

## POETRY.

### Selected.

#### INFANTINE INQUIRIES.

(From a recently published volume of Poems, by William Pennycook Brown.)  
"Tell me, O mother! when I grow old,  
Will my hair, which my sister says is like gold,  
Grow grey as the old man's, weak and poor,  
Who ask'd for alms at our pillar'd door?  
Will I look as sad, will I speak as slow,  
As he, when he told us his tale of woe?  
Will my hands then shake, and my eyes be dim?  
Tell me, O mother! will I grow like him?"

"He said—but I knew not what he meant—  
That his aged heart with sorrow was rent,  
He spoke of the grave as a place of rest,  
Where the weary sleep in peace and are blest;  
And he told how his kindred there were laid,  
And the friends with whom in his youth he play'd;  
And tears from the eyes of the old man fell,  
And my sisters wept as they heard his tale!"

"He spoke of a home, where, in childhood's gleam,  
He chased from the wild flowers the singing bee;  
And follow'd afar, with a heart as light;  
As its sparkling wings, the butterfly's flight;  
And pull'd a young flower, where they grew 'neath  
The beams  
Of the sun's fair light, by his own blue streams—  
Yet he left all these, through the earth to roam!  
Why, O mother! did he leave his home?"

"Calm thy young thoughts, my own fair child!  
The fancies of youth and age are beguiled;  
Though pale grew thy cheeks, and thy hair turn'd  
Gray,  
Time cannot steal the soul's youth away!  
There's a land of which thou hast heard me speak,  
Where age never wrinkles the dweller's cheek;  
But in joy they live, fair boy! like thee—  
It was there the old man long'd to be!"

"For he knew that those with whom he had play'd,  
In his heart's young joy, 'neath their cottage  
shade—  
Whose love he shar'd, when their songs and mirth  
Brighten'd the gloom of this sinful earth—  
Whose names from our world had pass'd away,  
As flowers in the breath of an autumn day—  
He knew that they, with all suffering done,  
Entered the throne of the Holy One!"

"Though ours be a pillar'd and lofty home,  
Where Want with his pale train never may come,  
Thou' scarce not the poor, with the scorned jest,  
Who seek in the shade of our hall to rest;  
For HE who bathed them in poor man's tears  
Darkens the sky of our glowing noon,  
And leave us with woe, in the world's bleak wild;  
Oh! soften the griefs of the poor, my child!"

## VARIETIES.

### TALE OF THE SILVER HEART.

In the course of a ramble through the western part of Fife, I descended one evening upon the ancient burgh of Culross, which is situated on a low strip of land beside the sea-shore, with a line of high grounds rising behind it, upon which are situated the old abbey church and the ruins of a very fine mansion-house, once the residence of the lords of the manor. On stepping forth next morning from the little inn, I found that the night had been stormy, and that the waves of the Forth were still rolling with considerable violence, so as to delay the usual passage of the ferry-boat to Borrowstonness. Having resolved to cross to that part of the opposite shore, I found that I should have ample time, before the boat could proceed, to inspect those remains of antiquity, which now give the burgh almost its only importance in the eyes of a traveller. The state of the atmosphere was in the highest degree calculated to increase the interest of these objects. It was a day of gloom, scarcely different from night. The sky displayed that fixed dullness which so often succeeds a nocturnal tempest; the sea was one sheet of turbid darkness, save where chequered by the breaking wave. The streets and paths of the little village-burgh showed, each by its deep and pebbly seam, how much rain had fallen during the night; and all the foliage of the gardens and woods around, as well as the walls of the houses, were still drenched with wet. Having secured the services of the official called the *bedral*, I was conducted to the abbey church, which is a very old Gothic structure, but recently repaired and fitted up as a parochial place of worship. It was fitting, in such a gloomy day, to inspect the outlines of abbots and crusaders which still creak the pavement of this ancient temple; and there was matter, perhaps, for still more solemn reflection in the view of the adjacent mansion-house. Culross Abbey, as this structure is called, was finished so lately as the reign of Charles II., and by the same architect with Holyrood house, which it far exceeded in magnificence. Yet, as the premature ruin of youthful health is a more affecting object than the ripe decline of age, so did this roofless modern palace, with the wall-flower waving from its elegant Grecian windows, present a more dismal aspect than could have been expected from any ruin of more hoary antiquity. The tale which it told of the extinction of modern grandeur, and the decline of recently flourishing families, appealed more immediately and more powerfully to the sympathies than that of remote and more barbarous greatness, which is to be read in the sterner battlements of a border tower, or an ancient national fortress. The site had been chosen upon a lofty terrace overlooking the sea, in order that the inmates might be enlivened by the ever-changing aspect of that element, and the constant transit of its ships; but now all-useless was this peculiarity of situation, except to serve to the mariner as a kind of landmark, or to supply the more contemplative voyager with the subject of a sigh. With a mind attuned by this object to the most melancholy reflections, I was conducted to what is called an aisle or burial vault, projecting from the north side of the church, and which contains the remains of the former lords of Culross. There images are shown cut in beautiful Italian marble of Sir Bruce, his lady and several children, all of which must have been procured from

the Continent, at a great expense; for this honourable knight and his family flourished in the early part of the seventeenth century, when no such art was practised in Scotland. The images, however, and the whole sepulchre, had a neglected and desolate appearance, as may be expected by the greatest of personages, when their race has become unknown at the scene of their repose. In this gloomy chamber of the heirless dead, I was shown a projection from one of the side-walls, much like an altar, over which was painted on the wall the mournfully appropriate and expressive word "FUGIUS." Below was an inscription on a brass plate, importing that this was the resting-place of the heart of Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, formerly proprietor of the princely estate of Culross; and that the story connected with it was to be found related in the *Guardian*, and alluded to in Clarendon's *History of the Great Rebellion*. It was stated that the heart was enclosed in a silver case of its own shape, which had reposed here ever since it ceased to beat with the tide of mortal life in the year 1613, except that it was raised from its cell for a brief space in 1808, in the course of some repairs upon the sepulchre. As I had a perfect recollection of the story told by Steele, which, indeed, had made a deep impression upon me in boyhood, it was with no small interest that I beheld the final abode of an object so immediately connected with it. It seemed as if time had been betrayed, when I thus found myself in presence of the actual membrane, in bodily substance entire, which had, by its proud passions, brought about the catastrophe of that piteous tale. What I thought I, and does the heart of Edward Bruce, which beat so long ago with emotions now hardly known among men, still exist at this spot, as if the friends of its owner had resolved that so noble a thing should never find decay? The idea had in it something so truly captivating, that it was long ere I could quit the place, or return to the feelings of immediate existence. The whole scene around, the little neglected burgh itself, had now become invested with a fascinating power over me; and I did not depart till I had gathered, from the traditions of the inhabitants, the principal materials of the following story, aiding them, after I had reached home, by reference to more authentic documents:—

Edward Lord Bruce of Kinloss, the second who bore the title, was the son of the first Lord, who is so memorable in history as a servicable minister to King James VI during the latter years of his Scottish reign, having been chiefly instrumental, along with the Earl of Mar, in smoothing the way for his Majesty's succession to Queen Elizabeth. After the death of his father, the young Lord Bruce continued, along with his mother, to enjoy high consideration in the English court. He was a contemporary and playmate of Henry Prince of Wales, whom he almost equalled in the performance of all noble sports and exercises, while from his less cold character, he was perhaps a greater favourite among those who were not prepossessed in favour of youthful royalty. There was not, perhaps, in the whole of the English court any young person of greater promise, or more endearing qualities, than Lord Bruce, though, in respect of mere external accomplishments, he was certainly rivalled by his friend Sir George Sackville, a younger son of the Earl of Dorset. This young gentleman, who was the grandson of one poet, and destined to be the grandchild of another, was one of those free and dashing spirits, who, according to the contemporary writers, kept the streets of London in an almost perpetual brawl, by night and day, with their extravagant frolics, or more generally, the feuds arising out of them. His heart and genius were naturally good, but the influence of less innocent companions gradually betrayed him into evil habits; and thus many generous faculties, which might have adorned the highest profession, were in him perverted to the basest uses. It was often a subject of wonder, that the pure and elevated nature of young Lord Bruce should tolerate the reckless profligacy of Sackville; but those who were thus surprised did not take a very extended view of human nature. The truth is, that real goodness is often imposed upon by vice, and sees in it more to attract and delight than it does in goodness similar to itself. The gentle character of Bruce clung to the fierce and turbulent nature of Sackville, as if it found in that nature a protection and comfort which it needed. Perhaps there was something, also, in the early date of their intimacy, which might tend to fix the friendship of these dissimilar minds. From their earliest boyhood, they had been thrown together, as pages in the household of the prince, where their education proceeded, step by step, in union, and every action and every duty was the same. It was further remarked, that, while the character of Bruce appeared always to be bolder in the presence of Sackville than on other occasions, that of Sackville was invariably softened by juxtaposition with Bruce; so that they had something more like a common ground to meet upon than could have previously been suspected.

When the two young men were about fourteen, and as yet displayed little more than the common features of innocent boyhood, Sackville was permitted by his parents to accompany Bruce on a summer visit to the paternal estates of the young nobleman in Scotland. There they enjoyed together, for some weeks, all the sports of the season and place, which seemed to be as untiring as their own mutual friendship. One day, as they were preparing to go out a hunting, an aged woman, who exercised the trade of a spaw-wife, or fortune-teller, came up to the gate. The

horses upon which they had just mounted were startled by the uncouth appearance of this stranger, and that ridden by Sackville was so very restive as nearly to throw him off. This caused the young Englishman to address her in language of not the most respectful kind; nor could all the efforts of Lord Bruce, who was actuated by different feelings, prevent him from aiming at her once or twice with his whip. "For heaven's sake, sackville," said Lord Bruce, "take care lest she makes us all repeat of this. Don't you see that she is a spaw-wife?"

"What care I for your spaw-wives?" cried Sackville. "All I know is, that she is a cursed old beggar, or gipsy, and has nearly caused me to break my neck."

"I tell you she is a witch and fortune-teller," said his gentler companion; and there was not a man in the country but would rather have his neck broken than say any thing to offend her.

The woman, who had hitherto stood with a face beaming with indignation, now broke out—

"Ride on to your hunting, young man," addressing Sackville; "you will not have the better sport for abusing the helpless infirmities of old age. Some day you two will go out to a different kind of sport, and one only will come back alive; alive, but wishing that he rather had been doomed to the fate of his companion."

Both Sackville and Bruce were for the time deeply impressed with this denunciation, to which the superstitious feelings of the age gave greater weight than can now be imagined; and, even while they mutually swore that hostility between them was impossible, they each secretly wished that the doom could be unsaid. Its chief immediate effect was to deepen and strengthen their friendship. Each seemed to wish, by bestowing more and more affection upon his companion, at once to give to himself a better assurance of his own indisposition to quarrel, and to his friend a stronger reason for banishing the painful impression from his mind. Perhaps this was one reason—and one not the less strong that it was, in some measure, unconscious—why, on the separation of their characters in ripening manhood, they still clung to each other with such devoted attachment.

[To be continued in our next.]

THE LOST WIG.—While Lord Coalston lived in a house in the Advocates' Close, Edinburgh, a strange accident one morning befell him. It was at that time the custom for advocates and judges to dress themselves in gowns and wigs, and cravats, at their own houses, and walk to the Parliament House. They usually breakfasted early, and, when dressed were in the habit of leaning over their parlour windows for a few minutes, before St. Giles's bell started the sounding peal of a quarter to nine, enjoying the agreeable morning air, and perhaps discussing the news of the day. It so happened one morning, while Lord Coalston was preparing to enjoy his matutinal treat, two girls, who lived in the second flat above, were amusing themselves with a kitten, which, in thoughtless sport, they had swung over the window, by a cord tied round its middle, and hoisted for some time up and down, till the creature was getting rather desperate with its exertions. His lordship had just popped his head out of the window, directly below that from which the kitten swung, little suspecting, good easy man, what a danger impended, like the sword of Damocles, over his head; when down came the exasperated animal at full career, directly upon his senatorial wig. No sooner did the girls perceive what sort of landing place their kitten had found, than in terror or surprise they began to draw it up; but this measure was now too late, for, along with the animal, up also came the judge's wig, fixed full in its determined talons. His Lordship's surprise, on finding his wig lifted off his head, was ten thousand times redoubled, when, on looking up, he perceived it dangling in its way upwards, without any means visible to him by which its motion might be accounted for. The astonishment, the dread, the awe almost of the senator below—the half mirth, half terror, of the girls above—together with the fierce and retentive energy of puss between—altogether formed a scene to which language cannot do justice, but which George Cruikshank might perhaps embody with considerable effect. It was a joke soon explained and pardoned; it was a joke the perpetrators of it did afterwards get many a lengthened injunction from their parents never again to fish over the window with such a bait, for honest men's wigs.

ANECDOTE OF PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY. Shelley had a pleasure in making paper boats, and floating them on the water. The *New Monthly* has the following curious anecdote on this subject:—"So long as his paper lasted, he remained rivetted to the spot, fascinated by this peculiar amusement; all waste paper was rapidly consumed, then the covers of letters, next letters of little value; the most precious contributions of the most esteemed correspondents, although eyed wistfully many times, and often returned to the pocket, were sure to be sent at last in pursuit of the former squadrons. Of the portable volumes which were the companions of his rambles, and he seldom went out without a book, the fly leaves were commonly wanting—he had applied them as our ancestor Noah applied Gopher wood; but learning was so sacred in his eyes, that he never trespassed further upon the integrity of the copy; the work itself was always respected. It has been said that he once found himself on the north bank of the Serpentine river without the mate-

rials for indulging those inclinations which the sight of water invariably inspired, for he had exhausted his supplies on the round pond in Kensington Gardens. Not a single scrap of paper could be found save only a blank post bill for fifty pounds; he hesitated long, but yielded at last; he twisted it into a boat with the extreme refinement of his skill, and committed it with the utmost dexterity to fortune, watching its progress, if possible, with a still more intense anxiety than usual. Fortune often favours those who frankly and fully trust her; the north-east wind gently wafted the costly skiff to the south bank, where during the latter part of the voyage the venturesome owner had waited its arrival with patient solicitude.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN GREAT BRITAIN.—There are at least one million and a quarter of scholars belonging to Sunday schools in the United Kingdom; and, taking the population at twenty-one millions, that will give one child to Sunday schools out of every seventeen persons of the population. The average expense of conducting a Sunday school, of two hundred children, is about £5 per annum for lessons and books, if purchased at the Sunday School Union Depository, and about £15 per annum for rent; the chief part of which sums are, in most cases, contributed by the teachers themselves, in addition to their gratuitous labour. So that the children can be instructed in the Sunday school for two shillings per annum.—*Imperial Magazine.*

THE LION AND THE BEAR.—The new Orleans Emporium of the 23d ult. has this article:—"We were yesterday informed that on Tuesday last a Bear was taken to the Menagerie now exhibiting in this city, and let down into the cage of an African Lion, twenty-four years of age, with the belief that it would be immediately torn to pieces. Many people assembled under the awning which encompasses the exhibition to witness the scene, but all were disappointed and struck with astonishment, for although the Bear, so soon as he reached the bottom of the cage, placed himself in a fighting position and once or twice flew at the Lion, with the apparent intention to commence the battle, the Lion did not attempt to injure it, but on the contrary, after some time elapsed, placed his paw on the Bear's head as if to express his pity for its helpless situation, and evinced every disposition to cultivate friendship.

Having heard and read much of the Lion's nobleness of disposition, and understanding that the Bear was still in the cage, prompted by curiosity, we visited the Menagerie this morning and actually saw them together. The Manager of the Lion tells us that since the Bear has been put into the cage no person has dared to approach it; and that the Lion has not slept for three hours, but continues constantly awake to guard his weaker companion from danger. The Lion, says the manager, suffers the Bear to eat of whatever is thrown into the cage until he has enough but will scarcely touch food himself.

During the time that we remained, the Lion once or twice walked to the end of the cage opposite to that at which the Bear was lying, and some person motioned his hand towards the bear, but as the Lion saw it, he sprang to the Bear and kept his head resting over it for some time; he is fatigued himself with watching, that as soon as he lies down he falls asleep, but awakes again at the first noise that is made, and springs to the object of his care.

This seems to us astounding indeed, and will no doubt attract the notice of naturalists.

RALPH ERSKINE, THE FATHER OF THE SCOTCH SECESSION.—The only amusement in which this celebrated man indulged was playing on the violin. He was so great a proficient on this instrument, and so often beguiled his leisure hours with it, that the people of Dunfermline believed he composed his sermons to its tones, as a poet writes a song to a particular air. They also tell the following traditional anecdote connected with the subject: A poor man, in one of the neighbouring parishes, having a child to baptize, resolved not to employ his own clergyman, with whom he was at issue on certain points of doctrine, but to have the office performed by some minister of whose talents fame gave a better report. With the child in his arms, therefore, and attended by the full complement of the old and young women who usually minister on such occasions, he proceeded to the manse of —, some miles off (not that of Mr. Erskine), where he inquired if the clergyman was at home. "No; he's not at home yet," answered the servant lass; "he's down the burn fishing; but I can soon cry him in." "Ye needna gie yourself the trouble," replied the man, quite shocked at this account of the minister's habits; "name o' your fishin' ministers shall baptize my bairn." He then trudged, followed by his whole train, to the residence of another parochial clergyman, at the distance of some miles. Here, on his inquiring if the minister was at home, the lass answered, "Deed, he's no at home the day; he's been out since six o' the morning at the shooting. Ye needna wait, neither; for he'll be sae made-out (fatigued) when he comes back, that he'll no be able to say bo to a call, let's kersna a wean!" "Wait, lassie!" cried the man, in a tone of indignant scorn; "wad I wait, d'ye think, to hand up my bairn before a minister that gangs out at six o' the morning to shoot God's creatures? I'll awa down to gude Mr. Erskine at Dunfermline; and he'll be neither out at the fishing nor shooting, I think." The whole baptismal train then set off for Dunfermline, sure that the father of the secession, although not now a placed minister, would at least be engaged in no unclerical sports, to incapacitate him for performing the sacred ordinance in question. On their arriving, however, at the house of the clergyman, which they did not till late in the evening, the man, on rapping at the door, anticipated that he would not be at home any more than his brethren, as he heard the strains of a fiddle proceeding from the upper chamber. "The minister will no be at home," he said, with a sly smile, to the girl who came to the door; "o your lad (sweetheart) wadna be playing the

gate tye on the fiddle." "The minister is at home," quoth the girl, "mair by token it's himself that's playing, honest man; he aye takes a tune at night, before gangin' to bed. Faith, there's nae lad o' mine can play that gate; it wad be something to tell it o' them could." "That the minister playing!" cried the man, in a degree of astonishment and horror far transcending what he had expressed on either of the former occasions. "If he does this, what may the rest no do! Weel, I fairly gie them up at the gither. I have travelled this hail day in search o' a godly minister, and never man met wi' mair disappointment in a day's journey. I'll tell ye what, gude wife," he added, turning to the disconsolate party behind, "we'll just awa back to our ain minister after a'! He's no a thegther sound; it's true; but, let him be what he likes in doctrine, deil hae me if ever I kenneel him fish, shoot, or play on the fiddle at his days!"—*From Chambers' Scottish Anecdotes.*

From the London Examiner.

### PARLIAMENTARY PLEDGES.

We have seen principles avowed, and to a certain extent acted upon, by professed reformers, which if generally received would put an end to the very existence of a representative Government. It is most important for the success of the great experiment upon which we are about to enter, not to forget what a popular Government really means. The true idea of a popular representation is not that the people govern in their own persons, but that they choose their governors. In good government public questions are not referred to the suffrages of the people themselves, but to those of the most judicious persons whom the people can find. The sovereignty of the people is essentially a delegated sovereignty; Government must be performed by the few, for the benefit of the many; and the security of the many consists in being governed by those who possess the largest share of their confidence, and no longer than while that confidence lasts. We deem it of the most importance at the present unprecedented epoch in English history, that this principle, together with the restrictions with which it must be taken to be applicable to existing circumstances, should be thoroughly understood and felt. We therefore urgently invite discussion on the subject, and shall begin by stating our own opinion upon it very fully and explicitly. We maintain that when the Legislature is properly constituted, no pledges ought in any case whatever be exacted from representatives; or never but in such rare and peculiar cases as cannot be anticipated, and probably may never occur.—That, nevertheless, in the actual condition of Great Britain, pledges on some subjects may be, and ought to be, exacted; solely because notwithstanding the reform bill, the Parliament is not yet properly constituted, and will be far from securing to the affairs of the public the best services of the best men in the nation. The objection to pledges as an interference with the personal independence of the candidate, is good for nothing. If his personal independence stands in the way of his duty he has no business there. Nobody is obliged to be a member of Parliament. The electors do not press a private gentleman as he walks the streets, and drag him *obtoro collo* to St. Stephen's. If he undertakes the trust, it is quite optional, and if he cannot conscientiously perform it, his honesty is in his own keeping; nobody wishes him to be a scoundrel; he has only to resign. If it were really for the interests of the people that their representatives should go to Parliament not to judge and act for the best, but to execute a mandate already decided upon—a man who of his own choice seeks an office, which it is no injury to any one not to obtain, has no right to quarrel with the conditions which it is bestowed. Our disapprobation of pledges is for the sake of the constituents; the representatives may take care of themselves. If the House of Commons were constituted in the most perfect manner, whom would it consist of? Surely of the wisest and best men in the nation, or those whom the people believe to be such. Now, if I vote for a man because I think him the wisest man I know, am I afterwards to get myself up as his instructor as if I were wiser than he? The wisest men are, we suppose, wiser than any one else. If you knew any body wiser, why set the smaller wisdom to instruct the greater? Can you hope for more than to have your affairs managed according to the best judgment of the best and ablest men? What is the use of hankering after something better than the best?

At present men's notions are quite rational about the choice of a physician. Nobody chooses to endure hereditary medicine; nor would he choose to have a physician named for him by the Government, whose advice he should be bound to take whether he would or not. But when you have chosen your medical adviser, you let him take his own way, until you are convinced from his ill success, or from his conversation and demeanour, that he does not understand your case; and then you try another. We wish to see the same rule acted upon in the choice of a member of Parliament. It is singular, if nobody thinks himself a better tailor than his tailor, or a better shoemaker than his shoemaker, that yet everybody is a better legislator than his legislator, and cannot do what they will, find any person who knows more about that subject than he himself.

DANIEL JOHNSTON offers for sale at his Store, near the upper Steam Boat landing, a general assortment of CHINA, GLASS, and EARTHENWARE. Also, GROCERIES &c. very low for cash.  
Frederick, 10th September, 1882.

### THE ROYAL GAZETTE.

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