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# Saturday Evening Magazine.

PRICE TWOPENCE.

VOL. I.

MONTREAL, 23 NOVEMBER, 1833.

No. 3.

## BLESSED BE THY NAME.

Blessed be thy name for ever,  
Thou of life the guard and giver ;  
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping,  
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,  
God of stillness and of motion,  
Of the desert and the ocean,  
Of the mountain, rock, and river,  
Blessed be thy name for ever.

Thou who slumberst not, nor sleepest,  
Blest are they thou kindly keepst ;  
God of evening's parting ray,  
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,  
That rises from the azure sea,  
Like breathings of eternity ;  
God of life ! that fade shall never,  
Blessed be thy name for ever !

## THE LION AND THE UNICORN ;

AND THE FORMER SUPPORTERS OF THE ROYAL ARMS OF ENGLAND.

The Lion and the Unicorn have been, for more than two centuries, the supporters of the arms of this Kingdom. They were adopted at the time of the union of the crowns of England and Scotland, under King James the First, in the year 1603, and have been used ever since. Previously, however, to that time, there appear to have been repeated changes in the choice of supporters of the royal arms.

The origin of supporters in general has been traced, by some antiquaries, to the ancient tournaments in which the knights caused their shields to be carried by servants or pages, under the disguise of lions, bears, griffins, blackamoors, &c. who also held and guarded the escutcheons, which the knights were obliged to expose to public view some time before the lists were opened. But perhaps, the best opinion is, that the first origin and use of them are derived from the custom of leading any one who was invested with some great distinction to the prince who conferred it, and of his being supported by two persons of rank when he received the symbols of honour ; and, as a memorial of that ceremony, his arms were afterwards supported by any two creatures which he chose. Hence it is no wonder, that, amongst the various strange and ideal animals, such as the dragon, the griffin, the cockatrice and the wyvern, figures used in heraldry ; the unicorn also, as we now see it represented, should have been employed as a supporter.

For the information and amusement of some of our readers, we subjoin an account of the supporters of the arms of England, from the reign of Richard the Second.

A.D.

- 1377 RICHARD THE SECOND. His supporters were *two angels in white, kneeling.*
- 1339 HENRY THE FOURTH. The line of Lancaster commencing with this monarch, he changed the supporters, and took, on the right side, *a white swan, with a gold collar and chain ;* and, on the left, *a white antelope, similarly collared and chain.*
- 1413 HENRY THE FIFTH. This martial king had for his supporters, on the right, *a lion crowned ;* on the left, *a white antelope, with a gold collar and chain.*
- 1422 HENRY THE SIXTH. On the accession of the House of York, in the person of this prince the supporters were, on the right, *a lion ;* on the left, *a white bull.*
- 1483 EDWARD THE FIFTH reigned but two months : this was during the regency of the wicked and ambitious Richard, Duke of Gloucester.— Supporters, on the right, *a lion ;* and on the left, *a white doe.*
- 1483 RICHARD THE THIRD, late regent, had for his supporters, *two white boars.* To these, GRAY, in his beautiful poem of *The Bard*, makes an allusion, in reference to the murder of Edward the Fifth, and of his brother Richard, Duke of York, which was said to have been committed in the Tower of London, by order of this cruel tyrant, their uncle :  
"The bristled boar, in infant gore,  
Wallows beneath the thorny shade."  
The silver boar was his badge ; and he was generally known, in his own time, under the name of *boar or hog.*
- 1485 HENRY THE SEVENTH took for his supporters, on the right, *a red dragon ;* on the left, *a white greyhound.* In this king were united the houses of York and Lancaster.
- 1509 HENRY THE EIGHTH had, on the right, *a lion crowned ;* on the left, *a red dragon.*
- 1547 EDWARD THE SIXTH. This king made no alteration in the supporters, but retained the same as his father had.
- 1558 ELIZABETH resumed the supporters of her father, Henry the Eighth, and of Edward the Sixth ; viz : on the right, *a lion crowned ;* on the left, *a red dragon.*
- 1603 JAMES THE FIRST, (Sixth of Scotland,) king of Great Britain. This king assumed for supporters, on the right, *a lion crowned, and* on the left the UNICORN, which have ever since that period maintained their distinguished

posts. The reason of the *unicorn* being added in lieu of the *dragon*, was because James the First's supporters, as king of Scotland, were *two unicorns*.

### THE KING'S TITLE.

HENRY the Eighth was the first king of England who assumed the title of majesty. Before his reign the sovereigns were usually addressed, « *My Liege,* » and « *Your Grace.* » The latter epithet was originally conferred on Henry the Fourth; « *Excellent Grace,* » was given to Henry the Sixth; « *Most High and Mighty Prince,* » to Edward the Fourth; « *Highness,* » to Henry the Seventh; which last expression, and sometimes « *Grace,* » was used to Henry the Eighth. About the end of his reign all these titles were absorbed by that of « *Majesty,* » with which Francis the First addressed him at their interview, in 1520. James the First completed this title to the present « *Sacred,* » or « *Most Excellent Majesty.* »

Before the union of the crowns, *Britain* alone was in general use in the style of our sovereigns, to signify England and Wales. Alfred, however, was called « *Governor of the Christians of Britain;* » Edgar, « *Monarch of Britain;* » Henry the Second, « *King of Britain;* » and John, « *Rex Britanniarum, King of the Britons.* »

The royal style as settled on the 5th November, 1800, on the union with Ireland, which was to commence from the first of January, 1801, runs thus :

« *George the Third, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland King, Defender of the Faith, and of the United Church of England and Ireland, on Earth the Supreme Head.* »

In Latin, « *Georgius Tertius, Dei Gratia Britanniarum Rex,* » &c. ; the word *Britanniarum*, which was first introduced on this occasion, being regarded as expressive, under one term, of the United Kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland.

### SILENT HE SLEEPS.

*By the Widow of one who died of the Cholera.*

Silent he sleeps! that eye,  
So lately bright with hope, is closed for ever;  
Struck by the blighting plague he sank—but never  
Was one more fit to die.

Oh, what a sudden blow!  
But yesterday he lived in health and beauty,  
And now they've hurried through their dreadful duty,  
And left me to my woe.

Where are my friends all flown,  
Those friends who shared in all my hours of gladness;  
Comes there not one to dry the tears of sadness?  
Not one:—I am alone.

Father! to thee I turn;  
And though in sorrow, by the cold world slighted,  
And every dream of happiness now blighted,  
Not in despair I mourn!

For there are realms above  
Far brighter realms, where grief shall have no dwelling;

There will thy chosen rest, their voices swelling  
To praise thy endless love!

**A JEWISH TALE.**—When Abraham sat at his tent-door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stooping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travail, coming towards him, who was 100 years of age: he received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down: but observing that the old man ate, and prayed not for a blessing of his meat, he asked him why he did not worship the God of Heaven. The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God. At which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was he replied, « I thrust him away, because he did not worship Thee. » God answered him, « I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me; and couldst not thou endure him one night when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment, and wise instruction.—  
JER TAYLOR.

He who cannot see the workings of a Divine wisdom in the order of the heavens, the change of the seasons, the flowing of the tides, the operations of the wind and other elements, the structure of the human body, the circulation of the blood through a variety of vessels wonderfully arranged and conducted the instinct of beasts, their tempers and dispositions, the growth of plants, and their many effects for meat and medicine: he who cannot see all these, and many other things, as the evident contrivances of a Divine wisdom, is sottishly blind, and unworthy of the name of man.—*JONES of Nayland.*

FRANKLIN, springing from a low origin, the citizen of a Colony which swelled into an active republic, in which every path was open to ability—passed through each gradation of useful and ambitious life. Read the account of his arrival at Philadelphia—the commencement of his career!

Beginning thus, and not stopping in his laborious career, he did not end it until he had successively been the apprentice to the printer, the editor of the newspaper, the clerk of the General Assembly of Philadelphia, the Representative of that city, the Philosopher, celebrated for his discoveries in science, and the Diplomatist. You see him through life.—now employed in improving his almanac—now in making his experiments in electricity—now in taking part in the debates of a public assembly—now in conducting a treaty, and securing the basis of rational independence for his country. Contrast this useful and arduous life with the epicurean and softened existence which smothered down and wore off the energies of Horace Walpole! In his writings—in his

speeches—simple, unadorned, and concise, the grace of Franklin (for he had also that charm) was the grace of an antique statue; while Walpole's more frequently resembles that of a French painting. They were both men of various and extraordinary talents; but one, living only for pleasure, produced nothing that could do more than contribute to the idle amusement, while the other engaged in every thing that could add to the solid happiness and moral dignity, of his countrymen. Walpole, afraid of passing without the pale of good society clipped his talents down into accomplishments; Franklin, with the wide range of the world before him, took an easy flight into its various paths;—the one could hardly have been more, the other could hardly have been less than he was.

There is not a nobler sight in the world than an aged Christian; who, having been sifted in the sieve of temptation, stands forth as a confirmer of the assaulted, testifying, from his own trials, the reality of religion; and meeting, by warnings, directions, and consolations, the cases of all who may be tempted to doubt it.—*CECIL.*

#### NAPOLEON.

The mighty sun had just gone down  
Into the chambers of the deep;  
The ocean birds had upward flown,  
Each in his cave to sleep.

And silent was the island shore,  
And breathless all the broad red sea,  
And motionless beside the door  
Our solitary tree.

Our only tree, our ancient palm,  
Whose shadow sleeps our door beside,  
Partook the universal calm,  
When Buonaparte died.

An ancient man, a stately man,  
Came forth beneath the spreading tree,  
His silent thoughts I could not scan,  
His tears I needs must see.

A trembling hand had partly cover'd  
The old man's weeping countenance,  
Yet something o'er his sorrow hover'd  
That spake of War and France;

Something that spake of other days,  
When trumpets pierced the kindling air,  
And the keen eye could firmly gaze  
Through battle's crimson glare.

Said I, perchance this faded hand,  
When Life beat high, and Hope was young,  
By Lodi's wave—on Syria's sand—  
The bolt of death hath fung.

Young Buonaparte's battle cry  
Perchance hath kindled this o'd cheek;  
It is no shame that he should sign,—  
His heart is like to break.

He hath been with him, young and old;  
He climb'd with him the Alpine snow;  
He heard the cannon when they roll'd  
Along the silver Po.

His soul was as a sword, to leap  
At his accustom'd leader's word;  
I love to see the old man weep,—  
He knew no other lord.

As if it were but yesternight,  
This man remembers dark Eylau,—  
His dreams are of the Eagle's flight,  
Victorious long ago.

The memories of former time  
Are all as shadow's unto him;  
Fresh stands the picture of his primo,—  
The later trace is dim.

I enter'd, and I saw him lie  
Within the chamber, all alone,  
I drew near ve y solemnly  
To dead Napoleon.

He was not shrouded in a shroud,  
He lay not like the vulgar dead,  
Yet all of haughty, stern, and proud  
From his pale brow was fled.

He had put harness on to die,  
The eagle-star shone on his breast,  
His sword lay bare his pillow nigh,—  
The sword he liked the best.

But calm—most calm was all his face,  
A solemn smile was on his lips,  
His eyes were closed in pensive grace—  
A most serene eclipse!

Ye would have said some sairted sprite  
Had left its passionless abode,—  
Some war, whose prayer at morn and night  
Had duly risen to God.

What thoughts had calm'd his dying breast  
(For calm he died) cannot be known;  
Nor would I wound a warrior's rest—  
Farewe'll, Napoleon!

No sculptured pile our hands shall rear;  
Tny simple sod the stream shall lave,  
The native Holly's leaf severe  
Shall grace and guard thy grave.

The Eagle stooping from the sky  
Shall fold his wing and rest him here,  
And sunwards gaze with glowing eye  
From Buonaparte's bier.

**JAMAICA FIRE-FLIES.**—I was in the habit, almost nightly, of enclosing a dozen or more of fire-flies under an inverted glass tumbler on my bedroom table, the light from whose bodies enabled me to read without difficulty. They are about the size of a bee, and perfectly harmless. Their coming forth in more than usual numbers is the certain harbinger of impending rain; and I have frequently, whilst travelling, met them in such myriads, that, be the night ever so dark, the pathway was as plain and visible almost as at noonday. The light they emit resembles exactly the lustre of the diamond, and I have been told that it is no uncommon thing for the *Cæole coquettes* to insert a few of them, confined in pieces of thin gauze, amongst their hair, and in various parts of their dress, just as our belles at home avail themselves of the ingenuity of the paste-jeweller.—*Author of Science in Fiction.*

## SLOW POISON.

PREPARATIONS having the power of weakening the vital powers, and finally cutting short the life of human beings, were at one time used to an incredible extent for the purpose of private murder; and no where with greater skill than in Italy—a country where assassination has always, in modern times, been deemed a light crime. The atrocities committed in Italy and France during the seventeenth century, by these diabolical preparations, have been noticed by Professor Beckmann, in his *History of Inventions and Discoveries*, in a narrative fitted to interest the reader of the *Moutreal Saturday Evening Magazine*.

It was remarked at Rome (says he), about the year 1659, that many young married ladies suddenly became widows, and many husbands who were known to have become disagreeable to their wives unexpectedly died. Suspicion fell on a society of females under the direction of an old woman, who pretended to foretell future events, and who had in fact correctly predicted the death of many persons, to those who were interested in the event. A spy was employed, who introduced herself to this sorceress as a person of distinction, suffering under the tyranny of an imperious husband, of whom she wished to be rid; and by means of this stratagem her secret was detected. The whole society were then arrested, and put to the torture; and the hag herself, whose name was Hieronyma Spara, along with several others, publicly executed. It appeared that many of the Roman nobility were implicated in this affair; and, notwithstanding the severity with which it was visited, traces of the same suspicious practices were remarked for a long time afterwards. Spara was a Sicilian, and was said to have acquired her knowledge from the celebrated Tofania; but the difference of their age renders it more probable that she was instructress of the latter.

Tofania, if not the inventress of the far-famed drops which from her obtained the name of *aqua tofana*, at least carried the diabolical art of preparing them to the greatest perfection. She first resided at Palermo, but afterwards at Naples, where she was more particularly known, and whence the drops have also been commonly called *aquetti di Napoli*. There was, at Bari, in the kingdom of Naples, a miraculous oil, said to distil from the tomb of Saint Nicolas; and the credulity of the people inducing them to employ it as a remedy for certain disorders, it was sold in small glass phials bearing the image of the saint, and an inscription purporting that they contained '*manna of St. Nicholas of Bari*.' The apparent sanctity of these securing them from suspicion, Tofania employed them for the distribution of her drops; but it seems that, like her friend Spara, she reserved them for the service of those of her own sex to whom the yoke of matrimony had become irksome; and if the history of those times be not incorrect, the toilet of few married ladies of distinction at Naples, and other parts of Italy, was without a phial of the precious manna. This poison was limpid and tasteless as pure water, so that it

was impossible to guard against its attacks; a few drops, administered at different periods, were sufficient to destroy a man by slow and imperceptible degrees; and it was supposed, that through its effects not fewer than six hundred persons perished.

Tofania lived to a great age; but suspicion having at length fallen on her, she took refuge in a monastery, from which she was dragged by the officers of justice, notwithstanding an outcry raised by the clergy at the violation of ecclesiastical privilege. Being put to the rack, she confessed her crimes, and acknowledged that the day before she absconded, she had forwarded two boxes of *manna* to Rome, where it was actually found in the customhouse; but it never appeared who had ordered it. She was afterwards, it is said, privately strangled; but in the accounts of her fate there is considerable discrepancy; for Labat says that she was arrested in 1709; Keysler, another traveller, affirms, on the contrary, that she was still living at Naples in 1730, and resided in a convent, in which she was protected as in a sacred sanctuary, and where many strangers used to visit her from motives of curiosity; and Garelli, who was physician to Charles the Sixth, King of the Two Sicilies, and whose authority on this point is most to be relied on, wrote to a friend, about 1719, that she was still in prison at Naples.

This infamous art, however, no where ever excited greater interest than at Paris. About the year 1670, Margaret d'Aubray, wife of the Marquis de Brinvilliers, a nobleman of large fortune, attached herself to a young officer of a distinguished but needy family, named Godin de Ste. Croix. After a short period, she lost her husband, whose property she had partly dissipated; and still openly continuing her intimacy with De Ste. Croix, her father procured a *lettre de cachet*, had him arrested, and thrown into the Bastille. He there got acquainted with an Italian, who instructed him in the manner of preparing poisons. After a year's imprisonment, he was released, and immediately flew to the Marchioness, to whom he communicated the baneful art, which she undertook to practise for the improvement of their circumstances. She then assumed the garb of a nun of the order of *Les Sœurs de la Charité*, distributed food to the poor, administered to the sick in the *Hôtel-Dieu*, and thus tried the effect of her poisons, undetected, on these helpless wretches. She bribed a servant to poison her own father and her brother, and endeavoured to poison her sister. The two former perished; but a suspicion having arisen of the cause of their death, the sister was on her guard, and thus escaped. She then, however, avoided detection, and the guilty pair continued their villainous practices in security, until they were at length providentially brought to light in the following manner:—

De Ste. Croix, while preparing poison, always wore a glass mask; but this once happening to drop off by accident, he was, as it is said suffocated by the vapour, and was found dead on the floor of his laboratory. As he was without apparent heirs, government caused an inventory to be taken of his

effects, among which there was found a sealed casket, with a label to the following effect:—'I hereby entreat that those into whose hands this box may fall, will have the kindness to deliver it into the hands of the Marchioness de Biquilliers, who resides in the *Rue neuve St. Paul*, as its contents concern her alone, are her sole property, and can be of no use to any other person; and in case that she should die before me, I beg that it may be burned, with all that it contains, without opening it. That no one may plead ignorance, I swear by that God whom I adore, and by all that is sacred, that I advance nothing but the truth; and if these, my just and reasonable wishes, be not complied with, I charge the conscience of those who infringe them with the consequences, both in this world and the next, in order that I may relieve my own; protesting, at the same time, that this is my last will. Done at Paris, this 25th of May, in the afternoon, 1672.—DE SAINTE CROIX.' The singularity of this request formed the strongest inducement not to comply with it: accordingly, the casket was opened, and in it were found various packets, with inscriptions signifying that they contained poisons, the effects of which had been proved by experiments on animals.

The Marchioness, having failed in an attempt to obtain possession of the casket, fled to England, and thence to Liege, where she took sanctuary in a convent. In order to entice her from this privileged abode, a police-officer, in the disguise of an Albe, obtained an introduction to her, and, assuming the character of a lover, persuaded her to leave the convent on a party of pleasure, and then arrested her. At first she denied all that was laid to her charge; and while in prison she behaved with levity, passing the greater part of her time in playing at picquet. But she had been guilty of the extraordinary imprudence of making out a catalogue of her crimes, which, in her own hand-writing, was found among her effects in the convent. Upon this she was convicted; and having afterwards acknowledged the horrid detail, which contained a series of the most shocking atrocities, she was publicly beheaded, and afterwards burned at Paris, on the 16 of July 1676, and met her fate with a degree of resolution amounting almost to unconcern. It may afford matter for curious speculation to the disciples of Lavater to learn, that nature had not been sparing to the Marchioness of the beauties of her sex: her features were regular, the contour of her face extremely graceful, and her whole air wore that appearance of serenity, which is considered as an indication of virtue.

#### THE DEMON LADY.

MANIFOLD and strange are the devices which, time out of mind, the arch-enemy of Adam's race hath resorted to for the purpose of entrapping our poor sinful souls. None, according to the most voracious narratives, have been more successful than that of arraying some subordinate fiend in woman's apparel, and bestowing upon the wicked decoy every attribute of feminine loveliness. We could instance many

examples wherein he has triumphed over human frailty by this callant invention; but pretermit them for the present, lest we should be deemed tedious, contenting ourselves by throwing into something like metrical harmony one of the many stories of a like sort which now crowd upon our memory.

According to the slight adumbration of a narrative traced in the following lines, it will be perceived that the unfortunate sinner who had precipitated himself head and heels into the embraces of a fiend, awoke, ere he died, to a bitter sense of his awful and fallen estate. While *in articulo mortis* he spurns the loathsome caresses of the witch-woman for a time; but her endearments at length overcome the counsels of the good angel within him, and he relapses once more into the most sinful abandonment, and dies a ripened spirit for eternal torment. No question the devil would chuckle heartily when he gained this other recruit to his already crowded spirit land. The metre-monger forbears to mention how the demon lady eloped with her earthly paramour; but we believe she would vanish in a flash of fire, according to established usage in similar occurrences. And we much fear that the sounds of her departure would have little resemblance to the «melodious twang» which Aubrey assures us followed the disappearance of a spirit with whom he seems to have been upon a most harmonious understanding. Sailors are the most susceptible of amphibious creatures; and hence the devil peoples every creek, bay, and river with mermaids or water-nymphs in marvellous abundance, and the poor fellows are caught in the meshes of their sunny locks by dozens. The hero of this piece appears to have been the master of some rich argosy at the time he freighted his soul with so much sin as to sink it into fathomless perdition. Deeply it is to be deplored that he did not insure his soul at the same time that he effected an insurance on his ship and cargo. These idle prolixities however, are keeping us from the mournful metres which describe his latter moments. They are as follows:

#### THE DEMON LADY.

AGAIN in my chamber!  
Again at my bed!  
With thy smile sweet as sunshine,  
And hand cold as lead!  
I know thee, I know thee!  
Nay, start not, my sweet,  
These golden robes shrunk up,  
And show'd me thy feet.  
These golden robes shrunk up,  
And taffety thin,  
While out crept the symbols  
Of Death and of sin!

Bright, beautiful devil,  
Pass, pass from me now;  
For the damp dew of death  
Gathers thick on my brow:  
And bind up thy girdle,  
Nor beauties disclose  
More dazzlingly white  
Than the wreath-drifted snows:  
And away with thy kisses;  
My heart waxes sick,  
As thy red lips, like worms,  
Travel over my cheek!

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 cerements 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-

santry, entitled «Eloge de Perruques» (an *Eulogium on Wigs*).

Erasmus composed, to amuse himself when travelling in a post-chase, his panegyric on *Moria*, or Folly, which, authorized by the pun, he dedicated to Sir Thomas More.

It seems, (Johnson observes in his *Life of Sir Thomas Browne*,) to have been in all ages the pride of art to show how it could exalt the low and amplify the little. To this ambition perhaps we owe the frogs of Homer; the gnat and the bees of Virgil; the butterfly of Spenser, the shadow of Wowerus and the quincunx of Browne.

Cardinal de Richelieu, amongst all his great occupations, found recreation in violent exercises; and he was once discovered jumping with his servants, to try who could reach the highest side of a wall. De Grammont, observing the cardinal to be jealous of his powers, offered to jump with him; and, in the true spirit of a courtier, having made some efforts which nearly reached the cardinal's, confessed the cardinal surpassed him. This was jumping like a politician; and by this means he is said to have ingratiated himself with the minister.

The great Samuel Clark was fond of robust exercise; and this profound logician has been found leaping over tables and chairs; once perceiving a pedantic fellow, he said, «Now we must desist, for a fool is coming in.»

An eminent French lawyer, confined by his business to a Parisian life, amused himself with collecting from the classics all the passages which relate to a country life. The collection was published after his death.

Contemplative men seem to be fond of amusements which accord with their habits. The thoughtful game of chess, and the tranquil delight of angling, have been favourite recreations with the studious. Paley had himself painted with a rod and line in his hand; a strange characteristic of the author of «*Natural Theology*.” Sir Henry Wotton called angling ‘idle time not idly spent.’ we may suppose that his meditations and his amusements were carried on at the same moment.

Seneca has observed on amusements proper for literary men, in regard to robust exercises, that there is a folly, an indecency to see a man of letters exult in the strength of his arm, or the breadth of his back! Such amusements diminish the activity of the mind. Too much fatigue exhausts the animal spirits, as too much food blunts the finer faculties; but elsewhere he allows his philosopher an occasional slight inebriation; an amusement which was very prevalent among our poets formerly. Seneca concludes admirably, ‘whatever be the amusements you choose, return not slowly from those of the body to the mind; exercise the latter night and day. The mind is nourished at a cheap rate: neither cold nor heat, nor age itself, can interrupt this exercise; give, therefore, all your cares to a possession which the mind ameliorates even in its old age!’

An ingenious writer has observed, that ‘a garden

just accommodates itself to the perambulations of a scholar, who would perhaps rather wish his walks abridged than extended.’ There is a good characteristic account of the mode in which the literati take exercise, in Pope's letters. ‘I, like a poor squirrel, am continually in motion indeed, but it is about a cage of three foot; my little excursions are like those of a shopkeeper, who walks every day a mile or two before his own door, but minds his business all the while.’ A turn or two in a garden will often very happily close a fine period, mature an unripened thought, raise up fresh associations, when the mind, like the body, becomes rigid by preserving the same posture, Buffon often quitted the apartment he studied in, which was placed in the midst of his garden, for a walk in it; Evelyn loved ‘books and a garden.’”

## ERLKÖNIG.

BY GÆTHE.

Who rides so late through the tempest wild?  
‘Tis the father who bears his darling child;  
As the thunders roll and lightnings glare,  
He presses more closely his anxious care.

«Oh! save me from him,» the infant cries;  
«Look, father, where yonder Erlekönig flies—  
Grim King of terrors, with crown and spear—»  
«Peace, peace, dear child, there is nought to fear.»

«My prettiest boy, wilt go with me?  
Thy life shall be pleasure and revelry;  
With sweetest of flowers I'll dress thy head,  
And the daintiest fairies shall guard thy bed.»

» My father, dear father, and dost thou not hear  
What Erlekönig is whispering soft in mine ear?  
» Courage, dear boy, it is only the trees,  
As their dry leaves in murmurs thus answer the breeze.»

» Come with me, come with me, thou prettiest boy,  
The pleasures of fairies with me thou'lt enjoy:  
My daughter shall love thee—shall sing thee to rest;  
Thy day shall be happy, thy night shall be blest.»

» Oh, father, dear father, look yonder, where lo!  
Sits Erlekönig's daughter in garments of snow.»  
» Cheerily, boy 'tis the lightning's gleam,  
Through the ancient willows which droop o'er the stream.»

» Young urchin, I love thee, then haste to obey:  
And art thou not willing, I'll tear thee away.»  
» Oh, father, dear father, now guard me from ill:  
His eyes flash with fire, his grasp is so chill—»

The father was troubled, and hurrying wild,  
Pressed close and yet closer his anxious child.  
He gains with transport the friendly door—  
He gaz'd in his arms—but his child was no more!

## THE HOUSE OF HOWARD.

The family of the HOWARDS, though there is a strong popular belief to the contrary, founded in error, and confirmed by the well known couplet of POPE, is by no means so ancient as some of less note, still existing in this kingdom. There is nothing certainly known of this family before the reign of Edward the First, when we find William Howard a learned Judge of the Court of Common Pleas:



and yet, to borrow the elegant language of a contemporary writer, «there is a fascination in a name associated with our early imbibed ideas of the splendour of past ages, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary. In point of mere antiquity, there are several nobles which far exceed the Howards; but what other family prevades all our national annals with such frequent mention, and often involved in circumstances of such intense and brilliant interest? As heroes, poets, politicians, courtiers, patrons-of literature, state victims to tyranny and revenge, and feudal chiefs they have been constantly before us for centuries.

In the dawn of life they have exhibited every variety of character, good and bad, and the tale of their crimes as well as of their virtues, is full of instruction, and anxious sympathy or indignant censure. No story of romance or tragic drama, can exhibit more incidents to enchain attention or move the heart, than would a comprehensive account of this house, written with eloquence and pathos. It may be observed, that the opinions taken up by the public of a family's pretensions in blood, whether for the good or for ill, can no more be effaced by the critical officiousness of antiquarian doubts or protests, than it can be impressed with the same zeal in opposition to their prejudices. It is generally, indeed nearer the truth than these censorious gentry struggle to have it thought to be.»

And here it would be at best but a sorry impertinence, in such small limits as are necessarily granted to us, to attempt to give to our readers even the most feeble outline of the achievements of this illustrious heroic and princely family. Upon looking closely at its varied and crowded annals, and when we turn with historical interest to its splendour under the Tudors and Plantagenets—we shall find a conviction forced upon us that all greatness is purchased too dear, that is thought, as it has been by the Norfolk family, sometimes with loss of title and fortune—sometimes with loss of honour, and too often, with loss of life. Indeed, the most unfortunate of this family have been the most remarkable for power and abilities, and have paid the penalty of proscription, imprisonment or violent death for the honor they had attained, or the glorious actions in which they were engaged. How many of our great and ancient families can tell a similar and as sorrowful a narrative of sufferings.

The history of the Seymours, the Dudleys and the Greys, the Percys and the Courtenays, is hardly less full of affecting incidents.

If those in a humble station wanted a lesson of content, it might be furnished in this short abstract from the history of greatness. The tragical death of the heroic the elegant, the accomplished Earl of Surrey: the cruel fate of his son, the Duke of Norfolk, who lost his head on the scaffold, for the cause of Queen Mary; his son Philip, Earl of Arundel, condemned capitally upon frivolous charges and although not executed, kept prisoner in the Tower till his death. This sympathetic abstract might teach the most dissatisfied with his fortune, that not «all the

blood of all the Howards,» shed so prodigally as it has been, can give a ruddier tinge to happiness, or moisten into more prolific beauties the blossoms of contentment.

CHILDREN should be educated as early as possible to acts of charity and mercy. Constantine, as soon as his son could write, employed his hand in signing pardons, and delighted in conveying, through his mouth, all the favours he granted. A noble introduction to sovereignty, which is instituted for the happiness of mankind.—JORTIN.

Dr. Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife, to select her from a bunch, giving as his reasons, that when there are many daughters they improve each other, and from emulation acquire more accomplishments and know more, and do more, than a single child spoiled by parental fondness.

YOUTH is no obstacle to the favour of God, nor to devotion to God's service. St. John was the youngest of the disciples; but no one was more favoured than he, nor more zealous in attachment to his Master. His example calls up: those who are entering upon their career of moral obligation and responsibility, to do that which the wise man calls upon them in words to do; namely, to "remember their Creator in the days of their youth:" and of this we may be sure, that, if they do so remember him, he will not forget them in the time of age, nor forsake them when they are old and gray-headed. If youth present peculiar temptations to withdraw us from the service of God, it endows us also with peculiar ability to serve him. The strength of opening manhood is never so well employed, as in practising subserviency to God's revealed will, and in triumphing over its spiritual enemies: it lends a grace and a beauty to religion, and produces an abundant harvest of good works and of glory to God.—BISHOP MANT.

The public having extended its patronage to the *Saturday Evening Magazine*, to an extent not contemplated by its Editor, and for which he begs leave to return his acknowledgments, he think it his duty not only to devote his careful and anxious attention to the proper selection and disposition of its columns, but also to take such measures as will ensure its increased circulation. With this view he begs leave to announce, that the terms of annual subscription are Seven Shillings and Sixpence, and for shorter periods of time at a price proportionally less, payable in advance. Gentlemen willing to become Agents on the usual terms, are requested to notify their readiness to the Editor at the Office of «*L'Ami du Peuple*.»