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### POETICAL.

From Friendship's Offering.  
A TALE OF A MOTHER'S GRAVE.  
BY MISS JAMESON.

I sat in a village church-yard,  
One day when work was done;  
And many a green and lowly grave  
Looked bright in the setting sun,  
And distant cottages peeped through  
The branches of the church-yard yew.

I sat among the sleepers,  
(Sleep my like the dead?)  
Thinking how soon I might be called  
To rest in such a bed;  
With wild flowers o'er me growing gay,  
And children laughing at my play.

'Twas thus that I sat musing  
In the quiet evening,  
When sudden sound of chariot wheels  
Came from the hamlet side;  
I started—but had not long to wait,  
They stopped close by the church-yard gate.

And forth stepped from the chariot  
A man in middle life,  
With something in his eye that told  
Of grief, toil, and strife;  
And gleam of passion in his eye,  
That spoke him not yet fit to die.

And there came with the stranger  
The sexton old and hoarse;  
A meek old man whose locks were white  
As is a summer cloud;  
They were a crown of light to him—  
And sanctified his visage dim.

To a grave bound o'er with other  
And unmarked by a stone,  
He led the traveller, like a child  
That fears to walk alone;  
"The grave your honor wished to see  
Is lying at your feet," said he.

"God rest thy soul, poor Ellen!"  
And with a faltering hand  
The old man plucked a weed that grew  
From out the clover-land;  
And he who in the chariot came  
Fell on his knees and did the same.

"Poor Ellen!" said the sexton,  
"The parish laid her here,  
We little thought that one like you  
Would give her grave a tear.  
It may be that some time or other  
She was your servant?"—"No, my Mother!"

"My Mother!"—and the stranger  
With those words bowed his head,  
And wept aloud upon the turf,  
And called upon the dead;  
The sexton quietly withdrew,  
But I was hidden by the yew,  
And heard the words I'll tell ye true.

"Would thou wert back, my Mother!  
For I never knew thy worth,  
Till I had wandered far and long  
From this sweet native tomb;  
Till I had lived full half my span,  
And grown a melancholy man!"

"I thought thee harsh and wayward,  
Too often when a boy;  
Alas, I never knew how small  
My share of charity was!"  
"The things and fears that wrung thy breast,  
When I was sadly laid to rest,

### POLITICAL.

MR. CALDWELL'S REMARKS  
On the Debate on the motion to postpone indefinitely the Loan Bill.

Mr. Caldwell said:—He rose to enter his protest against the motion for indefinite postponement; and on this occasion, he was compelled to depart from a principle by which he had heretofore been governed. He had not been in the habit of troubling the House with his opinions, or of assigning reasons for any vote which he had given; but upon this subject, so very important, as he believed, to the interests of the State, and one too, upon which he had the misfortune to differ with his worthy colleagues, he hoped the House would indulge him a few moments in assigning some of the reasons which governed him in supporting a Loan for Internal Improvements, and consequently in opposing the motion of the gentleman from Mecklenburg. He should be brief—not having the ability, nor the inclination, to trespass long upon the patience of the House.

I stand here unadvised, said Mr. C. by my constituents upon this subject, and am therefore left to follow the dictates of my own conscience—to pursue the dim lights of my own judgment—and they lead me to support the principles contained in the bill, although its details do not accord with my views. I am aware, Mr. Speaker, of the deep responsibility incurred by this course; but am ready and willing to meet the consequences, be they what they may, honestly believing that the State will be benefited by a judicious scheme of improvement. A crisis has arrived, sir, that demands prompt and energetic action. Slumbering in the lap of indolence, during half a century, has benumbed the energies of Virginia, crippled her spirit of enterprise, and placed her, in the career of improvement, an immeasurable distance behind her sister states. Sir, it is acknowledged by all that we are behind—greatly behind our neighbors. Facts, stubborn facts, which stare us in the face every day, proclaim it aloud. It is not—it cannot be denied that Virginia suffers—and suffers too, by her own suicidal policy. I did hope that all would concur in the opinion, that something should be done without delay, to improve the State—and raise her to that proud eminence, for which she was designed by God and Nature, and which she ought now to occupy among the independent states of this great republic. Nature has lavished upon us her richest bounties—a soil capable of producing, in superabundance, all the varieties of the vegetable kingdom—a climate, temperature, pure and salubrious—streams, like veins in the human body, penetrating into the very heart of the State, and inviting her sons to industry and enterprise; mines, minerals, and precious metals enrich her mountains, her valleys, and her plains. Every blessing, which God ever bestowed upon fallen man, seems to be awarded to Virginia by the bountiful hand of Nature. But, sir, of what use are all those natural advantages, when neither individual nor governmental enterprise will improve them for the benefit of man.

We have been told upon this floor, that our once fertile fields have now become barren wastes—that our villages are depopulating, and that decayed and decaying tenements mark the progress of devastation and ruin. Sir, your tables of population disclose the melancholy fact, that some of the most healthy and fertile counties in the State, are decreasing in numbers in a ratio truly alarming—almost equal to that which ought to mark their increase. It is our "let us alone!"

O thou that mayest be reading  
This mournful tale of mine,  
If yet thou hast a mother's heart  
To be a guide to thine,  
Cherish her—lest too late to save,  
'Thou weep in madness o'er her grave!

"I have been at the revel  
In lonely halls at night,  
And lovely eyes have on me shone  
With youthful, flashing light,  
But unto memory more divine  
Those pale, meek, weeping ones of thine!"

"Would thou wert back, my Mother!  
My youth was vain and wild,  
But I would kneel before thee now,  
A grey-haired, lowly child,  
That from its spirit shakes the dust,  
And only longs to love and trust!"

And far more sad the scene  
And heart has broken the while,  
Consuming to the silent heaven  
His early course of guilt;  
Uprid I deemed it wrong to stay,  
And from the church-yard took my way.

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If we examine our own thoughts, we shall find that they are principally employed on the past or the future, we seldom ever think of the present, and if we do, it is only to lay plans for the future. Hence it happens that we never live, and are preparing ourselves to be happy, but it is certain that we never can be so, unless we fix our attention upon something solid and lasting.

There is no vice more insupportable and more universally hated, than pride—it is a kind of poison which corrupts all good qualities of a man; and what ever merit he may otherwise possess, this single fault is sufficient to render him odious and contemptible—so that by pleasing himself too much, he displeases every one else.

Those who assume the greatest consequence, have generally the least share of judgment and ability.

some system of Internal Improvement. But to do this, a loan must be made—money must be borrowed! There's the rub—that's the point that pinches. If these things could be done without money and without price, and I might add, without labor too, then we should have friends without number to Internal Improvement.

But gentlemen cannot tax themselves and their constituents, by borrowing money and involving the State. Sir, I am as unwilling as any gentleman on this floor, to tax my constituents or myself unnecessarily; but when necessary—when the good of the community requires it—there is no people under heaven who would more cheerfully bear a fair and just proportion of the burthen, than those whom I have the honor in part to represent. Taxation is not intended however—the alarm is false—it's all a bug bear—a tub thrown out to the whale. The people will never feel it—I repeat, sir, if the money sought by this loan, be honestly and faithfully applied to legitimate objects of improvement, the people will never feel it. No, sir, they will rather feel relief from the rising prosperity of the State—from the increase of wealth and population, and from the consequent advance in the value of property. I will hazard the prediction, that a judicious investment of funds for the purpose contemplated by the real friends of this measure, would be a profitable one—when I say profitable, I do not speak as a stock jobber, cautiously calculating the per cent. to be gained on the investment made—very possible that the stock itself would not immediately yield a profit, on the capital expended, equal to the interest. But, sir, I consider the per centum gained, in dollars and cents, by the tolls on any great State improvement, as the least important consideration.

The very fact of disbursing two millions of dollars in the State, is matter of great public interest. The money thus expended in the State and for the State, goes into the pockets of her citizens, and the better enables them to contribute for public purposes. The more you distribute wealth among the people, and the more inducements you hold out for them to become enterprising and industrious, the more you attach them to the State, and the better citizens they become. Again—the money thus expended upon schemes of improvement, valuable in themselves, not only retains industry and enterprise within your borders, but increases the value of real property, and, in the same proportion, increases the wealth of the State—and need I add, that population and wealth are the true sources of revenue.

To illustrate my meaning more fully, I will suppose a case. Suppose then, you have a great public improvement in view, say a turnpike, a canal or a rail road, no matter which. This improvement is to pass through a section of country where land, though rich and fertile, is selling low, in consequence of the great difficulty of getting its surplus produce to market. Soon as you commence this improvement, this land begins to rise in value. It is now in demand—purchasers seek it, and it sells for double, treble and sometimes quadruple its former price, and you increase your revenue in the same proportion. Besides, the more valuable land becomes, the more densely it will be settled, and the better it will be improved—and, I trust, it is the permanent improvement of the State, we are all seeking.

Mr. Speaker, my honest and firm conviction is that in due time, under a wise and efficient system of improvement, the increased value of property, and the consequent increase of population, will swell your coffers, without any alteration of your revenue laws, with an additional sum, more than sufficient to meet the interest of the loan proposed—and this too, independent of the profit arising from the improvements. This, sir, is what I should call true State policy—to increase population—to increase enterprise—to increase the comforts and conveniences of the people—to increase wealth, and consequently to increase your revenue. These are some of the reasons by which I am influenced on this question, and which induce me to hope this motion will not prevail, that its true friends may be enabled to present it in its most acceptable form.

But there is another consideration paramount to all others. It is a political one. Sir, it has been stated here and elsewhere, that the habits, the pursuits and the interests of Eastern and Western Virginia are dissimilar; that they have no commercial intercourse—no community of interests—no common political feelings—and that they are, upon this floor, what ought not to be seen—section arrayed against section—the East against the West. Is this state of things desirable? Is it not cause of alarm? To my humble apprehension, it augurs more fearful forebodings, than all the black clouds, which gentlemen have fancied they saw rising in the south or in the north. Sir, the black cloud of most fearful import, which threatens the greatest danger, and which we should try to dissipate, hangs over us, around us and among us. Is it not worth some effort, then, to endeavor to assimilate the interests of our Eastern and Western brethren—to open the channels of communication—to afford them the means of free and easy intercourse, and bind them together by those common objects of State improvement, which will best reconcile all discordant feelings and local jealousies? Sir, it is an all-important consideration, and the mere per centum on the money expended, is not to weigh a feather in the balance against the great political benefits to be derived by a proper application of the funds. What are two millions of dollars compared with the union, happiness and prosperity of the State? Nothing—mere dust in comparison.

The county from which I hail, puts in no claim—asks no direct appropriation, I believe she will be satisfied with any course that will benefit the whole, that will produce the most general good. Were it however, to oppose this loan solely on the ground that no part of the money is expected to be fingered by my constituents, I should consider myself unworthy a seat in this House. I do not stand here, sir, to legislate for a county—nor a section of the State, but for the commonwealth—the whole commonwealth! Impressed as I am with the belief, that the fallen fortunes of Virginia, can only be reclaimed by a liberal scheme of improvements, I should be doing injustice to myself—injustice to my constituents, and injustice to the State, were I to refuse my feeble aid, in endeavoring to attain an object so desirable.

Look at Ohio, the child of yesterday—Ohio, that was not in existence, when Virginia stood pre-eminent among the members of this confederacy, where is she now? Sir, this bantling has outstripped us in white population, and is marching on to greatness, to wealth and to power, while we are stationary—no, that is contrary to the laws of human nature. Every thing in existence must advance or retrograde—and we are not advancing. Why this state of inactivity? Is it not because we are too much disposed to let things alone? Sir, if agriculture or manufactures are sought to be encouraged or improved, you are told to "let them alone"—they can take care of themselves. If roads, intolerably bad roads are to be mended, and equitable and just laws are proposed for that purpose, you are told to "let them alone"—they are as good for us as they were for our fathers, they got along very well without innovation and so ran we. If turnpikes, canals, or rail roads, are proposed to be made, you are told to "let them alone," they will cost money and involve the State in debt—our forefathers did without them, and so can we. This is what depopulates our villages, lays waste our fields, drives industry from our workshops, and checks progressive improvement. Sir, you must change this enervating policy. Nothing but a radical change can redeem, regenerate, and disenthral Virginia, from the paralyzing effects of "let us alone." Nothing is so well calculated to bring about this change as a well digested, liberal system of internal improvement.

It is conceded on all sides, that this cannot be done without money, and that money cannot be obtained without resorting to a loan. Sir, the only question is, will you borrow money and endeavor to bring into active operation, the whole energies of the State, or, by refusing, drive away her enterprising population, and leave the Old Dominion to suffer the fatal consequences? I cannot doubt the success of this scheme, if the friends of the measure are permitted to perfect it. The present is the most auspicious time, the machinery of a new government is going into operation—and a general system of improvement is the main spring to set the whole in motion. The money market is low—that necessary article can be obtained now, on better terms than heretofore—and, should the troubled waters of revolution continue to agitate Europe, lower than you will be able to obtain it hereafter. I trust this motion will not prevail, that the friends of the bill may give it form and comeliness, and bring it fairly before the House. Now is the accepted time.

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### VARIETY.

[DEFERRED ARTICLES.]

RICHMOND, MARCH 9.  
On Saturday last, the Hustings Court of this city held an examining Court in the case of James W. Marshall of Kentucky, who was charged with shooting William Galt, with the intent of killing, maiming, &c. The Mayor and 8 Aldermen upon the bench. The prosecution was conducted by Mr. Joseph Mayo, the commonwealth's Attorney—and Messrs. Chapman Johnson and James Wickham, appeared on behalf of the prisoner. The court room was crowded—and the case occupied from 11 o'clock A. M. till 10 o'clock at night. About 15 witnesses were examined on behalf of commonwealth, and 5 or 6 by the counsel of Mr. Marshall—some of them testifying as to the scenes at Terpsichore Hall, on the night of the 22d—where the controversy originated; some, as to the particulars of the reconre in the street on the morning of the 24th; and others as to the intermediate events. We refrain from making any remarks on the merits of the case. The facts were summed up, and the law stated in a clear and condensed form by the Attorney for the Commonwealth. The defence of Mr. Johnson was distinguished by great ingenuity. When the argument was closed, the court unanimously decided on sending on the prisoner, and bail was refused. The criminal term of the Henrico Superior Court is to take place on the 18th inst. Mr. Marshall was to be moved yesterday from the city to the county jail. [Enquirer.]

A horrible assassination was committed in New Orleans on the evening of the 17th ult. Madam Desdunes was the victim; she was found dead in her own house in Conde-street, covered with wounds, having been stabbed in the forehead, face, neck, and breast, with a knife or dirk. Suspicion fastened on a man named Paul Kravener, who it appears had been confined in prison for some months previous, for attempting her life on a former occasion, and who had only been that morning set at liberty. He was apprehended, and on the 9th committed suicide in prison. [Rich. Whig.]

Kentucky.—The general election in Kentucky, which takes place in August next, will be looked to with much interest. The Legislature of that State having postponed the election of a Senator to Congress until next session, the Senators and Representatives will be chosen with special reference to that object. Twelve members of Congress are also to be elected. Both parties are already organizing their forces.

PROFANE SWEARING.  
Among the variegated criminal practices that disgrace human or rational nature, none, I presume, are more worthy of universal abhorrence than that of profane swearing. It is not only an insult to the Majesty of Heaven, but a most glaring breach of politeness, and even of common sense; and is, in itself, shocking to every refined feeling of the heart. In every other course of wickedness pursued by men, we are enabled to impute their conduct to some motive; but in this, the most indistinct traces of rationality, are not discoverable. The Murderer, the Thief, the Liar, the Sensualist, all have some end in view, in perpetrating crime; only the profane swearer acts without any motive. The murderer takes away the life of his fellow creature in order to obtain his money, or to revenge himself, the thief and liar may both have self-interest in view, and the sensualist has at least as much reason for his conduct as the Hog has for wallowing in the mire; but why does the profane swearer utter his imprecations? Is it that he may be believed in what he says? Will calling upon the Almighty to damn your horse, your hog or your dog, have a tendency to strengthen your neighbour's confidence in you? or when you have lost the confidence of your neighbours by lying, do you suppose you will regain it by adding a horrid imprecation to every sentence you speak? The reverse of this is universally known to be true.

Now, notwithstanding the inconsistency and the degrading nature of this practice, is it not a truth, that many who make pretensions to politeness, and who would feel themselves insulted to be accused of defecation in point of good manners, are almost continually wounding every feeling of common decency around them, by belching forth such language as is only fit to be used by inhabitants of the infernal regions.

REFORMER.

REFORMER.

REFORMER.

REFORMER.

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REFORMER.

### THE DRUNKARD.

What shrieks are those which rend the midnight air? They are the cries of an unfortunate female whose unhappy lot it is to be wedded to a drunkard, who has just returned from the company of his jog companions.

Hearken to the volleys of execrations which this infuriate wretch is leveling at the unoffending wife of his bosom! See his children flying from their paternal roof as if pursued by some ferocious beast of prey; whilst this chivalrous knight of the Jug is brandishing high in the air a glittering knife and exulting in his undaunted valor, as manifested in 'clearing the house,' as he vauntingly terms it.

What a monster in this land of Bibles is a drunkard! Utterly regardless of his own temporal as well as eternal welfare, and therefore pursuing with gigantic strides the road which leads to the tenebrous gulf of perdition, he appears anxious also for the ruin of those who ought to be near and dear to him by the ties of consanguinity. His wife, the mother of his children, is treated like a beast of burden, and those dear little pledges of their union, instead of having their juvenile minds stored with the sacred precepts of the gospel, are accustomed daily to hear the horrid language of the nether regions.

Such are some of the poisonous fruits which are produced by the Tree of Intemperance. Everlasting thanks are therefore due from every well-wisher of society; to those philanthropic individuals, who are endeavoring to check the ravages of drunkenness.

PLUGGING OF TREES.  
This operation is a very efficient remedy for destroying caterpillars, aphides and other insects prying upon the leaves and limbs of fruit trees, ornamental and shade, fine shrubs, &c. It has often been desired to find such a remedy. Rewards have been offered to destroy easily and speedily, the insects of fruit trees. These have been covered every year with disgusting and voracious caterpillars. Year after year, new, troublesome and costly means are proposed which are inefficient; while this very easy and cheap way to poison and destroy at once all the insects of any tree, is so little known, that our farmers and gardeners appear to be little acquainted with it. It was discovered in France, and I have verified it by actual experiment. I now publish it again; and request editors friendly to agriculture, to spread the knowledge of it every where.

This simple operation consists in boring a hole into the tree with a gimber, about one third of the tree in depth; fill the hole with a small quantity of Flour of Sulphur, and plug the hole by driving in it a wooden peg. This does not injure the tree in the least; but the sulphur is decomposed or carried into circulation by the sap, and is exhaled by the leaves in a gaseous state, while it poisons and kills all the caterpillars and insects prying upon them. Whether boring and plugging with sulphur the roots of the peach tree, and other trees whose roots are injured by insects, will answer as well, is unknown to me, not having tried it, but it is worth while making the experiment—the result may be favorable.

C. F. RAFFINESQUE,  
Professor of Botany, &c.

ADVERTISEMENTS EXTRAORDINARY.  
The following article is taken from a Vermont paper, published about thirty years ago.

"Runaway from Conscience, in the town of Faithfulness, county of Mankind and kingdom of Benevolence, a broken merchant or petty Lawyer, &c.

He had on when he went away, a coat which he called Strict Honesty, buttoned with Idleness. His vest he called Good Manners, but it was so threadbare that it showed the linen, which was made of Falsehood, and you might see his shirt, through his pocket holes, of Shameful Ignorance, Self-Conceit, and a Cunning Cheating.

His small clothes he called Fidelity; but they were woven in the loom of Deceit, and buttoned with Broken Promises. His shoes he called Religion, but they were of the leather of Hypocrisy, tanned with the bark of Presumption, and carried in the shop of Revolt.

His hat he called Lawful Gain, but was known to be made of the Fur of Oppression, lined with False Swearing and dyed with Lies, the latter's name was Thief. He often frequented the taverns, spending his time to no good purpose, contriving mischief as seeking to betray the innocent. Whoever will return the said Runaway to me, shall receive God Will as a reward.











