

Ha, press me no more with  
 That passionless hand,  
 'Tis whiter than milk, or  
 The foam on the strand;  
 'Tis softer than down, or  
 The silk on leaf's flower;  
 But colder than ice fibrils  
 Its touch at this hour.  
 Like the finger of Death  
 From cements unrolled,  
 Thy hand on my heart falls  
 Dull, clammy, and cold.

Nor bend o'er my pillow—  
 Thy raven black hair  
 O'ershadows my brow with  
 A deeper pair;  
 These ringlets thick falling  
 Spread me through my brain,  
 And my temples are throbbing  
 With madness again.  
 The moonlight! the moonlight!  
 The deep winding bay!  
 There are two on that strand,  
 And a ship far away!

In its silence and beauty,  
 Its passion and power,  
 Love breathed o'er the hand,  
 Like the soul of a flower:  
 The billows were chiming  
 On pale yellow sands;  
 And moonshine was gleaming  
 On small ivory hands.  
 There were bowers by the brook's brink,  
 And flowers bursting free;  
 There were hot lips to suck forth  
 A lost soul from me!

Now, mountain and meadow,  
 Frith, forest and river,  
 Are mingling with shadows—  
 Are lost to me ever.  
 The sunlight is fading,  
 Small birds seek their nest;  
 While happy hearts, flower-like,  
 Sink sinless to rest.  
 But I!—tis no matter;—  
 Ay, kiss cheek and chin;  
 Kiss—kiss—Thou hast won me,  
 Bright, beautiful Sin!

### AMUSEMENTS OF THE LEARNED.

MANY persons are of belief that authors are very grave and reserved in their manners, that they are constantly engaged in study, have no relish whatever for relaxation, and are careless of the ordinary pleasures of society. This is a ridiculous fallacy: authors just think and act like other men when not engaged in their literary avocation; and whatever may be the gravity of their writings, they are generally very merry fellows, and like to indulge in frivolous amusements as well as their neighbours. D'Israeli, who has taken the pains to enter into a minute investigation of many literary subjects recites a number of instances of learned men indulging in different amusements by way of relaxation to their mind.

“Among the Jesuits (says he, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, a work we recommend to the perusal of our readers), it was a standing rule of the order, that after an application to study for two hours, the mind of the student should be unbent by some relaxation, however trifling. When Patavius was

employed in his *Doctrina Theologica*, a work of the most profound and extensive erudition, the great recreation of the learned father was, at the end of every second hour, to twirl his chair for five minutes. After protracted studies, Spinoza would mix with a family-party where he lodged, and join in the most trivial conversations, or unbend his mind by setting spiders to fight each other; he observed their combats with so much interest, that he was often seized with immoderate fits of laughter. A continuity of labour deadens the soul, observes Seneca, in closing his treatise on ‘The Tranquillity of the soul,’ and the mind must unbend itself by certain amusements. Socrates did not blush to play with children; Cato, over his bottle, found an alleviation from the fatigues of government; a circumstance, he says in his quaint manner, which rather gives honour to this defect, than the defect dishonours Cato. Some men of letters portioned out their day between repose and labour. Asiaticus Pollio would not suffer any business to occupy him beyond a stated hour; after that time he would not allow any letter to be opened during his hours of relaxation, that they might not be interrupted by unforeseen labours. In the senate, after the tenth hour, it was not allowed to make any new motion.

Tycho Brahe diverted himself with polishing glasses for all kinds of spectacles, and making mathematical instruments; an amusement too closely connected with his studies to be deemed as one.

D'Andilly, the translator of Josephus, after seven or eight hours of study every day, amused himself in cultivating trees; Barclay, the author of the *Argenis*, in his leisure hours was a florist; Balzac amused himself with a collection of crayon portraits; Peiresc found his amusement amongst his medals and antiquarian curiosities; the abbé de Marolles with his prints; and Politian in singing airs to his lute. Descartes passed his afternoons in the conversation of a few friends, and in cultivating a little garden; in the world, he relaxed his profound speculations by rearing delicate flowers.

Rohault wandered from shop to shop to observe the mechanics labour; the Count Caylus passed his mornings in the studios of artists, and his evenings in writing his numerous works on art. This was the true life of an amateur,

Granville Sharp, amidst the severity of his studies, found a social relaxation in the amusement of a barge on the Thames, which was well known to the circle of his friends; there was festive hospitality with musical delight, it was resorted to by men of the most eminent talents and rank. His little voyages to Putney, to Kew, and to Richmond, and the literary intercourse they produced, were singularly happy ones, “The history of his amusements cannot be told without adding to the dignity of his character,” observes Mr Prince Hoare, in the very curious life of this great philanthropist.

Some have found amusement in composing treatises on odd subjects. Seneca wrote a burlesque narrative of Claudius's death. Pierius Valerianus has written an eulogium on beards; and we have had a learned one recently, with gravity and plea-