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By David V. Culley.

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[The following letter, from the pen of an accomplished foreigner, was intended solely for the perusal of a London friend; but has been politely handed us for publication.]

New York Mirror.

LETTER TO A FRIEND IN LONDON.

I wish you were in this country, my dear B., you would have much to learn and unlearn. You would be surprised and delighted although you might miss some of your accustomed luxuries. I have not myself forgotten you, nor our friends, nor our merry old England; and hallowed in my memory is the recollection of that spot.

"where Thames is seen

Gliding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And like a tusk between two rows
Of harem beauties, on he goes,
A lover, loved for ev'n the grace
With which he slides from their embr—ce;"

but here are scenes, although strangely different, yet of wonderful magnificence, and a people who have been much misrepresented by foreign bookmakers. I am now in New-York staying at the Mansion-house, kept by a Mr. Bunker. It is in the lower part of Broadway, a large building not unlike —, where, you remember, we put up together. This Broadway is really a fair street, several miles in length; and, although not remarkable for any splendid buildings, (the city-hall is a clever thing, surrounded by a small enclosure, termed "the park;") but throngs of well dressed people always occupy the side walks, and give it a fashionable and happy look. There is, at the southern termination of Broadway, a piece of land fenced off, divided into grass plots, and shaded with pleasant trees. It commands a view next to the bay of Naples. It is, indeed, surprisingly beautiful, and provokes continual exclamations of delight from citizens as well as strangers. Before it and around it, stretch the broad bay, studded with islands, and bounded with a bright shore: steam boats, vessels of war, packet-ships, sloops, and a great variety of small crafts, are forever gliding over it, giving the scene a striking character of animation. Here the military parade, fire-works are exhibited, balloons ascend, and a thousand other little local affairs attract large crowds. At present the city is all in commotion. It is quite an era, and a very interesting one in the history of the town, from the fact, that the venerable president of the republic is now, for the first time in many years, a visitor. He is a man of extraordinary character, and, from his earliest boyhood, has continually grown in popularity. You have heard me before speak of General Jackson, the famous hero of New Orleans—a military chieftain—a soldier of courage and genius, and unrivaled firmness and decision—a statesman, prompt, fearless, aspiring and energetic. His coming to New York has been for some time a topic of newspaper comment and congratulation, and of drawing-room, as well as pot-house and tavern discussion. There is not, probably living, a man so popular as this aged chief; his name is in every body's mouth; his pictures, busts, &c., have, for many years, crowded the streets and print-shops, windows, parlors, libraries, barber-shops, taverns, &c. &c., and, on certain public occasions, he has been, from time immemorial to the rising generation, represented in the evening on an illuminated transparency, with one war-like hand resting on his unsheathed blade—a tremendous affair, by the way, which might have tested the strength of Sir William Wallace—and the other leaning on the flowing mane of a steed of superb outlines and dimensions, and so mettlesome, that we fancy the youthful Alexander would not have been as ready to back him, as he was to mount Bucephalus. I do not mean to say that the president has been universally popular. No, no. That would be a sad deviation from the customs of republics. There has been against him, as against all others, a party whose opposition has, probably, rendered the acclamations of his adherents more loud and apparent. Their watch-word is, "hurrah for Jackson!" There is not a little curly-pated imp of three years old, but will ring up his tattered hat, and cry out, "hurrah for Jackson!" For years and years this has been the state of the city in reference to their present president, and many measures of his administration have tended to overflow the cup of his popularity, already full. The fact, that under his direction a dangerous question, which threatened the dissolution of the Union, has been amicably settled, has elevated the general enthusiasm and curiosity beyond all bounds. Besides this, a recent personal insult offered him by a crazy navy officer, has shocked the whole country, and all, friends and foes, appear equally anxious to make every possible preparation to him whose gray hairs might have still protected him from actual assault, if no respect was felt for the dignity of the office and the services of the man. Hence you may judge, that on the day of his expected arrival, the streets presented a curious spectacle. There are more than two hundred thousand inhabitants in New York, and, I do believe, the greater part of them thronged toward the place where the celebrated soldier and venerable statesman was expected to land. The scene was imposing, grand and sublime. It will probably live on the page of history, as one of the most impressive and romantic events of the times. Fancy, my dear B., a proud, great city—lofty houses—trees—fences—all swarmed with multitudes, anxious to get a glimpse of the hero as he passed from the superb shore. On landing, he was received by Major General Morton, at the head of his column, gentleman of the old school, to whom I had letters from you, and with whose acquaintance I am greatly pleased. He addressed the president in an appropriate, concise and pointed speech, and the line of march was then taken up through the city. The distinguished visitor rode through the most magnificent street on this continent, to his hotel. The Battery—a large area—was a living mass of human beings—troops, horse and foot, and thousands and thousands

of citizens—the bay covered with steamboats and other vessels—flags floating—canoons roaring—music swelling on the wind—bursts from the trumpet that made the pulses wild, and, over the whole, the cheers and loud acclamations of the crowd. I was well accommodated with a seat at the hotel, which is situated, (or, as the Americans say, "located,") in the widest part of the street, and where the throng, carriages, carts, stages, gigs, horses, and foot-passengers amounted to suffocation, and furnished, certainly, one of the most impressive sights I ever beheld. The wide street, through which, for hours, the tide of human beings had been rushing steadily with the heavy sound and motion of a strong current, was at length filled and dammed up completely, as far as the eye could reach. Windows, up to the fourth story—nay, the very house tops, and the roofs of the churches and all the public buildings, were crowded. They were well-behaved folks, and waited patiently till a troop of horse rode through the vast dense assembly in order to make way for the principal object of interest, whose arrival had already been announced by the cannon. The trumpet blew his blast, long and loud—the hoofs of the horses rattled over the stones—a passage was at length cleared, only wide enough for two or three horsemen abreast. The president had been much abused; his face, form and health had been caricatured and misrepresented. He had been termed a feeble, sickly, dying old man, and, by some, an "old woman," suffering under the weakness of age and imbecility, and incapable of acting for himself. The excitement at this moment was really intense, and it was not allayed by a rumour which flew from lip to lip, that, in crossing from a fort a little out in the bay to the main land, the bridge had given way, and also a covered arch, bearing scores of people, a moment after the president had passed beneath it. All the great men in company with him had been precipitated, with numbers of others, into the water—and, in the confusion of the moment, it was said that many were dangerously wounded—some were killed, and that the escape of the president was miraculous. Presently my ears were stunned with the burst of voices which announced that the crowd had caught sight of him. The waving of hats and handkerchiefs grew nearer, till amid the thousands beneath me that rocked and heaved like a tumultuous sea, I saw a group of officers, richly dressed, and among them, and distinguished by the simplicity of his attire—by his tall, commanding form and dignified demeanour—his bare venerable head and calm expression—his face, I saw the president himself mounted—reining his horse with the air of an accomplished rider, and waving his hat continually, and bowing to the thousands and thousands who, above, below and all around, were greeting his course with thundering cheers. Do you not remember a passage in Shakespeare exactly applicable to this?

"Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
With slow but stately pace kept on his course.
You would have thought the very windows
spake,

So many greedy looks of young and old,
Though casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once,
Jesus, preserve thee! Welcome, Boling—
broke!

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's
neck,
Bespeak them thus—I thank you, country—
men:

And thus still doing, thus he passed along."

There was really in this sight a good deal of the moral sublime. Cincinnatus from his plough could scarcely appear more unassuming than this great man in his plain black dress.

The city is all in excitement on this, as well as on one or two other subjects. A balloon has gone up—and an Indian chief, with his son and a prophet of the tribe, which have been recently conquered by the government, are also in town. The vice-president, Mr. Van Buren, is also a sojourner—and some of the secretaries of the departments—yesterday, I ran against a gentleman whom, upon a nearer view, I recognized as Washington Irving—and the deuce knows what else there is to ferment the population.

What did old mother Trollope mean by saying that the Americans had no enthusiasm? Why, they are tinder. They burn spontaneously. Eight or ten thousand of them assembled yesterday on the Battery to see a balloon ascend. I am a great friend to balloons—they are so elegant and airy and careless, like a fine gentleman, or a poet, or a belle, or a butterfly. They tell odd things of these inflated machines too. You have heard of the aeronaut, who ascended with his dog. The parachute was overturned at an indefinite height, and both were precipitated, (that is scarcely the word the word—overset,) into the air. The man fell, was whirled about for a long time by conflicting currents of wind, and after having been abandoned to his fate for three or four hours, he heard his little dog somewhere near him barking in the air! If I had not seen this story actually printed, I should scarcely believe it. The New York man is bold fellow—he goes up really in magnificent style. The inflation takes place in a fort, (now converted into a public ice-cream garden,) on the shore of the bay. The place itself is generally filled, and also the surrounding stream, walks, streets, &c., with boats, pedestrians, carriages, and all the et ceteras. Imagine a delicious sunshiny afternoon—a soft Italian air—a heaven with scarcely a cloud—all blue and transparent—the thronging thousands waiting around. At length a little balloon—a pioneer—ascends, and is borne off rapidly by the light breeze, till it is lost in the sky. Presently the huge globe of brown silk looms up above the edges of the wall with a beautiful motion—swinging, floating, and displaying all the aspiring impulses of an eagle eager for the flight, and scarcely retainable on earth. The arrangements within are at length com-

pleted. The huge mass rises slowly, clear and free into the air. The car, with its adventurous plot, is greeted with multitudinous cheers, and off they float upward and away upon the gale—flags waving—huzzas mingling—canoons firing—horses prancing—and the lonely vessel smoothly gliding into the blue high distance till it fades to a speck. Among the spectators of this scene were Black Hawk and his party. These Indians are great curiosities to me. Nothing makes me more strikingly realize that I am in America—that a broad ocean rolls between you and me. The savages who infest the frontiers of the republic have no idea that the whites comprise more than a handful of men, and fancy they may be conquered by perseverance. Several of them were conducted on a tour through the country some years since, and of course were astonished. On going back to their people they detailed the wonders they had seen; but such monstrous stories gained no credit—they were for some time the objects of ridicule and persecution, till at length, in self-defence, they recanted. It is the desire of the government that the present chief may see and judge for himself of the extent of the people with whom they presume to war.

At Baltimore the other day, these Indians were introduced to the president, who addressed them as follows:

"**MY CHILDREN**—When I saw you at Washington, I told you you had behaved very badly, in raising the tomahawk against the white people, and killing men, women and children upon the frontier. Your conduct last year compelled me to send my warriors against you; your people were defeated with great loss, and your men surrendered, to be kept until I should be satisfied that you would not try to do any more injury. I told you I would inquire whether your people wished you should return, and whether, if you did return, there would be any danger to the frontier. General Clark and General Atkinson, whom you know, have informed me that Sheeckack, your principal chief, and the rest of your people, are anxious you should return, and Koe-kuk has asked me to send you back. Your chiefs have pledged themselves for your good conduct, and I have given them directions that you should be taken to your own country.

"Major Garland, who is with you, will conduct you through some of our towns. You will see the strength of the white people. You will see our young men are as numerous as the leaves in the woods. What can you do against us? You may kill a few women and children; but such force would soon be sent against you, as would destroy your whole tribe. Let the red men hunt and take care of their families; but I hope they will not again raise their hands against their white brethren. We do not wish to injure you. We desire your prosperity and improvement. But if you again plunge your knives into the breasts of our people, I shall send a force which will severely punish you for all your cruelties.

"When you go back, listen to the counsels of Koe-kuk and the other friendly chiefs. Bury the tomahawk, and live in peace with the frontiers. And I pray the Great Spirit to give you a smooth path and a fair sky to return."

To this Black Hawk answered:

"**MY FATHER**—My ears are open to your words. I am glad to hear them. I am glad to go back to my people. I want to see my family. I did not behave well last summer. I ought not to have taken up the tomahawk. But my people have suffered a great deal. When I get back I will remember your words. I won't go to war again. I will live in peace. I shall hold you by the hand."

All this is mighty romantic for us, dear B.; and the liberty-loving ladies of the west greet him like a hero. A critic, however, who seems authority, gives the following passage:

"Black Hawk and his *compagnons de royage* continue to draw multitudes of gazers. They bear inspection and suffocation admirably. Each verifies the description of the poet—

"The stoic of the woods, the man without a tear."

Ladies emulously and eagerly grasp tawny hands that have been imbrued in human blood, as the teeth of the panther are with that of his prey, quadruped or biped. These savages are of noble form and characteristic mien; every thing in them is aboriginal: the son of the chief is a master-piece of his race—an *Uncus* in his conformation and aspect. It is such a being that seems to breathe every where the soul of Smollett's lines—

"Thy spirit, independence, let me share!
Lord of the lion heart and eagle eye.
Thy steps I follow with my bosom bare,
Nor heed the storm that howls along the sky."

The president was also on the ground at the hour for the ascension of the balloon. He was, as before, ever greeted with acclamations, and continues to be the victim of reports. One paper says, "a story has become very current, that President Jackson intends uniting himself to a very amiable and accomplished lady in Connecticut, and that the nuptials are to be celebrated during his present visit. We presume the story, like many similar reports, is without the least foundation in truth." Another announces, that "among other tokens of respect which will be shown to the president and vice-president, about five thousand of the fairest of the fair, unmarried, and young, elegantly dressed in white, will join in a procession to meet and greet them on their arrival in Lowell, in the state of Massachusetts."

Here is a specimen of the enthusiasm with which his words are observed and reported, from one of the newspapers:

"When the president appeared on the balcony of the city-hall, and witnessed the countless multitudes of well-dressed, orderly citizens, who had assembled to do honor to the first magistrate of the republic, and to testify the reverence and affection so well

due to the public services and the individual character of the incumbent—when he heard the long rolling thunders of their enthusiastic cheering—he felt that it was to their noble and happy institutions, that this people were doing honor, and were thus giving the most sincere of all pledges of their endearing attachment to and worthiness of such high advantages. His forgetfulness of self, and his singleness of devotion to the common weal were never more strikingly displayed than in the half unconscious remarks which fell from his lips, as the magnificent scene presented itself before him. Turning to Governor Marcy, with a quivering lip, but a brightening eye, he said—"Nullification will never take root HERE!" Even at that moment, the proudest and dearest to himself, in all his life time, he could think only of his country and its welfare."

As for myself I have witnessed the entrance into cities of victorious generals and coronations of kings, but I never saw a sight presenting such a striking example of the moral sublime, as the entrance into New York of that tall old man, in simple attire, with his gray, uncovered head, bending to the salutations of his countrymen.

Yours sincerely, dear B. F. A. K.

TAILORS.

There are some things in this world which astonished me when I first opened my eyes upon it, and which I have never since been able to understand.—One of these is the popular ridicule about the business of a tailor. The arts and crafts of all alike refer to one grand object, the convenience and pleasure of the human race; and though there may be some shades of comparative dignity among them, I must confess I never yet could see any grounds, either in reason or jest, for the peculiar contempt thrown out upon one, which, to say the least of it *eminently* conduces to the conduct of man. A joke is a joke, to be sure; but then it should be a *real* joke. It should have some bottom in the principles of ridiculous contrast, or else it cannot be what it pretends to be, and must consequently fall to the ground. Now it strikes me that all the sniggering which there has been about tailors since the beginning of the world (the first attempt at the art, by the bye, was no laughing matter) has been quite in vain—perfect humbug—a mirth without the least foundation in nature; for, if we divest ourselves of all recollection of the traditional ridicule, and think of a tailor as he really is, why, there is positively nothing in the least ridiculous about him. The whole world has been upon the grin for six thousand years about one particular branch of general employment; and if the world were seriously questioned as to the source of its amusement, I verily believe, that not a single individual could give the least explanation.

The whole world has been upon the grin for six thousand years about one particular branch of general employment; and if the world were seriously questioned as to the source of its amusement, I verily believe, that not a single individual could give the least explanation. The truth is the laughter at tailors is an entire delusion. While the world laughs, the artists themselves make riches, and then laugh in their turn,—with this difference that they laugh with a cause. I am almost tempted to suspect that the tailors themselves are at the bottom of this plot of ridicule in order that they may have the less competition and the higher wages; for again I positively say, I cannot see what there is about the business to be laughed at. Nobody ever thinks of laughing at a shoemaker, though he applies himself to clothe the very meanest part of the body. Nay, the saddler who furnishes clothes to a race of quadrupeds, is never laughed at; while few trades awaken the human sympathies so strongly as that of the blacksmith, who is relatively as much meaner in his emolument than the saddler, as the shoemaker is than the tailor. What, then, is the meaning—what is the cause of all this six thousand years' laughing? If any man will give me a feasible answer, I will laugh too; for I like a joke as well as any body; but upon my honor I cannot laugh without a cause. I must see were the fun lies, and it is no fun for me.

If the mirth be, as I suspect, entirely groundless, what a curious subject for consideration! A large and respectable class of the community has been subjected from apparently the beginning of the social world, to a system of general ridicule; and, when the matter is inquired into, it turns out that nothing can be shown in the circumstances of that class to make the ridicule merited. Men talk of the oppression of governments; but was there ever such oppression, such wanton persecution and cruelty, as this? Does any superior, in almost any instance, inflict such wrong upon those under him, as is here inflicted, by ordinary men, upon a part of their own set? How much discomfort there must have been in the course of time from this cause; and yet the jest turns out to want even the excuse of *being a jest*! Thousands of decent and worthy people have felt unhappy and degraded, that their neighbors might have an empty, unmeaning, witless laugh.—The best of the joke is, that the human race must have paid immensely, in the course of time, for this silly sport. The tailors properly, would not make clothes and furnish laughing stocks without payment for their service in both capacities. Their wages therefore, have always been rather higher than those of other artisans; and few tradesmen are able to lend so much ready cash to good customers, as the London tailors. The fellows pocket the affront amazingly, having become quite reconciled to a contempt which is accompanied with so much of the substantial blessings of life. But the world should not allow this. It should say, "No, no, Messieurs Tailors, we see through the folly of our jesting, and would rather want it altogether than pay so much more than is proper for our coats. So, if you please, we'll make a new arrangement. We'll agree never more to reckon up nine of you as necessary to make a man,—never more to speak of either goose or cabbage,—never more to use the words 'prick the louse,' or any thing of that kind,—in short, we'll give up the whole of this system of obloquy, and make men of you, if you will only give us a discount of five per cent. off your charges."

Let the world do this; and if the tailors be not by this time quite hardened in endurance, and impervious to all shame, I think we might all save a good deal of our incomes every year, and the amount of genuine mirth not to be much diminished.

Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

JOURNEYMAN PRINTERS.

From high to low, in New England, or at the south, they are the class of dissipated, careless, well informed good hearted men—knowing how to act better than they do—nothing at times, yet every thing if occasion required it. We have seen one and the same individual of the craft, a minister in Carolina, a boatman on the western canal, a sheriff in Ohio, a sailing master on board a privateer, a fiddler in New Orleans, a dandy in Broadway, New York, a pressman in a garret printing office, and without a settled habitation any where! Having nothing to lose, no calamity can overwhelm them; and caring to gain nothing, no tide of fortune carries them upwards from the level where they choose to stand; the least to be envied, yet the happiest dogs in Christendom. Philosophers by practice, and spendthrifts by inclination, they complain not when their stomachs cry for bread and they have no bread to give, and in the next hour, if fortune favors them with the means, expend more for unnecessary delicacies than would serve to keep them on wholesome food for a month.

Beautiful Extracts.—Behold him severed from every thing he held dear, and which makes existence even tolerable. The relation of husband and wife, parents and children, dissolved.—The association of kindred and the felicities of home, are his no more. For him the morning brings no sweets, and the evening promises no rest. On him the sun shines with sickly rays, and the stars shoot malignant fires. For him the heavens distil no pleasant dews, and skies wear no brightness—the fields wear no verdure—the flowers blossom in vain—in seed time and in harvest he has no portion. The smiles of his consort and the welcome of his children only serve to harrow up his soul. *

"The most lofty mountains on our globe are composed of atoms. Chimborazo's towering height, is formed by the union of minute particles of matter. The largest rivers are made of small streams. No one, in beholding the source of the Mississippi, could form any idea of the majesty of its termination—as it rolls on, it increases in strength. In the same manner, morals and institutions, by the united energies of society, become permanent, lasting and beneficial."

"Her crowns will never crumble, for they are crowns of life. Her laurels will never fade, for they grow in an unpolluted clime. Her fires never go out—her incense ever burns—her temple doors, like the gates of day, have been open since the morning of time. Shall we join in procession with the millions who have knelt at her shrine? She never pressed more urgent claims—she never undertook a more glorious cause—it is the cause of humanity."

Conjugal affection—Easy death.—An old lady residing not far from Exeter, was perhaps one of the most brilliant examples of conjugal tenderness that the last century produced. Her husband had long been dying, and at length, on the clergyman of the parish making one of his daily visits, he found him dead.—The inconsolable widow in giving him an account of her spouse's last moments, told him her "poor dear man kept groaning and groaning, but he could not die;