

# WEEKLY CHRONICLE

## AND FARMER'S REGISTER.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, POLITICS, AND AMUSEMENT.

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### POETRY.



#### On the Picture of a "Child tired of Play."

Tired of play! Tired of play!  
What hast thou done this livelong day?  
The birds are silent and so is the bee;  
The sun is creeping up steeply and tree;  
The doves are flown to the sheltering caves,  
And the nois is dark with the drooping leaves,  
Twilight gathers, and day is done—  
How hast thou spent it—restless one!

Playing? but what hast thou done beside  
To tell thy mother at eventide?  
What promise at morn is left unbroken?  
What kind word to thy playmate spoken?  
Whom hast thou pitied, and whom forgiven?  
How with thy faults has duty striven?  
What hast thou learned by field and hill,  
By greenwood path, and by singing rill?

There will come an eye to a longer day,  
That will find thee tired—but not of play!  
And thou wilt lean as thou leanest now,  
With drooping limbs and an aching brow,  
And wish the shadows would faster creep,  
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.  
Well were it then if thy aching brow  
Were as free from sin and shame as now!  
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell  
A tale like this of a day spent well.  
If thine open hand had relieved distress—  
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—  
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,  
And humbled thy heart with penitence—  
If Nature's voice have spoken to thee  
With its holy meanings eloquently—  
If every creature hath won thy love,  
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove,  
If never a sad, low-sunken word  
Hath pleased with thy human heart unheard—  
Then when the night steals on as now,  
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,  
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,  
Thou wilt fall asleep on thy mother's breast.

### ENIGMAS.

Why is the letter *e* like a tailor?—Because it makes cloths into clothes.  
Why is a Locomotive Engine like the lading of a vessel?—Because it makes a car-g.

### BIOGRAPHY.

#### CHIEF JUSTICE MARSHALL.

JOHN MARSHALL was born in Fauquier, Virginia, on the 24th of September, 1755, the eldest child of Col. Thomas Marshall, a planter of small fortune, who had fifteen children. From his intelligent father the future chief justice of the United States received the first rudiments of education. By him he was introduced into the study of history and poetry. From his father's tuition he passed, between his fourteenth and eighteenth years, successively through the hands of several teachers, one of whom carried him as far as Horace and Livy in the Latin classics. Upon this foundation he afterwards made himself a good Latin scholar.

In his eighteenth year while studying law, he engaged enthusiastically in the growing controversy between Great Britain and her American colonies, devoting much time to military exercise in a volunteer corps, to training a military company in the neighborhood, and to reading the political essays of the day.

In the summer of 1775, being in his twentieth year, he was appointed first lieutenant in a company of minute men enrolled for actual service, and was soon afterwards engaged, with his company in the battle of Great Bridge, where the British troops under Lord DuRoche were repulsed with great gallantry. In July 1776, he was transferred as first lieutenant to the eleventh Virginia regiment on the continental establishment. The following winter he marched to the north, and in 1777 was promoted to the rank of captain. He was in the battles of Brandywine, Germantown and Monmouth. In 1780 he returned home and resumed the study of the law, while waiting for orders from the state legislature. In the autumn of the same year he obtained license to practice, and rejoined the army, in which he continued till 1781, when, there being a redundancy of officers in the Virginia line, he re-

signed his commission.

He was distinguished in service for courage and activity, and such was the estimation in which he was held by his brother officers, that quarrels and points of difference among them were often submitted to his arbitration. Thus early was he noted for that union of sound judgment and integrity, which has since given to his decisions a value and weight unsurpassed by those of any other judicial tribunal in the world.

He soon rose to eminence at the bar. In the spring of 1782 he was elected a member of the state legislature, and in the autumn of the same year a member of the executive council. The following January he married Miss Ambler. In 1784 he resigned his seat in the council in order to return to the bar; and he was immediately afterwards re-elected to the legislature from Fauquier county. In 1787 he was elected member for the county of Henrico, of which Richmond is the shiretown. He engaged warmly in the animated discussions of that excited period, and was afterwards a member of the convention called in Virginia, to ratify the constitution. In 1788, the legislature having passed an act allowing a representative to the city of Richmond, he was invited to become a candidate and was selected. He continued in the legislature till 1791, when he retired, engaging however, actively in the politics of the day.

One of the earliest meetings called to express public sentiment, as to the conduct of citizen Genet, was at Richmond, and Mr. Marshall drew up the resolutions there passed, expressing strong disapprobation of Genet's course, and a deep sense of the danger of foreign influence. In 1795 he was again elected to the legislature.

About this period he was invited by president Washington to accept the office of attorney general, but declined it on account of its interfering with his lucrative practice. Upon the recall of Mr. Monroe, as minister from France, president Washington solicited him to accept the appointment as Mr. Monroe's successor; this offer he likewise declined. A year afterwards he was appointed by president Adams one of the three commissioners to be sent to France in place of one minister. The crisis was alarming, and from a sense of public duty, he reluctantly accepted the appointment. He returned in 1799.

In 1799, at the earnest solicitation of gen. Washington, who invited him to Mount Vernon for the purpose of discussing the subject, he became a candidate for Congress, and was elected. The distinguished part he played in the memorable session of 1799—1800 is well known. In 1800, without the slightest personal communication, he was nominated by the president secretary of war, and immediately afterwards secretary of state. Chief Justice Ellsworth dying about this time, Mr. Marshall was made on the 31st January, 1801, chief justice of the United States, which post,—one of the most elevated and important known in the history of government,—he has occupied for 34 years, discharging its arduous and responsible functions with the highest credit to himself, and the greatest benefit to his country.

He calmly departed this life on the 6th of July last, in the city of Philadelphia, surrounded by three of his children and many valuable friends. A few days before his death he penned an inscription for his tombstone, and was fully prepared for the event.

Biography can furnish the lives of few men, if any, who have had a longer, loftier and purer career. His biographer eloquently observes—"What indeed strikes us as the most remarkable in his whole character, even more than his splendid talents, is the entire consistency of his public life and principles. There is nothing in either which calls for apology or concealment. Ambition never seduced him from his principles—popular clamor never deterred him from the strict performance of his duty. Amid the extravagancies of party spirit, he stood with a calm and steady inflexibility,—neither bending to the pressure of adversity, nor bounding with the elasticity of success. He lived such as man should live, by and with his principles. If we were tempted to say in one word in what he excelled all other men, we should say, in wisdom; in the union of that virtue, which ripened under the hardy discipline of principles, with that of knowledge, which constantly sifted and refined its old treasures, and as constantly gathered new. The Constitution, since its adoption, owes more to him than to any other single mind, for its true interpretation and vindication.—Whether it lives or perishes, his exposition of its principles will be an enduring monument to his fame, so long as solid reasoning, profound analysis, and sober views of government shall invite the leisure, or command the attention of statesmen and jurists."

**New Year's Anecdote.**—A little girl was despatched by her mother one New Year's day to wish a grocer a "Happy New Year," with directions to tell him that she would take the gift in molasses." Accordingly she took a jug and went to the store and did her errand as follows:—"Mam told me to come and wish you a happy new year, and here's a jug to put it in."

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.

The following letter was written by a young lady, pining with the consumption, to a young gentleman to whom she was engaged in marriage; she lived in N. York, and was spending a winter in N. Orleans, hopeful that its milder climate would restore her health. But she gradually sunk under the dreadful disease, and died ere she returned home. It breathes the spirit of impassioned devotion, and the perusal will awaken the liveliest and best sensibilities of the heart. The sweet, hallowed sentiment which pervades it—the spirit of unshaken attachment—a quick distance cannot weaken, nor the prospect of death extinguish, is unearthly, and comes over the soul like the mellow and subduing influence of the setting sun.

"Men's vows are brittle things," but the ardor of intelligent, virtuous, high souled woman, is unquenchable—sooner than she will prove forgetful of her plighted promise—

The flowers shall cease to feel the fostering breeze,  
And nature change her laws—  
The unpractised heart of such a being is more to be valued than the brightest pearls of India, or the richest gems of Golconda.

NEW ORLEANS, January 26, 1835.

#### My Dear William:

I have broken my promise. But your too kind disposition will forgive me even without a cause.—It was, as I know you fear, my poor health, that prevented my writing. Alas! I had little hopes that a change of air would restore my health, or freshen my withered cheeks. But my dear friends thought so, and for their sake, I am here. Oh! I wish, for your sake, I could say that southern airs were strengthening my constitution and feeble body. My morning rides bring me momentary freshness and ease, and the fragrance of the orange tree is very grateful; the deep green groves look lovely, but I only view their beauty in contrast with my own feeble perishing health. The airs are too damp and heavy. Perpetual fogs frown upon us here morning and evening. Mid-day is warm and pleasant, and brings us refreshing breezes. Oh, do not think I write thus to give a fresh wound to your too generous and bleeding sympathies. But you know me too well and too true to think thus. And why should I tell you of hopes that have long since fled from my almost pulseless heart. Why should I deceive by flattering words, he that is, next to my dear blessed mother, dearest to me on earth! No, though a kind Providence will soon separate us here, yet he will permit us to meet again in a brighter and better home. Oh! William, do not hope. Each setting sun sinks paler upon my vision, and warns me that I shall see but few more fade behind the west. But a prospect more bright and beautiful strews flowers in my pathway to the grave.

I am full of joy and Christian cheer! Your Hervey's Meditations is a sweet comforter; my pillow companion. Your letter I have read again and again. It strengthens me more, than all the kind offices of my good friends.—Don't part with that friend that you have taken to your bosom. It is worth the world and more. I would not part with Jesus to find my cheeks flushed with rosy health, and my feeble body bounding in strength. Oh how I wish you were here that we might once more speak together; but my sunken cheeks would distress you, that I should be ten times more miserable. We talk of returning next month. But I fear I shall never return. Come down when you receive this, and bring little Jane with you. Kiss dear little Mary and John for their sister, and give my warmest love to all the family and my kind friends. I find my strength is weakening, and I must again bid you a long and affectionate farewell.—CATHARINE.

#### DON'T BE DISCOURAGED.

Don't be discouraged, if in the outset of life things do not go so smoothly. It seldom happens that the hopes we cherish of the future are realized. The path of life in the prospect, appears smooth and level enough, but when we come to travel it, we find it all up hill, and generally rough enough. The journey is a laborious one, and whether poor or wealthy, high or low, we shall find it so, to our disappointment, if we have built on any other calculation. To endure what is to be endured with as much cheerfulness as possible—and to show our way as easily as we can through the great crowd, hoping for little, yet striving for much, is, perhaps, the true plan. But

Don't be discouraged, if occasionally you slip down by the way, and your neighbors tread over you a little; in other words, don't let a failure of too dishearten you—accidents happen; miscalculations will sometimes be made, things will turn out differently from our expectations, and we may be sufferers. It is worth while to remember that fortune is like the skies in April, sometimes cloudy and sometimes clear and favorable; and as we would be folly to despair of again seeing the sun, because to-day is stormy, so it is unwise to sink into despondency when fortune frowns, since, in the common course of things she may be surely expected to smile again. And again

Don't be discouraged, if you are deceived in the people of the world, they are very rotten at the core. From sources such as these you may be most unexpectedly deceived; and you will naturally feel sore under such deceptions;—but to these you must become used; if you fare as most people do, they will lose their novelty before you grow grey, and you will learn to trust men cautiously, and examine their characters closely before you allow them great opportunities to injure you.

Don't be discouraged, under any circumstances. Go steadily forward. Rather consult your own conscience, than the opinions of men, though the last is not to be disregarded. Be industrious; be frugal; be honest; deal in perfect kindness with all who come in your way, exercising a neighborly and obliging spirit in your whole intercourse; and if you do not prosper as rapidly as any of your neighbors, depend upon it you will be happy.

#### Twelve rules for promoting Harmony among Church Members.

1. To remember that we are all subject to failings and infirmities, of one kind or another.
2. To bear with, and not magnify each other's infirmities.—Gal. 6. 1.
3. To pray for one another in our social meetings, and particularly in private.—James 5. 16.
4. To avoid going from house to house, for the purpose of hearing news, and interfering with other people's business.
5. Always to turn a deaf ear to any slanderous report, and to lay no charge brought against any person until well founded.
6. If a member be in fault to tell him of it in private before it is mentioned to others.
7. To watch against a shyness of each other, and put the best construction on any action that has the appearance of opposition or resentment.
8. To observe the just rule of Solomon, that is, to leave off contention before it be meddled with.—Prov. 17. 14.
9. If a member has offended, to consider how glorious, how God-like it is to forgive, and how unlike a Christian it is to revenge.—Eph. 4. 2.
10. To remember that it is always a grand artifice of the devil, to promote distance and animosity among members of churches, and we should therefore watch against every thing that furthers his end.
11. To consider how much more good we can do in the world at large, and in the church in particular, when we are all united in love, than we could do when acting alone, and indulging a contrary spirit.
- 12.—Lastly, to consider the express injunction of Scripture, and the beautiful example of Christ, as to these important things.—Eph. 4. 32.—1 Pet. 2. 21.—John 13. 5. 33.

**Remedy for the Lock Jaw.**—We are informed by a friend, that a sure preventive against this terrible disease is, to take some strong soft soap, and mix it with sufficient quantity of pulverized chalk so as to make it of the consistency of buck wheat batter; keep the chalk moistened with a fresh supply of soap until the wound begins to discharge and the patient finds relief. Our friend stated to us, and implicit confidence may be placed in what he says, that he has known several cases where this remedy has been successfully applied. So simple and valuable a remedy, within the reach of every person, ought to be universally known.—N. Y. Evening Post.

**The way they court down East.**—Sally, the house maid, paring apples in the corner.

Enter Obadiah, who seats himself in the corner, opposite to Sally, without saying a word for fifteen minutes, but finally, scratching his head, breaks silence with—

"There's considerable imperceptible alterin of the weather since last week."

Sally—Taint so injudicious and indubitable cold as 'twas; the thermometer has lowered up to four hundred degrees higher than zenith.

Obadiah—I think likely, for birds of that specie fly a great quantity higher in warmer days than cold ones.

Both parties assume a grave and knowing look, and a long pause ensues. Finally Obadiah gives his pate another harrowing scratch, and again breaks silence.—

"Well Sally we chaps are going to raise a sleigh ride, it's sich inimitical good sleddin, to-morrow."

Sally—You! Our folks are suspecting company all day to-morrow.

Obadiah—I spose they'll have insatiate times on't. I should be indefinitely happy if you would disgrace me with your company; I should take it as a derogatory honor, besides we're calculating to treat the gals copious well with rasons and black strap.

Sally—I should be supernatural glad to disgrace you, but our folks suspect company; I can't go.

Obadiah sits scratching his head awhile, and at length starts up as though a new idea had come upon him.

"Well now I know what I'll do; I'll go home and thrash them are beans what have been lying down there in the barn sich a darn while.—Exit Obadiah.—Boston Post.