

MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

Show him, at the outset of your acquaintance, a little courtesy—offer him your opera-glass or your snuff-box—write him what is called a civil note when there is no absolute necessity for doing so, and he will trumpet your praises as one of the most gracious of mankind. Proceed from small civilities to essential benefits, heap favour upon favour on him; go out of your way to evince an anxiety for the promotion of his interests, the gratification of his desires, extend your disinterested kindness from himself to his family; get an appointment for his eldest boy, and reconcile a high family to a match with his daughter; invent a new hair-dye expressly to accommodate his wife, and lose a guinea a night to him at whist, the whole season round; bind him more and more tightly in obligations to you, and hear him proclaim you, nine times a day, for nine years, the best friend he ever had in the world—the most generous of mortals, the noblest of benefactors; and then, at the very moment when he is your own for ever only just refuse to lend him your gun, or your horse—or tell him that you could not think of writing to the Review to solicit a puff of his new pamphlet—that's all! How, in such a case will the grateful fellow, to whom you have rendered the ninety-nine good turns, turn round upon you? He will teach you, in no time, a curious lesson—that it takes years to confer obligations, but only moments to forget them. Why, he will undertake to forget, on the very spot, all that you have done for him—all that he has said of you. He will, at the shortest notice, recollect nothing concerning you but your refusal to oblige him in the very trifling matter wherein he had calculated on your assistance. You dragged him out of the river once, saving his life at the risk of your own; you lent him a thousand pounds; you introduced him to all the connections in which he finds the best charms of society. Does he remember one of these little incidents? No; he only recollects that you yesterday refused to buy a share or two in the crazy speculation you were so rashly concerned in.—*Ainsworth's Magazine.*

WARNING TO MOTHERS

We copy from the *Bangor Whig* the following excellent suggestions, which we hope will not be disregarded:—

"Cold weather is approaching, and the sitting-room fire has already become necessary in the morning and evening. It is time to think about the appropriate clothing for children and infants. Let the mother see to it, that her infant is not exposed to the pains and dangers of disease by following fashions set by those whose vanity outruns their judgment, or whose ignorance makes sacrifice of their offspring. Let the round plump arms and delicate breasts of children be well covered with comfortable clothing. Let the little ones who can trot about the house be clad in woollen garments, to shield them from the cold and as a protection against fire. We have been connected with the public press, more or less, for nine years, and during that time not a year has passed but we have recorded more or less deaths of children by their clothes taking fire. What a warning is this to mothers who love their children—what a sacrifice of life is annually made to neglect in clothing children!"

IMPROVEMENT.

Every thing in life, dependent for its exercise upon intelligence and skill, is susceptible of improvement; and, for aught that human sagacity can determine, of indefinite improvement. Who in respect to any art or science is competent to say, there is the end. It is only

they who, through ignorance or indolence, or prejudice or obstinacy, choose to remain at the bottom of the hill, who see nothing beyond them, and pretend that they can go no farther. But those brave minds, who have struggled up the first summits, rugged and difficult as the ascent may have been, see a wide prospect and an expanding horizon before them. It is with them as with the traveller in the Alps; other and loftier summits, as he ascends, present themselves to his view, showing their bright peaks glistening in the sunbeams, stimulating his generous ambition with an irresistible impulse, and inviting him onward to bolder efforts and nobler triumphs. Agriculture then admits of improvement. Its improvement depends on the intelligence and skill which are brought to bear upon it. There is no art or pursuit, where intelligence and skill find more scope for exercise, or more occasion to call them out and to tax them to the extent of their power.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

It was a judicious resolution of a father, as well as a most pleasing compliment to his wife, when, on being asked by a friend, what he intended to do with his girls, he replied: "I intend to apprentice them all to their excellent mother, that they may learn the art of improving time; and be fitted to become like her, wives, mothers, heads of families, and useful members of society." Equally just, but bitterly painful was the remark of the unhappy husband of a vain, thoughtless, dressy slattern. "It is hard to say it, but if my girls are to have a chance of growing up good for any thing, they must be sent out of the way of their mother's example."

YOUNG MEN.

HELP YOURSELVES.—"Providence," we are told, "helps them who help themselves." A true proverb, and worthy to be stamped on every heart. Passing on through life, you will find many a stream that will cross your path; but don't sit down and mourn. If you can't wade across, throw in stones and stand upon, or bring forth a dead tree from the forest, and you will soon make a bridge and be safe on the opposite side. To-day you are opposed in your project. Don't stop—don't go back—meet the opposer—persevere and you will conquer—Providence will assist you. If you fail in business, come out from under the toad stool of despondency and try again. Zounds! if you don't help yourself and persevere you will do nothing, and be punched at by every beggar and pauper on crutches who passes along. Your friends have gone—bury them—but don't linger in the church-yard mourning because they are gone and you may go next. Up with you—throw off your tears and go to work and be happy—'tis the only way.

In fine, help yourselves in all places, at all times, and Providence will assist you, smile on you, and make life a scene of active enjoyment and real pleasure.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A WIFE.—Dr. Franklin recommends a young man in the choice of a wife to select her from a bunch, giving as his reason, that when there are many daughters, they improve each other, and from emulation, acquire more accomplishments and know more, and do more than a single child spoiled by parental fondness. This is a comfort to people blessed with large families.

It has been truly said, that the humble man is like a good tree—the more full of fruit the branches are, the lower they bend.

From The Farmers' Register.

THE FARMERS' REMEDY FOR HARD TIMES.

"SELL MORE THAN YOU BUY."

Institute a rigid system of economy, and live, to use a familiar saying, "within yourselves." Dispense with silk and broad-cloth, with tea and coffee, and substitute for them the fabrics of your own households; and for the other, the simple but more nutritious diet, milk.

Improve your lands and your cultivation; cultivate no more land than is rich enough to give back a profit upon the labour of cultivation. Make all the manure you can. Carry into your farm yards corn stalks, weeds, leaves, and every thing that is convertible into manure. Sprinkle over this litter, when first spread over the yard, some lime or plaster, if you have it; or, if not, save all your ashes (do this at any rate), keep it under cover unleached, and use it as a substitute. Renew this litter from time to time as may be necessary; turn over the whole mass two or three times during the winter, and in the spring you will have a large supply of good manure, which plough in, if used for corn, but not too deep. Cover the yard again with litter after the manure is carried out. Shelter your stock as well as you possibly can. Raise at least as much as will supply your own wants—of hogs especially—keep them well; they will pay well for it. Cultivate as many vegetables as will supply both white and black, so that all may have plenty throughout the year. You will find it easily done if you will try. Cabbage, potatoes, cymilins, tomatoes, and other culinary vegetables, are raised with little labour; and labourers are more healthy and much more comfortable by having plenty of vegetables with their meat. Add, for them especially, a good store of black-eyed peas for winter use.

Hogs are easily raised. If grazed on clover from April or May (according to the season) until October—for which purpose two or three acres of good clover will be sufficient for thirty or forty, and an acre or two of cymilins (or more if planted among corn) be added—a daily supply of these through the summer and fall will save the corn crib. This, however, is upon the supposition that the farmer has discarded the old "razor-backs, land pikes and alligators," and supplied himself with a good stock of hogs. Cymilins are also excellent food for cows. A peck to each, morning and evening, if you have tolerably good grazing, will produce the richest milk and butter.

Plant pumpkins with corn wherever the land is rich enough; gather them carefully into some sheltered place before they are frosted, and they may be kept until late in the winter, supplying the very best food for milch cows. If to succeed these you have a crop of mangel wurzel or sugar beet, which may be kept securely by piling up in a conical form, and covering first with leaves or straw, and then with ten or twelve inches of earth—these will carry your cows to the spring grass.

But some perhaps may object that all these little crops will require more labour than they can spare. Try it, and you will find it to be otherwise. They will save a good deal of corn, and the cultivation of all the cymilins, pumpkins, and roots necessary, upon a farm of medium size, will not cost as much as one broad-cloth coat, or one silk dress.

If you can, grind all the corn fed to your stock. Cut up your long forage also, and mix for horses and mules. Even shucks, where there is nothing else, or where fodder, oats and hay are saleable, cut and moistened with salt water some hours before feeding, are excellent to mix with ground stuff of any kind.