

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Harper's Monthly Magazine.

## EFFECTS OF WINE.

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

SOME eighteen months or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board his Majesty's frigate, the *Austræa*, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honorable captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where Cyprus may be had for paying for, and where *vallettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquetish folds are black and lustrous.

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize (having been, for three preceding days, not spell-bound, but calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades), it was the pleasure of honorable captain and his cousins to drop anchor in the Bay of — (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit), where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it part of their religion to give offence to the blue-jackets where offence can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock p. m., seated at the mess of His Majesty's gallant — th, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur.

'Are you a punch drinker?' inquired my neighbor, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as a school fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

'If I may venture to own it, no!' said I; 'I have swallowed too much punch on compulsion in the course of my life.'

'I judged as much from your looks,' replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board of the frigate. 'If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas, and his operations engage their attention.'

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm-in-arm, on the bastions of —. We had an hour before us; for the captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet to gossip away the time.

'There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess,' said I to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast. 'Thornton, I understand, carries off two bottles a day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's.'

'You are fortunate,' said Wargrave dryly.

'Fortunate?' cried I. 'I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unchanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and, after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the headache and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton, who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the thirty-sixth stanza of 'Nancy Dawson' between his two last bottles, and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of the 'vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship.'

Wargrave replied by a vague, unmeaning laugh, which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost on him. Yet I continued: 'Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honor due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword.'

'Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?' suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

'Personal meaning?' I reiterated. 'Of what nature?' And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margaux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

'I can scarcely imagine, sir,' he continued, in a voice, however, that savored of anything rather than inebrity, 'that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address me on such a subject!'

'Be satisfied then that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable,' said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanor; 'for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of him, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanor; but, in wishing you good night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offence was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent.'

'Forgive me,' exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay, almost his arms, toward me. 'It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends.'

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a haggardness—that involuntarily I rested myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

'My dear fellow you attach too much importance to an unguarded word,' said I, trying to reconcile him to himself. 'Dismiss it from your thoughts.'

'Do not fancy,' replied Wargrave in a broken voice, 'that these humiliating tears originate in anything that has passed between us this night. No. The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humor you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore,' he continued, looking at his watch. 'Devote those minutes to me, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero.'

There was no disputing with him—no begging him to be calm. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

'You are right,' said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, 'in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of a man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity, and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to Drunkenness; do not class me, in your imagination with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeeble arm can deal no mortal blow! the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither modulate its tone to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot; a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal. Do not suppose me the apostle of a temperance society. When I assert, on my life, my soul, my honor, that after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Thrice more, and I become a madman.'

'But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity,' said I. 'You must of course regard yourself as an exception?'

'No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintances, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither like wine or indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burden to themselves.'

'I really believe you are right.'

'I know that I am right; listen. When I became your brother's friend, at Westminster, I was on the foundation—an only son, intended for the church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my year. A studentship at Christ Church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the fare-well supper, indispensable on occasions of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small portion of

the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of studious festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued; a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment! And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the — Regiment of Light Dragoons. At Westminster they used to call me 'Wargrave the peacemaker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet twelve months after joining the — I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers; and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others.'

And this sudden change—

Was then attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe-juice, which formed the luxury of a mess cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved as a neighbor and fellow-citizen. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and, on welcoming home my lovely, gentle Mary all remembrance of past sorrows, seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honorable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fraternal and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in my disposition—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover—ascribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change. She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the faults to my guests, instead of the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow. Fortunately Mary's time was engrossed by preparation for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexation than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that 'any man might possess the insipid quality of good-humor; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principle in the world.' As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintance by trusting that Harry would, in all respects resemble his father! Heaven bless her for her blindness!

Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to talk her rilleries in good part. To this playful girl it luckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? Why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these agencies were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laughed heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! 'It does not become you to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night, when she had amused herself by fillying water at me across the dessert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate professional dispute with an old brother officer, 'in trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!' 'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them. Persevere! She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him in company,' said Sophy. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge.'

(To be continued)

From the Editor's Table of Godey's Philadelphia Lady's Book, for January.

## CENTURY OF WOMEN.

A late English writer, commenting on this, says: 'Whatever the wisdom or the foolishness of our forefathers may have meant by this, English women knew but too well that up to this time (1851), the middle of the century, it has not been theirs. Those who deny are perhaps even better aware of it than those who allow.'

Now, we differ in opinion with this English writer. The century, thus far, has been marked as women's above any of all preceding ages. Even in the time of chivalry, when men worshipped her charms, they had little respect for her intellect or her intelligence. The mass of men were ignorant; physical force, diplomatic cunning, and religious superstition ruled the world. There was no organ of public opinion, by which women as woman could be heard, or through which she could make her powers of mind apparent. And the writer we have quoted above acknowledges this, as he goes on to say—

In no century, perhaps, has so much freedom, way, opportunity being given to woman to cultivate her powers, as best might seem to herself. Man leaves her room and space enough. She is no longer called pedantic, if her powers appear in conversation. The authoress is courted, not shunned. According, the intellectual development of English women has made extraordinary progress. But, as the human being does not move both feet at once, except he jumps, so, while the intellect foot has made a step in advance, the practical foot has remained behind. Women stands askew. Her education for action has not kept pace with her education for acquirement. The woman of the eighteenth century was, perhaps, happier, when practice and theory were on a par, than her more cultivated sister of the nineteenth. The latter wishes, but does not know how to do many things; the former, what she wished, at least that she could be.

What then? Shall we have less theory? God forbid! We shall not work better for ignorance. Every increase of knowledge is benefit, by showing us more of the ways of God. But it was for the increase of wisdom even more than of knowledge, that David prayed—for wisdom is the practical application of knowledge.

Not that we know but what we do, is our wisdom; and woman perhaps, feel that she has not found her kingdom.

No, woman has not yet obtained her kingdom; but she is preparing for it. This intellectual education was necessary preliminary; she could not do the work of an educator properly till she was herself educated. And this has been accomplished since the present century began. Woman is now prepared for a sphere of activity, and, in our country, this sphere is already opened. Within the last twenty five years, the teachers office in schools, as well as at home, has been passing into her hands. There are, probably, at this time, from sixty to one hundred thousand female teachers of public and private schools in the United States. Women are editors, authors, and artists, and a few have entered the arena—where the greatest honors as public benefactors are yet to be won—of medical science.

Now, let no reader imagine we are about setting up for 'Woman's Rights.' God has given her the care of humanity in its helplessness of infancy—in its sorrows and sicknesses. She should be educated as the Conservator of health, physically as well as morally—as the Preserver, Teacher, Inspirer.

The need of her aid is now felt and acknowledged by the wise and good men of our land. They call her to the Mission field. Since this century commenced, about twelve hundred American women have gone as missionaries to the heathen. Is not this a wonderful advance in her sphere? Since the days of the Apostles and the early fathers of the church, never has the helping power of woman in the church been thus permitted. Her office of Deaconess—insituated by the Apostles—had been nearly suppressed, till within this present century it is again revived, or reviving. Let us hope every Christian church will soon have its Deaconesses, to take care of the poor and sick of their own sex.

But the idea that seems to have met the most pressing need of the missionary and progressive spirit of this century, is that of 'Female Medical Missionaries.' This was first advanced in the 'Lady's Book' of March last, and steadily advocated through the year. Our constant readers will remember the response from Mrs. Hill, of Athens, Greece, in our July number; also the earnest letter from Constantinople, in the December issue. Rev. Dr. Dwight showed what a wide field Turkey opened for such a good work.

## OLD LADIES.

A pleasant, cheerful, lively, generous, charitable minded woman is never old. Her heart is as young at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy as it was at eighteen or twenty; and they who are old at sixty or seventy are not made old by time. They are made old by the ravages of passions and feelings of an unsocial and ungenerous nature, which have cankered their minds, wrinkled their spirits, and withered their souls. They are made old by envy, by jealousy, by hatred, by suspicions, by uncharitable feelings; by slandering, scandalizing, ill-bred habits; which if they avoid, they preserve their youth to the very last, so that the child shall die, as the Scriptures say, a hundred years old. There are many old women who pride themselves on