The North Carolina Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, BY
WILLIAM W. HOLDEN,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION OF THE STATES—THEY "MUST BE PRESERVED."

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TERMS.

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Letters to the Editor must come *free of postage*, or they will not be attended to.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Farmer's Weatherometer.

Under the above title, a correspondent of the Ohio Cultivator furnishes the world with the following general indications and local predictions respecting the changes of the weather, which he says have been gathered during travels in America and Europe. We give them for what they are worth:

'A rainbow in the morning
Is the shepherd's true warning:
But a rainbow at night
Is the shepherd's delight.'

A rainbow in fair weather denotes foul—if in foul, fair weather will follow. A double rainbow indicates much rain.

A predominance of the purple color of the rainbow, shows wind and rain—dark red, tempest—light red, wind—yellow, dry weather—green, rain—blue, denotes that the air is clearing.

If the Aurora Borealis appear after several warm days, it is generally succeeded by a coldness of the air. If the Aurora Borealis has been considerable, either an increased degree of cold is immediately produced, or bodies of clouds are immediately formed.

If, in a very wet season, the sky is tinged with a sea-green color near the bottom, where it ought to be blue, it shows that rain will speedily follow, and increase; when it is of a deep dead blue, it is over-charged with vapors, and the weather will be showery.

When the sun appears white at the setting, or goes down into a bank of clouds, which lie in the horizon, they indicate the approach or continuance of bad weather.

When it rains with an east wind, it will probably continue for twenty-four hours.

The heaviest rains, when of long continuance, generally begin with the wind blowing easterly, which gradually veers round to the south—and the rains do not cease until the wind has got to the west, or a little north west.

While rain is falling, if any small space of the sky is visible, it is almost a certain sign that the rain will speedily cease.

If the clouds that move with the wind become stationary, when they arrive at that part of the horizon which is opposite to the wind, and appear to accumulate, they announce a speedy fall of rain.

A frequent change of wind, with an agitation of the clouds, denotes a sudden storm.

A fresh breeze generally springs up before sunset, particularly in the summer.

The weather usually clears up at noon—but, if it rains at midnight, it seldom clears up till sun-set.

The winds which begin to blow in the day time are much stronger, and endure longer than those which begin to blow only in the night.

A hollow or whistling wind denotes rain.

If the wind follow the course of the sun, fair weather will follow.

Weather, either good or bad, which takes place in the night time, is not, in general, of long duration—and, for the most part, wind is more uncommon in the night, than in the day time. Fine weather in the night with scattered clouds, does not last.

Violent winds prevail more in the vicinity of mountains, than in open plains.

A Venetian author says—'A sudden storm from the north does not last three days.'

If it thunders in December, moderate and fine weather may be expected.

If it thunders, at intervals, in the spring-time, before the trees have acquired leaves, cold weather is still to be expected.

Thunder in the morning, denotes wind at noon—in the evening, rain and tempest.

If in summer there be no thunder, the ensuing fall and winter will be sickly.

If it lightens on a clear star-light night, in the south or south-east, rain and wind will follow—if it lightens in an evening towards the north, south, or south-west, it indicates rain.

Hot weather generally precedes thunder, which is followed by cold showery weather.

When the wind is south-west during summer or autumn, and the temperature of the air is unusually cold for the season, both to the feeling and the thermometer, with a low barometer, much rain is to be expected.

Violent temperatures, as storms, or great rains, produce a sort of crisis in the atmosphere which produces a constant temperature, good or bad, for some months.

In the morning, if a mist which hangs over the lowlands, draws towards the highlands, it is sign of an approaching fine day.

If in the evening a white mist spread over a meadow through which a river flows, it will be drawn up by the sun on the following morning, and a fine clear day will follow.

When the dew lies plentifully upon the grass after a fine day, another fine day may be expected—but if, after such a fine day, no dew fall nor any breeze be stirring, it indicates that the vapors are ascending, and will soon be precipitated in the form of rain.

It is certainly a surprising phenomenon to see the earth, after a very long and abundant rain, to be sometimes almost dry, the roads quite free from dirt, and the lands to become quite arid and parched. This is a sign that the rain has not altogether ceased, and denotes a continual efflux of electric matter, which being renewed, carries with it in the form of vapors, all the moisture that falls on the earth. There is sometimes, however, a great deal of dirt, even after a very moderate rain, which, in that case, is a sign of fair weather, because it indicates that evaporation has ceased. Dry stones and moist earth announce fine weather—dry earth and moist stones announce rain.

If the flame of a lamp crackles or flares, it indicates rainy weather. The case is the same when soot detaches itself from the chimney and falls.

It is a sign of rain when the soot collected around pots or kettles takes fire, in the form of small points like grains of millet, because this phenomenon denotes that the air is cold and moist.

If the coals seem hotter than usual, or if the flame is more agitated, though the weather be calm at the time, it indicates rain.

When the flame burns steadily, and proceeds strait upwards, it is a sign of fine weather.

If the sound of bells is heard at a great distance, it is a sign of wind, or of a change of weather.

The hollow sounds of forests, the murmuring noise of the waves of the sea, their foaming and green and black color, announce a storm.

Good or bad smells, when unusually strong, seeming as if they were condensed, are a sign of a change of weather, either because exhalations arise and are dispersed in more abundance, which is a sign of an increase of elasticity,—or because the air does not dispel or raise these exhalations, which indicates that the constitution of the atmosphere is motionless, light, and void of elasticity.

When the spider's web and the leaves of trees are agitated without any sensible wind, it is a sign of wind, and perhaps of rain, because it denotes that strong and penetrating exhalations arise from the earth. These signs are less equivocal, when the dry leaves and chaff are raised into a vortex, and carried into the air.

The Duke of Wellington and Miss Coutts.

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

The marriage of the old Duke of Wellington, now in his seventy-ninth year, to Miss Coutts, heiress of the Duchess of St. Albans, and the greatest fortune in the world, is spoken of in the London prints as a "fixed fact." We are at a loss which most to admire, the doating folly of the octogenarian, or the shocking depravity which would induce a young woman to link herself to him for the little residue of a life already drawn out to its longest span. We hope, for her punishment, he may live to the age of Pharr or Jenkins.

Old Coutt's fortune has taken a singular round since it was acquired by the first owner. He himself, when a young man, it will be recollected, married a servant girl, one Susan Starkie, by whom he had three children—all daughters. One of these married the Earl of Guilford, another the Marquis of Bute, and a third Sir Francis Burdett. Miss Coutts is a daughter of this last marriage, and of course a grand daughter of the old banker. Coutts having lost his wife in 1815, married in three months after her death, Harriet Mellon, an actress of some celebrity, on whom he had several years before settled £100,000. He died in about twenty years, and as he had already made what he deemed an ample settlement upon his daughters, he left the whole of his enormous property valued at £90,000 per annum, to his widow. She did not wear the willow very long, having, in a few years, again entered the bonds of matrimony with the Duke of St. Albans, a young nobleman of two or three and twenty, of high rank, being related to royalty itself, and of a very badly filled purse, being the poorest man of his rank in all the kingdom.

This match, very unsuitable in point of years, for the gentle Harriet was not only "fat and fair," but "forty" and the rise, was for many months the subject of unsparing ridicule in all the prints of the British metropolis, whig, tory and radical. The Duke cared little for that, however, but gave loose to his natural propensity for dissipation with so much earnestness that his career was soon brought to an end, and the weeping widow was left with the title of Dutchess of St. Albans and £90,000 a year to console herself as best she might. She never married again, but left her enormous estate to Miss Angelina Burdett, one of the grandchildren of her first husband, on condition of her taking the name of Coutts. This is the lady who is about to become the Duchess of Wellington.

This is, truly, what Byron calls "making the *tender* passion tough." *Richmond Whig.*

Fog or Mist. The phenomenon of fog or mist occurs at all seasons, and it appears always under the peculiar circumstances explained by Sir Humphrey Davy. His theory is, that radiation of vapor from land and water sends it up until it meets with a cold stratum of air, which condenses it into the form of mist—which gradually gravitates towards the surface. When the radiation is weak, the mist seems to lie upon the ground, but when more powerful, the stratum of mist may be seen elevated a few feet above the ground.

Mist, too, may be seen to continue longer over the water than the land, owing to the slower radiation of vapor from water; and it is generally seen in the hollowest portions of ground, on account of the cold air, as it descends from the surrounding rising ground and mixes with the air in the hollow, diminishing its capacity for moisture.

Mist also varies in its character according to its electric state; if negatively affected, it deposites its vapor more quickly, forming a heavy sort of dew, and wetting everything like rain; but if positively, it continues to exist as fog, and retains the vapor in the state in which it has not the property of wetting like the other.

The fogs in hollows constitute the true stratus cloud. We see vapor at a distance in the atmosphere, and call it cloud; but when it sinks to the earth, or will not rise, and we are immersed in it, we call it mist or fog. When immersed in a cloud on a mountain, we say we are in a mist; but the same mist will be seen by a spectator, at a distance in the valley, as a beautiful cirrostatus resting on the mountain.

The magnifying power of mist is a well known optical illusion. Its concealing and mystifying effects may have been observed by every one, and its causing distant sounds to be heard as if near at hand, may also have been noticed by many.

Stephen's Book of the Farm.

Dangerous. The danger and inconvenience of allowing swine to go at large in the streets was shown yesterday, when a full-grown hog made an attack on a small child sitting on the steps in front of a house in Bond street; and, in attempting to get possession of a piece of bread which the child was eating, tore its hands and arms with its tusks in a very severe manner. Several instances similar to this have occurred lately, and it is to be hoped that the ordinance prohibiting the running of swine, which was rejected during the late session of the city council, may meet with more favorable consideration from the next. *Balt Amer.*

The Procession of Land Crabs.

BY THE REV. THOMAS APPLEGATE.

It was on a fine clear morning in the month of March, that I took a walk on one of the Bahama Islands, lying just within the tropics, to reconnoitre the scenery around and inhale the fresh air of heaven. My attention was soon arrested with the novel spectacle of an immense number of land crabs, marching in procession to the sea. These animals, unlike the rest of their class, are exceedingly curious in their habits. They are natives of the Bahama, and take up their abode during the greater part of the year in holes of the ground, hollow trunks of trees and other places of a similar description. Annually they repair to the sea side to deposit their eggs, and they prepare for this migration in the month of April.

Having mustered in considerable numbers, the procession starts forward with all the regularity and precision of a well disciplined army, under the guidance of an experienced commander. Their destination being the nearest coast, they move instinctively for it, in a strait line, and when intercepted in their path by houses and builings, they prefer to scale the walls and roof, and alight on the opposite side, rather than suffer a deviation from their accustomed course. In the prosecution of this arduous enterprise nearly the whole of one side of our temporary residence was literally lined with them, and it was not a little amusing to stand and witness their manœuvres. Should a window perchance to be left open, they will be glad to spare the time and strength of a more perilous ascent, by entering that avenue unsolicited and direct their intruding march over the bed of some heedless sleeper. Rudely assailed by their unceremonious incursions into the different apartments of our dwellings, it was necessary, on several occasions, to take stick in hand, and resort to the work of expulsion in the best manner possible.

The crabs in their march usually arrange themselves into three battalions. The first battalion consists of bold and hardy males, who go forward as pioneers to clear the route. Sometimes they are obliged to halt on the route for want of rain; and repose in the most convenient encampments, till the weather changes.

The second company comprises a large and respectable assembly of females, that seldom leave their more elevated retreats till after the rain has set in a short time; they then descend in regular columns, several paces in width, and covering the surface of the earth to an enormous extent.

The third body forms the rear-guard, that follows three or four days after; this is a weakly, straggling, consumptive race of males and females, having neither the health nor the vigor of their predecessors, and looking fitter subjects for the nurse and the doctor, than of a pilgrimage to the coasts. Their chief time of travelling is in the cool of the night, when the world around them is sleeping, and the hindrances and dangers are fewer than they would be likely to encounter in the broad light of day. About two months' march in this way brings them to their destined spot, where they immediately enter the water, wash themselves clean, and then retire to holes in the rocks, and other hiding places, where they remain till the time of spawning.

At such a period they once more seek for water, and shaking off their eggs, leave them to the chance of being hatched or devoured by shoals of hungry fish, that have repaired to the place for that purpose. The eggs, when they have been hatched under the sand, become productive of millions of little crabs, that may be seen slowly quitting the shores for the hilly regions. The old ones are not so active to return. They have become enfeebled and lean, and can hardly crawl about, and are, therefore, obliged to continue in the fat parts of the country till they recover, covering themselves over with leaves and dirt, and creeping into the holes of the rock. There they throw off all old shells, which they leave behind nearly whole. At this time they are quite naked, and continue almost without motion for six or seven days, after which they become so fat as to be considered delicious food. In about six weeks the new shell is tolerably hard, and these singular animals may be seen gradually returning again to their haunts. On several of the out islands they form a considerable portion of the food of the inhabitants, and it certainly is very nutritous. Crab soup is excellent.

Effect of Railroads. At a meeting at Charlotte, Va., on the 7th ult, for the purpose of prosecuting the Louisa Railroad to the Blue Ridge, the Hon. Willam C. Rives bore strong testimony to the beneficial effect of Railroads in appreciating the value of property coming within the spere of their influence. He said that "his plantation on which he lived, was within eight miles of the present termination of the Louisa Railroad at Gordonsville, and that his lands were now worth fifty per cent more than they were previous to the construction of that road. He said the extension of this road would not only enhance the value of land, but it would enable the farmer to send his produce to market at cheaper rates than he now does, and thereby put more money in his pocket. The two great staples hitherto relied on by the farmer, Flour and Tobacco, were often precarious, and attention must be turned to other and smaller things to keep the farmer's pockets supplied with money; his gardens, his dairies, and even his hen houses, could be made to yield a profitable income." *Rich. Times.*

To Postmasters, Editors and others. Letters, papers, and other packages sent by mail to Halifax Court-house, Virginia, from any place on or beyond the railroad line from North to South, ought to be transmitted by the railroad to Ridgway, N. C., from which place to Halifax C. H. there is now a line of tri-weekly stages. Passengers and packages from Richmond, by this route, reach Halifax C. H. in about twenty-four hours; whereas, by the other mail route, letters, &c., are frequently three or four days on the way, before they reach their destination. It is respectfully suggested to editors and letter-writers, on the route here designated, to address "Halifax C. H. Virginia, via Ridgeway, North Carolina, and Clarkesville, Virginia." *Richmond Enquirer.*

A good Suggestion. A correspondent of the Boston Transcript suggests the substitution of an octavo or so of musical pipes, in place of the steam whistle. The Engineer, he says, might then entertain the passengers and the surrounding country with favorite airs. "Old Dan Tucker" is suggested for road crossings and passage through populated districts, on account of the chorus, "get out of the way."

Cuba under our Flag.

When in Havana last winter, we had a consultation with a meeting of the most influential and wealthy men of that city upon the union of Cuba to the United States, and promised to lay the matter before the people of this country as soon as the Mexican question had been disposed of. Mexico, to all intents and purposes, is now in our possession. All parties in the United States, and even foreign nations, look upon that question as settled, so far as conquest and occupation are concerned, and we now hasten to fulfil our promise, and that promise must be our apology for this article. Cuba, by geographical position, necessity and right, belongs to the United States; it may and must be ours.

The moment has arrived to place it in our hands, and under our flag. Cuba is in the market for sale, and we are authorized by parties eminently able to fulfil what they propose to say, that if the United States will offer the Spanish Government one hundred millions of dollars Cuba is ours; and that with one week's notice the whole amount will be raised and paid over by the inhabitants of the Island. One week is all they ask, if our Government will only make the offer for them to act upon, and which Spain is ready to accept. This is no vision, but a fixed fact, of which we have seen and now hold the most undoubted proofs. The possession of Cuba will complete our chain of Territory, and give us the North American Continent. It is the garden of the world, the key to the Gulf, and the richest spot of its size on the face of the earth. From Florida Point to its Northeastern coast is only fifty miles, bringing the Island almost within cannon shot and sight of the United States. Cuba yields to Spain an annual revenue of seven millions of dollars, besides supporting 25,000 soldiers, expending at least a million a year upon fortifications, and paying another million in salaries to civil and military officers—in fact her total revenue to Spain is over ten millions, which will double the moment it comes under the United States.

Cuba produces the best sugar, coffee, tobacco and tropical fruits in the world. It has gold and silver, and the richest copper mines known. Its harbors, surface of the country, and climate are unrivalled, and in less than five years its revenue would more than pay the entire purchase money asked by Spain. Cuba must be ours! Stretching from Florida to Yucatan, it commands the Gulf and coast of Mexico. It is larger than Ireland—nearly as large as all the New England States, containing 43,500 square miles of the most fertile soil under the sun. To us it is indispensable. We want its harbors for our ships to touch at to and from Mexico—for the accommodation of American and English transatlantic steamers, for its products and trade, and as the grand key to the Gulf of Mexico. Give us Cuba, and our possessions are complete. Spain is ready to sell, the Cubians are waiting for us to make the purchase, and to come at once into the Union. Let the thing be done; we pledge ourselves that the hundred millions will be forthcoming to meet the offer, and that Cuba will prove the richest conquest ever made by the United States. *New York Sun.*

Anecdote of General Taylor. The Cincinnatus-like simplicity and unaffectedness of old Zack's habits have frequently been celebrated. But it is not commonly known, perhaps, that he generally does his own washing. Of a pleasant evening, after the warlike toils of the day are closed, the old hero may be seen at the opening of his tent, sitting plump on the ground with a camp-kettle between his legs—and with short sleeves rolled up, creating a loud splashing of his garments in the suds. The old General, by the way, wholly excludes hard soap, as an unsoldier-like luxury, and uses nothing but the soft; a barrel of which furnishes part of his tent furniture.

The old hero, however, on account of his eyesight, is not very nimble with the needle. Nevertheless, he insists upon doing his own mending, and particularly prides himself upon the neatness and expedition with which he puts a new seat in his ample pants. These neither garments, of course, require frequent repairs, owing to the constant practice and the habit the old hero has of violently slapping his person when excited. At Buena Vista, his being a long time in the saddle, united to the ire-provoking and dastardly conduct of the Indiana regiments, came near entirely rending them in pieces, and it was late before the General retired, as he always makes it a principle not to permit his basket of new clothes to accumulate.

At Monterey, when the deputies from General Ampudia were first ushered into the presence of the old hero at his quarters, they found him sitting cross-legged upon a gun carriage, and earnestly engaged in letting out the seams of his coat—a proceeding necessitated by his increasing bulkiness. *Yankee Doodle.*

The Cincinnati Signal explains its editorial article, which Gen. Taylor endorsed. It says it took ground against a change of the tariff of 1846, and in favor of the independent treasury, with a modification so as to permit the Government to buy bills of exchange instead of shipping specie. If Gen. Taylor will frankly occupy that ground, which his letter certainly endorsed, he will not be very exceptionable on these points. But alas! for the whigs—where will they find a candidate? Gen. Taylor opposes two important whig measures, at any rate; and will not accept a whig nomination! Still some whig journals prefer to run him—a compliment to Democratic doctrines, which we hardly expected—we say a compliment because the movement for Taylor was a virtual admission that the whigs dare not go before the country on the issues between the two parties, or as advocates of whig principles and measures. They wish to repeat the contest of 1840, and conceal their principles from the public eye—a sure proof of their unpopularity. *St. Louis Union.*

The following anecdote is related of the late Judge L. of Vt.: Judge L. was one of the Judges of the court under the old system, and like many of his associates in the earlier days of the State, frequently astonished the technicalties of the law by his decisions.

He had occasion at one time to try a case in which justice and the letter of the law were at sword's points, and in his decision, the law suffered some; whereat a limb of the law ventored to expostulate.

"Really," said he rising, "that is not *law*, your honor."

"I don't care a d—n whether its *law* or not," replied Judge L. "It's *justice*, and I *set* here to administer justice, myself!"

Icebergs.

One morning, earlier than the usual time of rising, the steward awakened us with the news that icebergs were close at hand. This was charming intelligence, for so late in the season they are but rarely met with: we were all soon on deck, and for a worthy object. One was a grand fellow, with two great domes, each as large as that of St. Paul's: the lower part was like frosted silver. Where the heat of the sun had melted the surface, and it had frozen again, in its gradual decay it had assumed all sorts of angular and fantastic shapes, reflecting from its green, transparent mass thousands of prismatic colors; while, below, the gentle swell dallied with its chill like sides. The action of the waves had worn away a great portion of the base over the water, into the deep nooks and caves, destroying the balance of the mass. While we were passing the crisis of this tedious process chanced to arrive: the huge white rock tottered for a moment, then fell into the calm sea, with a sound like the roar of a thousand cannon; the spray rose to a great height into the air, and large waves rolled round, spreading their wide circles over the ocean, each ring diminishing till at length they sank to rest. When the spray had fallen again, the glittering domes had vanished, and a long, low island of rough snow and ice, lay on the surface of the water. There is something impressive and dismal in the fate of these, cold, and lonely wanderers of the deep. They break loose by some great effort of nature from the shores and rivers of unknown regions of the north, where, for centuries perhaps, they have been accumulating, and commence their dreary voyage, which has no end but annihilation. For years they may wander in the Polar Sea, till some strong gale or current, bears them past its iron limits; then, by the predominance of winds and waters to the south, they float past the desolate coasts of Newfoundland. Already the summer sun makes sad havoc in their strength, melting their lofty heights; but each night's frost binds up what is left, and still on, on, glides the great mass, slowly, solemnly. You cannot perceive that it stirs, the greatest storm does not rock it, the keenest eye cannot discover a motion; but, moment by moment, day by day, it passes to the south, where it wastes away and vanishes at last. In June and July they are most numerous in these seas, and there is often much danger from their neighborhood in the dark moonless nights; but the themometer, if consulted, will always indicate their approach; it fell eight degress when we neared the iceberg which I have now described, and the cold was sensibly felt.

England in the New World.

Deep Ploughing. We must not be accused of an attempt to pun, when we say that careful, thorough and deep cultivation, is at the *root* of all good agriculture: however skilfully and philosophically we may carry on our saving and application of manures; however well we may select our seed, and choose our seed time, without deep tillage we can by no means receive the maximum result. Drained land deeply stirred and thoroughly pulverized, becomes a kind of regulator of the weather for itself: it is not soon soaked in wet, and it forms a store house of moisture in dry weather. It is a bad conductor of heat, and is therefore not easily over-heated; but on the other hand is not so soon cooled, and so keeps up an equal temperature by night and by day, in cloud and in sunshine—in the highest degree favorable to the healthy developement of plants.

On farms in the Lothians of Scotland, where thirty or thirty five bushels of turnips per imperial acre, are looked upon as very ordinary crops of that root, we found eight, nine and ten inches, and even more, to be the average depth of the winter furrow;—and these depths were accomplished with perfect ease with one pair of compact, moderate sized horses to each plough. On one farm, where the soil was of the most tenacious clay, we carefully noted the amount of work, and found it to amount to three-fourths of a Scott's acre, or very nearly an imperial acre per day, at eight inches deep, for each pair of horses. On another farm, of rather strong soil, we found the daily amount of work for each pair of horses, at ten inches deep, to be rather more than an imperial acre per day, headlands included. The ridges in both cases were about two hundred and fifty yards in length. *Farmer's Herald.*

The Army Worm. The Grenada (Miss.) Press says:—"This scourge of the planter, it is feared, is about to blight the prospects of the present cotton crop, if not entirely destroy it. We have heard of their appearance in various portions of the country, and regret to learn that they have commenced upon the cotton. We were yesterday (July 26.) shown some taken from a field six miles east of Grenada, of various sizes, from one to one and a half inches in length."

The Fayette (Mi-s.) Watch Tower says:—"We are informed that the worm is doing considerable damage to the cotton crops in some parts of this county. It is thought, however, that it is not the army worm but a species of cut-worm resembling the caterpillar."

The Yazoo City Whig says:—"We hear almost daily complaints from our planters, in regard to the appearance of the cotton worm. On some of the plantations in the lower part of this county, we understand that these worms have attacked the cotton with great energy, whilst on other places they are working on the grass. We also learn that the worms have made their appearance on Silver creek, Issaquena county. Should these worms make a general and vigorous attack upon the cotton at the present time, it will prove ruinous to the planters. We sincerely hope that the accounts which we have heard may be exaggerated."

The Natchez Courier says:—"From every quarter of the compass we hear of the appearance of the worm, and of the alarm occasioned thereby. But, in most instances, after the matter is investigated, the alarm and mischief occasioned and done, is found to have been all occasioned by the *grass* worm, which, it is true, has been somewhat destructive. We have conversed with old and experienced planters on the subject, not longer ago than yesterday, and we find that no one of them is absolutely certain that he has seen the *real army worm* yet."

Sharp Shooting. A person looking over the catalogue of professional gentlemen of the bar, with his pencil wrote against the name of one who is of the bustling order, "Has been accused of possessing talents." Another seeing the accusation, wrote under the charge, "*Has been tried, and acquitted.*"

From the Louisburg Union.

A little Boy's address to his dead Mother.

I miss thee, mother!—at the morning hour
When all is life, and light, and joy around;
The Rose blooms sweetly in thy favorite bower,
But thou art sleeping 'neath the dark cold ground!
I miss thee, mother!—at this bright sweet hour,
Another voice now wakes me from my sleep;
I haste not now to cull the earliest flower
For thee! but wander to thy grave and weep.
I miss the mother! when at close of day
My weary feet thy lonely chamber tread,
My heart feels desolate; I turn away
To seek some place to rest my aching head.
Thy couch is empty, and the old arm chair
Is setting still in its accustomed place;
I miss thy much beloved form reclining there;
Thy voice, thy smile, thy sweet angelic face.
And when I fain would rest, and kneel to pray,
As you have taught me, by my little bed,
I miss thy sweet "good night" you used to say,
I miss the kind soft hand upon my head.
I meet thee, mother, only in my dreams:
Sometimes a mortal in an angel's guise,
A bright form hovers near me, and it seems,
To call thy child to meet thee in the skies.

RECLUSA.

A Corwin 'Hyme' to be rung in the Churches.

As the Cashier of the Circleville Bank, in a letter to our neighbor of the Journal, proposed to have Mr. Corwin's speech read in all the Churches, the editor of the Watchman has proposed the following 'hyme' to sing on the occasion.

'Traitor to thy country—go
Haste thee quick to Mexico
O'er thee let her banner wave,
Make her furnish thee a grave,
And 'scape thy injured country's hate,
So richly won a Tory's fate!
Columbia's free-men own thee not—
O his blushes at the thought!
Rank with Arnold's deeds thy name
Will in hist'ry share his fame,
In every page in every clime,
Now, and through all coming time.'

We think the Cashier, from *down South*, has met a song companion that will make the occasion 'go off' in style.

The following apostrophe to the Western Prairies, which formed the theme of one of Bryant's most delightful poems, is contained in a late number of the Burlington (Vt.) Free Press:

Great western waste of bottom land,
Flat as a pancake, rich as grease!
Where gnats are full as big as toads,
And 'skeeters are as big as geese!
O, lonesome, windy grassy place,
Where buffaloes and snakes prevail!
The first with dreadful looking face,
The last with dreadful sounding tail!
I'd rather live on camel's hump,
And be a yankee doodle beggar,
Than where they never see a stump,
And shake to death with fever-n-agen!

Duel. A duel was fought on the 29th ult. opposite Fort Smith, Arkansas, between Col. John S. Roane, of Van Buren, and Capt. Albert Pike, of Little Rock. They fought with pistols at ten paces and exchanged two shots, neither taking effect. The parties were then reconciled, shook hands and parted on amicable terms. The difficulty between the gentlemen originated in Mexico after the battle of Buena Vista, and is supposed to have arisen from the official report of Capt. Pike, of the movements of his command in the battle, and in a letter from him published in an Arkansas paper concerning the alleged murder of several Mexicans, at Catana, by a portion of the Arkansas regiment. Both are men of undoubted courage, and it needed no duel to establish the fact; but they, it appears, thought differently, and so they met on the sea-shore—after having shared the toils and survived the perils of as bloody a fight as our history records, levelled and discharged their pistols at each other, and are now satisfied. How many absurdities are perpetrated in the name of honor! *Charleston News.*

A curious Death. The *Trenton News* says: On Sunday evening, an interesting child of Wm. S. Hutchinson, of this city, met its death in a singular and extraordinary manner. The mother had carefully laid her infant to sleep on the bed, up stairs, placing chairs in front, to protect it against the chances of rolling off. At the foot of the bed stood a bureau, a few inches from the head of the bedstead, which was deemed a sufficient protection in that quarter, and with these ample guards the child was left about an hour, while the mother attended to her household affairs below. On returning to look after her infant, she found that it had slipped down, feet foremost, between the foot of the bed and the bureau, where it was hanging with the back of its little head against the bureau and its chin resting on the rail of the bedstead. Life was already extinct. No noise had been heard by any of the family, and it is probable that the death struggle was very brief.

Important Fact. The Natchitoches Chronicle mentions a discovery in relation to the great destroyer of the cotton plant, which it may be well for every man to know and remember. Mr. Gilmore, of that parish, planted last spring, within his field of cotton, a piece of ground in indigo. Thinking that it would yield more in indigo than would be necessary to furnish his family, he ploughed a part of it up, and put in cotton. Thus ploughed before it had germinated, he scattered the seed over his cotton land, and many stalks of it grew with the cotton. When the worms begin to devour the cotton, he found to his surprise that the stalks near the indigo were untouched by them. They left, or rather kept away from the rows near the indigo patch. The odor from the indigo plant is known to be pungent and disagreeable; this may have repelled the worms, if they have the sense of smell, as all sensible worms ought to have.

A good hit. A noted caricaturist hits of the attempt of the whigs to pile their party duds on "Rough and Ready" as follows: The old Gen'l is preparing to lead his columns to the attack of a Mexican force, and the whigs have tied their go-cart, filled with Corwin's speeches, to his coat tail and are preparing to jump in themselves. As he starts his coat tails bring up with a jerk, which nearly throws him off his legs, and he discovers in a great rage the cause. Turning upon them with his sword, he cuts the rope, and knocks them right and left, crying out you "rascals! you are worse than the Mexicans." The Boston Atlas, N. Y. Express, and Albany Journal, are running away as fast as their legs can carry them, and yelling out to their comrades, "Let the old fool go! he won't work in our harness!" It will make the Lithographer's fortune. *New Haven Reg.*