

a handsome one. There is a sad struggle, we do believe, when a rich old gentleman rivals a poor young handsome fellow. But money generally bears the palm, and the carriage and horses, the livery servants, the rich dresses, drawing rooms and boudoirs, are found to be even more powerful in reaching the heart of woman than raven locks, black eyes, oval face, short upper-lip, and broad shoulders. Nor can we blame the frail one. In rustic times, or in rustic localities, the poverty of the poets, if there be such a poverty, may be very tolerable and even comfortable; but the common-place poverty of modern times, is really one of the greatest of evils; so very great that the heart even demands the sacrifice of the affections, in order to escape from it.

But how does it happen that so many young women rush into marriage with young men of doubtful reputation and precarious circumstances, and all at once from gay and happy girls transform themselves into pale, disconsolate, and miserable wives? How often do we see such victims of the tenderest of passions walking alongside of some drunken, untidy, seedy-looking wretch, with hanging head and rueful look—how often, we say, do we see such victims of tenderness nagging their deaf and insensitive husbands in the street, telling them they ought to be ashamed of themselves, and that they are no men at all, and going through all the other cant phrases usually employed by the injured sex, to no purpose whatever, except to bring forth a growl or an oath from the satiated lover, who now hates the fair creature who a few months ago was the idol of his affections. Was she deceived, or did she marry him with her eyes open, in the vain expectation of being able to cure the evil after the gordian knot was tied? Too often the latter—a fatal delusion! Let all women beware of a drunken lover—a lover that even shows a foolish predilection for drunken or low society and pot-house companions. For the passion is almost certain to strengthen, rather than weaken, after marriage, when ruin is inevitable. This is moral deformity, and however black his eyes, however raven his locks, however short his upper lip and broad his shoulders, avoid the snare which is laid for your happiness, and run for your life. It is better to marry an ugly man with one eye and one ear and three or four teeth, but possessed of prudence and self-respect, of good moral principles and domestic habits, than run the risk of being yoked to a swell or a sensualist, who may bring you down at last along with himself into a London rookery. Never forget that beauty of character is the first of all beauty in man and woman, and is especially valuable in man, upon whom depends the preservation of the rank and respectability of the household.

Beauty we believe to be a snare to both sexes. It is a delusion; it is not understood, for when our eyes are opened we find we were mistaken. The Prince of Silesia, a few years ago, was ready to abandon his faith for a woman; he was married by a Lutheran and denounced by his Bishop. He went to Rome as a supplicant, and fell on his knees at the feet of his Holiness. His Holiness yielded and the marriage was confirmed. In two years he was disgusted with his wife and wanted another. The archbishop refused, and excommunicated the changeling. Was it real beauty that he loved, or was it a phantom? A phantom it all is, that is not based upon moral principle. Material beauty is the real phantom, and spiritual beauty is the solid reality.

The story of this prince is that of thousands of both sexes, who, like fishes, are allured by a false bait and caught in an evil hour, mistaking the material beauty for the real, and expecting to find in brute matter what nothing but the living spirit can afford. The beauty of both sexes is within. The outside is a mask, which it requires considerable skill to penetrate, but once seen through it can no more be seen, and the first impression is lost for ever. Then beauty often changes to deformity, and deformity to beauty; plainness of counte-

nance acquires new and mysterious charms, which were formerly invisible; the veil is torn from our eyes, and we experience another of Nature's tricks, by which she leads us from one envelope to another, till at last she opens the innermost of all, and then discovers gold or ashes.

THE FACULTY OF LAUGHTER.

Oh, glorious laughter! Thou man-loving spirit, that for a time dost take the burden from the weary back; that dost lay salve to the feet, bruised and cut by the flints and shards; that takes blood-baking melancholy by the nose and makes it grin despite itself; that all the sorrows of the past, the doubts of the future, confoundest in the joy of the present; that makest man truly philosophic, conqueror of himself and care! What was talked of as the golden chain of Jove, was nothing but a succession of laughs—a chromatic scale of merriment that reaches from earth to Olympus. It is not true that Prometheus stole the fire, but the laughter, of the gods, to deify our clay, and in abundance of our merriment to make us reasonable creatures. Have you ever considered what man would be, destitute of the ennobling faculty of laughter? Laughter is to the face of man what synovia, I think (says Douglas Jerrold) anatomists call it, is to his joints; it oils, lubricates, and makes the human countenance divine. Without it our faces would have been rigid, hyena-like; the iniquities of our hearts, with no sweet antidote to work upon them, would have made the faces of the best among us a horrid, dusky thing, with two sullen, hungry, cruel lights at the top—for foreheads would then have gone out of fashion—and a cavernous hole below the nose. Think of a babe without laughter—as it is its first intelligence. The creature shows the divinity of its origin and end, by smiling upon us. Yes, smiles are its first talk with the world—smiles the first answer that it understands. And then, as worldly wisdom comes upon the little thing, it crows, it chuckles, it grins, and shakes its nurse's arms, or, in wagging humor, playing bo-peep with the breast, it reveals its high destiny, declares to him with ears to hear, the heirdom of its immortality. Let materialists blaspheme as gingerly and acutely as they will. They must find confusion in laughter. Man may take triumph, and stand upon his broad grins; for he looks around the world, and his innermost soul, sweetly tickled with the knowledge, tells him that he of all creatures laughs. Imagine, if you can, a laughing fish. Let man, then, send a loud ha! ha! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege.

WE ARE BROTHERS.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

I.

We are brothers, we are brothers,
To one goal our footsteps tend;
Then as through Life's paths we wander,
Let us be each other's friend.
What though tempests dark assail us?
What though thorns infest our path?
Our brave hearts will never fail us,—
Heedless of the tempest's wrath.

II.

We are brothers, we are brothers—
Wanderers in this world of care,
Many, many are our sorrows,
Yet we never will despair.
We will hope, and hope for ever,
For a brighter—sunnier day,
When the clouds which round us gather
All will melt and pass away.

III.

We are brothers, we are brothers—
Pilgrim wanderers are we here;
Let us then with words of gladness
Strive our pathway lone to cheer.
One bright star is ever shining
In the fair, or cheerless sky,
And that Star knows no declining—
The Star of Hope MAY NEVER DIE.