

THE  
**GASPE' MAGAZINE,**  
AND  
**INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.**

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**Vol. 1.            September, 1849.            No. 2.**

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**Price---Two Pence Half-penny per Month.**

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**NEW CARLISLE:**

**PRINTED BY R. W. KELLY, AT THE OFFICE OF THE GASPE' GAZETTE.**

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## NOTICE.



The SUBSCRIBER, General Agent for the District of Gaspé, for the Sale of the GRÆFENBERG COMPANY'S MEDICINES, informs the Public that at length he has received, after considerable delay, direct from New York, a consignment of the Company's celebrated compound

EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA,  
PRICE, \$1 PER BOTTLE.

The deserved estimation which this Medicine has so justly attained, has induced numerous persons to the dishonest system of imitating the Company's Preparation of Sarsaparilla, but the deception is easily found out.

As a purifier of the Blood, SARSAPARILLA is highly efficacious; and in almost all the disorders to which human nature is liable, its beneficial effects are great.

The well known and highly respectable character of the gentlemen connected with the Græfenberg Company, (now chartered by the State of New York), is a sufficient guarantee, that nothing spurious or useless should be honored with their Seal, and the General Agent considers himself bound to recommend the same to the District of Gaspé.

In the years 1832 and '34, during the prevalence of the devastating Cholera, SARSAPARILLA acquired additional recommendation; for it is a well attested fact, and every Medical writer on the subject has admitted it, that those persons who had been in the habit of using Sarsaparilla, were not liable to be attacked by that dread disease.

One Bottle of the above is equal in strength to four of those generally sold and can be reduced so as to make a very pleasant daily beverage.

To ladies, both married and single, it is recommended as a highly important Medicine. In certain cases it is invaluable.

The Local Agents throughout the District are informed that as soon as the roads are in good order, a quantity of the above shall be forwarded to them.

R. W. KELLY,  
General Agent.

Grand Pabos Novr. 21, 1848.

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ROOM PAPER. FANCY SCREENS.

The Subscriber informs the Public that he has just opened a select assortment of French Room Paper, Fire Screens, Window Blinds, which he will sell cheap for Cash.

Jany. 4, 1848.

R. W. KELLY.

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TO BOOK BINDERS.

The Subscriber has received direct from New York, a choice Consignment of Plain and Colored Leather, Morocco, &c. suitable for the Trade, and which he is instructed to offer on reasonable terms.

*New Carlisle*, January 1849.

R. W. KELLY.

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AUCTION & COMMISSION  
AGENCY.

The Undersigned begs leave to inform  
the Public, that he has resumed  
business in this

District, as

AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION  
AGENT,

And he trusts, from the experience he has had for upwards of twenty-live years in Great Britain and Canada, that he will be able to give satisfaction to those who may please honor him with their confidence.

N.B. Out Auctions and Valuations attended to, and Cash advanced on all Consignments of property forwarded for Sale.

*New Carlisle*, Sept., 1849.

R. W. KELLY.

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OLD NETS, SAILS, ROPES  
AND RAGS.

The Subscriber will purchase any quantity of the above articles, for which he will pay CASH.

R. W. KELLY.

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ENGRAVINGS,  
AND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS.

The subscriber has received, direct from New York, a choice selection of *Engravings and Lithographic Prints*, which he offers cheap for Cash or Produce.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, Sept., 1849.

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LOOKING GLASSES,  
AND  
PICTURE FRAMES.

The Subscriber has for sale a choice Variety of *Looking Glasses* assorted sizes, Mahogany Picture Frames, &c., from one of the first NEW YORK Manufactories.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, Sept., 1849.

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PATENT MEDICINES, DRUGS, &C.

ON SALE AT THE GASPÉ GAZETTE  
OFFICE, NEW CARLISLE.

Godfrey's Cordial, F. Vermifuge, Paregoric Elixir, Opodeidoc, Stoughtons Bitters, Moffatt's Phœnix Bitters and Pills, Epsom Salts, Essence of Peppermint, Castor Oil, Camphor, Sulphur & Cream of Tartar, British Oil, Poor Man's Friend, Magnesia, Liquorice, West Indian Peppers, Walnut Shaving Soap, Brown Windsor, do., Fancy do., Scented, Oil for the Hair, Cold Cream, Eau de Cologne, Smith's Exterminator, for Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, &c.

New Carlisle, August, 1849.

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SCHOOL BOOKS.

The Subscriber has an assortment of Plain and illustrated School Books, Prayer Books, &c., &c.

R. W. KELLY.

April 14, 1848.

**THE GASPE' MAGAZINE,**  
**AND**  
**INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:**

Vol. 1.

OCTOBER.

No. 3.

POETRY.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say! what is that thing call'd light,  
Which I must ne'er enjoy;  
What are the blessings of the sight,  
O tell the poor blind boy!

You talk of wonderous things you see,  
You say the sun shines bright;  
I feel him warm, but how can he  
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,  
Whene'er I sleep or play;  
And could I ever keep awake  
With me t'were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear  
You mourn my hapless woe;  
But sure with patience I can bear  
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have  
My cheer of life destroy;  
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,  
Although a poor blind boy.

# LITERATURE.

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

(Continued.)

Andy was expelled the *salle à manger* in disgrace, and for days kept out of his master's and mistress's way: in the mean time the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and, when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for 'soap and water,' Andy was given the name of 'Suds,' and was called by no other for months after.

But though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-doors affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of business his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

'Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me,' said the squire one day to our hero.

'Yis, sir.'

'You know where to go?'

'To the town, sir.'

'But do you know where to go in town?'

'No sir.'

'And why don't you ask, you stupid thief?'

'Sure I'd find out, sir.'

'Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do when you don't know?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And why don't you?'

'I don't like to be troublesome, sir.'

'Confound you!' said the squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.



‘Well,’ continued he, ‘go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?’

‘Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder.’

‘You’re right for once,’ said the squire; for his Majesty’s postmaster was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. ‘Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember,—not gunpowder, but a letter.’

‘Yes, sir,’ said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries, gimblets, broad-cloth, and linen-drapery,) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said,

‘I want a letter, sir, if you plaze.’

‘Who do you want it for?’ said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

‘I want a letter, sir, if you plaze.’

‘And who do you want it for?’ repeated the postmaster.’

‘What’s that to you?’ said Andy.

The postmaster, laughing at his simplicity, told him he could not tell what letter to give him unless he told him the directions.

‘The directions I got was to get a letter here,—that’s the directions.’

‘Who gave you those directions?’

‘The master.’

‘And who’s your master?’

‘What consarn is that o’ yours?’

‘Why, you stupid rascal! if you don’t tell me his name, how can I give you a letter?’

‘You could give it if you liked; but you’re fond of you’re axin’ impidint questions, bekaze you think I’m simple.’

‘Go along out o’ this! Your master must be as great a goose as yourself, to send such a messenger.’

‘Bad luck to your impudence!’ said Andy; ‘is it Squire Egan you dar to say goose to?’

‘Oh, Squire Egan’s your master, then?’

‘Yes; have you any thing to say agin it?’

‘Only that I never saw you before.’

‘Faith, then you’ll never see me agin if I have my own consint.’

‘I won’t give you any letter for the squire, unless I know you’re his servant. Is there any one in the town knows you?’

‘Plenty,’ said Andy, ‘it’s not every one is as ignorant as you.’

Just at this moment a person to whom Andy was known entered the house, who vouched to the postmaster that he might give Andy the squire’s letter. ‘Have you one for me?’

‘Yes, sir,’ said the postmaster producing one—‘fourpence.’

The gentleman paid the fourpence postage, and left the shop with his letter.

‘Here’s a letter for the squire,’ said the postmaster, ‘you’ve to pay me elevenpence postage.’

‘What ‘ud I pay elevenpence for?’

‘For postage.’

‘To the divil wid you! Didn’t I see you give Mr. Durfy a letter for fourpence this minit, and a bigger letter than this? and now you want me to pay elevenpence for this scrap of a thing. Do you think I’m a fool?’

‘No; but I’m sure of it,’ said the postmaster.

‘Well, you’re welkim to be sure, sure;—but don’t be delayin’ me now; here’s fourpence for you and gi’ me the letter.’

‘Go along you stupid thief,’ said the postmaster, taking up the letter, and going to serve a customer with a mousetrap.

While this person and many others were served, Andy lounged up and down the shop, every now and then putting in his head in the middle of the customers, and saying ‘Will you gi’ me the letter?’

He waited for above half an hour, in defiance of the anathemas of the postmaster and at last left when he found it impossible to get common justice for his master, which he thought he deserved as well as another man;

for, under this impression, Andy determined to give no more than the fourpence.

The squire in the mean time was getting impatient for his return, and when Andy made his appearance, asked if there was a letter for him.

‘There is, sir,’ said Andy.

‘Then give it to me.’

‘I haven’t it, sir.’

‘What do you mean?’

‘He wouldn’t give it to me sir.’

‘Who wouldn’t give it to you?’

‘That owld chate beyant in the town—wanting to charge double for it.’

‘Maybe it’s a double letter. Why the devil didn’t you pay what he asked, sir?’

‘Arrah, sir, why would I let you be chated? It’s not a double letter at all: not above half the size o’ one Mr. Durfy got before my face for fourpence.’

‘You’ll provoke me to break your neck some day, you vagabond! Ride back for your life, you omadhaun! and pay whatever he asks, and get me the letter.’

‘Why, sir I tell you he was sellin’ them before my face for fourpence a-piece.’

‘Go back, you scoundrel! or I’ll horsewhip you; and if you’re longer than an hour, I’ll have you ducked in the horse-pond!’

Andy vanished, and made a second visit. When he arrived, two other persons were getting letters, and the postmaster was selecting the epistles for each from a large parcel that lay before him on the counter; at the same time many shop customers were waiting to be served.

‘I’m come for that letter,’ said Andy.

‘I’ll attend to you by-and-by.’

‘The master’s in a hurry.’

‘Let him wait till his hurry is over.’

‘He’ll murther me if I’m not back soon.’

‘I’m glad to hear it.’

While the postmaster went on with such provoking answers to these appeals for dispatch, Andy's eye caught the heap of letters which lay on the counter; so while certain weighing of soap and tobacco was going forward, he contrived to become possessed of two letters from the heap and having effected that, waited patiently enough till it was the great man's pleasure to give him the missive directed to his master.

Then did Andy bestride his hack, and in triumph at his trick on the postmaster rattle along the road homeward as fast as the beast could carry him. He came into the squire's presence, his face beaming with delight, and an air of self-satisfied superiority in his manner, quite unaccountable to his master, until he pulled forth his hand which had been grubbing up his prizes from the bottom of his pocket; and holding three letters over his head, while he said, 'Look at that!' he next slapped them down under his broad fist on the table before the squire, saying.

'Well! if he did make me pay elevenpence, by gor, I brought your honor the worth o' your money anyhow!'



### The Lobster.

Amongst the numerous examples given by Dr. Paley, of the wonderful manner in which nature contrives, to overcome difficulties, which would at first appear insurmountable, there is perhaps none more striking than the mode in which the Lobster is released from his case when the increased size of his body requires more room. In most animals the skin grows with their growth. In some animals, instead of a soft skin, there is a shell, which admits by its form of gradual enlargement. Thus the shell of the tortoise, which consists of several pieces, is gradually enlarged at the joinings of those pieces which are called "sutures." Shells with two sides, like those of the muscle, grow bigger by addition at the edge. Spiral shells, as those of the snail, receive this addition at their mouth. The simplicity of their form admits of this; but the lobster's shell being applied to the limbs of his body, as well as to the body itself, does not admit of either of the modes of enlargement which is observed in other shells. It is so hard that it cannot expand or stretch, and it is so complicated in its form that it does not admit of being enlarged by adding to its edge. How, then, was the growth of the lobster to be provided for? We have seen that room could not be made for him in his old shell: was he then to be annually fitted with a new one? If so, another difficulty arises: how was he to get out of his present confinement? How was he to open his hard coat, or draw his legs out of his boots which

were become too tight for him? The works of the Deity are known by expedients, and the provisions of his power extend to the most desperate cases. The case of the lobster is thus provided for: At certain seasons his shell grows soft. The animal swells his body; the seams open, and the claws burst at the joints. When the shell is thus become loose upon the body, the animal makes a second effort, and by a trembling motion, a sort of spasm, casts off his case. In this state of nakedness the poor defenseless fish retires to a hole in the rocks. The released body makes a sudden growth. In about eight and forty hours a fresh concretion of humour takes place all over the surface of the body; it quickly hardens; and thus a new shell is formed, fitted in every part to the increased size of the body and limbs of the animal. This wonderful change takes place every year.

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*Anxiety of a Mother for the Education of her Children.*—The truth of the following anecdote comes within my personal knowledge. A few years ago a poor woman, in a small village on the west coast of Scotland, was, by her husband's death, left dependent on her own exertions for the support of herself and four children, the eldest of whom was about eleven years of age. Unable to bear the expense of educating each in the customary way, and yet eager that they should be instructed, she bargained with the village schoolmaster that for the price of teaching one, he would allow two to attend the school alternately, one on the one day, and the other the next; by this ingenious device she procured for both of them the invaluable blessing of education, and furnished a striking instance of the honourable shifts by which the poor can acquire for themselves advantages which are seemingly beyond their attainment.—*Duncan's Travels.*

*Hair and Nails of the Dead.*—It sometimes happens that the hair and nails continue to grow after death, notwithstanding the decomposition of the body. The 'Journal des Savans' mentions a female whose hair was found, forty-three years after the interment of the body, to have forced itself through the chinks of the coffin. This hair crumbled on being touched. During the middle ages, such phenomena caused the dead to be regarded as sorcerers. Their bodies were dug up, and, after having been burnt, the ashes, were scattered to the winds.

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## THE STORMY PETREL.

A thousand miles from land are we,  
Tossing about on the roaring sea;  
From billow to bounding billow cast,  
Like fleecy snow on the wintry blast:  
The sails are scattered abroad like weeds,  
The strong masts shake like quivering reeds,  
The mighty cables and iron chains,  
The hull, which all earthly strength disdains,  
They strain and they crack, and hearts like stone  
Their natural hard proud strength disown.

Up and down! up and down!  
From the base of the wave to the billow's crown,  
And amidst the flashing and feathery foam  
The Stormy Petrel finds a home:  
A home, if such a place may be,  
For her who lives on the wide wide sea,  
On the craggy ice, in the frozen air,  
And only seeketh her rocky lair  
To warm her young, and to teach them spring  
At once o'er the waves on their stormy wing!

O'er the deep! O'er the deep!  
Where the whale and the shark, and the sword-fish sleep,  
Outflying the blast and the driving rain,  
The Petrel telleth her tale—in vain;  
For the mariner curseth the warning bird  
Who bringeth him news of the storms unheard!  
Ah! thus does the prophet of good or ill,  
Meet hate from the creatures he serveth still:  
Yet He ne'er falters:—So, Petrel! spring  
Once more o'er the wave on thy stormy wing!

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## AGRICULTURE.

Transplanting Trees.

Trees may be lifted from one place to another, or transplanted. The art of accomplishing this exceedingly delicate operation in tree culture, was some years ago brought to perfection by the late Sir Henry Steuart, of Allanton, whose treatise is the best authority on the subject. The transplanting of a full-grown tree has, in all ages, been deemed next to impossible; and when it was attempted, the operator thought it necessary to cut off a great number of the branches (and consequently the leaves), from an idea that, if suffered to remain, they would require more sap than the roots could supply in their new situation. Of course, just in as far as they deprived the tree of its branches, or, we may rather say, of its leaves, they deprived it of the principal organ of its existence, and it invariably decayed to a corresponding degree. The lopping was like cutting off of the lungs in a human being; and it would be as absurd to expect a man in that state to be healthy and strong, as it was to hope for vigour in the stripped member of the forest.

Sir Henry Steuart, having studied the internal structure of trees, began, a good many years ago, to practise the art of transplanting on what he justly calls the preservative principle; that is, without mutilating either roots or branches, as was universally practised till his time. His seat, Allanton House, is situated on an irregular slope, on the right bank of the river Calder, which is a tributary of the Clyde. The neighbouring ground, though diversified, has no very picturesque natural points; but he contrived, by the removal of large trees, and forming an artificial lake and river, to realise in some measure the miracle of bringing new and picturesque scenery into actual existence, in an almost endless variety of combination.

The following are the rules to be attended to in the transplanting of trees. The best season for transplanting is certainly during the months of October and November; for though trees may be transplanted in any of the winter months when the weather is mild and moist, they never do so well as when removed in the first-mentioned months. Taking up a tree requires as much care as replanting it; the spade and the pick-mattock are both necessary to raise the roots from their seat; and as the most tender fibres are the most active and useful, the greatest care should be taken to preserve them entire. Neither, should these delicate fibres be exposed to a dry or frosty air; they should be kept moist and shaded till again put into the ground. The root should be placed no deeper in the new place than it was in the old; and all the ramifications laid in their natural positions, and embedded in the finest of the earth.

Trees may be transplanted from the age of one up to ten, or even twenty or more years; but when they are from four to six years from the seed, they

are, both from age and bulk, in the best condition to be removed successfully. In planting with the one-handed tool, the smallest-sized plants must be used; for pitting, plants from two to three feet high may be chosen; and on digged, ploughed, or trenched ground, the young trees may be from two to six feet high, in which case the tallest may need propping against the south-west winds.

When single trees are to be planted on a lawn, a space of from four to six feet must be stripped off the turf, and rolled back; the soil within should be deeply broken up and excavated, to receive the full spread of the roots. A heap of richer loam or compost is laid in the centre, on which the tree is placed, and the roots are covered with the same, and watered, to consolidate the earth about the fibres. The other soil is then thrown, on, and the turf returned to its place and beaten down firmly. Single trees should be staked; and if on a pasture, a cradle will be requisite to defend them from the browsing or rubbing of cattle.

Much has been written on the subject of transplanting large trees, and many successful exploits of this kind have been performed both in past and present times. Shady groves have been formed in the short space of a few months; proving that, with care, skill, and physical force properly directed, any tree of moderate size, say from twenty to forty feet high, may be transplanted with safety and success. One precaution very much facilitates the execution; it is that of digging a circular trench at a proper distance, say six feet, round the trunk, and deep enough to be below, and to cut through all the roots except three or four of the largest, which are left at equal distances to act as spurs for the better security of the tree when placed in its new situation. The trench, after the stumps of the roots are cut smoothly off, is filled with prepared compost for a new fringe of roots to strike into, and after one or two years is in a condition for removal. In doing this a deeper trench is made on the outside of the first, into which the mould from among the roots is drawn, until the whole is loosened from the soil; the spur roots are also followed out and laid bare. The method of raising the tree by a machine is mentioned beneath. In replanting, much depends on laying out the roots, and firmly embedding them in moistened earth and also adding a pretty heavy covering of soil round the stem, to keep the tree steady against wind.

Every tree about to be planted requires a little pruning; broken roots should be removed, and the head may require thinning. The branches should be equally balanced; and if any one appears to be a rival to the stem, it should be cut off close; so those rising with two stems should be deprived of the weakest. These remarks only apply to deciduous species; the pines and



firs need no thinning when transplanted, unless some of the lower spray is dead.

### *Machine for Transplanting Trees.*

This machine is formed on the principle of the common timber-truck, being a strong lever attached to the axle-tree of a pair of wheels. The latter are strongly constructed, at least five feet in diameter, and with a six or nine inch tire. The axle-tree is correspondingly substantial, and to its middle the pole or leaver is securely fixed. The pole should be made of the best ash, seven inches square, with the edges planed off, and somewhat reduced in thickness towards the end. The length should be at least ten feet, for the longer it is, the greater the purchase in raising a tree. The pole is strengthened by side braces let into the axle, and mounted with an iron eye and ring at the point. When used, it is backed against the tree, and the pole is raised and made fast thereto. The wheels rest in the hollow made by baring and loosening the roots, though not upon any of them; and when all is ready, the strength of men, or that of a horse, is applied to the pole chain, which is, together with the tree pulled to the ground, the root being lifted out of the soil; and when thus borne on the machine, it is drawn away, root foremost, to its new place, previously prepared for its reception. The wheels are drawn into the new opening, the pole and tree are set at liberty, and, if the root be heavy, the tree will resume its former position with but very little assistance. The machine is then loosened from the tree, and removed out of the way; the roots are then laid out carefully, and embedded in loose soil, well consolidated and watered, which finishes the planting.

When a machine is made on purpose for removing large trees, the axle-tree may be made to fit a pair of cart-wheels for a temporary purpose; but the axle should be formed with *straight* not *drooping*, ends, as they are usually made, because this renders raising the pole much easier. Upon the upper side of the axle there should be a thick block of wood bolted, to give elevation to the root when drawn along; and on this an old sack, or a thick band of straw, is bound, to prevent chafing the bark of the tree.

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### LITERATURE.

#### The Gypsy Chief.

It has been tritely, because truly said, that the boldest effort of human imagination cannot exceed the romance of real life. The best written tale is

not that which most resembles the ordinary chain of events and characters, but that which by selecting and combining them, conceals those inconsistencies and deficiencies that leave, in real life, our sense of sight unsatisfied. An author delights his reader when he exhibits incidents distinctly and naturally, according with mortal justice; his portraits delight us when they resemble our fellow-creatures without too accurately tracing their moles and blemishes. This elegant delight is the breathing of a purer spirit within us that asserts its claim to a nobler and more perfect state; yet another, though an austerer kind of pleasure arises, when we consider how much of the divinity appears even in man's most erring state, and how much of 'goodliness in evil.'

In one of those drear midnights that were so awful to travellers in the highlands soon after 1745, a man wrapped in a large coarse plaid strode from a stone-ridge on the border of Lochlomond into a boat which he had drawn from its covert. He rowed resolutely and alone, looked carefully to the right and left, till he suffered the tide to bear his little bark into a gorge or gulf, so narrow, deep and dark, that no escape but death seemed to await him. Precipices rugged with dwarf shrubs and broken granite rose more than a hundred feet on each side, sundered only by the stream which a thirsty season had reduced to a sluggish and shallow pool. Then poising himself erect on his staff, the boatman drew three times the end of a strong chain which hung among the underwood. In a few minutes a basket descended from the pinnacle of the cliff, and having moored his boat, he placed himself in the wicker carriage, and was safely drawn into a crevice high in the wall of rock, where he disappeared.

The boat was moored, but the adventurer had not observed that it contained another passenger. Underneath a plank laid artfully along its bottom, and shrouded in a plaid of the darkest grain, another man had been lurking more than an hour before the owner of the boat entered it, and remained hidden by the darkness of the night. His purpose was answered. He had now discovered what he had sacrificed many perilous nights to obtain, a knowledge of the mode by which the owner of Drummond's Keep gained access to his impregnable fortress unsuspected. He instantly unmoored the boat, and rowed slowly back across the loch, to an island near the centre. He rested on its oars, and looked down into the transparent water.—'It is there still!' he said to himself, and drawing close among the rocks, leaped on dry land. A dog of the true shepherd's breed sat waiting under the bushes and ran before him till they descended together under an archway of stones and withered branches. 'Watch the boat!' said the highlander to his faithful guide who sprang immediately away to obey him. Meanwhile his master lifted up

one of the grey stones, took a bundle from beneath it, and equipped himself in such a suit as a trooper of Cameron's regiment usually wore, looked at the edge of his dirk, and returned to his boat.

That island had once belonged to the heritage of the Gordons, whose ancient family, urged by old prejudices and hereditary courage, had been foremost in the ill-managed rebellion of 1715. One of the clan of Argyle then watched a favourable opportunity to betray the laird's secret movements and was commissioned to arrest him. Under pretence of friendship he gained entrance to his strong hold in the isle, and concealed a posse of the king's soldiers at Gordon's door. The unfortunate laird leaped from his window into the lake, and his false friend seeing his desperate efforts threw him a rope, as if in kindness, to support him while a boat came near. 'That rope was meant for my neck,' said Gordon, 'and I leave it for a tailor's.' With these bitter words he sank. Cameron saw him, and pangs of remorse came into his heart. He leaped himself into a boat, put an oar towards his drowning friend with real oaths of fidelity, but Gordon pushed it from him, and abandoned himself to death. The waters of the lake are singularly transparent near that isle, and Cameron beheld his victim gradually sinking, till he seemed to lie among the broad weeds under the waters. Once, only he saw, or thought he saw him lift his hand as if to reach his, and that dying hand never left his remembrance. Cameron received the lands of the Gordon as a recompense for his political services, and with them the tower called Drummond's Keep, then standing on the edge of a hideous defile formed by two walls of rock beside the lake. But from that day, he had never been seen to cross the loch except in the darkness; or to go abroad without armed men. He had been informed that Gordon's only son, made desperate by the ruin of his father, and the Stuart cause had become the leader of a gypsy gang,<sup>[1]</sup> the most numerous and savage of the many that haunted Scotland. He was not deceived. Andrew Gordon, with a body of most athletic composition, a spirit sharpened by injuries, and the vigorous genius created by necessity, had assumed dominion over two hundred ruffians, whose exploits in driving off cattle, cutting drovers' purses, and removing the goods brought to fairs or markets, were performed with all the audacious regularity of privileged and disciplined thieves. Cameron was the chosen and constant object of their vengeance. His Keep or Tower was of the true Scottish fabric, divided into three chambers; the highest of which was the dormitory, the second or middle served as a general refectory and the lowest contained his cattle which required this lodgment at night, or very few would have been found next morning. His enemy frequented the fairs on the north side of the Fourth, well mounted, paying at inns and ferries like a

gentleman, and attended by bands of gillies or young pupils, whose green coats, cudgels, and knives, were sufficiently feared by the visitors of Queensferry and Dunfermline. The Gypsy Chieftain had also a grim cur of the true black-faced breed, famous for collecting and driving off sheep, and therefore distinguished by his own name. In darkest cleughs or ravines, or in the deepest snow, this faithful animal had never been known to abandon the stolen flock committed to his care, or to fail in tracing a fugitive. But as sight and strength failed him, the four-footed chieftain was deposed, imprisoned in a byre-loft, and finally sentenced to be drowned; from this trifling incident arose the most material crisis of his patron's fate.

Between the year 1714 and 1715 many changes occurred in Captain Gordon and his enemy. The Laird of Drummond Keep had lost his only son in the battle of Preston-Pans, and was now lingering in a desolate old age, mistrusted by the government, and abhorred by the subdued Jacobites. Gordon's banded marauders had provoked the laws too far and some sanguinary battles among themselves threatened his own power with downfall. It was only a few nights after a desperate affray with the Linlithgow gipsies, that the event occurred which begins my narrative. He had been long lying in ambush to find access to his enemy's strong hold, intending to terminate his vagrant career by an exploit which should satisfy his avarice and his revenge. Equipped, as I have said in a Cameronian trooper's garb, he returned to the foot of the cliff from whence he had seen the basket descending to convey Gavin Cameron; and climbing up its rough face with the activity acquired by mountain warfare, he hung among furze and broken rocks like a wild cat, till he found the crevice through which the basket had seemed to issue. It was artfully concealed by tufts of heather, but creeping on his hands and knees, he forced his way into the interior. There the deepest darkness confounded him, till he laid his hand on a chain, which he rightly guessed to be the same he had seen hanging on the side of the lake when Cameron landed. One end was coiled up but he readily concluded that the end must have some communication with the Keep, and he followed its course till he found it inserted in what seemed a subterraneous wall. A crevice behind the pulley admitted a gleam of light, and striving to rise himself sufficiently to gain a view through it, he leaned too forcibly on the chain, which sounded a bell. Its unexpected sound would have startled an adventurer less daring, but Gordon had prepared a stratagem and had seen through the loop-hole in the wall, that no powerful enemy was to be dreaded. Gavin Cameron was sitting alone in the chamber within, with his eyes fixed on the wood-ashes in his immense hearth. At the hollow sound of the bell he cast them fearfully round, but made no attempt to rise though he stretched

his hand towards a staff which lay near him. Gordon saw the tremor of palsy and dismay in his limbs, and putting his lips to the crevice repeated 'Father!' in a low and supplicating tone. That word made Gavin shudder; but when Gordon added, 'Father! father! save me!'—he sprang to the wall, drew back the iron bolts of a narrow door invisible to any eye but his own, and gave admission to the muffled man who leaped eagerly in. Thirty years had passed since Gavin Cameron had seen his son, and Gordon well knew how many rumours had been spread, that the younger Cameron had not really perished, though the ruin of the Chevalier's cause rendered his concealment necessary, Gavin's hopes and love had been all revived by these rumours, and the sudden apparition, the voice the appeal for mercy, had full effect on the bereaved father's imagination. The voice, eyes, figure, of Gordon, resembled his son—all else might and must be changed by thirty years. He wept like an infant on his shoulder, grasped his hand a hundred times, and forgot to blame him for the rash disloyalty he had shewn to his father's cause. His pretended son told him a few strange events that, had befallen him, during his long banishment, and was spared the toil of inventing many, by the fond delight of the old man, weeping and rejoicing over his prodigal restored. He only asked by what happy chance he had discovered his secret entrance, and whether any present danger threatened him. Gordon answered the first question with the mere truth, and added almost truly, that he feared nothing but the emissaries of the government, from whom he could not be better concealed than in Drummond Keep. Old Cameron agreed with joyful eagerness, but presently said, 'Allan, my boy! we must trust Annet—she's too near kin to betray ye, and ye were to have been her spouse.' Then he explained that his niece was the only person in his household acquainted with the secret of the basket and the bell; that by her help he could provide a mattress and provisions for his son, but without it would be forced to hazard the most dangerous inconveniences. Gordon had not foreseen this proposal, and it darkened his countenance; but in another instant his imagination seized on a rich surfeit of revenge. He was commanded to return into the cavern passage while his nominal father prepared his kinswoman for her new guest, and he listened greedily to catch the answers Annet gave to her deceived uncle's tale. He heard the hurry of her steps, preparing, as he supposed a larger supply for the old laird's table, with the simplicity and hospitality of a highland maiden. He was not mistaken. When the bannocks, and grouse, and claret, were arranged, Cameron presented his restored son to the mistress of the feast. Gordon was pale and dumb as he looked upon her. Accustomed to the wild haggard forms that accompanied his banditti in half female attire, ruling their miserable offspring with iron hands, and the voices of giants, his diseased fancy had fed itself on an idea of something beautiful,

but only in bloom and youth. He expected and hoped to see a child full of playful folly, fit for him to steal away and hide in his den as a sport for his secret leisure, but a creature so fair, calm, and saintly, he had long since forgotten how to imagine. She came before him like a dream of some lovely picture remembered in his youth, and with her came some remembrance of his former self. The good old laird, forgetting that his niece had been but a child, and his son a stripling, when they parted indulged the joy of his heart by asking Annet a thousand times, whether she could have remembered her betrothed husband, and urging his son, since he was still unmarried, to pledge his promised pride. Gordon was silent from a feeling so new, that he could not comprehend his own purposes; and Annet from fear, when she observed the darkness and the fire that came by turns into her kinsman's face. But there was yet another perilous encounter. Cameron's large hearth was attended by a dog, which roused itself when supper appeared, and Gordon instantly recognized his banished favourite. Black Chieftain fixed his eyes on his former master, and with a growl that delighted him more than any caress would have done, remained sulkily by the fire. On the other side of the ingle, under the shelter of the huge chimney arch, sat a thing hardly human, but intitled, from extreme old age, to the protection of the owner. This was a woman bent entirely double, with no apparent sense of sight or hearing, though her eyes were fixed on the pinnacle she was twirling; and sometimes when the laird raised his voice, she put her lean hand on the crutch or hood that covered her ears. 'Do you not remember poor old Marian Moore?'"<sup>[2]</sup> said Annet, and the laird led his supposed son towards the supernatural crone, though without expecting any mark of recognition. Whether she had noticed any thing that had passed, could not be judged from her idiot laugh; and she had almost ceased to speak. Therefore, as if only dumb domestic animals had been sitting by his hearth, Cameron pursued his arrangements for his son's safety, advising him to sleep composedly in the wooden pannelled bed that formed a closet of this chamber, without regarding the half-living skeleton, who never left her corner of the ingle. He gave him his blessing, and departed, taking with him his niece and the key of this dreary room, promising to return and watch by his side. He came back in a few moments, and while the impostor crouched himself on his mattress, took his station again by the fire, and fell asleep overcome with joy and fatigue.

The embers went out by degrees, while the highland Jachimo lay meditating how he should prosper by his stratagem's success.

Plunder and bloodshed had formed no part of a scheme which included far deeper craft, and finer revenge. He knew his life was forfeited, and his

person traced by officers of justice; and he hoped by representing himself as the son of Cameron, to secure all the benefits of his influence, and the sanctuary of his roof; and if both should fail to save him from justice, the disgrace of his infamous life and death would fall on the family of his father's murderer. So from his earliest youth he had considered Cameron, and the hand of that drowned father uplifted in vain for help was always present to his imagination. Once during this night he had thought of robbing Cameron of his money and jewels by force, and carrying off his niece as a hostage for his own safety. But this part of his purpose had been deadened by a new and strange sense of holiness in beauty which had made his nature human again. Yet he thought of himself with bitterness and ire when he compared her sweet society, her uncle's kindness, and the comforts of a domestic hearth, with the herd which he now resembled; and this self-hatred stung him to rise and depart without molesting them. He was prevented by the motion of a shadow on the opposite wall, and in an instant the dog who had so sullenly shunned his notice, leaped from beneath his bed, and seized the throat of the hag as she crept near it. She had taken her sleeping master's dirk, and would have used it like a faithful highland servant, if Black Chieftain's fangs had not interposed to rescue Gordon. The broad copper brooch which fastened her plaid saved her from suffocation, and clapping her hands, she yelled, 'A Gordon!—a Gordon!' till the roof rung.

Gavin Cameron awoke, and ran to his supposed son's aid, but the mischief was done. The doors of the huge chamber were broken open, and a troop of men in the king's uniform, and two messengers with official staves, burst in together. These people had been sent by the lord provost in quest of the Gypsy Chieftain with authority to demand quarters in Drummond's Tower, near which they knew he had hiding-places. Gordon saw he had plunged into the very nest of his enemies, but his daring courage supported him. He refused to answer to the name of Gordon, and persisted in calling himself Cameron's son. He was carried before the High Court of Justiciary, and the importance of the indictment fixed the most eager attention on his trial. Considering the celebrity, the length and the publicity of the Gypsy Chief's career, it was thought his person would have been instantly identified; but the craft he had used in tinging his hair, complexion, and eyebrows, and altering his whole appearance to resemble Cameron's son, baffled the many who appeared as his accusers. So much had Gordon attached his colleagues, or so strong was the Spartan spirit of fidelity and obedience among them, that not one appeared to testify against him. Gavin Cameron and his niece were cited to give their evidence on oath; and the miserable father, whatever doubts might secretly arise in his mind dared not

hazard a denial which might sacrifice his own son's life. He answered in an agony which his grey hairs made venerable, that he believed the accused to be his son, but left it to himself to prove what he had no means of manifesting. Annet was called next to confirm her uncle's account of her cousin's mysterious arrival: but when the accused turned his eyes upon her, she fainted and could not be recalled to speech. This swoon was deemed the most affecting evidence of his identity; and finally, the dog was brought into court. Several witnesses recognized him as the prime forger of the Gordon Gypsies, but Cameron's steward, who swore that he saved him by chance from drowning in the loch, also proved that the animal never shewed the smallest sagacity in herding sheep, and had been kept by his master's fireside as a mere household guard, distinguished by his ludicrous attention to music. When shown at the bar, the crafty and conscious brute seemed wholly unacquainted with the prisoner, and his surly silence was received as evidence by the crowd. The lord high commissioner summed up the whole, and the chancellor of the jury declared, that a majority almost amounting to unanimity, acquitted the accused. Gordon, under the name of Cameron, was led from the bar with acclamations; but at the threshold of the Session's Court, another pursuivant awaited him with an arrest for high-treason, as an adherent to the pretender in arms. The enraged crowd would have rescued him by force, and made outcries which he silenced with a haughty air of command, desiring to be led back to his judges. He insisted in such firm language, and his countenance had in it such a rare authority, that after some dispute about the breach of official order, he was admitted into a room where two or three of the Chief Lords of a session, and the chancellor of the jury were assembled. Though still fettered both on hands and feet, he stood before them in an attitude of singular grace and made this speech as it appears in the language of the record.

'The people abroad would befriend me, because they love the cause they think I have served; and my judges, I take leave to think, would pity me, if they saw an old man and a tender woman again pleading for my life. But I will profit in nothing by my judges' pity, nor the people's love for a Cameron. I have triumphed enough to-day, since I have baffled both my accusers and my jury. I am Gordon, chief of the wandering tribes; but since you have acquitted me on 'soul and conscience,' you cannot try me again; and since I am not Cameron you cannot try me for treasons. I have had my revenge of my father's enemy, and I might have had more. He once felt the *dead grip* of a Gordon, and he should have felt it again if he had not called me his son, and blessed me as my father once did. If you had sent me to the Grass-market, I would have been hanged as a Cameron, for it is better for



one of that name than mine to die the death of a dog; but since you have set me free, I will live free as a Gordon.’

This extraordinary appeal astonished and confounded his hearers. They were ashamed of their mistaken judgment, and dismayed at the dilemma. They could neither prove him to be a Cameron or a Gordon except by his own avowal, which might be false either in the first or second case; and after some consultation with the secretary of state, it was agreed to transport him privately to France. But on his road to a seaport, his escort was attacked by troop of wild men and women, who fought with the fury of Arabs till they had rescued their leader, whose name remained celebrated till within the last sixty years as the most formidable of the gypsy tribe.

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[1] The Lochgellie and Linlithgoe gypsies were very distinguished towards middle of the last century and had desperate fights at Raploch near Stirling, and in the shire of Mearns. Lizzy Brown, and Ann M'Donald, were the leading Amazonians of these tribes, and their authority and skill in training boys to thievery were audaciously systematic. As the poor of Scotland derive their maintenance from usage rather than law, and chiefly funds collected at the church-door, or small assessments on heritors (never exceeding 2d. in the pound), a set of vagrants still depend on voluntary aid, and are suffered to obtain it by going from house to house in families or groups, with a little of the costume and a great deal of the cant and thievery of ancient gypsies.

[2] Nurse, or foster-mother.

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## A COMPARISON BETWEEN GOOD HOUSEWIFERY AND EVIL

Ill huswifery lieth  
Till nine of the clock:  
Good huswifery trieth  
To rise with the cock.

Ill huswifery trusteth  
To him and to her:  
Good huswifery lusteth  
Herself for to stir.

Ill huswifery careth  
For this nor for that:  
Good huswifery spareth  
For fear ye wot what.

Ill huswifery pricketh  
Herself up in pride:  
Good huswifery tricketh  
Her house as a bride.

Ill huswifery one thing  
Or other must crave:  
Good huswifery nothing  
But needful will have.

Ill huswifery moveth  
With gossip to spend:  
Good huswifery loveth  
Her household to tend.

Ill huswifery brooketh  
Mad toys in her head:  
Good huswifery looketh  
That all things be fed.

Ill huswifery bringeth  
A shilling to naught:  
Good huswifery singeth—  
Her coffers full fraught.

Ill huswifery rendeth,  
And casteth aside:  
Good huswifery mendeth,  
Else would it go wide.

Ill huswifery craveth  
In secret to borrow:  
Good huswifery saveth

To-day, for to-morrow.

Ill huswifery pineth,  
(Not having to eat):  
Good huswifery dineth  
With plenty of meat.

Ill huswifery letteth  
The devil take all:  
Good huswifery setteth  
Good brag of a small.



### AN ENGLISHMAN'S VALUATION OF HIS LIFE.

—At the time when party spirit and active hostilities were raging in Belgium at the close of the fifteenth century, certain soldiers of the Spanish army happened to be taken prisoners by the Dutch; and by way of martial retaliation for a similar act of cruelty practised upon some Dutch prisoners by the Spaniards, all of them were ordered to be hanged. Humanity, however, suggested that it was unnecessary to put the whole party to death; and of the twenty-four who were taken, eight only were eventually destined for the halter. For the purpose of ascertaining who were to be the sufferers, twenty-four lots were made, eight of which had the figure of a gibbet described upon them, and the remaining sixteen were in blank. The whole twenty-four lots being then shaken together and cast promiscuously into a helmet, each prisoner was ordered to draw out one; those who drew a blank lot were immediately discharged, but those who drew the fatal symbol were hanged on the spot. The conduct of those who were compelled to set their lives upon so desperate a cast, varied according to the nerve and temperament of each, but terror and lamentations prevailed. The most conspicuous object was a Spaniard, who could scarcely be urged to the helmet, and whose tears and exclamations excited both ridicule and compassion. Among the captives was an Englishman, who seemed wholly unmoved at his danger, and quietly looked on until his turn arrived, and when called upon by the Dutch officer, walked up to the helmet with the utmost unconcern, and without faltering or changing a feature, drew forth his lot, which was a blank. Thus favored by fortune, and himself free from danger, he told the trembling Spaniard, who still held his hand in the helmet dreading to draw forth his fate, that for ten crowns of gold he was ready to draw forth his lot for him, and stand to the consequence. The Spaniard

joyfully agreed, and the Englishman, having received the money, coolly requested the Dutch officer to allow him to fulfil his part of the contract by drawing the Spaniard's lot; and permission being given, he drew again, and again was fortunate. 'A strange caprice of fortune,' says the historian, 'which could thus favour a man whose cheap estimate of his life made him unworthy, not only of the double escape, but even of a single lucky cast!'

This story is taken from a description of England in the reign of James I., contained in a satirical Latin work written by a Scotchman named John Barclay, under the assumed denomination of Euphormio Lusinius.

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### A True Story.

Many years ago I happened to be one of the referees in a case that excited unusual interest in our courts from the singular nature of the claim, and the strange story which it disclosed. The plaintiff, who was captain of a ship which traded principally with the West Indies, had married quite early, with every prospect of happiness. His wife was said to have been extremely beautiful and no less lovely in her character.

After living with her in the most uninterrupted harmony for five years, during which time two daughters were added to the family, he suddenly resolved to resume his occupation, which he had relinquished on his marriage, and when his youngest child was three weeks old, sailed once more for the West Indies. His wife, who was devotedly attached to him, sorrowed deeply at his absence, and found her only comfort in the society of her children and the hopes of his return. But months after months passed away and he came not, nor did any letters, insufficient but welcome substitutes, arrive to cheer her solitude. Months lengthened into years, yet no tidings were received from the absent husband; and after hoping against hope, the unhappy wife was compelled to believe that he had found an ocean grave.

Her sorrow was deep and heartfelt, but the evils of poverty were now added to her afflictions and the widow found herself obliged to resort to some employment in order to support her children. Her needle was her only resource, and for ten years she laboured early and late for the miserable pittance which is ever grudgingly bestowed on an humble seamstress.

A merchant in New York, in moderate but prosperous circumstances, accidentally became acquainted with her, and pleased with her gentle

manners no less than extreme beauty, endeavoured to improve their acquaintance into friendship.

After some months he offered his hand, which was accepted. As the wife of a successful merchant, she found herself in the enjoyment of comforts and luxuries which she had never possessed. Her children became his children, and received from him every advantage which wealth and affection could procure.

Fifteen years passed away; their daughters married, and by their stepfather were furnished with every comfort requisite in their new avocation of housekeepers. But they had hardly quitted his roof when their mother was taken ill. She died after a few days, and from that until the period of which I speak, the widower resided with the youngest daughter.

Now comes the strange part of the story. After an absence of over thirty years, during which no tidings had arrived from him, the first husband returned as he had departed.

He had changed ship, adopted another name, and had spent the whole of that long, period on the ocean, with but transient visits on shore, while taking in or discharging cargoes, having been careful never to come nearer home than New Orleans. Why he had acted in this unpardonable manner towards the family no one could tell, and he obstinately refused all explanation.

There were strange rumours of slave trading and piracy afloat, but they were only whispers of conjecture rather than truth. Whatever might have been his motives for his conduct he was certainly anything but indifferent to his family concerns when he returned. He raved like a madman when informed of his wife's second marriage and subsequent death, vowing vengeance upon the successor, and terrifying his daughters by the most awful threats in case they refused to acknowledge his claims. He had returned wealthy, and one of the mean reptiles of the law, who are always to be found crawling about the halls of justice, advised him to bring a suit against the second husband assuring him that he could recover heavy damages. The absurdity of instituting a claim for a wife whom death had released from the jurisdiction of earthly laws was so manifest, that it was at length agreed by all parties to leave the matter to be adjudged by five referees.

It was upon a bright and beautiful afternoon in spring, when we met to hear this singular case. The sunlight streamed through the dusty windows of the courtroom, and shed a halo around the long grey locks of the defendant

—while the plaintiff's harsh features were thrown into still bolder relief, by the same beam which softened the placid countenance of the adversary.

The plaintiff's lawyer made a most eloquent appeal for his client, and had we not been informed about the matter, our hearts would have been melted by his touching description of the return of the desolate husband, and the agony with which he now beheld his household gods removed to consecrate a stranger's hearth. The celebrated Aaron Burr was counsel for the defendant, and we anticipated from him a splendid display of oratory.

Contrary to our expectations, however, Burr made no attempt to confute his opponent's oratory. He merely opened a book of statutes, and pointing with his finger to one of the pages desired the referees to read it, while he retired, for a moment, for the principal witness. We had scarcely finished the section, which fully decided the matter in our minds, when Burr re-entered, with a tall and elegant female leaning on his arm. She was attired in a simple white dress, with a wreath of ivy leaves encircling her large bonnet and a lace veil completely concealing her countenance. Burr whispered a few words, apparently encouraging her to advance, and then gracefully raised her veil, discovering to us a face of proud, surpassing beauty. I recollect, as well as if it happened yesterday how simultaneously the murmur of admiration burst from the lips of all present. Turning to the plaintiff, Mr. Burr asked in a cold, quiet tone:

‘Do you know this lady?’

Answer—‘I do.’

Burr—‘Will you swear to that?’

Ans—‘I will; to the best of my knowledge and belief she is my daughter.’

Burr—‘Can you swear to her identity?’

Ans—‘I can.’

Burr—‘What is her age?’

Ans—‘She was thirty years old on the 30th day of April.’

Burr—‘When did you last see her?’

Ans—‘At her own house, about a fortnight since.’

Burr—‘Where did you see her previous to that meeting?’

The plaintiff hesitated—a long pause ensued, the question was repeated, and the answer at length was. ‘On the 14th day of May, 17—.’

‘When she was just three weeks old,’ added Burr. ‘Gentlemen,’ he continued turning to us, ‘I have brought this lady here as an important witness, and such I think she is. The plaintiff’s counsel has pleaded eloquently in behalf of the bereaved husband, who escaped the perils of the sea, and returned only to find his home desolate. But who will picture to you the lonely wife bending over her daily toil, devoting her best years to the drudgery of sordid poverty, supported only by the hope of her husband’s return? Who will paint the slow progress of heart-sickening, the wasting anguish of hope deferred; and finally, the overwhelming agony, which came upon her when her last hope was extinguished, and she was compelled to believe herself indeed a widow?’

‘Who can depict all this without awakening in your hearts the warmest sympathy for the deserted wife, and the utmost scorn for the mean, pitiful wretch who could thus trample on the heart of her whom he had sworn to love and cherish? We need not inquire into his motives for acting so base a part. Whether it was love of gain, or licentiousness, or selfish indifference, it matters not; he is too vile a thing to be judged by such laws as govern men. Let us ask the witness who now stands before us, with the frank, fearless brow of a true-hearted woman—let us ask which of these two has been to her a father.’

Turning to the lady, in a tone whose sweetness was in strange contrast with the scornful accent which had just characterized his words, he besought her to relate briefly the recollections of her early life.—A slight flush passed over her proud and beautiful face, as she replied:

‘My first recollections are of a small, ill furnished apartment, which my sister and myself shared with my mother. She used to carry out every Saturday evening the work which had occupied her during the week, and bring back employment for the following one. Saving that wearisome visit to her employers and her regular attendance at church, she never left the house. She spoke of my father and of his anticipated return, but at length she ceased to mention him, though I observed she used to weep more frequently than ever. I then thought she wept because we were poor, for it sometimes happened that our support was only a bit of dry bread; and she was accustomed to sew by the light of the chips which she kindled to warm her famishing children because she could not purchase a candle without depriving us of our morning meal. Such was our poverty when my mother

contracted a second marriage, and the change was like, to us, a sudden entrance into paradise. We found a home and father. She paused.

‘Would you excite my own child against me?’ cried the plaintiff, as he impatiently waved his hand for her to be silent.

The eyes of the witness flashed fire as he spoke.

‘You are not my father,’ she exclaimed vehemently. ‘What, call you my father!—you who basely left your wife to toil, and your children to beggary! Never! Behold! there is my father,’ pointing to the agitated defendant, ‘there is the man who watched over my infancy—who was the sharer of my childish sports and the guardian of my inexperienced youth. There is the man who claims my affections and shares my home; there is my father. For yonder selfish wretch, I know him not. The best years of his life have been spent in lawless freedom from social ties; let him seek elsewhere for the companion of his decrepitude, nor dare to insult the ashes of my mother, by claiming the duties of kindred from her deserted children.’

She drew her veil hastily around her, as she spoke, and moved as if to withdraw.

‘Gentlemen,’ said Burr, ‘I have no more to say. The words of truth you have heard from woman’s pure lips, it is for you to decide according to the requisition of nature and the decree of justice.

I need not say that our decision was in favour of the defendant, and the plaintiff went forth followed by the contempt of every honorable man who was present at the trial.



### Indian Rubber, or Caoutchouc.

The substance called Indian Rubber, or Caoutchouc, was not known in Europe until the beginning of the 18th century. It was then brought as a great curiosity from South America. It usually appeared in this country in the shape of bottles, birds, or other fantastically moulded forms; and nothing could be learnt of its nature, or of the manner of obtaining it, except that it was of vegetable production. Europeans continued in this ignorance of its origin until a deputation of the French Academicians undertook a voyage to South America in 1735, for the purpose of obtaining the correct admeasurement of a degree of the meridian. These philosophers did not confine their attention to the one great object of their pursuit, but likewise enriched the scientific world by ascertaining many facts connected with



natural history, and which had heretofore been hidden in obscurity. Among these objects the manner in which that peculiar substance, caoutchouc, was produced, became an object of inquiry. These academicians discovered at Esmeraldas, in Brazil, trees called by the natives *hevé* whence flowed a milky juice, which, when dried, proved to be what is called india-rubber, or caoutchouc. The *hevé* was likewise recognized as growing in Cayenne and on the banks of the Amazon river. It has since been discovered that caoutchouc may likewise be obtained from another species of the tree growing in South America—the *jatropha elastica*.

If these trees are punctured, a milky juice flows out, which, on exposure to air, thickens into a substance of a pure white colour, having neither taste nor smell. The hue of the caoutchouc of commerce is black, in consequence of the method employed in drying it. The usual manner of performing this operation is to spread a thin coating of the milky juice upon moulds made of clay, and fashioned into a variety of figures. These are then dried by exposure to heat of a smoke-fire: another layer is then spread over the first, and dried by the same means, and thus layer after layer is put on until the whole is of the required thickness. While yet soft it will receive and retain any impression that may be given to it on the outside. When perfectly dry the clay form within is broken into small fragments by percussion, and the pieces are drawn out through the aperture, which is always left for the purpose. The common bottle of Indian-rubber, therefore, consists of numerous layers of pure caoutchouc, alternating with as many layers of soot.

The natives of those parts of South America to which these trees are indigenous convert the juice to a variety of purposes. They collect it chiefly in the rainy season, because, though it will exude at all times, it flows then most abundantly. Boots are made of it by the Indians, through which water cannot penetrate; and the inhabitants of Quito prepare a kind of cloth with it, which they apply to the same purposes as those for which oil-cloth or tarpauling is used here. This, no doubt, is similar to the cloth now prepared with this substance in England, the use of which promises to yield so many important advantages.

The South Americans likewise fashion it into flambeaux, which give a beautiful light, and omit an odour which is not unpleasant to those who are accustomed to use them; but Europeans are annoyed by the fetid smell which they diffuse. One of those, an inch and a half in diameter, and two feet long, will burn during twelve hours.

Since the discovery of caoutchouc in America, a similar juice has been obtained from several trees growing in Asia, and which likewise are natives

of tropical regions. These are the *Ficus Indica*, *Artocarpus Integrifolia*, and *Urceola Elastica*. The fluid obtained from the latter plant is dried in a different manner, and constitutes the solid flat pieces which are known as white Indian Rubber.

Caoutchouc possesses some peculiar and remarkable properties, which, from the earliest period of its being known in Europe, have been subjects of the diligent investigation of some of the most eminent chemists. It is the most pliable and elastic of known substances, and so tenacious that it cannot be broken without considerable force. It has always been a desideratum with chemists to dissolve caoutchouc by some means which would allow it to reform, and to assume different figures, with the same facility as they can be imparted when in its original state of fluidity.

Within the last few years two solvents which can be abundantly and cheaply supplied, have been found for caoutchouc, which, when evaporated, leave it unchanged. By these means this substance is made to be of extensive application. A thin coating of the solution spread on any texture renders it impervious to air and moisture; while, at the same time it can be folded up as portable as before it had received this preparation. Hence pillows and even beds are formed out of bags thus made air tight; and these being furnished with a small tube and stop-cock, may be inflated at pleasure into soft elastic cushions. Cloaks having their inner lining of this material are found to be effectually water-proof.

We have recently given an account of a novel application of this substance, which promises to be of very general benefit.

More than fifty two thousand pounds of caoutchouc were imported into England in 1830, being nearly double the quantity brought during the preceding year. Its price is from 1s. 6d. to 2s. 3d. per lb. The duty upon it is 5d. per lb. This increase in the demand, is to be ascribed to the application of the substance as an article of general utility.

*Penny Journal.*



SHAGREEN.—Shagreen is supposed by some persons, from its scaly appearance, to be the skin of some fish. It is, however, a species of leather, or rather skin, and the process by which it is manufactured is very curious. Astrakhan is the seat of the manufacture. The material is the strong skin that covers the crupper of the ass or the horse. The skin is first soaked in water for some days till the hair is loose enough to be scraped off; after which it is

cut and scraped till it becomes scarcely thicker than a hog's bladder. It is then, while soft and wet, fastened to a frame, the fresh side undermost, and the upper or grain side is strewn over with the hard round seed of a species of *chenopodium*, a felt is then laid over it, and the seeds are trodden deeply into the soft yielding skin. The frames are then placed in the shade till the skin becomes dry, and the seeds may then be shaken out of their holes. Next the skins are rasped till the sides of the holes are worn down almost to a level with their bottoms. It is then soaked, first in water, and afterwards in an alkaline lye; and as it becomes soft, those parts of the skin which were merely depressed by the seeds being forced down upon them, rise above the parts which had been rasped, presenting a granular pustular surface. The skin is then stained superficially of a green colour by copper filings and sal ammoniac, and is afterwards allowed to dry. Lastly, the grains or warts are rubbed down to a level with the rest of the surface, which thus presents the appearance of white dots on a green ground; and when polished is very beautiful as well as durable.—*Transactions of the Society of Arts.*

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## THE SUNSET STORM.

BY RUFUS J. GRISWOLD.

The summer sun has sunk to rest  
    Below the green-clad hills,  
And through the skies, careering fast,  
The storm-cloud rides upon the blast,  
    And now the rain distils!  
The flash we see, the peal we hear,  
With winds blent in their wild career,  
    Till pains the ear.  
It is the voice of the Storm King  
Riding upon the Lightning's wing,  
Leading his bannered hosts across the darkened sky,  
And drenching with his floods the sterile lands and dry.

The wild beasts to their covers fly,  
    The night birds flee from heaven,  
The dense black clouds that veil the sky,  
Darkening the vast expanse on high,  
    By streaming fires are riven.

Again the tempest's thunder tone,  
The sounds from forests overthrown,  
    Like trumpets blown  
Deep in the bosom of the storm,  
Proclaim His presence, in its form,  
Who doth the sceptre of the conclave hold,  
Who free'd the winds, and the vast clouds unrolled.

The storms no more the skies invest,  
    The winds are heard no more;  
Low in the chambers of the west  
Whence they arose, they've sunk to rest;  
    The sunset storm is o'er.  
The clouds that were so wildly driven  
Across the darkened brow of heaven  
    Are gone, and Even  
Comes in her wild and sober guise,  
Her perfumed air, her trembling skies,  
And Luna, with her star-gemmed, glorious crown,  
From her high throne in heaven, upon the world looks down.

---

*Remedy for the Croup.*—A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Saturday Courier*, furnishes the following:—

Seeing frequent receipts in a valuable paper for that fatal disease, the Croup, for the sake of humanity, I will send you another, which has stood the test for many years in our neighbourhood. It is simply molasses and saleræus. For a child of five years, we give a teaspoon of saleræus stirred in a table spoonful of molasses; half the quantity to an infant. You can increase or decrease the quantity according to the age of the child. One thing especially has prompted me to send this: it was the recollection of the sufferings of two of my grand children many years ago, who died with that horrible disease. In families subject to this complaint, this simple remedy will prove a blessing.

---

A PLEASANT CLIMATE.—The following is the calendar of a Siberian or Lapland year:—June 23, snow melts, July 1, snow gone; July 9, fields quite green; July 17, plants at full growth; July 25, plants in flower; August 13, plants shed their seed; August 18, snow continuing from August 18 to June 23.

---

ETIQUETTE.—Do not insist upon pulling off your glove on a very hot day, when you shake hands with a lady. If it be *off*, why all very well; but it is better to run the risk of being considered ungallant, than to present a *clammy* ungloved hand.

---

THE  
**GASPÉ MAGAZINE,**

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY,

Will be issued Monthly, from the Office in New Carlisle, and forwarded to Subscribers by Mail. Six Months Subscription invariably required in advance.

The price of the above being only Two pence half-penny per month, no credit will be given.

Notices, of Births, Marriages or Deaths will be charged 2s. 6d. each. Mercantile, Professional or other Advertisements inserted at moderate rates.

The following Gentlemen have been appointed Agents, and according as others may be appointed due notification will be given:

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Gentlemen inclined to patronize the *Gaspé Magazine*, in places where no Agents have as yet been appointed, are respectfully requested to forward to the Publisher the names of Subscribers.

R. W. KELLY,  
*Editor & Proprietor, New Carlisle.*

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WILLIAM EADON,  
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Wholesale and Retail Wine, Liquor, and Grocery  
Store,

17, St. Peter Street,

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WILLIAM HICKMAN,  
Hair Dresser and Wig Maker,

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Portrait, Herald, Sign, and Ornamental  
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MARBLE MANUFACTORY,

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SHERMAN & RICE,

Respectfully inform the Citizens of Montreal, and the Inhabitants of Canada in general, that they have formed a Co-partnership for the purpose of carrying on the MARBLE BUSINESS in all its various branches, consisting in part of the manufacture of

*Monuments, Tombs, Head Stones, Mantel  
Pieces, Bureau and Table Tops,  
Soda and Baptismal Fountains,  
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Having one of the best *Marble Quarries* on the Continent at their disposal, they are enabled to complete orders, in the Marble line, at prices that will not admit of competition! They have also secured the *services of the best Letterers and Engravers* and hope, by their moderate charges, neatness of execution, despatch and punctuality, to merit a liberal patronage.

All orders left at the Factory, Montreal, or at the Gaspé Gazette Office, New Carlisle, will meet with prompt attention.

SMITH SHERMAN,  
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Montreal, July 6, 1849.

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Also—Temperance NECTAR in Wood and Bottles—a Light and Delicious Summer Beverage.

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DOUBLE AND SINGLE STOVES,  
*For Sale or to Hire.*

ECONOMICAL COOKING STOVES,  
*Of the most Approved Pattern.*

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FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

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J. C. MAYOR,  
*156, Notre Dame Street.*

Montreal, July, 1849.

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Near St. Paul's Market,

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GEO. 3, AND REGULATED BY DEED  
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At the last division of surplus profits about £100,000 was added to sums assured under Policies for the whole term of Life.

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And the whole surplus (less 20 per cent) is distributed amongst the Assured.

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OF NEW YORK.

Of whose manufacture he has now on show *Imperial Press, No. 4, Medium Presses, Chases, Gallies, Furniture*, and other Printing Materials.

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No. 1, Princes' Street, Bank, London.

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The great and decided success which has attended this Institution, has induced the Directors to REDUCE the RATES originally required in British North America to the ordinary European Rates. The result of such a reduction is to enable parties to avail themselves of the important benefits of Life Assurance at much lower rates of Premium than those of any other Assurance Company transacting business in Canada.

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PETER MORRISON,  
*Resident Director.*

London, Jany. 1, 1847.

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MEDICAL REFEREE.

*Jos. Morrin, Esquire. M.D., and J. A. Sewell, Esquire, M.D.*

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EXAMPLES OF RATES.

To Assure £100, Sterling, according to the following Tables:

TABLE 1.

| Age. | Annual.   |           | Half-Yearly. |           | Quarterly. |           |
|------|-----------|-----------|--------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
|      | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i>    | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i>  | <i>d.</i> |
| 25   | 36        | 0         | 18           | 3         | 9          | 2         |
| 30   | 40        | 8         | 20           | 7         | 10         | 4         |
| 35   | 46        | 9         | 23           | 9         | 11         | 11        |
| 40   | 55        | 1         | 28           | 0         | 14         | 1         |
| 45   | 66        | 3         | 33           | 8         | 17         | 0         |
| 50   | 81        | 4         | 41           | 5         | 20         | 11        |

TABLE 2.

| Age. | First 5 Years. |           |  |
|------|----------------|-----------|--|
|      | <i>s.</i>      | <i>d.</i> |  |
| 25   | 23             | 6         | } This Table increases<br>every 5 Years,<br>until 21st Year. |
| 30   | 26             | 4         |  |
| 35   | 30             | 4         |  |
| 40   | 36             | 1         |  |
| 45   | 44             | 6         |  |
| 50   | 56             | 7         |  |

TABLE 3.

| Age. | For 1 Year. |           | For 7 Years. |           |
|------|-------------|-----------|--------------|-----------|
|      | <i>s.</i>   | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i>    | <i>d.</i> |
| 25   | 21          | 6         | 21           | 10        |
| 30   | 22          | 1         | 22           | 7         |
| 35   | 22          | 11        | 23           | 11        |
| 40   | 24          | 9         | 26           | 9         |
| 45   | 28          | 6         | 32           | 2         |
| 50   | 35          | 4         | 41           | 5         |

TABLE 4.

Annual Premiums required for an Assurance of £100 for the whole Term of Life, the Rate decreasing at the expiration of every Fifth Year, until the Twentieth inclusive, after which period no other payment will be required.

| Age. | 1st 5 Yrs. |           | 2d 5 Yrs. |           | 3d. 5 Yrs. |           | Last 5 Yrs. |           |
|------|------------|-----------|-----------|-----------|------------|-----------|-------------|-----------|
|      | <i>s.</i>  | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i> | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i>  | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i>   | <i>d.</i> |
| 25   | 72         | 7         | 55        | 6         | 38         | 2         | 19          | 11        |
| 30   | 78         | 6         | 60        | 10        | 42         | 6         | 22          | 4         |
| 35   | 85         | 10        | 67        | 8         | 47         | 10        | 25          | 3         |
| 40   | 95         | 5         | 76        | 4         | 54         | 4         | 28          | 6         |
| 45   | 108        | 0         | 87        | 4         | 62         | 2         | 32          | 2         |
| 50   | 124        | 3         | 101       | 1         | 71         | 7         | 36          | 5         |

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HALF CREDIT RATES OF PREMIUM.

| Age. | HALF PREMIUM.   |           | WHOLE PREMIUM. |           |
|------|-----------------|-----------|----------------|-----------|
|      | During 7 Years. |           | After 7 Years. |           |
|      | <i>s.</i>       | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i>      | <i>d.</i> |
| 25   | 19              | 7         | 39             | 2         |
| 30   | 21              | 9         | 43             | 6         |
| 35   | 24              | 11        | 49             | 10        |
| 40   | 29              | 2         | 58             | 4         |
| 45   | 34              | 10        | 69             | 8         |
| 50   | 42              | 6         | 85             | 0         |

If it be preferred, the unpaid seven Half Premiums can be left as a charge on the Policy, when it becomes a claim.

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MUTUAL ASSURANCE BRANCH.

*Supported by the Proprietary Branch.*

TABLE A.

| Age. | Annual Prem. |           | Half-Yearly. |           | Quarterly. |           |
|------|--------------|-----------|--------------|-----------|------------|-----------|
|      | <i>s.</i>    | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i>    | <i>d.</i> | <i>s.</i>  | <i>d.</i> |
| 25   | 44           | 4         | 22           | 5         | 11         | 3         |
| 30   | 49           | 10        | 25           | 3         | 12         | 8         |
| 35   | 57           | 0         | 28           | 11        | 14         | 6         |
| 40   | 66           | 6         | 33           | 8         | 17         | 0         |
| 45   | 79           | 0         | 40           | 1         | 20         | 2         |
| 50   | 95           | 6         | 48           | 7         | 24         | 6         |

TABLE B.

| Age. | HALF CREDIT<br>TABLE. |                | WHOLE<br>PREMIUM.     |                |
|------|-----------------------|----------------|-----------------------|----------------|
|      | <i>Half Premium.</i>  |                | <i>Whole Premium.</i> |                |
|      | First 5 Years.        | After 5 Years. | After 5 Years.        | After 5 Years. |
|      | <i>s.</i>             | <i>d.</i>      | <i>s.</i>             | <i>d.</i>      |
| 25   | 22                    | 2              | 44                    | 4              |
| 30   | 24                    | 11             | 49                    | 10             |
| 35   | 28                    | 6              | 57                    | 0              |
| 40   | 33                    | 3              | 66                    | 6              |
| 45   | 39                    | 6              | 79                    | 0              |
| 50   | 47                    | 9              | 95                    | 6              |

The Assured, under this Table, are entitled also to participate in the Profits, on certain conditions.

Quebec, August, 1849.

---

H. KNIGHT,

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Montréal, 7 Juin, 1849. 21

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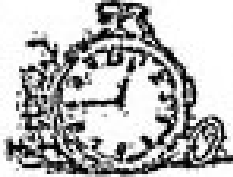
Quebec, 1849.

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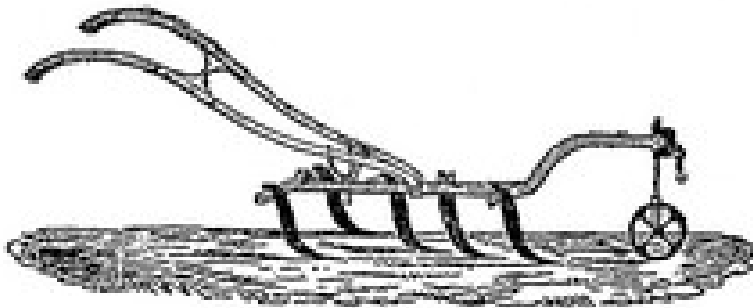
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Montreal, July, 1849.

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *Gaspé Magazine, and Instructive Miscellany Vol. 2 of 11* edited by R. W. Kelly]