

little French;) I did not know *à quel saint me vouer*; I felt like Faust in his laboratory, when reflecting on the vanity of human knowledge; at last, I determined to do as he did, and to have recourse to the magic art. I exclaimed in my despair

Flectere si nequeo superos, Acheronta movebo.

I took down my Albertus Magnus, and was fortunate enough to find at once the spell I wanted. I conjured up the spirit of the celebrated Doctor Dryasdust, with whom my readers, admirers of Sir Walter Scott, are, no doubt, well acquainted. I waited only a few moments, when lo! he appeared before me, not as Mephistopheles, in the shape of a poodle dog, but in his own proper person, with his little scratch wig and his razor face. He at once began to address me in the Scotch dialect, which I do not understand. I shook my head; he then spoke Hebrew, Greek, Syriac, Arabic, Zend, Pehlvi, Hindoostanee and Sanscrit, all in rapid succession. At last I became impatient, and I cried out—for Pluto's sake, Doctor, can't you speak English? English! replied he, why, to be sure, I can speak English; it is my mother tongue.*—Then, why did not you speak in your mother tongue at first?—Oh! Sir, between learned men —

I put a stop to the compliment, by informing him at once of the subject that had made me require an interview. Doctor, said I, you must know that — I know, sir, what you are going to tell me; we in the nether world are perfectly well informed of what is passing in this. You want to deliver a discourse before your Foreign Library Society, and I presume also a mixed audience, and you are at a loss upon what subject to make it turn. It seems to me the easiest thing in the world; you must talk to them of foreign science and foreign literature.—But how, dear Doctor, in what manner am I to treat those hackneyed subjects?—Why, very easily; as to Italian literature, for instance, take Muratori, Tiraboschi, Maffei — O murder! cried I, am I to read all that? I assure you, Doctor, it will never do; I have not patience to go through all those volumes.—Well, sir, begging your pardon, I see you are rather indolent, I must then give you something easier. Take

* The good Doctor, it seems, had read Rabelais.