

Indiana and Pa-Madíum.

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 "laudability 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. Through 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 tissue ornamens, can never reach. He knows what will effect and influence the human heart without having recourse to the unreal 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 wantons 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 frankness, that always satisfies, because they are accompanied by the appearance of sagacity 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 fail him, but his mind never pauses, for words or ideas; thought rolls on after thought in the most majestic succession, and he proceeds from proposition to proposition, till the whole subject, how-ever 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 commencing of right and wrong. Few lawyers, therefore, ever distinguish them by the counsels 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, unfettered 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 born for a law maker and ruler. The nice and wire-drawn 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 inextinguishable love of liberty, the spread of universal freedom is evidently the first and strongest wish of his heart, and whether she flapped her

sings over the Cordilleras of America, or repos-
t on the classic plains and delicious valleys of
Irene, she was sure to meet in Mr. C. a
gent that no casualty could alter, and no
personal interest could change.

At the commencement of the present admin-
istration the Chief Magistrate appointed Mr.
Clay to the office of Secretary of State. Though
undoubtedly in the first rank of our able
and eminent statesmen, and qualified for the
place he has accepted, gifted with a strong
mind and quick perception, resolute in the
pursuit of right, mild amiable, and even con-
sidering in his manners, yet from the dis-
courteous and angry feelings displayed by a few,
in the result of the late presidential election
in entrance on the duties of his office, was
not, as might have been expected, a signal for open-
ing the floodgates of asperity and slander; his
motives were questioned, and his political prob-
erty 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
the department; and if industry and talent de-
voted to the public good, can insure the appro-
bation 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
skill so conspicuous in Mr. Adams's negotia-
tions, 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 Amer-
ican 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
circumstances off the subject of negotia-
tion, and a degree of shrewdness and persever-
ance to attain his object, which is never lost
sight of. In short, though the brilliant parts
of Mr. Clay admirably qualify him for the
presiding officer of the House of Representa-
tives, and won him the approbation of all par-
tisans 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 ju-
bilee did not exactly accord with his sim-
ple sense of strict propriety:

in the Buls hed Nu York, Jewbely 6,
1000, 800 & 26.

Deerly billoved uncle Ben.

This ere sitty is chock ful of Jewbely
thair ain't a sole in't from the mare down to
a boy not bier than a chaw of tobak-
ker but haz bin over hed and eres in
Jewbely, us as yu wer won ov old Gini-
ral Starks men in the revolution, i spos-
eul lyke tu hear how matters kind o'
went on here so is jist give yu a little
noshun ont.—The nite afore the Jewbely,
i set up all oote far seer i shudln wake
up arly in the mornin, so jist bi day lit
i startid, un thinks i ile be darad if i dont
se how a Jewbely lokes, so i tuck too gin
koktakles un went strait down to the sitty
haul, us by jingo, if i didn't bang al nate-
tur, thar was a kind ov a roe of hog
pens bilt clear round the park, kivered
over with old plankits, un inside was fill-
ed with all sortes of licker, in leetle kags,
sum on un wer markt Jewbely rum, par-
fet joy, un sider brandy, un all sortes of
vittle—big milk pance chuk ful of Bild
beans un pork, fry'd eat, un rite in the
midle sun un had little pigs stand-
in up in the platters, with thir tales awl
kind kerukid up over ther backs, un look'd
as if tha wer lafin to see the Jewbely—
the wimen in thee pens, most awl on um
had little babees, un sum on um had too;
the war party sober, but most all there
busbins wer az drunk az a fiddler's bitch
afare son rizy. I went inter wos on the
pens un ate a pice ov huckle-berry py,
un drukk sum kawphy for brekfust, un
then startid tu sea the sogers down to Guiana, in South America. The sun
the battery—the giurils lookt purty
fashy; there hatt's wer'at like the oal bit him by night; but on went Mr. Charles
fashen rale kontamal hatts, tha wer
shapt kinder lyke a m moon an tha had
um stuck on a won side, un tha al had on
valler briches, un long boots, sich az
giuril, un tha didnt boath liv in won
street so they maid awl the sogers go by
ther own housen, so ther fokes koud sea
um, un then tha went strait tu the sitty
hawl in the park, un after tha wer kinder
rule by the gover, tha al got inter-
strate kind ov a krooked ring, un fyred
a fizzle joy, un sich a rathin un bangin,
un popin, yu never heerd—that made
moar noyes than foarty thousand cold
waggins, runnin down burch mountain—
I was so darnashun skairt I startid un
run, and the smok wos so blammashun
thik, that I run rite aginst ginrol Wash-
ington on biz rairin hors, that tha drawd

inter the park last sabberda, un like
tuled a considerable portion of it to the pur-
hev noctk mi braces out, when tha got
doun syrin the fuzle joy, tha awl give
three chears; not such chears az yu set-
on, but three darnashun hoors az loud
az tha koud holler, awl the sogers lookt
az neet az pykns: win kompyng had
kinder bulits on thare koats, un tha awl
marcht so klost together that when wun
took up his fut, another put his in rite in
the sain plaid, kwiker than yu koud s-
hoister puddin—i axt a man who tha wun
hee sed tha wer al yung Patriotes,
that the corporashun had politie axi to
kum from konnettykut tu help mak the
grate Jewbely, un tha wer in sich a pla-
gur hurree to git ther oan vittles that tha
furgot to ax the kaptn till they'd purts
match ete every thing up—but foaks see
tha want to blaim, k-z: tha had s-
match ut due—sum ov em wer given a-
way Kanoll meddles, un sum ov um tha
was afraid tha shoudn't be chused agi-
next year, kiktu a kombokoberashun way
up town un roasted too yoak ov kattl
un won hors, ell hole just az tha won
born only kinder kut the skin off—an the
got purty neer a hundred barrels ov si-
der un told evra boddly tha mite kum u-
ete drink un git jist az drukk az tha
ware a mine tu—so little afore rate
short i'de jist gow up un sea how a jew-
bely team looks when twas roasted—u-
jist afore i got thare i sea a passel ov fel-
lers, un all on um had grate big boans ov
thare sholders—sum wer legs un sum
ribs un sum bak bones with little kind ov
mete on—tha sed tha got um in Poters-
field—when i got thare tha had ete u-
the hole team oney just won hynd leg,
un thare was fore irishmen fitin for, u-
i was most plagy skairt, kase sense Arn-
ald has soold me so many prizys and
made me so darnashun rich i've got purty
tollable kinder fitt, un i was Dara feard
they'd roste me if stade so i klear'd
out un went tu see the fyer works, up top
ov the sitty haul, but thair wus a hevy
"STORM" cum up un spid' awl the fyer
works un kum pritty neer spilin the
corporashun Dinner, but it didt spile
the fun in the park, kase the boys kep
fyerin crackers, un gus's, un won ov um
fyred a darnashun popp gun so neer mi-
ned that it blead mi nat of, un while
was skrabblin to git it the fild it half ful
ov krakers that set my bare a fyer, un
birat my battal intu shu strings, tha fil'd
my coat un trousses poket chuk ful un
sot um a fyer—a w thinks i tha mean to
roast me in ainst, so i startid un run,
the darn things kep goin off popp,
popp, popp, by jingo i'de ruther bi-
n in a bumble beaz nest, tha birnt mi
shurt awl up un when I got iatu the bulls
hed, i hadn't hardly no trowess left onely
jist the waiz'nu, iff you ever ketch me
keapin another jewbely in sich a darn
hoal az this is, yew ma call mee Ned so
no moar frum yure lovin Jewbely Neflow
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 at home,
and assemblies, has preferred living with
various beauties of uncultivated nature,
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 now
and then, the maam or timam about twelve
feet long, ten wide, painted
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 can,
throws his travels into detached pieces,
which he, rather affectedly, calls Wan-
derings—and of which we shall proceed
to give some account.

His first Wandering was in the year
1812, through the wilds of Demerara,
then startid tu sea the sogers down to Guiana, in South America. The sun
the battery—the giurils lookt purty
fashy; there hatt's wer'at like the oal bit him by night; but on went Mr. Charles
fashen rale kontamal hatts, tha wer

shapt kinder lyke a m moon an tha had
um stuck on a won side, un tha al had on
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street so they maid awl the sogers go by
ther own housen, so ther fokes koud sea
um, un then tha went strait tu the sitty
hawl in the park, un after tha wer kinder
rule by the gover, tha al got inter-
strate kind ov a krooked ring, un fyred
a fizzle joy, un such a rathin un bangin,
un popin, yu never heerd—that made
moar noyes than foarty thousand cold
waggins, runnin down burch mountain—
I was so darnashun skairt I startid un
run, and the smok wos so blammashun
thik, that I run rite aginst ginrol Wash-
ington on biz rairin hors, that tha drawd

ticates, "houtou, houtou," in a low and
plaintive tone, an hour before sunrise;
the maam whistles about the same hour;
the hannaquo, pataca, and maroudi an-
nounce 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 de-
pends upon their rarity, and that nothing

does, for ten pages together, but the in-
dictive mood. The fault gives an air

of affection to the writing of Mr. Waterton,

which we believe to be foreign

to his character and nature. We do

not wish to deprive him of these indul-
gences 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 exulta-

tion 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 ap-
peared 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 collect-
ed there, nor had the spider spun

the smallest web on them; which showed

that they were in constant use. The

quivers 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 In-
dians could be persuaded to part with

any of the wourali poison, though a g-od

price was offered for it; they gave us to

understand that it was powder and shot

to them, and very difficult to be pro-
cured."

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 Esse-
quibo, in order to examine the Crystal

Mountains, a d 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