THE

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AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

Vol. 1. June, 1850. No. 11.

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AUCTION & COMMISSION
AGENCY.

The Undersigned begs leave to inform
the Public, that he has resumed
business in this
District, as
AUCTIONEER & COMMISSION
AGENT,

And he trusts, from the experience he has had for upwards of twenty-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.

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.

ENGRAVINGS,
AND LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS.

The subscriber has received, direct from New York, a choice selection of *Engravings and Lithographic Prints*, which he offers cheap for Cash or Produce.

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, Jan. 4, 1849.

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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.

Trunks for Sale.

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

New Carlisle, July, 1849.

NOTICE.

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

EXTRACT OF SARSAPARILLA,
PRICE, $1 PER BOTTLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

R. W. KELLY,
General Agent.

Grand Pabos Novr. 21, 1848.

ROOM PAPER. FANCY SCREENS.

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

Jany. 4, 1848. R. W. KELLY.

TO BOOK BINDERS.

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

R. W. KELLY.

New Carlisle, January 1849.

THE GASPE' MAGAZINE,
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Vol. 1. JUNE. No. 11.

POETRY.

The Mother who has a Child at Sea.

There's an eye that looks on the swelling cloud,
Folding the moon in a funeral shroud,
That watches the stars dying one by one,
Till the whole of heaven's calm light has gone;
There's an ear that lists to the hissing surge,
As the mourner turns to the anthem dirge,
That eye! that ear! oh whose can they be,
But a mother's who has a child at sea?

There's a cheek that is getting ashy white,
As the tokens of storm come on with night,
There's a form that's fixed at the lattice pane,
To hark how the gloom gathers over the main,
While the yeasty billows lash the shore
With loftiest sweep and hoarser roar.
That cheek! that form! oh, whose can they be,
But a mother's who has a child at sea?

The rushing whistle chills her blood,
As the north wind hurries to scourge the flood;
And the icy shiver spreads to her heart,
As the first red lines of lightning start.
The ocean boils! All mute she stands,
With parted lips and tight-clasp'd hands:
Oh, marvel not at her fear, for she

Is a mother who hath a child at sea.

She conjures up the fearful scene
Of yawning waves, where the ship between,
With striking keel and splinter'd mast,
Is plunging hard and foundering fast
She sees her boy, with lank drench'd hair,
Clinging to the wreck with a cry of despair.—
Oh, the vision is madd'ning! No grief can be
Like a mother's who hath a child at sea.

She presses her brow—she sinks and kneels,
While the blast howls on and the thunder peals;
She breathes not a word, for her passionate prayer
Is too fervent and deep for the lips to bear;
It is pour'd in the long convulsive sigh,
In the straining glance of an upturn'd eye,
And a holier offering cannot be
Than the mother's prayer for her child at sea.

Oh! I love the winds when they spurn control,
For they suit my own bond-hating soul;
I like to hear them sweeping past,
Like the eagle's pinions, free and fast;
But a pang will rise, with sad alloy,
To soften my spirit and sink my joy,
When I think how dismal their voices must be
To a mother who hath a child at sea!

LITERATURE.

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

(Continued)

"They'll murdher the boy, maybe, when they find out the chate," said the widow.

"Not a bit," said Nance.

“And suppose they did,” said Andy, “I’d rather die, sure, than the disgrace should fall upon Oonah, there.”

“God bless you, Andy, dear!” said Oonah. “Sure you have the kind heart, any how; but I wouldn’t for the world hurt or harm should come to you on my account.”

“Oh, don’t be afeard!” said Andy, cheerily; “divil a hair I value all they can do; so dress me up at oncet.”

After some more objections on the part of his mother, which Andy overruled, the women all joined in making up Andy into as tempting an imitation of feminality as they could contrive; but to bestow roundness of outline on the angular form of Andy, was no easy matter, and required more rags than the house afforded; so some straw was indispensable, which the pig’s bed only could supply. In the midst of their fears, the women could not help laughing as they effected some likeness to their own forms, with their stuffing and padding; but to carry off the width of Andy’s shoulders, required a very ample and voluptuous outline indeed; and Andy could not help wishing the straw was a little sweeter which they were packing under his nose. At last, however, after soaping down his straggling hair on his forehead, and tying a bonnet upon his head to shade his face as much as possible, the disguise was completed, and the next move was to put Oonah in a place of safety.

“Get up on the hurdle in the corner, under the thatch,” said Nance.

“Oh, I’d be afeard o’ my life to stay in the house at all.”

“You’d be safe enough, I tell you,” said Nance; “for once they see that fine young woman here,” pointing to Andy, and laughing, “they’ll be satisfied with the lob we’ve made for them.”

Oonah still expressed her fear of remaining in the cabin.

“Then hide in the pratee thrench, behind the house.”

“That’s better,” said Oonah.

“And now I must be going,” said Nance; “for they must not see me when they come.”

“Oh, don’t leave me, Nance, dear,” cried Oonah, “for I’m sure I’ll faint with the fright when I hear them coming, if some one is not with me.”

Nance yielded to Oonah’s fears and entreaties; and with many a blessing and boundless thanks for the beggar-woman’s kindness, Oonah led the way

to the little potato garden at the back of the house, and there the women squatted themselves in one of the trenches, and awaited the impending event.

It was not long in arriving. The tramp of approaching horses at a sharp pace rang through the stillness of the night, and the women, crouching flat beneath the overspreading branches of the potato tops, lay breathless in the bottom of the trench, as the riders came up to the widow's cottage, and entered. There they found the widow and her pseudo niece sitting at the fire; and three drunken vagabonds, for the fourth was holding the horses outside, cut some fantastic capers round the cabin, and making a mock obeisance to the widow, the spokesman addressed her with,—

"Your sarvant, ma'am?"

"Who are yiz at all, gintlemin, that comes to my place at this time o' night and what's your business?"

"We want the loan o' that young woman there, ma'am," said the ruffian.

Andy and his mother both uttered small squalls.

"And as for who we are, ma'am, we are the blessed society of Saint Joseph, ma'am,—our coat of arms is two heads upon one pillow, and our motty, 'Who's afread?—hurroo!' " shouted the savage, and he twirled his stick, and cut another caper. Then coming up to Andy, he addressed him as "young woman," and said there was a fine strapping fellow, whose heart was breaking till he "rowled her in his arms."

Andy and the mother both acted their parts very well. He rushed to the arms of the old woman for protection, and screeched small, while the widow shouted "*millia murther!*" at the top of her voice, and did not give up her hold of the make-believe young woman until her cap was torn half off, and her hair streamed about her face. She called on all the saints in the calendar, as she knelt in the middle of the floor, and rocked to and fro, with her clasped hands raised to heaven, calling down curses on the "villains and robbers," that were tearing her child from her, while they threatened to stop her breath altogether if she did not make less noise; and in the midst of the uproar dragged off Andy, whose struggles and despair might have excited the suspicion of sober men. They lifted him up on a stout horse, in front of the most powerful man of the party, who gripped Andy hard round the middle, and pushed his horse to a hard gallop, followed by the rest of the party. The proximity of Andy to his *cavaliero* made the latter sensible of the bad odor of the pig's bed, which formed Andy's luxurious bust and bustle; but he attributed the unsavory scent to a bad breath on the lady's part and would sometimes address his charge thus:—

"Young woman, if you plaze, would you turn your face th' other way;" (soliloquy,)—"By Jaker, I wonder at Jack's taste—she's a fine lump of a girl, but her breath is murther intirely—phew!—young woman, turn away your face, or by this and that I'll fall off the horse. I've heerd of a bad breath that might knock a man down, but I never met it till now.—Oh, murdher! 'tis worse it's growin'—I suppose 'tis the bumpin' she's gettin' that shakes the breath out of her sthrong—oh, there it is again!—phew!"

It was as well, perhaps, for the prosecution of the deceit, that the distaste the fellow conceived for his charge prevented any closer approaches to Andy's visage, which might have dispelled the illusion under which he still pushed forward to the hills, and bumped poor Andy towards the termination of his ride. Keeping a sharp look out as they went along, Andy soon was able to perceive that they were making for that wild part of the hills where he had discovered the private still on the night of his temporary fright and imaginary rencontre with the giants, and the conversation he partly overheard all recurred to him, and he saw at once that Oonah was the person alluded to, whose name he could not catch: a circumstance that had cost him many a conjecture in the interim. This gave him a clew to the person into whose power he was about to fall, after having so far defeated their scheme, and he saw he should have to deal with very desperate and lawless parties. Remembering, moreover, the Herculean frame of the inamorato, he calculated on an awful thrashing as the smallest penalty, he should have to pay for deceiving him, but was nevertheless determined to go through the adventure with a good heart to make deceit serve his turn as long as he might, and at the last, if necessary, make the best fight he could.

As it happened, luck favoured Andy in his adventure, for the hero of the blunderbuss (and he, it will be remembered, was the love-sick gentleman) drank profusely on the night in question, quaffing deep potations to the health of his Oonah wishing luck to his friends and speed to their horses, and every now and then ascending the ladder from the cave, and looking out for the approach of the party. On one of these occasions, from the unsteadiness of the ladder, or himself, or perhaps both, his foot slipped, and he came to the ground with a heavy fall, in which his head received so severe a blow, that he became insensible, and it was some time before his sister, who was an inhabitant of this den, could restore him to consciousness. This she did, however, and the savage recovered all the senses the whiskey had left him, but still the stunning effect of the fall cooled his courage considerably, and, as it were, "bothered" him, so that he felt much less of the "gallant gay Lothario" than he had done before the accident.

The tramp of horses was heard overhead ere long, and *Shan More*, or Big John, as the Hercules was called, told Bridget to go up to "the darlin'," and help her down.

"For that's a blackguard ladher," said he; "it turned undher me like an eel, bad luck to it!—tell her, I'd go up myself, only the ground is slippin' from undher me,—and the ladher—"

Bridget went off, leaving Jack growling forth anathemas against the ground and ladder, and returned speedily with the mock-lady and her attendant squires.

"Oh, my jewel!" roared Jack, as he caught sight of his prize. He scrambled up on his legs, and made a rush at Andy who imitated a woman's scream and fright at the expected embrace, but it was with much greater difficulty he suppressed his laughter at the headlong fall with which Big Jack plunged his head into a heap of turf, and hugged a sack of malt which lay beside it.

Andy endeavoured to overcome the provocation to merriment by screeching; and as Bridget caught the sound of this tendency towards laughter between the screams, she thought it was the commencement of a fit of hysterics, and it accounted all the better for Andy's extravagant antics.

"Oh, the crathur is frightened out of her life!" said Bridget. "Leave her to me," said she to the men. "There jewel machree!" she continued to Andy, soothingly,—"don't take on you that way,—don't be afeerd,—you're among friends—Jack is only dhrunk dhrinking your health, darlin', but he adores you."

Andy screeched.

"But don't be afeerd,—you'll be thrated tender, and he'll marry you, darlin', like an honest woman."

Andy squalled.

"But not to-night, jewel,—don't be frightened."

Andy give a heavy sob at the respite.

"Boys, will you lift Jack out o' the turf, and carry him up into the air, 'twill be good for him, and this dacent girl will sleep with me to-night."

Andy couldn't resist a laugh at this, and Bridget feared the girl was going off into hysterics again.

"Aisy, dear—aisy,—sure you'll be safe with me."

"Ow! ow! ow!" shouted Andy.

"Oh, murther!" cried Bridget,—"the sterricks will be the death of her;—you blackguards, you frightened her, coming up here, I'm sure."

The men swore they behaved in the genteelest manner.

"Well, take away Jack, and the girl shall have a share of my bed for this night."

Andy shook, internally with laughter.

"Dear, dear, how she thrimbles," cried Bridget, "Don't be so frightful, *lanna machree*,—— there now,—— they're taking Jack away, and you're alone with myself and we'll have a nice sleep."

The men all the time were removing *Shan More* to upper air; and the last sounds they heard as they left the cave were the coaxing tones of Bridget's voice, inviting Andy, in the softest words, to go to bed.

We left Andy in what may be called a delicate situation, and though Andy's perceptions of the refined were not very acute, he himself began to wonder how he should get out of the dilemma into which circumstances had thrown him; and even to his dull comprehension, various terminations to his adventure suggested themselves, till he became quite confused in the chaos which his own thought created. One good idea, however, Andy contrived to lay hold of out of the bundle which perplexed him; he felt that to gain time would be an advantage, and if evil must come of his adventure, the longer he could keep it off the better; so he kept up his affection of timidity, and put in his sobs and lamentations, like so many commas and colons, as it were, to prevent Bridget from arriving at her climax of going to bed.

Bridget insisted bed was the finest thing in the world for a young woman in distress of mind.

Andy protested he never could get a wink of sleep when his mind was uneasy.

Bridget promised the most sisterly tenderness.

Andy answered by a lament for his mother.

"Come to bed, I tell you," said Bridget.

"Are the sheets aired?" sobbed Andy.

"What!" exclaimed Bridget in amazement.

“If you are not sure of the sheets bein’ aired,” said Andy, “I’d be afread of catchin’ cowld.”

“Sheets, indeed!” said Bridget, “faith, it’s a dainty lady you are, if you can’t sleep without sheets.”

“What!” returned Andy, “no sheets.”

“Divil a sheet.”

“Oh, mother, mother,” exclaimed Andy, “what would you say to your innocent child being tuk away to a place where there was no sheets.”

“Well! I never heerd the like,” says Bridget.

“Oh, the villians! to bring me where I wouldn’t have a bit o’ clane linen to lie in.”

“Sure, there’s blankets, I tell you.”

“Oh, don’t talk to me!” roared Andy, “sure, you know, that sheets is only dacent.”

“Bother, girl! isn’t a snug woolly blanket a fine thing?”

“On, don’t brake my heart that-a-way,” sobbed Andy, “sure there’s wool on any dirty sheep’s back, but linen is dacency!—Oh, mother, mother, if you thought your poor girl was without a sheet this night?”

And so Andy went on, spinning his bit of “linen manufacture” as long as he could, and raising Bridget’s wonder, that instead of the lament which abducted ladies generally rise about their “vartue,” that this young woman’s principal complaint arose on the scarcity of flax. Bridget appealed to common sense if blankets were not good enough in these bad times; insisting moreover, that, as “love was warmer than friendship, so wool was warmer than flax,” the beauty of which paralled case nevertheless failed to reconcile the disconsolate abducted.

Now Andy had pushed his plea of the want of linen as far as he thought it would go, and when Bridget returned to the charge, and reiterated the oft-repeated “Come to bed, I tell you,” Andy had recourse to twiddling about his toes, and chattering his teeth, and exclaimed, in a tremulous voice, “Oh, I’ve a thrimblin’ all over me!”

“Loosen the sthrings o’ you, then,” said Bridget, about to suit the action to the word.

“Ow! ow!” cried Andy, “don’t touch me—I’m ticklish.”

“Then open the throat o’ your gown yourself, dear,” said Bridget.

“I’ve a cowld on my chest, and dar’n’t,” said Andy, “but I think a dhrop of hot punch would do me good, if I had it.”

“And plenty of it,” said Bridget, “if that’ll plaze you:” she rose as she spoke and set about getting ‘the materials’ for making punch.

Andy hoped, by means of this last idea to drink Bridget into a state of unconsciousness, and then make his escape; but he had no notion until he tried, what a capacity the gentle Bridget had for carrying tumblers of punch steadily; he proceeded as cunningly as possible, and on the score of ‘the thrimblin’ over him, repeated the doses of punch, which nevertheless, he protested he couldn’t touch, unless Bridget kept him in countenance glass for glass; and Bridget—genial soul—was no way loath; for living in a still and among smugglers, as she did, it was not a trifle of stingo could bring her to a halt. Andy, even with the advantage of the stronger organization of a man, found this mountain lass nearly a match for him; and before the potations operated as he hoped upon her, his own senses began to feel the influence of the liquor, and his caution became considerably undermined.

Still, however, he resisted the repeated offers of the couch proposed to him, declaring he would sleep in his clothes, and leave to Bridget the full possession of her lair.

The fire began to burn low, and Andy thought he might facilitate his escape by counterfeiting sleep; so feigning slumber as well as he could, he seemed to sink into insensibility, and Bridget unrobed herself, and retired behind a rough screen.

It was by a great effort that Andy kept himself awake, for his potation, added to his nocturnal excursion, tended towards somnolency; but the desire of escape, and fear of a discovery and its consequences, prevailed over the ordinary tendency of nature, and he remained awake watching every sound. The silence at last became painful,—so still was it, that he could hear the small crumbling sound of the dying embers as they decomposed and shifted their position on the hearth, and yet he could not be satisfied from the breathing of the woman that she slept. After the lapse of half an hour, however, he ventured to make some movement. He had well observed the quarter in which the outlet from the cave lay, and there was still a faint glimmer from the fire to assist him in crawling towards the trap. It was a relief when after some minutes of cautious creeping, he felt the fresh air breathing from above, and a moment or two more brought him in contact with the ladder. With the stealth of a cat he began to climb the rungs—he

could hear the men snoring on the outside of the cave: step by step as he arose he felt his heart beat faster at the thought of escape, and became more cautious. At length his head emerged from the cave, and he saw the men lying about its mouth; they lay close around it—he must step over them to escape—the chance is fearful, but he determines to attempt it—he ascends still higher—his foot is on the last rung of the ladder—the next step puts him on the heather—when he feels a hand lay hold of him from below!

His heart died within him at the touch, and he could not resist an exclamation.

"Who's that!" exclaimed one of the men outside.

Andy crouched.

"Come down," said the voice, softly, from below, "if Jack wakes, it will be worse for you."

It was the voice of Bridget, and Andy felt it was better to be with her than exposed to the savagery of Shan More and his myrmidons; so he descended quietly, and gave himself up to the tight hold of Bridget, who with many asseverations that "out of her arms she would not let the prisoner go till morning," led him back to the cave.

ROMANCE AND REASON.

"Really, my dear," said Madame de Montsallier, "really I cannot comprehend your sorrows. You ought to be the happiest person in the world."

"I do not deny my happiness," replied Elise, sinking back in her fauteuil with an abstracted air.

"But you enjoy nothing. You pass all your days in apathy, a sort of half sleep, from which nothing can arouse you. I could not live so for four-and-twenty hours."

"I assure you, my dear cousin, I am unhappy."

"With what admirable coolness, you make that declaration! I never heard anything like it," cried Madame de Montsallier, getting almost angry. "Eh!

bon Dieu! truly I believe you. The advantages you possess, would make four reasonable women happy, if divided among them. To begin, you are young."

"Ah!" sighed Elise, "and you think that to reckon only twenty, is all that is necessary to be happy?"

"Yes I do," replied Madame de Montsallier, quickly; "but unhappily that blessing is never understood till it is lost. But that is not all, Elise, you are pretty, very pretty."

"I know it," replied she, in an indifferent tone; "but what advantage is it to me, since I am not a coquette?"

"Well! we ought always to be glad to be able to give pleasure, even if it be only to oneself, when one looks in the glass. Then you are rich, independent."

"And do you believe that this fortune, this independence, are also infallible means of securing happiness?" interrupted Elise, with an air of melancholy disdain. "In my eyes the delights of vanity and luxury afford no satisfaction, and this so-much-envied liberty is but a miserable isolation."

"It rests with yourself to renounce it," cried Madame de Montsallier.

"Yes," said Elise with a sigh, "by marrying. Do not speak of it, I beg of you, my dear cousin."

The conversation ended here, and Madame de Montsallier, to conceal that kind of pet and impatience which the wearisome melancholy of Elise always created, began to run over the pages of a book which lay open on the table. There was but little sympathy between the dispositions of the two cousins, but yet they loved one another warmly. The Comtesse de St. Montsallier was lively, good-humoured, and frivolous; she had been a little of a coquette, and her chief care now was to ward off the hand of time, and preserve as long as possible the relics of her beauty.

Mademoiselle Elise de Saurens possessed both beauty and fortune; she had been left an orphan in her infancy, and had been brought up by a grandmother, who had indulged her every fancy. She was in fact satiated with pleasure; the world had lost all interest with her, and she sought that excitement in the pages of the poet and the novelist, which she no longer found in reality. Her over-fond grandmother died when Elise was about twenty, and she was now residing with her cousin, who acted as her chaperon. From the first, Madame de Montsallier determined in her own mind, that marriage would be the best remedy for the increasing apathy of her cousin; but she took her measures very discreetly, and was very careful

not to compromise the aspirant whom she favoured. She had fixed upon her brother-in-law, the Marquis de St. Nizier. Mademoiselle de Saurens had known him from her infancy; he was naturally placed on a footing of intimacy with her, and if he had had to do with a person at all like the rest of the world, he would have stood an excellent chance of success. James de St. Nizier was young, accomplished, handsome, and of elegant manners. But Elise had met many such already; besides, she was accustomed to his presence, and all his redoubled cares and attentions produced no visible effect. She had as she said, the greatest possible esteem for him, but she regarded neither his presence nor his absence. This complete indifference was not without effect; St. Nizier, who at first had agreed to his sister's scheme with indifference, became really and seriously in love when he found it probable that he should not succeed. He, however, was too prudent to hazard a refusal, and, in order to maintain the advantage he possessed, carefully confined himself within the limits of friendship.

Such was the position of the personages of our story, on the day when Madame de Montsallier suffered her impatience at the apathetic melancholy of her cousin to manifest itself.

"Well," said she at length, still turning De Bourdon's book, "well, the bathing season has commenced everywhere. Where shall we go, Elise?"

"Have not you been turning over that book these two days, for the very purpose of deciding that question," said Elise, faintly smiling.

"Yes; but as I am absolutely determined to carry you off, I must find out what will suit you. You tell me that all the world is at Plomiéres, Vichy, Causerets, Bagéres; and for my own part, I do not desire to meet much company at the baths, since I go there only for my health."

"Well then, let us seek some fountain, where there is not such a concourse of fashion as to renew a Paris life; some place where we may pass a month free from the persecution of the pleasures of the great world, and the inconveniences of a residence from home."

Madame de Montsallier shook her head, and returned to the "Guide to the Mineral Waters." "Excellent!" cried she at length: "I have found such a place, my dear. Shall we go to Aix? Not to Aix in Savoy, but to Aix in Provence."

"Certainly, it will be a peaceful retreat," said Elise, with an air of nonchalance. "What are the virtues of the waters; do they work miracles?"

“The greatest of miracles,” replied Madame de Montsallier, with a serious air, “they restore our youth.”

“Well, we will make trial of their virtues.”

“Yes, the doctor assures us that those waters contain a principle which restores the freshness and beauty of youth; which renders the skin exquisitely white, elastic and firm.”

“But, my fair cousin,” interrupted Elise, “your complexion stands in no need of such cosmetics.”

“My dear child, this is an affair of precaution; I wish to make use of the water of Aix, to prevent future wrinkles, and in spite of your twenty years, you must do the same.”

Elise passed her hand over her white and polished forehead, already marked with a slight indentation between the eye-brows.

“Wrinkles,” said she, with a sigh and a smile; “See, I have one already.”

Madame de Montsallier was now all hurry and anxiety to depart. The marquis, who did not wish to appear too solicitous of the society of Mademoiselle de Saurens, framed an excuse to absent himself, and departed, saying that he should probably rejoin them at Aix.

The two ladies set out alone in a travelling carriage, accompanied only by their waiting-maids and valet who followed in a berlin. Elise, who at first felt relieved by the fresh air and the excitement of travelling, soon relapsed into her accustomed apathy; there were not even any annoyances or discomforts at the inns. All their wants were provided for, all their wishes anticipated.

After five days’ travelling, they found themselves at Avignon. They had hitherto rested every night, but they now determined to push on, that they might reach Aix in the morning.

A little before day-break, the carriage was stopped, and the door being opened, the ladies were addressed in the polite and classical phrase, “Your money or your life!” Starting from her slumbers, Madame de Montsallier fell trembling at the bottom of the carriage. Mademoiselle de Saurens, quietly looking out, exclaimed, “Certainly these must be brigands—real brigands; I thought they had ceased to exist.” “You must get out, ladies,” cried one of the ruffians, in a strong Provencal accent, and there was no alternative but to obey. The postillion lay under the horses, and was kept in awe by a robber with a long carbine; Madame de Montsallier was seated on

a bank between the two weeping chamber-maids; the valet had fainted outright; and there stood Elise, amid a dozen brigands in velveteen jackets, leather gaiters, scarfs round their waists, and their faces covered to the eyes with red hankerchiefs. She looked on the scene as they ransacked the trunks, with a strange feeling, but it was not fear.

Their researches did not appear to satisfy the bandits. Cashmeres and blond lace had no charms for them. A grey haired old ruffian came up to Mademoiselle de Saurens, and demanded where their money was concealed. "You have it all," she replied; "the valet was our purse-bearer." "What?" cried he; "why that was but enough to pay your expenses to Marseilles." "But we carry a letter of credit." At this news the robber began to swear horribly. "At any rate I will have this," he cried, snatching at a little gold chain around her neck. She was now really frightened; his rough fingers were about her throat, she thought he was going to kill her, her knees trembled and her voice was stifled; she became insensible, and on recovering her senses found herself in the arms of a young brigand, from whose handsome features the handkerchief which had concealed them had fallen. He spoke a few hurried words assuring her of her safety, and assisted in placing her upon the cushions which had been thrown out of the carriage. "Whoever you are," said Elise, "accept my thanks—you have saved my life." The robber made no reply, but hastily replacing his disguise, called the band together, and in an instant they were gone. She put her hand to her neck, but her chain was gone also; she was troubled. "It is strange!" she murmured to herself, as they renewed the journey; "very strange!"

Madame de Montsallier amused herself all the way to Aix with the thought of her dexterity in outwitting the brigands, for she had concealed twelve thousand francs in gold in the stuffing of the stool she put her feet upon.

When they reached Aix, Madame de Montsallier lost no time in making all necessary depositions and setting on foot every possible inquiry after the robbers, but all in vain. Meanwhile, she boasted everywhere of her well stuffed foot-stool. Soon after their arrival, they were joined by M. de St. Nizier; the season was delightful, the country in all its beauty, and the fine air of that lovely climate had its influence; but still Elise was thoughtful and pre-occupied. Her mind still dwelt upon the handsome brigand and she busied herself with a thousand fancied ills, which might have forced him to embrace so fearful a profession.

One morning she was seated at her window which looked upon the gardens of the bath-house when she beheld a man, who, walking slowly

along the terrace, laid himself down at the foot of a spreading plane tree, and throwing aside the book he had been reading, leant against the trunk and seemed to sleep. It was he,—the old grey riding coat and shabby straw hat could not disguise the noble figure and handsome features of the bandit-chief. Elise remained fixed in fearful astonishment. This then was he, whom she had pictured to herself as an unhappy youth of noble mind, forced by some miserable but unconquerable fate to link with robbers; his delicate solicitude for her safety satisfied her it was so: and now, what if he should be discovered, what if some other eye than hers should recognise him?

At this moment one of the attendants of the bathing-house entered, Elise resolved to question her; she pointed out the object of her inquiry and asked if he was known.

"Oh yes, Ma'mselle," said Mariette, in a disdainful tone, as if the name she mentioned were enough to satisfy all interest, " 'tis Marius Menier."

"But who is he? Is he of this neighborhood?" "Yes, Ma'mselle, but he is no credit to us. He was well off once, but he is a *mauvais sujet*: his father left him a pretty property, he squandered it all, and many a poor girl owes her ruin to him; and now he is a gambler, he is lazy, haughty, quarrelsome, and in short he has more faults than there are *Ave Marias* in my chaplet, and he is only not quite so wicked as the devil, because he is not quite so old. He has only one good point about him, he is brave, and his only chance now is to go as a soldier, for he has spent all he has."

"Poor young man!" murmured Elise pensively, not daring now to look out again.

"Will Ma'mselle take the bath this morning?"

"In a quarter of an hour," replied Elise, and Mariette departed.

What a history had been related! Elise again looked out through her blinds, and beheld Marius Menier walking slowly with his head bent down, and with a sad and melancholy air. In that fine, poetic figure, in those features, she fancied she could trace the bitterness of a noble mind agitated by passion and remorse. Truly he was the hero of a romance. At length he disappeared, and Elise slowly descended to the bath.

Her mind at length found occupation; her thoughts were never absent from the unfortunate brigand. She was absorbed in the romance of her imagination. Her walks were neglected, all occupations were uncared for, save her speculations behind her venetian blinds, as each day Marius Menier appeared in his favourite walk beneath the plane trees. Madame de

Montsallier grew weary of Aix, and at length, although reluctantly, Elise consented to return. St. Nizier, whose love was stimulated by the unconcern of her he sought, would not again leave them. He was besides, apprehensive that his sister's unguarded exultation, at the trick she had played the brigands with her golden foot-stool, might induce a second attack. On the evening of their first day's journey, they arrived at a solitary auberge, where no horses could be procured for several hours; and after many vain endeavours, they found themselves obliged to remain there that night. St. Nizier was anxious, and he took the precaution of sending a messenger to the nearest police station, and in the course of the evening three gendarmes arrived as if accidentally, and, the beds being all occupied, took up their quarters in the kitchen.

Elise, to whom St. Nizier had mentioned the precautions he had taken, retired to the chamber with a troubled mind. She could not but participate in her fears, but she trembled not for herself, but for the hero of her romance. When she looked around the large apartment in which she found herself alone; when she beheld the bare white-washed walls and rude tiled floor, and the great old-fashioned bed which in itself seemed a sort of prison, walled in with heavy curtains where perhaps the spiders were spreading their ancient and complicated nets, she shuddered. She could not compose herself to rest and seating herself in a large leather chair she began to read. Nature however asserted her privilege, and the maiden slept; but her sleep was troubled with dreams. It seemed to her as if a doubtful twilight replaced the darkness, and on the rocks before her window, shadows were moving; presently several men seemed to approach the house, and try the doors and windows, and *one* sprang forward and tried to scale the walls. With an instinctive movement she thrust forth her hands to hurl him back, but her lips refused to utter any sound. Presently a sharp and distant noise awakened her senses; she sprang up, and beheld before her the same man with his broad-brimmed hat, beneath which his eyes sparkled, and the red handkerchief concealing the lower part of his face. She stood as if petrified. At that instant the report of fire-arms was heard. The robber sprang towards the open window. "I am lost," he exclaimed "the gendarmes are here." Elise recovered her self possession: "You shall be saved," said she "hide yourself beneath the bed." Marius Menier, full of astonishment, obeyed.

A knock was heard at the door, which was opened directly by Mademoiselle de Saurens, and James de St. Nizier rushed in, followed by two gendarmes.

"Where is he?" cried St. Nizier.

“There is none here but me. What is the matter.”

“Robbers have attempted the house; a beggar, who was sleeping in the barn, gave us warning: we went out and beheld one climbing in at your open window.”

“You must have been deceived; I was reading here,” said Elise pointing to her open book, “and was alarmed by the report of your pistol.”

“You were too hasty, M. de St. Nizier,” said one of the gendarmes; “if you had but waited till he had got in, we would have had him, dead or alive.”

“But you would have been dreadfully frightened,” said St. Nizier, “and it was that, that I cared for.”

“All is over,” said Mademoiselle de Saurens, commanding her trembling voice as well as she could; “the danger is over, and you had better go down.”

“But Mademoiselle,” said St. Nizier, “you are pale and you tremble; you must not remain here alone.”

“No, no,” said she quickly; “I will go to Madame de Montsallier, and nobody need stay here.” So saying, she took her candle, and when all the rest had passed, went out, locked the door, carried away the key, and hurried to her cousin’s room. When she reached it, she fainted. Early the next morning, Elise mounted the narrow staircase which led to her chamber, and with an indescribable feeling of apprehension, she opened the door. No one was there. She lifted her eyes to heaven; “My God! he is then saved——”

In passing by the window her foot was arrested by some hard substance, she stooped and picked up a knife, ground to a sharp edge, on the handle of which two M’s, intertwined, were engraved on a silver plate.

St. Nizier, whose love was still increasing and who perceived some feeling he could not fathom, would not now quit her: Elise still sought retirement, and had no desire for Paris. They spent three months in Switzerland, and then, at the desire of Elise, they revisited Aix, when she soon drew from Mariette the fortunes of her hero. He was once more rich; his uncle, who had cast him off on account of his debaucheries, had died intestate; Marius Menier had succeeded to his inheritance, and was now spending it in the capital. Elise no longer made objections to proceed to Paris.

One evening when she was, as was her wont, plunged in sadness and mournful apathy, Madame de Montsallier determined to carry her to the opera; to a great musical performance, the first representation of *Robert le*

Diable. demoiselle de Saurens suffered herself to be dressed without feeling any interest in that serious occupation which so much distracts the minds of most women. Yet her attire so well became her, that Madame de Montsallier could not help exclaiming, “My dear Elise, I never saw you look so charming.” It was true her pale face bore traces of suffering; but yet her languid head, which seemed to yield beneath the weight of some unknown grief, shone divinely beautiful beneath the crown of roses. James de St. Nizier felt his eyes fill with tears when he looked on her. When she arrived at the opera, she at first felt little interest, but at the last scene Madame de Montsallier made her sit by her in the front of the box!—thenceforward the opera was disregarded. There, in the pit, separated from her but by a few yards, sat Marius Menier, not as she had heretofore beheld him, but well dressed. Her eyes were fixed on him, and he failed not to recognise her. From this time her visits were frequent to the opera; and Menier was equally regular in his attendance.

About this time, James de St. Nizier was obliged to visit England on business; he remained absent six weeks. The day after his return he accompanied his sister and Elise to the opera. Marius Menier was in his accustomed place, and St. Nizier was not slow in remarking the young man whose looks were constantly fixed on his box. His cousin, Jules de la Chassaigmeraie, happening to drop in, he pointed out the object of his attention and asked if he knew him. “I know his name,” he replied, “the box opener says it is Menier; he is met everywhere, except in society.”

Elise bent over the front of the box to hide her confusion: she had never before heard his name spoken before her, except by Mariette.

The next day, St. Nizier proposed that, as the season was almost closed, they should go to Aumont, to enjoy the beauties of the spring; Madame de Montsallier, who enjoyed nothing so much as movement, joyfully assented, and Elise was fain to comply also.

One morning Elise was sitting in the drawing-room holding a book in her hand, not one page of which she turned over; there she remained with her hands resting on her knees, and her eyes fixed on the lines which she saw not. St. Nizier surprised her in this attitude.

“May I require,” asked he, in a slightly ironical tone, “what book it is which so deeply interests you?”

“Really I cannot say,” she replied, “I was not reading; I find it difficult to fix my attention.”

“I know nothing here can interest you for nothing passes which is sufficient to affect your mind, your heart, your imagination. It is often so with myself, but I must remedy the evil. It is necessary for me to seek another world; to break through my old habits, and I intend to travel.”

“What,” said Elise with a sigh, “and you will leave us?”

“I have long thought of taking a voyage to our foreign colonies: I have some relations in the Isle of Bourbon.”

“But why is it necessary that you should cross the waters to the other end of the world?” And then seeing that he did not reply, she added reproachfully, “You are weary of us.”

“No, no,” said he, “but I *am* unhappy here.”

A ray of light suddenly struck upon Mademoiselle de Saurens; she blushed slightly, and hastily rose to meet Madame de Montsallier, who just then entered. For the first time, she suspected the love which James de St. Nizier bore towards her.

On the afternoon of this day they were all in the drawing-room. The weather was dreadful; the wind howled in the chimneys; the lightning flashed, and large drops of rain began to fall. “What a terrible storm!” said Madame de Montsallier! “let us close the shutters and light the candles.”

Just then the keeper of the lodge at the park gate entered and informed them that a gentleman had sought shelter from the storm, and Madame de Montsallier immediately sent down a messenger to request him to accept the hospitality of Aumont for that night. The stranger soon appeared, but although he was graciously received by Madame de Montsallier, yet St. Nizier, who was about to advance, stopped short, and saluted him coldly, and Elise stood immoveable with surprise and pleasure; it was Marius Menier, who had been taught this stratagem by love. They sat down, and Menier looked about him with an expression of countenance on which restraint, uneasiness, and imprudent boldness were curiously blended.

“The storm has been dreadful,” remarked Madame de Montsallier, “it was most fortunate that you have found a shelter.”

“Yes, ma’am,” said Menier, putting his hat on the floor and leaning back in his chair, “I’ve had a regular soaking; I’m as wet as a sop.”

A glance of intelligence passed between St. Nizier and his sister.

“Fine weather for young ducks; ’twill make the gardens grow, as we say in my country, but what’s that to us who an’t gardeners?”

No one replying, he continued, after staring all round the room:

“Very handsome house this; pray does it belong to you?”

“It is the property of this lady, Madame de Montsallier, my sister-in-law,” replied St. Nizier, who had quite recovered his good humour.

The stranger made a very low bow.

“May we not,” continued St. Nizier, “have the pleasure of knowing whom Madame de Montsallier has the honour of receiving?”

“Assuredly, sir; the honour is on my side. My name is Menier.”

“I am acquainted with a M. Menier, an officer in the dragoons; I presume he is related to you.”

“Possibly; I have a cousin a soldier, but I don’t know his rank. He enlisted and went to the siege of Algiers, and I did hear he got some pretty hard knocks among the Bedouins.”

Whilst this conversation was going on, the dreams of poor Elise vanished. Her head seemed to turn round. This, then, was the hero of her fancy,—this man, vulgar, insipid and affected.

Dinner was at length announced. The stranger dragged on his yellow gloves, hastened to offer his arm to Mademoiselle de Saurens, who had not spoken a word, or even looked at him; she trembled as she felt him press her hand, and the thought that she had tacitly given him the right to behave thus, filled her with terror and despair; but when, about to sit down, she saw that he wore round his neck the very chain which the old robber had endeavoured to seize, tears of grief and indignation rolled over her cheeks. Madame de Montsallier perceived her uneasiness, and inquired the cause. She recovered herself, and attributing it to the storm and thunder, which had effected her nerves, and brought on headache, seated herself at table. The dinner was a martyrdom. The vulgarity and the coarseness of Marius Menier became every moment more offensive and even Madame de Montsallier, who had been at first amused, began to be heartily weary of her guest. Immediately after dinner, Elise retreated to her chamber, and did not reappear that evening.

Here in sadness and solitude, many thoughts passed through her mind; all her follies were now perceived, a new light streamed upon her, and many resolutions against the indulgence of phantasies were made.

Late at night, she sat alone, busily occupied in burning many papers written whilst indulging the fancy now dissipated for ever, she was alarmed

by a light noise. “Is that you, Lucy?” said Mademoiselle de Saurens.

No answer was returned, but the door softly opened, and Marius entered. Elise sprang towards the bell, but he intercepted her.

“Do not be alarmed, Mademoiselle,” said he, “you must know I have no evil intention against you.”

“Leave me, Sir, leave me, or I will alarm the house.”

“What is the meaning of all this?” said he, with surprise; “you seem to have forgotten me. Have we not made love to one another these two months; at a distance, it is true, but still I spoke to you with my eyes, and you have answered—”

“Stop, Sir, I beg of you,” interrupted Elise, full of indignation.

“You shall hear me,” said Menier, in an angry tone. “I am not to be silenced in this manner. I am as good to-day as I was last Monday, when your eyes smiled upon me at the opera; those eyes which I adore. Yes, on my word of honour, I love you as I never yet loved a woman. My intentions are honourable, and why should you disdain me? I have ten thousand francs a year, slap down on the nail. I may have been a little wild or so perhaps, but I have reformed now, and marriage will be a good wind up. I came here led by love, and in the expectation of pleasing you.”

“You deceive yourself, Sir,” cried poor Elise, “you deceive yourself, and I cannot pardon this insult, unless you leave the room this instant.”

“I will not,” cried Menier, raising his voice. “I tell you, I came here, because, for these two months, you have been seeking me—”

“I did wish to have an interview with you,” interrupted Elise, “but you have quite mistaken the motive.”

She stepped to her secretaire, and drew forth the knife she had found at the auberge. “I wished to return this instrument to you, and to seek in exchange the little chain you wear round your neck.”

The countenance of Menier grew black as night, and his eyes flashed fire; Elise trembled, and in fancy she already felt the sharp blade in her heart. The pause was but a moment. Menier took the knife, and cutting the chain, threw it on the table, and merely saying, “Let all that has passed between us be forgotten—Good night, Mademoiselle,” he left the room.

Elise shut and double-bolted the door; then falling on her knees, returned thanks to Heaven for her deliverance.

The next morning James de St. Nizier and Madame de Montsallier were waiting in the breakfast-room for Elise, who, contrary to her custom, came down late.

"Good morning, my dear," said Madame de Montsallier, "you may enter fearlessly; our amiable guest is gone without the ceremony of leave-taking."

"So much the better," said Elise, with a deep sigh.

There was a pause. St. Nizier, with his eyes fixed on the newspaper, appeared to be reading.

"My dear," said Madame de Montsallier, in a tone much sadder than usual with her, "we must return to Paris to-morrow; we shall be too lonely here when James has left us."

"What!" said Elise with an air of concern and surprise, "does M. de St. Nizier set off to-day?"

"I do, Mademoiselle," said he, without raising his eyes; but his trembling voice betrayed deep and melancholy feeling.

There was another pause, and then Elise rose and approached Madame de Montsallier whose eyes were full of tears. Leaning her head on the countess's shoulder, she whispered softly, "My dear cousin, tell him—tell him that *I* wish him to stay here."

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Gaspé Magazine.

The Answered Prayer.

A Mother weeping sat, her darling child,
With pallid lip and cheek, and eyes set wild,
Lay cradled at her feet; a fever high
Life's sources quenching, till their springs grew dry.

She knew there was no hope, yet loved him so
She could not bow submissive to the blow;
She knew Heaven chastens but to save and bless,

Yet felt its smiting hand weigh nought the less;
She knew that children were the flowers of Heaven,
But wish'd not *her* bud to its garlands given;
She knew *he* would be brighter, happier there,
But life to *her* without him was despair;
He was her life, her joy, her hope, her pride—
She worshipped *him*—scarce worshipped aught beside.

A breathless vigil o'er his couch she kept,
And hush'd her breast to stillness while he slept.
Her eyes were tearless, but their orbs seemed set.
Her bloodless lips in strong compression met,
Her brows were deeply knit—in one fixed stare
Sense, feeling, passion, soul, all centered there,
Where slept her dying babe, and like the sea
Left by the recent hurricane seemed she:
For from the stirred foundations of her soul,
High swelling surges o'er her bosom roll,
Yet all is still—a horrid silence lay
Above the storms that wreck.—The fiends that prey
Within the heart were at their work, but groan
Or sob—she stifled *all* and uttered *none*.

Thus watching o'er his slumbers she suppressed
Each anxious throbbing of her troubled breast,
Lest his light sleep should startle at a sigh
And frenzy rule again his rolling eye,—
Watching with all a mother's love, though dead
Her heart to hope, whence all but love had fled.

O holy love! if aught of earth could wrest
From death its victim, from the grave its guest,
Call back the fleeting breath and fill again
With health's pure current every purple vein,
A mother's love from Heaven itself would win
Back, by its power, the sacrifice of sin,
And griefs no more attaint this mundane vale,
Nor cares afflict, nor torturing fears assail.

The boy awoke. The fond and loving gaze
He fixed on her as he essayed to raise
His feeble frame to meet her eager kiss,

Unsealed the grief which she to all but this
Had held the power to keep so long subdued,
Deep in her breaking heart's sad solitude.

But *now* as bends she to his fond caress
And on his pale parched lips her kisses press,
Vain is each effort to confine her fears,
Vain every effort to suppress her tears—
Deep sobs convulse her breast—the falling rain
Of grief from her swoln eyes pours forth amain.
Down her pale cheeks the lava flood of woe
Streams scalding; from her cheeks the fiery flow
Falls on his burning brow like summer showers,
And cools that brow as they refresh the flowers,
Hotter than scalding tears, his fevered frame
Finds grateful coolness in that shower of flame.

Oh wildly, wildly to each kiss she clung,
As though upon its passing pressure hung
Her world of peace, and love, and hope and joy,
The young existence of her beauteous boy—
Her boy, her *own*, her *all*—he starts,—there passed,
She *felt* it, o'er his cheek and brow the blast
Of the red simoon that consumes his breath—
The fiery fever that conducts to death—
She felt it, and his moan—Ah! like a knell
On heart and brain—*her* heart and brain—it fell.

The dread disease asserts anew its power,
The fatal blight pursues the fading flower,
Each burning temple throbs with sharper pain,
Intenser Etna's glow in every vein;
His limbs are restless and his frenzied look
Peoples with hated shapes each vacant nook;
His brain-sick horror throngs the silent walls,
Repels his mother, and his mother calls;
All forms of hideous terror round him rise,
And hell seems pictured to his fiery eyes.

She feels the pangs, too, that torment her son,
Her pulses kindle as his quick'ning run,
Her reason trembles as his brain grows wild—

He moans “my mother,” and she shrieks “my child.”
His faintest sob or lightest groan appears
A burst of crashing thunder in her ears;
His least touch as his tossing finger strays,
A requiem sad upon her heart-strings plays,
Life seems to both but one incarnate pain,
Both *one* in feeling, though by nature *twain*.

Both suffer thus, but heaviest far to bear,
Of their divided ills, is *her* sad share:
He feels alone the agony of pain,
She the sick soul’s deep torture must sustain;
He suffers only bodily; *she* feels
All senses shocked till the proud spirit reels,
And all her faculties of being grow
To one huge, hideous consciousness of woe.

Not all the wealth Golconda’s stores display
Could one such moment’s wretchedness repay;
If all the treasure rapine ever wrung
From rich Peru or Mexico, were hung
Before her eyes, she’d give it to enjoy
One glance of recognition from her boy—
The world’s whole hoards would gladly give to gain
One moment’s respite to her child from pain.

But no—all human help is powerless here,
Bribes buy not Death, and Death alone is near.
This thought weighs crushing upon heart and brow;
Tears might relieve her, but they come not now:
Like sleep, they fly when most we want their aid,
As friends that vanish soon as fortunes fade.
Despair and Love alone held mingled power
O’er her sad soul in that unhappy hour.—
Love wrestles with Despair, but triumphs not,
She struggles singly since by hope forgot.
While death to him the prestige of his might,
Lends and upholds him in the unequal fight.

How fearful fell upon thy sex and thee,
Oh Eve! the curse of Eden—since to be
A mother, is to have more lives than *one*

For Death to ravage and for Hope to shun;
Since of all tortures, that is most intense
Which the *soul* suffers rather than the *sense*
And her's that horror so intensely wild
Which crucifies her spirit through her child!

She scarcely stirred or breathed but with a *glare*
Like she-wolf's startled in her desert lair,
Rather than *look*.—Knelt o'er him—her fixed gaze
A world of melting tenderness displays—
A world of yearning love and watchful care—
A world of grief, of terror, and despair.

Each turn of writhing limb or wandering glance
Went to her heart and pierced it like a lance;
Each throb of goaded pulse and heated vein
Knelled in her soul and echoed through her brain;
Each moan or sigh—his faintest uttered sound
Of anguish, planted in her breast a wound;
And last, worst, deepest, direst woe to feel
The meek, beseeching, piteous, mute appeal
Of upturned eye, which helpless suffering sends,
In one mild look, where soft rebuking blends
With an imploring earnestness of quest
For sympathy and succour, peace and rest,—
This, too, she proved, and groveled to the dust,
And rather shrieked than sobbed, "*can* God be just?"

There's no such torture in hell's hottest wave
As love that feels its impotence to save,
When the poor sufferer's mild inquiring eye
Says with a look, "Oh! help me, or I die!"
And cannot see there wanteth not the will,
But only this—in human power the skill.

And this she proved.—Oh! boast of human pride,
Where is your glory now, grim death beside?
How poor, how vain, how pitiful you seem,
When Truth breaks in and interrupts your dream.
This woman in her days of impious joy
Her God scarce worshipped as she did her boy;
She raised an idol 'twixt her heart and Heaven,

To which her soul's affections all were given—
She gave his *creature* the *Creator's* due.
Turned to the transient, and estranged the true;
Reared in her breast an altar, and laid there.
Not before God, each offered hope and prayer.
But God is gracious, merciful and just—
His finger touched them and her hopes are dust;
His finger touched it, and her pride lies now
Where neither envy comes, nor flatterers bow;
His finger touched it, and her spirit bent
Beholds the broken reed on which she leant;
His finger touched it, and her heart no more
Can Him forget—its vain illusions o'er.

Though crushed and humbled in her pride, still clear
Flamed up the blaze of Love. Her child so dear,
She felt had reached its dying hour, and now,
What mortal anguish presses on her brow
And heart, till feeling, sense and reason flow
All into *one*, and that one word is *woe*!
Oh, not the ponderance of all earth's ores,
Nor all the mass of architectural stores
From Earth's exhaustless bosom ever torn,
Could match the weight of crushing anguish borne
By her, who felt the Almighty's vengeful frown
Hang on herself and son and hurl them down.
Such grief as this *must* voice itself, and there
Burst from her heart and lips this wild, sad prayer:—

"Oh, God! Oh, God! hast thou *no* mercy? say,
Said'st thou 'thou shalt not kill,' yet *thou* canst slay?
Nor merely *slay*, but with protracted pain
Wreck soul and sense—nor torture *one* but *twain*?
Nor only this—but innocence as pure
An thine own name! Must this poor babe endure
Thy pitiless vengeance, God? Oh, let it burst
On *me*—thy deepest, deadliest, bitterest, worst,
On me *alone*—and I will meekly bear
The heavy burthen of thy wrath; but spare,
Oh! spare, Great God, this helpless, sinless one,
My own, my all, my life, my soul, my *son*.

Thou hast a *Son*, Oh, God, and thou must feel
This mother's grief, whose limbs thus lowly kneel—
Thou hast a *Son*, Eternal God, and *Thou*
Heap'st thus the weight of sorrow on my brow!
Thou hast a Son—but no, thou did'st not spare
His mother's grief, and can'st thou heed *my* prayer.
Yet *she* had *other* sons; Christ's was not *all*
The voice to answer to her tender call;
Nor was he stricken in his *bud* of days,
But when mid life had half estranged their ways.
God, God, like her's of Nain is my sad state,
No, *worse*, for *her* Son was at *rest*, and fate,
Thou *see'st* it, God, in mine through every vein
Pours the hot flood of uncommingled pain;
Thou SEE'ST it, God, and yet gave back *her* Son,
While still through *mine* these fiery currents run!
"Oh, God! must they, and *thus*, be torn apart,
The life from out my life, my heart from heart?
Must stem from stalk be rent, and shoot, from tree—
Sole child from only parent—him from me?
Was't not enough, Great Great, to take the sire?
Dost Thou the helpless orphan, too, require?
By Him who died, a dying world to save
Leave me his life, or let me share his grave."

"Hush, mother, hush," a gentle voice replied,
Faint, low, yet silvery, stealing from her side,
Where to her bosom pressed, her darling child
Lay softly cradled; while a radiance mild
Sat on his seraph countenance, like the glow
Of winter moonlight on unsullied snow—
A gentle, winning earnestness the while
Stole o'er the placid beauty of his smile,
Which, like a ray of glory from above,
Lit up his little face with hope and love—
For while her heart and eyes streamed upward there,
With the wild words of her accusing prayer,
There took the cherub visage of her son,
The heavenly visage of an angel's on,
And as from *her's* the last sad accents rose,
His baby lips to softer sounds unclose,

Which like the murmurs of a singing rill,
Flowed thus, her aching heart to soothe and still:—

"Hush, mother, hush, there are Angels near,
Their silvery voices fall soft on mine ear;
They tell me that far in the azure sky
Bright lands and most beautiful regions lie,
Where the earth is with heavenly freshness blest
And the good of all climes and all ages rest;—
They tell me that there we shall meet again,
And the heart's deep grief, and the eye's sad rain
Shall be felt and fall no more, for *there*
Life shall be love, and love shall wear
An aspect so joyous, a hue so bright,
That its darkest shade shall be purest white;
They tell me that there, when this life is done,
The good fight fought and the victory won,
Our home shall be with the God we adore
And his holy ones, for evermore.

"See, mother, see, the angels rise!
Their sun-shining pinions cleave the skies;
Now they hover above us.—O, see them float
On their shining wings; and, mother, note
How they beckon to *us*, and point afar
In the beamy track of the morning star,
Where, mother, I see my father stand,
To welcome us home to that heavenly land,
While hosts of bright spirits, unspotted by sin,
Throng round him to meet us and usher us in.

"Come, mother, come, I must not delay;
Haste, mother, haste, on our heaven-pointed way;
Father, dear father, I'm coming—I fly;
Mother, dear mo—" The rest was but one sigh.

His voice is hushed, his limbs collapse, and clay
Is all she clasps;—his spirit wings its way
Up to the mansions of Eternal joy,
Nor is she left.—*The mother joins her boy.*
Indulgent Heaven acceded to her prayer,
And they together tracked the viewless air—

Together sleep in a sweet, peaceful dell,
And, let us trust, in heaven together dwell.

N. A. J.

Bay Chaleur, 20th May, 1850.

LITERATURE.

An Indian Chief from Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh.

In the spring of 1826 a stately Indian chief, accompanied by three young men, who, from their striking resemblance to him, appeared to be his sons, presented a written order, regularly signed and sealed, from the British Government at Montreal, to the commandant of a store and fort on the frontier of the Indian country, which was included in the subsidies annually granted to the aborigines. The robes worn by the chief and his retinue of sons were of white buffalo skins, richly ornamented with wampum, and fringed with long black locks of hair. Two horns protruded from the head of the old chief, and a stuffed black hawk perched between them as his crest. Over his shoulders hung a superb red ponko, and his light blue leggings and brown moccassins were profusely ornamented with silver bells. The commander of the fort surveyed the noble looking Indians for some time in pleased wonder as he executed the order presented to him. "Look, brother," said the Indian to the white man who accompanied him to the stockade in front, "these are the chiefs of ten bands of the Athabasco Chippe, who were waiting for the powder of their great father beyond the salt lake: and woe to the Sioux of the south when they have it in their pochies!" "You speak English well, Sir," said the commandant, with some surprise, as he listened to the Indian's voice. "I ought," replied the chief with a laugh, "it is my native tongue—I am a Scotchman." "A what?" cried the commandant, grasping the hand of the chief, and looking at him in surprise; "and from what part do you come?" "From Edinburgh." "My own native place! And what part of Edinburgh?" "From Carrubber's Close, where the houses are loftier than these magnolias and the brae steeper than the acclivity of that bluff!" "I am from the Old Assembly Close," cried the commandant, "and if I have not met you before, you must have been an extraordinary quiet boy." "Aha!" cried the chief, forgetting his present position in the recollection of his early days, "I was Black Mack, the leader of bickers in the Nor' Loch;

now I am Black Hawk, head chief of the Chippewas." A smile instantly passed off the lips of the stately warrior as he said so, and he became brave and stern. "I recollect of you!" cried the commandant striking his hands together, "Shon Kennedy, the town guard took you prisoner, as he did me. You went to the sea, and I to the army." The chief burst into a fit of laughter at the mention of John Kennedy's name; and sitting down while he waved his hands for his sons to retire, he exchanged recollections of Edinburgh—its ancient days and ways—bickers and "toon rats," with his old comrade for an hour. At last he took his leave after having recounted his story. "Yes, comrade," he said, "a lovelier girl than White Feather never bleached linen in Beresford's Park, and a better never wore silken kirtle. I became a son to her father, and she is now the mother of these boys. My knowledge of the English tongue, and our increasing connection with the English fur traders, induced the tribe, independent of other circumstances to regard me with favour, and at last they elected me their head chief. Farewell! little would Bailie Beans, who tried me, suppose that the Chippewa Chief, Black Hawk, is his old friend, ragged Black Mack."—*Hogg's Instructor.*

The Useful Family.

On removing, some time ago, to a new quarter of the town, where I was an entire stranger, one of my first businesses was to look out for a respectable grocer, with whom we might deal for family necessaries. With this object in view, I, one day, shortly after our settlement in our new domicile, sallied out on an exploratory expedition, through our own and some of the adjoining streets, in order, in the first place, to see what like the general run of shops in our neighbourhood were. The result of this tour was to narrow the matter of selection to three shops of respectable appearance; which of these, however, I should eventually patronise, I did not at the moment determine, as I always like to do things deliberately. This deliberation, then, rendered another tour of observation necessary.

On this second excursion, seeing nothing, even after a very careful survey, in the externals of either of the three shops to decide my final choice, I resolved, in the conceit of a pretty ready appreciation of character, on being guided by the result of a glance at the general personal appearances of the respective shopkeepers. On pretence, then, of examining a certain box of Turkey figs that lay in the window of the shops in question, I took a furtive

peep of the gentleman behind the counter. I didn't like his looks at all; he was a thin, starved, hungry-looking fellow, with a long, sharp red nose, and, I thought, altogether, a sort of person likely to do a little business in the short-weight way with those who dealt with him. I thought, too, from the glance I took of his head, that there was a deficiency in his bump of conscientiousness. Him, therefore, I struck off the list, and proceeded to the next.

This man was, in all personal respects, the very opposite of the other; he was a fat, gruff, savage-looking monster, from whom I did not think much civility was to be expected; nor did I like the act in which I found him, when I peeped through the window—this was throwing a loaded salt basket at the head of his apprentice. Probably it was deserved, but I did not like the choler it exhibited—so I passed on to the third. Here was a jolly, pleasant, matronly-looking woman for shopkeeper. I was taken with her appearance, so in I popped, and we soon came to an understanding. I opened negotiations by the purchase of a couple of pounds of tea, a proportionable quantity of sugar, and several other little odds and ends, for which I had a commission from my wife. We found the articles excellent, our worthy, jolly *groceress* civil and obliging; and all, therefore, so far as this went, was right.

The grocer, however, although a most convenient sort of personage, cannot supply all the wants of a family; there is another, still more essential, inasmuch as he is necessary not only to our comfort, but almost to our existence—the baker. We still wanted a baker; having hitherto bought our bread in a straggling sort of way. What we wanted, then, was a regular baker; and not knowing well where to look for one, we applied to our obliging groceress. The worthy woman seemed delighted with the inquiry—we wondered why; she thus solved the mystery. 'Why, sir,' she said, 'my son's a baker: his shop is just a little farther on. He will be very happy to supply you, and I undertake to warrant his giving you every satisfaction.'

Well pleased to find that our little expenditure would—at least so far as the addition of bread went—be still kept in the family, we proceeded forthwith to the shop of the baker. It was a very respectable-looking one, and the baker himself a civil obliging fellow; so we settled matters with him on the instant.

It was, I think, somewhere, about three weeks after this, that our servant-girl brought, along with a quantity of butter for which she had been sent to Mrs. Aikenside's—the name, by the way, of our worthy groceress—a very handsome card which ran thus:

‘Miss Jane Aikenside begs to intimate to her friends and the public, that she has begun business in the millinery and dress-making line, and that every care and attention will be bestowed in the execution of all orders with which she may be favoured.’ At the bottom of the card—‘Availing herself of the opportunity, Miss Mary Aikenside takes the liberty of announcing, that she continues to instruct young ladies in music, on the terms formerly advertised, namely, two guineas per quarter, of three lessons per week.’

‘Aikenside!’ said I, on perusing the card; ‘who are they, these Misses Aikenside?’

‘Relations of our grocer’s, I dare say,’ said my wife. We inquired, and found they were her daughters.

‘Very fortunate,’ said my wife; ‘I was just at a loss where I should go with the girls’ new frocks and my own gown. We can’t do better than give them to Mrs. Aikenside’s daughters.’

I thought so too, and, moreover, said so; but, being a matter not within my province, I interfered no further in it. My wife, however lost no time in calling on Miss Aikenside, who carried on her business in her mother’s house, which was immediately over the shop. The interview was satisfactory to both parties. My wife was much pleased with both the appearance and manners of Miss Aikenside, and with the specimens of work which she submitted. The children’s frocks and gowns were therefore, immediately put into her hands. The work was well done; my wife said she had not seen more accurate fits for a long time; so, from this date, Miss Aikenside got all our millinery to do.

[To be Continued.]

THE

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AND

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EXAMPLES OF RATES.

To Assure £100, Sterling, according to the following Tables:

TABLE 1.

Age.	Annual.		Half-Yearly.		Quarterly.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
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.		
	s.	*d.*	
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.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
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.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
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. During 7 Years.		WHOLE PREMIUM. After 7 Years.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
25	19	7	39	2
30	21	9	43	6
35	24	11	49	10
40	29	2	58	4
45	34	10	69	8
50	42	6	85	0

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

———

MUTUAL ASSURANCE BRANCH.

Supported by the Proprietary Branch.

TABLE A.

Age.	Annual Prem.		Half-Yearly.		Quarterly.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
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.

	HALF CREDIT TABLE.		WHOLE PREMIUM.	
	Half Premium.		*Whole Premium.*	
Age.	First 5 Years.		After 5 Years.	
	s.	*d.*	*s.*	*d.*
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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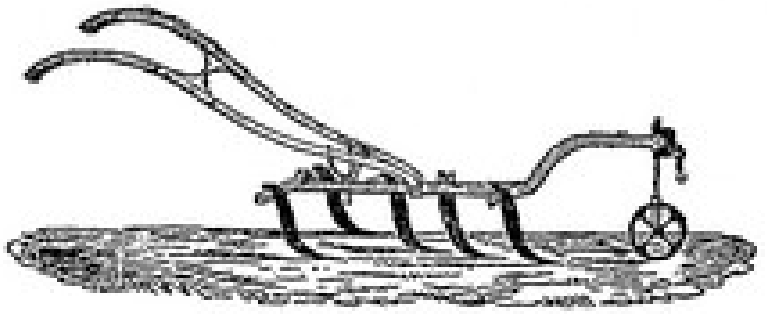

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Montreal, July, 1849.

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