

INDIANA PALLADIUM.

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

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[NO. 22.

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		

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 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.		
Maine	7	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	
Total		

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 State's dividing its vote. One of the Ohio delegation 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 the power 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? if, 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 millions. 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 recital 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 the bleak winds of the Canadas; and waiting 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 hostility, 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 unflattering, unwavering 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 intrigues, nor President-makers, nor the starched, strutting, brainless aristocracy of your villages, that rally around him. Not, 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 sealed 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 stocks 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 unslighted 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, aminating 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 hamlets—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—Republicans 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 fortressed behind principles and popular attachments impregnable as Gibraltar. The People have twined the wreath of glory around his brow—the harpy-hand of faction cannot tear it off, nor can the sirocco breath of a myriad of calumnies wither the eternal freshness of its emerald.

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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 demoniac 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 impenetrable phalanx, where no jar of discord shall be heard, no chill of disaffection 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 day." It is painful to think of the fact, that but few get justice done them at any time. Some are over-rated, some are under-rated, and 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 last 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 over-looked 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 batteaux and to muffle the oars, etc. preparatory to an attack upon the enemy's frontier, 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 over-looked by design.

The moment that 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 bosom, or the progressive sound of the dipping oar alarmed their fears. The nearest sentinel 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 coolness shielded him from any serious effects. Midshipman Brailsford was also wounded in the leg. Sailing-master Sisson was shot by 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 *curved 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, makes 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 over-looked by design.

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