ling Remedy!

'S OINTMENT.

SIDE HIS CRUTCHES AF-
EARS SUFFERING.
Mr. Thompson, Chemist, Le-
d August 29, 1852.
AY,
enabled to furnish you with a
e effected by your invaluable
ch has astonished every per-
the sufferer. About 10 years
, of Saltney Street, in this
his horse, whereby he receiv-
; he had the best medical ad-
was afterwards an inmate of
s he grew worse, and at length
er settled in his hip, which so
im, that he could not move
asily 10 years; recently, he be-
nt and Pills, which have now
ngthened his limb, and enabled
his crutches, so that he can
ease, and with renewed health
J. THOMPSON.

INARY CURE OF A DREAD-
, WHEN ALL MEDICAL AID
D FAILED.
Mr. Hird, Draper, of Kea-
, dated March 1st, 1852
AY,
ce, one of my children was af-
eruptions over the body and
advice of several eminent Sur-
by all of whom the case was
At length I tried your Oint-
without exaggeration, the effect
y persevering in their use, all
disappeared, and the child was
lth.
hild from a similar complaint,
nd I in her case adopted your
have been saved also. I shall
e truth of this to any enquirer.
J. HIRD, Draper.

ING CURE OF ULCERATED
LITY, AND GENERAL ILL
HEALTH.
m Mr. J. M. Clennell, of Newca-
ated September 20th, 1852.
WAY,
authorised by Mrs. Gibbon, of
this town, to inform you, that for
she had been a sufferer from de-
health, accompanied by a dis
great derangement of the sys-
this, she was terribly afflicted
s, or running sores, in both her
totally incapable of doing her
distressing condition she adopted
and Ointment, and she states
hort time, they effected a perfect
nd restored her constitution to
and that she is now enabled to
se and comfort. Several other
bourhood have also received ex-
rom the use of your invaluable
ar Sir, yours faithfully,
MAN MORTON CLENNELL.
T FOR SCORBUTIC HUMOURS
NISHING CURE OF AN OLD
EARS OF AGE OF A BAD LEG.
rom Messrs. Walker and Co.,
emists, Bath.
OWAY,
ong the numerous cures effected
valuable medicines in this neigh-
mention that of an old lady living
eston, about five miles from this
rated wounds in her leg for many
hey increased to such an alarming
l the usual remedies; her health
under the suffering she endured.
ndition she had recourse to your
s, and by the assistance of her
d to persevere in their use, until
ct cure. We have ourselves been
t the effect upon so old a person,
years of age. We shall be hap-
quiries as to the authenticity of
al case, either personally or by
Bath Police Force, also, has been
n old scorbutic affection in the
means had failed. He states that
se of your Ointment, and speaks
We remain, Dear Sir,
Your's faithfully,
(Signed) WALKER & Co.
used conjointly with the Ointment
f the following cases:—

Chiego-foot	Fistulas
Chilblains	Gout
Chapped hands	Glandular
Corns (Soft)	swellings
Cancers	Lumbago
Contracted and Stiff	Piles
Joints	Rheuma-
Elephantiasis	tism
Skin diseases	Sore Nip-
Tumours	ples
Yaws	Scurvy

lishment of Professor HOLLOWAY,
Temple Bar,) London, and by all
gists and Dealers in Medicines
ilized World, in Pots, at 1s. 1½d.
s., 22s. and 33s. each.
a considerable saving by taking the
ne for the guidance of patients in
affixed to each pot.

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substantial and well built Brigan-
Jane, burthen 118 tons, old
asurement. GEORGE CRAWFORD
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ses on the opening of the Naviga-
DWARD CRAWFORD Tryon,
9. 1d 1m.

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THIS very superior Entire Horse
five years old, is offered for sale.
He stands 15 hands 1 inch high, is
of a beautiful black colour and has
nows; he is remarkably good tem-
e either in harness or saddle. His
ed Blood Horse SALADIN import-
6 by the Royal Agricultural Society
a strong and valuable animal of the
and produced excellent stock. A
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1849; for the class of Blood horses
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chase money will be allowed to re-
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FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

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UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XVI.

Tom's mistress and her opinions—Mammy and her Mistress—Mammy's Selfishness—Eva's kind Offer—Resignation—Domestic Difficulties—An interesting Conversation—Management of Niggers—Mr. Adolph's Accomplishments—Uncle Tom and Eva.

"AND now, Marie," said St. Clare, "your golden days are dawning. Here is our practical, business-like New England cousin, who will take the whole budget of cares off your shoulders, and give you time to refresh yourself, and grow young and handsome. The ceremony of delivering the keys had better come off forthwith."

This remark was made at the breakfast-table, a few mornings after Miss Ophelia had arrived.

"I'm sure she's welcome," said Marie, leaning her head languidly on her hand. "I think she'll find one thing, if she does, and that is, that it's we mistresses that are the slaves down here."

"Oh, certainly, she will discover that, and a world of wholesome truths besides, no doubt," said St. Clare.

"Talk about our keeping slaves, as if we did it for our *convenience*," said Marie. "I'm sure, if we consulted *that*, we might let them all go at once."

Evangeline fixed her large, serious eyes on her mother's face, with an earnest and perplexed expression, and said simply, "What do you keep them for, mamma?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, except for a plague; they are the plague of my life. I believe that more of my ill-health is caused by them than by any one thing; and ours, I know, are the very worst that ever any-body was plagued with."

"Oh, come, Marie, you've got the blues this morning," said St. Clare, "You know 'tisn't so. There's Mammy, the best creature living—what could you do without her?"

"Mammy is the best I ever knew," said Marie; "and yet Mammy, now, is selfish—dreadfully selfish; it's the fault of the whole race."

"Selfishness *is* a dreadful fault," said St. Clare, gravely.

"Well, now, there's Mammy," said Marie; "I think it's selfish of her to sleep so sound nights; she knows I need little attentions almost every hour, when my worst turns are on, and yet she's so hard to wake. I absolutely am worse, this very morning, for the efforts I had to make to wake her last night."

"Hasn't she sat up with you a good many nights lately, mamma?" said Eva.

"How should you know that?" said Marie, sharply; "she's been complaining, I suppose."

"She didn't complain; she only told me what bad nights you'd had—so many in succession!"

"Why don't you let Jane or Rosa take her place a night or two," said St. Clare, "and let her rest?"

"How can you propose it?" said Marie. "St. Clare, you really are inconsiderate! So nervous as I am, the least breath disturbs me; and a strange hand about me would drive me absolutely frantic. If Mammy felt the interest in me she ought to, she'd wake easier—of course she would. I've heard of people who had such devoted servants, but it never was *my* luck" and Marie sighed.

Miss Ophelia had listened to this conversation with an air of shrewd, observant gravity; and she still kept her lips tightly compressed, as if determined fully to ascertain her longitude and position before she committed herself.

"Now, Mammy has a *sort* of goodness," said Marie; "she's smooth and respectful, but she's selfish at heart. Now, she never will be done fidgeting and worrying about that husband of hers. You see, when I was married and came to live here, of course I had to bring her with me, and her husband my father couldn't spare. He was a blacksmith, and, of course, very necessary; and I thought, and said, at the time, that Mammy and he had better give each other up, as it wasn't likely to be convenient for them ever to live together again. I wish now, I'd insisted on it, and married Mammy to somebody else; but I was foolish and indulgent, and didn't want to insist. I told Mammy at the time that she mustn't ever expect to see him more than once or twice in her life again, for the air of father's place doesn't agree with my health and I can't go there; and I advised her to take up with somebody else, but no—she wouldn't. Mammy has a kind of obstinacy about her, in spots, that everybody don't see as I do."

"Has she children?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Yes; she has two,"

"I suppose she feels the separation from them?"

"Well, of course, I couldn't bring them. They were little dirty things—I couldn't have them about; and, besides, they took up too much of her time; but I believe, that Mammy has always kept up a sort of sulkiness about this. She won't marry anybody else; and I do believe now, though she knows how necessary she is to me, and how feeble my health is, she would go back to her husband to-morrow, if she only could. I do, indeed," said Marie; "they are just so selfish, now, the best of them."

"It's distressing to reflect upon," said St. Clare, dryly.

Miss Ophelia looked keenly at him, and saw the flush of mortification and repressed vexation, and the sarcastic curl of the lip, as he spoke.

"Now, Mammy has always been a pet with me," said Marie. "I wish some of your northern servants could look at her closets of dresses—silks and muslins, and one real linen cambric, she has hanging there. I've worked sometimes whole afternoons, trimming her caps, and getting her ready to go to a party. As to abuse, she don't know what it is. She never was whipped more than once or twice in her whole life. She has her strong coffee of her tea every day, with white sugar in it. It's abominable, to be sure; but St. Clare will have high life below stairs, and they, every one of them, live just as they please. The fact is, our servants are over-indulged. I suppose it is partly our fault that they are selfish, and act like spoiled children; but I've talked to St. Clare till I am tired,"

"And I, too," said St. Clare, taking up the morning paper.

Eva, the beautiful Eva, had stood listening to her mother, with that expression of deep and mystic earnestness which was peculiar to her. She walked softly round to her mother's chair, and put her arms round her neck.

"Well, Eva, what now?" said Marie.

"Mamma, couldn't I take care of you one night—just one? I know I shouldn't make you nervous, and I shouldn't sleep. I often lie awake nights thinking——"

"Oh, nonsense, child—nonsense!" said Marie; "you are such a strange child!"

"But may I, mamma? I think," she said timidly, "that Mammy isn't well. She told me her head ached all the time lately."

"Oh, that's just one of Mammy's fidgets. Mammy is just like all the rest of them—makes such a fuss about every little headache or finger-ache; it'll never do to encourage it—never! I'm principled about this matter," said she turning to Miss Ophelia; "you'll find the necessity of it. If you encourage servants in giving way to every little disagreeable feeling, and complaining of every little ailment, you'll have your hands full. I never complain myself—nobody knows what I endure. I feel it a duty to bear it quietly, and I do."

Miss Ophelia's round eyes expressed an undisguised amazement at this proposition, which struck St. Clare as so supremely ludicrous, that he burst into a loud laugh.

"St. Clare always laughs, when I make the least allusion to my ill-health," said Marie, with the voice of a suffering martyr. "I only hope the day won't come, when he'll remember it" and Marie put her handkerchief to her eyes.

Of course there was rather a foolish silence. Finally, St. Clare got up, looked at his watch, and said he had an engagement down street. Eva tripped away after him, and Miss Ophelia and Marie remained at the table alone.

"Now, that's just like St. Clare!" said the latter, withdrawing her handkerchief with somewhat of a spirited flourish, when the criminal to be affected by it was no longer in sight.

"He never realises, never can, never will, what I suffer, and have for years. If I was one of the complaining sort, or ever made any fuss about my ailments, there would be some reason for it. Men do get tired, naturally, of a complaining wife. But I've kept things to myself, and borne, and borne, till St. Clare has got in the way of thinking I can bear anything."

Miss Ophelia did not exactly know what she was expected to answer to this.

While she was thinking what to say, Marie gradually wiped away her tears, and smoothed her plumage in a general sort of way, as a dove might be supposed to make toilet after a shower, and began a house wifely chat with Miss Ophelia, concerning cupboards, closets, linen-presses, store-rooms, and other matters, of which the latter was, by common understanding, to assume the direction—giving her so many cautions, directions, and charges, that a head less systematic and business-like than Miss Ophelia's would have been utterly dizzied and confounded.

"And now," said Marie, "I believe I've told you everything; so that, when my next sick turn comes on, you'll be able to go forward entirely, without consulting me: only about Eva—she requires watching."

"She seems to be a good child, very," said Miss Ophelia; "I never saw a better child."

"Eva's peculiar," said her mother, "very. There are things about her so singular; she isn't like me, now, a particle:" and Marie sighed as if this was a truly melancholy consideration.

Miss Ophelia in her own heart said, "I hope she isn't," but had prudence enough to keep it down.

"Eva always was disposed to be with servants; and I think that well enough with some children. Now, I always played with father's little negroes—it never did me any harm. But Eva somehow always seems to put herself on an equality with every creature that comes near her. It's a strange thing about the child. I never have been able to break her of it. St. Clare, I believe, encourages her in it. The fact is, St. Clare indulges every creature under this roof but his own wife."

Again Miss Ophelia sat in blank silence.

"Now, there's no way with servants," said Marie, "but to *put them down*, and keep them down. It was always natural to me, from a child. Eva is enough to spoil a whole household. What she will do when she comes to keep house herself, I'm sure I don't know. I hold to being *kind* to servants—I always am; but you must make 'em *know their place*, Eva never does; there's no getting into the child's head the first beginning of an idea what a servant's place is! You heard her offering to take care of me nights, to let mammy sleep! That's just a specimen of the way the child would be doing all the time, if she was left to herself."

"Why," said Miss Ophelia bluntly, "I suppose you think your servants are human creatures, and ought to have some rest when they are tired?"

"Certainly, of course. I'm very particular in letting them have everything that comes convenient—anything that doesn't put one at all out of the way, you know. Mammy can make up her sleep, some time or other; there's no difficulty about that. She's the sleepiest concern that ever I saw; sewing, standing, or sitting, that creature will go to sleep, and sleep anywhere and everywhere. No danger but Mammy gets sleep enough. But this treating servants, as if they were exotic flowers or china vases, is really ridiculous," said Marie, as she plunged languidly into the depths of a voluminous and pillowy lounge, and drew towards her an elegant cut glass vinaigrette.

"You see," she continued, in a faint and lady-like voice, like the last dying breath of an Arabian jessamine, or something equally ethereal, "you see, Cousin Ophelia, I don't often speak of myself. It isn't my nature; 'tisn't agreeable to me. In fact, I haven't strength to do it. But there are points where St. Clare and I differ. St. Clare never understood me, never appreciated me. I think it lies at the root of all my ill health. St. Clare means well, I am bound to believe; but men are constitutionally selfish and inconsiderate to women. That, at least, is my impression."

Miss Ophelia, who had not a small share of the genuine New England caution, and a very particular horror of being drawn into family difficulties, now began to foresee something of this kind impending: so, composing her face into a grim neutrality, and drawing out of her pocket about a yard and a quarter of stocking, which she kept as a specific against what Dr. Watts asserts to be a personal habit of Satan when people have idle hands, she proceeded to knit most energetically, shutting her lips together in a way that said, as plain as words could, "You needn't try to make me speak. I don't want anything to do with your affairs"—in fact, she looked about as sympathising as a stone lion. But Marie didn't care for that. She had got somebody to talk to, and she felt it her duty to talk, and that was enough; and reinforcing herself by smelling again at her vinaigrette, she went on.

"You see, I brought my own property and servants into the connection, when I married St. Clare, and I am legally entitled to manage them my own way. St. Clare had his fortune and his servants, and I'm well enough content he should manage them his way; but St. Clare will be interfering. He has wild extravagant notions about things, particularly about the treatment of servants. He really does act, as if he set his servants before me, and before himself, too: for he lets them make him all sorts of trouble, and never lifts a finger. Now, about some things, St. Clare is really frightful—he frightens me—good-natured as he looks in general. Now, he has set down his foot that, come what will, there shall not be a blow struck in this house, except what he or I strike; and he does it in a way that I really dare not cross him. Well, you may see what that leads to; for St. Clare wouldn't raise his hand, if every one of them walked over him, and I—you see how cruel it would be to require me to make the exception. Now, you know these servants are nothing but grown-up children."

"I don't know anything about it, and I thank the Lord that I don't!" said Miss Ophelia, shortly.

"Well, but you will have to know something, and know it to your cost, if you stay here. You don't know what a provoking, stupid, careless, unreasonable, childish, ungrateful set of wretches they are."

Marie seemed wonderfully supported, always, when she got upon this topic; and she now opened her eyes, and seemed quite to forget her languor.

"You don't know, and you can't, the daily, hourly trials that beset a housekeeper from them, everywhere and every way. But it's no use to complain to St. Clare. He talks the strangest stuff. He says, we have made them what they are, and ought to bear with them. He says their faults are all owing to us, and that it would be cruel to make the fault and punish it too. He says, we shouldn't do any better, in their place; just as if one could reason from them to us, you know."

"Don't you believe, that the Lord made them of one blood with us?" said Miss Ophelia, shortly.

"No, indeed, not I! A pretty story truly! They are a degraded race."

"Don't you think they've got immortal souls?" said Miss Ophelia, with increasing indignation.

"Oh, well," said Marie, yawning, "that, of course—nobody doubts that. But as to putting them on any sort of equality with us, you know, as if we could be compared, why, it's impossible! Now, St. Clare really has talked to me as if keeping Mammy from her husband was like keeping me from mine. There's no comparing in this way. Mammy couldn't have the feelings that I should. It's a different thing altogether—of course, it is; and yet St. Clare pretends not to see it. And just as if Mammy could love her little dirty babies as I love Eva! Yet St. Clare once really and soberly tried to persuade me that it was my duty, with my weak health, and all I suffer, to let Mammy go back, and take somebody else in her place. That was a little too much even for *me* to bear. I don't often show my feelings, I make it a principle to endure everything in silence; it's a wife's hard lot, and I bear it. But I did break out that time; so that he has never alluded to the subject since. But I know by his looks, and little things that he says, that he thinks so as much as ever; and it's so trying, so provoking!"

Miss Ophelia looked very much as if she was afraid she should say something; but she rattled away with her needles in a way that had volumes of meaning in it, if Marie could only have understood it.

"So you just see," she continued, "what you've got to manage. A household without any rule; where servants have it all their own way, do what they please, and have what they please, except so far as I, with my feeble health, have kept up government. I keep my cowhide about, and sometimes I do lay on; but the exertion is always too much for me. If St. Clare would only have this thing done as others do——"

"And how's that?"

"Why, send them to the calaboose, or some of the other places, to be flogged. That's the only way. If I wasn't such a poor, feeble piece, I believe I should manage with twice the energy that St. Clare does."

"And how does St. Clare contrive to manage?" said Miss Ophelia. "You say he never strikes a blow."

"Well, men have a more commanding way, you know; it is easier for them: besides, if you ever looked full in his eye, it's peculiar—that eye—and if he speaks decidedly, there's a kind of flash. I'm afraid of it, myself; and the servants know they must mind. I couldn't do as much by a regular storm and scolding as St. Clare can by one turn of his eye, if once he is in earnest. Oh! there's no trouble about St. Clare; that's the reason he has no more feeling for me. But you'll find, when you come to manage, that there's no getting along without severity—they are so bad, so deceitful, so lazy."

"The old tune," said St. Clare, sauntering in. "What an awful account these wicked creatures will have to settle, at last, especially for being lazy! You see, cousin," said he, as he stretched himself at full length on a lounge opposite to Marie, "it's wholly inexcusable in them, in the light of the example that Marie and I set them, this laziness."

"Come now, St. Clare, you are too bad!" said Marie.

"Am I, now? Why, I thought I was talking good, quite remarkably for me. I try to enforce your remarks, Marie, always."

"You know you meant no such thing, St. Clare," said Marie.

"Oh, I must have been mistaken, then. Thank you, my dear, for setting me right."

"You do really try to be provoking," said Marie.

"Oh, come, Marie, the day is growing warm, and I have just had a long quarrel with Dolph, which has fatigued me excessively; so, pray be agreeable now, and let a fellow repose in the light of your smile."

"What's the matter about Dolph?" said Marie. "That fellow's impudence has been growing to a point that is perfectly intolerable to me. I only wish I had the undisputed management of him a while; I'd bring him down."

"What you say, my dear, is marked with your usual acuteness and good sense," said St. Clare. "As to Dolph, the case is this: that he has at last really mistaken himself for his master; and I have been obliged to give him a little insight into his mistake."

"How?" said Marie.

"Why, I was obliged to let him understand explicitly, that I preferred to keep *some* of my clothes for my own personal wearing; also, I put his magnificence upon an allowance of Cologne water, and actually was so cruel, as to restrict him, to one dozen of my cambric handkerchiefs. Dolph was particularly huffy about it, and I had to talk to him like a father to bring him round."

"Oh! St. Clare, when will you learn how to treat your servants? It's abominable, the way you indulge them!" said Marie.

"Why, after all, what's the harm of the poor dog's wanting to be like his master? and if I haven't brought him up any better, than to find his chief good in Cologne and cambric handkerchiefs, why shouldn't I give them to him?"

"And why haven't you brought him up better?" said Miss Ophelia, with blunt determination.

"Too much trouble; laziness—which ruins more souls than you can shake a stick at. If it weren't for laziness, I should have been a perfect angel, myself. I'm inclined to think that laziness is what your old Dr. Botherem, up in Vermont, used to call the 'essence of moral evil.' It's an awful consideration, certainly."

"I think you slaveholders have an awful responsibility upon you," said Miss Ophelia. "I wouldn't have it for a thousand worlds. You ought to educate your slaves, and treat them like reasonable creatures, like immortal creatures, that you've got to stand before the bar of God with. That's my mind," said the good lady, breaking suddenly out with a tide of zeal that had been gaining in her mind all the morning.

"Oh! come, come," said St. Clare, getting up quickly; "what do you know about us?" And he sat down to the piano, and rattled a lively piece of music. St. Clare had a decided genius for music. His touch was brilliant and firm, and his fingers flew over the keys with a rapid and bird-like motion, airy, and yet decided. He played piece after piece, like a man who is trying to play himself into a good humour. After pushing the music aside, he rose up, and said gaily, "Well, now, cousin, you've given us a good talk, and done your duty; on the whole, I think the better of you for it. I make no manner of doubt that you threw a very diamond of truth at me, though you saw it hit me so directly in the face, that it wasn't exactly appreciated at first."

"For my part, I don't see any use in such sort of talk," said Marie. "I'm sure, if anybody does more for servants than we do, I'd like to know who; and it don't do 'em a bit of good—not a particle; they get worse and worse. As to talking to them, or anything like that, I'm sure I have talked till I was tired and hoarse, telling them their duty, and all that; and I'm sure, they can go to church when they like, though they don't understand a word of the sermon, more than so many pigs, so it isn't of any great use for them to go, as I see: but they do go, and so they have every chance; but, as I said before, they are a degraded race, and always will be, and there isn't any help for them; you can't make anything of them, if you try. You see, cousin Ophelia, I've tried, and you haven't; I was born and bred among them, and I know." Miss Ophelia thought she had said enough, and therefore sat silent. St. Clare whistled a tune.

"St Clare, I wish you wouldn't whistle," said Marie; "it makes my head worse."

"I won't," said St. Clare. "Is there anything else you wouldn't wish me to do?"

"I wish you *would* have some kind of sympathy for my trials; you never have any feeling for me."

"My dear accusing angel!" said St. Clare.

"It's provoking to be talked to in that way."

"Then, how will you be talked to? I'll talk to order—any way you'll mention, only to give satisfaction."

A gay laugh from the court rang through the silken curtains of the verandah. St Clare stepped out, and, lifting up the curtain, laughed too.

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming to the railing.

There sat Tom, on a little mossy seat in the court, every one of his button-holes stuck full of cape jessamines, and Eva, gaily laughing, was hanging a wreath of roses round his neck: and then she sat down on his knee, like a chip sparrow, still laughing.

"O Tom, you look so funny."

Tom had a sober, benevolent smile, and seemed, in his quiet way, to be enjoying the fun quite as much as his little mistress. He lifted his eyes, when he saw his master, with a half-deprecating, apologetic air.

"How can you let her?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Why not?" said St. Clare.

"Why, I don't know, it seems so dreadful!"

"You would think no harm in a child's caressing a large dog, even if he was black; but a creature that can think, and reason, and feel, and is immortal, you shudder at; confess it, cousin. I know the feeling among some of you northerners well enough. Not that there is a particle of virtue in our not having it; but custom with us does what Christianity ought to do—obliterates the feeling of personal prejudice. I have often noticed, in my travels north, how much stronger this was with you, than with us. You loathe them as you would a snake or a toad, yet you are indignant at their wrongs. You would not have them abused, but you don't want to have anything to do with them yourselves. You would send them to Africa out of your sight and smell, and then send a missionary or two to do up all the self-denial of elevating them compendiously. Isn't that it?"

"Well, cousin," said Miss Ophelia, thoughtfully, "there may be some truth in this."

"What would the poor and lowly do without children?" said St. Clare, leaning on the railing, and watching Eva as she tripped off, leading Tom with her. "Your little child is your only true democrat. Tom, now is a hero to Eva; his stories are wonders in her eyes, his songs and Methodist hymns are better than an opera, and the traps and little bits of trash in his pocket a mine of jewels, and he the most wonderful Tom that ever wore a black skin. This is one of the roses of Eden, that the Lord has dropped down expressly for the poor and lowly, who get few enough of any other kind."

"It's strange, cousin," said Miss Ophelia; "one might almost think you were a *professor*, to hear you talk."

"A professor?" said St. Clare.

"Yes; a professor of religion."

"Not at all; not a professor, as your town folks have it; and, what is worse, I'm afraid, not a *practiser*, either."

"What makes you talk so, then?"

"Nothing is easier than talking," said St. Clare. "I believe Shakespeare makes somebody say' 'I could sooner show twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow my own showing. Nothing like division of labour. My forte lies in talking, and yours, cousin, lies in doing."

COLONIAL LEGISLATURE.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,

FRIDAY, 18th March.

BEDEQUE AND SHEDIAC PACKET.

House in Committee on the Petition of certain inhabitants of the Island, against the granting of any further sum or sums of money in aid of Packets—Hon. Mr. Jardine in the Chair.

The Petition is as follows:

To the Honorable the House of Assembly of Prince Edward Island in Colonial Parliament convened—

The Petition of the undersigned inhabitants interested in the expenditure of the Public Revenues of the said Island,—

Respectfully sheweth;

That, your Petitioners have learned that, in the Session of your Hon. House, in the year 1852, there was provided a Grant of money for a Packet to ply between Shediac in New Brunswick, and Bedeque in said Island, to the amount of Eighty Pounds, besides other advantages equal to about Twenty Pounds, making the whole equal to an annual Grant of about One hundred Pounds Currency, and also a Grant of Fifty Pounds offered to a Packet to ply between Pictou, in Nova Scotia and Georgetown, in said Island (the latter however is not likely to be claimed) and your Petitioners are fully of opinion that the running of a Packet on the former station, in the absence of any legislative aid, is a very lucrative employment for a first rate sailing Packet.

Your Petitioners, therefore, respectfully pray that your Honorable House will be pleased to take into its careful consideration, and, notwithstanding the Packet Act extant, provide such measures as to prevent any further sum or sums of money being applied to such purpose, and, as in duty bound, your Petitioners will ever pray.

Here follow upwards of 200 signatures.

Hon. the SPEAKER. It was a very unusual thing for any portion of a community to petition against a grant of money—as unnecessarily large—for the encouragement of private enterprise amongst themselves, with a view to the public benefit; but in this instance, it was, perhaps in some measure accounted for, on the score of dislike, on the part of some of the Petitioners, to the party holding the Contract for the running of the Bedeque and Shediac Packet. Some change, at any rate, must have taken place in public sentiment, in that section of the country from which the Petition under consideration proceeded, since 1847 or 1847, when a Petition, on behalf of the individual running the Packet at that time, was presented to the House, praying that he might be entitled to exemption from Wharfage, in addition to the Grant of the Legislature for the encouragement of the undertaking; and he believed that Petition was signed by not a few of those who objected to the grant of £80, as being unnecessarily large. A grant of £80 might indeed seem a large sum, in the estimation of many; especially of those who were of opinion that the taking of the Contract had not been fairly thrown open to competition; and who besides maintained that the traffic and intercourse, last year, between Prince Edward Island and New Brunswick, carried on by means of the Packets running between Bedeque and Shediac, was so great it would have paid the owners of the Packets