

give chase again, and blow her up, in order that the survivors of her crew might tell no tales; but I refused to shed more blood. Indeed, I never intended to shed any; I merely intended to redress a wrong.

Months elapsed. Meantime (as I afterwards found) the brig had reached New York, and given a description of our brush with her, as well as all the particulars of the first attack; and one night, as I was on my voyage homeward, I was hailed by an American sloop of war. I had orders to heave to while she sent a party to board me. I should have submitted, and all might have yet gone well, but my temper would not allow me, and I beat them off. They gave chase, of course. I had no shot left, and very little powder. What little I had, however, I crammed into a carronade, with a quantity of old broken bottles; then, levelling the gun with my own hand, blew its contents into their faces, and, favoured by the darkness, slipped quietly away.

America was now no place for me, and, tossing the greater part of my cargo to the fishes, I stood over to the coast of Africa. While there, I had the good fortune one night to fall in with a slaver. I knew that she could be after no good, for the moment she caught sight of us, she shook out all her canvass, and showed us her heels. I thought the adventure might be turned to account, gave chase again in my turn, came up with her, had a brush for it, drove her crew overboard, and set the slaves at liberty. Poor fellows! Never was such a hullabaloo heard before; you would have thought Pandemonium had broke loose. Such knocking off fetters, and such chattering, and such an exhibition of red lips and white teeth, and such a capering of black figures about the decks! They were almost mad with joy, and I was some time in restoring order. When I had done this, I shipped them all on board my own vessel, took possession of the slaver, and left them to steer whithersoever they might feel disposed, while I made sail westward with my prize, and in the course of time reached New York.

You will wonder how I could assume the assurance to present myself in New York; but I had been absent so long, and was so changed in appearance, that I felt sure nobody would know me, and, if it came to the worst, I could at any time make a straightforward statement of my grievances, and put aside that charge of piracy upon the high seas which had been preferred against me. I took care to have my vessel pre-consented to a merchant here, so that I was asked no awkward questions; and it is generally understood that this gentleman purchased her from your government, whose cruisers enjoyed the honour of having captured her. I have been urged to make a confession of the little affair with the merchant captain and his crew, but I am too indolent, and fear that it might involve my liberty. There, you are in possession of the whole story. I am now going to make a voyage to California, nominally to carry provisions to the gold-diggers, but in reality to try and fall in with that vagabond pirate, who boarded me in the dark, and carried away my chronometer. I trace all my troubles back to the adventure of that night, and the grudge I owe him has been gathering interest ever since.

"But do you expect to catch him?"

"Yes, for this reason: a pirate is like an old rat—he has a particular run, and he likes to keep it. He may burrow elsewhere for a time, but he is certain eventually to return to his old haunts. I know the latitude in which he may be found, as well as the nooks and corners in which he hides, and shall be sure to pounce upon him some day."

"But may you not make another mistake?" There will be a great many vessels returning from California, laden with gold—may you not be so short-sighted as to confound one of these with your old friend who eased you of the hamper of wine?"

Captain Tregenza appeared to be enjoying his cigar very much; as he made no reply, I suppose him to be chuckling over the prospects of a speedy reckoning with his friend the pirate.

"At all events," said I, "you will have to be cautious how you mouse about with that rakish schooner of yours. She puts me in mind of a wicked old horse, with his ears laid back. Her appearance is by no means a letter of recommendation. Take care of the American cruisers."

"Pooh! I have no fear."

"Then take care of our British men-of-war."

"That for them!" said Ernest, snapping his fingers. "They might pepper their shot about her for an hour, and not stir a plank. She has nothing above water. Look at her shallow hull."

"The better for boarders."

"Ha! has she no wings?"

"But the race is not always to the swift."

"I see what you mean. She shall never be taken; I will blow her to the moon first!"

"Who was the stout seafaring man that recognised you in the Battery Garden one evening, and asked if you and he had not met before?"

"I have some recollection of running short of water once, and wanting to borrow a little of his. As he was rather saucy, however, we had recourse to the persuasive powers of Long Tom, who soon obtained permission for us to help ourselves. Come, they are locking the gates; it is time we retired."—*Eliza Cook's Journal*.

LAW A LUXURY.—"Westminster Hall" said Pitt, "is as open to any man as the London Tavern," "True," retorted Sheridan, "but he that enters either without money, will meet with a very scurry reception."

CHARLES EDWARD AND HIS WIFE IN 1769.—We went to the Opera, when for the first time I beheld the poor unhappy representative of the Stuart race in the Comte d'Albanie. He goes regularly to the theatre, and always falls asleep in the corner of his box at the end of the first act, being generally intoxicated. His face is red, and his eyes are fiery, otherwise he is not an ill-looking man. The Countess is not handsome, being black and sallow, with a pug nose.—*Swinburne's Courts of Europe*.