

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la
marge intérieure.
- Additional comments /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Continuous pagination.

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- Blank leaves added during restorations may
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas
été numérisées.

HALIFAX PEARL,

A VOLUME DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Published every Friday evening, at Fifteen Shillings per Annum, in advance.

VOLUME TWO.

FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 15, 1838.

TWENTY-FOUR.

NARRATIVE OF JAMES WILLIAMS, AN AMERICAN SLAVE.

I was born in Powhatan County, Virginia, on the plantation of George Larrimore, sen., at a place called Mount Pleasant, on the 16th of May, 1805. My father was the slave of an orphan family whose name I have forgotten, and was under the care of a Mr. Brooks, guardian of the family. He was a native of Africa, and was brought over when a mere child, with his mother. My mother was the slave of George Larrimore, sen. She was nearly white, and is well known to have been the daughter of Mr Larrimore himself. She died when myself and my twin brother Meshech were five years of age.—I can scarcely remember her. She had in all eight children, of whom only five are now living. One, a brother, belongs to the heirs of the late Mr. Brockenbrough of Charlottesville; of whom he hires his time, and pays annually \$120 for it. He is a member of the Baptist church, and used to preach occasionally. His wife is a free woman from Philadelphia, and being able to read and write, taught her husband. The whites do not know that he can write, and have often wondered that he could preach so well without learning. It is the practice when a church is crowded, to turn the blacks out of their seats. My brother did not like this, and on one occasion preached a sermon from a text, showing that all are of one blood. Some of the whites who heard it, said that such preaching would raise an insurrection among the negroes. Two of them told him that if he would prove his doctrine by Scripture, they would let him go, but if he did not, he should have nine and thirty lashes. He accordingly preached another sermon, and spoke with a great deal of boldness. The two men who were in favor of having him whipped, left before the sermon was over; those who remained, acknowledged that he had proved his doctrine, and preached a good sermon, and many of them came up and shook hands with him. The two opposers, Scott and Brockley, forbid my brother, after this, to come upon their estates. They were both Baptists, and my brother had before preached to their people. During the cholera at Richmond, my brother preached a sermon, in which he compared the pestilence to the plagues, which afflicted the Egyptian slaveholders, because they would not let the people go. After the sermon some of the whites threatened to whip him. Mr. Valentine, a merchant on Shocko Hill prevented them; and a young lawyer named Brooks said it was wrong to threaten a man for preaching the truth. Since the insurrection of Nat. Turner he has not been allowed to preach much.

My twin brother was for some time the property of Mr. John Griggs, of Richmond, who sold him about three years since, to an Alabama Cotton Planter, with whom he staid one year, and then ran away; and in all probability escaped into the free states or Canada, as he was seen near the Maryland line. My other brother lives in Fredericksburg, and belongs to a Mr. Scott, a merchant formerly of Richmond. He was sold from Mr. Larrimore's plantation because his wife was a slave of Mr. Scott. My only sister is the slave of John Smith, of King William. Her husband was the slave of Mr. Smith, when the latter lived in Powhatan county, and when he removed to King William, she was taken with her husband.

My old master, George Larrimore, married Jane Roane, the sister of a gentleman named John Roane, one of the most distinguished men in Virginia, who in turn married a sister of my master. One of his sisters married a Judge Scott, and another married Mr. Brockenbrough of Charlottesville. Mr. Larrimore had three children; George, Jane, and Elizabeth. The former was just ten days older than myself; and I was his playmate and constant associate in childhood. I used to go with him to his school, and carry his books for him as far as the door, and meet him there when the school was dismissed. We were very fond of each other, and frequently slept together. He taught me the letters of the alphabet, and I should soon have acquired a knowledge of reading, had not George's mother discovered her son in the act of teaching me. She took him aside and severely reprimanded him. When I asked him, not long after, to tell me more of what he had learned at school, he said that his mother had forbidden him to do so any more, as her father had a slave, who was instructed in reading and writing, and on that account proved very troublesome. He could, they said, imitate the hand-writing of the neighbouring planters, and used to write passes and certificates of freedom for the slaves, and finally wrote one for himself, and went off to Philadelphia, from whence her father received from him a saucy letter, thanking him for his education.

The early years of my life went by pleasantly. The bitterness

of my lot I had not yet realized. Comfortably clothed and fed, kindly treated by my old master and mistress and the young ladies, and the playmate and confidant of my young master, I did not dream of the dark reality of evil before me.

When he was fourteen years of age, master George went to his uncle Brockenbrough's at Charlottesville, as a student of the University. After his return from College, he went to Paris and other parts of Europe, and spent three or four years in study and travelling. In the meantime I was a waiter in the house, dining-room servant, etc. My old master visited and received visits from a great number of the principal families in Virginia. Each summer, with his family, he visited the Sulphur Springs and the mountains. While George was absent, I went with him to New-Orleans, in the winter season, on account of his failing health. We spent three days in Charleston, at Mr. McDuffie's, with whom my master was on intimate terms. Mr. McDuffie spent several days on one occasion at Mt. Pleasant. He took a fancy to me, and offered my master the servant whom he brought with him and \$500 besides, for me. My master considered it almost an insult, and said after he was gone, that Mr. McDuffie needed money, to say the least, as much as he did.

He had a fine house in Richmond, and used to spend his winters there with his family, taking me with him. He was not there much at other times, except when the Convention of 1829 for amending the State constitution, was held in that city. He had a quarrel with Mr. Neal of Richmond Co., in consequence of some remarks upon the subject of slavery. It came near terminating in a duel. I recollect that during the sitting of the Convention, my master asked me before several other gentlemen, if I wished to be free and go back to my own country. I looked at him with surprise, and enquired what country?

"Africa, to be sure," said he, laughing.

I told him that was not my country—that I was born in Virginia.

"Oh yes," said he, "but your father was born in Africa." He then said that there was a place on the African coast called Liberia where a great many free blacks were going; and asked me to tell him honestly, whether I would prefer to be set free on condition of going to Africa, or live with him and remain a slave. I replied that I had rather be as I was.

I have frequently heard him speak against slavery to his visitors. I heard him say on one occasion, when some gentlemen were arguing in favor of sending the free colored people to Africa, that this was as really the black man's country as the white's, and that it would be as humane to knock the free negroes, at once, on the head, as to send them to Liberia. He was a kind man to his slaves. He was proud of them, and of the reputation he enjoyed of feeding and clothing them well. They were as near as I can judge about 300 in number. He never to my knowledge sold a slave, unless to go with a wife or husband, and at the slave's own request. But all except the very wealthiest planters in the neighbourhood sold them frequently. John Smoot of Powhatan Co. has sold a great number. Bacon Tait used to be one of the principal purchasers. He had a jail at Richmond where he kept them. There were many others who made a business of buying and selling slaves. I saw on one occasion while travelling with my master, a gang of nearly two hundred men fastened with chains. The women followed unchained and the children in wagons. It was a sorrowful sight. Some were praying, some crying, and they all had a look of extreme wretchedness. It is an awful thing to a Virginia slave to be sold for the Alabama and Mississippi country. I have known some of them to die of grief, and others to commit suicide, on account of it.

In my seventeenth year, I was married to a girl named Harriet, belonging to John Gatewood, a planter living about four miles from Mt. Pleasant. She was about a year younger than myself—was a tailoress, and used to cut out clothes for the hands.

We were married by a white clergyman named Jones; and were allowed two or three weeks to ourselves, which we spent in visiting and other amusements.

The field hands are seldom married by a clergyman. They simply invite their friends together and have a wedding party.

Our two eldest children died in their infancy: two are now living. The youngest was only two months old when I saw him for the last time. I used to visit my wife on Saturday and Sunday evenings.

My young master came back from Europe in delicate health. He was advised by his physicians to spend the winter in New-Orleans, whither he accordingly went, taking me with him. Here he became acquainted with a French lady of one of the first fami-

lies in the city. The next winter he also spent in New-Orleans, and on his third visit, three years after his return from Europe, he was married to the lady above mentioned. In May he returned to Mr. Pleasant, and found the elder Larrimore on his sick bed, from which he never rose again. He died on the 14th of July. There was a great and splendid funeral, as his relatives and friends were numerous.

His large property was left principally in the hands of his widow until her decease, after which it was to be divided among the three children. In February Mrs. Larrimore also died. The administrators upon the estate were John Green, Esq., and Benjamin Temple.

My young mistresses, Jane and Elizabeth, were very kind to the servants. They seemed to feel under obligations to afford them every comfort and gratification, consistent with the dreadful relation of ownership which they sustained towards them. Whipping was scarcely known on the estate; and whenever it did take place, it was invariably against the wishes of the young ladies.

But the wife of master George was of a disposition entirely the reverse. Feeble, languid, and inert, sitting motionless for hours at her window, or moving her small fingers over the strings of her guitar, to some soft and languishing air, she would have seemed to a stranger incapable of rousing herself from that indolent repose, in which mind as well as body participated. But, the slightest disregard of her commands—and sometimes even the neglect to anticipate her wishes, on the part of the servants, was sufficient to awake her. The inanimate and delicate beauty then changed into a stormy virago. Her black eyes glowed and sparkled with a snaky fierceness, her full lips compressed, and her brows bent and darkened. Her very voice, soft and sweet when speaking to her husband, and exquisitely fine and melodious, when accompanying her guitar, was at such times, shrill, keen, and loud. She would order the servants of my young mistresses upon her errands, and if they pleaded their prior duty to obey the calls of another, would demand that they should be forthwith whipped for their insolence. If the young ladies remonstrated with her, she met them with a perfect torrent of invective and abuse. In these paroxysms of fury she always spoke in French, with a vehemence and volubility, which strongly contrasted with the calmness and firmness of the young ladies. She would boast of what she had done in New-Orleans, and of the excellent discipline of her father's slaves. She said she had gone down in the night to the cell under her father's house, and whipped the slaves confined there with her own hands. I had heard the same thing from her father's servants at New-Orleans, when I was there with my master. She brought with her from New-Orleans a girl named Frances. I have seen her take her by the ear, lead her up to the side of the room, and beat her head against it. At other times she would snatch off her slipper and strike the girl on her face and head with it.

She seldom manifested her evil temper before master George. When she did, he was greatly troubled, and he used to speak to his sisters about it. Her manner towards him was almost invariably that of extreme fondness. She was dark complexioned, but very beautiful; and the smile of welcome with which she used to meet him was peculiarly fascinating. I did not marvel that he loved her; while at the same time, in common with all the house servants, I regarded her as a being possessed with an evil spirit,—half woman, and half fiend.

Soon after the settlement of the estate, I heard my master speak of going out to Alabama. His wife had 1500 acres of wild land in Greene County in that State: and he had been negotiating for 500 more. Early in the summer of 1833, he commenced making preparations for removing to that place a sufficient number of hands to cultivate it. He took great pains to buy up the wives and husbands of those of his own slaves, who had married out of the estate, in order, as he said, that his hands might be contented in Alabama, and not need chaining together while on their journey. It is always found necessary by the regular slave-traders, in travelling with their slaves to the far South, to handcuff and chain their wretched victims, who had been bought up as the interest of the trader, and the luxury or necessities of the planter may chance to require, without regard to the ties sundered or the affections made desolate, by these infernal bargains. About the 1st of September, after the slaves destined for Alabama had taken a final farewell of their old home, and of the friends they were leaving behind, our party started on their long journey. There were in all 214 slaves, men, women and children. The men and women travelled on foot—the small children in the wagons, containing the baggage, etc. Previous to my departure, I

visited my wife and children, at Mr. Gatewoods's. I took leave of them with the belief that I should return with my master, as soon as he had seen his hands established on his new plantation. I took my children in my arms and embraced them; my wife who was a member of the Methodist church, implored the blessing of God upon me during my absence, and I turned away to follow my master.

Our journey was a long and tedious one, especially to those who were compelled to walk the whole distance. My master rode in a sulky, and I, as his body servant, on horseback. When we crossed over the Roanoke, and were entering upon North Carolina, I remember with what sorrowful countenances and language the poor slaves looked back for the last time upon the land of their nativity. It was their last farewell to Old Virginia. We passed through Georgia, and crossing the Chattahoochee, entered Alabama. Our way for many days was through a sandy tract of country, covered with pine woods, with here and there the plantation of an Indian or a half-breed. After crossing what is called Line Creek, we found large plantations along the road, at intervals of four or five miles. The aspect of the whole country was wild and forbidding, save to the eye of a cotton-planter. The clearings were all new, and the houses rudely constructed of logs. The cotton fields, were skirted with an enormous growth of oak, pine, and other wood. Charred stumps stood thickly in the clearings, with here and there a large tree girdled by the axe and left to decay. We reached at last the place of our destination. It was a fine tract of land with a deep rich soil. We halted on a small knoll, where the tents were pitched, and the wagons unladen. I spent the night with my master at a neighboring plantation, which was under the care of an overseer named Flincher.

The next morning my master received a visit from a man named Huckstep, who had undertaken the management of his plantation as an overseer. He had been an overseer on cotton plantations many years in Georgia and North Carolina. He was apparently about forty years of age, with a sunburnt and sallow countenance. His thick shock of black hair was marked in several places with streaks of white, occasioned as he afterwards told me by blows received from slaves whom he was chastising.

After remaining in the vicinity for about a week, my master took me aside one morning—told me he was going to Selma in Dallas County, and wished me to be in readiness on his return the next day, to start for Virginia. This was to me cheering news. I spent that day and the next among my old fellow servants who had lived with me in Virginia. Some of them had messages to send by me to their friends and acquaintances. In the afternoon of the second day after my master's departure, I distributed among them all the money which I had about me, viz., fifteen dollars. I noticed that the overseer Huckstep laughed at this and called me a fool: and that whenever I spoke of going home with my master, his countenance indicated something between a smile and a sneer.

Night came; but contrary to his promise, my master did not come. I still however expected him the next day. But another night came, and he had not returned. I grew uneasy, and inquired of Huckstep where he thought my master was.

"On his way to Old Virginia," said he, with a malicious laugh.

"But," said I. "Master George told me that he should come back and take me with him to Virginia."

"Well, boy," said the overseer, "I'll now tell ye what master George, as you call him, told me. You are to stay here and act as driver of the field hands. That was the order. So you may as well submit to it at once."

I stood silent and horror-struck. Could it be that the man whom I had served faithfully from our mutually boyhood, whose slightest wish had been my law, to serve whom I would have laid down my life, while I had confidence in his integrity—could it be that he had so cruelly and wickedly deceived me? I looked at the overseer. He stood laughing at me in my agony.

"Master George gave you no such orders," I exclaimed, maddened by the overseer's look and manner.

The overseer looked at me with a fiendish grin. "None of your insolence," said he, with a dreadful oath. "I never saw a Virginia nigger I couldnt manage, proud as they are. Your master has left you in my hands, and you must obey my orders. If you dont why I shall have to make you 'hug the widow there,' pining to a tree, to which I afterwards found the slaves were tied when they were whipped.

That night was one of sleepless agony. Virginia—the hills and the streams of my birth-place; the kind and hospitable home; the gentle-hearted sisters, sweetening with their sympathy the sorrows of the slave—my wife—my children—all that had thus far made up my happiness, rose in contrast with my present condition. Deeply as he has wronged me, may my master himself never endure such a night of misery!

At daybreak, Huckstep told me to dress myself, and attend to his directions. I rose, subdued and wretched, and at his orders handed the horn to the headman of the gang, who summoned the hands to the field. They were employed in clearing land for cultivation, cutting trees and burning. I was with them through the day, and at night returned once more to my lodgings to be laughed at by the overseer. He told me that I should do well, he did not doubt, by and by, but that a Virginia driver generally had to be whipped a few times himself before he could be taught to do justice to the slaves under his charge. They were not equal to those raised in North Carolina, for keeping the lazy hell hounds, as he called the slaves, at work.

And this was my condition!—a driver set over more than one hundred and sixty of my kindred and friends, with orders to apply the whip unsparingly to every one, whether man or woman, who faltered in the task, or was careless in the execution of it, myself subject at any moment to feel the accursed lash upon my own back, if feelings of humanity should perchance overcome the selfishness of misery, and induce me to spare and pity.

I lived in the same house with Huckstep—a large log house, roughly finished; where we were waited upon by an old woman, whom he used to call aunt Polly. Huckstep was, I soon found, inordinately fond of peach brandy; and once or twice in the course of a month he had a drunken debauch, which usually lasted from two to four days. He was then full of talk, laughed immoderately at his own nonsense, and would keep me up until late at night listening to him. He was at these periods terribly severe to his hands, and would order me to use up the cracker of my whip every day upon the poor creatures, who were toiling

in the field, and in order to satisfy him, I used to tear it off when returning home at night. He would then praise me for a good fellow, and invite me to drink with him.

He used to tell me at such times, that if I would only drink as he did, I should be worth a thousand dollars more for it. He would sit for hours with his peach brandy, cursing and swearing, laughing and telling stories full of obscenity and blasphemy. He would sometimes start up, take my whip, and rush out to the slave quarters, flourish it about and frighten the inmates and often cruelly beat them. He would order the women to pull up their clothes, in Alabama style, as he called it, and then whip them for not complying. He would then come back roaring and shouting to the house, and tell me what he had done; if I did not laugh with him, he would get angry and demand what the matter was. Oh! how often I have laughed, at such times, when my heart ached within me; and how often, when permitted to retire to my bed, have I found relief in tears!

He had no wife, but kept a colored mistress in a house situated on a gore of land between the plantation and that of Mr. Goldsby. He brought her with him from North Carolina, and had three children by her.

Sometimes in his fits of intoxication, he would come riding into the field, swinging his whip, and crying out to the hands to strip off their shirts, and be ready to take a whipping; and this too when they were all busily at work. At another time, he would gather the hands around him and fall to cursing and swearing about the neighbouring overseers. They were, he said, cruel to their hands, whipped them unmercifully, and in addition starved them. As for himself, he was the kindest and best fellow within forty miles; and the hands ought to be thankful that they had such a good man for their overseer.

He would frequently be very familiar with me, and call me his child; he would tell me that our people were going to get Texas, a fine cotton country, and that he meant to go out there and have a plantation of his own, and I should go with him and be his overseer.

The houses in the "negro quarters" were constructed of logs, and from twelve to fifteen feet square; they had no glass, but there were holes to let in the light and air. The furniture consisted of a table, a few stools, and dishes made of wood, and an iron pot, and some other cooking utensils. The houses were placed about three or four rods apart, with a piece of ground attached to each of them for a garden, where the occupant could raise a few vegetables. The "quarters" were about three hundred yards from the dwelling of the overseer.

The hands were occupied in clearing land and burning brush, and in constructing their houses, through the winter. In March we commenced ploughing; and on the first of April began planting seed for cotton. The hoeing season commenced about the last of May. At the earliest dawn of day, and frequently before that time, the laborers were roused from their sleep by the blowing of the horn. It was blown by the headman of the gang who led the rest in the work and acted under my direction, as my assistant.

Previous to the blowing of the horn the hands generally rose and eat what was called the "morning's bit," consisting of ham and bread. If exhaustion and fatigue prevented their rising before the dreaded sound of the horn broke upon their slumbers, they had no time to snatch a mouthful, but were hurried out at once.

It was my business to give over to each of the hands his or her appropriate implement of labor, from the tool-house where they were deposited at night. After all had been supplied, they were taken to the field, and set at work as soon as it was sufficiently light to distinguish the plants from the grass and weeds. I was employed in passing from row to row, in order to see that the work was well done, and to urge forward the laborers. At 12 o'clock, the horn was blown from the overseer's house, calling the hands to dinner, each to his own cabin. The intermission of labor was one hour and a half to hoers and pickers, and two hours to the ploughmen. At the expiration of this interval, the horn again summoned them to their labor. They were kept in the field until dark, when they were called home to supper.

There was little leisure for any of the hands on the plantation. In the evenings, after it was too dark for work in the field, the men were frequently employed in burning brush and in other labors, until late at night. The women, after toiling in the field by day, were compelled to card, spin, and weave cotton for their clothing, in the evening. Even on Sundays there was little or no respite from toil. Those who had not been able to work out all their task during the week, were allowed by the overseer to finish it on the Sabbath, and thus save themselves from a whipping on Monday morning. Those whose tasks were finished frequently employed most of that day in cultivating their gardens.

Many of the female hands were delicate young women, who in Virginia had never been accustomed to field labor. They suffered greatly from the extreme heat and the severity of the toil. Oh! how often have I seen them dragging their weary limbs from the cotton field at nightfall, faint and exhausted. The overseer used to laugh at their suffering. They were, he said, Virginia ladies, and altogether too delicate for Alabama use; but they must be made to do their tasks notwithstanding. The recollection of these things even now is dreadful. I used to tell the poor creatures, when compelled by the overseer to urge them forward with the whip, that I would much rather take their places, and endure the stripes than inflict them.

When but three months old, the children born on the estate were given up to the care of the old women who were not able to work out of doors. Their mothers were kept at work in the field.

It was the object of the overseer to separate me in feeling, and interest as widely as possible from my suffering brethren and sisters. I had relations among the field hands, and used to call them my cousins. He forbid my doing so; and told me if I acknowledged relationship with any of the hands I should be flogged for it. He used to speak of them as devils and hell-hounds, and ridicule them in every possible way; and endeavoured to make me speak of them and regard them in the same manner. He would tell long stories about hunting and shooting "runaway niggers," and detail with great apparent satisfaction the cruel and horrid punishments which he had inflicted. One thing he said troubled him. He had once whipped a slave so severely that he died in consequence of it, and it was soon after ascertained that he was wholly innocent of the offence charged against him. That slave, he said, had haunted him ever since.

Soon after we commenced weeding our cotton, some of the

hands who were threatened with a whipping for not finishing their tasks, ran away. The overseer and myself went out after them, taking with us five blood-hounds, which were kept on the estate for the sole purpose of catching runaways. There were no other hounds in the vicinity, and the overseers of the neighboring plantations used to borrow them to hunt their runaways. A Mr. Crop, who lived about ten miles distant, had two packs, and made it his sole business to catch slaves with them. We used to set the dogs upon the track of the fugitives, and they would follow them until, to save themselves from being torn in pieces, they would climb into a tree, where the dogs kept them until we came up and secured them.

These hounds, when young, are taught to run after the negro boys; and being always kept confined except when let out in pursuit of runaways, they seldom fail of overtaking the fugitive, and seem to enjoy the sport of hunting men as much as other dogs do that of chasing a fox or a deer. My master gave a large sum for his five dogs,—a slut and her four puppies.

While going over our cotton picking for the last time, one of our hands named Little John, ran away. The next evening the dogs were started on his track. We followed them awhile, until we knew by their ceasing to bark that they had found him. We soon met the dogs returning. Their jaws, heads, and feet, were bloody. The overseer looked at them, and said, "he was afraid the dogs had killed the nigger." It being dark, we could not find him that night. Early the next morning, we started off with our neighbors, Sturivant and Flincher; and after searching about for some time, we found the body of Little John lying in the midst of a thicket of cane. It was nearly naked, and dreadfully mangled and gashed by the teeth of the dogs. They had evidently dragged it some yards through the thicket: blood, tatters of clothes, and even the entrails of the unfortunate man, were clung over his saddle, looked at the body, and muttered an oath. Sturivant swore it was no more than the fellow deserved. We dug a hole in the cane-brake, where he lay, buried him, and returned home.

The murdered young man had a mother and two sisters on the plantation, by whom he was dearly loved. When I told the old woman of what had befallen her son, she only said that it was better for poor John than to live in slavery.

Late in the fall of this year, a young man, who had already run away several times, was missing from his task. It was four days before we found him. The dogs drove him at last up a tree, where he was caught, and brought home. He was then fastened down to the ground by means of forked sticks of wood selected for the purpose, the longest fork being driven into the ground until the other closed down upon the neck, ancles, and wrists. The overseer then sent for two large cats belonging to the house. These he placed upon the naked shoulders of his victim, and dragged them suddenly by their tails downward. At first they did not scratch deeply. He then ordered me to strike them with a small stick after he had placed them once more upon the back of the sufferer. I did so; and the enraged animals extended their claws, and tore his back deeply and cruelly as they were dragged along it. He was then whipped and placed in the stocks, where he was kept three days. On the third morning as I passed the stocks, I stooped to look at him. His head hung down over the chain which supported his neck. I spoke, but he did not answer. He was dead in the stocks! The overseer of seeing him seemed surprised, and, I thought, manifested some remorse. Four of the field hands took him out of the stocks and buried him, and every thing went on as usual.

It is not in my power to give a narrative of the daily occurrences on the plantation. The history of one day was that of all. The gloomy monotony of our slavery, was only broken by the overseer's periodical fits of drunkenness, at which time neither life nor limb on the estate were secure from his caprice or violence.

In the spring of 1835, the overseer brought me a letter from my wife, written for her by her young mistress, Mr. Gatewood's daughter. He read it to me: it stated that herself and children were well—spoke of her sad and heavy disappointment in consequence of my not returning with my master; and of her having been told by him that I should come back the next fall. Hope for a moment lightened my heart; and I indulged the idea of once more returning to the bosom of my family. But I recollected that my master had already cruelly deceived me; and despair again took hold on me.

Among our hands was one whom we used to call Big Harry. He was a stout, athletic man—very intelligent, and an excellent workman; but he was of a high and proud spirit, which the weary and crushing weight of a life of slavery had not been able to subdue. On almost every plantation at the South you may find one or more individuals, whose look and air show that they have preserved their self-respect as men;—that with them the power of the tyrant ends with the coercion of the body—that the soul is free, and the inner man retaining the original uprightness of the image of God. You may know them by the stern regard of their countenances, and the contempt with which they regard the jests and pastimes of their miserable and degraded companions, who, like Samson, make sport for the keepers of their prison-house. These men are always feared as well as hated by their task-masters. Harry had never been whipped, and had always said that he would die rather than submit to it. He made no secret of his detestation of the overseer. While most of the slaves took off their hats, with cowering submission, in his presence, Harry always refused to do so. He never spoke to him except in a brief answer to his questions. Master George, who knew, and dreaded the indomitable spirit of the man, told the overseer before he left the plantation, to beware how he attempted to punish him. But the habits of tyranny in which Huckstep had so long indulged, had accustomed him to abject submission, on the part of his subjects; and he could not endure this upright and unbroken manliness. He used frequently to curse and swear at him, and devise plans for punishing him on account of his independence as he called it.

A pretext was at last afforded him. Sometime in August of this year, there was a large quantity of yellow unpicked cotton lying in the gin house. Harry was employed at night in removing the cotton seed, which had been thrown out by the gin. The rest of the male hands were engaged during the day in weeding the cotton for the last time, and in the night, in burning brush on the new lands clearing for the next year's crop. Harry was told one evening to go with the others and assist in burning the brush. He accordingly went; and the next night a double quantity of

seed had accumulated in the gin house; and although he worked till nearly 2 o'clock in the morning, he could not remove it all.

The next morning the overseer came into the field, and demanded of me why I had not whipped Harry for not removing all the cotton seed. He then called aloud to Harry to come forward and be whipped. Harry answered somewhat sternly that he would neither be struck by overseer nor driver; that he had worked nearly all night, and had scarcely fallen asleep when the horn blew to summon him to his toil in the field. The overseer raved and threatened, but Harry paid no farther attention to him. He then turned to me and asked me for my pistols, with a pair of which he had furnished me. I told him they were not with me. He growled an oath, threw himself on his horse and left us. In the evening I found him half drunk and raving like a madman. He said he would no longer bear with that nigger's insolence; but would whip him if it cost him his life. He at length fixed upon a plan for seizing him; and told me that he would go out in the morning, ride along by the side of Harry and talk pleasantly to him, and then, while Harry was attending to him, I was to steal upon him and knock him down, by a blow on the head, from the loaded and heavy handle of my whip. I was compelled to promise to obey his directions.

The next morning when we got to the field I told Harry of the overseer's plan, and advised him by all means to be on his guard and watch my motions. His eye glistened with gratitude. "Thank you James," said he, "I'll take care that you don't touch me."

Huckstep came into the field about 10 o'clock. He rode along by the side of Harry talking and laughing. I was walking on the other side. When I saw that Harry's eye was upon me I aimed a blow at him, intending however to miss him. He evaded the blow and turned fiercely round with his hoe uplifted, threatening to cut down any one who again attempted to strike him. Huckstep cursed my awkwardness, and told Harry to put down his hoe and come to him. He refused to do so, and swore he would kill the first man who tried to lay hands on him. The cowardly tyrant shrunk away from his enraged bondman, and for two weeks Harry was not again molested.

About the first of September, the overseer had one of his drunken fits. He made the house literally an earthly hell. He urged me to drink, quarrelled and swore at me for declining, and chased the old woman round the house, with his bottle of peach brandy. He then told me that Harry had forgotten the attempt to seize him, and that in the morning we must try our old game over again.

On the following morning, as I was handing to each of the hands their hoes from the tool house, I caught Harry's eye. "Look out," said I to him. "Huckstep will be after you again to-day." He uttered a deep curse against the overseer and passed on to his work. After breakfast Huckstep came riding out to the cotton field. He tied his horse to a tree, and came towards us. His sallow and haggard countenance was flushed, and his step unsteady. He came up by the side of Harry and began talking about the crops and the weather; I came at the same time on the other side, and in striking at him beat off his hat. He sprang aside and stepped backwards. Huckstep with a dreadful oath commanded him to stop, saying that he had determined to whip him, and neither earth nor hell should prevent him. Harry denied that; and said he had always done the work allotted to him and that was enough; he would sooner die than have the accursed lash touch him. The overseer staggered to his horse, mounted him and rode furiously to the house, and soon made his appearance, returning with his gun in his hand.

"Yonder comes the devil!" said one of the women whose row was near Harry's.

"Yes," said another, "He's trying to scare Harry with his gun."

"Let him try as he pleases," said Harry, in his low, deep, determined tones. "He may shoot me, but he can't whip me."

Huckstep came swearing on; when within a few yards of Harry he stopped, looked at him with a stare of mingled rage and drunken imbecility; and bid him throw down his hoe and come forward. The undaunted slave refused to comply, and continuing his work told the drunken demon to shoot if he pleased. Huckstep advanced within a few steps of him when Harry raised his hoe and told him to stand back. He stepped back a few paces, levelled his gun and fired. Harry received the charge in his breast, and fell instantly across a cotton row. He threw up his hands wildly, and groaned, "Oh, Lord!"

The hands instantly dropped their hoes. The women shrieked aloud. For my own part I stood silent with horror. The cries of the women enraged the overseer, he dropped his gun, and snatching the whip from my hand, with horrid oaths and imprecations, fell to whipping them, laying about him like a maniac. Upon Harry's sister he bestowed his blows without mercy, commanding her to quit her screaming and go to work. The poor girl, whose brother had thus been murdered before her eyes, could not wrangle down the awful agony of her feelings, and the brutal tormentor left her without effecting his object. He then, without going to look at his victim, told four of the hands to carry him to the house, and taking up his gun left the field. When we got to the poor fellow, he was alive, and groaning faintly. The hands took him up, but before they reached the house he was dead. Huckstep came out, and looking at him, and finding him dead, ordered the hands to bury him. The burial of a slave in Alabama is that of a brute. No coffin—no decent shroud—no rudo box—is thrown in without further ceremony.

From this time the overseer was regarded by the whole gang with detestation and fear—as a being to whose rage and cruelty there were no limits. Yet he was constantly telling us that he was the kindest of overseers—that he was formerly somewhat severe in managing his hands, but that now he was, if anything too indulgent. Indeed he had the reputation of being a good overseer, and an excellent manager, when sober. The slaves on some of the neighboring plantations were certainly worse clothed and fed, and more frequently and cruelly whipped than ours. Whenever we saw them they complained of over working and short feeding. One of Flincher's, and one of Sturtivant's hands ran away, while I was in Alabama; and after remaining in the woods awhile, and despairing of being able to effect their escape, resolved to put an end to their existence and their slavery together. Each twisted himself a vine of the muscadine grape, and fastened one end around the limb of an oak, and made a noose

in the other. Jacob, Flincher's man, swung himself off first, and expired after a long struggle. The other, horrified by the contortions and agony of his comrade, dropped his noose, and was retaken. When discovered, two or three days afterwards, the body of Jacob was dreadfully torn and mangled, by the buzzards.

Among the slaves who were brought from Virginia, were two young and bright mulatto women, who were always understood throughout the plantation to have been the daughters of the elder Larrimore, by one of his slaves. One was named Sarah and the other Hannah. Sarah, being in a state of pregnancy, failed of executing her daily allotted task of hoeing cotton. I was ordered to whip her, and on my remonstrating with the overseer, and representing the condition of the woman, I was told that my business was to obey orders; and that if I was told "to whip a dead nigger I must do it." I accordingly gave her fifty lashes. This was on Thursday evening. On Friday she also failed through weakness, and was compelled to lie down in the field. That night the overseer himself whipped her. On Saturday the wretched woman dragged herself once more to the cotton field. In the burning sun, and in a situation which would have called forth pity in the bosom of any one save a cotton-growing overseer, she struggled to finish her task. She failed—nature could do no more—and sick and despairing, she sought her cabin. There the overseer met her and inflicted fifty more lashes upon her already lacerated back.

The next morning was the Sabbath. It brought no joy to that suffering woman. Instead of the tone of the church bell summoning to the house of prayer, she heard the dreadful sound of the lash falling upon the backs of her brethren and sisters in bondage. For the voice of prayer she heard curses. For the songs of Zion obscene and hateful blasphemies. No bible was there with its consolations for the sick of heart. Faint and fevered, scarred and smarting from the effects of her cruel punishment, she lay upon her pallet of moss—dreading the coming of her relentless persecutor,—who, in the madness of one of his periodical fits of drunkenness, was now swearing and cursing through the quarters.

Some of the poor woman's friends on the evening before, had attempted to relieve her of the task which had been assigned her, but exhausted nature, and the selfishness induced by their own miserable situation, did not permit them to finish it; and the overseer, on examination, found that the week's work of the woman, was still deficient. After breakfast, he ordered her to be tied up to the limb of a tree, by means of a rope fastened round her wrists, so as to leave her feet about six inches from the ground. She begged him to let her down, for she was very sick.

"Very well!" he exclaimed with a sneer and a laugh,—"I shall bleed you then, and take out some of your Virginia blood. You are too proud a miss for Alabama."

He struck her a few blows. Swinging thus by her arms, she succeeded in placing one of her feet against the body of the tree, and thus partly supported herself, and relieved in some degree the painful weight upon her wrists. He threw down his whip—took a rail from the garden fence, ordered her feet to be tied together, and thrust the rail between them. He then ordered one of the hands to sit upon it. Her back at this time was bare, but the strings of the only garment which she wore passed over her shoulders and prevented the full force of the wip from acting on her flesh. These he cut off with his pen-knife, and thus left her entirely naked. He struck her only two blows, for the second one, cut open her side and abdomen with a frightful gash. Unable to look on any longer in silence, I entreated him to stop, as I feared he had killed her. The overseer looked at the wound—dropped his whip, and ordered her to be untied. She was carried into the house in a state of insensibility, and died in three days after.

During the whole season of picking cotton, the whip was frequently and severely plied. In his seasons of intoxication, the overseer made no distinction between the stout man and the feeble and delicate woman—the sick and the well. Women in a far advanced state of pregnancy were driven out to the cotton field. At other times he seemed to have some consideration; and to manifest something like humanity. Our hands did not suffer for food—they had a good supply of ham and cornmeal, while on Flincher's plantation the slaves had meat but once a year, at Christmas.

Near the commencement of the weeding season of 1835, I was ordered to whip a young woman, a light mustee, for not performing her task. I told the overseer that she was sick. He said he did not care for that, she should be made to work. A day or two afterwards, I found him in the house half intoxicated. He demanded of me why I had not whipped the girl; and I gave the same reason as before. He flew into a dreadful rage, but his miserable situation made him an object of contempt rather than fear. He sat shaking his fist at me, and swearing for nearly half an hour. He said he would teach the Virginia lady to sham sickness; and that the only reason I did not whip her was, that she was a white woman, and I did not like to cut up her delicate skin. Some time after I was ordered to give two of our women, named Hannah and big Sarah, 150 lashes each, for not performing their tasks. The overseer stood by until he saw Hannah whipped, and until Sarah had been tied up to the tree. As soon as his back was turned I struck the tree instead of the woman, who understanding my object, shrieked as if the whip at every blow was cutting into her flesh. The overseer heard the blows and the woman's cries, and supposing that all was going on according to his mind, left the field. Unfortunately the husband of Hannah stood looking on; and indignant that his wife should be whipped and Sarah spared, determined to revenge himself by informing against me.

Next morning Huckstep demanded of me whether I had whipped Sarah the day before; I replied in the affirmative. Upon this he called Sarah forward and made her show her back, which bore no traces of recent whipping. He then turned upon me and told me that the blows intended for Sarah should be laid on my back. That night the overseer, with the help of three of the hands, tied me up to a large tree—my arms and legs being clasped round it, and my body drawn up hard against it by two men pulling at my arms, and one pushing against my back. The agony occasioned by this alone was almost intolerable. I felt a sense of painful suffocation, and could scarcely catch my breath.

A moment after I felt the first blow of the overseer's whip across my shoulders. It seemed to cut into my very heart. I felt the blood gush, and ran down my back. I fainted at length under the torture, and on being taken down, my shoes contained

blood which ran from the gashes in my back. The skin was worn off from my breast, arms, and thighs, against the rough bark of the tree. I was sick and feverish, and in great pain for three weeks afterwards; most of which time I was obliged to lie with my face downwards, in consequence of the extreme soreness of my sides and back. Huckstep himself seemed concerned about me, and would come frequently to see me, and tell me that he should not have touched me had it not been for "the cursed peach brandy."

Almost the first person that I was compelled to whip after I recovered, was the man who pushed at my back when I was tied up to the tree. The hands who were looking on at that time, all thought he pushed me much harder than was necessary: and they expected that I would retaliate upon him the injury I had received.

After he was tied up, the overseer told me to give him a severe flogging, and left me. I struck the tree instead of the man. His wife who was looking on, almost overwhelmed me with her gratitude.

At length one morning, late in the fall of 1835, I saw Huckstep, and a gentleman ride out to the field. As they approached, I saw the latter was my master. The hands all ceased their labor, and crowded around him, inquiring about old Virginia. For my own part, I could not hasten to greet him. He had too cruelly deceived me. He at length came towards me, and seemed somewhat embarrassed. "Well James," said he, "how do you stand it here?" "Badly enough," I replied. "I had no thought that you could be so cruel as to go away and leave me as you did." "Well, well, it was too bad but it could not be helped—you must blame Huckstep for it." "But," said I, "I was not his servant; I belonged to you, and you could do as you pleased." "Well," said he, "we will talk about that by and by." He then inquired of Huckstep where big Sarah was. "She was sick and died," was the answer. He looked round among the slaves again, and inquired for Harry. The overseer told him that Harry undertook to kill him, and that, to save his life, he was obliged to fire upon him, and that he died of the wound. After some further inquiries, he requested me to go into the house with him. He then asked me to tell him how things had been managed during his absence. I gave him a full account of the overseer's cruelty. When he heard of the manner of Harry's death, he seemed much affected and shed tears. He was a favorite servant of his father's. I showed him the deep scars on my back occasioned by the whipping I had received. He was, or professed to be, highly indignant with Huckstep; and said he would see to it that he did not lay hands on me again. He told me he should be glad to take me with him to Virginia, but he did not know where he should find a driver who would be so kind to the hands as I was. If I would stay ten years, he would then give me a thousand dollars and a piece of land to plant on my own account. "But," said I, "my wife and children." "Well," said he, "I will do my best to purchase them, and send them on to you." I now saw that my destiny was fixed: and that I was to spend my days in Alabama, and I retired to my bed that evening with a heavy heart.

My master staid only three or four days on the plantation. Before he left, he cautioned Huckstep to be careful and not strike me again, as he would on no account permit it. He told me to give the hands food enough, and not over-work them, and, having thus satisfied his conscience, left us to our fate.

Out of the two hundred and fourteen slaves who were brought out from Virginia, at least one-third of them were members of the Methodist and Baptist churches in that State. Of this number five or six could read. They had been torn away from the care and discipline of their respective churches, and from the means of instruction, but they retained their love for the exercises of religion; and felt a mournful pleasure in speaking of the privileges and spiritual blessings which they enjoyed in Old Virginia. Three of them had been preachers, or exhorters, viz. Solomon, usually called Uncle Solomon, Richard and David. Uncle Solomon was a grave, elderly man, mild and forgiving in his temper, and greatly esteemed among the more serious portion of our hands. He used to snatch every occasion to talk to the lewd and vicious about the concerns of their souls, and advise them to fix their minds upon the Saviour, as their only helper. Some I have heard curse and swear in answer, and others would say that they could not keep their minds upon God and the devil (meaning Huckstep) at the same time: that it was of no use to try to be religious—they had no time—that the overseer wouldn't let them meet to pray—and that even Uncle Solomon, when he prayed, had to keep one eye open all the time, to see if Huckstep was coming. Uncle Solomon could both read and write, and had brought out with him from Virginia a Bible, a hymn book and some other religious books, which he carefully concealed from the overseer. Huckstep was himself an open infidel as well as blasphemer. He used to tell the hands that there was no hell hereafter for white people, but that they had their punishment on earth in being obliged to take care of the negroes. As for the blacks, he was sure there was a hell for them. He used frequently to sit with his bottle by his side, and a Bible in his hand; and read passages and comment on them, and pronounce them lies. Any thing like religious feeling among the slaves irritated him. He said that so much praying and singing prevented the people from doing their tasks, as it kept them up nights, when they should be asleep. He used to mock, and in every possible way interrupt the poor slaves, who after the toil of day, knelt in their lowly cabins to offer their prayers and supplications to Him whose ear is open to the sorrowful sighing of the prisoner, and who hath promised in His own time to come down and deliver. In his drunken seasons he would make excursions at night through the slave-quarters, enter the cabins, and frighten the inmates, especially if engaged in prayer or singing. On one of these occasions he came back rubbing his hands and laughing. He said he had found Uncle Solomon in his garden, down on his knees, praying like an old owl, and had tipped him over, and frightened him half out of his wits. At another time he found Uncle David sitting on his stool with his face thrust up the chimney, in order that his voice might not be heard by his brutal persecutor. He was praying, giving utterance to these words, probably in reference to this:—*How long, oh Lord, how long?* "As long as my whip!" cried the overseer, who had stoled behind him, giving him a blow. It was the sport of a demon.

To be Continued.

From Chambers' Journal, No. 324.

ENFORCEMENT OF GENTLENESS.

Duke. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orlando. I almost die for food, and let me have it.
Duke. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
Orlando. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you;
I thought that all things had been savage here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But, what'er you are,
That, in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time:
If ever you have looked on better days;
If ever been where bells have knolled to church;
If ever sat at any good man's feast;
If ever from your eye-lids wiped a tear,
And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush and hide my sword.

As You Like It.

SHAKESPEARE here touches upon a principle which was announced in a very remarkable manner to mankind about one thousand six hundred years earlier, and which mankind have ever since paid a great theoretical respect to, but without ever making any thing like a hearty or general attempt to act upon it. To return good for evil—by soft words to turn away wrath—to charm our fellow-creatures out of violence into gentleness, by our own example—such are the leading features of this principle, the moral loveliness of which is acknowledged by all men—and yet all at the same time presume that, from defects in human character, it is not a doctrine capable of being realised in practice. We do, indeed, see the principle of force so universal throughout the world, that it is difficult to imagine how the frame of society could be kept together if the common motives of interest, praise, and terror, were to be given up. And yet the authority which sets forth the superior power of gentleness is the highest acknowledged by enlightened man; and he almost every day sees before his face, in his domestic and social existence, circumstances in which that power is practically shown in a more or less striking light. Moreover, is it quite rational to conceive that the race is capable of embracing and delighting in the principle of good will, and yet incapable of acting on it? Is not the same mental emotion which shows the truth and beauty of the doctrine, fit, under favourable circumstances, to lead men to make it a practical rule of life? Without stopping to agitate this question at present, we shall arrange a few rather remarkable exemplifications of the efficacy of the principle of gentleness, which have lately fallen under our attention.

Some of these examples are found in a place where we might have least expected them—a late extraordinary publication entitled "Memoirs of Joseph Holt, General of the Irish Rebels in 1798." This man, securing respect even as the chief of a rebel force, in consequence of the natural goodness that was in him, was spared by a vindictive government, and transported to New South Wales. In that colony he was employed as overseer on the property of a Mr. Cox, where he had under his charge forty-five convicts and twenty-five freemen. "It required all my energies," he says, "to keep them in proper order. My freemen I always employed by the piece, etc. As to the convicts, there was a certain quantity of work, which by the government regulations they must do in a given time, and this may be given to them by the day, week, or month, as you pleased, and they must be paid a certain price for all the work they did beyond a certain quantity. If they were idle, and did not do the regulated quantity of work, it was only necessary to take them before a magistrate, and he would order them twenty-five lashes of the cat on their backs, for the first offence, fifty for the second, and so on; and if that would not do, they were at last put into a gang, and made to work in irons from morning till night.

In order to keep them honest, I paid them fully and fairly for every thing they did beyond their stipulated task, at the same time I paid the freemen; and if I thought the rations not sufficient for their comfortable support, I issued to each man six pounds of wheat, fourteen of potatoes, and one of pork, in addition. By this means the men were well fed, for the old saying is true, 'Hunger will break through stone walls,' and it is all nonsense to make laws for starving men. When any article was stolen from me, I instantly paraded all hands and told them that, if it was not restored in a given time, I would stop all extra allowances and indulgences; 'the thief,' said I, 'is a disgrace to the establishment, and all employed in it; let the honest men find him out and punish him among yourselves; do not let it be said that the flogger ever polluted this place by his presence. You all know the advantages you enjoy above gangs on any other estate in the colony; do not then throw them away. Do not let me know who the thief is, but punish him by your own verdict.' I then dismissed them.

The transports would say among themselves, that what I had told them was all right. 'We won't,' they would reason, 'be punished because there happens to be an ungrateful thief among us.' They then called a jury, and entered into an investigation, and on all occasions succeeded in detecting and punishing the offender. I was by this line of conduct secure from plunder; and

the disgusting operation of flaying a man alive, with a cat-o'-nine-tails, did not disgrace the farms under my superintendance. Mr. Cox said one day to me, 'Pray, Joseph, how is it that you never have to bring your men to punishment? You have more under you than I believe any man in the colony, and to the surprise of all, you have never had one flogged, or indeed have made a complaint against one; they look well, and appear contented, and even happy.' 'Sir,' said I, 'I have studied human nature more than books. I had the management of many more men in my own country, and I was always rigidly just to them. I never oppressed them, or suffered them to cheat their employers or each other. They knew, if they did their duty, they would be well treated, and if not, sent to the right about. I follow the same course with the men here. * * I should think myself very ill qualified to act as your overseer, were I to have a man or two flogged every week. Besides the horrible inhumanity of the practice, the loss of a man's week or fortnight's work will not be a trifle in a year, at twelve and sixpence per week; for a man who gets the cat is incapable of work till his back is well; so, in prudence, as well as in Christian charity, it is best to treat our fellow-creatures like men, although they be degraded to the state of convict slaves.' * * "

Mr. Holt also gives the following account of Colonel Collins, governor of the settlement at the Derwent River in Van Dieman's Land from 1804 till his death in 1810:—"This gentleman had the good will, the good wishes, and the good word, of every one in the settlement. His conduct was exemplary, and his disposition most humane. His treatment of the runaway convicts was conciliatory, and even kind. He would go into the forests, among the natives, to allow these poor creatures, the runaways, an opportunity of returning to their former condition; and, half dead with cold and hunger, they would come and drop on their knees before him, imploring pardon for their behaviour.

"Well," he would say to them, "now that you have lived in the bush, do you think the change you made was for the better? Are you sorry for what you have done?" "Yes, sir." "And will you promise never to go away again?" "Never, sir." "Go to the store-keeper, then," the benevolent Collins would say, "and get a suit of slops and your week's ration, and then go to the overseer and attend to your work. I give you my pardon; but remember, that I expect you will keep your promise to me."

"I never heard of any other governor or commandant acting in this manner, nor did I ever witness much leniency from any governor. I have, however, been assured that there was less crime, and much fewer faults committed among the people under Governor Collins, than in any other settlement, which I think is a clear proof that mercy and humanity are the best policy."

Miss Martineau, in her works on America, gives several delightful illustrations of this principle, which almost sound like oddities. She speaks of a Quaker, a kind of Baptist, whom she found in the enjoyment of considerable wealth, on a farm settlement near Michigan city. "He had gone through life on the non-resistance principle; and it was animating to learn how well it had served him—as every high exercise of faith does serve every one who has strength and simplicity of heart to commit himself to it. It was animating to learn, not only his own consistency, but the force of his moral power over others; how the careless had been won to thoughtfulness of his interests, and the criminal to respect of his rights. He seemed to have unconsciously secured the promise and the fruit of the life that now is, more effectually than many who think less of that which is to come. It was done, he said, by always supposing that the good was in men." In her notice of the relation between mistresses and servants in America, Miss Martineau states that much of what English people have to complain of in that country, in respect of servants, arises from their imperious and exacting habits, irreconcilable as these are with the natural rights of their fellow-creatures. Where servants are treated upon a principle of justice and kindness, they live on agreeable terms with their employers often for many years. But even slaves may be made more useful as well as more agreeable companions, when treated in such a way as to call forth their better feelings. "A kind-hearted gentleman in the south, finding that the laws of his state precluded his teaching his legacy of slaves according to the usual methods of education, bethought himself at length of the moral training of task-work. It succeeded admirably. His negroes soon began to work as slaves are never, under any other arrangement, seen to work. Their day's task was finished by eleven o'clock. Next, they began to care for one another: the strong began to help the weak—first, husbands helped their wives; then parents helped their children; and at length the young began to help the old. Here was seen the awakening of natural affections which had lain in a dark sleep."

"The vigour," says Miss Martineau elsewhere, "which negroes show when their destiny is fairly placed in their own hands, is an answer to all arguments about their helplessness drawn from their dulness in a state of bondage. A highly satisfactory experiment upon the will, judgment, and talents of a large body of slaves, was made, a few years ago, by a relative of Chief Justice Marshall. This gentleman and his family had attached their negroes to them by a long course of judicious kindness. At length an

estate at some distance was left to the gentleman, and he saw, with much regret, that it was his duty to leave the plantation on which he was living. He could not bear the idea of turning over his people to the tender mercies or unproved judgment of a stranger overseer. He called his negroes together, told them the case, and asked whether they thought they could manage the estate themselves. If they were willing to undertake the task, they must choose an overseer from among themselves, provide comfortably for their own wants, and remit him the surplus of the profits. The negroes were full of grief at losing the family, but willing to try what they could do. They had an election for overseer, and chose the man their master would have pointed out; decidedly the strongest head on the estate. All being arranged, the master left them, with a parting charge to keep their festivals and take their appointed holidays, as if he were present. After some time, he rode over to see how all went on, choosing a festival-day, that he might meet them in their holiday gaiety. He was surprised, on approaching, to hear no merriment; and on entering his fields, he found his 'force' all hard at work. As they flocked round him, he inquired why they were not making holiday. They told him that the crop would suffer in its present state by the loss of a day; and that they had therefore put off their holiday, which, however, they meant to take by and bye. Not many days after, an express arrived to inform the proprietor that there was an insurrection on his estate. He would not believe it; declared it impossible, as there was nobody to rise against; but the messenger, who had been sent by the neighbouring gentlemen, was so confident of the facts, that the master galloped, with the utmost speed, to his plantation, arriving as night was coming on. As he rode in, a cry of joy arose from his negroes, who pressed round to shake hands with him. They were in their holiday clothes, and had been singing and dancing; they were only enjoying the deferred festival. The neighbours, hearing the noise on a quiet working-day, had jumped to the conclusion that it was an insurrection.

"There is no catastrophe yet to this story. When the proprietor related it, he said that no trouble had arisen; and that for some reasons, ever since this estate had been wholly in the hands of his negroes, it had been more productive than it ever was while he managed it himself."

It is particularly striking to find the principle thus exemplified in dealings with convicts and slaves, for, if there successful, it has surely a chance of being still more so amongst classes less degraded. But there is still a more apparently hopeless set of beings, upon whom the genial beams of the sun of kindness have wrought a regenerating effect. This is the class of extremely depraved criminals—men whom it is customary to treat with coercion and every kind of bitterness, with a view to subdue and frighten, if not to improve them, and who in general show the natural fruits of that species of treatment in deeper and deeper criminality. In the Weathersfield prison in the United States, a Captain Pillsbury has tried a soothing and benevolent system with this class of men; and the effects are thus spoken of by Miss Martineau:—"For these cases see the article entitled 'The Prisoner's Friend' in the present volume of the Pearl, page 116].

There is still another class of beings, usually reckoned low in the moral scale, upon whom a mild treatment has been found to be of better effect than a harsh one—the natives of what are called savage countries. Civilised settlers in such countries have always, till a recent period, proceeded upon the principle that a system of armed offence and defence was the only one that could be maintained with natives; and the consequences have invariably been, great bloodshed on both sides, and a slow progress in colonisation. Such a system was no doubt unavoidable, as long as the superior race was pleased to look upon the natives as a set of beings without rights, and without natural feelings. They have invariably robbed, insulted, and enslaved the aborigines, and have reaped the natural fruits of a system of violence and injustice. The late Mr Thomas Pringle, as fine a spirit as ever glowed in behalf of injured humanity, in his work entitled "African Sketches," forcibly points out the evil effects which have hitherto attended the violent system in the colony of the Cape of Good Hope, and expresses his firm conviction, founded on many years of experience and observation on the spot, that justice and mild treatment are the talismans which are to open the African continent to British enterprise.

We present these views and their appropriate illustrations with hesitation and timidity, for, to confess the truth, it appears, after all we have known of mankind, as if it were too good news to be true, that they could live and deal with each other on principles of pure justice and benevolence. But if there is any such system in store for man as was preached so many centuries ago in Galilee, and seems to be revealed in very action in these cases, how wonderfully glorious a prospect does it open up to us! One reflection may be adduced as calculated to keep up our hopes of so beautiful a consummation. The present is but a fallacious argument of the future. Who, so lately as the beginning of the reign of George III., could have believed it possible, considering the prevailing sentiments of mankind, that any steps should ever be taken to put an end to negro slavery? The Edinburgh Review, about the year 1809, draws an argument against all pro-

spect of the improvement of the race, from the long-continued war, and the absence of all likelihood of its speedy conclusion; yet five years saw the conclusion of the war, and the commencement of an era of social improvement altogether unexampled in our history. Let us cherish, then, the pleasing hope that possibly man may yet know better means of making himself happy on earth than by rendering his fellow-men miserable. It may be delusion, but it is a pleasing one to a generous spirit; and the hope of the general result cannot fail to be an incentive to those specific actions which must, after all, in combination, be what is to work out the principle, if it is ever to be wrought out at all. We conclude with an eloquent assertion of the principle from the pen of one who has said many kind things of his fellow-creatures.

I've thought, at gentle and ungentle hour,
Of many an act and giant shape of power;
Of the old kings with high enacting looks,
Sceptred and globed; of eagles on their rocks,
With straining feet, and that fierce mouth and drear,
Answering the strain with downward drag austere;
Of the rich-headed lion, whose huge frown,
All his great nature, gathering, seems to crown;
Then of Cathedral with its priestly height,
Seen from below at superstitious night;
Of ghostly castle that eternally
Holds its blind visage out to the lone sea;
And of all sunless subterranean deeps
The creature makes, who listens while he sleeps,
Avarice; and then of those old earthly cones,
That stride, they say, over heroic bones;
And those stone-heaps Egyptian, whose small doors
Look like low dens under precipitous shores;
And him, great Memnon, that long sitting by,
In seeming idleness, with stony eye,
Sang at the morning's touch, like poetry;
And then of all the fierce and bitter fruit
Of the proud planting of a tyrannous foot,—
Of bruised rights, and flourishing bad men,
And virtue wasting heavenward from a den;
Brute force, and fury; and the devilish drouth
Of the fool cannon's ever-gaping mouth;
And the bride-widowing sword; and the harsh bray
The sneering trumpet sends across the fray;
And all which light the people-thinning star
That selfishness invokes—the horsed war,
Panting along with many a bloody mane.

I've thought of all this pride and all this pain,
And all the insolent plenitudes of power,
And I declare, by this most quiet hour,
Which holds in different tasks by the fire-light
Me and my friends here, this delightful night,
That Power itself has not one-half the might
Of Gentleness. The want to all true wealth;
The uncanny madman's force to the wise health;
Blind downward beating, to the eyes that see;
Noise to persuasion, doubt to certainty;
The consciousness of strength in enemies,
Who must be strained upon, or else they rise;
The battle to the moon, who all the while,
High out of hearing, passes with her smile;
The tempest, trampling in his scanty run,
To the whole globe that basks about the sun;
Or as all shrieks and clangs, with which a sphere,
Undone and fired, could rake the midnight ear,
Compared with that vast dumbness nature keeps
Throughout her starry deeps,
Most old, and mild, and awful, and unbroken;
Which tells a tale of peace beyond whatever was spoken.

Leigh Hunt's Poems.

For the Pearl.

LAVATER'S APHORISMS.

PARAPHRASED AND ILLUSTRATED.

No. I.

"THINK,—or, read not."

"Knowledge of Man, love of morality, and attachment to right reason, should form the heart of our literary studies."

Mankind agree in essence as they do in limbs and senses;
Mankind differ in essence as they do in limbs and senses.

Except the deformed, men have similar feet and hands, eyes and ears;

But one limb differs in proportion from another, and one man's sight is dim while another's is clear.

So, except the mentally deformed, men have similar feelings and passions,—

But one feeling or passion predominates in one, and is subservient in another.

Perfection of limbs and features form a wonder of physical beauty,—

As the statues of olden times, which joined all beauties in one.

Perfection of mental faculties form a wonder of mental beauty,—

As the two or three land-marks of humanity which stand out in Heathen and Christian story.

Contemplations of man's nature should lead to charity:

None quarrel with the diversity of hands or eyes,—

Neither should they with the different measures of mental taste or judgment.

The unfortunates who are physically monstrous, are shut up in hospitals,—

So are the mental monsters, the criminals, in the prison-house;

All else should be endured as the wholesome variety of creation;—

What I lack my brother has,—and that with which I overflow he wants,—

Thus all fill up the harmony of the world, as the different tones among well arranged choristers.

Each mind feels itself the centre of intellectual being:

As the mariner sees himself the centre of a watery plain,
Whose boundary is the cloud-heaped, ship-specked, horizon,—

While another, in one of those ship-specks, sees himself the centre of another circle;—

As each astronomer finds himself the centre of the celestial sphere,

And sees the orbs rise and set, as it were, for his sole advantage.

Thus Nature, by making each one chief of his own sphere, preserves all.

He who forgets this, and wrongs himself, or absorbs his own concerns in those of others,

Disarranges his sphere, is erratic and eccentric, mars the harmony of creation,

And must expect the frowns of nature for that contempt of one of her wisest laws.

Existence is mainly composed of self-enjoyment, by means of objects distinct from ourselves;

As the medium of self enjoyment, so are we.

Those things which men voluntarily hold communion with depict themselves.

The more varied yet harmonious is the medium of self-enjoyment, the more dignified and blest is man.

If objects of enjoyment be gross and vulgar, existence must be of a similar character.

He who pursues means of enjoyment which are contradictory is a fool and a sinner:

The destruction of order, and of true enjoyment, is sin.

Thus, we see each one going out of himself, as it were, for to enjoy his own existence,—

And carefully seeking those things in which he finds most delight,—

Thereby exhibiting what the constitution of his own existence is. Thus we see the grovelling, wallowing in impurity, and calling their desilement, joy,—

And the foolish heaping up pains, as they accumulate, mis-called pleasures,—

And the sinner marring order, and making wretchedness, by efforts at false happiness,—

And the wise man seeking those joys which form parts of an unsullied chain,—

Which may connect the present with future time, and time with eternity.

Copiousness and simplicity,—variety and unity, constitute greatness of character.

The "son of Mary" was vast in his power and depth of knowledge,—

Yet was He simple as the children whom he took in his arms and blessed;—

His resources were varied as the blossoms of spring,—
Yet his one object was the good of all being.

Thus has the illimitable, unfathomable, ever-rich ocean,
A grand simplicity of material and form;—

And every breeze and cloud gives variety to its swells,
While, like an azure girdle, unbroken, it encompasseth the globe.

The less you can enjoy, the poorer you are,—The more, the richer.

For man's existence is made up of enjoying objects distinct from himself,

And existence without such enjoyment, is little more than vegetable life,—

Therefore, the more enjoyment the more capacious and rich is existence.

(Enjoyment, however, to be true, must agree with nature, morality, religion:

For false joy prostrates wholesome power, and turns to acute suffering;—

As the impiously-kept manna became rottenness and worms.)
Possession only makes nominally rich, if enjoyment be wanted.

Thus philosophers speak of poor rich men, and rich poor men,—

Thus some possessing profusely what other pine after,
Complain of distaste, weariness, and length of time,
And, in fits of foolish madness, arraign the acts of Heaven,—
Lay violent hands on themselves, and rush out of life.

See the miser, crouched over his money-bags, shivering in poverty of soul;—

See the debauchee, rioting mid beauty, his mouth filled with cursing and blasphemy;—

See the merchant, with a lack-lustre vacant stare,—
Ships and stores and rich goods lie around, yet he sighs by the hour;—

See the Lord of a wide domain, in his soft-swinging chariot,—
In vain the East is dappled with crimson and gold,—

In vain the fresh opening flowers send fragrance on either hand,
In vain the birds raise their matins from his hereditary oaks,—
He returns, heart fainting and fevered,—and with a burning brain.

From the gambler's orgy; beauty but stings him with reproach.
See, again, The Cotter in his little brilliant garden,—
His children clambering at his knees, beautiful and happy,—
A smile of peace radiating his sun-burnt countenance, as he speaks with his long-proved friend,—

Every minute is full of animal and moral delight, for he takes his sabbath evening's rest.

See the artist, pocket-poor indeed, but exulting in the sunny blue of heaven;—

In the undulating turf of soft-shaded hill and vale,—
In the majestic swells of old ocean which roll so harmoniously.
See the sage, who meets good and evil, as dispensations from heaven;—

Looking over billowy trials, to the celestial Paradise,
And forgetting the stings of adversity in that foretaste of unbroken joy

Which are the richer, which the poorer men,—
Miser, Debauchee and foolish Lord,—or, Cottager, Enthusiast, and toil-tired Pilgrim?

STYLUS.

[Note.—The above sections are on the following subjects.—Agreement and disagreement between men.—Self-feeling.—Existence.—Character, and Enjoyment. The design in each, is,—to state a proposition, to demonstrate it by what may be called, axioms, and deductions from them,—and to give some illustrations of the proposition and demonstrations.]

PEARL DIVERS OF CEYLON.—The crew of a boat consists of a Tindal or master, ten divers, and thirteen other men who manage the boat and attend the divers when fishing. Each boat has five diving stones (the ten divers relieving each other); five divers are constantly at work during the hours of fishing. The weight of the diving stone varies from 15 to 25 lb., according to the size of the diver; some stout men find it necessary to have from 4 to 8 lb. of stone in a waist-belt, to enable them to keep at the bottom of the sea, to fill their net with oysters. The form of a diving stone resembles the cone of a pine; it is suspended by a doubled cord.

The net is of coir-rope yarns, 18 inches deep, fastened to a hoop 18 inches wide, fairly slung to a single cord. On preparing to commence fishing, the diver divests himself of all his clothes except a small piece of cloth; after offering up his devotions he plunges into the sea and swims to his diving stone, which his attendants having slung over the side of the boat; he places his right foot or toes between the double cord on the diving stone—the bight of the cord being passed over a stick projecting from the side of the boat; by grasping all parts of the rope he is enabled to support himself and the stone, and raise or lower the latter for his own convenience while he remains at the surface; he then puts his left foot on the hoop of the net and presses it against the diving stone, retaining the cord in his hand. The attendants take care that the cords are clear for turning out of the boat.

The diver being thus prepared, he raises his body as much as he is able; drawing a full breath, he presses his nostrils between his thumb and finger, slips his hold of the bight of the diving stone, and descends as rapidly as the stone will sink him. On reaching the bottom he abandons the stone, which is hauled up by the attendants ready to take him down again, clings to the ground, and commences filling his net. To accomplish this he will sometimes creep over a space of eight or ten fathoms, and remain under water a minute; when he wishes to ascend he checks the cord of the net, which is instantly felt by the attendants, who commence pulling up as fast as they are able. The diver remains with the net until it is so far clear of the bottom so as to be in no danger of upsetting, and then begins to haul himself up by the cord hand over hand, which the attendants are likewise pulling. When by these means his body has acquired an impetus upwards he forsakes the cord, places his hands to his thighs, rapidly ascends to the surface, swims to his diving stone, and by the time the contents of his net have been emptied into the boat he is ready to go down again. One diver will take up in a day from 1000 to 4000 oysters. They seldom exceed a minute under water; the more common time is from fifty-three to fifty-seven seconds, but when requested to remain as long as possible, they can prolong their stay to something more than eighty seconds. They are warned to ascend by a singing noise in the ears, and finally by a sensation similar to hiccup.—*Voyage Round the World.*

TEACHING.—It is a disgrace to society in its present state of civilization, that there is no money given so grudgingly as that which is given for plain, substantial, moral education;—while all parties agree that the act of teaching, unremittingly and faithfully performed, is the most laborious of man's life; and it will be in vain to expect the price of their labor to be raised to its just value until more efficient laborers be brought into the field.

THE PEARL.

HALIFAX, FRIDAY EVENING, JUNE 15, 1838.

THE AFFECTING NARRATIVE of James Williams, is published by the numerous, and respectable American, Anti-Slavery Society. Coming from such a source its correctness may be relied upon. The writer of the narrative makes the following remarks:—

The following pages contain the simple and unvarnished story of an AMERICAN SLAVE,—of one, whose situation, in the first place, as a favourite servant in an aristocratic family in Virginia; and afterwards as the sole and confidential driver on a large plantation in Alabama, afforded him rare and peculiar advantages for accurate observation of the practical workings of the system. His intelligence, evident candour, and grateful remembrance of those kindnesses, which in a land of slavery, made his cup of suffering less bitter; the perfect accordance of his statements, (made at different times, and to different individuals,) one with another as well as those statements themselves, all afford strong confirmation of the truth and accuracy of his story. There seems to have been no effort, on his part, to make his picture of Slavery one of entire darkness—he details every thing of a mitigating character which fell under his observation; and even the cruel deception of his master has not rendered him unmindful of his early kindness.

The editor is fully aware that he has not been able to present this affecting narrative in the simplicity and vivid freshness with which it fell from the lips of the narrator. He has, however, as closely as possible, copied his manner, and in many instances his precise language. THE SLAVE HAS SPOKEN FOR HIMSELF. Acting merely as his amanuensis, he has carefully abstained from comments of his own."

We expect in our next number to conclude the narrative.

Our readers will oblige us by a careful perusal of the article, entitled ENFORCEMENT OF GENTLENESS—copied from a late number of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal. On a future occasion we may offer some observation on the subject ourselves.

News.—The most important news of the week will be found in our columns. We had concluded that all angry feelings had subsided along the frontier, but the late shameful outrage has undeceived us. The proclamation of Lord Durham will, doubtless, command the attention of all classes of politicians. We wish his Lordship all success in his high office of mediation. A peacemaker producing reconciliation is a noble and distinguished character. The documents we have inserted on the Boundary Question are of much importance. The Montreal papers give the details of a duel at Montreal. One of the parties, Major Warde of the 1st Royals was killed. And this is called an "affair of honour." Such honour is worthy the age of Vandalism! "THOU SHALT NOT KILL," is the solemn command the Eternal! Would that individuals and nations acted on it!

PROCLAMATION.

By His Excellency the Right Hon. JOHN GEORGE, EARL OF DURHAM, Viscount Lambton, etc. etc. Knight Grand Cross of the Most Honourable Military Order of the Bath, one of Her Majesty's Honourable Privy Council, and Governor General, Vice Admiral and Captain General of all Her Majesty's Provinces within, and adjacent to the Continent of North America, etc. etc. etc.

The Queen having been graciously pleased to entrust to me the Government of British North America, I have this day assumed the administration of affairs.

In the execution of this important duty, I rely with confidence on the cordial support of all Her Majesty's subjects as the best means of enabling me to bring every question affecting their welfare to a successful issue, especially such as may come under my cognizance as Her Majesty's High Commissioner.

The honest and conscientious advocate of Reform and of the amelioration of defective Institutions, will receive from me without distinction of Party, Races or Politics, that assistance and encouragement which their patriotism has a right to command, from all who desire to strengthen and consolidate the connexion between the Parent State and these important Colonies; but the disturbers of the public peace, the violators of the Law, the enemies of the Crown and of the British Empire will find in me an uncompromising opponent, determined to put in force against them all the powers, civil and military, with which I have been invested.

In one Province the most deplorable events have rendered the suspension of its representative constitution, unhappily, a matter of necessity—And the Supreme power has devolved on me.

The great responsibility which is thereby imposed on me, and the arduous nature of the functions which I have to discharge, will naturally make me most anxious to hasten the arrival of that period when the Executive Power shall again be surrounded by all constitutional checks of free, liberal and British institutions.

On you—the people of British America—on your conduct and

on the extent of your co-operation with me, will mainly depend whether that event shall be delayed or immediate. I therefore invite from you the most free, unreserved communications. I beg you to consider me as a friend and arbitrator—ready at all times to listen to your wishes, complaints and grievances, and fully determined to act with the strictest impartiality.

If you, on your side, will abjure all party, and sectarian animosities, and unite with me in the blessed work of peace and harmony, I feel assured that I can lay the foundation of such a system of Government, as will protect the rights and interests of all classes—allay all dissensions—and permanently establish, under Divine Providence, that Wealth, Greatness, and Prosperity, of which such inexhaustible elements are to be found in these fertile countries.

Given under my Hand and Seal at Arms at the Castle of St. Lewis in the city of Quebec, in the said Province of Lower Canada, the 29th day of May, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-eight, and in the first year of Her Majesty's Reign.

(By Command,)

CHARLES BULLER,
Chief Secretary.

UNITED STATES.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, MAY 23.—*North Eastern Boundary.*—Before the House adjourned, the Chair laid before it the following Message from the President of the United States:—

Herewith transmit to the House the copy of a letter addressed to me on the 25th ultimo, by the Governor of Maine, enclosing several resolves of the Legislature of the State, and claiming reimbursement from the General Government of certain monies paid to Eben S. Greeley, John Barker, and others, in compensation for losses and sufferings experienced by them respectively, under circumstances more fully explained in his Excellency's letter.

In the absence of any authority on the part of the Executive to satisfy these claims, they are now submitted to Congress for consideration; and I deem it proper at the same time, with reference to the observations contained in Gov. Kent's note, above mentioned, to communicate to the House of Representatives copies of other papers connected with the subject of the North Eastern Boundary of the United States, which, with the documents already made public, will show the actual state of the negotiations with Great Britain, on the General question.

M. VAN BUREN.

Washington, May 19th, 1838.

The following important papers are among those accompanying the above message:

Department of State, Washington, April 27, 1838.

The undersigned, Secretary of State of the United States, has the honor, by direction of the President, to communicate to Mr. Fox, Her Britannic Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary, the result of the application of the General Government to the state of Maine on the subject of the North Eastern Boundary Line, and the resolution which the President has formed upon a careful consideration thereof. By the accompanying papers, received from the Executive of Maine, Mr. Fox will perceive that Maine declines to give a consent to the negotiation for a conventional boundary; is disinclined to the reference of the points in dispute to a new arbitration; but is yet firmly persuaded that the line described in the treaty of 1783 can be found and traced, whenever the Governments of the United States and Great Britain shall proceed to make the requisite investigations, with a predisposition to effect that very desirable object. Confidently relying, as the President does, upon the assurances frequently repeated by the British Government of the earnest desire to reach that result, if it is practicable, he has instructed the undersigned to announce to Mr. Fox the willingness of this Government to enter into an arrangement with Great Britain for the establishment of a joint commission of survey and exploration upon the basis of the original American proposition, and the modifications offered by Her Majesty's Government.

The Secretary of State is, therefore, authorized to invite Mr. Fox to a conference upon the subject at as early a day as his convenience will permit: and the undersigned will be immediately furnished with a requisite full power, by the President, to conclude a convention embracing that object, if Her Majesty's Minister is fully empowered to proceed to the negotiation of it on the part of Great Britain.

The undersigned avails himself of this occasion to renew to Mr. Fox the expression of his distinguished consideration.

JOHN FORSYTH.

Henry S. Fox, Esq., &c. &c. &c.

WASHINGTON, MAY 1, 1838.

Sir,—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your official note of the 27th ultimo, in which you enclose to me a communication received by the Federal Government from the Executive of Maine, upon the subject of the North-Eastern Boundary Line; and in which you inform me that the President is willing to enter into an arrangement with Her Majesty's Government for the establishment of a joint commission of survey and exploration

upon the basis of the original American proposition, and of the modifications offered by Her Majesty's Government, as communicated to you in my note of the 10th of January last; and you invite me to a conference, for the purpose of negotiating a convention that shall embrace the above object, if I am duly authorised by my Government to proceed to such negotiation.

I have the honor to state to you, in reply, that my actual instructions were fulfilled by the delivery of the communication which I addressed to you of the 10th of January; and that I am not at present provided with full power for negotiating the proposed convention. I will forthwith, however, transmit to Her Majesty's Government the note which I have had the honor to receive from you, in order that such fresh instructions may be furnished to me, or such other steps taken as the present situation of the question may appear to Her Majesty's Government to require. I avail myself of this occasion, to renew to you the assurance of my high respect and consideration.

H. S. FOX.

The Hon. John Forsyth, &c.

FROM NORTHERN FRONTIER.—*During Outrage.*—An express from Washington reached this city yesterday afternoon, bringing despatches to Gov. Marcy, from the district Attorney, Marshall, etc. at that place, by which we regret to learn that a most extraordinary outrage was committed within the American waters early on Thursday morning. The British steamboat Sir Robert Peel, lying to about seven miles from French Creek, on the River St. Lawrence, was forcibly seized by a body of armed men, supposed to be Canadian refugees, set on fire and entirely consumed.

The following extracts from letters to the executive afford all the information yet received touching this affair. We trust that by the prompt action of the Civil Authorities, aided by the Military, all farther aggression or apprehended retaliation may be prevented; and that the perpetrators of the outrage may be discovered and brought to merited punishment.

Gov. Marcy conceiving the circumstances such as to require the immediate interposition of the State Authorities, left town soon after the arrival of the express in the evening cars for Utica, and thence, by relays of horses, to Watertown.

From George C. Sherman, District Attorney.

WATERTOWN, MAY 30, 1838.

Dear Sir,—I have this moment received by express, from H. Davis, Esq., Custom House Officer, at French Creek, a letter of which the following is a copy, and the information therein contained may be relied upon as correct:

Clayton, May 30, 1838.

"Sir—Last night the British Steamer Sir Robert Peel, was boarded near this place by about 50 armed men, in disguise; the persons on board driven on shore, and the boat set on fire, and wholly consumed. You are requested to aid the proper authorities in the affair, or to advise the proper course to be taken.

"Respectfully yours,

"H. DAVIS."

G. E. Sherman, Esq.

In addition to the above, the messenger informs me that although no lives were lost, as is yet known, the mate of the Sir Robert Peel is badly hurt on board the vessel.

Our Steamer Onaida, on her way to Ogdensburg, this morning, volunteered and took the crew on board, and carried them to Kingston.

The whole community here is excited and alarmed to the greatest extent at this unwarrantable outrage, and a retaliatory spirit, that has only slept on the other side, will, it is feared, be again excited, and to an extent beyond control. The steamer Sir Robert Peel, it is said, was taking wood, at Mullet Creek, or at the narrows below, about 7 miles from the Creek.

From Jason Fairbanks, Deputy Marshall.

"I intend immediately to repair to the French Creek with Dr. Currier, the collector, and an officer, authorised to call out the militia, if necessary. A letter has just been received from Creek, calling for a force to protect them from being burnt to night as a measure of retaliation.

"All is excitement here, a rumour is afloat that the pirates were to make a simultaneous attack upon eight different boats at different places."

From Francis Malleby, Master U. S. Navy.

"The vessel was set on fire, within seven miles of French Creek, and within our waters while taking in wood. There appears no doubt that the expedition was got up from this side, although no persons have been identified as actors in the scene. It is satisfactory to state that no lives were lost."

We are glad to learn that the subscriptions for the Festivities at the approaching Coronation, is going on well. More than £400 we understand, has been subscribed, and yet more will undoubtedly be tendered. This desire displayed to do honour to the occasion is most gratifying—and speaks well for the state of feeling in this Town—a feeling which circumstances connected with the approaching ceremonial prove, is prevalent throughout the Province. We confidently believe, there is not a town of any note.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY. No. 1.

BY BOZ.

THE MONEY LENDER AT SCHOOL.—Not confining himself to theory, or permitting his faculties to rust even at that early age in mere abstract speculations, this promising lad (Ralph Nickleby) commenced usurer on a limited scale at school, putting out at good interest, a small capital of slate-pencil and marbles, and gradually extending his operations until they aspired to the copper coinage of this realm, in which he speculated to considerable advantage. Nor did he trouble his borrowers with abstract calculations of figures, or references to ready-reckoners; his simple rule of interest being all comprised in the one golden sentence, "two-pence for every half-penny," which greatly simplified the accounts, and which, as a familiar precept, more easily acquired and retained in the memory than any known rule of arithmetic, cannot be too strongly recommended to the notice of capitalists, both large and small, and more especially of money-brokers and bill-discounters. Indeed, to do these gentlemen justice, many of them are to this day in the frequent habit of adopting it with eminent success.

In like manner, did young Ralph Nickleby avoid all those minute and intricate calculations of odd days, which nobody who has ever worked sums in simple-interest can fail to have found most embarrassing, by establishing the one general rule that all sums of principal and interest should be paid on pocket-money day, that, is to say on Saturday; and that whether a loan were contracted on the Monday or on the Friday, the amount of interest should be in both cases the same. Indeed he argued, and with great show of reason, that it ought to be rather more for one day than for five, inasmuch as the borrower might in the former case be very fairly presumed to be in great extremity, otherwise he would not borrow at all with such odds against him. This fact is interesting, as illustrating the secret connexion and sympathy which always exists between great minds. Though master Ralph Nickleby was not at that time aware of it, the class of gentlemen before alluded to, proceed on just the same principle in all their transactions.

GOLDEN SQUARE.—Although a few members of the graver professions live about Golden Square, it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from any where. It is one of the squares that have been; a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of its first and second floors are let furnished to single gentlemen, and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of foreigners. The dark-complexioned men, who wear large rings, and heavy watch-guards and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the Opera colonnade, and about the box-office in the season, between four and five in Golden Square, or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind instrument from the Opera band reside within its precincts. Its boarding-houses are musical, and the notes of pianos and harps float in the evening time, round the head of the mournful statue, the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs in the centre of the square. On a summer's night, windows are thrown open, and groups of swarthy mustachioed men are seen by the passer-by lounging at the casements, and smoking fearfully. Sounds of gruff voices practising vocal music invade the evening's silence, and the fumes of choice tobacco scent the air. There, snuff and cigars, and German pipes and flutes, and violins, and violoncellos, divide the supremacy between them. It is the region of song and smoke. Street bands are on their mettle in Golden Square, and itinerant glee-singers quaver involuntarily as they raise their voices within its boundaries.

LONDON GARDENS.—Some London houses have a melancholy little plot of ground behind them, usually fenced in by four high, whitewashed walls, and frowned upon by stacks of chimneys, in which there withers on from year to year a crippled tree, that makes a show of putting forth a few leaves late in autumn, when other trees shed theirs, and drooping in the effort, lingers on, all crackled and smoke-dried till the following season, when it repeats the same process, and perhaps if the weather be particularly genial, even tempts some rheumatic sparrow to chirrup in its branches. People sometimes call these dark yards "gardens;" it is not supposed that they were ever planted, but rather that they are pieces of unreclaimed land, with the withered vegetation of the original brick-field. No man thinks of walking in this desolate place, or of turning it to any account. A few hampers, half a dozen broken bottles, and such-like rubbish, may be thrown there when the tenant first moves in, but nothing more; and there they remain till he goes away again, the damp straw taking just as long to moulder as it thinks proper, and mingling with the scanty box, and stunted evergreens, and broken flower-pots, that are scattered mournfully about—a prey to "blacks" and dirt.

MR. RALPH NICKLEBY AND HIS CLERK.—In obedience to a summons the clerk got off the high stool (to which he had communicated a high polish, by countless gettings off and on.) He was a tall man of middle-age, with two goggle eyes, whereof one was a fixture, a rubicund nose, a cadaverous face, and a suit of

clothes (if the term be allowable when they suited him not at all) much the worse for wear, very much too small, and placed upon such a short allowance of buttons that it was quite marvellous how he contrived to keep them on.

"Was that half-past twelve, Noggs?" said Mr. Nickleby, in a sharp and grating voice.

"Not more than five-and-twenty minutes by the—" Noggs was going to add public-house clock, but recollecting himself, he substituted "regular time."

"My watch has stopped," said Mr. Nickleby; "I don't know from what cause."

"Not wound up," said Noggs.

"Yes, it is," said Mr. Nickleby.

"Over-wound, then," rejoined Noggs.

"That can't very well be," observed Mr. Nickleby.

"Must be," said Noggs.

"Well!" said Mr. Nickleby, putting the repeater back in his pocket; "perhaps it is."

Noggs gave a peculiar grunt as was his custom at the end of all disputes with his master, to imply that he (Noggs) triumphed, and (as he rarely spoke to any body unless somebody spoke to him) fell into a grim silence, and rubbed his hands slowly over each other, cracking the joints of his fingers, and squeezing them into all possible distortions. The incessant performance of this routine on every occasion, and the communication of a fixed and rigid look to his unaffected eye, so as to make it uniform with the other, and to render it impossible for any body to determine where or at what he was looking, were two among the numerous peculiarities of Mr. Noggs, which struck an inexperienced observer at first sight.

THE THREE M.M.P.—"I have seen two of them safely out of bed; and the third who was at Crookford's all night, has just gone home to put a clean shirt on, and take a bottle or two of soda-water, and will certainly be with us in time to address the meeting. He is a little excited by last night, but never mind that; he always speaks the stronger for it."

A DISSIDENT.—Only one man in the crowd cried "No!" and he was promptly taken into custody, and straightway borne off.

EXCITEMENT.—The men shouted, the ladies wept into their pocket-handkerchiefs till they were moist, and waved them till they were dry.

COMPANY DIRECTORS.—The petition in favour of the bill was agreed upon, and the meeting adjourned with acclamations, and Mr. Nickleby and the other directors went to the office to lunch, as they did every day at half-past one o'clock; and to remunerate themselves for which trouble, (as the Company was yet in its infancy,) they only charged three guineas each man for every such attendance.

THE MINIATURE BOARD.—A miniature painter lived there, for there was a large gilt frame screwed upon the street-door, in which were displayed, upon a black velvet ground, two portraits of naval dress coats, with faces looking out of them, and telescopes attached; one of a young gentleman in a very vermilion uniform, flourishing a sabre; and one of a literary character with a high forehead, a pen and ink, six books, and a curtain. There was, moreover, a touching representation of a young lady reading a manuscript in an unfathomable forest, and a charming whole length of a large-headed little boy, sitting on a stool with his legs foreshortened to the size of salt-spoons. Besides these works of art, there were a great many heads of old ladies and gentleman smirking at each other out of blue and brown skies, and an elegantly written card of terms with an embossed border.

THE MONEY-LENDER'S SYMPATHY.—"I can understand a man's dying of a broken neck, or suffering from a broken arm, or a broken head, or a broken leg, or a broken nose; but a broken heart—nonsense, it's the cant of the day. If a man can't pay his debts, he dies of a broken heart, and his widow a martyr."

IRISH DESCRIPTION OF LUCK.—"It's a poor case," said one of the fellows to the other, "to be here doing nothing; we made a bad hand of the job last night; and troth I'd rather be with the Whiteboys, or light boys, or any boys that would show us fun; or at the Cove of Cork, or anywhere. Do you know, Davy, it's meself thinks there's no luck with the O'Sullivan's, at all, at all. What a quare thing luck is!"

"So it is," observed the other, who was lazily hammering some rusty nails on a piece of something that served as an anvil; "luck's mighty quare intirely, and a thing there's no turning either for good or bad; take my word for it, Ulick's luck is turned."

"So it is; for sure the little thing last night was as nately planned as any thing I iver heard tell of. When Murphy Donohue ran off with Ally Greveling, he did it, and her mother and two sisters in the screeches, it wasn't (to all appearance) half as certain as this; only I wonder it never came into Ulick's head before—"

"'Twasn't his luck."

"Did you ever think," said Davy, lowering his voice, "that Cat's claws had an evil eye? because, it's mighty quare, I niver

knew her gather much to a house that didn't grow uncomfortable in itself afther a time."

"'Twas their luck turned maybe."

"Maybe so. See what a purty slip of a girl Gracey Conway was till she got so thick with Mabel; and now *the sun never shines on the path she walks.*"

"She's grown bitter-hearted, as most girls do when they meet a misfortune; but 'twas her luck."

"No doubt; but, take my word for it, the grass is all the greener and the butter the more plenty where her shadow niver comes. I don't over much like knowing women—somehow they're not like women; see Shawn Gow, how he's done up out of the country; and they say it was *she sould the pass on him.*"

"Well, 'twas his luck and that's all about it."—*Light and Shadows of Irish Life.*

BENEFITS OF WALKING.—"Were I a gentleman" said Dr. Abernethy, "I would never get into my carriage."

"Dr. Unwin in his book on Mental Diseases says: "Last week I conversed with a veteran in literature and years, whose powers of mind no one can question, however they may differ from him in speculative points. The gentleman has preserved the health of his body and the soundness of his mind through a long course of multifarious and often depressing circumstances, by a steady perseverance in the practice of walking every day. He has survived, for a very long period, almost all the literary characters that were his contemporaries at the period in which his own writings excited so much public attention; almost all of them have dropped into the grave one after the other, while he has continued on in an uninterrupted course, where men of far less regular habits, and, have failed, of much less equanimity of mind; but the preservation of his equanimity has, I verily believe, been ensured by the unvaried practice to which I have referred, and which to others would prove equally available, if steadily and perseveringly pursued."

THE RULING PASSION.—Bonaparte died in his military garb, his Field Marshal's uniform and his boots, which he had ordered to be put on a short time previous to his dissolution.

Augustus Cesar chose to die in a standing position, and was careful in arranging his person and dress for the occasion.

Seward, Earl of Northumberland, when at the point of death, quitted his bed and put on his armour, saying—"that it became not a man to die like a beast."

A more remarkable instance is that of Maria Theresa, of Austria, who, a short time before she breathed her last, having fallen into a slight slumber, one of the ladies in attendance remarked that her Majesty seemed to be asleep. "No," said she, "I could sleep if I would indulge in repose, but I am sensible of the near reproach of death, and I will not allow myself to be surprised by him in my sleep. I wish to meet my dissolution awake.

Such are the efforts of poor expiring mortality—still clinging to earth—still labouring for the breath of posterity, and exhausting itself in efforts to rise with 'gracefulness at the last.'

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF THE FLY.—The eye of the common house-fly is fixed so as to enable its prominent organs of vision to view accurately the objects around in every direction; it is furnished with 8000 hexagonal faces, all calculated to convey perfect images to the optic nerve—all slightly convex—all acting as so many cornea—8000 included within a space no larger than the head of a pin!—all hexagonal—all of the best possible form to prevent a waste of space! This is so wonderful that it would stagger belief if not vouched for by being the result of the microscopical researches of such men as Lewenhowel, and others equally eminent.

ANECDOTE OF A FOX.—An English paper tells a droll story of a fox that was some years ago kept at an inn in Shrewsbury, and employed in a wheel to turn the juck. After a while Reynard, getting weary of an employment so unsuited to his genius and habits, gave his keeper the slip, and once more regained his native fields, where he had not remained many days before he was pursued by the hounds; but running into the town, he sprang over a half-door which opened into his old wheel, resumed his former occupation, and thus saved his life!

FOSSIL FOREST.—At more than 100 feet below the surface, a species of forest has been found at St. Valery; in it are vines, the bones of oxen, and antlers of deer. It is in such good preservation, that the walnuts are on the branches of the trees.

THE HALIFAX PEARL.

Will be published every Friday evening, at the printing office of Wm. Cunnabell, opposite the South end of Bedford Row, on good paper and type. Each number will contain eight large quarto pages—making at the end of the year a handsome volume of four hundred and sixteen pages, exclusive of the title-page and index.

TERMS: Fifteen shillings per annum, payable in all cases in advance, or seventeen shillings and six-pence at the expiration of six months. No subscription will be taken for a less term than six months, and no discontinuance permitted but at a regular period of six months from the date of subscription, except at the option of the publisher.

Postmasters and other agents obtaining subscribers and forwarding the money in advance, will be entitled to receive one copy for every six names.

All letters and communications must be post-paid to insure attendance.

Address Thomas Taylor, Editor, Pearl Office, Halifax N. S.