

sustained Narcisse under his rejection ; for although unconscious of it himself, while she continued single he had nourished hopes, which her marriage totally dispelled, leaving him quite reckless to his own future fate. Regardless of the friend who would have detained him, and without other object than that of escaping from himself, he roved from place to place, seeking in change of scene relief from the recollections that oppressed him ; and when the rebellion broke out, that destroyed the peace and prosperity of so many families, he was ever foremost in all places of danger ; joining neither party, but hovering with strange delight, around scenes of thrilling horror.

When the attack on St. Eustache was planned, he hastened thither as usual, to be a witness of the scene ; but he returned no more. A gentleman, who visited the place the morning succeeding the battle, before the slain were removed from their frozen bed, on examining these fearful testimonials to the horrors of war, observed one body lying in a peculiarly affecting position, stretched at full length upon its back ; the hands, raised and clasped as in the attitude of prayer, had been retained in that position by the extreme severity of the frost—the spirit had departed on the wings of supplication ! Near the body were strewed the remains of a violin—the music of its strings silenced forever. It was Narcisse—a musket ball had accomplished its office, and his simple and guileless heart had found rest from its sorrows.

M. W. B

(ORIGINAL.)

TO MISS R. P. E. OF B. —

Had I Anacreon's lyre, with tuneful strings,
Or that with which Green Erin's minstrel sings,
Each should be tried and task'd to sound the charms
Of one who dreams not that her beauty harms.
Modest as is the dew-drop on the rose,
Ah ! little thinks she of the spell she throws
On those around, who feel the gentle chain
About them bound, too happy to complain :
I've seen her blue eyes, with a heavenly smile,
Beneath a snowy forehead beam awhile
With melting sweetness, and with lustre bright
Cheering each votary with its gentle light.
The rounded grace of that enchanting form
Bespeaks her feelings, ever kind and warm,
And then that hand, 'twere surely more than bliss
To pay sweet homage at a shrine like this.

H.

Montreal, 29th November, 1841.

HUMILITY.

HUMILITY is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet every body is contented to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servants, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.—*Selden.*

CHARLES O'MALLEY.

A chapter from CHARLES O'MALLEY is always welcome,—and the following is a good one. The uninitiated reader will, however, require to be informed that the hero, after serving for some years in the Peninsula, has returned to Galway, and settled down quietly as a country squire. A flirtation between him and a pretty, wild and romping cousin, has been a consequence of his change of life. His cousin is not, however, his lady-love—whatever the desires of her family, or her own feelings towards him may be. She is loved by Mr. Sparks, the tall lieutenant, who engages Charles to pop the question for him. With this short explanation, the point of the story will be seen :—

THE AMBASSADOR.

I ordered my horses at an early hour, and long before Sparks—lover that he was—had opened his eyes to the light, was already on my way to Curtinamorra. Several miles slipped away before I well determined how I should open my negotiations ; whether to papa Blake, in the first instance, or to madam, to whose peculiar province these secrets of the home department belonged ; or why not to Baby ? because, after all, with her it rested finally to accept or to refuse. To address myself to the heads of the department seemed the more formal course, and, as I was acting entirely as an *envoy extraordinaire*, I deemed this the fitting mode of proceeding.

It was exactly eight o'clock as I drove up to the door. Mr. Blake was standing at the open window of the breakfast-room, snuffing the fresh air of the morning. The Blake mother was busily engaged with the economy of the tea-table ; a very simple style of morning costume, and a night-cap with a flounce like a petticoat, marking her unaffected toilette. Above stairs, more than one head *en papillote*, took a furtive peep between the curtains ; and the butler of the family, in corduroys and a fur cap, was weeding turnips in the lawn before the door.

Mrs. Blake had hardly time to take a hurried departure, when her husband came out upon the steps to bid me welcome. There is no physiognomist like your father of a family, or your mother with marriageable daughters. Lavater was nothing to them, in reading the secret springs of action—the hidden sources of all character. Had there been a good respectable bump allotted by Spurzheim to "honorable intentions," the matter had been all fair and easy—the very first salute of the gentleman would have pronounced upon his views : but alas ! no such guide is forthcoming ; and the science, as it now exists, is enveloped in doubt and difficulty. The gay, laughing temperament of some ; the dark and serious composure of others ; the cautious and reserved, the open and the candid, the dull, the prudent, the reckless—in a word, every variety which