

POETRY

SONGS BY L. E. L.

I.

I loved her! and her azure eyes
Hunted me from sweet sunrise
To the dewy evening's close,
Dyeing rosier the rose.
Yet I said 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

But I changed—and auburn hair
Seemed to float upon the air;
Till I thought the orange-flower
Breathed of nothing but her bower.
Yet I said 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

Next I loved a moorish maid,
And her cheeks of moonlit shade,
Pale and languid, left my sleep
Not a shade but her's to keep,
Yet I said 'tis best to be
Free—and I again was free.

But there came a lovelier one:
She undid all they had done;
I loved—I love her—ah, how well!
Language has no power to tell.
Now the wonder is to me,
How I ever lived while free!

II.

A mouth that is itself a rose,
And scatters roses too;
An eye that borrows from the sky
Its sunshine and its blue.

A laugh, an echo from the song
The lark at morning sings;
A voice—but that has sadder tones,
And tells of tenderer things:

Auburn is her long dark hair
With a golden shine:
Must I tell you more to know
This true love of mine?

I might say she is so kind,
Faithful, fond—but no!
My sweet maiden's hidden heart
None but I may know.

III.

I send back thy letters:
Ah! would I could send
The memory that fetters
The dreams that must end.

I send back thy tresses,
Thy long raven hair;
Could I send thy caresses,
They too should be there.

But keep thou each token
I lavished on thee;
Ring and chain are unbroken,
Thou false one to me:

That my rival—how bitter
That word to my heart!
May read in their glitter
How faithless thou art.

IV.

As steals the dew along the flower,
So stole thy smile on me;
I cannot tell the day, nor hour
I first loved thee!

But now in every scene and clime,
In change of grief or glee,
I only measure from the time
I first loved thee!

I only think—when fast and fair
My good ship cuts the sea—
I leave the lovely Island where
I first loved thee!

The wide world has only one spot
Where I would wish to be;
Where all the rest of life forgot,
I first loved thee!

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

It will look like a craven to refuse the fight;
But fear not, Francisco; I have promised
you, and I shall keep my word."

Cain went on deck, and surveyed the vessel through the glass.

"Yes, it must be her," said he aloud, so as to be heard by the pirates; she has been sent out by the Admiral on purpose, full of his best men. What a pity we are so short-handed!"

"There's enough of us, sir," observed the boatswain.

"Yes," replied Cain, "if there was anything but hard blows to be got; but that is all, and I cannot spare more men. Ready, out!" continued he, walking aft.

The Enterprise, for she was the vessel in pursuit, was then about five miles distant,

steering for the Avenger, who was on a wind. This brought the Enterprise well on the weather quarter of the Avenger, who now made all sail. The pirates who had had quite enough of fighting, and were not stimulated by the presence of Hawkhurst, or the wishes of their Captain, now showed as much anxiety to avoid, as they usually did to seek a combat.

At the first trial of sailing between the two schooners there was no perceptible difference for half an hour they continued on a wind, and when Edward Templemore (Commander of H.M. Schooner Enterprise) examined his sextant a second time, he could not perceive that he gained upon the Avenger one cable's length.

"We will keep away half a point," said Edward to his second in command. "We can afford that, and still hold the weather gauge."

The Enterprise was kept away, and increased in speed; they neared the Avenger more than quarter of a mile.

"They are nearing us," observed Francisco; "we must keep away a point."

Away went the Avenger, and would have recovered her distance, but the Enterprise was again steered more off the wind.

Thus did they continue altering their course until the studding sails below and aloft were set by both, and the position of the schooners was changed: the Enterprise being now on the starboard, instead of the larboard quarter of the Avenger. The relative distance between the two schooners was, however, nearly the same, that is, about three miles and a half from each other; and there was every prospect of a long and weary chase on the part of the Enterprise, who again kept away a point to near the Avenger.

Both vessels were now running to the eastward. It was about an hour before dark that another sail hove in sight, right ahead of the Avenger, and was clearly made out to be a frigate. The pirates were alarmed at this unfortunate circumstance, as there was little doubt but that she would prove a British cruiser; and if not, they had equally reason to expect that she would assist in their capture. She had evidently perceived the two schooners, and had made all sail, tacking every quarter of an hour so as to keep her relative position. The Enterprise who had also made out the frigate, to attract her attention, although not within range of the Avenger, commenced firing with her long gun.

"This is rather awkward," observed Cain. "It will be dark in less than an hour," observed Francisco, "and that is our only chance."

Cain reflected a minute. "Get the long gun ready my lads! We will return her fire, Francisco, and hoist American colours; that will puzzle the frigate at all events, and the night may do the rest."

The long gun of the Avenger was ready. "I would not fire the long gun," observed Francisco; "it will show our force, and will give no reason for our attempt to escape. Now, if we were to fire our broadside guns, the difference of report between them and the one of large calibre fired by the other schooner, would induce them to think that we are an American vessel."

"Very true," replied Cain; "and as America is at peace with all the world, that our antagonist is a pirate. Hold fast the long gun there! and unship the starboard ports. See that the ensign blows out clear."

The Avenger commenced firing an occasional gun from her broadside, the reports of which were hardly heard on board of the frigate; while the long gun of the Enterprise reverberated along the water, and its loud resonance was swept by the wind to the frigate to leeward.

Such was the state of affairs when the sun sunk in the wave, and darkness obscured the vessels from each other's sight, except with the assistance of the night telescopes. "What do you propose to do, captain Cain?" said Francisco.

"I have made up my mind to do a bold thing. I will run down to the frigate, as if for shelter; tell him that the other vessel is a pirate, and claim his protection. Leave me to escape afterwards; the moon will not rise till nearly one o'clock."

"That will be a bold *ruse* indeed: but suppose you are once under her broadside, and she suspects you?"

"Then I will show her my heels. I should care nothing for her and her broadside if the schooner was not there."

"In an hour after dark the avenger was close to the frigate, having steered directly for her. She shortened sail gradually, as if she had few hands on board; and keeping his men out of sight, Cain ran under the stern of the frigate."

"Schooner Ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"Eliza of Baltimore, from Carthegena," replied Cain, rounding to under the lee of the man of war, and then continuing: "that vessel in chase is a pirate. Shall I send a boat on board?"

"No; keep company with us."

"Ay, ay, sir," replied Cain.

"Hands, about ship!" now resounded with the boatswain's whistles on board of the

frigate, and in a minute they were on the other tack. The Avenger also tacked and kept close under the frigate's counter.

In the meantime Edward Templemore and those on board of the Enterprise, who by the course steered had gradually neared them, perceiving the motions of the other two vessels, were quite puzzled. At first they thought they had made a mistake, and that it was not the pirate vessel; at another, they surmised that the crew had mutinied and surrendered to the frigate. Edward hauled his wind, and steered directly for them, to ascertain what the real facts were.

The captain of the frigate had never lost sight of either vessel, was equally astonished at the boldness of the supposed pirate.

"Surely the rascal does not intend to board us," said he to the first lieutenant.

"There is no saying, sir; you know what a character he has: and some say there are three hundred men on board, which is equal to our ship's company."

"Or, perhaps, sir, he will pass to windward of us, and give us a broadside, and be off in the wind's eye again."

"At all events we will have a broadside ready for him," replied the captain. "Clear away the starboard guns, and take out the topmasts. Pipe starboard watch to quarters."

The Enterprise closed with the frigate to windward, intending to run round her stern and bring to on the same tack.

"He does not shorten sail yet, sir," said the first lieutenant, as the schooner appeared skimming along about a cable's length on the weather bow.

"And she is full of men, sir," said the master, looking at her through the night-glass.

"Fire a gun at her," said the captain.

Bang! The smoke cleared away, and the schooner's fore topsail, which she was in the act of clewing up, lay over the side. The shot had struck the foremast of the Enterprise, and cut in two below the cat-harpings. The Enterprise was, for the time, completely disabled.

"Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that?"

"His Majesty's Schooner Enterprise."

"Send a boat on board, immediately."

"Ay, ay, Sir."

"Turn the hands up! Shorten sail!"

The top-gallants and courses of the frigate were taken in, and the mainsail hove to the mast.

"Signalman, whereabouts is the other schooner now?"

"The schooner, sir? On the quarter," replied the signalman, who, with every body else on board was so anxious about the Enterprise, that they had neglected to watch the motions of the supposed American.

The man had replied at random, and he jumped upon the signal chests abaft to look for her. But she was not to be seen. Cain, who had watched all that passed between the other two vessels, and had been prepared to slip off at a moment's warning, so soon as the gun was fired at the other schooner, had worn round and made all sail on a wind.

The night glass discovered her half a mile astern; and the *ruse* was immediately perceived. The frigate filled, and made sail leaving Edward to return on board—for there was no time to stop for the boat-tacked, and gave chase. But the Avenger was soon in the wind's-eye of her, and at daylight was no longer to be seen.

In the meantime Edward Templemore had followed the frigate as soon as he could set sail on his vessel, indignant at his treatment and vowing that he would demand a court-martial. About noon the frigate rejoined him, when matters were fully explained. Annoyed as they all felt at not having captured the pirate, it was unanimously agreed that by his audacity and coolness he deserved to escape. It was found that the mast of the Enterprise could be fished and scarfed, so as to enable her to continue her cruise. The carpenters of the frigate were sent on board; and in two days the injury was repaired, and Edward Templemore once more went in pursuit of the Avenger.

AN UNREASONABLE CUSTOMER.—Mr. of Turnham green, complained bitterly a few days since to an itinerant poissarde, who occasionally supplies him with fish, that a lobster which he had purchased of her the day before was "not quite fresh." "Vell, Mister," answered the lady, "and whose fault's that I wonders? I've cried him by your house every day for a fortnight; you might have bought him before if you're so very pertikler." Thus saying, she shouldered or rather headed her basket, and walked off, warbling sotto voce, "And it's all round my hat."

Thales said, that life and death were all one.—One that was present asked him, "why do you not die then?" Thales said again, "because they are all one."

FROM THE DIARY OF A BLAKE.—"Passed the field of Waterloo—understood that the Marquis of Anglesea was there the day before, to pay a visit to the CEMETRY of his LEG. It must have been a family meeting, as all the MEMBERS were present."

A SPLENDID SCHEME.—The following are among the list of prizes proposed in a splendid lottery scheme in Tennessee:—One brick house, and one steam-boat, a negro girl, and a sorrel mare, a bay colt and a yellow girl. The bay colt is valued at 2000 dols., and a yellow girl at 1100 dols.

A GENTLEMAN MIXING IN SOCIETY.—"Who is that gentleman who has just ordered his seventh tumbler of punch? He seems to be a member of every club in London." "I believe he is, but I forget his name—he is evidently a person who mixes a good deal in society."

A volatile young lord, whose conquests in the female world were numberless, at last married. "Now, my Lord," said the countess, "I hope you'll mend." "Madam," says he, "you may depend on it, this is my LAST FOLLY."

A man was once travelling in Ireland, when he found lying asleep in the road, another who had by his side what he supposed was a mail bag. He awoke the sleeping mercury, and said to him "you're a pretty fellow to carry the mail." "Oh, said the other, 'I don't carry the mail—I'm an Express."

TOLERABLY TOUGH.—A man was saying in company that he had seen a juggler place a ladder in open ground upon one end, and mount it by passing through the rounds and stand upon the top erect. Another who was present, said he had no doubt of it, as he had seen a man who had done the same thing, but with this addition, that when he had arrived at the top, he pulled the ladder up after him.

A clever female French writer says, women should not sit beside a man they wish to conquer but OPPOSITE him. "Attack a heart by full front, not by profile," is her expression.

STRANGE KIND OF ECONOMY.—No matter for the title of that Scotch Lord, whom the Prince Regent used to mention was such a peace-maker that he would hardly speak of the "deil," behind his back. On one occasion an absentee was mentioned, to whom the Prince applied a very brief and emphatic title, continuing, "Even Lord —, there, cannot deny that the man lives upon LIES. Come, my Lord, is he not a LIAR?" "Indeed, your Royal Highness," answered this lover of harmony, "I'll not go so far as to say THAT; but I'm free to admit that the gentleman is a great ECONOMIST OF TRUTH." George the Fourth often quoted this phrase with much zest; originality of expression was never unappreciated by him.

BEST RECEIPTS FOR COOKS. (tried).—To MAKE A MATCH.—Catch a young gentleman and lady, the best you can—let the young gentleman be raw, and the young lady quite tender. Set the gentleman at the dinner-table; put in a good quantity of wine, and while he is soaking stick in a word or two about Miss: this will help to make him boil. When getting red in the girls take him out into the drawing room, set him by the lady, and sop them both with green tea—then set them at the piano until the lady sings—when you hear the gentleman sigh, it is time to take them off, as they are warm enough. Put them by themselves in a corner of the room or on a sofa, and there let them simmer together for the rest of the evening. Repeat this three or four times, taking care to place them side by side at the dinner table, and they will be ready for marriage whenever you want them. After marriage great care must be taken, as they are apt to turn sour.

CARICATURE FANCIES.—Natural Cascades.—Scene, a steamboat in a gale off Point Judith.—Mr Snooks—"My dear, you'll feel better as soon as we reach the pint." Mrs. S.—"Oh! Oh! I've reached a quart already, and only feel the worse!"—Boy, with a bell, "Them passengers what's done bringing up their breakfasts, will please to walk down to dinner!"—Another Boy, "All passengers that have not discharged their fare, will please to step into the captain's office."

In the battle scene of Pocahontas, the Indian Play, now in performance at the Theatre, Washington, a number of Potawatomy Chiefs were among the spectators, and suddenly and simultaneously raised a most astounding warhoop.

The papers say that Prince Schwarzenberg lately fired at and killed his wife, on finding her engaged in an animated conversation with an Englishman at Naples. We understand that all the English now swear "they'll be shot" if they say a civil thing to a German Princess.

Serjeant R—, having made two or three mistakes while conducting a cause, petulantly exclaimed, "I seem to be inoculated with dulness to-day." "Inoculated, brother?" "I thought you had it in the natural way."

Why is an Alderman like a trumpet?—Because he arn't nothing without a good blow-out.