L. D. Jenkins

CAMBRIDGE CHRONICLE.

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"THE END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE."

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—TERMS.—

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In cases where the number of insertions is not limited, advertisements will be continued until direction to omit them is received, and charged accordingly.

POETRY.

THE USED UP.

The jig is up: I have been flung
Sky high—and worse than that:
The girl whose praises I have sung,
With pen, pencil, and with tongue,
Said "No!"—and I felt flat.

Now I will neither roar nor rant,
Nor my hard lot deplore:
Why should a fellow look aslant,
If one girl says she won't or can't,
While there's so many more?

I strove my best—it would not do,
I told her she'd regret;
She'd ruin my heart—and chances too,
As girls don't like those fellows who,
Their walking papers get.

In truth I loved her very well,
And thought that she loved me;
The reason why I cannot tell—
But when I wooed this pretty belle—
'Twas a mistake in me.

She's dark of eyes—and her sweet smile,
Like some of which Iv'e read
Is false—for she with softest guile,
Lured me 'mong rocks, near love's bright isle
And then she—cut me dead

Well thank the fates, once more I'm free—
At every shrine I'll bow;
And if again a girl cheat me,
Exceeding sharp, I guess she'll be;
I've cut my eye-teeth now.

Oh, like the humble bee I'll rove
Just when and where I please—
Inhaling sweets from every grove
Humming around each flower I love,
And dancing in each breeze.

THOU WAST NOT THERE.

By Robert Sweeny.

I stood within a brilliant hall,
Among the young and gay,
And joyous was the festival,
And loud the revelry.
Why was my spirit dark and dull,
Where all seemed free from care?—
Why was my heart so sorrowful?
Thou wast not there.

Another sang that simple song,
I oft had heard from thee,
And merry voices 'mid the throng
Recall'd thy notes of glee.
I could not listen to that strain,
That mirth I could not share,
The song, the glee alike were vain,
Thou wast not there.

Around me flitted many a form
In graceful movement light,
Their cheeks with youth's pure blushes warm,
Their eyes with rapture bright.
I thought of one as light as they,
As exquisitely fair,
And turned in bitterness away—
Thou wast not there.

Can splendour to the aching heart
For vanished friends atone?
Can pleasure charm us, when we part
From those we loved alone?
Oh no! the humblest cot on earth
With thee I'd rather share,
Than dwell in courts, if 'mid their mirth,
Thou wast not there.

MITCHELL THE PIRATE.

The Boston Courier, of the 27th inst. in publishing the accounts of the late alleged piracy, introduces the following article from the United States Journal, an English periodical. It is not impossible if the story be not altogether fictitious, that the person generally known as Mitchell the pirate, may be the hero.

[Chronicle.

MITCHELL THE PIRATE.—'Well,' I said 'he is certainly a noble looking fellow, if that be the famous Mitchell. I have read the lives of the Buccaneers and most of the modern novels where pirates are commended into generous cutthroats; but remember no hero of them all to compare with the picture of this fine fellow. Bulwer himself could scarcely have imagined a more magnificent villain.'

This was about eighteen months since, when I was standing on the wharf, observing the vessels that arrived with a fine breeze, and anchored in succession abreast of the City of Charleston, in South Carolina. A tall and most remarkable person approached the spot where I was standing, and where a single sailor within a few yards was similarly engaged in watching the vessels that moved about the harbor. The stranger appeared to be in the prime of life, though somewhat weather-beaten, and his tall, erect, and singularly commanding person, with an inquiring eye, rendered him an object of instant attention. He was in the dress of a sea-faring person, with a round jacket, the buttons of which displayed an anchor, and his flowing white trowsers and large Havanna hat induced me to suppose that he was a naval officer. He approached the sailor, and I overheard the following dialogue.

'Do you want a ship, my friend?'

'I don't know; where is she bound?'

'Oh! never mind where she is bound, I want six good men, and I'll give an advance of fifty dollars, and fifty dolars a month.'

She carries guns, I suppose?'

'Why, the guns are amongst the ballast till she gets outside—you understand;'

'Yes; but I think I have seen you before. What's your name, if it's a fair question!'

'Mitchell is my name.

'Did you ever sail out of Baltimore?'

'Yes, I commanded a Columbian privatee out of Baltimore'

"So I thought. I know you Mr. Mitchell;—you are a pirate. I got a ball through this left arm out of your schooner, when we drove you off the James Taylor, Indianman. You stood off and on at the mouth of the Chesapeake, waiting for her, and I was one of forty men that the owners sent down in a pilot boat, to see her out of soundings.—You had to up stick and run, you know.

Oh! I see you are a fool."

"Ah! you want six good men, do you clear out, you b——y villian."

Thereupon the tall stranger did sidle off, and disappeared round the bow of a vessel close by.

I then advanced to the sailor, and learned from him that this was the renowned Mitchell, who for years had carried terror to the remotest corner of the Gulph of Mexico. "He is in low water now," said the tar, "he has nothing left but a little fine toggery; and I expect he is trying to knock up another gang. He came over passenger in that sloop yonder from Nassau, New Providence, and I'll bet you my soul he wants to run away with her; but I'll go and give them a hint."

I afterwards ascertained that Mitchell was a native of Belfast, of most respectable parentage; but of the intervening periods of his life, until his career of piracy commenced, I could learn nothing.—He appears to have carried on his piratical operations upon the Gulph of Mexico, and passed through a variety of strange adventures, through all of which he is said to have preserved high notions of honor, and a gentlemanly manner of committing the most attrocious robberies. He was, indeed, the Robin Hood of the Gulph of Mexico. For a long period, he was encamped on a rocky point of land, at the nothwestern extremity of the Island of Cuba, commanding a gang of eighteen men, amongst whom, though assisted only by a single lieutenant of a character for determination similar to his own, he said to have maintained the most slavish submission to his will. He usually sallied out of his rocky hiding place in a sixteen oar boat, by the superior management of which, in calm weather, he could approach under the quarter of a vessel without danger from a single gun. Upon one occassion, Mitchell had received information that a certain vessel was loading in the harbor of Kingston, in Jamaica for an English port; a seaman, who had come over to Cuba, declaring that he had seen the sum of ten thousand dollars in boxes stowed away in the bread room. Knowing the time at which the brig would sail from Kingston and, consequently, when she would round the northwestern extremity of Cuba, a strict watch was kept for her appearance, and accordingly, upon a calm evening, a little after sunset, a vessel with her marks was seen gliding along her course, about gve miles from land.—the sixteen oared boat was soon cutting through the sea filled with twenty well armed men and a small swivel in the bow. The brig was rapidly neared, and Mitchell hailed her as follows:

"Holla! brig——, ahoy, how do you do, Capt.——?"

"Very well, sir; I am obliged; but I have not the pleasure of knowing you though you are quite correct in my name."

I am Mr. Mitchell. Lower you boat Captain, and I'll come on board and take a glass wine with you."

The boat was accordingly lowered for the captain of the vessel now perceived that to fall in with the humor of his visiter was the only chance of escape from a band of twenty well armed pirates.—Mitchell was accordingly conveyed above to the brig and entered into easy conversation with the captain.

"Well captain what sort of a passage have you had from Kingston?"

"Oh, a tolerable passage. How have you been lately, Mr. Mitchell?"

"Very well, indeed; but we are rather short of money now about Cuba."

"Ah! every body is short of that; times never were so bad, really."

"Well, I must just borrow those ten thousand dollars you have on board, Captain."

"My dear sir, I have not ten thousand farthings in the whole brig."

"Oh, yes! now you have; they are in five boxes marked J. J., stowed away in the bread-room. Bear a hand, and let us heave it up, because it is growing dark, and my men will be up the brig's side to look for it, if you don't save them the trouble."

Upon this the boxes were speedily produced, and lowered into the boat; Mitchell saying that he would walk into the cabin, and give the captain a receipt for the money which he was so very kind as to lend him. He declared that he had a very great respect for the captain, and would be very sorry that any inconvenience should befall him with his owners for lending the money to a friend, and, therefore, to clear him from blame, he wrote the following receipt.

Off Cuba, ——, 18—,

——, the sum of ten thousand dollars marked J. J., which I have not time to count, but do not doubt that it will prove correct." "J. MITCHELL."

He then, as if really concerned for the captain, drew out a purse of one hundred guineas, which he offerred to him, saying that it would be some recompense if he should lose his berth by this adventure, this the captain refused as a favor to himself, but would be glad to reserve the money for his owners. Mitchell, however said he had no respect for owners, who were always insured above the mark "but this watch," producing a most splendid one, "will, perhaps suit you better than the money, Captain?"—The captain however, would except neither money nor watch, unless to be given up to his owners. Mitchel then shook hands with him; wishing the brig a pleasant passage and stepping into the boat with the ten thousand dollars, was conveyed to his own party, who were waiting at a little distance; and after a gentlemanly gratuity to the sailors of the brig who rowed him to the sixteen oared boat disappeared toward the shore, and the brig proceeded on her way.

Mitchell remained at his encampment upon the Island of Cuba till he had obtained, in adventures similar to the proceeding; money sufficient to load his sixteen oared boat to the waters edge, and then determined to leave off his piratical career; and pass into the United States he now thought, however, that a boat load of money, though a good fortune for himself, or even for himself and his lieutenant, would make a small figure when divided amongst the entire gang of twenty men. The Lieutenent was of the same opinion, and though that on a calm day, Capt. Mitchell and himself might easily carry the sixteen oared boat and the boxes of money to the Florida shore, without any assistance from the gang; and, moreover, it would be quite as well to cut off pursuit, least these fellows, when disappointed of their share of the booty, should revenge themselves by turning evidence against them; "but on the other hand dead men," said the lieutenant, "tell no tales."

The two officers then determined upon destroying the whole gang, and by ordering them into various detached parties for pretended purposes of bringing wood, water, and other supplies for the camp, Mitchell and the lieutenant actually left them to perish, and reached the coast of Florida, whence they coasted along to the Mississippi river, for the purpose of ascending to New-Orleans. Here however, their golden dreams were suddenly dashed to pieces; for the strange appearance of a sixteen oared boat, loaded with boxes, and navigated by only two hands, attracted observation from the banks of the river, and when Mitchell and the lieutenant landed for supplies at a village a few miles below New Orleans, the boat was suddenly filled with a body of police, and the worthies were glad to leave their ill-gotten treasure and escape into the neighboring woods. Mitchell was now pennyless again, and lurked for some time in the city of New Orleans, narrowly watched by the police, for his remarkable person rendered it difficult to conceal himself; but by being secreted by a woman with whom he was connected, the exertions of the police to discover him were long unavailing. Upon one occasion information was received that Mitchell was in the hut of a brown woman in the environs of the city, to which the police forthwith repaired, but not being covetous of an encounter with a man of his prowess, they determined upon discharging a volley of musketry into the house. Mitchell received a ball through his arm from this discharge, but before another volley could be sent in, he sprang out of the window and escaped into the bush.

He next made his appearance at the town of Mobile, at which place he supported himself some time by working in a sail loft, a business at which though not probably bred to it, he was said to be expert and soon opened as a sail maker on his own account, marrying a young woman with money; and for two years he carried on a flourishing busines in this line at Mobile. After that time, however, it become pretty generally known whom the sailmaker was, and the merchants at Mobile not knowing how secure their vessels might be against the machinations of such a man; or what associates might secretly be around him, determined upon withdrawing from him as a sail-maker, and in various other ways to induce him to depart from the place.

The following is a curious specimen of the style of advertising in Winconsin. It has at least the merit of originality to recommend it. Whereas I has got an item that my claim in Skunk Settlement, on the Wacsapinecon river, has been jumped by some foreigners, out laws cut throats, beef-stealers, coming from some poor worn out country, God knows wher Tom; Dick, and Harry—whom nobody knows—rag, tag, and bobtail—all of the sects of Christians. Now this is to inform all emigrants to Wisconsin Territory, that there is sufficient land belonging to Uncle Sam without taking my claim; therefore take notice, all ye Hosiers, Pukes, Buck Eyes, suckers, Corncrackers, Yankees, Flat Heads, Wolvereens, Buck Skins, Herring Bones, Spectators, Land Pirates, or what not, that if any of you has sqatted improvement and don't ebsquattle before I get there, I will row you up Salt Creek—grease and grid iron you, and knock you in the middle of next week, so help me Moses.

REUBEN FLACK.

A PICTUTE OF VAN BURENISM.

The defeat of the party in Maine was a blow from which they have not even yet recovered. The editor of the Richmond Enquirer groans awfully under it, and in his last paper has the following paragraph:

The Madisonian says that the 'Eastern (Bangor) Republican, one of the most decided Administrtion prints of Maine, makes the following startling confession to account for the loss of the late elections in that State.

'The radicalism of the times, the ultra and a grarian spirit abroad, the herce attacks on time-honored institutions, the unrelenting warfare upon business and laudable enterprise, the prevailing indisposition to pull down and overturn, without knowledge, means or ability to build up, and the demagogueism and profligacy of those who would mount any hobby and ride like death on the pale horse, rough shod over the necks of the people and every thing opposing their mad career, reckless of consequences and heedless of principle—this incubus and deadly sirocco, all these withering influences, pressed heavily on the party, and urged to the mournful result.'

It is a true picture of Van Burenism from a master hand.

EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCE.

Mr. Van Buren's proclamation convening the late session of Congress, has been greatly admired and much applauded in the public papers for its terseness and propriety. We insert, from the Albany Advertiser, the proclamation of Thomas Jefferson in 1807, calling an extra session of Congress at that time.—The reader will be surprised to find that it is couched in precisely the same language as that used by Thomas Thomas Jefferson in 1807. The only difference is in the dates and names.

By the Presidnet of the United States of America.

A Proclamation.

Whereas great and weighty measures claiming the consideration of the Congress of the United States form an extraordinary occasion for convening them I do by these presents appoint Monday the twenty-sixth day of October next, for their meeting at the city of Washington; hereby requiring the respective Senators & Representatives then and there to assemble in Congress, in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, to consult and to determine upon such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.

In testimony where of. I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the city of Washington, the thirteenth day of July, in the year of our Lord one thouand eight hundred and seven; and in the thirty second year of the independence of the U. States.

THO'S. JEFFERSON.
By the President.
JAMES MADDISON,
Sec'ry of State.

By the president of the United States of America.

A Proclamation.

Whereas great and weighty matters, claiming the consideration of the Congress of the United States, form an extraordinary occasion for convening them, I do by these presents appoint the first Monday of September next, for their meeting at the City of Washington; hereby requiring the respective Senators and Representatives then and there to assemble in Congress, in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to cousult and to determine upon such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States.

In testimony where of I have caused the seal of the United States to be hereunto affixed and signed the same with my hand.

Done at the City of Washington the fifteenth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven; and of the independence of the United States the sixty-first.

M. VAN BUREN.
By the President;
JOHN FORSYTH,
Sec'ry of State.

THE TWO GRAVES;

[Concluded.]

The afflicting incidents of the last few days had evidently quickened the ravages of disease upon the wasted form of the suffering invalid, who was nevertheless, far from being sensible of her critical situation. Her husband watched unceasingly over her rude couch, soothing her with the tenderest assiduities, and witnessing, in speechless agony of soul the returning hetic flush, and sunken eye, the certain and appalling harbingers of approaching disolution. The afternoon of the eight day presented them with a succession of scenes of deep interest, sublimity, and horror. The emaciated patient having risen from her pallet with unwonted strength, aided by her husband, walked towards the sea shore, to enjoy the refreshing breeze.—Here they remained contemplating the ocean, whose gently heaving billows were reflecting the beams of a fiery tropical sun, until a dark cloud that had, for more than hours, been visible in the western horizon, began to spread with a lowering aspect, far up the heavens: a brisk wind was agitating the waters, and the sea birds careering to and fro, in frantic gambols, chanting as it were in joyous frolic the sailor's funeral dirge, gave a fearful omen to the approaching storm. Suddenly their attention was arrested by some objects far off upon the ocean, and they were soon delighted to behold two vessels with crowded sails, standing towards the island. While dwelling with the liveliest emotions of joy, upon the prospect of an immediate escape from their desolate situation, the startling report of three guns, in rapid succession told the anxious spectators that the vessels were enemies, and that their hopes of a rescue were much diminished. A severe cannonading, every sound of which struck like an ice bolt on the heart of the trembling Anna, now followed, and marked a desperate running fight. The pursuing vessel gained upon the other, which seemed to have no alternative but that of being captured, or suffering a shipwreck upon the breakers. When the schooner, for such proved to be the chase, her pursuer being an armed brig approached within a league of the island, her mainsail was suddenly dropped, and the long boat launched, and rowed rapidly towards the shore. As the boat parted from her side, a column of smoke began to ascend from the deserted schooner, which, with telegraphic precision, indicated that she was on fire. The brig no sooner perceived this than she tacked, and stood off to the windard, to avoid the conflagration that was evidently about to spoil her of her anticipated prey. The rapidly increasing smoke that rose in tremendous majesty, from the burning schooner, ascended, for the space of a few minutes, in one unabated volume of blackness, when it was suddenly illuminated by the bursting of a vivid flame from the deck, mounting in swift convolusions to the mainmast head, which resembled the apex of a huge column of fire, surmounted by clouds of smoke, wove into fantastic wreaths, with braids of flame. In an instant the schooner seemed to burst into atoms, and to fly like the ignited particles of a skyrocket crackling high in the air. The report of the awful explosion, that, to the rapt imagination of the excited couple appeared to convulse the island and the sea, gradually died away; the burning fragments of the vessel were quenched as they fell into the water, and the expanding volumes of smoke rolled off majestically to the leeward, and were imperceptibly blended with the shadows of night.

The sun was now sinking beneath the horizon: his lingering rays still tingling the circle of the ocean darted in a thousand hues through the waves, as they broke in foaming white caps, dancing in the breeze. The heavens, as if mocking the impotent strife of man continued to gather blackness, and the wind raged with increased violence, dashing the tumultuous waters in reckless fury on the shore. At a short distance on the lee of the struggling boat a ledge of rocks projected into the ocean; and the last glimpse of the litttle bark that Bancroft could catch through the brief twi-light, descried her drifting towards the reefs which flung the spray far into the air.

When morning came Bancroft looked out on the ocean, but no trace of either the long boat or the ship could be seen he wandered down to the water's edge, where he was pained to discover the frail bark drifted high on the beach; and pursuing his search, he found a lifeless body still floating and rocking in the last feeble surges of the ocean. He immediately recognized the pirate chief, all doubts of whose identity were removed