

and Berenger a good song. French patriots you can find in scores without going to France, but I should advise you to eschew them.

Wit, simplicity, pathos, energy, sublimity, all these you will find in Shakespeare; Milton will charm you with the delicate richness and harmony of his language, and the magnificent grandeur of his conceptions. What a rich banquet, what a combination of sweets, in the conversation of elegant and polished Pope, or of Burns, the favourite child of genius and misfortune. Byron will astonish you to learn by the wild fierceness of his genius, and make you weep not in sympathy with him, but in pity for his prostituted talents, and untimely end. And what a long, bright list you may have on your visiting list, from Chaucer, the fountain head of English undefiled to the living geniuses of your own age! A morning call from Tasso, or half an hour's ramble with Ariosto, is surely equal to a shopping excursion with Lady D. or a consultation with Tom Smith, that elegant judge of horse flesh.

No matter how fastidious your taste, you will find sufficient variety without being obliged to go from home. Marryat will crack his practical joke, and make you laugh either at him or with him; Irving will make you warm within with mild provocatives to smiles and good humour. Bulwer will now and then be a little too artificial and brilliant, but you can place him side by side with Richardson or Smollet. Science you will find with the *savans* of the last century; art, with Dr. Kit-chener. Physic you can obtain from Dr. Jennings, and Blackstone will give you plenty of law, without taking away any of the profits. If you incline to theological speculation, Hooker and Taylor, and Moore, and Fuller, will come and bring with them a host of their cotemporaries, and entertain you with words like pictures, and long sermons that are not dull. If you are fond of travel you can go towards the North Pole with Back, and not freeze your toes. Herschell will take you to the stars gratis, and you may be wafted into Utopia any day in the year, by laying hold on the skirts of Miss Martineau. You may sail round the globe with Cook or the Captain of an "East Injeman," and even get a shipwreck or two without being soaked in salt water, or obliged to listen to "the wolf's long howl on Onalooka's shore."

If you sigh for military achievements, you may have them in a twinkling, and without the perils of "th'iminent deadly breach." Men of war will visit you at all hours, and of all descriptions, from Macedonia's madman to M'Kenzie. Aristotle and Joseph Hume, Burke and Roebuck, will give you lessons in the sublime science of politics, that is, if you are foolish enough to neglect your own business to mind that of the nation.

If you love the quiet pleasures of the country, you may even from an attic in Notre Dame Street,

saunter forth with old Isaac Walton, by the side of a clear river, not too broad and rapid, and without the entanglements of trees, and brambles upon its brink; or take your rod and pinn, or your double-barrelled Joe Manton, and there is Christopher North all ready for a start into the Highlands, and the longest day will be short in his company. Besides, the "shepherd" is with you, and hark! he is telling you about that eagle "sailin'" about in circles now narrowin', now widenin', with sweepy waftage, that seems to carry its ain wind among its wings, now speerically windin' up the air staircase that has nae need o' steps, till you could swear he was soarin' awa to the sun; and now divin' doon earthwards, as if the sun had shot him, and he was to be dashed on the stanes into a blash o' bluid, and then suddenly slantin' awa across the chasm, and through the mist of the great cataract, to take possession of a new domain in the sky."

A day's sport with the "Shepherd" and old Kit would be a day consecrated and embalmed for ever in the sunniest of memory's quiet retreats, and would be marked with a white stone, even if you bagged no game. * * * * *

But it is needless to multiply examples, which all enforce the same advice—to cultivate the acquaintance of the truly great and truly wise, to study their characters, to receive and profit by their teachings. He who does this, will not long have his admiration fixed on unworthy objects, nor will the rock of his spirit be worn away by the endless beatings of the waves of the world.

TO A BELLE WHO TALKED OF GIVING UP THE WORLD.

You give up the world? Why, as well might the Sun,
When tired of drinking the dew from the flowers,
While his rays, like young hopes, stealing off one by one,

Die away with the Muezzin's last note from the towers,

Declare that he never would gladden again,
With one rosy smile, the young morn in its birth—
But leave weeping Day, with her sorrowful train
Of hours, to grope over a pall-covered earth.

The light of that soul, once so brilliant and steady,
So far can the incense of flattery smother,
That, at thought of the world of hearts conquered already,

Like Macedon's madman, you weep for another?
Oh! if sated with this, you would seek worlds untried,
And, fresh as was ours, when first we began it,

Let me know but the spot where you next will abide,
And, that instant, for one, I am off for that planet.

—New York Mirror.