

involve her in all the possible consequences of reciprocal poverty. True love never forgets the happiness of its object; for when it ceases to be regarded, it is not the generous tenderness of love, but the unthinking wildness of passion. These observations, however, cannot set aside the just complaints that may be made against the frequency of matches in which beauty or fortune only is regarded. "Beauty," says Lord Kaims, "is a dangerous property, tending to corrupt the mind of a wife, though it soon loses its influence over the husband. A figure agreeable and engaging, which inspires affection, without the ebriety of love, is a much safer choice. The graces lose not their influence like beauty. At the end of thirty years a virtuous woman, who makes an agreeable companion, charms her husband more than at first. The comparison of love to fire holds good in one respect, that the fiercer it burns the sooner it is extinguished."

It is unquestionably true, that happiness in the married state depends, not on riches, nor on beauty, but on good sense and sweetness of temper. A young man, who has himself a sufficient fortune, should not always look for an equivalent of that kind, in the object of his love.

"Who can find a virtuous woman?" says Solomon, "for her price is far above rubies."

The important objects of his enquiry are not whether she has riches, but whether she possesses these qualifications, which naturally form the amiable wife and the exemplary mother. In like manner, would a parent conduct his daughter to a wise and judicious choice of a husband; he will not so much recommend the necessity of a fortune, as of virtuous conduct, good temper, discretion, regularity, and industry. With these, a husband, if he be of a reputable profession, may improve the fortune of a wife, and render it of much greater advantage to each, than the most ample equivalent in money, with the reverse of these qualities. On the contrary, while interest pervades every bosom, and is the sole motive of every union, what can be more naturally expected than unhappy matches? Without a certain congeniality of sentiment, independent of the adventitious circumstances of beauty, rank, or fortune, the connubial state is the very opposite of a heaven. Home becomes disagreeable where there is a diversity of taste, temper, and wishes; or where those mental resources are wanting, which invite to conversation, and render it delightful and endearing. Neglect succeeds then on the part of the husband, and dissipation marks the conduct of the wife; happy if disgust succeeds not to insipidity, and criminality to both. But the scenes of wretchedness, inseparable from

such a state, must be obvious to every mind. We turn, with pleasure, to the exquisite happiness which is the result of a virtuous choice. Home is then delightful, and every moment is replete with satisfaction.

But without dwelling longer on this charming theme, permit me to ask, who would give up the enjoyment of such felicity for all the gaudy appendages of rank and wealth? What weakness of mind does it betray to forfeit "the matchless joys of virtuous love," for the ideal pleasures of affluence, and to be violently wretched, provided we are RICHLY so?

Bytown, January, 1848.

## SCRAPS FROM THE OLD POETS.

WE chance to have the loan, just now, of what we may not easily see again, Sir Egerton Brydges' quarto copy of Breton's poems—first published in London in 1601. We make an extract or two, by which we shall give our friends the best part of an old book which they would not be likely otherwise to meet with. Sir Egerton gives a slight sketch of Breton's life, which he concludes in such a way as shows the poet's lot to have differed but little from that of most other poets. "Of gentle and honourable blood, which early excited him to look to refined society and superior station, he had not the pecuniary means to secure that to which his birth taught him to look; and in the alternacy between the strenuous exertions of worldly ambition, and the delirious forgetfulness of the muse's libations, the excursive wanderings of one day undid the whole painful progress of another, till exhausted spirits and continued disappointments brought on melancholy and despair. Such at least has been too often the struggle of many a great and lamented genius through this world of danger and mischance! Let him, who seeks the muse's favors as the reward of his toils, not hope that he can join with them a worldling's pursuits! The daily plodder, who bends neither to the right nor to the left, whose eye is never drawn aside by landscape, however beautiful, and whose hand is never tempted to gather a flower even on the edge of his path, will win the goal of worldly power and renown, long before him, even at a snail's pace! Breton enjoyed among his contemporaries a general popularity. But it has been too frequently proved that fame and support have no necessary nor even probable connection, in the walks of poetry. A giddy public, while pleased with the songster's ditties, neither thought or cared about the fate or