

POETRY.

A THUNDER-STORM.

HARK ! o'er my head loud thunders roll,
See forked lightnings fly ;
'Tis God that speaks : be calm, my soul,
'Tho' tempest cleave the sky.

'Tho' awful as the scene appears,
I'll wait his sov'rain will,—
Chace from my soul my onward fears,—
And, worshipping, stand still.

'Tis his own voice that rous'd the sky,
He pours the liquid fire,
When once he speaks, his armies fly
To accomplish his desire.

Upon his mighty throne above,
He sways his iron rod,
Sometimes for purposes of love,
'To draw us near to God.

O'eraw'd with such sublime reviews,
Of majesty and power ;
Can I, a worm of earth refuse,
To worship and adore.

Far be my heart from doubting more,
When stormy clouds appear ;
I am as safe when thunders roar,
As when the sky is clear.

How various are death's shafts, that fly
Round each unconscious head !
A pebble stone, as thunders nigh,
May stretch us with the dead.

But this I'll own with thoughts divine—
That though his ways are deep,
Though storms may rage or suns may shine,
His mercy does not sleep.

VARIETIES.

Grammatical Amusements.—The celebrated Horne Tooke contends, in the "Diversions of Purley," that there are but two parts of speech in any language under heaven, namely, the noun and the verb. I wish you to read the following dialogue, which absolutely took place between a poor author and a printer, in a country village in England :
Author. You have omitted the word *that* in my piece. Printer. The word *that* in the copy is superfluous. A. Not at all ; I say that the *that* is correct. P. What that ? A. Why, that that of which you are speaking. P. Then do you consider both of the *thats* to be of the same kind ? for Horne Tooke says *that* words never change from one part of speech to another. A. I know that he states *that* and many other palpable falsehoods, for instance, he says *that* there is no difference between *of* and *for* ; both signifying cause, as, 'she died *of* love,' or, 'she died *for* love ;' love being the cause in both instances, and the preposition pointing out the cause. So, according to Horne Tooke, "Chelsea Hospital is built *of* disabled soldiers *for* bricks and mortar ;" and if a man goes to a store for any article, he may say 'give me a quarter for a pound ;' and thus the "Diversions of Purley" would lose him three-fourths of his bargain.—*Buffalo Adv.*

The Mouth.—Artists differ in their opinion as to the feature which gives a character to the face. Some hold that it is the eye—the window of the soul—through which beams the spirit of the man.—But how often do we see the most gifted mind dimly lighted by a black lustre eye, or an eye full of brilliancy in the head of a fool, which like a jewel in a toad's head, serves only to render its defect the more hideous. Others, again are great sticklers for that prominent feature, the nose. They talk of the Grecian nose, as beautifying the female countenance, and the Roman, adding dignity to the masculine. But it seems to me that the nasal organ can boast but little in characterising the face. If it be not a monstrosity, it attracts but small notice, and I challenge any man to give me the shape of another's nose, after seeing him twenty times. The last feature, the mouth, is by many, and I believe the largest class, ranked first in the scale of physiognomy.—The lips—those expressive outlines of the mouth—how varied are they in shape, how strangely defined, and how full of character ! Look at this gallery of portraits. Here you behold one with the lips thin and compressed—he is a man of decision. This picture whereon you see persuasion hanging on its mouth, is the picture of one full of sweetness and amiability. Here is another—its lip is curled as if habitually in mockery and derision—it is the portrait of a man I well know ; he is a scoffer at religion, a sceptic and an infidel. But pass on to the next—what a fearful smile gathers around its mouth—it is the smile of the tiger, crouching, ere he leaps on his prey. I once saw that man rise in a public assembly to answer an opponent, and that same smile lurked on his lip, like a sun beam resting on a thunder cloud, ere it bursts on its victim. The mouth is emphatically the porch of the head and the heart—from the architecture of the former we judge of the structure and finish of the latter.

Dont Quarrel.—One of the easiest, the most common, and the most perfectly foolish things in the world is—to quarrel, no matter with whom ; man, woman or child ; or upon what pretence, provocation, or occasion whatever. There is no kind of necessity in it, no manner of use in it, and no species or degree of benefit to be gained by it. And yet, strange as the fact may be, theologians quarrel, and politicians quarrel, lawyers, doctors, and printers quarrel, the church quarrels, and the state quarrels, nations and tribes, and corporations, men, women, and children, dogs and cats, birds and beasts quarrel about all manner of things and on all manner of occasions.

Strawberries.—Strawberries, says a medical writer, have been found useful to persons who were disposed to consumption. They are also an excellent dentifrice—cleansing the teeth and gums in the most pleasing manner, and without the least trouble. There is no kind of fruit more delectable to the

sense of taste than the strawberry ; and there are few more agreeable to the sight, when fresh from the stem—full ripe—large—pulpy. They too, like the rose, have lent the poet a simile ; and the richest one, most graphic, we ever met with, is a couplet from an old Irish ballad :—

"Her eyes were like light on the morning's
blue stream,
Her cheeks were like strawberries smothered
in cream."

They would be far better without the cream.

Anecdote.—A minister in the town of A. by some strange concatenation of events, became somewhat unpopular among his people ; and they, to show their spunk, on a certain March Meeting, elected him *hog-reeve*. The gentleman elect happening to be present, rose and addressed the moderator thus : Sir, I was chosen some years ago, as Pastor of this flock, but as my flock have turned into swine, I think this change of office exceedingly appropriate. I will endeavor to serve according to the best of my abilities.

Striking a Balance.—A chimney sweeper's boy went into a baker's shop for a two-penny loaf, and conceiving it to be diminutive in size, remarked to the baker that he did not believe it was weight. "Never mind that," said the man of dough, "you have the less to carry."—"True," replied the lad, and throwing three half-pence on the counter, left the shop. The baker called after him, "halloo my black friend, you have not left money enough." "Oh, never mind that," replied young sooty, "you have the less to count."

Novel Exhibition.—One of the most novel exhibitions is now open at Joy's Building, that has ever been presented in this city. It is nothing more nor less than a troop of *fleas*, (start not, fair reader, they are not at large, but) in complete harness. Monsieur Maestro, from Paris, has contrived to fasten a large number of these alert animals to carriages, ships, &c., they may be seen with the naked eye performing the duties of horses. Two of them draw a carriage, with another for a coachman ; the Duke of Wellington appears mounted on another, and he starts briskly round a course ; another runs away with an elephant, and another draws a good sized brig : two others fight a duel with small swords, and a dozen others appear to perform a concert of music.—*Boston Paper.*

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