

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,
The hoarse boatswain piping aloud,
While the seamen to furl them, ascending,
Hang over the surge from the shroud!
List again to that proud boatswain piping!
The "word" is from him who controls;
And the men the top-rigging are striking,
To ease her, aloft, as she rolls.

But the waves howl in mountains around her,
As if their whole wrath they would rouse;
She is heavily pitching—she'll founder—
"Cast the guns overboard from the bows!"

Yet the storm still its fury increases;
She rolls gunwale to, as it raves—
Oh! her mizzen is shatter'd to pieces,
She drifts at the will of the waves!

Heavy toils have her crew been harassing;
Yet what are that crew's feelings now?
For the word fore and aft they are passing
Of "breakers, ho! broad on the bow!"

Then, at once, from a sight so appalling,
The stoutest heart shrinks in dismay;
Some on one—some on others are calling—
The chaplain comes forward, to pray.

And he says, "I would not be down-hearted,
My lads! though the wild billows rave;
It is true, for this world we are parted,
Yet He who can sink us—can save!"

"Set the jib!" cries the chief—and then piping,
The boatswain blows proud as before;
While in hope is each bosom delighting—
The wind's blowing right from the shore.

Now the tempest lies dead on the ocean;
No more roll in mountains the waves;
And the mariner kneels in devotion,
To Him who can sink—and who saves!

SEDLAY.

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,
To tame the royal lion's force,
She gifted man with reason.

Poor woman! what
Was then thy lot?
Submission, truth, and duty—
Our gifts were small,
To balance all,
Some God invented Beauty.

For empire reason made a stand,
But long has beauty's conquering hand
In due subjection kept her.

To rule the world let reason boast,
She only fills a viceroy's post,
'Tis Beauty holds the sceptre!

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. Dr. Johnson, from the elevated rank which he held in the literary world, from the vastness of his intellect, and the variety and the value of his productions, not only compels us to admire, but to reverence him; and every circumstance at all connected with him, at once increases in interest and swells into importance. And few eminent persons, probably, have had their minutest transactions, the most trivial events and actions of their lives, good, bad, wise or foolish, so fully recorded. For this the literary world is indebted to Boswell.

The interesting dialogue below, between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Knowles, which took place at a literary dinner party, is mentioned by Mr. Boswell, and passed over very slightly. This is somewhat singular; as, at his own request, Miss Seward, (who was one of the party,) afterwards sent him the dialogue, notes of which she took at the time. That furnished by Miss Seward, differs in some respects, (though not materially,) from the one in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which we have copied; and the latter is more lengthy. Mrs. Knowles is an American, a native of Philadelphia, and was married to an English physician. The history of Jane Harry, for whom Mrs. Knowles pled so ably, and so triumphantly, too, is given by Miss Seward in her letter to Mr. Boswell: it is short, simple, and affecting. She was the daughter of a rich planter in the West-Indies; he sent her over to England to be educated, and placed her in the house of a friend, at which Mrs. Knowles was a visitor. He affected wit, (says Miss Seward,) and was perpetually abusing Mrs. Knowles on the subject of her religious principles, in the presence of the young,

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. At last her father told her she might choose between one hundred thousand pounds, and his favor, if she continued a church woman, or two thousand pounds, and his renunciation, if she embraced the quaker tenets. She chose the latter. Dr. Johnson had previously been fond of her; but on the change of her religious principles, he became highly displeased, and would not even speak to her. At this she was much affected and requested Mrs. Knowles to plead for her; she did; and "the mighty lion was never so chafed before!"

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

Between Dr. Samuel Johnson and Mrs. Mary Knowles.

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 apostasy; 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.

Dr. J. (much disturbed at this unexpected challenge said.) You are a woman, and I give you quarter.

Mrs. K. I will not take quarter. There is no sex in souls; and in the present cause I fear not even Dr. Johnson himself.

("Bravo!" was repeated by the company, and silence ensued.)

Dr. J. Well, then, madam, I persist in my charge that you have seduced Miss H. from the Christian Religion.

Mrs. K. If thou really knewest what were the principles of the Friends, thou wouldst not say she had departed from Christianity. But, waving that discussion for the present, I will take the liberty to observe that she had an undoubted right to examine and to change her educational tenets whenever she supposed she had found them erroneous; as an accountable creature it was her duty so to do.

Dr. J. Pshaw! an accountable creature! Girls accountable creatures! It was her duty to have remained with the Church wherein she was educated; she had no business to leave it.

Mrs. K. What, not for that which she apprehended to be better? According to this rule, Doctor, hadst thou been born in Turkey, it had been thy duty to have remained a Mahometan, notwithstanding Christian evidence might have wrought in thy mind the clearest conviction; and, if so, then let me ask how would thy conscience have answered for such obstinacy at the great and last tribunal?

Dr. J. My conscience would not have been answerable.

Mrs. K. Whose then would.

Dr. J. Why, the State, to be sure. In adhering to the Religion of the State as by law established, our implicit obedience therein becomes our duty.

Mrs. K. A Nation or State having a conscience, is a doctrine entirely new to me, and, indeed, a very curious piece of intelligence; for I have always understood that a government or state is a creature of time only; beyond which it dissolves, and becomes a non-entity. Now, gentlemen, can your imaginations body forth this monstrous individual, or being, called a State, composed of millions of people; can you behold it stalking forth into the next world, loaded with its mighty conscience, there to be rewarded, or punished, for the faith, opinions, and conduct of its constituent machines called men? Surely the teeming brain of Poetry never held up to the fancy so wondrous a personage!

(When the laugh occasioned by this personification was subsided, the Doctor very angrily replied.) I regard not what you say as to that matter. I hate the arrogance of the wench, in supposing herself a more competent judge of religion than those who educated her. She imitated you, no doubt, but she sought not to have presumed to determine for herself in so important an affair.

Mrs. K. True, Doctor, I grant it, if, as thou seemest to imply, a wench of 20 years be not a moral agent.

Dr. J. I doubt it would be difficult to prove those deserve that character who turn Quakers.

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 supposeth 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.

Mrs. K. This reminds me of the Rabbies of old, when their Hierarchy was alarmed by the increasing influence, force and simplicity, of dawning Truth in their day of worldly dominion. We meekly trust our principles stand on the same solid foundation of simple truth, and we invite the acutest investigation. The reason thou givest for not having read Barclay's Apology is surely a very improper one for a man whom the world looks up to as a moral Philosopher of the first rank, a Teacher from whom they have a right to expect much information. To this expecting, inquiring world, how can Dr. Johnson acquit himself for remaining unacquainted with a book translated into five or six different languages, and which has been admitted into the libraries of almost every Court and University in Christendom?

[Here the Doctor grew very angry, still more so at the space of time the Gentlemen insisted on allowing his antagonist wherein to make her defence, and his impatience excited one of the company in a whisper, to say, "I never saw that mighty lion so chafed before!"]

The Doctor again repeated, that he did not think the Quakers deserved the name of Christians.

Mrs. K. Give me leave then to endeavour to convince thee of thy error, which I will do, by making before thee and this respectable company, a confession of our faith. Creeds, or confessions of faith, are admitted by all to be the standard whereby we judge of every denomination of professors.

[To this, every one present agreed; and even the Doctor grumbled his assent.]

Mrs. K. Well, then, I take upon me to declare, that the people called Quakers do verily believe in the Holy Scriptures, and rejoice, with the most full and reverent acceptance of the divine history of facts as recorded in the New Testament. That we consequently fully believe those historical articles summed up in what is called the Apostles' creed, with these two exceptions only, to wit, our Saviour's descent into Hell, and the resurrection of the body. These mysteries we humbly leave just as they stand in the holy text, there being, from that ground, no authority for such assertion as is drawn up in the creed. And now, Doctor, canst thou still deny to us the honourable title of christians?

Dr. J. Well!—I must own I did not at all suppose you had so much to say for yourselves. However, I cannot forgive the little slut, for presuming to take upon herself as she has done.

Mrs. K. I hope, Doctor, thou wilt not remain unforgiving; and, that you will renew your friendship, and joyfully meet at last in those bright regions where Pride and Prejudice can never enter!

Dr. J. Meet her! I never desire to meet fools any where.

[This sarcastic turn of wit was so pleasantly received, that the Doctor joined in the laugh; his spleen was dissipated; he took his coffee, and became, for the remainder of the evening, very cheerful and entertaining.]

ANECDOTE OF MILTON.

Milton, when a student at Cambridge, was extremely handsome. One day in the summer, overcome with heat, and fatigued with walking, he laid himself down at the foot of a tree, and slept. During his sleep, two ladies passed by in a carriage. The beauty of the young student attracted their attention; they got out of their carriage, and after having contemplated his beauty sometime without his waking; the young lady, who was very handsome, took a pencil from her pocket, and wrote some lines on a piece

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 miei mali,
Se chiusi m'uccedite,
Apperti che farete?

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?" This strange adventure awakened Milton's sensibility, and from that moment, full of desire to find the unknown fair, he some years afterwards travelled through Italy. His ideas of her worked incessantly in the imagination of this wonderful poet, and to that, in part, is the literary world indebted for the Poem of Paradise Lost.

MUSICAL MICE.

Though the great naturalist, Linnæus, in speaking of the common mouse, said, "delectatur musica," yet so little was it credited, that Gmelin omitted mentioning this feature in his edition of "Linnæus' Systema Naturæ." Subsequently, however, the assertion has been satisfactorily confirmed. Dr. Archer of Norfolk, in the United States, says, "On a rainy evening in the winter of 1817, as I was alone in my chamber, I took up my flute and commenced playing. In a few minutes my attention was directed to a mouse that I saw creeping from a hole, and advancing to the chair in which I was sitting. I ceased playing, and it ran precipitately back to its hole; I began again shortly afterwards, and was much surprised to see it re-appear, and take its old position.—The appearance of the little animal was truly delightful; it cooched itself on the floor, shut its eyes, and appeared in ecstasy; I ceased playing, and it instantly disappeared again. This experiment I repeated frequently with the same success, observing that it was always differently affected as the music varied from the slow and plaintive, to the brisk and lively. It finally went off, and all my art could not entice it to return."

A more remarkable instance of this fact appeared in the "Philadelphia Medical and Physical Journal," in the year 1817. It was communicated by Dr. Cramer of Jefferson county, on the credit of a gentleman of undoubted veracity, who states that "one evening in the month of December, as a few officers on board a British man of war, in the harbour of Portsmouth, were seated round the fire, one of them began to play a plaintive air on the violin. He had scarcely performed ten minutes, when a mouse, apparently frantic, made its appearance in the centre of the floor. The strange gestures of the little animal strongly excited the attention of the officers, who, with one consent, resolved to suffer it to continue its singular actions unmolested. Its exertions now appeared to be greater every moment—it shook its head, leaped about the table, and exhibited signs of the most ecstatic delight. It was observed, that in proportion to the gradation of the tones to the soft point, the feelings of the animal appeared to be increased, and vice versa. After performing actions, which an animal so diminutive would at first sight seem incapable of, the little creature, to the astonishment of the delighted spectators, suddenly ceased to move, fell down, and expired without evincing any symptoms of pain."

Percy Anecdotes.

Religious.

But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.

All the commentators on this parable seem to have mistaken the intention and moral of it; they have all understood it, as designed only to inform us, that no judgment can be formed of men's condition in a future life, by the appearances in the present, of either their prosperity or distress: that the rich and great will, if criminal, certainly meet with the punishment due to their offences, in another state, which, by the influence of their power, they may have evaded in this; and the

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. He says nothing of the virtues of Lazarus, that he had been pious, sober, honest, and patient; he only answers the complainant in a friendly manner: "Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivedst good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things; but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented;" by which, I apprehend, he means to address him:—"Son, although thy present situation is very wretched, and that of Lazarus no less happy, thou hast no reason to arraign the partiality of God; but oughtest to remember, that thou, in a former state, enjoyedst all the pleasures of wealth and prosperity, and that then Lazarus suffered all the miseries of poverty and disease, but that now he is comforted, and thou art tormented, in conformity to that impartial and eternal law of Providence, which instituted the perpetual rotation of good and evil."

From this parable we may learn, that the Supreme disposer of all things distributes good and evil amongst his creatures, not only with justice, but with a greater degree of equality than we imagine; and that this he is enabled to perform by having so wonderfully contrived the disposition of things, and the constitution of man, that riches, power, wealth and prosperity, in this life, actually lead him into many vices, which will incur punishment in another; and sickness, poverty, and distress, are as naturally productive of many virtues, which will there merit a reward; by which means happiness and misery are more equally distributed, at the same time that strict justice is done to every individual according to his deserts, and no one can have any cause to complain.

This idea of the rotation of good and evil, of enjoyments and sufferings, is confirmed by the clearest allusions in several parts of the New Testament; for instance, we there read, that "it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God;" not because it is criminal to be rich, but because, whilst riches bestow on their possessors many present gratifications, they usually make them proud, insolent and profligate, which incapacitates them from becoming members of that holy and happy community. Again, it is said, "Blessed are those that mourn, for they shall be comforted;" not because there is any merit in mourning, but because afflictions naturally tend to make men humble, sober, patient, and virtuous, in this life, for which they will deserve and receive a recompense of comfort in another. This wise disposition of Providence, in the general course of things, although it marks his impartiality, is no impediment to his justice, because it lays no one under compulsion, and may be interrupted by the conduct of every individual. The rich are not obliged to be wicked, nor the poor to be virtuous; a rich man may employ his wealth in such a manner in this life, as to acquire happiness by it in another; and a poor man may be so incorrigible as to make himself very miserable in both. All that we are to learn from it is, to take extraordinary care to avoid those crimes to which our situation renders us peculiarly liable.

APHORISMS.

Habitual indolence, by a silent and secret progress, undermines every virtue in the soul. Nothing is so great an enemy to the lively and spirited enjoyment of life, as a relaxed and indolent habit of mind.

He is the true possessor of a thing, who enjoys it, and not he that owns it, without the enjoyment of it. I look on all the beaux and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. In this way do I not really possess their apparel?