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AND  
INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

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NEW CARLISLE:

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POETRY.

Lines to a Young Lady on her Marriage.

BY E. FITZGERALD.

They tell me, gentle lady, that they deck thee for a bride,  
That the wreath is woven for thy hair, the bridegroom by thy side;  
And I think I hear thy father's sigh, thy mother's calmer tone,  
As they give thee to another's arms—their beautiful—their own.

I never saw a bridal but my eyelid hath been wet,  
And it always seemed to me as though a joyous crowd were met  
To see the saddest sight of all, a gay and girlish thing,  
Lay aside her maiden gladness—for a name—and for a ring.

And other cares will claim thy thoughts, and other hearts thy love,  
And gayer friends may be around, and bluer skies above;  
Yet thou, when I behold thee next, may'st wear upon thy brow,  
Perchance, a mother's look of care, for that which decks it now.

And when I think how often I have seen thee, with thy mild  
And lovely look, and step of air, and bearing like a child,  
Oh! how mournfully, how mournfully the thought comes o'er my brain,  
When I think thou ne'er may'st be that free and girlish thing again.

I would that as my heart dictates, just such might be my lay,  
And my voice should be a voice of mirth, a music like the May;  
But it may not be!—within my breast all frozen are the springs,  
The murmur dies upon the lip—the music on the strings.

But a voice is floating round me, and it tells me in my rest,  
That sunshine shall illumine thy path, that joy shall be thy guest,  
That thy life shall be a summer's day, whose ev'ning shall go down,  
Like the ev'ning in the Eastern clime, that never knows a frown.

When thy foot is at the altar, when the ring hath press'd thy hand,  
When those thou lov'st, and those that love thee, weeping round thee stand,  
Oh! may the rhyme that friendship weaves, like a spirit of the air,  
Be o'er thee at that moment—for a blessing and a prayer!

## LITERATURE.

### A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

Squire Egan was as good as his word. He picked out the most suitable horsewhip for chastising the fancied impertinence of Murtough Murphy; and as he switched it up and down with a powerful arm, to try its weight and pliancy, the whistling of the instrument through the air was music to his ears, and whispered of promised joy in the flagellation of the jocular attorney.

‘We’ll see who can make the sorest blister,’ said the squire. ‘I’ll back whalebone against Spanish flies any day. Will you bet Dick?’ said he to his brother-in-law, who was a wild helter-skelter sort of a fellow, better known over the country as Dick the Devil than Dick Dawson.

‘I’ll back your bet, Ned.’

‘There’s no fun in that, Dick, as there is nobody to take it up.’

‘Maybe Murtough will. Ask him, before you thrash him; you’d better.’

‘As for *him*,’ said the squire, ‘I’ll be bound he’ll back my bet after he gets a taste o’ this;’ and the horsewhip whistled as he spoke.

‘I think he had better take care of his back than his bet,’ said Dick, as he followed the squire to the hall-door, where his horse was in waiting for him, under the care of the renowned Andy, who little dreamed of the extensive harvest of mischief which was ripening in futurity, all from his sowing.

‘Don’t kill him quite, Ned,’ said Dick, as the squire mounted to his saddle.

‘Why, if I went to horsewhip a gentleman, of course I should only shake my whip at him; but an attorney is another affair. And, as I’m sure he’ll have an action against me for assault, I think I may as well get the worth o’ my money out of him, to say nothing of teaching him better manners for the future than to play off his jokes on his employers.’

With these words, off he rode in search of the devoted Murtough, who was not at home when the squire reached his house; but as he was returning through the village, he espied him coming down the street in company with

Tom Durfy and the widow, who were laughing heartily at some joke Murtough was telling them, which seemed to amuse him as much as his hearers.

‘I’ll make him laugh at the wrong side of his mouth,’ thought the squire, alighting and giving his horse to the care of one of the little ragged boys who were idling in the street. He approached Murphy with a very threatening aspect, and, confronting him and his party so as to produce a halt, he said, as distinctly as his rage would permit him to speak, ‘You little insignificant blackguard, I’ll teach you how you’ll cut your jokes on *me* again; I’ll blister you my buck!’ and, laying hands on the astonished Murtough with the last word, he began a very smart horsewhipping of the attorney. The widow screamed, Tom Durfy swore, and Murtough roared, with some interjectional curses. At last he escaped from the squire’s grip, leaving the lapel of his coat in his possession; and Tom Durfy interposed his person between them when he saw an intention on the part of the flagellator to repeat his dose of horsewhip.

‘Let me at him, sir; or, by——’

‘Fy, fy, squire—to horsewhip a gentleman like a cart-horse.’

‘A gentleman!!—an attorney, you mean.’

‘I say, a gentleman, Squire Egan,’ cried Murtough, fiercely, roused to gallantry by the presence of a lady, and smarting under a sense of injury and whalebone. ‘I’m a gentleman, sir, and demand the satisfaction of a gentleman. I put my honour into your hands Mr. Durfy.’

‘Between his finger and thumb, you mean, for there’s not a handful of it,’ said the squire.

‘Well, sir,’ replied Tom Durfy, ‘little or much, I’ll take charge of it.—That’s right, my cock,’ said he to Murtough, who, notwithstanding his desire to assume a warlike air, could not resist the natural impulse of rubbing his back and shoulders, which tingled with pain, while he exclaimed, ‘Satisfaction! satisfaction!’

‘Very well,’ said the squire: ‘you name yourself as Mr. Murphy’s friend?’ added he to Durfy.

‘The same, sir,’ said Tom. ‘Who do you name as yours?’

‘I suppose you know one Dick the Divil.’

‘A very proper person, sir;—no better: I’ll go to him directly.’

The widow clung to Tom's arm, and looking tenderly at him, cried, 'Oh, Tom, Tom, take care of your precious life!'

'Bother!' said Tom.

'Ah, Squire Egan, don't be so blood-thirsty!'

'Fudge, woman!' said the squire.

'Ah, Mr. Murphy, I'm sure the squire's very sorry for beating you.'

'Divil a bit,' said the squire.

'There, ma'am,' said Murphy; 'you see he'll make no apology.'

'Apology!' said Durfy;—'apology for a horsewhipping, indeed!—Nothing but handling a horsewhip (which I wouldn't ask any gentleman to do) or a shot, can settle the matter.'

'Oh, Tom! Tom! Tom!' said the widow.

'Ba! ba! ba!' shouted Tom, making a crying face at her. 'Arrah, woman, don't be makin' a fool o' yourself. Go in there to the 'pothecary's, and get something under your nose to revive you; and let *us* mind *our* business.'

The widow, with her eyes turned up, and an exclamation to Heaven, was retiring to M'Garry's shop, wringing her hands, when she was nearly knocked down by M'Garry himself, who rushed from his own door, at the same moment that an awful smash of his shop-window, and the demolition of his blue and red bottles, alarmed the ears of the bystanders, while their eyes were drawn from the late belligerent parties to a chase which took place down the street, of the apothecary roaring 'Murder!' followed by Squire O'Grady with an enormous cudgel.

O'Grady, believing that M'Garry and the nurse-tender had combined to serve him with a writ, determined to wreak double vengeance on the apothecary, as the nurse had escaped him; and, notwithstanding all his illness and the appeals of his wife, he left his bed, and rode to the village to 'break every bone in M'Garry's skin.' When he entered his shop, the pharmacoplist was much surprised, and said, with a congratulatory grin at the great man, 'Dear me, Squire O'Grady, I'm delighted to see you.'

'Are you, you scoundrel!' said the squire, making a blow of his cudgel at him, which was fended by an iron pestle the apothecary fortunately had in his hand. The enraged O'Grady made a rush behind the counter, which the apothecary nimbly jumped over, crying 'Murder;' as he made for the door, followed by his pursuer, who gave a back-handed slap at the window-bottles

*en passant*, and produced the crash which astonished the widow, who now joined her screams to the general hue-and-cry; for an indiscriminate chase of all the ragamuffins in the town, with barking curs and screeching children, followed the flight of M'Garry and the pursuing squire.

‘What the divil is all this about?’ said Tom Durfy, laughing. ‘By the powers! I suppose there’s something in the weather to produce all this fun,—though it’s early in the year to begin thrashing, for the harvest isn’t in yet. But, however, let us manage our little affair, now that we’re left in peace and quietness, for the blackguards are all over the bridge after the hunt. I’ll go to Dick the Divil immediately, squire, and arrange time and place.’

‘There’s nothing like saving time and trouble on these occasions,’ said the squire. ‘Dick is at my house, I can arrange time and place with you this minute, and he will be on the ground with me.’

‘Very well,’ said Tom; ‘where is it to be?’

‘Suppose we say, the cross-roads, half-way between this and Merryvale? There is very pretty ground there, and we shall be able to get our pistols and all that, ready in the mean time between this and four o’clock,—and it will be pleasanter to have it all over before dinner.’

‘Certainly, squire,’ said Tom Durfy; ‘we’ll be there at four—Till then, good morning, squire;’ and he and his man walked off.

The widow, in the mean time, had been left to the care of the apothecary’s boy, whose tender attentions were now, for the first time in his life, demanded towards a fainting lady; for the poor raw country lad, having to do with a sturdy peasantry in every day matters, had never before seen the capers cut by a lady who thinks it proper, and delicate, and becoming, to display her sensibility in a swoon; and truly her sobs, and small screeches, and little stampings and kickings, amazed young gallipot.—Smelling salts were applied—they were rather weak, so the widow inhaled the pleasing odor with a sigh, but did not recover.—Sal volatile was next put in requisition—this was somewhat stronger, and made her wriggle on her chair, and throw her head about with sundry ohs! and ahs!—The boy, beginning to be alarmed at the extent of the widow’s syncope, bethought him of asafoetida, and, taking down a goodly bottle of that sweet-smelling stimulant, gave the widow the benefit of the whole jar under her nose.—Scarcely had the stopper been withdrawn, when she gave a louder screech than she had yet executed, and, exclaiming ‘faugh!’ with an expression of the most concentrated disgust, opened her eyes fiercely upon the offender, and shut up her nose between her fore-finger and thumb against the offence,

and snuffled forth at the astonished boy, 'Get out o' that, you dirty cur!—Can't you let a lady faint in peace and quietness?—Gracious heavens! would you smother me, you nasty brute?—Oh, Tom, where are you?'—and she took to sobbing forth, 'Tom! Tom!' and put her handkerchief to her eyes, to hide the tears that were *not* there, while from behind the corner of the cambrick she kept a sharp eye on the street, and observed what was going on. She went on acting her part very becomingly, until the moment Tom Durfy walked off with Murphy; but then she could feign no longer, and jumping up from her seat, with an exclamation of 'The brute!' she ran to the door, and looked down the street after them. 'The savage!' sobbed the widow—'the hard-hearted monster, to abandon me here to die—oh! to use me so—to leave me like a—like a—(the widow was fond of similes) like an old shoe—like a dirty glove—like a—like I don't know what!' (the usual fate of similes.) 'Mister Durfy, I'll punish you for this—I will!' said the widow, with an energetic emphasis on the last word; and she marched out of the shop, boiling over with indignation, through which, nevertheless, a little bubble of love now and then rose to the surface; and by the time she reached her own door, love predominated, and she sighed as she laid her hand on the knocker: 'After all, if the dear fellow should be killed, what would become of me!—oh!—and that wretch, Dick Dawson, too—*two* of them. The worst of these merry divils is, they are always fighting!'

The squire had ridden immediately homewards, and told Dick Dawson the piece of work that was before them.

'And so he'll have a shot at you, instead of an action?' said Dick. 'Well, there's pluck in that; I wish he was more of a gentleman, for your sake. It's dirty work, shooting attorneys.'

'He's enough of a gentleman, Dick, to make it impossible for me to refuse him.'

'Certainly, Ned,' said Dick.

'Do you know, is he anything of a shot?'

'Faith, he makes very pretty snipe-shooting; but I don't know if he has experience of the grass before breakfast.'

'You must try and find out from any one on the ground; because, if the poor divil isn't a good shot, I wouldn't like to kill him, and I'll let him off easy—I'll give it to him in the pistol-arm or so.'

'Very well, Ned. Where are the flutes? I must look over them.'

‘Here,’ said the squire, producing a very handsome mahogany case of Rigby’s best. Dick opened the case with the utmost care; and took up one of the pistols tenderly, handling it as delicately as if it were a young child or a lady’s hand. He clicked the lock back and forwards a few times, and his ear not being satisfied at the music it produced, he said he should like to examine them: ‘At all events, they want a touch of oil.’

‘Well, keep them out of the mistriss’s sight, Dick, for she might be alarmed.’

‘Divil a taste,’ says Dick; ‘she’s a Dawson, and there never was a Dawson yet that did not know men must be men.’

‘That’s true, Dick. I wouldn’t mind so much if she wasn’t in a delicate situation just now, when it couldn’t be expected of the woman to be so stout; so go, like a good fellow, into your own room, and Andy will bring you anything you want.’

Five minutes after, Dick was engaged in cleaning the duelling-pistols, and Andy at his elbow, with his mouth wide open, wondering at the interior of the locks which Dick had just taken off.

‘Oh, my heavens! but that’s a quare thing, Mither Dick, sir,’ said Andy, going to take it up.

‘Keep your fingers off it, you thief do!’ roared Dick, making a rap of the turn-screw at Andy’s knuckles.

‘Sure I’ll save you the throuble o’ rubbin’ that, Mister Dick, if you let me; here’s the shabby leather.’

‘I wouldn’t let your clumsy fist near it, Andy, nor your *shabby* leather, you villain, for the world. Go get me some oil.’

Andy went on his errand, and returned with a can of lamp-oil to Dick, who swore at him for his stupidity: ‘The divil fly away, with you; you never do anything right; you bring me lamp-oil for a pistol.’

‘Well, sure I thought lamp-oil was the right thing for burnin’.’

‘And who wants to burn it, you savage?’

‘Aren’t you goin’ to fire it, sir?’

‘Choke you, you vagabond!’ said Dick, who could not resist laughing nevertheless; ‘be off, and get me some sweet oil, but don’t tell any one what it’s for.’

Andy retired, and Dick pursued his polishing of the locks. Why he used such a blundering fellow for a messenger might be wondered at, only that Dick was fond of fun, and Andy's mistakes were a particular source of amusement to him, and on all occasions when he could have Andy in his company he made him his attendant. When the sweet oil was produced, Dick looked about for a feather; but, not finding one, desired Andy to fetch him a pen. Andy went on his errand, and returned, after some delay, with an inkbottle.

'I brought you the ink, sir, but I can't find a pin.'

'Confound your numskull. I didn't say a word about ink; I asked for a pen.'

'And what use would a pin be without ink, now I ax yourself, Mither Dick?'

'I'd knock your brains out if you had any, you *omadhaun!* Go along and get me a feather, and make haste.'

Andy went off, and, having obtained a feather, returned to Dick, who began to tip certain portions of the lock very delicately with oil.

'What's that for, Mither Dick, sir, if you plaze?'

'To make it work smooth.'

'And what's that you're grazin' now, sir?'

'That's the tumbler.'

'O Lord! a tumbler—what a quare name for it. I thought there was no tumbler but a tumbler for punch.'

'That's the tumbler you would like to be cleaning the inside of, Andy.'

'True for you, sir— And what's that little thing you have your hand on now, sir?'

'That's the cock.'

'Oh dear, a cock!—Is there e'er a hin in it, sir?'

'No, nor chicken either, though there *is* a feather.'

'The one in you hand, sir, that you're grazin' it with.'

'No: but this little thing—this is called the feather-spring.'

'It's the feather, I suppose, makes it let fly.'

‘No doubt of it, Andy.’

‘Well, there’s some sinse in that name, then; but who’d think of sitch a thing as a tumbler and a cock in a pistle? And what’s that place that opens and shuts, sir?’

‘The pan.’

‘Well, there’s sinse in that name too, bekaze there’s fire in the thing; and it’s as nath’ral to say pan to that as to a fryin’-pan—isn’t it Misther Dick?’

‘Oh! there was a great gun-maker lost in you, Andy,’ said Dick, as he screwed on the locks, which he had regulated to his mind, and began to examine the various departments of the pistol-case, to see that it was properly provided. He took the instrument to cut some circles of thin leather, and Andy again asked him fur the name ‘o’ *that* thing.’

‘This is called the punch, Andy.’

‘So, there *is* the punch as well as the tumbler, sir?’

‘Ay, and very strong punch it is, you see, Andy;’ and Dick struck it with his mahogany mallet, and cut his patches of leather.

‘And what’s that for, sir?—the leather, I mane.’

‘That’s for putting round the ball.’

‘Is it for fear ’twould hurt him too much when you hot him?’

‘You’re a queer customer, Andy,’ said Dick, smiling.

‘And what weeshee little balls thim is, sir.’

‘They are always small for duelling-pistols.’

‘Oh, then *thim* is jewellin’ pistles. Why, musha, Misther Dick, is it goin’ to fight a jule you are?’ said Andy looking at him with great earnestness.

‘No, Andy, but the master is; but don’t say a word about it.’

‘Not a word for the world. The masther goin’ to fight!—God send him safe out iv it!—Amin. And who is he goin’ to fight, Misther Dick?’

‘Murphy, the attorney, Andy.’

‘Oh, won’t the masther disgrace himself by fightin’ the ’torney?’

‘How dare you say such a thing of your master?’

‘I ax your pard’n, Misther Dick but sure you know what I mane. I hope he’ll shoot him.’

‘Why, Andy, Murtough was always very good to you, and now you wish him to be shot.’

‘Sure, why wouldn’t I rather have him kilt more than the masther?’

‘But neither may be killed.’

‘Misther Dick,’ said Andy, lowering his voice, ‘wouldn’t it be an iligant thing to put two balls into the pistle instid o’ one, and give the masther a chance over the ’torney?’

‘Oh, you murdherous villain!’

‘Arrah, why shouldn’t the masther have a chance over him? sure he has childre, and ’Torney Murphy has none.’

‘At that rate, Andy, I suppose you’d give the master a ball additional for every child he has, and that would make eight. So you might as well give him a blunderbuss and slugs at once.’

Dick locked the pistol-case, having made all right; and desired Andy to mount a horse, carry it by a back road out of the domain, and wait at a certain gate he named until he should be joined there by himself and the squire, who proceeded at the appointed time to the ground.

[To be continued.]



### The Dead Alive.

In the Free City of Frankfort on-the-Maine, the bodies of the dead are not kept for several days, as with us, in the house of mourning, but are promptly removed to a public cemetery. In order to guard, however, against premature interment, the remains are always retained above ground, till certain signs of decomposition are apparent; and besides this precaution, in case of suspended animation, the fingers of the corpse are fastened to a bell-rope, communicating with an alarum, so that on the slightest movement the body rings for the help which it requires for its resuscitation—a watcher and a medical attendant being constantly at hand.

Now the duty of answering the life-bell had devolved on one Peter Klopp—no very onerous service, considering that for thirty years since he had been the official “Death-Watch,” the metallic tongue of the alarum had never sounded a single note. The defunct Frankforters committed to his charge had remained, one and all, man, woman, and child, as stiff, as still,

and as silent, as so many stocks and stones. Not that in every case the vital principle was necessarily extinct: in some bodies out of so many thousands, it doubtless lingered, like a spark amongst the ashes—but disinclined by the national phlegm to any active assertion of its existence.

For a German, indeed, there is a charm in a certain vaporous dreamy state, between life and death, between sleeping and waking, which a Transcendental Spirit would not willingly dissolve. Be that as it might, the deceased Frankforters all lay in their turns in the corpse-chamber, as passive as statues in marble. Not a limb stirred—not a muscle twitched—not a finger contracted, and consequently not a note sounded to startle the ear or try the nerves of Peter Klopp.

*In fine*, he became a confirmed sceptic as to such resuscitations. The bell had never rung, and he felt certain that it never would ring, unless from the vibrations of an earthquake. No, no—death and the doctors did their work too surely for their patients to relapse into life in any such manner. And truly, it is curious to observe that in proportion to the multiplication of physicians, and the progress of Medical science, the number of revivals has decreased. The Exanimate no longer rally us as they used to do some centuries since—when Aloys Schneider was restored by the jolting of his coffin, and, Margaret Schoning, leaving her death-bed, walked down to supper in her last linen.

So reasoned Peter Klopp, who, long past the tremors and fancies of his noviciate, had come by dint of custom, to look at the bodies in his care but as so many logs or bales of goods committed to the temporary custody of a Plutonian warehouseman, or Lethean wharfinger. But he was doomed to be signally undeceived.

In the month of September, just after the autumnal Frankfort Fair, Martin Grab, a middle-aged man, of plethoric habit, after dining heartily on soup, sour kroust, veal-cutlets, bullace sauce, carp in wine-jelly, blood sausage, wild boar brawn, herring sallad, sweet pudding, Leipsic larks, sour cream with cinnamon, and a bowlfull of plums by way of dessert—suddenly dropped down insensible. As he was pronounced to be dead by the doctor, the body was conveyed as usual, within twelve hours, to the public cemetery, where being deposited in the corpse-chamber, the rest was left to the care and vigilance of the death-watch, David Klopp.

Accordingly, having taken a last look at his old acquaintance, he carefully twisted the rope of the life-bell round the dead man's fingers, and then retiring into his own sanctorum, lighted his pipe, and was soon in that

foggy Paradise, which a true German would not exchange for all the odour of Araby the blessed, and the society of Houris.

“And did the fat man come to life again?”

Patience, my dear madam, patience, and you shall hear.

It was past midnight, and in the corpse-chamber, hung with dismal black, the lifeless body of Martin Grab was lying in its shroud as still as a marble statue. At his head, the solitary funereal lamp burned without a flicker—there was no breath of air to disturb the flame, or to curb the long spider-lines that hung perpendicularly from the ceiling. The silence was intense. You might have heard the ghost of a whisper or the whisper of a ghost, if there had been one present to utter it—but the very air was dead and stagnant—not elastic enough for a sigh even from a spirit.

In the adjoining room reposed the death-watch, Peter Klopp. He had thrown himself, in his clothes, on his little bed, and with his pipe still between his lips. Here, too, all was silent and still. Not a cricket chirped—nor a mouse stirred—nor a draught of air. The light smoke of the pipe mounted directly upward, and mingled, with its cloudlike shadows on the ceiling. The eye would have detected the flitting of a mote, the ear would have caught the rustling of a straw, but all was quiet as the grave, still as its steadfast tombs—when suddenly the shrill, hurried peal of the alarm-bell—the very same sound that for fifteen long years he had nightly listened for—the very same sound that for so many long years he had utterly ceased to expect, abruptly started the slumbering senses of Peter Klopp!

In an instant he was out of bed and on his feet, but without the power of further progress. His terror was extreme. To be waked suddenly in a fright is sufficiently dreadful; but to be roused in the dead of the night by so awful a summons—by a call, as it were, from beyond the grave, to help the invisible spirit—perhaps a demon’s—to reanimate a cold, clammy corpse—what wonder that the poor wretch stood shuddering, choking, gasping for breath, with his hair standing upright on his head, his eyes starting out of their orbits, his teeth chattering, his hands clutched, his limbs paralyzed, and a cold sweat oozing out from every pore of his body! In the first spasm of horror his jaws had collapsed with such force, that he had bitten through the stem of his pipe, the bowl and stalk falling to the floor, whilst the mouth-piece passed into his throat, and agitated him with new convulsions. In the very crisis of this struggle, a loud crash resounded from the corpse-chamber—then came a rattling noise, as of loose boards, followed by a stifled cry—

then a strange unearthly shout, which the death-watch answered by as unnatural a shriek, and instantly fell headlong, on his face, to the stone floor!

“Poor fellow! Why, it was enough to kill him.”

It did, madam. The noise alarmed the resident doctor and the military patrol, who rushed into the building, and lo! a strange and horrid sight! There lay on the ground the unfortunate death-watch, stiff and insensible; whilst the late corpse, in its grave clothes, bent over him, eagerly administering the stimulants, and applying the restoratives that had been prepared against its own revival. But all human help was in vain. Peter Klopp was no more—whereas Martin Grab was alive, and actually stepping into the dead man’s shoes, became, and is at this day, the official Death-Watch at Frankfort-on-the-Maine.



### The Longest Hour in my Life.

Like my fellow-mortals in fair *Rosalind’s* catalogue, I have found Time to resemble both the Hare and the Tortoise, sometimes as fleet as the quadruped, at others as slow as the reptile in his race. Many bright and brief days recur to my memory when he flew past with the speed of a Flying Childers; many dark and long ones, when he stepped as heavily and deliberately as the black horse before a hearse. All his divers paces are familiar to me—he has galloped, trotted, ambled, walked with me, and on one memorable occasion, seemed almost to stand stock-still. Never, oh never can I forget the day-long seconds which made up those month-like minutes, which composed that interminable hour—the longest in my whole life!

‘And pray, sir, how and when was that?’

For the when, madam, to be particular, it was from half-past nine to half-past ten o’clock, A. M., on the first of May, new style, Anno Domini, 1822. For the how, you shall hear.

At the date just mentioned my residence was in the Adelphi, and having a strong partiality for the study of Natural History from living specimens, it suited both my convenience and my taste to drop in frequently at the menagerie at Exeter Change.

These visits were generally paid at an early hour, before town or country cousins called to see the lions, and indeed it frequently happened that I found myself quite alone with the wild beasts. An annual guinea entitled me

to go as often as agreeable, which happened so frequently, that the animals soon knew me by sight, whilst with some of them, for instance the elephant, I obtained quite a friendly footing. Even Nero looked kindly on me, and the rest of the creatures did not eye me with the glances half shy and half savage which they threw at less familiar visitors.

But there was one notable exception. The royal Bengal tiger could not or would not recognise me, but persisted in growling and scowling at me as a stranger, whom of course he longed to take in. Nevertheless there was a fascination in his terrible beauty, and quite in his enmity, that often held me in front of his cage, enjoying the very impotence of his malice, and recalling various tragical tales of human victims mangled or devoured by such striped monsters as the one before me; and, as if the cunning brute penetrated my thoughts, he would rehearse, as it were, all the man-eating manœuvres of the species: now creeping stealthily round his den, as if skulking through his native jungles, then crouching for the fatal spring, and anon bounding against the bars of his cage, with a short, angry roar, expressive of the most fiendish malignity. By the by, madam, did you ever hear of the doctrine of Instinctive Antipathies?

‘Yes, sir, and Mr. Lamb or Mr. Hazlitt quotes an instance of two strangers, who, on meeting each other in the street, immediately began to fight.’

Well, madam, there seemed to be some such original antipathy between me and the tiger. At any rate he took a peculiar pleasure, in my presence, in ostentatiously parading his means of offence. Sometimes stretching one huge muscular leg between the bars, he unsheathed and exhibited his tremendous claws, after which, with a devilish ogre-like grin, he displayed his formidable teeth, and then by a deliberate yawn, indulged me with a look into that horrible red gulf, down which he would fain have bolted me in gobbets. The yawning jaws were invariably closed with a ferocious snap, and the brutal performance was wound up with a howl so unutterably hollow and awful, so cannibalish, that even at its hundredth repetition it still curdled my very blood, and thrilled every nerve in my body.

‘Lord! what a dreadful creature.’

Very, ma’am. And yet that carnivorous monster, capable of appalling the heart of the bravest man, failed once to strike terror into one of the weakest of the species—a delicate little girl, of about six years old, and rather small for her age. She had been gazing at the tiger very earnestly for some minutes, and what do you think she said?

‘Pray what, sir?’

‘Oh, Mr. Cross, if ever that beautiful great pussy has young ones, do save me a kitten!’

On the morning of the first of May, 1822, between nine and ten o’clock, I entered the menagerie of Exeter Change, and walked directly, as usual, into the great room appropriated to the larger animals. There was no person visible, keeper or visiter, about the place—like Alexander Selkirk, ‘I was Lord of the Fowl and the Brute,’ I had the lions all to myself. As I stepped through the door my eyes mechanically turned towards the den of my old enemy, the royal Bengal tiger, fully expecting to receive from him the customary salutes of a spiteful grin and a growl. But the husky voice was silent, the grim face was nowhere to be seen. The cage was empty!

My feeling on the discovery was a mixed one of relief and disappointment. Methought I breathed more freely from the removal of that vague apprehension which had always clung to me, like a presentiment of injury sooner or later from the savage beast. A few minutes, nevertheless, spent in walking about the room, convinced me that his departure had left a void never properly to be filled up. Another royal tiger, larger even, and as ferocious, might take his place—but it was unlikely that the new tenant would ever select me for that marked and personal animosity which had almost led me at times to believe that we inherited some ancient feud from our respective progenitors. An enemy as well as a friend of old standing, though not lamented, must be *missed*. It must be a loss, if not to affection, to memory and association, to be deprived of even the ill-will, the frown, or sneer of an old familiar face, and the brute was, at any rate, ‘a good hater.’ There was something very piquant if not flattering, in being selected for his exclusive malignity. But he was gone, and the menagerie had henceforward lost, for me, a portion of its interest.

After the first surprise was over my curiosity became excited, and I began to speculate on the causes of the creature’s absence. Was he dead? Had he been destroyed for his ferocity, or parted with to make room for a milder specimen of the species? Had he gone to perform in the legitimate drama—or taken French leave? I was looking round for somebody to answer these queries, when all at once I descried an object that made me feel like a man suddenly blasted with a thunderbolt.

‘Mercy on us! You don’t mean to say that it was the tiger?’

I do. Huddled up in a dark corner of the room, he had been overlooked by me on my entrance, and cunningly suppressing his usual snarl of

recognition, the treacherous beast had proceeded to intercept my retreat. At my first glimpse of him he was skulking along, close to the wall, in the direction of the door. Had I possessed the full power of motion, he must have arrived there first—but terror rivetted me to the spot. There I stood, all my faculties frozen up, dizzy, motionless and dumb. Could I have cried out, my last breath of life would certainly have escaped from me in one long, shrill scream. But it was pent up in my bosom, where my heart, after one mighty bound upwards, was fluttering like a scared bird. There was a feeling of deadly choking at my throat, of mortal sickness at my stomach. My tongue in an instant had become stiff and parched—my jaw locked—my eyes fixed in their sockets, and, from the rush of blood, seemed looking through a reddish mist, whilst within my head a whizzing noise struck up that rendered me utterly incapable of thought or comprehension. Such, as far as I can recollect, was my condition, and which, from the symptoms, I should say, was very similar to a combined attack of apoplexy and paralysis.

This state, however, did not last. At first every limb and joint had suddenly stiffened, rigid as cast iron; my very flesh, with the blood in its veins, had congealed into marble: but after a few seconds, the muscles as abruptly relaxed, the joints gave way, the blood thawed, and seemed escaping from the vessels, the substance of my body seemed losing its solidity, and with an inexpressible sense of its imbecility, I felt as if my whole frame would fall in a shapeless mass on the floor.

‘Gracious goodness—how dreadful!’

The tiger, in the interim, having gained the door, had crouched down—cat-like—his back curved inwards, his face between his fore-paws, and with his glaring eyeballs steadily fixed on mine, was creeping on his belly by half-inches towards me, his tail meanwhile working from side to side behind him, and as it were *sculling* him on.

In another moment this movement ceased, the tail straightened itself out, except the tip, which turned up, and became nervously agitated, a warning as certain as the like signal from an enraged rattlesnake.

There was no time to be lost. A providential inspiration, a direct whisper, as it were, from heaven, reminded me of the empty cage, and suggested, with lightning rapidity, that the same massive bars which had formerly kept the Man Eater within, might now keep him out. In another instant I was within the den, had pulled too the door, and shot the heavy bolt. The tiger, foiled by the suddenness of this unexpected manœuvre, immediately rose from his couchant position, and after lashing each flank with his tail, gave

vent to his dissatisfaction in a prolonged inward grumble, that sounded like distant thunder. But he did not long deliberate on his course: to my infinite horror, I saw him approach the den, where rearing on his hind legs, in the attitude the heralds call rampant, he gave a tremendous roar, which made my blood curdle, and then resting his fore-paws on the front of the cage, with his huge, hideous face pressed against the bars, he stared at me a long, long, long stare, with two red, fiery eyes, that alternately gloomed and sparkled like burning coals.

It was now my turn to know and understand how Time ‘travels in divers paces with divers persons.’ To feel how the precious stuff that life is made of might be drawn out, like fine gold, into inconceivable lengths. To learn the extreme duration of minims and seconds, and possibly ‘last moments’ of existence—the practicability of living ages, as in dreams, between one pulsation and another!

Oh! these interminable and invaluable intervals between breath and breath!

How shall I describe—by what gigantic scale can I give a notion of the enormous expansion of the ordinary fractions of time, when marked on a dial of the world’s circumference by the shadow of death?

Methinks while that horrible face, and those red, fiery eyes were gazing at me, pyramids might have been built—Babylons founded—Empires established—Royal Dynasties have risen, ruled, and fallen—yea, even that other Planets might have fulfilled their appointed cycles from Creation to Destruction, during those nominal minutes which by their immense span seemed actually to be preparing me for Eternity.

In the mean time the tiger kept his old position in front of the cage, without making any attempt to get at me. He could have no fear of my getting out to eat him, and as to his devouring me, having recently breakfasted on a shin of beef, he seemed in no hurry for a second meal, knowing perfectly well that whenever he might feel inclined to lunch, he had me ready for it, as it were, in his safe.

Thus the beast continued with intolerable perseverance to stare in upon me, who, crouched up at the further corner of the den, had only to await his pleasure or displeasure. Once or twice, indeed, I tried to call out for help, but the sound died in my throat, and when at length I succeeded, the tiger, whether to drown my voice, or from sympathy, set up such a roar at the same time, and this he did so repeatedly, that, convinced of the futility of the experiment, I abandoned myself in silence to my fate. Its crisis was

approaching. If he had no hunger for food the savage had an appetite for revenge, and soon showed himself disposed, cat-like, to sport with his victim, and torment him a little by exciting his terror. I have said cat-like, but there seemed something more supernaturally ingenious in the cruelty of his proceedings. He certainly made faces at me, twisting his grim features with the most frightful contortions—especially his mouth—drawing back his lips so as to show his teeth—then smacking them, or licking them with his tongue—of the roughness of which he occasionally gave me a hint by rasping it against the iron bars. But the climax of his malice was to come. Strange as it may seem, he absolutely winked at me, not a mere feline blink at excess of light, but a significant, knowing wink, and then inflating his cheeks, puffed into my face a long, hot breath, smelling most ominously of *raw flesh!*

‘The horrid wretch! why he seemed to know what he was about like a Christian!’

Yes, madam—or, at any rate, like an inhuman human being. But, before long, he evidently grew tired of such mere pastime. His tail—that index of mischief—resumed its activity, swinging and flourishing in the air, with a thump every now and then on his flank, as if he were beating time with it to some tiger’s march in his own head. At last it dropped, and at the same instant thrusting one paw between the bars, he tried by an experimental sweep, whether any part of me was within his reach. He took nothing, however, by his motion, but his talons so nearly brushed my knees, that a change of posture became imperative. The den was too low to allow of my standing up, so that the only way was to lie down on my side, with my back against that of the cage—of course making myself as much like a *bas-relief* as possible.

Fortunately, my coat was closely buttoned up to the throat, for the hitch of a claw in a lappel would have been fatal: as it was, the paw of the brute, in some of its sweeps, came within two inches of my person. Foiled in this fishing for me, he then struck the bars, seriatim, but they were too massive, and too well imbedded in their sockets, to break, or bend, or give way. Nevertheless, I felt far from safe. There was such a diabolical sagacity in the beast’s proceedings that it would hardly have been wonderful if he had deliberately undone the bolt and fastenings of his late front-door and walked in to me.

My case was getting desperate. The tiger, enraged by his failures, was furious, and kept up an incessant fretful grumble—sometimes deepening into a growl, or rising almost into a shriek—while again and again he tried

the bars, or swept for me with his claws. Lunch-time, it was plain, had come, and an appetite along with it, as appeared by his efforts to get at me, as well as his frequently opening and shutting his jaws, and licking his lips, in fact making a sort of Barmecidal feast on me beforehand.

The effect of this mock mastication on my nerves was inexpressibly terrible—as the awful rehearsal of a real tragedy. Besides from a correspondence of imagination, I seemed actually to feel, in my flesh and bones, every bite he simulated, and the consequent agonies. Oh, horrible—horrible—horrible!

‘Horrible, indeed! I wonder you did not faint!’

Madam, I *dared* not. All my vigilance was too necessary to preserve me from those dangerous snatches, so often made suddenly, as if to catch me off my guard. It was far more likely that the brain, over-strained by such intense excitement, would give way, and drive me by some frantic impulse—a maniac—into those foamy jaws.

Still bolt, and bar, and reason, retained its place. But, alas! if even the mind remained firm, the physical energies might fail. So long as I could maintain my position, as still and as stiff as a corpse, my life was comparatively safe: but the necessary effort was almost beyond the power of human nature, and certainly could not be long protracted—the joints and sinews must relax, and then—

Merciful Heaven!—the crises just alluded to was fast approaching, for the over-tasked muscles were gradually give, give, giving—when suddenly there was a peculiar cry from some animal in the inner room. The tiger answered it with a yell, and, as if reminded of some hated object—at least as obnoxious to him as myself—instantly dropped from the cage, and made one step towards the spot. But he stopped short—turning his face again to the cage, to which he would probably have returned but for a repetition of the same cry. The tiger answered it as before with a yell of defiance, and bounded off through the door, into the next chamber, whence growls, roars, and shrieks of brutal rage, soon announced that some desperate combat had commenced.

The uproar alarming the keepers, they rushed in, when springing from the cage with equal alacrity, I rushed out; and while the men were securing the tiger, secured myself by running home to my house in the Adelphi, at a rate never attained before or since.

Nor did Time, who ‘travels in divers paces with divers persons,’ ever go at so extraordinary a rate—for *slowness*—as he had done with me. On consulting my watch, the *age* which I had passed in the tiger’s den must have been some sixty minutes!

And so ended, courteous Reader, the Longest Hour in my Life.



## Trial of Titus Oates.

FROM MACAULAY’S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

James, a short time before his accession, had instituted a civil suit against Oates for defamatory words, and a jury had given damages to the enormous amount of a hundred thousand pounds. The defendant had been taken in execution, and was lying in a prison as a debtor, without hope of release. Two bills of indictment against him for perjury had been found by the grand jury of Middlesex, a few weeks before the death of Charles. Soon after the close of the elections the trial came on.

Among the upper and middle classes, Oates had scarcely a friend left. All intelligent Whigs were now convinced that, even if his narrative had some foundation in fact, he had erected on that foundation a vast superstructure of romance. A considerable number of low fanatics, however, still regarded him as a public benefactor. These people well knew that, if he were convicted, his sentence would be one of extreme severity, and were therefore indefatigable in their endeavors to manage an escape. Though as yet in confinement only for debt, he was put into irons by the authorities of the King’s Bench prison; and even so, he was with difficulty kept in safe custody. The mastiff that guarded his door was poisoned; and, on the very night preceding his trial, a ladder of ropes was introduced into his cell.

On the day in which he was brought to the bar, Westminster Hall was crowded with spectators, among whom were many Roman Catholics, eager to see the misery and humiliation of their persecutor. A few years earlier, his short neck, his legs uneven as those of a badger, his forehead low as that of a baboon, his purple cheeks, and his monstrous length of chin, had been familiar to all who frequented the courts of law. He had then been the idol of the nation. Wherever he had appeared, men had uncovered their heads to him. The lives and estates of the magnates of the realm had been at his mercy. Times had now changed; and many, who had formerly regarded him

as the deliverer of his country, shuddered at the sight of those hideous features on which villainy seemed to be written by the hand of God.

It was proved, beyond all possibility of doubt, that this man had, by false testimony, deliberately murdered several innocent persons. He called in vain on the most eminent members of the Parliaments which had rewarded and extolled him to give evidence in his favor. Some of those whom he had summoned absented themselves. None of them said any thing tending to his vindication. One of them, the Earl of Huntingdon, bitterly reproached him with having deceived the houses, and drawn on them the guilt of shedding innocent blood. The judges browbeat and reviled the prisoner with an intemperance which, even in the most atrocious cases, ill becomes the judicial Character. He betrayed, however, no sign of fear or of shame, and faced the storm of invective which burst upon him from bar, bench, and witness box, with the insolence of despair. He was convicted on both indictments. His offence, though, in a moral light, murder of the most aggravated kind, was, in the eye of the law, merely a misdemeanor. The tribunal, however, was desirous to make his punishment more severe than that of felons or traitors, and not merely to put him to death, but to put him to death by frightful torments. He was sentenced to be stripped of his clerical habit, to be pilloried in Palace Yard, to be led round Westminster Hall with an inscription declaring his infamy over his head, to be pilloried again in front of the Royal Exchange, to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and, after two days, to be whipped from Newgate to Tyburn. If, against all probability, he should happen to survive this horrible infliction, he was to be kept a close prisoner during life. Five times every year he was to be brought forth from his dungeon and exposed on the pillory in different parts of the capital.

This rigorous sentence was rigorously executed. On the day on which Oates was pilloried in Palace Yard, he was mercilessly pelted, and ran some risk of being pulled in pieces; but in the city his partisans mustered in great force, raised a riot, and upset the pillory. They were, however, unable to rescue their favorite. It was supposed that he would try to escape the horrible doom which awaited him by swallowing poison. All that he ate and drank was therefore carefully inspected. On the following morning he was brought forth to undergo his first flogging. At an early hour an innumerable multitude filled all the streets from Aldgate to the Old Bailey. The hangman laid on the lash with such unusual severity as showed that he had received special instructions. The blood ran down in rivulets. For a time the criminal showed a strange constancy; but at last his stubborn fortitude gave way. His bellowings were frightful to hear. He swooned several times; but the scourge

still continued to descend. When he was unbound, it seemed that he had borne as much as the human frame can bear without dissolution. James was entreated to remit the second flogging. His answer was short and clear. 'He shall go through with it, if he has breath in his body.' An attempt was made to obtain the queen's intercession, but she indignantly refused to say a word in favor of such a wretch. After an interval of only forty-eight hours, Oates was again brought out of his dungeon. He was unable to stand, and it was necessary to drag him on a sledge. He seemed quite insensible, and the Tories reported that he had stupefied himself with strong drink. A person who counted the stripes on the second day, said that they were seventeen hundred. The bad man escaped with life, but so narrowly that his ignorant and bigoted admirers thought his recovery miraculous, and appealed to it as a proof of his innocence. The doors of the prison closed upon him. During many months he remained ironed in the darkest hole of Newgate. It was said that in his cell he gave himself up to melancholy, sat whole days uttering deep groans, his arms folded, and his hat pulled over his eyes. It was not in England alone that these events excited strong interest. Millions of Roman Catholics, who knew nothing of our institutions or of our factions, had heard that a persecution of singular barbarity had raged in our island against the professors of the true faith, that many pious men had suffered martyrdom, and that Titus Oates had been the chief murderer. There was, therefore, great joy in distant countries when it was known that the divine justice had overtaken him. Engravings of him, looking out from the pillory, and writhing at the cart's tail, were circulated all over Europe; and epigrammatists, in many languages, made merry with the doctoral title which he pretended to have received from the University of Salamanca, and remarked that since his forehead could not be made to blush, it was but reasonable that his back should do so.

Horrible as were the sufferings of Oates, they did not equal his crimes. The old law of England, which had been suffered to become obsolete, treated the false witness, who had caused death by means of perjury, as a murderer. This was wise and righteous; for such a witness is, in truth, the worst of murderers. To the guilt of shedding innocent blood, he has added the guilt of violating the most solemn engagement into which man can enter with his fellow-men, and of making institutions, to which it is desirable that the public should look with respect and confidence, instruments of frightful wrong and objects of general distrust. The pain produced by an ordinary assassination bears no proportion to the pain produced by assassination of which the courts of justice are made the agents. The mere extinction of life is a very small part of what makes an execution horrible. The prolonged

mental agony of the sufferer, the shame and misery of all connected with him, the stain abiding even to the third and fourth generation, are things far more dreadful than death itself. In general, it may be safely affirmed that the father of a large family would rather be bereaved of all his children by accident or by disease than lose one of them by the hands of the hangman. Murder by false testimony is therefore the most aggravated species of murder; and Oates had been guilty of many such murders. Nevertheless, the punishment which was inflicted upon him cannot be justified. In sentencing him to be stripped of his ecclesiastical habit and imprisoned for life, the judges seem to have exceeded their legal power. They were undoubtedly competent to inflict whipping, nor had the law assigned a limit to the number of stripes; but the spirit of the law clearly was, that no misdemeanor should be punished more severely than the most atrocious felonies. The worst felon could only be hanged. The judges, as they believed, sentenced Oates to be scourged to death. That the law was defective is not a sufficient excuse; for defective laws should be altered by the Legislature, and not strained by the tribunals; and least of all should the law be strained for the purpose of inflicting torture and destroying life. That Oates was a bad man is not a sufficient excuse; for the guilty are almost always the first to suffer those hardships which are afterward used as precedents for oppressing the innocent. Thus it was in the present case. Merciless flogging soon became an ordinary punishment for misdemeanors of no very aggravated kind. Men were sentenced for hasty words spoken against the government to pain so excruciating that they, with unfeigned earnestness, begged to be brought to trial on capital charges, and sent to the gallows. Happily, the progress of this great evil was speedily stopped by the Revolution, and by that article of the Bill of Rights which condemns all cruel and unusual punishments.

The villainy of Dangerfield had not, like that of Oates, destroyed many innocent victims, for Dangerfield had not taken up the trade of a witness till the plot had been blown upon and juries had become incredulous. He was brought to trial, not for perjury, but for the less heinous offence of libel. He had, during the agitation caused by the Exclusion Bill, put forth a narrative containing some false and odious imputations on the late and on the present king. For this publication he was now, after the lapse of five years, suddenly taken up, brought before the Privy Council, committed, tried, convicted, and sentenced to be whipped from Aldgate to Newgate, and from Newgate to Tyburn. The wretched man behaved with great effrontery during the trial; but when he heard his doom, he went into agonies of despair, gave himself up for dead, and chose a text for his funeral sermon. His forebodings were just. He was not, indeed, scourged quite so severely as Oates had been; but

he had not Oates' iron strength of body and mind. After the execution, Dangerfield was put into a hackney-couch and was taken back to prison. As he passed the corner of Hutton Garden, a Tory gentleman of Gray's Inn, named Francis, stopped the carriage, and cried out with brutal levity, 'Well, friend, have you had your heat this morning?' The bleeding prisoner, maddened by this insult, answered with a curse. Francis instantly struck him in the face with a cane, which injured the eye. Dangerfield was carried dying into Newgate. This dastardly outrage roused the indignation of the bystanders. They seized Francis, and were with difficulty restrained from tearing him to pieces. The appearance of Dangerfield's body, which had been frightfully lacerated by the whip, inclined many to believe that his death was chiefly, if not wholly, caused by the stripes which he had received. The Government and the Chief Justice thought it convenient to lay the whole blame on Francis, who, though he seems to have been, at worst, only guilty of aggravated manslaughter, was tried and executed for murder. His dying speech is one of the most curious monuments of that age. The savage spirit which had brought him to the gallows remained with him to the last. Boasts of his loyalty and abuse of the Whigs were mingled with the parting ejaculations in which he commended his soul to the Divine mercy. An idle rumor had been circulated that his wife was in love with Dangerfield, who was eminently handsome and renowned for gallantry. The fatal blow, it was said, had been prompted by jealousy. The dying husband, with an earnestness half ridiculous, half pathetic, vindicated the lady's character. She was, he said, a virtuous woman; she came of a loyal stock, and, if she had been inclined to break her marriage vow, would at least have selected a Tory and a Churchman for her paramour.



The sole use of money is to facilitate exchanges. It is an instrument for the saving of labour, and for the performing of labour with greater accuracy.  
—*Wayland*.

FIELD-FLOWERS.

Ye field-flowers! the gardens eclips you, 'tis true,  
Yet, wildlings of nature! I dote upon you;  
    For ye waft me to summers of old,  
When the earth teem'd around me with fairy delight,  
And when daisies and buttercups gladden'd my sight,  
    Like measures of silver and gold.

I love you for lulling me back into dreams,  
Of the blue highland mountains and echoing streams,  
    And of buchen glades breathing their balm;  
While the deer was seen glancing in sunshine remote,  
And the deep mellow crush of the wood-pigeon's note  
    Made music that sweeten'd the calm.

Not a pastoral song has a pleasanter tune  
Than ye speak to my heart, little wildlings of June!  
    Of old ruined castles ye tell;  
Where I thought it delightful your beauties to find,  
Where the magic of nature first breathed on my mind,  
    And your blossoms were part of her spell.

Even now what affections the violet awakes;  
What loved little islands, twice seen in their lakes,  
    Can the loved water-lilly restore!  
What landscapes I read in the primrose's looks,  
And what pictures of pebbled and minnowy brooks  
    In the vetches that tangled their shore!

Earth's cultureless buds! to my heart ye were dear,  
Ere the fever of passion or ague of fear  
    Had scathed my existence's bloom;  
Once I welcom'd you, Rose, in life's passionless stage,  
With the visions of youth to revisit my age:  
    And I wish you to grow on my tomb.

CAMPBELL.



Indian Paradise.

The grand doctrine of life beyond the grave was, among all the Indian tribes of America, most deeply cherished, and most sincerely believed. They had even formed a distinct idea of the region whither they hoped to be transported, and of the new and happier mode of existence, free from those wars, tortures, and cruelties, which throw so deep a shade over their lot upon earth. Yet their conceptions on this subject were by no means either exalted or spiritualised. They expected simply a prolongation of their present life and enjoyments, under more favourable circumstances, and with the same objects furnished in greater choice and abundance. In that bright land the sun ever shines unclouded, the forests abound with deer, the lakes and rivers with fish; benefits which are still farther enhanced in their imagination by a faithful wife and dutiful children. They do not reach it, however, till after a journey of several months, and encountering various obstacles—a broad river, a chain of lofty mountains, and the attack of a furious dog. This favoured country lies far in the west, at the remotest boundary of the earth, which is supposed to terminate in a steep precipice, with the ocean rolling beneath. Sometimes in the too eager pursuit of game, the spirits fall over and are converted into fishes. The local position of their paradise appears connected with certain obscure intimations received from their wandering neighbors of the Mississippi, the Rocky Mountains, and the distant shores of the Pacific. This system of belief labors under a great defect, in as much as it scarcely connects felicity in the future world with virtuous conduct in the present. The one is held to be simply a continuation of the other; and, under this impression, the arms, ornaments, and everything that had contributed to the welfare of the deceased are interred along with him. This supposed assurance of a future life, so conformable to their gross habits and conceptions, was found by the missionaries a serious obstacle, when they attempted to allure them by the hope of a destiny, purer and higher indeed, but less accordant with their untutored conceptions. Upon being told that in the promised world they would neither hunt, eat, drink, nor marry a wife, many of them declared that, far from endeavoring to reach such an abode, they would consider their arrival there as the greatest calamity; and not only rejected this destiny for themselves, but were indignant at the efforts made to decoy their children after death into so dreary and comfortless a region.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library.*



All Animals Happy in a State of Nature.

In a state of nature, no race of animals is unhappy; they are all adapted to the mode of life which God has ordained them to lead, and their chief enjoyment consists in pursuing their natural habits, whatever these may be. The woodpecker, while boring a tree and clinging to it for hours by its scendent feet, is just as happy as the eagle is when perched upon the mountain cliff, or pouncing on its quarry from the clouds. Neither could lead the life of the other, but each is happy in the state which has been assigned to it: and this is observable throughout all nature. A rat, which burrows in a ditch, is as happy as it could desire, so long as it can find garbage sufficient to feed on; and a heron, immovably fixed, watching the approach of small fishes and frogs, has, there can be little doubt, as much pleasure as any lover of the angle can enjoy while wearing out the summer-day in marking his light float, and watching, in mute expectation, the wished-for bite. We generally, I believe, connect rapidity or slowness of motion with the ideas we form of an animal's happiness. If, like the tortoise, it moves with slow and measured steps, we pity or despise, as the mood may be, its melancholy sluggish condition; and the poor persecuted toad has, probably, incurred as much of the odium so unjustly attached to it, by its inactivity, as by the supposed loathsomeness of its appearance. On the other hand, enjoyment seems always to be the concomitant of celerity of motion. A fly, dancing in the air, seems more happy than the spider lurking in his den; and the lark, singing at "heaven's gate," to possess a more joyous existence than the snail, which creeps almost imperceptibly upon a leaf, or the mole, which passes the hours of brightness and sunshine in his dark caverns under ground. But these and all other animals are happy each in his own way; and the habits of one, constituted as the creatures are, could form no source of felicity to another, but the very reverse. Though activity may simulate the appearance of superior enjoyment, we may conceive that, where it is excessive, the animal in which it is so demonstrated must suffer much from fatigue. This would be another mistake so far as it relates to animals in a state of nature. The works of God are all perfect in their kind; but if an animal were formed to lead a life of almost perpetual motion, and that motion were accompanied or followed by fatigue, the work would be imperfect: take the swallow as an example—it is constantly on the wing, except at night. From early morning to the downgoing of the sun, it is forever dashing through the air with the rapidity of an arrow; but neither morning nor evening does it show one symptom of weariness; it has a wing that never tires; and at night it betakes itself to repose, not worn out by the fatigues of the day, but prepared for sleep after what is to it a wholesome exercise.—*Drummond's Letters.*

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He that is good may hope to become better, he that is bad may fear that he will become worse: for vice, virtue, and time, never stand still.—*Colton.*

FATHER LAND AND MOTHER TONGUE.

Our Father land! and wouldst thou know  
Why we should call it Father land?  
It is, that Adam here below  
Was made of earth by Nature's hand;  
And he, our father, made of earth,  
Hath peopled earth on ev'ry hand,  
And we, in memory of his birth,  
Do call our country "Father land."

At first, in Eden's bowers, they say,  
No sound of speech had Adam caught,  
But whistled like a bird all day—  
And, maybe, 'twas for want of thought!  
But Nature, with resistless laws,  
Made Adam soon surpass the birds;  
She gave him lovely Eve—because  
If he'd a wife, they must HAVE WORDS.

And so, the native land I hold  
By male descent is proudly mine;  
The language, as the tale hath told,  
Was given in the female line.  
And thus, we see, on either hand,  
We name our blessings whence they've sprung,  
We call our country Father LAND,  
We call our language Mother TONGUE.

LOVER.



Anecdote of Burns.

When Robert Burns was a very young lad, he had happened, at an ale-house, to fall into a company consisting of several Sectarians and members of the Episcopal and Presbyterian Church. When warm with potations, they entered upon a keen debate about their respective persuasions, and were on

the point of using arguments more forcible than words, when Burns said, "Gentlemen, it has now been twice my hap to see the doctrines of peace made the cause of contention; I must tell you how the matter was settled among half-a-dozen of honest women, over a cup of caudle, after a baptism. They were as different in opinion, and each as tough in disputation, as you are, till a wife that had said not a word spoke up—'Kimmers, ye are a' for letting folk hae but ae road to heaven. It's a puir place that has but ae gate til't. There's mair than four gaits to ilka bothy in Highlands or Lowlands, and it's no canny to say ther's but ae gait to the mansions of the blessed.'" The disputants of the ale-house were silenced, and Burns led the conversation to the merriments of carlings over their cups of caudle.

### DRUNKENNESS.

Drunkenness is the vice of a good constitution or a bad memory; of a constitution so treacherously good that it never bends until it breaks; or of a memory that recollects the pleasures of getting drunk, but forgets the pains of getting sober.

---

The innocence of childhood is the tenderest, sweetest, and not the least potent remonstrance against the vices and the errors of grown man. If he would but listen to the lesson, and take it to his heart. Seldom, too seldom, do we do so. —*G. P. R. James.*

THE  
**GASPÉ MAGAZINE,**

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY,

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

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

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Halifax, N. S.,	<i>A. &amp; W. McKinlay, Bk'sellers.</i>
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R. W. KELLY,  
*Editor & Proprietor, New Carlisle.*

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Hair Dresser and Wig Maker,

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R. C. TODD,

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

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

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

NELSON, BUTTERS, & Co.

Montreal, Sept. 1, 1849.

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

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Worker.

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Has constantly on hand, a large assortment of every article in the above  
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moderate terms.

DOUBLE AND SINGLE STOVES,  
*For Sale or to Hire.*

ECONOMICAL COOKING STOVES,  
*Of the most Approved Pattern.*

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FURS! FURS!! FURS!!!

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WHOLESALE DEALER, IMPORTER AND EXPORTER  
OF FURS AND SKINS,

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

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

Montreal, July, 1849.

---

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Near St. Paul's Market,

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GEO. 3, AND REGULATED BY DEED  
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CHAS. T. PALSGRAVE  
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Life Assurance Company,  
No. 1, Princes’ Street, Bank, London.

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EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT,  
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PETER MORRISON,  
*Resident Director.*

London, Jany. 1, 1847.

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

---

EXAMPLES OF RATES.

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

TABLE 1.

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

TABLE 2.

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

TABLE 3.

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

---

TABLE 4.

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

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

---

HALF CREDIT RATES OF PREMIUM.

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

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

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MUTUAL ASSURANCE BRANCH.

*Supported by the Proprietary Branch.*

TABLE A.

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

TABLE B.

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

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

Quebec, August, 1849.

---

H. KNIGHT,

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FROM JONE'S, REGENT STREET,

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Montréal, 7 Juin, 1849.

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Quebec, 1849.

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

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

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

[The end of *Gaspe Magazine, and Instructive Miscellany Vol. 5 of 11* edited by R. W. Kelly]