

B. AUSTIN & C. F. FISHER, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SALISBURY, N. C., FEBRUARY 7, 1839.

NO. XXXIV OF VOL. XIX. (NO. FROM COMMENCEMENT 1713.)

TERMS OF CAROLINIAN.

The Western Carolinian is published every Thursday, at Two Dollars per annum if paid in advance...

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE MISSISSIPPI.

[BY EDMUND FLAGG.]

"But thou, exulting and abounding river! Making thy waves a blessing as they flow Through banks whose beauty would endure forever..."

ing along in a deep cut race path through a vast expanse of lowland and meadow, from the exhaustless mould of which are reared aloft those enormous shafts, shrouded in the fresh emerald, or the tasselled parasites, for which its alluvial bottoms are so famous.

Western Navigator.

MILITARY ANECDOTE.

The following anecdote connected with the battle of Orthes, relative to Lieutenant Macpherson, whose heroism at Badajos we have recorded, will not be uninteresting.

"I saw the man," he observed, "faking deliberate aim at me. What to do I did not know. I could not get at him before he could fire, while to run would be equally useless."

"By my soul, sir, you're badly wounded, sure!" I felt very faint, but replied, "Yes, Kelly, I think so—feel if the ball is out."

unmoved. Kelly fired, and he fell dead. The lieutenant, in relating this incident, spoke with much regret of the fate of the gallant enemy.

FEROCITY OF ANIMALS.

A friend of ours, lately returned from a tour of that section of country in the vicinity of Grand River, informs us that the number of panthers in that neighborhood at this time, is beyond precedent.

The second instance was of a more ludicrous nature. It seems that a Yankee scion had transplanted himself temporarily in that vicinity, and being of the usual enterprising disposition: did not rest long before he concluded to lay the forest under contribution for deer meat.

From the United States Gazette.

REMEDY FOR BURNS.

DEAR SIR: I have so often seen remedies for human ills given to the newspapers, and then at once consigned to oblivion, that I have for a great while hesitated to present this remedy to the public.

HARD CASES.

To serve faithfully, and not to please. To go on a journey to see a friend, and meet a cold reception. To give a friendly warning, and have your motives suspected, and your kindness requited with coldness or hatred.

MATERNAL AFFECTION.

"Happy is he who knows a mother's love." What is so pure.—The patriot expects fame, the friend sympathy, and the lover, pleasure.

There is no passion in the human breast more deep, powerful and lasting than parental love. It lives under all circumstances. The child may descend into the very depths of depravity.

From the Southern Agriculturist.

GRAMS, ETC. FOR SHEEP.

MR. EDITOR: As your valuable work is open to all subjects connected with the husbandry of our country, and more particularly this Southern portion of it, I beg leave to occupy a small space.

GEMS OF PROSE FROM COWPER.

Sweet self will always claim a right to be first considered; a claim which few people are much given to dispute. Few things are more interesting than death-bed memoirs.

have copied nature; when all the while nature was an object not looked at, at all.

It is easy to raise expectation to such a pitch, that the reality, be it ever so excellent, must necessarily fall below it.

What is a friend good for, if we may not lay our head on the neck upon his shoulders, while we ourselves carry the other?

A scrupulous nicety in composition is a dangerous thing. It often betrays a writer into a mistake that he corrects, sometimes makes a blunder where before there was none, and is almost always fatal to the spirit of the performance.

Taste is various; there is nothing of serious, and even between persons of the best taste there are diversities of opinion on the same subject, for which it is impossible to account.

As in affairs of this life, so in religious concerns, experience begets some wisdom all who are not too old to learn, or incapable of being taught.

This world is a scene of marvellous events, many of them more marvellous than fiction itself, would date to hazard; and, blessed be God! they are not all of the distressing kind.

We certainly do not honor God, when we glory, or when we neglect to improve, as far as we may, whatever talent He may have bestowed on us, whether it be little or much.

Joy of heart, from whatever occasion it may arise, is the best of all nervous medicines.

There is not room enough for friendship to unfold itself in full bloom in such a nook of life as this.

A good that seems at an immeasurable distance, and that we cannot hope to reach, has therefore the less influence upon our affections; but the same good brought nearer, made to appear practicable, promised to our hopes, and almost in possession, engages all our faculties and desires.

It is dangerous to find any fault at all with what the world is determined to esteem faithful.

As for happiness, he that has once had communion with his Maker must be more frantic than ever I was yet, if he can dream of finding it at a distance from Him.

A tender conscience is always entitled to respect, but a scrupulous one deserves suspicion.

Friends.—Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed the seal of death is the only seal of friendship.

Who wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who love us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last.

The regret we feel at such afflictions has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection; and, secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it.

As for happiness, he that has once had communion with his Maker must be more frantic than ever I was yet, if he can dream of finding it at a distance from Him.

A tender conscience is always entitled to respect, but a scrupulous one deserves suspicion.

Friends.—Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed the seal of death is the only seal of friendship.

Who wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who love us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last.

The regret we feel at such afflictions has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection; and, secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it.

As for happiness, he that has once had communion with his Maker must be more frantic than ever I was yet, if he can dream of finding it at a distance from Him.

A tender conscience is always entitled to respect, but a scrupulous one deserves suspicion.

Friends.—Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed the seal of death is the only seal of friendship.

Who wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who love us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last.

The regret we feel at such afflictions has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection; and, secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it.

As for happiness, he that has once had communion with his Maker must be more frantic than ever I was yet, if he can dream of finding it at a distance from Him.

A tender conscience is always entitled to respect, but a scrupulous one deserves suspicion.

Friends.—Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed the seal of death is the only seal of friendship.

Who wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who love us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last.

The regret we feel at such afflictions has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection; and, secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it.

As for happiness, he that has once had communion with his Maker must be more frantic than ever I was yet, if he can dream of finding it at a distance from Him.

A tender conscience is always entitled to respect, but a scrupulous one deserves suspicion.

Friends.—Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed the seal of death is the only seal of friendship.

Who wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who love us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last.

The regret we feel at such afflictions has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection; and, secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it.

As for happiness, he that has once had communion with his Maker must be more frantic than ever I was yet, if he can dream of finding it at a distance from Him.

A tender conscience is always entitled to respect, but a scrupulous one deserves suspicion.

Friends.—Experience has taught me that the only friends we can call our own—that know no change—are those over whom the grave has closed the seal of death is the only seal of friendship.

Who wonder, then, that we cherish the memory of those who love us, and comfort ourselves with the thought that they were unchanged to the last.

The regret we feel at such afflictions has something in it that softens our hearts, and renders us better. We feel more kindly disposed to our fellow creatures, because we are satisfied with ourselves—first, for being able to excite affection; and, secondly, for the gratitude with which we repay it.

As for happiness, he that has once had communion with his Maker must be more frantic than ever I was yet, if he can dream of finding it at a distance from Him.