

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book and Poetical Miscellany for 1851.

## THE WORLD OF DREAMS.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

Thou art not far from us, brave world  
Of dreams, and ne'er hast been—  
Though the shadows of this toiling earth  
Lie cold and dense between—  
Our busy days, our lonely nights,  
Thy trackless zone surrounds,  
Care hath no bond, and life no bar,  
To part us from thy bounds.

The exile crosses to his home,  
The aged to his youth,  
The bard to find his promised land,  
The sage in search of truth,  
And some return with tidings heard  
From angels on their track,  
Which never in the speech of men  
Their souls can render back.

Thou hold'st the harvest homes of hope  
That never blest our years,  
The grave of many a buried grief,  
The ghosts of all our fears;  
For weary wastes and wilds are thine;  
But oh! for one true chart  
To guide us to thy blessed isles  
That lie so far apart!

Our souls have seen them when they sought  
Their heritage in thee,  
For wide and wondrous were the realms  
Of which they were made free;  
With liberty that never wore  
The bondage hard and cold,  
Of shallow praise, or paltry gain,  
To which our days were sold.

The dead are in thee, we have seen  
Their looks, and mourn'd no more,  
And the steps have wander'd far and long  
That met us on thy shore,  
And some for whom we could forgive  
Our fortunes all the past,  
The loved and the world-parted hearts  
Were with our own at last.

Not as they meet us here, perchance  
The faint, the poor of soul,  
Whom gold can bribe, whom words can sway,  
Whom sin and fear control;  
But true in love and firm in faith,  
And all we deem at times  
They might have been, were this cold earth  
Less full of cares and crimes.

Oh! lovely art thou, world of dreams,  
To hearts that find thee thus,  
Made glorious with that better part  
Life never lent to us;  
Our fields of toil, our tents of care,  
Are pitch'd by earthly streams,  
But our spirit's country lies in thee,  
Thou boundless world of dreams!

From the London People's Journal.

SLIDES FROM THE PHANTASMA-  
GORIA OF LIFE.

THE NATURAL AND THE CONVENTIONAL.

By Clara Walbey.

SITUATED on a broad eminence, grouped with glorious trees, and glowing in the ruddy beams of the setting sun, rise the hoary and majestic towers of ——— Castle, its venerable portals still wearing as hospitable an air as when war-worn knights and weary palmers boldly approached to ask shelter for a night, and noble and self-feasted together in the princely hall.

At some distance in front of the edifice, the award descends in graceful undulations to where a river traces its silvery path through the wide demesnes; now dividing to encircle with its argent crown a fairy isle with plumed crest of poplars, willows and birches; then, in is reunion, forming a brilliant, sheeted cascade, ever flowing, ever voiceful, descending into a sunny lake, fretted only by its joyous leap, and reflecting in its beautiful waters the heavenly hues of the cloudless summer sky. From the flowery shores of this chrysal mere rise gently swelling hills, crested with wild, luxuriant woods, which intercept from view its further waters as they again contract between the approaching heights, while portions of long distant range of purple mountains are visible rising at intervals above the trees, their rich hues softening into the paling azure of the heavens.

A young girl, followed by an attendant, and mounted on a steed so delicately formed, that its very bound scarcely prints the bright, fresh turf beneath its hoofs, canters along by the side of the glittering waters, frightening the shy water fowl from their sedge haunts, and startling the dappled herd of deer that have stolen down to the river's edge to slake their thirst.

The maiden's eye is bright with the beam of happiness, her cheek richly tinted with the pure, fresh hue of health, and her whole form buoyant and animated with hopeful expectations—for she is speeding on an errand of charity. The realities of life retain their true value in her estimation yet; she sees not thro' the illusory medium of fashion, which canonizes wealth and rank, while it dooms to perdition, with the world's anathema, misfortune and penury. Riches and influence are as set valuable alone to her as a means for the distribution of instruction and happiness to the

ignorant, the afflicted, and the pecuniarily embarrassed.

She has left her fairy steed in the care of her attendant at the park gate, and now proceeds on foot a short distance, then enters a pretty cottage by the road side, wreathed with honeysuckle and clematis, gazes an instant round the empty apartment, and deposits on the bright round table in the centre, a purse labelled and directed to one of the inmates, a daughter of the widowed occupier, and then expeditiously but softly departs.

Sorrow lately has shadowed the humble habitation where the flowers love to twine caressingly, and the sunbeams to linger on their glowing petals; and sadly and drearily, at least to one inhabitant, sounded the welcome of morning; sickly and pale appeared the cloudless aspect of meridian day, and fearful, beneath her joyous coronal, the smiles of evening; for Anna, the beauty of the village, the darling of her home, is drooping in silent despair, because he to whom she was shortly to be united, has, by generously endeavoring to assist an undeserving friend, and imprudently rendering himself responsible for a debt of his, become so involved by his treachery, as to have no resource left him but to submit to a temporary imprisonment to free himself from the misconstructions of a tyrannical solicitor, and the toils of his false friend. Anna's father, himself poor, had been unable to aid him in this emergency, and the neighbors had shown no inclination to assist.

Ada Granville remounts her horse with the sweet consciousness that her own happiness will now be enhanced by that of others; for the purse directed to Anna contains the required amount to defray the debt; and the self-denial she has been obliged to exert before she could gather the sum, adds a purer zest to her joy.

She pictures to herself, as she slowly returns to the castle, the first dazzling gleam of hope, the ecstasy of the perfect realization of the happy change in her prospects, that Anna will experience when she discovers the gift, subsiding at length to the hallowed calm of thankful bliss and trust.

Ada Granville is rolling onwards in a superb carriage to the great city—the parent of manifold vices—tee nurturer, as well as destroyer of splendid talents and sublime aspirations and attributes—the sepulchre of the beautiful in nature, the producer of the beautiful in art! As she proceeds her thoughts regretfully dwell on the reality of happiness she has left, and which, existed in its truth, energy and benevolence; and apprehensively to the brilliant semblances of bliss, existing in illusion and pretence, in the sumptuous palaces of fashion. Her young life has been passed in the study of truth—truth the visible and truth the spiritual—the latter welling in a clear stream of light from the fountain of revelation, the former to be found ever where pure nature presides; in the culture of energy, that, unless sedulously tended, withers and dies in the poisonous breath of indolence; and in the practice of benevolence, that returns manifold the happiness it bestows on others. But now an imperious mandate from her only guardian-relative, her mother, has called her from the companionship of her governess, guide, friend, and the affection of her younger sister, to the bright, but chilling atmosphere of the world of fashion; and reluctantly and mournfully she obeys the summons, leaving behind many a grateful memory and humble affection.

There is a grand ball at Granville House, which the Hon. Mrs. Granville gives in honor of Ada, her eldest daughter's debut on the stage of Illusion: each brilliant star (assuredly they hide their glories from the light of day) or, yet more properly, each *ignis fatuus* of fashion is there. The fleeting wealth of sounds rolls forth in echoing measure; brilliant wreaths of flowers circle brows as inanimate, clever mockeries of the beautiful and real; voices attuned to unnatural sweetness belie the heart and soul; while smiles mingle their beaming falseness, educated in the lore of deceit. The night has disappeared before the glance of dawn, and Ada, wearied and somewhat disgusted, yet dwells with complacency on the admiration she believes her presence originated; the thirst of vanity has been excited, and she longs for another draught, which, alas, will but stimulate the fatal desire! Fêtes, dinners, evenings at the opera, or soirees; mornings, or rather noons, at concerts, in the park, or at fashionable shops, where the sublime art of throwing away money upon useless articles, is successfully practised, consume the time; and the hallowing memories of her natural life fade as increases with deadly momentum the ceaseless longing for admiration. Ada dwells already in the fatal atmosphere of flattery, existing on the words and looks of those she loves not—she esteems not—whom she despises. Her independence of soul is gone—her energy expiring—a brilliant mirage is before her; and reckless she presses on!

The pure gales of early morning sport with the golden spray and sparkling surges of a retired bay of the bright Italian coast; then, passing inland, steal the pale blossoms of the orange-tree from their dark green shins, wave the solemn cyprusses, and lightly stir the boughs of the majestic cedar. A female figure, bent with sorrow or sickness—for age has not withered, nor penury worn that richly-attired, but attenuated form, is slowly pacing along the strand; suddenly she stoops to gather a solitary flower, rare in that locality, but common in the place of her birth. Tears fall on its azure petals, for memories are entwined with its presence—she recalls her early life, its bright promises, its bitter fruit! She is aware her existence draws rapidly to-

wards its termination, and she traces the first cause—the sudden upspringing and swift increase of vanity, and its shadow selfishness spreading like a hateful weed over the surface of her mind, leaving her an easy prey to the more practised selfishness of another, who, for the sake of her beauty, induced her to unite her fate with his, deserting her so soon as its novelty disappeared, thus cruelly dissolving the spell with which flattery and vanity had gifted him: for Ada had loved only the brilliant creation of her own distempered fancy. And now indeed she feels that she has quitted the real, the beautiful, the true, for their fatal semblances; and her heart turns back to its original faith, the faith that morality cannot detect the shadow for the substance, in its finite, fallacious wisdom, save when directed by unerring truth, the Divinely-revealed, and schooled by implicit obedience to its eternal requirements.

From the Worcester Spy.

## ANECDOTE OF A DOG.

A friend who has been spending the winter in Halifax, Nova Scotia, tells us the following anecdote of a dog, which is about the best story of canine sagacity we have ever heard.

Tige is a splendid Newfoundland, and possesses good sense as well as good looks. He is in the habit of going every morning, with a penny in his mouth, to the same butcher's shop, and purchasing his own breakfast like a gentlemanly dog as he is. But it so happened one cold morning during the past winter that the shop was closed, and the necessity seemed to be imposed upon Tige either to wait for the butcher's return or look for his breakfast elsewhere. Hunger probably constrained him to take the latter alternative, and off he started for another butcher's shop nearest to his favorite place of resort. Arriving there, he deposited his money on the block, and smacked his chops for breakfast, as usual; but the butcher instead of meeting the demand of his customer as a gentleman ought, brushed the coin into his till and drove the dog out of the shop. Such a disgraceful proceeding on the part of a man very naturally ruffled the temper of a brute, but as there was no other alternative, he was obliged to submit. The next morning, however, when his master furnished him with the coin for the purchase of breakfast, as usual, the dog instead of going to the shop where he had been accustomed to trade, went immediately to the shop from whence he was so unceremoniously ejected but the day before—laid his penny upon the block, and with a growl as much as to say, 'you don't play any more tricks upon travellers,' placed his paw on the money. The butcher, not liking to risk, under such circumstances, the perpetration of another fraud, immediately rendered him the *quid pro*, in the shape of a slice of meat, and was about to appropriate the penny as he had done the day previous, to his own coffers, but the dog, quicker than he was, made away with the meat at one swallow, and seizing the penny again in his mouth, made off to the shop of his more honest acquaintance, and by the purchase of a double breakfast made up for his previous fast.

From the Edinburgh Scotsman.

## SAGACITY IN A DOG.

ABOUT eight months ago a gentleman belonging to this city embarked at Port Philip for Scotland. In the bustle and confusion of preparing for so long a voyage, a favorite dog disappeared about a couple of days before the vessel in which he returned left Port Philip; and, as all the inquiry he was able to make turned out to be fruitless, he was under the necessity of leaving his four-footed friend behind him. He arrived in Edinburgh about two months ago, and, wonderful to tell, within the last three weeks was surprised by a visit from the animal he had left in Port Philip about eight months before. Upon inquiry it turns out that the dog had gone on board of a ship on the eve of sailing for London; that, once aboard, he resolutely refused to be put on shore, and by dint of sheer resolution obtained a passage. On his arrival in London, it is ascertained that he visited the lodgings formerly occupied by his master, and failing in discovering the object of his search, immediately disappeared, and was not again heard of till his arrival in Edinburgh. Familiar as we are with instances of the affection and sagacity of the dog, this is perhaps the most extraordinary example on record. His going aboard of an English ship many miles from home—his refusal to quit it—his visit to the former lodgings of his master on his arrival in London—and the journey from London to Edinburgh, rank the subject of this brief notice as one of the most wonderful animals of his species. The gentleman to whom he belongs is well known in Edinburgh, and is the son of a gentleman who, within the last twenty years, has filled various offices of civic dignity.

## SCENE IN A JUSTICE ROOM.

The Hartford Times vouches for the truth of the following story:—

'Pat Malone, you are fined five dollars for assault and battery on Mike Sweney.'

'I have the money in my pocket, and I'll pay the fine if yer honor will give me the resate.'

'We give no receipts here. We just take the money. You will not be called on a second time for your fine.'

'But, yer honour, I'll not be wanting to pay the same without the resate.'

'What do you want with it?'

'If your honor will write one and give to me, I'll tell ye.'

'Well, there's your receipt. Now, what do you want to do with it?'

'I'll tell your honor. You see, one of these days I'll be after dying, and when I get to the gate of heaven I'll rap, and St. Peter will say 'Who's there?' and I'll say 'It's me, Pat Malone,' and he'll say, 'What do you want?' and I'll say 'I want to come in;' then he'll say, 'Did you behave yourself like a decent boy-in the other world, and pay all your little fines and such things?' and I'll say 'Yes, your holiness, I paid all of them;' and he'll want to see the resates, and I'll put my hand into my pocket, and take out my resate and give it to him, and I'll not have to go plodding all over ——— to find yer honor to get one.'

From Cumming's Five Years' Adventures in South Africa.

## A KADOO CHASE.

I had seen many sights thrilling to a sportsman, but few to surpass what I then beheld. I think an old buck koodoo, when seen standing broadside on, is decidedly one of the grandest looking antelopes in the world. They now broke into two lots, the two finest bucks holding to the left, and to these we gave chase. They led us over the most terrific ground for horses that can be imagined. It consisted of a mass of large, sharp, adamantine pieces of rock, even the rock-frequenting koodoos themselves made bad weather of it. Cobus, on this occasion, rode in a manner which astonished me. He was mounted on 'The Cow,' which steed, having in its youth led an unrestrained life, as most Cape horses do, in the rugged mountains of the Hantam, bounded along the hill side in a style worthy of a klippsinger. A flat of considerable extent, covered with tall bushes, intervened between us and a long range of high table-land to the northward, along the base of which, for an extent of many miles, stretched a dense forest of wait-a-bit thorns and mimosas. This forest was the head quarters of the koodoos, and for it they now held, breaking away across the above-mentioned flat. That forest, however, the finest koodoo was destined never to reach. As soon as we got clear of the rocky ground, our horses gained upon them at every stride; and Cobus, who was invariably far before me in every chase, was soon alongside of the finest. Here, in the dense bushes, we lost sight of his comrade. Cobus very soon prevailed on the koodoo to alter his tack, and strike off at a tangent from his former course, when, by taking a short cut, like a greyhound running cunning, I got within range, and with a single ball I rolled him over in the dust. I felt more pleasure in obtaining this fine specimen of a buck koodoo than anything I had yet shot in Africa. He was a first-rate old buck, and carried a pair of ponderous long wide set, spiral horns.—Cumming's Five Years' Adventures in South Africa.

## HONOR THY FATHER.

There are some children who are almost ashamed to own their parents, because they are poor, or in a low situation of life. We will, therefore, give an example to the contrary, as displayed by John Tillotson, the celebrated Archbishop of Canterbury. His father, who was a very plain Yorkshireman, one day came to the mansion in which his son resided, and inquired whether "John Tillotson was at home?" The servants, indignant at what they thought his insolence, were about to drive him from the door; but the Archbishop, hearing the voice of his father, came running out, exclaiming in the presence of his astonished servants, "It is my beloved father!" and falling down on his knees, asked for his blessing. Obedience and love to our parents is a very distinct and important command of God, upon which he has promised his blessing, and his promises never fail.

## JEWS OF JERUSALEM.

It is remarkable that the Jews who are born in Jerusalem are of a totally different caste from those we see in Europe. Here they are a fair race, very lightly made, and particularly effeminate in manner. The young men wear a lock of long hair on each side of the face, which, with their flowing silk robes, gives them the appearance of women. The Jews of both sexes are exceedingly fond of dress; and although they assume a dirty and squalid appearance when they walk abroad, in their own houses they are to be seen clothed in costly furs and the richest silks of Damascus. The women are covered with gold, and dressed in brocades stiff with embroidery. Some of them are beautiful; and a girl of about 12 years old, who was betrothed to the son of a rich old rabbi, was the prettiest little creature I ever saw; her skin was whiter than ivory, and her hair, which was as black as jet, and was plaited with strings of sequins, fell in tresses nearly to the ground. She was of a Spanish family, and the language usually spoken by the Jews among themselves is Spanish.—Curzon's Monasteries in the Levant.

'I wonder this child don't go to sleep!' said an anxious mother to a female friend. 'Well, I don't,' replied the lady. 'It's face is so dirty that it cannot shut its eyes.'

He is happy whose circumstances suit his temper; but he is more happy who can suit his temper to any circumstances.

A life of contemplation is not unfrequently a miserable one; a man should be active, think less, and not watch life too closely.—Mirabeau's Letters.