

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the London Working Man's Friend.

I BIDE MY TIME.

'Friend! thy life is a weary state,
Poverty, misery altogether;
Toiling early, and sighing late,—
Nothing but stormy and wintry weather,
What hast thou done to deserve so badly?
Ah! me, I pity thy dreary life—
Thy lips, alas! they smile but sadly—
Thine eyes they tell of a terrible strife.
Thy gentle heart is unknown to fear;
I know thy soul is unstain'd with crime.'—
'Hark ye, friend! a word in your ear:
Patiently toiling,—I bide my time.

Oh! ever that thought my spirit cheers:—
If I toil mid the winter wind and snow,
I'll rejoice when the merry spring appears,
And laugh when the summer roses blow.
Weary with toil the evening finds me;
But I feed with content on the coarsest
root;
I murmur not at the fate that binds me,—
I'm planting a tree that shall bear me fruit.
'Tis thought—not sorrow—that pales my
cheek;
And my soul is firm, though my limbs are
weak,
And, onward looking,—I bide my time.'

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

EFFECTS OF WINE.

Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if
thou hast no name to be known by, let us
call thee—devil!—SHAKESPEARE.

'It was on my return from a club dinner
that Mary attempted to put these mischievous
precepts into practice. I was late—too late;
for, against my will, I had been detained by
the jovial party. Mary, who had been beguiling
the time of my absence in her dressing
room with an entertaining book, by which
her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at
excuses; to banter, to mock me. I begged
her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry.
I bade her be silent. She only laughed more
loudly. I stamped, swore, raved. She ap-
proached me in mimicry of my violence. I
struck her!

'I knew not what followed this act of brutal-
ity,' cried Wargrave, rousing himself. 'I
have a faint remembrance of kneeling and im-
ploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life
in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have
a very strong one of the patient immobility
which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed
in my presence. She jested no more; she
never laughed again. What worlds would I
have given had she remonstrated—defended
herself—resented the injury! But no! from
that fatal night, like the enchanted princess
in the story, she became converted into mar-
ble whenever her husband approached her. I
fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that
she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of
leaving our child in the room alone with me.
Perhaps she thought me mad! She was
right. The brief insanity inspired by wine
had alone caused me to raise my hand against
her.

'I knew the secret had been kept from her
brother; for, if not—fine manly fellows as
they were—nothing would induce them again
to sit at my board. But there was a person
whose interference between me and my wife
I dreaded more than theirs—a brother of
Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from
her childhood, and wooed her, and been dis-
missed shortly after her acquaintance with
myself. That fellow I never could endure.
Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sis-
ter—grave, even to dejection; cold and digni-
fied in his demeanor; sententious, taciturn,
repulsive. Mary had a greater opinion of him
although she had preferred the vivacity of my
manner, and the impetuosity of my character.
But now that these qualities had been turned
against herself, might not a revulsion of feel-
ing cause her to regret her cousin? She
must have felt that Horace Cavendish would
have invited an executioner to hack his arm off
rather than raise it against a woman! No
provocation would have caused him to address
her in those terms of insult in which, no more
than one occasion, I had indulged. I saw
that he was my superior in temper and breed-
ing; that he would have made a happier wo-
man of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for
dismissing him my house. He could not but
have seen that he was odious to me, yet he
had not the delicacy to withdraw from our
society. Perhaps he thought his presence
necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he
thought I was not to be trusted with the de-
posit of her happiness?

'But surely,' said I, 'after what had already
occurred, you are careful to refrain from the
stimulants which have betrayed you into an
unworthy action?'

'Right. I was careful. My temperance
was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of
health I refrained for many months from tast-
ing wine. I became myself again. My bro-
ther-in-law called me milkop! I cared not
what they called me. The current of my
blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer
back the confidence of my wife?'

'But perhaps this total abstinence rendered
the ordeal still more critical, when you were
compelled occasionally to resume your for-
mer habits?'

'Right again. I was storing a magazine
against myself! There occurred a family
festival from which I could not absent myself

—the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even
my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness to-
wards me, and requested me to join the party.
We met; a party of some thirty—giggling,
noisy, brainless—to jest and be merry. It
was settled that I must 'drink the bride's
health'; and Mrs Wargrave extended her glass
towards mine, as if to make it a pledge of
reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The
champagne warmed my heart. On my
free will I took a second glass. The bride-
groom was to be toasted; then the family into
which Sophy was marrying; then the family
she was quitting. At length the health of
Mrs Wargrave was proposed. Could I do
otherwise than honor it in a bumper? I look-
ed towards her for further encouragement—
further kindness; but, instead of the expected
smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious.
My kindling glances and heated countenance
perhaps, reminded her of the fatal night which
had been the origin of our misunderstanding.
Yes, she trembled; and in the midst of her
agitation I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of
sympathy and good understanding pass be-
tween her and Horace Cavendish. I turned
fiercely towards him. He regarded me with
contempt; that look at least I did not misin-
terpret: but I *revenge* it!

Involuntarily I rose from the parapet, and
walked a few paces towards the frigate. In or-
der that Wargrave might recover breath and
composure. He followed me; he clung to my
arm: the rest of his narrative was spoken
almost in a whisper.

'In the mood which had now taken posses-
sion of me, it was easy to give offence; and
Cavendish appeared no less ready than my-
self. We quarrelled. Mary's brother attempt-
ed to pacify us; but the purpose of both was
settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a
venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked
upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us
must die to extinguish such deadly hatred.
We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I
shot him through the heart! I surrendered
myself to justice; took no heed of my defence.
Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on
the day of trial, hundred of witnesses came
forward to attest my humanity, my generosi-
ty, my mildness of nature. Many of our mu-
tual friends attested upon oath that the de-
ceased had been observed to seek occasions of
giving me offence. That he had often spoken
of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he
had been heard to say I deserved to die! I
was now sure that Mary had taken him into
her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's
unconscious exertions that this mass of evidence
had been collected in my favor. I was acquit-
ted. The court rang with acclamations; for I
was 'the only son of my mother, and she
was a widow,' and the name of Wargrave
commanded respect and love from many, both
in her person and that of my wife. The Ca-
vendish family had not availed itself merci-
lessly against my life. I left the court 'with-
out a blemish upon my character,' and with
gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I
was not yet quite a wretch.

'But I had not yet seen Mary! On the
plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained
from visiting me in prison; and now that
all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been
spared the humiliation of such an interview.
I trembled when I found myself once more in
the threshold of home. To meet her again
—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor
mother, whose blindness and infirmities had
forbidden her to visit me in duress! What
a trial! The shouts of the multitude were
dying away in the distance; my sole com-
panion was a venerable servant of my father's,
who sat sobbing by my side.

'The windows are closed,' said I, looking
anxiously upward, as the carriage stopped.
'Has Mrs Wargrave—has my mother quit-
ted town?'

'There was no use distressing you, Mas-
ter William, so long as you was in trouble,'
said the old man, grasping my arm. 'My poor
old mistress has been buried these six weeks,
she died of a stroke of apoplexy the day after
you surrendered yourself. We buried her, sir,
by your father.'

'And my wife?' said I, as soon as I could
recover my utterance.

'I don't rightly understand—I can't quite
make out—I believe, sir, you will find a let-
ter,' said my gray-headed companion, follow-
ing me closely into the house.

'From Mary?'

'Here it is,' he replied, opening a shutter
of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing
to the table.

'From Mary?' I again reiterated, as I
snatched it up. No! not from Mary: not even
from any member of her family; not even
from any friend—from any acquaintance. It
was a lawyer's letter; informing me, with tech-
nical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary
Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and
provocation to withdraw herself from my roof,
had already taken up her abode with her fam-
ily; that she was prepared to defend herself by
the strong aid of the law, against any opposi-
tion I might offer to her design; but trusted
the affair would be amicably adjusted. His
client, Mrs Mary Wargrave, moreover, de-
manded no other maintenance than the trifle
allowed by her marriage settlement for her
separate use. Instead of accompanying me to
the Continent, she proposed to reside with her
brothers.'

'And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk
I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife
—whom I had struck!—was prepared to
plead "cruelty" against me in a court of jus-
tice.'

'Drink this, Master William,' said the
poor old man, returning to my side with a
salver and a bottle of the Madeira which
had been forty years in his keeping.

'You want support, my dear boy; drink
this.'

'Give it me,' cried I, snatching the glass
from his hands. 'Another—another!—I do
want support; for I have still a task to per-
form. Stop the carriage; I am going out.
Another glass! I must see Mrs Wargrave.
Where is she?'

'Three miles off, sir, at Sir William's.
My mistress is with her elder brother, sir.
You can't see her to night. Wait till morn-
ing; wait till you are more composed. You
will lose your senses with all these cruel
shocks!'

'I have lost my senses!' I exclaimed
throwing myself again into the carriage—'And
therefore I must see her—must see her before
I die!'

'And these frantic words were constantly
on my lips till the carriage stopped at the
gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not
suffer it to enter; I traversed the court-yard
on foot; I wished to give no announcement
of my arrival. It was dusk: the servant did
not recognize me; when, having entered the
offices by a side-door, I demanded of a strange
servant admittance to Mrs Wargrave. The
answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs
Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had
only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless,
I urged the necessity of an immediate inter-
view. 'I must see her on business.' Still
less. 'It was impossible for Mrs Wargrave to
see any person on business, as Sir William
and Mr Brabazon had just gone into town;
and she was quite alone, and much indis-
posed.'

'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a blank
leaf from my pocket-book, and folding to
represent a letter. And following with cau-
tion the servant I despatched on my errand, I
found my way to the door of Mary's apart-
ment. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-
chair before the fire, with her little boy
asleep in her arms. I had preceded the ser-
vant into the room, and by the imperfect fire-
light, she mistook me for the medical attend-
ant she was expecting.

'Good-evening, Doctor,' said she, in a
voice so faint and tremulous, that I could
scarcely recognize it for hers. 'You will
find me better to night; but why are you so
late?'

'You will, perhaps, find me too early,'
said I, placing myself resolutely beside her
chair, 'unless you are disposed to annual the
instrument with which you have been pleas-
ed to complete the measure of your husband's
miseries. Do not tremble, Madam. You
have no personal injury to apprehend. I
come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my
award of life or death.' And in spite of my
false courage, I staggered to the wall and
leaned against it for support.

'My brothers are absent, faltered Mary.
'I have no councillor at hand to act as medi-
ator between us.'

'For which reason I hazard this appeal
I am here to speak with my own lips to your
own ears, to your own heart. Do not decide
upon the suggestions of others.'

'I have decided,' murmured Mrs Wargrave
'irrevocably.'

'No you have not!' said I, again approach-
ing her; 'for you have decided without listen-
ing to the defence of your husband, to the
appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you
soon forgotten the vows of eternal union
breathed in the presence of God? Are you
not still my wife—my wife whom I adore—
my wife, whom I have injured—my wife,
whose patience I would requite by a whole life
of homage and adoration. Mary, you have
no right to cast from you the father of your
child.'

'It is for my child's sake that I seek to
withdraw him from his authority,' said Mrs
Wargrave, with more firmness than might
have been expected. 'No! I cannot live with
you again; my confidence is gone, my respect
diminished. This boy, as his faculties become
developed, would see me tremble in your
presence, would learn that I fear you;
that—'

'That you despise me! Speak out, Ma-
dam; speak out!'

'That I pity you,' continued Mary, reso-
lutely; 'that I pity you as one who has the
reproach of blood upon his head, and the ac-
cusation of ruffianly injury against a woman
on his conscience.'

'And such are the lessons you will teach
him?'

'It is a lesson I would scrupulously with-
hold from him; and, to secure his ignorance
it is needful that he should be an alien from
his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must
not grow up in observation of our estrange-
ment.'

'Then by Heaven, my resolution is taken!
You have appealed to the laws: by the law
let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by
enforcement. Live where you will; defy me
from what shelter you please; but this little
creature, whom you have constituted my ene-
my, remains with me! Surrender him to me
or dread the consequences.'

'You did not!' I incoherently gasped
seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I
knew not what.

'Have I not told you,' he replied, in a voice
that froze the blood in my veins, 'that
before quitting home I had swallowed half a
bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated,
my brain maddened! I saw in the woman
before me, only the minion, the mourner
of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife.'

'Mary prepared herself for violence at my
hands,' continued Wargrave, 'for instinctively
she attempted to rise and approach the bell;
but incumbered by the child, or by her own
weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't

wake him!' said she, in a faint, piteous voice,
as if, after all, his helplessness constituted her
best defence.

'Give him up, then, at once. Do you
think I do not love him! Give him up to his
father?'

'For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed
attempting to unclasp the little hand, which,
even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night-
dress. For a moment she seemed to recognize
the irresistibility of my claim.

'The carriage waits,' said I sternly. 'Where
is his nurse?'

'I am his nurse,' cried Mary, bursting into
an agony of tears. 'I will go with him. To
retain my child, I will consent to live with you
again.'

'With me? Live with me, whom you
have dishonored with your pity, your con-
tempt, your preference of another? Rather
again stand arraigned before a criminal tribu-
nal, than accept such a woman as my
wife!'

'As a servant, then; let me attend as a
servant on this little creature, so dear to me
so precious to me, so feeble, so—'

'Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for
him so warmly?' cried I, infuriated that even
my child should be preferred to me. And I
now attempted to remove him by force from
her arms.

'Help! help! help!' faltered the feeble,
half-lamenting mother. But no one came, and I
persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a
struggling child, a child that others were strug-
gling to retain, a young child, a soft, frail, fee-
ble child? And why did she resist? Should
not she, woman as she was, have known that
mischief would arise from such contact? She
who had tended those delicate limbs,
that fragile frame? The boy awakened from
his sleep, was screaming violently. He
struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and
gaped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased.
He was still, silent, breathless!

'Dead!' cried I.

'So she imagined at the moment, when, at
the summons of her fearful shrieks, the ser-
vants rushed into the room. But no, I had
not again become a murderer; a new nurse
was in store for me. When medical aid was
procured, it was found that a limb was dislo-
cated; the spine injured; the boy a cripple
for life!'

'What must have been his father's re-
morse?'

'His father was spared the intelligence.
It was not for fourteen months that I was re-
moved from the private madhouse, to which,
that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving ma-
niac. The influence of wine, passion, horror,
had induced epilepsy; from which I was only
roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment
and solitude gradually restored me. Legal
steps had been taken by the Brabazon family
during my confinement; and my mutilated
boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, un-
der the guardianship of his mother. For
some time after my recovery, I became a
wanderer on the Continent, with the intention
of wasting the remnant of my blighted exist-
ence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that
the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer
my injured wife and child, was the attempt to
conquer, for their sake, an honorable position
in society. I got placed on full pay in a re-
giment appointed to a foreign station. I made
over to my boy the whole of my property. I
pique myself on living on my pay—on drink-
ing no wine, on absenting myself, from all the
seductions of society. I lead a life of penance,
of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other,
my little victim will learn the death of his
father, and feel that he devoted his wretched
days to the duties of an honorable profession,
in order to spare him further dishonor as the
son of a suicide.

'Thank God! was my murmured ejacula-
tion, when at this moment I perceived the
boat of the Astræ, whose approach enabled
me to cover my emotion with the bustle of
parting. There was not a word of consolati-
on—of palliation, to be offered to such a
man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful
commentary on my text. Never before had I
duly appreciated the perils and dangers of
WINE!

'And is it to such a stimulus,' murmured
I, as I slowly joined my companions, 'that
judge and juror recur for strength to inspire
their decrees; to such an influence, that cap-
tain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm
to such a counselor the warrior refers his man-
œuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the
minister, the chancellor, the sovereign him-
self, dedicated the frailty of their nature?
That human life, that human happiness,
should be subjected to so devilish an instru-
ment. Against all other enemies we fortify
ourselves with defense; to this master-fiend
we open the doors of the citadel.'

My meditations were soon cut short by the
joyous chorus of a drinking song with which
Lord Thomas's decoctions inspired the shat-
tered reason of the commandments, superior
and inferior, of His Majesty's ship the As-
træa.

TIME.

The soberer of all that is extravagant, has
much the same effect upon a finely constituted
mind, that it has upon a finely painted picture.
It does not obliterate a tint in the one, but it
mellows, renews, and blends them. In the
other, it does not blot out a hope, an aspira-
tion, or a feeling; but it sobers down their
extravagances. Experience, the fruit of time,
acts, in short, like a 'gloze,' or 'medium tint,'
upon the hues, which youth has spread with
too much brilliance, or passion has touched
with too vivid a light.

That man who disclaims pride, proclaims it
aloud.