

SELECTED POETRY.

ODE.—BY SAMUEL WDSWORTH.

Sung at the examination of the Pupils at the School at New York, for educating the Deaf and Dumb.
The hills which call for Pity's tear,
Were all in melody given,
The fatter'd tongue—obscured ear,
And every woe we suffer here,
Invites us back to Heaven.

But He who binds the bleeding heart,
By sorrow's tempest risen,
Whose kindness dries the tears that start,
Performs a man's—in angel's part,
And aids the plan of Heaven.

Then see the tear, from misery's cheek,
By love and genius driven!
Be told they gain the end they seek!
For Deaf can hear—the Dumb can speak,
And praise approach Heaven.

And now a bright and glorious morn
Succeeds the dusky even,
The daz'd soul, but newly born,
In wonder lost, sits hush'd down,
And hails the hour of Heaven.

The Two Sisters.

A MORAL TALK, FOUND ON FACT.
(Continued.)

The Two Sisters looked at one another with astonishment; their uncle's last words seemed so significant that they could not help weeping for joy though they feared to give themselves up to sanguine hopes as what fell from him was by no means conclusive concerning their parents' return; in short, they bewildered themselves in conjectures. Mrs. de Belmont would not call their attention to so interesting a subject; but sat silently in an embrace, with a window contemplating with the most lively concern the final love of her two young friends. In this conjuncture M. d'Angene re-entered, followed by Eugene; they both proposed making a party at music; and without waiting the ladies reply, Eugene went a full fretted Gabrielle and Mrs. de Belmont's harps; he presented his uncle with a violin took a flute himself, and the Two Sisters were obliged to play, though they would have preferred their private conversation. The party did not break up till midnight when M. d'Angene tenderly embraced his nieces and retired; Eugene & Mrs. de Belmont had a long dissertation on music, in which Gabrielle said but little; Augustine was pensive, and perhaps less gay than ordinary; and each of them retired to her apartment without being able to give a satisfactory account to herself of this inconceivable day. Next morning when Gabrielle had risen, she heard the church bells strike out a merry peal; it was the first time she had heard them ring for 7 years, as religion was abolished in France during the reign of Robespierre; its sacred songs were converted into temples dedicated to the immortality of the soul; which bore the following inscription: "The French people acknowledge the immortality of the soul—liberty—equality or death." The forms of prayers were also changed, and instead of the sign of the cross given by priests in the primary schools, as a pledge of faith and test of truth, the word was in the name of Marat, and of Pader St. Eugene; to practise any other religion than this was punished with death. Gabrielle was then surprised to hear the ringing of bells. But M. d'Angene told her the people were rejoicing; for this was the anniversary of the day he had the happiness to find her in the cavern. After breakfast he called them, with Eugene & Mrs. de Belmont, to church, that they might return thanks to the

Supreme Being for his divine protection; they sang a solemn te-deum for the particular marks of his grace; after which the whole family returned to the carriage. & M. d'Angene said to the coachman—"Drive to the cavern."—The carriage, instead of making towards the lime kilns made for the thickest part of the forest—"Truly, sir, (said Gabrielle) the coachman must be mistaken; we must be beyond the lime kilns." At the same instant they entered a beautiful avenue, at the extremity of which they perceived a very handsome house built on the rock. They descended from the carriage; M. d'Angene enjoying the astonishment of his nieces, asked them "if they knew the cavern again?" "No, uncle" replied they with one voice; he then led them into the interior of the house, where they recognized the apartments they used to inhabit, but very little altered in their arrangements except the doors, windows and chimnies. The apartments on the 2nd floor, that is to say, those which had been lately built over the others were simple and elegant, and offered the most beautiful view imaginable. M. d'Angene now led them to the rotunda, which was furnished exactly as it was the day he found them there, excepting a large picture covered over with green talatas—M. d'Angene lifted it up, and addressing himself to Mrs. de Belmont, "this is (said he) a work of Eugene's, which I think, will give you pleasure." It represented Gabrielle & Augustine grouped in the attitude he first saw them one playing the harp, and the other the piano, and the p.t of roses placed betwixt them; the resemblance was perfect. Mrs. de Belmont bestowed on the picture its well deserved praise & M. d'Angene added, "it has so much the more merit, as my nephew did it entirely from memory." Ah! sir, exclaimed the young man, there are impressions so forcible as never to be forgotten." Gabrielle, much affected, turned her eyes from the picture, and looking at Eugene, withdrew from the rotunda. Instead of the gloomy passage that formerly led to the stone quarry, they found themselves beneath an arbor interwoven with jessamine, honey-suckle and roses; at the end of the arbor was a grove which touched the forest on one side, and the other crowned a hill covered with vines—at the foot of the hill, a charming vale, bounded by a vast meadow that was bathed by the Loire, and at a distance a fertile country opened at a view, one of the most agreeable perspectives that nature in all her splendor could produce. M. d'Angene invited his nieces into the thicket, under pretext that the heat was excessive, and soon they discovered a little temple, whose architecture was as simple as elegant; eight columns of white marble supported the edifice. It bore an inscription: *Filial love & affection.* Gabrielle, by her uncle's desire, knocked at the door of the temple, when a soft harmony was heard, and a melodious voice sang the following words:

*But thy tears desist from flowing,
Away with care and all her train;
Soon thy heart in rapture glows,
Shall thy wish pleasure and of pain.*

The voice ceased & several young people, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, the men in agruc with pink ribbons, and the girls

in white came from different parts of the thicket, each crowned a vase of flowers which she placed on the pedestal of the temple—Two beautiful little girls crowned the Sisters with a garland of roses, repeating—

*Now your joys are but beginning,
Hark! we hear the whistling wind,
On its gentlest fancies, bringing
News, will ease your longing minds*

Augustine transported with joy, embraced her uncle, her sister, & Mrs. de Belmont; she leaped, laughed, and wept by turns. Gabrielle, standing between her uncle and cousin, pressed the hand of the former to her lips, and the tears of gratitude flowed down her cheeks in torrents—a thousand confused ideas crossed her mind; she was too much affected to express the sentiments that agitated her. "Follow the advice of the oracle, (said M. d'Angene to her)

*Let thy heart dilate in joy,
For God protects thee as his own.*

But let us quit the thicket, or retire, since it agitates you so much; here is a pasture, we will amuse ourselves till you are more tranquil." An orb similar to the former led them to a grotto lined with moss; in the middle of the grotto was the pretty fountain whose borders were as before or named with flowers; by an opening artfully contrived, its waters instead of losing themselves under the rock, meandered thro' the parterre and gardens. No alteration had taken place in the cascade, nor in the basin; but the murmuring of the first was mixt with the warbling of numberless birds that flew about in a beautiful pavilion of verdure, above the fountain. The ascent to the pavilion was by a flight of steps cut in the rock, and hidden by one of the columns of the fountain. From this you might behold the immense forest of Roseville, with fertile hills and beautiful avenues, a chain of rocks covered with vines, and the most delicious fruits of the earth. The city of Tours layed by the Loire, pleasing slopes, with flocks and cottages without number. The harvest was beginning every thing bore an air of abundance, and offered the most delightful picture of rural pleasures.

On quitting the pavilion, they entered an extensive and well cultivated kitchen and fruit garden; master Thomas's son, who was the gardener, shewed them thro' the different hot and green houses where a number of orange trees, choice shrubs and fruits, grew in great luxuriance. From the garden, they passed on to a pretty farm, situated where the lime kilns used to stand. The part of the cavern formerly inhabited was now converted into granaries, coach and cart houses, with stables, &c. near which was an excellent wine press. Margaret and her 9 children, all in new clothes, came from the farm & M. d'Angene presented her as the superintendent and guardian of the rock—"May God bless you, and make you as happy as I am myself, my dear young misses!" said the good woman. "I shall then be contented." Mrs. de Belmont asked, why so many tables were set out in the farm and about the court. "For the shepherds and shepherdesses, (said M. d'Angene) who are tenants of Roseville, but a propos I think, ladies, you must be fatigued and want repose; as well as refreshment yourselves."

They now returned to the

house, where an excellent dinner was provided for them, the party was rather silent, yet very agreeable; M. d'Angene enjoyed the surprise he had occasioned his nieces, although he appeared rather restless and absent. Mrs. de Belmont and Augustine were both in the most charming humor possible, and appeared delighted with every thing. Gabrielle eat but little spoke less; she smiled when her uncle looked at her, and was half determined to question him again about her parents, but she could not prevail on herself to begin. Eugene did his utmost to partake of Augustine's joy, whilst he sought to soothe her lovely sister into gaiety; he would frequently repeat the words of the oracle to her, looking now and then at his watch. When they had dined, he withdrew and mounted his horse, promising to return soon; every body looks so serious," said he smiling, "that I must go and see if I cannot find you better company." "Thank you, sir!" said Mrs. de Belmont. "I ask your pardon, madame, I should have said, a company more gay, or at least one more agreeable to my cousin Gabrielle, who hardly says a word"—on which he quitted the room. A short time after his departure, Gabrielle and Augustine, happening to approach the window, saw the garden illuminated; the house and the avenue were decorated with variegated lamps forming the cyphers A. G. R.—All on a sudden several rockets rushed into the clouds from the middle of the forest, and the cry of "Long live the Count and Countess" resounded from all parts; Gabrielle and Augustine, much affected, asked their uncle the reason of so much rejoicing? "Every thing must announce to you," said he, "the greatest of all happiness—your parents." "Our parents!" exclaimed the Two Sisters; "do they live?" "Yes, my dear children, and you will see them again presently." The cries of "Long live the Count, long live the Countess," redoubled and a carriage approached. "I am contented! kiss me my dear nieces," exclaimed M. d'Angene, "where comes your father and mother?" Gabrielle and Augustine leaped towards their parents, and fainted at their feet; as they were adighting, they did not even hear the last words of their uncle, when they were restored again, they found themselves in their father's and mother's arms, who kissed them a thousand times, and bathed them in the tears of affection. "O my mother! O my father! My children! My brother!"—such were the cry words that were to be heard, from every one. Mrs. de Belmont, her eyes overflowed in tears, contemplated this scene of happiness with the tenderest emotions, and secretly admired the miraculous dispensations of Providence, in bringing about divine justice, and rewarding the exercise of virtue. When the first effusions of joy so uncommon, were a little calmed, M. d'Angene presented Mrs. de Belmont to his brother and sister, as the friends of his nieces, and as a lady who had filled their places with the young ladies. With respect to Eugene, he was already known to the Count and Countess. Augustine entwined in her mother's arms, tenderly reproached her uncle for having kept her in the dark respecting the existence of two persons so dear to her, and for whom she daily shed tears. "I was a fraud," replied he, "my dear child, to encourage hopes in you I cared not to retain myself in the uncertainty I received of my father was so vague and uncertain, that it would have been improper to communicate it to you. This was the cause of Eugene's absence, and when he returned with more positive proof, I would say with a letter from my brother, I was still bound to secrecy by your father's particular request, who wished to surprise you in order to enjoy the first transports of your love. I have kept the secret as well as I could, until the moment was preceded his arrival; yet I trembled, lest the sudden shock of such an emotion should prove fatal to you; and indeed I have endeavored to prepare you the while of this day for your identity; your anxiety on hearing the name of your parents, the rockets that I ordered to be let off as a signal when the carriage should be perceived, my own apprehensions, every thing too, I am betrayed the secret, and it is I, my brother to pardon me for it; it is not you little child, you ought rather to thank me for the unexpected find, you now enjoy. And then, my dear Gabrielle, art thou angry with me for this? Dost thou too feel thyself surprised to quarrel with me?" "No, dear uncle, I am too happy to think of it."

(To be concluded in our next.)