

THE
GASPE' MAGAZINE,

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

Vol 1. November, 1849. No 4.

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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 Phoenix 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.

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.

Trunks for Sale.

Several excellent brass mounted leather trunks for sale, apply at this office.

New Carlisle, July, 1849.

THE GASPE' MAGAZINE,

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:

Vol. 1.

NOVEMBER.

No. 4.

POETRY.

ANGELS' WHISPER.

BY S. LOVER, ESQ.

A baby was sleeping,
Its mother was weeping,
For her husband was far on the wide raging sea,
And the tempest was swelling
'Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, 'Dermot darling, oh! come back to me!'

Her beads while she number'd,
The baby still slumber'd,
And smiled in her face as she bended her knee:
'Oh! bless'd be that warning,
My child, thy sleep adorning,
For I know that the angels are whispering to thee.

'And while they are keeping
Bright watch o'er thy sleeping,
Oh! pray to them softly, my baby, with me—
And say thou wouldst rather
They'd watch o'er thy father,
For I know that the angels are whispering with thee.'

The dawn of the morning
Saw Dermot returning,
And the wife wept with joy her babe's father to see;
And closely caressing
Her child, with a blessing,
Said, 'I knew that the angels were whispering with thee.'

LITERATURE.

The Iron Shroud.

Gladly would he have clung even to this possibility, if his heart would have let him; but he felt a dreadful assurance of its fallacy. And what matchless inhumanity it was to doom the sufferer to such lingering torments

—to lead him day by day to so appalling a death, unsupported by the consolations of religion, unvisited by any human being, abandoned to himself, deserted of all, and denied even the sad privilege of knowing that his cruel destiny would awaken pity! Alone he was to perish!—alone he was to wait a slow coming torture, whose most exquisite pangs would be inflicted by that very solitude and that tardy coming!

‘It is not death I fear,’ he exclaimed, ‘but the death I must prepare for! Methinks, too, I could meet even that—all horrible and revolting as it is—if it might overtake me now. But where shall I find fortitude to tarry till it come? How can I outlive the three long days and nights I have to live? There is no power within me to bid the hideous spectre hence—none to make it familiar to my thoughts; or myself, patient of its errand. My thoughts, rather, will flee from me, and I grow mad in looking at it. Oh! for a deep sleep to fall upon me! That so, in death’s likeness, I might embrace death itself, and drink no more of the cup that is presented to me, than my fainting spirit has already tasted!’

In the midst of these lamentations, Vivenzio noticed that his accustomed meal, with the pitcher of water, had been conveyed, as before, into his dungeon. But this circumstance no longer excited his surprise. His mind was overwhelmed with others of a far greater magnitude. It suggested, however, a feeble hope of deliverance; and there is no hope so feeble as not to yield some support to a heart bending under despair. He resolved to watch during the ensuing night for the signs he had before observed; and should he again feel that gentle, tremulous motion of the floor, or the current of air, to seize that moment for giving audible expression to his misery. Some person must be near him, and within reach of his voice, at the instant when his food was supplied; some one, perhaps, susceptible of pity. Or, if not, to be told even that his apprehensions were just, and that his fate *was* to be what he foreboded, would he preferable to a suspense which hung upon the possibility of his worst fears being visionary.

The night came: and as the hour approached when Vivenzio imagined he might expect the signs, he stood fixed and silent as a statue. He feared to breathe, almost, lest he might lose any sound which would warn him of their coming. While thus listening, with every faculty of mind and body strained to an agony of attention, it occurred to him he should be more sensible of the motion, probably, if he stretched himself along the iron floor. He accordingly laid himself softly down, and had not been long in that position when—yes—he was certain of it—the floor moved under him! He sprang up, and in a voice suffocated nearly with emotion, called aloud. He paused—the motion

ceased—he felt no stream of air—all was hushed—no voice answered to his—he burst into tears; and as he sunk on the ground, in renewed anguish, exclaimed, ‘Oh, my God! my God! You alone have power to save me now, or strengthen me for the trial you permit.’

Another morning dawned upon the wretched captive, and the fatal index of his doom met his eyes. Two windows!—and *two* days—and all would be over! Fresh food—fresh water! The mysterious visit had been paid, though he had implored it in vain. But how awfully was his prayer answered in what he now saw! The roof of the dungeon was within a foot of his head. The two ends were so near, that in six paces he trod the space between them. Vivenzio shuddered as he gazed, and as his steps traversed the narrowed area. But his feelings no longer vented themselves in frantic wailings. With folded arms, and clenched teeth, with eyes that were bloodshot from much watching, and fixed with a vacant glare upon the ground, with a hard quick breathing, and a hurried walk, he strode backwards and forwards in silent musing for several hours. What mind shall conceive, what tongue utter, or what pen describe the dark and terrible character of his thoughts? Like the fate that moulded them, they had no similitude in the wide range of this world’s agony for man. Suddenly he stopped, and his eyes were riveted upon that part of the wall which was over his heel of straw. Words are inscribed there! A human language traced by a human hand! He rushes towards them; but his blood freezes as he reads:

‘I Ludovico Sforza, tempted by the gold of the Prince of Tolfi, spent three years in contriving and executing this accursed triumph of my art. When it was completed, the perfidious Tolfi, more devil than man, who conducted me hither one morning, to be witness, as he said, of its perfection, doomed *me* to be the first victim of my own pernicious skill; lest, as he declared, I should divulge the secret, or repeat the effort of my ingenuity. May God pardon him, as I hope he will me, that ministered to his unhallowed purpose! Miserable wretch, who’er thou art, that readest these lines, fall on thy knees, and invoke, as I have done, His sustaining mercy who alone can nerve thee to meet the vengeance of Tolfi, armed with his tremendous engine which in a few hours must crush *you*, as it will the needy wretch who made it.’

A deep groan burst from Vivenzio. He stood, like one transfixed, with dilated eyes, expanded nostrils, and quivering lips, gazing at this fatal inscription. It was as if a voice from the sepulchre had sounded in his ears ‘Prepare!’ Hope forsook him. There was his sentence, recorded in those dismal words. The future stood unveiled before him, ghastly and appalling.

His brain already feels the descending horror,—his bones seem to crack and crumble in the mighty grasp of the iron walls! Unknowing what it is he does, he fumbles in his garment for some weapon of self-destruction. He clenched his throat in his convulsive grip, as though he would strangle himself, at once. He stares upon the walls, and his warring spirit demands, ‘Will they not anticipate their office if I dash my head against them?’ An hysterical laugh chokes him as he exclaims, ‘Why should I? He was but a man who died first in their fierce embrace; and I should be less than man not to do as much!’

The evening sun was descending, and Vivenzio beheld its golden beams streaming through one of the windows. What a thrill of joy shot through his soul at the sight! It was a precious link that united him, for the moment, with the world beyond. There was ecstasy in the thought. As he gazed, long and earnestly, it seemed as if the windows had lowered sufficiently for him to reach them. With one bound he was beneath them—with one wild spring he clung to the bars. Whether it was so contrived, purposely to madden with delight the wretch who looked, he knew not; but, at the extremity of a long vista, cut through the solid rocks, the ocean, the sky, the setting sun, olive groves, shady walks, and, in the farthest distance, delicious glimpses of magnificent Sicily, burst upon his sight. How exquisite was the cool breeze as it swept across his cheek, loaded with fragrance! He inhaled it as though it were the breath of continued life. And there was a freshness in the landscape, and in the rippling of the calm green sea, that fell upon his withering heart like dew upon the parched earth. How he gazed, and panted, and still clung to his hold! sometimes hanging by one hand, sometimes by the other, and then, grasping the bars with both, as loath to quit the smiling paradise outstretched before him; till exhausted, and his hands swollen and benumbed, he dropped, helpless down, and lay stunned for a considerable time by the fall.

When he recovered, the glorious vision had vanished. He was in darkness. He doubted whether it was not a dream that had passed before his sleeping fancy; but gradually his scattered thoughts returned, and with them came remembrance. Yes! he had looked, once again upon the gorgeous splendour of nature! Once again his eyes had trembled beneath their veiled lids, at the sun’s radiance, and sought repose in the soft verdure of the olive-tree, or the gentle swell of undulating waves. Oh, that he were a mariner, exposed upon those waves to the worst fury of storm and tempest; or a very wretch, loathsome with disease, plague-stricken, and his body one leprous contagion from crown to sole, hunted forth to gasp out the remnant of

infectious life beneath those verdant trees, so he might shun the destiny upon whose edge he tottered!

Vain thoughts like these would steal over his mind from time to time, in spite of himself; but they, scarcely moved it from that stupor into which it had sunk, and which kept him during the whole night like one who had been drugged with opium. He was equally insensible to the calls of hunger and of thirst, though the third day was now commencing since even a drop of water had passed his lips. He remained on the ground, sometimes sitting, sometimes lying; at intervals, sleeping heavily; and when not sleeping, silently brooding over what was to come, or talking aloud, in disordered speech, of his wrongs, of his friends, of his home, and of those he loved, with a confused mingling of all.

In this pitiable condition, the sixth and last morning dawned upon Vivenzio, if dawn it could be called—the dim, obscure light which faintly struggled through the ONE SOLITARY window of his dungeon. He could hardly be said to notice the melancholy token. And yet he did notice it; for as he raised his eyes and saw the portentous sign, there was a slight convulsive distortion of his countenance. But what did attract his notice, and at the sight of which his agitation was excessive, was the change his iron bed had undergone. It was a bed no longer. It stood before him, the visible semblance of a funeral couch or bier! When he beheld this, he started from the ground; and, in raising himself, suddenly struck his head against the roof, which was now so low that he could no longer stand upright. ‘God’s will be done!’ was all he said, as he crouched his body, and placed his hand upon the bier; for such it was. The iron bedstead had been so contrived, by the mechanical art of Ludovico Sforza, that as the advancing walls came in contact with its head and feet, a pressure was, produced upon concealed springs, which, when made to play, set in motion a very simple though ingeniously contrived machinery, that effected the transformation. The object was, of course, to heighten, in the closing scene of this horrible drama, all the feelings of despair and anguish which the preceding ones had aroused. For the same reason, the last window was so made as to admit only a shadowy kind of gloom rather than light, that the wretched captive might be surrounded, as it were, with every seeming preparation for approaching death.

Vivenzio seated himself on his bier. Then he knelt and prayed fervently; and sometimes tears would gush from him. The air seemed thick, and he breathed with difficulty; or it might be that he fancied it was so, from the hot and narrow limits of his dungeon, which were now so diminished that he could neither stand up nor lie down at his full length. But his wasted spirits

and oppressed mind no longer struggled within him. He was past hope, and fear shook him no more. Happy if thus revenge had struck its final blow; for he would have fallen beneath it almost unconscious of a pang. But such a lethargy of the soul, after such an excitement of its fiercest passions, had entered into the diabolical calculations of Tolfi; and the fell artificer of his designs had imagined a counteracting device.

The tolling of an enormous bell struck upon the ears of Vivenzio! He started. It beat but once. The sound was so close and stunning, that it seemed to shatter his very brain, while it echoed through the rocky passages like reverberating peals of thunder. This was followed by a sudden crash of the roof and walls, as if they were about to fall upon and close around him at once. Vivenzio screamed, and instinctively spread forth his arms, as though he had a giant's strength to hold them back. They had moved nearer to him, and were now motionless. Vivenzio looked up, and saw the roof almost touching his head, even as he sat cowering beneath it; and he felt that a farther contraction of but a few inches only must commence the frightful operation. Housed as he had been, he now gasped for breath. His body shook violently—he was bent nearly double. His hands rested upon either wall, and his feet were drawn under him to avoid the pressure in front. Thus he remained for more than an hour, when that deafening bell beat again, and again there came the crash of horrid death. But the concussion was now so great that it struck Vivenzio down. As he lay gathered up in lessened bulk, the bell beat loud and frequent—crash succeeded crash—and on, and on, and on came the mysterious engine of death, till Vivenzio's smothered groans were heard no more! He was horribly crushed by the ponderous roof and collapsing sides—and the flattened bier was his *Iron Shroud*.



A few words may encourage the benevolent passions, and may dispose people to live in peace and happiness; a few words, may set them at variance, and may lead to misery.

*On the Importance of a Public Declaration of the Reasons of
Decisions in Courts of Justice.*

While a cause is pending, I admit that all publications, and all the little arts of popularity, tending to raise the prejudices or to inflame the passions, are highly improper, and ought not to be permitted. But, after the decision of a cause, the freedom of inquiry into the conduct and opinions of the judges is

one of the noblest and best securities that human invention can contrive for the faithful administration of justice.

It is for this very purpose that it has been established in this country, that judges shall give their opinions and decisions publicly; an admirable institution, which does honor to Britain, and gives it a superiority in this respect over most of the other countries in Europe.

Laws may recommend or enforce due administration of justice; but these laws are of little avail, when compared with the superior efficacy of the restraint which arises from the judgment of the public, exercised upon the conduct and opinions of the judges.

It would be extremely fatal to the liberties of this nation, and to that inestimable blessing, the faithful distribution of justice, if this restraint upon judges were removed or improperly checked.

The public has a right, and ought to be satisfied with regard to the conduct, ability and integrity of their judges. It is from these sources alone that genuine respect and authority can be derived; and an endeavour to make these the appendages of office, independent of the personal character and conduct of the judge, is an attempt which, in this free and enlightened country, most probably never will succeed.

This freedom of inquiry is not only essential to the interests of the community, but every judge, conscious of intending and acting honorably, ought to promote and rejoice in the exercise of it. It is a poor spirit indeed that can rest satisfied with authority and external regard derived from office alone. The judge who is possessed of proper elevation of mind will, both for his own sake and that of his country, rejoice that his fellow-citizens have an opportunity of satisfying themselves with regard to his conduct, and of distinguishing judges who deserve well of the public from those who are unworthy. He will adopt the sentiment of the old Roman, who, conscious of no thoughts or actions unfit for public view, expressed a wish for windows in his breast, that all mankind might perceive what was passing there.

If these considerations are of any force for establishing the justness of the principle, the only objection I can foresee against this freedom of inquiry is, that it may happen sometimes to be improperly exercised.

This is an objection equally applicable to the greatest blessings enjoyed by mankind, whether from nature or from civil institutions. It is no real objection to health or civil liberty, that both of them have been, and are, extremely likely to be abused.

When the freedom of inquiry now contended for happens to be improperly used, it will be found that the mischief carries along with it its own remedy. The most valuable part of mankind are soon disgusted with unmerited or indecent attacks made either upon judges or individuals; the person capable of such unworthy conduct loses his aim; the unjust or illiberal invective returns upon himself, to his own disgrace; and the judge whose conduct has been misrepresented, instead of suffering in the public opinion, will acquire additional credit from the palpable injustice of the attack made upon him.—*Penny Magazine*.



Lying to Children.—The Rev. Robert Hall had so great an aversion to every species of falsehood and evasion, that he sometimes expressed himself very strongly on the subject. The following is an instance, stated in his life by Dr. Gregory: Once, while he was spending an evening at the house of a friend, a lady who was there on a visit, retired, that her little girl of four years old might go to bed. She returned in about half an hour, and said to a lady near her, ‘She is gone to sleep; I put on my night-cap and lay down by her and she soon dropped off.’ Mr. Hall, who overheard this said, ‘Excuse me, madam: do you wish your child to grow up a liar?’ ‘Oh dear, no, sir; I should be shocked at such a thing,’ ‘Then bear with me while I say, you must never act a lie before her: children are very quick observers, and soon learn that that which assumes to be what it is not, is a lie, whether acted or spoken.’ This was uttered with a kindness which precluded offence, yet with a seriousness that could not be forgotten.

Fecundity of Plants.

The rapidity with which individual species have the power of multiplying their numbers, both in the animal and vegetable world, is well worthy of observation.

Our attention has been more forcibly attracted to this subject by reading the following fact in an Irish newspaper:—“During the past season a single grain of potato oats, on the lands of the Rev. Mr. Mills, Ballywillan, near Coleraine, produced thirty-two stalks, all growing from the same root, and containing in all nearly 5,000 grains of corn.”

If each of these 5,000 grains were, in the ensuing year, to be endued with the same power of fecundity as their parent seed, 25,000,000 grains would

be produced; and these multiplying once again in the same ratio, would yield a harvest of oats which would amount to nearly 30,000 quarters.

But, though this be a remarkable instance of fruitfulness, there are cases on record which afford still greater evidence of the prolific properties of the grain-bearing plants. Of these, several examples are to be found in the volume on 'Vegetable Substances used for the Food of Man.' We select the following quotation from Sir Kenelm Digby, who asserted, in 1660, that 'there was in the possession of the fathers of the Christian doctrine, at Paris, a plant of barley which they at that time kept as a curiosity, and which consisted of 249 stalks, springing from one root or grain, and in which they counted above 18,000 grains or seeds of barley.'

In the same volume there is another well authenticated fact relative to the power of increase residing in wheat.

The result, however, was in this instance obtained by careful cultivation. As the plant tillered or sent up stalks, it was divided and subdivided, till at length the original root was multiplied into 500 plants, each of which produced more than forty ears. 'The wheat, when separated from the straw, weighed forty-seven pounds and seven ounces, and measured three pecks and three quarters, the estimated number of grains being 576,840.'

The seeds of many kinds of vegetables are so numerous that, if the whole produce of a single plant were put into the earth, and again this second produce were made to yield a harvest, and so on, in a very few years the entire surface of the earth would be too limited for the sowing of the seed thus abundantly supplied. The hyoscyamus, or henbane, which, of all known plants, produces the greatest number of seeds, would for this purpose require no more than four years. According to some experiments, the hyoscyamus produces more than 50,000 seeds; but assuming the number to be only 10,000, the seeds would amount, at the fourth crop, to 10,000,000,000,000,000, and as the quantity of solid land on the surface of the globe is calculated to be about 1,400,350,599,014,400 square feet, it follows that each square foot must contain seven plants, and therefore the whole earth would be insufficient to contain the produce of a single hyoscyamus at the end of the fourth year.—*Penny Mag.*



A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

‘Very well, squire; you shall have the blister as soon as it can be got ready. I’ll tell you whenever you may send over to me for it, and your messenger shall have it hot and warm for him. Good-by squire!’

‘Good-by, Murphy!—loose no time.’

‘In the twinkling of a bed-post. Are you going to Tom Durfy’s steeple-chase?’

‘I’m not sure.’

‘I’ve a bet on it. Did you see the Widow Flanagan lately? You didn’t? They say Tom’s pushing it strong there. The widow has money, you know, and Tom does it all for the love o’ God; for you know, squire, there are two things God hates,—a coward and a poor man. Now, Tom’s no coward; and, to make sure of the love o’ God on the other score, he’s making up to the widow; and, as he’s a slashing fellow, she’s nothing loath, and, for fear of any one cutting him out, Tom keeps as sharp a look-out after her as she does after him. He’s fierce on it, and looks pistols at any one that attempts putting his *comether* on the widow, while she looks ‘as soon as you plaze,’ as plain as an optical lecture can enlighten the heart of man: in short, Tom’s all ram’s horns and the widow all sheep’s eyes. Good-by, squire!’ And Murtough put spurs to his horse and cantered down the avenue, whistling the last popular tune.

Andy was sent over to Murtough Murphy’s for the law process at the appointed, time; and, as he had to pass through the village, Mrs. Egan desired him to call at the apothecary’s for some medicine that was prescribed for one of the children.

‘What’ll I ax for, ma’am?’

‘I’d be sorry to trust to you, Andy, for remembering. Here’s the prescription; take great care of it, and Mr. M’Garry will give you something to bring back; and mind, if it’s a powder,—’

‘Is it gunpowdher, ma’am?’

‘No—you stupid—will you listen—I say, if it’s a powder, don’t let it get wet as you did the sugar the other day.’

‘No ma’am.’

‘And if it’s a bottle, don’t break it as you did the last.’

‘No, ma’am.’

‘And make haste.’

‘Yis ma’am,’ and off went Andy.

In going through the village he forgot to leave the prescription at the apothecary’s, and pushed on for the attorney’s: there he saw Murtough Murphy, who handed him the law process, enclosed in a cover, with a note to the squire.

‘Have you been doing anything very clever lately, Andy?’ said Murtough.

‘I don’t know, sir,’ said Andy.

‘Did you shoot any one with soda-water since I saw you last?’

Andy grinned.

‘Did you kill any more dogs lately, Andy?’

‘Faix, you’re too hard on me, sir: sure I never killed but one dog, and that was an accident——’

‘An accident!—Curse your impudence, you thief! Do you think, if you killed one of the pack on purpose, we wouldn’t cut the very heart out of you with our hunting-whips?’

‘Faith, I wouldn’t doubt you, sir: but, sure, how could I help that divil of a mare runnin’ away wid me, and thramplin’ the dogs?’

‘Why didn’t you hold her, you thief?’

‘Hould her, indeed!—you just might as well expect to stop fire among flax as that one.’

‘Well, be off with you now, Andy, and take care of what I gave you for the squire.’

‘Oh, never fear, sir,’ said Andy, as he turned his horse’s head homeward. He stopped at the apothecary’s in the village to execute his commission for the ‘misthis.’ On telling the son of Galen that he wanted some physic ‘for one o’ the childre up at the big house,’ the dispenser of the healing art asked *what* physic he wanted.

‘Faith, I dunna what physic.’

‘What’s the matter with the child?’

‘He’s sick, sir.’

‘I suppose so, indeed, or you wouldn’t be sent for medicine. You’re always making some blunder. You come here, and don’t know what

description of medicine is wanted.'

'Don't I?' said Andy, with a great air.

'No, you don't, you omadhaun?' said the apothecary.

Andy fumbled in his pockets, and could not lay hold of the paper his mistress intrusted him with until he had emptied them thoroughly of their contents upon the counter of the shop; and then taking the prescription from the collection, he said 'So you tell me I don't know the description of the physic I'm to get. Now, you see your out; for *that's* the *description*.' And he slapped the counter impressively with his hand, as he threw down the recipe before the apothecary.

While the medicine was in the course of preparation for Andy, he commenced restoring to his pockets the various parcels he had taken from them in hunting for the recipe. It happened that he had laid them down beside some articles that were compounded, and sealed up for going out, on the apothecary's counter; and as the law process which Andy had received from Murtough Murphy chanced to resemble in form another enclosure that lay beside it, containing a blister, Andy, under the influence of his peculiar genius, popped the blister into his pocket instead of the packet which had been confided to him by the attorney, and having obtained the necessary medicine from M'Garry, rode home with great self-complacency that he had not forgot to do a single thing that had been intrusted to him. 'I'm all right this time,' said Andy to himself.

Scarcely had he left the apothecary's shop when another messenger alighted at its door, and asked 'if Squire O'Grady's things *was* ready?'

'There they are,' said the innocent M'Garry, pointing to the bottles, boxes, and *blister*, he had made up and set aside, little dreaming that the blister had been exchanged for a law process: and Squire O'Grady's own messenger popped into his pocket the legal instrument, that it was as much as any seven men's lives were worth to bring within gun-shot of Neck-or-nothing Hall.

Home he went, and the sound of the old gate creaking on its hinges at the entrance to the avenue awoke the deep-mouthed dogs around the house, who rushed infuriate to the spot to devour the unholy intruder on the peace and privacy of the patrician O'Grady; but they recognised the old gray hack and his rider, and quietly wagged their tails and trotted back, and licked their lips at the thoughts of the bailiff they had hoped to eat. The door of Neck-or-nothing Hall was carefully unbarred and unchained, and the nurse-tender was handed the parcel from the apothecary's, and re-ascended to the sick-

room with slipped foot as quietly as she could; for the renowned O'Grady was, according to her account, 'as cross as two sticks;' and she protested, furthermore, 'that her heart was gray with him.'

Whenever O'Grady was in a bad humor, he had a strange fashion of catching at some word that either he himself, or those with whom he spoke, had uttered, and after often repeating it, or rather mumbling it over in his mouth as if he were chewing it, off he started into a canter of ridiculous rhymes to the aforesaid word, and sometimes one of these rhymes would suggest a new idea, or some strange association, which had the oddest effect possible; and to increase the absurdity, the jingle was gone through with as much solemnity as if he were indulging in a deep and interesting revery, so that it was difficult to listen without laughing, which might prove a serious matter, when O'Grady was in one of his *tantarums*, as his wife used to call them.

Mrs. O'Grady was near the bed of the sick man as the nurse-tender entered.

'Here's the things for your honor now,' said she, in her most soothing tone.

'I wish the d—I had you and them!' said O'Grady.

'Gusty, dear!' said his wife. (She might have said stormy instead of gusty.)

'Oh! they'll do you good, your honor,' said the nurse-tender, courtesying, and uncorking bottles, and opening a pill-box.

O'Grady made a face at the pill-box, and repeated the word 'pills,' several times, with an expression of extreme disgust—'Pills—pills—kills—wills—ay—make your wills—make them—take them—shake them. When taken—to be well shaken—show me that bottle.'

The nurse-tender handed a vial, which O'Grady shook violently.

'Curse them all,' said the squire. 'A pretty thing to have a gentleman's body made a perfect sink, for these blackguard doctors and apothecaries to pour their dirty drugs into—faugh!—drugs—mugs—jugs'—he shook the vial again and looked through it.

'Isn't it nice and pink, darlin'?' said the nurse-tender.

'Pink!'—said O'Grady, eyeing her askance, as if he could have eaten her. 'Pink—you old besom—pink——' he uncorked the vial and put it to his

nose. ‘Pink—phew!’ and he repeated a rhyme to pink which would not look well in print.

‘Now, sir, dear, there’s a little blister just to go on your chest—if you plaze—’

‘A *what!*’

‘A warm plastrer, dear.’

‘A *blister* you said, you old *devil!*’

‘Well, sure, it’s something to relieve you.’

The squire gave a deep growl, and his wife put in the usual appeal of ‘Gusty, dear!’

‘Hold your tongue, will you? how would *you* like it? I wish you had it on your——’

‘’Deed-an-deed, dear,—’ said the nurse-tender.

‘By the ’ternal war! if you say another word, I’ll throw the jug at you!’

‘And there’s a nice dhrop o’ gruel I have on the fire for you,’ said the nurse, pretending not to mind the rising anger of the squire, as she stirred the gruel with one hand, while with the other she marked herself with the sign of the cross and said in a mumbling manner, ‘God presarve us! he’s the most cantankerous Christian I ever kem across!’

‘Show me that infernal thing!’ said the squire.

‘What thing, dear?’

‘You know well enough, you old hag!—that blackguard blister!’

‘Here it is, dear. Now, just open the *brust* o’ your shirt, and let me put it an you.’

‘Give it into my hand here, and let me see it.’

‘Sartainly, sir;—but I think, if you’d let me just——’

‘Give it to me, I tell you!’ said the squire in a tone so fierce that the nurse paused in her unfolding of the packet, and handed it with fear and trembling to the already indignant O’Grady. But it is only imagination can figure the outrageous fury of the squire, when, on opening the envelope with his own hand, he beheld the law process before him. There, in the heart of his castle, with his bars, and bolts, and bull-dogs, and blunderbusses around

him, he was served—absolutely served, and he had no doubt the nurse-tender was bribed to betray him.

A roar and a jump up in bed, first startled his wife into terror, and put the nurse on the defensive,

‘You infernal old strap!’ shouted he, as he clutched up a handful of bottles on the table near him and flung them at the nurse, who was near the fire at the time; and she whipped the pot of gruel from the grate, and converted it into a means of defence against the vial-pelting storm.

Mrs. O’Grady rolled herself up in the bed-curtains, while the nurse screeched ‘murther!’ and at last, when O’Grady saw that bottles were of no avail, he scrambled out of bed, shouting, ‘Where’s my blunderbuss!’ and the nurse-tender, while he endeavoured to get it down from the rack, where it was suspended over the mantel-piece, bolted out of the door, which she locked on the outside, and ran to the most remote corner of the house for shelter.

In the mean time, how fared it at Merryvale? Andy returned with his parcel for the squire, and his note from Murrough Murphy, which ran thus:

‘MY DEAR SQUIRE,—I send you the blister for O’Grady, as you insist on it; but I think you won’t find it easy to serve him with it.

‘Your obedient and obliged,
‘MURTOUGH MURPHY.’

To Edward Egan, Esq., Merryvale,’

The squire opened the cover, and when he saw a real instead of a figurative blister, grew crimson with rage. He could not speak for some minutes, his indignation was so excessive. ‘So!’ said he, at last, ‘Mr. Murrough Murphy—you think to cut your jokes with me, do you? By all that’s sacred! I’ll cut such a joke on you with the biggest horsewhip I can find that you’ll remember it. “*Dear squire, I send you the blister.*” Bad luck to your impudence! Wait till awhile ago—that’s all. By this and that, you’ll get such a blistering from me that all the spermaceti in M’Garry’s shop won’t cure you.’

[To be continued.]



In my younger days I visited the capital of Ireland, in company with a friend, named Walsingham—a youth of rare talents, superior acquirements, and generous disposition. We had been associates from infancy; our parents had been on terms of friendship prior to our birth; the same preceptors had superintended our education; and, to crown all, a similarity of pursuits, in riper years, served to bind us more closely together. For my own part, I cherished for Walsingham a regard nothing short of fraternal—a regard which I calculated on his one day claiming as his right, in consequence of an alliance eagerly sought for by him, and anticipated with pleasure by all concerned; and, on his side, it seemed the study of his life to prove the sincerity and strength of his affection for me and mine.

Our motives for visiting Ireland, at the period I allude to, were simply those of curiosity. Both had a passion for roaming, in order to gratify which, we had penetrated into the most retired fastnesses of the Scottish Highlands—had visited the barren rocks of Zetland and Orkney—and, latterly, nearly the whole of the Hebrides, from one of which (Islay) we ran across in a fishing skiff to the Irish shore, and after a due examination of the wonders of the Giant's Causeway, proceeded on to Dublin, with the intention of concluding our protracted excursion by a survey of that metropolis.

Though we carried introductions to several families in Dublin, and, in consequence, had many pressing invitations to throw ourselves on private hospitality, we uniformly declined civilities that threatened to curtail our liberty. We had entered on the excursion, not for the purpose of hunting out good cheer and frivolous amusement, but to store our minds with information regarding the districts we traversed; therefore, any engagements militating against this pursuit were studiously avoided. True it is, that now and then an evening was devoted to a lively party; but the day was invariably spent in rambling round, or in examining objects worthy of observation within the metropolis. It was the indulgence of these prying, inquisitive habits, which eventually occasioned the misfortune I lament, and for ever interrupted my search after knowledge.

One day, on our way to the outskirts of the city, it chanced that we had to pass near to a church, remarkable, as we had been previously told, for the extensive vaults beneath it—most of which were appropriated for the reception of some of the noblest families in the realm. The doors of the edifice stood open, inviting us to enter; and a short consultation with the sexton, whom we encountered in the porch, induced us to accept the invitation. The entrance into the vaults was at that moment unobstructed, the remains of a person of note being to be laid within them on the ensuing day;

and, for a trifling gratuity, the porter of these dreary mansions agreed to let us behold them. Constitutionally gloomy, and looking upon every thing in nature with the eye of a moralist and a poet, Walsingham expressed delight at his acquiescence; but the triumph of the grave was to me always a painful sight, and I followed unwillingly, and with a faltering step.

As we had been led to expect, we found the vaults capacious, and, from their branching off into various compartments, more like the catacombs of a great city, than places reserved for the interment of a few families. A cold, damp air, sluggish and perceptibly unwholesome, saluted us on our entrance; and, sunk far below the surface of the ground, and remote from noisy streets, no sound disturbed the silence of the vaults, save ever and anon, when the crash of rotten boards and fleshless bones told that the noxious rat had taken up its abode among the coffins of the dead. The rat was a creature I instinctively detested; and the proximity of one of the species was of itself sufficient to unnerve me; it was no way surprising, therefore, that the pattering of multitudes, on the hollow-sounding shells that doubtless contained the food they subsisted on, created in my mind disgust towards the place. Walsingham, from feeling none of this intuitive horror, betrayed an evident unwillingness to give way to my entreaties, and depart with his curiosity ungratified; but, accustomed to acquiescence in whatever I proposed, he at length complied, and we speedily regained the world above, and the pure air of heaven. At parting, my companion put some brief questions to the sexton; but, exulting in my liberation, I gave no heed to a circumstance so trivial.

During the excursion, which this occurrence had induced us for a short space to procrastinate, Walsingham frequently reverted to the subject of the vaults—sometimes jesting with me on my pusillanimity in regard to vermin, at others moralizing over what he had recently beheld, in that sublime and eloquent strain of declamation for which he was remarkable. An accident I met with in the course of the day, however, changed the current of his thoughts. In scrambling over the rocks on the northern shore of the bay—to which we had directed our steps—I chanced to make an unlucky stumble, and so severely sprained my ankle, as to oblige us to conclude our ramble by a ride back to Dublin in a post-chaise.

On the ensuing day, my twisted joint continued to give me acute pain, and the swelling had increased so prodigiously as to preclude all attempts at exertion. A surgeon was called in to examine it; and inferring from his declaration that I had to calculate on close confinement for at least a week, I entreated Walsingham not to let me draw too largely on his good nature, but

to seek out of doors what amusement he listed, and only become my companion when he had nothing more interesting to occupy his time. After some demur, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and, in a cursory way, he mentioned that he would take a short saunter in the course of the morning. In a few minutes he got up, took his hat, and with an assurance that two hours would be the duration of his absence, departed. It was the last time I looked upon him in life.

The two hours passed—dinner was served—long left untasted, and at length eaten with reluctance, and petulant reflections on his want of punctuality. Tea and supper in like manner appeared, and vanished, without his partaking of either; and finally, towards midnight, I saw myself under the necessity of retiring, without having an opportunity of exchanging the friendly expressions with which we usually separated. Then, and not till then, did my heart misgive me, and a qualm of sickening apprehension pervade my frame. Dublin I knew to be a city noted for ruffian acts, and over-run with desperadoes given to robbery and the shedding of blood; in his solitary wanderings my friend might have encountered a foot-pad; that he would endeavour to repel force by force, I could securely calculate on; and of the consequences of such temerity I trembled to think. Be this as it might, however, I had no means of relieving my anxiety. My injured limb fettered me to my apartment; and no other procedure was left but to seek my pillow, supported by the hope that some juvenile frolic had tempted him to overstep the boundaries of prudence, and that on the morrow he would meet me at breakfast, ashamed of his indiscretion, but unharmed by either bludgeon or knife. Such was the mode of reasoning by which I sought to cheat my anxious mind, but it failed to secure me sound repose. All night I tossed restlessly on my bed—now racking my brain with vague suppositions, or listening breathless for the peal that was to announce his arrival; anon enduring, in broken sleep, all the misery inflicted by extravagant, and terrific dreams—those tormentors of the care-worn and sorrow-anticipating heart.

The morning arrived, but my friend arrived not with it; and though the light of day communicated a portion of hope for my sinking spirits, the anxiety I experienced continued of the most painful description. Holding myself as guilty of unpardonable negligence were I longer to hesitate in instituting enquiries regarding him, I wrote a few hurried lines to a gentleman who had been conspicuously attentive to us both, and in a short time had the satisfaction of seeing him appear, eager to assist me in whatever way we should think advisable. He strenuously recommended our immediate application to the police, at the same time volunteering to make it; and being

unable to hit on a preferable expedient, I thankfully assented, and he instantly set off on his mission.

Conscious that measures were in train to effect the restoration of my friend, I felt somewhat easier during the absence of my agent; but, the moment he reappeared, my apprehensions of something fatal having occurred returned with tenfold strength, for news of evil import sat depicted on his face. He had been to the head quarters of the police, and had made known his errand, but no elucidatory information had been tendered him in lieu; during the time he was unavoidably detained, however, a circumstance had taken place which promised to explain but too clearly the cause of Walsingham's mysterious disappearance. A man had come forward and given testimony that, in the course of the foregoing night, he had heard loud cries of murder proceeding from one of the bridges—that he had ventured as near to the spot as regard for his own safety warranted, and while lying in ambush, beheld a band of ruffians consign to the waters of the river the body of a man whom they had doubtless plundered and massacred. To me this tale carried conviction the moment I was made acquainted with it. I had no hesitation in acknowledging Walsingham as the unfortunate therein described; and tears of anguish coursed down my cheeks, as hope took flight for ever. My Irish acquaintance showed every desire to sympathize with and console me, but the task was beyond his power. The only circumstance that afforded any solace, was the assurance that the police would use every means to bring to condign punishment the authors of so barbarous a crime; and that no exertion would be spared to recover the body of the murdered man, and procure its identification. That painful office, I was aware, would devolve on me, as would the heart-breaking duty of communicating his untimely end to those who, like myself, were to forget his worth only when their hearts forgot to beat.

Several days full of wretchedness waned over; my sprain became sufficiently reduced to admit of my going abroad; but neither the murderers nor the murdered had, in the interim, been discovered, though the vigilance of the police had suffered no relaxation, and the river, in the immediate vicinity of the fatal bridge, had been several times trolled with grappling irons. At length I was given to understand that the body was found, and awaited my identification. It may easily be supposed that I required not a second summons to hurry off, in order to fulfil this the last duty, save one, I had to perform towards the departed. With knees knocking against each other, and tongue cleaving to the roof of my mouth, I approached the bier, on which lay the insensate remains. One of the attendants slowly rolled back the cloth that concealed them; and, with the resolute stare of desperation, I fixed

my eyes on the death-set features. With what sudden revulsion did the blood rush back to my heart when I beheld a countenance totally unknown, and so different from the mild and benignant lineaments of my friend, as to assure me, at a glance, that I was looking on a stranger! It was the corpse of a man of stout, athletic frame; his apparel, though soiled and torn, betokening the gentleman, and his mustachioed lip the profession he belonged to. The blow of a bludgeon had beaten in his skull, near to the left temple, and evidently proved the primary cause of his death, though the tattered state of his dress declared he had maintained a protracted struggle, for life. Who he was I left for others to discover. Grief had rendered me so selfish that I looked upon it as quite immaterial to me, whether he was the son of a lord or of a beggar, now that I had ascertained he was not the friend I bewailed. This conviction rekindled a spark of sickly hope within my breast; and in a state of mind impossible to describe, I hastened from the scene.

What was it that at such a moment directed my steps towards the identical church under which lay the vaults mentioned in the commencement of this narrative? Was it chance—an involuntary impulse, that acted as my guide? or did heaven, as a punishment for my want of due resignation, decree that I should be the wretched instrument of bringing to light the awful cause of my friend's mysterious disappearance? Be this as it may, almost unconscious of the way I had sauntered, I found myself perambulating under the walls of the cemetery within whose confines the church was situated. The chime of the clock, as it told an hour, at length roused me from the gloomy reverie in which I had been absorbed; and noticing that the gate, as on our former visit, stood a-jar, I mechanically turned into the inclosure. The sexton likewise, as before, was there, engaged in his mournful occupation; and the same undefinable impulse which had thus impelled me to invade this dreary realm, tempted me to address him. In the course of a few brief observations, I came to learn that Walsingham had a second time visited the vaults, and that on the day succeeding our first visit, and at the hour when they received the remains of the noble person for whom we had seen a receptacle preparing within their dark recesses. A pang struck to my heart as I listened; and it was not diminished by the narrator going on to say, that during the ceremony of inhumation, the mourners had been alarmed by finding that foul air of the most unwholesome nature had filled some of the cavities, and that in consequence of several of the more inquisitive having nearly suffered death by suffocation, the whole party had made a hurried retreat, and the door of entrance been forthwith shut. In a trembling voice, I enquired if he had noticed my friend subsequent to the event? but on this point he could not take upon himself to give a decided answer. He was too

much occupied at the moment—had too many things to attend to, to have time for remarking every strange face that surrounded him; but certain sure he was that he (Walsingham) must have left the vaults at the time the general flight took place; at all events, no man in his sober senses would have voluntarily permitted himself to be closed up in such a den, with the choak-damp as his enemy, and the noisome rats as his companions.

This mode of reasoning had rationality on its side, but it did not satisfy me, for suspicions of fearful import began to take possession of my mind. I recalled to recollection Walsingham's inquisitive disposition—the gloomy pleasure he professed to derive from meditating among the bones of the dead—and, above all, the intense hold these subterraneous repositories seemed to have taken of his thoughts. Nor did it escape me that nearly a week had elapsed since all access to or from the vaults had been cut off; and, consequently, that all earthly succour could prove of no avail to whomsoever they might inclose. But to remain longer in doubt was greater agony than to ascertain the truth at once; and, holding out a handful of silver, in a tone between entreaty and command, requested the sexton to give me admission into the sepulchres without delay. The man looked at the money—then at me—then at the money again—threw down his mattock, and pocketing the bribe with a self-satisfied grin, proceeded to gratify what he, doubtless, thought a very singular humour.

Now that the catastrophe of my tale approaches, the pen trembles in my feeble grasp; a cold shiver, such as the first breath from the charnel-house occasioned, creeps over me; and the smell of earth-worms and vermin seems to prevail throughout the chamber in which I write. In order to dissipate the perpetual darkness to which these subterraneous apartments were subjected, my conductor brought from his dwelling, to which he had been obliged to repair for the key, a lanthorn, containing a lighted candle; but the faint beam it shed barely seemed to display the grim features of the place. The galloping and pattering of many tiny feet, and the crash of rotten boards and mouldering bones, proclaimed the numerical strength of the legion of rats our entrance disturbed, and put to flight from their unholy carnival. All was gloom within; and the cadaverous blast that rushed forth as the door fell back, was of itself sufficient, at any other time, to have made me retreat in dismay; but now my friend was paramount in my thoughts, and elevating the lanthorn, which had been consigned to my charge, I strode resolutely into the vault. Suddenly my feet became entangled in what I at first considered to be a bundle of withered faggots, and thrown off my equilibrium by the interruption, I tottered, and sank down on one knee. In that moment, the light flashing from the lanthorn I carried, fell on, and allowed me to perceive that

I had stumbled over a human skeleton—as fresh and white as if the surgeon’s knife had but newly done scraping the bones, save that here and there, the green mildew of putrefaction displayed itself in unseemly blotches. A cry of horror escaped me as I gazed on the grinning teeth and empty sockets; and it was echoed by the sexton, as he pointed with astonishment to the hair that still remained on the but half-stripped skull. From the few words he made use of, I could infer that he conjectured some of the coffins had been wrenched open by the rats, and the corpse dragged out and devoured. To me this seemed a very improbable circumstance; but I was too much agitated by the terrible phantoms of my own imagination, to contradict a supposition I would gladly have embraced. In the end, he left me, in order to procure me more light, and assistance to replace the bones once more within the shell from which he fancied they had been torn.

My perturbation of mind, during his absence, is not to be described. As my tremulous hand, from time to time, caused beams from the lanthorn to waver, and play on the fleshless visage at my feet, fancy rioted in horrors; and I found it impossible to divest myself of the idea that the dark curling hair that still covered the scalp, bore a close resemblance to that which shaded the temples of Walsingham. I felt inexpressibly relieved when the trampling of feet and the flare of several torches announced the return of the sexton. A troop of gaping idlers followed him: but to these I gave no heed.

To look for the coffin which had been violated was our first object; but the search proved unsuccessful—no fractured shell was to be discovered; and eventually the general attention was directed to gathering up the bones of the unknown. In doing this, a shout of wonder escaped the whole party, when it was discovered that the tattered habiliments of a man half enveloped them; and this was repeated with many exclamations of amazement, when the sexton held up to view a gold watch he had found in the fob of the pantaloons, which though gnawed in every direction, still clung around the skeleton limbs. How did my every nerve quiver, and the sickness of death fasten on my heart, when I recognized it to be the identical watch worn by Walsingham on the day of our separation! It was a family piece, not to be mistaken, from having the arms of his house raised on the external case; and, shrieking like a madman, I proceeded to search for other proofs, till I gradually identified the remains of his pocket-book, the buttons of his coat, and in short, almost every shred that yet, adhered to the fleshless bones. What preternatural power supported me throughout this soul-harrowing scrutiny, I cannot take upon me to say, but when it concluded—when all the relics were raked together and fully displayed to my starting eyeballs, the icy

fingers of death seemed to crush my heart—I uttered a loud cry of despair, and sunk down into happy forgetfulness.

How or where the bones of my friend were consigned to the earth, I never dared trust myself to ask, for during the first month that succeeded their discovery, reason might be said to totter on her throne. The Irish gentleman who had been so attentive in the commencement of my afflictions, superintended their inhumation; and, farther than ascertaining that the thing was done, I sought to know no more. It was years before I could, with any degree of composure, speculate on the circumstances attendant on his death; and it need scarcely be said, that any additional light thrown upon an event so mysterious, was merely the offspring of conjecture. The most rational supposition was, that, while in one of the obscure recesses into which his curiosity would likely allure him, he had inhaled the pestilent atmosphere that reigned within them, suffered partial suffocation, and so been unable to make his escape with the crowd, when the panic became general. From this trance he had been roused either by the efforts of nature, or by the gnawing of the vermin that were on the watch to devour him, and so dragged himself to that door, which was closed between him and the world for ever. There he had died—in what manner the human mind revolts from ever supposing; and there did I, a miserable wretch, find his bones, stript by the teeth of disgusting vermin, and with the green mildew of the grave already beginning to corrode them.



IMAGINARY EVILS.

Imaginary evils soon become real ones by indulging our reflections on them; as he who in a melancholy fancy sees something like a face on the wall or the wainscot, can, by two or three slight touches with a lead-pencil, make it look visible, and agreeing with what he fancied.

The Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce*, Mr. Walsh, the late American Consul, sends to that paper the following extraordinary report of a traveller, who would seem to have obtained credit with the French savans:—

In a former letter, I mentioned to you that Col. DuCourret, who had already penetrated far into Africa, was about to set out on a new and extensive exploration of five years, under the special auspices of the French Government, and at the charge of the treasury. The Minister of Public Instruction asked of the Academy of Sciences some instructions for him, which were read at the sitting of the 20th instant. At the same time the

Colonel addressed to the Academy a notice of the race of the Ghilanes, inhabiting the interior of Africa, and renowned among its neighboring tribes as *caudated*, or having tails. The matter is so curious that I have caused to be translated for you what has been published about it, by one of the scientific reporters.

From the Scientific Report.

There exists a race of men who, according to the report of certain travellers, are originally of the kingdom of Gondor, or of others, who say they inhabit Soudan in the South, whose zoological characteristics are remarkable. They have a tail-like appendage, formed by the elongation of the vertebral column, and they are the last link in the human race. The slave merchants cannot dispose of them without great difficulty. The traits which distinguish them are hideous ugliness of face and figure, ungovernable tempers, and stolid intellects. Some of this race are to be found, also, in the Philippine Islands, but they were, doubtless, carried thither by the slave merchants. However this may be, when a Levantine is looking out for slaves in the East, he is always warned not to purchase one who has a tail; he is told —‘Of all slaves, this is the least profitable.’ This race of men is far behind that of which Fourier dreamed, and which was, some day, to become the type of manly beauty, morally and physically.

M. DuCourret, who was in Mecca, in the year 1842, saw an individual of the species we have just mentioned, and belonging he was told, to the breed of Ghilanes in the South. Though it be not the first time that we have heard the race of men spoken of, who are furnished with tails, nevertheless the fact is not sufficiently common to take away its interest. We will, therefore, enter somewhat in detail upon this strange organic manifestation. ‘I inhabited Mecca in 1842,’ says M. DuCourret, ‘and being often at the house of an Emir with whom I was intimate, I spoke to him of the Ghilane race, and told him how much the Europeans doubted of the existence of men with tails, that is to say, the vertebral column elongated externally. In order to convince me of the reality of the species, the Emir ordered before him one of his slaves called *Bellal*, who was about thirty year old, *who had a tail*, and who belonged to this tribe. On surveying this man I was thoroughly convinced. He speaks Arabic well, and appears rather intelligent. He told me that in his country, far beyond the Sennaar, which he had crossed, they spoke a different language; this, for want of practice, he had entirely forgotten; that of his compatriots, whom, he estimated at thirty or forty thousand, some worshipped the sun, the moon, or stars, others the serpent and the sources of an immense river, in which they immolated their victims (probably the

mouth of the Nile); that they ate with delight raw flesh, as bloody as possible, and that they loved human flesh above all things;—that, after their battles with the neighbouring tribes, they slaughtered and devoured their prisoners without distinction of age or sex, but that the women and children were preferable, the flesh being more delicate. This Ghilane had become a devout Mussulman and had lived 16 years in the Holy City.

‘The fondness, the necessity even, for raw flesh (it really was a want to him) did not fail to return upon him; and his master, therefore, by a precaution, never failed, when this fit was on him, to provide him with an enormous piece of raw mutton, which he consumed ravenously, before every body. This desire for raw flesh showed itself periodically; sometimes twice a week. Being asked why he did not try to correct such a habit, he answered with great frankness: ‘I have often tried to overcome this appetite, which I received from my father and mother. In my country, great and small, young and old, live in this manner, besides eating fish, fruits and vegetables. If my master neglected to supply this requirement of my nature, I am sure I could not resist the desire which possesses me of devouring something, and I should cause great sorrow by falling on some person too weak to contend with me, an infant, for example.’ Having asked him to allow me to see him naked (for I wished to sketch him), he resisted for a long time, but finally yielded. On receiving the promise of an entirely new dress, which I was to send him, he came privately to my house, where he took off the scanty shirt of coarse blue linen which he wore. I was thus enabled to contemplate him quite at my ease, and to paint his portrait without exposing him to the punishment which would have been inflicted upon him if he had been detected by his fanatical and superstitious master.’ The drawing made under these circumstances has been placed under the eyes of the Academy.

Here are some extracts from the description given by M. DuCourret, of the Ghilanes:—

‘The Ghilanes are a peculiar race of negroes which have a strong resemblance to the monkey: much smaller than the usual race—they are rarely more than five feet high. They are commonly ill-made; their bodies are lean, and seem weak; their arms long and slim; their hands and feet are longer and flatter than those of any other of the human species; their cheeks project, and their forehead is low and receding. Their ears are long and deformed; their eyes are small, black, piercing, and twinkle constantly; their noses are large and flat; their mouths wide, and furnished with teeth very sharp, strong, and of dazzling whiteness.

‘Their lips are full and thick; their hair curled, but not very woolly, not thick, and it remains short. But what particularly distinguishes them is the prolongation of the vertebral column.

‘This gives to each individual, male or female, a tail of two or three inches long.’

Finally, here is the portrait of Bellal, the name of the personage the author encountered at Mecca.

‘He was thin and dry, but nervous and strong. His skin was black-bronzed, soft to the touch, like velvet. His feet were long and flat; his arms and legs appeared feeble, but well supplied with muscles. His ribs could easily be counted. His face was repulsively ugly. His mouth was enormous; his lips thick, his teeth strong, sharp, and very white; his nose broad and flat; his forehead low and very receding, his hair not very woolly nor thick, but nevertheless curly.

‘He had no beard, and his body was not hairy. He was very active and handy. His height was about five feet. His tail was more than *three inches long*, and almost as flexible as that of a monkey. His disposition, setting aside the oddity of his tastes and habits, was good, and his fidelity above all praise.



Was I Right, or was I not?

Was I right or was I not?
Tell me girls, and tell me true;
You I mean who've husbands got,
Was I wrong to do so too?

No—I'm sure to die a maid
Ne'er was meant to be my lot;
Hymen called, and I obeyed:
Was I right, or was I not?

When the Youth that pleased my mind
Told his love in language sweet,
Could I see him, fond and kind,
Sigh and languish at my feet?

No, no, no, it was in vain—
Frown and threats were quite forgot;
Soon at church I eased his pain—
Was I right, or was I not?

This I know—a single life
Never was designed for me;
No, no, no, 'tis naught but strife,
That you surely could agree.

Girls, get married—that's your plan—
Cupid will assist the plot:
Then, like me, secure your man:
Was I right or was I not?



Modes of Punishment in Different Nations.

Among the ancient Persians, criminals convicted of high treason, were condemned to have their right hand struck off, and to be decapitated, and they who had terminated the life of a fellow creature by poison, were squeezed to death between two stones. But the most severe punishment, was that of fastening a culprit in such a manner between two boats, that, though his head, hands and feet were uncovered, he was not able to move. His face

was exposed to the sun, and smeared with honey, which invited innumerable swarms of wasps and flies to torment him; the worms which bred in his excrements preyed upon his entrails; and that his excruciating agonies might be prolonged, he was obliged to take food.

When a Hottentot is adjudged to death the Captain of the kraal before whom he was tried, after a momentary silence, flies at the prisoner, and by a blow on the head with his *kirri*, levels him with the ground; the others of the kraal then do the same, until the criminal expires; when the corpse is rolled up, wrapped in its *kross*, and buried.

In China, if a son presumes to strike or deride his parent, the Emperor himself sentences the prisoner to be cut in ten thousand pieces, and afterwards burnt. His lands and tenements are to be destroyed, and even the houses that stood contiguous to his habitation are to be razed to the ground.

In Java, criminals under sentence of death, are sometimes obliged to fight with tigers. In such cases the tiger, who has for a long time been kept fasting, falls upon the man with the greatest fury, and generally strikes him down at once; should the man be fortunate enough to avoid this and to wound the animal, the Emperor commands him to attack the tiger, when the man is generally the victim; but should he ultimately succeed in killing his antagonist he is not free from death.

In Abyssinia, as soon as a prisoner is condemned, the sentence is immediately put in execution. One capital punishment here is the cross. Starving to death is chiefly inflicted on strangers for supposed heresy. Plucking out the eyes and afterwards abandoning the object to starve in the valley, is generally inflicted upon the rebels. The bodies of criminals are usually left for a prey to the wild beasts.



There is an art in making a man happy which very few understand. It is not always by putting the hand into the pocket that we remove afflictions; there must be something more—there must be advice, and labour, and activity—we must bestir ourselves, leave our arm-chairs, throw off our slippers, and go abroad, if we would effectually serve our fellow-creatures. We must give our time, our tongue, and our presence, as well as our money; we must comfort them in their sorrows, counsel them in their affairs; stand between them and oppression; intercede, where intercession is needful; persuade, where persuasion can be of avail, and lend them the authority of our countenance. The doing of all this revives that spring of action which

misfortune is apt to enfeeble; and without which no man can permanently prosper; it creates in the object of our bounty that confidence and emulation which produces the happiest consequences. When to this active and effectual benevolence the more prompt efficacy of money is added, how great and how lasting may not the good be.

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AND

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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 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.

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 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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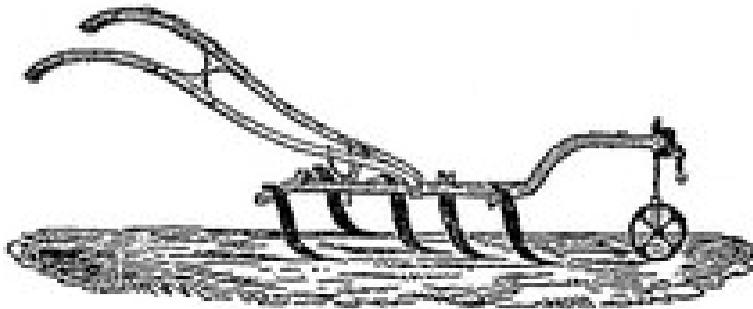
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Montreal, July, 1849.

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 *Gaspe Magazine, and Instructive Miscellany Vol. 4 of 11* edited by R. W. Kelly]