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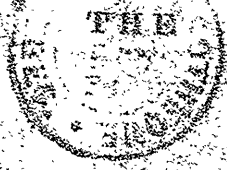
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# CASPE' MAGAZINE.

AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY.

Vol. 1.

August, 1849.

No. 1.

Price—Two Pence Half-penny per Month.

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# THE GASPE' MAGAZINE

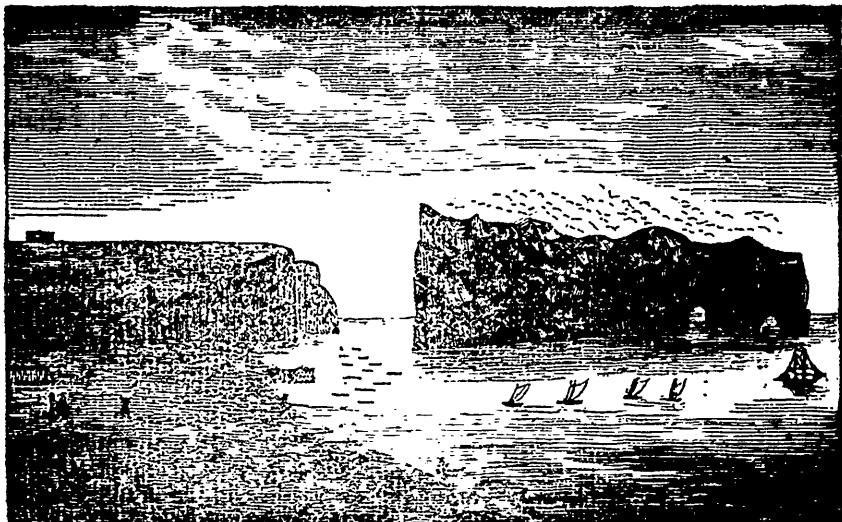
AND

## INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:

Vol. 1.

AUGUST.

No. 1.



THE ROCK AT PERCE'.

We have this day commenced an enterprise, hitherto unattempted in such a thinly scattered population as exists in this District; but, although our "wee boatie" hails from Gaspé, "a place so little known," we anticipate that before many months are past, the colors of the Gaspé Magazine will be a welcome visitor in every city and hamlet throughout the Provinces, from the reading portions of which, we can only expect support and remuneration for our pecuniary outlay.

We have already received cheering encouragement from many quarters, for which we are grateful, and we hope the judiciousness of our selections, both of interesting and amusing subjects, will please our old friends, and procure us new ones. Original communications from correspondents are respectfully solicited, which shall be carefully attended to, and we trust from the facilities we

procuring information from Europe, that we will always be enabled to offer something new to most of our readers. As this is a literary undertaking, we shall studiously avoid any participation in the Politics at present engrossing public attention, confining ourselves altogether to what has become matters of history.

The Messrs. Chambers, of Edinburgh, on their first entering the publishing world, had to contend with many difficulties, but by steadily following up the plan originally laid down by them of publishing cheap and useful information, they have gradually extended their business, until they are now the largest publishers in the world. They called in the potent agency of Steam and Stereotype to assist them, but had a more powerful ally than either, viz: a population fond of reading and desirous of improvement; for it is generally allowed the Scotch people, as a nation, are



the greatest readers in Europe, the Germans only excepted.\*

Our ambition, even at a far distance, is to become the "CHAMBERS OF CANADA," and a pioneer in this country in the same good work in which they have been so successful. To succeed in this laudable desire, we require the active co-operation of the many.

Some of our Subscribers may find articles which they have before perused, but as "each generation has to acquire information for itself," we hope this our attempt at improvement will always contain some novelty.

Upon the principle adopted by the English and American Journalists, we intend to stitch up with each number a *business directory*, which, as an advertising medium we strongly recommend to the mercantile public; the circulation of the Gaspé' Magazine, even at this, its first commencement, far exceeding many older periodicals.

The size of our Magazine, and its extremely low price, (only two pence half penny per month,) precludes us from devoting too much of our columns to any particular selection; but, if successful in our anticipations, we promise to increase the number of our pages at the expiration of the year.

We give in this number a Wood Engraving of a most picturesque Rock in this District, called Perce' (or *pierced*) by the first French discoverers of this Continent. Our sketch, taken a few years ago by a talented lady then residing in Gaspé', was, at that time, perfectly correct.

Since that period, an alteration has taken place, which may suggest the mode in which this remarkable rock was originally formed, and severed from the main land. From the continued action of the rain and frost above, aided by the waves beneath, one of the arches has fallen in, thus forming an isolated rock at the extremity. From the Geological survey of this Province in 1844, by W. E. Logan, Esq., we quote the following description:

"The perforated or split rock from

\* In a petition lately presented to the House of Commons, calling attention to the state of the Paper manufactory of Great Britain, and the effect of the duties thereon. The Messrs. Chambers state that during the five years ending last December, they paid for printing paper alone the sum of £68,425, of which £14,335 were exacted as Excise Duties.

which Perce' takes its name, is an isolated, almost inaccessible mass of the older strata, which, standing up like a wall, in continuation of the limestone of Barry Cape, overhangs the perpendicular 10° north-eastwardly, with a length of five hundred yards, and a height of two hundred and ninety feet (agreeably to Mr. Moriarty, who has measured it with a plummet,) and presents two arches which have been pierced through them by the action of the waves."

## POETRY.

### Sickness.

How strong thy arm, O! Sickness! in a day,  
The sinewy frame before thee shrinks away:  
How subtle, too; in a few breaths, we find,  
Perished the powers of the busy mind.

'Tis not alone the voice, that low and weak  
Forgets its office, trembling as we speak;  
'Tis not the limbs, that totter to a fall;  
'Tis not the heavy lid, that weighs the ball,  
As if a load of lead drooped from on high  
To crush the feeble fabric of the eye;  
'Tis not the fever, burning through each vein;  
The throbbing temple, nor the bursting brain;  
'Tis not the weariness, that longs for worse,  
And sharper throes to vary but the curse;  
'Tis no corporeal pangs, fierce though they be,  
That make me, Sickness, bow in fear to thee.

But fell thy mastery even o'er the soul,  
Thy force which doth th' immortal part controul;  
'Tis this that raises thee, dark Potentate,  
Into a shadowy Dread—Brother of Fate.

How soon beneath thy unrelenting sway  
Is darkened Fancy's bright, though flickering ray;  
How soon the finest feelings change their shades;  
Soft Tenderness in drivelling Weakness fades;  
The heart's affections, one by one expire,  
Glimmering unearthly like the grave's dull fire;  
And though Love's pulse will while there's life remain  
Faint is its beat to Love when high in pain.  
Anon is poisoned every pleasant spring  
Whence Human Joys were wont full urns to bring;  
The mortal anguish runs their sources dry—  
And the worn sufferer thinks a prayer to die.

*Definition of a Gentleman.*—The great Bishop Hall's definition of the word Gentleman: "The true Gentleman is one that is God's servant, the world's master, and his own man. Justice is his business; study his recreation; content and happiness his reward; God is his Father; the Church his mother; the Saints his brethren, and Heaven his mistress; loyalty and justice her maids of honour; devotion his chaplain; charity his chamberlain; sobriety his butler; temperance his cook; hospitality his house-keeper; providence his steward; piety is mistress of the house, and discretion the porter. Thus his whole family is made up of virtues, and he the true master of the family. Take him in two words—he is a Man and a Christian.

## LITERATURE.

### Wren and his Workmen.

When this eminent architect was building St. Paul's Cathedral, he caused the following notice to be affixed to several parts of the structure:—"Whereas among laborers and others, that ungodly custom of swearing is so frequently heard, to the dishonor of God and contempt of his authority; and to the end that such impiety may be utterly banished from these works, which are intended for the service of God, and the honor of religion; it is ordered that profane swearing shall be a sufficient crime to dismiss any laborer that comes to the call; and the clerk of the works, upon a sufficient proof, shall dismiss him accordingly: and if any master, working by task, shall not, upon admonition, reform the profanation among his apprentices, servants, and laborers, it shall be construed his fault, and he shall be liable to be censured by the commissioners."

### The Treaty of Limerick.

FROM TAYLOR'S HISTORY OF IRELAND.

This celebrated treaty provided that all Roman Catholics should enjoy the exercise of their religion as in the reign of Charles II.; and promised that their Majesties would endeavour to procure them further security in this particular when a parliament could be convened. It was engaged that all the inhabitants of Limerick, and all those in arms for King James in the several counties of Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork, or Mayo, should enjoy their estates, and pursue their callings and professions freely, as in the reign of Charles II.; that the Catholic gentry should be allowed the use of arms and should be required to take no oath but the oath of allegiance. And it was agreed that all officers and soldiers, unwilling to remain in the country on these conditions, should be conveyed to the Continent at the expense of the government.

Two days after the treaty was signed, the French fleet arrived off the coast, bringing reinforcements and military stores more than sufficient to have turned the tide of victory. It was manifestly the interest of Ginckle to have the treaty ratified before the arrival of the French;

and the Irish negotiators are blamed for having so far played their enemy's game as to have allowed the ratification to be hurried. They were, however, influenced by a sincere desire for peace. They felt that if the French landed, the war must be continued; and they feared that the effect of victory would be to make their country a province of France.

On the 4th of October, Talmash, at the head of five British regiments, occupied the English town of Limerick; and on the following day the Irish army was paraded on the King's Island, in order that they might choose between the service of England and France. Ginckle and Sarsfield addressed them in different proclamations; the former recommending William, the latter Louis as a master. It was then agreed that on the ensuing morning the army should be again paraded, and marched past a flag which had been fixed at a given point. Those who chose England were to file to the left; those who preferred France were to march on.

The sun, perhaps, scarcely ever rose on a more interesting spectacle than was exhibited on King's Island when the morning for the decision of the Irish soldiery arrived. The men paraded at an early hour; the chaplains said mass, and preached each a sermon at the head of their regiments. The Catholic bishops then went through the lines, blessing the troops as they passed. They were received with military honours, rendered more imposing by the affectionate devotion which the native Irish have ever shown to their prelates. After this ceremony refreshments were distributed to the troops, and a message sent to Ginckle and the lords-justices that "all was ready." The Irish army, fifteen thousand strong, received the British cortege with presented arms. The lords-justices and the generals rode slowly through their lines, and declared that they had never seen a finer body of men. Adjutant-general Withers then addressed them in an excellent speech, recommending the English service in very forcible terms; after which the army broke into column, and the word "March" was given.

The walls of the town were covered with citizens; the neighbouring hills were crowded with the peasantry of Clare and Limerick; the deputies of three kings

stood near the flag; but when the decisive word was given, the deepest silence reigned through the vast and varied multitude, and not a sound was heard but the heavy tread of the advancing battalions. The column was headed by the Irish guards, fourteen hundred strong, a regiment that had excited Ginckle's warmest admiration. They marched past the flag, and seven men only arranged themselves on the side of England. The next two regiments were the Ulster Irish, and they all filed to the left. Their example, however, was not generally followed; the greater part of the remainder declared in favor of France. A similar scene took place at the cavalry-camp; and out of the whole, Ginckle only obtained about one thousand horse, and fifteen hundred foot. So little pleased was he with this result, that he was inclined to pick a quarrel with the Irish leaders; and the treaty would have been broken almost as soon as signed but for the presence of the French fleet, which forced the English authorities to suppress their resentment.

On the 12th of October, the Irish cavalry that had chosen the service of France, passed through Limerick, on their way to Cork, from Clare. This gallant body had been the darling and the pride of the Irish during this eventful war, and their departure was viewed with deep and bitter regret. The citizens assembled to bid them a final farewell; but their hearts died within them; a few faint cheers, as faintly answered, spoke the sadness as well as the depth of their mutual affection. Tears and blessings accompanied them to the Water-gate; and when the last file had passed out, a deep groan burst from the citizens of Limerick, who felt that their national hope was now destroyed. The infantry followed in a few days; but their numbers were greatly thinned by desertion before they reached the place of embarkation. There are no persons so strongly attached to their native soil as the Irish peasants. Those who have witnessed the administration of justice at the assizes well know, that transportation is more dreaded than hanging by the criminals who stand at an Irish bar. It is not wonderful, therefore, that many, after the momentary excitement was over, should repent of their determination, and

resolve to stay in the land of their affections. The reluctance to embark was greatly increased by the accounts which were received from France of the reception given to the first divisions. Louis was enraged at the termination of a war which employed so large a portion of the forces of his great enemy; and though his own niggardliness in sending supplies, and the long delay of reinforcements, was the chief cause of the evil, he unjustly vented his resentment on those who had voluntarily chosen his service. No quarters were assigned to the troops; the regiments were broken up, the officers reduced to inferior ranks, and the generals excluded from the court. This disgraceful treatment was not, however, long continued. In a few years the Irish brigades were deservedly esteemed the most valuable part of the French army.

### The Village Watchman's Song.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Hark! 'tis ten o'clock!—attend  
To the counsels of a friend:—  
First, kneel in prayer, and then to rest,  
With conscience, clear and tranquil breast,  
Sleep sound!—above yon starlit blue  
There is an eye will wake for you!

'Tis eleven!—now attend  
To the counsel of a friend:—  
To him who is o'er his work delaying,  
To him who still at cards is playing,  
I say, leave off!—to bed repair,  
And sleep beneath your Father's care!

Twelve o'clock has struck!—attend  
To the counsel of a friend:—  
O! if there be a wretch still waking,  
With heart and brow through sorrow aching,  
May Heaven one hour of sleep bestow,  
To lull the heart and cool the brow!

One o'clock has struck!—attend  
To the counsel of a friend:—  
O! if, deceived by Satan's guile,  
There's one abroad on purpose vile—  
I do not think that such can be—  
Go home!—thy Judge in Heaven must see!

It is three o'clock!—attend  
To the counsel of a friend:—  
Lo! Heaven is streaked with lines of gray—  
Let him who hopes a peaceful day,  
Breathe forth his prayer of gratitude,  
For mind refreshed and strength renewed.

*Surprise and Astonishment.*—Professor Wilson was one day engaged in vehement discussion as to the generalship of Napoleon and the Duke of Wellington. "You will allow, at all events," urged his antagonist, "that Napoleon surprised the Duke at Waterloo?" "Aye," exclaimed the Professor, "but didn't the Duke astonish him?"

### Thy Will be Done.

It is a short and simple prayer;  
But 'tis the Christian's stay,  
Through every varied scene of care,  
Until his dying day.  
As through the wilderness of life  
Calmly he wanders on,  
His prayer in every time of strife,  
Is still "Thy will be done!"

When in his happy infant years  
He treads 'midst thornless flowers;  
When pass away his smiles and tears  
Like April suns and showers:  
Then kneeling by his parents' hearth,  
Play-tired, at set of sun,  
What is the prayer he murmurs forth?  
—"Father, thy will be done."

When the bright summer-sky of time,  
Cloudless, is o'er him spread;  
When love's bright wreath is in its prime,  
With not one blossom dead:  
Whilst o'er his hopes, and prospects fair,  
No mist of woe hath gone;  
Still, he repeats his first taught prayer—  
"Father, thy will be done."

But when his sun no longer beams,  
And love's sweet flowers decay;  
When all hope's rainbow-coloured dreams  
Are sadly swept away;  
As a flower bent beneath the storm  
Still fragrantly breathes on;  
So when dark clouds life's heaven deform,  
He prays,— "Thy will be done!"

And when the winter of his age  
Sheds o'er his locks its snows;  
When he can feel his pilgrimage  
Fast drawing to a close:  
Then, as he finds his strength decline,  
This is his prayer alone:  
"To thee my spirit I resign—  
Father! thy will be done!"

### Nine Lies.

In the Cemetery of Pere le Chaise, there is a tombstone with the following inscription on it:—

"Here lies my grandfather;  
Here lies my grandmother;  
Here lies my father;  
Here lies my mother;  
Here lies my sister;  
Here lies my brother;  
Here lies my uncle;  
Here lies my aunt;  
Here lies my cousin."

It is a common proverb to say, he lies like an epitaph: now here are nine "lies" without an epitaph. Query,—how many would there be if the qualities of all these persons were traced by the author of the nine lies? who

When he dies  
Then he lies.

### Patriotism!

The following anecdote respecting the celebrated Benjamin Franklin we have extracted from a work published in Paris, in 1824, entitled "*MY RECOLLECTIONS,*" *By a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.* The writer was acquainted with an elderly Gentleman, a retired merchant, who related to him as follows:

I was, said he, in my youth, partners with Mr. , a man of understanding and polite manners, as well as an intelligent merchant. It was in 1778 he became acquainted with Franklin, then ambassador at our court, where he fomented the rupture with England. He saw him after at his country house at Passy, when he held communications with Paris and Versailles, at the same time that he indulged his taste in philosophical meditations, and his love of retirement. One day my partner came to me with a joyful countenance, and said to me, I have just come from Franklin. France has declared in favour of the American insurgents; able French officers, arms, and ammunition of all kinds, are to be sent to America; war is inevitable; Franklin has assured me of it, and he has strongly engaged me to profit by this diplomatic communication. Go, said he, to the ports, and buy sugar and coffee—these articles are sure to rise—it is a speculation that cannot fail—but I will share the success; I will be a sleeping partner in this grand operation, and this is the price of my confidence. Well, said I, let us admit him as a partner in it, he will plead the more strongly for the independence of his country, and let us set off directly for the sea ports. I hastened to Orleans and Nantes: we made very considerable purchases. The war broke out. In the midst of this fortunate speculation, and when we were well acquainted with the results, we proposed to Franklin to buy his share, by the payment of a sum proportioned to the profits. He accepted our proposal, and we paid him one hundred thousand francs (4,000 guineas) in ten bills, payable from month to month.

What will those who idolize the memory of the disinterested philosopher, Franklin, say to this? It was playing a game after he had dealt himself all the

trumps. It is by those little anecdotes that the real character of a person is painted. Your stern republican philosophers have seldom been averse to the good things of this world, if they can only obtain them secretly. For instance, Mirabeau, the champion of liberty at the beginning of the Revolution, was so poor, that he was obliged to leave his ring in pledge for his dinner; yet, in a few months, Mirabeau bought an elegant mansion, and purchased Buffon's library, and he had made a bargain with the Court, for £20,000 per month, (500,000 francs) as the price of his going over to royalty, when, happily for his reputation and apotheosis, he died before he had *rated*.

The great Necker himself, whom his daughter, Madame de Staël, vaunts as the honestest man alive. Necker *generously* undertook to be director general of the finances *gratis*, and his disinterestedness was lauded to the skies; and M. Necker laughed in his sleeve at their simplicity, for he had his agents on the Exchange of Paris, London, and Amsterdam, to job in the Funds under his direction: so much for the pure M. Necker.—This reminds us of an anecdote of the Abbe de St. Pierre. The Abbe had written a phrase, stating, that he never knew a person rise from mediocrity to possess a splendid fortune by honorable means. Madame de Genlis, on a visit to the Abbe, told him, she had discovered an error in his work, and pointed out this passage. Well, madame, and do you know an instance to the contrary? Certainly, my dear friend, M. Necker. Ah! my dear Countess, what would you say if I told you that I had precisely M. Necker in my eye when I wrote that passage?

How different were the "portraits"—Franklin, Mirabeau, and Necker, who died gorged with riches, from our immortal Pitt, who, for twenty years, had all the resources of the British empire at his command, with millions on millions for secret service money at his disposal, and did not leave wherewith to pay for his funeral.

*Minimum of Wit.*—A Gentleman being asked by a friend, "what it was o'clock?" replied, "Little or nothing." "How so," asked the inquirer, "Why," said the wit, "It is not quite one, and that which is less than one must be little or nothing."

## Varieties.

*Love's Anxiety.*—The curiosity of women, lively at all times, is never so keen, so exacting, and so interested, as in her anxiety to become acquainted with the previous career of her love. She is jealous of all that he has done before she knew him, of every person to whom he has spoken. She will be assured a thousand times that he never loved before, yet she credits the first affirmation. She envies the mother who knew him as a child, even the nurse that may have rocked his cradle.

*Half-price.*—A witty Hibernian, just arrived in London, and wandering about, perceived a blanket at a shop door, with this inscription on it, "This superior blanket for half price." Pat walked in, and demanded the price. "Just 5s. sir," replied the shopkeeper. "By my sowle, and that's chape enough!" And so, folding the blanket up, and putting it under his arm, he laid down 2s. 6d., and walked off; the shopkeeper intercepted him, and demanded the other 2s. 6d. "Didn't you say, you spalpeen, that the price of the blanket was 5s.? And sure, havn't I given you the half of it? And by 'hat same token, I won't give up my bargain." A scuffle ensued, and Pat was taken to Bow-street; but when there, he pleaded his cause so ably, that the magistrates dismissed the complaint, and advised the shopkeeper never again to ticket his goods at *half price*.

*A Strike.*—"Lately," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, "in passing through Houston Street, we noticed a well-known boot black, sunning himself by the side of a fence. Knowing his usual industrious habits, we ventured to ask Scip why he was 'holding on' there. 'Oh, Boss,' said he, 'I've struck.' 'Struck!—for what? 'More wages, can't black boots for six pence—Massa Rutta, he ax more for brush—Massa Gossalum raise he price five centum a dozen for box o' blackum—muss have a shilleen!' 'Oh, but, Scip, I am an old customer, you won't raise on me. I'll send my boots with a six-pence, and do you mind' make them shine like a dollar.' Yes, Boss, I'll brush 'em sixpence worth!' Not doubting but they would be returned in decent order, we were not a little surprised to find them in the hall next morning, one of them shining like a mirror, and the other covered with mud, with a note stating that he intended to assist the chimney-sweepers in their turn out."



### The Fisherman.

A perilous life, and sad as life may be,  
 Hath the lone fisher on the lonely sea.  
 In the wild waters labouring far from home!  
 For some bleak pittance e'er compell'd to roam!  
 Few friends to cheer him through his dangerous  
 life.  
 And none to aid him in his stormy strife:  
 Companion of the sea and silent air,  
 The lonely fisher thus must ever fare;  
 Without the comfort, hope—with scarce a friend.  
 He looks through life, and only sees—its end!

Eternal Ocean! Old majestic Sea!  
 Ever love I from shore to look on thee  
 And sometimes on thy billowy back to ride  
 And sometimes o'er thy summer breast to glide:  
 But let me *lie* on land—where rivers run.  
 Where shady trees may screen me from the sun  
 Where I may feel, *secure*, the fragrant air;  
 Where (whate'er toil or wearying pains I bear)  
 Those eyes which took away all human ill,  
 May shed on me their still, sweet constant light.  
 And the little hearts I love may (day and night)  
 Be found beside me safe and clustering still!

### A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

ANDY ROONEY was a fellow who had the most singularly ingenious knack of doing everything the wrong way; disappointment waited on all affairs in which he bore a part, and destruction was at his fingers' ends: so the nickname the neighbors stuck upon him was Handy Andy, and the jeering jingle pleased them.

Andy's entrance into this world was quite in character with his after achievements, for he was nearly the death of his mother. She survived, however, to have herself clawed almost to death while her darling baby was in her arms, for he would not take his nourishment from the parent fount unless he had one of his little red fists twisted into his mother's hair, which he dragged till he made her roar; while he diverted the pain by scratching her till the blood came, with the other. Nevertheless she swore "he was the loveliest and sweetest craythur the sun ever shined upon;" and when he was able to run about and wield a little stick, and smash everything breakable belonging to her, she only praised his precocious powers, and used to ask, "Did ever any one see a darlin' of his age handle a stick so bold as he did?"

Andy grew up in mischief and the admiration of his mammy; but, to do him

justice, he never meant harm in the course of his life, and was most anxious to offer his services on all occasions to those who would accept them; but *they* were only the persons who had not already proved Andy's peculiar powers.

There was a farmer hard by in this happy state of ignorance, named Owen Doyle, or, as he was familiarly called *Owny na Coppal*, or, "Owen of the Horses," because he bred many of those animals, and sold them at the neighboring fairs, and Andy one day offered his services to Owny when he was in want of some one to drive up a horse to his house from a distant "bottom," as low grounds by a river side are always called in Ireland.

"Oh, he's wild, Andy, and you'd never be able to ketch him," said Owny.

"Throsh, an? I'll engage I'll ketch him if you'll let me go. I never seen the horse I couldn't ketch, sir," said Andy.

"Why, you 'ittle spridhogue, if he took to runnin' over the long bottom, it 'ud be more than a day's work for you to folly him."

"Oh, but he won't run."

"Why won't he run?"

"Bekaze I won't make him run."

"How can you help it?"

"I'll soother him."

"Well, you're a willin' brat, anyhow; and so go, and God speed you!" said Owny.

"Just gi' me a whip o'hay an' a han'ful iv oats," said Andy, "if I should have to coax him."

"Sartinly," said Owny, who entered the stable and came forth with the articles required by Andy, and a halter for the horse also.

"Now, take care," Andy, "that you're able to ride that horse if you get on him."

"Oh, never fear sir. I can ride owld Lanty Gubbin's mule betther nor any o' the other boys on the common, and he couldn't throw me th' other day, though he kicked the shoes av him."

"After that you may ride anything," said Owny: and indeed it was true; for Lanty's mule, which fed on the common being ridden slyly by all the young vagabonds in the neighbourhood, had become such an adept in the art of getting rid of his troublesome customers, that it

might be well consider a feat to stick on him.

"Now take great care of him, Andy, my boy," said the farmer.

"Don't be afeard, sir," said Andy, who started on his errand in that peculiar pace which is elegantly called a "sweep's trot;" and as the river lay between Owny Doyle's and the bottom, and was too deep for Andy to ford at that season, he went round by Dinny Dowling's mill, where a small wooden bridge crossed the stream. Here he thought he might as well secure the assistance of Paudcen, the miller's son, to help him in catching the horse: so he looked about the place until he found him, and, telling him the errand on which he was going, said, "If you like to come wid me, we can both have a ride." This was temptation sufficient for Paudcen, and the boys proceeded together to the bottom, and they were not long in securing the horse. When they had got the halter over his head, "Now," said Andy, "give me a lift on him;" and accordingly, by Paudcen's catching Andy's left foot in both his hands clasped together in the fashion of a stirrup, he hoisted his friend on the horse's back; and as soon as he was secure there, Master Paudcen, by the aid of Andy's hand, contrived to scramble up after him; upon which Andy applied his heels to the horse's side with many vigorous kicks, and crying "hurrup!" at the same time, endeavoured to stimulate Owny's steed into somewhat of a pace as he turned his head toward the mill.

"Sure aren't you going to crass the river?" said Paudcen.

"No, I'm going to lave you at home."

"Oh, I'd rather go up to Owny's, and it's the shortest way across the river."

"Yes, but I don't like."

"Is it afeard you are?" said Paudcen.

"Not I, indeed," said Andy; though it was really the fact, for the width of the stream startled him; "but Owny towd me to take grate care o' the baste, and I'm loath to wet his feet."

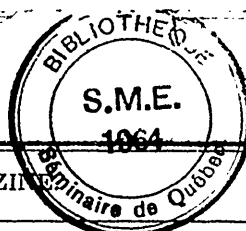
"Go'long wid you, you fool! what harm would it do him? Sure he's neither sugar nor salt, that he'd melt."

"Well, I won't anyhow," said Andy, who by this time had got the horse into a good, high trot, that shook every word of argument out of Paudcen's body; besides, it was as much as the boys could

do to keep their seats on Owny's Bucc-phalus, who was not long in reaching the miller's bridge. Here voice and halter were employed to pull him in, that he might cross the narrow wooden structure at a quiet pace. But whether his double load had given him the idea of double exertion, or that the pair of legs on each side sticking into his flanks (and perhaps the horse was ticklish) made him go the faster, we know not; but the horse charged the bridge, as if an Enniskilliner were on his back, and an enemy before him; and in two minutes his hoofs clattered like thunder on the bridge, that did not bend beneath him. No, it did *not* bend, but it broke; proving the falsehood of the boast, "I may break, but I won't bend;" for, after all, the really strong may bend, and be as strong as ever; it is the unsound, that has only the seeming of strength, which breaks at least when it resists too long.

Surprising was the spin the young equestrians took over the ears of the horse, enough to make all the artists of Astley's envious; and plump they went into the river, where each formed his own ring; and executed some comical "scenes in the circle," which were suddenly changed to evolutions on the "flying cord" that Dinny Dowling threw the performers, which became suddenly converted into a "tight rope" as he dragged the *voltigeurs* out of the water; and for fear their blood might be chilled by the accident, he gave them both an enormous thrashing with the *dry* end of the rope, just to restore circulation; and his exertions, had they been witnessed, would have charmed the Humane Society.

As for the horse, his legs struck through the bridge, as though he had been put in a *chiroplast*, and he went playing away on the water with considerable execution, as if he were accompanying himself in the song which he was squealing at the top of his voice. Half the saws, hatchets, ropes, and poles in the parish were put in requisition immediately; and the horse's first lesson in *chiroplastic* exercise was performed with no other loss than some skin and a good deal of hair. Of course Andy did not venture on taking Owny's horse home; so the miller sent him to his owner with an account of the accident. Andy for years kept out of Owny na Coppal's way; and at any



time that his presence was troublesome, the inconvenienced party had only to say, "Isn't that Owna na Coppal coming this way?" and Andy fled for his life.

When Andy grew up to be what in country parlance is called "a brave lump of a boy," his mother thought he was old enough to do something for himself; so she took him one day along with her to the squire's, and waited outside the door, loitering up and down the yard behind the house, among a crowd of beggars and great lazy dogs that were thrusting their heads into every iron pot that stood outside the kitchen door, until chance might give her "a sight o' the squire afore he wint out or afore he wint in;" and, after spending her entire day in this idle way, at last the squire made his appearance, and Judy presented her son, who kept scraping his foot, and pulling his forelock, that stuck out like a piece of ragged thatch from his forehead, making his obeisance to the squire, while his mother was sounding his praises for being the "handiest craythur alive—and so willin'—nothin' comes wrong to him."

"I suppose the English of all this is, you want me to take him?" said the squire.

"Throth, an' your honor, that's just it —if your honor would be plazed."

"What can he do?"

"Anything, your honor."

"That means *nothing*, I suppose," said the squire:

"Oh, no, sir. Everything, I mane, that you would desire him to do."

To every one of these assurances on his mother's part, Andy made a bow and a scrape.

"Can he take care of horses?"

"The best of care, sir," said the mother; while the miller, who was standing behind the squire waiting for orders, made a grimace at Andy, who was obliged to cram his face into his hat to hide the laugh, which he could hardly smother from being heard, as well as seen.

"Let him come, then, and help in the stables, and we'll see what he can do."

"May the Lord—"

"That'll do—there, now go."

"Oh, sure, but I'll pray for you, and—"

"Will you go?"

"And may angels make your honor's bed this blessed night, I pray!"

"If you don't go, your son shan't come."

Judy; and her hopeful boy turned to the right about in double-quick time, and hurried down the avenue.

The next day Andy was duly installed into his office of stable-helper; and, as he was a good rider, he was soon made whipper-in to the hounds, as there was a want of such a functionary in the establishment; and Andy's boldness in this capacity made him soon a favorite with the squire, who was one of those rollicking boys on the pattern of the old school, who scorned the attentions of a regular valet, and let any one that chance threw in his way bring him his boots, or his hot water for shaving, or his coat, whenever it was brushed. One morning, Andy, who was very often the attendant on such occasions, came to his room with hot water. He tapped at the door.

"Who's that?" said the squire, who was but just risen, and did not know but it might be one of the women servants.

"It's me, sir."

"Oh—Andy! Come in."

"Here's the hot wather, sir," said Andy, bearing an enormous tin can.

"Why, what the d—l brings that tin can here? You might as well bring the stable-bucket."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Andy, retreating. In two minutes more, Andy came back, and, tapping at the door, put in his head cautiously, and said, "The maids in the kitchen, your honor, says there's not so much hot wather ready."

"Did I not see it a moment since in your hands?"

"Yes, sir; but that's not the full o' the stable-bucket."

"Go along, you stupid thief! and get me some hot water directly."

"Will that can do, sir?"

"Aye, anything, so you make haste."

Off posted Andy, and back he came with the can.

"Where'll I put it, sir?"

"Throw this out," said the squire, handing Andy a jug containing some cold water, meaning the jug to be replenished with the hot.

Andy took the jug, and the window of the room being open, he very deliberately threw the jug out. The squire stared with wonder, and at last said,

"What did you do that for?"

"Sure you *towid* me to throw it out, sir."

"Go out of this, you thick-headed villain!" said the squire, throwing his boots at Andy's head, along with some very neat curses. Andy retreated, and thought himself a very ill used person.

Though Andy's regular business was "whipper-in," yet he was liable to be called on for the performance of various other duties: he sometimes attended at table when the number of guests required that all the subs should be put in requisition, or rode on some distant errand for "the mistress," or drove out the nurse and children in the jaunting-car; and many were the mistakes, delays, or accidents arising from Handy Andy's interference in such matters;—but, as they were seldom serious, and generally laughable, they never cost him the loss of his place, or the squire's favor, who rather enjoyed Andy's blunders.

The first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining room, great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate, that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the headman had been dinning his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go, until his attendance was required.—But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them with the same unaccountable influence which the rattle-snake exercises over its victim.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.

"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.

"Oh no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"

"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well!" said Andy, after a long pause, "the divil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before!"

The butler laughed a horse-laugh, and

made a standing joke of Andy's split spoon; but time and experience made Andy less impressed with wonder at the show of plate and glass, and the split spoons became as familiar as "household words" to him; yet still there were things in the duties of table attendance beyond Andy's comprehension—he used to hand cold plates for fish, and hot plates for jelly, &c. But "one day," as Zanga says—"one day" he was thrown off his centre in a remarkable degree by a bottle of soda-water.

It was when that combustible was first introduced into Ireland as a dinner beverage that the occurrence took place, and Andy had the luck to be the person to whom a gentleman applied for some soda-water.

"Sir?" said Andy.

"Soda-water," said the guest, in that subdued tone in which people are apt to name their wants at a dinner-table.

Andy went to the butler. "Mr. Morgan; there's a gentleman—"

"Let me alone, will you?" said Mr. Morgan.

Andy manœuvred round him a little longer, and again essayed to be heard.

"Mr. Morgan?"

"Don't you see I'm as busy as I can be. Can't you do it yourself?"

"I dunna what he wants."

"Well, go and ax him," said Mr. Morgan.

Andy went off as he was bidden, and came behind the thirsty gentleman's chair, with "I beg your pardon, sir."

"Well?" said the gentleman.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but what's this you ax'd me for?"

"Soda-water."

"What, sir?"

"Soda-water; but, perhaps, you have not any."

"Oh, there's plenty in the house, sir! Would you like it hot, sir?"

The gentleman laughed, and, supposing the new fashion was not understood in the present company, said, "Never mind."

But Andy was too anxious to please, to be so satisfied, and again applied to Mr. Morgan.

"Sir!" said he.

"Bad luck to you! can't you let me alone?"

"There's a gentleman wants some soap and wather."

"Divil sweep you!—Soda-wather, you mane. You'll get it under the sideboard."

"Is it in the can, sir?"

"The curse o' Crum'll on you!—in the bottles."

"Is this it, sir?" said Andy, producing a bottle of alc.

"No, bad cess to you!—the little bottles."

"Is it the little bottles with no bottoms, sir?"

"I wish *you* wor in the bottom o' the say!" said Mr. Morgan, who was fuming and puffing, and rubbing down his face with a napkin, as he was hurrying off to all quarters of the room, or, as Andy said, in praising his activity, that he was "like bad luck—everywhere."

"There they are!" said Morgan, at last. "Oh! them bottles that won't stand," said Andy; "sure, them's what I said, with no bottoms to them. How'll I open it?—it's tied down."

"Cut the cord, you fool!"

Andy did as he was desired; and he happened at the time to hold the bottle of soda-water on a level with the candles that shed light over the festive board from a large silver branch, and the moment he made the incision, bang went the bottle of soda-water, knocking out two of the lights with the projected cork, which, performing its parabola the length of the room, struck the squire himself in the eye at the foot of the table, while the hostess at the head had a cold bath down her back. Andy, when he saw the soda-water jumping out of the bottle, held it from him at arm's length; every fizz it made, exclaiming, "Ow!—ow!—ow!" and, at last, when the bottle was empty, he roared out, "Oh! Lord—it's all gone!"

Great was the commotion;—few could resist laughter except the ladies, who all looked at their gowns, not liking the mixture of satin and soda-water. The extinguished candles were relighted—the squire got his eye open again—and, the next time he perceived the butler sufficiently near to speak to him, he said, in a low and hurried tone of deep anger, while he knit his brow, "Send that fellow out of the room!" but, within the same instant, resumed the former smile, that beamed on all around as if nothing had happened.—[To be Continued.

### The Widow's Child.

You said my lip was red, mama;

You said my face was fair;

You said my brow was white, mama,

An' silken was my hair,

An you ca'd me your infant lassie sweet,  
While I sat on the green grass at your feet;

An' you said, while laigh was your tearful mane,  
I was like my father dead an' gane:

O! I aye wad like to be, mama,

What thou cu'd luve fu' weel,

An' ever by your knee

Your bairn wad like to kneel, mama;

Your bairn wad like to kneel,

Do you mind the simmer day, mama,

When through the woods we went

When the e'enin' sunlight red, mama,

Wi' the leaves sae green was blent?

An' ye shawed me the wild wud birdies a',

The lintie green, an' the wren sea sma';

An' I heard ilk singer chaunt the sang,

The green, green leaves an' buds amang,

An' O! their sangs war sweet, mama,

An' their life was blithe and free;

An' there's ane I there did meet,

Whilk I wad like to be, mama;

Whilk I wad like to be!

It's no the lintie green, mama;

An' it's no the robin grey;

An' it's no the little wren, mama;

Nor the mavis on the spray:

But O! it's the bonnie wee croodlin doo,

That churm'd its sang whar' the beeches grew,

Wi' its downy wing and its glossy breast,

An' its loving heart, an' its forest nest.

An' though my lip be red, mama,

An' though my face be fair,

I wish my hame war made

Wi' the honnie wild doo there, mama;

Wi' the honnie wild doo there!

If I had the wild doo's wing, mama,

I far awa' wad flee,

Whar my father, whom ye inourn, mama,

Is watchin' thee an' me!

And I wad press his lips to mine,

As ye aften press my cheek to thine;

I wad say to him my e'ening prayer,

An' drap to sleep on his bosom there!

Syne back your wee croodlin doo, mama,

Wad come to its mither's hand,

And tidings bring to you

O' that far an' better land, mama,—

O' that far and better land.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—It is related of Sir Walter Scott, that when in health he never refused to see any one, however humble, who called upon him; and that he scarcely ever received a letter which he did not answer by his own hand.

ANONYMOUS WINE.—On Lord Byron's favorite servant one day opening a bottle of Wine in Greece, his Lordship questioned him as to its name and lineage, of both of which Fletcher acknowledged his ignorance. "Then away with it?" rejoined Byron, "I hate anonymous Wine!"

### A Valuable Hint for Farmers.

The celebrated Mr. Robert Bakewell, of Dishly, Leicestershire, and the founder of New Leicester sheep, used to tell an anecdote, with exceeding high glee, of a farmer, not only of the olden school, but of the golden times.—The farmer, who owned and occupied 1,000 acres of land, had three daughters. When his eldest daughter married, he gave her one quarter of his land for her portion, but no money.—He then set to work, and began to grub up his furze and fern, and ploughed up what he called his poor, dry, furze land, even when the furze covered, in some closes, nearly half the land. After giving half of his land away to two of his daughters, to his great surprise he found that the produce increased; he made more money because his new broken-up furze land brought excessive crops, and at the same time he farmed the whole of his land better, for he employed three times more laborers upon it; he rose two hours sooner in the morning; had no more dead fallows once in three years; instead of which he got two green crops in one year, and ate them upon the land. A garden never requires a dead fallow. But the great advantage was, that he had got the same money to manage 500 acres as he had to manage 1,000 acres; therefore, he laid out double the money upon the land. When his third and last daughter married, he gave her 250 acres, or half what remained, for her portion, and no money. He then found that he had the same money to farm one quarter of the land as he had at first to farm the whole. He began to ask himself a few questions, and set his wits to work how he was to make as much with 250 as he had done with 1,000 acres. He then paid off his bailiff, who weighed 20 stone! rose with the larks in the long days, and went to bed with the lamb; he got as much more work done for his money; he made his servants, laborers, and horses move faster; broke them from their snail's pace; and found that the eye of the master quickened the pace of the servant.—He saw the beginning and ending of everything; and to his servants and laborers, instead of saying, "Go and do it," he said to them, "Let us go, my boys, and do it." Between come and go he soon found out a great difference. He grubbed up the whole of his furze and ferns, and then ploughed the whole of his poor grass land up, and converted a great deal

of corn into meat for the sake of the manure, and he preserved his black water (the essence of manure); cut his hedges down, which had not been plashed for fifty years; straightened his zig-zag fences; cut his water courses straight, and gained a deal of land by doing so; made dams and sluices, and irrigated all the land he could; he grubbed up many of his hedges and borders covered with bushes, in some places from 10 to 14 yards in width, some more in his small closes, some not wider than streets; and threw three, four, five, and six closes into one. He found out that instead of growing white thorn hedges and haws to feed foreign birds in the winter, he could grow food for man instead of migratory birds. After all this improvement, he grew more and more off 250 acres than he did from 1,000; at the same time he found out that half of England at that time was not cultivated, from the want of means to cultivate it with. I let him rams, and sold him long horned bulls (said Mr. Bakewell) and told him the real value of labour, both indoors and out, and what ought to be done with a certain number of men, oxen, and horses, within a given time. I taught him to sow less, and plough better; that there were limits and measures to all things; and that the husbandman ought to be stronger than the farmer. I told him how to make hot land colder, and cold land hotter, light land stiffer, and stiff land land lighter. I soon caused him to shake off his old deep rooted prejudices, and I grafted new ones in their places. I told him not to breed inferior cattle, sheep, or horses, but the best of each kind, for the best consumed no more than the worst. My friend became a new man in his old age, and died rich.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

**CERTAIN AGE.**—A Lady complaining that she was near thirty, a person who knew that she was older, replied 'Madam every day removes you farther from the complaint.'

**TO MAKE THE HAIR GROW.**—'French brandy, dissolved with sulphate of copper,' says a New York paper, 'applied once a-day, will make your hair grow.' To this a Philadelphia paper adds, 'And if the hair should grow too abundantly, take a quart of French brandy a-day with a little sugar and nutmeg, and it will come off again.' Thus brandy for your baldness and brandy for abundant hair.

### Domestic Peace.

Tell me, on what holy ground  
Can Domestic Peace be found?  
Haleyon Daughter of the skies;  
Far on fearful wings she flies,  
From that pomp of sceptered state,  
From the rebel's noisy hate;  
In a cottaged vale she dwells,  
List'ning to the Sabbath bells!  
Still around her steps are seen  
Spotless Honour's meeæer mien;  
Love, the sire of pleasing tears;  
Sorrow smiling through her tears;  
And conscious of the past employ,  
Memory, bosom-spring of joy.

### An Awkward Situation.

Mr. Slaney, in his little volume on British Birds, quotes the following interesting adventure from Galpin's admirable work on Forest Scenery. The scene of the adventure was on the low flat shores in Hampshire, opposite the Isle of Wight; the hero of it a wild-fowl shooter:

"Mounted on his mud pattens, he was traversing one of those mud-land plains in quest of ducks; and being only intent on his game, he suddenly found the waters, which had been brought forward with uncommon rapidity by some peculiar circumstance of tide, had made an alarming progress around him. To whatever part he ran, he found himself completely invested by the tide; a thought struck him as the only hope of safety; he retired to that part which was yet uncovered with water, and sticking the barrel of his gun, (which, for the purpose of shooting wild-fowl, was very long,) deep into the mud, he resolved to hold fast by it as a support against the waves, and to wait the ebbing of the tide. A common tide, he had reason to believe, would not in that place have reached above his middle, but this was a spring-tide and brought forward by a strong westerly wind. The water had now reached him; it covered the ground on which he stood; it rippled over his feet; it gained his knees, his waist. Button after button was swallowed up, till at length it advanced over his very shoulders. With a palpitating heart he gave himself up for lost. Still, however, he held fast by his anchor: his eye was eagerly bent in search of some boat which might take its course that way; but none appeared. A solitary head, sometimes covered by a wave, was no

object to be desiered from shore at the distance of half a league. Whilst he was making up his mind to the terrors of certain destruction, his attention was called to a new object! He thought he saw the uppermost button of his coat begin to appear. No mariner could behold a cape at sea with greater transport than he did the uppermost button of his coat! But the fluctuation of the water was such, and the turn of the tide so slow, that it was yet some time before he durst venture to assure himself that the button was fairly above the level of the flood. At length, however, a second button appearing at intervals, his sensations may rather be conceived than described; and his joy gave him spirits and resolution to support his uneasy situation four or five hours longer, till the waters had fully retired."

### The Pike, a Midnight Adventure.

Soon after the rebellion of Ninety-eight an English merchant was necessitated by urgent business to visit the kingdom of Connought. Having provided himself with a servant who professed an acquaintance with the language of the country, he made his will and took a place in the Westport mail. He reached the post-town of — in safety, and from it proceeded to cross that wild and picturesque mountain-chain, which bounds the beautiful shores of Lough Corrib.

It was late in autumn: the weather had been wet, and, owing to the difficulty of the bridge-roads the traveller was benighted some miles' distance from the house that he had calculated upon reaching. Unable to proceed further, he reluctantly took up his quarters at a *sheebiene-house*. It was but a sorry caravansara—but nothing could surpass the apparent kindness of the family. Supper was prepared; the best bed was sheeted, and when the belated stranger had sufficiently refreshed himself, he was conducted to an inner room, where at his own request, the servant was also accommodated with a pallet.

Yet, notwithstanding the marked civility of the family, the stranger could not overcome a secret apprehension of impending danger. Midnight came; the outer door was opened cautiously—several men entered the kitchen with stealthy pace—they conversed in their native language, his name was mentioned, and

himself was beyond doubt the subject of this nocturnal *conversazione*. Crawling in an agony of apprehension to the pallet where his attendant lay, he awoke the sleeper, intimated his suspicions in a whisper, and desired him to report faithfully the midnight colloquy in the outer chamber.

"What's that they say?" quoth the traveller.

"They want another pint, for they have not had such a prize for the last twelvemonth."

"That's me!" groaned the querist.

"They have *five pikes* already, and expect more before morning," continued the valet.

"Truculent scoundrels!"

"The largest is intended for yourself."

"Lord defend me!" ejaculated the stranger.

"They wonder if you are sleeping."

"Cold-blooded monsters! they want to dispatch us quietly."

"The owner swears that nobody shall enter this room till morning."

"Ay, then they will have daylight and no difficulty."

"And now he urges to go to-bed."

"Heaven grant they may! for then escape from this den of murder might be possible."

Listening with a beating heart until unequivocal symptoms of deep sleep were heard from the kitchen, the unhappy Englishman, leaving his effects to fortune, crawled through the window half-dressed and, with a world of trouble and perilous adventure managed early to reach his original place of destination.

Never, however, was man more mortified than he when he related his fearful story. His tale was frequently interrupted by a laugh which *politesse* vainly endeavoured to control.

"Zounds!" cried the irritated Englishman, no longer able to conceal his rage, "is my throat so valueless, that its cutting should merely raise a horse-laugh?"

"My dear friend," replied the host, "you must excuse me—it is so funny, I cannot, for the life of me, be serious. The cause of all your fears lies quietly in the outer hall. Come, you shall judge upon what good grounds you absconded through a window, and skirmished half the night over hill and dale, with but the nether portion of your habiliments."

As he spoke he uncovered a large basket, and pointed to a huge pike of some thirty pounds weight, which was coiled around the bottom.

"The stormy weather," continued the host, "having interrupted our supply of sea-fish, the peasants who alarmed you had been setting night-lines for your especial benefit. The *peika more* (large pike), which you heard devoted to your services in the shebeen-house, was not an instrument of destruction, but, at six o'clock as good a white fish as ever true Catholics, like you and I, were doomed wherewithal to mortify the flesh upon a blessed Friday."

### Perseverance.

King Robert Bruce, the restorer of the Scottish monarchy, being out one day reconnoitring the enemy, lay at night in a barn belonging to a loyal cottager. In the morning, still reclining his head on the pillow of straw, he beheld a spider climbing up a beam of the roof. The insect fell to the ground, but immediately made a second essay to ascend. This attracted the notice of the hero, who, with regret, saw the spider fall a second time from the same eminence. It made a third unsuccessful attempt. Not without a mixture of concern and curiosity, the monarch twelve times beheld the insect baffled in its aim; but the thirteenth essay was crowned with success: it gained the summit of the barn; when the King, starting from his couch, exclaimed, "This despicable insect has taught me perseverance: I will follow its example. Have I not been twelve times defeated by the enemy's force? on one fight more, hangs the independence of my country." In a few days his anticipations were fully realized by the glorious result to Scotland of the battle of Bannockburn.

TRUE RELIGION.—What a deal of smoke and noise there is about the religions which men make for God! How generous, gentle, and blessed, is the religion which God makes for man!

FALLING STARS.—WHAT we commonly call 'a falling star,' is believed by the Arab to be a dart, launched by the Almighty at an evil genius; and on beholding one, they exclaim 'May God transfix the enemy of the faith!'



### The Al Koran.

The word KORAN, derived from the verb KARA, *to read*, properly signifies *the reading, legend, or that which ought to be read*; by which name the Mohammedans denote not only the entire book or volume of the Koran, but also any particular chapter or section of it, just as the Jews, in their language, call the whole Scripture, or any part of it, by the name of *Karah*, or *Mikra*, words of precisely the same origin and import as Koran. This book must be regarded as the code of laws, religion, and morality, which Mohammed, in his character of legislator and prophet, promulgated to the people of Arabia. As it is therefore the only book of law among the Mussulmans, and comprehends also the religious doctrines which they are taught to believe, it follows, that with them a doctor in the law is also a doctor in theology, which two professions are wholly inseparable. This law, upon which is founded all their theology and jurisprudence, is comprised in the Koran, in the same manner as the civil code of the Jews is comprised in the five books of Moses.

The collection of moral traditions, composed of the sayings and actions of the prophet, and forming a kind of supplement to the Koran, the Moslems call the *Sonnah*; just as the Jews have denominated the book containing their oral traditions, the *Mishna*.

The entire Koran is divided into one hundred and fourteen portions, which are denominated *Suras*, or chapters; and these again into smaller divisions, called *Ayat*, answering nearly, though not exactly, to our verses.

There appears to be an entire absence of anything like design or method in either the larger or the smaller divisions. Neither the time at which they were delivered, nor the matter they contain, was the rule by which they were arranged. They were, in fact, apparently thrown together without order or meaning. One verse has seldom any connexion with the preceding; and the same subject, unless it be some narrative, such as that of Abraham, Joseph, or Pharaoh, distorted from the Sacred Scriptures, is in no case continued for a dozen verses in succession; each one appears an isolated precept or exclamation, the tendency and pertinence of which it is often difficult and frequent-

ly impossible to discover. The first nine titles will convey to the reader a fair conception of the nature, of the subjects embraced in the whole. 1. The Preface. 2. The Cow. 3. The Family of Iram. 4. Women. 5, Table. 6. Cattle. 7. Al Araf. 8. The Spoils. 9. The Declaration of Immunity.

Immediately after the title, at the head of every chapter, with the single exception of the ninth, is prefixed the solemn form, "IN THE NAME OF THE MOST MERCIFUL GOD." This form is called by the Mohammedans, *Bismillah*, and is invariably placed by them at the beginning of all their books and writings in general, as a peculiar mark or distinguishing characteristic of their religion: it being deemed a species of impiety to omit it. The Jews, for the same purpose, make use of the form, 'In the name of the Lord,' or, 'In the name of the great God;' and the Eastern Christians that of, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.'

In its general outline of facts, the Koran corresponds with the Old Testament in the following historical details: the accounts of the creation of the world; of the fall of Adam; of the general deluge; of the deliverance of Noah and his family in the ark; the call of Abraham; the stories of Isaac and Ishmael; of Jacob and the patriarchs; the selection of the Jews as God's chosen people; the prophetic office, miracles, and administration of Moses; the inspiration and authority of the Hebrew historians, prophets, and psalmists, especially of David and Solomon; and, lastly, of the promise of the advent of the Messiah, with many of the accompanying predictions respecting it.

Again, with the New Testament the Koran concurs in the recognition of Jesus Christ as the promised Messiah of the Jews; in his miraculous conception by the breath or spirit of God; the immaculate nativity of the Virgin Mary; his title of Logos, or Word of God; in the miraculous birth of John the Baptist, son of Zecharias, as his forerunner; in his performance of many mighty signs and miracles, such as healing the sick, raising the dead, and controlling and casting out devils; in his rejection and persecution by his own countrymen; his condemnation to the death of the cross; his bodily

ascension into heaven; his officiating there as a Mediator and Intercessor between God and man, and as Judge of all men at the last day.

These numerous coincidences of the Koran with the facts and doctrines of the Bible, are strangely interspersed with matter the most incongruous; with extravagant fables, monstrous perversions of the truth, and ridiculous and endless puerilities. This is accounted for on the supposition, that while the authentic facts were derived immediately from the canonical Scriptures, the fictions and absurdities were deduced in part from the traditions of the Talmudic and Rabbinical writers; and in part from the apocryphal Gospels, or from the books of Adam, of Seth, of Enoch, of Noah, and other similar fabrications, well known in church history as having been extensively in use among the heretics of the first century.

**ADVANTAGES OF THE DIFFUSION OF KNOWLEDGE.**—An intelligent class can scarce ever be, as a class, vicious; never, as a class, indolent. The excited mental activity operates as a counterpoise to the stimulus of sense and appetite. The new world of ideas; the new views of the relations of things; the astonishing secrets of the physical properties and mechanical powers, disclosed to the well-informed mind, present attractions, which, unless the character is deeply sunk, are sufficient to counterbalance the taste for frivolous and corrupt pleasures; and thus, in the end, a standard of character is created in the community, which, though it does not invariably save each individual, protects the virtue of the mass.—*Eveocit's Essay.*

**GRATITUDE.**—About a century ago, an actor celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, the manner, and the singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr. Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments, which he said afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient. At length, being be-

come completely master of his errand, the actor drew from his purse a guinea, and with a scrape, made an uncouth offer of it. 'Put up thy money, poor fellow,' cried the doctor, 'put up thy money. Thou hast need of all thy cash and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back.'—The actor returned to his employer, and recounted the whole conversation, with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author screamed with approbation. His raptures were soon checked, for the mimic told him, with the emphasis of sensibility, that he would sooner die 'than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public laughing-stock.'

**A PHILOSOPHIC BREVITY.**—Allowing the peerage to be the light of the nation—it is a *light* of which most of the rays are very *refractory*.

## THE GASPE' 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.

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SMITH SHERMAN,  
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Montreal, July, 1849. 11

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### EXAMPLES OF RATES.

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

TABLE I.

Age.	Annual.		Half-Yearly.		Quarterly.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s. d.
25	36	0	18	3	9 2
30	40	8	20	7	19 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.		This Table increases every 5 Years, until 21st Year.
	s.	d.	
25	23	6	
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.

HALF PREMIUM. WHOLE PREMIUM.

Age.	During 7 Years.		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.	Annul. Prem.		Half-Yearly.		Quarterly.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
25	44	4	22	5	11	3
30	49	10	25	8	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

The assured, under this table, are entitled, after Five years, to an Annual Division of the profits.

TABLE B.

HALF CREDIT TABLE

Age.	Half Premium.		Whole Premium	
	First 5 Years.	After 5 Years.	First 5 Years.	After 5 Years.
	<i>s. d.</i>		<i>s. 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.

18

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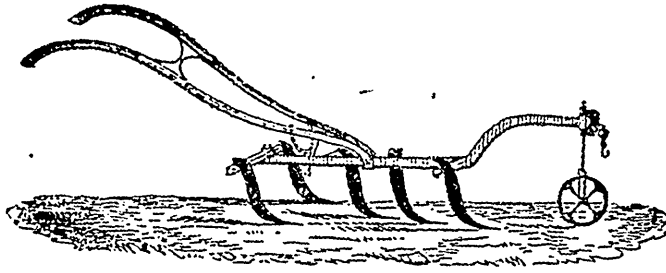
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readily, and leave the place never to return,  
generally dying in the open air, or where there  
is a supply of water; and other rats and mice  
avoid the premises in which the poison has  
proved so destructive to their species.

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