

# THE GASPE' MAGAZINE,

AND

## INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:

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### POETRY.

#### A FRIEND.

BY THE COUNTESS OF BLESSINGTON.

Who borrows all your ready cash,  
And with it cuts a mighty dash,  
Proving the lender weak and rash?—  
Your friend!

Who finds out every secret fault,  
Misjudges every word and thought,  
And makes you pass for worse than naught,—  
Your friend!

Who wins your money at deep play,  
Then tells you that the world doth say,  
"Twere wise from clubs you kept away?—  
Your friend!

Who sells you for the longest price,  
Horses, a dealer in a trice  
Would find unsound, and full of vice?—  
Your friend!

Who eats your dinners, then looks shrewd;  
Wishes you had a cook like Ude,  
For then much oftener would intrude—  
Your friend!

Who tells you that you've shocking wine,  
And owns, that though he sports not fine,  
Crockford's the only place to dine?—  
Your friend!

Who wheedles you with words most fond  
To sign for him a heavy bond  
"Or else, by Jove, must quick abscond  
Your friend!

Who makes you all the interest pay,  
With principal, some future day,  
And laughs at what you then may say?—  
Your friend!

Who makes deep love unto your wife,  
Knowing you prize her more than life,  
And breeds between you hate and strife?—  
Your friend!

Who, when you've got into a brawl,  
Insists that out your man you call,  
Then gets you shot, which ends it all?—  
Your friend!!!

### LITERATURE.

#### The Last Moments of King Charles 2nd.

FROM MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

A party of twenty courtiers were seated at cards round a large table on which gold was heaped in mountains. Even then the king had complained that he did not feel quite well. He had no appetite for his supper; his rest that night was broken; but on the following morning he rose, as usual, early.

To that morning the contending factions in his council had, during some days looked forward with anxiety. The struggle between Halifax and Rochester seemed to be approaching a decisive crisis. Halifax, not content with having already driven his rival from the Board of Treasury, had undertaken to prove him guilty of such dishonesty or neglect in the conduct of the finances as ought to be punished by dismissal from the public service. It was even whispered that the lord president would probably be sent to the Tower before night. The king had promised to look into the matter. The second of February had been fixed for the investigation, and several officers of the revenue had been ordered to attend with their books on that day. But a great turn of fortune was at hand.

Scarcely had Charles risen from his bed when his attendants perceived that his utterance was indistinct, and that his thoughts seemed to be wandering. Several men of rank had, as usual, assembled to see their sovereign shaved and dressed. He made an effort to converse with them in his usual gay style, but his ghastly look surprised and alarmed them. Soon his face grew black; his eyes turned in his head; he uttered a cry, staggered, and fell into the arms of Thomas Lord Bruce, eldest son of the Earl of Ailes-