

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COLONIAL HERALD.

"Hurrah! my brave fellows," our bold captain cried; Send into his timbers another broadside; He's crippled, my heroes, and cannot escape, Now take him with canister, pour in your grape."

OLD SEA SONG.

SHOT THE THIRD.

Sir; There is an old Spanish saying that, whenever the devil intends to ruin an angry man, he puts pen, ink and paper in his way; and your correspondent MEDICUS, in a fretful mood, I am apprehensive, has thus been tempted to destroy his reputation. Shallow men should never venture on controversy in the columns of a newspaper—here their emptiness is at once exhibited; for having assumed a conspicuous position, they cannot retreat from the public eye, and their failures must inevitably render them the objects of pity and contempt. Such persons should never aim at things beyond the grasp of their intellects; and if they modestly continue to pursue the ordinary tracks of life, the liberal portion of the community will always be disposed to keep their deficiencies in the background, and give them full credit for the good qualities they really may possess. MEDICUS, however, it would appear, is not exactly among your diffident sort of people. His vanity is excessive, and being on this occasion inflated by an irritability of temper peculiar to himself, he has risked his character on the arena of a literary combat; and unfortunately for him, through the vehicle of your widely circulating periodical. The communication of MEDICUS, intended as an answer to my letters on the subject of the medical profession, is now before your readers; and allow me to ask you and them, if such a delirious farrago of nonsense was ever before sent into the world by any man, who wished to be numbered among the rational part of society? An attempt to analyze this production and point out its beauties would be a gross insult on your patience. Its general texture is amply sufficient, and carries with it undeniable evidence of the imbecile condition of the author's brain.

The thoughts of a man of judgment, in every profession are methodically arranged. He thinks, speaks and writes with regularity and precision—but does the letter before us savour of this? In fact, Sir, has it the slightest pretension to claim the paternity of a mind possessed of six common ideas? Could any man, in his senses, after having read the letter in question, have the least respect for the professional acquirements of its author? I have already said, and I again repeat it, that a diploma is no proof of medical talent, and cannot solely be relied on; and the letter of MEDICUS has at once substantiated the truth of my remark; for can any one, from the style of this composition, by the greatest stretch of liberality, for a moment, suppose, that such a writer could have been submitted to any other ordeal of examination than such as the one described in my second letter, or one of a similar nature? I cannot command my belief to the contrary; and if there be persons who entertain a different opinion, I can only attribute their obstinacy to national partialities, or some strange perversity of mind that cannot be accounted for, and which prevents their seeing objects through a proper medium, in the face of the most convincing and self-evident facts.

It is deeply to be lamented that the thirst for money, really and truly the root of all evil, should continue to offer such irresistible inducements to medical examiners, in the distribution of diplomas among improperly qualified persons—"out of sight, out of mind"—they heedlessly pocket their fees; and, apparently, consider themselves by no means answerable for the irreparable mischief they have inflicted on their fellow creatures. But MEDICUS tells us, and he quotes the authority too of Sir Astley Cooper, that the medical world is rapidly advancing to a state of perfection, and that pupils and practitioners, now-a-days, know infinitely more than the professors of former times. This information, if true, is delightful, and of a cheering nature; but the compliment, I must say, to the moderns, reflects but little credit on their predecessors, for if MEDICUS be adduced as a specimen of modern improvement in medical, polite, and general literature, truly deplorable must have been the intellectual condition of the faculty, when he entered upon his curriculum of professional studies. MEDICUS again informs us, that, from reports before the House of Commons a few years ago, the progress of death had been wonderfully checked, in consequence of the recent discoveries in medical science. That this is true, to a certain extent, in the parent country, I am perfectly aware; but whether these advantages have been extended to this, and the other remote appendages of the British Crown, I am not exactly prepared to say. The shafts of the last enemy have certainly, of late, been unusually fatal among us; but whether this desolation has been the result of a divine decree, or the effects of accident, climate or diplomas, I cannot take it upon myself to venture an opinion. Ill-talent is an active principle in the human heart, and is too often engaged, I regret to say, in works of mischief. Death, we know, awaits us all; but whether patients more frequently die of the Doctor than of disease, the records of a future world can alone determine.

But why all this vehemence on the part of MEDICUS? The shoe evidently pinches him, and the heart felt accusation of Nathan—"Thou art the man," one would think, had roused "the sleeping energies of his soul." His friends, however, should have advised him to have pleaded guilty to the charge, and, with the humility of David, silently to have put in his peccavi, with a secret determination of pursuing, in future, a more creditable path. How cautiously the accusation of "merciless exactions" for medical attendance is avoided! How carefully is an explanation shunned on the subject of medical quarrels and a reluctance to professional consultations, until the unhappy patient is within the grasp of the king of terrors! These things are called lies by MEDICUS—they, it appears, are tender points with him, and from them he founces like a perverse child, angrily writhing under the smart of a wholesome castigation, and with a malevolence of disposition, for which he is, on all occasions, when excited, peculiarly remarkable. But what reason had MEDICUS, in either of my letters, to suppose that the shaft of censure was levelled at him? Have any allusions been made to the doctors of Charlotetown? In my first letter, I assured the public that my strictures were not of a personal nature, and were merely intended to apply, as a corrective, to quarrelling doctors in every community. In my second communication, my remarks on the different classes of medical men were thus introduced, "and as far as my observations serve, there are four descriptions of practitioners to be met with in every community, capable of maintaining a certain number of them." Mark, Mr. Editor, in every community. Do these words particularly apply to this town? Are there not communities elsewhere? Then why should any one, possessing the mens conscia recti, for an instant, fancy that these delineations of character had only a local bearing? Let any one read my letters, in connection with all their harmless badinage—read them dispassionately, not with an eye of suspicion, and the conclusion drawn therefrom must, of necessity, be, that no one but a morbidly sensitive, petulant blockhead would take offence at what has been said. A vain person might as well find fault with his pastor for preaching against vanity, or an extortioner and a vindictive man accuse him for declaiming against extortion and revenge. Medical abuses are prevalent everywhere—they are constantly spoken of—and, with the exception of MEDICUS, the public mind has been gratified with the exhibition of delinquency contained in my letters, in the hope that it may have a salutary effect, and for the promotion of which my animadversions were alone directed.

We now come to the latter part of this literary abortion, in which your correspondent puts on the garb of sanctity, and administers an abundance of good advice to the unfortunate Whizz. How mournfully he speaks! The language is sufficiently plaintive to melt one in his Wedgewood mortars, and reduce the bottles of his "laboratory" to their pristine state of fluidity. The "grey hairs, the wrinkles, the pale, emaciated, yellow cheek, the dying pillow," are irresistibly affecting! Who could have thought, to look at the man, that he had so happy a knack at the pathetic? Some are of opinion that these sorrowful strains have been adopted by an individual who, being unable, from want of education, to express his thoughts on paper in language fit for publication, may have sought for the friendly, but feeble assistance of some dealer in the dials, whose lugubri-

ous whine would sadden the heart of cheerfulness, and scatter the horrors on all who came within the range of its sickening influence—while others imagine, and I think with greater reason, that the writer may possibly be an elder of some church; and if so, this sort of ex officio cant is quite allowable in an ecclesiastical dignitary of this description. But to return to the letter—Hear again another specimen of the touchingly exquisite. "There are some men who will not see or take warning, although the grey hairs, wrinkles, &c., demonstrate that death, though still in mercy lingering, will soon meet them in the dark realms of the vaulted charnel house." This is no doubt extremely impressive; but according to our vulgar capacities, the sentence is rather of questionable shape—for instance, a "charnel house" being called "realms," and death "meeting" us there. It is generally thought that he meets us elsewhere; and that after death we are conveyed to this receptacle, and do not actually die in it; but this is a figure of speech peculiar to the style of MEDICUS. Great allowances are to be made for a writer, who had antecedently been soaring aloft on the wings of his own sublimity, and eloquently haranguing on the "physical powers of bull beef," "body and bones," &c., and ranting away in a jargon of ungrammatical and unconnected absurdities that would have disgraced a lunatic. In my farewell to MEDICUS, you must allow me to give you one more instance of the sublime and beautiful—the touchingly exquisite—forthwith—"the icy finger of death placed upon that cheek that never knew repose from this world's vanities till now." This is really capital—the repose of a cheek is rather an odd expression, I confess, and, besides, I am still alive. But when did your sanctimonious correspondent himself begin to retire from "this world's vanities?" This is pot and kettle with a witness—vanities of this world! People who have glass heads should never throw stones. Why, Sir, the man is made up of vanity! If you were chemically to analyze him, you would find nothing but vanity in the integrant atoms of his composition. His vanity is proverbial, and has been the subject matter of ridicule for years. How blind we are to our own infirmities! But I fear, Mr. Editor, that I have encroached too much on your columns, and shall therefore conclude. I thank your correspondent, sincerely thank him, for the good advice he has given me. It is my intention to retire from the vanities of this wicked world, and to convince him that I am quite in earnest, among the many vain and absurd things that surround me, I shall commence the good work, by bidding a final adieu to MEDICUS. One word, however, before we part, and I have done with the doctors. MEDICUS has given me advice, and I beg he will allow me to offer him a little in return. After the careful reading of my two first letters, let him forthwith call a meeting of his professional brethren, and when assembled, let them exchange a fraternal hug with each other; bury the hatchet of war and send all their grievances to the tomb of the Capulets. Echo's suggestion might then possibly be carried into effect—a friendly medical society might be formed, and a greater modern wonder might be achieved than even that of the contemplated aerial navigator—harmony and agreement among Doctors!

WHIZZ! WHIZZ!

THE FRENCH IN OTAHEITE.

(From the London Times.)

The most recent communications which have taken place between the English and French Governments on the subject of the British Protestant missionaries in the Society Islands, are calculated to dispel the apprehensions which have been awakened amongst a very respectable, but not very enlightened, class of persons. M. Guizon has given a distinct assurance to the British Ambassador in Paris, that missionaries and congregations of all sects would be not only tolerated, but equally protected, by the authority of France in the South Sea Islands, and that the same protection would be carefully and impartially extended to all the mercantile and temporal interests of the subjects of a friendly Power. This engagement on the part of the French Ministry is quite sufficient to secure to the English missionaries the fair exercise of their pastoral office. For the maintenance of their influence over the people, and of "the Protestant ascendancy" in Otaheite, they must trust to the superior purity of their doctrine, and we hope that their lives and conversation will not operate to the disadvantage of the cause they are sent to defend. The presence of Roman Catholic missionaries in the South Sea Islands is no novel occurrence. A Roman Catholic church, served by four priests, has long existed in Otaheite; and to any one who is acquainted with the success of the Roman Catholic missions throughout the globe for the last 300 years, the exertions of the London Missionary Society will not appear to require any exclusive privileges. The difference between the Protestant and the Romish missions may be described in a very few words. Until a comparatively recent period the business of foreign missions in this country has chiefly devolved upon representatives of the dissenting persuasions which exist in Great Britain; whilst the Roman Catholic missionary, whether from Paris or from Rome, spoke the language and assumed the authority of a representative of a constituted and universal church.

It may be regretted that, as European Christians, we should exhibit to the savages of the South Sea Islands those national and religious dissensions which are so hurtful to the common cause of civilization and piety. Certainly it is much to be apprehended that the spirit which has already been displayed here by the leaders of certain sects will burn with increased intensity on the distant scene of action, and that all the strength of national prejudice and religious animosity will be put forth on either side by the future WESLEYS and ST. XAVIERS of the Pacific. In addition to the unproductiveness and inconvenience of dependencies like those which France has recently annexed to her dominions, she will soon find that no population is so difficult to govern as one which is composed of savages and fanatics.

But although we anticipate no favourable results from the French protection of Queen POMARE's Government, it is impossible to sustain for one moment a claim to a sort of theocratical monopoly which originates in nothing but the exertions of private missionary societies. Still less can it be contended that missions in partibus infidelium establish any ground whatever for the political domination of the country to which such missions belong. It is the glory of the missionary that he plants no other standard but that of CHRIST. He crosses the frontiers of barbarous empires, he enters the confines of unknown lands; but he claims no sovereignty but that of his MASTER, and he establishes no law but that of the Church of GOD. At times he may derive assistance from the accidental combination of human politics,—more frequently he has to contend against the suspicion or the hostility of the powers of this world. But these are not the circumstances which daunt or encourage his exertions. All that the true missionary requires at the hands of man is liberty of teaching the Word; and we confess that when we find a missionary society setting up a claim to spiritual rights almost amounting to exclusive civil jurisdiction, we are led to suspect that such rights and powers are exercised for purposes not altogether of a spiritual character.

Nothing, however, is more fully established by our own private example than that missions or private colonial expeditions do not suffice to establish any sort of national supremacy or authority. New Zealand was visited by a party of French settlers, who bought lands and planted the germ of a colony. A few years afterwards some English settlers did the same thing in another part of the island. The English Government was at length induced to recognize the acts of these settlers, and then for the first time, New Zealand became an English Colony. The claims of the former French settlers were no bar in this case to the subsequent establishment of the full sovereignty of England, although of course those persons are entitled to the complete protection of our Government.

If this principle be true, as it undoubtedly is, even with reference to such acts as those of the French settlers in New Zealand, much more is it true with reference to the missionaries of the Society Islands. It is scarcely possible to imagine any claim more inconsistent with the character of a Christian missionary than one which assumes the shape of

a spurious political right. The most evident consequence would be, to give the English missionaries the very character which it is their chief interest to avoid and disclaim—namely that of political emissaries. Moreover, to claim for the missionaries of the Gospel in foreign parts the security and independence which belong to persons representing the authority of England is altogether to deprive them of that apostolical independence which forms the principal ornament of their sacred calling. In the discharge of their duty as the ministers of CHRIST, they naturally enjoy certain liberties and opportunities which would be refused to the ministers of any earthly potentate; but whilst they avail themselves of their spiritual character to extend and defend their legitimate influence, it is equally important for them not to make that spiritual character subordinate to their national and sectarian interests as it is to maintain their independence from all national distinctions.

As to the result in the South Sea Islands, we entertain no apprehensions. Whatever seeds of religion and civilization have been sown they are of British origin. The English language is that in which the natives communicate with Europeans. The commerce of England and of the United States is their principal source of profit; and it is impossible that the mere appearance of a French squadron in the Pacific, or the introduction of a few Romish priests, should materially alter the habits or affect the established interests of the natives.

THE FRENCH IN THE MARQUESAS.—The Australasian Chronicle of the 3d of December, published at Sydney, referring to the late proceedings of the French at the Marquesas Islands, says—"The first steps of the French Government in founding a Colony at the Marquesas Islands have been singularly unfortunate. The senior officer of the expedition, who was to have been the first governor of the colony, had landed on one of the islands, accompanied by a guard of fourteen men, and proceeded to the residence of the King (Queen) or chief, with whom he concluded a treaty. Returning afterwards to his vessel, he was waylaid by some of the natives, who are a very powerful race of savages, and the whole party were barbarously murdered. The marines who accompanied the expedition afterwards landed, but no further intelligence has been received. Previous to this unfortunate occurrence the Reine Blanche had sailed for Valparaiso, it was said, for the purpose of conveying a body of troops there stationed, to the Marquesas."

Age of the European Sovereigns, on the first of January, 1843.—The King of Sweden, 79 years; the Pope, 77; King of the French, 69; the King of Wurtemberg, 61; the King of Bavaria, 56; the King of Denmark, 56; the King of Sardinia, 54; the King of the Belgians, 53; the King of Prussia, 49; the Emperor of Russia, 46; the King of Saxony, 45; the King of the two Sicilies, 33; the King of the Greeks, 27; the Queen of Portugal, 24; the Queen of England, 23; the Sultan, 19; and lastly, Isabella of Spain, 12 years.

WORDSWORTH.

It gives us great pleasure to lay before our readers the following long-looked-for poem from the pen of Wordsworth. This brief but beautiful production has for some time past been the principal subject of conversation in literary circles. We will not attempt to sully the brightness of the gem by a dull attempt at criticism, but present it at once to our readers:—

GRACE DARLING.

Among the dwellers in the silent fields The natural heart is touched, and public way And crowded street resound with ballad strains, Inspired by one whose very name bespeaks Favour divine, exalting human love; Whom, since her birth on bleak Northumbria's coast Known unto few, but prized as far as known, A single act endears to high and low Through the whole land—to manhood, moved in spite Of the world's freezing cares—to generous youth— To infancy, that lips her praise—and age Whose eye reflects it, glistening through a tear Of tremulous admiration. Such true fame Awaits her now; but, verily, good deeds Do no imperishable record find Save in the rolls of heaven, where her's may live A theme for angels, when they celebrate The high-souled virtues which forgetful earth Has witness'd. Oh! that winds and waves could speak Of things which their united power called forth From the pure depths of her humanity! A maiden gentle, yet, at duty's call, Firm and unflinching as the lighthouse reared On the island rock, her lonely dwelling place; Or like the invincible rock itself that braves, Age after age, the hostile elements, As when it guarded holy Cuthbert's cell.

All night the storm had raged, nor ceased, nor paused, When, as day broke, the maid, through misty air, Espies far off a wreck, amid the surf, Beating on one of those disastrous isles— Half of a vessel, half—no more; the rest Had vanished, swallowed up with all that there Had for the common safety striven in vain, Or thither thronged for refuge. With quick glance Daughter and sire through optic-glass discern, Clinging about the remnant of this ship, Creatures—how precious in the maiden's sight! For whom, belike the old man grieves still more Than for their fellow-sufferers engulfed Where every parting agony is hushed, And hope and fear mix not in further strife. "But courage, father! let us out to sea— A few may yet be saved." The daughter's words, Her earnest tone, and look beaming with faith, Dispel the father's doubts; nor do they lack The noble-minded mother's helping hand To launch the boat; and with her blessing cheered, And inwardly sustained by silent prayer, Together they put forth, father and child! Each grasps an oar, and struggling, on they go— Rivals in effort; and alike, intent Here to elude and there surmount, they watch The billows lengthening, mutually crossed And shattered, and re-gathering their might; As if the wrath and trouble of the sea Were by the Almighty's sunderance prolonged, That woman's fortitude—so tried, so proved— May brighten more and more!

True to the mark, They stem the current of that perilous gorge, Their arms still strengthening with the strengthening heart, Though danger, as the wreck is near'd, becomes More imminent. Not unseen do they approach; And rapture, with varieties of fear Incessantly conflicting, thrills the frames Of those who, in that dauntless perturbed Fortunate deliverance; but the least perturbed Can scarcely trust his eyes, when he perceives That of the pair—tossed on the waves to bring Hope to the hopeless—to the dying, life— One is a woman, a poor earthly sister; Or, be the visitant other than she seems, A guardian spirit sent from pitying Heaven, In woman's shape. But why prolong the tale, Casting weak words amid a host of thoughts Armed to repel them? Every hazard faced And difficulty mastered, with resolve That no one breathing should be left to perish, Thus last remainder of the crew are all Placed in the little boat, then o'er the deep Are safely borne, landed upon the beach, And, in fulfilment of God's mercy, lodged Within the sheltering light-house. Shout, ye waves! Pipe a glad song of triumph, ye fierce winds! Ye screaming sea-mews, in the concert join! And would that all that immortal voice, a voice Fitly attuned to that gratitude Breathes out from floor or couch, through pallid lips Of the survivors, to the clouds might beat— (Blended with praise of that parental love Beneath whose watchful eye the maiden grew Pious and pure, modest and yet so brave Though young so wise, though meek so resolute,) Might carry to the clouds and to the stars, Yes, to celestial choirs, Grace Darling's name.

[The scene of Grace Darling's heroic exploit has been visited by the Queen—her apotheosis has been sung by Wordsworth.—If this is not fame, we know not what is! On Her Majesty's return from her excursion to Scotland, the steamer on which she was on board, was, at her particular request, steered close to the interesting spot above described.]

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St. John, N.B., Aug 1, 1842.

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