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TERMS.

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POETRY.

DREAMS BEFORE MARRIAGE.

I DREAMED that I was a milk-white steed
And I bore my love away
To a beautiful isle, all crown'd with flowers,
And that shone in endless day!

I dreamed that I was a fairy queen,
And lived in fairy land;
And I dreamed my love was the bravest knight
In all my elfin band!

I dreamed that I was a beautiful flower;
And grew in a garden fair;
And I dreamed my love was a gentle sylph,
That tended me with care!

I dreamed that I was a nightingale,
And sung in the greenwood tree;
And I told to my love my plaintive tale,
And he came and sang with me!

I dreamed that I was a violet,
That shunned the glare of day;
And I dreamed my love was a drop of dew
That in my bosom lay.

STANZA.

Oh! the loved ones of earth, they are passing away;
Like the wild flowers of summer they bloom to decay,
Alas! that the sweetest, the purest, first fade,
As those flowers are the fairest that bloom in the shade;
Though unseen, like the lily how brief is their stay—
Oh! the loved ones of earth they are passing away.

They are passing away like the rays of the sun:
When he sinks in the west they fade one by one,
Till those gay golden beams that so ravished our sight,
Disappear and are lost in the shades of the night—
So the loved ones of earth, though all joyous and gay,
To the chambers of death they are passing away.

They are passing from earth, from the sorrows of time.
They are winging their flight to a bright sunny clime:
Like the stars of the morn here they glitter so bright
Then fade one by one into Heaven's own light:
Then why should we wish in this bleak world to stay,
Since all that are lovely are passing away?—LIADA.

THE DRUNKARD'S SOLILOQUY.

"I've a mortgage now on Tomkin's lot,
What a fool is he to become a sot!
But it's luck to me in a month or so
I shall foreclose and the scamp must go.
Zounds! won' his wife have *a* talking on,'
When she learns her house and lot are gone?
How she will blubber and sob and sigh.
But business is business, and what care I?

And Gibson has murdered his child, they say;
He was drunk as a fool here, yesterday;
And I gave him a hint as I went to fill
His jug, but the brute *would* have his will.
And the folks blame *me*, why bless their gizzards!
If I didn't sell, he would go to Izzard's!
I've a right to engage in a lawful trade,
And take my chance if there's cash to be made."

A KISS FOR A BLOW.—A visitor once went into a school in this city, says the Boston Sun, where he saw a boy and a girl on one seat, who were brother and sister. In a moment of thoughtless passion the little boy struck his sister. The little girl was provoked, and raised her hand to return the blow. Her face showed that rage was working within, and her clenched fist was aimed at her brother, when her teacher caught her eye 'Stop my dear,' said he 'you had better kiss your brother than strike him.'

The look and the word reached her heart. Her hand dropped. She threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The boy was moved. He could have stood against the blow—but he could not withstand a sister's kiss. He compared the provocation he had given her, with the return she had made, and the tears rolled down his cheeks. This effected his sister, and with her handkercheif she wiped away his tears. But the sight of her kindness only made him cry the faster—he was completely subdued.

Her teacher then told the children always to return a kiss for a blow, and they would never get any more blows. If men, women and children would act on the same principle, this world would almost cease to be a vale of tears. 'Nation would not lift up the sword against nation neither would they learn war any more.'

I certainly blame no young lady who has been accustomed to the ordinary elegancies of life, for refusing to marry a poor man;—but must beg my sweet friends to recollect, though a man without money is poor, a man with nothing but money is still poorer.—FRAIZER.

Miscellaneous.

THE FAIR MARTYR.

A PORTRAIT FROM THE CROWD.

The value of life cannot be over-estimated. This we all concede, and the old, as they totter along towards the last receptacle of mortality, cling, except in very rare cases, to the boon of earthly existence. The miser on his death-bed would give much of his cherished gold to live a few years longer. The criminal, about to be launched into eternity for having taken the life of another, would give worlds, did he possess them, to have his earthly career protracted, if but for a few weeks, aye—even for a few days. The dying wife, who has made her peace with Heaven, and who is about to soar on the wings of the spirit to a better and brighter world, still looks back with tenderness and affection to her doating husband and the pledges of their love, and would, if she could, remain with them a little longer. Hundreds are, at this moment, languishing on a bed of sickness and suffering, doomed never to rise again of their own free-will, fated soon to be borne away as cold, still and lifeless corpse. And yet, how few of these have abandoned all hope of recovery—how few are willing to give up the world and its vanities!—The physician bends above them, watches the heavings of the chest, notes the imperfect breathing, and feels that he prescribes in vain. Nevertheless, the majority still hug the delusion to their bosom, that they will yet recover, and they grasp at every change, however momentary, as an indication of convalescence. Even the child that has yet little or no interest in the things of this life, and whose soul, pure and stainless, would, if parted from its body, speedily ascend to the bosom of its Maker, looks with a shudder upon the grave, regards death with a thrill of horror, and shrinks from the mysteries of the tomb. Is it not wonderful, then, life being so precious and death so dreaded!—that the former should so frequently be trifled with? Week after week, and the records of the Health Office announce that twenty, thirty, forty, have fallen victims to consumption. Our physicians tell us that this disease is the fatal scourge of our climate—that it is generally superinduced by a slight cold, and that in the multitude of cases, and especially among females—thin shoes, light dresses, imprudence and unnecessary exposure—are the leading causes. Alas! that this statement should be so true—that this truth should be uttered so freely, so frequently, and so earnestly, and that it should nevertheless excite little more than a laugh, a smile of incredulity, or a look of reckless defiance!

A few years ago, and one of the loveliest beings in Philadelphia was a Miss Clara C——. She was at the time one of the belles of the city, a fair, bright, bouyant creature, whose soul was pure as the dew of early morning.—Her figure was slight and full of symmetry.—She was an object of the deepest affection with her parents, who, exulting in the favorable impression she made in every circle in which she moved, permitted her, perhaps, to mingle too freely in the gay and fashionable world. She sang sweetly, she danced with grace, she played with skill upon one or two instruments, she was free-hearted and ready-witted. We remember her as a creature of yesterday. Her life was like a spring morning, full of brightness and beauty—but oh! how evanescent.—The very spell of her loveliness was in some sense her bane. Her attractions of voice, of manner, and of person, made her welcome in all the giddy rounds of pleasure, and thus, even in her seventeenth year, not a week went by during the winter season that she was not invited to some brilliant ball, some splendid party, or some dashing entertainment. We happened to be present at the last festival of the kind, at which she shone as one of the bright stars of the evening. She danced joyously and merrily again and again, as partners contended for her hand, so that by midnight she was in a glow of warmth. But still she danced: and the small hours of the morning found her fulfilling her last engagement. It was her last indeed. A storm had come on while the party was in progress, and the gentle and animated Clara, as she hurried from the room, confused by the excitement—was unconscious of the raging elements without—and thus subjected herself, only for a few moments, while the carriage was making its way amid the throng, to a keen, nipping, and searching storm of December. It was but a brief pause; but in that pause the springs of life were chilled! She felt the chill like an ice-bolt through her frame, and gathering her cloak around her, hurried into the vehicle. She scarcely closed her eyes, after having retiring to her own chamber, for the chill was still in her veins, and a creeping pain was felt in every part of her slight frame. But why prolong the story? Relatives and friends watched by her bed-side, and all that human means could do was done to restore her, to bring her back to health, life, and cheerfulness. But in vain—all in vain! She passed from the ball-room to the death-couch, and fell a martyr, even before her beauty had expanded into its full and perfect bloom—to fashion, to pleasure, to imprudence!

DEATHS IN PHILADELPHIA. There were 139 deaths in Philadelphia last week, of which number 23 were from consumption, 11 from small pox and 10 from scarlet fever.

PRUDENCE.

BY E. FERRETT.

PRUDENCE is scarcely considered to belong to the legitimate virtues,—it is scoffed at by the spendthrift—somewhat sneered at by generosity, and even looked at askance by the more homely and household virtues. Nevertheless, prudence exercises a more beneficial effect upon the well being of society, than many more imposing qualities.

Prudence occupies a wide field, is capable of governing a large domain, may, if properly exercised, influence every action of life, and, if properly guided and regulated,—if under the command of, and working conjointly with, the higher faculties of man, is of incalculable benefit to his happiness. It is the misfortune of an unwholesome state of society, not to appreciate the minor qualities, which, though apparently unimportant, exercise no inconsiderable influence; thus prudence has been confounded with, and considered inseparable from, meanness—and thus almost all persons who display their prudence, by exercising economy in pecuniary arrangements, are commonly called mean.

Prudence has various spheres of action,—among the principal, is the regulation of ways and means. The great art of this branch of life, is to know how to spend money judiciously. It is far more difficult to save than to earn. In a country like ours, all who are industrious can find employment, and so be in receipt of income, but for one hundred who, by industry, can realise a good income, not more than one knows how to live frugally. Most large fortunes have been founded by living within a a small income, rather than obtaining a large one. The ground work, the basis of wealth, is the faculty of living within the means—it is the first lesson prudence teaches in that branch, and, like most other first steps, the whole fabric rests upon it. Let us not be supposed to set too great store upon the accumulation of riches,—let it not be considered that we deem wealth the great desideratum of existence—the possession of which makes the true El Dorado—far from it; if prudence had no other advantages attending it, than merely the ability to aid people in getting rich, we would not think it worthy of recommendation—but there is another view of it—the absence of prudence necessarily implies extravagance, under the influence of which, reckless expenditure occurs, creating embarrassment and debt—Debt!—the moral monster which destroys so many individuals—injures so many communities. It is here that prudence rises into its true estimation—shows its real value. In those who have a stipulated, settled, income, incurring debts that cannot be paid is absolutely dishonest,—there are few cases in which they are incurred for the mere necessaries of life, although a great difficulty in social life is the delineation of what are mere necessaries. Wholesome food in sufficient quantity, clothing to protect us from the weather, and a cleanly and well ventilated residence, are all that can be called essentially necessary—all these may be of the humblest kind and yet answer every purpose. Men engaged in business have not always the means of ascertaining their income, which, frequently resting upon contingencies, is rendered so uncertain as to preclude the possibility of arriving at what they can really afford for their living,—in these cases the simplest order of living, is at once the wisest and the most honest—all men must live, and those engaged in a business which is not paying, struggle on with the hope natural to man that it will improve and reasonably think that during their struggle the necessaries of life should be theirs—but, under such circumstances, a rigid line should be drawn—their necessaries should be indeed necessaries—prudence should reign supreme, and luxuries of all kinds, be unthought of.

Prudence has various other spheres of action, beside that of regulating our expenditure—scarcely any act of our life but may be governed by prudence, or failing that government, which does not bring unhappiness to ourselves or others.

Prudence, like charity, will prevent a man from speaking ill of his neighbor, although the motive for abstaining is different. Prudence saves a man from running madly into rash speculations, by which himself and others might be ruined—but even prudence, carried to excess, ceases to be a virtue. Cautiousness, the faculty which causes prudence, when morbidly exercised, makes its possessor suspicious and timid to such a degree that he cannot trust his fellow men, and fears the result of the most ordinary operations of life.

So it is with all virtues—it is possible to carry them to excess, or by inappropriate use to render them productive of as much evil as some of our minor vices.

A gentleman intending to build a house, desired the judgment of his workmen as to the cost. They assured him it would not exceed £200, that sum would be the outside. Indeed, so the gentleman found it; for he had all the inside of the house to finish, after the two hundred pound was expended.

A GOOD SENTIMENT.—A heart dead to the claims of man cannot be alive to the claims of God; and religion cannot flourish on the ground where humanity withers.

American Scenery.

THE HOME OF FREEMEN.

BY THE LATE BISHOP HOBART.

WE have heard of the fertile soil which, in other lands, makes so abundant a return to the light and easy labour that tills it. Our feelings have glowed with delight, or thrilled with awe, at the descriptions which have vividly presented to our imaginations the beautiful or the sublime scenery for which other countries have been so long celebrated. We have perhaps sighed for those distant climes, whose skies are represented as glowing with serene and almost perpetual radiance. and whose breezes bear health and cheeriness to the decaying and languid frame. And undoubtedly, in these respects. it would be little less than absurd to urge a superiority over some other lands, or altogether an equality with them. But the comparison was less adverse to our own clims than I had supposed. We boast not, indeed, of Alps rising on Alps with the snow-crowned summits, sheltering within their precipitious and lofty ridges, vallies that beam with the liveliest verdure, and bear the richest productions of the earth. Yet the warmest admirer of nature after having rested on these tremendously sublime or exquisitely beautiful scenes, would still be able to turn with refreshing pleasure to the contemplation of the varied and bold outlines that mark the extensive mountains which range through our own country; of the highly cultivated fields that occupy their vallies and variegate the massy forests which mount up their sides; of the long and majestic rivers that proudly traverse the plains, or burst through the lofty hills which oppose them; and even of that sky, if not always as genial, often as serene and glowing as that of the most favored of the southern regions of Europe, and which illumines the fertile soil that it nourishes and enriches. The traveller, indeed, is not surprised, elevated, and delighted by the stupendous castles which guard the mountain pass, or proclaim in their more interesting ruins that they were the place of refuge or the point of assault. He sees not the large and imposing edifices which, embosomed in the groves of some rich valley, or pointing some lofty hill, proclaim the taste as well as the piety of the ecclesiastics, who here daily and almost hourly raise the responsive strains of devotion. Nor is he astonished at the splendor that beams from the immense structures which wealth has erected for the gratification of private luxury or pride;—But he can see one feature of every landscape here, one charm of American scenery, which more than repays for the absence of these monuments of the power, the grandeur, the wealth, and the taste of the rich and the mighty of other lands—and which no other land affords.—The sloping sides and summits of our hills and the extensive plains which stretch before our view, are studded with the substantial, neat, and commodious dwellings of freemen—independent freemen, owners of the soil—men who can proudly walk over their land and exultingly say—It is mine; I hold it tributary to no one; it is mine. No landscape here is alloyed by the painful consideration that the castle which towers in grandeur was erected by the hard labor of degraded vassals; or that the magnificent structure which rises in the spreading and embellished domain, presents a painful contrast to the meaner habitations, and the miserable hovels, that mark a dependent, and sometimes a wretched peasantry.

SERMONS ARE LIKE GUNS.

Some are large, others are small; some are long, others short; some are new, others old; some are bright, others rusty; some are made to be looked at, others to be used; some are loaded, others empty; some are owned, others borrowed. Some are air gads, some pop guns, some of every size, from the pocket pistol to the Paixhan gun. Some are charged only with powder, and make a great noise and smoke.—Some send only small shot, that irritate rather than kill. Some carry heavy metal, that does execution. Some discharge chain shot, mowing down whole platoons. Some are mounted mortars, throwing only bomb shells. Some are dueling pistols, used only in controversy,—vile things! Some go off half bent. Some flash in the pan. Some make a terrible hz, the charge all escaping at the priming hole.—Some shoot too high, some too low, some sideways, a few directly at the point. Some are aimed at nothing and hit it. Some scatter, prodigiously, some kick their owners over.—Some are unerring, others always hit the wrong object. Some have too much wadding, and vice versa. Some are alarm guns; others are complimentary guns, used only for salutes on special occasions. Some are in a series, constituting a battery; others are swivels, made to turn in any direction. Some are useful, some useless, some dangerous. Some amuse, some frighten, some exasperate, some explode, some gain the victory. Very much depends upon the manner in which they are made and managed.

TRUE STORY OF A GHOST AND CONJUGAL FIDELITY.

Mr. Samuel Fisher, the inventor of the Golden Snuff, was acquainted with a widow lady of excellent character, who resided in Cork. This lady was inconsolable for the death of her husband; the day was spent by her in sighs and incessant lamentations, and her pillow at night was moistened with the tears of her sorrow. Her husband, her dear husband, was the continual theme of her discourse, and she seemed to live for no other object but to recite his praises and deplore his loss.

One morning, her friend Fisher found her in a state of mental agitation, bordering on distraction. Her departed love she said, had appeared to her in the night, and most peremptorily ordered her to enter the vault where his remains were deposited, and have the coffin opened

Mr Fisher remonstrated with her on the absurdity of the idea. He said that the intensity of her sorrow had impaired her intellect; that the phantom was the mere creature of her imagination; and begged of her at least to postpone to some future period her intended visit to the corpse of her husband.

The lady acquiesced for that time in his request; but the two succeeding mornings the angry spirit of her spouse, she said, stood at her bed-side, and with loud menaces repeated his command. Mr. Fisher, therefore, sent to the sexton, and, matters being arranged, the weeping widow and her friend attended in the dismal vault; the coffin was opened with much solemnity and the faithful matron stooped down and kissed the clay-cold lips of her adored husband. Having reluctantly parted from the beloved corpse, she spent the remainder of the day in silent anguish.

On the succeeding morning Fisher (who intended to sail for England on that day) called to bid his afflicted friend adieu.

The maid-servent told him that the lady had not yet arisen

"Tell her to get up," said Fisher. "I wish to give her a few words of consolation and advice before my departure."

"Ah! sir," said the smiling girl; "it would be a pity to disturb the new married couple so early in the morning!"

"What new married couple?"

"My mistress, sir, was married last night."

"Married! Impossible! What, the lady who so adored her deceased husband, who was visited nightly by his ghost, and who yesterday so fervently kissed his corpse? Surely, you jest!"

"Oh! sir," said the maid, "my late master, poor man, on his death-bed made my mistress promise that he would never marry any man after his decease till he and she should meet again (which the good man, no doubt, thought never happen till they met in Heaven); and you know, my dear sir, you kindly introduced them to each other, face to face, yesterday. My mistress, sir, sends you her compliments and thanks, together with the bride cake, to destribute among her friends."

POTATOES.

With regard to seed common sense tells us it ought to be in the highest state of perfection in which it can be obtained and that such perfection a writer considers the following items indispensable:

1. *It ought to be whole.*—The practice of cutting potatoes into pieces for seed, leaving one or two eyes in a piece, cannot be too strongly deprecated. The result of repeated experiments has unanswerably proved that the plan has nothing to recommend it but a penny wise and pound foolish economy. It is true that every eye possesses the germ of a perfect plant, the same as the eye of dahlia, but every cultivator of this flower knows that, although he may get a well-formed plant and handsome flowers, from a single eye, or the cuttings of a dahlia, he only gets a good crop of *roots* from a perfect tuber. The grower of potatoes wants roots not flowers, and to secure these, let him plant whole potatoes and for many reasons, into which the writer cannot now enter, he will find it answers his purpose better than cutting them.

2. *It ought to be in a state of maturity.* Unripe seed is necessarily deficient of the vigor requisite to put forth and sustain a healthy plant; this is as true among vegetables as animals, and in regard to the latter, no one ever thinks of disputing it; the potatoes for planting should, therefore, be selected when the stalks have decayed, and not sooner.

3. *It ought to be of medium size and well formed.*—The writer has found that on the whole, potatoes of the size of hens' eggs have produced the heaviest crop out of a given weight of seed. He would however prefer *sets*, much smaller, if ripe, whole, and well formed, to pieces cut from large potatoes. The over tubers should always be rejected, as containing an excess of moisture whereas the strength of the future plant resides in the solid part of the root.

4. *The potatoe should frequently be raised direct from the seed contained in the potatoe apple.*—Every sort of vegetable propagated as the potatoes are usually produced are liable to degenerate; and in proportion to their degeneracy, they become liable to disease. Many sorts of potatoes once in common use, have become completely worn out, and their names are almost forgotten; and the writer has little doubt that much of the disease and failure which every year, and in unfavorable seasons in particular attends the potatoe crop, is owing to sets being planted which are too far removed from the original seed. The vegetative principal has become too feeble to give existence to a healthy and vigorous plant; and the consequence has been those diseases to which there has been a predisposition, or which the soil or season has been calculated to produce

5. *It ought to be well preserved.*—The best of seed may be injured by bad managements; and although potatoes will stand much rough treatment, like all things possessing life, they cannot be injured with entire impunity. When taken up they should be exposed to the air for a few days to dry and harden, by which means they will be less liable to shoot before the time of planting; they should then be stored away and effectually guarded against frost and damp. A worse plan cannot exist than allowing the potatoes to shoot and then pulling off the shoots, to plant the potatoes for seed.—The man who is guilty of such folly deserves to lose his crop for his pains.

Much more might be said on the growth of this valuable root but the experience of the writer justifies him in saying that, if the ultimo he has laid down were generally observed, the same quantity of land which is now devoted to it, would yield at least a third more product, and that it would very rarely happen that the crop would fall far below an average."