

## 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 crystal brook, murmuring down the painted landscape, and slake 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 lisp, 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 firm 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 delighted. 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 broiled the world. Xerxes' legions 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 insinuate 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 unrivaled, 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.

## 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 that state.

From the Columbus Sentinel.

Col. Johnson. The citizens of Baton 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. Osburne, 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 this 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 Laprairie on the 30th of June, two

men were killed by the bursting of a can-

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nounce the arrival of the steamboat Cana-

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The farmers in the valley of Wyoming

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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 with the "ejectment and forcible entry and detainer" withdrawn, and a polite invitation extended to his Skunkship, to be quietly after leave-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 uncouth 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 assaulting 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 pedlar*.

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 inn-keeper 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 Intel.

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New York Courier.

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 Paulette, Bryant, Willis, Fay, &c.

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

Baltimore Gazette.

(From the Illinois Galician.)

Cure for a Snake Bite.—I was bit by a snake, and in 16 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 middling freely. Please give this circulation abroad.

DANIEL DILLON, Sen'r.

Diamond cut Diamond.—A six-foot Vermonter 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 Vermonter left the store, saying, "catch a weasel-sleep! Not so bad a day's work! Better than chopping logs!" Cat.

Extract from Mr. Spark'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.

CIGUENELA, (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