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The Planters' Advocate.

By THOMAS J. TURNER. "TRUTH ALONE IS KNOWLEDGE—KNOWLEDGE IS POWER." TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM.

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Selected Poetry.

THE DIVNIE ORDER.

'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock, and reed, and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,—
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful—
But first the sorrowful and then the glad:
Tears for a day—for earth of tears is full,—
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,—
But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc;
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'Tis first the night,—stern night of storm and war;
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the fair sparkle of the morning-star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

Original Paper.

Translated for the Planters' Advocate from the French of Madam de Stael.

Thoughts on the Education of Children.

BY HELEN ST. CLYDE.

Nothing is less applicable to life than mathematical reasoning. A proposition made with precise calculation, is decidedly opposed to the truth: under all other connections the true is mingled with the false in a manner that oftentimes instinct alone can decide for us between the different motives, sometimes as powerful on one side as the other. The study of mathematics, using one to certainty, irritates against all opinions opposed to our own, while that which is the most important for the management of this world, is to understand others—that is to say, to appreciate what leads them to think and feel differently from ourselves. Mathematics induce us to hold to and rely only on that which is proved, while the primitive truths—those which sentiment and genius feel, are not susceptible of demonstration.

In short, mathematics, submitting all to calculation, inspire too much respect for the power; and that sublime energy which counts nothing as obstacles, and delights in sacrifices, ill agrees with that species of reason which developes algibraic combinations.

It seems to me, then, for the advantage of morals, as well as for that of the mind, it would be better to put the study of mathematics in its place, as a portion of the whole instruction, but not to make it the basis of education, and, consequently the determining principle of the character, and the soul.

Among the systems of education is one which recommends commencing by the natural sciences; they are in childhood only a simple recreation,—a kind of learned playthings, which accustoms one to method, and to study superficially. They imagine that it is necessary, as much as possible, to spare children trouble, to change all their studies to diversion,—to give them, in good time, collections of natural history for toys,—experiments in natural philosophy for shows.—It seems to me that this is also an erroneous system. If it were possible that a child could learn something in amusing itself, still I should regret for him the non-development of a faculty which is much more essential than great knowledge,—attention. I know I shall be told that mathematics are particularly applicable for this object; but they do not habituate one to put together, to appreciate, to concentrate; the attention which they demand is, so to speak, in a right line; the human mind acts, in mathematics, like a machine which always follows the same direction.

The education obtained by amusement scatters thought; trouble to all species is one of the great secrets of nature; the mind of the child ought to accustom itself to the efforts of study, as the soul to suffering. The perfection of early age is completed by labor, as the perfection of maturity is by affliction; it is to be desired, without doubt, that parents and destiny impose not too much on this double mystery, but there is nothing more important in all the epochs of life than that which acts on the very elements of existence, and which is too frequently considered as ethical particularities. You will learn with pictures, with cards, a quantity of things to your child, but you will not teach him to understand, and the habit of amusing himself, which you direct in the sciences, will give way to another course, when he shall no longer be under your control.

OAK GROVE, 1857.

A GREAT COUNTRY FOR THE LADIES.—The time for marriage in Sparta was fixed by statute—that of the men at about thirty or thirty-five years; that of the women at about twenty or a little younger. All men who continued unmarried after the appointed time were liable to a prosecution; and all old bachelors were prohibited from being present at the public exercise of the Spartan maidens, and were denied the usual respect and honors paid to the aged. "Why should I give you place," cried a young man to an unmarried general, "when you have no child to give place to me when I am old?" No marriage portions were given with any of the maidens, so that neither poverty should prevnt a gallant, nor riches tempt him, to marry contrary to his inclinations. The parents of three children enjoyed considerable immunities, and those with four children paid no taxes whatever—a regulation which all married men with families will readily admit to be most wise and equitable. It was customary for the bridesmaid to cut off all the bride's hair on the wedding-day, so that, for some time, at least, her personal attractions should increase with her years.—*Life and Travels of Herodotus.*

THE SILK CROP IN EUROPE.—A London letter says that the prospect of the silk crop in Europe is beginning to excite the deepest interest. In France the worms are coming out, and no mischief has been observed thus far, although a recent return of cold weather caused great apprehension. In Spain and Italy, where the season is earlier, the little spinners have successfully passed what is called the second stage. Last year in those countries the unfavorable symptoms had manifested themselves before this, and a hope that the crop may now escape is, therefore, strengthened.

A Chinese boy, who is learning English, came across the passage in his Testament, "We have piped unto you, and you have not danced," and rendered it thus. "We have toot, toot to you, ...'s the matter you no jump?"

A Beautiful Story.

From the Southern Literary Messenger.

RAPHAEL'S COURTSHIP; OR, THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND TO NOTHING.

[CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.]

V.

RAPHAEL WRITES A NOTE: ITS FATE.

Mr. Raphael Inky had finished his morning's talk, and stretched in his leather chair, was thinking.

Doubtless many young fellows have, at various times, been occupied with similar thoughts. The striking title appended to aur penultimate chapter—"$300,000, and $0"—was the subject of his reverie. Beyond any question the acute reader has comprehended the meaning of this little allegory: has understood that the first portion of the title referred to Miss Almira, daughter of the respected Smythe, the latter part to *poor* Virginia Burbank. Such then was the subject of Mr. Inky's meditations—and he closely imitated many of his predecessors and cotemporaries. It is true that these processes of logic and reflection, are seldom followed in words, for the edification of third persons—few young men, or none, ever say to their friends, "I am hesitating whether I shall court the poor girl I love, or the rich girl I don't love:" but none the less does this doubt and hesitation exist, as it certainly did in the case of Raphael Inky.

Raphael had fallen in love with Virginia Burbank's face and heart—also, he had fallen in love with Almira Smythe's father's money-bags. We regret to lower our hero in public estimation, but historical accuracy demands that we should state the fact. He had made engagements to see both of these prospective Mrs. Inkys on that morning; and the question of his further proceeding was forced all at once upon him, and demanded a solution.

On the one side Raphael saw then, a lovely face indissolubly united to utter poverty—on the other a handsome and dashing young damsel who came to meet him with a thousand pounds' worth of diamonds on her breast and fingers, to say nothing of the check book in her apron pocket. The "lovely face, etc.," opened a long vista of toil, struggles, straitened means, and anxieties attendant on a growing family: the "dashing young damsel, etc.," was the telescope in the same way, through which Raphael beheld a house up town, a brilliant equipage, wines, dinners, hats quickly taken off, and general "eminent respectability. United to the "lovely face," he saw himself on foot in threadbare clothes, trudging through wind and rain, to lodgings or a dingy cottage in the suburbs, thinking of the note in Bank to-morrow, and demanding of the paving stones to tell him where on earth the money was to come from:—united to the "dashing damsel," he beheld himself, instead, the richly costumed inmate of a splendid carriage, with silken cushions, plated harness, and fat footmen, driving to the Bank to sign a ream of "new issues"—driving back again at five to a great dinner, with a hundred wines, and Mr. Scribe and Col. Pharisee, the millionaires, for guests. As this last splendid thought occurred to him, the heart of Raphael experienced a thrill of pure and elevated joy, such as indeed an idea so magnificent was calculated to excite. The chances of Miss Smythe had culminated, and the struggle was nearly at an end.

But Raphael would not be precipitate, much less unjust. The firm of "Lovely Face & Co." should even in utter bankruptcy be credited with all that was due it.

He reflected then, that if he married the dashing damsel, Miss Almira, he would, it is true, roll in wealth, and be the envied man of his whole circle—that was wholly undeniable: and immense satisfaction would result of course from the fact. But at home!—yes, at home! When the outer world had disappeared, and Raphael Inky, Esquire, President of the Bank of the World, had put on his slippers, and left his dignity down town, how would it be at home, with Mrs. Inky? Was the darling damsel calculated to make Raphael happy—*Raphael* as distinguished from *R. I. the President, &c.*? Would love, without which much derided sentiment, a marriage is apt to be unhappy, sweeten all his fireside moments, and when pain and anguish visited him in "due" time, soften the rude blow, and give him one to share it—a soft bosom to lean on, and rest upon? Would a true wife receive him at the door, and lace her arms around his neck, and show him in every word and look and smile, that he alone was her universe? Would the dashing damsel comfort him in sorrow, cling to him in adversity—go willingly to share his ruined fortune, if the dark day came, and be his blessing and consolation, through all human ills—to hold his dying head at last upon her faithful bosom, and continue loving him beyond the grave?

Raphael paused at this point, and his head moved slowly on his shoulders, in a horizontal-circular direction.

The dashing damsel had been debited—now to credit the lovely face. She was poor it is true, but she was a treasure in herself: had nothing, it is undeniable, but was rich in all that makes a woman a crown to her husband. When he came home tired and weary, would she meet him with a loving smile and a kiss? Yes. In the long evenings when the outer world had disappeared, would they sit side by side, for long delightful hours in the humble parlor with no thought or care of aught but their own world of love? As certain. Would he find in her the refuge for his weary and wounded heart—the supreme consolation in his gloomiest hours—the heart that sank when he was sad, and leaped wth joy when he rejoiced, and beat for him alone whatever came—a portion of himself, to be removed by death alone, and to continue loving him, it might be, in a grander world? Would this be the result of marriage with Virginia Burbank, if she became his wife?

"It would!" said Raphael out loud, and setting his lips firmly, "who is there? Came in!"

We owe the reader an explanation of this latter observation of Mr. Inky, and proceed to state that he had been interrupted by a knock at his door.

It was a portly servant, who brought a note, and who gazed round the dingy apartment, as Mr. Inky perused the contents, with a species of lofty condescension. "Rather a queer place," this glance appeared to say "poor."

The note was from Miss Almira Smythe, and ran as follows—on perfumed satin note paper conceived and executed in Paris:

Miss S—— had the pleasure of a charming conversation last evening, with a celebrated Master of the Art of Painting: but the happiness she experienced from this interchange of sentiments beneath the soft rays of the moon, was sadly marred by the intrusion of a frivolous person, terminating their interview. The Signor Raphael, however, promised to renew the topic of their conversation this morning, and the desire of the lady in writing this note, is to say that she will be at home *to him alone*, from half past twelve to half past two.—If the Signor Raphael has any secrets of his Art to reveal, he may count on *entire privacy*, and an *undisturbed tete-a-tete*.

A——.

Mr. Inky read this note over twice, and then letting his hand fall, gazed with a heightened color in his cheeks, into the fire.

"Answer, sir?"

The words aroused him, and he looked up.—The pompous servant still stood at his elbow.

"Yes," said Raphael suddenly: and with the former clench of his lips, he took a sheet of note paper and wrote a few lines which he enveloped, and handed to the servant: whereupon that worthy disappeared.

Raphael had written:

The Signor Raphael presents his compliments to his kind friend, Miss S——, and really regrets that he lost sight, last evening, of a previous engagement, this morning. He will come very soon to plead in person, his pardon for this negligence.

That was all: and Raphael gazed for half an hour into the fire, without moving; then he rose, and hastily wrapping himself up, issued forth in the direction of Virginia's home.

An hour afterwards a young lady, magnificently clad in a fascinating morning dress, sat in a splendid drawing-room in Ninety Fourth Avenue, and ground beneath the heel of her slipper, a paper containing six lines. It was Mr. Raphael Inky's excuse, and Miss Almira had torn it in a rage, clenched her white teeth with fury, and trodden under foot the remnants of the note.

VI.

PRIVATE.

It is not our intention to describe Raphael's visit to the obscure dwelling of the sick mechanician. Not because we would not willingly cross that threshold of virtuous poverty, of unfortunate genius: but one within the walls of the little house, our "enthusiasm of author," would impel us to relate Mr. Inky's private conversation with Virginia. The terrible impropriety of such a course is obvious: and this we may illustrate by a very simple question.

Would it have been wholly proper to dog Mr. Inky in his visit to the fair Miss Smythe; to enter, behind him, the august domain of the great merchant, where the light is tempered by the luxurious silk curtains, and the noise of the thoroughfare without, subdued by heavy doors and white venitians? Would the polite reader have perused without indignation our account of that delicate interview?—have sneaked with us behind the Gothic book-case, and thus hid in shadow, witnessed Miss Almira's agitation, heard her private conversation, and beheld the relative positions of the gentleman and lady, on the sofa, at the termination of the interview? Suppose Mr. Inky had proceeded to the point which some young men, with a courage envied by the present writer, really do arrive at? Suppose, for the sake of enjoyment, that he had asked the fair Almira if she loved him, and she had said, with face averted, and snowy handkerchief, worth eighty dollars, at the very least, pressed to her eyes, have said with maiden agitation at the very unexpected question, that she always—should—esteem him—as a—friend—would ask mama—would—(handkerchief and sobs)? Imagine that the interview had terminated in this fashion, and our hero had, as heroes will occasionally do, been guilty of the bad taste to suppose that this meant "yes," and thereupon enclosed the lady in his arms, and told her what a happy dog he was?—Just fancy such a scene, and say if our intrusion would have been well-bred, or justified by any exigence of the history. We are only an author, but we flatter ourselves that we have moved in *tolerable* society, and we know our place too well to follow any such proceeding.

We shall therefore omit all description of Mr. Inky's visits to Virginia Burbank, observing however that he did not go to any such lengths as are mentioned above, upon *this* occasion: though one thing is certain, that the lovely girl went to her room, when he had left her, and falling on her knees, thanked heaven for making her so happy. If she prayed for him, can we blame her? She had loved him since the moment when his kind face shone upon her first, and his open hand relieved the necessities of her father. She loved him far more than ever when she went again to ask his aid: and we may imagine that the new kindness, and warm sympathy, were far from making the young girl forget him.

When he came, therefore, and pressed with courtesy and kindness the thin hand of her father: and sat by his side for an hour, smiling and cheerful, and cheering: when he held her hand in his own at the door, and looked into her eyes until they sank beneath his gaze, instfuct with such deep tenderness: when this new world of hope, and love and promise, dawned upon the poor weak hearted, loving girls, she yielded to the delicious emotions of her heart, and sobbed, and cried, and prayed that heaven would make her grateful for so much happiness.

As for Mr. Raphael Inky, that gentleman returned to his domicil with no more hesitation.—It was plain to him that he never would be the president of the World's Bank:—his only agitation now sprung from the doubt he felt, whether fate would permit him to trudge on foot through wind and rain to the cottage in the suburbs—there to meet the "lovely face."

The "$300,000" was forgotten, and the "$0" was all the world to him.

VII.

ALMIRA AND VIRGINIA.

Two months after the scene which we have just related, or rather refrained from relating, Miss Almira Smythe was informed, one cold and gloomy morning, that a "young woman" was waiting to see her.

The young lady descended and found herself in the presence of Virginia Burbank.

"Well," she said negligently, "what have you there?"

"The collars you gave me to do, Miss."

With which words Virginia unrolled a small package, and handed to Miss Smythe, the contents. The young lady examined them critically, and something in the execution of the work seemed to displease her. The truth is, Miss Almira had been up very late for the half a dozen preceding nights, and was irritable, captious, and inclined to find fault, from want of rest, and nervousness.

"This work is very badly done," she said almost rudely, "look at this stitching!"

And she tossed the collar at the feet of Virginia. The girl picked it up, and tried to discover the defect.

"I thought it was better than usual, Miss," she said, "I am very sorry."

"Your sorrow is not the thing Miss Burbank," said the young lady with some hauteur, "you will please not favor me with more such irrelevant excuses."

"I thought Miss—"

"I do not desire to hear what you thought, Miss Burbank," interrupted the young lady with growing irritation and increased hauteur, "you strangely forget your position."

Virginia said nothing: a proceeding which seemed distasteful to the young lady who had thrown herself upon an ottoman, and designed to spend a pleasant half an hour in scolding her seamstress.

"I will add, Miss Burbank," she continued with irritation, "that your tone in conversation with me is generally objectionable. I have no desire to draw comparisons between *your* position and mine: but at the same time it is impossible for me to tolerate your want of deference toward myself,—quite impossible Miss Burbank: and I beg that your manner may be wholly changed."

"Yes, Miss," said the girl, coloring with mortification.

"I have endeavored to assist you, and you make a very strange return for my charity."

"Oh! it was not charity said the poor girl unconsciously; "I am sure I worked hard for what I have been paid."

"Miss Burbank!" cried the young lady, "have I not said Miss, that I would tolerate no impertinence!"

"I did not mean to be impertinent," murmured poor Virginia, with tears in her eyes.

"I am not the judge of your intentions, Miss Burbank," replied the young lady with indignant hauter. "I only know that I shall endure nothing more of this description from you. I shall deduct one dollar from the price of this work, and it is overpaid with that deduction. My maid will hand you some laces to do up—you will find her in the kitchen, and your money upon that table when you return. Good morning Miss Burbank."

And the young lady rose bowing her head coldly. To her surprise, Virginia Burbank did not go.

"What do you want Miss?" asked the young lady.

Virginia's face colored.

"Will you reply or not?"

"I wished to say, Miss," answered the girl, blushing, "that I cannot do up your laces."

"You cannot?"

"No, Miss."

"Pray why, madam?"

"One who has the right to direct my actions," said the young girl courageously, "or at least one whom I permit to direct me has forbidden it. I even brought the collars this morning in opposition to his wishes."

"Indeed! really Miss! And who is this personage? your father I suppose."

"No, Miss."

"Whom then, pray?"

"He told me to tell you if you asked me," murmured the girl, blushing crimson, "Mr. Raphael Inky."

"What!"

"You seem surprised Miss."

"Mr. Raphael Inky? what do you mean!" cried the young lady in a fury, and trembling from head to foot, "do you mean to say! what is Mr. Raphael Inky to a thing like you!"

"He is my affianced husband," replied Virginia with dignity, "and I obey him because I love him.

"I have brought these collars because the materials belonged to you, but to receive money from you, or further assistance, would be a violation of his wishes, whom I do not disobey. I thank you, Miss Smythe, for your kindness hitherto, and beg leave to bid you good morning."

With these words the young girl moved past Miss Smythe, and issued from the house, leaving the lady overwhelmed with rage, mortification and despair.

On the same night Mr. Raphael Inky met Miss Almira Smythe at a grand party, and had the pleasure of seeing the young lady turn her back abruptly when he bowed to her.

"Very well," he murmured with a smile, "that is something like what I expected. Very naturally my proceeding is unpardonable—and as Almira is a true woman, she will never forgive me. Let me submit, and summon all my philosophy.

Miss Almira sailed away, as this soliloquy ended, upon the arm of Mr. Charley Winterfield, who led her into a wide apartment, and exhibited to her a new sonnet commencing, "Loveliest Fairy visible on the horizon of life"—and the lady seemed to admire the poet and the poem.

Two months afterwards, Miss Almira Smythe became Mrs. Charley Winterfield: "a strange match," the gossips said, "and only to be accounted for on the ground of pique and spite, at being neglected by a favored suitor."

Thus Mr. Charles Winterfield came into possession of what he coveted most, a wife with a plenty of money, and was for some time "happy." We regret to say that a late event upon 'Change threatens seriously to affect this happiness. Old Smythe has failed fot six hundred thousand dollars; and there are ugly stories about promissory notes assigned by him, the signatures to which are slightly different from the autographs of the gentlemen who bear the name in question. The long-spoken of ball comes off to-night, however, and all the world will be there. Smythe will probably compromise with his creditors upon one half (of one) per cent in the dollar: and the public usefulness of our respected patron will not be impaired.

VIII.

HOW RAPHEL GOT MARRIED.

Christmas has come and gone with all its joy and merriment and laughter, in a thousand happy houses, where the smiling faces show what brothers feel for sisters, daughters for mothers, hearts preserved for a year from those dear ones whose arms are wrapped around them on the Christmas morning; come and gone, too, in the abodes of vice and want—in homes of poverty as well, but happy homes!

The New-Year's day has come—and not to expatiate further on a picture which is shrined in every heart—Mr. Raphael Inky's wedding morn has dawned.

The neighbors assemble at the house of their favourite Virginia, and wish the couple joy; the clergyman pronounces the benediction. They are man and wife!

Yes, man and wife! how simple are the words, but what a world of meaning they enclose! How almost all of happiness that remains to fallen man is in the phrase—what a universe lies in the simple words, "a good wife!" The writer finds his equanimity deserting him; and for fear that reams of snowy paper will be covered by his exclamations, pauses ere he begins, and only adds, that in his humble opinion, this possession—a "good wife"—is heaven's *last* BEST, gift, etc.

Left alone at last, our honest Raphael folds in his arms the tender form of the girl, who hides her blushing cheeks in her husband's bosom.—She looks very beautiful in her snowy bridal dress—the white shoulders almost shame it—and the arms which clasp the neck of her lover, might have made a countess envy her, if countesses are ever envious.

From his seat in the chimney-corner, old Joseph Burbank looks with fond affection on his son and daughter; and no feebleness and pain in him, detract from the general joy. The weeks that have elapsed since we first presented him to the reader, have been weeks of convalescence and recovery. A tranquil light of health and happiness now beams in the kind eyes; and already the hale color is returning to the cheek. Again the old man gives his whole attention to his machines and models, with which the apartment is encumbered; and his glance now wanders from the form of his daughter and her husband to a rod which he holds in his hand, and which he has been fitting into a strange-looking box, full of wheels. The master passion revives with his strength, and will last to the moment of his death. But will anything come of it? Let us see.

"I have naturally," says Raphael, smiling, "been so much engrossed with the occurrence of the morning, that I wholly neglected to give you this letter, Mr. Burbank. I received it at the post office I passed, and owe you an apology."

As he speaks, Mr. Raphael Inky draws from his breast a yellow-enveloped letter, with a huge "card," and a picture of a steam engine in one corner, by way of advertisement; and this letter he delivers to the old man.

Joseph Burbank's face lights up as he sees the name upon the envelope—the business "card"—and he hastily opens and reads the letter. Virginia is attracted by an exclamation of profound pleasure and satisfaction from her father.

"What is it, dear father?" she says, "I trust, good news—is it not?"

"Read, dear," says the old man, smiling triumphantly and he hands the letter to his daughter.

It contains the following words:

Sir,—
Your's of the 5th ult. received. We beg to state that after a thorough examination and trial of the model, for increasing stroke of piston in steam engines such as we manufacture, we feel authorized in saying that your invention is one of the first value and importance. Would be pleased to hold an interview with you, at once, in relation to the purchase of the patent-right, which you suggest. Your favor accompanying the model, requests, in case of your approval of the invention, some estimate of its value to our house, and an offer for the right to manufacture. Our wish is, in all cases, to consult the interests of the inventor as well as ourselves, and offer a fair equivalent. We are justified in proposing, therefore, to you the sum of fifty thousand dollars for the right to manufacture engines, with your improvement, for five years.

If this proposal meets with your approval, we are prepared to close at once all arrangements. If not, we should be pleased to know your estimate, for further consideration, in an interview.

Resp'y, BROWN & WILKS.

Virginia gave the letter to her husband, and in a moment had her arms around the old man and was crying on his bosom. It was not because she coveted wealth—very far from that,—but to see her father meet with the long deferred success; to know that his labors and anxieties were all crowned at last; to find heaven at last rewarding all his toils, and giving him the right to say. "They laughed at me, called me dreamer, light-brain; and now they see that I can carry out my thought, and advance the great interests of civilization;" this was what made the tender girl throw her arms around the aged form, and shed happy tears upon his bosom!

The old man's agitation was not near so great. Why should he stand in astonishment at what was a simple *recognition* of the merit, which he knew his thought possessed? As well look to find the great author turn pale with surprise, when the world roars in applause of his *magnum opus*, whose proportions he has contemplated for so long a time in secret; knowing the full height of his vast pile!

"I am glad," was all the old man said, "for now we shall be comfortable and happy, dear; and," turning toward Raphael, "my daughter will possess a dowry, such as she should bring to such a good husband."

That was all; and the old mechanician turned again to his machinery, and soon became absorbed in his favorite proceeding.

He scarcely saw the figures of the girl and young man, as they disappeared into the tastefully decorated little sitting-room. And yet the picture, as they stood now, by the cheerful fire, was one worth looking at. The manly countenance of Raphael was illumined by a happy smile; and his soft eyes dwelt tenderly upon the delicate girl, who leaned her head upon his shoulder.

Ah, Raphael! On your shoulder? Has no other forehead ever leaned there? Has no voice whispered under the bright moon, "How sweet it must be to be loved?" Do you think now, as you gaze upon the face of her who is all the world to you, upon that countenance with its soft blue eyes, and delicate rose-tint in the cheeks, and ripe red lips, full of child-like sweetness, and innocence and goodness? Do you think, good Raphael, that it would have been a wiser thing to marry the owner of the other face—the dashing damsel with the bright and abundant gold—and trust your happiness to dinners, routs and glitter? Do you think that Almira, with her money, would have made you a better wife, and given you a happier existence, than the little maid beside you? Do you repent the composition of the famous note, torn up and trodden under foot; the choice you made of the lady whom you would visit on that morning?

We reply for you, honest Raphael, to one and all of these intrusive questions. You do not think the other alliance would have been wiser; you do not think the dashing damsel would have made you happier; nor do you repent the composition of the note.

And if some inveterate intruder still demanded on what grounds you entertained opinions so peculiar: we think you might point simply to the figure at your side and say, "*She* is mine;" except that possibly you could not speak for the long clinging kiss, and close embrace which tells you that your happiness is not what you almost think it is—an idle dream!

IX.

HIS NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

We trust we need not call the reader's attention to the delicate tact, and highly graceful treatment expended upon the termination of the foregoing chapter. It was necessary to state the fact that Mr. Raphael Inky kissed his wife upon their wedding day, but from an announcement so abrupt, and in such bad taste, our polite feelings very naturally recoiled. We flatter ourselves that the incidental way, however, in which the fact is suggested—intimated as it were—is after the best precedents and most approved authorities of our best society.

Having married our friend happily, the story of his life naturally concluded, as our friends, the novelists, take care to impress upon their reader, in their novels. Perhaps however, it may not be uninteresting to Mr. Inky's friends to be told of his present circumstances.

He has established the popular journal known as the "*Palladium of Liberty, and World Regenerator*," which has attained already a circulation of seven hundred thousand, and is rapidly increasing. His celebrated romance, "*Sclavonikoff, or the Lovely Maid of the Danube*," first appeared in its columns, but has been republished in volume form and translated into all the languages of Europe, where it has attained an aggregate circulation of nine million copies. We are happy to have it in our power to announce that his new work, to be called "*The Stygian Lake*," will appear at an early day; when all orders will be filled with respect to priority.—Four hundred thousand copies have already been ordered.

Mr. Inky lives with his father-in-law in a beautiful suburban villa, and to the pleasant shadow of this sweet retreat he regularly retires every afternoon—thus setting an example to husbands throughout the world.

We called to see him the other evening, and found him seated upon his portico caressing the bright curls of a little creature called Virginia, who was prattling at his side. In a moment his wife came out, and the handsome face of her husband filled with tranquil happiness as he gazed at her.

"We were speaking of old days, dear," said our friend softly, "and I was thinking of our wedding day—when the letter came, you know, approving our father's invention."

"Yes, that was your New-Year's gift," was the reply of the lovely and blooming lady, "your New-Year's gift to father."

"*My* New-Year's gift was better still," he said, drawing to him the fair blushing face, "the gift your father gave *me*; shall I call you *Raphael's New-Year's gift?*"

"Call me anything which belongs entirely to you," we heard a low voice say, and something like the sound of lips in collision fell upon our ears, as we gazed upou a distant object.

We returned homeward, violating the second clause of the tenth commandment; and have ever since been coveting a New-Year's gift like Raphael Inky's.

We have nothing more to say.

MANY A SLIP BETWEEN THE CUP AND THE LIP."—This saying was supposed to take its origin from one of Penelope's wooers being shot as he was going to drink, But it arose, as Ainsworth has it, thus:—"A king of Thrace had planted a vineyard, when one of his slaves, whom he had much oppressed in that very work, prophesied that he (the king) should never taste the wine produced by it. The king disregarded his prophecy; and when, at an entertainment, he held the cup full of his own wine, he sent for his slave, and asked him, insultingly, what he thought of his prohecy now? The slave only answered, 'There's many a slip between the cup and the lip.' Scarcely had he spoken, when news was brought that a huge boar was laying his vineyard waste. The king arose in a fury, attacked the boar, and was killed, without ever tasting the wine."

The Springfield *Republican*, in speaking of a new invention for a hen's nest, whereby the eggs drop through a trap-door, and so deceives the hen that she keeps on laying, is responsible for the following: "Blobbs met with a loss, however, with one of the persuaders. Blobbs had a lovely young Shanghai pullet, of boundless ambition. Blobbs bought a persuader, and his lovely Shanghai used it. She went upon the nest in the morning. Blobbs saw her go, and his heart bounded within him. Alas! he never saw her come off again. At night he visited the persuader. In the upper compartment was a handful of feathers, a few toe-nails, and a bill. In the lower compartment were three dozen and eleven eggs! Blobbs saw it all. Her delicate constitution had been unequal to the effort, and, fired by young ambition, she had layed herself all away."

Let us respect the majesty of time; let us contemplate with veneration the ages which have rolled past, rendered sacred by the memory and the remains of our ancestors; but let us not attempt to retrograde towards them, for they contain nothing in harmony with our real nature, and if we attempt to arrest them, they will vanish fram our grasp.—*Chateaubriand.*

"Boy," said an ill-tempered old fellow to a noisy lad, "what are you *hollerin'* for when I am going by?" "Humph," returned the boy, "what re you going by for when I am *hollerin'?*"

Selected Miscellany.

From the Home Journal.

Bread and Meat.

"Feed sparingly, and defy the Physician."—OLD PROVERB.

Falling into company, the other day, with a staunch Vegetarian, and an uncompromising Meat Eater, I was entertained and instructed by the glimpse afforded to the extent to which a theory will possess a man who fancies *it* possessed *by* him. Being myself "on the fence"—*i. e.*, in ill health, and under treatment, restricted to meat once a day, *sans* tea and coffee, and just entering with interest into the floury, if not poetical, subject of wheaten grits, farnia, samp, hominy, and the like—I was prepared to act the part of a comparatively unprejudiced listener.

No. 1 insisted that, as a rule, men of large, clear minds, sagacious and far-seeing, were vegetarians, or of vegetarian descent. (A very convenient qualification, by the way—though not, perhaps, unfair—reminding one, nevertheless, of the proverb recorded in Ezekiel:—"The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge.")

No. 2 maintained that meat is necessary to create and sustain the nervous quickness, volume, force, and vigor, which are so essential in the conduct of the affairs of this impulsive, hurrying, exhaustive life; and instanced England, in illustration—declaring that to English roast beef and ale the world is indebted for the extension of civilization, Christianity, and the other good works which that nation has so vigorously prosecuted. But, it was urged, England is at present deteriorating—her great men are *historical* personages—the enterprises spoken of were put in train, and virtually accomplished, by an earlier generation, of which meat-eaters were the exception.

Without discussing the correctness of the first assertion, we are compelled to affirm that the latter hardly accords with the declaration of Addison, who, a hundred and fifty years ago—when the rage for French cookery was at its height—exhorts his "well-disposed readers" to "return to the food of their forefathers, and reconcile themselves to beef and mutton;" adding, "This was the diet which bred that hardy race of mortals who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt.—The tables of the ancient gentry," he continues, "were covered thrice a day with hot roast beef; and instead of tea and bread and butter, which have prevailed of late years, the maids of honor, in Queen Elizabeth's time, were allowed three rumps of beef for their breakfast."

If this was a fair index of the state of the table at that date, the change in a century and a quarter, was markedly for the better, intellectually, according to the vegetarian theory; and for the worse, physically, viewed *meat-istically*; for Macaulay, in his graphic sketch of the condition of England on the accession of James II., in his record of the state of the working classes, says that meat, viewed relatively with wages, "was "so dear that hundreds of thousands of families scarcely knew the taste of it. The great majority of the nation lived almost entirely on rye, barley, and oats."

The first of the foregoing quotations calls to mind a pertinent query by one of the disputants, *viz.*: "What sort of an army, think you, could be made of exclusively bread and vegetable eaters?" Which provoked the ready rejoinder, "If all men lived thus, armies would be unnecessary." "Tis animal food inflames the passions, clouds the reason and judgment, and is thus answerable for the vast majority of the disputes, dissensions, and quarrels, in which mankind indulge." "If men would possess the wisdom, gentle firmness, self-control, forethought, and serenity of the prophets and holy men of old, they must live as the prophets did—plainly, on the fruits with which mother earth so abundantly teems; denying palate, and consulting the stomach."

We are not extremists; but this *culture of the stomach* is a matter worthy of serious attention. Judging by results, no inconsiderable share of the work of the world is performed with what Kingsley calls, "after-dinner brains."

Half our bodies are worn out, not by the excess of our business or the multiplicity of our cares, but by the overwork we crowd upon them in digesting our surplus and unnecessary food. As a people, we eat too much, and too grossly. A hearty, slowly masticated breakfast, a slight repast at noon, and a frugal tea, gives you vigor, clearness, elasticity by day, and refreshing slumber at night. I have worked, physically and mentally, eighteen hours daily, for weeks together, in the enervating springtime, with greater ease, and more satisfactorily, than fifteen hours on what is called a "generous diet."

"Fat paunches have lean pates; and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but banquet quite the wits."

INDAGATOR.

DR. CHEEVER, of New York, in a series of communications to the "Independent," is pouring out "God's dread burning wrath" upon this nation on account of the "Dred Scott" decision. His articles are all ablaze with "God's wrath." Dr. Cheever delivers over every body who differs from him in opinion to "God's wrath." There is something unspeakably revolting and impious in a human being thus presuming to wield "God's wrath" against those opposed to him in opinion. The expression is of questionable propriety at best. It is a high figurative Hebrew form of speech, occuring only in prophetic denunciations. In an argument upon a temporal question no man, whether lay or clerical, has a right to invoke any such dread agency. The wrath of the SUPREME is not at the disposal of a puny mortal to be used against a fellow-mortal. *Lowell Courier.*

OPINIONS OF A DISAPPOINTED MAN.—The man who is proud of his money has rarely any thing better to be proud of.

Trees with double-flowers are, too often, the emblem of friendship—there is plenty of blossom, but no fruit.

There are many men who delight in playing the fool, but who get angry the moment they are told so.

Society has a right to be particular—it is so often deceived!

Common sense has become such a rare commodity that the world has entered into a tacit compact to live without it.

Wealth itself is not so much despised—it is only the man who is the possessor of it.

Every woman is born with a master-mind—that is to say, with a mind to be master, if she can.

No man, *living*, should say an ill-word against the Doctors.

Compliments are the coin that we pay a man to his face—sarcasms are what we pay him out with behind his back.

Toad-eating is always in season.

"Rem," said his mother to a roguish boy of four, actively engaged in buttering the cat's nose with the best Goshen. "Rem, *will* you stop that, or *not?*"

"Or not," was the coolly-echoed reply of Master Mischief, as he cocked his eye at the impending slipper, and took another dab on his inch and a half forefinger.

"Tintion!" exclaimed an Irish sergeant to his platoon. "Front face, and tind to rowl call! As many of ye as is prisint will say 'Here!' and as many of ye as is not prisint will say 'Absent!'"

If a man should set out calling every thing by its right name, he would be knocked down before he got to the corner of the street.

The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

Where Does Wood Come From?

If we were to take up a handful of soil and examine it under the microscope, we should probably find it to contain a number of fragments of wood, small broken peices of the branches, or leaves, or other parts of the tree. If we could examine it chemically, we should find yet more strikingly that it was nearly the same as wood in its composition. Perhaps, then, it may be said, the young plant obtains its wood from the earth in which it grows?

The following experiment will show whether this conjecture is likely to be correct or not—Two hundred pounds of earth were dried in an oven, and afterwards put into a large earthen vessel; the earth was then moistened with rain-water, and a willow-tree, weighing five pounds, was planted therein. During the space of five years, the earth was carefully watered with rain-water or pure water. The willow grew and flourished, and, to prevent the earth being mixed with fresh earth, or dirt being blown upon it by the winds, it was covered with a metal plate full of very minute holes, which would exclude every thing but air from getting access to the earth below it.

After growing in the earth for five years, the tree was removed, and, on being weighed, was found to have gained one hundred and sixty-four pounds, as it now weighed one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. And this estimate did not include the weight of the leaves or dead branches which in five years fell from the tree. Now came the application of the test. Was all this obtained from the earth? It had not sensibly diminished; but, in order to make the experiment conclusive, it was again dried in an oven and put into the balance. Astonishing was the result—the earth weighed only *two ounces* less than it did when the willow was first planted in it! yet the tree had gained *one hundred and sixty-four pounds*. Manifestly, then, the wood thus gained in this space of time was *not* obtained from the earth: we are therefore compelled to repeat our question, "Where does the wood come from?" We are left with only two alternatives; the water with which it was refreshed, or the air in which it lived. It can be clearly shown that it was not due to the water; we are, consequentlp, unable to resist the perplexing and wonderful conclusion, it was derived from the *air*.

Can it be? Were those great ocean-spaces of wood, which are as old as man's introduction into Eden, and wave in their vast but solitary luxuriance over the fertile hills and plains of South America, were these all obtained from the thin air? Were the particles which unite to form our battle-ships, Old England's walls of wood, ever borne the world about, not only on wings of air, but actually as air themselves?—Was the firm table on which I write, the chair on which I rest, the solid floor on ghich I tread, and much of the house in which I dwell, once in a form which I could not as much as lay my finger on, or grasp in my hand? Wonderful truth! all this was air.—*Life of a Tree.*

A Stage Wait.

The Chapman family, consisting of old Mr. Chapman, William Chapman, Caroline Chapman, and Harry and Therese Chapman, (children,) some years since established and carried into operation on the Western waters a "floating theatre," concerning which so many anecdotes are told. The family were extremely fond of fishing, and during the "waits" the actors amused themselves by "dropping a line" over the stern of the ark. On one occasion, while playing the "Stranger," act IV. scene 1st, there was a long stage wait for Francis, the servant of the misanthrop Count Walborough.

"Francis! Francis!" called the Stranger.

No reply.

"Francis! Francis!" [A pause.] "Francis!" rather angrily called the Stranger again.

A very distant voice: "Coming, sir!" (A considerable pause, during which the Stranger walks up and down, a la Macready, in a great rage.)

"Francis!"

Francis, (entering:) "Here I am, sir."

Stranger: "Why did you not come when I called?"

Francis: "Why, the fact is, sir, I was just hauling in the d—dest biggist catfish you ever saw."

It was some minutes before the laughter of the audience could be restrained sufficiently to allow the play to proceed.

On another occasion, while laying at Natchez, the performance being the play of Pizarro, Rolla, in the last act, after seizing the child, and as he was rushing up towards the bridge, observed a tall negro holding a teacup full of blood, (rose pink,) which was wanted almost immediately on the other side of the stage. As he passed he said to the negro:

"Here, boy, carry that blood round to me on the other side; I want it the moment I cross the bridge."

Away dashed Rolla, bearing the child aloft, amidst a volley of Spanish musketry; and, turning to cut away the bridge with his sword, what was his horror to see the tall negro walk deliberately upon the stage between the "waters," and in full sight of the audience, holding the cup in one hand and stirring up the contents with the forefinger of the other, and hear him exclaim:

"Heah, Massa Smith, here's your blood."

The effect upon the audience can be better imagined than described, and the drop was immediately lowered to shut in the ludicrous scene.—*Philadelphia Sunday Transcript.*

A newspaper writer, imitating the prevalent practice among some editors of puffing everybody who has shown them the commonest civility, "for their courteous and gentlemanly conduct," returns his thanks to "the parson and proprietors of the stone church," in a city he had visited, "for the privilege of promenading up and down the broad aisle of the same, on Sunday last, in search of a seat, unmolested."

A little boy had a colt and a dog, and his generosity was often tried by visitors asking him, "just to see what he would say," to give them one of his pets. One day he told a gentleman present he might have his colt—reserving the dog, much to the surprise of his mother, who asked, "Why, Lacky, why didn't you give him the dog?" "Say nothin', mother; when he goes to get the colt, I'll set the dog on him."

If you are in a hurry, never get behind a couple that are courting. They want to make so much of each other, that they wouldn't move quick if they were going to a funeral. Get behind your jolly married folks, who have lots of children at home, if you wish to get along fast. But it is best to be a little ahead of either of them.

The friends of a wit expressed some surprise that, with his age and his fondness for the bottle, he should have thought it worth while to marry. "A wife was necessary," he said; "they began to say of me that I drank too much for a *single* man."

"I like you," said a girl to her suitor, "but I can not leave home; I am a widow's only darling; no husband can equal my parent in kindness." She is kind," replied the wooer, "but be my wife—we will a'l live together, and see if I don't beat your mother!"

DELICATE, BUT UNINTENTIONAL, COMPLIMENT.—*Second lad.* "No; there's nothink new—'cept as the Queen's a-doing well."—*First ditto.*—"Well, that ain't no news; for her Madjusty's allus a-doin' well."—*Punch.*

"*So* you would not take me to be twenty?" said a young lady to her partner, while dancing a polka, a few evenings since. 'What would you take me for?" "For better or worse."