

POETRY

A FATHER TO HIS MOTHERLESS CHILDREN.

Come, gather closer to my side,—
My little, smitten flock,—
And I will tell of him who brought
Pure water from the rock,—
Who boldly led God's people forth
From Egypt's wrath and gulf,—
And once a cradled babe did float,
All helpless on the Nile.

You're weary,—precious ones,—your eyes
Are wandering far and wide,
Think ye of her who knew so well
Your tender thoughts to guide?
Who could to wisdom's sacred lore
Your fix'd attention claim,—
Ah!—never from your hearts erase
That blessed Mother's name.

'Tis time to sing your evening hymn,—
My youngest infant dove,
Come, press thy velvet cheek to mine,
And learn the lay of love.
My sheltering arms can clasp you all,
My poor deserted throng,—
Cling as you used to cling to her,
Who sings the angels' song.

Begin, sweet birds, th' accustomed
strain,—
Come, warble loud and clear,—
Alas!—alas! you're weeping all,
You're sobbing in my ear.—
Good night—go say the prayer she
taught,
Beside your little bed.
The lips that used to bless you there,
Are silent with the dead.

A Father's hand your course may guide
Amid the thorns of life,—
His care protect these shrinking plants
That dread the storms of strife—
But who upon your infant hearts
Shall like that Mother write?
Who touch the string that rules the soul
Dear mourning babes, good night!

SONG.

BY MRS. H. BAYLY.

Young Ellen was lovely, was joyous,
was free,
Her heart was as gay as the bird on the
tree,
Her voice was as sweet, as the lark's on
the morn,
And her step was as light as the sylph's
on the lawn.

Young Edwin beheld, and he lov'd the
sweet maid,
He sued her, and wooed her alone in the
glade,
She blush'd and she sigh'd, when she
heard him protest
That of all the young maidens he lov'd
her the best.

To church then they went, and he made
her his bride,
And now they've a lot by the silver brook
side.

THE STRANGER PATRON.

(Concluded from our last.)

By such agonizing as these were his
mind distracted, and his whole frame
agitated. His bosom swelled with the
extremity of his grief, and the tears start-
ed to his eyelids; still not one sigh had
he power to breathe, not one tear could
he shed to relieve his sufferings and al-
leviate his distress. Care-worn and
heart-broken with the attention of a nurse
and the affection of a husband, he bent
over his exhausted Berta, whose mind,
wandering in her sleep to the recollec-
tion of those by gone moments, when
made happy by the assurance of requited
affection, their hearts were exchanged,
and vows of eternal constancy mutually
plighted, she gained temporary strength
from the excitement, and as she slept,
exclaimed with all the energy of fond-
ness, "And will you ALWAYS love me,
Giulio?"

What Giulio's sensations were when he
heard that overwhelming evidence of af-
fection, few can tell; he felt as if at that
moment the extremes of bliss and misery
were centred in his breast: painful and
terrible was his struggle which checked
the involuntarily expression of his feel-
ings; a faintness came over him; stu-
por was rapidly overwhelming him;

but the tears poured down his rugged
cheeks—he wept—and in the midst of
sorrow, was comforted that the rest of
the sleeper remained undisturbed. But
the hour of his trial was not yet passed
away: his mind, already tortured beyond
the ordinary limits of human endurance,
was destined to undergo still farther suf-
fering on the rack of blighted affection.
While he yet wept, and remained im-
movable through the weight of his
affliction, his eyes wandered uncon-
sciously round the apartment; and
when they reached the wall whereon the
shadows of himself and Berta were re-
flected, he was filled with horror at per-
ceiving that the dark outline presented a
surprising and fearful resemblance to
the design of the stranger. Great and
terrible was the shock which it gave him
and the overpowering impression that
the hand of Providence had guided the
mysterious events of the last few months
rushed upon his mind, and harrowed
it.

Horried at this awful indication of his
approaching destiny, consciousness gra-
dually forsook him, and after a few mo-
ments spent in a struggle for mastery
over his feelings, he fell senseless to the
floor; and thus hastened the catastrophe
which his distracted fancy had anticipat-
ed.

The noise of his fall, which brought
her brother Giacomo and the nurse into
the chamber, likewise awakened Berta;
and the sudden alarm which it occasion-
ed her brought on all the worse symp-
toms of her complaint, to that degree
that Giulio was necessarily unheeled,
while their attentions were directed to
the assistance of Berta; but in vain.—
She was seized with a violent fit of
coughing, and the exertion proved fatal
to her: her frame, already worn out by
the rapid progress of the disease,
could offer no farther resistance, and the
rupture of a blood vessel placed her be-
yond the reach of mortal suffering.

Wonderful are the ways of Providence
and the powers of human nature. Giu-
lio, whose grief had hitherto been most
immoderate, and whose returning senses
communicated to him fresh causes for in-
dulging in it, bore without a tear this
sudden bereavement, and he who a few
hours before felt assured that nothing
could afford him consolation under such
an event, was able almost immediately to
comfort and condole with her fond and
unhappy brother. So true it is, that he
who sendeth afflictions will enable us to
bear up against them, and will "temper
the wind to the shorn lamb."

It was a sad sight, when a band of
maidens, clothed in their funeral robes
of white, bore the lamented Berta to her
grave; and as they scattered flowers on
the coffin, many of the spectators wept,
and said, "Alas! death has cropped the
sweetest flower in Florence!"

Giacomo, loud in his grief, and ex-
hausted by his continual lamentations,
was obliged to lean for support upon the
arm of Giulio, who proceeded with an
undaunted step and an undimmed eye to
the grave in which they were about to
lay the remains of his betrothed. Many
marvelled when they saw his placid de-
meanour; but none believed it to result
from indifference or want of feeling;
and though they knew not the cause,
they felt assured that a sufficient one ex-
isted.

At the close of this imposing cere-
mony, Giulio returned to his studio, as if
to banish all recollection of his misfortunes
by the resumption of his long-neglected
pursuits, upon which he apparently en-
tered with an increased enthusiasm, sel-
dom quitting his retirement but when
forced by the summons of a friend, and
carefully excluding from it all his ac-
customed visitors. A settled and gloomy
melancholy appeared to possess him;
and his friends saw from time to time,
how thin and emaciated he became, they
regretted that he gave himself up to
such incessant application. Early and
late was he employed: the noonday pas-
sengers watched him as he passed, and
the houseless wanderer was cheered by
the rays of his midnight lamp.

This was, however, a course which
could not long continue; and it happen-
ed that Giacomo an accomplished painter
wished to consult him upon a point of
art, was surprised by Giulio's not attend-
ing to the signal which he had given to
such friends as he desired to hold com-
munion with. The signal was twice or
thrice repeated, and with as little effect

as before; Giacomo alarmed at the cir-
cumstance, called loudly upon him to
open the door. "Arnolfo, my dear friend,
I wish to see you; pray answer me; if
you are too busy, tell me when you will
be at leisure, and I will come again."—
Still he received no reply. Fearful of the
cause of this continued silence, he ap-
plied his shoulder to the door, and suc-
ceeded in bursting it open. What was his
astonishment, when he beheld Arnolfo,
resting his head upon his hand, appar-
ently asleep, before a splendid and newly
finished monument! He attempted to
arouse the artist, but the icy coldness of
his hand told to the terrified Giacomo
that Giulio Arnolfo, the sculptor, slept
in death.

At the foot of the monument, in which
though modelled after a drawing on the
wall of the apartment, Giacomo speedily
recognized the figure of his sister and
Giulio lay the open tablets of the latter,
and in the first leaf was written:—
"To my dear Friend and Brother, Giu-
liano."

By the love I bore towards your
sister, by the esteem I bear towards
yourself, I implore you to comply with
the last wishes of your dying friend.—
Let me be laid in the same grave with
my Beloved Berta, and place over us the
tomb which, thanks to the blessed Vir-
gin, I have lived to finish. As to the
gold, the wages of death, expend it I be-
seach you, in deeds of charity, and in
masses for the souls of your ill-fated sis-
ter and friend. Fear not that its return
will ever be demanded from you; he
from whom I had it was no dweller on
earth. Farewell! as you would have
my spirit rest in peace, obey my bidding.
Farewell.

G. A."

The doubts which Giacomo might
otherwise have felt as to obeying the
wishes of his friend were, however re-
moved the evening before the evening of
his interment. A stranger, enveloped in
a large travelling cloak, knocked loudly
at the door, and enquired for Signor Ar-
nolfo. Giacomo, irritated at the indec-
ency of thus disturbing the house of
mourning, hastened out with the inten-
tion of reprimanding the intruder, but
was checked, by finding in answer to his
questions, that he was the mysterious vis-
itor whose commission had been at-
tended with such fatal results. Giaco-
mo accordingly explained to him the un-
fortunate circumstances which had at-
tended his former visit, and begging
that the tomb might be applied agree-
ably to the wishes of the artist, offered to
return the purchase money to the stran-
ger, who, seemingly shocked at the events
which had taken place, declined receiv-
ing it might be disposed of as the de-
ceased had specified; then bidding Giaco-
mo a kind, though hasty farewell, he
took his departure, and was heard of no
more.

This monument, which was long vi-
sible for the beauty of its design and ex-
ecution, and the interesting history con-
nected with it, is however, no longer in
existence. In the year 17—, when the
church was fired by lightning, it shared
the fate of many noble memorials of the
affection and skill of former times, which
were then mingled with the dust they
were intended to perpetuate; and in these
pages remain the only record of the
Sculptor of Florence and the Stranger
Patron.

(From the Portland Daily Advertiser,
December 12.)

DISTRESSING SHIPWRECK AND
LOSS OF LIVES.

Through the politeness of Captain
Churchill, of the ship North America,
which arrived at this port, (New York)
this morning, we have been favored with
the following account of a distressing
shipwreck:

Nov. 18, lat. 43 45, long. 49 10, with
strong breezes and hazy weather, at 2
P.M. saw a vessel on our lee bow bear-
ing N.E. by N. and on looking with the
glass, found she had no sail set, it being
something uncommon, kept away for her
and on nearing her, found she had her
foresail blown in ribbons, her jib under
the fore foot, and a small signal flying at
half mast, saw nothing like a living be-
ing till within a mile of her, when we
discovered a man in her main top under
the lee of a sail, in the weather topmast
rigging, waving his hat, and directly saw

that the top was full of men. On pass-
ing her, they made signs of the utmost
distress, which we answered by telling
them we would take them directly.

Rounded the ship too, and got a
boat, which we sent to her with the
second mate and two men,—and see-
ing the boat alongside the wreck, we tack-
led and ran down to leeward of her
and laid by for the boat to return. The
on board of the wreck all had suffic-
ient strength to get down on deck them-
selves, save one, who was crazy and naked
the top, whom our men dressed and
erred down. On passing her, we saw
her decks were risen up, staunch
boards and bulwarks all gone, her plating
sheer split, and that she was water-
logged. At 5, the boat returned with
men, survivors of the crew, and of
of barque JOHN THOMAS, of Belfast
(Ireland) from Quebec for Belfast.
Hoisted them on board, and found
they were in the greatest distress, having
had nothing but salt water to drink for
four days, and they had nothing to
eat!

After giving them some wine and water
we put them below and put dry clothes
on them. We learn from those that
were sensible, that they sailed from Que-
bec on the 25th of October for Belfast
and that on the 6th instant, while scud-
ding under a goose winged foresail in a
heavy gale of wind from the westward,
the barque broached to, that the second
sea that came on board, swept her decks
entirely, and her pumps being tried,
found that she was filling, which she
did in two hours' time. They also state,
that there were sixteen persons on board
at that time, that the Captain's name was
Wm. Patterson, who had his wife on
board, and that the first day they died in
each other's arms in the cabin. The
Mate was the same day washed over-
board and drowned, and two men died
in the fore-castle; and the same night 3
men died of exposure and fatigue in the
main-top. They had seen vessels every
day of the eleven they had been on the
wreck, one of which (a brig) made three
tacks to get to them, but night coming
on they saw no more of her.

When brought on board the ship,
their appearance was miserable in the
extreme, and their supplications for water
which we dare not give them only in
small quantities were truly piteous.—
All of them had been frozen more or less
and with the exception of one were delirious.
At 8 P.M. strong breezes and
squally, took in mainsail and jib. At 12
midnight, heavy gales with rain, and a
heavy sea running, double reefed the top-
sail and at 1 A.M. close reefed the fore-
sails and hauled up the foresail.—
Morning more moderate set the foresail.—
Eads with moderate breeze and thick
weather, set jib, mainsail and spanker.—
On the 21st, William Fergusson, a native
of Belfast, died. He was so much de-
bilitated by his sufferings on the wreck
that all the means we could use to re-
cover him were unavailing.

The names of the persons saved are
Patrick Harlin, Robert McKemore, John
Higgins, Wm. Crung, Henry McCormac,
Hugh Fergusson, and Matthew Baggs.—
The names of those who perished are
Captain Wm. Patterson and wife, Joseph
Fergusson, mate, Wm. Miller, Andrew
Bells, Wm. Vint, John Smith, and Hugh
Green.

St. AUGUSTINE.—The steam packet
Dolphin, Captain Pennoyer, arrived last
evening, in 25 hours from Saint Augus-
tine.

Captain Pennoyer states, that informa-
tion had reached St. Augustine, that the
Indians had sent their women and chil-
dren into the interior, and have with on-
ly four or five exceptions, embodied
themselves within eight miles of Camp
King—five or six hundred warriors are
assembled, and the United States troops
are altogether insufficient to protect the
inhabitants. Great Consternation pre-
vailed throughout the territory—several
families have been compelled to leave
their dwellings. St. Augustine is said
to be left quite defenceless.—Charleston
Courier, Dec. 9.

Mr George Jones, who recently acted
Hamlet in London with success, is not
an American, but was born in London.—
Mr Pelby, was the first American who
ever acted Hamlet in London, which
was eight or nine years since and with
decided success.