

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## AMERICAN HUMOR.

We can only give a few verses of Hosea's "Pottery," composed in answer to the recruiting sergeant's invitation to him to "List, list, O list!" They are genuine Yankee:—

Thresh away: you'll hev to rattle  
On them kettle drums o' yourn—  
'Gainst a knowin' kind o' cattle,  
That is ke tched with mouldy corn;  
Put in stiff, you feller feller,  
Let folks see how spruce you be,—  
Gess you'll toot till you are yellor  
'Fore you git ahold of me!

Want to tackle me in, du ye?  
I expect you'll have to wait;  
When cold leads puts daylight thru ye  
You'll begin to kal'late;  
'Spose the crows wun't fall to pickin'  
All the carkins from your bones,  
Cez you helped to give a lickin'  
To them poor half-Spanish drones?

Just go home an' ask our Nancy  
Whether I'd be sech a goose  
Ez to jine ye,—guess you'd fancy  
The eternal bang was loose!  
She wants me for home consumption,  
Let alone the hay's to mow,—  
Ef you're arter folks o' gumption,  
You've a darned long row to hoe.

Take them editors that's crowin',  
Like a cockerel three months old,—  
Don't ketch any on em goin',  
Though they be so very bold;  
Aint they a prime set o' fellers?  
'Fore they think on't they will sprout,  
(Like a peach that's got the yellors),  
With the meanness bustin' out.

Hosea is a thorough peace-man, and goes the whole hog in that line, calling war murder in plain terms:

Taint your epyllets an' feathers  
Make the thing a grain more right;  
'Taint a follerin' your bell-wethors  
Will excuse ye in His sight;  
Ef you take a sword and drow it,  
An go stick a feller thru'  
Gav'ment ait to answer for it,  
God'll send the bill to you.

From Harper's Magazine for November.

## THE QUAKER'S WIFE.

In 1769, the Society of Friends comparatively was a new one, and the strictness of its members in regard to dress and manners, was quite unmodified, and remarkable even in that period of formality and decorous observances. Many, very many, good and noble hearts had lain hidden beneath the uncreased broadcloth and dove-colored silk of Friends, and so many singular things have come to my knowledge, that I am now going to tell, though it must be regarded as a deviation from the ordinary state of things in Quaker's families, will, I trust, be regarded in this light—that there is no rule, or set state of things, but there is an exception. My exception to the usual frigidity and formality of young female friends was a young girl of that sect whom I came to know, named Martha Clifton. How I came into possession of some strange passages in her life, it is not essential to tell, nor for my readers to know—suffice it that what I relate are facts, and having outlived the dear and sweet lady who is the subject of my story, as I think it interesting I mean to relate it. Among the many beautiful girls I have seen in my time, I never saw one who surpassed Martha Clifton. Somehow the rigid Quaker dress only lent added charms to her noble simplicity of beauty. You might as soon have thought of decking out one of those young Roman women (whom "Little Mary" ready about, sometimes in her history book) in furbelows and ribbons, as to wish Martha's dress any thing but just what it was. Sooth to say, our young "Friend" knew well enough how to attire herself, and to contrive that the tasteless form of her dress should be so disposed as to enhance her exquisite face and figure. Her parents occupied a large sad-looking mansion opposite our house, so that I had frequent opportunities of studying the "Quaker beauty," as our pert needle-women would call her; and I observed that her thick silks and satins, nay, even her sober camlets, were always of the most becoming colours—dove, silver gray, rich brown, or, on festive occasions, spotless maiden white.

She was but eighteen when I first began to observe her, though she looked grave and sedate enough for forty—but the snows of Etna cover fire. Inclined by her natural taste to love intensely the ideal and beautiful she was restrained from such indulgences by the cold and frigid habits of her society; still her imagination was sometimes gratified by the composition of poems which were of no mean order. Such a mind, you may be sure, stagnated amongst the formal and joyless life of Quakerism. She knew her-

self to be fair; she could scarcely help it, when every passer-by confirmed the knowledge with his admiration, and even the cool and sober "Friends" vied with each other in the endeavor to gain her love; but Martha Clifton was hard to please where love was concerned, and believed her heart to be insensible to the passion; yet the fire was but smouldering, to burst forth with increased intensity when fairly kindled.—She believed it could not be possible for her to love one of her own sect. Quakers, she used to remark, were so fond of personal comfort, that she feared their selfishness was too great ever to allow them to love any but themselves. She was mistaken though, as so many of us are, when we attempt to decide on our future course. Scarcely had she known Everard Wilson one week, when she knew that her destiny had arrived. He was a young and very handsome Quaker, who had gone in his boyhood to Philadelphia, from whence he had not long returned. Like Martha, his eager and intelligent mind soared far beyond the narrow limits of the society, but he had dared to go further than the fair "Friend" and had read worldly books extensively. It was only necessary for Martha and himself to have an opportunity of conversing, unheard by their elders to discover that they were indeed kindred souls. That discovery soon led to another namely, that their hearts also were indissolubly united; and the course of their love, the depth of which was known truly but to themselves, ran smooth enough. Martha was the only child of a wealthy house, Everard of a family high in the commercial world. When they were united, nothing that luxury—though clothed in the forms of the severest simplicity—could give, was wanting, and Martha was radiant with happiness; and in her plain garb of pure white silk, with no trimming or ornament, which she wore on her wedding-day, I think a lovelier creature could not have been seen Queen Charlotte's own court.

Yes! the fair Quakeress married, went to her new home, and for a long time I never saw nor heard any thing of her, save such odd scraps as Christiana Marbourn gleaned now and then from Ruth Clifton, Martha's grave and quiet mother (my forewoman went there now and then with some of the Brussels net, which some of the female Friends of the wealthier classes used for kerchiefs and aprons,) and that was little enough. Whenever I thought of my beautiful neighbour, it was to imagine her in the enjoyment of cloudless happiness; but I reckoned too fast. Five months after Martha's wedding-day, as I sat at the window one day at work, a plain coach drew up to Friend Clifton's door, and from it received by her father and mother, came forth Martha Wilson, oh, so changed, so wan—thin, even to meanness so that it was with difficulty I satisfied myself that this was the beautiful girl whom I had seen go from her father's house even as a bride. Still her altered appearance and her quantity of luggage convinced me that something was wrong in that Quaker ménage; for allowing Martha a plenitude of filial affection, still, from all I had heard I knew the formality and want of genial feeling in her paternal home, to be ill suited to her taste. It was along time after that I found out the truth of my surmises, and the events, which having after a few months of married life, caused a separation and return of the young wife to her parents' roof, made some commotion among the body of "Friends" connections of both parties. Martha Wilson had scarcely been settled in her own handsome and comfortable residence than she discovered that her husband was absent many hours from his home, when business she well knew had no claims on his time. Great absence of manner, too marked his conduct; still Martha was long ere she suspected that her husband's affection were no longer hers. There was not on his part less kindness, when present; but this grew a thing of such rare occurrence, that not merely her days, but her evenings were solitary. Still her mind was unawakened to jealousy, till an anonymous letter—one of those deadly firebrands in domestic estrangements—arrived one day, and informed Martha that her husband was daily in the habit of visiting a young female in an obscure street; that he was even in the habit of accompanying this woman to places of public entertainment, more especially the Opera House, where he might be seen in a certain box, dressed in the garb of the world and listening to the divine strains of Belleroni and Staffonini.

It was Martha's misfortune, that instead of taking this precious epistle to her husband, she chose rather to muse and brood over the information it contained, till her brain became fermented and her reason warped. She unhesitatingly believed the calumny. This belief was confirmed, by finding in her husband's linen-drawer a pair of soiled white gloves—things certainly not worn by any of the Society of Friends. To her jaundiced eye this was sufficient proof. The young wife assumed a coldness equal to what she felt to be her injuries. A wild thought took possession of her brain; pondered on, it became more and more tangible—what was it? Why, that she, too, would don gay clothes, visit the house of sin, and with her own eyes, behold if the husband of her choice was there, partaking with her favoured rival these worldly snares and vanities. And Martha truly thought them thus, though latitudinarian as a Quaker, still she went not to the extreme of longing after stage-plays, and such like vani-

ties and temptations. Her inner life was still pure and intellectual. If this presumed slander proved to be a truth, her fate was decided. This resolution formed, she felt impatient till it was acted on. As her maid Rachael could by no means be trusted, Martha had to undertake the difficult arrangements of this matter herself. She availed herself of the excuse that she required choice nets, to visit the house of a fashionable modiste, and requesting to speak with the principal, she ordered (not without much confusion, as she marked the smile of the dress-maker, a Frenchwoman) a suit of clothes proper to appear in at the scene of gayety, which she was now quite determined to invade. She requested that the dress and a large grey mantle, with which she meant to hide her from the eyes of her staid household, should be sent by a messenger to her house. She took good care to be in the way when it arrived, and conveyed the strange habiliments to her own apartment. That very evening she had ascertained that there was to be an opera, at which their Majesties were to be present, and she had, through the means of the foreign woman, the dressmaker, obtained a ticket, which was inclosed with the dress. She had in her own phraseology, "determined to go forth to the house of Belial" that very night. Now, in a Quaker household, such a resolution was not easy of accomplishment; but Martha had seriously resolved, and she determined to brave all. After the three o'clock dinner which, as usual now, passed in silence, Everard Wilson retired to his room and soon after went out: stung to the quick, she also went to her own apartment, locked the door, lit the candles herself, and unfolding her finery, surveyed it with any feelings but pleasurable ones. In another hour's time she looked at the time-piece, and perceived it was six o'clock. The opera began she was told, at eight. She reluctantly proceeded to clothe herself in the costly garments, in which for the first time, the only time, she would enter the world of fashion. The pale-blue sabbie, over a petticoat of the color "maidens blush," the costly Mechlin lace which adorned the robe, the gipsy-looking cloak and hood of Murrey velvet which served to adorn, not conceal this exquisite toilet, enhanced Martha's perfect beauty so greatly, that for a moment she forgot the cause of this strange metamorphosis, and gazed enchanted. The grey Cashmere went over all, and a black silk whalebone hood, and then she rang the bell, and desired her maid to bid them call a hired chair. Rachael obeyed, not without a look of surprise. Telling her woman that she should be late home, she stepped into the sedan, and the Irish chairman bore her away. The adventure was fairly commenced, it must be finished, and in a short time she would enter the temple of Apollo alone.—Yes, alone; she had forgotten till now, that even the daughters of the world usually went into public with a cavalier to attend on them; she felt the color rush into her face, as she was ushered to a seat in the pit, which then, as now was the resort of the Macaroni, and such of the citizens' wives as affected, in spite of not comprehending Italian music, a taste for this fashionable amusement. Martha could not fail in spite of her extreme perturbation, to perceive that she was an object of the general gaze, and murmurs reached her ear which made her sink into the nearest seat she could find. Not daring to look up, she bent her eyes on her fan, wishing devoutly for the Cashmere cloak which she had left behind in the sedan chair. Her great beauty and unprotected appearance, led the gentlemen around to regard her with an impertinent curiosity, and the ladies with an affected shrinking. The universal opinion being I am sorry to say in spite of her modesty, youth and timidity, that she was any thing but a woman of reputation.

Such was the predicament into which the pure, retired young Quakeress had involved herself. The opera had commenced, but she attended to nothing on the stage. Her eyes, when indeed, she mustered sufficient courage to raise them, were busily employed in making a survey of that brilliant assemblage. Suddenly her eyes dwelt on a box on the second tier, in which a young girl of exquisite beauty sat conspicuously forward. Further back, dressed *à la mode*, sat Martha's husband. "Yes, it was truth then; she was glad she was there to confront him; glad that she sat there a living witness of his shame." She gazed for some minutes on the pair. The young girl cast her brilliant eyes about the house—she seemed as if seeking some one amidst the splendid throng.

Everard on his part, appeared to be absorbed in constantly watching her, though apparently he seldom spoke. At length Martha who had gazed at this sight till her woman's heart, burning with excitement, she could bear it no longer, rose up and abruptly quitted her seat.—Some of the beaux who were lounging about, started up also, and, to her extreme mortification, she was surrounded by officers of assistance; she hardly knew what impulse caused her to take the arm of the least obtrusive, but she did so, saying in her formal phraseology (to which being accustomed, she could not, under excitement and irritation, alter to more conventional forms,) "Friend, I accept thy proffered assistance; be respectful, I entreat thee, and convey me to yonder small compartment—that one hung with scarlet, wherein thou seest that fair but shameless woman." You may guess the amazement of the votaries of Fops' Alley at

hearing this Quaker language; but though concealed and a fashionable lounge, the you addressed had still the feelings of a gentleman; so quietly clearing the way from his contemptuously-smiling companions, he said with some respect, "Depend on me, madam; you honor me by trusting me," and at a very short space of time they arrived at the box door.

(To be continued.)

From Sharp's Journal.

## A GLANCE AT THE SERBIANS.

BY MISS A. M. BIRKBECK.

THE Servians are divided, politically as well as numerically, into two almost equal parts; for, whilst in the north of Turkey they enjoy, under present circumstances, virtual independence, those dwelling within the Austrian frontier form part of a military system which they regard like as much as its originators, and whereby they are subjected to a humiliating thralldom.—As the public possess but little accurate knowledge of the Austrian Servians, we have selected them for the subject of our present sketch.

We find so early as the fifteenth century, records of Servian communities in Slavonia, bearing the name of Shokacs, and living promiscuously with the Croats, whose customs and religion they generally adopted. The mass of those Servians, however who dwell on the Austrian side of the Save and Lower Danube, and, from the time of their settlement there up to the present day, have made themselves so conspicuous by their wild and independent spirit and constant intercourse with their countrymen, beyond those border rivers, immigrated as late as the end of the seventeenth century, during the reign of Leopold I. They are the descendants of those tribes who owing to religious and political persecution, resolved to leave their home, and colonize the southern borders of the adjoining country, which having been laid waste during the protracted struggle with Turkey, were offered to their envoys on condition that they would defend them against inroads of the common enemy. The first troop of emigrants led by their patriarch Arsenius and numbering 40,000 families, crossed the Danube in the year 1688. At the news of their happy arrival and settlement, other bands followed at different times; so that the total number of the Servian population along the borders now amounts to about 800,000.

The district inhabited by them is the continuation of the great Hungarian plain, which, bounded on the west by the Lower Danube, and on the east by the Transylvanian Alps, forms the most fertile part of that country, and is known under the names of Baeska, Banat, and Symium.

The aspect of the steppes, or Pieszta is imposing. The gently undulating surface presents a boundless level, varied by few, if any of nature's charms, and with scarcely a trace of human dominion. The draw-wells, with their long poles rising against the sky at long intervals, a Csarda or a Tanya, and after a journey of a day or two, a village with its tent like houses, and double-spired church, scarcely serve to remove the impression of solitude and stillness.

During a journey across the steppes, the traveler has ample opportunity of observing the surprising fertility of the land. The soil of a rich black loam yielding, year after year, the most abundant produce. The crops scarcely ever fail; on the contrary, it sometimes happens that the finest wheat is left lying on the fields, owing to the want of hands and markets. The richness of the ground renders manuring superfluous, indeed injurious. The mildness of the climate promotes luxuriant vegetation, so that, with the exception of oranges and olives most southern products flourish. Maize stalks reach the height of a man on horseback, wheat bends to the ground under its own weight, and the melons are famed for flavor and size.—The cultivated tracts are surrounded by extensive pastures, fragrant with aromatic herbs, upon which numberless herds of half-wild cattle roam throughout the year. The intervening lakes and morasses are the resort of myriads of wild fowls, pelicans, herons, &c., which on the approach of a human being, rise in immense flocks into the air, and, like a cloud, darken for a moment the light of the sun. Thither herds of hogs and buffaloes repair in summer and find ample food and water.

Surrounded by Nature's bounties, the Servians, live mingled with Hungarians and Germans in their scattered and populous villages some of them containing nearly 20,000 inhabitants. As there is land in abundance, a village is spread over a large tract, and produces on approach, a dreary impression from the general scarcity of trees. The streets are unpaved and immensely wide, skirted by deep one-storied cottages, built of unbaked bricks and thatched with reeds or straw, with the gable ends towards the street. Beneath the two front windows is usually a rustic seat, shaded by a solitary tree, and before this stands a dunghill, the ordinary indication of a Servian dwelling. A cottage of this description is inhabited by one family only, and contains two dwelling rooms, divided by the kitchen. Beyond this come the larder, dairy, stables and the various outbuildings, for agricultural purposes; the whole enclosed by a spacious