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AND

INSTRUCTIVE MISCELLANY:

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POETRY.

THE NEW YEAR.

A year--another year--has fled!
Here let me rest a while.
As they who stand around the dead,
And watch the funeral pile;
This year, whose breath has passed away,
Once thrilled with life, with hope was gay!

But, close as wave is urged on wave,
Age after age sweeps by;
And this is all the gift we have,
To look around--and die!
'Twere vain to deem we shall not tend,
Where all are hast'ning to an end.

What, this new-waking year, may rise,
As yet, is hid from me;
'Tis well, a veil, which mocks our eyes,
Spreads o'er the days to be;---
Such foresight who, on earth, would crave,
Where knowledge is not power to save!

It may be dark,--a rising storm,
To blast with lightning win'g,
The bliss which cheers, the joys that warm!
It may be doomed to bring
The wish that I have reared as mine,
A victim to an early shrine!

But--be it fair or dark--my breast
Its hope will not forego;
Hope's rain!ow never shines so blest
As on the clouds of woe;
And, seen with her phosphoric light,
Even affliction's waves look bright!

But I must steer my bark of life
Towards a deathless land;
Nor need it fear the seas of strife,
May it but reach the strand,
Where all is peace, and angels come,
To take the outworn wanderer home!

LITERATURE.

THE MAID OF THE INN.

In the village of Darmstadt, in Saxony, was the well known inn of the Golden Fleece. This inn had long been kept by a veteran, who had retired from the service of the Elector with a pension, named Andrew Risborough; his family consisted of a daughter, an only

child, named Mary, who had been brought up in the family of a Saxon nobleman, and attended upon an elderly woman of rank, who left her upon her death a few valuable remembrances, consisting of jewels and some plate. Mary joined her little fortune to her father's pension, and by this filial contribution the Golden Fleece was purchased, and the trade of the house carried on.

Darmstadt is in the high road of Dresden: almost every traveller stopped at the inn, and was so well pleased with his entertainment, that he never failed to recommend the Golden Fleece to his friends. The military were constantly marching upon this road, and Andrew's house was the favourite post of refreshment and conviviality. Mary, at the age of eighteen, was extremely pretty, very neat in her person, active, good-humoured, and obliging. She was at once mistress and barmaid; with the help of a servant, she did all the business of the house, and Andrew was called upon for little exertion, but to carry in the first dish of the dinner, and recommend the wine by drinking the first glass.

Mary had many suitors; she was known, moreover, to have some small fortune, besides being mistress of the Golden Fleece, and heiress of Andrew. For twenty miles round Darmstadt, Mary was the toast of the young and old; and the "Maid of the Inn" was a name almost as constantly repeated over the wine, as the names of the Elector and the Archduke Charles of Austria. Mary, though solicited by a train of suitors, many of whom spent almost all their money in the inn, for the sole purpose of winning her affections, had hitherto resisted them all; not that her heart was insensible and cold, but because it was the property of another.--of Frederic Zittaw, a young farmer in the forest of Darmstadt. Zittaw was not esteemed in the neighborhood; he was a singular, and, to all appearance, a mysterious man; his age did not exceed thirty-five, but he would not confess himself so old; he had an erect carriage, was tall and bony, of a very dark complexion, piercing look, and a fine set of teeth. Ho