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MR. G. T. HASZARD.

Dear Sir;

As the Law has pronounced a man past threescore incompetent to serve on a Grand Jury, so, for aught I know, it may be deemed a crime, or misdemeanor, for an old man to write,—which, in some measure, may account for the public press throwing me overboard; but, as there is a young hand at the helm of the Old Gazette, he, probably, may indulge an old correspondent by inserting the following. Though possessing no poetic merit, it may awaken the sympathy of some who, like the writer, are nearing that "bourn, whence no traveller returns;" and can do no harm to the young.

When contemplating the past, you must be aware that it is with ardent desires for your well-being, here and hereafter,

I subscribe myself,
Your attached Friend,
J. L. L.

February, 1853.

"THE GOOD SHEPHERD."

(Twenty-third Psalm.)

Or, a Hymn for unrequited Old Age: troubled, at receiving evil for good; yet looking, with some hope, beyond the bounds of sin and Satan's domain, to that blissful region, where there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore.

O, what a Good Shepherd have I—
A weak, wandering, versatile sheep!
My wants his large heart doth supply,
He guards me from wolves whilst I sleep.

I'll range His rich Pastures of Love,
And quaff of the life-giving stream;
My soul He restores from above,
My paths are directed by Him.

Yea, though the dark valley I tread,
Death cannot my spirit dismay;
The kind Shepherd will still lift my head,
His rod and his staff be my stay.

Whilst in Mesech, as yet, I sojourn,
Despite foemen, my table He'll spread;
My old age He'll not leave forlorn,
Nor His Watchers forsake my sick bed.

Past the bourn of mankind's dwindled age,
Surg'd sorely on sorrow's sad sea,
Let soft mercy my suff'rings assuage—
Or, come quickly, dear Shepherd, for me.

The substance Thy bounty did lend,
Like a mock-bird, soon spread out the wing;
But, the fiercer life's tempests contend,
The more sweet and more loud will I sing.

Whatever Thy will may ordain,
Tho' no sun on my twelfth hour shine,
Tho' the purple-clad worldling disdain;
On thy bosom still bid me recline;

And Thy goodness still be the glad song,
To cheer these drear wilderness ways:
Can Forever be ever too long,
For Salvation, to carol His praise;

And gaze on Immanuel's sweet face,
Altogether most lovely—sublime;
Restorer of Adam's strayed race,
Mighty Shepherd! Enfold me with thine!

Then give me a place at thy feet,
With myriads of poor, to enjoy
The Bridegroom's superb crowning treat!
Where nor swindlers nor thieves can annoy.

These, scath'd by Heav'n's dire ire,
Salted with quenchless fire,
Shall find false hope expire—
As dying breath.
Ye who your souls have sold,
To gain your idol—GOLD;
Can gold your soul uphold
In frantic death?

UNCLE TOM'S CABIN.

CHAP. X.

The Property is carried off.—"Sold South."—Mrs. Shelby's visit.—Tom's departure.—The Blacksmith's Shop.—Master George.—Superfluous exhortations.

THE February morning looked gray and drizzling through the window of Uncle Tom's cabin. It looked on down-cast faces, the images of mournful hearts. The little table stood out before the fire, covered with an ironing-cloth; a coarse, but clean shirt or two, fresh from the iron, hung on the back of a chair by the fire and Aunt Chloe had another spread out before her on the table. Carefully she rubbed and ironed every fold and every hem, with the most scrupulous exactness, every now and then raising her hand to her face to wipe off the tears that were coursing down her cheeks.

Tom sat by, with his Testament open on his knee, and his head leaning upon his hand; but neither spoke. It was yet early, and the children lay all asleep together in their little rude trundle-bed.

Tom, who had to the full the gentle, domestic heart, which, woe for them! has been a peculiar characteristic of his unhappy race, got up and walked silently to look at his children.

"It's the last time," he said.

Aunt Chloe did not answer, only rubbed away over and over on the coarse shirt, already as smooth as hands could make it; and finally setting her iron suddenly down with a despairing plunge, she sat down to the table, and "lifted up her voice and wept."

"S'pose we must be resigned; but, O Lord! how ken I! If I know'd anything whar you's goin', or how they'd sarve you! Missis says she'll try and 'deem ye, in a year or two; but, Lor! nobody never comes up that goes down thar! They kills 'em! I've hearn 'em tell how dey works 'em up on dem ar plantations."

"There'll be the same God there, Chloe, that there is here."

"Well," said Aunt Chloe, "s'pose dere will; but de Lord lets drefful things happen sometimes. I don't seem to get no comfort dat way."

"I'm in the Lord's hands," said Tom; "nothin' can go no furder than He lets it; and tha'rs *one* thing I can thank Him for. It's *me* that's sold and going down, and not you nur the chil'en. Here you're safe; what comes will come only on me; and the Lord, He'll help me—I know He will."

Ah, brave, manly heart, smothering thine own sorrow to comfort thy beloved ones! Tom spoke with a thick utterance, and with a bitter choking in his throat—but he spoke brave and strong.

"Let's think on our marcies!" he added tremulously, as if he was quite sure, he needed to think on them very hard indeed.

"Marcies!" said Aunt Chloe, "don't see no marcy in't! tan't right! tan't right it should be so! Mas'r never ought ter left it so, that *ye could* be took for his debts. Ye've arn't him all he gets for ye, twice over. He owed ye yer freedom, and ought ter gin't to yer years ago. Mebbe he can't help himself now, but I feel it's wrong. Nothing can't beat that ar out o' me. Sich a faithful crittur as ye've been, and allers sot his business 'fore yer own every way, and reckoned on him more than yer own wife and chil'en! Them as sells heart's love and heart's blood, to get out thar scrapes, de Lord'll be up to 'em!"

"Chloe! now, if ye love me, ye won't talk so, when perhaps jest the last time we'll ever have together! And I'll tell ye, Chloe, it goes agin me to hear a word agin mas'r. Wan't he put in my arms a baby!—it's nature I should think a heap of him. And he couldn't be 'spected to think so much of poor Tom. Mas'r is used to having all these yer things done for 'em, and nat'lly they don't think so much on't. They can't be 'spected to, no way. Set him 'longside of other mas'rs—who's had the treatment and the livin' I have had? And he never would have let this yer come on me, if he could have seed it aforehand. I know he wouldn't."

"Wal, any way, thar's wrong about it *somewhar*," said Aunt Chloe, in whom a stubborn sense of justice was a predominant trait; "I can't jest make out whar 'tis, but thar's wrong somewhar, I'm *clar* o' that."

"Yer ought ter look up to the Lord above; He's above all—thar don't a sparrow fall without Him."

"It don't seem to comfort me, but I 'spect it orter," said Aunt Chloe.

"But dar's no use talkin': I'll jest wet up de corn-cake, and get ye one good breakfast, 'cause nobody knows when you'll get another."

In order to appreciate the sufferings of the negroes sold south, it must be remembered that all the instinctive affections of that race are peculiarly strong. Their local attachments are very abiding. They are not naturally daring and enterprising, but home-loving and affectionate. Add to this, all the terrors with which ignorance invests the unknown, and add to this, again, that selling to the south is set before the negro from childhood as the last severity of punishment. The threat that terrifies more than whipping or torture of any kind is the threat of being sent down river. We have ourselves heard this feeling expressed by them, and seen the unaffected horror with which they will sit in their gossiping hours, and tell frightful stories of that "down river" which to them is

"That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
No traveller returns."

A missionary among the fugitives in Canada told us that many of the fugitives confessed themselves to have escaped from comparatively kind masters, and that they were induced to brave the perils of escape, in almost every case, by the desperate horror with which they regarded being sold south—a doom which was hanging either over themselves or their husbands, their wives or children. This nerves the African, naturally patient, timid, and unenterprising, with heroic courage, and leads him to suffer hunger, cold, pain, the perils of the wilderness, and the more dread penalties of re-capture.

The simple morning meal now smoked on the table, for Mrs. Shelby had excused Aunt Chloe's attendance at the great house that morning. The poor soul had expended all her little energies on this farewell feast—had killed and dressed her choicest chicken, and prepared her corn-cake with scrupulous exactness, just to her husband's taste, and brought out certain mysterious jars on the mantelpiece, some preserves that were never produced except on extreme occasions.

"Lor, Pete," said Mose, triumphantly, "ha'n't we got a buster of a breakfast!" at the same time catching at a fragment of the chicken.

Aunt Chloe gave him a sudden box on the ear. "Thar now! crowing over the last breakfast yer poor daddy's gwine to have to home!"

"O Chloe!" said Tom gently.

"Wal, I can't help it," said Aunt Chloe, hiding her face in her apron.

"I's so tossed about, it makes me act ugly."

The boys stood quite still, looking first at their father and then at their mother, while the baby, climbing up her clothes, began an imperious commanding cry.

"Thar!" said Aunt Chloe, wiping her eyes and taking up the baby; now I's done, I hope—now do eat something. This yer's my nicest chicken. Thar, boys, ye shall have some, poor critturs! Yer mammy's been cross to yer."

The boys needed no second invitation, and went in with great zeal for the eatables; and it was well they did so, as otherwise there would have been very little performed to any purpose by the party.

"Now," said Aunt Chloe, bustling about after breakfast, "I must put up yer clothes. Jest like as not he'll take 'em all away. I know thar ways—mean as dirt, they is! Wal, now, yer flannels for rheumatis is in this corner; so be careful, 'cause there won't nobody make ye no more. Then here's yer old shirts, and these yer is new ones. I toed off these yer stockings last night, and put de ball in 'em to mend with. But Lor! who'll ever mend for ye!" and Aumt Chloe, again overcome, laid her head on the box side, and sobbed. "To think on't! no crittur to do for ye, sick or well! I don't railly think I ought ter be good now!"

The boys, having eaten everything there was on the breakfast-table, began now to take some thought of the case; and seeing their mother crying, and their father looking very sad, began to whimper and put their hands to their eyes. Uncle Tom had the baby on his knee, and was letting her enjoy herself to the utmost extent, scratching his face and pulling his hair and occasionally breaking out into clamorous explosions of delight, evidently arising out of her own internal reflections.

"Ay, crow away, poor crittur!" said Aunt Chloe; "ye'll have to come to it, too! Ye'll live to see yer husband sold, or mebbe be sold yerself; and these yer boys, they's to be sold, I s'pose, too, jest like as not, when dey gets good for somethin'; an't no use in niggers havin' nothin'!"

Here one of the boys called out, "Thar's missis a-comin' in!"

"She can't do no good; what's she coming for!" said Aunt Chloe.

Mrs. Shelby entered. Aunt Chloe set a chair for her in a manner decidedly gruff and crusty. She did not seem to notice either the action or the manner. She looked pale and anxious.

"Tom," she said, "I come to"——and stopping suddenly, and regarding the silent group, she sat down in the chair, and, covering her face with her handkerchief, began to sob.

"Lor, now, Missis, don't—don't!" said Aunt Chloe, bursting out in her turn; and for a few moments they all wept in company. And in those tears they all shed together, the high and the lowly, melted away all the heart-burnings and anger of the oppressed. Oh, ye who visit the distressed, do ye know that everything your money can buy, given with a cold, averted face, is not worth one honest tear shed in real sympathy?

"My good fellow," said Mrs. Shelby, "I can't give you anything to do you any good. If I give you money, it will only be taken from you. But I tell you solemnly, and before God, that I will keep trace of you, and bring you back as soon as I can command the money; and, till then, trust in God!"

Here the boys called out, that Mas'r Haley was coming, and then an unceremonious kick pushed open the door. Haley 'stood there in very ill humour, having ridden hard the night before, and being not at all pacified by his ill-success in re-capturing his prey.

"Come," said he, "ye nigger, ye'r ready! Servant, ma'am," said he, taking off his hat, as he saw Mrs. Shelby.

Aunt Chloe shut and corded the box, and, getting up, looked gruffly on the trader, her tears seeming suddenly turned to sparks of fire.

Tom rose up meekly to follow his new master, and raised up his heavy box on his shoulder. His wife took the baby in her arms to go with him to the wagon, and the children, still crying, trailed on behind.

Mrs. Shelby, walking up to the trader, detained him for a few moments, talking with him in earnest manner; and while she was thus talking, the family party proceeded to a wagon that stood ready harnessed at the door. A crowd of all the old and young hands on the place stood gathered around it, to bid farewell to their old associate. Tom had been looked up to, both as a head servant and a christian teacher, by all the place, and there was much honest sympathy and grief about him, particularly among the women.

"Why, Chloe, you bar it better 'n we do!" said one of the women, who had been weeping freely, noticing the gloomy calmness with which Aunt Chloe stood by the wagon.

"I'se done *my* tears!" said she, looking grimly at the trader, who was coming up. "I does not feel to cry 'fore dat ar old limb, nohow!"

"Get in!" said Haley to Tom, as he strode through the crowd of servants, who looked at him with lowering brows.

Tom got in, and Haley, drawing out from under the wagon-seat a heavy pair of shackles, made them fast round each ankle.

A smothered groan of indignation ran through the whole circle, and Mrs. Shelby spoke from the verandah,—

"Mr. Haley, I assure you that precaution is entirely unnecessary."

"Don't know, ma'am; I've lost one five hundred dollars from this yer place, and I can't afford to run no more risks."

"What else could she 'spect on him?" said Aunt Chloe, indignantly; while the two boys, who now seemed to comprehend at once their father's destiny, clung to her gown, sobbing and groaning vehemently.

"I'm sorry," said Tom, "that Mas'r George happened to be away.".

George had gone to spend two or three days with a companion on a neighbouring estate, and having departed early in the morning, before Tom's misfortune had been made public, had left without hearing of it.

"Give my love to Mas'r George," he said earnestly.

Haley whipped up the horse, and with a steady, mournful look, fixed to the last on the old place, Tom was whirled away.

Mr. Shelby at this time was not at home. He had sold Tom under the spur of a driving necessity, to get out of the power of a man whom he dreaded, and his first feeling, after the consummation of the bargain, had been that of relief. But his wife's expostulations awoke his half-slumbering regrets; and Tom's manly disinterestedness increased the unpleasantness of his feelings. It was in vain that he said to himself that he had a *right* to do it, that everybody did it, and that some did it without even the excuse of necessity; he could not satisfy his own feelings; and that he might not witness the unpleasant scenes of the consummation, he had gone on a short business tour up the country, hoping that all would be over before he returned.

Tom and Haley rattled on along the dusty road, whirling past every old familiar spot, until the bounds of the estate were fairly passed, and they found themselves out on the open pike. After they had ridden about a mile, Haley suddenly drew up at the door of a blacksmith's shop, when taking out with him a pair of handcuffs, he stepped into the shop to have a little alteration in them.

"These yer's a little too small for his build," said Haley, showing the fetters, and pointing out at Tom.

"Lor! now, if thar an't Shelby's Tom. He an't sold him, now!" said the smith.

"Yes he has," said Haley.

"Now, ye don't! Well, reely," said the smith, a who'd a thought it! Why, ye needn't go to fettern' him up this yer way. He's the faithfulest best crittur"—

"Yes, yes," said Haley, "but your good fellows are just the critturs to want to ter run off. Them stupid ones, as doesn't care whar they go, and shiftless, drunken ones, as don't care for nothin', they'll stick by, and like as not be rather pleased to be toted round; but these yer prime fellows, they hates it like sin. No way but to fetter 'em; got legs—they'll use 'em, no mistake."

"Well," said the smith, feeling among his tools, "them plantations down thar, stranger, an't jest the place a Kentuck nigger wants to go to; they dies thar tol'able fast, don't they?"

"Wal yes, tol'able fast, ther dying is; what with the 'climating and one thing and another, they dies so as to keep the market up pretty brisk," said Haley.

"Wal, now, a feller can't help thinkin, it's a mighty pity to have a nice, quiet, likely fellow, as good un as Tom is, go down to be fairly ground up on one of them ar sugar plantations."

"Wal, he's got a fair chance. I promised to do well by him. I'll get him in house-servant in some good old family, and then, if he stands the fever and 'climating, he'll have a berth good as any nigger ought ter ask for."

"He leaves his wife and chil'en up here s'pose?"

"Yes; but he'll get another thar. Lord, thar's women enough every whar," said Haley.

Tom was sitting very mournfully on the outside of the shop, while this conversation was going on. Suddenly he heard the quick, short click of a horse's hoof behind him; and before he could fairly awake from his surprise, young Master George sprang into the waggon, threw his arms tumultuously round his neck, and was sobbing and scolding with energy.

"I declare, it's real mean! I don't care what they say, any of 'em! It's a nasty, mean shame! If I was a man they shouldn't do it—they should not, *so*!" said George, with a kind of subdued howl.

"O Mas'r George! this does me good!" said Tom. "I couldn't bar to go off without seein' ye! It does me real good, ye can't tell!" Here Tom made some movement of his feet, and George's eye fell on the fetters.

"What a shame!" he exclaimed, lifting his hands. "I'll knock that old fellow down—I will!"

"No you won't, Mas'r George; and you must not talk so loud. It won't help me any to anger him."

"Well, I won't, then, for your sake; but only to think of it—isn't it a shame? They never sent for me, nor sent me any word, and if it hadn't been for Tom Lincoln I shouldn't have heard it. I tell you, I blew 'em up well, all of 'em, at home!"

"That ar was't right, I'm feared, Mas'r George."

"Can't help it! I say it's a shame! Look here, Uncle Tom," said he turning his back to to the shop, and speaking in a mysterious tone, "*I've brought you my dollar!*"

"Oh! I couldn't think 'o takin on't, Mas'r George, no ways in the world!" said Tom, quite moved.

"You *shall* take it!" said George. "Look here; I told Aunt Chloe I'd do it, and she advised me just to make a hole in it, and put a string through, so you could hang it round your neck, and keep it out of sight; else this mean scamp would take it away. I tell ye, Tom, I want to blow him up! it would do me good!"

"No, don,t, Mas'r George, for it won't do *me* any good."

"Well, I won't, for your sake,,' said George, busily tying his dollar round Tom's neck; "but there, now, button your coat tight over it, and keep it, and remember, every time you see it, that I'll come down after you and bring you back. Aunt Chloe and I have been talking about it. I told her not to fear; I'll see to it, and I'll tease father's life out if he don't do it."

"O Mas'r George, ye musn't talk so 'bout yer father!"

"Lor, Uncle Tom, I don't mean anything bad."

"And now, Mas'r George, said Tom, "ye must be a good boy; 'member how many hearts is sot on ye. Al'ays keep close to yer mother; Don't be getting into any of them foolish ways boys has of getting too big to mind their mothers. Tell ye what, Mas'r George, the Lord gives good many things twice over; but he don't give a mother but once. Ye'll never see sich another woman, Mas'r George, if ye live to be a hundred years old. So now, you hold on to her, and grow up, and be a comfort to her, thar's my own good boy—you will now, won't ye!"

"Yes, I will, Uncle Tom," said George, seriously.

"And be careful of your speaking, Mas'r George. Young boys when, they comes to your age is wilful, sometimes—it's natur they should be, But real gentlemen, such as I hope's you'll be, never lets fall no words, that isn't 'spectful to thar parents. Ye an't 'fended, Mas'r George!"

"No, indeed, Uncle Tom; you always did give me good advice."

"I's older, ye know," said Tom stroking the boy's fine, curly head with his large, strong hand, but speaking in a voice as tender as a women's "and I sees all that's bound up in you. O Mas'r George, you has everything—larnin', privileges, readin', writin'—and you'll grow up to be a great, learned, good man, and all the people on the place and your mother and father 'll be so proud on ye! Be a good mas'r like yer father; and be a Christian, like yer mother. 'member yer Creator in the days o' yer youth, Mas'r George."

"I'll be *real* good, Uncle Tom, I tell you," said George. "I'm going to be a *first-rater*; and don't you be discouraged. I'll have you back to the place yet. As I told Aunt Chloe this morning, I'll build your house all over, and you shall have a room for a parlour with a carpet on it, when I'm a man. Oh, you'll have good times yet!"

Haley now came to the door, with the handcuffs in his hands.

"Look here now, Mister," said George, with an air of great superiority, as he got out, "I shall let father and mother know how you treat Uncle Tom!"

"You're welcome," said the trader.

"I should think you'd be ashamed to spend all your life buying men and women, and chaining them. like cattle! I should think you'd feel mean!" said George.

"So long as your grand folks wants to buy men and women, I'm as good as they is," said Haley; "tan't any meaner sellin' on 'em, than 'tis buyin'!"

"I'll never do either, when I'm a man," said George. "I'm ashamed this day that I'm a Kentuckian. I always was proud of it before;" and George sat very straight on his horse, and looked round with an air, as if he expected the state would be impressed with his opinion.

"Well, good-by, Uncle Tom; keep a stiff upper lip," said George.

"Good-by, Mas'r George," said Tom, looking fondly and admiringly at him. "God Almighty bless you! Ah! Kentucky han't got many like you!" he said, in the fulness of his heart, as the frank, boyish face was lost to his view. Away he went, and Tom looked, till the clatter of his horse's heels died away, the last sound or sight of his home. But over his heart there seemed to be a warm spot, where those young hands had placed that precious dollar. Tom put up his hand, and held it close to his heart.

"Now, I tell ye what, Tom," said Haley, as he came up to the wagon, and threw in the handcuffs, "I mean to start far with ye, as I gen'ally do with my niggers; and I'll tell ye now, to begin with, you treat me far, and I'll treat you far; I an't never hard on my niggers. Calculates to do the best for 'm I can. Now, ye see, you'd better jest settle down comfortable, and not be tryin' no tricks; because niggers' tricks of all sorts I'm up to, and it's no use. If niggers is quiet, and don't try to get off, they has good times with me; and if they don't, why, it's thar fanlt, and not mine."

Tom assured Haley that he had no present intentions of running off. In fact the exhortation seemed rather a superfluous one to a man with a great pair of iron fetters on his feet. But Mr. Haley had got in the habit of commencing his relations with his stock with little exhortations of this nature, calculated, as he deemed, to inspire cheerfulness and confidence, and prevent the necessity of any unpleasant scenes.

And here, for the present, we take our leave of Tom, to pursue the fortunes of other characters in our story.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

MONDAY, Feb. 28.

RECOVERY OF ARREARS OF LAND ASSESSMENT.

Hon. Mr. POPE introduced a Bill to regulate and lessen the expence of Proceedings against Township and other Lands for the recovery of Land Assessment in arrear thereon, which was read a first time.

The preamble of the Bill is as follows:

"Whereas by the Fourth Section of the Act of the Eleventh year of the Reign of Her present Majesty Queen Victoria, Chapter 7th, intituled 'An Act for levying further an Assessment on all Lands in this Colony, and for the encouragement of Education,' it is enacted, That all Informations to be filed against any Lands in arrear as therein mentioned should be against the same as in said Act classified; that is to say, That one Information only should be filed against all the Lands in arrear on each of the Townships in this Island, and one Information only against all Lands in arrear on each Island not included in any such Township, and that all further proceedings which should or might be had or taken, by virtue of said Act, against any Lands so in arrear, down to final Judgment, inclusive, should follow the course of the said Information against the said Lands as therein classified: And by the 2d Section of the Act of the 12th year of the Reign of Her present Majesty Queen Victoria, Chapter 7th, intituled 'An Act to explain and amend the present Act for the Assessment of Land and the Encouragement of Education,'" after making some amendments of the said first recited Act, with reference to the mode of proceedings against Lands in arrear of Land Assessment imposed thereby, it is enacted, That the Judgment to be given against such Lands in arrear, and all future and other proceedings thereon or thereunder, should be given and conducted in the manner prescribed in the said Act of the 11th year of the Reign of Her present Majesty Queen Victoria, Chapter 7th. And, by the 47th Section of the Act passed in the 15th year of the Reign of Her present Majesty Queen Victoria, Chapter 13th, intituled, "An Act for the encouragement of Education, and to raise funds for that purpose by imposing an additional Assessment on Land in this Island and on Real Estate in Charlottetown and Common, and Georgetown and Common;" it is, amongst other things, enacted, that proceedings for the recovery of the Tax or Assessment thereby imposed on the several Lands as therein-before mentioned (which includes the said Township Lands and Islands) should be concurrent and taken together with and in like manner as the proceedings for the recovery of the Tax imposed by the said Act of the 11th Victoria, Chapter 7th, on the same, and that the Tax or Assessment, by the Act now in recital imposed, should be recovered together with and in same manner as the Tax or Assessment imposed by the said Act of the 11th Victoria, Chapter 7th, and that the provisions of the said Act of the 11th Victoria, Chapter 7th, and also of the said Act of the 12th Victoria, Chapter 7th, and of other Acts therein mentioned, should be held to extend and apply to the Tax imposed by the Act now in recital, and that all and every the Powers, Authorities, Regulations, Forms of Proceedings and Deeds, Directions, Penalties, Clauses, Matters and Things contained in the said recited Acts of the 11th Victoria, Chapter 7th, and 12th Victoria, Chapter 7th, should, so far as the same could be made applicable, be observed, practised, applied, and put in execution in relation to the Tax and Assessment thereby imposed, for calling for, receiving, levying, paying, raising, collecting,