

SLICK AGAIN!

We cut what follows from the London Times of 24th September last.

SAM SLICK ON THE WAR QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Times.

London, 23d September.

Sir; I have just been favoured with a letter from my friend Mr. Slick, which you are at liberty to give publicity to.

Your most obedient.

Sticksville, 11th September, 1840.

Dear Tom; The day after I arrived home from my New England Circuit, who should walk into my study but the General. "Glad to see you back again, Mr. Slick," says he; "how's soft selder and human natur,—much as usual, ey! Queer doings cross Atlantic," says he,—I've brought you round a file of English newspapers and half a dozen letters, and if you'll just read them down and give me an idee what your 'pinion is about it all, I'll be obleeged. I've a great regard for your 'pinions, Mr. Slick," says he. "General," I says, "I feel kinder glad to do you a service at most times, and if you'll lay the documents along side of yonder big allarum, I'll let you know what's what in two twos. Some craky bit of ground in the old country, I speculate, like an old cordurey road with a dry rot in it,—howsever, I'm accustomed to look into the working of things, says I, (a turning round an escapement and a whistlin Yankee Doodle,) so General, if you'll do yourself the pleasure of coming up here to-morrow evening after my professional hours, I'll tell you my mind."

Well, 'bout nine o'clock last night, in toddles the General, 'cording to engagement. "Bring yourself to an anchor, General," says I, "and walk into that reel R F rum as if you was a-leading on your regiment of free and enlightened citizens to the Battle of Brandywine. Well, I've been counting over them journals,—queer critters they are; I hav'n't seen them dittoed for a time past; they're regular touch-paper—half gunpowder. Fact is, those Wiseacres on the other side have enjoyed peace so long, that they're grown tired of it. It's a blessing that's become cheap; and like a glut of herrings, nobody will thank you for a dish of them as a gift. It's always the way; their legislators and politicians have laid it down for gospel, that peace can't be wholesome if it's kept beyond a certain number of years; they think it's like lung game, which at last breeds maggots. So each country, after a long feed, jumps up quite vicious, snarls and looks round to see where it can give its neighbour a snap. The driest bone is enough for them to quarrel for. First they're ready to go to loggerheads because a hot-blooded skipper rines out the immortal tricolour flag with sea water; then they squabble over a lot of sulphur, till they're ready to take fire instanter; and then comes this burning of their mouths with another man's porridge. Five nations play at puss in the corner, and the one that's left out grows crusty and shows fight. In the meanwhile each carries on a contraband business in a small way abroad. The English take a contract to shoot down Don Carlos men, and batter a dilapidated town in India. The French virtue is shocked at the wickedness of the Algerines, and bundles them out to make room for a colony of its own, where, for want of water privileges, the hot soil must be irrigated with soldiers' blood and labourers' sweat. Then the Muscovites must take a turn in India just to warm their hands, till there's something doing elsewhere. Now, what does all this bluster and bullying come to? Does it take off a single tax? Not one, I'm darned. Does it make the people contented and happy? Not so much as you could put in your eye.

"When I first went to school at old Judge Sykes, there was a ring most days of the week. As I brought a cake-box, I soon had a very attached friend, who talked big for me, and in private bullied and ate my lollypops. When my ally had succeeded in bringing about a row on my account, I had to maintain four or five reglars. But there was always one end, whichever way the battle went the piper must be paid, and glory was sadly mixed with black eyes, sprained limbs, extra hours, cane and birch, and an empty cake-box. I guess that inscription that was not stuck up over the War-office was so bad as meat in August—"The office for broken bones—the office for widows and orphans," and a few other such like et ceteras.

"Why the're silly critters, those bayonet and ball-cartridge Ministers—they think that war is a leach that's to fill itself with its neighbours' richness, and they forget that peace is the salt that will follow on their tails, and make them disgorge themselves faster than they like. 'Praps it don't look becoming in me, General, to be speaking against your honourable profession, which is bloodshed, partikly in presence of this image of our national eagle, which certainly stumps the universe as a noble emblem of our young and invincible nation. But after all, which looks most majestic, that bird all rumped and fussy, with its plumage torn and bloody after a scuffle, or to see it calm and peaceful, its breast streaked with prosperity and happiness, its head among the stars, and half hiding its useless arrows beneath a sprig of olive.

"Depend upon it, (General you're not a fillin your rummer) depend upon it that peace is one of the very greatest national blessings. Depend upon it that those who cry up war, are those who find their account in fishing in troubled water. Depend upon it that when you come to strike the balance of profit and loss in the nation's account current with war, you'll find nation on the debt side. Depend upon it that the fruit you'll reap from a bloody seed time, is the impeding of the arts and manufactures—the hindering of knowledge from going ahead—the leading of the people into ideas of extravagance and perilous speculation—the draining of the Treasury—and the bequeathing to your children enormous debt, which their government being saddled with, it will, like an overloaded coach that comes to a bit of a ruck, jerk, waggle and capsize." In great haste to save post, dear Tom, yours,

SAM SLICK.

EMIGRATION FOR "YOUNGER SONS."

(From the London Colonial Gazette.)

The actual social condition of England presents a feature which, in degree at least, has no parallel in the history of nations. The numerical proportion which the wealthy class bears to the others is greater than ever existed in any country before. This happens because what may be termed the surplus production of our highly-skilled industry, or that portion of the produce which exceeds the wants of the producers—the "disposable" wealth of the nation, as it is termed by Dr. Chalmers—is so very much larger than in any other country of past or present times. But this fortunate class is not exempt from suffering: like the labouring poor, and the class of small capitalists or proprietors, its members increase faster than the share of national income which forms their means of subsistence. The fund, however, which legislation had set apart for them, in addition to what they derived from the natural operation of the laws of political economy,

has been diminished of late years; taxation and state expenditure have been far less; so that it has become more difficult to provide out of the public purse for the younger children of the aristocracy. What with the increase of numbers on the one hand and the decrease of the public purse on the other, this class suffers as much in proportion to its acquired wants as any other order in the community. Those of both sexes who compose it, excepting eldest sons, who generally get the bulk of the family property, are in great numbers, at all events, condemned to celibacy, and to a miserable dependence on the crumbs that fall from a rich relation's table.

It often happens that the income of the son or daughter of a great proprietor is less than that of their father's or eldest brother's butler. There are no monasteries or convents now to dispose of these incumbrances to family pride; and the public purse, let us repeat, no longer suffices for supporting in comfort half of those who have been brought up with the hope of living upon it. Many, no doubt, still obtain a provision by marriage with new wealth, or at the public expense; and it now and then happens that the younger son of a man of rank and fortune engages successfully in the severe competition of the bar. But these are exceptions: the general rule, for daughters as well as sons, is a most uncomfortable state of existence. Between those among them who grow sour and envious by abstaining from marriage, or those who incur the wretchedness of having children without means to support them, there is not much choice of situation. If we could look into the breasts of the aristocratic poor, we should think them scarcely less to be pitied than the pauper herd.

Then why, it may be asked, do not the young men of this class, in order to escape the unhappiness that otherwise awaits them, engage in commerce like the *cadets* of former days? The answer is, that in former days, when the ordinary profits of capital were much higher than at present, commerce was a safe pursuit, and one in which attention and common prudence were sufficient for growing rich with a moderate original stock; whereas now the competition of capital with capital in a limited field has so diminished the ordinary profits of capital, that those who increase a small original stock are rare exceptions from the general rule, while the usual position of small capitalists is the verge of bankruptcy. Trade, therefore, or the active employment of capital, is a most unsuitable occupation for young men not brought up to habits of business. That is, the employment of capital in this country of over-abounding wealth. But in the Colonies, where the ordinary profits of capital are so large, any body may make money with common industry and care. This is illustrated by the great value of labour in the Colonies. An inferior London tailor emigrating to New South Wales, gets double or treble his old wages—as a shepherd. It matters not what sort he be, so that the applicant for hire have hands to work. With capital, in like manner, all pursuits are profitable; and the original stock grows continually, notwithstanding its owner's want of experience and judgment, if he have but common prudence and energy. In many colonies any young man having these two last qualities may be almost sure of making a fortune out of the usual pittance of a "younger son." And then the adventure and enterprise of colonizing invests this mode of acquiring independence with a character of manliness, not to say of romance and dignity, which renders it suitable to a class who would be ashamed to engage in vulgar trade at home. Finally, this mode of escape from the miseries of *youngership* at home has historical recommendations of no little weight: in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries it was the common resource of the class in question, who indeed founded the greater part of the old colonies of England. The ancient spirit of colonizing has recently revived among them. Just in proportion as it gains strength and extension will their lot in the world be improved.

INTEMPERANCE IN RUSSIA.—Nearly a fourth part of the revenue of Russia is derived from the sale of spirits. This sale is kept entirely in the hands of the imperial government. The out-spread wings of the Russian Eagle are over the door of every gin shop in every village throughout that vast empire. Brandy is the only spirit of which travellers make mention. Mr. Pinkerton calculates that "the enormous quantity of eighty-two millions of gallons of brandy alone are drunk every year by the peasantry of that empire." The population being over sixty millions, it amounts to one gallon and a third for each person.

AGES OF GREAT MEN.—It is a curious fact, that Mahomed Ali, Napoleon Buonaparte, and the Duke of Wellington, were all born in the same year.

SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY.—In giving evidence recently in the case of Carew, v. the Executors of the Earl of Egremont, this eminent sculptor stated some facts relative to his own personal history, which cannot fail to interest and encourage artists who practice so honourable but hazardous a branch of the profession.—He said his age was either 54 or 56; he came to London in 1802, and began to labour at sculpture; he never worked for any other sculptor, and never had an hour's instruction from any sculptor in his life; he established a studio as soon as he could afford it—that was eight years after he entered the metropolis—and during those years he never made £5 by his profession. The bust by which he first got his reputation, he made for nothing—it was a bust of Horne Tooke; it went to the exhibition in model, for neither Horne Tooke nor he could afford to make it in marble; he got £12,000 worth of commissions by that bust at the exhibition; "so that," adds the admirable artist and high-minded gentleman, "you see how uncertain the rise of a sculptor is."

JAMES THE FIRST AND THE MAYOR OF LONDON.—A good story is related of James the First and one of the Lord Mayors, in reference to the prosperity of the twin cities, and which, for its happy quiet laudation of the Thames, it would be unpardonable to omit. James being in want of twenty thousand pounds, applied to the corporation of London for a loan of that sum. The corporation refused, upon which the king, in high dudgeon, sent for the Lord Mayor and some of the aldermen, and rating them in severe terms for their disloyalty, insisted upon their raising the money for him. "Please your majesty," said the Lord Mayor, "we cannot lend you what we have not got." "You must get it," replied the king. "We cannot," replied the Lord Mayor.—"I'll compel you," rejoined the king. "But you cannot compel us," retorted the Lord Mayor. "No!" exclaimed the king; "then I'll ruin your city for ever. I'll make a desert of Westminster. I'll remove my courts of law, my parliament and my court to York or to Oxford, and then what will become of you?" "Please your majesty," rejoined the Lord Mayor, meekly, "you may remove yourself and your courts wherever you may please; but there will always be this consolation for the poor merchants of London—you cannot take the Thames along with you."

The Office of Mr. Sampson Brass—a Bevis Marks Attorney.—In the parlour of this little habitation, which is so close upon the footway that the passenger who takes the wall brushes the dim glass with his coat sleeve—much to its improvement, for it is very dirty—in this parlour window, in the days of its occupation by Sampson Brass, there hung, all awry and slack, and discoloured by the sun, a curtain of faded green, so threadbare from long service as by no means to intercept the view of the little dark room, but rather to afford a favourable medium through which to observe it accurately. There was not much to look at. A rickety table, with spare bundles of papers, yellow and ragged from long carriage in the pocket, ostentatiously displayed from its top; a couple of stools set face to face on opposite sides of this crazy piece of furniture; a treacherous old chair by the fire-place, whose withered arms had hugged full many a client and helped to squeeze him dry; a second-hand wig-box, used as a depository for blank writs and declarations, and other small forms of law, once the sole contents of the head which belonged to the wig which belonged to the box, as they were now of the box itself; two or three common books of practice, a jar of ink, a pounce-box, a stunted hearth-broom, a carpet trodden to shreds, but still clinging with the tightness of desperation to its tacks—these, with the yellow wainscot of the walls, the smoke-discoloured ceiling, the dust and cobwebs, were among the most prominent decorations of the office of Mr. Sampson Brass.—Master Humphrey's Clock.

A LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION.—When Dr. Franklin was Minister of the United States in France, he was often importuned by persons unknown to him to give them letters of recommendation. For cases of this kind, and when it was impossible to refuse, he prepared the following model, and, in some instances, actually employed it to shame persons making such indiscreet applications, and in some measure to stop them:—

Paris, April —, 1777.

"Sir; The bearer, going to the United States, presses me to give him a letter of recommendation, although I know nothing of him, not even his name. This may seem extraordinary, but I assure you it is not uncommon here. Sometimes, indeed, one person unknown brings another equally so to recommend him; and sometimes they recommend one another. As for this gentleman, I must refer you to himself for his character and morals, with which he is certainly better acquainted than I possibly can be. I recommend him, however, to those civilities which every stranger of whom we know no name, has a right to; and I request you will do him all the good offices and show him all the favour that on further acquaintance you will find him deserve.—I have the honour to be, &c."

PRINTERS' TOASTS.—The following toasts were lately drunk at the Printers' Commemorative Festival, at Boston, United States. Printers—intellectual smelters, who receive the dross of their labour, while the world gets the metal.—Editors—the locomotives of society; nothing can go ahead without them. Bookbinders—the best of executioners, without whose skill no author's work would hang together. Newspapers—the intellectual spring into which everybody dips his bucket, whilst few thank the fountain for its supply.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The following Address to His Excellency Lord Falkland, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, signed by thirteen hundred inhabitants of Halifax, was presented to His Excellency by a Committee appointed for that purpose, on the 21st ult.

To His Excellency the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Falkland, Lieutenant Governor in and over Her Majesty's Province of Nova-Scotia and its Dependencies, &c. &c. &c.

We the undersigned Freeholders of the Town and County of Halifax, cheerfully avail ourselves of the first suitable opportunity, since your Lordship assumed the Government of this Province, to bid you welcome to Nova Scotia, and to assure you of the satisfaction we feel that the administration of our affairs has been confided to a Nobleman of your Lordship's distinguished rank, talents and experience.

Whatever differences of opinion may exist in Nova Scotia, as in the Mother Country, upon political questions, your Lordship will find one all-pervading feeling of loyalty and attachment to Her Majesty's Person and Government, and a strong desire for a perpetual union with our brethren at home, under kindred Institutions, favourable to rational liberty, and having a broad foundation in public confidence.

Your Lordship's long connexion with those distinguished Statesmen to whom the British Islands are so largely indebted for the extension of political and municipal rights, and the amelioration and improvement of their Institutions, leads us to anticipate that your best exertions will be used to extend their principles and practice to the Colony now placed under your command. Our fervent hope is, that your Lordship may succeed in establishing a strong administration, carefully guarding the Queen's prerogative while consulting the interests and opinions of the People; and that the sound principles of Colonial Government, announced by Her Majesty's Ministers, may, by your firmness and discretion, be peacefully developed and generally recognized in this Province.

While we wish your Lordship, and your amiable lady, much happiness during your residence amongst us, we assure you that we shall be proud, on all proper occasions, to strengthen your hands, and to give a cordial support to your government.

His Lordship delivered the following reply: GENTLEMEN:—I beg to thank you for the address with which you have so kindly greeted my return from an excursion, in the course of which I have been strongly impressed by the beauty of the country I have visited, and its capability of improvement; while I have been everywhere deeply gratified by the respectable demeanour, orderly and industrious habits, and apparently easy condition of the people.

It is most satisfactory to me, on assuming the government of Nova Scotia, to receive from all quarters the assurance, that, even amidst those raptures of excitement, arising out of the conflict of political opinions, a feeling of devoted loyalty and affection for the Queen's person and authority, conjoined with a strong desire for the perpetuation of the union with Great Britain, has ever pervaded the community.

These sentiments I have in command from my Sovereign, to do my utmost to foster and encourage, and I know not a more direct means of fulfilling her Majesty's beneficent will, than by endeavouring (while jealously guarding that prerogative, the exercise of which has been entrusted to me), to act in harmony with the wishes and feelings of the people, whenever such a course shall be compatible with their real interests, and the relative positions of the Mother Country, and her Colonial offspring.

The warm admiration you express for the Constitution of England, proves that the inhabitants of Halifax know how to appreciate, and are worthy of, the blessings to be derived from a similar form of government.

I am anxiously desirous that the municipal rights and privileges enjoyed by the natives of Great Britain, should no longer be unshared by their fellow subjects in this country, who will ever find me ready to aid in modifying or remodeling their institutions, when changes are really required, and may be safely effected; and I trust that a firm and fixed determination on my part, to consider talent, industry and character, as qualifications establishing the most valid claim to distinction and preferment, will secure to the public the services of those best fitted to bring about such ameliorations as may be found practicable.

The success of my endeavours to carry out such improvements and alterations, as may be necessary, must, in a great measure, depend on the assistance and support offered me by the people of Nova Scotia; living under a representative Government, the inhabitants of this Province are masters of the means by which British institutions have been attained and matured, under circumstances of difficulty and danger, that this country can never have to encounter or overcome; and the acquisition of all that Nova Scotians can reasonably desire will naturally follow from the wise and judicious use of the privileges of which they are already possessed.

The result of my efforts must be gravely influenced by the instructions given by the holders of the elective franchise to those to whom they confide their dearest interests, and in whose favour they exert the most valuable of political rights. The tenor of their language to their representatives will determine, whether the introduction of the principle of self-government in local matters, by the establishment of municipal corporations, as well as those improvements which appear to me to be absolutely requisite in various departments of the Government, shall, or shall not, take place.

If time which might be usefully employed in the advancement of the most momentous interests, and in the attainment of objects of vital importance, be consumed in party contests, or in the unprofitable discussion of mere theoretical points of government, it is in vain to hope, whatever may be the gracious intentions of the Sovereign, or the liberal views of the government at home, that those benefits can accrue, which ought to proceed from the constitution granted to this Province, in the anticipation that the privileges accorded by it would be dearly prized and beneficially exercised.

If, on the contrary, the provincial constituency, properly alive to their own interest, and justly estimating their own constitutional importance, observe with a wholesome vigilance the conduct of those honoured by their suffrages, absolutely requiring them to bury in oblivion past party feuds, and turn their attention to the serious interests of the country, jeopardized by delay—while they give to the Queen's Representative, and those who are responsible to him, a fair support in their endeavours, first, to introduce such changes as the condition of the various interests of the colony demands, and next, to take care that the public money is not only honestly, but wisely expended, enjoining at the same time a good degree of watchfulness in guarding their privileges from encroachment—the individual charged with the administration of the affairs of the Province may then indulge a hope of being able to do his duty, alike to his Sovereign and the people he is called on to govern, and of effecting those improvements now so much needed—while Nova Scotians may look forward to daily increasing prosperity, and general harmony and contentment.

On the wisdom of the people, then, and on their attachment to Great Britain, I confidently rely for support and assistance, feeling assured that they will strengthen my hands on all proper occasions, by sending to Parliament those who will honestly and fearlessly help me to reform, not only abuses that may exist in the management of their affairs by the executive officers of the crown, but likewise any erroneous system of administration hitherto tolerated by their legislature itself.

On the part of Lady Falkland, I beg to thank you for your hearty good wishes, and to assure you that she is deeply interested in all that regards the prosperity of the Colony, feeling how much both my public character and private happiness are linked with the welfare of its inhabitants.

FALKLAND.

WEST INDIES.

FROM BARBADOES.—The Reformer, of British Guiana, gives a pitiful description of the condition of immigrants to that colony from Barbadoes.

The legislature of Tobago have decided to raise a loan of £30,000, to be appropriated to the encouragement of immigration, for the purpose of promoting agriculture in the Island.

The depressed state of the cocoa produce of Trinidad has roused the planters to extraordinary exertions, with the hope of obtaining relief from the British government.

The St. Lucia Palladium reports a great falling off in the crop of sugar this year.

FROM PAPERS BY THE BRITANNIA.

ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

We know not whether kings have as many lives as cats are said to have, but Louis Philippe has escaped another and a sixth attempt upon his life, unscathed, unharmed. At six o'clock, on the evening of the 15th October, the King, accompanied by the Queen and Madame Adelaide, his sister, left the Tuileries to return to St. Cloud. On passing the Corps de Grande, the King put his head out of the window of his carriage, to return the salute of the soldiers who were drawn up in line, when an explosion was heard, the cause of which was soon ascertained. The assassin, although wounded in the head and the hand by his carbine having burst, proceeded some yards before he was arrested. The carriage was struck in six places, one of the footmen received a ball in his leg, and one of the national Horse Guards was wounded in the hand by a slug. On their arrival at St. Cloud, his Majesty, with his own hands, dressed the wounds of his attendants. Marius Darnes is the name of the assassin, and no doubt exists of his being but an instrument in the hands of a desperate party, although no information to that effect could be elicited from him: the Court of Peers met for his trial on the 17th October, but the requisite number not being then present, the Court was adjourned until Monday the 19th, the latest period to which our London dates come down. He appears to have been a desperately determined villain. While the tears were flowing into his eyes, "Do not imagine," said Darnes, "that these are tears of repentance: if I weep, it is from despair at having missed my aim. If I killed the tyrant, Soliman Pacha would now be safe, the French fleet, united with that of Mehemet Ali,