

# THE GASPE' MAGAZINE,

AND

## INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:

Vol. 1.

MARCH.

No. 8.

### POETRY.

#### SPRING.

Hail, welcome Spring! delightful Spring!

Thy joys are now begun:

Earth's frozen chains are rent in twain

By yonder glorious sun.

The dews of eve, on meadows green,

And waving blades of corn,

Like diamonds set in emeralds sheen,

Are twinkling in the morn.

Sweet Spring!

In thee the snow drop finds a grave;

Meanwhile the primrose pale

Grows sweetly on the sunny bank;

The daisy in the vale

With golden eye looks beautiful;

Young trees fresh odours fling,—

Their incense rises to the skies

In worshipping the Spring.

Sweet Spring!

All living things that life enjoy

Are now instinct with love:

In pairs fond creatures woo on earth,

In pairs they woo above.

The echoing woods in music speak,

As winged minstrels sing,

Uniting heaven and earth with song

In welcoming the Spring.

Sweet Spring!

Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, all

Their lesson read to man,

And teach him sorrow's not the end

Of Heaven's benignant plan:

However great our cares may be,

However deep their sting,

Like Winter's storms they pass away,

And welcome glorious Spring.

Sweet Spring!

### LITERATURE.

#### A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

Mr. Furlong, it has been stated, was an official of Dublin Castle, and had been despatched on electioneering business, to the country. He was related to a gentleman of the same name, who held a lucrative post under government, and was

well known as an active agent in all affairs requiring what in Ireland was called "Castle influence;" and this, his relative, was now despatched, for the first time, on a similar employment.

After Andy had driven some time, he turned round and spoke to Mr. Furlong through the pane of glass with which the front window-frame of the chaise was not furnished.

"Faix, you wor nigh shootin' me, your honor," said Andy.

"I should not wepwoach myself if I had," said Mr. Furlong, "when you quied stop on the woad: wobbers always qui stop, and I took you for a wobber."

"Faix, the robbers here, your honor, never axes you to stop at all, but they stop you without axin', or by your lave, or wid your lave. Sure I was only afacered you'd dhrive over the man in the road."

"What was that man in the woad doing?"

"Nothin' at all, faith, for he wasn't able; he was dhrunk, sir."

"The postillion said he was his own bwother."

"Yis, your honor, and he's a postillion himself, only he lost his horses and the shay—he got dhrunk, and fell off."

"Those wascally postillions often get dwunk, I suppose."

"Och, common enough, sir, particlar now about the 'lection time; for the gintlemin is dhrivin' over the counthry like mad, right and left, and gives the boys money to dhrink their health, till they are killed a'most with the falls they get."

"Then postillions often fall on the woads here?"

"Throth, the roads is covered with them sometimes, when the 'lections comes an."

"What howwid immowality! I hope you're not dwunk!"

Bibliothèque,  
Le Séminaire de Québec,  
3, rue de l'Université,  
Québec 4, QUE.

