

# INDIANA PALLADIUM.

BY VICTOR M. COLE.

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NO. 44.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers, the following interesting correspondence, connected with the Indianapolis celebration of the Battle of the Thames:

Ind. Democrat.

VINCENNES, October 6, 1835.

Hon. RICHARD M. JOHNSON—

SIR—Your personal and political friends, at this place, having learnt with much pleasure of your intended visit to the seat of government of this State, would request, if in your power so to do, that you would extend your trip as far as Vincennes. Your fellow citizens along the valley of the Wabash, who have been unable to attend the celebration at Indianapolis, in common with their friends there, are desirous of tendering you the homage of their sincere regard, if an opportunity so to do could be afforded by your presence among them. It is needless to say to you, that here as well as in all parts of Indiana, there are many who feel the highest respect for your character as a man, and your services as a statesman; to say nothing of your fame as a commander—and although party malignity, through the medium of a prostituted press, may calumniate and abuse you, yet the intelligent and high minded of all parties, will acknowledge the debt of gratitude due you; a debt which ere long will be paid you by the whole country, and by no portion of that country more cheerfully than by those who have been so greatly benefited by your services in council and your blood in the battle-field, as your fellow citizens of the West.

With sentiments of sincere respect,

Your friends and ob't servts,  
JOHN LAW.  
JOHN MOORE.  
JOSEPH BROWN.  
M. ROBINSON.  
SAML. EMISON.  
JAMES P. DRAKE.  
ELIHU STOUT.  
JOHN SCOTT.

GREAT CROSSINGS, 24th Oct. 1835.

GENTLEMEN—I have this day received your highly esteemed communication, transmitted by our mutual friend and respected fellow-citizen, John Cain, Esq. of Indianapolis, inviting me to visit your interesting town, Vincennes, and expressing your friendship and confidence, in consequence of my services to my country. My bosom overflows with gratitude to you, my fellow citizens, for this evidence of your kindness and attention, and as long as memory will last, time shall only brighten the recollection. The citizens of Indiana have so generally given me such tokens, of their confidence, that I feel anxious that a proper opportunity should offer to me, to prove, by my acts, how anxious I am to serve them, and thus become more worthy of the honor which you have done me.

In a long life of thirty years, devoted principally to the service of my country, I have fallen so far below my wishes in all that I have done, that it is to me often a subject of wonder that my fellow citizens should have given upon them so high an estimate. So far as I have given proof of my devotion to my country, you may place implicit confidence upon a vigilant continuance of the same course, and that no earthly consideration shall diminish my love of Liberty and Union of the States; and moreover, that no excitement or predictions, no matter from what quarter, shall ever diminish my confidence in the people for self government. The trial for fifty years has demonstrated the fact, that the people are able to govern themselves, and to meet and vanquish any foreign enemy that would invade that principle. In looking at the history of our country as we ought, we have nothing to fear; but the greatest cause of joy and hope, arising from our happy and flourishing condition.

It was not in my power to visit Indianapolis on the 5th, or I should certainly have availed myself of your polite invitation to visit Vincennes. I hope it will not be long, before I can gratify the wish of my friends and my own in this respect.

Most respectfully,

Your friend and fellow citizen,

R. M. JOHNSON.

Messrs. JOHN LAW, &c.

ADVANTAGES OF ADVERTISING. The person who advertises liberally, always appears to be a man of more consequence, of better or higher standing, and a more useful member of society, even in his own neighborhood, than the one who advertises little or none at all; and particularly when travelling abroad where persons have seen his advertisements. The merchant whose advertisements appear, is very generally considered by the Atlantic Import and Wholesale Dealers as a man of energy and enterprise, who is determined to prosper in his business, be the times as they may; consequently they will supply him with goods on more favorable terms than they will a person who seems to lack these essential qualities. When a wholesale dealer goes into the Reading Rooms and examines the papers of the city or village whence his distant customers came, if he sees no trace of his advertisements there, he is irresistibly led to conclude that he is either a man of small business, or deficient in enterprise; therefore, if he sells him goods on a credit he will be sure to charge him a handsome profit, and likewise take good care and urge him to be prompt in making remittances.

It often happens that some of the citizens are much in want of various articles of merchandise, but after inquiring at several places for them without success, they relinquish the pursuit, and endure the want rather than the fatigue of search; thus they suffer inconvenience, and the merchant who happens to have them, the loss of the sale of the articles; whereas, had he advertised them, both might have been benefited thereby.

Many persons argue that the merchant who is too mean or penurious to advertise his articles, is not liberal enough to sell at a reasonable profit, therefore they pass him by and go to others. They say if he advertises his goods freely that it appears as though it was his intention to make his profit by doing an extensive business, instead of charging an enormous profit. Certainly that is pretty good argument.

There is generally an advantage to the city to be derived from frequent advertising. It carries abroad not only the knowledge of articles kept for sale, but gives some idea of the amount of business transacted, and that of itself is some advantage, for where the greatest amount of business is done, there the largest number of purchasers will resort for trading, always having an idea that they can trade to better advantage in a large than a small place. Thus all who purchase of those who advertise are contributing to spread the fame of the city abroad, which is very much needed in Cincinnati, there being, probably, less advertising according to the business of the place, than in any other city or village in the United States. Ctn. Republican.

## ABOLITIONISM IN BOSTON.

Letter to the Editor of the Sunday Morning News, dated Boston, Thursday evening, Oct. 22.

DEAR SIR,—Since the tea party there has not existed in Boston so tremendous a state of excitement as that into which our calm thinking citizens have been precipitated by the fanatical folly and scoundrelism of the led and the leaders of the abolitionists. On Wednesday a notice was extensively and simultaneously circulated in all parts of the city, that the female anti-slavery society would meet, and be addressed that afternoon by Thompson, Garrison, and others. Of the effect produced by this, you may judge, by the enclosed handbill, hundreds of which were scattered throughout the city.

THOMPSON—THE ABOLITIONIST.—That infamous foreign scoundrel, THOMPSON, will hold forth this afternoon, at the Liberator office, no. 48 Washington-st. The present is a fair opportunity for the friends of the Union to smoke Thompson out! It will be a contest between the abolitionists and the friends of the Union. A purse of \$100 has been raised by a number of patriotic citizens, to reward the individual who shall first by violent hands on Thompson, so that he may be brought to the tar-kettle before dark! Friends of the Union, be vigilant!

The hall, hitherto occupied by the abolition mania, is situated in Washington-street, no. 48. About three o'clock, a large number of citizens were at their post, determined to intercept George Thompson—*et cetera*—should he attempt to enter that door. A few minutes elapsed, and the crowd, who were anxious to be up and doing, deputed a delegation to quietly ascend the stairs, and in the most orderly manner to throw out of the window the polluted paper which had been used by the fanatics to record their proceedings, as well as all their tracts, &c. The committee empowered to seek for persons and papers did their work thoroughly—heap after heap fell on the pavement, and in a few seconds all were torn to fragments, and trampled under foot. Do not suppose that this was accompanied by tumult. No—few words were spoken—few shouts raised. All was done in comparative silence, but it was the quietude of concentrated and justifiable anger. About 3 P. M., some forty or fifty of the black and white female abolitionists having been advised by his honor, the mayor, to adjourn *sine die*, marched down arm-in-arm, piano forte key order, black and white side by side—this godly procession of

“Alternate ebony and ivory” was greeted with laughter, hisses and mock applause. Garrison, who had been the only man (?) among them, had previously decamped through a window, and—more's the pity he only came near breaking his neck, by missing his foothold through agitation, and falling on the roof of a small building, from some boxes which were piled up about thirty feet from the ground, and by means of which he had attempted the descent. He then made his way, without staying for the ceremony of an invitation, into a carpenter's shop—and snugly ensconced himself under a heap of shavings. Shortly after his flight, the sign on which was painted “female abolition society room” was lowered into the street, and broken in pieces by the people. Garrison was soon unkenneled in the carpenter's second story—a rope was fastened loosely round his neck, and his attendants politely handed him down a ladder, from his elevated station. I wish there was any law to hand him up one and off one, *secundum artem*. He was then escorted to the mayor's office—two of his body guard carefully holding him by the collar. He was deadly pale—his eyelids quivered—his lips trembled convulsively—and his breathing came quick and thick.

Moved to contemptuous pity by his terror, the cry was general of “Don't hurt the fellow!” The gentleman and his attendants soon arrived opposite the mayor's office.—His honour appeared, and appealed to the good sense and patriotism of the citizens of Boston in support of the supremacy of the laws. This produced the desired effect. It was not, however, without considerable difficulty, that he was carried in a coach to the jail; but this arose more from the pressure of the vast multitude than from any malice preposse against Garrison. Though had he again fallen into their hands, it is impossible to tell what would have been the consequences. When he was at last housed (as he should be) in prison, he is reported to have exclaimed, “Never before was a man so happy at finding himself in jail!”

The fellow was released from prison this morning and left the city. Every thing is now *de facto* as quiet as if nothing had happened—but *de sermone*, I may say with the poet—

“The wind is down but still the waves run high.”

## FORT WAYNE, Oct. 24.

Fort Wayne Market. Most kinds of provisions are very scarce at present, and fetch high prices. We do not know of a barrel of flour or pork for sale in the whole town. Bacon, butter, and dried fruit are scarce and in good demand. Flour would sell for \$10 or \$12 per barrel—according to the quantity brought to market, or the conscience of the seller. Corn 50 cents per bushel, Oats 50, Buckwheat 75, Potatoes 37 1/2 and 40, Apples 75 and \$1 25; Butter 25 cents per lb., Cheese 10 to 12 1/2, Bacon 12 1/2, Beef 4 to 5, Lard 10; Whiskey by the barrel 75 cents per gallon. Sentinel.

THE CROPS. The crops of oats and potatoes in this region have been unusually good this season. The corn and buckwheat promised to yield abundantly, but the frosts last month have rather injured them; some corn has been nipped by the frost, and turns out rather light—but we understand that taken generally it will not be far from an average crop. From all we can learn from other quarters, we should judge that we have suffered less from the frost than most other sections; in several parts of Ohio, the southern part of this state, and some of the northern counties, the corn is said to have been materially injured. Fort Wayne Sent.

EDITORS. An editor is like a goose in some respects—he generally writes standing on one foot, flourishes his quill without observing how he scatters his ink, and would be willing to save Rome at any time, if he could by mere gabbling. Does not Mr. grammar to an editor, forsooth! Does not Mr. Hypercritical know that the “more copy devil” sometimes runs away with the nominative case before the editor gets to the verb, and that, unless he goes out collecting, he never knows the possessive from

the objective case, and often when he calls on his patrons, is under mistake in relation to these, and finds when he looks for the possessive, he gets nothing but the objective. How often too, when he feels a little in the indicative, does he sit down at his table with his legs in the subjunctive, feeling the imperative spirit of genius, and looking mighty potential, to find, after all, upon laboring his brain, that his ideas are in the infinitive. We editors write copy—we don't write GRAMMAR. Some body said, long ago, that any thing was good English that a man could understand, which is a convenient rule for an editor. He must if possible make himself understood, and this we know he often succeeds in doing, even where he don't understand himself. Unknown.

Trials of life in Indiana—catastrophic—use of tobacco.—Mrs. C., a woman of slender fortune, in bad health, but blessed with a good stock of patience and fortitude, and every estimable quality, moved to Indiana, with her husband, and commenced to make a farm among the trees. They soon had a house, and stable, and milk-house; but the latter, instead of comforting, brought sorrow to them. For several mornings in succession, the milk pails presented naked faces of creamless milk—a grievance hard to bear. Late one evening, every thing in the house being set in order, as though the furniture, like the family, needed rest,—madam invited Mr. C. to take a light and go with her, that they might discover by what agency their allowance of butter had been stopped. Upon opening the milk-house, a spotted cat looking quadruped skulked for the door; madam, being in advance, seized him by the nape, and bore him forth; his arguments for liberty, in the mean time, defining him clearly, as skunk; he was stretched upon the body of a fallen tree, where Mr. C. with a stroke of his axe deprived him of both power and disposition to steal cream: immediately after which, the wife, betaking herself to a strong old earthen pipe, enjoyed the most pleasing, and the most useful smoke, that has ever been raised from tobacco, within my knowledge or hearing—the fumes, while they dissipated all the alloy to the sweets of revenge, gave a double zest to the joys of triumph.

Intemperance, Gambling, Fire and Death. Between 12 and 1 o'clock last night the town was alarmed by the cry of fire, proceeding from two dwelling houses in Quarry st., occupied by several Irish families. So far as we have been able to learn, the fire probably originated in carelessness, resulting from gross intemperance and rioting among the occupants. About nine o'clock in the evening (it being Sunday) one of the Constables, with a citizen, in pursuit of an Irishman who escaped from the Bergen County Jail on Saturday night, entered one of the houses unexpectedly, and surprised a party round a table, playing cards!—Other circumstances lead to the belief that the house had been during the day a scene of carousal and drunkenness.

The fire originated in the garret, where it was probably communicated to clothes hanging to dry, by a drunken woman who had been up several times during the evening and night with a light. The boys asleep in the garret were waked by the smoke, and communicated the fact to the miserable inmates below, some of whom were still over their cups. One of the number, we hear, was so beastly drunk, that it was necessary to drag him out in order to save his life. Two young women, were found in very little better condition.

Another female—the wife of Patrick Doyle, a tenant—it appears, met the just retribution of the loathsome habits of the house. Instead of running out when the alarm was communicated, she went up stairs, and probably becoming bewildered in the smoke, perished in the flames! Newark D. Adv.

RELIGIOUS SLANDER. Of all things in this world, there is no more inexcusable and scarce less pernicious than religious slander. Yet how common it is! If a number of individuals, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, choose to worship God in a manner different from their fathers, straightway the professedly religious world pronounce them infidels, devils in disguise, practical atheists. Why is this evil tolerated? If a slanderous as those cast upon the whole sect with which he is connected, he would hardly think of bearing them silently. In all probability, he would lay his case before a court of justice, and seek redress from a tribunal of his peers. But is it right to prefer charges against a sect, which would be a plain libel upon any individual of that sect? Plainly, Professed Christians! are these things rights?

Bartow, the absconding Cashier, it has been ascertained, embarked in a sch. at Wilmington, Del., ostensibly bound to Havana—it is supposed, however, that she was chartered by him, and that he intends to get on board some vessel bound to Europe, in the Gulf Stream. Five thousand dollars reward has been offered for his apprehension and the recovery of the money, or two thousand for the former. Boston Statesman.

The Plattsburg Whig states that a young man by the name of North, recently killed a panther weighing one hundred and forty two pounds, in the town of Champlain, New York. He was out hunting deer, when his dogs started the panther, he immediately took to a tree, and the hunter doing the same, fired a ball through his head—this brought him down, but it required two more shots to disable him sufficiently to make him manageable.

A Negro, caught in the act of stealing a pair of pantaloons from a tailor's shop in New York, was offered his choice of Judge law or Lynch law, when he chose the latter—the verdict was thirty-nine lashes on the bare back, which was promptly carried into execution.

Schenectady.—A writer in the Commercial Advertiser, speaking of this place, says the orthography of its present name is a contraction of the Indian *Seaghuack-tan-dak*, and was originally applied by them to the site of Albany, the meaning of it being, Beyond-the-pine-plain.

O'Connell has addressed a letter to the Duke of Wellington, which is a most dreadful philippic from first to last. It is the first of a series—the next to be addressed to Peel. He boasts of his power and influence, and tells the Duke that they can only be maintained by doing justice to Ireland. The description of the members of the tory clique is graphic. N. Y. Star.

From the Knickerbocker for October.

Extract from “An old man's records,” containing a most spirited description of the great London riot of 1780:

“We have been much alarmed of late, by the mobs and disturbances which have prevailed in some quarters of our Republic—but we have never yet experienced any thing half so terrific as the mobs of Europe. The Bristol Riots, and the *Eccenue-mans de Lyons*, are fresh in all minds; while some of the more remote Riots in the British capital stand out like pyramids from the general level of ordinary madness and crime. It was my hap to see the great London Riot of 1780, for the instigation of which Lord George Gordon was tried for high treason, and left, though acquitted, with a stain upon his name. He was the champion of a numerous class of the lower order of Protestants, who held large meetings in various parts of the metropolis, and sent heavy petitions to Parliament, praying for enactments against Catholicity. One of these documents, signed by many thousands, which was presented by Lord Gordon, was so large that it required the united strength of the officers of the House to lift it into the presence of that noble Legislature. Though every signature was genuine, they were declared to be fictitious, and the petition was treated with contempt. Incensed at this imputation, Lord Gordon vowed that he would convince Parliament of its error, by bringing up the petitioners in *propria persona* before their representatives and servants.

He kept his vow, and at 10 o'clock on the next Friday morning, several thousands of his petitioners assembled in St. George's Fields where the noble Lord met them, as a Roman General would have done his legions. He directed them to proceed to the Parliament House, over the Westminster, Blackfriars, and London Bridges. Before this great multitude had reached their place of destination, it had doubled its numbers, and become a mob. Lords, bishops, and archbishops, were made objects of population fury; cries of “No Popery!” rang through the dusky streets; carriages were upset, and their occupants obliged to escape from the *melee*, and glide in disguise from roof to roof, to which they ascended from dwellings where they sought refuge.

This day was but the beginning of tumult. Like an half-cured ulcer on the human form, the riots, when suppressed in one quarter of the town, would break forth in others. Saturday and Sunday witnessed the most dreadful excesses. Indeed the mob was quite uncontrollable, and yet the horrid Saturnalia had but just begun. The rioters convened in immense force on Monday, the anniversary of the King's birth day. Efforts had been made, but ineffectually, to suppress them; large rewards were offered for the ring-leaders among the lawless bands, who had burned several Catholic chapels, in different sections of the capital. A few offenders were secured, but the flame was spreading, and the great body of miscreants rioted on.

The events of Tuesday were dreadful. The mob made a desperate attack upon Newgate prison—mounting in swarms over the walls, and besieging the cells, (where a few riotous principals were confined) with pick axes and hammers. The chapel and the house of the keeper were soon destroyed. This occurred between six and nine o'clock in the evening. The loud alarms, and rising flames, drew me to the spot. The fire had then communicated to the wards and cells, from which the afflicted prisoners rushed into the yard, where many of them were supplied with liquor by the mobocracy, and went yelling and shouting around the enlarged boundaries of exercise, with the fury of uncaged tigers. Many who were under sentence of death, were among the liberated prisoners. The new prison at Clerkenwell was also stormed and broken open, and all the inmates set free. Many of them, grateful for their sudden and unexpected discharge, entered heartily into the case of those who had played for them the part of liberators. They next destroyed the mansions and furniture Sir John Fielding and Lord Mansfield; pictures, libraries, wines, and splendid furniture, might have been seen strewn in all directions, and clutched by the crowd.

Thus waged the horrid war. The next day witnessed only the increase of lawless power, which seemed destined to know no future abatement. The establishment of a private citizen, a distiller in Holborn, a papist, Langdale by name, was attacked and fired. Then ensued a scene, such as pen cannot describe. Five hundred thousand dollars worth of property was destroyed in a space of time so short, that it seemed as if the whole had perished in a tornado of fire.

The spectacle at twilight was awful and sublime. At one and the same moment, the billowy clouds of flames were seen surging upward from the King's Bench and the Fleet Prison; from the ponderous toll gates on Blackfriars Bridge; from the new Bridewell, and from dwellings in different sections all over the metropolis. With a few friends who had purchased admission, I surveyed the terrific scene from the cupola of St. Paul's. The crowds that ran howling through the streets; the occasional thunder of artillery, the spires of blazing light darting up on all sides, occasionally revealing the red waters of the Thames, and the sails like sheeted ghosts wavering along its bosom; the towers and steeples innumerable, clothed in lurid light; maniac vociferations of numerous straggling parties of the mob, who had come intoxicated from Langdale's distillery, where they drank to excess, and where hundreds of hogheads, emptied in the gutters, were ignited by torches, and ran from street to street a tempestuous torrent of fire—these were sights, that once seen could not fail to be forever remembered. Words are powerless to describe them. On Thursday they ceased.

We have had some violent mobs in America—but none like this—wherein nearly five hundred persons besides the numerous victims of the law, perished together. Long may such sanguinary tempests be averted from our land! SINGLETON.

The origin of yellow fever, in a New Orleans paper, is imputed to the annual influx into the Mississippi of the waters of the Red river. We do not know what color of plausibility there is to this fanciful supposition, except in the prismatic affinity of the hues of red and yellow,—neither of which, singly or conjointly can, in our opinion, generate the black vomit. Noah.

MODERATION. A gentleman advertised for a coachman; three persons applied, and were admitted into the parlor. The road leading to the hall went near to a dangerous precipice. “How near the edge of this precipice can you drive me, without any danger of an upset?” inquired the gentleman of the first applicant. “Within a hair's breadth,” answered the man. “And how near could you drive me?” said the gentleman to the second. “Within a hand's breadth,” was the reply. The third man had gathered up his hat and was leaving the room, supposing he had no chance of competing with either of these two. “Stop, stop,” said the gentleman, “let us hear what you have got to say.” Why, sir, I cannot compete with either of these; if I were to drive you, I would keep as far off as I possibly could.—“You are the man for me,” said the gentleman, and engaged him immediately. The moral is plain. The moderate man goes as near as he dares, and is frequently upset; the other keeps as far off as he can, and is always safe. English paper.

FIFTY-NINE TONS OF BIBLES have been shipped from England to Antigua and Jamaica, for the use of emancipated blacks. “Do you make good use of your bible, Cuffee?” said one of the class leaders. “O very good use massa—I trop may razor on him.” Religion is like liberty—it cannot be conferred on those incapable of appreciating its value. Upwards of £20,000 sterling has been raised in England to educate the negroes of the West Indian Islands. Every thing for their souls—noting for their bodies. Instead of being taught the mechanic arts, the use of the plough and the harrow, the plane and adze, the awl or needle, the anvil and lap stone—instead of practical industry, temperance and integrity, they are taught to read their bible and sing hymns. They all begin at the wrong end—they attempt to finish the superstructure before they have laid the foundation. But the movers in this grand religious scheme feel strong in the faith—they are sure that God is with them. They raise 100,000 to teach the negroes religion, while thousands of their poor in Ireland are perishing with hunger, actually dying with want—they must die in a land of plenty, because it is deemed more charitable to look after the souls of the blacks than to feed the hungry and clothe the naked whites of their own soil, and this is called religion. It is delusion—it is fanaticism. The great atonement for sin on earth, is to relieve the wants and distresses of our fellow beings.

[The above, from the N. Y. Star, are the sentiments of a humane and benevolent Israelite, and in many respects are worthy the consideration of a christian world.] Prov. Jour.

The Rev. Dr. Fisk, of the Middletown, Conn. Theological Seminary, in one of his discourses, illustrated the sophistry of the abolitionists by the following anecdote:

“The eccentric Lorenzo Dow, lately deceased, had by building a mill-dam across a stream, flooded his neighbors' ground above the dam. They commenced a suit against him, and obtained a verdict in their favor, on the principle that he was invading their rights. This verdict convinced Lorenzo, that every moment he kept the water in its present position, he was guilty of a legal sin; and on the ground that every man should quit sinning immediately, he at once became a convert to the doctrine of immediate abolition. He accordingly went to work, and immediately abolished (or demolished) his mill dam.—The immediate consequence of letting off so large a stream of water at once, was deluging the country below, and a great destruction of property. And Lorenzo was taught, by a second prosecution and assessment of damages, that his immediate abolition had led him into a greater sin than he was guilty of before.”

A NEW WAY OF APPLAUDING A PUBLIC SPEAKER.—At a late meeting one of the orators addressed the assembly as follows: “My dear brethren, it has been the usual custom for an audience to testify their approbation of the speaker by clapping of hands; but I beg to recommend to your adoption a new method of clapping, less tumultuous, and much more pleasing; when you leave this place clap your hands into your pockets, and clap the money into the place to receive it, and the Lord give it his blessing.” This address had the desired effect. Liverpool Mercury.

CRUEL DESERTION. About the middle of last July, a man and woman, of ordinary appearance, mounted on good horses stopped at the house of Mrs. Todd, in Green township, in this county, and left in the care of that lady a male infant apparently about six months old, with the excuses that they were going a few miles farther, and would return in an hour or two and take the child, which they said was too sick to proceed with them. From that hour until the present, no tidings of these inhuman and unfeeling wretches have reached the person having charge of the child. It is believed by the neighbors, from the appearance of the strangers, and from other circumstances, that the mother of the infant had deserted her home with a paramour, and that finding the child troublesome, they had abandoned it to the care of the public. A description of the man and woman may lead to their detection, or may cause the friends of the child to identify it. The man was apparently between twenty and twenty-five years of age, short thick person, and dark complexion. The woman older in appearance, large in person, and fair or freckled face with red hair. From the fact, that a bundle of child's apparel, was found a short distance from the house on the road taken by the strangers, it is to be presumed that the desertion of the infant was a pre-arranged matter.

Our brother editors will please notice this. Springfield Ohio Pioneer.

A costly Horse. The Richmond Compiler states, that the horse Gohanna, belonging to John M. Botts, Esq. was sold at auction, at the Tree Hill course, on the 8th inst. for the sum of \$14,000.

Large load.—A team of horses belonging to Mr. David Ziegler, of Gettysburg, Pa. drew a load of wagon spokes from the South mountain to Gettysburg, (14 miles,) a few days since, which weighed eleven thousand five hundred pounds.

The editor of the Philadelphia Herald states that man is the only animal subject to the tooth-ache—how does he know. Boston Statesman.