

CHARLES SEYMOUR.

12th August, 1662, died Charles Seymour, the proud Duke of Somerset. Charles II., in the last year of his reign, made him a knight of the garter. James II. appointed him a lord of the bed-chamber; and for refusing to introduce Ferdinand Dada, Archbishop of Amasia, the Pope's nuncio, to the public audience at Windsor, discharged him from his place in the palace; and from the army as colonel of the third regiment of dragoons. The duke concurred in the Revolution, but kept in retirement at the beginning of William's reign. He afterwards took office as president of the council, and a lord justice. Under Queen Ann he was master of the horse, a privy counsellor, and a commissioner for the union; but at the change of the ministry he was superseded. With the Duke of Argyle, he forced himself into the council at Kensington, which had been summoned to deliberate upon the death of the queen, and disconcerted the plans of the Tories. George I. named him a lord justice, and guardian of the realm, and on his landing restored him to all his employments; yet, on bail being refused for his son-in-law, Sir William Wyndham, who was suspected of holding intelligence with the court of St. Germain's, he expressed his sentiments so warmly that he was removed from his office of master of the horse. He had boundless pride. In the reign of Queen Ann he ordered his servants to wear the same livery as her Majesty's footmen; and shot their dresses from a cart into the court of the palace. He claimed to be paid almost regal honors. His servants obeyed by signs; and he caused the roads in the country to be cleared for him, that he might pass without obstruction or observation. "Go out of the way," said one of his attendants to a countryman, who was driving a hog. "Why?" said the man, "Because my lord duke is coming, and he does not like to be looked upon." The offended countryman seized his hog by the ears, and held him up to the carriage window, exclaiming, "I will see him, and my pig shall see him too." The duke married twice. His second duchess once familiarly tapped him on the shoulder with her fan; he turned round indignantly and said, "My first duchess was a Percy, and she never took such a liberty." His children obeyed his mandates with slavish respect. His two younger daughters were required to stand and watch, alternately, whilst he slept after dinner. One of them, upon such an occasion, sat down from fatigue; her noble father awoke, and observing her position, declared he would make her remember her want of decorum; and he kept his word, by leaving her, in his will, £20,000 less than her sister. Pride was inherent in the Seymours. King William, at a levee, casually observed to Sir Gower Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons, that he believed he was of "the Duke of Somerset's family." "No Sir," said the indignant baronet, "His Grace is of mine."

THE CHILDREN'S BALL.

Brilliant and gay was the lightful hall,
 'Twas the night of an infant festival,
 There were sylph-like forms in the mazy dance,
 And there were the tutor step and glance,
 And the gay attire, and the hopes and fears
 That might well bespeak maturer years;
 The sight might to common eyes seem glad,
 But I own that it made my spirit sad.

I saw not in all that festive scene,
 The cloudless brow, and the careless mein,

* Noble.

But Vanity sought the stranger's gaze,
 And Envy shrunk from another's praise,
 And Pride repelled with disdainful eye,
 The once-loved playmate of days gone by.
 Alas! that feelings so far from mild,
 Should find place in the breast of a little child!
 And how, thought I, at the morrow's rise,
 Will these fair young sleepers open their eyes.
 Will their smiles the freshness of morning speak,
 And the roses of health suffuse their cheek?
 No—with a wearied mind and look,
 They will turn from the pencil, the globe, and book,
 A longing and feverish glance to cast,
 On the joys and the pains of the evening past.

Parents! 'tis all too soon to press
 The glittering fetters of worldliness
 On those tender years, to which belong
 The merry sport, and the bird-like song:
 What fruit can the trees of autumn bring,
 If the fragile blossoms be nipt in spring?
 Such stores will the summer life impart,
 If ye spoil the bloom of the infant heart!

BOUNDLESSNESS OF THE CREATION.

About the time of the invention of the telescope, another instrument was formed, which laid open a scene no less wonderful, and rewarded the inquisitive spirit of man. This was the microscope. The one led me to see a system in every star; the other leads me to see a world in every atom. The one taught me that this mighty globe, with the whole burden of its people and its countries, is but a grain of sand on the high field of immensity; the other teaches me that every grain of sand may harbour within it the tribes and families of a busy population. The one told me of the insignificance of the world I tread upon; the other redeems it from all its insignificance; for it tells me, that in the leaves of every forest, and in the flowers of every garden, and in the waters of every rivulet, there are worlds teeming with life, and numberless as are the glories of the firmament. The one has suggested to me, that beyond and above all that is visible to man, there may be fields of creation which sweep immeasurably along, and carry the impress of the Almighty's hand to the remotest scenes of the universe; the other suggests to me, that within and beneath all that minuteness which the aided eye of man has been able to explore, there may be a region of invisibles, and that could we draw aside the mysterious curtain which shrouds it from our senses, we might see a theatre of as many wonders as astronomy has unfolded,—a universe within the compass of a point so small as to elude all the powers of the microscope, but where the wonder-working God finds room for the exercise of all his attributes—where he can raise another mechanism of worlds, and fill and animate them all with the evidence of his glory.

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