

CHAPTER XX.

I MUST hurry through the remaining portion of my history, in order to bring this volume to a close within reasonable limits.

We arrived at Kingston next day in the afternoon. Immediately upon our arrival, we learned an incident which was a fair and apt conclusion to the bloody drama I had witnessed.

The horrid Orina, disappointed in her ambitious views of becoming a queen in this world, had sent herself to the dominions of Pluto, to see if a crown would be awarded her there. First poisoning her father with one of the very compounds he had brought from the East, and used for the destruction of others, she next deliberately put an end to her own existence by blowing out her brains with a pistol. By the death of Major Shadwell, his vast wealth devolved upon his widow and daughter, the latter of whom became Mrs. Danvers on the fourth day after our arrival in town.

"My dear Captain Haverhill," said the amiable and long-suffering widow, "I have been thinking deeply, since you left us last night, of the extent of our and the public obligations to you. Under God I owe my life and recovered liberty to you, and this island owes you a still greater debt, inasmuch as they have incurred a general and several obligation to the same extent. My own especial obligation, by and with the advice and consent of my son and daughter, I will discharge in part, by making you joint heir, after my death, and joint nominee—reserving a small provision for myself—to the profits, while I am living, of the possessions left me by my late husband, upon whose soul God have mercy. Nay—no words—except they be thanks, which I permit, because they are the medium of communicating the beautiful and divine sentiment of gratitude.

"Having no friends here, for he who is gone never permitted me to make any, and yearning for a northern