

# WEEKLY CHRONICLE

## AND FARMERS' REGISTER.

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

VOL. V ]

SALEM, N. C., SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1836.

[NO. 30.]

The Chronicle and Farmers' Register:  
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,  
BY BLUM & SON.

TERMS—ONE DOLLAR and FIFTY CENTS per annum, payable within three months from the date of the first number received, or Two DOLLARS will be invariably exacted immediately after the expiration of that period.  
ADVERTISEMENTS not exceeding twenty lines, neatly inserted, three times for one dollar, and twenty five cents for each succeeding insertion.  
\* All letters on business must be POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.  
† No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the Editors' option. A failure to notify a discontinuance at the close of each subscriber's term, will be considered a new engagement.

### MISCELLANY.

#### ETERNITY.

Eternity, what art thou? My poor mind  
Ranges in vain through regions of deep thought,  
To seek a fitting semblance of thee!—I sought  
Can I collect—'tis vain—I cannot find  
Ideas with which I might thine image bind.  
What are the ages that old Time hath brought,  
Compar'd with thee? the fame of battles fought,  
Though living as the world?—a gust of wind,  
That sweeps along, and then is heard no more.  
And what is boasted Time herself to thee?  
A flame that for a moment bright will soar,  
Leaving deep gloom through which no eye can see.  
Or, 'tis a wave that ripples to the shore,  
And dies upon thy rock—Eternity!

#### THE DEAD INFANT.

Sweet bud of being for a moment given,  
To show how pure young spirits are in heaven,  
Thou' snatched in love from all the woes of earth,  
Not dead, but wakened to a nobler birth—  
Called from the thorny maze by others trod,  
Come to the bosom of the infant's God!  
Called early ere the ruthless hand of Time  
Had dimmed thy spirit with a shade of crime—  
Cannot thy memory even now impart  
Sweet consolation to the bleeding heart?  
Cannot thy infant spirit from above  
Say to the mourner, "God afflicts in love?"  
Oh, thou art happy now, escaped from all  
That shrouds the spirit with a gloomy pall;  
Thy pangs are over—rest thee, pure one rest—  
We would not call thee back, for thou art blest!

#### INDEPENDENCE OF THE FARMER.

The merchant or manufacturer may be robbed of the reward of his labor by the changes of the foreign or domestic market, entirely beyond his control, and may wind up a year in which he had done every thing which intelligence and industry could do to insure success, not only without profit, but often with an actual diminution of capital. The strong arm of mechanic industry may be often paralyzed by the prostration of those manufacturing or commercial interests to whose existence it so essentially contributes, and on whom in turn it so essentially depends. But what has the intelligent and industrious farmer to fear? His capital is invested in the solid ground; he draws on a fund, which, from time memorial has never failed to honor all just demands; his profits may be diminished indeed, but never wholly suspended; his success depends on no mere earthly guarantee, but on the assurance of that great and beneficent Being, who hath declared that while the earth is underneath, seed time and harvest shall not cease.

#### FOUNDERED HORSES.

Commodore Porter, the American charge at Constantinople, writes to the Editor of the Sporting Magazine on the treatment of foundered horses by a Turkish Veterinary Surgeon as follows:—  
I sent for a Turkish farrier, the one who attends the Sultan's horse. He immediately pronounced the horse foundered, and said he must be bled in the inside of the diseased legs. He put a nipper on the nose to keep him steady, then took up the left leg and crossing it over the right, gave it to an attendant, he then struck his lance into a vein a little above the fetlock joint, and took from it about three pounds and a half of blood—the vein bled very freely. He now said he had taken enough, and went to the opposite side of the leg, and striking his lance into a vein above the knee joint, a single drop of blood exuded, and both that and the first opened vein instantly ceased bleeding. There may be no novelty in this, but it certainly astonished me to find, that opening two veins in the same limb stopped both from bleeding, such however is the fact for I witnessed it.  
He desired that the horse should rest the next day, that he should then be rode with great violence until he was in a profuse perspiration, the diseased limb then to be rubbed with wet salt, (to which I added a pint of hot brandy) then rubbed dry, and then walked about until cool, and all lameness from that time disappeared, the horse the third day was perfectly well.

The grapes in chickens may be prevented, and if not too far advanced cured by a slight mixture of assafetida in their food.

#### VENERABLE TREES.

The leading article in the Horticultural Register for April is by Gen. Dearborn, on the cultivation of forest trees. It contains some curious statements respecting the ages to which trees sometimes attain. How few and fleeting do our short days appear, when we think of these 'modals of distant ages!' How fitly, and with what a salutary appeal to the heart, are they planted around a family home, to link one generation of those who dwell there, with another, for hundreds and thousands of years! How beautiful, how appropriate, how easily adapted to our wishes, and to utter their solemn, their soothing, their impressive lessons, according to our will, and these materials that God hath provided wherewith to erect for one's self a 'living monument!'

Gen. Dearborn says:

Adanson and De Candolle have ascertained and published accounts of the longevity of numerous celebrated trees. Some of the cedars of Mount Lebanon, measured in 1660, by Mandrell and Pocock, were found to have been nearly 600 years old; the oak of Welbecklane, described by Evelyn, must have been 1400, linden of Choille 533, and that of Irons 493—the olive trees in the garden of Jerusalem certainly existed at the time of the Turkish conquest of that city, and one at Pescis in Italy, had endured seven centuries. The English yew trees of Fountains Abbey, in the County of York, have survived twelve centuries; those in the churchyard of Crowhurst, in Surry, fourteen hundred—that of Fotheringall, in Scotland, from twenty-five to twenty-six hundred—that of Braburn, in Kent, three thousand. But they describe two other trees of a most remarkable character, viz: the Baobac, estimated to be five thousand one hundred and fifty years old, and the Cypress of Taxodium, in Mexico, which is one hundred and seventeen feet and ten inches in circumference, is still more aged.

The ages of the following remarkable trees have been ascertained, with as much exactness as historical data, on the principles which have been derived from the actual admeasurement, and counting the circles of trees of the kind, afford.

	Age.
A Date tree in Egypt,	306 years.
Apricot tree in Damascus,	324
Grape vine in Damascus,	378
Red oak of Mount Etna,	400
Walnut tree of Babec,	406
Almond tree of Damascus,	640
Fig tree of Damascus,	643
Olive tree of Palestine,	710
Fig tree of Palestine,	780
Olive tree of Asia Minor,	850
A Live oak in Louisiana,	100
Sycamore or Plane tree of Palestine,	1050
Sycamore of Heliopolis,	1805
One of the Cedars of Mount Lebanon,	1824
Terebinth of Asia Minor,	1860
A Cedar of Mount Lebanon,	2112
The celebrated Chestnut of Mt. Etna,	2663
Sycamore of the Bosphorus,	4000

The Sycamore near the ruins of Heliopolis, according to the tradition in Egypt, existed before the visit of Joseph and Mary, and that they sat under its shadow, and drank water from a neighboring well. The accumulation of mud from the deposit of the Nile, has long destroyed the original tree, but sprouts having put forth from the stump, and forming part of a circle, calculations were formed therefrom of the size and age of the original tree, which was added to that of those which now exist.

The Sycamore of the Bosphorus, under which, it is said, Godfrey of the first crusading army encamped, has also disappeared, leaving ten trees which sprang from the stump: one of which, being measured, was found to be 1050 years old; and it is possible others of equal age have been removed, and that the present trees are the second removed, from the parent stock.

The Chestnut of Mt. Etna grew from the stump of a felled tree.

Mr. Hogarth used to tell a story of his being once in company with several artists, who were boasting of uncommon works each had executed. One, in particular, said he had written a volume in folio with a single pen, which he had mended 199 times. Another declared he had finished an equestrian statue with only a broken knife for a chisel, and a rolling pin for a mallet. A third stated he had engraved a copper-plate with no other tool than a rusty nail. "I told them," said Hogarth, "that I once painted a sacred history piece with one color, which was neither heightened nor lowered; making the background, shades, &c. with one unaltered color." The company expressed their astonishment, and begged he would relate the method of completing his performance; Hogarth thus informed them:

"I was sent for by a Sir Thomas Thornton, a man of singular disposition, to paint his stair-case with some sacred historical piece, applicable to a circumstance which happened to him once, which was his being at sea, where he was pursued and taken by some Algerine Pirates. I asked him what he thought of the Egyptians pursuing the children of Israel through the Red sea?"

"Egad!" said Sir Thomas, "a lucky thought

Well, my dear friend, begin it as soon as possible. But stay, stay! hold! hold!—What is your price? I always like to make a bargain with you gentlemen of the brush."

"Dear sir," Hogarth answered, "I can give no answer to that till I have finished. I shall not be unreasonable; you will pay me, I dare say, as an artist."

"Hey, egad, that you may depend on," said the Baronet. "But stay, stay—hold, hold—I can't think of exceeding ten guineas."

Hogarth, piqued to have his talents so undervalued, accepted the terms, on condition that five of the ten pieces should be advanced before he began. The five guineas were paid, and the painter desired to begin immediately.

Hogarth rose early the next morning, and took with him some common red paint, with which single color he covered the stair-case from top to bottom. He then went to Sir Thomas's chamber, and knocked at the door. The awakened knight asked—

"Hey! who's there?"

"Hogarth," answered the painter.

"Well, what do you want?" said Sir Thomas.

"The job is done, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth.

"Done!" asked the other. "Hey, the d—l no sure! The stair-case done already! Hold! hey—stay! stay! Let me get on my morning gown—done—hey! What a week's work done in t—hey! Stay, stay!"

The knight hobbled out of his chamber as fast as his gouty leg would permit; and rubbing his eyes, cried out—

"What the d—l have we here?"

"The Red sea, sir," Hogarth answered.

"The Red sea!" said the astonished knight.

"Hey! stay, stay—hold, hold! But where the d—l are the children of Israel?"

"They are all gone over," said the painter.

"They are all gone over, are they?" Sir Thomas repeated. "Hey! stay, stay—hold, hold! But zounds! where are the Egyptians?"

"They are all drowned, Sir Thomas," said Hogarth, who was considerably pleased to have thus properly chastised the illiberal treatment which he had received.—*Lewis's Comic Sketches.*

#### USE OF CONFIDENCE.

Here I may remark, that courage and activity, unless combined, are of little avail in military matters. Activity without courage, will only make a man run away the faster; and courage cannot be brought properly to bear without activity. The two qualities are to each other as weight and velocity in mechanics. But after all, confidence is the soul of battle. The body which possesses the most confidence on coming to the charge will be successful. In the whole course of my military career, I never saw two bodies of any size cross bayonets. I have heard that such a thing occurred at the battle of Maida; but it will require stronger evidence than I have yet seen to make me believe it. Before such a collision takes place, one side gives way; and I hold it as a maxim in warfare, that if one body will stand still, another of equal size will not come up to it. Any body who has seen a charge by the best troops, will be convinced of this fact. Before the assailing body arrives within twenty paces of their enemy it will be found to be divided into three parts: the first composed of your rash, dare-devil fellows who outstrip their companions; the next, of your steady hands who will do their duty and no more; and the last, of those who would stay behind if they could. They are, in fact, something like a pack of hounds in full cry. The foremost dogs do as much mischief by overrunning the scent as the hindmost by lagging. Fear is the most powerful of human passions; and is more evinced than the world generally supposes. We hear of armies and corps covering themselves with glory; but we seldom hear of their covering themselves from the fire of the enemy. Yet doubtless any man who has seen much service has observed more of fear than of courage—witness the difficulty often experienced in getting men from under cover into an exposed situation. What stooping, and bobbing, and running back! Indeed I have seen a great deal more to make me ashamed of my species than proud of it. Individuals may be found, certainly, in whom fear seems scarcely to exist; but in bodies it is always very apparent. It is not, however your hairbrained fellow who is the most courageous. I have observed that those who have the least thought of danger generally display the most fear when the danger comes upon them. The man is best prepared to do his duty who has given the subject the most thought; I myself have found that the actual presence of danger was less distressing than the anticipation of it.—*Blackston's Twenty years in Retirement.*

Should the efforts making to apply steam to ploughing machines be successful, a very great revolution will be brought about in human affairs. It is impossible to form an adequate idea of the effects of such an improvement on the character of a country and the productions of its soil. We copy the following paragraph from a late English paper:

"Steam Plough.—Some experiments were tried on Friday week at Red Moses, near Bolton, in the

presence of Mr. Hanley, M. P. for Lincolnshire, Mr. Chapman, M. P. for Westmeath; Mr. Smith, of Deanton, and other members interested in agriculture, with a complete and very powerful steam-plough, constructed by Mr. Heathcote, M. P. for Tiverton. About six acres of raw moss were turned up in a few hours, and turned in a most extraordinary style, sods eighteen inches in breadth and nine inches in thickness, being cut from the furrow, and completely reversed in position, the upper surface of the sod being placed exactly where the surface had been before. The possibility of ploughing by steam has thus been established."

#### A LUCKY EXPERIMENT.

During the severe frost which took place about four months ago, a lively lass who had been married about a year and a half before to a young farmer on the borders of Rodney marsh, was much scandalized at her husband's going too often to the public house, and staying too late when he was there. Several little conjugal expostulations having failed of producing alteration, the lady in a moment of passion declared positively, that if it occurred again, she would throw the baby, an infant four months old, of which he was very fond, into the military canal, and herself in after it. Not dreaming that she would carry her threat into execution, a few days had only elapsed when she

"Iron tongue of midnight had told twelve,"

before Mr. ——— knocked at his own door. His wife let him in herself, and without saying a syllable, set down the candle, walked deliberately to the cradle, snatched up the unconscious little innocent sleeping within it, and rushed out of the house. It is hardly necessary to say the alarmed husband ran hastily after, but so sudden and unexpected had been her movement, that she had gained a considerable start, and the canal being but a few yards from their dwelling, reached the tow path before he could overtake her. He was just in time to seize and save her from self destruction; but the poor little thing was already in the middle of the water, at that spot about four feet deep, and he could witness its struggles by the light of the moon. In an instant he threw himself in, and grasping the night gown which had prevented its wearer from sinking, brought safely to the brink—the cat! dressed in little Polly's bed-clothes, exceedingly wet, and mewling piteously. His spouse in the mean time, had regained her own door, which was not opened till he had plenty of time to enjoy all the comforts of his situation. Before, however, he was quite an icicle, admission was vouchsafed; but the story of his self-inflicted ducking having got wind, no further stratagem was necessary to wean the swain from his symposium; the jokes of his convivial acquaintance being sufficient to prevent his again partaking of their revels.—*Old Country Memorial.*

#### DYSPEPSIA.

One cause of that peculiar American disease called the dyspepsia is—the enormous quantities of hot bread, hot rolls, smoking hot cakes, half baked, and little removed from dough, and withal saturated with melted butter, which are consumed at nearly every meal, morning, noon and night, by all ages, and each sex—by little children as well as by grown up fathers and mothers. To these two quite sufficient reasons we can yet add another, and that is the custom of 'taking tea,' which means drinking a quantum of the Chinese beverage, with a pretty substantial accompaniment of various 'relishes,' two or three hours only after a hearty dinner. 'Don't give the stomach too much to do,' said an experienced physician, 'and it will never trouble you,' and it may well be supposed that it will murmur and revolt at the little repose which it is thus permitted to enjoy.

*Keeping the Sabbath.*—The Daily Advertiser of our city gives some curious details of the way the sabbath is employed by many in New-York. It calculated that twenty-five thousand resort to the grounds at Hoboken, and fifty thousand depart in the various ferry and steamboats for Jersey City, Long Island, and other places.—*N. Y. Star.*

*An awful Pause.*—After the clergyman had united a happy pair not long ago, an awful silence ensued, which was broken by an impatient youth's exclaiming, "Don't be so unspeakably happy!"—*ib.*

*Feeling and Politeness.*—The New-Orleans Advertiser tells us that a young widow there, being asked after her husband's health, answered smiling, "He is dead, I thank you."—*ib.*

*Rather Severe.*—"You saved my life at the battle of Waterloo," said a beggar to a captain. "Saved your life! how?" "I served under you; and when you ran away—I followed."—*ib.*

*What Next!*—A "steam knitting company has been incorporated. This is unfair to the old ladies unless a steam mill should be invented to grind them all young again."—*ib.*

*Docks.*—Poor, maimed, miserable amputated horse's tails, cooped up under the coachman's feet,