THE

GASPE' MAGAZINE,

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

Vol. 1. April, 1850 No. 9.

Price—Two Pence Half-penny per Month.

NEW CARLISLE:

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

Title: Gaspe Magazine, and Instructive Miscellany Vol. 9 of 11
Date of first publication: 1850
Author: R. W. Kelly (Editor)
Date first posted: July 30, 2021
Date last updated: July 30, 2021
Faded Page eBook #20210802

This eBook was produced by: Marcia Brooks, John Routh & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at https://www.pgdpcanada.net

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.

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.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, January 1849.

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.

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.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, Sept., 1849.

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.

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.

Patent Medicines, Drugs, &c.

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

New Carlisle, July, 1849.

WINDOW GLASS.

ON SALE. *Cheap for Cash*, at the Office of the Gaspé Gazette.

A few boxes WINDOW GLASS, 7¼ x 8½, 8 x 10.

TEA! TEA!! TEA!!!

Just received, and for sale at this Office, several cases GUNPOWDER TEA, in catty package, of 2 lb. each.

STATIONERY.

Writing and Printing Paper, Note do., Colored do., Wrapping do., Sealing Wax, Wafers Envelopes, &c.

New Carlisle, July, 1849.

THE GASPE' MAGAZINE,
AND
INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:
Vol. 1. APRIL. No. 9.

POETRY.

A Tale founded on Fact, from Trusler's instructive Proverbs in verse, written by the author at the age of 83.

MURDER WILL OUT.

Lucullus, on reaching a village, and tir'd,
Alights from his horse at an inn on the road,
To seek some refreshment as nature required.
And there to the morning to take his abode.

The day had been sultry—oppressed were the trees—
But Sol had declined; bright Hesperus was seen,
The prospect inviting, an evening breeze,
And sweet Philomela enliven'd the scene.

Refreshed by his meal, yet annoyed by its fumes,
At eve to the church-yard he pensively strays,
T' indulge his reflections, to muse o'er the tombs,
To list to a nightingale warbling his lays.

Cast out from a grave, now opening anew,
A skull, which a toad for its safety had entered,
Self-moved, as it seemed, rolled forward in view;
On this the whole thought of our moralist centered.

Our Sexton, like Charon, to whom poets have
Assigned a like office; conveying the dead

From region to region; the one third the grave,
The other o'er Styx, as by Virgil is said.

Like Shakespeare's grave digger, our digger of graves
Now leans on his spade, being encumbered with years,
Harangues boldly on death, its horrors outbraves,
Yet whistles at times, as to banish his fears,

Perchance had the owner of these luckless bones
Been known as well now as poor Yorick was then,
His gibes and his jests would be retailed in tones
Of sad lamentation again and again.

The skull was ta'en up, which the reptile had left—
A nail to its head was observed had been passed,
Apparently driven through its temporal cleft,
And, tho' greatly decayed, it stuck firm and fast.

Inquiries took place. All the Sexton could say
Was, that "Twenty years since, a trave'ler was led
To sleep for the night at yon Inn, in his way,
Was robbed of his cash, and found dead in the bed."

The landlord who keeps it was strongly suspected,
But no marks of violence seen, as was said,
The matter blew over—he's now well respected—
And in this very spot his body was laid.

"Good Heavens!" exclaim'd he, "Now strangely we know,
Do things come to pass, by th' unthinking and dull,
Unnoticed?—This grave was ne'er open'd till now,
And certain as death, Sir,—that *must* be *his* skull!"

As Jael of old, in an arduous strife,
'Tween Jabin and Barak, in Israel's cause,
By a nail through his temple took Sisera's life,
In defence of war and its general laws.

Driven in by a hammer, as sleeping he lay—
So here was murder committed, no doubt,
By similar means in a similar way,
In hopes it might never be after found out.

Absorbed with the thoughts of so horrid a deed
Resolved to his utmost to bring it to light,
Lucullus hies back with the skull in great speed,
Yet, as prudence directed, concealed it from sight.

Till fit opportunity serv'd to impart
The tale to his host as it stated had been—
When with rivetted eyes, that pierced to his heart,
And saw how his conscience was working within.

With such powerful words he disclosed it, as pressed
The mind of this miscreant so home with his crime,
Self-smitten he wept—but the throbs of his breast
Suspended his power of speech for a time.

The moment bade fair—with the skull now confronted,
Its looks grim and ghastly, his senses astound,
The nail did the rest; nothing further was wanted;
He shudders, he trembles, he drops to the ground.

"Own thy guilt," cries Lucullus, "that power implore
Whom thou'st highly incensed by so foul an act,
For mercy and pardon—concealment's now o'er,"
The panic struck murderer confesses the fact.

Thus Heaven brought forward, what all must allow,
A truth of great import, which long lay conceal'd,
Enveloped in darkness mysterious, till now
Abundance of things in concurrence revailed.

Its all-searching eye is thus made known to men,
Its power of unravelling established past doubt;
Less vices are seldom concealed from our ken,
But sooner or later *all murders will out*.

LITERATURE.

THE MISER'S DEATH-BED.

From the Italian of Luigi Beretta.

[Concluded.]

His eyes were like two burning coals, flickering in two deep orbits, as an ignis fatuus in the depth of a cavern, or like two torches lighting a tomb at midnight; pitiless as the heart of a slighted woman, and immoveably fixed on a cabinet, which rested against the opposite wall, at a few feet from the bed. A long, aquiline, and pointed nose drooping towards a short and withered chin, divided the livid and fleshless countenance, so as to make it resemble a gaping shell. The lips were anatomically attached to the gums, since he had no teeth, and were pressed together, as if convulsively, so that the nostrils were dilated by the strength of the contraction, and the eyes acquired yet sterner brilliancy from the compression of the lips. The skin which covered the muscles of the neck was corrugated into large perpendicular folds, through which the long neck resembled a column channeled by decay. The only furniture of the room was a miserable bed, two rough wooden chairs, and a small table. At the head of the bed was fixed an oaken crucifix, and on each side a nail, from the one of which hung an earthen vessel containing holy water, and on the other was stuck a small taper. I had made a single step into the chamber, when I stopped mechanically to contemplate both the sick man, and all the objects which surrounded me, more particularly the cabinet to which Don Andrea's eyes directed me. I quickly recollected myself, and advanced to his bed-side. First I began to encourage him; then to ask him if he were disposed to confess; if he were prepared to quit this world in peace, and so proceeded to speak of all that my priestly office, under these circumstances, suggested to me. He answered neither by word, nor gesture. It seemed as if I had touched chords not adapted to the instrument, whose harmony absorbed all his faculties; or as if I had spoken of love to a heartless woman, to whom the understanding of its divine language is as impossible as the numbers of Pythagoras to me. He had but one sensation, and all the rest of his vital faculties were concentrated in that, as the solar rays in a lens. After having vainly lost several hours, I left him. Returning on the following day, my mission met with no more favourable issue. I resolved, however, not to leave him,

cheered by the hope of succeeding in wresting some word from his lips, which were sealed either by convulsion or mystery. It was near evening, when with a long, fleshless arm, like that of a skeleton, he pointed out to me, without however taking his eyes from the cabinet, a pen, which lay amongst vials and boxes on the little table. If I had previously conceived the hope, I now felt a certainty of obtaining a confession; and supposed that as he felt himself unable to speak, he meant to make it in writing. Persuaded of this, I anxiously gave him the pen, and a slip of paper which had been provided for the physician. After having rested for some minutes the arm, which, when he had pointed out the pen, had fallen powerless on the sheet, he began tracing with paralytic hand some words scattered here and there, almost illegible, and so disjoined as not to form an intelligible sentence, but in every word might be traced a volume of "strange matter." The words were as follows: —"To die—— without friends—— children—— they would have hastened my death—— with pains—— with pleasure unsuited to the falling strength of age—— tears—— or mirth—— little does it matter—— every way parricide."

I cannot express to you the surprise which these words, written in lieu of a confession, occasioned me. Yet they were indeed a confession of what was passing in his mind; a terrible confession, through which I beheld a heart madly fighting with itself, and trying to stifle remorse by a sophism. The weight of a long selfish life pressed upon it. To look backward was to doubt, and yet from habit was also to resolve not to doubt: to look forward was impossible, for "where the treasure is, there is the heart also."—The night was reaching its goal. The snow drifted by the strength of the wind, beat against the narrow casement. Some drops of water, which trickled through the ceiling, stained the walls with dark and dingy stripes. The wind howled along the gloomy galleries of the house, when a rattling of wheels, as of a carriage hurried by the driver, reached my ear. The noise increased, and then suddenly stopped before Don Andrea's door. There had been another nephew expected from the country, whither the tidings of his uncle's imminent danger might perhaps have reached. Recollecting the orders of the dying man, with respect to his other relatives, I betook myself in guise of prayer to beseech Don Andrea's permission to introduce the stranger, who had not yet seen him. At this request, the muscles of his countenance became horribly contracted, as if he had been stung by a scorpion—and then gradually recovered, he answered by signs, No. Heaven only knows what ideas at that moment filled him with such ungovernable rage! He refused to admit the nephew whom he had once loved, because richer, and more crafty than his cousins—either through the hate of youth instinctive to age, or

because he feared that his unscrupulous favourite, wearied of waiting for his long deferred inheritance, had come to accelerate his death—perhaps to suffocate him under the mask of love, by a prolonged kiss. If mentioning his name alone, said I to myself, has so shaken the exhausted frame of this poor wretch, his presence will surely at once snap the slender thread of his life. This thought induced me to hurry into the adjoining room, in order to hinder the new comer, whoever he might be, from entering. On opening the door, which I did unnoticed, an unexpected sight stopped me on the threshold. Round a table placed near a blazing fire, sat three men, and two lovely girls: they were the relatives who, I have before said, attended Don Andrea in the beginning of his illness. Viands of the choicest kinds, and bottles of wine, which seemed to pass unceasingly from hand to hand, strewed the table. Whilst this picture starting out in full relief, and coloured like one of Titian's, rivetted my eyes, I heard the handsomest of the two girls ask with gentle voice—"Supposing our uncle recovers, how much longer, think you, can he live?" She spoke these words in accents so full of pity and of love, that one might have supposed her heart was bursting with sorrow instead of beating high with joy. Inconceivable cunning of woman, who can persuade her victim of her love, even whilst through her he perishes, as the serpent who fascinates whilst he strangles! At the lady's question, the youth sitting opposite to her, laid down his glass, and coming behind the fair speaker, impressed on her neck with his lips, dyed deep with wine, a loud and rude kiss.—"Cheer up, pretty cousin," he said; then added—"Hark ye, lovely Charlotte, two glasses more of wine, or an hour's sleep, and you will have forgotten this burning kiss of mine. Well, Don Andrea will be cold before that kiss leaves your memory." Then taking up her glass, which had been just filled he quaffed it off at a draught, to punish her, as he said; for having kept his throat so long dry.—I thus stood on the confines of two different worlds, the one blooming with life, the other a prey to death; even as in a cabinet of coins we find the bold outline and firm stamp of the day by the side of the traceless image of a thousand ages back. I looked from the one to the other, gazed and gazed again, and, sooth to say, traced little difference there! After having long examined and dwelt upon this singular contrast of the dying man on one side, and the group of revellers on the other, I proceeded towards the living world, and manifesting no surprise at their orgies, communicated Don Andrea's wishes respecting the new comer, who was then mounting the stair. Scarcely had the words passed my lips, when a loud and hollow crash rung through the apartment. At that sound a hundred thoughts rushed in a second's space tumultuously through my mind. I hastened into the adjoining room, and my cry of horror quickly brought the gay party after me, flocking raven-like to their prey. A dreadful spectacle

was presented to our eyes. Don Andrea lay extended at the foot of the cabinet, on which, during his illness, he had ever kept his eyes watchfully fixed. We raised him up, and laid him on his bed. He was dead. No vestige of life remained, save that his eyes, although dull and glazed, were open. From a fracture on his temple oozed drops of blood, which trickling down his face, already livid by the touch of death, rendered him yet more ghastly. One of the ladies, moved by pity, or perhaps through consciousness that the dead could not return to life, dipped a towel in water, and began to wash away the "gouts of blood,"—but those open eyes dismayed her. Then one of the nephews, the last who arrived, closed the eye-lids of the corpse, and drew them over the pupils, as a cowl is drawn over a tonsured skull. The *compassionate* lady again betook herself to her task, and whilst wiping between the wrinkles of the gaunt and haggard cheek, down which the blood had found its way, the mouth of the dead body half-opened, and displayed something shining within. The lady stood with uplifted and motionless hand as if thunderstruck—he who held the candle starting back let it fall, and the rest shrunk in horror from the bed. Having relighted the candle, I asked for the nurse, who had withdrawn into the next room to drive off sleep by the aid of the gastronomic remnants of the *inconsolable* relatives, to help me to open the mouth so far as to extract the object we saw within. With her assistance I drew out a key, forcing along with it pieces of flesh; since in his agony, or for its better security, the wretched being had half swallowed it. A horrible thought had taken possession of the dying miser, and gnawed his heart, as did the Count Ugolino the skull of the Archbishop Ruggieri. He had feared that his nephews would seize his treasure whilst he lived; and this idea stung him to madness. In the delirium of his agony Don Andrea, like a spectre issuing from a tomb, having collected all his strength for one last effort, had risen from his bed, dragged himself to the cabinet, which was his coffer, taken the key, and endeavoured to conceal it in his own throat, as an ape hides a date in the pouch of his cheeks. His strength had then deserted him, and falling down, with his head dashed on the floor at the foot of his idol, he breathed his last.

The Last Days of Murat, King of Naples.

From the Gift of 1839.

A wearied and exhausted stranger presented himself at the door of a lonely cottage, a few miles distant from a bay which opened upon the

Mediterranean, a few leagues from the harbour of Toulon. He was a man apparently of middle age; and, though misery was stamped upon his aspect, his air was noble and his form majestic. His garments were torn and drenched with rain, his features haggard, and a dark beard of three day's growth, contrasting with the pallor of his complexion, added not a little to the ghastliness of his appearance. His dress was the blue cloth cap and long grey surtout usually worn by French soldiers on the march. He seemed as one worn down with watching, and fatigue, and hunger, and his enfeebled limbs could scarcely bear him to the door of the humble mansion. Yet there was resolution in his eye, and wretched as was his present plight, no one could look on him and doubt that he had moved in scenes both of splendour and of high achievement as one to whom they were familiar. He hesitated for a moment ere he sought entrance, but it seemed that he had prepared himself for whatever fortune might befall him, for, without pausing even to listen or to look around, he raised the latch and boldly entered.

An old woman was the occupant of the single room that constituted the interior of the cabin, the furniture of which sufficiently attested the poverty of its inhabitant. But, though poor, she was charitable. The appearance of the stranger declared his wants and she made haste to set before him such humble food as she possessed, to heap fuel on the coals that lay smouldering on the hearth, to prepare for him a rude couch of straw, covered with blankets, in one corner of the room before which she hung the counterpane of her own bed, to serve as a partition. The wanderer framed a ready tale, to which she listened with unsuspecting sympathy. He was an inferior officer belonging to the garrison of Toulon—had lost his way while endeavouring to reach a neighbouring village by a shorter route through the wood—and had wandered all night in the storm of rain which had been pouring for the last two days. A few hours to repose would restore his exhausted strength, and enable his hostess to dry his dripping garments, after which he would take his leave with thanks and a lively remembrance of her goodness.

While he was yet sleeping, the husband of the old woman returned. The noise of his entrance disturbed not the profound slumber of the wearied stranger and it was late in the afternoon when he awoke. The thoughtful kindness of the old woman had provided for him a change of apparel in the best suit of her husband and when he emerged from his extemporaneous resting-place, refreshed in his mind and body, there was a striking contrast between his rustic garb and the stately bearing which no attire, however humble, could essentially diminish or conceal. The owner of the cabin was seated upon a bench before the door, enjoying the freshness of the evening breeze, and, as the stranger advanced to greet him, a searching glance of his

dark but sparkling eye rested for a moment upon the old man's furrowed countenance while a shade of anxiety, or it might be of suspicion, flittered across his own; but the result of his quick scrutiny appeared to be satisfactory, and the transient cloud, gave place almost at the instant of its rising, to the bold and frank expression which his features habitually wore. With many a cheerful jest upon his unaccustomed garb, he repeated the simple narrative with which he had already accounted to the old woman for his disastrous plight, and laughingly declared that he would almost be willing to undergo another night of abstinence and watching, to enjoy the comforts of such a meal as his hostess had set before him, and of the luxurious slumber from which he had just awakened.

While he was speaking, and the listener was intently scrutinising his features, and the more he gazed, the more his wonder seemed to grow, his doubts to be dispelled. At length he started up, and flinging himself upon his knees before the stranger, caught his hand, and in a voice quivering with emotion, exclaimed, "It must be, it is my General—*le beau sabreur* whom I have so often followed to the charge. Alas, alas! that I should see your majesty in this condition of distress and danger!" The man to whom he knelt, the wretched worn-out fugitive, now reduced so low as to be dependent not only for succour, but for his very life, upon the charity of an aged peasant, was indeed the celebrated Murat, the splendid King of Naples.

The history of his fall is too well known to require explanation. It is enough for our present purpose to say that dazzled by the lustre of Napoleon's triumphant return to the capital of France, after his escape from Elba, Murat had abruptly broken off the negotiations in which he was engaged with the allies, and marched with an army of fifty thousand men upon Tuscany, then in possession of the Austrians. But his troops were Neapolitans, and a succession of defeats, caused more by their cowardice and disaffection, than by the superior force of the enemy, soon compelled him to flight; and having reached his capital with a few adherents, his reception there was so discouraging and even alarming, that, as a last resort, he determined to join the emperor, at that time preparing for his last desperate struggle on the plains of Belgium.

Scarcely had he landed, however, near Toulon, when tidings reached him of the fatal overthrow at Waterloo, and the second abdication of the emperor. The situation of the unhappy king had now become extremely critical; his army had capitulated without making a single stipulation in his favour; the emperor, his last hope, was ruined and a captive, and a price was set upon his own head by the Bourbons. He applied for permission to reside in

Austria, which was granted by the Emperor Francis, on condition of laying aside his royal title; and having gladly accepted the terms, he was quietly waiting his passports at Toulon, when sure intelligence was brought him that a band of soldiers had set out from Marseilles, with the resolution of taking him, alive or dead, and thus gaining the fifty thousand francs offered by Ferdinand for his apprehension. He instantly fled to a lonely retreat in the vicinity of Toulon, leaving behind him a confidential agent to make arrangements for his conveyance by sea to Havre, whence he intended to set out for Paris, and there surrender himself to the mercy of the allies, then in possession of the capital. The place at which he was to embark was the solitary bay where he had now arrived, and where a schooner was to wait for him. But he arrived too late. The storm had compelled the captain of the schooner to seek for safety in the open sea, and after remaining to the last moment compatible with the preservation of his vessel, he had put off soon after midnight. The disappointment and alarm of the fugitive, on arriving at the bay and finding no trace of the bark to which he trusted for escape, may be imagined. He was suffering the extremes of cold weariness, and exhaustion, for he had been the whole night a-foot and without shelter, exposed to the wind and heavy rain; but mere bodily suffering was forgotten or disregarded in the keener inflictions of his mental anguish. Death was behind him, and the refuge to which he trusted was suddenly withdrawn; his pursuers were already perhaps upon his traces—he was surrounded, watched, it might be betrayed, and his only hope had failed him. He had not even the means of knowing whether an effort had been made in his behalf—whether he was not deceived and abandoned by those in whom he had placed his trust.

To be continued.

How To Drown Yourself.—If you wish to drown yourself, I'll tell you how to do it presently: kick and splash about as violently as you can, and you'll presently sink. On the contrary, if impressed with the idea that you are lighter than the water, you avoid all violent action, and calmly and steadily strive to refrain from drawing in your breath whilst under the water and to keep your head raised as much as you can, and gently but constantly move your hands and feet in a proper direction there may be a great probability of your keeping afloat until some aid arrives.—*Old Millions.*

Early Commerce of Britain.—At the time of the invasion, the Romans flattered themselves with the hope of conquering an island of which the shores abounded with pearls and the soil with ores of the more precious metals. Their avarice was, however, defeated. Of gold or silver not the smallest trace was discovered; nor were the British pearls of a size or colour which could reward the labour of the collector. Yet the invasion produced one advantage to the natives. They sought, and at last discovered, ores of the very metals after which Roman avarice had so anxiously but fruitlessly inquired; and the British exports, at the commencement of the Christian era, comprised, if we may credit a contemporary and well-informed writer, corn and cattle, gold and silver, tin, lead, and iron, skins, slaves and dogs.—*Linguard.*

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

On his arrival, and hearing how matters stood, Murtough Murphy was in a perfect agony of delight in anticipating the mystification of the kidnapped agent. Dick's intention had been to take him along with them on their canvass, and openly engage him in all their electioneering movements; but to this Murtough objected, as running too great a risk of discovery. He recommended rather to engage Furlong in amusements which would detain him from O'Grady and his party, and gain time for their side; to get out of him all the electioneering plot of the other part, *indirectly*; but to have as little *real* electioneering business as possible. "If you do, Dick," said Murphy, "take my word, we shall betray ourselves somehow or other—He could not be so soft as not to see it; but let us be content to amuse him with all sorts of absurd stories of Ireland and the Irish—tell him magnificent lies—astonish him with grand materials for a note-book, and work him up to publish—that's the plan, sir!"

The three conspirators now joined the family party, which had just sat down to breakfast. Dick in his own jolly way, hoped Furlong had slept well.

"Vewy," said Furlong, as he sipped his tea with an air of peculiar *nonchalance* which was meant to fascinate Fanny Dawson, who, when

Furlong addressed to her his first silly commonplace, with his peculiar *non*-pronunciation of the letter R, established a lisp directly, and it was as much as her sister Mrs. Egan could do to keep her countenance as Fanny went on slaughtering S's as fast as Furlong ruined R's.

"I'll twouble you for a little mo' queam," said he, holding forth his cup and saucer with an affected air.

"Perhaps you'd like thum more thougar," lisped Fanny, lifting the sugar-tongs with an exquisite curl of her little finger.

"I'm glad to hear you slept well," said Dick to Furlong.

"To be sure he slept well," said Murphy; "this is the sleepiest air in the world."

"The sleepiest air?" returned Furlong, somewhat surprised. "That's vewy odd."

"Not at all, sir," said Murphy,—"well-known fact. When I first came to this part of the country, I used to sleep for two days together sometimes. When ever I wanted to rise early I was obliged to get up the night before."

This was said by the brazen attorney from his seat at a side table, which was amply provided with a large dish of boiled potatoes, capacious jugs of milk, a quantity of cold meat and game. Murphy had his mouth half filled with potatoes as he spoke, and swallowed a large draught of milk as the stranger swallowed Murphy's lie.

"You don't eat potatoes, I perceive, sir," said Murphy.

"Not for bweakfast," said Furlong.

"Do you for thupper?" lisped Fanny.

"Never in England," he replied.

"Finest things in the world, sir, for the intellect," said Murphy. "I attribute the natural intelligence of the Irish entirely to their eating potatoes."

"That's a singular theowy," said Furlong; "for it is genewally attwibuted to the potato, that it detewiowates the wace of man. Cobbett said that any nation feeding exclusively on the potato, must inevitably be fools in thwee genewations."

"By the powers, sir!" said Murphy, "they'd be the fools if they *didn't* eat them in Ireland; for they've nothing else to eat. Why, sir, the very pigs that we feed on potatoes are as superior——"

“I beg your pawdon,” smiled Furlong; “daiwy-fed is vewy superior.”

“Oh, as far the eating of it goes, I grant you!” said Murphy; “but I’m talking of the intelligence of the animal. Now, I have seen them in England killing your dairy-fed pork, as you call it, and to see the simplicity, I will call it—of your milk-fed pigs,—sir, the fellow lets himself be killed with the greatest ease,—whereas, look to the potato-fed pig. He makes a struggle for his life;—he shouts, he kicks, he plunges,—he squeals murder to the last gasp, as if he were sensible of the blessings of existence and potatoes!”

This was pronounced by Murphy with a certain degree of energy and oratorical style that made Furlong stare; he turned to Dick Dawson, and said, in an under tone, “How vewy odd your fwiend is!”

“Very,” said Dick; “but that’s only on the surface; he’s a prodigiously clever fellow: you’ll be delighted with him when you know more of him,—he’s our solicitor, and as an electioneering agent his talent is tremendous, as you’ll find out when you come to talk with him about business.”

“Well, I should neve’ ha’ thought it,” said Furlong; “I’m glad you told me.”

“Are you fond of sporting, Mr. Furlong?” said the Squire.

“Vewy,” said Furlong.

“I’ll give you some capital hunting.”

“I pwefer fishing.”

“Oh!” returned the Squire, rather contemptuously.

“Have you good twout stweams here?” asked the exquisite.

“Yeth,” said Fanny, “and *touch* a thamon fithshery!”

“Indeed!”

“Finest salmon in the world, sir,” said Murphy. “I’ll show you some sport, if you like.”

“I’ve seen some famous spo’t in Scotland,” said Furlong.

“Nothing to what we can show you here,” said Murphy. “Why, sir, I remember once at the mouth of our river here, when the salmon were coming up one morning before the tide was in, there was such a crowd of them, that they were obliged to wait till there was water enough to cross the bar, and an English sloop that had not a pilot aboard, whose captain did not

know the peculiar nature of the river, struck on the bank of salmon and went down."

"You don't mean to say," said Furlong in astonishment, "that—a——"

"I mean to say, sir," said Murphy, with an unruffled countenance, "that the river was so thick with salmon the vessel was wrecked upon them. By the by, she was loaded with salt, and several of the salmon were pickled in consequence, and saved by the poor people for the next winter. But I'll show you such fishing!" said Murphy—"you'll say you never saw the like."

"Well, that *is*, the *wichest* thing I've heard for some time," said the dandy confidentially to Dick.

"I assure you," said Dick, with great gravity, "Murphy swears he saw it himself. But here's the post,—let's see what's the news."

The post-bag was opened, and letters and newspapers delivered. "Here's one for you, Fan," said Dick, throwing the letter across the table to his sister.

"I thee by the theal ith from my couthin Thophy," said Fanny, who invented the entire sentence, cousinship and all, for the sake of the lisp.

"None fo' me?" asked Furlong.

"Not one," said Dick.

"I welied on weceiving some fwom the Ca-astle."

"Oh, they are thometimes tho thleepy at the Cathtle," said Fanny.

"Weally!" said the exquisite, with the utmost simplicity.

"Fanny is very provoking, Mr. Furlong," said Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to say something with a smile to avoid the laugh which continued silence would have forced upon her.

"Oh, no!" said the dandy, looking tenderly at Fanny,—"only vewy agweable,—fond of a little wepa'tee."

"They call me theatrical here," said Fanny,—"only fanthy;" and she cast down her eyes with an exquisite affectation of innocence.

"By-the-by, when does your post awwive here—the mail, I mean?" said Furlong.

"About nine in the morning," said the Squire.

"And when does it go out?"

"About one in the afternoon."

“And how far is the post-town fwom your house?”

“About eight or nine miles.”

“Then you can answer your letters by wetu’n of post.”

“Oh dear, no!” said the Squire; “the boy takes any letters that may be for the post the following morning, as he goes to the town to look for letters.”

“But you lose a post by that,” said Furlong.

“And what matter?” said the Squire.

The official’s notions of regularity were somewhat startled by the Squire’s answer; so he pushed him with a few more questions. In reply to one of the last, the Squire represented that the post-boy was saved going twice a day by the present arrangement.

“Ay, but you lose a post, my dear sir,” said Furlong, who still clung with pertinacity to the fitness of saving a post. “Don’t you see that you might weceive your letter at half-past ten; well, then you’ll have a full hour to wite you wanser; that’s quite enough time, I should think, for you’ wetu’ning an answer.”

“But, my dear sir,” said Murtough Murphy, “our grand object in Ireland is *not* to answer letters.”

“Oh!—ah!—hum!—Indeed!—well, that’s odd;—how *vewy* odd you Iwish are!”

“Sure that’s what makes us such pleasant fellows,” said Murtough. “If we were like the rest of the world, there would be nothing remarkable about us; and who’d care for us?”

“Well, Mr. Muffy, you say such queer things—weally.”

“Ay, and, I *do* queer things sometimes; don’t I, Squire?”

“There’s no denying it, Murphy.”

“Now, Mr. O’Gwady,” said Furlong, “had we not better talk over our election business?”

“Oh! hang business to-day,” said Murphy; “let’s have some fishing; I’ll show you such salmon fishing as you never saw in your life.”

“What do *you* say, O’Gwady,” said Furlong.

“ ’Faith I think we might as well amuse ourselves.”

“But the election is weally of such consequence; I should think it would be a wema’kbly close contest, and we have no time to lose: I should think—with submission—”

“My dear sir,” said Murphy, “we’ll beat them hollow; our canvass has been most prosperous; there’s only one thing I’m afraid of—”

“What is that?” said Furlong.

“That Egan has money; and I’m afraid he’ll bribe high.”

“As for bwibewy, neve’ mind that,” said Furlong, with a very wise nod of his head and a sagacious wink. “*We’ll spend money too.* We’re pwepared for that; plenty of money will be advanced, for the gov’nment is weally anxious that Mr. Scatter’bwain should come in.”

“Oh, then, all’s right!” said Murphy. “But—whisper—Mr. Furlong—be cautious how you mention *money*, for there are sharp fellows about here, and there’s no knowing how the wind of the word might put the other party on their guard, and may be, help to unseat our man upon a petition.”

“Oh, let me alone,” said Furlong. “I know a twick too many for that: let them catch me betwaying a secwet! No, no—*wather* too sharp for that.”

“Oh! don’t suppose, my dear sir,” said Murphy, “that I doubt your caution for a moment. I see, sir, in the twinkling of an eye, a man’s character—always did—always could, since I was the height o’ that,”—and Murphy stooped down and extended his hand about two feet above the floor, while he looked up in the face of the man he was humbugging with the most unblushing impudence,—“since I was the height o’ that, sir, I had a natural quickness for discerning character; and I see you’re a young gentleman of superior acuteness and discretion; but at the same time, don’t be angry with me for just hinting to you that some of these Irish chaps are d—d rogues. I beg your pardon, Mrs. O’Grady, for saying d—n before a lady,”—and he made a low bow to Mrs. Egan, who was obliged to leave the room to hide her laughter.

“Now,” said Furlong, “suppose befo’e the opening of the poll we should pwopose, as it were, with a view to save time that the bwibewy oath should not be administe’d on either side.”

“That’s an eligant idea,” said Murphy. “By the wig o’ the chief justice—and that’s a big oath—you’re janius, Misther Furlong, and I admire you. Sir, you’re worth your weight in gold to us!”

“Oh, you flatte’ me!—weally,” said Furlong, with affected modesty, while he ran his fingers through his Macassar-oiled ringlets.

“Well, now for a start to the river, and won’t we have sport! You English-taught gentleman have only one fault on the face of the earth,—you’re too fond of business,—you make yourselves slaves to propriety,—there’s no fun in you.”

“I beg pawdon—there,” said Furlong, “we like fun in good time.”

“Ay; but there’s where we beat you,” said Murphy, triumphantly; “the genuine home-bred Paddy makes time for fun sooner than anything else,—we take our own, and live the longer.”

“Ah! you lose your time—though—excuse me; you lose your time, indeed.”

“Well, ‘divil may care,’ as Punch said when he lost mass, ‘there’s more churches nor one,’ says he,—and that’s the way with us,” said Murphy. “Come, Dick, get the fishing-lines ready; heigh for the salmon fishery! You must know, Misther Furlong, we fish for salmon with line here.”

“I don’t see how you could fish any other way,” said the dandy, smiling at Murphy as if he had caught him in saying something absurd.

“Ah, you rogue,” said Murphy, affecting to be hit; “you’re too sharp for us poor Irish fellows; but you know the old saying, ‘An Irishman has leave to speak twice;’ and after all its no great mistake I’ve made; for, when I say we fish for salmon with a line, I mean we don’t use a rod, but a leaded line, the same as in the sea-fishing.”

“How vewy extwaordinawy! why, I should think that impossible.”

“And why should it be impossible?” said Murphy, with the most unabashed impudence. “Have not all nations habits and customs peculiar to themselves? Don’t the Indians catch their fish by striking them under water with a long rough stick, and a little curwhibble of a bone at the end of it?”

“Speawing them, you mean,” said Furlong.

“Ay, you know the right name, of course; but isn’t that quite as odd, or more so, than our way here?”

“That’s vewy twue indeed; but your sea line-fishing in a wiver for salmon, strikes me as vewy singular.”

“Well, sir, the older we grow the more we learn. You’ll see what fine sport it is; but don’t lose any more time; let us be off to the river at once.”

"I'll make a slight change in my dress if you please,—I'll be down immediately;" and Furlong left the room.

During his absence, the squire, Dick, and Murphy, enjoyed a hearty laugh, and ran over the future proceedings of the day.

"But what do you mean by this salmon fishing, Murphy?" said Dick; "you know there never was a salmon in the river."

"But there will be to-day," said Murphy; "and a magnificent Gudgeon shall see him caught. What a spoon that fellow is; we've got the bribery out of him already."

"You did that well, Murphy," said the Squire.

"Be at him again when he comes down," said Dick.

"No, no," said Murphy, "let him alone; he is so conceited about his talent for business, that he will be talking of it without our pushing him; just give him rope enough, and he'll hang himself; *we'll have the plan of their campaign out before the day's over*."

We are compelled for want of space to pass over Furlong's discovery of the Electioneering trick played upon him, and the Duel that followed, and will now relate in what manner our Hero, Andy, obtained a wife. Andy, it appears, was invited to a wedding party.

The dinner was later than the hour named, and the delay arose from the absence of one, who, of all others, ought to have been present—namely—the bridegroom. But James Casey was missing, and Jack Dwyer had been closeted from time to time with several long-headed gray beards, canvassing the occurrence, and wondering at the default on the bridegroom's part. The person who might have been supposed to bear this default the worst supported it better than any one.—Matty was all life and spirits, and helped in making the feast ready, as if nothing wrong had happened, and she backed Father Phil's argument to sit down to dinner at once;—"that if James Casey was not there, that was no reason dinner should be spoiled—he'd be there soon enough—besides, if he didn't arrive in time, it was better he should have good meat cold, than every body have hot meat spoiled—the ducks would be done to cinders—the beef boiled to rags, and the chickens be all in jommethry——"

So they sat down to dinner:—its heat, its mirth, its clatter, and its good cheer I will not attempt to describe; suffice it to say, the viands were good, the guests hungry, and the drink unexceptionable; and Father Phil, no bad judge of such matters, declared he never pronounced grace over a better

spread. But still, in the midst of the good cheer, neighbors (the women particularly) would suggest to each other the "wondher" where the bridegroom could be; and even within ear-shot of the bride elect, low-voiced whisper ran "Where in the world is James Casey?"

Still the bride kept up her smiles, and cheerfully returned the healths that were drunk to her; but old Jack was not unmoved—a cloud hung on his brow, which grew darker and darker as the hour advanced and the bridegroom yet tarried. The board was cleared of the eatables, and copious jugs of punch going their round, but the usual toast of the united healths of the happy pair could not be given, for one of them was absent. Father Phil hardly knew what to do, for even his overflowing cheerfulness began to forsake him, and a certain air of embarrassment began to pervade the whole assembly, till Jack Dwyer could bear it no longer, standing up, he thus addressed the company.

"Friends and neighbors—you see the disgrace that's put on me and my child."

A murmur of "No, no," ran round the board.

"I say, yes."—

"He'll come yet," said a voice.

"No, he won't," said Jack, "I see he won't—I know he won't, he wanted to have every thing all his own way, and he thinks to disgrace me into doing what he likes, but he shan't!"—and he struck the table fiercely as he spoke, for Jack, when once his blood was up, was a man of desperate determination. "He's a greedy chap, the same James Casey, and he loves his bargain betther than he loves you, Matty, so don't look glum, about what I'm saying—I say he's greedy, he's just the fellow that if you gave him the roof off your house, would ax you for the rails before your door—and he goes back of his bargain now, bekase I would not let him have it all his own way, and puts the disgrace on me, thinkin' I'll give in to him, through that same—but I won't. And I tell you what it is, friends and neighbors; there's the lease of the three-cornered field below there,"—and he held up a parchment as he spoke,—"and a snug cottage on it, and it's all ready for the girl to walk into with the man that will have her, and if there's a man among you here that's willing, let him say the word now, and I'll give her to him!"

The girl could not resist an exclamation of surprise, which her father hushed by a word and look so peremptory, that she saw remonstrance was in vain, and a silence of some moments ensued; for it was rather startling, this immediate offer of a girl who had been so strangely slighted, and the men

were not quite prepared to make advances until they knew something more of the why and wherefore of the sweetheart's desertion.

"Are yiz all dumb?" exclaimed Jack in surprise. "Faix, it's not every day a snug little field and a cottage, and a good-looking girl, falls in a man's way;—I say again, I'll give her and the lease to the man that will say the word."

Still no one spoke, and Andy began to think they were using Jack Dwyer and his daughter very ill, but what business had he to think of offering himself—"a poor devil like him?" But the silence still continuing, Andy took heart of grace, and as the profit and pleasure of a snug match and a handsome wife flashed upon him, he got up and said, "Would I do sir?"

Every one was taken by surprise—even old Jack himself; and Matty could not suppress a faint exclamation, which every one but Andy understood to mean "she didn't like it at all;" but which Andy interpreted quite the other way, and he grinned his loutish admiration at Matty, who turned away her head from him in sheer distaste, which action Andy took for mere coyness.

Jack was in an dilemma—for Andy was just the very last man he would have chosen as a husband for his daughter; but what could he do?—he was taken at his word, and even at the worst he was determined that some one should marry the girl out of hand, and show Casey the "disgrace should not be put on him;" but anxious to have another chance, he stammered something about the fairness of "letting the girl choose," and that "some one else might wish to spake;" but the end of all was, that no one rose to rival Andy, and Father Phil bore witness to the satisfaction he had that day in finding so much uprightness and fidelity in "the boy,"—that he had raised his character much in his estimation by his conduct that day—and if he was a little giddy betimes, there was nothing like a wife to steady him; and if he was rather poor, sure Jack Dwyer could mend that.

"Then come up here," says Jack; and Andy left his place at the very end of the board, and marched up to the head, amidst clapping of hands and thumping of the table, and laughing and shouting.

"Silence!" cried Father Phil, "this is no laughing matther, but a serious engagement—and John Dwyer, I tell you—and you, Andy Rooney, that girl must not be married against her own free-will; but if she has no objection, well and good."

"My will is her pleasure, I know," said Jack, resolutely.

To the surprise of every one, Matty said, “Oh, I’ll take the boy, with all my heart!”

Handy Andy threw his arms round her neck, and gave her a most vigorous salute which came smacking off, and thereupon arose a hilarious shout which made the old rafters of the barn ring again.

“There’s the lase for you,” said Jack, handing the parchment to Andy, who was now installed in the place of honor beside the bride elect, at the head of the table, and the punch circulated rapidly in filling the double toast of health, happiness, and prosperity, to the happy pair; and after some few more circuits of the enlivening liquor had been performed, the woman retired to the dwelling-house, whose sanded parlor was put in immediate readiness for the celebration of the nuptial knot between Matty and the adventurous Andy.

In half an hour the ceremony was performed, and the rites and blessings of the church dispensed between two people, who, an hour before, had never looked on each other with thoughts of matrimony.

Under such circumstances, it was wonderful with what lightness of spirit Matty went through the honors consequent on a peasant bridal in Ireland:—these, it is needless to detail; our limits would not permit; but suffice it to say, that a rattling country dance was led off by Andy and Matty in the barn, intermediate jigs were indulged in by the “picked dancers” of the parish, while the country dancers were resting and making love (if making love can be called rest) in the corners, and that the pipers and punch-makers had quite enough to do until the night was far spent, and it was considered time for the bride and bridegroom to be escorted by a chosen party of friends to the little cottage which was to be their future home. The pipers stood at the threshold of Jack Dwyer, and his daughter departed from under the “roof tree” to the tune of “Joy be with you;” and then the lilters heading the body guard of the bride, plied drone and chanter right merrily until she had entered her new home, thanked her old friends, (who did all the established civilities, and cracked all the usual jokes attendant on the occasion,) and Andy bolted the door of the snug cottage of which he had so suddenly become master, and placed a seat for the bride beside the fire, requesting “Miss Dwyer” to sit down—for Andy could not bring himself to call her “Matty” yet, and found himself in an awkward position in being “lord and master” of a girl he considered so far above him a few hours before; Matty sat quiet and looked at the fire.

“It’s very quare, isn’t it?” says Andy with a grin, looking at her tenderly, and twiddling his thumbs.

“What’s quare?” inquired Matty, very dryly.

“The estate,” responded Andy.

“What estate?” asked Malty.

“Your estate and my estate,” said Andy.

“Sure you didn’t call the three-cornered field my father gave us an estate, you fool?” answered Matty.

“Oh no,” said Andy. “I mean the Blessed and holy estate of matrimony the priest put us in possession of;” and Andy drew a stool near the heiress, on the strength of the hit he thought he had made.

“Sit at the other side of the fire,” said Matty, very coldly.

“Yes, Miss,” responded Andy, very respectfully; and in shoving his seat backwards, the legs of the stool caught in the earthern floor, and Andy tumbled heels over head.

Matty laughed, while Andy was picking himself up with increased confusion at his mishap; for even amidst rustics, there is nothing more humiliating than a lover placing himself in a ridiculous position at the moment he is doing his best to make himself agreeable.

“It is well your coat’s not new,” said Matty, with a contemptuous look at Andy’s weather-beaten vestment.

“I hope I’ll soon have a betther,” said Andy, a little piqued, with all his reverence for the heiress, at this allusion to his poverty—“But sure, it wasn’t the coat you married, but the man that’s in it; and sure I’ll take off my clothes as soon as you please, Matty, my dear—Miss Dwyer, I mane—I beg your pardon.”

“You had better wait till you get better,” answered Matty, very dryly —“You know the old saying, ‘Don’t throw out your dirty wather until you get in fresh.’ ”

“Ah darlin’, don’t be cruel to me,” said Andy, in a supplicating tone—“I know I’m not deservin’ of you, but sure I did not make so bowld as to make up to you until I seen that nobody else would have you.”

“Nobody else have me!” exclaimed Matty, as her eyes flashed with anger.

“I beg your pardon, Miss,” said poor Andy, who in the extremity of his own humility had committed such an offence against Matty’s pride. “I only meant that—”

“Say no more about it,” said Matty, who recovered her equanimity —“Didn’t my father give you the lease of the field and house?”

“Yis, Miss.”

“You had better let me keep it, then;—’twill be safer with me than you.”

“Sartainly,” said Andy—who drew the lease from his pocket, and handed it to her, and as he was near her, he attempted a little familiarity, which Matty repelled very unequivocally.

“Arrah, is it jokes you are crackin’?” said Andy, with a grin, advancing to renew his fondling.

“I tell you what it is,” said Matty, jumping up, “I’ll crack your head if you don’t behave yourself!” and she seized the stool on which she had been sitting, and brandished it in a very Amazonian fashion.

“Oh wirra! wirra!” said Andy in amaze—“aren’t you my wife?”

“Your wife!” retorted Matty, with a very devil in her eye—“Your wife, indeed, you great *omadhawn*; why, then, had you the brass to think I’d put up with you?”

“Arrah, then, why did you marry me?” said Andy, in a pitiful argumentative whine.

“Why did I marry you?” retorted Matty—“Didn’t I know betther than to refuse you, when my father said the word *when the devil was busy with him*? —Why did I marry you?—it’s a pity I didn’t refuse, and be murthered that night, may be, as soon as the people’s backs was turned.—Oh it’s little you know of owld Jack Dwyer, or you wouldn’t ask me that; but though I’m afraid of him, I’m not afraid of you—and stand off, I tell you.”

“Oh blessed Vargin!” cried Andy,—“and what will be the end of it?”

There was a tapping at the door as he spoke.

“You’ll soon see what will be the end of it,” said Matty, as she walked across the cabin and opened to the knock.

James Casey entered, and clasped Matty in his arms; and half a dozen athletic fellows, and one old and debauched looking man followed, and the door was immediately closed after their entry.

Andy stood in amazement while Casey and Matty caressed each other, and the old man said, in a voice tremulous from intoxication, “A very pretty filly, by jingo!”

“I lost no time the minute I got your message, Matty,” said Casey, “and there’s the Father ready to join us.”

“Ay, ay,” cackled the old reprobate—“hammer and tongs!—strike while the iron’s hot—I’m the boy for a short job”—and he pulled a greasy book from his pocket as he spoke.

This was a degraded clergyman, known in Ireland under the title of “couple beggar,” who is ready to perform irregular marriages on such urgent occasions as the present.—And Matty had continued to inform James Casey of the strange turn affairs had taken at home, and recommended him to adopt the present course and to defeat the violent measure of her father by one still more so.

A scene of uproar now ensued for Andy did not take matters quietly, but made a pretty considerable row, which was speedily put an end to by Casey’s body guard, who tied Andy neck and heels, and in that helpless state he witnessed the marriage ceremony performed by the “couple beggar,” between Casey and the girl he looked upon as his own five minutes before.

In vain did he raise his voice against the proceeding;—the “couple beggar” smothered his objection in ribald jests.

“You can’t take her from me, I tell you,” cried Andy.

“No—but we can take you from her,” said the “couple beggar;” at the words, Casey’s friends dragged Andy from the cottage, bidding a rolicking adieu to their triumphant companion, who bolted the door after them, and became possessor of the wife and property poor Andy thought he had secured.

To guard against an immediate alarm being given, Andy was warned on pain of death to be silent, as his captors bore him along, and he took them to be too much men of their word to doubt they would keep their promise. They bore him along a lonely by-lane for some time, and on arriving at the stump of an old tree, they bound him securely to it, and left him to pass his wedding night in the tight embraces of hemp.

[To be Continued.]

WOMAN'S LOVE.

A woman's love, deep in the heart,
  Is like the violet flower,
That lifts its modest head apart
  In some sequestered bower!
And blest is he who finds that bloom,
  Who sips its gentle sweets;
He heeds not life's oppressive gloom,
  Nor all the care he meets.

A Woman's love is like the spring,
  Amid the wild alone;
A burning wild, o'er which the wing
  Of cloud is seldom thrown:
And blest is he who meets that fount,
  Beneath the sultry day;
How gladly should his spirits mount,
  How pleasant be his way.

A Woman's love is like the rock,
  That every tempest braves,
And stands secure amid the shock
  Of ocean's wildest waves:
And blest is he to whom repose
  Within its shade is given;
The world, with all its cares and woes,
  Seems less like earth than heaven.

COURTESY.—It is better with willingness to purchase thanks, than with a discontented doing to have the pain and not the reward.—*Sir Philip Sidney.*

Various Species of Thieves.

The principle species of London thieves are the *housebreakers*, *pickpockets*, *shoplifters*, and *sneaks*. Here is the thief's progress, his

graduation from *sneak* to the highest mysteries of his art:—

"A young one begins in the company of others a little older than himself, and who have had some previous practice, to go the rounds of the market-places, stealing apples, turnips, carrots, and fruits of all kinds. By this practice they acquire patience in watching, and dexterity in snatching their plunder; and as they are taken out for the purpose of fags to the other boys, they soon become proficients:

'Wax to receive, and marble to retain.'

Success gives them confidence;—they then attack shops, sneaking about the doors the whole day, and stealing all moveables coming in their way; and the instances of their success within my own knowledge would astonish the most credulous They soon find out what shops are 'good,' (their own term;) that is where the shopkeepers are most careless, and the property much exposed. Of these places the whole fraternity have a knowledge: they acquaint themselves with the best hours of attack, and of every particular relating to the habits of the master and his shop-men; and when at length a place is no longer 'good,' (meaning when the owner of property, by repeated losses, becomes cautious,) the same is circulated, with more certainty than the public newspapers could do it, through the town in a few hours. Their meeting every night at the lodging-houses, and the constant changes going on from one end of the town to the other, affords them this facility of communication. Love of change and restlessness are the leading features in their character. After remaining two or three years in this calling, and their wants and expenditure increasing as they rise in years, one item of which is a female, they begin to look out for better business, by forming an alliance with a small party of pickpockets; but this is not always so easily accomplished, for the pickpockets are another class altogether from the sneaks, and are not to be met with at the lodging-houses. They associate in parties of about three, four, or five, to commit crime, taking most special care to be thoroughly acquainted with the ability of all they admit to share in their adventures. The clever lads, of course, are selected first; others, as they grow up, follow various branches of the art of thieving, just as they can form acquaintances for confederacy and unity of action. Some go to starring (working out a square of glass in a peculiar manner); others continue sneaks, only varying their objects of attack, by which they obtain more money (vide under the head of sneaks); others get into the service of housebreakers;—all either meeting with employment as they rise in years, or transportation, except a few rescued for a time by the Society for the Refuge of the Destitute. From this statement, it appears that there is always in society a

certain and a larger number of boys, born of low parents, who are uneducated, and who either by the early death of their parents, or their neglect, are thrown almost in infancy into the streets, either to pick up a living by stealing, or to starve,—

> ‘With none to check, and few to point in time,
> The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;’

and that these, as is the custom in all grades of the community, associate together, and enter into mutual compact for their general defence. Talk of schools! The world is their school, and every hour of their life spent in passing from one probation of crime to another; for the commencement of which no one but their God can, morally speaking, hold them responsible.

“As they appear over and over again before the seat of justice, they are booked hardened offenders. This a great mistake; they are offenders, but not hardened. The generality of them, when young, are highly sensitive; and among themselves, they entertain all the amenities of which our natures are susceptible. They are deemed hardened because they resort to crime over and over again: the truth is, they have no other alternative. I have known many make serious and sincere resolutions of reformation; but the abhorrence of inanition, so intimately interwoven with our natures, enforces the necessity of having recourse to the only mode to them open of supporting life. It is ludicrous to hear the talk about nurseries and places of tuition, as if establishments of this kind were instituted as boarding-schools are, as public. The nurseries and schools are the places where they meet; and they must congregate somewhere, unless, like the late Lord Barrymore, each member of our aristocratical body will take one for a tiger. I will answer for there being quite enough on the town to supply them, and undertake to find them out too, in mere charity to the boys. To sum up all, they are placed in society just where they are by accident of birth, as almost the whole of its members are. When I say they from birth are placed in a situation so as to leave them no alternative but to steal or starve, I speak of them as a body; there are exceptions; and I am sorry to add, that many cases have come to my knowledge of parents teaching and sending out their children to rob; and of others who, though they do not urge its commission, connive at it. I will adduce one instance, striking enough, and the truth of which I can safely avouch; it was told me by the boy’s uncle, who, one morning, being at the lad’s father’s lodgings, when the boy came into the room, and seeing nothing to eat for breakfast but bread and butter on the table, he said,—‘What! nothing for breakfast? Ah! wait a bit.’ He then went out, and in a quarter of an hour came back with rump steaks and a pint of rum, besides having money in his pocket. He had gone out and stolen a piece of Irish linen from a

shop on Ludgate-hill, took it to a buyer of stolen goods, and bought the articles he had brought home, all in the short space of fifteen minutes; and this was not an uncommon thing for him to do, although his parents were not in need. The boy was at length transported when he was only fourteen years of age. He subsequently detailed to me all his practices, and how he got into crime. His parents resided in a court running out of the Old Bailey, and he had witnessed every execution which had taken place during his short career. So much for the effects of executions, as supposed to deter from crime; indeed most of the boys engaged in crimes appear to have a great pleasure in attending them.

"These boys are capable of receiving impressions, and are as susceptible of sentiments of gratitude as my lord's son, if the proper treatment were used to draw them out. It is only by cultivating the better feelings of our nature that any human being can be improved: all other systems are fallacious, and founded in gross error. When the sneak comes into the hands of the pickpocket, he is instructed and practised every hour of the day, until made tolerably perfect; he is taken then into the streets, to make his first essay in the presence of those who have taught him: and it has been given in evidence, that they dress up a *lay* figure, hanging bells all over it, on which they practice. When the tyro can empty all the pockets of the figure without occasioning a bell to sound, he is considered fit for the street. He generally begins with a pocket-handkerchief, whilst another takes 'ding,' that is receives it from him. In almost all cases of robbery, one commits the act, and another receives the articles from the thief, which is called taking 'ding.' If they find a boy dull, they forthwith turn him out of their party.

"A case of this kind came to my knowledge. Four pickpockets who had taken a boy on trial, discharged him the second evening after he had joined them, as being incompetent to the business. The boy, chagrined and disappointed, returned to his fellow-sneaks, at a lodging-house in St. Giles's, and told them his story; adding, that the pickpockets were about to have that evening a jollification, and that a supper was prepared, one item in the bill of fare being a rice-pudding, then at the bake-house. The boys soon came to an understanding that they could eat rice-pudding as well as the pickpockets; and it was agreed that the discharged boy, although deemed a bad conveyancer, should convey the pudding out of their reach by going to the bake-house and asking for it in their name. The real owners made the baker pay for it, and, suspecting who had it, gave information which caused the boy to be apprehended and committed to Newgate, where he was found guilty of stealing it and sentenced to be flogged and discharged, on the evidence of these fellows and the baker. A few months afterwards the boy

was brought back for another offence, and transported for fourteen years. When, however, they meet with a clever lad, they know how to prize him, and take care to gratify his every wish, that he may he induced to stay with them. These boys as soon as perfect, are made to do nearly all the business themselves, whilst the master pickpocket behind covers them, watching the operations, and, as much as possible avoiding any interference, and, consequently, risk on his part.

"The qualifications for a pickpocket are a light tread, a delicate sense of touch, combined with firm nerves. These boys may be known by their shoes in the street; they generally wear pumps, or shoes of a very light make, having long quarters. There is about their countenances an affected determination of purpose; and they walk forward, as if bent on some object of business: it is a rule with them never to stop in the street. When they want to confer for a moment they drop into some by-court or alley, where they will fix on some object of attack, as the people pass down a main street; when they start off in the same manner, the boy going first, to do what they call 'stunning,' that is, to pick the pocket. The first-rate hands never on any occasion loiter on the streets, unless at a procession, or an exhibition, when there is an excuse for so doing. Many have a notion that instruments are used in disencumbering the pockets: this is a false idea; the only instruments they use is a good pair of small scissors and which will always be found on the person of a pickpocket when searched: these they use to cut the pocket and all off, when they cannot abstract its contents.

"To these qualifications they unite a quick sight, and a tact of observing when the attention is engaged, or of devising some means to engage it themselves, until the act is done. They are most busy in foggy weather. When in prison, they will be heard to say on such days, 'What a shame to lose such a fine day as this!'

"When an old and good *sneak* is committed to prison, where he is generally without money, (the officers, on apprehending, having taken it from him until after trial,) many offers of liberal premiums are sure to be made him for his list of places capable of being robbed, which means nothing more than a list of names and residences of the careless and incautious tradesmen in and about London.

"After a shop has twice or three times been robbed of considerable sums, the sneaks consider it good again and again—such is the extreme incaution of some persons. Butchers have been favourite objects of attack, in consequence of their shops being generally vacated in the afternoon, and the master or man in the parlour taking a *siesta*—a common practice of theirs,

after the fatigues of early rising and labour. One butcher, at Bermondsey, was three times robbed of considerable sums in this way, before he would remove his cash from a desk in the front shop. The boy who got it used to watch him in the afternoon, close the door, and retire into the back-room; then jump over the stall-board—there being no glass-sashes to prevent his entrance—and sneak down on his hands and knees, until he saw an opportunity of wrenching the lock; for which purpose he always carried a *prising* instrument in his pocket. The same boy three times carried off a charity-box, containing thirty pounds each time, from a house near Greenwich. He had ascertained the time it was brought, and for what purpose to a gentleman's house; and he laid his plans so well, that after they had lost two, and when every caution would have been expected on the part of the owner, he succeeded in stealing the box a third time.

"Their usual plan is to note those shops where bulks of money are kept in tills, or desks, in a front shop or parlour: next, to ascertain the movements, of the family; and if they find, by continual watching, that the people of the shop retire at certain times to meals, or in the evening to the parlour for comfort, one will softly open the door, letting in a boy, who crawls on his hands and knees round the counter, and takes the contents of the till: the persons in the parlour; probably all the time keeping their eyes on the shop, but never think of rising up to look on the ground. These are denominated lob-sneaks, and their practice has been very successful. By timing their attack, and selecting the right places, I have been assured of 200*l.* and 300*l.* in a week being obtained by one man and a boy. In this case, as in the other, the man's risk of detection is very little; he opens the door, and stands ready to favour the boy's escape, should any alarm be given, but touches no money until they are in a place of security: and it will be seen that the Old Bailey calendar abounds with the trials of the *boy* lob-sneaks, but no men, although in every case a man has been concerned in the robbery.

"There is a boy now in the penitentiary who was under sentence of death for stealing fifty-three pounds from a till, with which he got off. When he knew where the money was, he would be sure almost of it: such was his talent and determination. In this latter case, the money was stolen from a corn-chandler's till. The boy went into the shop, and, by asking for some article, contrived to send the master of the shop to some little distance from the counter, when he suddenly reached forth, took the money, and ran off; his confederates being near the door. The loser of the cash ran after the boy; when he was, as it were, thrown down by accident, and the boy got off. As they were afterwards going down the Hackney-road, one of his companions called out in a joke, 'Ding! Ding!' meaning, throw away! throw away! This

was done to alarm him, and have a laugh at his expense. The boy, however took the call as being a serious one, and threw the bag and its contents in a garden, and ran off; finding his mistake, he went back at night to recover it, when he was taken into custody, the owner, in the interval, having been found.

"Every lodging-house is a nucleus, which would in a town of this magnitude, train up a whole nation of young sneaks and pickpockets; yet there are our *quidnuncs* standing in the midst of the scene, inquiring for the schools where these boys are taught to steal, and talking about prison contamination."—*Schoolmaster's Experience in Newgate.*

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:

Montreal,	*R. & A. Millar*, Booksellers,
Quebec,	*F. Wyze*, Mountain Street,
Halifax, N. S.,	*A. & W. McKinlay*, Bk'sellers,
Gaspé,	*John Eden, Esq.*
Douglas Town,	*Charles Veit, Esq.*
New Richmond,	*J. Campbell, Esq.*
Carleton,	*N. Verge, Esq.*
Campbeltown,	*R. Montgomery, Esq.*
Dalhousie,	*J. U. Campbell, Esq.*
Perce,	*Mr. Joseph McDonnel.*
Bathurst,	
Shippegan,	*Dr. Baldwin.*
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,
Editor & Proprietor, New Carlisle.

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.

ÆTNA

Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

PROTECTION

Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

HARTFORD

Fire Insurance Company of Hartford, Connecticut.

The undersigned continues to insure against 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.

TO PARENTS

And School Commissioners.

JUST PUBLISHED
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.

———

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.

———————

SMITH'S EXTERMINATOR,

FOR RATS, MICE, COCKROACHES,
&c. &c.

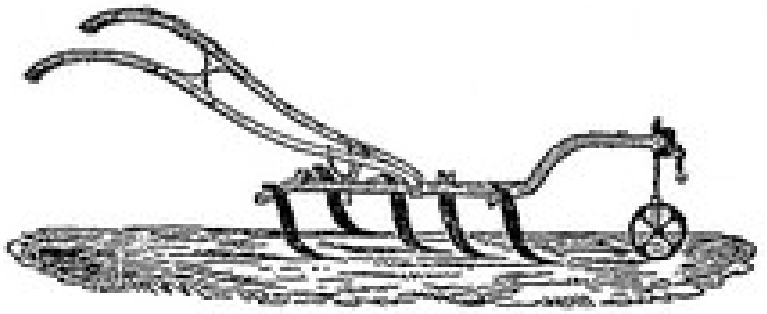
A chemical Composition for the destruction of Rats and all other species of Vermin and Insects, without the use of Arsenic or any ingredient in the least dangerous to human life. It effectually clears all premises of Rats and Mice most speedily. They take it readily, and leave the place, never to return, generally dying in the open air, or where there is a supply of water, and other rats and mice avoid the premises in which the poison has proved so destructive to their species.

INFALLIBLE AND WARRANTED.
Manufactured by

J. SMITH,
Patentee, Boston.

Sold in Boxes at 50 cents and 25 cents.

———————



To the Agriculturalists of Canada.

———

ALEX R. FLECK,

BLACK SMITH AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENT MAKER.

No. 11, St. Peter Street, Montreal.

Respectfully intimates to the Agriculturalists throughout Canada, that he has for a considerable period devoted his attention to the manufacture of all kinds of Implements employed in Husbandry and Agriculture; and that he has now on hand

SCOTCH PLOUGHS,

Made after *Wilkie & Gray's* Pattern, universally acknowledged to be the best, which he offers for Sale at reasonable prices; guaranteed of a superior quality of metal, of unsurpassed workmanship and finish, and warranted equal, in every respect, to any that can be imported.

He would particularly recommend to the notice of Agriculturalists, his

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.

A. F. has also an extensive variety of

DRILL PLOUGHS, SCUFFLERS, DRILL HARROWS, &c.,

Of the latest and most approved patterns.—Also, CHEESE PRESSES made upon the Ayrshire pattern.—Agricultural Implements of every description made to order.

———

Drug Warehouse.

WM. LYMAN & CO,

No. 194 and 196, Saint Paul Street,

MONTREAL.

Importers of English and Foreign Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Choice Parisian and London Perfumery, Pickles, Sauces, Spices, Confectionary, &c. Also, English and American Garden, Grass, Field and Flower Seeds. Wholesale Dealers in Paints, Colors, Oils, Varnishes, Dye-Stuffs, Putty, Painters' Brushes, Window Glass, &c.

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