

Family Circle.

Footprints on the Sands of Time.

By the Editor of the Peninsular Fountain.

The shock occasioned by the death of Mrs. C——, had ceased to be felt by the circle in which she had moved; the gay votaries of pleasure were again pursuing the alluring phanton; and the more thoughtful—thy to whom life was a reality—they on whom really rested the responsibilities which gave character and influence to their envied sphere had returned to their avocations, their business cares, their domestic duties, and the prosecution of their schemes of benevolence; when again the death-knell was heard in their midst—another from the same circle had fallen. Suddenly and unexpectedly had the wife and mother passed away; her "footprints on the sands of time" were all made—and what were they!

Like Mrs. C——, the just departed had wealth, and beauty, and influence; like her, she had been the favourite of fortune—courted, flattered, and caressed; like her she had sustained the most endearing relations in life; and they had both passed away before life's meridian was reached; but how unlike their "footprints," how different the end and aim of their existence!

"John, Mrs. Howard is dead," said the stricken husband the morning after her death, to his coachman, who had just roused himself after a drunken revel. "My wife is gone! She left a message for you will you hear it now?"

"Yes, sir," said John, wiping his eyes. "She bade me tell you it was her dying request that you should become a sober man; she said she had often begged you to reform, and she was sure you would not could not, refuse this, her last request."

"Where's the pledge, Mr. Howard?" said the man, sobbing. "To think that she should remember me when she was dying, and I at the grog-shop! What a wretch I have been! But I'll not refuse her last request: I'll never drink another drop of rum—no never!"

"Why, Hal, here is an announcement of Mrs. Howard's death," said a young lawyer to his partner, as he hastily ran over the contents of the morning paper. "Particular friend of yours, wasn't she? Strong temperance woman I believe."

"Yes, both. Her example reformed me, and her advice and influence have often kept me from breaking my pledge, and denying my principles, since."

"Why, how you rave, Hal. One would think you had been a street drunkard, to hear you talk."

"I might have been but for Mrs. Howard."

"Pray, explain."

"When I first came to this city," said young Edwards, "I was a gay wine-drinking young man—very young, and very determined to be a gentleman; and, of course, wine-drinking was a part of the code, of fashionable manners. I was invited to parties, where I met Mrs. Howard. I was introduced to her, and was gratified that she seemed pleased with my appearance. Anxious to secure the lasting esteem of one so much beloved, of course I endeavored to make myself as agreeable as possible. One evening I was standing beside her when wine was passed, I offered her a glass, at the same time taking one myself. "Thank you," said she, as she refused the proffered glass; "I never drink wine; there's death in the cup." That simple expression made me a temperance man. I returned my own glass, and have never tasted wine since. The long conflict I have had with my appetite, convinced me that, but for Mrs. Howard, I should have been a drunkard."

"Oh, mother, our Mrs. Howard is dead!" exclaimed little Henry Jones, as he burst into the room where his mother was plying her needle to earn her daily bread.

"Our Mrs. Howard dead?" asked the mother, incredulously. "How do you know, my son?"

"Why, mother, I saw it with my own eyes," said the boy.

"Saw what, my son? Now, go on, and tell me, calmly, all you know about this sad news. You may be mistaken, I trust you are," said the mother, with a sigh.

"Well, you see mother, I went out just now to try to find some chips for you, you know; and, when I got out to the corner, I met Billy Smith, crying just as hard as he could cry; and I asked him what was the matter—and he could not speak, but pointed to the morning paper he had just been reading, and there was Mrs. Howard's death; it said she died last night, and would be buried day after to-morrow."

"But how do you know it is our Mrs. Howard?" asked the mother; "there are a great many Howards in the city."

"Yes, mother; but it said, Emma L., wife of Hon. John Howard. Wasn't that her name?"

"Then it is really so," exclaimed the poor woman, bursting into tears. "Henry, our best earthly friend is gone!"

"I know it, mother!" said the boy, sobbing.

"Our dear friend, Mrs. Howard, is dead," said the Matron of the Orphan Asylum, as she gathered the little ones around her for morning worship. "Mrs. Howard, is dead; she will never come to see us again, and her little children have no mother now. Shall we ask God to bless them? "They all knelt down—those destitute little ones for whom the departed had labored and prayed—and, amid sobbing and tears, the Matron commended the orphan children of the deceased, and the thrice orphaned little ones around her, to the care of Him who has promised to "gather the lambs in his arms, and carry them in his bosom."

"How suddenly Mrs. Howard died," said Miss Montrose to Mrs. St. Legar, a few days after the funeral.

"Yes, and I cannot forget the impressions I received in that house, the morning after her death," replied Mrs. St. Legar, solemnly.

"It must have been a sadly changed, gloomy place," remarked Miss Montrose; but do tell me all about it."

"I read the announcement of her death in the morning paper," said Mrs. St. Legar, "and though I was shocked, as we always are at such intelligence, it was not entirely unexpected. I have always been admitted to her room every day during her illness—so I was not unprepared for the event. I immediately hastened to offer my services in making arrangements for the funeral. The servant, at the door, told me that Mr. Howard had given orders that no calls should be received until the next morning; but, on sending my card to Mr. Howard, I was readily admitted, I went directly to the chamber of the deceased. Mr. Howard met me at the door; he pressed my hand silently, and pointing to a seat, turned away to conceal his emotion. The room was full, and one glance at its occupants revealed the reason for the prohibition to admit callers at the front entrance. Such an assemblage of poor, weeping humanity, I never saw. The lame and the blind were there; little children clung to the skirts of their widowed mothers, as they pressed forward to take a last look at the beloved dead. And thus, for long, long hours, they came and went—a greater multitude than I had supposed one person could have know in a long life-time. Yet all had, in some way, been the recipients of favours from her hand—all had good cause to mourn her loss. For a few moments, about eleven o'clock, I was alone with the dead. Presently, the pattering of little feet was heard on the stairs; the door was softly opened, and the dear little troop of orphans from the Asylum, of which Mrs. Howard was the first Directress, gathered around the cold remains of their benefactress. It was a most affecting scene. It is hard to witness the grief of those of mature years; but the grief of little children is perfectly heart-rending. I hope I shall never look upon such a scene again! yet I would give worlds to do a work on earth that would make me thus lamented. The next day the corpse was conveyed to the back parlor, and visitors of her own circle were admitted. You recollect my dear Miss Montrose, that Mrs. Howard's style of dress was in keeping with her position in society; her wardrobe her furniture, and all the appointments of life were such as became her wealth and station; but not one, not even the most trifling and gay, among all that number who gathered around the

beautiful remains of the departed, said aught concerning her dress, her manners, or her wealth; but each and all paid tribute to her moral excellence. Never, never before did the responsibility resting upon those to whom has been given wealth and station, present itself to my mind one-half so vividly, as when I stood beside that coffin; never did I realize, as then, the fearful truth of the Saviour's declaration, that "To whom much is given, of him shall much be required;" and, oh! how earnestly did I desire that, like her, my "footprints on the sands of time" might be of lasting worth and ever-living beauty.

Literary.

For the Wesleyan.

Mental Science.

NO. XVIII.

THE EXISTENCE OF THE HUMAN MIND.

MEMORY, we must admit, can restore to its pristine disposition and arrangement all that we have felt, all that we have ever thought, and of which no trace remains without us; it can store up unnumbered ideas of the most dissimilar things without confusion or mixture, for our future use; it can contain within itself the whole circle of arts and sciences, all that ancient and modern history teaches us of remarkable transactions, of the invention and discoveries of mankind, ever augmenting this enormous stock of knowledge, and at all times delivering to us whatever is best adapted to our present purpose.

"Hail Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine,
From age to age, unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And peace and time are subject to thy sway!"

Dr. Beattie divides memory into *active* and *passive*. Passive memory he calls *simple remembrance*; and active memory, *recollection*. The great Samuel Drew, however considers *memory* and *recollection*, in some degree, different. "The abstract ideas," he says, "which we have of memory and recollection, however they may seem to be allied, or may be so in reality, must in themselves be considerably different from each other, the former we discover among the animal powers, but the latter we discover only in an immortal principle. Memory, it is certain, can have no relation to anything but what is past; but it is always involuntary, and depends upon the operation of causes over which the mind can exert no absolute, no commanding dominion."—Memory bears in this view, a strong resemblance to instinct. We have no voluntary power either to bring things to our memory, or, at pleasure, to efface them from it. Causes must, therefore, exist, and operate independently of our will, through which we are enabled to retrace those transactions and events which are now no more.

In recollection, an association of ideas may lead our minds to things that are past, and re-imprint these ideas upon them, in legible characters, without the interference of foreign causes. In this respect memory appears rather different from recollection. The effects resulting from impressions made by foreign causes, and those which flow from the exercise of our powers of association, appear to be nearly the same, but their causes are evidently distinct. In the former, no reason whatever appears: In the latter, reason is clearly discernible. Mere memory, independent of recollection, affords no proof of an immaterial principle; while the power of recollection which we possess, through the association of ideas alone, pre-supposes an immaterial principle, from which reason derives all the power which it exercises. While memory may be excited, by foreign causes, the influence of which, in many instances, operate with brutes through the medium of the senses, recollection may move entirely in the intellectual region. Recollection, in the human mind, through the association of ideas, may begin its operations, where memory, that is excited by foreign causes, ends; and produces results in ways which brutes can never know. In this respect, mere memory, like instinct, cannot exist but in conjunction with its exciting causes, which principally operate through the external senses. Reflection, which is independent of all outward causes, may, to a certain extent, be produced by the mind alone, through a process in the association of our ideas. This at once discovers its intellectual source, and stands as remote from sensitive memory, as its cause is from those involuntary influences by which sensitive memory is excited.

But there is one kind of memory, which it seems difficult to comprehend; viz., how it is that we can pronounce or hear a discourse, or copy of verses, which fixes upon our memory, and afterwards repeat, in our minds, the words we spoke or heard, without ever opening our lips, or uttering any articulate sounds. There is a kind of inward voice which, like the echo, not only repeats the same words without the least variation, but with exactly the same accent, and same tone of voice; and the same echo repeats

any tune we have learned; without the least alteration. We are just as sure of this fact, as we are of our existence. But how is this done? or who is able to account for it?

As we are able to remember, or, by memory, can store up ideas in our minds; can recall them, even sometimes at pleasure, many hours, days, or years, after their reception; can reflect upon them at any convenient season; and can, after hearing a discourse, or speaking any words, repeat, in our minds, the same discourse, or the same words, without uttering any articulate sounds; we must, therefore, be in the possession of an inward living principle widely different from unthinking matter; and this living principle is the soul of man.

But it may be stated, that brutes are in the possession of these faculties, which have been enumerated in proof of the existence of the human mind: therefore, if they have the same faculties, they must either have souls, or these faculties do not prove the existence of the human soul. To this we answer: It must be admitted, that brutes possess the power of will and choice, and such passions as joy, sorrow, fear, hope, anger, gratitude, and shame; and are able to see, feel, taste, smell and hear; but still it does not follow from these that they possess *rational and accountable* souls. Nor can we allow, that because they have these properties, it must necessarily follow, that the faculties of the mind, which have already been enumerated, do not prove the existence of the human soul.

As brutes have the faculties, above referred to, it would seem, that they are in the possession of a principle superior to mere matter, from which they emanate, and which organization alone does not appear sufficient to produce. Here, however, we would not, on so difficult a subject, give a dogmatical opinion. Great and learned men, who have investigated this subject, arrive at different and opposite conclusions.—As doctors, therefore, so widely differ, it may not appear, presumptuous, on our part, to give expression to an opinion.

GEORGE JOHNSTON.

Point de Bute, N. B., Nov. 19, 1851.

For the Wesleyan.

Letters on Haiti.

NO. V.

STATE OF THE COLONY FROM 1660, TO THE BEGINNING OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, 1789.

At the above date, the French part of the Island was already in a state of great prosperity. Slavery was established on a firm basis, and the number both of Colonists and Slaves was augmenting by many thousands every year. More than ever, however, the Planter was reminded that if the slave toiled hard for his owner, and suffered patiently the degradation and hardship arising from his position, he did not forget that he was a "man and a brother," and that he instinctively felt that God, the common Father of both, had planted the love of liberty as deep in the heart of the Black, as of the White. Actual risings, and projected risings of the slaves, more or less frequently disturbed the false security of the Planter, and intimated plainly enough what would be the end of that forced state of things. In 1697, in the absence of the Governor, about 300 blacks formed a conspiracy against their owners and their families, and intended to massacre the whole of them at the same instant; this was discovered just in time to prevent it, and the leaders were all severely punished. A few years after, another more extensive scheme was laid, the intention at this time was to have a rising simultaneously throughout the country, and to cut off at a stroke the whole of the white population—men, women and children. The leader in this affair was one Makandal, an African by birth, and Mahometan by profession, and well versed in the Arabic tongue. He was the son of an African chief of considerable distinction, and having been made prisoner of war, was sold to some trader, who took him to St. Domingo. Here he soon distinguished himself among his fellow-slaves, who considered him a prophet, and listened readily to his advice as to the means to be used to set themselves free. The plot being again discovered, he drew off a large number of blacks with him into the woods, where they defied the regular troops for several years, and maintained themselves by nightly depredations made upon the plantations. He was at last taken and condemned to be burnt alive, which was carried into effect on the *Place*, in the middle of the town of Cape Haytien. During the interval stated above, the position of the slaves was both degrading and afflictive. In 1685, was enacted in France what is called "*Le code noir*,"—the design of which was to restrain the licentiousness and cruelty of the Planters, and to ameliorate the state of the slaves; but it remained a dead letter, and if the authorities were at all disposed to execute it, circumstances rendered it impossible. On many of the plantations when the slaves went into the fields to cut the sugar cane, they had a piece of iron, something like a horse's bit, in the mouth, which was locked behind, to prevent its being taken out; the intention was to prevent their sucking the sugar-cane—a propensity generally very strong

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