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POETRY.

A MOTHER'S ADDRESS TO HER DYING CHILD.

My angel boy, thou'rt nearing fast
The end of thy brief race;
Already death's dark wing has cast
Its shadow o'er thy face.
Must thy ethereal spirit seek
So soon its native sky?
Still paler grows thy beauteous cheek—
I cannot see thee die,
My angel boy!

Thou only tie that binds my soul
To earth, and bids me live;
Thou only thought that comfort now
Or future hope can give;
Thou sole pride of my widowed heart,
Thou joy-beam to mine eye,
Ah! must thou from thy mother part?
I cannot see thee die,
My angel boy.

I meekly bow before thy throne,
Oh God, nor dare repine,
For thou has but recalled thine own;
He is no longer mine,
Oh! if it be thy gracious will,
We soon shall meet on high;
There's hope, there's blessed comfort still—
Thy spirit cannot die,
My angel boy.

From the United States Gazette.

HOPE OF YOUTH.

When Spring's warm breath and tinted flowers
Have made the fields and forests gay,
'Tis sad to watch succeeding hours,
Of dismal, drenching, ceaseless showers,
Darken sweet May

'Tis sad.—but not so sad as when
Dark winter comes the year to close
The ceaseless, drenching, dismal rain
Will soon give place to smiles, again,
And banish care.

And if, in early life's bright day,
When Hope should point to happy years,
Misfortune strew the future way,
The spirit, crushed, though lately gay,
Yields to its fears.

This, too, is sad!—but better far
To feel of grief the bitter pain
Ere *age* the future promise mar;—
For youthful hope, tho' banished far,
Returns again.

So let my future lot be cast,
Ere the Winter of Age draws near,
That, while the adverse winds shall last,
I on *this* hope may anchor fast,—
"*Joys shall appear!*"

W. C. T.

From the Wesleyan Methodist Magazine.

WHAT IS HEAVEN?

I asked yon radiant orb among the spheres,
Shining resplendent o'er his bright compeers;
He poured a flood of glory on my sight,
And told my wondering spirit, "Heaven is light!"

I asked the morn exulting o'er the plain,
While hill and dale re-echoed the glad strain;
The morning deigned its language to employ,
And told my thrilling spirit, "Heaven is joy!"

I asked the night, when all was calm around,
And nothing earthly broke the still profound;
Night bade the tumult of my bosom cease,
And whispered to my spirit, "Heaven is peace!"

I asked the harmony prevading all,
This fair and beautiful terrestrial ball;
One universal voice, beneath, above,
Told my enraptured spirit, "Heaven is love."

Battlebridge. W B. BAKER.

A Good Wife exhibits her love for her husband by trying to promote his welfare, and by administering to his comfort.

A Poor Wife "dears" and "my loves" her husband, and would'nt sew a button on his coat to keep him from freezing.

A Sensible Wife looks for her enjoyments at home—a silly one abroad.

A Wise Girl would win a lover by practising those virtues which secure admiration when personal charms have failed.

A Simple Girl endeavors to recommend herself by the exhibition of frivolous accomplishments and mawkish sentiment, which are as shallow as her mind.

A Good Girl always respects herself, and therefore always possesses the respect of others.

From the Farmers' Cabinet.

ORDER—CAREFULNESS.

——"Order was Heaven's first law,
Earth's first blessing."——

If we properly considered our true interest, and indeed our own convenience, we should be led to see the importance of the moral influence resulting from *habits of order*.

Even children perceive the beauty and advantages of care and neatness; and almost instinctively acquire the practice, from the example of those with whom they are associated.

Some persons plead, they have no turn for such things; and therefore they are excusable for their neglect. But this is a mistake. The read difficulty arises from a feeling of which some are scarcely conscious; and which few are frank enough to acknowledge. Is it not to save ourselves a little trouble? Is it not self indulgence? To be plain is it not indolence?—And does not the indulgence of this feeling cause more of our troubles and difficulties than many are aware of?

For instance;—if we have unnecessarily neglected a duty, or have left an article out of place, which might as well have been returned at the time: if we have done a thing indifferently which ought to have been done well—or if we have failed to accomplish an object for want of due exertion,—What is the reason? Let us be honest, and examine it fairly. Is it not that we have given way to the feeling spoken of? And do we not find that this feeling gains strength by indulgence? But how are we to get rid of it? The reply is, we must contend against it, and show it no quarter; and little by little we will gain the mastery. Early life is the best time to eradicate it; but it will yield to proper efforts, at all ages.

You ask, how is this to be effected? The answer is, by *learning to love labor*. But to do this, you must study to make every kind of business a pleasure. To a great extent this can be done. For by carefully digesting, and then adopting, the most simple and systematic mode of performing every duty, greater precision and success will be attained; and being simplified and made easy, the performance will become a pleesure. For no position is more true than this—*whatever we feel we do well, we take pleasure in doing;* and is no the converse equally so? Whatever we feel is not well done, affords us no satisfaction. If, therefore, we learn to do every thing well, will not the doing of every thing then be a pleasure? Does not this correspond with our own experience?

Difficulties will frequently occur, but these must not dishearten us, as nothing valuable can be accomplished without effort; and for our encouragement we should always bear in mind that there is a way of doing everything, and if one method fails, we must try another.

The principles of order and of neatness are so simple and so plain, that it needs but moderate attention to understand them; and but reasonable effort to put them in practice: but that effort must be continued and persevered in, until we succeed. For step by step we shal gain on our deficiences; and the consciousness of some progress will encourage further exertion.—We should never forget that to become fitted to train others, it is especially needful we should first discipline ourselves.

An eminent and successful agriculturist, when asked what made a good farmer, replied, "To mind little things." When we visit a neighbour who is remarkable for good management, we are struck with the peculiar effect and beauty of his arrangements; although perhaps at first we can hardly tell why. But when we come to analyze, we discover it is the result of attention to "little things;" providing places for things, and keeping them in their places.

If, when we enter a house, we see scraps of paper, rags and pieces of thread scattered over the floor—if the dress of the housewife has been thrown upon her without care, and perhaps soiled and torn: if her children are disorderly, uncombed and uncleanly, does it not affect us unpleasantly? and accustomed to better management, do we not turn from it with disgust?—Are we at any loss to determine that indolence is the cause of all this? Can we doubt that if the housewife had properly attended to 'little things,'—was an early riser and had made the best of her time—that her room, her dress and her children, would have been entirely the reverse, and instead of an offensive, would have presented an inviting appearance? For what is more becoming than a neatly dressed woman? or more delightfully interesting, than a family of clean and orderly children.

The mere circumstance of a small bag being hung up in each room, and the scraps regularly deposited there, will promote habits of care and tidiness, beyond what could have been anticipated. This may seem a small matter, but it is the *beginning* of order; and if strictly followed up, its influence will be felt throughout the whole family.

But may not the same principles be applied elsewhere? Is there nothing to be done on the outside of the house? Let us examine how is it with the fences and the hedges, and the appearance of the dwelling? Are they all snug? Have you a supply of choice fruit trees convenient? And of such grape vines as will stand the winter, and are they kept well trimmed? Have you a wood-house?

Is it well supplied with fuel, and neatly arranged? How is it with the garden and the front yard—and the lane—and the barn yard, and the barn? Are they in good condition? Have you scrap bags there? or in other words, have you suitable places for unsightly things—for such things as cause disorder and litter your premises; and serve as examples of mismanagement and waste to those about you? If you have not why is it? How can you expect them to be careful, when you are careless; and to be saving, when you are wasteful? If you permit this state of things, do you not encourage it? and is it not really teaching them the reverse of what your interest requires.

Do you not see it? If you do, then rouse up to your duty; and set a better example for the future. For do you not remember that whenever you have done so, how pleasant has been the result? Shall the example of a wise Providence be lost upon us, and shall we not be improved by what was intended for our instruction; as well as our benefit? Observe the operations of nature! How beautiful! How admirably adapted to their end!—the order—the regularity—the wonderful economy! nothing in vain—nothing wasted—nothing lost!

But you say you have not time to attend to these things: are you aware how much of your time, as well as your property, will be saved in the end? In laborious matters we may be industrious, and yet omit small ones through negligence.

You rise early of course, but is all your time employed to the best advantage? Do you note the fragments of it that are wasted by yourselves, and by those around you? You see then it is not for want of properly employing it—it is for want of method; and no one can fill up the full measure of usefulness without it. You are saving of your money, then why not economize your time.

We should all remember that it is our duty, and indeed our interest, to instruct others as well as improve ourselves, and it may be truly said, that he who can accomplish and teach others to perform with ease a double amount of duty, is as much a benefactor as he who causes the two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before!' To assist you in the object contemplated, provide a small book with but two leaves, and as they occur to you, note in it such little matters as may require care; you will then be able to attend to many things which are now neglected, because not thought of at a leisure time, But this book must be examined daily, and cleaned up as often as possible; for if the items are suffered to accumulate, the book will lose its virtue.

Are there not some things to be looked after? where are your implements of labor—your ploughs; your harrows; your hoes and your shovels; your forks; your rakes and your seythes? Are they in good condition, and in their proper places; or are they scattered about and exposed to the weather, and some of them mislaid, or lost?

Have you a tool-house? Have you a work shop? If you have not, there must then be some disorder; and is not that the cause? For a deficiency of care in one respect generally leads to it in others; and it is the habit of care you must acquire.

Would you know the secret of having things keep in their places? then provide suitable places for them; and have a distinct and separate place for each.

But these places must be convenient and easy of access; and the articles must be arranged with some taste, and so as to produce a pretty effect. This will be pleasant to the eye, and will awaken a feeling of interest in those in your employ, and each one will take pleasure in promoting the object. To ensure success however, you must go further. You must mark in outline the exact shape of each article upon the wall or partition against which it may be placed.

Try it and you will be astonished at the result; it will act like a charm in restoring things to their places. And from it you will derive a further advantage, as you will thereby be enabled at a glance to see exactly what implements and tools belong to you and more pains will be taken to keep them fit for use.—And if at any time they should be left out of place, or be lent to a careless neighbor, you will be continually reminded of it until they are returned, and thus often saved from loss.

The good effects of the plan will not stop here, for its successful operation will be a valuable example in the neighborhood, and a practical illustration of the beauty and usefulness of order.

It will also serve to fix in the minds of those about you, a principle applicable in various other forms, and it will gradually produce an effect upon their habits that will, more or less, influence all their conduct.

MIQUON.

From the Salem, New Jersey Standard.

A SCENE IN REAL LIFE.

When the Bard of Avon denominated the world a stage, and the people its actors, he merely spoke with his usual truthfulness. How many little dramas are every day enacted in private life that need no touches of romance—no gas lights and tinsel to give them absorbing interest; but which become oblivious from the fact that all are too deeply engaged in the parts of their own play to give heed, or take interest sufficient to note those of their neighbors. Here and there the more prominent fragments of a piece are observed, but generally so disconnected are they as to cause but a passing remark. One of these fragments from a life replete with misfortune and poverty has recently been the occasion of some conversation in this town, and we give it to our readers as it was told to us:

A family of Catholic Germans, consisting of the parents and four small children, settled in Salem last year, and from disinclination to permit their wants to be made known, existed through the winter in the most abject poverty. About the commencement of Spring the husband sickened and died, and the family thereby became reduced to the last extremity of wretchedness. The grief of the widow at her bereavement was intense, and for a time she refused to be comforted.—Alone, in a foreign land, and (with the exception of her helpless children) surrounded by none but strange faces, it seemed as if the last crowning misfortune had filled her cup of misery to the brim. As there is no Catholic Cemetery in this neighborhood, the Friends,' with their usual kindness, offered the body of the deceased a resting place in their burying ground. This was gladly accepted, but a new difficulty arose. The widow, strongly imbued with the principles of the sect to which she had always belonged, would not consent to its interment without the formula of the Catholic burial service. There being no priest of her persuasion at hand, she applied to a worthy citizen to perform the ceremony; but he replied that he could not conscientiously act in the matter. Misconstruing his scruples, she exclaimed with earnestness—"Oh do!—the Pope will absolve you!" He endeavored to prevail upon her to apply to some one else, but without effect. At length he asked, if it was not, under the circumstances entirely requisite that a priest perform the ceremony, why she, being a good Catholic, could not act on the occasion? After a few moment's consideration, during which she appeared to be forcibly struck by the suggession as something that had not before occurred to her, she consented to undertake the sad office.

An eye-witness of the interment and accompanying ceremony speaks of the scene as most affecting. A number of fellow countrymen of the deceased had collected round the grave, when the widow, with a sense of duty amounting to enthusiasm, a rising above the intense grief which had convulsed her, stood forward, and taking the earth upon a spade proceeded to consecrate it. She then went through with the solemn burial service of the Catholic Church in a manner so impressive as to bring tears from the eyes of many present long unused to the melting mood. The ceremony was concluded by the widow's offering an appropriate and extremely eloquent prayer for the rest of her departed husband; and she turned from the grave for her desolate home and starving children apparently with every spark of hope extinguished in her bosom. But it is said that the darkest cloud has ever a bright star near it, and she found that her home was to be desolate and her children starving no longer. He who hearkens to the cry of the widow and the fatherless had raised them up friends in the hour of their extremest need. The death of the husband and the peculiar circumstances attending his funeral directed public attention to the family, when its destitute conditon became known and immediate relief afforded.

THE FRENCHMAN'S DOG—*Or a Dose Administered by the Doctor.*—There is a class of men in this world who for the most trivial cause bluster and look big. They are of the Bob Acres school, and will swagger and swear they have killed or can kill a dozen men a day; but once test their mental, and like the valiant Bob, their courage oozes out at their fingers ends.—Let one of them be but met with a bold front, and like the friend of William Patterson, so far from evincing a desire to inflict personal chastisement, he is apt to become laudatory of the action at which he first affected to take offence.

We will, as lawyers say, quote a case in point.—Yesterday, about the time the clock tolled three, Dr. ——— and two friends entered the Blue Dial Restaurant with the view of dining there. Simultaneously with them there entered a fierce-looking Frenchman, with a face all beard and a military frock all buttons. He was accompanied by a dog—a cur of the lowest degree. The animal happened to come in contact with the doctor's legs, and from his position he turned up his snout and gave a snarl at the 'great medicine man,' which the latter promptly repaid with a kick that sent the canine intruder away yelping under his master's legs, who by this time had taken his seat at one of the small tables. He saw how the doctor's foot had been applied to the posteriors of his favorite dog, and how the latter—calling on him to avenge, as it were, the blow—sought for safety and for succor behind his chair. His first impulse seemed to be to spring on the doctor, who, by the way, though made of the sternest stuff, is not a Sampson in appearance; but a moments reflection appeared to dissuade him from carrying out his design. He was, however, evidently far from being satisfied with things as they were. He knocked the end of his cane violently against the ground, hurriedly stroking his beard, looked compassionately on the dog and revengefully on the doctor, and seemed by all his gestures fully bent on 'nursing his wrath to keep it warm."

The doctor all this time took but little notice of him; his dinner over he settled the bill for himself and two friends, and was near the door on his way out when he was slapped from behind on the shoulder. He turned round and there stood the enraged Frenchman. He looked at the doctor, and the doctor scowled at him as ferociously as if he were about to amputate his leg or his arm.

The Frenchman, giving a twirl to his cane, said, 'What for you kick my dog—eh? You know me one man of honor—shall have de satisfaction for my dog at de ten pace duel—eh?'

'I don't know who you are, nor do I care what you are,' said the doctor. 'I only know I kicked your dog, and I am anxious to know what you have got to say about it?'

The Frenchman knit his brows, began to raise and compress his lids, put his cane quietly under his arm, and coolly replied:

'I have got dis one ting to say, monsier—dat I have one vera large dog at home, dat would *positive bite if you kick him!*'

The Frenchman took a pinch of snuff, politely touched his hat, and walked out. The doctor and his friends followed, impressed with the belief that it is by no means as dangerous to kick some French men's dogs as it would seem to be.—[N. O. Picayune.

A young wife remonstrated with her husband a dissipated spendthrift, on his conduct. "My love," said he, "I am like the prodigal son—I shall reform by and by." "And I will be like the prodigal son, too," she replied. "for I will arise and go to my father," and off she went.

The path that leads to wealth too often passes through the narrow defiles of meanness, which a man of exalted spirit cannot stoop to tread.

The desire to marry a woman for wealth is the worst kind of *cupidity*. To marry her, and spend all her money at the tavern, is a still worse kind of *cupidity*.

A young lady being told that her lover was suddenly killed, exclaimed—'Oh! that splendid gold watch of his!—give me that—give me something to remember him by."

NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.

We published some days since the list of the *steam vessels* in the service of the British Government, with their tonage, power, destination, &c. As an offset to this, we copy from the Washington *Union* the following official account of the Navy of the United States—from which it will be seen that it consists of 10 Ships of the Line, 1 Razee, 12 Frigates of the first class, 2 of the second class, 17 Sloops of War of the first class, 6 of the second class, 8 Brigs, 8 Schooners, 8 Steamers and 4 Store Ships. In the British service were 54 steam vessels in commission, and 46 building and in ordinary; besides a large number employed as merchant vessels, over which the Government, in case of need, has entire control. The number of our vessels in ordinary is, considering the circumstances of the times—somewhat unfortunate to say the least.

Ships of the Line—10.

Pennsylvania, three decks, in commission as a receiving ship at Norfolk.

Franklin, two decks, in ordinary at the navy yard, Boston.

Columbus, two decks, in commission at New York, destined for the East Indies.

Ohio, two decks, in commission as a receiving ship at Boston.

North Carolina, two decks, in commission as a receiving ship at New York.

Delaware, two decks, in ordinary at the navy yard, Norfolk.

Alabama, two decks, on the stocks at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Vermont, two decks, on the stocks at Boston.
Virginia, do do do do
New York, do do do Norfolk.

Razee—1.

Independence, in ordinary at the navy yard Boston.

Frigates, first class—12.

United States, in ordinary at the navy yard, Boston.

Constitution, in commission in the East Indies.

Potomac, in commission; home squadron.

Brandywine, in commission, on her return from East Indies.

Columbia, in ordinary at the navy yard, Norfolk.

Congress, do do do

Cumberland, in commission in the Mediterranean.

Savannah, in commission in the Pacific.

Baritan, in commission on the coast of Brazil.

Santee, on the stocks at Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Sabine, on the stocks at New York.

St. Lawrence, on the stocks at Norfolk.

Frigates, second class—2.

Constellation, in ordinary at the navy yard, Norfolk.

Macedonian, just returned from coast of Africa, and placed in ordinary at New York yard.

Sloops of War, first class—17.

Saratoga, in commission.

John Adams, preparing for sea at the navy yard, New York.

Boston, in commission, coast of Brazil.

Vincennes, in commission, destined for the East Indies.

Warren, in commission, in the Pacific.

Falmouth, in commission; home squadron.

Fairfield, in ordinary, at the navy yard, Norfolk.

Vandalia, in ordinary, at Norfolk.

St. Louis, in commission, on her return from East Indies.

Cyane, preparing for sea at the navy yard, Norfolk.

Levant, in commission, in the Pacific.

Portsmouth, in commission in the Pacific.

Plymouth, in commission, in the Mediterranean.

Albany, on the stocks at New York.

Germantown, on the stocks at Philadelphia.

St. Mary's, in commission.

Jamestown, in commission, coast of Africa.

Sloops of War, second class—6.

Ontario, in commission as a receiving ship, Baltimore.

Decatur, in ordinary at the navy yard, Norfolk.

Preble, in commission, coast of Africa.

Yorktown, do do

Marion, in ordinary, at the navy yard, Boston.

Dale, in ordinary, at the navy yard, New York.

Brigs—8.

Dolphin, preparing for sea at the navy yard, Norfolk

Porpoise, in commission.

Somers, in commission; home squadron.

Truxton, in commission, cast of Africa.

Bainbridge, in commission, coast of Brazil.

Perry, in commission, on her return from East Indies.

Lawrence, in commission; home squadron.

Schooners—8.

Shark, in commission in the Pacific ocean.

Boxer, in ordinary at Boston.

Experiment, in commission as a receiving ship, Philadelphia.

Flirt, in commission as a packet, running between Norfolk and Chegres.

Wave, in commission, on coast survey.

Phenix, in ordinary at Norfolk.

On-ka-hy-e, in commission, as a packet, running between Norfolk and Chagres.

Steamers—8.

Mississippi, in ordinary at Boston.

Fulton, in ordinary at New York.

Union, in ordinary at Washington.

Princeton, in commission.

Michigan, in commission on Lake Erie.

Poinsett, in ordinary at New York.

Iron Steamer, on the stocks at Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Water Witch, water tauk at Norfolk.

Engineer, tagboat at Norfolk.

Store Ships—4.

Relief, in commission, Pacific.

Erie, in commission at New York, destined for the Pacific.

Lexington, in commission, Mediterranean.

Southampton, repairing for sea at Norfolk, destined for the coast of Africa.—*N. Y. Courier.*

When a woman loseth her good name she can't get it back again. That is precisely the case with a dog made up into sausages. He is gone forever! Alas poor Tray!

Birth on a Steamboat.—A fine boy was brought safely into the world on the steamer Harry of the West, during her recent trip from New Orleans to St. Louis, which was immediately named Henry Clay Eddye, with the full approbation of the happy parents, amid the happy congratulations of the passengers—*Louisville Journal.*