

and then, if you have courage, all the essentials are yours. You are to preserve a firm, upright seat in the saddle, neither leaning backwards nor stooping forwards; the latter destroys all the grace of many otherwise good riders; and remember, above all, that gentleness is as much appreciated by horses as by any other creature you may chance to guide, and that they often yield to it when brute force enrages.

As to dress, it matters not how plain the material, so the skirt is ample and the corsage easy; and we would recommend, from present experience, a broad straw hat, or flat, as it is called, as a protection for the head and face. No custom is more simple or graceful, and a plea of expense need not be urged against the rational pleasure and improvement, both to body and mind, of frequent equestrian excursions.

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

PART I.

"The things that day most minds by night do most appear."—SPENSER.

"I really am ashamed of the poverty of my dreams."
CHARLES LAMB.

—"Which gives me hope
That what in sleep thou didst abhor to dream,
Waking thou never wilt consent to do."—MILTON.

"Nay, oft in *dreams* invention we bestow,
To change a founce or add a furbelow."—POPE.

"Behold, this dreamer cometh!"—Bible

WE were telling a dream, and looked into the face of our listener with that obstinate kind of idiosyncrasy that belongs to dreamers, but which it would be difficult to explain—we, an obstinate psychologist, believing in all spiritualisms, because the good Father has made this part of our nature so urgent and unmistakable, that it is more difficult to doubt the realities of the internal than the external life. We looked into his face—

"I never dream, madam."

"Never dream! Then I am afraid you have no soul."

"No soul! Madam, do you believe in the Bible? or are you only talking poetry?"

"Only talking poetry!—*only!* I am talking of facts—of the most undeniable testimony to soul-existence which dreaming affords. Suppose it is poetry. Is not poetry truth?—the deep, sudden truth felt at the bottom of every soul?—truth that will lift up its voice and cry aloud in every human heart till the world stifles its utterance?"

"Oh dear, madam, I do not comprehend a word you say; and yet I dare be bound it is very good."

No more did he. How could he, who never dreamed, understand poetry? And what right had I to attempt indoctrinating him with the spirit of poetry, and disturbing his smooth dullness and excellent digestion with a malicious and energetic speech out of the common track?

Did the pre-Adamite men and women sleep? Did they dream? I think not. To dream well, one must be alone: there is a neutralizing of the divine essence where another head is busied with its angel on the same pillow. Adam, alone in Paradise,

slept, and Eve was *his* dream. Milton says that Eve slept, and the serpent was *hers*, "squat like a toad" close to her ear. Alas! for the sad change from the solitary dreamer of Eden, when Eve was conceived, and the wild waste of earth, with its wearisome companionships, and the tree of knowledge guarded with the serpent stings of unsatisfied yearnings!

The spirit needs no sleep; what death is to the body sleep would be to the soul. It finds its Sabbath, which is rest, when it reposes upon some great and beautiful thought; when it has reached some companionship nearest its higher elements; when it finds itself in some atmosphere akin to its nature, and it breathes and glows in loveliness, like the blossom of the field, too ineffably content even to need a voice. We may imagine the spiritual being laying down its material companion tenderly to slumber, withdrawing itself gently from the exhausted receptacle, and rejoicing in its freedom from the frettings of daily life; while itself, needless of repose, goes out into new and untried spheres, filling its urn at divine fountains, lighting the torch of its existence in the glories of the Infinite Source; holding its companionship with undying affinities, and enlarging itself by ranging through illimitable space.

Once, during a period of suffering, I must have remained soul-conscious from the moment of sleeping. I was then, as I often am, aware of the process of sleep, its coming on, and the fading away of consciousness. Ideas commingled, and I felt a sensation of pain in the region of the heart; a sense of dread, as it were, pervading the nerves, as if they shrank from a power which they could not resist. I think this state is not unlike death. It is always so distinctly defined, I am almost lost; then rouse myself, as if in opposition to some state which appals me, and then am gone. Death's twin brother has the ascendant. At the time of which I am speaking, I thought I raised my body up gently and laid it in a grave that seemed ready for it; I smoothed the turf down orderly with a vague feeling that blossoms would grow therefrom, and then stood, the only mourner over my poor self, weeping bitterly. The impression was so vivid that I awoke before my soul could start upon its journey.

in bringing about, much to her regret, for the handsome stranger of the sable eyes had enlisted her sympathies. Having called his attendant, Firefly, to light the way, he started to return, for morn was beginning to ope its sunny eye over the forest-clad mountains of the east. And as they sped homewards, a musical hum so clear, so loud, and so monotonous, arose from them as never before resounded in that mosquito territory. Their song was, of course, in the mosquito dialect, the perusal of which could hardly be very entertaining to the Anglo-Saxon reader; and, as we have a very imperfect knowledge of the language ourselves, we will not presume to act as interpreter.

The song ceased. They were at the ambrosial

home of Satinwing. The morning was picturing its golden phantoms in the eastern sky. The time had come when men should be abroad and mosquitos at home. Silverbeak, bidding his fair one a loving adieu, hied him to his fairy palace.

The moon had once again trod her shadowy path. There was happiness in the still, cool valley, where the mosquitos dwelt in their beautiful homes in the flowers, for Silverbeak had gone to spend a life of love with Satinwing; and there was happiness too in the stately mansion, for the pale lady was the bride of him she loved. She ever had a superstitious dread of harming the mosquitos, sting they ever so sharply, for she remembered that they had once been her preservers.

Fireside Club, May, 1851.

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

PART II.

MANY perhaps the majority of people, keep such a medley of an existence, so mix up the material with the spiritual, that they either dream not at all, or dream only everyday details and the dull repetitions of common events, of no magnitude in themselves, and throwing no light upon the phenomena of dreams. Their spirits, even in sleep, hover about the chimney corner; they are imps of the kitchen or spirits of the drawing-room, never ranging into the blue empyrean. These must be those whose spirits, after death, are heard rattling the kettles of the cook, or knocking mysteriously, and *retailing gossip gathered from higher intelligences who passed through their sphere on their way to a more enlarged life.* These are they who, according to Dante, are blown about in limbo; having no aim on earth, they have none in the hereafter; who are reserved for the fiery trial, when it will be seen whether they have "held foothold" of enough of the spirit to survive the test. These are the fitting ghosts of the churchyard, it may be, doomed never to rise into a better state.

Others, again, never dream; they are ridden by incubi, as dyspeptics deserve to be, but have no clear night visions: they never realize the almost beatific state, when "the young men shall see visions and old men dream dreams."

There is still another class, who have a balanced, but not over-balanced physique, who realize the Shakspearian night-comfort—"the innocent sleep" was the mournful assertion of Macbeth—and these yield themselves joyously to the drowsy god, resigning, to the temporary oblivion, their well-cared-for earthly tabernacle, with an unctuous content, at once confiding and refreshing. These remember nothing of their dreams; they

"Do God's will, and know it not."

They wake with a new life, conscious only of wandering through interminable scenes of grace and beauty, ravished by sweet sounds, and fanned by breezes softer than those of Araby; they arise with a gladness of the heart, feeling existence is a blessing by itself.

I belong to neither of these. As a child, I used to lay my head upon my pillow with an earnest expectancy. The sleep world was a vast, a peopled, and beautiful world, into which I entered as an inmate. I used to wonder that other children would devour cakes and pies, after having experienced the pains of illness or the horrors of bad dreams from that cause. I, with the most dainty perceptions, never felt even tempted to repeat such an experience. Sleep gave me a sensation of terror, when unattended by dreams, even in early life. To me it was full of images, often too vast for my infantile soul. Huge mountains, piled in solitary grandeur, towered forever around me, and shadows floating like dense banners, were flecked with light, and gave place to rainbows, and stars, and moons. I do not remember to have dreamed of the sun. I seemed myself in light always, without knowing the source from which it came.

I can recall now vividly the awe with which I used to pray before sinking into that state, and how I used to wonder if it was right to pray the good Father for pleasant dreams. Indeed, I was often puzzled to know how to call this sleeping experience; grotesque and disjointed I found it to be in my companions, but with me consistent, solemn, and earnest. I used to wonder "if I did not go to Heaven" in my sleep; and yet never dared to ask the opinion of my friends, lest they should think me ill, or desirous to appear what I was not; for I was sensitively alive to a shadow of pretension on my own part, holding back the best impulses of my

being, lest untruth or the love of approval should have a part in them.

I used to dream of joyous shapes floating in the air, which were angels to me. I must have started very early in life the heresy that angels have no wings, because these creatures had none in my sleep. These did not speak to me, but looked lovingly upon me; and I would clasp my hands with such fervency of desire to be worthy of their companionship, that I often awoke in tears. I grew shy when others talked of dreams, lest I should be called upon to describe my world of visions, which then I felt would be a desecration. I am confident, one reason why children dread being alone in the dark is owing to the huge shapes and vague impressions of unfamiliar scenes brought to the mind in the process of dreaming. It is cruel to compel them to darkness where this is the case: I have no doubt many a child might trace the morbid action of his faculties to an undue severity upon this ground. "Truly, the light is good, and a pleasant thing it is to behold the sun."

For myself, I needed no indulgence on this score. I was a courageous child, delighting in the mystical, and confidently expecting some revelation—longing to have a voice call me, as did the child Samuel; bending my ear to listen, and ready to say, "Speak, Lord." As life wore on, and the revelation of an actual presence was withheld, I redoubled my little

fasts, and was more earnest in my prayers, that I might be accounted worthy; I inflicted childish penances upon myself, all to no purpose. Dreams of rare significance I had, indeed, and day-dreams of grandeur and beauty too deep for any utterance; poetry, in its manifold forms, came to my mind's eye, but unearthly shapes and strange voices were not vouchsafed.

I used to dream of being poised in space, surrounded with a gray atmosphere which gave back neither object nor voice. I felt a strange pleasure in this pulseless kind of being, so aimless, silent, but yet full of unearthly rest; for I was a sensitive child, so acute in my perceptions, that thoughts were so many pains, and joy and grief had a magnitude disproportioned to my years. They err who say childhood is the happiest period of life. I am sure that, to me, with all the joyousness of my nature, my sense of suffering was so poignant that even now it pains me to recall the remembrance. Intense happiness, as well as intense suffering, had no external manifestation with me. I was still, silent, and often have fainted without the utterance of a word, while the shades of feeling were so many showers of smiles or tears; hence the comfort of this recurring dream of silence and eternal rest, with the consciousness of existence free from all frettings, and holding every wearied faculty in abeyance

THE DEAD SEA.

(See Plate.)

This wood-cut presents an accurate view of the shore of the Dead Sea, for which we are indebted to the Narrative of the United States Expedition to the River Jordan, etc., by W. F. Lynch, U. S. N. That officer tells us that, soon after entering the Dead Sea with his boats, and after a perilous descent of the River Jordan, a fresh north-west wind commenced blowing, and gradually increased to a gale, until the sea presented an agitated surface of foaming brine; the spray, evaporating as it fell, leaving incrustations of salt upon the clothes and hands and faces of the boats' crews, which, whilst it conveyed a prickly sensation wherever it touched the skin, was, above all, exceedingly painful to the eyes. Meanwhile the boats, heavily laden, struggled sluggishly at first; but when the wind freshened in its fierceness, from the density of the water, it seemed that their bows were encountering the hammers of the Titans, instead of the opposing waves of an angry sea. "At times," says the fearless narrator, "it seemed as if the Dread Almighty frowned upon our efforts to navigate a sea, the creation of his wrath. But although the sea had assumed a threatening aspect, and the fretted mountains, sharp and incinerated, loomed terrific on either side, and salt

and ashes mingled with the sands, and fetid sulphurous springs trickled down the ravines, we did not despair; awe-struck, but not terrified; fearing the worst, yet hoping for the best, we prepared to spend a dreary night upon the dreariest waste we had ever seen." Suddenly, however, the wind abated, and with it the sea as rapidly fell; the water, from its ponderous quality, settling as soon as the agitating cause had ceased to act. "Within twenty minutes from the time," continues the narrator, "we bore away from the sea, which threatened to engulf us, we were pulling away, at a rapid rate, over a placid sheet of water, that scarcely rippled beneath us; and a rain cloud, which had enveloped the sterile mountains of the Arabian shore, lifted up, and left their rugged outlines lurking in the light of the setting sun."

The next day, after entering the Dead Sea, the commander of the expedition made an excursion along the base of the mountain, towards Râses Feahka, but on every side the scene was one of unmixed desolation. "The air, tainted with the sulphuretted hydrogen of the stream of a fountain—Ain el Feshka, Fountain of the Stride—gave a tawny hue even to the foliage of the cane, which is elsewhere of so

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH

PART III.

As I grew older, and my undeveloped reason was filled with perpetual questionings, and a conscience, morbidly alive to the shadow of an evil, became oppressed with unchild-like dread, my dreams were changed into a more vivid character. I would find myself in a world of such glowing beauty and happiness in my sleep, that I confidently asserted my right to heaven and my claims to goodness from the character of my dreams. Bred in the strictest Calvinistic school, this self-righteous spirit was severely reprovèd; but I boldly asserted that, if God condemned me to eternal punishment, when I so much desired to be good, and when I did nothing I knew to be evil, he would be not only unjust, but cruel. Here was a polemic of six years, roused to antagonism, and suffering all the terrors of the law, not one of whose prohibitions I had ever dreamed of violating. Falseness in any way seemed so unworthy a little lady, that I hardly reckoned the most transparent truth as a virtue. Wilful, indeed, was I, but not obstinate, and so courageous in my moral sense that a thousand punishments would not have tempted me to the concealment of a wrong. A spirit of audacious fun might prompt to mischief, or the defence of a weaker child make me violent, but then I prayed so fervently over my misdemeanors, over my errors of temper or shortcomings in duty, that I was quite certain that God would not only forgive me, but love me; for my childish logic was in this wise: "If everybody that knows me loves me, notwithstanding my many mistakes, surely God, who sees right into my heart and knows how I love goodness, will love me more."

I was warned in every shape against this self-righteousness, till my whole little being became chaotic, for I obstinately adhered to the assertion that "I was a good child, and ought to go to heaven, and that if I did not go there it would be wicked." At this time I had a terrific dream. I recollect a baby brother was sleeping with me, and I hugged him closely, for some one had told me that the evil spirits were tempting me, and that was the reason I thought so hardly of God's laws. I dreamed of being in a "faire countrie," with all that was light and joyous about me, when suddenly a grave, severe personage looked me in the face and said, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee."

Suddenly every little misdemeanor, every unkind word, every piece of harmless mischief seemed to rise up before me like so many accusing spirits, laden they were spirits. I thought, actual shapes, that barred the way to a golden gate, over the top of

which I could see faint gleams of ravishing beauty. I awoke in a torrent of tears, and now felt indeed as if shut out from heaven. So great was my distress, that it cost me a fit of illness, the cause of which I dared tell no one, lest it should be known how very evil I felt I must be in the sight of God.

After this, I was a long time too miserable to dream; but I fell into another state with which dreamers are sometimes haunted; a state, either of the mind or body, by which figures not altogether human stand before me, or, if the state be less perfect, float in the air. These were not a procession of shadows merely, such as Locke describes, changing like the colors of a kaleidoscope, but forms perfect in themselves, often stationary for a length of time, and so palpable that I recognized their recurrence as shadowy acquaintances. Sometimes these images were inconceivably frightful. Enormous glittering creatures, with fiery eyes and armed to the teeth, stood regarding me fixedly, while I looked on with a not unpleased terror. We had an attendant in the family, who was a perfect black-letter book, full of wild traditions of ghosts, and fairies, and men who had sold themselves for lucre to the Father of Evil. At this time I had not read Milton; but one lofty creature, that seemed to fill the space of my little room, cold, still, and erect, I firmly believed to be Satan himself. I became accustomed to this shape, and, though not clearly defined, it impressed me with majesty, while an army of impish-looking spirits, with distorted eyes and lolling tongues, overcame me not only with terror, but mortification. I had fallen from the dignity of Lucifer, and was given over to mean, under-strapping devils, I imagined.

I read the miracles of Jesus at this time with great care, especially where he casts out evil spirits, and came to the solemn conviction that I was given over to the powers of darkness to be tempted for awhile, but was quite sure I should overcome, for I prayed day and night for deliverance, and yet I am sure I felt a wild delight in these visitations, a curious child-pleasure in contrasting these hideous images with the lovely and graceful ones that passed in the midst of them, and which I believed were my good angels helping me in the conflict. I had nearly despaired of going to heaven myself, although I felt too proud to talk about it, and was ashamed to let anybody know what an evil-haunted child I was, but I redoubled my intercessions for everybody I loved, or did not love, and used to imagine them all entering the beautiful gate of which I had dreamed, while it was to be shut upon me. I was calm in this conviction, thinking if it was so to be it was useless to

distress others by letting them know my state; yet, with the inconsistency which time does not eradicate in any of us, I used to take a sort of savage comfort in thinking how badly my friends, who loved me so much, would feel, when they reached heaven, not to find me there.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" now gave a coloring to my dreams. I had read the "Book of the Martyrs," and suffered all kinds of daily and nightly tortures on its account, had practiced severe penances, run needles into my flesh, burnt my fingers, and even drawn a blister for the sake of protracted suffering, merely to assure myself that I could endure all things with constancy where I had some great principle at stake. I was sorely puzzled to make up my little creed, but "faith in God, and in Jesus Christ as the Redeemer" were fixed points. That the death of the best would insure the salvation of men I thought perfectly natural, still more so that he should die from *love*. That part of religion impressed me with the most profound and beautiful emotions. I could comprehend it, I thought, because it seemed not usual to die for one that we loved: for I had quietly abandoned the ground that our sins enhanced in the least the magnitude of the sacrifice; because men were so weak, and knew so very little, I thought that God must pity and love them, just as I did those who injured me, and were unkind to me, ignorantly, or were in that state of mind that they could not see how I loved and prayed for everybody, especially for those who were evil in their natures. I was quite sure the more wicked one was, the more pitiful God must feel, and the more he would try to save him. I used to have an indistinct feeling that I was greatly beloved by the celestials, but that I must renounce my consciousness of being good before they would assure me to that effect; but, as I could not *honestly* abandon the belief, I was patient in waiting to see what would come of it, and devoted myself with great zeal in the meanwhile for the salvation of others. I became quite a supernumerary conscience to my playmates, settling casuistic points in the most solemn manner, and keeping a sharp watch upon their state, that I might know when my own prayers were most needed.

In my sleep at this time I was toilsome and oppressed; little children about me told of dreaming of dogs, and fruits, and men's clothes, and going to banquets, and having great triumphs in the shape of school-girl erudition and juvenile rivalships. I was obliged to keep my dreams to myself, believing them to be so much an indication of the real state of the soul, that it was better not to grieve my friends by letting them into its secrets. They were all vast, shadowy, supernatural, weighing upon my spirits with a mystical kind of awe. When these assumed a palpable shape, I was relieved and joyous for awhile; and yet, child as I was, I found myself feeling poor and circumscribed if these images were long withheld. A baby brother died about this time, and I remember how earnestly and sadly I specu-

lated upon his fate: how I used to sleep in the fervent hope he would come to me in dreams. He never did, and I used to have strange questionings as to whether, when he was such a little one, he might not have been caught on his way to heaven by some evil spirit, and that was why I did not see him in sleep; and then I used to pray that God would find him, and take care of him, and love him. I used to wonder how the sun could shine, and the birds sing, when perhaps his dear, sweet little soul might be suffering. It looked strange to me to see people eat and go on in the world as they did, when everything was gloomy and stood still as it were to me. I used to go out and think of the moon shining upon his little grave, so cold, still, such a sad change from our warm room. I let the snow and the rain chill me, because he was chilled, and wept myself ill again and again, and yet did not see him in my sleep. It seemed as if the whole universe was changed, and became black and miserable, and that, after all, people did not live after they left this world. I dared not express this skepticism, because it grew out of my dreams, an experience I rarely intrusted to my ear.

How little do people know of the mind of a child! How little is its world, self-created, understood! There is such a clear, quiet rejection, as false, of all that is beyond its comprehension, while it frames to itself a state perfectly consistent and harmonious. Children's questionings mean much more, too, than they are supposed. It is a mistake to be always putting children into shape, as if the good Father would not look after the needs of the spirit he has made. I remember the grave answer of a child of six years, to whom I had been pointing out some of the constellations, which led to a talk upon the Infinite and Eternal.

He held my hands firmly, lest a thread of his childish logic should be lost. "Now," he says, "I believe in God, because we can think of him, and I believe we have souls, though we can't see them, because we can't see a thought, and yet we know what it is; and our souls must live after our bodies die, because there is nothing in them to die any more than in a thought; but, O dear, dear! (and here his tears gushed to his relief) if *it is a suck in, what a dreadful suck in* it would be!"

The child had exhausted his spiritual vocabulary, and was obliged to find expression in the language of the playground; but how full of far-reaching thought must the child have been to evolve such depth of feeling!

To resume: My sleep at this time helped me in a variety of ways. I used to read my school exercises over night, and in the morning I rarely failed to know them perfectly. Indeed, it must be confessed, I have always trusted much to aid in this way: whatever has worried or perplexed me, I have confidently looked to dreaming to set me right. Once having some favorite plants which became infested with spiders, I was greatly troubled to get rid of them. One night I dreamed I was watering

my plants with an infusion of wormwood, which entirely destroyed these insects. I tried the experiment, and, as I believe, with success; but I think the deeper lesson that came to me was, that the *bitter*, or "herbs of grace," are exempt from these sweet-loving epicures. They spread forth their strong, healthful, and cleanly branches to the rain and air unmolested by any but the poor invalid, to whom they are a life-giving need. Then to him

they grow beautiful, because they supply a great need, while my roses and geraniums, beautiful to all eyes, attract not only me, but instincts of a lower order—loving, fading, illusive are they, while "herbs of grace" honestly present their bitter aspect, and leave nothing to deplore. A blessing on the roses, nevertheless; one can afford to bear the pain of their thorns for the sake of their delights.

TOWN AND COUNTRY CONTRASTED.

BY G. R. NICHOLL.

Who does not love the country? Who, confined in the city's narrow streets, does not sigh and long for its cheering scenes, its cooling breeze, and its boundless prospect? Who does not think of it in connection with his childhood's days, when he bounded over its green fields and found health in its pure air? He can yet, in imagination, see the old homestead as it stood in the days of his youth, and can recall vividly to his mind all the happy associations connected with it! He yet sees the same spot over which he sported with his playmates; the gently flowing brook on whose bosom he sailed his tiny bark; and the village school-house with all its pleasant and never-to-be-forgotten memories.

Perhaps nothing on earth is more calculated to improve and elevate the condition of man, both morally and physically, than a rural life and rural scenes. There he takes not a step or turns not a furrow in which he is not reminded most forcibly of the great originator and creator of the beauties and the wonders which, on every hand, surround him. He sees the mighty trees lifting their heads to heaven, and bowing to the breeze that whistles through their branches; the flower exhaling its perfume and making the air sweet with its kiss; the green carpet spreading over hill and dale on every side, as far as eye can reach, dotted here and there with a cottage or a farm-house; while in the distance the spire of some village church, peeping above the trees, points where he may join in offering thanksgiving for the blessings spread so liberally around him.

The contemplation of these various objects, together with others meeting him at every step, has the effect of exercising his thoughts, purifying his heart, and leading him eventually to feel his dependence upon, and express his gratitude to, him who has so beautifully fashioned, and richly ornamented our world to feast the eye, and lead to the greater moral elevation of man.

And yet how many do we see, possessing every opportunity to avail themselves of a residence amid

these scenes, still breathing the city's air, and gasping amid piles of brick and mortar! With the country extending around them, tempting them with its freshness and beauty, with every convenience for a speedy communication with it, and with a conviction in their own minds of the greater freedom, the more exalted pleasure, and the happier state of health there to be enjoyed, they still, with a sort of blind infatuation, cling to dusty streets, oppressive air, and the confinement of a city, with as much tenacity as if health, wealth, and every other blessing vouchsafed to man were only to be realized there, and there retained.

Though these remarks are true as applied to the majority, still there are many, and that many yearly increasing, who have adopted the better course, and abandoned the turmoil and bustle of the city to lead a quiet and contented life amid the hills and vales of the country; and who will say they are not wise in adopting such a course? Who will say that the city, with its crimes and temptations, its dangers and its crowd, is to be preferred to the quiet and sweet seclusion of a rural life? There crimes stalk not, neither by night nor by day; there the giddy crowd draws not into its vortex of dissipation and riot the unthinking and inexperienced youth, only to cast him forth again when his ruin has been accomplished. But there he has every opportunity to enlarge his mind, improve his capacities, and elevate his condition. Should not then these advantages of themselves decide the question? Most assuredly; and they will decide it in the minds of the reflecting, who will perceive at a glance the solid benefits to be enjoyed by the change, and that that contentment, that happiness, and that independence for which so many are seeking, and seeking in vain, through other sources, may be indeed realized and enjoyed here.

Let, then, those who prize health and contentment more than pomp and show or all the trappings of ambition, give this subject their consideration as worthy of their best attention.

lock corresponding with the *love-lock* worn by the gentlemen.

In the year 1698, the high head-dress was preached against, in the following words, by John Edwards: "This is the pride which reigns amongst our very ordinary women at this day, they think themselves highly advanced by this climbing foretop. All their rigging is nothing worth without this wagging top-sail; and, in defiance of our Saviour's words, they endeavor, as it were, to add a cubit to their stature. With their exalted heads they do, as it were, attempt a superiority over mankind; nay, their Babel builders seem, with their lofty towers, to threaten the skies, and even to defy heaven itself."

The writers of the period frequently mention these head-dresses with much animadversion. "Within my own memory," says one of them, "I have known a lady's head-dress rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that 'we appeared as grasshoppers before them.'" Further on, we find: "Women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outsides of their heads; and, indeed, I very much admire that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbons, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there has been as many orders in these kinds of building as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple."

Another head-dress, worn in the early part of

1700, was composed of pasteboard, lace, ribbons, and gauze, as represented in the annexed cut.



In 1715, we find the commode again alluded to, so that it must have reappeared; there is also a description of the feather head-dress: "I pretend not," says Addison, "to draw the single quill against that immense crop of plumes, which is already risen to an amazing height, and unless timely singed by the bright eyes that glitter beneath, will shortly be able to overshadow them. Lady Porcupine's commode is started at least a foot and a half since Sunday last. * * * But so long as the commodity circulates, and the outside of a fine lady's head is converted into the inside of her pillow, or, if fate so order it, to the top of her berze, there is no harm in the consumption, and the milliner, upholsterer, and undertaker may live in an amicable correspondence, and mutual dependence on each other."

Hoops at this time swelled out the petticoats to an enormous extent, so much so that a writer of the day observes, "If the men also adopted the old fashion of trunk hose, a man and his wife would fill a whole pew in church."

CONFESSIONS OF A DREAMER.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

PART IV.

I SPOKE of Bunyan. Never did poor Christian carry a heavier burden than I struggled under in my sleep. Gradually this disappeared, and I was forever wandering alone through strange scenes, and seeking some mystic good not very clearly revealed to my mind. Then this state of dreaming changed, and I began with toilsome labor to ascend high mountains. This was a great comfort to me. I associated it with the City set on a Hill, and now I felt assured there was no wrong in the disposition I felt to look at the dogmas presented to me, and make up my own estimate of the amount of truth they contained; for did not the action of my soul in sleep show I was going upward and onward? I longed to sleep, that I might realize more vividly this noble tendency. I dreamed of singing hymns, and hearing music steal

from amid the hills, and when I sometimes lost the way, majestic beings took me by the hand and led me onward.

At one time I found myself on the shores of a great lake. It was nearly dark, and my way was across. I could see no boat nor conveyance of any kind. At length I discerned three causeways, one leading to the right, one to the left, and one straight onward. The right and left paths were filled with people very joyous, and I could discern trees, and flowers, and music; while the central path was so narrow that it was barely a footpath—barren, forlorn, and apparently without end. This path I took, and was advancing slowly on my lonely way—weak, terrified, and weeping—when the guide, of whom I so often dreamed, took my hand gently and led me on till I came to where the path diverged again to the right and left, with the same narrow causeway stretching

across the waste, when I found myself again alone. The two other ways were filled, as before, with happy people and pleasing objects, but once more I took the straight path; and again my calm, silent, unflinching guide took me by the hand, and I awoke, repeating "turn not to the right hand nor the left."

This personage, with whom I became so conversant in my sleep, I always associated with my father, who died while I was a mere infant, believing him to be the spirit sent to lead me onward—and thus my filial reverence grew into a sublime religious emotion. Dreams like these wear the aspect of invention, sound like allegories, and yet they were not such to me, but I regarded them as facts in my internal life, indications of the state of my soul. It would fill volumes to record my experience in this way. I visited foreign countries, became familiar with all the wonders of architecture throughout the world; the Pyramids of Egypt, and the ruins of Thebes, *seen always by moonlight*, as if the great shadows of ages had invested them with a moony atmosphere into which I wandered. I went to the Valley of Jehoshaphat, and saw the vast multitude of bones bleaching in the sun; and there I saw a beautiful marble obelisk, with a pretty rivulet flowing beside it; this was the pillar which Absalom was said to have set up.

At length I dreamed of being in a great storm; the road was obstructed with fallen trees; I was alone, and drenched with rain. It was pitch dark, and I could hear the roar of the river over which my way led, as if it had burst its bounds. I struggled onward, led by faint gleams of light, till I came to a bridge. The foaming torrent had risen above it, and I grew doubtful whether it was not entirely carried away; but I went resolutely onward, till at length I saw that the centre of the bridge was gone, the river sweeping unobstructed through. There was nothing left for me but to go onward, as I felt the whole fabric sinking beneath me. I plunged into the stream, when instantly I found myself upon the opposite shore, where the loveliest light was diffused, and green trees cast pleasant shadows upon hillsides, and flowers were the earth, and perfume the air. I went delightedly onward, saying to myself "there are shadows in heaven," and feeling comforted at the thought, and thinking to myself, with a lingering recollection of foregone discomforts, "there is no dust here," which is certainly an intimation not to be neglected. Then I came to a great white palace, which seemed to extend, column beyond column, as far as eye could reach, and each and all were festooned with the most beautiful vines. The texture of these columns became to the eye what grapes and citrons are to the taste. I clasped my hands to them, and tried to think what I had seen on earth like them, so translucent were they, and called them alabaster, opake glass, and gems, without feeling content with either. I ascended the steps leading to the interior, and was admiring the beauty so new to me, when suddenly I saw a group approaching me joyously, crowned with flowers, and

looking so white and lovely. I knew the dead baby, so much mourned, and many others who came to welcome me. After this, I grew quite tranquil in regard to my spiritual state, and felt quite safe in the little heresies I was supposed to have adopted, for I was confident I had seen heaven.

Every one who has read *Jane Eyre* will remember the author's description of Jane wandering, desolate and stricken, through her weary dreams, bearing a child in her arms, which she could not lay aside, but carried on, though faint with fatigue. The whole scene has that genuine stamp that could come only through the author's own experience. The superstition is old, and almost universal, that to dream of carrying a child in your arms is portentous of grief, and grief coming through the affections. So often has this dream preceded some calamity, that I have learned to look tenderly upon my Grief Child, as I call it, and even in sleep to recognize its face, and caress it mournfully. The Grief Child, borne in the bosom, before the climax of external sorrow, has grown dear to me, with its white, sweet face half veiled in clustering locks, wavy but not curling, with strange, unearthly eyes, fixed half mournfully upon mine, and clinging to me with a sorrowful tenacity, as if it owed its brief existence to my destiny, and dreaded to be cast off. Once I dreamed of carrying my Grief Child to the baptism, up the long isles of a cathedral, moving slowly to the music of a dirge. At the altar I met — bearing a Grief Child also. Holy water was sprinkled upon their faces, and we gave the children strange names, weeping bitterly. There is a pathetic significance in this kind of dreaming, which cannot be understood.

How tame and inefficient seems our written poetry to that of our dreams, when the breathing becomes melodious, and the internal moanings of words grow into the most beautiful and profound utterance! A dreamer of poetry can never be filled with conceit at his own manifestations in that branch of art, because the poems of the "Night Watches" are infinitely beyond anything he can grasp in his waking hours, when the whole soul seems to swell and undulate in melody, and his words glow with the inspirations of supernal spheres, and he vies even with the Infinite in creative beauty.

Do we not in our dreams lay hold of clearer demonstrations in regard to our soul-nature? Its clearness and consistency of action, when the physique is put to rest, prove the independency of its action, and often point to what we should certainly not have reached through any other known avenue. We become aware of a consciousness not only such as we recognize awake, but also of a dream consciousness, being far deep and inward, as if the soul were unfathomable, and we saw it without amazement. Much of this is undoubtedly drawn from our waking experience, from our familiarity with the Scriptures and other sources of ennobling thought; but much comes also like the wind, we know not where or whither.

At one time I thought I had just died, and was undergoing the resurrection. I did not dream of being apart from myself, and yet I could see myself as one sees an object removed from him; I did not look into a glass, nor water, nor any transparent object, and yet I saw myself in the same way. The first thing that arrested my attention after death was my improved looks, so much more beautiful than I had conceived human beings could look; then I observed the skin, the texture of which was like the finest and whitest net-work; next the nerves, a perfect forest of them, but perfectly beautiful in themselves, like threads of pearls; next I saw the bones, and these were of the purest ivory. Palpable as these facts were, they were exquisitely beautiful to the eye, and made up a floating, transparent, white shape, affecting me with a sense of pleasure; but within all these—breathing, and diffused through all, and making up the solidness of what here, in this world, is flesh and blood, for I saw none in my dream—was a rosy light that

seemed to live of itself, and imparting completeness to the whole body. I was repeating, when I awoke, "we shall not *all* die, but we shall be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye."

Awake, with *malice prepense*, we should not have put together a spiritual anatomy in that way, all in harmony, complete, and yet beautiful, without wings, and unconscious as the inmates of Eden when they walked in their innocency before God; we should have tried in vain to imagine the pure immaterial body analogous to this, and yet fit for the saints in light.

It is the fashion to ridicule dreamers—so be it. There is something pleasing to an amiable mind to have started a subject that shall bring men's thoughts into any harmless exercise. For myself, I so reverence any and every possible light that may be cast upon our spiritual nature, that there is no amount of ridicule I would not willingly encounter for the sake of a true ghost in whatever shape, provided he come in majesty.



THE SERENADE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"WHAT wakes me from my gentle sleep?
Sweet sounds my soul delight.
Oh, mother, see! what can it be,
At this late hour of night?"

"I nothing hear, I nothing see—
So rest in slumber mild;

No music comes to comfort thee,
Thou poor and sickly child."

"It is no earthly sound I hear,
That gives me such delight;
'Tis angels call me with their song—
So, mother dear, good-night!"