

INDIANA PALLADIUM.

By David V. Culley.

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The following Song, written by Mr. LE RAY ANDERSON, of Virginia, was sung with great taste and spirit during the past season of fashion and gaiety at Saratoga. The fair songstress, Miss E. A. S. of Williamsburgh, is one of Virginia's most accomplished daughters, and General HAMILTON and other distinguished nullifiers, were always among the loudest in their encores of this good-natured *jeu d'esprit*.

N. Y. Enquirer.

SAVE DE UNION.

To the tune of *Clear De Kitchen*.

A mighty angry quarrel rose
Among de Tariff's friends and foes,
And South Calina in a fit.
De Union vow to curse and quit.
But save de Union old folks, young folks,
Old Virginny never tire.

Virginny love her sister State,
And most as much the Tariff hate;
But while the Tariff she dispise,
De Union very much she prize.
So save de Union, &c.

She send her son, Mas *Watkins Leigh*,
De South Calina's to see,
To tell em just to wait a while,
And better times will on us smile,
To save de Union, &c.

The Tariff chief, name *Henry Clay*,
Who love his country much dey say,
Begin to fear its danger great,
And says I joins my native State,
To save de Union, &c.

Calhoun, a great Calina man,
Abominate de Tariff plan;
But he too say, O yes, 'tis right,
And *Clay*, let's see and you unite,
To save de Union, &c.

McDuffie too, when he see dat,
Off-hand begin to smell de rat—
He say, no doubt *Calhoun* is wise,
And we must do what he advise,
To save de Union, &c.

Den all de folks in Congress Hall,
De ladies, gentlemen's, an all,
All smile upon *Calhoun* and *Clay*,
And say well done, dat is de way
To save de Union, &c.

And when Calina hear de news,
She come into Virginny's views;
She smile upon *Mas Watkins Leigh*,
And say my Nullies all agree,
To save de Union, &c.

A NOCTURNAL SOLILOQUY.

This world—what is this world!—soloquised Sammy Stetson, cordwainer on the *ladies' branch*, as he doubled Wright's corner, and pursued his way up Market street, somewhat after the "noon of night." Why, I'll tell you what this world is—it's a miserable rascallion—that's a fact (stamping his foot)—and what's more—not what's more than a fact, but what's more than—I cannot fix it, so let it go, my organ of language is all down to the heel!—what's more, there are few things in this world that are not miserable rascallions too. I shouldn't wonder much if I was a miserable rascallion among the rest (in a tone of surprise). Here I've been threatening this two years and a half to—there, the clock strikes—one, two—now it's the dead of night, to a dead certainty—who'd have thought it! What have I been about? But I knew 'twould be so (with a very serious air)—courting and late hours are just as much cause and effect, as the honey moon and early hours—there's another dead certainty—not a dead certainty, because it's a certainty that exists, and how can a thing be dead when it exists? Now Ishan't get to sleep till day light—then to-morrow I'll be mopey and sulky, (in an agitated tone) and then they'll begin to plague me.

But what is courting? Why, courting is a miserable rascallion—there's no mistake—(with great earnestness) and the sooner a body gets out of the scrape the better. But how can you get out? Ay, there's the rub, as Shakspeare says—there is but one road, and that's a narrow one—you must either back out, or drive right ahead. The main question hinges upon this, as lord—lord somebody used to say, but it's bad grammar though—(striking the fore-finger of the right hand into the palm of the left, and keeping time with the modulations of his voice)—which is the frying pan, and which is the fire? which is the miserable rascallion, single blessedness or double blessedness? which is the best batch, a batch of children or a batch-el'or! Fourthly, or in short, or finally, do I believe in matrimony!—(with great animation) matter-o'-money? that's good—(in a low voice) but then I can't have this matter-o'-money, without something else with it—that's bad, and then if matrimony should be the fire, I can't get back into the frying-pan—that's bad again—now there are two bads to one good. And more than that—more than what? (stopping short) what was I going to say? the deuce, I've forgot it, I can't say what I was going to say—I always am frustrated at this time of night—my ideas are all tangled up like an old fashioned skein of shoe-thread. I'll give it up, I won't try to argue the matter—I know I'm a tough fellow to argue with at any time, but in this predicament there's no use in trying.

But here (as if recollecting himself) I've been threatening this half hour to tell what I've been threatening to do these two years and a half—I will say it (stamping his foot)—I will say what I was going to say, so there's no use in talking about it. But my ideas act strangely to-night—they couldn't act worse (with great rapidity)—they act as though they had been courting themselves. They are just like a flock of sheep—one jumps over the wall, and then the rest jump after it. But I'm just so all over—well, (in a grave tone) its nothing new—Sunday, Tuesday and Thursday nights the same old tune—(vehemently, giving the fence a blow with his fist) I'm all out of kilter. My lips have been cutting strange capers to-night—every thing about me have been cutting strange capers—I won't be answerable for any of them—I'll advertise the whole boddle—I'll advertise that all my ca-pa-bilities have left my bed and board, and ca-er-bilities have taken their place, and I'll pay no debts of their contracting.

I can't talk at all—I aint drunk—I could walk a crack, and what the dice is the reason I can't talk a little straighter! I can't make my tongue say what I want it to—it wiggles and squirms every way but the right one. I say I've been threatening this two years and a half to do so and so—and so—there, there's another flash in the pan—I want—what is want? why, want is a miserable rascallion, and the less a body has of it the better. But (giving the whites and friendly Indians. Six or eight of the whites and as many of the friendly Indians were

tongue and wiggle it myself—I want to tell what this so and so is. Well, I say, I've been threatening these two and a half years to—to what—not, to what, because I don't know how to what, but to pop the question—there, it slipped out, before I was ready for it, after all. But what is popping the question? Why it's a miserable rascallion, and the sooner I get through with it the better.

Essex Tribune.

From the *New Hampshire Patriot*.

Oregon Expedition.

Extracts from the letters of Mr. John Ball, to his father, dated

FORT VAN COUVER, Feb. 23, 1833.

"Believing that you still feel that interest in me that is usual to parents, and that you have always manifested towards me, I will now inform you of my welfare. My health has been uniformly good ever since I saw you fifteen months ago, and never better than now. I wrote from the mountains, and hope my letters were received, and that this will be also.

"I continued my journey across the country, leaving the place where I wrote the last of July, and arrived at this place the last of October. Afterward went to the ocean, 100 miles below this place—then returned here where I have since remained in comfortable quarters, teaching a few boys, enjoying all the usual conveniences of house and good living. This is a post of the Hudson Bay Company—a company which extends its trade for furs from Canada to this place; and they have here extensive farming operations—raise wheat, corn, peas, potatoes, and most vegetables usually cultivated in gardens, a number of head of cattle, and dairy of course—hogs and sheep. I have been very civily treated by them, though possessed of no introductory letters, or any thing to recommend me, desirous of every thing, for little can be brought under any usual circumstances across such an extent of wilderness country. And now I am going at the trade you taught me, but as I think in a country better than you selected—that more comforts can be obtained with less labor. More healthy it cannot be—but perhaps I am too fast. You know your changeable weather brings on colds, and these colds consumptions. Here for three years past some have had the fever and ague, though never known, even within the recollection of the healthiest regions in the world. I have the choice out of a tract as large as the state of New Hampshire, except what is occupied by seven farmers, who commenced last year. I am going on to Multnomah, near the mouth of which is this post—shall settle in the neighborhood of those already there. I have this week returned from looking out a place. Find the soil good, and most of it prairie—still, timber in abundance for fencing, building, fires, &c. well dispersed over the country. White oaks often grow on the plains like an orchard, and groves of firs and other timber. The same kind of fir that you have grows here to a great height, and three or four feet through, answering all the uses to which you put the white pine. There is another tree called the red fir, the timber of which is like that of the yellow pine—immensely large. The grand advantage here is the climate—for there is so little winter that I found the horses hogs and cattle, on the Multnomah fat, though none of them had been fed this winter. In fact I have not seen a flake of snow to lay on the ground moment, and hail but in one instance, which lay on, of two inches deep, for one day. Much rain in December, and in January so cold that the Columbia froze over, but the Multnomah did not. Some trees are now in blossom, and in favorable spots the fresh grass has grown six inches. The Indians have horses which they sell at \$8, but cattle are still scarce, there being none this side of California, except what have sprung from a Bull and seven cows, brought from there seven years ago, if I am rightly informed. Any thing can be raised here that can with you, and many that cannot. Many kinds of fruit trees have been introduced, which succeeded well. But recollect that I am not in possession of these things myself, but have hopes to be after a while, from the generous conduct of those who are the owners.

"I have seen the country, the description of which from John Ordway so much interested you, when he returned from his tour with Lewis and Clark. The natives, with their flattened heads, are nearly the same, though a residence of some white people in their neighborhood for more than 20 years has doubtless had its effect. They have exchanged their skin dresses to considerable extent for cloth. They wear nothing on their feet, but wear a kind of apron and blanket, or skin: some, however, have adopted the dress of the whites. They are not a warlike people in this quarter, though sometimes individuals are killed—but payment of some valuable articles is said to satisfy his friends. The practice of the whites is to chastise any aggression severely, thinking for mutual benefit. They live on whatever is nearest at hand and easiest obtained; nor do they lay up full stores for the future—still they do not entirely neglect it, drying salmon and roots. On the Multnomah they live almost entirely on roots, principally Camas and Wapato, but they prefer the potato, or any of the food of the whites, when they can get it, so they may eventually turn to cultivation. Be under no apprehensions on account of them, for with common prudence no difficulty is to be feared—besides, they are fond of having the whites come among them. I hope hereafter to let you know more about them and other things in this country.

JOHN BALL."

The next and latest of Mr. Ball's letters is addressed to his brother, Nathaniel Ball Jr. who also resides in Hebron. It bears date 'Fort Van Couver, March 4, 1833,' one day later than the last received by his friends in New York. From this also we are permitted to make extracts:

FORT VAN COUVER, March 4, 1833.

"After writing in the Mountains, a battle occurred between the Blackfeet, (a tribe inhabiting the mountains, and said to be a very hospitable people at home; but always at war when abroad) and the whites and friendly Indians. Six or eight of the whites and as many of the friendly Indians were

killed, and it was supposed a greater number of the enemy. I was so nigh as to hear the firing, and assisted to take care of the wounded as they were brought into the camp. The battle was as necessary as warfare usually is, that is unnecessary, for the whites might have avoided it.

"On the 24th August twelve of our party, the rest choosing to return or to stay and trap in the mountains, left that place with about 40 trappers, who were going westward. Travelled, first south, till we re-crossed the main branch of the Lewis river, then southwest, at a distance from that stream, on the heads of creeks falling into it, going within a short distance of the great salt lake. We travelled in this direction 3 or 400 miles, then down a creek about a hundred miles north to the Lewis river, then three or four hundred northwest, sometimes on and sometimes off that river, till we reached the Columbia at Fort Wallawalla, 9 miles south of its mouth. Here we left our faithful horses, of which, on this part of our journey we had a full supply; and took a boat for this place. Soon after five of us took an Indian canoe and went to the ocean, and this completed our long journey without any accident to myself, good health all the time, and as much enjoyment; notwithstanding all the hardships, as ever I had in the same time.

"It was now November, for our progress was retarded on the head of Lewis river in drying buffalo, on which to feed after we got beyond their range, for they do not come very far this side of the mountains, then the men with us stopped to trap some and after we quit them and turned down to the Lewis river we trapped some ourselves, [for instance, J. B. caught ten beaver and one prairie wolf,] but game was by no means plenty, we having now come within the sphere of the Hudson Bay Company's operations. The country through which we passed is a succession of mountains and plains, entirely without large timber, except a few pines on the mountain—willows, rose bushes in fact a complete thickets usually on the streams—the rest is an immense pasture, interspersed with low shrubs and barren sands. I saw in a few places granite and limestone, but ninetieths of the country is volcanic, the rocks show the marks of fire as plainly as blacksmith's cinders, which they often much resemble, being full of holes in the same way; in other cases like glass, lava, and also compact, a kind of rock they call basalt, which always appears in columns of five sides—you have probably read of the Giants' Causeway between Ireland and Scotland—even the rocks of other kinds and often appear burnt and partly melted. Along the creeks this rock forms perpendicular banks, often of astonishing height, and form the greatest obstruction in travelling the country; the rock on the lower part of the Columbia and along the coast is of this kind, and about 100 to 150 miles from the coast are a number of exceeding high mountains in form like Etna, always covered with snow; they have never been ascended, but are undoubtedly the same kind of rock—mounts Hood, St. Helens and Jefferson are of these. About half way down the Lewis river we met with a great number of springs, in fact small brooks coming out of the bluffs that were of one hundred degrees heat, that is a little above blood heat. That is the only appearance of great heat in the earth I have seen now, although the time has been that the rocks of the whole country were probably melted.

"Below the fall of the Columbia the country is mostly wooded, though there are in all parts especially along the Multnomah, extensive prairies—One at this place is occupied as a farm, and produces well. They raised last year 12,000 bushels of wheat, barley, peas and corn, potatoes and garden vegetables in abundance, and are doing still more this year. This place is in Lat. 45 deg. 27 min. Long, about 53 deg. west of Boston or yourselves, 100 miles from the sea, and tide flows 20 or 30 miles above this.

JOHN BALL."

My 'curious and Melancholy circumstance.—Week before last a well dressed female apparently between 25 and 30 years of age landed at Dunkirk, and on Friday came to this village. She stopped at the mail stage house, where she remained over night and till afternoon next day—appeared melancholy—said little or nothing to any one, and called for nothing to eat. When she left she said she wanted to go to Coney's tavern, which is eight miles west of this place, where she arrived about four o'clock in the afternoon. Here also she appeared depressed in mind and retired early to bed. The next morning it was ascertained that she was quite ill and a physician was sent for, though against her wish. The physician upon ascertaining her situation informed her that she could not live but a short time, and she died about four o'clock in the afternoon. All the information she gave of herself was that her name was Melinda Smith—that she had a husband and three children living in Cleaveland Ohio, to whom she was returning having been on a visit to her husband's relatives at Rutland, Vt. This statement, from attendant circumstances, is thought not to be correct. She had with her a trunk containing considerable clothing and in it was found a quantity of medicine which she said was given her by a physician in Buffalo with directions for its use to produce an abortion, and she stated that she had taken five doses of it. The attending physician upon examining it found it to be rank poison, and gave it as his opinion that one dose of it was sufficient to cause death. The only opinion that can be gathered from the whole of the circumstances is, that she was betrayed and made the victim of some monster in human shape.

She was decently buried, and her effects, together with a sum of money which she had with her, are in the care of Mr. John R. Coney, subject to the request of legal claimants. *Frederick Censor.*

POWER OF MUSIC.—The N. Y. Constellation says that a celebrated vocalist, made such a "bellowing" a few evenings since, that he actually turned the milk sour in the neighborhood—and as the good housewives indignantly declared, actually kept the bread from rising!

After this we may well exclaim,

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage brood,

To soften rocks, and split a log of wood!"

From the N. Y. Farmer.

SALTPETRE IN MEAT.

It is a matter of regret that while so much salt meat is made and used, we have not yet acquired the proper knowledge of the best mode to prepare and preserve it; nor is it generally known how noxious salt meat may become by an improper use of saltpetre in the pickle or brine usually employed.

There are various modes of preserving salt meat and fish, by drying, salting, pickling, oiling, smoking, &c.; but I merely mean at present to notice some of the defects and noxious properties of our actual salt meat, either beef or pork. One of the main defects appears to consist in the useless addition of saltpetre into the pickle, whereby the meat often becomes sour and spoiled, and always acid and pernicious. I never could understand why this substance was added to common salt in curing meat, except that it is said to look better. But it ought to be known that part of saltpetre absorbed by the meat is nitric acid or aquafortis, a deadly poison whereby our salt meat becomes unpalatable and pernicious. A slight excess of this acid makes the meat sour, or spoils it as we say. It has been suggested to correct this by potash, which re-absorbs the access; but merely hides the defect without neutralizing the whole poison.

It is not surprising that we should feed and deal, us a staple of our country containing a portion of such active poison as nitric acid! In fact, our actual salt meats are no longer meat! They are a new pernicious substance produced by a chemical action of salt upon the flesh of animals. This flesh when fresh and clean, consists chiefly of gelatin and fibrine.—Gelatine or jelly is the substance soluble in warm water, forming a broth by boiling, or becoming a jelly by concentration; white fibrine is the fibrous tough part of the meat, which cannot be dissolved; and is therefore unfit for food, while gelatine is the real nutritive part of the meat.

But it is well known that salt meat and even corned beef can no longer afford a broth, and therefore gelatine must have been changed into another substance no longer soluble, nor so nutritious, by the chemical action of salt and saltpetre. To this new substance chemists have, as yet, not given a name; but it is as different from meat as leather is from the hide before it is tanned by the tan bark or tanner.

To this chemical change in meat, is to be ascribed all the noxious qualities of salt meat, and the diseases to which those who feed chiefly on it become liable—sea scurvy, land scurvy, sore gums, rotten teeth, biles, ulcers, &c. which we entail on ourselves by using a kind of poisonous bad meat, which we call salt.

This important and doleful fact ought to be well known, or made known generally to all those who raise cattle, cure meat or eat it, in order that they may correct this sad defect.

The first thing to be done is to abandon altogether the use of saltpetre in curing meat. This is indispensable, and no one who is told aquafortis is the product of it, ought any longer to use this poison in pickles or brines.

The best substitute for it is sugar, a small quantity added makes the meat healthier, sweeter, nicer and equally durable.

How to make a brine for meat perfectly innocuous, is yet a desideratum. Gelatine ought to be preserved in salt meat perfectly pure and soluble, as it is in broth, cakes, before any salt meat can be perfectly healthy and equal to fresh meat.—But at any rate, by withholding the saltpetre, we divest it of a deadly poisonous substance.

C. S. RAFINESQUE,
Professor Hist. and Natural Sciences.

From the *Herkimer American*, of Oct. 3.

THE MURDER. We published last week from the Utica Observer, a letter detailing the circumstance of the murder of the Indian, by Nathaniel Foster. Since then, the Sheriff has been sent to Lewis county, to apprehend him. We have conversed with them and also with Foster. Judging from their statements, the act is not so flagrant as represented by the correspondence of the Observer. The facts as related by them, are nearly as follows.

The Indian who was a renegade from his own tribe, (St. Regis) went for the purpose of hunting on what is called Brown's Tract, a large extent of wilderness in the north part of this country, which is uninhabited except by hunters, of whom Foster is one and the most unrivaled. For a while, matters went on peacefully between Foster and the Indian, but after a time the Indian began to manifest his disposition. Foster, is above dictation and would not submit to the Indian, and they consequently had several quarrels, at all of which the Indian threatened the life of Foster. On the occasion on which the affair happened for which he is now confined, they had a quarrel and pitched battle and were separated by two other men. The Indian then swore by every thing that was sacred, that Foster should "never see another Christmas," and proceeded to get his rifle, but was prevented