



THE SHIPWRECK.

BY A. MACKAY.

DARK is the night and drear the sky,
While rages fierce the boisterous main,
Above its roar is heard a cry,
Despair's appeal in agony—
A call for succour raised in vain.

'Midst driving clouds of choking foam
Around immeasurably spread,
Amid that wilderness of gloom,
To shield them from this dreadful doom,
Where can the sufferers look for aid?

In vain the helpless victims crave
From friends around the succouring hand,
'Tis strife enough for each to save
His own life from the greedy wave,
And reach at last the welcome strand.

By th' hideous glare of breaking surge,
And livid lightning's meteor blaze,
You see the struggling form emerge,
And gasping quick 'bove ocean's verge
Convulsive shrieks of anguish raise.

There borne by waves with mighty crash
Upon the pointed rocks beneath,
The fated ship doth wildly dash,
Whilst rolling billows o'er her wash—
The raging ministers of death.

Youth's vigour sinks beneath the strife
So vainly it has carried on;
And childhood calmly yields its life:
The father, mother, loving wife,
And the fond husband, too, are gone.

Benumbed, half dead, some reach the shore
Which they have toiled so hard to gain,
Yet value scarce the life they tore
From raging ocean's angry roar—
A life that now seems saved in vain.

Youth, worth, and beauty calmly sleep
By Lewin's troubled Cape of storms.
No sorrowing friend can pity weep
By their vague graves, where billows sweep
Over their last of life's alarms.

The ocean's diapason, deep,
Unceasing sounds its dirge for them;
The whispering winds a vigil keep,
Or in sad cadence softly sweep,
Murmuring their funeral requiem.

Analytical View of the Census of New South Wales for the Year 1846. By RALPH MANSFIELD. Kemp and Fairfax. Sydney.

WE beg to acknowledge the receipt of the above interesting publication. It is gratifying to find that at least one amongst us has bestowed his attention and ability upon a subject which has only lately begun to receive that consideration to which it is entitled. An acquaintance with the science, if we may be allowed the term, of statistics, is now considered an indispensable part of a political education, and every person who is in any way placed over his fellow creatures should not neglect so important an acquisition. But to every person, no matter what the part he plays in life, this subject should be matter of great interest. The details of this science are the practical tests of government; the impartial and unerring criterion of the efficacy of public laws and institutions; the storehouse of premises from which the intellect of man should draw the conclusions that are to guide him in all public measures. The illustrious Bacon writes that, "Histories make men wise; poets witty; the mathematics subtle; natural philosophy deep; moral grave; logic and rhetoric able to contend." Had he lived in our days he would have added—*and statistics make experienced.*

The care, attention, and accuracy evinced in this production, are very creditable indeed to the author. The different views which he has given us of the relative bearings of the details of his subject, and the manner in which the tables are arranged, convey to our minds very clear and extended ideas of the whole. Perhaps the spirit of analysis has led the author into comparisons and conclusions more subtle and refined than useful, but their ingeniousness sufficiently excuses them. Upon the whole we must regard this digest of the census, and other statistical information connected with the colony, as forming a valuable book of reference, containing as it does a perspicuous analysis of particulars which peculiarly interest us, and of which no person laying claims to be well-informed should be ignorant.

The Life and Adventures of Zamba, an African Negro King, and his Experience of Slavery in South Carolina. Written by himself. Corrected and arranged by Peter Neilson.

This is an extraordinary narrative, having within it every evidence of the truthfulness of what is stated to be the facts of Negro life, both in Africa and in the United States, especially in Carolina; but the editor has so entirely re-written the story, and given to it such a regular novel-like form and construction that we are continually hesitating as to what we read is the result of the experience of Zamba, or the fancy of Mr. Neilson. Zamba was a petty king in his youth in his own country, and his early life is thus depicted:—

AN AFRICAN PRINCE.

To the best of my calculation, I was ushered into this world of sin and woe in the year 1780. I was born in a small village situated on the South bank of the river Congo, about two hundred miles from the sea, and had the honor to claim as my father the chief or king who ruled over this village. His empire comprised a considerable part of the surrounding country, and in his own estimation, and that of some of the neighbouring potentates, he was a personage of no small importance and dignity.

My father, whose name was Zembola, was a good-looking and very powerful man, and from his infancy he had been brought up to despise dangers and difficulties of every description. To attain the rank and fame of a great warrior was his sole ambition; far different from many great warriors in more civilized nations, he evinced no desire to extend his limited dominions.

The village, or metropolis of his kingdom, already referred to as my birth-place, consisting of about ninety huts and the king's palace, was built within a hundred yards of the river, which is here about half an English mile in breadth. The bank rises abruptly to about thirty feet above the common level of the water, and the village is thus placed out of reach of the highest floods; and a small but beautiful mountain-stream, issuing from a ravine or gien, enters the Congo at the east end of the village.

The royal palace towered over all the other buildings, and was in reality a very considerable edifice. Its form was circular, with an imitation of a dome at the top, in which hung an old ship's bell that was rung on all great occasions, either of a mournful or joyous nature.

The interior of the palace was divided into eighteen or twenty apartments, two of them especially being furnished in a manner that would rather astonish an European.

The *harem*—you will no doubt smile, gentle reader, at the use of this term applied to such an insignificant building, and amongst such a barbarous people—was furnished with rich carpets and cushions to recline upon, and embellished with some very fine mirrors. The audience chamber was about twenty feet square, having a floor of beautiful polished wood, and was furnished with handsome chairs and tables of foreign manufacture. The walls were adorned with many fine prints; amongst them I remember in particular King George III. on horseback, portraits of several English animals, and some pictures of sea-fights; but, above all, a very fine view of London attracted my earliest, and I may say my daily attention.

When a mere boy, I used to stand for hours gazing upon the wilderness of buildings represented in this picture, and oftentimes amused myself by endeavouring to count the houses, and even the very windows. My power of calculation, however, could never reach a higher sum than the amount of my own fingers and toes; when this was attained, I had always to "recur to first principles" (as the learned men say, with whom I have since then become acquainted) and reiterate the finger and toe.

It may be asked, how did my kingly parent obtain these luxuries? In his intercourse with the slave-traders, which was a considerable part of his avocation.

I must not omit to mention the throne, which was elevated somewhat above the other seats and furnished with a canopy of silk and many ornaments of gold and silver. Here, upon special occasions, sat King Zembola, arrayed in garments brought from various nations and climes—mostly old military and naval uniforms, besprinkled with no small quantity of gold and precious stones—and smoking a long tobacco-pipe, with a large crystal bottle of Frank "fire-water" near his elbow. In this state would he, with the utmost coolness and indifference, decide cases of life and death; pronouncing sentence from which there was no appeal.

The mode of obtaining slaves for the dealers is usually as follows:—

TRADING IN SLAVES.

My father had much intercourse with white men. His principal business, indeed, was to procure cargoes of living flesh and blood, to be transported to some far land towards the setting sun.

The slave ships which came to this part of Africa generally anchored a few miles within the mouth of the Congo, as there they lay secure from the everlasting surf which rolls all along the western coast. Sometimes my father carried down his people, as he called them, to the slavers in large canoes; but not unfrequently the white captain, with a crew of ten or twelve men, came up to my father's residence. It was, in fact, a convenient depot for trading in other matters. A white man was, consequently, no strange sight to me, even from my earliest infancy.

There was an American, Captain Winton, who traded for many years with my father. It was he who had brought all the fine furniture for the palace, and amongst other toys he brought a large violin for me; but as we had no instructor, the sounds which my father, myself, or any of his people elicited from it, would by no means have set the stones a-dancing.

On one occasion however, when I had carried the violin into the woods, it providentially had the effect of setting a whole troop of hyenas to their heels, to my great relief and amazement. At last, this Captain Winton brought a small barrel-organ, which could play eight tunes; and, having instructed us how to change the tunes, it became a constant treat to prince and peasant: I really think that for six months after we received it, it was not quiet for six minutes. Like all other things, however, it fell into disuse, and was soon set aside as an incumbrance.

I must confess, by the way, that my countrymen in general, though fond of music, are extremely capricious and volatile in their disposition.

To proceed. This Captain Winton and his men were sometimes inmates of the palace for eight or ten days at a time, therefore I soon learned to pick up many English words, and could soon bear part in a conversation in that language.

My father entertained the white men very hospitably, and presents were constantly being exchanged. I may mention, however, as an instance of the way this traffic went on, that Captain Winton received two fine slaves for the barrel-organ.

To procure cargoes of slaves my father went upon an expedition every now and then with his regulars; that is, he went to a distant part of the country, and found ways and means to pick a quarrel with some less powerful tribe, which generally ended by the weaker tribe giving up a number of slaves as ransom; or a fight took place and the strongest helped themselves.

To do my father justice, however, he made it a rule never to quarrel with his *next* neighbours; he rather kept on terms with them, and, consequently, they served as a kind of rampart or wall to guard him against the incursions of others. Besides the slaves which he obtained in his warlike expeditions, he procured many more by *fair* trade: if the term may be applied to such a case. He often sailed up the Congo with a supply of English or American goods, and by bartering these to petty kings, several hundreds of miles up the country, he never failed to come back with a full cargo, at reasonable prices. He also procured gold dust, ivory, and other valuable commodities, in the same way.

At 17 years of age Zamba's father gets killed in a warlike expedition and Zamba becomes king. He describes himself as having been taught to read by Captain Winton, who gave him a Bible and other books. The result is a humanity to his prisoners, and such an entire difference from the usual habits of his brother kings, that he is generally despised by them. He marries Zillah, the daughter of a chief whom his father had killed, and becomes a respectable family-man. He has, however, a great desire to travel, and his friend Captain Winton takes advantage of his inclination.

EMBARKATION FOR AMERICA.

I at last told Captain Winton that my curiosity was so excited on various subjects that I should most likely be ready to accompany him in his next voyage. Some time after this, Zillah brought me another son; but, like the first, he only survived a few months; and this circumstance, although it by no means lessened my affection for my wife, increased my desire to go abroad.

Nothing remarkable occurred for a considerable time; and towards the end of the season, when Captain Winton again made his appearance, I decided to make my long-projected voyage. As I have always conceived that evil, whether to ourselves or others, comes soon enough without anticipating it, I had never hinted either to Zillah or my mother anything regarding my intention of leaving Africa; and now that I told them of my intention, they were of course in great grief, and used every endearing art to detain me. But I was firm to the purpose; and at length some of my arguments, and the promise of my return, had the effect of pacifying them a little. I arranged all my government affairs, and appointed my two brothers-in-law to act as regents in my absence, either jointly or separately.

Captain Winton was very anxious that I should put on board all the gold dust and other African produce that I possessed, and as many slaves as I could muster. I was not, however, blind to the imprudence of such a course; the ship might be lost, or I might be cut off by sickness or accident; and in either case I should be doing great injustice to my family to incur the loss of so much treasure. I therefore only shipped a part of my property; namely, thirty-two prime slaves, about thirty pounds of gold dust, and somewhat over two hundred doubloons in gold coin.

The captain had brought me a further supply of clothing, both fine and coarse, with some African rarities and my gold, were stowed in two fine trunks that Winton made me a present of. He seemed, indeed, as if he could not do enough for my accommodation; and had I only possessed a little more shrewdness, and been less inexperienced in the ways of this deceitful world, I should have perceived that he had some underhand intentions in regard to me.

After many tears and lamentations on both sides, and an assurance on my part that after visiting America and England, I should return with Captain Winton, bringing home as much property as would make me the richest king on the banks of the Congo, I bade adieu to Zillah and Africa. Little did I then think that I should no more see dear Africa for ever!

Captain Winton accommodated me with a handsome state-room, and we left the Congo on the first day of October, 1800. I found that, including my own thirty-two, there were in all four hundred and twenty-two slaves on board; but as the vessel was of 500 tons burthen, they were not so crowded for space as I have since learned has often been the case with emigrants from Europe to America; their accommodation, however, was very miserable. The ship's lower deck was divided fore and aft into compartments of about six feet square, by planks raised about six inches; and into each of these divisions four slaves were put; to lie down, or sit, or take it as they chose. The planks were intended to keep them from rolling when the sea was rough.

Of course, they had nothing but the hard deck to lie upon. In regard to clothing, they were very scantily supplied: in general, both male and female had a yard and a half, or two yards of Osna-burghs wrapped round their loins; and some of them had a piece of cloth, or a handkerchief, bound round their heads. The males were all linked two and two by a small chain round the ankle. As for provisions, they were much better off than in the generality of slave-ships; and this, strange as it may appear, they owed to the avarice rather than the humanity of the captain.

Captain Winton had long meditated turning Zamba to advantage, and the design is detailed to the unlucky prince himself.

THE FLOT.

I had retired early to my berth, which was next the cabin. The upper part of the state-room door was of glass, and slid aside for ventilation, and a red curtain hung over it. As I lay awake about ten o'clock, ruminating upon my condition, the captain and Mr. Prince came down to consult their books and charts, and after a while the captain ordered the steward to bring in some liquor.

They sat for a considerable time conversing about the affairs of the ship and the voyage; but at last I could hear the captain say, in a low voice, "Look in quietly, Prince, and see if his Majesty is asleep, but don't disturb him."

On hearing the mate approach my berth, I lay quite still, and breathed hard, as if I were in deep slumber. Prince raised the curtain, and called me two or three times in a low tone, and then touched me on the shoulder, but I still lay seemingly unconscious. He then retired, and said, laughingly, to the captain, "Oh, poor Zamba is as sound as a top; no doubt he is dreaming of hunting lions, or gathering gold dust in Africa."

"Well, well," said Winton, "let him enjoy himself while he may; I rather fear, however, that before long I shall awaken him to certain realities which he little dreams of. Do you know, Prince, that I have been thinking to make this voyage turn out to be the best I ever made? 'I have the hank in my hand,' as they say in Connecticut, and more fool will I be to let slip the advantage. Betwixt niggers, gold dust, and doubloons, this black fellow has more than twenty thousand dollars; and what the deuce is the use of all that to him? I really think, between man and man, that I have given him twenty thousand dollars' worth of good English and sound religion. As the parsons say, I have given him the 'Pearl of great price'—I have given him what gold cannot purchase; and surely, Prince, 'the labourer is worthy of his hire.' I shall at all events secure the *dust* before many days go by."

Although using the words of Sacred Scripture, the avaricious rascal said this in a half-laughing tone.

"But," said Prince, "will not Zamba expose you, and tell the whole story when he gets to Charleston?"

"Expose and be —!" answered Winton. "Are you such a flat, Prince, as not to know that the oath of a black or coloured man, ay, or of ten thousand of them, against a white man in Carolina is not worth the seventh part of a —? No; although a white man should cut the throats of a dozen niggers, and a thousand blackfellows witnessed it, their evidence would be no more regarded than the yelp of a dog. Besides, Prince, just consider that this black king, as they call him, has all his life had no scruples in making merchandise of his own flesh and blood. He thinks little just now, however, that the fate of the thirty-two negroes he shipped on board will be his own before a month's over. I have helped at least to make him a sort of Christian, and now I shall finish, Prince, by giving him a *great moral lesson*—what think you?"

They arrive at Charleston, and the slaves are disposed of.

SLAVE AUCTION.

On the appointed day, the auctioneer, a Mr. Naylor, accompanied by two young clerks came down; and, after much careful inspection, arranged the whole cargo in separate lots, some of them singly, and others in lots of fifteen or twenty. The single ones

were intended for domestic servants in town, and were chosen from the youngest and smartest-looking; the larger lots for the country, or what are called "field hands."

At length, a great number of white gentlemen had arrived, and a few white ladies—at least, white women; for their conduct was not such as would entitle them to be called ladies in Europe: in a calm, cool, business-like way, they went around the various groups of negroes, examining and handling their limbs in the manner as I afterwards saw butchers examining cattle.

The sale soon began, and took up a considerable time; the prices ranging from 250 to 450 dollars a-head: the thirty-two negroes whom I had put on board brought nearly 10,000 dollars. It will be thus seen that the owners of the ship had made an excellent speculation, by this trip, as I learned from the captain, they had cleared from 90,000 to 100,000 dollars; and it must be allowed, that great part of this arose from the prudent and humane treatment which was exercised towards the live cargo. No doubt exists in my mind, that the moving principle in all concerned was avarice; and, in this case, it showed that, even from sinister motives, Providence can cause good to be produced at last.

In the course of my subsequent experience, I have known ships, of the same tonnage as the *Triton*, arrive from Africa, in which seven hundred and fifty slaves had been embarked, but owing to cruel usage, scanty and unwholesome provisions, impure air, and absolute filth which prevailed on board, not more than four hundred lived to reach Charleston; and of these one-half were in a weakly and miserable condition, and the remainder could by no means be classed as sound and healthy.

In these cases, greed and avarice joined to inhumanity were punished; but at a sad expense of life as regarded the negroes. I have seen a slave-ship arrive from Africa, in such a condition as to its freight of flesh and blood, that no mortal of ordinary nerves could put his head below the hatch; and in such a miserable state were the negroes, that I have known thirty or forty out of one cargo sent up to the hospital in carts. I heard frequently also, from what I deemed good authority, that on board these crowded and ill-conducted slavers, it was not a rare circumstance for the captain to order such poor slaves as were evidently dying, to be thrown overboard during the night, while yet the pulse of life was beating!

THE DENOUEMENT.

In the evening, when the slaves were sold, the captain, after supper, addressed me as follows:—"You see, Zamba, that owing to the death of one of the owners of the ship, she is to be sold; and I believe that I shall not continue in the trade at present—I have some arrangements to make in the northern states, which I came from originally; and may, perhaps, settle there altogether; so that you perceive I cannot go to London with you as I proposed. I will make some bargain for you, however, in Charleston, and I will leave you in good hands; and as you have no experience of the world yet, I shall take care of your little property in the mean time; and in the course of a few years, when you have learned something, I shall settle accounts with you."

"Do you mean to leave me here, sir," said I, "and keep my property also? Surely, captain, after the friendship my father and I have shown you, you cannot be so cruel and dishonorable! If you do, I shall appeal to the white gentlemen in Charleston—I shall tell my whole story to them," said I, rising up from the table, quite indignant.

"Sit down quietly, Zamba," said Winton, "and I shall give you a lesson. You see, Mr. Prince," said he, turning to the mate, "how the African blood gets up. But it is of no use here, Zamba: you must be calm, I tell you, or it will be the worse for you: you will learn, before long, my lad, to keep yourself calm and composed, like us Yankees. Now, in the first place, you see, Zamba, that, supposing I were to allow you to go into the city of Charleston, and commence your story at a corner of a street, nobody would mind you; or if any one did listen to you for a moment, the white people would call you a lying rascal, and perhaps would beat you, and your own countrymen would only laugh at you. They would say that if you spoke truth you were well served, for that if you brought such a lot of slaves from Africa for sale you well deserved to be sold yourself. In the next place, consider, Zamba, I have given you as much education as will balance your little property; and I shall dispose of you to a good master. Some folks in my place would sell you to a planter in the country to get you out of the way; and I tell you, Zamba, that if you are not perfectly docile and humble, that I shall do so to-morrow if I choose. You will find the country a miserable place in comparison with the life you will lead with Mr. Naylor, who will instruct you in a clever business and treat you well, provided you conduct yourself properly. And now, Zamba (seeing that I was upon the point of breaking out) if you utter a sentence, I shall take your two trunks from you and all that they contain, and give you a single suit of clothing like to the rest of your countrymen. I have, however, a conscience, Zamba: and you may be truly thankful you have fallen into such good hands; and besides, I am giving you a good moral lesson."

I need not say that I was not altogether thunderstruck at the captain's behaviour, as I had received some hints previously from his conversations with the mate: but yet it came very hard upon me; although now that I reflect upon it, and know better things, I feel that, on account of my slave transactions, I really deserved no sympathy: I was merely reaping the fruits of my labor. Nevertheless, Captain Winton proved himself an unprincipled villain, and he, too, latterly reaped the fruit of his labors.

Thus did this wicked and treacherous captain defraud me of about ten thousand dollars, the price of the slaves; about seven thousand dollars in gold dust, and three thousand in doubloons, and, what was of more value than all—my liberty! I had no means of redress, none whatever, even in a Christian country. Neither my word nor my oath would have been of any avail; so in silence and humility was I obliged to submit, and console myself that the rascal had left me my two trunks and their contents.

I went to bed very disconsolate, and dreamed that I was in Africa, with my dear Zillah and my mother, in my own palace, surrounded by my friends and attendants. From this vision of past happiness, never to return, I awoke before sunrise to the sad realities of my condition.

Winton gets down in the world and finally killed in a duel. Zamba becomes emancipated at his master's death and with his wife are in comfortable circumstances. He proposes a plan for the gradual extinction of slavery, which is extremely feasible, and there is good argument and some eloquence in his appeal to the British nation. The copious extracts we have made will, we hope, induce the reader to obtain a book, which, whatever doubts we may entertain as to the identity of the narrative with the real story of Zamba, we believe gives an accurate account of slavery in South Carolina.

ANGER.—Anger makes dull men witty, but it keeps them poor.—Bacon.

DISEASES OF THE CHEST.—THE PREVENTION OF CONSUMPTION.

In considering this all-important subject, we shall commence at the *fons et origo mali*,—the root of the evil—and this, in an immense majority of cases, is *Hereditary Transmission*.

It would be foreign to these papers to discuss the hitherto inexplicable generative power which man possesses, of transmitting peculiarity of talent, of form, of defect, in a long line of hereditary descent; we must be contented with the fact that he has that power; that wit, beauty, and genius—dullness, madness, and deformity, are thus propagated to a future lineage; and that a host of fearful diseases, as gout, consumption, scrofula, and leprosy, originating, perhaps, in the first sufferer accidentally, are propagated so deeply and so extensively, that it is difficult to meet with a family whose blood is totally free from all hereditary taint.—Burton—the quaint, the sententious, but truthful Burton—says, "Such as the temperature of the father is, such is the son's; and what disease the father had when he begot him, his son will have after him; and is as well inheritor of his infirmities as of his lands." A preternatural defect in the hand or foot, has, in many cases, been so common to the succeeding members of a family, as to lay a foundation in every age and country for the family name; as at Rome, in that of Varro, (*legs bent inward*), Valgius (*bandy-legged*), Fiaccus (*long, flap ears*); and the descendants of Domitius took the surname of *Enobarbus*, from the red beards which he transmitted to his progeny. For family peculiarities, either of constitution, of talent, of figure, or of physiognomy, which have been transmitted from a remote ancestry to the present generation, we might cite innumerable examples; but they will so readily occur to the recollection of our readers, that we need not accumulate facts to prove that which never can be disputed.

The health of the parents influences the health of the child. What are the conditions of the health that induce a liability to consumption in the offspring? Sir James Clark says, "The belief that scrofulous parents only have consumptive children, is an error that cannot be too soon corrected. A deranged state of the health in the parent from many different causes, may render the offspring predisposed to tuberculous consumption." Every member of the profession, by observing what is daily passing before him, may see numerous proofs of the truth of this statement; he will find that when the parents are unhealthy, the children are so likewise, and that the latter often show evident signs of the tuberculous constitution when the former have no symptoms of it. The children of parents who have suffered long from dyspeptic complaints, gout, cutaneous affections, or any other form of disease which has influenced and debilitated the general system, are very frequently the subjects of tuberculous disease, or of such derangements as dispose to the tuberculous cachexia. The importance, therefore, of considering the health of the parent as the most effectual means of checking the extension of consumption, must be admitted; but we fear that we must be content with the admission. Is a thought ever bestowed on this subject in matrimonial alliances? The liability to disease, hereditary or acquired, is overlooked or never cared for in opposition to personal attraction, mental acquirements, Three per Cents., and influential connexion. A contemporary writer has well observed.—"It may be justly said, that under no circumstances should legislative enactments interfere with domestic affections and the bonds of society; but as there is no rule devoid of exceptions, so, when *insanity* is hereditary in a family, the welfare of society demands that its members should be debarred from matrimonial alliances." We dare not ask whether *consumption*, may be substituted for *insanity*, in the above sentence; but we declare our opinion that when both the man and the woman are tainted with a tuberculous constitution, marriage, under such circumstances, should be forbidden by prudence, if not by civil rule. When a disposition to consumption exists in a family, "there can be no question," says Mason Good, "that intermarriages, among the collateral branches of the same family, tend more than anything else to fix, and multiply, and aggravate it; there is reason to believe, that unions between total strangers, and perhaps inhabitants of different countries, form the surest antidote. For, admitting that such strangers to each other may be tainted on either side with some morbid predisposition, peculiar to their respective lineages, each must lose something of its influence by the mixture of a new soil; and we are not without analogies, to render it probable that, in their mutual encounter, the one may even destroy the other by a specific power. And hence, nothing can be wiser, on physical as well as moral grounds, than the restraints which divine and human law have concurred in laying on marriages between relations."

Mr. Mave, in his "Outlines of Physiology," supports the opinion, that the physical and moral constitution of the infant have a greater resemblance to those of the father, than to those of the mother, and says that the offspring of a black man and a white woman are observed to be darker than that of a black woman by a white. If this be correct, the health of the infant would be dependent, in a greater degree, upon the health of the father than upon that of the mother. The doctrine, however, in relation to form, complexion, and moral character, among Europeans at least, has so many exceptions, that its correctness seems doubtful. Be this as it may, the young mother should know that the health of her infant depends on her own, and that, from the commencement of pregnancy, she must consider herself responsible, to a great degree, for the health of her offspring; whatever interferes with the normal action of her several functions, especially that of digestion and its product nutrition, interferes with the growth, the development, and the constitution of the child yet unborn, and that irregularity or carelessness at this period may entail upon her infant the most dire afflictions, as *ricketts*, *scrofula*, *dyspepsia*, *consumption*.

Let us now turn to the prevention of consumption in infancy and childhood, and consider the means by which we may improve the constitution, so as to overcome the hereditary predisposition. Our helpmates, whilst the infant is "mewling and puking in the nurse's arms," are proper diet, pure air, and religious cleanliness. If the child derive its consumptive constitution from both parents, or from the mother only, she must be deprived of her sweetest privilege, that of suckling her own child; if, on the other hand, the predisposition be acquired from the father, and the mother's health be unexceptionable, this restraint need not be imposed. Food of "nature's

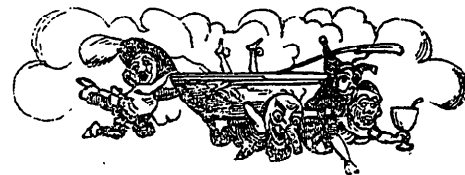
cooking, a mother's milk," is the natural sustenance of infancy; and when a stranger's breast has to afford this, the greatest care is demanded in the selection of the "wet nurse;" she must be healthy herself, and of healthy parentage; in age she should not exceed thirty; her child should not be more than two months old, and her temper should be good and placid, as the secretion of milk is materially affected by irritability and passion. The late Dr. Gouch—no mean authority on the management of infants—says, "I believe the best method of rearing children, when their mothers cannot nurse them, is by allowing them to suck a domesticated animal. I know a fine, healthy young lady, now about seventeen years of age, who was thus reared. A goat is the best animal for this purpose, being easily domesticated, very docile, and disposed to an attachment for its foster child; the animal lies down, and the child soon knows it well, and, when able, makes great efforts to creep away to it and suck. Abroad the goat is much used for this purpose; the inhabitants of some villages take in children to nurse; the goats, when called, trot away to the house; and each one goes to its child, who sucks with eagerness, and the children thrive amazingly." Notwithstanding this high advocacy, we have little thought that this *caprimian* substitute will ever become popular in England.

It is a common error with healthy mothers to suckle their children for twelve, eighteen, or twenty months, to the risk of their own health and to the injury of that of the infant. Soon after the appearance of the teeth, the stomach of the infant is capable of digesting artificial food; and in general the milk of the mother is, after the eighth or ninth month, deteriorated in quality and insufficiently nutritive, and the child should then be weaned.

It is in some cases compulsory to rear children "by hand"—that is, entirely on artificial food; and certainly this mode, hazardous as it is, is preferable to nursing with the milk of a parent affected with consumption. An artificial milk, which approaches in quality that of the mother, may be made with two thirds of cow's milk, and one third of water, to which a little sugar is to be added; this forms a good substitute, and should be made fresh as often as the child requires it. The French prefer diluting cow's milk with an equal quantity of fresh whey. Biscuit powdered and boiled with milk, water, and sugar, is also well suited to the delicate stomachs of infants. Arrow-root, of all vegetables, is the least disposed to fermentation, and it forms an excellent food, either with milk, or with water, and a little sugar. It is very common in this country for people to give their children the worst food possible; this consists of flour boiled in milk, which, when taken into the stomach, ferments, and fills the intestinal canal with wind and acidity. Animal food of any kind should never be given to an infant under nine months old.

We must defer the conclusion of this subject until next week.

T. H. YEOMAN, M.D.



A Bowl of Punch.

HOME MADE.

Punch thinks that Mr. James Macarthur should pray that he might be saved from his friends. It is however generally the case that we are punished in the same way in which we err. Thus the friendship of the Messrs. Macarthur proved fatal to the aspirations of Dr. Osborne; now the fulsome and uncalled for eulogies of a friend throw ridicule upon Mr. James Macarthur, and effectually defeat their own end. The Camden correspondent of the *Herald* says that their country cannot spare Mr. Macarthur and Mr. Cowper. He is grievously in fault. Their country can spare them very well; it is their friends who will not spare them. Punch decidedly is of opinion that if he had such a friend, he should knock him on the head, or put him in a lunatic asylum.

The most appropriate design for the Boyd statue which Punch can think of after due consideration, is a West Indian planter, with broad-brimmed hat and whip in hand.

Punch cannot say he admires the mean evasion of the *Australian* in reference to his claim to the priority in the denunciation of cannibal immigration, and would like to know how he reconciles it with the practice of "just and noble minds," about which he mouths so much. The avowal of modesty of the *Australian* concerning his inability to cope with the *ATLAS* in literary garbage certainly betrays a self-denying spirit. In his leader of *Tuesday* he fully establishes his claim to considerable eminence in the language of Billingsgate, an eminence let him rest assured no one will envy him.

Punch, in consideration of the modesty of the *Australian's* correspondent Nemo, who styles himself "an obscure individual," but who might be identified as no less a person than the editor, condescends to notice his attack upon the *ATLAS*. And first he begs to absolve the *ATLAS* from the charge of wantonness in making the strictures upon the article in the *Australian*, as the writer in that article assumes to himself the office of censor upon the Dissenters, and consequently was fair game to all and sundry.

Punch would recommend Nemo to go back to school and finish his education, and to study the spirit of his own language of which he is so woefully ignorant, rather than that of the Latin, in which he seems to have got no further than the *Delectus*. The case *absolute*, as it is called, exists only in the head of Nemo himself; and a fitter place than the head of nobody for the locality of nothing certainly cannot be found. Nemo says he can distinguish a carrot from a sheep's head. Punch gives him credit for still greater perspicacity, for Nemo can perceive an ablative case where it never existed; it will, however, puzzle Nemo's ingenuity to find out any difference between his own and a calf's head. Punch supposes that Nemo's Dictionary is as chimerical as his case *absolute*, or as antiquated as his great-grandmother. Punch has no objection at all to Nemo's using the verb *propose* in a neutral sense, as every one has a right to consult his own taste, but he certainly considers it as a very depraved taste, in the indulgence of which, and in his proper obscurity, Punch gladly leaves him.