

POETRY.

THE SLAVE SHIP.

No surge was on the sea,
No cloud was on the day,
When the ship spread her white wings,
Like a sea-bird on her way.
Ocean lay bright before,
The shore lay green behind,
And a breath of spice and balm
Came on the landward wind.
There rose a curse and wail,
As that vessel left the shore:
And last looks sought their native land,
Which should dwell there no more.
Who seeing the fair ship
That swept through the bright waves,
Would dream that tyrants trod her deck,
And that her freight was slaves?
By day was heard the lash,
By night the heavy groan;
For the slave's blood was on the chain
That fettered to the bone!
Was one in that dark ship,
A prince in his own land;
He scorned the chain, he scorned the
threat—
He scorned his fetter'd hand.
He called upon his tribe,
And said they might be free!
And his brow was cold and stern,
And he pointed towards the sea.
Next night a sullen sound
Was heard amid the wave;
The tyrants sought their captives,
They only found their grave.

THE MAID OF ATHENS.

Maid of Athens! ere we part,
Give, O give me back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest.
Ah! hear my vow before I go,
Ah! hear my vow before I go,
My dearest life, I love you!
By those tresses unconfined,
Wooded by each Ægean wind!
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheek's blooming tinge
By those wild eyes like the roe,
Ah! hear my prayer before I go,
My dearest life, I love you!
Maid of Athens! I am gone;
Think of me sweet, when alone;
Though I fly to Istanbul,
Athens holds my heart and soul.
Can I cease to love thee? No!
Hear my vow before I go,
My dearest life, I love you!

LINES ON THE RUINED AMPHITHEATRE AT POMPEII.

"—Where are the men of might,
The great in soul?
Gone!—glimmering thro' the gloom of
things that were."
BYRON.
The crowd are gone,—not one remains
Of all that mighty throng,
Who gaz'd upon the victim's pains,
And heard the victor's song.
No sight, nor sound for ear nor eye,
Is left, but ghosts are gliding by
Of ages past and gone.
The broken seats, the dusty floor,
The scene, with ruin trampled o'er,
All echo "They are gone."
Yes! gone the mighty and the proud,
The lovely and the brave!
Time, time, before thee all have bow'd,
Nor 'scap'd thy whelming wave
Pompeii's vacant streets declare
How great, how sure, thy victories are
Its cheerless scenes among:
The pathway trac'd—where are the feet,
That mov'd along that empty street?
To the grave's silence gone!
For low is laid the arm of might,
In combat nerv'd and strong;
And hush'd as is the hour of night,
The shouting of the throng.
The stately Toga's graceful fold,
Round many a noble form was roll'd,
Now prostrate in the dust,
And sparkling eyes are clos'd for ever,
To open on life's pageant, never,
Till Time shall yield his trust.
The giant works of elder days,
The lofty forms that were—
Are vanish'd now, and we but gaze
On what the ruins are,
The humblest shed, the loftiest tower
Confess alike the sovereign power—
O! Time—the mighty one!

Extract from "NATHAN THE WISE."

A Dramatic Poem: From the German of Lessing.

SCENE 5.—Sultan Saladin and Nathan.
Saladin.—I have sent for you; come near
infidel, and approach me without fear.
Nathan.—I have no fear; I leave that to
your enemies.
S. Your name is Nathan?
N. It is so.
S. Nathan the wise?
N. No.
S. Does not the populace call you so?
N. May be so.
S. Do you suppose that I despise the
voice of the people? I have long been desirous
of knowing the man, who, by general
consent is called the wise.
N. Supposing the people had given me
the name by way of ridicule? Suppose
again the populace were to call the cunning
man who understands his own interest,
wise?
S. His true interest you mean I presume?
N. In that case, indeed selfishness would
be true wisdom.
S. You seem to know the advantages
of which the great mass of people are ignorant;
you have reflected; you have searched
after wisdom and truth; that alone entitles
you in some measure to the appellation.
N. Every body thinks himself entitled
to that.
S. Enough of modesty, it sickens me:
I want to hear plain sense—(rises suddenly.)
To the point—but you shall be sincere, infidel—
you shall be candid.
N. Sultan! I shall endeavour to serve
you so as to merit your custom hereafter.
S. Serving! custom! what does the man
mean?
You shall have the best of every thing
and at the lowest price.
S. Of what do you speak? am I a trader?
N. Perhaps you wish to know what I
have seen on my travels—of your enemies
who are again arming against you?
S. I need not send for you to learn that—
my information is ample.
N. What then is your command Sultan?
S. I want to be instructed; and since
you are called wise, I shall put you to the
test.—You have reflected no doubt, maturely
so tell me which faith is best?
N. Sultan! I am a Jew.
S. And I a Mussulman. The Christian
stands between us. I ask you again, which
faith is the true one? A man like you re-
mains not where chance has dropped him.—
Let me hear the result of your reflections
and your reasons for it. I will think of it
for hitherto, my time has been taken up with
other matters. You stare—you measure me
with your eyes—it is very possible that I am
the first Sultan who took such a whim in his
head. Perhaps you are unprepared for such
an answer—I will leave you to give you time
to collect your thoughts; on my return, I
expect your answer.—[Exit.]

SCENE 6.—Nathan alone.

Ha! strange—how do I feel? I am pre-
pared to be called upon for money, instead
of which I am asked for truth—naked truth
But stop! is not this perchance a trap?
What does he want to hear from me accord-
ing to my or his way of thinking? What!
Saladin condescend to lay a snare for me!
The suspicion is almost too base. Yet what
means are considered too base by great men
I must be cautious. If I adhere exclusive-
ly to my faith, that will not do—it I deny
my faith, why he will say why not turn
Mussulman at once? A thought strikes me
A story will also do for grown up children.

SCENE 7.—Enter Saladin.

Saladin. Have you concluded your deli-
berations? if so speak, we are alone, with-
out being overheard by any living soul.
Nathan. Might all the world hear it!
S. Are you so confident, Nathan? you
must be wise indeed, if you venture to speak
truth before all the world, at the risk of life
liberty and property.
N. If it must be so—yes—but Sultan
may I be permitted as a preliminary, to re-
late a little story.
S. Why not, I was always fond of hear-
ing stories, particularly if well told.
N. I have no such pretensions.
S. Go on without this show of modesty.
N. In times of old, there lived in the
East a man who possessed a ring of inesti-
mable value. Its stone was an opal, which
constantly changed an hundred beautiful
colours, and moreover possessed a secret
charm, that whoever wore was agreeable to
God and man. No wonder, then, that the
man of the East never trusted this ring out
of his sight, and constantly wore it on his
finger. He also made such an arrangement
that the ring should never go out of the
family. At his death, he left the ring to
that son to whom he felt himself most at-
tached and stipulated he in his turn should
leave it again, to such one of his sons whom
he loved most and so on in succession: and
the possessor, should be considered the head

of the family. Do you understand me Sul-
tan?

S. I understand you—go on.
N. After a while, a man fell heir to this
ring who had three sons equally obedient
to him—all equally deserving his love.—
He wavered a long time to whom he should
give the preference. Whoever of the three
happened to be near him, appeared the most
deserving; and so he went on in succession,
sometimes intending the ring for one some-
times for another. However his end ap-
proached without his being one step nearer
to a decision; and as he had alternately
promised to each the ring, he became quite
embarrassed how to act; for it gave him
much pain to think that he must necessarily
disappoint two of his sons. What should
he do?
He sent in secret to an artist and without
regard to the expense bespoke two rings
which should resemble the first in every re-
spect. The artist succeeded so completely,
that even the father could not discover the
genuine ring. Happy in his success, the fa-
ther calls to him each son in succession—to
each he gives his blessing and a ring—and
dies. Did you hear me Sultan?
S. I hear you but finish your story.
N. My story is finished already, for
what follows is only the natural consequence
After the father's death, each son shows his
ing and claims to be the head of the fami-
ly; but who could decide? [after a pause]
who shall decide which is the true faith?
S. Is that your answer to my ques-
tion?
N. It is only my excuse, that do not ven-
ture to decide.
S. No play upon words—I should sup-
pose that a ring and religion are not the
same thing; the latter might easily be dis-
tinguished.
N. All religions are founded upon histo-
ry or tradition which must be taken on
good faith. Whom can I trust most? my
own kinsman, those who from my infancy
have given me the strongest proof of love
and attachment, who have never deceived
me? or strangers? Why should I trust my
forefathers less than yours; or otherwise
how could I suppose that you would believe
mine a preference to your own. The same
may be said of the Christian.
S. You silence me.
N. But to return once more to the ring,
The three sons appeared before a Judge—
each declared upon oath that he received the
ring from his father's hand, and each asser-
ted that he would rather suspect his brother
of fraud than suppose for a moment that his
father had deceived him.
S. How decided the Judge?
N. The Judge replied; do you suppose
that I possess the talent of guessing which
of you is right, or can I call your father
from the dead, to be witness for or against
you? but stop, did you not say the genuine
ring possessed a charm of rendering the pos-
sessor agreeable to God and man? Let then
the effect decide without me.
S. Excellent! Excellent!
GRADUATED JUSTICE.—In a certain village
in New York, where the footsteps of Dame
Justice were last seen on the earth, it hap-
pened on a warm summer's day, that three
men were brought before a fair, round,
Dutch magistrate, accused of the crime of
drunkenness. His honour having premised
with a hearty swig of cool punch, began
with the first—"You rascal! pe you guilty,
or pe you not kilty?"
Pris. Guilty.
Just. Vat you get trunk on?
Pris. Blackstrap.
Just. Vat! you get trunk on notting but
plackstrap you willan you? Dan dis pe
mine everlasting sentence, dat you pe fined
40 shillings.
The second culprit being questioned in
like manner, as to his guilt or innocence,
likewise owned himself guilty.
Just. Now tell me you wile drunken ras-
cal vat you get trunk on?
Pris. Sling.
Just. Vat! you get trunk on sling, you
graceless wagebone! you awillin sod, you!
Den I give my darnal sentence dat you pe
fined 20 shillings.
The third and last prisoner was now
brought forward, and like the others plead-
ed guilty.
Just. Vat you trunk on?
Pris. Punch.
Just. Ah! you dipplin rogue you, I fine
you just nothing at all, vor I gets trunk
on bunch mineself sometimes.
THALES, ONE OF THE WISE MEN OF GREECE
—A sophist wishing to puzzle him with dif-
ficult questions, the sage of Miletus replied
to them all without the least hesitation, and
with the utmost precision.
What is the oldest of all things?
God because he always existed.
What is the most beautiful?
The world because it is the work of God.
What is the greatest of all things?
Space, because it contains all that has
been created.
What is the most constant of all things?
Hope because it still remains with man
after he has lost every thing else.

What is the best of things?
Virtue, because without it, nothing good.
What is the quickest of all things?
Thought, because in less than a moment
it can fly to the end of the universe.
What is the strongest?
Necessity which makes men face all the
dangers of life.
What is the easiest?
To give advice.
What is the most difficult?
To know yourself.

King James, in one of his progresses
through England, came to the house of Sir
Pope, whose lady had lately been de-
livered a daughter, which was presented to
the king, with the following verses in her
hand:—

See this little mistress here,
Did never sit in Peter's chair,
Or a triple crown wear,
And yet she is a Pope.
No benefice she ever sold,
Nor did dispense with sins for gold,
She scarcely is a sennight old,
And yet she is a Pope.
No King her feet did ever kiss,
Nor had from her worse look than this;
Nor ever did she hope
To saint one with a rope,
And yet she is a Pope.
A female Pope you'll say, a second Joan,
No sure, she is Pope Innocent or none.

LUCKY THIEF.—About twenty yards above
the Cora Lynn, where the water of the Clyde
is precipitated over perpendicular rocks
eighty feet in height, there is a chasm of not
more than seven or eight feet in width,
through which the whole collected stream
pours impetuously along. A boy had stolen
some apples from the garden at Cora house
and being detected by the gardener, he ran
towards the river, and attempted to leap
over the terrific current. He missed his
footing and fell headlong into it. The gar-
dener stood horror struck, and expected to
see the mangled corpse of the boy emerge
only to be dashed down the fearful cataract
below—Imagine his sensations of joy when
he saw the lad thrown safely on the ledge of
the opposite rock, and heard him as he scam-
pered off with the bag of apples in his hand
exclaim, "Aha, lad! ye have na' catch't me
yet!"

ANECDOTE OF BURNS.—We are not aware
that the following anecdote of our Scottish
Theocritus has ever appeared in print.—He
was standing one day upon the quay at
Greenock, when a wealthy merchant belong-
ing to the town, had the misfortune to fall
into the harbour. He was no swimmer,
and his death would have been inevitable,
had not a sailor who happened to be pass-
ing at the time, immediately plunged in and
at the risk of his own life, rescued him from
his dangerous situation. The Greenock
merchant upon recovering a little from his
fright, put his hand into his pocket, and ge-
nerously presented the sailor with a shilling.
The crowd who were by this time collected,
loudly protested against the contemptible in-
significance of the sum; but Burns with a
smile of ineffable scorn, entreated them to
restrain their clamour.—"For," said he
"the gentleman is of course the best judge
of the value of his own life."

An Irish Landly, being entreated by a
traveller to see that his sheets were well air-
ed, replied with great naïveté, that his hon-
our might be sure of that, for that there
was not a gentleman who had come to the
house for the last fortnight but had slept in
them.

Dr Hancock says, that if a vessel of water
is placed within six inches of a growing cu-
cumber, that in 24 hours the cucumber will
alter the direction of its branches, and not
stop till it comes into contact with the wa-
ter. That if a pole is placed at a consider-
able distance from an unsupported vine, the
branches of which are proceeding in a con-
trary direction from that towards the pole,
the vine will in a short time, alter its course,
and not stay, till it clings round the pole.—
But the same vine will carefully avoid at-
taching itself to low vegetables nearer to it,
as the cabbages.

SINGULAR EPITAPH.—The following epi-
taph was some years ago found among the
papers of an old man of the name of John
So, who passed the greater part of his life
in obscurity, within a few miles of Port
Glasgow; and the hand writing leads to the
conclusion that it was written by himself.—
So died John So,
So so did he so?
So did he live,
And so did he die;
So so did he so?
And so let him lie.

The common toast at all festive meetings
in Selkirkshire is—
"Green hills, and waters blue,
Grey plaids, and tarry woo!"
When is cheese most like a college?
When it is eaten (Eton)