

Indiana Palladium.

EQUALITY OF RIGHTS IS NATURE'S PLAN—AND FOLLOWING NATURE IS THE MARCH OF MAN.—BARLOW.

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HENRY CLAY.

Mr. CLAY is the fabricator of his own fortune: he is the son of a clergyman of Virginia, and in his youth received but a limited education. Nature, however, has been indulgent to him; and stimulated by ambition, the "infinity of noble minds," he broke through the trammels of indigence, and emerging from obscurity, rose to distinction and honor at comparatively early period of life. Though the stores of antiquity and the treasure of science, has not been very diligently explored by Mr. Clay, because his professional occupations have never allowed him much leisure to devote to them, yet their want is in a great degree supplied by the abundance of his native resources.—He makes up by deep and habitual reflection, for the absence of what would be indispensable to ordinary minds; and when he speaks pours out masses of thought in a manner, and with a rapidity of succession that is truly wonderful. This too is done in a style and language, appropriate, vigorous and flowing.—When a question is brought up for discussion, Mr. Clay always prepares himself by meditation, and not by consulting the opinions, or availing himself of the labors of others. His arguments, images and views are therefore almost always original and striking, and peculiar to himself.—No man can listen to the volume of thought he pours out, behold his earnestness, and the warmth and sincerity he displays, without feeling the charm and power he exercises. There is in his eloquence a simplicity and manliness which gives it a raciness and force, that those who labor after sparkling conceits, and tinsel ornaments can never reach. He knows what will affect and influence the human heart without having recourse to the unrel glitter, and meretricious embellishments of art that so many speakers are ambitious to display. His model, if he has one at all seems to be that of Demosthenes, rather than that of the orators who flourished in the days of Seneca, and who were educated in the school of rhetoric and declamation.

There is also about Mr. Clay, a generous vein of sentiment, a loftiness of mind, a grandeur of fascination that mingles with all he says and all he does, and that gives him whenever he appears an influence and standing that cannot be resisted. His mind is naturally logical; he analyses and combines with great rapidity, and apparently without effort. He but rarely sports on the outskirts, or wanders on the surface of a subject, but plunges at once into its darkest recesses, throwing as he advances, every thing into light, and breaking through the flimsy cobwebs, the ingenuity of his opponent has cast in his way. His intellectual march is usually rapid and imposing, he moves on from proposition to proposition, with a boldness and manhood, with an energy and fearlessness, that always satisfies, because they are accompanied by the appearance of sincerity and truth. When Mr. C. speaks, he is entirely engrossed with the subject on which his eloquence is employed; his whole mind is thrown into it, and he appears neither to see, hear, nor feel, any thing that passes around him. As he advances his eye beams with greater lustre, his countenance becomes more animated, his figure more stately, and his action more vehement. He pours out his thoughts in such gushes that expression seems sometimes to feel him, but his mind never pauses, for words or ideas; thought rolls on, after thought in the most magnificent succession, and he proceeds from proposition to proposition, till the whole subject however complicated, is fully developed and elucidated.

Such is Mr. Clay as an orator, and his rank as a statesman is not less elevated. The bar is not in the school for the formation of the statesman—it is too apt to narrow and circumscribe the operations of the mind, and to train down to the little contests and bickerings of ordinary life: moral and intellectual discrimination is, in some degree impaired by perpetual comingling of right and wrong. Few lawyers, therefore, ever distinguish themselves in the councils of the nation; but use in the political arena, subjects of a very different nature are presented to their consideration—subjects which require the most comprehensive range of thought, embracing as they do the conflicting and various interests of society and welfare, happiness and prosperity of their country. On such a theatre as this, the mind must be liberal and expanded, untrammelled by technical distinctions or professional prejudices or habits; it must be capable of varying at pleasure through the various machinery of society, and comprehending the effect and tendency of civil regulations on the conduct and actions of man. Mr. Clay has we think, the kind of intellect we have mentioned; he seems to be borne for a law maker and ruler. The nice and withdrawn subtleties, the minute and refined technicalities of the law of which he had been a practitioner had not the power to lessen the expansiveness of his mind, to weaken its energies, or to encumber its operations. His views are usually liberal and expanded. They display a depth of penetration and sagacity, and comprehensiveness that seems eminently to qualify him for a statesman. His peculiar prominent characteristic seems to be an insatiable love of liberty, the spread of universal freedom is evidently the first and strongest wish of his heart, and whether she flapped her

wings over the Cordilleras of America, or reposed on the classic plains and delicious valleys of Greece, she was sure to meet in Mr. C. a mind that no casualty could alter, and no personal interest could change.

At the commencement of the present administration the Chief Magistrate appointed Mr. Clay to the office of Secretary of State. Though he is undoubtedly in the first rank of our able and eminent statesmen, and qualified for the office he has accepted, gifted with a strong mind and quick perception, resolute in the pursuit of right, mild amiable, and even condescending in his manners, yet from the disappointed and angry feelings displayed by a few, on the result of the late presidential election, as entrance on the duties of his office was as might have been expected, a signal for opening the floodgates of asperity and slander: his motives were questioned, and his political probity severely scrutinized. Conscious in his own integrity, he commenced with promptitude and industry, the discharge of his highly important trust, examining with care and attention every paper that came before him in the concerns of a department; and if industry and talent devoted to the public good, can insure the approbation of his country, Mr. Clay in this situation is entitled to it. Indeed it is no disparagement to his predecessor in the Department of State, to assert that for sagacity and profound policy, he nearly equals Mr. Jefferson, and though he may not possess that diplomatic ability so conspicuous in Mr. Adams's negotiations, he is not far behind Mr. Madison in the solidity of his judgment.

When we consider the style of his official correspondence, particularly with the South American ministers, that we cannot pronounce it fine writing, yet we see in every sentence that Mr. Clay possesses, in no limited degree, that tact, the most valuable of all other in diplomacy, the capacity to turn to advantage, as circumstances offer, the subject of negotiation, and a degree of steadiness and perseverance to attain his object, which is never lost sight of. In short, though the brilliant parts of Mr. Clay admirably qualified him for the presiding officer of the House of Representatives, and won him the approbation of all parties in Congress, we cannot discern that he has lost any of his reputation or usefulness since he has been transferred to an executive department, and honored with a seat in the cabinet.

From Noah's New-York Enquirer.

By the following letter from our old friend Joe Strickland, to his Uncle Ben, it would seem the celebration of our jubilee did not exactly accord with his simple sense of strict propriety:

In the Bulls head Nu York, Jewbely 6, 1000, 800 & 26.

Deerly billoved Uncle Ben,

This ere sitty is chuk ful of Jewbely thair ain't a sole in't from the mare down to a boy not hier than a chaw of tobakker but haz bin over hed and eres in Jewbely, un as yu wer won ov old Ginral Starks men in the revolushin, i spose yu'd lyke to heer how matters kind of went on here so i se jist give yu a little noshun out.—The nite afore the Jewbely, I sot up all oite far fear i shud wake up arely in the mornin, so jist bi day lite i startid, un thinks i ile be darad if i dont se how a Jewbely lokes, so i tuck too gin kottides un went strait down to the sitty haul, un by jingo, if i'dnt bang al natur, thur was a kind ov a roe of hog pens bilt clear round the park, kivered over with old blankets, un inside was filled with all sortes of ficker, in leetle kags, sum on un wer markt Jewbely rum, perfect joy, un sider brandy, un all sortes of vittles—big milk pans chuk ful of Bild beas un pork, fry'd eals, un rite in the middle sum on um had little pigs, standin up in the platters, with thair tales awl kinder kurd up over thair backs, un look'd as if thar wer kin to see the Jewbely—the women in thre pens, most awl on um had letle babees, un sum on um had too; the war purty sober, but most all thre husbines wer az drunk az a fiddler's bitch afore son rize. I went inter won on the pens un ete a pise ov huckle-berra py, un drink sum kawphy for brekfust, un then startid to sea the sogers down to the battery—the girls lukt purty flashey; thre hatt's wernt like the oal fishen rale kontamental hatts, thar wer shap't kinder lyke a nu moon an thar had um stuck on a wone side, un thar had ovaller briches, un long boots, sich az fokes fish in—ther want onley too grate ginrals, un thar didnt boath liv in won street so they maid awl the sogers go by thair own houses, so thar fokes koud sea um, un then thar went strait to the sitty haul in the park, un arter thar wer kinder rule by the govner, thar al got inter strate kind ov a krooked ring, un fyred a fizzle joy, un sich a ratlin un bingin, un popin, yu never heerd—the thar maid noyes than forty thousand oald waggins, runnin down burch mountain—I was so darnashun skairt i startid un run, and the smok was so blamashun thik, thar i run rite aginst ginral Washington on biz rairin hors, thar thar drawd

inter the park last sabberda, un like to hev nockt un branes out, when thar got dunn fyren the fuzzle joy, thar awl give thre cheers; not such cheers az yu set on, but thre darnashun hoorays un loud az thar koud holler, awl the sogers lukt az neet az pynts; wan kompany had kinder bulits on thare coats, un thar awl march so klost together thar when wan took up hiz fut, another put his rite in the saim plaid, kwiker than yu koud sa haister puddin—I axt a man who thar wan hee sed thar wer al yung Patridges, thar the corperashun had politlee axt to kum from konnettykut to help maik the grate Jewbely, un thar wer in sich a plagy hurree to git thair own vittles thar thar forgot to ax the kaptin till they'd purty mutch ete evry thing up—but fokes sed thar want to blaim, kaze thar had s mutch to due—sum ov em wer given away Kanoll meddles, un sum ov um thar was afraid thar shoudnt be chused aginst next year, kikt up a kombobershun way up town un roasted too yolk ov kaith un won hors, all hole jist az thar wer born onley kinder kut the skin off—un thar got purty neer a hundred barrels ov sider un told evra baddy thar mile kum un ete drink un git jist az druk az thar ware a mine tu—so little afore rite i thort i'de jist gow up un sea how a Jewbely team lukt when twas roasted—un jist afore i got thar i sea a passel ov fellers, un all on um had grate big boans on thare sholders—sum wer legs un sum ribs un sum bak bones with little kind ov mete on—thar sed thar got um in Poters feald—when i got thar thar had ete un the hole team oney jist won hynd leg, un thar was fure Irishmun fin for't, un i was most plagy skairt, kaze sene Arnold has soald me so menny prizes un maid me so darnashun rich ive got purty toble kinder fatt, un i was Darn feard they'd roste me if stade thair so i klead out un went to see the fyer works, up top ov the sitty haul, but thar was a hevvy "storm" kum up un spild awl the fyer works un kum pritty neer spilin the corperashun Dinner, but it didnt spile the fun in the park, kaze the boys kep fyerin crackers, un guns, un won ov um fyred a darnashun popp gun so neer mied that it bload nu nat ov, un while i was skrabblin to git it thar i bid it half ful ov krakers thar sot my hare a fyer un birnt my hatt al intu sh strings, thar i filld my coat un trousses poket chuk ful un sot um a fyer—un i thinks i thar mean to roast me in ainst, so i startid un run, thar thar things kep gow off popp, popp, popp, by jingo i'de rather bin in a bumble beaz nest, thar birnt mi shurt awl up un when i got into the bulls head, i hadnt hardly no trousses left onley jist the waizun, if yu ever ketch me keapin another Jewbely in sich a darnashun az this, yew ma call me Ned so no moar from yure lovin Jewbely Nelfew tel deth.

JOE STRICKLAND.

From the Museum.

Waterton's Wanderings in South America, in the Years 1812, 1816, and 1824.

MR. WATERTON is a Roman Catholic gentleman of Yorkshire, of good fortune who, instead of passing his life in balls and assemblies, has preferred living with Indians and monkeys in the forests of Guiana. He appears in early life to have been seized with an unconquerable aversion to Piccadilly, and to that train of meteorological questions and answers, which forms the great staple of polite English conversation. From a dislike to the regular form of a journal, he throws his travels into detached pieces, which he, rather affectedly, calls Wanderings—and of which we shall proceed to give some account.

His first Wandering was in the year 1812, through the wilds of Demerara and Essequibo, a part of *ci-devant* Dutch Guiana, in South America. The sun exhausted him by day, the mosquitoes bit him by night; but on went Mr. Charles Waterton!

The first thing which strikes us in this extraordinary chronicle, is the genuine zeal and inexhaustible delight with which all the barbarous countries he visits are described. He seems to love the forests, the tigers, and the apes;—to be rejoiced that he is the only man there; that he has left his species far away; and is at last in the midst of his blessed baboons? He writes with a considerable degree of force and vigor; and contrives to infuse into his reader that admiration of the great works, and undisturbed scenes of Nature, which animates his style, and has influenced his life and practice. There is something too highly respected & praised in the conduct of a country gentleman, who, instead of exhausting life in the chase, has dedicat-

ed a considerable portion of it to the pursuit of knowledge. There are so many temptations to complete idleness in the life of a country gentleman, so many examples of it, and so much loss to the community from it, that every exception from the practice is deserving of great praise. Some country gentlemen must remain to do the business of their counties; but, in general, there are many more than are wanted; and, generally speaking also, they are a class who should be stimulated to greater exertions. Sir Joseph Banks, a squire of large fortune in Lincolnshire, might have given up his existence to double barrelled guns and persecutions of poachers,—and all the benefits derived from his wealth, industry, and personal exertion in the cause of science, would have been lost to the community.

Mr. Waterton complains, that the trees of Guiana are not more than six yards in circumference,—a magnitude in trees which it is not easy for a Scotch imagination to reach. Among these, one eminent in height rises the mora,—upon whose top branches, when naked by age, or dried by accident, is perched the Toucan, too high for the gun of the bowler;—around this are the green heart, famous for hardness; the tough backed; the ducalabali, surpassing magnificence; the ebony and letter-wood, exceeding the most beautiful woods of the Old World; the locust-tree, yielding copal; and the hayawa and olou-trees, furnishing sweet smelling resin. Upon the top of the mora grows the fig-tree, the bush-ropes joins tree and tree, so as to render the forest impervious, as descending from on high, takes root as soon as its extremity touches the ground, and appears like shrouds and stays supporting the mainmast of a line of battle ship.

Demerara yields to no country in the world in her birds. The mud is flaming with the scarlet curlew. At sunset, the pelicans return from sea to the courada trees. Among the flowers are the humming-birds. The columbine, gallinaceas, and passerine tribes people the fruit-trees. At the close of day, the vampires, or winged-bats, suck the blood of the traveller, and cool him by the flap of their wings. Nor has Nature forgotten to amuse herself here in the composition of snakes;—the Comoudi has been killed from thirty to forty feet long; he does not act by venom, but by size and convolution. The Spaniards affirm that he grows to the length of eighty feet, and that he will swallow a bull; but Spaniards love the superlative. There is a *shipsnake* of a beautiful green. The Labarri snake of a dirty brown, who kills you in a few minutes. Every lovely color in heaven is lavished upon the coumachouchi, the most venomous of reptiles, and known by the name of the *bush-master*. Man and beast, says Mr. Waterton, fly before him, and allow him to pursue an undisputed path.

We consider the following description of the various sounds in these wild regions as very striking, and done with very considerable powers of style.

"He whose eye can distinguish the various beauties of uncultivated nature, and whose ear is not shut to the wild sounds in the woods, will be delighted in passing up the river Demerara. Every now and then, the maam or tinamou sends forth one long and plaintive whistle from the depth of the forest, and then stops; whilst the yelping of the toucan, and the shrill voice of the bird called Pi-pi-yo, is heard during the interval. The campanero never fails to attract the attention of the passenger; at a distance of nearly three miles, you may hear this snow-white bird tolling every four or five minutes, like the distant convent bell. From six to nine in the morning, the forests resound with the mingled cries and strains of the feathered race; after this they gradually die away. From eleven to three all nature is hushed as in a mid night silence, and scarce a note is heard, saying that of the campanero and the pi-pi-yo; it is then that, oppressed by the solar heat, the birds retire to the thickest shade, and wait for the refreshing cool of evening.

"At sundown the vampires, bats, and goat suckers dart from their lonely retreat, and skim along the trees on the river's bank. The different kinds of frogs almost stun the ear with their hoarse and hollow sounding croaking, whilst the owls and goat-suckers lament and mourn all night long.

"About two hours before day-break, you will hear the red monkey moaning as if in deep distress; the houtou, a solitary bird, and only found in the thickest recesses, of the forest, distinctively ar-

ticulates, 'houtou, houtou,' in a low and plaintive tone, an hour before sunrise; the maam whistles about the same hour; the hannaquo, pataca, and maroudi announce his near approach to the eastern horizon, and the parrots and paroquets confirm his arrival there."

Our good Quixote of Demerara is a little too fond of apostrophizing.—"Traveller! dost thou think? Reader! dost thou imagine?" Mr. Waterton should remember, that the whole merit of these violent deviations from common style depends upon their rarity, and that nothing does, for ten pages together, but the inductive mood. The fault gives an air of affectation to the writing of Mr. Waterton, which we believe to be foreign from his character and nature. We do not wish to deprive him of these indulgences altogether; but merely to put him upon an allowance, and upon such an allowance, as will give to these figures of speech the advantage of surprise and relief.

This gentleman's delight and exultation always appear to increase as he loses sight of European inventions, and comes to something purely Indian. Speaking of an Indian tribe, he says,

"They had only one gun, and it appeared rusty and neglected; but their poisoned weapons were in fine order. Their blow pipes hung from the roof of the hut, carefully suspended by a silk grass cord and on taking a nearer view of them, no dust seemed to have collected there, nor had the spider spun the smallest web on them; which showed that they were in constant use. The javs were close by them with the jaw-bone of the fish Pirai tied by a string to their brim, and a small wicker-basket of wild cotton, which hung down to the centre; they were nearly full of poisoned arrows. It was with difficulty these Indians could be persuaded to part with any of the wourali poison, though a good price was offered for it: they gave us to understand that it was powder and shot to them, and very difficult to be procured."

A wicker-basket of wild cotton, full of poisoned arrows, for shooting fish! This is Indian with a vengeance. We fairly admit that, in the contemplation of such utensils, every trait of civilized life is completely and effectually banished.

The second Journey of Mr. Waterton, in the year 1816, was to Pernambuco, in the southern hemisphere, on the coast of Brazil, and from thence he proceeds to Cayenne. His plan was, to have ascended the Amazon from Para, and get into the Rio Negro, and from thence to have returned towards the source of the Essequibo, in order to examine the Crystal Mountains, and to look once more for Lake Parima, or the White Sea; but, on arriving at Cayenne, he found that to beat up the Amazon would be long and tedious; he left Cayenne, therefore, in an American ship for Parimaribo, went through the interior to Coryntin, stopped a few days at New Amsterdam, and proceeded to Demerara.

"Leave behind you" (he says to the traveller) "your high-seasoned dishes, your wines, and your delicacies; carry nothing but what is necessary for your own comfort, and the object in view, and depend upon the skill of an Indian, or your own, for fish and game. A sheet, about twelve feet long, ten wide, painted, and with loop-holes on each side, will be of great service; in a few minutes you can suspend it betwixt two trees in the shape of a roof. Under this, in your Hammock, you may defy the pelting shower and sleep heedless of the dews of the night. A hat, a shirt, and a light pair of trousers, will be all the raiment you require. Custom will soon teach you to tread lightly and barefoot on the little inequalities of the ground, and show you how to pass on, unwounded, amid the mantling briars."

Snakes are certainly an annoyance; but the Snake, though high-spirited, is not quarrelsome; he considers his fangs to be given for defence, and not for annoyance, and never inflicts a wound but to defend existence. If you tread upon him, he puts you to death for your clumsiness, merely because he does not understand what your clumsiness means; and certainly a snake, who feels 14 or 15 stone stamping upon his tail, has little time for reflection, and may be allowed to be poisonous and peevish. American tigers generally run away—from which several respectable gentlemen in Parliament inferred, in the American war, that American soldiers would run away also!

The description of the birds is very animated and interesting; but how far does the gentle reader imagine the campanero may be heard, whose size is that