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POETICAL.

For the Memphis Appeal.)

ODE TO SPRING.

BY MRS. E. J. BATEMAN.

Again I touch my lone neglected lyre,
Oh! wayward muse, my heart inspire,
In strains of sweetest melody to sing,
Or breathe, in low soft tones, an ode to Spring.
All hail! to one whose gentle steps are seen—
Whose footprints bear her mark—the Queen!
Her rosiling robes are hued in Southern skies,
While silvery bells peal forth their merry chimes.
She—she—the sunny gales now fan—stand air,
And sweet perfumes are wafted from afar!
Bright birds are warbling in her sunny bowers,
While laurel gifts are scattered all around
Her beauty breaks beneath the mighty earth
And music wand dispels the gloomy dearth!
The warbling songsters peal forth joyous lays,
While sylphs gambol whisper in the breeze!
Gray mountains, thin waive with verdure wings,
And rushing streams, the music of Spring's new songs!
The golden sun her ray chaplet twines,
And wreaths with verdant green the clinging vines.
The sparkling brook leaps forth from its chains,
And bubbling on its way, sings merry strains!
The deep-toned Mountain in yon forest dale,
Now hints the chorus with its pleasant tale;
Bright dewy drops glisten on the sacred grass,
And luscious insects flutter as we pass.
Soft touch our feet the velvet carpet spreads,
Where modest violets show their tiny heads!
The gay or day dirk in new splendor rise,
And wheel his chariot through the vaulted skies;
His golden beams now warm the tender flowers,
That weave in varied hues fantastic bowers;
All nature sinks, let sons of earth rejoice,
And hail our Queen with sun-gilded voice!
Let grateful hearts their humble tribute bring,
And join the "vocalized chorus" to welcome Spring.
Ah! ye—
Unhappy souls; toward us life's ragged sea,
Despair, fell sister, and sorrow (Sorrow) are
Forsake the pompous show, the worldly scene,
The glittering transitory of a city life,
Go—with the peasant climb the vine-clad hills,
Hear the dales, and hear the murmuring rills;
Seek out the sunlike stream, and in it have
Thy burning brow bathed its limpid wave;
Have first a rural and a sylvan sport,
A spiral bower, or some lonely grot;
Then watch the sparkling of the fountain's spray,
Its rainbow hues, within the sun's bright ray;
And mark the sunshine, and fruit, sweet flower,
Thus learn a lesson of Almighty power.
Now gaze upon the brilliant landscape round,
Its varied dress with Eden glories crowned;
And as fresh beauties all the enchanted view,
Proclaim earth divinely, in its varied hue.
Then think, oh! this scene must soon decay,
Smooth the Summer's sun, shall fade away;
These vernal charms, all buried with the past,
Earth blasting fast be swept by chilling blast.
Fit emblems of our earthly hopes and pleasures—
Our smiles of joy, all changed to bitter tears—
All's vain—wealth die and children die with us,
Who man shall yield his soul to nature's God.
Then, friend, yet sweet Spring, of hope, of light,
Immortal Spring, hailed in celestial light!
Have to rule within, but sweet Spring of angelic song,
Nor—oh! this—sweetness the spirit's home.

MEMPHIS, TENN., 1859.

HUMORS OF THE TIMES.

Among the numerous expedients which have been resorted to in evading the Maine Liquor Law, the following is the most ingenious:

About a fortnight since, a tall specimen of Yankee manufacture arrived in the good city of Portland, in the State of Maine, and actually linked himself and luggage at the Elm Hotel. This luggage consisted of a small valise, and a large oblong box, containing (for the inspectors had examined the contents) a quantity of books richly bound, which the proprietor had bought for the purpose of retailing about the city.

After seeing the property placed in the room allotted to him, the peddler made his appearance in the office with a small volume in his hand. He glanced his eye keen, sharp and rapidly around the room, which contained at that moment no one but the clerk and myself.

"Fond of reading?" inquired the peddler of the clerk, when he had completed his observations.

"Don't get any time to read," replied the clerk, tartly, buttoning himself at the desk.

"I rather guess I've got a book here you'd like to read," continued the peddler, perseveringly.

"What is it?"

"Well, its a real good book, and just right for the times, too, 'cause it'll give a man spiritual consolation; and they do say that's what a man can't get very easy in Maine—just about now."

"That's very true, but your 'consolation,' unfortunately, my friend, does not happen to be of the right sort."

There was a cunning leer in the peddler's eye, as he inquired: "Fond of the right sort, boy?"

"When I can get it," said the clerk, becoming interested.

"Guess I shall sell you this book, then," said the peddler, decidedly.

"Not in the Pilgrim's Progress."

"Oh, bother! I've read it a dozen times."

"But this is an entirely new edition."

"Go, I'm all the same."

"Beautiful binding engraved."

"Oh, nonsense! I don't want it." And so saying, he commenced writing again, visibly annoyed.

"Say, you—better look at the pictures," continued the peddler, thrusting the book under his very nose.

This movement had an astonishing effect upon the clerk. He jumped off his chair and began to examine the volume eagerly, but much to my surprise, without opening it. Then, seemingly satisfied with his scrutiny, he asked the price, and purchased it.

"Say, you," said the peddler, after the bargain was concluded, moving toward the door; "say, you, if anybody else should see the book you want to get another just like it, send 'em up to No. 75; I'll accommodate 'em just as quick as they please."

And entering a very queer and mysterious look at the clerk, the peddler vanished.

"What on earth made you buy that book?" I asked of the clerk, as soon as he was gone.

"Give here a moment."

I advanced and looked over his shoulder. Turning up one end of the book, he removed a small slide and discovered a stopple, which he unscrewed and then handed me the book, which I applied mechanically to my mouth.

"What is it?" asked he, laughing.

"Brandy, by jingo!" exclaimed I, pausing to take breath, and making tracks for the door.

"Hollo! where are you going?"

"Up stairs; it has just struck me that the 'Pilgrim's Progress' will be an excellent addition to my library."

The next day the peddler's stock was exhausted.

Dr. Buckland Poisoned by a Cobra.

From Dr. Buckland's Curiosities of Natural History.)

About four years ago, I came very near being fearfully experienced the awful effects of snake poison. I have received a dose of the cobra's poison into my system—luckily a no nice one, or I should have survived it. The accident happened in a very curious way. I was poisoned by the snake but not bitten by him. I got the poison second-hand. Anxious to witness the effects of the poison of the cobra upon a rat, I took up a couple in a bag, alive, to a certain cobra. I took one rat out of the bag and put him into the cage with the snake. The cobra was coiled up among the stones in the center of the cage, apparently asleep. When he heard the noise of the rat falling into the cage, he just looked up and put out his tongue, hissing at the same time. The rat got in the corner and began washing himself, keeping one eye on the snake, whose appearance he evidently did not like. Presently the rat ran across the snakes body, and in his haste to get out of the cage, whose appearance he evidently did not like. Presently the rat ran across the snakes body, and in his haste to get out of the cage, whose appearance he evidently did not like. The rat got in the corner and began washing himself, keeping one eye on the snake