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MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BY MARY A. CLARK.

I've breathed no sigh, I've shed no tear,
Where brother takes his rest;
I've never knelt upon the sod
That lies above his breast.

He sleeps afar from childhood's home,
Mid stranger graves—alone;
And they who pass that lonely mound,
Repeat the word—*Unknown*!

Unknown to them the mother's hopes,
That centred once in him;
Unknown to them the sister's love,
Nor death itself can dim.

O could we but have closed his eyes,
Received his parting breath;
And heard him speak one kind good-bye,
Before he slept in death!

It would have been a pleasure sad,
To treasure up the scene;
A painful lesson fraught with good,
For memory's hand to glean.

We cannot place one flowery wreath,
Embalmed in sorrow's tear;
To breathe its last sweet fragrance out,
Above the lost and dear.

Yet will the moonlight, soft and pure,
His couch with beauty lay;
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;
Then look me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you fall me fast asleep.

THE INFANT'S DREAM.

O! cradle me on thy knee, mamma,
And sing me the lull strain
That soothed me last as you fondly prest
My glowing cheek to your soft white breast;
For I saw a sight as you sung me to rest
That I fain would see again.

And smile as you then did smile, mamma,
And weep as you then did weep;
Then kiss me on my shining eye,
And gaze, and gaze, till the tear be dry;
Then look me gently, and sing and sigh,
Till you fall me fast asleep.

For I dream'd a heavenly dream, mamma,
While slumbering on thy knee,
And I lived in a land where forms divine
In kingdoms of glory eternally shine,
And the world I'd give, if the world were mine,
Again that land to see.

I fancied I roam'd in a wood, mamma,
And we rested under a bough,
Then near me a butterfly fluttered in pride,
And I chased it away through the forest wide,
And the night came on, and I lost my guide,
And I knew not what to do.

My heart grew sick with fear, mamma,
And I loudly wept for thee;
But a white-robed maiden appeared in the air,
And she took me by the hand, and said to me,
And she kissed me so softly ere I was aware,
Saying, "Come pretty child with me."

By tears and fears she beguiled, mamma,
And she led me far away;
We entered the door of the dark, dark tomb,
We passed through a long, long vault of gloom,
Then opened our eyes on a land of bloom,
And a sky of endless day.

And heavenly forms were there, mamma,
And lovely cherubs bright;
They smiled when they saw me, but I was amazed
And wondering, around me I gazed and gazed;
And songs I heard, and sunny beams blazed—
All glorious in the land of light.

But soon came a shining throng, mamma,
Of white-wing'd babies to me;
Their eyes looked love, and their sweet lips
They smiled, and they met with an earth-born
child,
And they gloried that I from earth was exiled,
Saying, "Here love, 'thou blest child be!"

Then I mixed with the throng, mamma,
With cherub and seraphin fair;
And saw, as I roam'd the regions of peace,
The spirits which came from this world of distress,
And theirs was the joy no tongue can express,
For they knew no sorrow there.

Do you mind when sister Jane, mamma,
Laid a short time alone;
O! you gazed on the sad and lovely wreck,
With a full flood of woe you could not check,
And your heart was so sore you wished it would
break,

But I loved, and you aye sobbed on me,
But O! had you been with me, mamma,
In the realms of unknown care,
And seen what I saw, you'd ne'er have cried,
Though they buried pretty Jane in the grave
when she died.

For shining with the blest, and adorned like a
bride,
Sweet sister Jane was there.

Do you mind that poor old man, mamma,
Who came so late to our door,
And the night was dark, and the tempest loud,
And his heart was weak, but his soul was proud,
And his ragged old mantle served for his shroud,
Ere the midnight watch was o'er?

And think what a weight of woe, mamma,
Made heavy each long drawn sigh;
As the good old man sat on his old chair,
While the rain dropped down on his thin grey
hair,
And his big tear of speechless care
Ran down from his gazing eye—

And think what a heavenward look, mamma,
Flash'd through each trembling eye;
As he told how he went to the Baron's strong
hold,
Saying, "O! let me in for the night is so cold."
But the rich man cried, "Go sleep in the world
For we shield no beggars here."

Well! he was in glory too, mamma,
As happy as the blest can be;
He needed no alms in the mansion of light,
For he sat with patriarchs, cloth'd in white—
And there was not a seraph had a crown more
bright.

Nor a costlier robe than he.

Now, sing for I fain would sleep, mamma,
And dream as I dream'd before;
For sound was my slumber, and sweet was my
rest,
While my spirit in the kingdom of life
was a guest;
And the heart that has trodden the clouds of
the blest,
Come love this world no more!

THE RUSSIAN GUARDSMAN.

A TALE OF THE SEAS AND SHORES OF THE EAST.

BY BENJ. PERLEY POORE.

CONCLUDED.

As they approached Athens, the soldiers were unusually wary, for the few parties of Turkish cavalry as hovering in the passes. Platen, however, was a man without an encounter, and there they found a deserted village already occupied by two bands of Souliotes, with whom those of data were soon enjoying their coffee and the palika chief pressed Alexis to join them; but he declined under plea of ill health and scattered forth.

It was a beautiful night, the moon high in the heavens, surrounded by her court, while the clouds—those curtains of pale blue—were all as quiet as the sky. Alexis took his stand, beside the carbine, and rather rejoiced when he saw an enemy approach, waving their yatagahs, uttering the war cry of their faith: "Hail! Hail! Allah! Hail!"

The Souliotes awaited their charge with breathless silence. Lips moist in prayer, there was no sound; no sign of life; no eye was seen when the petitions were ended, no eye ceased to glance along the death-dealing barrel towards the approaching foe; they came; nor were they more than a distant flash of battle, when a gleam of flashes, and a deadly volley was poured in dense mass. Horses and riders were thrown in their career, for a time arrested progress of those behind them, and the Souliotes had hopes of victory. But at the moment when their hopes were highest, came a troop which had entered at some distance from the town and attacked in the rear.

There was no bulwark against this force, and the defenders of the barricade now like a vessel in the vortex of a maelstrom unable to escape, for around them were a circle of death-dealing blades. Yet it was a struggle for life and death, nor was it a rout. Alexis was struck by a pistol-bullet to the shoulder at the beginning of the contest, but he fell into the ditch, where he was found by the Souliotes when the attack was over.

When Alexis recovered his senses, he found himself in a comfortable bed, in a land of the furnished room. His wound had been fully dressed, and he was now able to get up. He was surrounded by a circle of death-dealing blades. Yet it was a struggle for life and death, nor was it a rout. Alexis was struck by a pistol-bullet to the shoulder at the beginning of the contest, but he fell into the ditch, where he was found by the Souliotes when the attack was over.

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His meditations were interrupted by entrance of a soldier, whom Alexis at once recognized as the trumpeter who attended Osmar Bey at the review, when he had visited the Turkish camp near Smyrna. From him Osmar Bey learned that he had been wounded at Platea, and brought to Athens by order of the Sultan.

The Bey was wounded himself, Osmar Bey, in the engagement, and learning your surgeon that you were recovering, he sent me to ascertain if you could rise and walk in the room below.

"Certainly," replied Alexis, "if you will be a little in dressing." Meanwhile, Osmar Bey lay in the room below, a prey to intense suffering—not that he was of a serious character, but he had been a prey to the workings of a conscience since he had seen his son fall shot from his own pistol. A moment after the messenger had said from his pistol would have given his rank, fortune, all, to recall it, for as the object of his aim felt recognized Alexis. Notwithstanding his energy, it was not long ere he obtained possession of the insensible form he loved so well sent him on a litter to Athens. His own wound was neglected—what cared he for himself nor did he leave the couch of his son until surgeon, declaring that there was no danger forced him away. It was well that he was for he had lost great deal of blood, and he began his mental sufferings. Sin-hardened he was, he shrank in dismay at the thought he was the murderer of his child. The sun set not gloriously in the west, or rise again the east, that its ruddy tints did not seem him reflecting back the line of guilt; for the moon cast a bloody halo, and the stars shone with a crimson light—as if crime had reversed the beauties of nature, had imparted the stain of infamy to the world.

Alexis was reported convalescent, and the concious Striden parent felt a sense of deliverance from crime sweep joyously through his soul. It came, overwhelming as with inundating tide, every finer feeling—his heart, and filling its emptiness with a stately melody of Providence thoughts. He gazed at Providence because he had not his son—horror-struck at the very idea of a crime—sorry that his inordinate thirst for revenge had made him a very demon—ago for he felt that the bitter malignity in his heart had been steeped in undeserving pardon. The strong man wept like a child, the accidental wounding of his son had struck home to his hardened heart with sharpest of divine weapons—remorse!

A visit from Alexis was announced; and the haughty renegade found his courage fail him as his attendants propped him up with pillows to receive his son. His implacable anger against Osmar Orloff rose, like an icy barrier, before his dusty eyes. "Courage," whispered his good intentions; "receive your son kindly, and remember that to him that stricken old man has been a father." He nerved himself for the interview; yet, when the door opened, it seemed to him that a dagger was plunged into his heart, and sank back upon the pillows almost insensible.

The guardsman had also endeavored to nerve himself for the interview. He was determined to ascertain the truth of the mystery in which his father's conduct was enveloped; and, if he was implicated in the web of embezzlements woven around the consul's fortune, to demand its restitution. Then he thought of Elissa. But no! His grandfather must first be set right, no matter who had done him wrong.

But when on entering the room, he saw the once brilliant looking officer stretched upon his couch, his fine features haggard with the ravages of feverish anxiety, his eyes dimmed with tears, and an expression of sorrow playing around his mouth, he forgot all save that his father was before him. A gust of filial love submerged all other feelings, and, grasping the extended hand, he dropped upon his knees at the sufferer's side, exclaiming:

"My father! my dear father!—I have found you at last!" A bright flush lit up the invalid's hollow cheeks, and his listless eye flashed bright, as he replied:

"Thanks my dear son, for this kind greeting to one so unworthy of it. Sit down by me, now, and let me talk with you."

Alexis seated himself by the bedside, and the bey, still holding his hand, continued: "My son,—O, what joy it gives me to see you, your grandfather did me no grievance wrong. He blighted my heart by offering me as a sacrifice upon the altar of his pride; he separated me from the loved bride of my choice; and I, miserable and desolate, vowed revenge. It was my god, to whom I devoted my every energy. In the stormy rages of battle, on the raging seas, among strange companions and through political intrigues, I nursed my desire to retaliate, and I won ten-fold force my wrongs. To gratify the cravings of revenge I forewent my creed—cringed before, or commanded others—and I have succeeded. I have glutted my vengeance upon those who seconded your grandfather's stern resolve—and he is stripped of his wealth. But now I humble myself before you and before God. Pardon me, Alexis! Pardon my unhappy father!"

"May God forgive you, as I do, my poor father!" replied the son, his eyes filled with tears—for it was evident that his father had been a little too happy.

"Ah! my son, I fear there is no pardon for such a vile wretch—conscience, like the lightning's flash, cannot be deceived. The blood of Platea, and my impregnable citadel of revengeful pride is but a blackened heap of dust. Will you not see my grandfather?" inquired Alexis. "He is as generous as he is good."

A sudden air of gloomy defiance came over the bey's face at the idea of seeing for pardon before him to whose hardness of heart he attributed his loss, and he felt entirely wretched, when any attempt to move his right arm was checked twinges in his shoulder that he was wrenched he did not dream. Rising, he left the room, and when he returned, he was alone.

The struggle was too much for his feeble frame, and he sank back, a small current of blood trickling from his parted lips. His eyes glared with a fixed stare, and Alexis shouted loudly for help. Ere the surgeon came the young man had died, and he fell in a swoon as his father's couch.

The sun set ere Alexis recovered his consciousness, and after vainly endeavoring to recall the interview with his father, he fell into a slumber, from which he did not awake until nearly noon the next day. To his great joy he saw a well known form sitting by the window, and exclaimed:

"Acknet does my father live?" "He does," replied the faithful Mameluke, who had that morning arrived from Smyrna, and he had been ordered to attend Alexis. "No," he was here an hour ago to kiss you ere he left."

"Left? Where has he gone?" "That, major I cannot tell you. No one but a man of his iron nerve, and unconquerable will, would have left his bed for a month after such an attack as he had last night. But he is away this morning—look, he is in yonder field."

"And I—am I prisoner here?" "Yes, major," with the surgeon for a jailor, and myself for a turnkey. The moment you have served out your sentence you will be liberated."

"Sentence! what sentence?" eagerly inquired Alexis, who could not comprehend his position.

"Simply, major, that you were accused of illness, sentenced to remain here until cured, and ordered to live on rations that will scarcely support a cat. But when will be joy at Malta?"

"Has my grandfather arrived there, then?" "He has, major; and is now an occupant of the same house with Mademoiselle Elissa." Alexis sighed.

"I see," he said, after a moment's reflection, "that Elissa is my sister."

"Your sister, major?" and the old veteran, rising, approached the bedside; "she is no more your sister than I am. Where did you get that idea?"

"Did Alexis hear aught? Again his cup of joy was filled, and he felt that life had charms. "I think," said he, "I shall be able to go out to-morrow."

"Shade by shade have glooms decreased, Westward stars and night have gone; Slowly mounts the golden dawn, Tranced lies his golden prime, Dumb with utter joy!"

What can it be? said Alexis, slightly changing color—for Siberia with all its horrors is ever before the subjects of the autocrat. "I will soon tell you what mine is," replied the consul, breaking the seal, and reading the enclosed despatch. It was this worded:

"Whereas I, Nicholas, Autocrat of all the Russias, and Head of the Greek Church, have every reason to be satisfied with your conduct as consul at Smyrna, from which post you are hereby dismissed, I constitute you a count of our empire, with an annual pension suitable to your rank."

"His majesty is very kind," continued the consul, "but I should have preferred the simple title of 'consul' with my old residence. Who is his fortunate possessor, now, I wonder? I envy him, for no other house in Smyrna will ever seem like home to me."

"And what is your order, Alexis?" asked the consul, while Elissa, with tearful eyes, gazed at the paper with apprehension. "Elissa broke the seal, read the enclosure, and then as if in doubt re-read it. 'Give me joy!' he exclaimed, and he read:

"Whereas I, Nicholas, Autocrat of all the Russias, and Head of the Greek Church, have learned of the faithful services of your venerable grandfather as our consul at Smyrna, and are highly satisfied with your merits, I hereby appoint you his successor, and order you to repair to Smyrna at once, where instructions will await you."

"Long live the emperor!" said the elder Orloff. "Grandfather, you will not have to move from the consulate, all," said Alexis.

Overjoyed at this pleasing intelligence, the happy group sat chatting around the table, until the arrival of Elissa sent all to their toilets.

"Don't hurry, major," growled Achmet through his moustache. "Flints and scabbards! there'll be no wedding until you go to the cathedral!"

Already had the bells, with joyous peal, summoned the noble and the poor, the gallant and the beautiful to the cathedral, where once the bold knights knelt in prayer. Nor was it many moments after the appointed hour, ere the bridal party made its way through the crowd welcomed by the glad notes of the choir, and the deep full notes of the organ.

Elissa, the observed of all observers, was beautiful beyond the usual measure of bridal loveliness, as she moved through the cathedral like a swan floating on the waters. The softness of her full eyes, the coral richness of her rae-tinted lips, and the rapid succession of moist blushes that occupied her soft, full cheeks, were charms that would require the peculiar power of a deep intellect to portray.

"Theascal! But, never mind, he is paying up finely. Only this morning I received a letter of credit from Vienna, of some eight thousand florins, which he deposited there, and now repays."

"But, my dear sir," interrupted the astonished young man, "you have managed the matter capitally."

Then as if struck by a sudden idea, the old gentleman jumped up and asked Zallahah if she would walk down stairs with him, to consult with the countess about a room for the stranger. The request was complied with, and the young couple were left alone.

Happy moment! Yet each could but remember the shadows that had crossed their eyes, when they last met, some months since, and the beautiful to the cathedral, where once the bold knights knelt in prayer.

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There was no reply; but Elissa, raising her head, gazed on him with such tenderness, that, clasping her in his arms, he imprinted burning kisses upon her lips.

Every life long, he had been ordered to attend Alexis. "No," he was here an hour ago to kiss you ere he left."

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Native ammonia is found in the vicinity of volcanoes, in some of the mountains of Tartary and Thibet and in some of the Tuscan lakes. It has also been detected by Dr. Marcet in sea-water. On pit coal it may be sometimes seen in a yellowish white powder.

Why is it so powerful a manure? Because, as soon as dung begins to decompose, it throws off its volatile parts, which are the most valuable and efficient.

Why is it so powerful a manure? Because it possesses ammoniacal salt, empyreumatic oil and charcoal, which is capable of being rendered soluble by the action of oxygen, or pure vital air.

Why are the stems and leaves of the beet root valuable? Because when dried and burned, they yield saltpetre so rich in saltpetre, that it melts easily by heat, and surpasses many of the common varieties of potash.

SULPHUR. Why are common pyrites roasted to obtain sulphur? Because the fumes being received into a long chamber of brickwork, the sulphur is gradually deposited; it is then purified by fusion and cast into sticks.

Why will a roll of sulphur, when suddenly seized in a warm hand, crackle, and fall in pieces? Because the action of heat is unequal, the sulphur conducting it but slowly, and having but little power of cohesion.

Sulphur is one of the few elements which occur in nature in their simple form. It is a well known mineral substance, found in large quantities in the neighborhood of volcanoes, and as an article of commerce is chiefly brought from the Mediterranean.

Why is sublimed sulphur, for delicate purposes, washed with hot water? Because it is always slightly sour. The purity of sulphur may be estimated by heating it upon a piece of platinum leaf; if free from earthly impurities, it should totally evaporate. It should also be perfectly soluble in boiling oil of turpentine.

Why is sulphuretted hydrogen of easy production? Because sulphur in its ordinary state, always contains hydrogen, which gives off during the action of various bodies, for which it has a powerful attraction.

Berzelius, by heating sulphur with oxide of lead, remarked the formation of water, but in such small and indefinite quantities, as induced him to adopt the generally received opinion, that the presence of hydrogen is accidental, and that it is not a constituent of sulphur. This illustration is quoted by Mr. Brande in his valuable *Manual*. It is indeed simple and beautiful, since the reader need not be reminded of the ready production of oxygen from heating oxide of lead, and the formation of water by the combination of oxygen and hydrogen.

Why has a gun a peculiar smell after firing? Because of the sulphuret of potash formed by the exploded sulphur and nitre of the gunpowder.

WHAT CONSTITUTES AN IMPROVED FARM. [FROM THE RURAL NEW-YORKER.] Much has been said and written on this subject, a good deal of which is not adapted to the great mass of our country farmers. Our views and remarks on this subject, are intended to be within the reach of every man who owns and tills his own soil, and knows the value of time and economy its use.

In the first place we must insist that everything should be snug, neat and convenient. The house, barn, sheds, pastures and garden, with good, plain, substantial board or picket fence, and light, simple well-made gates.

The next point, and what we consider an absolute requirement, is the fences of whatever variety, must be well and neatly put up, of sufficient height and properly secured against hogs, cattle and wind.

There should be a lane through the centre of the farm, if the highways do not provide the proper convenience. The farm should be divided into five or ten acre lots, so that it shall not be necessary to have more than one kind of crop in a field, and every field be supplied with a good, strong gate, attached to a large post set deep in the earth.

The next duty shall be, to keep the lines of fences clear from all noxious plants, not only for safety against spreading and foul seeds, but against the spreading and pushing of animals, kept in the long pastures, the highway—after the fresh leaves and twigs.

Now, we will look after the condition of the soil—the most important and vital part of good farming.

The first duty after a field has been a proper time under tillage, is to remove the stones and stumps—yes, every stump, for they are unmitigated nuisances—taking up space, fostering briars and weeds, and being great stumbling blocks in plowing, causing bad baulks in the hands, breaking plows, harness &c. Out with them—it costs no more nothing and many is done at old prices in almost any month, even in winter.

Then commences the great and important consideration, how is it to be drained, for good drainage is of as much importance to secure good crops, as good soil and good seasons.

In this country, land is too cheap and farmers too poor to resort to systematic under-draining with tile, at a cost of from \$50 to \$100 per acre, though a great many soils would be materially benefited by it.

It has nearly doubled the value of low lands of England, that have been so previously and unwisely soils, the immediate benefit would not generally meet the eye. Therefore, for small land owners, and with moderate means, surface draining will be principally depended upon.

If you set out an orchard, set the trees from forty to fifty feet apart; so that if you ammonia, impure, the benefit of the trees, which will be open enough that you can rise sufficient to pay for the labor of breaking up.

Operate every field thus, as you find time and opportunity, follow a regular rotation of crops and manuring, keep out Canada thistles, red root, elders and johnswort, and you will have what is so much talked of.

Why is ammonia so abundantly found in nature? Because it is a product of animal and vegetable matter, and is found in proportion to the quantity of nitrogen which they contain.

about and so seldom seen—an IMPROVED FARM. Behold the giant of the nineteenth century how he is compelled to tug and strain the tireless sinews of his strength, in fields of usefulness and labor! See how bravely he bears up through the storm. In the snow that blackens our path fly, which are the most valuable and efficient.

Why is it so powerful a manure? Because it possesses ammoniacal salt, empyreumatic oil and charcoal, which is capable of being rendered soluble by the action of oxygen, or pure vital air.

Why are the stems and leaves of the beet root valuable? Because when dried and burned, they yield saltpetre so rich in saltpetre, that it melts easily by heat, and surpasses many of the common varieties of potash.

SULPHUR. Why are common pyrites roasted to obtain sulphur? Because the fumes being received into a long chamber of brickwork, the sulphur is gradually deposited; it is then purified by fusion and cast into sticks