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Poetry.

A SIMPLE STORY.

The apple-blossoms drifted in the orchard;
The rose bloomed on the wall;
The early sunshine of the morning sifted
Its brightness over all.

Two walked amid the fragrant bloom and beauty,
And one was young and fair,
With eyes like stars, lips like the crimson roses
That shone against her hair.

One looked on her with eyes of tender longing;
O! if he could but stay!
He loved her well, this little winsome maiden;
But out there in the bay

A ship with sails all set and snowy, waited;
Ah! for Love's pleading voice!
Above it rose Ambition's frettul clamor,
And so he made his choice.

"Alas!" he sighed, "man may not look forever
Into a woman's eyes,
Here love—but there wait wealth and fame and honor;"
And men said he was wise.

She had no choice, only to break the idol
Enshrined within her heart;
To love, and then to learn love's sad unloving,
This is a woman's part.

The summers bloomed and faded, bloomed and faded
Again and yet again,
And brought to each their own appointed measure
Of pleasure and of pain.

And what he sought he won, for fortune yielded
All that his pride would crave;
She might not choose, and so, like other women,
She took what fortune gave.

Now, often clouding all his empty honors,
That little scene will rise,
He sees the garden with its early roses,
He sees a woman's eyes

Tender and loving,—sees the flower-crowned tresses,
The white ship in the bay,
And whispers, with a sigh, "It had been better
If I had dared to stay."

She looked upon the faces of her children,
Happy and glad and dear,
And wondered vainly, "What if he had spoken
The words I longed to hear?"

SOME EMINENT PIRATES.

BY PROF. SERANUS D. PATRIE.

If the difference between an attorney and a solicitor be identical with that between an alligator and a crocodile, the buccaneer and the pirate may be said to be as much alike as a rattlesnake and a cobra, while the privateer would rank lower in the scale of venom than either. Still the privateer should rather be considered as a stage of development, than as a separate animal. He is but a pirate by instinct, wanting opportunity or necessity to show him in his true colors. Captain Charles Johnson, in his General History of the Pyrates, attributes the large number of those actively engaged in the profession, at the commencement of the last century, to the forlorn condition of men of war's-men and privateers-men at the conclusion of the peace of Utrecht—a similar phenomenon to that which occurred at the peace of Ryswick. In either case a large number of men, buccaneers and privateers, who had during wartime carried some kind of commission from themselves out of work. Return to the regular mercantile marine offered few inducements. In the words of Captain Bartholomew Roberts: "In an honest service there is thin Commons, low Wages, hard Labour, in this Place and Scanty; Pleasure and Ease, Liberty and Power; and who would not balance Credit on this Side when all the hazard that is run for it is, at the worst, only a sour look or two at checking. No, a merry Life and a short one shall be my motto." This man, who fought like a tiger and talked like a cavalier, was brilliantly successful while he lasted, taking more than four hundred sail; but was cut off untimely by a grape-shot, and had his wish. It was said that nobody ever heard of a Dutch pirate, the fishery being so lucrative as to withdraw Mynheer from the free and sporting existence to which Englishmen took so kindly; but, whatever may be the merit of a great fishery as providing an outlet for national energy, there can be no doubt that "Privateers in Time of War are a Nursery for Pyrates against a Peace." Men accustomed to occasional spells of wealth and liberty, extravagance and excess, disdained to throw off a wild life and become respectable citizens, and when the Spanish Main and Guinea Coast became too hot for them, sailed into the Indian Ocean and preyed upon the Great Mogul, or anybody else they encountered. In the early part of the great piratical epoch, there was much pretence made that the deeds of Captain Jennings and others were merely reprisals on the Spanish Guarda-Costas; but, when we reflect upon the life the buccaneers and their successors had led the Spaniards for about fifty years, it is not to be wondered at that they showed scant ceremony to foreign ships. In the begining, no doubt, as in the time of Drake, the Spaniards were the aggressors. But there is no disguising the truth that, after a very few years, privateering, buccaneering and piracy became regular professions; that vessels were armed and equipped at London, Plymouth and Bristol for slaving and piracy: that they were manned by desperadoes of every country; and that the governors of Jamaica and North Carolina, and the planters and merchants of many English settlements, lent aid cheerfully to the pirates—harbored them, eat, drank and traded with them—bought their plunder of them, and, no doubt, cheated the drunken freebooters remorselessly.

Madagascar and Providence were the last great haunts of the pirates. Up to the time of the king's proclamation, in 1717, giving the rovers of the West Indies a year in which to surrender and receive pardon, the late privateers, who, since the peace of Utrecht, had become legally as well as actually pirates, made the island of Providence their headquarters. The numerous keys or islets of the Gulf of Mexico afforded them ample accommodation for careening their ships, and hiding out of the way of cruisers; while the situation was favorable for slying out, and infesting the course of merchant ships trading between Europe and America. Not content, however, with picking up merchantmen, they occasionally ventured on enterprises worthy of their predecessors the buccaneers. In 1716 one of these ventures were crowned with success. About two years earlier the Spanish galleons or plate fleet had been cast away in the Gulf of Florida, and several vessels from Havana were at work with diving engines, to fish up the silver on board the galleons. The Spaniards had recovered some millions of pieces of eight, which they had carried to Havana; but they had then about three hundred and fifty thousand pieces of eight, in silver, on the spot, and were daily taking up more. Captain Jennings fitted out two ships and three sloops, at Jamaica, Barbadoes, ect., and found the Spaniards at work on the wreck; the money being deposited in a storehouse on shore under the guard of two commissaries and about sixty soldiers. The rovers came directly upon the place, brought their little fleet to an anchor, and landed about three hundred men, drove off the guard, seized the treasure, and carried it to Jamaica; picking up a rich Spanish ship by the way with a valuable cargo. This was done in time of full peace, but the government of Jamaica, on complaint being made to them, made an uproar, of which the issue was that the pirates were allowed to escape with their booty, and to make their peace on the appearance of the king's proclamation, in the following year.

It does not appear that Jennings relapsed into his old trade, but the great majority of the rovers unquestionably did so. Among these were the famous or infamous Teach (alias Blackbeard), Edward England, Charles Vane, and several of the most celebrated rovers of the time. The career of Blackbeard, as narrated by Captain Johnson, throws a curious light upon the manner in which his Majesty's colonies were then governed. Teach went into business again at once, and—having "cultivated a very good understanding" with Charles Eden, Esq., the governor of North Carolina—with an excellent prospect of success. His friend, the governor, made no scruple of convening a court of vice-admiralty at Bath Town, which condemned his captures as lawful prizes, although he had never held a commission in his life. "These proceedings," adds his biographer, "shows that Governors are but Men."

Blackbeard was a typical pirate, possessed with a mania for getting married. His friend the governor, after the manner of the plantation, married him to his fourteenth wife—a young creature of sixteen—whom he treated scandalously. It is not on record that Blackbeard, like Bluebeard, slew his wives. On the contrary, he had, at the period referred, a dozen living in various places. Obviously he was a man of domestic instincts modified by a roving life, and liked to have somebody to welcome him home wherever he was. His cognomen of Blackbeard was derived from "that large Quantity of Hair which like a frightful Meteor, covered his whole Face, and frightened America more than any comet that has appeared there for a long time. This Beard was black, which he suffered to grow of an extravagant length; as to breadth, it came up to his eyes; he was accustomed to twist it with ribbons in small tails after the manner of our Ramilies Wiggs and turn them about his Ears; in time of action he wore a sling over his shoulders, with three brace of Pistols." This was the regular pirate fashion, and its use is obvious. In boarding the pistol was a favorite weapon of the rovers, who always wore two or three brace in a silk sling, hung rather round the neck than over the shoulders. Armed thus, the freebooter was nearly as well off as if he had possessed a revolver. He had only to cock and fire, drop one pistol and seize another ready to his hand, without the risk of losing his weapons. This reliance on the pistol was, doubtless, one reason of the success of the rovers in close fighting. To add terror to his appearance, Blackbeard "stuck lighted Matches under his Hat, which appearing on each side of his face, his eyes naturally looking fierce and wild, made him altogether such a figure, that imagination cannot form an idea of a Fury from Hell to look more frightful." He was a frolicsome fellow, this Captain Teach, in his grim way. One day, being at sea, and a little flushed with drink, he determined to make an inferno "of his own;" and to that end went down into the hold, with two or three others, and having filled several ports full of brimstone, set them on fire, and was very proud of having held out the longest against suffocation. Another evening, being in a pleasant mood, drinking and playing cards with a few choice kindred spirits, he blew out the light, and crossing his hands under the table, fired his pistols, taming one man for life; and when asked the meaning of this said "if he did not now and then kill one of them, they would forget who he was." One eerie story of Blackbeard and his crew runs thus: "Once upon a Cruize, they found out that they had a Man on Board more than their crew; such a one was seen several days among them, sometimes below and sometimes on Deck, yet no man in the Ship could give an account of who he was or from whence he came; but that he disappeared a little before they were cast away in their great ship; but, it seems, they verily believed it was the Devil."

Like many other great men, Blackbeard did not improve upon acquaintance, and his friends the planters got tired of his society. Redress from the governor of North Carolina was hopeless, and the governor of Virginia was applied to. This gentleman at once sent Lieutenant Maynard, with a couple of sloops, to capture the pirate. A desperate fight ensued. After some heavy firing, Blackbeard, after hurling on to the enemy several "new-fashioned sort of grenades"—case-bottles, filled with powder and slugs—boarded him; but this time met his match, and fell dead, after receiving twenty-five wounds, fighting a fury to the last. His head was cut off, and hung to the bowsprit of the victorious sloop.

The Captain Bartholomew Roberts previously alluded to, by no means affected the terrific style of Blackbeard. A far greater pirate, he was yet a consummate dandy. He came with his piratical fleet to Whydah, on the African coast, with a St. George's ensign, a black silk flag flying at the mizzen peak, and a jack and pennant of the same. The flag "had a death in it" with an hour glass in one hand cross bones in the other, a dart by it, and underneath a Heart dropping three drops of blood.—The Jack had a man portrayed in it, with a flaming sword in his hand, and standing on two skulls subscribed A. B. H. and A. M. H., signifying a Barbadian's and a Martinican's Head. On going into action for the last time he made a gallant figure, being dressed in a rich damask Waistcoat and Breeches, a red Feather in his Hat, a gold chain round his Neck, with a Diamond Cross hanging to it, a sword in his hand," and the pistols slung bandolier fashion. On falling dead on a gun-carriage, he was—according to his request—thrown into the sea with all his bravery upon him.

Roberts may be styled the Claude Duval, as Blackbeard was the Turpin, Low the Brinskin, and Captain Kid the Jonathan Wild, of piracy.

Ned Low was born in Westminster, and was educated in the slums of the neighborhood, not to read and write, for those accomplishments were unsuited to his genius, but in that peculiarly "mean" line of robbery, denominated the "kinchin lay." With the capital required in this way he took to gaming, in a small way, with the footman in the House of Commons, where he used to "play the whole game"—i.e., cheated all he could. When his dupes objected to his style of play, he showed fight, like ruffiers of a higher grade. Genius ran in Low's family. His young brother, when but seven years old, was carried in a basket upon a porter's back into a crowd, to snatch hats and wigs—both costly articles a century and three-quarters ago. This precocious child enjoyed a short but splendid career, advancing by degrees from picking pockets to housebreaking, and ending his days at Tyburn, in company with St. Bunco and the celebrated Jack Hall, chimney sweeper. Ned Low himself mutinied during a logwood-cutting expedition, and hoisting the black flag, and becoming one of the most notable pirates of his day, showed, perhaps, more skill than courage in giving the slip to cruisers.

Lord Macauley's sketch of Captain Kid is so well known, that he may be dismissed in a few lines as a by no means brilliant or successful brigand, although, in posthumous renown, second to none of the craft. Perhaps his advantage over others in this respect is due to his having been hanged at Execution-dock, instead of killed in action, or cast away in remote tropical seas. Kid was an old privateer in the West Indies, and being known as a brave seaman, was recommended by Lord Bellamont, then governor of Barbadoes, and several other persons, to the home government, as one admirably fitted to command a king's ship cruising against pirates, on account of his knowledge of those seas and practice in warfare. The project met with no favour in England, and would have fallen through altogether, had not Lord Bellamont and his friends fitted out the *Adventure* galley at their own private charge. Kid was put in command and furnished with the king's commission, charging him to hunt down pirates, all and sundry, especially Thomas Tew, and others specified by name. He also held a commission of reprisals, for it was then war time, empowering him to take French merchant ships, in case he should meet any.—The Adventure galey sailed from Plymouth in May, 1696, carrying thirty guns and eighty men; and after scouring the North and South Atlantic, tried the Indian Ocean, picking up a French merchantman or two; but of pirates never a one. At last the patience of Kid, who appears to have meant well originally, wore out; his crew turned mutinous, and he became, according to his defence, a pirate *malgre lui*. After a fairly lucky cruise he sailed for New York, thinking his offence would be winked at, but was immediately seized, with all his books and papers, sent home for trial, and hanged at Execution dock with six of his associates. His career proved an exception to the rule, that it is well to set a thief to catch a thief.

Few pirates were endowed by popular imagination with more romantic attributes than Captain Avery. He was represented in Europe as one who had raised himself to kingly rank, and was likely to prove the founder of a new monarchy, having amassed immense riches and married the Great Mogul's daughter, whom he had taken in an Indian ship. He was the happy father of a large family of tawny princelets. He had built forts and erected magazines; he was living in great royalty and state; and was master of a squadron of tall ships, manned by able and desperate men of every nation. At last he met the fate in store for him in his native country—England. The merchants he entrusted his treasure to, defrauded him, and he fell sick and died, not worth enough to buy him a coffin.

TRUSTING A THIEF.—As the sheriff of Irasburgh, Vermont, was taking eight prisoners to the State prison, a boy was selling apples at the depot in Lyndonville, and one of the prisoners, after inquiring the price, from the car window, told the boy he would take a few, and requested him to hand the basket into the window that he might pick them out. The boy complied, and the prisoner divided the contents of the basket with his companions and passed the basket out of the window. The boy demanded his pay and the prisoner showed his handcuffs and replied: "Look here, my boy, I've stolen a whole house-full of thing in my day, and 'taint likely I'm going to pay for a basket of apples." At that moment the train moved away, leaving the boy on the platform to figure up the "profit and loss" of his morning trade.

A St. Louis man ran six blocks after his nose, thinking he was going to a fire.—*New York Herald.*

Why was the first of September like the transgression of Adam? Because it was the beginning of the Fall.

A NEW WAY of APPLYING MUSTARD PLASTERS.

A few evenings ago a medical man was called into attend a patient, and thought it necessary to apply a mustard plaster. After having prepared the plaster he laid it on a chair for a few moments, while he was engaged in compounding some other preparation. A certain gentleman in the house, feeling little tired, thought he would take a seat, and, not noticing that the chair was already occupied, sat down on the plaster. Having a light pair of trousers on, the mustard began to exercise its wonderful medical powers, making one portion of his unmentionable very warm; not knowing what was the occasion of it he changed chairs, but the next one was considerably warmer than the first, and he made another move, at the same time remarking:

'I wonder what is the matter with the chairs, they all seem to be hot!'

Walking about for a little while and not experiencing any relief, he again seated himself, and still the plaster stuck to him like a trusty friend. A few minutes elasped and he said:

'Doctor, don't you think it is rather close this evening? I feel very warm.'

The doctor replied, 'No I don't feel uncomfortable.'

'Well,' he said, 'I must go out for a minute and get cooled off.'

But there was no cooling for him; the 'evening' kept getting warmer, and he couldn't account for it in any way.

The doctor, changing his mind as regarding applying the plaster, and forgetting to put it away, went off without thinking about his having left it on the chair, and it was not until sometime after his departure that the gentleman discovered that he, in taking a seat, had unwittingly applied the plaster to his corduroys.

THE DANGER OF IGNORANCE.—A gentleman proceeding leisurely along Munson street, Saturday afternoon, says the "Danbury News," heard groans proceed from the rear of a house. He stepped back to see if he could be of help to any one in distress, when he met with a most singular spectacle. A very large man, short in the neck and red in the face, was on his back on the grass, while a woman with sharp features of an acid cast was holding him down by his collar.

'What on earth is the matter?' cried the astonished stranger.

'Nothin's the matter,' restored the woman, in a sharp voice. 'Only the old fool think he knows what kind of a scarf I shall wear, an' I'm going to show him he don't; an' outsiders better look out for their own hair.'

The stranger percipitately retired, deeply affected by the progression of the age.

The latest dodge at the Philadelphia Exhibition is to get behind two country girls and say aloud, so as to be overheard, yet as if quite incidentally to your confederate: "Why did he get the divorce?"

The confederate answers, with vociferous seriousness: "Oh! he had to get it. Why the first week they were married she chewed his ear off!"

About this point the country females look around and see two perfet sober faces.

"Gracious sakes, Mary! do you hear that talk?"

"I never heard such talk in my life!"

An Irish Judge said, when addressing a prisoner: 'You are to be hanged and I hope it will prove a warning to you.'

There is a popular delusion that Bass's pale ale owes its excellence to the waters of the Trent, but it is in fact brewed from well water.

A criminal in a Cincinnati court, being asked whether he was guilty, answered: "I guess I am, judge; but I'd like to be tried all the same."

Nearly every man tells his wife there is another man in town who closely resembles him, and who is frequently seen coming out of saloons.—*Rockland Courier.*

'Why don't your father take a newspaper?' said a gentleman to a little urchin whom he caught in the act of pilfering one from his door step. 'Cause he sends me to take it.'

'Pompy, what am dat what goes when de waggon goes, stops when de waggon stops; it am no use to the waggon, and de waggon can't go without it?' 'I gib it up, Clem.' 'Why de noise, of course.'

A little five-year old girl had been told it was night on the other side of the world when it was daylight on this. As a proof that this astronomical fact had taken root, she exclaimed upon rising the next morning: "Now they are just going to bed in China, and the skeesters are beginning to bite 'em."

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