

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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Southern Literary Messenger.
T. W. WELLS,
Editor and Proprietor.

THIS is a monthly Magazine, devoted chiefly to LITERATURE, but occasionally finding room also for articles that fall within the scope of HISTORY; and not professing an entire domain of tasteless selections, though its editor has endeavored as it will continue to be, in the main, original.

Party Politics and controversial Theology, as far as possible, are jealously excluded. They are sometimes blended with discussions in literature or in moral science, otherwise unobjectionable, as to give admittance for the sake of the more valuable matter to which they relate; but whenever that happens, they are incidental, only, not primary. They are drawn, tolerated only because it cannot well be severed from the sterling matter wherewith it is incorporated.

Reviews and Critical Notices, occupy their due space in the work; and it is the Editor's aim that they should have a threefold tendency—to convey, in a condensed form, such valuable truths or interesting incidents as are embodied in the works reviewed,—to direct the reader's attention to books that deserve to be read,—and to warn him against wasting time and money upon that large number, which merit only to be burned. In this age of publications that by their variety and multitude distract and overwhelm every undiscriminating student, IMPARTIAL CRITICISM, governed by the views just mentioned, is one of the most indispensable and indispensable auxiliaries, to him who dares wish to discriminate.

ESSAYS, and TALES, having in view utility or amusement, or both—HISTORICAL SKETCHES—and REMINISCENCES of events too minute for History, yet elucidating its aims and broadening its interest,—may be regarded as forming the staple of the work. And of indigenous Poetry, enough is published—sometimes of no mean strain—to manifest and to cultivate the growing poetical taste and talents of our country.

The times appear, for several reasons, to demand such a work—and not one alone, but many. The public mind is feverish and irritated still, from recent political strife;—The soft, assuasive influence of Literature is needed, to allay that fever, and soothe that irritation. Vice and folly are rioting abroad;—They should be driven, by indignant rebuke, or lashed by ridicule, into their fitting haunts. Ignorance lords it over an immense proportion of our people;—Every spring should be set in motion, to arouse the enlightened, and to increase their number; so that the great enemy of popular government may no longer brood, like a portentous cloud, over the destinies of our country. And to accomplish all these ends, what more powerful agent can be employed, than a periodical, on the plan of the Messenger; if that plan be well carried out in practice!

The South peculiarly requires such an agent. In all the Union, South of Washington, there are but two Literary periodicals! Northward of that city, there are probably at least twenty-five or thirty! In this contest, justified by the wealth, the leisure, the native talent, or the actual literary basis, of the Southern people, compared with those of the Northern! No; for wealth, talents, and taste, we may justly claim at least an equality with our brethren; and a domestic institution exclusively our own, beyond all doubt, affords us, if we choose, twice the leisure for reading and writing, which they enjoy.

It was from a deep sense of this local want, that the work *SOUTHERN* was engraved on the name of this periodical; and not with any design to nourish local prejudices, or to advocate supposed local interests. Far from any such thought, it is the Editor's fervent wish, to see the North and South bound endearingly together forever, in the silken bands of mutual kindness and affection. Far from meditating hostility to the North, he has already drawn, and he hopes hereafter to draw, much of his choicest matter thence; and happy indeed will he deem himself, should his pages, by making each region know the other better, contribute in any essential degree to dispel the lowering clouds that now threaten the peace of both, and to brighten and strengthen the sacred ties of fraternal love.

The *SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER* has now completed its fourth volume. How far it has acted out the ideas here uttered, is not for the Editor to say. He believes, however, that it falls not far short of them, than human weakness usually makes Practice fall short of Theory.
December, 1838.

MISCELLANEOUS.

INTERVIEW WITH A SHARK.

Being in La Guayra during the month of June, I was tempted by the heat of the lowland to bathe in the sea. I swam out to some rocks which lay a quarter of a mile from the shore, and there dived to pick up some beautiful shells. As I got near the bottom I balanced myself in mid water, to observe a most beautiful phenomenon. It being noon, and the sun crossing the equator, near which stands La Guayra, his beams were reflected with surpassing splendor on the surface of the water, which were agitated into rippling waves by the mid day breeze; these little waves were reflected on the sandy bed of the sea, which reflection showed like a waving and shifting net of burnished silver. I saw the net with pleasure, stretched as far as my eye could reach, save my own shadow, as it were, intercepted it. Suddenly this was overshadowed by the most terrific object. I instantly cast my eyes upwards, and, gracious Heaven! I beheld right above me, one of those terrific monsters in nature, known to the English in those seas, under the appellation of shovel-nosed shark. I cast a few glances aloft, and observed his glaring eyes, that looked at once stupidly dull, and frightfully malignant. Their savage ken was directed down upon me; its greedy mouth was opening and shutting, as if in anticipation of swallowing me. I swam still under water, to another place; but I could observe, by the shadow of the monster, that he still followed me; upwards I dared not look, but in vain tried to dodge my tormentor, where I stopped, he stopped, and go where I would, still his shadow fell upon me. What was to be done? My strength and breath were fast going; to remain much longer under water was impossible; and to rise was to make for the jaws of perdition.

I sank to the bed of the bay to arm myself with some conch shells; these might have been of some use, could I have gained the surface of the water unharmed, in which I might have buried them at my enormous head. But no, the shark seemed aware that I could not long remain below and he

determined to catch me as I rose. Suddenly a ray of blessed hope shot across my benighted mind.—I was beside a rock that had a small cleft through its centre, which near the head of the bay had a horizontal passage; down this cleft I had often gone out of mere boyish desire for adventure; and to this chance I swam, and in an instant darted into this horizontal part of it.

Ere I did this, the hideous fish became, too late, aware of my manoeuvre; and from the pressure of the water, I became sensible that he sunk down towards me; but the love of life made me too quick for him, even in his own element. I passed through the horizontal passage, and in an instant I was buoyed up through the vertical cavity of the rock, and rose to the surface of the water, almost suffocated, to inhale the blessed air. Still the pursuing sea-devil followed; it had also forced itself through the aperture of the rock, but whether this was too small easily to admit its enormous head, I know not; certain I am that the shark did not pass the cleft for some minutes after me. By this time I stood upright upon the rock, on which there were two or three feet of water, and a few rapid steps brought me out of immediate danger. I had gained a part of the rock which was out of the water, although affording but bad footing, it being as sharp as the blade of a boat oar. On this, however, I got, as the monster emerged from the passage, still pursuing me; it made a rush toward where I stood, but I was out of its element; it raised its huge head, as if to ascertain where I was, and in this instant, I hurled one of the conch shells, which I still held in my hand, at his head, with such effect, as to stun the fish. It now lay motionless for some minutes, while I, to prevent the sharp edges of the rocks from cutting my feet, was obliged to kneel, and partly to support myself with my hands. I now perceived the fish splashing the water upon the rocks, till they were in a foam, the fact was, it was high tide when we both came up, and as the water was fast receding, it could not get off for want of depth. Some minutes had elapsed ere I perceived its predicament, for my attention was directed towards the shore, to which place I called for success, using every exclamation of distress that I recollected. At length the fish became completely high and dry, and I perceived the danger of my late mortal foe, but felt as generous pity for him. I now fearlessly changed my uneasy position, and stood upright on the flat part of the rock. I was too much exhausted by my late adventure, to essay swimming ashore and saw, with joy, a canoe, approaching me. One of three men in her proved to be my old friend, Jose Garcia, who being informed of my late escape, called out "Santa Maria! it is el capitan del puerto, (the harbor master) that is on the rock!" I must inform the reader that I have heard of a large and well known shovel-nosed shark, called el capitan del puerto, who, in the Bay of La Guayra, was as well known as Port Royal, Tom was in Jamaica. Whether my late foe was the identical el capitan del puerto, I cannot take upon myself to say, but Jose and the two men in the canoe, treated him with little ceremony; they beat the helpless shark's head with their paddles until he was again stunned, and finished him by cutting off his tail, and running a match-stick through his brain.—Warner Arundell.

REMARKABLE PROPHECY OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON.

As regards England, France, Russia, and other European States. (Being a suppressed passage from both French and English editions of Count Las Cases Journal.)

"In less than twenty-five years from the present time," said the Emperor Napoleon to me, one day, as we stood viewing the sea from a rock which overhung the road—

"The whole European system will be changed; Revolution will succeed revolution; until every nation becomes acquainted with its individual rights. Depend upon it, the people of Europe will no longer submit to be governed by these bands of petty sovereigns—these Aristocratic cabinets.

"I was wrong in re-establishing the order of nobles in France, but I did it to give splendor to the throne, and refinement to the manners of the people who were fast sinking into barbarism since the revolution. The remains of the feudal system will vanish before the sun of knowledge.

"The people have only to know that all power emanates from themselves, in order to assert their rights to a share in their respective governments. This will be the case even with the bores of Russia; yes, Las Cases, you may live to see the time—but I shall be cold in my grave—when that colossal but ill-remembered empire will be split into as many sovereignties—perhaps Republics—as there are hordes or tribes which compose it."

After a few more reflections on the future prospect of Europe, his Majesty thus continued:

"Never was a web more artfully woven over a nation than that horrible delusion which envelops the people of England. It has been the means of enriching the Aristocracy beyond all former example in any country, whilst it has, at the same time, impoverished as many fast and powerful friends to the government, as there are individuals who receive interest for that money, so extravagantly squandered to crush liberty in other countries. But even that must have an end; some accidental spark will ignite the combustible mass, and blow the whole system to the devil? If this mighty delusion were due to foreigners, these cunning islanders would not bear the burden an hour; but would, on some pretext or other, break with their creditors, and laugh at their credulity; but they owe the money to individuals among themselves; and are, therefore, likely to enjoy the pleasure of paying the interest for generations to come.

"France too has got a debt: These Bourbons think to maintain themselves on my throne, by borrowing largely of the present generation, in order to lay heavy taxes on the next and future ones. But I know the French people too well to suppose that such a system can be long tolerated. I know that they have too much natural affection for their

offspring to entail upon them a National Debt like that of England however artfully incurred. No, no! my subjects are too sharp-sighted to permit the property accumulated for their children to be mortgaged to pay the Russians and English for invading them, and for the restoration of the *Vielle cour des imbeciles, who now insult them!* They will, after a time, make comparisons between them and me; they will recollect, that the expenses of my government were defrayed by impost during the year—that my wars cost France nothing—that I left her not one Napoleon in debt—but that I enriched every corner of her territory. Such comparisons will not be very favorable to the Bourbons; the French will cut them and their debts from their shoulders, as my Arabian steed would any stranger who should dare to mount him. Then, if my son be in existence, he will be seated on the throne amid the acclamations of the people: if he be not, France will go back to a Republic; for no other hand will dare to seize a sceptre which it cannot wield. The Orleans branch, though amiable, are too weak, have too much of the other Bourbons, and will share the same fate, if they do not choose to live as simple citizens under whatever change takes place."

Here the Emperor paused a few moments, then waving his hand, he exclaimed in an animated tone, his dark eye beaming with the enthusiasm of inspiration—

"France once more a Republic, other countries will follow her example—Germans, Prussians, Poles, Italians, Danes, Swedes, and Russians, will join in the crusade for liberty! They will arm against their sovereigns, who will be glad to make concessions of some of their rights, in order to preserve a minor authority over them as subjects; they will grant them representative chambers, and style themselves Constitutional Kings, possessing a limited power. Thus the feudal system will receive its death blow; like the thick mist on that ocean, it will dissipate at the first appearance of the sun of liberty; the wheel of revolution will not stand still at this point, the impetus will be increased in a ten-fold ratio, and the motion will be accelerated in proportion. When a people recover a part of their rights, as men, they become elated with the victory they have achieved; and, having tasted the sweets of freedom, they become clamorous for a larger portion. Thus will the States and principalities of Europe be in a continual state of turmoil and ferment, perhaps for some years—like the earth, heaving in all directions; previous to the occurrence of an earthquake: at length the combustible matter will have vent; a tremendous explosion will take place—

"The sun of England's bankruptcy will over-extend the European world. Overwhelming Kings and Aristocracies, but cementing the Democratic interests as it flows. Trust me, Las Cases, that, as from the vines planted in the soil which occurs the sides of Etna and Vesuvius, the most delicious wine is obtained so shall the lava, of which I speak, prove to be the only soil in which the Tree of Liberty will take firm and permanent root. May it flourish for ages! You, perhaps consider these sentiments strange and unusual; they are mine, however. *Lucas a Republica; but fate, and the opposition of Europe, made me an Emperor!* I am now a spectator of the future."

From Buckingham's Lectures.

THE SIMOON.

I have said that during two months of the year, the South winds prevail. The ordinary name of this formidable wind is Simoon. It is called in Arabic Samyed, the wind of the desert, and by another title, which signifies the wind of fifty days. It is remarkable for its suffocating heat, and no less so for its enervating effects on the constitution. No inhabitant of a northern clime, who has never travelled in these countries, can form any adequate idea of the power of the Simoon in completely unstringing the human system and oppressing the frame with a painful sense of languor and lassitude. It produces a state of feeling which explains a proverb common among the Hindus, "it is better to sit than to stand; it is better to lie than to sit; but to sleep is best of all;"—a saying which very well exemplifies the grammarian's degree of comparison; positive, comparative and superlative. During the prevalence of this visitation, the chief object with every body is to wear away the time—These qualities in the southern wind are occasioned by its passing over the vast deserts which lie south of Egypt and Nubia. So great is the heat which it contracts while passing over these burning wastes, that it feels upon your cheek like a blast from the mouth of a furnace. It affects alike, all animal life. Both man and beast wither under its power. Those who can afford to live without any active employment, shut themselves up and retire within the most secret parts of their houses; while the poorer classes, whose necessity obliges them to labor, do it in such a reluctant and sluggish manner, that I do not believe there is as much work done through all Egypt during the two months in which these winds prevail, as is accomplished in one week at a different season of the year. In crossing the Mediterranean Sea, the Simoon loses a portion of its heat, in consequence of which its deleterious effects are in some degree mitigated when it reaches the shores of Sicily and Italy, where it is known by the name of the Sirocco, or South East wind. The Italians and Sicilians are so affected by its prevalence, that they are disabled from doing any thing with the accustomed spirit of industry; and so well is this fact understood, that the prevalence of the Sirocco furnishes a standing excuse for idleness and defects of all kinds. If a poem proves flat, if a play has no plot, a picture no composition, a statue no grace, an oratory obsolete no tenderness, the authors shrug their shoulders and ask, "what would you have—it was done in the Sirocco?" If among the vivid and enthusiastic Italians, and after traversing half the length of the Mediterranean Sea, this wind is still able to produce such effects, you may judge what it must be

in Egypt, where it comes fresh from the face of the desert. And again, if in Egypt its effects be such as I have described, what must this wind be when encountered on the deserts themselves? I have myself, on three occasions, been exposed to its effects in such a situation; and so terrific did they prove, that, although in early life I have seen danger in almost every shape, I have beheld nothing half so appalling.

I was overtaken by the Simoon when crossing the desert in a caravan. The first symptoms of its approach was a sudden and oppressive heat in the air. The instant this was felt, my companions too well understood what was predicted by it, turned their eyes with one accord toward the quarter from whence the wind proceeded, when we perceived a lurid streak of reddish light upon the horizon; and now, not only the Arabs were struck with terror, but the animals which accompanied us appeared equally conscious of the approaching danger, giving striking signs of uneasiness and distress. A halt was instantly sounded, and under the orders of the prince, as he is called, or leader, as we should term him, the caravan formed in line. The method of accomplishing this arrangement was singular and impressive, resembling very much the maritime evolutions of a fleet of transports, when threatened by an enemy. All the camels were immediately unloaded, the riders of the dromedaries dismounted the women and children were gathered into the centre, the camels were then moored (I know no term to better describe the operation) in lines consisting of a hundred each, head to tail, leaving their two fore legs bent and bound with a thong and their bodies placed sideways to the wind. As the wind approached, the animals, by a singular instinct, buried their nostrils in the sand. The people placed themselves under their lee, and all the arrangements having been thus completed, we remained in our places while the dreadful blast passed over us. Those in the company who were in weak health, became faint, almost to suffocation. The atmosphere at length became perfectly opaque, and so filled with sand that you could not see the length of a camel. Nay, at times, a man could not see his own hand. It was then that I realized for the first time, the full force of the Scriptural phrase "darkness that may be felt." The darkness of the most pitchy night I ever passed at sea was not to be compared with it. The sun was utterly obscured; and when the darkness relaxed, a yellow haze, filled the atmosphere in every direction. There were many women and children in the caravan, whose terror was indelible. The most doleful shrieks and groans, mingled with prayers for mercy, filled our ears. We were every moment apprehensive that the sand would accumulate, until, becoming higher than the camels backs, it would shelve over and bury the persons of the people who had taken shelter behind them. When this takes place, every body rises, and the camels must be moved further to the windward, where they are moored again. But this is a tedious operation, and if attempted during the intensity of the storm, must be fatal to beasts and men. On the occasion I have described, the blast continued from eight to ten hours. Had it lasted two hours longer, we must all without doubt have perished, as a convoy would founder at sea.

While I was at Damascus, a caravan from Mecca, containing fifty thousand souls, was thus overwhelmed, and only sixteen persons, who were on horseback, escaped the catastrophe. The Pacha immediately dispatched a large detachment of troops to the spot, to save the goods from depredation, who, arriving at the melancholy scene, found the face of the desert encumbered with heaps of the dead.

I consider these storms of the desert much more than storms at sea; and were there printed journals in those countries, as there are in ours, we should hear more frequent accounts of their terrible consequences. As it is, the intelligence does not reach Europe, but is well known in the countries adjacent. Without doubt it must have been in this manner that the expeditions of Cambyzes and of Alexander, for the discovery of the sources of the Nile, perished in the deserts through which they were prosecuting their march.

The proprietor of a small house in the Rue de Haut Moulin, in the Cite, occupied the upper part, and let the two lower stories to different tenants.—Having from time to time lost various valuable articles belonging to him, he began to fear that he was unfortunate in the choice of tenants, and even at length entertained suspicions of his own brother, who was one of them. To accuse his relative without proof, would be justly felt, bring disgrace upon himself, and he therefore kindly gave him notice, not many days since, to quit. In the mean time he set a species of trap in the place where he kept his plate, so contrived, that any hand which might attempt to steal it, would be caught in the act, and the thief held fast. The night before the brother was to remove, he was awakened by the cries of the suspicious proprietor, and hastening up to his apartment, found him caught by his own snare, his hand grasping a silver fork and spoon. On investigation it was ascertained that the proprietor was the only perpetrator of the several robberies upon himself, which he had committed in a state of somnambulism; for, on being afterwards watched by his brother, he was seen while in his sleep, to get up, take his own watch, and go with it to the common sewer, into which he threw it. On searching the following day for the watch, all the missing articles were found in the same receptacle.

An Irish gentleman of the name of Man, residing near a private mad-house, met one of its poor inhabitants, who had broken from his keeper.—The manne suddenly stopped, and resting upon a large stick, exclaimed, "Who are you, Sir?" The gentleman was rather alarmed, but thinking to divert his attention by a pun, replied, "I am a double man, I am man by name and man by nature." "Are you so?" rejoined the other, "why I am a

man beside myself, so we two will fight, you two." He then knocked poor Mr. Man down and ran away.

Cigar Smoking.—Two persons of moderate age have died within a short period of each other, at Charleston, of internal ulcers brought on, in the opinion of an eminent medical practitioner, by the excessive use of cigars.

AGRICULTURAL.

From the Silk Culturist.

HINTS ON FEEDING HORSES.

In feeding horses with grain, the proper quantity of the respective kinds is regulated by weight, for in this proportion are the different kinds considered nutritious. As for example, we give to a horse per day half a bushel of oats, the weight of which is 17 lbs., and if we wish to change to other grain, as barley, rye, or Indian corn, the same weight will suffice; and these grains are much heavier than oats, a proportionate less quantity, by measure will suffice. Another rule, deemed important, is this, that whenever heavier grain is substituted for oats, a quantity of fine cut straw should be added, as a substitute for the husk of the oats. This induces a more perfect digestion of the grain.

The practice of giving dry grain to horses when pastured, or fed with green cut grass, is condemned; for the grain thus given, is never perfectly digested, on account of the effect of the watery juices of grass upon digestion. When dry grain and green feed are given, as much interval should be allowed between the dry and green food as circumstances will permit.

Van Thier considers 8 lbs. of meadow hay equal in nourishment to 3 lbs. of oats; that hay improves by age, if well kept, and is most nutritious for horses when a year old; that the second growth is not equally nourishing; and that hay should not be unnecessarily exposed in making, the freshness of its scent being peculiarly gratifying to horses and cattle. In Holland and Flanders, farm horses are uniformly soiled during summer. A horse is supposed to consume from 84 to 100 lbs. of green food per day with occasional grain. An acre of clover, at two cuttings, will give twelve tons of green food; and hence half an acre of clover, fed green, will suffice for a horse six months.

It is also a general practice in Flanders, and is extensively adopted in Great Britain, to convert the entire food into mangel-meet, that is, to mix the cut straw and hay, the grain and the roots, or whatever is to constitute the provender for the day, and to feed altogether in the manger, in regular measure. The value of this mode of feeding is alleged to consist in—

1. In requiring a more thorough mastication of the food than when it is given in the common way thereby assisting digestion, and consequently promoting the nutrition of the animal; for it is not only true that old horses lose much of the power of mastication, and that young and greedy cattle are apt to devour a considerable part of their corn entire, when it is given alone, which passing through them in the same state affords no kind of nourishment, but all animals are known to derive nourishment from their solid food, in a certain degree, in proportion to the care with which it is chewed.

2. It is consumed in less time.

3. By the mixture of the materials, some proportions of which, as damaged hay, or straw, might be refused if given separately, an equal consumption of the whole is secured.

4. By its admitting of being more readily weighed, or measured, than when given separately it can be more accurately distributed to each horse on which it may be observed, that more injury is often done to horses by allowing them an unlimited quantity of rack-meet (uncut hay in the rack), than even by sitting them to a scanty allowance; for they will not only pass whole nights in eating, when rest would do them more service, but, by this extraordinary distention of the stomach, its powers are weakened, and their general health is injured.

5. It prevents waste, and consequently goes farther.

Mr. Wiggins, whose daily business extends to the feeding of three hundred horses, estimates the saving by the feeding entirely in this way, in the manger, at one sixth.

Rye is considerably employed as horse feed in America, particularly in Pennsylvania. It is generally coarsely ground, and mixed with cut straw or chaff, and moistened, by which the mass is incorporated.

Barley is extensively used in the south of Europe, in Asia Minor and in Persia, for feeding horses, for the reason, probably, that oats, being indigenous to colder climates, do not grow well in those countries. In the first of these countries it is uniformly fed with straw. Six bushels have been found, on trial, to be equal to eight bushels of oats. Barley contains twenty per cent, more starch than oats, 5 per cent. more saccharine matter, and 27 per cent. less husk.

British writers have furnished us with estimates of the annual expense of keeping farm horses. One of these before us, gives the aggregate expense of a two-horse team and driver as about 900. (\$400.) This includes the interest on the cost of the team and implements, 270l. and 10 per cent, for repairs and deterioration. We state this fact for the purpose of calling the reader's attention to it. It imports, that allowing for the days when the team cannot labor, and assuming 260 working days in a year, that a team and driver should earn more than \$1 50 a day for 260 days in a year, to pay cost; and that all they fall short in doing this, is absolutely lost to the owner. The keeping, in Britain, is probably higher however, than it is with us. Yet we are persuaded that a few among us duly reflect upon the cost of maintaining a horse-team in a plight requisite for doing good service. In Britain a team of good horses is considered adequate to the cultivation of 40 to 60 acres in tillage crops