

Of morn, just in smiles unseating
Young Nature in innocency.

The smile is still as cheering,
As when first it graced the brow,
Through woes dark page endearing,
Come A*** and give it me now!

—
YES, 'TIS HE!

YES, 'tis he; mark where he goes,
The modern man of honour! of first rank
In fashion's catalogue. But why such haste?
One minute, pray. "No, no 'pon his honour! no!
Can't stop a second; his best friend, Sir Charles,
Has done him so much honour, as to beg
The honour of his company at six,
To---What! a sumptuous feast! No: to exchange
A brace of bullets! and for all the world
He would not fail the time." Now, this is he,
The honourable he, who at a call
'To shdot his friend, or to debauch his wife,
Will never be found tardy." "Burn it, no!
His honour is at stake on such occasions."

To trample on divine and human laws,
This hero fears not; but should some foul chance
Detect him in an act of charity,
Or inside of a church, you'd see him blush
To be accounted so *unfashionable!*
Such is the man of whom the portrait's drawn,
Drawn from the very life. Behold the man,
The modern man of honour! yes 'tis he!

A. M.

—
EPIGRAM.

IN letters large—"This House to Let," Conspicuous in a window set,
Attracted once a passer-by, Who chanc'd just then the maid to spy:—
"Are you," cried he with roguish leer, "To let with this same house my dear?"
"I'd have you know," with angry frown, Cried she "I'm to be let alone."

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