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

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FROM THE NEW HARMONY IA. GAZETTE.

Of Satisfaction for Offended Honor.

Our Indian correspondent last week complained, not without reason, of the arbitrary, sometimes perverted sense, in which we whiteskins employ many of our words. There is one word, the abuse of which did not probably occur so forcibly to the mind of our simple friend, because the prejudices of his own education favored that abuse; we mean the word satisfaction.

When capt. Hull visited the Loo Choo Islands, he found an unsophisticated race of inhabitants, happy in primitive simplicity, and unknowing the use both of arms and of money. We should like to hear a modern man of honor endeavoring to explain to a Loo Choo Islander the meaning of the word satisfaction, as laid down in the fashionable vocabulary of civilization. What a strange dialogue we should have! let us endeavor to sketch it:

Loo Choo Islander.—Satisfaction, I have been told, is a feeling of pleasurable contentment and silent self-approbation.

Man of Honor.—Yes, I believe it does mean something like that. Well, no man of spirit can be content to be pointed out by the world as a mean coward.

Loo Choo Islander.—I understand that. **Man of Honor.**—Nor can any one, with a just sense of honor, approve either in himself or in others, a tame submission to insult which is sure to provoke its repetition.

Loo Choo Islander.—This too appears to me reasonable, so far as I can understand it.

Man of Honor.—Therefore, when a man insults me, I must have satisfaction; I must call him out;—I must fight him; there is no remedy.

Loo Choo Islander.—Do you mean that you must endeavor to kill each other with the weapons of destruction I see so often in this country?

Man of Honor.—Certainly.

Loo Choo Islander.—To obtain satisfaction?

Man of Honor.—Yes; no other course remains.

Loo Choo Islander.—And then, if one of you is killed the other is satisfied; contented; pleased with himself and with what he has done?

Man of Honor.—But—he could not help it.

Loo Choo Islander.—Not help being satisfied? Is it so pleasant a thing to kill a fellow-creature?

Man of Honor.—Oh no; you misunderstand me. I did not mean he could not help being satisfied with his adversary's death, but only that he could not help killing him.

Loo Choo Islander.—No? we Loo Chooans can always help committing such a folly. But you say, it is to become satisfied that you kill him.

Man of Honor.—? you mistake again; I did not say so.

Loo Choo Islander.—Did you not tell me that you must fight to obtain satisfaction?

Man of Honor.—Yes; but there is a great difference between obtaining satisfaction and being satisfied.

Loo Choo Islander.—Well, I suppose I do not yet properly understand your language. Then you are not satisfied after having killed him?

Man of Honor.—I am satisfied as having recovered my lost honor.

Loo Choo Islander.—Then in this country it is an honorable thing to kill a man, and that makes up the dishonor of what you call an insult? Yet I think I saw a man hang'd the other day; and they told me it was because he had killed another.

Man of Honor.—And he deserved punishment; but to kill a man in a duel is a very different thing. You know I expose myself to death too.

Loo Choo Islander.—And does that make all the difference?

Man of Honor.—Certainly.

Loo Choo Islander.—Then, if one man stabs another and afterwards expose himself to danger, in that case killing is an honorable action in this country?

Man of Honor.—(Somewhat impatiently.) It is useless to talk to you; you can never understand the laws of honor among gentlemen.

Loo Choo Islander.—Not unless you explain them to me a little more distinctly.

Man of Honor.—I tell you, that to vindicate my character, to show that I am not a coward, I must incur the danger of a duel.

Loo Choo Islander.—Then you fight to show that you are no coward.

Man of Honor.—I do; if I do not, the world would say that I held back through fear.

Loo Choo Islander.—But you can easily convince the world that you are not a coward, without fighting a duel.

Man of Honor.—How so?

Loo Choo Islander.—I went last night into one of your public gardens, and there I saw a man descend a rope from a very great height. Soon after he began to descend, a quantity of fireworks were made to explode all around him; yet he stood firmly and came down without any appearance of fear. Every one said he was a brave fellow who would venture his life so fearlessly. Now you can do the same; then every one will be convinced that you are no coward.

Man of Honor.—Do you think I am such a fool as to expose myself for nothing?

Loo Choo Islander.—For nothing? but it is expressly to effect what you desired—to prove your bravery.

Man of Honor.—The world would think me a fool if I risked my neck only for that.

Loo Choo Islander.—Then I suppose it will think you a fool if you stand to be shot at in a duel.

Man of Honor.—Oh, there the case is different. I have some other object besides proving my courage.

Loo Choo Islander.—It appears to me that you shift your ground very frequently. First you told me you fight to obtain satisfaction; and when I asked you if it made you satisfied and happy to kill your adversary, you said no. Then you said it was to recover your honor; and when I enquired if killing was honorable you admitted that it was not. Then again you give for a reason the necessity of shewing your bravery; I propose to you a plan to effect this without fighting; but you say the world would laugh at you if you incurred danger merely to show that you did not fear it. And now, at last you say that you have some other object in duelling, and therefore the world will not think you a fool for exposing your life.

What is that object? Recollect that it is not to obtain satisfaction, nor to recover your honor, nor to shew your bravery; it must be something else.

Man of Honor.—I do not choose to be injured with impunity; if I allow it, every bravo will think he has an equal right to insult me.

Loo Choo Islander.—But are there no laws in your country to prevent one man from injuring another?

Man of Honor.—Yes, but the laws do not assign any punishment, for many insults that provoke a duel.

Loo Choo Islander.—Then where the law awards no punishment at all, you intend to punish with death?

Man of Honor.—I do not choose to reason any longer with you. All I know is, that a man who is insulted and does not fight the insult, is disgraced forever in the eyes of his countrymen.

Loo Choo Islander.—If that were true, his countrymen would give but little proof of the value of their good opinion. But it cannot be.

Man of Honor.—It is, I tell you.

Loo Choo Islander.—Then Washington is disgraced forever?

Man of Honor.—Washington?

Loo Choo Islander.—Yes, Washington; read this anecdote regarding him:

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

In 1754, he was stationed at Alexandria with his regiment, the only one in the colony, and of which he was Colonel. There happened at that time to be an election in Alexandria for members of the Assembly, and the ballot ran high between Col. George Fairfax and Wm. Elzey. In the course of the contest Washington grew very warm, (for his passions, naturally, were terrible; though a wise regard to honor and happiness, soon reduced them to proper command) and unluckily said something to Mr. Payne, who though but a cub in size, was a lion in heart, elevated his shalalah, and at a blow, extended our hero on the ground. News was carried to the regiment that their Col. was murdered by the mob! On the passions of the soldiers who doated on their commander such a report fell at once, like a flash of lightning on a magazine of gun-powder.

In a moment the whole regiment was under arms, and in rapid motion towards the town, burning for vengeance. During this time, Washington had been liberally plied with cold water, acid, and

volatiles; and happily for Mr. Payne and his party, was so far recovered as to go out and meet his enraged soldiers, who crowded around him with faces of honest joy to see him alive again. After thanking them for such an evidence of attachment to him, he assured them that he was not hurt in the least, and begged them, by their love of him and their duty to return peaceably to their barracks. As for himself, he went to his room, generously chastising his passion, which had thus struck out a spark that had like to have thrown the whole town into a flame.

And feeling himself the aggressor of Mr. Payne, he resolved to make him the honorable reparation of asking his pardon. No sooner had he made this heroic resolution, than recovering that delicious gaiety, which ever accompanies good purposes in a virtuous mind, he went to a ball that night, and behaved as pleasantly as though nothing had happened.

Early next morning he wrote a polite note of invitation to Mr. Payne to meet him at the tavern.—Payne took it for a challenge, and repaired to the tavern in full expectation of smelling gun-powder.

But what was his surprise on entering the chamber, to see in lieu of a brace of pistols, a decanter of wine and a pair of glasses on the table. Washington arose to meet him, and offering his hand with a smile, began: "Mr. Payne, to err sometimes, is nature, to rectify error is always glory; I believe I was wrong in the affair of yesterday; you have had, I think, some satisfaction, and if you deem that sufficient, there is my hand let us be friends."

An act of such virtue, produced its proper effect on the mind of Mr. Payne, who from that moment, became the most enthusiastic admirer and friend of Washington, and, for his sake, ready at any time to charge up to a battery of two and forty pounders.

Would our youth but be persuaded to act in a style so correct and so heroic, our papers would no longer shock us with accounts of young men murdering each other, on false principles of honor; and by one desperate deed, amercing themselves of all present pleasure, and of future hope.

We know not what our *Man of honor* would reply to this. It would be out of character to suppose him silenced, for it is generally a point of honor with this class of persons never to be at a loss for words, whether arguments fail or not.

But let us ask—particularly your young and fashionable friends, if we have any—what they think of this anecdote? whether they consider it necessary in order to obtain satisfaction to resort to the duelling pistol or the small sword? Was it no satisfaction to Washington to have gained a friend for life, where others would have made a deadly enemy? Was it no satisfaction to have obtained a victory over irrational passions,—to have smothered unworthy resentment? Did he ever, think you, in after days regret what he had done? ever feel that his honor was lost, and not much rather established by such conduct? Was his mildness likely to expose him to fresh insult, and not much rather to disarm enmity? Did any one ever accuse Washington of cowardice, because he would not stand to be shot at in a duel? Nay, will not that portion of society whose good opinion is worth the possessing, estimate the moral courage that is necessary to break through a foolish and barbarous custom, much more highly than the more physical courage of a bravo?

It will, it must. There was a time, when instead of our present comparatively rational trial by jury, superstitious tests were resorted to, to prove the guilt or innocence of the suspected. And shall another practice out of the same ignorant and barbarous times—shall the trial by combat—the substitution of might for right—the appeal to the sword for justice, to personal prowess of skill for equity and reason—shall such a savage and antiquated custom still be restrained and sanctioned by the civilized world of the nineteenth century?

Common sense, the slightest regard to consistency, the least spark of generosity—then how much more good temper and good feeling—forbid it.

SOUTH CAROLINA. Columbia, Dec. 18.

A preamble and resolutions from the senate was read by the speaker, appropriating the sum of ten thousand dollars of six per cent. stock, redeemable in the year 1850, to the legal representatives, for the benefit of the heirs of THOMAS JEFFERSON.

On the motion being put they had passed unanimously, without a dissenting voice. They had passed the senate with nearly the same unanimity.

They are in the following words:

When in the course of human events, Providence raises up from time to time, men whose talents have an influence on the country, and on the age in which they live—and when such men have devoted their talents through a long life, faithfully and beneficially to the welfare and prosperity of their fellow citizens, posterity will owe for such devotion and such services a debt of gratitude which it ought to be proud to acknowledge.

And if it should happen that men so highly gifted have been called into the employment of their country, have been commanded to sacrifice their time, their labor, their talents, to her advantage; have been placed in situations of expense even by the performance of their public avocations, it would seem to be obligatory on the nation to make some remuneration for such pure and exalted merit. It will be a melancholy retrospect to remember that illustrious men, who have given themselves to their country, who have protected her rights, guarded her institutions, multiplied her resources, and elevated her character, should bequeath to their families nothing but the recollection of their services, and the feeling of their privation and their ruin.

Such has been the history of THOMAS JEFFERSON the author of the Declaration of Independence, the uniform, efficient supporter of our rights, the faithful servant of the public, through all the bright days of his long and laborious life. JEFFERSON, the benefactor of this nation, and an honor to the age in which he lived, has left to his family nothing but the recollection of his deeds, and his honor, and the gratitude of his country. Let not that gratitude be cold and inefficient; let it not be wasted in words nor evaporated in eulogies. The claims of Mr. JEFFERSON, are even doubled on this nation; for the elevation on which he was placed, from the rank he held in the annals of that country, drew around him a crowd of visitors from every quarter of the civilized world, and obliged him to the exercise of a necessary, though frugal hospitality, to impair his reduced and neglected means.

It becomes the generation who owe so much to his active wisdom and virtue to repair this misfortune to his family. Let it not be said that such examples may be dangerous. Claims and services like those of Mr. Jefferson, occur but rarely in the history of a nation; and if they should occur again in ours, let us rather boast that we have such a precedent on our annals:

Be it therefore resolved, by the legislature of South Carolina, one of the constituent members of this republic, That the sum of ten thousand dollars, in six per cent. stock, redeemable in the year 1850, be transmitted to the legal representatives of Mr. Jefferson, for the benefit of his right heirs, as a testimony of its gratitude for the services of their illustrious parent.

Resolved, That copies of this resolution be transmitted to the legislatures of the different states throughout our union.

The preceding act appears to have passed by acclamation. The yeas and nays were called for, but it required the rising of seven members to sustain it—when four had risen there were cries of "shame, shame"—two others rose, and six were up—"We will surrender our pay bills," exclaimed several voices! The seventh not rising, the speaker declared that the yeas and noes were not demanded, and then there appears to have been "a shout that echoed through the house"—evidence, indeed, of the noble feeling that prevailed, but the shew of which had better been deferred until the house had adjourned; when the gravest member might have joined in manifesting his exultation at this doing of the legislature of South Carolina.

From the New York Statesman.

Interesting History.—It is known as a matter of history, that in the early part of 1755 great exertions were made by the British ministry, at the head of which was the illustrious earl of Chatham, for the reduction of the French power in the provinces of the Canadas.

To carry the object into effect, gen. Amhurst, referred to in the letters of Junius was appointed to the command of the British army in north western America; and the British colonies in America were called upon for assistance, who contributed with elacirity their several quotas of men, to effect the grand object of British enterprise. It is a fact still within the recollection of some of our oldest inhabitants, that the British army lay encamped in the summer of 1755 on

the eastern banks of the Hudson, a little south of the city of Albany, on the ground now belonging to John I. Van Rensseler esq. To this day vestiges of their encampment remain; and after a lapse of sixty years, when a great proportion of the actors of those days, have passed away like the shadows from the earth, the inquisitive traveller can observe the remains of the ashes, the place where they boiled their camp kettles.

It was this army, that under the command of Abercrombie was foiled with a severe loss in the attack on Ticonderoga, where the distinguished Howe fell at the head of his troops, in an hour that history has consecrated to his fame. In the early part of June, the eastern troops began to pour in, company after company, and such a motley assemblage never before thronged together on such an occasion, unless an example may be found in the ragged regiment of sir John Falstaff, of right merry and facetious memory. It would, and my worthy ancestors who relates to me the story, have relaxed the gravity of an anchorite to have seen the descendants of the Puritans marching through the streets of one ancient city, to take their station on the left side of the British army, some with long coats, and some with small coats and others with no coats at all, in colors as varied as the rainbow, some with their hair cropped like the army of Cromwell, and others with wigs whose curls flowed with grace around their shoulders. Their march, their accoutrements, and the whole arrangement of the troops, furnished matter of amusement to the wits of the British army.—The music played the airs of two centuries ago and the *tant ensemble* exhibited a sight to the wondering strangers that they had been unaccustomed to in their native land. Among the club of wits that belonged to the British army, there was a physician attached to the staff by the name of Shackburgh, who combined with the science of the surgeon, the skill and talents of a musician. To please brother Jonathan, he composed a tune, and with much gravity recommended it to the officers, as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music. The joke took, to the no small amusement of the British corps. Brother Jonathan exclaimed, it was *nation fine*, and in a few days nothing was heard in the camp but the air of *Yankee doodle*. Little did the author and his coadjutors then suppose that an air made for the purpose of levity and ridicule should ever be marked for such destinies; in 20 years from that time our national march inspired the heroes of Bunker's Hill, and in less than 30 lord Cornwallwallace and his army marched into the American lines to the tune of *Yankee doodle*.

A meeting of the citizens of Philadelphia, friendly to the cause of the Greeks was held in that city, on Saturday last, to consider of the means best calculated to assist that oppressed people in their heroic struggle for liberty. Hon. Joseph Hemphill was called to the chair, and J. N. Barker acted as Secretary. A preamble and resolutions were offered by Mr. Matthew Carey, and unanimously adopted. One of the latter was to this effect:

Resolved, That this meeting earnestly recommend to the citizens of the United States to contribute, in proportion to their means, and with all possible despatch, to purchasing a supply of the necessities of life, for the succor of the Greeks, at this perilous stage of their warfare.

A committee of twenty of the most respectable citizens was appointed to carry the wishes of the meeting into effect. In the discussion which took place on the passage of the resolution, Mr. James C. Biddle dwelt with much feeling and effect on the present degradation and misery of Greece, as contrasted with her ancient glories, appealing in glowing terms, to the sympathies of the friends of freedom and Christianity, in her behalf. Mr. Josiah Randall, in a pertinent address, detailed several facts of a very interesting character, as tending to manifest the state of public sentiment, and the probable success of an appeal to public charity. Among the liberal offers of gentlemen, some of whom he named, he mentioned the case of one gentleman, a merchant of Philadelphia, who had voluntarily come forward with a pledge to procure and furnish, gratis, the one-third part of a cargo of one thousand barrels of flour. A letter was submitted from Peter Hotz, jr. offering his gratuitous services of commander of the vessel which may be employed to convey provisions to Greece.