

RALEIGH REGISTER AND NORTH-CAROLINA GAZETTE.

"Ours are the plans of fair delightful peace, unwar'd by party rage, to live like brothers."

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1836.

VOLUME XXXVII.
NUMBER 44.

THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM }
ONE HALF IN ADVANCE.

TERMS.
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THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER

The August No. of this valuable periodical reached us a few days ago. We believe we should be correct in saying that it is the most interesting of all the numbers which have appeared, excellent as its predecessors have generally been. The articles are original, of great variety, and from the best pens in our country. We wish we had time to give an analysis of them. In lieu of that, we give the annexed general observations from a literary friend, whose judgment is entitled to respect.—*Nat. Intel.*

We desire once more to call public attention to this Magazine, whose rare merits have, by no means, been over-rated in the thousand and one laudatory notices which the whole press of the country is teeming. The Messenger has had the good fortune to attain an unparalleled popularity, by striking out for itself a novel path, and by pursuing it with energy, steadfast perseverance, the greatest ability, and perfect fearlessness and independence. We allude, of course, to its editorial conduct, and especially to its department of Critical Notices. Throwing indignantly, the trammels of English opinions, the whole country, it seemed, was upon the point of rushing headlong into the opposite extreme, and giving exorbitant and indiscriminate praise to every American book. To such an extent was this pernicious feeling carried, that no sooner was a novel, poem, or any work of any species, published as the production of an American author, than the periodical press, unanimously throughout the land, were occupied in singing its praises, and in this manner, many a spurious and utterly untenable reputation has been attained. In December last, the "Messenger" boldly took up the cudgels against so pernicious an evil, and succeeded in shaking the throne of popular faith to its centre, by a series of attacks, bold, well-directed, and irresistible, against a number of the most popular authors of the day. The system, too, has been followed up, with an industry so untiring, an impartiality so unimpeachable, an ability so undeniable, as to have excited admiration from all sources.

Nor in its powers of sarcasm, alone has the Messenger obtained a decided advantage over all competitors. Its columns are equally renowned for sound scholarship, a just appreciation of real beauty, and a searching analysis of the principles of literary merit. These qualities have succeeded in drawing to its list of contributors a great number of the proudest literary names in our country, who, never having before contributed to any popular publication, thus evince their high appreciation of the Messenger. In the number of Robert Greenhow, of this city, Judge Hopkins, of Philadelphia, Professor Francis Licher, Editor of the Encyclopedia Americana, James K. Paulding, Major Henry Lee, author of the "Life of Napoleon," Dr. Robert M. Bird, author of "Calvary," Lieutenant Stidell, author of "A Year in Spain," Simms, author of the "Patuxent," the venerable Mathew Carey, of Philadelphia, James M. Garnett, of Virginia, Mrs. Ellet, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Mrs. Sigourney, and others. It has, besides, one or two contributions from Mr. Poe, by whom, we presume, all after the word "Editorial" is furnished. This department embraces, in the present instance, no less than thirty-two closely printed pages, in double columns, principally reviews of new works, among which are—"The Old World, and the New," "Richardson's Dictionary," "The Book of Gems," Mr. French's novel "Lafitte," and Mr. Willis's "Linkings of Adversity." These reviews should be read to be appreciated. The number closes with an amusing article (also editorial) called "Autography," and embracing facsimile signatures of Sparks, Willis, Miss Goidt, Professor Dew, Mellen, Simms, Stidell, Major Antlion, Professor Lieber, Mrs. Hale, Jack Downing, Stone and Fay.

OUTRAGE ON THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

One of the most disgraceful outrages on the Liberty of the Press, which ever came to our knowledge, was committed in Danville, Va. during the last week.—The following is an account of the Outrage, taken from the *Danville Reporter*:—
A scene was enacted at Mr. Daniel Sullivan's Tavern, on yesterday, without example in this peaceful and moral community. It is a singular evidence of the corruption of the times. It marks the intrusion of that lawless, atrocious and murderous violence, which strikes at the life, the liberty, and the property of the citizen.
On yesterday forenoon, Thomas A. Terry, the Junior Editor of this paper, universally known in this community as a man of high honor and integrity, and of irreproachable morals, passed through one of the rooms at the Tavern, where he saw two strangers sitting alone with Mr. Sullivan. Returning a moment after, he was approached by James M. Smith, who asked him—"Are you the Junior Editor of the Reporter?" To which, wholly unconscious of any hostile design, he replied: "Yes, I am, Sir." Upon the instant, James M. Smith struck him a violent blow on the head with a heavy case, while Marcellus Bell, stood by with a pistol in each hand, proclaiming that he would shoot the first man who attempted to approach or interfere.—Mr. Terry was without arms of any kind. Seeing Mr. Terry prostrate and Smith standing over him, repeating his blows upon a disabled man, Mr. Sullivan sounded an alarm which brought other persons into the room. George Gilmer, Esq. was the person who first approached and without even knowing the parties engaged, but seeing a gentleman down, and bleeding under the blows of his industrious adversary, seized Smith around the arms and body, thus preventing his power to strike, in defiance of the two pistols which Bell held to his breast, swearing that he would shoot him, if he touched—

By this time, a number of other persons came in, and Mr. Terry leaving the floor covered with blood which had flowed from several gashes on his head was assisted to a room, and placed under the care of his medical friends. Upon a hasty examination and dressing of the wounds, made with a view to his immediate comfort, they were unable to decide the extent of the injury inflicted, but strong hopes are entertained that his skull was not fractured, and consequently that he will speedily recover.

Some time elapsed before the civil authority, who were sent for, came in. The town Sergeant, acting under the direction of a Magistrate, directed that Smith and Bell should be taken into custody, and for that purpose summoned the bye standers to take them. In attempting to do this, Smith made repeated attempts to shoot Dr. J. B. Campbell, who however, warned of the pistol, when George White, Esq. came up, and upon taking hold of Smith received a pistol ball which was aimed at his heart, through his hand, wrist, and coat. His life was saved by his presence of mind. Suddenly twisting his body round, the direction of the ball which must otherwise have been received in his body, glanced over its surface, leaving a trace behind it in the skin and passing through his coat at the shoulder. The wadding, burning and smoking, was lodged in Mr. White's bosom. Every one present believed him fatally wounded. Campbell and White are brave men. Unarmed as they were, Bowie Knives, Pistols and Dirks were disregarded. Bell cocked a pistol and held it to Capt. Towns' breast also swearing that he would shoot him (the Town Sergeant) if he laid hands on him. "Shoot and be damned," said Towns, as he seized him, "I know my duty and will do it at the hazard of life." These scenes, as may naturally be expected, collected a large crowd of persons, and it is in our esteem a singularly creditable fact that not a man was armed, even with a walking cane.

When the arrest was completed, and several Magistrates collected, a Bowieknife, two pistols and a cowhide were taken from their concealments in Smith's clothes. Two Pistols and a Dirk from Bell. That the attack upon Mr. Terry was premeditated before they left Lynchburg, there can be no manner of doubt. They made a business of the matter, but that they came here to murder Terry, (we use the term in its most felonious sense,) is manifest, from the unusual display of the implements of death, upon their persons.

He seems to have called down murderous vengeance upon himself by an article which appeared in this paper some time since, commenting upon the long continued delinquencies of Extra-Billy Smith, the contractor upon the stage line from the half way house (Brown's) to Lynchburg. The article alluded to was called out by Mr. Terry's sense of public duty. The failures of the public for months in succession, by an agent in receipt of money from the government, and the receipt of a public duty, had become a flagrant and intolerable offence. The article in question was published some time back.—William Smith (Extra-Billy) had selected his forum, and had replied through the Lynchburg Virginian.

James M. Smith is said to be a brother of extra Billy, Marcellus Bell is said to be a brother-in-law. The memory of the article, which is the alleged ground of offence, had almost passed away. But whatever the provocation, for two stout and able men armed cap-a-pie with the implements of death, to attack an unarmed and unsuspecting man, with a murderous weapon as Smith's cane was, will be estimated as cowardly by all men. Heaven has preserved the life of Thomas A. Terry. We trust, for nobler purposes. Born, educated and raised in a land of freedom, he still lives to vindicate the liberty of the press, and the free constitution of his country. It is a proud distinction at his early age, to be singled out, as a mark for the assassin's dagger, and the stiletto of the menials of power.

The Editor of the Observer, to his honor be it spoken, hearing the circumstances attending these nefarious transactions, refused his professional services to Smith and Bell.

Such, we are informed, are the facts of this outrage. Smith and Bell are committed to jail, for assaulting and beating Thomas A. Terry, with intent to kill—also for maiming him, and for unlawfully shooting George White, with intent in so doing to maim, disfigure, disable and kill—both for willfully and maliciously shooting said White with intention to maim and disfigure, disable and kill. The Judges were of opinion that both were Principals in both offences.

SEGATO'S DISCOVERY.

The world is now to be set all agog with the discovery of an Italian, Signor Segato, recently deceased, who found out the means, during his life time, of perfectly petrifying animal substances.—The account furnished by the Hon. R. H. Wilder, and published in the Southern Medical Journal, states that

"The process of Segato acts upon entire animals as well as upon their separate parts. It endues them with a consistency perfectly stony, which is more or less hard in proportion as the parts themselves are originally less soft and mucous. Skin, muscles, nerves, veins, tendons, fat, all undergo this wonderful change; & what is more singular, is, that it is not requisite to extract the viscera or intestines for the purpose of effecting it: they themselves assume a like solidity with the rest of the body, and some of them even greater. Nor is there any material change of form, color, or general appearance and character, all of which are retained. Not the least disagreeable smell is emitted from his preparations; they are entirely inodorous. Such is the power of the agents he employs, that putrefaction already begun is arrested at the very stage at which it had arrived when his process had commenced. He had even found the means of rendering animal substances unalterable, without destroying their flexibility. The joints and articulations may be removed, and when the force applied is bent, they assume their former position. His skeletons remain united of themselves by their natural ligaments, retaining their pliability, thus rendering useless all the clumsy contrivances heretofore necessary for combining the bones together. So unalterable are the substances preserved, that they are not only unaffected by atmospheric change, but even

by a daily exposure to winter, and the action of worms. Their volume is but slightly decreased, and their weight continues nearly the same. Even the spots upon the skin remain visible, whether natural or produced by disease. The hair adheres firmly; not one drop from the human scalp, where they continue as freshly and firmly as in life."

In republishing this account at length, the National Gazette states that Segato's method of converting the various parts of the human system into stone has, it is said, been carried so far as to be applied to blood. An American lady wrote to her friends, some time since, that, having undergone the operation of the lancet, she had sent a bowl of the fluid to Segato to have it petrified, and would forward it to her friends cut into rings.

We give another extract from the Southern Medical Journal on this subject:—"Segato has constructed a tablet, composed of different pieces of the human body indurated and inlaid in a tessellated form, after the manner of those productions of art which are known in Florence by the name of *Pietra Dura*. It consists of two hundred and fourteen pieces, of various shapes and colors, differently viewed, and of such hardness that all admit of polish, none are scratched by the nail, few by the knife, and some scarcely by the file. The Jasper of Siberia is imitated by portions of the spleen, kidneys, and heart. The Jasper of Sicily, Saxony, and Bohemia, by the pancreas, the uterus, the placenta, and the upper part of the tongue.

"Almost every variety of silicious and calcareous stone which has been applied to the purposes of use or ornament, except only the gems, finds in one portion of the human body, when thus indurated, either in its healthy or some disordered state, a singular and striking resemblance. So perfectly natural is the color and appearance of the specimens of morbid anatomy thus preserved, that a most distinguished surgeon of our country, Dr. Mott, of New-York, who recently visited Segato's cabinet, on being shown this tablet, named immediately various parts of the body, and the peculiar disease with which they had been affected. It was impossible, he said, to avoid recognizing them; they were exactly such as he had repeatedly seen in dissections.

Warm and honorable testimony to the importance and utility of Segato's discovery has been borne by several of his learned countrymen. His name has already acquired some celebrity in Europe, from his admirable Maps of Africa, Morocco, and Tuscany, prepared and engraved by himself—for, among the other talents, he is an excellent engraver and engraver—and from a work on Egypt, part only of which has appeared. Several literary and scientific journals have mentioned his labors with the highest commendation."

We have already mentioned that Segato is dead, and it is added that fears are entertained that his art and discovery have perished with him, to the great loss of science.—*Alexandria Gaz.*

THE TWO MOTHERS.

Saumur is a most delicious place, with its little red and white houses, seated at the foot of a flower-dressed hill, and divided by the Loire, which runs sportively through it, like a blue scarf on the neck of a beautiful girl. But, alas, this new Eden, like all other cities, has its sad attendant on civilization—a prison and a pale prefect, a literary society, and a lunatic hospital—yes, a hospital for lunatics! Ascend the Loire by the left bank, and when you have arrived at the outskirts of the city, clambering a steep path, you will soon arrive at the top of a pebbly hill, in the flanks of which are placed small cabins, furnished with great bars of wood.—It is there, while you are occupied with admiring with all the power of your soul, the beautiful country which stretches from Tour to Angers, the green and fertile fields, the rapid and majestic current which crosses and bathes the brilliant landscape, suddenly the cries of rage, and the laughter of stolidity will burst forth behind you, and call you to contemplate the spectacle which you have come to seek. Then you will renounce with pain, the happiness of the contemplation; but you will renounce it, because it cannot be enjoyed besides such an accumulation of misery.

Look at that young man who is walking almost naked—the young man, whose limbs are blackened by exposure to sun, and whose feet are torn by rough pebbles in his path way. He had taken holy orders—he was surprised by love—he went crazy—now he is stripped of his orders and his love—poor victim.
As I was wandering one day in the midst of all this wreck of humanity, behind me was walking a young lady, accompanied by her husband, leading by the hand a pretty little girl, their child. She came, without doubt, like myself, to seek for strong and new emotions. We became strangely jaded with the tiring excitement of a city.
I arrived at the same moment with this lady, opposite a girl who had been led

out of her cell into the court and was fastened to the wall by an iron chain. Her large blue eye had much sweetness, her pale face so many charms, and her long auburn hair fell with so much grace over her naked shoulders, that I looked at her with inexpressible pain. She appeared to have been weeping bitterly—how heavy, then, appeared that horrible iron chain which abraded her white delicate skin!

I asked the sister who acted as a guide to me, what had befallen this girl, that she was treated so rigorously? She answered me, lowering her eyes and blushing, "it is Mary, a poor girl from the city, who has loved too deeply. The field who tempted, abandoned her, and after two years, the child of her shame died. This last loss deprived her of her reason—she was brought to this institution, and in consequence of sudden dangerous excesses of derangement, was chained."

The good sister bowed, as if ashamed of referring to such a subject. I stood lost in reflection upon the mutation of human affairs, as I gazed at the unfortunate being before me; when suddenly I saw her spring the whole length of her chain, seize the little child which the young lady held by the hand, press it closely to her breast, and rush back with the swiftness of an arrow to her stone bench.

The mother screamed frantically, and sprang towards the miserable lunatic, who drove her back with shocking brutality. "It is my babe," cried Mary—"it is she indeed—God has restored her to me—oh, how good is God!"—and she leaped up with joy, and covered the child with kisses. The father attempted to seize his child by force, but the lay sister prevented him, and besought him to let Mary have her own way.

"It is not your daughter," said she kindly to Mary; "She does not resemble you in the least."
"Not my daughter!—good heavens, look—look, sister Martha—look at her mouth, her eyes—it is the very likeness of her father. She has come down from heaven. How pretty—how very pretty she is—my dear, sweet daughter!"—and she pressed the child to her bosom, and rocked it like a nurse, to still its cries.

It was, however, heart-rending to see the poor mother, who watched with anxiety every movement of the lunatic, and wept or smiled as Mary advanced towards, or retired from, Sister Martha.

"Lend your daughter to me a moment, Mary, that I may see her," said the good Sister.
"Lend her to you! O no, indeed—the first time the priests told me also that I should lead her for a little while to God, who desired such angels, and she was gone six months. I will not lend her again—no, no, I would rather kill her and keep her body!"—and she held up the child as if she would dash it head against the wall.

The mother, pale and inanimate, fell helpless upon her knees, and with bitter sobs supplicated the lunatic to give her back her child, and not to do it harm.—Mary gave no heed to her; she was holding the infant, with her eyes bent intently upon its features.

The father, half-distracted, had gone to seek the Director of the Institution. It would have been difficult then, to say which was the really crazy one—the mother, who lay trembling in my arms, and calling aloud for her child, or Mary, who, with wild laughter, was presenting to the child her shrivelled breasts.

It was resolved not to employ force, but to allow Mary to retire into her cell, and when she was asleep, to take away the child.
Once in her cell, Mary laid the child at the foot of the bed, pressed down the mattress, and disposed the clothes into the form of a cradle—while the real mother, with her face pressed against the gratings of the cell, watched in the twilight of the place, with haggard and streaming eyes, every motion of the lunatic.

Mary carefully disposed the child in its new made bed, hushed it, and sung little nursery songs, with a wild and fitful voice, and then fell a sleep beside the infant.
The nurse immediately entered the cell on tip-toe, snatched up the child, and restored it to its mother's arms, who screamed with joy, and fled away with her precious burden. The cry of the mother awakened Mary—she felt beside her in vain for the child—she ran to the grating, and shook it with a powerful arm—she saw the child borne from her, she uttered a wild, discordant cry, and fell her whole length upon the floor—she was dead—twice was too much.

THE HUMAN FRAME.

It is made for health and happiness, and when we look upon a countenance blooming with beauty, and observe it expressive of great enjoyment, we feel that the being who formed it is a God of love. But we must not forget, that within the very blooming cheek, there is contrived an apparatus capable of producing something very different from enjoyment. A fibrous net-work spreads over it, coming out of the trunk from the brain, extending

every where its slender ramifications, and sending a little thread to every point upon the surface. What is this mechanism for? Its uses are many; but among its other properties, there is in it a slumbering power, which may, indeed, never be called into action, but which always exists and is always ready, whenever God shall call it forth to be the instrument of irremediable and unutterable suffering. We admit that in almost every case it remains harmless and inoperative; still it is there, always there, and always ready; and it is called into action whenever God thinks best. And it is not merely in the cheek, but throughout every part of the frame that the apparatus of suffering lies concealed; and it is an apparatus which is seldom out of order. Sickness deranges and weakens the other powers, but it seldom interferes with this; it remains, always at its post, in the eye, the ear, the brain, the hand, and in every organ and every limb, and always ready to do God's bidding.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

We had the pleasure, lately, of perusing a series of letters written from England to this city, by a Philadelphian, a member of the Society of Friends. He went abroad with the best feelings and sentiments in behalf of the British Universal Abolition Society. He conceived when he left, that the plan for removing Slavery from the West Indies, was judicious and benevolent. After travelling abroad for some time, and visiting in his route nearly all the great manufacturing establishments of England and Wales, he has come to the conclusion that the sympathies of Great-Britain were grievously misdirected, when the eyes of her lawgivers were turned away from the destitution, ignorance and misery, which prevail among the lower classes of their own people—to that class of population in the West Indies, now called *apprentices*, as contra distinguished from the name of slaves.

He asserts, that in many of the manufacturing, English, Welsh, and Irish paupers, male and female, huddled together in their painful and heavy labors, are compelled to drudge from morning until night in a manner, compared with which the condition of any Southern slave, is Paradise itself! Squalid and ragged—neglected in body and soul, with scarce enough of subsistence "to keep both together," they vegetate, toil, and die. One half of the diseases, the brutal abuse, and agony which these wretches experience, would bring tears from the hardest heart. Yet all these miseries are passed over by the British government without a throb of pity, while a distant colony has its domestic policy overturned and disarranged to please those captivating philanthropists! In London, sixty thousand persons arise every morning without employment or food; in the Lancashire & other cities, perhaps double the number do the same thing. Our files of metropolitan papers teem with records of wrong and outrage suffered by the unoffending and degraded poor—thousands of whom are thrown by their overlords into ships bound for America, with their expenses paid! but these are neglected, proscribed—shut out from their native land, from the benefits of law, or the prospect of bettering themselves in the world; and British sympathy is lavished upon the results of a Thompson's mission to America, or the mobs of a Fanny Darusmont!

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

Five years ago, it would have appeared as great an anomaly in the English circles of fashion to have heard of a first rate Piano of American Manufacture, as to have read an American Book with pleasure; but whether the organs of harmony have been more fully developed in the Mechanics, or those of initiative become more expanded, we know not, but certain it is, that now, Piano Fortes, of superior workmanship to those of the old country, can be found in the ware-rooms of many of our manufacturers. Among those who have taken the lead, is the firm of Soddard, Worcester and Dunham of New York, the excellence of whose productions has been the theme of universal praise among the Musical Professors of our country. There is now exhibiting for sale at the store of Mr. E. P. Nash, an article of their make, which for sweetness of tone, and strength of pedal execution, we have never seen excelled. It combines all the numerous improvements recently made on the grand Piano, and can vary from the softness of the harp, to the full deep harmony of the organ. Those who are lovers of good music and fond of instrumental perfection, will derive a treat from looking at this instrument.

For ourself, we candidly admit, that we are a passionate admirer of the Piano Forte; and esteem it as a Saint Cecilia throne, over which the young and beautiful of that sweet sex, whose very lightest breath is music, preside with added grace and dignity. To see their white taper fingers, straying over the white ivory keys, the eye kindled with enthu-

siastic excitements, the very soul "rap," inspired," by that power which
"Can raise a mortal to the skies,
Or draw an angel down."

Or what is still more sweet, to hear the dulcet warblings of her silvery voice, mingling its harmony with the rich full cadence of the Piano: these are the tones we love to hear, and only hear to love. Nothing of the poetry of music can be effected, without a first rate instrument. A young beauty might better, for the reputation of the beauty, enter a parlor in her grandmother's ample hooped gown, horrid-stomacher, high-heeled shoes, and all the frightful paraphernalia of old-fashioned ton, than sit down to a cracked-toned, jingling, discord-twanging Piano.

"I'd rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metro ballad mongers."

Those then who would not have their ears offended with discords, vile and villainous; those who wish to see combined the most exquisite finish of the instrumental and mechanical arts, and those who are not judges themselves, will find the most ample recommendations from the first talent of our country, who stake their professional reputation on their durability and accuracy, will do themselves a pleasure, and a most enterprising townsman a service, by looking at the Pianos in his store, before sending to the North;—"The North what do they in the North?" when they should make their purchase in the South?—*Petersburg Constellation.*

A good Anecdote.—At a recent auction sale, not 50 miles from Salem, the knight of the ivory-headed hammer was provokingly annoyed by the incessant and ludicrous bids of a fellow, whose sole object seemed to be to make sport for the buyers, rather than himself to buy. After enduring the fellow's impertinence for some time, old Going-going gone peremptorily ordered him to be "gone" from the auction room. The stubborn animal, in place of obeying, set himself deliberately to "argue the topic" with our knock down friend, and inquired if he had not an indisputable right to stay as long as he chose in a public auction room. The auctioneer, more incensed than ever, told him the premises were his own, and he would not tolerate his impertinence any longer, and again repeated his turn-out orders. With the utmost sang froid the fellow told him that "he had concluded not to go." Enraged beyond endurance, he of the hammer, looking round the room for a champion to avenge his wrongs upon the insulting sinner, fixed his eyes upon a biped of huge dimensions, a very monarch in strength, and cried out, "M—ch, what shall I give you to put that fellow out?" "I take one five dollar bill." "Done, gone" do it and you shall have it." Assuming the ferocious, knitting his brows, spreading his nostrils like a lion's, and putting on the wolf all over his head and shoulders, old M—ch strode up to the aggressor, and, seizing the terrified wretch by the collar, said to him in a whisper that was heard all over the room, "My good frim, you go out wid me, I give you half de munny." "Done, done," says the fellow. "Hurrah Hurrah!" ejaculated the delighted audience. The auctioneer had the good sense to join in the laugh, and coolly forked out the V.—*Salem Gaz.*

"Harvest Home."—The August political Harvest has come in finely. The crops of the FARMER OF NORTH BEND are more abundant than was anticipated.—His Farms in Kentucky and Indiana, have given a rich return for the labors of the husbandman. His plantations in Louisiana, Alabama, and Missouri have all done well. But in North Carolina, where it was reported that a northern insect was making great ravages, the yield is most bountiful. In all these States, the harvest weather was fine and the crops have been housed in excellent order. The threshing will commence in November. *Alabama Adv.*

Statistics of Prisons.—In Sing Sing prison, (New-York) only 289 out of 842 could read and write tolerably, and but 52 had received a good English education; & 484 had been habitual drunkards, and many had committed their crimes while intoxicated.

Of 670 prisoners at Auburn, 3 only had received a collegiate education; 503 had been intemperate, and 400 were committed for crimes perpetrated while under the influence of spirituous liquors.

In the Connecticut prison 8 in 100 only could read, write and cypher, when convicted, and 46 in 100 could read & write; 44 in 100 committed their crimes under the influence of alcohol.

Instruction, temperance and industry are found to be the surest preventatives of crime.

Caution.—A Percussion gun was discharged, while in the hands of a boy in Edenton, on the 15th, by which a lad named Thomas Manning was seriously wounded in one of his legs, and another severely in both. While in the act of letting the cock down upon the cap, his thumb slipped and the cock went down with such force as to discharge the gun.