

RICHMOND PALLADIUM.

DEVOTED TO NEWS, MISCELLANY, LITERATURE AND AMUSEMENT.

"Equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever persuasion, religious or political."—JEFFERSON.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

To Inspect.

To estimate the works of others by the sole standard of our own nation is always a hazardous and often a fatal error.

Kind Nature in her various will
Gave to men their share of wit,
The various ranks of life to fill
That seemed to her most fit.

Yet as if by fate decreed,
She gave to some a greater share,
In which compound, it seems indeed,
Some neglected were, I must declare.

As with a partial hand she gave
To some a feeling sense that's just,
While others only seem'd to have
Naught but grovelling pride and lust.

To some she gave a stronger mind
To scorn the base aspiring heart,
That seeks but vengeance on mankind,
And only acts a dishonest part.

Others too, she gave a heart of truth,
Honor, virtue, honesty combined,
While others seem'd forsooth
The mere rubbish of mankind.

In summing up the various crew
You'll find a few aspiring quacks,
As if to give some rhyme a clue
They pin great Homer on their backs.

In my friend among this class,
Who build their fame on others merit?
If so, I wish to let him pass,
Without a wound from sword or bullet.

CLAREN.

Miscellaneous Selections.

ATTEMPT TO BURN THE BRITISH FREIGATES IN THE NORTH RIVER, IN JULY 1776.

Messrs. Lovejoy and Miller; I send you for insertion in your paper, a correct account of the desperate attempt to destroy, by means of fire ships, the vessels of the enemy in the Hudson, in July '76. Having seen in the Worcester Magazine, an narrative of that expedition, in the main correct, but inaccurate and defective in many particulars, I am induced to correct that statement, by sending you a detailed account of the whole affair.—The narrative in the Worcester Magazine appears to have been compiled from the verbal statement made by Mr. John Bass, who I know was attached to the expedition, I presume that the inaccuracies admitted into that article, arose from a wrong recollection of the facts. Being one of the small party engaged in that desperate undertaking, all the circumstances are indelibly impressed upon my memory, and I can give you them, as I think without addition or omission.

The fire vessels were an Albany sloop of about 90 tons burthen, and a schooner of about 60 tons. Under superintendance of Com. Tupper, they were fitted for the expedition at New York, in the following manner. The holds of the vessels were filled with empty hogheads, to prevent them from sinking, in case the enemy's shot should strike her hull. Two troughs were then placed the whole length of the deck, on each side, one end of which went through the bulk head of the cabin, at which end the train was to be fired. An opening to be made in the stern of each vessel, through which the man who fired the train might escape into the whale boat that was to be in attendance for that purpose.

The troughs were about six inches wide, ten deep, and as I said before, extended from the bows to the cabin. In each trough was laid a train of meal powder half an inch or more in depth, which was then covered with wheat straw about 12 inches long, dipped in brimstone. The trough was then filled with black birch twigs, made into small faggots 15 or 18 inches in length, and dipt into melted rosin. By the side of each trough were placed a number of empty barrels, each of which was then filled with pitch pine

faggots, split fine and covered with melted rosin. Two more barrels filled with the same materials were placed each side of the mast, and then the whole deck was closely stowed up to the gunwale, with birch twigs dipt in rosin. Strips of canvass 6 or 8 inches in width, dipped in spirits of turpentine covered all the standing rigging from the deck to the mast head.

There were square sail and sprit sail yards to both vessels, and a grappling iron fastened to the end of each yard, the flying gib boom, and the gaff and main boom, with chains that led down and were bolted to the deck.

The vessels being in readiness, the command of the sloop was given to Thomas Urdike Fosdick, New London Ct. then an ensign in a company of the regiment of Col. Charles Willis' continental troops. Ensign Fosdick's crew consisted of Gideon Beebe and myself of the same company and regiment as above, and John Bass, who was appointed by Commodore Tupper, steerman of the whale boat in which we were to make our escape.—His company and regiment I do not recollect. The remaining five of our crew were from Webb's regiment; the crew of each vessel consisting of nine men. The schooner was given to Lieutenant Thomas, a native of Rhode Island, whose christian name I never knew. I do not even know to what regiment he belonged; some of his men were from Wylly's regiment.

Every thing now in readiness, we started from New York up the North River, with a light and variable wind. Our progress was very slow, as we could not make sail to advantage on account of the grappling irons and chains, which, as I have said, were affixed to the yards of the vessels. The weather at this time was rainy and drizzling. The next day after we left New York, we got up the river as far as Spiking Devil Creek, where were lying three new galleys, which had received orders from General Washington to take us in tow and proceed immediately up the river that night as far as it would be safe for them to venture. The night was dark, foggy, and rainy, and when we left Spiking Devil Creek in search of the enemy's ships, we could discern no object at the distance of fifteen yards. We steered however, for their ships according to the best of our judgment, and while we were under full headway, a stroke from the bell of their frigate, the Phoenix, apprised the galleys of their danger. They immediately cast off, bid us good bye and God speed, and made the best of their way down the river. After they left us, we steered our course by the sound of their ship's bell, and the sentinel's cry of "All's well."

The orders of com. Tupper, were that, Captain Thomas with his schooner, should keep about 100 yards ahead of Captain Fosdick's sloop, and grapple the bow of the Phoenix, while Capt. Fosdick should come up and fasten to her stern. But as it happened Capt. Thomas being in advance came in contact with a tender that was moored in a direct line ahead of the Phoenix.—The darkness of the night prevented him from knowing what vessel it was, and he was obliged to grapple her and fire his train, by which means the tender was soon consumed. The flames of two vessels made it as light as day, and the enemy's ships commenced a tremendous fire of cannon and small arms upon our vessel; many of their shot struck our hull, without doing much injury. We kept our course, and succeeded in grappling the bows of the Phoenix amidst the roar of cannon and the volleys of small arms from the marines.

We fired our train, and the sloop remained grappled to the Phoenix burning with great fury for the space of twenty minutes. At length the enemy succeeded in clearing their ship by cutting their bow cable, and letting their ship drift with the tide, and then bringing up with their stern anchor, by which means the force of the tide separated the two vessels; and the fire ship drifted to the shore and to the water's edge. We came off in our boat in safety; not a man of us was hurt, nor was the boat damaged in the least by the tremendous fire from the ships of volley after volley, and broadside after broadside.

STEPHEN HEMPSTEAD, Sr.

Potatoes were first carried to England from America in 1610.

CIVILIZATION AND BARBARISM.—What is civilization? Noah Webster says it is "the state of being civilized; the state of being refined in manners." What then is refinement? "A nice observance of the civilities of social life," says he, and thus the socker of the definition vibrates like the pendulum of a clock between two words, learning only that civilization is refinement, and that refinement is civilization.

Let us be permitted to define a little. Civilized people are those whose manners and customs are like our own, in whatever country we may be likely to be born—and barbarians are those whose manners and customs are different for ours, here, for instance, a civilized man is one who wears breeches, boots, coat and hat; who eats with a knife and fork, and drinks coffee or tea with his breakfast. Pass to the banks of the Arkansas, and the wigwags of the west; and there the man is civilized who wears a blanket—drinks water, [rum is the offspring of civilization] and sleeps on the ground. There the civilized lady bores holes in her nose, and suspends her ornaments to that very respectable organ—here the refined lady bores holes in her ears for a similar purpose. What is there abstractly, more civilized in the ears than than the nose? Yet we laugh at the squaw in her blanket and with her nasal ornaments and call her a savage!

Again—Mr. Brown comes down from Buffalo and meets his old friend Smith, in Broadway. Their right hands instantly meet, and a violent shaking ensues. "What are those men fighting about," says the dark son of tropical Africa, to his white friend. "Fighting! pooh! They are old friends that have not met for a long time, and they are expressing their good will towards each other by shaking hands."

"What barbarians! why in my country, when two friends meet they rub their noses together." "What savages!" says the white man. The ceremonious Mr. Fitzgerald meets the courtly Mr. Clarence, and each raises his beverage. "What does that mean?" says Hassan Oglou. "We are saluting each other," is the reply. "What a ridiculous custom!" says Hassan, in my country we salute by clapping both hands on the forehead, and making a low saloon." "What barbarians," exclaims the Congoes, "in my land, whenever two gentlemen meet, they snap the finger and thumb at each other." "How indecorous!" says the white man. Spirit of common sense! wilt thou deign to tell us whether the manners and customs of any one of the three are more ridiculous than those of the others.

The Persian pulls his meat to pieces with his fingers, and eats horse flesh. "Shocking," says the New Yorker, as he sets down to a game of biller, to a dish of bear's meat. The Indian cooks his rattle snake much to the horror of brother Jonathan, who breakfasts on stewed eels. The Abyssinian cuts a steak from his cow, sews the skin over the wound, and lets the animal go about her business till another fit of hunger leads him to cut another slice. "The unfeeling wretch!" cries the European butcher as he strikes a pig in the throat and looks complacently on the expiring grunter. The Moorish lady stains her hair and the ends of her fingers with saffron. "Dear me how strange!" says lady Barbara Belle; and away she goes to her toilette to rouge for an evening ball. The Chinese woman compresses her feet to the length of a paper of tobacco. The fair peripatetic of Broadway laughs at the absurd custom and screws her waist to the dimensions of a Spanish cigar. The Turk goes to market and buys a half dozen wives. "The brute!" exclaims the half civilized beauty of fashionable life, and marries the richest suitor that she can find.

Now then, have we not satisfactorily proved that civilization consists in our way of doing things—and that barbarism consists in other people's way of doing things. Let common sense answer.—N. Y. Standard.

POETRY.—The study of poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward; it has soothed my afflictions—it has multiplied and refined my enjoyments—it has given me (or at least strengthened in me) the habit of wishing to discover the good and the beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.—Coleridge.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The following is the speech of Oliver Cromwell, when he dissolved the long Parliament, 20th April, 1653, after sitting twelve years, six months, and fourteen days:—

"It is high time for me to put an end to your sitting in this place, which you have dishonored by your contempt of all virtue, and defiled by your practice of every vice. You are a factious crew, and enemies to all good government. Ye are a pack of mercenary wretches, and would, like Essau, sell your country for a mess of pottage, and like Judas, betray your God for a few pieces of money. Is there a single virtue now remaining among you? Is there one vice you do not possess?—You have no more religion than my horse; gold is your God. Which of you have not bartered away your conscience for bribes? Is there a man amongst you that has the least care for the commonwealth? Ye sordid prostitutes! Have ye not defiled this sacred place, and turned the Lord's temple into a den of thieves, by your immoral principles and wicked practices? You, who are deputed here by the people to get grievances redressed, are yourselves the greatest grievance.—Your country, therefore, calls upon me to cleanse this Augean stable, by putting a final period to your proceedings in this house; and which, by God's help and the strength he has given me, I am now come to do. I command you, therefore, upon the peril of your lives, to depart immediately out of this place. Go! get you out; make haste, ye venal slaves—begone! So! take away that shining bauble (the mace) there, and lock up the doors."

BYRON.—Misfortune stamped him for her own at his birth; and with no equivocal sign, a ternagant and a libertine were his cradle watchers. He had no "monitor of his young years." His youth was blasted in its spring; and (true, indeed, like many who have built themselves monuments in the bosom of men) he, who could move all hearts with sympathy, was unable to touch the one of his choice with love. He lived—

—"as lives a withered bough,
Blossomless, leafless, and alone."
He died—he, the man upon whom the eyes of the world were fixed with admiration, if not with favor, died in a cheerless barrack-room, without a friend or relative to minister to him; his last moments disturbed by the clamours of a mutinous soldiery, and his eyes closed by a menial. Nay, more, his very remains cannot escape contumely. His ashes are excluded from a public cemetery by his countrymen; and there are those found in the land which he delighted to honor, who would brand his name with infamy!—If such are the penalties of frailty and indiscretion, what ignominy is reserved for actual crime?

NIGHT SCENE IN THE DESERT.—A caravan presents in the evening a very active and cheerful scene. The camels, which had been turned out to graze as soon as they had halted and been unloaded, now return in separate groups, each of which, following the bell of its leader, proceeds directly to the spot where its master's tents are pitched. When arrived there the docile animals lie down of their own accord in a row, and their heads are attached by halters to a rope, which is fastened to a range of stakes about four feet high, extending along the front of the camp. They are then fed with large balls composed of barley-meal and lentils, mixed up with water, which they swallow whole, and are left to ruminate till morning. As soon as the night closes in, fires begin to blaze in every direction. They are made with dry thorns and stunted shrubs, collected round the camp, and their flames throw a bright light on the different groups of travellers who are seen squatting on the ground in front of their tents, or beside their piles of merchandise, some occupied with their pipes and coffee, and others enjoying their frugal evening's meal. In an oriental company, of whatever class it is composed, the harsh sounds of vulgar merriment are never to be heard; a low hum of conversation spreads through the camp, and as the evening advances, this gradually sinks into a silence, disturbed only by the occasional lowing of the camels. All those persons who

have once tried it, and who understand the eastern languages, speak of a caravan as a very agreeable mode of travelling. The wild and solitary scenery through which it generally passes, the order and tranquility with which it is conducted, the facility of conveying baggage, and the feeling of security which prevails, amply compensate for the slowness of its movements; and among hundreds of persons collected from the most distant parts of the Turkish empire and the neighboring states, many of whom have spent their lives in travelling, there is to be found a never-failing variety of associates and of amusements.—*Notes on the Turkish Empire.*

LENGTH OF NIGHTS IN VARIOUS PARTS.—The longest night at Cayenne and Pondicherry is 12 hours; at Hayti, 15; Isphan, 14; at Paris, Dijon and Carcassonne, 15; at Arras and Dublin, 16; at Copenhagen and Riga, 17; at Stockholm, 18; at Drontheim, in Norway, Archangle, &c. 20; at Ulin, Bothnia, 21; and at Tornea, 22. At Enouteke, the total absence of the sun endures 45 days consecutively; at Wardhuus, 56; at Cape North, 74; and lastly, Melville Island is totally destitute of light for 102 days.

A WEIGHTY JURY.—The officer whose province it is to summon the County Court Juries for Preston, having been found fault with at the last court for bringing together so poor a jury, was requested on the next occasion to invite a more weighty and substantial class of men. Accordingly, on Tuesday last he introduced into court a set of jolly looking fellows, whose weight and substance will not be questioned, when it is known that the twelve good men and true, on being put into the balance at the close of the day's business, were found to weigh no less than 1 ton 7cwt. 21 lbs. or 3,045 lbs. the lightest man among them being 225 lbs. *Journal of Law.*

EARLY POTATOES.—If you are desirous of having early potatoes, take a box or a barrel and put a layer of earth on the bottom, then a layer of potatoes; then earth sufficient to cover them, and so on, taking care to cover the top well, place your potatoes in a warm place in the kitchen, and in a very few days they will begin to sprout, so that, by the time the ground is sufficient warm, your potatoes will be in fine order for planting out; by this course two or three weeks' time will be saved, as it is well known that potatoes planted in the cold ground are a long time in coming up.

To preserve Bacon from Skippers.—When your bacon is cured, dip it in very strong lye so as to wet the outside perfectly; neither the fly nor the bug will meddle with it afterwards, though it hang in the smoke house all summer. The experiment is certainly worth trying.

The largest iron bridge in the world is in China; near Kingtung, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one immense mountain to another. It is formed of chains, 21 in number, and bound together by other cross chains. This bridge is more than 150 years old.

Another Chain.—Passing the door of one of our theaters a few evenings since, we observed a young man of country look, with a young miss of genteel dress, hanging upon his arm. She was trying to persuade him to pay a hackman for a passage to her lodgings, but the young man being an economist, remonstrated, and thought they could walk. The hackman said it was a shame, he had rather go for nothing the see than lady walk so far, but did not go, though the young man persevered in his remonstrance. They passed on till they came against one of the cellars, by the theatre, when she insisted upon his going in to give her something to drink. He demurred again, and said he thought they could do without.—It will cost you only three cents, said she. But even this argument with the economical beau had no effect. Now this little circumstance discovers the connexion of certain branches of business, in this city. The theatre is where the miss went for a beau. Having secured the victim, the hackman must have a job, the keeper of the cellar a customer, and then—Here is a chain—a customer like Lorenz Dow's, for that had five links, two books and a swivel, but this only four links, one hook, and no swivel. She hooked him, and twisting merely will not free him; he must break the chain, or remain a prisoner.

Nothing more clearly indicates rank and education, than evenness of temper and a constant desire to please.