

To the Voters of Dearborn County.

FELLOW-CITIZENS:

The urgent solicitation of many of my most esteemed friends, has induced me to consent to be a candidate for a seat in the next legislature. As it is now so common for candidates to speak of their own peculiar qualifications, and as old men by common consent are at full liberty to speak of the days they have seen, I will trouble you with but a short sketch of my life, trials, &c.

Your humble servant is about 60 years of age, tall, but slender made, and of the occupation of a farmer, and more particularly at this time engaged in the cultivation of the cucumber vine. Delicacy requires me to say but little more of myself.

If I am elected, (which I hope may be the case,) my talents and time, will be devoted to such measures as will add to the general stock of human happiness; and that indeed ought to be the governing motive of all men; and if such be the fact, you have it now in your power to add to the general stock. You may ask how? and the answer is at hand.—By electing me, I will be much more gratified than those who fail will suffer, in consequence of their failure; and if my pleasure is greater than their sufferings, of course there is something added to the general stock of human happiness.

Your fellow-citizen,
JOHN FRYER, Sr.

July 31, 1833.

For the Palladium.

REFLECTIONS ON MY HOME AND MY COUNTRY.

The morn of my life was spent on the margin of the Big Miami. 'Twas there I first drew the breath of mortality and there I spent my early years, the years of innocence and peace. After an absence of 8 years, I have visited this beloved home again, the nurseries of my infancy, the home of my childhood and the place where my youthful mind first learned to expand and ripen into perfection. 'Twas there in the days of my boyhood, I rambled through the groves and over the fields, whistling and singing the time away, as merrily as if boyhood's days would always last. 'Twas there on many a May day, I would shoulder my gun and, calling my dog after me, lie over the venerable hills, calling the choicest game, till wearied with rambling through the spicy groves and variegated forests, would sit down by some chrystal brook, murmuring down the painted landscape, and shake my thirst from the silvery fountain; then down on violets and sweet-williams, and slumber sweet as a Prince in his palace till refreshed; then up and pursue my sport, until satisfied; when I would return home where parents and sisters would greet me with a welcome which Earls and Barons seldom meet, because it was sincere. Thus passed the days of my youth. And now I hail that sacred spot, endeared to me by all the charms of youthful fancy, and hallowed in my remembrance, as the place on earth the most dear to me! Never can I forget the "old school-house," where first I learned to spell, the A, B, C; never can I forget the church, where instruction was imparted every Sabbath day, and never can I forget the house that sheltered me, the farm that supported me, or the well that watered me. How often have I sported over the green meadows of my home; how oft have I rambled with sisters, "through the flower-beds so gay;" pulling the choicest flowers. Then every thing was gay and cheerful, every sight pleasant, and every sound delightful. But Oh, how changed! How altered! Where the old school-house stood, now stands a merchant's warehouse; where stood the church, now stands a splendid hotel; and where my father's house once stood, now runs the main street of a village. Surprised at the alterations a few years had made, I could not but reflect on the rapid state of improvement now going forward in the west. Towns and villages rising up where late was wilderness and beasts of prey. Civilized population increasing and spreading on westward; bringing forward the grand epoch, when the western states shall rival, in splendor, the flourishing parts of Europe, and America! Proud America! will tower above the nations of the earth, as the mountains rise and overlook the valleys. Three centuries and a half ago, America was unknown to the world. Who knows what it will be in three centuries to come! The only way to judge of the future, is by the past. What then will be the wealth, population, strength, and resources of the United States, in three centuries to come! In the same ratio of increase for the future, as has been for the past, our population would exceed eight hundred millions, our revenue would be almost beyond computation, and our strength and resources, beyond the power of the whole world to control.

On the other hand I could not but reflect, that the Roman Republic was once the mistress of the world; it now is subject to the servile Ottoman! Confederated Greece, which once could overthrow the armies of a Xerxes, has since, by timid slaves, been trampled under foot; and Carthage, once the rival of Rome, has since been blotted from the annals of nations. How came Rome's calamities upon her! By intestine commotions. Party spirit and civil broils, overthrew the commonwealth that had overthrown the world. Xerxes' legion could not overthrow Greece, but civil war and party spirit, reduced it to a state of degradation, unparalleled in the history of nations. The armies of Carthage could make Rome herself tremble, yet the same fate befel her as did the others, and such ever has been the fate both of republics and kingdoms.

But let us not imitate that these "dire deeds" shall ever be renewed in happy America. Our community is more enlightened than in times of yore, when inquisitions taught obedience to priests, and swords sanctioned the will of tyrants.

Let us now look forward to years of tranquility and peace, with our flag proudly waving over every foaming ocean, our vessels riding safely in the harbors of all commercial nations, our commerce unrivalled, our industry extolled, and our wealth unbounded.

Thus let America ever be; united at home, respected abroad, a home for the exile, an asylum for the oppressed.

A poor malefactor in Newgate was lately surprised, as he was looking for a passage he could not find. "Give it to me," said a pastor, "I can find any passage." "Can you?" says the criminal, "why then I wish you would find me a passage out of this prison."

Escape and Recapture of Joel Clough the Murderer.

Clough, the murderer of Mrs. Hamilton, sentenced to be hung on Friday next, made his escape from the Mount Holly (N. J.) jail, between Saturday night & Sunday morning. The particulars as we have ascertained them from a member of the Sheriff's family, are substantially as follows. Upon the discovery of Clough's previous attempt to escape, he was removed to a dungeon, where he remained until a few days ago. Several persons who visited him, complained that his dungeon was an unfit place for a man who had but a few days to live, and the Sheriff, willing to act as humanely as the law would allow, offered to remove Clough to a larger room, provided he would consent to be chained. To this Clough readily consented, and he was accordingly placed in a comfortable room, in the third story, overlooking the yard.

Clough had been permitted to have a candle in his room, in order to enable him to write in the evening. This candle, on Saturday night, previous to being visited by the Sheriff, he placed in the chimney, and arranged his blanket before it, in such a way as to hide all the beams of the light. An iron spoon which he probably found in the room, and which was not known to be in his possession; he had converted into a saw, with which he released himself from his chains. Having these matters all arranged when the Sheriff retired, Clough took his candle, and burnt away a portion of a window sill, an ordinary wooden frame—by which he tore away the grate, making an opening of six inches by ten, through which he escaped, a short time before day break.

His safe descent to the yard, was effected by means of his blanket, which he had torn into slips, and converted into a rope. When in the yard he procured two boards, used by the Sheriff to cover celery beds, and by making a kind of bridge, he was enabled to scale the high wall.

His escape was discovered soon after day light, and the jail bell being immediately rung a large number of citizens, amounting perhaps to five hundred in all assembled, and started in pursuit. Every barn and building in the neighborhood was searched and the country for miles round, but until evening without success. The precaution was taken to guard all the outlets in every direction from the town so as to render his capture, sooner or later, certain.

Clough was first seen by a colored man, in a swamp, on the Rancocas river, about three miles west of Mount Holly. It was in the dusk of the evening, and as the fugitive gave an unsatisfactory answer to the negro, he sounded the alarm. The individuals who arrived first were Joel Hollingshead, and John Millvine, the latter a resident of Mount Holly, and well acquainted with Clough. The prisoner denied his name, said he was going to Philadelphia, but allowed to be arrested, without offering resistance, though he had an axe in his possession. He had on the same dress that he wore in the prison.

On the day previous to his escape, Clough had purchased a pound of crackers. These were found in his possession when arrested. It appears he had secreted himself in the swamp during the whole day, and when taken he was about pursuing his journey by night. He appeared to be much fatigued with his exertions. In the early part of yesterday he was tracked to the vicinity of the spot where he was afterwards found. He wore square toed pumps, and the course he took from the jail, was plainly observable in several cornfields adjoining the town.

From several circumstances connected with Clough's escape, the supposition that he was aided by confederates, is rendered probable. Inquiries are now on foot, to sift this matter to the bottom.

Philadelphia Gazette.

Refinement of the Age.—We have seen a letter from New Haven of June 30, which says that Andrew T. Judson, the famous Town Clerk of the enlightened and religious town of Canterbury, in the moral State of Connecticut, has actually caused the arrest of Miss Prudence Crandall, for presuming to teach curly headed Misses with dark skins to read and write, in violation of a statute passed by the conscientious legislators of the land of blue laws, where they used to whip beer barrels for working on Sunday!

This young lady, who is pious, amiable and lovely in person, our informant adds, has actually been thrust into prison in the very cell that Watkins, the Murderer, last occupied!

In the name of all that is manly and civilized, are we going back to the dark ages! Are there any free schools or religious societies in Connecticut? Are there no spare Missionaries to be sent to Canterbury?

Boston Advertiser.

A duel was fought yesterday on the other side of the river, by two gentlemen of this city. The weapons were muskets, distance forty paces. Four shots were exchanged without effect. On the fifth fire, one received a ball in the abdomen, which came out at the spine of the back, and he expired this morning; the other had a ball pass through one of his legs, near the ankle which struck and broke in pieces the ankle bone of the other leg, and an amputation is thought to be unavoidable. N. O. Cour.

A letter from New-Orleans dated the 18th ult. with a perusal of which we have been politely favored, gives a similar account of the above affair. The one to whom it proved fatal (and who was the challenged, and it would seem, the aggrieved party) was a highly respectable young gentleman, formerly a resident of this city. The letter adds that the other party was informed by the surgeons that he must submit to amputation in both limbs as his only chance of recovery; but that choosing death in preference, he had been attacked with the lockjaw, and was expected to survive but a few hours.

New York Courier.

From the Concord (N. H.) Patriot.

A SKUNK.—One of these animals in his nocturnal rambles through the upper part of the village, called at rather an early hour, about three o'clock in the morning, to pay his respects to a gentleman who lodges on the lower floor—being accosted in rather a rude manner by the house dog, who was on duty at the time as door-keeper, he ran under the bed and opened his battery until all was blue again. The gentleman who was not one of those effeminate who would "die of a rose of aromatic pain," was roused from his slumber, dreaming he was in the crater of a volcano of burning sulphur; and being unable to breathe or to reach the door, threw himself out of the window, followed by the dog, who was as anxious to escape from the "villainous compound of sweet smells" as his master, thereby leaving Skunk, sole lord of the premises.—Various expedients were resorted to, in vain, to eject the new comer to his possessions; until finally the doors were thrown open, and writs of ejectment and forcible entry and detainer withdrawn, and a polite invitation extended to his Skunkship, to be quietly after leaving-taking. He resolved to comply; but in passing the ash-hole in the kitchen, he could not forbear to look in, and being delighted with the snug quarters it afforded, determined to take up his abode and brave the consequences.—Here a new difficulty arose; a long pole was procured and the tenant of the ash-hole was nearly smothered by its uncourteous intrusion and rotary motion; but he held fast, considering that "possession was nine points of the law."

The doors were finally thrown open again, and the assailing party having retreated out of sight and the parti-colored gentleman, with one eye filled with ashes, took a non-committal sort of survey of the battle ground with the other, and finding the cost clear, shouldered his bush and started out of the house, winking and blinking with his one eye, with all the self importance of a victorious boxer. But after having, like Xenophon, "made a safe retreat through the enemy's country," was ingloriously shot at and killed, just as he was reaching a place of safety. The house dog is so much ashamed of his part of the adventure that he refuses to come near the premises; whilst the family are every moment of factorily reminded that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet," a skunk by any name is a genuine essence of scandal.

Assassination.—We have seldom been called to record an instance of such atrocious and lawless violence as the following:

Mr. Thomas S. Hart, a respectable innkeeper of Bustleton, was on the night of the 19th waylaid and attacked with such violence as to render his recovery almost hopeless. He was found by a farmer going to work, about day-light, lying in the road in the immediate vicinity of Smithfield, 2 miles above Bustleton. The back of his head was bruised by a heavy stone or club, and his arms, face and body severely cut by some sharp instrument. How long he had remained in this situation it is impossible to say, as he was quite speechless when found, and has continued so ever since, with scarce any symptoms of life. It is supposed that two or three ruffians were engaged in the attack, as the lines were cut near the horse's head, and one of the wheels of the sulky in which Mr. H. rode had evidently been held, causing it to drag for some distance. The foot board is covered with blood, and the lining of the sulky is torn in such a manner as to render it evident a violent conflict occurred in the carriage before the rider was dragged out of it.

The watch and money of the wounded man were left unmolested in his pocket, showing that robbery was not the motive which led to this daring outrage; whatever the object was, we have no doubt the perpetrators will be discovered. Strong suspicion rests upon an individual who enjoys a respectable standing in this neighborhood. Mr. Hart's condition is such as renders it dangerous to remove him to his home, and he lies at the house to which he was immediately conveyed after he was found in the road, surrounded by his wife and friends, who have been shocked beyond expression at this unexpected and distressing calamity.

Philadelphia Daily Int.

From the Columbus Sentinel.

Col. Johnson. The citizens of Biton Rouge (La.) have forwarded to R. M. Johnson a beautiful silver Goblet, as a tribute of respect for his Reports on the Sunday Mails. The Colonel's reply is happy and replete with sentiments breathing of civil and religious liberty. In his letter to Mr. Osborne, the bearer of the gift, he concludes by saying—"In presenting that Report I was extremely anxious to avoid casting censure of reproach upon any, while I felt it my duty at every hazard to vindicate the freedom of religion to our fellow citizens, universally, and to denounce in pointed terms, any interference of government on that subject. I am happy to believe that the case is viewed in its true light, and that all concur in the sentiment, that the measure contemplated will never again be seriously renewed. Religion can be a blessing only when every one is left to be persuaded in his own mind, without legal restraint or coercion. For the kind manner in which you have forwarded the highly valued present, accept my thanks."

At Laprarie on the 29th of June, two men were killed by the bursting of a cannon, which they were discharging to announce the arrival of the steamboat Canadian Patriot which plies between Montreal and Laprarie.

The farmers in the valley of Wyoming have commenced harvesting. The wheat crops, as we learn from the Republican are good. Corn, that was planted previous to the heavy rains in May, looks well.—That which was planted subsequently is very backward, though latterly it seems to be growing fairly and will probably yield well.

The New York Mirror improves in appearance and contents, as it ripens in years. Its general merits have produced an extended subscription list; and this has happily produced a reciprocal action on its merits.

The number for last Saturday was the first of the eleventh volume of the work, and is embellished with a beautiful vignette engraving, and with a view of the "North Battery, New York." The original articles are by Miss Kemble, by Paulding, Bryant, Willis, Fay, &c.

The New York Mirror is the best conducted literary periodical of its class in America.

(From the Illinois Galenian.)

Cure for a Snake Bite.—I was bit by a snake, and in 15 minutes my foot swelled to double its size, and in 15 minutes more my foot was entirely cured by putting it into a large bucket full of new milk. If the orifices are not well opened by the snake's teeth, open them with an instrument; make the blood run muddling freely. Please give this circulation abroad.

DANIEL DILLON, Senr.

Diamond cut Diamond.—A six-foot Vermont lately entered a store on one of our principal wharves in search of employment. He could do any kind of chore, he said, and boasted much of his strength. "Stout as you are," said the clerk, "I'll bet you \$10 you cannot carry that bag of salt, (pointing to a very large one,) twice across this store, and back again, and never lay it down." The Yankee stood for a moment, scratching his head, and gazing at a rope with a hook at the end of it which dangled through a scuttle, and then accepted the wager. He shouldered the bag with the utmost ease, carried it twice backwards and forwards and then hung it up on the hook aforesaid. "Mister," he said, "I guess I'll trouble you for that are ten. I didn't lay it down—I hung it up!" The clerk, much to his dissatisfaction, handed over the money, and the Vermont left the store, saying, "catch a weasel asleep! Not so bad a day's work. Better than chopping logs!"

Gal.

Extract from Mr. Sparks's volume of "Franklin's Familiar Letters"—just published.

"When theologians or religious people quarrel about religion, each party abuses the other; the profane and the infidel believe both sides, and enjoy the fray; the reputation of religion in general suffers, and its enemies are ready to say, not what was said in the primitive time, *Behold how these Christians love one another; but Mark how these Christians hate one another!*"

MADRID, May 28.

Death of Mr. Walsh.—With profound grief we announce to our readers the death of Charles S. Walsh, Secretary of Legation of the United States at this Court.

CIGUUELA, (Castile,) May 25. We have been invaded by a plague of locusts, so excessive that the authorities of this town and those of Zaratan, are paying two reals per day, to men, and twelve quartos to boys, employed in gathering them up. Already some 240 arrobes, (5000 lbs.) have been burnt and in the mountain of Torozos, more than 2000 arrobes, (50,000 lbs.) have been collected.

The Genesee Farmer, a pretty good judge of every thing fit for the palate, highly recommends the Cottage Potato pudding, prepared according to the following recipe. Will not some of our Western Cottage girls test it!

"Peel, boil, and mash, a couple of pounds of potatoes; beat them up into a smooth batter, with about three quarters of a pint of milk, two ounces of moist sugar, and two or three beaten eggs.

"Bake it about three quarters of an hour. Three ounces of currants or raisins may be added."

The law abolishing imprisonment for debt, in Pennsylvania, for sums under \$5, took effect on the 4th inst. As it should be, it is now cash or honor for every thing under \$5, in that state.

Ohio Atlas.

Major Downing's Cousin Nabby, thus describes the tremendous uproar in Downingville when they learned the President had "run back to Washington like a streak of chalk before coming down here."

"About eight o'clock the village got together down the road as far as uncle Joshua's new barn; and Sargent Joel told us to stand; as he said, in military order. He placed Bill Johnson and cousin Ephraim out a little ways in front, with each of 'em a great long fowling piece, with a smart charge in, to fire a salute, and told 'em as soon as the President hove in sight to let drive, only be careful and pint their guns up so as not to hurt any body. Then come Sargent Joel and his company; and then came the schoolmarm and the children, and then come all the women and girls over sixteen, with aunt Keziah at the head; and then come all the men in town that owned horses, riding on horseback; and all the boys that Sargent Joel didn't think was large enough to walk in the procession, got up and set on the fences along by the side of the road.

There we stood until about nine o'clock, when, sure enough, we saw some-body come riding out of the woods, down the hill. The boys all screamed, ready to split their throats, hoorah for Jackson, and Bill Johnson fired off his gun. Cousin Ephraim, who ain't so easy flustered, held on to his and didn't fire, for he couldn't see any body but uncle Joshua on his old gray horse. Along come uncle Joshua on a slow trot, and we looked and looked, but couldn't see any body coming behind him.

Then they all began to look at one another as wild as hawks and turn all manner of colors. When uncle Joshua got up so we could see him pretty plain he looked as cross as a thunder cloud. He rid up to Sargent Joel, and, says he, you may all go home about your business, and put away your necks, for Jack and the President are half way to Washington by this time.

My stars what a time there was then. I never see so many folks boiling over mad before. Bill Johnson threw his gun over into the field as much as ten rods, and hopped up and down and struck his fists together like all possessed. Sargent Joel unchained back

and forth across the road two or three times, growing redder, till at last a crew, out his sword and fetched a blow across a backlock stump and snapped it off in a pipe stem. Aunt Keziah fell down in a convulsion fit; and it was an hour before we could bring her to and get her into the house. And when she came to go round the house and see the victims she had cooked up, and gonzo to the bedroom and see her gown all cut p, she went into convulsion fits again and ad 'em hold the night. But she's better to-day and has gone to work to try to patch a her gown again.

I thought I would just let you know about these things and if you are a mind to send a word on to cousin Jack and the President, I'm willing. You may tell 'em there are five folks in Downingville that would hoorah for Jackson now, and I don't believe there's one that would vote for him unless 'tis uncle Joshua, and he wouldn't if he wasn't afraid of losing his Post Office."

Improvement of the Potato.—A plant resembling the Potato, found in Chili, has been introduced into England, and is likely from its superior qualities, to supersede the use of the common potato. It was first cultivated in England in 1830, and succeeded remarkably well. The root first planted was about half an ounce in weight, and produced ninety in number, of the aggregate weight of four pounds. When cooked, the roots are pronounced decidedly preferable to the common potato. So say English persons. It will be remembered that the cultivation of the old potato was for a hundred years confined to gardens, and that its roots were for a long time not larger than beans, and very watery. Cultivation may work a similar improvement in the *Oxalis cretensis*, the name of the newly discovered plant. Ohio Atlas.

Indian News.—Col. Henry Dodge, of Drageons, with two companies of Rangers, (Captains Backus and Brown's) commenced his march towards the rapids on Rock River last Sunday, for the purpose of dislodging *Manateer's* band of Winnebagoes. It appears that this chief, after all that has been done and said on the subject, is still lurking about the rapids with his band amidst the thick forests and swamps of that country. The other Indians, we are informed, have crossed the Wisconsin, according to the stipulations of the treaty of last fall.

Col. Dodge is ordered to demand the murderers who escaped from Fort Winnebago last fall, and now are thought to be skulking about in *Manateer's* band. The demand certainly will be made, and when made, must, and of course will, be persisted in till they are given up. Whether any resistance will be made or not we expect to be able to inform our readers in our next number.

There have been formed and expressed divers opinions in regard to the removal of the Winnebagoes this spring. These different opinions have arisen from different sources, and the different expressions of opinion have grown out of the diversity which govern those who live among the Indians and expect to reap advantages from such reports. It has been stated time after time, by those persons who would be supposed good authority, that these Indians would peacefully remove on the first day of June, the time specified by the articles of the treaty; and that they had expressed no dissatisfaction, or disposition to remain longer than the time appointed for their removal.

We had occasion to mention last fall, from the authority of John Dougherty, a trader among them, that this same *Manateer*, has expressed his disapprobation of the treaty and did not like to remove across the Wisconsin, &c. Attempts have been made to show that nothing had occurred to give rise to such reports, &c. We had the word of John Dougherty and some other circumstances to justify such publication, and we believe that evidence good. Nothing has occurred since, to disprove the statements made at that time, but the result of every investigation has more than proved the truth of these statements. The effects of the expected disturbance of these Indians being known last fall, has been realized. Troops have been sent here, and enabled us to compel, if necessary the removal of the Winnebagoes. At the late talk held with them by Col. Dodge, H. Gratiot, and John Kinzie, all the Indians manifested great anxiety to remain on the land they had ceded to the U. States; but when told that they would be compelled to remove at the time mentioned in the articles of the treaty, a new promise on their part was given to crossing Wisconsin immediately. Notwithstanding this, it is ascertained that *Manateer's* band did not intend to remove till compelled. We do not, however, anticipate hostilities; but for no other reason than we are prepared for them.

They all know Col. Dodge well, and will know when he reaches their residence, that resistance with them will be destruction to the whole band. Galenian.

Navy Supplies. The good folks of Illinois complain bitterly of being neglected in the Navy contracts. Speaking ironically they hold forth on "the liberality of their salt-water brethren, the Commissioners of the Navy," who have lately advertised, they say, for proposals to supply 24,000 lbs. of beef, and 2,500 lbs. of pork for the navy. "Cincinnati, Louisville, and Nashville have been favored, (says Illinois Advocate,) with the privilege of publishing the proposals; but poor Indiana, Illinois and Missouri are not allowed even the privilege of bidding for a contract, although they might furnish more beef and pork, annually, than would supply the whole *British Navy*,—and of as good quality as any ever slaughtered in the United States—but what the 'Kingdom of Hungary has no sea-port."

Yellow Fever.—Advices from Vera Cruz, state that the yellow fever rages to an alarming extent. One eighth of the whole population had perished in thirty days.

General John C. Corcoran died on the 7th inst., near Florence, Alabama.