

Poetry.

FROM THE FREDERICKSBURG HERALD.

THE SHIP IN A STORM.

As the wintry gale harder is blowing,
In gloom the sun sinking away;
As the wild billow darker is glowing,
And brighter the flash of its spray—
See the ship, her reefed topsails descending,

SONG.

A la mode of Moore's Anacreon.

Nature with swiftness armed the horse,
She gave the royal lion force,
His destin'd prey to seize on;
To guide the swiftness of the horse,

Literary Extracts, &c.

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavor.

DR. JOHNSON.

Every little event in the life of a distinguished individual is interesting, and the recollection of it should be preserved: for although to a mere reader they may be valued only on account of their being associated with the object of his admiration, and not because they help to fill out the character—yet to the philosophic mind, to him who dives beyond the surface, and searches into the deep mysteries of that wonderful creature, man—they are really important, as they serve as guides in the mazy paths which he is pursuing.

gentle, and ingenious Miss Harry: she was consequently led into a serious defence of her opinions. But without any design to make a proselyte, she gained one. Jenny Harry became a convert to quakerism. Upon this being known, several clergymen were employed to reason her out of her belief; but in vain.

FROM THE (LONDON) GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE. INTERESTING DIALOGUE.

Mrs. K. Thy friend Jane Harry desires her kind respects to thee, Doctor. Dr. J. To me!—tell me not of her—I hate the odious wench for her apostacy; and it is you, madam, who have seduced her from the Christian Religion. Mrs. K. This is a heavy charge indeed. I must beg leave to be heard in my own defence; and I treat the attention of the present learned and candid company, desiring they will judge how far I am able to clear myself of so cruel an accusation.

Mrs. K. This severe retort, Doctor, induces me charitably to hope, that thou must be totally unacquainted with the principles of the people against whom thou art so exceedingly prejudiced, and that thou supposest us a set of Infidels or Deists. Dr. J. Certainly I do think you little better than Deists. Mrs. K. This is indeed strange; 'tis passing strange that a man of such universal reading and research has not thought it at least expedient to look into the cause of dissent of a society so long established, and so conspicuously singular. Dr. J. Not I, indeed! I have not read your Barclay's Apology; and for this plain reason—I never thought it worth my while. You are upstart sectaries, perhaps the best subdued by a silent contempt.

of paper, and tremblingly put them into his hand. The two ladies returned to their carriage and passed on. Milton's fellow students, who were seeking for him, observed this scene at a distance, without knowing it to be him who was sleeping: on approaching, knowing their associate, they waked him and told him what had passed; he opened the paper which was put in his hand, and read, to his great astonishment, these lines from Guarini: Ocelli, stelle mortali; Ministri de mici mali, Se chiusi m' uccedite, Apperti che faretes? Which may be translated thus—"Beautiful eyes, mortal stars, authors of my misfortunes! If ye wound me being closed, what would ye do, if open?"

poor and diseased, if virtuous, will there receive retribution for all the miseries and ill-treatment which they have undeservedly suffered. In order to accommodate the parable to this interpretation, they have constantly painted the character of Dives in the blackest, and that of Lazarus in the brightest colours; for which there is not the least foundation in the parable itself, as there is not one word said of the criminality of the one, or the merits of the other; Abraham, in his answer to the rich man, does not bid him to remember, that he acquired his wealth by fraud or rapine, or that he expended it in profligacy or oppression; and that, therefore, he ought not to complain of punishment which he had so justly deserved.