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Select Poetry.

THE GULF STREAM.

Pulse of the ocean's bounding heart,
Wild throbbing through the deep,
Breaking the calmer ties apart
With strong impetuous sweep:
Where have thy waves their place of rest?
Where do thy swift tides flow?
Vein of the ocean's heaving breast,
Warmed with the topic's glow.

Far, far beneath the solemn deep,
Like ancient funeral pyre,
The smouldering ashes scattered sleep,
Of some volcanic fire;
But all their period, warmth and light,
Have perished long ago,—
They do not give thy waves their might,
Or speed their restless flow.

Hast thou wealth of buried treasures hid?
Or gold? or gleaming pearl?
Where the island gems are set amid
The oceans billowy curls?
Or dost thou pour thy silvery foam—
A bright unsullied band—
To girdle in the freman's home—
The patriot's hallowed land?

Still pressing onward through the deep,
Thou dost mark thy gleaming way,
By the reckless waves that never sleep
When other tides delay.
Bearing the glow of the Southern clime
On thy waters surging free,
Thou dost speed afar in might sublime,
Wild current of the sea.

Thou are like the strong, resistless will,
Set deep in the earnest soul,
That, through all change and trial, still
Speeds on to the conqueror's goal;—
Cleaving its way through the threatning storm.
Breasting the battle's strife,
Spreading its wave of passion warm
Through the colder sea of life.

Written for The American Union.

THE PIRATE CAPTAIN;
—OR,—
THE VILLAIN'S DOOM.

A Tale of the Close of the Last Century.

BY KRIMPUS KRIMP.

Chapter VI.

Bright as the diamonds are,
Is her eye of the softest blue;
She shines as a beaming star,
And her love and heart are true.
—FANCY WILD.

She was a beautiful creature. Nellie, at the age of eighteen, had bloomed forth into womanhood a true woman—one who knew what she ought to do, and intended doing it. Though reared in aristocratic circles, she never refused to lend a helping hand to those who needed it, as far as her means would permit. The poor looked for her coming as though she were some heavenly being sent to minister unto the wants of suffering humanity. She was the complete counterpart of her mother, with blue eyes, light blooming countenance, and waving ringlets of beautiful hair; she was a being lovely to look upon, and it is no wonder the gentlemen in her circle of acquaintances delighted to be in her company. But, as yet, her—we will not say heart—hand was free, never having been promised to anyone, though there were numerous suitors who would gladly have claimed it if they could. Col. Roylston, then serving in the army in America, had proposed and been put off, but not refused literally, and he thought he still might have a chance. Nellie had confessed to her mother that she thought something of him, though she would not compromise herself by promising him her hand.

She must have been thinking of the soldier across the waters, when we look in upon her, and praying for his safe return home, for she sang, in a low tone, the words:

"Blest is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

Thoughts of her lover and her christian friends blended together we should say.—Having finished singing, she then sat still for a while and soliloquized thus:

"Yes, in heart, we are as one; I refused him, but why? Because I knew not my heart, but I know it now. But when I think of him, thoughts of the perils he is braving force themselves before me; suppose he should be killed. No, no, I will drive such thoughts away. But, oh! if he should be called upon to yield up his life for his country, I can solace with the sweet conviction that we will meet in heaven, for Henry is a devout christian."

Here she was interrupted in her reverie by the entrance of her mother, who exclaimed:

"Why, Nellie, my daughter, how dejected and castdown you look, what has occurred to cause this shadow on your face?"

"Nothing mother, except that I was thinking about Henry—Colonel Roylston."

"What about him, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Supposing that he should be killed," answered Nellie.

"There is great probability of his return soon."

"You don't say so? How did you hear it?"

"From a reliable source."

"Oh! I only hope it may be true. How I should like to see him. I wonder if he looks as grand as ever?"

"Indeed, my child, I am not able to te[ll] you. Time and exposure, I expect, ha[ve] wrought some changes in his appearance, n[o] doubt."

"I hope it will not be long ere his return. But mother, to change the subject, I admire the step these colonies have taken, for, to confess the truth, I like freedom better than I do a monarchial form of government. Oh! how I would like to live in that country, where everyone stands upon an equal footing. The thought must be glorious to contemplate, 'here I stand my own ruler.'"

"My daughter is an enthusiast. Don't despair, for who knows but that you may, sometime, realize your wishes."

"Alas! I am afraid not."

"Well, don't give up. 'While there's life, there's hope,' is an old but true saying."

Thus they conversed for some time, until Mrs. Landgrave left the room, and Nellie was once more left to her reveries.

Chapter VII.

Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise;
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay,
Till the whole stream, which stopped him should be gone,
That runs, and as it runs, forever will run on.

November 1783. We will now go some distance; the treaty of peace between Great Britian and the United States had been signed, and the British troops returned home.—It was a pleasant evening in November, in that eventful year, and we will take another peep into the old Landgrve mansion, in Edinburgh. Edward Landgrave, senior, and his family, at the earnest solicitation of his son, had removed thence, with all his effects, and on this evening, in the drawing room, were seated the entire family, Albert, and Colonel Roylston had just returned. They seemed to be engaged in an animated conversation.

"Well, Colonel," said Mr. Landgrave, what kind of a looking country is it?"

"I must confess, Mr. Landgrave," replied the Colonel, "I was never more pleased with the varied scenery it presents: and not only the scenery, but the difference in climate."

"Well, Colonel, if you intended to remove there, in what part of the country would you locate?"

"I should locate in New England, partly on account of the climate, and partly on account of the name; for when I leave *Old* England it will be to go to *New* England."

"You are enthusiastic; but to come to the point, I have been for some time debating in my mind whether or not England was right in the course which she has taken and in which she has been defeated. And I have come to the conclusion that she was wrong, and have decided to seek an asylum in the land of the free. It is a bold step, I know; still I have resolved to begin and be free, and to defer it no longer. What do you think of it, Colonel?"

"This is what I think of it: for the last four years I have been fighting a people 'who knew no wrong.' Often, upon the tented field, at night, when I lay wrapped in my own thoughts, this question would protrude itself upon my mind: 'for what am I fighting?' and for the life of me I couldn't answer it. I have been upon the bloody battle field, and seeing men falling around me, the exclamation would unconsciously burst forth, how they fight; they have an object to fight for—home and freedom—and they deserve all they win. I *know* I have been fighting in a bad cause; against men who seemed to be favored by Providence."

"Colonel—"

"I am no longer *Colonel*; I have resigned my commission, and am nothing more than a private citizen."

"I am glad to hear it. Well, Henry, I have a notion of moving to that new country. I think there will I find a home suited to my tastes. I know it will be hard for Nellie to tear herself away from her associates, still, I feel as if I *must* go."

"Father," said the sweet voice of Nellie, "nothing would please me better than to seek a home in the wilds of America. I have become disgusted with fashionable society, and I would be delighted to go—to leave all semblance of fashion behind."

"I am exceedinyly pleased to hear you talk thus. Henry, I have talked with the rest, and a week from to-day myself, wife, and daughter, Edward, my son, and Albert, my nephew, sail for Boston, and I now extend to you a cordial invitation to go with us. Will you accept?"

"With pleasure, I will add one to your company."

"Everything seems to work harmoniously; Providence appears to favor our undertaking. Edward has disposed of his estate, and we are already to start. This day week we sail. The only thing that hurts me is that Aldred refuses to go with us, and has already taken leave of us and gone to London. In time, however, I hope he will discover his error, and join us in our new home."

Chapter VIII.

"O, villain! villain!! though your deep disguise
The searching eye of careless man defies;
Though all doth seem to favor your design,
Beware! beware! there is a *Power* divine,
Which ever shilds the innocent and good,
Which tempers to their strength life's tempests rude,
And stretches forth its all-protecting hand
O'er them, by night and day, on sea and land."
—ANON.

The week had passed, and on the twentieth day of November, 1783, the good ship "Suffolk" stood out of the Mersey, bound for the American Shore, with Mr. Landgrave, wife, daughter, and son, Henry Roylston, Albert Landgrave, and Silas Botelar, as passengers. Beautiful, O, how beautiful, was the night when the ship passed the southern extremety of the Emerald Isle.—The sea was running in that long, regular swell, which is only produced by winds of long continuance, and the noble ship, with all her canvass set, and drawing full, was climbing over the huge blue waves, now—with her bowsprit pointing towards the skies, mounting up the blue side of the mountain roller, which, in the bright light of the full moon, glittered like a moving sheet of silver; then as swiftly rushing down the opposite steep. Oh, it was beautiful! As the ship swept on in her noble grace, from her decks rose the jubilant song of the mariners, who, in a breeze so fair and steady, had but little labor to which to attend.

Upon this night, seated in the forward part of the boat, were Albert Landgrave, and his companion in infamy, engaged in a lively conversation.

"Speak lower, Silas, for God's sake!" whispered Albert. "If I am detected in conversation with you, there will be instant suspicion excited, which will be all the worst for us both."

"Not for me, my boon companion," replied the villain. "You must surely remember they cannot implicate me."

"Ah! too true. Would that I had never entered into this business."

"Don't despair, my young friend; I will stay by you, come what may, but how have you been getting along?"

"Admirably."

"Have you gotten him to make the will yet?"

"Yes."

"Good."

"Not so good as you might suppose.

"Why so?"

"I only get half."

"Who gets the other half?"

"His sister."

"Well, upon my word!"

"What?"

"That is better than if you had prevailed upon him to leave you all. Don't you see it is?"

"No."

"This way; you intend to marry Nellie, and that will be a nice way to come at it.—You can pretend not to like to see your father's money divided, and probably it will have some little influence with her. You see you don't intend to ask her to have you until your cousin Edward is out of the way—which will be pretty soon—and everything will work in nicely.

A silence of some moments. Albert had his head in his hands, bowed upon his knees, occupied in thought.

"This will be a nice time for the consummation of our little plot," continued Botelar. "Nothing will be more easy than to tip him overboard sometime when he may be leaning over the rail, and all eyes happen to be turned away."

"Silas, I haven't the courage to do it."

"Bosh! chicken-hearted child! Think, man, he stands in the way of your becoming the possessor of a fortune and a wife."

"But Silas—"

"Bosh, I say! Do you want that Roylston to carry off Nellie Landgrave before your eyes? Do you want Edward Landgrave to stand in the way of your rising to eminence by means of this fortune?"

"Enough! I will do it, though I hang for it the moment I attempt it. Lose my fair cousin! No; not for a dozen lives."

"You talk sensible now, and I guess our conference had as well come to a close. Remember, the first opportunity."

A few days after this, while the noble ship was still plowing the dark deep rolling billows of the wild Atlantic, the conspirators had another interview.

"Albert" said Botelar, "you had better wait until we get to land for the consummation of our plot."

"Very well."

"When we get into port I shall find out where you stop, and then we can make some arrangements."

And so they parted, and the good ship sped on her way. During the voyage the captain of the Suffolk, John Randolph by name, had made great friends with the Landgrave family; had made himself acquainted with the history of the whole family, and would hear of nothing but that they should make his house their home until they could decide upon a place to settle themselves.—He was delighted to hear they were going to make free America their home—he was a full bred Yankee himself.

"Land ho!" shouted the lookout from aloft, one evening just as the glorious orb of day was sinking to rest in his canopied bed in the golden skies of the far distant west.

"Where away?" shouted the captain.

"Dead ahead, sir!—right in the wake of the sun; the sun is setting behind it and makes it loom up!"

"Very well; keep a bright lookout for sails ahead—the pilot-boats will heave in sight soon.

"Ay, ay, sir! I think there is one off the land now. I see a speck of white to leeward; but its in the glare of the sun, and I can't make it out plain."

"Very well; let me know her bearings when the sun goes down."

"Ay, ay, sir."

The captain now turned to Mr. Landgrave and his company, who were seated on the trunk of the ship watching the setting of the sun, and with great glee addressed them:

"Well, we will be in port in the morning. I want you to go right straight up to my house as soon as you get ashore. You need not make any palaver about it now; you've got to stop till you can get fixed to suit yourselves better. My Fannie has a knack of always liking those whom her husband deems worthy of his friendship. There is no one with her when I am away but an old negress, who waits upon her and she will be delighted to see you.

"Noble friend, you are too good!" cried Mr. Landgrave, as he grasped the old captain's hand within his own. "The gain of one such friend as you, would repay the loss of fifty such as I may have left behind me."

"There, don't say anything more about it!" said the honest sailor, as he cordially returned Landgrave's grasp. "That matter's all settled, but the fog will settle as soon as the sun goes down; you had all better take yourselves below."

As they were advised, they went into the cabin, and there remained for the night.

The ship stood in toward the land, Captain Randolph and his crew keeping a bright lookout for a pilot. The sun went down, darkness came on, and in it we will leave them for the night.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

THE Self-Examining Society has propounded the following queries about this financial period to everybody:

Does it not cost anything to print a newspaper?

How long can a printer afford to furnish a paper without pay?

Do printers eat, drink and wear anything?

If so how do they get it?

Do I owe for my paper?

Is not this particularly a first rate time to call and pay up?

THE SIDE TO LOOK ON.

"Aunty, I wish you'd tell me why
You always wear a smile:
Though doomed to care and penury,
You're cheerful all the while."

"I'll tell you all my darling niece,"
My good old aunt replied:
"Whate'er may come, I always look
Upon the brightest side.

"In the wide world there is not one,
How hard soe'er their lot,
But, if they will, can always find
A bright and sunny spot.

"Though they may toil for many a year
Beneath the summer's sun
And in the winter, cold and drear,
They still may labor on;

"Yet in the varied course of years,
Though much of ill betide,
They will be happy if they look
Upon the brightest side.

"And, through a long and troubled life,
I've found more good than ill;
And, in this world of care and strife,
I bid my heart be still.

"Amid the stormy scenes I meet,
Although bowed down with age,
I smile on, as, with aching feet,
I tread life's weary stage.

"And, e'en in poverty and toil,
Peace with me will abide:
I'm always happy if I look
Upon the brightest side."

What Makes A Gentleman?

The conventional idea of gentility is so intimately connected with riches, that we find it difficult to think of mere virtue, honor, education, and good breeding, without wealth, as the proper attributes of a gentleman.

It is easier to say what is not gentlemanly than to discover what is, and we commoly find the vulgar acceptation of the word gentleman admitted by the world in preference to a higher standard of honesty and honor.

The idea that money makes the gentleman is exemplified every day of our lives, and in all manner of ways. Try it by a cheap experiment. Give a cent to the beggar who waylays you in the street with a professional drawl about hunger and cold, and you are overwhelmed with a torrent of thanks; refuse it, and you go home with a curse upon your head. Assist an infirm old lady into a street-car,—"You are a gentleman, sir," he says, in a grateful whisper. Give up your seat in the front box at a pantomine to a couple of noisy children,—"Sir, you are a gentleman," says the gratified father. Refuse the customary extortion of the obsquious servant of the hotel at a watering-place, and he tells you by his look that you are no gentleman.

Somebody has cleverly said that in every block of marble is concealed an unhewn statue; and so we earnestly believe that in every true and noble nature lies the germ and spirit of nobility, no matter what the merely worldly condition of that nature be; but for one specimen of the true Carrara there are half-a-dozen counterfeit imitations in mere chalk and rubble. Your true gentleman is not a thing of purchase and sale, and can no more be manufactured than a diamond. It is a hard thing to say, but half your gentlemanly jewels—bright, and polished, and well set in gold and silver, though they be—are paste, sir, mere paste! "A king can mak' a belted knight," sang Burns, "a marquis, duke, and a' that,"—what a poor notion of manufactured nobility the unpensioned exciseman must have had when he wrote that song. But there's no bitterness in it, not a morsel; he merely felt, as all true nature feel, whether clothed in velvet of fustian, that "a man's a man for a' that."

No man need despair, if he be in the mind, of being thought a gentleman; for, if a high standard of morality, an unflinching love and practice of truth, honesty unimpeachable, and virtue and justice untainted, constitute, as I believe they do, the true signs by which a gentleman may be known, then there is hope for every one of us; and if we possess not these attributes, we must strive to gain them.

There is erected in society an invisible standard of gentility; and, if we possess it not ourselves, we have within us a great secret talisman by which to try the true from the false.—Everybody knows a gentleman when he is encountered, thought a black coat and kid gloves go but a short way in making one, and many a "Paris nap" covers a snob.

"What is it?" asked Thackeray, gentlest of critics, tenderest of satirists, sharpest of cynics, hardest of moralists, just as the mood takes him, "What is it to be a gentleman? Is it to have lofty aims, to lead a pure life, to keep your honor virgin, to have the esteem of your fellow-citizens, and the love of your fireside; to bear good fortune meekly; to suffer evil with constancy, and through evil or good to maintain truth always? Show me the happy man whose life exhibits these qualities, and him we will salute as gentleman, whatever his rank may be; show me the prince who possesses them, and he may be sure of our love and loyalty."

But, lest any of our readers should be in doubt as to the true gentlemanly metal, it may be as well to say, that though a gentleman may possibly be a little "fast," he is neither a liar, a cheat, a scoffer at other men's religion, a loud talker, a showy dresser, a boaster, a trader upon philanthropy, a drunkard, a swindler, a hanger-on at taverns, nor a frequenter of gambling-houses. Whenever you are in doubt ascertain if your acquaintance be any of these; if he be, then you may conclude he is *not a gentleman*.

False Notions.

Amon the many absurdities and false opinions which characterize the present age as compared with the earlier days of the Repulic, none is more prominent, and none more to be regretted, than the growing tendency on the part of a great portion of our people to deem as unworthy of respect and honor the humble toilers in the ruder occupations of life. The good old days of our forefathers, when the honest laborer in field or workshop was considered and treated as the peer of the most learned and wealthy in the land are in striking contrast with the pride and absurdities of the present; and it is evident that from the democracy of former days we are fast merging into an age of aristocracy—an aristocracy, which, if not as complete and powerful as those of the old world, is destined, unless checked by the republican sentiment of the masses, to exert many of the evil influences attending this most dangerous enemy to the liberty and happiness of the people.

The only effectual way of avoiding this building up of an aristocracy in our midst is through cherishing with proper respect and honor the producers of the nations wealth, for no nation can lay claim to the essential principles of greatness which neglects the interests of the humblest and weakest of its citizens.

While nothing could be more erroneous than the opinion, entertained by the generality of mankind, that exemption from labor, whether mental or bodily, conduces to happiness, the idea that occupation makes respectabilty is almost as common, and certainly quite as far removed from the truth. An occupation, whether high or low, can only be rendered respectable in proportion to the dignity and ability with which it is filled, and where these crowning virtues are wanting there can be no true respectability to challenge our admiration.

While there are some occupations requiring no great degree of mental ability or culture for their proper fulfilment, such as many of the trades for instance, they are not the less respectable on this account, provided they are filled with uprightness; and should claim the same high respect that is awarded to the proudest and highest profession. They are necessary to the harmony of society, in supplying its wants, and while they may not gain the admiration that the professions do, when brilliantly filled, they should be none the less the objects of our regard.

Therefore we say, honor labor wherever you meet it—when you see a man honestly toilling his way through life, earning his bread by the sweat of his brow, give him the hand of encouragement that is ever due to honest, manly toil.

One Day's Work of the Heart.

The effect of everything that touches the heart is multiplied by the intensity of the heart's own changes. Hence it is that it is so sensitive—so true and quick an index of the body's state. Hence, also, it is that it never wearies. Let me remind you of the work done by our hearts in a day. A man's total outward work, his whole effect upon the world, in twenty-four hours, has been reckoned at about three hundred and fifty foot tons. That may be taken as a good "hard day's work." During the same time, the heart has been working at the rate of one hundred and twenty foot tons. That is to say, if all the pulses of a day and night conuld be concentrated and welded into one great throb, that throb would be enough to throw a ton of iron one hundred and twenty feet in the air. And yet the heart is never weary.

Many of us are tired after but feeble labors; few of us can hold a poker out at arm's length without, after a few minutes, dropping it. But a healthy heart, and many an usound heart, too,—though sometimes you can tell in the evening, by its stroke, that it has been vexed during the day, that it has been thrown off its ballance by the turmoils and worries of life—goes on beating through the night while we are asleep, and, when we are awake in the morning, we find it at work, fresh as if it had only just began to beat. It does this because upon each stroke of work there follows a period, a brief but a real period, of rest; because the next stroke that comes is but the natural sequence of the rest, and made to match it; because, in fact, each beat is, in force, in scope, in character, in everything, simple expression of the heart's own energy and state.

DRESS AND APPEARANCE.—Upon the subject of dress and appearance, the New York *Times* thus remarks:

A coat that has the mark of use upon it, is a recommendation to the people of sense, and a hat with too much nap and too high a lustre, is a derogatory circumstance. The best coats in Broadway are on the backs of penniless fops, broken down merchants, clerks with pitiful salaries, and men that do not pay up. The heaviest gold chains dangle from the fobs of gamblers and gentlemen of very limited means; costly ornament on ladies indicate to the eyes that are well opened, the fact of a silly lover or husband cramped for funds. And when a pretty woman goes by in plain and neat apparel, it is the presumption that she has fair expectations, and a husband that can show a balance in his favor. For women are like books—too much gliding makes men suspicious that the binding is the most important part.

A Richmond girl hinted to a gentleman that her thimble was nearly worn out, and asked what reward she should receive for her industry. He made answer next day by sending her a new one, with the following lines:

I send a thimble for fingers nimble,
Which I hope will fit when you try it;
It will last you long, if it's half as strong
As the hint which you gave me to buy it.

COST OF LOAFERISM.—Does the young man who persists in being a loafer even reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent, respectable man? Does he imagine that loaferism is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he choses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time in the first place—days, weeks, months of it—in fact about all the time he has, for no man can be a first-class loafer without devoting nearly his entire time to it.—The occupation, well-followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, dri—we had almost said drinking, but on reflection, we will except that. The loafer finds time to drink, whenever invited.

It costs friends. Once fully embarked on the sea of loaferdom, and you may bid farewell to every friendly sail that floats under an honest and leg-mate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccaneers of society. It cost money; for though the loafer may not earn a cent, or have one for months, time lost might have produced him much money if devoted in industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort—all the true pleasures of living; honor, dignity, self-respect, and the respect of the world when living, and finally, all regret or consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.

THE SACK OF PEARLS.—A traveller missed his way and lost himself in a desert. Nearly famished with hunger and thirst, he reached at length a shady palm tree and a fresh fountain. he saw a small bag lying on the ground.—Thanks to God! said the man as he lifted the little bag, these are perhaps peas, which will keep me from starving. Eagerly he opened the bag and said, alas! alas! they are only pearls'

"Worth more than gold or pearls, you see,
The little loaf that feedeth thee!"

Though he had now a bag of pearls worth several thousand pounds, he was still in danger of starvation. But he praved earnestly to God for help, and presently there came hastily riding on his camel, a Moor, who had lost the bag of pearls. He had compassion on the starving man, gave him bread and refreshing fruit, and took him along on his camel.

Behold! said the Moor, how wonderfully God disposes all things! I regarded it as a misfortune to have lost the pearls, but God permitted it that I might return again and save a life.

"By little things Jehovah saves
His people from untimely graves."

MRS. PARTINGTON ON COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE.—Don't put too much diffidence in a lover's words, my dear girl. He may tell you that you have lips like strawberries and cream, cheeks like a carnation, and eyes like an asterisk. But such things oftener come from a tender head than from a tender heart. I like to go to weddings, though; I like to hear young people promise to love, humor, and nourish each other; but it's a solemn thing when the minister comes into the chancery with his surplus on, and goes through the ceremony of making them man and wife. It ought to be husband and wife, for it ain't every husband that turns out to be a man. I declare I never shall forget when Paul put the nuptial ring on my finger and said: 'With my goods I thee endow.' He kept a dry goods store then, and I thought he was going to give me the whole there was in it. I was young and simple, and didn't kno till afterward that it meant only one dress a year."

PROFANITY.—Cowper wrote some lines about swearing which it would be worth while for every one to learn:

"It chills my blood to hear the blest Supreme
Rudely appealed to on every trifling theme;
Maintain your rank, vulgarity despise—
To swear is neither brave, polite nor wise."

Some who would not swear by the name of God, think nothing of swearing "By George," or "By jingo," or by something else, others often cry out, "Good gracious!" or "Mercy on me!" These are the beginning of swearing.—They are to profane swearing what acorns are to the oak. Our Saviour said when on earth: Let your yea be yea, and your nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than this, cometh of evil." This means that we should use plain, simple language. David had a short prayer to this point: "Set a watch, O Lord! before my mouth; and keep the door of my lips."

HEAVEN'S BEST GIFT.—Jeremy Taylor says, if you are for pleasure, marry; if you prize health, marry. A good wife is Heaven's last, best gift to man; his angel of mercy, minister of graces innumerable; his gem of many virtues; his casket of jewels. Her voice his sweetest music; her smile his brightest day; her kiss the guardian of innocence; her arms the pale of his safety; the balm of his health the balsam of his life; her industry his surest wealth; her economy his safest steward; her lips his faithful counsellors; her bosom the softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers the ablest advocates of Heaven's blessings on his head.

JOSH BILLINGS says: "When spiders are seen climbin up the wall backward, and frogs cough az if they had the hickups, look out fur rain. This is also a sure sign that children will have the measles light." He is also of opinion that "when hens lay two eggs a day, and men cease bragg and wimmin cease to cackle, then Injun summer draws ni, and the Millennium ain't fur oph." Furthermore, he says; "Love iz seed to be blind, but I kno lots of phellows in love who can see twice as much in their sweethearts as I kan."

FORTUNE knocks once at every man's door. If she ever knocked at ours we were out.

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