

## POETRY.

## WE ARE SEVEN.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,  
That lightly draws its breath,  
And feels its life in every limb,  
What should it know of death ?  
I met a little cottago girl,  
She was eight years old, she said :  
Her hair was thick with many a curl  
That clustered round her head.  
She had a rustic woodland air,  
And she was wildly clad ;  
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,  
Her beauty made me glad.  
' Sisters and brothers, little maid,  
How many may you be ?'  
' How many ? Seven in all,' she said,  
And, wondering, looked at me.  
' And where are they ? I pray you tell,  
She answered, ' Seven are we ;  
And two of us at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea.  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
My sister and my brother ;  
And in the churchyard cottage, I  
Dwell near them with my mother.'  
' You say that two at Conway dwell,  
And two are gone to sea,  
Yet ye are seven !—I pray you tell,  
Sweet Maid, how this may be ?'  
Then did the little Maid reply,  
' Seven boys and girls are we ;  
Two of us in the churchyard lie,  
Beneath the churchyard tree.'  
' You run about, my little Maid,  
Your limbs they are alive ;  
If two are in the churchyard laid,  
Then ye are only five.'  
' Their graves are green, they may be seen,'  
The little maid replied,  
' Twelve steps or more from mother's door,  
And they are side by side.  
My stockings there I often knit,  
My kerchief there I hem ;  
And there upon the ground I sit—  
I sit and sing to them.  
And often after sunsèt, Sir,  
When it is light and fair,  
I take my little porringer,  
And eat my supper there.  
The first that died was little Jane ;  
In bed she moaning lay,  
Till God released her from her pain,  
And then she went away.  
So in the churchyard she was laid ;  
And all the summer dry  
Together round her grave we played,  
My brother John and I.  
And when the ground was white with snow,  
And I could run and slide,  
My brother John was forced to go,  
And he lies by her side.'

' How many are you, then,' said I,  
If they two are in Heaven ?'  
The little maiden did reply,  
' O master ! we are seven.'  
' But they are dead ; those two are dead !  
Their spirits are in Heaven !'  
' 'Twas throwing words away ; for still  
The little maid would have her will,  
And said, ' Nay, we are seven !'

## SCENES IN GREECE.

## NO. IV.

"Thou shalt be visited of the Lord of hosts with thunder and with earthquake."—Isaiah. 29. 6.

There is a very great difference in our feelings when the house in which we reside is shaken by the wind, and when it is shaken by an earthquake. In England the first is often felt during the winter ; but very rarely indeed, in that favoured land, does the earth tremble. In the Isle of Zante the earth shakes ten or more times every year. Some of these motions are more violent than others ; yet seldom is any harm done. About once in seven years there is generally a greater shock felt ; and once in about thirty years a greater one still, when lives are generally lost. These earthquakes are usually preceded by a noise, similar to that of carriages passing through the street. The houses tremble ; the windows and doors rattle ; and the glasses, if near, strike against each other. The Greeks generally cross themselves, and run into the street ; and all the bells are set a ringing as soon as the people feel the earth to tremble.

Some persons consider these shocks to be produced by electric fluid passing through the isle ; others attribute them to some unknown volcano in the sea or land ; but many suppose that the pitch or tar wells, which are situated in Chieic, are the cause of these phenomena. Herodotus, in his fourth Book, No. 195, thus describes the pitch wells of Zante:—"In Zante I have seen a lake of water, rising with pitch. Here are many lakes of this kind, the greater part of which are in circumference seventy feet. Their depth is two feet. They immerge into them a pole, binding to the end of it a myrtle tree ; and they draw out with the myrtle the pitch, which has a smell of the Asphaltus (or Jews' pitch) ; however, it is like the pitch of Pierices (a mountain near Athens) : they then pour it into a ditch, dug out near the said lake ; and after it is collected in abundance, they put it into vessels. Whatever thing falls into the lake is subterraneously carried into the sea, which is distant about two stadii. The pitch of this lake is similar to that I have seen in Lybia."

Pliny refers to these wells, and says the pitch is the same as that at Babylon. Herodotus lived nearly a thousand years before Christ ; Pliny, about eighty years after the birth of our Saviour. These wells have

been known, then, nearly three thousand years. I have been to the spot, and find one well still boiling up with pitch ; but it is only about three or four feet broad, and two or three deep. There are two or three smaller ones ; and no doubt, if the ground were cleared, others would be found. I saw a man drawing pitch out of the well, and putting it into a skin, as described by Herodotus. In viewing this natural curiosity, the mind is struck with the lapse of time.—Empires change their rulers ; but nature remains the same : and the God of nature is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever ; and his word is, like himself, immutable.

## Of Children's behaviour in their discourse.

*Among superiors, speak not till thou art spoken to, and bid to speak.*

*Hold not thine hand, nor any thing else before thy mouth when thou speakest.*

*Come not very near the person thou speakest to.*

*If thy superior speaks to thee while thou sittest, stand up before thou givest an answer.*

*Sit down till thy superior bid thee.*

*Speak neither very loud nor too low.*

*Speak clear, not stammering, stumbling nor draveling.*

*Answer not one that is speaking to thee, until he hath done.*

*Loll not when thou art speaking to a superior, or spoken to by him.*

*Speak not without sir, or some other title of respect, which is due to him to whom thou speakest.*

*Strive not with superiors in arguments or discourse, but easily submit thine opinion to their assertions.*

*If thy superior speaks any thing wherein thou knowest he is mistaken, correct not, nor contradict him, nor grin at the hearing of it, but pass over the error without notice interruption.*

*Mention not frivolous or little things among grace persons or superiors.*

*If thy superior drawl or hesitate in his words, pretend not to help him out or prompt him.*

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