

I once had a cousin that sung, Tom,
 And for name shall be nameless now,
 But the sound of those songs are still young, Tom,
 Though we are no longer so ;
 'Tis folly to dream of a bower of green,
 When there is not a leaf on the tree :—
 But 'twixt walking and singing that cousin has been,
 God forgive her ! the ruin of me.

And now I care naught for society, Tom,
 And lead a most anchorite life ;
 For I have loved myself into sobriety, Tom,
 And out of a wish for a wife
 But oh ! if I said but half what I might say,
 So sad were the lesson 'twould give,
 That 't would keep you from loving for many a day,
 And from cousins—as long as you live.

HAPPINESS.

There are few things which tend more decidedly to promote our happiness—to give vigour to the mind and animation to the spirits—than the pursuit of some useful possession, or honourable entertainment ; and perhaps there is nothing more useful and honourable than the pursuit of knowledge. " Literature, like virtue, is its own reward," and possesses every charm which can win us to its embrace. It is full of variety and beauty ; it is inexhaustible ; it has just so much difficulty as to excite interest in the contest, and triumph in the victory ; it raises us in the scale of social and intellectual beings, and brings us into a sort of mysterious communion with the wise of every age and nation. In Marmontel's words, "*c'est un plaisir qui coûte peu, qu'on trouve partout, & qui jamais ne lasse.*" In the words of Owen Felham, " Knowledge is the guide of youth, to manhood a companion, and to old age a cordial and an antidote. If I die to-morrow, my life will be somewhat the sweeter to-day for knowledge."

If we look around us, we shall be speedily convinced, that most men feel the importance of a pursuit, and shall be amused by the curious expedients and strange substitutes to which those have recourse who refuse to take pleasure in rational employment. Some pursue the improvement of their own persons, hunt out fashionable tailors, study the tie of their neckcloth, and muse upon the arrangement of their hair ; some collect trinkets, hang seals to their watches by dozens, doat upon diamond rings, and adore musical snuff-boxes ; others aim at the high art of rowing and sailing, or seek the reputation of being capital cricketers, or ruin their constitution by pedestrianism, or their fortunes by racing. Then there are the male collectors of illegible and unreadable books, of counterfeit coins, defaced statues, Claudes which were born in England, and Cuyps of yesterday's production ; and the female fanciers of china, covered with unnatural figures and hideous designs, of preserved butterflies, and of shells and fossils with forgotten names. Most single women, indeed, have one great object of pursuit, for which they dress by day, of which they dream by night, and which fixes their attention from sixteen to sixty ; while those who are married hunt for cooks who never over-roast the meat, or oil the melted butter—" faultless monsters whom the world ne'er saw"—or strive to brighten plain children into beauties, or dull ones into prodigies, or emulate the gay parties of some fashionable contemporary, and spend three hundred and sixty-four days of the year in contriving plans for cheating, or coaxing, or worrying, or scolding their husbands into giving a ball, that shall half ruin them, on the three hundred and sixty-fifth.

Young ladies ought to be happy ; they have always some innocent little pursuit in view, besides the great object of their existence, which, like the under-plot in the play, may fill up the dull moments of their drama of life, and occupy the attention till their hero of the piece appears. Sometimes

they collect impressions of seals ; sometimes surrounded by new bread and Prussian blue, they make the seals themselves ; sometimes they fill a dozen fairy music-books with the scarcely visible notes of waltzes and quadrilles, or cover the beautiful paper of a large and splendid volume with old bon-mots and stupid riddles and jolly songs. Others imitate Indian work, or Brussels lace, and injure the brilliancy, and diminish the use, of their eyes, while they pore over the minute tracery of a cabinet, or the miniature embroidery of a veil ; others again paint velvet by wholesale, and look forward with high ambition towards the glorious times when the curtains, and sofas, and cushions of their mother's drawing room shall be flaring with poppies and pionsies, yellow lilies and flaunting tulips, all the produce of their own fingers—the off-spring of their own labours.

Some degree of difficulty, however, is necessary, in order to give interest to an object, and eagerness to our pursuit of it ; and it is the ease with which the rich and the great obtain all they desire, which so frequently renders their lives rapid and spiritless, and sends them to the gambling-table for excitement and animation. There, and perhaps there only, they are placed on an equality with their companions ; chance is no aristocrat, the dice stops not even by the command of a sceptre ; there they experience the alternations of hope and fear, the excitation of danger and of doubt ; and while love palls because it always smiles, luxuries are insipid because they court acceptance, and the path of life is rendered dull by the very pioneer who makes it so invariably smooth ; they rush like madmen to the table where the choking interest of an hour may be purchased at an enormous price—may be followed by ruin and by death.

Most true it is that happiness most frequently takes up her abode in the middle ranks of life. The mind of man is so constituted as to take more pleasure in anticipating a future good than enjoying a present one ; ease is ten times sweeter when gained by our own exertions ; rest is never truly delightful till purchased by previous labour ; what we procure for ourselves seems more precious than any inherited possessions ; and the little acquisitions and indulgences, for which we work, and for which we economize, are pleasanter amusements in pursuit, and greater blessings in enjoyment, than all the luxury and splendour to which the rich and noble are familiarized from their birth, and which spring not in the remotest degree from their own merit and exertions.

THE YOUNG MULETEERS OF GRENADA.

Oh ! the joys of our evening posada,
 When, resting at close of the day,
 We, young Muleteers of Grenada,
 Sit and sing the last sunshine away !
 So blithe, that even the slumbers
 Which hung around us seem gone,
 Till the lute's soft drowsy numbers
 Again beguile them on.

Then, as each to his favourite sultana
 In sleep is still breathing the sigh,
 The name of some black-eyed Tirana
 Half breaks from our lips as we lie.
 Then, with morning's rosy twinkle,
 Again we're up and gone—
 While the mule-bell's drowsy tinkle
 Beguiles the rough way on.

SHAKESPEARE'S CHRISTIANITY.

Why—all the souls that were, were forfeit once ;
 And he, that might the vantage best have took,
 Found out the remedy.

Measure for Measure, Act 2, S. 2