

THE

**GASPE' MAGAZINE,**

AND

**INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.**

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Vol. 1.            October, 1849.            No. 3.

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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.

A FRIEND.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Who borrows all your ready cash,  
And with it cuts a mighty dash,  
Proving the lender weak and rash?—  
Your friend!

Who finds out every secret fault,  
Misjudges every word and thought,  
And makes you pass for worse than naught,—  
Your friend!

Who wins your money at deep play,  
Then tells you that the world doth say,  
“ ’Twere wise from clubs you kept away?—”  
Your friend!

Who sells you for the longest price,  
Horses, a dealer in a trice  
Would find unsound, and full of vice?—  
Your friend!

Who eats your dinners, then looks shrewd;  
Wishes you had a cook like Ude,  
For then much oftener would intrude—  
Your friend!

Who tells you that you've shocking wine,  
And owns, that though he sports not fine,  
Crockford's the only place to dine?—  
Your friend!

Who wheedles you with words most fond  
To sign for him a heavy bond  
“Or else, by Jove, must quick abscond—”  
Your friend!

Who makes you all the interest pay,  
With principal, some future day,  
And laughs at what you then may say?—  
Your friend!

Who makes deep love unto your wife,  
Knowing you prize her more than life,  
And breeds between you hate and strife?—  
Your friend!

Who, when you've got into a brawl,  
Insists that out your man you call,  
Then gets you shot, which ends it all?—  
Your friend!!!

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## LITERATURE.

### The Last Moments of King Charles 2nd.

#### FROM MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A party of twenty courtiers were seated at cards round a large table on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then the king had complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early.

To that morning the contending factions in his council had, during some days looked forward with anxiety. The struggle between Halifax and Rochester seemed to be approaching a decisive crisis. Halifax, not content with having already driven his rival from the Board of Treasury, had



undertaken to prove him guilty of such dishonesty or neglect in the conduct of the finances as ought to be punished by dismissal from the public service. It was even whispered that the lord president would probably be sent to the Tower before night. The king had promised to look into the matter. The second of February had been fixed for the investigation, and several officers of the revenue had been ordered to attend with their books on that day. But a great turn of fortune was at hand.

Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed when his attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering. Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their sovereign shaved and dressed. He made an effort to converse with them in his usual gay style, but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them. Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, staggered, and fell into the arms of Thomas Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Ailesbury. A physician who had charge of the royal retorts and crucibles happened to be present. He had no lancet, but he opened a vein with a penknife. He was laid on his bed, where, during a short time, the Duchess of Portsmouth hung over him with the familiarity of a wife. But the alarm had been given. The queen and the Duchess of York were hastening to the room. The favourite concubine was forced to retire to her own apartments. Those apartments had been thrice pulled down and thrice rebuilt by her lover to gratify her caprice. Several fine paintings, which properly belonged to the queen, had been transferred to the dwelling of the mistress. The sideboards were piled with richly-wrought plate. In the niches stood cabinets, the masterpieces of Japanese art. On the hangings, fresh from the looms of Paris, were depicted, in tints which no English tapestry could rival, birds of gorgeous plumage, landscapes, hunting matches, the lordly terrace of St. Germain's, the statues and fountains of Versailles. In the midst of this splendor, purchased by guilt and shame, the unhappy woman gave herself up to an agony of grief, which, to do her justice, was not wholly selfish.

And now the gates of Whitehall, which ordinarily stood open to all comers, were closed; but persons whose faces were known were still permitted to enter. The antechambers and galleries were soon filled to overflowing, and even the sick-room was crowded with peers, privy counsellors, and foreign ministers. All the medical men of note in London were summoned. So high did political animosity run, that the presence of some Whig physicians was regarded as an extraordinary circumstance. One Roman Catholic whose skill was then widely renowned, Doctor Thomas Short, was in attendance. Several of the prescriptions have been preserved. One of them is signed by fourteen doctors. The patient was bled largely. Hot

iron was applied to his head. A loathsome volatile salt, extracted from human skulls, was forced into his mouth. He recovered his senses: but he was evidently in a situation of extreme danger.

The queen was for a time assiduous in her attendance. The Duke of York scarcely left his brother's bed-side. The primate and four other bishops were then in London. They remained at Whitehall all day, and took it by turns to sit up at night in the king's room. The news of his illness filled the capital with sorrow and dismay; for his easy temper and affable manners had won the affection of a large part of the nation, and those who most disliked him preferred his unprincipled levity to the stern and earnest bigotry of his brother.

On the morning of Thursday, the fifth of February, the London Gazette announced that his Majesty was going on well, and was thought by the physicians to be out of danger. The bells of all the churches rang merrily, and preparations for bonfires were made in the streets; but in the evening it was known that a relapse had taken place, and that the medical attendants had given up all hope. The public mind was greatly disturbed; but there was no disposition to tumult. The Duke of York, who had already taken on himself to give orders, ascertained that the city was perfectly quiet, and that he might without difficulty be proclaimed as soon as his brother should expire.

The king was in great pain, and complained that he felt as if a fire was burning within him; yet he bore up against his sufferings with a fortitude which did not seem to belong to his soft and luxurious nature. The sight of his misery affected his wife so much that she fainted, and was carried senseless to her chamber. The prelates who were in waiting had from the first exhorted him to prepare for his end. They now thought it their duty to address him in a still more urgent manner. William Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury, an honest and pious, though narrow-minded man, used great freedom. "It is time," he said, "to speak out; for, sir, you are about to appear before a Judge who is no respecter of persons." The king answered not a word.

Thomas Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells, then tried his powers of persuasion. He was a man of parts and learning, of quick sensibility and stainless virtue. His elaborate works have long been forgotten, but his morning and evening hymns are still repeated daily in thousands of dwellings. Though, like most of his order, zealous for monarchy, he was no sycophant. Before he became a bishop, he had maintained the honor of his gown by refusing, when the court was at Winchester, to let Eleanor Gwynn

lodge in the house which he occupied there as a prebendary. The King had sense enough to respect so manly a spirit. Of all the prelates, he liked Ken the best. It was to no purpose, however, that the good bishop now put forth all his eloquence. His solemn and pathetic exhortation awed and melted the by-standers to such a degree that some among them believed him to be filled with the same spirit which, in the olden time, had, by the mouths of Nathan and Elias, called sinful princes to repentance. Charles, however, was unmoved. He made no objection, indeed, when the service for the Visitation of the Sick was read. In reply to the pressing questions of the divines, he said he was sorry for what he had done amiss; and he suffered the absolution to be pronounced over him according to the forms of the Church of England; but when he was urged to declare that he died in the communion of that Church, he seemed not to hear what was said, and nothing could induce him to take the Eucharist from the hands of the bishops. A table with bread and wine was brought to his bed-side, but in vain. Sometimes he said that there was no hurry, and sometimes that he was too weak.

Many attributed this apathy to contempt for divine things, and many to the stupor which often precedes death; but there were in the palace a few persons who knew better. Charles had never been a sincere member of the Established Church. His mind had long been oscillated between Hobbism and popery. When his health was good and his spirits high he was a scoffer. In his few serious moments he was a Roman Catholic. The Duke of York was aware of this, but was entirely occupied with the care of his own interests. He had ordered the outports to be closed. He had posted detachments of the Guards in different parts of the city. He had also procured the feeble signature of the dying king to an instrument by which some duties, granted only till the demise of the crown, were let to farm for a term of three years. These things occupied the attention of James to such a degree that, though on ordinary occasions he was indiscreetly and unreasonably eager to bring over proselytes to his Church, he never reflected that his brother was in danger of dying without the last sacraments. This neglect was the more extraordinary, because the Duchess of York had, at the request of the queen, suggested, on the morning on which the king was taken ill, the propriety of procuring spiritual assistance. For such assistance Charles was indebted to an agency very different from that of his pious wife and sister-in-law. A life of frivolity and vice had not extinguished in the Duchess of Portsmouth all sentiments of religion, or all that kindness which is the glory of her sex. The French ambassador, Barillon, who had come to the palace to inquire after the king, paid her a visit. He found her in an agony of sorrow. She took him into a secret room, and poured out her whole heart to him. "I

have," she said, "a thing of great moment to tell you. If it were known, my head would be in danger. The king is really and truly a Catholic; but he will die without being reconciled to the Church. His bed-chamber is full of Protestant clergymen. I cannot enter it without giving scandal. The duke is thinking only of himself. Speak to him. Remind him that there is a soul at stake. He is master now. Go this instant, or it will be too late."

Barillon hastened to the bed-chamber, took the duke aside and delivered the message of the mistress. The conscience of James smote him. He started as if roused from sleep, and declared that nothing should prevent him from discharging the sacred duty which had been too long delayed. Several schemes were discussed and rejected. At last the duke commanded the crowd to stand aloof, went to the bed, stooped down, and whispered something which none of the spectators could hear, but which they supposed to be some question about affairs of state. Charles answered in an audible voice, "Yes, yes, with all my heart." None of the by-standers except the French ambassador, guessed that the king was declaring his wish to be admitted into the bosom of the Church of Rome.

"Shall I bring a priest?" said the duke. "Do, brother," replied the sick man. "For God's sake do, and lose no time. But no; you will get into trouble." "If it costs me my life," said the duke, "I will fetch a priest."

To find a priest, however, for such a purpose, at a moment's notice, was not easy; for, as the law then stood, the person who admitted a proselyte into the Roman Catholic Church was guilty of a capital crime. The Count of Castel Melhor, a Portuguese nobleman, who, driven by political troubles from his native land had been hospitably received at the English court, undertook to procure a confessor. He had recourse to his countrymen who belonged to the queen's household; but he found that none of her chaplains knew English or French enough to shrive the king. The duke and Barillon were about to send to the Venetian minister for a clergyman, when they heard that a Benedictine monk, named John Huddleston, happened to be at Whitehall. This man had, with great risk to himself, saved the king's life after the battle of Worcester, and had, on that account, been, ever since the Restoration, a privileged person. In the sharpest proclamations which were put forth against popish priests, when false witnesses had inflamed the nation to fury, Huddleston had been excepted by name. He readily consented to put his life a second time in peril for his prince; but there was still a difficulty. The honest monk was so illiterate that he did not know what he ought to say on an occasion of such importance. He, however, obtained some hints, through the intervention of Castel Melhor, from a Portuguese

ecclesiastic, and, thus instructed, was brought up the back stairs by Chiffinch, a confidential servant, who, if the satires of that age are to be credited, had often introduced visitors of a very different description by the same entrance. The Duke then, in the king's name, commanded all who were present to quit the room, except Lewis Duras, Earl of Feversham, and John Granville, Earl of Bath. Both these lords professed the Protestant religion; but James conceived that he could count on their fidelity. Feversham, a Frenchman of noble birth, and nephew of the great Turenne, held high rank in the English army, and was chamberlain to the queen. Bath was groom of the stole.

The duke's orders were obeyed; and even the physicians withdrew. The back door was opened, and Father Huddleston entered. A cloak had been thrown over his sacred vestments, and his shaven crown was concealed by a flowing wig. "Sir," said the duke, "this good man once saved your life. He now comes to save your soul." Charles faintly answered, "He is welcome." Huddleston went through his part better than had been expected. He knelt by the bed, listened to the confession, pronounced the absolution, and administered extreme unction. He asked if the king wished to receive the Lord's Supper. "Surely," said Charles, "if I am not unworthy." The host was brought in. Charles feebly strove to rise and kneel before it. The priest bade him lie still, and assured him that God would accept the humiliation of the soul, and would not require the humiliation of the body. The king found so much difficulty in swallowing the bread that it was necessary to open the door and to procure a glass of water. This rite ended, the monk held up a crucifix before the penitent, charged him to fix his last thoughts on the sufferings of the Redeemer, and withdrew. The whole ceremony had occupied about three quarters of an hour, and during that time the courtiers who filled the outer room had communicated their suspicions to each other by whispers and significant glances. The door was at length thrown open, and the crowd again filled the chamber of death.

It was now late in the evening. The king seemed much relieved by what had passed. His natural children were brought to his bed-side, the Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, sons of the Duchess of Cleveland, the Duke of St. Alban's, son of Eleanor Gwynn, and the Duke of Richmond, son of the Duchess of Portsmouth. Charles blessed them all, but spoke with peculiar tenderness to Richmond. One face which should have been there was wanting. The eldest and best-beloved child was an exile and a wanderer. His name was not once mentioned by his father.

During the night Charles earnestly recommended the Duchess of Portsmouth and her boy to the care of James. "And do not," he good-naturedly added, "let poor Nelly starve." The queen sent excuses for her absence by Halifax. She said that she was too much disordered to resume her post by the couch, and implored pardon for any offense which she might unwittingly have given. "She ask my pardon, poor woman!" cried Charles; "I ask hers, with all my heart."

The morning light began to peep through the windows of Whitehall, and Charles desired the attendants to pull aside the curtains, that he might have one more look at the day. He remarked that it was time to wind up a clock which stood near his bed. These little circumstances were long remembered, because they proved beyond dispute that, when he declared himself a Roman Catholic, he was in full possession of his faculties. He apologized to those who had stood round him all night for the trouble which he had caused. He had been, he said, a most unconscionable time dying, but he hoped that they would excuse it. This was the last glimpse of that exquisite urbanity, so often found potent to charm away the resentment of a justly incensed nation. Soon after dawn the speech of the dying man failed. Before ten his senses were gone. Great numbers repaired to the churches at the hour of morning service. When the prayer for the king was read, loud groans and sobs showed how much the people felt for him. At noon on Friday, the sixth of February, he passed away without a struggle.



## Benefits of the Sabbath.

### Physical Benefits to Domestic Animals.

*The Drovers and their Sheep.*—Two neighbors in the state of New York, each with a drove of sheep, started on the same day for a distant market. One started several hours before the other, and travelled uniformly every day. The other rested every Sabbath. Yet he arrived at the market first, with his flock in a better condition than that of the other. In giving an account of it, he said that he drove his sheep on Monday about seventeen miles, on Tuesday not over sixteen, and so lessening each day till on Saturday he drove them only about eleven miles. But on Monday, after resting on the Sabbath, they would travel again seventeen miles, and so on each week. But his neighbor's sheep, which were not allowed to rest on the Sabbath, before they arrived at the market, could not travel without injury more than six or eight miles in a day.

## The Right Way to Hear the Gospel.

Some people are very squeamish about the delivery of different ministers, who preach the same gospel. Suppose you were attending to hear a will read, where you expected a legacy to be left you, would you employ the time when it was reading in criticising the manner in which the lawyer read it? No, you would not; you would be giving all ear to hear if anything was left you, and how much it was. This is the way I would advise you to hear the gospel.—*Rowland Hill.*



Some idea may be formed of George the Third's notions of discipline and manners, by the fact that it having been reported to his majesty, in 1772, that Archbishop Cornwallis had frequent convivial parties at his palace, the monarch immediately addressed to him the following admonitory letter:

“MY GOOD LORD PRIMATE,—I could not delay giving you the notification of the grief and concern with which my breast was affected at receiving authentic information that routs had made their way into your palace. At the same time, I must signify to you my sentiments on this subject, which hold these levities and vain dissipations as utterly inexpedient, if not unlawful, to pass in a residence for many centuries devoted to divine studies, religious retirement, and the extensive exercise of charity and benevolence; I add, in a place where so many of your predecessors have led their lives in such sanctity as has thrown lustre on the pure religion they professed and adorned. From the dissatisfaction with which you must perceive I behold these improprieties, not to speak in harsher terms, and in still more pious principles, I trust you will suppress them immediately; so that I may not have occasion to show any further marks of my displeasure, or to interpose in a different manner. May God take your grace into his almighty protection! I remain, my lord primate, your gracious friend. G. R.”



He submits to be seen through a microscope, who suffers himself to be caught in a fit of passion.—*Lavater.*

A man should never be ashamed to own that he has been in the wrong, which is but saying in other words, that he is wiser to-day than he was yesterday.—*Pope.*



## Terms used in War.

I was musing, the other day, on the many forms of expression that we meet with, and read over without emotion, as things of course, though they involve every thing that is dreadful to human nature. Among them, I was calling to mind some of the phrases that are used in reference to war. There is, in many of these, such a brevity and careless ease, that we hardly seem required to pause upon them. 'The troops were driven into the river.' 'The town was taken by storm.' 'The garrison were put to the sword.' 'The city was given up to pillage.' 'The place was burned to the ground.' These light and tripping phrases are common place in military despatches, and, yet, what fearful excesses! what dreadful sufferings they involve!

Let us take one of them, and for a moment examine it in a few of its ramifications. True it is, that we are now at peace; but a calm is often succeeded by an unexpected storm, and the quietude of Vesuvius is followed by the loud bellowing of the burning mountain. Peace and war depend much on the public mind, and of that public we all form a part; it may be well, therefore, to keep alive in us that hatred, which a review of the cruel excesses of war is calculated to inspire. Let us take, for our examination, the expression, 'The city was given up to pillage.' Those who have read much scenes of warfare, well know that imagination is not likely to exceed the reality of the miseries which war has generally produced. The narratives of Labaume and Porter, Wilson, Segur, Dufens, and others, bring to our view such extravagant scenes of calamity and cruelty, such displays of horrible enormity, that we wonder why mankind do not, with one united and universal cry of abhorrence, exclaim against the practice and principle of heart-hardening and demoralizing war. But let it not be thought that I have any pleasure in blackening the reputation of a soldier: neither would I presumptuously brand the brow of him who differs with me in opinion; but, feeling as I do, that the word of God is the word of peace, and that war is a bitter evil; and knowing, as I do, how thoughtlessly we receive and retain the opinions of those around us, right or wrong, I claim the liberty of free speech, while I endeavour to excite more consideration and sympathy among the advocates of war, than is usually manifested.

"The city was given up to pillage." What is the real meaning of the term, giving up a place to pillage? for it expresses itself so little, that it may be worth while, for once, if it be only for the sake of impressing it on our memories, to make ourselves familiar with the signification, as explained by past experience. It means, then, neither more nor less than this, that an infuriated soldiery are given free leave and liberty to indulge, without



restraint, their selfish, brutal, and cruel passions, in plundering, burning, and destroying the property of unoffending people; and in ill-using, maiming, and murdering them without control. This is the plain meaning, so far as we can gather it from the most authentic records of the occurrences, which have taken place in cases of the kind. Indeed it must be so; for, in giving armed and revengeful soldiers permission to pillage, you give them leave to take, by force, the property of those who, naturally enough, will make a struggle to retain it: the consequences are inevitable, and strife is succeeded by bloodshed. How fearful, then is the expression, ‘The city was given up to pillage!’

The enormity of giving up to pillage is not seen or felt, when we read of it as taking place in a distant part of the world; it comes not home ‘to our business and bosoms,’ as it would do, were the occurrence to take place under our observation; but rapine and murder are crimes wherever they are practised, and pain and heart-rending calamity are as hard to endure in one part of the world as in another.

‘The city was given up to pillage.’ There will be no harm in applying this to the immediate town or city in which we dwell; the place wherein we possess property, and where those live who are dear to us, as the ruddy drops that warm our hearts; and here let no one accuse me of wantonly harrowing up human feelings. Let no man tell me that I do wrong in painting war in its own sanguinary colours! I am persuaded it is because Christians have been guiltily silent as to war’s abominations, that so little repugnance is felt against strife and bloodshed. To shrink from a painted battle is affectation, if we have no antipathy to a real one! Surely, if a monster affrights us not, we should not be scared at his shadow! What I have read of the pages of warfare, has wrung from my very spirit a strong sympathy for the victims of violence, and called forth an urgent, and irrepressible desire to excite the same sympathy in others. Let me, then, pursue my course.

For a moment, let me suppose the roaring cannon to have brought down our church spires; to have broken in the walls and roofs of our habitations; and that bomb shells, Shrapnell shells, and Congreve rockets have set buildings without number on fire, and spread confusion around. All at once the thundering of the cannon ceases; the bombs and rockets are no longer seen in the air, and a new and more dreadful plague spreads abroad. Wild and savage yells are heard, with the rattle of iron hoofs, and trampling of hurried feet. Bands of armed men on foot and on horseback, burst in, like a resistless torrent, among us. Doors are smashed, windows broken. Here, soldiers broach or stave in the casks! there, others drain the jugs or the

bottles, till fired with brutal passions, drunkenness, revenge, and fury, they wallow in pollution, and deal around them desolation and death.

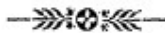
Household furniture is destroyed. Cabinets, bureaus, and boxes broken to pieces. Jewels, money, curiosities, and clothing huddled together, to be carried away. Paintings are rent, sculpture mutilated, inscriptions defaced; and family records, love tokens, and gifts of friendship, are torn, trampled, and burned. Oaths and blasphemies resound, riot and debauchery are every where seen, with the wildest forms of cruelty and death.

A father has borne all, grinding his teeth in agony! He has seen the wreck of his property, the destruction of his worldly goods; but when the lawless hand of the ruffian-soldier lays hold on his family, he can bear no more: starting up in their defence, and seemingly with more than mortal energy, he attacks his enemies. It is in vain! a dozen bayonets bear him to the ground; and while he draws his last gasp, his life welling from his wounds, drinks in the agonizing shrieks of those who are dearest to him, calling uselessly for his aid.

His wife straggles hopelessly in the savage grasp of the abandoned ruffians to preserve her babe. Alas! it is wantonly slaughtered, and mother and child lie bleeding on the ground; while the cruel jests, and mad merriments of their hard-hearted murderers echo through the desolated mansion.

Nor is this a solitary scene. The same demon-like career is carried on throughout the city, for the place 'is given up to pillage;' mercy is exiled, and youth and beauty, wisdom and age, the infant and the hoary-headed are alike. Rapine, brutality, murder, and conflagration are abroad.

Reader, this is the meaning of a city 'being given up to pillage!' Are you not called on then to resist, with every power you possess, that spirit of warfare which tolerates such enormities? Ought you not to bear testimony against it, leaving it on record to your children, and children's children, to do the same?—*Visitor*.



Copy of the Warrant for Beheading Charles 1st.

*From Russel's History of Oliver Cromwell.*

At the high Cor't of Justice for the tryinge & judginge of Charles Steuart, King of England,

January 29th, Anno Dom. 1648.

Whereas, Charles Steuart, Kinge of England, is and standeth convicted and attaynted, and condemned of High Treason, and other high crymes. And sentence, upon Saturday last, was pronounced against him by this Cort, to be putt to death, by the severinge of his head from his body. Of wch sentence, executon remayneth to be done. These are therefore to will and require you to see the said sentence executed, in the open Streete, before Whitehall, uppon the morrowe, being the Thirtieth day of this instante moneth of January, betweene the hours of Tenn in the morning, and Five in the afternoon of the same day, wth full effect. And for soe doing, this shall be yor sufficient warrant. And these are to require All officers and Soldiers, and other the good people of this Nation of England, to be assistinge unto you in this service. Given under or Hands and Seals.

To Collonell Francis Hacker, Collonell Huncks, and Lieutenant-Collonell Phayre, and to every of them.

Here follows fifty-nine seals and signatures.

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VERSES

SENT BY A YOUNG LADY TO HER NEWLY-MARRIED  
FRIEND.

Love, Hymen, Interest, and Folly,  
Once Puss-in-the-corner played;  
Friendship—foe to melancholy—  
To be of the party prayed.  
When the mind's to pleasure given,  
Wisdom soon will cease to warn her,  
Friendship, now by Folly driven,  
Finds it hard to keep her corner.

Love—the sly, malicious boy,  
Whose delight is to betray,—  
Next his wiles 'gan to employ,  
To drive Friendship far away.  
To jealous Love, the adoring heart  
All must yield, or else he'll scorn her,  
Now, poor Friendship! play your part,  
Or Love will slip into your corner.

Hymen comes! all on him wait;  
His mantle Friendship must prepare;—  
Hymen, marching forth in state,  
Leaves her in company of Care:  
At home, the god puts on wise airs,  
Declares that Friendship's a mere fawner,  
And, beckoning Interest up-stairs,  
Instals him quickly in her corner.

Far from thy gentle breast, my dear,  
Folly and Interest must fly!  
Love and Hymen yet I fear,  
Lest they pass poor Friendship by.  
Ah! whilst you welcome to your heart  
The brother gods who so adorn her,  
One little nook preserve apart,  
And let Friendship keep her corner.



### The Iron Shroud.

We have copied, from "*Blackwood's Magazine*," the following thrilling extract. It appears that a Neapolitan nobleman, called Vivenzio, had the

misfortune to be taken prisoner by his remorseless enemy the Prince of Tolfi, and was immured by him in a dungeon excavated deep in the solid rock. This dungeon had the semblance of a vast cage, for the roof, and floor, and sides, were of iron, solidly wrought, and spaciouly constructed. High above, there ran a range of seven grated windows, guarded with massy bars of the same metal, which admitted light and air. Save these, and the tall folding doors beneath them, which occupied the centre, no chink, or chasm, or projection, broke the smooth black surface of the walls. An iron bedstead, littered with straw, stood in one corner: and beside it, a vessel with water, and a coarse dish filled with coarser food.

Even the intrepid soul of Vivenzio shrunk with dismay as he entered this abode, and heard the ponderous doors triple-locked by the silent ruffians who conducted him to it. Their silence seemed prophetic of his fate, of the living grave that had been prepared for him. His menaces and his entreaties, his indignant appeals for justice, and his impatient questioning of their intentions, were alike vain. They listened but spoke not. Fit ministers of a crime that should have no tongue!

How dismal was the sound of their retiring steps! And, as their faint echoes died along the winding passages, a fearful presage grew within him, that never more the face, or voice, or tread, of man would greet his senses. He had seen human beings for the last time! And he had looked his last upon the bright sky, upon the smiling earth, and upon a beautiful world he loved, and whose minion he had been! Here he was to end his life—a life he had just begun to revel in! And by what means? By secret poison? or by murderous assault? No—for then it had been needless to bring him thither. Famine perhaps—a thousand deaths in one! It was terrible to think of it—but it was yet more terrible to picture long, long years of captivity, in a solitude so appalling, a loneliness so dreary, that thought, for want of fellowship, would lose itself in madness, or stagnate into idiocy.

He could not hope to escape, unless he had the power, with his bare hands, of rending asunder the solid iron walls of his prison. He could not hope for liberty from the relenting mercies of his enemy. His instant death, under any form of refined cruelty, was not the object of Tolfi, for he might have inflicted it, and he had not. It was too evident, therefore, he was reserved for some premeditated scheme of subtle vengeance; and what vengeance could transcend in fiendish malice, either the slow death of famine, or the still slower one of solitary incarceration, till the last lingering spark of life expired, or till reason fled, and nothing should remain to perish but the brute functions of the body?

It was evening when Vivenzio entered his dungeon, and the approaching shades of night wrapped it in total darkness, as he paced up and down, revolving in his mind these horrible forebodings. No tolling bell from the castle, or from any neighboring church or convent, struck upon his ear to tell how the hours passed. Frequently he would stop and listen for some sound that might betoken the vicinity of man; but the solitude of the desert, the silence of the tomb, are not so still and deep, as the oppressive desolation by which he was encompassed. His heart sunk within him, and he threw himself dejectedly on his couch of straw. Here sleep gradually obliterated the consciousness of misery, and bland dreams wafted his delighted spirit to scenes which were once glowing realities for him, in whose ravishing illusions he soon lost the remembrance that he was Tolfi's prisoner.

When he awoke, it was day light; but how long he had slept he knew not. It might be early morning, or it might be sultry noon, for he could measure time by no other note of its progress than light and darkness. He had been so happy in his sleep, amid friends who loved him, and the sweeter endearments of those who loved him as friends could not, that in the first moments of waking, his startled mind seemed to admit the knowledge of his situation, as if it had burst upon it for the first time, fresh in all its appalling horrors. He gazed round with an air of doubtful amazement, and took up a handful of the straw upon which he lay, as though he would ask himself what it meant. But memory, too faithful to her office, soon unveiled the melancholy past, while reason, shuddering at the task, flashed before his eyes the tremendous future. The contrast overpowered him. He remained for some time lamenting, like a truth, the bright visions that had vanished; and recoiling from the present, which clung to him as a poisoned garment.

When he grew more calm, he surveyed his gloomy dungeon. Alas! the stronger light of day only served to confirm what the gloomy indistinctness of the preceding evening had partially disclosed, the utter impossibility of escape. As, however, his eyes wandered round and round, and from place to place, he noticed two circumstances which excited his surprise and curiosity. The one, he thought, might be fancy; but the other was positive. His pitcher of water, and the dish which contained his food, had been removed from his side while he slept, and now stood near the door. Were he even inclined to doubt this, by supposing he had mistaken the spot where he saw them over night, he could not, for the pitcher now in his dungeon was neither of the same form or colour as the other, while the food was changed for some other of better quality. He had been visited, therefore, during the night. But how had the person obtained entrance? Could he have slept so soundly that the unlocking and opening of those ponderous portals were effected without

waking him? He would have said that this was not possible, but that in doing so, he must admit a greater difficulty, an entrance by other means, of which he was convinced there existed none. It was not intended, then, that he should be left to perish from hunger. But the secret and mysterious mode of supplying him with food, seemed to indicate he was to have no opportunity of communicating with a human being.

The other circumstance which had attracted his notice, was the disappearance, as he believed, of one of the seven grated windows that ran along the top of his prison. He felt confident that he had observed and counted them; for he was rather surprised at their number, and there was something peculiar in their form, as well as in the manner of their arrangement, at unequal distances. It was so much easier, however, to suppose he was mistaken, than that a portion of the solid iron, which formed the walls, could have escaped from its position, that he soon dismissed the thought from his mind.

Vivenzio partook of the food that was before him, without apprehension. It might be poisoned; but if it were, he knew he could not escape death, should such be the design of Tolfi, and the quickest death would be the speediest release.

The day passed wearily and gloomily; though not without a faint hope that, by keeping watch at night, he might observe when the person came again to bring him food, which he supposed he would do in the same way as before. The mere thought of being approached by a living creature, and the opportunity it might present of learning the doom prepared, or preparing, for him, imparted some comfort. Besides, if he came alone, might he not in a furious onset overpower him? Or he might be accessible to pity, or the influence of such munificent rewards as he could bestow, if once more at liberty and master of himself. Say he were armed. The worst that could befall, if nor bribe, nor prayers, nor force prevailed, was a faithful blow, which, though dealt in a damned cause, might work a desired end. There was no chance so desperate, but it looked lovely in Vivenzio's eyes compared with the idea of being totally abandoned.

The night came, and Vivenzio watched. Morning came and Vivenzio was confounded! He must have slumbered without knowing it. Sleep must have stolen over him when exhausted with fatigue, and in that interval of feverish repose, he had been baffled; for there stood his replenished pitcher of water, and there his day's meal! Nor was this all. Casting his looks towards the windows of his dungeon, he counted but FIVE! *Here* was no deception; and he was now convinced there had been none the day before. But what did all

this portend? Into what strange and mysterious den had he been cast? He gazed till his eyes ached; he could discover nothing to explain the mystery. That it was so, he knew. Why it was so, he racked his imagination in vain to conjecture. He examined the doors. A simple circumstance convinced him that they had not been opened.

A wisp of straw, which he had carelessly thrown against them the preceding day, as he paced to and fro, remained where he had cast it, though it must have been displaced by the slightest motion of either of the doors. This was evidence that could not be disputed; and it followed there must be some secret machinery in the walls by which a person could enter. He inspected them closely. They appeared to him one solid and compact mass of iron; or joined, if joined they were, with such nice art, that no mark of division was perceptible. Again and again he surveyed them—and the floor—and the roof—and that range of visionary windows, as he was now almost tempted to consider them; he could discover nothing, absolutely nothing, to relieve his doubts or satisfy his curiosity. Sometimes he fancied that altogether the dungeon had a more contracted appearance—that it looked smaller; but this he ascribed to fancy, and the impression naturally produced upon his mind by the undeniable disappearance of two of the windows.

With intense anxiety, Vivenzio looked forward to the return of night; and as it approached, he resolved that no treacherous sleep should again betray him. Instead of seeking his bed of straw, he continued to walk up and down his dungeon till daylight, straining his eyes in every direction through the darkness, to watch for any appearances that might explain these mysteries. While thus engaged, and as nearly as he could judge, (by the time that afterwards elapsed before the morning came in,) about two o'clock, there was a slight tremulous motion of the floors. He stooped. The motion lasted nearly a minute; but it was so extremely gentle, that he almost doubted whether it was real or only imaginary. He listened. Not a sound could be heard. Presently, however, he felt a rush of cold air blow upon him; and dashing towards the quarter whence it seemed to proceed, he stumbled over something which he judged to be the water ewer. The rush of cold air was no longer perceptible; and as Vivenzio stretched out his hands, he found himself close to the walls. He remained motionless for a considerable time; but nothing occurred during the remainder of the night to excite his attention, though he continued to watch with unabated vigilance.

The first approaches of the morning were visible through the grated windows, breaking, with faint divisions of light, the darkness that still pervaded every other part, long before Vivenzio was enabled to distinguish



any object in his dungeon. Instinctively and fearfully he turned his eyes, hot and inflamed with watching, towards them. There were FOUR! He could *see* only four: but it might be that some intervening object prevented the fifth from becoming perceptible; and he waited impatiently to ascertain if it were so. As the light strengthened, however, and penetrated every corner of the cell, other objects of amazement struck his sight. On the ground lay the broken fragments of the pitcher he had used the day before, and at a small distance from them, nearer to the wall, stood the one he had noticed the first night. It was filled with water, and beside it was his food. He was now certain that, by some mechanical contrivance, an opening was obtained through the iron wall, and that through this opening the current of air had found entrance. But how noiseless! For had a feather almost waved at the time, he must have heard it. Again he examined that part of the wall; but both to sight and touch it appeared one even and uniform surface, while to repeated and violent blows there was no reverberating sound indicative of hollowness.

This perplexing mystery had for a time withdrawn his thoughts from the windows; but now, directing his eyes again towards them, he saw that the fifth had disappeared in the same manner as the preceding two, without the least distinguishable alteration of external appearances. The remaining four looked as the seven had originally looked; that is, occupying, at irregular distances, the top of the wall on that side of the dungeon. The tall folding door, too, still seemed to stand beneath, in the centre of these four, as it had at first stood in the centre of the seven. But he could no longer doubt, what, on the preceding day, he fancied might be the effect of visual deception. The dungeon *was* smaller. The roof had lowered—and the opposite ends had contracted the intermediate distance by a space equal, he thought, to that over which the three windows had extended. He was bewildered in vain imaginings to account for these things. Some frightful purpose—some devilish torture of mind or body—some unheard-of device for producing exquisite misery, lurked, he was sure, in what had taken place.

Oppressed with this belief, and distracted more by the dreadful uncertainty of whatever fate impended, than he could be dismayed, he thought, by the knowledge of the worst, he sat ruminating, hour after hour, yielding his fears in succession to every haggard fancy. At last a horrible suspicion flashed suddenly across his mind, and he started up with a frantic air. ‘Yes!’ he exclaimed, looking wildly round his dungeon, and shuddering as he spoke—‘Yes! it must be so! I see it!—I feel the maddening truth like scorching flames upon my brain! Eternal God!—support me! it must be so!—Yes, yes, *that* is to be my fate! Yon roof will descend!—these walls will

hem me round—and slowly, slowly, crush me in their iron arms! Lord God! look down upon me, and in mercy strike me with instant death! Oh fiend—oh, devil—is this your revenge.’

He dashed himself upon the ground in agony;—tears burst from him, and the sweat stood in large drops upon his face—he sobbed aloud—he tore his hair—he rolled about like one suffering intolerable anguish of body, and would have bitten the iron floor beneath him; he breathed fearful curses upon Tolfi, and the next moment passionate prayers to heaven for immediate death. Then the violence of his grief became exhausted, and he lay still, weeping as a child would weep. The twilight of departing day shed its gloom around him ere he arose from that posture of utter and hopeless sorrow. He had taken no food. Not one drop of water had cooled the fever of his parched lips. Sleep had not visited his eyes for six and thirty hours. He was faint with hunger; weary with watching, and with the excess of his emotions. He tasted of his food; he drank with avidity of the water; and reeling like a drunken man to his straw, cast himself upon it to brood again over the appalling image that had fastened itself upon his almost frenzied thoughts.

He slept. But his slumbers were not tranquil. He resisted, as long as he could, their approach; and when, at last, enfeebled nature yielded to their influence, he found no oblivion from his cares. Terrible dreams haunted him—ghastly visions harrowed up his imagination—he shouted and screamed, as if he already felt the dungeon’s ponderous roof descending on him—he breathed hard and thick, as though writhing between its iron walls. Then would he spring up—stare wildly about him—stretch forth his hands, to be sure he yet had space enough to live—and, muttering some incoherent words, sink down again, to pass through the same fierce vicissitudes of delirious sleep.

The morning of the fourth day dawned upon Vivenzio. But it was high noon before his mind shook off its stupor, or he awoke to a full consciousness of his situation. And what a fixed energy of despair sat upon his pale features, as he cast his eyes upwards, and gazed upon the THREE windows that now alone remained! The three!—there were no more!—and they seemed to number out his own allotted days. Slowly and calmly he next surveyed the top and sides, and comprehended all the meaning of the diminished height of the former, as well as of the gradual approximation of the latter. The contracted dimensions of his mysterious prison were now too gross and palpable to be the juggle of his heated imagination. Still lost in wonder at the means, Vivenzio could put no cheat upon his reason as to the end. By what horrible ingenuity it was contrived, that walls, and roof, and

windows, should thus silently and imperceptibly, without noise, and without motion almost, fold, as it were, within each other, he knew not. He only knew they did so; and he vainly strove to persuade himself it was the intention of the contriver, to rack the miserable wretch who might be immured there, with anticipation, merely, of a fate, from which, in the very crisis of his agony, he was to be reprieved.

[To be continued.]



*Antiquity of Epitaphs.*—Many instances of epitaphs in prose and verse may be collected from the old Greek poets and historians, who were yet but children compared to the Chaldeans and Egyptians. But the most ancient precedent of epitaphs must be that recorded in the most ancient history, namely, the Old Testament, 1 Sam. vi. 18; where it is recorded, that the great stone erected as a memorial unto Abel, by his father, Adam, remained unto that day in being, and its name was called “the stone of Abel:” and its elegy was, “Here was shed the blood of the righteous Abel;” as it is also called 4,000 years after, Matt. xxiii, 35. And this is the origin of monumental memorials and elegies.—*Athen. Oracle.*

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“Grey hairs,” says the wise man, “are a crown of glory,” if the owner of them “is found in the way of righteousness.”

“A hoary head, with sense combined,  
Claims veneration from mankind;  
But—if with folly joined—it bears  
The badge of ignominious years.”

#### The Bishop and his Birds.

A worthy Bishop, who died lately at Ratisbon, had for his arms two fieldfares, with the motto—“are not two sparrows sold for a farthing?” This strange coat of arms had often excited attention, and many persons had wished to know its origin, as it was generally reported that the Bishop had chosen it for himself, and that it bore reference to some event in his early life. One day an intimate friend of his asked him its meaning, and the Bishop replied by relating the following story:—

Fifty or sixty years ago, a little boy resided at a little village near Dillengen, on the banks of the Danube. His parents were very poor, and almost as soon as the boy could walk, he was sent into the woods to pick up

sticks for fuel. When he grew older, his father taught him to pick the juniper berries, and carry them to a neighboring distiller, who wanted them for making Hollands. Day by day the poor boy went to his task, and on his road he passed by the open windows of the village school, where he saw the schoolmaster teaching a number of boys of about the same age as himself. He looked at these boys with feelings almost of envy, so earnestly did he long to be among them. He knew it was in vain to ask his father to send him to school, for he knew that his parents had no money to pay the schoolmaster; and he often passed the whole day thinking, while he was gathering his juniper berries, what he could possibly do to please the schoolmaster, in the hope of getting some lessons. One day, when he was walking sadly along, he saw two of the boys belonging to the school trying to set a bird-trap, and he asked one what it was for? They told him that the schoolmaster was very fond of fieldfares, and that they were setting the trap to catch some. This delighted the poor boy, for he recollected that he had often seen a great number of these birds in the juniper wood, where they came to eat the berries, and he had no doubt but he could catch some.

The next day the little boy borrowed an old basket of his mother, and when he went to the wood he had the great delight to catch two fieldfares. He put them in a basket, and tying an old handkerchief over it, he took them to the schoolmaster's house. Just as he arrived at the door he saw the two little boys who had been setting the trap, and with some alarm he asked them if they had caught any birds. They answered in the negative; and the boy, his heart beating with joy, gained admittance into the schoolmaster's presence. In a few words he told how he had seen the boys setting the trap, and how he had caught the birds to bring them as a present to the master.

"A present, my good boy!" cried the schoolmaster; "you do not look as if you could afford to make presents. Tell me your price, and I will pay it to you, and thank you besides."

"I would rather give them to you, sir, if you please," said the boy.

The schoolmaster looked at the boy as he stood before him, with bare head and feet, and ragged trowsers that reached only half way down his naked legs. "You are a very singular boy!" said he; "but if you will not take money, you must tell me what I can do for you; as I cannot accept your present without doing something for it in return. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" said the boy, trembling with delight; "you can do for me what I should like better than anything else."

“What is that?” asked the schoolmaster, smiling.

“Teach me to read,” cried the boy, falling on his knees; “oh, dear, kind sir, teach me to read.”

The schoolmaster complied. The boy came to him at all his leisure hours, and learnt so rapidly, that the schoolmaster recommended him to a nobleman residing in the neighbourhood. This gentleman, who was as noble in his mind as in his birth, patronised the poor boy, and sent him to school at Ratisbon. The boy profited by his opportunities, and when he rose, as he soon did, to wealth and honors, he adopted two fieldfares as his arms.

“What do you mean?” cried the bishop’s friend.

“I mean,” returned the bishop, with a smile, “that the poor boy was MYSELF.”



VALUE OF TIME.—The difference of rising every morning at six and eight, in the course of forty years amounts to upwards of 29,000 hours, or three years, one hundred and twenty-six days, six hours; so that it is just the same as if ten years of life were to be added, of which we might command eight hours every day for the cultivation of our minds or the despatch of business.

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

Andy walked out of the room with an air of supreme triumph, having laid the letters on the table, and left the squire staring after him in perfect amazement.

‘Well, by the powers! that’s the most extraordinary genius I ever came across,’ was the soliloquy the master uttered as the servant closed the door after him; and the squire broke the seal of the letter that Andy’s blundering had so long delayed. It was from his law-agent, on the subject of an expected election in the county which would occur in case of the demise of the sitting member; it ran thus:

‘DUBLIN, *Thursday.*’

‘*My Dear Squire,*—I am making all possible exertions to have every and the earliest information on the subject of the election. I

say the election,—because, though the seat for the county is not yet vacant, it is impossible but that it must soon be so. Any other man than the present member must have died long ago; but Sir Timothy Trimmer has been so undecided all his life that he cannot at present make up his mind to die; and it is only by Death himself giving the casting vote that the question can be decided. The writ for the vacant county is expected to arrive by every mail, and in the mean time I am on the alert for information. You know we are sure of the barony of Ballysloughguttery, and the boys of Killanmaul will murder any one that dares to give a vote against you. We are sure of Knockdoughty also, and the very pigs in Glanamuck would return you; but I must put you on your guard in one point where you least expected to be betrayed. You told me you were sure of Neck-or-nothing Hall; but I can tell you you're out there; for the master of the aforesaid is working heaven, earth, ocean, and all the little fishes, in the other interest; for he is so over head and ears in debt, that he is looking out for a pension, and hopes to get one by giving his interest to the Honorable Sackville Scatterbrain, who sits for the borough of Old Gooseberry at present, but whose friends think his talents are worthy of a county. If Sack wins, Neck-or-nothing gets a pension,—that's *poz*. I had it from the best authority. I lodge at a milliner's here:—no matter; more when I see you. But don't be afraid; we'll bag Sack, and distance Neck-or-nothing. But seriously speaking, it's too good a joke that O'Grady should use you in this manner, who have been so kind to him in money matters: but as the old song says, 'Poverty parts good company;' and he is so cursed poor that he can't afford to know you any longer, now, that you have lent him all the money you had and the pension *in prospectu* is too much for his feelings. I'll be down with you again as soon as I can, for I hate the diabolical town as I do poison. They altered Stephen's Green—*ruined* it, I should say. They have taken away the big ditch that was round it, where I used to hunt water-rats when a boy. They are destroying the place with their d—d improvements. All the dogs are well, I hope, and my favourite bitch. Remember me to Mrs Egan, Whom all admire.

My dear squire,  
Yours per quire.  
MURTOUGH MURPHY.

‘TO EDWARD EGAN, ESQ., *Merryvale.*’

Murtough Murphy was a great character, as may be guessed from his letter. He was a country attorney of good practice;—good because he could not help it,—for he was a clever, ready-witted fellow, up to all sorts of trap, and one in whose hands a cause was very safe; therefore he had plenty of clients without his seeking them. He kept good horses, was on every race-ground within twenty miles, and a steeple-chase was no steeple-chase without him. Then he betted freely, and, what’s more, won his bets very generally; but no one found fault with him for that, and he took your money with such a good grace, and mostly gave you a *bon-mot* in exchange for it,—so that, next to winning the money yourself, you were glad it was won by Murtough Murphy.

The squire read his letter two or three times, and made his comments as he proceeded. ‘Working heaven and earth to—ha—So, that’s the work O’Grady’s at—that’s old friendship,—foul—foul; and after all the money I lent him too;—I’ll be down on him if he plays false;—not that I’d like that much either.’ The squire threw down the letter, and then his eye caught the other two that Andy had purloined.

‘More of that stupid blackguard’s work!—robbing the mail—no less!—that fellow will be hanged some time or other. Egad, maybe they’ll hang him for this! What’s best to be done?—Maybe it will be the safest way to see who they are for, and send them to the parties, and request they will say nothing: that’s it.’

The squire here took up the letters that lay before him, to read their superscriptions; and the first he turned over was directed to Gustavus Granby O’Grady, Esq., Neck-or-nothing Hall, Knockbotherum. This was what is called a curious coincidence. Just as he had been reading all about O’Grady’s intended treachery to him, here was a letter to that individual, and with the Dublin post-mark too, and a very grand seal.

The squire examined the arms, and, though not versed in the mysteries of heraldry, he thought he remembered enough of most of the arms he had seen to say that this armorial bearing was a strange one to him. He turned the letter over and over again, and looked at it, back and front, with an expression in his face that said, as plain as countenance could speak, ‘I’d give a trifle to know what is inside of this.’ He looked at the seal again: ‘Here’s a—goose, I think it is, sitting in a bowl, with cross bars on it, and a spoon in its mouth; like the fellow that owns it, maybe. A goose with a silver spoon in its mouth! Well, here’s the gable-end of a house, and a bird sitting

on the top of it. Could it be Sparrow? There's a fellow called Sparrow, an under-secretary at the castle. D—n it! I wish I knew what it's about.'

The squire threw down the letter as he said, 'D—n it,' but took it up again in a few seconds, and catching it edgewise between his fore-finger and thumb, gave a gentle pressure that made the letter gape at its extremities, and then, exercising that sidelong glance which is peculiar to postmasters, waiting-maids, and magpies who inspect marrow-bones, peeped into the interior of the epistle, saying to himself as he did so, 'All's fair in war, and why not in electioneering.' His face, which was screwed up to the scrutinizing pucker, gradually lengthened as he caught some words that were on the last turn-over of the sheet, and so could be read thoroughly, and his brow darkened into the deepest frown as he scanned these lines: 'As you very properly and pungently remark, poor Egan is a spoon—a mere spoon.' 'Am I a spoon you rascal!' said the squire, tearing the letter into pieces and throwing it into the fire. 'And so, *Misther* O'Grady, you say I'm a spoon!' and the blood of the Egans rose as the head of that pugnacious family strode up and down the room: 'I'll spoon you, my buck—I'll settle your hash! maybe I'm a spoon you'll sup sorrow with yet!'

Here he took up the poker, and made a very angry lunge at the fire that did not want stirring, and there he beheld the letter blazing merrily away. He dropped the poker as if he had caught it by the hot end, as he exclaimed, "What the d—l shall I do? I've burnt the letter!" This threw the Squire into a fit of what he was wont to call his 'considering cap;' and he sat with his feet on the fender for some minutes, occasionally muttering to himself what he began with—'What the d—l shall I do? It's all owing to that infernal Andy—I'll murder that fellow some time or other. If he hadn't brought it, I shouldn't have seen it—to be sure, if I hadn't looked; but then the temptation—a saint couldn't have withstood it. Confound it! what a stupid trick to burn it. Another here, too—must burn that as well, and say nothing about either of them;' and he took up the second letter, and, merely looking at the address, threw it into the fire. He then rang the bell, and desired Andy to be sent to him. As soon as that ingenious individual made his appearance, the squire desired him with peculiar emphasis to shut the door, and then opened upon him with,

'You unfortunate rascal!'

'Yis, your honor.'

'Do you know that you might be hanged for what you did to-day?'

'What did I do, sir?'



‘You robbed the post-office.’

‘How did I rob it, sir?’

‘You took two letters you had no right to.’

‘It’s no robbery for a man to get the worth of his money.’

‘Will you hold your tongue, you stupid villain! I am not joking: you absolutely might be hanged for robbing the post-office.’

‘Sure I didn’t know there was any harm in what I done; and for that matter, sure, if they’re sitch wonderful value, can’t I go back again wid ’em?’

‘No, you thief; I hope you have not said a word to any one about it.’

‘Not the sign of a word passed my lips about it.’

‘You’re sure?’

‘Sartin.’

‘Take care, then, that you never open your mouth to mortal about it, or you’ll be hanged, as sure as your name is Andy Rooney.’

‘Oh, at that rate I never will. But maybe your honor thinks I ought to be hanged?’

‘No,—because you did not intend to do a wrong thing; but only I have pity on you, I could hang you to-morrow for what you’ve done.’

‘Thank you, sir.’

‘I’ve burnt the letters, so no one can know anything about the business unless you tell on yourself: so remember,—not a word.’

‘Faith, I’ll be as dumb as the dumb baste.’

‘Go, now; and, once for all, remember you’ll be hanged so sure as you ever mention one word about this affair.’

Andy made a bow and a scrape, and left the squire, who hoped the secret was safe. He then took a rumination walk around the pleasure-grounds, revolving plans of retaliation upon his false friend O’Grady; and having determined to put the most severe and sudden measure of the law in force against him for the moneys in which he was indebted to him, he only awaited the arrival of Murtough Murphy from Dublin to execute his vengeance. Having settled this in his own mind, he became more contented, and said, with a self-satisfied nod of the head, ‘We’ll see who’s the spoon.’

In a few days Murtough Murphy returned from Dublin, and to Merryvale he immediately proceeded. The squire opened to him directly his intention of commencing hostile law proceedings against O'Grady, and asked what most summary measure could be put in practice against him.

'Oh! various, various, my dear squire,' said Murphy; 'but I don't see any great use in doing so *yet*,—he has not openly avowed himself.'

'But does he not intend to coalesce with the other party.'

'I believe so;—that is, if he's to get the pension.'

'Well, and that's as good as done, you know; for if they want him, the pension is easily managed.'

'I'm not so sure of that.'

'Why, they're as plenty as black-berries.'

'Very true; but, you see, Lord Gobblestown swallows all the pensions for his own family; and there are a great many complaints in the market against him for plucking that blackberry-bush very bare indeed; and unless Sack Scatterbrain has swingeing interest, the pension may not be such an easy thing.'

'But still O'Grady has shown himself not my friend.'

'My dear squire, don't be so hot: he has not shown himself yet——'

'Well, but he means it.'

'My dear squire, you oughtn't to jump a conclusion like a twelve foot drain or a five-bar gate.'

'Well, he's a blackguard.'

'No denying it; and therefore keep him on your side, if you can, or he'll be a troublesome customer on the other.'

'I'll keep no terms with him;—I'll slap at him directly. What can you do that's wickedest?—latitat, capias—fee-faw-fum, or whatever you call it?'

'Hollo! squire, you're overrunning your game: maybe, after all, he *won't* join the Scatterbrains, and——'

'I tell you it's no matter; he intended doing it, and that's all the same. I'll slap at him,—I'll blister him!'

Murtough Murphy wondered at this blind fury of the squire, who, being a good-humored and good-natured fellow in general, puzzled the attorney

the more by his present manifest malignity against O'Grady. But *he* had not seen the turn-over of the letter; he had not seen 'spoon,'—the real and secret cause of the 'war to the knife' spirit which was kindled in the squire's breast.

'Of course you can do what you please; but, if you'd take a friend's advice——'

'I tell you I'll blister him.'

'He certainly *bled* you very freely.'

'I'll blister him, I tell you, and that smart. Lose no time, Murphy, my boy; let loose the dogs of law on him, and harass him till he'd wish the d—I had him.'

'Just as you like; but——'

'I'll have it my own way, I tell you; so say no more.'

'I'll commence against him at once, then, as you wish it; but it's no use, for you know very well that it will be impossible to serve him.'

'Let me alone for that! I'll be bound I'll find fellows to get the inside of him.'

'Why, his house is barricaded like a jail, and he has dogs enough to bait all the bulls in the country.'

'No matter; just send me the blister for him, and I'll engage I'll stick it on him.'

[To be continued.]

THE  
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AND

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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 every 5 Years, 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

---

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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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 TABLE.		WHOLE PREMIUM.	
	<i>Half Premium.</i>		<i>Whole Premium.</i>	
	First 5 Years.	After 5 Years.	First 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.

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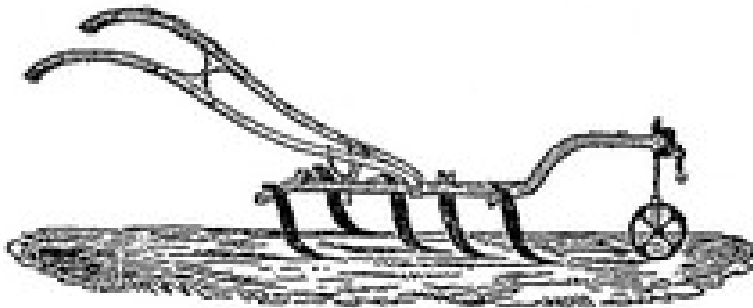
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Montreal, July, 1849.



## 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. 3 of 11* edited by R. W. Kelly]