

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From the Loudon Working Man's Friend.

A TEMPERANCE TALE.

No, sir, no! said Mr Jonas, in his most rapid and exasperating tones; 'I require no arguments: I don't wish to be convinced: I haven't the slightest idea, nor don't care to have, of what it costs me. But this I do know, that I take my glass of wine after dinner and enjoy, and that no amount of argument shall persuade me that I am doing myself or anybody else any harm in the world.'

And Mr Jonas, considering this a knock-down blow to any future discussion on the subject, waved his hands before him as if to dismiss all memory of the previous conversation, and rung the hand-bell for another bottle.

Which being duly brought into the parlour by the neatest of maid servants, was uncorked in the usual fashion, and set upon the table between Mr Jonas and his handsome nephew.

For a few moments neither of the gentlemen spoke, for neither of them cared to renew the conversation about temperance which Mr Jonas had so pre-emptorily ignored. Mr Jonas, therefore, filled the two wine glasses, slightly nodded his head to his companion, and lifted his own glass to his lips.

'Well, uncle,' said Mr Alfred, the handsome nephew aforesaid, 'then you won't come?'

'Won't come! certainly not. What do I care about temperance soirees and musical festivals at Whittington Clubs? Better stop and finish the bottle with me, Hal.'

'Well, no, sir, I thank you; you must excuse me, for I have promised to be at the soiree by six. Good evening.'

'Well, if you will go,' said Mr Jonas, 'you must go.' And then as his nephew closed the door, he observed to himself in a grumbling whisper—'I can't think what's come over the young men now-a-days. Temperance, indeed! I'll warrant, those precious teetotallers are a pale-faced, sickly-looking set. Indeed I can't see how they can be otherwise, what with their sermonising, and their water-drinking, and all their other folies.'

And so Mr Jonas sat down by himself to finish the bottle. But he could not get on with it so well as he generally did, for he kept thinking of his nephew's arguments against the drinking practices of England; and, somehow, he was not, as she termed it, 'altogether himself' that evening. 'Ah,' he thought, 'it's all very well for some folks, this advocating of temperance and improvements of all sorts. I dare say it's a cheap way of getting a little popularity; but what's the use of an old fellow like me interfering with such matters; what influence should I have? I don't know any drunken mechanics to be reclaimed, or any noisy old gin-drinkers to be put down,—all nonsense and fudge! I should like to hear what they could say that could influence me—a man that never got drunk in his life?'

And as Mr Jonas played and toyed with the stem of his wine-glass, the thought of what those 'atrocious teetotallers,' as he called them, really could say in defence of their folly, came back again and again, so that he was fain to ring the bell for candles.

'Jane,' said Mr Jonas, to the maid when she brought the candles, 'what's that card on the ground?'

'I'm sure I don't know, sir,' replied Jane, picking up the object pointed at, and handing it to her master.

'Why, positively,' said Mr Jonas, examining the card through his double eye-glass, 'it's a ticket for this precious soiree that Hal's gone to,—well to be sure?'

'Shall I call a cab, sir?' inquired Jane.

'A cab! What, for me to go to the soiree! A cab, no! But it would be good fun, though,' said Mr Jonas to himself, when the girl had closed behind her. 'Capital fun, just to go in quietly, and steal an argument or so out of their own mouths, the hypocrites! I'll go!'

And Mr Jonas did go. And very much surprised he was; for, instead of the pale, thin faced audience he expected to see, he discovered a large company of healthy-looking men and women busily engaged in discussing tea and cake and various other good things of that kind. He was really quite taken aback by the comfortable looks of the teetotallers; and then, when the tea-drinking was over, and Mr J. S. Buckingham—of whom Mr Jonas had heard some account as a reformer of thirty years' standing—took the chair, and in a brief address told the audience how total abstinence was the forerunner and father of all social reforms; how habits of economy and morality had gradually taken the place of waste and sin among thousands of working men in consequence of their adoption of 'total abstinence'; how the London Temperance League looked hopefully forward to the time when, in conjunction with other similar organizations, they might go boldly to parliament and ask for the entire abolition of the licensing system, as a forerunner of the adoption of the Maine law as enforced in America, Mr Jonas was obliged to acknowledge that there was a great deal of good sense in his remarks.

After the chairman sat down, a lady and

gentleman—Mrs and Mr G. A. Cooper, Mr Jonas was informed—entertained the audience with temperance songs, which Mr Jonas was really frank enough to confess were very great improvements on the 'Drown it in the Bowl' school; and then there was a powerful speech by a young Scotch clergyman, in which were described the effects of the establishment of Penny Banks in Edinburgh in connexion with a Temperance Society, and in which was drawn such a vivid picture of the misery of the working classes, arising from their indulgence in 'drops, drains, and noggins' upon all occasions, that Mr Jonas was fairly inclined to declare that he would instantly take the pledge.

But he did not take that step just then, for more temperance music, and more temperance speeches, and more temperance music again kept his mind in a continual agitation, till Mr George Cruikshank rose to address the assembly.

'Ah, now we shall have the other side of the question,' thought Mr Jonas, who remembered certain dinners where he and the celebrated caricaturist had hob-a-nobbed together in the most social manner; 'let's hear what they have to say to that!'

But Mr Jonas was doomed to disappointment; for Cruikshank, much to his old friend's astonishment, declared himself a staunch teetotaller, and spoke of the errors of his past life, when he was fond of a 'jolly full bottle,' with the most sincere sorrow and repentance. But when Mr Cruikshank, in reference to an allusion of a previous speaker about the destruction of spirits in America by emptying them into the common sewer, declared that he 'pitied the rats,' Mr Jonas laughed as loudly as anybody; and when Cruikshank described how the rats in the London-docks eat away the bungs of the wine casks, and drank the wine, by dipping their tails in, and sucking them afterwards, till 'drunk and incapable,' they fell into the casks, and improved the body of the 'fine old port,' Mr Jonas mentally declared that he would get rid of his wine merchant, discharge his butler, and become a teetotaller.

But Mr Jonas was still in a wavering condition, till his own nephew got up and spoke of the influence which every one—man, woman, and child, in that crowded room—possessed, and how that influence might be turned to good in a thousand ways, but most of all by rescuing this great nation, this glorious old land of ours, from the curse, and the sin, and the abomination of drunkenness. How, by the example of the rich and well to do, the poor and struggling might be taught and persuaded into right; how it behoved every woman,—every wife, and every mother, and every sister,—to exert herself in bringing about the great social reform which the speakers advocated; how sober men were more likely to be mortal men; and being mortal men and sober too, how they were certain to prove to be good husbands, and good brothers, and good fathers of a sober generation yet unborn.

Mr Jonas clapped, and then applauded, and became quite enthusiastic, as his nephew resumed his seat, and for the rest of the evening he listened to the music and the speeches with an interest he had never felt before; and when he got home he went to bed without his 'night cap' of strong grog, and rose in the morning, as he said, 'quite a different man.' And Mr Jonas now attends temperance meetings every evening, and promises to become a prominent man among the social reformers. He dates his actual 'conversion'—he will not admit of a less strong term—from the Temperance Soiree at the Whittington Club on the 24th of January, 1853.

From the Loudon Working Man's Friend.

FRANKNESS.

BY MRS H. B. STOWE.

THERE is one kind of frankness which is the result of perfect unsuspiciousness, and which requires a measure of ignorance of the world and of life: this kind appeals to our generosity and tenderness. There is another which is the frankness of a strong but pure mind, acquainted with life, clear in its discrimination and upright in its intention, yet above disguise or concealment: this kind excites respect. The first seems to proceed simply from impulse, the second from impulse and reflection united: the first proceeds in a measure from ignorance, the second from knowledge; the first is born from an undoubting confidence in others, the second from a virtuous and well-grounded reliance in one's self.

It was said of Alice H.—that she had the mind of a man, the heart of a woman, and the face of an angel: a combination that all my readers will think peculiarly happy.

There never was a woman who was so unlike the mass of society in her modes of thinking and acting, yet so generally popular. But the most remarkable thing about her was her proud superiority to all disguise in thought, word, and deed. She pleased you; for she spoke out a hundred things that you would conceal, and spoke them with a dignified assurance that made you wonder that you had ever hesitated to say them yourself. Nor did this unreserve appear like the weakness of one who could not conceal, or like a determination to make war on the forms of society. It was rather a calm, well-guided integrity, regulated by a just sense of propriety; knowing when to be silent, but speaking the truth when it spoke at all.

Her extraordinary frankness often beguiled superficial observers into supposing themselves fully acquainted with her real character long before they were, as the beautiful transparency of some lakes is said to deceive

the eye as to their depth; yet the longer you know her, the more variety and compass of character appeared through the same transparent medium. But you may just visit Miss Alice for half an hour to night, and judge for yourselves. You may walk into this little parlour. There sits Miss Alice on that sofa, sewing a pair of lace sleeves into a satin dress, in which peculiarly angelic employment she may persevere till we have finished another sketch.

Do you see that pretty little lady, with sparkling eyes, elastic form, and beautiful hand and foot, who is sitting opposite to her? She is a belle: the character is written in her face—it sparkles from her eye—it dimples in her smile, and pervades the whole woman.

But there—Alice has risen, and is gone to the mirror, and is arranging the finest auburn hair in the world in the most tasteful manner. The little lady watches every motion as comically as a kitten watches a cotton-ball.

It is all in vain to deny it, Alice—you are really anxious to look pretty this evening,' said she.

'I certainly am,' said Alice quietly. 'Ay, and you hope you shall please Mr A. and Mr B.,' said the little accusing angel.

'Certainly I do,' said Alice, as she twisted her fingers in a beautiful curl.

'Well, I would not tell of it, Alice, if I did.'

'Then you should not ask me,' said Alice.

'I declare, Alice.'

'And what do you declare?'

'I never saw such a girl as you are.'

'Very likely,' said Alice, stooping to pick up a pin.

'Well, for my part,' said the little lady, 'I never would take any pains to make any body like me—particularly a gentleman.'

'I would,' said Alice, 'if they would not like me without.'

'Why, Alice! I should not have thought you were so fond of admiration.'

'I like to be admired very much,' said Alice, returning to the sofa, 'and I suppose every body else does.'

'I don't care about admiration,' said the little lady. 'I should be as well satisfied that people should not like me as that they should.'

'Then, cousin, I think it's a pity we all like you so well,' said Alice, with a good humoured smile. If Miss Alice had penetration, she never made a severe use of it.

'But really, cousin,' said the little lady, 'I should not think such a girl as you would think anything about dress, or admiration, and all that.'

'I don't know what sort of a girl you think I am,' said Alice, 'but, for my own part, I only pretend to be a common human being, and am not ashamed of common human feelings. If God has made us so that we love admiration, why should we not honestly say so. I love it—you love it, everybody loves it; and why should not every body say it?'

'Why, yes,' said the little lady, 'I suppose every body has—a general love for admiration. I am willing to acknowledge that I have; but—'

'But you have no love for it in particular,' said Alice, 'I suppose you mean to say; that is just the way the matter is commonly disposed of. Every body is willing to acknowledge a general wish for the good opinion of others, but half the world are ashamed to own it when it comes to a particular case. Now I have made up my mind, that if it is correct in general, it is correct in particular, and I mean to own it both ways.'

'But, somehow, it seems mean!' said the little lady.

'It is mean to live for it, to be selfishly engrossed in it, but not mean to enjoy it when it comes, or even to seek it, if we neglect no higher interest in doing so. All that God made us to feel is dignified and pure, unless we pervert it.'

'But, Alice, I never heard any person speak out so frankly as you do.'

'Almost all this is innocent and natural, may be spoken out; and as for that which is not innocent and natural, it ought not even to be thought.'

'But can everything be spoken that may be thought?' said the laughing lady.

'No; we have an instinct which teaches us to be silent sometimes; but, if we speak at all, let it be in simplicity and sincerity.'

'Now, for instance, Alice,' said the lady, 'it is very innocent and natural, as you say, to think this, that, and the other good thing of yourself, especially when everybody is telling you of it; now, would you speak the truth if any one asked you on this point?'

'If it were a person who had a right to ask, and if it were a proper time and place, I would,' said Alice.

'Well, then,' said the bright lady, 'I ask you, Alice, in this very proper time and place, do you think that you are handsome?'

'Now I suppose you expect me to make a courtesy to every chair in the room before I answer,' said Alice; 'but, dispensing with that ceremony, I will tell you fairly, I think I am.'

'Do you think that you are good?'

'Not entirely,' said Alice.

'Well, but do not you think you are better than most people?'

'As far as I can tell, I think I am better than some people; but really, cousin, I do not trust my own judgment in this matter,' said Alice.

'Well, Alice, one more question. Do

you think James Martys likes you or me best?'

'I do not know,' said Alice.

'I did not ask you what you knew, but what you thought,' said the lady; 'you must have some thought about it.'

'Well, then, I think he likes me best,' said Alice.

Just then the door opened, and in walked the identical James Martys. Alice blushed, looked a little comical, and went on with her sewing, while the little lady began,

'Really, Mr James, I wish you had come a minute sooner, to hear Alice's confessions.'

'What has she confessed?' said James.

'Why, that she is handsomer and better than most folks.'

'That's nothing to be ashamed of,' said James.

'Oh, that's not all; she wants to look pretty, and loves to be admired, and all—'

'It sounds very much like her,' said James, looking at Alice.

'Oh, but besides that,' said the lady, 'she has been preaching a discourse in justification of vanity and self love—'

'And next time you shall take notes when I preach,' said Alice, 'for I don't think your memory is remarkably happy.'

'You see, James,' said the lady, 'that Alice makes it a point to say the whole truth when she speaks at all, and I have been puzzling her with questions. I really wish you would ask her some, and see what she will say. But mercy, there is Uncle C— come to take me to ride. I must run.' And off flew the little humming bird, leaving James and Alice *tele-tele*.

'There really is one question—' said James, clearing his voice.

Alice looked up.

'There is one question, Alice, which I wish you would answer.'

Alice did not inquire what the question was, but began to look very solemn; and just then the door was shut—and so I never knew what it was that Alice's friend James wanted to be enlightened about.

From Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Magazine.

DRESS, AS A FINE ART.

BY MRS MERRIFIELD.

In a state so highly civilised as that in which we live, the art of dress has become extremely complicated. That it is an art to set off our persons to the greatest advantage must be generally admitted, and we think it is one which, under certain conditions, may be studied by the most scrupulous. An art implies skill and dexterity in setting off or employing the gifts of nature to the greatest advantage, and we are surely not wrong in laying it down, as a general principle, that every one may endeavour to set off or improve his or her personal appearance, provided that, in doing so, the party is guilty of no deception. As this proposition may be liable to some misconception, we will endeavour to explain our meaning.

In the first place, the principle is acted upon by all who study cleanliness and neatness, which are universally considered as positive duties, that are not only conducive to our own comfort, but that society has a right to expect from us. Again, the rules of society require that, to a certain extent, we should adopt those forms of dress which are in common use; but our own judgment should be exercised in adopting these forms to our individual proportions, complexions, ages, and stations in society. In accomplishing this object, the most perfect honesty and sincerity of purpose may be observed. No deception is to be practiced, no artifice employed beyond that which is exercised by the painter, who arranges his subjects in the most pleasing forms, and who selects colors which harmonise with each other; and by the manufacturer, who studies pleasing combinations of lines and colors. We exercise taste in the decoration and arrangement of our apartments and in our furniture, and we are equally at liberty to do so with regard to our dress; but we know that taste is not an instinctive perception of the beautiful and agreeable, but is founded upon the observance of certain laws of nature. When we conform to these laws, the result is pleasing and satisfactory; when we offend against them, the contrary effect takes place. Our persons change with our years; the child passes into the youth, the youth into maturity, maturity changes into old age. Every period of life has its peculiar external characteristics, its pleasures, its pains, and its pursuits. The art of dress consists in properly adapting our clothing to these changes.

We violate the laws of nature when we seek to repair the ravages of time on our complexions by paint, when we substitute false hair for that which age has thinned or blanched, or conceal the change by dyeing our own grey hair; when we pad our dress to conceal that one shoulder is larger than the other. To do either is not only bad taste, but it is a positive breach of sincerity. It is bad taste, because the means we have resorted to are contrary to the laws of nature. The application of paint to the skin produces an effect so different from youth, that it can only deceive an unpracticed eye. It is the same with the hair: there is such a want of harmony between false hair and the face which it surrounds, especially when that face bears the mark of age, and the color of the hair denotes youth, that the effect is unpleasing in the extreme. Deception of this kind, therefore, does not answer the end which it had in view; it deceives nobody but the unfortunate perpetrator of the would-be deceit. It is about as senseless a proceeding as that of the goose in the story, who, when pursued by the fox