

"Yes—I have a glorious opportunity.—When I first was ordered to cruise in search of pirates, I was determined to do what no one could do—capture them. So after racking my brains a long time, I fell upon the scheme of disguising the vessel and the crew, and assume as much as possible the appearance of this Jordan, of whom, of course, the other pirate vessels would not be in dread. The plan answered admirably; several, you are aware, entered Pirate Cove while we lay there, and never dreamed of danger, always taking us for Jordan. Well, things went very well, till we boarded that merchant ship. We were told, you remember, that she was a pirate prize, and was then in their hands; well, after that event, you can vouch for my state of mind."

"Yes," said the subordinate officer, laughing—"you had about as bad a love-fit since as ever a poor devil was inflicted with. But why do you not now reveal yourself—declare your love—and obtain her consent?"

"No—no, M'Gregor," replied the captain—"the wife I should like to have would be one that could love me with the same burning passion as that felt by me for her,—one that would be willing to lay down her life for me nor shrink from my side under any circumstances—and one like that I will have, or none."

"Then, by my troth, you will be long unmarried," said M'Gregor—"there are nae ste women."

"I don't know," pursued the captain; "I have read and heard much of woman's unwavering fidelity—as well as of her faithlessness. I shall now have an opportunity of putting it to the test. I love this Miss Mason with the whole strength of which my nature is capable—but I shall make sure it is mutual before revealing it. She believes me the pirate Jordan—it will require a great stretch of affection to enable her to listen even to a declaration coming from such a character—should she do so, I will endeavor to overcome her scruples with regard to those fixed principles of moral right and wrong, whereby every one should be guided, and induce her to fly with me;—should she consent to this, I will then own her love to be the result of passion and not guided by either principle or duty—and mine will cool in a proportionate degree. Should she resist she will be just the woman I could admire for her strength of mind as well as beautiful face. I will try one more test. I will suffer myself to be arrested, and if she braves the shame—the scorn—the obsequy that will be heaped upon her for pleading for a pirate's life—I cannot have a scruple left with regard to the strength of her love."

"I should imagine not," said the Lieutenant; "but do ye ken there is nae on earth bearing the form of women that will do all this—pshaw!"

"I don't know," said the other musing—"I will be able to answer you ere twenty-four hours pass away."

"Will you go disguised as Jordan?"

"I will attend her to her father's house, as I am now—but will take a false beard with me, and when the proper time arrives, will assume it."

"But suppose," urged the Lieutenant, "an attack were made upon you, and you were sabred before having time to undeceive them?—it would be paying dear for the experiment that!"

"Oh, the moment I speak—my father who is there will recognise my voice."

"I dinna ken," urged M'Gregor, "Sir Edward is a pretty fiery old fellow, and would as soon hang first and judge afterwards as not. Suppose he is not there either; the pirate Jordan telling them that he was Captain Charles Sarsfield, would look vera much like a whale story."

"Well then, thou most cautious of advisers, suppose I plant you with a few men, together with the real Jordan, at a short distance from the house, ready to rush to the rescue upon a given signal, say a whistle."

"Ah, that will be something like prudence," responded the Lieutenant, who was burning with desire to be present and enjoy the denouement, "once they hear my statement that ye are the real and veritable Captain Charles Sarsfield, and that the fellow below there is the actual and bona fide Captain William Jordan, the most incredulous must be satisfied. I ought to be able to give testimony on the subject, for I never had a more difficult piece of business in hand than to take him alive."

"Well, I shall go below," said the officer, "and see how Miss Mason is."

"The pirate loon you was speerin for ye," said the officer, "ever since he got out of his tantrums. He's got the dirt washed off his face now, and looks mair christianlike."

"He wants to see me?" said Sarsfield, "let him be brought in then, well guarded."

In a few moments the pirate was ushered aft between a double file of marines, with fixed bayonets, an officer walking in front of him with a drawn cutlass at his breast, to prevent any attempt at suicide. The change in his countenance since he was last before the reader is for the worse: it is a mixture of hardened desperation and unconquerable defiance.

"And it is to you, Sarsfield," he said, in a deep hoarse voice, "that I owe this good turn? It was a vile scheme to betray me!" he shouted—"but after all, had those sons of hell who deserted me, remained true, the Ocean Queen would have beaten you off."

The officer started, utterly astounded at this recognition. "What! Jordan!" he cried amazed, "and this is the fate to which your terrible belief, your atheistical doctrines have brought you?—wretched man, did I not predict the result unless you reformed?"

"Well, said the pirate impatiently, "I do not want any moralizing, nor have I asked this interview for the purpose of begging my