EASTERN-SHORE WHIG AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

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THE TERMS
Are Two Dollars and Fifty Cents per Annum payable half yearly in advance. Advertisements are inserted three times for One Dollar; and continued weekly for twenty five cents per square.

MISS M. G. NICOLS'
Female Academy,

WILL be opened again on Monday the 24th inst. She takes this opportunity of returning her thanks to her friends for the liberal patronage she has received, and solicits a continuance of their confidence.

Mrs. E. Nicols can accomodate a few more young ladies with board. Terms $100 per annum.

Sept. 11 3w

Constable's Sale.

BY virtue of one writ of venditioni exponas, issued by Thomas C. Nicols, Esq. at the suit of William C. Ridgaway, and one writ of fieri facias, issued by Thomas C. Nicols, Esq. at the suit of Wm. C. Ridgaway, use of Edw'd. H. Nabb, against the goods and chattels, lands and tenements of Thomas Parrott, I have seized and taken in execution, as the property of the said Parrott, one lot of ground and the improvement thereon, whereon the said Parrott now resides, being part of a tract called Londonderry; one other lot of ground on the road leading from Easton to the Point, known as the oak lot, and part of the aforesaid tract; one other lot, part of the aforesaid tract, situate on the said road, leading to the Point, also the lot and stables belonging to the old white tavern, on Washington street, known by the name of the Fountain Inn. And notice is hereby given that on Tuesday the 18th day of September next, between the hours of 10 o'clock, A. M. and 5 o'clock, P. M. I shall offer at public sale, at the front door of the Court-house, in the town of Easton, all the right, title, claim, interest and demand, at law and in equity, of the said Parrott, in and to the aforesaid property, so seized and taken. Attendance by

BENNETT JONES, Constable.

aug 21 4t

Trustee's Sale.

BY virtue of a decree of Queen Ann's county Court, sitting as a Court of Equity, will be sold in Centreville, on Saturday 22d of September next, at two o'clock, P. M. on a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months,—a tract of land lying in Wye Neck, Queen Ann's county, called and known by the name of Brookland, containing one hundred and eighty nine and one-fourth acres, more or less, being part of the real estate of Samuel W. Thomas, deceased; ordered by said Court to be sold for the payment of the debts of said deceased, upon the terms following, viz. The purchaser to give bond with security to be approved by the trustee, for the payment of the purchase money, in three separate instalments as above stated, with interest thereon from the day of sale.

The situation of the farm is eligible, and the quality of the soil kind and fertile. Persons disposed to purchase are recommended to visit and view the premises. For further particulars apply to

RICH'D. B. CARMICHAEL,
Centreville, aug 14—21 Trustee.

WAS COMMITTED to the jail of Baltimore County on the 21st day of August, by James B. Bosly, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, in and for the City of Baltimore, as a runaway, a colored girl who calls herself ELIZABETH ANN BARNES; says she is free, was raised by Mrs. Doxey, living on Fell's Point. Said colored girl is about 16 years of age, 5 feet ½ inch high, has a tetter on the left shoulder and a burn on the right shoulder. Had on when committed, a yellow striped frock, old pair of shoes, yellow handkerchief.

The owner of the above described colored girl is requested to come forward, prove property pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be discharged according to law.

D. W. HUDSON, Warden
Baltimore County Jail.

sept 11

WAS COMMITTED to the Jail of Baltimore county, on the 18th August, 1832, by Wm. A. Schaeffer, Esq. a Justice of the Peace in and for the city of Baltimore, as a runaway, a colored man who calls himself STEPHEN FREEMAN, says he is free but did belong to Mr. McLean. Said colored man is about 30 years of age, 5 feet 8½ inches high, has a scar on his left cheek near the eye. Had on when committed, a brown cloth coat, black silk vest and black cloth pantaloons, muslin shirt fine leather shoes and straw hat.

The owner of the above described colored man is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take him away, otherwise he will be discharged according to law.

D. W. HUDSON, Warden
Balt. County Jail.

sep 11

WAS COMMITTED to the jail of Baltimore county on the 25th day of August, 1832, by James B. Bosley, Esq. a Justice of the Peace, in and for the city of Baltimore, as a runaway, a colored girl who calls herself ANN ELIZA DONOVAN, says she is free born, and lived with a Mrs. Clark of Baltimore. Said colored girl is about 12 years of age, 4 feet 8 inches high, has a scald on the top of her head. Had on when committed, a blue frock all in rags.

The owner of the above described colored girl is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away, otherwise she will be discharged according to law.

D. W. HUDSON, Warden,
Baltimore County Jail.

sep 11

NOTICE.

Was committed to the jail of Montgomery County, on the 7th day of this inst., as a runaway a dark MULLATO WOMAN, supposed to be about 30 or 35 years of age, her clothing were when committed a dark linsey frock—She says she was set free by a Mr. Robenson of Kent Co. Md. The owner of the above described woman is requested to come prepared to release her, otherwise she will be discharged according to law.

Wm. O'NEALE, jr. Sh'ff of Montgomery County Md.

Sept. 4, 1832.

POETRY.

THE DYING GIRL'S LAMENT.

By Mrs. C. Gore.

Why does my mother steal away
To hide her struggling tears,
Her trembling touch betrays uncheck'd
The secret of her fears;
My father gazes on my face
With yearning, earnest eye;—
And yet there's none among them all,
To tell me I must die!

My little sisters press around
My sleepless couch, and bring
With eager hands, their garden gift,
The first sweet buds of Spring!
I wish they'd lay me where those flowers
Might lure them to my bed,
When other Springs and Summers bloom,
And I am with the dead.

The sunshine quivers on my cheek,
Glitt'ring, and gay, and fair,
And if it knew my hand too weak
To shade me from its glare!
How soon 'twill fall unheeded on
This death-dew'd glassy eye!
Why do they fear to tell me so?
I know that I must die!

The Summer wind breathes softly through
My lone, still, dreary room,
A lonelier and a stiller one
Awaits me in the tomb!
But no soft breeze will whisper there,
No mother hold my head!
It is a fearful thing to be
A dweller with dead!

Eve after eve, the sun prolongs
His hour of parting light,
And seem to make my farewell hours
Too fair, too heavenly bright!
I know the loveliness of earth,
I love the evening sky,
And yet I should not murmur, if
They told me I must die.

My playmates turn aside their heads
When parting with me now,
The nurse that tended me a babe,
Now soothes my aching brow.
And why are those sweet cradle-hours
Of joy and fonding fled!
Not e'en my parents' kisses now
Could keep me from the dead!

Our Pastor kneels beside me oft,
And talks to me of heaven;
But with a holier vision still,
My soul in dreams hath striven:
I've seen a beckoning hand that call'd
My faltering steps on high;
I've heard a voice that, trumpet-tongued,
Bade me prepare to die!

THE HEART.

The heart—the gifted heart—
Who may reveal its depths to human sight!
What eloquence impart
The softness of its love—the grandeur of its might.
It is the seat of bliss—
The blessed home of all affections sweet;
It smiles where friendship is—
It glows where social feelings meet.

'Tis virtue's hallowed fane—
'Tis freedom's first, and best, and noblest shield!
A strength that will remain,
When grosser powers and feebler spirits yield!
It is religion's shrine,
From whence our holiest aspirations wing;
Where joys, which are divine,
And hopes, which are of heaven, alone may spring!

The fount of tenderness—
Where every purer passion has its birth,
To cheer—to charm—to bless—
And sanctify our pilgrimage on earth.
Oh, heart!—till life be o'er,
Shed round the light and warmth of thy dear flame
And I will ask no more
Of earthly happiness, or earthly fame!

From the York Republican.

THE SILENT WITNESS.

Mors sola fatetur. Juv.

In the town of Musselburg, near the Capital of Scotland, there lived about 15 years ago, a man by the name of Dundonald, who though in easy and affluent circumstances, was not visited by any of the inhabitants—and he seemed to be as averse to society, as the latter was unwilling to admit him to its privileges. His family consisted of himself, a natural daughter he had by his housekeeper and a distant female, who superintended his household affairs. Dundonald was a man of about 40 years of age, handsome in face and person, but with a very repulsive countenance. There was a degree of sternness in his expression, which at once checked all approach to familiarity, but, when he succeeded in any scheme of villainy, or plan of revenge, his features were forced into a smile still more horrible than their natural gloomy cast. His daughter, who received the name of Louisa from that of her frail mother, was in the full luxuriance of rural beauty—her dark brown locks giving a beautiful relief to the exquisite symmetry of her face, and the richly blended lilly and carnation of her cheek. Although she had not received the advantages of a fashionable education or polished society, there was a natural ease and grace about her, which no art could imitate; her native good sense, and the gentleness of her heart, taught her that true politeness which far surpasses all the studied regulations laid down by my Lord Chesterfield.

In the same street with Dundonald lived a young man named Charleville, whose parents, though poor, managed to give him an excellent education, such as Scotland alone affords to youth of aspiring talents, but without pecuniary resources. He was at this time prosecuting the study of surgery, under the able and popular Dr. McDaniel, a gentleman whose heart and hand were always actively devoted to the cause of benevolence. Charleville soon became acquainted with Louisa—and very often *happened* to be strolling over the country, just in time to meet her in her evening walks—Alas! those walks over verdant hills and shadowy vales! they make sad havoc in the hearts of two young and susceptible beings—who, instead of admiring Nature's charms, commonly reserve all their admiration for one another. In short, the student and Louisa, soon became inseparable—to the terrible neglect of the dry pages of Sir Astley Cooper and Charles Bell.

This intimacy did not long escape the penetrating glance of Dundonald, who resolved at once to crush the passion *in embryo*—So that one evening, as the lovers were about sallying forth from the paternal porch, the father suddenly advanced upon them, sternly ordered Louisa into the house, and asked Charleville what he meant by eternally *darkening his door* with his presence? This abrupt question and rude deportment, quite frightened the student "from his propriety"—"why, sir, (said he,) the pleasure of Miss Dundonald's society—." "No sir! I can see what you're driving at: but d—— me if you a'nt mistaken—I have had too much trouble and misery in making a fortune, to bestow it on a beggar." This insulting remark called the blood into Charleville's cheek, and he was about replying, when the ruffian exclaimed: "No words, sir! Keep away from Louisa—or, mark me, you'll rue it!"—with this, he re-entered the house, violently slamming the door after him.

Charleville returned to the office in the deepest state of dejection, and he now was aware, for the first time of the extent of his passion for the sweet girl of his heart. For several days he walked over his favourite haunts, in a vain search for Louisa.—One evening, after a long and fatiguing ramble, he entered the grave yard to find repose and shade under one of the bending willows which ornamented it. He came to a place where the grave digger was shovelling up some earth, in order to fill an adjacent hollow. He sat down on a tomb whose shafts had sunk several feet in the moist ground, and watched the motions of the sepulchral laborer in his ocupation. Occasionally a mouldering arm or thigh-bone would appear, and at last a scull was tossed up with some force and rolled to the feet of the student, who turned it over; when, in a prominence back of the ear, he felt something which produced a grating sound, when the brass tip of his cane rubbed against it. He stooped to examine it when to his horror and astonishment, he found a large nail driven through the cranium! He asked permission of the digger to carry this relic home, which was immediately granted. Without divulging the dreadful secret, he asked the man if he knew to whom that skull belonged: "why yes," said he, "that head has been lying here next Michaelmas 15 years. It belonged to the old wife of 'Squire Dundonald, who left him such a large fortune. I recollect her funeral, as it was only yesterday.—Oh! she was a fine old lady, so kind and so gentle!—there was not a dry eye present but that of her husband." This observation strengthened the suspicions he had already formed of a crime like that committed by Jael on Sisera, mentioned in the Scriptures. He took the skull to the office, and after binding Dr. M'Daniel to secrecy, at least for the present, he showed it to him. They examined the cranium anatomically, and found that a long spike nail had been driven through the brain, which still clung in a mouldering mass around it. The Doctor afterwards gave the following account of the unfortunate victim. She was a wealthy widow, of about 56 years of age, at the time she first met 'Squire Dundonald, during an excursion over the lovely scenery of the Highlands. He was then in all the opening maturity of manhood, and remarkable handsome. D. had rendered her some slight service, the manner of which pleased her—they soon became intimate—and the old lady, with that doating and impotent susceptibility which often renders age ridiculous, fell violently in love, which was eagerly returned by the youth, who had, by some means or other, found out the extent of her rent-roll. They travelled together, and finally, before returning home, and to the great disappointment of all her collateral heirs, they were privately married at some country church. On her arrival here; her doating affection for him showed itself in a variety of ways, the most *substantial* of which was, that she put him in possession of all her property, and made a will to the entire exclusion of her nephews, nieces and country cousins. As soon as he got this document in his power, he took off the mask, and evinced at first coldness, and then disgust for his benefactress. He, without difficulty, seduced the daughter of his house-keeper, a beautiful girl, brought up in great admiration of her own person and fondness for dress, two *principles* which invariably lead from the path of virtue and end in ruin. The old lady was not long in perceiving the intimacy between the parties, and the condition of the girl, who behaved on the occasion with the utmost impudence. "I have no doubt," continued the Doctor, "that these two miscreants contrived the death of their victim who had threatened to alter her will, and take refuge among her relations. At all events, one morning the neighbours were astounded by the news that Mrs. D. had died of a fit. A Coroner's Inquest was held over the body—but, although some suspicions were afloat, nothing was proved—and the wretched victim was consigned to the grave without further examination. Dundonald and his paramour lived together like man and wife. He appeared to be extremely fond of her—and at her death (which occurred in giving birth to Louisa) he gave every sign of abject despair. The only being he has since been known to love is his daughter—before whom alone his savage nature seems to soften.

The Dr. and his student next consulted on some plan to solve the terrible mystery; during which, Charleville found that his hopes of eventually possessing Louisa began to revive. M'Daniel was afraid to send Dundonald the skull, under the apprehension that he would detain, and afterwards obliterate all traces of this important witness—and he hesited about trusting the young man alone with him, for fear of violence. Charleville, however, overcame this objection, by going armed with a brace of pistols. He went to the house, and asked to speak to the Squire as he was generally called. The servant had received orders not to admit him; but as he was extremely urgent, he took him to a private cabinet, and called his master down.—"What's your business?" said he sternly, and darting a look of ominous meaning. "Sir, I have brought you news from a lady, to whom you are under some obligation." "No riddles, sir! but quick, and be done!" Charleville then, in a firm and distinct voice, told him the result of his visit to the grave-yard, and the dreadful suspicion which the skull had excited in his mind. Had a thunder bolt suddenly fallen at his feet, he could not have been more terror stricken than at this discovery; his whole frame shuddered with a convulsive movement—his eyes and countenance exhibited a wild and horrifying expression and his first idea was to grasp Charleville by the throat. One moment of reflection, however, brought him to his habitual cunning, and with a mighty effort he bore down the demon that was rising within him. He immediately assumed the utmost serenity of aspect, attempted to laugh at the suspicions of the Student, and expressed a wish to see the "dreadful skull." He finished by saying that he had lately been thinking about Louisa's attachment for him, which he had too long opposed—that he found his harsh conduct to her had preyed upon her health, and he was now resolved to gratify them both. At the same time he humbly begged his pardon for his past treatment, and asked him to sup that very evening with his intended bride—"and harkee, Charley, (he exclaimed as he left him) don't forget that *nailed skull* you were talking about."

The exquisite delight which this unexpected change caused in our Student, removed for the moment all his unfavorable impressions, and he returned to the Doctor to relate the result of his interview. M'Daniel, howevever, knew the man too well to place the slightest confidence in his professions.—He therefore impressed upon the youth's mind the necessity of extreme caution—and before trusting Dundonald with the skull, he took the precaution of calling in a confidential friend as a witness to the important discovery of the nail. In the evening, Charleville, well armed as before, and with his ghastly burthen wrapped up, went to the dwelling of his intended father-in-law, to whose cabinet he was soon introduced. About an hour afterwards, the Doctor and his friend proceeded unseen through the garden and planted themselves in some bushes immediately under the hall window, which had been left open purposely by the Student on his arrival.

In the mean time, Charleville placed the skull on a dressing table, where it was seen by Dundonald immediately on his entrance.—An involuntary expression of terror and remorse passed over his features, when he saw the horrid object before him—but this he quickly suppressed, and he received his "young friend" with every demonstration of apparent affection. He took him by the hand, conducted him to the parlour and presented him to Louisa, who was dressed in a style at once simple and elegant—and her beautiful shining ringlets were confined by a coronet of white roses, which were an appropriate emblem of her own purity and natural grace. The fond lovers were left to the luxury of their own society, till supper was announced, after which they were again allowed to be alone in all the sweet extacy of love.—In the midst of their endearments, Dundonald entered, preceded by a servant with a couple of goblets on a waiter. "I have interrupted your conversation," said he, trying to force a smile into his rugged features "in order that we might mutually pledge the sincerity of our reconciliation." He then handed Charleville one of the goblets, and kept one for himself which he quaffed off. In carrying the liquor to his lips, the Student, whose organ of smell had been rendered acute by the habit of assaying various drugs, thought he distinguished the peculiar virous odour of opium.—The advice of the Doctor now flashed upon his mind and his resolution was immediately taken.—To evince any distrust at this moment would have been fatal; but, by an artful movement, he avoided the direct glance of the ruffian, took a mouthful of the poisonous compound which he emptied into his handkerchief, and deliberately poured the remainder into his bosom. Then, while he felt the cold liquid trickle down his breast, he adroitly buttoned up his coat, and returned the glass to the servant. All this was done in less time than I have taken to record it. After a few minutes talk, he affected to be drowsy; and, apologizing to Louisa for his breach of courtesy, he requested permission to lie down.—He was conducted to a retired room opening into the hall, where he was left to his awful meditations. He soon pretended to be asleep, and snored loudly—In a few minutes he heard the approach of footsteps. The door was slowly opened, and through his half-closed eyes, he perceived Dundonald cautiously approaching his couch on tip-toe. The miscreant bent his knee with the intention of pressing upon the breast of his victim, and put forth his murderous hands to grasp him by the throat and mouth, in order forcibly to suppress his breathing;* when Charleville suddenly sprung up with all the energy of despair, and uttered a loud and piercing shriek—at this moment the Doctor and his friend rushed in and secured the villian, who, now seeing that all hope was gone, tamely suffered himself to be bound and led forth. While they were manacling him, Louisa burst into the room and threw herself around her father's neck.—Charleville removed her fainting to the sofa;—and in this interval, the Doctor, after possessing himself of the skull, gave orders to take Dundonald to a place of confinement till a warrant could be obtained to commit him to prison. In the mean time, Louisa revived from her swoon, and received from her lover the horrid particulars which I have given above. After some time spent in administering consolation, and intermingling the sweet digressions of love, he at length succeeded in calming her altogether.

Dundonald was duly committed to take his trial for the murder of his wife. For several days he persisted in a state of obstinacy, denying all knowledge of the imputed crime. But at length the conversion of a pious divine wrought upon his better feelings, and he made a full confession of the murder, some of the circumstances of which are too horrible to relate. He made his will, and after leaving handsome legacies to his wife's relations, he bequeathed the balance of his property to Louisa, "with the hope, (as he expressed it) that she would bestow her hand upon the worthy youth she so fondly loved." This excellent pair came every day to see him in his gloomy cell, soothed his melancholy reflections by their assiduous attentions, and suggesting to his mind those sweet consolations which religion alone can bestow.

At length the day of trial came on; the sheriff and officers went to his cell to bring him forth—but they found the bed and floor deluged with blood, and the criminal a stiffened corpse! It appeared on examination, that he had opened the large artery of his thigh—and he no doubt expired almost instantaneously.—A few months after this fatal occurrence, Louisa disposed of all her property in the town, and retired to a charming cottage she had purchased at Tarbet near the sublime and picturesque scenery of Loch Lomond. Here she was shortly afterwards joined by Charleville, who had in the interim obtained his degree at Edinburgh, and they were soon united in those holy bonds which fix our happiness or misery for this life.

With the exception of the painful thoughts which would sometimes throw a cloud over her serenity, it might be said that Louisa was now happier than she had ever been—and Charleville rendered himself, in every respect, worthy of such a bride.

D****.

*This horrible method of destroying life was resorted to a few years ago by the monster Burke, in order to provide subjects for the dissecting rooms!! It is also particulary mentioned in the last and most thrilling tale of the "Country Curate"—in which the dreadful security which it possesses over the common methods of assassination, is spoken of in a manner which might whisper horrid temptations to men of "lawless and uncertain thoughts."

INTERESTING LETTER.

FROM DR. CHAPMAN OF PHILADELPHIA, TO DR. TYLER, OF FREDERICK, MD.

My Dear Sir: I have delayed to answer your letter till I had formed some decision as to the nature and treatment of the Pestilential Cholera which is now prevailing. These are points on which so much difference of opinion existed, that I found it impossible to make up my mind as to them, without the lights of actual observation and experience. I have now seen the disease sufficiently to enable me to arrive at satisfactory, and I trust, just conclusions on the subject. But I can present, in the narrow compass of a letter, only a very concise and imperfect exhibition of my views, and indeed, such are my incessant occupations, that I have scarcely leisure to execute even this slight sketch.

The disease, *wholly independent of contagion*, is caused by an epidemic agency, of which we know nothing with certainty. It is not improbable, however, that it is owing to an æriform poison, which acting through the medium of the stomach on the gangionic nerves, so impairs that system, that its functions are in a greater or less degree suspended. As always happens, where sensorial or nervous influence is withheld, there is in this case, a recession of blood from the periphery, and correspondent accumulations of it in the deep seated vessels, subversive of the proper distribution of it in the circulation, attended by a vitiation or suppression of the secretions. This, in a word, is my theory of the disease, the truth of which, I think, is sustained by the symptoms, the phenomena on dissection, and the mode of cure.

It is generally held here, that Cholera is pretty uniformly preceded by considerable disturbances on the alimentary canal, by nausea or purging, or the two united. That affections of this sort are very commom in the city and elsewhere, cannot be denied. Whether they constitute the preliminary stage of the disease is very doubtful. It seems to me, they ought rather to be considered as a condition, arising from distinct sources of irritation predisposing to the disease. Can it be credited, that a cause ultimately operating so powerfully as that of Cholera, should endure for three or four or five days, merely teazing in this slight manner, the stomach and bowels? The transition from these mild and lingering affections, to the explosion of Cholera in its fullest force, is far too sudden and violent to suppose that they are one and the same disease, varied only by stages. I know not the analogies by which the hypothesis can be supported. Nor is this preclusive indisposition mentioned by any of the writers on Asiatic Cholera whom I have consulted. It is scarcely to be presumed, that so prominent and important a fact, had it an existence, could have possibly escaped the attention of these very able and experienced historians of the disease. Being attached to armies, and more particularly, from their position, in Hospitals, they enjoyed the best, and peculiar advantages, for accurate and discriminating observations. It was first noticed, and promulgated by some of the British publications, though not sanctioned by all, and from a similar coincidence of gastric and entiretic derangement with the epidemic in this country, their notion has been espoused by us. Be it as it may, such disorders should at once be removed, as they are apt at all events, to invite an attack of Cholera. They do not differ from the ordinary complaints of the season, and require no peculiar management.

Genuine Cholera, for the most part, comes on with little or no premonition. The earliest symptoms are complaints of load, and anxiety about the prœcordia, with an internal sense of heat, referrable to the stomach or bowels, with great thirst and a whitish tongue, and at the same time, the head is confused, the expression of countenance haggard, accompanied by slight nervous tremor, muscular weakness, cool skin, and either a quick and somewhat feeble, or a full and struggling pulse.—Copious evacuations upwards and downwards, of fluid resembling dirty or turbid rice water, with flocculi mixed in it, soon occur, followed by cramps or spasms of the muscles of the extremities and abdomen. These are seldom so violent as has been represented, and never extend to the alimentary canal. An aggravation of the preceding symptoms rapidly takes place, and in half an hour or more, the tongue becomes icy cold, the skin more chilled and sodden, though feeling hot to the patient, covered with a dewy viscal perspiration, the hands shrivelled or wilted, as if mascerated, the nails of the fingers blue, the pulse scarcely or not at all perceptible, the face sunken, especially the eyes, around which is a dark circle. This color gradually diffuses itself over the entire surface, partaking of the various shades of lividness, from a satturine to a blueish or blackish hue. During this period, the thirst is intense, the heat of the stomach in some instances is increased to a burning sensation, the respiration greatly embarrassed, the air expired cold, the voice low, or whispering and plaintive, the diaphragm convulsed, and there is a total suppression of the uniary and other secretions. Discharges from the alimentary canal, and the spasms, likewise cease or are much diminished. Death ultimately takes place in a sort of tranquil stupor, or with indescribable jactitation and distress, the latter state being by far the most common.

As I have briefly described the disease, such is the tenor of its character and progress; though occasionally diversified in some respects. Thus I have seen its accession as sudden as the electric shock, and have met with cases without spasms, or vomiting or purging. Many other anomalies might be mentioned, could I indulge in such details. The disease may be properly divided in most instances, into two stages, that of aggression and collapse.

Called at the commencement of an attack, unless there is extreme depression, I bleed very freely from the arm, and uniformly cup the epigastrum, and give calomel largely combined or not with opium, according to the severity of the spasms. The case will almost invariably yield to these remedies, and we have no further trouble concerning it. But where the attack is confirmed, or in other words, the state of collapse exists, the difficulties of management are vastly increased, and the practice is somewhat different. The first step, under such circumstances, is to puke actively with tepid salt and water—a tumbler full at a time. This usually settles the stomach, allays thirst, produces some degree of reaction, a stronger pulse, increased warmth of surface, and a resolution of the spasms. Co operating in the same design of arousing the vital forces, and exciting the skin particularly, rub the body and extremeties with flannels Let a vein be then opened, and if the blood flows freely, take a large quantity; and especially, should the pulse rise, and the blood become florid. But where the reverse happens, or you have slowly to coax out the blood, or the pulse is sensibly weakened by the loss of it, stop the operation, and apply twenty or thirty cups to the abdomen, including the epigastrum, which, though they may not draw much blood, are eminently serviceable as revelents. The cups are to be succeeded by a blister to the same parts. Calomel is next to be given, in doses of five, ten or twenty grains, frequently repeated, till the aggregate amounts to about a drachm, and then worked off with a table spoonful of castor oil. As the result of these means, there are commonly bilious evacuations, discharges of urine, and other proofs of the restoration of secretory power. Little more is demanded than what has been mentioned. I have, however, sometimes known, though rarely, that at this point of the case, irritability of the stomach to return, with the appearance of approaching exhaustion, in which event, stimuli are to be resorted to—the best of which are, a strong infusion of Cayenne pepper, or clove tea, or the spirits of ammonia, or mint julep. But they are cautiously to be administered, and in small portions, or they are instantly rejected, or they overwhelm the energies of life, or more slowly induce typhoid prostration.

Drink is sometimes vehemently solicited, particularly in the height of the attack, and the instinctive desire for cold water, or even for ice, may be gratified in moderation. The proper nourishment in convalescence, the only time when any is wanted or to be allowed, is chicken water or beef tea, rendered agreeably pungent with cayenne peper. Thus I have hastily laid before you an outline of my mode of managing this terrible disease. It may be observed that with scarcely an exception, it is depletory and evacuent. Deluded by false appearances of debility in the disease, and still more by the weight of authority, I adopted when it first broke out among us in common with my medical friends, a course of practice in conformity with such an impression; and most disastrous was the issue. Nearly every patient, amounting to five or six, died. The prominent indications seemed to call for heat to the surface, and the internal exhibition of the diffusable excitants. Every variety of bath, hot water, vapour, heated air and topical applications of hot sand, or oats, or salt, &c. were used, and also frictions with the spirits of turpentine alone; or united with camphorated mercurial ointment, and other articles. Brandy, ether, camphor, vol alkali, &c. &c. were in succession tried, and the whole of these means with no other effect, than an inconceivable exasperation. The suffering indeed, nduced, was as great as I have ever witnessed from the application of any remedial process. No practical lesson is more important than, that in the cure of this disease, all such appliances and medicines are mischievous, till evacuations are premised, and then to be most directly directed.

It were easy to acquaint you with divers other methods of treating this epidemic, or to enumerate a number of special remedies that have been proposed Dismayed, as it were, by the fearful character of the disease, practitioners have been too prone in its treatment, to abandon their principles and well tried remedies, in analagous cases, to seek a resource in specifics and nostrums.

I do not mean to vaunt of their success; but on a fair comparison of all that I have seen attempted, I am led to an unqualified preference of my own plan. It cannot be charged with being tentative or empirical—is deduced from established views of pathology and therapeutics, and is sanctioned in most of its features by the lengthened and concurrent experience of the authoritative writers on the disease in India. Many may be cured with it, and some will sink under the force of the attack in despite of your efforts. The case not being too far advanced, a triumph over the disease is pretty certain.—Cholera is on the whole more tractable than yellow fever or the winter pestilence, which devasted our country during the late war.

Ever, my dear sir, yours most truly,
N. CHAPMAN.

Philadelphia, August 18, 1832.

To Dr. *Wm. Bradley Tyler: Frederick, M. D.*

EGYPT. The impending struggle between Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt and the Grand Seignor, may be productive of events which will fill no unimportant place in the page of history, we therefore extract from recent accounts the following particulars of the military and naval resources of Mehemet Ali.

A naval asenal has been established in the port of Alexandria with extraordinary celerity. Three years ago the presence of a ship of the line there would have been considered a remarkable circumstance, now, there have been already launched one ship of the line of 74 guns and two of 90; another of 140 guns is nearly ready. Of this number two have their armaments already on board, the others would receive them in a very short period, and join the squadron of eight frigates of 60 guns, which are already at sea. The vessels are represented as being well equipped, and the Arabs, by whom they are navigated, are said to make excellent sailors. A French Engineer, M. de Cerissy, directs all the operations connected with the naval department. His talents and energy are highly spoken of.

The Egyptian army which has lately taken possession of St. Jean d'Acre was 30,030 men

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