THE CAMBRIDGE WEEKLY CHRONICLE,
AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

"THE MAIN END OF EVERY GOVERNMENT SHOULD BE THE WELFARE OF THE PEOPLE, AND THE DIFFUSION OF SOCIAL HAPPINESS."

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E. RICHARDSON HOOPER.

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POETRY.

[From the Sun.]

THE FALLEN ROSE.

Ill-fated rose, thy reign is o'er;
Never again thy hue shall greet
The flow'ry wreath the fair one wore,
To steal the blushes from her cheek.

But yester eve—firm on thy stem,
Sending mild fragrance thro' the air—
Thou wert upon the diadem
Braided amidst her raven hair.

But now, thou art spurn'd, and left alone
Upon the winter wind to pine;
Yet one heart's left, thy fate to mourn—
Neglected flow'r, that heart is mine!

Warm'd by its life blood, thou may'st live
Still fragrant, still in beauty's bloom
Feed on the heart its pulses give,
And leave the shadow of the tomb.

Go back to young Elizabeth—
Perhaps she may not shun thee now—
Tell her that I rescued thee from death,
Because you once adorned her brow. H.

[From the Sun.]

SENSIBILITY.

(FROM A MSS. POEM.)

* * 'Tis thus with Sensibility:
E'en as the blossoming flow'ret gives forth,
So all its fragrance, so the sensive soul
Pours out its rich inheritance of thought.
Knavish Guile, like the calm lake,
Reflects the smile oft given by the face
Of Innocence; who never dreams how deep
The treach'rous mirror is.
Detested Guile turns sweet to bitterness:—
Seeks where the open, simple heart, its throbbings,
With artless language, yields, and basely robs
Purity of her mantle, by falsest words.
Oh! 'tis a crime—a fearful crime,
To steal Sensibility from the soul,
And crush it by deception!

Washington City. S. F. G.

[From the Athenæum.]

THE STORM.

Ride on! thou mighty, fierce, black winged storm,
Sublime in awful beauty. Lo! a wreck
Rolls heavily before thee; and a form,
White like a spirit, standeth on the deck—
Companionless, save God. Her long fair hair
Unloosed, and flung abroad, streams like the light
Of troubled meteor, shining dimly there—
Making the darkness terrible, and night
Expressionless through fear. The mountain waves,
Foam-crested, lift their white heads to the sky,
Soothing with fierce, wild anger,—and the caves,
The deep dark caves of ocean, which the eye
Of man had never fathomed. now lie bare,
Though covered instantly, Ha! see yon cloud
Is rent in tatters, and the spirit there
Hurleth his quivering lightnings, till the loud,
Deep, mouthed thunders muttereth.—And thou!
Fierce slave of a most placid mistress—say!
It cannot be that time hath crowned thy beow
With those hoar locks—for thou art young,—A day
Is but a moment in the summing up
Of the world's calendar.—or as a tear
Shed by that desolate girl within thy cup,
Dread Ocean!—As, with fervent prayer, sincere,
She lifts her blue eyes up to heaven,—say!
Why is it that the full soul feels an awe,
Mixed with so wild a rapture, as thy spray
Leaps glittering to the flash? Hath then the war
Of the wild elements no chains to bind
The spirit in its thrall?—No power to lord
Is o'er our fratility?—or is it that the mind,
Spurning the body's terrors, soars abroad.
Drinking in Diety? H. W. C.

ORIGINAL.

For the Chronicle.

THE BETRAYED. A Sketch.

"Fate will throw
Its gloomy shadows o'er our hearts, and bring
Days, years, and months of gloomy sorrowing!"

The King of light, amid bright and gorgeous clouds, was just sinking into the waves of the west, as Gertrude Hastings left her happy home, to finish her education at the respectable seminary in the village of Frankfort. Long and fervently did she press her mother's hand, and seemed unwilling to depart, as if some terrible presentiment clouded her mind. One more compression of the hand, a fond and ardent embrace, and with a tear upon her eye-lid, which sparkled like a drop of dew upon a new blown rose, she left her home never to return.

Soon after her arrival at the Seminary, she contracted an acquaintance with Henry Mercer, a young man of dissolute and immoral character, but of fine appearance, and possessing a pleasing address. Her naturally easy manners and simple grace, together with the innocent sweetness which beamed upon her countenance, fired his soul with love. He availed himself of every opportunity to mingle in her Society, and ere she had resided in Frankfort three months, rumour, with her hundred tongues, had spread the report that an engagement was existing between them. Gertrude's friends devised every means of destroying an alliance so ill-suited and unfortunate, but they were all fruitless. When woman once fixes her affections upon a man, human efforts avail but little, when exerted to rend the chain.

It was the season of the sere and yellow leaf.—'The revolving wheels of time, in their ceaseless and eternal gyrations, had rolled away the glories of the regal summer into the vast charnel house of the past—and the demon of decay, like the fiend consumption, breathing its fatal influence upon the roseate cheek of youthful beauty, had withered the tresses which hung in wild luxuriancy upon the bosom of the earth, and had stamped upon her brow the impress of his iron signet, as if to shadow forth her approaching doom. The vallies, but lately decorated in the blooming apparel of spring, had assumed a more variagated and gorgeous hue, which, like the hectic flush which fitfully crimsons the pallid cheek of consumption's victim. only indicated the accelerated progress of decay. A deep, monotonous, unbroken stillness reigned over the hills and vallies, but lately teeming with life and animation. A creeping, insiduous, death-like langour, the sure precursor of winter's despotic reign, pervaded the works of nature, hushing the breezes which rippled the surface of the placid lake, and fettered the whole earth in supine inertness. The face of nature was robed in melancholly sadness, as if mourning over the faded glories of the declining year.'

On a lovely evening in October, Gertrude and Henry were seen walking arm-in-arm toward a beautiful grove adjacent to the village. The anxious friends of Gertrude noticed Henry's assumed air of seriousness, and seemed at a loss to conjecture what had produced the change. They were closely watched; and when they returned to the village, the citizens were collected together in groups, engaged in earnest disquisition. Some supposed they would be married; others thought she had discarded him, and he had feigned a seriousness the better to renew his suit. A few days after Gertrude and Henry eloped. Such an unexpected movement naturally surprised her friends, and covered them with deep mortification. The shock was too severe for the feeble nerves of her mother—in a few weeks she was laid in her narrow resting place. The last audible sentence which hung upon her trembling lips contained a curse upon her child.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

Time rolled on, and in its course the friends of Gertrude saw the curse of her dying mother verified. About two years subsequent to her elopement, a female of pale and haggard appearance, bearing upon her countenance the impress of flown beauty, clad in tattered and unseemly garments. was seen to enter the village of frankfort. She noticed no one, but wandered about in gloomy abstractedness. Little did the inhabitants think that Gertrude Hastings, but two years before, the pride and idol of the village, had wandered back, covered with misery and wretchedness, to breathe her last upon the spot where she engendered the love which had wrought her destruction. She rambled a few days amid the scenes of her happiest hours, and then with perfect composure she yielded up he spirit to him who gave it.

The inhabitants of Frankfort in long and solemn procession, paid the last sad tribute of respect to the unfortunate and deceived Gertrude.—where they had surrounded the grave, and all that was mortal of the once lovely and light-hearted Gertrude Hastings was about to be incorporated in the dust, a tear of deep and heartfelt sympathy dimmed the eye of every beholder. Awful stillness reigned—the sun which but an hour before had seemed to shed unusually resplendent light, wore a sickly and dim appearance—all nature seemed to pause in her course to behold the sad consequences of misplaced love. The voice of the minister rose solemnly upon the pulses of the air, as he invoked the mercy of an all-wise Providence upon the soul of the erning and deceived Gertrude. With sad and melancholy feelings did the crowd retrace their steps, musing in silence upon the fate of one of earth's loveliest, brightest ornaments. Sorrow and sympathy were depicted on every countenance.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

As the stranger approaches the village of Frankfort, his attention is arrested by a plain marble slab, situated in the precincts of the village. 'Tis there the remains of Gertrude Hastings repose in eternal silence. "In life's first bloom she fell." Often do the citizens of Frankfort repair to the sacred spot, to drop over her grave the tear of sympathy. Often do they exclaim—

"Let those, who view this sad example know
What fate attends the broken marriage vow;
And teach their children, in succeeding times,
No common vengeance waits upon those crimes,
When such severe repentance could not save
From want, from shame, and an untimely grave."

Henry Mercer ended his existence upon the gallows. The sure and unerring justice of Heaven will thus seek out and destroy the vile seducer and betrayer of woman's pure and unsuspecting love.

Cambridge Md. MARY.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

SEPARATION.

There is, perhaps, nothing in life, save actual suffering, which unhinges the spirit, and depresses the heart, like the wrenching away of those kindly feelings and affections which have grown and strengthened with us during years of happiness and tranquility. It is sweet to gain a friend, but it is a hundred fold more bitter to lose one. The swelling out of new sensibilities, like the bursting forth of an untasted ground spring, is an accession of enjoyment; a delight rather of anticipation than of possession; but the withering up of old, and cherished, and kindly emotions, is a sear and a blight to the spirit; an unrivetting of life's roseate chain; a casting forth of the waters of freshness upon sand; a relinquishment of some of the highest privileges of existence. The heart is as a volume which has many leaves, and whose every page is a deathless record; it can be inscribed upon but once, and the characters of that inscription are indelible. The gay of spirit may, indeed, glaze over the surface which bears some out-worn or withered sentiment with the world's varnish, but they can never obliterate the traces of its existence; for evil or for good, it is registered there forever! The fiery passions, the hot impulses. the reckless transgressions of our youth, the more crafty, calm, and speculative sins of mature life, and the cold off-fallings of decaying nature, each period writes its own characters upon the heart's pages, and even the grave fails to outwear the impression. How little do we reck of this, as, day after day, and year after year, we inscribe in letters of fire on our condemnation! Sweeter, gentler, are the records of tenderness, friendship, and affection, written as by the petals of a passion flower; every soft feeling has its niche in the temple of the heart; every beloved one is an idol raised on the pedestal within that niche, and who could coldly bear the casting down of but one of this cherished row of the heart's statuary? Yet, by how frail a tenure do we seem to hold our best blessings, how many are the ways by which the friend we have cherished in our spirit's core may escape us! Even when we are smiling at our fancied security in the heart which we have won to ourselves, it may be wrenched from us by one, perhaps, unworthy to recieve it in the rebound; and then comes a train of life's bitter trials The cold smile—the averted eye—the soulless laugh—the passionless look—and the ice-bolt of isolation fall heavily on the blossoms of the spirit. But how much more dark does this withering of the heart become, when we are torn by the chances and changes of existence, from among those who have been the sharers of our weal and woe for a long period; first, there is the dread of approaching separation, the ingeneous self-torture of anticipating regrets,; then the actual pang of parting words, looks, and enfolding of affection—that lip quivering. whose smile we had been used to watch for, as the wearied mariner looks for the light of morning—that eye clouded, which we had so often seen laugh out in lustre! Those who have not experienced such a separation, have never known the heart's midnight—and almost worse than this (for even the moment of parting has its excitement to counterbalance its misery,) is the dreary void which succeeds departure; the feeling of solitude among crowds, the new scenes new faces, and new pursuits which demand no token of our sympathy and interest, and which, at such a moment, fail in their turn to yield any. Dark and cheerless as is this spirit-void, the evil will yet bear augmentation; there still remains another link to wrench away, another bond to break assunder—the tie of country. Alone upon the ocean, we have time to think of our bereavement; the friendships we had fostered, the feelings we had indulged, the affections we had encouraged, until they had overrun our heart—we feel that the skein of social life is unrivalled, and that the end of it has escaped us. As the stately ship speeds majestically on her way, those who linger on the shore to save their farewell, become a confused and indistinguishable mass; we know not the friend of our bosom, watching our departure in agony of spirit, from the stranger to whom our progress is but a pastime; the breeze fills our sails, and like a sea-bird, the vessel spreads her wings to the wind, and hurries on her way. The loved shores of our country become but as a mist stretched along the edges of the vast ocean over which we journey; we look into our hearts, and we are —alone! Then every past enjoyment is enhanced to us by memory, every friend dearer to us when we are about to part for a time, perhaps forever, as the the marine glow worm on the coast of Chiaggia is ever most resplendent before a storm. We have to form new friendships, to cement new ties, to nurse new hopes; but these grow slowly on a mind of sensibility; friends must proved ere they can be valued; ties must be tightened by vicissitude, or their tension is unfelt; hopes must be engendered in awakening spirit, or they will fail to interest.

To this isolated heart, the world is an unexplored country; and for a while it is a wilderness. It may contain fertility and pleasance but for a time they are unexperienced and unenjoyed. It may be a land of flowers and sunshine; but the dark season comes ere the blossoms expand, or the rays of summer brighten the heart's creation. All is but a chance, for it has its rocks and its quicksands, as well as its bowers and its valeys; it may prove a future of evil, or it may prove one of good. We are vovagers cast forth on the ocean without sail or rudder; we know not what wind may impel, what tide may drift us onward. The very feelings which in bygone days have endeared us to fond hearts and gentle spirits, may be, perhaps, those most calculated to estrange the affections of others. The animal spirits, whose flow may have gladdened a fond circle, fail, or become enfeebled beneath a sense of isolation, and lose at once their elasticity and their effervescence; the character is formed by circumstances; they act as a thermometer to inhabit its several changes and graduations; sickness and sorrow warp the natural impules, but nothing so effectually lowers the tone of the mind, and damps the energy of the spirit, as the severing of fond ties and kindly affections. Had I an enemy, I could scarcely from my heart's centre wish him such a fate—and for a friend, I would deprecate it as the mightiest mental misery on earth.

Those who, like myself, have experienced this unclasping of the social chain, which had bound them within a circle endeared alike by association and by kindness, will understand my feeling; and to those who have not, I now say vale, trusting that they may ever continue to judge of the subject only by theory. [National Msg.

THE AGRICULTURALIST.

BONE MANURE.

Agreeably to our promise, we now proceed to lay before the readers of the Cultivator the results of our reading, coupled with our experience, in regard to bone manure.

The bones of domestic animals are found to contian about equal portions of phosphate of lime and gelatine; those of young animals containing more of the latter, and the bones of old animals more of the former. The gelatine is highly nuritive to plants, and phosphate of lime enters largely into the structure of many species. To bring on a decomposition of bones, and render their fertilizing properties available to the wants of growing crops, it is necessary to crush or grind them—and their immediate benefit is in proportion to their fineness, and rapid decomposition in the soil—though ultimately they impart to the soil all their fortilizing properties, if they are broken to the size of one, two or three inches. In powder, or dust, their effect is at first more powerful, but less abiding. So, too, the like happens if the bones are brought into a state of partial fermentation, so as to give off a strong odour, by mixing them with lime, or ashes, or manure and moisture, before they are applied to the soil, and thereby hastening decomposition; and indeed this is the common practice, when it is desired to have them produce an immediate effect. To reduce bones to a proper size for agricultural purposes, bone mills have been erected, consisting of a series of cast iron rollers, formed with deeply indented rims, and teeth progressively more closely fixed. Many British farmers have erected small machines, with two cylinders of cast iron, with teeth, which lock into each other, by which they are broken into small pieces. We have had more than sixty horse cart-loads of bones, which cost us half a dollar a load, crushed in a plaster mill, though not made very fine, for which we paid 12 1-2 cents per bushel as toll. The value of bone dust as a manure, in Great Britain, may be judged of from the following rates of prices, which we quote from one of the most recent agricultural publications: "The price commonly averages, for the dust, from 2s. 6d. to 3s. and in some late instances even 3s. 6d. have been paid—for pieces [of inch, three-quarter inch and half inch] from 2s. to 3s. 6d. according to size—and 1s. 10d. for rough bones, per imperial bushel."—*Br. Husb.* The reader will bear in mind, that the English shilling is a fraction over 2s cents. Prices have not yet attained this high pich with us. The English dealers make no allowance on bones which have gone through the process of boiling, through this process evidently deprives them of a portion of their oil, and consequently diminishes, in a measure, their enriching properties.

From the experiments detailed in the British books, made with bone manure, we abstract the following as affording evidence of its enriching qualities, and of the soil and crops which it most benefits.

On a poor soil in Yorkshire, which which would no longer bear turnips, even with tolerable manuring, twelve to twenty bushels bone dust to the acre, put in the drills, the turnip crop was rendered excellent, and the following crops were much improved.

Six hundred bushels were spread upon twenty-four acres of dry, sandy, gravelly pasture, which had been laid down ten years. The condition of the cows kept upon it was so materially increased, that double the quantity of butter was made from cows grazed upon land of similar quality, but not boned.

Twenty-five bushels applied to an acre of turnips, brought them above ground the third day, and into rough leaf the tenth. On an adjoining acre, dressed with twenty five loads of barn-yard manure, the turnips did not appear till the fifth day, and were not fit to hoe before the 20th.

Mr. Graburn applied thirty bushels to the acre, and to an adjoining acre eight loads of dung, and the dung repeated upon the latter the third and fifth years, and the whole then sown with wheat. The turnips and wheat still showed the best crop on the boned part.

Capt. Ogilvie made a series of trials, applying fifteen to twenty bushels to the acre; and after five years he found all the successive crops of turnips, barley and grass seeds decidedly superior to those which had been produced by other manure.

The quantity applied to the according to size. Of the dust, twenty bushels is deemed adequate for an acre; of the half inch thirty bushels and of the inch thirty-five to forty bushels, are generally given. The dust is preferred for grass lands and turnips. A greater quantity does not seem te increase, though it is believed to prolong, the good effect. Instances are quoted of lands showing the sensible benefits of bone manure for fifteen years after it had been applied.

The soils to which bone manures are best adapted, "are those of a light, warm nature; for on wet and cold grounds they have rarely been found to produce any sensible benefit." "On *heavy loams and clays*, the accounts of their operation have almost invariably been unfavorable; and it may be laid down as a necessary qualification in a soil fit for the application of bones, that it should be dry." "Upon *very thin sandy lands*," says the Doncaster Report, which is the best guide in this matter, "the value of bone manure is not to be estimated; it is not only found to benefit the particular crop to which it is applied, but extends through the whole course of crops; and even in the succeeding courses, its effects are visible in the improved quality of the land, and the efficiency of a smaller quantity than would at first have produced the same favorable results have been obtained; and no failures are noticed. Upon the *wolds*, a description of light thin lands, which were formerly in a manner unproductive, bone dust has brought thousands of acres into a most productive state, augmenting the crop always four and five, and often ten fold. On *light loams*, the Doncaster Committee give bones a preference to farm-yard dung. On peat soils, previously drained and laid dry, their advantages are reported to be so strinking, that iron fifteen to twenty bushels per acre, have been found to very far surpass the ordinary dressing of stable dung, and even of lime and pigeons' dung. On gravels their effect is more equivocal; on those that are wet, the application has been found decidedly unfavorable. Bones operate best on dry light soils which are deficient in carbonate of lime.

We have used crushed bones to some extent; and our experience goes to corroborate the preceding remarks, which are principally drawn from "British Husbandry." When used dry, and unfermented, their benefits have been more perceptible, with us, the second and third years, than in the first year; and when fermented, by adding ashes and water, and the process, we think, carried too far, the effect has been too stimulating, causing the corn and grain to lodge. Too large does have probably been applied.

We are more familiar with another species of animal manure,—the refuse of comb-manufactories, which comprises the shavings and clippings of the horns and hoofs of cattle, than with bones. These contain more gelatine and less lime—more animal, and less earthly matter, than bones, and they readily decompose, if buried in the soil, without previous fermentation. They are applied in about the same proportion as bone dust, and are considered more fertilizing.

In the application of both bone dust and horn shavings, it is preferable to have these materials deposited near the surface than deep in the soil—to harrow, rather than to plough them in.

Both of these materials are advantageously used in composts, that is, mixed with, manure, lime, ashes, &c. Some mix fifty bushels of bone with five loads of burnt clay; others furty bushels with five loads of farmyard manure, and a quantity of earth; others again recommend a mixture of eight bushels of coarse bone dust and eight bushels of coal ashes, as a sufficient dressing for an acre of land. The ashes should be kept dry, and when mixed with the bones, the mass ferments, and envoles a considerable degree of heat, when they are fit for use.

It has been stated, as the comparative result of some experiments, that bone dust acts in the cultivation of grain, as compared to the best stable manure, in the following proportions, namely:

In respect to the quality of the corn, as	7 to 5
In respect to the quantity, as . . .	5 to 4
In respect to the durability of its effects upon the soil, as	3 to 2

—[Rep. of Inver.

The Doncaster Agricultural Association are considered paramount authority in all matters relating to bone manure—having gone extensively into the use of it, and made it the subject of nice experiments and observation. The following is a summary of the rules which they have laid down for its application:

"That on dry sands, limestone, chalk, light loams, and peat, bones are a very highly valuable manure.

"That they many be applied to grass with great good effect.

"That on arable lands. they be may laid on follow for turnips, or used for any of the subsequent crops.

"That the best method of using them, when broad cast, is previously to mix them up in a compost with earth, dung or other manures, and to let them begin to ferment.

"That if used alone, they may be either drilled with the seed, or sown broad cast.

"That bones which have undergone the process of fermentation are decidedly superor (in their immediate effects) to those which have not done so.

"That the quantity should be about twenty bushels of dust, forty bushels of large, increasing the quantity if the land be impoverished: and also, according to our opinion, if the bones have been already manufactured.

"That upon clays and heavy loams, it does not yet appear bones will answer."

From the National Magavine and Republican Review.

Our object is to give a sketch of Congress as it is—its members and their manners; but we must be pardoned if we travel a little out of the record to a point of time removed some years back. We refer to the great South Carolina debate which took place in the Senate chamber upon the Tariff question of 1833. We were in the gallery. The nullification fever had risen almost frenzy high. Members of all parties had deserted the lower House to witness the splintering of lances between Robert Y. Hayne, of South Carolina, and Dan-Webster. When we entered the Hall General Hayne was speaking: he was a man of general youthful appearance, with his shirt collar turned over his cravat, and his hair smoothly brushed across his forehead. He was of a middle statue and well made. He was speaking energetically —his eyes were peculiarly brilliant, and his face was extremely pale; he moved up and down the aisles formed between the desks with a rapid and agitated step, his gestures were vehement, and he appeared to be under a high state of excitement. We were peculiarly struck with his whole appearance, and the tone of feeling evident in the Chamber. Mr. Calhoun, then Vice President, was then in the chair, with his large, steady, and