

THE RALEIGH STAR AND NORTH CAROLINA GAZETTE.

THOS. J. LEMAY, Editor and Proprietor.

"NORTH CAROLINA—POWERFUL IN MORAL, INTELLECTUAL AND PHYSICAL RESOURCES—THE LAND OF OUR SIBS AND THE HOME OF OUR AFFECTIONS."

[THREE DOLLARS A YEAR—IN ADVANCE]

VOL. 35.

RALEIGH, N. C. WEDNESDAY AUGUST 4, 1847.

No. 39.

To Southern Merchants. NEW-YORK WHOLESALE HOUSES.

The undersigned, Merchants, Manufacturers, Importers, and Wholesale Dealers, are now prepared with FULL STOCKS of all Goods in their respective departments, peculiarly suited to the wants of Southern Merchants.

The large and varied assortment which the NEW YORK market affords to purchasers, presents a superior opportunity for a choice selection, and on terms as favorable, to say the least, as any other market.

Merchants are assured of our determination to please, if possible both old and new customers, who are respectfully invited to examine our several Stocks and Prices.

New-York, July 24, 1847.

Printed Calicoes, (exclusively.) LEE JUDSON & LEE, 56 Cedar st., Importers and Jobbers, whose present and usual stock of Prints exceeds 1000 packages.

Dry Goods.
IMPORTERS AND DEALERS.
ALFRED EDWARDS & CO., 122 Pearl st. in Bonnets, Millinery Goods, Artificial Flowers, and all kinds of straw Goods.
WM. V. PINNEO & CO., 39 Cedar st. corner of William, in Ribbons, Silks, Millinery Goods, Artificial Flowers, Feathers, &c.
BUCKINGHAM, WARD, & CO., 98 William st. Importers and Jobbers of Dry Goods, adapted to men's wear.

Cloth House. WILSON G. HUNT & CO., No. 82 William st., corner Maiden Lane.

Floor Oil Cloths. ALBRO HOYT, & CO., No. 72 John st.

Drugs, Medicines, &c. IMPORTERS AND DEALERS. Drugs, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, &c. H. H. SCHIEFFELIN & CO., General Agents for Swains Panacea and Vermifuge 104 and 106 John st. SAMUEL BOWNE, (successor to Hall & Bowne), 83 John st. between William and Gold.

HASKELL & MERRICK, No. 10 Gold st., as Agent for several Philadelphia Chemical Manufacturers, and for an extensive manufacturer of Dye Woods, &c.

Hardware, Cutlery, &c. MANUFACTURERS, IMPORTERS, AND DEALERS. WM. H. SMITH & CO. (late Young & Smith), No. 4 Maiden Lane, in Military Goods, Cutlery, plated ware, Jewelry, Guns, Pistols, Cane Hardware, &c. A. R. MOEN, 12 Water st., (between Pine and Wall) in foreign and Domestic Hardware, Cutlery, &c., and General Agent for Gayler's Salamander Safes. ROOSEVELT & SON, 94 Maiden Lane, Importers of Hardware, German Goods, Looking Glass Plates, Plate Glass, &c.

Gold Pens. Manufacturer of Gold Pens, Patent extension Pen holders and Pen-cil and Gold and Silver Pencils. A. G. BAGLEY & CO., 189 Broadway.

Guns and Pistols B. JOSEPH, 16 Maiden Lane, (up stairs,) has on hand a full assortment of Guns and Pistols which he offers to merchants and gunsmiths at unusual low prices.

Account Books and Stationery RICH & LOUTRELL, 61 William st., one door south of Cedar st., Importers and manufacturers of Blank Books, Paper, Manifold Letter Writers, Copying Presses, Inks and all kinds of stationery.

Paper and Paper Hangings and Window Shades. A new and extensive assortment, at low prices, at WM. HINTON'S warehouse, 212 Pearl st. W. G. MACKAY & CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Paper Hangings, Window Papers, Borders &c. 206 Pearl st., 2 doors above M. Lane. A. TRAVERS & Co. 84 and 95 Maiden Lane, (near Gold st.) Wholesale dealers in Paper, Twine, Blank Books, Paper Hangings, Window Shades.

Cards. GEORGE COOK, 71, Fulton st., Manufacturer of Playing, Visiting, and Business Cards.

Lamps. J. O. FAY, 136 Fulton st., Manufacturer of Horn's Patent Solid bottom glass fountain, camphine Lamps. Do not corrode or become heated.

Salamander Safes and Platform Scales. A. S. MARVIN, 138 1-2 Water st., Agent for Rich & Co's Patent Salamander Safes and Labaree's Platform Scales. FAIRBANKS & Co., 81 Water st., sell wholesale and retail, Fairbanks' Patent Platform Scales.

Brown's Coffee House. No. 71 Pearl st. between Broad st. and Hanover Square, by GEORGE BROWN. Late of Levey's Hotel.

Saddlery, Harness, and Coach Hardware W. J. BUCK, extensive Manufacturer and Importer for the supply of large dealers, 209 Pearl st.

Clothing. DANIEL DEVLIN, Cash Clothing Ware House, 33 John st., N. E. corner Nassau.

Music, Musical Instruments and Harps. J. F. BROWNE & Co. 281 Broadway, (and London, established 1810) dealer in HARP, &c. J. HANLEY 169 Fulton st. Patent Harp maker. J. H. is a practical manufacturer of 13 year's experience and the only pupil of St. Erard in the United States. EDWARD BAACK, 81 Fulton st. corner of Gold, Manufacturer and Importer of Musical Instruments.

Toys, Soaps, Perfumery and Toilet Articles. SPELMAN & FRAZER, 83 Cedar st., Importers and dealers in Fine Cutlery, Needles, Pins, Buttons, Combs, Brushes, Spoon and Skin Thread, Suspenders, and a great variety of Fancy Articles, 51 Cedar st. (up stairs) Dealer in Combs, Buttons, Brushes, Perfumery, & other Fancy Articles.

French celebrated Perfumery, Cosmetics, and Fancy Soaps. JOHN RAMSEY, (successor to N. Smith Press) continues to Manufacture Perfumery of all kinds at the old establishment, 45 Maiden Lane, sign of Golden Rose.

Agriculture. "United States Agricultural Warehouse and Plough Manufactory." Castings made to order. JOHN MAXHER, & Co. 195 Front St. near Fulton. JOHN MOORE, 193 (old 183) Front st., Manufacturer and Dealer in all kinds of Agricultural Implements, Ploughs, Corn Shellers, Mills, Horse Powers, &c.

Rev. B. Hibbard's VEGETABLE ANTI-BILIOUS FAMILY PILLS. Prepared only by TIMOTHY R. HIBBARD, M. D., Laboratory 96 John st.

NOTICE. THE Subscriber takes this method of informing the citizens of Raleigh and vicinity, that he intends to continue his business of butchering, and will attend the market on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday mornings, with Beef and Lamb. Thankful for the patronage he has heretofore received, he hopes by strict attention to his business, still to merit a liberal portion of the same. He would say to his country friends, that he pays fair prices for cattle, &c., and hopes those who wish to sell, will call on him before selling elsewhere.

CALVIN JORDAN.
July 20, 1847. 28-47.

Land for Sale. A farm for sale, containing 481 acres. It lies on the road between Warrenton and Halifax, equidistant from both places, and has on it a large and well finished dwelling and other houses. Liberal credit will be given. A fine location for a public house. Persons desirous of making enquiry or visiting the premises, can call on the subscriber, or write to him at West Land, N. C.

WM. H. EDMUNDS.
West Land, Halifax co. Jan. 30, 1847. 25f

RANDOLPH MACON COLLEGE. THE next Session of this Institution will open on Wednesday, the 4th of August. The Collegiate year is divided into two seasons. The first begins 8 weeks after, and the second begins 21 weeks before, the 24 Wednesday of June. It is best for students to enter College at the beginning of the first session, and for admission at that time into the Freshman Class, they must stand an approved Examination in Latin, Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Latin Reader, Cæsar (4 books), Sællust, Virgil, (Bucolics and 6 books of the Æneid), Cicero (4 Orations), First Greek Lessons, and Xenophon's Anabasis.

There are many young men who desire to acquire an extensive English and Scientific education without prosecuting the ancient languages. Our course of study is so arranged as to meet the wants of all such, provided they present themselves at the beginning of the first session. And the benefits to be derived from the use of the Libraries and from attendance on the Literary Societies which are attached to the College, should form very strong inducements to such young men to prosecute their studies here. In order to enter upon the English and Scientific course, the student must be thoroughly acquainted with Grammar, Geography and Arithmetic.

The expenses of this Institution are as follows: Board per session \$40; Tuition and deposit fee per session \$25.50—or \$125 for the Collegiate year, with incidental expenses, including text books, furniture, fuel, &c. for rooming in College. Pocket money is an extra matter altogether. More than is necessary to meet the reasonable wants of a student will prove injurious. The practice of contracting debts with tradesmen in the vicinity of College is in the highest degree pernicious. A law of the State of Virginia, with view to provide a remedy for this baneful of all Colleges, is to this effect: That any merchant who shall trust a College student without special authority from his parent or guardian, shall, upon conviction of the fact, forfeit his debt, forfeit his license, and pay a penalty of \$500. Let parents and guardians have due regard to this law, and where it may be strictly necessary to open an account with a Merchant, let the individual be designated, and the amount specified, and the evil will cease.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT. In connection with the College it is proposed to establish Preparatory Schools in different places. One in the vicinity of College, the sessions corresponding with those of the College, one at Ridgeway, N. C. on the Raleigh and Gaston Rail Road, and one at Garysburg at the junction of the Portsmouth with the Petersburg Rail Road, will go into operation by the middle of January, 1848, if not earlier. The chief object of these Schools is to prepare young men for College; the course of study, however, is such as to fit them to meet the demands of the neighborhood, and qualify students for the ordinary occupations of life.

FACULTY OF COLLEGE. W. A. SMITH, D. D. President and Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy. DAVID DUNCAN, A. M. Prof. of Ancient Languages. Prof. of Experimental Sciences. EZEKIEL A. BLANCH, A. M. Prof. of pure and applied Mathematics. OLIVER M. P. CORPEW, A. B. Tutor of Ancient Languages and Mathematics. Dr. J. SCHIMMEL, A. M. Instructor of the French Language.

PRINCIPALS OF PREPARATORY SCHOOLS. WILLIAM T. DAVIS, Principal of the Preparatory School at College. Principal of the Preparatory School at Ridgeway, N. C. Principal of the Preparatory School at Garysburg, N. C.

NOTE.—Arrangements are in progress that will enable us in a few weeks to announce a Professor of "Experimental Science," that will be highly gratifying to the friends of the College. We wish to supply the schools at Ridgeway and Garysburg with competent Teachers and experienced dispenensaries of established reputations. We invite the attention of gentlemen devoted to the profession of Teaching, to these schools, as promising permanent and lucrative situations. Letters, post-paid, addressed to the subscriber at Boydton, Mecklenburg, Va. will receive due attention. W. A. SMITH.
July 2.

MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE. FLOWER GATHERER.

The death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, cast a gloom over my mind, which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart smitten—not heart broken—the broken heart always believes—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from the texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead.—Despondency is not more the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish—and the naturally timid and nervous lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them when the benefit of others is alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters, we suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which we so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness.—Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation. Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into the burying ground, in the suburbs of the city. A small train of persons, not more than a dozen, had come to bury their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance was leading a little boy by the hand who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and turning to the child he added: "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frosts of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from the grave to another life—a life of happiness, I hope."

The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighborhood of the same burying ground, and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease can snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous Autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and indeed, I did not win his confidence, until I told him I was present when they buried his mother and marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say that my mother would come up out of this grave?" said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" he asked in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it! I thought you knew it—I know it!"

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed on the grave. The grass came up in this burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to day they have come up, too—see them breaking through the ground—by-and-by mamma will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"Yes, here"—said he with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son beuding tearful, but hoping over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another world that she will rise,"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mamma is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do? I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I adopting the language of the Scripture—"you can go to her, but she shall not come a gain to you."

"Let me go, then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mamma."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there would not come up, if they had not been ripe; so you must wait until your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon—I thought I should meet her here."

And he did. In a month William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying.—Better teachers than I instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labors and hopes of happiness, short of heaven, were profitless and vain.

LOVE'S DESPERATION. A ROMANCE OF REALITY.

Beautiful, peerlessly beautiful, is the Lady Manuella, the only daughter of Rosas, the famous and powerful President of the Argentine Republic; powerful in the strength of his mind, and in the iron resolution of his character, which has enabled him to control and sway a people whom none save him can keep in order and to defy the united attempts of England and France to break up his commerce, and bend him to their terms.

We say that the lady Manuella is beautiful, but her talents, graces and accomplishments; alone sustain and render her beauties perfect and harmonious.

It almost seems a subject of surprise that this fair lady so attractive in manner, and so elevated in her position, should have arrived at the age of twenty five years without a thought of approaching the hymeneal altar; yet so it hath been; not however from lack of solicitation and opportunity; for many a brave cavalier has knelt and sued for the love and hand which might bless a King, but be cause:

First of all her suitors, not one when weighed in the careful balance of her discriminating judgment but lacked some of those qualities of head and heart which alone could win and fix her pure and lofty affections.

Second—Had any cavalier presented himself possessed of all the qualities which would gain her love she could not leave her father's side; for as necessary as dew is to the flower as light in darkness is to man was she to him. She has ever acted as his adviser and confidant; she alone can guide and sway his stern will, she alone can soften his heart when it is frozen in its stern resolves. He could not live without her. She receives his company, writes his private and important documents, keeps watch and ward over his interests and safety and is become even as it were a second self unto him. But to our story:

A short distance up the river above Buenos Ayres, General Rosas has a beautiful country seat where often in the warm summer time he and his daughter retire to enjoy the fragrant perfume which arrives with the evening breeze from the groves of lemon, and orange which cover it. A few years ago during a heavy gale a ship was driven high and dry by the winds and swollen waters into the very midst of this favorite plantation of the President's and when the gale abated she was left in a position from which it was found impossible to remove her.

To please his daughter Gen. Rosas bought this vessel and refitted her beautifully to serve the Lady Manuella as a summer house, and a unique and beautiful one did it make; imbedded not in the azure waves of the ocean but in a perfect sea of flowers and fruits. In the elegant cabin of this vessel occurred the first scene of this brief but true story.

It was on a lovely afternoon in summer.—The Lady Manuella sat by the stern window of the vessel enjoying the sweet breathing zephyrs as they came to her from their homes amid the fragrant flowers. She was alone, and as she sat and gazed out upon the waving trees and bright winged birds which flew from branch to

branch she sighed and as if she felt she had not been formed for loneliness.

At the same moment the door towards which her back was turned was cautiously opened. She heard it not. Then between the rich velvet hangings which hung in crimson folds before it, quietly stepped a noble looking cavalier; and as he slowly advanced toward her there could be read in his face the written poetry of love, ay, even to a passionate idoliary of her who was before him. He was young, not more than twenty five, his features regular as Apollo could have desired, his eyes dark and bright as a gazelle's, his lofty brow and neck as slabaster was wreathed by dark and curling masses of jet and glossy moustache and beard as soft and curling as the hair which crept down upon his broad shoulders contrasted with the rich rony hue of health worn upon his expressive and pleasant face. His tall, manly form was dressed in a rich uniform which betokened that he had a commission in her father's cavalry.

Slowly and cautiously the young officer approached the lady still unseen and unheard by her.

Again she sighed. He knelt by her side, and gazed upon the snow white hand which with jewels, hung down against the arm of the ottoman upon which she reclined. Again she sighed. The cavalier bent down his noble head and the lady started to her feet as she felt a warm kiss impressed upon her hand.

Not terror stricken did she scream or turn to fly as other maidens would have done, but with flashing eye, reddened cheek, and frowning brow, as she drew up her stately form in queenly dignity, she proudly exclaimed:

"Who dares intrude"—but ere she finished the declaration, she saw the sad and respectful gaze of the youth, still knelt at her feet, and anger seemed to vanish and her tone softened as she continued:

"Ah! is it you Don Edvardo! I might have known none other would have dared the liberty which you have taken."

"Pardon, lady, I could not have gazed upon the hand which I so long have covered, and refrain from telling it how much I loved its mistress."

"Rise Edvardo!" said the lady, sadly; "I wish you would never speak of love to me again at least while—while—"

The lady blushed confusedly and paused. The youth observing it eagerly and passionately exclaimed:

"While!—Oh, what mean you by that word? even it gives light to the hope which alone keeps my heart alive. Oh, lady, for the love of holy Heaven, tell me have I cause to hope! Am I more to you than the many others who kneel in homage to your charms?"

"Were you not do you think I would permit him to live who has dared the familiarity for which you but now crave humbly my pardon?"

"Oh lady, then am I blessed indeed! Oh! when may I call you mine?"

"When I am free from my present engagements."

"Free! present engagements! Lady, it is cruel to trifle with a burning heart!"

"I do not trifle Edvardo, I am willing to acknowledge that I love you, but it may be long before we can unite. I have a duty, a sacred, imperative duty to perform which love nor pleasure nor aught on earth can induce me to forego. If you love me your love will not fade like your summer flowers with age. My father cannot alone bear the cares, fatigues and vexations of his office. He cannot spare me and I cannot marry while he is in office—indeed he never will consent to part with me so necessary have I now become to him."

"Lady, cruel, cruel would be delay!—Know you not that while he lives the people have no other President? He alone can please and govern them; they will have no other—oh, for the love you have but now confessed decide not so, else years and years will roll away and we will still be as now! His death alone—"

"Oh! speak not of that, Edvardo," said she, as the large dew drops of the soul rose in her lustrous eyes; "I love my father."

"Lady, I must obey and await my time," said the youth and as he spoke a wild, strange light beamed from his eyes even as if some desperate conceit had entered his mind. She did not observe it but rising said:

"You may now escort me back to the city, Edvardo. The evening dew will soon begin to fall and I must dress for the toilette which I give to night—you will be there?"

"The sentinel!" was the answer in a low respectful tone.

"What is wanted?"

"I bear a present for your Excellency, said the soldier, as he laid a neat square box of rose wood upon the table and placing the key on the card which was fastened on its top, departed.

"Open it daughter I have not time," said the General as he again turned his eyes to a military report which he was reading.

"Oh, I know who it is from! It is in his hand writing!" exclaimed she glancing at the card upon its top. "Oh, what present could he have destined for the father of her whom he loves?"

"He whom daughter?"

"Father the subscription on this card is in the well known hand writing of the brave cavalier, Don Edvardo Escudero, and he has in this delicate way sent you some kingly present, I'll warrant me!"

"Well, well, open the box, my child, and satisfy your curiosity."

The lady took the key and turned it in the lock, but as she raised the lid the report of a volley of pistols almost deafened her and with one wild scream she reeled, and fainting fell to the floor, amid a cloud of smoke from the now open box.

In an instant the President sprang to her side.

"Oh, God! My daughter is slain!" said he in agony—but his heart was cheered again, as she spoke;

"No—no, not slain, my father, but he—would have slain you to win me!" and again she fainted. By this time the room was filled with soldiers and officers, drawn hither by the report of arms and a hasty examination of the infernal machine, for such was explained the plot against the General's life; a row of loaded pistols had been so placed along the box that any one standing in front of it to open it would receive the contents in his body. It had been sent to Rosas; at this late hour in expectation that he would open it himself.

Narrow had been the escape of the daughter, if she had stood beside, instead of in front of the box when she opened it; but the fair hand which her lover had kissed but so shortly before was now stained in several places with blood where the balls had grazed it, her arms and head sleeves were blackened with the smoke; but worse than all was the wound her pure heart had received in the discovery of this horrible attempt upon her father's life, by one whom she loved and trusted and who would have made her an orphan to hasten her marriage. But she had named him to her father and within one hour after the discovery of the plot Edvardo Escudero was arraigned before a drum head court martial. Her danger, confession and the discovery of his hand writing, had so thrown him off his guard that when interrogated he made no denial. Prief was the trial. He was sentenced to be shot on the 1st. Retiro, or military Plaza, at sunrise. With haughty composure he heard his sentence for he yet dreamed that she—she who was all powerful with her father, loved and would intercede for and save him.

But he knew not her high stern sense of duty, if he thought that love and pity would have pardoned him who would have murdered her father. In vain he sent to seek an interview with her. Her answer to his message was brief, but she would deign no other.

"Tell him to ask God's mercy—there is none for him on earth! No, not were he my brother."

And when at the morning's first light, the weeping mother and sisters of the condemned knelt at her feet and prayed for one word of intercession, for they knew that even yet she could save that son and if she would but ask his life of her father, when in the agony of their souls they spoke of his youth—beauty—and bravery—all now about to be buried in the tomb of disgrace with a cold stern look as if her inmost veins were frozen, she answered:

"He would have made me fatherless!"

And while in that energy of despair that would not listen to a refusal, they knelt in their tears and supplications, the first ray of the morning's sun cast its soft light upon her pale cheek a quick rattling volley of Musketry was heard in the direction of the Retiro. As its sound struck her ear she gasped, her tall and graceful form quivered like an aspen leaf amid the gale—she staggered towards the window and as she saw the white wreaths of smoke rise lightly toward the sky over the spot where now lay his corpse, she murmured:

"God have mercy on his soul!" and fainted.

Duty had triumphed over love and mercy, but terrible had been the struggle.

THE LOCUST. These strange creatures have appeared in immense numbers in the Western part of this State in the counties of Henderson, Rutherford, McDowell, and others adjacent. They visited the same part of the State seventeen years ago. It is now almost certainly ascertained that locust makes their appearance in the same place, that is in large numbers only at the period of seven or ten years.