FARMERS' DEPARTMENT.

Chinese Sugar Cane and Georgia Syrup.

MESSRS. EDITORS—I feel it my duty to make known to the Southern public the result of my Syrup making from the Chinese Sugar Millet, in hopes that others who have sown this valuable variety of the Millet, may be induced to work it up into Syrup this season.

I send you a few joints of the Cane and a sample of the Syrup, of which I have made several barrels.

I obtained my start of seed during the Spring of 1855, from D. Redmond, Esq., of the Southern Cultivator. I considered it a 'humbug,' from its close resemblance in seed and growth to the Guinea Corn," until my children, towards fall made the discovery of its being to their taste equal to the true Sugar Cane.

This year I planted one patch, April 15th, another May 18th, near Calhoun, Gordon county, on land that would produce, during a "seasonable" year, forty bushels of Corn per acre and this year not over twenty bushels.

Seed sown carelessly in drills, three feet apart, covered with a one-horse plow; intending to "chop out" to a stand of one stalk six inches apart in the row; but failed to get a good stand as the seed came up badly from the deep and irregular covering Worked out, same as for Corn, plowing twice and hoeing once.

By suggestion of Gov. Hammond, of South Carolina, I determined to give the Syrup-making a fair trial; consequently ordered from the Messrs. Winship, of Atlanta, a very complete Horse-power Mill, with vertical iron rollers, that has worked admirably, crushing out juice for eight gallons of Syrup per hour, worked by two mules, with one hand to put in the Cane, and a boy to drive.

On the 13th of this month, finding the seed fully ripe I had the fodder pulled, and the seed heads cut.

Yield of fodder per acre, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs

Yield of seed per acre, 25 bushels of 36 lbs to the bushel.

First trial of Mill, 10 average canes gave 20 quarts of juice.

606 average canes, passed once through the rollers, gave 38 gallons 1 quart of juice; passed a second time through, gave 2 gallons of juice; the 40 gallons, 1 quart, gave 8 gallons thick Syrup.

I carefully measured an eighth of an acre, having the best canes, and the best stand; another eighth having the poorest stand The result I give below, the canes having passed once through the roller.

BEST EIGHTH OF AN ACRE.

Yield of juice from 3,315 Canes	258 gallons
" of syrup from 253 gals. juice	58½ "
Rates per acre of syrup,	468 "

POOREST EIGHTH OF AN ACRE.

Yield of juice from 2,550 Canes,	170 gallons.
" of syrup from 179 gals. juice,	43¼ "
Rates per acre of syrup,	346 "

Weight of 30 selected Canes,	49½ lbs
" " Juice pressed out,	25¾ "
" " Crushed Cane,	23 "
Loss in crushing,	¾ "
Weight of crushed cane dried in the sun	9½ "

The following tests were made at the mill, by Dr. Robert Battey, of Rome, Ga., a graduate of the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy:

Specific gravity of juice,	1.085
" " syrup,	1.332
" " N. Orleans syrup,	1.315
Thermometer applied to syrup,	77 deg.
" " juice,	70 "
Saccharometer " juice,	25½ "

The juice should be placed in the boilers immediately after being pressed out, then boiled slowly, until the green scum ceases to rise; then stir in a ten-spoonful of air-slacked lime to five gallons of juice; continue skimming and boiling until the syrup thickens and hangs down in flakes on the rim of the dipper.

I have made the clearest syrup by simply boiling and skimming, without lime or other clarifiers.

The lime is requisite to neutralize a portion of the acid in the juice; the true proportion must be determined by well-conducted experiments.

The cost of making the Syrup in upper Georgia, in my opinion, will not exceed ten to fifteen cents per gallon. This I shall be able to test another season, by planting and working up fifty acres of the cane.

I am satisfied that this plant will enable every farmer and planter in the Southern States to make at home all the Syrup required for family use; and I believe that our Chemists will soon teach us how to convert the Syrup into Sugar, for export, as one of the staples of our favored clime.

Obtaining such unlooked for success, with the Chinese Sugar Cane, I concluded to try our common Corn. From a "new ground," planted 3 by 3, one stalk to a hill, a week beyond the roasting-ear stage, I selected thirty stalks.

Weight of 30 stalks,	35¾ lbs
" " juice,	15¼ "
" " crushed stalks,	19½ "
Loss in crushing,	½ "
Yield of Syrup,	1½ pts.

The Syrup of a peculiar disagreeable taste, entirely unfit for table use.

RICHARD PETERS.

September, 1856.

Pigs thrive best if a little charcoal is mixed with their food in the trough. The charcoal is promotive of purity of the blood, a great deodoratum in raising healthy swine.

An Arctic Adventure.

Kane's Arctic Expedition abounds in adventures like the following, which makes one shiver to read. Dr Kane and an Esquimaux hunter take a trip after seals:

"I started with Hans and five dogs, all we could muster from our disabled pack, and reached the 'Pinnacley Berg' in a single hour's run. But where was the water? Where were the seal? The floes had closed, and the crushed ice was all that told of our intended hunting ground.

"Ascending a berg, however, we could see to the North and west the dark cloud stratus, which betokens water. It ran through our old battle-ground, the 'Berg Bolt'—the labyrinth of our wandering after the frozen party last winter. I had not been over it since, and the feeling it gave me was anything but joyous

"In a couple of hours we emerged upon a plain unlimited to the eye, and smooth as a billiard-table. Feathers of young frosting gave a plush like nap to its surface, and toward the horizon dark columns of frost-smoke pointed clearly to the open water. This ice was firm enough; our experience satisfied us that it was not a recent freezing. We pushed on without hesitation; cheering ourselves with the expectation of coming every minute to the seals. We passed a second ice-growth, it was not so strong as the one we had just come over, but was still safe for a party like ours. On we went at a brisker gallop, maybe for another mile, when Hans sang out at the top of his voice, 'Pusey! pusey mut! seal, seal!' At the same instant the dogs bounded forward, and, as I looked up, I saw crowds of grey netsik, the rough or hisped seal of the whalers disporting in a sea of water.

I hardly welcomed the spectacle, when I saw that we had passed upon a new belt of ice that was obviously unsafe. To the right, and left and front, was one great expanse of snow-flowered ice. The nearest solid floe was a mere lump, which stood like an island in the white level. To turn was impossible we had to keep up our gait. We urged on the dogs with whip and voice, the ice rolling like leather beneath the sledge runners; it was more than a mile to the lump of solid ice. Fear gave to the poor beasts their utmost speed, our voices were soon hushed to silence.

The suspense, unrelieved by action or effort was intolerable. We knew that there was no remedy but to reach the floe, and that everything depended upon our dogs, and our dogs alone. A moment's check would plunge the whole concern into the rapid tide-way. No presence of mind or resource, bodily or mental could avail us The seals for we were near enough now to see their expressive faces—were looking at us with that strange curiosity, which seems to be their characteristic expression. We must have passed some fifty of them, breast high out of water, mocking us by their self-complacency.

"This desperate race against fate could not last. The rolling of the tough salt water frightened our dogs, and when within fifty paces from the floe they paused. The left hand runner went through; our leader, Toodlamick, followed; and in one second the entire left of the sledge was submerged. My first thought was to liberate the dogs. I leaned forward to cut poor Tood's traces, and the next minute was swimming in a little circle of pasty ice and water alongside him. Hans, dear, good fellow drew near to help me; uttering piteous expressions in broken English; but I ordered him to throw himself on his belly, with his hands and legs extended, and to make for the island by cogging himself forward with his jack-knife. In the meantime—a mere instant—I was floundering about with sledge, dogs and lines, in confused puddle around me.

"I succeded in cutting poor Tood's lines and letting him scramble to the ice—for the poor fellow was drowning me with his piteous caresses—and made way for the sledge; but I found that it would not buoy me, and that I had no resource but to try the circumference of the hole. Around this I paddled faithfully, the miserable ice always yielding when my hopes of a lodgment were greatest. During this process I enlarged my circle of operations to a very uncomfortable diameter, and was beginning to feel weaker after every effort. Hans, meanwhile, had reached the firm ice, and was on his knees, like a good Moravian, praying incoherently in English and Esquimaux; at every fresh crushing in of the ice he would ejaculate, 'God!' and when I recommenced my paddling he recommenced his prayers.

"I was nearly gone. My knife had been lost in cutting out the dogs, and a spare one, which I carried in my trowsers pocket was so enveloped in the wet skins that I could not reach it. I owed my extrication at last to a newly broken team-dog, who was still fast to the sledge, and in strugling carried one of the runners chock against the edge of the circle. After several previous attempts to use the sledge as a bridge had failed, for it broke through to the much greater injury of the ice. I felt that it was a fast chance. I threw myself on my back, so as to lessen as much as possible my weight, and placed the nape of my neck against the rim of the edge of the ice, and then, with caution, slowly bent my leg, and placing the ball of my mocassined foot against the sledge, I pressed steadily against the runner, listening to the half-yielding crunch of the ice beneath.

"Presently I felt my head was pillowed by the ice, and that my wet fur juniper was sliding up to the surface. Next came my shoulders—they were fairly on One more decided push, and I was launched up on the ice and safe. I reached the ice-floe, and was frictioned by Hans with frightful zeal. We saved all the dogs; but the sledge, kayack, tent, guns, snow-shoes, and everything besides, was left behind. The thermometer at eight degrees will keep them frozen fast in the sledge until we can come and cut them out."

Gen. Cass and the Cabinet.

The following letter appeared in the New York Herald of January 8, 1857:

PORTICO, 373 F. STREET.
Washington, January 5, 1857.

I informed you by telegraph, on the 1st of January, that General Cass himself told me the Premiership had been tendered him. I now inform you, on the same authority, that he has accepted the appointment of Secretary of State. It has cost me two dollars, which please credit me in subscription to the Herald.

I also foward two communications, embracing memoirs—

FIFTY YEARS OF EVENT:
POLITICAL, POETICAL, AND HISTORICAL;
With anecdotes of Remarkable Men.
BY JOHN BARNEY.

which, not having been published, I request may be returned to me by mail—I having enclosed to you the requisite stamps to prepay the postage.

I am your obedient servant,
JOHN BARNEY.

We have made inquiry in regard to the correctness of the statements contained in the foregoing letter, and feel fully authorised to say that they are entirely without foundation. We feel equally well assured that no one member of the cabinet has yet been selected, and that all statements to the contrary are merely speculations or conjectures.

A Matrimonial Swindler on his Travels---A Lion among the Ladies.

During the past year, a man calling himself Dr. S. Thrasher Lyons, has been sojourning in New York, and moving in respectable circles. He represented himself as a man of wealth, and as he lived and appeared well, these circumstances seemed to confirm his representations, tho' recently developed facts show him to have been, not only a deeny Diddler, but a deep-dyed scoundrel, capable of perpetrating any crime.

He is about forty-five years of age, about four feet and eleven inches high, and weighs about 170 pounds, has black hair inclined to curl, eyes dark with a snakish expression, Roman nose, and rather oval face. He is a man of superior address, is highly educated speaks French with fluency, converses intelligently upon all topics, plays the piano forte with good taste, and is extremely engaging in his manners. So far as it can be ascertained, he has confined his schemes of rascality to swindling women out of money with whom he would get into communication, by advertsing for wives, in the morning papers. So systematic and extensive, indeed, have been his schemes, that scarcely a week passed that he had not advertised.

Once in communication with a lady, says the N. Y Tribune, he would obtain a knowledge of her pecuniary circumstances, and if she had means, he would continue the acquaintance, ingratiate himself in her favor, made a formal engagement, advise her as to the employment of of her means, offer his services in making investments for her, accept her money, pocket it and discontinue his visits.

In one instance which has come to our knowledge, he was engaged to two ladies in this city, both of whom were getting their wedding dresses made by the same dressmaker. It is stated that during last summer he eloped with the wife of a citizen, accompanied her to a neighboring city where he stole her jewelry and then left. It is said also, that he has married several wives, and having posessed himself of their means, has left them to take care of themselves. Recently, he accidentally formed the acquaintance of a lady who contemplated going to California with her family. He volunteered his advice and assistance, and she gave him $1 100, to make the necessary preparations for their departure and procure tickets.

Soon after giving the money, the lady accidentally learned Lyon's character, and as he was missing, she caused a warrant to be issued for his arrest.

Horrible Superstition.

The Brownsville (Texas) Flag notices a case of superstitious barbarism which almost surpasses belief. It is said to have occurred in Matamoras, Mexico, about a month ago:

It seems that a young lady of Matamoras was taken sick, and an old lady of the neighborhood, reported to have some skill in the virtue of herbs, was solicited to visit and administer to the patient. From some cause or other the old lady failed to attend, and suspicious reports were circulated that the old lady had bewitched the young one. The authorities were petitioned to compel the attendance of the old one. Officers were sent to take her before her supposed victim, and these miserably ignorant wretches reported that they, on several occasions, repaired to her domicile and could not find her at home, but found instead a suspicious looking black cat. After several efforts, however, they found the old woman at home, instead of her cat, and she was taken to the presence of the invalid.

But her herbs failing to restore the sick to health, and the meddlesome black cat persisting in following its owner, and being by the neighbors found in the room of the invalid instead of her mistress, fixed the opinions fast in the minds of these ignorant people, that the old woman and black cat were one and the same person—that she being a witch could take the form of the cat and resume her own shape at will—that the invalid was a victim to her diabolical art. With these convictions, it is said, they sought out the unfortunate old creature, and actually tied her up, and with thongs cruelly flogged her to death as a witch.

In justice to the civil authorities of Matamoras, we are happy to state that they were not a party to the tragic part of this singular transaction, and that they were prompt in arresting the actors.—But what a mournful picture does it present in this enlightened age!

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

LAYING RAILS BY STEAM.—Two engineers on the Virginia Central railroad have contrived a machine for laying railroad tracks by steam. According to the Account published, it does all the work of grading the road, laying the ties and putting the rails and chairs in position. The machine used is sixty-two feet in length, and it is estimated that it will lay track at the rate of ten feet a minute.

On Thursday, the following gentlemen were elected by joint ballot of the two Houses, Trustees of the University of North-Carolina:

Thomas Settle, Jr., of Rockingham.
Dr. R. Dillard, of Chowan
William W. Holden, of Wake.
R. A. Hamilton, of Granville.
Dr. J. F. E. Hardy, of Buncombe.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The total valuation of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, for all the counties, as shown by the auditor general's report, is $521,731, 304—on which there is a tax assessment of $1,649,967 75. The number of taxable inhabitants is 582,185. The amount of stocks held by incorporated companies is $1,724,496. Value of railroads and canals, $33,365,616.

MARYLAND.—The finances of Maryland are represented to be in a very excellent condition. There is said to be a balance in the treasury from the receipts of last year, of about $238,000, which, added to the surplus remaining of the previous year, gives a total surplus in the treasury of nearly $600,000. The receipts of the State for the year are about $1,230,372, and the disbursements about $1,003,290.

FISHERMEN'S LUCK.—The Yarmouth Register, says the fishermen at that place are now doing a good business in mining for eels.

Large quantities of these fish are every day sent to New York market via railroad, where they bring from five to six cents per pound before being dressed. The largest quantity are taken in Orleans, no less than *five tons* from that town being shipped at our depot one day last week. This business affords employment for something like one hundred men in that place, and they are enabled to clear about $3 per day for an ordinary day's labor.

RHODE ISLAND UNITED STATES SENATOR.

Yesterday the legislature of Rhode Island, in joint convention, elected Hon. James F. Simmons (black republican) to the Senate of the United States, in the place of Senator James, whose term of service expires on the 4th of March next. Mr. Simmons represented Rhode Island in the Senate from 1843 to 1847.

PACIFIC EMIGRATION.

The New York Journal of Commerce makes the following mention of a movement in that city which is eminently calculated to be attended with the most beneficial results:

"A movement in this city among California merchants, shippers, and others, interested in the trade of the Pacific, to move the obstructions to her progress in population and settlement, has already been noticed in our columns. The names associated in the enterprise afford a gurantee of its respectability and integrity. The plan of operations appears to be thoroughly to inform the eastern world of the nature and capability of California resources, to open the lands to settlement and cultivation, and by means of a good wagon-road overland, guarded by government troops, (a bill for which is already before Congress,) and additional and cheaper accommodations for emigrants by sea, to secure to the State a healthy emigration. The committee have an office at 160 Pearl street, from which they propose to furnish information to emigrating parties. This movement includes the friends of Oregon also."

Soldiers of the War of 1812.

WASHINGTON Jan. 8.—A Convention of the Soldiers of the War of 1812 has been held here, and resolutions adopted urging Congress to pass the Revolutionary Pension Bill. A committee was appointed to devise means to erect a monument to the memory of President Madison. A vote of thanks was returned to Congress for their having donferred upon Gen Winfield Scott the title of Lieutenant General. After adjourning, the members of the Convention called individually upon President Pierce.

BANK STATEMENTS.

Bank of Cape Fear, Sept. 30, 1856—Capital stock $1,591,900, notes in circulation $1, 565, 094, specie $491,631, notes and bonds discounted $2,406,779.

Bank of the State, Nov. 22, 1856—Capital $1,500,000, circulation $989,568, specie $351, 085, notes discounted $2,056,751.

Bank of Wadesboro', Nov. 22, 1856—Capital $324,850, circulation $617,900, specie $40,323, notes discounted $731,160.

Bank of Charlotte, June 7, 1856—Capital $300,000, circulation $302,329, specie $43,942 69, notes discounted $252,208, general profit and loss for six months preceding date, $38,670 75. [The statement of this Bank for the 6 months ending 10th Dec., 1856, does not appear in the Report, although we learn it was duly forwarded.]

Bank of Wilmington, Nov, 8, 1856—Capital $502,300, circulation $434,169, specie $60,187, notes discounted $381,590.

Commercial Bank of Wilmington, Nov, 1. 1856—Capital $350,000, circulation $157,970, specie $62,246, notes discounted $347,108.

Bank of Fayetteville, Nov. 10, 1856—Capital $380,000, circulation $308,977, specie $48, 401, notes discounted $662,398, profit and loss $76,587.

Bank of Clarendon at Fayetteville, Nov. 10, 1856—Capital $400,020, specie $44,036, notes discounted $178,121, profits $14,314.

In a pool across a road in the county of Tipperary is stuck up a pole, having affixed to it a board, with this inscription: "Take notice, that when the water is over this board the road is impassable."

North Carolinian

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.

Saturday, January 17, 1857.

☞ C. C. McCRUMMEN is our duly authorized agent for the collection of all claims due this office.

CAPE FEAR AND DEEP RIVERS.
No. 3.

For the course which we have pursued upon this subject we have been greatly maligned, and in some instances vaguely threatened. It therefore behooves us to say a word or two in reference to ourself before entering upon the subject proper. In this matter we have no more *personal* interest than has any other individual disconnected with the scheme. Only as a unit in the State; a single citizen and a taxpayer, have we the slightest selfishness to dictate a word or point a sentence. We cannot therefore be charged with interested motives in examining and exposing this deceitful scheme of public spoliation. Nor will we use, in reference to our future course, the *argumentum ad absurdum* put in requisition by the Wilmington Journal, that as 'we are in for it we may as well go ahead.' We entered upon it with an earnest design to do our duty towards the good old State of our adoption. The people here and elsewhere have so far sustained us, and we are gratified to find that the Legislature is beginning to lift the veil, which has so long shut out the light of public scrutiny from the inner temple of this enterprise. As to divers threatenings which have come to our ears, we can only say that an honest man never makes them and a brave man never fears them. We pass them by as "airy nothings," trifles which can neither deter nor urge us on.

We have as yet but *begun* our exploration of these streams; and many a nook has yet to be searched, and many a snug little cove peeped into, and, withal, not a few *tributaries* to these rivers explored to their fountain heads before our task is done. We hope that we are not too allegorical.

In the first place, let us ask a simple question, merely a question. When the last appropriation was asked for, was it not distinctly and positively stated that the sum then demanded was *amply sufficient to complete the work* and close the enterprise with abundant success?

Furthermore, was it not then promised to the Legislature that no more State aid would be asked to prosecute the work? We might answer these queries ourself, but we leave the responses to others. If these assurances and these promises were made, and the work as it now stands is incomplete, and incapable of completion with the sum then obtained, with what a marvellous degree of assurance does the Company now come forward and pray the Legislature for a still greater amount! And does it not certainly cap the climax of impudence, when, acknowledging the absolute failure of this *wooden* work of construction, they recommend that *stone* dams be substituted and a large amount appropriated for the purpose? It may not strike others as it does ourself; but really, despite our indignation, we can but smile at the effrontery of the thing.

Furthermore,—granting that the Legislature appropriates one million dollars (and it will require that sum *at the very least*) for the execution of this new project, into whose hands will it be placed? Into the hands of those very men under whose "skilful management," "able supervision," and "scientific engineering" the present notable failures were brought about.

We have no offensive charges to make against these gentlemen. They doubtless did their best in the premises to accomplish this great scheme. But it is as inevitable as death that there was either a most deplorable deficiency of judgment and the most lamentable incapacity *somewhere*, or a still more grave and serious imputation must rest upon *somebody*.

And here we may as well remark that the substantial truth of every declaration and every assertion we have hitherto made can be established. Pettifogging ingenuity may pick a trifling flaw, and unblushing effrontery may boldly deny a charge—but the truth *must out*, and so far as in us lies we will *bring it out*.

In our last we put a series of pertinent questions to the company. But a moody, perhaps a "dignified" silence is their response. Ah, gentlemen! that game may do for thick-pated editors and slippery politicians, but it wont answer in this instance.

Do the people of North Carolina know, and if knowing do they reflect upon it, that in proportion to the population and wealth of this state, more taxes are paid for works of internal improvement than in any other state in the Union? Yet it is undisputably the case. And upon whom does the burden of this taxation fall? Ah, the people can answer that question too promptly! And for what work is a large proportion of the extra tax imposed? For eight years' fruitless labor upon a costly structure, which at the time it should have been completed is rotting and decaying, and in whose construction the artizan and the engineer reaped the only emolument. There is not a Bunkum declaimer in the Legislature who does not rant and rave about "the heavy burden of popular taxation," and there is not a calm-thinking, sensible man in that body who does not see and know the ultimate tendency of this increased and unjust imposition. But to the work anon.

The inefficiency of these wooden locks and dams to secure the desired navigation is too palpable to be denied by any one, even though he possessed the ignorance, want of judgment and effrontery of the entire Navigation company. And the injudicious location of several dams is admitted by the engineer, who recommends their removal to more practicable sites. The washing away and cutting round, rotting down, removals, &c. &c. have now been going on for eight years—all, however, providential and beyond the ken of mortal man, owing to the "unprecedented" freshets. "The work was done according to contract;" approved by the engineer; paid for, washed away and floated down to Wilmington, all "according to contract" we suppose.

Aside from the practical work itself, the Wilmington Journal, so tenderly susceptible on the subject and delicately admonitory towards us, says—"Things have been kept cloaked up—smothered up—hocus pocussed up too much. We here—those at least who own stock are about as badly in the dark as anybody else." A pertinent admission truly. Further, says the Journal—"We hear that such a company of contractors has taken such a work, to be done in such a *manner*, giving bond &c. The work is neither done in time nor manner specified; yet somehow the contractors get paid, and no man has ever yet heard of a bond being sued out." Alas for the gullibility of human nature! Did our friend ever read (and that he has been an extensive reader we can but admit) of a case or any number of cases where in contractors and directors were identical persons? If not, in the course of a long and useful life, which we heartily wish him, he may chance to read about some such thing.

With all the serious admissions of the Journal in its late issue, and with all the stern and stubborn *facts* of the case, it is proposed to continue this disastrous enterprise in the same hands and under precisely the same auspices in and under which it has arrived at its present utter and undenied failure.

Was there ever such an act of wilful, deliberate self blinding? And is there another state and another people in all this broad union which would so long have submitted to such a palpable imposition, to call it by no harsher name?

We know of experienced and capable engineers who have declared that it was *impossible* to lock and dam the Cape Fear without the expenditure of such vast sums of money as would impoverish any people and bankrupt any State under the sun. These, be it remembered, are the opinions of men who were uninfluenced by any wishes, designs, hopes or anticipations connected with any project to that purpose; and whether they were right or not, let the eight years of labor, the half million and more already expended, and the rotten, dilapidated, useless structure answer.

This rallying cry of "Road and River both," is all gammon, and everybody knows it. The Fayetteville community has been long enough hoaxed and tricked with this and other delusions. The people of our generous and time-honored town have never witheld their warm sympathies, aye and their more substantial assistance, from works of public utility nor from works to prove beneficial to other communities. Yet every call from her has been unanswered; and now we see with just indignation, every public enterprise and every pitiful scheme of local benefit and private emolument, banded in one common opposition to her interests, nay in one indivisible and dishonorable coalition against her very existence. For many years the people of Fayetteville, against their own interests, against the convictions of their own judgment, have extended a willing and helping hand to scheme upon scheme of public work and community benefit; and now when the pitiful boon, not of money, not of State capital, but merely of endorsement upon bonds amply secured to shield the State from contingent loss, is asked, they find their former beneficiaries giving them stones for bread and serpents for fishes. This "River and Road" trick is too transparent. Some are gullible enough to be deceived by it; some are cunning enough to use it as an artful dodge, and others are stupid enough to believe that it is feasible. But *we*, not we individually, but *"we the people"* have caught the conjuror at his tricks.

This is merely incidental to the subject in hand. As we stated in our last issue, we are opposed to the River, *road or no road*, and we shall not again allude to the subject during the continuance of our strictures upon the Navigation Company.

The Wilmington journal speaks of "*the* main difficulty" as being the washing away of the alluvial deposits at the abutments of the dams. The Journal knows as well as we do that this "difficulty" is but a 'trifle light as air' compared with graver and more momentous considerations farther down in the depths of this scheme than we have yet penetrated. But we have no war to make upon our contemporary. We agree too well upon the main issue to quarrel about trifles. Did we wish any material aid in the prosecution of this matter, we need but refer to divers back issues of our cotemporary to validate nearly all we have said.

But yet, in reference even to this minor difficulty, permit us to submit a few facts. From Smiley's falls, forty miles above Fayetteville, to Cold Water, the banks of the Cape Fear are alluvial formations, and for many miles in various places composed of nothing but loose, light, shifting sand. The sand hills for miles on either side the river are broken and undulating, with numerous creeks and branches emptying in the main stream. Down these sand-valley tributaries immense quantities of sand are constantly flowing with the water, and are deposited in the sluggish pools whence they cannot escape; thus slowly but surely shallowing and rendering unnavigable those portions of the river which receive them. Many years would not elapse before dredging machines would be found absolutely necessary, and where those machines would empty the sand is a question beyond our solution.

Those immense quantities of sand were formerly, from time immemorial, either washed down the stream into the Atlantic, or washed up against the banks, themselves forming new