

letting it grow stale that it might go the further. He slept five or six hours sitting in the chair, or, if cold, recumbent in the box in which I found him. He told me he had lived and studied so for twenty years of his life, and had never been ill. I told him his system could not last, that his health must succumb. He said that it was not that he was insensible to the excellence of food of a better kind, but that he must sacrifice too much time in producing wherewith to purchase it. That he had no pleasure in life but in acquiring knowledge. That time was the most precious thing which God had given to man, and that, when he wasted it, he calculated that a portion of knowledge was lost which could not be recovered. He was happy, though no cynic, not despising what others valued, but preferring the acquirement of knowledge, and, still more knowledge, beyond everything, and he was content that it should be its own reward.—Custom made his existing way of living no trial to him.

He spoke of several of the members of the French Institute with high respect as his particular friends. He had visited every country in Europe but England, which I was lucky enough to prevent his doing. I told him that in England his acquirements would have no weight in his brown jacket and trousers, though in Paris the first men might walk the Boulevards with him, as they did, arm-in-arm. He said he should offend nobody. He would get 150 francs and walk through the country. He had read our best writers. He knew Bacon, Locke, and Milton—why not their country? I said, because Englishmen regarded only exterior appearance. That there was no love for the professions of science or literature in England but among a very few persons indeed, who did not exchange their ideas with a public which had no sympathy but with pecuniary accumulation. That his dress would consign him here to a gaol as a rogue or vagabond, although he was guilty of no act that could warrant it. Suspicion was quite enough. "What, in a land of liberty?" said Mentelli. "Yes," I replied, "because poverty is a crime never pardoned there." He would scarcely believe me when I told him that his vouches from members of the French Institute would do nothing for his respectability with a country justice in England. That such an one would not weigh his acquirements, were they those of Newton, if he wore a dress that gave a suspicion of his being a poacher or vagrant. That the will of such an official was law with a poor man.

"But I should sleep in very humble inns, or at nightfall upon the ground, wrapped in my cloak ;

I should offend no one," said Mentelli. That act would be an offence of itself, I remarked ; a rogue on a large scale generally fares well, but the innocent man, whose appearance is suspicious, if no rogue at all, or only a very small one, is sure to be the greater sufferer. "That is the country of Newton and Locke, is it?" said Mentelli, appealing to my friend. He affirmed the truth of what I stated, unless Mentelli would come with a fine coat and some pretensions, no matter how idle. I remember Mentelli told me that a knowledge of the Slavonic tongue rendered the acquirement of all other languages comparatively easy. I heard afterwards, that on one occasion some member of the Institute once sent Mentelli a present of linen and a cloak. He told them that it was idle to do so, though he fully appreciated their kindness. Wanting a new book very much, he took them to sell, and made his purchase, when the police seized him, supposing them stolen, and put him in prison. He was ashamed to write to his friends, considering the cause. So he employed himself several days in teaching some of the younger prisoners to read. But he got tired of this, on reflecting he was losing time himself. Sending to a friend he obtained his liberation instantly. I heard several singular anecdotes of him. He is now dust. Perhaps no man ever loved knowledge so much for its own sake, or was contented as he was, being above the world in his pursuits, to hold its conventional habits in so loose an estimation.

#### A MOTHER TO HER CHILD.

"Forget me not!" in accents mild,  
My mother says, "beloved child.  
Forget me not! when far away  
Amidst a thoughtless world you stray;  
Forget me not! when fools would win  
Your footsteps to the path of sin;  
Forget me not! when urged to wrong  
By passions and temptations strong;  
Forget me not! when Pleasure's snare  
Would lead you from the House of Prayer.

"Forget me not! in feeble age,  
But let me then your thoughts engage;  
And think, my child, how fondly I  
Watched o'er your helpless infancy.  
Forget me not! when death shall close  
These eyelids in their last repose,  
And evening breezes softly wave  
The grass upon thy mother's grave:  
Oh—then! whate'er thy age and lot  
May be—my child, Forget me not!"