

THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

THE POWERS NOT DELEGATED TO THE UNITED STATES BY THE CONSTITUTION, NOR PROHIBITED BY IT TO THE STATES, ARE RESERVED TO THE STATES RESPECTIVELY, OR TO THE PEOPLE.—Amendments to the Constitution, Article X.

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Poetical Department.

"Like Orient pearls at matin sunrise."

THE BETTER LAND.

I hear the sound of the better land,
That calls us children a happy land;
Mother! oh! where is that smiling shore?
Shall we not work it and keep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blossoms,
And the rose's glance through the mystic boughs?
—Not there, not there, my child!

Is it where the feathered palm trees,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green banks of glittering seas,
Where the fragrant blossoms perfume the boughs,
And striking, bright birds in their singing wings,
Bear the rich biles of all pleasant smells?
—Not there, not there, my child!

Is it far away in some region still,
Where the rivers winding o'er sandy beds?
Where the burning rays of the sun shine,
And the diamond lights up the sombre mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the shell amidst
A thousand sweet odors, that better land?
—Not there, not there, my child!

My bath not seen my gentle bay,
For I had not heard its deep song of joy;
Desire cannot picture a world so fair,
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Thus doth not breathe in its habitation,
Far beyond the clouds and beyond the sun;
—It is there, it is there, my child!

MISCELLANEOUS.

JAN SCHALEK'S WISDOM.

At a small fishing village in Dutch Flanders, there is still shown the site of a hut, which was an object of much attention while in stand, an account of a singular legend and relates to distinct inhabitants, a kind-hearted fellow, who depended on his boat for subsistence, and the two impious disposition for clemency during every discipline and punishment. Thus the story goes:—on dark, and stormy night in winter, as Jan Schalek was sitting with his good-natured bosom wife by the fire, he was awoken from a sound sleep by a knocking at the door of the hut. He started up, drew back the bolt, and a stranger entered. He was a bold, impudent little could be distinguished without the hue of figure, as he wore a large dark cloak, which he had contrived to pull over his head after the manner of a crow. "I am a poor traveling boatman, and want a shelter during the night. Will you take me in?" "Aye, as he spoke, comforted Schalek, but I am afraid your master will be but sorry, and you come sooner, you might have tarried better." Sit down, however, and tell of what aile?" The traveler took down at the word, and in a short time afterwards, retired to his humble sleeping place. In the morning, as he was about to depart, he advanced towards Schalek, and, grasping him by the hand, thus addressed him: "I am less for you, my good friend, to know who I am—but if I be assured, that I can and will be granted; for when the rich and the powerful around me, lost sight from their infatuated pride, you welcomed me as a man should welcome man, and bidden with an eye of pity on the desolate tenement for the storm. I grant you these wishes. Be they what they may, the seasons shall be grateful." Now Schalek certainly did not put much faith in these promises, but still he thought it the safest plan to make trial of them; and, accordingly, began to consider how he should fit the weather. Jan was a man when now no ambitious views were contented with the way of life in which he had been brought up. In fact, he was so well satisfied with his situation, that he had not the least inclination to lose a single day of his independent existence; but, as the weather had it were sincere wish of adding a few years to those which he was destined to live. This gave rise to wish the first:—"Let my wife and myself live the same thirty years longer than nature has destined us to be—shall be done," cried the stranger. While Schalek was puzzle his brain for a second, he thought him that a poor boy who was in his little garden, had been frequently despised of the front, to the no small detriment of the said son, and grievous disappointment of all others. "For my second wish, grant that whosoever claims my poor son shall not have power to leave it until my permission be given."

This was also assented to. Schalek was a sober man, and liked to sit down and chat with his wife of an evening; but she was a bolding body, and often jumped up in great glee to her shoes with black silk. The Major thinks, and we think he is right, that the girl has one of the right kind of mothers at home. As the beautiful creature turned a corner and was bid from sight, McCordie thus broke out to himself:

"Ah! your mother loves you as a mother ought to have her children, and she will not show you to cramp your dear little toes in a piece of kid-skin, and thus open the way for colds, coughs, asthma, catarrhs, consumption, influenza, and all imaginable and unimaginable diseases to creep into the system, nor does she wish you to lay a crop of ears to feel over the balance of your life, to spoil your temper and make you blow your husband when you get one. Speaking of husbands, we are not in a hurry ourselves, and perhaps you may wait a couple of years or more for your get; stick to your thick shoes, and don't make a simpleton of yourself, as some girls do girls have done before now."

They were sitting together on the evening of

REMARKS ON THE GENERAL PRINCIPLES OF HUSBANDRY.

1. Whatever may be the nature of your soil, and the situation of your farm, remember that there is no soil so good, but it may be exhausted and ruined by bad tillage, and that there is none so bad, that cannot be rendered fertile by good tillage, even barren heath, if it can be ploughed and sown.

2. The true art of husbandry consists in suffering no crop to grow upon your land, that will so far exhaust your soil as to lessen the value of your succeeding crop, whatever profit such a crop may afford you.

3. To avoid this, suffer no one crop to grow two years successively, upon the same piece of ground, excepting grass and buck-wheat, without the fertilizing aid of rich manures to support the strength of the soil; and even then, a change of crops will generally do best, excepting onions, carrots, and turnips.

4. Every plant derives from the earth for its growth, such properties as are peculiar to itself; this plant, when followed successively, for two or more years upon the same ground, will exhaust the soil of those properties itself, without lessening its power to produce some other plants. This fact is most striking in the article of flax, which will not bear to be repeated oftener than once in seven years, and is common to all crops, with the exception of those noticed as above.

5. To avoid this evil, arrange your farm into such divisions as will enable you to improve all the variety of crops your lands may require, in such regular succession, as to form a routine of 5, 6, or 7 years, according to the nature, quality, and situation of your farm.

6. This method will make poor land good, and good better. Try and see.—*Farmer's Cabinet.*

To Produce a Yellow Rose, without a Thorn.—Take the genista, or sweet broom; cut it down to within a few inches of the ground, engraff upon the centre stem, slips from the white rose bush, and, if the process is properly managed, you will produce the rose without a thorn, and of color as yellow as the most brilliant jewel.

Two sorts of Blessings.—"It is a great blessing to possess what one wishes," said some one to an ancient philosopher, who replied, "it is a greater blessing still, not to desire what one does not possess."

Lord Norbury's Nearest.—His Lordship, while lately indisposed, was threatened with a determination of blood to the head. Surgeon C—l accordingly opened the temporal artery; and, whilst attending the operation, his Lordship and him, in his usual quick manner, "C—, I believe you were never called to the bar!" "No, my Lord, I never was," replied the Surgeon. "Well, I am sure, Doctor, I can safely say, you have cut a notch in the temple."

A learned clergyman in Maine, was accosted in the following manner by an itinerant preacher who despised education: "Sir, you have been to college, I suppose?" "Yes sir," was the reply. "I am thankful," rejoined the former, "that the Lord has opened my mouth to preach without any learning." "A similar event," replied the latter, took place in *Balaam's* time, but such things are of rare occurrence at the present day."

A lady looking at some stockings in a dry goods store, inquired of the clerk, who was a raw lad, how high they came? The clerk very seriously answered, "I never tried them on, but believe they will reach above the knee."

Jacob Lopez, otherwise Jack Gardner, a free black man of the equestrian or vehicular order, has been and still is, we believe, in the habit of quadrupling or conveying in a pack members of the Charleston Delegation, many of whom always are lawyers, to Columbia, in order to attend the legislature. Now, Jack is a very inventive or imaginative genius, and no pony or chickens at a tough story; and, on one occasion, indulging his passengers rather freely with specimens of his poetic propensity, one of the party, a lawyer, addressed and rebuked him very gravely thus:—"Jack! what unconscionable stories you are telling—where could you have contracted so shocking a habit?" "Ah!—Mass T.," said the facetious character, "I been drivin' lawyers to Columbia too long!"—*Charleston Courier.*

Father, said a bright lad, the son of General W—, "have they turned the brick Church into a Grocery?" "Why, what do you mean?" said the father. "O, nothing, only I saw 'Hard Cider' advertised in rear of the pub'l', on the day of the Harrison Convention," said the lad!—*Vt. Patriot.*

Macklin's Advice to his Son.—I have often told you that every man must be the maker or marcer of his own fortune. I repeat the doctrine. He who depends upon incessant industry and integrity, depends upon patrons of the noblest, the most exalted kind. They are the creators of fortune and fame, and founders, and never can disappoint or desert you. They control all human dealings, and turn even vicissitudes of fortune's tendency to a contrary nature. You have genius, you have learning, you have industry at time, but you want perseverance; without it you can do nothing. I bid you bear this motto in your mind constantly—Perseverance."

Not Bad.—A brief concerning intermarriages between whites and blacks, being before the Massachusetts Legislature, one of the members rose and uttered himself as follows:

—*Massachusetts:* I shall vote in favor of this bill, simply because I do not wish to see a law on the statute book, regulating a mere matter of taste, for such I consider to be the whole question of intermarriage between persons of different colors. It is purely a matter of taste, and if my friend from Nantucket wishes to marry a black, blue or green wife, I am content that he should have full liberty to indulge his preference to either color. All I request of him is, that when I happen to pay him a friendly visit at the Island, he will not ask me to kiss his milk and molasses children!

Naked Justice.—The New York Chronicle states that Justice Bloodgood, in attempting to arrest a rister, was so severely handled by the mob that "he lost his shirt and a majority of his pants." Bloodgood, however, showed good blood, and justice was triumphant.

POLITICS OF THE DAY.

From the *North Carolina Standard*.

CALM AND RATIONAL CONSIDERATIONS, ADDRESSED TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, ON THE PRE- PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION FOR 1840.

From what has already been said, it is very plainly seen, that Gen. Harrison is the *Bank candidate*, in opposition to Mr. Van Buren, the *Democratic Republican candidate*, for the Presidency. In other words, Harrison is the candidate of the *moneyed aristocracy*, in opposition to the rights and liberties of the people; while Mr. Van Buren is the candidate of the *free, sovereign, and independent people* of the United States. The former will be supported by the whole power and patronage of the *Banks*—power unknown to the Constitution, and at the *later*, with the *genius* of our Government; and at the *earlier*, by the *unwrought suffrages* of a free and independent people. Now, the question arises, *is with the fate of our existence as a nation*, which of the two candidates, under the circumstances already stated, ought in *justice and reason* to succeed? Harrison has been started by the *fanatic* of all parties, *as wit*: *The Bank aristocratic party*—the old *Hartford Convention blue-light Federal party*—the *Anti-Masonic, Abolition, Tariff, and Internal Improvement* parties, all contributed to the utmost of their might to bring him into the field this modern *Ajax Telemon*. Now, I would tell in all conscience, from such a heterogeneous mass of absurdities and abominations, what but the most direful consequences to the country could result in the election of Harrison! It would be a complete and final triumph over the Constitution; for, let it never be forgotten, although *his constituents keep* no endeavor to keep *their opinions concealed*, he stands pledged before the country to carry out the measures of the before mentioned factions in all their hideous deformity. Now, then, the grand question presents itself to the judgement and understanding of every man interested in the destiny and well-being of his country, whether he will lead himself to aid in the destruction of the blood-bought Constitution of his fathers, by supporting Harrison, a mere tool in the hands of wicked and designing men, or come, like a patriotic Republican, and sustain Mr. Van Buren?

It is so perfectly obvious, that every man, with half an eye, may see it if he will, that, as Harrison is in the hands of the *Abolition and Federal Bank Whig* parties, he is to be used to *advance the interests and doctrines* of these two wicked, infatuated factions—the latter aspiring to *act under the written Constitution of the country*, and to *control the Government by the agency of Banking corporations*; while the former still more wickedly proposes entirely to disregard the spirit of that sacred instrument, which guarantees the right of property in our slaves, and at once to *abolish slavery in the United States*. Thus aiming, without any compensation whatever, to *overturn* the *South*—Southern States of this immense amount of property, acquired, in many instances, by years of the most unrewarded industry and application to business; and all to gratify the whims of a set of misguided fanatics at the North. Where, then, is a patriot to be found, in whose veins runs any Southern blood, who can find it in his heart to support such a wicked and abominable combination—a combination formed, not only to deprive us of our lawful property, but to scatter death and destruction throughout our land. If the Abolitionists of the *North* and the *Federal Bank Whigs*, have unitied upon Gen. Harrison, I am utterly at a loss to account upon what principle of propriety the *Southern Whigs* can support the nomination. Such is, however, their inveterate hatred of Mr. Van Buren, since his feelings and principles are in such close accordance with those of the South, that they seem to be willing, for the sake of defeating his re-election, to jeopardize, forever, the peace and happiness of this portion of the confederacy. Upon the mere cast of a die they appear to be determined to risk our political salvation; and but for the principles and efforts of the Democratic party, these blind, malicious, and infatuated men would, beyond question, succeed in destroying forever the blessings and liberties of the fairest portion of earth!

The people—the *free, sovereign, and independent people* of this Republic, upon whom the federal aristocracy has ever looked with contempt, as poor, ignorant, and mean, and incapable of self government, have always triumphed over, and will conquer, their implacable foes. As honest men, they have no interest in doing wrong; and if left free to act under the influence of their own unbiased judgments, they always have, and always will do right. According to the philosophy of their principles, who hold in such estimation the honor of the nobility, it is perfectly natural for the aristocracy to make war upon the Democracy; because the former having set up one of the most signal humbugs of the age, as the rallying point for national enthusiasm—it never has been pretended that "Old Tip" had any merits as a civilian—his military glory is proved to be of the real "Corporal Pussy" order—what on earth he has now to depend on but the "crackers and hard cider" we cannot see. If they will carry him into the Presidency, very well. Is it not a strange state of things, when the party that claims "all the talents," are driven to select for their standard the poorest piece of furniture in twenty-six States—when the party that claims "all the decency," gather themselves together with the watch-word of "log cabins and hard cider"—when the party that have for fifteen years been denouncing and deplored the elevation of a great general to the Presidency, because he was a military man, pass by contumeliously their *Clays* and *Wendells*, to worship the cocked hat and feather of a straw captain? It admits but of one explanation. The federalists have no political sincerity. Believing in the infallibility of trick and hypocrisy, they think the lower the trick and the grosser the pretence, the better will be the chance of entrapping the people. They believe the people are steeped in ignorance and stupidity, covered with a palpable midnight darkness of soul, that renders all disguise unnecessary in their game for office. Mr. Clay feels no shame to have brought home to him all the rhetorical denunciations which he once spouted so eloquently against Military Chieftains. He once united with Adams to prevent the horrible calamity of a Military President, "and for other purposes." He now unites with a Military Chieftain to prevent the horrible calamity of the re-election of a lawyer, "and for other purposes." The amount of the whole is, that it is a horrible calamity to the country, "more to be dreaded than plague, pestilence and famine," for any body to enjoy the fat of office but Mr. Clay and his friends, and the country is very carelessly called on to believe it!—*Charleston Mercury.*

This Ruined Country.—In a recent debate in the British Parliament, Mr. Colquhoun, an Opposition member, admitted "that the trade of England, and the progress of the trade of France, and the trade of the United States showed some very curious results." It appeared that the French trade between 1830 and 1835 had advanced 45 per cent. The trade of the United States advanced 64 per cent. The trade of Great Britain had advanced only 24 per cent., and during the last year, to the accounts of which he had access, British trade had fallen 10 per cent. more than that of France, and one hundred per cent. more than that of the United States. The Opposition here constantly exclaimed that Gen. Jackson was ruining commerce and the country.—*Globe.*