

## Youths Department.

### POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.

*From the Carpet Bag.*

The "Song of the Raven" was Poe's,  
But how it was sung is a *poser*,  
So is a nasal appendage a *nose*,  
But Faanny's reply is a "No, sir."

A confounded distress is an *ache*,  
Twice eighty square rods is an *acre*,  
And though Sally's fond love was a *take*,  
She found one so green as to *take her*.

Depositor's orders are *checks*,  
An innocent pastime is *checkers*,  
King Cole in Latin, is *Colus Rex*,  
While Barnegat's famous for *wreckers*.

A wager is oft called a *bet*,  
But never to bet were much *better*,  
For betting leads often to *debt*,  
And there's no greater slave than a *debtor*.

The first note of the scale is *Do*,  
Hints to leave point towards the *door*,  
'Tis a fact the above is "just so,"  
While a fellow is awfully *sore*.

### A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

BY GEOTHE.

The time draws near, dear John, that I must go the way from which none return. I cannot take thee with me. I must leave thee in a world where good counsel is not superabundant. No one is born wise. Time and experience teach us to separate the grain from the chaff. I have seen more of the world than thou. It is not all gold my son that glitters. I have seen many a star from heaven fall, and many a staff on which men have leaned break. Therefore I give this advice, the result of my experience. Attach not thy heart to any transitory thing. The truth comes not to us, dear son; we must seek for it. That which you see scrutinize carefully: and with regard to things unseen and eternal, rely on the word of God. Search no one so closely as thyself. Within us dwells the judge who never deceives, and whose voice is more to us than the applause of the world, and more than all the wisdom of the Egyptians and Greeks. Resolve, my son, to do nothing to which this voice is opposed. When you think and project, strike on your forehead and ask for his counsel. He speaks at first low, and lisps as an innocent child; but if you honour his innocence he gradually loosens his tongue and speaks more distinctly.

Despise not any religion; it is easy to despise, but it is much better to understand. Uphold truth when thou canst, and be willing for her sake to be hated; but know that thy individual cause is not the cause of truth, and beware that they are not confounded. Do good for thy own satisfaction, and care not what follows. Chase no gray hairs to any one; nevertheless, for the right even gray hairs are to be disregarded. Help and give willingly when thou hast, and think no more of thyself for it, and if thou hast nothing let thy hands be ready with a drink of cold water, and esteem thyself for that no less. Say not always what thou knowest, but know always what thou sayest. Not the apparently devout but the truly devout man respect, and go in his ways. A man who has the fear of God in his heart is like the sun that shines and warms, though it does not speak. Do that which is worthy of recompense, and ask none. Reflect daily upon death, and seek the life which is beyond with a cheerful courage; and further, go not out of the world without having testified by some good deed thy love and respect for the Author of Christianity.

### THE BLOOMERS AND THE SPITTERS.

John Bull has given Brother Jonathan a pretty hard, but very appropriate *quid* to chew, as will be seen by the following Bloomer *jeu d'esprit*, upon his filthy and disgusting tobacco chewing and tobacco spitting habits, that recently appeared in the Leeds Mercury, England, viz.:

Let the dames of America dress as they please:  
Should they all "cut their pants round by their knees,"

'Tis only a bold protestation  
Against a bad habit called SPOTANS in Latin,  
That spoils every place where their husbands have  
sat in

Defiles all their carpets, and dirties their matting;  
And sticks to the skirts of the nation!  
Don't fancy, dear Jonathan, ladies are firts,  
Because they have cut their old danglers the skirts:  
They have done it to shame you, they readily own,  
And will lengthen their habits when you mend your  
own.

### IN A MINUTE, OR THE LITTLE GIRL THAT WAS ALWAYS TOO LATE.

*From Arthur's Home Gazette.*

Lucy Lathrop was a little girl of mild temper and obliging disposition. These qualities secured her many friends; but she had one fault which caused herself and her friends too, much trouble. If anything was to be done she was always *too late*. Her almost invariable reply was, "in a minute;" but it so happened that her minutes were more than sixty seconds in length. This fault threw a shade over all her good qualities. It was not, it is true, the most serious fault of which a little girl might be guilty, but it was serious enough to cause much trouble. The shortest way, I think, to convince my young readers of this, will be to give them a history of the troubles which this bad habit brought upon Lucy in a single day.

She was weeding in the garden, one morning, when her mother called her to breakfast.

"In a minute, mother," said she, as she continued her employment.

But, when at last she came in, and was ready for breakfast, the family had been seated at the table some time. Her father told her that she must wait until they had finished their breakfast before she could sit down; for this habit she had of coming to the table after the rest of the family was seated, must be broken up.

Lucy was much mortified about this, and one would think it would have cured her, at least for that day, of the habit of waiting a minute. But bad habits, when firmly fixed, are not so easily cured. For this reason children should be very careful not to form bad habits.

When it was school time her brother called her to know if she was ready.

"In a minute," said Lucy. But Lucy's brother knew something of the length of her minutes; and being something of a punctual boy he did not choose to wait for her. After a time, Lucy too, was ready, and started for school. The teacher had been much annoyed by the tardiness of some of his pupils. The night before he had told them he had resolved to break up this habit, and next morning he should lock the school room door at precisely five minutes past nine. If any of them came after that time they would be obliged to return home again. Lucy knew this; but she thought as she always did that she had time enough. When, however, she arrived at the school house, she found the door locked and was obliged to return.

In the afternoon Lucy's mother placed her little infant sister in the cradle, and left the room, telling Lucy to sit beside the cradle and watch her.

"In a minute," said Lucy, who was sitting by the window reading. But, before Lucy's minute had expired, her little sister dropped her rattle box over the side of the cradle, and, as she reached after it, the cradle rocked over. The loud cries of the babe, who was somewhat hurt, and more frightened, soon brought Lucy's mother back again. She was much displeased when she found how inattentive her daughter had been. She told her that although she was naturally kind hearted and affectionate, yet she could never be trusted, because she was never ready to do anything at the proper time.

It was a long summer's day; and, after tea, some of Lucy's companions called for her to take a walk with them. Her mother gave her permission to go; and the party set off in high spirits. Their path lay through fields and meadows. At length they came to a little brook. It was so narrow that they could almost, but not quite jump over it. They found a board, which they laid across, and all passed over except Lucy. She was busy plucking some beautiful flowers which grew by the side of the brook.

"Come," said one of her companions, "we are all waiting for you."

"In a minute," said Lucy, as she sprang from one flower to the other. They were willing to wait one minute, or even more; but she tarried so long that their patience was almost exhausted, and another called out—

"Come, Lucy, or we shall go on and leave you."

"Well I will come in a minute," said Lucy, "as soon as I can get that flower yonder."

At last, when she was ready, as she came toward the brook, one of the party playfully took up the board, intending to make her, in her turn, wait just one minute, and then place it back again. But, Lucy was a sprightly girl, and seeing a large stone a little ways from where she stood, she stepped on to it, thinking that from there she could jump over to the other side. But, she failed in the attempt, and fell into the brook. It was very shallow, and she was soon out again, but she was thoroughly wet and covered with mud. While the rest of the party continued their walk, Lucy was obliged to return. As she bent her steps toward home, she called to mind all the trouble she had brought upon herself, during the day, and by this habit of never being ready to do a thing when it should be done. Her friends had often reasoned with her about it, but she had never tried in earnest to break herself of it. She now resolved to do so without any longer delay.

If any of my young friends who read this story, have formed this habit, I hope they will not wait a minute before they begin to break themselves of it.

C. M.

The news from Salt Lake announce that Territory to be in a state of revolution. All the United States officers, Judges, Indian Agents, &c., have been compelled to leave the Territory, and are now on their way to the States. The Secretary of the Territory managed to escape with \$24,000 public money, appropriated at the last session of Congress for the benefit of the Territory of Utah. He was pursued, overtaken and searched by the Mormons, but they did not secure the money. All the merchants, and others not Mormons, have quit the country. Brigham Young, the Governor, at a meeting of nearly 3,000 Mormons, stated that he was not Governor by permission of the United States Government, but by a permission from God; that he acknowledged no allegiance to the United States Government, and that he would resist any attempt to exercise power over him till the death. That all who were not Mormons were Infidels or Ge. tiles, and unworthy of their protection or countenance. Such is the language of a fanatic holding office under the Government.

FURTHER ARCTIC INVESTIGATIONS.—The London papers state on the authority of the Aberdeen Journal, that in accordance with the opinions of the recent meeting of Arctic officers of the Admiralty, it has been resolved to send a screw steamer to the Wellington Channel, to prosecute the abandoned search for the lost ship Erebus and Terror, but that it will not be fitted out till spring, the advanced season of the year rendering it impossible that any progress could be made up Lancaster sound before winter. It is highly probable that Capt. Penny will be put in command.

An attempt is again being made to establish steam communication between the Sandwich Islands and San Francisco, and the first steamer is expected to be placed upon the route in about a month.

BLOOMERISM IN NEW YORK.—The N. Y. Tribune says that the use of the new female costume is greatly on the increase, and adds of the Bloomers—"We are glad to observe a better behaviour towards them by the sovereign public."

In Persia, they only pay soldiers five-pence a day, even in war time. As a Yankee once observed, ain't that kinder low for murder?

It is estimated that by the time Kossuth arrives, some 25,000 babies will be named after him.—American Paper.