

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

## MY WIFE IS A WOMAN OF MIND.

By R. Mayhew, the original Editor of Punch.

My Wife is a woman of mind,  
 And Delville, who examined her bumps,  
 Vow'd that never was found in a woman  
 Such large intellectual lumps;  
 Ideally big as an egg,  
 With casualty great was combined;  
 He charged me ten shillings, and said—  
 Sir, your wife is a woman of mind.

She's too clever to care how she looks,  
 And will herid blue spectacles wear;  
 Not because she supposes they give her  
 A fine intellectual air:  
 No; she pays no regard to appearance,  
 And combs all her front hair behind;  
 Not because she is proud of her forehead,  
 But because she's a woman of mind.

She makes me a bushel of verses,  
 But never a pudding or tart;  
 If I hint I should like one, she vows  
 I'm an animal, merely at heart.  
 Though I've noticed she spurns not the pastry,  
 Where'er at a friends we have dined,  
 An has always had two plates of pudding,  
 Such plates—for a woman of mind!

Not a stitch does she do but a distinch;  
 Mends her pens, instead of my clothes;  
 I have not a shirt with a button,  
 Not a stocking that's sound at the toes;  
 If I ask her to darn me a pair,  
 She replies she has work more refined!  
 Besides to be darning of stockings—  
 Is it fit for a woman of mind?

From Graham's Magazine, for September.

## THE FIRST AND LAST GIFT.

By Ann W. Curtis.

## CHAPTER I.

It was an assemblage where a few aged gents were looking backward through the long, dim lapse of years, to their own youth, and love, and bridal—something so like a dream that they could not feel it had ever been a reality. And there were those in middle life, feeling much younger than the young felt them to be. And there were youth—young men and maidens—quaffing the bright-red wine cup of joyous hope, fresh love, and wild passion. And there were the bridegroom and the bride just risen to receive the marriage rite.

The bridegroom was a frail, slight man, in whose deep, calm eyes the fires of intellect seemed quietly burning, as in a resting volcano, rather than flashing in the over excitement of an untamed genius; and the calm, cold, and intellectual beautiful face was pale and attenuated.

And the bride was very lovely with her wavy brown hair, and bright sunny eyes, and lips just ready for a smile, and from whose cheek, study, or midnight virgil, had never stolen its roundness.

When all was stilled for the solemn rite, another figure slightly entered, gliding like a spirit till she stood near the clergyman.

She was a lady of elegant form, and whose face must have been exquisitely beautiful, had health and happiness given it one glow. Her cheek and brow were white as Peruvian marble, and round her finely moulded head her black, glossy hair was wound in wavy, graceful folds; her eyes were large and so darkly blue that at a first glance they seemed most like the liquid black common to the daughters of Italy. But her chief beauty lay in her mouth and chin—red-lipped and dimpled beauty still rested there.

She was attired in a closely-fitting black silk dress, and over her shoulders was gracefully thrown a velvet mantle of the same color. Her black attire was entirely unrelieved, save by a small pearl pin, placed in the neck of her dress, and a diamond of great beauty on one hand, and on the other a white kid glove.

She stood near, like a statue—her ungloved hand laid across her bosom, and the diamond on her finger glittering there like a star.

Even the bridegroom turned his eye upon the figure. He met her calm, bright, unchanging eye. He saw the diamond. Its brightness seemed to flash and dim his eye, while memory came back to him, and brought the moonlit evening, years before, when he had placed that same diamond on the hand of the bright, joyous girl, whose sad, unearthly beauty, now made her seem to him like a spirit from the grave, and said—“This is for your bride.” His pale face flushed like wine, and then more than its wonted paleness came, and big drops of perspiration oozed from his forehead; but not a feature changed.

The ceremony proceeded. Those large eyes turned not for a moment from the bridal pair, till at the close, when the prayer was offered, her eyelids closed, her long black lashes fringing them like a pall; and with palm to palm of white hand and glove, she seemed as if praying with strange fervor.

She noted for a few moments the greetings

that were showered on the bride; then softly moving towards her, drew the diamond from her own finger, and placing it on that of the bride, turned to the bridegroom, and in tones low and clear murmured, “This is for your bride.”

## CHAPTER II.

Hubert Lansing was a lonely widower, and with health and fortune ruined. He sat alone in his room, conscious that the sands of life were ebbing fast away. The past and the present alike oppressed his soul. His children—his daughters—to leave them friendless and penniless; and the image of Maria Wilder—his early love, his discarded bride—vividly was she pictured to his mind as he last saw her on the evening of his marriage, and the tones of her voice seemed again to fall upon his ear as she parted with his sacred gift.

Of all whom he had counselled and served, of all on whom he had showered benefits, his heart turned to her as the only one to whose truth and benevolence he could, with unwavering confidence, intrust his children; but could a mind delicately strung ask her to take them to her home and heart.

Thus wrapped in agonized thought his daughters entered. The younger was especially his child—the inheritor of his intellect; and she bore, too, the name of Maria. The mother had chosen the name in memory of a sister, but each time the father murmured it, it had been fraught with another memory. This child, too, was the object of his greatest anxiety. There was in her a depth of feeling, an intensity of emotion, a capability of suffering which he well knew required the guidance and sympathy of a strong and affectionate spirit, and to whom could he commit so holy a trust?

He stretched his hand toward the child, and said “Maria.” The word fell upon his own heart with a strange power. There came back to him all the faith and unreserve tinged with a glow of his early love, and in the fullness of his heart he wrote her:—

Maria, I am a stricken man—the Lord has laid his hand upon me. My wealth is scattered, and that energy of character, that strength of intellect which first won for me your undying love, has waned and is fast waning with my life. Yes, I know that I am dying, that the decree is irrevocable, nor can I, like the ancient prophet, pray that it may be prolonged.

For seventeen years, Maria Wilder, your name has never passed my lips, nor has my pen traced one word to you; but now the “waters of the great deep” are breaking up. I will not attempt to palliate the past, but with my dying lips I affirm that it was not in prospect of the great wealth which I received with my bride that caused me to break my faith with you, though I know that I was dazzled with the luxuriousness, the gems of art, and the brilliant gaiety by which she was surrounded, and the high position which her father occupied in a nation's trust.

Yes, Maria, forgetful of you, I pledged myself to her; and you were almost lost to me in the whirl of excitement which followed, till, like a spirit from another world, you appeared before me on the evening of my marriage.

Then I became myself again. It roused me to consciousness, as the force of a sudden calamity will sometimes bring to instant reason those made mad with alcohol.

The enchanter's wand was taken away. What was luxury, or the works of art, but that which sordid gold might purchase? And legislative fame, was it not as often won by cunning and low cabal, as by intellectual worth or moral power? And my bride—deep pity filled my heart for her, and she became dear to me as a sister.

I was glad when I heard of your marriage. I knew that love could never more bloom in your heart—that the fire had gone over your soul and left it too “scorched and seared” for the flower of a second love ever to find a resting-place there; but I thought the path would be very lonely, and might be long, and that it were better thus than to walk the valley all alone. Thoroughly I understand your nature, and know well that your tents were not easily struck, or readily pitched elsewhere—that your love was such as planted a “terribly fixed foot.”

Think not that in this I had a secret satisfaction; for glad would I have been to have known that you had hated me, could it have given back to you the joyous love which I have blighted, and enabled you to have placed it as a fresh gift upon another altar.

And now years have gone over us, and to you alone can I commit my dying trust.

Maria, when I am dead, will you receive from me the only legacy which I have to impart—my children? My last gift to you was a ring of betrothal—the next are children who called another mother. Tell me that your house shall be theirs, and that your heart will receive them; and I die in peace.

HUBERT LANSING.

## CHAPTER III.

Truth as it is that there are great sorrows that overwhelm the heart—sorrows from those stunning power the soul is never awakened; that many there are who live with “heads above water and with hearts beneath,” walking the earth with firm step and unruffled brow, yet bearing a

heart that looks for no rest, hopes for no joy on the shores of time; so true is it, that for such consolations of a peculiar character are prepared. To such is given a power, strength, and depth of character, and even an intense capability of happiness of which they have never conceived who have not known the force of a great sorrow. It is an alchemy which creates a new attribute, or rather changes and refines every other principle. To them a new book is opened: to them a strong angel is sent and lifteth a seal: to them FAITH becomes a word of mighty meaning: not something far off, but near: it is Jesus, walking upon the waves of the heart, and saying, “Peace be still;” and fulfilling in the soul his promise, “I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.”

Such has been the influence of sorrow upon Mrs. Carlton—the once light and joyous Maria Wilder.

From a dream which had made existence beautiful, and robbed earth in the drapery of heaven, she was suddenly awakened to a life which she knew must forever be to her a failure and an abortion.

And then evil spirits came to tempt her. Despair, with its madness; misanthropy, with its bitterness; and gayety, with its heartlessness. But they won not the victory. Strength from heaven came; hope, borne from above, beamed in her soul; our common humanity she loved again; and she gathered the little wild flowers of peace that grow in many lowly, hidden spots, and are found out by those who seek them.

She waited not for opportunities to perform great deeds of self-denial or of generosity, for she knew that those who would make others happy, who would have a “daily beauty in their lives” must like Naaman, learn to bathe in other streams than those of Damascus; and her ever ready kindness and genial smile sent sunshine into many hearts.

It were at least doubtful, whether such a marriage as hers with James Carlton were wise and well. But if that deep confidence which never veiled a thought or feeling—if that sympathy of taste and affectionate regard which made the society of each grateful to the other were enough for such an union, it was theirs; and when, after many years, in which they had grown very dear to each other, death entered their dwelling and bore hence the generous and noble-minded husband, Mrs. Carlton mourned for him, not, it is true, with the wild and untamed agony with which she would have mourned the chosen of her youth, but with a deep, earnest and quiet sorrow.

Unhesitatingly, and rejoicing that even for him she would not have lived in vain, she answered the letter of Hubert Lansing.

Hubert, — With a gladness akin to that with which I received your first gift, do I accept from you your last legacy; and the love—the passion—the agony which in my youth I gave to you shall be distilled into an intense affection which shall ever fall, faithful as evening dew, upon your children.

I cannot tell you what consolation God has given me in my own children. It has been through them that he hath “tempered the wind to the shorn lamb,” and remembered his promise “the bruised reed I will not break.”

With gushing joy—with more than a mother's wonted tenderness, have I gazed upon my eldest, my noble son, my Walter, with his glorious intellect written on his brow, and his loving heart traced upon his lips. I have felt that had he called you—the beloved of my youth—had he called you father, my love for him could not have been greater.

And now a new source of consolation you offer me in the gift of your children. I had not believed that in the arrangements of Providence it would ever be given me to do you another kindness, though I knew that to you or to yours as freely, as frankly, as when you knew me in youth and in happiness would I minister to your pleasure.

I cannot come to your side. The effort would be too painful both for you and me. Receive my boys as my own representative; trust to his care your children till my own arms shall embrace them.

And now, Hubert, beloved, farewell; and rejoice with me that Heaven and love are immortal—that the stars whose brightness the vapors of earth have not dimmed, will only set in death to rise in heaven.

MARIA.

## CHAPTER IV.

Death had done its work. Hubert Lansing had yielded to that “tremendous necessity” that awaits all living.

The young Walter Carlton had, with his daughters, stood at his bedside, and mingled with theirs his tears of affection and sympathy; and so much was he the representative of his mother's youth, that in the dim, shadowy fancies of the dying man, he was the Maria of his youth, and with glazing eyes fixed upon him, among the last words his failing lips had uttered had been her cherished name.

The home of Mrs. Carlton became the happy home of the daughters of Lansing, and with her children they mingled as sisters, and became dear to one another as those of the same hearthstone, while her own heart owned no difference in the love she bore her own and the children of her adoption.

## MEN AND WOMEN NOW-A-DAYS.

SOMEBODY is reporting for the Boston Journal certain speeches of ‘Father Langley,’ who is a very sensible old cove. The following is his opinion of the present generation:—

Failed, has he! I wonder they don't all fail! For what with the extravagance and good-for-nothingness of the men and women now-a-days, where is it all to end? Call themselves ‘Sons of the Pilgrims’ do they? I wish to mercy their old grandfathers could see them! They were true grit—real hearts of oak—but these popinjays are nothing in the world but veneering? When I was a boy, it used to be the fashion for boys to be apprentices till they learnt their trade; but now, they are all bosses! They ain't no boys now-a-days! They set up for themselves as soon as they are weaned—know enough sight more than their fathers and grandfathers—you can't tell them anything—they know it all! Their fathers sweated and tugged in the corn-field at the tail of a plow, or else over an anvil; but they can't do it! They are far too grand to dirty their fingers! They must wear fine cloth, and shirt collars up to their ears—be made into lawyers; learn doctoring; set themselves up as preachers, telling us we ought to do this or that; or else get behind a counter to measure off ribbon and tape! Smart work for two fisted men! Men did I say?—they ain't worth mor'n half men! If we go on at this rate, the race will run out by another generation—we shan't have nothing left but a mixture of excomb and monkey! The women, too, are no better—it is just even! They are brought up, good-for-nothing under the sun, but to put in a buffet! When I was a boy it wasn't so—the spinning-wheel stood in the kitchen, and the dye-tub in the corner! They were put to work as soon as they could walk; didn't have no nursery-maid to run after them; their mothers wasn't ashamed to tend their own babies! They could sew on a patch, and rock the cradle beside. The gals were good for something in those times, they could spin and weave wool and linen, linsey-wolsey, red and blue, and wear it too, after it was done! They could eat bean-porridge with a pewter spoon, and they were enough sate happier, and better suited, than the gals are now, with their silk gowns, their French messes, and silver-forks; yawning and moping about; silly, palefaced things, with nothing to do! SET THEM TO WORK! Set them to work! Put them at it early! Idleness is the Devil's foreman; and no chain is so strong as the iron of habit! Watts was nobody's fool, I can tell you! He knew what was what! Folks don't stand still here in this world, they are going one way or t'other. If they ain't drawing the sled up hill, they'll be sliding down! Adam was a farmer, and Eve hadn't no ‘Irish gal,’ nor ‘nigger wench,’ to wait upon her! What do these popinjays say to that? Ashamed of the old folks, I'll warrant! Adam wasn't nobody—Eve wasn't nobody they know it all!

But they can't work—they are so delicate—they are so weakly! What made them weakly? Send off your chamber-maids, your cooks your washer-women; and set your own gals about it! It made smart women of their grandmothers, and if the old blood ain't run out, they'll be good for something yet!

It used to be the fashion to be honest; if a man got in debt, he tried to pay; if he didn't public opinion set a mark upon him; but it ain't so now; he tries not to pay; he'll lie, cheat and steal; (for what better is it than stealing?) and the one that can cheat the fastest is the best fellow! It is astonishing how slippery these fellows are! Slip through the smallest holes—don't make no more of it than a weasel! Just as soon think of catching a flea napping as one of them! They drive fast teams without bit or curb; buy all they can; pay for as little as possible! pocket all they can carry; then fail; make a smash; snap their fingers at their creditors; go to Colifony, or to grass; nobody knows where; and begin again! Good gracious, if some of these fellows had lived forty years ago, they'd have clapped them in prison and shaved their heads!

## A STARTLING PROPHECY.

THE following remarkable passage was written twenty years ago by the Duke of Ragusa, Marshal of France who died not long ago at Venice. It appears in his Memoirs, published before the commencement of the Turko-Russian difficulties:

If an Anglo-French fleet passes the Dardanelles and arrives at Constantinople; if, at the same time 50,000 men of the Alliance take up their position at Adrianople the Russian squadron will retreat to Sebastopol, and will not again venture forth; if the Czar passes the Danube, and sends his army to the Balkans, he has to fight at once with the Turkish, French, and English forces, and by supposing the non-neutrality of the Court of Vienna, he is exposed to all the dangers of an Austrian army coming upon him from Transylvania.

This is a startling prophecy, even for a Marshal of France.

## CONDITION OF THE JEWS IN THE EAST.

THE war which is perhaps, at this moment, thinning the ranks of Mussulmans and Russians, acts most remarkably on the Jews of Turkey