

## A KISS.

In the first kiss she gives away  
 She loses her own self in part;  
 And is another from that day  
 Though on a change come o'er her heart.

Through weal or wo, through sun or shade,  
 The sport of agony or bliss;  
 There stands the compact she has made,  
 For she can ne'er recall the kiss.

## POETRY AND THE PRESS.

There is no accounting for tastes. The deosculatory standard of three thousand years ago—as evidenced by the heavy, voluptuous lips of the Sphinx—is not that of to-day—the miscegenation doctrines of our republican neighbours to the contrary notwithstanding. “One man’s meat is another man’s poison.” Even the occasional luxury of saline food indulged in by the ordinary barn-yard fowl in this part of the world, is certain death to cocks and hens on the other side of the Atlantic. And so it is with Poetry. Brown swallows a dose that would drive Jones or Robinson absolutely out of his senses. No matter how elaborately advertised, labelled and gilded the pill, neither can gulp it. The article, in their opinion is not genuine. It is the production of a quack; and there’s an end of it.

For one judge of all that is exquisitely hidden in true poetry, there are a hundred thousand individuals to whom it is a “dead secret.” A hundred thousand to one! Rather serious odds, we should say, if carried into the every day relations of life. A man may be born to a throne—may be accomplished and versed in every subject known to the schools—may be a lover of all that is beautiful in nature and art—may be sensitive, pathetic, and a wit, and yet be a stranger to the “florid and mysterious logic” of genuine poetry. He may catch the jingle and the sense; but the beautiful costume, the original grouping, and the exquisite proportions of the figures are all lost to him. He may comprehend their identity, but they invariably pass before him in the dull, heavy marching order of prose; and not under the power of that superb baton which marshals them in gorgeous array, and bids them defile in the presence of the favoured few, clothed in all the varied splendours of the imagination.

There is a usage of the press, in connection with this subject, which is, in our opinion, frightfully antagonistic to the muse, and destructive of those delicate fingers which sometimes strike the lyre with fear and trembling, although fired by the most transcendent genius. This usage demands that all poetic or literary prose articles for publication shall be accompanied by the name of the author or authoress, as the case may be. A more damning rule has never obtained in relation to letters. It is a premium upon impertinence and presumption; for it opens a door of access to the world to a class of coarse and barefaced huxters, who label their wares with the most unblushing effrontery, and crowd them upon the market with a flourish of trumpets; while it dashes the pure aspirations of those finely strung natures, who, fearful of the fiery finger of hostile criticism, would sooner consign their brightest gems to oblivion than make their names known to the world, or any human being in existence. In the early stages of their career, some of the greatest lights that have ever beamed upon the darkness of any age have refused to identify themselves with their effusions; and are there not, at this hour, tens of thousands in a similar position? Who shall say how many exqui-

site gems are now lying in silent nooks and corners, that might have been given to the world, were it not that the author conceives that their publication cannot take place unless accompanied by his name? Surely, this vile usage ought to be discontinued, and articles of a literary character, where no personal responsibility is involved, be published by the press solely on their individual merits, irrespective of the names of those who have written them. Once remove this ban, and we shall have a new and improved spirit pervading the newspaper literature of the day, which shall purify it, and drive the shameless lazars who now, for the most part, monopolize it, outside the gates of the city.

## “Down among the Dead Men.”

... John Sandfield, we are informed, plays the fiddle—so did Nero—and that for the last few months he has adopted the above air as a sort of evening hymn. William Macdougall was, it is said, very nearly learning the accompaniment, and had he done so, what a duo we should have had. We are not aware of the extent of Mr. Macdougall’s musical capacity; but, from his melancholy aspect, should be inclined to believe that, if he indulged in an occasional ditty, it would be in the *minor* key. Poor Sandfield, when you tried your popgun against your namesake, and the editor of the *Globe*, you made a sad job of it, indeed. Having fallen back into your native insignificance, you shall now, each succeeding day, become small by degrees, and beautifully less; until, at last, you dry up and blow away into some barren region, where your unworthy dust shall strew the wayside with thistles.

## On the Bay.

... We recommend a daily turn about the Bay to all young ladies and gentlemen who are desirous of keeping clear of the heat, the dust and din of our city for a few hours. A couple in a small boat we have found to be quite sufficient—the gentleman at the oars and the fair one at the tiller. Sitting thus *vis-a-vis*, with the cool breezes gently fanning your brow, the prospect of a quiet bit of lunch, and an odd snatch of some sweet melody, is not to be sneezed at. Such delightful little parties may be improved, too, in a thousand ways likely to make a young couple happy for the remainder of their days.

## Furious Driving.

... If a cabman or a farmer be caught driving at a dangerous pace through our streets, he is instantly and properly taken up, and punished by the Police Magistrate; but, strange to say, we have engine driving along the esplanade, sometimes at the rate of thirty or forty miles an hour, and not one sentence do we hear about it. Now, from morning to night, the esplanade is used as a busy and common thoroughfare, and it is not right that trains should be driven along it at such a rate, to the imminent peril of life and limb.

## How Absurd!

... The representative of the *Leader* now in the Lower Provinces, in a recent correspondence to that journal, complains that he could not procure on his way to Portland, a berth in a sleeping car belonging to the Grand Trunk Railway, although he had paid and got a ticket for one. Now we don’t know of any gentleman belonging to the press likely to suffer less from an inconvenience of this description; for to our certain knowledge he has not been wide awake for the last four or five years, at least. How unreasonable some persons are, even where their interests are but remotely involved.

## FRIGHTFUL!

We understand that the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, is studying the “black art” and that he commenced practicing it in the female department of the Model School in this city on Monday last. We are not, however, prepared to say how far this new accession to the Doctor’s varied acquirements will meet the views of our citizens, generally; or to what extent the poor innocent child of Ham, whom he has betrayed into the department in question, shall suffer through his incautiousness or want of proper discrimination. This cheap method of displaying his Christian Charity thus publicly may be all very well; but has he prepared society to meet his miscegenation tendencies in this connexion? Have the white and coloured races become so suddenly and thoroughly amalgamated that the only distinction existing between them lies in colour alone? They have not; and it is, consequently, cruel on the part of any public functionary to throw the latter into relations which, under existing circumstances, must be hateful to them, from the fact, that the former will not meet them on anything approaching terms of equality. This is to be lamented; but we must deal with the case as we find it; and should the Doctor be desirous of remedying it, he must begin more cautiously and at the first rung of the ladder.

## ONTARIO DINING HALL.

This splendid establishment kept on Church Street, directly opposite St. James’ Cathedral, near King Street, is, we understand, an object of especial dislike to Mr. William McDougall since his recent defeat by Mr. Cameron. Some wag informed him that it was called the *North Ontario* dining saloon—a name at which he chafed immediately, for reasons that need not now be mentioned. Mr. John Smith however, appears to survive very comfortably this hostility on the part of the Provincial Secretary; and still continues to pamper his numerous guests with the good things of this life. We recently met him on one of the street railway cars and enquired of him how it was that he did not, like other saloon keepers, exhibit in his large windows specimens of salmon, choice joints, lobsters, &c. “Mr. Growler,” he returned, “I exhibit my wares on the dining table, and have no desire to give them up to the flies and sun for ten or twelve hours previously.” Verily John Smith knows a thing or two.

Let Virgil sing the praises of Augustus, genius celebrate merit, and flattery extol the talents of the great; let the puritanical denizens of this mundane sphere pursue the even tenor of their way; but allow us, intelligent reader, to invite your sole and undivided attention to the News Depot of that prince of News Dealers, Mr. A. S. IRVING. As well might we attempt to paint the lily, or gild refined gold, as to give anything like an adequate description of the immense stock of Stationery, Magazines, Periodicals, Newspapers, Books, and Novels, that grace the shelves and counters of this gentleman’s establishment. We can only say that he is the *no plus ultra* of a Bookseller, and his stock the very best in the city, and ask for him the patronage of a discerning, appreciative, and generous public.

To thee, O THOMPSON, be accorded the highest meed of praise that can be given to thy craft. Thy stock surpasseth in richness that of all thy brethren; thy counter fairly groaneth beneath the weight of News imposed on them which is soon to go to enlighten the natives, who were it not for thee, should remain in blissful ignorance of the doing at home and abroad. Go on, O Thompson! in the beaten path which thou hast made, and we predict for thee that reward which always attends perseverance: such as thine.