

# Indiana Palladium.

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

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FROM THE NEW HARMONY 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. Hall 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.*—If 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 shew that I am not a coward, I must incur the danger of a duel.

*Loo Choo Islander.*—Then you fight to shew 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 shew 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.

*Man of Honor.*—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 insulter, is disgraced forever and not much rather to disarm enmity in the eyes of his countrymen.

*Loo Choo Islander.*—If that were true, cowardice, because he would not stand 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. Elzev. 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 shollah, 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 literally 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 finding 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 pounds.

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 you say the world would laugh at you if you incurred danger merely to shew 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.

*Man of Honor.*—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.

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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 in the exercise of a necessary, though frugal hospitality, to impair his reduced and neglected means.

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.

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 his 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 as 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 ayes 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.

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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