

GOLDEN RULES OF LIFE.—All the air and the exercise in the universe, and the most generous and liberal table, but poorly suffice to maintain human stamina, if we neglect their co-operatives—namely, the obedience to the laws of abstinence, and those of ordinary gratification. We rise with a head-ache, and we set about puzzling ourselves to find out the cause. We then recollect that we had a hard day's sag, or that we feasted over bounteously, or that we stayed up very late; at all events we are inclined to find out the fault, and then we accuse ourselves of folly for falling into it. Let any one individual review his past life, how instantaneously the blush will cover his cheek when he thinks of the egregious errors he has unknowingly committed—say unknowingly, because it never occurred to him that they were errors, until the effects followed that betrayed the cause. All our sickness and ailments mainly depend upon ourselves. There are thousands who practise errors day after day, and whose pervading thought is, that every thing which is agreeable and pleasant cannot be harmful. The slothful man loves his bed, the toper his drink, because it throws him into an exhilarative and exquisite mood; the gourmand makes his stomach his god; and the sensualist thinks his delights imperishable. So we go on, and at last we stumble and break down. We then begin to reflect, and the truth stares us right in the face how much we are to blame.

FARMING SCENES IN THE WEST.—About eight years ago a Dutchman, whose only English was a good-natured "yes" to every possible question, got employment here as a stable-man. His wages, six dollars and board; that was thirty-six dollars in six months, for not one cent did he spend. He washed his own shirt and stockings, mended and patched his own breeches, paid for his tobacco by odd jobs, and laid by his wages.—The next six months, being now able to talk good English, he obtained eight dollars a month, and at the end of six more had forty-eight dollars. The second year, by varying his employment—sawing wood in the winter, working for the corporation in the summer, and making gardens in the spring—he laid by a hundred dollars; and the next year one hundred and fifty-five dollars. With this he bought 80 acres of land. It was as wild as when the deer fled over it and the Indians pursued him. How should he get a living while clearing it.—Thus he did it; he hires a man to clear and fence ten acres; he himself remains in town to earn the money to pay for the clearing. Behold him already risen a degree—he is an employer! In two years' time he has twenty acres well cleared, a log house and money enough to buy stock and tools. He now rises another step in the world, for he gets married, and with his amply broad-faced good-natured wife, he gives up the town, and is now a regular farmer. In Germany he owned nothing, and never could; his wages were nominal, his diet chiefly vegetables, and his prospect was, that he would be obliged to labor as a menial for life barely earning a subsistence, and not having enough to bury him. In five years he has become the owner in fee simple of a good farm, with comfortable fixtures, a prospect of rural wealth, an independent life, and, by the blessing of heaven and his wife, of an endless posterity. Two words tell the story—industry and economy. These two words will make any man rich in the West.—*Indiana Farmer.*

DUTCH WOMEN.—Coleman, in his "European Life and Manners," gives the following description of the Dutch women:

"I think some of them the fairest and handsomest

creatures I ever looked upon, and made of the finest unmixed porcelain clay. Before I left England, I thought the English women the finest I had ever seen—I now consider them as belonging to the colored races. The Dutch women much exceed them. Take the fairest rose that was ever plucked, with the glittering dewdrops hanging among its petals; take the fairest peach that ever hung upon the tree, with its charming blending tints of red and white, and they are eclipsed by the transparency and beauty of complexion of the fairest of the Dutch women, as I saw them at Breeck and Saardam. If their minds are as fair, and their manners as winning as their faces, then I can easily understand the history of Adam's fall. It was impossible, poor fellow, that he should resist. Then their costume is so pretty and elegant. A sort of thin gold helmet fitting close to the head, leaving enough of the hair to part gracefully over the brows; a thin, but wide band of highly wrought and burnished gold, with splendid ear-drops of gold or of diamonds set in gold, with a beautiful cap of the finest Brussels lace, covering, but not concealing, the whole head, and all the rest of the dress of vestal purity; white, tasteful, transparent, with short coats, shoes as bright as mirrors, and stockings of the purest white, and fitting the ankle as if they were knit upon the limb; with no drabbling train to sweep the pavement, and no oversized shawl, and loose and ill-fitting sleeves and skirts, hanging about the person like clothes upon an old tree on a washing day, and you'll have some faint notion of what one of these creatures is."

THE SEA.—In the wide sphere of bright creation, there exists naught that hath for man so deep a tone "of meaning as the fathomless, eternal sea—that resplendent shield, guarding the verdant universe. It hath smiles for him in his gladness, when the glorious sun, dancing over the tameless waves, lights them into beauty; it hath a garb of mourning for his sorrow, when it reflects the dark cloud sailing over it, and rocks the shadow within its bosom; it hath notes of laughter for his hour of vassal and of song, when its free bright waters leap to shore with a sound of bounding mirth; and it hath a trumpet for the victor, when it raises its voice amidst the storm, and sends its billows gleaming on high, like mighty standards! Thou hast within thy depths, O sea! gems to deck the brow of the beautiful, wealth to lure the aspirations of the avaricious, and groves of the rich red coral to haunt the poet's dream. Thou hast, too, thy treasures amongst the dead, to fill the soul of the mourner. Thou art, O sea! "the deep heart of earth, imaging its beauties, thoughts, and passions."

REVENGE.—When the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancor, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet rest in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation; at such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorings, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other's faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: and perhaps those very actions, which (when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things) were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beautiful and ornamental.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs, and ends in iron chains. The more business a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish; for he learns to economise his time.