

THE YOUNG MAN'S COUNSELLOR.

Move with the multitude in the common walks of life, and you will be unnoticed in the throng; but break from them, pursue a different path, and every eye, perhaps with reproach will be turned toward you. What is the rule to be observed in general conduct? Conform to every innocent custom as our social nature requires, but refuse compliance with whatever is inconsistent with propriety, decency, and the moral duties; and dare to be singular in honor and virtue.

In conversation, truth does not require you to utter all your thoughts, yet it forbids you to speak in opposition to them. To open the mind to unreserved communication, is imbecility; to cover it with a veil, to dissever its internal workings from its external manifestations, is dissimulation and falsehood. The concordance of the thoughts, words, and deeds, is the essence of truth, and the ornament of character.

A man who has an opportunity to ruin a rival, with whom he is at enmity, without public dishonor, and yet generously forbears, nay, converts the opportunity into a disinterested benefit, evinces a noble instance of virtuous magnanimity. He conquers his own enmity, the most glorious of all conquests, and overcomes the enmity of a rival by the most heroic and praiseworthy mode of retaliation.

As to an evil report of a neighbor, the opinion of the frivolous is lightly regarded, the calumny of the known slanderer is discredited by all who venerate truth, and the character of the known liar is a sufficient antidote to falsehood. A respectable man, in his good name, offers a guarantee for his veracity; and, impressed with the benevolent affections and the love of justice, he is scrupulous to believe an evil report, and still more so to repeat it.

As a rill from a fountain increases as it flows, rises into a stream, swells into a river, so symbolically are the origin and course of a good name. At first, its beginning is small: it takes its rise from home, its natural source, extends to the neighborhood, stretches through the community, and finally takes a range proportioned to the qualities by which it is supported—its talents, virtue, and usefulness, the surest basis of an honorable reputation.

The relatives and kindred of a young man, by a natural process, communicate his amiable and opening character to a wider circle than that of home. His associates and friends extend the circle, and thus it widens till its circumference embraces a portion more or less of society, and his character places him in the class of respectable men. With good principles and conduct, neither envy nor malice can intercept the result of this progressive series; without good principles and conduct no art or dissimulation can realize the noblest aim of a social being—a well-founded reputation.

A person commits an error, and he has sufficient address to conceal it, or sufficient ingenuity to palliate it, but he does neither; instead of availing himself of concealment and palliation, with the candor of a great mind, he confesses his error, and makes all the apology or atonement which the occasion requires. No one has a title to true honor but he who can say with moral elevation, when truth demands the acknowledgment, I have done wrong.

The events of life are not fortunate or calamitous so much in themselves, as they are in their effect on our feelings. An event which is met by one with equanimity or indifference, will fret another with vexation, or overwhelm him with sorrow. Misfortunes encountered with a composed and firm resolution, almost cease to be evils; it is, therefore, less our wisdom to endeavor to control external events, than to regulate the habitual temper of our minds to endurance and resignation.

The emotions of the mind are displayed in the movements of the body, the expression of the features and the tones of the voice. It is more difficult to disguise the tones of the voice, than any other external manifestation of internal feeling. The changing accents of the voice of those with whom we have long lived in intimate intercourse, in the communication of sentiment, are less equivocal and more impressive than even language itself.

The vocal sounds of speech, expressive of thought and feeling, are too much neglected by us in our individual and personal education.—As we analyze the opinion which we form of people on a first acquaintance, we should certainly find that it is greatly influenced by the tones of the voice. Study, then, agreeable sounds of speech, but seek not rules to guide you from etiquette—from artificial politeness; descend into the heart, there cherish the kind and moral sympathies, and speech will be modulated by the sincere and endearing tone of benevolence.

With your commiseration for distress, join firmness of mind. Interest yourself in general happiness, feel for all that is human, but suffer not your peace to be disturbed by what is beyond the sphere of your influence, and beyond your power to remedy.

A medical man has all the humane feelings, but they are merged into the art of healing.—When he sees a patient suffering, he feels no perturbation; he feels only the desire, by means of his art, to relieve the sufferer; thus should all our humane and social sympathies be regulated, divested of their morbid sensibility, and reduced to active and practical principles.

Some, when they move from the common routine of life, and especially on any emergency, are embarrassed, perplexed, and know not how to resolve with decision, and act with promptitude. Presence of mind is a valuable quality, and essential to active life; it is the effect of habit, and the formation of habit is facilitated by rule.

Command your feelings, for strong feelings disconcert the mind, and produce confusion of ideas. On every occasion that requires attention, learn to concentrate your thoughts with quickness and comprehension. These two rules reduced into habits, if steadily practiced, will induce decision of resolve and promptitude of action.

Precipitation spoils the best concerted plan; perseverance brings the most difficult, when it is practicable, to a successful result. The flutter of haste is characteristic of a weak mind that has not the command of its thoughts; a strong mind, master of itself, possesses the clearness and presence of reflection.

In learning, concentrate the energy of the mind principally on one study. The attention divided among many studies, is weakened by the division; besides, it is not granted to an individ-

ual to excel in many things. But, while one study claims your main attention, make occasional excursions into the fields of literature and science, and collect materials for the improvement of your mind, and the advancement of your favorite pursuit.

Excellence in a profession, and success in business, can be attained only by persevering industry. None who think himself above his vocation can succeed in it, for we can not give our attention to what our self-importance despises. None can be eminent in his vocation who devotes his mental energy to a pursuit foreign to it, for, in such a case, success in what we love is failure in what we neglect.

Among men, you must either speak what is agreeable to their humor, or what is consistent with truth and good morals. Make it a general rule of conduct neither to flatter virtue nor exasperate folly; by flattering virtue, you can not confirm it; by exasperating folly, you can not reform it. Submit, however, to no compromise with truth, but when it allows, accommodate yourself with honest courtesy to the prepossessions of others.

In your whole behavior to mankind, conduct yourself with fairness and integrity. If an action is well received, you will have the credit it deserves; if it is not well received, you will have the approval of your own mind. The approval of a good conscience is preferable to the applause of the world.

Form no resolution, and engage in no undertaking, which you can not invoke Heaven to sanction. A good man prays the Almighty to be propitious to his virtuous plans; if his petition is denied, he knows it is denied in mercy, and he is resigned; if it is granted, he is grateful, and enjoys the blessings with moderation. A wicked man, in his iniquitous plans, either fails or succeeds; if he fails, disappointment is embittered by self-reproach; if he succeeds, success is without pleasure, for, when he looks around, he sees no smile of congratulation.

[Harper's Magazine.]

THE MODEL DAUGHTER.—We find this sketch afloat on newspaper river, and we haul it in for the benefit of our readers:

"Constantly she comes down to breakfast before the tea things are taken away. She is always ready for dinner. She curls her own hair, and can address herself without a servant. She is happy at home, without going to a ball every night. She has not a headache when papa asks her to sing. She practices only when he is out. She does not read novels in bed. She dresses plainly for church, and returns to luncheon without her head being crammed chock full of bonnets. She is not perpetually embroiling mysterious braces, or knitting secret purses. Her fingers are not too proud to mend stockings or make a pudding. She looks most attractively after the holes in her father's gloves. She is a clever adept in preparing gruel, white wine whey, tapioca, chicken broth, beef tea, and the thousand little household delicacies of a sick room. She is a tender nurse, moving noiselessly about whispering words of comfort and administering medicine with an affection that robs it of half its bitterness. She does not scream at a leech, or faint at the sight of a black beetle. She does not spin poetry, or devour it in any quantity.—She does not invent excuses for not reading the debates to her father in the evening, nor does she skip any of the speeches. She always has the pillow ready to put under his head when he falls asleep. She can behold an officer with womanly fortitude without falling in love. She never contracts a milliner's bill unknown to her parents—'she would die sooner.' She never stitched a red turk in her life. She soars above Berlin wool, and crying, one-two-three, one-two-three continually. She studies house-keeping, is perfect in the common rules of arithmetic, and can tell pretty nearly how many long sixes go to the pound. She checks the weekly bills, and does not blush if seen in a butcher's shop on Saturday. She is not continually fretting to go to Paris, or dying to see Jenny Lind, nor does she care much about that love, Mario. She does not take long walks by herself, and come home saying she lost her way. She treats her father's guests with civility. She never dresses in silks or satins the first thing in the morning, nor is she looking out of the window or admiring herself in the looking-glass all day long. She makes the children's frocks and plays a little at chess and backgammon—anything to please her dear father. She does not send home lovely jewelry for her dear father to look at. She has a terrible horror of coquetting. She is kind to the servants, and conceals their little faults.—She never pouts when scolded, nor shuts herself up in a room to cultivate the sulks. She is the pet of her darling papa, and warms his slippers on a winter night, and lights the candle before going to bed. She is her mamma's dear, good girl as is sufficiently proved by her being entrusted with all the keys of the housekeeping. There is a terrible crying when she is married, and for days after her absence nothing is heard in the house but regrets, and loud praises, and earnest prayers for the happiness of the 'model daughter.'"

If there are few who have the humility to receive advice as they ought, it is often because there are few who have discretion to convey it in a proper vehicle, and can qualify the harshness and bitterness of reproof, against which nature is apt to revolt.

It is much safer to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him. Victory deprives him of power, but reconciliation of his will, and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, than in a power which cannot.

He that would make real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as his youth, the latter growth as well as the first fruits, to the altar of truth and virtue.

"I rise for information," said a member of a legislative body. "I am very glad to hear it," said a bystander, "for no man wants it more."

He that follows his recreation when he should be minding his business, is likely in a little time to have no business to follow.

He who has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar, without talents, power or energy.

The cultivation of the heart should be like that of a garden, where we prune and weed before we begin to plant.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise and good without taking pains for it.

Where there is no hope there is no endeavor.

KEEP AN ACCOUNT OF YOUR FARM.

This is the age of statistics. Every reformer meets his opponents with an array of figures, which, he says, "cannot lie," and thus he claims, puts down by all opposition what he calls facts. Truth is not unfrequently laid low by this magic wand of statistics; and real progress and improvement are kept back by the false reasoning founded upon, or predicated of these "guess work" statistics, or such as are no better. You can hardly turn to any department of art or morals even, where this method of reasoning is not employed. Listen to the lecturer on temperance, or to the advocate of any other moral or civil reform, and you hear the same infallible argument of figures. Observation and investigation have taught many that figures, statistical figures are the greatest liars in the world, excepting always the "father of lies."

It is proposed now to make some suggestions, which, if heeded, will aid the farmer in making such statistics relative to his crops as shall be valuable both to himself and others who may have occasion to refer to them.

What we would say, then, to the farmer, is, that he should open and keep a strict account with his farm, making it debtor for everything he puts on it—such for example, as cattle, sheep, hogs, fowls, farming tools of all sorts, seed, and labor of all kinds. Having made the farm debtor for all these, together with the interest of the money invested in its purchase and the taxes, the good husbandman can truly estimate the expenses of his farming operations from year to year. After having debited his farm for all that he has put on it, he should credit it with all the produce that is taken from it. At the end of the year, having kept an accurate record of its transactions; it will be an easy matter to strike the balance, which will at once show the gain or loss. By thus keeping an account with himself from year to year, every farmer is able to know whether he is improving his condition by his labor, or not—whether he is progressing in knowledge, the fruit of careful observation and experience, or whether he permits these to profit him nothing.

In all the entries, whether of debt or credit, care should be taken that the value of everything in the account be set down at its real worth—just what it would sell for in cash. Be careful, neither to over or under estimate anything—for upon your accuracy here depends the worth of your statistics.

Let any farmer who has not been in the habit of keeping such an account or record of his doings, as here suggested, do it for one year only with care, and he will not be very likely to omit it after such an experiment. Such a record furnishes the data for statistics that may be relied on by all who have occasion to refer to them or use them.

These remarks are designed as suggestive—and we hope, that, though the subject may be deemed a hackneyed one, what has been said will lead those who are interested in farming, to consider the importance of the subject here presented.

[Rural New Yorker.]

THE FOREST FUNERAL.—She was fair, with tresses of long black hair lying over her pillow. Her eye was dark and piercing, and as it met mine she started slightly, but looking up she smiled. I spoke to her father, and turning to her asked her if she knew her condition.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth," said she in a voice whose melody was like the sweetest strains of the *Aolian*. You may imagine the answer startled, and with a few words to the like import, I turned from her. A half hour passed, and she spoke in that same deep, rich, melodious voice.

"Father, I am cold, lie down beside me," and the old man laid down by his dying child, and she twined her arms around his neck, and murmuring in a dreary voice:

"Dear father, dear father,"

"My child," said the old man, "doth the flood seem deep to thee?"

"Nay, father, my soul is strong,"

"Seest thou the thither shore?"

"I see it, father, and its banks are green with immortal verdure."

"Hearst thou the voices of its inhabitants?"

"I hear them, father, the voices of angels calling from afar in the still and solemn night time, and they call me. Her voice, father! Oh! I heard it then."

"Doth she speak to thee?"

"She speaks in tones most heavenly."

"Doth she smile?"

"An angel smile!" but a cold calm smile!—

But I am cold, cold. Father, there is a mist in the room. You'll be lonely. Is this death, father?"

Sabbath evening came, and a slow procession wound its way through the forest to the little school house. There with simple rites, the clergyman performed his duty and went to the grave. The procession was short. There were hardy men and rough in shooting jackets, and some with rifles on their shoulders. But their warm hearts gave beauty to their unshaven faces, and they stood in reverent silence by the grave. The river murmured, and the birds sang, and so we buried her.

I saw the sun go down from the same spot and the stars were bright before I left, for I always had an idea that a grave-yard was the nearest place to heaven on earth, and with old Thomas Brown, I love to see a church in a grave-yard, for even as we pass through the place of God on earth, so we must go through the grave to the temple of God on high.

HOME.—This magic word lingers with youth, manhood and old age; and poor indeed is he who has no home. The welcome always found at the home of the good, where, the wife and the children gather round father, and cling to him as a treasure sometimes out of sight, is one of the most cheering of the pleasures of life; and to the child who can go home from either school or the busy cares of life, what a solace; Mother and Home are the dearest sounds to mankind. How desolate is the last without the first! Tho' all the world beside were offered us, we would not have our mother forsake us. Death relentless, comes at last; but, though he takes the mother, it is but to transfer her where the heart aspires to be with her in that rest where mothers and children finally hope to dwell.

A new potato has lately been brought into notice, which, it is said, will resist the rot. It is called the *Danvers Seedling*, and is considered uncommonly good for the table.

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