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"A UNION OF THE WHIGS FOR THE SAKE OF THE UNION."—WISÉ.

VOLUME X.]

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AGENTS.

Col. R. M. Cochran, Mecklenburg, N. C.
Chas. W. Harris, Mill Grove, N. C.
R. W. Allison, Concord, N. C.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

OCTOBER, 1836.	(Sun) (Mon)	MOON'S PHASES.
10 Thursday	6 19 54 41	For October, 1836.
11 Friday	8 20 5 40	
12 Saturday	10 21 5 39	
13 Sunday	12 22 5 38	New 7 9 2 fore.
14 Monday	14 23 5 37	First 15 1 43 after.
15 Tuesday	16 24 5 36	Full 22 11 31 fore.
16 Wednesday	18 25 5 34	Last 29 9 49 morn.

THE FARMER.—A song.—By J. J. Barber. Sung at a meeting of the Agricultural Society, at New Brunswick.

A farmer's life's the life for me;
I own I love it dearly;
And every season, full of bliss,
I take its labors cheerily—
To plough or sow,
To reap or mow,
Or in the barn to thresh, Sir,
Altho' 'tis not so nice,
I shan't complain,
Twill bring me health and cash, Sir.
The Lawyer leads a hardsome life,
Much like a hunted Otter,
He's always in hot water;
For fear of fraud,
A cause defend,
However wrong, must he, Sir,
In reason's name,
Maintain his right—
And dearly earn his fee, Sir.

The doctor's style a gentleman,
But this I hold but boasting;
For like a hawk, he waits for prey,
To every call he's coming—
Now here, now there;
Must he repair,
Or starve, Sir, by denying,
Like death himself,
Unhappy elf,
He lives by other dying.
A farmer's life though let me live,
Obtaining, while I lead it,
Enough for self, and some to give
To such poor souls as need it.
I'll drain and fence,
Nor grudge expense,
To give my land good dressing;
I'll plough and sow,
Or drill in row,
And hope from Heaven a blessing.

SILK CULTURE.

So large a proportion of our readers—we dare say a full third of the whole number—are interested in one way or other in the progress of the silk culture, that we have supposed we could not fill so much space more acceptably than by transferring to our columns the article on that subject which we copy to-day from a paper published in the heart of the silk manufacturing region.—National Intelligencer.

The article referred to by the National Intelligencer, in the above paragraph, is a detail of the proceedings of a meeting of the Philadelphia county Silk Society, from which we copy the following extended paragraphs.—Chatham Gazette.

Mr. Physick stated, among other things, the complete success which he attended his efforts to produce superior silk from the leaf of the Morus Multicaulis tree. And in order forever to put to rest the doubt and fear expressed of the adaptation of this tree to the silk culture, he read several certificates from the principal tailors in Philadelphia, expressive of their opinion, on a trial of the character of sewing silk produced by worms fed on the leaf of this tree in this country. He exhibited, at the same time, specimens of the silk, and also specimens of the very best Italian, from the white mulberry and the superiority of our own, in every essential particular, was evident to the most casual observer. These certificates will be found annexed, together with his letter to Matthew Carey, Esq., to the truth of the statements of which Mr. P. called the particular attention of the meeting in a short but emphatic address, earnestly soliciting the members of the Society or any others present to state all the experience they had of a contrary kind, as his only object was to get at the truth and nothing but the truth. There was however, not one dissenting voice.

Mr. Leeds, of Philadelphia, spoke of the efforts of speculators, who were strenuously exerting themselves to decry the Morus Multicaulis, and the silk business generally, in order to escape the inevitable ruin which would certainly overtake them, in the event of their not succeeding in their efforts, from the imprudent contracts entered into by them early in the spring to furnish immense quantities of trees at 12 cents each, which they were now unable to fill, except at an advance of at least from 100 to 150 per cent. Mr. L. also stated his wish to purchase, for immediate use, ten or fifteen bushels of cocoons from worms fed exclusively on the Morus Multicaulis, and to continue the daily exhibition of Mr. Brooks' patent silk machine at his establishment No. 2, Franklin Place. He justly contended that nothing would carry conviction to the public mind, with the same force, as these exhibitions. People wanted to see for themselves—and seeing would be believing. He also announced that he was ready to purchase, at a liberal price for cash, from one to ten thousand bushels of cocoons.

Mr. Pierce, of Mount Airy, who has been engaged in the silk business for the last eight years, on the white mulberry, remarked that, although he had hitherto doubts, strong doubts of the adaptation of the Morus Multicaulis tree to the production of silk, yet he was now convinced, from experience, that this was the food for the silk-worm, and so firmly was he of this opinion, that he designed the ensuing spring to plant one hundred acres with the Morus Multicaulis, to go into the cultivation of silk on an extensive scale, and was now making preparations to manufacture silk cloths for his umbrella establishment in Philadelphia. Mr. P. also imparted some very valuable information relative to his mode of preserving the eggs until the time of hatching, which was this: The eggs were removed to a cool cellar as soon as they had their natural color, after being laid; when the cold weather came on, they were placed in a room without fire, and kept there through the winter; they were then rolled up and put into a confectioner's show bottle, corked up, and the cork being slightly sunk below the top of the bottle, the cavity was filled up with melted resin, &c. entirely excluding the air. The bottle was then put into a small keg, full around with shavings, and after being headed up, was placed in the ice-house until wanted. Mr. P. said that scarcely an egg failed in hatching, and healthier worms he had seen no where.

Mr. Ellis, of New Jersey, remarked that too much care could not be observed in the purchase of eggs, he having been most woefully deceived in the supply which he had bought for himself. Out of thirty ounces, scarcely any hatched; and as they were all or principally New England eggs, he had come to the conclusion that the Yankees did not make good eggs. There have, no doubt, been many similar failures, but (said Mr. E.) as there will be a large supply in the market of this year's produce, there will be no difficulty, if the eggs be purchased from the producers, of obtaining healthy ones. Mr. E. also stated that he had built a cocoonery this summer, 25 by 60 feet, calculated to feed three millions of worms, for twelve hundred dollars, and if the principle of economy observed in the construction of this building were applied to those of smaller dimensions adapted to small cultivators, the expense of erecting a cocoonery would be very trifling, and every farmer in the community could go into the business without diverting any hazardous amount of money from their ordinary occupation.

The proceedings contain a letter from Mr. Physick, the owner of Highfield Cocoonery, near Philadelphia, the largest in the U. States, to Mr. Mathew Carey, for the following part of which we make room; premising that although Mr. Physick might at present obtain the price stated by him for his silk made into sewings, yet that could not be done by all now embarking in the silk culture, when they all get fairly on the way with the business; because the demand for sewing silk would not be equal to the supply. It is not the present price of sewing silk, but that of raw silk that cultivators should adopt as the basis of their calculations of profit from the business. This however, which at present is \$5.50 per lb. ought to satisfy any one.

Perhaps it might be proper for me in this place to contradict the statement of persons unknown, that 60,000 worms fed on Morus Multicaulis perished in one day at my establishment. Why, sir, we have not lost the twelfth part of that number during the whole summer; but if it were true, still it would not be as many by thousands as all silk growers expect to lose out of, so large a number as we have fed this summer, [2,000,000.] M. Camille Beauvais, an eminent authority upon the culture of silk, asserts that the French usually lose 50 per cent of their whole crop.

I think, therefore, I am warranted in saying that the experiment of laboring with worms from Morus Multicaulis at Highfield Cocoonery has been crowned with complete success, or at least with greater success than usually falls to the lot of feeders upon the White Italian Mulberry in France itself, a nation having the experience of centuries in this art—of centuries, I say, for it is well known that the first mulberry trees were introduced there during the time of the Crusades, by Guiseppe, of St. Aubin, and planted three leagues from Mont Mellart; and it is a matter of history that Charles the Seventh went, at his entrance into Rouen, in 1449, a boaver lined with velvet, the most costly and elegant head ornament known at that time.

The experience of this summer, I feel perfectly certain we can raise, upon a very moderate calculation, from the 100,000 Multicaulis trees I propose to reserve for my own use out of 400,000 I have now growing, enough to plant my whole farm of 60 acres very thickly with them next year—not to sell but to supply my Cocoonery with foliage for 15,000,000 worms, intended to be raised the year after next. My land is by no means in a high state of cultivation, yet I feel certain that the above number of worms can be fed from its produce when the trees are two years old; and as 1,000,000 produce 333 1/3 lbs. of raw silk, so will 15,000,000 produce 5,000 lbs. worth \$50,000 when converted into sewing silk, at a cost of one dollar per pound, which I am told is simple when done on a large scale, from which deduct \$5,000, and the net profit of my 60 acres of land will be \$45,000. I allow nothing to pay for rearing the worms, because, when the multicaulis becomes plentiful, we shall mow it down, and throw it, stems and all, to the worms; the diminished expense of which, together with our present State bounty, being amply sufficient to cover this item.

Perhaps you will consider me extravagant in my calculations. What! methinks I hear you say, \$45,000 from 60 acres of this land in one year? Impossible! Be assured, however, my dear sir, that I was only a little while ago—not a year—more skeptical upon this subject than the most perfect infidel to my present statement can be now; but, having carefully examined facts and practice only—theory being totally disregarded—I cannot resist credence to the mass of evidence I meet with, both from my own experience and that of others, warranting the assertion that the above is only a part of what can be accomplished if energy, enterprise, and a small capital go hand in hand to work. Mr. E. P. Roberts, whose sincerity cannot be questioned, states (after a careful Dr. and Cr. account with one acre that \$1,125 83 will most probably be found to be the net profit from it, if devoted to the culture of silk, when the trees have attained 4 years of age, which would give \$67,699 80 from 60 acres of land; and the Rev. D. V. McLean, of Freehold, New Jersey, actually raised, on one-sixteenth of an acre last year, from roots of multicaulis planted that season, the enormous amount of thirty-one pounds eleven ounces of cocoons, being about 507 pounds to the acre. Experience, then, sanctions the belief that my estimate is only a part of the truth.

With these views, you will easily be persuaded that no consideration could induce me to sell all my trees.

In the early part of the feeding season, my superintendent, Mr. Spencer was decidedly in doubt respecting the advantages of the Morus Multicaulis, but is now a firm convert to faith in its superiority. Mr. Oeller, a well known and very respectable tailor in our village, assures us that our silk, reared on one of my improved Piedmontese rears, is decidedly superior in every desirable quality to any he has ever seen of the produce of this or any other country, from the white Italian mulberry. Now, sir, I should not have been discouraged if I had lost every worm I had attempted to raise this year, for the season has been so very wet, and the leaves so very succulent, that it is a perfect miracle to me they have not all perished.

Well aware of the deep responsibility I assume in representing the culture of silk from Morus Multicaulis in such glowing colors, whereby many persons may be induced to embark in it their whole capital—the hard earned savings of a life's toil—and also, of the just censure I should merit from them if I have knowingly deceived them; still, I deliberately add, that every word above expressed is true to the best of my knowledge and belief, and that I am firmly persuaded that the Morus Multicaulis is the most valuable tree on earth.

Coloring Walls.—It may not be generally known, particularly in the country, that blue vitriol when mixed with lime, forms a very beautiful as well as exceedingly cheap coloring matter for walls. Take good lime and slack it as usual, one and a half pounds of blue vitriol, dissolve the crystals with boiling water, when dissolved mix it with the white wash, and add one pound of glue well dissolved. This should be prepared in a glass pot if possible, to prevent its being burned or scorched. When well mixed the first coat must be put on horizontally or from side to side, and the second coat vertically or up and down. The wall will be of a bright blue color, resembling the blue bottles some times seen in apothecary shops. By following these directions, women can put on the coloring as smoothly and as well generally as men.

Cheap mode of Raising Water by a waterwheel and Band.—In conversation the other day with Mr. Blake, of Augusta, upon the various plans and modes that are now in use for raising water, he suggested the idea of attaching a leather band around the shaft of a waterwheel, to which should be attached tin elevators like those used for carrying up meal and flour in flour mills. The lower part of the band might dip into the water, receive a supply and passing over a pulley at any required height, carry it up and empty it into a cistern at the top, from whence it could be conveyed by tubes to any distance and to as high an elevation as the cistern. In many places this cheap system would do as well or better than a force pump. The cost would not be great and the chances of getting out of repair would be very few.—Maine Farmer.

Cotton wool, wet with sweet oil and paragon, colors the ear ache very soon.

A STRANGE ADVENTURE.

Tennessee may boast a cooqueror of the beasts of the forest—her eccentric, her lamented Crockett; and New York may boast an explorer of the mighty deep—her unfortunate, her ill-fated Sam Patch; but to old Rip—superannuated old Rip Van Winkle, is reserved the honor of producing a son who wrestles with the monsters of Ocean—aye, and conquers them in a fair fight—[is it a bull?—on their own ground.

From the Washington (N.C.) Whig.

Some few days since, Francis Dixon, a pilot at Ocracoke bar, (who stands five feet six in his stockings,) whilst on a fishing excursion in Pamlico sound, discovered some large specimen of the finny tribe entangled in one of his nets. His companions, four in number, on closer inspection, discovered that the intruder was a well grown shark, and in dismay fled to their boat and piled manfully the oars to its sides, with a view of intimidating the scaly lolly from approaching nearer—hallooing the while to Dixon (who was wading breast deep on the shoal,) to seek shelter with them; but judge their surprise when they saw that, instead of following their example, the daring pilot was making his way towards the scene, rolling up his sleeves, and swearing "the damned creature should not tear up his net that fashion." Up to his wading, with clenched fists, he pounced upon his adversary. His shakship, though conscious of his powers, seemed unwilling to risk an engagement on the shoal, and made for deeper water, which in spite of his rider he reached, and commenced his fight by plunging and rolling over,—(this fish turns upon his back when it attacks.)—yet his antagonist with his left arm and leg retained his hold, aware that the loss of it would be certain death. For awhile, the chances were in favour of the shark; he had the advantage; a blow with the hand spent its force ere it could be felt under water; his neck was too slippery to allow choking; his eyes too well protected by bony gills to render gouging of any avail; he was in his own element and had unobstructed road to the ocean. Dixon could not live very long in this plight, and whenever he should be compelled by fatigue and weakness to let go, his business would be settled. All these reflections served only to render more cool the too daring native of terra firma. At length, as a dernier resort, he felt for his knife; but what difficulty in getting a wet hand into a wet pocket: he did however, and opening it with his teeth, dashing the salt spray from his brow, he took his aim, and hurled it to the bill in the monster's throat, raking him down to the tail. The tables now turned; relieved of so much weight, and rendered resistless by this operation, the shark was easily towed to the shoal. The companions, animated by the example of their brother fisherman, plunged into the sound and swam to him, but their aid was not wanted now; Dixon alone had survived the battle. The shark measured nine feet two inches.

Should any of the fallen champion's tribe feel disposed to make a match, the best three in five, for one hundred dollars, to come off any time before white frost, and at any place inside of Ocracoke bar, by depositing stakes at Truxton's bank, dry shoal point, it will immediately be covered by "DIXON'S SECOND."

Shooting a rat.—A few weeks since, while the Albany and Worcester railroad was progressing at Palmer, Massachusetts, the workmen employed there were in the habit of placing the powder they used for blasting in a neighboring grist mill for safety. At one time they had two unopened kegs, and one with the head off and the powder exposed, standing in one corner of the mill. Two men and a boy were also in the mill at the time, and discovered a very large rat, which one of their proposed shooting with a double-barrelled gun, which was near them. The others consented, and the gun was loaded from the powder kegs, but the rat had hid himself. After chasing it round the building some time, they at last fired and killed the rat, took it up, and were retreating, when one of the party spoke of the powder. Upon looking back, they discovered that they had fired at the rat behind the powder, and that the wadding was on fire, and on the edge of the open keg. With great courage and presence of mind, the boy offered to go and remove it, which he did; but just as he turned his back from it, the whole of the kegs exploded, blowing the building to pieces, killing one of the men on the spot, and wounding the other and the boy in such a manner that they died shortly after.—N. Y. Sun.

A Queer Chap.—The Iowa Patriot relates an anecdote of the Rev. Mr. Scott, an eccentric preacher in that neighborhood, who was formerly a lawyer in Arkansas, to this effect. When he first hung out his shingle, he inscribed on it—

A. M. Scott, Attorney at law,
The tallest man in Arkansas.

Shortly after the river being very low, he proposed wading the stream, which he actually accomplished; upon which the sign was altered, and ever after read in this wise:

A. M. Scott, Attorney at law,
The man what waded the Arkansas.

A Long Nose and no Mistake.—Within a few miles of Wilsontown there lives a merry cobbler whose nose is so very long that when he takes snuff he is obliged to walk forward three paces to reach its point.

Among the men what dire divisions rise!
For union one, and one no union cries!
Shame on the sex that thus dispute began,
Ladies are all for WISE—TO A MAN!

From the Baltimore American.

THE OGNUM TORUM WRIT.

In 1827, when North Mississippi was cleared of the Indians, partially, the whole of this country was then called Yazoo County, extending over one hundred and fifty miles square. The law had not taken effect for the want of organization, except in the militia. One Colonel Cassou commanded in his regiment the whole county, and he was all the officer, either civil or military, that lived in that large tract of country. The country, as was to be expected, was filled up with a horde of trifling fellows, and thieves and the like. About this time there were missing two horses in the neighborhood, and Col. Cassou called a meeting of the citizens generally, to consult upon the best measures to adopt in relation to it—Accordingly, a large collection met at the house of the Colonel, on Big Black, (where Holmes County now is,) and called the Colonel to the Chair. Suspicion soon fell upon a young man by the name Dobson, who was not present. After consulting and discussing the subject pro and con, it was agreed that Dobson should be brought forward for trial. An old gentleman, rather more intelligent than some of his contemporaries, asked how the meeting could get hold of him? Col. Cassou drew down his eyebrows in a dignified manner, as if casting about in his mind previous to giving 'the opinion of the court,' and said 'Gentlemen, I will issue an Ognum Torum Writ, and have him corporally before me.' 'But what kind of a writ is that Colonel?' said one old man with caution. 'It is a writ,' said the Colonel, gravely, 'to take him as well as he is, as where he is, and have him corporally before us.' This was satisfactory to the meeting, and six men were dispatched with this awful writ, who returned in about an hour with the renowned Dobson in strings. He was arraigned—witnesses sworn—but no evidence of even a secondary nature could be obtained; yet, after taking the vote, a majority found him guilty. The Colonel then put on an awful solemn visage, and said, 'Isaac Dobson, by authority of the ninth section of laws in these cases, I pass sentence of death upon you—to be hung by the neck till you are dead, dead—DEAD!—not for stealing horses, but that horses may not be stolen.'

That evening Dobson was led to a black-jack, and hung according to the sentence of 'the Court,' admitting that he had stolen the horses, and that he intended to have taken them to Red River Raft, and acknowledged the justice of his sentence.—This country is now well settled, and divided into twenty counties, but the Colonel was heard the other day to say, 'These are shocking times—a man must be tried three or four days for stealing and the like, then get clear by some quirk in the law, when he stole the horse as plain as the nose on my face—I will go to Texas, and git among civilized folks.'

Life in New Orleans.—If in the winter we are the gayest people on the continent with more variety of life and manners than any other city presents, in the summer we are the dullest. The monotony of existence caused by the very general absenteeism is only varied by the fever and the exciting scenes it creates. We proceed to mention one, the relation of which caused a chill through our hearts, and struck the 'electric chain' by which we are strongly bound. It surely must have thrilled the heart of the beholder with sudden horror.

Dr. Lambert, an excellent as well as an eminent French physician in this city, relates that, during his frequent rides through the different streets, his attention has almost always been attracted as he passed a house where a poor family lived. The family consisted of a man and his wife, both rather young, and the latter good-looking, with a little infant smiling in beauty, and about ten months old. He was led to notice them from the appearance of content that fixed there, and their being frequently on the banquet before the house. After the fever set in, he still saw them for some days, happy as usual; but at length he "missed them, from the accustomed place." This he did for two days, until, on the third, feeling an easy for them, he stopped his gig before the house, alighted, and rapped at the door.—No answer; silence was in the mansion.—He pushed open the door and went in.—There lay the husband and the wife on the floor—both dead of the fever, and the former decaying. The child was alive, and with its little arms around the dead mother's neck, vainly trying to draw the sustaining fluid from the breast. Dr. L. says that, familiar as he is with scenes of death, nothing before has ever shocked his feelings to half the extent. With a praiseworthy benevolence he has taken measures to have the infant protected. Such is 'life in New Orleans.'—N. Orleans Times.

Destiny.—We remember a beautiful allegory illustrating the power of fate. King Solomon was walking in his garden, with an attendant, when an appalling figure was seen approaching him.—The attendant exclaimed in alarm: "Solomon, the sight of that being affrights me I know not why—send me, I pray thee, to the furthest mountain of India." The king, in his capacity of magician, complied; the attendant vanished. The stranger came up and said, "Solomon, what was that man doing here? My errand was to seek him on the farthest mountain of India." "Anxet or DEATH," replied Solomon, "thou wilt find him there!"

An honest Irishman, fresh from Hibernia, caught a bumble-bee in his hand, supposing it to be a humming bird. "Och," he exclaimed, "the devil buzz me! how hot his little foot is!"

Deferred Articles.

The Judiciary.—How important it is to a pure and correct administration of the laws, that Judges should keep their hands scrupulously clean of party politics! The crime that comes in contact with political dirt must be stained. Judges are "men of like passions" with their fellow beings; and no mind possesses sufficient elasticity to divest itself of the bitterness of political strife and acquire an equilibrium proper for the bench, in the same day. The example of the late Chief Justice Marshall, who was transferred from political life to the bench, attests his appreciation of these facts. He had been a member of Congress, a member of the Virginia Assembly, a Foreign Minister, and Secretary of State to the United States; but it is stated of him, that "from the moment he put on the judicial robe, he disappeared forever from the political arena."—Greensborough Patriot.

Very few readers in this country, comparatively speaking, keep in their memories any clear or accurate history of the various mutations that take place in the South American States. We generally have a confused remembrance of revolutions, riots, battles, and changes; but we see things, as it were, through a haze. The last information from one of the republics—as we have already published—Boscos Ayres—is, the assassination of the President of the Senate in his chair by an armed mob! All this is the effect of the want of solid constitutional government, and the absence of regulated liberty—joined to the peculiar character of the people. How enviable the condition of these United States when compared with the state and prospects of the doomed South American republics! Republics, indeed, only in name; and for the most part, nothing but military despotisms!—Alex. Gazette.

Cherokee.—The Little Rock (Arkansas) Gazette of the 25th ultimo, says: "We have received no news from the Indian nation for the last week; but every thing appears to be quiet there—both parties are in council, though separate; the Ross party at the head waters of the Illinois river; and the Ridge party at the mouth of the same, a distance of some sixty or eighty miles. A wrong statement is, we see, going the rounds in the New York papers, as to the murder of Ridge and Boudnot, which should be corrected. It is stated that the Ross and Ridge parties had a desperate fight, in which Ridge and Boudnot were killed, and upwards of 40 of their warriors. This is a mistake, Ridge and Boudnot were way-laid and slain; and no fight has taken place among them, and none is anticipated. On the contrary, it is thought that the two parties will settle their difficulties without recourse to arms."

Loss of Steamboats in the West in 1836.—The Alton Telegraph calculates as follows, the list of steamboats lost or considerably injured on the Western waters during the year 1836. We copy an abstract: Whole number eighty—of which, there were

Blown up,	8
Collapsed,	6
Burst steam pipe,	2
Burnt,	2
Swagged,	37
Sunk,	17
Collision,	2

Of these, thirteen were lost on the Ohio; 50 on the Lower Mississippi; 5 on the Upper Mississippi; 2 on the Missouri; 2 on the Illinois; 1 on the Arkansas; 1 on Red river; 1 in the Gulf of Mexico; and 3 in other places.

Of the eight blown up, only one, the Moselle, was on the Ohio; of the six collapsed, none; of the thirty seven swagged, four were on that river.

Interesting fight—race between a Deer and a Steam Engine.—While the cars were coming down on Wednesday, a fine buck made his appearance on the track and had a trial of speed with the locomotive. He kept on the track for two miles, when he was finally run off, or he would have been run over. The sight must have been deeply exciting and highly interesting—as the line of road is perfectly straight, every inch of the contest was witnessed by the passengers.—Wil. Ad.

Plentiful Crops.—We were informed last week at Iredell, that the Crops were so plentiful, that the Farmers in some parts of the county had abandoned the use of the standard measures, and were actually selling corn by the field instead of the bushel.—Whig Banner.

Health.—While disease is ravaging so many of our Southern cities, we are pleased to assure our absent friends that the health of Wilmington is comparatively good, and that such cases of sickness as do occur, yield readily to medicine.—Wilmington Advertiser.

Slight Mistake.—An inquisitive little urchin, in one of the neighbouring towns, was perpetually teasing his sire to learn from him what sort of contrivance a dandy was, until one day the old gentleman, for the purpose of providing him with ocular testimony on the subject, pointed out one of the most exquisite of the dandy race to him; when the little youngster exclaimed, with great apparent surprise, la! me, had I had always thought before this that a dandy was something like a human.