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THE ESSAYIST.

THE RIGHTS OF SELF-DEFENCE.

BY JONATHAN DYMOND.

The right of defending ourselves against violence is easily deducible from the law of nature. There is, however, little need to deduce it, because mankind are at least sufficiently persuaded of its lawfulness. The great question which the opinions and principles that now influence the world make it needful to discuss is, whether the right of self-defence is absolute and unconditional,—whether every action whatever is lawful, provided it is necessary to the preservation of life? They who maintain the affirmative, maintain a great deal; for they maintain, that whenever life is endangered, all rules of morality are, as it respects the individual, suspended, annihilated,—every moral obligation is taken away by the single fact, that life is threatened.

Yet the language that is ordinarily held upon the subject implies the supposition of all this. "If our lives are threatened with assassination or open violence from the hands of robbers or enemies, any means of defence would be allowed and laudable."* Again: "There is one case in which all extremities are justifiable, namely, when our life is assaulted, and it becomes necessary for our preservation to kill the assailant."†

The reader may the more willingly inquire, whether these propositions are true, because most of those who lay them down are at little pains to prove their truth. Men are extremely willing to acquiesce in it without proof, and writers and speakers think it unnecessary to adduce it. Thus, perhaps, it happens, that fallacy is not detected because it is not sought. If the reader should think that some of the instances which follow are remote from the ordinary affairs of life, he is requested to remember, that we are discussing the soundness of an alleged absolute rule. If it be found that there are or have been cases in which it is not absolute,—cases in which all extremities are not lawful in defence of life,—then the rule is not sound; then there are some limits to the right of self-defence.

If "any means of defence are laudable," if "all extremities are justifiable," then they are not confined to acts of resistance to the assailing party. There may be other conditions upon which life may be preserved, than that of violence towards him. Some ruffians seize a man in the highway, and will kill him unless he will conduct them to his neighbor's property, and assist them in carrying it off. May this man unite with them in the robbery, in order to save his life, or may he not? If he may, what becomes of the law, Thou shalt not steal? If he may not, then not every means by which a man may preserve his life is "laudable" or "allowed." We have found an exception to the rule. There are twenty other wicked things which violent men may make the sole condition of not taking our lives. Do all wicked things become lawful because life is at stake? If they do, morality surely is at an end. If they do not, such propositions as those of Grotius and Paley are untrue.

A pagan has unalterably resolved to offer me up in sacrifice on the morrow, unless I will acknowledge the deity of his gods, and worship them. I shall presume, that the Christian will regard these acts as being, under every possible circumstance, unlawful. The night offers me an opportunity of assassinating him. Now I am placed, so far as the argument is concerned, in precisely the same situation, with respect to this man, as a traveller is with respect to a ruffian with a pistol. Life in both cases depends on killing the offender. Both are acts of self-defence. Am I at liberty to assassinate this man? The heart of the Christian surely answers, No. Here then is a case in which I may not take a violent man's life in order to save my own. We have said that the heart of the Christian answers, No; and this, we think, is a just species of appeal. But if any one doubts whether the assassination would be unlawful, let him consider whether one of the Christian apostles would have committed it in such a case. Here, at any rate, the heart of every man answers, No. And mark the reason;—because every man perceives that the act would have been palpably inconsistent with the apostolic character and conduct; or, which is the same thing, with a Christian character and conduct.

Or put a case in a somewhat different form. A furious Turk holds a scimitar over my head, and declares he will instantly dispatch me unless I abjure Christianity, and acknowledge the divine legation of "the prophet." Now there are two supposi-

ble ways in which I may save my life; one by contriving to stab the Turk, and one "by denying Christ before men." You say I am not at liberty to deny Christ, but I am at liberty to stab the man. Why am I not at liberty to deny him? Because Christianity forbids it. Then we require you to show that Christianity does not forbid you to take his life. Our religion pronounces both actions to be wrong. You say that under these circumstances the killing is right. Where is your proof? What is the ground of your distinction? But, whether it can be adduced or not, our immediate argument is established,—that there are some things which it is not lawful to do in order to preserve our lives. This conclusion has indeed been practically acted upon. A company of inquisitors and their agents are about to conduct a good man to the stake. If he could by any means destroy these men, he might save his life. It is a question, therefore, of self-defence. Supposing these means to be within his power,—supposing he could contrive a mine, and, by suddenly firing it, blow his persecutors into the air,—would it be lawful and Christian thus to act? No. The common judgments of mankind respecting the right temper and conduct of the martyr pronounce it to be wrong. It is pronounced to be wrong by the language and example of the first teachers of Christianity. The conclusion, therefore again is, that all extremities are not allowable in order to preserve life;—that there is a limit to the right of self-defence.

It would be to no purpose to say, that in some of the instances which have been proposed, religious duties interfere with and limit the rights of self-defence. This is a common fallacy; religious duties and moral duties are identical in point of obligation, for they are imposed by one authority. Religious duties are not obligatory for any other reason, than that which attaches to moral duties also; namely, the will of God. He who violates the moral law is as truly unfaithful in his allegiance to God, as he who denies Christ before men. So that we come at last to one single and simple question, whether taking the life of a person who threatens ours is or is not compatible with the moral law. We refer for an answer to the broad principles of Christian piety and Christian benevolence: that piety which reposes habitual confidence in the Divine Providence, and an habitual preference of futurity to the present time; and that benevolence which not only loves our neighbors as ourselves, but feels that the Samaritan or the enemy is a neighbor. There is no conjuncture in life in which the exercise of this benevolence may be suspended; none in which we are not required to maintain and to practise it. Whether want implores our compassion, or ingratitude returns ill for our kindness; whether a fellow-creature is drowning in a river, or assailing us on the highway; every where, and under all circumstances, the duty remains.

Is killing an assailant, then, within or without the limits of this benevolence? As to the man, it is evident that no good will is exercised towards him by shooting him through the head. Who indeed will dispute that, before we can destroy him, benevolence towards him must be excluded from our minds? We not only exercise no benevolence ourselves, but preclude him from receiving it from any human heart; and, which is a serious item in the account, we cut him off from all possibility of reformation. To call sinners to repentance was one of the great characteristics of the mission of Christ. Does it appear consistent with this characteristic, for one of his followers to take away from a sinner the power of repentance? Is it an act that accords, and is congruous, with Christian love?

But an argument has been attempted here. That we may "kill the assailant is evident in a state of nature, unless it can be shown that we are bound to prefer the aggressor's life to our own: that is to say, to love our enemy better than ourselves; which can never be a debt of justice, nor any where appears to be a duty of charity."* The answer is this: That although we may not be required to love our enemy better than ourselves, we are required to love him as ourselves; and therefore, in the supposed case, it would still be a question equally balanced, which life ought to be sacrificed; for it is quite clear, that if we kill the assailant, we love him less than ourselves, which does seem to militate against a duty of charity. But the truth is, that he who, from motives of obedience to the will of God, spares the aggressor's life even to the endangering his own, does exercise love both to the aggressor and himself, perfectly: to the aggressor, because by sparing his life we give him the opportunity of repentance and amendment; to himself, because every act of obedience to God is perfect benevolence towards ourselves; it is

consulting and promoting our most valuable interests; it is propitiating the favor of him who is emphatically "a rich rewarder." So that the question remains as before, not whether we should love our enemy better than ourselves, but whether Christian principles are acted upon in destroying him; and if they are not, whether we should prefer Christianity to ourselves—whether we should be willing to lose our life for Christ's sake and the gospel's.

Perhaps it will be said that we should exercise benevolence to the public as well as to the offender, and that we may exercise more benevolence to them by killing than by sparing him. But very few persons, when they kill a man who attacks them, kill him out of benevolence to the public. That is not the motive which influences their conduct, or which they at all take into the account. Besides, it is by no means certain that the public would lose any thing by the forbearance. To be sure, a man can do no more mischief after he is killed; but then it is to be remembered, that robbers are more desperate and more murderous from the apprehension of swords and pistols than they would be without it. Men are desperate in proportion to their apprehensions of danger. The plunderer, who feels a confidence that his own life will not be taken, may conduct his plunder with comparative gentleness; while he who knows that his life is in immediate jeopardy, stuns or murders his victim lest he should be killed himself. The great evil which a family sustains by a robbery is often not the loss, but the terror and the danger; and these are the evils which, by the exercise of forbearance, would be diminished. So that if some bad men are prevented from committing robberies from the fear of death, the public gains in other ways by the forbearance; nor is it by any means certain that the balance of advantages is in favor of the more violent course. The argument which we are opposing proceeds on the supposition that our own lives are endangered. Now it is a fact, that this very danger results, in part, from the want of habits of forbearance. We publicly profess that we would kill an assailant; and the assailant knowing this, prepares to kill us when otherwise he would forbear.

And, after all, if it were granted that a person is at liberty to take an assailant's life, in order to preserve his own, how is he to know, in the majority of instances, whether his own would be taken? When a man breaks into a person's house, and this person, as soon as he comes up with the robber, takes out a pistol and shoots him, we are not to be told that this man was killed "in defence of life." Or, go a step further, and a step further still, by which the intention of the robber to commit personal violence, or inflict death is more and more probable; you must at last shoot him in uncertainty, whether your life was endangered or not. Besides, you can withdraw,—you can fly. None but the pre-determined murderer wishes to commit murder. But, perhaps, you exclaim, "Fly! fly, and leave your property unprotected!" Yes,—unless you mean to say that preservation of property, as well as preservation of life, makes it lawful to kill an offender. This were to adopt a new and a very different proposition; but a proposition which I suspect cannot be separated in practice from the former. He who affirms that he may kill another in order to preserve his life, and that he may endanger his life in order to protect his property, does, in reality, affirm that he may kill another in order to preserve his property. But such a proposition in an unconditional form, no one surely will tolerate. The laws of the land do not admit it, nor do they even admit the right of taking another's life simply because he is attempting to take ours. They require that we should be tender even of the murderer's life, and that we should fly rather than destroy it.*

We say that the proposition, that we may take life in order to preserve our property is intolerable. To preserve how much?—five hundred pounds, or fifty, or ten, or a shilling, or a sixpence? It has actually been declared that the rights of self-defence "justify a man in taking all forcible methods which are necessary in order to procure the restitution of the freedom or the property of which he had been unjustly deprived."† All forcible methods to obtain restitution of property! No limits to the nature or effects of the force! No limit to the insignificance of the amount of the property! Apply then, the rule. A boy snatches a bunch of grapes from a fruiterer's stall. The fruiterer runs after the thief, but finds that he is too light of foot to be overtaken. Moreover, the boy eats as he runs. "All forcible methods," reasons the fruiterer, are justifiable to obtain restitution of property. I

* Grotius: Rights of War and Peace.

† Paley: Mor. and Pol. Phil., p. 3, b. 4, c. 1.

* Paley: Mor. and Pol. Phil., p. 3, b. 4, c. 1.

* Blackstone: Com., v. 4, c. 4. † Gisborne: Moral Philosophy.

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 "discouraged" 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

"an affair" was to come off on the evening in question, he got assistance from the magistrates of the place, and proceeded to the house in which they were met. His anticipations were all realized; there was the whole gang of them—nine or ten in number—busily employed in the very act of coining various descriptions of money. Every one of them was taken into custody, and all of them were convicted at the next assizes, and visited with due punishment.

With the view of illustrating how quick the police are in discovering an offender when a crime has been committed, I may mention an anecdote which has been verbally communicated to me. The anecdote will at the same time show the regular business-way in which they perform the duties of their office. Some years ago, a robbery of property to a considerable amount had taken place in the City. Circumstances caused suspicions to fall on a particular person well known for having been engaged in similar enterprises before. He was taken into custody, and brought before the magistrates on the following day. A young woman, servant in the house in which the robbery had been committed, and who had seen the thief go out of the door after committing the robbery, was called before the magistrate to speak to the question of identity. The prisoner being put to the bar, she, without a moment's hesitation, and in the most positive manner, swore to his being the person. The prisoner vehemently declared his innocence, and begged the magistrate to remand him for a single day, saying he would be able in that case to prove an alibi. His request was complied with, and he was remanded till the following day. In the interim, Forrester, the enterprising officer of the Mansion-House, was served with a notice to appear on behalf of the prisoner. On being placed next morning in the dock, he asked Forrester whether he did not see him at least four miles distant from the place where the crime was committed, at the very time it was perpetrated. "I cannot tell," remarked Forrester, in that cool and easy manner so characteristic of the higher class of police officers; "I cannot tell you in a moment; but I will let you know in a few seconds," putting his hand into his pocket-book, and pulling therefrom a small memorandum-book. He turned over a few leaves, and began reading, in an under tone, as follows:—"Met Tom Swagg, and spoke to him this evening, at half-past seven precisely at the west-end of Oxford-street. Monday, February 20, 1838." Then closing his memorandum-book, and raising his head, he turned to the prisoner, and remarked that he had seen him at the particular hour on the particular evening in question, at least four miles distant from the place the robbery was committed. "Then, my girl," said the magistrate, turning to the young woman who had deposed to the identity of the prisoner; "then, my girl, you must have been mistaken in your man."

"No, your worship; I'm sure that's the one I seed," said the girl, manifestly with the greatest confidence.

"Just look him closely in the face again," requested the magistrate.

The girl renewed her inspection of the prisoner, but at a distance of several yards, while the light in the office was not particularly good.

"Just step a little nearer; go up close to him," said the other magistrate, who was on the bench.

The witness advanced to the place where he stood, and looked up eagerly, and with an air of sharpness, in his face. "Oh, my G—!" she suddenly exclaimed, raising both her hands, and evincing very great excitement of manner; "that's not him: I've perjured myself! He was not pock-pitted; this man is; but I never saw two men so like each other in my life."

"I'll bring the right person here in an hour," observed Forrester, addressing himself to the bench; and he quitted the room with the rapidity of lightning. In less than an hour, he returned with another person, who was afterwards proved, on the clearest and most conclusive evidence, to be the real delinquent, and who eventually, indeed, confessed his guilt. It was the latter observation of the girl, namely that she never saw two men so like each other in her life as the prisoner and the thief, that furnished in this case the clue to the real culprit. The idea flashed across Forrester's mind that a particular person must be the criminal, as he bore a remarkable resemblance to the prisoner.

ANECDOTE OF THE GREAT PLAGUE.—Among the anecdotes connected with the plague, most persons have heard the story of the "Blind Piper," who, having been taken up in the streets when stupidly intoxicated, was thrown into a dead-cart, but coming to himself whilst in the cart, he "set up his pipes," which affrighting the buryers, they all ran away. De Foe relates the tale differently. He says the circumstance occurred within the bounds of "one John Hayward," who was under-sixteen (all the time of the plague) of the parish of St Stephen, Coleman Street, without ever catching the infection. "This John told me," says our author, "that the fellow was not blind, but an ignorant, weak, poor man, and usually walked his rounds about

ten o'clock at night, and went piping along from door to door, and the people usually took him in at public-houses, where they knew him, and would give him drink and victuals, and sometimes farthings; and he, in return, would pipe and sing, and talk simply, which diverted the people, and thus he lived. During the plague, the poor fellow went about as usual, but was almost starved; and when any body asked how he did, he would answer; 'The dead-cart had not taken him yet, but had promised to call for him next week.' It happened one night that this poor fellow (having been feasted more bountifully than common) fell fast asleep, and was laid along upon the top of a bulk or stall, in the street near London Wall, towards Cripplegate, and that, upon the same bulk or stall, the people of some house, hearing a bell which they always rang before the cart came, had laid a body, really dead of the plague, just by him, thinking, too, that this poor fellow had been a dead body as the other was, and laid there by some of the neighbours. Accordingly, when John Hayward, with his bell and the cart, came along, finding two dead bodies lie upon the stall, they took them up with the instruments they used, and threw them into the cart, and all this while the piper slept soundly. From hence they passed along, and took in other dead bodies, till, as honest John Hayward told me, they almost buried him alive in the cart, yet all this while he slept soundly. At length the cart came to the place where the bodies were to be thrown into the ground, which, as I do remember, was at Mount Mill, and as the cart usually stopped some time before they were ready to shoot out the melancholy load they had in it, as soon as the cart stopped, the fellow awoke, and struggled a little to get his head out from among the dead bodies, when raising himself up in the cart, he called out 'Hey! where am I?' This frightened the fellow that attended about the work; but, after some pause, John Hayward recovering himself, said, 'Lord bless us! there's somebody in the cart, not quite dead.' So another called to him, and said, 'Who are you?' The fellow answered, 'I am the poor piper. Where am I?' 'Where are you?' says Hayward; 'why you are in the dead-cart, and we are going to bury you.' 'But I a'nt dead tho', am I?' says the piper; which made them laugh a little, though, as John said, they were heartily frightened at first: so they helped the poor fellow down, and he went about his business."—*Allen's Antiquities of London.*

THE COMING OF WINTER.

I.
The wintry months are here again—
Around us are their snows and storms;
The tempest shrieks along the plain,
The forest heaves its giant forms.

II.
The drifting sleet flies from the hill,
Thick clouds deform the throat'ning sky;
While in the vale, the birds are still,
And chain'd by frosts, the waters lie.

III.
Ah! where is now the merry May,
The green banks, and the leafy bowers?
The cricket's chirp, the linnet's lay,
That gave such sweetness to the hours?

IV.
And where the sunny sky, that round
This world of glad and breathing things,
Came with its sweetness and its sound,
Its golden light and glancing wings?

V.
Ales! the eye falls now, no more
On flowery field, or hill, or plain;
Nor for the earth the woodlands pour
One glad note of the summer's strain!

VI.
The green leaves stript have left the woods
Towering—their tall arms bleak and bare;
And now they choke the sounding floods,
Or fill, in clouds, the rushing air!

VII.
Yet turn we here! The winter's fire,
Its crackling faggots blazing bright,
Hath joys that never, never tire,
And looks that fill us with delight.

VIII.
Home's joys! Ah yes, 'tis these are ours,
Home's looks and hearts! 'tis these can bring
A something sweeter than the flowers,
And purer than the airs of spring.

IX.
Then welcome be old Winter here!
Ay! welcome be the stormy hour;
Our kindly looks and social cheer
Shall cheat the monarch of his power!

X.
With mirth and joy the hours we'll crown—
Love to our festival we'll bring!
And calm the sturdy blusterer down,
And make him smiling as the spring!

FEMALE INFLUENCE.—Female influence is deeply felt on all our religious and social charities. On these subjects, female susceptibilities are most lively. Many men, involved in business leave these things to their wives. They are willing to give, but cannot spend the time nor attention to inquire out the proper objects of charity, or canvass their claims. They trust this in the hands of their wives. The poor, therefore, look up to female charity for the bread of life, to hearts that are formed to feel. The charities which lay a claim to our contributions are of two kinds, systematic and occasional. Systematic charities, for the relief of the extreme poor, are provided by law, and every man, under that arrangement, willingly pays his assessment to the collector. But, beside these, there are objects of want in every community, whose claims cannot be innocently resisted by those who have the Lord's gold and silver in stewardship. There are many industrious poor, who are too virtuous to steal, who respect themselves too much to resort to public charity, and who are too modest to beg. They are sometimes sick and in distress, when the hand of charity would prove to be an excellent oil in their wounds. But they must be sought out. And if those, who are formed by nature for sympathy, do not go after them, by whom will they be found? To find out and supply these occasional wants, is commonly the honoured care of female activity and sympathy. There are also systematic charities for the supply of spiritual wants. Neglected by legislators, Christians, under the command of God, have instituted systematic charities for those who are perishing for lack of vision. These charities, however, are, as they ought to be, entirely voluntary; and it is here the pious female is able to do much, by her activity and influence. On these subjects, men of business, unless religious, are apt to be careless. But the pious and contemplative wife often presents them to his attention, in a manner which may call forth his liberal contributions, if it does not control the current of his affections. She may do much for her partner in life, for her family, for society, for the world. If she does what she can, she shall have the favour and approbation of God, the highest reward of the best deeds. She shall receive the blessings of her posterity, and of many ready to perish.

NO EVIDENCE FOR ATHEISM.—There is no evidence that the indications above and around us, are the results of accident. There is no historical evidence of men ever coming out of mud and water. There is no evidence that when the earth was soft they began to crawl out of the earth like locusts, and as it began to harden, that they managed to get on their legs and run about. But if such were the sport of nature, we should expect to find fragments, such as bodies without heads and legs, legs without bodies, and heads, and arms. For why should chance happen always to finish a thing? Even a designer may make some things by mistake, and you have scattered through your shops various fragments of designs. But nature's workmanship is perfect. And how happens it that she always works as if by design.

All the indications of design in the arts of life are traceable to intelligent minds. No one for a moment believes that saw mills and steamboats were ever made by chance and had no designer. The man who should wait for his bed and chairs to happen, and should stir up the mud and water to produce them, would have to wait a great while. Such accidents do not happen now-a-days. —*Dr Beecher.*

EXTEMPORANEOUS SPEAKING.—But the power of extempore speaking is not less singular though more frequently displayed, at least in this country. A practised orator will declaim in measured and in various periods—will weave his discourse into one texture—form parenthesis within parenthesis—excite the passions, or move to laughter—take a turn in his discourse from an accidental interruption, making it the topic of his rhetoric for five minutes to come, and pursuing in like manner the new illustrations to which it gives rise—mould his diction with a view to attain or to shun an epigrammatic point, or an alliteration, or a discord; and all this with so much assured reliance on his own powers, and with such perfect ease to himself, that he shall even plan the next sentence whilst he is pronouncing off-hand the one he is engaged with, adapting each to the other, and shall look forward to the topic which is to follow and fit in the close of the one he is handling to be its introducer, nor shall any auditor be able to discover the least difference between all this and the portion of his speech which he has got by heart, or tell the transition from the one to the other.—*Lord Brougham's Discourse.*

ST. COLUMBA.—Such was the sanctity of Columba, the Apostle of the Highlands, who was born in the year 560, that King Adrian, not being able to detect any thing that appeared wrong or useless in his conduct, had the curiosity to ask him, whether he had so much as any inward motive or propensity to sin? To this question Columba answered as became a saint. That, like all men, he had certainly such motives and propensities; but that he would not take the whole world, with all its honours and pleasures, and consent to yield to one of them.

*In their memorandum-books the police note every meeting they have with, or sight they get of, the most noted thieves, provided the place be some distance from where they reside. This is found of great service in directing them to the proper quarters whenever any robbery is committed, and the guilty parties are not taken into custody.

THE DISCONSOLATE.

Evening dews are gently falling,
Evening glories gild the west,
Birds, with folded wings are calling
Home the wanderers to their rest,

Lengthening now across the meadows,
Where the flocks no longer stray,
Softly steal the evening shadows,
O'er the steps of parting day.

Silence reigns o'er moor and mountain,
Silence through the verdant vale;
Save where some melodious fountain
Tells its never-ending tale—

Tells of stars, that, nightly shining,
Lend their brightness to its breast—
Tells, and tells without repining,
How its waters know no rest.

Is there then no voice of sorrow?
Not one murmur in the blast?
No foreboding for the morrow?
No lamenting o'er the past?

Child of tears, it is thy wailing,
Thine alone that meets mine ear;
Whence thy grief, when all prevailing
Love and peace are mingling here?

Whence thy grief? It is thy blessing,—
Thine alone, with conscious eye,
To look around thee, still confessing,
God is here, in earth, and sky.

Child of tears! thou art not slighted,
In the record of his Love;
Though perchance a while benighted,
Seest thou not the star above?

Know'st thou not the gracious message,
Sent to all the sons of care?
Heed not then the darkest presage,—
God is present every where.

For the Pearl.

UNION.

OR THE DIVIDED CHURCH MADE ONE.

This popular work by the distinguished author of 'Mammon,' appears to have excited intense interest, and obtained a high degree of celebrity in Great Britain. We fear, however, that the feeling of partiality in its favour will prove evanescent, and that the churches of the Mother Country will remain as divided as ever, notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of Mr. Harris. Be this as it may, this excellent writer has done his duty—faithfully has he warned the professed followers of Christ of the evils of division and uncharitableness, and affectionately has he exhorted them to put on bowels of mercies and to be tender hearted towards each other. As it comports with the avowed objects of *The Pearl* to promote union and good will amongst all the friends of the Redeemer, we shall embrace the present opportunity of laying before our readers a few eloquent extracts, from the noble work, the title of which heads the present article.

SOURCES OF DISUNION IN CHURCHES.

Our author in his fifth chapter notices the primary or auxiliary means by which the divisions of the Church have been perpetrated since the Reformation. Mr. Harris considers them to have been the predominance of secular influence over spiritual affairs; unscriptural tests and terms of communion; an exaggerated detestation of some heresy or corruption already acknowledged; an obstinate attachment to things as they are; the prevalence of ecclesiastical assumption; the prejudices of illiberal education; reproachful names and epithets; the exceptionable mode of conducting controversies; and the conduct of the religious public in confining their reading and intercourse almost exclusively to their own party. More particularly, our author enumerates three sources of disunion in churches; namely, a spirit of self-importance among their members,—a spirit of imposition on the part of their officers,—and their departure from scripture purity, or primitive simplicity. Let every denomination lay to heart what ensues:—

Among the many important reflections suggested by this chapter, the following seem almost forced on our attention:—1. That the additions which man has made, from time to time, to the ordinances of God, have been the most fruitful sources of agitation and quarrel. 2. That even these have not led to actual separation, until they have been authoritatively enforced, and made indispensable. 3. That neither the one, nor the other, could have taken place, if the authority of the Bible had been regarded and revered as paramount. 4. That the supreme authority of the Bible waned in the church just in proportion as unsanctified wealth, and rank, and influence, were allowed to gain the ascendant; till the church had become a worldly corporation, and the Bible was silenced and virtually expelled. 5. That the admission of irreligious men to place or power in a Christian church, is the admission of so many agents of schism; and hence it is, partly, that in the consummation of that kingdom, which is never to be rent or removed, all such are excluded. 6. And that the Chris-

tian love, which the Gospel breathes and enjoins, and which is to be found in the faithful alone, is the only balm to heal the wounds with which the church is bleeding at the hands of schism.'

TESTS OF A SCHISMATICAL SPIRIT.

The sixth chapter of 'Union' is beyond all praise; as describing the tests of a schismatical spirit. Happy, thrice happy will be the lot of those, who after reading this section, are ready to judge themselves rather than others; who feel disposed, far less to behold the mote that is in the eye of a brother, than to consider with contrition, and cast out with repentance, the beam that may exist in their own. Mr. Harris justly remarks, that, were Christians in general to become adequately affected with the enormity of the evils of schism, they would not merely suffer but invite the word of exhortation, and lay themselves open to its searching influence. He hypothetically delineates the Great Shepherd about to make on his throne of judgment, an investigation into the spiritual state of the various communions of Christendom:—

'Then as each church in succession came up for inspection; as its history was slowly, patiently, and impartially brought to light; as its state, at present, passed under the eye of flaming fire; and as the heart of each of its members was laid open and bare,—what strange and unexpected disclosures would take place! How many of our present subjects of congratulation and joy would prove to be reasons for humiliation and grief! how many, who have hitherto enjoyed the title of champions of the truth, would depart, branded as agents of strife, and ringleaders of faction! In many instances, the accuser would be seen taking the place of the accused; and the supposed and compassionate victim of schism be denounced as its author. Terms of communion not prescribed by the word of God, tests of discipleship devised by man,—symbols of party, and badges of distinction,—many of those things which the churches generally make their boast and their glory,—would be denounced as the creatures of faction, and the causes of strife, where otherwise charity would have reigned in peace.' p. 156.

THE REAL AUTHOR OF SCHISM.

With regard to the guilt and evils of schism, our essayist, in his seventh chapter, surveys the account given of them in the New Testament, together with the fearful effects which disunion produces, at the present time, upon individuals and churches, as well as upon the world at large. Having stated that schism is "an exclusive, factious, and uncharitable state of mind, wherever found," he begins by taking a rapid glance at the closing scenes of the Jewish economy, when the zealous spirit of party turned neighbouring temples into rival fortresses; so that Mounts Moriah and Gerizim stood perpetually frowning at each other. He notices, moreover, the remarkable fact, that in six of the epistles it is affirmed, that 'love is the fulfilling of the law;' so that a spirit of contention is in effect that evil principle which does its utmost to nullify, or at least neutralize the Gospel. Afterwards, we are directed to the real author of schism, as being Satan himself, the prime 'disturber of the universe.'

'Entering the sacred inclosure,—the paradise of the new creation,—he early sowed the seeds of dissension, and effected another fall of man. Aware that the conversion of the world is suspended on the unity of the church, he leaves no means untried, and no agency unemployed, which is likely, by embroiling the church, to frustrate its design, and to prolong his possession of the world. While, by the same means, the church has often been rendered an easy conquest to the world: and short of this, has furnished it with sport, and even awakened emotions mingled with pity and contempt.' p. 176.

EXCUSES FOR DISUNION EXAMINED.

While our author declares that 'obedience to the will of Christ may render separation from a church an imperative obligation,' he examines at great length, the various pleas and disguises of schism. He opens up, with much quiet irony, the grand mistake of those who sometimes, without being quite aware of it, maintain in effect that schism may, after all, not be so very bad a thing; since it leads to a division of labour, and perhaps wholesome rivalry. Another excuse for disunion is the assertion often made, that unanimity of sentiment is essential to union, since without it the apparent concord would be real hypocrisy. 'The union itself, we are told, in order to be permanent, must be founded on the supreme and sole authority of the inspired word, as well as the inalienable right of private judgment. With respect to such as would enquire whether any degree of truth is to be sacrificed in upholding union, Mr. Harris replies:—

'We have to remind the objector, that there is a wide difference between denouncing schism and asking for the sacrifice of truth. If we could present him with no alternative between schism and uniformity,—if we were to propose perfect unanimity of opinion instead of unanimity of affection, he would then have ground for repeating and urging his objection. But let him observe first, a truth which we have often repeated already—that we do not ask him to sacrifice his opinions, but only his unchristian bigotry. We do not ask the Independent to become an Episcopalian, nor the Episcopalian to become an Independent. We do not ask the Calvinist to change sides with the Arminian,

nor the Baptist with the Pædo-baptist: but only to exchange the visible expressions of that love, which they ought mutually to cherish, as heirs together of the grace of life. We have to remind him, secondly, that by maintaining his present position, he most likely is sacrificing the truth, in more senses than one; while by maintaining the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, he would be vindicating and magnifying the truth. At present, he is saying in effect, 'The grand doctrines of salvation are nothing as a basis of Christian union, unless their reception be accompanied by certain shades of opinion which I myself have adopted; the fact that God hath received him into his favour, is no argument why I should receive him into communion, although inspired authority has affirmed that it is, unless he will consent to adopt every tittle of my creed:—and thus the truth, as it is in Jesus, is reduced to a level with the truth as it is in a party. Whereas, by making those doctrines the ground of Christian union, he would be exalting them before the eyes of the world, and proclaiming, that so great and glorious are they in his estimation, that every thing else appears comparatively little. At present he is sacrificing truth, also, by indulging his attachment to particular shades of opinion, at the expense of all that large portion of the Bible, which inculcates love to the brethren. He is putting contempt on the truth, by putting contempt on the brotherhood. He is disparaging so large and vital a portion of the Bible, that if he persists in sacrificing it, even though he retain every other part, he is endangering his salvation. 'I,' said Baxter,—and the sentiment was worthy the inspired pen of the seraphic John,—'I can as willingly be a martyr for love as for any article of my creed.' But in his infatuated zeal for a punctilio or a party, the objector appears utterly to forget that there is such an article as love in his creed, or such a doctrine as love in the Bible. He defends some little angle or ornament in the temple of truth, at the expense of one of the pillars. He contends for the letter, or rather, perhaps, for a letter of the truth, in a way which tramples on the spirit which pervades the whole. Whereas, thirdly, we have to remind him that by cultivating catholic fellowship, he would be not merely not sacrificing the truth, not merely maintaining it, but most likely promoting his own peculiar view of it. He might still inculcate those views from the pulpit and the press, and recommend them by the amiable influence of his example; for controversy itself may be so conducted as to win esteem, instead of alienating it. Love is a key, which would afford him the readiest and the surest access to the hearts and consciences of others. If his peculiar views are scriptural, as they came down at first from the calm region of heaven, so their self-recommending excellence is more likely to be seen and appreciated in the serene atmosphere of peace than in any other. And as the whole system of revealed truth originated in the love which compassionated our fatal ignorance, is he not likely to be more successful in propagating it, the more he inculcates it in the spirit in which it was first conceived?' pp. 208—210.

EVILS OF DIVISION.

Our author's last chapter, the eleventh, enumerates many motives and arguments for laying the subject, as he has now done, before the religious public. His appeal is made to the faithful of Christ Jesus of every community. He reminds us, that while science can boast of her catholicity, the followers of the Prince of Peace ought no longer, were it only for very shame, to disturb the political quiet of the country by their broils. He dwells upon the evident fitness of unity, and its consequent agreeableness to the blessed Trinity in Unity; reminding his readers that the Church owes her existence to their infinite love. The last extract we can find room for is the following:—

'And are our divisions thus casting their shadows forwards into eternity? Are they not only impairing our usefulness and happiness now, but even threatening to dim the lustre of the crown which shall be assigned to us then? And for what? Who is to be the gainer? What is the compensation? When is it to accrue? Assemble the church and inquire. Surely, if an advantage is ever to result, it must by this time have appeared. Fifteen hundred years have been allowed to try the merits of division. Summon the various parties and learn what these merits are. Alas! some of them are embroiled too deeply to obey the call. And of those that do, some refuse to approach, lest they should be contaminated by the touch of another denomination; while the rest, estranged from each other, exhibit signs of mutual jealousy and distrust. And is this the religion of love, in praise of whose fraternal and sympathetic spirit, inspiration prepared its loftiest strains? How has its gracious spirit evaporated! and whither has it fled? Is this the church which was to advance like a bannered host, carrying with her the sympathies of the groaning creation, gathering up trophies at every step, and returning at length from the circuit and conquest of the world, laden with many crowns for Him, who had caused her to triumph in every place? Is this the body which was to be made one, by the inhabiting and all pervading Spirit; and of whose unity the most intimate and compacted objects in creation were considered the most appropriate emblems? Alas! that body is so dislocated, dismembered, and mangled, that it has become another vision of dry bones; and another resurrection, which shall bring bone

to his bone, is alone adequate to its condition! And was it for this that Divinity and Humanity met in the person of the Son of God? Was it for this he bowed his head upon the cross, and died to show that God was Love? Was it for this that he instituted a church, prayed for its unity, endowed it with his Spirit, and gave to it the field of the world for the scene of its triumphs? Our hearts feel that it was not. All the unreclaimed, neglected, perishing portions of the world, protest that it was not. Shame, equal shame, on the Jews who crucified the Son of God, and on Christians, who, in the person of his members, have for ages been crucifying him afresh, and are still putting him to an open shame. Blessed Saviour, we need that thou shouldst add to the prayer for the unity of thy disciples, the prayer for thy murderers—'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.' p. 298.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.—No. 7.

A CHAPTER WHEREIN NICHOLAS AT LENGTH ENCOUNTERS HIS UNCLE, TO WHOM HE EXPRESSES HIS SENTIMENTS WITH MUCH CANDOUR. HIS RESOLUTION.

It so chanced that Ralph Nickleby, at length seeing fit, for his own purposes, to communicate the atrocities of which Nicholas had been guilty, had (instead of first proceeding to another quarter of the town on business, as Newman-Noggs supposed he would) gone straight to his sister-in-law. Hence when Miss La Creevy, admitted by a girl who has cleaning the house, made her way to the sitting-room, she found Mrs. Nickleby and Kate in tears, and Ralph just concluding his statement of his nephew's misdemeanours. Kate beckoned her not to retire, and Miss La Creevy took a seat in silence.

"This is pretty," said Ralph, folding up Miss Squeer's note; "very pretty. I recommended him—against all my previous conviction, for I knew he would never do any good—to a man with whom, behaving himself properly, he might have remained in comfort for years. What is the result? Conduct, for which he might hold up his hand at the Old Bailey."

"I never will believe it," said Kate, indignantly; "never. It is some base conspiracy, which carries its own falsehood with it."

"My dear," said Ralph, "you wrong the worthy man. These are not inventions. The man is assaulted, your brother is not to be found; this boy, of whom they speak goes with him—remember, remember."

"It is impossible," said Kate. "Nicholas!—and a thief, too! Mama, how can you sit and hear such statements?"

Poor Mrs. Nickleby, who had at no time been remarkable for the possession of a very clear understanding, and who had been reduced by the late changes in her affairs to a most complicated state of perplexity, made no other reply to this earnest remonstrance than exclaiming from behind a mass of pocket handkerchief, that she never could have believed it—thereby most ingeniously leaving her hearers to suppose that she did believe it.

"It would be my duty, if he came in my way, to deliver him up to justice," said Ralph, "my bounden duty; I should have no other course, as a man of the world and a man of business, to pursue. And yet," said Ralph, speaking in a very marked manner, and looking furtively, but fixedly, at Kate, "and yet I would not, I would spare the feelings of his—of his sister. And his mother of course," added Ralph, as though by an afterthought, and with far less emphasis.

Kate very well understood that this was held out as an additional inducement to her, to preserve the strictest silence regarding the events of the preceding night. She looked involuntarily towards Ralph as he ceased to speak, but he had turned his eyes another way, and seemed for the moment quite unconscious of her presence.

"Everything," said Ralph, after a long silence, broken only by Mrs. Nickleby's sobs, "everything combines to prove the truth of this letter, if indeed there were any possibility of disputing it. Do innocent men steal away from the sight of honest folks, and skulk in hiding-places like outlaws? Do innocent men inveigle nameless vagabonds, and prowl with them about the country as idle robbers do? Assault, riot, theft, what do you call these?"

"A lie!" cried a furious voice, as the door was dashed open, and Nicholas burst into the centre of the room.

In the first moment of surprise, and possibly of alarm, Ralph rose from his seat, and fell back a few paces, quite taken off his guard by this unexpected apparition. In another moment, he stood fixed and immovable with folded arms, regarding his nephew with a scowl of deadly hatred, while Kate and Miss La Creevy threw themselves between the two to prevent the personal violence which the fierce excitement of Nicholas appeared to threaten.

"Dear Nicholas," cried his sister, clinging to him. "Be calm, consider—"

"Consider, Kate!" cried Nicholas, clasping her hand so tight in the tumult of his anger, that she could scarcely bear the pain. "When I consider all, and think at what has passed, I need be made of iron to stand before him."

"Or bronze," said Ralph, quietly; "there is not hardihood enough in flesh and blood to face it out."

"Oh dear, dear!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, "that things should have come such to a pass as this!"

"Who speaks in a tone, as if I had done wrong, and brought disgrace on them?" said Nicholas, looking round.

"Your mother, Sir," replied Ralph, motioning towards her.

"Whose ears have been poisoned by you," said Nicholas; "by you—you, who under pretence of deserving the thanks she poured upon you, heaped every insult, wrong, and indignity, upon my head. You, who sent me to a den where sordid cruelty, worthy of yourself, runs wanton, and youthful misery stalks precocious; where the lightness of childhood shrinks into the heaviness of age, and its every promise blights, and withers as it grows. I call Heaven to witness," said Nicholas, looking eagerly round, "that I have seen all this, and that that man knows it."

"Refute these calumnies," said Kate, "and be more patient, so that you may give them no advantage. Tell us what you really did, and show that they are untrue."

"Of what do they—or of what does he accuse me?" said Nicholas.

"First, of attacking your master, and being within an ace of qualifying yourself to be tried for murder," interposed Ralph. "I speak plainly, young man, bluster as you will."

"I interfered," said Nicholas, "to save a miserable wretched creature from the vilest and most degrading cruelty. In so doing I inflicted such punishment upon a wretch as he will not readily forget, though far less than he deserved from me. If the same scene were renewed before me now, I would take the same part; but I would strike harder and heavier, and brand him with such marks as he should carry to his grave, go to it when he would."

"You hear?" said Ralph, turning to Mrs. Nickleby. "Penitence, this!"

"Oh dear me!" cried Mrs. Nickleby, "I don't know what to think, I really don't."

"Do not speak just now, mama, I entreat you," said Kate. "Dear Nicholas, I only tell you, that you may know what wickedness can prompt, but they accuse you of—a ring is missing, and they dare to say that—"

"The woman," said Nicholas, haughtily, "the wife of the fellow from whom these charges come, dropped—as I suppose—a worthless ring among some clothes of mine, early in the morning on which I left the house. At least, I know that she was in the bed-room where they lay, struggling with an unhappy child, and that I found it when I opened my bundle on the road. I returned it at once by coach, and they have it now."

"I knew, I knew," said Kate, looking towards her uncle. "About this boy, love, in whose company they say you left?"

"That boy, a silly, helpless creature, from brutality and hard usage, is with me now," rejoined Nicholas.

"You hear?" said Ralph, appealing to the mother again, "everything proved, even upon his own confession. Do you choose to restore that boy, Sir?"

"No, I do not," replied Nicholas.

"You do not?" sneered Ralph.

"No," repeated Nicholas, "not to the man with whom I found him. I would that I knew on whom he has the claim of birth: I might wring something from his sense of shame, if he were dead to every tie of nature."

"Indeed!" said Ralph. "Now, Sir, will you hear a word or two from me?"

"You can speak when and what you please," replied Nicholas, embracing his sister. "I take little heed of what you say or threaten."

"Mighty well, Sir," retorted Ralph; "but perhaps it may concern others, who may think it worth their while to listen, and consider what I tell them. I will address your mother, Sir, who knows the world."

"Ah! and I only too dearly wish I didn't," sobbed Mrs. Nickleby.

There really was no necessity for the good lady to be much distressed upon this particular head, the extent of her worldly knowledge being, to say at least, very questionable; and so Ralph seemed to think, for he smiled as she spoke. He then glanced steadily at her and Nicholas by turns, as he delivered himself in these words:—

"Of what I have done, or what I meant to do, for you, ma'am, and my niece, I say not one syllable. I held out no promise, and leave you to judge for yourself. I hold out no threat now, but I say that this boy, headstrong, wilful, and disorderly as he is, should not have one penny of my money, or one crust of my bread, or one grasp of my hand, to save him from the loftiest gallows in all Europe. I will not meet him, come where he comes, or hear his name. I will not help him, or those who help him. With a full knowledge of what he brought upon you by so doing, he has come back in his selfish sloth, to be an aggravation of your wants and a burden upon his sister's scanty wages. I regret to leave you, and more to leave her, now, but I will not encourage this compound of meanness and cruelty, and, as I will not ask you to renounce him, I see you no more."

If Ralph had not known and felt his power in wounding those he hated, his glances at Nicholas would have shown it him in all

its force, as he proceeded in the above address. Innocent as the young man was of all wrong, every artful insinuation stung, every well-considered sarcasm cut him to the quick, and when Ralph noted his pale face and quivering lip, he hugged himself to mark how well he had chosen the taunts best-calculated to strike deep into a young and ardent spirit.

"I can't help it," cried Mrs. Nickleby, "I know you have been very good to us, and meant to do a good deal for my dear daughter. I am quite sure of that; I know you did, and it was very kind of you, having her at your house and all—and of course it would have been a great thing for her, and for me too. But I can't, you know, brother-in-law, I can't renounce my own son, even if he has done all you say he has—it's not possible, I couldn't do it; so we must go to rack and ruin, Kate, my dear. I can bear it, I dare say." Pouring forth these, and a perfectly wonderful train of other disjointed expressions of regret, which no mortal power but Mrs. Nickleby's could ever have strung together, that lady wrung her hands, and her tears fell faster.

"Why do you say 'if Nicholas has done what they say he has, mama?' asked Kate, with honest anger. "You know he has not."

"I don't know what to think, one way or the other, my dear," said Mrs. Nickleby; "Nicholas is so violent, and your uncle has so much honest composure, that I can only hear what he says, and not what Nicholas does. Never mind, don't let us talk any more about it. We can go to the Workhouse, or the Refuge for the Destitute, or the Magdalen Hospital, I dare say; and the sooner we go the better." With this extraordinary jumble of charitable institutions, Mrs. Nickleby again gave way to her tears.

"Stay," said Nicholas, as Ralph turned to go. "You need not leave this place, Sir, for it will be relieved of my presence in one minute, and it will be long, very long, before I darken these doors again."

"Nicholas," cried Kate, throwing herself on her brother's shoulder, and clasping him in her arms, "do not say so. My dear brother, you will break my heart. Mama, speak to him. Do not mind her, Nicholas; she does not mean it, you should know her better. Uncle, somebody, for God's sake speak to him."

"I never meant, Kate," said Nicholas, tenderly, "I never meant to stay among you; think better of me than to suppose it possible. I may turn my back on this town a few hours sooner than I intended, but what of that? We shall not forget each other apart, and better days will come when we shall part no more. Be a woman, Kate," he whispered, proudly, "and do not make me one while he looks on."

"No, no, I will not," said Kate, eagerly, "but you will not leave us. Oh! think of all the happy days we have had together before these terrible misfortunes came upon us; of all the comfort and happiness of home, and the trials we have to bear now; of our having no protector under all the slights and wrongs that poverty so much favours, and you cannot leave us to bear them alone, without one hand to help us."

"You will be helped when I am awny," replied Nicholas, hurriedly. "I am no help to you, no protector; I should bring you nothing but sorrow, and want, and suffering. My own mother sees it, and the fondness and fears for you point to the course that I should take. And so all good angels bless you, Kate, till I can carry you to some home of mine, where we may revive the happiness denied to us now, and talk of these trials as of things gone by. Do not keep me here, but let me go at once. There. Dear girl—dear girl."

The grasp which had detained him, relaxed, and Kate fainted in his arms. Nicholas stooped over her for a few seconds, and placing her gently in a chair, confided her to their honest friend.

"I need not entreat your sympathy," he said, wringing her hand, "for I know your nature: You will never forget them."

He stepped up to Ralph, who remained in the same attitude which he had preserved throughout the interview, and moved not a finger.

"Whatever step you take, Sir," he said, in a voice inaudible beyond themselves, "I will keep a strict account of. I leave them to you, at your desire. There will be a day of reckoning sooner or later, and it will be a heavy one for you if they are wronged."

Ralph did not allow a muscle of his face to indicate that he heard one word of this parting address. He hardly knew that it was concluded, and Mrs. Nickleby had scarcely made up her mind to detain her son by force if necessary, when Nicholas was gone.

As he hurried through the streets to his obscure lodging, seeking to keep pace, as it were, with the rapidity of the thoughts which crowded upon him, many doubts and hesitations arose in his mind and almost tempted him to return. But what would they gain by this? Supposing he were to put Ralph Nickleby at defiance, and were even fortunate enough to obtain some small employment, his being with them could only render their present condition worse, and might greatly impair their future prospects, for his mother had spoken of some new kindness towards Kate which she had not denied. "No," thought Nicholas, "I have acted for the best."

But before he had gone five hundred yards, some other and different feeling would come upon him, and then he would lag again,

and pulling his hat over his eyes, give way to the melancholy reflections which pressed quickly upon him. To have committed no fault, and yet to be so entirely alone in the world; to be separated from the only persons he loved, and to be proscribed like a criminal, when six months ago he had been surrounded by every comfort, and looked up to as the chief hope of his family—this was hard to bear. He had not deserved it neither. Well, there was comfort in that; and poor Nicholas would brighten up again, to be again depressed, as his quickly-shifting thoughts presented every variety of light and shade before him.

Undergoing those alternations of hope and misgiving, which no one, placed in a situation of even ordinary trial, can fail to have experienced, Nicholas at length reached his poor room, where, no longer borne up by the excitement which had hitherto sustained him, but depressed by the revulsion of feeling it left behind, he threw himself on the bed, and turning his face to the wall, gave free vent to the emotions he had so long stifled.

He had not heard anybody enter, and was unconscious of the presence of Smike, until, happening to raise his head, he saw him standing at the upper end of the room, looking wistfully towards him. He withdrew his eyes when he saw that he was observed, and affected to be busied with some scanty preparations for dinner.

"Well, Smike," said Nicholas, as cheerfully as he could speak; "let me hear what new acquaintances you have made this morning, or what new wonder you have found out in the compass of this street and the next one."

"No," said Smike, shaking his head mournfully; "I must talk of something else to-day."

"Of what you like," replied Nicholas, good-humouredly.

"Of this," said Smike. "I know you are unhappy, and have got into great trouble by bringing me away. I ought to have known that, and stopped behind—I would, indeed, if I had thought it then. You—you—are not rich: you have not enough for yourself, and I should not be here. You grow," said the lad, laying his hand timidly on that of Nicholas, "you grow thinner every day; your cheek is paler, and your eye more sunk. Indeed I cannot bear to see you so, and think how I am hardening you. I tried to go away to-day, but the thought of your kind face drew me back. I could not leave you without a word." The poor fellow could get no further, for his eyes filled with tears, and his voice was gone.

"The word which separates us," said Nicholas, grasping him heartily by the shoulder, "shall never be said by me, for you are my only comfort and stay. I would not lose you now, for all the world could give. The thought of you has upheld me through all I have endured to-day, and shall, through fifty times such trouble. Give me your hand. My heart is linked to yours. We will journey from this place, before the week is out. What, if I am steeped in poverty? You lighten it, and we will be poor together."

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 2, 1838.

PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

"This only is desired of them who are minded to judge hardly of this maintaining, that they would be still, and hear all out, nor think it equal to answer deliberate reason with sudden heat and noise; remembering this, that many truths now of reverend esteem and credit, had their birth and beginning once from singular and private thoughts, while the most of men were otherwise possessed; and had the fate at first, to be generally exploded and exclaimed on by many violent opposers."—MILTON.

In looking over our file of late English papers, we met with an incontrovertible proof of the impolicy of those sad exhibitions. For the perpetration of murder under circumstances of the foulest atrocity, William Mernin was executed on the 4th of August, in front of the county goal, Waterford. Concerning his execution the following facts are related. "Notwithstanding the dreadful scene that was enacted, and its unfrequency in this city, we have to observe with regret, and in addition to the 10,000 proofs against these sanguinary offerings, that it appeared to make little or no impression, or at most a very transient one, on the immense crowd that bore witness to it. The unfortunate being was yet hanging a painful spectacle, when reeling drunkards were to be seen within a few yards of the scaffold, gloating their frantic senses on the exhibition before them. Ragamuffins of the lowest description shouting at the pitch of their voice, 'the last words and dying declaration of William Mernin, who was hanged, etc.' went through the streets before the strangled body was cut down, and reaped a plentiful harvest from the uncouth sentences put into the mouth of the victim by some speculative artist. The ballad singers also were in good request, and made the air ring with their elegiac addresses, following the crowd who had surfeited their eyes on the gibbet. Beneath the drop young boys were playing, without suffering the idea that a human being was suspended above them to interfere with their pastime. In truth, if an argument were required to show that these bloody sacrifices do any thing more than harden and brutalise the heart, instead of making it more pervious to moral feeling, this is triumphant."

The late execution of Maurice Doyle, for an atrocious murder, we are informed, was attended by a vast concourse of people. Amherst was deluged with persons assembled to witness a fellow-mortal hurried into eternity by the hands of his fellow-mortals. With the poet Campbell, we cannot refrain from the exclamation, "Oh God! that man, who cannot put life into a fly, can have any excuse for taking it from a fellow-creature!" And yet nothing is more common than to hear it asserted that this is according to the laws of God. We would fain hope that those who are so ready to give utterance to such a declaration, have not duly considered the matter; at least we have never yet found the man who avowed it, who could conscientiously aver that he had made the question a distinct subject of examination, or had given it the patient, diligent investigation which its great importance demands. And we put it to our readers and ask in all seriousness, which of them, or what ten persons amongst them are so satisfied, and from examination, that death-punishments are lawful and right under the Christian dispensation, that they would be willing as individuals to incur the responsibility of inflicting them. Here is a case in point. Upon the introduction of Christianity in the South Seas it became desirable to abolish all their pagan laws and customs, and to adopt a new code of laws consonant with the Christian religion. The missionaries were consulted on the occasion. "What punishment was to be awarded to the crime of murder?" The London missionaries, it may be presumed, had left the land of their fathers prejudiced in favour of death-punishments. But now if such punishments are imposed it must be by their advice, and hence it became a matter of deep responsibility. As wise, considerate men they held a long consultation on the subject. The result of their deliberate inquiry is given in Ellis's *Polynesian Researches*. We quote the passage in full:—"In the first law prohibiting murder and every species of infanticide, the penalty annexed to its commission, instead of being death, is banishment for life to Palmerston's, or some other uninhabited island. This was in consequence of our particular recommendation. We were convinced, that if, under any circumstances, man is justified in the infliction of death, it is for murder alone; but an examination of those parts of the Bible which are generally supposed to authorize this punishment, DID NOT FIX ON US THE IMPRESSION THAT THE ALMIGHTY HAD DELEGATED TO MAN THE RIGHT OF DELIBERATELY DESTROYING A HUMAN BEING, EVEN FOR THIS CRIME. In our views of those parts of the sacred writings, we may perhaps have been mistaken; but in reference to the great principles on which public justice is administered, the plan recommended appeared in every respect preferable. Death is not inflicted, even on the murderer, from motives of retaliation or revenge; and if it be considered that his life is forfeited, and is taken to expiate his crime, the satisfaction which the injured party derives from such expiation must be of a very equivocal kind. At the same time, the very execution of the sentence imparts to the executioner somewhat of the character of an avenger, or excites the apprehension that it is done under the influence of irritated and vindictive feelings.

"The great design of capital, and even other punishments, is the security of society, and the prevention of crime. The death of the criminal preserves society from any future injury by his means; and the fatal punishment inflicted, it is presumed, will deter others from the commission of similar offences. The security of the community from all future violation or outrage, is certainly obtained by the death of the criminal; but experience and observation abundantly demonstrate the inadequacy of public executions to restrain from the most appalling deeds. Every repetition of the awful spectacle appears to diminish its horrid character, until those habituated to felony become familiar with its heaviest punishment. The principal end of public executions is thus defeated, and the general tone of public feeling lowered, and that which was designed to be the most effectual moral barrier, is at length converted into an occasion, or sought for as an opportunity for the commission of crime. By recommending the omission of capital punishments, we avoided this evil. The existence of a number of islands uninhabited, but capable of cultivation, and from the cocoa-nut trees growing on their borders, and the fish to be found near their shores, capable of furnishing the means of subsistence, and yet too remote to allow of the convicts returning, or proceeding to any other island in any vessel they could construct, appeared to afford the means of answering every end of public justice. The community would be as safe from future injury, as if the offender had been executed; and we had a firm conviction, that a life of perpetual solitude, and necessary labour, would be regarded by many as more intolerable and appalling than speedy death."

We have introduced this citation for two reasons:—first, to shew that the Bible is not so clear in favour of death-punishments as the popular opinion would lead us to conclude; and second, to prove that few individuals can be so certain of the lawfulness of such punishments as to be willing to become responsible for their infliction. Assuming, however, the propriety of killing for murder, yet we think that private executions would be more beneficial to society than public ones. We have observed with plea-

sure that people are becoming more and more convinced, that public executions are of pernicious tendency. In this we sincerely rejoice, because we have long been of the opinion, that such scenes tend to harden the hearts of men, and that, instead of being means of reformation or prevention, they are, in fact, means of multiplying crimes. If the malefactor at the gallows, displays a remarkable share of hardihood and bravery, glorying in his feats of mischief and despising the terrors of death, others of similar dispositions are emboldened to pursue their career of crime, hoping that in case of detection, they also shall die heroes. On the other hand, if the criminal appears truly penitent and humble, he naturally interests the feelings of spectators in his favor, and against the laws which will not suffer even the penitent offender to live. In either case, public executions tend, as we believe, to defeat the object proposed by human punishments, the prevention of crime. Let the hanging of a criminal be performed in private, and the parade of public executions be wholly set aside. Let the Chief Magistrate of the state, the Chief Justice of the court, the High Sheriff of the county, and one distinguished minister of the gospel, be the only persons to attend an execution. This would render the scene truly solemn and affecting; it would give the criminal and all present, an opportunity for serious reflections, and would probably lead to favorable results. Should a plan of this description be established by law, we strongly suspect that not many executions would occur, before a more excellent way than killing would earnestly be sought for the disposal of criminals and the prevention of crimes. To take human life, under such circumstances, would not be found a light thing; and such officers as have been named, if good men, would not, we believe, be easily persuaded to perform the task a second time. Yet how much to be preferred is such a private, solemn scene, to a public execution, accompanied as it usually is, with frolic, dissipation, revelling and crime. We may probably, at some future time, revert to the inefficiency of capital punishments.

THE INDIANS.—The call of the NOVA SCOTIA PHILANTHROPIC SOCIETY for information as to the numbers, tribes, situation, and present condition of the *Aborigines* of this Province, with a view to some effective system of relief, has awakened within us emotions not of the most pleasurable kind. We are glad to find Nova Scotians alive to a sense of their imperious duty, but we are also sorry, deeply sorry that the wretched condition of the *Aborigines* of this country, demands such interposition. From time immemorial were the Indians always debased, miserable, forlorn? If we mistake not, History replies in the negative. Once they had an abundance wherewith to supply their wants, and by those who are well acquainted with the true character of the Indians, it is admitted, that they were peaceable, sociable, obliging, charitable, and hospitable, among themselves. In their ordinary intercourse they were studious to oblige each other. They did not wrangle or fight, but lived as peaceably together as any people on earth. To the eye of the moral artist, how dark is the picture which they now present! Of all miserable objects they appear to be the most miserable. With but few redeeming traits, they are sunk to the lowest state of degradation, and the whole tribe is disappearing fast as the leaves of Autumn. And does the *philanthropist* enquire the cause? Alas! truth assigns it to their contact with civilized persons, to their contact with Christians. It is a startling fact, but one we believe which cannot be successfully denied, that their connexion with *professed Christians* has brought the Indians to their present deplorable state. Apart from experience there would seem no ground for supposing that the establishment of a civilized community in the immediate neighbourhood of a savage race, would be injurious to the latter. We might rather be led to suppose that the reverse would be the case,—that the uncivilized tribes would be gradually weaned from their barbarous practises, and that, convinced by daily observation of the superior advantages of steady industry, and of regulated habits, they would relinquish the usages to which they had been accustomed, and gradually conform themselves to the more elevated standard before them. It requires, indeed, a very large and comprehensive deduction from undoubted facts, to assure ourselves that this is not the case, and when even the actual operation of the colonies of civilized nations upon the uncivilized races within whose territories they are established has been clearly shown, we are irresistibly led to wonder at facts so singular and alarming. There are those, however, who maintain that it is the *destiny* of the coloured races to be corrupted and destroyed by white people. According to such persons, the efforts of philanthropy are only putting off for a time the day of evil things. But, we cannot admit it to be an inevitable result without denying the capacity for intellectual, moral and social progress of all but those races who have already attained civilization. In the *First Report of the British and Foreign Aborigines Society*, 1838, we find a most wise and valuable declaration in favour of British colonization—not indeed as now managed, but such as it may become. 'It seems to be an opinion founded rather on experience,' says the Report, 'than on any essential principle in the nature of the case, that the coloured races must inevitably perish as civilization and Christianity advance. Whatever past facts,

may be, and unquestionably they are painful enough, they are not evidence that no better scheme of colonization can be found compatible with the safety and improvement of the Aborigines. We cannot admit the doctrine that the establishment of a civilized community in the neighborhood of uncivilized tribes, must be injurious to the latter, without supposing something extremely defective and improper in the regulations and principles of the former. Let these be corrected, and the evils must be diminished. With regard to the Indians of this province, it is certain that many evils have followed their intercourse with Europeans. Their possessions have been intruded upon without tending. Our most vicious propensities have been transferred to them without check. And our diseases have been introduced amongst them without corresponding efforts at prevention or cure. Indeed, the sight of our squalid, ragged Indians speaks volumes as to the deteriorating influence of their union with Christians. It is well that we have begun to feel our obligations and responsibilities. The members of the Nova Scotia Philanthropic Society could not have proposed a more worthy object than the relief of the destitute Aborigines. Engaged in so noble a pursuit they will have the good will and assistance of all classes of the community. A strong manifestation of feeling in favour of the coloured races, has been recently made in Great Britain; indeed, the attempts which are making to protect and elevate them, are among the most remarkable characteristics of the age. Only by the last English Packet we received the information, that the British and Foreign Aborigines Protection Society have offered a prize of £50 for the best Essay on the present state of the uncivilized and defenceless tribes; on the causes which have led to the diminution of their numbers, and to their debased condition; and on the best means of protecting them, and of promoting their advancement. A powerful appeal has also recently been made by the indefatigable and talented WILLIAM HOWITT, on behalf of the same great cause. From Mr. Howitt's able work on "Colonization and Christianity" we extract the following remarks, and with them we shall close the present article.

We have now followed the Europeans to every region of the globe, and seen them planting colonies and peopling new lands, and every where we have found them the same—a lawless and domineering race, seizing on the earth as if they were the first born of the creation, having a presumptive right to murder and dispossess all other people. For more than three centuries we have glanced back at them in their course, and every where they have had the Word of God in their mouth, and the deeds of darkness in their hand. . . . Many are the evils that are done under the sun; but there is and can be no evil like that monstrous and earth-encompassing evil, which the Europeans have committed against the Aborigines of every country in which they have settled. And in what country have they not settled? It is often said as a very pretty speech, that the sun never sets on the dominions of our youthful queen; but who dares to tell us the more horrible truth, that it never sets on the scenes of our injustice and oppressions! . . . For more than three centuries, and down to the very last hour, as this volume testifies, has this system, stupid as it is wicked, been going on. Thank God, the dawn of a new era appears at last!

The cause of the Aborigines is the cause of three-fourths of the population of the globe. It is therefore with pleasure that I have seen the *Aborigines Protection Society* raise its head amongst the many noble Societies for the redress of the wrongs and the elevation of humanity, that adorn this country. Such a Society must become one of the most active and powerful agents of universal justice: it must be that, or nothing,—for the evil which it has to put down is tyrannous and strong beyond all others. It cannot fail without the deepest disgrace to the nation—for the honour of the nation, its Christian zeal, and its commercial interests, are all bound up with it. Where are we to look for a guarantee for the removal of the foulest stains on humanity and the Christian name? Our government may be well disposed to adopt juster measures; but governments are not yet formed on those principles, and with those views that will warrant us to depend upon them.

STEAM AGAIN.—A line of steam packets between England and Halifax! One can hardly realize it is certain, and yet our late papers has brought this most unexpected, most gratifying intelligence. If Halifax with such an advantage does go not ahead, she will deserve to be abandoned by every enterprising and intelligent person.

PEARL ADVERTISER.—We have been reluctantly compelled to discontinue our cover, owing to the small advertising patronage received. To those persons who favoured our project we return many thanks. For the present, advertisements will be excluded from the columns of the Pearl, thereby rendering the Halifax Pearl the cheapest paper in the Province.

The Pearl Office is removed to the store lately fitted up by Messrs Wier & Woodworth, near the head of Marchington's Wharf,—entrance south side.

ST. JOHN, N. B. Oct. 27.

SEVEN DAYS LATER FROM LONDON.

By the fast sailing ship Marchioness of Bute, which arrived this morning from Liverpool, we received our files of London and Irish and Scotch papers—the former to the 26th September, being seven days later than those brought by the steamer *Royal William*.

The Earl of Munster will, it is said, succeed Sir Colin Campbell as Lieutenant Governor of Nova-Scotia, and the latter will proceed to Canada, as Commander of the Forces, in consequence of the resignation of Sir John Colborne.

We understand that Government has decided on establishing a line of steampackets between this country and Halifax, N. S. and that the contract will be thrown open for public competition. We need not point out the advantage to commercial communications which will result.—*Government print.*

The Eagle, 743 tons, is the vessel appointed for the conveyance of drafts of the 23d, 36th, 65th and 63d Regiments to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick.

The Courier Francais of Monday contains the following report of a new insult to England offered by Russia:—"The Austrian polacca Madoul di Casteloovo, and the English brig Spiridione, of the Ionian Islands, having taken in cargoes at Varna, in the Black Sea, for Asiatic Turkey, were hailed about 40 or 50 miles from Batoum by an armed Russian cutter, and compelled to anchor at the mouth of the Rion, and wait the orders of the chief of the Russian squadron, who maintained his right to search all vessels, from whatever port and wherever bound, unless bearing passports for Odessa or the Crimea. It has been also stated at Trebizond that another English brig had been detained at Gouriel, and her licence to navigate the Black Sea taken from her by the Russians.

According to the Times the affair of Prince Louis Napoleon is likely to assume a more serious aspect than we ever anticipated. The French Army, it is said, has been tampered with by the agents of the Prince, and various officers and soldiers are placed under arrest on a charge of having participated in a plot to place him on the throne of France. We are not possessed of any information as to the extent of this conspiracy, but are only assured that the danger of a military insurrection in France is not imminent.—The question occupies the chief attention of the French journals.

On the subject of the menacing collision between France and Switzerland, the Beobachter, a Swiss journal, on the authority of a letter from Geneva, states that the government of that canton and city is making every necessary preparation against an attack, and has directed Colonel Dufour to examine all the fortifications, arsenals, depots of arms, etc.; that it has purchased a considerable quantity of lead, and has ordered the first military contingent to be ready to march at the first call.

The accounts from Spain confirm the report of Espartero's retreat, but throw no light upon his motives. The Carlists rejoice in the present position of affairs with unalloyed triumph. In fact every thing at present seems to bid fair for an early termination of the war, but similar appearances have so often proved deceptive, that we place little reliance on them now.

QUEBEC, October 16.—The city was this morning in a state of great excitement, it having been discovered that Theller Dodge, and three others of the Rebel prisoners, confined on Cape Diamond, had made their escape. So far as we have ascertained the particulars, they got out of the casemate, by cutting one of the bars of the window, by which means they got into the small yard surrounded by pickets 12 feet high, by which the front of the casemate is enclosed. They then got over the picketing, and four of them, including the two we have named, got into the ditch and thence into the town, the fifth had not the courage to make the descent from the wall, but remained in the Citadel and was re-taken this morning as were two others who got out, but Theller and Dodge are still (5 o'clock) at large, notwithstanding the strictest search has been made for them on all premises adjoining the glacis in St. Lewis street, in houses in St. Lewis-street, and in all the houses surrounding the Ursuline Convent, as well as the out-buildings of the convent, it being supposed that they had passed through the house of one of their friends, and secured themselves in the garden or in the farm yard, or in some of the out premises of the nunnery.

How they could have passed the two sentinels, the one within, the other outside the yard of their prison, without discovery, is yet to be accounted for, and is we hear, the subject of a very rigid military enquiry. It is also thought that they have been assisted by friends in the town. We have been told that two persons, apparently strangers, knocked last night at the door of a house in Garden-street and demanded admittance. On being asked who they were, the answer given was Mr. Newcomb and friend,—they had possibly mistaken the house; the two men who were taken were given up by the landlord of a house in that street; they had we learn, been out all night and entered the house in the morning to get a dram. The police and the military are making diligent search in the block of houses surrounding the Ursuline premises.—*Mercury.*

MONTREAL, Oct. 20.

The large building in the Barrack Square, at Chambly, occupied by the officers at that Station, was entirely consumed by fire on the night of Thursday, the 18th inst. The fire broke out at 2 o'clock, and there is too much reason to fear that an officer (Lieut. Carey) has perished in the flames. He was last seen returning into the burning building to rescue some property from his room.

We grieve to add, that, by later accounts, no doubt rests upon the dreadful fate of Lieut. Carey. Capt. Smith is also severely burnt.

The Montreal papers of the 16th instant state, as one consequence, following the annulling of the Earl of Durham's Ordinance, that Mr. Louis Perrault, Printer of the late paper called the Vindicator returned to that City on Sunday last.—The arrival of many more of these gentry with Messrs. E. E. Rodier and George Cartier from the United States, were daily expected.

We hear that His Excellency the Governor General has reluctantly abandoned his intention of proceeding to Washington, and passing through some of the United States on his way to England. His Excellency will sail from hence on the first of November. We

have reason to believe that this change in his plans, have been considered necessary both by His Excellency and the commander of the Forces, in order that Her Majesty's Ministers should be immediately apprized by the highest authority of the Province, in person, of the critical state in which they are placed. In the meantime, His Excellency has given the Commander in Chief the fullest authority and power, to call into active service any amount or description of force, which may be necessary for the complete defence of the frontiers, and the preservation of internal security.—*Mercury.*

A CHAPEL SCENE.—The doors of the Independent Congregational Church, at Bayford U. C. were broken open, in the night, and one of the locks carried away, in order that the Bishop of Quebec might preach in it, without the permission of the Trustees and its Minister, Mr. Nall; and, that in consequence thereof "a goodly number of able-bodied men" of the congregationalists assembled at an early hour, before the service began, and so effectually garrisoned the Church, as to compel the Episcopal Minister, and his party, to give up the contest, and retire to the school-house. Such scenes, and such contests, amongst people calling themselves Christians, are to us so disgusting and abominable, that we must decline writing any more on the affairs in question.

A most disgusting scene has lately been enacted at the London District Assizes.—Our readers may recollect that a Dr. Wilson was arrested some time since in Norwich, and rescued from his captors by several of his neighbours, among whom were two brothers of the name of Scor, sons of a highly respectable Quaker in Norwich. These young men have been tried for the robbery of a pair of pistols taken in the scuffle, convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 29th of this month. Surely the Government are determined that we shall have trouble when the cold weather sets in. If these men are executed the consequences may be easily predicted.—*Id.*

OUR PAPER.—The *Montreal Transcript* speaks of the PEARL in the following complimentary terms:

"We have received some numbers of a periodical entitled the *Halifax Pearl*, and published as the title indicates, in Nova-Scotia. This a most gratifying acquisition to the periodical press—not only on account of the taste and talent displayed in its contents, but also as being the only periodical emanating from the British North American Colonies that can compete with those of the United States: some of which it much resembles, both in appearance and general character. It should meet with a truly British encouragement."

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.—The Institute will be opened on Wednesday evening next with an introductory lecture by W. Young, Esq.

MARRIED.

At St. John, N. B. on Wednesday evening, by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, the Rev. James Hanney, Minister of St. Andrew's Church, Richbucto, to Jane, daughter of Mr. Francis Salter of Newport, Nova Scotia.

At St. John N. B. on Monday evening, by the Rev. Enoch Wood, Mr. David Rankin, of Halifax N. S. to Miss Emma G. Lockhart, of that City.

At Charlotte Town P. E. Island, on the 9th inst. by the Rev. C. Jenkins, Mr. Marsden Selig, of Halifax to Harriet, eldest daughter of Mr. William Clarke, of New Glasgow.

SHIPPING INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVED,

Saturday, October 27th—Brigt. Sir S. Chapman, Hant, Port Antonio, 26, and Bermuda, 8 days—sugar to J. & M. Tobin; schr Sarah, Barrington—fish and oil; Returned from sea, brig Herald, Frith, bound to the West Indies.

Sunday, 28th—Schr Hazard, Winchester, Annapolis, 5 days—produce; brig Otter, Dill, Matanzas, 13 days, sugar to G. P. Lawson; Falcon, Dixon, Hamburg, 67 days—general cargo, to J. Bazalgette; Maitland, Yarmouth, dry fish; Fly and Bold Wolf, Cape Negro—do; Britannia, Margarets Bay—do.

Monday, 29th—brig Tory, Kelly, Berbice—molasses, to Fairbanks & Allison—left brig Redbreast, to sail next day, Margaret, Doane, to sail same day for St. Thomas, John, hence; spoke, off Berbice, brig Acadian from Liverpool for Demerara; schr Frederick, Port Medway; New Messenger, Miramichi—lumber and shingles, to J. & M. Tobin; True Brothers Slocomb, Liverpool, NS; Waterlily, Snow, do 12 hours, flour; Mary, Jane, P. E. Isl'd 7 days—produce. Returned—Britannia and Active, for St. John, N. B., and Jane, for Miramichi.

Wednesday, 31st—HMS. Malabar, Commander Harvey, Prince Edward Island, 7 days; Schrs. Olive Branch, Bachelor, Morning Star, and Mariner, Newfoundland—all with fish, etc.; brig Griffin, Ingham, Bermuda, 8 days—ballast to Saltus & Wainwright; Reward, Hannam, Kingston, 28 days—do. to Hugh Lyle; schrs Nile, Vaughan, St John, N. B. 58 hours—herring, oil, etc; Eliza Ann, Smith, St. Stephens, N. B. 6 days—lumber to W. B. Hamilton.

Thursday, November 1st—Schrs E. Hamilton, Canso, fish; Ben, Farry, P. E. Island, 7 days—produce; Mary Deagle,—do, 12 days; Cornelia, Campobello—shingles to Jos. Allison & Co.

Friday 2nd—Schrs Sovereign, Wood, P. E. Island—produce; Margaret Ann, Wallace, lumber; Hawk, Mabou—beef, pork, etc.

CLEARED.

October 26th—schr Britannia, Covill, St. John, NB.—dry and pickled fish by J. Strachan and others; 27th, schr Sibella, Musgrove, Bermuda—assorted cargo by Frith, Smith and Co.; Active, Kenderick, St. John, NB.—do by Saltus and Wainwright, M. B. Almon and others; Persa Pengilly, New-York—coal by J. H. Draine.

Sailed.—Friday, 28th inst. H. M. Packet Skylark, Lieut. Ladd, Falmouth.

GLEANINGS.

MARCOLINI—A TALE OF VENICE.—It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch, and gallery in the quarter of St Mark, when a young citizen wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his mistress. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named. "Lovely *Giulietta!*" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy *Marcolini!*" But, as he spoke, he stopped; for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gaily into his belt; "if another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his *Giulietta* had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth!

He turned by the church of St. Geminiano, and in three steps he met the watch. A murder had just been committed. The Senator *Renaldi* had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate *Marcolini* was dragged away for examination. The place, the time, every thing served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house, than an evidence appeared against him. The bravo in his flight had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood, with blood not yet dry, it was now in the belt of *Marcolini*. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is in the innocent an energy and a composure; an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation of the dead. At length, however, it came; and *Marcolini* lost his life, *Giulietta* her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal in his last moments confessing the crime: and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, "*Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini!*"—Remember the poor *Marcolini*.

Great, indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that henceforth and for ever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul and the soul of *Marcolini*, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the *Brenta* was left by him for the purpose: and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the casinos are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks towards the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold *Marcolini* breathed his last.—*Rogers's Italy*.

TAMING COLTS IN PARAGUAY.—We now came upon an immense herd of wild horses; and *Candiotti*, junior, said, "Now, *Senor Don Juan*, I must show you how we tame a colt." So saying, the word was given for pursuit of the herd; and off once more like lightning started the *Gaucha* horseman, *Candiotti* and myself keeping up with them. The herd consisted of about two thousand horses, neighing and snorting, with ears erect and flowing tails, their manes outspread to the wind. Off they flew, affrighted the moment they were conscious of pursuit. The *Gauchos* set up their usual cry; the dogs were left in the distance; and it was not till we had followed the flock at full speed, and without a check for five miles, that the two headmost peons launched their bolus at the horse which each had respectively singled out of the herd. Down to the ground, with frightful somersets, came two gallant colts. The herd continued its headlong flight, leaving behind their two prostrate companions. Upon these the whole band of *Gauchos* now ran in; lazos were applied to tie their legs; one man held down the head of each horse, and another the hind quarters; while, with singular rapidity and dexterity, other two *Gauchos* put the saddles and bridles on their fallen, trembling, and nearly frantic victims. This done, the two men who had brought down the colts bestrode them as they still lay on the ground. In a moment, the lazos which bound their legs were loosed, and at the same time a shout from the field so frightened the potros, that up they started on all fours; but, to their astonishment, each with a rider on his back, riveted, as it were, to the saddle, and controlling him by means of a never-before-dreamt-of bit in his mouth.

The animals made a simultaneous and most surprising vault; they reared, plunged, and kicked: now they started off at full gallop, and anon stopped short in their career, with their heads between their legs, endeavouring to throw their riders. "Que *esparanza!*"—"vain hope, indeed!" Immoveable sat the two *Tupe* Indians: they smiled at the unavailing efforts of the turbulent and outrageous animals to unseat them; and in less than an hour from the time of their mounting, it was very evident who were to be the masters. The horses did their very worst; the Indians never lost either the security or the grace of their seats; till, after two hours of the most violent efforts to rid themselves of their burdens, the horses were so exhausted, that drenched in

sweat, with gored and palpitating sides, and hanging down their heads, they stood for five minutes together, panting and confounded. But they made not a single effort to move. Then came the *Gaucha's* turn to exercise his more positive authority. Hitherto he had been entirely upon the defensive. His object was simply to keep his seat, and tire out his horse. He now wanted to move him in a given direction. Wayward, zigzag, often interrupted was his course at first. Still the *Gauchos* made for a given point; and they advanced towards it; till at the end of about three hours the now mastered animals, moved in nearly a direct line, and in company with the other horses, to the *puesto*, or small subordinate establishment on the estate to which we were repairing. When we got there, the two horses, which so shortly before had been free as the wind, were tied to a stake of the corral,—the slaves of lordly man; and all hope of emancipation was at end.—*Messrs. Robertson's Letter*.

Profitable Forgery.—The *bichelik* (says a recent traveller,) is a coin much used in mercantile transactions at *Smyrna*. It is of the value of five piastres, or equal to a shilling sterling; and is rather larger than a half-crown. It is made of copper, washed with silver. These coins have afforded as large a profit to the *Frank* merchants, as any article in which they have traded: for, a *bichelik* being sent over to *Birmingham*, was imitated so closely, that it was impossible to discover the slightest difference from those manufactured at *Constantinople*. These transactions must have been very lucrative to those engaged in them; as the charge in *Birmingham* could not exceed twopence each, and they are worth a shilling in *Turkey*.

Results of Travelling.—Facility in travelling, and frequent intercourse with the rest of mankind, tends to destroy prejudices; steam-boats and railways are every day removing some barrier to improvement, to international intercourse, and to the amalgamation of the different states of *Europe* and *America*; and it is not too much to say, that the steam-engine, more than any other discovery yet made, is destined to be one of the great means of civilising the world—creating mutual sympathies and mutual wants—the greatest of all securities against the effects of ignorance, and the calamities of war.—*Sun*.

A Family Likeness.—Some soldiers who were quartered in a country village, when they met at the roll-call, were asking one another what kind of quarters they had got; one of them said he had got very good quarters, but the strangest landlady ever he had—she always took him off. His comrade said he would go along with him, and would take her off. He goes, and offers to shake hands with her, saying, "How are you, *Elsa!*" (that was her name). "Indeed, sir," says she, "ye hae the better o' me; I dinna ken you." "Dear *Elsa*, do ye no ken me? I am the devil's sister's son." "Dear save us," quoth she, looking him broadly in the face, "O, man, but ye're like your *uncle!*"—*Old Scrap-book*.

THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.—There are many well-meaning men, and friends of religion too, who look with timid apprehension on the march of the popular mind, as if it were fraught with peril to the cause which they have nearest the heart. A multitude of profane and repulsive associations have unhappily gathered around the idea of science in their upright minds, until they have come to regard it as wholly incompatible with the influence of an all-prevalent piety. Ignorance is thus made not only bliss, but wisdom and duty too. Oh! sad decree of eternal Providence, if this were a providential decree—that the torch of science elevated in the sight of mankind, must disperse, like shadows of night, the blessing of the present life, and the hopes of another—that in order to secure both, we must, like the hero of the tale with which our childhood is familiar, darken and close up the chamber of knowledge, and affix an edict of exclusion upon the door, as if the sanguinary secret of human destruction were locked within! But this, if it were desirable, would be now impracticable. The tide of irrepressible inquiry would soon burst every barrier in its way, and rush in with accumulated force on the forbidden spot. The voice of learning is gone forth, irrevocable by any earthly power. The rays of information, multiplied in innumerable reflections, have shone abroad, and none can extinguish them. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge in every department shall be increased, until the gracious designs of an ever-watchful Providence are carried into accomplishment.—*Rev. P. E. Butler*.

The Origin of Confining Jurors from Meat and Drink.—The Gothic nations were famous of old, in *Europe*, for the quantities of food and drink which they consumed. The ancient *Germans*, and their Saxon descendants in *England*, were remarkable for their hearty meals. Gluttony and drunkenness were so very common, that those vices were not thought disgraceful; and *Tacitus* represents the former as capable of being as easily overcome by strong drink as by arms. Intemperance was so general and habitual, that no one was thought to be fit for serious business after dinner; and under this persuasion it was enacted in the laws, that judges should hear and determine causes fasting, and not after dinner. An Italian author, in his "*Antiquities*," plainly affirms that this regulation was framed for the purpose of avoiding the unsound decrees consequent upon intoxica-

tion; and *Dr Gilbert Stuart* very patiently and ingeniously observes, in his "*Historical Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the British Constitution*," that from the propensity of the older Britons to indulge excessively in eating and drinking, has proceeded the restriction upon jurors and jurymen, to refrain from meat and drink, and to be even held in custody, until they had agreed upon their verdict.

Matrimonial Balance.—An American paper a few years ago related the following anecdote:—"Not long since a reverend clergyman in *Vermont*, being apprehensive that the accumulated weight of snow upon the roof of his barn might be some damage, was resolved to prevent it, by seasonably shovelling it off. He therefore ascended it, having first, for fear the snow might all slide off at once, and himself with it, fastened to his waist one end of a rope, and given the other to his wife. He went to work, but fearing still for his safety, 'My dear,' said he, 'tie the rope round your waist.' No sooner had she done this, than off went the snow, poor minister and all, and up went his wife. Thus on one side of the barn the astounded and confounded clergyman hung, but on the other side hung his wife, high and dry, in majesty sublime, dinging and dangling at the end of the rope. At that moment, however, a gentleman, luckily passing by, delivered them from this perilous situation."

The very Essence of Etiquette.—When the Emperor *Charles* made his entry into *Douai*, in great state, under festoons of flowers and triumphal arches, the magistrates, to do honour to the occasion, put a clean shirt upon the body of a malefactor that was hanging in chains at the city gate.—*Monthly Magazine*.

Marriage.—I would fain hear from those misogynists, who condemn marriage, even a shadow of reason, why I should not pronounce a modest wife the greatest of human blessings. She is the safety of that house whose affairs she administers. She is the joy of your health, and your cure and consolation in sickness; your partner in prosperity, and your comfort in adversity. She soothes and calms the headstrong violence of youth, and breaks and tempers the morose austerity of age.—Will any one offer to persuade us that the education of children, in which we see the very images of our bodies, and pictures of our minds, and in whom we see, as it were, our very selves born anew, afford not a delight, sincere to the last degree? Or that it is no satisfaction when we come to obey the laws of mortality, to see our own children, to whom we can bequeath these family honours and possessions which we received from our parents, or acquired by our own industry and skill?—*Savage's Letters*.

Negro Shrewdness.—A gentleman sent his black servant to purchase a fresh fish. He went to a stall, and taking up a fish, began to smell it. The fishmonger observing him, and fearing the bystanders might catch the scent, exclaimed, "Hallo! you black rascal, what do you smell my fish for?" The negro replied, "Me no smell your fish, massa." "What are you doing then, sir?" "Why, me talk to him, massa." "And what do you say to the fish, eh?" "Why, me ask what news at sea?—that's all, massa." "And what does he say to you?" "He says, he don't know; he no been dere dese three weeks."

Model of the first English Steam-Vessel.—The following notice appeared in the *Oracle* daily newspaper, December, 1789:—"There has been lately laid before the Admiralty Board the model of a ship, worked by steam, which is constructed, as to sail against wind and tide. This ingenuity is to be rewarded by a patent."

Pedigree.—When *Nadir Shah*, who was of low origin, claimed for his son a princess of the house of *Delhi*, he was required to give his pedigree for seven generations. *Nadir* said to his ambassador, "Tell them that my son is the son of *Nadir Shah*, the son of the sword; the great grandson of the sword; and thus continue till you have claimed a descent not only of seven generations, but seventy."

"I have lived," said the indefatigable *Dr. E. D. Clarke*, "to know, that the great secret of human happiness is this—never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of 'too many irons in the fire,' conveys an abominable falsehood. You cannot have too many: pokers, tongs, and all—keep them all going!"

It is for the unfortunate alone to judge of the unfortunate. The puffed-up heart of Prosperity cannot understand the sensitive feelings of Misfortune.—*Chateaubriand*.

AGENTS FOR THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Halifax, A. & W. McKinlay, Esq.
Windsor, James L. Dewolf, Esq.
Lower Horton, Chs. Brown, Esq.
Wolfville, Hon. T. A. S. DeWolfe, Esq.
Kentville, J. F. Hutchinson, Esq.
Bridge-town, Thomas Spurr, Esq.
Annapolis, Samuel Cowling, Esq.
Digby, Henry Stewart, Esq.
Yarmouth, H. G. Farish, Esq.
Amherst, John Smith, Esq.
Parsonsboro', C. E. Hatchford, Esq.
Fort Lawrence, M. Gordon, Esq.
Economy, Silas H. Crane, Esq.
Pictou, Dr. J. W. Anderson.
Truro, John Ross, Esq.
Antigonish, R. N. Henry, Esq.

River John, William Blair, Esq.
Charlotte Town, T. Desbrisay, Esq.
St. John, N.B., G. A. Lockhart, Esq.
Sussex Vale, J. A. Reeve, Esq.
Dorchester, C. Milner, Esq.
Sackville, Joseph Allison, and J. C. Black, Esqs.
Fredericton, Wm. Grigor, Esq.
Woodstock, John Bedell, Jr. Esq.
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