

more vigour than had ever characterized his performances. The mellifluous strains kindled a fire in his heart, the exercise warmed his freezing limbs, and he soon began to feel quite reconciled to his situation.

It was thus that he was discovered, applying himself to the viol most strenuously, by some of the last of the husking party, as they were returning home on the sledge. At first they thought the negro had gone clean mad—they hailed him to know whether their surmises were correct.

"Hah! hah!" replied the black; "I tink I do go mad! I hab got new set here. Dey force me to play, and won't pay de fiddle. But take care ob de door. Ha, ha, ha! If you open de door you tink de debil an' all his his imp come out!"

Congo did not leave them long to conjecture, but related how the wolves had got trepanned. Glowing in the prospect of sport, they departed post haste for their guns. In the meantime the black applied himself again to the catgut, and with redoubled vigour; and it was not long ere the returning party came within hearing of the merry strains.

Like tried soldiers, they reconnoitred the enemy, to discover the best mode of attack; and at length, to avoid accidents, they all stationed themselves on one side of the building. Each selected a chink or knot hole, through which to insert his gun, and directly the work of destruction commenced. The guns roared, and the smoke in a continuous volume poured up through the hole in the roof—the wolves yelled and howled, gnashed their teeth, fought and tore each other—while Congo whooped, screamed, chuckled, and sawed the catgut stronger than ever—occasionally interlarding his bursts of exulting with such remarks as these—

"Dat's de time you coteh him—chase poor nigger, hey? Bite and scrash you, you hab'nt got nigger Congo dere. Ha, ha, ha! ho, ho, ho!—he, he, he!—Dat's de time you miss him!"

The cold, grey streaks of morning now began to show themselves above the snowy hills. As the light advanced, the assailants, who in the dark had fired at random, taking better aim, soon despatched the remainder of the wolves, and released Congo from his exaltation. More than forty wolves were the trophies of that night's sport. I was on the spot, continued the old man, as they dragged the monsters from the school house, and deposited them on the snow. Some of them still elung to life, and their fierce glaring eyes spake the vengeance they would have taken on their victorious enemy, could they have risen. A large sledge was procured, and they were hauled into the village, not a little to the amazement of all who were not in the secret.

The old school house was suffered to remain in its lonely position a long time, as a memento of that memorable night's havoc among the wolves, and it was ever after known by the name of the 'Wolf's Dancing Hall.'

Mobile, December 20, 1839.

PRIZE ESSAY ON ARDENT SPIRITS.

(Continued from page 62.)

Dr. Johnson, from whom an opinion on the superiority of water to wine, as a beverage, has already been given, remarks, in his *Tropical Hygiene*, that 'it might appear very reasonable that in a climate where ennui reigns triumphant, and an unaccountable languor pervades both mind and body, we should cheer our drooping spirits with the mirth-stirring bowl; a precept which Hafiz has repeatedly enjoined. But Hafiz, though an excellent poet, and, like his predecessor Homer, a votary of Bacchus, was not much of a physician; and without doubt his 'liquid ruby,' as he calls it, is one of the worst of all prescriptions for a 'pensive heart.' I remember a gentleman at Prince of Wales' Island, (Mr. S.) some years ago, who was remarkable for a convivial talent and flow of spirits. The first time I happened to be in a large company with him, I attributed his animation and hilarity to the wine, and expected to see them flag, as is usual, when the first effects of the bottle had past off: but I was surprised to find them maintain a uniform level, after many younger heroes had bowed to the rosy god. I now contrived to get near him and enter into a conversation, when he disclosed the secret, by assuring me he had drunk nothing but water for many years in India; that in consequence his health was excellent—his spirits free—his mental faculties unclouded, although far advanced on time's list; in short, that he could conscientiously recommend the 'antediluvian' beverage, as he termed it, to every one that sojourned in a tropical climate.'

Facts and opinions, corresponding with the foregoing, from physicians and others, might be cited to a much greater extent, but it is deemed unnecessary. Not only in the present day, but in times gone by, and even far back up to the remote periods of regular medicine, eminent physicians have commended water as the best, or as the only proper and healthful beverage for man. Among them may be mentioned Parr, Cheyne, Arbuthnot, Sydenham, Haller, Stahl, Van Swieten, Berhavi, Hoffman, and even Celsus, Galen, and Hippocrates. These were like so many meteors shooting here and there amid the darkness which for ages hung over men's minds; but upon this darkness a broad light has at length broken, which it is believed is a sure presage of 'perfect day.' The experiment has been made on a large scale, and many thousands of witnesses in our country may now be referred to for an opinion furnished by their own personal experience, on the effects of water as an habitual and

only drink. Multitudes of farmers, mechanics, manufacturers, seafaring, and professional men, give their voice in its favour.

As a vehicle for medicinal agents, alcohol has held a distinguished place. An extensive list of tinctures, or spirituous infusions of vegetable articles, and of alcoholic solutions of mineral substances, is still found in our dispensatories. In a highly scientific work of this kind, lately published in this country, there are given the methods of preparing about one hundred and fifty tinctures.

The tonic barks, and roots, and woods, impart more or less their medicinal properties to distilled spirit; and thus imparted, these properties are preserved for a considerable length of time. Of these preparations, however, it may be observed, that the spirit often modifies the impression so made upon the stomach, brain, or blood vessels, as to prevent their being given in doses sufficient for the objects intended. This is the case in certain forms of the gastric and intestinal irritation, accompanied with an unnatural irritability, not only of the ganglionic nerves, but of those belonging to the cerebro spinal system. Cases not unfrequently occur where the decoction or watery infusion of the Peruvian bark is altogether preferable to the tincture; and perhaps there is never a case in which some preparation of quinia, as the sulphate for example, is not decidedly better for the patient than any alcoholic infusion of the bark.

The spirituous preparations of opium, are in many, if not in all cases, inferior to the black drop. The stomach has been known, in a state of great irritability after excessive vomiting, to retain the black drop, or one of the salts of morphia, when the tincture of opium was perseveringly rejected.

In those cases of excessive irritability of the stomach, accompanied with spasms of its muscular coat, and also that of the intestines, in which external anodyne applications are indicated, the warm black drop upon the abdomen, or the (dry) acetate of morphia applied to a blistered surface, is altogether more efficient than the tincture of opium. I have repeatedly witnessed a much happier effect from the simple acetous solution of opium locally applied, than from the spirituous solutions, in relieving the agonizing pain of phlegmasia dolens.

The medicinal qualities of the tonic and narcotic vegetables may be preserved without decay in the form of the elegant preparations, which owe their existence to the perfection in chemical processes invented in our own times; and these preparations may be employed without alcoholic or any other admixtures which would serve to modify or impair their effects. The *materia medica* then would sustain no loss if alcohol were wholly given up as a vehicle for these classes of medicines. The same is true of its combination with the active principle of the Spanish fly. This article yields to water and to vinegar its active properties. A strong vinegar of flies is a better vesicant than the alcoholic infusion; and the chemical extract named canthanidin unites readily with oil as a vehicle, and in this form may be most conveniently employed for the purpose of making a blister.

The essential oils, the balsams, and the resins, may unite with, or become diffused in water by the aid of sugar and gum arabic, or by the admixture of ammonia, where this can be done without too far modifying their medicinal effects.

(To be continued.)

WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth lives as a poet should. Imagine the southern continuation of the Vale of Keswick for a dozen miles; its sides coming almost together in places, and here and there spreading out again to make room for a lake, with its tiny islands and its velvet margin of lawns, lying just at the base of the shaggy-maned mountains, that lift their proud heads over them all round—the sublime with the lovely at its feet, like the lion and the lamb reposing together. One of these lakes, Grasmere, is above Wordsworth's place, and Rydal is below it. High up the side of one of these, on the eastern side of the lakes, Wordsworth's cottage, one-story, stone, is perched at a point from which he can look down on both the lakes. The whole mountain is sprinkled thick with foliage, and the house itself is nestled so snugly into its little niche of a hollow, and protected so well by its shrubbery and trees, that I think it is nowhere to be seen from the coach road below, which winds up and down through the valley along the edge of the lakes. The view is not complete even through the windows. The poet very kindly took me over the surrounding grounds, to show me here and there at the end of dusky walks, whose construction and care have given his own hands some morning pastime, the eyrie peeps at the landscape below him which he has thus skillfully managed to gain. It is evident he takes great pleasure in them. The glorious and beautiful nature which is spread before him is no neglected bounty. It is a continual feast to him. He pointed out to me what he enjoyed in the various views as we passed on through the winding alleys, he leading the way with his grey frock and his old Quaker-rimmed white hat on, and talking, as he walked, of lawns and lakes, and hills and dells, and cottages and curling smokes; it was really like another 'excursion.' Much of the verdure, he said, now clothing the mountain sides, continues vivid during the winter. We were crossing a small spot of his own, which he keeps merely to look at its soft silky cheerful greenness, and he asked me if I did not notice the loveliness of the English lawns. He thought there was no such thing elsewhere, and said there was even a moral beauty in them, and that they were civilising and soothing to the soul. He then explained why the English had the monopoly of them, alluding to

the island moisture, &c. He shears his own little green once a fortnight, but says it should be once a week. Next below his own premises on the hill side, he now showed me a snugger which is the home of his clerk. Here again he discovered both his Englishism, and his poetry, and his heart. He admired the rural taste and the contented spirit of his clerk. Small means were his, but see how he made the most of them while he still lived within them. The little yard of rocky mountain side, which he had given him of his own, was covered with every variety of beautiful English plants. The rocks themselves bloomed with lichens and mosses; and the fences and the little swinging wicket had their share; and the doorway and windows of the small snug cottage in the corner, under the trees, which finished the feast of the picture, were wreathed over with matted masses of vines. Wasn't that Paradise, he asked. And wasn't it English? He had just been five months on the continent, and he did not know where to find such rural science and taste in a sphere so humble; and such comfort, and contentment, and intelligence withal; for this same clerk of his seems to be something of a scholar too. He gardens and reads Greek at intervals, and ponders the green leaves and the dry ones in his lawn and his library, just as he feels the vein. I had a glimpse of him, with a hat on like his master's, scratching his green over to keep it as clean as a carpet. I asked my kind guide how long he had been with him, this rakish philosopher. It was twenty-four years.

When I first entered the poet's dwelling, I found him with his wife and daughter (he has two sons also) and two English country guests, in his small library room. The rest of the coterie were busy at work over a table, while he sat in a corner, with a green blind over his eyes. This he did not remove. It seems he suffers much in this way. He told me his wife did most of his writing for him, and he had scarcely written his own poems for years. It is partly owing to his eyes that Mr. Wordsworth has the look of a man of seventy-five years old, when he is in fact but sixty-six. His thinness, and his large sharp features, enhance the impression, as well as his grey hair strewed over a finely formed head, which is half bald. He asked me how much of the continent I had seen, and when I said that I thought Great Britain the first country for me to see next to my own, he seemed to take it in good part, and added that certainly there was no country on earth which contained so much for an American to know as England. This was an English sentiment, but I liked its patriotism, and it is a just one too. On the whole, Wordsworth's conversation is a great treat in its way. It is richly original and bold, and yet judicious; a rare mixture of the poet and philosopher, and without the affectation of either.—*The American in England.*

A TRYING SITUATION.

In the South Floridan of the 11th inst. we find the following account, furnished that print by the mate of the light ship at Carrysford Reef, who was driven out to sea in a small open boat from Indian Key, by a heavy squall, while endeavouring to reach a fishing smack going into the harbour. The poor fellow's sufferings, for a whole week, tossed about the Gulf stream, without either provisions, water or oars, must have been too intense for description.

On Friday the 27th December, a little after sunset, left Indian Key (where I had been spending the day,) for the purpose of getting on board of a fishing smack which lay out in the stream. The wind was then blowing very fresh, which carried me to leeward of the smack and out towards the Gulf. I now redoubled my exertions that I might reach the smack before it became too dark, when one of my oars broke. My only hopes were now, that I might be seen by some of the boats which had put off from several of the vessels in search of me, but as the wind carried me very fast to leeward, and night had fully set in, they could not find me, and returned to the vessel with the idea that I had met with a watery grave. I was now passing through the reef into the Gulf, with a high sea running and the wind blowing very fresh. My situation was any thing but an enviable one, with no prospect of assistance—my situation every moment becoming more and more perilous, and finding it was necessary to do something to save the boat, which was now my only and best friend; I therefore lay down in the bottom of the boat, with my hand on the tiller, and kept her before the wind, resigning myself into the hands of Providence, and hoping that I might be seen by some vessel and picked up. Out all that night and next day; Saturday night saw two ships; was immediately under the bows of one of them, and spoke her; she hove to, lowered her boat, which was in search of me at least an hour; I tried to make them hear me by hallooing to them, but my efforts proved ineffectual; I watched the ship until she made sail again and bore away. Sunday morning about two o'clock I struck into white water, must have been the Banks on the Great Bahama Channel, when it became more smooth; continued in white water all the day and night, with the wind blowing fresh from the northwest; I slept some during the night.

On Monday morning I found I was still among the Banks, wind blowing high from the northwest; 12 o'clock the wind sprung up from the eastward, which carried me out again into blue water, the wind continued to increase, which obliged me to keep before it; which direction I kept all that day and night, and all day Tuesday. On Tuesday night experienced a tremendous thunder storm for the space of four hours, which raised the sea greatly, when I was obliged, to keep the boat from swamping, to tear off a piece of batting