

conversation, which, owing to her agitation, she was by no means qualified to bear a part in—and it required a powerful effort to regain her tranquility of mind.

"You have had a perilous adventure, my dear Miss Mason," he said, "this is the second time, but it shall also be the last. Yes, by St. George!—Sir Edward sails to-morrow in quest of this audacious miscreant, Jordan—determined upon having him brought to punishment. I am going with him as a volunteer, and before departing, Miss Mason, I have sought you out to impart something which, now that I am about to leave you, I can no longer conceal."

It may well be imagined that the state of Miss Mason's mind—after the fearful scenes in the Blenheim, the conversation with her outlaw lover, and the danger that now impended over his head—was by no means prepared for the disclosures about to be made by the officer—but summoning up all her calmness and fortitude, she prepared herself for the interview. After a short silence, he said, as he kept his eyes fixed on the ground—

"It is difficult to say, Miss Mason, what may not happen, should we meet this pirate, and therefore it is that I would bid you adieu. On taking Jordan I am determined—either alive or dead—I have longed to meet him again since the day we met in the Gut of Canseau—perhaps, I have a deeper ground of revenge still than even his insults then. But he must be taken, and I am only sorry that hanging is too good a death for him."

Frances shuddered. "And why," she faltered, "would you be so sanguinary? He spared our lives, why would you thirst for his blood?"

"Because I hate him," cried Carlynden, gnashing his teeth—"I hate him, and I hate to hear you plead for him. What can he be to you, that you evince such interest in his behalf?"

"Sir!"—said Miss Mason, blushing with indignation, "Pardon me, Miss Mason," he said quickly, "I was hurried away by my feelings—but this is an eventful night for me—to-night I must learn my destiny. I have never told you—but you cannot have been blind to my motives in coming to America."

"You had no choice, Sir, I believe," said the young lady, drily—"you were ordered to leave with your regiment."

"Ah!"—exclaimed the officer, drawing a long breath, and biting his lips—"well, admitting it to be so," he continued—"have you never had reason to suspect—in fact, have I not, in a thousand instances, given you to understand that I loved you—that you were indispensable to my happiness?"

"I should imagine," said Miss Mason, in the same light tone, "only that I know your manner too well, that you were serious."

"I am serious," cried the officer—"I love you to distraction—so help me heaven!"

"I am sorry for it, Sir," said the lady, coldly—"but as I never sought your affec-

tions, I am under no obligation to return them."

"Miss Mason," continued the officer, "to-morrow I sail with Sir Edmund Sarsfield in quest of this abhorred Jordan; I may never return; this may be the last interview we shall ever have—do you refuse me the slightest ground of hope?"

"Hope of success in capturing the object of your search, do you mean?"—calmly inquired Frances.

The officer became maddened at her quiet tone of raillery, and exclaimed—

"Ha! I see it all—I have observed a change ever since the day that accursed villain boarded us. Would to God," he added passionately—"I could once more meet him face to face."

"Your wish is granted"—said a stern voice, by his side. He looked around, with an instinctive start—"and the terrific features of the pirate, Jordan, met his view."

Paralyzed, as if a spirit from the shades had crossed his path—Carlynden remained speechless—while Frances shrieked aloud with surprise and terror. The pirate stood calmly regarding the two.

"Mad, infatuated man!"—at length she cried—"why do you throw yourself thus into the very hands of justice. I thought you had gone to some retirement, to end your days in repentance and atonement for your past transgressions. Do you know your danger?"

"I know it well," said the Pirate, revealing his white teeth, as he smiled—"but I am weary of life—I can never obtain that for which I would give a thousand lives, and therefore why should I desire to live longer?"

Frances became pale as death—"this is worse than self murder," she cried—"it is murder of the soul—fly—there is yet time!"

"Too late," exclaimed Carlynden, who had recovered his startled faculties, as he drew his sword—"he has thrown himself into our hands, and he must abide the consequences."

"Into your hands," repeated the Pirate scornfully—"I think, sir, we have crossed swords before—you know whether I have cause to fear you."

Carlynden's answer was a desperate lunge, which the pirate, with difficulty, parried—and they both for a moment paused and stood upon the defensive, ere engaging in a contest which threatened death to either one or the other of the combatants.

Motionless with terror, Frances Mason uttered shriek upon shriek, which, in a few moments, alarmed the house, and in a short time, lights were seen coming to the spot, the approaching persons guided by the sound of the ringing swords of the combatants. But a few passes had been exchanged, when Mr. Mason and the English Knight rushed to the scene—but as the former caught a glimpse of the fierce Buccanier's face, he almost shrieked.

"Jordan—the pirate!"

"Jordan!"—re-echoed Sir Edward Sarsfield, drawing his sword—"the daring scoun-