

## POETRY.

## ODE TO MARCH.

BY ALEANOR SNOWDEN.

Let cold Philosophers extol  
The calm that flows the world retreats,  
One thrill of rapture's worth the whole  
Of apathy's insipid sweets!  
Let timid tremblers fly  
From ev'ry storm, and sigh  
For May's soft zephyrs and unclouded sky;  
Thy gales, rude March, be mine!  
Tame beauty who would not resign  
For boldness, force, sublimity like thine?

O joy! to see thee, tempest-king,  
With thy land-whirlwinds toss the trees;  
O ecstasy! when thou dost fling  
A blackness o'er the troubled seas,  
'To dare the cliff's dread verge,  
And mark thee, Thunderer, urge  
To foaming fury the rebellious surge;  
Or, couch'd 'mid hollow caves,  
'To list the roar of winds and waves;—  
Music, that each poetic ear enslaves!

The warrior loves thy martial name;  
That sound can make his bosom beat,  
That word unto the field of fame  
Hath buried oft his eager feet:  
The patriot doth recall  
In thee ambition's fall,  
The deed that rescued Rome from tyrant-thrall;  
While the deep-musing mind  
E'v'n in thy treach'rous gusts doth find  
A faithful type of faithless human kind.

Thine is the charm of change—the flow'rs  
Sprinkling thy blast-dishvell'd locks,  
Look doubly smiling, like glad hours  
Amid life's agitating shocks.  
And April, thy meek child,  
Seems yet more fair and mild,  
Led onward by a sire so stern and wild;  
As Hope's consoling light  
Is never half so dear, so bright,  
As when it dawns through sorrow's stormy night!

## VARIETIES.

**POWER OF THE HUMAN EYE.**—The over-mastering effect of the human eye upon the lion has been frequently mentioned, though much doubted by travellers; but from my own inquiries among lion hunters, I am perfectly satisfied of the fact; and an anecdote that was related to me a few days ago, by Major Mackintosh, proves that this fascinating effect is not confined to the lion. An officer in India, having once rambled into a jungle adjoining the British encampment, suddenly encountered a large tiger. The meeting appeared equally unexpected on both sides, and both parties made a dead halt, earnestly gazing on each other. The officer had no fire-arms; and was aware that the sword would be no effective defence in a struggle for life with such an antagonist. But he had heard that even the Bengal tiger might be sometimes checked by looking him firmly in the face: he did so, and in a few minutes the tiger, which appeared preparing to take his fatal spring, grew disturbed, shrunk aside, and attempted to creep round upon him behind. The officer looked constantly on the tiger, which still continued to shrink from his glance; but darting into the

thicket, and again issuing forth at a different quarter, it persevered for above an hour in its attempt to catch him by surprise, till it fairly yielded the contest, and left the gentleman to pursue his pleasure walk. The direction he took, as may be easily believed, was straight to the tent at double quick time.—[Thompson's Southern Africa.

**SOUNDS.**—What a noisy creature would a man be, were his voice, in proportion to his weight, as loud as that of a locust. A locust can be heard at the distance of 1-16 of a mile. The golden wren is said to weigh but half an ounce; so that a middling size man would weigh down not short of 4,000 of them; and it must be strange if a golden wren would not out weigh four of our locusts. Supposing therefore, that a common man weighs as much as 16,000 of our locusts, and that the note of a locust can be heard 1-16 of a mile, a man of common dimensions, pretty sound in wind and limb, ought to be able to make himself distinctly heard at the distance of 1,600 miles; and when he succeed, "his house might fall about his ears!"

**THE BOUQUET OF ROSES.**—There is no condition in life so cheerless, in which some ray of pleasure does not sometimes penetrate—nor is there a calling so laborious, or full of care; that no green or sunny spot is occasionally found, where the mind can rest with delight and the heart enjoy true pleasure. Such moments, though fleeting, yet do sometimes come, like the distant sound of a serenade breaking the stillness of a Summer night and awaking the soul to benevolence and harmony. Where the selfishness and worldliness of man have not already deadened the finer sensibilities of nature, nothing comes with such genial influence over the moral emotions, as an evidence, that amid the mass of human and unsanctified feelings that are at work in the world around us, there yet exists, here and there, a little of that benevolence, which instead of partial only, should pervade and bind together the bosoms of all. The kindness which prompts the gift of a simple bouquet of flowers, is, trifling as the act may seem, a link in the great chain of benevolence—which, when peace on earth and good will among men shall have become universal, will encircle all.

**ONE MINUTE TOO LATE.**—"When I was a young man," said an aged minister, another young man, not far distant from where I lived, kept a store. One night he was awakened by the alarm of fire. He ran to the fire, and found it was his own store. The flames were spreading; he went in at a risk, once and again, to bring out goods, were no others would venture. The last time he went in, the men at the door all cried, 'Come out! come out!' He leaped towards the door—the building fell and crushed him dead! He was one minute too

late."—So there are many sinners, busy about worldly cares, who would be escaping the flames, but who will be one minute too late; for they will not awake to their danger till death has overtaken them. Then amid the hurry and agony of the dying hour they will be unfit, and they will have no time to flee from the coming wrath. One minute too late.

**EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.**—A complete and generous education is that which clearly instructs the understanding, regulates the will, and teaches the proper use of the passions, and forms the manners.

It consists in preparing the mind, by furnishing it with such sound principles of truth, maxims and rules of prudence, as shall enable a man, with integrity, benevolence, fortitude and wisdom, in the fear of God, to execute all the duties of the personal, social, and religious life, to the honor of God, and his own eternal happiness.


The great end of a wise and good education is to repair, as far as we can, the ruins of our first parents, and recover ourselves, in some measure, from the deep corruption of the human powers—by regaining the clear and right knowledge of God, and from that distinct and just apprehension of his being and perfections, to love him, and resemble and adore him.

**SACRIFICES.**—We are apt to mistake our vocation by looking out of the way for occasions to exercise great and rare virtues, and by stepping over those ordinary ones which lie directly in the road before us; when we read, we fancy we could be martyrs; and when we come to act, we cannot bear even a provoking word.

**HISTORIANS.**—We find but few historians of all ages, who have been diligent enough in their search for truth? it is their common method to take on trust what they distribute to the public; by which means a falsehood once received from a famed writer becomes traditional to posterity.

We must never put a jest in the wrong place. It offends instead of pleasing, and vitiates our own judgements, as well as other men's. The ridicule is only proper when it comes in with a good grace, and in a manner which both pleases and instructs.

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants; if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

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