

It will break your own to see.

This is pure poetry, and we Canadians, whose poetical literature is in its infancy, should be eternally grateful to minstrels of Mother-Country for furnishing us such models!! If poetry appeals to the imagination and not to the mere reason, we fancy it would be difficult to discover anything more poetical than this couplet. Reason has nothing to do with it—can make nothing of it; but the imagination is left free to picture. If it can, how hollow hearts can put the mask on, and how, when this is done, the fact of its being done will break your own mask! These two lines of Alfred the Great are a striking instance of what all true poetry should be. Let it be taken as a rule, from which there are no exceptions, that the poet who wishes to be fully appreciated, must, above all things, never let himself be understood.

If we remember right, it was St. Jerome who flung the Satires of Persius into the fire, saying, "Si non vis intelligi, debes negligi," i.e. "If you won't be understood, you shouldn't be read," but "nous avons change tout cela," and we have altered Jerome's dictum into "Si vis legi, non debes intelligi," i.e., "If you want to be read, you must not be understood." Many people are of the opinion that Robert Browning is the greatest poet of this century. But are there two sane people in the world who can understand the lines of rhapsodical rubbish? Certainly not. How could there be, when Browning himself had not the faintest idea of what he was driving at? We need not repeat the story of Douglas Jerrold and Sordello, but there can be no doubt that the story is true. Therefore, we again say that to earn fame and popularity the young poet must never let himself be understood.

As our readers may say that we can't write poetry, though professing to teach the art, and as there is nothing like example, we will illustrate some of our remarks by a few lines of blank verse with which we have been inspired:

Tell me, thou busy calculating brain,
If of that fish, which, when enjoying life,
And gaily sporting in the briny deep,
Seems of a hue in which are shadowed forth

A mixture of its own pure innocence,
And of yon azure sky 'neath which it dwells;

But which same fish, when caught by cruel man,

Salted and cured, becomes of ruddy tint,
If of this fish one sample and a half
Can be obtained for three small copper coins,

(Most worthless of all worthless metal dross)

By men called half-pence, then, how many can



THE REAL OLD SANTA CLAUS.

Be purchased for a round and silver dice,
(Eight times the value of the copper coin)
That bears a faint resemblance to the moon;

Though smaller far than she—for that small dice

Half-way between the valuable gold
And trumpery copper, like Mohammed's coffin

'Twixt earth and heaven—tell me, if you can.

How many can be purchased for a shilling?

This is genuine poetry; whereas the same question asked in these terms becomes more prose, as follows: "If a herring and a half cost three half-pence how many can you get for a shilling." We may return to this subject.

A man must always be going from good to better or from bad to worse. It is now solemnly declared that the Prince of Wales has acquired the banjo habit. It is but a step from buccarat to the banjo.

IN AND ABOUT THE CITY.

Nine days to Christmas.

The wheel travels on its shape.

The fashionable girl is all shoulders.

A pleasant change—bright new quarters.

The year is passing away with knagaroo leaps.

It is all over with the murderer when he gets to the end of his rope.

An old Leghorn hat filled with moss, with some roses stuck in it, makes an approved table decoration.

Little Harry (returning from a walk)
Oh, mamma, all the dudes are wearing coldslaw in their buttonholes."

First girl—"He said your hair was dyed."
Second girl—"That is false."—F. G.—I told him it was false and he said that was worse than dyeing it."