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POETRY.

Lincs 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 thoun'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 Calc of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

[Continued.]

Squire Egan was as good as his word. He picked out the most suitable horse-whip 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 whale-bone 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 at any rate.'

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