THE WILMINGTON JOURNAL.

WILMINGTON, N. C., MONDAY, JUNE 2, 1851.

South Carolina.

The *Cheraw Gazette* thinks that, in expressing our opinion that South Carolina will not now secede, we interfere where we have no warrant, and undertake to decide a question which we have never been invited to settle for her. In this we think the *Gazette* misunderstands us. We have simply expressed our own opinion—an opinion founded upon a careful examination of the present position of affairs, and some intercourse with the people of the Palmetto State. When we find such men as BUTLER, BURT, BARNWELL, CHEVES, ORR, and others, opposed to immediate action, and know that the whole mercantile influence of the State will be cast against it, we are fully convinced that no rash or hasty course will be pursued. When we say, in the article to which the *Gazette* has reference, that "out of South Carolina the question (that of immediate secession) has been settled long ago," we simply meant that the people of the other States had settled the question for themselves. This being the case, we cannot but regard one of the arguments used in favor of immediate secession in South Carolina as savoring very much of arrogance. We allude to the idea of taking that step in order to *force* the other States into joining her.

FRANCE.—The census recently taken in France shows a total population of 35,500,000. The number of foreigners of all nations domiciled in France exceeds a million, of whom seventy-five thousand are English. Previous to the revolution, the number of English in France was much greater. The ratio of increase of the French population is very small.

WHAT A NAME.—One of the passengers on board the steamboat Ohio, when she got sunk in the Delaware, was a Mrs. TOOTHAKER! We could pardon a man, or even a single lady, who might be so unlucky as to own such a name, for they would be only laboring under a misfortune with which they were born, but for a lady to marry a man named TOOTHAKER, and thus deliberately and with malice aforethought assume that horrid name, is enough to make every tooth in one's head ache.

VESSEL BURNED.—On the evening of Tuesday, the 27th ultimo, the Barque Savannah was destroyed by fire, just inside of the mouth of the Savannah river. She was bound from Savannah to New York, with a full cargo of cotton and other valuable merchandize. The loss is estimated at $80,000. The passengers and crew were taken off by the steam tug Tybee.

TRUMBULL, Ct., May 25th, 1851.

To the Editor of the Journal:

DEAR SIR—After an absence of seven months, during which time I have traveled nearly 2,500 miles—seen much of the various interests of different sections of our country—an increasing determination among farmers, planters, &c., in many locations to bring science to bear upon the agricultural interest—shared largely in the hospitality of those to whom my visits were made—and made many valuable acquaintances—I am again permitted to mingle with family and friends, and to inhale the pure air of my native State, "mine own New England."

In consequence of heavy rains in April, vegetation here is backward. On the 14th of February, I saw in Pitt county, N. C., peas three or four inches high; here, May 25th, they are about the same height. Fruit here, it is feared, has been seriously injured by the severe frosts of the early part of this month.

With these exceptions, matters and things generally appear favorable. We now have promise of a good harvest.

Mechanics in general are fully employed. The manufacturing interest is gradually rising from the weight that has been thrown upon it during the last two years by the high price of the raw material. On the whole, prosperity continues to crown the efforts of our industrious citizens with success.

The interests of the South, too, are rapidly advancing.—This country is indeed a mirror, into which all the nations of the earth may look for a pattern of excellence.

Though the horizon of our political hemisphere has been in a measure beclouded—though the sun of peace and quiet has for a season refused to shed his cheering rays upon us—yet we have reason to believe that the cloud which has obscured our political prospects will soon be driven away by the magic influence of the ballot box, and the sun of peace and harmony will again dawn upon our happy States.

I am proud to say, the political atmosphere of this portion of New England is pure and healthy, so far as concerns the North and the South.

It is doubtful in my mind whether a single one of those animals, known by the name of Abolitionist, can be found within a day's travel. There is a disposition manifested by all to whom I have named the subject, to frown the principles down. Abolitionist! There is nothing known here by that name. Had I a desire to insult any man in this community, in order to do it easily and effectually, I would call him an Abolitionist. The *principles*, the *name*, the *party*, are alike considered contemptible.

I cannot say, would that I could, that there are no persons in Connecticut tinctured with *Abolition, Free Soil*, &c., doctrines, but this much I may say, during the late State election Union men have been sustained by both the leading political parties, each preferring the election of men from the opposing party to that of those who were even suspected of having any sympathy for those principles which, by a vast majority of our citizens, are considered at war against *justice, State rights*, and the *constitution*.

A worthy friend has just informed me that the number of Free Soilers in our State Legislature this year is much reduced from what it was last year.

Suggestions are now being made which it is hoped, if carried out, will entirely rout that unhallowed clan. (They have no claim to the title of party, it reflects disgrace upon men of better principles.)

It is proposed to so amend the State Constitution that a plurality may elect. This once done, and Abolition will soon be remembered only as a thing that was. May Heaven give success to the enterprise.

We hope the time is not far distant when the commotion that now threatens to burst asunder every tender tie that binds the North and South together will be hushed, and each State permitted to enjoy the rights and privileges guaranteed by the constitution.

If there is any one national sentiment that our citizens would encore more than another, it is *Union* and *State Rights*. To perpetuate the Union they will use their best endeavors. That the rights of our Southern brethren have been trampl d upon, I cannot and never have denied, either North or South. That it has been a source of regret to almost our entire population, I bear testimony; and let me say, in conclusion, that no animal, let him be ever so ferocious, would share so liberally in the execrations and chastisement of the people here, as would that one denominated an "Abolition Lecturer."

Yours truly, A. SHERMAN.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE PRESS.—That a periodical press exerts a moral and political influence, and tends in a great degree to mould the the character of nations, is beyond all question; and it is instructive, says the Philadelphia Ledger, to trace its influence as it shapes the destiny of the various people of the globe among whom it is distributed. Thus, "Austria, the lowest in the scale of civilization, and the least sensible to the charms of freedom, hugging their chains and their superstitions to their bosoms with the ardor of love, can boast of only 10 newspapers! In the whole continent of Africa, there are but 14. In Portugal, there are only 20. In Belgium, there are 65. What a contrast! In Denmark, 85. In Poland and Russia, (very few in Russia) there are 90. But when we come to the common school kingdom of Prussia, civilized by an intellectual Frederick, the man who could appreciate literature and Voltaire, we have 300! In the other German States, 320. In Great Britain and Ireland, 500; making a total in Euroupe, Asia and Africa, of 1458. Now, what is the number in the United States? More than all the other three quarters of the globe. 1800! This relative distribution of the press over the globe, exhibits its influence and importance. Where newspapers circulate largely and the press is free, the greatest amount of general intelligence is observed, the largest share of national prosperity enjoyed, and a more industrious, enterprising and active population exhibited."

A newspaper is like a stage coach. Its best articles are put INSIDE, and it can't get along without its LEADERS.

Napoleon at Moscow.

We subjoin from Headley's work—"Napoleon and his Marshals"—a brilliant account of the burning of Moscow, which is well spoken of in the American Whig Review, as superior even to Croly's picture in "Salathiel," of the conflagration of Rome. Headley's descriptive powers have rarely, if ever been surpassed:

"At length, Moscow, with its domes, and towers and palaces appear in sight, and Napoleon, who had joined the advanced guard, gazed long and thoughtfully on that goal of his wishes. Murat went forward and entered the gates with his splendid cavalry, but as he passed through the streets, he was struck with the solitude that surrounded him. Nothing was heard but the heavy tramp of his squadron as he passed along, for a deserted and abandoned city was the meagre prize, for which such unparalleled efforts had been made. As night drew its curtain over the splendid capital, Napoleon entered the gates, and immediately appointed Mortier governor. In his directions he commanded him to abstain from all pillage. "For this," said he, "you shall be answerable with your life. Defend Moscow against all, whether friend or foe."

"The bright moon rose over the mighty city—tipping with silver the domes of more than two hundred churches, and pouring a flood of light over a thousand palaces, and the dwellings of three hundred thousand inhabitants. The weary army sunk to rest; but there was no sleep to Mortier's eyes. Not the gorgeous and variegated palaces and their rich ornaments, nor the parks and gardens and oriental magnificence that every where surrounded him, kept him wakeful; but the ominous foreboding that some dire calamity was hanging over the silent capital.—When he entered it, scarce a living soul met his gaze as he looked down the long streets; and, when he broke open the buildings, he found parlours, and bed-rooms and chambers, all furnished and in order;—but no occupants. The sudden abandonment of their homes betokened some secret purpose yet to be fufilled. The midnight moon was sailing over the city when the cry of "fire" reached the ears of Mortier:—and the first light over Napoleon's falling empire was kindled, and that most wonderous scene of modern times commenced—the burning of Moscow.

"Mortier, as governor of the city, immediately issued his orders, and was putting forth every exertion, when at day-light Napoleon hastened to him. Affecting to disbelieve the reports that the inhabitants were burning their own city, he put more rigid commands on Mortier to keep the soilders from the work of destruction. The Marshal simply pointed to some iron covered houses that had not yet been opened, from every crevice of which smoke was issuing like steam from the sides of a pent up volcano. Sad and thoughtful, Napoleon turned towards the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars, whose huge structure rose high above the surrounding edifices.

"In the morning Mortier, by great exertions, was enabled to subdue the fire. The next night, Sept. 15, at midnight the sentinels on watch upon the lofty Kremlin, saw below them the flames bursting through the houses and palaces, and the cry of "fire! fire! fire!" passed through the city. The dread scene had now fairly opened. Fiery balloons were seen dropping from the air and lighting upon the houses—dull explosions were heard on every side, from the shut dwellings, and the next moment a bright light burst forth, and the flames were raging through the apartments. All was uproar and confusion. The serene air, and moonlight of the night before had given way to driving clouds and wild tempests, that swept with the roar of the sea over the city. Flames arose on every side, blazing and cracking in the storm, while clouds of smoke and sparks, in an incessant shower, went driving towards the Kremlin. The clouds themselves seemed turned into fire, rolling in wrath over devoted Moscow. Mortier, crushed with responsibility thus thrown upon his shoulders, moved with his Young Guard amid this desolation, blowing up the houses and facing the tempest and the flames—struggling nobly to arrest the conflagration.

He hastened from place to place amid the blazing ruins, his face blacked with smoke, and his hair and eye brows singed with the fierce heat. At length the day dawned, a day of tempest and flame, and Mortier, who had strained every nerve for thirty-six hours, entered a palace and dropped from fatigue.—The manly form and stalwart arm that so often carried death into the ranks of the enemy, at length gave way, and the gloomy Marshal lay and panted in utter exhaustion. But the night of tempest had been succeeded by a day of tempests, and when night again enveloped the city, it was one broad flame waving to and fro, in the blast. The wind had increased to a perfect huricane and shifted from quarter to quarter as if on purpose to swell the sea of fire, and extinguished the last hope. The fire was approaching the Kremlin, and already the roar of the flames, and the crash of the falling houses, and the crackling of burning timbers borne to the ears of the startled Emperor. He arose and walked to and fro stopping convulsively and gazing on the terrific scene. Murat, Eugene and Berthier, rushed into his presence, and on their knees besought him to flee, but he still hung to that haughty palace as if it were his empire.

"But at lenth the shout, "the Kremlin is on fire!" was heard above the roar of the conflagration, and Napoleon reluctantly consented to leave. He descended to the street with his staff; and looked about for a way of egress, but the flames blockaded every passage. At length they discovered a postern gate leading to the Moskwa, and entered it, but they had only entered still farther into the danger. As Napoleon cast his eyes around the open space, girded and arched with fire, smoke and cinders, he saw one single street yet open, but all on fire. Into this he rushed, and amid the crash of falling houses, and raging of the flames—over burning ruins, through clouds of rolling smoke, and between walls of fire he pressed on, and at length, half suffocated, emerged in safety from the burning city and took up his quarters in the imperial palace of Petrowsky nearly three miles distant. Mortier, relieved of his anxiety for the emperor, redoubled his efforts to arrest the conflagration. His men cheerfully rushed into every danger. Breathing nothing but smoke and ashes—canopied by flame, smoke and cinders—surrounded by walls of fire that rocked to and fro, and fell with a crash amid the blazing ruins carrying down with them red hot roofs of iron. He struggled against an enemy that no boldness could awe, or curage overcome. These brave troops had heard the tramp of cavalry sweeping to battle, without fear; but now they stood in still terror before the march of the conflagration, under whose burning footsteps was heard the incessant crash of falling houses, and palaces, and churches. The continuous roar of the raging huricane, mingled with that of the flames was more terrible than the roar of the artillery, and before this new foe, in the midst of the elements, the awe struck army stood powerless and affrighted.

When night again descended on the city, it presented a spectacle the like of which was never seen before, and which baffles all description. The streets were streets of fire—the heavens a canopy of fire, and the entire body of the city a mass of fire fed by the hurricane, that whirled the blazing fragments in a constant stream through the air. Incessant explosions from the blowing up of stores of oil, tar and spirits, shook the very foundation of the city, and sent vast volumes of smoke rolling furiously towards the sky. Huge sheets of canvass on fire came floating like messengers of death through the flames—the towers and domes of the churches and palaces glowed with red hot heat over the wild sea below, then tottering a moment on their base, were hurled by the tempest into the common ruin. Thousands of wretches, before unseen were driven by the heat from the cellars and hovels, and streamed in an incessant throng in the streets. Children were seen carrying their parents—the strong the weak, while thousands more were staggering under the loads of plunder they had snatched from the flames. This, too, would frequently take fire in the falling shower and the miserable creatures would be compelled to drop it, and flee for their lives. Oh! it was a scene of fear and wo, inconceivable and indescribable! A mighty and close packed city of houses and churches and palaces wrapped from limit to limit in flames which are fed by a whirling hurricane, is a sight this world will seldom see.

But this was all within the city. To Napoleon without the spectacle was still more sublime and terrific. When the flames had overcome all obstacles; and had wrapped everything in their red mantle, that great city looked like a sea of rolling fire, swept by a tempest that drove it into vast billows. Huge domes and towers throwing off sparks like blazing fire-brands, now towered above the waves, and now disappeared in their maddening flow as they broke high over their tops, scattering their spray of fire against the clouds. The heavens themselves seemed to have caught the conflagration, and the angry masses that swept it rolled over a bosom of fire. Columns of flame would rise and sink along the surface of this sea, and huge volumns of black smoke suddently shoot in to the air, as if volcanoes were working below. The black form of the Kremlin alone towered above the chaos, now wrapped in flame and smoke, and then began merging into view—standing amid the scene of desolation and terror like virtue in the midst of a burning world, enveloped but unscathed by the devouring elements. Napoleon stood and gazed on this scene in silent awe. Though nearly three miles distant, the windows and walls of his apartment were so hot that he could scarcely bear his hand against them. Said he, years afterwards:

"It was the spectacle of the sea and billows of fire, a sky and clouds of flame, mountains of red rolling flame, like immense waves of the sea, alternately bursting forth, and elevating themselves to skies of fire, and then sinking into the ocean below. Oh! it was the most naked, the most sublime and the most terrific sight the world ever beheld."

Barnum, the Great Napoleon of Showmen.

According to the numerous bulletins recently issued in all the newspapers, Barnum is the manager of five or six remarkable exhibitions of deep interest to the public and great profit to himself—estimated at $250,000 per annum. At Castle Garden he has that celebrated and popular artiste, Jenny Lind, the greatest ventriloqual vocalist of any age, with the tenor of Salvi (who has been better,) and the barytone of Belletti (who is better than he has been,) to carry on his concerts. He has also the Bateman children, diminutive in stature, and great in Shakspeare, just returned from the great West, and now about to be sent by the indefatigable to London, where they ought to take the same apartments, at Markwell's hotel, which were consecrated, without that service of plate, by the genius and presence of Gen. Tom Thumb. Besides these wonders, Barnum has got nine elephants and a big snake, recently arrived from Siam—Tom Thumb rides on the largest elephant, with which he hopes to astonish the whole world and New Jersey. These elephants are great travellers, and carry their own trunks and perform wonderfully well. They are not like the show at Castle Garden, which is an exhibition of consummate, downright art; but they perform naturally, and shake, and scream, and dance in and out before spectators, the emblems of nature's own innocence.

In addition to these rare shows, we learn that the vast minded Barnum is indirectly engaged in an entertainment emanating from the tombs, in which "the hero of a hundred shows" conclusively shows, or will show, how he has been shaved out of thirty thousand dollars by the expert operators of Wall street—we mean the trial of Cryder and McKay.—This will be a rare exhibition, because it will be a very curious inquiry how Wall street has been able to obtain a handsome per centage out of the Lind concerts. The brokers there ought to have been contented with ten free tickets each. If the investigation at the Tombs does not reveal enough to exhibit the glory of the great Napoleon of showmen as a financier and speculator, the public can look a little further, for Barnum is getting to be baronical as to estates. He is likely to have as many palaces as shows. Iranistan having been desecrated by the slight footprints of the aristocratic Chinese lady, Miss Foy, is to be closed, or sold off—and Nick Biddle's palace, built like the old United States Bank, with the funds of that institution, and called Andalusia, has been purchased. As Fonthill Castle, on the Hudson, is also in the market, we presume that Mr. Forrest will surrender to Barnum, as the successor of all that is legitimate, and we shall soon hear also, that the Bonaparte Castle, at Bordentown, now a boarding house, has fallen into the hands of the greatest man of the age.

That Barnum has no equal in the world is now evident. He beats Brandreth, and sarsaparilla Townsend, and Dr. Moffat, all to pieces. Day and Martin were something, and Warren, 30 Strand, ditto; but Barnum's soul is above blacking, and needs no foreign polish. Though we esteem him as a good friend to everybody, and to the human race, and admire his lectures on temperance, and his care of the nine elephants and the big snake, we cannot do justice to him without recording one perfect astonishment at his enterprise. In truth, he has not only made us wonder, but all Wall street into the bargain; and if Hervio Nano were alive—he who was engaged in London as the wild man from Africa—he would be astonished, too. Why, Barnum has authors, writers, poets, and correspondents, who outnumber those of President Fillmore's cabinet, and who fill the newspapers, from Maine to Mexico, with his praises. Even the New York Herald has not more than twice as many authors, poets, students, and reporters attached to its editorial department, as Barnum has to the skirts of his black coat. His corps of writers from the "real central literary bureau," which has annihilated criticism, common sense, and every rational opinion upon art, by flooding all the journals of this metropolis, and the country beyond, with whole vocabularies of hyperbole, poetry, philosophy, and fustian. Nobody need ask now—where's Barnum? He is everywhere, and everybody else is nowhere.

By and by the sun will shine alone for Barnum—the moon and stars will gild the night for Barnum alone—and the world will be, as it always has been, his oyster—his own exclusive oyster. He fills the whole country with his deeds, his fame, his shows, and his humbugs. He takes Jenny Lind, and the Batemans of small dimensions, and the nine elephants of large dimensions, and the snakes of huge folds, led on by Gen. Tom Thumb, and carries them on through the world as though he were a monarch. He sits, with embroidered slippers on his classic feet, issuing edicts more sacred than the laws of the Medes and the Persians, and there is no man large enough to compete with him. Jenny Lind, Joyce Heth, Tom Thumb, Salvi, Belletti, the woolly horse, the giants, and all the remarkable personages, living and dead, whom he directs, or has directed, if rolled together to form one great being, would not equal, in point of universality of genius, Barnum, the profound, the magnificent, the stupendous Barnum, the great millionaire manager of the age.—*Herald.*

A New Claim against Mexico.

Some time since we saw it stated that the Mexican Minister, at Washington City, had made a formal demand for a sum of about $46,000, being the amount by which the sum appropriated to claimants for Mexican spoliations exceeds the sum found due by the late commission. We find in the San Francisco papers a heavy demand, which California makes against the Government of Mexico, which will absorb thirty times this sum.

The San Francisco Herald of the 15th states the case is presented to the State Legislature in a report by one of the members. More than a hundred years ago a large amount of property was bequeathed by will in aid of the propagation of christianity and civilization among the Indians in California. The fund was denominated the Pious Fund, and was administered by the College of San Fernando in Mexico up to the 25th of May, 1832. Previous to that period, many loans—some of them forced, were obtained from it for Government purposes; all of which were acknowledged to be loans, and secured by hypothecation of the Government revenues. In May, 1832, the control of the fund was usurped by the Government, but again relinquished in 1836 to the newly organized diocese of the Californias, and the entire property, with its rents and revenues, was placed in the hands of the first bishop.

In 1842, Santa Anna again usurped the fund in behalf of the Government. The bishop made his protest, and the correspondence which ensued shows that the act was defended as a measure of State necessity—not on the ground of right—and, on this ground, the property was delivered, under protest, to the Government administrator, Gen. Valencia.

The report claims that it is now the property of the State of California, and recommends that the President of the United States be requested to order an investigation as to the rightful ownership, and if it should appear that it belongs to the State of California, that he take steps to have it retained out of the instalments due under the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo.

The amount of the fund was in February, 1842, $1,255,816; of this $504,964 was drawing interest at various rates, from 5 to 10 per cent. per annum. Taking it at 6 per cent. all round, this would amount to $777,630, making the large amount now due of $1,528,486.—*N. O. Picayune.*

A NOTE ACCEPTED.—Mrs. Jenkins requests the pleasure of Captain Brown's company at a small party on Friday evening next.

21 Springgins Place, Monday.

Captain Brown presents his compliments to Mrs. Jenkins, and regrets that thirteen privates will be detained by habeas corpus writs, and two sergeants are on the sick list; the rest of Captain Brown's company will have much pleasure in waiting on Mrs. Jenkins on Friday evening.

Agricultural.

Draining.

The advantage of draining land, even those fields which are not naturally wet, is becoming to be appreciated in this country. In a letter published in the Cultivator for May, Professor Norton of Yale College, thus replies to certain questions put to him concerning various practical difficulties in laying down drains:

1. The form of tile now preferred by the best foreign authorities, is the pipe, or simple cylinder, cut in lengths, and laid so as to join end to end. This form can be made cheaper than any other, being all in one piece; for the same reason it can be transported at smaller cost, and is less liable to breakage by handling. The common objection on the part of those who have never seen these tiles at work, is that water will not find its way into such a close-connected tube. I might reason upon this subject at length, but cannot now spare the space, and will simply assure all doubters that the water does, in some way, get in and that they cannot, even by any process of packing stiff clay around the tiles, manage to exclude it. This has been proved over and over again in practice, and is no longer a point for argument.

2. A frequent subject of inquiry is, the nature of the tools proper for cutting the narrow ditch required for tiles. One great saving in their use is, this reduced width of the drain. It is customary to run one or two deep furrows with a heavy plow along the line of the drain, thus partially throwing out from eight to ten inches of the surface. The loose earth is then cleared away by a common spade and the next ten or twelve inches taken out by a spade of the same shape but narrower. Another spade still six or seven inches wide at the top, but not more than two or three at the bottom, and quite long takes out the lowest portion of the earth, leaving just about space for the tiles to lie, and for a man's foot to rest. A peculiar scoop-shaped hoe is frequently employed to finish the bottom of the drain smoothly, by cutting out small inequalities, and removing loose earth, which cannot so conveniently be cleared away by a spade. In coarse, hard gravel or where large stones abound, such a perfectly formed ditch as I have described, cannot well be made. In these cases the cut must be more or less irregular and in hard soils must be much wider than is absolutely necessary to receive the tile.

3. When the ditch is completed, the tiles are carefully laid on the bottom, end to end, care being taken that no wide vacancies occur, and that each piece is firmly in its place. In a very mellow and smooth soil, it is quite possible to cut the bottom so accurately to the size of the tile employed, that the pieces can be laid and held in their places by the sides of the ditch. In the majority of cases, however, this cannot be done, and it is best to wedge them in as compactly as possible, by small stones placed at proper intervals along their sides. If this precaution be not taken, they are liable to be disturbed when the earth is thrown in to fill up. The end of a single tile thrust an inch out of its place, would probably cause the stoppage of a long line, so that this point must be carefully attended to. Many practical drainers recommend laying a little piece of turf, grass side down; or a bunch of straw or shavings, over each joint, in order to prevent earth from sifting in. This, of course, is a safeguard, but in ordinary circumstances it is an unnecessary expenditure of labor. If the soil thrown back has become entirely dry and powdery, enough may possibly sift in to do some mischief; but if it, or at least the first few shovels full, be in an ordinary state of moisture no such result need be apprehended, provided, always, that the joints are well made, and the line firmly secured in its place. A point which is often neglected, is the proper packing of the earth in filling. This should always be done with care, so as to avoid that washing of mud into the pipes, which would be likely to occur if the soil above them were left loose and porous.

4. If any curves are made in the drain, they should be of a gradual character. It would be better to blast or remove even a large rock, than to make an abrupt curve in a long drain. It is easy to see that the tiles would not join closely together on a sharply curved line, and even if cut to fit, the danger of stoppage would be greatly increased, owing to their greater liability to get out of place. Such curves, too, retard very seriously the flow of the current, and for this reason, the drain is less likely to clear itself of many small obstacles which may obtain entrance. Where the fall is gentle, this consideration becomes of especial consequence. It was said by Mr. Smith, of Danston, that tile drains might be made to discharge water, where the fall was but one inch in a mile. This, obviously, could only be done by the exercise of some engineering skill in levelling, &c. Where the fall is one foot in a mile, the work is not difficult, although, even then, it must be very nicely done, and the channel very even. The greatest difficulty on a gentle fall, is found in gravelly and stony soils; it requires some patience to straighten and smooth the bottom of a ditch in such a situation.

5. Some persons have supposed that machinery is used abroad for laying the tiles. This I have never seen, and am inclined to think that there is some mistake in the matter, for I cannot see that any advantage would result from the employment of machinery in such work. A good, careful man, when the ditch has been well cleaned out and levelled, can lay the tiles and secure them in their places with great facility. Where the fall is inconsiderable, slight inequalities in the bed of the ditch, and consequent bends of the tiles, do not seem to be injurious. On the sides of hills, I have seen them laid quite carelessly, precautions only being used to keep the ends, where the tiles met, in close contact.

6. That, as a general rule, the drains should run straight down the slope, and in parallel lines, is now considered a fact beyond all question. Such drains discharge the water better than others, and dry the ground more completely. At the foot of the slope they discharge into a main cross drain, made of large tiles, or, in some cases, of flag stones. Where the slope is very long, it is recommended to run a cross drain about half way from the top. This is to prevent the liability to choke, which exists in very long drains of small diameter.

7. A pipe of 1½ inches inside diameter is quite sufficient for the small drains, where they have not to run more than two hundred feet; for greater distances, a two inch interior diameter would be preferable. Farmers among us, who commence draining with tiles, are apt to spend more money than is necessary, by purchasing larger sizes, under the impression that it is not safe to use the smaller ones. If, however, any person will calculate how much water may be discharged in twenty-four hours by a pipe of one inch bore, it will be perceived that but a few such pipes constantly running to the utmost of their capacity, would make quite a brook. The three and four inch sizes commonly used, are, in ordinary cases, never taxed to more than half of their capacity.

8. It is apprehended by some farmers that the tiles would soon become choked, if laid in that mixture of sand and clay which almost runs when saturated with water. I have never seen any precautions employed in such cases, and do not believe them to be necessary. The tile itself almost instantaneously dries that part of the wet soil with which it comes in immediate contact, to such an extent that it will no longer run; it becomes a porous medium, through which the surplus from the still saturated portions filters clear into the drains.

9. In quicksands and bogs, where the bottom is very soft and yielding, it has sometimes been found best to lay a foundation of broad refuse plank or boards, upon which the line of tiles is placed. The pieces being short and heavy, are otherwise liable to sink unevenly, and gradually work out of place.—Drains have been laid in this way with eight or ten feet of soft bog beneath them, and have worked well, at least for some years.

Many of the tiles that I have seen in this country have not been well baked, owing, probably, to inexperience in the makers. They should be burned hard, so as to ring when struck, and show a full red color. The soft pale colored ones are apt to crumble away in the soil, and will not stand at all when exposed to the action of frost.

QUESTION.—If twenty-seven inches of snow gives three inches of water, how much milk will a cow give when fed on ruta-baga turneps? *Answer.*—Multiply the flakes of snow by the hairs in the cow's tail; then divide the pruduct by a turnep; add a pound of chalk, and the sum will be the answer.

COMPLIMENTARY, VERY.—A young lady lately appeared in male attire at St. Louis, and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect she might have passed for a man *had she had a little more modesty.*

The Lost Ship.

BY MISS LANDON.

Deep in the silent waters,
A thousand fathoms low,
A gallant ship lies perishing—
She foundered long ago.

There are pale sea-flowers wreathing
Around her port-holes now,
And spars and shining coral
Encrust her gallant prow.

Upon the old deck bleaching,
White bones unburied shine,
While in the deep hold hidden
Are casks of ruby wine.

There are pistol, sword, and carbine,
Hung on the cabin-wall,
And many a curious dagger;
But rust has spoiled them all.

And can this be the vessel
That went so boldly forth,
With the red flag of Old England,
To brave the stormy North?

There were blessings poured upon her
When from her port sailed she,
And prayers and anxious weeping
Went with her o'er the sea.

And once she sent home letters,
And joyous ones were they,
Dashed but with fond remembrance
Of friends so far away,

Ah! many a heart was happy
That evening when they came,
And many a lip pressed kisses
On a beloved name!

How little those who read them
Deemed far below the wave,
That child, and sire, and lover,
Had found a seaman's grave!

But how that brave ship perished
None knew, save Him on high,
No island heard her cannon,
No other bark was nigh.

We only know from England
She sail'd far o'er the main—
We only know to England
She never came again.

And eyes grew dim with watching,
That yet refused to weep,
And years were spent in hoping
For tidings from the deep.

It grew an old man's story
Upon their native shore,—
God rest those souls in Heaven
Who meet on earth no more!

The Erie Railroad Festival.

We have not room for a tithe of the stirring incidents which fill the papers, connected with the celebration of the completion of this magnificent work. As Senator Douglas, who was an honored guest, told the exulting people at Hornellsville, it is indeed a glorious work—not only connecting the Great Lakes with New York, but also the Valley of the Mississippi, and the whole country. The railroad was local to New York, but it was national to the whole Union. He came on this trip because he wished to show his countenance to so important a work, and hope the day was not far distant when a net-work of railroads would cover the whole universe, and thus wipe out every sectional feeling, and make of us a band of brothers, as we ought to be.

The correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce preserves an amusing reminiscence of the gallant little Senator.

Gov. Dickinson is reminding Judge Douglas, of another gentleman bearing his cognomen, somewhat prominent in public life hereabout. "His name," says the Governor, "is Frederick; I believe he's not a cousin of yours?" "No," replied the Judge; "there are two families of Douglases—the Black and the Red Douglas—I represent the Red." "Because you are so well-red," said 'Harry Franco'—"Oh," exclaimed Fuller, "that's what Halleck must have been thinking of, when he wrote,

"The Duke of Norfolk deals in malt,
The Douglas in *red* herrings."

"I was once," said Judge Douglas, "on the stump in Illinois, surrounded by a party of Canalers, one of whom regarded me somewhat insignificantly, measuring with his eye my diminutive and then attenuated person. Presently he addressed me—'Mr. Douglas, are you a descendant of the great Black Douglas?' 'Yes, I am.' My health had been bad for some time, and I was reduced to about 110 lbs. The Irishman scanned again my puny limbs. 'Faith and bejarsus,' said he, 'a h—l of a *descent* it is."

We have laid aside, for future insertion an extended and faithful sketch, in the New York Tribune, of the beautiful country, and magnificent scenery, through which this road passes. In overcoming the giant difficulties interposed by nature, the Erie Railroad surpasses that great triumph of Napoleon's genius, the Simplon road across the Alps. As "Observer," in the Philadelphia Ledger, truly remarks of the scenery on the road, which we passed over last summer, very nearly as far as Elmira, its beauty and grandeur beggars all description. The wildest and most romantic mountain landscapes change with the loveliest and most peaceful villages and hamlets, couched now in sequestered valleys, now hung upon the rocks, in one continued moving panorama. It is a perfect kaleidoscope of rocks, forests, glens, hills and dales, streams, rivulets, cascades, and gurgling brooks, changing at every individual moment, as you rattle along with your panting iron steed over viaducts, bridges, excavated rocks and steep embankments.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

OUT WEST.—They have a little town "Out West," which appears to have been overlooked by Dickens and other English travellers, and which is "all sorts" of a stirring place. In one day they recently had two street fights, hung a man, rode three men out of town on a rail, got up a quarter race, a turkey shooting, a gander pulling, a match dog fight, had preaching by a circuit rider, who afterwards ran a foot race for apple-jack all around, and, as if this was not enough, the judge of the court, after losing his year's salary at single-handed poker, and whipping a person who said he didn't understand the game, went out and helped to lynch his grandfather for hog-stealing.

MATRIMONY—CONSEQUENCES.—It seems that something has happened to our friend, the Editor of the Mountain Banner. In his last he says:

"Came to our house on Sunday evening last, a stranger, naked and crying. We clothed him and quieted his lamentations, and now we want 100 more subscribers to enable us to feed him. He is a real live, kicking, squalling, mountain twelve-pounder, and for all we know may yet be president—or a militia captain."

BOUGHT HIS OWN HOUSE.—A gentleman of Boston built a fine house, at great expense, a short distance from the city. It was a splendid residence, but he got tired of it, moved back to the city, and went to an auctioneer to have it disposed of. The auctioneer advertised it in such glowing terms that the owner didn't recognize the description of his own property, and when the day of sale arrived he sent a friend to bid off, at any price, a place that had so many advantages as the auctioneer's advertisement enumerated. The gentleman is now back in his old quarters, and whenever he thinks of moving, his wife reads him the auctioneer's advertisement.

NEW ESTABLISHMENT
For the Manufacture of Tin Ware, Sheet Iron, Copper, &c.

THE subscriber would inform the citizens of Wilmington, and public generally, that he has lately commenced the above business on the south side of Market, below Front Street, and with long experience in business in this State, he feels confident of giving satisfaction to those who may favor him with calls for Tin Ware at wholesale or retail, or with work in his line.

N. B.—Particular attention will be paid to Roofing with Tin or other metals, and to Eve Gutters and Conductors; also, other jobbing, for all of which he respectfully solicits a share of public patronage. JOSEPH SUMNER.
Wilmington, April 4, 1851 30-3m

SULKY and Harness for sale. Apply at the JOURNAL OFFICE

CIGARS! Cigars!!—50,000 Cigars, Low and Medium priced. For sale by Z. H. GREENE, Market St.

LOOK at this.—
100 boxes sweet Oranges;
25 do. French Lemons;
75 do. superior Eleme Figs;
50 Drums Extra Smyrna do.
10 bags do. Naples Walnuts;
5 baskets superior Olive Oil;
Imported and Domestic Cigars For sale low by
WILKINSON & ESLER.

Hotels, &c.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

THE subscriber has taken the house on the corner of Market and Second Streets, and has furnished it in a neat but plain style for a boarding house, and is ready for the reception of boarders, either by the day, week or month. His table shall be furnished with as good as the market affords, and his charges moderate. He respectfully solicits the patronage of town and country friends, as nothing shall be left undone on his part to give entire satisfaction.
A. A. B. SOUTHALL.
Wilmington, N. C., April 11th, 1851. 31-tf

BOARDING,

CAN be had at the late residence of S. Hoard, on very moderate terms. We have rooms vacant that can not be surpassed for comfort or good bedding. V. R. Peirson and Mrs. P. will superintend the House, and promise to do all in their power to supply the table with the best the market affords. V. R. PEIRSON, for
Feb. 7.—[22-tf] MRS. HOARD.

NEW BOARDING HOUSE.

MRS. E. A. FORD, would respectfully inform the public, that she has taken the House lately occupied by Mrs. SWANN, as a Boarding-House, and having had it thoroughly repaired, and fitted with new and handsome furniture throughout, she will be enabled to accommodate a number of transient or permanent Boarders in the best manner. The House is as pleasantly situated as any in Wilmington, and a number of her best rooms will be reserved for the accommodation of transient visiters. She can confidently bespeak the patronage of those desirous of obtaining a Boarding House of the first class, as she flatters herself that her arrangements cannot be surpassed for comfort and convenience, and no exertion will be spared calculated to add to the happiness and contentment of her guests.

The House is now open for the reception of permanent or day boarders. For terms, apply to Mrs. FORD.
Nov. 15, 1850 10-12m

Schools.

CUMBERLAND ACADEMY.

THE Winter session in this School will close on Monday, the 26th inst. Examination on the 23d, 24th and 26th. The Summer session will commence on Wednesday, the 2d of July, and continue five months.
Board and tuition as heretofore.
By order of Directors,
H. ELLIOTT, President.
May 10, 1851. [c] 36-6t

JACKSONVILLE FEMALE SEMINARY.

THE First Session of this Seminary commenced on the 17th instant, under very favorable auspices, and it is hoped that it will be liberally patronized by the public, more especially by those living in the Eastern part of the State. Jacksonville is a very pretty little town, the county site of Onslow, and is perfectly accessible at all seasons of the year, both by land and water. Mrs JANETTE F. REID has now the charge of the Seminary, who was some time Professor in Greensboro' Female College, and is esteemed fully competent to maintain the responsibility entailed by the position she occupies, and will not fail to render ample justice to all who may come within the influence of her instructions.

Board may be had in good families at $6 per month.

Terms at the following rates, per session of 5 months:

Orthography, Reading, and Arithmetic	$8 00
Higher branches of English	12 50
French	5 00
Music on Piano	17 00
For use of Instrument	3 00
Guitar	15 00
Drawing and Painting in water colors	5 00
Ornamental Needle Work	3 00

No reduction made in tuition fees, except in cases of protracted sickness. A. J. MURRIL,
Secretary Board of Trustees.
Jacksonville, Onslow co., N. C., March 28, 1851 29-3m

Spirit of the Age, Raleigh, and Newbernian, Newbern, will publish three months, and forward accounts to this office for collection.

NEW BOOKS! NEW BOOKS!!

JUST Received and for sale at L. H. Pierce's Bookstore, the following new and highly interesting Books, just published.

Freemasonry revealed, by eleven seceding members, showing the Origin, history, and nature of Masonry, its effects on the government, and the Christian Religion, as published in the proceedings of the United States Anti-Masonic Convention held in Philadelphia.

Also, Illustrations of Masonry, with a key to all the degrees of Freemasonry, giving a clear and correct view of the manner of conferring the different degrees, as practiced in all lodges throughout the globe;—together with the means to be used by such as are not Masons to gain admission therein; by one of the craft.

The Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, being an explanation of Modern Mysteries, by Andrew Jackson Davis

Tom Racquet, and His Three Maiden Aunts, with numerous illustrations. For wit and humor, we have seldom met any production which exceeds "Tom Racquet, and His Three Maiden Aunts" That peculiar vein of fun, drollery, and pathos, which is so difficult of attainment, and so fascinating when attained, has been developed by our author with rare perfection.—Athenæum.

Lavengro, the Author, the Gipsy, the Priest.
Before and Behind the Curtain, by Wm. K. Northall.
Godolphin, by Sir E. L. Bulwer.
Knowlston's Complete Farrier.
Consuelo, by George Sand. "The character of Consuelo, as developed in this book and its sequel, is one of the noblest ever drawn The character is an ideal one, in essence, and as such is as chaste, as pure, and as lofty as creation as we have ever loved or admired in all fiction. The whole book is written with great power and delicacy."—Post.

BOOTS AND SHOES.—CLINTON, N. C.

THE subscriber would respectfully announce to his friends and patrons of Sampson and the adjoining counties, that he has on hand a large and complete assortment of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Misses', Boys', and Children's **Boots, Shoes and Gaiters.** Also, a large stock of **Leather,** which he offers on accommodating terms, and solicits the call of the Ladies and Gentlemen, as he flatters himself that, with the assortment he has on hand, he can both fit and please all that may favor him with a call—even the most fastidious.

He still occupies his old stand next door above G. W. Atkins & Co., where he continues to execute all orders with neatness and despatch, and at the same time tenders his thanks for past favors, and hopes, by close application to business, to merit a continuance of the same.
DAVID D. CARROLL.
April 25th, 1851 33-3m

TOBACCO AND SNUFF.—25 boxes Eight's Tobacco; 10 do. Bonns, Brother & Co's Snuff, in papers; 10 doz. Mrs. Miller's Snuff, in bottles. Also, Outcalt's in barrels. For sale by HOWARD & PEDEN.

NEGRO PASSES.

ON hand, a large quantity of **Negro Passes.** For sale low, at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

LIST OF BLANKS.

County Court Writs;	Inspector's Certificates;
Superior do. do	Certificates of Justices attending Court;
County Court Subpœnas;	
Superior do. do.	Marriage License;
County Court Fi. Fa.;	Tax Receipts;
Superior do. do.	Insolvent Notices;
County Court Sci. Fa.;	Writs of Ejectment;
Superior do. do.	Letters Testamentary;
Apprentice Indentures;	Vendi. Exponas;
Letters of Administration;	Ca Sa; Land Deeds;
County and Superior Courts	do. Affidavits;
Witness and Juror Tickets;	Garnishee Notices;
Notices to Tax List Receivers;	Checks, Cape Fear Bank;
Commission to take Deposition	do. Branch Bank of the State;
County Court Execution;	
Magistrate's do.	Notes, negotiable at Bank;
Capias ad Respondendum;	Administrator's Bonds;
Overseer's Appointments;	Guardian do.
Peace, State, and Civil Warrants;	Appeal do.
Notes of Hand;	Ca Sa do.
Attachments;	Sh'ff Appearance do.
State Recognizance;	Constable's do.
Military Ca Sa;	Sheriff's Tax do.
do. Execution;	Forthcoming do.
Negro Bonds;	Prosecution do.
do. Bill of Sale;	Crew Lists;

Any Blank wanted, and not on hand, will be printed with the utmost dispatch.

Officers of the Courts and other officers, and all other persons requiring Blanks, or any other work in the printing line, would do well to give us a call, or send in their orders. We are determined to execute our work well, and at the cheapest rates for cash. Call at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

CREW LISTS.—A large supply on hand and for sale low at the JOURNAL OFFICE.

CIGARS! Cigars.—Just received from Havana:
61 boxes superior Regalia Cigars (star brand;)
10,000 La Prymanera do.
5,000 La Tropicol do.
8,000 Plantation do.
All of the above for sale cheap, at the Drug Store of
C. DuPRE, Market-st

THEY HAVE COME!

A Splendid assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, made expressly to my order, for this market, among which will be found a new article, "Prince DeJoinville," Lama, Sack, Black, Prown, Green Blue, Drab, &c. &c. &c. Sack, Dress, and Frock Coats; Black, Brown, Green, Drab, Cashmerett, Sack and Frock Coats; Mohair, Lustre, Alpacca, Sack and Frock Coats; Puritan Coating, Linen, Lustre, and Brown Linen Sack Coats, Pants, &c. &c. &c. A variety of Silk, Marseilles Vests, &c. &c., just to suit the season; prices *very low*, at the "Old Stand." Remember 5 per ct. off for *Cash* on all sums of $5 and upwards.
CHAS. BARR,
Wilmington N. C., May 23, 1851] *Merchant Tailor.*

JUST Received and for sale low for Cash.
10 bbls. Whiskey; 5 bbls. Rum;
10 " City Mess Pork; 10 bags Coffee;
1,000 lbs. North Carolina Hams;
10 bbls. super Family Flour;
10 " superfine "
10 half bbls. and 30 bags Family Flour;
5 hhds. crushed, pulverized, and brown Sugar;
Good retailing Molasses; Rice; Meal; Bacon;
A fresh lot Shoes and Dry Goods, suitable for Spring, &c., may be found at the old stand on Market-street, Bettencourt's building. THOS. C. CRAFT.

SUPERIOR Scotch Snuff. 1,000 lbs. in ½ and 2 oz. papers. For sale by WILKINSON & ESLER.

PATENT YOKE SHIRTS.

JUST RECEIVED, and always kept on hand, a fine supply of PATENT YOKE SHIRTS; also, a lot of figured LINEN BOSOM SHIRTS, and an elegant article of gentlemen's figured SATIN TIES; and another lot of those fine linen and silk CRAVATS, just to suit the season. Call and examine. For sale by CHARLES BARR,
may 23 Merchant Tailor, Wilmington, N. C.