

upon the table and piano forte. Next she goes out for tea, which she then carries to his Majesty upon a large salver, containing sugar, cream and bread and butter and cake, while she hangs a napkin over her arm for his fingers.

When he has taken his tea, she returns to her station, where she waits till he has done,—and then takes away his cup and fetches more.

This, it seems, is a ceremony performed, in other places, always by the mistress of the house—but here, neither of their Majesties will permit Mrs. Delany to attempt it.

*The King's Opinion of Shakspeare.*—"Was there ever," cried he, "such stuff as great part

of Shakspeare? only one must not say so. But what think you?—what? Is there not sad stuff? What?—what?"

"Yes, indeed, I think so, sir, though mixed with such excellences, that"—

"Oh!" cried he, laughing, "good—ha! I know it is not to be said! But it's true. Only it's Shakspeare, and nobody dare abuse him."

Then he enumerated many of the characters and plays which he objected to,—and when he had run them over, finished with again laughing and exclaiming—

"But one should be stoned for saying so!"

#### ORIGINAL.

#### LINES.

THINK not the future 'ere will bring  
To us proud fortune's fond caress,  
That time will bear upon its wing  
Long hours of deep, pure happiness.  
Think not that joy again will fling,  
Around our hearts, its genial ray,  
Which, with the bloom of life's fair spring,  
Hath pass'd away.

The flutt'ring picture fancy drew,  
Hope had engraven on the heart,—  
We fondly thought the fairy hue,  
The golden tints, would ne'er depart.  
But as the streams of crimson light,  
Which, in the West, at close of day,  
Fade slowly, so th' illusion bright  
Has pass'd away.

No more we wake the harp's sweet pow'r,  
Whose light and sympathetic tone  
Was wont to cheer the lonely hour:  
No—all its melody hath flown.

The bosom's chords have sunk to rest,—  
That thrill'd responsive to the lay,  
The fire that glow'd within the breast  
Has died away.

Yes! ours another portion now—  
The hollow cheek, the sunken eye,  
The wasted form, the feverish brow,  
The flutt'ring pulse, the wish to die,—  
The loathing soul that dreads to live,  
A wreck, a thing of slow decay,  
When all the freshness youth should give  
Has pass'd away.

The flow'r should fall when young and fair,  
'Ere the green leaves that guard its head  
Have gone, and left its tendrils bare.  
To linger till its hues have fled,  
And so the heart, while round it still  
Its beauty and its freshness play,  
Its bloom untouched by winter's chill,  
Should pass away.

#### A HARD CASE—BY THOMAS HOOD.

THAT doctors differ, has become a common proverb; and truly, considering the great disadvantages under which they labour, their variances are less wonders than matters of course. If any man works in the dark, like a mole, it is the physician. He has continually, as it were, to divine the colour of a pig in a poke—or a cat in the bag. He is called in to a suspected *trunk*, without the policeman's privilege of search. He is expected to pass judgment on a physical tragedy going on in the house of life, without the critic's free admission to the performance. He is tasked to set to rights a disordered economy, without, as the Scotch say, going "*ben*," and must guess