

interruption to the counsel that is given him; but no one knew better than Mr. Abernethy how utterly ignorant even the educated classes are of the structure and functions of the animal economy, and how completely they have been excluded from the means of obtaining any information on these subjects. No one knew better than he that in the cases in which he was consulted there was often real suffering, though there might be exaggerated statement and unreasonable complaint; that suffering is not the less suffering because it is self-inflicted, and that it is bitter indeed when the very person from whom solace is sought treats it with derision and reproach. To listen to the interminable details of a bewildered and possibly a selfish hypochondriac may, indeed, be a 'trial of temper'; but the department of the medical practitioner, even towards such an hypochondriac, who applies to him for guidance and aid, ought to be under the controul of principle, rather than of feeling. Whatever be the folly of a patient, it can never forfeit his claim to humanity—of which the physician, from the knowledge which his profession gives him of the weakness, infirmity and suffering of human nature, ought to be more observant than any other human being.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

The curling waves, with awful roar,
A little bark assail'd,
And pallid Fear's distracting pow'r
O'er all on board prevail'd—

Save one, the Captain's darling child,
Who steadfast view'd the storm,
And cheerful, with composure, smil'd
At Danger's threat'ning form.

"And sport'st thou thus," a seaman cried,
"While terrors overwhelm?"
"Why should I fear?" the boy replied,
"My Father's at the helm."

So, when our worldly all is reft,
Our earthly helper's gone,
We still have one sure anchor left,
God helps, and He alone.

He to our prayers will bend his ear,
He give our pangs relief—
He turns to smiles each trembling tear,
To joy each tort'ring grief.

Then turn to Him, 'mid sorrows wild,
When wants and woes o'erwhelm—
Rememb'ring, like the fearless child,
Our Father's at the helm.

RICHARD CŒUR DE LION.

When, in the year 1250, Henry the Third held a merry festival in France, a jocular, born in Hampshire, stepped forward, as we are told, and, with permitted gibe, said, "Send away Cœur de Lion's shield out of the hall, my liege, else your fine dinner will have no digesters. You see these French fellows are afraid to look on it; the thought of Richard takes away their appetite." This was more than a biting jest, for it was a true one. Joinville acknowledges that when a Frenchman's horse started under him, the common exclamation of anger was, "*Qu'as tu? Vois-tu le Roi Richard?*" "What ails you? Do you see King Richard coming?"

"We may read, and read, and read again; and still glean something new, something to please, and something to instruct."—*Hurdis*.

OH! DAYS OF YOUTH.

Oh! days of youth and joy, long clouded,
Why thus for ever haunt my view?
When in the grave your light lay shrouded,
Why did not memory die there too?
Vainly doth Hope her strain now sing me,
Whispering of joys that yet remain—
No, no, never more can this life bring me
One joy that equals youth's sweet pain.

Dim lies the way to death before me,
Cold winds of Time blow round my brow;
Sunshine of youth that once fell o'er me,
Where is your warmth, your glory now?
'T is not that then pain could sting me—
'T is not that now no joys remain;
Oh! it is that life no more can bring me
One joy so sweet as that worst pain.

ILL FATED ROYAL FAMILIES.

THE LINE OF CHARLEMAGNE.

The successors of Charlemagne in his French dominions, were examples of a melancholy reign.

His son, Louis le Delonnaire, died for want of food in consequence of a superstitious panic.

His successor, Charles the Bald, was poisoned by his physician.

The son of Charles, Louis the Stutterer, fell also by poison.

Charles, king of Aquitaine, brother to Louis, was fatally wounded in the head by a lord, named Albuin, whom he was endeavouring, by way of frolic, to terrify, in disguise.

Louis III., successor to Louis the Stutterer, riding through the streets of Tours, pursued the handsome daughter of a citizen named Germond, till the terrified girl took refuge in a house; and the king, thinking more of her charms than of the size of the gateway, attempting to force his horse after her, broke his back, and died.

His successor, Carloman, fell by an ill directed spear, thrown by his own servant, at a wild boar.

Charles the Fat, perished of want, grief, and poison all together.

His successor, Charles the Simple, died in prison, of penury and despair.

Louis the Stranger, who succeeded him, was bruised to death as he was hunting.

Lotharius and Louis V., the two last kings of the race of Charlemagne, were both poisoned by their wives.

After a revolution of two hundred and thirty years, there remained of the whole line of Charlemagne, only Charles, duke of Lorraine; and he, after ineffectually struggling in defence of his rights against Hugh Capot, sunk beneath the fortune of his antagonist, and ended his life and race in solitary confinement.

The French historians observe, that the epithets given to the princes of the line of Charlemagne, were almost all, expressive of the contemptuous light in which that family was held by the people over whom it reigned.

THE STUARTS.

The royal line of Stuart was as steadily unfortunate as any ever recorded in history. Their misfortunes continued with unabated succession, during three hundred and ninety years.

Robert III., broke his heart, because his eldest son Robert, was starved to death, and his youngest, James was made a captive.

James I., after having beheaded three of his nearest kindred, was assassinated by his own uncle, who was tortured to death for it.