

INDIANA PALLADIUM.

By D. V. Culley & V. M. Cole.

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BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

Extract from the proceedings of the Baltimore National Convention, convened on the 20th May, 1835, for the purpose of nominating candidates for president and vice president.

The President and Vice Presidents of the Convention then proceeded to count the votes, and it appeared that the votes for a candidate for President were as follows.

FOR MARTIN VAN BUREN.		
Maine	10	New Hampshire
Massachusetts	11	Vermont
Rhode Island	4	Connecticut
New York	42	New Jersey
Delaware	3	Pennsylvania
Maryland	10	Virginia
North Carolina	15	Georgia
Tennessee	15	Kentucky
Ohio	21	Indiana
Mississippi	4	Louisiana
Missouri	4	

Total 265

The President therefore declared that MARTIN VAN BUREN, of New York, was selected by a UNANIMOUS VOTE, a candidate for the office of President of the United States.

[The result was received with loud and enthusiastic cheering, which continued for some time.]

Mr. HARPER, of N. H. moved that the convention proceed to ballot for a candidate for the office of Vice President of the United States.

Mr. MASON, of Va., then rose and said he was instructed by the Virginia Delegation to announce to the convention, before proceeding to ballot for a candidate for the Vice Presidency, that the following resolution had been passed by said delegation:

"Resolved, That the Virginia delegation can in no wise recommend to the People of Virginia, for the office of Vice President, any individual who does not carry out or maintain the political principles Virginia ever held dear."

The balloting for a candidate for the office of Vice President then proceeded as before for President, and

Upon counting the ballots, the result appeared as follows:

R. M. JOHNSON.		W. C. RIVES.	
Maine			10
New Hampshire	7		
Vermont	7		
Massachusetts	4		10
Connecticut	8		
Rhode Island	4		
New York	32		
New Jersey			8
Delaware	3		
Pennsylvania	20		
Maryland			10
Virginia			23
North Carolina			15
Georgia			11
Tennessee	15		
Kentucky	15		
Ohio	21		
Indiana	9		
Mississippi	4		
Louisiana	5		
Missouri	4		
	178		87

The President therefore declared that RICHARD M. JOHNSON, having received more than two-thirds of the votes cast, was duly elected a candidate for the Vice Presidency. The announcement was received with long and continued cheering.

[Prior to the decision being announced from the chair, a good deal of conversation arose as to the propriety of a State's dividing its vote. One of the Ohio delegations was understood to say that some of the votes of that State had been cast for a different candidate, but that they had labored under the impression that all the votes of the State must be for one and the same candidate. Sundry motions were made, but they were all withdrawn.]

Mr. MASON, of Va. then said he was instructed by the Virginia delegation to state to the convention that the delegation from Virginia did not consider the person selected as a candidate for Vice President, one who they could be assured, would support those doctrines which were maintained by Virginia, and that they could not therefore recommend his support to their constituents. The honorable gentleman then proceeded to make some remarks deploring the necessity of this statement, explaining the reasons of it and requesting the favorable construction of the convention. Mr. M. concluded by submitting the resolution given above, and requesting its insertion on the journals.

Mr. HOLT, of Kentucky, then rose and addressed the Convention as follows: Mr. President: The gentleman who has just taken his seat, has announced, as the organ of the Virginia Delegation, that they cannot, nor can their constituents acquiesce in the nomination just made by this Convention, of R. M. Johnson for the Vice Presidency; and he has placed that secession from the popular will here expressed, upon the ground that this distinguished citizen of the West, does not support the republican faith as understood by Virginia. Sir, I have heard this declaration with equal surprise and regret. I know not what constitutes republicanism, in the estimation of Virginia, and the gentleman has not thought proper to inform us. But I do know something of the history and character of the illustrious patriot and hero, whose devotion to Democratic principles has been so unexpectedly and wantonly assailed. Who is he? Mr. President, you could at this moment transport yourself "to the far West," you would find upon one of her green and sunny fields, surrounded by the implements of husbandry, a personage whose plain and simple garb, whose frank, and cordial, and unostentatious bearing would tell you that he had sprung from the people—that he was still one of them, and that his heart, in all its recollections, its hopes, and its sympathies, was blended with the fortunes of the toiling million. But, sir, his scarred and shattered frame and limping gait would tell you, too, that the story of his life was not confined to a mere record of household hospitalities or neighborhood charities. That story is no legend of obscure or doubtful authenticity—it lingers not alone in the kindly bosoms of friends, but every tongue in the Republic can give it utterance; and the bright pages of your country's history, have caught lustre from its glowing record. When the nation was agonizing and bleeding at every pore, when war had desolated, with fire and sword, your northern frontier, and the best blood in the land had been vainly spilt upon its plains, he left the warm halls of Congress for no summons of the recruiting officer, he rallied about him the chivalry of his State, and dashed with his gallant volunteers to the scene of hostilities, resolved to perish or retrieve the national honor. With daring impetuosity, he pursued and overtook the enemy—threw himself like a thunderbolt of war into the thickest of the fight—fought hand to hand, and eye to eye with the Briton, and his savage myrmidons—poured out his blood like water—

triumphed and returned, loaded with the richest trophies of the campaign. Sir, his deeds rely not for recollection or blazonry upon musty records, nor yet upon caucus or convention addresses—they have been spoken in the thunders of victorious battle—they have been written upon the hacked and broken armor of his country's invaders. His life has been one of unflinching, unswerving devotion to freedom and to the people. The people "love him because he first loved them." His popularity rests upon no calculation of political chances. It is not seated in the arithmetic, but in the deep and ardent affections of his country.

It is not intriguers, nor President-makers, nor the starchy, strutting, brainless aristocrats of your villages, that rally around him. No! It is the enlightened, liberal laboring people, whom he has served. It is the mechanics—the bold and hardy yeomanry, who are their country's pride in peace, its bulwark in war—men of the ploughshare and the pruning knife, who, amid the late "panic" which spread dismay and consternation from one end of the Union to the other, stood firm as the seated hills—still planting their crops, and hailing the storm and the calm as equally commissioned to bless them:—Men, sir, who were dependent for no banking facilities, who drew upon no heartless corporation, but upon the God that made them—and they were answered in the sunshine and the shower. Their flocks sported in beauty and in gladness through their smiling fields; their harvests were ripened—their granaries filled. To these they looked for nurture—for protection to the brooding wings of the Almighty; and under their shadow, and amid the household idols that blessed their domestic hearths in the pride and unsullied nobility of their nature, they vowed "eternal hostility to every kind of tyranny that can oppress the mind of man." Under the influence of this high and holy resolve, the Bank, with all its train of intrigues and profligacies, has gone to the wall, and a peal of popular triumph has been shouted at the polls, which will ring, I trust, with sickening agony in the ears of purse-proud usurpation, for an age to come.

These are the men, Mr. President, that have demanded and will sustain the nomination of the distinguished personage to whose character and patriotic daring I have just referred. His fame, like that of our venerable Chief Magistrate, spreads every where—alike in the wilderness and in the "city hall"—penetrating into the far valleys, climbing to the hill-tops, and reaching, in its kindling, animating influences, every log cabin beyond the mountains. His brilliant and successful struggles against the foul, adulterous union of Church and State, have consecrated his name to immortality. The emancipated debtor, as he leaps from his prison and pallet of straw, shouts forth his praises—and the soldier of the revolution, as he totters into his grave, teaches his children to love and venerate his name. There is a voice from the great valley of the West, from all her cities and her cottages—there is a voice from the East, from the North, and the South—there is a voice from the fields of the husbandman, from the work shops of the mechanic, from the primary assemblies of the People, from the conventions of neighborhoods and of States, calling aloud for the elevation of this war-worn soldier, this tried and incorruptible patriot, this advocate of the destitute and the down-trodden, this friend to freedom and to man! Such, Sir, is RICHARD M. JOHNSON, of Kentucky—a Republican in works, if not in faith, as strangely understood by the Virginia delegation. I rejoice that this Convention, in making this nomination, have scouted all the subtle diplomacy of the politician, and have freely responded to the warm, gushing affections of the millions they represent. They have nothing to fear for the fate of their nominee: he is fortified behind principles and popular attachments impregnable as Gibraltar. The People have twined the wreath of glory around his brow—the happy-lod of affection cannot tear it off, nor can the sycophant breath of a myriad of calumnies within the eternal freshness of its emerald.

Mr. President, these remarks have been made wholly in defence, and not by way of recrimination. No imputation is designed to be thrown upon the distinguished friend of the gentleman from Virginia. Of the talents, the patriotism, and the democracy of William C. Rives, I entertain the most exalted estimate. I would not, if I could, pluck one sprig from the chaplet of renown which adorns his brow. "He has worn his honors well and may he wear them long." In bowing to the right of instruction and retiring from the Senate of the United States, again to submit his fortunes to the popular suffrage, he has made a sacrifice to republican principles, which does credit to his party, to his life, but upon the age in which he lives. But, sir, he is yet in the flower of his manhood, with prospects that brighten every hour. This Convention have not disparaged or discounted his claims—they have only been postponed.

Mr. President, I would beg the delegates who have voted in the minority upon this occasion, to pause and reflect upon the necessity of a prompt and cordial co-operation with the Majority in the nominations made. Let not the seeds of weakness and ultimate overthrow be found in the present struggle of the Republican party. True, that party has waged war upon systems of slavery, and upon the father of systems, and left them prostrate upon the field. It has grappled with the mammoth Bank, and the American aristocrats and British Tories that sustained it—has triumphed, gloriously triumphed over them all. The story of that victory has gone abroad upon the wings of the wind—State has spoken it to State, city to city, and man to man, in the tones of gladness and congratulation. The nation has awakened from its somnambulism—and the panic, with all its dreary spectres of ruin, has passed off. And that colossal moneyed power, which, in the arrogance of its strength, and in the guilt of its ambition would have flung a fetter upon every free spirit in the Republic, smote by the arm of popular indignation, is now spending in the agonies of its dissolution. This splendid result, this sublime tribute to the incorruptibility and intelligence of the People, has strengthened the cause of liberal principles throughout the habitable globe. But I beseech gentlemen in the minority here, to remember that vigilance, action, UNION, firm and unshaken, can alone guard the Republican party from the insidious approaches of their discomfited adversaries.

For though those adversaries have been broken up and scattered every where, disguising themselves under every name, and assuming every badge, yet we know they are still leagued together by a common sense of defeat, by a common scorn of the people who have trampled them down, by a common longing for office and power, from which they have been driven, and by a common detestation of the great principles of the Republican party. Impressed with these truths, the democrats of the Union have sent us here, that we might meet as a band of brothers and suffer our feelings to mingle into one, that we might plight anew our faith to each other, and to our country, prepare for concert and union of action, that we may go forth shoulder to shoulder, and heart to heart in the coming conflict.

Mr. President, shall we do this, or shall we present to the high-souled freemen we represent, the humiliating spectacle of distraction in our own ranks? Whose ear is prepared for that wild and almost demonic note of exultation, which would cross the mountains, and ring from one end of the nation to the other, through all the factions of the opposition? None, I trust. We have met upon the ground of friendly consultation and compromise as to men.

We have met to surrender all personal predilections and prejudices upon the altar of the common good. Let us then make the sacrifice cheerfully; from our hearts, gentlemen, let us make it. Let us by this day's action, tell the world, and especially the desperate votaries of ambition who are battling against us, that we strike for higher objects than "the spoils of victory"—that we are banded together by the ties of patriotism and of brotherhood—that with the destinies of the uncompromising democrats, chosen by us, we have bound up the destinies of the Republican party, and its great animating principles—that we will rally around them now and hereafter, here and every where, in one impregnable phalanx, where no jar of discord shall be heard, no chill of dissension shall be felt, and though the furnace of persecution shall be heated for them "seven times hotter than it has been wont to be," yet they shall not pass the fiery ordeal alone—not alone, but the great Republican party, one and indivisible, will walk by their side and "shield them and save them, or perish there too."

From the New York Mirror.

REMINISCENCES OF THE LATE WAR.

There is no truth more solemn than that which is found in the maxim, "that History does not revise her record until error, prejudice and falsehood have had their run." It is painful to think of the fact, that but few get justice done to them at any time. Some are over-rated, some are under-rated, and not a few entirely neglected. We are happy to hear, that a society is about being formed in this city to collect the minute history of the revolutionary and the late war, and to give it to the public for digestion and reflection, in doing honor to the enlightened and the brave. A thousand little gems are scattered through our history, which, if strung together, or properly set with taste, would throw a lustre over the genius of the country hitherto unknown. Among these we will mention a brilliant affair, achieved by a few spirited young men, on the night of the twenty-seventh of November, 1812, opposite Black-Rock. The details of this exploit have never been given by those who have pretended to write the history of the war of 1812. In all probability this neglect arose from the cloud that rested, and still rests, over General Smythe's fame, who at that time commanded that department of our northern army; but the fact is certain, that a small band of sailors and soldiers did, at the hour of midnight, make a descent upon the enemy's strong hold, take their commanding officer prisoner, spike their guns, and burn their barracks. There were twelve naval officers in this exploit; nine of whom were killed or wounded that night, and but few of them remain to demand justice from their countrymen, who are always willing to render it, when convinced that the meritorious have been neglected by accident or overlooked by design.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh of November, 1812, instructions were given by Gen. Smythe to the several naval officers embraced in the expedition, to select a certain number of bateaux and to muffle the oars, etc. preparatory to an attack upon the enemy's frontier, opposite Black Rock. The orders were no sooner communicated, than they were promptly obeyed to the letter. It is impossible to depict the anxious faces, and the unusual bustle of preparation that day. At about half-past 11 at night directions were issued for all hands to assemble in an old shed, fragile as a superstructure, which stood on the margin of the creek, and near its confluence with the lake. On hearing the summons all immediately repaired to the place appointed, where they beheld General Smythe, the most prominent personage in the assembly, he having taken an elevated position. He was surrounded by about one hundred and fifty officers and men. The general, with great gravity of countenance, blended with unusual impressiveness of manner, exhorted all to do their duty—portraying in glowing colours the danger and difficulties to be encountered; the extreme urgency of instant action and the glory that would follow. The naval commander then addressed a few brief words of encouragement to the officers designated to command the boats, as well as to their respective crews. The meeting terminated. Every one repaired with alacrity to his station. Never did men seem more eager to engage the enemy, notwithstanding their aversion to the element they had to pass to reach their foe. When the word was passed, "all ready," the boats proceeded in regular succession, about a mile and half along shore, so as to weather the southern extremity of the island, and gain, at the same time, sufficient way to counteract the effect of the current, in reaching the intended point of attack. It was a lovely night, not a cloud perceptible in the firmament, but so intensely cold that cloaks were by no means uncomfortable, notwithstanding the additional hamper of pistols, muskets and boarding-pikes. There was not a ripple to be seen on the water, and every thing around them was as placid and serene as the surface on which they moved. When the party had gained the starting-point, the boats gradually edged away, just stemming the stream.

The moment they had reached the middle of the lake, the moon, which was majestically waning in the west, either disclosed to the enemy shadows playing in her beams, or the progressive sound of the dipping oar alarmed their fears. The nearest centinel called out, "Who goes there?" no reply was given. But the order was, "silence! reserve your fire and pull away." The strokes were now renewed with redoubled energy; another instant, and the question of "who goes there," was repeated, along the whole line of outposts, followed by a brisk, running fire. The drums commenced beating, and a martial force stood ready to encounter their assailants the moment they touched the British shore. All hands sprang simultaneously into the water, giving, at the same time, three cheers, pouring a volley of musketry upon the enemy, which was followed by a rush with pistols and boarding-pikes. The foe was panic-struck, believing that the general with his legions was coming to plant his immortal standard upon their soil. The enemy was soon repelled from his position. Our sailors and soldiers then rushed toward the fort or breast-work, where they dislodged the enemy spiked their cannon, and set fire to the barracks.

Our men drove a party to their barns, and destroyed their horses and cattle, the execution of which occupied but a brief space of time, being as

instantaneous as decisive. Sailors, when acting as volunteers on roving expeditions, are unwilling to be controlled by military regulations, consequently do not observe the precision necessary to concerted movements. They know, notwithstanding, how to reach and subdue an enemy, and that by the shortest method. Sailing-masters Watts and Sisson, predicted that they would never return. Watts, poor fellow! was discovered stretched upon the ground, mortally wounded. He called Midshipman, now Captain Stephens Holdup, and requested his assistance, but while in the act of fulfilling the request, he was wounded, consequently obliged to abandon Watts to his fate. Lieutenant Wragg received the point of a bayonet in his body from an American soldier, by mistake, but his extreme composure shielded him from any serious effects. Midshipman Brailford was also wounded in the leg. Sailing-master Sisson was shot by a musket ball near the groin, and expired three days subsequent to the action. Midshipman John H. Graham, of the city of New-York, was wounded in the leg, while entering the burning barracks to seize prisoners and would have perished, but for the timely assistance of a noble-hearted sailor, who, at the hazard of his life, threw young Graham on his shoulder and took him to the boat. The British commanding-officer at the fort was mortally wounded and taken prisoner. He was conveyed to the American camp, and excited the sympathies of the whole army.

All the American officers and soldiers who were not slain, effected a retreat, excepting a few soldiers under Captain King. The next morning, General Smythe embarked his disposable force, with the apparent design of fulfilling his high destinies, set forth in his proclamation; but, after some maneuvering, he issued his order for disembarking. The whole army felt disgraced. They raved at first, and then *curses loud and deep* followed, as they returned to winter quarters. General Smythe never again joined the army; but afterward attempted to build his fame on literary labors, and made a flourish of trumpets that he had discovered a key to unlock the mysteries of the Apocalypse; but this was justly ridiculed out of the world, and his literary and military glories sleep together.

It would only be an act of justice in our government to award a just measure of patronage to these brave men, who with such a small force achieved so gallant a deed, under such unfavorable circumstances, if any of them are living; but if they are gone beyond the reach of patronage, or praise, a just remembrance of what they have done for their country, belongs to the inheritance they have left to their children or kindred.

Dearborn County.—The Commissioners appointed by the last Legislature to re-locate the County seat of Dearborn, have decided upon removing it from Lawrenceburgh to Wilmington. Wilmington is a small town, standing upon a high hill, very near the centre of the county. It is about 7 miles west of Lawrenceburgh, and about 4 miles from the Ohio River. Although the Commissioners have removed the seat, or determined upon it, we believe the people of Lawrenceburgh have another resort. If we are rightly informed the Court House at Lawrenceburgh was built by private subscription. When the question of the removal of the County Seat was agitated before, Commissioners were appointed, for locating, who decided in favor of Lawrenceburgh, on condition that the citizens of the place would build a Court House equal to the Court House in this county, which was, we believe, complied with, on the part of the citizens. Now, it is our opinion, that there is no principle of law, or even justice, which can deprive them of the privileges and benefits of the County Seat. We believe, that Lawrenceburgh is not near enough the centre of the county, for the Court House, but it is our opinion, at present, that Lawrenceburgh has a legal right to it. In making these remarks, we do not wish to be understood as interfering with any of the difficulties of the people of Dearborn.

Canal Celebration.—In another column will be found the proceedings of a meeting held in this place to make arrangements for celebrating the opening of the Wabash & Erie Canal, which will form the commencement of canal navigation in Indiana. The celebration will take place on the 4th of July next. This work will confer lasting honor on the enterprise and energy of our infant state; and these liberal-minded men who have been instrumental in forwarding the undertaking will hereafter be hailed as public benefactors. The commencement of canal navigation in Indiana is an event of such deep interest, not to the citizens of this district alone, but of the state generally, that we may reasonably expect a large concourse of citizens from different parts of the state will participate in the celebration: we are therefore glad to see our citizens thus early bestirring themselves, and hope the committee of arrangements will be enabled to discharge the duties imposed on them with satisfaction to themselves and gratification to the public.

Fort Wayne Sentinel, May 30.

Consumption.—A young lady in the last stages of consumption was lately restored to her health by the following remedy:—She had long been attended by the faculty, but derived no benefit from their prescriptions, and considered herself verging to the end of her existence, when she retired during the summer to a vale in the country, with the intention to her approaching dissolution. While in that situation, it was her custom to rise as early as her malady would permit, and contemplate the beauties of nature and wonderful works of God from her chamber window, from which she observed a dog belonging to the house, with scarcely any flesh on his bones, constantly go and lick dew off the camomile in the garden; in doing which the animal was noticed to alter in appearance, to look plump and well. The singularity of the circumstance was impressed strong on the lady's mind and induced her to try what effect might be produced from following the dog's example. She accordingly procured the dew from the same bed of camomile, drank a small quantity every morning and after continuing it some time, experienced some relief; and her appetite became regular, and she found a return of spirits, and in the end was completely cured.

The Boston Courier announces the arrival of the ship Susan from the Cape of Good Hope. Passenger, Z. Macomber, and 66 wild animals—2 elephants, 1 large rhinoceros, lions, leopards, camels, ostriches, &c. of all ages.

From the St. Louis Republican.
The Crops.—We regret to see in the papers unfavorable accounts of the Wheat crop this spring. "The severity of last winter (says the St. River Journal) has done great injury to the Wheat. In many parts of this State and the adjacent counties of Illinois the farmers are ploughing up their wheat fields and putting in spring grains, believing that the crop will not be worth gathering. Notwithstanding this, the last year's crop stands at a very moderate price, but is looking up."

The last Illinois Advocate says—"We learn from the country generally that the wheat crop is likely to be very short, nearly half that was sown having been destroyed during the winter by the severity of the weather. There is however, great promise of fruit, with the exception of peaches."

The New Orleans Bulletin, of May 5, says in relation to crops in that region—
"The period has arrived when intelligence respecting the forthcoming crops is interesting to merchants, and to others. Intelligence in reference to the crops in this vicinity is also of importance to other sections of the country, where the planting interest prevails. The weather in Franklin (Ark. pas) has latterly been very variable. The mornings and evenings require fire to make them comfortable. The town had been visited (on the 22d ult.) by a storm accompanied with thunder, lightning and torrents of rain, which it was feared would tend to still further retard the growth of an already partially injured crop. The Grand Gulf Advertiser says, that "at no period within our recollection has this delightful season of the year been so backward as the present one. Corn and Cotton, which has generally been in a state of forwardness at this date, is this season now scarcely perceptible; and on most plantations off from the river, but little has made its appearance. On many plantations, we learn, an entire re-planting, or a commencement *denovo*, as the lawyers say, will be found necessary. This will of course, place our planters greatly behind hand in their calculations, and in all probability, curtail their crops considerably."

Duff Green's Lamentations. "Are we getting back to the dark ages? Is mankind to become blind by the excess of light? Are the twelve hundred newspapers distributed through the country to produce similar effects to that produced by the absence of all? It would seem so, but we hope it is only seeming. These questions arise in our minds, when we see the hold which Jacksonism still holds in the minds of those who must know better! When we see the public presses in the pay of the administration, prompting the poor to attack the rich and plunder them of their property; when we see editors using steam engines to send forth with despatch their papers, and in their columns decrying labor-saving machinery; and when we see a religious paper in this land of toleration, for the establishment of Tithes, as having been ordered by God for the Levites of Judea, and as being a requirement as equally binding upon Christians. All these follies and absurdities, and, we may add, wickedness, must yield in time to the sober reason of intelligence. What can we hope to gain by decrying labor-saving machinery? A temporary consequence among demagogues and agrarians! What can be gained by urging the establishment of tithes! The character of a zealot without prudence or discretion! We, in America, have been stigmatized as being without religion, because we had no established Church; and as being priest-ridden because we supported so many Clergymen. We must put the Fanny Wright men against the advocates for the establishment of tithes, and let them fight it out. U. S. Telegraph.

An individual by the name of Boling was found on the road beyond the Falling Run Bridge on Monday morning last unable to walk. On examination, his head was discovered to be horribly shattered, and some stabs found upon his body. No hopes of his recovery are entertained. The officers of the town went in search of the persons who were supposed to have committed the outrage, and returned on Monday evening with three, who were held to bail for their appearance at the next term of our court to answer the charge.—One in the sum of two thousand dollars, and the other two in the sum of two hundred each. The first was unable to procure bail and was committed.
New Albany Gazette, May 29.

From the Cincinnati Republican.
Epidemic Cholera. When the Cholera re-appeared in this city, in October last, several cases were treated with large doses of sugar of lead (*acetate plumbi*) and opium, without the use of Calomel. The effects were so beneficial, that the profession in the South, where, unluckily the disease has recurred, ought to give the compound a fair trial—if indeed they have not already done so. The dose was ten grains of the sugar of lead and one of opium, mixed; and repeated every two hours—in one case every hour—till the diarrhoea ceased; the patients being warm in bed, and taking but little drink.

One person, who took thirty grains in two hours, suffered some degree of distress in his stomach, which was relieved by the use of salt and water, as an antidote.

In all cases the secretion of the liver was restored, without the subsequent use of Calomel.

The following would probably be a better formula, than that which was used:

Sugar of lead, 10 grains,
Opium, 5 grains,
Opium powdered 1 grain—mixed.

In two cases the compound first mentioned was given successfully, after the rice water had been discharged; but it should never be forgotten that the Cholera is generally fatal unless treated in the early stages.

In concluding I may remark, that nothing, as yet, indicates a return of the epidemic upon our city.

DANIEL DRAKE, M. D.
Cincinnati, June 1, 1835.

More than Twelve thousand laborers are encamped on the banks of the Nile at Damietta and Rosetta, in Egypt, and employed in the gigantic work of artificially damming up the Nile, for the purpose of regulating its inundations, which if accomplished, will render the prosperity of the country unlimited. Mr. Brunell, the celebrated engineer, had been invited from London, to aid the prosecution of the work, by his experimental advice and skill.