LAND ASSESSMENT.

Treasurer's Office, Charlottetown, P. E. Island,
January 15, 1853.

[illegible]rsuance of the Act of the General Assembly [illegible] this Island, made and passed in the Eleventh [illegible] of the reign of Her present Majesty, intituled [illegible] *Act for levying further an Assessment on all* [illegible] *in this Colony, and for the encouragement* [illegible] *education*," and of an Act made in amendment [illegible], and passed in the Twelfth year of Her said [illegible]y's Reign, intituled *An Act to explain and* [illegible] *of the present Act for the Assessment of Land*, [illegible] *encouragement of Education*: I do hereby [illegible] Public Notice that I have made Proclamation, [illegible]ding to the terms of the said Act, of the under[illegible]ned Town Lots, Pasture Lots, Islands, and [illegible] of Townships in this Island, in arrears for the [illegible]ayment of the several sums due and owing [illegible] to Her Majesty, under and by virtue of the [illegible]entioned Act, viz:

	ACRES.		ACRES.
[illegible]ship No. 3,	2213	Township No. 44,	298½
" 9,	4912	" 47,	115
" 11,	701	" 48,	3182
" 18,	1627	" 50,	1566½
" 19,	510	" 54,	2030
" 20,	1868½	" 55,	570
" 21,	816	" 58,	847
" 22,	3142	" 59,	235
" 24,	100	" 60,	1500
" 25,	755½	" 62,	1187
" 28,	1407	" 67,	200
" 31,	1000	George's Island,	145
" 32,	5044	Banbury "	14
" 33,	599	St. Peter's "	80
" 37,	1821	Murray Islands,	21
" 38,	500	Indian Island, Bedeque,	200
" 43,	2400		

[illegible]ottetown, 1st Hundred of Town Lots, ½ of No [illegible]4; 5-8 of No. 66.
[illegible]undred, ½ of No. 45, ½ of No. 46, 7-30ths of [illegible]o. 93.
[illegible]undred, ½ of No. 30, 4-15ths of No. 33.
[illegible]undred, ½ of No. 2, ½ of No. 93.
[illegible]e Lots in Charlottetown Royalty, No. 197.
Town Lots in Georgetown:
[illegible] 7, Range 1, Letter D; No. 13, Range 2, Let[illegible]; ½ No. 9, Range 2, Letter B; ½ No. 9, Range [illegible]etter F; No. 8, Range 3, Letter B; ½ No. 3, [illegible]o 4, Letter A.
[illegible]ture Lots in Georgetown Royalty, Nos. 89, 90, [illegible]99, 272, 279, and 285.
Town Lots in Princetown:
[illegible]. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6.

	Row 2,	Division 1,	Letter B.
[illegible],	do 2,	do 3,	do B.
[illegible] and 5,	do 2,	do 5,	do B.
[illegible],	do 3,	do 5,	do C.
[illegible]. 6, 7, and 8,	do 3,	do 6,	do C.
[illegible],	do 4,	do 2,	do D.
[illegible],	do 5,	do 1,	do E.
[illegible],	do 5,	do 2,	do E.
[illegible],	do 5,	do 6,	do E.
[illegible],	do 8,	do 1,	do H.
[illegible],	do 10,	do 1,	do J.
[illegible],	do 2,	do 4,	do B.
[illegible],	do 11,	do 7,	do K.

[illegible]ture Lots in Princetown Royalty—½ of No. 9; [illegible]o. 151; ½ of No. 238; No. 240; No. 375.

[illegible]he owners of the said Lots and Tracts of Land [illegible]rrears and proclaimed as aforesaid, are hereby [illegible]d, that in case the sum charged on them as afore[illegible]together with the costs which have been incur[illegible]hall not be paid before the next Easter Term of [illegible]preme Court of Judicature, to be held at Char[illegible]own, which will commence on Tuesday the 3d [illegible] May next, application will be made to the Su[illegible] Court, during the said Term, for Judgment [illegible]t the said Lots and Tracts of Land, respec[illegible]

JOSEPH POPE, Treasurer.

REMOVAL.

Mrs. SELDON,

[illegible]ATEFULLY acknowledges the liberal patron[illegible] received from her friends, and begs to inform [illegible] that she has removed to that commodious house [illegible]to the NEW TEMPERANCE HALL, where [illegible]sts, by keeping on hand a supply of the best [illegible]GER BEER, LEMON SYRUP, &c., [illegible]rit a continuance of their favors. Fa[illegible], Picnic Parties, &c., supplied with any [illegible]ty. A few respectable BOARDERS can be [illegible]modated.

[illegible] 1, 1852. en

J. S. DEALEY,

[illegible]MMISSION MERCHANT AND
Ship Broker,
[illegible]7, SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.

[illegible] Freights and Vessels procured, at short notice [illegible]rope, the British Provinces, West Indies, Aus[illegible]and California. Berths secured for the latter

R. B. IRVING,

[illegible]TARY PUBLIC, CONVEYANCER, AND ACCOUNTANT.

[illegible]ICE—over the Bookstore of Mr. G. T. HAS[illegible]ARD, Queen's Square (South side), Char[illegible]wn.

[illegible] Deeds of Conveyance of all descriptions, of [illegible]old and Freehold Estate, including Assign[illegible], Mortgages, &c. Letters of Attorney, Bonds, [illegible]ures of Apprenticeship, Bills of Sale, Charter [illegible], Arbitration Bonds and Awards, Petitions, &c., [illegible]d with accuracy and despatch; Merchants' [illegible] Partnership and other complicated Accounts, [illegible]rranged and balanced at moderate charges.

LAW BOOKS.

[illegible]TTY on Pleading, Chitty on Contracts, Blunt's [illegible]Commercial Digest and Shipmaster's Assistant, [illegible] Common Law Reports, for sale at GEO. T. [illegible]ARD's Book Store.

STATESMAN.

THE handsome and well-known Horse STATESMAN will serve for the season, commencing on the 2d of May, through New Glasgow, [illegible]lish, New London, Malpeque, New Annan, Be[illegible] Tryon, Crapaud, and De Sable; and return [illegible]hrough Long Creek and West River; and in [illegible]ttetown once a fortnight, at Mr. Geo. Foster's; [illegible]ternately once a fortnight at the above-named [illegible] for the season. This Horse is of a handsome [illegible]lour, with remarkably good action, and his [illegible] is much admired throughout the Island. Re[illegible] Old York River Road, distance 5 miles from [illegible]ttetown.

JOHN STOCKMAN.

[illegible]ch 26, 1853. 3w1in

Young Saladin for Sale.

THIS very superior Entire Horse five years old is offered for sale. He stands 15 hands 1 inch high, is [illegible] of a beautiful black colour and has [illegible] bone and sinew; he is remarkably good tem[illegible] very gentle either in harness or saddle. His [illegible] the celebrated Blood Horse SALADIN import[illegible]he year 1846 by the Royal Agricultural Society [illegible]mother was a strong and valuable animal of the [illegible]hich breed and produced excellent stock. A [illegible] was awarded to him at the Royal Agricultural [illegible]'s show in 1849, for the class of Blood horses [illegible] Saladin Breed.

[illegible] of the purchase money will be allowed to re[illegible] security until the close of the next season, [illegible]roved security.—Apply at Haszard's Gazette

March 16, 1853.

WANTED to CHARTER, a VESSEL of about Fifty Tons burthen, for St. JOHN, New Brunswick, at the opening of the navigation. An early application [illegible] a Charter. Apply to [illegible] R. BELL.

[illegible]en Square, March 24. 4w4in

HASZARD'S GAZETTE,

FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. | Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Saturday, April 23, 1853. | New Series. No. 27.

Haszard's Gazette.

GEORGE T. HASZARD, Proprietor and Publisher. Published every Wednesday and Saturday mornings. Office, South side Queen Square, P. E. Island.

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Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XIX.

Miss Ophelia's Experiences and Opinions, continued—Death of Prue.—Miss Ophelia's Indignation—Sinning and repenting—St. Clare's Oratory—A cursed Business—Family Reminiscences—A born Aristocrat—A Vermont Overseer—A Mother's Teaching.

"TOM, you needn't get me the horses. I don't want to go," she said.

"Why not, Miss Eva?"

"Those things sink into my heart, Tom," said Eva; "they sink into my heart," she repeated earnestly. "I don't want to go;" and she turned from Tom, and went into the house.

A few days after another woman came, in old Prue's place, to bring the rusks; Miss Ophelia was in the kitchen.

"Lor!" said Dinah, "what's got Prue?"

"Prue isn't comin' any more," said the woman, mysteriously.

"Why not?" said Dinah, "she an't dead, is she?"

"We doesn't exactly know. She's down cellar," said the woman, glancing at Miss Ophelia.

After Miss Ophelia had taken the rusks, Dinah followed the woman to the door.

"What has got Prue, anyhow?" she said.

The woman seemed desirous yet reluctant to speak, and answered in a low, mysterious tone,—

"Well, you mustn't tell nobody. Prue, she got drunk agin—and they laid her down cellar—and thar they left her all day; and I hearn' 'em saying, that the *flies had got to her* and *she's dead!*"

Dinah held up her hands, and, turning, saw close by her side the spirit-like form of Evangeline, her large mystic eyes dilated with horror, and every drop of blood driven from her lips and cheeks.

"Lor bless us! Miss Eva's gwine to faint away! What got us all, to let her har such talk! Her pa'll be rail mad."

"I shan't faint, Dinah," said the child, firmly; "and why shouldn't I hear it? It an't so much for me to hear it, as for poor Prue to suffer it."

"*Lor sakes!* it isn't for sweet delicate young ladies like you—these yer stories isn't; it's enough to kill 'em!"

Eva sighed again, and walked up stairs with a slow and melancholy step.

Miss Ophelia anxiously inquired the woman's story. Dinah gave a very garrulous version of it, to which Tom added the particulars which he had drawn from her on that morning.

"An abominable business—perfectly horrible!" she exclaimed, as she entered the room where St. Clare lay, reading his paper.

"Pray, what iniquity has turned up now?" said he.

"What now? why those folks have whipped Prue to death!" said Miss Ophelia, going on, with great strength of detail, into the story, and enlarging on its most shocking particulars.

"I thought it would come to that some time," said St. Clare, going on with his paper.

"Thought so!—an't you going to *do* anything about it?" said Miss Ophelia. "Haven't got any *selectmen*, or anybody to interfere and look after such matters?"

"It's commonly supposed, that the *property* interest is a sufficient guard in these cases. If people choose to ruin their own possessions, I don't know what's to be done. It seems the poor creature was a thief and a drunkard; and so there won't be much hope to get up sympathy for her."

"It is perfectly outrageous—it is horrid, Augustine! It will certainly bring down vengeance upon you."

"My dear cousin, I didn't do it, and I can't help it; I would, if I could. If low-minded, brutal people, will act like themselves, what am I to do? They have absolute control; they are irresponsible despots. There would be no use in interfering; there is no law, that amounts to anything practically for such a case. The best we can do is to shut our eyes and ears, and let it alone. It's the only resource left us."

"How can you shut your eyes and ears? How can you let such things alone?"

"My dear child, what do you expect? Here is a whole class—debased, uneducated, indolent, provoking—put, without any sort of terms or conditions, entirely into the hands of such people as the majority in our world are; people who have neither consideration nor self-control, who haven't even an enlightened regard to their own interest—for that's the case with the largest half of mankind. Of course, in a community so organized, what can a man of honourable and humane feelings do, but shut his eyes all he can, and harden his heart? I can't buy every poor wretch I see. I can't turn knight-errant, and undertake to redress every individual case of wrong in such a city as this. The most I can do is to try and keep out of the way of it."

St. Clare's fine countenance was for a moment overcast; he looked annoyed: but, suddenly calling up a gay smile, he said—

"Come cousin, don't stand there looking like one of the Fates: you've only seen a peep through the curtain—a specimen of what is going on the world over, in some shape or other. If we are to be prying and spying into all the dismals of life, we should have no heart to anything. 'Tis like looking too close into the details of Dinah's kitchen;" and St. Clare lay back on the sofa and busied himself with his paper.

Miss Ophelia sat down and pulled out her knitting-work, and sat there, grim with indignation. She knit and knit; but while she mused, the fire burned. At last she broke out—

"I tell you, Augustine, I can't get over things so, if you can. It's a perfect abomination for you to defend such a system—that's my mind!

"What now?" said St. Clare, looking up.

"At it again, eh?"

"I say it's perfectly abominable for you to defend such a system!" said Miss Ophelia, with increasing warmth.

"*I* defend it, my dear lady! Who ever said I did defend it?" said St. Clare.

"Of course you defend it—you all do—all you Southerners. What do you have slaves for, if you don't?"

"Are you such a sweet innocent as to suppose nobody in this world ever does what they don't think is right? Don't you, or didn't you ever, do anything that you did not think quite right?"

"If I do, I repent of it, I hope," said Miss Ophelia, rattling her needles with energy.

"So do I," said St. Clare, peeling his orange; "I'm repenting of it all the time."

"What do you keep on doing it for?

"Didn't you ever keep on doing wrong after you'd repented, my good cousin?"

"Well, only when I've been very much tempted," said Miss Ophelia.

"Well, I'm very much tempted," said St. Clare; "that's just my difficulty."

"But I always resolve I won't, and try to break it off."

"Well, I have been resolving I won't, off and on, these ten years," said St. Clare; "but I haven't somehow, got clear. Have you got clear of all your sins, cousin?"

"Cousin Augustine," said Miss Ophelia, seriously, and laying down her knitting-work, "I suppose, I deserve that you should reprove my short-comings. I know all you say is true enough; nobody else feels them more than I do: but it does seem to me, after all, there is some difference between me and you. It seems to me, that I would cut off my right hand sooner than keep on, from day to day, doing what I thought was wrong. But then my conduct is so inconsistent with my profession, I don't wonder you reprove me."

"Oh, now, cousin," said Augustine, sitting down on the floor, and laying his head back in her lap, "don't take on so awfully serious! You know what a good-for-nothing, easey boy I always was. I love to poke you up—that's all—just to see you get earnest. I do think you are desperately, distressingly good; it tires me to death to think of it."

"But this is a serious subject, my boy, Augustine," said Miss Ophelia, laying her hand on his forehead.

"Dismally so," said he; "and I—well, I never want to talk seriously in hot weather. What with mosquitoes and all, a fellow can't get himself up to any very sublime moral flights; and I believe," said St. Clare, suddenly rousing himself up, "there's theory now! I understand now why northern nations are always more virtuous than southern ones—I see into that whole subject."

"O Augusta, you are a sad rattlebrain!"

"Am I? Well, so I am, I suppose, but for once I will be serious, now: but you must hand that basket of oranges—you see you'll have to stay me with flagons and comfort me with apples, if I'm going to make this effort. Now," said Augustine, drawing the basket up, "I'll begin: When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for a fellow to hold two or three dozen of his fellow worms in captivity, a decent regard to the opinions of society requires——"

"I don't see that you are growing more serious," said Miss Ophelia.

"Wait—I'm coming on—you'll hear. The short of the matter is, cousin," said he, his handsome face suddenly settling into an earnest and serious expression, "on this abstract question of slavery there can, as I think, be but one opinion. Planters, who have money to make *by it*—clergymen, who have planters to please—politicians, who want to rule by it—may warp and bend language and ethics to a degree that shall astonish the world at their ingenuity! They can press Nature and the Bible, and nobody knows what else, into the service; but, after all, neither they nor the world believe in it one particle the more. It comes from the devil, that's the short of it; and, to my mind, it's a pretty respectable specimen of what he can do in his own line."

Miss Ophelia stopped her knitting, and looked surprised; and St. Clare, apparently enjoying her astonishment went on.

"You seem to wonder; but if you will get me fairly at it, I'll make a clean breast of it. This cursed business, accursed of God and man, what is it? Strip it of all its ornament, run it down to the root and nucleus of the whole, and what is it? Why, because my brother Quashy is ignorant and weak, and I am intelligent and strong—because I know how, and *can* do it—therefore, I may steal all he has, keep it, and give him only such and so much as suits my fancy. Whatever is too hard, too dirty, too disagreeable for me, I may set Quashy to doing. Because I don't like work, Quashy shall work. Because the sun burns me, Quashy shall stay in the sun. Quashy shall earn the money, and I will spend it. Quashy shall lie down in every puddle, that I may walk over dryshod. Quashy shall do my will, and not his, all the days of his mortal life, and have such a chance of getting to heaven at last, as I find convenient. This I take to be about what slavery *is*. I defy anybody on earth to read our slave-code, as it stands in our law-books, and make anything else of it. Talk of the *abuses* of slavery! Humbug! The *thing itself* is the essence of all abuse! And the only reason why the land don't sink under it, like Sodom and Gomorrah, is because it is used in a way infinitely better than it is. For pity's sake, for shame's sake, because we are men born of women, and not savage beasts, many of us do not, and dare not—we would scorn to use the full power which our savage laws put into our hands. And he who goes the furthest, and does the worst, only uses within limits the power that the law gives him."

St. Clare had started up, and, as his manner was when excited, was walking, with hurried steps, up and down the floor. His fine face, classic as that of a Greek statue, seemed to burn with the fervour of his feelings. His large blue eyes flashed, and he gesticulated with an unconscious eloquence. Miss Ophelia had never seen him in this mood before, and she sat perfectly silent.

"I declare to you," said he, suddenly stopping before his cousin—"it's no sort of use to talk or to feel on this subject—but I declare to you, there have been times when I have thought, if the whole country would sink, and hide all this injustice and misery from the light, I would willingly sink with it. When I have been travelling up and down on our boats, or about on my collecting tours, and reflected that every brutal, disgusting, mean, low-lived fellow I met, was allowed by our laws to become absolute despot of as many men, women, and children, as he could cheat, steal, or gamble money enough to buy—when I have seen such men in actual ownership of helpless children, of young girls and women—I have been ready to curse my country, to curse the human race!"

"Augustine! Augustine!" said Miss Ophelia, "I'm sure you've said enough. I never in my life heard anthing like this; even at the North."

"At the North!" said St. Clare, with a sudden change of expression, and resuming something of his habitual careless tone; "Pooh! you northern folks are cold-blooded; you are cool in everything! You can't begin to curse up hill and down, as we can when we get fairly at it."

"Well, but the question is"——said Miss Ophelia.

"Oh, yes, to be sure, the *question is*—and a deuce of a question it is!—How came you in this state of sin and misery? Well, I shall answer in the good old words you used to teach me, Sundays. I came so by ordinary generation. My servants were my father's, and, what is more, my mother's; and now they are mine, they and their increase, which bids fair to be a pretty considerable item. My father, you know, came first from New England, and he was just such another man as your father—a regular old Roman; upright, energetic, noble-minded, with an iron will. Your father settled down in New England, to rule over rocks and stones, and to force an existence out of Nature; and mine settled in Louisiana, to rule over men and women, and to force an existence out of them. My mother," said St. Clare, getting up and walking to a picture at the end of the room, and gazing upward with a face fervent with veneration, "*she was divine!* Don't look at me so!—you know what I mean! She probably was of mortal birth; but as far as ever I could observe, there was no trace of any human weakness or error about her, and everybody that lives to remember her, whether bond or free, servant, acquaintance, relation, all say the same. Why, cousin, that mother has been all that has stood between me and utter unbelief for years. She was a direct embodiment and personification of the New Testament—a living fact, to be accounted for, in no other way than by its truth. O mother! mother!" said St. Clare, clasping his hands in a sort of transport; and then, suddenly checking himself, he came back, and seating himself on an ottoman, he went on:—

"My brother and I were twins; and they say, you know, that twins ought to resemble each other; but we are in all points a contrast. He had black fiery eyes, coal-black hair, a strong, fine Roman profile, and a rich brown complexion. I had blue eyes, golden hair, a Greek outline, and fair complexion. He was active and observing, I dreamy and inactive. He was generous to his friends and equals, but proud, dominant, overbearing to inferiors, and utterly unmerciful to whatever set itself up against him. Truthful we both were: he from pride and courage, I from a sort of abstracting ideality. We loved each other, about as boys generally do, off, and on, and in general; he was my father's pet, and I my mother's.

"There was a morbid sensitiveness and acuteness of feeling in me on all possible subjects, of which he and my father had no kind of understanding, and with which they could have no possible sympathy. But mother did; and so when I had quarrelled with Alfred, and father looked sternly on me, I used to go off to mother's room and sit by her. I remember just how she used to look, with her pale cheeks, her deep, soft, serious eyes, her white dress—she always wore white—and I used to think of her whenever I read, in Revelation, about the saints that were arrayed in fine linen, clean and white. She had a great deal of genius of one sort or another, particularly in music, and she used to sit at her organ playing fine old majestic music of the Catholic church, and singing with a voice more like an angel than a mortal woman; and I would lay my head down on her lap, and cry, and dream, and feel—oh, immeasurably!—things that I had no language to say!

"In those days, this matter of slavery had never been canvassed as it has now; nobody dreamed of any harm in it.

"My father was born an aristocrat. I think in some pre-existent state, he must have been in the higher circles of spirits, and brought all his old court pride along with him; for it was ingrain, bred in the bone, though he was originally of poor and not in any way of noble family. My brother was begotten in his image.

"Now, an aristocrat, you know, the world over, has no human sympathies beyond a certain line in society. In England the line is in one place, in Burmah in another, and in America in another; but the aristocrat of all these countries never goes over it. What would be hardship and distress and injustice in his own class, is a cool matter of course in another one. My father's dividing line was that of colour. *Among his equals*, never was a man more just and generous; but he considered the negro, through all possible gradations of colour, as an intermediate link between man and animals, and graded all his ideas of justice or generosity on this hypothesis. I suppose, to be sure, if anybody had asked him, plump and fair, whether they had human immortal souls, he might have hemmed and hawed, and said 'Yes.' But my father was not a man much troubled with spiritualism; religious sentiment he had none, beyond a veneration for God, as decidedly the head of the upper classes.

"Well, my father worked some five hundred negroes; he was an inflexible, driving, punctilious business man; everything was to move by system—to be sustained with unfailing accuracy and precision. Now, if you take into account that all this was to be worked out by a set of lazy, twaddling, shiftless labourers, who had grown up all their lives in the absence of every possible motive to learn how to do anything but 'shirk,' as you Vermonters say, you'll see that there might naturally be on his plantation a great many things that looked horrible and distressing to a sensitive child like me.

"Besides all, he had an overseer—a great tall, slab-sided, two-fisted, renegade son of Vermont (begging your pardon), who had gone through a regular apprenticeship in hardness and brutality, and taken his degree to be admitted to practice. My mother never could endure him, nor I; but he obtained an entire ascendency over my father; and this man was the absolute despot of the estate.

"I was a little fellow then, but I had the same love that I have now for all kinds of human things—a kind of passion for the study of humanity, come in what shape it would. I was found in the cabins and among the field-hands a great deal, and, of course, was a great favourite; and all sorts of complaints and grievances were breathed in my ear, and I told them to mother and we, between us, formed a sort of committee for a redress of grievances. We hindered and repressed a great deal of cruelty, and congratulated ourselves on doing a vast deal of good, till, as often happens, my zeal overacted. Stubbs complained to my father that he couldn't manage the hands, and must resign his position. Father was a fond, indulgent husband, but a man that never flinched from anything that he thought necessary; and so he put down his foot, like a rock, between us and the field-hands. He told my mother, in language perfectly respectful and deferential, but quite explicit, that over the house-servants she should be entire mistress, but that with the field-hands he could allow no interference. He revered and respected her above all living beings, but he would have said it all the same to the Virgin Mary herself, if she had come in the way of his system.

"I used sometimes to hear my mother reasoning cases with him—endeavouring to excite his sympathies. He would listen to the most pathetic appeals with the most discouraging politeness and equanimity. 'It all resolves itself into this,' he would say; 'must I part with Stubbs, or keep him? Stubbs is the soul of punctuality, honesty, and efficiency, a thorough business hand, and as humane as the general run. We can't have perfection; and if I keep him, I must sustain his administration as a *whole*, even if there are, now and then, things that are exceptional. All government includes some necessary hardness. General rules will bear hard on particular cases.' This last maxim my father seemed to consider a settler in most alleged cases of cruelty. After he had said *that*, he commonly drew up his feet on the sofa, like a man that has disposed of a business, and betook himself to a nap or the newspaper, as the case might be.

"The fact is, my father showed the exact sort of talent for a statesman. He could have divided Poland as easily as an orange, or trod on Ireland as quietly and systematically as any man living. At last my mother gave up in despair. It never will be known, till the last account, what noble and sensitive natures like hers have felt, cast, utterly helpless, into what seems to them an abyss of injustice and cruelty, and which seems so to nobody about them. It has been an age of long sorrow of such natures, in such a hell-begotten sort of world as ours. What remained for her but to train her children in her own views and sentiments? Well, after all you say about training, children will grow up substantially what they *are* by nature, and only that. From the cradle, Alfred was an aristocrat; and as he grew up, instinctively all his sympathies and all his reasonings were in that line, and all mother's exhortations went to the winds. As to me, they sank deep into me. She never contradicted, in form, anything that my father said, or seemed directly to differ from him; but she impressed, burnt into my very soul, with all the force of her deep, earnest nature, an idea of the dignity and worth of the meanest human soul. I have looked in her face with solemn awe, when she would point up to the stars in the evening, and say to me, 'See there, Augusta! the poorest, meanest soul on our place will be living, when all these stars are gone for ever—will live as long as God lives!'

"She had some fine old paintings; one, in particular, of Jesus healing a blind man. They were very fine, and used to impress me strongly. 'See, there, Augusta,' she would say; 'the blind man was a beggar, poor and loathsome; therefore he would not heal him *afar off!* he called him to him, and put *his hands on him!* Remember this, my boy.' If I had lived to grow up under her care, she might have stimulated me to I know not what of enthusiasm. I might have been a saint, reformer, martyr—but, alas! alas! I went from her when I was only thirteen, and I never saw her again!"

St. Clare rested his head on his hands, and did not speak for some minutes. After a while he looked up, and went on:—

"What poor, mean trash this whole business of human virtue is! A mere matter, for the most part, of latitude and longitude, and geographical position, acting with natural temperament. The greater part is nothing but an accident. Your father, for example, settles in Vermont, in a town where all are, in fact, free and equal; becomes a regular church member and deacon, and in due time joins an Abolitionist society, and thinks us all little better than heathens. Yet he is, for all the world, in constitution and habit, a duplicate of my father. I can see it leaking out in fifty different ways—just that same strong, overbearing, dominant spirit. You know very well how impossible it is to persuade some of the folks in your village that Squire Sinclair does not feel above them. The fact is, though he has fallen on democratic theory, he is to the heart an aristocrat, as much as my father, who ruled over five or six hundred slaves."

Miss Ophelia felt rather disposed to cavil at this picture, and was laying down her knitting to begin, but St. Clare stopped her.

"Now I know every word you are going to say. I do not say they were alike, in fact. One fell into a condition where everything acted against the natural tendency, and the other where everything acted for it, and so one turned out a pretty, wilful, stout, overbearing, old democrat, and the other a kind, liberal old despot. If both had owned plantations, in Louisiana, they would have been as like as two old bullets cast in the same mould."

"What an unlikely boy you were!" said Miss Ophelia.

"I don't mean than any disrespect," said St. Clare. "You know irreverence is not my forte.

A THIEF AT THE DIGGINGS.

A "Blue Book," just issued gives the following statement from the Superintendent of Police, dated Melbourne, May, 1852:—

"William Hatfield, prisoner of the Crown, arrived per ship "Manchester," in 1843. Free on arrival. Convicted of felony at the Circuit Court held at Geelong, on the 22nd of February, 1851, and sentenced to twelve months' hard labour in the gaol at Melbourne. Convicted at the Supreme Court Melbourne, 28th May, 1853, of "Stealing from a dwelling-house," and sentenced to ten years' labour on the roads of the colony. The case of Hatfield is only an extraordinary instance of what occurs every day. Scarcely a thief, vagrant, or drunkard that is picked up during the twenty-four hours but what money is found on them, in repeated instances varying from £10 to £100; with such a state of things it can hardly be deemed surprising that the organisation of an effective police should be found a matter of great difficulty. William Hatfield was, about four months ago, undergoing a sentence in the gaol for a felony; at which time I had cause to punish him for stealing a handkerchief from a fellow-prisoner. He was discharged about three months ago, receiving from the gaoler £50, which he had left in his hands when first imprisoned. It appears that he stayed for a short time in Melbourne; and after supplying himself with numbers of rings and other trinkets, he proceeded to the Gold Fields. In selling these rings, at night to the gold diggers, in their tents, he observed where they deposited their money and gold, thereby knowing in what direction to make his incision into the tent to abstract the same. For an offence of this nature, he was soon apprehended, committed, and now convicted. On his person at Mount Alexander was found about £700 worth of gold, besides notes, altogether, I believe, to the amount of £900. He effected his escape from Gisborne on the road down to town by breaking through the watch-house, and made his way to Melbourne. On the second night after, I again effected his apprehension. On his person was a large nugget of gold weighing 1 lb. 3 oz 12 dwts., and about £175 in cash. He subsequently requested to see me privately, when he informed me that he had a "plant," which he would make over to me, as it might be "sprung" whilst he was in gaol, and he would sooner that I had it than any one else. I subsequently proceeded with him and some police to the heaps of broken stones prepared for the roads lying in front of the Government offices one of which he proceeded to turn over, and abstracted three bags of gold, in weight 19 pounds. Thus was taken from this man somewhat about £2000 worth of property, collected in two or three months."

EXPENSIVE CONVERSION.—We read in the *Akhbar* of Algiers,—"In the reign of Braham-ben-Mamlouk, in 1819, a Jew became a Mussulman, under the name of Abd-Allah. Some years after he married an Arab woman, who died without leaving him any children. He afterwards married another Mussulman woman, by whom he has a daughter two years old. Every one thought this man sincerely converted to Islamism, when a few days back a rumour was current that he had again returned to the religion of Moses. This news turned out to be true, as the following strange ceremonies, we are informed took place on his reception. The Rabbis commenced by cutting the nails of his hands and feet as close as possible to the flesh; they then had his head shaved, only two locks of hair being left, one at each side of the head. He next was made to take a cold bath in a vessel kept in the synagogue, and if he is really converted, he is to proceed there for six months at least, and take a similar bath every morning at break of day. During this bath some eggs were broken on his head, which was then carefully washed. On his leaving the bath a shirt was placed on him, and forty blows of a stick administered to him on the back. He was then placed in a hole, and every one present threw a small stone at him. This operation being terminated, new clothes were given him, and the old ones were burned. He was in addition ordered to fast for a certain length of time. Finally he has been directed to whitewash his shop in the Rue Combes, and to perfume it, and all the merchandise which it contains, with incense. During a period of seven days, he is to eat ashes, to purify his body." The Jews are tormenting him to make him consider the change her religion, declaring that without that act, nothing will save [illegible]