

## THE POET'S CHOICE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

'Twas in youth, that hour of dreaming,  
 Round me visions fair were beaming,  
 Golden fancies brightly gleaming,  
     Such as start to birth  
 When the wandering restless mind,  
 Drunk with beauty, thinks to find  
 Creatures of a fairy kind  
     Realized on earth !

There for me, in every dell,  
 Hamadryads seem'd to dwell  
 (They who die, as Poets tell,  
     Each with her own tree) ;  
 And sweet mermaids low reclining,  
 Dim light through the grottoes shining.  
 Green weeds round their soft limbs twining,  
     Peopled the deep sea.

Then, when moon and stars were fair;  
 Nymph-like visions filled the air,  
 With blue wings and golden hair,  
     Bending from the skies ;  
 And each cave by Echo haunted  
 In its depth of shadow granted,  
 Brightly, the Egeria wanted,  
     To my eager eyes.

But those glories passed away ;  
 Earth seem'd left to dull decay,  
 And my heart in sadness lay,  
     Desolate, uncheer'd,  
 Like one wrapt in painful sleeping,  
 Pining, thirsting, walking, weeping,  
 Watch through life's dark midnight keeping,  
     Till THY form appear'd !

There my soul, whose erring measure  
 Knew not where to find true pleasure,  
 Woke and seized the golden treasure  
     Of thy human love ;  
 And looking on thy radiant brow,  
 My lips in gladness breathed the vow  
 Which angels not more fair than thou  
     Have registered above.

And now I take my quiet rest,  
 With my head upon thy breast,  
 I will make no further quest  
     In Fancy's realms of light ;  
 Fay, nor nymph, nor winged spirit,  
 Shall my store of love inherit ;  
 More thy mortal charm doth merit  
     Than dream, however bright :

And my soul, like some sweet bird,  
 Whose song at summer eve is heard,

When the leaves so lightly stirr'd,  
     Leaves the branch unbent—  
 Sits, and all-triumphant sings,  
 Folding up her brooding wings,  
 And gazing on earthly things,  
     With a calm content.

## THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

THE *Aberdeen Journal* has recently published a letter, first written soon after the publication of Sir Walter Scott's "Tales of my Landlord," by a descendant of the family of the Earl of Stair, stating that the original of the *Bride of Lammermoor* was the Hon. Janet Dalrymple, sister of the first Earl of Stair, in the time of William and Mary, and that she has always been spoken of in the family by the name of "The bride of Baldoon." The lover to whom she had plighted her faith was Lord Rutherford, but her enforced husband was David Dunbar, eldest son of the Laird of Baldoon. On the wedding night young Baldoon was killed, not as Sir Walter has left it to be inferred, by the hands of his bride, to free herself from her hateful fate, but by the lover who had secreted himself in the bridal chamber, and escaped by the window ; the bridegroom obstinately refused, while he survived, to give any account of the fray ; and the bride was found in the chimney corner, a raving maniac ; she refused all food, and died soon after ; the only words she ever spoke are those recorded by Sir Walter Scott, "Ye hae taen up your bonnie bridegroom." The general fidelity of the characters is admitted by the writer, except that he says justice is not done to the character of Lord Stair, under the guise of Sir William Ashton, and that the fictitious bridegroom is a much more respectable person than was the real one in young Baldoon.

## SIR T. LAWRENCE AND THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

A lady once asked Sir T. Lawrence the reason why he had so long ceased to play billiards, the only game he greatly excelled in. His reply was full of character.—"My dear madam, though I never played for money myself, my play attracted much attention, and occasioned many and often very high bets. Next to gambling yourself, is the vice of encouraging it in others ; and as I could not check the betting, I have given up my amusement. I have not played a game for many years. The last time I was in a billiard-room was a few years ago, when who should casually come in but the Duke of Wellington. We had often played together, and with nearly equal success. We agreed to have a match, but we were both so perfectly out of practice that, after a few strokes, we could not help smiling at each other, and we laid down the cues."