

THE  
**GASPE' MAGAZINE,**

AND

**INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.**

Vol. 1.

February,

No. 7.

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

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NEW CARLISLE:

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

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## NOTICE.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R. W. KELLY,  
General Agent.

Grand Pabos Novr. 21, 1848.

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ROOM PAPER. FANCY SCREENS.

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

Jany. 4, 1848.

R. W. KELLY.

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TO BOOK BINDERS.

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

*New Carlisle*, January 1849.

R. W. KELLY.

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AUCTION & COMMISSION  
AGENCY.

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

District, as

AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION  
AGENT,

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

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

*New Carlisle*, Sept., 1849.

R. W. KELLY.

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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, Jan. 4, 1849.

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Old Rags, Ropes, Nets.

The Subscriber will purchase any quantity of old Ropes, Rags, Sails, Nets, for which he will pay CASH.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, July, 1849.

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PATENT MEDICINES, DRUGS, &C.

ON SALE AT THE GASPÉ GAZETTE  
OFFICE, NEW CARLISLE.

Godfrey's Cordial, F. Vermifuge, Paregoric Elixir, Opodeidoc, Stoughtons Bitters, Moffatt's 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.

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LOOKING GLASSES,  
AND  
PICTURE FRAMES.

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

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, January, 1848.

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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.

February,

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## POETRY.

### Cautionary Verses to Youth of both Sexes.

[Our readers may know that to all the editions of Entick's Dictionary, commonly used in schools, there is prefixed 'A Table of Words that are alike, or nearly alike, in Sound, but different in Spelling and Signification.' It must be evident that this table is neither more nor less than an early provocation to punning; the whole mystery of which vain art consists in the use of words, the sound and sense of which are at variance. In order, if possible, to check any disposition to punnery in youth, which may be fostered by this manual, I have thrown together the following adaptation of Entick's hints to young beginners, hoping thereby to afford a warning, and exhibit a deformity to be avoided, rather than an example to be followed; at the same time showing the caution children should observe in using words which have more than one meaning.]—Hood.

My little dears who learn to read,  
Pray early learn to shun  
That very silly thing indeed  
Which people call a pun.  
Read Entick's rules, and 'twill be found  
How simple an offence  
It is to make the selfsame sound  
Afford a double sense.

For instance, 'ale' may make you 'ail,'  
Your 'aunt' an 'ant' may kill,  
You in a 'vale' may buy a 'veil,'  
And 'Bill' may pay the 'bill.'

Or if to France y<sup>o</sup>ur b<sup>a</sup>r<sup>k</sup> you steer,  
At Dover it my be,  
A 'peer' 'appears' upon the 'pier,'  
Who, blind, still goes to 'sea.'

Thus one might say, when to a treat  
Good friends accept our greeting,  
'Tis 'meet' that men who 'meet' to eat,  
Should eat their 'meat' when meeting.  
Brawn on the 'board's' no 'bore' indeed,  
Although from 'boar' prepared;  
Nor can the 'fowl,' on which we feed,  
'Foul' feeding be declared.

Thus 'one' ripe fruit may be a 'pear,'  
And yet be 'pared' again,  
And still be 'one' which seemeth rare  
Until we do explain.

It therefore should be all your aim  
To speak with ample care;  
For who, however fond of game,  
Would choose to swallow 'hair?'

A fat man's 'gait' may make us smile,  
Who has no 'gate' to close;  
The farmer sitting on his 'stile'  
No 'stylish' person knows.  
Perfumers men of 'scents' must be;  
Some 'Scilly' men are 'bright;'  
A 'brown' man oft 'deep read' we see,  
A 'black' a wicked 'wight.'

Most wealthy men good 'manors' have,  
However vulgar they;  
And actors still the harder slave,  
The oftener they 'play.'  
So poets can't the 'baize' obtain  
Unless their tailors choose;  
While grooms and coachmen not in vain  
Each evening seek the 'Mews.'



The 'dyer,' who by 'dying' lives,  
A 'dire' life maintains;  
The glazier, it is known, receives  
His profits from his 'panes.'  
By gardeners 'thyme' is tied, 'tis true,  
When spring is in its prime;  
But 'time' or 'tide' won't wait for you  
If you are 'tied' for 'time.'

Then now you see, my little dears,  
The way to make a pun;  
A trick which you, through coming years,  
Should sedulously shun.  
The fault admits of no defence;  
For wheresoe'er 'tis found,  
You sacrifice the SOUND for SENSE,  
The SENSE is never SOUND.

So let your words, and actions too,  
One single meaning prove,  
And, just in all you say or do,  
You'll gain esteem and love.  
In mirth and play no harm you'll know,  
When duty's task is done;  
But parents ne'er should let you go  
Un-PUN-ish'd for a PUN.



## LITERATURE.

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

Andy was in sad disgrace for some days with his mother; but like all mothers, she soon forgave the blunders of her son—and indeed mothers are well off who have not more than blunders to forgive. Andy did all in his power to make himself useful at home, now that he was out of place and dependant on his mother, and got a day's work here and there whenever he could. Fortunately, the season afforded him more employment than winter months would have done. But the farmers had soon all their crops made up, and when Andy could find no work to be paid for he set-to to cut the “scrap o' meadow,” as he called it, on a small field of his mother's. Indeed it was but a “scrap,” for the place where it grew was one of those broken bits of ground, so common in the vicinity of mountain ranges, where rocks, protruding through the soil, give the notion of a very fine crop of stones. Now, this locality gave to Andy the opportunity of exercising a bit of his characteristic ingenuity; for when the hay was ready for “cocking,” he selected a good thumping rock as the foundation for his haystack, and the superstructure consequently cut a more respectable figure than one could have anticipated from the appearance of the little crop as it lay on the ground; and as no vestige of the rock was visible, the widow, when she came out to see the work completed, wondered and rejoiced at the size of her haystack, and said, “God bless you, Andy, but you're the natest hand for putting up a bit o' hay, I ever seen: throth, I didn't think there was the half of it in it!” Little did the widow know that the cock of hay was as great a cheat as a bottle of champagne—more than half bottom. It was all very well for the widow to admire her hay; but at last she came to sell it, and such sales are generally effected in Ireland by the purchaser buying “in the lump,” as it is called, that is, calculating the value of the hay from the appearance of the stack, as it stands, and drawing it away upon his own cars. Now, as luck would have it, it was Andy's early acquaintance, Owny na Coppal, bought the hay; and in consideration of the *lone woman*, gave her as good a price as he could afford, for Owny was an honest, open-hearted fellow, though he was a horse-dealer; so he paid the widow the price of her hay on the spot, and said he would draw it away at his convenience.

In a few days Owny's cars and men were sent for this purpose; but when they came to take the haystack to pieces the solidity of its centre rather astonished them,—and instead of the cars going back loaded, two had their journey for nothing and went home empty. Previously to his men leaving the widow's field they spoke to her on the subject, and said,

“Pon my conscience, ma'am, the centre o' your haystack was mighty heavy.”

“Oh, indeed it’s powerful hay,” said she.

“Maybe so,” said they; “but there’s not much nourishment in that part of it.”

“Not finer hay in Ireland,” said she.

“What’s of it, ma’am,” said they. “Faix, we think Mr. Doyle will be talkin’ to you about it.” And they were quite right; for Owny became indignant at being overreached, as he thought, and lost no time in going to the widow to tell her so. When he arrived at her cabin, Andy happened to be in the house; and when the widow raised her voice through the storm of Owny’s rage, in protestations that she knew nothing about it, but that “Andy the darlin’,” put the cock up with his own hands,” then did Owny’s passion gather strength.

“Oh! it’s you, you vagabone, is it?” said he, shaking his whip at Andy, with whom he never had had the honor of a conversation since the memorable day when his horse was nearly killed. “So this is more o’ your purty work! Bad cess to you! wasn’t it enough for you to nighhand kill one o’ my horses, without plottin, to chate the rest o’ them?”

“Is it *me* chate them?” said Andy.

“Throth, I wouldn’t wrong a dumb baste for the world.”

“Not he, indeed, Mither Doyle,” said the widow.

“Arrah, woman, don’t be’ talkin’ your balderdash to me,” said Doyle, “sure, you took my good money for your hay?”

“And sure I gave all I had to you; what more could I do?”

“Tare an ounty, woman! who ever heerd of sich a thing as coverin’ up a rock wid hay, and sellin’ it as the rale thing?”

“ ’Twas Andy done it, Mr. Doyle; hand act, or part, I hadn’t in it.”

“Why, then, arn’t you ashamed o’ yourself?” said Owny Doyle, addressing Andy.

“Why would I be ashamed?” said Andy.

“For chatin’—that’s the word, sinse you provoke me.”

“What I done is no chatin’,” said Andy; “I had a blessed example for it.”

“Oh! do you hear this?” shouted Owny, nearly provoked to take the worth of his money out of Andy’s ribs.

“Yes, I say a blessed example,” said Andy. “Sure didn’t the blessed Saint Pether build his church upon a rock, and why shouldn’t I built my cock o’ hay on a rock?”

Owny, with all his rage, could not help laughing at the ridiculous conceit. “By this and that, Andy,” said he, “you’re always sayin’ or doin’ the quarest things in the counthry, bad cess to you!” So he laid his whip upon his little hack instead of Andy, and galloped off.

Andy went over next day to the neighboring town, where Owny Doyle kept a little inn and a couple of post-chaises (such as they were), and expressed much sorrow that Owny had been deceived by the appearance of the hay,—“But I’ll pay you the differ out o’ my wages, Misther Doyle,—in throth I will,—that is, whenever I have any wages to get, for the Squire turned me off, you see, and I’m out of place at this present.”

“Oh, never mind it,” said Owny. “Sure it was the woman got the money, and I din’t begrudge it; and now that it’s all past and gone, I forgive you. But tell me, Andy, what put sich a quare thing in your head?”

“Why, you see,” said Andy, “I didn’t like the poor mother’s pride should be let down in the eyes o’ the neighbors; and so I made the weeshy bit o’ hay look as decent as I could—but at the same time I wouldn’t chate any one for the world, Mister Doyle.”

“Throth, I b’lieve you wouldn’t, Andy; but, pon my sowl, the next time I go buy hay I’ll take care that Saint Pether hasn’t any hand in it.”

Owny turned on his heel, and was walking away with that air of satisfaction which men so commonly assume after fancying they have said a good thing, when Andy interrupted his retreat by an interjectional “Mister Doyle.”

“Well,” said Owny looking over his shoulder.

“I was thinkin’, sir,” said Andy.

“For the first time in your life, I b’lieve,” said Owny; “and what was it you wor thinkin’?”

“I was thinkin’ o’ dhrivin’ a chay, sir.”

“And what’s that to me?” said Owny.

“Sure, I might dhrive one o’ your chaises.”

“And kill more o’ my horses, Andy—eh! No, no, faix; I’m afeerd o’ you, Andy.”

“Not a boy in Ireland knows dhrivin’ betther nor me, any way,” said Andy.

“Faix, it’s any way and every way but the way you ought, you’d dhrive, sure enough I b’lieve; but at all events, I don’t want a post-boy Andy—I have Micky Doolin, and his brother Pether, and them’s enough for me.”

“Maybe you’d be wantin’ a helper in the stable, Mither Doyle?”

“No, Andy; but the first time I want to make hay to advantage I’ll send for you,” said Owny, laughing as he entered his house, and nodding at Andy, who returned a capacious grin to Owny’s shrewd smile, like the exaggerated reflection of a concave mirror. But the grin soon subsided, for men seldom prolong the laugh that is raised at their expense; and the corners of Andy’s mouth turned down as his hand turned up to the back of his head, which he rubbed as he sauntered down the street from Owny Doyle’s.

It was some miles to Andy’s home, and night overtook him on the way. As he trudged along in the middle of the road, he was looking up at a waning moon and some few stars twinkling through the gloom, absorbed in many sublime thoughts as to their existence, and wondering what they were made of, when his cogitations were cut short by tumbling over something which lay in the middle of the highway; and on scrambling to his legs again and seeking to investigate the cause of his fall, he was rather surprised to find a man lying in such a state of insensibility that all Andy’s efforts could not rouse him. While he was standing over him undecided as to what he should do, the approaching of wheels, and the rapid steps of galloping horses, attracted his attention; and it became evident that unless the chaise and pair which he now saw in advance were brought to a pull-up, the cares of the man in the middle of the road would be very soon over. Andy shouted lustily, but to every “Halloo there!” he gave, the crack of a whip replied, and accelerated speed, instead of a halt, was the consequence; at last, in desperation, Andy planted himself in the middle of the road, and with outspread arms before the horses, succeeded in arresting their progress, while he shouted “Stop!” at the top of his voice.

A pistol-shot from the chaise was the consequence of Andy’s summons; for a certain Mr. Furlong, a foppish young gentleman, travelling from the castle of Dublin, never dreamed that a humane purpose could produce the cry of ‘Stop’ on a *horrid Irish* road; and as he was reared in the ridiculous belief that every man ran a great risk of his life who ventured outside the city of Dublin, he travelled with a brace of loaded pistols beside him; and as he had been anticipating murder and robbery ever since night fall, he did not

await the demand for his “money or his life” to defend both, but fired away the instant he heard the word “Stop;” and fortunate it was for Andy that the traveller’s hurry impaired his aim. Before he could discharge a second pistol, Andy had screened himself under the horses’ heads, and recognising in the postillion his friend Micky Doolin, he shouted out, “Micky, jewel, don’t let them be shootin’ me!”

Now Micky’s cares were quite enough engaged on his own account; for the first pistol-shot made the horses plunge violently; and the second time Furlong blazed away, set the saddle-horse kicking at such a rate that all Micky’s horsemanship was required to preserve his seat. Added to which, the dread of being shot came over him; and he crouched low on the grey’s neck, holding fast by the mane, and shouting for mercy as well as Andy, who still kept roaring to Mick, “not to let them be shootin’ him,” while he held his hat above him, in the fashion of a shield, as if that would have proved any protection against a bullet.

“Who are you at all?” said Mick.

“Andy Rooney, sure.”

“And what do you want?”

“To save the man’s life.”

The last words only, caught the ear of the frightened Furlong; and as the phrase “his life,” seemed a personal threat to himself, he swore a trembling oath at the postillion that he would shoot him if he did not *dwive* on, for he abjured the use of that rough letter, R, which the Irish so much rejoice in.

“Dwive on, you wascal, dwive on!” exclaimed Mr. Furlong.

“There’s no fear o’ you, sir,” said Micky, “it’s a friend o’ my own.”

Mr. Furlong was not quite satisfied that he was therefore the safer.

“And what is it at all, Andy?” continued Mick.

“I tell you there’s a man lying dead in the road there and sure you’ll kill him if you dhrive over him: ’light, will you, and help me to rise him.”

Mick dismounted and assisted Andy in lifting the prostrate man from the centre of the road to the slope of turf which bordered its side. They judged he was not dead, from the warmth of his body, but that he should still sleep seemed astonishing, considering the quantity of shaking and kicking they gave him.

“I b’lieve it’s dhrunk he is,” said Mick,

“He gave a grunt that time,” said Andy; “shake him again and he’ll spake.”

To a fresh shaking the drunken man at length gave some tokens of returning consciousness by making several winding blows at his benefactors, and uttering some half intelligible maledictions.

“Bad luck to you, do you know where you are?” said Mick.

“Well!” was the drunken ejaculation.

“By this and that it’s my brother Pether!” said Mick. “We wondhered what had kept him so late with the return shay, and this is the way, is it? he tumbled off his horses, dhrank; and where’s the shay, I wonder? Oh, murdher! What will Misther Doyle say?”

“What’s the weason you don’t dwive on!” said Mr. Furlong, putting his head out of the chaise.

“It’s one on the road here, your honor, a’most kilt.”

“Was it wobbers?” asked Mr. Furlong.

“Maybe you’d take him into the shay wid you, sir?”

“What a wequest!—dwive on, sir!”

“I can’t lave my brother on the road.”

“*Your* bwother!—and you pwsume to put your bwother to wide with me? You’ll put me in the debdest wage if you don’t dwive on.”

“Faith, then, I wont dhrive on and lave my brother here on the road.”

“You wascally wappawee!” exclaimed Furlong.

“See Andy,” said Micky Doolin, “will you get up and dhrive him, while I stay with Pether?”

“To be sure I will,” said Andy, “Where is he goin’?”

“To the Squire’s,” said Mick; “and when you lave him there, make haste back, and I’ll dhrive Pether home.”

Andy mounted into Mick’s saddle; and although the traveller “pwotested” against it, and threatened “pwoceedings” and “magistwates,” Mick was unmoved in his brotherly love. As a last remonstrance, Furlong exclaimed, “And pwehaps this fellow can’t wide, and don’t know the woad.”

“Is it not know the road to the Squire’s?—wow! wow!” said Andy. “It’s I that’ll rattle you there in no time, your honor.”

“Well wattle away then!” said the enraged traveller, as he threw himself back in the chaise, cursing all the postillions in Ireland.

Now it was to Squire O’Grady’s that Mr. Furlong wanted to go; but in the confusion of the moment the name of O’Grady never once was mentioned; and with the title of “Squire,” Andy never associated another idea than that of his late master, Mr. Egan.



## ROMANTIC LOVER.

A romantic story is related of an Englishman, who sought the hand of a very charming lady, with whom he was passionately in love, but who constantly refused him. As he had reason to believe she loved him, he entreated to know the reasons why she refused her consent to their union. The lady, subdued by his constancy, told him that her only motive for refusing him, was, that having by an accident lost a leg, it had been replaced by a wooden one; and she feared that sooner or later this circumstance would chill his affection for her. This she declared to be her only motive. The lover protested that this would never make him change his love; but she persisted in refusing to marry him. Fired with love, and determined that nothing should obstruct his design, he, under the pretext of going a distant voyage, left his lady and hastened to Paris, where he had one of his own legs amputated. When he recovered he returned to London, went to the lady, and told her that there was now no obstacle to their union, for that he was equally mutilated with herself. The lady, conquered by such a proof of affection, at last consented to marry him.



## The Taming of the Shrew.

### A TALE OF CONNECTICUT.

BY W. VENVILL.

About the last year of the last century there stood, a short distance from the eastern boundary line of New York, in the State of Connecticut, and



perhaps stands there yet, a small and well-tilled farm. At one time, however, it was doubtless differently situated with reference to the surrounding neighborhood, for since then many a breadth of tall forest has been cleared, and many a tract of waste land brought under culture. Year by year the woods have fallen, and the harvest has sprung up in their stead, and farms, that then stood isolated and alone in a comparative wilderness, have by degrees seen a populous and thriving district gathering and growing around them. At the period of which we speak, the neighborhood of our farm was by no means uncomfortably crowded with inhabitants; for wide tracts of tall wood and unoccupied pasture, broken here and there wherever the soil appeared most likely to favor the labors of the husbandman, constituted the foremost characteristic of the district. A pretty and sequestered spot enough it was, and of fertile soil, and a light-hearted and good-natured fellow as might be thereabouts met, was the ostensible owner thereof, Thaddeus, otherwise and more widely known as Thady O'Rourke.

Now we speak of him as the ostensible owner, not without due consideration, for, to all actual intents and purposes, Mistress Charity O'Rourke, to whom, before her marriage with Thaddeus aforesaid, the said farm had belonged, was yet, and evinced a strong determination so to continue, not only the mistress of the farm, but also, in spite of the efforts to the contrary of Thaddeus O'Rourke himself, his illustrious descent from a Milesian King notwithstanding. In the art of scolding, Xantippe herself might have taken valuable hints from Mistress Charity, and in her application of that art to the disquiet of her liege lord, the rib of Rip Van Winkle must with shame have acknowledged herself outrivalled.

With regard to Thaddeus himself, as has been before said, he was a decent boy enough, and probably none other than himself could ever have borne the infliction of so much tongue for any length of time, while there were such objects in nature as running rivers, or running nooses, trees, or ten-penny nails. The year 1798 had seen the unsuccessful issue of the Irish rebellion, and Thaddeus O'Rourke was not the only one of his countrymen who sought to evade certain questions arising thereout, which it would have been difficult to answer to the satisfaction of the British government. He was not the only one who, in withdrawing from his native country—which, groaning under misrule, had striven in vain for the melioration of her condition—effected a permanent and honorable settlement in these States; but, as far as we know, he certainly was the only one who was unfortunate enough to come within the sphere of Miss Charity Pratt's influence. It was the most unlucky thing in the world for him, that out of the wreck of his fortunes he had saved and borne with him into exile a small sum of ready

cash; most unfortunate at least was it for him, that that circumstance ever came to the ears of Miss Charity, her paternal ancestor being but then lately deceased, and her paternal farm being encumbered with a mortgage. Thaddeus O'Rourke was strong, tender-hearted, and six feet high; he had wherewithal to remove the incumbrance on the farm, and to fill the place of the farmer. Miss Charity Pratt was good-looking, and of a pleasing manner when she chose, which was seldom; scheming when she pleased, which was ever. But why need we multiply words? Thaddeus O'Rourke became the happy husband of Charity Pratt!

It was not long, however, before the sunshine of the matrimonial morning became overcast; albeit the husband was obliging and tender-hearted, yet he could by no means be made to yield to that strictness of domestic discipline which the wife sought to enforce. A shrill-voiced wife maketh but harsh household music; and consequently it was not long before, in Thady's repeated absences, his spouse thought she perceived his inclination to become, in his own person, that incumbrance to the farm which his ready means had so lately removed therefrom. On this supposition, the former honied words of the wife became tart as vinegar; sugared phrases degenerated into sharp sentences, and gentle tones were changed for shrill reproaches. But from some unaccountable perversity of his nature, the effect on Thady seemed hardly worth mentioning; tones—which it was said had frightened a former N. England wooer into a serious fit of—laughter, and caused a Dutch beau to decamp as though all Connecticut were after him—made but the feeblest possible impression; looks which might not be indulged in the dairy, nor even in the beer cellar in summer time, were almost lost upon him; and words of such concentrated force and withering character, as might have blighted the apple-orchards of a whole county in spring, were hardly able to sting him into an oath. Doubtless the effect was not lost, for it cannot be supposed that mortal man could endure all this without an especial feeling of discomfort; but whatever he felt Thady kept it all to himself, and working when he pleased, going where he pleased, and doing what he pleased, affected an indifference under his trials of temper, which entitled him to much credit as a natural philosopher. This was the unkindest cut of all in the opinion of Mistress Charity; had he cursed her, beaten her, or hung himself, she could have perhaps forgiven him—but to treat her peculiar powers with indifference! She almost began to hate the man!

It was a bright morning in early spring, and Thaddeus O'Rourke was at work in a field of young corn bordering hard on the forest. Now, in common with his countrymen, we confess Thady to have not been much given to

thought, but on this morning possibly led thereto by the recollection of a very long curtain lecture duly received on the preceding evening—he did think, and that naturally, on the means, if any such there were, of destroying that propensity in his wife which embittered every moment of his life; or if that might not be, of procuring at least some intermediate periods of peace and quiet. He had tried indifference until he was almost indifferent to all things, and it now remained to be seen if other modes of conduct might not be more successful. Once or twice a strong temptation to try the effect of a thrashing arose in his mind, but it was an unmanly course, and Thady was not one of those who thought that the end justified the means. Then he thought of trying the powers of his own tongue, by railing, scolding, and giving curtain lectures gratis; but his reason and recollection soon told him that he was never likely to conquer Mistress Charity by adopting a system of tactics in the exercise of which she was so able a general; and finally, finding himself growing sad under too close a consideration of the subject, he whistled a planxty as he withdrew from the cornfield, heaved what for him was a miraculous sigh, as he arrived on the border of the forest, and then, as though trying to persuade himself that he had rejected all care from his mental tabernacle, he commenced with a moistening eye, in a low tone, the plaintive air, “Savourneen deelish,” and striking into a footpath that led through the wood to the next farm, he determined to enjoy at least some of that comfort at a neighbor’s home, which was so sparingly allotted at his own.

Now Thady O’Rourke had not gone far into the forest, before he was overcome with surprise at the occurrence of a very uncommon circumstance. The woods on either side were as still and quiet as woods can be of a spring morning; so quiet that in the silence you might almost fancy you heard the wild flowers open, and the young buds burst into leaf—but in the distance before him arose a voice of no ordinary strength, shouting apparently at the top of its powers and in a tone which bespoke the perfect satisfaction and content of its owner, a hearty Irish song, and, what was much more to be wondered at, with a strong Irish accent.

“It’s a countryman, that, I’ll swear,” said Thady O’Rourke, recovering in an instant his usual, or rather now unusual spirits; “Och, my blessin’ on ye! It’s well I know the ould tune”—and with the determination to give the singer his company at the earliest possible moment, he increased the length and rapidity of his strides, and made quick way in the direction from which the voice proceeded.

On approaching nearer, however, he bethought himself that it would be just as well to reconnoitre before claiming closer acquaintance with the singer, and accordingly quitting his path, he made his way noiselessly and cautiously through the brushwood until he arrived, undiscovered, opposite the place where he sate. In the midst of the thick forest, hemming in all sides save where the footpath was touched by green shrubs and wild flowers, a small open spot covered with the greenest turfs seemed to have been left purposely by kind dame Nature as a trysting place for the loving swains and confiding damsels of the future neighborhood; or if not with this intent, then for what other purpose had she placed in such a spot the couple of flat stones covered with grey moss that stood there? On one of these sat an individual habited in a garb strange enough for America, but which Thady recognized as belonging to the early monks of Europe—a coarse brown frock confined at the waist by a hempen cord, rude sandals of untanned sheepskin on his feet, and the crown of his head shaven so bare as to give him an appearance of great discomfort, even on a warm spring morning. That this was apparent only, would, however, have been easily surmised by any one who might have seen the features of the individual; for there was a contented slickness of look, a satisfied benevolence of aspect, and a sly mirth lurking about the eye, that would have effectually discountenanced all idea of discomfort.

Long before the intense astonishment of Thady O'Rourke had sufficiently subsided to allow him to take notice of anything save the appearance of such a personage in such a place, and indeed before he had arrived within a distance which enabled him to note his appearance, the song had ceased; and as Thady gathered his wits once again about him so as to be able to mark further proceedings, the holy man threw a gratified look through the branches of the trees to the blue sky beyond, and then on the green earth, glancing with a smile of satisfaction around upon the dreary woods, through which, here and there, the merry sunbeams came dancing and playing upon the earth. "It's a beautiful place it is," said he, at length, "and the counthry beyont is mighty pleasant to look on; with a big monasthery or a rich abbey scathered here and there through the valleys, ye would'nt bate the same in all Europe. Sure it's monsthous—not a monk to be found! divil a monasthery to be seen! Och, its little taste they have in Ameriky any how!" Here, to the increased amazement of Thady O'Rourke, the monk drew a small bottle from the folds of his frock, and having, with the strictest impartiality, wiped his own mouth and the mouth of the aforesaid bottle with his sleeve, he applied the one to the other with deliberative slowness. Smacking his lips, he then resumed his soliloquy. "Bedad, there's nature in that—pure Innisfallen, be me sowl! and that's a

strong oath for a saint to swear! Spirits for the spiritual, and fast and penance for them it agrees with; och! its little o' that same I'll be taking any how"—and forthwith, in the same loud tone of voice as had at first attracted the attention of the now trembling Thady, the holy man commenced a second chant, to which the old woods responded in numerous echoes:—

“Its myself I'd live well, so a monk I'd be,  
For it's sarvents he hath, yet he pays no fee—  
In ating and dhrinking he spends the day,  
And it's nothing at all that he has to pay.  
Though his head be shorn and his garb be thin,  
He niver takes cowl'd for he's warm within—  
And little cares he for his garb of brown,  
As little he reck's of his shaven crown.

He walketh barefooted wherever he goes,  
So corns niver throuble his tender toes—  
He walketh bareheaded by night and by day,  
So the wind niver carries his head gear away.  
The sheriff, the bailiff, he need'nt to shun,  
Holy Church, a good mother, takes care of her son—  
If the best of good cheer and small labor ye'd see,  
Oh, bedad! I'd advise ye a monk to be.”

“Come out o' that, ye blaguard,” he exclaimed, as, at this point of his song, he caught sight of the now receding form of Thady O'Rourke, endeavoring to steal away from such unwonted and questionable companionship—“Come out o' that!” he repeated. “Is it interrupting the devotion of the faithful ye'd be, by staling on thim all alone and unpersaived? Come out o' that, Thaddeus O'Rourke! or I'll excommunicate ye, bedad!”

At this terrible threat, his knees trembling under him and his face livid with affright, Thady crawled rather than walked out from among the brushwood, and stood on the green turf with the feeling of a malefactor about to receive his sentence. But as though satisfied with his obedience, the features of the monk, which had just before reddened with wrath, gradually resumed their former placid and benevolent expression, and as the trembling culprit stood before him, he exclaimed—“Ye're a purty boy, ye are, Thady—it's mighty respectful ye're become to the clargy since ye've been in Ameriky—och! its bad manners ye have anyhow, running from a saint as

though he were a tithing proctor, and that after prying into his little private failings and weaknesses. Och hone! this comes of mixing with Merikins."

A very energetic disclaimer of all improper motives in intruding on the privacy of his reverence, was that which Thady O'Rourke commenced; "Be the blessed Saint Patrick," said he—

"And that's meself," said the monk.

"Saint Patrick!" exclaimed Thady, falling on his knees.

"Just himself intirely, Thaddeus O'Rourke," replied the holy man, with an air of conscious dignity, "and now sit down on the stone foreninst you there; I've a few words to say to ye which can't be said at a more convenient time or place."

Thus commanded, Thady arose, and with a modest and respectful look, took his seat on the appointed stone.

"Rare times ye have, Thaddeus," said the saint, "livin' on the fat of the land, and givin' nothin' to praste or parson—mighty doin's ye have here, since ye've kicked off all authority of kings and reverence for popes—ye has'nt a monastery among ye, ye haythens; and now I think of it, I'd like to know how a man that does nothin' is to get a decent livin'."

"It's starve intirely he would, please yer holiness," replied Thady O'Rourke.

"Starve it is;" exclaimed the saint in a tone of sarcasm, "and perhaps ye'll tell me what'd become o' the monks and ministers, the prastes and placemen of Europe be the same rule, and the kings, princes, and prelates, if the nations of that quarter o' the world were, by way of imitation, determined to do without them?"

At this complex question, Thady O'Rourke looked very hard at a bramble for a considerable number of seconds, scratching his head in the mean time as though he found it difficult to reply. At length, evading the question he exclaimed, "Sure it is'nt a want of kings we have in the country please ye're reverence—sovereigns are as plenty as people, and by the same token, I'm a free and independent sovereign myself," said Thady, feeling at least six feet two and a half inches in height as he made the assertion.

"Is it a sovereign you are?" said Saint Patrick, with a sly smile; "then if it's the truth I've heard, for a free and independent sovereign, it's a wonder I find ye under such strict petticoat government;" he continued, chuckling as he concluded, with a quiet kind of suppressed laughter, until he seemed

about to quit the gray stone on which he sat for the green earth beneath it. The boasted sovereign hung down his head at the retort, and felt himself suddenly subside to six feet nothing.

“Oh, ye need’nt to look sheepish and shamed for the matter o’ that,” said the saint, noticing the crest fallen appearance of his companion; “brighter boys than yourself, Thady O’Rourke, have been no match for the craythurs. I meself—— Hem! what was I obsarving? Ah, brighter boys than yerself have been no match for them, and that when they could’nt hould a candle to Misthress Charity. Och, wirristhru! I would’nt listen to her for a week for another saintship in fee simple!” Hereupon Thady O’Rourke shook his head, but continued silent.

“Well, it’s about that same I’d spake to ye,” resumed Saint Patrick; “ye’re a purty boy enough, Thaddeus, take my word for it—as dacent a youth as iver brandished noggin or shillelagh, though they’re big vanities both and not worth the spakin, of—but, as I was saying, it’s a mighty pity ye’ve made such a bad bargain in a wife; sorra a happy hour ye’ll iver know (I speak prophetically) till ye become her masther and yere own. It’s a bit of advice I’d give ye Thady, for I know the women of old,” said the saint in continuation, with a sly look and a winking of the right eye, which his auditor thought very unbecoming in his saintship, and then to an ancient Irish tune he sang as follows:—

“The craythur is as meek as milk,  
Till man his wife doth make her—  
And sure the voice as soft as silk,  
Ye’d think would ne’er forsake her.  
But, och! she is no sooner wed,  
Ye lose your purty darlin’—  
At morn, at night, at board, in bed,  
She’s jist for iver snarlin’.  
Och! wirrithrue, phuliloo!  
A tongue that’s silent niver,  
The charms would blight  
And spoil the light  
Of eyes as bright as iver.

“It’s mighty little aise ye get,  
The while the craythur’s railin’—  
So break your neck at onst, or else  
Make haste and break her failin’.  
Whene’er she scowlds it’s smile ye may,  
And don’t ye mind her clatther—  
And when ye find she’s said her say,  
Then laugh yere loudest at her.  
Och! wirrithrue, phuliloo!  
A tongue that’s silent niver,  
The charms would blight  
And spoil the light  
Of eyes as bright as iver.”

“Sure it’s a disaise they have,” said Thady, as the saint ended, he having fallen into a mournful fit of musing, wherein he spoke in soliloquy.

“Thrue for ye, Thady,” replied the saint, “and it’s hard to cure the leprosy. Och! I’d prefer a sackcloth shirt for life to a scolding wife for a fortnight, any day; its penance and purgathory it bates intirely. But jist listen to me: it’s mighty little civility ye’ll get from Mistress Charity when ye go home, I’ll be bound.”

“That’s true for your Reverence,” said Thady, in the same mournful tone as that in which he had last spoken.

“Hould yere tongue till I’m done spakin’,” resumed the saint, in an angry tone, “or, bedad, I’ll lave Mistress Charity’s tongue as loose as I found it.” Was it to be wondered at that this threat kept Thaddeus O’Rourke silent!



“Well, as I was saying,” continued the holy man, “it’s little civility ye’ll get. ‘I guess ye’ve been dhrinkin’ agen, ye baste,’ she says,” and here Saint Patrick placed his arms akimbo, and mimicked the shrill tones of an angry woman; “well, ye take mighty little notice of this; ye may whistle the ‘hare in the corn’ or ‘Paddy O’Rafferty’ if ye will, and I would’nt wonder if the craythur then goes intirely crazy. It’s little ye need let that concern ye. Take it aisy and quiet; it is’nt running away or laving her for a minit ye’ll be doing; wait till she’s tired, the darlin’; and then ye can begin to scowl yourself.”

The saint ceased, Thaddeus O’Rourke replied by a shake of the head, that bespoke his private opinion of the utter hopelessness of effecting any good by these means.

“Then, there’s only one other chance ye have,” resumed the saint, who seemed at no loss in translating the meaning of that sad and silent movement of the caput; “jist look here a minit: if her tongue still houlds good, show her this:” here the holy man threw his head on one side as though his neck had been suddenly dislocated, thrust his tongue out of his mouth, made a most horrible grimace, and pointed upward with his forefinger to an imaginary rope as to the cause of his sudden transformation. Now there was something sufficiently mysterious in all this, as necessarily occasioned in Thady O’Rourke a vivid desire of explanation; “it’s a sacret that,” said Saint Patrick, in reply to the inquiry he made; “but, as ye’re the husband of the craythur, I’ll tell ye; hould down yere head while I whisper ye. Twenty years since, her brother was hung for a tory spy in the State ye call Massachusetts; not a sowl hereabouts knows of the disgrace but the lady herself, and the pride of the craythur is aigual to the length of her tongue. And now the top o’ the mornin’ to ye; I hear the thread of a Merrikin’s foot on the path, and ye would’nt see me disgrace meself by spakin’ to a heretic, I’m thinkin’. Keep the sacret, Thaddeus O’Rourke, or me curse light on ye; as it is, I lave ye me blessin’. I’d fling me shoe at ye for luck, but seeing I wear sanders for convanience, ye’ll excuse me that same.” Here Saint Patrick, in great haste, arose from the gray stone on which he had been sitting, and plunging into the thick underbrush, was lost sight of in the forest.

With a lighter heart than he had known for many a day, Thaddeus O’Rourke turned toward his home, and, as had been foretold, the greeting which he received from Mistress Charity was by no means the kindest. “You’re drunk again, I guess, you beast,” said she, almost in the very words the holy man had used. “True for ye, alanna,” replied Thady, “it’s the mornin’ breeze and the sunshine I’ve been dhrinkin’, darlin’, and pleasant

enough is the same; bright as your own countenance, mavourneen, and refreshin' as the smiles ye once wore."

To this little attempt at matrimonial gallantry, Mistress Charity was either insensible or determined to appear so, and, with a sharp retort, she bade him work more heartily and talk less nonsense—use his strong hands instead of his soft tongue.

"Is it nonsense I'm spaking?" said Thady, with a determination of tone that even astonished himself; "then I'll talk sinse to ye for the first time darlin'. Just be bridlin' yere own tongue, Misthress O'Rourke, and I'd throuble ye to recollect that if ye're mistress here, I'm the masther—mind that, Misthress Charity."

Never yet had his spouse seen in him such an open demonstration of rebellion, and accordingly she seemed for a moment irresolute, as not knowing how to proceed. "Well, if this don't pass!" she exclaimed, after a few minutes spent in the most perplexing doubt; "I'd like to know—Thady O'Rourke, what do you mean?" Here her shrewishness, which had been somewhat suddenly checked by the unusual firmness of her husband, burst forth with a fury which Thady had never before witnessed. Numberless questions, all tending to mark his character with the most indelible and darkest ink of ingratitude, were asked, with a rapidity of utterance truly marvellous; and taking the affirmative of each for granted—as, that he was a poor miserable outcast when he first made her acquaintance; that out of pure charity she became his wife; that he was idle, dissolute and drunken, quarrelsome, and of much uncomeliness of person—she struck at once into invective, and increasing in rapidity of speech and shrillness of tone as she proceeded, she ceased not until a farm servant, at work three fields off, ceased his occupation and flew to the farm-yard, doubting nothing that some ravenous beast had made a descent upon the pig-pens, or that a fox was making an examination of the state of the poultry.

Dreadful as was the din, however, and although suffering from the effects of as strong a mental mustard-plaster as could be well applied, Thady O'Rourke leaned quietly back in the chair into which he had flung himself, stretched his feet over the floor, and, judging by the wreathed smiles he affected, seemed to consider what she said rather in the light of a series of flattering personal compliments than otherwise. Tired of this, he entered into a critical examination of a patch on the side of his shoe, and appeared to be intently occupied in counting the number of stitches thereon bestowed by Seth Botch, the shoemaker of the neighborhood; and, finally, finding her tongue seemed but to gather fresh strength by the exercise of its very

uncommon powers, shouting at the top of his voice, and being then but barely heard, he exclaimed, "Be asy a minit—asy, ye cat, till I spake." Here, pressing his windpipe betwixt his finger and thumb, distorting his countenance and suffering his head to fall listlessly on his shoulder, he sank back in his chair; a few hollow, gurgling sounds rattled in his throat, and he became as one defunct; recovering himself, however, he nodded mysteriously at his spouse, and, in a tone of significant inquiry, demanded, "what she had to say to that?"

Mistress Charity had nothing whatever to say to it; as Thady compressed his windpipe she ceased in the midst of her reproaches; at his horrible grimaces she turned deadly pale, and by the time he had concluded his polite inquiry, she tottered back from where she stood, covered her eyes with her hands, uttered a very shrill scream, and would have fallen, had not Thady, rushing toward her, caught her in his arms. "I have her now," said he, as he bore her insensible form to the open window, "glory to Saint Patrick for the same—poor craythur!"

A kindly heart, as we have said before, had Thaddeus O'Rourke, and in spite of the provocations he had received, he almost regretted already the step he had taken; and, standing over the inanimate form of his wife, he uttered a hearty prayer, that she, whom in spite of her faults he loved, might become to him as the wife of his bosom, instead of the curse of his home.

At length, opening her eyes, Mistress Charity took one long look round the room; as the flash of the first sunbeam, memory broke suddenly on the benighted mind, and she burst into a passionate flood of tears; while, with a moistened eye at the sight of her distress, Thady maintained a sullen silence beside her. Now, at this state of the contest, had Mistress Charity brought against him a strong fit of hysterics, he must inevitably have surrendered at discretion; but we take it, the peculiar utility of these, in the practice of matrimonial warfare, was not then known, or at all events little resorted to; it has remained for the heroines of a later day to employ them with effect; tears for defence, reproaches for the offensive, may be futile, but in either case, the effect of hysterics will be decisive: man may resist all else, but to a well-timed fit of hysterics he must necessarily succumb.

As it was, however, Mistress O'Rourke wept long and bitterly, and finally rising from where she sat, she flung her arms around the neck of her husband, who was by this time almost ready to weep with pure sympathy. "You won't do that again, dear?" said Mistress Charity, in her most winning tone.

“Och! I won’t, darlin’; I’ll bite my tongue off first;” said Thady, giving way to the kindly impulses of his nature without control; forgetting, in his emotion, that now or never was the time for stipulating for domestic quiet, and that his promise should be made on that consideration only.

“And you won’t tell any one the secret—you won’t, now?” continued the wife, drying her tears and smiling as she had not smiled for many a day. “Not if the divil himself was to make inquiry of the same,” replied Thady, lost to all save the return of soft tones and kind smiles: “Och, bad luck to me for iver frightenin’ ye so!”

Now Mistress Charity had a heart in her bosom, although it was difficult to get at; and, fairly ashamed of the alacrity with which, forgetting his oft-repeated ill treatment, he sought alone to quiet her distress, she hid her face on her husband’s shoulder and made a vow to herself that so good a heart should never more be vexed by so curst a tongue.

But Thady, also, had by this time sufficiently recovered his composure, to see that he was fast losing the advantage of his victory, and that his feelings in the late encounter had entirely betrayed his discretion. “It is miserable ye’ve made me this many a day, alanna,” said he in a plaintive tone, that spoke to the very heart of Mistress Charity; “tell me, darlin’, let me here ye say that ye’ll keep the same bright look, and the same kind tone ye have now, and it’s happy I’ll be intirely.”

“I will, Thady—I will,” sobbed Mistress Charity, as her face rested on his shoulder.

No sooner had the reply met the anxious ear of Mister Thady O’Rourke, than a most sudden and wonderful transformation took place in that individual.

“Don’t disthress yerself any more darlin’,” said he, in so sprightly a tone as formed a striking contrast with its previous sadness; “don’t disthress yerself any more, darlin’, but sit down with ye. Och! me blessin’ on ye, it’s crazy I’m goin’ intirely. Let me go, darlin’, let me go, sure it’s a bladdher of quicksilver I’m gittin’, St. Patrick be thanked for the same! Hurroo, heigh!”

Placing Mistress Charity gently in a chair with one hand, and forcibly throwing his hat out of the window with the other, Thaddeus O’Rourke stepped off into one of the most elegant planxties that ever was danced—in the kitchen of a lonely farmhouse in Connecticut at least. Talk of “many twinkling feet!” Is it not credibly related, that the feet of Thady O’Rourke were absolutely invisible for five consecutive minutes, by reason of the extreme rapidity of their movements? Is it not also told how the house dog

skulked stealthily to the open door, and turning there howled to the very best and utmost of his ability in pure admiration? What, though the cat, on whose tail Thady had trodden in a backward movement, set up her back and swore like a trooper? What, though convinced by the unusual and continued movement, that something was the matter, she bounced from the floor to the ceiling, alighting on the dresser, dashing in among a shelf of plates to the sudden destruction of the crockery! And what, though she finally darted through the open window with eyes of fire, and a tail most monstrous to behold! Doubtless, she could scarcely be expected to appreciate that ease, combination of grace and agility, displayed in the marvellous planxty which Thady yet continued. Up and down, across the floor and back again, now setting to his wife, anon to the old-fashioned clock behind the door, amid broken exclamations of most insane glee, he ceased not but from mere exhaustion.

We are happy in being able to state, that his excessive joy did not prove premature or unfounded, for Mistress Charity was as good as her word. And here our story would end, but for a slight denouement which did not occur until some years afterwards, and which, stripping Saint Patrick of the high degree of credit he must necessarily have obtained with the reader, in consequence of his connection with the events we have but just chronicled, compels us, in justice, to assign that credit to him to whom it is more justly due. The circumstance to which we allude fell out in this wise:

Early on an autumn morning, while a thick hoar frost lay upon the ground, and the many colored foliage of the forest grew of a deeper red as the first sunbeams fell slantingly down, Thady O'Rourke, with a rifle on his shoulder and followed by a noble hound, started from home in search of deer, which, although scarce enough in that neighborhood at this day, were at that time much more abundant.

Passing through that part of the forest memorable for his interview with St. Patrick some years before, his ear again caught sounds similar in tone and import to those which had at that period been the means of working so great a change in his situation; turning a sharp angle of the path, Thady O'Rourke saw in the open ground before him his most particular friend Mister Ned O'Connor, the Protestant proprietor of the next farm, chanting lustily in the very voice and words of the saint, but continuing in form and feature, Mister O'Connor still.

“A purty chant that,” said Thady, approaching him unperceived; “was it your aunt or your grandmother that taught ye the same?”

In reply to this question, Ned O'Connor ceased his work, and turning round, looked a very sly look at the interrogator. "Sure I made it myself, for I know the women of ould," said he with a wink of the right eye—

"The craythur is as meek as milk,  
Till man his wife doth make her—"

sang Mr. O'Connor, and then stopping suddenly, he grinned like a hyena.

Now there was something mysterious in all this; not only the song, but the remark which preceded it, and the significant wink with which that remark was accompanied, was the identical song, wink and remark, of the saint himself; and looking more closely at the features of his friend, Thady O'Rourke was compelled to the conclusion that Saint Patrick, as far as personally known to himself, and Mr. Ned O'Connor were one and the same person.

"It's little better than a haythen ye are," said Thady, grinning in his turn, "and it's little credit ye deserve, passing off your own ugly mug for the countenance of a blessed saint—och! it's forgery, it is entirely."

It was a forgery, however, which Thady O'Rourke had no inclination to quarrel with, and when a few explanations had been asked and satisfactorily answered, parting with his benefactor with a hearty shake of the hand, he whistled his hound from the neighboring wood, shouldered his rifle and struck into the forest; lost in wonder at his not being able to distinguish the physiognomy of the heretic Ned O'Connor, from the blessed features of a Catholic Saint.

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SELF DENIAL.—There never did, and never will exist, any thing permanently noble and excellent in a character which was a stranger to the exercise of resolute self-denial.



## THE FORLORN HOPE.

The following account of an unsuccessful attempt to storm the strong fort of Bhurtpore in the East Indies, is extracted from the Memoirs of John Shipp, an extraordinary man, who *twice* raised himself from the ranks by good conduct and acts of daring courage. He led the forlorn hope on three

several occasions against Bhurtpore; and he thus relates the circumstances attending the first attack:—

“I have heard some men say that they would as soon fight as eat their breakfasts, and others, that they ‘dearly loved fighting.’ If this were true what blood-thirsty dogs they must be! But I should be almost illiberal enough to suspect these boasters of not possessing even ordinary courage. I will not, however, go so far as positively to assert this, but will be content by asking these terrific soldiers to account to me why, some hours previously to storming a fort or fighting a battle, are men pensive, thoughtful, heavy, restless, weighed down with apparent solicitude and care? Why do men on these occasions more fervently beseech the Divine protection and guidance to save them in the approaching conflict! Are not all these feelings the result of reflection, and of man’s regard for his dearest care—his life, which no mortal will part with if he can avoid it? There are periods in war which put man’s courage to a severe test: if, for instance, as was my case, I knew I was to lead a forlorn hope on the following evening, innumerable ideas will rush in quick succession on the mind; such as, ‘for aught my poor and narrow comprehension can tell, I may to-morrow be summoned before my Maker.’ ‘How have I spent the life he has been pleased to preserve up to this period? can I meet that just tribunal?’ A man situated as I have supposed, who did not, even amid the cannon’s roar and the din of war, experience anxieties approaching to what I have described, may, by possibility, have the courage of a lion, but he cannot possess the feelings of a man. In action man is quite another being: the softer feelings of the roused heart are absorbed in the vortex of danger and the necessity of self preservation, and give place to others more adapted to the occasion. In these moments there is an indescribable elation of spirits; the soul rises above its wonted serenity into a kind of frenzied apathy to the scene before you, a heroism bordering on ferocity; the nerves become tight and contracted; the eye full and open, moving quickly in its socket, with almost maniac wildness; the head is in constant motion; the nostril extended wide; and the mouth apparently gasping. If an artist could truly delineate the features of a soldier in the battle’s heat, and compare them with the lineaments of the same man in the peaceful calm of domestic life, they would be found to be two different portraits; but a sketch of this kind is not within the power of art, for in action the countenance varies with the battle; as the battle brightens so does the countenance; and, as it lowers, so the countenance becomes gloomy. I have known some men drink enormous quantities of spirituous liquors when going into action, to drive away little intruding thoughts, and to create false spirits; but these are as short lived as the ephemera that struggles but a

moment on the crystal stream,—then dies. If a man have not natural courage, he may rest assured that liquor will deaden and destroy the little he may possess.

“I slept soundly, and early in the morning commenced cleaning and new flinting my musket, and pointing my bayonet, that it might find its way through the thick cotton-stuffed coats of our enemies. All Mussulmen soldiers wear these coats during winter. The cotton is about two inches thick, and the coats are worn rather loose, so that you can with difficulty cut through them; and I am persuaded that many of them are ball-proof, and that bayonets and spears are the only weapons against them. In the course of the day I walked down to the batteries, to well ascertain the road I had to take to the breaches. Our batteries continued with unabated exertions, to knock off the defences; and everything from appearances, seemed calculated to insure complete success. My heart was all alive this day, and I wished for the sombre garments of night. This was the 9th day of January 1805. The greatest secrecy was observed as to the storming party; no general orders were issued, nor was there any stir or bustle till the hour appointed—nine o’clock. Orders and arrangements were communicated to officers commanding regiments and companies, and in the same private manner conveyed to us. The gun fired as usual at eight o’clock. This was the signal to move out. I kissed and took leave of my favourite pony Apple, and, my dog Wolf; and I went to my post at the head of the column with my little band of heroes, twelve volunteers from the different corps of the army. Reader, you may believe me when I assure you, that at this critical juncture, everything else was forgotten in the enthusiasm of the moment, except the contemplation of the honorable post confided to me. ‘What!’ thought I, ‘I, a youth at the head of an Indian army?’ I began to think it presumption when so many more experienced soldiers filled the ranks behind. I thought that every eye was upon me, and I did not regret the pitchy darkness of the night, which hid my blushing countenance. All was still as the grave when I distinctly heard somebody call, ‘Sergent Shipp!’ This was Lieut-Colonel Salkeld, adjutant-general of the army, who brought with him a gollondauze, who had deserted from the fort and who, for filthy lucre, was willing to betray his countrymen. This man was handed over to me, he having undertaken to lead me to the breach. If he attempted to deceive me, or to run from me, I had positive orders to shoot him; consequently, I kept a sharp look-out on him. We then, in solemn silence marched down to the trenches and remained there about half an hour, when we marched to the attack in open columns of sections,—the two flank companies of the 22nd leading, supported by the 25th and 26th European regiments, and other native



infantry. I took the precaution of tying a rope round the wrist of my guide, that he might not escape; for firing at him at that moment would have alarmed the fort. Not a word was to be heard; but the cannon's rattling drowned many a deep-drawn sigh, from many as brave a heart.

"I was well supported, having my own two companies behind me. Colonel Maitland, of his Majesty's 76th Regiment, commanded this storming party, and brave little Major Archibald Campbell his corps. The former officer came in front to me, and pointed out the road to glory; but observing the Native whom I had in charge, he asked who he was, and on being informed, said,—'We can find the way without him; let him go about his business.' I remonstrated, and repeated to him the instructions I had received; but his answer was,—'I don't care; if you don't obey my orders, I will send you to the rear.' I did obey, and on we moved to the attack. Immediately behind me were pioneers, carrying gabions and fascines to fill up any cavities we might meet with. The enemy did not discover our approach till within fifty paces of the ditch, when a tremendous cannonade and peals of musketry commenced; rockets were flying in all directions; blue lights were hoisted; and the fort seemed convulsed to its very foundation. Its ramparts seemed like some great volcano vomiting tremendous volumes of fiery matter; the roaring of the great guns shook the earth beneath our feet; their small arms seemed like the rolling of ten thousand drums; and their war-trumpets rent the air asunder. Men were seen skipping along the lighted ramparts, as busy as emmets collecting stores for the dreary days of winter. The scene was awfully grand, and must have been sublimely beautiful to the distant spectator.

"We pushed on at speed; but were soon obliged to halt. A ditch, about twenty yards wide and four or five deep, branched off from the main trench. This ditch formed a small island, on which were posted a strong party of the enemy, with two guns. Their fire was well directed, and the front of our column suffered severely. The fascines and gabions were thrown in; but they were as a drop of water in the mighty deep. The fire became hotter, and my little band of heroes plunged into the water, followed by our two companies and part of the 75th Regiment. The middle of the column broke off, and got too far down to the left; but we soon cleared the little island. At this time Colonel Maitland and Major Campbell joined me, with our brave officers of the two companies, and many of the other corps. I proposed following the fugitives; but our duty was to gain the breach, our orders being confined to that object. We did gain it; but imagine our surprise and consternation, when we found a perpendicular curtain going down to the water's edge, and no footing except on pieces of trees and stones that had fallen from above. This

could not bear more than three men abreast, and if they slipped (which many did), a watery grave awaited them, for the water was extremely deep here. Close on our right was a large bastion, which the enemy had judiciously hung with dead underwood. This was fired, and it threw such a light upon the breach, that it was as clear as noonday. They soon got guns to bear on us, and the first shot (which was grape) shot Colonel Maitland dead, wounded Major Campbell in the hip or leg, me in the right shoulder, and completely cleared the remaining few of my little party. We had at that moment reached the top of the breach, not more (as I before stated) than three abreast, when we found that the enemy had completely repaired that part, by driving in large pieces of wood, stakes, stones, bushes, and pointed bamboos through the crevices of which was a mass of spears jabbing diagonally, which seemed to move by mechanism. Such was the footing we had, that it was utterly impossible to approach these formidable weapons; meantime, small spears or darts were hurled at us; and stones, lumps of wood, stink-pots, and bundles of lighted straw, thrown upon us. In the midst of this tumult, I got one of my legs through a hole, so that I could see into the interior of the fort. The people were like a swarm of bees. In a moment I felt something seize my foot; I pulled with all my might, and at last succeeded in disengaging my leg, but leaving my boot behind me. Our establishing ourselves on this breach in sufficient force to dislodge this mass of spearsmen was physically impossible. Our poor fellows were mowed down like corn-fields, without the slightest hope of success. The rear of the column suffered much, as they were within range of the enemy's shot. A retreat was ordered, and we were obliged to take to the water; and many a poor wounded soldier lost his life in this attempt. Not one of our officers escaped without being wounded, and Lieutenant Cresswell was almost cut to pieces. He, I believe, still lives in England; and, should this little history fall into his hands, he will read these events with as much regret as the narrator writes. We, as may be supposed, returned almost broken-hearted at this our first failure in India. Our loss was a melancholy one, and the conviction that the poor wounded fellows we were compelled to leave behind would be barbarously massacred, incited our brave boys to beg a second attempt. This was denied: had it been granted, it must infallibly have proved abortive; for there was, literally, *no breach*.—The disastrous issue of our attack caused the enemy to exult exceedingly: and the shouting and roaring that followed our retreat were daggers in the souls of our wounded and disappointed soldiers, who were with difficulty restrained from again rushing to the breach. I found that I had received a spear-wound in the right finger, and several little scratches from the combustibles they fired at us. Pieces of copper coin, as well as of iron, stone, and glass, were extracted from the wounds of those who were fortunate

enough to escape. We were in the course of the night relieved, and went to our lines to brood over our misfortunes.”



## THE PERJURER'S IMPRECATION.

A man once waited on a magistrate near Hitchin, in the county of Hertford, (Eng.) and informed him that he had been stopped by a young gentleman in Hitchin, who had knocked him down and searched his pockets; but not finding anything, he had suffered him to depart. The magistrate, astonished at this intelligence, despatched a messenger to the young gentleman, ordering him to appear immediately and answer to the charge exhibited against him. The youth obeyed the summons, accompanied by his guardian and an intimate friend. Upon their arrival at the seat of justice, the accused and accuser were confronted; when the magistrate hinted to the man, that he was afraid he had made the charge with no other view than that of extorting money, and bade him take care how he proceeded; exhorting him, in the most earnest and pathetic manner, to beware of the dreadful train of consequences attending perjury. The man insisted upon making oath to what he had advanced; the oath was accordingly administered, and the business fully investigated, when the innocence of the young gentleman was established, by the most incontrovertible evidence. The infamous wretch, finding his intention thus frustrated, returned home much chagrined; and meeting soon afterwards with one of his neighbors, he declared he had not sworn to any thing but the truth, calling God to witness the same in the most solemn manner, and wished, if it was not as he had said, his jaws might be locked, and that his flesh might rot upon his bones; when, terrible to relate, his jaws were instantly arrested, and he was deprived of the use of the faculty he had so awfully perverted! After lingering nearly a fortnight, he expired in the greatest agonies, his flesh literally rotting upon his bones.



## MY FATHER'S GROWING OLD.

BY ELIZABETH C. BARBER.

My father's growing old; his eyes  
Look dimly on the page,  
The locks that round his forehead lie  
Are silvered o'er by age;  
My heart has learned too well the tale,  
Which other lips have told,  
His years and strength begin to fail—  
"My father's growing old."

They tell me in my youthful years,  
He led me by his side,  
And strove to calm my childish fears,  
My erring steps to guide.  
But years with all their scenes of change  
Above us both have rolled,  
I now must guide his faltering steps—  
"My father's growing old."

When sunset's rosy glow departs,  
With voices full of mirth,  
Our household band with joyous hearts  
Will gather round the hearth,  
They look upon his trembling form,  
His pallid face behold,  
And turn away with chastened tone—  
"My father's growing old."

And when each tuneful voice we raise,  
In songs of "long ago,"  
His voice, which mingles in our lays,  
Is tremulous and low.  
It used to seem a clarion's tone,  
So musical and bold,  
But weaker, fainting it has grown—  
"My father's growing old."

The same fond smile he used to wear,  
Still wreaths his pale lips now,  
But time, with lines of age and care  
Has traced his placid brow,  
But yet amid the lapse of years,  
His hearth has not grown cold,

Though voice and footsteps plainly tell  
“My father’s growing old.”

My father! thou didst strive to share  
My joys, and calm my fears,  
And now thy child, with grateful care,  
Shall smooth thy path, and brighter scenes  
By Faith and Hope untold;  
And love thee with a holier love,  
Since thou art “growing old.”

---

### PAYING FOR PRAYING.

An aged Burgomaster, traveling to Germany, stopped at an inn on the borders of that country and Holland. He observed that the servant girl who laid the cloth and made other preparations for his supper, performed these operations neatly and with much alacrity, and he commended her, saying also, “I trust that, while you show yourself so careful in the performance of the common duties of your station, you are not less diligent in observing the duties and privileges of a Christian.” The girl, who was quite ignorant of religion, replied by asking what he meant; upon which he entered more particularly into an explanation of his meaning, dwelling especially on the importance of prayer, as he found that she lived in entire neglect of it. Her countenance and manner indicated a strict adherence to truth, and he told her that if, when he again passed through the place, she could assure him that she had knelt down every night and morning and uttered a short prayer, he would give her a ten gilder piece, (a gold coin, value 16s. 8d.) After some hesitation the girl agreed, and asked what the prayer was, the repetition of which was to procure her a larger sum than she had ever before possessed at one time. The burgomaster told her, “Lord Jesus convert my soul.” At first the girl hesitated, and sometimes thought that she might omit the repetition of these words, the full meaning of which she did not understand. A better feeling however, induced her to continue, and also to inquire the meaning of these words.

About six months afterwards, the old gentleman returned; he went to the same inn; another girl laid his supper cloth; he inquired for her predecessor in vain. He then asked for the landlord, who told him that five months back the girl alluded to had been seized with such a praying fit that he found she

would no longer do for his service, and that she was then living with a private family in the neighborhood. In the morning the old gentleman sought for and found her, and said he was come to fulfil his promise. She immediately recognized him, but decidedly refused his offered money, saying, "I have found a reward much richer than any sum of gold."

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TABLE 1.

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

TABLE 2.

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

TABLE 3.

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



TABLE 4.

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

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

HALF CREDIT RATES OF PREMIUM.

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

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*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.

Quebec, August, 1849.

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H. KNIGHT,

Merchant Tailor,

FROM JONE'S, REGENT STREET,

London.

No. 12 Palace Street, opposite the Albion  
Hotel,

QUEBEC.

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T. Lariviere,

Cabinet, Chair, and Varnish Manufactory.

ALL ORDERS EXECUTED ON THE SHORTEST NOTICE.

*Desfossas Street, St. Rochs,*

QUEBEC.

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MACHINES A BATTRE,

NOUVELLEMENT AMELIOREES, DE PARADIS.

Le Soussigné connu depuis longtems comme FABRICANT DE MACHINES A BATTRE LES GRAINS, prend la liberteé 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 rependra 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.

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CHEAP GOODS.

To Fishermen, &c.

DRY GOODS STORE.

22, *Sous le Fort*,

NOTRE DAME STREET, QUEBEC,

J. B. Hardy, respectfully informs his Friends and the Public, that he has constantly on hand an extensive assortment of READY MADE CLOTHING, SILK, COTTON and WOOLLEN GOODS, Cheap for Cash.

The highest price given for Furs, Fish, Oil, &c.

J. B. HARDY.

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THE SUBSCRIBER,

Begs to inform his Friends and the Public in general that he continues to import the most Genuine English

DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES AND  
PERFUMERY,

Brushes and Combs of all descriptions, West India Tamarands, Bermuda Arrow Root, Trusses, Surgical Instruments, &c.

—ALSO—

Garden, Flower and Field Seeds, warranted Fresh and true to their kind.

N.B. Country orders attended to with the greatest despatch and punctuality.

G. D. ARDOUIN,  
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T. CASEY,

Importer and Dealer

In British, French, Irish and

American Manufactures.

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UPPER TOWN MARKET PLACE,

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Keeps constantly on hand the newest and most Fashionable Selections of SILK, WOOLEN and COTTON GOODS, Irish Manufactured LINENS of every description, Domestic and Fancy GOODS, with every other article connected with the Dry Goods Business.

The rule of “QUICK SALES AND SMALL PROFITS” strictly adhered to, and as all Goods are purchased for Cash by experienced agents both in the Old and New World, consequently will be Cheap.

Every article sold for what it really is.

CASH PAYMENTS requited on all occasions.

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Quebec, 1849.

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IMPORTERS,  
Goldsmiths & Jewellers,  
WATCH AND CLOCK MAKERS,

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Every description  
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Jewelry, and Mus-  
ical Boxes cleaned  
and repaired.



Old Gold, Silver  
Plate, and  
Watches,  
bought or taken  
in exchange.

N.B. Always on hand, a large and well selected assortment of London  
made Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, &c.

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Carriage Manufacturer,

AND IMPORTER OF  
CARRIAGE FURNITURE,

ST. ANN STREET,

Opposite the English Cathedral,

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A NUMBER OF SLEIGHS AND CARIOLES ON  
HAND.

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BOOKSELLERS, STATIONERS,

And Book-Binders,

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GASPÉ MAGAZINE.

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ON SALE AT THE GASPÉ GAZETTE  
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GODFREY'S CORDIAL, F. Vermifuge, Paregoric Elixir, Opodeldoc, Stoughton's Bitters, Moffat's Phœnix Bitters and Pills, Epsom Salts, Essence of Peppermint, Castor Oil, Camphor, Sulphur & Cream of Tartar, British Oil, Poor Man's Friend, Magnesia, Liquorice, West Indian Peppers, Walnut Shaving Soap, Brown Windsor do., Fancy do., Scented; Oil for the Hair, Cold Cream, Eau de Cologne, Smith's Exterminator for Rats, Mice, Cockroaches, &c.

New Carlisle, August, 1849.

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JOHN MUSSON,

CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,

BUADE STREET, QUEBEC.

Surgical Instruments, Garden, Field and Flower Seeds, Patent Medicines,  
Perfumery, Dye Woods, &c. &c.

PRESCRIPTIONS ACCURATELY DISPENSED.

*Magnesia, Soda and other Mineral Waters.*

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*Fire Insurance Company of Hartford,  
Connecticut.*

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PROTECTION

*Fire Insurance Company of Hartford,  
Connecticut.*

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HARTFORD

*Fire Insurance Company of Hartford,  
Connecticut.*

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LOSS or DAMAGE BY FIRE, on terms  
as favorable as other offices in the City.

DANIEL McGIE, Agent.  
Office—St. Andrew's Wharf.

Quebec, 10th March, 1848.

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And School Commissioners.



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AT THE OFFICE OF THE GASPÉ GAZETTE.  
THE CHILD'S

FIRST BOOK,

Embellished, with Cuts,

*Compiled expressly for the use of Schools  
in the District of Gaspé.—Price, 4d.*

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This being the first Book ever published in the District of Gaspé, the Printer respectfully solicits the patronage of the School Commissioners of the different Municipalities. New Carlisle. August, 1849.

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FOR RATS, MICE, COCKROACHES,  
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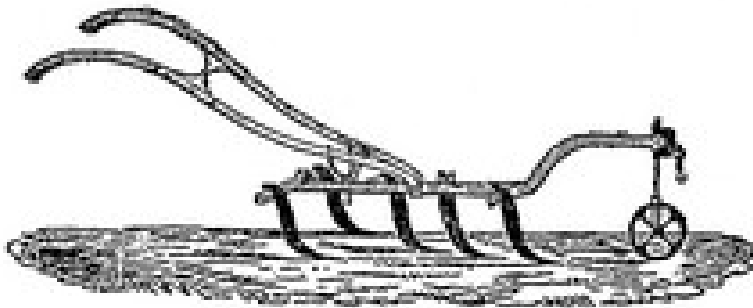
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### IMPROVED SUBSOIL GRUBBER,

As an implement well calculated to facilitate the labour of cross ploughing—performing with the same draft power, the work of the common plough in one third the time; it is much used in Scotland, where it has superseded the use of Scuffler, Horse Hoe, and Cultivator.

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The following articles are particularly recommended to Families:—Pure Ground Pepper, Allspice, Ginger and Cinnamon in 4 oz. packets; also, Cloves, Nutmegs and Mace; superior Indigo, Rice, Starch, Button Blue; Candied Orange, Citron and Lemon Peel; Essence of Lemon; Cinnamon, Cloves, Vanilla and Ratifia.—Polishing Paste, Indelible Ink, Fine Sponge, Hair, Tooth and Nail Brushes.—Friction Hair Gloves and Belts.—Patent Nursing Bottles, Powder Boxes and Puffs.—Prepared Groats and Barley, Sago, Tapioca; Cox's Sparkling Gelatine for Jellies, Blance Mange, &c. &c.

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. 7 of 11* edited by R. W. Kelly]