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AND
INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

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NEW CARLISLE:

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POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR.

A year—another year—has fled!
Here let me rest a while.
As they who stand around the dead,
And watch the funeral pile;
This year, whose breath has passed away,
Once thrilled with life, with hope was gay!

But, close as wave is urged on wave,
Age after age sweeps by;
And this is all the gift we have,
To look around—and die!
'Twere vain to dream we shall not bend,
Where all are hast'ning to an end.

What, this new-waking year, may rise,
As yet, is hid from me;
'Tis well, a veil, which mocks our eyes,
Spreads o'er the days to be;—
Such foresight who, on earth, would crave,
Where knowledge is not power to save!

It may be dark,—a rising storm,
To blast with lightning wing,
The bliss which cheers, the joys that warm!
It may be doomed to bring
The wish that I have reared as mine,
A victim to an early shrine!

But—be it fair or dark—my breast
Its hope will not forego;
Hope's rainbow never shines so blest
As on the clouds of woe;
And, seen with her phosphoric light,
Even afflictions's waves look bright!

But I must steer my bark of life
Towards a deathless land;
Nor need it fear the seas of strife,

May it but reach the strand.
Where all is peace, and angels come,
To take the outworn wanderer home!

LITERATURE.

THE MAID OF THE INN.

In the village of Darmstadt, in Saxony, was the well known inn of the Golden Fleece. This inn had long been kept by a veteran, who had retired from the service of the Elector with a pension, named Andrew Risborough; his family consisted of a daughter, an only child, named Mary, who had been brought up in the family of a Saxon nobleman, and attended upon an elderly woman of rank, who left her upon her death a few valuable remembrances, consisting of jewels and some plate. Mary joined her little fortune to her father's pension, and by this filial contribution the Golden Fleece was purchased, and the trade of the house carried on.

Darmstadt is in the high road of Dresden: almost every traveller stopped at the inn, and was so well pleased with his entertainment, that he never failed to recommend the Golden Fleece to his friends. The military were constantly marching upon this road, and Andrew's house was the favourite post of refreshment and conviviality. Mary, at the age of eighteen, was extremely pretty, very neat in her person, active, good-humoured, and obliging. She was at once mistress and barmaid; with the help of a servant, she did all the business of the house, and Andrew was called upon for little exertion, but to carry in the first dish of the dinner, and recommend the wine by drinking the first glass.

Mary had many suitors; she was known, moreover, to have some small fortune, besides being mistress of the Golden Fleece, and heiress of Andrew. For twenty miles round Darmstadt, Mary was the toast of the young and old; and the "Maid of the Inn" was a name almost as constantly repeated over the wine, as the names of the Elector and the Archduke Charles of Austria. Mary, though solicited by a train of suitors, many of whom spent almost all their money in the inn, for the sole purpose of winning her affections, had hitherto resisted them all; not that her heart was insensible and cold, but because it was the property of another,—of Frederic Zittaw, a young farmer in the forest of Darmstadt. Zittaw was not esteemed in the neighborhood; he was a singular, and, to all appearance, a mysterious man; his age did not

exceed thirty-five, but he would not confess himself so old; he had an erect carriage, was tall and bony, of a very dark complexion, piercing look, and a fine set of teeth. He was slow and hesitating in his speech, and did not often elevate his eyes.

Zittaw had been settled in the forest about five years; he had come, nobody knew from whence; all that the people could tell was, that he had purchased the lease of his farm at an auction, and had brought his stock from Bohemia. His farm was known not to be a very profitable concern, which proceeded in part from his inattention, and partly from the very high terms at which he rented it. His landlord was the baron of Darmstadt, a man who racked his tenants unmercifully: restrained them from all pleasures and rural enjoyments: put into severe execution the laws for protecting game, and was in every respect such a tyrant and a hunter, that the first Nimrod was a merciful and moderate man when compared to him.

Zittaw had the misfortune to offend the baron, by falling under the suspicion of killing a hare upon his domain; the fact, indeed, was not proved against him, or he might have been imprisoned, perhaps hanged; but he had incurred a violent suspicion, and received notice to deliver up his farm on the next rent day. Mary, though aware of her lover's situation, did not on that account hesitate to accept an offer of marriage which he had made her, and an invitation to accompany him to settle in his native country, Bohemia. There was one impediment only; it was Andrew Risbourgh. If there was one man whom Andrew disliked more than another, it was Zittaw! and there was no one who shared the bitter hatred of Zittaw to such a degree as Andrew Risbourgh. The honest man well knew of the attachment subsisting between Mary and Frederic, and had often warmly and passionately cautioned her against him. Mary loved her father tenderly, but her duty was languid when engaged against her affections; she doated on Zittaw to distraction; confided everything to him; believed him to be as innocent as herself; and resolved to comply with his wishes, however extravagant. Banishment from her native province, the desertion of a father whom she dearly loved, poverty and distress, were all evils too light to weigh in the same scale with affection for her lover.

After an interview one summer's evening in a paddock behind the Golden Fleece, Mary returned to her home silent, pensive, and disturbed. The house was full of guests, but Mary had lost her usual vivacity and officiousness; the bells rung,—the waiter was called,—the guest wondered, —Andrew was astonished,—but nothing could dispel the care and deep

reflection which seemed seated on her countenance. Andrew inquired the cause; Mary gave no answer.

When the house was cleared of visitors at the customary hour of night (for in Saxony all houses of entertainment must be closed at a fixed time), Mary retired to her chamber, where, instead of undressing, she began to adorn herself with more than usual gaiety. She took out a box in which she had preserved with great care all the remaining trinkets and jewels which the lady of rank, to whom we have alluded, had left her, and which were very valuable: she put on her necklace, earrings, and bracelets, and disposed of various pins, brooches, and smaller articles, within the thick ringlets of her hair; and then, dressing herself in virgin white, she sallied out of the Golden Fleece before day light, and long ere any person in the village was stirring. She bid adieu to her home with a melancholy serenity; she shed tears as she looked back upon the village, buried in sleep and tranquillity, but resolved to show her lover the strength of her affection, by the fortitude with which she resigned everything for his sake.

He met her at the appointed spot. The reason of this elopement is easily conjectured: Zittaw's rent-day had arrived, which was that likewise of his quitting his farm. He had made no provision, nor did he ever intend to pay his rent; but had secretly disposed of his stock, and sold everything valuable, leaving a naked possession for his landlord. Having determined to stay no longer in the neighborhood of Darmstadt, he had invited Mary to accompany him to his native province in Bohemia, where he had engaged to marry her; and with the assistance of what he himself had saved from the wreck of his farm, and the sale of Mary's valuable jewels, it was his proposal to purchase a good house of trade, and commence inn-keeper. Mary assented to the plan, and the present morning was fixed upon for the flight.

They were now upon the borders of the forest of Darmstadt, one of great extent, the feudal rights of which, the free warren, and all the paramount claims, belonged to the baron of Darmstadt. The sun had now risen, and the lovers walked forward with a brisk step. Mary told Zittaw how she had disposed of her trinkets about her person. "I have stuck the smaller ones in my hair, and I fear," said she, "they are so fixed in it, that I must cut it off to disengage them."

"We will think what is to be done by and by," said Zittaw.

Her lover walked so fast, that Mary could scarcely keep up with him, but she scorned to betray weariness. She was very silent, and plunged deep in thought during their journey through the forest. Sometimes, when she

addressed him, he answered her in a tone of coldness which chilled the poor girl's heart. She was both hurt and surprised; the tears started in her eyes; but she did not choose to complain. Her fondness suggested a thousand excuses for him, and her innocence was a stranger to suspicion. Their road now lay through an intricate path in the forest; and when they had reached the most sequestered spot, Zittaw proposed that they should sit upon a bank and eat their breakfast from a basket of provisions which he carried along with him. Mary consented. Their meal was just finished, when this execrable villain turned aside, and, drawing a long knife from his pocket, without saying a word, plunged it into her bosom. Mary gave him one look; it was her last; she sighed deeply, and breathed out her gentle soul without a groan or torture.

She was no sooner dead than Zittaw began to strip her of her jewels. The necklace and the bracelets were easily disengaged; but the trinkets which the poor girl had stuck in her hair (as she had said) fixed so fast in the thick locks and ringlets, that it was no easy task to extricate them.

Whilst coolly employed in his murderous rapine, he was alarmed at the report of a fowling-piece, the sound of which seemed to be near him. Delay was not to hazard both his spoil and his detection; without hesitation, therefore, he severed the head of Mary from the lifeless trunk, and wrapping it up, with the precious contents of the hair, in a thick handkerchief, he struck into another path of the forest, and ran forward with the utmost swiftness.

The blood had penetrated the handkerchief, and the road of the murderer could easily be traced by the drops of human gore which had fallen to the ground. In his alarm Zittaw was not aware of this circumstance. He had not left the spot in which he had committed the murder more than half an hour, when two men, whom he knew to be game-keepers in the forest, and servants of the baron of Darmstadt, jumped from a hedge into the road along which he was flying. He caught a glance of them as he looked backward, and his person was too remarkable not to be recognised; these men had been led by the sound of the fowling-piece, which alarmed Zittaw, into a pursuit of those whom they suspected to be poachers. Great rewards were offered for apprehending such offenders, and the game-keepers of the baron were unusually vigilant. They had no doubt but Zittaw was the man who had fired the gun; and the handkerchief, moreover, in his hand contained the game he had shot. The track of blood upon the ground, which they supposed proceeded from the animal he had secreted, confirmed their suspicion. They called on him to stop, but Zittaw, aware of his danger, increased his speed.

At length, when the game-keepers found that he had gained upon them, and that they were likely to be losers in the contest of swiftness, one of them (having warned Zittaw that he would shoot him if he did not surrender himself,) levelled his piece, and discharged it at the fugitive. Zittaw continued running, but was soon obliged to stop; he had received the shot in his leg, and was compelled to give up. The handkerchief, which he held fast, was soon wrested from his gripe: and what was their surprise when they discovered, instead of the game they expected, that its contents were a human head!

It is needless to pursue the narrative of this well authenticated fact and wonderful detection. By the traces of the blood, the game-keepers were conducted to the body of Mary. Zittaw's guilt was too manifest to be disowned; he confessed his crime, and, after a mere formal trial, expiated it upon the wheel.

He died, however, without penitence or remorse. Poor Andrew Risbourgh did not survive the fate of Mary many months, and the Golden Fleece sunk with him. It is now only remembered by the unfortunate tale attached to its former tenants.



A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

Andy was all ready, and followed his master and Dick with great pride, bearing the pistol-case, after them, to the ground, where Murphy and Tom Durfy were ready to receive them; and a great number of spectators were assembled; for the noise of the business had gone abroad, and the ground was in consequence crowded.

Tom Durfy had warned Murtough Murphy, who had no experience as a pistol-man, that the squire was a capital shot, and that his only chance was to fire as quickly as he could.—“Slap at him. Morty, my boy, the minute you get the word; and, if you don't hit him itself, it will prevent his dwelling on his aim.”

Tom Durfy and Dick the Devil soon settled the preliminaries of the ground and mode of firing; and twelve paces having been marked, both the seconds opened their pistol-cases and prepared to load. Andy was close to Dick all the time, kneeling beside the pistol-case, which lay on the sod; and, as Dick turned round to settle some other point on which Tom Durfy questioned him, Andy thought he might snatch the opportunity of giving his master "the chance" he suggested to his second.—"Sure, now, if Misther Dick wouldn't like to do it, that's no reason I wouldn't," said Andy to himself; "and, by the powers! I'll pop in a ball *unknownst* to him." And, sure enough, Andy contrived, while the seconds were engaged with each other, to put a ball into each pistol before the barrel was loaded with powder, so that when Dick took up his pistols to load, a bullet lay between the powder and the touch-hole. Now, this must have been discovered by Dick, had he been cool; but he and Tom Durfy had wrangled very much about the point they had been discussing, and Dick, at no time the quietest person in the world, was in such a rage that the pistols were loaded by him without noticing Andy's ingenious interference, and he handed a harmless weapon to his brother-in-law when he placed him on his ground.

The word was given. Murtough, following his friend's advice, fired instantly: bang he went, while the squire returned but a flash in the pan. He turned a look of reproach upon Dick, who took the pistol silently from him, and handed him the other, having carefully looked to the priming, after the accident which happened to the first.

Durfy handed his man another pistol also; and, before he left his side, said in a whisper, "Don't forget; have the first fire."

Again the word was given: Murphy blazed away a rapid harmless shot; for his hurry was the squire's safety, while Andy's murderous intentions were his salvation.

"D—n the pistol!" said the squire, throwing it down in a rage. Dick took it up with manifest indignation, and d—d the powder.

"Your powder's damp, Ned."

"No, it's not," said the squire; "it's you who have bungled the loading."

"Me!" said Dick the Devil, with a look of mingled rage and astonishment; "*I* bungle the loading of pistols!—*I*, that have stepped more ground and arranged more affairs than any man in the country!—Arrah, be aisy, Ned!"

Tom Durfy now interfered, and said, for the present it was no matter, as, on the part of his friend, he begged to express himself satisfied.

“But it’s very hard *we’re* not to have a shot,” said Dick, poking the touch-hole of the pistol with a pricker which he had just taken from the case which Andy was holding before him.

“Why, my dear Dick,” said Durfy, “as Murphy has had two shots, and the squire has not had the return of either, he declares he will not fire at him again: and, under these circumstances, I must take my man off the ground.”

“Very well,” said Dick, still poking the touch-hole, and examining the point of the pricker as he withdrew it.

“And now Murphy wants to know, since the affair is all over and his honor satisfied, what was your brother-in-law’s motive in assaulting him this morning, for he himself cannot conceive a cause for it.”

“Oh, be *aisy*, Tom.”

“’Pon my soul it’s true.”

“Why, he sent him a blister—a regular apothecary’s blister—instead of some law process, by way of a joke, and Ned wouldn’t stand it.”

Durfy held a moment’s conversation with Murphy, who now advanced to the squire, and begged to assure him there must be some mistake in the business, for that he had never committed the impertinence of which he was accused.

“All I know is,” said the squire, “that I got a blister, which my messenger said you gave him.”

“By virtue of my oath, squire, I never did it! I gave Andy an enclosure of the law process.”

“Then it’s some mistake that vagabond has made,” said the squire. “Come here, you sir!” he shouted to Andy, who was trembling under the angry eye of Dick the Devil, who, having detected a bit of lead on the point of the pricker, guessed in a moment Andy had been at work; and the unfortunate rascal had a misgiving that he had made some blunder, from the furious looks of Dick.

“Why don’t you come here when I call you?” said the squire. Andy laid down the pistol-case, and sneaked up to the squire. “What did you do with the letter Mr. Murphy gave you for me yesterday?”

“I brought it to your honor.”

“No, you didn’t,” said Murphy. “You have made some mistake.”

“Devil a mistake I made,” answered Andy, very stoutly; “I wint home the minit you gev it to me.”

“Did you go home direct from my house to the squire’s?”

“Yis, sir, I did: I wint direct home, and called at Mr. M’Garry’s by the way for some physick for the children.”

“That’s it!” said Murtough; “he changed my enclosure for a blister there; and if M’Garry has only had the luck to send the bit o’ parchment to O’Grady, it will be the best joke I’ve heard this month of Sundays.”

“He did! he did!” shouted Tom Durfy; “for don’t you remember how O’Grady was after M’Garry this morning?”

“Sure enough,” said Murtough, enjoying the double mistake. “By dad! Andy, you’ve made a mistake this time that I’ll forgive you.”

“By the powers o’ war!” roared Dick the Devil, “I won’t forgive him what he did now, though! What do you think?” said he, holding out the pistols, and growing crimson with rage: “may I never fire another shot if he hasn’t crammed a brace of bullets down the pistols before I loaded them: so, no wonder you burned prime, Ned.”

There was a universal laugh at Dick’s expense, whose pride in being considered the most accomplished regulator of the duello was well known.

“Oh, Dick, Dick! you’re a pretty second,” was shouted by all.

Dick, stung by the laughter, and feeling keenly the ridiculous position in which he was placed, made a rush at Andy, who, seeing the storm brewing, gradually sneaked away from the group, and when he perceived the sudden movement of Dick the Devil, took to his heels, with Dick after him.

“Hurra!” cried Murphy; “a race—a race! I’ll bet on Andy—five pounds on Andy.”

“Done!” said the squire; “I’ll back Dick the Devil.”

“Tare an’ ouns!” cried Murphy; “how Andy runs! Fear’s a fine spur.”

“So is rage,” said the squire. “Dick’s hot-foot after him. Will you double the bet?”

“Done!” said Murphy.

The infection of betting caught the by-standers, and various gages were thrown down and taken up upon the speed of the runners, who were getting rapidly into the distance, flying over hedge and ditch with surprising velocity, and, from the level nature of the ground, an extensive view could be obtained; therefore Tom Durfy, the steeple-chaser, cried, "Mount, mount! or we'll lose the fun: into our saddles, and after them!"

Those who had steeds took the hint, and a numerous field of horsemen joined in the chase of Handy Andy and Dick the Devil, who still maintained great speed. The horsemen made for a neighboring hill whence they could command a wider view; and the betting went on briskly, varying according to the vicissitudes of the race.

"Two to one on Dick—he's closing."

"Done!—Andy will wind him yet."

"Well done!—there's a leap! Hurra!—Dick's down! Well done, Dick!—up again, and going."

"Mind the next quickset hedge—that's a rasper: it's a wide gripe, and the hedge is as thick as a wall—Andy'll stick in it. Mind him!—Well leap'd, by the powers! Ha! he's sticking in the hedge—Dick'll catch him now.—No, by gingo! he has pushed his way through—there, he's going again at the other side. Ha! ha! ha! ha! look at him—he's in tatter's!—he has left half of his breeches in the hedge."

"Dick is over now. Hurra!—he has lost the skirt of his coat—Andy is gaining on him. Two to one on Andy!"

"Down he goes!" was shouted, as Andy's foot slipped in making a dash at another ditch, into which he went head over heels, and Dick followed fast, and disappeared after him.

"Ride! ride!" shouted Tom Durfy; and the horsemen put their spurs in the flanks of their steeds, and were soon up to the scene of action. There was Andy roaring murder, rolling over and over in the muddy bottom of a deep ditch, floundering in rank weeds and duck's meat, with Dick fastened on him, pummelling away most unmercifully, but not able to kill him altogether, for want of breath.

The horsemen, in a universal *screech* of laughter, dismounted, and disengaged the unfortunate Andy from the fangs of Dick the Devil, who was dragged from out of the ditch much more like a scavenger than a gentleman.

The moment Andy got loose, away he ran again, with a rattling “Tally ho!” after him, and he never cried stop till he earthed himself under his mother’s bed in the parent cabin.

Murtough Murphy characteristically remarked, that the affair of the day had taken a very whimsical turn:—“Here are you and I, Squire, who went out to shoot each other, safe and well, while one of the seconds has come off rather worse for the wear; and a poor devil, who has nothing to say to the matter in hand, good, bad, or indifferent, is nearly killed.”

The squire and Murtough then shook hands, and parted friends in half an hour after they had met as foes; and even Dick contrived to forget his annoyance in an extra stoup of claret that day after dinner,—filling more than one bumper in drinking *confusion* to Handy Andy, which seemed a rather unnecessary malediction.

When Andy ran to his mother’s cabin to escape from the fangs of Dick Dawson, there was no one within; his mother being digging a few potatoes for supper from the little ridge behind her house, and Oonah Riley, her niece,—an orphan girl who lived with her,—being up to Squire Egan’s to sell some eggs; for round the poorest cabins in Ireland you scarcely ever fail to see some ragged hens, whose eggs are never consumed by their proprietors, except, perhaps, on Easter Sunday, but sold to the neighboring gentry at a trifling price.

Andy cared not who was out or who was in, provided he could only escape from Dick; so, without asking any questions, he crawled under the wretched bed in the dark corner, where his mother and Oonah slept, and where the latter, through the blessed influence of health and youth and an innocent heart, had brighter dreams than attend many a couch whose downy pillows and silken hangings would more than purchase the fee-simple of any cabin in Ireland. There Andy, in a state of utter exhaustion from his fears, his race, and his thrashing, immediately fell asleep, and the terrors of Dick the Devil gave place to the blessing of the profoundest slumber.

Quite unconscious of the presence of her darling Andy was the widow Rooney, as she returned from the potato ridge into her cabin, depositing a *skeough* of the newly dug esculent at the door, and replacing the spade in its own corner of the cabin. At the same moment Oonah returned, after disposing of her eggs, and handed the threepence she had received for them to her aunt, who dropped them into the deep pocket of blue striped tick which hung at her side.

“Take the pail, Oonah, *ma chree*, and run to the well for some water to wash the pratees, while I get the pot ready for bilin’ them; it wants scowrin’, for the pig was atin’ his dinner out iv it, the craythur!”

Off went Oonah with her pail, which she soon filled from the clear spring; and placing the vessel on her head, walked back to the cabin with that beautifully erect form, free step, and graceful swaying of the figure, so peculiar to the women of Ireland and the East, from their habit of carrying weights upon the head. The potatoes were soon washed; and as they got their last dash of water in the *skeough*, whose open wicker-work let the moisture drain from them, up came Larry Hogan, who, being what is called “a civil-spoken man,” addressed Mrs. Rooney in the following agreeable manner:—

“Them’s purty pratees, Mrs. Rooney; God save you, ma’am!”

“Deed and they are, thank you kindly, Mr. Hogan; God save you and yours too! And how would the woman that owns you be?”

“Hearty, thank you.”

“Will you step in?”

“No—I’m obleeged to you—I must be aff home wid me; but I’ll just get a coal for my pipe, for it wint out on me awhile agone with the fright.”

“Well, I’ve heer’d quare thing, Larry Hogan;” said Oonah, laughing and showing her white teeth; “but I never heer’d so quare a thing as a pipe goin’ out with the fright.”

“Oh, how sharp you are!—takin’ one up afore they’re down.”

“Not afore they’re down, Larry, for you said it.”

“Well, if I was down, you were down *on* me, so you are down too, you see. Ha, ha! And afther all now, Oonah, a pipe is like a Christian in many ways:—sure it’s made o’ clay like a Christian, and has the spark o’ life in it, and while the breath is in it the spark is alive; but when the breath is out of it, the spark dies, and then it grows cowl’d like a Christian; and isn’t it a pleasant companion like a Christian?”

“Faix, some Christians isn’t pleasant companions at all!” chimed in Mrs. Rooney, sententiously.

“Well, but they ought to be,” said Larry; “and isn’t a pipe sometimes choked like a Christian?”

“Oh, choke you and your pipe together, Larry! will you never have done?” said the widow.

“The most improvinist thing in the world is smokin’,” said Larry, who had now relit his pipe, and squatted himself on a three-legged stool beside the widow’s fire. “The most improvinist thing in the world”—(paugh!)—and a parenthetical whiff of tobacco smoke curled out of the corner of Larry’s mouth—“is smokin’; for the smoke shows you, as it were, the life o’ man passin’ away like a puff.—(paugh!)—just like that; and the tibakky turns to ashes like his poor perishable body: for, as the song says,—

“Tibakky is an Indian weed,
Alive at morn, and dead at eve;
It lives but an hour,
Is cut down like a flower.

Think o’ this when you’re smoking tiba-akky!”

And Larry sung the ditty as he crammed some of the weed into the bowl of his pipe with his little finger.

“Why, you’re as good as a sarminit this evenin’, Larry,” said the widow, as she lifted the iron pot on the fire.

“There’s worse sarminits nor that, I can tell you,” rejoined Larry, who took up the old song again:—

“A pipe it larns us all this thing,—
’Tis fair without and foul within,
Just like the soul begrim’d with sin,
Think o’ this when you’re smoking tiba-akky!”

Larry puffed away silently for a few minutes, and when Oonah had placed a few sods of turf round the pot in an upright position, that the flame might curl upward round them, and so hasten the boiling, she drew a stool near the fire, and asked Larry to explain about the fright.

“Why, I was coming up by the cross road there, when what should I see but a ghost—”

“A ghost!!!” exclaimed the widow and Oonah, with suppressed voices and distended mouth and eyes.

“To all appearance,” said Larry; “but it was only a thing was stuck in the hedge to freken whoever was passin’ by; and as I kem up to it there was a groan, so I started, and looked at it for a minit, or thereaway; but I seen what

it was, and threw a stone at it, for fear I'd be mistaken; and I heer'd titttherin' inside the hedge, and then I knew 'twas only divilment of some one."

"And what was it?" asked Oonah.

"'Twas a horse's head in troth, with an old hat on the top of it, and two buck-briers stuck out at each side, and some rags hanging on them, and an owld breeches shakin' undher the head; 'twas just altogether like a long pale-faced man with high shoulders and no body, and very long arms and short legs:—faith, it frightened me at first."

"And no wonder," said Oonah. "Dear, but I think I'd lose my life if I seen the like!"

"But sure," said the widow, "wouldn't you know that ghosts never appears by day?"

"Ay, but I hadn't time to think o' that bein' taken short wid the fright,—more betoken, 'twas the place the murdher happened in long ago."

"Sure enough," said the widow. "God betune us and harm!" and she marked herself with the sign of the cross as she spoke:—"and a terrible murdher it was," added she.

"How was it?" inquired Oonah, drawing her seat closer to her aunt and Larry.

"'Twas a schoolmaster, dear, that was found dead on the road one mornin', with his head full of fractions," said the widow.

"All in jommethry," said Larry.

"And some said he fell from his horse," said the widow.

"And more say the horse fell on him," said Larry.

"And again, there was some said the horse kicked him in the head," said the widow.

"And there was talk of shoe-aside," said Larry.

"The horse's shoe, was it?" asked Oonah.

"No, *alanna*," said Larry; "shoe-aside is Latin for cutting your throat."

"But he didn't cut his throat," said the widow.

"But sure it's all one whether he done it wid a razhir on his throat or a hammer on his head; it's shoe-aside all the same."

"But there was no hammer found, was there?" said the widow.

“No,” said Larry. “But some people thought he might have hid the hammer afther he done it, to take off the disgrace of the shoe-aside.”

“But wasn’t there any life in him when he was found?”

“Not a taste. The crowner’s jury sot on him, and he never said a word agin it, and if he was alive he would.”

“And didn’t they find anything at all?” asked Oonah.

“Nothing but the vardick,” said Larry.

“And was that what killed him?” said Oonah.

“No, my dear; ’twas the crack in the head that killed him, however he kem by it; but the vardick o’ the crowner was, that it was done, and that some one did it, and that they wor blackguards, whoever they wor, and persons unknown; and sure if they wor unknown then they’d always stay so, for who’d know them afther doing the like?”

“True for you, Larry,” said the widow: “but what was that to the murdher over at the green hills beyant?”

“Oh! that was the terriblest murdher ever was in the place, or nigh it: that was the murdher in earnest!”

With that eagerness which always attends the relation of horrible stories, Larry and the old woman raked up every murder and robbery that had occurred within their recollection, while Oonah listened with mixed curiosity and fear. The boiling over of the pot at length recalled them to a sense of the business that ought to be attended to at the moment, and Larry was invited to take a share of the potatoes. This he declined; declaring, as he had done some time previously, that he must “be off home,” and to the door he went accordingly; but as the evening shades had closed into the darkness of night, he paused on opening it with a sensation he would not have liked to own. The fact was, that after the discussion of numerous nightly murders, he would rather have daylight on the outside of the cabin; for the horrid stories that had been revived round the blazing hearth were not the best preparation for going a lonely road on a dark night. But go he should, and go he did; and it is not improbable that the widow, from sympathy, had a notion why Larry paused upon the threshold; for the moment he had crossed it, and that they had exchanged their “Good night, and God speed you,” the door was rapidly closed and bolted. The widow returned to the fireside and was silent, while Oonah looked by the light of a candle into the boiling pot, to ascertain if the potatoes were yet done, and cast a fearful glance up the wide chimney as she withdrew from the inspection.

“I wish Larry did not tell us such horrid stories,” said she, as she laid the rushlight on the table; “I’ll be dhramin’ all night o’ them.”

“Deed an’ that’s true,” said the widow; “I wish he hadn’t.”

“Sure you was as bad yourself,” said Oonah.

“Troth, an’ I b’lieve I was child, and I’m sorry for it now; but let us ate our supper and go to bed in God’s name.”

“I’m afeared o’ my life to go to bed!” said Oonah. “Wisha! but I’d give the world it was mornin’.”

“Ate your supper, child, ate your supper,” said her aunt, giving the example, which was followed by Oonah; and after the light meal, their prayers were said, and perchance with a little extra devotion, from their peculiar state of mind; then to bed they went. The rushlight being extinguished, the only light remaining was that shed from the red embers of the decaying fire, which cast so uncertain a glimmer within the cabin, that its effect was almost worse than utter darkness to a timid person, for any object within its range assumed a form unlike its own, and presented some fantastic image to the eye; and as Oonah, contrary to her usual habit, could not fall asleep the moment she went to bed, she could not resist peering forth from under the bed-clothes through the uncertain gloom, in a painful state of watchfulness, which gradually relaxed into an uneasy sleep.

The night was about half spent when Andy began to awake; and as he stretched his arms and rolled his whole body round, he struck the bottom of the bed above him in the action, and woke his mother. “Dear me,” thought the widow, “I can’t sleep at all to-night.” Andy gave another turn soon after, which roused Oonah. She started, and shaking her aunt, asked her, in a low voice, if it was she who kicked her, though she scarcely hoped an answer in the affirmative, and yet dared not believe what her fears whispered.

“No, a *cushla*,” whispered the aunt.

“Did *you* feel anything?” asked Oonah, trembling violently.

“What do you mane, *alanna*?” said the aunt.

Andy gave another roll. “There it is again!” gasped Oonah; and in a whisper, scarcely above her breath, she added, “Aunt—there’s some one under the bed!”

The aunt did not answer; but the two women drew closer together and held each other in their arms, as if their proximity afforded protection. Thus they lay in breathless fear for some minutes, while Andy began to be

influenced by a vision, in which the duel, and the chase, and the thrashing, were all enacted over again, and soon an odd word began to escape from the dreamer: “Gi’ me the pist’l, Dick—the pist’l!”

“There are two of them!” whispered Oonah. “God be merciful to us!—Do you hear him asking for the pistol?”

“Screech!” said her aunt.

“I can’t,” said Oonah.

Andy was quiet for some time, while the women scarcely breathed.

“Suppose we get up, and make for the door?” said the aunt.

“I wouldn’t put my foot out of the bed for the world,” said Oonah. “I’m afeared one o’ them would catch me by the leg.”

“Howld him! howld him!” grumbled Andy.

“I’ll die with the fright, aunt. I feel I’m dyin’! Let us say our prayers, aunt, for we’re goin’ to be murdered!” The two women began to repeat, with fervor, their *aves* and *paternosters*, while at this immediate juncture, Andy’s dream having borne him to the dirty ditch where Dick Dawson had pummelled him, he began, to vociferate, “Murder! murder!” so fiercely that the women screamed together in an agony of terror, and “Murder! murder!” was shouted by the whole party; for once the widow and Oonah found their voices, they made good use of them. The noise awoke Andy, who had, be it remembered, a tolerably long sleep by this time; and he having quite forgotten where he had lain down, and finding himself confined by the bed above him, and smothering for want of air, with the fierce shouts of murder ringing in his ears, woke in as great a fright as the women in the bed, and became a party in the terror he himself had produced; every plunge he gave under the bed inflicted a poke or a kick on his mother or cousin, which was answered by the cry of “Murder!”

“Let me out! Let me out, Misther Dick!” roared Andy. “Where am I at all? Let me out!”

“Help, help! murdher!” roared the women.

“I’ll never shoot any one again, Misther Dick—let me up.”

Andy scrambled from under the bed, half awake, and whole frightened by the darkness and the noise, which was now increased by the barking of the cur-dog.

“High! at him, Coaly!” roared Mrs. Rooney; “howld him! howld him!”

Now as this address was often made to the cur respecting the pig, when Mrs. Rooney sometimes wanted a quiet moment in the day, and the pig didn't like quitting the premises, the dog ran to the corner of the cabin where the pig habitually lodged, and laid hold of his ear with the strongest testimonials of affection, which polite attention the pig acknowledged by a prolonged squealing, that drowned the women's voices and Andy's together; and now the cocks and hens that were roosting on the rafters of the cabin were startled by the din, and the crowing and cackling, and the flapping of the frightened fowls as they flew about in the dark, added to the general uproar and confusion.

"A—— h!" screamed Oonah, "take your hands off me!" as Andy, getting from under the bed, laid his hand upon it to assist him, and caught a grip of his cousin.

"Who are you at all?" cried Andy, making another claw, and catching hold of his mother's nose.

"Oonah, they're murdherin' me," shouted the widow.

The name of Oonah, and the voice of his mother, recalled his senses to Andy, who shouted "Mother, mother! what's the matter?" A frightened hen flew in his face, and nearly knocked Andy down. "Bad cess to you," cried Andy; "what do you hit me for?"

"Who are you, at all at all?" cried the widow.

"Don't you know me?" said Andy.

"No, I don't know you; by the vartue o' my oath, I don't; and I'll never swear again' you, jintlemen, if you lave the place and spare our lives!"

Here the hens flew against the dresser, and smash went the plates and dishes.

"Oh, jintlemen, dear, don't rack and ruin me that way; don't desthroy a lone woman!"

"Mother, mother, what's this at all? Don't you know your own Andy?"

"Is it you that's there?" cried the widow, catching hold of him.

"To be sure it's me," said Andy.

"You won't let us be murdhered, will you?"

"Who'd murdher you?"

“Them people that’s with you.” Smash went another plate. “Do you hear that? they’re rackin’ my place, the villians!”

“Divil a one ’s wid me at all!” said Andy.

“I’ll take my oath there was three or four under the bed,” said Oonah.

“Not one but myself,” said Andy.

“Are you sure?” said his mother.

“Cock sure!” said Andy; and a loud crowing gave evidence in favour of his assertion.

“The fowls is going mad,” said the widow.

“And the pig’s distracted,” said Oonah.

“No wonder; the dog’s murdherin’ him,” said Andy.

“Get up and light the rushlight, Oonah,” said the widow; “you’ll get a spark out o’ the turf cendhers.”

“Some o’ them will catch me, maybe!” said Oonah.

“Get up, I tell you,” said the widow.

Oonah now arose, and groped her way to the fire-place, where, by dint of blowing upon the embers, and poking the rushlight among the turf ashes, a light was at length obtained. She then returned to the bed, and threw her petticoat over her shoulders.

“What’s this at all?” said the widow, rising, and wrapping a blanket round her.

“Bad cess to the know I know?” said Andy.

“Look under the bed, Oonah,” said her aunt.

Oonah obeyed, and screamed, and ran behind Andy. “There’s another here yet!” said she.

Andy seized the poker, and standing on the defensive, desired the villain to come out: the demand was not complied with.

“There’s nobody there,” said Andy.

“I’ll take my oath there is,” said Oonah; “a dirty blackguard without any clothes on him.”

“Come out you robber!” said Andy, making a lunge under the truckle.

A grunt ensued, and out rushed the pig, who had escaped from the dog, the dog having discovered a greater attraction in some fat that was knocked from the dresser, which the widow intended for the dipping of rushes in; but the dog being enlightened to his own interest without rushlights, and preferring mutton fat to pig's ear, had suffered the grunter to go at large, while he was captivated by the fat. The clink of a three-legged stool the widow seized to the rescue, was a stronger argument against the dog than he was prepared to answer, and a remnant of fat was preserved from the rapacious Coaly.

"Where's the rest o' the robbers?" said Oonah: "there's three o' them, I know."

"You're dhramin'," said Andy. "Divil a robber is here but myself."

"And what brought you here?" said his mother.

"I was afeared they'd murdher me," said Andy.

"Murdher!" exclaimed the widow and Oonah together, still startled at the very sound of the word. "What do you mane?"

"Misther Dick," said Andy.

"Aunt, I tell you," said Oonah, "this is some more of Andy's blundhers. Sure Misther Dawson wouldn't be goin' to murdher any one; let us look round the cabin, and find out who's in it, for I won't be aisy until I look into every corner, to see there's no robbers in the place; for I tell you again, there was three o' them undher the bed."

The search was made, and the widow and Oonah at length satisfied that there were no midnight assassins there with long knives to cut their throats; and then they began to thank God that their lives were safe.

"But, oh! look at my chaynee;" said the widow, clapping her hands, and casting a look of despair at the shattered delf that lay scattered around her; "look at my chaynee!"

"And what *was* it brought *you* here?" said Oonah, facing round on Andy with a dangerous look, rather, in her bright eye. "Will you tell us that?—what *was* it?"

"I came to save my life, I tell you," said Andy.

"To put us in dhread of ours, you mane," said Oonah. "Just look at the *omadhawn*, there," said she to her aunt, "standin' there with his mouth open, just as if nothin' happened, and he afther frightenin' the lives of us."

“ ’Twas Mither Dick, I tell you,” said Andy.

“Bad scran to you, you unlooky hangin’ bone thief!” cried the widow, seizing him by the hair, and giving him a hearty cuff on the ear, which would have knocked him down, only that Oonah kept him up by an equally well applied box on the other.



The Highlandman’s Trial.

The appearance of the prisoner, on whom all eyes were now set, as he stood at the bar, was well calculated to increase the interest which many had felt for him from mere report. He seemed to be rather beyond fifty, stout and well formed, but of middle stature; he had the bold roving look and open eye of the free Gael; but the confinement which he had suffered, short as it had been, had already taken off a portion of that hardy hue which his face usually bore from the air of the mountains.

When the time drew near for asking him, according to the usual forms, his own verdict as to his guilt or innocence—the courts in these northern parts not being conducted with the dignity of ours in the south, several lawyers, and particularly that “loopy body,” Willie Caption, before-mentioned, got round him with various advices; and in particular urged him at least to let nothing come from his own mouth that might serve as an acknowledgment of the truth of the indictment.

“What for’ll she no tell the truth, and ban the lee,” he said, “when her ain neck is in jeopardy, and when the auld men wi’ the wigs hae come all the way frae Edinburgh to speer their speer? Joost let Duncan M’Naughton alane, an’ no trouble her wi’ ony bamboozlement, and she’ll answer for hersel’;”

“Prisoner, you have heard the indictment read,” said the judge; “are you guilty or not of the charges therein laid?”

“Does her lordship mean to speer if she’s done the deeds that the man read from the lang paper?”

His lordship signified his assent.

“It’s o’er true, my lord, saving the twa or three lees that’s here and there.”

“Prisoner, I have to caution you as to what answer you give to my question.”

“Is she no to speak the truth?”

“The law does not call upon any man to criminate himself.”

“What will the law have to do if it’s her lordship’s pleasure?”

“Be silent and hear the issue of the trial.”

“Oigh, her lordship doesna mean to hang her after all? God bless her auld wig?” and the simple Highlander leant himself carelessly back against the boards which enclosed the bar.

“Prisoner, it will be necessary for you to say guilty, or not guilty, to these allegations.”

“Say, not guilty,” whispered Caption the lawyer, speaking from behind.

“And what for wad she say that?”

“Because we’ll maybe get you off by the law.”

“Tam her law! If she’ll no got off without the law, she’ll ne’er try it, an’ she should swing on the ugly woodie yet. Haud her whisht about the law, an’ she’ll joost say a word to the auld man wi’ the tippet round her neck.”

“Prisoner! your answer to the court.”

“Weel, her nainsel joost did the misdeeds that the man read out o’ that paper, and mony others forbye.”

“Then you plead guilty?”

“She’ll no plead nothing; but her nainsel will ne’er gie her tongue to tell an auld man a lee afore the peoples; for all that this vile body,” and he turned round and thrust his finger almost into the eye of the lawyer, “tries to blaw in her lug.”

“Silence in the court,” cried the officer, to suppress the titter.

“You are aware,” said the condescending judge, “that you are accused of hamesucken and theft.”

“I ken naething about the sooken; but did her lordship say a thief? she better mind her talk, afore she tell that to Duncan M’Naughton.”

“Prisoner, I excuse your disrespect for the present; but I wish to make you understand that you are accused of theft and cattle-lifting.”

“Will her lordship speak that again? Does the law say that driving a score o’ nolt frae the Lowlands, or herrying the hallan o’ a fat Whig, wi’ fire and sword, like a gentleman, is the work o’ a thief? Na—na—if her nainsel were a thief or a liar, she would deserve twa hangings instead o’ ane. But Duncan M’Naughton may lift a hundred cattle frae a hill-side, or carry off a kist o’ gear at night, for fear the moths might eat it, and maybe gie a handfu’ o’ the siller to a puir wife to help her wi’ her rent, as she passes, but ne’er would steel a tawtey sheep, like a Lowlander.”

A buzz of approbation ran through the mountaineer spectators, who crowded the court, at this speech, so agreeable to their common prejudices; and the judges looked at each other, and smiled, to find the true philosophy of robbery so well understood by a Highland cateran, and that with a humanity with which it is not always accompanied in higher places.

“You acknowledge, prisoner, to the principal charge—to wit, of entering the house of James Halliburton, with several of your men, and that with force of arms, carried contrary to law, and after putting the said Halliburton into great bodily fear, you——.”

“Yes—tam her! and well she deserved it!” exclaimed M’Naughton, interrupting the judge from delight at the thought; “And the body was in a deevil o’ a fright, to be surely.”

“Silence, prisoner!—and that besides assaulting the said Halliburton with sundry beatings and bruises, you did carry off one clasped box, containing Spanish dollars, as set forth in the indictment.”

“The ’dytment, say you? but does your ’dytment no’ tell what James Halliburton did to *me* and *mine*, lang before ever I crossed the water o’ Earn?”

“No, that is not to the purpose.”

“Then it’s an ill law, and ’twill be the ruin o’ the Highlands, whether I’m hang’t or no.”

“Prisoner, you are detaining the court. Have you anything to say why judgment should not be passed upon you for these various crimes to which you have acknowledged, as well as your open riot in the streets of this city? I wish you had not spoken so freely; but I have not allowed this conversation to be recorded, and the law will allow you still to withdraw your confession.”

“Will her vile law bid her again to speak the lee, after all the ill she’s done afore? Na, na! she’ll tell the truth and shame the deevil, and the law

baith, although she should hang for it this minute, and her puir wife sitting at hame greeting for her, nae doubt.”

The stout Cearnach then made an ample and almost noble confession of all his principal reiving adventures, to most of which he had been either stimulated by the usages of his countrymen, or impelled by some strong provocation; and whenever he came to a place wherein he or his men had acted with aught like oppression or wantonness, he uttered, in the best English he could command, invective against himself for giving way to passions which he averred he could not always control. “But,” said he, finding himself at a loss, “if hersel’ had good English she would just speak another spoke yet.”

“Go on, prisoner: the court will excuse the peculiarities of your language, from the seriousness of the circumstances in which you now stand.”

“It’s no’ for hersel’ she would speak,” said the criminal, struck, if not affected, by the last allusion; “but she has as braw a family at hame as ever sat round a fire, and a daughter that, suppose her father say it, there’s few to match frae Lorn to Lochaber; and a son that can yield his father’s sword without his father’s wayward passions. Maybe he’s here this very day—och, och! there he is!” and the delinquent clapped his two hands on his eyes, from emotion at the sight: “come forward, Farquhar, my man, and countenance your father at this time of trouble. Dinna be blate afore their lordships, for ye’re weel worth to look ony man in the face; and if ye’re no ashamed o’ me this day, maybe ye’ll help to save me from the gruesome gallows.”

The eyes of all were now turned to the quarter to which he pointed; and room being made by the crowd, what was Hector’s surprise, to see the same youth who had been his teacher of the broad-sword exercise, come forward, and make a modest bow to the judges.

“Now, if you will allow me another word,” said the prisoner. “This young man’s mother, who has been the cause, although she was the opposer, of my lifting practices; and who, when I took her at first afore the priest, was as like this youth as a pretty woman may be like a man: aye, she told me, even when I brought hame the beasts or the gear, that I would come to an ill end, and begged me, wi’ tears, to stay at hame, and be content wi’ our poor bit land in Breadalbane, and saying that she and hers would be weel content wi’ a short gown and a seiling, rather than that I should put my neck in the power of the law. But I kend that for all that she was a proud woman, and

couldna bear to want a bit and a sip to give to the stranger as they passed our door; and my father being ruined after Mar lost the fifteen, I just thought I would take revenge o' the world, that had 'poverished me and mine. But now, my lords, as it's come to a stand wi' me, and I've been cooped up between four wa's sae lang, and the ministers hae talked to me about faith and good works, I'm determined, if I can get over this mishanter, to lead a new life, and stick to my hungry farm amang the hills. So, wi' your permission, my propose is this, that if you gie me a pardonment, and let me ance mair put my feet on the heather, I'll do mair to keep down the limmers o' Perthshire, than a' the red soldiers that ever set themselves up for a mark to be shot at by the lads ahint the bushes; and for token, here's my son Farquhar, that's ready to take the oath to King George, and to guard the hills frae the like o' what I hae been mysel, as a tested soldier o' the Black Watch now gathering upon the bonnie holms of Breadalbane. Now I've said my say, and God gie your lordships a gude opinion o' the repentant Cearnach."

Notwithstanding the imperfection of the dialect, there was a dignity in the hearing, and a pathos in the tone, of the criminal, standing, as he now did, between life and death, that, along with the expressive looks of the youth, who stood facing the judges, melted into tears the great bulk of the crowded auditory. Both father and son stood straining their eyes upon those who held their fate in their hands; but no answer was returned to this appeal: and after some forms, a verdict of guilty having been instantly returned by the jury, agreeable to direction, the judge consulted a moment with the magistrates of Perth; but the shakings of the head and serious looks by which this was met, gave pretty certain indication of what was to follow.

"Prisoner," said the judge, "to the latter part of your speech I can make no answer. What you have stated can be of no avail here; nor, I fear, anywhere else, from what I learn from the magistrates present. My duty, and your doom, is already laid down *by the law*."

"Unfortunate auld earle," said the prisoner, almost forgetting his own distress for a moment, as he looked at the judge; "so ye canna hae mercy on a puir sinner, for that vile pinch-craig, the law. I wish ye had been bred to a better trade; but if I had you on the hills for a year, I would just put a clamore in your hand, and teach you an inkling o' common sense."

The gravity of the court was again somewhat disturbed by this outbreaking, when a single, look on the ghastly face of his disappointed son, restored the mountaineer, bold as he was, to a full sense of his unhappy situation. He said nothing, however, while the judge calmly, yet with evident feeling, put on his hat, and in a voice that thrilled through the court,

pronounced the fatal words of condemnation to the cord—at which the young man fainted, and fell back into the arms of the people below the bars.

“Weel,” said the criminal, after the confusion caused by this affair had somewhat subsided, “since it *maun* be sae, ye needna hae said mickle about it, to gar my poor bairn swarf at my feet. I’ve seen as gude a fallow as stands here, shot to the death on a hill side, and ne’er a ane to put on a bonnet about it, or to say a Lord have mercy to him’s sowl. But I’ll die for the law, as mony a gude chiel has done afore me, when a piobrach lament played for him at the foot of the gallows-tree. Huish! Almighty me!—what’s that? I thought I was to get back to my black-hole in peace, to prepare me for death.”

What caused the last hasty exclamation, was a noise which equally startled the solemn feelings of the auditory, and those of him who was the subject of it; for, in the loud scream of a woman’s tongue, near the door, Duncan easily recognized the voice of his own favorite daughter. Another shriek followed the former, when, pressing through the crowd, with dishevelled hair and a ghastly countenance, the maiden obtained the first sight of her unfortunate father, as with hands stretched over the railing of the bar, he watched the frightful agony of his child.

While the unhappy girl threw herself into the arms of her brother, and unable to get near her parent, cast herself on her knees at the foot of the judges’ bench, and, tearing her hair as she tried to speak, at length screamed forth prayers that her father’s life might be spared,—the utmost efforts of the officers of the court were scarce sufficient to keep the compassionate excitement of the by-standers within such bounds as were consistent with the safety of their lordships, and the security of the new victim of the law.

This state of things could not be suffered. The whole court was in a tumult. “Remove the prisoner!” cried the judge in a voice of thunder; “and close the doors of the court-house!”

In the midst of the confusion the prisoner was hurried away; and the screams of the young woman, praying in vain for mercy for her father, were the last sounds he heard, as, much unmanned, he was carried through the murky passages, towards the condemned cell of the prison.

A host of Angels flying,
Through cloudless skies impell'd
Upon the earth beheld
A pearl of beauty lying,
Worthy to glitter bright
In Heaven's vast halls of light.

They saw, with glances tender,
An infant newly born,
O'er whom life's earliest morn
Just cast its opening splendour.
Virtue it could not know,
Nor vice, nor joy, nor woe.

The blest angelic legion
Greeted its birth above,
And came, with looks of love,
From Heaven's enchanting region;
Bending their winged way
To where the infant lay.

They spread their pinions o'er it,—
That little pearl, which shone
With lustre all its own,—
And then on high they bore it,
Where glory has its birth;—
But left the shell on earth.

A GHOST STORY.

At a town in the West of England was held a club of twenty-four people, which assembled once a week to drink punch, smoke tobacco, and talk politics. Like Rubens' Academy at Antwerp, each had his particular chair, and the President's was more exalted than the rest. One of the members had been in a dying state for some time; of course his chair, while he was absent, remained vacant. The Club being met on their usual night, enquiries were made after their associate. As he lived in an adjoining house, a particular friend went himself to enquire for him, and returned with the dismal tidings

that he could not possibly survive the night. This threw a gloom on the company; and all efforts to turn the conversation from the sad subject before them were ineffectual. About midnight (the time by long prescription appropriated for the walking of spectres) the door opened—and the form, in white, of the dying or dead man, walked into the room and took his seat in the accustomed chair—there he remained in silence, and in silence was he gazed at: the apparition continued a sufficient time in the chair to assure all of the reality of the vision; at length he arose and stalked towards the door, which he opened as if living—went out, and then shut the door after him. After a long pause, some one at length had the resolution to say, “If only *one* of us had seen this, he would not have been believed, but it is impossible so many persons can be deceived.” The company, by degrees, recovered their speech; and the whole conversation, as may be imagined, was upon the dreadful object which had engaged their attention. They broke up and went home. In the morning enquiry was made after their sick friend—it was answered by an account of his death which happened nearly at the time of his appearing at the club. There could be little doubt before; but now nothing could be more certain than the reality of the apparition, which had been seen by so many persons together. It is needless to say that such a story spread over the country, and found credit even from infidels—for in this case all reasoning became superfluous, when opposed to a plain fact, attested by three and twenty witnesses. To assert the doctrine of the fixed laws of nature was ridiculous, when there were so many people of credit to prove that they might be unfixed. Years rolled on and the story ceased to engage attention, and it was forgotten unless when occasionally produced to silence an unbeliever. One of the club was an apothecary. In the course of his practice he was called to an old woman whose profession was attending on sick persons. She told him that she could leave the world with a quiet conscience, but for one thing which lay on her mind. “Do you not remember Mr. ***** whose ghost has been so much talked about? I was his nurse. The night he died I left the room for something I wanted—I am sure I had not been absent long; but at my return I found the bed without a patient. He was delirious, and I feared that he had thrown himself out of the window. I was so frightened that I had no power to stir; but after some time, to my great astonishment, he entered the room shivering, and his teeth chattering—laid down on his bed, and died. Considering myself as the cause of his death, I kept this a secret, for fear of what might be done to me. Though I could contradict all the story of the ghost, I dared not do it. I knew by what had happened that it was *he himself* who had been in the club-room (perhaps recollecting that it was the night of meeting) but I hope God and the poor gentleman’s friends will forgive me, and I shall die contented.”



THE BIRD AT SEA.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

“Bird of the greenwood,
Oh! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o’er thee,
Flowers bloom not near;
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

Midst the mild billow’s
Thy place will not be,
As midst the wavings
Of wild rose and tree:
How shouldst THOU battle
With storm and with spray?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine-leaves are fann’d?
’Midst the wild billow’s,
Why then delay?—
Bird of the greenwood,
Away, away!

Chide not my lingering
Where waves are dark!
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark—
A heart that hath cherish’d
Through winter’s long day—
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away!”

BLIND ALICK.

There was living in 1832, at Stirling, in Scotland, a blind old beggar, known to all the country round by the name of Blind Alick, who possessed a memory of almost incredible strength. Alick was blind from his childhood. He was the son of poor parents, who could do little for him; though, indeed, at that time wealth could not have done much for the education of one labouring under his privations. Alick was sent by his parents to a common school, to keep him out of mischief, and in order that he might learn something by hearing the lessons of the other children. The only volume then used in such establishments as a class or reading book, was the Bible; and it was customary for the scholars, as they read in rotation, to repeat not only the number of each chapter, but the number of each verse as it was read. By constantly hearing these readings, young Alick soon began to retain many of the passages of Scripture, and with them the number of the chapter and verse where they occurred. It is probable that being incapacitated by his sad privation from any useful employment, he may have remained an unusual length of time at school; and that his father, as was generally the case with the Scottish peasantry, was a great reader of the Bible at home. A constant attendance at church would also contribute to the result. However this may have been, it was observed with astonishment that when Blind Alick was a man, and obliged, by the death of his parents, to gain a livelihood by begging through the streets of his native town of Stirling, he knew the whole of the Bible, both Old and New Testaments, by heart! Many persons of education have examined Alick, and have invariably been astonished at the extent of his memory. You may repeat any passage in Scripture and he will tell you the chapter and verse; or you may tell him the chapter and verse of any part of Scripture, and he will repeat to you the passage, word for word. Not long since, a gentleman, to puzzle him, read with a slight verbal alteration, a verse of the Bible. Alick hesitated a moment, and then told where it was to be found, but said it had not been correctly delivered; he then gave it as it stood in the book, correcting the slight error that had been purposely introduced. The gentleman then asked him for the ninetieth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Alick was again puzzled for a moment, but then said hastily, "You are fooling me, sirs! there is no such verse—that chapter has but eighty-nine verses." Several other experiments of the sort were tried upon him with the same success. He has often been questioned the day after any particular sermon or speech; and his examiners have invariably found that had their patience allowed, Blink Alick would have given them the sermon or speech over again.



THE MISDIRECTED LETTER.

The Rev. Mr. Bulkley, of Colchester, Conn., was famous in his day as a causist, and sage counsellor. A church in his neighborhood had fallen into unhappy divisions and contentions, which they were unable in any way to adjust among themselves. They deputed one of their number to the venerable Bulkley for his services, with a request that he would send it to them in writing. The matters were taken into serious consideration, and the advice with much deliberation, committed to writing. It so happened that Mr. Bulkley had a farm in an extreme part of the town, upon which he intrusted a tenant. In superscribing the two letters, the one for the Church was directed to the tenant, and the one for the tenant to the church. The church was convened to hear the advice which was to settle all their disputes. The moderator read as follows: *You will see to the repair of the fences, that they be built high and strong, and you will take special care of the old black bull.* This mystical advice puzzled the church at first, but an interpreter was soon found among the more discerning ones, who said, Brethren, this is the very advice we most need; the direction to repair the fences is to admonish us to take good heed in the admission and government of our members; we must guard the Church by our Master's laws, and keep out strange cattle from the fold. And we must in a particular manner set a watchful guard over the *Devil*, the old black bull, who has done so much hurt of late. All perceived the wisdom and fitness of Mr. Bulkley's advice, and resolved to be governed by it. The consequence was, all the animosities subsided, and harmony was restored to the long afflicted church.



SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

A boy, about ten years of age, lately met his death in a singular manner, in the neighborhood of Newcastle. He was amusing himself in a stubble field with some of his companions, by attempting to walk upon his hands and head, when one of the straws of the wheat stubble, passing up his nostril, entered the brain, and caused his death a few hours afterwards.



WATERLOO COLOURS.

In a Scottish regiment at the battle of Waterloo, the standard bearer was killed, and clasped the colours so fast in death, that a sergeant, in trying to no purpose to rescue them, on the near approach of the enemy, made a violent effort, and throwing the dead corpse, colours and all, over his shoulders, carried them off together. The French seeing this, were charmed with the heroism of the action, and hailed it with loud clappings and repeated shouts of applause.

THE
GASPÉ MAGAZINE,

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY,

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

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

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

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

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Shippegan,	<i>Dr. Baldwin.</i>
Richibucto,	
St. Johns,	

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

R. W. KELLY,
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WILLIAM EADON,
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General Tool and Hardware Store,

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A. LENFESTY'S

Wholesale and Retail Wine, Liquor, and Grocery
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Hair Dresser and Wig Maker,

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R. C. TODD,

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Opposite the Methodist Chapel.

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

*Monuments, Tombs, Head Stones, Mantel
Pieces, Bureau and Table Tops,
Soda and Baptismal Fountains,
Hearth Stones, &c.*

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

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

SMITH SHERMAN,
HORACE RICE.

Montreal, July 6, 1849.

FREDK. WYSE,

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WYSE & CO.
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ST. PAUL'S STREET.

Where may be had at all times, First Quality ALE, in Wood and Bottles.

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

Quebec, April, 1849.

JOHN KANE,

Brass, Copper, Tin, and Sheet Iron
Worker.

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For Sale or to Hire.

ECONOMICAL COOKING STOVES,
Of the most Approved Pattern.

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THE SUBSCRIBER,

WHOLESALE DEALER, IMPORTER AND EXPORTER
OF FURS AND SKINS,

Informs those in the trade that he is continuing to purchase FURS of every description, and will at all times give the highest market value in CASH for the same. Persons having any to sell will do well to address him at his Fur Establishment in Montreal, stating quantity of each article on hand, which will meet with due attention.

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

Montreal, July, 1849.

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Fishing Tackle, Guns, Pistols, &c.

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Corner of St. John and Stanislas Streets,
UPPER TOWN, QUEBEC.

N. B.—Country Orders carefully put up.

Eagle Life Insurance Company.

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

This Division is Quinquennial,

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

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Where he may be consulted daily in the different
Branches of his Profession.

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(OPPOSITE THE NEW MARKET.)

Constantly on hand, an excellent assortment of all the best Manufactured kinds of Cabinet Furniture, Wardrobes, Sofas, Tables, Chairs, of various patterns and designs, at prices unprecedently moderate.

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The Proprietor of this Establishment begs to announce to the Printers of this Province, that he has been appointed Agent to

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OF NEW YORK.

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

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MONTREAL TYPE FOUNDRY

in the manufacture of Book and Newspaper Founts, as well as Brass Rule of every pattern, now affords to the Printer every facility, so that he can obtain "at home" at a short notice, all that can be desired, to furnish in the best style any Printing Establishment.

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Montreal May, 1847.

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Life Assurance Company,
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Reduced Rates of Premium—Half Credit
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PETER MORRISON,
Resident Director.

London, Jany. 1, 1847.

Detailed Prospectuses, and every requisite information as to the mode of effecting Assurances, may be obtained upon application to

R. PENISTON,
Agent to the Company for Quebec.

MEDICAL REFEREE.

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

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.	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.	
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
25	22	2	44	4
30	24	11	49	10
35	28	6	57	0
40	33	3	66	6
45	39	6	79	0
50	47	9	95	6

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

Quebec, August, 1849.

H. KNIGHT,

Merchant Tailor,

FROM JONE'S, REGENT STREET,

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T. Lariviere,

Cabinet, Chair, and Varnish Manufactory.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

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Le Soussigné connu depuis longtems comme FABRICANT DE MACHINES A BATTRE LES GRAINS, prend la liberté d'annoncer à ses amis et au public en général, qu'il est maintenant prêt à fournir des MACHINES d'une FABRIQUE COMPLETEMENT PERFECTIONNEE, construites, non-seulement avec toutes les dernières AMELIORATIONS AMERICAINES mais avec quelques autres perfectionnemens importants inventés par lui-même, et au moyen desquels elles épargneront beaucoup de travail, exigeront une moindre puissance pour être mises en opération, et ne deviendront pas aussi promptement hors de service; enfin il reprendra de ses Machines, et il garantit qu'on les trouvera, quand on les aura éprouvées, *bien supérieures* à toutes celles qui ont été en usage jusqu'à présent dans la Province. 'Sadresser au bureau de la Société d'Agriculture, ou à

JOSEPH PARADIS,

Rue Saint Joseph, au-dessus de la Braisserie de Dow; de côté du Nord.

Montréal, 7 Juin, 1849.

CHEAP GOODS.

To Fishermen, &c.

DRY GOODS STORE.

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—ALSO—

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QUEBEC.

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CASH PAYMENTS required on all occasions.

N.B. Orders from parties at a distance carefully attended to.

Quebec, 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. 6 of 11* edited by R. W. Kelly]