

INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

BY WILLIAM C. RRYANT.

A mighty realm is the Land of Dreams,
With steps that hang in the twilight sky,
And weltering oceans and trailing streams
That gleam where the dusky valleys lie.

But over its shadowy borders flow
Sweet rays from the world of endless morn,
And the nearer mountains catch the glow,
And flowers in the nearer fields are born.

The souls of the happy dead repair,
From their bowers of light to that bordering land,
And walk in the fainter glory there,
With the souls of the living, hand in hand.

One calm sweet smile in that shadowy sphere,
From eyes that open on earth no more—
One warning word from a voice once dear—
How they rise in the memory o'er and o'er!

Far off from those hills that shine with day,
And fields that bloom in the heavenly gales,
The Land of Dreams goes stretching away
To dimmer mountains and darker vales.

There lie the chambers of guilty delight,
There walk the spectres of guilty fear,
And soft, low voices that float through the night
Are whispering sin to the helpless ear.

Dear maid, in thy girlhood's opening flower,
Scarce weaned from the love of childish play,
The tears on whose cheeks are but the shower
That freshens the early blooms of May!

Thine eyes are closed, and over thy brow
Pass thoughtful shadows and joyous gleams,
And I know, by the moving lips, that now,
Thy spirit strays in the Land of Dreams.

Light-hearted maiden, oh, heed thy feet!
Oh, keep where that beam of Paradise falls;
And only wander where thou may'st meet
The blessed ones from its shining walls.

So shalt thou come from the Land of Dreams,
With love and peace to this world of strife;
And the light that over that border streams,
Shall lie on the path of thy daily life.

THE INTERESTING VARIETY OF THE BIBLE.—When the great Sam. Johnson was asked why so many literary men were infidels, his reply was: 'Because they are ignorant of the Bible.' If the question be asked why the lovers of general reading so often fail to acquaint themselves with the Sacred Volume, one reason to be assigned doubtless is, that they are not aware of its interesting variety. This feature of the Bible is well illustrated by Mrs. Ellis, in the following eloquent extract from her recent work entitled the 'Poetry of Life.' 'With our established ideas of beauty, grace, pathos and sublimity, concentrated in the minutest point or extended to the widest range, we can derive from the Scriptures a fund of gratification not to be found in any other memorial of the past or present time. From the worm that grovels in the dust beneath our feet, to the track of the leviathan in the foaming deep—from the moth that corrupts the secret treasure, to the eagle that soars above his eyrie in the clouds—from the wild ass in the desert to the lamb within the shepherd's fold—from the consuming locust to the cattle on a thousand hills—from the rose of Sharon to the cedar of Lebanon—from the clear crystal stream, gushing forth out of the flinty rock, to the wide waste of the deluge—from the barren waste to the fruitful vineyard, and the land flowing with milk and honey—from the lonely path of the wanderer to the gathering of a mighty multitude—from the tear that falls in secret, to the din of battle and the shout of a triumphant host—from the solitary in the wilderness to the satrap on the throne—from the mourner clad in his sackcloth, to the prince in purple robes—from the gnawing of the worm that dieth not, to the seraphic vision of the blessed—from the still voice, to the thunders of Omnipotence—from the depth of hell, to the regions of eternal glory, there is no degree of beauty or deformity, no tendency to good or evil, into shade of darkness or gleam of light, which does not come within the cognizance of the Holy Scripture, and therefore there is no expression or conception of the mind that may not find a corresponding picture, no thirst for excellence that here may not meet with its full supply; and no condition of humanity excluded from the unlimited scope of adaptation and sympathy comprehended in the language and spirit of the Bible.'

THE CANADIAN PEOPLE.—Politeness seems natural to the Canadians. Habit, imitation, and temperament have made them a courteous people; and the first thing a child learns is to say his prayers, to speak decorously and respectfully to everybody, and to bow or courtesy to his elders, and all strangers. The *habitans* never meet one another without putting a hand to the hat or bonnet, or moving the head. Men and women are

civil to all, not merely from our appearance, but from a sense of propriety; and they always treat their superiors and parents with deference. Parents and children live frequently in one house to the third generation. They are exceedingly modest—the women from the natural delicacy and disposition of their sex, the men from custom and a full sense of decency; the latter, in the country parishes, never bathe in the rivers, nor even in the most private places, without being partially covered. The men are well proportioned, about, but something smaller, than the middle size, and very rarely corpulent. From exposure to the climate their complexions are dark; the sun in summer and the snow in winter, bronze their faces, and the general use of close iron stoves may also affect their colour. The features of their faces are characteristic. The nose is usually prominent, and often aquiline; the eyes dark, rather small, and remarkably lively; the lips thin, chin sharp, and projecting cheeks inclining to lankness. 'Many of the girls are pretty oval-faced brunettes, with fine eyes, good teeth and glossy locks. They make affectionate wives and tender mothers. Their feelings are keen and their attachments ardent. They are generally more intelligent than the men; and a *habitant* rarely enters upon matters of any importance without saying, 'J'en parlerai a ma femme'; and on consulting his wife, but not before, will he conclude a bargain. On entering the house of a Canadian, his wife seems to anticipate our wishes. If they have not at the time what we want, the landlady regrets it with such good grace that we cannot fail to be delighted with what she gives us. The *habitans* marry young; sometimes twenty couple are joined in wedlock at one time in the same church. They hate being alone. The world is nothing to them unless a number of families have the opportunity of assembling together. How very different from the Americans, among whom a man and his wife will leave a populous settlement in which they were born, and all their friends and relations without apparent regret, and plant themselves, regardless of all the human race, amidst the solitary gloom of the dark forest!'—*John Macgregor on the Progress of America.*

CHARLES DICKENS.—He has no massive or profound intellect—no lore superior to a schoolboy's—no vast or creative imagination—little philosophic insight, little power of serious writing, and little sympathy with either the subtler or profounder parts of man, or with the grander features of Nature; (witness the description of Niagara—he would have painted the next pump better!) And yet through his simplicity and sincerity, his boundless *bon homie*, his fantastic humour, his sympathy with every-day life, and his absolute and unique dominion over every region of the odd, he has obtained a popularity which Shakspeare, nor hardly Scott, in their lifetime enjoyed. He is ruling over us like a Fairy King, or Prince Prettyman, strong men as well as weak yielding to the glamour of his tiny rod. Louis the Fourteenth walked so erect, and was so perfect in the management of his person, that people mistook his very size, and it was not discovered till after his death that he was a little and not a large man. So many of the admirers of Dickens have been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features, the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile which plays about his mouth, that they have imagined him to be a Scott, or even a Shakspeare. To do him justice, he himself has never fallen into such an egregious mistake. He has seldom if ever, sought to alter, by one octave, the note which Nature gave him, and which is not that of an eagle, nor of a nightingale, nor of a lark, but of a happy, homely, gleesome "Cricket on the Hearth." Small almost as his own Tiny Tim, dressed in as dandified a style as his own Lord Frederick Verisoff, he is as full of the milk of human kindness as his own Brother Cheeryble; and we cannot but love the man who has first loved all human beings, who can own Newman Nogs as a brother, and can find something to respect in a Bob Sawyers, and something to pity in a Ralph Nickleby. Never was a monarch of popular literature less envied or more loved; and while rather wondering at the length of his reign over such a capricious domain as that of Letters, and while fearlessly expressing our doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we must own that his sway has been that of gentleness—of a good wide-minded, and kindly man; and take this opportunity of wishing long life and prosperity to "Bonnie Prince Charlie."—*George Gilfillan, in Tail's Magazine.*

Did you ever read 'Nevins' Thoughts?' Capital book, isn't it? We hit the other day on the following passage:

'But perhaps you take a paper, and are in arrears for it. Now suppose you was the publisher, and the publisher was one of your subscribers, and he was in arrears to you, what would you think he ought to do in that case? I just ask the question. I don't care about an answer.'

A love-sick swain, by the name of Isaac Neale, wrote thus to his sweet-heart:

My heart is gone—I can't tell how,
But pure's the flame I feel;
To richer girls let others bow,
To Mary Ann—I Neale."

AN ALABAMA LEGISLATOR.

A correspondent of the Montgomery Journal tells the following good anecdote on 'Fat George, the member from Henry,' connected with his first visit to Mobile. Col. D— had persuaded George to go with him to Mobile, where the 'member from Henry,' for the first time saw 'sights' calculated to excite emotions of wonder in the unsophisticated mind:

They stopped at the 'Waverley,' and on the day after their arrival, the Colonel enquired as to the state of George's general health and especially as to how he had rested the previous night.

'Tollable, Bob, leavin' out a chunk of a scare I got last night.

'How?', asked Bob.

'Why you'll take notice,' said George, 'the room the bar-keeper allotted for me to have, I took particular notice of it—brown door with a light streak here and there, and brass lock handle—and I wouldn't look at no other, for fear I might get 'em mixed up in my head. Now about 12 o'clock I came home, with about a half grown hummin' in my head, and the very fust thing I found, at the top of them twistin' steps, was my own identical door with the brown paint and light streaks and brass lock handle all right. 'Good!' says I, and in I busted! Walks up to the bed, I does, and there I finds one of your long-legged, black-wiskered, town fellers—fast asleep. Takes him by the whiskers with both hands, and rears him up in the bed, in a sittin' persition and gives him a small exhortation, for I was a patent, double-resolvin' steam mule and once set in motion, never stops 'till the masheenry wears out.

'The feller,' continued George, 'got up very humble-like, and travelled to the cheer whar his dry goods was, and I sauntered round the room lookin' at the picters, and studyin' over the chances of gittin' another cocktail before turnin' in. Arter a while I begins to hurry the feller—says I 'draw on them moccasin-skins of yourn and leave!' and with that I turned round to give him a final grin, but Bob?'

'What George?'

'Guess what he was doin'.'

'Don't know!'

'Why, just as true as preachin', he was makin' right at me, with the —st most unsatisfactory-lookin' Bowie knife in his hand you ever saw. I'll go to grass if he was'n't.—let's go liquor.'

'Well, but what did you do, George, when he made at you.'

'Why, nothin' particular—only worked the thing, 'till I got him from between me and the door, and then—'

'What?'

'Then I left!'

RULES FOR OBTAINING HEALTH, WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

'You must get up at five o'clock in the morning and take a long walk before breakfast.

'Your breakfast must be very simple. A little bread and water, nothing else.

'You must never take a glass of wine, or a glass of grog, or a glass of beer. You must drink nothing but water—a little toast in it will do no harm, but you are better without it.

'You should walk one hour before breakfast, and one hour after. Two hours before dinner, another hour after. An hour before supper, one hour after; and two hours in the middle of the day. No man should walk less than eight hours every day—ten, however, is the proper number. Riding on horseback is very bad, but riding in a carriage or an omnibus, still worse. Legs were made for walking.

'Luncheous and suppers are superfluous. Two meals are quite enough.

'Your bed should be deal board, and your pillow as hard. A bag of split peas is not bad.

'You must never stop out late at night. You must never go to a theatre, or to an evening party. You should go to bed before ten.

'All warm things are injurious. Avoid soups, curries, teas, fricasees, hashes, and rise superior to a good stew. Eschew all pies, puddings, and custards, and rigidly set your face against trifles. Eat no fruit, unless you wish to be ill.

'You must never allow yourself to be annoyed. For this purpose you must never lend a shilling, or trust to chances. You had better not believe anybody, and then you will not be disappointed.

'Above all, you must never become security for a friend in distress, or accept a bill under any circumstances.

'Never take any medicines. Nature is the best physician, and one which does not require being paid.

'Cultivate a love for cold water. Wash half-a-dozen times-a-day; drink at every pump you meet, and learn to sleep in wet sheets.

'Considering all things, it is decidedly the best not to marry. A wife would only interfere with the above rules, and prevent your becoming a rich, happy old man; whereas, by attending most strictly to them, and never enjoying yourself or spending a penny more than you want, and especially refraining from every kind of drink, and abhorring tobacco as you would a Parr's Life Pill, you would most probably live to the age of 120; having attained every happiness you could wish or expect, and will die not only immensely rich, but—on your tombstone—'universally regretted.'