

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Godey's Lady's Book for January.

## THE COSMETIC.

A SKETCH OF SOUTHERN LIFE.

By Pauline Forsyth.

Among the guests at the wedding, I observed the same gentleman whom I had seen talking to Henrietta in the woods. He was a small, slight man, whom one, at first glance, might call insignificant; but a few minutes' study of his face and head would remove that impression. There was upon them the mark of an extraordinary mind, of a strong will, and of a perfect, though carefully repressed, consciousness of his own power. I became very much interested in watching him, and perceiving how naturally his intellectual superiority and force of character enabled him to be the tacitly acknowledged leader in every conversation in which he took a part. His manner towards the ladies was particularly curious. There seemed to be a kind of unaccountable fascination in it, which gave to his little *te-te-tetes* with them an air of love-making, so devoted and absorbed did he seem with each one. Young as he was, and he could not have been more than twenty-three or four, he had a *blase* worldly-wise look that would have suited a man of forty, and that did not harmonize very well with a youthful recklessness and impetuosity that were now and then apparent.

He sought an introduction to me, and I could not repress a feeling of repugnance that rose involuntarily as I returned his salutation.—If politeness had permitted, I would have turned away without speaking, but in less than five minutes, I was quite charmed by his manner, so self-possessed, and yet so deferential and insinuating. His powers of conversation were remarkable, and he had a skill in flattery that, distrustful as I was of compliments and complimenters, induced me to listen to the pretty things he said to me, with a feeling of satisfaction that one person at least thoroughly appreciated me.

We did not allude to our former meeting, but when Mr Powell, for that was his name, had brought me into a general communicative mind, he began to question me about Henrietta and her illness. Henrietta had begged us not to tell the cause of her non-appearance, so that I could not satisfy his curiosity entirely; but remembering that Aunt Abby had said, "it would be two weeks before she would be fit to be seen, for her face was blistered all over," I mentioned that circumstance to Mr Powell. He seemed somewhat troubled, grieved I thought, at the prospect of not seeing her for so long; and I sympathized with him. Soon after, I saw him talking with Nannie Porter, a soft, giggling, and rather pretty girl, who had the reputation of being an heiress in a small way. He hovered around her the whole evening, and they talked in whispers in the corners of the room and in the hall. It seemed to me that he was paying her quite too much attention, considering that his heart was engaged elsewhere.

At last the wedding guests departed. I sought my room with feet so weary with dancing that they could hardly bear me thither. Henrietta was waiting to hear all the particulars of the evening's gayety, and I was sleepily relating them, when Nannie Porter entered.

"I am going to stay here to-night, girls," she said, in a hurried way. "My head aches, and I sent Bob home with the carriage, to say that I could not come till to-morrow."

We said all that was proper, and Nannie was silent for a few minutes; then she asked me for writing materials. I told her that they were all in the library, which, owing to the house being rather crowded with guests, was at present occupied as a sleeping room. She could not obtain them till the morning. She moved about the room uneasily. She seemed burdened with a secret too heavy for her powers of retention. At last it came out—

"Girls, will you never tell something I am going to tell you?"

"Of course we promised."

"Well, I am going to be married to-morrow morning."

"To whom?" asked Henrietta.

"To some one that has loved me ever so long—more than a year. We were engaged six months ago, but mamma made me break it off, and forbade him to come to see me. He went to New Orleans after that, and mamma thinks that he is there still, or she would never have let me come here without her. But I saw him here to-night, and he told me he had been ill with a brain fever in consequence of my treating him so, and that he was near dying—he says he is constantly threatened with it again, and that if I don't marry him directly, he knows he cannot live a year. He looks pale and thin, poor fellow, and I cannot help pitying him. I have promised him that I will go with him early in the morning to a minister, who lives about seven miles from here. We can be married there, and go quietly to see mamma; but I thought I would like to send a little note first."

"What is the gentleman's name?" asked Henrietta.

"Harry Powell."

"Harry Powell!" exclaimed Henrietta. "He is engaged to me. He gave me this turquoise ring, an emblem of his truth," he said.

"He gave me this emerald," said Nannie, "that I might know that hope had something yet in store for us. He wrote me some pretty verses, too, about it;" and she repeated the poetry.

"He sent those very lines to me," said Henrietta. "I have them at home now."

Nannie began to cry.

"I am sure he loves me better than any one else in the world; he has told me so a hundred times. He did say once that if I did not marry him, and he survived it, he might be induced to marry some one else from interest or necessity, but that his affections would be for ever blighted."

"But," said Henrietta, "he has been addressing me for three years, long before he saw you. I have refused him several times, for my friends did not like him at all, and each time he told me the same thing that he told you, and I confess I believed him. I will tell you something else. I promised to slip away from the house this evening, and go with him to the same minister's to which he was to take you, I presume, and for the same purpose. But for that varnish I should have been Mrs. Powell by this time, and you would have made a great escape.—I think we have rather cause for delight than sorrow."

But Nannie went on weeping, while Henrietta flung her ring into the fire.

"Who is this Mr Powell?" asked I.

He is the only son of old Judge Powell, one of the most highly respected persons in this part of the country. His father died some years ago, and left Harry a large fortune.

"Ah, I have heard of him," said I. "He gambled his property all away the first year it came into his possession. Did he not?"

"People say so," said Henrietta. "He denied it, and I never believed it till now. But now I confess, I would believe anything of him."

"It is not true," said Nannie, sobbing.

"I think," said I, after meditating a few moments, "that Mr Powell's matrimonial affairs are rather speculations than matters of feeling. You have more wealth than Nannie, so you would be his first choice; but, as there is danger that if he waits two or three weeks, your relations may find out his intentions and interfere, he will take the bird in the hand."

"To think that I should have been so blind as to believe him, and doubt all that my father and mother told me!" exclaimed Henrietta, in strong indignation against herself.

"I think, Pauline, it is shameful in you and Henrietta to talk in that way about Mr Powell. He has told me himself how all these stories originated, and there is not a word of truth in any of them."

"But how do you account for his professing so much love for you and Henrietta at the same time, and evidently more desirous to win her hand than yours; for he did not speak particularly to you till I assured him that Henrietta would be confined to her room for some time, and that her mother was coming to nurse her?"

"He thought I looked coldly on him, he said," said Nannie.

"Do you really believe that he loves you?" asked Henrietta, out of patience with her weakness.

"I know it," said Nannie, and her foot gave emphasis to her words. Her temper, naturally gentle and submissive, was evidently throwing off all control. We said nothing more for some time. At last Henrietta rose up, and turning to the weeping girl, said firmly—

"Nannie, I am sure, if you will only take a few days to think, you will feel as I do, rejoice that you are saved from a life of misery with an unprincipled man. But before I go to sleep you must promise me that you will not elope with Mr Powell to-morrow. If you do not, I shall think it my duty to rouse Colonel Percy, and let him know about it."

Nannie resisted, urged Henrietta's promise, entreated secrecy, but in vain. At last, seeing that Henrietta was about to fulfill her threat, she yielded, and gave the promise that was required of her. Henrietta and I were both young and unsuspecting, or we should not have trusted to this "lover's vow." When we woke late on a bright, sunny morning, Nannie was gone. We gave the alarm, but it was too late. Three days after, she called upon us as Mrs Powell, happy and radiant in her bridal honors, and bridal attire. She had evidently repeated to her husband some of the severe remarks we had made about him, and Henrietta and I had not spared him on that memorable evening, for, with the same tact and address with which he had paid me so many pretty compliments when it suited his purposes, he now contrived, in the most courteous manner, to make a number of caustic and bitter remarks. Every sentence he uttered to me had a sting in it, the hardest part of which to bear was, that to notice it would be the most effectual way of giving the speaker pleasure. The message he left for Henrietta with the unconscious Ellen, which she, in her ignorance, delivered with great precision, was concentrated gall and bitterness.—Nannie listened to his words with evident de-

light, and looked triumphantly at me, as if to say—"Are you still so blind as to think that he could ever have preferred Henrietta to me?" She still believed in him.

After living a few years in a style of reckless extravagance, wasting all that she brought to him in riot and dissipation, Mr Powell sank at last to his true level, that of a worthless gambler.—Even then, in poverty, neglect, and unkindness, Nannie still clung with a blind devotion to her wretched husband, and her love, that could only have been called a foolish instinct in its first madness, became elevated by its patient strength and endurance into a kind of heroic affection.

After Henrietta married and went to reside in New Orleans, she discovered, by some accident, the position and circumstance of her old friend, and many a little act of kindness and attention, for which Nannie could not account, came from Mrs. Bertram's compassionate heart. In looking over her past life, Henrietta often says, "that the greatest good fortune of her life came from the use of the only cosmetic she ever tried. It proved indeed 'a blessing in disguise'."

From Fanny Fern's Portfolio.

## WOMAN.

If a woman once errs.

Kick her down, kick her down;

If misfortune is hers,

Kick her down;

Though her tears fall like rain,

And she ne'er smiles again—

Kick her down.

If man breaks her heart,

Kick her down, kick her down;

Redouble the smart—

Kick her down.

And if low her condition,

On, on to perdition—

Kick her down,

Ay! pass her by on the other side; speak no word of encouragement to her: measure not her fall by her temperament or her temptations, but by the frigidity of your own unsolicited, pharisaical heart. Leave no door of escape open; close your homes and your hearts; crush every human feeling in her soul; teach her that the Bible and religion are a fable; check the repentant prayer on her Magdalen lip; thrust her back upon the cruel tender mercies of those who rejoice at her fall; send her forth with her branded beauty, like a blight and mildew. "Stand aside for thou art holier"—holier than the sinless, whose feet were bathed with tears, "and wiped with the hairs of the head." Cast the first stone at her, O thou whitened sepulchre! though those holy lips could say, "Neither do I condemn thee—go, and sin no more!"

## WHAT A SCOTCHMAN MAY BECOME.

At a meeting held in Edinburgh lately "to obtain justice for Scotland," Sir A. Allison, the historian related the following anecdote:—

Gentleman, one very curious thing occurred to show how Scotchmen do rise all the world over, and with this anecdote I will conclude. Marshal Keith had the command of the Austrian army, which long combatted the Turkish forces, on the Danube, under the Grand Vizier, and after a long and bloody combat the two generals came to a conference together. The Grand Vizier came mounted on a camel, with all the pomp of Eastern magnificence.

The Scotch marshal Keith, from the neighbourhood of Turiff in Aberdeenshire, at the head of the Austrian troops, had a long conference, and after the conference, the Turkish Grand Vizier said to Marshal Keith that he would like to speak a few words in private to him in his tent, and he begged that no one should accompany him. Marshal Keith accordingly went in, and the moment they entered, and when the conference in the tent was closed, the Grand Vizier threw off his turban, tore off his beard, and running to Marshal Keith said, "Ou, Johnnie, hoo's a' wi' ye, man." (Loud laughter.) And he then discovered that the Grand Vizier of Turkey was an old school companion of his own, who had disappeared thirty years before from a parish school near Methlie!

## SCRAPS.

One evening as Jonathan was leaving Sally, she intimated to him that another visit would not be unwelcome, by saying, I shall be at home next Sunday night. So shall I, by golly, was his gallant reply.

You should never let the young men kiss you, said a venerable to his pretty niece. "I know it, uncle," she returned, penitently, "and yet I try to cultivate a spirit of forgiveness, seeing that, when one has been kissed, there's no undoing it."

A Convict who was about to be sent to the House of Correction, was told that he would have to pick oakum. "Gosh!" said he, "if they set me to picking oakum, I'll tear it all to pieces."

"What do you ask for the article?" inquired Obadiah of a young Miss. "Fifteen shillings." "Aint you a little dear?" "Why," she replied, blushing, "all the young men tell me so." He came straight away.

## The Politician.

## THE BRITISH PRESS.

From the London Times.

## THE WAR.

It may be regarded as a fortunate circumstance that, upon the opening of a session of the parliament at a moment of the deepest interest to the honour and greatness of the nation, it should have devolved mainly on the leader of the Opposition to repeat that tribute of admiration and gratitude to the army which her Majesty had already so impressively uttered in the speech from the throne, and to have shown by this conspicuous example that there are no divisions among us in the resolution to carry on the war with our whole strength.—Lord Derby expressed with more than usual felicity of language that enthusiastic sentiment with which every Englishman received the intelligence of the heroic attack at the Alma and the still more heroic resistance at Inkermann.—Nothing could be more copious in oratory or more just in expression than the sentences in which he passed in review the progress of the campaign and the very glorious achievements which have already given to the army and nation the moral power of victory—nothing more touching and elevated than the closing passages of his speech, in which he appealed to the army in the name of all they had done, and all they hoped to do, for the same undaunted perseverance to the end, till their swords shall have restored the peace of Europe and vindicated the rights of the world. In this splendid eulogy on the gallantry of our troops, the fidelity of our allies, and the justice of our cause, Lord Derby will not be accused of any design to veil the shortcomings of the government, and it would rather seem that he heightened the colouring thrown over our enterprises abroad in order to cast a deeper shadow upon his political adversaries at home. Yet, though he rose to eloquence when he spoke for the nation, he sank to misrepresentation and captiousness when he fell back on the artifices of party; but, though his bitterness and hostile intentions were sufficiently manifested towards the government, the meditated attack scarcely extended beyond the minor details of military administration, which have been freely canvassed for the last six weeks by every newspaper in the kingdom.

Perhaps it is not very reasonable to expect that members who were compelled to watch the progress of the war for many months with their hands tied should now do otherwise than give vent to their reflections, and tell parliament what they have been telling their friends every day since August. We can only hope, however that criticism on the past will exhaust itself this year that at least in this preliminary session Mr. Disraeli will have fully explained the vastness of his forethought and the magnitude of his forebodings, compared with the scant vision he would ascribe to her Majesty's ministers; that Sir John Pakington will have sufficiently proved the Baltic fleet a mistake, and Odessa an emission; and that Mr. Layard will have gone through the campaign with his usual powers of historical research. When all this retrospective work shall have been done—and the speeches of both houses last night were almost exclusively retrospective—we may hope for something in the way of advice and suggestion. It really does strike us as somewhat superfluous to assure the government that this war is a great war; that Austria is in the habit of consulting her own interests, and takes time to find out in what direction they lie; that when Sebastopol is taken something else will remain to be done; that Russia is hard to be driven out of Asia, or got out in the Baltic. Such speeches remind one of the difficulties a schoolboy always finds in approaching the subject of his essay. He dives so deeply into the origins, and causes, and generalities of his theme, that he scarcely finds himself on its threshold at his fifth page of foolscap, and is then obliged to burn the antediluvian process of his composition. When, in the name of brevity and common sense, will the members of the Opposition have burnt their way through the details and fault-finding of the gone-by campaign? Gone by it is for any more help it can now receive at the hands of parliamentary critics. We have had our own say upon it, and we frankly confess that we hail the approaching new year as the time when it may be permitted to turn over a new leaf and think more of the future than the past. It is quite a relief to hand over the old year to the compilers of the "Annual Register," who, at their leisure, will inform the public what judgment posterity is likely to pronounce on its actions.

From the London Morning Herald.

To the arguments advanced in Lord Derby's admirable speech the Duke of Newcastle made in reality no reply whatever. He floundered from one matter to another without seizing upon any one point of actual import.—In order to prove that the army might have been well clad this sagacious War Minister wearied the Peers assembled in anxious urgency to hear the defence of the government, by reading the list of the articles lost in the unfortunate Prince. In the fact the Duke of New-