

POETRY.

FROM THE BOSTON GAZETTE. THE EYE OF THOUSANDS. When hope lies dead within the heart, By secret sorrow close conceal'd, We shrink, lest looks or words impart What must not be reveal'd.

SONG—BY JOHN CLARE. The morning hours the sun beguiles, With glories brightly blooming; The flower and summer meet in smiles, And so I've met with woman.

FROM THE BOSTON SPECTATOR. SONG. Is there a balm Can grief disarm, Give to the soul her wonted peace?

ON LEARNING. BY FRANCIS HOPKINSON, ESQ. "Ah, full of danger is the uphill road, That leads the youth to learning's high abode;

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

FROM THE VERMONT INTELLIGENCER. THE SUPERVISOR. NO. XV. If too much learning cracks her brains, No remedy but death remains;

estate of my late honored father, Benjamin Blueberry, who died about six years ago, whom, perhaps, you may have heard of, as he was one of the richest men in these parts, and owned a sight of landed property. About four years ago last June, and when I was about four and twenty, I happened to come across my present wife, Mrs. Eliza Blueberry, whose maiden name was Betsy, alias Elizabeth, alias Eliza Uppish.

but to look at, to wait on, and to exercise one's patience about. Instead of dividing my cares, and doubling my joys, (which some lying rogue told me I might expect from matrimony) she ten-folds my cares, and nips every joy in the bud before it can blossom.

From the New-York Mechanics' Gazette. "Enfeebled by dalliance, with luxury pampered, and softened with sloth, strength shall forsake the limbs and health thy constitution. Thy days shall be few, and those inglorious, thy griefs shall be many, yet meet with no compassions."

"THE OLDEN TIME." In a Geography printed in 1700, Charleston, S. C. is described as having 13 or 14 good houses, and as many miserable huts, packed into streets, as sheltered 150 families.