

Indiana Palladium.

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

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From Custis' Recollections. GEN. WASHINGTON.

HIS LIFE, HABITS, AND MANNERS.

The public days of the First President of the United States, were two in each week. On Tuesday, from three to four o'clock, a levee was held for Foreign Ministers, strangers, and others, who could there be presented to the Chief Magistrate, without the formality of letters of introduction. It was, indeed, more an arrangement of mutual convenience to the parties, than an affair of State; still it was objected to by some at that time of day, as savoring rather of monarchical etiquette, than of the simple customs which should distinguish a Republic. Who thinks so now? In truth, the first President was so occupied with the multiplicity of public concerns, attendant on the outset of a new Government, that it became necessary to limit the time of visitors of mere ceremony as much as possible; and the levee enabled all such personages to pay their respects within the moderate compass of an hour. The world is always governed in a considerable degree by form and usage.—There never lived a man more averse to show and pomp than Washington. Plain in his habits, there was none to whom the details of official parade and ceremony could be less desirable, but correct in all his varied stations of life, the days of the First Presidency will ever appear as among the most dignified and imposing in our country's annals.

On Thursdays the President gave his Congressional and Diplomatic dinners; and on Friday night, Mrs. Washington received company at what was then, and is still called the Drawing Room.

The President attended Mrs. Washington's evening parties and paid his compliments to the circle of ladies, with that ease and elegance of manners for which he was remarkable. Among the most polished and well-bred gentlemen of his time, he was always particularly polite to ladies, even in the rugged scenes of war; and, in advanced age, many were the youthful swains who sighed for those gracious smiles, with which the Fair always received the attentions of this old beau of sixty-five.

An interesting class of persons were to be found at the side of the Chief, on both his public and private days, who gave a feeling and character to every scene, and threw a charm over very many of the associations of more than thirty years ago. We mean the patriots and heroes of the Revolution. Among the finest recollections of those gone-by-days, were the Anniversary of Independence, when the grey haired brethren of the Cincinnati assembled around their illustrious President General, many of them seamed with scars, and all bearing the badge of the most honored Association upon Earth. These venerated forms are now rarely to be seen and soon will be seen no more; but, like Ossian's shadowy heroes, they will appear through the mist of Time, and their heroic lives and actions will inspire the Bards of Liberty, while Liberty exists to bless mankind.

Notwithstanding his great occupation in public affairs, the First President by no means neglected his private concerns. He was in the habit of receiving regular and lengthy reports from the agents of his estates in Virginia, and directed by letter the management of those extensive establishments, with both consummate skill and success. He also inspected the weekly accounts and disbursements of his household in Philadelphia. Indeed, nothing seemed to escape the discerning mind of this wonderful man, "who had time for all things, and every thing in its proper time," and in order.

General Washington was a practical economist; while he wished that his style of living should be fully in character with his exalted station, he was utterly averse to waste or extravagance of any sort. He frequently reprimanded his first steward Francis, (the same at whose hotel in New-York the General in chief took leave of his brother officers), for expenditures which appeared to be both unnecessary and extravagant. Francis once purchased a shad fish at an unusual season; it was served up at the President's private table, who remarked that it was very early for fish to be in the market, and demanded its price; the answer was three dollars. Washington waved his hand, and ordered: take it away, Sir; it must never be said that my table sets an example of extravagance. The mortified steward removed the rarity untouched.

The First President took considerable pains, and used frequent stratagems, in

endeavoring to avoid the numberless manifestations of attachment and respect which awaited him wherever he went. On his journeys he charged the courier who would precede to engage accommodations at the inns, by no means to mention the coming of the President to other than the landlord. These precautions but rarely took effect; and often, when the chief would suppose that he had stolen a march upon his old companions in arms and fellow citizens, a horseman would be discovered dashing off at full speed, and soon would be heard the trumpet of the volunteer cavalry; and the village cannon, roused from its bed of neglect, where it had lain since warlike times, would summon all within reach of its echoes, to haste and bid welcome to the man who was "first in the hearts of his countrymen." Every village and little hamlet poured forth their population to greet the arrival of him whom all delighted to honor. A kind of jubilee attended every where the progress of the Patriot Chief; for even the school children, with the curiosity incident to the age of innocence, would labor hard at the daily lesson, and leave the birch to hang idly on the wall, when to see General Washington was the expected holy-day and reward; many of these children, now the parents of children, while recalling the golden hours of infancy, will dwell with delight on the time when they were presented to the Paternal Chief, and recount how they heard the kindly sounds of his voice; felt the kindlier touch of his hand; or climbed his knee, to share the good man's smile." Pure, happy, and honored recollections! they will descend like traditional lore from generation to generation, venerable to all future time.

In the frequent trial of generalship between the Chief and his ancient comrades in arms—the one seeking to avoid the testimonies of respect and attachment, the other was equally studious to offer—the late Colonel Proctor, a gallant and distinguished officer of Artillery, was several times out-generalled—the President having reached the seat of Government privately and unobserved. This roused the good old Colonel, who declared: He shall not serve me so again; I'll warrant that my matches will be found lighted next time.

So soon as the first gun would be heard from the upper extremity of Market street, a venerable citizen was seen to leave his office, and moving at more than his usual pace, ascend the steps of the Presidolead. He gave in no name; he required no ceremony of introduction; but making his way to the family parlor, opened the general gratulation by the first welcome of Robert Morris.

At the Ferry of the Susquehanna, lived a veteran worthy of the Revolutionary day, where the President always took quarters on his journey to and from his seat in Virginia. As the boat touched the shore, punctual to the moment and true to his post, stood Colonel Rogers, prepared to hand Mrs. Washington to his house. It was his claim, his privilege; like the claims at a coronation, it had been put in and allowed, and, verily, the veteran would not have yielded it to an Emperor.

The late General Charles Scott had a most inveterate habit of swearing; whether in private or public society, on his farm or the field of battle, every other word was an oath. On the night preceding the battle of Princeton, Scott received an order from the Commander-in-Chief in person to defend the bridge to the last extremity. To the last man, your Excellency, replied Scott, and forgetting the presence of his Chief, accompanied the words with tremendous oaths. The General, as may well be supposed, had but little time on that eventful evening, to notice or chide this want of decorum in his brave and well tried soldier. After the war, a friend of the gallant General's, anxious to reform his evil habit, asked him, whether it was possible that the man so much beloved, the admired Washington, ever swore? Scott reflected for a moment, and then exclaimed, "Yes, once. It was at Monmouth, and on a day that would have made any man swear. Yes, sir, he swore on that day, till the leaves shook on the trees; charming, delightful. Never have I enjoyed such swearing before or since. Sir, on that ever memorable day he swore like an Angel from Heaven." The reformer abandoned the General in despair.

In the first Presidency, the door of the Presidolead gathered but little rust on its hinges, while often was its latch lifted by the "broken soldier." Scarce a day passed that some veteran of the heroic

time did not present himself at Headquarters. The most tattered of these types of the days of privation and trial, was "kindly bid to stay," was offered refreshment, and a glass of something to their General's health, and then dismissed with lighter heart & heavier pouches. So passed the many; but not so with one of Erin's sons. It was about the hour of the Tuesday levee, when German John, the porter, opened to an hearty rap, expecting to admit at least a dignitary of the land, or foreign ambassador, when who should march into the hall, but an old fellow, whose weather beaten countenance, and well worn apparel, shewed him to be no "carpet knight." His introduction was short, but to the purpose. He had come to Headquarters to see his honor's excellence, God bless him. He was an old soldier. In vain the porter assured him that it would be impossible to see the President at that time: a great company was momentarily expected—the hall was not a fitting place—would he go to the steward's apartment and get something to drink? To all which Pat replied that he was in no hurry; that he would wait his honor's leisure; and, taking a chair, composed and made himself comfortable. And now passed Ministers of State and Foreign Ministers, Senators, Judges; the great and the gay; meanwhile, poor Pat stoutly maintained his post, gazing on the crowd, till the levee having ended, and the President about to retire to his library; he was informed that an obstinate Irishman had taken possession of the hall, and "could be satisfied with nothing short of an interview with the President himself. The Chief good naturedly turned into the hall. So soon as the veteran saw his old commander, he roared out; "Long life to your honor's excellence;" at the same time hurling his hat to the ground and erecting himself with military precision. "Your honor will not remember me; though many is the day that I have marched under your orders, and many's the hard knocks I've had, too. I belonged to Wayne's brigade—Mad Anthony, the British called him, and, by the powers, he was always mad enough for them. I was wounded at the battle of Germantown. Hurra for America—and it does my heart good to see your honor; and how is the dear lady and the little ones?"

—Here the usually grave temperament of Washington gave way, as, with a smile he replied, that he was well, as was Mrs. Washington, but they were unfortunate in having no children; then pressing a token into the soldier's hand, he ascended the staircase into his library. The Irishman followed with his eye the retiring General, then looked again and again upon the token, which he had received from his honor's own hand, pounced it, recovered his hat, which he placed with military exactness a little on one side, then took up his line of march, and as he passed the porter, called out, there now, you Hessian fellow, you see that his honor's excellence has not forgotten an old soldier.

These anecdotes though simple in themselves, possess no common character. They are *Tales of the days of Washington*, and *Tales of the Heart*. We proceed to something of a graver sort.

The President was dining, when an officer arrived from the Western Army with despatches, his orders requiring that he should deliver them only to the Commander-in-Chief. The President retired, but soon re-appeared bearing in his hand an opened letter. No change was perceptible in his countenance, as addressing the company he observed, that the army of St. Clair had been surprised by the Indians, and was cut to pieces. The company soon after retired. The President repaired to his private parlor, attended by Mr. Lear, his principal Secretary, and a scene ensued of which our pen can give but a feeble description.

The Chief paced the room in hurried strides. In his agony, he struck his clenched hands with fearful force against his forehead, and in a paroxysm of anguish exclaimed: "That brave army, so officered—Butler, Ferguson, Kirkwood—such officers are not to be replaced in a day—that brave army cut to pieces, Oh God!" Then turning to the Secretary, who stood amazed at a spectacle so unique, as Washington in all his terrors, he continued: "It was here, sir, in this room, that I conversed with St. Clair, on the eve of his departure for the West. I remarked, I shall not interfere, General, with the orders of General Knox, and the War Department: they are sufficiently comprehensive and judicious: but as an old soldier, as one whose early life was particularly engaged in

Indian warfare, I feel myself competent to counsel: General St. Clair, in three words, beware of surprise: trust not to the Indians; leave not your arms for a moment; and when you halt for the night, be sure to fortify your camp; again and again General, beware of surprise. And yet that brave army surprised and cut to pieces, with Butler and a host of others slain; Oh God!" Here the struggle ended; with mighty efforts the hero chained down the rebellious giant of passion, and Washington became "himself again." In a subdued tone of voice he proceeded. "But he shall have justice; yes, long, faithful, and meritorious services have their claims. I repeat—he shall have justice."

Thus concluded a scene as remarkable as rare. It served to display this great man as nature had made him, with passions fierce and impetuous, which like the tornado of the tropics, would burst for a while in awful grandeur, and then show, in higher relief, a serene and brilliant sky.

From the Raleigh (N. C.) Star.

WAKE COUNTY, AUGUST 27, 1827.

To Messrs. Lawrence & Lemay:

GENTLEMEN—The incorrect impression attempted to be made on the public mind in relation to the proceedings of the senate of the United States, on the nomination of the honorable Henry Clay as secretary of state, in March, 1825, has placed me in the unpleasant dilemma of acquiescing in what every senator present must know to be wrong, or submitting to a candid world the remarks, and the only remarks, that were made on that occasion. I have therefore determined to furnish them forthwith for publication. I will only add, that several of the most distinguished senators expressed a concurrence in the objections urged, and declared to me that they were prepared to sustain them in the event of any member of the senate desiring further investigation.

Respectfully, yours, &c.

JNO. BRANCH.

Mr. President—As I cannot, consistently with a sense of duty, give a silent vote on the present occasion, I must ask the indulgence of the senate for a few moments, while I shall attempt in a plain, frank, and brief manner, to give the reasons why I am unwilling to advise and consent to this appointment.

I am duly impressed with the momentous duty we are about to perform, and the importance of the crisis, connected with the deep responsibility which attaches to each and every member; and hence my solicitude to arrive at truth by the best reflections which I have been capable of bestowing on the subject.

To guide and direct us on this, as well as every other occasion, it may be well, first, to look to the commission under which, and from which we derive all our powers, to wit: the constitution of the United States, which we have all taken a solemn oath to preserve, maintain and defend, not in the letter only, but according to its true intent and meaning. While I readily admit that the letter, and perhaps, the rigid construction of that instrument, does not imperatively forbid the confirmation of this nomination, yet I hazard nothing in saying that every reason which could have operated on the convention to induce them to insert the following clause, applies with increased force to influence the senate to reject the distinguished individual, whose nomination we are now about to act upon. The clause is as follows:

"No senator or representative shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any office under the authority of the United States, which shall have been created, or the emoluments whereof shall have been increased during such time, and no person holding any office under the United States, shall be a member of either house during his continuance in office."

I would ask, why and wherefore is it that no member of either house is permitted to hold an office which he has assisted to create, or the emoluments of which have been increased by his vote? Because, sir, it was wisely foreseen that he might be influenced to vote for the one or the other from mercenary or interested motives.

What is the present case? Henry Clay, a member of the house of representatives, has made or, if you please, has mainly contributed to make John Q. Adams president of these United States; & this president, thus made in opposition to the known wishes of the American people, and under circumstances of an extraordinary character, has called upon

the senate of the United States to advise and consent to this efficient friend, a member of the very house that has conferred on him the chief magistracy of this republic, should be made secretary of state. I would respectfully ask, whether, in sanctioning or confirming this nomination, we are not infringing on the obvious policy of the constitution? For if a member may be supposed to vote to create an office, or to increase the salary with a view to his individual gain, may he not with as much propriety be suspected of voting from sordid or interested considerations, when he makes an officer, who, in turn gives him an office? I will not trespass on the time of the senate, by any farther effort to illustrate and enforce the coincidence of the reasons in the two cases. They must be apparent to every intelligent mind. Again waving all objections which manifestly result from the foregoing considerations, I would ask, whether from a decent respect to public sentiment, we ought not to put our veto on this nomination? I am not prepared to assert positively that corruption has mingled with this transaction; but this much I feel authorized to say and believe, that the circumstances connected with the recent presidential election and this nomination, are sufficient to fix on the public mind the strongest suspicions that they had been cheated out of their rights by corruption and intrigue; and, inasmuch as our government is based on public confidence, it is of the very last importance that our foundation be well guarded. The administration of the government should not only be pure, but its purity, as far as practicable, should not be suspected. Let us view things as they exist in practical life. The senate was prudently desirous to act as a check on the appointing power, not, I admit, to be exercised capriciously, but fearlessly and independently when the public good requires. How often have we eulogized and boasted of our republican institutions; our happy distribution of the powers of the government; the salutary checks and balances to be found in our constitution; and the effectual barriers which have been provided to prevent the encroachment of either upon the powers of the other, and the consequent protection to all classes and interests? But if these things are only to be found in the theory of our government, I would not give a fig for them. The different departments should in some respects be considered as rivals, each watching every opportunity to strengthen itself and weaken its rival. Let us, therefore, be vigilant in the exercise of our constitutional powers, guarded as well against open assault, as covert, insidious encroachments. For, however lofty and high sounding may be the sentiment which we sometimes hear uttered of independence of the people, the legitim. proprietors of this government; yet this independence, connected with the dependence on the dispensing power, is fraught with the most alarming consequences to the liberties of the people; for, as we recede from the one, we imprecipitously glide into the deadly embrace of the other. From a retrospect of the past, lessons of wisdom may often be extracted. We see some receive their docteur promptly, others, perhaps ten times the number, are kept in a state of expectancy, and many have their hopes and fears operated on, who, like the sanguine Irishman, calculating on drawing a prize, when, forsooth, he had no ticket in the lottery. It is time to pause, and look the mischief full in the face. Has it come to this, that nothing but proof positive of corruption will justify the senate in arresting an appointment? If so we are more degenerate than I had imagined. What are the facts of this case, as generally admitted to be true, to which we are not at liberty to turn a deaf ear? We see two political opponents, neither having confidence in the other, at a critical moment when the loaves and fishes are about to be divided, the one, in opposition to the well ascertained wishes of the people of his state, fly into each other's arms, and cordially embrace, without aught appearing to the world of reconciliation and adjustment of former differences. By which means, and by which alone, the one is enabled to grasp the presidential chair in violation of the sovereignty of the people, with a salary of \$25,000 per year, and the senate of the United States is called upon to aid this president, thus made to confer on the other the state department, with a salary of \$6,000, and thereby making him heir apparent to the presidency. Comment would be superfluous to a body as