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THE KENT NEWS.

"Frustra laborat, qui omnibus placere studet."—"He labours vainly, who endeavours to please every one."

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POETRY.

ROOM FOR ALL.

What need of all this fuss and strife
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we in the crowd of life
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh! fellow men, hear wisdom then,
In friendly warning call—
"Your claims divide, the world is wide—
There's room enough for all."

What if the swarthy peasant find
No field for honest labor;
He need not idly step behind,
To thrust aside his neighbor.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Where gold for toil is given
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow-men, remember then,
Whatever change be all,
The world is wide—where those abide—
There's room enough for all.

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys;
Where every arm that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance.
Up, leave your lonesome cities, now,
And toil for independence.
Oh, hasten, then, from fever'd den,
And lodging cramped and small;
The world is wide—in land beside—
There's room enough for all.

In this fair region far away.
Will labor find employment—
What need then of this daily strife,
Where each wars with his brother?
Why need we then, thro' the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
From rags and crime, that distant clime
Will free the pauper's thrall;
Take fortune's tide—the world so wide
Has room enough for all.

POPULAR TALES

THE YANKEE AND THE CRABS.

A few days since, a raw-looking genius, carrying a cheap hair trunk, made his appearance on a sloop which plies between New York and a portion of the Connecticut coast, and enquired for the "Capting." He hailed from Cook county, New Hampshire, and presented in his appearance a perfect specimen of a *fresh caught yankee*. He wore a mixed coat, of home-made fabric, with short, square skirts, such as are called "bob-tail," with lead buttons, and sleeves about six inches too short at the wrists. His pantaloons were striped, and his legs were thrust a long way though them, leaving the interval between the legs of the trowsers and his heavy laced boots, arrayed in a substantial pair of pepper and salt yarn stockings. On a head adorned with a luxuriant growth of course sandy hair, tallowed to a nicety, was perched a hat much worn, but in an excellent state of preservation, with a narrow brim and huge bell-crown, serving the purpose of a travelling valise, in addition to the other usse of that article of wearing apparel. An immense collar, rigged with starch and erect to the ears, supported by a common cravat of variegated yellow and black, completed the adornment of his outer man.—He seemed about twenty-five years of age was a lean cadaverous individual, standing, some six feet, when erect, but having a stoop in the shoulders, which reduced him to about five feet nine. A small pinched up mouth, peaked nose, high-cheek bones, prominent chin, and a pair of bright twinkling eyes, of an indescribable color, gave an air of extreme *cuteness* to his physiognomy.

This was obviously his first visit to salt water; but as he stood upon the sloop's deck, whistling "Yankee Doodle," his arms thrust into his pockets up to the elbows; his eyes cast up scanning the rigging with an air of connoiseur, he seemed as much at home asthough he was a veritable "ocean child." In reply to the question as to the business, he drawled out.

"Capting, what'll you charge to take a feller to New York city?"

He was informed that the fare was $1.50.

"I 'spect you mean to charge a "fel-ler" that when you FIND HIM; what'll you take one for when he FINDS himself?"

The price of a passage without board, he was informed was seventy five cents.

"Then, I shall have to "foot it" down to York. You see, Capting, I'm scant on't for funds, and I MUST have a little somethin' to feed me on arter I get there; ca'nt get a long without victuals!"

"Can't help it," replied the captain; "that's our lowest—we have but one price."

"Now, just take a feller for half-a-dollar. Capting—come, now; if you dew, I'll help you to do up the "chores" while I'm aboard."

"No, sir, I can't take you for that price."

The green horn squirted a long stream of tobacco juice upon the deck, resumed his air of Yankee Doodle, shouldered his trunk and walked off. In about an hour afterwards, he returned, and with a broad grin on his countenance addressed the Captain:

"Now look-o'-yere, Capting, I'm in distress; I posi-*tively* haint got but TEW dollars in the world; I must get into New York, or I shall sta-a-rve. I can't get no thing to dew here—now, say the w-o r-d, Capting'—I've always heard tell, that you sailors were generous chaps."

This appeal to the captain's professional pride, had its effect; and he agreed to take the Yankee for fifty cents, providing he supplied himself with provisions, and rendered such assistance as he could in managing the vessel.

The passage was unusually long—caused by contrary winds—nearly a week beyond the ordinary time. On the second day, the Yankee ran out of provisions. The captain, as an act of charity, furnished him from the vessel's store. About ninety-six hours before their arrival, in the exuberance of his exultation at having outwitted the captain, he disclosed to a fellow passenger that he had *lots of cash!* and he made quite a display of loose change.

This soon came to the ears of the captain, who was so indignant at the imposition which had been practised upon him, that he was about setting the tricky customer ashore to "foot" it up to New York the best way he could; but on reflection, he concluded that it would be worse punishment to keep him on board, stop his rations, and put him to hard work.

From this time until their arrival, the Yankee's situation was not a sinecure.—Furnished with a cloth and a basket of sand, he was set to *scouring the Anchor!* Being enured to labor, that did not trouble much; but to work on an empty stomach for thirty-six hours, and endure the curses of the angry captain, and all for the small matter of twenty-five cents, he thought was "paying rather dear for the whistle."

Great was his great joy when they hauled into the slip at New York, and before the sloop's side had touched the dock, he jumped ashore. Leaving the little hair trunk to be removed after he had satisfied his hunger, he hastened to the nearest place where food could be procured.—This happened to be a huckster's stand at the head of the slip, where among other eatables, were displayed some fine looking boiled lobsters. Our verdant Yankee had heard lobsters spoken of as an excellent food, though he had never tasted any; this seemed a good opportunity to satisfy his hunger, and at the same time enjoy a rare luxury. So after bargaining a while and beating the old woman down in her price some three or four cents, he bought three lobsters, some Boston crackers; and returned to the sloop.

Meanwhile one of the passengers, a wag of the first order, having been up to the city, returned on board, and perceived the Yankee at the heel of the bowsprit, seated on his hair trunk, 'going into' his bargain tooth and nail. It was a greedy spectacle! He wrenched the claws of the lobsters apart with unnecessary strength, drawing them close down to the sockets which held them. Such a mashing and crashing was never heard before. Carelessly sauntering within hearing, the wagish passenger gave the captain a wink and remarked:

"This is horrible business, captain!"

"What's horrible business?" ask the skipper.

"Hain't you heard the news? All the papers are full of it. Some Jersey fishing smacks have been taking lobsters on the copperas banks off Barnegat, and have sold them all over the city. Every person who has eaten any of them, has been poisoned. Fifty-three have died since morning; there is a tremendous excitement about it. As I came down, I saw an officer arrest the old woman who keeps a stand at the head of the slip, for selling some of the same lobsters!

The Yankee, who had already devoured one and part of another; paused at the narration, as if suddenly paralysed, then dropping the fragment which he held, with the untouched lobster, in the water, his mouth filled with cracker and lobster, his enormous palms extended over his abdomen, his face pallid with horror, he exclaimed—

"Oh, golly! What shall I do? I'm sartainly a dead man! Durn York! Cuss the lobsters! I wish I'd staid to hum!—Oh, my bowels!—my bowels!"

"If that d—d green-horn has'nt been eating some of them! Run for a doctor!" exclaimed the captain.

Some one started ashore for a physician. In the meantime the Yankee began to groan and lament, attracting a large crowd of spectators by his cries:

"Oh, Suke, if I had only took your advice, and kept clear of this tarnal york City! I'm dying—I know I am! My mouth tastes like a rusty cent! The Doctor will *charge an all fired price to cure me!* I reckon. There! I'm spitting *green!*—that's the cop-er-as! I shall die before the Doctor gets here! Murder! murder!! *murder!!!*"

Some one personating a physician, now made his appearance, felt the patient's pulse, examined his tongue, and pronounced it a clear case of *poisoning, from eating coperrs-lobsters!* He prescribed a powerful emetic, which was immediately administered in the form of a quart of luke-warm water, which soon caused a throwing up of "notions."

The effect was powerful, beyond explanation. It produced a great and prodigious paroxysm, that kept him in a continual shudder, for more than an hour, during which his case seemed very doubtful. He kept girding his stomach with his two hands, squeezing his viscera, and bowing down as the contending forces raked his inner man. In pauses of his pangs, he uttered sundry exclamations, such as:

"Oh, Suke! Darn'd lobsters! Cuss York! Oh, my bowels! If I ever get tu hum again, you'll never catch—ugh!—There it is a again! I shall die! Parson Dulittle—ugh!—if I had'nt neglected—ugh! your preaching!" &c.—to the great edification and amusement of the bystanders.

At length the Doctor pronounced him free from danger and convalescent. The next thing was the payment of the "fee," which he was informed was *Five Dollars!*

He then groaned in spirit, and his bowels yearned. Worse than ever, at the thought of parting with such *a large sum of money!* There was no help for it, however, so he forked over the "V," shouldered his hair trunk, and went on his way growling:—"*Cuss York city! Cuss that Doctor! Cuss them durn'd cop-er-as lobsters!—Ugh!*"

That evening the captain, the wag, and the pseudo physician luxuriated at Florence's on *lobster-salad and "trimmings!"* for which the Yankee's "Five" stood exchequer.

LOVE IN THE BACKWOODS;

OR.

Jimmy Waddle's Courtship.

"Talkin' o' sprees, boys, puts me in mind o' my young days,—I should rather guess I was in for 'em some myself them times!"

This was said by an old man, whom we will introduce as Mr. James Waddle, or rather as "old Jim Waddle." Every body (except the reader) knows him and his *penchant* for yarn spinning. It is the evening of a mill tu training day. There are a goodly number, after the company is dismissed from duty who are lounging around, and all now gather round the afore said old Jim, to hear his yarn to which he has already began the prelude; and only awaits somebody to urge him to go on.—This there are enough to do. *He* then inquired 'what they would have—"one o' his huntin' or courtin' sprees?" The boys unanimously demanded the latter.—Then, after requesting thet none of them should laugh 'till he got through, with a a few preparatory hems, and an assumption of a comicly grave face, he commenced. (I wish I could *report* in his inimitable language, *verbatim et literatim.*)

"When I wur a boy, you know, daddy moved from Virginny to Kentuck. I'd been born and touch up on the fronteers, and Kentucky was a perfect paradise for me to hunt bars and injins in. But I forgot—you want a courtin' story. Well, although I was alwas a cuttin' up some develry among the boys, yet, some how, I was a leetle shy and skeery amongst the gals I liked the critters prodigiously, but about the only way I could manage to show it, was by casting sheep's eyes in abundance at 'em. We had meetin's as well as frolics sometimes. White the preacher was preachin' tender-heartedness, brotherly kindness, and love, I wan't thinkin' o' nothin' else. I used to set where I could look the gals in the face—and then gazed at some purty one till she'd blush as red as a pepper pot. Then I felt so queer about the gizzard, and wisht an airth-quake would come and throw me right in her lap! I was in love, but I couldn't tell who I loved most. Thar was Peggy Mason-hammer, a mighty fine gal, even in her tow-linen frock, her cheeks wur as full as a china pig's and as red as a turkey gobler's; and then thar was Sally Perkins, with her gloriously striped home-made cotton frock besides her har and eyes as black as ink; and then thar was dimple-cheek'd, blue-ey'd Lotte Smith, who alwees toted her shoes and stockin's in her hands till she got in sight o' meetin'.—Well o' these three I couldn't tell for my life which I liked best—sometimes one, and sometimes another—but alus the last one I look'd at.

But when Squire Crumpton come to our diggins, his two gals tuck the shine off the rest on 'em, 'epecially his oldest one Betsey. I shant attempt to describe her,—but when I tell you she had a *calico* frock, with yaller flowers as big as your hand—brass ear bobs, besides half a dozen strens o' beads as large as the end o' yur little finger, you may think she was a charmer—I did anyhow. Of all the magnum bonum charmers I'd ever seed, she was the magnum bonumest! And so all the young fellers said tu. When I fust seed her 'twas at deacon Snook's meetin'. fastened my eyes on her's met mine—she look't steadfastly—then smiled a charmin' smile, an' blush't, an' look't down. Lordy! thar was a flutterin' then equal to a saw mill, 'tween my two jacket pockets! I felt I was a goner. From that hour I was too big for my breeches, and of Sundays I borried dadd's breeches he'd been married in before the Revolutionary War, and came off at his knees, but as he was tall and I warn't, they come below mine three or four inches. Again the next meetin' I was prepared to cut a big stiff; sister Sal, for the purpose, starched and ironed my new fine shirt as stiff and slick as a sheet of new tin. This shirt had the finest kind of flax-linen in the bosom and collar, but the invisible part of it was coarse tow, with a hem that would cable a steamboat. Now while Sal was smoothing the rinkles near the said hem with an iron just hot from the fire, down stairs tumbles one o' the tarnal brats, knockin' the breath out'n it. It was Saturday night, and she was the only one up, and run to it in courage, but afore it come to, the iron had very decidedly made its mark—that is, burnt two holes in the extremity of my linen. Next mornin' I put it on as I was—then dad's true blues—then the fust reglar built par o' shoes I'd ever had. I was seventeen just that Sunday mornin', and in my Sunday riggin, felt myself a man, and was resolved if Betsy Crumpton was at meetin' to show it. Well she was there, and I axt for her company—and got it! Walkin' by her side, I felt as light as nothin'—I skeercly techt the ground I walked on. But I shant tell you the fine things I thought and said to her on the way, and more after we get home, ('Oh, yes, do,' said several voices.) No, you'll have enough without that—you're to skim the cream of the story yet.

She kept me up late, say two o'clock, and spite of the novelty (it being the fust time) I got sleapy. Now, the Squire had just come to the parts, and put up a one story, one room'd log cabin, and the whole family' cept some o' the young'ens, slept below. I was a leetle bashful 'bout guine to bed thar, but I was three miles from home, and it was rainin' like blue blazes, i had to do it, and did without exposin' the blanks in my linen: I resolved to be up afore anybody else in the mornin' on the same account and some others.

That was the last I know'd till waken'd by the hounds (half a dozen of which slept under the bed) a pullin in the kivers off'n me. *Holy* heavens! the sun two hours high—breakfast on the table and we in bed! Just as I was guine to spring out, in pops the old 'oman, with a plate of venson. It was dog days, you know, and she cookt in a shanty. I possum'd sleep till she went out again, then look'd for my trowsers—thar they wur in the jaws of the pups at the foot of the bed!—I made a mighty lunge over the foot-board to retake them but, oh horrors!—my hed down and my heels up! What's the matter, thinks I—but it flashi across me in a minit that the hole in my linen was over the post—and a tall post tu! I kick'd and flounder'd and flounced, but all to no purpose—I couldn't get down—I strained to break the hem but it was all no go.—Jist now all the hounds commenced yellin' so furiously the old 'oman and both gals run in to see what was up, and when they seed it was me they run out agin—one begin to holler for the Squire, while tothers, through the cracks, battled with fishin' poles the cursed hounds that wer wullin' me. Oh, I thought of Abslem and every body else that ever did hang, but he didn't hang with the wrong end up, that was a consolation I hadn't! I'd a cust my tate like Boston, but I remember'd I belong'd to meetin', and it was agin the rules. I did howsomever, think some mighty hard words if I did'nt speak 'em! But all that didn't do no good. I couldn't make nothin' by pullin' down'ards, so I thought I'd clime up the post and unloose myself that way. I had nearly succeeded when one o' the unmannerly pups attacked me in the rair, and loosin my holt fell in a knot—decidedly peeling off my linen—the button busted off, and I come out full length on the floor, in presisely the same state of fix Job said he come into this world! The next minit I was under the bed where the everlastin' pups had dragged my trowsers. I cuffi them off, but every time I pull one leg partly on the infernal whelps would pull tother off. I worried this way some time, when a puncheon give way, and I fell through into a trough of soup under the house!—Gosh! I thought I was in the pit that's bottomless! I sprung for my life, but in doing this I threw myself into the face and stomach of Squire Crumpton, who was comin' on the run, 'specting the injins was a massacreeing the whole family. The collision threw him down hilt, and I followed suit, heels over head, to the bottom Here I recovered my understanding, and without any apologies, or even, a word, I struck a bee-line for home jist as I was, in all my native purity, at a speed that spilt the winds, my toe nails striking fire out'r the flints every jump!

But, b'hoys, I never went within a quarter of a mile of Squire Crumpton's after-woods—nor did I ever cast sheep's eye's at Betsey again, let alone gallant her home."

Decatur Co., Indiana.

HINTS TO FARMERS!

WORK IN THE GARDEN FOR MARCH.

Those who desire to enjoy the gratification of seeing their families supplied with early vegetables, must take immediate steps to lay the groundwork of raising plants.—First order then is

Sowing seed.—Prepare a bed on a warm border, facing the South; cover it with about 2 inches of good stable manure; dig that in spade deep; rake fine, and divide your bed into compartments suitable to sow the different kinds of seeds, as, several kinds of early varieties of *Cabbage, Lettuce, Tomatoes, Egg plants, Cauliflower, Brocoli.* Rake the seeds in lightly and pat the earth down well with the back of your spade, so as to compress it and bring it into immediate contact with the several kinds of seeds.

When the plants come up should they be attacked by *lice*, they may be removed by watering them with a decoction made of 4 oz. *flour of sulpher* and 1 gallon of *soot*, to be enclosed in a bag, on which four or five gallons of boiling water may have been poured to be used when cool. The best time to water this season is about noon. The above ingredients will bear two or three applications of boiling water, without losing its effective virtues.

Salsify, or Vegetable Oyster.—Prepare a bed as you would for beets, and drill in seed of this fine vegetable, and you will be sure of a good crop.

Brussels Sprouts—Prepare a bed in the same manner as we have directed for early turnips, and saw the seed of this vegetable, and you will secure to your household a supply of sprouts only excelled by those of the cabbage. If you sow early this month, they will come in soon after the cabbage sprouts give out.

Early Peas.—As soon as the bed you design for early peas is dry enough to be dug well, manure it moderately; dig it up with a narrow slice, to the full depth of the spade; let the raking be thorough; then lay it off into drills, four or five feet wide, according to the kind of pea you may plant, 2 inches deep; that done, drill in your peas tolerably thick, draw the dirt over them with your hoe, and compress the dirt with the back of it. When your peas are up a few inches high, work them with the hoe, hauling the dirt up to the vines, so as to hill them moderately. In two weeks more, give them another working, increasing the size of the hill; that done, stick them, and you need not fear a good and early yield.

You need not apprehend any danger from frost, as the pea is tenacious of life, and may, with safety, be put in the very moment the frost is out of the ground.—Should frost or snow come after they are up, they will receive no injury.

Early Potatoes.—These may be planted the very moment the frost allows you an opportunity to spade the ground.

Early Turnips.—These should be sown as soon as the frost is out of the ground.—The best manure for them would be to prepare a compost of equal parts of well-rotted stable or barn yard manure, the scrapings of the yards or roads and woods mould. Mix these all together, and add to the mass 2 bushels, 2 of bones, and 1 of lime; mix the whole together. Let this remain in pile while you are spading up the bed, which should receive two spadings; let the first be full depth of the spade the first raking completed rake and then put on your compost, taking care to spread it equally; dig it in about 4 inches deep, rake and then sow the turnip seed, the early flat Dutch; rake it lightly, and pat the earth down. When the turnips first make their appearance, for three or four mornings in succession sow ashes or slacked lime over them. If you take this pains, a good and early crop of turnips will reward your care.

Spinach.—Prepare a bed by manuring freely, digging deep, and raking fine, and sow spinach seed: if you do, you will secure a supply of this delightful vegetable for your family.

Radishes.—The sooner you sow a bed of these, on a warm border, the better.—The ground should be well manured with rotten dung, well dug and thoroughly raked

Beets Carrots and Parsnips.—Prepare a bed by manuring with rotten dung, dig it up deeply, and rake it thoroughly: in this bed sow seeds of each of these roots, for early use. A small bed will answer for a family

Rhubarb—Procure a dozen or so of the plants of this excellent vegetable and set them out, to supply your table with tarts.

Gooseberries and Currants.—Dig and manure around the roots of these bushes; trim out their heads and keep the grass and weeds down, and you will be sure to have lots of fine fruit. If however, you have none in your garden, see to it and have them planted therein, forthwith.

Raspberries.—Now is the time to clean, manure and tie up your raspberries, as also to plant them if you have none in your garden.

Strawberries.—Clean off your strawberry beds and slightly dig in some well-rotted manure; then rake and lay fresh straw between the rows. If there are no strawberries in your garden, plant them without delay.

Asparagus—Spread some well-rotted manure on your asparagus beds fork it carefully in, then rake, and strew salt over them. Should you be without asparagus, procure plants from a nurseryman and set out a bed. No garden should be without this vegetable.

Celery.—Prepare a bed and sow celery seed for early use.

Roses and other Shrub flowers.—All of these should be moderately manured and carefully spaded around. And if you have none in your garden, you should procure some of each kind, and plant them out, as no garden should be without such sources of pleasure and delight.

Grapes.—Manure your grape vines with a compost made of 2 parts of woods mould 1 part ashes, and 1 part bone dust: after mixing these ingredients together, apply a peck of the compost, broadcast to each vine; dig it lightly in, and then rake the earth. If not done before, prune your vines, wipe the wound dry, and paint it with a mixture of oil and plaster. *Cuttings* should now be set out. It is also a good time to set out the vines.

Thyme, Sage, Parcley, Hyssop, and Herbs generally.—The seed of every thing of this description should now be sown. Roots of all may also be transplanted; and we will here observe that every garden should have a little plot of every kind of herb, medisinal as well as culinary.

Onions.—Sow onion seed *early* this month, and they will make large bulbs by August, provided they are planted in good, well-prepared ground—are thinned out, so so as to stand 3 inches in 12 inch rows, and are kept clean. Onions raised from *seed*, will keep better than those grown from *sets*.

Onion bulbs should be set out early this month as possible; and we desire you to bear in mind that the onion delights in a rich loam and bears manure well.

An onion prevails, with some, that *large* onions *cannot* be grown from *seed* the first season; but this opinion is erroneous; for if sown early, in well manured, suitable soil, they will grow as large as from the sets, with this advantage, that they are not so subject to sprout as those grown from the bulbs.

Seed Onions should be set out early.

Early Red Peppers.—For an early supply, sow some seed in a flower pot, which should be placed in the kitchen window or some equally warm place where the plants will be protected from the weather.—By so doing, you will have plants ready to set out by the time you could sow the in the open air.

Seed Turnips.—Set these out as early as possible; be sure to set out large well-shaped roots.

Horse Radish.—Among all the condiments of the table, there is none more grateful than that prepared from this excellent root; nor are there any so healthful.—Therefore, if you have not already a bed of it in your garden, prepare one on some moist, rich, loamy border, and set out some ten feet by four. A bed of this dimensions will give a full supply for all purposes.—To ensure success, manure liberally, spade the ground up deep, rake thoroughly and plant early. The drills should be 18 inches apart—the roots nine inches assunder.

Artichokes.—Sow the seed of this vegetable as early as possible this month.

Beans.—The *Mazagan, Libson* and *Windsor* beans may be planted any time after the middle of this month. The bean will grow in any soil moderately rich; but delights most in a clay mould, physically sound.

Flower seeds and Bulbs, of most kinds, may be sown this month.

Fruit.—Look to the fruit trees in your garden; cut off any dead limbs neatly; dig in manure around the roots, and paint the trunks as reccommended for those in the orchard. Plant any young fruit trees you design to set out as early as possible.

Fig Trees.—These may be either pruned or set out—the earlier, the better.

Having brought our *memoranda* to a close, we shall take the liberty of appealing to the LADIES of each homestead, and to exhort them to insist upon their husbands providing them with such gardens as will inspire them with feelings of ambition and pride. The care and superintendence of the garden naturally belongs to the matron: if it be not in good condition her visiters charge it to her want of taste or energy; and, therefore she has a right to expect that she be placed in a position to protect such invidious remarks; and this position she can never occupy, unless the means be furnished her to make her garden what it ought to be—a thing for her to be proud of, and one which her husband can love as the creation of his wife's taste, genius and energy.

There is another consideration which appeals to the womanly pride of the housewives of Maryland especially—to have their gardens in good order. The Maryland State Agricultural Society expects, through their zeal, that the displays of FRUITS, FLOWERS and VEGETABLES, at the next Fair, will excel, in magnitude and beauty, those of any other State in the Union. It is within the power of the ladies of Maryland to make it so; and we know their patriotism will impel them onward in a struggle so noble and so generous.—*Amer. Far. for March.*

A HARD LAW.—In Savannah, Geo., a merchant commencing business, has to deposit with the authorities of the city the sum of $500. Should he fail in his merchandising, he forfeits the $500.