

Richmond

BY HOLLOWAY & DAVIS.]



RICHMOND, WAYNE COUNTY, INDIANA, OCTOBER 7, 1844.

TERMS OF THE PALLADIUM:
Two Dollars--in advance; and Three Dollars
at the expiration of the year.

Miscellaneous Reading.

From the Rocky Mountain Expedition.

The following letter from Mr. FIELD, who went on an expedition to the Far West with Sir William Drummond Stewart, we find in the New Orleans Picayune:

FORT PLATTE, LA RAMEE FORK.

July 8th, 1840.

DEAR FRIENDS: Here we are, at this point of our long travel, in entire safety. From here we shall start in an hour for the Black Hill, Green River, the Sweetwater and the Wind River Mountains, having twenty or thirty days' travel still before us. We shall then spend a short time at some favorable location among the mountains, and commence our return in August. I cannot now trust myself to speak of the grandeur, sublimity, soft beauty and appalling wilderness—all of which have been passing, like a many changing panorama, before me for the last forty seven days—I cannot treat so engrossing a theme hurriedly, and will only tell you that we are now in the land of the Chayennes, and within thirty miles of us is an encampment of some four hundred lodges, numbering about four hundred warriors. We are nearly three strong, well armed and well supplied, and mean to march through them with all eyes and confidence. We have passed through our buffalo region, and are now without fresh meat; but as we were indolent in drying the animals' flesh, while we were killing a dozen a day, our stores are still quite equal to our appetites. In three or four days we shall again be among the untamed lords of the mountains and prairie wastes, where we shall find them swarming in denser numbers than ever.

The Catholic priests that I told you of are still with us, travelling to their new settlement among the converted Flatheads, and we have what I am sure must be new in this far western wilderness—early mass in camp every Sunday morning!

One of our companions was lost from camp on the North Fork of Platte, for four days, having lost his horse, coat and blankets, and wandering bare-footed about the prairie. He was found at last, and his story, which is of the liveliest interest, you shall have hereafter. Fifteen of us, tortured with thirst, were riding away in search of the river, galloping and yelling like Indians, when he, being alone in a distant hollow, took us for real red men, and concealed himself until we and the whole camp moved completely out of sight or knowledge. Every soul of us had given him up as butchered by the Sioux, when he was at length fortunately found.

We are all just reviving from a magnificent and magnificent justification that we had upon our ever glorious Fourth of July! What do you think of roast beef and plum pudding!—yes, rich and luscious as ever came fuming from the brazen kitchen of Messrs. Mudge and Waterman—Rhine wine (three dozen) tank punch, *Miany Warkata* (la Sioux), corn dodgers (*a la hunter*) all the choice parts of the buffalo, cooked in the best known style, and every thing really and truly superb. The "stars and stripes" were raised in mid-camp at sunrise, saluted by three volleys of thirty rifles and three loud cheers.—We had a mass in the morning, from Father De Vos, and a dinner *à la brass imperial* from our courteous host, Sir William Stewart, in the afternoon. We had an original address from the orator of the day (George W. Christy,) an ode from the modest pen that tells you of it, a song written for the tune, and five hours of glorious merriment.

Hurrah for the prairie and mountain! Hurrah for the wilderness grand! The forest, the desert, the fountain—Hurrah for our glorious land!

We may reach Independence by the 20th of October, and then, be sure of it, I shall be home, as the saying aptly says, "by the first boat." Our travel thus far has been so prosperous, that any prospect of being necessitated to winter in the mountains is now removed, and in sixty days we shall be preparing "to go East."

The Oregon emigrants (nine hundred souls, two hundred wagons, and some six or eight hundred head of cattle) are about ten or fifteen days behind us. Of them I shall have a deal to tell you. Fortune and friendship crown you. Good bye.

M. C. F.

Foreign Correspondence of the New York Tribune.

The "Eternal City"—St. Peter's Church.

Rome, April 8, 1843. I date from the Eternal City. Yesterday we descended the Albano along the Appian way, with a scene before us, if not the most magnificent, at least the richest in association, of any in the world. Just as we were leaving the village, we passed the tomb of Pompey the Great, a huge gray structure, rising in a single square tower of gray stone, erected by Cornelius over his ashes. He sleeps well with his ivy-covered monument looking down on the Rome that was almost his. Adown the entire descent the whole desolate campagna of Rome, (as far as Socrate) was in view. Amid its ruins, with its towers and domes and obelisks, across the modern city, a living tomb stone over the ancient one long dead. Between us and it, like long broken colonnades, stretched the miles of her ancient aqueducts. Beyond in the smoky distance, the blue Mediterranean drew its pencil along the sky, making a single line on the horizon, while around all, like guardian spirits, seemed to lean in mournful attitude, the ancient silent centuries. The grandeur and the loneliness of the wide scene weighed on my heart. Rome, the brightest vision of my early dreams, and the Mecca of all my boyish imaginations, was before me, and yet how different from those dreams! A person at home cannot appreciate the feelings of one who for the first time looks down on Imperial Rome. The impressions which the imagination from earliest childhood, have graven on the soul, and the aspect presented to the actual eye, are so widely different, that one seems struggling between waking and sleeping—he

cannot wholly shake off the early dream, and he cannot believe that what rises before him is all of that about which he has dreamed so long. But the very desolateness of the campagna around Rome which every traveller so deeply regrets, is after all, a great relief to one's feelings. It harmonizes more with their mood and speaks their language. Bright fields and thrifty farm houses and all the life and animation of a richly framed country would present too strong a contrast to the fallen "glory of the world." But the sterile earth, the ruins that lie strewed over the plain and the lonely aspect all things around it wear, seem to side with the pilgrim as he moseys over the crumbled empire. Beside, his faith is not so grievously taxed, and his convictions so incessantly shocked. He is not compelled to dig through modern improvements to read the lines that move him so deeply. There they are, the very characters the centuries have worn. He sees the foot prints of the mighty ages, and lays his hand on their mouldering garments. As we passed over this mournful tract, every stone that lay in the sunshine seemed a history. We were on the Appian way, over which the Roman legions had thundered so often,—in the very plain where the Sabines—the Volsci—the Pelasgi had in their turn striven to crush the infant empire.

As we came near the city we passed a picturesquely ruined, which has long been considered the remains of the temple of Fortune Mulieribus, but which is most evidently a tomb of the first century of the Empire. Near by is also the spot where Milo and Claudius quarrelled and the latter fell, which occasioned the famous oration *pro Milone*, which every school boy is familiar with. At length we entered the gates, rolled over the Cetian hill and descended into the heart of modern Rome.

The sensation one experiences in passing through the streets are odd enough. His feet are on a dead empire, and here an ancient obelisk and there a fountain or ruin keeps up the mystery and awe with which he first contemplated the city. But suddenly an object passes between him and that ruin—he looks, and it is a modern belle—a Roman, with her French hat, finery and high-top rustling by. He rubs his eyes and looks again. It cannot be; for upon that proud marble front stands written in haughty characters, S. P. Q. R. "SENATU AND PRAETOR ROMA." He turns; the black-eyed Roman has tripped by, but right among those grim old columns, is a blacksmith quietly shoeing a Roman's horse. Thus you go on; one moment reminded of Cesar—the next of tobacco—one moment imagining the mighty form that one passed beneath that arch—the next seeing a beggar crunched in his rags beneath it.

After I had become demoralized, the first object I sought was St. Peter's, and every body says that the first view disappointed them—that the admirable proportion maintained throughout diminishes the grandeur of the whole. It was not so with me. Although in general every thing under my anticipations, this was beyond them.

As I stood in front of the noble area with the ancient obelisk rising in the centre, and the snow white fountains sending up their foam against the colonade that swept down in a semi circle on either side to where I stood, surmounted by their one hundred and ninety two statues, and looked up to the front of St. Peter's, rising majestically from its noble flight of steps, I lifted up my hands in amazement.

My astonishment was only increased as I entered the vestibule and entered the main body of the church. The rich marble floor—the lofty nave—the stupendous columns, and the wealth of statuary that bears out on every side, make it appear more like an artist's dream than actual creation.

You are lost in the amplitude around you, and the men and women that crop over the floor are mere insects amid the gigantic objects that stand on every side. At length, as you approach the immense bronze canopy, and gaze up into that solemn dome, circling away into the heavens, you exclaim, "It is enough!" It seems as if Art had fallen in love with her own creation, and in the enthusiasm of her passion had thrown away all her wealth upon it.

American Needles—A New Article.

New York, Sept. 13, 1843.

In the various branches of cutlery, hardware and brass manufactures, our country is making rapid advances. It was but a few months since, that I gave you an account of the extensive works of the New England Co. at Providence R. I., for the manufacture of wood screws. Soon after an establishment went into operation in Philadelphia to make iron bolts. Since then the manufacture of pins, on the largest scale, has been commenced in Connecticut. Now I have to announce, that a factory to make needles, by machinery is in operation at Haverstraw, Rockland county in this State. It is the first attempt of the kind, in the United States. Dr. Bond, who is now on a visit there, writes:

"I saw the needles in the various stages of the processes by which they are made from the wire, prepared on the same premises, and was surprised at the facility afforded by the curious Machinery which human ingenuity has invented to lessen the manual labor, and multiply the results of the numerous operations. The wire is first cut into lengths, which will make two needles each. The depressions where the eyes are to be made, and where the grooves are to be found in the finished article, are stamped in both needles by a single stroke of a machine, with which a single hand can turn off 30,000 in a day. It is then turned over to a boy, who with another machine punches the eyes, and again another separates the two needles, and smoothes away any irregularities left or made by the other processes. But the eye of the needle is still rough, and must be bored by another process, which leaves it so smooth as not to cut thread. After this a man grinds a handful at a time on a common grindstone, holding them in his left hand, and giving them a perpetual motion with his right, so that when the operation is finished they must be round as well as sharp. They are now to be case hardened, and finally burnished, all of which is done by simple processes, in which immense numbers can be subjected to the operation at the same time."



Palladium

[VOLUME XIII.—NO. 41.]

The American screws and bolts are preferred by our mechanics as superior to the English. The pins are now in general use, being cheaper than the British article. The needles, so say the tailors of this city, rival Hemingway & Son's, of Sheffield. Keep on the present tariff ten years, and not an article, which has been supplied to us from foreign countries, will be wanted. Our own artisans are taking courage, and scarcely a week passes but what some new branch of industry is commenced.

A Young Men's Whig National Convention. In the Whig Convention of the City of Baltimore, at a meeting held last evening, the subjunctive proceedings took place, recommending a Young Men's National Whig Convention, to be held in the city of Baltimore, on the 24 day of May, 1844.

The friends of patriotic Whigs who dwelt in the city of Baltimore, presented a resolution, at a meeting held last evening, to nominate a Young Men's Whig Convention, to be held in the city of Baltimore, on the 24 day of May, 1844.

The fourth of May 1840, lives and will abide forever in the memory of those who were here, and saw the proceedings on that day; who heard the shouts of the twenty thousand young Whigs who marched in procession; and who seeing and hearing these things could not but partake of the enthusiasm and participate in the joys which then swelled every heart, and unite in the hopes which were then confirmed, that the time for the deliverance of their country from misrule was at hand.

But the proposed Convention of the 24 day of May, 1844, will equal that of 1840, in all things.

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