

ted the vessel from her dangerous position, and brought her on to a sand, where the people with much effort got on board, about four o'clock in the afternoon. They found young Ellis on the quarter deck holding on to the tiller ropes. He had become too much exhausted to continue his life-preserving movements, and the stillness of an apparently last sleep had been for some time stealing over him. His hands were frozen to the ropes which they grasped, his feet and ankles were encrusted with ice, and he was so far gone that he was scarcely conscious of the presence of his deliverers.

Their moving him roused him a little. Yet he said nothing, till, as they bore him by his father's body he muttered 'there lies my father,' and relapsed into a stupor, from which he only awaked after he had been conveyed on shore, and customary means had been employed for his restoration. Through the humane attention of the inhabitants, he was restored, but with ultimate loss of the extremities of his hands, and his feet. He still survives, a useful citizen, notwithstanding these mutilations. But the memory of that fearful night and day is in his mind. It taught him, in truth, the inefficiency of human strength, when matched against the elements of nature; and made manifest, likewise, the value of that kindness of man to man, which leads him to watch and labour, and expose even his life for the shipwrecked stranger: to minister to his wants, and nurse his weakness and safely restore him to his family and friends. A child of their own could not have been more kindly or carefully attended than he was, nor more liberally provided for, by the humane people among whom he was cast, I doubt not there is a recompense for them, with him who hath said, 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.'

Reader, I know not what interest you may take in my simple narrative, but I have given you a *true* account of the SHIPWRECKED COASTER.

Sandwich, June, 1832.

AUTUMN.

Written after a Ride by the Schuylkill, in October.

BY MISS FANNY KEMBLE.

Thou comest not in sober guise,
 In mellow cloak of russet clad—
 Thine are no melancholy skies,
 Nor hueless flowers, pale and sad;
 But, like an emperor, triumphing,
 With gorgeous robes of Tyrian dyes,
 Full flush of fragrant blossoms,
 And glowing purple canopies