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in ignorance of the fact that Sarsfield had hitherto represented the pirate, but still imagined that the desperado before him was identical with the one which Carlynden had been ordered to convey to prison. Had he known the turn things were taking, and that Captain Sarsfield and not the outlaw was his daughter's lover, his trepidation would have vanished—but one overpowering terror alone filled his mind, and it could grasp nothing else—that was lest Ruggles should communicate to the pirate the dreadful secret of his birth.

The former now approached Jordan, while Mason's eyes dilated wildly with terror; the pirate immediately recognizing him, cried—

"Seize this man, too—he belonged to the Ocean Queen."

"Madman," interrupted Ruggles, "I am about to impart a secret to you which you have long desired to hear."

"Villain, I want no favors at your hands! You are one of those who conspired to betray me, dog, and I will have revenge yet!"—cried Jordan struggling to release his hands.

"Hold, Ruggles, hold," exclaimed Mason, darting forward, "reveal nothing I consent to your terms."

"He shall reveal nothing," yelled Jordan, "unless he reveals it in hell!" He had succeeded in wresting his hands from the cords, and grasping the sword which hung at Sarsfield's side, he plunged it into the wretched victim's breast.

With an imprecation too horrible to repeat, he fell to the earth! "I am murdered!" he yelled, tearing up the grass with his hands—"murdered by Mason's son!—whose life I saved from his own father—O, I have brought this upon myself!—I deserve it all!" his articulation became indistinct, and, with a deep, apasmotic sigh, he became insensible.

Jordan was again free—armed, and mad with desperate courage. Sir Edward had just grasped him by the throat, in an attempt to regain his sword, when a crowd entered at the lower end of the garden, bearing two bodies on a rude litter.

## CHAP. XIX.

### The Last.

Last scene of all

That ends this strange, eventful history.—SHAKS.

What Ruggles had said relative to the intentions of Carlynden, was, indeed, true. When he left the group, he directed his servant to follow him, and assist in conveying Sarsfield to prison, which was situated at no very great distance, making use, at the same time, of those expressions which Ruggles had overheard. When they had proceeded a little way, Carlynden said in a whisper—

"Now, Inglis, you understand—while I

walk forward a few yards, you do the job, and save all the trouble of a trial. Here is £20— with that you can make your escape, and can say that in revenge for some slaughtered friend you stabbed him on the way to prison. What say you?"

"I don't know," muttered Inglis, "I don't like the idea of being made the scape goat in this matter, and, if I am taken, I don't promise but that I'll become King's evidence. Why not leave him here somewhere, and let him bleed to death?"

"Hush! I heard a footstep beside us!"

The prisoner, who was in advance, also seemed to hear it, for he looked around; it was now quite dark, however, and nothing could be seen.

"After all," muttered Carlynden, his better nature revolting at the deed, "it is a vile piece of business; and one, that a few years, since I would have blushed to have thought of. But altered circumstances very strangely alter our feelings. If he goes to prison, the intercession of Frances acting on his father's relenting heart, will procure his release—and the result will be their marriage; there is no doubt but that Frances loves him—and both herself and her fortune shall vanish from my grasp so sure as he is released. Besides I do not commit the deed—if this man chooses to take his life, what have I to upbraid myself with?—it is no affair of mine. By this species of reasoning he soon reconciled his conscience to the task, but ere he had time to put his plan into execution a man stood before the prisoner, exclaiming, as if he had previously been in doubt about his identity—

"It is the captain, by the lord Harry—pinioned, and wounded into the bargain! why Captain Sarsfield, who has done this?"

"Is that a business of yours, sirrah?" cried Carlynden, springing forward with his drawn sword—"begone—or it will be worse for you!"

"I should think it was a business of mine," replied Lytton, for it was he—"and as to going, I must first know the meaning of all this."

Carlynden was averse to shedding more blood than was necessary—yet the stubbornness of this man required a desperate remedy, for he seemed bent on keeping them at a dead halt till he was enlightened on the subject of his captain's arrest.

"Fool!"—whispered Carlynden in a hissing tone—"meddle not in what in no way concerns you—here is money—begone—or you will get worse payment, I tell you!"

"Money!"—cried the high spirited and haughty Lytton, striking the officer with his clenched fist a blow that sent him reeling headlong to the earth—"and there is value received for your money!"

"Inglis!—stab me this villain churl!"—shouted Carlynden as he fell. The soldier rushed forward, but the midshipman parrying his blow, would have paid it with interest, had