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drol"—in a moment the unfortunate outlaw was surrounded, and in the *melee*, the swords of one of the parties was passed through the fleshy part of his throat. His mouth filled with blood, and he was incapable of uttering a word.

"Merciful God!"—cried Frances, sinking upon the grass—"Barbarians, you have killed him!"

"And if we have," said the Knight, smiling grimly, as her father rushed to his daughter's assistance—"it is the best night's work we ever did—but his single death will not bring to life the countless victims that have fallen by his bloody hand. But I should not like to see him die a soldier's death. He must die like a dog on the gallows tree. But, Mason, are you sure it is Jordan?"

"I cannot mistake those infernal features," said the old man—"it is him."

"Is there anything out of hell could look like that," said Carlynden scornfully, "except the devil Jordan!"

"To the frigate with him, then," cried Sarsfield—"let those bandages be taken off his arms when he gets on board, and place heavy handcuffs on him. I must take him to England—and must use every precaution that he does not escape."

"Oh! my father," cried Frances, in an agonized tone—"he spared our lives once—mine twice—let the unfortunate man go!—be not guilty of his blood!"

Her father, who seemed paralyzed from the first moment he had seen the bandit's face, answered not; Carlynden ground his teeth, and Sir Edward laughed aloud—

"Let him go!" he exclaimed—"no by St. John the Evangelist! we had too much trouble to get him in our power to let him go so easily. Let him go! eh?"

"Sir Edward," cried Frances kneeling with clasped hands at the knight's feet—"he saved my life—for God's sake!—spare him his—oh, have not his blood on your hands! Since his creator has borne with him so long, why can not his fellow sinner man shew that mercy which he himself so much requires!"

"Is the girl mad!"—cried Sarsfield—"what! let the Devil loose again!—let Jordan escape!"

"What is the meaning of this, Frances," said her father, raising her half fainting from the earth—"don't you perceive it is in vain?—the man's life is forfeited—you have done all you can—and it is unavailing to plead any more, I can't understand this scene."

"Can you not?"—said Carlynden with a sneer—"perhaps others can. Ask the pirate what brought him here."

"I would," said Sir Edward, tauntingly, "but don't you see the poor fellow's hands are tied and his mouth is full—and he can neither move his hand nor wag his tongue. What! can this be the great Jordan—the renowned sea king!—is this the man that stands on the gangway and thunders death and terror to his victims who walk the plank!"

"Where are your painted braves now, Captain Jordan?"—continued Carlynden in the same mocking style,—"where are your big words, and withering scowls—where is the lady who loved you so well," he added with a bitter sneer, directed to Frances Mason, who stood by with a cheek blanched as ashes—"speak to her man—oh! you can't, eh?—your mouth is full of blood."

"What!" echoed Mason, as a suspicion flashed across his mind.

"Oh nothing," replied Carlynden, with the same quiet sneer, "only that Monsieur Jordan there has paid pretty dear for his attempt in paying addresses to Miss Frances Mason—and fully explains why she takes such an interest in his behalf."

"He has spoken the truth!" said Frances, in that tone of desperate resignation, which evinces, neither fear of punishment, reproach, or future consequence.

"Wretched girl!" echoed her father, starting from her side, as if an adder had bitten him—"and is it on a demon like this—" he could not finish—for his utterance seemed choked, while Carlynden seemed to enjoy the scene with fiendlike glee.

"Have done with this non-sense!"—exclaimed Sir Edward Sarsfield—"off with him to the ship; Carlynden, to you I commit him, and I think you will keep him safe—" suddenly the speaker stopped, as if smitten by the angel of death—his fixed and staring eyes were riveted on something which hung from the prisoner's neck, o'er which the blood was streaming—he rushed forward, drew it out—tore the false beard from the pirate's face, and with an exclamation of madness and shame, he fell back into Carlynden's arms, with scarce the power to move a limb.

## CHAP. XVI.

"I might have known there was but one,  
Whose loo! could quell Lord Marmion."—SCOTT.

It was while Frances Mason lay in the State room of the brigantine when being conveyed ashore, after the capture of the *Blenheim* by the pirate, that we must return to explain the events of last chapter. The pirate captain was now walking the quarter deck of his brig—he had thrown aside his mask and hideous dress, and was conversing earnestly with a young officer—the same who had attended him when boarding the ship in the *Gut of Canseau*, and whom he had called McGregor.

"Yes," continued the pirate captain—"it was a foolish—very desperate adventure from the first—and had I known the results it was destined to lead to, I would sooner have forfeited my commission than have tried it. But since I have gone so far, I will carry the game out, as it enables me to solve by actual experiment a problem which I have long been in doubt about."

"You mean the force of woman's love."