

Prospectus.

It is proposed to publish a weekly Newspaper at Chapel Hill, the village of the University of North-Carolina, by the name of

THE HARBINGER.

The plan has already been communicated to a number of gentlemen in different parts of the State, and we have been encouraged to the prosecution of it, by letters, not of approbation only, but of urgency. Some of the principal objects will be, with such talents as we can enlist, to diffuse literary information with correct taste; to press the importance of popular and academic education, and their best methods; discreetly, but with an independent freedom of stricture, to discuss subjects on which it is important to enlighten the public mind; to publish events and circumstances occurring among ourselves, that deserve our notice; to exhibit science in popular forms that will solicit curiosity, and be generally intelligible; and to give a competent portion of the political and religious intelligence of the time, with a studious exclusion of all that is of a party character.

If we have not misapprehended public sentiment, an opinion has long existed, at least in many parts of our State, that a publication of this nature was properly to be expected from the site of its University, the express purpose of which is to cultivate and diffuse valuable and practicable knowledge, as it is already treasured up, and is constantly increasing with the progress of time.

To conduct such a paper, will require the whole time, talent, and diligence of an Editor that will rank high in ability. For some time past we have been intent upon discovering a gentleman of this description who might consent to undertake it. Such a character, we fully believe, has been happily found in Mr. WILLIAM CHITTENDEN, by profession an advocate in the City of New-York. He is originally of our southern country, being a native of Virginia, and having been educated in one of the Colleges of that State. We think we may commend him to the public confidence, practically for the task of conducting the Harbinger, inasmuch as he is a gentleman of liberal and independent views, and of a liberal and independent mind. From this every article published can be commenced, provided the necessary talents can be obtained, for the first year. If these terms, then, shall be effected within a few weeks, we shall make the necessary dispositions as speedily as possible, and the issue of our first number will give notice of the beginning of the year for which the subscription is made.

It is a common complaint with the publishers of periodical works, that punctuality in remittance is less apt to be consulted in this than in most other species of business. The one now proposed, we can assure the public, will be wholly without profit to any one, except the necessary remuneration to the editor, and to those he shall employ for the mechanical execution of the work. We set up no claims to the credit of liberality in making sacrifices. But should the present plan pass into operation, we think it not improbable that emergencies may easily happen, calling upon us impudently to aid the establishment through difficulties. With the certainty that we are to derive from it no emolument, we cannot balance an equal certainty that we may not sustain pecuniary loss. A periodical paper in all its movements must by the very terms run against time, and every experienced and reflecting man knows the truth expressed by Dr. Johnson, that he who enters the lists with time for his antagonist, must toil with diligence not to find himself beaten. Every one who favors the Harbinger with his patronage, we hope will do it with presence of mind to the importance of fidelity in his remittance. On this the establishment must depend for support. The editor with his assistants, whether they shall succeed or not, in fulfilling the expectations of the public, will give one pledge at least, that if there be disappointment it shall not be chargeable to relaxation of effort on their part. It is their intention so to conduct the business, that their accounts of receipts and disbursements may satisfy every one, that they ask no more from their subscribers than is really necessary for its support. Frank explanation they will be ever ready to give, and in such a manner as we may venture to pledge shall be satisfactory.

We would not enlarge upon the qualities of the publication we proffer, even to excite in the bosoms of our fellow-citizens a disposition to give it countenance and support, lest while consulting that object, we might seem to expose ourselves to the charge of making vain promises, or raise expectations too high for us to fulfil. But that a paper of such a character as has been already imagined in the mind of our readers, is desirable in our State, we cannot but think well deny.

One reason why the subscription is high at first, is the necessity of furnishing the printing establishment as an outfit. The cost of this will not be less than seven hundred and fifty dollars, it may possibly be something more. The continuance of this as a durable capital, will explain the probability that after the expiration of the first year, the paper may be continued at four dollars per annum if not a less sum.

It still remains to inform our friends, that the gentleman to whom we look to be our editor, having become successfully established in his professional practice in the City of New-York, cannot feel himself justified in relinquishing his prospects, unless a pledge can be given that the paper shall be sustained for two years. If his services are to be secured, it must be by a competent number of subscribers at five dollars for the first year, and possibly four or less, for the second.

It is now to be determined after this explanation, whether the publication we propose shall be patronized by a sufficient number of subscribers to warrant its commencement. We request of those gentlemen to whom this Prospectus is sent, and of others who may be disposed to promote the object, that they will consent to act for us in obtaining subscribers, either themselves personally, or by some friend who may be willing to undertake the task. And we would hope that these papers may be returned by mail, or some other conveyance, in the course of a month, that the question may be resolved as early as possible, whether the plan we propose is to pass into operation or not.

CONDITIONS SUMMARILY STATED.

1. The payment from each subscriber will be five dollars in advance, and five dollars and a half if not made till after six months from the time of subscription, for the first year. For the second year, it will not be more, possibly it may be less, than four dollars in advance, and four dollars and a half after six months.
2. The date of the first paper sent a subscriber will be considered as the beginning of the year for which he subscribes.
3. The paper will be issued once a week, on a folio sheet, with good type, and not more than two columns allowed to advertisements.
4. We cannot stipulate at present that the publication shall commence, unless 1200 subscribers shall be obtained for two years.
5. All letters should be addressed, post paid, to "The Harbinger," at Chapel Hill, N. Carolina. These are such terms as we are able to offer,

after having employed our best efforts upon the object for some months past. We are not sanguine that they will be accepted. We can only say, that if competent encouragement shall be afforded to the Harbinger, it is not to be doubted that under the management of the editor we have procured, it will be high in rank among the periodical publications of the United States. Should it fail in obtaining the necessary patronage, we shall not regret the time, exertion, or expense, which have been employed in the enterprise.

If any person wishing to become a subscriber, can send on his name either by mail, post paid, or otherwise.

Chapel Hill, February 24, 1832.

POETRY.

PRAYER.

Go, when the morning shineth,
Go, when the moon is bright,
Go, when the eve declineth,
Go, in the hush of night;
Go, with pure mind and feeling,
Flung earthly thought away,
And, in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

Remember all who love thee,
All who are loved by thee,
Pray too, for those who hate thee,
If any such there be;
Then for thyself in meekness,
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.

Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray—
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee,
When friends are round thy way;
Even then the silent breathing
Of thy spirit raised above,
Will reach his throne of glory,
Who is Mercy, Truth and Love.

Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
To power that he hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer!
Whene'er thou pin'st in sadness,
Before his foot-stool fall,
And remember in thy gladness
His grace who gave thee all.

Scouting ROMAN—By a Lady.
Hiding the melting passion, yet her heart is burn-
Beneath a snowy cloud, and sea-
One glance on him for whom her heart is burn-
ing.

Conquered, commanding still; enslaved, yet spir-
ing;
Checking the words her heart would bid her
speak,
Love raging in her breast, and banish'd from
her cheek.

He who would read her thoughts, must mark un-
seen,
Her eyes' full undisguis'd expression; trace
(If trace he could, while distance stretched between)
The feelings, blushing, quivering on her face;
He who would know her heart, must first em-
brace.

And feel it beat uncheck'd against his own;
Child not by pride, nor fear, nor time, nor place;
As in a dream unwitnessed and alone,
When every fearful thought unconsciously has
flown.

SELECTIONS.

From the Liverpool Times.

THE TRIUMPH OF SCIENCE AND ART.

Whether the caricatures which represent a steam engine as flying like a balloon thro' the air, shall ever become any thing more than a caricature may be doubted, but such have been the achievements of science and art within the last three quarters of a century, that it is really difficult to fix any limits to their future conquests. To justify us in pronouncing any thing impossible in machines, it ought to be in opposition to some law of nature, and not merely requiring an immense extent or difficult application of power. And so marvellous have been the inventions and discoveries, in every branch of science, and in all the arts, since the beginning of the last reign, that if they had been predicted, in the year 1750, most men would have thought the prophecy deserved to rank with the Arabian story of the erection of Alladin's palace in a single night.

When the pack-horse with his bell was the only means of conveying merchandise through the land, and when the carrier conducted his string of horses along tracks always made to pass over the summit of the very highest hills, the vision of a modern mail coach glancing through our valleys, on roads nearly as smooth and level as a bowling-green, and conveying goods and passengers at the rate of eleven or twelve miles an hour, would have been regarded as the work of supernatural beings, not clogged with the incumbrance of mortal clay. A man who should then have imagined that a distance of four hundred miles could have been performed by a carriage in forty hours, without difficulty or danger, would have been thought worthy a place among the philosophers of Laputa.

A spinner at his wheel, twisting and twirling the living day to make some paltry hanks of yarn, would have gazed at the interior of a modern spinning mill—where thousands of spindles are whirled with incredible velocity, moved by no power visible to the spectator—with a superstitious conviction that the whole was the work of unblest powers. To tell that the force which moved the mighty apparatus of the factory was earthly, yet that it was neither the force of men nor horses, neither the strength of a torrent nor the piping winds of heaven, but nothing more nor less than the steam of boiling water, would only have excited his indignation at the boldness of the imposture which it was attempted to palm upon him.

To show to one of those disorderly persons who return from the tavern after the hour of curfew, and who of old were wont to grope thro' the Egyptian darkness of our

streets to their own houses, the splendidly illuminated streets of London or Liverpool, he would be blinded with excess of light, and fancy himself in the hall of Pandemonium, lit up by subtle magic with blazing cressets of raptha and asphaltos. If he could understand that these brilliant stars of light proceeded from an invisible vapour which circulated for miles under the streets, he would be only the more perfectly convinced that he had gone prematurely into the lower world.

Since the invention of printing, the power of man to disseminate knowledge has been increased almost beyond calculation. Even within the last thirty years a prodigious augmentation has taken place in this power. Before the improvement of Earl Stanhope, from 3 to 400 sheets might be printed per hour at the press; but the steam press which now works the Times newspaper, prints 4000 sheets an hour, or more than a sheet per second! It may be easily proved, that to write by hand the number of newspapers circulated by the Times, daily, would require a million and a half of scribes; yet they are printed with ease by about two dozen men. Such is the effect of a skilful division of labor, that a debate of eight or ten hours duration in the House of Commons, may be fully and ably reported, printed, and published so as to be read in London within three hours after its termination, and at sixty miles distance from the metropolis, before the speakers of the previous night have risen from their beds.

In navigation, as printing, invention slumbered for centuries, and then suddenly awoke in the wondrous steam vessel. Steam navigation is probably yet in its infancy, yet it has already effected an astonishing extension of intercourse between all parts of the British Isles, the widely separated towns and territories of the United States, and several of the countries of Europe. It was not uncommon a dozen years ago, to wait on this port for days and even weeks before a vessel could sail to Ireland; and often have been detained in the channel two or even weeks by calm or adverse winds, and when steam packets we pass easily and with a single night from Liverpool to Dublin; a single night from bridges connecting the sister islands as England. Calms do not retard their flight over the waves; adverse tides and winds, though they somewhat impede, cannot arrest their progress.—Instinct with power, they walk the waters like a thing of life. By their aid the voyage to India will probably be made, ere many more years have elapsed, scarcely a more formidable thing than a journey from London to Scotland was a century ago.

Such are a few of the more striking inventions and improvements of modern times. Yet invention is not exhausted. These seem to be but the commencement of an endless series; and the late experiments of Locomotive Carriages on our Rail-way give us quite a new idea of what science and art may yet do to quicken the transport of travellers and goods through the land. The idea of moving a carriage by a mechanical power within it, is not absolutely new, yet it has never been successfully reduced to practice till our own day; *animate power*, applied either externally or internally, has always been used for purposes of locomotion. To place a steam engine on wheels, and to make it move both itself and an additional weight, was a bold conception: the first essays were clumsy and unpromising, and even up to the present time a machine has never been seen in operation which was calculated for the rapid conveyance either of passengers or commodities.

The performances of the *Rocket* and the *Noctely*, give a sudden spur to our drowsy imaginations, and make our ideas fly as fast as the machines themselves. These engines with all their apparatus skinned over the earth at more than double the speed of the lightest and fastest mail, drawn by the swiftest blood horses, and driven by the most desperate coachman, over the smoothest roads in England. *Upwards of thirty miles an hour!* Let us see—at this rate we reach Manchester in an hour, Birmingham in three hours, London, Edinburgh, or Glasgow in six hours, and you may glide along with this bird-like speed with as little discomfort as if you were sitting in your arm chair, reading a volume of the Diamond Poets, without being disturbed by a single jolt; nay, I believe it would not be difficult to write. If the length of the journey made it worth while, I should expect to see Rail-road coaches fitted up with libraries and escrutoires; but it soon will be nearly useless to take a book for so short a journey as one or two hundred miles.

But if a speed of thirty miles an hour has already been attained, what good reason is there that we should not in process of time accomplish sixty miles per hour? Nay, why should we stop there? I am not bold enough to anticipate the time when coaches will supersede the telegraph, but I may reasonably expect to see them leaving the carrier-pigeon behind.

On a well constructed Rail-way, like that between Liverpool and Manchester, there is less danger in moving at the rate of thirty miles per hour than there is travelling at the rate of ten miles per hour on a turnpike road. On the Rail-way there is not a single inequality; in these respects the engineer has boldly and wisely aimed at perfection, though he thereby incurred what many deemed an extravagant expense. The

chief sources of danger in travelling rapidly on Turnpike roads are—1st, hills; 2nd, turnings in the road; 3rd, unruly horses; 4th, meeting other horses. Not one of these dangers exist on the Rail-way, and therefore it is difficult to limit the speed at which we may travel with safety.

I have chosen a fertile theme, and must leave it unexhausted. It may afford me ample room for future speculations.

Injurious Effects of Liverpool Salt.

An article was published in the New-York Medical Repository, vol. 1, p. 241, new series, (an able work, formerly conducted by Dr. Miller and Dr. Mitchell, on the subject of the spoiling of beef, pork and butter, when cured by Liverpool salt, &c. In a letter from Dr. Mitchell to Charles Caldwell, M. D. from which the following is abridged and extracted, the bad qualities of that substance are forcibly represented.

In the course of trade between America and Great Britain, it has become the misfortune of the United States to be visited with frequent cargoes of salt from Liverpool. This article is prepared on the western coast of England, where coal can be bought at a low price, by boiling ocean-water, saturated with the rock-salt of Norwich, in large and shallow pans of iron. The salt which remains, after the water has been evaporated by force of fire, is called pan-salt, and is a medley of saline substances. It is very different in its qualities from the pure muriate of soda.

The loss of property and life consequent upon the employment of this salt, is prodigious. Experience, year after year, has proved it to be incapable of preserving our beef from corruption. Often has this important article of food been found to be tainted, the very autumn in which it has been packed in barrels. Besides the sacrifice of property, we find that the employment of Liverpool salt in the packing of beef and pork, leaves them liable to corrupt; and the consequences of this corruption are pestilential exhalations, stirring up yellow fevers and other malignant distempers in the neighborhoods, cities and vessels, where the bodies of those slaughtered animals are deposited.

The butter of New-York market has also been rendered worse, if not absolutely spoiled, by the same kind of salt. Beguiled by its soft and showy exterior, the citizens have used it extensively in our counties famous for grazing and dairies. In many cases it has supplanted the old fashioned coarse or sun-made, salt. Wherever the substitution has been made, it has been with a pernicious effect. The butter so salted, does not keep so well, loses its agreeable flavor, and acquires rather a disagreeable scent. The difference between butter mixed up with this salt, and with natural crystallized salt, is so great that our wholesale and retail grocers can distinguish it at once, by the smell, on piercing or opening a firkin. The sweet flavor and nice odor, which pure sea salt gives, is altogether wanting in that which is seasoned with the other.

And thus as Liverpool salt is the remote agent of so much loss, damage and misery in the United States, it is high time to cease both to buy and consume it. In its stead, salt from the Bay of Biscay, Portugal, Isle of May, or the Bahamas, may be employed with perfect safety.

The fault of Liverpool salt, and of all other salt obtained from sea water, by force of fire or by boiling, is its admixture with foreign ingredients, known by the technical names of *black* and *bittern*. These usually adhere to the salt in considerable quantities. They have no antiseptic virtues, but possess a directly contrary effect. Sea salt formed by natural evaporation and crystallization, has very little mixture with these foul and foreign ingredients.

New-England Farmer.

Reducing a Story.—There lived, away South, a famous sportsman, who not only made long shots in the field, but likewise at the board. In a word, he was fond of telling very large stories. Being aware that he carried this practice to a somewhat unwarrantable length, he commissioned his favorite black man, Cudjo, to give him a hint whenever he found him stretching the truth too much.

One day dining in company with sundry other gentlemen, he told some prodigious large stories; and, among the rest, of a fox he had killed, which had a tail twenty yards long. Honest Cudjo thought this was quite too extravagant; and as he stood behind his master's chair, he gave him a nudge.

"Twenty did I say? Perhaps I'm a little too fast. But 'twas all of fifteen."

Cudjo gave him a second nudge.

"Eh!—let me see. 'Twas ten at least."

A third nudge.

"'Twas every inch of five."

A fourth nudge.

"'Twas three, any how."

A fifth nudge.

The sportsman took all these hints in good part until he received the last; when thinking his story was already cut down quite enough, he turned suddenly to his servant and exclaimed—"Why d—n it, Cudjo, wont you let my fox have any tail?"

N. Y. Constellation.

The pleasure of change is opposed by that of habit; and if we love best that to which we are accustomed, we like best that which is new.

From the American Farmer.

CULTURE OF INDIAN CORN.

Indian corn being an important production of our soil, and extensively grown by our farmers, it is desirable that we should attain the mode of cultivating it, at the same time most easy and most productive. To contribute something to this end, I shall make some observations on the best mode of cultivating this grain, and point out some errors into which I conceive many of our farmers have fallen with regard to it. To ascertain the proper mode of culture for any plant it is necessary to examine into its nature and qualities, and the kind of soil to which it is best adapted, and we should proceed accordingly. The want of proper attention to this rule, has produced much wild theory and bad practice in agriculture.—The corn plant requires a loose alluvial soil to bring it to its greatest perfection, we should therefore in preparing ground for its reception render it as light and mellow as possible, ploughing as deep as the nature of the soil will admit; harrowing the ground previous to planting is advantageous in hard cloddy soils, but is not generally necessary. The seed should be deposited in furrows struck as deep as the ground is ploughed, and lightly covered with loose earth; if too much earth is thrown upon it there is danger of its rotting in cold wet weather, which sometimes succeeds the season of planting. By this mode of planting, the plants are more firmly fixed in the earth, the roots striking deep, draw a greater supply of nourishment to support them, they are likewise more secure from drought which often proves very destructive to the corn crop; the stalks will not generally grow as tall as those which are planted superficially, but are thicker and stronger and produce larger ears. The best process of cultivation is, that which will preserve a level surface, and most effectually destroy the weeds. This is most effectually done by drawing a large harrow over the rows, (the depth of the furrows will preserve the plants from injury.) The weeds should be carefully removed, and the furrows filled up around the plants as they become large enough to bear it. If this operation is well done, (and much of the success of the crop depends upon its being so) one ploughing will be sufficient; in doing this, the earth should be thrown to the corn, but care should be taken not to ridge it, which is very injurious, as it carries off the rain from the corn which requires a plentiful supply of moisture, especially when earing.

Many farmers pursue a quite different course, just skimming the surface, and planting their seed almost on the top of the ground; the consequence is that the roots, unable to penetrate the hard earth beneath, afford but little sustenance to the plants which run up spindling, and being often exposed to drought, yield but a scanty crop; this may often be seen by examining the outer rows of corn where the ground could not be well ploughed. What seems to have led to this practice is the cultivation of new ground where it could not be ploughed deep, the strength of the soil produces abundantly with any kind of culture. The superficial farmer continues skimming the surface until it becomes exhausted, when sowing the land worn out he abandons it to wiser cultivators. Another error which some practice, is so abused as almost to carry with it its own confusion, this is to plough so deep as to cut and mangle the roots of corn with the idea of making it produce better. This causes what is called fired corn, that is, the blades wither and die before it is fully ripe.

Though I conceive the above observations to be supported by reason, they are somewhat the result of experience, the best proof of theory. I once planted in the same field with some who ploughed shallow, while my part was broken up beam deep and furrowed with the plough one after the other in the same furrow; the consequence was that I had a better crop than they with much less labor, and I am convinced that every similar trial would produce a similar result.

Retaliation.—When the late Marquis of Londonderry was Secretary of State, a friend one day, in familiar conversation, took the liberty of asking him why in official appointments, he did not promote merit? "Why," cried the Marquis, "why, because merit did not promote me, to be sure."

The Albion.

There is now, (says the Rochester Enquirer of Jan. 9th) incarcerated in the jail of this county, for a debt of about eleven dollars, at the suit of —, esq. of Clarkson, a REVOLUTIONARY SOLDIER, eighty years of age!

A gentleman having married a lady of the name of Lamb, who had very little beauty, but a very great fortune, was told by an acquaintance, that he would not have taken the lamb, had it not been for the fleece.

A man was cutting straw in a machine on a chilly day, when one of his fingers was clipped off so smoothly that he did not discover the accident till one of his companions seeing it on the barn floor, asked him whose it was? Hodge looking at his own hands, exclaimed—"By-jingo, its mine!"

Small evils make the worst part of great ones: it is so much easier to endure misfortunes than to bear an inconvenience.