong, but I think, in the main, faithful,"

said, as he concluded, Lafitte, who had calmly listened to the recapitulative defence of the ringleader, which from the mutterings and pleasurable exclamations that proceeded from various quarters of the fort, differently affected his hearers.

"Well, my men," he said, raising his voice,—"will you all return to your duty and your vessels, if no further notice is taken of this matter?"

"Aye, aye! all, all!" came unanimously from the multitude.

"Will you freely leave me to deal with these prisoners?"

"Freely, captain, freely," said a hundred voices.

"I thank you, one and all. I hope a scene like this witnessed to-day, will never be repeated.—Return each man to his duty. To each officer under my command, I would suggest the expediency of preparing for the threatened attack from the squadron, said to be fitting out against us at New-Orleans; and laying aside private animosities and prejudices, party feelings, or unjust suspicions, let us adopt for our own the wary motto of the States.

His address was received with acclamations by his men, who, in a few moments, each under his respective officer, departed for the fleet, leaving behind only the regular guard of the garrison.

"Gentlemen," said Lafitte, stepping from his elevated station upon the gun, and approaching the window of the guard-room, from which his guests had been silent and deeply interested spectators of the scene passing before them,—"Gentlemen, I congratulate you on your safety amidst this wild commotion of human passions. Such tempests are fiercer than the storms and waves of the ocean to contend with. You may thank your own daring, and not my authority, that this storm is allayed. It would have cost me the lives of many brave men

to have quelled it. Gentlemen, you are no longer under restraint. I hailed, as I came under the stern of your brig, and your pinnace is now approaching the shore."

Here he whispered to Théodore, who hastened into his room.

"Allow me, Messieurs, to express my sincere regret at the unpleasant situation in which you have been placed. You have seen that I can scarcely control the wild spirits around me, except by what may be thought cruel and unnecessary severity.—But should I abate for a moment, a feather's weight of my discipline or authority, I should lose my command or my head."

Théodore now approached, with the swords of the officers, which were courteously tendered them by Lafitte, with an apology for detaining them; and after doing ample justice to the sparkling stores of the Barratarian, presented on a richly chased salver, by his slave, accompanied by Lafitte, they left the garrison; and after crossing the green terrace, stretching before it quite to the beach, they were in a few moments at their boat.

"Messieurs," said the outlaw, with dignity and address, as the British officer, before stepping into his boat, desired to be told what conclusion he had formed in relation to the proposals of Admiral Percy,—"Messieurs, in reference to this important subject, some delay is indispensable. The confusion which prevailed in my camp this morning, has prevented me from considering with that attention I should wish to, the offers made me by your government. If you will grant me a fortnight's delay,—such a length of time is necessary to enable me to put my affairs in order, and attend to other things which peremptorily demand my present attention,—at the termination of this period, I will be entirely at your disposal. You may communicate with

me then by sending a boat to the eastern pass, an hour before sunset, where I shall be found. You have inspired me, Captain Lockyer, with more confidence," he said, sincerely, "than the admiral, your superior officer, himself could have done. With you alone I wish to deal, and from you also I will reclaim in due time, the reward of the services which I may render you."

The decided tone and manner of Lafitte gave Capt. Lockyer no hope of being able to draw from him a present decisive reply; he therefore merely said:—

"I must, I find, though reluctantly enough, comply with your request, Captain Lafitte. On the evening of the fourteenth day from the present, we will ask again, your determination, which, I trust, will be that, which will give you an opportunity of securing a high and honourable name among men, and that, which will add Louisiana to his majesty's crown. Good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Messieurs," replied Lafitte; and the pinnace moved swiftly away from the beach, and the outlaw stood alone—the sea-breeze playing coolly upon his brow—the broad gulf with a low murmur unrolling its waves at his feet—the rich forest rising in majesty behind him, and the deep blue skies above him—yet, all unseen, unheard, unfelt by him. After gazing thoughtfully a few moments after the receding boat, he folded his arms upon his breast, and walked slowly back to the camp.

The sun had just set on the evening of the day in which the events we have recorded, transpired, when Lafitte, his tall and commanding figure enveloped in a gray cloak, issued from the gate of the fortress, after giving several brief orders to Captain Getzendanner, who was stationed with his portly mien, and goodly corporeal dimensions,

just within the gate as he passed. Cudjoe's low, deformed figure also wrapped in a cloak followed him with an awkward rolling gait, as he walked rapidly towards a point at the extremity of the anchorage on the north side of the island, closely engaged in conversation with Théodore, who moved by his side with a light step. After a rapid walk of about forty minutes the three stopped under a broad tree, casting a deep shadow over a narrow inlet, penetrating a little way into the island, in which a small, gracefully shaped boat could be indistinctly seen through the obscurity of the night.

Just as they entered the dark shadow of the tree, they were challenged by a seaman, who, with a drawn cutlass in his hand was pacing fore and aft under the tree, with that habitual tread learned by that class of men, in their lonely watch upon their vessels' decks.

"Our country!" replied the deep voice of Lafitte. "What ho! Corneille, is all still in the fleet?" he added.

"Aye, aye, sir; there is nothing moving within a mile of us."

"Are you all ready?"

"All, sir."

Théodore, see that the oars are muffled. I choose not that the fleet should mark our movements. They will be in chase of us for another God-send of English spies, and I prefer passing unnoticed. Cudjoe, place yourself in the bows," he said playfully, "and show your tusks generously; if they should spy us, they will take us for an in-shore fisherman, with his bow-lights hung out, and so let us pass."

In a few moments the little boat shoved noiselessly out from the creek in which it had been hitherto concealed, and after a few light but skilful strokes by the four oarsmen by whom it was man-

ned, shot rapidly out into the open bay, or, as it has been more recently denominated, Lake, of Barritaria.

For an hour they steered by the lonely polar star, which, in that southern latitude, hung low in the northern skies, and leaving the anchored squadron far in shore to the left, they raised their dark brown sail—so painted, to be less easily distinguished through the night haze—and shipping their oars, glided swiftly towards the narrow mouth of a deep bayou, which, after many intricate windings terminated in the Mississippi river, nearly opposite to the city of New-Orleans.

As they approached, long after the hour of midnight, the secret and scarcely discernable outlet, nearly lost in the dark shadow of the shore, they lowered their sail; and, yielding once more to the impulse of the oars, the little boat shot into the mouth of the creek, and suddenly disappeared in the deep gloom which hung over it.

BOOK IV.

SIEGE.

"Greece gathers up again her glorious band,
They strike the noblest, who shall strike the first."

THE EMIGRANT.

"I pray you let the proofs
Be in the past acts, you were pleased to praise
This very night, and in my farther bearing,
Beside."

BYRON.

"My chiefest glory
Shall be to make me worthier of your love."

IBID.

"Oh! what an agony of soul was his!
Baffled just in the moment of success."

THE CONQUEROR.

BOOK IV.

CHAPTER I.

"At a crisis so important, and from a persuasion that the country in its menaced situation, could not be preserved by the exercise of any ordinary powers, the commanding general proclaimed martial law, suspending constitutional forms for the preservation of constitutional rights."

HISTORY OF THE WAR.

NEW-ORLEANS BEFORE THE SIEGE—GUARD BOATS—A SCENE ON THE RIVER.

A FEW weeks before that memorable battle, the last and most decisive fought during the recent war between the United States and Great Britain, the citizens of New Orleans were thrown into consternation by the rumour of extensive naval and military preparations making by the British, who were assembled in great force along the northern coast of the Mexican Gulf; and this alarm was still increased, by the report, that they meditated a descent upon the capital of Louisiana.

This point, next to the city of Washington, had been always deemed in the eye of England, the most important conquest she could make upon the territory of her enemy.

And to this point all her forces were now concentrated for the purpose of striking a blow, which should at once terminate the war, and make the

Americans of the west, to use her proud language, "prisoners in the heart of their own country."

As the rumours became more frequent, and were finally corroborated by official despatches, directed to the legislative assembly which hastily convened to deliberate upon measures for the safety of the country, the panic increased, until distress, confusion and forebodings filled the minds of all. Menaced by so formidable a foe, without any regular soldiering or means of defence in which to place confidence, they lost all decision and energy. Business was suspended, and the streets were filled with groups, anxiously conversing upon the fearful rumours, rife on every tongue, or with individuals hurrying to and fro in exaggerated alarm; while the roads leading to the interior of the state, were alive with individuals and families laden with their more portable wealth, seeking that safety beyond the probable invasions of the enemy, which their fears, and, among such a motley assemblage as constituted the citizens, want of combination, prevented them from securing by their swords.

Those, whose love for property, or disbelief of the reports so generally accredited, or patriotism, induced to remain, were united together by no common bond; and destitute of that confidence in each other which the crisis called for. Composed principally of Spaniards, Frenchmen and Englishmen, each national division viewed the coming events through a medium of its own peculiar colouring. Mutual jealousies arose and general disaffection usurped the place of good faith. The legislature itself was dissevered and weakened by these party jealousies, and their deliberations were only scenes of warm and conflicting debate, from which none of the measures resulted, demanded by the exigencies of the time.

Some of the senators whose patriotism led them

to propose such steps as would place the city in a state for receiving the enemy, were overruled by others, whose prejudices inclined them either to the side of the British, or to neutrality, in the character of French citizens, or as subjects of Spain, with which countries the English were then at peace.

At this period of indecision and civil anarchy, and when every good citizen and reflecting man was looking about for some one who would lead in this emergency, the American chief of the southern forces arrived at New-Orleans. His presence produced a sudden and healthy change in the aspect of affairs, and before he had been in the city one hour, his name was upon every lip, either with hope, or pride, or hostility, and the eyes of all lovers of their country turned upon him, and marked him as their leader in the great struggle before them.

His presence and language roused them to a defence of their rights, and kindled patriotism and hatred for the enemy in their breasts. He excited them to vigilance, and called them to put forth all their energies for the approaching trial. He was seconded by the governor of Louisiana, a few distinguished senators, and numerous citizens. The confidence which filled his own bosom, was communicated to the desponding hearts of those around him, and intrepidity, decision, and energy succeeded the inaction and dismay which had before reigned in the bosoms and minds of men. A new spirit invigorated every breast, and men, strong in the righteousness of their cause, rallied around the standard of their country, prepared for the approaching contest.

He recommended to the legislature to change their temporizing policy for unwavering and dignified deliberations, burying and forgetting all minor considerations, in their labour for the public good.

Those aliens who felt no attachment to the existing government, and were ready to sell or surrender it to the British, Spanish, or French, as either natural faction predominated, were allowed, or compelled, to quit the town.

Every resource that could contribute to the safety of the city, was in requisition, and operations on an extensive scale for its defence, were projected with military promptness and skill. General confidence became at once every where restored, and with the exception of some disaffected citizens, who were strictly watched, there was but one heart and hand enlisted in the mutual defence. Regiments were formed of the citizens, and, throwing off the habits of a life, each man became a soldier. Even women and children partook of the general enthusiasm; and when the enemy were at the gates, the day before the battle, the citizens appeared more like rejoicing for a victory than preparing to withstand a siege.

For the greater security of the country, martial law was at length proclaimed throughout New-Orleans and its environs, and the whole city became at once under the rigid discipline of a fortified camp. Patroles of veterans paraded the streets, and guard boats were stationed at various points on the river, before the city.

"All persons," says a historian of the period, "entering the city, were required immediately to report themselves to the adjutant-general, and on failing to do so, were to be arrested and detained in prison, for examination. None were allowed to depart, or pass beyond the chain of sentinels, but by permission from the commanding general, or one of the staff, nor was any vessel or craft permitted to sail on the river, but by the same authority, or by a passport signed by the commander of the naval forces. The lamps were to be extinguished at the

hour of nine at night, after which time all persons found in the streets, or from their respective homes, without such passport, were to be arrested as spies, and thrown into prison to await an examination the ensuing morning."

It is at this period of the war, and under these peculiar features of it, at the expense of a slight anachronism, that our scenes once more open.

The morning after leaving the island of Barritaria, or Grand Terre, the party, consisting of the buccaneer chief, his young companion Théodore, and faithful slave Cudjoe, having rowed all the preceding night through the sluggish and sinuous bayous, reached a hamlet of fishermen's huts, nearly hid in a cypress wood, and amidst tall grass, which enclosed it on every side. Here they delayed, until once more, under the cover of the darkness, they should be enabled to enter the vigilantly-guarded city unperceived.

Night, hurrying away the scarcely visible twilight, had passed over city, river, and forest, obscuring every object in the gloomy shade cast by her sable wing. Silence reigned over all, that one short hour before was active and animate, save the occasional challenge of a sentinel, the ringing of fire-arms accidentally struck together, and now and then the dip of an oar—to maintain their position against the current—heard from the guard-boats, which, at regular intervals, formed lines across the Mississippi, against various points of the city. Here and there, a light gleamed in the mass of dwellings along the margin of the river, or from the stern window of some armed vessel at anchor in the stream.

At the mouth of a narrow canal, opening nearly opposite to the suburb Marigny, about a mile below the main body of the city, and communicat-

ing in the rear of the estate it intersected, with the bayou which the outlaw and his party ascended from the island, about half an hour after night had wholly assumed her empire, lay a boat concealed in the deep shade of a large oak overhanging the entrance, its tendril-like branches nearly touching the water. In it sat four boatmen resting upon their oars, in the attitude of men prepared to use them at the slightest word of command.

Against the tree, with his arms habitually folden upon his chest, thoughtfully leaned the pirate, divested of his cloak, and dressed in the ordinary garb of his men, from whom he was distinguished only by his superior height, erect figure, and the deference shown to him by his companions.

Upon a gnarled root of the tree, which the action of the water had laid bare, sat his companion engaged in watching the changing lights moving along the opposite shore, and listening to the challenges of the guard boats—his pulse occasionally bounding with the wild spirit of adventure, as the danger attending their expedition occurred to his mind.

Cudjoe was hanging by his arms and feet, from one of the drooping branches, as motionless as the limb which bore him. The air was still. Not a leaf moved, and the deep silence that reigned at the moment, was made more striking, by the reedy-toned ripple of the flowing water curling among the tips of the slender branches, as, borne down by the weight of the slave, they dipped in the rolling flood.

"Cudjoe, down sir!" said Lafitte, suddenly addressing the slave.

The African dropped from the limb and stood by his master.

"You swim, Cudjoe!"

"Yes, Massa, Cudjoe swim like fis'."

"Do you see that first boat there, just under that brightest star in the range of those double lights?"

"Yes, Massa."

"It is one of the watch boats. There are but two men in it—go up the leveé till you are about one hundred rods above the boat—then strike off into the river and let the current drift you against her bows. If you are cautious you will approach unperceived. Then get over the bows into the boat and master the men the best way you can—so you effect it without noise. But, slave, take no life. When you have captured the boat, scull it here!"

"Yes, Massa," he replied, displaying his tusks with delight.

"Go, then."

The slave, with a stealthy step left the shadow of the tree, and glided along the leveé until he was above the boat, when, from a projecting limb, he dropped himself noiselessly into the river; his head in the obscure starlight as he swum, resembling the end of a buoy, or a shapeless block floating upon the water.

CHAPTER II.

"Guard boats were stationed across the river; the lamps were to be extinguished at nine o'clock at night, after which all persons found in the streets without a passport, were to be arrested as spies."

"Although a large reward was offered by the governor for the chief of the Barritarians, he frequently visited the city in disguise."

SKETCHES OF THE LAST WAR.

THE VOLUNTEERS—COLLOQUY INTERRUPTED—PRISONERS—THE CITY.

THE two men were sitting in the boat, engaged in social discourse, one with his face to the stern, the other fronting the bows, upon whose features the rays of the light shone brightly.

"But, Mr. Aughrim, in your opinion, what think these Englishers would do with't if they should, (which is a mighty bad chance for 'em) take the old yallow fever city?" said one of the oarsmen of the boat, gently rubbing with his palm the head of a carbine, whilst with the other hand he occasionally dipped his oar into the water, with just force enough to counteract the current.

"Why you see, Tim, dear," replied his companion, "the ould counthry has her eye open, sure! and is not this the kay of Ameriky; it's a kingdom they'll make of it at wanst—bad loock to the likes o' thim. Faix, its for faar o' that same Dennis Aughrim is this blissed night a 'listed sojer."

"I reckon they'll feel a small touch of the alligator's tooth, and a kick from the old horse Ken-

tuck, afore they turn narry acre o' land in the States into a kingdom, come."

"'Troth, honey—bad loock to the likes o' my mimory;" said the Irish volunteer rubbing that intellectual organ, "sure I've heard that same big bog-trotter of a hoorse, mintioned—the omadhoun! An' has he divil of an alligator's tooth in his beautiful mouth, Tim, dear—or is it ony a 'figur o' spache' as ould father Muldoodthrew, pace to his mimory, used to say."

"Look! what is that?" said his companion hastily, pointing out a dark object floating on the water, towards which they pulled for a moment, and then again rested on their oars.

"Nothin' my darlint," said Dennis, "but one of thim same jewells that coom sailin' all the way from furrin parts, about the north pole. We'll kape our four eyes aboot us, sure, but divil a sthraw could dhrift by, widout Dennis Aughrim's seeing it wid his peepers shut."

"Perhaps," said his companion speaking slowly, giving utterance to the thoughts the inanimate object called up, "perhaps that old log has drifted by my door, and the old woman and little ones have looked at it, and thought how it was floating away down to Orleans, where daddy Tim is;" and till it faded in the distance from his eyes, he gazed after the floating tree, which, even in his rude breast conjured up emotions, for a moment, carrying his thoughts far back to the rude cabin and the little group he had left behind him, to go forth and fight the battles of his country.

"Is it far, the childer and the ould 'ooman live, Masther Tim?" inquired Dennis, chiming in with the feelings of his comrade.

"It is in old Kentuck—Hark?" he said, as one guard boat challenged another which was rowing across her bows.

"An' thin is there the likes o' sich a hoorse in your counthry?" inquired the Irishman after a moment's silence, "faix, it's exthraordinary."

"And you never saw old Kentuck?" said his companion, recovering at once, the low humour characteristic of his countrymen, "Well, he's a caution! He's about four hundred miles long from head to tail, and when he stands up, one foot is on the Mississippi and another on the Ohio, and his two fore legs rest on Tennessy and old Virginny.

"Thrue for you, indeed! Masther Tim; but sure it's joking you are, Tim, dear," said Dennis in credulous surprise.

"Never a joke in the matter, paddy—he's a screamer I tell *you*. Why, his veins are bigger than any river in all Ireland, and he has swallowed whole flat boats and steamers; and stranger, let me tell *you*, the boys aboard, never minded but what they were sailing on a river—only they said they thought the water looked a little reddish. Why it takes a brush as large as all Frankfort, and that's a matter of some miles long, to rub him down, and every brustle is a pine tree. When he drinks you can wade across the Mississippi for a day after, just about there. He snorts louder than July thunder, and when he winks, it lightens—make him mad, and he'll blow like one of these here new fashioned steam boats.—"

"Oh! Holy mother! The saints betune us and this omadhoun! But it must take the mate and the praitees to feed him. Och hone!"

"But this is not all, Dennis;" continued his companion with humour, amused at the credulity of his fellow soldier; "his tail is like a big snake and as long as the Irish channel."

"The Lord and the blessed St. Pathrick betwixt us and harm."

"His back is covered with a shell of a snapping turtle, that you could put your island under.—"

"Oh murther! but may be it's no expinse the Prisident will be for a saddle. Lord! Lord!"

"Not a bit, paddy; nor a bridle either, for that matter," continued the Kentuckian with impertuble gravity, while his companion, with incredulous and simple wonder, listened aghast; "his head is shaped like an alligator's, with a double row of teeth and a large white tusk sticking out each side of his mouth.—"

"Oh! the Lord look down upon us! there he is!" suddenly shrieked the Irishman, and fell senseless on the bottom of the boat. Before the Kentuckian could turn to see the cause of the alarm, the slave, whose hideous features seen over the bows, combined with his excited imagination, had terrified the simple Irishman, already inflamed by the recital of his comrade, sprung forward; and he felt the iron clutch of Cudjoe's fingers around his throat, and his arms pressed immoveably to his side. Until his captive grew black in the face, the slave kept his hold; and when he found him incapable of resistance, he seized the oars and pulled into the mouth of the canal, opposite which the boat had now drifted.

"Done like Cudjoe," said his master, who had watched with interest, the success of his plan, as the boat touched the bank.

"Ha, slave! did I not tell you to shed no blood?" he added angrily, as his eye rested upon the prostrate forms of the boatmen.

"Cudjoe no spill one drop," replied the slave; "one sojer tinky me alligator, curse him; he make one yell and den go to de debil, dead directly. Dis oder big sojer—he only little bit choke."

"Take them out," he said to his crew, "and lay them on the bank."

In a few moments, the Kentuckian revived, and looked around him in moody silence.

"You are a prisoner," said Lafitte.

"And to the devil, I suppose, stranger," he said, looking at Cudjoe's ungainly figure. The next moment a thought of his lonely family swelled his bosom, and a desire to escape suddenly inspired him. Leaping from the ground, while his captors thought him incapable of rising, he threw himself headlong into the river. In a few seconds, they heard the water agitated far below them by his athletic arms. He gained the shore on the lower side of the canal, beyond pursuit, and his receding footsteps were heard far down the leveé.

"Better he were free," said Lafitte; "that man would lose his life before he would betray the watch-word. But this looks like baser metal," he added, placing his foot upon the body of the Irishman, who, after being deluged with a few caps full of the cold river water, revived.

"Oh! murther, murther!" he exclaimed, as a generous discharge nearly drowned him—"Oh! the hoorse—the hoorse! Och, murther me! It is kilt you are Dennis Aughrim! Och, hone——"

"Up, sir, up, and stop that howling," said Lafitte, "taking him by the collar, and lifting him as a less muscular man would a child, and placing him upon his feet—

"What is the pass-word of the night?"

"The woord is't yer honor?" said Dennis, his consciousness partially restoring—"and devil a bit did I know, how ever I coome here. Oh, the hoorse, and the alligathur!" he suddenly exclaimed, looking about him, as if he expected again to see the object of his fears—"and did yer honor pick me from the wather, where he dhragged me to devoor me. Oh! holy St. Pathrick! but it was a divil of a craather."

"Back, Cudjoe," said Lafitte, as the slave was gradually creeping round to intercept his vision. "Give me the pass word of the night, soldier."

"By dad, an' wid a heart an' a will would I oblige yer honor; the mither in heaven send blessin' on blessin' on yer honor's head; for savin' me from droouin'; but Tim, Tim is it wid de bit paper."

"No trifling man, or you will be worse off than in an alligator's jaws," replied his captor sternly.

"Oh, thin, dear, yer honor! but I must spake it low," and standing on his toes, he whispered in the ear of Lafitte, the pass word of the night.

"'Tis as I thought," he exclaimed. "Now get into this boat and guide us up to the city; serve me faithfully, and you shall soon be free; betray or deceive me, and you die."

"Oh, blissed mither! that Dennis Aughrim should be prisoner to the Inglishers! and, poor craythur! that he should lit them into the city, to make it a kingdom. Och, Dennis! but you'll have to go back to ould Ireland! Amiriky is no more to be the free counthry o' the world. Och, murther me! that Dinnis's own mither's son should come to this!" he soliloquized, as he reluctantly stepped into the boat for the purpose of betraying his trust.

Leaving orders for his men to remain in their concealment until his return, and be on the alert against surprise, the buccaneer chief stepped into the guard-boat with Théodore and his slave.

Taking an oar himself, and giving the other to his guide and prisoner, he pushed boldly out from the bank, and confidently passed the line of boats, every challenge from them being answered by the familiar voice of the Irishman, as they passed within two or three oars' length of the line of guard-boats; all but the chief and the guide lying in the bottom of the barge.

In about half an hour after leaving the shore, he shot into the inlet of canal Mariguay, and nearly under the guns of fort St. Charles. At this point were collected many other boats and fishing craft; and having passed the chain of guard-boats with security, he pulled along side of the leveé, and into the midst of the boats, without attracting observation.

Leaving the Irishman in the barge under the charge of Cudjoe, of whom he stood in mortal fear —the chief, accompanied by his companion, mounted the leveé, and with an indifferent pace passed under the walls of the fort. As he walked forward, the esplanade in front of the city, was crowded with citizens and soldiers, along which mounted officers were riding at speed, and detachments of soldiers moving swiftly and without music, down the road which wound along the banks of the river. At every corner he passed by guards posted there, and nearly every man he met was armed, and as the lamps shone upon their faces, he discovered that expectation of some important event dwelt thereon, giving a military sternness to their visages.

The parade was nearly deserted except by citizens and soldiers, too old to bear arms in the field. Without being questioned or challenged by any one, for the hour of nine, when vigilance more thoroughly reigned throughout the guarded city, had not yet arrived.

Turning from the leveé and leaving the parade on his left, he passed up Rue St. Anne to Charles-street, without lifting his eyes to the cathedral, its dark towers rising abruptly and gloomily against the sky, overtopping the government house and other massive public buildings around it.

A soldier in the uniform of Lateau's coloured regiment was pacing in front of the government-house

with his musket to his shoulder. Against the wall of the church, leaned a group of citizens and soldiers, all of whom, though apparently off duty, wore arms, and had the air of men who momently expected to be called into action. A neighbouring guard-house was full of soldiers smoking segars, burnishing their arms and discussing the great subject of the expected attack upon their city. Occasionally, a private or an officer in uniform hurried past on the trottoir, neither turning to the right or left, nor replying to the questions occasionally put to them by the inquisitive passers-by.

"Soldier, is the governor in the city?" inquired Lafitte, stopping as he met the guard.

"You must be a stranger here, monsieur, to put such a question," said he, eyeing him suspiciously; "next to her noble general, is he not the guardian of our city?"

"You say well, monsieur—he is then in the government-house?" inquired the buccaneer.

"Would you speak with the governor, señor;" said one of the soldiers stepping up.

"I have important papers for him," answered Lafitte, looking at the man fixedly.

"You will then find him at the quarters of the general in Faubourg Marigny—he rode by with his staff not half an hour since," replied the man.

"Thank you, monsieur," said Lafitte.

As he spoke, the bell of the cathedral tolled nine, and the report of a heavy piece of artillery placed in front upon the parade, awoke the echoes of the city, warning every householder to extinguish his lights, and confining the inhabitants to their own dwellings. The foot of the loiterer hastened as the first note struck his ear, and a thousand lights at once disappeared from the windows of the dwellings; and before the sound of the last stroke of the

bell died away, the city became silent and dark. After that hour, until sunrise, with the exception of here and there one bearing about him a passport from the American chief, every one abroad was on the severe duty of a soldier.

"You have the pass, monsieur?" inquired the soldier, whom he first addressed, extending his hand as the clock broke the stillness of the night.

Lafitte gave the word which had passed him through the chain of boats.

"It will not do, monsieur," replied the guard, "have you not a passport?"

The soldier who had directed him where to find the governor whispered in his ear—"Pensacola."

Lafitte starting, repeated the word to the guard; adding, "I gave you before by mistake, the word for the river."

"It is well, monsieur," said the soldier, giving back, "pass with the youth."

Lafitte and his companion turned and retraced their steps to the suburb, occupied by the commander-in-chief.

As they were crossing Rue St. Phillipe, some one called the chief's name in a distinct whisper. He turned and distinguished the figure of the soldier who had given him the pass-word.

"Ha! is it you, Pedro? I knew you then! but how is this? Have you turned soldier?"

"For a time, señor captain—I must not starve."

"Nor will you if you can find other man's meat," said Lafitte, laughingly. "I thought you had taken your prize money and gone to Havana."

"No, señor; a pair of large black eyes and one small bag of five-frank pieces tempted me out of that."

"That is, you are married!"

"It is a sad truth, señor. I am now captain of

a carbaret on Rue Royal, and my dame is first officer. And master Théodore, how fare you, señor," he said, abruptly changing the subject and addressing the youth. "It is many a month since I have seen your bright eye. Well, you are coming up to the tall man," continued the quondam pirate, curling his mustachio and drawing up to the full attitude of his five feet one inch, until his eyes reached to the chin of the young buccaneer. "You will yet walk a deck bravely."

"How did you recognize me so soon?" inquired Lafitte.

"When you folded your arms, and threw your head up, in the way you have, while you spoke to the guard, I said to myself 'that's Captain Lafitte, or I'm no Benedict."

"Well, your penetration has done me good service, Pedro."

"Yes, señor; I wish you may always profit as well by having your disguise penetrated. Your tall figure, and way of fixing your head, will betray you more than once to-night, if you are on secret business, as I conjecture. A little stoop, and a lower gait, like a padre, if such be the case, would be wisdom in you, as you walk the streets. You know the reward offered for your head, by the Governor."

"I know it, Pedro; and you have no doubt seen my proclamation for the governor's, wherein I have done him much honour, valuing his head five times at what he fixes mine," said he, laughingly.

"And you are seeking him," exclaimed Pedro. "This is strange; but it is like you, Captain Lafitte," he added, impressively. "There were six out of the seven standing with me, when you came up, who would have taken your life for a sous, if they could. Be careful, señor! but if you are in danger, you will find many brave hearts and ready

hands even in this city, to aid you. If you would like a taste of Bordeaux or old claret of the true brand, I should be honoured to have you seek it in my humble carbaret. The wine, the carbaret—all I have, is at your service, señor."

"*All?* good Benedictine," said his former Captain, playfully, and with a stress upon the first word. "But I'll come, if thirst drive me; so, adieu, and thanks for your timely service to-night."

"Adios, señor; the saints prosper you!" said Pedro, taking leave of his chief, and returning to his comrades; while Lafitte, with a firm and steady pace, proceeded to the quarters of the commanding general.

CHAPTER II.

"That a sentiment, having for its object the surrender of the city, should be entertained by this body, was scarcely credible; yet a few days brought the certainty of it more fully to view, and showed that they were already devising plans to insure the safety of themselves and property.

"In reference to these plans, a special committee of the legislature called to know of the commanding general what course he should pursue in relation to the city, should he be driven from his entrenchments." MEMOIRS OF THE WAR.

HEAD-QUARTERS—CAPITULATION OF THE SENATE—THE GOVERNOR AND HIS VISITOR.

In the Faubourg Marigny, and not far from the canal of the same name, at the period of the war, stood a large dwelling, constructed after that combination of the Spanish, or Moresque and French orders, peculiar to the edifices of this suburb of the Louisianian capital.

It was two stories in height; massive, with thick walls, stuccoed, originally white, but now browned by the dust and smoke of many years. Heavy pilasters adorned the front, extending from the pavement to the cornice; the roof was covered with red tiles, and nearly flat, surrounded by a brick battlement. The street in which this edifice was situated, fronted the river, and was principally composed of similar structures, many of which approached close to the trottoir, while others were separated from the street by a paved parterre, filled

with evergreens and numerous flowers, leaving a walk a few yards in length, to the dwelling. Two or three, including the one we are describing, were situated still farther from the street, in the midst of a garden, with umbageous groves of orange, lemon, fig, and olive trees.

To the house in question, led an avenue, bordered by these trees, terminating upon the street, in a heavy gate-way. The gate was of solid oak, and placed between square pillars of brick, each surmounted by an eagle, his wings extended, in the act of rising from the column. The house, situated about twenty yards from the gate, and fronting the leveé and noble river beyond, upon whose bosom rode many armed vessels, was square and very large, surrounded by ancient trees, which even at noon day defended it from the southern sun.

The spacious entrance of the mansion, with its lofty folding leaves, or more properly gates, thrown open, would freely admit the passage of a carriage. It gave admittance from the front into a lofty hall, paved, and without furniture, with doors leading into large rooms on either side, and terminating in a court in the rear, also paved, in the centre of which spouted a fountain. The court was surrounded with a colonnade or a sort of cloister, and was filled with plots of flowers and huge vases of plants, arranged with much taste by the proprietor in many picturesque and fantastic forms.

About the hour of nine, on the evening with which our story is connected, this dwelling presented a scene of warlike animation. Sentinels were posted in front; officers arm in arm, were promenading in grave or lively discourse before the door—horses richly caparisoned for war were held by slaves in military livery on the street in front of the mansion, where also a guard was posted in honor of the pre-

sent distinguished occupant. Citizens were occasionally passing in and out with busy faces, and hasty steps.

Horsemen, with brows laden with care or weighty tidings, rode frequently up, and dismounting, threw the bridles of their foaming horses to those in waiting, and rapidly traversed the avenue to the house, while others, hurriedly coming out, mounted and spurred away at full speed.

A door leading into one of the large rooms from the paved hall of the mansion, through which persons were constantly passing, displayed within, rich drapery, curtains, deep window recesses, alcoves for ottomans and various articles of furniture indicating the opulence of the citizen proprietor of the dwelling. Swords, richly-mounted pistols, plumes, belts, military gloves and caps were lying as they were hastily thrown down, about the room, upon ottomans, tables and chairs.

Near the centre of the apartment drawn a little towards the fire place in which blazed a cheerful fire, necessary even in this southern clime to dissipate the damp and chill of the night, stood a large square table, surmounted by a shade lamp and covered with papers, charts, open letters, plans of fortifications, mathematical instruments, a beaver military hat without a plume, and an elegant small sword with its belt attached, which a tall, gentlemanly man, in the full dress of a military chief, seated at the table, examining very intensely a large map of Louisiana, had just unbuckled and placed there.

The rays of the lamp falling obliquely upon his high forehead, over which the hair slightly sprinkled with gray, was arranged after the military fashion of the period, cast into deep shadow his eyes and the lower portion of his face.

Raising his head from the chart for an instant to

address an officer standing on the opposite side of the table, his features in the bright glare of the lamp which shone full upon them, then became plainly visible.

The contour of his face, now pale and thin, apparently from recent illness, was nearly oval. His age might be about fifty. His forehead was high and bold, with arched, and slightly projecting brows, bent, where they met, into a slight habitual frown, indicating a nervousness and irritability of temperament, qualified however by the benevolent expression about his mouth.

His eyes were dark blue, sparkling when their possessor was animated, with a piercing lustre, and when highly excited, they became almost fiercely penetrating. His countenance was marked with resolution, firmness and intelligence. His smile was bland, his manners easy, and his address pleasing if not winning, as he spoke to the officer opposite to him. When erect, his height might be above six feet, commanding and military. His frame was rather slight, yet apparently muscular. Although his physical conformation seemed to disqualify him for the fatigues and arduous duties of the camp, yet, the bronzed cheek, the deep angular lines in his face, and the field-worn, and military appearance of the officer, showed, that with the hard details of a soldier's life he had long been familiar.

A gentleman in the dress of an American naval captain, much younger than the soldier, with a brown cheek, a frank air and manly features, leaned over his shoulder with his eyes fixed upon the chart, and occasionally making a remark, or replying to some question put in a quick, searching tone by the military chieftain.

In the opposite or back part of the room, walked two gentlemen, both of much dignity of person and

manner; one of whom, by his dress, was an officer in high command; the other was only distinguished from a citizen by the military insignia of a small sword, buff gloves, which he held in his hand, and a military hat carried under his left arm. They were engaged in low but animated conversation, one of them often gesticulating with the energy of a Frenchman, which his aquiline features, lofty retreating forehead, foreign air and accent, betrayed him to be. The citizen was graver, yet equally interested in the subject of conversation. The tones of his voice were firm, and there was a calm and quiet dignity in his language and manner, more impressive to an observer, than the gesticulative energy of his companion.

In a recess of one of the windows, a group of young officers stood engaged in low-toned, but animated conversation; while two or three of a graver age, promenaded the back part of the apartment conversing closely in suppressed voices upon subjects, which, from their manner, were of the deepest import.

Suddenly, a heavy, ringing tread was heard in the hall, and an officer of dragoons hastily entered, and without noticing the addresses,—

"Ha! colonel! good evening."

"What news, colonel?"

"Hot haste, ha! you Mississippians do nothing by halves!" from several of the young officers who crowded round him, he approached the table where the general officer was seated and communicated some information to him, which, from its instantaneous effect, must have been of the most surprising nature.

Starting from his chair, with his brow contracted, his eye flashing, and his cheek reddened with emotion, he exclaimed in a stern voice which rung through the apartment,

"Capitulate! capitulate! the legislature capitulate! By the G—d of Heaven we will see to that! —Where learned you this daming treachery of our disaffected senate, colonel?" he inquired, addressing the officer, while his eye burned with rage.

"But now, Sir; as I passed the Capitol, I heard it whispered among the crowd assembled before the doors. Dismounting, I ascended to the outer gallery and found the house closed—yet—"

"A secret conspiracy!" said the general, pacing the room in excitement—" go on!"

"As I was about to descend, a member, M. Bufort, came out and told me they were at the moment agitating the subject of capitulation to the enemy, and making at once a proffer to surrender the city into their hands—"

"The false, cowardly traitors!" exclaimed the commanding general incensed, and in a loud angry voice—"By heaven, they shall be blown up with their crazy old capitol to the skies. Governor," he said with readily assumed courtesy, turning to the gentleman in the blue dress of a citizen, "my immediate pressing duties will not allow me to go in person and wait on these traitors. To your excellency I entrust the office. Take a sufficient force with you—closely watch their motions, and the moment a project of offering a capitulation to the enemy shall be fully disclosed—place a guard at the door and confine them to their chamber. If they will not take the field, they had better be blown up to the third heavens, than remain there to plot treason against the state."

The governor accompanied by two or three of the young officers, immediately left the apartment to execute the command.

"My object in taking this step commodore," said the general, quietly resuming his examination of the chart as the governor left the room, address-

ing the naval officer," is, that they may be able to proceed to their business without injury to the state; now, whatever schemes they entertain will remain within themselves without the power of circulating to the prejudice of any other interest than their own. Like the serpent in the fable—if they will bite, they must fix their fangs in their own coils."

The gentlemen who remained in the room, were gathered in a group near the door, conversing upon the conduct of the senate—and the general, having laid aside the chart, was engaged in affixing his signature to some papers lying before him, when a special committee from the legislative body was announced.

"Admit them!" said the chief somewhat stern ly.

Three gentlemen in the plain habiliments of citizens entered with some embarrassment; originated perhaps, by the nature of their business.

"Well, gentlemen!" said the general officer quickly, his brow clouding as he rose to receive them.

One of the legislative committee advanced a step before the other gentlemen of the deputation and said with some degree of hesitation,

"We are sent, sir, officially from the legislative assembly of this state, being ourselves members of that body, to ask of you—as commander in chief of the army, and to whom is entrusted the defence of our city—what course you have decided to pursue, should necessity drive you from your position."

"If," replied the general, his eye kindling and his lip writhing with contempt, looking fixedly upon each individual of the deputation, as if he sought to make him feel his look—"if I thought the hair of my head could divine what I should do, I would cut it off. Go back with this answer! Say to your honourable body, that if disaster does overtake

me and the fate of war drives, me from my line to the city, they may expect to have a very warm session! You have my answer," he added, resuming his occupation at the table, as he observed the committee made no movement to take leave.

"Let me suggest o your honourable body, however," he resumed ironically, raising his eyes as the deputation were leaving the room—"that it would better comport with the spirit of these stirring times, while the roar of artillery is pealing in their ears, if they should abandon their civil duties for the sterner and more useful labours of the field."

"And what," inquired the naval officer in a low voice, as the deputation left the department, "and what do you design to do general, provided you are forced to retreat?"

"Fall back on the city—fire it—and fight the enemy amidst the surrounding flame! There are with me gentlemen of wealth, owners of property, who in such an event, will be amongst the foremost to apply the torch to their own dwellings. The senate fears this—and it is to save their personal property from the flames, that the members are willing to surrender the city to the enemy," he added indignantly. "And what they leave undone," he continued with animation, rising from his chair and vehemently gesticulating with his hands, "I shall complete. Nothing for the maintenance of the enemy, shall be left in the rear. If necessary, I will destroy New Orleans to her foundations, occupy a position above on the river, cut off all supplies, and in this way compel the enemy to depart from the country."

As he spoke, a messenger entered and handed him a sealed paper. Hastily breaking it open, he glanced over it with a quick eye.

"To horse, young gentlemen," he said in a sharp tone, addressing the group of officers, rising and

buckling on his sword; and taking his cloak which lay on a chair beside him, he wrapped it closely about his tall form.

"Well, commodore," he said addressing the naval officer as he took up his cocked hat and gloves, "you will co-operate, as we have determined, with the land forces. Urgent business now calls me away; I will communicate with you on my return."

"General," he said, addressing the French-looking military officer, whom we have already introduced to the notice of the reader, "I shall be honoured with your attendance for an hour. The night dew will not hurt veterans like you and I, although it may derange, perhaps," he said pleasantly, "the mustachoes of the younger members of our staff."

At this moment the governor returned, and after briefly stating to him the situation of affairs in relation to the legislature, the general said,

"I will return before eleven, your excellency. If you will do the honors of my household until then, we will take our leisure to look over this business the traitorous senators have thrust upon our hands —as if they were not already filled."

Taking the arm of the Louisianian general, he then left the room; and in a few seconds the sound of his horses feet, moving rapidly down the street from the gate, fell upon the ears of the governor, who was now left alone in the apartment.

Approaching the table, as the last sound of the receding horsemen faded from his ear, he cast his eyes over the map recently occupying the attention of the general; and after tracing thoughtfully with a pencil, a line from the mouth of the bayou Mezant on lake Borgne to the Mississippi, speaking audibly, he said,—

"Here is the avenue Packenham seizes upon. It will conduct him close to the city. Well, let him come—he will be caught in the nets his own

policy spreads. But these papers from the secretary of war! I must look to them. This lynx-eyed general must be ably seconded. What noble Romans are our senators!" he added, his thoughts reverting to the commands of the general he had just seen executed. "They would fain capitulate before the enemy is in sight."

He then, taking up a bundle of papers, seated himself by the table, the light falling upon his clear, intellectual forehead, and unfolding them, commenced reading with great attention, occasionally adding or striking out passages, and making brief notes in the margin. At length, having been several times interrupted by individuals desirous of seeing the chief, he closed the door, and gave orders to the sentinel to admit no one, unless on business with himself, and again became absorbed in the occupation from which his attention had been so frequently called off.

While thus engaged, and about half an hour after the departure of the general and his staff, the challenge of the sentinel stationed before the front door, was followed by a low reply, and the heavy tread of a man in the hall.

The door opened, and the governor lifting his eyes, beheld enter, a tall man in the dress of a seaman, who deliberately turned the key in the door and approached him.

The act, the manner and the appearance of the bold intruder, surprised him, and starting from his chair, he demanded who he was, and the nature of his business.

The stranger stood for a moment surveying him in silence, his full dark eye fixed penetratingly upon his features.

"Sir," repeated the governor, after recovering from his surprise, "to what circumstance am I indebted for the honour of this visit?"

The stranger, without replying, drew from his breast a folded paper, and approaching, whilst the governor placed his hand upon his sword, laid it, without speaking, upon the table.

He hastily opened and run his eye over it, and then glancing from the paper to the stranger, alternately several times, before he spoke, he at last said while his brow changed:

"What means this, sir? It is but the printed proclamation for the head of that daring outlaw, Lafitte. Know you ought of him?"

The intruder advanced a step, and calmly folding his arms upon his breast and fixing his piercing eye upon him, said quietly and firmly—

"He stands before you!"

"Ha!" exclaimed the governor, starting back; and seizing a pistol which lay near him, had just elevated his voice to alarm the guard, as he levelled the weapon, when Lafitte springing forward, grasped it.

"Hold, sir! I mean you no harm! It is for your good I am here. If I desire revenge, I would not seek it beneath this roof, and thus place myself in your power. Put up that weapon, your excellency, and listen to me," he added respectfully.

"Nay, if you have business with me communicate it, and let there be this distance between us."

"As you desire, sir," replied the Barritarian. "Be seated, your excellency. I have received communications," continued the outlaw, as the governor somewhat assured, took a chair and motioned him to another, "from the British commander, that I would confide to you. I feel they are of importance to our common country, which, although outlawed, I love."

"You are a strange man, captain Lafitte—to enter a city where thousands know you, with a reward hanging over your head; and then voluntarily

place yourself in the power of the executor of the laws you have violated; and on the pretence too, that you can serve the state, which you have passed your life in injuring! How am I to understand you, sir? Shall I admire your intrepidity, or pity your duplicity?"

"Different language becomes our interview, monsieur governor. At no small risk and trouble have I undertaken this expedition. Fearlessly have I placed myself in your excellency's power, trusting that your sense of justice, would appreciate my confidence."

"I do appreciate it, sir," replied the governor, after a moment's deliberative silence; "and whatever, so that you do not forget yourself, may be the issue of this interview, which I warn you must be brief, for the general and his staff will soon return, I pledge you my word as a gentleman and governor of this state, that you shall go as free and as secret as you came. I respect your confidence, and will listen to what you have to communicate in reference to the public welfare."

Lafitte then briefly related his interview with the British officer, stated and enlarged upon the overtures so tempting to a band of proscribed men, who, weary of their precarious existence, might be desirous of embracing so favourable an opportunity of recovering an honourable attitude among men, by ranging themselves under the banners of a nation so powerful as the English. After stating his reception of the officers, and his expedient to obtain delay to communicate with his excellency, he continued,

"Although a reward is suspended over my head —although I have been hunted down like a wild beast by my fellow citizens—although proscribed by the country of my adoption—I will never let pass an opportunity of serving her cause to the

shedding of my blood. I am willing to make some atonement for the violence done to your laws through my instrumentality. I desire to show you how much I love my country—how dear she is to me! Of this my presence here, and these papers which I bear, are convincing proofs. A British officer of high rank, whose name you will find appended to the papers I lay before you, has made me propositions to which few men would turn a deaf ear. Two of them are directed to me. One is a proclamation to the citizens of this state, and the fourth, admiral Percy's instructions to that officer in relation to his overtures to myself."

CHAPTER IV.

"Whilst preparations were making by Commodore Patterson for an expedition against Barritaria, Governor Claiborne, received communications from that point, which were deemed of importance to the safety of the state. He therefore invited on the occasion the opinions of the officers of the navy, army, and militia, to whom he communicated the letters of the British officers, which he had received from the Barritarian."

LATOUR.

"Lafitte and his band rejected the overtures of the English with indignation. These men saw no dishonour in enriching themselves by plunder, but they had a horror of treason."

MARBOI'S LOUISIANA.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN LAFITTE AND THE GOVERNOR—AN ADVENTURE IN THE STREETS.

AFTER having placed the papers in the governor's hands, Lafitte turned away and walked to the window.

"Indeed," exclaimed the governor, glancing over the papers, preparatory to a more thorough examination, as he read audibly the several signatures. Then taking the letter of the British officer addressed to Lafitte; he read it aloud, commenting upon every few lines.

"I call upon you with your brave followers to enter into the service of Great Britain in which you shall have the rank of captain."

"Indeed," said the governor, looking up at Lafitte with interest and surveying as his eye lingered over it for a moment, his commanding figure. "Lands," he continued, "will be given to you, all in proportion

to your respective ranks in his majesty's colonies in America." (Ha, this is indeed counting the birds rather prematurely) he soliloquized. "Your property shall be guaranteed—your persons protected." "I herewith enclose you a copy of my proclamation to the Louisianians, which will, I trust, point out to you the honourable intentions of my government."

"Humph! honourable! It is nevertheless a fine round period."

"You may be a useful assistant to me in forwarding them: therefore, if you determine, lose no time. We have a powerful reinforcement on its way here. And I hope to cut out some other work for the Americans than oppressing the inhabitants of Louisiana."

"Humph! it is to be hoped so.—Well, this is a most praiseworthy document," said he, laying it aside, and again glancing at the pirate, who stood silently at the window, apparently gazing out upon the stars; but his eye watched every expression of the governor's features.

"Now, what says this scion of nobility, commander of his majesty's fleet," continued his excellency, opening a second paper. "This is to Captain Lockyer, and seems to be a letter of instructions:"

"Sir—You are hereby required and directed, after having received on board an officer belonging to the first battalion of royal colonial marines, to proceed in his majesty's sloop under your command, without a moment's loss of time, for Barritaria. On your arrival at that place, you will communicate with its chief, and urge him to throw himself upon the protection of Great Britain; and should you find the Barritarians inclined to pursue such a step, you will hold out to them that their property shall be secured to them and that they shall be considered British subjects; and at the conclusion of the

war, lands within his majesty's colonies in America"—(" yet to be won, worthy admiral," said the governor, in parenthesis,)—" will be allotted to them. Should you succeed completely in the object for which you are sent, you will concert measures for the annoyance of the enemy as you judge best, having an eye to the junction of their small armed vessels with me, for a descent upon the coast."

" So much for the son of Lord Beverly," said the governor, in a tone of irony. " These papers are growing in importance. What is this ?"

" Proclamation, by Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Nicholls, commanding his Britannic majesty's forces in the Floridas."

" This sounds well."

" NATIVES OF LOUISIANA !

" On you the first call is made to assist in liberating from a faithless, imbecile government."—(" Humph !")—" your paternal soil !—Spaniards, Frenchmen, Italians, and British !—whether settled, or residing for a time in Louisiana, on you, also, I call to aid me in this just cause. The American usurpation in this country must be abolished, and the lawful owners of the soil put in possession.

" I am at the head of a large body of Indians !" (" Humph ! British valour ! British chivalry !")—" well armed, disciplined and commanded by British officers. Be not alarmed, inhabitants of the country, at our approach"—(" Jupiter tonens !")—" rest assured that these red men only burn with an ardent desire of satisfaction for the wrongs they have suffered from the Americans, to join you in liberating these southern provinces from their yoke, and drive them into those limits formerly prescribed by my sovereign."

" Bah ! this has a tinge of the Eton fledgling !"

"The Indians have pledged themselves"—("blessed pledge! assuredly")—"in the most solemn manner not to injure in the slightest degree, the persons or properties of any but enemies to their Spanish or English fathers. A flag over any door, whether Spanish, French, or British, will be a certain protection, nor dare any Indian put his foot on the threshold thereof, under penalty of death from his own countrymen. Not even an enemy will an Indian put to death, except resisting in arms."

"Well, verily, the rhodomantine Captain must have tamed his painted allies by some mode unknown to us. He thinks to conquer by proclamation. The gallant Lawrence should have taught him better. So he concludes"—"accept of my offers; every thing I have promised in this paper, I guarantee you on the sacred honour of a British officer."

"Given under my hand, at head-quarters."

"These papers, Captain Lafitte, united with your verbal communications, are indeed important," said the governor, rising and approaching the outlaw, with dignity and respect in his manner.

"I do not wish to offend your feelings, sir; but in the relation in which we stand to each other, I must have authority for acting upon the knowledge of their contents I possess. What other authority than your own word, have I that they are genuine?"

"My person, your excellency!" he replied, with firmness and unchanged features; "I am your prisoner till you can ascertain from a more credible source, the genuineness of these letters, and the truth of my statements."

"Captain Lafitte," said the Governor, struck with his manner, "I cannot do otherwise than place confidence in you. I believe you sincere. The letters themselves bear upon their face, also, the stamp of genuineness. I will call a council in the

morning of some of the principal officers of the navy, army, and militia, and, informing them how I obtained them, submit these letters to their opinions.

"Captain Lafitte," he continued, in a more friendly tone, "I know not the motives which induced you all at once to adopt this honourable course. I am willing to attribute it to the best—a desire to regain your standing in society, to atone for your past violence to the offended laws of your country, and, to the patriotism of a good citizen. As the last I am willing to consider you. There is my hand, sir, in token of amity between us! The proscription against you shall be revoked, and I shall feel proud to rank you hereafter among the defenders of our common country."

Lafitte, moved by the language of the governor, replied, with emotion:

"Again, your excellency, I feel my bosom glow with virtuous emotions. You do justice to my motives, and I am grateful to you. This reception I had not anticipated when I determined to make you the repository of a secret, on which, perhaps, the tranquillity of the country depended; but I knew that it was in the bosom of a just man, of a true American, endowed with all other qualities which give dignity to society, that I was placing this confidence, and depositing the interests of my country.

"The point I occupy, is doubtless considered important by the enemy. I have hitherto kept on the defensive, on my own responsibility. Now, sir, I offer my services to defend it for the state. If the enemy attach that importance to the possession of the place, they give me room to suspect they do, they may employ means above my strength. In that case, if you accept of my services, your intelligence and the degree of your confidence in me, will suggest to you the propriety of strengthening the position

by your own troops. If your excellency should decline my services, at least I beg you will assist me with your judicious council in this weighty affair."

"I know not how to express the pleasure I experience in recognising this extraordinary change in you, captain Lafitte," replied the governor; his noble features beaming with benevolence and gratification. "So far as my influence extends I accept your services; but there must be a preliminary and indispensable step! A pardon for all offences is first necessary, and this can be granted only by the president. Your disinterested and honourable conduct shall be made known to the council in the morning, and if I can aid you in setting out in your new and high minded career, my services and counsels are cheerfully at your command."

"You can do so, your excellency!" replied the outlaw.

"In what?"

"In procuring my pardon from the President, and also that of my followers."

"Cheerfully! I will at once, by the next post, recommend you to the favour of the executive."

"I thank you, sir!" said Lafitte, and turned away with a full heart to conceal his emotion.

The reception he had met with by the governor, whom he esteemed—his ready wish to forget his offences—the prospect of returning to the world, and of regaining his attitude in society, came over him all at once with powerful effect. Then, prominent, and superior to all, the image of Constanza floated before his mind, and his bosom swelled with renewed being. The wishes—the hopes—the prayers, of many days of penitence and remorse, were now about to be realized! A career in the American army was open before him—fame, honour, and perhaps love, to reward him; for, notwithstanding all the barriers surrounding the young Castillian, he still cherished

a half-formed hope, that she might one day reward him with her heart. He could not think that a being, who had exerted such an influence over an important period of his life, who had thus turned the current of his destinies, and by her gentle virtues led him to love virtue for her sake—should come and depart again, as angels visit earth, and never more lighten or influence his pilgrimage through the world.

The governor remarked his emotion, and with ready delicacy divining the cause, turned once more his attention to the papers which he still held in his hand.

"Before I leave your excellency," said Lafitte, after a few moments silence—the silence of a heart too full for utterance—"I desire to learn something definite as to the course to be pursued with reference to these disclosures."

"I have offered to defend for you that part of Louisiana I now hold. But not as an outlaw, would I be its defender! In that confidence, with which you have inspired me, I offer to restore to the state many citizens, now under my command, who, in the eyes of your excellency, have perhaps forfeited that sacred title. I offer you them, however, such as you could wish to find them, ready to exert their utmost efforts in defence of their country. As I have remarked before, the point I occupy is of great importance in the present crisis. I tender not only my own services to defend it, but those of all I command, and the only reward I ask, is, that a stop be put to the proscription against me and my adherents, by an act of oblivion for all that has been done hitherto. I am, your excellency," and his voice betrayed emotion as he continued, "the stray sheep, wishing to return to the sheep-fold!* If you were thoroughly acquainted with the nature of my

* See Latour's Memoirs of Louisiana: Appendix, page xiv.

offences, I should appear much less guilty, and still worthy to discharge the duties of a good citizen and an honest patriot. I might expatiate on the proofs of patriotism I have shown this evening, but I let the fact speak for itself. I beg you to submit to your council and to the executive what I have advanced. The answer of your council I will await until to-morrow noon, when I will send for it, by one who will not be molested. Should it be unfavourable to my sincere prayers, I shall turn my back upon the dazzling offers of the British government, and for ever leave a soil, which, dearly as I love, I am thought unworthy to defend! Thus will I avoid the imputation of having co-operated with the enemy, towards an invasion on this point I hold—which cannot fail to take place—and rest secure in the acquittal of my own conscience."

"My dear sir," said the governor with undisguised admiration of his sentiments; "your praiseworthy wishes shall be laid before the gentlemen whose opinions and councils I shall invite early to-morrow, to aid me in this important affair. Your messenger shall receive an answer by noon. I will also confer upon the subject, with the commanding general on his return. Perhaps your pardon," he added hesitatingly, "may rest upon a condition. I have thought of proposing to the council, that your own, and the services of your adherents be accepted to join the standard of the United States; and, if your conduct, meet the approbation of the general commanding, I will assure you of his co-operation with me, in a request to the President, to extend to all engaged, a free and full pardon."

"With these conditions, I most willingly comply!" said Lafitte. "I must now leave you sir, but," he added, laying his hand upon his heart, "with sentiments of permanent gratitude!"

"Have you the pass-word of the night, Captain

Lafitte?" inquired the governor, turning to the table.

"I have, your excellency."

"Farewell then, sir! I am your friend. When we meet again, I trust it will be in the ranks of the American army;" said the governor smiling, and extending his hand to the chief.

Lafitte seized, and grasping it warmly, pressed it to his lips, and precipitately left the room.

Passing through the hall, he was re-joined by Théodore, with whom he left the mansion, and after replying to the challenge of the sentinel at the gate, the two passed at a rapid pace down the street.

The moon was just rising, and they had been walking but a few minutes, when a clattering of horses' hoofs and the ringing of arms were heard at the extremity of one of the long streets, intersecting that, they were traversing, and in a few moments, with nodding plumes, ringing swords, and jingling spurs, the general in chief with his staff, and followed by two or three mounted citizens, turned the angle of the street, and dashed past them down the road to his head quarters.

The outlaw and his companion had nearly gained their boat, and were walking in the shadow of fort St. Charles, along the canal, where it was secured, having met no one but the horsemen, and occasionally, a guard who challenged and allowed them to pass, since they had left the house, when their attention was attracted by a figure gliding along the side of the canal Marigny, and evidently seeking to escape observation.

They drew back within the shadow of a building on the banks, when the figure passed them, almost crawling upon the ground. Avoiding the street, immediately afterward, he dropped without noise into the water, swum to the side where they stood, and cautiously ascending the leveé or bank, paused a moment and peered over the top.

Apparently satisfied that he was unobserved, he then crept along to the side of the fort and lingering a moment, disappeared around the angle, leaving a paper affixed to the wall.

"Here is mischief brewing." said Lafitte—"Did you observe that fellow closely Théodore?"

"Yes, I thought at first it was Cudjoe."

"No—no—he is too tall for him"—"we will see what he has been at."

Followed by Théodore, he left the canal and advanced, until he stood under the walls of the fort.

"It is too dark to read in this pale moon; we will take the paper to the light," he said passing round the fort, to a lamp burning in the gate-way, and over the head of a sentinel posted there.

"Ho, who goes there?"—he challenged as they approached. Answering the challenge, Lafitte added;

"Here, guard, is a paper, but now stuck upon the wall of your fort by a skulking slave, who just disappeared among yonder china trees—I fear it bodes mischief in these perilous times!" and as he spoke, he held up the placard to the light. On it was printed in large letters both in French and Spanish,

"LOUISIANIANS! REMAIN QUIET IN YOUR HOUSES; YOUR SLAVES SHALL BE PRESERVED TO YOU, AND YOUR PROPERTY RESPECTED. WE MAKE WAR ONLY AGAINST AMERICANS."

"Well, this is most politic—'said Lafitte,' our enemy fights with printed proclamations, signed too by admiral Cochrane and major general Keane! Preserve slaves! These Englishmen have shone me what reliance is to be placed on their promise to preserve slaves to their masters. Did they not by their insurrection, expect to conquer Louisiana?"

The soldier who heard him read the placard, was about to call for two or three comrades within the

guard room, to pursue and arrest the black, when Lafitte interrupted him.

"Hold, my good man! I know his figure, and the way he has taken. I will pursue him!" and adding to Théodore "now we will show our attachment to the cause we have embraced," followed the slave. In a few moments, after passing two other placards, which Théodore tore down, they saw him —his form hardly distinguishable among the trunks of the trees—apparently engaged in affixing another of the proclamations to a limb. They cautiously approached, when the negro discovering them, and supposing himself unseen, drew himself up into the tree to escape detection as they passed by. But this action was detected; and Lafitte walking rapidly forward, before he could conceal himself, caught him by one of his feet."

"The negro drew a long knife and would have plunged it into the arm of his captor, over whose head it gleamed as he raised it for the blow, had he not caught his hand, and hurled him with violence to the ground.

"Oh mossee beg a mercy mossee, pauvre négre—nigger gibbee all up," he cried rolling upon the ground in pain. Lafitte grasped him by the arm and drew from his breast a large bundle of placards. "Who gave these to you slave?"

"Mossee de English ossifer."

"Where is he?"

"Down by mossee Laronde's plantation; he tellee me stick um up in de city; dey stick um up all 'long on de fence down de Leveé mossee. Now mossee, good, sweet, kind mossee, lettee poor négre go, he hab tell mossee all de libbing truth."

"You must go with me," replied his captor, heedless of the chattering and the prayers of the slave; and leading him by the arm, he returned and delivered him to the guard at the fort.

"Take him to the governor in the morning," he said to him as he called some of his comrades to receive him.

"Thank you Monsieur," said the guard, as Lafitte turned away. "You are a good patriot. I would all the citizens were like you. Will you take wine?"

"No, Monsieur."

"Who, shall I tell the governor, has taken this prisoner?"

He wrote the word "*Lafitte*," with a pencil upon one of the bills, and folding it up, handed it to him; and before the guard could decipher it, he had disappeared below the leveé. Springing into his boat, he waked the Irishman, who had fallen asleep, and sought once more, through the chain of guard-boats, the barge he had left secreted at the mouth of the artificial inlet to the bayou. Then releasing his Irish prisoner, with a warning to be less afraid of alligators, and to keep better watch when on post, he entered his own boat; and before the break of day, was again concealed among the huts of the fishermen, which he had left early on the preceding evening.

CHAPTER V.

* "The genuineness of the letters was questioned by the council convened by the governor; and they advised him to hold no communication with the Barritarians. Major General Villeré alone dissented from the general decision. This officer, as well as the governor, who, presiding in council, could not give his opinion, was well satisfied as to the authenticity of the letters and the sincerity of the Barritarian outlaw The expedition against the island was hastened, and soon sailed under the command of Commodore Patterson. LATOUR.

DECISION OF THE COUNCIL—ITS RECEPTION BY LAFITTE—HIS DESTINATION—A STORM.

THE decision of the council, convened by the Governor of Louisiana, in the executive department of the government house the following morning, for the purpose of laying before it the letters of the British officers, and consulting with them respecting the offers of the outlaw, is recorded in the history of that period.

After communicating the information contained in the letters, and stating the manner in which they had fallen into his hands, and his reasons for believing them genuine, the governor submitted for their consideration, two questions.

"Is it your opinion, gentlemen, that these letters are genuine? and—is it proper, as governor of this state, that I should hold intercourse, or enter into any official correspondence with the Barritarian outlaw and his associates?"

After a warm discussion, an answer was returned

in the negative, and with but one exception, unanimously.

Major General Villeré stood alone in the affirmative.

This gentleman, as well as Governor Claiborne, who, president of the council, was disqualified from giving his opinion, was not only convinced of the authenticity of the papers brought by Lafitte, but believed he and his adherents might be so employed at the present crisis, as greatly to contribute to the safety of the state, and the annoyance of the enemy.

With this impolitic decision, which time showed to be unjust and premature, the council broke up. So far indeed, were they from placing confidence in Lafitte, that they suggested to a naval officer forming one of the council, whom we have before introduced to the reader, who had been for several days fitting out a flotilla destined for the island of Barritaria—a descent upon which, having been some months in contemplation—the propriety of hastening his preparations for the expedition.

Proceeding from the council chamber to his vessel, the commodore found he could immediately get under weigh. The same evening, therefore, taking with him a detachment of infantry, he gave the signal for sailing, and moved down the river towards the destined point of attack.

About noon, the Barritarian chief, ignorant of the proceedings in which he was so deeply interested, sent Théodore to the city, for the purpose of receiving the reply of the governor.

"Well, Théodore, what news?" inquired he, standing in the door of one of the rude fishermen's huts, as the boat, which had conveyed the youth, appeared in sight from the concealment of the narrow banks of the creek, lined with tall grass and cypresses which, stretching across from either side nearly met over the water;" Saw you the governor?"

"I did, monsieur, and a gentleman of noble presence he is," replied Théodore with animation; "he spoke of you in such terms, that I could not but like him."

"But what said he?" interrogated the chief anxiously, springing into the barge by the side of the youth, "Heard you the decision of the council?"

"Here is a note for you, which he gave me."

He seized it and read hurriedly—

"M. Lafitte must regret equally with myself, the decision of the council. It is against your sincerity and the genuineness of the letters. General Villeré alone, was of my opinion, of which you are already informed. Be patient, dear sir—take no rash steps. I have unlimited confidence in you. I will consult with the commanding general at the earliest convenience—remain firm, and your wishes may yet be achieved. You could not have shown your sincerity better, than in apprehending the slave last night. This seal of good faith shall be remembered, and will materially advance your suit."

"Is this the way my proffers are received?" said Lafitte fiercely, with a deep execration, crushing the note in his clenched hand, while his face grew livid with passion and disappointment; "Is it thus I am treated—my feelings trifled with—my word doubted—myself scorned—despised! If they will not have my aid, their invaders shall," he shouted. "To your oars, men—to your oars!" he said, turning to his boat's crew. "We must see Barritaria to-night—I have work for all of you."

"And for me too, ugh?" said inquiringly, a tall, gray-headed and dark-visaged Indian, arrayed in loose fisherman's trowsers, his head and neck passed through the aperture of a gaily-dyed Spanish ponto, coming

forth from the hut, and standing as he spoke, supported by a boat-hook, on the verge of the bank.

"Yes, Chitalusa, but not with me. You are better here. I will soon find you other fish to catch. Mark me Chitalusa," said the pirate, hoarsely, in the ear of the Indian—"before New-Year's eve, you will find a red snake, with scales of steel, and more dangerous than the green serpent of your tribe, with ten thousand human feet beneath his belly, winding up this bayou, past your hut."

"Ugh! me un'stan'," said the Indian, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, but whether malignant, or a mere expression of delight, it was difficult to determine.

"Then wait here, under cover, till you see it, and I will then find work for you, chief," said Lafitte, springing into the boat and seating himself in silence.

As the men plied their oars, and moved swiftly down the bayou, the Indian, who was the last of his name and race—with whom would expire the proud appellation, centuries before recognised among other tribes, as the synonyme for intelligence, civilization, and courage—THE NATCHEZ! The injured, persecuted, slaughtered, and unavenged Natchez—the Grecians of the aboriginal nations of North America! The eloquent language of a native poet, with truth and feeling, might have flowed from the lips of the old exile—exile, on the very lands over which his fathers reigned kings—now doomed to seek a precarious existence, among the Spanish fishermen of the lakes, wilder, ruder even than himself:

"They waste us: aye like April snows,
In the warm noon we melt away;
And fast they follow as we go,
Towards the setting day—
Till they shall fill the land, and we
Be driven into the western sea."

As the boat receded, he muttered, "Ugh! de snake! Chitalusa know! me know too much.—Him tink Indian bad as him. Me let he see me no bad. Me let no red snake—Inglish snake, ugh! come here! Me no will."

At once a new thought flashed upon his mind, and entering his hut, he armed himself with a rifle, took his paddle from its beckets over the door, launched his canoe, and jumping into it, paddled rapidly in the direction opposite to that taken by Lafitte, and towards the artificial outlet of the bayou, into the Mississippi.

For several hours, the oarsmen rowed with that heavy, regular movement of the sweeps, which is almost mechanical to the thorough bred seamen. No sound but the regular dipping of the four oars and the low rattling as they played in the rowlocks, the occasional splash of an alligator, as he sought concealment beneath the surface of the water, or the heavy flapping of the wings, and shrill cry, of some disturbed heron or other water bird, broke the silence of the wild region through which they moved. The barge all at once emerged from the narrow and gloomy pass which it had been threading during the afternoon, into a broader sheet of water, and at the same moment, the setting sun shone bright upon the summit of "The Temple," which stood on an angle at the intersection of three bayous, two of which led by various routes into the bay of Barritaria; the third, was that which they had just descended.

Lafitte sat in the stern of the boat, with his arms folded and his head dropped despondingly upon his breast, an attitude he insensibly fell into after the first burst of passion, elicited by the result of his application, had passed away.

His better resolves held again their influence over him; his anger and resentment, by degrees

subsided, and he had come to the determination to exile himself, disband his followers, and depart for ever from that country he was thought too base to serve.

"I have won the confidence, and I believe the respect, of one honourable man. This, at least, will I endeavour to retain," he said, abruptly addressing Théodore. "He has said he will counsel with the general in chief. I place my cause, then, in the hands of a brave man. Suppose I see him myself? Ha! that will do—I will! England," he cried, with energy, "thou hast not made me a renegade yet! nor," he added mentally, "will you, Constanza, find me recreant to my pledged faith. I will not let the prejudiced decisions of a few men, thus turn me from the straight-forward path I have chosen. Impulsive they call me.—Well, impulse shall be bridled, and I will henceforward lead her —not she, me."

"Ship your oars, men!" he added aloud, as they came to a little inlet, at the foot of a mound, just large enough to contain the boat.

"The dripping oars rose simultaneously into the air, and were then laid lengthways upon the thwarts. Cudjoe sprang out, as the bows touched the bank, and secured the boat to a tree. Lafitte, warning his men not to go far away, accompanied by Théodore, stepped on shore, and ascended one of those mounds of shells thrown up by the Indians, long before the earliest era of American history, filled with human bones, and evidently designed, either as religious, or funereal monuments. From the prevalence of the former opinion, this congregation of mounds where our party stopped, has been denominated "The Temple." On the highest of them, according to the tradition of the country, the idolatrous worshippers preserved burning, a perpetual fire. Some attempts at one period, had

been made to fortify it, traces of which still existed.

"If I was superstitious," said Théodore, as, emerging from the trees near the margin of the bayou, they came in full view of the largest mound, "I should believe that the sun—which it is said the Indians worshipped—in reproof of our unbelief of his divinity, and detestation to the truth of their religion, has kindled a flame upon the summit of the Temple."

Lafitte looked up, and saw that an appearance like fire rested upon its top—the reflection of a lingering, light red sunbeam shot from the lurid sun, then angrily disappearing in the west.

"There is poetry, if not truth, in your language, Théodore!" replied the chief, his spirit soothed by the mild influence of the hour. "How beautiful the theory of their religion! Worshippers of that element, which is the purifier of all things! Next to the invisible God—whom they knew not—in their child-like ignorance, and with the touching poetry, which seems to have been the soul of the simple Indian's nature, they sought out that, alone, of all His works, which most gloriously manifested Himself to his created intelligences. They bowed their faces to the earth, at his rising and setting, and worshipped the bright sun, as their Creator, Preserver, and God! Author of light and heat, of time and seasons—visible, yet unapproachable!—What more appropriate object could they have chosen as the corner stone upon which to raise a superstructure of natural religion? For it is our nature, Théodore, to be religious! All men, and all races of men, have always been worshippers, either of truth or falsehood! Does not this choice alone prove, that, if heathens, they approached nearer to true religion, in their worship, than all other nations ignorant of divine revelation? Does it not show the dignity and refinement of the Indian's mind—

the poetry of his heart—the purity of his imagination? On their altars burned a perpetual fire! What a beautiful representation of their divinity! How infinitely is this pure emblem above the stocks and stones of the civilized idolaters of old Greece and Rome! How etherial and elevated the conceptions of such a people! Yet we call them barbarians—savages—brutes! If they are brutes, we have made them so. The vices of the Europeans, like a moral leprosy, have diseased their minds, and blackened their hearts! If they are degraded, we have debased them! If they are polluted, we have laid our hand upon them!—Ha!" he said quickly, "yonder sun-beam glows on that bush like fire. It is a flame, indeed! Your idea, my Théodore, was very beautiful! But were it not better and more in unison with our fortunes, my boy! to regard it as a beacon, lighting us to fame; a bright omen of good!—Go up the mound, and see if you can discover any thing moving in either bayou. I shall give the men an hour's rest, and then start again."

He stopped on a small mound they had just ascended, and leaning against a cypress tree, crowning its summit, he soon became wrapped in reflections upon the presented crisis of his life and the probable issue of his plans.

Presently, his eye was arrested by a white object, dimly seen in the twilight, rolling along on the ground near his feet. It was round, and at every turn displayed the eyeless sockets and hideous grin of a skull. He gazed upon it with surprise, but did not move; and a fascination seemed to chain him to the spot, and fasten his eyes upon the loathsome object.

It came nearer and nearer, and now struck with a hollow sound against his foot. He was about to spring from the fearful contact, when the head and claws of a crab were protruded from the cavities, as

if to ascertain and remove the obstacle to its advancement.

With a smile of derision at this humiliation of his species, as he discovered the cause of this strange locomotion, he raised the skull with its inmate, and gazed on it for a moment, with a lip, in which bitterness was mingled with contempt.

"And this is MAN! the image of God! the tenement of immortal mind! Poor crab, thou knowest not what kingly throne thou hast usurped! Well, why not a crab as well as brain! The skull can walk the earth full as well, and to as good a purpose! And is this our end!" he added, "to become *thus* at last!—a habitation for reptiles! And shall *I* too come to this? Shall this head, which now throbs with life," and he raised his hand to his temples, "which can think—plan—originate—at last be no more than this?—so helpless as to be borne about by such a creeping thing! Where is that conscious something, which once supplied this crab's place? Who has displaced it? Death! Death?—and what is death?—Methinks it were better to be like this glaring ball, than to be as I am! Here," he continued placing his hand upon it, "here is no sense of passing events; of joy or suffering; of treachery or friendship; of despair or ambition; of praise or insult. See—I can place my foot upon it, and it rises not against me to avenge the insult! Happy, happy nothingness! But is it nothingness? Although the mind lives not in this glaring shell, which, without tongue, discourses most eloquently to the living—may it not exist somewhere? Here I see it not! It is perceptible to no sense! Yet reason—hope—fear, tell me it is not extinct. Heaven never made man for such an end as *this!* There must be deeper purpose than we can fathom—a cause remoter than we can reach, why we were made! Eternity! eternity!—thou art no bug-bear to frighten

children with. I feel—would to God I felt it not! that thou art a stern and fearful reality.

"Well, my boy, saw you aught?" he inquired hastily, resuming his usual tone and manner as the youth appeared.

"No, Monsieur—the night thickens so fast, that it is impossible to see far down the bayous—I think we shall have a storm."

"There is no doubt of it, if the heavens speak truly," said Lafitte, gazing upon masses of black clouds drifting low above their heads, increasing in density and blackness every moment, and gathering to a head with that rapidity, characteristic of storms in that climate.

"Théodore, tell the men to spread the tarpaulin over the boat for a shelter from the rain."

The youth communicated the order, and was returning, when a flash of lightning, accompanied by a peal of thunder, loud and abrupt, like the near explosion of artillery, gleamed like flame through the woods, and rove to the roots the cypress against which the chief leaned, with the skull still extended in his hand, upon which—resuming his reflections as the youth left him to execute his order, he still mused—and laid him prostrate and as senseless as the shell he held, upon the ground. With an exclamation of surprise and terror, Théodore sprung forward, and kneeling by his side, called loudly upon the crew to aid in resuscitating him. They bore him to the boat, and the youth, at the moment recollecting the hut of a fisherman, situated about a mile below the Temple, ordered the men to resume their oars and pull to that place.

CHAPTER VI.

"The government of the State, informed of the proceedings of the British at Barritaria, and doubtful of the good faith of the outlaws, fitted out a flotilla, with great despatch. The pirates prepared for resistance; but finally abandoned their vessels, and dispersed. Their store-houses, fortress, vessels, and a considerable booty, fell into the power of the Americans. Lafitte, who escaped, proposed to surrender himself to Governor Claiborne, and his confidence appeared to require that indulgence should be shown to him and his party."

MARBOI'S HISTORY OF LOUISIANA.

FISHERMAN—ILLNESS—CANNONADING—APPROACH THE ISLAND—THE OUTLAW'S REPLY TO THE ENGLISH OFFICER.

With the head of his friend and benefactor upon his lap, and in great agitation of mind, the youth guided the boat through the bayou, his course lighted by the lightning, which now became incessant.

"Ho, the boat!" shouted a voice from the bank, as a flash of lightning showed them the fisherman's cot, in a bend of the bayou.

"Grand Terre!" replied Théodore.

"Grand Terre it is," answered the man; who now came from behind the tree, with an English musket in his hand, an old canvass cap on his head, covered with signs of the cross, done in red and black paint—a blue woollen shirt, and a pair of duck trowsers, cut off at the knee, leaving the portion of his legs below it bare. His head was gray and bushy, and an opulence of grisly beard and whiskers encircled his tawny face, which was marked with arched brows and lambent dark eyes—a sharp

aquiline nose, small mouth, and thin lips, displaying when parted, a row of even and very white teeth, which seemed to bid defiance to the ravages of time!

"Where is the Captain?" he inquired.

"Senseless, from a stroke of lightning!" replied the youth; "we must claim your hospitality, Manuelillo."

"Pobre capitan! with all my heart. Bring him into the cot, hombres," he said to the men. "Pobre capitan—es mateo—no? Señor Théodore?"

"No! there is life, but he is insensible."

In a short time, the chief was laid upon the rude bed of dried grass and rushes, constituting the couch of the fisherman, who, in addition to his piscal profession, was also a privateersman or smuggler, as interest prompted, or taste allured.

Slowly yielding to their exertions and skill, the stagnant life once more received action, and he returned to consciousness. In the morning, a fever succeeded, which increased in violence during the day. That night he became delirious, and wildly raved like a maniac—calling on "Constanza," "D'Oyley," "Henri," "Gertrude,"—names often on his burning lips, during his illness. For five days, his fever and delirium continued, without abatement. His disorder, then assumed a more favourable character, and he began rapidly to convalesce.

On the seventh day, just before noon, he was seated at the door of the hut, under the shade of a tree, which grew in front, giving orders to his boatmen, who were preparing the barge for departure that evening, when a heavy cannonading reached his ears, borne upon the south wind over the level country, from the quarter of Barritaria, which was about twenty miles distant.

"Do you hear that, sir?" said Théodore, from

within the hut—who, during his illness, had watched over him with untiring assiduity and tenderness.

"What means it, Manuel?" demanded the chief, starting.

"I don't know, señor; there must be some fighting between your vessels and the cruisers."

"I suspect as much. Quick, with that boat, men!" he added, with animation. "We must away from this."

With a strength unlooked for, he stepped into the boat, after grasping warmly the hand of the old fisherman, and thanking him for his attention and kindness, and was soon swiftly moving on his way to the island.

As he approached, the firing increased, and became more distinct. Night set in before they reached the mouth of the bayou, from which, as they emerged into the bay, they could see far over the water, a flame apparently rising from a burning vessel. The cannonading had ceased several hours, and it was now too dark to see across the bay, or distinguish the outline of the island.

"There has been warm work, Théodore," said Lafitte. "I am afraid we have been attacked by a superior force."

"It may be Massa Cap'um Pattyson," said Cudjoe; "he tinky catch Cudjoe, and make sailor ob him, when in de boat, when you gone to see de gobernor."

"What is that?" said Lafitte, quickly. "Press you?"

"I now recollect," answered Théodore, "as I went for the governor's reply, it was rumoured in the streets, that Commodore Patterson was completing his crew by every exertion, and that he was to sail the same evening, on some expedition. It may have been Barritaria."

"You are right Théodore, he has attacked our

camp. Set the sail and spring to your oars, men; we must know at once if our fears are true."

Having set their sail, their speed increased, and shooting rapidly away from the mouth of the bayou, they steered across the bay. They were within a league of the island, when a barge full of men, was discovered a short distance ahead.

"Ship your oars; see to your arms, men!" said Lafitte, shifting the helm so as to weather the boat. We are now more likely to meet foes than friends in these waters."

As he spoke, the strange boat hailed, while the click of several pistols was heard from her by the pirate and his party, who answered that hostile preparation with similar sounds of defiance.

"Ho! the boat ahoy!" hailed a voice in Spanish.

"It is Sebastiano," said Théodore hastily, as he recognized the voice of the person hailing.

"Camaradas!" replied Lafitte.

"Ah captain, is that you," exclaimed a rough voice with a strong French accent. "We thought you had gone to pay off old scores in the other world."

"I have been on business, Belluche, connected with our safety, and have been detained by illness. But the news, the news! Lieutenant Belluche," he added with impatience as the boats came in contact.

"Bad enough, my good captain," said Sebastiano, interposing in reply, "bad enough for one day's work, in proof of which, señor, I refer you to this handful of men, who are all that remain of the pretty Julié, who by the same token, is burned to the water's edge. May the grande diable have the burning of those who compelled me with my own hand to set her on fire. But it was necessity, captain. I can prove to you it was necessity."

"Be brief, Sebastiano! What has happened?

Who are the aggressors, Belluche? What means the firing I have heard to-day? Be brief and tell me!"

"This morning," said the whilom captain of the Lady of the Gulf, "between eight and nine, we saw a fleet of small vessels and gun-boats standing in for the island. Our squadron lay at anchor within the pass, and on seeing the fleet I ordered the Carthagenian flag to be hoisted on all the vessels. As the strangers approached, I got under weigh with the whole fleet, including prizes, which made ten in number, and formed in order of battle, in case the intentions of the fleet should be hostile. As the evidences of their hostile character thickened, I sent boats in various directions to the main land to give the alarm, and ordered my men to light fires along the coast, as signals to our friends ashore that we were about to be attacked. The enemy stood in, and formed into a line of battle near the entrance of the harbour. Their force consisted of six gun-vessels, a tender, mounting one six pounder and full of men, and a launch, mounting one twelve pound carronade, and a large schooner, called the Carolina.

"On discovering these demonstrations of battle on their part, and not being in the best condition to withstand them, I hoisted a white flag at the fore on board the Lady of the Gulf, an American flag at the mainmast, and the Carthagenian flag, at the topping lift. The enemy replied, with a white flag at his main. I now took my boat, and went from vessel to vessel to ascertain the disposition of the crews for fighting, and none but Captain Getzendanner, and Sebastiano and their men were for awaiting the attack. I in vain tried to convince them of the expediency of fighting to save our vessels.

"I then determined that the Lady of the Gulf should not fall into the enemy's hands, and telling

Captain Getzendanner what I intended to do, I returned on board, and fixing a train in the hole, and setting the rigging on fire, I took to the boats with my crew. Getzendanner and Sebastiano did the same, while the other cowardly paltroons deserted their vessels and took to their oars, and pulled for the main land. The enemy no sooner saw the flame rising from the schooner, than he hauled down the flag of truce, and made the signal for battle; hoisting with it a broad white flag bearing the words, 'PARDON TO DESERTERS,' knowing that we had not a few from the army and navy, among our villainous, cowardly, runaway gang.

"The enemy run in and took possession of the vessels, while a detachment landed upon the island, and destroyed our buildings and fortifications. All this I witnessed from the main land, where we had retired. The enemy's fleet is now outside, including our own, numbering in all seventeen sail. They will probably get under weigh in the morning for the Balize."

"We," concluded Sebastiano, who had waited with much impatience for an opportunity to speak, "have just returned from the island, where I have been since they left, to have occular demonstration of the true state of things, and an old woman might as well hold good her pantry against a party of half-starved recruits, as we could have held the old island; and this admits of the clearest demonstration, captain."

Lafitte listened to this recital in silence; nor did he speak for some moments after the commander of the Lady of the Gulf had completed his account of the attack upon the piratical hold, by the American flotilla. This expedition was under the command of that naval officer, whom we first introduced to the reader, looking over a map with the commanding general at his head quarters, a young and

gallant man, whose ambition to signalize his command and benefit his country by the destruction of the buccaneering horde, who had so long infested the south-western shores of Louisiana, had rendered him, with the majority of the council called by the governor, incredulous to the extraordinary proffers of the pirate.

If blame in reference to this decision could be attached to either party, Lafitte felt that it was justly fastened upon himself.

"It is right," he said, after reflecting for a few moments upon the communication of his officer. "It is but just—not them—not him—do I censure, but myself—my past career of crime and contempt of those healthy laws which govern society. I blame them not. It would be stranger if they should have believed me." After a few moments pause he added earnestly, "this shall not change me; they shall yet know and believe, that I acted from motives they must honour. They shall learn that they have injured me by their decisions. Injured! But let it pass—my country shall have my arm and single cutlass, if no more! and your's too, my boy?" he said to Théodore.

"Wherever you are, my benefactor, you will find me by your side," exclaimed the youth warmly.

"I knew it Théodore, I knew it," replied Lafitte, returning the enthusiastic grasp of his hand.

"Where, away now Belluche?"

"To the city, captain! We hear of fighting about to go on there; we may perhaps find something to do."

"Sebastiano, Belluche, my worthy comrades and friends, and you my brave men all! the Americans have destroyed our fleet; but they have done only justice. If I know all of you who are in that boat, like myself, you are Americans by birth or adoption. Fight not against your country, draw every cutlass in

her defence; forgive her injuries, and fight for her. The tyrant of England seeks to enslave her; meet him foot to foot, blade to blade. Endeavour to atone for your wrongs to your country by devotion to her cause. Fighting is your trade—but fight now on the right side. What say you my men? Sebastiano, stand you for or against your country, in this struggle?"

"Viva Louisiana—viva la patria—viva Lafitte!" shouted the men.

"That is as it should be my brave fellows, if you are faithful in the cause you espouse you may yet get government to wink at the past, and if any of you choose to follow honest livelihoods, the way will then be open before you. To the city, I will soon follow, gather all our scattered force and persuade them to adopt the same course. You will hear of me on the third evening from this at the cabaret of Pedro Torrio, on Rue Royale. I must now visit the island. Where is Getzendanner?"

"He has taken the western bayou to the city, I suspect," replied Belluche.

"Tell him our plans if you meet with him, and hold out to him pardon. He will acquiesce, I think," he said laughing, "for there is a fair frow in New York, he would fain supply his lost rib with; but she wont take him without a license from the President. I depend on you both," he added more seriously "to collect our followers and unite them to the American party."

With a shout from the crews of each, the boats separated, and in an hour afterward, Lafitte reached the island and secured his boat in the narrow cove or inlet from which he had unmoored it, under very different circumstances, ten days before, on embarking to lay before the governor the letters of the British officers.

The next morning the chief who had remained

all night in the boat, was awakened by a gun, which on rising, and gaining a slight elevation on the island, he discovered to be the signal for the enemy's fleet, with his prizes, to get under weigh.

With calm and unchanging features, he watched their departure, and as the last sail disappeared on the horizon, he said turning to Théodore,

"I have only to wait to give the Englishman his answer," he said with a bitter smile, "and then return to New Orleans, and there welcome my captured fleet."

"There is a sail south of us," exclaimed Théodore.

"I see it," replied the chief, "it may be the English brig coming in for my reply, although I did not expect her before evening." The vessel which attracted their observation, in the course of an hour showed the square rig and armament of a brig of war. Approaching within half a mile of the island, she put off a boat, which pulled directly for the island.

"What answer shall you give them now, monsieur'?" inquired Théodore doubtfully, watching the face of the outlaw, and anxious to know if he would accept the proposals of the British, now that he had received such treatment from the American government.

Lafitte made no reply but hastened to meet the boat, which grounded, as Théodore spoke, upon the beach.

"You are welcome to my fortress, gentlemen! you have no doubt come for my answer," he said addressing the midshipman who commanded the boat. "So your captain did not like to trust himself on shore again. Well," he added in a melancholy voice, "he might have come now in all safety —he would have little to fear. What says captain Lockyer?"

"He desired me to give you this sealed paper, and await your answer respecting his proposed alliance with you," replied the youth, giving him a pacquet addressed to him.

"You have not long to wait," replied Lafitte, receiving the pacquet; and taking a pencil from the officer, he wrote upon the back,

"No TERMS WITH TYRANTS!"

And giving it back to him he sternly said, "There is my answer!" Then turning and taking the arm of Théodore, he walked away to his boat, which lay on the opposite side of the island.

CHAPTER VII.

"After the invasion of the state became inevitable, the expediency of inviting the Barritarians to our standard was generally admitted. The governor conferred with the major general, and with his approbation, issued general orders inviting them to join the army. These orders tended to bring to our standard many brave men and excellent artillerists, whose services contributed greatly to the safety of Louisiana, and received the highest approbation of the commanding general. Subsequently, the President, by proclamation, granted them a full and entire pardon."

LATOUR'S MEMOIRS OF THE WAR.

THE BARRITARIANS—BATTLE OF THE SIEGE—LAFITTE AND THE STRANGER.

THE subsequent events, immediately preceding the decisive battle of the eighth of January, having no material connexion with our tale, we shall briefly pass by. Lafitte returned to the city, and again offered his services to his country, with those of as many of his former adherents as he could assemble.

After the disastrous capture of the American gunboats by the British, the invasion of the state was deemed inevitable, and in the perilous condition of the country, it was thought good policy by those entrusted with the public safety, to avail themselves of the services of men accustomed to war, and whose perfect knowledge of the coasts and the various bayous leading from the sea to the capital, might render their aid of great importance to the enemy, who it was now generally known, had in vain and with great offers, entreated them to repair to their standard. Although the expediency of uni-

ting them to the American standard, was general y admitted, it was indispensably necessary that they should receive pardon for all real or supposed offences against the laws. This could only be granted by the President of the United States. Governor Claiborne, whose faith in the outlaw remained unshaken, and who regretted the attack on Barritaria, so far as it rendered, by breaking them up, the forces of the outlaws less available to the country, conferred on the subject with the major general in command.

The result of this conference was very different from that of the council convened by the governor, and with the approbation of the commanding general, he issued the following general order.

"The Governor of Louisiana, informed that many individuals implicated in the offences heretofore committed against the United States at Barritaria, express a willingness at the present crisis to enrol themselves and march against the enemy—

"He does hereby invite them to join the standard of the United States, and is authorized to say, should their conduct in the field meet the approbation of the major general, that, that officer will unite with the governor in a request to the President of the United States, to extend to each and every individual, so marching and acting, a free and full pardon."

These general orders were placed in the hands of Lafitte, who circulated them among his dispersed followers, most of whom readily embraced the conditions of pardon they held out. In a few days many brave men and skilful artillerists, whose services contributed greatly to the safety of the invaded state, flocked to the standard of the United States, and by their conduct, received the highest approbation of the commanding general.

In anticipation of our narrative, we will here mention, that previous to their adjournment, the legislature of the state, recommended the Barritarians as proper objects for the clemency of the President, who issued a proclamation upon the subject, bearing date the sixth of February, eighteen hundred and fifteen, and transmitted it, officially, to the governor of Louisiana, by the secretary of state, granting to them a full and entire pardon.

We will now return from this digression to Lafitte, the individual whose personal acts are the subject of our tale.

The morning of the eighth of January was ushered in with the discharge of rockets, the sound of cannon, and the cheers of the British soldiers advancing to the attack. The Americans, behind the breast-work, awaited, with calm intrepidity, their approach. The enemy advanced in close column of sixty men in front, shouldering their muskets and carrying fascines and ladders. A storm of rockets preceded them, and an incessant fire opened from the battery, which commanded the advanced column. The musketry and rifles from the Kentuckians and Tenneseans, joined the fire of the artillery, and in a few moments was heard along the line a ceaseless, rolling fire, whose tremendous noise resembled the continued reverberation of thunder. One of these guns, a twenty-four pounder, placed upon the breastwork, in the third embrasure from the river, drew—from the fatal skill and activity with which it was managed, even in the heat of battle—the admiration of both Americans and British; and became one of the points most dreaded by the advancing foe.

Here was stationed Lafitte, and three of his lieutenants, Belluche, Sebastiano, and Getzendanner, already introduced to the reader, and a large band of his men, who, during the continuance of the bat-

tle, fought with unparalleled bravery. The British already, had been twice driven back in the utmost confusion, with the loss of their commander in chief, and two general officers.

In the first attack of the enemy, a column pushed forward, between the leveé and river; and so precipitate was their charge that the outposts were forced to retire, closely pressed by the enemy. Before the batteries could meet the charge, clearing the ditch, they gained the redoubt through the embrasures, leaping over the parapet, and overwhelming, by their superior force, the small party stationed there.

Lafitte, who was commanding, in conjunction with his officers, at one of the guns, no sooner saw the bold movement of the enemy, than, calling a few of his best men by name, with Théodore by his side, he sprung forward to the point of danger, and clearing the breastwork of the entrenchment, leaped, cutlass in hand, into the midst of the enemy, followed by a score of his men, who in many a hard-fought battle upon his own deck, had been well tried.

Astonished at the intrepidity which could lead men to leave their entrenchments and meet them hand to hand, and pressed by the suddenness of the charge, which was made with the recklessness, skill, and rapidity of practised boarders bounding upon the deck of an enemy's vessel, they began to give way, while, one after another, two British officers fell before the cutlass of the pirate, as they were bravely encouraging their men by their inspiring shouts, and fearless example. All the energies of the British were now concentrated to scale the breast-work, which one daring officer had already mounted. While Lafitte and his followers, seconding a gallant band of volunteer riflemen,

formed a phalanx which they in vain assayed to penetrate.

As the British column advanced to this attack, a small boat, propelled by two seamen, and containing a handsome man, in the dress of a British naval officer, after ascending the river, unnoticed in the confusion and uproar of battle, touched the bank nearly opposite to the centre of the advancing column. The officer sprung out amidst a shower of balls, which fell harmlessly around him; then drawing his sword, and loosening his pistols in his belt, he hastened forward to the head of the column, and side by side with a gallant Scotchman, leaped into the redoubt.

Twice he mounted the breast-work, and was hurled back to rise and again mount; his blue eye emitting fire, and his sword flashing like a meteor as he hewed his way through the opposing breasts of the Americans.

At this moment, Lafitte bounded into the redoubt, and turned the tide of battle. The stranger, whose reckless daring and perseverance had, even in the midst of battle, attracted the attention of those on whose side he fought, was also pressed back with the retreating column. Yet, with an obstinacy which drew upon him the fire of the riflemen, and the cutlasses of the pirates, he stood his ground and fought with cool and determined courage. Every blow of his weapon laid a buccaneer dead at his feet.

The British, leaving their numerous dead, had retreated; yet he stood alone, pressed on every side, and heedless of danger. His object seemed to be to press forward to the spot where stood the pirate chief, who was separated from him by half a dozen of his men. In vain they called upon him to surrender. His brow was rigid, with desperate resolu-

tion; his eye burning with a fierce expression, while his arm seemed endowed with the strength of a Hercules.

"Take him prisoner, but harm him not!" said Lafitte, struck with the daring of the man.

"Give back," cried the stranger, speaking for the first time. "Give way to my revenge! Pirate, Lafitte! ravisher! murderer! I dare you to single combat!—coward!" and his voice rung clear, amid the din of war.

"Ha, is it so! stand back, men. Hold, Sebastiano! leave him to me, if I am the game he seeks so rashly!"

The men who had involuntarily given back at the sound of the stranger's voice, now left a path between him and their chief, and, before Lafitte, surprised at his conduct—but in his checquered life, not unused to adventure and danger in every shape—could bring his weapon to the guard, he received that of the stranger through his sword arm.

"Not that vile stream; but your heart's blood," shouted the officer. "Revenge! revenge! I seek!"—and with a headlong impetuosity that swallowed up every emotion but the present passion, he played with fatal skill, his weapon about the breast of his antagonist, who required all his coolness and swordsmanship to save his life, for which it became evident to his men he now only fought. By a dexterous manœuvre, the stranger caught the guard of the pirate's cutlass on his own sword, and at the risk of his life, held it entangled for an instant, till he drew and cocked a pistol, which he levelled at his heart.

At that moment, Chitalusa, who, on leaving the hut, sought in vain to obtain an interview with the governor, to inform him of Lafitte's intentions, and had now joined the army, sprung forward to seize

the weapon, crying, "Chitalusa, tinkee you bad, brother Lafitte! Chitalusa save your life now for dat."

His heroic atonement, for what he deemed his unworthy suspicions, seeing that Lafitte was fighting on the side of the Americans, was fatal. The officer fired, and the ball passed through the tawny breast of the simple minded Indian.

"Me tinkee de red snake de Inglish. Me tinkee bad," he murmured; and died, the victim of the outlaw's change of purpose, on receiving the governor's note, and of the figurative language in which he had expressed it to the Indian.

The outlaw felt as if his own hand had slain him, for his own ambiguous words had caused his death.

The combat now grew fiercer, and the pirates began to murmur, and fear for the life of their leader, handling their weapons, and looking upon the stranger with eyes of malignity; anxious, notwithstanding his prohibition, to save the life of their captain by sacrificing that of his antagonist.

Théodore, had stood by the side of Lafitte, with his sword drawn, often involuntarily crossing the blade of the stranger, simultaneously with him, as some more skilful pass threatened his life. His eye, which all the time was fixed with an inquiring gaze, upon his features, suddenly lighted up with peculiar intelligence.

"Hold señor! there is some error!" he said rapidly to Lafitte, and whispered in his ear.

The point of Lafitte's sword dropped, as he exclaimed, "Thank God! I hurt him not!"

The stranger, without knowing the cause which produced it, and in his eagerness, heedless of the defenceless state in which Lafitte had exposed his person by the action, plunged his sword into his side, and would have run him quite through the

body, had not Théodore dexterously caught the weapon upon the guard of his own.

Lafitte, murmuring—"this for Constanza's sake!" fell backward into the arms of Théodore and his men.

His adherents, absorbed by the danger of their chief, gave all their attention for the moment to him. When, the next instant, they turned to revenge him, they saw the mysterious stranger, who had retired the moment he saw his object—the death of Lafitte—apparently accomplished, mingling with the retreating column of the British.

Lafitte was borne within the entrenchment by his men, who found it useless to pursue his late antagonist. But as they reascended the breastwork, Théodore looked back with a searching eye, while foreboding apprehensions filled his anxious mind, and saw the late mysterious antagonist of his chief, distinguished by his naval attire, step into the boat which had conveyed him to the scene of action, and amidst the hurricane of iron hail storming around him, harmlessly, as if he bore a charmed life, and with great speed, move rapidly down the river.

With the true spirit of Christianity, the doors of the churches and convents of the invaded city were thrown open to the wounded soldiers, not only of the defending army, but of the invading foe. To the convent des Ursulines, one of these temporary hospitals in the heart of the city, Lafitte was borne by the attentive Théodore and some of his followers.

"Who have you there, my children?" inquired an aged priest with silvery hair flowing over the collar of his black robe, as the faithful buccaneers bore the litter on which lay their leader, into the paved hall of the convent, and placed it against the wall. "He is a man of noble presence. I trust not one in high command."

"It is of no importance father," said another of the priests coming forward, in whom Théodore recognized the padre Arnaud whom he had seen at Barritaria, the odour of whose sanctity had not availed to save Sebastiano's schooner, whose passenger he once had been, from being finally blown into the air. "It is enough that he is wounded and that his situation demands our charity."

"You say well, my son; call the physician, and we will have his wounds forthwith examined. Heaven grant he is not in danger!" he said, looking upward devotionally: "It were sad to die without confession and absolution—but Heaven is merciful."

The father Arnaud, immediately on his entrance, recognized Lafitte, who had once sent for him from Havana, to confess and give general absolution to such of his men, who were Roman Catholics. The father thought if he was recognized as the outlaw whose name had struck terror throughout the Mexican seas, he might not, among the simple-minded sisterhood and fraternity, receive the attention due to every human being, in such a situation. He therefore, with true benevolence of heart, sought to conceal the real character of the invalid, and hastened to bring to him medical aid.

His wound was probed, and dressed by the surgeon, who declared his case by no means dangerous, and said that the loss of blood, had rendered it only apparently so; adding, that sleep, quiet and attention, would in a few days restore him to health. Recommending him to the care of Théodore and one or two aged nuns, who were bending over him with commiseration expressed in their calm faces, he left him with professional abruptness, to attend to a wounded soldier, just brought in from the field.

CHAPTER VIII.

"The evils of this world, drive more to the cloister, than the happiness held out to them in the next, invites."

"To say that men never love truly but once, is well enough in poetry; but every day's realities convince us of its untruth. If you have observed much, you have found that men seldom marry the first object of their youthful affections."

CHESTERFIELD.

A SURPRISE—AN INTERVIEW BETWEEN A NUN AND THE CHIEF.

On the third evening, the wound of the chief closed, and he was rapidly convalescing; having received permission from the surgeon to leave the convent the succeeding day.

The eve of that day, the halls and corridors of the convent were deserted. Silence reigned undisturbed, save by the light step of a nun in her vigils around the couch of an invalid, the deep breathing of some sufferer, and the sighing of the winds among the foliage of the evergreens, waving their branches without. At the extremity of the hall, stood the couch of the chief, above which a narrow window opened upon the court yard adjoining the edifice. The cool night wind blew in, refreshingly, upon his temples, and the rich melody of a distant mocking-bird, which loves to wake the echoes of night, fell soothingly, as he listened to its varied notes, upon his attentive ear.

Théodore had just deserted his couch, and stepped forth to enjoy the cool air of the night. Under these soothing influences, the wounded chief insensibly slept; but his slumbers were soon disturbed by

a scarcely heard foot-fall at the extremity of the passage. He opened his eyes, and by the dim light of a lamp suspended in the centre of the ceiling of the corridor, he discovered near him, the tall and graceful form of one of the nuns, who had often bent above him in his feverish moments, and whose presence exerted a strange power over his thoughts, and even the very throbbings of his heart, which became irregular and wild when she was near.

He felt there was a mystery around her, in some way connected with himself; but how, or why, after long hours given to thought and imagination, he could not conjecture. Her voice he had never yet heard, but her slight fingers placed upon his pulse or throbbing temples, would strangely thrill the blood in his veins. But all his speculations respecting her were futile—and at last, wearied with pursuing the vague associations, her presence, air and manner called up, he would close his eyes, articulating—"Strange! strange! very strange!" and fall into disturbed sleep, in which visions of his boyhood and its scenes of love and strife, passed with wonderful distinctness before him; yet still, in all his dreams, the form of the nun was mysteriously mingled with other characters, which memory, with her dreamy wand called up from the abyss of the past.

Giving no evidence of being conscious of her presence, with his eyes closed, he waited with palpitating heart, the approach of his midnight visitant. She came within a few feet of him and stopped; while shading her brow with her hand, from the light of the lamp above her, she gazed fixedly at the apparent sleeper, as though to be assured that he slept.

Her figure, as she bent forward in an attitude of natural grace, displayed faultless proportions. She was a little above the middle height of women, and her brow, as she drew aside her black veil, which,

with a long robe of the same funereal hue encircled her person, was calm and pale—paler, perhaps, from the strong contrast of her transparent skin, with the black mantilla she wore about her head. Her marble-like features rivalled in Grecian accuracy of outline, the most perfect models that ever passed from the chisel of Praxitiles: the colour of her eye was of a deep blue—not the cold blue of northern skies, but the warm azure of sunny Italy. There was in them, a shade of melancholy, cast also over her whole face. Piety and devotion were written upon her seraphic countenance, from which care and sorrow, not illness, had faded the roses and richness of youth.

Yet she was not a youthful maiden! Perhaps seven and twenty summers and winters, had passed, with their changes and vicissitudes, over her head. Her general manner and air was that of humble resignation to some great and deep-settled sorrow. No one could gaze upon her without interest; no one without respect. Among her sister nuns she was regarded as but a little lower than a saint in Heaven; by the devotees of her church, her blessing and prayers were sought next to that of their tutelar divinities. Among the sisterhood, she was was called the holy St. Marie. Her real name, for which she had assumed this religious one, had been concealed from all but the superior, during the twelve or thirteen years she had been an inmate of the convent.

Apparently satisfied that her patient slept, she approached him, and uttering a short ejaculation, while she raised her fine eyes heavenward, she laid a finger lightly upon his temple.

"He is better! thank thee Heaven, and sweet Mary, mother! His sleep is calm, and he is much —much better!" and as she spoke low, her voice, although saddened in its tones, was silvery.

Its effect upon the chief, was extraordinary; and although he raised not his eyes, nor moved, his heart beat wildly, and the veins upon his temple leaped to her touch. Yet, with a strong effort, anxious to know more of his mysterious visiter, and wondering at the strange effect of her voice upon him, he remained apparently asleep. Still retaining her hand upon his temple, she continued :—" His sleep is yet unquiet. Our blessed Saviour grant him life for repentance!" she said fervently.

" She knows me!" thought he. " Strange that she should take such interest in me, then.—Those silvery accents! where have I heard them before? Why do they move me so? I must solve this mystery."

" I thank thee, sweet Mother of Heaven, for this favour!" she continued; " I may yet be the instrument in thy hands for good to this wanderer! Forgive me, Holy Mary—I thought I had bid adieu to all worldly emotion—and yet I should have betrayed my feelings to all around me in the hall, when I recognized his features, so like his father's, had I not hastened to my cell to give vent to my feelings in tears. Sinful! sinful, I have been! Resentment and pity have been struggling the past hour within this bosom, that should be dead to all earthly excitement. Pity me, Heaven! I will err no more! But, oh! what a history of buried recollections has the sight of him revived! I thought I had shut out the world for ever; but no, no! with him before me, I live again in it! Its scenes are present with me; and when I gaze on this working brow—these features, which many years have changed, but whose familiar expression still lives—how can I be all at once the calm, impassioned nun! I sin whilst I speak! I know I am sinning! but pity my weakness, Mary! Thou hast been human, and a *woman!* and thou canst sympathize—but oh! censure not! In-

dulge me in this moment of human failing, and I will then give back my whole heart and soul to thee!"

And as she spoke, she lifted her angelic countenance upward, clasped the cross she wore, and pressed it to her lips. At this moment, Lafitte opened his eyes, and, while every word she uttered, glowed in his bosom like a pleasant memory of half-forgotten things—of mingled bliss and woe—for the first time he had a glimpse at her features—

"Great God! Gertrude!" he exclaimed, springing from the couch and clasping her uplifted hands in his own—"Gertrude! speak—Is it you?—my cousin?"

"It is, Achille! Gertrude—and none other!" she said, while the rich blood mounted to her pale cheeks, at the sudden movement and ardent manner of her cousin.

"Can I believe?" he said, gazing fondly, while he still held her hands. "Yet, still it must be—and why here—in this garb? were you not the bride of——?"

"Of Heaven alone, cousin!" she said, interrupting his impetuous interrogations.

"Where then is—but how came you here?—I know—alas I know it all—all!" he added bitterly, striking his forehead with his clenched hand, and falling back upon the pillow, as she covered her pale face with her hands in tearful silence: "I know all! This hand has made you thus!" and burying his face in the curtain of his couch, his chest heaved, and he sobbed audibly and with great agitation.

Gertrude was deeply affected by his emotion.

The discovery of her cousin among the wounded, had broken up a life of repose, which she had chosen after the crime and flight of her cousin. Even when giving preference to his brother, who had won her by those gentle means, which, rather than pas-

sionate appeals—when the female heart is the prize—assures victory, there existed in her bosom, a partiality for, or rather friendly feeling towards Achille, his own impetuosity of character rendered him incapable of profiting by. He desired to be loved at once, and for himself, scorning to seek, by assiduous attention, smiles and favours which could not become his own at the mere expression of his wish to possess them.

In love, as well as in other pursuits which engage men, it is labour which must ever conquer. To the contempt by the one, and the adoption by the other, of this maxim, in relation to a young heart as yet neutral in its partialities, is to be, perhaps, attributed the success of Henri, and the failure of his brother.

"Calm your emotion, cousin; I forgive you all that through heaven you have caused me to suffer!" she said, taking his unresisting hand.

Lafitte spoke not, and for a few moments, he seemed to be suffering under the acutest mental torments.

"You have—indeed you have my forgiveness!" she repeated with earnestness; "but it is not to me you must look for forgiveness, Achille. It is not me you have injured or sinned against!"

"My brother! my poor—poor brother!" he groaned.

"Not Henri alone. Heaven," she said with fervour, "awaits your contrition and repentance, Achille!"

"Heaven!" he repeated, as though he knew not that he spoke aloud. "I know it. I do repent and sue its mercy! But my brother! my innocent murdered brother?" he interrogated, rising and grasping her arm.

"Nay, Achille, you are not so guilty in act as you imagine! Henri survived the wound."

"Survives! Henri lives! Lives! did you say—speak, tell me quickly! oh heavenly tidings! Angel of mercy! Speak, tell me, oh tell me my brother lives!" he reiterated, with almost insane animation; while a strange fire filled his eyes, as, sitting upright, with both hands grasping her sholders, he fixed them upon her face.

"Say that he lives! that he *lives*! LIVES!"

"He does, Achille; calm yourself, he lives, and you may yet meet him."

"Oh! God—lives—meet again!" he faintly articulated, "Oh! I could die, with those sweet words dwelling upon my ear!"

"He recovered and went to France," she said, after a few moments mutual silence, "the day after my arrival in this city to seclude myself, the ill-fated cause of all your quarrel, for ever from the world."

"Heaven is good—too kind!" "You say he died not! Oh, speak it again!—once more let me hear the sweet assurance."

"He died not by your hand!"

"It is enough, *enough!*" he said, and sunk back like a child, overpowered by the strong excitement, weakened as he still was, he had passed through.

In a few moments he resumed his self-possession, and addressed Gertrude more calmly.

"Where went he, cousin?"

"To France. Since then, shut out from the world, I have sought to forget it, and have not heard from him."

"Why married you him not?"

"As an atonement—the only atonement I could make, for the mischief of which I was the unintentional cause—I renounced all worldly hopes and became the bride of the church."

"And I have made you thus!" he said sadly; "but I thank you, thank you for your tidings. This

is too much happiness! I will seek my brother out, and at his feet atone for the wrongs I did him. Poor, gentle boy! I loved him, Gertrude, and would not have slain him.—No, no!" he added, quickly, and laughed wildly—"ha! ha! ha!—You tell me he did not die—*he lives!* God of heaven! I thank thee! I am not my brother's murderer!"

With his spirit subdued, and his heart full of gratitude, he hid his face in the folds of his cousin's mantilla, and wept aloud.

She would not interrupt him, by addressing him; but silently kneeled beside his couch, and with all the devotions of a woman's piety, put up a prayer to heaven, for the spiritual welfare of the softened being before her. With holy fervor, like a seraph supplicating, she sought pardon for his errors, and prayed that the spirit of penitence would embrace that moment to act upon his heart and renew him with a right spirit. Every word of the lovely and devout petitioner fell soothingly, like the pleading of an angel, upon his heart, and before she concluded her holy petition, his heart was melted, and with the quiet humility of a child, he joined his voice with hers, in responding "Amen!"

The nun rose from her kneeling posture, and taking the hand of her cousin, said with as calm a voice and manner as she could assume—

"Cousin, I must leave you now. I have too long held stolen intercourse with you; but Heaven I hope will forgive me if I have erred. We must now part. You leave our convent to-morrow, and from this time we meet no more—till—we meet I hope in heaven!" and her soft blue eyes beamed with celestial intelligence, as she raised them to her future home.

"God forbid we should part thus! Gertrude! cousin! bid not adieu! leave me not. Oh, God! how lonely and utterly lost I shall be without you!"

"Nay, cousin. I cannot stay; I must go!" she added firmly—"I must go now!" May God, who is ever ready to meet the returning penitent, forgive your past life, and guide you in the new path you have chosen, and for which you have already shed your blood!"

"You know me and my life, then?" he inquired eagerly.

"I know you now, as my cousin Achille, a reclaimed, penitent son of the church. You have borne a name I wish not to utter!"

"Lafitte?"

"The same," she replied, mournfully.

"Why, then, cared you for me?"

"That I might do you good."

"No one in the convent has recognized or identified me as Lafitte; how did you?

"The youth"—

"Théodore?"

"That is his name, I believe. He has told me all."

"And yet, you can come and see, and talk with me! Ah! kind, good Gertrude! how much I have injured you! and yet you can forget it and forgive it all. Sweet woman! thou art indeed earth's angel!"

"Now, farewell, Achille. Christianity teaches us both to forget and forgive," she said, with humility. "It is our religion, not me, you should admire. We will meet in heaven."

"Oh! go not yet—stay but for a moment!" he said, rising, and following her. "May I not see you again?"

"Not on Earth, Achille. I am betrothed to Heaven!" she said, with dignity united with humility, in her voice and manner.

Lafitte held her hand for a moment in silence,

while his features were agitated by many conflicting emotions.

Suddenly, he spoke and said, with energy—

"Gertrude! listen to me! this interview has decided my fate. I have wronged you; I would cheerfully lay down my life to atone for it; but with the will of heaven, I will work out a more befitting atonement. My brother—thank God, that he lives—I have injured deeply, deeply! I will seek him out, if he is yet a living man, and obtain his forgiveness for my crime. Then, having made restitution to those I have wronged, as far as lies in my power, I will devote the remainder of my life to penance and prayer. Oh! I have sinned—grievously sinned!

"Yet there is pardon for the guiltiest, cousin!" she replied, with timid firmness.

"I know it—it is in that I trust," he answered with animation.

"May the Blessed Virgin, grant you life to accomplish your holy purposes," she said, while her face glowed with devotion. "Achille—cousin! I must now bid you farewell."

"But, the old man, my father?" inquired he, with sudden eagerness, as memory, though slowly, faithful to her task, brought up the past scenes of his early life—

"Lives he?"

The heavy gate in front of the convent, at that moment opened, with a startling sound, and she replied hastily—"I know not, Achille. Your father—my beloved uncle, and Henri, after accompanying me to this city, departed the next day for France. From neither have I heard since. He did speak of leaving Henri in France, and visiting his estate near Martinique. He may now reside there. O! what a tide of feeling—of sorrow!" she said, while

her voice trembled with emotion, "sorrow long sealed up in my heart, have you called forth! Oh! I must be more than human, not to feel—Farewell! God and heaven bless you!"

Once more pressing his hand, while tears told that nature would hold her empire even within the strong walls and gloomy cloisters of a convent, she hastily glided to the farthest extremity of the hall, and swiftly ascending the broad winding staircase dimly lighted by a lamp, suspended in the hall beneath, she disappeared from his eager gaze.

His first impulse was to pursue her, though his purpose, he himself could not have defined. This determination he however abandoned, as he heard the tramp of men bearing a litter up the avenue; when they entered the hall, he had resumed his original recumbent position on the couch, where wakeful, and his brain teeming with busy thoughts, in deep melancholly, he passed the remaining hours of the night.

In those hours of reflection, he lived over again, his whole life. With how much sorrow for crime —how much remorse, was that retrospection filled! He sunk to sleep as the morning broke, after having resolved, and fortified his resolutions by an appeal to Heaven, that he would restore, so far as lay in his power, the wealth he had taken from others; although to collect it, he knew he must sail to his different places of rendezvous. This accomplished, he determined that he would seek out his brother, obtain forgiveness for the injuries he had done him, and then, in the seclusion of a monastery, bury himself from the world, and devote the remainder of his life to acts of beneficence and piety.

BOOK V.

DENOUEMENT.

"He left a corsair's name to other times."

"How speed the outlaws? stand they well prepared,
Their plundered wealth, and robber's rock to guard?
Dreamed they of this, our preparation,————?"

"And Lara sleeps not where his fathers slept."

BYRON.

BOOK V.

CHAPTER I.

"Formerly, the influence of Obeah priestesses was very great over the negroes. Hundreds have died from the mere terror of being under the ban of Obeah. This is evidently a practise of oriental origin. Its influence over the negroes some twenty or thirty years ago, was almost incredible. The fetish, is the African divinity, invoked by the negroes in the practice of Obeah."

MADDEN'S WEST INDIES.

BRIDAL PREPARATION—AN OBEAH SORCERESS—SCENE AT THE HUT.

THE events connected with our romance, naturally divide themselves into several distinct parts, which we have denominated books. Pursuing this division, we now open our fifth and last book, which, like the last act of a drama, contains the key to unlock all the mysteries of the preceding the sagacious reader has not already anticipated, dissipating the darkness, and shedding the sunshine of an unveiled denouément over the whole.

The evening of the day on which Count D'Oyley and the fair Castillian, with whom he had escaped from the rendezvous of the buccaneer after a warm pursuit on the part of Lafitte, were taken up by his own frigate, Le Sultan, in the channel of St. Marc's —a stately ship arrayed in the apparel of war, sailed, with majestic motion, into the bay of Gonzaves.

The flag of France waved over her quarter deck, and a long tier of guns bristled from each side. Her course was directly for the narrow pass between the two parallel ridges of rocks, which formed a communication from the sea, with the pirate's grotto. An hour after she hove in sight at the southward, she had breasted the pass, and anchored in deep water, within a few fathoms of the outermost rock terminating the passage.

On gaining the deck of his frigate, the count, after attending to the comfort of the wearied Constanza, had hastily replied to the questions of his astonished officer; and informing them of his separation from the tender, which had not been heard of, he briefly recounted his adventures, and then issued orders for proceeding directly to the cavern, and demolishing the rendezvous of the pirates, by spiking their guns and otherwise rendering it untenable as a fortified place. It was the frigate, Le Sultan, we have seen drop her anchor the same evening, abreast of the cavern.

The setting sun flung his red beams across the level waters of the bay, and the winds were dying away with the fading of the sun-light, as Constanza —the crimson rays of the sun tinging her brow with a rich glow—leaned from the cabin window, and with a calm and thoughtful countenance, gazed upon the evening sky, its purple palaces of clouds—its winged creatures, and its mountains of gold and emerald. Her dreams—for although her eyes were fixed upon the gorgeous west, she was wrapped in a dreamy reverie of the past—were of her happy childhood—her paternal home near the imperial city of Montezuma—her aged father—his death, and the various scenes through which she had passed. The character of Lafitte—his crimes and his virtues, and the kindness and noble nature of Théodore; her capture and escape, all floated through

her mind, invested with their peculiar associations.

"And am I at last happy?" she said, half inquiringly. "Oh! that my poor father were here to share my happiness! Can it be true that this is not a dream? Am I indeed free, and is D'Oyley indeed here?"

"Here! my sweet Constanza, and folding you in his arms;" said the count, who had entered the state room unperceived, "here! to make you happy, and terminate your sufferings." Constanza leaned her cheek upon his shoulder, and with one arm encircling his neck, looked up into his face with the artless confidence of a child, while her features became radiant with joy. But she spoke not—her happiness was too great for utterance. For a few moments he lingered in this pure embrace, and then breathed into her ear :—

"When, dearest one, shall D'Oyley become your protector? Tell me now, while I hold you thus!" and he clasped her closer to his heart.

She replied not, and the rich blood mantled her brow, rivaling the crimson sun-glow which delicately suffused it. Her lips moved inaudibly, and her lover felt the small hand he held, tremble like an imprisoned dove within his own.

"Say, Constanza, my love! this evening shall it be? shall the chaplain of the frigate unite us this very hour? Refuse me not this request!" he continued ardently.

She pressed his hand, and looked up into his face with her large black eyes full of confidence and love, whose eloquent expression spoke a deeper and more befitting language than words could convey.

"Bless you, my sweet angel!" he exclaimed, reading with a lover's skill the language of her speaking eyes; and their lips were united in that pure, first kiss of love, whose raptures to mortals

wedded or betrothed—if minstrels tell us truly—is never known but once.

The count ascended to the deck to complete the preparations for his expedition against the rock. From his knowledge of the pass and mode of access to the cave, he determined to conduct the expedition himself.

It was his intention merely to proceed to the cavern, and leaving his men under the command of one of his lieutenants, return to the frigate and be united to the fair maiden, whom from her childhood, when he first saw her, the pride of her father's eye, and the idol of his household, while on a diplomatic mission to Mexico, he had admired, whilst her image lived, fondly cherished, in his memory. In after years, when the old Castilian became an exile, he sought him out in his retired villa in Jamaica. But a few weeks before it was attacked by the pirates, he had renewed that admiration, which a few days beneath the same roof with the fair girl, ripened into love. For a few short weeks he left her for the purpose of cruising in the neighborhood of Carthagena, to return, and find the villa a scene of desolation, the venerable parent lying a corpse in his own house, which was filled with armed soldiery, and the daughter, his beloved Constanza, carried off, no one could tell whither, by the daring buccaneer.

In one hour more, their scenes of danger and trial passed, they hoped for ever, he was to fold her to his heart, his wedded bride! This hope filled his bosom with ecstacy, as with an elastic step and joyous eye he ascended to the deck.

The boats were already along side and manned; and delaying a moment, to repeat his instructions to the chaplain in relation to the approaching ceremony, and commending Constanza to the watchful atten-

tion of young Montville, he entered the cabin once more, to embrace her and assure her of his speedy return.

"Why must you go, dearest D'Oyley?" she inquired pleadingly, "I cannot trust you in that fearful cave again."

"I shall not stay, my love; I alone can conduct the expedition, which the safety of these seas renders it necessary should be undertaken."

"But you will quickly return?" she inquired, detaining him.

"Before Venus hovering in the rosy west," he said, pointing to that lowly planet, shining low in the western sky like a lesser moon, "shall wet her silver slipper in the sea, will I return to you."

The next moment, he was standing in the stern of the boat, which, propelled by twelve oars, moved steadily and swiftly up the rocky passage to the cave.

About a quarter of a mile to the south of the grotto occupied by the buccaneers, extended from the cliff a narrow tongue of land, strewn with loose gigantic rocks. This tongue, connected by rocks and sand bars, with one of the parallel ridges confining the passage from the sea to the cave, formed the southern and eastern boundary of the basin, or lagoon, often before alluded to. Near its junction with the rocks of the pass, it spread out into a level flat, covered with long grass. It was half buried at noon day in shadow, cast by the rocks which overhung it on every side, but that opening to the water. In this direction the sea was visible through a narrow gap, a few yards in width.

In the back part of this area, whose surface was rather less than an acre and a half, hid by a projecting rock, which formed its roof, stood a rude hut made of cane branches and bamboo leaves interlaid. A single door facing the sea, was the only

aperture in the rude habitation, which, a wreath of blue smoke curling up its face indicated it to be. The sun just setting, reddened with his fiery beams the hideous features of an old decrepid hag, with a sunken eye full of malignity, toothless jaws, grizzly wool, long and tangled, and squallid figure bent nearly double with age and infirmity. It was Oula, and the rude hut, her habitation.

She was an aged African sybil, a degenerate priestess of the terrible deity, fetish or the Obeah. Through her incantations, charms, amulets and prophecies, besides her skill in foretelling evil tidings, and her accuracy in giving the fortunes of her deluded votaries, which were usually of her own hue, her name was widely extended.

Occasionally there would be some of a paler complexion from among the buccaneers, from time to time resorting to the grotto, who sometimes honoured her art by seeking of her knowledge of their future destinies.

As she squatted in the door of her hut, her eye was fixed upon the advancing frigate, though she watched its approach with apparent indifference. As the ship lessening her sail, finally dropped her anchor within half a mile of her wild abode, her features gave indication of interest.

"Quacha!" she called in a low harsh voice, as the ship swung to her anchor.

At the sound of her voice, a little deformed negro, whose size indicated extreme youth, but whose large features, and the lines of sagacity and cunning drawn in his face, showed that he had seen many years, perhaps one-third of the number his mother, for in this relation she stood to him, herself counted, stood before her. His head was large, and covered with long, strait, shaggy hair, which fell in thick masses over his eyes. It was the head of an

adult, placed upon the shrivelled body of a sickly child.

"Hoh, mummy!" he replied, as he emerged from the hut where he had been lying, with his head among the ashes, with which he was cooking their evening meal.

"Did you sa' dat Spanis' Martinez, come down in boat' day, Hugh?" she inquired, without turning her head.

"'Es ol' mum."

"Wat I tell'er 'bout nebber call me ol', you debbles' brat," she said, in a loud angry voice, and aiming a blow at his head, with a long staff she held in her hand, which he from much practice, dexterously evaded, and improving his phraseology, replied—

"'Es, mummy."

"Wat he come for, Quacha?"

"Quacha don't know, mummy. He sa' he come see de ol' Obi."

"Ol' Obi! he say dat?" she said, muttering; "I'll ol' Obi him, wit his black Spannis fas."

"Hoh! here he come hesef, mummy," exclaimed the hope and promise of the old beldame; and the athletic, finely moulded figure of the young Spaniard emerged from a path, which, winding among the rocks, led to the main land, and stood before them.

"Good even to you, Oula," he said, with an air in which superstitious reverence struggled with incredulity and an inclination to jest with the mysterious being, whose supernatural aid he sought.

"Oula is't, an' god een," she growled. "Well, that's better nor ol' Obi," she said, without turning her eyes from the frigate. "You needn't 'spose any thing's hid from Oula. Wat for is she Obi, if not to know ebery ting."

"Now be at peace, Oula, and harm me not with

Obeah," he said, soothingly. "I meant not to anger you. Listen! do you know the music of this gold?" he asked, shaking several gold pieces in his hand—"I have brought it to give you, Oula."

The eyes of the negress sparkled as she stretched forth her bony arm, to grasp the coin, which he resigned to her greedy clutch.

"Wat want for dese, Martinez? Sall Oula Obi you en'my, show you de prize-ship, or find de white breast buckra missy for you," she said, as slowly and carefully she told the money from one hand into the other.

The Spaniard approached her, and said, with emphasis—"The last, Oula! Serve me, and you shall have five times the coin you clasp so tightly there."

"Come in, come in, Martinez," said she, rising upon her staff, and hobbling into the hut. Obi can do nothin' wid de fire-stars, looking down so bright."

With a paler brow and faltering step, he entered the gloomy hut, half filled with smoke, and hot and filthy, from the fumes of tobacco, and nauseous herbs, drying in the chimney, which was built of loose stones.

Closing the door, after commanding Quacha to stay without and watch against intrusion, she pointed Martinez to a seat upon a fragment of rock, and bidding him turn his back and preserve the strictest silence till she spoke, she commenced her mysterious preparations.

Baring her shrivelled arms and scraggy neck, she passed her long fingers through her tangled hair till it stood out from her head like the quills of a porcupine. Then taking from a box by the fireplace, a tiara, or head-dress, formed of innumerable stuffed water-snakes, curiously interwoven, so that their heads were all turned outward, forming in the eye of her credulous devotee, a formidable and ter-

rific coronet for the sorceress, she placed it upon her dishrivelled locks—a second Medusa.

From the same repository which used to contain her materials for practising Obeah, she drew forth a necklace, strung with the claws and teeth of cats, the fangs of serpents and the teeth of hanged men, which, with great solemnity of manner, she passed three times around her neck. To this, she suspended a little red bag, filled with grave dirt, and tied up with the hair of a murdered woman. Bracelets, of similar materials of the necklace, with the addition of the beak of a parrot, which had been taught to speak the three magic names of Fetish, ornamented her arms. Encircling her waist with an enormous green and black serpent, she tied it by the head and tail, leaving them to dangle before her.

Then oiling her face, arms, neck, and breast, she dipped her finger into a basin of water which stood upon the box, muttering mean while, words unintelligible to the Spaniard. Taking an iron pot, she placed it, with great solemnity, in the back part of the hut, leaving room to pass between it and the wall.

These preparations completed with great show of ceremony, she took from a branch upon which it lay, a long slender human bone, and stirred the fire with its charred end. Laying this aside, she took from the same place, a skeleton hand, the joints retained in their places by wires, with which she took up a live coal, and placed it under the pot. After several coals were transferred from the fire place, in this manner, she got down upon her knees, before the fire, she had thus kindled under the pot, and began to blow it until it blazed.

Then rising and hobbling to the fire-place, she slipped a slide which had once belonged to a binnacle case, and reaching her hand into the cavity, drew

forth from its roost a snow white cock, fat, and unwieldy, from long, and careful keeping.

This bird, held sacred in all Obeah rites, the old sorceress placed over the coals, upon a roost which she had constructed of three human bones, two placed upright, and one laid on them horizontally.

These mysterious preparations completed, she walked three times round the cauldron, working, as she moved, her features into the most passionate contortions, so that when she stopped on completing her round, her face was more demoniac than human in its aspect and expression. In a shrill, startling voice she then addressd her votary.

"Rise, buckra, look; no speak!"

The Spaniard had witnessed with feelings of dismay which he could not subdue, all the ominous preparations we have described, reflected in a small broken mirror which he was made purposely by her to face, that by its imperfect representation the reality might be exaggerated by her visiters, and their fears acted upon, better to prepare them for her purpose.

As she spoke, he stood up and turned with a wild look, while his hand voluntarily grasped the hilt of his cutlass. The distorted features of the beldam, and her strange ornaments and appalling preparations met his superstitious eye. She allowed him to survey the scene before him for a moment, and then commenced chanting in rude improvisatore:

> "Now tell buckra, wat dat you
> Ax of Fetish for you do?
> If you b'lieve dat Fetish know
> Ebery ting abub, below—
> Den you hab all dat you seek,
> Walk dree times roun', den buckra speak."

Seizing his passive hand as she addressed him, she leaped with almost supernatural activity three times around the pot, drawing him after her with reluc-

tant steps, yet fearing to hold back. The third time she paused, and taking an earthen vessel from the box, she commenced dancing round the fire, commanding him to follow, dropping as she whirled, something she took from it into the iron vessel, the while chanting in a rude measure ;—

"Here de unborn baby heart,
Fetish lub dis much !
Here de hair from off de cat
Dat knaw de nails,
Eat out de eyes,
Dat drink de blood
Ob dead man.
Here de poison for de friend !
Fetish lub dis too !
Here de trouble for de foe !
Here de egg ob poison snake—
Here de head ob speckle cock—
Here de blood, and here de dirt
From de coffin, from de grave
Of murdered 'ooman an' her babe."

Then followed some unintelligible incantation, in a language unknown to the Spaniard, and still grasping both of his hands, she whirled with him around the cauldron. Suddenly stopping, after many rapid revolutions during which her body writhed in convulsions, while the astonished and paralyzed victim of his own superstition, yielded passively to the strange rites in which he was now an unwilling actor, she again commenced her monotonous chant, in the same wild and shrill tone of voice :

"Now de blood from near de heart,
Perfect make de Obeah art ;
Buckra's wish will den be grant,
An' Fetish gib him dat he want."

"What mean you, Oula ?" he inquired, as the Obeah priestess drew a long knife from her girdle and held the earthen vessel in the other hand. She replied, while her eyes darkened with malignity and her features grew more haggard and hideous :

"After buckra tell his wish,
Den his blood mus' fill dis dish;
Middle finger—middle vein,
Blood from dat will gib no pain—
In de kittle it shall mix,
Wid hangman's bones for stirring sticks!
Now buckra Spaniard, wat's dy will?
Speak! dy wis' to Oula, tell."

And she fixed her eyes, before whose strange expression his own quailed, full upon her votary.

The Spaniard, who had sought her in the full belief of her supernatural powers, to solicit her aid in the accomplishment of his object, was wholly unprepared for the scenes—of magnitude, to one of his tone of mind—which he had passed through. It was several moments before he recovered his self-possession, and then an impulse to withdraw his application, rather than pursue his object, influenced him. But after a moment's reflection, and recollection of the object he sought in this visit to her, he summoned resolution, and replied with a hoarse voice, while he looked about him suspiciously, as if fearful of being overheard,

"Oula, there is a maiden beautiful as the moon! I love her—but she would scorn me if I wooed her, and she is also betrothed to another. He was my prisoner—I brought him to this island and imprisoned him to await our captain's arrival. The next day, before my vessel sailed again, she was brought in a prisoner. I bribed my captain, and lingered behind in disguise, that I might see her, of whom I had heard so much. I at length had a glimpse of her from the opening in the top of the cave, and when I saw her—I loved her.

"Loved her to marry, Martinez?" she said, with an ironical grin.

"I said not so," replied the Spaniard, quickly.

"I loved her with a burning passion. I sought to gain the part of the grotto she occupied, and arranged my plan; but Lafitte returned, and the next day I would have effected it, but they the last night escaped, she and her lover, and I have all the day been planning some way to obtain her. This evening as I was sitting by the cave, cursing my fate and thinking perhaps I should never see her more—yonder frigate hove in sight. I took a glass and watched her until she dropped her anchor—and whom think you I saw upon her deck?"

"The buckra lady?"

"The same—I knew her by her form and air. She leaned upon the arm of my late prisoner, who is, no doubt, commander of the ship."

"What you want done?" she inquired, as he abruptly paused.

"I would possess her," he replied warmly; "now good Oula, fulfil your boasted promise," he added eagerly, as his dark eye flashed with hope and passion.

"It hard business—but Fetish he do ebery ting—you 'bleive dat, buckra Martinez," she added, fixing her blood-shot and suspicious eye upon him.

"All, every thing, only give me power to accomplish my desires," he exclaimed, impatiently.

"Dat you sall hab," she replied, seizing his arm; "hol you lef arm—dat next de heart's blood," she cried, chanting,

"Blood from heart,
Firs' mus' part,
'Fore Fetish
Grant you wish."

With revolting gestures, and brandishing her glistening knife, she danced around him, then fastening her long fingers upon his hand, she continued,

"From middle finger—middle vein,
Blood must flow, you' end to gain."

When the Spaniard, after a struggle between apprehension and fear of failing in his object, and of danger to himself, made up his mind to go through the ordeal, though resolved to watch her so that she should inflict no severe wound upon his hand, the voice of the old beldam's son was heard at the door in altercation with some one in the possession of a voice no less discordant than his own.

The Obeah surprised in the middle of her orgies in a shrill angry voice, demanded the cause of this interruption.

"It is Cudjoe, mummy—he want see ol' Obi, he sa'."

"Maldicho!" exclaimed the Spaniard, "it were as much as my head is worth for Lafitte's slave to find me here, when I should be at sea. "Is there no outlet?" he inquired, hastily.

"No—but here be de deep hole," she said, removing some branches and old clothing—this will hide you. He mus come in, or he brak in," she added, as Cudjoe's anxiety to enter grew more obvious by his loud demand for admittance, and his repeated heavy blows against the door.

The Spaniard, not in a situation to choose his place of concealment, let himself down into the hole, which formed her larder and store-room, and seating himself upon a cask, was immediately covered over with branches and blankets.

"What for such rackett, you Coromantee nigger —break in lone 'oomans house af'er dark," she grumbled with much apparent displeasure, as taking a lighted brand in her hand, she unbarred the frail door.

At the sight of her strange attire and wild appearance, increased by the flame of the burning brand she held, alternately flashing redly upon her

person, and leaving it in obscurity, the slave drew back with an exclamation of terror. The old sorceress, who with a strange but common delusion, believed that she possessed the power for which the credulous gave her credit—having deceived others so long, that she ultimately deceived herself—enjoyed his surprise, feeling it a compliment to her art, and received character, as one of the terrible priestesses of Fetish.

"Hugh! Coromantee," she said, "if you start dat away, at Oula, wat tinky you do, you see Fetish? What you want dis time?" she inquired, abruptly. "What for you no wid you massa Lafitte?"

"Him sail way af'er de prisoners dat get way las night, and leave Cudjoe sleep in de cave like a col' dead nigger, and know noffin."

"Gi me! well what for you come 'sturb Oula—you no 'fraid she obi you?"

"Oh Gar Armighty! good Oula, nigger! dont put de finger on me. Cudjoe come for Obi," exclaimed the slave in alarm.

"Obi can do nottin without music ob de gold," she said, mechanically extending her hand.

"Cudjoe know dat true well 'nuff," he replied, taking several coins of copper, silver, and gold, from the profound depth of his pocket, in which almost every article of small size missing in the vessel in which he sailed, always found a snug berth.

Giving her the money, which she counted with an air somewhat less satisfied than that she wore when telling the weightier coin of the Spaniard, she invited him into her hut.

Casting his eyes around the gloomy apartment with awe, he at last rested his gaze upon the white cock which still reposed upon his roost of human bones. Gradually, as he looked, and became more familiar with the gloom of the interior, his eye dilated with superstitious fear, and without removing it

from the sacred bird, he sunk first on one knee, then on the other, the while rapidly repeating some heathenish form of adjuration, and then fell prostrate, with his face to the damp earth.

For a moment, he remained in this attitude of worship, in which fear predominated over devotion, when the voice of Oula aroused him.

"Dat good—Obeah like dat. Now what you want Cudjoe? be quick wid your word, coz I hab much bus'ness to do jus dis time."

"Cudjoe want revenge ob hell!" replied the slave rising to his knees, his features at once changing to a fiendish expression, in faithful keeping with his wish.

"Bon Gui! Who harm you now, Coromantee?" she inquired in a tone of sympathy, gratified at meeting a spirit and feelings kindred with her own.

"Debble! Who?" he said fiercely, "more dan de fingers on dese two han'!"

"What dare name?" she inquired. "Obeah mus' know de name."

Here the slave, who never forgave an insult elicited by his personal deformities, recapitulated the injuries he imagined he had suffered from this cause, while the old beldam gave a willing ear, forgetting in her participation of his feelings, her first visiter, who impatiently awaited the termination of this interview. And as he heard his own name in the catalogue of vengeance repeated by the slave, he muttered within his teeth, that the slave should rue the hour he sought the Obeah's skill.

"Gi me!" she exclaimed, as he ended. "All dese you want hab me gib obi! Hugh! what nice picking for de jonny crows dey make. But dare mus' be more gold. Hough! hoh! hoh!" she laughed, or rather croaked. "Gah me! what plenty dead men! Well, you be de good cus'omer, if you be de Coromantee nigger!"

"Will de obi be set for dem all?" he impatiently inquired.

"Dare mus' be two tree tings done fus; you mus' take de fetish in de fus place," she said, going to her box and taking from it an ebony idol carved into many grotesque variations of the human form. "Here is de great Fetish," she continued; "now put you right han' on de head ob dis white bird, while I hol' dis fetish to you lips. Dare," she continued, as he tremblingly assumed the required position and manner, "dare, now swear you b'leve wat I speak—

> Fetish he be black—debil he be white,
> Sun he make for nigger,—for buckra is mak de night.

Now kiss de fetish," she said, as he repeated after her the form of an Obeah oath, administered only to those of her own race and religion. One or two other similar ceremonies were performed, when she suddenly exclaimed, "Dare I hab it—how de debble, no tink sooner?"

"Coromantee," she said abruptly—"dare is one ting more mus' be done, or Fetish do noffin' and Obeah no be good."

The slave looked at her inquiringly, and she continued: "Dare mus' be de blood from de heart ob a white breas' lady, to dip de wing ob de white bird in. You mus' get de lady; she mus' be young, hab black eye, an' nebber hab de husban'. Do dis, an' you sall hab you wish."

The slave's countenance fell, as he heard the announcement suggested by her practised subtlety.

"Dare was a white lady," he replied, "in de schooner, but she gone—oh gar! it take debble time to do dis;" he said with an air of disappointment. "Mus' de great Fetish hab one?" he inquired anxiously.

"He mus', he do noffin widout;" she replied determinedly.

The slave stood lamenting the loss of his anticipated revenge, when she inquired if he saw the frigate that dropped her anchor half an hour before, off the pass. On his replying in the affirmative, she said, "dare is a lady board dat ship, may serve de purpose. As de ship was swung roun', I see her in de window on de stern."

The eyes of the slave lighted up at this intelligence.

"Wat frigate is dat Oula?"

"I don' know," she replied; fearing if the slave knew the lady to be the Castillian his master had protected, he would decline the enterprise upon which she was about sending him.

"No matter 'bout de ship," she replied, "de lady dare. De stern lie close to de rocks; you can go out to de end ob de passage, and den swim under de stern—climb up de rudder, or some way into de window an' take her off before dey can catch you in de dark. You hear dis—now wat you say?"

The slave, without replying, darted through the door, and before the old woman could gain the outside, to warn him to be cautious, his retreating form, as he ran rapidly along the rocky ridge in the direction of the frigate, was lost to her eye.

CHAPTER II.

"The dissimulation and cunning of those practising Obeah, is incredible. The Africans have an opinion that insanity and supernatural inspiration are combined, and commonly, knaves and lunatics are the persons who play the parts of sorcerors or sorceresses. Instances are on record where they have fallen victims to the revenge of votaries, when their Obeah failed in its effects, or did injury."

THE WEST INDIES.

THE SLAVE AND HIS CAPTIVE—HIS REVENGE--PURSUIT OF THE STRANGE SAIL.

AFTER the count left the frigate on his expedition against the rendezvous of the pirates, the fair girl, whose star of happiness seemed now in the ascendant, and about to shine propitiously upon her future life, re-assumed her reclining attitude by the cabin window, which overlooked the sea in the direction of her native land. For a few moments, her thoughts were engaged upon her approaching bridal; but gradually, they assumed the garb of memory, and winging, like a wearied bird, over the evening sea, reposed in the home of her childhood. As she still gazed vacantly upon the fading horizon, she was conscious that a dark object broke its even line. It grew larger, and approached the frigate rapidly before she was called from her half-conscious abstraction by a change in its appearance; when, fixing her look more keenly in the direction, she saw it was a schooner just rounding to about a mile beyond the frigate. Apparently, it had not as yet, been observed from the deck, as all eyes were

turned to the shore, following the boats which had just gained the foot of the cliff.

At the sight of the vessel, so nearly resembling the one whose prisoner she had been, her capture and its trying scenes came vividly before her mind, and she turned her face from an object, connected with such disagreeable associations. The approaching ceremony again agitated her bosom; and as her eye rested upon a mirror in the opposite pannel, she parted with care her dark hair from her forehead, arranged in more graceful folds her mantilla, and all the woman beamed in her fine eyes as they met the reflection of her lovely countenance and symmetrically moulded figure.

"How long he stays!—he must have been gone full an hour," she said, unconsciously aloud. "The virgin protect him from harm?"

"The count will soon return, ma'moiselle," said a small mulatto boy, who acted as steward of the state rooms, now that they were occupied by their fair inmate. She turned as he spoke,

"Is there danger, boy?"

"None, please you ma'moiselle—the men on deck, say the rovers have left their rock, and that there will be no fighting."

"Sacra diable!" he suddenly shrieked, pointing to the state-room window, at which appeared the head of the slave. Constanza also turned, but only to be grasped in his frightful arms. At first surprised, and too much paralized with fear to scream, Cudjoe prevented her from giving the alarm by winding her mantilla about her mouth, and hastily conveyed her through the window or port hole, from which the gun, usually stationed there, had been removed. Rapidly letting himself, with his burden, down by the projections of the rudder, he dropped with her into the sea, and raising her head above water with one muscular arm, a few vigorous

strokes with the other bore him within the black shadow of the rocks behind a projecting point of which, he disappeared.

Re-entering the hut after the abrupt departure of the slave, Oula released the Spaniard from his place of concealment, and informed him of her plan to place the lady in his power.

"You are a very devil for happy thoughts," he said, with animation; but if the revengeful slave gets her, I may thank you, and not Fetish, for the prize. Have her this night I must, for I expect my schooner."

"Ha! there is the Julié now, by the holy twelve!" he exclaimed, as his quick eye rested upon the object which had attracted the attention of Constanza. "Getzendanner will be putting a boat in for me, and yet he must see the frigate unless she lays too dark in the cliff's shadow. St. Peter, send fortune with the slave! Will he bring her to the hut if he succeeds, think you, Oula?" he suddenly and sharply inquired, as a suspicion of change in the negro's purpose flashed across his mind.

"Bring de lady?" she exclaimed in surprize, "he know he finger rot off—he eye fall out—and he hair turn to de live snake wid de fang, if he no bring her—He no dare keep her way."

Solaced by this assurance, he paced the little green plat before the cabin, often casting his eyes in the direction of the frigate. Nearly half an hour elapsed after the departure of Cudjoe, when the robes of the maiden borne in the arms of the slave caught his eye.

"Back, back, you spoil de whole," exclaimed Oula, as the impatient Spaniard darted forward to seize his prize.

Instead of the maiden's lovely form, he met the herculean shoulders of the slave, whose long knife

passed directly through his heart. Without a word or a groan, Martinez fell dead at his feet.

Resigning the maiden to the faithful Juana, who followed immediately behind, Cudjoe sprung forward with a cry of vindictive rage, and before Oula could comprehend his motives, the reeking blade passed through her withered bosom.

"Take dis hag ob hell!" he shouted, as he drew forth the knife from her breast. "You make no more fool ob Cudjoe, for de curs' Spaniard."

"Grande diable! what debble dis?" he suddenly yelled and groaned, as the son of the slain Obeah leaped upon his neck, when he saw his mother fall, and grappled his throat tightly with his fingers, while he fixed his teeth deep into his flesh. The struggle between them was but for a moment. Finding it impossible to disengage his fingers, the slave bent his arm backward, and passed his long knife up through his body. The thrust was a skilful one, and fatal to the boy, who released his grasp, and fell back in the death struggle to the ground.

In the meanwhile, Juana had borne Constanza to the fire, in the hut, and was using every means to restore circulation to the chilled limbs of the unconscious girl.

The interview between the Spaniard and Oula, had been overheard by Juana, from the rock above the hut. After the escape of her mistress and the count, and the departure of Lafitte and his men, in pursuit—with the exception of Cudjoe, who, in the hurry and confusion of getting underweigh, was left behind, and with whom she was accustomed occasionally to indulge in social African gossip on ship-board—she had been left quite alone. This solitude and anxiety on account of her mistress, led her, at the approach of evening, to pay a visit to the

old sybil, for the purpose of consulting her respecting her safety.

After the hasty departure of the slave, to obey the commands of Oula, she descended the rock overhanging the hut, and rapidly following him, she awaited his return, and then communicated to him the information relative to the Spaniard and the lady. Indignant at this treachery towards one whom he regarded as his master's lady, and enraged that the old woman should thus use him as the tool for the Spaniard, he drew his knife, bounded forward, and met Martinez with the fatal result we have just mentioned.

When the slave entered the hut, after his bloody revenge was completed, Juana informed him of the expedition against the cave which she had seen moving from its destination towards the rock above the hut.

Constanza soon recovering, Juana led her forth into the air, and told her that she would go round with her to the cave, where the boats of her lover then were, at the same time warning Cudjoe to endeavour to get on board the schooner, and escape from the French seamen. The slave looked seaward, where she could just be discovered lying to, and in a few seconds afterward, he saw a boat pulling close to the shore. Supposing, from the language of the Spaniard, that it was sent for him, and that the schooner was the Julié, he bid Juana conduct Constanza to the barges of the frigate, and hastily leaving them, he approached the boat, which now touched the beach.

"Boat ahoy!" he hailed, as he came near.

"Ha, Cudjoe! that's your sweet voice, in a thousand!" replied one, in answer to his hail—"how came you here?"

"The captain sail and leab me sleep in de cabe," he replied; "I must go to Barrita in de Julié."

"You are right welcome, my beauty; but where's Martinez?"

"He was jus' killed by de Frenchman, in shore. I jus' 'scape wid my neck."

"Frenchman? how?" exclaimed the man, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"No see dat frigate, dar? I tought you bol' nuff to com' in right under her guns. See her! dere she lay. You can hardly tell her masts from de trees."

The man looked for a moment steadily, and then exclaimed—"By the holy St. Peter, you say truly. Spring into the boat, Cudjoe. Shove off, men—shove off, and give way like devils to your oars.—We must be out of this, or we shall have hard quarters between Monsieur's decks."

In a few moments, they stood on the deck of the schooner, which immediately filled and stood seaward.—Her subsequent career is already known to the reader.

Before Juana gained the cave, with her charge, to effect which she had first to ascend the cliff, and then descend by a perilous foot-way, to the platform before it, the object of the count had been effected. The gun had been pitched over into the basin, and the arms and stores either destroyed or carried off. When he gained the deck of his frigate, he was met by the first lieutenant, who reported a sail in the offing. "She has been lying to some time, sir," he added.

"Ha, I see her! she is now standing out," said the count, as he took his glass from his eye.

"Shall we get under way, sir?" inquired the lieutenant.

"Not yet, Monsieur," replied he smiling. "We have a festival below, which will require the presence of my officers; and the men must make merry to-night;" and winged with love, he hastened to meet

Constanza. Entering the state-room, he encountered the prostrate form of the mulatto boy, who was lying insensible by the door.

Glancing his eyes hastily around the apartment, whilst his heart palpitated with a sudden foreboding of evil, the loved form he sought, no where me this eager gaze. Alarmed, he called her name, and searched every recess of that and the adjoining state rooms.

"My God! where can she be?" he exclaimed, now highly excited; "Can she have fallen into the water from this port? yet, it cannot be—Constanza! my betrothed, my beloved! speak to me, if you are near!" he cried, hoping, yet with trembling, that she might still be concealed—playfully hiding from him to try, as maidens will do, her lover's tenderness. "Yet if here, what means this?" he added raising the boy; "There is life here—he has fainted—speak Antoine, open your eyes and look at me!"

The boy still remained insensible; but the count by applying restoratives hastily taken from the toilet of the maiden, soon restored his suspended faculties. To his eager questions the boy told in reply of the hideous visage that appeared at the port-hole, enlarging upon his black face and white tusks.

Was it a man or a wild beast?" he interrogated.

"Oh! Monsieur, one man-devil—with such long arms, and long white tusks like a boar!" he replied, clinging to the person of the officer, and looking fearfully around, as if expecting the appalling apparition to start momentarily upon his sight.

The brow of the lover changed to the hue of death; the blood left his lips, and faintly articulating "Lafitte's slave!" he reeled, and would have fallen to the floor, had not the boy caught him. Recovering himself by a vigorous intellectual and physical effort, he stood for an instant in thought, as if resolving upon some mode of action.

All at once he spoke, in a voice hollow and deep with emotion, and awful with gathering passion.

"Lafitte—thou seared and branded outlaw—cursed of God and loathed of men—fit compeer of hell's dark spirits—blaster of human happiness—destroyer of innocence! Guilty thyself, thou wouldst make all like thee! Scorner of purity, thou wouldst unmake, and make it guilt. Like Satan, thou sowest tares of sorrow among the seeds of peace—thou seekest good to make it evil!—Renegade of mankind!—Thou art a blot among thy race, the living presence of that moral pestilence which men and Holy Writ term *sin!* Oh, that my words were daggers, and each one pierced thy heart! then would I talk on, till the last trumpet called thee from thy restless shroud to face me. But, Lafitte! Lafitte!" he added, in a voice that rung like a battle cry, "I will first face thee on earth! As true as there is one living God, I will be revenged on thee for this foul and grievous wrong!

"Ha! why do I stand here, idly wasting words? he is not far off. I may pursue and take him within the hour—and" he added, bounding to the deck, "perhaps Constanza, ere it be—too late."

His voice, as he issued his orders to get at once under weigh, rung with an energy and sternness the startled officers and seamen never knew before. Having rapidly communicated the disappearance of Constanza, he learned from the officer of the watch that some of the men who had joined the shore expedition, on returning, said they had seen a sail in the offing. "But after having swept the whole horizon with my glass," he continued, "and discerning nothing, I concluded they must have been deceived, and therefore, did not report it. Now, I think they were right."

"That vessel was Lafitte's and Constanza is on

board of her," exclaimed the count. "We must pursue, and if there is strength in wind or speed in ships, overtake and capture her this night. Call the men who saw her."

The seamen being interrogated, indicated by the compass the direction the sail bore from the frigate, when they discovered it. Towards this point, leaving her anchor behind, the ship, in less than three minutes after the count had ascended to the deck, began to move with great velocity, her tall masts bending gracefully to one side, as if they would kiss the leaping waves, the water surging before her swelling bows, and gurgling with hoarse but lively music around her rudder.

All that night, a night of intense agony to the count, a bright watch was kept on every quarter; yet the morning broke without discovering the object of their pursuit. The horizon was unbroken even by a cloud; a calm had fallen upon the sea, and not a wave curled to the zephyrs, which from time to time danced over its polished surface, scarcely dimpling it.

For several days, within sight of the distant island, the frigate lay becalmed, during which period, the lover, unable to contend with the fever of his burning thoughts, became delirious. The winds rose and again died away! Storms ploughed the face of the deep, and calms reigned upon the sea! Yet he was unconscious of any change; day and night he raved, and called on the name of his betrothed. During this period the frigate cruised along the coast, the officer in command not wishing to take any step until he knew the mind of the count.

On the twelfth day after the disappearance of Constanza, he was so far recovered as to ascend to the deck. His brow was pale, and his eye piercing with an unwonted expression.

"Twelve days Montville—so long? There is no hope—but there is revenge!" and his eyes flashed as his voice swelled with emotion and passion. "Put about for Barritaria!" he added quickly, rising and walking the deck with much agitation. "My only passion, my only purpose now shall be to meet that man—the bane of my happiness! Destiny has bid him cross my path, and destiny shall bid him die by my hand."

On the third morning, they arrived at the island of Barritaria—prepared to destroy that strong hold of the pirates, when, instead of a formidable fleet—a strong fortress and extensive camp—they found desolation. The day before, the buccaneers had been dispersed, their vessels captured, and their fort dismantled. Here and there wandered a straggler, ragged and wounded—no boats were visible, and the smoke of two or three vessels, and the ruined camp of the pirates, told how recently and completely the revenge of the count had been anticipated.

From a wounded pirate, whom they took prisoner, he learned that Lafitte had been recently at Barritaria, and had gone to New Orleans to join the American forces in the defence of that city.

Piloted by one of his men who was acquainted with the inlets and bayous, communicating with the Mississippi, he gave orders to his first lieutenant to await his return, and proceeded at once up to the city. On his approach the next morning, the thunder of artillery filled his ears, and burning with revenge, he urged his oarsmen to their strength.

Entering the Mississippi about two leagues below the city, on the morning of the eighth of January, by a different route from that taken on a former occasion by Lafitte, he crossed to the opposite shore, from which came the roar of cannon, the crash of musketry, and shouts of combatants, while a dense

cloud of smoke enveloped the plain to the extent of half a mile along the river.

"There, face to face, steel to steel, will I meet him I seek, or—death," he exclaimed.

Learning from a fisherman the disposition of the two armies, and the point defended by the outlaw, he crossed the river, and after pulling up against the current for a third of a mile, he landed amidst a shower of balls and joined in the battle.

After he had, as he thought, achieved his revenge, in the fall of Lafitte, whose personal combat with him has already been detailed, the count, himself severely wounded, returned to his boat. In a few minutes he grew faint from loss of blood, and was landed by his crew at a negro's hut on the banks of the river. Here he remained several days, confined to a wretched couch, until his wound enabled him to proceed.

As he was about to order his boatmen to prepare for their departure, he heard the name of Lafitte mentioned by the hospitable slave who was his host, in conversation with some one outside of the hut.

"What of him?" he exclaimed.

"Dere him schooner, massa—gwine down de ribber!"

"What, that light-rigged vessel?" he said, pointing to a small, but beautiful armed schooner. "No—no—he is slain."

"He was wounded in the battle of the eighth, with two of his lieutenants, Sebastiano and a Dutchman, Getzendanner, I believe they call him," said a fisherman, coming forward; "but Lafitte is now well, and has purchased that vessel, formerly his own, and is going—they say, now he has received his pardon—to spend his days in the West Indies, or in France."

"Ha—say you, Monsieur!—Was it not him then I

met on the field? Yet it must have been—know you certainly that he sails away in that schooner?" he inquired, eagerly of the man, turning to look as he spoke, at the vessel which, with swift and graceful motion, with all sail set, moved down the river, rapidly disappearing in the distance.

"I saw him standing upon the deck as she passed," replied the fisherman, decidedly.

"Then shall he not escape me," cried the count; and calling to his crew, he hastened to his boat, and in a few minutes was on the way to his frigate, resolved, if possible, to intercept the schooner at the Balize.

The following day he reached his ship, and immediately, with his heart steeled to the consummation of his revenge, got under-weigh for the mouth of the Mississippi.

CHAPTER III.

"The consequences of crime are not confined to the guilty individual. Besides the public wrong, they are felt in a greater or less degree by his friends. Parents suffer more from the crimes of men than others. It ought to be the severest mental punishment, for a guilty man, if not wholly depraved, to witness a wife's or a parent's wretchedness, produced by his own acts."

LETTERS ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A RAMBLE—SURPRISE—AT SEA—CONVERSATION—LAFON.

We will leave the count in pursuit of Lafitte, now no longer "*the outlaw*." He had recovered his favourite vessel, "The Gertrude," which had been captured with the rest of the fleet; and with a select crew, drawn from his former adherents, set sail a few days after we left him in the convent, for his rendezvous in the Gulf of Gonsaves, for the purpose of carrying into effect the resolutions he there made. To Constanza—whom we left at this rendezvous, with the faithful Juana on her way to the boats of her lover's frigate—we will now turn the attention of our readers.

When the desolate and unhappy girl found the frigate's boats had left the rock, her heart sunk within her, and when the ship, shortly after, stood seaward, under full sail, she at once surrendered herself to hopeless wretchedness. Three weeks she remained in the grotto, with a kind slave, her only

companion, from whom she received every attention that circumstances permitted.

Her mind was daily tortured with fears of the approach of some of the pirate's squadron, or of Lafitte himself, whom, if again thrown into his power, she feared above all. As yet she was ignorant of the scenes he had passed through—the great change in his destiny—the honourable career he had commenced, and his pardon by the administrator of the laws he had so long violated. If she had known all this, and known that love for her, united with a noble patriotism, influenced him to take these steps, how different would have been her feelings?—With what other emotions than of fear, would she have anticipated his approach?

The moon had shone tremblingly in the west, like the fragment of a broken ring, had displayed a broad and shining shield, and had nearly faded again into the pale eastern skies, and yet Constanza remained an inmate of the grotto.

Late in the afternoon, three days after we took leave of the count, on his way to intercept the Gertrude at the Balize, Constanza ascended the cliff, above the terrace, to survey, as she had done each long day of her imprisonment, the extensive horizon spread out before her to the south and west, hoping to discover the white sails of the frigate, which contained all that bound her to existence.

As night gathered over the sea, she descended the cliff, and walked towards the point where stood the hut of the deceased Obeah. The waves kissed her feet as she walked along the sandy shore. The stars, heralded by the evening planet, one by one began to appear, sprinkling a faint light upon her brow; the night wind played wantonly

with her hair; but unmindful of every surrounding object, she walked thoughtfully forward, unheeding her footsteps, which carried her unconsciously to the extreme point of the rocky cape. Here seating herself upon a rock, she leaned her head upon her hand, and, gazing upon the sea, while thoughts of her lover and her desolate and unprotected situation, filled her mind, insensibly fell asleep.

About midnight, a hand laid upon her forehead, awoke her. Instinctively comprehending her situation, she recollected where she was. A tall figure stood by her side. With a scream of terror she sprung to her feet, and would have fled; but he detained her by her robes.

"Stay, Constanza, señora! stay—tell me why you are here?"

"Is it Lafitte—the outlaw?" she exclaimed, breathless with alarm.

"It is lady; but no more Lafitte the *outlaw*."

"Oh señor, have pity, and do not use the power you have," she cried with nervous emotion. "I am wretched, miserable indeed."

"Lady," he replied, moved by her pathetic appeal, "Lady, there shall no danger come nigh you while I can protect you. How you came once more in my power, or here, is to me a mystery. I thought you happy as the bride of——"

"No—oh! no. He returned here after we gained his frigate, and your slave stole on board into the port, and siezing me, prevented me from giving the alarm, and brought me on shore to the hut of an old negress. The frigate, on my being missed, stood out to sea, probably after a schooner, which they thought was yours, and on board of which they no doubt thought I was, or they would have searched the shore and cavern. Three weeks have

I been here with none but Juana. Even your presence señor, is a relief to me."

The chief listened with surprise to this rapid account of her capture.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, the conduct of the count on the field of battle, flashing upon his mind. "I see it all. 'Revenge,' was his war-cry—revenge for his betrothed. He must have suspected my agency in this, and pursued me to avenge his wrongs. Thank God! I am herein guiltless. But my slave! know you whose tool he was, or what his purpose, señora?" he inquired quickly.

"I do, señor," she replied," and then related to him the deception practised upon Cudjoe, of which Juana had informed her, and his instant revenge.

"I knew that Martinez to be a second Hebérto Velanquez in villainy;" he said. "Lady, I congratulate you—Heaven surely watches over you for good! My slave's vengeance was like himself. Strange, when he arrived in the Julié at Barritaria, a day or two after, he told me not of all this. But perhaps he feared for his head."

At this moment a voice startled the maiden, and timid as the hunted fawn from the excitement she had gone through, she raised a foot to fly.

"Stay lady, it is but my boatmen on the other side of this rock. Passing up the channel to the grotto in the schooner," continued Lafitte, "I saw your white robes even in this faint star-light, as you were sleeping on the rocks. I immediately let down my boat, and ordering the schooner to keep on into the basin, I landed to ascertain who it was, not dreaming—although my heart should have told me"—he added tenderly, "that it was you.

"Now señora," he said, addressing her earnestly, "will you so far place confidence in me as voluntarily to put yourself under my protection? I need

not assure you it shall be a most honourable one. Let me take you, and this very hour I will sail to your friends—nay, to the Count D'Oyley himself. If you desire it, I will seek him in every port in the Mexican seas. Confide in me lady, and allow me to show you the strength of my love for you, while I manifest its disinterestedness."

In less than half an hour, Constanza and Juana, whom she had left in the cave during her absence, were once more occupants of the gorgeously furnished state-room on board the Gertrude. Before morning, Lafitte having also completed the business for which he visited his rendezvous, was many leagues from the grotto, his swift winged vessel almost flying over the waves before a brisk wind, in the direction of Havana, where he expected to hear of, or fall in with, the French frigate Le Sultan.

From the moment his lovely passenger had entered the cabin he had not seen or spoken with her. Again her young protector Théodore became her page, and Juana her faithful attendant.

From Théodore she learned, with surprise and pleasure the scenes through which his benefactor had passed since she last met him. With prayerful gratitude she listened to the strange history of the last few weeks he had passed at Barritaria and in the besieged city, of his exploits upon the battle-field, his pardon by the executive, and his resolution to devote his life for the good of his fellow men, by retiring to the monastery of heroic and benevolent monks, on the summit of Mont St. Bernard.

"May the virgin and her son bless and prosper him in his purposes!" she said, raising her eyes with devotional gratitude to heaven, while all the woman beamed in them, as she reflected how far she had contributed to this change. And she sighed,

that she could not requite love so noble and pure as his.

With perfect confidence in the sincerity of her captor, she now became more composed, and a ray of joy illumined her heart, when she looked forward to the meeting with her betrothed lover.

"And where will you go my Théodore—when your friend becomes a recluse?"

"Lady, I shall never leave him, where he goes, I go! He is my only friend on earth. There is none besides to care for the buccaneer boy," he added, with a melancholy air.

"Nay—nay—Théodore. The count D'Oyly, and myself—esteem, and feel a deep interest in you. Will you not be my brother, Théodore? Our home shall be yours, we will supply your present benefactor. The gloom and solitude of a monastery's walls will not suit your young spirit."

"Lady—urge me not—I will never leave him," he said firmly, while his heart overflowed with thankfulness for the kind and affectionate interest she manifested in his welfare.

At that moment an aged man, bent with the weight of years, with a majestic face, although deeply lined with the furrows of time, came to the state-room door, and in a feeble voice, called to the youth.

"Who is that old man, Théodore?" she inquired with interest, while her eyes filled with tears as she thought of her own venerable father. "It is old Lafon, Señora. He was taken prisoner a few weeks since by one of our cruisers, and having been at times insane, he was compelled by the officer—Martinez, I think—who captured him, to perform such menial duties as were suitable to his age."

"Was not this unfeeling, Théodore? Where was your chief?"

"It was, lady. On account of his numerous duties, captain Lafitte, who permitted no cruelties of that kind, was ignorant of this degradation—for, miserable as he now is, he appears to have seen happier and brighter days—but when he heard of it, he released him from his duties." We stopped at Barritaria after we left the Balize to take on board some treasure concealed there, and found the old man on the shore, nearly famished and torpid with exposure to the cold and rain.

"We took him on board, intending to leave him in Havana, where he has friends."

"Is he insane, did you say, Théodore?" she inquired.

"He has been—but I think is not now."

"Poor man; he is, no doubt, the victim of some great affliction," she said, with feeling. "Do you know any thing of his past history?"

"I do not, Señora. He is studiously silent upon that subject."

"Is he now a menial?" she said, looking with sympathy upon the aged man, who still stood with one hand upon the lock of the door, and his body half-protruded into the room; in which position he had remained during their low-toned conversation, waiting for Théodore.

"No, Señora. He is now passenger in the schooner, and by kindness and attention to him, the captain seeks to atone for the rigorous treatment he has heretofore received. He also feels a strange and unaccountable interest in him."

"Go, Théodore; keep him not in waiting—he speaks again!"

The youth left the apartment, to ascertain his wishes, which were, to communicate, through him, to Lafitte some instructions relating to his landing at Havana; and then ascended to the deck, to ascer-

tain the rate of sailing and position of the vessel, which, bowling before a favourable breeze, was with within less than two day's sail of their port of destination.

CHAPTER IV.

ST. JULIEN. "If sincere penitence be atonement for an ill-spent life, then has my guilty sire gone up to heaven."

MARTIN. "The Holy Fathers preach another doctrine."

ST. JULIEN. "But which is which they can no two agree."

MARTIN. 'Twere better then methinks, sir, to live healthy and honest lives, and so through the blood of the Holy Cross, we'll have the best assurance."

AN AMERICAN SLOOP OF WAR—A CHASE—FIGHT OFF THE MORO CASTLE—CLOSING SCENE—CONCLUSION.

"My eye, Bill, but that's a rare tit-bit in the offing," exclaimed a sailor straddled athwart the main-yard of an American sloop of war, anchored near the entrance of the harbour, ostensibly securing a gasket, but in reality roving his one eye over the harbour of Havana—its lofty castellated Moro—its walls, towers, and cathedral domes—its fleet of shipping—and its verdant scenery, luxuriant and green even in the second month of winter.

"That she is!" returned his shipmate, further in on the same yard, at the same time cocking his larboard eye to windward, hitching up his loose trowsers, and thrusting into his cheek a generous quid tobacco, dropped from the top-gallant-yard by a brother tar. "That she is, Sam; and she moves in stays, like a Spanish girl in a jig, and that's as fine as a fairy, to my fancy."

"Lay to, there, my hearty. Blast my eyes, if I

have'nt seen the broadside of that craft before now. If it's not a clipper we chased when I was in the schooner last month, cruising off St. Domingo, you may say, 'stop grog'."

"What! one o' your bloody pirates?" inquired Sam, with an oath.

"Aye! and she run in shore, and lay along side of a high rock, up which they mounted like so many wild monkeys. We followed as fast—but they beat us off, and sent to the bottom of the sea, twenty as brave fellows as ever handled cutlass."

"What is this," observed languidly one of the lieutenants on deck, interrupting a most luxurious yawn; "that those fellows can feel an interest in, this infernal hot weather? Take that glass, will you Mr. Edwards, and make us wise in the matter."

The young midshipman rose indolently from an ensign on which he had ensconced himself to leeward of the mizen mast, to avoid the extreme heat, even on that winter day; for winter holds no empire through all that lovely clime, and after two or three unsuccessful attempts, at last brought the instrument handed him by the officer, into conjunction with his visual organ. He then gazed a moment seaward, and his face, before expressionless, now beamed with pleasure.

"By all that's lovely, that craft carries a pretty foot. She glides over the water like a swan; and yet there's hardly breeze enough to fan a lady's cheek. Look at her, sir."

The officer took the glass, and slightly raising himself, so that he could see over the quarter, the next moment convinced those around him, that his features had not lost all their flexibility, and that his muscles were not really dissolved by the heat, by exclaiming still more eagerly than the midshipman,

"Beautiful! admirable!"

"Can you make out her colours?" inquired one lying upon the deck, under the awning, without raising his head, or moving from his indolent attitude.

"She carries the stars and stripes; yet she cannot be an American. There is not a boat in the navy to be compared to this craft for beauty and velocity."

"She is not an armed vessel?"

"Evidently; although she shows gun nor port. She looks too saucy for a quakeress; her whole bearing is warlike; and there is a frigate half a mile to windward of her, I believe, in chase."

By this time, the officers, yielding to curiosity, abandoned, though reluctantly, their various comfortable positions, and gathered themselves up, to take a view of a vessel, that had induced even their ease-loving first lieutenant to throw off his lethargy.

The object of general interest—a beautiful taunt-rigged rakish schooner now advanced, steadily towards the entrance of the harbour. The air was scarcely in motion, yet the little vessel glided over the water with the ease and rapidity of a bird on the wing.

"By Heaven! that craft has been in mischief!" exclaimed an officer, "or that frigate would not spread such a cloud of studden-sails in chase."

"He is no doubt a pirate," said Edwards. "Shall we give him a gun for running under our flag."

"No, no! we will remain neutral. As true as that schooner has lighter heels than any craft that ever sailed the sea, she will escape her pursuer!" exclaimed the lieutenant with animation.

"Unless taken between wind and water;" added another officer. "See that!"

As he spoke a flame flashed from the bows of the frigate, and a shot, followed by the report of a heavy gun, recochetted over the waves, and carried away the bowsprit of the schooner, which was about half a mile from the frigate.

"My God! we shall be blown out of the water by that hasty count!" exclaimed Lafitte, as the shot struck his vessel—for on board the Gertrude we now take our readers—"Hoist that white flag at the peak," he shouted.

The order was obeyed; and still the frigate bore down upon them, and a second shot shivered her foremast, killed several of the crew including his mate Ricardo, and mortally wounding his favorite slave Cudjoe.

The schooner was now wholly unmanageable, and defeated in his exertions to get into the harbor, Lafitte put her before the wind, which was now increasing, and run her ashore, about a mile to the eastward of the Moro.

The frigate continued in chase until the water became too shallow for her draught, when she lay to and put off two of her boats filled with men, the smallest of which was commanded by the count in person.

Lafitte, although determined not to fight unless compelled to do so in self-defence, ordered his men to their guns. Every officer was at his post. The carronades were double shotted, and hand grenades, boarding-pikes and cutlasses, strewed the deck. He himself, was armed with a cutlass and brace of pistols, and a shade of melancholly was cast over his features, which, or the thoughts occasioning it, he sought to dispel by giving a succession of rapid and energetic orders to his men.

The count, who learned from the prisoner he had taken at Barritaria, that this was Lafitte's vessel,

—which he had fallen in with the day before, after missing him at the Balize—stood in the stern of his boat which swiftly approached the grounded schooner. His face was pale and rigid with settled passion. He grasped the hilt of his cutlass nervously, and his eye glanced impatiently over the rapidly lessening distance between him and his revenge. He saw his rival standing calmly upon the quarter-deck, surveying his approach with seeming indifference. This added fuel to his rage, and he cheered his oars-men on with almost frenzied energy.

"Count D'Oyley" said Lafitte aloud as the boat came near the schooner; "she whom you seek is safe, and in honor."

"Thou liest! slave! villain!" shouted the count, and at that moment, as the boat struck the side of the schooner, he leaped, sword in hand, on to her deck, followed by a score of his men.

"Now, or we shall be massacred, fire!" cried Lafitte, in a voice that rung above the shouts of the boarders, at the same time parrying a blow aimed at his breast by the count; and the light vessel recoiled shuddering in every joint, from the discharge of her whole broadside.

The iron shower was fatally hurled. The larger boat, which was within a few fathoms of the schooner, was instantly sunk, and fifty men were left struggling in the waves. The barge along side, shared the same fate before half its crew had gained the deck of the vessel.

A fierce and sanguinary contest now took place. In vain Lafitte called to the count to desist—that Constanza was on board and in safety.

"Liar in thy throat! villain!" with more rapid and energetic blows of his cutlass, was alone the reply he received from his infuriated antagonist.

Lafitte now fought like a tiger at bay upon the quarter-deck of his schooner, his followers encircling him, each hand to hand and steel to steel with a boarder.

Two nobler looking men than the distinguished combatants, have seldom trode the battle deck of a ship of war. In courage, skill, and physical energies, they seemed nearly equal, although the count was of slighter make, and possessed greater delicacy of features. Cutlass rung against cutlass, and the loud clangor of their weapons was heard far above the din and uproar of battle.

The combatants on both sides, as if actuated by one impulse, simultaneously suspended the fight to gaze upon their chief, as if victory depended alone upon the issue of this single encounter.

They fought for some moments with nearly equal success, mutually giving and receiving several slight wounds, when a blow, intended by Lafitte who fought in the defensive, to disarm his antagonist, shivered his steel boarding-cap, which dropped to the deck, while a profusion of rich auburn hair fell down from his head, clustered with almost feminine luxuriance around his neck. At the same instant, the sword of the count passed through the breast of his antagonist.

A wild exclamation, not of pain, but of surprise and horror escaped from Lafitte, and springing backward, he stood staring with dilated nostrils, a heaving breast, from which a stream of blood flowed to the deck, and eyes almost starting from their sockets, upon his foeman.

"Art thou of this world? speak!" he cried in accents of terror, while his form seemed agitated with super-human emotion.

The count remained in an attitude of defence, displaying by the derangement of his hair, a scar

in the shape of a crescent over his brow, and transfixed with astonishment, gazing upon his foe, who moved not a muscle, or betraying any sign of life, except in the deep sepulchral tones, with which he conjured him '*to speak!*'

The count slightly changing his position, an exclamation of joy escaped the venerable Lafon, and tottering forward, he fell into his outstretched arms.

"Henri, my son—my only son!"

"My father!" and they were clasped in each other's arms.

Their close embrace was interrupted by a deep groan and the heavy fall of Lafitte to the deck.

"Henri! It is indeed *my brother*!" exclaimed the wounded man, raising his head—"for—forgive me, Henri, before I die!" and he fell back again to the deck.

At the sound of his name, the count started, gazed earnestly upon his pale features for an instant, and all the brother yearned in his bosom.

With a heart bursting with the intensity of his feelings, he silently kneeled beside his brother.

"Achille!"

"Henri!"

They could utter no more, but wept together in a silent embrace; the count laying his head upon his brother's bosom, whose arms encircled him with fraternal love, while the aged parent kneeling beside them, with his uplifted hands, blessed them.

Suddenly a loud scream pierced their ears—and starting up, the count beheld Constanza making her way with a wild air towards him, followed by Théodore, who had, till now, detained her in the stateroom, lest in her excitement of mind, she should mingle among the combatants. The voice of her lover reached her ears in the silence that followed the discovery of the brothers, and she flew to the deck.

"Oh, my Alphonze! my only love! we will part no more!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into his arms.

The count affectionately embraced her; but his face betrayed the whilst, unusual emotion, and his eye sought his brother's.

"Take her! fold her in your arms, Henri! she is yours—pure as an angel!" he replied, comprehending the meaning of his glance. "Here, Constanza, let me take your hand—yours, Henri"—and he joined them together:—"May God bless and make you truly happy!" he continued, while his voice grew more feeble.

"My father! my venerable father! I am ashamed to look you in the face! forgive your repentant son! I am dying, father!

The aged man kneeled by his son, and blessed him! and wept over him! in silence.

"My brother—Henri!" continued the dying man: "I have wronged you; but I have suffered! Oh! how deeply! How true, that crime brings its own punishment! Forgive! forgive me, Henri! Think not you have slain me—mine is the blame. I armed your hand against my life!

"Constanza! forgive! I have loved you in death! Farewell," he added, after a moment's silence, while they all kneeled around him. "Farewell, my father—brother—Constanza—farewell! Théodore!" he said, affectingly taking the hand of the youth—"Théodore, my orphan boy, farewell! May God bless and protect you, my child! Henri! be a brother to him."

The count pressed his hand in silence.

"Now, once more—adieu, for–for ever! May God forgive!"—and, with this prayer on his lips, he expired in the arms of his father and brother.

CONCLUSION.

One autumn twilight, five years after the peace was ratified between the two belligerent powers —Europe, and the North United States—a group might have been observed by one, sailing up to the capital of Louisiana, gathered on the portico of an elegant villa, situated on the banks of the Mississippi, a few miles below the city. This group consisted of six. In a large armed chair, sat an old gentleman, with a dignified air, and a bland smile, dancing upon his knee a lovely child, just completing her third summer, with sparkling black eyes, and silken hair of the same rich hue, while an old slave, seated at his feet, was amusing herself with the antics of the delighted girl.

Near the steps of the portico, stood a gentleman of middle age, with a lofty forehead, slightly disfigured by a scar, a mild blue eye, and manly features, who was directing the attention of a beautiful female, leaning on his arm, to the manœuvres of a small vessel of war then doubling one of the majestic curves of the river.

The lady, united in her face and person the dignity of the matron with the loveliness of the maiden. The sweet face of the cherub upon its grandsire's knee, was but the reflection of her image in miniature!

Leaning against one of the columns of the portico, stood a noble looking and very handsome young man, in a hunting-dress. A gun rested carelessly upon one arm, and a majestic dog, venerable with age, whom he occasionally addressed as Léon, stood upon his hind legs, with his fore paws upon his breast.

Leaving this brief outline of the happiness and

fortunes of those whom we have followed through their various adventures, we will take leave of the reader with a few words of explanation.

Henri, on reaching France, fell heir to the title and estates of the nobleman whose name Alphonze, the Count D'Oyley, he assumed. Lafon was a name given to their aged captive, by the buccaneers, from his resemblance to one of their number, who bore that name. Gertrude has long since been translated to a better world. Achille, after exiling himself from his native land, assumed the name of Lafitte, by which and no other, he was known to his adherents, and to the world:

> "He left a corsair's name to other times,
> Link'd with one virtue and a thousand crimes."

He lived not—wisely but—too well
And Nat-Tucker's letter sent him to—

ERRATA.

Postscript.—On page 48, volume first, read recklessness, for wrecklessness. On page 55, volume second, read tuum, for teum. Page 84, read folded, for folden. Page 33, for wampun, read wampum. Page 112, for tonens, read tonans.

The following note—"* Written by Mr. Beckett," should have been inserted at the bottom of page 6, volume second.

APPENDIX.

Proclamation of pardon to Lafitte and his adherents, by President Madison.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

Among the many evils produced by the wars, which, with little intermission, have afflicted Europe, and extended their ravages into other quarters of the globe, for a period exceeding twenty years, the dispersion of a considerable portion of the inhabitants of different countries, in sorrow and in want, has not been the least injurious to human happiness, nor the least severe in the trial of human virtue.

"It had been long ascertained that many foreigners, flying from the dangers of their own home, and that some citizens, forgetful of their duty, had co-operated in forming an establishment on the island of Barataria, near the mouth of the river Mississippi, for the purpose of a clandestine and lawless trade. The government of the United States caused the establishment to be broken up and destroyed; and, having obtained the means of designating the offenders of every description, it only remained to answer the demands of justice by inflicting an exemplary punishment.

"But it has since been represented that the offenders have manifested a sincere penitence; that they have abandoned the prosecution of the worst cause for the support of the best, and, particularly, that they have exhibited, in the defence of New Orleans, unequivocal traits of courage and fidelity. Offenders, who have refused to become the associates of the enemy in the war, upon the most seducing terms of invitation; and who have aided to re-

pel his hostile invasion of the territory of the United States, can no longer be considered as objects of punishment, but as objects of a generous forgiveness.

"It has therefore been seen, with great satisfaction, that the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana earnestly recommend those offenders to the benefit of a full pardon: And in compliance with that recommendation, as well as in consideration of all the other extraordinary circumstances of the case, I *James Madison*, President of the United States of America, do issue this proclamation, hereby granting, publishing and declaring, a free and full pardon of all offences committed in violation of any act or acts of the Congress of the said United States, touching the revenue, trade and navigation thereof, or touching the intercourse and commerce of the United States with foreign nations, at any time before the eighth day of January, in the present year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, by any person or persons whatsoever, being inhabitants of New Orleans and the adjacent country, or being inhabitants of the said island of Barataria, and the places adjacent: *Provided*, that every person, claiming the benefit of this full pardon, in order to entitle himself thereto, shall produce a certificate in writing from the governor of the State of Louisiana, stating that such person has aided in the defence of New Orleans and the adjacent country, during the invasion thereof as aforesaid.

"And I do hereby further authorize and direct all suits, indictments, and prosecutions, for fines, penalties, and forfeitures, against any person or persons, who shall be entitled to the benefit of this full pardon, forthwith to be stayed, discontinued and released: All civil officers are hereby required, according to the duties of their respective stations, to carry this proclamation into immediate and faithful execution.

"Done at the City of Washington, the sixth day of February, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, and of the independence of the United States the thirty-ninth.

"By the President,

"James Madison.

"James Monroe,

Acting Secretary of State."

The annexed historical sketch of Lafitte suggested the present work.

"A curious instance of the strange mixture of magnanimity and ferocity, often found among the demi-savages of the borders, was afforded by the Louisianian Lafitte. This desperado had placed himself at the head of a band of outlaws from all nations under heaven, and fixed his abode upon the top of an impregnable rock, to the south-west of the mouth of the Mississippi. Under the colours of the South American patriots, they pirated at pleasure every vessel that came in their way, and smuggled their booty up the secret creeks of the Mississippi, with a dexterity that baffled all the efforts of justice. The depredations of these outlaws, or, as they styled themselves, *Baratarians*, (from Barata, their island,) becoming at length intolerable, the United States' government despatched an armed force against their little Tripoli. The establishment was broken up, and the pirates dispersed. But Lafitte again collected his outlaws, and took possession of his rock. The attention of the congress being now diverted by the war, he scoured the gulf at his pleasure, and so tormented the coasting traders, that Governor Claiborne, of Louisiana, set a price on his head.

"This daring outlaw, thus confronted with the American government, appeared likely to promote the designs of its enemies. He was known to possess the clue to all the secret windings and entrances of the many-mouthed Mississippi; and in the projected attack upon New Orleans it was deemed expedient to secure his assistance.

"The British officer then heading the forces landed at Pensocola for the invasion of Louisiana, opened a treaty with the Baratarian, to whom he offered such rewards as were best calculated to tempt his cupidity and flatter his ambition. The outlaw affected to relish the proposal; but having artfully drawn from Colonel N—— the plan of his intended attack, he spurned his offers with the most contemptuous disdain, and instantly despatched one of his most trusty corsairs to the governor who had set a price for his life, advising him of the intentions of the enemy, and volunteering the aid of his little band, on the single con-

dition that an amnesty should be granted for their past offences. Governor Claiborne, though touched by this proof of magnanimity, hesitated to close with the offer. The corsair kept himself in readiness for the expected summons, and contined to spy and report the motions of the enemy. As danger became more urgent, and the steady generosity of the outlaw more assured, Governor Claiborne granted to him and his followers life and pardon, and called them to the defence of the city They obeyed with alacrity, and served with a valour, fidelity, and good conduct, not surpassed by the best volunteers of the republic."—*Flint's Miss. Valley.*

THE END.