

was received with shouts by his friends. A new force was sent against this garrison of 600 Indians, commanded by a Frenchman, Duquesne. Colonel Boone and another went out on a proposition for a party, but they posted twenty-five men in a bastion, with orders to fire on the council, on any appearance of violence or treachery. The two were seized by the Indians, when the men in the bastion fired, and the traitor who held Boone's companion was killed. In the confusion occasioned by this prompt fire both escaped to the garrison. The Indians attempted to burn the palisades, but the fire was extinguished, and to mine from the river bank, but their work fell in.

On the morning of the ninth day they retired, after having lost 200 of their number. But two men were killed in the garrison; one hundred and twenty-five pounds of bullets were gathered in the fort.

While Boone was a captive at Chillicothe, his wife supposing that he was dead, returned with the family to North Carolina. Kentucky had been to her the bloody ground. Her first born son had fallen on its threshold; the daughter had been a captive, restored by the imminent risk of her father; and the father himself had as she feared, perished under savage tortures. The party arrived on pack horses, and they were clothed in skins. Boone afterwards returned to visit them.

When he returned to Kentucky, he could freely indulge in his passion for the chase, for there was now no danger from the Indians.

But the Indians retired, the land became more valuable, and deeds and titles came in repute.—Boone had explored and occupied unclaimed tracts, but speculators and lawyers ousted him. This however he bore better than the diminution of game. Litigation over land titles took the place of Indian wars. The event of Boone's suits was not such as would reconcile him to laws, judges, juries and lawyers, and he felt his heart drawn towards the prairies of the Missouri. Behold the little family then upon a new and distant pilgrimage. They passed thro' Cincinnati 30 years ago, when that noble city was a village.—Having been asked here how he could leave Kentucky?—"Two crowded," said he, "two crowded—I want more elbow room."

In Missouri his neighbors were French and Spanish; a simple race, that had many kinds of property in common.—They had made Kentucky an unquiet place to Boone. He was appointed Commandant of the District of St. Charles. In 1813 he had the misfortune to lose his wife,—a woman of a faithful and generous nature. After this, he resided with his son, occasionally trapping and exploring the country for two or three months at a time. He died in 1818, as he had lived—tranquil and collected.

[The above sketch of Boone is but an abstract from Mr. Flint's agreeable biography of him, and in many instances we have used the same expressions.]

N. Y. Jour. Com.

FROM SPAIN.

By the brig Rome, Capt. Davis, arrived at New York from Bordeaux, from which place she sailed on the 16th inst. The editors of the Commercial Advertiser have received Spanish papers to the 6th of March. Madrid was tranquil and political excitement quieted. The Northern provinces on the contrary, were in a great state of commotion, and the Carlists party strong. There had been various skirmishes, and 8 or 10 killed and many arrested.

The Queen had left Madrid for Aragon, and the former accounts of the success of her troops, in capturing, at Oviedo, 120 prisoners, 500 guns, besides a squadron of mules and munitions of war, is confirmed.

LATEST FROM MEXICO.

Files of Mexican papers have been received at New Orleans to the 1st of March. They contain nothing of interest, with the exception of a decree concerning strangers coming into Mexico, just passed by the national congress of that country.

It requires all strangers, with the exception of those attached to the diplomatic bodies of the different foreign nations represented near the United Mexican States, to repair before the constitutional authorities within eight days after promulgation, and make known their Christian and surname, and the name of their country, their business or profession, the place of their residence, the notion that induced them to visit the country; and it makes it further incumbent upon them to exhibit the passports which procured them admittance. A provision is inserted

for those who shall neglect or refuse to obey these requisitions. They are to be punished with a fine of one hundred dollars, and besides be subject to all further punishments they may see fit to inflict.

It is further rendered incumbent, as a further safeguard, that the keepers of boarding-houses and inns, shall make known to the authorities if any strangers be lodged in their establishments; and in default they are rendered amenable to a fine of twenty-five dollars.

To cap the climax of these vexations and unnecessary restraints upon strangers, it is moreover required that all the guards of military posts and the keepers of the gates of cities or towns, shall be bound to make known the foregoing dispositions before they suffer any stranger to enter the same, and that with a view to this object, they furnish him with a copy of the decree, so that the plea of ignorance shall in no case be urged as an excuse.

Phil. Courier.

British Seaman.—We find in one of the New York papers an advertisement by his Britannic Majesty's consul, offering a reward of \$250 to any person discovering to him the names of American masters of vessels employing a British seaman. This looks somewhat like a revival of the vexed question of the last war.

"I HAVE NO FRIENDS."—So said the Factory Girl as she reluctantly drew on her bonnet and departed from the presence of her overseer. She had been discharged—had been turned out of employment from the present melancholy state of business. Her overseer advised her to go home to her friends, she replied, "kind sir, I have no friends." Such cases excite the sympathy of the soul—to look upon a poor female, cast upon the cold and unfeeling world destitute of work, without a friend or home, is a scene which we do not love to witness. But such scenes, we are sorry to say, we have witnessed—the industrious poor, are now left without employment or home, with nothing but want and wretchedness staring them in the face. Where the end to this unparalleled suffering may be, we cannot dare to foretell.

Woonsocket Pat.

Caution to Mothers and Nurses.—We learn that the child of a lady residing in Gosport, (about 18 months old,) was seized with a violent fit of crying on Tuesday morning last, and continued in the greatest agony for several hours, giving great pain to its mother, who in vain endeavored to ascertain the source of its misery. It was finally discovered that the little sufferer frequently placed its hand on its left side, near the region of the heart. A physician was sent for, and upon examination, ascertained that a large *darning needle* which had been left in its mother's work, inadvertently thrown into the cradle, had perforated the side of the child, and penetrated within an inch of its heart. The needle being extracted, the suffering abated, and the child is doing well.—Norfolk Beacon.

Sounds Made by Insects.—No insects have the power of producing sounds by the mouth; they do not breath through the mouth, and consequently have no power of producing sounds by that organ. The sounds are produced either by the quick vibration of the wings, or by beating on their own bodies, or other hard substances, with their mandibles, or their feet. The sound of the bee is produced by the vibration of its wings in the air. The cricket when it is disposed to be merry, beats time with its mandibles against its head and horny sides in the same manner as a human being, when in good spirits or idle, drums with his fingers on the table. There is a sound which has often struck terror into the souls of the superstitious, and which is frequently heard behind the ceiling, called the death watch. This has been ascertained to be caused by a small species of wood-beetle, and most probably in the same way as the cricket produces its sound, by beating with its feet on the wood.

A schoolmaster had among his other pupils, a Yankee and a Dutch boy. Both were learning orthography. The schoolmaster required the Yankee to spell his own name. He performed it thus, "Big a, little a-r-on." The Dutch boy took the hint from this, and answered to a similar request: "Big Hans, little Hans-r-on."

A German physician has published a medical tract, in which he maintains that ladies of weak nerves should not be permitted to sleep alone. It is said this book is in great demand.

Confirmed Habits.—Every one knows the story of the tallow chandler, who, having amassed a fortune, disposed of his business, and taken a house in the country, not far from London, that he might enjoy himself—after a few months' trial of a holiday life, requested permission of his successor to come into town to assist him on melting days. I have heard of one who kept a retail spirit shop, and having, in like manner, retired from trade, used to employ himself by having one puncheon filled with water, and measuring it off by pints into another. I have heard also of a butcher in a small country town, who, some little time after he had left off business, informed his old customers that he meant to kill a lamb once a week, just for amusement.—*The Doctor.*

How to get over Difficulty.—A gentleman, whose name we shall call Smith, in a certain town in Massachusetts, not long since was so enraptured with the character of the present Vice President of the United States, that he resolved to name his next son, VAN BUREN SMITH. But his next son *happening* to prove a *daughter*, he was at first not a little puzzled—but at length happily concluded to drop the V, and the young lady is now *An Buren Smith*.

Horrid Suicide.—The annals of suicide hardly record a more revolting instance of self-destruction, than is instanced in the following article from the Brattleboro Enquirer.

"Mr. Daniel Davis of Putney, Vt. committed suicide on the night of the 17th ult.—He escaped from his house sometime in the night, procured a hammar, went to his barn, ascended a ladder to the high beams, and endeavored to dig out his eyes with a penknife. But not succeeding, he struck the blade of the knife to the hilt several times, into one of his thighs, in order, as it is supposed, to cut the large artery there situated. But failing, he leaned over the beam, as appearances show, with his head downward, and with the claws of the hammer aforesaid, he beat his head until he smashed the skull completely into the size of the palm of one's hand; hooking out with the claws of the hammer pieces of the skull and some parts of the brain. And what is quite astonishing, after all this, he attempted to descend the ladder; as the prints of a bloody hand were seen thereon; but his strength probably failed; and it is supposed he fell to the floor, as his ribs were broken. He was found next morning by his family, apparently lifeless. But moving him, in some measure restored animation; and he, it is said, made the following exclamation: "My God! my God!! why hast thou forsaken me!"

He lingered until Friday, perfectly rational, when he expired. He manifested much sorrow for what he had done—said he was tempted—and in an evil hour he yielded—he could not help doing it. He had been partially deranged for several months previous to his committing the horrid deed?

Dick, what are you about there? said a gentleman to his servant, whom he saw loitering about the barn. Catching rats, sir! and how many rats have you caught? Why sir when I get the one I'm after now and another one it will make two.

Progress of Improvement.—A young woman in a town in Massachusetts, thus addressed a young man—"John— you have been paying your *distresses* to me long enough, I want to know what your *contentions* are, I don't mean to be kept in *expense* any longer."—*Post*

Dreadful Accident.—By an arrival from the Upper Mississippi, we learn that the steam boat St. Louis, bound for Galena, collapsed one of her boilers on the 12th inst., by which twelve or fourteen persons were either killed, or seriously wounded.—The accident happened while endeavoring to pass the Des Moines Rapids. We understand that the stern of the boat struck upon a rock and careened her over—the water in the boilers of course running to the lower side. In this situation the boat remained for twenty minutes or half an hour; when she righted, and the sudden return of the water into the boiler, produced an instantaneous explosion. The names of the sufferers, as far as we have been enabled to gather them, are—Perkins, the engineer, killed; Miss Moore, blown overboard and lost; Mrs. Moore and son, dangerously scalded, and three other children killed; Mrs. Luckett, from Mill-creek, Ill., badly scalded; Isaac Mars, dying when the accounts left; three Germans dangerously scalded, and three other persons slightly injured.—The St. Louis was chartered for the trip from New Orleans to Galena.

St. Louis Republican.

The Washington Telegraph states that in the House of Representatives, on Friday last, after the vote had been taken on the Previous Question, Colonel Crockett rose to order. He had been endeavoring, he said, for a week past, to catch the Speaker's eye. That he was anxious to make a speech, and was prepared to do so, but that he had been prevented twice, by the previous question. He therefore wished to know of the Speaker, if it would be in order for him to write out his speech, and publish it as if delivered on the floor.

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The Speaker, we believe, made no decision on the point, but as their seemed to be an universal approbation on the part of the House, we hope the Col. will take it as an assent on their part to the intimation given by him. We hope therefore, soon to see the speech that was to have been.

A NEGRO DRIVER.

Messrs. Editors—There is a *negro driver* now in this city whom I wish to brand with infamy, and in order that I may do so, I ask for room in your columns to make the following simple statement:

A few days since, he went into the country a short distance from the city and purchased a negro woman, under the following circumstances. She was about 24 years old, of excellent character, and married to a man of 28 years of age. As soon as the bargain was closed the driver told her to start, giving her only ten minutes to prepare. She was not allowed to see her husband. She, however, sent him word she was gone, and bade him good bye, and was driven into town and confined by her brutal purchaser.

When the poor fellow, her husband, heard the message—for they were tenderly attached and both of most excellent character—he seemed absolutely stunned with the most unexpected blow. He followed his poor wife to town to take a last look and bid a last adieu, but the thought of parting was more than he could bear, and he determined, if possible, to go with her and share her fate. My informant saw him soon after he came to town, and says that his appearance was such, so completely was his heart broken with anguish that had he (my informant) been master of \$500 in the world they should have gone to redeem his wife. When asked what he intended doing, his reply was, "I will get my master to sell me to the driver, and go with my poor wife; my days will not be long on earth, and this I hope will shorten them."

Messrs. Editors.—You, too, are husbands, and the poor fellow's face, of whom I speak, is not as white, but his blood is as red and as warm as your own; and I call upon every husband and every wife to set the seal of abhorrence and detestation upon the wretch, who will thus dare to insult the moral sense of our community, and trample on the tenderest and holiest feelings of human nature.—*St. Louis Republican.*

PIRATES.

Capt. Bennett, of ship London Packet, at New Bedford, spoke March 3, off Ascension Island, the British ship Carlow, from W. coast of Africa, having on board nineteen pirates. On the African coast the Carlow boarded a suspicious armed vessel, abandoned, which blew up and killed one of her officers and men. She is supposed to have been the vessel belonging to the pirates, who were taken on shore. She is also ascertained to have been the same which robbed the brig Mexican, of Salem, sometime since, of \$25,000 in specie. The pirates were Portuguese and Spanish.

Forty six rattlesnakes were killed in one day, by a man at Pulaski, Georgia. It was time to "wake snakes."

Mr. Editor:—On looking over the last number of the Palladium, I discovered a communication over the signature of A. J. Cotton, in the form of an address to the voters of Dearborn county.—Now, sir, as the Reverend gentlemen has called my name in question, in relation to the last August election, I shall take the liberty to contradict him in some of his statements.

He says, "I should not have been a candidate had not Mr. H. (meaning Heustis or Hopkins) assured me in the most unequivocal terms, he should not be a candidate. We talked the subject over more than once," &c. Now, sir, if it is me he means, I can assure friend C. that he is mistaken in both declarations. In the first place, I never assured him, either by word or action, that I should or should not be a candidate; and in the second place, I have no recollection of talking with him on the subject of the election but once. He asked me if I intended to be a candidate; I told him I could not say. I expected there would be a nomination—

that I believed in the Republican doctrine, "neither to seek or refuse office." He said nothing about his being a candidate for the Legislature. His whole mind seemed to be taken up on the subject of the Magistrates' election. He went so far as to say if elected Magistrate, he would rent an office opposite my house, and hinted it would be money in my pocket. I had no objections to his being elected Magistrate, but must confess that I had some objections to being brought into market. Consequently I did not advocate his election. He declined—but to return to the assurances he says I made him. Now, I would rather throw the mantle of charity over my neighbor's faults than be under the necessity of exposing them; and would therefore merely observe, that I am inclined to think he is like an old lady I heard of in New York, who was remarkably fond of telling her dreams. It was not uncommon for her, on telling them over several times, to begin to think they were not dreams, but that some person had told her. A few times, telling them in this way, was sufficient to convince her that she had actually seen and heard the whole of it.—Now, I am not surprised at the Reverend gentleman's dreams of fair promises, and of pledges, when his whole soul seems to be taken up in politics: for what is uppermost in men's heads by day, they are very apt to dream of at night. If religion had occupied his mind, I should not have been surprised, if he had dreamed of turning thousands from darkness into light, with this difference, it would have made him more rational—he would have told it as a dream.

Now, I would advise my Reverend friend, not to write his political communications on Sundays; and it would be as well on week days to keep the briars down, that it may not be said as "I passed by his garden, I saw the wild briar," &c.—but if he must write, let it be on Religion, Agriculture, or Natural Philosophy, &c.; and even then a practical lecture would be preferable.

I must also differ with him in relation to either of us having run single-handed, that one of us would have been elected. He might have been, perhaps, but I know I had no chance—having the County Collector on my back, with between \$1,800 and \$2,000 of county funds in his pocket, and Mr. C.'s tales besides. Feeling anxious that we should have a representative from Manchester, I advocated his election in preference to my own—took no pains to contradict any reports—neither should I now, if the subject had been left at rest. I know the people are not interested in our scribbling, and if the Rev'd. gentleman is as long winded on paper, as he is in the P—, I shall back out and give him the field. Mr. C. speaks of submitting his claims to the people. I never knew that would-be public servants had claims on the people, but always thought "vice versa." I don't think he has any claims on me—I guess he never voted often for me, notwithstanding his friendship.

I always thought it was best for great men to mind their own business; if the state had need of their services, it would send for them. It was so with Cincinnatus, and when Rome sent her delegation to him, he was found at his plough. Now, I think if Dearborn county should send twenty delegates to A. J. C., they would be full as likely to find him plodding how to get into office, as at his plough.

If I understand Mr. C., he met with a most singular defeat last year. He says, "Will any man suppose that 11 votes are all I could get in Laugher township at a fair poll? No. Consequently I was defeated." That is, because no man would suppose 11 votes were all he could get in Laugher, if I understand him right, was the cause of his defeat. I have heard of Irish bulls, but I have no name for this. In his postscript, if I understand it correctly, he says he is not willing to enter on board the public ship, unless the owners will agree to let him go below, until the storm that is rising in the south has blown over. Now, sir, I will demur to that, as I have a small part in the ship. I don't want any man on board that is afraid of a storm. Fair weather sailors had better not go to sea.—Now, sir, if the Rev'd. gentleman will come forward and say he has a discharge from a former call and enlistment, that I have heard him speak of, and is willing to serve in all weather, I have no objection to his entering the ship. It is a difficult matter to serve two masters. I would just inform friend C., that I am one of the sovereigns, this year, and have no apprehension that the public will dethrone me—so he will have a fair chance in Manchester, as relates to me. O. HEUSTIS.

Manchester, April 23d, 1834.
Palladium.