

# CAROLINA OBSERVER.

FAYETTEVILLE, N. C. THURSDAY MORNING, AUGUST 19, 1830.

[NO. 389.]

VOL. XIII.]

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ADVERTISEMENTS inserted for 60 cents per square for the first, and 30 cents for each succeeding publication. Advertisers are requested to state the number of insertions desired, or they will be continued till forbid, and charged accordingly. Letters to the Editor must be post paid.

### Brigade Orders.

FAYETTEVILLE, August 12th, 1830. The 4th Brigade of North Carolina Militia will participate with Regiments, for Review and Inspection, as follows:

- The 53d Regiment, (Col. Gillis,) at Fayetteville, on Tuesday the 12th October next, at 12 o'clock noon.
- The 54th, (Col. McNeill,) at McLean's Mills, on Thursday the 14th October, at 12 o'clock noon.
- The 44th, (Col. Dowd,) at Moore Court House, on Saturday the 16th October, at 12 o'clock noon.
- The 52d, (Col. Underwood,) at Sampson Court House, on Monday the 25th October, at 12 o'clock noon.
- The 41st, (Col. Jones,) at Bladen Court House, on Wednesday the 27th October, at 12 o'clock noon.
- The 55th, (Col. Powell,) at Columbus C. House, on Friday the 29th October, at 12 o'clock noon.

By order of Brigadier Gen. Henry W. Ayer, commanding. CHAS. B. JONES, ADJ.

### Clerk Wanted.

A YOUNG MAN of good character is wanted to take charge of a Grocery Store; one from the Country would be preferred. Apply at the Observer Office. August 12, 1830. 88 ff.

### Lost.

ON Saturday the 7th inst., between Fayetteville and New Hill McLaughlin's on Long Street road, a small brown pocket book, containing a note, dated August 10, to J. D. McKaskill for about \$535, dated some time in January last; an order of Jno. McKaskill for \$3; a note against H. B. Setchey for about \$33, dated (I think) some time in July last; a note of hand against Arch'd Smith, for about \$29, with some credits upon it; one do. against Charles Moss, for \$12 70, dated (I think) some time in June last; and a due bill on John C. Williams for about \$16, date not recollected. Any person who will deliver the said pocket book to me in Fayetteville, or to N. McLaughlin, Long Street, shall be handsomely rewarded for their trouble. All persons are forewarned trading for said Notes or Papers. ARCH'D McLAUGHLIN. August 12, 1830. [88-25]

### The thorough bred Horse Giles Scroggins,

WILL stand the ensuing fall season, commencing the 13th August and ending the 1st Nov., one mile South of Clinton in Sampson County; and no where else. He will be in Fayetteville during the week of Cumberland County Court in September. The terms of the Fall Season, will be \$8 the year, \$12 the Season, and \$20 to insure a mare to be in heat, with \$1 to the groom for every mare. For the pedigree, performance, &c. of Giles Scroggins, those interested are referred to the printed hand-bills for the last Spring season. STEPHEN SAMPSON, Agent. August 1st, 1830.

### Parasols & Italian Lustrings

**W. L. Jones** REELS pleasure in announcing to his customers, that he is this day receiving from New York, a beautiful assortment of richly bordered Parasols and Umbrellas, with ivory mountings, Matteoni and Paradise Italian Lustrings, of richest lustre and superior quality. Jet black and blue black Gros de Naples, Red and fancy coloured do. Red, chocolate and yellow bandanna Handkerchiefs, warranted real India. 2 cases Leghorn Bonnets, which is considered the best value ever offered in this market. 1 case superior figured Swiss Muslin, some very fine, Ladies' silk & white English and French silk Hosiery, Gentlemen's black silk half do. White and straw coloured Satins, Florences, &c. With a great many other articles that are both new and fashionable, calculated for the present season, all of which will be sold as low as any Goods of the same quality can be purchased in this market. [85 ff] June 20, 1830.

### Pennsylvania University.

**MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.** THE COURSE of Lectures in this Institution will commence, as usual, on the 1st Monday in November and terminate on the 1st Saturday in March. The arrangement for the ensuing session will be as follows, viz: Materia Medica and Medical Botany, by Dr. SHORT, daily, at 9 o'clock A. M.—Ticket \$15. Obstetrics and the Diseases of Women and Children, by Dr. RICHARDSON, daily, at 10 o'clock A. M.—\$15. Institutes of Medicine and Clinical Practice, by Doct. CALDWELL, daily, at 11 o'clock A. M.—\$15. Anatomy, \$15 viz. daily, at 12 o'clock, and 4 times a week at 3 o'clock P. M. Chemistry and Pharmacy, by Dr. BLYTHE, daily, at 1 o'clock P. M.—\$15. Theory and Practice of Physic, by Dr. COOKE, daily, at 4 o'clock P. M. The Matriculation fee is \$5, and that of Graduation 20 dollars. C. W. SHORT, M. D., Dean. Lexington, Kentucky July, 1830. [85-16w]

### JOHN LIPPITT, Mission Agent, Fayetteville N. C.

Has taken the Store on Green street, formerly occupied by Hugh McLaurin, Esq., and offers his services for the sale and purchase of produce. Particular attention paid to receiving and forwarding Goods on reasonable terms. March 10, 1830. 66 ff.

### Port and Lisbon WINES.

WILLKINGS & CO. have just received for sale: 1 Pipe Port and 10 Cr. casks Lisbon WINES, superior quality, imported into Wilmington, direct from Lisbon, 15th Feb. 1830. March 3.

### CHEAP PAPER.

WHOLESALE OR RETAIL. THE Subscriber has just received on commission, from the celebrated Mills of D. & J. JAMES, a large assortment of Foolscap and Letter Paper, of various qualities, which will be sold low, wholesale or retail, at the Observer Office. A constant supply will be kept on hand. The attention of Merchants is invited. E. J. HALE. Fayetteville, April 15, 1830.

**Sugar, Coffee, &c. &c.** Hds. prime Porto Rico Sugar, 15 50 bags green Coffee, 30 barrels Mackerel, 10 demijohns of superior Port Wine, 10 bbls. N. E. Rum, for sale by WILKINGS & CO. 81 ff. June 24, 1830.

### BOOKS

FOR Sunday Schools and Juvenile Libraries published by the American Sunday School Union, or sale by WILLIAMSON WHITEHEAD, Fayetteville, Mar 6. 74 ff.

### HENRY ST. CLAIR.

*A FRIZZ TALE, BY J. G. WHITTIER.* Henry St. Clair!—How at the mention of that name, a thousand dreams of friendship and youth—and of the early and beautiful associations which linger like invisible spirits around us, to be called into view only by the magical influence of memory, are awakened! How does the glance of retrospection go back to the dim images of the past—from the childish merriment to the manly rivalship—from the banquet hall and the pleasant festival, down to the silent and unbroken solitude of the tomb.

We were as brothers in childhood—St. Clair and myself—brothers too in the dawning of manhood; and a more ingenious and high minded friend I never knew. Yet he was strangely proud—not of the world's gifts—wealth, family and learning—but of his intellectual powers—of the great gift of mind which he possessed—the ardent and lofty spirit which shone out in his every action. And he might well be proud of such gifts. I never knew a finer mind. It was as the embodied spirit of poetry itself—the beautiful home of high and glorious aspirations.

Henry St. Clair was never at heart a Christian. He never enjoyed the visitations of that pure and blessed influence, which comes into the silence and loneliness of the human bosom, to build up anew the broken altars of its faith, and revive the drooping flowers of its desolated affections. He loved the works of the great God with the love of an enthusiast. But beyond the visible and outward forms—the passing magnificence of the heavens—the beauty and grandeur of the earth, and the illimitable world of waters, his vision never extended. His spirit never overtook the clouds which surrounded it, to catch a glimpse of the better and more beautiful land.

I need not tell the story of my friend's young years. It has nothing to distinguish it from a thousand others; it is the brief and sunny biography of one upon whose pathway the sunshine of happiness rested, unshadowed by a passing cloud. We were happy in our friendship—but the time of manhood came; and we were parted by our different interests, and by the opposite tendency of circumstances peculiar to each other.

It was a night of autumn—a cold and starless evening—I remember it with painful distinctness, although year after year have mingled with eternity—that I had occasion to pass in my way homeward, through one of the darkest and loneliest alleys of my nativity. Anxious to reach my dwelling, I was hurrying eagerly forward, when I felt myself suddenly seized by the arm; and a voice close to my ear whispered, “stop or you are a dead man!”

I turned suddenly. I heard the cocking of a pistol—and saw by a faint gleam from a neighboring window, the tall figure of a man—one hand grasping my left arm, the other holding a weapon at my breast. I know not what prompted me to resistance;—I was totally unarmed, and altogether unacquainted with the struggle of mortal jeopardy. But I did resist—and, on a sudden, I saw my assailant in the posture I have described—the next, he was disarmed and writhing beneath me. It seemed as if an infant's strength could have subdued him.

“Wretch!” I exclaimed, as I held his own pistol to his bosom, what is your object? “Are you a common midnight robber—or bear you taint of private malice towards Roger Allston?” repeated the wretch beneath me, in a voice which sounded like a shriek. As he struggled half upright even against the threatening pistol. “Great God! has it come to this? Hell has no pang like this meeting! Shoot!”—he exclaimed—and there was a dreadful earnestness in his manner, which sent the hot blood of indignation cold and ice-like upon my heart. “Shoot—you were once my friend—in mercy kill me!”

A horrible suspicion flashed over my mind. “I felt a sudden sickness at my heart—and the pistol fell from my hand. “Whoever you may be,” I said, “and whatever may have been your motive in attacking me, I would not stain my hands with your blood. Go and repent of your crimes.”

“You do not know me,” said the robber as with some difficulty he regained his feet, “even you have forgotten me. Even you refuse the only mercy man can now render me—the mercy of death—of utter annihilation!”

Actuated by a sudden and half-defined impulse, I caught hold of the stranger's arm, and hurried him towards the light of a street lamp. It fell full upon his ghastly and death-like features, and on his attenuated form, and ragged apparel. Breathless and eagerly, I gazed upon him, until he trembled beneath the scrutiny. I pressed my hand against my brow, for I felt my brain whirl like the coming on of delirium. “I could not be mistaken. The guilty wretch before me, the friend of my youth—one whose memory I had cherished as the holiest legacy of the past. It was Henry St. Clair. Yes—it was St. Clair! but how changed since last we had communion with each other! Where was the look of intelligence, and the visible seat of intellect—the beauty of person and mind?—Gone—and gone forever—to give place to the loathsomeness of a depraved and brutal appetite—to the vile tokens of a disgusting sensuality, and the deformity of disease.”

“Well may you shudder,” said St. Clair, “I am fit only for the companionship of demons; but you cannot long be cursed by my presence. I have not tasted food for many days; hunger drove me to attempt your robbery; but I feel that I am a dying man. No human power can save me; and if there be a God, even he cannot save me from myself and the undying errors of remorse.”

Shocked by his words, and still more by the increasing ghastliness of his countenance, I led the wretched man to my dwelling, and after conveying him to bed, and administering a cordial to his feverish lips, I ordered a physician to be called. But it was too late; the hand of death was upon him. He motioned me to his bed-side after the physician had departed; he strove to speak, but the words died

upon his lips. He then drew from his bosom a sealed letter addressed to myself. It was his last effort. He started half upright in his bed—uttered one groan of horror and mortal suffering, and sunk back, still and ghastly, upon his pillow. He was dead.

I followed the remains of my unhappy friend to the narrow place appointed for all the living—the damp and cold churchyard. I breathed to no one the secret of his name and guilt. I left it to slumber with him. I now referred to the paper which had been handed me by the dying man. With a trembling hand I broke the seal of the envelope, and read the following, addressed to myself:

“If this letter ever reaches you, do not seek to find its unhappy writer. He is beyond the reach of your noble generosity—a guilty and a dying man. I do not seek for life. There is no hope for my future existence, and death, dark and terrible, and mysterious as it may seem, is less to be dreaded than the awful realities with which I am surrounded.”

“I have little strength to tell you the story of my fall. Let me be brief. You know how we parted from each other. You know the lofty hopes and the towering feelings of ambition, which urged me from your society—from the enjoyment of that friendship, the memory of which has ever since lingered like an upbraiding spirit at my side. I arrived at my place of destination, and aided by the introductory letters of my friends, and the influence of my family, I was at once received into the first and most fashionable circles of the city.

“I never possessed those principles of virtue and moral dignity, the effect of which has been so conspicuous in your own character. Amidst the flatteries and attentions of those around me, and in the exciting pursuit of pleasure, the kindly voice of admonition was unheard; and I became the gayest of the gay—a leader in every scene of fashionable dissipation. The principles of my new companions were those of indelicacy, and I embraced them with my whole soul. You know my former disposition to doubt—that doubt was now changed into a settled unbelief, and a bitter hatred towards all which I had once been taught to believe sacred and holy.”

“Yet amidst the laxful principles which I had imbibed, one honourable feeling still lingered in my bosom, like a beautiful angel in the companionship of demons. There was one being—a young and lovely creature; at whose shrine, all the deep affections of my heart were poured out, in the sincerity of early love. She was indeed a beautiful girl—a being to bow down to and worship, pure and high thought as the sainted ones of paradise, but confident and artless as a child. She possessed every advantage of outward beauty—but it was not that which gathered about her, as with a spell, the hearts of all who knew her. It was the light of her beautiful mind, which lent the deep witching of soul to her fine countenance—flashing in her dark eye, and playing like sunshine on her lip, and crossing her fair forehead with an intellectual halo.”

“Allston! I look back to that spring-time of love even at this awful crisis in my destiny with a strange feeling of joy. It is the only green spot in the wilderness of the past—an oasis in the desert of being. She loved me, Allston—and a heart more precious than the gems of the east, was given up to a wretch unworthy of its slightest regard.

“Hitherto pride rather than principle had kept me above the lowest degradation of sensual indulgence. But for one fatal error I might have been united to the lovely being of my affections;—and, oh! if sinless purity and persuasive love could have had power over a mind darkened and perverted as my own, I might have been reclaimed from the pathway of ruin—I might have been happy.”

“But that fatal error came—and came too, in the abortive state of loose and dissipated conduct. I shall never, in time or eternity, forget the scene—it is engraved on my memory in letters of fire. It comes up before me like a terrible dream—but it is a dream of reality. It dashed from my lips the cop of happiness, and fixed forever the dark aspect of my destiny.

“I had been very gay, for there were happy spirits around me; and I drank freely and fearlessly for the first time. There is something horrible in the first sensations of drunkenness. For relief I drank still deeper—and I was a drunkard—I was delirious—I was happy. I left the debauched assembly, and directed my steps, not to my lodgings, but to the home of her whom I loved—may, adored, above all others. Judge of her surprise and consternation when I entered with a flushed countenance and an unsteady tread! She was reading to her aged parents, when, with an idiot's grimace, I approached her. She started from her seat one glance told her the fatal truth; and she shrank from me—aye, from me, to whom her vows were plighted and her young affections given, with fear, with loathing, and undisguised abhorrence. Irritated at her conduct I approached her rudely; and snatched from her hand the book she had been reading. I cast it into the flames, which rose brightly from the hearth. It was the volume which you call sacred. I saw the smoke of its consuming go upward like the sacrifice to the demon of intemperance, and there—even there—by that Christian fireside, I cursed the book and its author.”

“The scene that followed beggars description—the shriek of my betrothed—her sinking down in a state of insensibility—the tears of maternal anguish—the horror depicted on the countenance of the old man—all these throng ever vividly over my memory. I staggered to the door. The reception I had met with, and the excitement thereby produced, had obviated, in some measure, the effects of intoxication; and reason began to assume its empire. The full round moon was up in the heavens—and the stars—how fair, how passing beautiful they shone down at that hour! I had loved to look upon the stars—these bright and blessed evidences of a holy and all-pervading intelligence; but that night their grandeur and their exceeding purity came like a curse on my weary vision. I could have seen those beautiful lights extinguished, and the dark night cloud sweeping over the fair face of the sky, and have smiled with grim satisfaction—for the change would have been in union with my feelings.

“Allston! I have revisited in that tearful agony which mocks at consolation, the grave of my betrothed. She died of a broken heart, and loathsomeness in my history. I am reduced to poverty—I am bowing to disease—I am without a friend. I have no other means of subsistence, and starvation is yet anticipate the fatal termination of the disease which is preying upon me.”

Such was the tale of the once gifted and noble St. Clair. Let the awful lesson it teaches sink deep in the hearts of the young and ardent of spirit. Let them remember that “Infidelity and Intemperance go hand in hand;” and that those who have once yielded themselves to the fascination of vice, are hurried onward, as by an irresistible impulse, in the pathway of ruin; although conscious of their danger, and knowing that the gulf of utter darkness is widening and deepening before them.

Jerry Slow, very early in the morning, was awakened by his companion, who said—“Come Slow, day is breaking.” “Well (said Slow) let it break, it don't owe me any thing.”

### SIR J. BARRINGTON'S PERSONAL SKETCHES.

If Sir Jonah's book contains some tough stories, it contains also many amusing ones. The following touch of Irish character will make the reader smile:

An unfortunate duel took place between a brother of Sir Jonah and a Lieutenant M'Kenzie. In those days, in Ireland, a meeting was the inevitable consequence of the most trifling discussion, or rather, the hottest disputes arose out of the most trifling subjects. In the duel Mr. Barrington was shot dead—not by his principal, but by Captain, afterwards the celebrated General Gillespie, the second of M'Kenzie. Gillespie was tried for the murder and acquitted, in consequence of the friendly interference of the Sheriff, who packed the jury. The jury were challenged in detail by the friends of the barrister, but the other party out-maneuvred them. The result was as has been stated.

“On the evening of the trial, a second brother, H. French Barrington, a gentleman of considerable estate, and whose perfect good temper, but intrepid and irresistible impetuosity when assailed, were well known, the latter quality having been severely felt in the country before, came to me. He was, in fact, a complete country gentleman, utterly ignorant of the law, its terms and proceedings, and as I was the first of my name who had ever followed any profession, (the army excepted,) my opinion, as soon as I became a counsellor, was considered by him as oracular; indeed, questions far beyond mine, and sometimes beyond the power of any person existing to solve, were frequently submitted for my decision by our neighbors in the country.

“Having called me aside out of the bar-room, my brother seemed greatly agitated, and informed me that a friend of ours, who had seen the jury list, declared it had been decidedly packed!—concluding his appeal by asking me what he ought to do? I told him he should have challenged the array. “That was my opinion, Jonah,” said he, “and I will do it now;” adding an oath, and expressing a degree of animation which I could not account for. I apprized him that it was now too late, as it should have been done before the trial.

“He said no more, but departed instantly, and I did not think again upon the subject. An hour after, however, my brother sent in a second request to see me. I found him to all appearance quite cool and tranquil. “I have done it by—!” cried he exultingly—“’twas better late than never!” and with that he produced from his coat pocket a long queue and a handful of powdered hair and curls. “See here,” continued he, “the cowardly rascal!”

“Heavens!” cried I, “French, are you mad?” “Mad!” replied he, “no, no, I followed your advice exactly. I went directly after I left you, to the grand jury room to ‘challenge the array,’ and there I challenged the head of the array, that cowardly Lyons!—he peremptorily refused to fight me; so I knocked him down before the grand jury, and cut off his curls and tail—see, there they are—the rascal and my brother Jack is gone to flog the sub-sheriff.”

“I was thunderstruck, and almost thought my brother crazy, since he was obviously not in liquor at all—but after some inquiry, I found that, like many other country gentlemen, he took the words in their common acceptance. He had seen the high sheriff coming in with a great array, and had thus conceived my suggestion as to challenging the array was literal; and, accordingly, repairing to the grand jury dining room, had called the high sheriff aside, told him that he had omitted challenging him before the trial, as he ought to have done, according to advice of counsel, but that it was better late than never, and that he must immediately come out and fight him. Mr. Lyons, conceiving my brother to be intoxicated, drew back, and refused the invitation in a most peremptory manner. French then collared him, tripped up his heels, and, putting his foot on his breast, cut off his curls and queue with a carving knife which an old waiter named Spedding (who had been my father's butler, and liked the thing) had readily brought him from the dinner table. Having secured his spoils, my brother immediately came off in triumph to relate to me his achievement.”

### RICHARD CROWNSHIELD.

A correspondent of the New York Courier furnishes the following particulars of this singular man:

Richard Crownshield, who committed suicide in prison, was undoubtedly one of the most singular beings of his criminal profession, which history or fiction can show. Ever since he attained boyhood his deeds have been characterized with daring, hypocrisy, coolness, defiance of all law, and a calculation and ingenuity that would have raised him to eminence in society, had he received a proper direction in his infancy. His recent letters, written during his confinement, are but the part of a plan to rescue not only himself, but all his associates in crime. An incident is told in this place, which marks the coolness and precaution with which he moved in his criminal pursuits. On the night on which the murder was committed, he complained of a slight indisposition, and went to bed, as seen by the family; about 9 o'clock. At eleven o'clock, two hours after, he again waked up some members of the family, and requested a preparation of medicine for the purpose of alleviating his indisposition. During the interval that elapsed between these events, he had left his room privately, rode to Salem, perpetrated the foul deed, returned and placed himself in the same situation. It was about ten minutes after ten o'clock, that the murder of Capt. White was accomplished, according to the evidence of persons who saw him and Knapp skulking round the buildings. One female heard Knapp; it is supposed say to the other, “have you done it?” “I have fixed him,” was the short and rapid reply.

The precaution taken by Richard, in complaining of indisposition, and taking medicine; would have formed very important facts, attested to by several witnesses, showing that he was innocent. To any jury it would have amounted to an alibi, and had the principal been rescued from the clutches of the law by a concurrence of such testimony, it would have been easy to defeat the ends of Justice as it respects the other associates.

Pattern for a Coat.—A few days ago a gentleman in looking over his tailor's account observed a charge of six or seven shillings more on a coat than he had been accustomed to pay. On inquiring the tailor informed him that he had been obliged to take up an additional quantity of cloth. “Why,” exclaimed the gentleman, “it was scarcely half a year ago that you told me you managed to get a waistcoat for your little boy from what remained of the cloth you made my coat from? I cannot conceive why I should require more now, as I am convinced I have not increased any in size since that period.” “No sir,” said the tailor, “you are much the same as usual, but my little boy is so surprisingly grown, you'd scarcely know him.”

Farming.—From Pittsburg to New Orleans the son ploughs as his father did before him, and the great mass of farmers are as stationary in their theory as they are in practice. Nine in ten of them believe, at this moment, that book farming is the mere useless, visionary dreaming of men that know nothing about practical agriculture.

We would tell them that England is the garden of Europe, simply because almost every acre of the ground is cultivated scientifically, and on principles which have been brought to the test of the most rigid and exact experiment. We would tell them that New England, of whose soil and climate they are accustomed to think, as consigned by Providence to sterility and inclemency, is the garden of the United States, only because the industrious and calculating cannot throw away their efforts in mere brute strength—but bring mind and plan, and system, and experience, to bear upon their naturally hard and thankless soil. On every side the passing traveller sees verdure, and grass, and orchards, in the small and frequent enclosures of imperishable rock, and remarks fertility won from the opposition of the elements and nature. After an absence of ten years, on our return to that country, we were struck with this proud and noble triumph, conspicuous over the whole region.

The real benefactors of mankind, as St. Pierre so beautifully said, are those who cause two blades of wheat to mature where one did before. The fields ought to be the morning and evening theme of Americans that love their country. To fertilize and improve his farm, ought to be the prime temporal object of every owner of the substantial soil. All national aggrandizement, power and wealth, may be traced to agriculture, as its ultimate source. Commerce and manufactures are only subordinate results of this main spring. We consider agriculture every way subsidiary not only to abundance, industry, comfort and health, but to good morals, and ultimately, even to religion. We shall always say and sing, “speed the plough.” We shall always regard the American Farmer, stripped of his employment and tilling his grounds, as belonging to the first order of noblemen among us. We shall always wish him bountiful harvests, good beer and moderate use of cider, and, if he will rear it himself, of the grape, and none of the pernicious gludness of whiskey; and we shall invoke upon his labors the blessing of God, and say of him, “peace be within thy walls.”

### Flint's Western Review.

Employment.—“The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense”—that is, all the evils that beset a man come with double annoyance when they find him idle. Idleness weakens his power of resistance, his mind becomes dull as his body is inert, and rises not to resist the force of misfortune or temptation. His happiness yields to the one and his innocence falls before the other. Idleness exerts a centrifugal, and employment a centripetal force, or to speak less like a college tutor, employment concentrates the mind, while idleness dissipates it. It is an old apologue, but justified by many facts, that it would be easier given to a man to choose, whether he would become intoxicated or commit one or two horrid crimes. He chose the former and his inebriation led him to commit all the rest. Idleness is equally dangerous. Industry is the safeguard of all the virtues, and none can be stable without it. Bredwells are filled with the idle, while the industrious are always the honest and the thriving. An idle man is at variance with the laws of nature. Every thing else is busy in fulfilling the design of its creation and upholding the order that prevails in the universe. The brute, that has not the proud principle of reason to guide him, is never negligent of the means of supporting himself. The ant, the bee, and the poor worm we tread upon daily offer unregarded lessons to mankind. It is not only for the wants of the present, or a future day, that employment is necessary, there are minor advantages, or calls that is never very difficult to meet,—but the mind when unemployed is its own bane, eating like the rusty blade of Hudibras, into itself for lack of something to do, and prompting to evil when without employment.

In the general complaint of drought which prevails throughout the Southern country, the Norfolk Herald says, it is consoling to hear of exceptions like the following:—

Mr. Daniel Lindsay, a farmer of Currituck county, (N. C.) calculated on making 1000 bbls. of corn the present year, which he considered a fair crop; but the rains having been as seasonable as if he had spoken them, he confidently calculates on 1500 barrels, an increase of fifty per cent. His large crop of wheat was harvested in fine order, and weighs from 5 to 7 lbs. heavier than the average weight per bushel of former years.

If we may judge from the frequent reports in the New York papers, you hing the “Five Points,” that place must be a mine of wealth to the police officers, provided they are paid for every thing they take up there. The following is from the Commercial Advertiser of Monday:

Five Points.—Ninety-eight disorderly persons were taken up in the vicinity of the Five Points between 12 and 1 o'clock on Sunday morning, by the watchmen, headed by Ald. Strong and Mr. Sparks, of whom 53 were committed to Bridewell for examination.

In this city, if a constable or a watchman can catch a stray, disorderly, and bring him or her before the mayor once a week, he has done marvelously; but in New York they set a “gill net” and catch whole shoals. But we do not perceive that there is any likelihood of destroying the fishery.

### Philadelphia Paper.

Earwigs.—We read an account lately, in some of our papers, of a lady who was nearly distracted and almost dying from some insect having got into her ear, and was only saved by pouring brandy in it. It may save much needless apprehension to state on the authority of the English work on insect transformations, that it an unfounded prejudice that Earwigs get into the brain by creeping in the ear. If the disagreeable odour of the wax does not drive them out, they cannot get further in the ear than the drum which closes the passage to the brain. These bugs and other insects produce a tingling and unpleasant sensation sometimes very alarming, by crawling about the drum of the ear, but they soon make their exit or can be driven out without much trouble.—N. Y. Eng.

10 Barrels Tanner's OIL, Lamp Oil, 50 kegs fresh ground White Lead, For sale by JOHN HUSKE, March 24, 1830. 69 ff.