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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POETRY.

"The reigning eagle of Parnassian skies,
Now soaring 'midst the tracks of light and air
And now the monarch of the woods and lair."

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES

TO MISS..... [A TALL, IMPERIAL GIRL,] FOR SOME NUPTIAL CAKE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

The scene still linger'd—I was there—
As I had been before—with thee!
And eyes were bright, and forms were fair,
And wine-cups high and sparkling were,
And time went on enchantingly!

II.

Beneath a proud and sculptur'd dome,
Where radiance roll'd its dazzling tide,
We stood. And music-notes did come,
Like seraph strains from Music's home,
Which through the halls of Heaven glide.

III.

It chang'd!—As by enchanter's wand—
Amid the change we stood alone.
Then, as by thunder's stern command,
The dome was cleft—and deep sky shone,
Bowing the fearful chasm through,
With white clouds on its bosom blue!
'Twas still. The thunder-peal had gone—
And light of stars came softly down!

IV.

We rose upon the midnight air,
As though some spirit-wing were there,
To bear us up that boundless sky,
So tranquil—beautiful—and high!
We wander'd through th' ethereal fields,
Where many a silent planet wheels—
And cluster'd pearls of glory lie,
Far through the spangled canopy!
New pinions bore us where the moon
Was sailing at her highest noon—
And pouring on the world below,
A calm and melancholly glow.
Upon her horns light elfins hung,
And through the depths of azure swung!

V.

On we still wander'd. Sudden light
Came o'er and round thee! Splendour bright,
Too brilliant far for mortal eye,
Crown'd thee a being of the sky!
New wonder to thy form was given—
And fairest on the brow of Heaven,
Thou wast a star!—and I, alone!

VI.

But still that eye unshaded shone!
Still didst thou gleam my "guardian star"—
Thy beam was round me—pure, and bright,
While others lost themselves in night!
High 'mid the spheres, thine eye alone,
Sent out its beam to light me down!

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

THE FALL OF CÆSAR;

The evening preceeding the fate of the last survivor of the first triumviate was unusually beautiful.—The sun retired in full splendor in the west enveloping the summit of the lofty Capitolium in a blaze of ether, and impressing with his beams the varied colors of an iris on the cerulean softness of an Italian sky. The Collis Hortulorum, or hill of flowers, at the northern boundary of the city, scented the air with its rich and varied perfume. The waters in the aqueducts rippled in obedience to the gentle breeze which slightly agitated their currents; and the janitor of the temple on the golden mountain, contemplating in silent rapture the scene of unrivalled beauty, stood ready to perform his vesper duties to the god of peace, as the last rays of the setting luminary cast their shadows on the distant horizon.

As the sun thus sank in majesty, to enlighten another hemisphere, the moon arose, veiled in splendor, over the scene from which he had just departed, Her horns formed a lovely arch upon the blue and silent waters of the Mediterranean; while her beams, reflected from the brazen doors of the Capitol, glimmered on the fatal rock of Tarpeia—exposing, at the base of its terrific declivity, the Tiber, dwindled to a stream.

The interior of the Capitolium, a relic of the elder Tarquin, presented a striking contrast of the rock on which it stood. Pleasure barges and smaller Roman galleys glided along the Tiber, before its western front—on the right wing of which stood the Temple of Minerva, enriched with a marble statue of the Goddess, holding in her right hand a spear, and in her left her awful ægis. On the opposite wing, a temple had been dedicated to Juno, whose image, carved in the purest alabaster, reposed in a royal couch—her head enriched by a crown, her hand grasping a sceptre. The supremacy of Jupiter was acknowledged, by the erection of a splendid apartment between those of the Goddesses, the doors of which were of gold—the pavement of the purest marble; a statue of the powerful Deity, holding in one hand a thunderbolt, and in its opposite a sceptre surmounted by an eagle, graced a niche in the Temple, and proclaimed his rank and dominion over all the gods.

The gates of the city were shut. Nature had sunk in repose. The only sound which vibrated on the gentle breeze, as it floated over the city of Cæsars, were those from the sentinels on the Temple of Romules, or the guardians of that of Diana. The deep and universal hush of humanity was the precursor to a storm, destined to shake Rome to her centre—to depopulate her cities—to turn her rivers into blood—to grace the walls of the Forum with the bleeding head of her darling orator—to banish justice and mercy from her confines—to rend asunder the iron bonds of nature—to prostrate virtue on the shrine of revenge—and to shame even the demon of cruelty, by refinement on the tortures he had invented. The calm interval resembled that in which the world rose from chaos, and Eden bloomed in beauty. Nature viewed the horrid catastrophe, and shuddered through the elements of the tempest.

Dark clouds, hitherto unknown in the mild region of Italy, are seen to gather in the east, the sky becomes suddenly obscured—loud and repeated thunder echoes through the seven hills of the imperial city—livid lightning darts along the walls of the Capitol—The waves of the Tiber dash against the Tarpeian rock, as if agitated by the angry spirit of Manlius—the wind, hitherto agitating the leaves of the aspen, shakes the massive doors of the Capitol—the statutes of the gods tremble to their base—one vivid electric flash, penetrating the chamber of Pompey's statue, displays drops of sweat, mingled with blood, on the lifeless forehead of the sculptured hero—the opposing elements, at length concentrating, burst with an awful concussion, over the fated city, as though the knell of her destiny had been rung in an incensed assembly of the gods.

At this moment Calphurnia, the wife of Cæsar, suddenly started from her couch, shrieking in a voice of terror, heightened by despair, which rang through the vaulted ceilings of the palace—'Help! they murder Cæsar!'

The horror-stricken cry awakened the conqueror of Pompey. 'What midnight vision has disturbed thee, my lovely Calphurnia!'—exclaimed he. 'Thine eyes are wild—thy countenance unearthly—the vital stream has left thy cheek; fear not, thou art the wife of Cæsar.'

'I am,' replied Calphurnia—'but ere to morrow's sun shall cease to enlighten our hemisphere, the bleeding body of Julius shall be the bridegroom of Calphurnia. Seest thou the convulsion of external nature? the Tapeian rock trembles. And look—I see the spirit of Manlius rise from the waves of Tiber to greet the headless shade of Pompey, as it approaches from the Egyptian shore—Cornelia reads the elements with shouts of joy—she becons me, pointing to the waves yet tinged with the blood of her hero, exclaiming: as she clasps her hand sheathing a dagger. 'To-morrow thus shall it be with Cæsar; the fates have passed the Rubicon—retreat is vain—they come, welcome, ye gloomy messengers—thrice welcome to your charnel-house of death! prepare your mansion for the mighty Cæsar—the conqueror of Gaul—the destroyer of Pompey—the friend of Brutus—look on the hellish grin with which she shrieks the name of Brutus, 'will grace the regions of infernalism with superior lustre. Ye daughters of Nox and Acheron, on with your black and bloody vestments, twine an eternal garland to grace the brow of Julius; and thou, Charon, waft the conqueror of Britain in safety, across the bosom of Cocytus, into the never-ending guardianship of Pluto. How will the daughters of Erebus welcome their new companion! Hades will resound with echoes of infernal joy at the approch of the lofty dictator, mighty Cæsar; Pompey, thy rival on the plains of Pharsalia shall haunt thee in the regions of Tartarus; the serpents of Circe and the Eumenodes shall charm thee, thou shalt see the fields of Elysium, but not taste their fruits, shalt quench thy thirst with Tantalus and labor with Sisphus!' again in savage exultation she screams 'behold the preparation; the altar of sacrifice; the priests impatient to perform their office! the victim, the victim is ready, ha! ha! ha!' She vanishes; I see them pierce thy body; their daggers glitter in the air, wet with the blood of Cæsar! Ye gods, protect my Julius.'

The bride of Cæsar on uttering the last words, bent in the attitude of prayer, but the tongue refused to perform its office; the tempest of passion had been too strong for the tenement against which it had beaten; excitement had suspended the functions of life; the lips became blue; the vital stream fled from the surface to its source; the eyes were fixed with that peculiar expression which attends the prostration of the mental powers; the countenance assumed that ghastly paleness which remains on the features immediately after the dissolution of life, and uttering a shriek that echoed through every avenue of the palace with one convulsive effort she essayed to throw herself on the bosom of Cæsar, and fell senseless on the floor.

The shriek of Calphurnia had awaked the inmates of the palace, and the chamber was quick filled with domestics, each striving to restore the victim of unbounded affection. In the corner of the room stood the dictator, firm but shaken by the passing scene, like some oak of the forest which the lightning has blasted but not consumed. A stranger to fear, yet strongly tinctured with the supestition of his age; the wild, terrific, yet solemn horror of Calphurnia had inverted the natural order of his mind. He stood contemplating in silence, the beautiful ruin before him as one who, deserted by hope, disdained to seek for pity. He was roused from his reverie by the entrance of a domestic from the city; who, with hair erect, and eyes starting from their sockets, rushed furiously forward, and fell at the feet of Julius.

"What means this attitude?" said he, "what tidings from without have thus excited the torpor of slavery itself?"

"Thou will spurn me from thy presence," replied the slave, "should I dare utter what I have heard."

"By the sacred smiles of the goddess of morning, who has risen in her wonted beauty thou art safe," exclaimed Cæsar; "speak on."

"The Tiber has risen midway up the Tarpeian rock," cried the domestic in a voice of terror, "bloody horsemen have fought in the air; the graves have burst their portals, the souls of the dead have mingled with the living, Pompey's statue has sweated blood, his headless corpse, accompanied by the spirit of Manlius has stalked through the city; Cornelia, attended by the fatal sisters, followed in the train; the latter held, suspended in her hand, but I dare not. cannot name it," said the faithful domestic, and swooned at the footstool of his master.

"This confirmation of thy vision, my lovely, miserable bride," said Julius, "portends some events of my mind's eye cannot reach, the gods must be appeased; go, fellow, bid the priests prepare a sacrifice the acceptation of the gods, Cæsar will present the offering."

Calphurnia, who had been removed to another part of the palace; having recovered from the swoon, again entered the apartment of her lord. Throwing her white arm around Cæsar, and pointing to the moon, whose beams were yet shining on the city, she said, in a tone of deep and awful solemnity. "I conjure thee by the beams of that bright orb, which now shed their light, on this devoted capitiol; by the love for Calphurina, for thy veneration for the gods, by thy awful vision of this midnight hour, go not to the Senate house to-day."

"Beautiful Calphurnia," replied Julius "whatever the gods have woven in the leaf of our destiny cannot be averted; as well might we attempt to arrest the lightning, guided in its course by Jove; or to stay the thunderbolt directed by his arm; shall I who have founded a second Carthage, and another Corinth, whom the gods have prospered and protected, whose arms they have crowned with conquests, whose name they have loaded with eternal honors, shall I, because the elements have been convulsed, and the spirits of the dead have stalked through the midnight gloom, dare to believe that the immortal Deities have forsaken me? No! by the eternal Jove, though the ghost of Pompey has traversed the streets of Rome in darkness, attended by the furies. the Tiber and the clouds have met, the heavens have been streaked with blood, and the earth rent to its foundation, yet shall not the soul of Cæsar shrink. Unappalled by the terrors which surround him, he shall once more meet the demon of danger, so often vanquished, and again return triumphant from the contest.'

"I know the strength and nobleness of thy nature, the weakness and ineficiency of my own," said Calphurnia, "yet, ere thou rejectest my advice, consult the augurs."

"To calm thy fears, thou noble woman, I have already ordered the priests to prepare a sacrifice which I will offer to the gods; the man approaches who bore to them my commands. Slave! what say the priests, is the offering ready?"

"Mighty Julius," replied the man, "already have three beasts been slain, the haruspex Spurinna bids me tell thee they were deficient in heart, the seat of life is not, the omen is unfavorable to thy departure for the Senate house."

'The gods have sported, or the priests played foul' replied Cæsar. "The senators are sitting; Julius had better die a single death, than live, and fear a thousand."

In thoughtful meditation, he withdrew to a window fronting on on the Tiber. The morning dawn had again assumed its serenity—a speck of white occasionally variegated the blue concave, and a few streaks of lake-colored cloud tinged the edge of the horizon. Julius was contemplating the effect of the sun's rays, as penetrating the blaze of the yet unruffied Tiber, they threw a beautiful prismatic arch over the channel, when Decius Brutus, who attended to conduct him in the capitol was announced. The sight of his conductor—the remembrance of his past glories—his present reputation and his future fame, contrasted with the weakness which had inclined to yield to the request of Calphurnia, rushed upon his mind in a moment.

"Thou art my genius," cried Cæsar. "the die is cast—I go to the capitol—Cæsar is safe. Yon sun would be stopped in his course—the heavens be darkened—the waters be turned into blood, and nature sink into annihilation, yet the gods decreed that Cæsar should perish; yet look on the scene, Calphurnia, lovely and beautiful as it is. Farwell—the gods protect thee!"

The parting benediction had scarcely been uttered, when a thunder-clap resounded through the caverns of Rome—Cæsar had ascended the litter, as the cloud burst over his head.

"Another frolic of the gods," said he; "proceed!"

The pathway leading to the capitol had been strewn with flowers—virgins, arrayed in white filled the air with songs, as they preceded the litter on Cæsar was borne—a band of music awaited his approach in the capitol. The shout of plebian masters of the universe from the city at length announced his arrival.

At that moment a flight of vultures, which had hovered for some time around the Tarpeian hill, suddenly descended to the plain—the foremost tore the heart from the body of a lamb—uttered a screech, and bore away in triumph the bloody spoil,—an awful omen of a more bloody scene.

A band of conspirators—Marcus Brutus, Caius Cassius, Casca, Matellus, Cimber, and others, whose deeds had been matured amid the terrors of the preceeding night—anxiously beheld Cæsar dismount from the litter. He ascended the lofty flight of steps leading to the capitol.

A soothsayer, approached. "Cæsar," said he, "beware the March!"

'That sepulchral note is familiar to my ear," exclaimed Cæsar; "who art thou, mysterious visitant, that thus, in a voice as hollow as that of the bittern in the wilderness, a second time crosses the pathway of Julius? I charge thee answer me."

"Thy savior," replied the seer, "if thou attendest my warning—thy prophet, if thou rejectest it. Thy lot has been cast the depths of thy fortunes have been sounded. Again, I conjure thee, in the name of those with whom I hold hold intelligence—by the secrets of the tomb—by the infernal horrors that await the souls of the guilty, sent impurified into the Ides of March!"

"They are come," said Cæsar.

"But not yet gone," muttered the stranger, and rushed into the crowd.

"Heardst thou the sayings of that wizzard?" said Julius to Marcus Brutus, whom he had saved and adopted, and who was now leaning, in a thoughtful posture, against one of the pillars of the capitol.

"I do not pretend to divination," replied Brutus, "nor have I faith in these erratic beings.—His saying admits of that double interpretation, if any with which these astrologers mystify their forebodings, and screen themselves from the charge of falsehood. Think not of him—thy senators await thee."

"I go," said Julius, "perhaps to the revelation of the mystery—the gods direct it."

Cæsar now approached the senate chamber—the doors were opened, and the assembly rose in respectful silence.

"Most noble senators, I greet you!" said Julius.

"The senate sends this greeting back to Cæsar," replied several voices.

Julius now seated himself in the midst of the assembly. Again the elements were convulsed.

Casca, a conspirator, approached—the dagger glittered in his hand, at the back of Julius—he was seen to tremble—the assassins shuddered, in that awful feeling of suspense which attends the felon between condemnation and execution.—Cæsar, startled by the rustling behind his chair, suddenly turned his face on the murderer—the fear of discovery and death nerved the assassin's arm, and the dagger lodged in the throat of the dictator. The signal had now been given—the blow struck—the assassins approached—dagger after dagger found its resting place in the bosom of Julius. With that force which nature sometimes imparts to the last throes of mortal agony, he defended himself with vigor against the daring and determined band, until Marcus Brutus advanced, and plunging his dagger into the heart of his friend and benefactor, exclaimed, "I love thee, tyrant but my country more."

"*Et tu, mi fili* faintly articulated Julius. Then turning to the majestic form of Pompey, he murmured, "Shade of the great, thou art appeased. Miserable, lost, undone Calphurnia!"

The eyes became fixed—the vital stream rushed in torrents through the channel ploughed by the poniards of the assassins. The functions of the brain alone seemed to retain their wonted vigor—to assert their supremacy—to triumph over the wreck of mortal existence, and to watch the machine, as the wheels, one after another, ceased from their revolution. Anxious, even in death, to preserve his dignity, with one final, convulsive effort. Julius euveloped himself in the more than royal—the Roman robes. The eye dilated—the tongue in vain endeavored to articulate—the livid paleness of the features marked the near approach of death, and, as the spirit shed the last beams of intelligence over the frame it had so lately animated, the might Cæsar, reeled to the base of Pompey's statute—fell—and expired without a groan.

THE CHANGE.

A form of youthful loveliness sat in a summer bower, engaged in reading—her mind so absorbed in the subject, that she did not notice the approaching storm until the deafning roar of heaven's artillery awoke the startling echoes of the caverned cliff. Why flashed the eye with terror? Why fled the rosetint from the beauteous cheek? Alas, false teachers had inspired her gentle heart with fear; and when in grandeur and sublime glory, the Lord went forth in his cloudy chariot,—while the vast sky seemed bending with his tread—wan tenor blanched her brow and dimmed her eye! Death was to her the "king of terrors," because he would usher her into the presence of a Being she dreaded. And while the tempest gamboled through the sky, she knelt in anguish; fearful that the winged lightnings might launch her trembling spirit upon the untried Ocean of eternity.

* * * * * * * * *

Again she sat in the bower, amid the fading flowers of Autumn—herself a fairer flower—pale, and hastening to the grave. Consumptions cankering touch had fretted the life-strings of her heart, but heavenly confidence sat upon her brow. Again the heralds of the coming contest pealed the furious blast, and black as night, the storm-cloud reared its frowning crest.—The rain in torrents drenched the verdant plain—the lightnings chain, from cloud to cloud, darted along the gloomy west—the thunder's peal was long and loud, and the reeling earth reverberated with the shock yet her eye was calm. With deep and fervid devotion she bowed before that God who holds the angry storm in his grasp. She had learned to love, instead of fearing the Father of her spirit; because she had seen that his character was altogether lovely. New and beautiful scenes had opened to her view in the works of providence. Each voice of nature spake of the wisdom, and the majesty, and the might of him who rules the countless legions of worlds, and wields the destinies of universe. She no longer dreaded the angel of death; whether he came on rosy pinions of light, bearing the wan spirit from scenes of sorrowing affliction—or whether he came arrayed in the blackening fury of the storm. She was content to go at her father's bid ling. In darkest shades of ill, the star of Bethlehem beamed with brightening radiance. Thunder might roll, but amid the din she heard the "still small voice" of love, that thrilled along the rocks of Horeb, when Elijah mantled his face.

Sons and daughters of humanity—listen to this blessed voice, and follow the guidings of this resplendent star; then shall you walk calmly through this hollow-hearted world, until you gain the regions of immortal glory, through him who burst asunder the two-leaved gates of the tomb.

THE AGRICULTURALIST.

"Venerate the plough,
And o'er your hills and long withdrawing vales
Let Autumn spread its richest treasures to the sun,
Luxuriant and unbounded."

PRESERVATION OF THE POTATO.

One can form something of an estimate how extensively the potato enters into use as an article of food among the American people, from the complaints we hear from all parts of the country, or at least with very few exceptions, of the partial failure of that crop the present season. We frequently hear people when instituting a comparison between that root and bread, declare they would sooner part with their wheat bread, than with their potato; and these are not the poorer classes but respectable wealthy people. Now, though we do not carry our affection to this esculent as far as this, yet we are "free to acknowledge" that a good potato is a good thing, and an inferior one, the worst of bad things. An unripe or defective potato, is one of the most indigestible and unwholesome kinds of aliment that can be taken into the stomach, if indeed there is any aliment about it at all; and from the specimens we have seen at numerous tables this year, we have no doubt that many of the cases of illness that have been charged upon hot weather, bad water, malaria, and a variety of other things, are justly due to swallowing potatoes as hard and as heavy, as well as about the size of ounce balls.

The potato, in its original uncultivated state, is decidedly poisonous; and whenever it is used in an imperfect or unripe state, the result is not widely different now. Owing most likely to the hot dry weather, potatoes, this year, are generally of an inferior quality, and hence more pains and care should be taken in selecting those intended for food, and greater attention paid to preserving them, than in years like the last, when among thousands of bushels there was scarcely a defective one. Ireland, on the other side of the Atlantic, and Nova Scotia on this side, are the most celebrated for the excellence of their potatoes, and both have a temperature comparatively low, and an atmosphere moist and humid. If such a climate and temperature is required for the perfection of this root, will not the weather we have had the present year, account most satisfactorily for its little value, and also show why its growth is impossible in our more southern states, or still nearer the equinox.

Potatoes almost instinctively shun the light and air. These things so indispensible to the perfection of many other things, are most injurious to the potato, and the grand secret of its preservation lies in the most perfect exclusion of these silent but active agents. To perceive the difference between roots exposed, and those secluded, we have only to take one which has grown partially above ground and one that has ripened in its proper place. The one will be green on the exterior, hard, heavy & bitter in the interior, while the other will be of the natural color, farinaceous, and fine flavored.—Farmers should take lessons from these facts, and conform their practice to the teachings of nature in England and Scotland, where most serious complaints have arisen from the failures of the planted tubers; it is acknowledged by all, that roots which are allowed to remain in the ground during the winter never fail of vegetating, and that those secured by pitting are more likely to succeed than those put into cellars, and thus partially exposed to light and air.

The most common method of preserving potatoes is to put them into bins in the cellar, where they are left without any covering or other preparation, & used as wanted. It is also customary to get in as little dirt with them as possible, and one standard of good farming has been the clean state of a farmer's potatoes when deposited in his cellar. For the reasons given above, and, from our own experience, we think both these modes of securing potatoes, or preparing them, erroneous. If put into bins, they should be covered as closely as possible from light and air; and if there is dirt enough thrown into the bin to completely fill all the interstices between them, so much the better for the roots. It has been recommended by some potato growers, and the practice is founded in reason, to line the sides of the bins with turf, the lower sides placed inwards, and when the bin was filled, to cover it closely in the same way, and with the same material.

Owing to the severity of our winters, potatoes cannot be allowed to remain where they grow; else their mealiness and freshness, would be much increased by allowing those that are to be used the coming season to remain where they are till the spring opens. Since this cannot be, the method of preservation that approaches the nearest to this will be found the best, and this method doubtless is pitting, or as most of our farmers term it, burying in holes in the field. In burying in this way care should be taken not to put too many in a pit, or in other words, not make the heaps too large. Twenty or twenty-five bushels is quite enough; and some prefer even a smaller number. The cone should be regular so as to be covered equally. The covering of straw and earth first put on should not be too thick, as otherwise the roots will heat, and be injured; but at the latest period allowable, the thickness of the covering should be increased so as effectually to prevent freezing. In covering potatoes in the fall, it should be remembered that the great object of the first covering, is simply to exclude air and light, and preserve them from rain or unfavorable weather, and the last covering is the one to be relied on as a defence against the frost. If the roots are dug and pitted immediately without unnecessary exposure, and if the ground and the process of covering is properly selected and performed, the potatoes will come out in the spring, in excellent order, rather improved than deteriorated by their winter's keep-