

Next to the study of general history, a familiarity with the biography of illustrious men, and some acquaintance with their works (if writers or statesmen), is very desirable. England is peculiarly rich in statues of eminent individuals. "Poets' Corner," in Westminster Abbey, is a feast of memory in itself; and the interior of grand old St. Paul's Cathedral, is a history of the achievements of mighty warriors and statesmen. To look upon the effigies (in Germany) of Frederick the Great, Güttenberg, and Schiller—in Russia, of Peter the Great—in France, of Molière, Louis XIV., and Henri IV.—and not to be able at once to recall the salient points of their several careers, must be mortifying to the intelligent mind. In fact, no more profit is to be gathered from the contemplation of such objects, than if they were so many shapeless blocks of stone, unless previous reading had rendered them "household words" to the spectator.

Inferior in importance to an acquaintance with history and biography, but still in itself of material consequence is a knowledge of the French language. It would be very desirable that a traveller should be able also to speak German and Italian. But this, perhaps, is exacting too much from a young Canadian. French, however, is easily acquired; and, in the Eastern Province, the opportunities of conversing in the language, and acquiring a tolerably pure accent, are considerable. In all the cities of Europe, there are guides, under a variety of denominations—*commissionaire*, *valet de place*, *cicerone*, &c.,—who, if not Frenchmen, speak the language sufficiently well to offer their services as interpreters to the stranger. But who would use the eyes and ears of other men—and such men too!—and trust to their expositions of one's wants and wishes, when direct communication with the people of the country visited may be made so facile? Then, just consider what a mine of wealth is unlocked to the individual who can read and understand French! What a vast field of rich literature is opened to him or her who can peruse the grand and original works of Molière, Racine, La Place, Voltaire, Montesquieu, Montaigne, Chateaubriand, and the host of romance writers, beginning with Bernardin de St. Pierre, or the charming authoress of *Corinne*, and coming down to the vigorous author of *Les Misérables*. The French honor their illustrious men. The Pantheon proclaims their gratitude:

*"Aux grands hommes la patrie reconnaissante!"*

Everywhere in Paris there is some substantial token of the reverence in which real talent is held. Indeed this holds good throughout France. At Rouen, the memory of Corneille is hallowed. How delightful an evening can be spent in the theatre of the old city, when one of the master-pieces of the illustrious author of *Le Cid* is being played! Book