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INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:

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POETRY.

THE BLIND BOY.

O say! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell the poor blind boy!

You talk of wonderous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me t'were always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of life destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

LITERATURE.

A Tale of Irish Life.

BY SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.

(Continued.)

Andy was expelled the *salle a manger* in disgrace, and for days kept out of his master's and mistress's way: in the mean time the butler made a good story of the thing in the servants' hall; and, when he held up Andy's ignorance to ridicule, by telling how he asked for 'soap and water,' Andy was given the name of 'Suds,' and was called by no other for months after.

But though Andy's functions in the interior were suspended, his services in out-of-doors affairs were occasionally put in requisition. But here his evil genius still haunted him, and he put his foot in a piece of buisness his master sent him upon one day, which was so simple as to defy almost the chance of Andy making any mistake about it; but Andy was very ingenious in his own particular line.

'Ride into the town, and see if there's a letter for me,' said the squire one day to our hero.

'Yis, sir.'

'You know where to go?'

'To the town, sir.'

'But do you know where to go in town?'

'No sir.'

'And why don't you ask you stupid thief?'

'Sure I'd find out, sir.'

'Didn't I often tell you to ask what you're to do when you don't know?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And why don't you?'

'I don't like to be troublesome, sir.'

'Confound you!' said the squire, though he could not help laughing at Andy's excuse for remaining in ignorance.

'Well,' continued he, 'go to the post-office. You know the post-office, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir, where they sell gunpowder.'

'You're right for once,' said the squire; for his Majesty's post-master was the person who had the privilege of dealing in the aforesaid combustible. 'Go then to the post-office, and ask for a letter for me. Remember,—not gunpowder, but a letter.'

'Yes, sir, said Andy, who got astride of his hack, and trotted away to the post-office. On arriving at the shop of the postmaster, (for that person carried on a brisk trade in groceries gimblets broad-cloth, and lincn-drapery,) Andy presented himself at the counter, and said,

'I want a letter, sir, if you plaze.'

'Who do you want it for?' said the postmaster, in a tone which Andy considered an aggression upon the sacredness of private life; so Andy thought the coolest contempt he could throw upon the prying impertinence of the postmaster was to repeat his question.

'I want a letter, sir, if you plaze.'