

POETRY.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Where is the land of Dreams?
The land where sleepers see
Those smooth and silent streams
So calm and silvery?
Those trees that are as still
As the shades of trees below,
When they sleep on the lonely hill
In the summers midnight glow?
Where is the land of Dreams—ah where?
For I would be a dweller there.

There glorious temples shine,
Thick frosted o'er with gems
Unknown in earthly mine,
Or earthly diadems:
And ever blooming bowers
In dim and dewy dells,
All form'd of light and flowers,
And the ocean's glittering shells;
Where such low music floats around
As 'twere the shadow of a sound.

Upon the ocean shore
Of that resplendent land,
Where the emerald waters pour
Upon a silver sand,
The traveller may stray
With sleep, his silent guide,
And watch the forms that play
Upon that glorious tide,
Dim and faint, as the mists that break
At sunrise, from a mountain lake.

He may see the Nereids there,
Each in her pearly shell,
With long and drizzling hair,
Float on the ocean's shell;
And hear the rushing sweep
Of the Tritons as they dash
Into foam the sparkling deep,
Whilst finny monsters flash
And toss upon the sunny sea,
To the roar of the sea god's minstrelsy.

Where is the land of Dreams?
Where the hearts that earth divides,
May meet like winter streams,
When spring unbinds their tides;
Where for a little space,
Uncheck'd and unproved
We gaze upon the face
We have so fondly lov'd!
And lose awhile that gloom of wo
That shadows our sad love below.

The Mariner, who goes
From his weary watch on deck,
When the midnight billow throws
Its shadow o'er the wreck,
Forgets awhile the bark,
With her masts all hewn away,
That drifts through storm and dark
Across its pathless way—
And to the Dream-land far and fair,
Flies from the tempest's sudden jar.

He sees his cottage thatch'd
By the willow'd river's side,
And the bank where he would watch
The white sails downward glide,
When the morning mist lay still
On the broad grey river's breast,
And sunrise fringed the hill
As with a golden crest,
And the sky lark warbled from his shroud
The thin white summer morning cloud.

Where is that shadowy place,
Where the weary horse and hound
Renew the fiery chase
To the bugle's sylvan sound?
Where they brush the dew again
From the clover and the thorn,
While copse and woody glen,
Echo the wild, wild horn,
And the pack's glad bay, and the hunts-
man's cheer,
Fall faint upon the dreamer's ear.

Oh! where is the land where friends
Meet in those silent hours,
When the starlight dew descends
Upon the sleeping flowers?
There the chang'd, the colk, the dead,
Return, and with them bring
That blessed light which shed
Such joy o'er life's young spring,
As stars, that fade from morning skies,
Rise bright again when daylight dies.
Where is the land of Dreams—oh where?
For I would be a dweller there.

A SKETCH.

The Philosopher of old, when asked "is it best to marry, or not to marry?" replied, "do as you will you will repent." This is as true a maxim as any on record.—There is probably no unmarried man who when the hey-day of youth is passed, finds himself,

as it were alone in the world, and neglected by the young beaux and belles, but repents he did not wed at twenty-five; always excepting the members of the Bachelor's Club of which we may give some particulars when time and inclination serve. Again there is no married man, no matter what his situation in life may be, but repents the day he ever saw his wife. There are so many cares attending the matrimonial state, so many jibes and jeers, even among the most loving couples, that wedlock, is often a very irksome and unpleasant lock; in which, instead of silken jesses and rosy fetters, the hapless cot Queen, finds herself pinioned down with adamant chains, galling as those of the galley slave.

Sorely troubled and worn foot, with the labours of the day, the married man returns home,

"Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm,"

And then comes a tirade of "where have you been so late?" I wish to night to get to the play opera and ball; or again, I have invited three hundred and fifty of my dear friends to a party next week, and I want money to purchase the necessary articles and decorations, to out rival Mrs. Shinewell's last route; or a thousand unreasonable things, which none but a woman's brain could conceive.

It is not thus with every man—but very different with many. There are a few who do not admit,

"That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A Paradise below."

He who is blessed in a fair wife, when evening arrives, turns for a refuge and shelter from the cares of the world to his own fireside, and says with Cotton,

"From the gay world we'll oft retire,
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hearts employ;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys."

Such a man is happy indeed—his wife blessed. But the Bachelor when night comes and the business of the day is done, where does he go? he has no magnet to direct his compass; no friend to whom he can unbosom himself; he lives an unloved frigid thing. Go he to his boarding house, who cares for him there? much respect and affection may likely be expressed—but let poverty overtake him, or sickness lay him low, where is all the proffered respect and affection?

"Pled like the speedy wings of night," If it should be that he keeps "Bachelor's Hall," who had he there to commune with? his cheerless fireside or empty walls. The evening is long, the night is longer, and he is wretched, till morning dawn that he may again plod at his business;—his sole employment is in the accumulation of riches, and when he dies, where goes all his wealth? to heartless and needy relations, who ten to one cursed him for living so long.

As I have seen many strange characters in my travels and intercourse with mankind it has been my delight to study their lights and shades; these I generally note down in a book kept for the purpose, from which I glean when occasion suits, to elucidate the opinions that I advance:—and now for a sketch of

THE BACHELOR.

"I am a bachelor," said my good friend Frank Coldblood, to me, the day he attained majority, "and I glory in the title; I am as free as air, no petticoat to controul my actions, no woman to take care for me, nor be cared for by me." Ten years afterwards, said he, "I am a bachelor still thank heaven!" In ten years more he cried, "I am a bachelor, so shall I live, so shall I die tis a noble and independent life;" and added he, celibacy is a glorious life; I have opened an account in my ledger, entitled *Matrimony* I can now speak to a fraction on the subject; I know tis a happy life, marriage is a ruinous business, it would make a man bankrupt in a year. Well to show you this clearly: to the credit of the account, I have placed all the endearing charms and attractions, (spoken ironically), that the husband experiences—wife, children home, in sooth, every happiness that the most blessed in wedlock ever knew, but which—my dear Bob, I need not particularize; my brave fellow, you can see the items by looking into the account itself, which is always at your service. Then sir, to the debt I post, (bracing himself up, and speaking in a firm and self applauding tone), wife, sick, cross, scolding, &c. House out of order, servants quarrelsome and lazy, &c. meals too late, and miserably cooked &c.—children fighting by day, and bawling by night, disturbing ones natural sleep &c.—Madam dunning for a new gown,—miss for a new frock, &c. Young master for a hobby horse, old nurse for higher wages, &c.—No money; the whole crew weeping and wailing at the cruellest and hardest hearted husband, father and master in the whole world, &c. Wife grows old and ugly, chil-

dren disobedient extravagant &c. Miss now in her teens, must give a blow out; cannot afford it,—sour looks. Master out of his teens, must have a horse and sulky;—have no money; takes all I have got or can muster to retrieve my own notes,—tell him he is sulky enough already; then in faith he gets in a mood, like a dutiful son; that he may not belie his father's speech.—Madam wants miss to be indulged, and master to have his own way, like other gentlemen's sons and daughters;—the devil to pay;—not a copper to appease the monarch of darkness. The house turned up side down—the household mad, and I, (as must be reasonably expected)—furious sir,—"chaos come again"—and I have not the potent spell—money, to bring all in harmony again. This and thus, and thus went on my amount, when I added up my ledger I found the sum total at credit, as Owen would have said, 165 dollars 75 cents, and at the debit, 100,798d. 99c. leaving a balance in favour of celibacy of 109,642d. 21c. One hundred thousand, six hundred and forty two dollars, and twenty four cents—no small deficiency considering the capital invested; so sir, I will not enter into the speculation, but remain as I am a blessed Bachelor. I am not like the hypocrites who preach one doctrine and follow another, no sir. I shall be an independent and happy bachelor, till doomsday live I so long.

A few years after this, I met my friend Frank Coldblood, on my return from my travels; "are you a bachelor still Frank?" He shook his head, and replied, "I am Bob but I don't glory in the title." Some time after, we met again, "Still a bachelor Frank?" asked I. "Yes sir," replied he with a pale and sober countenance "I am, but I don't thank heaven."

The next time we met, I put my old question to him, "are you a bachelor still?" "Alas sir," said he in a melancholy tone, "I am still a bachelor, but I don't think it such a noble and independent life."

I met him again, and to my usual question, he replied "I am still single, but do not think there is much glory in celibacy." "Why sir, you spoke to a fraction on the subject some years ago, I hope you have not changed your mind; and yet that miserable, cheerless, frigid face of yours, speaks as much.

"Do not tease and torment me: the account was all wrong,—every item wrong; I am unhappy, miserable! O! I am wretched Bob. I curse my stars, I will repent the latest day of my life, that I did not marry at twenty five."

"Why Frank, what has produced all this change?"

"O Bob, my dear Bob! I am too miserable to be questioned—I have seen many of my friends contented and blessed as the day is long, with a loving wife and smiling children; I wish I were as happy as they;—I want something to love, I wish I had something to comfort my old age—an heir to inherit my money. I got a dog to keep me company, I always liked dogs, they are noble animals—I am

"A friend to dogs, for they are honest creatures, and ne'er betray their masters, never fawn, on those they do not love."

But my dog died lately, and I have been miserable ever since. The young girls jeer at me; I wished to marry, but they say in reply to all my long speeches and professions of love, that 'I might be their Grandfather.' Grandfather faith! I am not so old neither. I will marry yet Bob, yes I will marry,—better late than never."

"A good resolution say I."

"So it is, and I am determined to follow it."

Alas! however, for my old friend Coldblood, he died, before he could put his resolution in force."

PLEASURES OF CHARITY.—The following little anecdote of a person who had contemplated self-destruction, is very beautiful and touching. "I was weary of life, and after a day, such as few have known, and none would wish to remember, was hurrying along the street to the river, when I felt a sudden check. I turned and beheld a little boy who had caught the skirt of my cloak in his solicitude to solicit my notice. His look and manner were irresistible. Not less so than the lesson he had learnt. 'There are six of us, and we are dying for the want of food.' Why should I not, said I to myself, relieve this wretched family? I have the means and it will not delay me many minutes. But what if it does. The scene of misery he conducted me to I cannot describe. I threw them my purse; and their burst of gratitude overcame me. It filled my eyes—it went as a cordial to my heart.—I will call again to-morrow, I cried.—Fool that I was to think of leaving a world where such pleasure was to be had and so cheap.—*Royer's Italy.*

One day, meeting two Royal Dukes walking up St. James's street, the youngest thus flippantly addressed Sheridan:—"I say Sherry, we have just been discussing whether you are a greater fool or rogue; what is your own opinion my boy?" Mr. Sheridan having bowed, and smiling at the com-

pliment, took each of them by the arm, and instantly replied, "why faith I believe I am between both."

A BELLE'S STRATAGEM.—A young lady became extravagantly fond of a young lawyer, who treated her partiality with great levity. Finding her suit rather hopeless, and being fully determined to enter the state of matrimony at some rate or other, she adopted the following plan: all at once she was taken ill, and her malady seemed to threaten death; at this crisis she sent for the young lawyer to make her will, and to his astonishment, she disposed of an enormous estate, in legacies and endowing public institutions. She shortly after however, recovered to enjoy her own wealth, and the young lawyer began to feel something like love for her; his addresses became constant, and his attentions marked; in fact in a short time they were married—but alas! he had to take the will for the deed.

EXTRAORDINARY PET.—An Officer in our Customs department long famous for pets of almost every description, has now in his possession an extraordinary one indeed—it is no less than a pet oyster, taken off the Mayor's bed, the property of the Corporation, and of the largest and finest *Pool Dooly* breed; being fed on oatmeal for which it regularly opens its shell, and being occasionally treated with a dip in its native element, it seems to enjoy a place in the curious menagerie, almost as well as its neighbours. But the more extraordinary trait in history of this amphibious pet is that it has proved itself an excellent mouser, having as we are informed already destroyed five mice by instantly crushing the heads of such as tempted by the odiferous meal, had the temerity to intrude their noses within its invulnerable clutches. Twice have two of the little mauraders suffered together.

There is an ancient message the township of Totley in which there has not been a child born for the last 119 years although the house has been occupied during the whole of that period. It may be mentioned as a singular fact, that a stone now lying at the outside of the barn door on the above premises, and usually pushed with the foot to keep it open is known to have been appropriated to that purpose for the last sixty years.

Instances are constantly occurring which strongly exemplify how wrong and wicked it is to make light of that Being from whom we derive our existence as the following circumstance will clearly show—Three men, who a few days since met together at a public house in this city, joking over some ale agreed to go and get measured for their coffins, which was accordingly done, and singular as it may appear but awful to say, they have all three since paid the debt of nature, and now occupy their new and last habitations, having survived their joke but a few days.

ASTONISHING FACT.—There died recently in the town of North Stonington Conn., a woman aged forty years, who had been ill a long time, and complained of excessive pain in the heart. She left a request that the physicians who attended her should examine the cause of her extreme suffering. The request was complied with, and in the centre of her heart there was found a *living worm*, an inch and a quarter long, and of a large size.

IMPROMPTU.

On being in company with a party of ladies whose names all began with B
How strange it is dame Fortune should decree
That all our favourites' names begin with B;
How shall I solve this paradox of ours?
The *Bee* lights always on the sweetest flowers.

At 300 feet below the sand bank of which the island of Sheppy is composed, there is a prostrate antediluvian forest;—and when digging the well for the garrison it was found necessary even to blast the fossil timber.

A boy in North Carolina, aged only 10 years shot his brother aged 11 in consequence of a dispute about a game of cards for a single walnut!

A youth ambitious of acquiring pugilistic honours, some time ago waited on Crib, the ex-champion, with the intention of taking lessons. "Now what do you consider the best posture of defence?" asked the aspiring young hero "Why, to keep a civil tongue in your head," was the judicious reply.

CHARITABLE MULE.—The celebrated lawyer, Martin Azpilcueta, was so charitable to the poor, that he seldom passed a beggar without giving him alms; and it is said, that the mule on which he usually rode would stop of its own accord when he saw a beggar.

Why is the Ward of Farringdon Without like the County of Cambridge?—Because it has got a *New-market* in it.

Which is the best modern representation of Hercules?—*The King of Clubs*