

## POETRY.

## OH! WATCH YOU WELL BY DAYLIGHT.

The following beautiful Song, written by Samuel Lover, is founded on a supposition that there is no need of watch in darkness for "angels then are near," showing the deep trustfulness of the Irish people, in an over-ruling and protecting Providence.

Oh! watch you well by daylight,  
By daylight you may fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
The angels then are near;  
For Heaven's sense bestoweth,  
Our waking life to keep  
Its tender mercy showeth,  
To guard us in our sleep.  
Then watch you well by daylight,  
By daylight you may fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
The angels then are near.

Oh! watch you well in pleasure—  
For pleasure oft betrays,  
But keep no watch in sorrow,  
When joy withdraws its rays;  
For in the hour of sorrow,  
As in the darkness drear,  
To Heaven entrust the morrow,  
For angels then are near.  
Oh! watch you well by daylight,  
By daylight you may fear,  
But keep no watch in darkness—  
The angels then are near.

## THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The following poem was contributed to an *Albion* paper for a bereaved friend. Though it breathes a sad and mournful tone, it is touchingly beautiful, cheering the heart with a pleasing remembrance of some departed friend.

Think not the tie is given,  
That bound our souls to love,  
It lives and links with heaven,  
Our bleeding hearts above.  
Another hallowed spirit  
Has found untroubled rest,  
And sweetly now reposest  
Leaves us a Saviour's breast.  
Al! looking on the sorrow  
Of hearts with anguish torn,  
She whispers "hope"—to-morrow  
Will bring a brighter morn.  
She breathes a gentle blessing—  
Around our darkened home,  
We hear it as we listen,  
Tell grief of joys to come.

Ah, yes! the loved are with us—  
Not gone, but hovering near,  
The music of their faintest tones  
Still vibrates on the ear.  
And smiles that cheered our pathway  
Can never fade from earth,  
Though now that face is veiled where once  
Those pleasant smiles had birth.

Then onward look to meet her,  
And gaze not on the sod—  
The hidden casket sleeps in earth,  
The jewel lives with God.

Let us—A splendid ship called the "Queen," of 1000 tons, was launched at St. John on the 3d inst. from the building yard of her owners, Messrs W. & R. Wright. The new Brunswick says, "this is the first three-decker of which our port can boast, and is not inappropriately named, as she is one of the best ships ever built in this Harbour. Her materials are chiefly Hiramite, oak and pitch pine, and treemilled with locust. She is thoroughly copper-fastened and iron keeled."

EDITORIAL ABILITY.—Newspaper writing, says the *London Spectator*, has grown to be an art of itself. Many a literary man who thought because the "greater includes the less," every author is ex-officio qualified to be an editor, has sunk back into the rear place of the press, after some smart writings had shown his bookish talent, and his inability to deal with facts. Others who could pour fourth volumes, have failed because they could not copy with hydraulic pressure; or prompt selection of silent points needed for the space and rapid comments of the journal.—Take the best papers of London or Paris, different as the circumstances of the case may be, and you must allow that it is not every body that could seize the moral spirit of passing history. The same may be said with equal justice of the American press. People of some little talent fancy they can edit a newspaper if they can do nothing else; but they eventually find their mistake. Not only is intellect, but knowledge of the world, miscellaneous information, tact, industry, rapidity of thought, a nervous style, and a capacity at once to catch the strong and weak points of every subject, are required for a good editor.

From the Ladies World of Fashion.  
THE MINISTER'S DINNER.

BY MISS PIERSON.

The Rev. Mr. N.—was a man of excellent temper, generous feelings, and well cultivated mind, but he was eccentric even to oddity. He was a powerful preacher, and his ministrations were blessed to the reformation of many in his parish. At the age of thirty-four he became enamored of a beautiful light-hearted girl of seventeen, daughter to one of his richest parishioners, and who imagined that to refuse the hand of the minister would be a sin bordering hard upon the unpardonable. Well, the marriage was consummated, the bride's fair portion paid; and the husband, as husbands in their first love are apt to do, gave in to the humor of his wife, and accompanied her to several festive parties given by his wealthy neighbors, in honor of his marriage.

The happy couple were sitting together in their comfortable parlor, one evening toward spring, the reverend gentleman studying the *Venerable Bede*, and his wife equally intent upon a plate of the latest fashions, when she suddenly looked up with an expression between hope and fear, and thus addressed her companion.

My dear husband, I have a request to make. Well, Nancy, any thing consistent. You do not imagine that I would make an inconsistent request, surely?

No—not a request that you considered inconsistent, But come, what is it?

Why, my dear sir, her voice trembled a little, we have been to several parties among the neighboring gentry, and now I think that to maintain our position in society, we should make a party too. The minister looked blank.

What sort of a party, Nancy? he said at length.

Why, she replied, such a party as those we have attended. We must make an elegant dinner, and have dancing after it.

Dancing! in a minister's house? ejaculated Mr. N.

Why, yes, certainly, replied his wife, coaxingly. You will not dance, the party will be mine; and then we have been to similar parties all winter.

True, true, he muttered with a perplexed air, and sat silent for some time as if considering. At length he spoke. Yes, Nancy, you may make a party, give a dinner, and if the guests desire it, you may dance.

Thank you, love, she cried, putting her arms around his neck.

But I have some stipulations to make about it, he said; I must select and invite the guests, and you must allow me to place some of my favorite dishes upon the table.

As you please, love, she answered delightedly, but when shall it be?

Next Wednesday, if you please.

But our furniture and window-drapes are very old-fashioned. It is now time we had new.

I should think it hardly necessary to refurbish our rooms, Nancy. All our furniture is excellent of its kind.

But our smooth carpets, white draperies, and cane chairs, have such a cold look, do consent to have the rooms new fitted, we can move these things to the unfurnished chambers.

And of what use will they be in those rooms which we never occupy? Besides, it is near spring, and to fit up now for winter is superfluous.

Well, I would not care, she persisted, only people will call us parsimonious and ungentle.

Oh, if that is all, he said gayly. I will promise to expend a thousand dollars on the evening of the party, not in furniture, but in a manner which will be far more grateful to our guests, and profitable to ourselves, and which shall exonerate us from all imputation of parsimony, and you may expend in dress, eatables and dessert, just what sum you please and do not forget the wines. And so the colloquy ended. He resumed his studies, and she gave her mind to the consideration of the dress which would be most becoming; and the viands that were most expensive.

The next day she went busily about her preparations, wondering all the time how her husband would expend his thousand dollars, but as she had discovered something of the eccentricity of his character, she doubted not that he meant to give an agreeable surprise; and her curiosity grew so great, that she could hardly sleep during the interval.

At length the momentous day arrived. The arrangements were all complete, and Mrs. N.—retired to perform the all-important business of arraying her fine person in fine attire. She lingered long at the toilet, relying on the fashionable unpunctuality of fashionable people, and when the hour struck, left her chamber, arrayed, like Judith of old, gloriously, to allure the eyes of all who should look upon her, and full of sweet smiles and graces, notwithstanding the unbecoming pinching of her shoes and corsets. Her husband met her in the hall.

Our guests have all arrived, he said, and opened the door of the reviewing-room. Wonderful! wonderful! What a strange assem-

bled! There were congregated 'the cripple, the maimed, and the blind; the palsied, the extreme aged, and a group of children from the almshouse, who regarded the fine lady, some with wide-open mouths, others with both hands in their hair, while some peeped from behind furniture, to the covert of which they had retreated from her dazzling presence. She was purified with astonishment, then a displeasure crossed her face, till having run her eyes over the grotesque assembly, she met the comically grave expression of her husband's countenance, when she burst into a violent fit of laughter, during the paroxysms of which the bursting of her corset-laces could be distinctly heard by the company.

Nancy! at length said her husband, sternly. She suppressed her mirth, stammered an excuse, and added,

You will forgive me, and believe yourselves quite welcome.

That is well done, whispered Mr. N.—then, my friends, he said, as my wife is not acquainted with you, I will make a few presentations. Then leading her toward an emaciated creature, whose distorted limbs were unable to support his body, he said, This gentleman, Nancy, is the Reverend Mr. Niles, who in his youth travelled and endured much in the cause of our common Master. A violent rheumatism, induced by colds, contracted among the new settlements of the west, where he was employed in preaching the Gospel to the poor, has reduced him to his present condition. This lady, his wife, has piously sustained him, and by her own labor procured a maintenance for herself and him. But she is old and feeble now, as you see.

Then, turning to a group with silver locks and threadbare coats, he continued. These are soldiers of the revolution. They were all sons of rich men. They went out in their young strength to defend their oppressed country. They endured hardships, toils and sufferings, and such as we hardly deemed it possible for men to endure and live; they returned home at the close of the war, or their property otherwise filched and wrested from them. And these worthy men live in poverty and neglect in the land for the prosperity of which they sacrificed their all. These venerable ladies are wives of those patriots, and widows of others who have gone to their reward. They could tell tales that would thrill your heart and make it better. This is the celebrated and learned Dr. B.—who saved hundreds of lives during the spotted epidemic. But his great success roused the jealousy of his medical brethren, who succeeded in ruining his practice and when blindness came upon him, he was forgotten by those whom he had delivered from death. This lovely creature is his only child, and she is motherless. She leads him daily by the hand and earns the food she sets before him. Yet her learning and accomplishments are wonderful, and she is the author of those exquisite poems which appear occasionally in the *Magazine*. These children were orphaned in infancy by the Asiatic cholera, and their sad hearts have seldom been cheered by a smile or their palates regaled by delicious food. Now dry your eyes, love, and lead on to the dining-room.

She obeyed and, notwithstanding her emotions, the thumping of coarse shoes, and rattling of sticks and crutches and wooden legs behind her, well might throw her into another indecorous laugh.

To divert her attention, she glanced over the table. There stood the dishes for which her husband had stipulated in the shape of two monstrous, homely-looking meat pies and two enormous platters of baked meat and vegetables, looking like mighty mountains among the delicate viands that she had prepared for the refined company which she expected.

She took her place and prepared to do the table honors but her husband after a short thanksgiving to the bountiful God addressed the company with "Now my brethren help yourselves and one another to whatever you deem preferable. I will wait upon the children."

A hearty and jovial meal was made the minister setting the example and as the hearts of the old soldiers were warmed with wine they became garrulous, and each recounted some wonderful or thrilling adventure of the revolutionary war; and the old ladies told their tales of privation and suffering, and interwove with them the histories of fathers, brothers, or lovers, who died for liberty.

Mrs. N.—was sobbing convulsively, when her husband came round, and touching her shoulder, whispered,

My love, shall we have dancing? That word, with its ludicrous associations, fairly threw her into hysterics, and she laughed and wept at once.

When she became quiescent, Mr. N.—thus addressed the company:

I fear, my friends, that you will think my wife a frivolous, inconsistent creature, and I must therefore apologize for her. We were married only last fall, and have attended several gay parties, which our rich neighbors gave in honor of our nuptials, and my wife thought it would be genteel to give a dinner in return. I consented, on condition, one of which was that I should invite the guests. So being a

professed minister of Him who was made so lowly in heart I followed to this word of command. But when thou makest a feast for the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind—you all recollect the passage. Mrs. N.—not knowing who her guests were, was highly delighted with the *ruse* I have provided; and I do not believe there has been so noble and honorable a company assembled this winter. My wife desired new furniture; lest we should be deemed parsimonious, I pledged myself to expend one thousand dollars in a manner more pleasing to our guests and which should obviate any such imputation.

Then addressing the children, he said, You will each be removed to-morrow to excellent places; and if you continue to be industrious and perfectly honest in word and deed, you will become respectable members of society. To you, Dr. B.—under God, I owe my life. I did not know your locality, neither had I heard of your misfortunes until a few days since. I can never repay the debt I owe you but if you and your daughters will accept the neat-furnished house adjoining mine, I will see that you never want again. To you, patriot fathers, and these nursing mothers of our country, I present the one thousand dollars. It is just one hundred dollars to each soldier, and soldier's widow. It is a mere trifle. No thanks, my friends.—You, Mr. Niles are my father in the Lord.—Under your preaching I first became convinced of sin, and it was your voice that brought me the words of salvation. You will remain in my house. I have a room prepared for you, and a pious servant to attend you. It is time you were at peace and your excellent lady relieved of her heavy burden.

The crippled preacher fell prostrate on the carpet and poured out such thanksgiving and prayer as found way to the heart of Mrs. N.—who ultimately became a meek and pious woman, a fit helpmate for a devoted gospel minister; and seemed never so happy as when presiding at such parties, which were frequently given by her special request.

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Stephen, praying that an Act may pass in amendment of the Statute Labour Road Law; received.

TRICKING A BANK.—George Arnold, (re-marks Major Noah) a well-known wag, kept a lottery office, for several years, in Broadway, opposite Masonic Hall. Wanting money, he was encouraged by Mrs. Cheesborough, President of the Fulton Bank, to throw in his note for discount, which he did, and it was thrown out. The worthy President regretted it, and advised George to throw it in again on the ensuing discount day, which he did, and they tossed it out. He tried it again and again, with no better success. At length resolved to be even with them, and a little sly revenge. He placed up a placard at his window—"FULTON BANK NOTES TAKEN AT PAR FOR LOTTERY-TICKETS!" It was soon buzzed about the city. What is the matter with the Fulton Bank? was asked on all sides.

A length the President called upon him. Why, George, what do you mean by that placard?

Oh, nothing more than I will take Fulton Bank notes at par for lottery-tickets. No harm in that.

Pray, take it down, my good friend,—it does no good; take it down, and you may throw in that little piece of paper, and it shall be done!

George took down the placard, and the note was discounted.

FRIENDSHIP.—Dow Jr thus discoursed on friendship:—

My friends—years ago—after wandering about the world and inspecting its complicated machinery—often foolishly putting faith in professed friendships—and often having discovered the main spring of all human actions—I sat down upon the stump of consideration and I talked to myself; myself talked to me and we both talked together. We came to the conclusion that as the devil was after everybody, everybody must look after himself. So I buttoned up my coat took out my jack-knife and cut me a stick of independence and trudged along—carrying a fig for nobody since nobody cared a pumpkin seed for me. What is friendship my brethren? It is a bee suckles only when there is honey to be got and carries the treasure to its own hive; a shadow upon the dial—present when shines the sun of prosperity, and absent when lower the clouds of adversity; a useless dog—always about when not needed, but out of whistling distance when wanted the most.

In short as my friend Goldsmith says friendship is but a name; a charm that jells one into dangerous sleep; a shade that follows health and Fame and leaves poor drizzle-fall Poverty to get out of the mud and mire the best way she can.

A good conscience is better than two witnesses—it will consume your grief as the sun dissolves ice. It is a spring when you are weary—a screen when the sun burns you—a pillow in death.

There are six sorts of people at whose hands you need not expect much kindness. The sordid and narrow-minded think of nobody but themselves; the lazy will not take the trouble to serve you; the busy have not time to think of you; the overgrown rich man is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy have neither spirit nor ability; the good natured fool however willing is not capable of serving you.

EASILY GRANTED.—A handsome carriage and pair was standing at the door of a fashionable shop into which the ladies, who had alighted, had entered, on the usual errand of tasteful expenditure, and a gentleman remained in the carriage reading. Ah, said one bystander to the other; that's something handsome now. How I should like to be driven out in such an equipage as that! Well, replied the other, foolishly, you have only to step in at once, and you will be driven out immediately. I warrant you.

DISAPPOINTMENT.—A lady who had boasted highly to a dinner party of the good manners of her little darling, addressed him with—Charles, will you have some more beans? No, was the ill-mannered reply.

No! Exclaimed the astonished mother. No what? No beans, ma, said the child.

PEN.—I can't find bread for my family, said a lazy fellow in a public company. '