

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

TAXING BACHELORS.

Tax them, tax them, tax them all,

With an income, great and small.

Tax their mortgages and rents;

That's the toll they ought to pay.

For wearing out the "Bachelor's way;"

Soon they'll cry, instead of laugh,

Mourning for the "better half."

Tax them for the vows they've made,

Tax them for their vows unpaid,—

For the drafts they've drawn, still

On their conscience and their will;

Tax them for the debts they owe

To young Cupid and his bow,

For the use of silver darts,

And the loan of "treacherous arts."

Tax them for the precious time

Spent in writing silly rhyme

To the fair deluded girls,

Lost in blushes and in curls;

Tax them for dishonor paid

To the sunlight and the shade,—

Swearing they were truer far,

Than a sunbeam or a star.

Tax them for their wasted years;

Tax them for the bitter tears

Drawn from eyes that once were bright

With a soft confiding light,—

For the cheeks they've made so pale,—

For the deep, pathetic wail

Breathed from hearts that must endure

What no surgeon's art can cure.

Tax them for the hopes they've crossed;

Tax them for the dollars lost

Buying elixir and balm,

Meant to keep their spirits calm,

When the lady fondly thought

The "confession" would be brought,

And the lover, with his hand,

Would bestow his house and land.

Tax them for the wood and coal

Used to warm their chilly soul;

Tax them for the cakes and pies

Made to charm the lover's eyes;

For sperm candles tax them well,—

O, the number who can tell,

That has burned, and burned in vain,

To secure a faithless swain?

Tax them for the countless threats,

Made by mothers to their "pets,"

When the months would pass away,

And the lover "named no day;"

Tax them for the "awful smart"

That was felt about the heart,

When the last frail bean had gone,

And the lady wept alone.

Yes, I'd tax them, one and all,

With an income great or small,—

Tax their mortgages and rents,

On each dollar sixty cents;

Till their tenant steps should stray

Calmly in the "married way,"

Then I would enjoy a laugh

With the "Bachelor's better half."

From Chamber's Edinburgh Journal.

THE DRUNKARD'S BIBLE.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

PONDERING on this blessed rule of life, so simple and so comprehensive, he turned back the pages, repeating it over and over again, until he came to the first fly-leaf, wherein were written the births, marriages and deaths of the humble family to whom the Bible had belonged; and therein, second on the list, he saw, in a stiff, half-printed hand, the name Emma Hanby, only daughter of James and Mary Jane Hanby, born so and so, married at such a date to Peter Croft!

"Emma Hanby"—born in his native village: the little Emma Hanby whom he had loved to carry over the brook to school—by whose side in boy-love, he had sat in the meadows—for whom he had gathered flowers—whose milk pail he had so often lifted over the church stile whom he had loved as he never could or did love woman since—whom he would have married if she, light-hearted girl that she was, could have loved the tall yellow, awkward youth whom it was her pastime to laugh at, and her delight to call "Daddy"—was she, then, the wife—the torn, soiled, tattered, worn-out, insulted broken spirited wife of the drunkard Peter Croft! It seemed impossible; her memory had been such a sun beam, from boyhood up: the refiner of his nature—the dream that often came to him by day and night. While passing the parochial school, when the full tide of girls rushed from its heat into the thick city air, his heart had often beat if the ringing laugh of a merry child sounded like the laugh he once thought music: and he would watch to see if the girl resembled the voice that recalled his early love.

"And I have helped to bring her to this," he repeated over and over to himself; "even I have done this—this has been my doing."

He might have consoled himself with the argument, that if Peter Croft had not drunk at "the grapes," he would have drunk some where else; but his seared conscience neither admitted nor sought an excuse; and after an hour or more of earnest prayer, with sealed lips, but a soul bowed down at one moment by contempt for his infirmity of purpose, and at another elevated by strong resolves of great sacrifice, Mathew, carrying with him the *drunkard's Bible* sought his bed. He slept the feverish, unrefreshing sleep which so frequently succeeds strong emotion. He saw troops of drunkards—blear eyed, trembling, ghastly spectres pointing at him with their shaking fingers, while, with pestifential breath, they demanded "who had sold them poison." Women, too, drunkards, or drunkards' wives, in either case, starved, wretched creatures, with scores of ghastly children, hooted him as he passed through caverns reeking of gin, and hot with the steam of all poisonous drinks! He awoke just as the dawn was crowning the hills of his childhood with glory, and while its munificent beams were penetrating the thick atmosphere which hung as a veil before his bedroom window.

To Mathew the sunbeams came like heavenly messengers, winging their way through the darkness and chaos of the world for the world's light and life. He had never thought of that before; but he thought of and felt it then, and much good it did him, strengthening his good intent. A positive flood of light poured in through a pane of glass which had been cleaned the previous morning, and played upon the cover of the poor Drunkard's Bible. Mathew bent his knees to the ground, his heart full of emotions—the emotions of his early and better nature—and he bowed his head upon his hands and prayed in honest resolve and earnest zeal. The burden of that prayer, which escaped from between his lips in murmurs sweet as the murmurs of living waters, was—that God would have mercy upon him and keep him in the right path, and make him, unworthy as he was, the means of grace to others—to be God's instrument for good to his fellow creatures; minister to the prosperity, the regeneration of his own kind. Oh, if God would but mend the broken vessels, if he would but heal the bruised reed, if he would but receive him into his flock! Oh, how often he repeated: "God give me strength! Lord strengthen me!"

And he arose as all arise after steadfast prayer—strengthened—and prepared to set about his work. I now quote his own account of what followed:

"I had," he said, "fixed in my mind the duty I was called upon to perform; I saw it bright before me. It was now clear to me, whether I turned to right or to the left; there it was, written in letters of light. I went down stairs, I unlocked the street door, I brought a ladder from the back of my house to the front, and with my own hands, in the gray, soft haze of morning, I tore down the sign of my disloyalty to a good cause. 'The Grapes' lay in the kennel, and my first triumph was achieved. I then descended to my cellar, locked myself in, turned all the taps, and broke the bottles into the torrents of pale ale and brown stout which foamed around me. Never once did my determination even waver. I vowed to devote the remainder of my life to the destruction of alcohol, and to give my power and my means to reclaim and succor those who had wasted their substance and debased their characters beneath my roof. I felt as a freed man, from whom fetters have been suddenly struck off; a sense of manly independence thrilled through my frame. Through the black and reeking arch of the beer-vault, I looked up to heaven; I asked God again and again for the strength of purpose and perseverance which I had hitherto wanted all my latter life. While called 'a respectable man,' and an 'honest publican,' I knew that I was acting a falsehood and dealing in the moral—perhaps the eternal—deaths of many of the careless drinkers who 'sorrow, and torment, and quarrels, and wounds without cause,' even while I, who sold the incentives to sorrow and torment, and quarrels, and wounds without cause, knew that they 'bit like serpents and stung like adders.' What a knave I had been, erecting a temple to my own respectability on the ruins of respectability in my fellow creatures, talking of honesty when I was inducing sinners to augment their sin by every temptation that the fragrant rum, the white-faced gin, the brown bouncing brandy could offer—all adulterated, all untrue as myself, all made even worse than their original natures by downright and positive fraud; talking of honesty, as if I had been honest; going to church as if I was a practical christian, and passing by those I had helped to make sinners with contempt upon my lip, and a 'Stand by, I am holier than thou!' in my proud heart, even at the time I was inducing men to become accessories to their own shame and sin, and the ruin of their families.

"Bitter, but happy tears of penitence gushed from my eyes as the ocean of intoxicating and baneful drinks swelled, and rolled, and scathed around me. I opened the drain, and they rushed forth to add to the impurity of the Thames. 'Away they go!' I said; 'their power is past; they will never more turn the staggering workman into the street, or nerve his arm to strike the wife or child he is bound by the law of God and man to protect; never more send the self-inflicted fever of *delirium tremens* through the

swelling veins; never drag the last shilling from the drunkard's hand; never more quench the fire on the cottage hearth, or send the pale, overworked artisan's children to a supperless bed; never more blister the lips of women, or poison the blood of childhood; never again inflict the Saturday's headache which induced the prayerless Sunday. Away, away! would that I had the power to set adrift all the so perverted produce of the malt, the barley, and the grape of the world!" As my excitement subsided, I felt still more resolved; and the more I calmed down, the firmer I became. I was, as a paralytic recovering the use of his limbs; as a blind man restored to sight. The regrets and doubts that had so often disturbed my mind gathered themselves into a mighty power, not to be subdued by earthly motives or earthly reasoning. I felt the dignity of a mission; I would be a Temperance Missionary to the end of my days! I would seek out the worst amongst those who had frequented 'the Grapes,' and pour counsel and advice—the earnest counsel and the earnest advice of a purely disinterested man—into ears so long deaf to the voice of the charmer. I was a free man, no longer filling my purse with the purchase-money of sorrow, sin, and death. I owed the sinners, confirmed to lead the old life of sin in my house—Lowed them atonement. But what did I not long to do for that poor Emma? When I thought of her—of her cheerfulness, her once innocence, her once beauty—I could have cursed myself. Suddenly my sister shook the door. She entreated me to come forth, for some one had torn down our sign, and flung it in the kennel. When I showed her the dripping taps and broken bottles, she called me, and believed me, mad; she never understood me, but less than ever then. I had of course, more than one scene with her; and when I told her that, instead of ale, I should sell coffee, and substitute tea for brandy, she like too many others, attaching an idea of feebleness and duplicity and want of respectability to Temperance, resolved to find another home. We passed a stormy hour together, and among many other things, she claimed the Drunkard's Bible; but that I would not part with. I lost no time in finding the dwelling of Peter Croft. Poor Emma! If I had met her in the broad sunshine of a July day, I should not have known her; if I had heard her speak, I should have recognised her voice among a thousand. Misery for her had done its worst. She upbraided me as I deserved. "You," she said, "and such as you, content with your own safety, never think of the safety of others. You take care to avoid the tarnish and wretchedness of drunkenness yourselves, while you entice others to sin. Moderation is your safeguard; but when did you think it a virtue in your customers."

"I told her what I had done, that in future mine would be strictly a Temperance house; that I would use every means in my power to undo the evil I had done."

"Will that," she answered in low deep tones of anguish—"will that restore what I have lost?—will it restore my husband's character?—will it save him, even if converted, from self-reproach?—will it open the grave, and give me back the child, my first-born, who, delicate from its cradle, could not endure the want of heat and food, which the others have still to bear?—will it give us back the means squandered in your house?—will it efface the memory of the drunkard's songs, and the impurity of the drunkard's acts? O Mathew! that you should thrive and live, and grow rich and respectable, by what debased and debauched your fellow-creatures.—Look!" she added, and her word pierced my heart—"look! had I my young days over again I would rather—supposing that love had nothing to do with my choice—I would rather appear with my poor degraded husband, bad as he has been, and is, at the bar of God, than kneel there as your wife! You, cool-headed and moderate by nature, knowing right from wrong, well educated, yet tempting, tempting others to the destruction which gave you food and pleasuring,—your fine GIN-PALACE! your comfortable rooms! your intoxicating drinks! the pleasant company! all! all! wiling the tradesman from his home, from his wife, from his children, and sending him back when the stars are fading in the daylight. Oh! to what a home! Oh! in what a state!"

"I do think, as you stand there, Mathew Howndey, well dressed, and well fed, and respectable—yes, that is the word 'respectable.'—that you are, at this moment, in the eyes of the Almighty, a greater criminal than my poor husband, who is lying upon straw with madness in his brain, trembling in every limb, without even a BIBLE to tell him of the mercy which Christ's death procured for the penitent sinner at the eleventh hour!"

"I laid her own Bible before her. I did not ask her to spare me; every word was true—I deserved it all. I went forth; I sent coal, and food, and clothing into that wretched room; I sent a physician; I prayed by the bedside of Peter Croft, as if he had been a dear brother. I found him truly penitent; and with all the resolves for amendment which so often fade in the sunshine of health and strength, he wailed over his lost time, his lost means, his lost character—all lost; all God had given—health, strength, happiness, all gone—all but the love of his ill-used and neglected wife; that had never died!"

"and remember," she said to me, "there are

hundreds, thousands of cases, as sad as this in England, in the Christian land we live in! Strong drink fills our jails and hospitals with sin, with crime, with disease, with death; its mission is sin and sorrow to man, woman, and child; under the cloak of good-fellowship it draws men together, and the "good-fellowship" poisons heart and mind! Men become mad under its influence. Would any man not mad, squander his money, his character, and bring himself and all he is bound to cherish to the verge of the pauper's grave; nay, into it? Of five families in this wretched house, the mothers of three, and fathers of four, never go to their ragged beds sober; yet they tell me good men, wise men, great men, refuse to promote temperance. Oh, they have never seen how the half-pint grows to the pint—the pint to the quart—the quart to the gallon! They have never watched for the drunkard's return, or experienced his neglect or ill-usage—never had the last penny for their children's bread turned into spirits—never woke to the knowledge, that though the snow of December be a foot on the ground, there is neither food nor fire to strengthen for the day's toil!"

"Poor Emma! she spoke like one inspired, and though her spirit was sustained neither by flesh nor blood, she seemed to find relief in words.

"When I spoke to her of the future with hope, she would not listen. 'No,' said she, 'my hope for him and myself is beyond the grave. He cannot rally; those fierce drinks have branded his vitals, burnt into them. Life is not for either of us. I wish his fate, and mine, could warn those around us; but the drunkard day after day sees the drunkard laid in his grave, and before the last earth is thrown upon the coffin, the quick is following the example set by the dead—of another, and another glass!"

"She was right. Peter's days were numbered; and when she knelt beside his coffin, she thanked God for his penitence, and offered up a prayer that she might be spared a little longer for her children's sake. That prayer gave me hope; she had not spoken then of hope except of that beyond the grave."

"My friends jested at my attention to the young widow, and perhaps I urged her too soon to become my wife. She turned away, with a feeling which I would not, if I could, express.—Her heart was still with her husband, and she found no rest until she was placed beside him in crowded church-yard. The children live on—the son, with the unreasoning craving for strong drink which is so frequently the inheritance of the drunkard's child; the daughters, poor, weakly creatures—one, that little deformed girl who sits behind the tea-counter, and whose voice is so like her mother's; the other, a suffering creature, unable to leave her bed, and who occupies a little room at the top of what was 'the Grapes.' Her window looks out upon a number of flower pots, whose green leaves and struggling blossoms are coated with black, but she thinks them the freshest and most beautiful in the world!"

From Bentley's Miscellany.

OMAR PACHA.

THE life of Omar Pacha is connected with perhaps the most important period in the history of Turkey, an epoch of transition from the old state of things to the new. We shall not stop, however, to relate the various events of his life, as they are familiar to all readers of the daily press; but shall simply recite such leading circumstances of his career as we think may satisfy the curiosity of our readers.

Of his early life but little is known. His family name is Latkes; his origin is Croatian; his place Vlski, a village in the district of Ognini, thirteen leagues from Fiume, on the Adriatic Sea. He was born in 1801; the religion of his forefathers, and of his youthful years, was the Greek united faith, namely, that branch of the Greek worship subject to the Roman Pontiff. He received a liberal education. His father enjoyed the important charge of Lieutenant Administrator of the district, and his uncle was invested with ecclesiastical functions. He was instructed in mathematics and military engineering he received at the military school of Thurn, near Cronstadt, in Transylvania; and in 1822, when 21 years of age, after having distinguished himself in his studies, he entered the corps of *Ponts et Chaussées* in the Austrian service, with the rank of lieutenant, that body having just been organized by the government.

At twenty-nine he left the Austrian service; but the true cause of his taking this step has always remained a mystery. Many attributed it to a family misfortune; some to a quarrel he had with his superiors, followed by acts that would have subjected him to a court-martial.

Having made his escape, he passed into Bosnia in 1830, where he arrived wholly unknown, and it was only with difficulty he was able to engage himself as a servant in Kosrew Pacha's house, who was then at Bosna-Serai. Bosnia was, at the time infested by hordes of Janissaries, who had been dispersed and banished into Asia Minor and a few European provinces, where they nursed revenge against the Government for the injuries inflicted upon them.

The second Giaour Padiscian had of late organized his troops on a principle of reform,