

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Chambers's Journal for September.

"PER ARDUA."

Not on the common road
Of life, where thousands with eyes downcast
go,
With th' unambitious crowd, return we, slow,
Unprofiting to God.

But up to the arduous steep
Whose summit crown the beautiful tree of
truth
And hope, do we, in this our stalwart youth,
Our onward journey keep

Not idly on the beach
We watch the turmoil of the tossing world—
See strong hearts sink, with bright hopes new
unfurled,
Unaided in our reach.

But on the angry deep
We earnest toil, to save from its distress
Some drowning soul, if so on earth one less
Sad hearts bereft may weep.

Not, cowards, from the fight
Of the torn peoples will we hang back;
Nor in the strife our arms to strike be
slack
For mankind's God-given Right.

But where the spoiler's brand
Sweeps widest, where his heart out-trampling
heel
Is firmest set, where Freedom's banners reel—
There will we take our stand.

Not in the blotted book
Of man's false life, where fashion, prejudice,
And selfish greed, have writ their cursed lies,
May we unscorning look.

But by the rays that dart
From Truth's lamp, gain we from the unread
soul
Its wondrous lore, and strive to read the scroll,
Of man's mysterious heart.

We would not write on sand
Our names, that when we tread the quays of
Time
No more, no manly deed, or thankful rhyme
Shall mark where now we stand.

But we will labor now,
That when we pass to the far Resting-haven,
Our not unuseful lives may be engraven
On a world's grateful brow.

From Godey's Lady's Book for November.

AUNT SOPHIE'S VISITS.

BY LUCY N. GODEFREY.

It was early spring. Nellie Moreton had been the happy wife of Edward Laselle two brief, glad months. In her native village, every one had loved Nellie; and, since her arrival in P.—, very many complimentary epithets had been applied to the sweet young bride; but I am not thinking to tell you of her loveable qualities.

On the particular day upon which I introduce them to the reader's notice, Mrs. Sophie Laselle was visiting the young couple. She had arrived the evening before; and Edward was altogether too much at his ease to allow gallantry to prevent his throwing himself upon the sofa, as usual, when they returned to the library from dinner. Nellie, too, after moving an easy-chair into a pleasant position for her aunt, took her accustomed seat upon a low stool near his head. Conversation was scarcely interrupted by these movements, for Mrs. Laselle was a great favorite with the young people; and, besides, she had just come from their native village, in whose affairs they still felt a lively interest. Suddenly, Nellie exclaimed: "Oh, Edward, the elegant tea-rose I brought from home is in full bloom! It is perfectly beautiful; but you shall see it for yourself, for it will give us more pleasure in the house than in the conservatory." A quick, quiet pressure of her lips to his, and she bounded away.

A little while after, Mrs. Laselle called Edward's attention to her, as she returned slowly through the garden, half hidden by the beautiful shrub she was carrying.

"Ah, that pot of mould is too heavy for her!" he remarked.

"Yes, indeed, it is. Could you not assist her?"

"She is almost here. It would not be worth while." And he sank back upon the cushions with a lazy air. An instant later, however, when Nellie came in with her blooming burden, he sprang to his feet, saying: "Nellie, that was too heavy for you. You should have asked me to bring it."

"Would it have been any more than gallant for you to offer your service?" Mrs. Laselle quietly asked.

"He knew well enough I would not let him go," Nellie rejoined. "I should have brought it in before he came to dinner, if he had not talked so busily that I forgot it."

She was answered by another of Aunt Sophie's expressive questions: "Are you really so selfish, Nellie?"

Edward was not quite so much surprised by the question as to forget to defend his wife from the implied reproach; and he fancied that he established her claim to be considered a model of self-forgetfulness.

After Edward left them, Nellie drew her stool to the side of Mrs. Laselle, and said: "Dear Aunt, you spoke so seriously, I am sure you have noticed something wrong in my conduct. Please point it out to me, that I may correct myself."

Passing her hand caressingly over the head of Nellie, she replied: "Yes, dear, I was serious when I called you selfish; and all Edward's earnest praise of your evident consideration for others did not alter my opinion; though I could heartily agree with him so far as he went."

"But, aunt, I do not understand you.—Tell me when I have been selfish; not certainly when I brought Beauty in, for it was all I could lift."

"Yes, then, and some half dozen other times, since my arrival last night. Let me enumerate. You said you had been returning calls all the afternoon, and were unusually tired; yet when Edward came home, you ran to your chamber for his dressing gown and slippers, rolled his chair near the fire, handed him his paper; and when he, after lazily glancing over it, threw it full size upon the carpet, you folded it as quietly as though it were your appointed duty. When, upon my casually inquiring the hour, you found the mantle clock had run down, and went to the kitchen to see, without even thinking of the watch in your husband's pocket. Again, this morning—"

"Oh, Aunt Sophie, pray stop! If you have been watching every little thing I have done for Edward, I don't care to hear the list. If I did not know you so well, I should be entirely out of patience with you."

"And, if I did not know you so well, Nellie, and Edward too, I should not so much fear the consequences of your thoughtlessness. Very rarely is there danger of one's injuring others by self-forgetfulness; but, for you, there is this danger. Virtues, carried to excess, become failings, and, as such, bring punishment in their train. Your constant, unselfish consideration for others has won you many friends in general society; but your never ceasing to yield your wishes to Edward's is the same kind of self-indulgence which we sometimes see in mothers when they gratify every whim of their little ones from a dislike to giving pain to those dearer to them than life."

"I can see no kind of similarity in the cases; and Edward certainly is not a child, to be made wilful and disobedient."

"No; he is not a child; but you will find him very easily influenced when your power exceeds his natural inclinations. You love him better than yourself; hence you really prefer to yield to him, that he may be the happier. He is naturally a little disposed to indolence; and you are strengthening that disposition. Were he as active as yourself, things would right themselves by and by; but now you must learn that the truest love seeks the highest moral good of the loved one, without shrinking from sacrificing his present pleasure to his future advantage. So it is in the parental relation; so it must be between husband and wife. You did not marry Edward to indulge his every whim and passion. Such a union would lower both parties. You must seek to ennoble yourself and him. Should you do so, were you to make him unconsciously selfish? Indeed, you would not; nor would he love you better. Mankind love those best for whom they do most—not those from whom they receive most."

"I think I understand you, aunt; but I do not see how I can do otherwise than I have done. I am sure I cannot sit quietly when Edward comes in, and let him wait upon himself. I should not seem glad to see him."

"Did Miss Nellie Moreton always meet Mr. Laselle with similar demonstrations of pleasure three months ago?" roguishly queried Mrs. Laselle.

Nellie laughed outright as she shook her head.

"Then, of course, she was not glad to see him."

"Oh, aunt, you are such a perfect tease! But there is no use in explaining that matter to you."

"No, Nellie; I understand it perfectly. I referred to it that you might see that it is possible for you to welcome your husband without making him downright lazy, as I am certain your present conduct, continued, would do. I do not object to your running for him, occasionally, as eagerly as your kind feeling will dictate; only be guided by principle, and remember that indulging him in careless indolence will bring punishment to both, besides depriving him of a source of happiness which is fruitful to you."

"I will try, Aunt Sophie. Still, I think you called my fault by too hard a name. Have I been worse than thoughtless?"

"Perhaps not, Nellie; but, through severe suffering, I was led to condemn myself for very similar conduct. Madam de Stael read

human nature before she wrote—"When one suffers, one easily persuades himself that he is guilty; and deep grief carries trouble even to conscience." I commenced married life as you have done; and I met such punishment that I pronounced myself selfish."

"And that made you warn me so seriously. I am sure I thank you; and, if you will please tell me about your trial, I shall be more likely to profit by your lesson."

"Perhaps you will; and I will try to gratify you. I now look back upon those years through so long a vista of joys and sorrows, that I can almost view myself as another person."

"We were married upon my eighteenth birthday, a few months more than thirty years ago. Your Uncle Charles was just Edward's present age, twenty-two; and rarely have I seen uncle and nephew more alike in personal appearance and character. You can easily believe that I was proud of my husband, that I thought him everything that was good and noble, and that his happiness was almost my highest aim. I sought that happiness as you have done, by ministering each day to his then present pleasure."

"For five years, we were very happy. During that time, he had scarcely done so much at home as to hang up a coat for himself; and it was latterly only at long intervals that he had offered me any of those little attentions which are as 'rivets in the chain of affection.' So gradual had been the change, that I had hardly noticed it. If I ever ventured to say that I had almost expected some little pleasure at his hands, his ready reply was: 'Why, darling, if you wished me to do this for you, you should have asked me. You know I will do anything in the world for you if you will only ask; but that which is not worth the asking is not worth having.' And I quietly acquiesced."

"What could I say? I knew that there are a thousand little delicate attentions, of priceless value, as showing that a loved one regards our happiness, which become worthless when they are gained by asking. I knew this, and therefore I strove the more that he should never feel the want of these attentions."

"I was happy. I knew that Charles loved me, for he told me that often enough. Time and again, when I returned to the sitting room, after putting our little one in bed, weary and almost dispirited have I sat by his side, while he lay upon the sofa, and soothed me with pet names. He was well and strong; but neither of us ever thought of his giving up his place upon the sofa to me under any circumstances. He was very kind. He never went in general society, unless I could go with him. He usually spent his evenings with me. I read to him, or played chess or backgammon with him, whenever he chose. If we were invited out he dictated the answer; and I went for his pleasure so much, that I never thought to go for my own. He bought books and pictures; but I never felt at liberty to spend a dime for such purposes. No matter if I had tastes which did not wholly coincide with his; I knew that he spent all that we could afford for such articles. He was not selfish; he was only thoughtless. He never thought that I should have selected different books for our shelves. He would have been surprised could he have learned how very often I checked my wishes by the thought of necessary economy. I had all I asked; and his theory was—"If anything is not worth the asking, it is not worth having." He never imagined that a woman often has many a debate between duty and inclination before she asks. He could never understand the fear of giving him pain by making it necessary for him to refuse me a request, or, perhaps, the more reasonable one of his gratifying me beyond his means. I never thought of these things then. My thoughts were wholly occupied by my own duties. When they reverted to my husband, it was to think of his superiority to other men. He was inclined to be a little thoughtless, I may have sometimes acknowledged to myself; but he was always so sorry when he found he had wounded my feelings, and so affectionate, that I could hardly wish him to improve. So it was so long as I was well, and able to meet his many wants."

"Little Willie had the scarlet fever when he was about two years old. We had then been married five years. I could not trust my darling to hired nurses. I therefore took the whole care of him myself. His father was very kind. He was full of anxiety for our boy, came often to the sick-room, and constantly expressed his fear that I should be overdone. That he could take the child, much as he loved it, when it could not play with him, was not to be expected. I am sure I did not think of it. I knew it would be hard work for him. His sympathy did me much good; but, alas, it did not prevent my strength's failing me! Willie was nearly well; and I was more nearly sick; but the weather was so cold that I did not yet think it prudent to let the fire go out at night; nor had Charles ventured to risk being disturbed by sleeping in our room. At my request, he had made it his business to bring in our wood for us at night, because the stove was very small; and the boy invariably brought that which was too long. Unfortunately, he was thoughtless; and one bitter cold night I was so foolish as to go to the shed. I came in

chilled; and, consequently, within twenty-four hours, the physician pronounced a run of lung fever inevitable.

(To be continued.)

THE OLD GUARD.

THE world never witnessed anything more indomitable than Napoleon and that Old Guard; the earth never shook under anything than their tread, and the eye of man never gazed on more terrific scenes than they had moved amid unappalled, yet here at the least they were melted to tears. It was a scene to touch the hardest heart, and the allied officers who had been sent to accompany Napoleon at his departure could not repress their emotion in witnessing it. A hundred fields of fame seemed to look down on them there—great remembrances clustered round them.—From the dazzling splendour of the Pyramid—from the Alps, the Pyrenees, from Italy, from the Rhine, the Danube, and the Niemen, the eye turned to that last adieu scarcely convinced that was the end of it all. Fontainebleau was deserted, and the Old Guard took up its march for Paris. In the imposing pageants the allied sovereigns kept up in the capital it too was compelled to make a part, and was seen side by side with the Russian, Prussian, and Austrian guards. Yet even here the veterans bore the same undaunted aspect, and looked more like conquerors than conquered. Their masters, but not their victors, were about them. They might assume the relation of conquerors, but never on the field of battle had they earned the right to do so. In the very last struggle which ended in the overthrow of the empire, not once had they been beaten, while before their charge the firmest ranks of their foes had been shivered into fragments. The very last time they had moved with levelled bayonets on the enemy, they had trampled them under foot; and why should they feel like vanquished men? It was this very consciousness of never having been beaten, and the firm belief they could not be, that made the position they were compelled to occupy so hateful, and gave them a sternness of expression and haughtiness of bearing that attracted every beholder. With the same steady step they had made Europe tremble, they defiled before their new masters, while their sullen aspects and scornful looks gave rise to many dark suspicions and secret fears. Fields of slaughter rose one after another in dark succession as they passed, telling of deeds of valour undreamed of before.—*History of the Old Guard.*

EASTERN AFRICA.

THE buffaloes abound all over this district, and are formidable animals to encounter in a herd. Wild animals, also, of almost every description, infest this part, making it dangerous in the extreme, and compelling the traveller and his guides to be ever on the *qui vive* lest they should stumble on the tiger in his lair, or the buffalo hidden in the fastness of the surrounding jungle. Venomous reptiles, and insects of various denominations, are to be found; and the serpent, "moving its slow length along," may be seen frequently in the line of the traveller's progress. The boa-constrictor, the monster of the serpent species, is a native of these regions; and the cobra-capella, the formidable snake of Africa, whose bite is fatal to human life, frequents the base of the mountains, and is the terror of the natives; while the puff-adder, another member of this venomous tribe, may be met with in the thickets and jungles. The smaller species of reptiles, also, are numerous; the tarantala, and other spiders, whose bite is so powerful as to occasion a temporary paralysis, or even death, have been found in the immediate vicinity of the native hut. Instances of fatal effects from insects are not wanting to prove their existence. Mr. Thompson speaks of a case in his valuable detail, and said, "I was told of a woman who had been recently bit by a very small spider in the toe, and had, in consequence, fallen into convulsions, and died in a few hours." Serpents of even the length of forty feet have been spoken of by the natives, which had swallowed the antelope, and have attacked the wild animal in his range; but I never came near any of such a prodigious size. The natives are impressed with a belief, that in the dark recesses of the rocks, or in the chasms and interstices of the mountains, reptiles of the most dangerous species are to be found, which appear when the spirit calls them forth, or, from instinct, leave their abodes, to inhale the pure air, and attack man for food. The iguana is common, but quite harmless. Scorpions and centipedes are general; but they do not excite the apprehension like the larger species of reptiles.—*Isaacs.*

THE PHYSIOLOGY OF DROWNING.

If a small animal be immersed in water in a transparent glass vessel, the phenomena of drowning are readily observable. There is first a deep expiration by which bubbles of air are expelled from the lungs. There is then an effort to inspire; but the effort is ineffectual, there being no air which can be received into the lungs; and a spasm of the muscles seems to prevent the admission of water in any considerable quantity into the trachea. The