

may fire after the plunderer, and when he falls, regain my grapes." All this is just and right, if Gisborne's proposition is true. It is a dangerous thing to lay down maxims in morality.

The conclusion, then, to which we are led by these inquiries is, that he who kills another, even upon the plea of self-defence, does not do it in the predominance nor in the exercise of Christian dispositions; and if this is true, is it not also true that his life cannot be thus taken away in conformity with the Christian law?

But this is very far from concluding that no resistance may be made to aggression. We may make, and we ought to make, a great deal. It is the duty of the civil magistrate to repress the violence of one man towards another, and by consequence it is the duty of the individual, when the civil power cannot operate, to endeavour to repress it himself. I perceive no reasonable exception to the rule, that whatever Christianity permits the magistrate to do in order to restrain violence, it permits the individual, under such circumstances, to do also.

Many kinds of resistance to aggression come strictly within the fulfilment of the law of benevolence. He who, by securing or temporarily disabling a man, prevents him from committing an act of great turpitude, is certainly his benefactor; and if he be thus reserved for justice, the benevolence is great both to him and to the public. It is an act of much kindness to a bad man to secure him for the penalties of the law; or it would be such, if penal law were in the state in which it ought to be, and to which it appears to be making some approaches. It would then be very probable that the man would be reformed; and this is the greatest benefit which can be conferred upon him and the community.

The exercise of Christian forbearance towards violent men is not tantamount to an invitation of outrage. Cowardice is one thing; this forbearance is another. The man of true forbearance is of all men the least cowardly. It requires courage in a greater degree and of a higher order, to practise it when life is threatened, than to draw a sword or fire a pistol. No; it is the peculiar privilege of Christian virtue, to approve itself even to the bad. There is something in the nature of that calmness, and self-possession, and forbearance, that religion effects, which obtains, nay which almost commands, regard and respect. How different the effect upon the violent tenants of Newgate, the hardness of a turnkey and the mild courage of an Elizabeth Fry! Experience, incontestable experience, has proved that the minds of few men are so depraved or desperate as to prevent them from being influenced by real Christian conduct. Let him, therefore, who advocates the taking the life of an aggressor, first show that all other means of safety are vain; let him show that bad men, notwithstanding the exercise of true Christian forbearance, persist in their purposes of death; when he has done this, he will have adduced an argument in favour of taking their lives, which will not, indeed, be conclusive, but which will approach nearer to conclusiveness than any that has yet been adduced.

Of the consequences of forbearance, even in the case of personal attack, there are some examples. Archbishop Sharpe was assaulted by a footpad on the highway, who presented a pistol, and demanded his money. The archbishop spoke to the robber in the language of a fellow-man and of a Christian. The man was really in distress, and the prelate gave him such money as he had, and promised that if he would call at the palace, he would make up the amount to fifty pounds. This was the sum of which the robber had said he stood in the utmost need. The man called and received the money. About a year and a half afterward, this man again came to the palace, and brought back the same sum. He said that his circumstances had become improved, and that, through the "astonishing goodness" of the archbishop, he had become "the most penitent, the most grateful, and the happiest of his species." Let the reader consider how different the archbishop's feelings were, from what they would have been, if, by his hand, this man had been cut off.

Barclay, the apologist, was attacked by a highwayman. He substituted for the ordinary modes of resistance a calm expostulation. The felon dropped his presented pistol, and offered no further violence. A Leonard Fell was similarly attacked, and from him the robber took both his money and his horse, and then threatened to blow out his brains. Fell solemnly spoke to the man on the wickedness of his life. The robber was astonished; he had expected, perhaps, curses, or perhaps a dagger. He declared he would not keep either the horse or the money, and returned both. "If thine enemy hunger, feed him; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head." The tenor of the short narrative that follows is somewhat different. Ellwood, who is known to the literary world as the suggester to Milton of Paradise Regained, was attending his father in his coach. Two men waylaid them in the dark, and stopped the carriage. Young Ellwood got out, and on going up to the nearest, the ruffian raised a heavy club, "when," says Ellwood, "I whipped out my rapier, and made a pass upon him. I could not have failed running him through up to the hilt," but the sudden appearance of the bright blade terrified the man so that he stepped aside, avoided the thrust, and both he and the other fled. "At that time," proceeds Ellwood, "and for a good while after, I had no regret upon my mind for what I had done." This was while he was young, and

when the forbearing principles of Christianity had little influence upon him. But afterward, when this influence became powerful, "a sort of horror," he says, "seized on me when I considered how near I had been to the staining of my hands with human blood. And whensoever afterward I went that way, and indeed as often since as the matter has come into my remembrance, my soul has blessed him who preserved and withheld me from shedding man's blood."

That those over whom, as over Ellwood, the influence of Christianity is imperfect and weak, should think themselves at liberty upon such occasions to take the lives of their fellow-men, needs to be no subject of wonder. Christianity, if we would rightly estimate its obligations, must be felt in the heart. They in whose hearts it is not felt, or felt but little, cannot be expected perfectly to know what its obligations are. I know not, therefore, that more appropriate advice can be given to him who contends for the lawfulness of taking another man's life in order to save his own, than that he would first inquire whether the influence of religion is dominant in his mind. If it is not, let him suspend his decision until he has attained to the fulness of the stature of a Christian man. Then, as he will be of that number who do the will of Heaven, he may hope to "know, of this doctrine, whether it be of God."

For the Pearl.

TO W — S —

Lady, thou'st seen but life's gay spring;
Thy path hath been on flowers yet:
Each rising sun new joys doth bring,
And leaves them with thee when he sets.
Gay Hope hath o'er the future cast
Its golden heart-delighting beams:
Thy young and guileless mind is blest
With youth's most sweet and blissful dreams.

And long may all thy pleasures last,
O! may they not delusive prove;
May disappointment never wound
A heart so form'd for joy and love.
But oh! if time sad changes bring,
And Hope's sweet, flattering light deceive,
Be thine the balm for sorrow's sting
Which friends, more dear in grief, can give.

Sh—e, October, 1833.

RAYMOND.

NOVEMBER.—"Wild November hath his bugle wound;" scarcely a green leaf remains, the poplar and the elder point their bare branches, through the dim and misty air, and brown and desolate are the few remaining traces of the year's bygone beauty. 'Tis like some aged face, in which we are told the faultless feature, and the rosy smile of beauty once abode, despite its present wrinkled repulsiveness, in which we look in vain for traces of what was once called fair;—for the eyes are dim, that once "discours'd" such eloquent language,—the cheek is sunk and pale, once dimpled into smiles,—the ivory brow is dark, and lined with care,—and we turn from the human wreck, and feel that we require faith to believe that "such things were." Even so does this most unlovely November day seem like some "withered old," mourning the leafy hours and gentle zephyrs gone. The flowers have all departed, all,—save the "winter's lone, beautiful rose," which Mrs. Opie has so aptly compared to the friend in adversity, who stays to cheer us through the storm. And, as we look on thee, sweet flower, with thy faded leaves dripping with the humid air, we are reminded of our once fond belief that such faithfulness existed even in this "working-day world." In the dear, credulous days of life's morning, how naturally does the young heart believe that "two or three are almost what they seem," and that there are many for us, whom the stern nurse, and time, and change, would never scare away.

We are fain to call this the gloomy month, which the Frenchman supposed fit only for *les Anglais* to hang or drown themselves in. We must turn inwards and in-doors for resources on the still, misty, melancholy days, which so often occur this month. Scarcely is there a withered leaf to stir; the sky is one sad and leaden hue, damp and oppressive is the air, cheerless and uninviting the scene without—

"Haste, light the tapers, urge the fire,
And bid the joyless day retire!"

The weather is pronounced unhealthy; winter clothing is brought to light, and winter comforts are resorted to; we turn to the "bonny blythe blink" of the fire-side, and gather round us those employments which are the best armour against the dreariness of the season. The evenings close in early, and what but books and social converse can beguile their otherwise weary length? While reading, we are in the company of the wisest and the best; we are imbibing their best thoughts, their brightest fancies, and profiting by their sound experience and observation; we are with them in their best moods, when they have separated themselves for some brief moments from the cares of earth, and are communing with their better natures, expatiating in the world of intelligence, and casting off the chains that bind them to the world. True, we may not reply to them; but with some an-

* Ellwood's Life.

swering mind, we may discuss their excellencies, and descant on their peculiarities until we become familiar with the master-spirits who have passed away. Then, let the lamp be lighted, and the bright page of wit, history, or song, before the mind be spread; and though the rain "beats on the wintry pane" it disturbs us not, or is only soothing to minds so occupied. The bountiful Giver of all good hath so done his marvellous works, "that all conspire to promote pleasure." "The day is thine, the night is thine, thou hast made summer and winter." Amongst the thousand subjects of gratitude which surround us, and which tell that we were formed to enjoy; as well as to suffer, not the least striking is the alternation of the seasons, which in their annual round present us with such fair variety. For though November's blast blow chill and drear, though the woods be bleak and bare, and the wild choristers have ceased their melody, and the sky be without one gladdening ray,—we may still join the sweet bard of the seasons in his hymn, and say, I cannot go

"Where universal love not smiles below!"

From Sketches in London.—No. 12.

DETECTION OF CRIME.

A successful instance of the ingenuity displayed by the police in detecting crime, and securing the conviction of the offenders, occurred in the spring of last year. Information had been communicated to the police magistrates in London, that the town and neighbourhood of Salisbury had been inundated with counterfeit silver of every denomination, from crown pieces down to six-pences; but that all the efforts of the magisterial authorities in that place had failed to obtain a clue to the offenders. One of the cleverest of the inspectors of the London police was consulted on the subject, and he at once undertook to discover and bring the parties to justice. Having, from the success of former exploits in the same way, every confidence in the ingenuity and ability of the inspector, the magistrates signified their willingness to leave the matter wholly in the officer's hands. The plan which the latter adopted in the execution of his enterprise was one which would not have suggested itself to ordinary minds. He desired a person, in whom he could confide, to go down immediately to Salisbury, and in the disguise and character of a pedlar to visit all the lower class of public-houses in the town and neighbourhood. He further instructed him, in the event of seeing in those houses suspicious characters, to treat them with gin, or ale, or whatever else in the way of drink they preferred, and to make himself as familiar as possible with them. He was to cultivate their acquaintance with the greatest assiduity; to give them hints that he himself was prepared for any desperate enterprise, in the way of robbery or otherwise, provided he got any other parties to assist him, and, in short, to have resource to every possible expedient to get them to make such disclosures to him as would not only satisfy himself, or might satisfy any other reasonable mind that they were the guilty parties, but as would constitute, or lead to, such evidence as the law would admit. The pioneer of the police officer had been only two days in Salisbury, when he came in contact with two or three persons whom he at once suspected to belong to the gang of coiners of false money. At first they fought shy of him; they appeared decidedly averse to his acquaintanceship; but in the course of two or three days more, their prepossessions against him wore off, and they entered into familiar conversation with him. The result was the confirmation of his suspicions as to what they were. The next point to which he directed his attention was the ascertaining what their number was; for he knew that in such cases they took care not to assemble altogether in any particular place in public, as that might lead to suspicion. This secret he also soon wormed out of his newly-formed acquaintances. Having succeeded so far, he wrote, agreeably to instructions, to the officer in London by whom he was employed. His employer immediately proceeded to Salisbury; but "lay by," as the phrase is, for ten or twelve days, until his beard should grow to such a length as, with other ingenious expedients, should enable him to disguise himself sufficiently for the execution of his plans. He at once conjectured—and in the conjecture he was right—that the gang of coiners were from London, and that, if not disguised, he would be recognized before he should be able to carry his schemes into effect. His beard having grown to a great length, and having for some days omitted to wash his face or hands, and having also put on a ragged suit of clothes, he ventured into the public-houses which they frequented, got acquainted with them through the "workman" he had sent to prepare the way before him; and in a few days was, with one and all of them, a regular "Hail fellow! well met." He soon ascertained that they were all to meet at a particular house, in a low secluded part of the town, on a particular night; and to make assurance doubly sure that this meeting was to take place for the purpose of a new coinage, he proposed treating them on the night and hour they had fixed for their meeting, in a public-house which he mentioned. They one and all said the business on which they were to meet that night was so urgent, that it must be attended to; but they should be most happy to have their glass with him any other evening he might appoint. Thus assured beyond all doubt that