

Youths' Department.

Train up a Child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.—Proverbs, c. 22. v. 6

[ORIGINAL]

THE AGE OF SIXTEEN.

TO MISS A. E. C.

Bright, blooming sixteen, there is never a time
Can compare with that age in the life of a maiden;
All smiles and all tears, tacit is something sublime,
In a heart which is thus with fresh life overladen.

The first touch of love new feeling awakes then,
The sweetest and dearest to mortals e'er given,
Which all maidens know, but none can relate them,
Yet fondly believe them a foretaste of heaven.

The future all fairy-like spreads to the view,
There's love in the tempest, there's love in the breeze;
There's love on the hill-side, all sparkling with dew,
There's love in the night wind that sighs thro' the trees.
Gay, blushing sixteen—a time to be thought on;
Dreams of the passed bring it to us again,
For then there were smiles that are never forgotten,
And tears that are sweeter, though flowing from pain.

Though joy may be hers in years yet to come,
And sorrow may cast no shade on her brow,
Yet never again on her cheeks will there bloom
The halo of glory that brightens them now.

Then maiden beware, and cherish the time,
For he hark-leaves of life each hour is still turning;
Youth's sky may be bright, and sunny its cheer,
But the lamp which thou holdest is rapidly burning.

Walpole, 1853.

W. J. S.

CAMPED ON THE TRACK—I once read about a wolf hunt for a long time the wolf had depredated upon the community. Folds had been entered and sheep destroyed. He had been often hunted, but never caught. The work of ruin went on. One wintry day two brothers, while travelling homeward crossed the track of the wolf. "Here I will camp," said one of the brothers. "You go back and bring food, and we will never leave the track until we destroy the wolf." The brothers did so and together they pursued the wolf until darkness set in, and then camped on the track! As day-light appeared, they again pursued their way, always camping on the track where night overtook them. Thus early and late they pursued, and on the fourth day, overtook and destroyed him. So we did in Maine. Year after year we toiled, always camping on the track. At last we triumphed, and our State is rid of the great evil of intemperance.—Hon. Neal Dow.

NOVEL.—The following novel method of proving one's identity, we copy from the St. Louis Republican:—A gentleman, a stranger in this city, a few days since presented a draft or check at the counter of one of our banking houses, payable to— we'll say, John Jones or order. The teller looked at him a moment, and stated in the politest manner that he had no doubt that it was all right, but as he didn't know him, a reference would be required before the bill was cashed. Here was a poser. Mr. Jones was an entire stranger in the city, he wanted the money, and was going to leave that afternoon. He assured the gentleman who stood behind the counter that the whole matter was correct, and that he couldn't leave without it—in fact, he said he was strapped. The teller, however, was inexorable, and said he couldn't depart from the rules of the establishment, and that his personal identity must be proved. At this crisis, Mr. J., after rubbing his head for some time, suddenly exclaimed, "I can do it," and at the same time commenced unbuttoning his vest, and in the twinkling of an eye, in bold Roman letters, on the "bottom" of his shirt bosom, he displayed to the eyes of the astonished clerk, "John Jones, No. 3." The identity was sufficient, and it is needless to say the check was cashed instantly.

LABEL FOR A WINE DECANTER.

Pert wine, the child of the decomposition
Of precious fruit and sent on Satan's mission,
Though sent so harmless from Jehovah's hand,
I'm now the bane of every Christian land.
The good may tremble for low drunken sin,
I stand the rival of both beer and gin.
Men boast of and exhibit me with pride,
Although I kill their brothers at their side.
In this the Christian seem a soulless Turk—
But push me round to do my master's work.

—British Temperance Advocate.

T. P.

The French Emperor and Empress have recently taken to shooting at St. Cloud. On Wednesday their Majesties went out in a boat on the canals of St. Cyr, for the purpose of duck-shooting. The Empress was provided with a light and elegant fowling-piece, with which she did such execution as showed her to be an accomplished sportsman. She shot four wild ducks, and each bird which fell was not only received with hurrahs by the courtiers, but afforded the Emperor an opportunity of expressing his satisfaction in a more tender manner. The historian of their Majesties' exploits declares that "l'Empereur embrace l'Imperatrice tendrement."

RETURN OF GEN. GARIBOLDI.—Gen. Garibaldi, the distinguished Italian leader in the struggle for liberty in 1848, arrived in Boston, on Tuesday, the 6th instant, in command of the Peruvian brigade Cerro, from Peru, where he has been for some time past engaged in the occupation of skipper. The Cerro was loaded with copper and wool. Gen. Garibaldi is now in New York.

IF A hippopotamus has arrived at Paris from Egypt, after a journey of 3000 miles, and has taken up his residence at the Jardin des Plantes. He immediately took a bath in the basin constructed for the elephant, in which he seemed to find great enjoyment. Thirty goats which supply him with milk, arrived with him. He does not, however, live exclusively on milk, but eats melons and some other vegetable productions. He is exceedingly tame, much attached to his keeper. He is quite young, not having yet finished cutting his teeth, but has already attained the size of an ordinary cow.

[ORIGINAL] ABSENCE.

Moments, haste ye, wing your way,
Let us meet in joy again;
Then in kindness long delay,
Free from sadness, grief or pain.

Hours of gloomy, sombre sadness,
Touch us lightly with thy power;
May a smile of joy and gladness,
Gild the long waked waiting hour.

Thus when time itself has fled,
Sweeping hopes and fears away,
When the trumpet wakes the dead,
May we meet to endless day.

Colburn, Sept., 1853.

W. H. F.

THE WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

The Uca Tectatler has a sensible article on this subject in his issue of the 17th. We cannot say that we agree with all its statements, but we do with most of them. It seems the Order of the Sons had a grand demonstration on the occasion. 5000 persons assembled in the Metropolitan Hall. Judge O'Neil, M. W. P., of the National Division, presided. The Convention was a noisy one, disturbed by the refusal of the Body to admit female delegates, or to listen to female speakers. It seems that those who objected to it the most, were some twenty or more of BLUE-LIGHT, SORE-FACED MIXISTEAS, who also hissed and made all the clamour. No doubt it would have been more delicate and proper for the ladies to have stayed away. They held their convention in peace, and should have been contented with that. On the other hand we cannot help but think that, at bottom, there were three things which caused this opposition to the women and their male friends, on the part of the majority who controlled the last Convention. These are religious bigotry—that is an unwillingness to admit that Deists, Unitarians, Universalists, and Free Thinkers on religious matters, could properly associate with self-styled saints! Another was an unwillingness to associate with leading abolitionists, or those who think it possible for a person with a dark skin to have a soul and equal rights with white men, in other words, the exclusionists acted with a motive to propitiate a set of Southern MEN DRIVERS and SKELERS in a land called free. A third was an unwillingness to encourage women's rights opinions. These three elements were no doubt at the bottom of the opposition to female delegates from the beginning. We would respect any man who sincerely believed in any peculiar doctrine, be that trinitarian or anti-trinitarian, or even deistical, if conscientious, and in a great World's Temperance Convention no man or woman should have been judged for mere religious opinions or the color of their skin. This sectarian, priestly bigotry is detestable, and would, if persisted in, ruin the Temperance cause. Again, NORTHERN AMERICAN MENARMS in yielding to Southern prejudices at the expense of the poor colored man, is perfectly disgusting to the whole world. As for women's rights doctrine, it did not and need not have come up in either Convention. Women had a perfect right, we had ordered men, to be represented in the last convention. How else could it be a World's Convention? Did the concocters of this Convention mean to say that their Temperance doctrines are like their DECLARATIONS OF INDEPENDENCE, as regards the colored race, LEAVE it that while they invited the whole world to join them, they meant only the whole unadorned white world, excluding all females and men of a yellow or black tinge? The last Convention passed on motion of General Carey, a resolution, declaring that while the Convention desired the co-operation of females in the temperance cause, IT ENTHUSIASTICALLY DENIED THE PROPRIETY OF THEIR ADDRESSING ASSEMBLIES ON THE SUBJECT. Suppose an assemblage to consist of two-thirds or three-fourths females and the rest of males, would there be any impropriety in a female orator addressing them? How is such a resolution to be carried out? As it stands it is unjust. It may seem especially for females to address male audiences, according to our present opinions, but certainly not so to address their own sex. The majority of most audiences are females. The world's convention had down two principles—one, that females had no right to act as delegates with men in this case, and secondly, that woman has no right to address her fellow creatures male or female from the platform. We think both positions essentially wrong and unjust. As to the last public opinion would have regulated it. Women would soon cease to have audiences if not useful. Why not pass a resolution that females shall confine themselves to certain departments of literature? Let them confine themselves to sentimental compositions, but invade not the departments of biography, history, heroic poetry, or travels!

Behold the effects of rum on men's minds.

A THUNDERING SCENE.—A few days since, as the express train for Baltimore was passing the vicinity of Naamans Creek, at the rate of forty miles an hour, a horrifying sight was witnessed by those having charge of the train. A man, apparently a fisherman, inhabiting one of the shanties close by, who was laboring under some pain, had thrown himself upon the rails for the purpose of self-destruction; but two females having drawn him off were engaged in a dreadful struggle to prevent his again throwing himself before the train. One had a deadly grip of his legs, while the other was kneeling upon his breast as the train horse went thundering by, just grazing her clothing; indeed, so close was she, that her own escape from instant death was most uncertain. The whole scene occupied but an instant, and scarcely any of the passengers were aware of the calamity that had been impending. Those who witnessed it were horror-struck, knowing the responsibility to prevent the destruction of all show, if the man succeeded in struggling only a few inches nearer the rail.—Phila. Ledger.

8. Resolved, That women, like men, must be either self-supported and self-governed, or dependent and enslaved, that an unobstructed and general participation in all the branches of productive industry, and in all the business functions and offices of common life, is at once their natural right, their individual interest, and their public duty, the claim and the obligation reciprocally supporting each other; that the idleness of the rich, with its attendant physical debility, moral laxity, passionate intemperance and mental disposition, and the ignorance, wretchedness, and enforced profligacy of the poor, which are everywhere the curse and reproach of the sex, are the necessary results of their exclusion from those diversified employments which would otherwise furnish them with useful occupations, reward them with its profits, honors and blessings; that this enormous wrong cries for redress, for reparation by those whose delinquency allow its continuance.

Whereas, The energies of Man are always in proportion to the magnitude of the object to be obtained; and whereas, it requires the highest motive for the greatest exertion and noblest action; therefore,

9. Resolved, That Woman must be recognized politically, legally, socially, and religiously the equal of man, and all the obstructions to her highest physical, intellectual, and moral culture and development removed, that she may have the highest motive to assume her place in that sphere of action and usefulness which her capacities enable her to fill.

10. Resolved, That this movement gives to the cause of education a new motive and impulse; makes a vast stride toward the settlement of the question of wages and social reform; goes far to cure that wide spread plague, the licentiousness of cities; adds to civilization a new element of progress; and in all these respects commends itself as one of the greatest reforms of the age.

The above resolutions were ably discussed by various Women's Rights Ladies and Gentlemen. Mrs. Bloomer was present, and added much to the interest of the occasion.

[ORIGINAL]

THE CASTAWAY, OR MATERNAL LOVE.

BY MRS C. DUNN.

Why are you weeping, old woman,
Why are you weeping here?
There's a tempest rattling round,
A tempest dark and drear.

Why sit you here old woman,
So lonely on the sea shore?
Why here the billows are rolling high
And the thunder loudly roar.

"My heart," says she, "is more drear
Than the storm or lonely sea.
Depart, disturb not me, oh stranger,
My sorrow would secret be."

But tell me thy grief, old woman,
For I would ease thy woe;

What causes this thy sorrow,
My heart is touched to know?
—Mark you not you vessel sailing
Upon that troubled sea?
My son, my son is on his deck,
And he is dear to me.

He has left me thus to weep for him,
My heavy locks to tear,
He loves me not, the cherub's long,
My sad, my joyous care.

The slave of vice, alas, he is,
To sin his course is run;
A castaway, yet his mother
Can't forget her son."

MAXIMS FOR YOUNG LADIES' CURL-PAPERS.

A wall of brass is a fop's face.
A narrowness of waist shows a narrowness of mind.
Keep your countenance open, and your thoughts shut.
Practice on the Piano makes perfect.
The last dance is the shortest and the sweetest.
An old maid is an old boot—of no use without a fellow.
A wrinkle is the line by which Time generally travels.
Young ladies are like jellies—as they are moulded so they will turn out.
A coquette treats her lover like a bouquet—carries him about certain time for amusement and show, and then picks him up to pieces.
There's a secret drawer in every heart, as in every desk, if we only knew how to touch the spring of it.
She who is too easily pleased with herself rarely succeeds in pleasing others.
The young gentleman who won't dance till after supper doesn't deserve to have any.
The hand that can make pie is a continual feast to the husband that marries it.
Modesty is a handsome dish-cover, that makes us fancy there must be something good underneath it.
A breach of promise of marriage may be called "a runaway from the church door."

KISSING IN AMERICA.—When a Baltimore girl is kissed, she says she is taking chloroform, and remains insensible as long as the operation lasts. When a Hackey girl is kissed, she throws her hand and ejaculates, "Blasphemous moments—how they fly!" When a Louisiana girl is kissed, she miffs, and says, "I'd like to see you do that again—I would." When a Chester girl is kissed, she says, "Now, if you do that again, I'll retaliate—I will." When a Philadelphia girl is kissed, she says in the most recent manner imaginable, "Yes, you may go and ask my sister."

At the late exhibition of the New York Deaf and Dumb Asylum, the question was asked: What are benefits of silence? or, in other words, what are the benefits of being deaf and dumb?—to which several answers were written on the blackboards. The following was written by Mrs. Mary Toles:—By being deaf and dumb, we are prevented from hearing many things which would make us unhappy, and speaking things we should regret, and I have often thought our reward in heaven would be better, for will not the full tide of glorious melody sound even be bearful to those ears which never woke to the discords of earth?

DRESS FOR A WIDOW.—"A censorious lady," says the author of "Mary Barton," remarking upon the dress of a recently bereaved widow, said, "That black silk became her extremely well, but someone would have shown a deeper sense of her loss."

THE RULING PASSION.—To ascertain whether a woman is a devotee or not, take a snuffy dog into her parlor. Or spit tobacco juice on her parlor carpet. Or hint that she was 'younger' than she is now. Or speak of a blooming lass of 'sweet sixteen' whom you accidentally met in the grove.