

SELECTED POETRY.

HOME.

There is a lovely spot of earth
To which we cling with fond delight;
It is the spot which gave us birth,
Where first our eyelids hail'd the light.

There were my infant gambols play'd,
With lightsome heart upon the green;
Not then a hostile world display'd
The woes which chequer life's sad scene.

I little thought my wandering feet
From that dear spot so soon should roam;
My wayward fate alone to meet,
Far, far away from native home.

Far from the friends whose gentle care,
My infant pains did all beguile;
No more I view that home so dear,
No more on me those friends shall smile.

But there's a home for souls oppressed;
And when life's sickly dream is o'er,
Beneath the verdant sod shall rest,
These wandering feet to rove no more.

VERONICA.

The Two Sisters,

A MORAL TALE, FOUNDED ON FACT.
(Continued.)

She wept again but the consoling sentiment of religion tranquilized her a little; a soft sleep stole gently over her senses and kindly hid the horror of her situation of which, though very young, she felt all the danger. The following day, after having offered a fervent prayer to her Creator, she prepared herself to fulfil her dear mother's will. Before setting out, Gabrielle wrote the following lines on a piece of paper, which she left on the table: "Dear mother, we are going to obey you, and we pray God to reunite us shortly with you and our father." Having put on the stays that contained the little treasure, and adjusted their peasant's clothing, they quitted their house, and soon after the immense city of Paris, the scene of endless vices and crimes of every die! They walked on the most part of the day without reposing themselves till growing tired they stopped at a small hamlet, where they found an inn, up to which they made, and on entering called for some refreshments. The hostess looked at them with unusual attention, and surprised to see two such pretty children alone, asked them whence they came and where they were going—and why they were alone? We have lost our parents, replied Gabrielle, and we are returning to our own village, where we hope to find an asylum and a protector. And where is your village? In Touraine. In Touraine, my children! are you going alone, on foot? do you know it is nearly a hundred miles? We have no body to take care of us, and unless we find a return chaise or cart now and then, that will cost us but little money, we shall not be able to get forward in any other manner. And how much money have you got? Is it enough to support you by the way? Oh yes, if we are careful. Very well, how much is it? Two notes of an hundred sols, said Gabrielle, blushing, for she was telling an untruth; and although her mother had ordered her not to say she had any more, she felt it would have been better to have said nothing. Do you know the road? said the hostess. No, but we will ask our way—Poor children, added she, how I pity them—but stop—let me see, the carrier from Orleans puts up here, he comes in to night; and I am sure with my recommendation he will not refuse to take you as far as he goes; you may then find another that will perhaps take you to Tours; he is a

very worthy honest man, and I have known him these ten years; I will speak to him for you, make yourselves easy. Gabrielle thanked her for her great kindness, and the hostess having served them up a simple dinner, advised them to go and repose themselves in the barn till the evening saying she would let them know when master Thomas, the carrier, came. Gabrielle thanked her again, and taking her sister by the hand, they followed the servant, who conducted them to the stable, where they found some clean straw. What, said Augustine to her sister, when the servant was gone, must we sleep on straw? We must indeed, my dear Augustine. But, Gabrielle, we can have a bed. Yes, my dear, but we must pay for it. Well, have we not money enough? Yes, two bills of an hundred sols that we have shown the hostess; if we make her suspect that we have any more about us she will think that we have deceived her, and perhaps will have us taken up; they will separate us, and when our parents return to the cavern, they will not find us there; add to this, we shall disobey our dear mother, who strictly commanded us to appear as poor as possible. Ah! my sister, replied Augustine, weeping, pray do not say any more about being separated; I will mind what mama and you say. I will sleep always on straw, if it be necessary; I will not complain any more. At this moment a servant entered, they feigned sleeping, and fatigue soon realized their wishes.

At nine o'clock, the hostess awoke them, to come and speak to the carrier, who was a man about fifty years of age; his appearance, although a little blunt in his manner, announced, nevertheless, the goodness of his heart. "Well young ones, what's the matter with ye?" said he; "your father and mother's dead, they say—why do you cry? if they were good people they are happy, you must try and resemble them; but don't grieve;—let me see—where are you going to—To Tours, sir—To Tours. Very near it sir. Ha! but I go no further than Orleans that's just half the way; though I think my wife may assist in getting some one to take you the other half, whilst I return; will you be good girls if I take you up in my cart—Oh yes I can answer for it, said the hostess, and you will do a good action, Master Thomas. A good action, said Thomas, ha, that will, I was left out on the wide world myself without any body to take care of me, but thank God! never wanted bread; and where the dickens should I have been, if some good heart hadn't pitied me—Besides you know Miss Le Blanc, that we should always do as we wish to be done by; I have three children myself, and if it was to please God to take me and Mary, (his wife) shouldn't I wish some charitable soul would take pity on them—Now my little good girls, said he, to Gabrielle and Augustine, we have settled the matter, you must be ready to start with me to-morrow morning at four o'clock. The hostess served up their supper and then sent them back to the stable—Before we retire, said Gabrielle, presenting one of the notes, I beg you madam to pay

yourself our expenses out of this. No, no, my children, keep your money; you may want it elsewhere; here the rich pay the poor, so I shall add too instead of diminishing, your little stock of money; take this thirty sous piece and pray to God for the landlady of the sign of the Two Doves. Gabrielle, blushing refused it—The hostess surprized, looked steadfastly at her and after a short pause said you are a very extraordinary child; why do you refuse it; is it pride makes you do it? Your behaviour, as well as your speech, makes me think you are above what your apparel announces you to be; who were your parents? At this instant a carriage entered the yard, and the new guests so took up Miss Le Blanc's time and attention, that Gabrielle and her sister fortunately retired without any more embarrassing interrogations.

At four o'clock next morning, honest Thomas called them up, and set forward for Orleans: on the road he took care to provide them with good though simple repasts, and clean straw for their beds wherever they put up. In three days they arrived at Orleans when Thomas took them to his wife, to whom he told what he knew of their history. They are two little girls, continued he, neither too fond of talking, nor pert, but fear God as they ought to do; and I promise them if they'll continue to behave themselves, they will one day be rich and happy. When that shall happen, good Thomas said Gabrielle, I promise you I will remember your kindness to us.—Yes, yes, my girl; but I'll lay a wager that you'll forget your promise; rich people have other fish to fry than to think of the poor: besides, you know there are balls and routs, and visiting, and gambling, and such like—zounds do you think that they'd leave such places to gad about the country looking for lame, and blind and naked and starved people like myself? No, indeed, they've something else to do as I said before; and for my part, I think if the poor would be a little more industrious they'd have less occasion to ask the assistance of the rich. Ah! but good Thomas, you seem to be angry with the rich; have they ever neglected you after you had served them? Why as to that, replied Thomas, we'll say no more about it: I only know that they often expect gratitude from the poor, and forget to return it themselves where it is due. But good master Thomas, I think no situation in life should make us dispense with gratitude. Well then, I assure you, good Thomas, that poor or rich, I shall always remember your kindness. Well, well, let's say no more about it—here Mary, calling to his wife, is supper ready? Mary made no answer; but in an instant the supper was on the table, and Gabrielle and her sister partook of an wholesome repast with honest Thomas and his wife.

Thomas's three children slept together, and our little travellers had one of their beds to themselves. Next day, when Mary had got the breakfast ready, she went out to inform herself whether there were any boats or carriages returning to Tours. During her absence, Gabrielle offered

to pay master Thomas what expenses they had put him to on the road, as he had paid them all out of his own pocket; she presented to him one of the hundred sols bills telling him to take what he thought proper; which he refused, alledging as a reason, that the hostess of the Two Doves had ordered him to defray the expenses himself; I shall settle with her, added he, and the pleasure of being serviceable to you will pay me ten times over for what you call my trouble.

Gabrielle, affected, thanked him with emotions of sensibility, for his great kindness to her and sister, and requested that he would at least favor her with his address, in hopes of repaying him some day or other. When you get rich, I suppose, added he smiling. Why not? There are few things impossible. No, and I wish thee rich with all my heart; but the chance of it is, that people that get fortunes are generally prouder and more haughty than them that are born rich: the first are ashamed of their former poverty, and very often ashamed of their parents. The only thing that seldom makes them blush, is the very thing that ought to make them do it, the villainy and baseness by which they often get their riches.

(To be Continued.)

RAN AWAY

FROM the subscriber on the 3d inst. a Negro Boy named JORDAN.

He is 19 years of age, five feet 8 or 9 inches high, of a bright mulatto color. He speaks quick and plain when spoken to, but with a down look when questioned. He took away with him a rifle gun, brass mounted, and bullet moles; also, sundry articles of clothing, viz. a deep blue broad cloth coat, and blue jean suit, five pair of pantaloons, white jeans, yellow nankeen, brown linen, domestic checks, and several white domestic shirts, one cambric ruffled; several vests not particularly recollected. It is believed he will make for Vincennes, or up the Illinois river. I will give fifteen dollars reward for the apprehension of said negro, and giving me information so that I may get him, if taken in the state of Missouri; thirty dollars if taken within the state of Illinois; and fifty dollars if taken up within the state of Indiana together with all reasonable expenses, and information given as above. St. Charles county, state of Missouri, Oct. 5, 1821. DANIEL GRIFFITH.

N. B. He has with him a butcher knife, with a brass handle with horn let in.

\$50 REWARD

RAN AWAY from Shelby county, Plumb creek, Ky. on the 12th inst. a bright mulatto man by the name of NED,

about 32 years of age, about 5 feet 9 or 10 inches high, very straight made, and rather raw boned, one of his fingers next to his little one is disfigured and a little twisted towards the end, he has also a small sore on the back of his head, and a mole between his eyes on the nose; he carried off with him a blue grounded check factory coat, and a white pair of pantaloons, and yellow nankeen pair; it may be well to recollect that this man is very fair, and at a short distance might not be known from a white man, but when his hat is off it shows him more particularly; he has fierce, keen, black eyes, and very little beard or whiskers. He stole from me at the same time a dark bay horse, about 14½ hands high, 8 or 9 years old, has a small star and snip, and on his withers two small scars where he was burnt for the fistelaw, the tip end of his left ear is off and is a very good work horse. This fellow was seen in the neighbourhood of Peola, Ind.—I will give forty dollars to any person who will secure the fellow in any jail so that I get him, or fifty dollars for the fellow and horse.

STILWEL HEADY.

August 20th, 1821.—30—3m*

A few copies of the CONSTITUTION of Indiana, for sale at the Sun office.