

FLY THROUGH THE SUNSET, DOVE

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Fly thro' the sunset, dove, sweet dove,
To the Fairy-land beyond!
For the land beyond is the land of love,
The land of dreams and of peace, oh, dove,
Thou fly thro' the sunset, fly,
To the Fairy-land beyond,
Where tears never fade the eye,
And the heart is ever fond.

Though isles of crimson bloom may woo
In the Cloud-land's seas of gold,
Their beauty will fade from the wildered view,
Stay not where his lovely mock'ries woo—
But haste thro' their light airy
O'er waves of purple and gold,
Mid skies of a changeless ray,
Thy wand'ring wings to fold.

Go, alight mid the roses there!
Those thinges of undying bloom;
That the angels twine thro' my mother's hair
In the glory-light and music there—
Watch eyes whose earth's fondness dwell
If they're softer than hers were known,
And list if their voices melt
To a gentler and sweeter tone!

Perchance I dream; yet dove, sweet dove,
Fly on thro' the westward Heaven—
Ay, fear not the course—for many I love
Have gone through the sunset—gone, oh, dove,
To the Fairy-land beyond!

To the radiant shores of Heaven,
Where the heart is ever fond,
And the spells of peace are given.

THE GOLDEN LAND;
OR,
THE TWO LOVERS.

BY OLIVER SINCLAIR.

CHAPTER I.

"The whole?"

"All, sir! Not a dollar will remain after his debts are paid. It will take the whole of your father's estate, even his personal property."

"His library, also?"

"Everything, my dear Mr. Seymour."

"Then I am penniless?"

The lawyer simply compressed his thin lips, and looked indifferently out of the parlor windows of "The Woodlands," in which stately hall so named the above conversation took place between Stanhope Seymour, the son of its late master, now four weeks dead, and W. W. Slye, Esq., the executor.

"I have nothing for it then, sir," continued the young man, "but to leave you in possession, and cast myself upon the world to battle for my subsistence."

"I see no other alternative, my dear sir," answered the lawyer, coolly. "I am very sorry for you, Mr. Seymour, but your father, you know, lived fast, and was a dashing speculator, and—"

"Not a word of reflection, sir, upon my father. His memory is sacred to me. I wish you a good morning, sir."

"Good morning, Mr. Seymour," replied the lawyer, with a low bow and a quiet smile. Stanhope Seymour left the door of the home of his birth with tears trembling in his eyes. Here he had been born; here he had passed his happy childhood. Every tree, every nook, every knoll was associated in his memory with some pleasant reminiscence.

"All—gone," he murmured, as he walked down the avenue of trees which led to the North River. "I am permitted to carry nothing forth but what I wear. What can I do? Educated in luxury, my father believing that he was to leave me a large fortune, I am without a profession, or means of support. Yes—I can teach. This desecrated resort of poor young men who know Greek and Latin and mathematics, remains for me. I may as well be cheerful, and brave this reverse of fortune. But Kate—oh! will Kate prove true! Ah, me! This thought is the heaviest weight upon my mind. Ah! if I lose Kate Trevener as well as my inheritance, I am poor indeed! But I will not despair until I know the worst."

He now came to a little inn by the river side, for there was a landing just below the hall avenue where gentlemen who resided in the neighborhood took steamers. The inn was kept by a fisherman and his wife. Stanhope heard his name called as he was passing the door, intending to go and seat himself in the cool breeze at the end of the pier, where he could think over his condition, and resolve upon his future.

He looked up, and saw the fat little hostess in the door. Her eyes were filled with tears.

"Don't you come in a minute, Mr. Seymour?" she said.

"What is the matter, Amy?"

"There is my husband, John Howell, has got it into his head to go away off to this California to get rich. The papers has turned his head. He talks and dreams, for two days and nights past, of nothin' but nuggets and nuggets, and placers, and lumps o' gold big as his head—save us!—as if ever there was such a thing! Do speak to him, Mr. Seymour. He always liked you, and perhaps he'll hear to you, for if he goes it will break my heart!"

Seymour went into the little sanded parlor, where John, a strong, big fellow, with an honest visage, met him with a respectful bow, and a smile at his wife's words.

"You see, Master Stanhope, how it is. But what shall a man do, with so much gold waiting for him to pick it up from the ground?"

"You shall not go with my consent. Now speak to him, Mr. Seymour," said Amy.

"I don't know, good Amy, but that I may make up my mind to go with him, and so am more likely to encourage him than to keep him back."

"Oh, Mr. Seymour!"

"I was debating what I should do to live, Amy, as you spoke to me. I embrace the California idea at once. I can't oppose John's going, when I may to-morrow start for the placers myself."

"I am sorry, sir, to hear how your father died so much involved," said John, with frank sympathy. "But I hope it hasn't come to this—that you'll have to go to the diggings?"

"Oh, no—I hope not!" ejaculated the good wife, with an inquisitive gaze of sorrow.

"I have nothing left, my good friends. Mr. Slye has possession, and I am a wanderer. He says all is gone to pay my father's debts."

"Well, I'm sorry to hear it. Slye is a rogue, but he may tell you the truth."

"There is no doubt of it. If you are going to California, John, I will go with you. You know that (here he spoke to Amy aside) I love fair Kate Trevener, and she is rich and I am poor. If I go to California, I may yet be rich enough to marry her, for I cannot have her, poor as I am."

"How long will you be gone?"

"Not more than eight months."

"Do you believe John will get gold?"

"I have no doubt of it at all. It is not a year since people have been going there, and how many have returned rich?"

"Well, John, if you will be careful of yourself, and write me every vessel, and take good care of Master Stanhope, and help him to get gold so he can marry Kate, I'll give you my consent."

John at this fairly leaped up till his head touched the low ceiling of the tap-room, and then bugged and kissed his wife till she had to fight him off. Stanhope thanked her with all his heart, and then the two men sat down to count the cost. To aid them in this, Stanhope examined the newspapers which John had been reading for some days past, and found that it would require at least three hundred dollars each to reach San Francisco.

She at once rose, and going to a private drawer, she unlocked it and took out a roll of bills. She counted out three hundred and fifty dollars, and laid the money in Stanhope's hand.

"There—that question is settled. You can pay me back when you return, Master Seymour. I've got as much more for John, as he knows, and shall have as much more left for myself while he is away. Now don't say one word. If I've given my consent, you must do as I say."

"You'd best keep it, sir," said John; "for I've made up my mind to go with you, and you ought to have that for taking care of me—eh, Amy?" he added, laughing.

Stanhope, with the right kind of feeling, gratefully accepted the loan. It was then planned that in two days they should leave for New York, and embark in a ship to sail the next day for the gold region.

CHAPTER II.

On the evening of the same day, Katherine Trevener was standing by the open window of the drawing-room of her father's elegant mansion, which stood in a lawn overlooking the Hudson, the waters of which laved the gravelled walks that led to the portico.

She was admiring the cloud scenery in the west. A gaily-painted row-boat, pulled by two young men in club uniform, attracted her attention. It landed, and one of them, a fine, handsome fellow of three or four-and-twenty, came up the lawn. Seeing her at the window, he bowed with an air of fashion to her, and even flung her a kiss.

"Colling Wippell is very presuming," said the beauty and heiress, with a curve of her lip, which indicated partly displeasure and partly contempt. "He fancies his riches, and his handsome person, and his having been to Paris, elevate him to a resistless lady-killer. How little sense and how much vanity it takes to make a young man of fashion. How absurd he looks in that blue braided roundabout and white petticoat-trowsers, with that little tea-plate of a straw hat, with broad black ribbon, worn with such an affected nautical air!"

"Good evening, fair Katharine," he said, coming under the window. "Have you heard the news?"

"News is constantly coming to one's ears," she said, quietly.

"You are not curious to ask what particular news, Miss Kate. I will not be cruel, however, but gratify your secret curiosity. The court pronounced Colonel Seymour's estate insolvent to-day. Not enough to pay his debts. I'm sorry for Stanhope, poor fellow," added the young man, with crocodile hypocrisy, while he was, from the corner of his eyes, watching maliciously the effect of the intelligence. He was surprised by seeing Kate turn pale, and a look of sad surprise pass over her fair countenance.

"I am very sorry to hear it," she answered, in tones of womanly sympathy.

"He'll have to work for his living, I fear. He can teach, or—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Wippell—my father calls me."

Thus saying, she disappeared from the window.

"Deuced cavalierly, that!" he soliloquized.

"Not even ask a man in! It cut her, I see. Loves him, I perceive that. But his cake is dough there now. She won't marry a beggar. I will wait a few days, and then try my chance again. As for Stanhope, he will be for the future out of account!"

Thus soliloquizing, the young man slowly returned to his boat.

"Bad news, Kate," said her father, as he entered the hall, whence he had called her name.

"What, dear father?"

"This marriage with Stanhope must be given up. The old man was bankrupt. Not left a maravedi. It will take even his carriage and horses and watch, Slye tells me, to pay to the last dollar. Always knew he lived fast. Speculated, too. Sorry for you, daughter, but you must give up all thoughts of Stanhope Seymour. He is a fine fellow, but is quite out of the question as my son-in-law."

Kate made no reply. Her dark brown eyes filled with tears. She hastened to her room, and cast herself into a chair, sobbing:

"I will love Seymour to the last! What is gold to me, with a heart so rich as his! I have twenty thousand dollars! That is more than enough for us! I will not give him up. My father shall yield to my entreaties!"

At this moment a servant left a note in her hand. She recognized the familiar writing of her lover. She tore it open and read as follows, by the roscate radiance which the bright, welcome clouds lent after the sun had disappeared:

"Dear Miss Trevener—I write you a few lines with deep emotion. They will inform you (that which, perhaps, you have already heard) that I have nothing whatever left to me from my father's estate. I can not, though you should not change, offer to you a penniless hand! I will not—dare not see you—lest I should repeat my resolution—for I know you are too noble and good to value money merely in and for itself! I restore you your promised hand, though I shall forever keep your heart! To-morrow or the next day I leave for California. I hope to redeem my fortune there! If I should return rich and you should yet be true—but I ask nothing—bind you to nothing even in hopes. Let me say, then, that if I return rich and find you the wife (forgive me—let it not offend you) of another, I shall not be angry—but I shall forever remain single for your sake.

Your friend, who prays for your happiness,
STANHOPE SEYMOUR.

"I will see him before he leaves! His loss has made him morbid and proud. I can not thus lose him! It makes no difference with me—yes, it does—it makes me love him more! How distantly and cold he addresses me as Miss Trevener! Our engagement shall continue, Stanhope. You have more than ever need that I should love you!"

Kate was not able to obtain the interview she sought. To avoid seeing her, Stanhope had left for the city as soon as he was despatched to her last note. Two days afterwards he was joined by John Howell, and they embarked together in "The Golden Horn," for the regions of El Dorado.

CHAPTER III.

Four months elapsed and not any tidings had come to Miss Trevener's ears from her former lover. Yet absence did not conquer love in her bosom. The attentions of Colling Wippell became daily more oppressive, and, as he was favored by her father, more alarming. She firmly refused to give him any encouragement, and feared that she would be driven directly to insult him to put an end to his persistent offers of marriage. She incurred her father's displeasure by her refusal to give the rich young man her hand.

Three months more passed, when a letter came to Amy from John. It informed her that they had safely reached the gold mines, and that he had got together "a large pile of dust," but he meant to get more and then come home! As for Stanhope, he wrote very despondingly of him, saying he was ill with the fever of the country, and he feared it would go hard with him, especially as he was very low spirited, not being strong enough to work the gold cradles and get along like men used to hard labor.

This letter Amy showed to Kate, who was thrown into the deepest grief by its tidings; and her love for Stanhope so possessed her, that if she had had it in her power she would have flown to him.

Amy showed the letter to everybody that came to the door. It fell, thus, under the eyes of Colling Wippell.

"Ah, this is my rival," he muttered. "If he were to die there, I should have a chance."

A month later came another letter to Amy from John. It bore the sad intelligence of the death of Stanhope, who succumbed to the wasting fever of the climate.

"I had him decently buried in a grave by a great rock, which I shall know again, Amy," he added. "He got but a little gold together. I fear it will break the heart of Miss Kate; but then he had forgotten her, and loved with all his heart a pretty Spanish girl who nursed him, and to whom he left all his gold dust, about a thousand dollars in all! If you tell this to Miss Kate it will make the blow less heavy to her, and help dry her eyes sooner."

The letter was read by Kate; and after a few showers of hot, angry tears, the young girl dried her eyes, murmuring:

"I have been, indeed, forgotten! I have loved one who could not love as I did! Ah, Stanhope, how could you forget me! I mourn less your death than the death of your affection for me! Loved another! A fair Spanish maid—to whom he left his wealth! I will try and forget him also! Yet I must weep! I have been so deceived!"

A few weeks passed, and commanded by her father and importuned by Wippell, she consented, as if led to a sacrifice, to give him her hand. The day of marriage was fixed. It happened, without premeditation, to be just one year and a day after the departure of Stanhope for California, and about four months after she had heard of his death through the letter to Amy. This four months' respite (as it were) she had obtained of her father reluctantly. It was met that she should give a little time to mourning her lover's death and unfaithfulness.

One month before the day appointed for the wedding the steambot landed at the pier near dame Amy's inn, among other passengers, two strange and hairy men. It was after eight o'clock, and would have been dark but for a lingering light in the west, and the radiance of a young moon hanging like a silver lump in the sky.

With these bearded men, in rough caps and California miners' frocks, was landed two heavy chests, so heavy that it took four men—strong men at that—to convey each of them from the boat to the wharf, with many an oath.

"These men are gold-hunters," said one passenger to another, as they proceeded to walk up the pier to the buggies and carriages which awaited them to carry them to their families.

"They must be rich as Croesus," replied Mr. Trevener, who was the person addressed, "if all that is gold dust."

"Who knows," was the rejoinder. "I wonder who they are to land at our pier?"

"I wish one of 'em would purchase my place," continued Mr. Trevener, before I have to sell it at auction. It is bad enough, Preston, for a gentleman to fall, without being publicly sold out, look, stock and barrel!"

"Your friends sympathize with you, sir," answered Mr. Preston. "Of course you could not be accountable for that extraordinary fall in Western railroad stocks. I hope you will save something out of it."

"No. I give all up, in honor bound! I shall have to go to book-keeping. I should not mind it, but all I had for Kate is gone; and now that scoundrel Wippell, had the impudence to write me a note two days ago, that circumstances render it necessary that his engagement with my daughter should come to an end—confound the cool fellow! This is adding insult to injury! Here, poor Kate has been twice engaged and broken off. Her first lover was poor; you knew him, Seymour, who died in California; and so it was broken off by me, though Kate would have married him and loved him to the last. Indeed, she would never have consented to marry Wippell if she had not heard of Seymour's death at the mines three months ago, and that he had loved a Spanish girl! Her spunk was up then, and she would have married anybody named, I dare say!"

The two gentlemen were walking together up the pier. Behind them came the two Californians who heard every word of this conversation, as the wind blew the words back to them. Behind the Californians came a dray with their heavy chests. Mr. Trevener got into a gig in waiting and drove off. The Californians ordered the dray to stop in front of the Inn.

"How Amy will scream for joy!" said the honest-hearted and full voice of John Howell, to his companion. "So it is strange they've heard you were dead! and Miss Kate ready to marry another; and her father ruined!"

The other, a tall, handsome fellow, bearded like a pard, replied—

"It is strange news I've heard! But I rejoice to learn from her father's lips that she loved me till she heard I was dead! To tell you the truth, John, I am not sorry she heard it; nor that her father is poor."

What pen shall describe the meeting of John with Amy! At first she screamed and ran away from him, he looked so savage and fierce; but when she heard his voice, she flew back again with a shriek of joy, and flinging herself upon his breast, buried her face in the depths of his hairy moustache and beard!

"So did I hope Kate might meet me," sighed Seymour, as he stood by.

"This is my California friend, John Jones, Amy!"

Amy smiled and shook him by the hand and welcomed him; and then said sadly—

"Ah, dear John, I would it had been Stanhope Seymour thus come back with you! Poor young man! I wept so when your letter told me of his death at the mines! and so did Miss Kate! If he were alive now, she is poor enough for him, even if he had nothing; for her father has lost everything, and his house and furniture, and all is to be sold next week!"

The heart of Seymour beat with a secret joy. Can the reader guess his thoughts?

"My letter!" exclaimed John; "I never wrote you that Mr. Seymour was dead?"

"Yes, you did!"

"Never! Let me see such a letter!"

His wife soon found in her little budget the let-

ter. He took it, and said with a great round oath—

"It's a forgery. I never wrote that, wife! Look at this, Mr. Seymour! This is a letter some one has written and imposed on my wife! Buried under a great rock! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Mr. Seymour!" ejaculated Amy. "Is this Mr. Seymour, all alive! For you called him so!"

"Yes, Amy," answered Stanhope, smiling. "It is I! You see I am alive!"

"I know you now by your voice and the smile, with all your great brown beard and long hair! How glad Miss Kate will be, for she loves you yet! She was here to-day and told me so! Then you didn't die and leave your gold to a Spanish girl?"

"Not a bit of it!"

"Nor love her?"

"No! It is all a made up tale, Amy. I have been true to Kate in heart and thought! I have come home rich—rich enough! So has John! You will live like a queen now! So much for letting him go to the gold region! And now I should like to know who wrote that letter?"

"I think I can guess with my woman's wit," said Amy. "It was written by somebody that wished you dead, and tried to make it out you were! Now, who could be advantaged by your death and telling you loved a Spanish girl, who nursed you, and to whom you left your gold? Nobody but the man that couldn't get Miss Kate while she thought you were alive and still true to her. It must have been Colling Wippell. And now I remember he borrowed the letter you wrote John about Mr. Seymour being sick, and kept it a whole day."

"Yes, to copy my hand-writing. I see it all, don't you, Mr. Seymour?"

"I think I do. I will find out if our suspicions are true and give him his reward. He was my rival, but I did not suppose he would descend to so base a trick to deceive Miss Trevener."

"Well, the coast is all clear to you, now, Mr. Seymour," said Amy. "She has only to see you alive to be all to you she ever was, and more to!"

"I do not wish her to know I am alive, Amy. Keep it a secret. I will board here with you as Mr. John Jones. I have a plan to see if she is true and to surprise her."

The week following, the sale took place of the elegant mansion and grounds of Mr. Trevener. Colling Wippell was desirous of obtaining the super-abundant partly to play off a low kind of practical revenge upon Kate, by possessing her property, and introducing as his wife a new mistress into it. But a stranger—a Californian—bid perseveringly and steadily against him, until Wippell deserted the field, and the place was knocked down to Mr. J. Jones—cash \$32,000.

Nobody knew Mr. J. Jones, as John Howell was his proxy, and bid for him.

By the terms of the sale Mr. Trevener and his daughter were to remain in the house eight days. The money paid by Mr. Jones went to the creditors. Mr. Trevener the next day went to New York to seek private board in plain style for himself and daughter, and to try and find a book-keeper's place. So low had he fallen.

The evening of the day on which he left, as our hero was planning with Amy and John at the inn how he should make himself known to Miss Trevener, the door opened and she entered. She was drawing back on beholding the strangers, but John, shorn of his heavy beard, stepped forth and said:

"Do not be afraid of us, Miss Trevener. I hope you welcome me back?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" she said, with hesitation; "but more—oh, more welcome if he who had gone with you had also returned with you!"

These words were said in a low voice, so as not to be heard by the bearded stranger; but Stanhope heard them, and they made his heart thrill with joy. She now looked towards him, and said, with mingled joy and sorrow:

"Sir, I heard that the purchaser of my father's home was boarding at this inn, waiting for us to vacate the premises. I presume you are the gentleman, from description. I called to ask Mistress Amy to say to you that I will leave them this evening and give you possession; as it better becomes my fortunes to remain at the inn, and not keep the rightful owner out of it. You are, therefore, at liberty to occupy it as soon as you please."

Stanhope turned away his face to conceal his emotion. She waited for a reply, which he could not trust himself to make, for he felt that as soon as he should speak he should betray himself—his heart was so full, so full of pity, love, joy—all mingled. He crossed the room, and whispered brokenly to Amy:

"Tell her who—who I am! Break the news—gently—gently!"

He then hastened from the apartment, and burst into a flood of tears as soon as he was by himself.

"Miss Kate," said John, "I have news to tell you. Now prepare a brave and strong heart to hear it! That letter about Mr. Seymour's death I never wrote—it is a forgery!"

"Is—he is he then not dead?"

"Be calm. He recovered; he is alive!"

"Where?" she gasped.

"Alive and well, and will be here ere long! Don't pale and tremble so! This is good, not bad news."

"Do you mock me?"

"Not for the world's gold! He came with me from California, and boarded in New York with me."

"Then I will believe you. He lives! This is a joy! Is—he is he come back rich?" she asked, between doubt and fear.

"With a hundred thousand dollars!"

"Then he is dead to me!" she cried, clasping her hands.

"Not dead but alive to thee, fairest among women! Best and truest of God's creatures!" cried Stanhope, entering, and clasping her to his heart.

"I have returned well and rich. I offer here my hand, and heart, and wealth. I lay all three at your feet!"

The next day Mr. Trevener was invited to come up to attend the marriage of his daughter with the rich Californian, Mr. Jones. Shall we describe his amazement and joy at finding in him the alive again Stanhope Seymour! his delight at seeing that his daughter was mistress of his house! that he had not to take a book-keeper's place! and how Seymour and he over a bottle of Tokay drowned all bygones!

We merely hint at these matters, leaving the reader to fill in with his own imagination. In the meanwhile we close with this reflection:—How many thrilling volumes would be composed of the happy incidents and surprises growing out of it suddenly acquired wealth in "the golden land," were written out into tales!

THE CONFLICT BETWEEN PRIDE AND POVERTY.—The hardest grapple upon earth is that which obtains between pride and poverty; and the man who has become the owner of the disputed province of these two belligerents, is a stranger to repose and happiness.

A VISIT TO THE DEAD SEA.

Having hired a Bedouin to be my guide, and made him eat with me to be assured of his fidelity, I committed myself to his care, and set out at midnight. We marched through the bed of the "Brook Cedron," along a steep and horrible ravine. At length we got into the plain, and to avoid the wandering Arab robbers, stretched about two miles to the south, and were lucky enough to reach the barren mountains which bound the western coast of the Lake Asphaltites or Dead Sea, without meeting a single Arab. The summit of the sterile rock on which I stood was about three hundred feet above the gloomy lake below, and the mountains on the opposite coast appeared to be about ten miles distant. The moon was shining in all her rising splendor on the desecrated scene, the shadows of the rugged promontories around me were reflected in the lake, but not a ripple was on its surface; the silence of death was there, and the curse of Heaven seemed written on the soil! For miles around there was life neither in earth nor water. I stopped on the rock for half an hour, my feet were cut in many places with the sharp flints that abound there, and it was with difficulty I could descend. I was desirous of ascertaining the truth of the assertion "that nothing sinks in the Dead Sea." I swam a considerable distance from the shore, and about four yards from the beach was beyond my depth; the water was the coldest I ever felt, and the taste was detestable, it was that of a solution of nitre mixed with an infusion of quassia; the buoyancy I found to be greater than that of any sea I ever swam in; I could lie like a log of wood on the surface, without stirring hand or foot, as long as I chose, and with a great deal of exertion I could dive sufficiently deep to cover all my body, but was immediately thrown up again on the surface, in spite of my efforts to descend lower. On coming out of the water, I found my body coated with sulphur, and likewise with an incrustation of salt about the thickness of a sixpence, and the wounds in my feet pained me excessively, the poisonous quality of the water having irritated the abraded skin, and ultimately made an ulcer of every wound. I am well convinced from my own observation and the accounts of the Arabs, that no living creature is to be found in the Dead Sea. The surrounding country has the appearance of having been blasted with fire, and the waters of the Dead Sea stand in sullenness and desolation, a record of the depravity of man and the vengeance of Heaven.

TRUTH.

"She was a worshiper at the shrine of truth."

Falseness, deception, artifice, whence come they? who is their father? and whither do they tend? Who will wield the pen, or raise the voice to recommend truth—heaven-descended truth? Truth, one of the attributes of the Deity—truth, one of the essential elements of the bliss and glory of heaven! Truth, alas! is fallen in the streets, and no one comes to her rescue.

Truth is beautiful. I gaze upon her fair lineaments, and my feelings kindle into rapture—I grieve when she is dishonored, even as the fond lover grieves to see the idol of his affections wronged and degraded.

Truth and falsehood are the substrata which underlie the whole moral structure of society.

Every virtue is based upon truth, every vice has falsehood for its resting place.

So true is this, that a child trained to hate and fear a lie has a safeguard of moral character—a redeeming principle which will bring him back should he enter upon any devious way. Those who habitually practice falsehood in any of its forms, deceive themselves more than they deceive others. They lose the ability to discern the true or detect the false. They labor to cast a mist before the eyes of others, and are thus at length, most miserably befogged themselves.

RULES FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

BY A PRUDENT OLD GENTLEMAN.

Always sit next to the carver, if you can, at dinner.

Ask no woman her age.

Be civil to all rich uncles and aunts.

Never joke with a policeman.

Don't play at chess with a widow.

Never contradict a man who stutters.

Put down the blind before you put on your wig.

Make friends with the steward on board a steamer—there's no knowing how soon you may be placed in his power.

Never answer a crossing-sweeper. Pay him, or else pass quickly and silently on. One word, and you are lost.

Keep your own secrets. Tell no human being you dye your whiskers.

Write not one letter more than you can help. The man who keeps up a large correspondence is a martyr, tied, not to the stake, but to the post.

Wind up your conduct like your watch, once every day, examining minutely whether you are "fast" or "slow."

THE SWEARER AND HIS BOY.

A man who was extremely addicted to profane swearing, was one day at work with a yoke of oxen near his house. The oxen not working to suit him, he began whipping them severely, at the same time uttering volleys of the most blasphemous oaths. The oxen, breaking loose from their burden, ran to the house, while the owner, in a passion, pursued them, and coming up with them at the house, began whipping them again and swearing as before. His little boy, at this time just old enough to begin to talk, began to prattle his profane oaths after him. No sooner did the father hear this, then his feelings were wrought up to a lively sensibility. He paused for a moment, dropped his whip, sat down and wept bitterly. A flood of keen reflections at once rushed upon his convicted conscience, which produced such an effect that he never was heard to utter an oath afterwards.

WAITING TO POP THE QUESTION.

It is unseemly in a young woman to betray any anxiety that her implied lover should make a proposal. Hesitation on the part of gentlemen so situated is no doubt disagreeable; but their conduct is generally dictated either by prudence or diffidence. When they think they ought to marry, and have money enough to set up a home with, their manner wholly and suddenly changes. The Russian winter of their disposition changes in a day to a delicious spring.

DON'T BE IDLE.—Time is precious, life short, and consequently one must not lose a single moment. A man of sense knows how to make the most of time, and puts out his whole soul either to interest or to pleasure; he is never idle, but constantly employed either in amusements or in study. Idleness is the mother of all vice. At least, it is certain, that laziness is the inheritance of fools; and nothing is so despicable as a sluggard.