

From the Knickerbocker, for October.

STANZAS.

"Tis sweet to remember."—W. G. C.
Tis sweet to remember, when Memory brings
The honey-like sweetness of joy on her wings—
When her flight has been over the bright blooming
flowers.
That shed their fresh fragrance o'er life's blissful
hours;
Then, 'tis sweet to remember; for Memory then
Bestows us our lost days of pleasure again.

But 'tis sad to remember, when Memory flows
In a dark turbid stream, over deep buried woes;
When the loved and the lost in bold contrast arise,
To the cold and unfeeling that now meet the eyes;
Oh, 'tis sad to remember—for Memory now
Casts a bleak shade alike o'er the heart and the brow.
The joys of remembrance, like each earthly joy,
Are mingled with sorrow, are mixed with alloy;
But as clouds pass, and leave the fair heavens more
bright,
So the deep shades of thought lend a charm to de-
light;
Both the brightness and shadow in kindness are
given—
This weans us from earth—that transports us to
heaven.

THE PIRATE OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.
By the author of "The Mutiny, my first and last Flig-
ging, etc."

"So wickedly I did,
God's laws I did forbid,
As I sailed."

Kids.
One warm afternoon in January, 18—, I lay
caulking away on the stowed fore-topmast-stays of
the sloop of war F—, then lying at anchor in
the port of Valparaiso. The said stowed-stays
is a glorious place to 'soger' at any time, for the
netting keeps one from rolling overboard, and Number-three canvas is as soft as (some kinds of) down;
and it is well out of the way, and free from those
bothersome interruptions, so common on the decks
of men-of-war. I cannot, it is true, recommend
said staysail as a caulking place at sea, for while a
fellow is dreaming away about 'sweet hearts and
wives,' the officer of the deck may rub his eyes sud-
denly, and the following dialogue ensue:

"Forescastle, there!"

"Master's Mate, 'Sir!'

"Lieut. 'Man the fo'c'stayls halysards.'

"Master's Mate, 'All manned, for'ard Sir.'

"Lieut. 'Hoist away the staysail!'—and then up
goes our downy couch, and overboard goes the dreamer;
and a cold bath is not always pleasant, even in
warm climates, especially when so applied.

These are pull-backs at sea,—but in port, there is
nothing of the kind to fear; so I, Jack Garnet, snored
away in most magnificient style.

Alast however, no man can safely count upon any
thing in a man-of-war save a flogging, which he is
pretty sure to get, from one cause or another. While
dreaming about 'Mary and Co.' as above, my slum-
bers were dispelled by a kick from a good-natured
fore-topman, who rode down the stay to inform me
that the first-cutter was called away; and turning
out, I heard the boatswain's mate 'making my num-
ber,' that is, roaring out "Jack Garnet! Pass the
word for Jack Garnet!" "Here you are," said I to
the boatswain's mate, as I jumped from the fore-
castle into the waist.

"Get in the boat, you Sir," said the lieutenant of
the watch, who was standing at the gangway, and
looks out for half-a-dozen when you return."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I promptly replied. "I took my oar,
—we shoved off, let fall, and gave way."

We had no officer on board save a mid, and I was
at first at a loss to know where we could be going;
but after pulling half an hour, we boared a mer-
chantman which lay at anchor, far out in the harbor,
beyond Little Cape Horn, and nearer Point Angels
than Valparaiso. She was in some trouble having
suddenly and by accident come to anchor, while
sailing out of the harbor,—the cat and fish of the
starboard bow having parted,—and there she lay
with seventy fathom of cable out ahead, and her sails
whipping the masts in fine style, every thing having
been let go by the run.

"You Garnet," said the mid, as he went up the
ship's side, "stay in the boat, and have your nap, out
for you remember Mr. Harrison promised you half-
a-dozen: so get ready for it."

"Ay, ay, Sir," I replied, and sitting down in the
stem-sheets, the painter being made fast on board
the ship, I proceeded to obey orders, while the rest of
the boat's crew began to heave up our friend's an-
chor, and so forth.

It is one of my rules, never to borrow trouble,
and so I napped away, my dream beginning where
it had left off, on board the sloop-of-war; and I
enjoyed myself and the rest of them in true man-
of-war style.

How long my slumbers may have lasted, I know
not,—but I was at length awakened by the rolling
and pitching of the boat, she having slipped a heavy
sea, which thoroughly ducked Jack Garnet, any-
how. I bolted up, and found myself in a peck of
troubles.

Some one in the hurry of duty on board the mer-
chantman had accidentally cast off the painter of my
boat, and the south wind having suddenly freshened
into a snorter, I had quietly drifted out to sea, and
now found myself outside Point Angels, in a stiff
breeze, rolling about on the mountain surges of the
Pacific Ocean. The thing was done so quietly,
that no one on board had observed it, (the aforesaid
squall having taken them unawares,) and they did
not perceive my departure, until after I made that
discovery. Here then I was far enough from any
possible aid, captain, cook, and all hands, of the
first cutter of the F—sloop-of-war,—all alone
by myself, and no body with me,—outward bound.

Taking the tiller, I endeavored to keep her head
to the wind, to diminish her way out to sea; but
finding that she broached to, rather too often, I took
an oar and pulled her round, stern to the wind. I
then resumed the tiller, and began to make a straight
wake before the wind, to Coquimbo, Callao, or Davy
Jones'. I now made fine headway, so fine, indeed, that
I had soon the satisfaction to see that all the shipping in
Valparaiso were out of sight, and Point Angels was
drifting rapidly astern. To add to the uncomfortable
romance of my situation, the sun was now set-
ting, and never to my view did he sink so hurriedly
to repose; and the Andes, which are wont to glitter
in his effulgence long after he disappears from our
firmament, were suddenly shrouded in gloom. With
a long look at the dim outlines of those majestic
watch-towers of creation, which seemed in darkness
to mourn over my forlorn condition, and with a brief
listening to the whistling of the wind, and the loud
voice of many waters, as they broke in thunder on
the distant shore, I bade farewell to life, and in silent
despair laid me down in the boat, forgetting that
though "the waves of the sea are mighty, and
rage terribly, He who siteth in Heaven is mightier."

My boat luckily needed not my guidance, for the
swell was long and regular, and the wind blew steady
from the south; and she kept straight upon her
course, mounting the waves gallantly, as if sensible
that her voyages were not yet ended, and that she
should again float under the stars and stripes of the
Land of the Free.

The sun next day was high in heaven, when my
slumbers were dispelled by the report of a musket,
and a voice hailing:

"Boat 'hooy!'

I rose and looked wildly around. I was in the
open sea, now smooth and tranquil,—no land in sight,
—while off a hundred yards, a large brig was lying to.
The haw was repeated:

"Boat 'hooy!'

"Fleet!" I replied, mechanically, for the captain of
the F— was the senior officer on the station, and I had not yet forgotten the usages of the first
cutter.

"Ha! ha!" roared the spokesman: "Fleet, indeed!
Where are You bound, Mr. Commodore?"
By this time, I had collected my scattered wits,
and perceiving that they were lowering a boat, I
made no reply.

I was speedily picked up, and taken on board the
brig; and a glass of half-and-half being given me, I
found both eyes and tongue, and while telling my
story, I saw that the brig was large and heavy,
mounting ten guns over her bulwarks, having no
ports, and full of men. These were rather suspicious
particulars, and I was glad to find that the person
commanding was in the best of humor, being greatly
amused by my narration.

"Well, well!" said he, after a long fit of laughter,
"since you are Commodore of the American fleet, I
must treat you civilly; so, for'ard there! Cook, give
this man some breakfast."

While discussing said breakfast, and racking my
brain to think whereaway I was, the truth suddenly
flashed into my mind that I had heard something
said in Valparaiso about a piratical vessel which had
been seen off the coast of Peru. The story was,
that many merchantmen had been plundered by her,
but that no violence was ever offered to officers or
crew, by the pirate's crew, unless they resisted, nor
even then any thing more was necessary to subdue them. Cargo never was touched; all they
wanted was gold and silver, and that being surren-
dered, they always went off peacefully. They were
spoken of as a horrid looking set of fellows, com-
manded by a remarkably handsome young man, all
speaking a strange language, and unable to under-
stand a word of English, Spanish, or French. It
was also said that they were usually seen near even-
ing, and that at night, though frequently in plain
sight, they would always suddenly disappear,—and
though frequently seen and chased by men-of-war,
they always disappeared entirely at night,—while
in the day, they sailed like the wind, laughing at
pursuit. My informant also said, that the piratical
vessel was a brig, with painted ports, carrying ten
guns, and a long twenty-four pounder on a pivot.
All this was true of the brig I was now on board
of. She was heavily sparred, her canvas white,
and raking masts while her sharp bows, beautiful
shear, and clear run, at once convinced me, that
though manned by imps and commanded by Sa-
tan, she was as sweet a craft as ever ploughed the
sea.

When I had finished my breakfast, and related
my yarn to the hands forward, who, though hide-
ous looking rascals, spoke English as well as I, I
was ordered aft again to meet the scrutiny of the
captain, whom I had not yet seen. He was a small
man, below the middle size, slender form, delicate
limbs, and a face so smooth and round that he did
not seem to be over eighteen, while his voice was
melody itself, being low and exquisitely modu-
lated.

Having heard my story, and assured me of kind
treatment, he demanded to know of me what ships
were in Valparaiso Bay, inward or outward bound,
and what men-of-war were there,—the state of
things ashore,—what vessels were expected, and
where from,—and lastly whether I had heard any-
thing said about a pirate off the coast of Peru. I
answered these manifold questions as fully as pos-
sible, and in reply to the latter, said what I had heard,
adding, truly, that the English sloop-of-war T—
was despatched a week before to protect the mer-
chant service from him.

This last item afforded him much amusement.

"Well, my lad," he said, "it will be a long time
before they catch us,—for we are, as you see that
same pirate,—friends to the sea, and enemies to all
who sail upon it. We are short of wood and water,
and must go into Valparaiso to fill up,—not how-
ever, till your sloop-of-war comes out; but since you
say she is about to remain there, I will entice her
out. You can now take care of yourself. I shall
not ask of you any duty, and as soon as I can, will
set you ashore."

It was now about noon, and the brig,—which had
been lying to since I was picked up,—filled her
main-top-sail, made all sail, and boarding her star-
board-tacks, was off with the speed of light, South-
by-East, to make Point Angels, leaving my boat
adrift. The Andes were yet in sight, and Valpar-
aiso not far distant, so that in an hour Point Angels
was in plain view, and at four p. m. we entered the
bay, steering straight for the F—.

All hands were now upon deck, and to do their
justice, the brig was worked admirably. The long
twenty-four was hauled aft, and pointed over the
taffrail, while the rest of the guns were cleared
away, and double-shotted. All this preparations for
action rather puzzled me, for I could not think that
the pirate captain intended to fight the F—, in-
asmuch as her battery of twenty-four twenty-four
pounders, would have blown us out of water in five
minutes. However, I took my stand on the fore-
castle, determined to see the fun, whatever it
might be.

When we were within about a mile of the F—,
I began to perceive some motion on board of her,
and the boat of the Captain of the Port, which chanced
to be along side of her, suddenly cast off and
made sail towards us.

"What is the battery of the F—?" coolly inquired
the captain, who was standing near me at this moment.

"Medium twenty-four, Sir," said I.

"Very good," he replied, calmly, and then sung
as he walked aft, "Man the starboard battery!—stand
by! Hands by the weather braces! Slack the lee
ones! Hard up the helm!"

We were now not more than half a mile from the
F—, (which as yet lay quiet with her sails
loosed to dry,) and, wearing round, each gun of the
starboard battery, (long twelves,) was fired at her,
as it came to bear, until we were round on the lar-
board tack, when giving her the long twenty-four,
we were off, two points free, standing out to sea.

Our first shot, which struck the hull of the F—,
was followed, quick as thought by the notes of her
drum beating to quarters, while her jib run up as if
by magic, and her cables slipped, topsails were hoist-
ed and sheeted home. She fell off before the wind,
and hauled up on the larboard-tack,—her larboard
battery speaking in thunder as it came to bear; then
crowing every thing, she gave chase.

Here, however, she was at disadvantage,—for we
had the start of a mile, and, moreover, were under
hereditary pride of ancestry, and exasperated at the
idea that the splendor of their ancient house should
be dimmed by their daughter's marriage with an of-
ficer of rank so inferior, prohibited all intercourse be-
tween the impassioned lovers, and to insure the ob-
servance of their prohibitions, placed spies upon
their steps. But love found means to deceive
the avaricious eyes placed over them, and knit two
young hearts closer and closer to each other.

Kosciusko now driven to despair, proposes an
elopement. The lady agrees; all is arranged, and
the happiest result promises to crown their hopes.

Under the shade of a dark night they effect their
escape from the castle, attain, seemingly unpursued

to some distance, and a warm embrace speaks their
mutual congratulations, and the bright hopes of
union that are dawning upon their hearts. But a
sudden noise startles the lovers from their dream
of bliss; the marshal's people surround and attempt
to seize him. Kosciusko was stunned by a blow
and fainted in a state of insensibility. He regained
his consciousness, crawled feebly and despairingly,
to the nearest village, where one of his friends was
quartered, carrying with him no relic of his vision
of happiness, but its recollection and a white hand-
kerchief, which his idol had dropped in her agony.

This treasure never afterwards quitted his bosom,
not even in the hottest battle and death only could
part him from it. * * * * *

When day-light was fairly gone, our captain had
ordered signal-lanterns to be sent up to the main
masts head, and at each yard-arm, in order to
challenge the F— to continue her chase, and
(now eleven o'clock,) the F— being at least ten
miles astern, he ordered mast and yard-ropes to be
rove, and all hands to stand by to rig ship.

This order brought me up all standing, for I could
not imagine, what was to follow; but his crew un-
derstood the thing perfectly. Some large spars
were brought aft, double-purchase-tackles were rig-
ged on the main mast, and on the taffrail, hatches
were opened, and whips and top buntions rigged on
the stays. Some hogsheads containing fire-works
were tossed overboard, but kept in tow, and numer-
ous other preparations made in less than I can write.

"All ready!" hailed the captain.

"All ready, Sir!" was the answer, from all parts
of the vessel.

"Then, fire!" he continued.
Every gun was discharged at once, and at the instant,
the hogsheads astern blew up with a tremendous
report, and the ocean, and the firmament, were
illuminated with a ghastly blue glare, and all the
lights afloat were extinguished, so that the next instant
we were in darkness. The main and fore-
royal and sky-sail-masts and yards were then sent
down,—the mizen-mast stepped—a topmast and top-
gallant-mast rigged and yards crossed, while the
guns were all lowered into the hold. Davits were
then made fast at the sides, and whale boats run up
to them, while others were placed keel-up on the
booms, and in fifteen minutes we tacked, and stood
towards the F—, as complete a whaling ship as
ever doubled the Horn. The tackles, etc., were
then unrope,—all hands but sixteen sent below,—
the hatches put on, and away we bowled for the
F—. The captain then left the deck, the first mate
taking command; but shortly after returned from
below, dressed as a woman, and directed our mo-
tions, though all orders were given by the mate.

In half an hour we were near the F—, on her
weather-bow, standing as if to cross her wake. When
within three hundred yards, she sent up a light in her
mizen-rigging, and fired a gun, which in
nautical parlance means, "Heave-to. I wish to speak
you."

We hove-to, accordingly, in true merchantman-
style, while the F— backed her main-to-sail, as
became a crack sloop-of-war.

"What ship is that?" hailed the first lieutenant, in
the short, peremptory manner proper for a man of
his dignity.

"The Three-Sisters, of New-Bedford," replied our
first mate, taking the Yankee twang in a most ad-
mirable manner.

"Where are you from,—and where bound,—and
what's your master's name?"—continued the first
lieutenant.

"I expect we're from a cruise," drawled the mate
again, "bound to Valparaiso for wood and water, and
our old man's name is Andrew Maxwell, at your
service."

"Have you seen a strange sail hereaway?" inter-
rupted the Commodore.

"Guess I see a clipper of a brig pretend to blow
up, about half an hour ago, but she only made b'lieve
to see her ag'in cuttin' away to the Nor'ard and
East'ard, pretty considerable fast, I expect, brawled
the mate; "howsomever, that was in the old man's
watch, and he's turned in now, snorin' like a lob-
ster, and I'll be darned if I want to call him for his sleep,—
and his wife wouldn't like it neither, I guess; so I'd
be a little ruther not,—if it's all the same to you."

"Clap a stopper over all, you infernal Yankee,"
hauled her first luff and then she braced up again,
and was off like a shot in chase of said brig, while
we up-stick, and bore away for Valparaiso. Here,
then, was the secret of the pirate's constant escape
from all pursuers,—this change of form,—and of
course, he would deceive any one,—e. g. the Yan-
kee commander of the F—.

The next day, with only thirty hands to be seen,
and with our whaling appearance, we entered the
port of Valparaiso,—not a brig, nor commanded by a
handsome young man; as our acting captain had a
face like a dead-eye, and our real commander played
wife to him, for the time being, as young and
handsome as ever. Some waggish persons, indeed,
little thinking how they spoke, insisted that
the said wife was, to all intents and purposes, com-
mander of the ship,—since the captain had a way of
saying, "I'll ask my wife," on all important occasions.

At the end of four days,—the said whaler having
wooded and watered, etc.—I was brought upon
deck, (for I had been kept under hatches, too, since
our arrival, that I need not be seen by any loafers,) and
having been sworn to secrecy, (which said oath, n. n., I kept,) I was set ashore, and then the Three-
Sisters weighed anchor, and, under a cloud of canvas,
stood out to sea, to re-commence her fair-trad-
ing operations.

What became of her thereafter, is none of my bus