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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AND FARMER'S REGISTER,
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☞ *All letters addressed to the Editor, must be post paid.*

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."

THE DOVE.

SUGGESTED BY HEARING A DOVE MOURNING AMID THE RUINS OF A DECAYED CHURCH.

The fields have faded, the groves look dead,
The summer is gone, its beauty has fled;
And there breathes a low and plaintive sound
From each stream and solemn wood around.
In unison with their tone my breast,
With a spirit of kindred gloom, is oppressed;
And the sighs burst forth, as I gaze the while,
On the crumbling stone of the reverend pile,
And list to the sounds of the moaning wind
As it stirs to the old ivy-boughs entwined,
Sighs mournful along through chancel and nave,
And shakes the loose pannel and architrave,
While the mouldering branches and withered leaves
Are rustling around the moss-grown eaves.

But sadder than these, thou emblem of love,
Thy moanings fall, disconsolate dove,
In the solemn eve, on my pensive ear,
As the wailing sounds of a requeim drear,
As coming from crumbling altar stone,
They are borne on the winds, in a dirge-like tone—
Like the plaintive voice of the broken-hearted,
O'er hopes betrayed and joys departed.

Why dost thou pour thy sad complaint
On the evening winds from a bosom faint?
As if thou hadst come from the shoreless main
Of a world submerged, to the ark again,
With a weary heart to lament and brood
O'er the wide and voiceless solitude.

Dost thou mourn that the gray and mouldering door
Swings back to the reverent crowed no more?—
That the tall and waving grass defiles
The well-worn flags of the crowdless aisles—
That the wild fox barks and the owlet screams
Where the organ and choir pealed out their themes.

Dost thou mourn that, from sacred desk the word
Of life and truth is no longer heard?
That the gentle shepherd who pasture bore
To his flock has gone to return no more?
Dost thou monrn for the hoary-headed sage,
Who has sunk to the grave with the weight of age—
For the vanquished pride of manhood's bloom—
For the light of youth quenched in the tomb—
For the bridegroom's fall—for the bride's decay—
That pastor and people have passed away;
And tears of night their graves bedew
By the funeral cypress and solemn yew.

Or dost thou mourn that the house of God
Has ceased to be a divine abode,—
That the Holy Spirit, which erst did brood
O'er the son of man by the Jordan's flood,
In thine own pure form, to the eye of sense,
From its resting place, has departed hence;
And twitters the swallow, and wheels the bat
O'er the mercy-seat, where its presence sat.

I marked thy trembling breast, and heard,
With a heart responsive, thy tones, sweet bird,
And have mourned, like thee, of earth's fairest things,
The blight and the loss—Oh! had I thy wings
From a world of woe, to the realms of the blest,
I would flee away, and would be at rest.

N. C. B.

BALTIMORE, MD.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

From the Baltimore Athenæum.

THE MAN.—No. 1.

Si vis homo esse, recipe te ad nos.—CIC.

A disposition prevails among a certain order of individuals whose ideas of propriety are as scant as their beards, to degrade and depreciate, and vivify the female character. The unworthy motives that actuate these detractors, will be justly appreciated upon a knowledge of the fact, that they are generally of that age when the fledgling wit is just beginining to exert its infirm energies, and callow reason has not yet recovered from the convulsive throes and final emancipation from maternal tutorage. Did not the immaturity of their years plead a partial exemption from the chastisements of justice, and their juvenile ignorance of manners and of morals secure them from the suspicion of pertinent malignity, the chalice of sarcasm and satire which they press so eagerly and pertinaciously to the lips of purity and innocence,, might be returned to theirs, drugged with a venom certainly more merited, if not more noxious than their own. But infancy of mind, though it may reasonably crave indulgence for the conception and retention of errors, can hardly except charity itself to excuse their obtrusion upon the unwilling patience of a suffering community.

No man whose mind is imbued with that which may be termed the philosophy of existence,—because the simple passage of years never fails to impart it,—no one who has been forced to mount the swells and fathom the depths of terrestrial vicissitudes,—no one who can rationalize upon the aspect of the social world, who can detect the springs of action and the causes of events, who has the sagacity to percieve and the candour to acknowledge the benefits derivable from interchange of sentiments, thoughts, and feelings, will refuse the meed of applause to a sex, that has ever claimed the protection of the magnanimous, and the admiration of the virtuous heart.

We do not attribute vicious principles nor corrupt propensities to those whose intellect are not thus ripe. We account for their folly upon the supposition, that, being just admitted into the full splendour of female society, their infantile powers are over whelmed by the display; and, like those whose optics are oppressed by the brilliance of the noonday sun, they fancy that the spots and discolorations which they percieve, are defects and blemishes in the objects themselves, rather than the effects of their optical debility. Thus dazzled and blinded, and unable to elucidate the moral features presented to them, they attempt not to argue themselves into a conviction of the falsity of their impressions, but taking it for granted that they are true, simply because they are, they search for authority to confirm their delusion. With eagerness they fly to Eden and to Troy, those common resorts of argumentative paupers, and hastily conclude that the despoliation of the one, and the ruin of the other, were caused by woman; forgetting in their unconscious zeal to establish their own imbecility, that while it required the wily sophistry of the arch fiend to alenate Eve from her allegiance to her Creator, the simple request of a worm like himself subverted the frail resolution of her martial lord:—and that the downfall of Priam, so far from being directly or even mediately imputable to the beauteous Helen, was strictly owing to the fatuity of the silly idiot of Ida.

Let it not be inferred from the tenor of these observations that we intend to rank ourselves among the members of that other department of social animalculæ, who, in contradistinction to that which we have just deliniated, esteem it the prominent object of their existence to glorify the sex; to glaoze their foibles by the embelishments of fancy, and extenuate their follies by a plea for their becomingness. Who are so completely fascinated by the perfections of the "last best gift," that they will acknowledge no blemishes in their moral composition, no solitary obscuration on the the brilliant disc of their personal and mental accomplishments. To these intellectual petit maitres, a smile upon a lady's lip is the type of bliss celestial, and they covet no more delightful exit from this sublunary world, than martyrdom from the blows of a satin slipper, inflicted by a delicate and jewelled hand.

As necessity does not compel us to the difficult and painful choice between clownishness and coxcombry, we shall avail ourselves of our free agency in abstaining from a selection of either class.

We are impelled to a vindication of the claims of woman from a sincere conviction of their interest and peculiar justice,—and from an honest belief that according to the moral and spiritual elevation of her sex will be that of ours. She is the sharer of our affliction, our anguish and our toil, why then should she be debarred from a partnership in our glory? But, independent of these considerations, we are influenced by motives of a more touching and sacred nature. We are sons; and silence would prove us traitors to the sweetest of earthly remembrances, to that maternal love which converted the tears of the dependant moments of our earliest life into radiant drops glistening under the smiles of joy;—to that restless interest which sacrificed all peace for our ease, and all pleasure for our happiness,—We are brothers: and silence would prove us unworthy of the ministrations of a sisterly affection as pure as the unuttered thoughts of unfallen seraphs—as constant and abiding as the current of eternity!—but, more than all, we are men—and silence would prove us recreant to the cause of humanity itself,—to the noble principle, so beautifully expressed by the Roman dramatist—

Homo sum, nihil humanum alienum a me puto.

In the title we have assumed, we have manifested no presumption. By it we would merely indicate our disapprobation of that unmanly trait which induces an assault upon those whose social position and whose amiability alike prevent a retaliation. We are no club. Falsehood alone requires a combination to support it. Truth, single-handed, will win votaries in defiance of the hostility of a world. Nor do we pledge ourselves to pay the salies of wiseacres and witlings the unmerited compliment of a periodical reply. But whenever their continued misrepresentations shall sue for a grain of rational correction to keep their authors in countenance, we shall yield to our commiseration and save them from the blushes which sit so awkwardly upon cheeks to which they are strangers.

THE NEW YEAR'S NIGHT OF AN UNHAPPY MAN.

[From the German of Richter.]

An old man stood upon the night of the new year at his window, and gazed with the look of fearful despair, up to the immovable, ever-glowing heavens, and down to the calm, clear, white earth, upon which there was now no one so friendless as he. For his grave lay near by him. It was covered only with the snow of old age, not with the green of youth, and he brought with him out of the rich abundance of his whole life, nothing but errors, sins, and infirmities; a wasted body, a desolate soul, a breast full of poison, and an old age full of sorrow.

To-day his beautiful youth-days wandered about him like ghosts, and drew him back to that pleasant morning when his father first placed him on the crossway of life, which leads on the right by the sunny path of virtue in a broad peaceful and, full of light and harvests, and on the left drags down in the mole track of vice into a black cavren, full of dropping poison, full of hissing serpents, and dark sultry vapors.

Ah! the serpents hung about his breast; and drops of poison upon his tongue; and he knew not where he was.

In despair and unutterable grief, he cried out to the heavens above, "Give me youth again, oh! Father—place me on that cross-way again, that I may choose another path. But his father and his youth where gone long ago. He saw wandering lights dancing among the marshes, and disappearing in the grave yard, and he said—"These are my foolish days." He saw a star fall from heaven and glimmer in its fall, and vanish on the earth—"I am that" said his bleeding heart, and the serpent-fangs of remorse struck deeper in their wounds:

His burning imagination pictured before him flying night-phantoms on the roots,—aud the windmill lifted up its arms in a threatening manner to crush him—and a skull still lying in the tomb by degrees assumed his look. In the midst of this struggle within him, the music for the new year flowed suddenly down from the church tower like a far off chant. His heart softened. He cast his eye around the horizon and over the broad earth, and he thought of the friends of his youth, who now happier and better than he, were teachers of the earth, fathers of happy children, and blessed men; and he said—"Oh! I also like you might have slept through this first night, with unwet eyes, if I had been willing. Ah, I might be happy, my dear parents, if I had followed your precepts."

In this feverish remembrance of his youth-time, it seemed to him as if the skull, with the features of the tomb, raised itself up. At least through that superstition which on the new year's night sees the spirit of the future, it became a living youth. He could behold it no longer. He covered his eyes. A thousand scalding tears streamed down and disappeared in the snow. Hopeless and in despair, he yet only sighed in a low voice—"Come back again, oh, youth, come back."

And it came back; for he had only dreamed so fearfully. He was still a young man. His grief alone had been no dream. But he thanked God that he, still young, could turn in the midst of the dark currents of vice, and restore himself to the sunny path that leads into the land of harvests.

Turn back with him, young man if thou standest in his wandering way. This frightful dream will become in future thy judge. But if ever, full of sorrow, thou should'st cry out—Come again beautiful youth! then it will not come again.

H. C. W.

ON DUELLING.

The custom of Duelling is most evidently "the result of the passions of the many, and of the designs of the few;" but here the definition stops; since far from being 'the ape of reason,' it prevails in open defiance of it. It is the manifest offspring of barbarity and folly, a monstrous birth, and distinguished by the most shocking and ridiculous marks of both its parents.

I would not willingly give offence to the politer part of my readers, and therefore I will not so much as hint at the impiety of this practice; nor will I labor to show how repugnant it is to instinct, reason and every moral and social obligation, even to the fashionable fitness of things.—Viewed on the criminal side, it excites horror; on the absurd side, it is an inexhaustible fund of ridicule. The guilt has been considered and exposed by abler pens than mine, and indeed ought to be censured with more dignity than a fugitive weekly paper can pretend to: I shall therefore content myself with ridiculing the folly of it.

The ancients most certainly have had very imperfect notions of HONOR, for they had none of DUELLING. One reads, it is true, of murders committed every now and then among the Greeks and Romans, prompted only by interest of revenge; and performed without the least Attic politeness, or Roman urbanity. No letters of gentle invitation were sent to any man to come and have his throat cut the next morning; and we may observe that Milo had not the common decency to give Clodius, the most profligate of men, the most dangerous of citizens, and his own inveterate enemy, an equal chance of destroying him.

This delicacy of sentiment, this refinement of manners, was reserved for the politer Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Vandals, &c. to introduce, cultivate, and establish. I must confess that they have generally been considered as barbarous nations; and to be sure there are some circumstances which seem to favor that opinion. They made open war upon learning, and gave no quarter even to the monuments of arts and sciences. But then it must be owned on the other hand, that upon those ruins they established the honorable and noble science of Homicide, dignified, exalted, and ascertained true honor, worshipped it as their deity, and sacrificed to it hecatombs of human victims.

In those happy days, honor, that is single combat, was the great and unerring test of civil rights, moral actions, and sound doctrines. It was sanctified by the church, and the churchmen were occasionally allowed the honor and pleasure of it; for we read of many instances of duels between men and priests. The Heroic gallantry in defence of the fair, I presume, occasioned that association of ideas, otherwise seemingly unrelative to each other, of the brave and fair: for indeed in those days it behoved a lady, who had the least regard for her reputation, to choose a lover of uncommon activity, strength, and courage.

By this summary method of proceeding, the quibbles, the delays, and the expense of the law were avoided, and the troublesome shackles of the gospel knocked off; honor ruling in their stead. To prove the utility and justice of this method, I cannot help mentioning a very extraordinary duel between a man of distinction and a dog, in the year 1371 in presence of king Charles the fifth of France. Both the relation and print of this duel are to be found in father Montfaucon.

A gentleman of the court was supposed to have murdered another, who had been missing for some days. This suspicion arose from the mute testimony of the absent person's dog, a large Irish greyhound, who with uncommon rage attacked this supposed murderer wherever he met him.—As he was a gentleman, and a man of very nice honor, though by the way he really had murdered the man, he could not bear lying under so dishonorable a suspicion, and therefore applied to the king for leave to justify his innocence by single combat with the said dog. The king, being a great lover of justice, granted his suit, ordered lists to be made ready, appointed the time, and named the weapons. The gentleman was to have an offensive club in his hand, the dog a defensive tub to resort to occasionally. The Irish greyhound willingly met his fair inviter at the time and place appointed; for it has always been observable of that particular breed, that they have an uncommon alacrity at single combat. They fought, the dog prevailed, and almost killed the honorable gentleman, who had then the honor to confess his guilt, and of being hanged for it in a few days.

When letters, arts and sciences, revived in Europe, the science of homicide was farther cultivated and improved. If, on the one hand, it lost a little of the extent of its extent of its jurisdiction; on the other, it acquired great precision, clearness, and beauty, by the care and pains of the very best Italian and Spanish authors, who reduced it into a regular body, and delighted the world with their admirable codes, digests, pandects, and reports, della cavalleresca, in some hundreds of volumes. Almost all possible cases of honor were considered and stated; two and thirty different sorts of lies were distinguished, and the adequate satisfaction necessary for each, was with great solidity and precision ascertained. A kick with a thin shoe was declared more injurious to honor, though not so painful to the part kicked, than a kick with a thick shoe; and, in short, a thousand other discoveries of the like nature, equally beneficial to society, were communicated to the world in those voluminous treasures of honor.

In the present degenerate age, the fundamental laws of honor are exploded and ridiculed; and single combat thought a very uncertain. and even unjust, decision of civil property, female chastity. and criminal accusations; but I would humbly ask why? Is not single combat a just decision of any other thing whatsoever, as it is of veracity, the case to which it is now in a manner confined? I am of opinion that there are more men in the world who lie and fight too, than there are who lie and not fight; because I believe there are more men in the world who have, than who want courage.

There is one reason, indeed, which makes me suspect that a duel may not always be the infallible criterion of veracity; and that is, that the combatants very rarely meet upon equal terms. I beg leave to state a case, which may very probably, and not even unfrequently happen, and which yet is not provided for, nor even mentioned in the institutes of honor.

A very lean, slender, active young fellow of great honor, weighing perhaps not quite twelve stone, and who has from his youth taken lessons of homicide from his murder-master, has; or thinks he has, a point of honor to discuss with an unwieldly, fat, middle-aged gentleman, of nice honor likewise, weighing four and twenty stone, and who in his youth may not possibly have had the same commendable application to the noble science of homicide. The lean gentleman sends a very civil letter to the fat one, inviting him to come and be killed by him next morning in Hyde park Should the fat gentleman accept this invitaiton, and waddle to the the place appointed, he goes to inevitable slaughter. Now, upon the state of the case. might not the fat gentleman, consistent with the rules of honor, return the following answer to the invitation of the lean one?

"SIR,

"I find by your letter that you do me the justice to believe, that I have the true notions of honour that become a gentleman; and I hope I shall never give you reason to change your opinion.—As I entertain the same opinion of you, I must suppose that you will not desire that we should meet upon unequal terms, which must be the case were we to meet to-morrow. At present I unfortunately weigh four and twenty stone, and I guess that you do not exceed twelve. From this circumstance singly, I am doubly the mark that you are; but, besides this, you are active, and I am unwieldly. I therefore propose to you, that, from this day forwards, we severally endeavour by all possible means, you to fatten, and I to waste, till we can meet at the medium of eighteen stone.—I will lose no time on my part, being impatient to prove to you that I am not quite unworthy of the good opinion which you are pleased to express of, sir,

"Your very humble servant.

"P. S. I believe it may not be amiss for us to communicate to each other, from time to time, our gradations of increase or decrease, in which I presume, two or three pounds more or less, on either side, ought not to be considered."

This, among many more cases that I could mention, sufficiently proves, not only the expediency, but the necessity, of restoring, revising, and perhaps adding to, the practice, rules, and statutes, of single combat, as it flourished in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. I grant that it would probably make the common law useless; but little, trifling, and private interest ought not to stand in the way of great, public, and national advantages.—The World.

☞ On Monday last the Ohio river at Pittsburg had risen to sixteen feet, and was still rising.

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."

From the Balt. American.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—Believing your Agricultural subscribers would be pleased to learn, through your valuable paper, what might benefit them, I the more readily impart what came under my notice, on a visit to a friend in Washington County, Maryland. In showing me his fields of wheat and rye,—the pride of the farmer, especially when in a prosperous state, and on the eve of being fully matured, and within a few days of being ready for the sickle,—he drew my attention to a field containing about twenty-four acres of wheat, the soil alike throughout being a heavy clay limestone, with no dressing of manure of any description before or after following it—but early in the spring he top dressed two-thirds of the twenty-four acres with two bushels of plaster of Paris to each acre. the one-third of the twenty-four acres running directly through the centre, was left without plastering. My opinion at the time of seeing it was that the part plastered would yield about twenty-three bushels per acre, while that not plastered would yield but fifteen bushels to the acre,—(and while the young clover in the one not plastered looked puny and in a dying state, the other looked fine and luxuriant.) I have seen Mr. Middlekauf since, who was the farmer alluded to, and he told me the difference in product was about, as I supposed, as his yield to the acre was about eight bushels more where he used the plaster than where he did not use it.

Hoping that others may benefit by this experiment, I the more readily communicate the facts to the public.

J. MEIXSEL, Baltimore.

N. B. That plaster of paris is beneficial on all soils there can be no doubt—the quantity that should be used per acre on the different soils, will soon be discovered. I know from experience it promotes the growth of the various plants the farmer cultivates—it should be used when the plant is young, by which means it will the earlier mature, with a increase of product.

OF THE NATURE AND USES OF THE PRODUCTS OF VEGETATION.

The elements that enter into the composition of plants, are but few in number; but the propositions in which they are combined establish so great a difference in the products of vegetation, that it seems almost incredible, that these should be the effects of so small a number of principles, varying only in the proportions in which they are united.

The aliments of plants are water, air, and manures: these substances absorbed by the leaves, the fruits; or the roots, furnish, by analysis, carbonic acid, hydrogen, a little azote, and some earthly and and saline principles: it is from these materials that the almost endless variety of widely differing products of plants is formed by their organs.

During the progress of vegetation these products are found to undergone successive changes; that which is first acid becomes sweet; that which is tender becomes hard, and all is owing wholly to the constant changes taking place in the proportions of the constituent principles; and one is astonished at finding that the most exact analysis of substances possessing the most opposite characteristics, detects no other difference than some hundredths more or less in the proportions of their elements.

When a plant has completed or terminated its various stages of vegetation, the dead remains, if exposed to the action of the same agents, such as air, water, and heat, suffer a succession of retrograde changes; they are gradually decomposed, and their constituent principles enter into combination with those of the bodies by which they are acted upon; thus the dead plant is entirely governed by those invariable physical and chemical laws, which in the living plant are governed and modified by the laws of vitality, the action of which regulates that of all external agents, and produces results which we can neither explain nor imitate.

Though great caution should be used when endeavoring to establish an analogy between two modes of existence differing so widely as those of animals and vegetables, it must be perceived that there is a resemblance in the manner in which both are nourished.

Animals inhale air by their lungs; or absorb it by glands scattered over their bodies, they are nournished by solid aliments received into their stomachs, or into some analogous organ; plants absorb air by their leaves and fruits, and imbibe through their roots the nutritive juices contained in the earth. In animals, the juices circulate through every part, and pass into all the various organs, in which they are elaborated, in order to form all the products which belong to this kingdom; in vegetables the juices are carried into the bark, the alburnum, the pith, the wood, the leaves, and the fruit, by tubes and glands, which are arranged in hexagonal cells, and are very numerous in the parenchyma, and in the cortical layers of the bark; the juices undergo particular modifications in the various organs, and form in each one of them new compounds differing from each other.

The leaves receive the sap in vessels of the most delicate texture; in these it is elaborated, and combined with substances absorbed from the atmosphere, whilst the surplus of water, as well as the oxygen of the the carbonic acid from which they have extracted the carbon, is given out by the leaves through their transpiring pores. The sap, after experiencing these

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