DR. HULL'S TRUSS.

FOR the relief and cure of Hernia or Rupture. This Surgical instrument is now so well known to the Medical profession, and so extensively used by unfortunate sufferers labouring under the disease of Hernia, that a particular account of its mechanical construction of its surgical effects is thought unnecessary.—The subjoined remarks from Physicians and Surgeons of high respectability in our country, are the results of much practical experience in the use and application of this truss.

James Thatcher, M. D. author of the Modern Practice, in his second edition, under the subject of Hernia, remarks 'Dr. Hull is exclusively entitled to the credit of first adapting the true Surgical principle for the radical cure of Hernia. He happily conceived the idea that the pad of the Truss should be so constructed as simply to support the muscular fibres around the ring or aperture as much as possible, in the state in which they are maintained in perfect health. Unless this be attained the parts can never recover their natural tone, whatever may be the degree of pressure applied."

Samuel Ackerly, M. D. in his excellent edition of 'Hooper's Medical Dictionary,' under the head of 'Truss;' after enumerating the evil resulting from the use of the defective trusses formerly worn, says. 'This evil was not fully remedied until Dr. Amos G. Hull, of New York, turned his attention to the subject, and by his improvement in the construction of trusses, has rendered it certain that all recent ruptures and those of Children, may be permanently cured, and those of old people and of long standing, may, in many cases, also be remedied. The pad of Dr. Hull's Truss is concave, and not convex; and hence the raised circular margin, by proper adaptation, presses upon the sides of the hernial opening, and tends to close the aperture and cure the hernia.'

M. L. Knapp, M. D. late Physician and Surgeon to the Baltimore General Dispensary, in a communication to Doctor Hull, says: 'I have applied your trusses in several hundred cases during the last three years. A great many upon whom I have applied your trusses, have been radically cured; and some of these were cases of long standing, where all other trusses had failed. I send you a note of thanks from Mr. P. a citizen of great respectability, who was cured of a bad scrotal rupture, of thirty-five years standing, by wearing one of your trusses for two years. He had worn other trusses twenty nine years. His son, also, aged 16 years, ruptured from his infancy, was cured under my care in less than two years.—A case of scrotal rupture, of twenty years standing, in a labouring man forty years old, was cured under my notice by one of your trusses in six months. A case of groin rupture, from lifting, in a labouring man, thirty years old, on whom I applied one of your trusses, the day after the injury, was cured in three months—Experience alone, can make known to the Surgeon the full powers and excellence of these instruments. Your trusses are exclusively preferred by the Professors in both of the Medical Schools in this city, and the Faculty in general.

Baltimore, January, 1830.

Valentine Mott, M. D. Professor of Surgery, says,' The great and signal benefits which are produced by this Truss, result from its strict subservience to, and accordance with Scientific and Surgical principles.

'The operation and effect of this Truss is directly the reverse of all Trusses heretofore in use; which being convex, tended to enlarge the dimensions of the rupture opening.' 'I am of opinion that the union of Surgical design & mechanical structure in this instrument render it what has long been the desideratum of Practical Surgeons in Europe and America.'

Professor Mott also in lecturing upon Hernia, recommends Dr. Hull's Truss to the exclusion of all others.

☞ Apply at the office of Dr. KNAPP, 57, Fayette street, east of Monument Square, Baltimore.

March 11 SM

THE STEAM BOAT

MARYLAND

HAS commenced the Season, and will pursue her Routes in the following manner:—Leave Easton every Wednesday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Cambridge, and thence to Annapolis, and thence to Baltimore, where she will arrive in the evening. Leave Baltimore, from the Tobacco Inspection Warehouse wharf, every Tuesday and Friday morning at 7 o'clock, and proceed to Annapolis, thence to Cambridge, if there should be any passengers on board for that place, and thence to Easton; or directly to Easton, if no passengers for Cambridge.

She will leave Baltimore every Monday morning at six o'clock for Chestertown, calling at the Company's wharf on Corsica creek, and returning from Chestertown to Baltimore the same day, calling at the wharf on Corsica creek.

All baggage and Packages to be at the risk of the owners.

LEMUEL G. TAYLOR, Com.

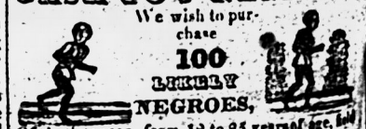
April 8. tf

CASH FOR NEGROES.

We wish to purchase

100

LIKELY



NEGROES,

Of both sexes, from 12 to 25 years of age, hand hands—also, mechanics of every description. Persons wishing to sell, will do well to give us a call, as we are determined to give HIGHER PRICES for SLAVES, than any purchaser who is now or may be hereafter in this market. Any communication in writing will be promptly attended to. We can at all times be found at Williamsons' Hotel, Annapolis.

LEGG & WILLIAMS.

April, 15th

The Maryland Gazette.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

From a late London Paper.

GREECE!

A King for Greece!—a King for Greece!
—Wanted a "Sovereign Prince" for Greece!
For the recreant Knight
Hath broken his plight,
Some say from policy, some from fright,
Some say in hope to rule for his niece,
He hath refused to be King over Greece.

A King for Greece!—a King for Greece!
Where shall we find a King for Greece?
Score after score,
A hundred and more,
Candidates crowd round the Treasury door,
For Athens, and Thebes, and the Peloponesse,
All of them eager to reign over Greece.

Big O exclaims "Be the diadem mine!
I sprang from chiefs of an *illigant* line,
The Mahonites swear
If to *stand* I should dare
I shall ne'er again *sit* for the County of Clare,
Oh! what *will* I do should Parliament cease!
Oh! make me the Sovereign Prince of Greece!"

Now naye, now naye, thou vagabond Dan,
In faith thou never may'st be the man,
Thou'lt cringe and cry,
And bully, and lie,
Yet shrink from danger whene'er it comes nigh!
A Skulker in war, a Braggart in peace,
Thou never may'st be the Prince of Greece!"

"Oh! I'll be King, and the Nation shall thrive,
And I'll make one half penny pass for five!
Subscribe! Subscribe!
Ye Chew bacon tribe,
Give Peel and Wellington each a bribe;
'Twill cost no more than a penny a piece.'
To buy Will Cobbett the crown of Greece!

Now spare, now spare, thou grey-headed sinner,
The poor man's purse for the poor man's dinner!
In vain thou'dst rob it,
To mob it, and job it,
Thou never may'st reign, thou wicked Will. Cobbet!
Traitor to all parties, all to fleece
A vampyre were better than thou for Greece.

"Oh! I'll be King!—Oh! I'll be King!
And the people for joy shall dance and sing,
For Lords shall mix,
With Layers of bricks,
And Chimney-sweeps ride in their coaches and six;
Then shout, boys, shout, nor your clamouring cease,
'Till Henry Hunt is the Monarch of Greece."

Now naye, now naye, thou vain Blacking-man,
Thou wert fitter by far to be King of *Japan*;
Thy Reps, and Rapscallions,
And Tatterdemalions,
With their whitey-brown hats and their pewter medallions,
Fit subjects they for the new Police,
They never shall make thee King of Greece!

"Now tell me the price! now tell me the price!
Don't stand shilly-shally, nor be over nice;
No matter how high,
I'll buy, I'll buy!
Then who'll be so great or so grand as I?
In my diamond tiara and ermined pelisse,
No longer a Duchess but Queen of Greece!!"

Now naye, proud Duchess, now naye, now naye,
No Queen, but Quean, which is spelt with an a!
Full shameful, I ween,
It were in a Queen,
To booze on Kursch Wasser and proof Maraschin,
Avoint thee, Witch!—thy maudlin caprice
shall never, O never give law to Greece.

A King for Greece!—Oh, who may he be?
"—You'll just g e the *Souveran Croon* to me!
The Siller's the thing,
That makes a gude King;
To sic a fine pass the revenue I'll bring,
Ye'll see the *bottle horse* increase,
Gin ye'll mak Joey the King o' Greece!"

Now naye, now naye, thou pawkie auld Scot,
Thy knaverie is not so soon forgot,
Thy tricks in the Loan
Are far too well known,
Thoud'st 'rob the Exchequer,' and call it thine own!
Now naye, friend Joey, ne'er think us such Geese,
That a Fox like thee should be King over Greece.

Alas! for Greece!—Alas! for Greece!
We never shall find a fit King for Greece;
That royal pair,
'Lance' and Chauhert,
Are both of them *burning to blaze* away there,
Like William and Mary on a half-crown piece,
With heads conjoined to reign over Greece.

That never may be!—That never may be!
Though Satan were joined to make Five Kings three;
No quackified Gander,
Nor red Salamander,
May sit where sat Macedon's Great Alexander;
Oh! had we Sovereigns *fiery* as these
Who might *insure* the safety of Greece!

Alas for Greece!—Our hopes decrease,—
We must look for a King among the Chinese!
There's Dombrowsky,
And Poniatowsky,
Schikoffs twenty,
And Romanoffs plenty,
Mastuchiewitz, Tchitchagoff,
(Enough to give a witch a cough,)
Pole and Russ,
All making a fuss,
With Germans and Dutch,
The sceptre to clutch—
Van Rump, Van Frump,
Van Beest, and Van Trump!
There's Prince Esterhazy,
So rich and so lazy;
There's Prince Emilius,
Looking so bilious;
And Count Capo d'*Istry*,
Famous in History,
With Wirtemburg Paul,
And the Devil and all,
French, Swiss, Spanish and Piedmontese,
All of them mad to reign over Greece!

Oh, Jupiter! Sire of Gods and Men,
To thine own Olympus return again;
Bring back Mercurius,
Thy son, though spurious,
And Phœbus and Juno,
And Hebe, whom you know;
Sweet little Cupid,
Who strikes people stupid,
With Bacchus and Venus,
And Pan and Silenus,
And the rest, who at School used so much to chagrin us!

Restore once more, to thy classical shore,
Her 'bright golden age,' and her 'Glories of Yore!'
(Two phrases I've borrow'd from honest Tom Moore.)
From fierce Setzkillers,
Whiskers'd up to the ears;
From Slaves,
And Knaves,
And Fools,
And Tools,
Thine own fair realm at length release,
And send us a Patriot Prince for Greece!

REMINISCENSES OF AN OLD SOLDIER

TORQUEMADA.

'Sir,' replied the general—who had just dined—'I do not admit the neeessity of provisions."

'But consider, General, if the men and horses,'—

'I have been a soldier these twenty years, and never troubled myself about men or horses; besides, sir, I do not relish observations.'

Obedience was our only resource, and we sat off at eleven o'clock at night. Our Colonel had mentioned want of provisions, because he was in hopes of passing a comfortable night. As it was, he scarcely slept.—Some Guerillas had stationed themselves on one side of the road. Scarcely had we marched three quarters of a mile when the firing commenced. A flight of bullets came whistling round our heads from bush, ravine and rock. From time to time a flash of light illumined the whole scene, and before the report followed, a man would drop in our ranks—thirty or forty were left on the ground.—This annoying serenade ceased only with the morning light.—Overcome with fatigue, I was sleeping quietly on my horse, when I was suddenly startled from my slumber by shouts and bursts of laughter:—

'Bravo! Bravo!—What a superb prospect!'

'The Priest is dead, and the city is in mourning!'

'Look—look, fellow soldier.'

These last words were addressed to a dragoon whose head was bent upon his saddle-bow, his feet firmly placed in the stirrups, and his hands tightly grasping his horse's mane. The dragoon answered not—he was dead. I opened my eyes, and thought I was still dreaming. Before us, drawn against a blue and red horizon, rose a black irregular mass, resembling the half burnt remnants of numerous fireworks. It was *Torquemada*, 'a pretty little town,' according to the geographical dictionary; but *Lasalle's* division had passed there! 'Unfortunate country,' said the old quarter-master—anxious to communicate the information he had picked up at *Burgos*—'seven times has this town been burned, and this makes the eighth. That gave it the name of *Torquemada*, (burnt tower.) It is the country of all Inquisitors, and I should doubt the affability of the inhabitants.' We slowly approached.—Near the bridge some broken railing, rusted weapons, and a few naked bodies, proved that the Spaniards had defended the pass. Now one would have said all was peace. The most entire calm reigned in the city. No Spaniards appeared at the balconies to greet our triumphal entry with blows or execrations; no one appeared in the streets or market places; no one in those roofless and deserted houses; all the population had emigrated.

I have often remarked, at the opening of a campaign, what a singular impression the sight of the first dead bodies they meet, makes upon the regiments: sudden silence—a religious awe, pervades the ranks. This warning seems even to strike animals, for the horse checks his speed at the sight of a dead body. A single day, however, destroyed the novelty; if after that a conscript stops to examine a corpse, it is to swear at its having neither clothes nor boots, of which incumbrances it might be stripped. But on entering a half-burnt and deserted town, you are involuntarily impressed with a feeling of awe and terror. How strange a thing is the absence of life, and a vast desert of houses!

The silence of the tomb is less gloomy than the echo of the horses' hoofs in those deserted streets—in that unnatural solitude. I would rather listen to the cries of the wounded on the field of battle. And why? Were I a poet I could explain myself. I entered by chance a house which like all the rest, I imagined tenantless. There was not a single article of furniture left in it. Some Frenchmen had bivouacked in the parlour, at least so I supposed from some inscriptions on the walls written with charcoal, and a picture of the Holy Virgin, with black mustachios and a pipe in her mouth. As I entered a basement room, (the kitchen I fancy for it had a fire place, the only thing in Spain which indicates a kitchen,) I was perfectly amazed to see two old men and a boy of twelve years old, crouched before the fire. At the sound of my sword trailing across the floor, the boy crossed himself as if it had been the devil, and skipped behind a large chair under the picture of a madonna. One of the old men gazed haughtily at me, and without getting up or touching his hat, said, 'Sir officer, my name is Antonio Nunez, and this is my brother, the former mayor of this city. Too old and too sick to follow our fellow-citizens, he determined to die amid the ruins of his house. I remained to take care of him and this boy remained to wait on us.' 'Why did not the other inhabitants remain with you?' said I. 'I do not know. Perhaps they like the mountains in the cool summer evenings.' A half smile played for an instant over the long sallow face of the invalid. At this moment a loud noise in the street attracted my attention; I ran out, and saw in the middle of a crowd of soldiers a monk on horseback, swearing in very good French, and damning the Spaniards in very uncatholic terms. The monk proved to be an aid of Gen. Milhaud. I conducted him to our Colonel who was already asleep on a bed of straw; after some questions put to the aid, the Colonel exclaimed, 'May the devil take devil! Now they want us at Palencia. To horse! to horse! Rapatier must remain here with twenty-five dragoons to act as videttes.' Rapatier made a wry face; he was the old quarter master, who did not admire burnt cities. 'Unhappy country,' he cried stroking his grey mustachios, 'there is not even water to drink here,' and he pointed out the drained bed of the Pisturga, the water of which he said had been sold to pay for the bridge. I showed him the Mayor's house; and then hastened to join the regiment which was already galloping towards Palencia. Guided by the sound of the firing, we marched much faster than we did through the Spanish posts.

However, we arrived too late, for the battle was nearly decided; only towards the left were posted three fine Spanish regiments of infantry, formed in a square, and fine troops they were, by faith. I almost fancied they belonged to our old guard. I thought we should have a hard time of it: but at last they gave way. We pursued them to the farthest extremity of the plain. There a wall of four feet, and beyond a deep ravine, became an asylum to the fugitives and an impediment to our pursuit. The enemy took advantage of the wall: they rapidly disappeared and left us quite astonished at our victory. A single occurrence however, quite restored the Spaniards in my good graces. A young drummer who could not run as fast as his comrades, and who had felt the points of our swords, stopped, and to obtain Quarter, swung his 'shako' above his head, and cried, 'Viva Napoleon. An officer of the regiment of Cordova, (methinks I see him still,) who had crossed the wall, was in safety, returned with indignation to the field of battle, plunged his sword into the drummer's heart, exclaiming 'muera el traitor,' die traitor, and fell himself covered with wounds. Such are the Spaniards. Sometimes a regiment is not worth a man. And sometimes one man redeems a whole regiment. We soon had occasion to see what fortitude and what contempt of death one single Spaniard, acting for himself, can display.

When we returned to Torquemada, Rapatier had disappeared Our Colonel taking it for granted that he and his twenty five dragoons had gone to escort some convoy, went quietly to bed and I repaired to the house of the mayor.—'Where are our dragoons?' said I. 'Far away and altogether,' replied Nunez with great emphasis; and then, as if to prevent further questions, he hastily added, according to the Spanish forms, 'all the house is at your service; but in the house you will find nothing.' Luckily our soldiers are endowed with the marvellous faculty of always finding something in those ruined mansions which never contain any thing! Like a cloud of ants they had already spread over the city, exploring cellars and garrets, and discovering all secret nooks and corners. From the window I could see them in the garden marching in a line, stopping and sounding the ground with their ramrods. All at once they stopped under the window, where the earth seemed freshly moved. 'A treasure! a treasure! cried a soldier; 'I found it first!' The others gathered round in a half circle, and instantly began to dig up the ground. Suddenly their efforts were arrested: all sprang forward at once, and the luckiest of all drew a cold and bloody hand from the hole! Then came an arm, then a head, and finally a whole dragoon,—two, three, four dragoons!—at last the whole detachment! They were altogether—the Spaniard had told the truth! all had their throats cut! Imagine the horror, the rage of our soldiers.

I examined the countenances of our hosts:—*Nunez* was smoking a cigar, and gazed on the dreadful scene with the calm indifference of a sexton eating his breakfast. The boy was stirring the fire; and the Mayor, with his olive complexion and his brown cloak, looked like an old smoked statue. In one instant the house was filled with raging and furious dragoons. Had it not been for me, the Mayor his brother and the boy, would have been buried alive in the place of our poor comrades. I succeeded, however, in protecting them until the Colonel had been awakened. On his arrival a court martial was instantly organized in the kitchen which contained the bodies of the dragoons, and the trial of the Spaniards began. 'Who murdered these dragoons?' The Mayor would not condescend to answer. 'Who murdered these dragoons?' The boy was dumb. 'Were I to swear that I did not, said Nunez calmly, 'you would not believe me. I murdered them.' 'You alone?'—'Yes, the Frenchmen found some brandy, and drank till they were drunk and powerless, and then I cut their throats. Last evening this child saw them sleeping quietly above; this morning, he helped me to bury them. But while with this knife (and he drew an enormous one two feet long from his pocket) I avenged my country, Ramon was here with my brother. If I have crimes, I alone am guilty.' 'Man,' cried the old Mayor sternly, 'you only obeyed my orders.' Then rising with great difficulty, he said, 'kill us both, and may all true Spaniards imitate us.' 'Mayor,' said our Colonel with a yawn, 'you and your brother shall both be hung.' 'So I supposed,' replied Nunez.

On the other side of Torquemada, on the road to Valladolid, is a large cross in the midst of a grove of firs. This was chosen for the place of execution. In the midst of fifty soldiers the Mayor walked firmly, holding his head erect in spite of his gout. His brother supported him; and Perite, waiting on his masters to the last, walked behind with a ladder and ropes.—Arrived at the foot of the cross, the Mayor knelt down. While he was praying, Nunez said to the officer who commanded the escort, 'He is my brother, the Mayor of our city: I therefore owe him double respect and honour.—Do not, I beseech you, allow any of your soldiers to touch Don Joseph Nunez de Quintana.' 'As you please said the captain; 'but make haste for I do not like this sort of affair.' Nunez embraced his brother, and hung him. But when it came to his turn, not one of those soldiers so furious but a quarter of an hour before—would touch him. 'It is now my business.' I never hung any one. 'Let him be shot.' During this discussion, Nunez, on the top of the ladder, was patiently awaiting his fate. Mistaking the cause of the soldiers' scruples, he said, 'Do not be afraid; and putting the rope around his own neck, he called Perito, who jumped on the ladder and launched him into eternity.—There were present there many brave soldiers, but not a single gens d'arme. We marched back, slowly and sadly; Perito followed with the ladder, 'Why do you fatigue yourself?' said I 'put down that ladder.' The boy looked at me put the ladder against a tree, and prepared to go up.—'What are you doing? There is no one else to hang.' 'I thought it was my turn,' replied he calmly, 'No, no, my boy we do not mean to hang you.' 'God's will be done.' He returned to Torquemada with us; he saw us commit old Rapatier and his twenty five comrades to their bloody graves; and the next day he disappeared, taking with him in his flight the long knife of Nunez the murderer.

WRECK OF THE LADY HOLLAND.

(From a letter from the Rev. Alexander Duff to Dr. Inglis.)

Cape-Town, Cape of Good Hope, February 20.—

On Saturday night, the 13th inst. the Lady Holland was wrecked off Dassen Island, 27 miles north from Cape-town, but not a life was lost, nor even a personal injury sustained by any one of the passengers or crew. On the 13th, at twelve o'clock, noon, our position, as determined by repeated observations, was 20 miles north and 70 west off Cape Town. Our nearness to land produced an unusual exhilaration of spirit—countenance was cheerful—every heart glad. All seemed in good humour with each other, and nothing could exceed the joyous eagerness with which little preparations were made for a probable disembarkation on the following day. With a moderate breeze and a moderate sea the vessel was gliding through the water at the rate of five miles an hour, her course, by compass, laying nearly south-east. Before nine o'clock the captain had sounded, and found no bottom; his intention, therefore, was not to change his course till ten o'clock. About ten, when preparations were making for the change, the seaman on the lookout, on leaving his post, remarked to the watch that succeeded him, "I am very much mistaken if that is not land a-head, after all." The new watch ran forward, followed by the second officer and the captain, and soon the chilling cry was heard—"Breakers a-head, helm hard to weather." But before the vessel could obey the helm she struck, and the confusion made all spring to the quarter-deck. Suspense was only momentary; the moon, as if commissioned on the kindly errand, suddenly emerged from the horizon, and disclosed the cause. Before, and on every side of us, low dark reefs, appeared, amid which the breakers struggled with dashing roar.

The vessel had refused to obey the helm, the sails became unmanageble; uplifted by every billow, the ship sunk down again with a shattering crash, that made the flesh creep and shiver, and the captain, in a tone of piercing agony, was heard to exclaim,—"Ah! she's gone, she's gone!" Our situation now appeared critical in the extreme. Every moment the ship was expected to be torn into fragments, and the deep yawned to receive us. To attempt a landing through the foaming breakers were madness; and, even though a landing were effected, the reef had the appearance of being so low, that the water must flow over it at full tide; to put to sea, in the deail of night, and in a leaky boat, on a coast noted for shoals, sunken reefs, and sudden squalls, seemed like the hazardous experiment of despair. Still no one lost presence of mind; something may be done and every thing must be done, was the prevailing sentiment. The jolly-boat, manned by the eldest of the seamen, was sent off to explore the lee-shore of the reef, and ascertain the possibility or impossibility of effecting a landing. The rest of the crew and male passengers proceeded to clear the deck of incumbrances, to fire signals of distress, to cut away the masts, to caulk and repair the long-boat. In the meanwhile the ladies to the number of thirteen, and two maid-servants, wrapped in mantles, sheets, or blankets, assembled in the cuddy. Expecting, as they were, every instant to be ingulphed in a watery grave, their coolness and composure were admirable. No running about in confusion—all sat quietly round the cuddy table; no wild screams of terror, all seemed collected and calm. A few were pale as death; some shed the silent tear at the thought of home, and friends, and children. The spectacle was awfully solemn; preparation for an immediate appearance before the judgment seat seemed to engross the whole soul; and never, never can I forget the pathos and emphasis with which all, kneeling round the table, joined in public prayer and supplication to the father of spirits in that trying hour.

It was now past midnight, and our boat not having returned, its safety was despaired of; but the vessel still held together, and the determination was, if possible, to cling to the wreck till day-break. Soon, however, we had reason to change our determination. The hull was rapidly filling with water, the breeze freshening, and the tide beginning to flow in upon land. The swell, in consequence, became heavier, a number of lofty waves followed in rapid succession, each sweeping across the deck, and causing the vessel to strike with each crash more tremendous than the preceding. No one could now sit or stand with safety; the attempt to cling to the wreck was felt to be hopeless, and all were eagerly desirous to have recourse to the last expedient, the launching of the long boat. After surmounting many difficulties which it is needless to detail, the boat was launched amid the cheers of the sailors' exclamation of 'There goes our last hope!' But speedily joy was alternated with a very different feeling, when the rope that held the long boat broke, and our 'last hope' was seen drifting towards the rocky shore. Seized with a momentary torpor, we still eyed, and continued to eye, our 'last hope,' and, just as we expected to witness the fatal crash, a seaman, who had leaped on board with the energy of despair, shoved off with an oar, and brought the boat once more alongside the wreck. By this time, (half past twelve) human voices were heard from the reef, and the articulate English sounds of 'boat,' or 'boats,' here directly,' leading us to anticipate speedy assistance, cheered the spirits of all. The first object was, to lower the ladies into the long boat; this was slowly but securely accomplished by means of a rope and noose slung round a pully in the extremity of a projecting beam, from which the jolly-boat was wont to be suspended. Here the conduct of the ladies cannot be sufficiently admired, as it contributed much to the prevention of accident, and preservation of life. Though the wreck creaked and shivered as if every beam were tearing asunder, and the boat was in momentary danger of swamping, or being crushed between the beams and rafters that strewed the surface of the waters, the competition was not who should be most forward to rush into the boat, but who should be last to abandon the fatal wreck. About one o'clock, when the boat was filled with nearly the whole of the passengers, the jolly-boat arrived with the pleasing intelligence that a good landing place had been discovered about a mile and a half distant, and with the farther intelligence that we were wrecked off Dassen Island, a sandy desert, containing neither food nor water beyond what belonged to three or four men, sent at that season from Cape Town, to collect the eggs of the penguin, a sea-fowl that abounds there in countless myriads. Our boat was soon taken in tow by the jolly-boat, and the wreck finally abandoned. Drenched to the skin, and exposed to a keen piercing cold, we now wrought hard in baling the water, which gushed in on every side. By this means being kept afloat, in half an hour we reached in safety the sloping sandy beach, our souls rising to God with feelings of fervent gratitude for the wonderful deliverance The men from Cape Town delivered up to us their temporary abodes, which consisted of two wretched hovels, formed by two cross walls, against which leaned seven or eight whale jaw bones, covered with stones and ashes; the one employed as a cooking apartment filthy, and dripping with soot; the other as a sleeping and store room, crammed in every corner and crevice with tallow, skins, &c. but, such as they were, we were thankful to enter them, and wait the light and warmth of day.

The morning being calm and cloudless, and the sea unruffled, some of the officers and sailors were enabled to return to the wreck. The lower part of the hull was completely torn and splintered. The poop and stern part of the deck, not having parted, were still visible. From the direction of the current, the sea, rather than the beach, was strewed with masses of floating materials, and, in the course of the day, several boxes and other articles belonging to the passengers were picked up from the water, or separated from the wreck. Without loss of time, the surgeon of the ship crossed to the main-land, distant ten miles, in the most seaworthy of our boats, with the intention of travelling by land to Cape Town and securing for us the speediest assistance. In the mean time we made the best of our situation. The hut being quite incapable of holding all, a small tent was constructed, by means of a few whale rib bones and torn pieces of canvass, which served to exclude part of the piercing rays of the sun by day, and cold heavy dews by night. The eggs of the penguin, some wine and biscuit, providentially saved from the wreck, and a little brackish water, obtained by the [illegible] resident islanders, from Cape Town, [illegible]