

LITERATURE, &c.

The British Magazines.

From Fletcher's Ladies Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany for 1850.

THE CASTLES WE BUILT IN THE AIR.

There were builders strong on the earth of old,
To day there are planners rare;
But never was temple, home nor hold,
Like the castles we built in the air.
We piled them high through the long lone hours.

By a chill hearth's flickering brands,
Through the twilight heavy with wintry showers
That found us in stranger lands.

The store was small and the friends were few,
We owned in those building days;
But stately and fair the fabrics grew
That no gold on earth could raise;
For time was conquered and fortune moved,
Our wishes were builders there,
And oh! but there gathered guests beloved
To the castles we built in the air.

No place was left for the bonds and fears,
For the lore so sagely small,
Of this gaining world, that wears our years
Away in its thankless thrall.
Once more we stood in the lights that cross'd
Our souls on their morning track,
And oh! that we had not loved or lost,
But ever the dream comes back.

It was joy to pause by the pleasant homes
That our wand'ring steps have pass'd,
Yet weary looks through the woodbine glooms
Or the wreathing vines were cast.
But there fell no age and there rose no strife,
And there never was room for care,
Where grew the flowers of our dreaming life
By the homes that we built in the air.

Oh! dark and lone have the bright hearths
grown

Where our fond and gay hearts met,
For many have changed and some are gone,
But we build the blithe homes yet;
As men have built in the date tree's shade
Ere Egypt raised her fanes,
Ere a star was named, or a brick was laid
On the old Chaldean plains.

Even thus have they framed their towers of
thought

As the ages came and went,
From the fisher boy in his Shetland boat,
To the Tarter in his tent.
And some that beyond our azure say
There are realms for hope and prayer,
Have deemed them but ling'ring by the way,
These castles in the air.

From Hogg's Instructor.

THE BEWILDERED SAVAGE.

BY MRS CHILD.

The origin of the Caffres is lost in the darkness of remote antiquity, but their persons, manners, customs, indicate a higher source of civilization than the other tribes of Africa. Before they were harried and hunted by the white men that infest their shores, they were a pastoral people, brave and manly, but rarely goaded to deeds of violence. Their features are European, their color a clear, dark brown, their forms athletic and graceful, and their manners frank and cheerful.

Christianity has been a form of sentarism, not differing from its minor subdivisions essentially in spirit, though necessarily enlarged in its boundaries. Hence, all nations who do not know the Divine principle of the universe by the name of God, have been branded as heathens and infidels. Mahometans have manifested the same spirit of limitation; and because the tribes of Eastern Africa worshipped the Creator under the name of Udali, instead of Allah, the Moors called them Caffirs, which is the Arabic word for infidels. Hence their country came to be known to the civilised world under the name of Caffreland or Caffraria. But doubtless the angels judge quite differently in these matters. They are attracted towards the religious sentiment without caring for its name. The sigh and the tear, and the simple reverential thought, often rise up to them as prayer from the moonlighted desert, while the heavy atmosphere of earth presses down out of their hearing pulpit orations, and many an unwinged response from gilded prayer books. In every form of society nature has her priests, her prophets, and her poets too, though they pass away by thousands unrecorded, for want of utterance thro' literature and arts.

Among the poetic temperaments of Caffreland was Morossi, a docile, contemplative child; an earnest observer of the earth and heavens.

'Mother, who made the stars?' was one of his earliest questions; and when told

that Udali had created them, he imagined the winds were his voice, and the sunshine his clothing. The deep, quiet little soul was overflowing with affection. It seemed an absolute necessity of his existence to be near something he could love. He must nestle with his pet antelope under the shade of the mimosa tree, or fall asleep with his little hand within that of his mother. He was the youngest of her children, the most beautiful in form, the gentlest in spirit, and something like reverence mingled with her love for him, while she listened to his thoughtful questions.

When he was about eight years old, a Moravian Missionary, who happened to be travelling that way, visited their cabin, and talked to them of the Christian's God, under the name of Utiko, which is an African word signifying the Beautiful. His discourse, imperfectly expressed in Caffre dialect, was still more imperfectly understood by the untutored boy; but yet it made a deep impression on him. The missionary told him that Utiko was all love; that his love descended in dew to refresh the flowers, and in sunshine to warm the earth, and into the soul of man, filling it with peace and good-will. Morossi never forgot this description of the Christian's God. In the radiant beauty of sunset, in the mild glory of moonlight, in his mother's smile, in the lambent eyes of his antelope, he felt the presence of Utiko. It seemed strange to him that his father hated the Christians, and spoke scornfully of their sacred book. When he told of whole tribes killed by them, or carried off into slavery, the boy asked his mother, with sad astonishment, whether these people also believed in Utiko, who filled the souls of men with peace and good will, and when she told him yes, his little brain was bewildered.

The secluded hamlet in which he was born was in a deep valley, girdled round by almost impassable mountains, which the foot of the white man had never trod, within his recollection. But a few weeks after the visit of the good missionary, the family were awakened at midnight by fearful shrieks and howls. For an instant, they supposed that lions or hyenas were among their flocks; but the crash of firearms soon announced a human foe. In vain the poor Caffres strove to defend their wives their children and their property. Their humble cabins were all ablaze, their fields of maize and millet trampled down, and all who were not slaughtered were bound hand and foot and dragged off towards the sea coast. Terrible was the impression this scene made on the sensitive spirit of Morossi. To his dying hour he never could forget those dusky forms struggling and bleeding in the fierce glare of the firelight. When they were hurried away, driven like a herd of cattle across the country, he asked where was his father; but his weeping mother could not tell. Silently and sadly he trudged along by her side, holding fast by her hand. But the march was long and wearisome, and many of the paths were rough and stony, and the feet of the poor Caffre began to bleed, and they lagged a little; whereupon the Christian drivers cursed them and cut them with their whips. They swore they would shoot all the small brats, for they were not worth the time they cost to keep up with the drove. The Caffre children did not understand their brutal words, but they were frightened by their looks, and clung closer to their trembling mothers. On the route they passed the cabin of a Dutch boor, to whom the slave traders called aloud, and offered to sell him a brat. After a brief parley, they sold Morossi to him for an old jacket. Terrible were the shrieks of the mother and child when they were torn asunder. With frantic energy the poor widowed one tossed her arms in the air, and called her youngest and best beloved, who vainly struggled in the arms of the boor. The desolate child heard the loud snap of the whip as they drove her away, and the sound cut deep into his tortured soul. That night as he lay weeping on the mud floor of the Dutch cabin, he thought over the beautiful words of the Moravian missionary, and he could not understand how it was that these men believed in the same God.

Two wretched years he lived in the Dutchman's service, beaten by him and kicked by his sons, whenever they drank too much peach brandy, or met with any accident that ruffled their tempers. Every seventh day they refrained from work, and sometimes a man came among them who read from a big book, talked and prayed. But Morossi herded with the pigs and dogs, and no notice was taken of him. Once he had his ears soundly boxed for making the dogs bark on a Sunday, but this was all the religion he was ever taught; and certainly the fact that dogs might bark every other day in the week, but that Utiko did not like to have them bark on the seventh day, was not very well calculated to enlighten his benighted soul. And the heart of the orphan was starving even more than his mind. He had not heard the tone of kindness since his mother was torn away from him. His only comfort was an antelope he had tamed, whose mild eyes reminded him of the playmate of his early childhood. But the boor's son soon took a fancy to the animal's beautiful skin, and swore he would have it for a jacket. When Morossi claimed the antelope for his own and refused to part with it, the old Dutchman gave him a flogging for his impudence. Under such influences, clouds of stupidity gathered over the originally bright young soul; but the strong affections, which were now centered in one small animal, could not be so easily stifled. He inwardly vowed that he would suffer anything, death itself, rather than see his favorite companion cut up to make the young boor a jacket. So he rose

stealthily at night, and ran away with his beautiful antelope. It was a fearful undertaking for a boy of ten years to go forth alone into the wilderness, where hyenas lagged in the darkness, and lions made their lair. But he was less afraid of lions and hyenas than of those Christian men, who whipped him for claiming his own, as they had whipped him for making a noise while the preacher talked of Utiko, who had sent a great prophet on earth to proclaim peace and good will.

The morning light showed stupendous mountain ridges, the sides of which he eagerly climbed to avoid pursuers. The antelope was used to such rugged passes, and sprang lightly from rock to rock, sometimes apparently lost, but always returning to her master's whistle. From the cliffs above the eagles swooped round him with wild screams, and in the ravines below, baboons pelted him as he passed. The sharp rocks cut his weary feet, but he was afraid to stop long, and ever and anon he walked through streams of water, lest the hounds of the Dutchman should get upon his track. About noon he came among a billowy chaos of huge precipices, frightful in their fantastic grandeur, and skirted by dark, dense forests, through which trampled great herds of buffaloes and elephants. How awful was the landscape to that poor ignorant boy. Vague ideas of what his mother said of Udali the Creator, and what the Missionary taught concerning Utiko, the Beautiful, flitted through his mind with ghostlike, oppressive solemnity. He wondered whether Udali lived up there among the sea of precipices, and whether Utiko knew that he, the friendless child, was traversing these great mountains all alone. The elephants had forced a way for him through forests tangled with interlacing boughs and rope-like vines. Through these deeply shaded paths the weary wanderer came at last in sight of a wide dreary plain, where no verdure was. A few ostriches were seen in the distance running to and fro, and here and there a tall secretary bird stalked awkwardly about in search of spakes. No rain had fallen for some time, and the country was so parched that not even the buzz of the wild bee, or the chirp of the grasshopper broke the dismal silence. Morossi had a dread of entering upon this level tract, where no hiding place of rocks or thickets could be found. But from what he had heard the preacher say, he judged that a Moravian settlement lay in that direction, and his heart yearned for the kind missionary who came to his father's hut and told them of Utiko, the Beautiful, who filled the whole heavens and earth with his love.

As he travelled on, even the ostriches disappeared, and no living creature could be seen except myriads of ants crawling in black streams over the ground, or building their numerous pyramids of clay, on the sides of which, green and speckled lizards basked in the hot sunshine. The little streams that bubbled up in the mountains were heard no more, and neither roots nor berries could be found. But here and there wild water melons lay on the sand, and with them Morossi refreshed himself and his panting antelope. Fortunately he could sleep with comparative safety on these dreary plains, where there was neither food or drink to allure wild beasts. Days passed, and the half famished boy again came to mountain ridges, without having seen a single habitation. He climbed the summit eagerly to search for roots, while his antelope browsed on the herbage. Far below him lay a verdant valley, through which flowed a silver stream, fringed with the graceful willows of Babylon. Flocks of zebras fed in the meadows, their glossy striped coats shining in the sun. And there, oh joyful sight! in a grove of mimosa trees, on the margin of the river was a cluster of cabins. Tired, and foot-sore as he was, the boy pressed forward with all his remaining strength, longing inexpressibly to hear the sound of a human voice. But when he came near and saw a white man seated in front of the cabins, his heart dropped down like lead. He looked back anxiously towards the mountains, and doubted whether it were not best to fly and hide himself again in their dark recesses. But the smell of savory food was borne on the air, and he was almost starving. So, leading his antelope by a rope of grass, he said in broken Dutch, 'Stranger, I am all alone in the world.' The suppliant bend of his flexible form, the sad tone of his voice and the pleading earnestness of his large brown eyes, touched the heart of the Scottish emigrant, who was himself an exile in a strange land. He led the wanderer into his cabin, where the kind wife brought water for his weary feet, and bound soft bandages around them; while the little children came one after another to bring some article of food. When he had appeased his hunger, he looked up to thank them, and a whole circle of white faces smiled upon him affectionately. Poor persecuted child. He had not met such glances since they whipped his mother away from him; and the unaccustomed kindness filled his swelling heart too full. He laid his head down on the neck of his antelope and wept freely; and thus the weary one fell asleep in that friendly cabin. Long and sweet were his slumbers, and he awoke amid smiling faces and kindly tones.

Never did flower bud, transplanted from nipping winds to sheltered nooks and genial sunshine, unfold more rapidly than did this wild human blossom. His pining form moved with freer grace, his innocent face beamed with affection, his faculties grew keen and active in the service of those he loved, while an intuitive politeness of the heart taught him to be always unselfishly considerate of them. They loved the beautiful brown boy as if he were

their own son, and from their friendly lips the Christian maxims of peace and good will sank deep into his gentle heart.

When they went to England, two years afterwards, they took Morossi with them. Wherever he went he attracted the love of strangers by his bright intelligence, his affectionate docility, and deep religious feeling. The humid climate of Great Britain brought on consumption, during the rapid progress of which his expressive countenance became more and more transparent, and lighted up with an inward radiance. He knew that he was dying, and he asked to be baptised in the Christian church. Many witnessed the interesting ceremony, and as they gazed upon his innocent countenance, they said to each other, 'Verily, of such are the kingdom of heaven.'

But though the soul of the young African seemed tranquil in the arms of a happy faith, many of the doings of Christians seemed dark and strange to him. At first he thought the British were the real children of Utiko, and that Portuguese and Dutch were the children of the devil. But he afterwards learned that the British had carried on the slave trade, yet worshipped Utiko in their temples the same as now. This incongruity no explanation could ever make clear to him. There was another thing which greatly perplexed his unsophisticated mind. The day he was baptised the minister, returned thanks to God for a great victory the British had gained over their enemies; and when he returned home, he heard men saying to each other that so many Frenchmen had been killed and so many wounded.

Suddenly there flared up before his imagination a vision of that terrible night in Africa, when he saw bleeding relatives and neighbors struggling in the lurid light of their own burning homes. He pondered deeply over this conversation of the Christians, and when he was alone with his friend and teacher, he spoke of it, and inquired whether the great prophet sent by Utiko had not told men to forgive their enemies, and always return good for evil. His teacher, somewhat embarrassed, answered, 'Yes, but the king must defend his country, and the troops must obey their king.' 'Does not the king then believe in Utiko and his prophets?' asked the simple young convert.

The Christian teacher did the best he could in his awkward position. He made no attempt to reconcile the practice of war with the gospel of peace, but contented himself with observing that many things above the comprehension of Morossi would be explained to him in heaven. The meek disciple bowed his head in all humility, and asked no more questions.

Angels soon after carried the guileless one to the presence of Utiko, where amid heavenly harmonies, he has forgotten the bewildering discords of this most incongruous world.

From the London People's Journal.

HINTS TO NERVOUS GENTLEMEN.

Perhaps the first thing to be done is to explain what we mean by the term 'nervous.' This will best be accomplished by enumerating a few of the signs of this state; and depend upon it, if your consciousness does not go along with our statements, you are not one of the initiated.

If then you do not feel oftentimes that the ground on which you are treading is giving way beneath you; if you do not actually wish, for the moment, that it would open and conceal you within it,—you are not nervous; if you would not exult in the sharpest and most protracted tooth drawing, deeming it a luxury in comparison with certain sensations which have harassed you, you are not nervous; if, in fine, the afterthought of these considerations does not weigh you down like the night-mare and produce the sense almost to suffocation, you are not nervous. These points we take to be common to the malsady in general; into all the varied idiosyncracies of the disease it is impossible to enter. Different constitutions must necessarily be affected in different ways. The tender and delicate woman who can 'watch the stars out by the bed of pain,' and be calm amid groans of agony, will start and tremble at an uncertain rustling against the window, or even at the sight of a harmless reptile; the brave and true hearted man who would think it little to die for the cause of truth, may undergo almost mortal agony before he can look his fellows in the face, and proclaim that truth to them.

'Nervousness,' says a celebrated foreign physician, 'is as incurable as hydrophobia.' We do not believe this, if dealt with in its incipient stages.

Lay hold of it, we should say; be sure if you once get it fairly beneath you, it will never have a vigorous life again; it may live on for a time, but it will be like 'Pagan in the Pilgrim's Progress,' quite helpless and stupid. Only put the extinguisher on your phantom as Scrooge did upon his, and then you will fairly laugh at it. You cannot do so now, for it is like an armed man, and you are in danger of a battle, or rather a defeat every hour. George Borrow gives an admirable recipe for avoiding the attack of large and fierce dogs,—it is suddenly to face about, stoop down with the head between the knees, and fairly to stare them out of countenance. And this is just what you should do with your foe; no matter how questionable a shape he comes in, go up close to the grim figure, survey him on all sides, and then you will find that knowledge, like too much familiarity, breeds contempt.

It is the being 'over exquisite to cast the shadows of an uncertain evil,' it is the looking 'before and after,' and not upward, that makes a man say, 'I've tremorcordis on me.' And