

POETRY.

THE MECHANISM OF MAN.

"I am fearfully and wonderfully made."  
Psalms 139, v. 14.

Fond Atheist! could a giddy dance  
Of atoms blindly hurl'd,  
Produce so regular, so fair,  
So harmonized a world.

Why do not Lybia's driving sands,  
The spot of every storm,  
A palace here, the child of chance,  
Or there a temple form?

Presumptuous wretch! thyself survey;  
That lesser fabric scan;  
Tell me, from whence th' immortal dust,  
The God, the reptile, man?

Where wast thou, when the embryo earth  
From chaos burst its way,  
When stars exulting sang the morn,  
And hail'd the new-born day?

What fingers brace the tender nerves,  
The twisting fibres spin?  
Whose clothes in flesh the hardened bone,  
And weaves the silken skin?

How came the brain and beating heart,  
Life's more immediate throne,  
(Where fatal every touch) to dwell  
Immail'd in solid bone?

Who taught the wandering tides of blood  
To leave the vital urn,  
Visit each limb in purple streams,  
And faithfully return?

How know the nerves to bear the will,  
The heavy limbs to wield?  
The tongue ten thousand tastes discern,  
Ten thousand accents yield?

How know the lungs to heave and pant?  
Or how the fringed lid  
To guard the fearful eye, or brush  
The sullied ball unbid?

The delicate, the winding ear,  
To image every sound,  
The eye to catch the pleasing view,  
And tell the senses round?

Who bids the babe, new launch'd in life,  
The milky draught arrest,  
And with its eager fingers press  
The nectar-streaming breast?

Who, with a love too big for words,  
The mother's bosom warms,  
Along the rugged paths of life  
To bear it in her arms?

A God! a God! creation shouts:  
A God each insect cries!  
He moulded in his palm the earth,  
And hung it in the skies.

"Let us make man (O voice divine)  
And stamp a God on clay,  
To govern nature's humbler births,  
To bear an earthly sway."

He said: with strength and beauty clad,  
Young health in every vein,  
With thought enthron'd upon his brow,  
Walk'd forth majestic man.

Around he turns his wandering eye,  
All nature's works surveys,  
Admires the earth, the skies, himself,  
And tunes his tongue to praise.

COURT OF REQUESTS.

"THE TWO SCHNACKENBURGERS."  
Jones v. Schnackenburg.

The plaintiff in this case was a surgeon, who sought to recover from the defendant, an "operative schneider," sum of £1 17s. for professional attendance.

Commissioner (to the defendant)—What is your name?

Defendant—Klaus Schnackenburg.

Commissioner—Do you admit the debt.

Defendant—Mein Gott! No—I not see Mr. Yones before.

The plaintiff seemed astonished at this declaration, and said "Never saw me before, Mr. Schnackenburg? Why, didn't I apply the leeches and blister myself when you were ill in bed?"

Defendant (shaking his head)—Nay, nay, I not see you, Mr. Yones, before.

Commissioner—Mr. Jones, are you sure this is the person you attended?

The plaintiff said he was quite positive he was the same person. He had attended him himself for upwards of a week, and his assistant had also called on him several times and could identify him. If the case was adjourned for an hour he would fetch his assistant and the boy who left the medicine.

The Commissioner consented to the adjournment, and when it was again called on Mr. Jones produced his assistant, Mr. Mc Naughton, who after looking round among the persons present, pointed out the defendant as to the person whom he had attended.

Defendant—Ach, Herr, ya, I tell you Mr. Naughty, it was nicht me.

Thomas Simpson, the errand boy, also identified the defendant, whom he said he had seen several times when he had left the medicine.

Defendant—Der Teufel, you vould all schwere mine life away, you vould; mein Gott, mein Gott, you vould.

Commissioner—Restrain your temper, Sir. Defendant—Restrain mine temper, der Teufel, dat ish easy to say. I tell you I not the person.

Commissioner—Three persons have sworn that you are, and we must accordingly make an order on you for the payment of the amount; in which decision the other Commissioners concurred.

When the defendant heard this, he called out, as loud as he was able, "Klaus, com hieren!" (Nicholas, come in), which call was immediately answered by a person who, when he came in and stood alongside of the defendant, excited the astonishment of the whole Court, by discovering that he was the exact counterpart of the defendant.

Commissioner—Who are you?

He answered "My name ish Klaus Schnackenburg."

The witnesses stared at him, and then at each other, and seemed quite dumfounded, and Mr. Jones appeared as much astonished as he would have been had one of his patients risen from the grave.

The defendant, after having for some minutes enjoyed their confusion, addressed the plaintiff, and said—

"Mr. Yones, vil you schwere it was me dat you dit put de plishter and de leeshes on?"

The plaintiff appealed to the Commissioners whether, the case being decided, he ought to answer that question?

The Commissioners, after conferring together, told him that when they made the order on the first Mr. Schnackenburg, they did so on the faith of his (Mr. Jones's) statement, and the evidence of his witnesses, who swore to the defendant's identity. Now that there was a second Mr. Schnackenburg, who so exactly resembled the first, that it would be difficult, were they mixed with the other suitors, to decide which was which, the case was altered.

Commissioner (to the defendant)—Where do you live, Mr. Schnackenburg?

Defendant—Numbro drie in Yorge street.

Commissioner (to the other)—And where do you live?

Klaus—Numbro drie in Yorge street.

The Commissioner then told Mr. Jones that, as it appeared they both lived in the same house, they must rescind the order for fear, should it not be paid, and an execution issued, the officer might take the wrong person; but if Mr. Jones would now swear which it was whom he had attended, and undertake to exonerate the officer, should he make a mistake, they would let the order stand.

Mr. Jones, after a few minutes consideration, and attentively examining them both, declared that he was quite unable to swear which it was.

The Commissioners then rescinded the order and dismissed the case, to the evident satisfaction of "the two Schnackenburgs," who, we understand, are cousins (German of course).

A FRAGMENT FOR THE LADIES.—"Thy grandmother," said my uncle Toby, addressing himself to young Arabella, just from London, and who was playing the battle of Marengo on the piano: "thy grandmother, child, said he, used to play on a much better instrument than thine."

"Indeed," said Arabella, "how could it have been better; you know it is the most fashionable instrument, and is used by every body that is any thing."

"Your grandmother was something, yet she never saw a piano forte."

"But what was the name of the instrument?—Had it strings, and was it played by keys?"

"You must give me time to recollect the name; it was indeed a stringed instrument, but was played by the hand."

"By the hands alone?—How vulgar; but I protest I should like to see to one, and papa shall buy me one when I return to London. Do you think that we can obtain one?"

"No, you will not probably find one in London; but doubtless they may be found in some of the country towns."

"How many strings had it? Must one play with both hands? and could one play the double bass?"

"I know not whether it would play the double bass, as you call it; but it was played with both hands, and had two strings."

"Two strings only? surely you are jesting; how could good music be produced by such an instrument, when the piano has two or three hundred?"

"Oh, the strings were very long, one of them about fourteen feet, and the other might be lengthened at pleasure, even to fifty or more."

"What a prodigious deal of room it must take up; but no matter, I will have mine in the old hall, and papa may have an addition built to it, for he says I shall never want for any thing, and so does mama. Were the strings struck with little mallets like the piano, or were they snapped like a harpsichord?"

"Like neither of those instruments, as I recollect, but it produced a soft kind of humming music, and was peculiarly agreeable to the husband and relations of the performer."

"Oh, as to pleasing one's husband or relations, that is all Dicky, in the Hautton-you know; but I am determined to have one at any rate. Was it easily learnt, and was it taught by French or Italian masters?"

"It was easily learnt, but Frenchmen and Italians scarcely dared to shew their heads in our country in those times."

"Can you not possibly remember the name?—How shall we know what to inquire for?"

"Yes, I do now remember the name, and we must enquire for a SPINNING WHEEL."

NAMES.—Many a man does not know the meaning of his own name. We have amused ourselves with name hunting, and here is the result.

Nathan—the giver (Heb.)  
Ambrose—immortal. (Greek.)  
Anne—the gracious.  
Philip—the lover of horses.  
Alphonso—our health. (Goth.)  
Alexander—the help of men. (Gr.)  
Abel—vanity. (Heb.) When Cane killed Abel, he certainly did not kill Vanity.—There are a great many Abels in the world under different names.

David—dear. (Heb.)  
James—the supplanter. Jacob, the primitive name, has the same meaning.  
Abraham—the father of a multitude. (Heb.)  
Agatha—the good. (Gr.)

Agnes. We know not whence to derive this name unless from the Latin, *Agna*, "a lamb." Perhaps the first fair one who bore this name was mild and gentle.

Cain—possession. (Heb.)  
Catharine. We can find a beautiful derivation for this name, in a Greek word signifying "pure."

Ashur—one that is happy. (Saxon.)  
Clara. We suppose this is from the Latin *Clarus*—"a bright and fair."

Aaron—a mountain. (Heb.)  
Elizabeth—the oath of the Lord. (Heb.)  
Adah—an assembly. (Heb.)  
Isaac—laughter. (Heb.) The gravest we ever knew was Isaac.

Magdalen—exalted. (Heb.)  
Mary—bitter. (Heb.) How often do we hear it said that Mary is a sweet name!

Rachel—sheep. (Heb.) This is but a sheepish name.

Rosamond—This is a beautiful name—we believe it first appeared in the songs of the Troubadours. It signifies "the rose of the world"—*rosamundi*. (Lat.)

John—the mercy of the Lord. (Heb.)  
Theodore—the gift of God. (Gr.)  
Sarah—the princess of a multitude. (Heb.)

Margaret—a pearl. (Gr.)

Lines discovered written on the jury-box at the last Bridewater sessions, on twelve jurors:—

"This box contains a man of wit,  
A man of sense, a man not fit,  
A man of strength, a man of place,  
A man quite void of every grace,  
A man of rank, a man of none,  
A man who'd rather be at home,  
A man of luck, a man of taste,  
A man who would his country waste,  
These men when sworn, a jury make,  
To clear up many a mistake."

A CLERK'S BLUNDER.—A parson reading the first line or so in the Bible, the clerk by some mistake or other read it after him. The clergyman read as follows:—"Moses was an austere man, and made atonement for the sins of the people." The clerk, who could not exactly catch the sentence repeated it thus—"Moses was an oysterman and made ointment for the shins of the people."

THE THREE WONDERS OF WOMEN.—The daughter of a respectable gentleman, aged twenty, and possessed of no small share of personal attraction, said, the other day, "she wondered why she had not got married."

"This puts us in mind of the three wonders of beautiful women. First, at fifteen they wonder whom they shall take; second, at twenty-five they wonder they are not taken; and third, at thirty-five, they wonder whom they can find that will take them."

REPUBLICANISM.—"Make way, gentlemen," once cried a Massachusetts representative to the populace, who were crowding him out of his place in the procession on an election day, "make way, we are the representatives of the people." "Make may yourself," replied a sturdy member of the throng, "we are the people themselves."

A GOOD WIFE.—A preacher in a funeral sermon on a lady, after summing up her good qualities, added, "that she always reached her husband his hat, when he called for it, without muttering."

Last week a letter was received at the General Post Office, with the post mark of Chesterfield, which contained the following highly curious superscription copied literally: To his Majesty King George the fourth, Non Must open This Letter But his Majesty eather London or Windsor-

A Reverend sportsman was boasting of his infallible skill in finding a hare. "If," said a Quaker who was present, "I were a hare, I would take my seat in a place where I should be sure of not being disturbed by

thee from the first of January to the last of December." "Why where would you go?" "Into thy study."

LEGAL SEVERITY.—By the ancient laws of Hungary, a man convicted of bigamy, was condemned to live with both wives.

MATHEMATICAL PARODY.—The following is from an excellent parody on a mathematical examination paper, purporting to have been written by a gentleman of Sydney Sussex College, though more generally understood to have been from the pen of that acute scholar and wit Marmaduke Lawson of Magdalene:—

1. Find the actual value of O, and from thence explain the general expression of a man sending a circular letter to his creditors.

4. Find the periodic time of the honey-moon, and determine in general when the horns are first apparent.

5. The successive accents of wind are in musical progression: required, a proof.

10. Prove all the roots of radical reform to be either irrational or impossible.

11. Given the three sides of a steel triangle immersed in sulphuric acid: required, a solution of the triangle.

14. Sum your rental to N terms, by the method of increments, and your debts ad infinitum by the different method.

16. Seven funipendulous bodies are suspended from different points in a common system at the Old Bailey: to find the centre of oscillation.

21. Investigate the magnifying power of the eye of Baron Munchausen, and show that any straight line placed before it, will form a conic section, no other than the common hyperbola.

22. Construct a theorem by the assistance of which the periodic time of status pupillaris may be extended to any number of terms.

23. In the general equation (Algebra part second) show that the probable reason why Wood invariably uses p, and q, in preference to the other letters of the Alphabet, may be deduced from the general expression mind your P's and Q's.

24. Given a Berkshire pig, a Johnian pig, and a pig of lead; to find their respective densities.

THE LOGICAL PARROT.—A parrot, the property of a lady, was one day detected by the enraged cook, for the fiftieth time, in the act of larceny stealing pickled cockles. The *maner* was upon him, and she inflicted a summary punishment on the green delinquent. "What, you've been at the pickled cockles again have you?" said she, hurling a ladle of hot soup at him; the feathers of his head were scalded off; from being excessively talkative, he suddenly became dumb; he was mute bald and solemn for nearly a year. At length the stubs began to peep out on his pate, and his mistress's father came from the country to see, for the old man was bald, the bird had never seen him before, and was doubtless struck with the coincidence of naked heads; for the moment the old gentleman entered the parlour, the parrot broke his long silence, by vociferating with immense emphasis and glee, "what, you've been at the pickled cockles again have you."

MAGISTERIAL WISDOM.—In a certain royal burg, not a hundred miles from the Scottish metropolis, a medical officer recently waited on one of the Bailies to make the requisite affidavit for receiving his half-pay, when the following dialogue took place:—

Bailie—Weel, Mr — are ye no tired o' this kind o' life?

Officer—Very tired Bailie indeed: I am very anxious to procure professional employment, but it is not easily to be had at present.

Bailie—No; no easy to be got, I dare say but nicht no ye go out to Van Deeman's land: plenty o' settlers there noo.

Officer—Plenty of settlers, Bailie, but greater plenty of medical men; the towns are over-run with them.

Bailie—Weel, weel, man bnt suld no go up to th' interior?

Officer—The interior! Bailie? Why, there is nothing in the interior, but Kangarooos.

Bailie—What o' that, man? what o' that? is na a Kangaroo's siller just as good as ony ither man's?

GENTLE HINT.—A gentleman whose attendance at the Birmingham old library, where he was not a subscriber, had grown more frequent than his company was acceptable, the regular visitors had many debates whether to give him a polite notice to quit, or suffer him to remain; an old crusty gentleman going in one day, soon settled the business:—perceiving not only the disagreeable visitor, but a large mastiff belonging to him, taking up the whole of the fireplace, he very coolly opened the door, and giving the mastiff a tremendous kick, which made him raise a hideous yell, he exclaimed in a broad accent, "Come dom it, you are no subscriber at any rate."—The gentleman followed his dog, and never more annoyed them by his presence.—*Birmingham Scrap Book.*