

"bravest of the brave"—strong iron fellows, selected from crews who had served principally in this part of the Atlantic, and were therefore well inured to the climate and their work. Prize after prize we took into the different bays of the Cape. My little dark brig soon obtained the name of "The Pirate's Terror;" and, at two-and-twenty, I was again in England, having earned a fair fortune in prize money, and, what was better, a distinguished name.

My brother, meanwhile, had been true to his first resolution: love for his mother and myself had confirmed it. He was now, however, fast approaching his majority, and I thought it likely that the assumption of the Wallingford estates would lead to that of the title. I wished indeed it might. I did not write at once to make inquiries. I dreaded a reply. I was terrified lest it should announce my mother's death. Lord Islingford had directed that I should lose no time in visiting him on my return home. He had retired from office. On reaching his house, he introduced me to his only daughter by these words: "Captain Fitz-Edward, Anne—a man whose acquaintance it is an honour to make."

There were guests there. I felt my cheeks glow with mingled pride and shame. One of them—Sir John Manners—came forward with a frank smile, and requested to be made known to me. At the close of an animated conversation, he invited me to visit him at L—Park, when I had leisure to do so. It was, I found, not twenty miles distant from my early home. I gave contingent promises that I would avail myself of his hospitality.

In ten days I was once more under the same roof with my mother and brother. I had heard that the establishment had only removed from one part of the county to the other, and were not very distant neighbors of the good rector, Dr. Mitford. I alighted from the chaise at no great distance from the rectory. I thought it better to see Dr. Mitford before I presented myself to my mother, for I dreaded lest she should be no longer living. Once more I trod the well remembered pathways over which my brother and myself had often strayed together happily. Excitement kept me up, else I had been quite unmanned at the sight of these familiar places of youth, now in their green time of spring. I hastened on through a gateway, and entering a shady path that led to the house, suddenly encountered a youth with a young girl leaning on his arm. I knew, at a glance, he was my brother. My entrance into the coppice was so sudden that the youth and maiden started on perceiving me; and my brother, with a clouded brow, advanced. He did not recognize me. What marvel! Sun-burnt and travel worn, little was there about me to remind him of my boyhood! I raised my travelling cap, and the likeness of my father bespoke my identity. I believe I uttered the word "Brother!" He did not reply, but with one accord we flung ourselves on each other's necks and wept aloud.

Miss Mitford, my brother's companion, had vanished before we recovered ourselves. My mother and brother were Dr. Mitford's guests, and Lucy had flown to prepare the former for the meeting. We two brothers, once more linked together, passed through the vine-covered porch of the rectory; and, as we entered the low hall, my mother, leaning on the arm of her host, emerged from the library. Pale and wasted she looked—worn and bowed down with sorrow and anxiety. She had followed my routes by means of the public journals; she had rejoiced at my successes, but her joy was damped by terror for my safety. Long ago she had given up what is called the world, never visiting beyond Dr. Mitford's. All she had looked forward to since my departure had been my safe return; and, as if she had been buoyed up by this alone, her health failed rapidly after it. She died within a month after my arrival.

I now entreated my brother to assume his titles. He said that Lucy Mitford had loved him for what she called his generosity. He prized her love so much—he had been so happy in retired life—that it would take from his peace of mind to move into another sphere. He advanced a thousand arguments, which, though they were fallacious, were hallowed by the motives which dictated them; and as he spoke, Lucy sat down on a low ottoman at his feet, and looked up in his face with more pride in her eye than if he had been a royal prince robed in ermine, and decorated with the blazing insignia of his rank.

He accompanied me, before I went to sea again, to Sir John Manners's. It seemed as if the distinguished guests gathered there had been assembled to do him honour.—There was no ostentatious display of attention—no fine speeches; but there were the silent but eloquent looks of admiration from the beautiful, the brave, and the high-born of the land. All, too, vied with each other in marking me out for distinction; thus honoring my brother in the way he loved best—through me—for whom he had renounced so much.

Once more I was upon the waters, commanding a gallant frigate. Bonaparte had cast the grenade of discord before him whenever and wheresoever he pleased. England—mighty England!—sat in her solitary glory on the ocean, watching his motions, and sending forth her warriors by sea and by land, to circumvent his plans, or reply by "deeds" rather than "words" to his ruthless acts of cruelty and ambition.

On the very beach, at the last hour of my departure, I encountered Lord Islingford. He was waiting, he said, to wish me good luck ere I departed; and, as we shook hands, he closed his adieux with: "Now, Admiral Fitz-Edward, go and earn your peerage!" It would ill become me to recall the deeds by which the fortune of war, and the assistance of the gallant fellows under my command, enabled me, in the space of three years, to become the so-called hero of the day. I would, for the sake of those by whose help I earned my laurels, that my limits would permit me to name their deeds. They are registered, however, in the proudest annals of England, and their names are engraven on the heart of their commander. The last engagement which we lead, disabled for a time, many of my brave men, as well as myself, and crippled my ship. Nevertheless, I was enabled to take my

prize, a French line-of-battle ship, into harbor in the Mediterranean, and after hasty repairs, to bring home, as my prisoner, the French Admiral, N—, hitherto the scourge of the seas, from his cruelty to those he captured. We had come to close contest, lashed yard-arm and yard-arm fighting hand to hand on each other's decks, and, where the sword was struck down, making the pistol win another back. The Lord of Hosts decreed the victory to us, and I reached Portsmouth, acknowledged as the winner of the battle.

A royal yacht was lying at Spithead. We saluted her as we passed, and the crew of that beautiful craft manned her yards, and cheered our battered ship and ragged ensign, and shouts echoed back from every vessel anchored there.

The regent was on board. He had come down for the purpose of witnessing the launching of several ships of war. It was not long ere a signal from the yacht summoned me on board her. As I raised my hat from my head on touching the deck of the royal vessel, the prince advanced in front of the crowd of officers, and greeted me with extended hands. The band struck up, "See, the Conquering Hero comes!" and the regent, leading me towards the cabin, ushered me into the presence of the group I had last seen as I left the porch of the little village church in N—shire.

Lord Islingford and his daughter, now my own sweet Anne, my wife, were added to the number. I know not what we said at first; there was such greetings. Danger, privation, suffering, were more than atoned for. Even royalty was well nigh overlooked, and the prince stood apart smiling, amused, no doubt, at Lady Anne's turning her back on his royal highness, and at her confusion when reminded of it by one less lost than herself to all around but me.

"You have kept me, Admiral Fitz-Edward," said the gracious prince, "idling about in my yacht ever since the business of the launch was over. Hearing you had spoken off Falmouth, I have lingered to give you welcome and to thank you for the victory you have gained. I must insist on your landing first. My people, said his royal highness, smiling round him, "would fain make me believe that the multitude on shore wait my arrival. I wish to land privately. Go, and I shall be enabled to do so, for I shall be forgotten. And now, Admiral Fitz-Edward," concluded the regent, with a glance at Lord Islingford, and a brilliant smile, "Truly, you have earned your peerage."

And my brother, my generous hearted brother! There was more of triumph in his eye than mine—not for himself, but for me; yet which of the two was most truly noble? Arm in arm we stepped from the boat upon the pebbly beach, and the multitude beat the air with their shouts and the guns fired, and the ships saluted and I was recognized as the lion of the day. How poor and insignificant I felt myself, in comparison with the brother at my side!

The day on which my sovereign was to honour me by bestowing on me the barony of Minoreca, in commemoration of the victory my brave fellows assisted me to win, the friends I have mentioned assembled at Lord Islingford's house in St. James's Square. My installation was to precede the last drawing-room of the season. My brother, however, deferred assuming his title till the Parliament met, but he accompanied me to the brilliant ceremony. When it was over, the regent's words were worthy of record. Taking a hand of each brother, he said, in the presence of some of his royal highness's most trusty friends—"You, Lord Minoreca, have done well; but for you Lord Wallingford, you have done better." Such a sentiment was readily echoed back by the circle surrounding the royal presence.

I found, on my return home, that my brother had married during my absence; but Lucy, like himself, had no wish beyond her happy hearth.

And now, in these pleasant days of peace, where we are all united at my brother's ancestral mansion, or in my homelier abode—when for pastime my gentle Anne recites this tale, as one of former days and under disguised names and asks of our children which of the two brothers hath done best—then doth my heart rejoice at their decision, and respond to it, that my acts of valour are as nothing when compared to the moral dignity of my brother's noble self-denial.

IMPORTANT FROM THE DIGGINGS—LETTER FROM ETHAN SPIKE.

SACRILEGIOUS CHOLEBRADY DEL FUGO?
IN THE WET DIGGINGS, JAWN 1, 1849.

Squire Gould: Here I ar, 13000 odd miles an better from Hornby, and tow hundred an sixty-three from any wheres. I'm about the sickest child you ever see. I'm grown so powerful mashed like, that I has to cure a great stoan in each of my trowis pockets to keep from blowin clean away to furin parts dewrin the barykanes, which blows here constantly threw the windy months which lasts, as the natives tell us, from January to December, inclewisive. Then I hant got no appetite, but I don't keer much about that, seem I couldn't use it if I had, on account of not havin any vittles.

I had a proper time gettin out here, by the overland route. I had the coly 4 times, was stuck right threw the kaaf of my leg with a spear in the hands of a cussed red ingine, arter which the taral enter knocked me down an skulped me. As owin to the blow on my head, I was unconyensus while the painted devil was doin it, I cant tell how the operation of skulpin feels. I've heern a good deal tell of usin cloyfrym by docters when they goes to cut off a leg or pull a tooth, but I tell y'r what squire, a good smart lick in the nams from a ingines to my lock, is better for takin the senses out of a feller than all the drugs of Perew and Golkondy. When I come tew I was the darndest lookin site, I tell yew! Bloody as uncle Ben used to be in hog-killin time. One eye bunged, 4 of my torred teeth driv clean down my throate, an to crown all, the full crown of my head, was gone, an by that time, I spose, was bein smoked in a ingine wig-won.

Howsoe'er, a company came along an cared me to a hut a few miles fuder on, doctored my wacounds and left me

some vittles. In the course of a day or tew I started agin an arter many perils reached this here Ofer. A rattlesnake bit me in the grate tow, which I had to cut off in konsequence. Lizerds, Tare intulers, and various other reptiles and varmins tew numerous to mention, made theirselves perfectly free and soshible with me all the way out. On the great Prayer-ee I got kinder mixed up with about a million and a hauf of wild Bufferlows. They was ruin, roarin, bellerin and stampin a nuff to craze a nation, an made me run with them whether I wanted to or not, for more than an hour. Tew or three times I pitched down and afore I could get up I would be stamped on an huaf killed. At last I happened to think that I'd burn that screechin was good in sich cases, ar that hunters had often skaut the brewts in this way. Pd no sooner thought on't than I put it in practyse, an Pif bate the ckoes of the great Pryerer never heerd sich hollerin afore. At hum, in Hornby, I was olless kalkeylate I as A No I on hollarin, havin screamed so's to be heerd clearn to Bethel Hill; but Lord! that was nothin to what I don now. Hooray for Jackson! I yeiled, an the hull biin of em stoit as though they was shot for about a minit! I kept holerin on, sometimes hoorarin for the State of Maine, sometimes for Gov. Dany, Hornby, Oxford county, old Zach, an missellanyous, till at last one of the brewts took his horns under me and throwed me about a feet I tell ye. I lighted right top of a old bull, who started off lickerty-switch as soon as he felt me on him. The way he streamted it want any slow yew may depend. He driv rite through the crowd, an never stoit till he fell dead as a herin at Sutter's mill! I sot about cuttin up the critter for provisions, but I gin it up mighty soon, for tho he was fat as a syle when he started, he'd run so fast an so far, I hope to be squizzled, if there was nothin left on him but his skin 3 ribs an one horn! I was disapointed, for not havin touched a single sue-mark-ee of vittles for better than 5 days, I naturally felt as tho I could eat the broad side of a bear with the hyde on.

I hobbled on for a spell, looking round for sumthin to stay my stummuck; at last I seed an all-fired great bacon leg hangin from a limb of a tree. Thinks I, this here is the Elder rader sure a nuff, beats New Jerusalem all holler; what's a land flowin with milk and merlasses to this where the trees bears bacon and eggs! I cut it daoun, an was jest gettin into the merits and virtues of a good dinner, when I was surrounded by a dozen salvage lookin indervidoals, who tied me up like a bundle of screwed hay, and toted me off 8 or 10 miles to their camp. Here they tryed me afore what they called a court; they found me guilty of steelin, and sentenced me to be hung right-away, ony givin five minits to say my prayers. I couldn't think of any prayer but "Now I lay me down to sleep," which didn't seem impertinent to the okashun, so I said as much of the kattykise as I could think on, sung the doxology, an was about bein tied up, when one on em who'd bin bissy roastin a hosses head, looked up an runnin up to me, "What's yer name?" says he, "Spike says I, Ethan Spike, Esq., of Hornby, County of Oxford, State of Mane, Diggio," says I.

"Hooray!" says he, "here a go. Cut him daoun, you might as well hang the governor of Mane," says he, an in the twinkling of a bed-post I was set at liberty, an shakin hands with Ephraim Peabody, who's been here about 3 months.

I've bin diggin an washin an skaourin now about 3 weeks, but hant got nothin yet out a rebellious fever an the shakin ager. Howsoe'er, I aint diskerized yet, for tho theres no good, they tell me that if I keep on, I shall bime-by strike a soft-soap mine or somethin of the sort. I feels bad about losin my teeth and skulp. I shall be a pooty pieter when I git back, the top of my head all peated, cuss the ingines! I want you to send me a bottle of Kerlayder? or Dam? vegetable bitters, which they say will make the hare grow fuster than tew men and a boy can cut it. If it will do it, you'd better send aout a hull consignment, t would go fust rate here, as nmost everybody gets skulped.

Yours, ETHAN SPIKE.

LAWYER AND WITNESS.—There is a noted criminal lawyer—and by this term we mean a lawyer in a criminal court—who, in almost every case that comes under his charge, puts the following questions to witnesses at the closing of his cross examination:—

"Hem—Witness, were you ever in the State Prison?"

Of course the almost invariable reply, amidst the astonishment of the embarrassed witness, is, "No, sir."

"You can step down," continues the lawyer, without a syllable in explanation, and the jurymen stare at the witness as he moves away, while the counsel pauses, and utters an expressive "ahem!" as much as to say, "gentlemen of the jury, you can judge of this fellow's character for veracity; I say nothing—I don't—I couldn't prove it readily; you may believe as much as you like!"

Occasionally, however, the learned counsel alluded to meets with his watch. Not long ago, he ran foul of a "knotty customer," whom he sifted thoroughly to the end of his final stereotyped question—"Ahem! were you ever in the State Prison?" when, to the Attorney's evident surprise, the witness replied in a subdued tone—

"Yes, sir!"

"Ah! I thought so," continued the counsel, "I thought so. Gentlemen, will you please give your attention to the witness. You have been in the State Prison, then?"

"Yes, sir," replied the other, meekly,

"And how long since?"

"About two years ago, sir."

"Two years ago. Gentlemen, will you please bear in mind, this witness, by his own voluntary confession, admits that he was in the state prison."

"Yes, sir."

"His memory, as I have already taken pains to impress upon your minds, gentlemen, is most ext'ordinary; as you think proper in a man's testimony who has been an inmate of the State prison."

"How long were you there, witness?"

"About an hour, sir."

"Eh!—Ahem!—how long?"