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WHOLE NO. 115

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From the Metropolitan.  
**REMINISCENCE OF THE LAST WAR.**  
BY AN EYE WITNESS.

## Skirmish at Benedict.

In the month of June, 1814, I was on a visit to Alexandria, when the arrival of a British force in the waters of the Patuxent river was announced, accompanied by an order for the immediate calling out of the militia of the District of Columbia. Being a single man and having two horses, I immediately volunteered my services to Captain William F. Thornton, of the Alexandria Dragoons. The troop turned out, I believe, to a man; that is, every man who could by any means procure a horse. But there were several who could not obtain one; among this number was an intimate friend & acquaintance, Mr. Robert Conway, of Alexandria, (now living) to whom I loaned my extra horse. We left Alexandria, if I recollect right, about nine o'clock in the morning, and proceeded forthwith to our place of destination, viz: Benedict. On arriving at Washington, we were joined by the Washington troop, commanded by Captain Elias B. Caldwell, and the Georgetown troop, commanded by Capt. (I forget whom) the whole under the command of Major Peters, of Georgetown. Having formed, we again proceeded. After crossing the bridge over the Eastern Branch, a halt was called, and we fed our horses. We resumed our march, and arrived in the evening at Aquasco Mills, a few miles from Benedict; here we encamped for the night.

On the following morning, a party was despatched to Benedict, to reconnoitre, and report the movements of the enemy. At about twelve o'clock of this day, another person (who was among the number previously mentioned, as not being able to procure horses) arrived, Mr. Francis Wise. He was not a member of the troop, but had, like myself, volunteered his services.—He was, by profession, a sailor, and is well remembered in Alexandria, as having been among her best sailors. He was in every sense of the world a complete seaman, alike regardless of danger or its consequences, and though more accustomed to mounting deck than mounting horse, our *tar-soldier*, as well as his horse, showed that he had been crawling every inch of canvass to come up with us. Had he been asking the loan of a horse to go to a wedding, poor Wise could not have asked the favor more ardently than he had done on the preceding day, in every quarter where he was likely to procure one. All were engaged; either by their owners, or loaned to persons who had joined the troop. Where he succeeded in procuring the horse at last I know not, suffice it to say, that on joining us, his eyes sparkled with delight, and his very soul seemed overjoyed.

Just at the time of Wise's arrival, we were about preparing for our dinner. He had not been there more than fifteen minutes, when the trumpet sounded "to horse!" "Saddle up for a march!" resounded through the camp.

Poor fellow! Wise, although he had ridden so hard that day to overtake us, was amongst the first to obey the summons: little did he dream that that was his last day upon earth! In a few minutes all were ready to move, and we immediately commenced our march for Benedict. Here I must explain. Benedict is situated at the foot of a hill, which is nearly a mile from the summit to the bottom, from which we had a good view of the town and neighborhood. Upon our arrival at the summit, we were joined by several volunteer companies of infantry, among whom I recollect Capt. Stoll's elegant company of riflemen, from Georgetown, and certainly I never beheld a finer looking set than they were. At this juncture, who should ride up but the well known old veteran Gen. Philip Stuart. He of course immediately assumed the command. At this moment it was discovered that a small body of the British were engaged in cutting down the green corn, with their swords, in a large field at the foot of the hill, whilst others were employed in carrying it to the beach; for the purpose, as we afterwards ascer-

tained, of feeding their live stock on board the sloop of war, which was lying immediately off the town, and but a few yards from the shore. A consultation now took place between Major Peters and Gen. Stuart as to the probability or possibility of capturing the marauders; the former assuring the latter that if he would allow him he would take a man prisoner, the latter thought it possible; but finally the word was given to "charge." The valient old champion dashing ahead, was followed by Major Peters; next the Alexandria troop; with the Washington, and then Georgetown troop; we went off in full canter down the hill. When about half way down, our sailor-soldier, Wise, put spurs to his horse, and passed ahead of the whole troop; and the next moment himself and Gen. Stuart were seen riding a fair race, striving who should be first on the spot.

In the mean time the enemy having discovered our approach, endeavoured to effect their escape to a thick tract of wood or swamp lying between the town and the field of corn. In this endeavour they were successful, with the exception of some four or five who were made prisoners, and one man who was killed under the following circumstances: Wise, as I have before stated, had dashed ahead of the whole squadron, and having succeeded in outriding Gen. Stuart, leaped a fence at the foot of the hill, about fifty yards from which he came up with a British serjeant, whom he ordered to surrender. One prisoner, however, was not enough for the sailor, and he rode on rapidly, in order to arrest the flight of some others. This he soon saw was hopeless, and the reply of the British serjeant having been by no means satisfactory to Wise, (it was to this effect, that he would never surrender to a Yankee,) Wise was induced to rein up his horse and return upon the man. The serjeant seeing this, immediately squatted upon the ground, and fired at Wise when within about fifteen steps of him; the fire took effect; the ball striking Wise near the heart, carried with it one of the buttons of his coat. It appears to me at this moment, that Wise leaped from his saddle twelve or eighteen inches above it, and without touching it again, fell upon the ground. He instantly threw himself on his back, crossed his arms over his breast, placed his feet together, and expired without a struggle or a groan. I marked his action, and I have no doubt that he was fully sensible that his wound was mortal, and, under this conviction, proceeded to *lay himself out*. (if I may be allowed the term,) for his friends wished they certainly could not have laid him out with more nicety. It was a remarkable thing, and I look upon it as evincing more cool deliberate firmness in the moment of death than is often met with.

The instant the serjeant had fired, and seen the effect of his fire, he attempted again to make his escape by retreating to the swamp; he was however, pursued by the remainder of the squad, and finally taken prisoner; but not until he had parted with every drop of blood, further than what was necessary to sustain life—and that but for a short time—or he died in about thirty minutes after being carried to the American camp. And here I cannot refrain from paying a tribute of respect to this hero, if I may so call him—and I think I may do so justly. This man defended himself against some sixty or seventy men, for some time, and when finally he dropped his musket, not being able longer to carry it from the loss of blood, he placed himself against a large tree, and attempted to defend himself with a stick. This delay in either killing or capturing him, was, of course, owing entirely to the forbearance of the American troops, who loath to kill one who had fought so bravely, insisted on his surrendering, whilst he, as obstinately determined on the contrary, nor was it until (as before stated) he had lost so much blood, as to render it vain to offer further resistance, that he was taken prisoner; and after this, when he was lying across the horse, on which he was placed, for the purpose of being taken to the camp, (the only mode of conveyance,) he made desperate efforts at resistance. As soon as the fate of Wise was discovered, (the squadron being within 140 or 150 yards,) Captain Thornton immediately formed his troop into line, and inquired who would volunteer to bring Mr. Wise off the field.\* I immediately stepped forward, followed by Mr. Conway, Mr. Mandeville, and Mr. Reuben Withers. We proceeded to the spot where the body lay, under the command of our orderly serjeant, Mr. Benjamin G. Thornton, brother of our

captain.—The sad task was accomplished by laying the body of poor Frank across the horse I had loaned to Mr. Conway, myself supporting his head on my arms, Mr. Conway his feet, whilst Mr. Withers carried his cap-sword, &c., and Mr. Mandeville led the horse.

In this manner we proceeded to the house of Mr. J. Southeron, about a mile distant, on the hill. There we remained about an hour until the arrival of Mr. Griffith, (the Commissary) who had come up that day from Alexandria in a small sulkey. Mr. Griffith's servant was placed in it, and the corpse in the foot of it was supported by the serjeant, and two of the troop walking on each side. In this manner we proceeded to the house of Mr. Z. Southeron, where the corpse was laid out, and on the following day we carried him to a small church in the neighborhood, called "Vileters," where we interred him with the honors of War.

On this day a flag of truce came on shore for the purpose of effecting the release of the prisoners we had taken; and the lieutenant of the vessel of war, upon being informed of the death of the serjeant, observed that they would rather have lost any ten men in the ship than him. It appears that he was a Frenchman by birth, but had served in the British army in Holland, under the Duke of York, and had been instrumental in saving the Duke's life there, for which he was raised to the rank of serjeant of marines, with the understanding that he should never be broken. After this little rencontre, we remained in the neighborhood for about three weeks, when we were finally ordered home.

\*At this moment the enemy opened a heavy fire of cannon from their ship, but although several shot passed very near us, we escaped uninjured.

## THE TEXAS COUNTRY.

Benjamin Lundy, E. q. editor of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation*, during the summer of the past year, made a visit to this country; the object of which was to investigate the state of things generally, as far as it might be convenient, with the ultimate view of preparing the way for the future emigration and settlement of colored people from these States. From his writings, it appears that he was perfectly satisfied of the propriety and utility of the measure. Mr. Lundy is almost universally known as an untiring advocate of the interests of the slave population, and any measure which he interests himself in, will be looked upon with interest. His labors have been principally for the emancipation of the slaves, which makes the project for colonizing them in Texas a subject more particularly interesting to those philanthropic citizens who have exerted themselves for the benefit of the slaves, and the colored people generally.

As a knowledge of the resources of the country may be in a measure vague, we have thought an extract from his description of it may prove interesting to the general reader.

"About four or five miles from the Sabine, we cross a handsome mill stream.—Here is a good house and farm. The aspect of the country changes very essentially. The land assumes a more reddish appearance and is much more rolling.—Some pretty large hills, indeed are met with. On the brows of these, and in the banks of the creeks we perceive some rock, deeply impregnated with iron ore. The water is pure, and the timber is greatly diversified. Very little pine grows here. The prevailing growth, in the uplands, is hickory and oak of various kinds. In the creek bottoms there are many other species of timber common to the bottom lands of our middle and western States, with some vines and Spanish moss clinging to and dangling from the limbs of the trees. In the bottoms the timber is very tall and fine; but on the uplands it is rather scattering and dwarfish—yet an immense range for horses and cattle is afforded, as the whole surface is covered with a most luxuriant and thick coat of grass. Many plants and flowers are to be seen, that are quite different from those in any part of the United States of the North.

"For about sixteen miles, or thereabouts, the country has pretty much the same appearance as that just described. We meet with a number of fine farms on the road. The settlers are mostly from the Western and Southern parts of the United States, and live and transact business much in the same manner that they do in those States, &c. Large fields of corn present themselves to the view, and what may be deemed curious to a northern farmer, some of it is now *in tassel*, with good roasting ears, while a part is but a few inches high! They have so little winter in this latitude, (31-2 deg. north,) that they commence planting corn in the latter part of January, and finish in July. In no part of America have I seen better corn than in this section of country. Some cotton and wheat is like-

wise raised here, as well as most or all other vegetable productions of our middle and Southern States. In some places the farmers were harvesting oats.

The straw was very large and the grain looked well. The wheat harvest had been over some weeks.

The country has a still better appearance, as we go farther to the westward. The prairies are larger and more numerous. The farms still look better than heretofore. The range, for cattle, is exceedingly fine. From twenty to thirty, and even as many as forty, beautiful large fat cows, with young calves, are to be seen, penned up at the different farm houses; and yet the settlers have mostly resided but a few years in the country. The facility in raising stock is wonderful.—Horses, cattle, and hogs, require no feeding, winter nor summer. We now come to a branch of the river Neches, called the Ayese Bayou. There are many settlers in the vicinity of this stream some of whom are located a considerable distance from the road. Several mills for grinding grain and sawing timber, are established on this Bayou. A great variety of excellent timber presents itself, in the bottoms. Some cane is likewise to be seen occasionally. The land generally still preserves a reddish color; and the soil is an intermixture of loam and gravel. In some places a little sand may be seen.—The roads are, for the most part, very good. Large wagons, drawn by three or four yoke of oxen, are constantly going on them.—[*Bucks Co. Intelligencer.*]

**ALBERT NEWSAM.**—This is the name of a young man who had the misfortune to be born deaf and dumb; but having been admitted into the Asylum at Philadelphia founded; a few years since, for the education of that unfortunate class of beings—is now an artist of distinguished skill, and yet higher promise. In casually reading a communication in a late number of the *Lancaster Herald*, detailing the proceedings of the Pennsylvania legislature we were forcibly struck with a passage therein, relative to this artist. The incidents connected with his discovery and recognition, in the asylum, are of a character to rouse the sensibilities and touch the heart of every reader. The result, in this case, attending the instruction and guardianship of that admirable institution, give it a new hold on the regards of the friends of humanity. It should operate, elsewhere, as an incentive to that best of human impulses—the ministrations to the unfortunate—the relief of the distressed—in a word, the *doing of good*. The passage alluded to, is subjoined.—**BALT. PAT.**

Wednesday.—A number of beautiful lithographic engravings were presented to the House yesterday, as a testimony of gratitude, by a deaf and dumb artist, called Albert Newsam. He had been educated in the institution for the relief of that unfortunate class of citizens, supported by the bounty of the State, in Philadelphia. Mr. Attorney General to-day moved that a committee be appointed to express the feeling of the House on the subject, and in support of his motion gave a short history of Mr. Newsam. It appears that when very young he had been stolen from his mother, then residing in Steubenville, Ohio, by a mendicant impostor. After making use of him to excite the charity of the humane for some time, his kidnapper deserted him in Philadelphia. He was taken up and placed in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, where he showed a strong inclination to the art of engraving. Nothing was known of his name and parentage till a few years ago, when Mr. John C. Wright of Ohio, happening to visit the Asylum, his attention was attracted by the emotion displayed by the young man. When he had gained Mr. Wright's attention, the lad sketched rapidly, but so faithfully, the outlines of a house, that Mr. W. recognized it to be his residence in Steubenville; an adjoining street was then delineated, and then a particular house in it, which Mr. Wright remembered to have seen some time before, occupied by a woman who had a deaf and dumb son stolen from her. This led to a discovery of Newsam's name and kindred. He has since acquired the art to which he showed such an early inclination, under one of the most celebrated masters in the country, and if one not much versed in such things may give an opinion, will before long stand at the head of his profession. One of his productions is an engraving of Chief Justice Marshall, and if accurate resemblance be the test of perfection, it is unsurpassed.

Seventeen thousand persons are said to have died in Constantinople during the three weeks that the plague raged there. It has now subsided.

## THE WINDING UP OF CONGRESS.

The scene in each house of Congress at the final adjournment, is always filled with many touching passages. Here a fiery Southron is seen extending his hand to a member who has occupied a seat near him the whole session and whom before he has hardly designed to notice;—wishing him a safe return to his family and health happiness and prosperity for the remainder of his life. There, two vigorous gladiators who have watched each others movements with eyes of suspicion, suddenly are seen advancing with expressions of kindly feeling, as the thought forces itself upon their minds that this meeting may, perhaps, be the last. The conflicts of political life do not often allow of gentle feelings, but there are few who, in parting are sufficiently iron-hearted not to manifest some symptoms of sensibility.

Among the number of those who retire from public life with the present session, are some who have long been distinguished in the annals of legislation. There is a Senator from Ohio by the name of Ruggles, who has served eighteen years in that body, than whom a more useful, honest and patriotic man that state does not possess. The Hon. John W. Taylor of New York now takes his leave of Washington after having been honored with the confidence of his constituents for an uninterrupted period of twenty years. Dr. Louis Condict of New Jersey, an upright, pure and valuable member, also, takes his farewell after a term of service not much shorter. Others there are, like John Holmes, of Maine, whom office alone has made conspicuous, &c.

"Are but bubbles on the sea of matter borne;  
They rise, they break, and to that sea return."  
*Boston Atlas.*

**Country without rain.**—In that part of Peru called Vallies, which lies on the north and south side of Lima, in south latitude 12 deg., bound on the east by the Andes, and on the West by the Pacific Ocean, it never rains at all. But during winter, the earth is covered with so thick a fog as to intercept the rays of the sun. This fog appears almost every day during winter with a density that obscures objects any distance. About ten or eleven o'clock it begins to raise, but without being totally dispersed, though it is then no impediment to the sight, intercepting only the direct rays of the sun by day, and the stars by night. Sometimes it is so far dispersed, that the disc of the sun becomes visible, but the heat from his rays is still precluded. In the winter season these vapors dissolve into a very small mist or dew, which they call *garnas*, and thus every where moisten the earth. These *garnas* never fall in any quantities sufficient to damage the roads or incommode the traveller; but they render arid and barren parts fertile. They convert the disagreeable dust of the streets of Lima into mud.

Now, in that country, the wind always blows from the south, that is, from a cold to a warmer region. Sometimes it veers a point or two to the east. But it always blows between the south, and south-east. When the fogs come on, the south wind is barely felt, and a scarcely perceptible air seems to come from the north, which forms the fog.—The obvious reason why it never rains in that country, is, that the wind constantly blows from a colder to a hotter part of the world. We see also the cause of the fogs; they are occasioned by the mixture of the hot air from the north with the colder air from the south.

## ANECDOTE OF COBBET,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

At eleven years of age, my employment was slipping off box-edgings and weeding beds of flowers in the garden of the Bishop of Winchester, at the Castle of Farnham, my native town. I had always been fond of beautiful gardens, and a gardener who had just come from the King's Gardens at Kew, gave such a description of them as made me instantly resolve to work in those gardens. The next morning without saying a word to any one, I set off, with no clothes except those on my back, and with thirteen half-pence in my pocket. I found that I must go to Richmond, and I accordingly went on from place to place, inquiring my way thither. A long day (it was in June) brought me to Richmond in the afternoon. Two penny worth of bread and cheese, a penny worth of small beer, which I had on the road, and one half penny that I lost somehow or other, left three pence in my pocket. With this for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock frock and my red garters tied under my knees, when starting about my eye fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, "Tale of a Tub," price 3d.