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TERMS.

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POETRY.

The following beautiful lines were written by the late W. G. Clark, after the death of his wife, whom he soon followed to an early grave:

A LAMENT.

There is a voice I shall hear no more:
There are tones whose music for me is o'er;
Sweet as the odors of spring were they—
Precious and rich—but they died away;
They came like peace to my heart and ear—
Never again will they murmur here;
They have gone like the blush of a summer morn
Like the crimson cloud, through the sunset borne.

There were eyes, that late were lit up for me,
Whose kindly glance was a joy to see;
They revealed the thoughts of a trusting heart,
Untouched by sorrow—untaught by art;
Whose affections were fresh as a stream of spring,
When birds in the vernal branches sing;
They were filled with love that hath passed with them,
And my lyre is breathing their requiem.

I remember a brow, whose serene repose
Seemed to lend a beauty to cheeks of rose;
And lips I remember, whose dewy smile,
As I mused on their eloquent power the while,
Sent a thrill to my bosom, and blest my brain
With raptures that never may dawn again;
Amidst musical accents those smiles were shed—
Alas, for the doom of the early dead!

Alas, for the clod that is resting now,
On those slumbering eyes—on that faded brow!
Wo for the cheek that hath ceased to bloom—
For the lips that are dumb, in the noisome tomb
Their melody broken, their fragrance gone—
Their aspect cold as the Parian stone:
Alas, for the hopes that with thee have died—
Oh, loved one! would I were by thy side!

Yet the joy of grief it is mine to bear;
I hear thy voice in the twilight air;
Thy smile of sweetness untold I see,
When the visions of evening are borne to me,
Thy kiss on my dreaming lip is warm,
My arm embraceth thy yielding form;
Then I wake in a world that is sad and drear,
To feel in my bosom thou art not here!

Oh, *once* the summer to me was bright—
The day, like thine eyes, wore a holy light;
There was bliss in existence, when thou wert nigh
There was balm in the evening's rosy sigh;
Then earth was an Eden, and thou its guest;
A sabbath of blessings was in my breast;
My heart was full of a sense of love,
Likest, of all things, to heaven above.

Now thou art laid in that voiceless hall,
Where my budding raptures have perished all;
In that tranquil and holy place of rest,
Where the earth lies damp on the sinless breast;
Thy bright locks all in the vault are hid—
Thy brow is concealed by the coffin lid;
All that was lovely to me is there—
Mournful is life, and a load to bear!

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

I have no mother—for she died
When I was very young;
But her memory still around my heart,
Like morning mist, has hung.

They tell me of an angel form,
That watched me when I slept,
And of a soft and tender hand,
That wiped the tears I wept.

And that same hand that held my own
When I began to walk,
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes
When first I tried to talk.

For they say a mother's pleased
When infant charms expand—
I wonder if she thinks of me,
In that bright happy land?

I know she is in heaven now—
That holy place of rest—
For she was always good to me,
And the good are ever blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,
She kiss'd my burning brow,
And the tear that fell upon my cheek—
I think I feel it now.

And then I have some little books,
She taught me how to spell;
And the chiding or the kiss she gave,
I still remember well.

And then she us'd to kneel with me,
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to heaven,
And tell me what to say.

O, mother! mother! in my heart
Thy image still shall be,
And I will hope in heaven at last
That I may meet with thee.

POPULAR TALES.

THE RICH MERCHANT.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

It was night, and the streets were nearly deserted, and more especially as it was snowing fast. A single traveller, however, might have been seen, wrapped in a thick overcoat, urging his way against the tempest, by the light of the dim lamps—suddenly as he passed a ruinous tenement the figure of a girl started up before him.

'Please, sir,' said she, 'if it's only a penny—mother is sick and we have eat nothing to-day.'

The first impulse of the moment was to on; the second to stop. He looked at the girl. Her face was thin and pale, and her garments scanty. He was a man of good impulses, so he put his hand towards his pocket, intending to give her a shilling. She saw the act, and her lustreless eye brightened. But the traveller forgot that his overcoat buttoned tightly over his pocket.

'It is too much trouble, he said to himself, 'and this wind is very cutting. Besides these beggars are usually cheats—I'll warrant this girl wants the money to spend in some gin shop.' And speaking aloud somewhat harshly, he said, 'I have nothing for you; if you are really destitute the guardians of the poor will take care of you.'

The girl shrank back without a word, and drew her tattered garments around her shivering form. But a tear glistened on her cheek in the light of the dim lamp.

The man passed on and turning the next corner soon knocked at the door of a splendid mansion through whose richly curtained windows a rosey light streamed across the room. A servant obsequiously gave him entrance. At the sound of his footsteps the parlor door was opened, and a beautiful girl apparently about seventeen, sprang into his arms, kissed him on the cheek, and then began to assist him in removing his overcoat.

'What kept you so long, dear?' she said, 'if I had known where you were I would have sent the carriage. You never stay so late at the office.'

'No, my love, I was at my lawyer's—busy, very busy, and all for you,' and he kindly patted her cheek. 'But now, Maggy, can't you give me some supper?'

The daughter rang the bell and ordered the supper to be served. It was such a one as an epicure would delight in, just the supper for a traveller on a night like that.

'Pa,' said the daughter, when it was finished, 'I hope you are in good humor, for I have a favor to ask of you,' and she threw her arms around his neck, and looked up in his face with that winning smile and those beautiful dark eyes of hers. I wish to give a ball on my birth day—my eighteenth birth day. It will cost, oh! a sight of money, but you have been successful or you would not have been at your lawyer's.'

'Yes, my darling,' he said, fondly kissing her, 'the cotton speculation has turned out well. I sold all I had of the article this afternoon, received the money and took it to my lawyer's telling him to invest it in real estate, I think I shall give up the business.'

'Oh! do, do, papa. But you will give me this ball won't you?'

'You little tease,' said the father, but he spoke smilingly; and putting his hand in his pocket-book, he took out a note of five hundred dollars and placed it in his child's hand. 'Take this—if it is not enough you must, have another I suppose. But don't trouble me about it any more.'

The next morning broke clear, but the snow was a foot deep, and here and there lay in huge drifts, blocking up the doorways.

At ten o'clock the rich merchant was on his way to his counting room. He turned down the same street up which he had come the preceding evening. A crowd had gathered around the open cellar door of a ruined tenement. The merchant paused to enquire what was the matter.

'A woman sir, has been found dead below there,' said one of the spectators; she starved to death, it is said, and they have sent for the coroner. Her daughter has just come back, after being out all night. I believe she was begging. That's her moaning.'

'Ah, said the merchant,' and a pang went through his heart like an ice-bolt, for he remembered having denied a petitioner the night before. He pushed through the crowd, and descended the cellar steps. A girl covered over an emaciated corpse, that lay on a heap of straw in one corner of the damp apartment. It was the same girl he had feared it would prove The merchant was horror struck.

'My poor child!' he cried, laying his hand on her shoulder, you must be cared for, God forgive me for denying you last night. 'Here, take this,' and he put a bill into her hand.

'The girl looked up and gazed vacantly at him.—Then she put back the poffered money.

'It will do no good now,' she said, 'mother is dead,' and she burst into hysteric tears.

The merchant at that moment, would have given half his fortune to have recalled her to life.

The lesson thus learned he never forgot. The merchant personally saw that a decent burial was provided for the mother, and afterwards took the daughter into his house, educated her for a high station in life, and on her marriage, presented her with a proper dowry. He lived to hear her children lisp their gratitude.

Importance of a Fee.—A distinguished English physician used to say he considered a fee so necessary to give weight to an opinion, that when he looked at his own tongue in the glass, he slipped a guinea from one pocket into another.

A line of British steamers, it is said, will be put on Lake Champlain.

AGRICULTURAL.

Farming in Massachusetts.—The following mode of farming is so different from that practiced in the West that it will be read with much curiosity:

The farm of Cheever Newhall, Esq., in Dorchester, six miles from Boston, furnishes one of the best examples of productive husbandry we have anywhere met with. It consists of sixty acres, a few of which are still in wood. Several acres are taken up by the grounds about the house, in garden, shrubbery, &c., and there are eight or ten acres in orcharding, yet the farm supports twenty five cows, one bull, four oxen, and three horses. All this stock is supported entirely from the farm, with the exception of a few oats occasionally for the carriage-horses, and some wheat bran for the cows. The soil was originally very strong and some of it wet.

Soiling.—Mr. Newhall keeps his stock altogether on the soiling system. They are fed mostly in the barn, at all seasons of the year. The cows are turned out for a few hours in each day, when the weather will admit of it, and are driven for exercise to a small, shaded enclosure, about a quarter of a mile from the barn. They are perfectly healthy, and Mr. N. thinks give quite as much, if not more, milk, in the course of the year, as they would do if grazed in summer in the ordinary way. The cows averaged four hundred and twenty gallons per year, and the milk is sold at the farm at an average of about fourteen cents per gallon.

The principal articles for feeding, in the summer season, are rye and Indian corn cut green. The former is sown in the fall, and is the first thing that is fit to cut in the spring. It may be commenced on as soon as it is high enough to mow, and will continue to grow till the usual time that rye matures, by which time the corn, which is most relied on, is fit to use.—Corn is the most productive of fodder of any crop which can be grown. The past season Mr. N. kept twenty-three cows, for eight weeks, wholly from two acres and a half of corn. He is confident that one acre of rich land is more than sufficient to keep a cow the year round—that is, it will afford sufficient green food in summer, and leave enough to be dried to keep the cow through the winter. In 1843, Mr. Newhall measured a square rod, being part of a lot of corn sown for fall and winter use, and carefully weighed the produce, which he found to be at the rate of more than thirty-two tons per acre. It was then carefully dried when it weighed one hundred and sixty pounds to the rod, or nearly thirteen tons to the acre He prefers planting in the drill mode three feet apart, and uses two to three bushels of seed (of the southern corn) per acre. Large quantities of carrots, potatoes, and beets are grown for winter feeding. The white carrot is the kind most cultivated—it is easier raised than other sorts, and generally yields better, giving from eight hundred to one thousand bushels per acre. Each cow is fed during winter, with from a peck to a half bushel of roots per day, with a little wheat bran, in addition to their dry fodder.

Making Manure.—Much attention is given to this branch of farming operations. The manure from the cattle and horses is pushed through scuttles into the cellar under the barn, and a layer of peat muck thrown over it three or four times a week. The barn yard is so formed that none of the manure is wasted. Much manure is also made from hogs, eighteen or twenty of which are kept principally for this purpose. They are fed with the waste of public houses, &c., brought from Boston—on which food they get very fat. The pork covers all the expense of keeping, leaving the manure clear gain. The hogs are kept with a full supply of marsh mud, peat, &c., which being rooted over and mixed with their excrements, becomes good manure. The pens are mostly under roofing. We noticed a contrivance about the sties which we do not remember to have seen before, except on the farm of J. W. Haines, in Hallowell, Maine. The sty consists of an upper and a lower story, and the hogs resort to either as they find most conducive to their comfort and convenience, by means of an inclined plane across which cleats are fastened to answer the purpose of steps and to keep the hogs from slipping down. The upper story, which is always dry, is generally used by the hogs for a bed chamber—their work is done below, and in very hot weather, they go there to cool their bodies in the moist earth.

Buildings.—All the buildings are convenient and well and substantially made. The barn is one of the best we have seen. It is one hundred and twenty feet long and forty feet wide. The floor runs through the whole length, leaving the hay on one side and the stalls for cattle and horses on the other. The cattle stand on a platform, raised a few inches from the floor, and slightly sloping backwards, and of such a length that the manure drops off behind it; by which means the cattle are kept clean and dry. Between the manger, from which the cattle eat, and the platform on which they stand, is the watering trough, which runs through all the stalls. Here the stock, whenever it is desired, are watered from a pump which is placed at one end of the barn. We omitted to mention, in our notice of Mr. French's farm last month, that his cattle are also watered in the same manner.

There is a deep cellar under the whole barn, a portion of which serves for the safe-keeping and manufacture of manure as already described, and the remainder as a store-house for vegetables. The space assigned for vegetables is divided into stalls or bins, arranged along one side of an alley, for the convenience of taking out the roots. There are scuttles in the barn floor, through which the vegetables are dropped directly from carts into the bins. The barn doors are made to slide on iron rails, instead of being hung on hinges. This is a plan which has prevailed considerably in Massachusetts for a few years past, and we think preferable to any we have seen. The door rests on cast iron wheels, which run on the rail. The rails are cast with a small ridge in the centre, and the wheels with a corresponding groove. Thus the door keeps its exact place without any trouble, and runs very easily.

Sowing Grass Seed.—Mr. Newhall decidedly prefers the fall for sowing grass seed. He thinks August too early for sowing on his farm, as there is sometimes drought after this time in the year which kills the young grass. He has been very successful in late sowing. He showed us a beautiful piece of sward which was sown down on the 7th of October, 1843; and the past year he has sown still later. We think so late sowing succeeds better on his gravelly soil, than it would do on clay land, or that which is more liable to be thrown by frost.

Fruit Trees.—Fruit, particularly apples and pears, is a considerable object on his farm. Besides having an abundance for home consumption, three hundred dollars worth were sold the past year, among which were eight barrels of Bartlett pears, which brought fifty dollars.

Mr. Newhall showed us a lot of pear trees imported from France and Germany, grafted on quince stocks, and cultivated at the distance of only four by five feet apart. The trees are kept trimmed in the shape of a distaff—what is called in France the *Quenouille* form—a mode which we are told succeeds well with these dwarf stocks. The trees are brought very early to bearing, and, it is said, as much and as good fruit is obtained in this way for a given extent of land, as by standard planting; though none of the dwarf trees are as long lived as those grafted in their own species and cultivated in the usual manner.

Remarks.—Comment on the above facts seems scarcely necessary, yet we cannot omit to call attention to the great amount of products which Mr. Newhall obtains compared with many farms containing hundreds of acres each. Here is a farm of only sixty acres, which, besides affording three hundred dollars worth of fruit annually, and leaving a large portion of it for merely ornamental grounds, supports more stock than most farms of twice or thrice its extent. A striking example is here furnished of the fallacy of the idea that agriculture cannot be prosecuted to any extent or advantage without a large farm.

"*Obstacles to the Truth,*" is the title of an able and spirited Sermon, recently delivered in Hollis Street Church, Boston, by Rev. John T. Sargent, from Genesis 29: 2—"And a great stone was upon the well's mouth." The following is the concluding paragraph of the sermon:—

"Truth is great," and will finally prevail and be glorified. It was never yet left without a witness in the world. Human inventions may, indeed, for a time, be grafted on it.—False ideas may envelope it with their disguises. Speculations may entangle prejudice may oppose or pride may persecute and revile it, but still it will live; yes, it will live, and hope, and rise up, and be victorious! It abides all trail; and though men tread it in the dust, it will rise again, at last a conqueror. Selfishness may betray it, even as Judas did. Worldly policy may deny it, even as did Peter. Pharisaic spite may spit in its face and smite it with the fist. Malice may plat for it a crown of thorns. Cruelty may annoy, and vex, and tease it even unto death, but it outlives all, surmounts all.—Men may crucify and call it names, and stab it in the side, and put it in the tomb, and place there the rocks of opposition at the entrance, with the pompous seal of earthly power and a steel clad guard all night to see that it does n't get away, but how vain is all this—how utterly vain!—Truth, for a moment, may repose there like a slumbering archangel, but, whenever in the Providence of God, the time of its resurection shall arrive, the moving earthquake shall tell of its release. The stone, which a worldly jealousy had sealed with so much care, shall shudder, and crack, and roll away from the sepulchre. And then the form of truth,—new-born, resplendant, glorious,—shall emerge in shining robes, and walk forth amid the fainting and astonished forms of her opponents. God hastens the glorious day, when, thus, his word shall be seen transfigured; and, divested of all outwardly restraining influence, relieved from all the mysteries which human passions have hung around her, eased of the trappings which human fancy has affixed to her form; while the scaffolding, and staging, and ladders, and barricades, and other materials of trumpery, which ambition, or time, or timidity have piled so carefully around her, shall be as, they tumble and rattle down, only so many stepping-stones of wreck, over which we may mount to still higher and wider visions of her vast, beautiful, illimitable "land of promise."

A NEW TEST OF BEAUTY.

"Mr. R.," said a lady of our acquaintance to a young man, "do you not think that Miss F. is a beautiful young lady?"

"I cannot say, madam, that I do," was the reply.

"Why, really, I am surprised. And you such a professed judge of beauty! How can it be that you do not think so?"

"I will inform you. A gentleman of my acquaintance called at her house after 10 o'clock in the morning, and she had not risen yet. She has never since appeared very beautiful to me."

What a curious thing a *Printer* is! He *stands* when he *sets*, and *sets* when he *stands*, and when he wishes to *set* with ease he always *stands erect*. It is, however, the nature of the *case* that makes him stand.

There is a cobbler in London, over whose door is the following notice: Shew's Maid, and Men dead here.

Correspondence of the American.

Annapolis, Feb. 5, 1845.

The following is a synopsis of the bill imposing duties on promissory notes, bills of exchange, specialities and other instruments of writing, to aid in paying the debts of the State, reported on Tuesday last, by Mr. Johnson, of Anne Arundel, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means:

Section 1. After day of next there shall be levied, collected and paid in the State the several stamp duties following, to wit:—For every skin or piece of vellum or parchment or sheet or piece of paper upon which shall be printed or written any or either of the instruments of writing, following, to wit:—on any bond, obligation, single bill or promisory note or notes executed in this State, above fifty dollars, and not made or issued by any corporate bank of this State, and on any foreign or inland bill of exchange or other evidence of debt, above fifty dollars, whether endorsed or otherwise, according to the following scale, viz:

In sums not exceeding		$100—	cents 10
Over $100 and not exceeding		$200	15
" 200	"	500	25
" 500	"	1000	50
" 1000	"	1500	75
" 1500	"	2000	$1 00
" 2000	"	3000	1 50
" 3000	"	4000	2 00
" 4000	"	5000	2 50
" 5000	"	7000	3 50
" 7000	"	8000	4 00
" 8000			5 00

Nothing herein to be construed to charge with a duty or to require to be stamped any bond of this State or certificate of debt issued by the State, or any certificate or other evidence of debt of the city of Baltimore, or of any other incorporated towns or cities, or the certificates of stock of the banks or other incorporated institutions of the State, or any check payable on sight upon any banking company, or banker in this State, or to charge with duty any second or other copy of a bill of exchange.

Sec. 2. From and after the period aforesaid, there shall be levied, collected and paid the several duties following, to wit:

Every skin or piece of vellum, or parchment or sheet, or piece of paper on which shall be written or printed any or either of the following instruments, to wit: On every policy of insurance of every description or kind whatsoever $1, on every deed, lease, bill of sale, mortgage, rellease of mortgage or bond for the conveyance of either real or personal estate the sum of $1, unless the same consist of more than one sheet, and then fifty cents for earch additional sheet; on every bill of landing 25 cents, and on every charter party $1.

Sec. 3. Commissioner of Loans or other officer appointed by the Governor, to cause to be provided so many marks or stamps, differing from each other as may correspond with the several rates of duty aforesaid—with which all above instruments shall be respectively stamped. Notification of said stamps to be given by advertisements, and the stamps or marks to be altered or renewed at the pleasure of the commissioner or other officer.

Sec. 4. All paper, parchment, &c., required for the purposes of this act to be furnished, at the expense of the State, by the Treasurer.

Sec. 5. Details for the distribution of said paper, parchment, &c, the same as for the distribution of licenses.

Sec. 6. Other vellums, &c., obtained unauthenticated as above, may be presented to the Commissioner of Loans or other officer appointed for stamping, upon payment of the duty thereon chargeable. The commissioner or other officer to account with the Treasurer quarterly.

Sec. 7. A discount of 7 1-2 per cent. allowed upon amounts for said stamped instruments, over ten dollars.

Sec. 8. Any attempt at fraudulent evasion, alteration, misuse, &c., &c., punisable by fine of $100, recoverable by indictment on information,—one half whereof to the informer.

Sec. 9. No instrument chargeable as above, to be received as evidence in court, or to be available for any purpose whatever, unless stamped as directed, except on oath being made that the same was received under ignorance of the law, or through inadvertence, and not with fraudulent design, and the stamp duty be then paid with ten dollars additional—a certificate whereof to be attached by the Clerk of the County Court, and the instrument thereafter to be valid. Any attempt to forge or counterfeit either such certificate or stamp, declared a misdemeanor, and punishable by fine in a sum not exceeding $1000, and by imprisonment for a term not exceeding seven years.

Sec. 10. Clerks of County Courts to account with the Treasurer quarterly, and a commission upon the amount collected allowed him; with details to enforce the same.

Sec. 11. On the repeal of this act, the amount of duties upon stamps, &c., then remaining unused in the hands of the clerks, &c., to be paid them, on returning the same to the Treasurer.

Sec. 12. Fixes the compensation of the Commissioner of Loans, or other officer aforesaid, for his services under this act, at ———, and he is authorized to employ a clerk; bond to be given by the Commissioner of Loans or other officer for the faithful performances of his duties under the act.

Sec. 13. Persons employed in stamping or making, to take oath to perform faithfully their duties.

Sec. 14. Nothing herein contained, to prohibit the printing or purchasing of blank forms of any of the above instruments, provided the same be stamped or marked as required above, before use.

Sec. 15. The act to continue in force till eighteen hundred and ———.

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