

Literature, &c.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MAGAZINES.

From Chambers's Journal.

THE GARLAND OF WILD FLOWERS.

BY RUTH BUCK.

These be simple flowers, lady,
That I have culled for you;
For in no lordly garden
Or gay parterre they grew;
But on the dewy field-bank,
Where the poorest child may roam,
And fill its lap with treasures,
To bear exulting home.

Any little country maiden
Can call you these by name;
I cannot bring you rarer,
Since no foot of ground I claim;
But wide and rich is the domain
I share with millions more;
Old England's meads and cornfields
The gardens of her poor.

For while man 'sows the staff of life,'
Unseen, a higher hand
Is sowing gems of beauty
To gladden all the land.
The farmer calls them worthless weeds;
But He sends sun and rain,
Till many-hued they blossom
Amongst the golden rain.

So do not scorn them, lady,
These humble, God-sown flowers—
Oh! they were lovely once to you
In childhood's guileless hours—
So rather humbly join in praise
To Him who thus has given,
To rich and poor alike, a boon
Of beauty straight from heaven.

From Godey's Lady's Book for September.

HEEL AND TOE.

BY VIRGINIA DE FORREST.

In a little village in New England, in a pretty cottage situated on the very skirts of the village, there lived, at the time my story opens, an old lady with her grandchild. They were then the only occupants of the cottage; though sometimes the son of the old lady, and uncle of the little girl, came from the city where he resided to pay them a short visit, times which were looked forward to with delight by all three concerned. The old lady was called Dame Grant by the villagers—Granny by her little charge. The little one, a quiet, reserved child, was named for her mother, Dame Grant's daughter, who, dying, had left her orphan child in the care of the one who had been her first and last friend. Poor Mary Grant! married, at seventeen, to a fine, handsome youth, the pride of the village, she died, at twenty-two, a drunkard's widow, after watching her husband's downward course until his death left her broken-hearted. Little Mary was, at her mother's death, three years old, and from that time until the day on which our story opens, had known no other care than that of her grandmother, and sometimes her Uncle Harry. I wish to place two pictures before my reader before I come to my story: First, the bedroom of the little cottage, Granny Grant seated in a high-backed, old-fashioned chair, with Mary leaning against her; while the old dame, encircling the little child in her arms, is teaching her the mysteries of knitting a stocking, with these words: "Now, Molly dear, when you can knit a pair all by yourself, I will pay you for them just what I receive for mine—two shillings; and you can go on knitting until you earn enough to buy some more books; and Uncle Harry will send them to you from the city."

"Oh, Granny! do you think I can ever earn enough to buy that book teacher told us about to-day, all about the foreign countries I am learning about in the Geography?"

"All depends upon your own industry. You are doing nicely at school; but there are many books you would like to read that I cannot afford to buy you; and you must try to earn them yourself. But see, your eyes are not on this stocking. Remember, all your money must come from paying attention to 'heel and toe.'"

Another picture; in the drawing-room of a large mansion in the heart of the village, the "great house" of the place, is another little girl just Mary's age. She is a beautiful child, with bright blue eyes, golden curls, and a pretty sylph-like figure. On one of the crimson-covered sofas in the room is reclining a pale, languid-looking lady, watching the little girl and her dancing master. The child is taking her dancing lesson, but seems more inclined to *chasse* according to her own notions, than to follow in the steps her master is taking.

"Effie," says her mother, the lady on the sofa, do pay more attention to your steps. If you dance to please Monsieur Pierre, by the time I go to the city again, I will buy you that lovely blue dress you wanted so much."

"Oh, mamma! won't I look pretty in it? Blue is so becoming to a fair complexion!—You promise, mamma?"

"Yes; but remember, pay particular attention to Monsieur Pierre. You are dancing on your own method now; and you will only earn your dress by following his system of 'heel and toe.'"

Excited as much as it was in her nature to be by the prospect of earning books for herself, Mary bent over her knitting, building fair castles in the air, and hoping for the time when, by dint of study and reading, she should know as much as her teacher, Esther Little, a pale, quiet girl, who undertook to train the little girls of the village in their studies. Mary was her favorite among the pupils. The eagerness of the little girl to learn everything, her attention to the studies appointed her, and her quick intelligence were each a charm in the eyes of her gentle teacher, and many a lesson was imparted by conversation when, delighted by an invitation to tea, Mary sat at her teacher's feet, listening to her instructions.

Year after year passed on; and again we visit the little village. There have been many changes. Granny Grant lies in the churchyard beside her daughter. Mary is the sole occupant of the cottage, and, at the age of eighteen, is now, by Esther's desire, on her wedding day, installed as mistress of the village school. It was from the day when her interest in knitting was so strongly excited that Mary dated her growth in knowledge. Shilling after shilling was placed in her little box, kept safe in Granny's drawer; and book after book was added to her stock; while Esther, strongly interested by the child's thirst for knowledge, encouraged and aided her, and even gave her private lessons in French and drawing, which were well repaid by Mary's rapid progress in both accomplishments. From knitting for Granny, she had learned to knit fancy articles, for which her uncle gained a good price at a fancy store in the city; and many a wealthy lady's baby put its tiny foot into one of Mary's fairy-like white socks, or its fingers into the pretty mittens knit by her busy fingers. She was particularly fond of this kind of needlework, because, with a piece of knitting in her hand, she was still able to con her lessons, book before her. After the school was entrusted to her care, far from considering her education finished, in the desire to do fully her duty by the children under her, she applied herself closely still, in her leisure hours, to her books, and might be seen at the little window of the cottage, after her day's duties were over, her head bent over her books, and her fingers swiftly plying the knitting-needles. The little cottage was a miracle of neatness, for Granny's desire had been to make the little maiden thoroughly useful in her station; and no house was cleaner, no wardrobe in better order than Mary Snyder's.

One day, there was a gay party starting for a ride from the "great house." First, mounted on a white horse, her blue habit and white-plumed hat setting off her blonde beauty to the best advantage, was Effie Fisher, the child of the house, and the belle of the village. Her education had been finished as it was begun—a perfect dancer, a brilliant performer on the piano-forte, a fine rider, and an accomplished flirt. She had, to attain perfection in these four arts, neglected all more solid pursuits, and was, at eighteen, as giddy, empty-headed, and silly a beauty as could be found. By her side rode Roland Rivers, a tall, handsome man, of about thirty, rich, accomplished, and intelligent, and, as Effie's mamma told her, "a decided catch." "Do your best to make a conquest there," said the affectionate parent, "for such a chance will not fall in your way EVERY day. And do, Effie, try to talk sensibly, for he is particularly fond of intelligent young ladies." The rest of the party consisted of Effie's brother George, with Miss Harding, a brunette, who shared the honors of belleship with Effie. Some other young people of the village, with whom we have no particular interest, made up the party.

There was a beautiful brook running along about a hundred yards from Mary's cottage, and on one side of it a large tree grew. As it was back of the cottage, in a retired place, Mary often took her book and work, and, seated on a large stone at the foot of the tree, passed many a pleasant afternoon.

The riding party started in high spirits; and it was near sunset when they turned their horses' heads homewards. Then, as they lived in different parts of the village, one after another fell off, until Effie and Roland were left alone.

"What a pretty cottage!" cried the young man, as they drew near a tiny vine-covered dwelling. "Look, Miss Fisher; is it not like a fairy dwelling-place, all covered as it is, with climbing roses and honeysuckles? Who lives there?"

"Only the village school ma'am," said Effie.

"Pretty? She must be to suit the dwelling, and tasty, too, I know, by the appearance of that little garden. Can we not frame an excuse to stop here a moment? You have had a long ride, Miss Fisher. I am sure a glass of water would refresh you. I will call out the charming occupant of this beautiful place."

"Charming?" said Effie, with a sarcastic laugh—"charming? a little, demure-looking

piece, dressed in the fashion of ten years ago, with hands and feet like a washerwoman's."

Roland insisted upon seeing this individual, declaring he was enchanted by Effie's description, and, dismounting, he knocked at the door. No answer. He knocked again, and then pushed it open. The room, parlor of the cottage, into which he stepped, was empty. He walked to the back window, looked out, and then stepped to the back door, and looked again. Seated under a tree, with a brook between her and the house, was a young girl. Her white dress was cut low, showing a beautiful neck, and a round white arm, finished by a very pretty hand with delicate tapering fingers. Her soft brown hair was parted simply from her broad white forehead, and made into a rich knot behind. Her complexion was fair, but pale; and her features delicate. Hearing Roland's step, she raised a pair of large brown eyes, and, with quiet grace, crossed the little bridge, and stood ready to do the honors of the cottage.

After a graceful apology for his intrusion, Roland obtained the glass of water, and returned to Effie, who was, with some difficulty, persuaded to dismount, and rest a few moments in the cottage.

Mary's quiet, but perfectly ladylike manners, showed to great advantage besides the haughty, supercilious manner Effie thought fit to assume to the village school-mistress. Roland's quick eye detected a volume of Racine in the book Mary brought in from her seat beneath the tree. He soon entered into conversation with his fair hostess; and poor Effie found herself far behind in the animated discussion of books and arts which followed. At length, to her great relief, they were mounted and on their way homewards.

"Mamma," said Effie, about a week after the day just mentioned, "Roland Rivers has fallen in love with Mary Snyder."

"Nonsense!" was the answer.

"But it is not nonsense. He would stop there the day we rode out; and the artful piece just made love to him as decidedly as you ever saw anything done in your life. They talked about books, and drawing, and the pictures he had seen in Italy; and at last she made him promise to bring his portfolio, and show her the sketches he made in Europe."

"Made him promise? How?"

"Well, she didn't exactly make him, but he offered, just out of politeness; and she took him right up; so he had to go; and, worse than that she has had him there every evening since.—Just as long as that girl stays in the village, he won't come near me, I know. The idea of being out out by such a demure-looking, plain little idiot—that's what provokes me. A girl that spends her time knitting farmers' stockings, and teaching dirty little brats of children, to come in between me and my lover, for he was my lover before he saw her."

"Effie, I have it; we'll turn her out of the school. Your father is at the head of the school committee; and he is the richest man in the place; so the others won't like to offend him. I'll have her out."

Next morning, Mary received notice that, as her quarter was nearly finished, her services would be no longer required at the school. The same morning came an invitation from her uncle to pay him and his wife a visit in the vacation. Childless themselves, they often sent for Mary to come to them when she could escape from her school duties. Her resolve was immediately taken. She would go to the city; and perhaps her uncle could find her some work by which she could gain a living. With many a heart-pang, she shut up the little cottage, packed her trunk, and sat down in the parlor, now all darkened except one window, to wait for the stage.

She was sitting weeping when a knock at the door aroused her. On opening it, she found Roland. Explanations followed; and Roland asked her something, to which came the reply: "But, Mr Rivers, I have only known you a week."

"Long enough for me to learn to love you; but you are right; it is too soon. Go to uncle; but promise to answer my letters; and, when I come to claim my bride, unless you find out that I am VERY undeserving, will you be my wife?"

One year after this, Roland Rivers and Mary Snyder were married in the village church.

"Roland," said his bride, "I bless the day when my grandmother first stimulated me to exert myself by revealing the mysteries of 'heel and toe.'"

"Mother," cried Effie, bursting into her mother's room the same day, "Roland Rivers has married Mary Snyder; and all this year that I have fancied her safe out of the way, she has been corresponding with him. It was her fine education that won him, I know. Oh, mother! why did I not try to learn something besides that senseless 'heel and toe'?"

COSTUME IN EGYPT.

It is difficult (writes the author of "Boat Life in Nubia") to say what constitutes poverty in Egypt. We should say, were they in America, or in Europe, that the large mass of inhabitants were in squalid, abject, hopeless poverty.

But on examination they seem fat, and certainly far happier than the lower classes of any other nation I have seen, and this when (I speak literally now) the poverty of the most degraded, begging out-cast in New York, would be positive wealth to them here. One solitary ragged shirt is the sole property, the entire furniture estate and expectancy, of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the inhabitants of Egypt in the cities of Alexandria and Cairo. A man and his wife, or his two or more wives, will possess a shirt to each, and a straw-mat, old, worn and muddy, and have no other possession on earth except naked children without a rag of clothing. Nakedness is no shame here. Children up to 10 and 12 years of age go about the streets with either one ragged, filthy cloth wound around them, or, as frequently, entirely naked. Groups of ten or a dozen play in the sunshine here and there, without a rag of covering from head to foot. The older people are scarcely more clad. A single long blue shirt suffices for a woman of any ordinary class. It is open in front to the waist, and reaches below the knees. A piece of the same cloth, by way of a veil around the head, is the substitute for the elegant head coverings of wealthy classes. The upper part of the body is, of course, entirely exposed, and no one seems to think of covering the breast from the sun, wind or eyes. The face is usually hidden by the cloth held in the hand, while the entire body is exposed without the slightest attention to decency. Not unfrequently when the woman has not the extra covering for her head, she will seize and lift her solitary garment to hide her features, thereby leaving her person uncovered, it being in her view a shame only to exhibit her face.

THE WITCHERY OF EYES.

In favour of witchcraft there has been started a very beautiful theory. It places in the eye all the phenomena of witchcraft, particularly of that branch called fascination. It is certain that the eye has always been esteemed the chief seat, or rather organ, of witchcraft; though, by most, without knowing the eye; but how was not dreamed of. Thus the phrase, 'to have an evil eye,' is equivalent to being a witch. The eyes of old, bilious persons, being depraved and irritated by a vicious habitude of body, are thereby rendered more penetrating and malignant. Such is the outline of the precious theory: but to all this theory, we beg it may be known unto all men, that we acknowledge no witchery whatever in any eyes but in those of a beautiful young woman. There lies the real magic the true talisman, the fascination, which attracts, seizes upon, and makes us resistless as new-born babes. A bilious eye, indeed! True, the stronger animals may have this power over the timid ones. A snake may by its look, cause a mouse or a bird to walk complacently down its throat; for so we read. The eye of a setting dog confounds the simple and unwary partridge. But we will have nothing to do with the philosophy of a bilious eye operating towards witchcraft in the ancient human race; for wiches were, in general, old beldames, whose poverty marked them out for persecution. It would have been far more reasonable to have founded more serious complaints against those young and bewitching eyes which have lured the wisest of men to their very destruction, in all ages and in all places; and more so, as the witchery, was so pleasing as to last as long as the said eyes sparkled with the true Promethean fire.—Jefferson.

A POPULAR DELUSION.

It is an error to suppose that a man belongs to himself. No man does. He belongs to his wife, or his children, or his relations, or his creditors, or to society in some form or other. It is for their special good and behalf that he lives and works, and they kindly allow him to retain a certain percentage of his gains to administer to his own pleasures or wants. He has his body and that is all, and even for that he is answerable to society. In short, society is the master and man is the servant; and it is entirely according as society proves a good or bad master, whether he turns out a bad or a good servant.

THE GULF STREAM.

THERE is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its bank and its bottom are of cold water, while its current are of warm. The gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater. Its waters, as far out from the Gulf as the Carolina coasts, are of an indigo blue. They are so distinctly marked, that it is traced by the eye. Often one half of the vessel may be perceived floating in gulf-stream water, while the other half is in the common water of the sea; so sharp is the line and want of affinity between those waters; and such too, the reluctance, so to speak, on the part of those of the Gulf Stream to mingle with the common water of the sea.—Lieut. Meury.