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POETRY.

A Tale founded on Fact, from Truster's instructive Proverbs in verse, written by the author at the age of '83.

MURDER WILL OUT.

Lucullus, on reaching a village, and tir'd,
Alights from his horse at an inn on the road,
To seek some refreshment as nature required.
And there to the morning to take his abode.

The day had been sultry—oppressed were the trees—
But Sol had declined; bright Hesperus was seen,
The prospect inviting, an evening breeze,
And sweet Philomela enliv'n'd the scene.

Refreshed by his meal, yet annoyed by its fumes,
At eve to the church-yard he pensively strays,
T' indulge his reflections, to muse o'er the tombs,
To list to a nightingale warbling his lays.

Cast out from a grave, now opening anew,
A skull, which a toad for its safety had entered,
Self-moved, as it seemed, rolled forward in view;
On this the whole thought of our moralist centered.

Our Sexton, like Charn, to whom poets have
Assigned a like office; conveying the dead
From region to region; the one third the grave,
The other o'er Styx, as by Virgil is said.

Like Shakspeare's grave digger, our digger of graves
Now leans on his spade, being encumbered with
years,

Harangues boldly on death, its horrors outbraves,
Yet whistles at times, as to banish his fears,

Perchance had the owner of these luckless bones
Been known as well now as poor Yorick was then,
His gibes and his jests would be retailed in tones
Of sad lamentation again and again.

The skull was ta'en up, which the reptile had left—
A nail to its head was observed had been passed,
Apparently driven through its temporal cleft,
And, tho' greatly decayed, it stuck firm and fast.

Inquiries took place. All the Sexton could say
Was, that "Twenty years since, a traveler was led
To sleep for the night at you Inn, in his way,
Was robbed of his cash, and found dead in the bed.

The landlord who keeps it was strongly suspected,
But no marks of violence seen, as was said,
The matter blew over—he's now well respected—
And in this very spot his body was laid."

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed he, "Now strangely
we know,
Do things come to pass, by th' unthinking and dull,
Unnoticed?—This grave was ne'er open'd till now,
And certain as death be his skull?"

As Jael of old, in an arduous strife,
'Tween Jabin and Barak, in Israel's cause,
By a nail through his temple took Sisera's life,
In defence of war and its general laws.

Driven in by a hammer, as sleeping he lay—
So here was murder committed, no doubt,
By similar means in a similar way,
In hopes it might never be after found out.

Absorbed with the thoughts of so horrid a deed
Resolved to his utmost to bring it to light,
Lucullus hies back with the skull in great speed,
Yet, as prudence directed, concealed it from sight.

Till fit opportunity serv'd to impart
The tale to his host as it stated had been—
When with rivetted eyes, that pierced to his heart,
And saw how his conscience was working within.

With such powerful words he disclosed it, as pressed
The mind of this miscreant so home with his crime,
Self-smitten he wept—but the throbs of his breast
Suspended his power of speech for a time.

The moment bade fair—with the skull now con-
fronted,
Its looks grim and gastly, his senses astound,
The nail did the rest; nothing further was wanted;
He shudders, he trembles, he drops to the ground.

"Own thy guilt," cries Lucullus, "that power im-
plore
Whom thou'st highly incensed by so foul an act,
For mercy and pardon—concealment's now o'er,"
The panic struck murderer confesses the fact.

Thus Heaven brought forward, what all must allow,
A truth of great import, which long lay conceal'd,
Enveloped in darkness mysterious, till now
Abundance of things in concurrence revealed.

Its all-searching eye is thus made known to men,
Its power of unravelling established past doubt;
Less vices are seldom concealed from our ken,
But sooner or later ALL MURDERS WILL OUT.

LITERATURE.

THE MISER'S DEATH-BED.

From the Italian of Luigi Beretta.

[Concluded.]

His eyes were like two burning coals, flick-
ering in two deep orbits, as an ignis fatuus in
the depth of a cavern, or like two torches
lighting a tomb at midnight; pitiless as the
heart of a slighted woman, and immoveably
fixed on a cabinet, which rested against the



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