

misery—Oh ! never did the tortured soul shrink beneath the pressure of such an overwhelming agony—Oh ! never did human reason cower down beneath such an accumulation of wretchedness, wildly he recoiled, and when the remnant of his distracted senses, brought conviction to his already half-maddened brain, he glared wistfully around, and unsheathing the instrument of self-destruction, which hung but too opportunely at his side, he plunged it deep into his heart, and fell forward, lifeless, on the bosom of her, whose loss bereaved him in one instant, of happiness, of reason, and of life !

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Beneath yonder knoll, at the foot of that weeping ash, side by side, in the bosom of one grave, lie Reginald and Charlotte De Courçi. Fair broke the morning of their lives, all hope, and all promise ; but ere it was yet at its meridian, the sun set amidst tears, disappointment, and death, and their memories have no place in the records of by-gone days, save what is faintly traced by the feeble pen of

Quebec.

A PERI-PATHETIC PATLANDER.



MELANGE IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH.

M. MARTIN DE LA VOYE's *Mélange* is in truth a literary curiosity. The author is a native of France ; and he tells us, that a very few years ago, he could not be understood in England without an interpreter. At present he is *peritus utriusque lingue* ; and writes poetry, or verse at least, with as much apparent ease in English as in French,—and not merely verse, but blank verse. His ambition to compose blank verse, he says, arose out of the ridicule attached in the minds of some of his friends to the idea of a Frenchman's even attempting to write blank verse in English. The author's success is indeed remarkable : both the versification and the ideas of the different poems in this *Mélange* are equal if not superior to the productions of the run of our *poetæ minores*. An example may satisfy the curiosity of our readers : we judge the author not only to be a man of talent, but of *esprit*.