

SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE BERMDA GAZETTE.

Varied circumstance about our Globe, and its inhabitants.

Each day 'tis freezing, thawing, hailing, snowing,
Raining, thundering, lightning, calm and blowing;

The sun illumines one half each moment's space,
While darkness follows swift and fills its place;

Each part therefore partakes its share of light,
The poles per annum have one day and night.

While Northern climes are sowing seed in spring,
The Southern ones are gathering harvest in;

When summer's heat almost consumes the first,
The latter are almost benum'd with frost.

Phœbus is always rising, something setting—
Some going to rest, whilst others up are getting.

Each day makes many widows, many wives;
Each day earth losses eighty thousand lives,
While infants cry at the first dawn of light,
Old age is crying for the loss of sight;
The former looking for the bliss before,
The latter retrospectively deplore;

Each says in turn, though earth is richly blest,
Look upward man, for this is not your rest;

There's none but him who doth the whole control,
Is capable to fill the spacious soul;
In him confide, to him your trouble tell,
And soon you'll find that he doth all things well.

The Two Sisters.

A MORAL TALE FOUNDED ON FACT.

(Continued.)

They had been about three months in the cavern, and as they were going one snowy morning to town, they perceived a poor woman lying in the snow at a little distance from the stone quarry, apparently senseless with intense cold. The two sisters did all they could to restore her, but without success. Gabrielle then requested her sister to stop by the poor creature whilst she returned to the cavern, whence she soon came back with some bread and wine, and a bottle of spirits of salts, which soon restored the poor woman to her senses; when she began to revive, Gabrielle administered a little wine, which so far recovered her, that heaving a deep sigh, she called out in the greatest agony of mind, "Oh my dear children, what will become of you?" "Where are the children?" said Augustine. "Alas! they are not far off; they are among yon rocks, dying with cold and hunger." "Make yourself easy, good woman," said Gabrielle, "trust to us; my sister and I will conduct you home." The poor woman got up with great difficulty, but assisted by the two sisters, she endeavored to reach her habitation; she told them weeping, that her husband had died after a long and severe illness about a month before, and that during his sickness she had been obliged to sell her own, and her children's clothes, the very bed from under them to support themselves; that she had hired a small farm consisting of a cottage with a vineyard and garden, on the summit of these mountains, the year before, hoping to be able to pay the rent until things should come round from a debt which was owing to her husband; but that his debtors had died insolvent, and the persons of whom he had hired the farm having no other means of subsistence than its rent, pressed her very hard for it, as it was now over due. "I went this morning," continued she, "about six miles, to a lady's where I lived before I was married; but she is unfortunately arrested and in prison. My children having had scarcely any thing these six

days, I was reduced on my return to the painful extremity of asking charity of some persons whom I met in a post chaise; but in holding out my hands the horses being spirited, frightened and the wheel threw me with such violence to the ground, that I have lain there till you found me in a state of insensibility."

At the melancholy recital tears of compassion gushed from the eyes of the two sisters, which were greatly increased when entering the unfortunate woman's habitation they beheld nine children upon the ground, naked and almost dying with cold and hunger; Gabrielle instantly divided amongst them what bread and wine she had left; she making a sign to her sister, they both disappeared in an instant, and returned in a little time with some bread and meat, and whatever provision they could find. This was a happy day for the Two Sisters, for they had the pleasure of drying up the tears of an unfortunate family! "What is the amount of your debt?" said Gabrielle. "Thirty crowns for our farm, and ten to the baker who will no longer serve us with bread," replied the poor woman. "I have only ten crowns by me now," said Gabrielle, presenting them to her, "go and buy you some fuel and food to comfort your family, and trust in God; he will protect you." How should I not trust in God!" said the poor woman, melting in tears, "since he has sent me two angels, such as you are, my generous young ladies; may he bless and preserve you."

"My sister and I thank you kindly, but before we go, pray to tell us your name."

"My name is Margaret Dubou at your service, Miss." "Well, Margaret, we shall come again soon to see you; in the mean time repose yourself as comfortable and as easy as possible; adieu! good Margaret;" whereupon they left her with that joy, that inexpressible happiness we always feel, after having done a good action. "How fortunate are we!" said Gabrielle on re-entering the cavern "we want nothing, we have even more than we can make use of, and these poor children were starving for want, in this cold weather too! how wretched they looked; I think I see them yet!"

"Yes! it was fortunate that we went out this afternoon," said Augustine, "poor little creatures! they have now got some bread, and I am sure they will eat it with a good appetite." They have their mother with them, added Gabrielle, sighing. Augustine threw her arms around her sister's neck; do not grieve, said she, God will send us our dear mamma again, and my dear papa too; I am sure they will not be angry with us for what we have done for poor Margaret. "Surely not my dear Augustine! to assist the unfortunate was a precept your mamma always practised; how often has she taken me with her, to the cottages of the poor and indigent, whom she assisted! and how often have I seen her shed tears of compassion for their miseries! whilst they blessed her a thousand times. I intend to add a bill of two hundred livers to what I have already given her to-day, which will suffice, I think, to save her and her

family from misery and despair; and to pay her debts besides, after which she will have enough to subsist on, until she can find work to maintain herself and poor little children. Shall we go and see her to-morrow, interrupted Augustine. Yes, my dear, and we will go early too, that she may pay her own debts directly; since we can save her from further wretchedness, let us do it without losing a moment; but it is too late to return there to-night; besides, she could do nothing if we did; so let us be thankful to God, for his bounty in giving us the means of doing a good action, and to-morrow we will rise with the dawn.

They passed the night in the sweetest sleep imaginable, for they dreamt that they saw their dear parents, who embraced them with the greatest tenderness, and in the morning they awoke with the hope of soon seeing the soft illusion realized. They rose with the day, and went out with lighter hearts towards the habitation of poor Margaret, which might have been well called a cavern also, for it was composed of three rooms hollowed out of a solid rock, by the hand of nature; the entrance to it was almost choked up by the branches of trees and vines, which covered the whole summit of the mountain. The morning was intensely cold; a cutting wind whistled through the holes of the rock; the thick falling snow dimmed the air, and made the sun look wan and languishing; all nature seemed lifeless; whilst the two sisters were struggling against the difficulties of a trackless path, and all the horrors of a winter's morning, to relieve a hapless family, naked without a bed to lie on, and almost perishing for want.

But they providentially reached Margaret's habitation in safety; the door was on the latch which they opened as softly as possible, and stepped gently into the second room, where they heard Margaret in the third, at prayers with all her family; they placed themselves in a corner unperceived, and waited till the prayers should be over. My children, said Margaret, we must return God thanks for the succor he has sent us by the hands of those two young ladies; we must pray him to bless them and preserve their mother, as he has preserved yours. The two sisters, on hearing this, fell on their knees, and joined in prayer with the poor family. Margaret having finished, passed into the second room, where she discovered them still on their knees.—Oh! exclaimed she, are you come! come then my dear misses, and enjoy our happiness and gratitude for the greatest of favors; the bread my children and myself are eating we are indebted to you for. No, replied Gabrielle, God made use of us to succor you in the time of need and it is to him only you ought to be grateful. But I am come to talk with you about your concerns; what do you think of doing, Margaret? Alas! Miss, I do not know what to do. I think I will give up possession of the farm to our landlord, and beg him to let us have the cottage during this winter to live in; I am going to pay the baker with what you had the goodness to give me; I hope he will not refuse to trust me again, until I can

get something to do for myself and my two eldest daughters; they are good girls, and know well how to hoe and to weed, and I dare say the farmers will employ them when they can; unfortunately the season is so severe that there is not a blade of grass to be seen in the fields so that the cattle seldom go out, and we have but little chance of getting any thing to do yet. Well then, said Gabrielle, offering her the bill of two hundred livers, take this, pay your landlord and keep your farm, the production of which will maintain you comfortably; pay your baker also, and with the remainder buy a bed, with some fuel, and a little better clothing for yourself and children. Poor Margaret stood motionless with astonishment; but all at once calling the children around her, she said, throw yourselves with me, at the feet of these angels, who yesterday preserved your mothers life and gave you bread; and to-day take from you the most fearful distress to put you in possession of your inheritance! My God! exclaimed she, may you bless these sweet creatures! bless their parents! Rise Margaret, interrupted Gabrielle, in tears of tenderness; it is to God alone you must return thanks; I am but an instrument in his hands. Yes, Miss, I will pray to him all the days of my life to bless you. And you will pray for papa and mamma too, said Augustine, wiping away the tears that flowed down her cheeks. Where are they? Let me fall at their feet and thank them said Margaret. Do, my young protectresses, tell me your names, that I may engrave them on the hearts of my children, as they are already engraven on mine. A moment, if you please, replied Gabrielle. I have something to say to you; what we have done for you is but trifling; and if you think us entitled to your gratitude, the only proof I ask or desire from you is never to question either of us concerning our parents, our names or our residence; and above all things never to speak to any one of the happiness we have had in being of service to you. Weighty reasons oblige me to be silent at present; hereafter I will make myself known to you if I may be permitted to do it. I think I understand you, my dear Miss; you are one of those unfortunates whom the present government has proscribed; you are some of the nobility; may heaven protect and guard you! do not expose yourselves out but keep as close as possible; I will risk my life to save you from the least danger—I intreat you to make use of me if I can be of the least service to you. We are poor and know hardly any body; so I need not tell you we are always alone.—Employ me with confidence; my attention shall be as boundless as my gratitude, which assures you of the greatest secrecy in whatever you desire. I thank you said Gabrielle, but my sister and myself cannot take the advantage of the kind offer you make us, though we believe you perfectly sincere, but we will often come and see you.

(To be Continued.)

BEEES WAX WANTED.

THE subscriber will pay the highest market price in cash for Bees-wax.
DENNIE SAYRE.
Vincennes 11th Aug. 1821.—28-6m.

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