

hardly efface that scene from my mind. The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of the human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches staggered forward to the bows, and with horrid screams and imprecations battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and the dying were floating and splashing around them, while a deep crimson tinge marked how fatal had been that discharge. Bodies were thrown over, and every thing done to save those that were not destroyed by the cannon-shot, but only three out of the boat's crew of twenty-four were saved; the greater part went down with the boat to which they clung.

The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was again quiet. The bodies of those who had been shot did not sink, but were driven by the wind and sea against the side of the ship. From some the blood was gently oozing, and floating around them; others stiff in the convulsion in which they had died, were grinning or frowning with horrible expression.

But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat; and whether alarmed at our appearance, or horrified at the loss of so many of her men, I know not, but she slipped her foresail, and stood away as close to the wind as possible. We saw no more of her.

The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the captain; but so soon as the schooner bore away, all naturally expected his voice to give some order for getting again under weigh. But no order came. Where was he? The musket discharge from the boat, with the unearthly voice that conveyed the orders for the ports to be thrown open, flashed across my mind. I ran to the platform. The captain was there lying on his face beside the gun that he had pointed with such deadly effect. He still grasped the speaking-trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld its mouth-piece covered with blood. "The captain's killed!" I cried, and stooped to raise him. "I believe I am," said he; "take me to the cabin." A dozen ready hands were stretched to receive him, and he was taken below, and carefully laid on a sofa. "Ay," he said, "I heard the crash; my ear knows too well the crash of shot against a plank to be mistaken, and my eye has pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But tell me, is any one else hurt?" "No, thank heaven," I said; "and I hope you are not so badly hit." "Bad enough. But cut open my waistcoat—'tis here." A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he pointed to his right side. I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his waistcoat as gently as possible. There was no blood; but on removing his shirt, we discovered, about three inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a discoloured spot, about the size of half-a-crown, darkening towards its centre, where there was a small wound. A musket ball had struck him, and from there being no outward bleeding, I feared the worst. We dressed the wound as well as circumstances would permit; but externally it was trifling—the fatal wound was within. The unfortunate sufferer motioned for all to leave him but me; and calling me to his side, "I feel," said he, "that I am dying; the letter—promise me that you will get it forwarded—'tis to my poor widow. Well, I've tempted this death often and escaped, and 'tis hard to be struck by a villain's hand. But God's will be done." I promised that I would personally deliver the letter, for that I intended returning to New-York from Curacao. "Thank you truly," said the dying man; "you will then see my Helen and my child, and can tell them that their unfortunate husband and father died thinking of them. This ship and cargo are mine, and will belong to my family. Stranger, I was not always what I now seem. But I could not bear that the Yankee skipper should be known as he who once—" A sudden flow of blood prevented his finishing the sentence. I tried to relieve him by a change of posture, but in vain; he muttered some incoherent sentences, by which his mind seemed to dwell upon former scenes of battle for the republic and of undeserved treatment. He rallied for one instant, and, with a blessing for his family, and the name of Helen on his lips, he ceased to breathe.

The body of our unfortunate captain was next day committed to the waves, amidst the tears of us all. Our voyage was prosecuted to an end without further interruption. I did not forget the wishes of the dying man; how faithfully I fulfilled them, and how I have been rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the previous history of the poor captain, need not be told. Suffice it to say, that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloomingdale, and am the happiest son-in-law, husband, and father, in the United States.

To the Publisher of the Pearl.

Sir—Meeting recently with an article on the value of "Pearl," and the attention of the public having been called to the improvement of Halifax Common, by a prize advertisement of the Mechanics' Institute, I am induced to enquire whether the Pearl, which is, or has been, in course of digging and removing from the Common, might not be used on the neighbourhood's surface with good effect. I do not wish to find fault unnecessarily, and perhaps I now write without sufficient knowledge, but it does appear strange that a quantity of stuff, valuable with a little preparation, as a manure, should be removed from a place already too low, and the first step to improve which would be a good thick top-dressing. The wisdom of excavating at all, except for deepening the stream-course, in the situation alluded to, has been much questioned, but as I am not aware of the plans of the Commissioners, perhaps what appears unpromising now may be turned to good account.

June, 1839.

OBSERVER.

The husband of Mrs. Sigourney, the poetess of America, recently sold his beautiful country seat near Hartford, Conn. The following lines were occasioned by her departure from it.

FAREWELL TO A RURAL RESIDENCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

How beautiful it stands,
Behind its elm tree's screen,
With pure and Attic cornice crowned,
All graceful and serene.
Most sweet, yet sad, it is,
Upon yon scene to gaze,
And list its inborn melody,
The voice of other days.

For there, as many a year,
Its varied chart unrolled,
I hid me in those quiet shades,
And called the joys of old.
I called them and they came,
Where vernal buds appeared,
Or where the vine-clad summer-bower,
Its temple roof appeared.

Or where the o'erarching grove,
Spread forth its copses green,
While eye-bright, and asclepias reared,
Their untrained stalks between—
And the squirrel from the bough
Its broken nuts let fall,
And the merry, merry little birds,
Sang at his festival.

Yon old forsaken nests.
Returning spring shall cheer,
And thence the unfledged robin send.
His greeting wild and clear,—
And from yon clustering vine
That wreathes the casement round,
The humming bird's unresting wing
Sent forth in whirring sound.—

And where alternate springs
The lilac's purple spire,
Fast by its snowy sister's side,
Or where, with wings of fire,
The kingly oriole glancing went
Amid the foliage rare,
Shall many a group of children tread,
But mine will not be there.

Fain would I know what forms
The mystery here shall keep:
What mother in my nursery fair
Rock her young babes to sleep;—
Yet blessings on the hallowed spot,
Though here no more I stray,
And blessings on the stranger babes
Who in those halls shall play.

Heaven bless you too, my plants,
And every parent-bird,
That here, among the nested boughs,
Above its young hath stirred,—
I kiss your trunks ye ancient trees,
That often o'er my head
The blossoms of your flowery spring
In fragrant showers have shed.

Thou too, of changeful mood,
I thank thee sounding stream,
That blent thine echo with my thought,
Or woke my musing dream.
I kneel upon the verdant turf,
For sure my thanks are due,
To moss cup, and to clover-leaf,
That gave me draughts of dew.

To each perennial flower,
Old tenants of the spot,
The broad-leaved lily of the vale,
And the meek forget-me-not—
To every daisy's dappled brow,
To every violet blue,
Thanks!—thanks!—may each returning year
Your changeless bloom renew.

Praise to our Father God—
High praise in solemn lay—
Alike for what his hand hath given,
And what it takes away—
And to some other loving heart
May all this beauty be
The dear retreat, the Eden-home,
It long hath been to me.

For the Pearl.

QUACKERY A SCIENCE.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIUSEPPE BROGLIO.

People may be surprised, and particularly medical men, that Quackery should be viewed in the light of a science. But people do not always see things in their proper place or form. Hence it is that for so many eras of mankind Quackery has never been considered in the manner I now present it. Nor can I help thinking that considerable importance is due to the new views which are likely to arise out of the originality of this consideration. As I proceed philosophically I think the world will follow my argument with its approval.

Philosophers say that the elements of almost all our knowledge are afloat long before they are gathered into the order and arrangement of a science. Allowing this to be true the conclusion I draw is inevitable. Let us look around us and we perceive the wonder, the credulity, the faith,—the love of mystery, miracle, and humbug,—the prevalence of ignorance and prejudice that are afloat in the world: and these are the elements which when brought together and collated by observation and experiment may be rendered at any moment into the most fruitful form of science. Yet when the Quack passes by, will learned and honorable men call out "A Quack, a foul, conceited ignorant fellow—bah!" This is injudicious, this is culpable in learned and honorable men. How little they reflect when making so bold a charge, so loud an exclamation of contempt, that he on whom it is cast, is one, who, upon the very principles of Bacon himself, upon the principles of observation and experiment is a wise and acute philosopher! "I am a philosopher," says the Quack of himself, "and you, sir, who now consult me cannot doubt it—nay, sir, you believe me the first of philosophers, and mine the greatest of sciences." Here the Quack asserts his own rank, commands his own privileges, and places himself in his true position—and let Doctors say what they will, he is a philosopher in every sense of the word and as far as observation and experiment can make him one. He beholds around the mass of material which I have just mentioned, and which the Creator seems to have placed at his disposal—as manna on the trees of the desert it is abundant, and the heads of the populace are almost lost under its growth—in some places it spreads like a web of chick weed over the community, and its plastic virtues are such that I sometimes wonder that gentlemen professing education, training, and information, like our doctors, should reject the blessings which providence appears to have provided for them—house, and shop, practice and all, for a miserable pittance arising from what they term professional honor, professional qualification, professional conduct. Is this creditable of learned, clever, practical men? Does not the world look upon it with astonishment? For myself I stare at the idea! As I view it, they have mistaken the side of the carpet altogether—they have chosen the wrong side for their footing. The Quack is the man who sees it—he has turned the colour and the thread the right way and he moves smoothly. He is the real doctor—the real profession is his,—not theirs. It is he who should prosecute them for infringements of his province! It is he who should call them a parcel of vile nick-names; ignorant, self-conceited, blind boobies,—having neither observation, practise, or experience, or brains enough to gather the fruits which circumstances have cast at their feet.

In this light the Quack becomes a professor of undoubted authority and consequence—the profession of Quackery one of unquestionable reality and importance—and Quackery itself, as I have already stated, a bona fide Science. There is not a greater error in the whole circle of modern knowledge than that arising from the neglect of Quackery. In itself though powerfully great and conspicuous it has been so modest (pardon me, sir)—so modest, as to have never claimed for itself a school, college, or profession—for with remarkable humility it has hitherto confined itself entirely to persons who are merely professors! But these quick and clever men have discovered the wants of mankind—they have systematized its faults, failings, and ailments—they have appropriated remedies in all—they have administered with confidence to the longings and cravings of nature—they have glorious restoratives for weak bodies and weak minds—they reanimate the dying by exciting curiosity and confidence and hopes;—and when they fail to cure, there is always some kind loop hole about the doings of Providence which reconciles them to their failure—and the patient to his inevitably predestined fate.

The poor heart-broken victim of cancer—sinking under the hopeless, careless treatment of the regular physician—I mean one of those I have just shown to be on the wrong side of the carpet—worn down by pain, poverty, and despair, stimulated by hope, musters the last fraction to purchase that which can no where else be obtained—ease, sleep, and recovery,—the Quack is sent for—and he comes! His very first expression has filled the sinking soul with joy,—the forlorn wretch already thanks heaven for her deliverance—she pours a thousand blessings upon the head of her deliverer—her countenance, her language, her heart are all lighted up with rapture and hope—the torch of life once more begins to brighten before her:—for a while her sufferings have been rendered relief—she has smiled once more—and when she dies in a little while longer, yet she has had all this to boast of—she has