

## LITERATURE, &amp;c.

## The British Magazines.

From the London People's Journal.

## THE WORKING MAN'S DREAM.

A poor man wearied by the way  
Beneath a cumbrous load,  
Breathed many a sigh for closing day  
While on the road.

He paused beneath a broad oak tree,  
Whose limbs extended wide;  
A stream in softest melody,  
Sped by its side.

He sat upon a grassy mound,  
By leaves and boughs concealed,  
When slumber stealing, most profound,  
His eyelids seal'd.

While sleeping in that peaceful shade  
His thoughts were occupied;  
Around him gentle breezes play'd  
And thus he sighed:

Ah! here I seek a moment's rest,  
Unhappy, faint, and wan—  
What else can sooth the languid breast  
Of toiling man?

Did God intend that some should live  
In fortune's sunny mile,  
While others only should survive  
By pressing toil?

Oh! haste ye hours of sombre night,  
Of sweet and sound repose,  
Whose sable curtain hides the light  
And lulls my woes.

But, oh! how much more welcome still  
Would be the sleep of death,  
If it were heaven's disposing will  
To stay my breath!

Such were his thoughts, when a bright gleam  
Of sunshine cross'd his eyes;  
He raised his brow, though in a dream,  
Toward the skies.

The silent clouds, of virgin white,  
Hung in the deep serene,  
And streaming floods of heavenly light  
Illum'd the scene.

The whispering winds and warbling birds  
Reviv'd his conscious ear;  
A spirit seemed to breathe these words:  
"Why murmur here?"

"Arise, work on in cheerful mood,  
Nor envy indolence;  
Thou art the creature of a good  
Wise Providence.

"See yon expansive arch of blue,  
So wondrous, grand, and fair;  
Oh! how can man such brightness view,  
And then despair?"

"Tis God that clothes the field in green,  
And feeds the birds of air;  
And He doth make the sons of men  
His special care.

"Be patient, and no more complain,  
On heavenly aid rely;  
The soul that moves thy restless brain  
Shall never die.

"Proud man may boast a tyrant's name,  
And try to chain the wind;  
He may enslave thy feeble frame,  
But not thy mind."

He woke, and with a cheerful heart  
His devotions pursued—  
Thinking what lessons dreams impart  
Of rectitude.

Resolving if he should be driven  
In future to repine,  
That dream should lift the prayer to heaven,  
"Thy will be mine."

From the London People's Journal.

## THE LOSS OF A STICK;

OR, THE BACHELOR'S LAST RAMBLE.

By Paul Peregrine, Esq.

"I CERTAINLY could not have brought it home; where could I have left it?"

"What sir?"

"My stick, Mrs Bridget, my stick; I would not have lost it for any money."

"La, sir! why you can get another just like it for a few pence."

"A few pence! and that was the full value Mrs Bridget set upon my stick."

"What mercenary, unimaginative, unsympathising minds some people have!" muttered I, as I hurriedly left the room, and hastened down stairs, having suddenly recollected that the last place I had called at on my road home was the butcher's shop.

"Mr Cleaver, did I leave my stick here?"

"A stick, sir? No, sir; lost it, sir?"

"I am afraid I have."

"What a pity! I'm very fanciful in sticks myself, sir."

"And may have taken a fancy to mine?" thought I.

I returned home with a very strong suspicion that the man had actually got the stick.

"Can't recollect where I have left it, Mrs Bridget."

"Dear me, sir, how you vex yourself about the loss of a stick—you could hardly be more

worried if you had met with some serious affliction."

The old woman said rightly. And it may be a positive bereavement for a pedestrian to lose a pet stick—a bachelorlike myself, too, with no other companion but his stick. A married man with a family—one who is called 'settled' in the world—can enjoy the pleasures of home; and when he does go out can have one of his children prattling by his side, or his dog frolicking about him. There is a wide difference between such a man and one who takes long summer rambles in a state of vagrant bachelorhood, for weeks together, with nothing for a companion but a stick. Nothing but a stick, did I say?—a stick must be a very poor stick indeed if it is not entitled to some respect. And such a stick as mine, too!—not one of your frail, flimsy switch like looking things, varnished, and topped, and tasseled for the kid-gloved palm of some juvenile holiday maker; but a plain, honest, substantial, and veritable stick; a fine old bit of blackthorn, tall, straight, strong and admirably proportioned, displaying a beautiful succession of knots—a sort of spinal vertebrae—from top to bottom, and with a head displaying as fine a phrenological development as any stick could do, beautifully bald, smooth and venerable, just as the head of a veteran should be. Ha! 'twas a luxury to feel your fingers gliding over that head; and then the substantial weight of the stick, the solid ring it gave as you put the ferrule to the ground, and the feeling of friendly support and safety which you felt as you leant upon its knobby handle! One blow with it over the shins, and Samson himself must have knelt in painful humility before you; the sight of it alone was a safeguard from molestation. Many a mile—aye, many hundred miles—had I travelled with me over hill and dale, close by my side and taking step by step, solemnly or frolicksomenly, according to my humour, in sunshine and in storm, in sorrow and in gladness; now helping me up some steep acclivity, now steadying my steps down some ice covered hill; now reposing calmly at my side before the blaze of an inn fire, and now basking with me on the grass in the summer sunshine—the only friend I ever had in all my rambles.

Was I tortured by a tight boot?—my old stick helped me home to be relieved of it, attacked by any lameness? the stick hobbled with me about the house; it was the most constant friend I had under all circumstances and situations. Then how it was admired by every body! that is by all who were judges of the real merits of a stick. And now 'tis gone, fallen probably into the profane hands of a greasy butcher, to be used perhaps, for driving cattle to market; its sharp iron ferrule applied as a goad to the haunches of bullocks and oxen, or an incentive to living legs of mutton disinclined to trust themselves across the threshold of a slaughterhouse.—Bah! the idea is perfectly sickening; I'll no longer annoy myself with such reflections.

"Now let me calmly consider; where can I possibly have left it?" and muttering this to myself, I refilled my meerschaum, began smoking with true cogitative vigour, and mentally retraced my steps throughout the whole of my wanderings during the day.—Did I leave it at the inn where I lunched? no; I got a fine specimen of the water lily with it, out of a pond soon afterwards. Did I leave it in that meadow on the slope of the hill, where I stretched myself on the grass, lazily to enjoy a view of the sunset? I quit the place in a hurry, I remember, because I was disturbed by a party of young ladies—some of us bachelors are such sensitive people—did I then leave my stick behind me? It is possible, very possible, for I was indulging in one of my day dreams at the time.—I'll return to the spot and look for it directly. And so I did; but alas! the search was fruitless.

Strange being that I am, oftentimes highly excited by trifles, and yet capable of bearing the most varied vicissitudes with the calmness of a stoic, I was extremely chagrined by the loss of the stick. It occupied my entire thoughts. I talked about it to every body I met during the whole evening; it preyed upon my mind like a grievous calamity; and when I went to bed, and at last fell asleep, it haunted me still in my dreams. At one time I was journeying stickless along a road, and suddenly beheld, at a considerable distance before me, a traveller walking with a stick—my stick; but all my efforts to overtake him were unavailing, for he invariably quickened his pace just as I was coming up with him; and at last after playing me two or three tricks of this kind, both he and the stick vanished. Then I found myself strolling along the bank of a river, and saw the stick floating in the middle of the stream, along which I followed it for miles, pelting it with stones, to drive it near the bank; but still on it went quite out of reach, until at last it came to a place, where the river divided into two branches, and there by the force of the current, it was carried off in such a sinister course as to preclude the possibility of pursuing it any further.

I found myself wandering about at mid-day in one of the most crowded streets of London, running after every person whom I saw with a stick that bore any resemblance to the one I had lost, walking by the side of the owner, and thus making a furtive examination of the stick. Several times when I thought I was sure of the stick's identity, and found that my pertinacity had attracted notice, I ventured to make my purpose known;—"I beg your pardon, sir; may I be permitted to look at that stick?" Sometimes the reply was very civil, and at others quite the reverse; but could plainly perceive that every one whom

I addressed took me for a madman. At last I got into a furious quarrel with one man because I insinuated that the stick was mine, and in order to conceal its identity he had taken off the ferrule. He was a tall, sturdy fellow, a match for three such opponents as myself; and I saw it would be absurd to attempt taking the stick from him by force. I therefore, just as he was about to walk on, tried to trip him up, thinking that in the fall, he might let go hold of his stick; but the scheme failed altogether, and I beheld him turn round with the stick—my own stick—raised high in the air, and about to descend ungratefully and brutally on my own head. I heard its threatening whiz as the powerful arm of my assailant gave it a preparatory flourish, and I shrieked aloud from the consciousness of the utter annihilation that even one blow would bring upon me—and awoke.

The next morning, heartily ashamed of my weakness and determined to overcome it, I went out after breakfast, bought another stick, and set off for a long walk with it by way of getting it into favor. A very pretty stick, thought I, trying to persuade myself into the conceit of it—a noble bit of oak, strong, straight, weighty, and nicely polished! Ah! but I remember that my old stick was a good wholesome brown, without any polish; now this—why the bark looks like a snake's skin—a sneaking hypocritical sort of thing, that has wheedled me into taking by the hand as a satisfactory substitute for an old and valued companion. And then, suddenly checking myself I laughed at my absurdity in conceiving an antipathy to the stick on account of what would have been commonly deemed a commendable peculiarity.

I sauntered on, unable to divest my mind of its folly, and presently found that I had unintentionally bent my steps towards the very spot where on the previous evening I had been searching so assiduously. 'Well,' thought I, 'surely no one ever was so tormented by such a loss;—I certainly must be getting quite childish; it would be a strange thing for a man to be driven mad by the loss of a stick. What a pretty subject for a commission de lunatico inquirendo. Pshaw! I'll think no more of it. I hastened to quit the spot, and then began to amuse myself by gathering a quantity of wild roses and honeysuckle, to form a bouquet for my writing table. A heavy peal of thunder drew my attention to the heavens, and the threatening aspect they displayed, together with the preliminary drops of rain that now began to fall warned me to hasten homewards. I determined not to go round by the road, but take a short cut across the meadows, over hedge and ditch in school-boy fashion. On I went thus and proceeded pretty rapidly. The storm, however, increased; and not choosing to place myself in peril from lightning by taking refuge under a tree, I looked around for some other shelter. There was a farm house at a little distance and thither I bent my steps.

Passing through part of an orchard that fronted the dwelling—a low, thatched-roofed old fashioned building—I presently found myself standing under a portico of ivy, that had been formed before the door in the old arbor fashion, with a seat on either side. The rain now came down so sweepingly that it presented as it fell the appearance of a complete sheet of water; and the thunder and lightning were equally violent. I soon found that the shelter I had obtained was by no means sufficient to resist such a torrent, and that an embryo waterfall from one of the eaves overhead was not only making its way through the shoulder of my coat, but rapidly spreading into something very like a guttedown my sleeve. Just as I was considering the propriety of seeking better shelter in the interior of the house, the door was opened by a servant girl. I entered the kitchen—a spacious apartment—the ceiling of which was scarcely visible between the racks of bacon and rows of ham that were suspended from it. I was going to make myself at home in the chimney corner, where the sight of some blackened legs of pork suggested to me the idea of smoke drying my own soddened shoulder, when a damsel, attired very much after the homely fashion of farmer's daughters, made her appearance at a door that opened from the kitchen into another room, and invited me to walk in there. I was received without any ceremony by an old lady of portly dimensions, with a countenance as round and ruddy as her daughter's, but marked by a few furrows. Her cheeks put me much in mind of a fine old rosy apple, that still preserves its bloom though fast shrivelling up in wrinkles. Then there was the spectacles, an antiquated pair of tortoiseshell, without which it was evident she could not have seen to do the needlework on which she was then employed. I soon learnt that I had been seen to take refuge under the portico; but that I was partly indebted for the politeness that had been shown me to a supposed personal resemblance between myself and Mr Somebodyelse, for whom I had been mistaken. I was treated with the hospitality of an acquaintance, however, and had a foaming tankard of ale set before me by the old lady's daughter—a fine, blooming damsel of about three and twenty, possessed of such personal attractions as far exceeded those generally to be found among farmer's daughters. I soon began to discover other merits. There was a piano in the room with a quantity of music scattered about.

"You are fond of music, I presume?" said I.

"Oh, yes, passionately," exclaimed the young lady.

We then entered into a very interesting

conversation, in the course of which the maiden displayed a perfect knowledge of the works of the best composers. Half an hour was thus passed most delightfully; and I then rose to depart, the weather having cleared up, and the brilliant sunshine that had succeeded the storm precluding all excuse for prolonging my visit.

"You are forgetting your stick, sir," said the young lady.

"My stick!—Thank you." "It would be a pity to lose one so handsome," said the maiden, handing it to me. The remark was more than I could resist; and I gave them an account of the loss of my old one.

"What kind of one was it?" "I described it."

"Dear me, how very strange! Have the goodness, sir, to wait a moment," exclaimed the damsel, her bright blue eyes beaming with the additional lustre that lights up the countenance of a good natured person on suddenly discovering some new and unexpected means of conferring their own happiness on others.

She was about to quit the room, but was stopped for an instant by the entrance of a tall, stout-made, healthy looking man, whose dress and general appearance were characteristic of the farmer.

I bowed. "This gentleman, my dear," said the old lady, "was caught just now in the storm, and has been kind enough to accept what shelter we could afford him."

"Very happy indeed that our house was so handy," was the courteous reply; and then, with the usual inquisitiveness of country people, the old gentleman began to put such questions to me as could not honestly be replied to except by a full account of the nature and purpose of my visit to Devonshire. "You will stay here, then, some time?" he asked.

"A few months, I hope." "You will find some delightful rambles within a few miles round, if you are a good walker."

This remark led me into a brief detail of the extent of my excursions through various counties; and then came—I cannot express it—the mention of my lost stick.

"Is this it, sir?"

I turned and beheld the damsel who had just before quitted the room, looking archly in my face, and exhibiting to my delighted eyes my old stick.

"Yes!" exclaimed I, almost snatching it from her.

How delighted I was, and how I gazed at the stick, and then turned to her, pouring forth a profusion of thanks. How beautiful she looked, and how gratified she seemed by the pleasure she had afforded me.

"We found it in a field on yonder hill," said she. "Perhaps, sir, you remember running away at the sight of two ladies, myself and a friend?"

I laughed, jocosely confessed my bashfulness, and we parted, but not until I had accepted an invitation from the maiden's father to accompany him in his gig the next day to an adjacent town, as the ride would afford me an opportunity of seeing some of the surrounding scenery.

Many times have I been in that gig since, and much delight and happiness have I experienced, especially on one occasion when I found myself seated in the vehicle, returning home to the farm house from the Parish Church in company with—

"That old stick?"

"No; a certain young bride—yes, and my bride too; thanks to the storm that drove me to the farm house for shelter, and thanks also to—"

"The loss of a stick?"

"Decidedly; but the stick like myself has got into a new sphere of existence;—there is one of my youngsters at this moment, sitting astride it, galloping up and down the nursery."

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## A CHIP FROM A SAILOR'S LOG.

It was a dead calm—not a breath of air—the sails flapped idly against the masts; the helm had lost its power, and the ship turned her head how and where she liked. The heat was intense, so much so, that the chief mate had told the boatswain to keep the watch out of the sun; but the watch below found it too warm to sleep, and were tormented with thirst, which they could not gratify till the water was served out. They had drunk all the previous day's allowance; and now that their scuttle butt was dry, there was nothing left for them but endurance. Some of the seamen had congregated on the top gallant fore-castle, where they gazed on the clear blue water with longing eyes.

"How cool and clear it looks," said a tall powerful young seaman; "I don't think there are many sharks about; what do you say for a bath, lads?"

"That for the sharks!" burst almost simultaneously from the parched lips of the group: well have a jolly bath when the second mate goes into dinner."

In about half an hour the dinner bell rang—the boatswain took charge of the deck; some twenty sailors were now stripped, except a pair of light duck trousers; among the rest was a tall, powerful, coast-of-Africa nigger of the name of Leigh: they used to joke him, and call him Sambo.

"You no swim to-day Ned?" said he addressing me. "Feared of shark, heh? Shark nebber bite me. Suppose I meet shark in water, I swim after him—him run like deb-