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WHY MOURN THE DEAD!

BY EDWARD D. BOYDEN.

Why mourn the dead,
Ye monuments of living woe?
There's nought to dread,
Beyond the noiseless grave below;
Death is not death,
But quick release from mortal pain;
A moment's breath,
For life eternal—mighty gain.

Why mourn the blest,
In sable suits and hard-breath'd sighs,
With fallen crest,
Pale, blanched cheeks and tearful eyes?
With sorrows deep,
Earth-dreading moans and piercing cries;
For saints that sleep,
In angel arms beyond the skies,

Mourn those who fall
From virtue's empyreal throne;
In sin's black pall
Mantled, in sadness and alone;
They pity need;
A curse sits frowning on their brow;
Their vile hearts bleed
At mention of God's avenging vow.

Mourn those who waste
Allotted time in pleasure's courts;
Whose joys are plac'd
On evil deeds or wicked sports.
Deluded man!
Here is no joy, nor peace, nor love;
'Tis Heav'n's great plan,
To win you to the world above.

Charleston, S. C.

A SKETCH OF MARION'S LIFE.

In personal appearance, Marion presents a striking contrast to most of the officers in our army. It is a curious fact, that the generals of the highest grade, in both armies, during the Revolutionary war, averaged nearly two hundred pounds in weight. But Marion was a very small man, and of diminutive proportion every way, He was not only short but remarkably thin.—His countenance was swarthy, and grave in its expression, and his eye dark, solemn and poetic. Extremely plain in his dress, and still plainer manners, he did not strike a stranger very favorably. Reserved and silent, he seldom spoke, except when nesessary and then expressed his thoughts in the most direct and simple language he could command. These peculiarities increased the mystery which his actions threw around him, and doubtless added much to the influence he held over his band. Cool and quiet, he went on the most desperate missions without excitement—as calmly stormed through the fight, and then in the same composed manner drew off his men to their dark and lonely encampment. Seemed utterly destitute of passion. He possessed neither revenge, nor thirst for glory, nor love of excitement, nor desire of money or power. He showed no fondness for the table, but was abstemious as a hermit. Even the women had no influence over him, and he moved amid the turbulent scenes around him, like one whose mind is wholly absorbed on one great object, yet to be accomplished. Drinking his vinegar and water—enough to keep any man thin—eating his coarse hominy, or rice—with the trees for his shelter, and the swamps for his retreat, he fastens himself upon our affections and interest, with a firmness nothing can shake.

Living in lawless times, and among rough and boisterous men, he retained all his delicacy of feeling, refined tastes, and scrupulous virtue. Moving in an orbit of his own he like Washington, was beyond the influence of others and seemed free from the common frailties of man.

Without pay—without even the hopes of victory—hunted from swamp to swamp, and chased the length and breadth of his State, he still struggled on to keep alive the waning flame of patriotism in the hearts of the inhabitants. Binding his men to him by love rather than by commands, he would let them disband to their homes, no security but their single promise to return. Yet that promise was never broken; and the love those stern hearts bore him, is one of the most touching incidents in his career.

As a partisan leader, Marion had no equal. One cannot point out a defect in him, nor suggest a single good quality which he did not possess. To sleepless, tireless vigilance, he added an energy and perseverance that nothing could shake, and to bravery, which never daserted him, a prudence unmarred by a single rash act. Provoked into no haste, beguiled into no procrastination, unelated by success, undiscouraged by defeat, he baffllled every plan of his pursuers to take him, and kept the field in the very midst of his foes. For a long time the only patriot who dared to lift the standard of freedom in his native State, he became the object against which the British directed all their efforts. Yet they never disbanded his corps, or broke his power. The name of Marion became a spell-word with which to conjure up the republicans, and frighten the tories. Seeking the recesses of the swamps day by day and stealing on his foes like the panther, by night, his swift horsemen came and went like the invissible stroke of fate. No precaution could escape his penetrating glance, and concealment furnish security against his deadly rifles. He seemed omnipresent to the enraged, terror stricken loyalists; and when they deemed themselves safest, he was often nearest. And yet, not a vice sullied "his ermine character. No ferocity was mingled wiih his courage, and no cruelty accompanied his fierce onsets. Neither the barbarity of his enemies, nor the treason of his friends could provoke him to injustice—even the clamors of his own followers were unable to swerve his just soul from the path of integrity. Given to no excess, he asked no share of the plunder, and never used the power he possessed to gratify a single selfish passion.

His patriotism was pure and lofty as his character; and for his sufferings and losses he neither asked nor expected remuneration. His country he loved better than his life, and liberty was dearer to him than all things else on earth beside. Wealth, rank ease, safety all sunk beneath his country's claims and he seemed to aim at nothing but its interests. His like is seldom seen.

His followers were worthy of him. Bold fearless—true as steel in the hour of danger, they closed around him with a faith and devotion that excite our admiration, and claim our love.

Beautiful Thoughts.

BY BISHOP TAYLOR.

God has sent some angels into the world, whose office is to refresh the sorrow of the poor, and to enlighten the eyes of the disconsolate. And what greater pleasure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother; that the tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little begin to melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice and employment fit for the brightest angel.

So I have seen the sun kiss the frozen earth which was bound up with the images of death and the colder breath of the North; and then the waters break from their enclosure, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels, and flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance awhile in the air to tell that joy is within and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to the Redeemer; so is the heart of e sorrowful man under the discourse of wise comfort; breaks from the despair of the grave and the fetters and chains of sorrow—he blesses God and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but the comforter. God is pleased with no music below so much as the thanksgiving song of relieved widows, and supported orphans, of rejoicing, comforted and thankful persons.

THE CALL TO PRAYER.—Among the many beautiful allusio s to the solemn and soothing sound of the "church-going bell," as it rings out on the clear morning air of the Sabbath, commend us to the following quaint, yet surpassingly effective homily, from the pen of the gifted Jerrold, the well known author of "St. Giles and St. James."

There is something beautiful in the church bells. Beautiful and hopeful. They talk to high and low, rich and poor, in the same voice; there is a sound in them that should scare pride and envy, and meanness of all sorts from the heart of man; that should make him look on the world with kind, forgiving eyes; that should make the earth seem to him, at least for a time, a holy place. Yes; there is a whole sermon in the very sound of the church bells, if we only have the ears to understand it; there is a preacher in every belfry that cries—"Poor, weary, struggling, fighting creatures—poor human things, take rest, be quiet. Forget your vanities, your follies, your week day craft."

And you, ye human vessels, gilt and painted, believe the iron tongue that tells ye that, for all your gilding, all your colors, ye are the same Adam's earth, with the beggars in your gates. Come away, come, cries the church bell, and learn to be humble: learn, that, however daubed and stained about, with jewels, you are but grave clay! Come, Dives, come, and be taught that all your glory, as you wear it, is not half so beautiful in the eye of Heaven, as the sores of the uncomplaining Lazarus; and ye, poor creatures, livid and faint—stained and crushed by the pride and hardships of the world—come, come cries the bell, with the voice of an angel—come and learn what is laid up for ye. And learning, take heart, and walk amidst the wickedness, the cruelties of the world, calmly as Daniel walked among the lions.

QUEER FABRIC.—Austrian papers announce the fact that a merchant of Vienna has lately presented the Industrial Union of that capital the details of a series of experiments made by him to manufacture spider's thread into woven tissues. The thread is wound off on a reel, and two dozen spiders produce in six minutes a beautiful and delicate thread, two thousand feet in length. The stuffs manufactured from it are spoken of as being far superior in beauty and delicacy of fabric to those of silk.

CURE FOR WOUNDS IN CATTLE.—The most aggravated wounds of domestic animals are easily cured with a portion of the yolk of eggs mixed in a spirit of turpentine of Florence.

The part affected must be bathed several times each day with the mixture, and a perfect cure will be effected in forty-eight hours.

Self Instruction.

Self-Instruction does not consist alone in reading, even good books. The mind must be disciplined to analyze what is said, and to select and treasure up what is best adapted to its wants and improvement. It must be taught to separate the wheat from the chaff. The particular business in which we are employed in life, ought first to engage our attention, as administering immediately to our wants. When our personal concerns are provided for, we have high duties to our friends and our country. We may be greatly aided in these private concerns and public duties by the example and advice of others, capable of instructing, which are to be found in books. These furnish us with the experience of every age and country. Nor are the physical powers to be overlooked, in our efforts to improve our minds. The body must be trained to temperance and exercise if the mind, its consort, would attain to distinction and usefulenss. The mental powers can only be kept in healthy tone with the consent and co-operation of the body. Hence, men who have displayed the greatest efforts of mind, have in every age courted exercise, in order to impart a heathful vigor to the body. I do not mean to quarrel with any one's habits, by the remark, that most of the men who have distinguished themselves by successful literary and philosophical research, have chosen the dawn of morning as the favorite time for study and contemplation. It is not a little singular, that most and I believe all, of the brute creation, except beasts of prey, which subsists on the substance of others, obeying the power of instinct, retire to rest and repose with the sun, and rise with it to renew their daily employments; while man, endowed with reason, perverts the seeming designs of Providence, and ignobly wastes, in slumber, the choicest hours, which wise men have consecrated to study or to business.

Self-Instruction is a means of improvement that lives within the reach of every individual in this favored nation. In this respect we enjoy high privileges, and sustain high responsibilities. In most of the Asiatic countries, the influence of castes has a paralyzing effect upon the developement of genius and culture of intellect. Every son is born to the business of his father. He cannot rise above it. The mass of population are virtually serfs to the privileged classes. Nor is the condition of the people of Europe much superior. The advantages of education, and opportunities of self-instruction, to the laboring classes, are comparatively limited. They are not permitted to look up to the honors and distinctions of society. A restricted education best fits them for the menial condition which they occupy in the social scale. And even in Great Britain, whose inhabitants justly boast of more learning and more freedom than any other portion of the world the maxim, "*Let every one who is below, or under me, stay there*," has unlimited sway among all classes, and tends very much to repress the march of intellect in the middle and lower portions of society. With us the case is altogether different. The honors and distinctions of life are open to the competition of all. Wealth confers no civil distinctions; and if it did, such is its tendency to dissipate itself, under the peculiar structure of our government, and free scope which it imparts to individual enterprise, that there is little danger of its becoming an hereditary evil.

Cotton Culture.

Some of the incipient thinnings of cotton will have already been done; but the business of reducing to a stand, yet remains; and in this month, this important branch of cotton making, is to be attended to. Much care and good judgment is now required, and close personal attention should see that all is well done. The fate of the crop is often settled adversely, by careless, rough work, at this time. The cotton plant is very tender, and by bruises and damages at this working, is often made to die for weeks after, when other causes are sought to explain disasters to the weed. Too much care cannot be taken to avoid these results. We have said before, that the distance must be regulated by the quality of the soil, and the probable size to which the plant will grow. We have said also that the tap root of cotton is the main feeder. This opinion has been objected to; and it is insisted that the main office of this root is, to give strength to the plant.—We do not admit our error; but, that we may not have been fortunate in making ourselves understood. All for which we have contended is, that this is the main root, and the parent from which all other roots emanate; and whilst we agree that the laternal roots may in strictness be the feeders, yet these supplies all come back through the common parent of them all, to send up their support to the plant; and our theory only insists that provision shall be made to encourage the vigorous and ample growth of the tap root, which we have termed the great feeder, that it may send out a large supply of those little rootlets, that they may search for appropriate food, and bring it through this common parent, to supply the wants of the stalk.

We have thought it necessary to fall back upon this explanation, for the better understanding of the opinions which we held, and that we may prepare the minds of our readers for the care which we shall advise in the culture of cotton, not to disturb these lateral roots, after they have been formed, by close or deep plowings. At the present age of the plant, not much damage is to be anticipated; but as it grows larger, the plow should run further off and shallower. In lands which are very soft by nature, or which have been made so by previous good work, we should advise, at this time, close and rather deep plowing. This is the more important to be done now, because it may be done without damage to the plant; and if not now done, cannot be safely at any other working. After the squares appear freely, if the work up to that time has been well done, no deep or close plowings will be required, or should be allowed, in the culture of cotton.

By bad management, or with very adverse seasons, cases may arise in which it may be necessary to depart from this rule. All such cases present a choice of evils, and the best which can be done is to choose the least. The hoe is the great implement for cotton culture and must be used freely and skillfully. Only enough dirt should be added at this time, to give a better additonal support to the stalk. Beware of working cotton when the earth is wet; and if it is very dry, do not depend upon killing grass by covering up, lest you may find when it is too late, that you have been deceived in the operation.—*Soil of the South.*

Bottom Lands Overrated.

We think that the value or river bottoms, when compared with fair uplands, has been and still is much overrated. For the first few years of cultivation, the bottoms produce heavy crops, with less labor than the hill land. But this state of things is of short duration unless the low land is within the reach of freshets, and thus receives, as it were, an annual coat of manure from the turbid waters of the stream.

An excess of vegetable matter in soils is of no more use than any other ingredient, and without a due proportion of the mineral or alkaline constituents, it would not bring a crop to maturity. A light, spongy, rich piece of bottom is more likely to suffer from drouth than a well composed loam. The changes from wet to dry are more marked in black mould than in loam, because the latter holds on to its moisture with more tenacity. To make good upland proof against drouth, it is only necessary to stir it well; and the subsoil plow produces in this respect a wonderful effect. It operates by stirring the mass to a great depth, into which the surplus rain and moisture settles in a wet time, to be held in reserve for a dry one. Bottom land engenders weeds and useless herbage so much faster than upland, that in order to keep it clear, a greater amount of labor is necessary. As in the process of cultivation the vegetable aliment is extracted, it is not so easily replaced as in upland.

In bottom lands, the alkalies become first exhausted, and our ordinary stable manure does not replace them. The variety of crops is greater on upland than low land. We all know the benefit of a change of crops. It is like a change of labor to the human body—it amounts to rest or to relief, and is still labor and profit.

Idleness also produces rest, but no profit; but if a man who has been working half the day, and is fatigued, sits down to his lapstone the other half, he becomes rested, and at the same time makes a pair of shoes. Soil is in this respect very much like land; it becomes rested by change of crop, and yet loses no time.

It is, therefore, a great advantage to soil that will produce the greatest variety of crops. Upland is also better for fruit. For grass it is frequently as good as bottom land, only it requires more and better preparation.—West Agr.

The Farmer's Home.

From an essay on this subject by Mr. Luke Derwin, we take the following suggestions:

"There is no farmer too poor in our land—too poor to have a beautiful home of his own; for it needs not wealth to make it peaceful and happy. God has scattered the means all around us, and a pleasant labor will be sufficient to beautify and adorn it. Spare a little ground around your dwelling for a lawn, trees and flowers.—You can find time to plant trees, and your daughter will, I trust, gladly attend to the vines and flowers. It will take but little time, and once engaged in the labor itself, and feel within you the happy feeling which can only be felt in adorning and making pleasant your home. True the ground thus devoted, might be useful in a mere dollar and cents point of view, planted with corn; but if refinement of feeling and increased love of home are any recompense for a few paltry dollars and cents, then this little will pay most usurious interest upon all the capital invested. If keeping your children from vicious influences, and teaching them to love their birth place, and care for its appearance, is aught gained; then rich will be the yearly, yea, and daily return from this small spot! Gladly as they grow older will they tend, and still more beautify it; "Home, sweet Home," will ever, in their after life exert its purifying influence on their feelings, leading them to toil earnestly to make for themselves in their second childhood such a sweet resting place as that in which their earlier years were passed.

PRUNING EVERGREENS AND OTHER TREES.—Mr. Downing says: "The best time to prune evergreens is midsummer, but small limbs may now be pruned at any time, by using gum shellac dissolved in alchol. Make it the consistence of paint and apply it to the wounds left by the saw and knife, with a common paint brush. It excludes the air and water, and is not affected by weather. For large limbs of old trees, John J. Thomas recommends a coating of tar and brickdust; and others advise the use of a composition of equal parts of clay and cow manure. The shellac solution, however, we consider the most effectual, and by far the neatest for ordinary use.

CEMENT FOR GRAFTING.—The grafting season being at hand, it may be of advantage to some of our readers to state that we have found the very best grafting wax made from the following ingredients: One part tallow, two of beeswax, and three of rosin; melt and mix the whole—turn it into cold water, and work it as shoemaker's wax. These make a compound that will not melt in hot summer's sun, nor crack in the severest cold.—*Baltimore Clipper.*

A Married man who was out at a whist party, when he proposed going home was urged to stay a little longer. "Well," he replied, "perhaps I may as well; my wife probably, is already as mad as she can be."

HARD OF BELIEF.—Joe R., who was an incredulous dog, was listening to a wonderful story told by old B., in which his daughter Mary bore a conspicuous part. Joe looked wise and doubtful. "If you don't believe it, you may go to the house and *take it from her own lips.*"

Joe took him at his word; the old man followed on to see the result, and found Joe kissing Mary very sweetly.

"What on earth are you about?"

"Oh, taking that awful tough story *from her own lips*—but I am satisfied now!"

BIGOTRY.—Old Job Dundee was at one time one of the most popular darkies in our city. He was a kind of a patriot among the colored population, and universally liked by the white folks. About the time he stood at the head of the New Street Church, he was subpœnæd before Squire (now Judge) Wiseman, to testify to the character of a negro, who was charged with petty larceny.

"Well, Job," said the Squire, "what do you know of the character of the defendant?"

"Well, I knows considerable 'bout the colored indiwidual, and I neber fin's him guilty of only one 'fence," replied Job, with great reverence.

"Well, what is the nature of the offence you allude to?"

"Why, the nigger am bigoted."

"He's what?"

"Bigoted, bigoted—doesn't you know what that am?"

"Why no," replied the Squire, who is much of a wag. "Will you define the term Job?"

"Sartainly, sartainly, I does. To be bigoted a colored purson must know too much for one nigger, and not enough for two niggers.—*Cincinnati Times.*

Going Up.

We have never heard so easy, and yet so laughable method as that contained in a sketch from the Spirit of the Times, which gives an account of Joe Merriweather's ascent, as told in the following extract by his brother:

'You recollect Mrs. Harris, says he, brother Joe was a dressy sort of a chap; fond of brass buttons on his coat, and the flarin'est kind of red neckerchers; and this time he had on a pair of buckskin breeches with straps under the boots. Well, when I was talkin' to him ov the prospect next day, all of a sudden I tho't the little fellar was growin' uncommonly tall, till I diskivered that the buckskin breeches, that were as wet as young roosters in a spring rain, war beginnin' to smoke and draw up kinder, and wur a liftin' brother Joe off the ground!'

'Brother Joe,' sez I, 'your'e goin' up.'

'Brother Tim,' sez he, 'I ain't doin' anything else.'

'And he scrooched down mighty hard, but it warn't of any use; for afore long he wur a matter ov some fifteen feet high in the air!'

'Merciful Power!' interrupted the widow.

'Brother Joe!' sez I.

'I'm here!' sez he.

'Catch hold ov the top ov that blackjack,' sez I.

'Talk,' sez brother Joe, and he sorter leaned over and grabbed the saplin'. But it warn't ov no use, fur, old 'omen, ef you will believe me, it gradually begun to giv way at the roots, and afore he'd got five foot higher, it just split out'n the ground, as easy as you'd pull up a spring radish.'

'Brother Joe!' sez I, agin.

'I'm listnin,' sez he.

'Cut your straps, sez I, fur it wur his last chance.

'Talk,' sez brother Joe, tho' he looked sorter reproachful at me, for brochin' sich a subject, but arter apparently considerin' awhile, he took out a jack-knife and leanin' over sideways, he made a rip at the sole of his boot. There was a considerable deal of crackin' for a second or two, and then a crash sorter like as if a wagon load of cord wood had bruk down, and the first thing I know'd the tother leg shot up like, and started him, and the last thing I seed of Brother Joe, he was goin' round, like a four spoked wheel, close to sundown.—'*Nip u-p.*'

GENTLEMANLY ROBBERS.—The brigands of Tartary when they attack travellers, use the following courteous language:

"My eldest brother, I am weary of walking on foot. Be so good as to lend me your horse!" or, "I am without money—will you not lend me your purse?" or, "It is very cold to day—be kind enough to lend me your coat." If the eldest brother be charitable enough to comply, he receives thanks; if not, the request is enforced by two or three blows of the cudgel, or, if that is not sufficient, recourse is had to the sabre.

MACHINE FOR MAKING PAPER BAGS.—This machine is of French invention and manufacture. It is very compact, occupying a working space of only about six feet by four. With a small amount of power expended upon its working, and with a slight addition of manual labor, it will turn out complete, no matter what the strength or resistance of the paper, 20 large (in trade language 7 lb.) bags per minute, and 12 large (from 12 to 38 lb.) per minute. With the superintendence of two persons, after being put in motion it will do the work of ten, the bags being superior to those constructed by hand, inasmuch as they will stand open and upright.—*English Paper.*

There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches twenty-nine, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together, and draw lots for her. Those who escape pay a bonus to the one who gets her.

"My dear," said a smiling spouse to her other half, a morning or two since, 'I am going a shopping; I want a little *change.*" "Pooh!" responded the ungallant man, "that would be no *Change* at all, you go a shopping every day."