

Poetry.

A Cornered and Distressed Poet.

A little gloom stirs up my heart, as tides stir up the ocean.
 And snow white muslin when it fits, wakes many a curious notion;
 All sorts of lady fixings thrill my feelings, as they'd order.
 And little female gaiter boots are death and nothing shorter!
 And just to put you on your guard,
 I'd give you short and brief,
 A small hotel experience,
 Which filled my heart with grief;
 This summer at the Manhattan,
 I stopped a week or more,
 And marked two 'boot-tees' every morn
 Before my neighbor's door;
 Two boots with patent leather tips—
 Two boots which seemed to say,
 'An angle trots around in us—'
 They stole my heart away.
 I saw the servant take 'em off,
 With those of other brutes;
 His soul was in the sixpences,
 But mine was in the boots.
 And often in my nightly dreams
 They swept before my face,
 A lady growing out of them,
 As flowers from a vase.
 But ah! one morn I saw a sight
 Which struck me like a stone—
 Some other name was on the book;
 Those boots were not alone!
 A great tall pair of other boots
 Were standing by their side.
 And off they walked that afternoon,
 And with them walked a bride!
 Enough, enough—my song is sung,
 Love's tree bears bitter fruits,
 Beware of beauty, reader mind!
 But eh! beware of boots!

THE MUTINEER;

—OR—

THE CORSAIR AND HIS VICTIM.

A LEAF OF UNPUBLISHED HISTORY.

BY "THE AMERICAN UNKNOWN."

CHAPTER I.

All persons familiar with American naval history, are aware that on the 17th of October, 1812, his Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war Frolic, commanded by Capt. Whyngates, an officer of much skill and experience, was cruising off the coast of the United States, conveying six large merchantmen. It was a beautiful evening. The scene possessed peculiar attractions to one who loves to gaze upon the glories of the sea and sky as presented to an observing eye off soundings. The watch were gathered around in groups—surmising the probability of falling in with an enemy bearing the stars and stripes, and discussing the propriety of distributing hard knocks and prize money among themselves. Seated on the taffrail were two persons who merit the readers special attention.

One of the two was a man who had seen the lights and shades of forty years. He would have been quite handsome and prepossessing in his appearance, had it not been that dissipation and indulgence in evil passions had set its seal upon his countenance, which betokened him to be bold, reckless and daring, with a mind deeply stained by companion ship with crime, and by giving way to the sinful passions within. A bland insinuating smile rested upon his lips, telling how false and deceitful he was capable of being; and a single glance at him would have assured an observer that he could easily pass for a villain among men who judge of the soul by the expression of the human face,—not divine.

His companion was probably ten years younger—but it was almost impossible to judge of his age with any degree of certainty, his features being nearly hidden by his huge beard. A stern forbidding look rested upon that portion of his face which was exposed; a look which might have been interpreted as a frown, without any aid from the beholder's imagination. The mild blue eyes were gentle and melancholy in their expression; his pale and care-worn countenance, had his beard not concealed it, would have told that his life had been of care and suffering; and whatever had been his previous course of life, it was evident his true character was enshrouded in mystery.

The former shall be known as Henry Delnor, first lieutenant of the Frolic, and the latter as Harry Laton, who also ranked as lieutenant. The former seemed lost in reverie. For a few

moments they remained silent, when Delnor turned to his companion and said,

"I have requested you to meet me here, that I might have an opportunity to speak to you concerning a little business affair I have been seriously thinking of."

"Very well; I am here!" replied the other laconically and with strange emphasis.

"Supposing these vessels we are conveying were to fall into the hands of our enemies—what would be the result?" and the speaker bent an earnest glance upon his companion, as if he would read the reply in his face.

"Truly, that is a strange question! What could have caused it? Why, I thought you were the most loyal subject that ever lived."

"I am! I should love and appreciate a royal government if—if—"

"And if—" suggested the other.

"If I could be the king! Under such circumstances I might perhaps endure it. But pray give me your views as to what a 'royal government' is!"

"With pleasure. I think we have one now," said Laton, after musing a moment.

"But not so good a one," replied Delnor, looking his companion steadily in the face, "as the government of a million of dollars would be. Give me the government of half that sum, and I should call it 'royal,' if no one else did!"

"You speak strangely to-night; I do not understand you. What do you mean?"

"I mean something more than you are aware of; and if you will promise eternal secrecy," he bent forward and spoke in a low whisper, "I will tell you of something which ought to make us sneeze for joy."

"You can trust me," replied Laton, while a singular expression passed over his face, boding the other no good. "Go on, and tell me what that something is."

"Well, you were saying a short time ago that if those privateers knew that there was six merchantmen, they would be very likely to attempt the capture of some of them; and it is my humble opinion that if they attempted such a thing they would meet with success. Judging from what they have already done, they can fight some!"

"You pay them quite a compliment, considering that you are an out and out royalist."

"But did you ever imagine," continued Delnor, "that the valuable cargoes of the vessels we are conveying are sufficient to tempt the cupidity of somebody besides Yankee privateers-men?"

Meaning were the words, but they did not betray the bold purpose of his heart any plainer than did the quiet smile upon his face while marking the effect of his words.

"Go on—I do not yet understand you."

"There is a person near you who would have no objection to possessing the value of these vessels and cargoes."

"Ah, you are getting worldly. You desire to make your fortune."

"Yes, and I will do it. I shall get it honestly if I can, but," he added with great emphasis, "I shall get it—you may rest assured of that!"

"But reveal your meaning."

"Well, as I was telling you, there is a person near you who would be most happy to have as much gold as our consorts are worth; and if you are willing to share the perils and profits of an enterprise which will astonish the whole world by its boldness, I'll tell you the particulars of the plan I have formed, though I must first be assured of your secrecy."

"I promise you my hearty co-operation, provided it is for our mutual benefit," said Laton, earnestly.

"My proposition is to make ourselves masters of this sloop-of-war."

"Ha, downright mutiny!" exclaimed Laton, excitedly, much surprised at the unprincipled rascality displayed by his intriguing companion.

"Aye, if the name pleases. In the first place we must gain the best half of the crew over to our desires, and then when the signal is given it will be no difficult matter to overpower and bind the rest."

"But do you imagine that many of the crew would join in the mutiny?"

"I know it! Just promise them a good share of the prize money, and they wouldn't hesitate

long between fighting for grog and rations, and the gold! Ere the merchantmen were aware of what was going on, we would force them to surrender, and their cargoes should be our own."

"And what would you do with the crews—make them walk the plank eh?"

"No; we would stow them all into one vessel and let them go and relate their pitiful story to the king—ha! ha!"

"What would you do with the remaining five?"

"Blow them out of the water, or sink them into it, no matter which, as long as we remain in undisputed possession of all that is valuable to us."

"And then—"

"Set sail for the Isle of Pines, where, as soon as we arrive, we can remodel our sloop-of-war, having found a good spot for a rendezvous, and hoist the free flag, making war upon all nations."

"Glorious!" exclaimed Laton, apparently in undisguised admiration, although the bitter sneer which rested upon his face would have betrayed him, had it been observed by his companion.

"Yes, you will say so," gleefully exclaimed Delnor, rubbing his hands with joyful excitement, "after it is all successfully accomplished—the value of the prize in our possession, and we are dashing over the billows under the flag of the free!" and a smile of joy at his bright prospects mantled his face.

"But when do you attempt to carry out this plan?"

"In a few days—as soon as all is ready—the crew prepared for the scheme. But in the mean time we must be secret or all is lost. Trusting in your honor not to betray me, I will await your answer a few days hence. Secrecy is success!"

"Yes, we must be cautious, born to blush unseen," replied Laton. "But there is no knowing who are our friends or who are our foes, and consequently it is a difficult matter to break the subject to the crew."

Leave that matter all to me—it will be secure. I am confident that nearly all will be ready to strike when wanted; and after a few trusty ones are aware of our intention, they can rapidly spread it among their boon companions. I must attend to my duties; but I desire you to think the matter over, and have no doubt but that you will aid me. Above all remember that if the officers hear of it all is lost!"

And with a warning movement of his hand, after delivering the injunction of secrecy, Delnor passed forward to attend to his duties.

The nervous flashing of his eyes as he gazed after the plotting villain, told in what light Laton regarded the personage who had just left him; but not so plainly as the words which he uttered. While his brow grew dark with the fearful remembrances which were awakened in his throbbing brain, thrillingly he whispered the thoughts which arose in his mind, in that fearful manner of utterance which speaks of the undying hate of many long years.

"Truly you say one false step will prove the destruction of all! One word will hang you at the yard-arm, a justly-merited punishment of your crimes. Go on in your plottings, but remember that the wrongs you have inflicted upon those dearer to me than life, will be revenged upon thee! Dost think that the prayers and entreaties of that dearly-loved one are forgotten? they shall yet rise up against thee! Ah! if he only knew into whose ears he had poured his plans of piracy, how soon would he read his doom in the dark fearful book of wrongs unavenged!"

Terrible must have been the wrongs which thus caused him to tremble with agitation at the mere remembrance of them! And terrible they were. Oh, what a fiend can man be and yet escape punishment! It is no crime to blast every hope of a confiding and trusting heart—to destroy every joy for the future—to blast all peace and joy, and leave in its stead the too often drained cup of bitterness, sorrow and woe! No! it is only a deed! But let us turn from such painful thoughts!

"Capt. Whyngates desires your presence in the cabin," said a middy, touching his cap and bowing, as Laton concluded his bitter speech.

Wiping the sweat his excitement had caused from his brow, he arose to obey his commander's request, somewhat surprised at receiving it.

CHAPTER II.

As Lieutenant Laton entered the cabin agreeably to the request of his captain, the latter motioned him to be seated, and then continued to pace to and fro with the same excited step he was using when the former entered. After he had thus passed a few moments, he stopped in front of the surprised officer, and fixing an earnest inquiring look upon his face, he said,

"You may think it strange that I have called you here for such a purpose; but there is a suspicion in my mind that a mutiny is forming a board of this vessel, and I have such confidence in your prudence and discretion, that I have taken the liberty to confer with you concerning it. Do you know aught in reference to such a proceeding?"

Laton bowed in acknowledgement of the compliment conveyed by the words and manner of the captain; glanced around to see if a prying eye was bent on them, or ears listening for his reply; and then gave an answer in the laconic sentence of—

"I do!"

"Ha! it is as I suspected. Tell me all you know of this bold plot."

His request was obeyed, and in a few moments the commander was acquainted with the particulars of the conversation which had passed between the officers. He was astonished at the startling tale.

"Is this tale true?" was his hurried demand.

"It is."

"Enough. I will take care that his designs are frustrated. By the crown! it is a bold undertaking, and one well worthy of an accomplished villain."

"And its instigator is one?" replied Laton, in tones of firmness which caused the captain to reply:

"Surely this looks like it. I should not be surprised if he has been in such service before. However, I shall watch him. I should like to know what kind of a part he has enacted in his past career."

"Your desire can be gratified," said Laton in tones of startling earnestness. "Capt. Whyngates, do you remember that your only daughter was betrayed by a villain—one of the most unprincipled that ever disgraced the name of man?"

The commander was much surprised and agitated as he replied:

"Ha! I do! but how did you learn this?—or why recall the painful fact?"

Because I have formed a resolution to reveal the secrets of the past. You have expressed a desire to know the past history of Delnor's life. Well can you reveal it? asked the captain, with a smile of incredulity.

You shall see, was the laconic reply, as he suddenly arose and left the cabin. In a few moments he returned, having several sheets of paper, which he had taken from his private drawers, each being written upon.

What is that? inquired Capt. Whyngates, regarding the dusty papers with much interest.

It is the life of one deeply concerned in this mutiny, replied Laton, a deep sigh bursting from his lips. Listen, and you shall hear a startling tale, and one of personal interest to you.

Seating himself by the side of the wondering commander, in a voice rendered tremulous by excessive emotion, Laton proceeded to read the history of suffering and wrong recorded in the following.

(To be Concluded in our next.)

Old but Good.

"WILLYE DOUBLE THE PENANCE!"—Whoever has once traveled from Dublin to Naas, can scarcely fail to have noticed a tall beggar woman, known as Peg Connor, who used to earn an honest penny by begging and knitting stockings. Peggy however, had two great faults. One was, she drank much whiskey; and the other, she seldom went to confession. Having at one period been thrown upon a bed of sickness, she made a vow that, if she should recover, she would, as soon as she was able, "go to the priest." She recovered, and kept her promise. As soon as she approached the