

POETRY. Selected.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

O cradle me on thy knee mamma,
And sing me the holy strain;
That soothe me fast as you fondly press'd
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;
For I saw a scene, when I slumbered last,
That I fain would see again, mamma;
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then fix on me thy glancing eye,
And gaze, and gaze till the tear be dry;
Then rock me gently, and sing, and sigh;
Till you tell me fast asleep, mamma;
Till you tell me fast asleep.

For I dreamed a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine,
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I would give, if the world were mine.

Again that land to see mamma;
Again that land to see.

I fancied we roamed in a wood mamma,
And we rested us under a bough;
When near me a butterfly flitted in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
But the night came on, I had lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do, mamma;
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma;
And loudly I wept for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she sang back the words of her golden hair,
And she kissed me softly as I was aware,
Saying, "Come, pretty babe with me,"
Saying, "Come, pretty babe with me."

My tears and fears she quelled, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of a dark, dark tomb,
And passed through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes in a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day, mamma;
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed;
And, wondering, around me, gazed, and gazed,
While songs were heard and sunny robes blazed,
All glorious in the land of light, mamma;
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-winged babes to me;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips smiled
For they marvelled to meet with an earth-born child,
And they glowed that I from the earth was exiled,
Saying, "Here ever blessed shalt thou be,
Oh! here ever blessed shalt thou be."

Then I mixed with the heavenly throng, mamma,
With seraphim and cherubim fair;
And I saw, as I roamed in the regions of peace,
The spirits who had fled from the world of distress,
And their were the joys no tongue can express;
For they knew no sorrow there, mamma;
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Lay dead—short time ago?
And you gazed on the sad but lovely wreck,
With a full flood of weep that you could not check,
And your heart was so sore that you wished it
would break;
But it lived, and you aye sobbed on, mamma;
But it lived, and you aye sobbed on.

But O had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms unknown to care,
And seen what I saw, you ne'er had cried,
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave when
she died,
For shining with the blest, and adorned like a
bride,
My sister Jane was there, mamma;
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind of the silly old man, mamma,
Who came lately to our door;
When the night was dark and the tempest loud?
Oh his heart was meek, but his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er, mamma;
Ere the midnight watch was o'er.

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long-drawn sigh,
As the good man sat on papa's old chair,
While the rain dripped down from his thin grey
hair,
As fast as the big tear of speechless care,
Ran down from his glazing eye, mamma;
Ran down from his glazing eye.

And think what a heaven-ward look, mamma,
Flash'd through each trembling tear,
As he told how he went to the Baron's strong
hold,
Saying, "Oh let me in, for the night is cold."
But the rich man cried—"Go sleep on the wall,
For we shield no beggars here, old man;
For we shield no beggars here."

Well, he was in glory too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be;
He needed no slims in the mansions of light,
For he mixed with the Patriarchs, clothed in white,
And there was not a seraph had a crown more
bright,
Or a costlier robe than he, mamma;
Or a costlier robe than he.

Now sing, for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dreamed before;
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my
rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of life was a guest;
And the heart that has throbb'd in the climes of
the best,
Can love this world no more, mamma;
Can love this world no more.

VARIETIES.

THE SILVER HEART.

[Concluded from our last.]

In process of time, a new and more tender relation arose between these two young men, to give them mutually better assurance against the doom which had been pronounced upon them. Lady Clementina Sackville, eldest daughter of the Earl of Dorset, was just two years younger than Sir George and his friend, and there was not a more beautiful or accomplished gentlewoman in the court of Queen Anne. Whether in the walking of a minuet, or in the personation of a divine beauty in one of Ben Johnson's court masques, Lady Clementina was alike dis-

tinguished; while her manners, so far from betraying that pride which too often attends the triumph of united beauty and talent, were of the most unassuming and amiable character. It was not possible that two such natures as those of Lord Bruce and Lady Clementina Sackville should be frequently in communion, as was their case, without contracting a mutual affection of the strongest kind. Accordingly, it soon became understood that the only obstacle to their union was their extreme youth, which rendered it proper that they should wait for one or two years before their fortunes, like their hearts, should be made one. It unfortunately happened that this was the very time when the habits of Sir George Sackville made their greatest decline, and when, consequently, it was most difficult for Bruce to maintain the friendship which hitherto subsisted between them. The household of Lord Dorset was one of that sober cast, which, in the next age, was characterised by the epithet puritanical. As such, of course, it suited with the temper of Lord Bruce, who, though not educated in Scotland, had been impressed by his mother with the grave sentiments and habits of his native country. Often then did he mourn with the amiable family of Dorset over the errors of his friend; and many was the night which he spent innocently in that peaceful circle, while Sir George roamed abroad, in company with the most wicked and wayward spirits of the time.

One night, after he had enjoyed with Lady Clementina a long and delightful conversation respecting their united prospects, Sir George came home in a state of high intoxication and excitement, exclaiming loudly against a Scotch gentleman with whom he had a street quarrel, and who had been rescued, as he said, from his sword, only by the unfair interference of some other "beggars Scots." It was impossible for a Scotsman of Bruce's years to hear his countrymen spoken of in this way without anger; but he repressed every emotion, till his friend proceeded to generalize upon the character of these "beggars Scots," and extended his obloquy from the individuals to the nation. Lord Bruce then gently repelled his insinuations, and said, that surely there was one person at least whom he would exempt from the charge brought against his country. "I will make no exceptions," said the infuriated Sackville, "and least of all in favour of a cullion who sits in his friend's house, and talks of him puritanically behind his back." Bruce felt bitterly the injustice of this reproach; but the difficulty of shaping a vindication rendered his answer more passionate than he wished; and it was immediately replied to by Sackville with a contemptuous blow upon the face. There, in a moment, fell the friendship of years, and deadly gall usurped the place where nothing before had been but "the milk of kindness." Lady Clementina, to whom the whole affair seemed the freak of a hurried and unnatural dream, was shocked beyond measure by the violence of her brother, but she was partly consoled by the demeanour of Bruce, who had the address entirely to disguise his feelings in her presence, and to seem as if he looked upon the insult as only a frolic. But though he appeared quite cool, the blow and words of Sackville had sunk deep into his soul, and after brooding over the event for a few hours, he found that his very nature had become, as it were, changed. That bitterest of pains—the pain of unrequited love—possessed and tortured his breast; nor was the reflection that the injured was his friend, and at the time under the control of reason, of much avail in allaying his misery. Strange though it be, the unkindness of a friend is the most sensibly felt and the most promptly resented, and we are never so near becoming the irreconcilable enemies of any fellow-creature, as at the moment when we are interchanging with him the most earnest and confiding affection. Similar feelings possessed Sackville, who had rarely felt of late some resentment at Lord Bruce, on account of certain references which had been made by his parents to the regret expressed by this young nobleman respecting his present course of life. To apologise for his rudeness was not to be thought of; and, accordingly, these two hearts, which for years had beat in unison, became parted at once, like rocks split by one of the convulsions of nature, and a yawning and impassable gulf was left between.

For some weeks after, the young men never met; Sackville took care never to intrude into the family circle, and Bruce did not seek his company. It appeared as if the unfortunate incident had been forgotten by the parties themselves, and totally unknown to the world. One day, however, Bruce was met in Paul's Walk by a young friend and countryman of the name of Crawford, a rambling slip of Scottish nobility, whose very sword seemed, from the loose easy way in which it was disposed by his side, to have a particular aptitude for starting up in a quarrel. After some miscellaneous conversation, Crawford expressed his regret at a story which had lately come to his ears, respecting a disagreement between Sackville and Bruce. "What?" he said, one might have as well have expected Castor and Pollux to rise from their graves and fall a fighting, as that you two should have had a tussle! But, of course, the affair was confined merely to words, which, we all know, matter little between friends. The story about the better on the face must be a neat figment clapped upon the adventure by Lady Fane.

"Have you indeed heard," asked Bruce, in some agitation, "that any such incident took place?" "Oh, to be sure," replied his companion; "the whole Temple has been ring-

ing with it for the last few days, as I am assured by my friend Jack Topper. And I heard it myself spoken of last week to the West of Temple Bar. Indeed, I believe it was Sackville himself who told the tale at first among some of his revellers; for my part, I think it not a whit the more true or likely on that account." "It is," said Bruce with deep emotion, "too true. He did strike me, and I, for the sake of friendship and love, did not resent it. But what, Crawford, could I do in the presence of my appointed bride, to right myself with her brother?" "Oh, to be sure," said Crawford, "that is all very true as to the time when the blow was given; but then, you know, there has been a great deal of time since. And, here here, love there, people will speak of such a thing in their ordinary way. The story was told the other day in my presence to the French ambassador; and Monsieur's first question was, 'Doth the man yet live?' When told that he was both living and life-like, he shrugged his shoulders, and looked more than I can tell."

"Oh, Crawford," said Bruce, "you agonise me. I hoped that this painful tale would be kept between ourselves, and that there would be no more of it. I still hoped, although tremblingly, that my union with the woman I love would be accomplished, and that all should then be made up. But now I feel that I have been but too truly fore-doomed. That union must be anticipated by a very different event."

"You know best," said the careless Crawford, "what is best for your own honour." And away he tripped, leaving the flames of hell, in a breast where hitherto every gentle feeling had resided. The light talk of Crawford was soon confirmed in import by the treatment which Bruce began to experience in society. It was the fashion of the age that every injury, however trifling, should be expiated by an ample revenge; that nothing should be forgiven to any one, however previously endeared. Accordingly, no distinction was made between the case of Bruce and any other; no allowance was made for the circumstances in which he stood respecting the family of his injurer, nor for their former extraordinary friendship. The public, with a feeling of which too much still exists, seemed to think itself defrauded of something which was its right, in the continued impunity of Sackville's insolence. It cried for blood to satisfy itself, if not to restore the honour of the injured party. Bruce, of course, suffered dreadfully from this sentiment wherever he appeared; inasmuch that, even though he might have been still disposed to forgive his enemy, he saw that to do so would only be to encounter greater misery than could accrue from any attempt at revenge, even though that attempt were certain to end in his own destruction.

It happened that just at this time Bruce and Sackville had occasion, along with many other attaches of the court, to attend the Elector Palatine out of the country, with his newly married bride, Elizabeth, the daughter of the King and Queen. The two young men kept apart till the royal train was viewing the cathedral, it chanced that they saw each other very near. The Elector, who knew a little of their story, immediately called Sackville up to him, and requested his sword, enjoining him at the same time, in a very friendly manner, to beware of falling out with Bruce so long as he was in attendance upon the court. His highness said, further, that he had heard his royal father-in-law speak of their quarrel, and express his resolution to visit any transgression of the laws by either of them with his severest displeasure. Sackville obeyed the command of the Elector, and withdrew to a part of the cortege remote from the place where Bruce was standing. However, it happened that in surveying the curiosities of that gorgeous architectural scene, they came to the monument of a Scottish crusader, who had died here on his way back from the Holy Land. Sackville muttered something respecting this object, in which the words "beggars Scot" were alone overheard by Bruce, who stood at no great distance, and who immediately recriminated by using some corresponding phrase of obloquy applicable to England, to which Sackville replied by striking his former friend once more upon the face. Before another word or blow could pass between them, a number of courtiers had rushed forward to separate them, and they were immediately borne back to a distance from each other, each, however, glaring upon the other with a look of concentrated scorn and hate. The Elector thought it necessary, after what had taken place, that they should be confined for a time to their apartments. But no interval of time could restore amity to those bosoms where formerly it had reigned supreme. It was now felt by both that nothing but blood could wipe out the sense of wrong which they mutually felt; and, therefore, as the strictness of the King regarding personal quarrels rendered it impossible to fight in Britain, without danger of interruption, Bruce resolved to go beyond seas, and thence send a challenge requesting Sackville to follow him.

In forming this purpose, Bruce felt entirely like a doomed man. He recollected the prediction of the old woman at Culross Abbey, which had always appeared to him, somehow, as implying that Sackville should be the unhappy survivor. Already, he reflected, the least probable part of the prediction had been fulfilled by their having quarrelled. Under this impression, he found it indispensable to his peace that he should return to London, and take leave of two individuals in whom he felt the deepest interest—his mother, and his once intended bride. Notwithstanding the painful nature of his sensations, he found it would be necessary to assume a forced

ease of demeanour in the presence of those beloved persons, lest he should cause them to interpose themselves between him and his purpose. The first visit was paid to his mother, who resided at his own house. He had received, he said, some news from Scotland, which rendered it necessary that he should immediately proceed thither; and he briefly detailed a story which he had previously framed in his own mind for the purpose of deceiving her. After having made some preparation for his journey he came to take leave of her, but his first precautions having escaped from his mind during the interval, his forehead now bore a gloom as deep as the shade of an approaching funeral. When his mother reproached him, he explained it, not perfectly to her satisfaction, but yet sufficiently so to avert further question, by reference to the pain of parting with his mistress on a long and dangerous journey, when just about to be united to her for life. As he pronounced the words "long and dangerous journey," his voice faltered with tenderness; but there was so much truth in the real meaning of the phrase (however little there might be now), that no metaphorical interpretation occurred to the mind of Lady Bruce. He even spoke of his will without exciting her suspicions. There was but one point in it, he said, that he thought it worth while to allude to. Wherever or whenever it might please fate to remove him from the coil of mortal life, he wished his mother, or whoever might survive him, to recollect that his dying spirit reverted to the scenes of his infancy, and that his heart wished in life that it might never in death be parted from that spot. These words, of course, communicated to Lady Bruce's spirit that gravity which the mention of mortal things must ever carry; but yet nothing seemed amiss in what she heard. It was not till after she had parted with her son—not till she felt the blank impression of his last embrace lingering on her bosom, and thought of him as an absent being, whom it would be long before she saw again—that his final words had their full force upon her mind. Those words, like a sweet tune heard in a crowd with indifference, but which afterwards in solitude steals into and melts the soul, then revived upon her mind, and were pondered upon for days after, with a deep and unaccountable sadness of spirit.

It now only remained that he should take leave of his mistress. She was in the garden when he arrived, and no sooner did she obtain a glimpse of his person, than she ran gaily and swiftly towards him, with a face beaming with joy, exclaiming that she had such good news to tell him as he had not ever heard before. This turned out, upon inquiry, to be the permission of her father that their nuptials should take place that day month. The intelligence fell upon Bruce's heart like a stab, and it was some moments ere he could collect himself to make an appropriate answer. Lady Clementina observed his discomposure, and, with a half alarmed feeling, asked its cause. He explained it as occasioned by regret for his necessary absence in Scotland, to which he was called by some very urgent business, so as to render it necessary that the commencement of their nuptial happiness should be put off for some time longer. "Thus," he said, "to be obstructed by an affair of my own, after all the objections of others had been removed with so much difficulty, is particularly galling." The disappointment of the young lady was more deeply felt than it was strongly expressed. She was reassured, however, by a fervent and solemn promise from her lover, that, as soon as possible, he would return to make her his own. After taking leave of her parents, he clasped her in one last fond embrace, during which every moment seemed an age of enjoyment, as if all the felicity of which he was about to be defrauded had been concentrated and squandered in that brief space. At one moment, he felt the warm pressure of a being beloved above all earthly objects, and from whom he had expected a whole life of happiness; at another, he had turned away towards the emptiness and desolation, and the cold breath of the grave.

One hour did he give to reflection upon all he left behind—an hour such as those which sometimes turn men's hair grey—the next, and all after it, he devoted to the enterprise upon which he was entering. Crawford, whom he requested to become his second, readily agreed to accompany him for that purpose; and they immediately set out for the Netherlands leaving a challenge for Sackville in the hands of a friend, along with directions as to the proposed place of meeting.

The remainder of this lamentable tale may be best told in the words of Sir George Sackville. That unhappy young man, some months after the fatal tragedy, wrote an account of it to a friend, for the purpose of clearing himself from certain aspersions which had been cast upon him. The language is somewhat quaint; but it gives a more forcible idea than could otherwise be conveyed of the phrenzied feelings of Bruce, under the wrongs which he had suffered from his antagonist, as well as of the actual circumstances of the combat.

"We met at Tergosa, in Zealand, and it being the place allotted for rendezvous; he being accompanied with one Mr. Crawford, a Scotch gentleman, for his second, a surgeon, and a man. There having rendered himself, I addressed myself to Sir John Heidon, to let him understand that now all following should be done by consent, as concerning the terms whereon we should fight, as also the place. To our seconds we gave power for their appointments, who agreed we should go to Antwerp, from thence to Bergen-op-Zoom, where in the mid-way but a village divides the States' territories from the Archduke's. And there was the destined stage, to the end that, having ended, he that could might presently exempt himself from the justice of the country, by retiring into the dominion not offended. It was further concluded, that, in case should fall or slip, that then the combat should cease, and he whose ill-fortune had so subjected him, was to acknowledge his life to have been in the other's hands. But in case one party's sword should break, because that could only chance by hazard, it was agreed that the other should take no advantage, but either then be made friends, or else upon even terms to go to it again. Thus these conclusions being each of them related to his party, was by us both approved, and assented to. Accordingly we embarked for Antwerp. And by reason, as I conceive, he could not handsomely without danger of discovery, had not paired the sword I sent him to Paris; bringing one of the same length, but twice as broad; my second excepted against it, and advised me to watch my own, and send him the choice, which I obeyed; it being, you know, the privilege of the challenged to elect his weapon. At the delivery of the swords, which was performed by Sir John Heidon, it pleased the Lord Bruce to choose my own, and then, past expectation, he told him that a little of my blood would not serve his turn; and, therefore, he was now resolved to have me alone, because he knew (for I will use his own words,) 'that so worthy a gentleman, and my friend, could not endure to stand by and see him do that which he must, to satisfy himself and his honour.' Therefore Sir John Heidon replied, that such intentions were bloody and butcherly, far unfitting so noble a personage, who should desire to bleed for reputation, not for life; withal adding, he thought himself injured, being come thus far, now to be prohibited from executing those honourable offices he came for. The Lord, for answer, only reiterated his former resolutions; whereupon Sir John, leaving the sword he had elected, delivered me the other, with his determinations. I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short, and, in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in revenge I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for, honour and life. In which struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest. But at last, breathless, yet keeping our hold, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when animosity was dead, confidence could not live, and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform; and restraining again afresh, with a kick and a wrench I freed my long captive weapon, which incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword, both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accede to either of my propositions, through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, missing my aim, yet passed through the body, and drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried 'Oh! I am slain!' seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back—when being upon him, I demanded if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying, 'He scorned it.' Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon arrived, who cried 'He would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped.' Whereupon I asked if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so, drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. In thus ended; I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained a while, for want of blood, I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. 'Louvain, September 8, 1631.'

Such is the melancholy story of Edward Lord Bruce, a young nobleman who, for a false point of honour, arising from the incorrect judging of the world, might have lived to make many fellow-creatures happy, and adorn the annals of his country. The sacred griefs of those to whom he was most peculiarly endeared, it would be vain to paint. A mistress, who wore mourning, and lived single for his sake all the rest of her life—a mother, who survived him only to mourn his irreparable loss—upon such holy sorrow it is not for me to intrude. It may be only mentioned that the latter individual, recollecting that the last parting words of her son, caused his heart to be embalmed, and brought to her in a silver case (the body being buried in the cathedral of Bergen-op-Zoom), she carried it with her to Culross, where she spent the remainder of her life in gloomy solitude, with that object always before her upon her table. After her death, it was deposited in the family vault already described, where it has ever since remained, the best monument of its own fatal history.

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