

THE
GASPE' MAGAZINE,

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

Vol. 1.

May, 1850.

No. 10.

Price--Two Pence Half-penny per Month.

NEW CARLISLE:

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

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NOTICE.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R. W. KELLY,
General Agent.

Grand Pabos Novr. 21, 1848.

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-five 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 NETS, SAILS, ROPES
AND RAGS.

The Subscriber will purchase any quantity of the above articles, for which he will pay CASH.

R. W. KELLY.

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 Elixir, Opodeidoc, Stoughtons Bitters, Moffatt's Phœnix Bitters and Pills, Epsom Salts. Essence of Peppermint, Castor Oil, Camphor, Sulphur & Cream of Tartar, British Oil, Poor Man's Friend, Magnesia, Liquorice, West Indian Peppers, Walnut Shaving Soap, Brown Windsor, do., Fancy do., scented., Oil for the Hair, Cold Cream, Eau de Cologne, Smith's Exterminator, for Rats, Mice, Cockroaches &c., 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, 7¼x8½, 8x10.

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.

M. D.

No. 10.

POETRY.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY C. W. BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of these that time could wither sleeps,
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs, to me were given:
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last,

Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light
Await thee there, for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and rendered good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart as heat the scroll,
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt though not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow; and gentle eye—
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate; yet the same!

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love,—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

The news of Andy's wedding, so strange in itself, and being celebrated before so many, spread over the country like wildfire, and made the talk of half the barony for the next day, and the question, "*Arrah did you hear of the wonderful wedding?*" was asked in high road and by-road, and scarcely a *boreen* whose hedges had not borne witness to this startling matrimonial intelligence. The story, like all other stories, of course got twisted into various strange shapes, and fanciful exaggerations became grafted on the original stem, sufficiently grotesque in itself; and one of the versions set forth how old Jack Dwyer, the more to vex Casey, had given his daughter the greatest fortune that had been ever heard of in the country.

Now one of the open-eared people, who had caught hold of the story by this end, happened to meet Andy's mother, and with a congratulatory grin,

began with “The top o’ the mornin’ to you, Mrs. Rooney, and sure I wish you joy.”

“Och hone, and for why, dear?” answered Mrs. Rooney, “sure it’s nothin’ but trouble and care I have, poor and in want, like me.”

“But sure you’ll never be in want more now.”

“Arrah who told you so, agra?”

“Sure the boy will take care of you now, won’t he?”

“What boy?”

“Andy, sure!”

“Andy!” replied his mother in amazement. “Andy, indeed!—out o’ place, and without a bawbee to bless himself with?—stayin’ out all night, the blackguard!”

“By this and that, I don’t think you know a word about it,” cried the friend, whose turn it was for wonder now.

“Don’t I, indeed?” says Mrs. Rooney, huffed at having her word doubted, as she thought. “I tell you, he never was at home last night, and may be it’s yourself was helping him, Micky Lavery to keep his bad courses—the slingein’ dirty blackguard that he is.”

Micky Lavery set up a shout of laughter, which increased the ire of Mrs. Rooney, who would have passed on in dignified silence, but that Micky held her fast, and when he recovered breath enough to speak, he proceeded to tell her about Andy’s marriage, but in such a disjointed way, that it was some time before Mrs. Rooney could comprehend him—for his interjectional laughter at the capital joke it was, that she should be the last to know it, and that he should have the luck to tell it, sometimes broke the thread of his story—and then his collateral observations so disfigured the tale that its comprehensibility became very much increased, till at last Mrs. Rooney, was driven to push him by direct questions.

“For the tendher mercy, Micky Lavery, make me sainsible, and don’t distract me—is the boy marri’d?”

“Yis, I tell you.”

“To Jack Dwyer’s daughter?”

“Yes.”

“And gev him a fort’n?”

“Gev him half his property, I tell you, and he’ll have all when the owld man’s dead.”

“Oh, more power to you, Andy?” cried his mother in delight; “it’s you that is the boy, and the best child that ever was! Half his property, you tell me, Misther Lavery,” added she, getting distant and polite the moment she found herself mother to a rich man, and curtailing her familiarity with a poor one like Lavery.

“Yis, ma’am,” said Lavery, touching his hat, “and the whole of it when the owld man dies.”

“Then indeed, I wish him a happy release!” said Mrs. Rooney, piously,—“not that I owe the man spite—but sure he’d be no loss—and it’s a good wish to any one, sure, to wish them in heaven. Good mornin’, Misther Lavery,”—said Mrs. Rooney with a patronising smile, and ‘going the road with a dignified air.’

Mick Lavery looked after her with mingled wonder and indignation. “Bad luck to you, you owld sthrap!” he muttered between his teeth.—“How consaited you are, all of a sudden—by Jakers, I’m sorry I towld you—cock you up, indeed—put a beggar on horseback to be sure—humph!—the divil cut the tongue out o’ me, if ever I give any one good news again—I’ve a mind to turn back and tell Tim Doolin his horses is in the pound.”

Mrs. Rooney continued her dignified pace as long as she was within sight of Lavery, but the moment an angle of the road screened her from his observation, off she set, running as hard as she could, to embrace her darling Andy, and realize, with her own eyes and ears, all the good news she had heard. She puffed out by the way many set phrases about the goodness of Providence, and arranged, at the same time, sundry fine speeches to make the bride; so that the old lady’s piety and flattery ran a strange couple together along herself; while mixed up with her prayers and her blarney, were certain speculations of how long Jack Dwyer could possibly live, and how much he would have to leave.

It was this frame of mind she reached the hill which commanded a view of the three-cornered field and the snug cottage; and down she rushed to embrace her darling Andy, and his gentle bride. Puffing and blowing like a porpoise, bang she went into the cottage, and Matty being the first person she met, flung herself upon her, and covered her with embraces and blessings.

Matty, being taken by surprise, was some time before she could shake off the old beldam’s hateful caresses, but at last getting free and tucking up her

hair, which her imaginary mother-in-law had clawed about her ears, she exclaimed, in no very gentle tones—

“Arrah good woman, who axed for your company, who are you at all?”

“Your mother-in-law, jewel!” cried the widow Rooney, making another open-armed rush at her beloved daughter-in-law, who received the widow’s protruding mouth on her clinched fist, instead of her lips; and the old woman’s nose coming in for a share of Matty’s knuckles, a ruby stream spirted forth, while all the colors of the rainbow danced before Mrs. Rooney’s eyes as she reeled backwards on the floor.

“Take that you owld fagot!” cried Matty, as she shook Mrs. Rooney’s tributary claret from the knuckles which had so scientifically tapped it, and wiped her hand in her apron.

The old woman roared “millia’ murther” on the floor, and snuffled out a deprecatory question, “if that was the proper way to be received in her son’s house.”

“*Your* son’s house, indeed!” cried Matty.—“Get out o’ the place, you stack o’ rags.”

“Oh Andy! Andy!” cried the mother, gathering herself up.

“Oh—that’s it, is it!” cried Matty; “so it’s Andy you want?”

“To be sure; why wouldn’t I want him, you hussy?—My boy! my darlin’! my beauty!”

“Well go look for him!” cried Matty, giving her a shove towards the door.

“Well, now, do you think I’ll be turned out of my son’s house so quietly as that, you unnatural baggage?” cried Mrs. Rooney, facing round fiercely. Upon which a bitter altercation ensued between the women, in the course of which the widow soon learned that Andy was not the possessor of Matty’s charms; whereupon the old woman, no longer having the fear of damaging her daughter-in-law’s beauty before her eyes, tackled to for a fight in right earnest; in the course of which some reprisals were made by the widow, in revenge for her broken nose; but Matty’s youth and activity, joined to her Amazonian spirit, turned the tide in her favor, though, had not the old lady been blown by her long run, the victory would not have been so easy, for she was a tough customer, and left Matty certain marks of her favor that did not rub out in a hurry, while she took away, as a keepsake, a handful of Matty’s

hair by which she had held on, till a finishing kick from the gentle bride finally ejected Mrs. Rooney from the house.

Off she reeled, bleeding and roaring; and while on her approach she had been blessing Heaven, and inventing sweet speeches for Matty, on her retreat she was cursing fate, and heaping all sorts of hard names on the Amazon she came to flatter.

How fared it in the mean time with Andy? He, poor devil! had passed a cold night, tied up to the old tree, and as the morning dawned, every object appeared to him through the dim light in a distorted form; the gaping hollow of the old trunk to which he was bound seemed like a huge mouth, opening to swallow him, while the old knots looked like eyes, and the gnarled branches like claws, staring at, and ready to tear him in pieces.

A raven, perched above him on a lonely branch, croaked dismally, till Andy fancied he could hear words of reproach in the sound, while a little tom-tit chattered and twittered on a neighboring bough as if he enjoyed all the severe things the raven uttered. The little tom-tit was the worse of the two, just as the solemn reproof of the wise can be better borne than the impertinent remark of some chattering fool. To these imaginary evils were added the real presence of some enormous water-rats, which issued from an adjacent pool, and began to eat Andy's hat and shoes, which had fallen off in his struggle with his captors; and all Andy's warning ejaculations could not make the vermin abstain from his shoes and his hat, which to judge from their eager eating, must have been very high-flavoured. While Andy looked on at the demolition, and began to dread that they might transfer their favors from his attire to himself, the welcome sound of the approaching tramp of horses fell upon his ear, and in a few minutes two horsemen stood before him—they were Father Phil and Squire Egan.

Great was the surprise of the Father to see the fellow he had married the night before, and whom he had supposed to be in the enjoyment of his honeymoon, tied up to a tree, and looking more dead than alive; and his indignation knew no bounds when he heard that a "couple-beggar" had dared to celebrate the marriage ceremony, which fact came out in the course of the explanation Andy made of the desperate misadventure which had befallen him; but all other grievances gave way, in the eyes of Father Phil, to the "couple-beggar."

"A 'couple-beggar!'—the audacious vagabone!" he cried, while he and the Squire were engaged in loosing Andy's bonds. "A 'couple-beggar' in my parish!—How fast they have tied him up, Squire!" he added, as he

endeavoured to undo a knot. “A ‘couple-beggar’ indeed!—I’ll undo that marriage!—have you a knife about you, Squire?—the blessed and holy tie of matrimony—it’s a black knot, bad luck to it, and must be cut—take your leg out o’ that now—and wait till I lay my hands on them—a ‘couple-beggar’ indeed!”

“A desperate outrage this whole affair has been!” said the Squire.

“But a ‘couple-beggar,’ Squire.”

“His house broken into—”

“But a ‘couple-beggar’—”

“His wife taken from him!—”

“But a ‘couple-beggar’—”

“The laws violated—”

“But *my dues*, Squire,—think o’ that!—what would become o’ *them* if ‘couple-beggars’ is allowed to show their audacious faces in the parish—Oh wait till next Sunday, that’s all—I’ll have them up before the alther, and I’ll make them beg God’s pardon, and my pardon, and the congregation’s pardon, the audacious pair!”^[1]

“It’s an assault on Andy,” said the Squire.

“It’s a robbery on me,” said Father Phil.

“Could you identify the men?” said the Squire.

“Do you know the ‘couple-beggar?’ ” said the priest.

“Did James Casey lay his hands on you?” said the squire; “for he’s a good man to have a warrant against.”

“Oh, Squire, Squire!” ejaculated Father Phil; “talking of laying hands on him is it you are?—didn’t that Blackguard ‘couple-beggar’ lay his dirty hands on a woman that my bran new benediction was upon? Sure they’d do anything after that!”

By this time Andy was free, and having received the Squire’s directions to follow him to Merryvale, Father Phil and the worthy Squire were once more in their saddles, and proceeded quietly to the same place; the Squire silently considering the audacity of the *coup-de-main* which robbed Andy of his wife, and his Reverence puffing out his rosy cheeks, and muttering sundry angry sentences, the only intelligible words of which were “*couple-beggar*.”

When the widow Rooney was forcibly ejected from the house of Mrs. James Casey, and found that Andy was not possessor of that lady's charms, she posted off to Neck-or-Nothing Hall, to hear the full and true account of the transaction from Andy himself. On arriving at the old iron gate, and pulling the loud bell, the savage old janitor spoke to her between the bars, and told her to "go out o' that." Mrs. Rooney thought Fate was using her hard in decreeing she was to receive denial at every door, and endeavoured to obtain a parley with the gate-keeper, to which he seemed no way inclined.

"My name's Rooney, sir."

"There's plenty bad o' the name," was the civil rejoinder.

"And my son's in Squire O'Grady's sarvice, sir."

"Oh—you're the mother of the beauty we call Handy—eh?"

"Yis sir."

"Well, he left the service yisterday."

"Is it lost the place?"

"Yis."

"Oh dear!—Ah, sir let me up to the house and spake to his honor, and maybe he'll take back the boy."

"He doesn't want any more servants at all—for he's dead."

"Is it Squire O'Grady dead?"

"Ay—did you never hear of a dead Squire before?"

"What did he die of, sir?"

"Find out," said the sulky brute walking back to his den.

It was true—the renowned O'Grady was no more. The fever which had set in from his "broiled bones," which he would have in spite of anybody, was found difficult of abatement; and the impossibility of keeping him quiet, and his fits of passion, and consequent fresh supplies of "broiled bones," rendered the malady unmanageable; and the very day after Andy had left the house, the fever took a bad turn, and, in four-and-twenty hours the stormy O'Grady was at peace.

What a sudden change fell upon the house! All the wedding paraphernalia which had been brought down, lay neglected in the rooms where it had been the object of the preceding day's admiration. The deep, absorbing, silent grief of the wife—the more audible sorrows of the girls—

the subdued wildness of the reckless boys, as they trod silently past the chamber where they no longer might dread reproof for their noise,—all this was less touching than the effect the event had upon the old dowager mother. While the senses of others were stunned by the blow, hers became awakened by the shock; all her absurd aberration passed away, and she sat, in intellectual self-possession, by the side of her son's death-bed, which she never left until he was laid in his coffin. He was the first and the last of her sons. She had now none but grandchildren to look upon—the intermediate generation had passed away, and the gap yawned fearfully before her. It restored her, for the time, perfectly to her senses; and she gave the necessary directions on the melancholy occasion, and superintended all the sad ceremonials befitting the time, with a calm and dignified resignation, which impressed all around her with wonder and respect.

Superadded to the dismay which the death of the head of a family produces, was the terrible fear which existed that O'Grady's body would be seized for debt—a barbarous practice, which, shame to say, is still permitted. This fear made great precaution necessary, to prevent persons approaching the house, and accounts for the extra gruffness of the gate porter. The wild body-guard of the wild chief was now doubly active duty; and after four-and-twenty hours had passed over the reckless boys, the interest they took in sharing and directing this watch and ward seemed to outweigh all sorrowful consideration for the death of their father. As for Gustavus, the consciousness of being now the master of Neck-or-Nothing Hall was apparent in a boy not yet fifteen; and not only in himself, but in the gray-headed retainers about him, this might be seen: there was a shade more of deference—the boy was merged in "*the young master.*" But we must leave the house of mourning for the present, and follow the widow Rooney, who, as she tramped her way homeward, was increasing in hideousness of visage every hour. Her nose was twice its usual dimensions, and one eye was perfectly useless in showing her the road. At last, however as evening was closing, she reached her cabin, and there was Andy, arrived before her, and telling Oonah, his cousin, all his misadventures of the preceding day.

The history was stopped for a while by their mutual explanations and condolences with Mrs. Rooney, on the "cruel way her poor face was used."

To be continued.

[1] A man and woman who had been united by a ‘couple-beggar’ were called up one Sunday by the priest in the face of the congregation, and summoned, as Father Phil threatens above, to beg God’s pardon, and the priest’s pardon, and the congregation’s pardon; but the woman stoutly refused the last condition: “I’ll beg God’s pardon and your Reverence’s pardon,” she said, “but I won’t beg the congregation’s pardon.” “You won’t?” said the priest. “I won’t,” says she. “Oh, you contrary baggage,” cried his Reverence, “take her home out o’ that,” said he to her husband, who had humbled himself—“take her home, and leather her well—for she wants it; and if you don’t leather her, you’ll be sorry—for if you don’t make her afraid of you, she’ll master you too—take her home and leather her.”—FACT.



HOW TO GIVE.—At a Missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these resolutions were agreed upon:

1. We will all give something.
2. We will all give as God has enabled us.
3. We will give willingly.

As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at a table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Amongst those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. “Take dat back again,” said the negro that received the money, “Dat may be according to de first resolution, but it not according to de second.” The rich old man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself, and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, “Dare! take dat!” It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly, that the negro answered again, “No! Dat won’t do yet! It may be according to de first and second resolution, but it not according to de last:” and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on

his face, and very willingly, gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the negro, "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."



THE HONEST HORSE TRADERS.—Two aged men near Marshalton, Va., traded, or according to Virginia parlance, *swapped*, horses on this condition: that on that day week, the one who thought he had the best of the bargain, should pay to the other two bushels of wheat. The day came, and, strange as it may seem, they met about half way between their respective homes. "Where art thou going?" said one. "To thy house with the wheat," answered the other. "And whither art thou riding?" "Truly," replied the other, "I was taking the wheat to thy house." Each pleased with the bargain, had thought the wheat justly due to his neighbor and was going to pay it.



The Last Days of Murat, King of Naples.

From the Gift of 1839.

[Concluded.]

As the day advanced, he became aware of the necessity that existed for concealment. Solitary as was the bay on whose expanse of waters he gazed in vain to catch a glimpse of the desired sail on which his hopes depended, it might be visited by those whose encounter would be destruction. Yet a lingering hope forbade removal to a distance; and, as his only means of safety, he was compelled to climb into the thick clustering branches of a chesnut-tree, whence he could overlook the bay, and in which he remained until night, shivering with cold, tormented with pangs of thirst and hunger, and more wretched still in mind, yet not daring to leave his place of concealment until darkness should avert the peril of discovery. Wearied and worn out as he was, anxiety—the horrors of despair which but a single slender hope alleviated—kept his eyes from closing all the second night, which he passed in wandering to and fro upon the beach, like a caged lion, straining his eyes to catch the gleam of the yet expected sail. But it came not, and hunger drove him on the following day to seek relief and shelter, even at the hazard of his life. It was a happy thing for the fallen monarch that the cabin to which chance had led his steps, was inhabited by a veteran who had

served in the armies of Napoleon, and in whose bosom still glowed, undimmed by time or change of fortune, that enthusiastic devotion with which, for so many years the soldiery of France had pealed forth alike in victory and defeat, in wassail and in death, their cheering battle cry of *Vive l'Empereur!*

As might be expected, the old soldier and his wife whose attachment to the person, and reverence for the character of Napoleon were equal to his own, dedicated themselves body and soul, to the service of the unhappy Murat. A large portion of the night was employed in devising means for his escape, and providing for his safety until those means should become practicable; and, in the meantime, there was no limit to the exertions and contrivances of the old woman for the comfort of the honoured guest. In the palmiest condition of his fortunes, he had never been waited on with more respectful and affectionate solicitude, than now when he was an outcast and a fugitive.

It was agreed that the old man should set out for Toulon the next morning, furnished by the king with directions to the secret friends who had already made arrangements for his escape, only to be baffled, as we have seen, by the accident of the storm. But a change of plan was soon occasioned, by the appearance of another character upon the scene.

As the old couple and their guest were seated round the table at their frugal meal, on the morning of the ensuing day, they were startled by a knock at the cottage door. Murat sprang to his feet, for to him the approach of any visitor portended danger, but before he could leave the room the door was opened, and a single individual joined the party. This person appeared to be a man of perhaps thirty-five, whose singularly delicate features scarcely accorded even with his slender figure, and whose countenance bore a strangely mingled expression of sadness and resolution. As he entered the apartment, an eager and apparently joyful look flashed from his eyes, seeming to indicate an unexpected, but most welcome discovery.

His object in visiting the cottage was promptly declared, as an apology for his intrusion; it was simply to inquire the nearest route to the port of Toulon, whither he was charged to convey a message to a person residing there; "perhaps," he said, "one of the individuals he now addressed," and his eye rested for a moment on the countenance of Murat, "would undertake to accompany him as guide, receiving a reasonable compensation for the service." The old man expressed his willingness to bear him company, and the stranger, having returned thanks for the proffer, added, that perhaps he

might even be able to conduct him at once to the person whom he sought; the name, he said, with another glance at Murat, was Louis Debac.

“Debac!” the fugitive king repeated; “did you say Louis Debac? Perhaps if I knew the person by whom the message was sent, I could promote the object of your journey!”

The stranger smiled as he replied that in the hope of such a result, he would communicate not only the name of his employer, but his own. “I am called,” he continued, “Hypolite Bastide, and the message which I bear is—”

“And you are Bastide,” interrupted Murat, hastily advancing and grasping the hand of the stranger with a warm pressure: “You are Bastide, the faithful and untiring, to whom I already owe so much. The end of your journey is reached, for I am Louis Debac—or rather, for there is no need of concealment here, I am the king of Naples.”

Many hours were passed after this avowal in consultation between the dethroned monarch and the trusty agent of his friends in Toulon, whom he had not before seen, but in whose fidelity, sagacity, and prudence, he had been instructed to place the utmost confidence; and as soon as their conference was ended, Bastide, accompanied by the old man set out for Toulon, there to make arrangements for another and more successful effort at escape.

They had been gone scarcely an hour, and Murat, with a characteristic forgetfulness of the perils which surrounded him, was amusing himself and his hostess by narrating some of the most brilliant passages in his adventurous career, and repeating anecdotes of his imperial brother-in-law, when they were alarmed by a distant sound, like that of horsemen rapidly approaching; and the fugitive had barely time to escape through the backdoor, and conceal himself in a small pit that had been dug in the garden, where the old woman covered him with brushwood and vine-branches collected for fuel, when a party of some fifty or sixty dragoons rode up to the door, and dismounting, proceeded to ransack the house, and the ground adjoining it. A number of them searched the garden, spreading themselves among the vines, and passing, more than once, within stabbing distance of their prey; while others endeavoured, but in vain, by alternate threats and tempting offers, to extract from the old woman the information she could so easily have given. At one time the suspicions which had led them to the cottage were almost converted to certainty, by the presence of the great-coat and cap which the king had worn when he reached the cottage; and Murat, who could hear all that passed, was on the point of starting from his lair to

save his hostess from the cruelties with which she was menaced, when his generous purpose was prevented by the evident success of her plausible well-sustained assurances, that it was her husband's pardonable fancy still to wear the military garb, although long since discharged, in which he had so often marched to victory with the eagles of the emperor. The dragoons had also fought beneath those eagles, although now they served the Bourbon, and the whim of the "vieux moustache" found an echo in their rude bosoms; they desisted from their threats, and soon after mounted and rode off, perhaps not altogether regretting the failure of their purpose.

The security of the dethroned monarch was not again disturbed, and, before morning of the next day, his host returned with Bastide, and announced the successful issue of their mission. A skiff was engaged to convey the unfortunate Murat to Corsica, and the following night—the twenty-second of August was the time appointed for his embarkation.

But little more than a month had elapsed, and Joachim Murat was a captive at Pizzo, on the coast of Calabria—in the power of his enemies, and doomed to die, although as yet he knew it not, upon the morrow. The events which led to this disastrous termination of his career are chronicled in history, and need not therefore be repeated here. It is enough to say that the fervour with which he was received at Corsica inspiring him with brilliant but fallacious hopes of a like success in Naples, he there embarked on the twenty-eighth of September, with six small vessels for his fleet, some two hundred and fifty adventurous followers for his army, and a treasury containing eleven thousand francs, and jewels worth perhaps a hundred and fifty thousand more—madly believing, that, with this small force, aided by the affection of his quondam subjects, he could replace himself upon the throne; that treachery and cowardice had reduced his armament to a single vessel and thirty followers, when he reached Pizzo, where his reception was a shower of bullets from the muskets of the Austrian garrison; and that, abandoned by the traitor Barbaro, the commander of the little squadron with which he had embarked at Corsica, who hoisted sail and bore away the moment he had landed, after a brief but desperate struggle in which he displayed most signally the daring bravery that had always distinguished him in battle, Murat was taken prisoner, stripped of his purse, his jewels, his passports, and hurried like a thief to the common prison, with the few of his devoted adherents who survived, and whom he laboured to console as if he had no sorrows of his own.

The idle formality of a trial by military commissions was yet to be gone through, but his doom was pronounced at Naples, before the members of the

commission were appointed, and the night of October 12th, to which the progress of our tale now carries us, was the last through which he was to live, though his trial was to take place on the morrow. His demeanour, during the four days of his imprisonment, had been worthy of his fame, and of the gallant part he had played among the great spirits of an age so prolific in mighty deeds; and now, having thrown himself, without undressing, upon the rude couch provided for a fallen king, he slept as tranquilly and well as though he had neither care nor grief to drive slumber from his pillow. But his sleep was not without its dream.

The tide of time was rolled back forty years, and he was again a child in the humble dwelling of his father; again sporting with the playmates of his boyhood in the village where he was born, and displaying, even as a boy, in pastimes and occupations of his age the dawning of that fearless spirit which in after days had borne him to a throne. In every trial of courage, agility, and strength, he was again outstripping all his youthful competitors; foremost in the race, the conqueror in every battle, already noted for his bold and skilful horsemanship, and at school the most turbulent, idle, and mischievous, of his fellows, yet winning affection from the school-mates over whom he tyrannised, and even from the teacher, whom he worried and defied, by the generosity, the frankness, and the gay good-humor, of his spirit. Scenes and incidents that had long been effaced from his waking memory by the dazzling succession of bold and successful achievements which had been the history of his manhood, were now presented to his imagination with all the freshness of reality; the chivalrous warrior, the marshal of France, the sovereign duke of Berg and Cleves, the husband of the beautiful Caroline, and the king of Naples, all were merged and lost in the son of the village inn-keeper; the splendid leader of the cavalry charges at Aboukir, Marengo, Austerlitz, Jena, and Leipsic, was dimly shadowed forth in the restless boy, whose chief delight it was to scour through the lanes and across the open fields of Frontoniere, upon one of his father's horses, scorning alike the admonitions of prudence and of parental fear.

Anon the scene was changed, and the boy was approaching manhood, still wild; passionate, reckless, and daring, as before, but displaying those faults of his nature in other and more censurable modes. Intended for the church, he was now a student at Toulouse, in the name, but in reality a youthful libertine; vain of his handsome person, eager in pursuit of pleasure, in love with every pretty face he met, ardent and enterprising in the licentious prosecution of his fickle attachments and ever ready to engage in the quarrels for which such a life gave frequent cause. The ecclesiastical profession had never been his own free choice, and now the martial spirit,

which was to shine so gloriously forth in after years, was already contending for the mastery with his habits of idleness and dissipation. An escapade surpassing all his past exploits of folly, was now to bring his studies to a close, and decide the as yet uncertain current of his destiny. The turning incident of his youthful life was again enacted in the captive monarch's dream.

The prettiest maiden of his native village was Mariette Majastre, the only daughter of a peasant, who tilled a little farm of some half-dozen acres, lying about a mile from his father's house, on the road to Perigord. About five years younger than himself, she had been his favourite playmate when a boy, and as he advanced in years, the only one who could control the violence of his temper or persuade him from his headlong impulses of mischief, either to others or himself. When at the age of fifteen, he was sent to the academy at Toulouse, Mariette, a blooming, bright-eyed child of ten, wept sorely at parting, and Joachim did not altogether escape the infection of her sorrow: but Mariette was almost forgotten, or remembered only as a child, when, six years afterwards, the Abbé Murat, as he was now called; met her again at Toulouse, whither she had gone to pass a few weeks with a relative, and met her as a charming country girl with eyes like diamonds, teeth like pearls, a graceful shape, and manners by no means inelegant or coarse, though telling somewhat of her rustic birth and breeding. Despite his destination for the church, the abbé was a passionate and by no means self-denying admirer of beauty, and the charms of Mariette were irresistible. Almost from the moment of her arrival, he neglected, not his studies merely, for they had never engrossed too much of his attention, but the frolics, the boon companions and the flirtations and intrigues that, for the last three or four years, had constituted the chief employment of his time; and the admiration excited by her beauty soon ripened to a passion which he had not the virtue, if the power, to resist. Mariette was a good girl, and had been well brought up—but she was young, artless, and confiding—Murat handsome, and his passionate eloquence, aided by the memories of an attachment which had begun in childhood, and, though dormant, had never ceased to occupy her warm young heart, prevailed at last over the dictates of prudence, and the restraints of principle.

Yet she did not fall a victim to unbridled passion—her purity was left unstained, although the pleadings of her lover and of her own tenderness were powerful enough to turn her from the strict path of rectitude; and if she did consent to fly with the young abbé, it was only upon his reiterated promise to renounce the ecclesiastical habit, and make her his lawful and honoured wife. It was a mad scheme, but perfectly in harmony with the

character of Murat, whose fault was, through life, to rush upon performance, by whatever impulse led, without regard to consequences. He had neither money nor the means of gaining it to support even himself, much less a wife and children: and Mariette was no better off; yet, with no more ample provision for the future than a few scores of francs, which he borrowed from his school-fellows, the Abbé Murat and Mariette Majestre, at the mature ages of twenty-one and sixteen, absconded one morning from the house of Mariette's relative, and set off by *diligence* for Preissac, for the purpose of being married. Fortunately, perhaps, for both, their absence was quickly discovered—pursuit was made—and they had scarcely arrived at Preissac in the evening, before Mariette's uncle, with his brother and three sons, made their appearance, and claimed possession of the would-be bride. Murat resisted with fury, but his single arm, vigorous as it was, could not prevail against so great a disparity of force, and foaming with rage he was compelled to see his mistress borne away, weeping bitterly, and vowing eternal constancy to her half frantic lover.

The natural consequence of such an escapade would have been a dismissal from the ecclesiastical school in which he had been entered, but he did not wait for it. Tearing the abbé's frock from his shoulders, he rushed into the street, and happening to meet with a sub-officer belonging to a regiment of chasseurs quartered in Preissac for the night, while on its march to Paris, enlisted as a private; and thus, in a moment of wrath and disappointment, began that dazzling career which was destined to place upon his brow the crown of a rich kingdom.

Thus through the fancy of the sleeping captive, with more than lightning speed, coursed the re-awakened memory of events that had been the story of his early years. He felt again the ardour of his youthful passion—the excitement of a first and frenzied love—the triumph of success—the eagerness of flight, and the fury of that moment when love, success, and hope, on the very eve of fulfilment were dashed aside in bitterness and wrath. The form of Mariette was again before him in the freshness of its youthful beauty—her lovely eyes, streaming with tears, were fixed with an imploring passionate look upon his own, and her voice was ringing in his ears, as she was borne away, calling upon her Joachim to the rescue. “Joachim!”—the name echoed through his brain, with the startling clearness of a trumpet sounding to the charge—and with a start the chain of sleep was broken and Murat, the conqueror, monarch, exile, and doomed captive of the present, beheld the dawn of his last day among the living.

For a moment reality mingled with his dream, and he gazed doubtfully upon the figure of an individual who stood before him, enveloped in an ample cloak, gazing upon his face with an earnest and mournful look—and it was borne upon his mind that the voice which called upon the name—the long disused name—of Joachim, was not the mere coinage of a dream-excited fancy. A second glance assured him of the truth, and hastily advancing to seize the hand of his unexpected visiter, he exclaimed, “Then you have not perished, Bastide my friend—Bastide the noble-hearted and true—nor yet abandoned me, when fate has determined on my ruin!”

“The king was betrayed and deserted—he is in the power of his enemies—and Bastide is here to do him service, if it may be, to the last.”

Murat answered not, but gazed intently upon the features of the speaker, and his own wore a troubled expression of surprise and doubt. “Bastide,” he said at length—“Bastide, my mind has been disturbed by painful dreams, and the recollections of the past are strangely and confusedly mingled with the impressions of the moment. Even your voice appears sadly familiar, as though it had often met my ear in earlier and more happy days—speak to me once again—Did you call upon me ere I woke, and by the name I bore in childhood? Speak once again, and solve the mystery which I have little time to penetrate.”

“Joachim!” was again uttered, and in the tones so long forgotten, but so well remembered now—the cowl was thrown back from the face of the speaker, the cloak fell to the ground, and Mariette—the Mariette of his youthful love, though bearing the impress of years and sorrow, was indeed before him.

“I should have known it,” said Murat, after a brief silence, into which a world of thoughts and feelings was condensed; “I should have known that only in the love and constancy of woman could the secret of Bastide’s devoted fidelity be read.”

The reader can neither expect nor wish to be advised at length of the conversation that ensued. The hours of Murat were numbered, and rapidly drawing to their close; and the remaining interest of this sketch, if any it has, belongs to the consummation of the drama, to which his life has been not inappropriately likened. The explanations required by him from Mariette can easily be imagined. Her love for him had never known abatement; and although her image had long since passed from his memory, his success and fame had been the treasured happiness of her existence; his misfortunes and his danger called her loving spirit to more active ministrations, and a

determined heart, a woman's ingenuity, gold, and the aid of an honest and gentle-natured cousin will readily account for all that she had done or attempted in his behalf. Gold, the habit of a priest, and the kind assistance of an old father confessor, who was in the habit of visiting the prison on errands of mercy, perhaps connived at by the governor, had even obtained for her the interview of which the reader has been just informed, and which was but too soon interrupted by the entrance of the aged padre, who came to warn them that the governor was approaching, and that Mariette must be gone. A hurried farewell—a last embrace, which even Caroline of Naples would not have forbidden a fervent blessing interchanged—and Murat was left alone, prepared to meet, as became his character, his rank, and fame, the doom of which he little needed information.

The governor's tidings were brief, but conveyed with a respect and sympathy that did him honour. The tribunal appointed for the trial of "General Murat" was already sitting in an adjoining apartment, and the advocate assigned him for his defence was waiting for admission. Murat asked the names and rank of the eight officers named in the commission and at once refused to appear before them: "They are my subjects, not my judges," was his firm reply to the remonstrances of the governor; "seven of them received their commissions from my hand, and neither of them is my equal, even in the military rank which the order for my trial concedes to me. But were they marshals of France, like me, I am their sovereign, not their equal, and I will not appear before them. They can condemn unheard, and to condemn is the task assigned them." In vain the governor attempted to combat his resolution by argument, and Starage, the advocate assigned him, by entreaty and the eloquence of tears; the king was immovable, and even commanded Starage not to speak in his defence. "I am the king of Naples," he continued; "they may take my life, but the keeping of my dignity and honour is my own."

His conduct was in accordance with this elevated feeling to the last. The commission proceeded to the trial in his absence; and when the secretary waited upon him to ask his name, his age, and the other formal questions usual in the continental tribunals, he cut the ceremony short with the brief and almost contemptuous avowal, "I am Joachim Napoleon, king of the two Sicilies; begone, sir, and bid them do their work." He then conversed freely and composedly with the governor and his fellow-prisoners, who were admitted to an interview by the kindness of that officer, adverting earnestly, but without ostentation or self-eulogy, to the disinterestedness of his conduct on the throne, and to the services he had rendered the Neapolitans—received with calmness the sentence of immediate death conveyed to him by one of

the commissioners—wrote a short, affectionate, and eloquent letter to his queen^[1] and children—passed the allotted half-hour with his confessor, and then came forth with a firm step, simply remarking to the governor, “Let us delay no longer—I am ready!”

On his way to the place of execution, his movement was as dignified and self-possessed, his look as calm, as though he was merely taking part in some familiar pageant of court ceremony. Once only he was seen to cast an anxious glance around, as if in search of one whose presence at that moment he desired, yet scarce had reason to expect; and when his eyes rested on the face and form of Mariette, again disguised from all but him in the cloak and outward bearing of Hypolite Bastide, a smile of satisfaction lighted up his features, which seemed to give assurance that already the bitterness of death was past. That glance, that smile, were once more noted when the fatal spot was reached—and Murat, proudly facing the carabineers who stood with ready weapons to fulfil his doom, drew from his bosom a trinket bearing in medallion the portrait of his queen and, kissing it fervently, uttered his last command, “Aim at my heart!”—in a voice as clear and calm as had ever issued from his lips in the council-tent, the glittering hall of royalty, or on the battlefield. The carabines rang sharply at the word, and Joachim Murat lay extended dead upon the ground fast moistening with his blood.

[1] The death of Madame Murat (sister of Napoleon) was announced recently in the newspapers.



RECONCILIATION.

—“Faster, faster! your horses creep like snails! drive for your life!” cried the impatient Morley, as the noble animals he so slandered dashed along the pebbly turnpike-road, while the sparkles flew from their iron-shod hoofs, like a flight of fire-flies.

The postilion, with voice and whip, put them to the top of speed; and the chaise, in its rapid course, left behind it a trail of light, as though its wheels had been ignited.

A high and steep hill in front, at length enforced a more moderate gait, when Morley, as if struck by a sudden recollection, turned his head anxiously towards his companion, a lovely young woman, who, pale, silent, and motionless, reclined on his shoulder.

“Ellen, my love,” said Morley, “I fear this will prove too much for your delicate frame.”

There was no reply.

Morley leaned his face nearer to hers, and, by the moon-beams, saw that her features were fixed, her open eyes gazing on vacancy, while the tears which had recently streamed from them, seemed congealed upon her bloodless cheeks.

“God of Heaven!” exclaimed Morley “what means this! Ellen, beloved, adored! do you not hear me? will you not speak to me—to Morley, your Morley?” and he gently pressed her in his arms.

The name he uttered, like a charm, dissolved the spell that bound her. A long-drawn sigh, as if struggling from a breaking heart, escaped her cold, quivering lips; a fresh fountain of tears burst forth; and with an hysteric sob she fell upon the bosom of her lover.

The alarmed but enraptured Morley folded her in his arms, and bent to kiss away her tears—when, with a sudden start, she disengaged herself from his embrace, and, drawing back, looked wildly and earnestly in his face.

“Morley,” she said, in a voice of thrilling tone, “do you love me!”

“Dearest, best Ellen,” he replied, “do you, can you, doubt it?”

“Do you love me, Morley?” she repeated, with increased earnestness.

“Truly—devotedly—madly,” cried he, on his knees,—“by the heaven that is shining over us.”

“No more oaths—enough of protestations. Are you willing, by one action—at this moment, to prove that I am truly dear to you, Morley?”

“I am, though it carry with it my destruction!”

“I ask not your destruction—I implore you to prevent mine. Return!”

Morley gazed at her, as if doubting his sense of hearing.

“Return!”

“Return, instantly!”

“Ellen, are you serious—are you”—he might have added, “in your senses?” but she interrupted him.

“I am serious—I am not mad, Morley; no, nor inconstant, nor fickle,” she added, reading the expression that was arising on Morley’s countenance. “That I love and in that love am incapable of change, do not, Morley, insult me by doubting, even by a look. But O, if you love me as you ought, as you have sworn you do, as a man of honour, I implore you to take me back to my father——”

“To your father?” exclaimed Morley almost unconscious of what he said.

“Ay, to my father, my grey-headed, my doting, confiding father: take me to him before his heart is broken by the child he loves. I have been with him,” she cried in wild agony, “even now, as I lay in your arms, spell-bound in my trance, while the carriage rolled on to my perdition. I could not move—I could not speak; but I knew where I was, and whither I was hurrying: yet even then was I with my father,” she said, with a voice and look of supernatural solemnity: “he lay on his death-bed; his eye turned upon me—his fixed and glaring eye, it rested on me as I lay in your arms; he cursed me, and died! His malediction yet rings in my ears—his eye is now upon me. Morley, for the love of Heaven, ere it is too late——”

“Compose yourself,—my own Ellen.”

“Do you still hesitate!” she cried; “would you still soothe my frantic soul with words—your Ellen? Short-sighted man, your Ellen! what shall bind her to a husband who could abandon a father—what power may transform the renegade daughter into the faithful wife! Morley, listen to me: as you hope for mercy, do not, do not destroy the being who loves you—who asks you to preserve her soul!”

Morley caught her as she sank at his feet; and she remained in his arms in a state of insensibility.

He was confounded—subdued.

The fatigued horses had laboured about midway up the acclivity, when Morley called to the postilion.

“Turn your horses’ heads,” he said; “we shall return.”

The steeds seemed to acquire renewed vigour from the alteration in their course and were proceeding at a brisk pace on their return, when Ellen again revived.

“Where am I,—whither am I carried?” she wildly exclaimed.

“To your father, my beloved,” whispered Morley.

“To my father, Morley, to my father!—can it be?—but no, I will not doubt; you never deceived me—you cannot. God bless you, Morley—God bless you, my brother, my dear brother!” and with her pure arms around his neck, she imprinted a sister’s holy kiss upon his lips and, dissolved in delicious tears, sank with the confidence of conscious innocence upon his bosom. The ethereal influence of virtue fell like a balm upon the tumultuous feelings of the lovers; and never in the wildest moment of passion, not even when he first heard the avowal of love from his heart’s selected, had Morley felt so triumphantly happy.

“Where is he?—let me see him—is he alive?—is he well?” shrieked Ellen, as she rushed into the house of her father.

“For whom do you inquire, madam?” coldly asked the female she addressed, the maiden sister of Ellen’s father.

“Aunt, dear aunt, do not speak to me thus. I am not what you think me. But my father—my father, is he—is he alive? is he well? O beloved aunt, have pity on me,—I am repentant, I am innocent——”

“In one word, Ellen, are you not married?”

“I am not.”

“Heaven be praised! follow me—your father is not well——”

“For the love of Heaven—before it is too late;” and the distracted girl rushed into the room and knelt at her father’s side.

“Father! do not avert your face—father, I am your own Ellen. I am restored to you as I left you. By the years of love that have passed between us, forgive the folly—the offence—the crime of a moment. By the memory of my mother——”

“Cease”——said the old man, endeavouring, through the weakness of age and infirmity, and the workings of agonized feelings, to be firm; “forbear, and answer me—is this gentleman your husband?”

Ellen was about to reply, but Morley stepped forward. “I am not,” said he, “blessed with that lady’s hand; she has refused it, unless it is given with your sanction; and without that sanction, dearly as I love her, and hopeless as I may be of your consent, I will never hereafter ask it.”

“Do you pledge your word to this, young man?”

“My sacred word, as a man of honor:—I may have inherited your hate, but I will never deserve it.”

“Children, you have subdued me!” exclaimed the father. “Morley, my daughter is yours!”

Morley seized the old man’s hand, scarcely believing the scene before him to be real.

“My father!” said the weeping Ellen on her knees, her arm around his neck, her innocent cheek pressed to his.

The good aunt partook of the general joy, and even Ellen’s favourite dog seemed to thank her father for his kindness to his dear mistress.

The happy father sat with an arm round his daughter’s waist, and as he pressed her lover’s hand, he said,

“Behold, in all this, the goodness of God: behold the blessings that follow the performance of our duties. Your father, young gentleman, before you saw the light, had entailed my hate on his offspring. I had nourished this bitter feeling even against you, who had never offended me, and whom every one else loved. This very day the cherished hostility of years had given way before my desires to secure my daughter’s happiness. I felt that age was creeping on me—and but the morning of this blessed day I had resolved, over this holy book, to prove my contrition for my sinful harbouring of hatred towards my fellow-creatures by uniting you, my children, in marriage. The tidings of my daughter’s elopement scattered to the winds all my better thoughts, and revived my worst in tenfold strength. I did not order a pursuit: I did more. I felt, at least I thought so the approach of my malady to a region where it would soon prove fatal. No time was to be lost: my will was hastily drawn out, bequeathing my beggared daughter but her father’s curse; it would have been signed this night; for over this book I had taken an oath never to forgive her who could abandon her father.”

“O my father!” interrupted Ellen, to whom the horrible images of her trance returned; “in pity, my dear father——”

“Bless you, for ever bless you, my ever excellent Ellen. Your filial obedience has prolonged your father’s life.”



ON WAR.

What is the life of man!—The lightning's gleam;
The ray that sparkles on a rippling stream;
The cloud's light shadow fluttering o'er the plain,
That only comes, and straight is gone again.
Yet in this span of time what scenes arise!
How are we linked to earth with countless ties!
How many fond affections fill the heart.
From which it grieves us but in thought to part!
How many cares our every hour employ.
That call to sorrow some, and some to joy!
Yet not a tie that binds us binds us to the earth,
No wish or thought that gives to pleasure birth,
No soft affection in our bosom borne,
But finds from savage, War, a cause to mourn.



A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued from page 149.]

“And who done it all?” said Oonah.

“Who, but that born divil Matty Dwyer—and sure they twold me *you* were married to her,” said she to Andy.

“So I was—” said Andy, beginning the account of his misfortune afresh to his mother, who from time to time would break in with indiscriminate maledictions on Andy, as well as his forsworn damsel; and when the account was ended, she poured out a torrent of abuse upon her unfortunate forsaken son, which riveted him to the floor in utter amusement.

“I thought I'd get pity here, at all events,” said poor Andy; “but instead o' that it's the worst word, and the hardest name in your jaw, you have for me.”

“And sarve you right, you dirty cur,” said his mother. “I ran off like a fool when I heerd of your good fortune, and see the condition that baggage left me in—my teeth knocked in, and my eye knocked out, and all for your foolery, because you couldn't keep what you got—”

“Sure, mother, I tell you—”

“Howld your tongue you omadhawn!—And then I go to Squire O’Grady’s to look for you, and there I hear you lost that place, too.”

“Faix it’s little loss,” said Andy.

“That’s all you know about it, you goose—you lose the place just when the man’s dead, and you’d have had a suit o’ mournin’. Oh, you are the most misfortunate divil, Andy Rooney, this day in Ireland—why did I rear you at all!”

“Squire O’Grady dead!” said Andy in surprise, and with regret for his late master.

“Yis—and you’ve lost the mournin’—augh!”

“Oh the poor Squire?” said Andy.

“The iligant new clothes!” grumbled Mrs. Rooney. “And then luck tombles into your way, such as man never had; without a place, or a rap to bless yourself with, you get a rich man’s daughter for your wife, and you let her slip through your fingers.”

“How could I help it?” said Andy.

“Augh!—you bothered the job just the way you do everything,” said his mother.

“Sure I was civil spoken to her.”

“Augh!” said his mother.

“And took no liberty.”

“You goose!”

“And called her Miss.”

“Oh, indeed, you missed it altogether.”

“And said I wasn’t desarvin’ of her.”

“That was thru—*But you should not have told her so.* Make a woman think you’re betther than her, and she’ll like you.”

“And sure, when I endayvoured to make myself agreeable to her—”

“*Endayvored!*” repeated the old woman contemptuously—“*Endayvored* indeed!—Why didn’t you *make* yourself agreeable at oncet, you poor dirty goose?—no, but you went sneaking about it—I know as well as if I was

looking at you—you went sneaking and snivelin' until the girl took a disgust to you; for there's nothing a woman despises so much as shilly-shallying."

"Sure, you won't hear my defince," said Andy.

"Oh, indeed, you're betther at defince than attack," said his mother.

"Sure the first little civility I wanted to pay her, she took up the three-legged stool to me."

"The divil mend you!—And what civility did you offer her?"

"I made a grab at her cap, and I thought she'd have brained me!"

Oonah set up such a shout of laughter at Andy's notion of a civility to a girl, that the conversation was stopped for some time, and her aunt remonstrated with her at her want of common sense, or as she said, hadn't she "more decency then to laugh at the poor fool's nonsense?"

"What could I do agen the three-legged stool?" said Andy.

"Where was your own legs, and your own arms, and your own eyes, and your own tongue!—eh?"

"And sure I tell you it was all ready conthived, and James Casey was sent for, and came."

"Yis," said the mother, "but not for a long time, you towld me yourself; and what were you doing all that time?—Sure, supposing you wor only a new acquaintance, any man worth a days mate would have discoarsed her over in the time, and made her sinsible he was the best of husbands."

"I tell you she wouldn't let me have her ear at all," said Andy.

"Nor her cap either," said Oonah, laughing.

"And then Jim Casey kem."

"And why did you let him in?"

"It was she let him, I tell you."

"And why did you let her? He was on the wrong side of the door—that's the *outside*; and you on the right—that's the *inside*; and it was *your* house, and she was *your* wife, and you were her masher, and you had the rights of the church and the rights of the law, and all the rights on your side; barrin' right rayson—that you never had; and sure without that, what's the use of all the other rights in the world?"

"Sure, hadn't he his friends *sthrong* outside?"

“No matther, if the door wasn’t opened to them, for *then* YOU would have had a stronger friend than any o’ them present among them.”

“Who?” inquired Andy.

“The *hangman*,” answered his mother; “for breaking doors is hanging matther; and I say the presence of a hangman’s always before people when they have such a job to do, and makes them think twice sometimes, before they smash once; and so you had only to keep one woman’s hands quiet.”

“Faix, some of them would smash a door as soon as not,” said Andy.

“Well, then, you’d have the satisfaction of hanging them,” said the mother, “and that would be some consolation.—But even as it, I’ll have law for it—I will—for the property is yours, any how, though the girl is gone—and indeed a brazen baggage she is, and is mighty heavy in the hand:—oh, my poor eye!—it’s like a coal of fire—but sure it was worth the risk living with her, for the sake of the purty property. And sure I was thinkin’ what a pleasure it would be living with you, and tachin’ your wife housekeepin’, and bringing up the young turkeys and the childhre—but, och hone, you’ll never do a bit o’ good, you that got sitch careful bringin’ up, Andy Rooney! Didn’t I tache you manners, you dirty hanginbone blackguard?—Didn’t I tache you your blessed religion?—may the divil sweep you!—Did I ever prevent you from sharing the lavings of the pratees with the pig? and didn’t you often clane out the pot with him? and you’re no good afther all. I’ve turned my honest penny by the pig, but I’ll never make my money of *you* Andy Rooney!”

There were some minutes’ silence after this eloquent outbreak of Andy’s mother, which was broken at last by Andy uttering a long sigh and an ejaculation.

“Och!—it’s a fine thing to be a gintleman,” said Andy.

“Cock you up!” said his mother. “Maybe it’s a gintleman you want to be;—what puts that in your head, you *omadhawn*?”

“Why, because a gintleman has no hardships compared with one of uz. Sure, if a gintleman was marri’d his wife would’t be tuk off from him the way mine was.”

“Not so soon, maybe,” said the mother, dryly.

“And if a gintleman brakes a horse’s heart, he’s only a ‘*bowld rider*,’ while a poor sarvant is a ‘careless blackguard,’ for only taking a sweat out of him. If a gintleman dhrinks till he can’t see a hole in a laddher, he’s only

‘fresh,’—but ‘*dhrunk*’ is the word for a poor man. And if a gintleman kicks up a row, he’s a ‘*fine, spirited fellow*,’ while a poor man is a ‘disordherly vagabone’ for the same; and the Justice axes the one to dinner, and sends th’ other to jail. Oh, faix, the law is a dainty lady; she takes people by the hand who can afford to wear gloves, but people with brown fists must keep their distance.”

“I often remark,” said his mother, “that fools spake mighty sinsible betimes; but their wisdom all goes with their gab. Why didn’t you take a betther grip of your luck when you had it? You’re wishing you wor a gintleman, and yet when you had the best part of a gintleman (the property, I mane) put into your way, you let it slip through your fingers; and afther lettin’ a fellow take a rich wife from you, and turn you out of your own house, you sit down on a stool there, and begin to *wish*, indeed!—you sneaking fool—wish, indeed!—Och! if you wish with one hand, and wash, with th’ other, which will be clane first—eh?”

“What could I do agen eight?” asked Andy.

“Why did you let them in, I say again?” said the mother quickly.

“Sure the blame wasn’t with me,” said Andy, “but with—”

“Whisht, you goose!” said his mother, “An coorse you’ll blame every one, and everything but yourself—*The losing horse blames the saddle*.”

“Well maybe it’s all for the best,” said Andy, “after all.”

“Augh, howld your tongue!”

“And if it *wasn’t* to be, how could it be?”

“Listen to him!”

“And Providence is over us all.”

“Oh, yis!” said the mother. “When fools make mistakes they lay the blame on Providence. How have you the impidence to talk o’ Providence in that manner?—*I’ll* tell you where the Providence was. Providence sent you to Jack Dwyer’s, and kept Jim Casey away, and put the anger into owld Jack’s heart, and made the opening for you to spake up, and gave you a wife—a wife with *property*!—Ah, *there’s* where the Providence was!—and you were the masher of a snug house—that was Providence! And wouldn’t myself have been the one to be helping you in the farm—rearing the powlts, milkin’ the cow, makin’ the iligant butther, with lavings of butthermilk for the pigs—the sow thriving, and the cocks and hens cheering your heart with their cacklin’—the hank o’ yarn on the wheel, and hank of ingins up the

chimbly—oh! that's what the Providence would have been—that *would have been Providence indeed!*—but never tell me that Providence turned you out of the house; *that was your own goostherumfoodle.*”

“Can't he take the law o' them, aunt?” inquired Oonah.

“To be sure he can—and shall, too,” said the mother. “I'll be off to 'orney Murphy, to-morrow.—I'll pursue her for my eye, and Andy for the property, and I'll put them all in Chancery, the villains!”

“It's Newgate they ought to be put in,” said Andy.

“Tut, you fool; Chancery is worse than Newgate; for the people sometimes get out of Newgate, but they never get out of Chancery, I hear.”

As Mrs. Rooney spoke, the latch of the door was raised, and a miserably clad woman entered, closed the door immediately after, and placed the bar against it. The action attracted the attention of all the inmates of the house, for the doors of the peasantry are universally left “on the latch,” and never secured against intrusion until the family go to bed.

“God save all here!” said the woman, as she approached the fire.

“Oh, is that you, Ragged Nance?” said Mrs. Rooney; for that was the unenviable but descriptive title the newcomer was known by; and though she knew it for her *sobriquet* yet she also knew Mrs. Rooney would not call her by it if she were not in an ill temper, so she began humbly to explain the cause of her visit, when Mrs. Rooney broke in gruffly;—

“Oh, you always make out a good rayson for coming; but we have nothing for you to-night.”

“Throth, you do me wrong,” said the beggar, “if you think I came *shooling*.^[1] It's only to keep harm from the innocent girl here.”

“Arrah, what harm would happen her, woman?” returned the widow, savagely, rendered more morose by the humble bearing of her against whom she directed her severity; as if she got more angry the less the poor creature would give her cause to justify her harshness. “Isn't she undher my roof, here?”

“But how long may she be left there?” asked the woman, significantly.

“What do you mane, woman?”

“I mane, there's a plan to carry her off from you to-night.”

Oonah grew pale with true terror, and the widow screeched, after the more approved manner of elderly ladies, making believe they are very much shocked, till Nance reminded her that crying would do no good, and that it was requisite to make some preparation against the approaching danger. Various plans were hastily suggested, and as hastily relinquished, till Nance advised a measure which was deemed the best. It was to dress Andy in female attire, and let him be carried off in place of the girl. Andy roared with laughter at notion of being made a girl of, and said the trick would instantly be seen through.

“Not if you act your part well; just keep down the giggle, jewel, and put on a moderate *phillelu*, and do the thing nice and steady, and you’ll be the saving of your cousin here.”

“You may deceive them with the dhress; and I may do a bit of a small *shilloo*, like a *colleen* in disthress, and that’s all very well,” said Andy, “as far as seeing and hearing goes; but when they come to grip me, sure they’ll find out in a minute.”

“We’ll stuff you out well with rags and sthraw, and they’ll never know the differ—besides, remember the fellow that wants a girl never comes for her, himself,^[2] but sends his friends for her, and they won’t know the differ—besides, they’re all dhrunk.”

“How do you know?”

“Because they’re always dhrunk—that same crew; and if they’re not dhrunk to-night, it’s the first time in their lives they ever were sober. So make haste, now, and put aff your coat till we make a purty young colleen out o’ you.”

It occurred now to the widow that it was a service of great danger Andy was called on to perform; and with all her abuse of her “*omadhawn*,” she did not like the notion of putting him in the way of losing his life, perhaps.

To be continued.

[1] Going on chance here and there, to pick up what one can.

[2] This is mostly the case.

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TABLE 1.

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

TABLE 2.

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

TABLE 3.

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

TABLE 4.

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

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

HALF CREDIT RATES OF PREMIUM.

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

If it be preferred, the unpaid seven Half Premiums can be left as a charge on the Policy, when it becomes a claim.

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TABLE A.

Age.	Annual Prem.		Half-Yearly.		Quarterly.	
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
25	44	4	22	5	11	3
30	49	10	25	3	12	8
35	57	0	28	11	14	6
40	66	6	33	8	17	0
45	79	0	40	1	20	2
50	95	6	48	7	24	6

TABLE B.

Age.	HALF CREDIT TABLE.		WHOLE PREMIUM.	
	<i>Half Premium.</i>		<i>Whole Premium.</i>	
	First 5 Years.	After 5 Years.	First 5 Years.	After 5 Years.
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
25	22	2	44	4
30	24	11	49	10
35	28	6	57	0
40	33	3	66	6
45	39	6	79	0
50	47	9	95	6

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

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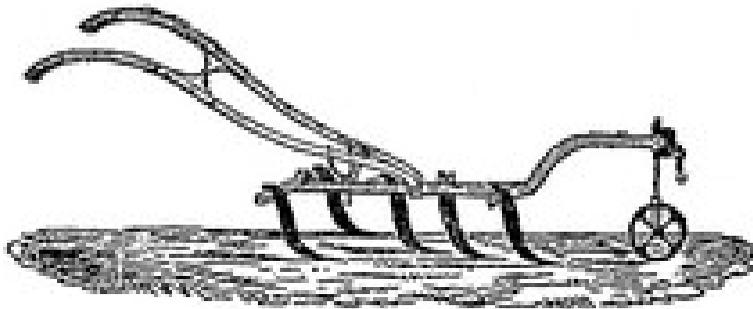
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Montreal, July, 1849.

TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *Gaspe Magazine, and Instructive Miscellany Vol. 10 of 11* edited by R. W. Kelly]