

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1837.

DEATH OF WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

And so the sceptre has departed from our most gracious and beloved sovereign, King William the Fourth. The idol of his country—the father of his people—the cherished and adored monarch of millions, is no more. Our hearts are filled with sorrow as we write the melancholy sentence. We feel it a painful duty to record the demise of so eminent a prince, and so good a king, as his late majesty. With intense interest do we remember his fine appearance and erect bearing, as he moved slowly along at the head of the funeral procession of his august relative, George the Fourth, amid the flare of a thousand torches, the beating of muffled drums, and the overpowering strains of the most splendid private band in the world. Many were the hearts which throbbed on that memorable night, and with the first melting strains of the instruments in the distance, the gush of tears came involuntarily to ten thousand eyes—even the Soldiers on duty were affected, and many brave fellows who had stood unmoved before the fire of the enemy in a hundred battles, were unmanned, and sobbed and wept like children. Of this fact we were eye witnesses, and never before was our patriotism so feasted and ennobled, as by this truly British sight. But man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live; and thus the royal personage who commanded so much attention on the sad occasion mentioned, has had the like obsequies paid to his memory. Slowly and solemnly have his royal brothers with all the nobility of England, followed him to the tomb of his ancestors—and there have been the blazing of flambeaus—the affecting peal of the funeral drum—the deathlike solemnity of the midnight music—and the briny tears have streamed down myriads of British cheeks, and many have been the hearts whose deep and powerful emotions, have told with a volume of power that William the Fourth is no more. Great Britain may well clothe herself in sackcloth—her mountains and vales become vocal with grief—and all her sons and daughters sigh to the sorrowing winds, for her favourite she delighted to honour is smitten to the dust—her popular sailor king no longer smiles from his throne—her royal William is registered with the mighty dead.

Perhaps no king ever acquired in so short a time, such unbounded popularity as William the Fourth. From the commencement of his reign to its close, the full tide of public favour continued to follow in his wake—his name was never uttered but with enthusiasm, and his presence was always the signal for the triumphant shouts of the populace. Many of the great acts of his reign will occupy a large portion of the pages of British history—but there is one, if possible, casting into the shade all the rest, and with which the royal name of William the Fourth, will be associated in the minds of successive generations:—we refer to that magnificent display of British feeling and British generosity which melted away the fetters of tens of thousands of human beings, proclaiming that slavery should no longer exist amongst British freemen. Yes, the great name of William the Fourth and the glorious extinction of slavery in the British dominions, will be inseparably united, and form a sacred halo of glory encircling our happy and prosperous country. It is not our province to enter into the particulars of the political character of the illustrious dead; all we have to say in this respect is, that all parties, however conflicting their sentiments on other subjects, will agree in the belief, that his late majesty in all his civil proceedings, had the good of his subjects continually in view. To two sources, however, we attribute his great and increasing popularity—the first with regard to his character, and this we believe we shall define in its truest light, when we say that he was a genuine Englishman. Free and open as the day, he was formed and nurtured by Britains. There was a heartiness about him, untrammelled by the shackles of a foreign court, and the suavity in mode in all his native Englishness, made up so large a portion of his character.

character, that his subjects could not but love and adore him. Immediately on his accession to the throne, he issued his royal orders for the opening of the beautiful gardens and terraces attached to Windsor Castle, for the free and constant use of the public, and for many most sweet and lovely walks we have been indebted to the bland and truly noble conduct of his majesty: not unfrequently also have we been disturbed in our studies at Windsor by the popular huzzas of the multitude enthusiastically greeting their favourite king as he has passed in their midst without pomp, and unattended by an imposing retinue of guards and servants. We venture to predict that the public journals of the day in Great Britain, will be filled with numerous amiable traits in his character, and with so many pleasing actions of his life, as will attest the correctness of our remark, that William the Fourth was in deed and in truth, a genuine Englishman. We conceive a second cause of his popularity, was his early connection with the British navy. While in this severe school of discipline he mingled with all classes of persons—saw life under all its aspects, and visited the different countries of the globe. That this connection essentially fitted him to become a popular king, we have no doubt—as a sailor having become familiarized to people of all climes and stations, he could not as a sovereign look coldly upon or stand aloof from his own subjects. But we find that we are exceeding our limits by these hasty observations, and must therefore bring them to a close.

And now the most illustrious monarchy in the world is governed by a youthful Princess, “beautiful in person and brilliant in intellect.” What an epoch in the history of our Country! We can conceive that our fair monarch of eighteen already identifies herself with the great nation which she was born to govern—that her youthful heart ruffles with emotions of trembling ecstasy at the thought that it is her province to live entirely for others;—and that she anticipates a long series of years, composed of successive scenes of enchantment, rising above each other in fascination and beauty. And who does not wish Queen Victoria all the glory of a happy and useful reign. As a friend remarked to us, the fact of a female with the dew of her youth so fresh upon her, swaying so mighty a sceptre, will produce another age of chivalry. But with our respectable cotemporary we pray, fervently pray—“may He who alone can direct the councils of princes, watch over and guide those of the youthful monarch, to whom He has committed the destinies of the foremost nation of the world.” To this we only add, our hearty Amen and Amen.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON QUACKERY.—Closely connected with the subject of our leader for last week which contains an expostion of a specimen of what we may term *surgical quackery* is an animadversion of the fallacies and fatalities of quackery in medicine, or rather in medicines—for in medicine as a science we may hope it is comparatively unknown. On this topic we confess it is difficult to write without too large a display of either temerity or indignation. Yet it should not pass unnoticed or unchastised, as being a palpable, enormous, and expensive evil—as betraying a criminal cupidity and credulity in society—and as carrying decay and death in its train. The puffing, falsifying advertisements and reports of cures that daily grace, we should have said disgrace, the columns of our newspapers—many of them professedly religious, are proofs of this cupidity and credulity. And what if long lists of names (said to be of the first respectability authenticate these cases) is it not a fallen or mistaken respectability which is thus awkwardly associated; and does it not aggravate the evil to find the persons of any respectability will pander their names to the support of a system (if such an heterogeny deserves the name of a system) of such a villanous extraction or design, having avarice alone for its basis and motive—secrecy for its watchword—and reckless of consequences for its motto. “But” say the friends and patrons of this system “it is undeniable that many very important cures have been effected by such and such quack medicines;”

admitted there were a hundred such, all well authenticated—what is the value of this proof?—and what does it afford but a hundred fold motive to the indiscriminate and universal use of this *laudanum*. This is conceded by its advocates. Now as a genteel set off for the numerical value of this century of cases, we will presume to set down four thousand and nine hundred cases, not reported, and contributing nothing to the reputation of the medicine;—and if from this we deduct a clear four thousand (which is more than conscience will allow) for indifferent cases, there is a remainder of nine hundred in which positive injury if not mortality has been inflicted—inflicted we will say upon themselves, by their credulity leading them to swallow (perhaps wholesale) unknown poisons. Are medicines purchased of respectable druggists, and prepared with the greatest care poisons then? They are, unless by medicines you intend inert substances, such as gum arabic or bread pills which are equally powerless to do harm or good, for medicines capable of effecting a cure must be active; and as they are not endowed with discriminating intelligence they are equally active when improperly given, and allowing that every person to whom the medicine in question is given is really diseased (which is not competent to know of himself) the chance is not one to two hundred in favour of its being the specific disease for which the medicine is intended. “Oh but they are not intended for any particular disorder, for we should not think it worth while to sell them if this was all they were good for—far from this our Panchymagogum intended to cure the several ills that flesh is heir to:—and would to heaven they were ten times as many that we might have scope for our collocative genius I assure you, my dear sir, that all diseases, of cold and heat, deficiency, abundance and redundancy; antibilious, bilious, and atrabilious, dysenteric, enteric, and mesenteric all formations, inflammations, &c. whether occasioned by fire or mere heat, natural or unnatural, inherited, conceived or received from the times of that prince and paragon of the initiated Seignor Theophrastus Bombastus Paracelsus down to the luminous period of our own Ananias.”

Now if this is not nonsense, it is lunacy—as well may you profess to have found the ruling place for the fulcrum of Archimedes—the north west passage—perpetual motion, or the philosopher’s stone, as this elixir of immortality. It is task enough for our faith to believe in any one medicine as a cure for some one disorder—but for one medicine or association of medicines to cure 1. 2. 3. 4. or any number of disorders—demands a credulity that is accustomed to sophistry and falsehood as its proper food—and which would not refuse to believe, or rather swallow, any thing, except because of its being true.

To be serious, we and our posterity, are endangered from this vile source, and we ought to have our minds made up on the subject, and learn as men to distinguish between the man of science, and the garrulous pretender to occult power, to entrust the care of our health to the former only, the authorized agent of divine providence—and to repudiate the latter not as asking our money, or our life, but forsooth both of them. For our part we will neither buy nor sell, swallow nor circulate, advertise nor countenance such Kill-me-quiet-lies as we have set them down for.

Items of news, &c. from the Acadian Telegraph.

The Queen Regent of Spain has granted to Captain W. Jones, of H. M. S. Vestal, the cross of Charles the 3rd. of the highest of the Spanish “orders”, as a testimony of the value which her majesty attached to his conduct in terminating the difficulties at Cuba in the latter part of 1836.

The Rev. Mr. Richey, who was a resident for some years of Halifax, and was well known and generally respected here, has been for some time Principal of the Upper Canada Academy. Late papers furnish lengthy accounts of interesting and satisfactory examinations of the Academy, which reflected much credit on the Principal.

The Connecticut Legislature has passed a Bill for the abolition of Imprisonment for Debt.