# HASZARD'S GAZETTE.

## FARMERS' JOURNAL, AND COMMERCIAL ADVERTISER.

Established 1823. Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, Wednesday, June 8, 1853. New Series. No. 40.



**Haszard's Gazette.**

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

TERMS—Annual Subscription, 15s. Discount for cash in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For the first insertion, occupying the space of 4 lines, including head, 2s.—6 lines, 2s. 6d.—9 lines, 3s.—12 lines, 3s. 6d.—16 lines, 4s.—20 lines, 4s. 6d.—25 lines, 5s.—30 lines, 5s. 6d.—36 lines, 6s.—and 2d. for each additional line. One fourth of the above for each continuance.

Advertisements sent without limitation, will be continued until forbid.



**Summer Arrangement of Mails.**

THE MAILS for the neighbouring Provinces will be made up until further Notice every TUESDAY and THURSDAY NIGHT, at Nine o'clock, and forwarded via PICTOU, and the MAILS for England will be closed upon the following days at the same hour.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tuesday, | May 10, | Tuesday, | August 2, |
| " | May 24, | " | August 16, |
| " | June 7, | " | August 30, |
| " | Jnne 21, | " | Sept. 13, |
| " | July 5, | " | Sept. 27, |
| " | July 19, | " | October 11. |

Letters to be *registered*, and Newspapers, must be mailed half an hour before the time of closing.

THOMAS OWEN, Postmaster General.
General Post Office, April 30, 1853.

**COMMISSARIAT.**

*CONTRACT FOR OATS.*

THE Deputy Commissary General will receive Sealed Tenders, in duplicate, (to be marked on the Envelope "Tender for Oats,") at this Office, until 12 o'clock on SATURDAY, the 18th day of June next, for the supply of the undermentioned quantities of OATS, for Her Majesty's Service in the West India Command, for the year commencing 1st April, 1854, viz.

| | |
|---|---|
| Berbice | 7,260 lbs. |
| Demerara | 41,688 " |
| Barbadoes | 232,992 " |
| Tobago | 44,640 " |
| Trinidad | 54,000 " |
| Grenada | 43,620 " |
| St. Vincent | 44,016 " |
| St. Lucia | 46,500 " |
| Dominica | 46,428 " |
| Antigua | 64,848 " |
| St. Kitts | 37,716 " |
| Total | 663,708 lbs |

The Oats to be of the best quality, perfectly free from stones, dirt, weevil, &c., the growth either of the United States or British North America.

One moiety to be delivered into the Commissariat Magazines at each station at the Contractor's expense on or before the 1st April, 1854—and the remainder to be delivered between the *months* of July and September following, and will be subject to the appro val of a Board of Officers, and must be warranted to keep sweet and good for six months from the period of issue, viz.—The first moiety from the 1st April, and the second delivery from the 1st October, 1854.

Offers may be sent in for each station separately, or for the whole command collectively, at the option of the Tenderer, and each tenderer must express the rate in Sterling per 100 lbs. net weight, in figures and in words at length, at which it is proposed to supply the article, distinguishing whether the Oats are to be the produce of British North America or the United States, and the color and average weight per bushel to be stated.

Payment will be made by the Senior Commissariat Officer at Barbadoes (on the production of the usual receipts) in Bills at 30 days sight on the Lords Com missioners of H. M. Treasury at par, if the sum be above £50, and if under, in Specie.

The Duties, both Queen's and Colonial, upon the importation of the Oats (Tonnage duty excepted) will be remitted to the Contractor at the period of importation.

The Tenders must be accompanied by a letter signed by two persons of known property engaging to become bound with the party tendering, in a sum not exceeding one-third of the value of the estimated quantity of Oats to be delivered.

The packages containing the Oats will be returned to the Contractor, after their contents have been issued.

*Commissariat Office,*
*Halifax, N. S., 18th May, 1853.*

**CARD.**

GEO. P. TANTON'S DAGUERIEN GALLERY, Great George Street, opposite Mr. J. R. Watt's, where Likenesses are taken by the most improved Northern Sky-light—the only light that can produce a good picture.

A good assortment of Lockets, Frames, and plain and fancy Cases kept constantly on hand.

Rooms open from 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Morning light is most preferable for rapid process, such as children, &c.

May 14. 3m.

**ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.**

ALL persons having claims against the Estate of the late LAWRENCE WILLIAM GALL, Esq. of Charlottetown, deceased, are requested to furnish the same to the subscriber for settlement—and all persons indebted to the said Estate are requested to make immediate payment.

LOUISA GALL, Administratrix.
Charlottetown, March 21st, 1853.

**Saint John Sale Stables.**

M. A. CUMMING, Veterinary Surgeon, begs to intimate to parties having *HORSES* to dispose of, that he is about to open as a Sale Stable, those premises next the Catholic Chapel, head of King's Square, St. John; where Horses will be kept at livery, and bought or sold on commission.

There being no well-understood place in St. John where those *having* Horses, and those *wanting* Horses, know where to find each other, M. A. C. flatters himself that a HORSE BAZAAR, or Sale Stable, properly conducted, may in some measure supply a want often felt by the public; while from the knowledge of horses derived from his profession, he may be able at times to give useful advice both to seller and purchaser.

N. B.—Two or three good young Harness Horses wanted; and a STRONG HEAVY PAIR, full mouthed for shipyard work.

Saint John, 26th April, 1853.

**FOR SALE,**

A STRAWBERRY COLOURED PONY in good condition. Apply to the Subscriber,

DAVID WILSON, Richmond St.
Charlottetown, May 24, 1853.


### UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. XXX.

The Slave-Wearehouse—Mr. Skeggs—Pride and Punishment—Mother and Daughter—The Mother's Advice—Religous Consolation—The Sale—Tom sold—A Mother's Petition.

A SLAVE warehouse! Perhaps some of my readers conjure up horrible visions of such a place. They fancy some foul, obscure den, some horrible *Tartarus "informis, ingens, cui lumen ademptum."* But no, innocent friend! in these days men have learned the art of sinning expertly and genteelly, so as not to shock the eyes and senses of respectable society. Human property is high in the market: and is therefore well fed, well cleaned, tended and looked after, that it may come to sale sleek, and strong, and shining. A slave-warehouse in New Orleans is a house externally not much unlike many others; kept with neatness; and where every day you may see arranged, under a sort of shed along the outside, rows of men and women, who stand there as a sign of the property sold within.

Then you shall be courteously entreated to call and examine, and shall find an abundance of husbands and wives, brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, and young children, to be "sold separately or in lots, to suit the convenience of the purchaser;" and that soul immortal, once bought with blood and anguish by the Son of God, when the earth shook, and the rocks rent, and the graves were oponed, can be sold, leased, mortgaged, exchanged for groceries or dry goods, to suit the phases of trade or the fancy of the purchaser.

It was a day or two after the conversation between Maria and Miss Ophelia, that Tom, Adolph, and about half-a-dozen others of the St. Clare estate, were turned over to the loving kindness of Mr. Skeggs, the keeper of a depot on——street, to await the auction next day.

Tom had with him quite a sizable trunk full of clothing, as had most others of them. They were ushered for the night into a long room, where many other men of all ages, sizes, and shades of complexion were assembled, and from which roars of laughter and unthinking merriment were proceeding.

"Ah, ah! that's right. Go it, boys'—go it!" said Mr. Skeggs, the keeper. "My people are always so merry; Sambo, I see!" he said, speaking approvingly to a burley negroe who was performing tricks of low buffoonery, which occasioned the shouts which Tom had heard.

As might be imagined, Tom was in no humour to join these proceedings; and, therefore, setting his trunk as far as possible from the noisy group, he sat down on it and leaned his face against the wall.

The dealers in the human article make scrupulous and systematic efforts to promote noisy mirth among them, as a means of drowning reflection and rendering them insensible to their condition. The whole object of the traing to which the negroe is put, from the time he is sold in the northern market till he arrives south, is systematically directed toward making him callous, unthinking, and brutal. The slave-dealer collects his gang in Virginia or Kentucky, and drives them to some convenient, healthy place—often a watering-place—to be fattened. Here they are fed full daily; and, because some are inclined to pine, a fiddle is kept commonly going among them, and they are made to dance daily; and he who refuses to be merry—in whose soul thoughts of wife, or child, or home, are too strong for him to be gay—is marked as sullen and dangerous, and subjected to all the evils which the ill-will of an utterly irresponsible and hardened man can inflict upon him. Briskness, alertness, and cheerfulnes of appearance, especially before observers, are constantly enforced upon them, both by the hope of thereby getting a good master, and the fear of all that the driver may bring upon them if they prove unsaleable.

"What dat ar nigger doin' here?" said Sambo, Coming up to Tom, after Mr. Skeggs had left the room. Sambo was a full black, of great size, very lively, voluble, and full of trick and grimace.

"What you doin' here?" said Sambo, coming up to Tom, and poking him facetiously in the side. "Meditatin', eh?"

"I am to be sold at the auction to-morrow!" said Som, quietly.

"Sold at auction—haw! haw! boys an't this yer fun? I wish't I was gwine that ar way!—tell ye, wouldn't I make 'em laugh? But how is it—dis yer whole lot gwine to morrow?" said Sambo, laying his hand freely on Adolph's shoulder.

"Please to let me alone!" said Adolph fiercly, straightening himself up with extreme disgust.

"Law, now, boys! dis yer's one o' yer white niggers—kind o'cream colour, ye know, scented?" said he, coming up to Adolph and snuffing.

"O Lor! he'd do for a tobaccer-shop, they could keep him to scent snuff! Lor, he'd keep a whole shop a gwine—he would!"

"I say, keep off, can't you!" said Adolph, enraged.

"Lor, now, how toutchy we is—we white niggers! Look at us, now!" and Sambo gave a ludicrous imitation of Adolph's manner; "here's de airs and graces. We's been in a good family, I 'spects."

"Yes," said Adolph; "I had a master that could have bought you all for old truck!"

"Laws, now, only think," said Sambo, "the gentlemens that we is!"

"I belonged to the St. Clare family," said Adolph proudly.

"Lor, you did! Be hanged if they ar'n't lucky to get shet of ye. 'Spects they's gwine to trade ye off with a lot o'cracked tea-pots and sich like!" said Sambo, with a provoking grin.

Adolph, enraged at this taunt, flew furiously at his adversary, swearing and striking on every side of him. The rest laughed and shouted, and the uproar brought the keeper to the door.

"What now, boys! Order, order!" he said, coming in and flourishing a large whip.

All fled in different directions, except Sambo, who, presuming on the favour which the keeper had to him as a licensed wag, stood his ground, ducking his head with a facetious grin whenever the master made a dive at him.

"Lor, mas'a, 'tan't us—we's reg,lar stiddy—it's these yer new hands; they's real agravatin'—kinder pickin' at us, all time!"

The keeper at this turned upon Tom and Adolph, and distributed a few kicks and cuffs without much inquiry, and, leaving general orders for all to be good boys and go to sleep, left the apartment.

While this scene was going on in the men's sleeping room, the reader may be curious to take a peep at the corresponding apartment allotted to the women. Stretched out in various attitudes over the floor, he may see numberless sleeping forms of every shade of complexion, from the purest ebony to white, and of all years, from childhood to old age, lying now asleep. Here is a fine bright girl, of ten years, whose mother was sold out yesterday, and who to-night cried herself to sleep when nobody was looking at her. Here, a worn old negress, whose thin arms and callous fingers tell of hard toil, waiting to be sold to-morrow, as a cast-off article, for what can be got for her; and some forty or fifty others, with heads variously enveloped in blankets or articles of clothing, lie stretched around them. But, in a corner, sitting apart from the rest, are two females of a more interesting appearance than common. One of these is a respectably dressed mulatto woman between forty and fifty, with soft eyes and a gentle and pleasing physiognomy. She has on her head a high-raised turban, made of a gay red Madras handkerchief, of the first quality, and her dress is neatly fitted, and of good material, showing that she has been provided for with a careful hand. By her side, and nestling closely to her, is a young girl of fifteen—her daughter. She is a quadroon, as may be seen from her fairer complexion, though her likeness to her mother is quite discernable. She has the same soft dark eye, with longer lashes, and her curling hair is of a luxuriant brown. She also is dressed with great neatness, and her white, delicate hands betray very little acquaintance with servile toil. These two are to be sold to-morrow, in the same lot with the St. Clare servants; and the gentleman to whom they belong, and to whom the money for their sale is to be transmitted, is a member of a Christian church in New York, who will receive the money, and go thereafter to the sacrament of his Lord and theirs, and think no more of it.

These two, whom we shall call Susan and Emmeline, had been the personal attendants of an amiable and pious lady of New Orleans, by whom they had been carefully and piously instructed and trained. They had been taught to read and write, diligently instructed in the truths of religion, and their lot had been as happy as one in their condition it was possible to be. But the only son of their protectress had the management of her property; and, by carelessness and extravagance, involved it in a large amount, and at last failed. One of the largest creditors was the respectable firm of B. and Co., New York. B. and Co. wrote to their lawyer in New Orleans, who attached the real estate (these two artiles and a lot of plantation hands formed the most valuable part of it), and wrote word to that effect to New York. Brother B. being, as we have said, a Christian man, and a resident in a free State, felt some uneasiness on the subject. He didn't like trading in slaves and souls of men—of course he didn't; but then there were thirty thousand dollars in the case, and that was rather too much money to be lost for a principle; and so, after much considering,and asking advice from those that he knew would advise to suit him, Brother B. wrote to his lawyer to dispose of the business in the way that seemed to him the most suitable, and remit the proceeds.

The day after the letter arrived in New Orleans, Susan and Emmeline were attached, and sent to the depot to await a general auction on the following morning; and as they glimmer faintly upon us in the moonlight which steals through the grated window, we may listen to their conversation. Both are weeping, but each quietly, that the other may not hear.

"Mother, just lay your head on my lap, and see if you can't sleep a little," says the girl trying to appear calm.

"I havn't any heart to sleep, Em! I can't. It's the last night we may be together!"

"Oh, mother, don't say so!" Perhaps we shall get sold together—who knows?"

"If 'twas anybody's else case, I should say so too, Em," said the woman; "but I'm so 'feared of losin' you that I don't see anything but the danger."

"Why, mother? The man said we were both likely, and would sell well."

Susan remembered the man's looks and words. With a deadly sickness at her heart, she remembered how he had looked at Emmeline's hands, and lifted up her curly hair, and pronounced her a first-rate article. Susan had been trained as a Christian, brought up in the daily reading of the Bible, and had the same horror of her child's being sold to a life of shame that any other Christian mother might have; but she had no hope—no protection.

"Mother, I think we might do first-rate, if you could get a place as cook, and I as chambermaid, or seamstress, in some family. I dare say we shall. Let's both look as bright and lively as we can, and tell all we can do, and perhaps we shall," said Emmeline.

"I want you to brush your hair all back straight to-morrow," said Susan.

"What for, mother? I don't look near so well that way."

"Yes; but you'll sell better so."

"I don't see why," said the child.

"Respectable famalies would be more apt to buy you if they saw you looked plain and decent, as if you wasn't trying to look handsome. I know their ways better'n you do," said Susan.

"Well, mother, then I will."

"And, Emmeline, if we shouldn't ever see each other again after to-morrow—if I'm sold way up on a plantation somewhere, and you somewhere else—always remember how you've been brought up, and all missis has told you. Take your Bible with you, and your hymn-book, and if you're faithful to the Lord, he'll be faithful to you."

So speaks the poor soul in sore discouragement; for she knows that to-morrow any man, however vile and brutal, however godless and merciless, if he only has money to pay for her, may become owner of her daughter, body and soul; and then how is the child to be faithful? She thinks of all this as she holds her daughter in her arms, and wishes that she were not so handsome and attractive. It seems almost an aggravation to her to remember how purely and piously, how much above the ordinary lot she has been brought up. But she has no resort, but to *pray;* and many such prayers to God have gone up from those same trim, neatly-arranged, respectable slave-prisons—prayers which God has not forgotten, as coming day shall show; for it is written, "Whoso causeth one of these little ones to offend, it were better for him that a mill-stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

The soft, earnest, quiet moonbeam looks in fixedly, marking the bars of the grated windows on the prostrate, sleeping forms. The mother and daughter are singing together a wild and melancholy dirge, common as a funeral hymn among the slaves,—

"Oh, where is weeping Mary?
Oh, where is weeping Mary?
'Rived in the goodly land.
She is dead, and gone to heaven,
She is dead, and gone to heaven;
'Rived in the goodly land.

These words, sung by voices of a peculiar and melancholy sweetness, in an air which seemed like the sighing of earthly despair after heavenly hope, floated through the dark prison-rooms with a patnetic cadence, as verse after verse was breathed out,—

"Oh, where are Paul and Silas?
Oh, where are Paul and Silas?
Gone to the goodly land.
They are dead and gone to heaven;
They are dead and gone to heaven;
'Rived in the goodly land."

Sing on poor souls! The night is short, and the morning will part you for ever!

But now it is morning, and everything is astir, and worthy Mr. Skeggs is busy and bright, for a lot of goods is to be fitted out for auction. There is a brisk look-out on the toilet; iujunctions passed around to every one to put on their best faces and be spry; and now all are arranged in a circle for a last review, before they are marched up to the Bourse.

Mr. Skeggs, with his pelmetto on, and his cigar in his mouth, walks around to put farewell touches on his wares.

"How's this?" he said, stepping in front of Susan and Emmeline. "Where's your curls, gal?"

The girl looked timidly at her mother, who, with the smooth adroitness common among her class, answers,—

"I was telling her last night to put up her hair smooth and neat, and not havin' it flying about in curls—looks more respectable so!"

"Bother!" said the man, peremptorily, turning to the girl. "You go right along, and curl yourself real smart!" he added, giving a crack to a rattan he held in his hand; "and be back in quick time, too! You go and help her," he added to the mother. "Them curls may make a hundred dollars' diference in the sale of her."

Beneath a splendid dome were men of all nations, moving to and fro over the ˆarble *pave.* On every side of the circular w˙e little tribunes, or stations, for the use of speakers and auctioneers. Two of these, on opposite sides of the area, were now occupied by brilliant and talented gentlemen, enthusiastically forcing up, in English and French commingled, the bids of connoisseurs in their various wares. A third one on the other side, still unoccupied, was surrounded by a group waiting the moment of sale to begin. And here we may recognise the St. Clare servants, Tom, Adolph,and others; and there, too, Susan and Emmeline, awaiting their turn, with anxious and dejected faces. Various spectators, intending to purchase, or not to purchase, as the case might be, gathered around the group, handling, examining, and commenting on their various points and faces, with the same freedom that a set of jockeys discuss the merits of a horse.

"Holloa, Alf! what brings you here?" said a young exquisite, slapping the sholder of a sprucely dressed young man, who was examining Adolph through an eye-glass.

"Well, I was wanting a valet, and I heard that St. Clare's lot was going. I thought I'd just look at his"——

"Catch me ever buying any of St. Clare's people! Spoilt niggers, every one! Impudent as the devil!" said the other.

"Never fear that!" said the first. "If I get 'em, I'll soon have their airs out of them; they'l soon find that they've another kind of master to deal with than Monsieur St. Clare. 'Pon my word, I'll buy that fellow. I like the shape of him."

"You'll find it'll take all you've got to keep him. He's deucedly extravagant!"

"Yes, but my lord will find that he *can't* be extravagant with *me.* Just let him be sent to the calaboos a few times, and thoroughly dressed down! I'll tell you if it don't bring him to a sense of his ways! Oh, I'll reform him, up hill and down—you'll see! I buy him, that's flat!"

Tom had been standing wistfully examining the multitude of faces throwing around him for one whom he would wish to call master; and if you should ever be under the necessity, sir, of selecting out of two hundred men one who was to become your absolute owner and disposer, you would perhaps realise, just as Tom did, how few there were that you would feel at all comfortable in being made over to. Tom saw abundance of men; great, burly, gruff men; little, chirping, dried men; long-favoured, lank, hard men; and every variety of stubbedlooking, common-place men, who pick up their fellow-men as one picks up chips, putting them into the fire or a basket with equal unconcern, according to their convenience; but he saw no St. Clare.

A little before the sale commenced, a short, broad, muscular man, in a checked shirt considerably open at the bosom, and pantaloons much the worse for dirt and wear, elbowed his way through the crowd, like one who is going actively into a business; and, coming up to the group, began to examine them systematically. From the moment that Tom saw him approaching, he felt an immediate and revolting horror at him, that increased as he came near. He was evidently, though short, of gigantic strength. His round, bullet head; large, light-gray eyes, with their shaggy, sandy eye-brows, and stiff, wiry, sun-burnt hair, were rather unprepossessing items, it is to be confessed; his large, coarse mouth was distended with tobacco, the juice of which, from time to time, he ejected from him with great decision and explosive force; his hands where immensely large, hairy, sunburnt, freckled, and very dirty, and garnished with long nails, in a very foul condition. This man proceeded to a very personal examination of the lot. He seized Tom by the jaw; and pulled open his mouth to inspect his teeth; made him strip up his sleeve, to show his muscle; turned him round, made him jump and spring, to show his paces.

"Where was you raised?" he added briefly to these investigations.

"In Kintuck, mas'r," said Tom, looking about as if for deliverance.

"What have you done?"

"Had care of mas'r's farm," said Tom.

"Likely story!" said the other, shortly, as he passed on. He paused a moment before Dolph; than spitting a discharge of tobaccojuice on his well-blacked boots, and giving a contemptuous Umph, he walked on. Again he stopped before Susan and Emmeline. He put out his heavy, dirty hand, and drew the girl towards him; passed it over her neck and bust, felt her arms, looked at her teeth, and then pushed her back against her mother, whose patient face showed the suffering she had been going through at every motion of the hideous stranger.

The girl was frightened, and began to cry.

"Stop that, you minx!" said the salesman; "no whimpering here; the sale is going to begin." And accordingly the sale begun.

Adolph was knocked off at a good sum, to the young gentlemen who had previously stated his intention of buying him; and the other servants of the St. Clare lot went to various bidders.

"Now, up with you, boy! d'ye hear?" said the auctioneer to Tom.

Tom stepped upon the block, gave a few anxious looks round; all seemed mingled in a common, indistinct noise—the clatter of the salesman crying off his qualifications in French and English; the quick fire of French and English bids; and almost in a moment came the final thump of the hammer, and the clear ring on the last syllable of the word "*dollars,*" as the auctioneer announced his price, and Tom was made over. He had a master!

He was pushed from the block; the short, bullet-headed man, seizing him roughly by the shoulders, pushed him to one side, saying, in a harsh voice, "Stand there, "*you!*"

Tom hardly realised anything; but still the bidding went on—rattling, clattering, now French, now English. Down goes the hammer again,—Susan is sold. She goes down from the block, stops, looks wistfully back; her daughter stretches her hands towards her. She looks with agony in the face of the man who has bought her—a respectable middle-aged man, of benevolent countenance.

"O mas'r, please do buy my daughter!"

"I'd like to, but I'm afraid I can't afford it," said the gentleman, looking with painful interest as the young girl mounted the block, and looked around her with a frightened and timid glance.

The blood flushed painfully in her otherwise colourless cheeks, her eyes have a feverish fire, and her mother groans to see that she looks more beautiful than she ever saw her before. The auctioneer sees his advantage, and expatiates volubly in mingled French and English, and bids rise in rapid succession.

"I'll do anything in reason," said the benevolent-looking gentleman, pressing in, and joining with the bids. In a few moments they have run beyond his purse. He is silent; the auctioneer grows warmer; but bids gradually drop off. It lies now between an aristocratic old citizen and our bullet-headed acquaintance. The citizen bids for a few turns, contemptuously measuring his opponent; but the bullet-head has the advantage over him, both in obstinacy and concealed length of purse, and the controversy lasts but a moment; the hammer falls—he has got the girl, body and soul, unless God help her!

Her master is Mr Legree, who awns a cotton plantation on the Red River. She is pushed along in the same lot with Tom and two other men, and goes off, weeping as she goes.

The benevolent gentleman is sorry; but then the thing happens every day! One sees girls and mothers crying at these scales *always!* It can't be helped, &c.; and he walks off with his acquisition in another direction.

Two days after the lawyer of the Christian firm of B. and Co., New York, sent on their money to them. On the reverse of that draft, so abtained, let them write these words of the great Paymaster, to whom they shall make up their account in a future day:—"*When he maketh inquisition for blood, he forgetteth not the cry of the humble!*"

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WHAT IS THOUGHT.—A fountain from which flows all good and evil intentions; a mental fluid. electrical in the force and rapidity of its movements, silently flowing unseen within its own secret avenue; yet it is the controlling power of all animated, matter, and the chief mainspring of all our actions.

"A LASS I am no more," as the girl said when she got married.

WHICH is the stronger, *lie* or truth?—Truth; for you may re-ly on it!