

# Wilmington Advertiser

F. C. HILL, Editor and Proprietor.

"BE JUST AND FEAR NOT."

Wilmington, North Carolina.

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From the Farmers' Register. NOTES OF A STEAM JOURNEY.

By EDMUND RUFFIN, EDITOR.

A Sandy desert. Predaceous and carnivorous plants.

The country adjoining Wilmington had to me an entirely novel and very remarkable appearance. The original large growth of pine trees had been cut down for fuel or timber, and had been succeeded by an almost unbroken growth of thin, stunted dwarfish "strub" oaks which rarely rose higher than six feet.

General appearance of the lands of New Hanover county. One of my first objects after reaching Wilmington was to seek out, and make personal acquaintance with Dr. James F. M'Ree, a gentleman whom I knew merely as the only subscriber to the Farmers' Register in or near Wilmington.

In a mile or two from Wilmington, along the ordinary carriage road, the excessive sandiness of the soil changes to rather less of that character, and to such as is general through the pine lands for many miles.

The surface of the land, like that of the last 50 or 60 miles seen along the rail road, is almost a level. The slight depressions are all of swampy character, and are called "bays" or "bays" because the lobly bay tree (*Geonoma hastulata*) is always found in such places.

Upon reaching what are termed the Rocky Point lands, the marks of soil changed from the indications of the basest to those of the most valuable calcareous lands. Rocky Point is a low bluff of the limestone peculiar to this remarkable region, jutting out on the northeast branch of the Cape Fear river.

There is another bug-catching plant which grows abundantly hereabouts, which though not possessing the power of animal motion, and not seizing its prey by an act of mental volition and design, as almost seems to be the case with the other, yet this one is scarcely less curious in its mechanical structure, and its adaptation of form to its object.

The calcareous lands of Rocky Point. Upon reaching what are termed the Rocky Point lands, the marks of soil changed from the indications of the basest to those of the most valuable calcareous lands. Rocky Point is a low bluff of the limestone peculiar to this remarkable region, jutting out on the northeast branch of the Cape Fear river.

attract insects. They descend into the traps easily; but can never return, as the sides are beset with numerous minute hair filaments, which point downward, and effectually prevent any progress upward of the insects enticed to enter the receptacle.

This magnificent and curious plant is said not to be found much farther north. There is, however, another of very similar general structure, the purple *sarcocolla*, which grows as far north as New England.

As little knowledge of and taste for botany as I have, a longer residence in this neighborhood and sufficient leisure would tempt me to the study. It is surprising that this region is not more visited by the lovers of curious plants and beautiful flowers, and that ready means now offered by the rail roads are not more used to convey these rare treasures northward.

The limestone is but an accumulation of pure shelly matter, solidified into stony hardness. The marl is the same in chemical composition, but about as hard as chalk, and has very much the texture of an impure chalk, and is soft enough to be used as manure with out poudding, burning or other mode of reducing.

The lowest parts of this body of land, not yet cleared, are swamp, called "white oaks," not because white oak is their general growth, and indeed it is very rare there—but because such are the only places on which a white oak tree can be found in this part of the country.

Dr. M'Ree has taken great pains to introduce good husbandry on his land, and his clover is wonderfully productive. That sown on the first of March, 1839, was fit to mow, and was mown for the same year, in July, and the hay sold and delivered in market within eight months of the sowing of the seed.

But though the calcareous deposit beneath the Rocky Point lands is richer and more easily accessible, than any known elsewhere, it is by the most remarkable case of a formation that is spread throughout a vast region of the State, accessible through a great part of its extent, and which would be highly profitable to be used wherever it can be obtained.

I may now, as heretofore, urge this improvement, for this region, in vain; but a time will come when the value of this neglected means of improvement will be properly appreciated in North Carolina, and when the putting it in use will add millions of dollars to the productive wealth of this region, which, of all within my knowledge, is most favored by nature, and the favors so offered are most slighted by man.

The texture of the calcareous substratum of the Rocky Point lands is altogether different from any of the numerous marl beds I have seen in Virginia. In chemical constitution, and in hardness, much of the former may be properly called by its common name of "limestone," and by the same name the balance might be called *chalk*, slightly adulterated, and tinged with very little slightly matter.

The limestone is not disposed with any regularity as to the softer marl. Isolated masses of the former, of various sizes, are scattered over the best fields; and sometimes the stone, and sometimes the chalk is nearest to the surface, or the one

over the other. The ditches generally reach the calcareous substratum. When in the chalk or marl, the excavation is easy enough. But when the stone is opposed, blasting by gunpowder is necessary to open the ditch.

I heard that a little marl had been used in some of the gardens of Wilmington; but not the least of it was as yet been made on fields, by any south of the Neuse and Trent, of whom I have heard.

THE DUEL.

[Extract from the Countess Ida.]

"Nine o'clock struck—ten—eleven—twelve; still Denham came not, and no news of him could be obtained. It was now near one. The widow, for all that she was such, except herself, and she still hoped; was almost deprived of her senses.

As Claude finished reading, there was a slight stir behind him. He turned; it was Mrs. Denham. Her pale face, her wild eyes, her long, loose hair, the singular expression which terror and long agony had called into her countenance, now heightened by the certainty that Denham was no longer living, gave her the aspect of a specter escaped from the dead hour of night from the abodes of eternal woe.

"P. S. And our journey to Italy, too!" As Claude finished reading, there was a slight stir behind him. He turned; it was Mrs. Denham. Her pale face, her wild eyes, her long, loose hair, the singular expression which terror and long agony had called into her countenance, now heightened by the certainty that Denham was no longer living, gave her the aspect of a specter escaped from the dead hour of night from the abodes of eternal woe.

Charles! Charles! Charles—my life! my love! my husband! my own beloved Charles!" She wandered back again to her room. Claude could not conceive, indeed, how she had been thus suffered to escape from it.

It was impossible. He will come. He is wounded, doubtless, but what do I care for wounds! He will come, or he will send for me. I shall nurse him. He will recover; but you, sir, must never look for his friendship again; nor his, nor mine, nor the world's esteem, nor your own. You are a dishonored man.

I had rather be *Elkington* than you. A blow, coward!" There was suddenly a knock at the door. Mrs. Denham fell back in her chair, laughing hysterically. The intruder was a messenger of the police to know whether any news had been received of the floating and quivering over the silent town, and struck into the hearts of all present, for they now forbode the worst.

Denham had sunk into a state of exhaustion; when a sharp, heavy knock, announced an end to this suspense. There was decision in it. The door was opened by a servant, and a step was heard in the hall, quick, light, buoyant. It approached, and all eyes were turned towards the door.

Trembling, thrilling, half blinded by horror and grief, Claude after several vain attempts, read the letter. It was written in the writer's usual flowing hand. There was no tremor; or sign of haste, or agitation, except that two drops of wax from a candle showed that it had been the work of the night.

my life for £2000, which will keep—I cannot write her name—out of want. You are in a fixed position in society—calm, wise, and good; and with leisure to make this blow as tolerable as possible. She is an angel, Claude. Never has she brought one frown to my face, one shadow to my heart. She is all beauty, compliance, sweetness, love—a being as rare as diamonds are. I do not write to her; I dare not; I cannot. I have tried, but there my firmness forsakes me. I love her to adoration, the extent of which even she cannot know. I have kissed the glove she has worn, the flower she has touched. I have often blessed with all a lover's rapture—in her absence—in her beautiful sleep; and were I to suffer my thoughts to dwell longer on her; I should let this Elkington go—I should defy all men's opinions. But a blow! Destiny calls me—I have no alternative left. You will find in my portfolio, third drawer from the top, in the secretary of the little room I occupied as a reading room, a paper of directions which I have prepared for you. The Life Insurance Company will pay I presume, without hesitation. I am quite certain she can never wait the firm and wise protection of a brother while you live. At this moment, my fancy recurs to what may happen to-morrow; to the pain it will inflict on her sweet, sweet bosom; to the scene which must follow any accident. I am almost ready to acknowledge that I am wrong in thus pursuing this act; that you are right—nobly, sublimely right—in your higher, milder, and braver course. Yes, I do you justice—full, full justice. As my eye glances thro' this sheet—the last perhaps, I shall ever write—to the face of my wife, who has trusted her happiness to me, now sealed with a calm and happy peace, which my infatuation is soon to destroy. I feel myself a scoundrel and a fool. Yet this custom of society must be complied with. Protect her, ye angels! Pity her, oh God! Adieu, my friend—may we meet again, and, once free from this affair, I here record my oath never to engage in another. Kiss Ellen for me, should the worst happen; and bear my blessing, my farewell to my wife.—Ever affectionately, my dear Claude, your friend.

"CHARLES DENHAM."

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My Dear Claude, this will only be put into your hands in case of my death. You will be informed of the circumstances which produce it. I saw you struck last night, and I lost all prudence; I interferred, and received a blow myself. I have have always been brought up to think a *blow ought not to be borne*. Death is preferable to dishonor. I know Elkington is a shot, but I can't help it; the custom of society must be complied with. Do not blame me, my wiser and more thoughtful friend; you have your opinion. I mine. I am determined to kill Elkington if I can, unless he makes me the humblest apology. This is not to be expected, and I am prepared to fall. I need not say that I have not called on you to arrange the thing for me, as I know you would have taken measures to prevent it; otherwise there is no man on earth I should so readily have chosen, Beaufort I had a slight acquaintance with, and he consented at once. I do not allow myself to think of the future; it would be useless, and might unman me. My uncle's fortune, you know most unfortunately, reverts to other heirs at my death; but I have insured

Q.—Don't be affronted, old lady, but answer my questions as I ask them. Mrs. T.—Answer a fool according to his folly—you know what the Scripture says—Old lady, indeed! Inq.—I beg your pardon, madam; but I don't care about hearing Scripture just at this moment. I am bound to go according to law, and not according to Gospel. Mrs. T.—I should think you went neither according to law nor Gospel. What business is it to you to enquire into folks' affairs, Mr. Thingumbob! Inq.—The law makes it my business, good woman, and if you don't want to expose yourself to its penalties, you must answer my questions. Mrs. T.—Oh, its the law, is it! That alters the case. But I should like to know what business the law has with people's household matters. Inq.—Congress made the law, and if it don't please you, you must talk to them. Mrs. T.—Talk to a fiddle stick! Why Congress is a fool and you're another!

A surgical operation for Consumption of the Lung was recently performed in Philadelphia, which is thus described in the Inquirer:—

We understand an operation was performed upon Mr. John Beitzel, of Kensington, on the 15th of May last, which promises entire success. The disease was in the right side, a great portion of the lung being occupied by an abscess which communicated with the cavity of the chest—the diagnosis being based upon physical exploration. The operation was performed by Dr. J. P. Bethell, in presence of Drs. J. E. Taylor, J. K. Knorr, C. Baker, G. W. Patterson, and T. A. Reilly.

An incision was made about three inches long between the sixth and seventh ribs; a gum elastic tube was introduced into the cavity of the abscess, and the pus drawn off by means of a pump. The orifice was kept open and the tube applied until the pus (which amounted to 24 ounces) was entirely removed. The patient immediately after the operation became entirely relieved; his cough subsided, and his respiration became easy.

He is now convalescent, having had no bad symptoms since the operation, and remains under the care of Drs. Bethell and Taylor. FIRE COMPLAINT.—There was scarcely ever a nicer compliment paid to a lady than that which the celebrated Dean Swift addressed to a wife who was always praising her husband: "You always are making a god of your spouse; but that neither reason nor conscience allows; Perhaps you may think 'tis in gratitude due; And you admire him because he adores you. Your argument's weak, and so you will find, For you by this rule, must adore all mankind!"

TRUTH IN MEN.—"There is no truth in men," said a lady in company, "they are like musical instruments which sound a variety of tones." In other words, madam, said a wit who chanced to be present, "you believe that all men are liars!"

Prince Albert, it is well known, is exceedingly fond of whist, and plays remarkably well. A few evenings since he sat down with a party, one of whom was Lord Alfred Paget who was opposed to him. "What stakes shall we play for?" asked his Lordship. "Five shillings the rub," said the Prince. "You used to play for a sovereign," observed Lord Alfred, joyfully replied Albert; "I won that stake, and therefore now play for a crown."

An Irish soldier, who came over with General Moore, being asked if he met with much hospitality in Holland, "O yes," replied he, "too much. I was in the hospital nearly all the time I was there."

O. K.—The Ohio interpretation of this political cypher is—OLL FOR HORWIS. CALHOUN'S PORTRAIT OF VAN BUREN.—Calhoun, the main prop of the administration, expressed the following opinion of his friend, Martin Van Buren:—"He was not of the race of the lion and tiger, he belonged to the low order—the FOX and WEAZEL; and it would be in vain to expect that he could command the respect or acquire the confidence of those who had so little admiration of the qualities by which he was distinguished."

GIRARD COLLEGE. The expense of constructing this magnificent pile, from its commencement in 1833, to the 1st of January 1840, is stated in the Philadelphia Inquirer, to be as follows:— For lime, \$11,060 56; sand, \$4,967 78; gravel, \$4,572 79; lumber, \$44,405 58; stone, \$38,774 50; painting and glazing, \$3,198 17; bricks, \$62,980 48; marble, \$386,789 51; working implements, 5,483 52; smith work, iron, coal, &c. \$24,568 05; all other building materials, working implements, rigging shears, capstans, &c. including lead, cement, and other building materials not embraced in the foregoing general items, during the six years, \$39,111 65; laborers' wages, \$67,088 56; stone masons' wages, \$18,445 71; carpenters' wages, \$39,378 62; brick-layer's wages, \$19,430 59; marble masons' wages, \$215,892 98; blacksmiths' wages, \$14,982 52; carters' wages, \$37,479 94; marble sawyers' wages, \$27,569 11; salaries, \$43,350 63; granite cutters' wages, \$7,481 04; copper, \$5,000 73; stationary, \$657 74; copper work, \$1,985 40; plastering, \$5,091 26. Making the entire expense up to the first of the present year, one million one hundred and ten thousand six hundred and thirty-four dollars and sixty-four cents.

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