

THE STAR, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3.

POETRY.

TO FANNY.

Mary! thy cheek is flushed with youth—
The sun-beam of thine eye
Reveals a soul of heavenly bliss,
Unsadden'd with a sigh.
Earth is to thee a rosy plain,
Sparkling with thousand flowers,
Where mirth upholds her laughing court
And gilds the bright-winged hours.

Nursed in the lap of ease and wealth,
No misery haunts thy breast—
The taunting laugh—the arrowy gibes—
Dare not assail thy rest.
The perfumed zephyrs, who delight
Thy ruby lips to kiss—
To thy young fantasy are fraught
With melody and bliss.

But trust me, maiden though so bright
Life's sparkling wine cup seems,
E'er thou hast reach'd its venomous dregs
'Twill blight those sunny dreams.
Pangs, only known to woman's breast,
Must wring thy soul apart—
And cankers of corroding care
Shall prey upon thy heart.

But sport thou on,—thou heavenly child
Of loveliness and joy—
'Twere wrong to blast thy budding hopes
Or strip the gilded toy.
Too soon alas! thy soul must bleed
By disappointment's shaft—
Too soon must prove --though fair the bowl
How bitter is the draught.
Better thy guiltless feet should find
In heaven an ea ly home,
Than o'er life's lonely wilderness,
In misery to roam;
Better at once that beauteous form
Should meet its destined doom,
Than stricken by the hand of woe,
To wither in the tomb.

For age will change that ivory brow,
And sorrow's burning shear
Shall stamp its fiery dent upon
Those cheeks so saintly fair.
And out of Friendship's wizard chain
Full many a link will glide,
Till thou art left all desolate
On time's oblivious tide.

HOPE.

When clouds arise to blot the sky,
And rapid tempests roar,
When Ocean sends his troubled wave,
In madness to the shore—
Hope flies before the sailor's eye,
And cheers him at his oar,
Tells him his barque the storm will brave,
And bids him fear no more.

When Heaven is dark with sulph'rous clouds,
And war lifts up its cry,
When arms flash fiercely in the light,
And hissing jav'line fly—
The soldier midst the hostile crowds,
Sees hope's bright pin'cushion nigh.
Nerves his fierce spirit for the fight,
And hopes for victory.

When o'er the soul grief spreads her wing,
And life no more is dear,
All pleasures from the breast depart,
Chilled by the touch of fear,
Hope comes a sunshine blight to fling
Across a scene so drear,
Leads gladness back to cheer the heart,
And dries the mourner's tear.

When friends depart o'er distant seas,
Through foreign climes to roam,
And those who tarry dread the roar,
Of Ocean's troubled foam;
While fears the soul's emotions freeze,
Hope's beams of gladness come,
And tells of toils and travels o'er
And sweet return to home.

EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF
PRESERVATION.

I was bound for Liverpool, says an American Captain, in a fine stout ship, of about four hundred tons burden, with a valuable cargo on board, and about ninety thousand dollars in specie. When we were about to sail, the mate informed me that he had shipped two foreigners as seamen, one a native of Guernsey, the other a Frenchman, from Britany. I was pleased however with the appearance of the crew generally, and particularly with the foreigners. They were both stout, able-bodied men and alert and attentive to orders.

The passage commenced auspiciously, and promised to be a speedy one. To my great sorrow and uneasiness, I soon discovered in the foreigners a change of conduct. They became insolent to the mates, appeared frequently under the excitement of liquor, and had evidently acquired an undue influence with the rest of the men. Their inexperience soon became intolerable, and as it was evident that they had brought liquor with them on board, I determined on searching for it. An order to this effect was given to the mates, and they were directed to go about its execution, mildly and firmly, taking my arms with them, but to give every chest berth and locker in the forecastle a thorough examination; and bring aft to the cabin any spirits they might find.

It was not without much anxiety tha:

sent them forward upon this duty. I remained on the quarter deck myself, ready to go to their aid, should it be necessary.— In a few minutes a loud and angry dispute was succeeded by a sharp scuffle around the forecastle companion way. The steward at my call handed my loaded pistols from the cabin, and with them I hastened forward.— The Frenchman had grappled the second mate, who was a mere lad by the throat, thrown him across the heel of the bowsprit and was apparently determined to strangle him. The chief mate was calling for assistance from below, where he was struggling with the Guernsey man. The rest of the crew were indifferent spectators, but rather encouraging the foreigners than otherwise.— I presented a pistol at the head of the Frenchman, and ordered him to release the second mate which he instantly did. I then ordered him into the foretop, and the others who were near into the maintop none to come down until ordered under pain of death.— The steward had by this time brought another pair of pistols with which I armed the second mate, directing him to remain on deck; and went below myself into the forecastle. I found that the chief mate had been slightly wounded in two places, by the knife of his antagonist, who however, ceased to resist as I made my appearance and we immediately secured him in irons.— The search was now made, and a quantity of liquor found and taken to the cabin. The rest of the men were then called down from the tops, and the Frenchman was also put into confinement. I then expostulated at some length with the others upon their conduct, and expressed hopes that I should have no reason for further complaint during the rest of the voyage. This remonstrance I thought had effect as they appeared contrite and promised amendment. They were then dismissed, and order was restored.

The next day the foreigners strongly solicited pardon, with the most solemn promises of future good conduct, and as the rest of the crew joined in their request, I ordered that their irons should be taken off. For several days the duties of the ship were performed to my entire satisfaction; but I could discover in the countenances of the foreigners expressions of deep and rancorous animosity to the chief mate who was a prompt energetic seaman, requiring at all times ready and implicit obedience to his orders.

A week perhaps had passed over in this way, when one night in the mid-watch, all hands were called to shorten sail. Ordinarily upon occasions of this kind, the duty was conducted by the mate; but I now went upon deck myself and gave orders sending him upon the forecastle. The night was dark and squally, but the sea was not high, and the ship was running off about nine knots, with the wind upon the starboard quarter. The weather being very unpromising, the second reef was taken in the fore, and main top-sails, the mizen hauled, and the fore and mizen top-gallant yard sent down. This done one watch was permitted to go below and I prepared to betake myself to my berth again, directing that the mate to whom I wished to give some orders should be sent to me. To my utter astonishment and consternation word was brought me after a short time, that he was nowhere to be found. I hastened upon deck, ordered all hands up again, and questioned every man in the ship upon the subject, but they one and all declared that they had not seen the mate forward. Lanterns were then brought, and every accessible part of the vessel was unavailingly searched. I then in the hearing of the whole crew, expressed my fear that he had fallen overboard, and repaired to the cabin in a state of mental agitation impossible to be described. I could not indeed but entertain strong suspicions that the unfortunate man had met with a violent death.

Feeling a deep sense of forlornness and insecurity, I proceeded to load and deposit in my state room all the fire-arms on board, amounting to several muskets and four pairs of pistols. The steward was faithful mulatto man, who had sailed with me several voyages. To him I communicated my suspicions and directed him constantly to be on the alert; and should any farther difficulty occur with the crew, to repair immediately to my state-room and arm himself. His usual berth was in the steerage, but I directed that he should, on the following morning clear out, and occupy one in the cabin near my own. The second mate occupied a small state-room opening into the passage which led from the steerage into the cabin. I called him from the deck, gave him a pair of loaded pistols, with orders to keep them in his berth; and during his night watches, on deck, never to go forward of the mainmast but to continue as constantly as possible near the cabin companion way and call me upon the slightest occasion. After this I laid down in my bed, ordering that I should be called at four o'clock for the morning watch.

A few minutes only had elapsed before I heard three or four gentle knocks, under the counter of the ship, which is that part of the stern, immediately under the cabin windows. In a minute or two they were distinctly repeated. I arose—opened the cabin windows and called—*The mate answered!*

I gave him the end of a rope to assist him up, and my delighted soul poured forth a flood of gratitude to that Being who had restored him to me uninjured. His story was soon told. He had gone forward upon being ordered by me, after the calling of all hands and had barely reached the forecastle when he was seized by the two foreigners, and before he could utter more than one cry which was drowned in the roaring of the waves and winds was thrown over the bow. He was a powerful man, and an excellent swimmer. The topsails of the ship were clewed down to reef, and her way of course considerably lessened. In an instant he found the end of a rope, which was accidentally towing overboard, within his grasp and this he clung. By a desperate effort, he caught one of the rudder chains, which was very low, and drew himself by it upon the step or jog of the rudder, where he had sufficient presence of mind to remain without calling out, until the light had ceased to shine through the cabin windows, when he concluded that the search for him was over. He then made the signal to me.

No being in the ship besides myself was apprised of his safety; for the gale had increased, and completely drowned the sounds of the knocking, opening of the windows &c., so far as they could reach the quarter-deck, and there was no one in the cabin but ourselves, the steward having retired to his berth, in the steerage. It was at once resolved that the second mate only should be informed of his existence. He immediately betook himself to a large vacant state-room, and for the remainder of the passage, all his wants were attended to by me; even the steward was allowed to enter the cabin as rarely as possible.

Nothing of note occurred during the remainder of the voyage, which was prosperous.

It seemed that the foreigners had only

been actuated by *revenge*, in the violence

they had committed; for nothing further

was attempted by them. In due season we took a pilot in the channel, and in a day or two entered the port of Liverpool. As soon as the proper arrangements were made, we commenced warping the ship into dock, and while engaged in this operation, the *Mate* appeared on deck, went forward, and attended to his duties as usual! A scene now occurred which is beyond description: every feature of it is as vivid in my recollection as though it occurred but yesterday.

The warp dropped from the paralyzed hands of the horror-stricken sailors, and had it not been taken up by some boatmen on board I should have been compelled to anchor again, and procure assistance from the shore. Not a word was uttered: but the two guilty wretches staggered to the main-mast where they remained petrified with horror, until the officer who had been sent for, approached to take them into custody. They then seemed in a measure to be recalled to a sense of their appalling predicament and uttered the most piercing expressions of lamentations and despair.

They were soon tried, capitally convicted,

and executed.

MATRIMONIAL MAXIMS.—Never marry a rich woman without rank, or a lady of rank without riches; the former will taunt you with the poverty you experienced before marriage, and the latter will taunt you with the poverty you feel after.

If you marry one of a number of sisters, you run some risk of being the slave of the whole; and if you marry an only daughter, especially if she be an only child, you are sure to be under the espionage of her waiting-maids, and in nine cases out of every ten, to have a petted and peevish wife into the bargain.

If you mean to be really a domestic man, never marry an ugly woman.

If your wife be seized with a violent fit of kindness, be very careful what promises you make while it lasts.

Never, if you can help it, marry the daughter either of a devotee or a notable; the former will eat you up with black beetles, and the latter will ruin you by downright economy.

If you follow your wife's voluntary advice, you have a chance of doing well; when you ask her for it, it is not half so good.

If you are in business, and cannot get your breakfast early enough, walk out without saying a word, breakfast as heartily as you can at a tavern, and let the bills be sent home to your wife.

If you can live comfortably, always whistle or laugh while your wife is scolding.

If your wife boasts much of her relations praise them, but trust them as little as you can.

If your wife gets into a fury, take yourself off without trying to pacify her.

EXTRACT FROM THE WILL OF AN EARL OF PEMBROKE.—*Imprimis*—For my soul, I confess I have heard very much of souls, but what they are, or whom are, or what they are for, God knows, I know not; they tell me now of another world, where I never was, nor do I know one foot of the way thither. While the King stood, I was of his religion, made my son wear a cossack, and thought to make him a bishop; then came

the Scots and made me a Presbyterian; and since Cromwell entered, I have been an Independent. These, I believe, are the kingdom's three estates, and if any of these can save a soul, I may claim one; therefore if my executors do find I have a soul, I give it to him who gave it to me.

Item.—I give my body, for I cannot keep it to be buried. Do not bury me in the church porch, for I was a Lord, and would not be buried where Colonel Pride was born.

Item.—My will is, that I have no monument, for then I must have epitaphs and verses, and all my life-long I have had too much of them.

Item.—I give all my deer to the Earl of Salisbury, who I know will preserve them, because he denied the King a buck out of his own parks.

Item.—I give nothing to lord Say; which legacy I give to him, because I know he will bestow it on the poor.

Item.—To Tom May I give five shillings: I intended him more; but whoever has seen his History of the parliament thinks five shillings too much.

Item.—I give Lieutenant General Cromwell one word of mine, because hitherto he never kept his own.

Item.—I give up the ghost.—*Concordet cum originali.*

THE CULPRIT'S DOG.—A Historian who lived about the commencement of the Christian era, has transmitted to us a beautiful trait of attachment on the part of a dog towards his master Sulpitius. This man of immense wealth had been condemned to die for an odious crime. Abandoned by his friends, betrayed by his relatives, who were greedy for his fortune, he had no other companion in his imprisonment than his stout and faithful dog.

The conduct of brutes often puts to shame that of a part of mankind. During all his sufferings, and in the awful moment when he needed so much consolation, the criminal saw only the loyal companion of his fate. Of all the parasites that had courted him in prosperity—of all those he had patronised and served—there was none in his dying hour, to tender the hand of consolation.

He was conducted to the place of punishment. As the dog knew not the dreadful fate which awaited his master, he remained quietly near him on the scaffold. But when the poor animal saw his head fall under the axe of the executioner—when he saw it rebound, and the blood streaming on the ground, he became ferocious, and leaping on the executioner would have destroyed him.

Those were times when society saw with compassion the severe punishments imposed for its existence, and not as in the French Revolution, when the populace made light of the murderous sacrifices of virtue, of innocence, and of beauty. The compassionate spectators sympathised with the dog, who thought to avenge his master's fate, and tried to pacify and soothe him, by throwing him morsels of bread. The afflicted creature (almost incredible to relate) turned to the body of his master, tried to introduce these morsels into his mouth, which not being able to do, he put forth the most pitiful moanings.

According to the custom of the Romans in those days, his body was carried to the Tiber, and as they threw it into the stream, the faithful dog leaped in with it; he strove by swimming under it to sustain it above the water, tried to bring it back to the shore and exhausted with fatigue and fidelity sunk with it to the bottom.

MENTAL RESERVATION.—Although the lower orders of the Irish are famous for a species of ready wit, mingling volatility and a rich vein of humour, they are no less marked by a quaintness of expression and mental reservation, calculated to gain time to evade inquiry, or having that brought home to them which they wish to avoid: of this last complexion is Shelah's answer to a Country Magistrate:—“What's gone of your husband Shelah?” “What's gone of him, your Honor's Worship; faith, and he's gone dead.” “Aye, pray what did he die of?”

“Die of your Honour; he died of a Tuesday.” “I don't mean the day, but the complaint?” “Oh! complain your Honour; faith, and its himself did not get time to complain.” “Oh! ho! aye, he died suddenly!” “Rather that way your Worship.”

“Did he fall down in a fit?” (No answer from Shelah.) “He fell down in a fit perhaps?” “A fit, your Honour's Worship; why no, not exactly that—he fell out of a window, or a door, I don't know; what they call it.” “Aye, aye, and he broke his neck?” “No; not quite that your Worship.”

“What then?” “There was a bit of a string or cord, or that like, and—it throttled poor Mick.” “And pray for what did he suffer?” “Suffer, your Worship, (weeping,) faith only for embellishing (embezzelling) a trifle that he taught was his own; but his master said it was not, and so they swore away his precious life, and that's all, for Mick's as innocent as the babe unborn.

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