

must not make your work so simple as to render it unsuitable for older heads, nor yet so intricate that the school girl just beginning the study cannot understand it; while you enter into competition with text-books that have the *imprimatur* of success on their pages, as you read "twentieth" or "fiftieth edition." The introductory chapter on Mathematical, Physical, and Political Geography is a marvel of concise simplicity, which will at the outset enlist the approbation of the thinking teacher. The "tabular statements" added to those introductory paragraphs which relate to the general geography of each of the principal divisions of the globe, are particularly valuable; while the prominent notice of each British colony supplies precisely that want which is complained of in the English text-books. The maps and illustrations are far more creditably executed than we had supposed possible, and are quite equal to those in Olney, Mitchell, or Morse, while they will compare favorably with those of British publications—our immense inferiority in facilities being taken into consideration. All in all, the Lovell's Geography is a very valuable addition to Canadian school books.

STREET STUDIES.

BY DIOGENES.

"Be thou a spirit or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee."

LITTLE did Diogenes think, when he began his peregrinations through the city, that in the course of his travels he would come across a veritable ghost; no flesh and blood apparition, mind you, for the nonce metamorphosed into a temporary shadow of the night, but a real, unsophisticated spirit. Well, wonders will never cease, and it is refreshing, in these matter-of-fact days, when diablerie and demonology, and the romantic lore of past days is well nigh trodden down and buried, to welcome back as from a resurrection a kindred spirit of those almost forgotten times.

Yet, what are we to do with our strange visitor? Who is to limn its features, and describe its ghastly countenance? Who dare have the courage to grasp its skinless fingers, or hold converse with such an awful shadow? Oh! for one hour of the once great Unknown, the immortal Waverley. Around the pale apparition he would weave another story, and give to this flitting visitant a local habitation and a name.

Diogenes confesses to an innate curiosity for everything supernatural or infernal, and the nightly appearance of the WHAT IS IT WAS a perfect god-send to him. Accordingly, he took his place with hundreds of other observers, and waited patiently for the appearance of this new visitant. As night darkened around the scene, the interest deepened, and every eye pierced through the gloom in the anxious hope of catching a glimpse of the veiled form. Hour by hour the eager throng waited and watched; hour by hour, whisperings of doubt and the slight tremor of fear awoke, as the "all's well" of the watchman echoed through the silent streets. Still no spirit. The rustle of the leaves, and the sigh of the night wind through the branches, made many hold their breath, as if they caught the first weird sound of one whom they wished to see, yet were afraid to face. Even the street lamps twinkled in the distance like the witch-candles of yore. But it came not, and disappointed, yet relieved, one by one the watchers departed to their couches, leaving Diogenes alone. Long I waited, and often I looked for the solitary stranger, but no spirit was visible. I ran over in my mind all the legendary histories of the world, and beguiled the time with imaginative pictures of the most noted fairies that ever dwelt on earth. Then I began to doubt the authenticity of this latest ghost, and was beginning to balance the arguments *pro* and *con*, when I fell fast asleep on the pavement.

I know not how long I slept, but the dreamy fancy soon came over me, and shapes and shadows flitted through the brain in ceaseless activity. One by one they crossed

and passed away, and then the vision assumed another character. Slowly through the darkness, and with church-yard step, came a figure robed in white. Lifeless it seemed, yet moved as by instinct. Nearer and nearer it approached, with the same solemn tread, and I could distinctly see a twinkle of light, which shed a steady gleam, as if coming from its breast. Still on it came. My eyes were fixed on it, as if I had been charmed by a basilisk, and a terror of something awful took possession of me; but I could not move. I was chained to the spot, and must abide the meeting. Raising the naked arm, with the fleshless finger pointing towards me, it came close to where I was lying, and stood beside me. Then with a look I can never forget, it bent over my body, and seemed determined to read the inmost thoughts of my soul. After gazing long and anxiously, it caught me by the arm and rudely shook me. I was wound up to the highest pitch of terror, and the extremity of my seeming danger broke the spell. With one startled shout, as of a drowning man for help, I woke the echoes of midnight, and, with a bound, was on my feet. Looking wildly around, still half under the power of the spell, and expecting to see the object of this terrible nightmare, my eyes fell upon—a policeman and his faithful bull's-eye. Demanding, in rather a rude tone, my business in that locality and at such an hour, I gave him a confused account of my object in being there and the sequel, which he had so unceremoniously broken in upon. The worthy fellow laughed loudly at the adventure, as he was pleased to call it, and without the least compunction, put me down among the rest of the ghost-hunters who disturb his nightly meditations. The only reason he could give for this strange hallucination was the advent of the comet, which he maintained was the cause of it all. He even went farther, and admitted if there was any appearance, it must be a piece of the caudal appendage of that celebrated luminary, which had somehow got disengaged, and was dangling about like a disembodied spirit, waiting the first opportunity to get back to its appropriate place.

A VOLUME OF CANADIAN POETRY.

The Kingston British *Waig* has the following kindly and judicious notice of one of our favorite contributors:—

"There are not many Volumes of Canadian Poetry from which very lengthened extracts can be made. Probably half a dozen at the most. But they are on the increase, and the time must come when the difficulty will have been so far removed as to make the search, now next to fruitless, unnecessary. Like the perfume borne by the wind, they will come to us unsought. In addition to the contributions already made to the Muse, we are shortly to have a most promising volume of Poems from the pen of Mr. James McCarrroll, of Toronto, many of whose lyrics have appeared from time to time in our leading periodicals, and been well received. We are the more inclined to hope that his volume will be a welcome folio, from the fact of his having taken his time in producing it, and not rushing into book form before he had fully matured his compositions, and given himself time to properly prune the productions of his muse. During this process, many a tender, promising shoot has to be lopped off; many a pleasing line to which we clung too fondly is to be corrected or revised. There is nothing like the sober second thought in poetry. Besides, a man must be somewhat of a mechanic to write poetry now-a-days. He must display more or less genuine architectural skill in building up the lofty rhyme. 'The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,' is all very well, so is 'The vision and the faculty divine;' but it is when the poet, like Richard, is himself again, and the fine frenzy has passed away, that his poem receives the seal and impress of durability.

A young lady lately appeared in male attire in Baltimore; and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect that she might have passed for a man "had she had a little more modesty."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. M.—We would suggest kindly, that a lady may not be pleased at seeing her name paraded in the columns of this journal, were the poem dedicated to her even less objectionable than the one now before us.

"A FRIEND TO CANADIAN LITERATURE"—Thank you for your friendly and elegant letter. We have carefully noticed its contents. You are correct in what you have stated. Shall we not add you to our list of lady contributors?

A. McP. K., TORONTO—We should have been happy to have met your views, had your contribution met ours.

ROBA.—Don't be angry. In the first moments of the existence of a new journal, there are difficulties to encounter.

J. F. T., ST CATHERINES—We refer you to our answer to "Roba," and are sorry that you have withdrawn your permission to publish the other poem.

J. J.—RUGBY, P. O. ORA.—Not suitable for our columns.

"LINES TO H. E."—Respectfully declined.

CH.—However respected the individual named, he was known to a very limited circle only; consequently the *Monody*, should *per se* be possessed of greater merit to command a place in our columns.

Our Quebec friend, S—y, must know that we have a large correspondence to select from; and that it may be some time before his turn comes again.

"A RICH MAN AND A CHILD &c."—Not the description of poetry for us. Thank you for your kind wishes.

A. C.—It is, we are informed, true that the ladies and gentlemen attending the school you mention, are not permitted to speak to each other. It is said, by those connected with the institution, that the rule is a salutary one.

H. P.—Your letter is most frank; and you need not be ashamed of "Old Time." We shall always be happy to hear from you.

UNO—Thanks for your two jokes. We shall use them when opportunity serves. The first is not new, however. As to the "sketches," we anticipate them gladly.

"MY HATTIE."—Received, and shall appear in due course.

PRUDENCE—At this early stage of our existence, we are not inclined to institute a quarrel with any of our brethren of the Press. Besides, we are of the opinion that the name you mention should not be used in connection with the journal to which you refer, inasmuch as it is not publicly announced as that of one of the editors. The injustice done us, may have been thoughtless or inadvertent. Thanks, nevertheless, a thousand times, for your goodness and promised assistance.

K—Wishes us to point out the defects of his poetical compositions. Well, the orthography is bad—the feet irregular—the terminations ineuphonious, and the subject common-place, and loosely treated. The first two verses will explain in part:—

Through the lone street one gloomy wintry night
Did rage the cold and fierce December blast;
The icy snow that fell was madly hurled
Upon the pavement stones and 'gainst the lighted windows east.

In that same eve along the lonely street,
Against the cold and fiercely raging storm
Did struggle a poor child of wretched poverty,
A little girl of frail and tender form.

• • • The "needless alexandrine" of the first verse, and the last line but one of the second, may tell the story.

ONTARIO LITERARY SOCIETY.

In calling attention to the proceedings of this Association, which appear in our issue of to-day, we cannot forego observing, that we feel honoured and grateful in relation to the kind endorsement of the HOME JOURNAL contained in the minutes. At a juncture of our existence so critical as the present, we eagerly and thankfully seize the extended right-hand of a Society numbering amongst its members men of undoubted learning and ability; and we do trust, most sincerely, that each successive number of our new venture may justify fully the confidence thus so generously reposed in us.

The Editor's Round Table.

..... During the past week the company which is wont to gather about this piece of mahogany has been very much broken up; and had it not been for the advent of a most gentlemanly stranger, whom we shall hereafter designate as Mr. Waif, we really believe we should have been lonely, as we strained our eyes away across the lake; but this new acquaintance consoled us measurably for the temporary absence of our pleasant weekly companions, some of whom have gone on a fishing excursion, while others have turned their faces Lower Canadawise to see the Leviathan of the deep. Mariette promised us ere she departed—at least she promised one of our contributors—that she would send us her "impressions"—(the child!)—concerning the Big Ship, but we imagine Little Crinoline has come to the conclusion that there are some things school children have yet to learn. "Diogenes" alone remains faithful at his post of duty, and but for him and Waif, we should have been terribly "blue" this week. "Fortunately Diogenes" has too much cultivation, and Waif too much common sense to bother us with their "genius," which however well it looks in print, and however attractive when dressed for public edification, in private life is generally egotistical, poor—a bore, not to put too fine a point upon it. Waif hands us the subjoined:—

"Once upon a time, when I was a very great deal younger than I am now, I met with a story in a literary weekly paper that interested me so strangely I could not get it out of my head; and, *mirabile dictu!* it was by a woman, if the *nom de plume* and the editor's comment, and my own heart told the truth. So strangely did said story haunt me, I wrote "....." under cover to the editor of the print aforesaid, and to my joy got a long letter. The correspondence went on from week; we had exchanged pictures, locks of hair, histories, opinions, and were open and avowed lovers—yet neither had seen the other. Of course in human nature the thing could not go on so forever; and I was to meet my *unknown*, *unseen* inamorata. I started, so did she; both arrived at the same city, but never met, and never have to this day. Do you know why? We were so engrossed in writing love, we forgot the necessity of making it understood *where* we should meet. We both waited a week in the same city, hunting one another unsuccessfully. Heaven save my unseemly lady-love; she is now married and has six children, and lives for two years past on the continent of Europe, and I am still her devoted, &c. &c. But it taught me common sense. I would not see her now for anything. What do you say to this, Mr. Editor?"

That we have seen the lady you allude to a dozen times, friend Waif, and think you a very fortunate man. Do you know she has red hair, and is on the shady side of forty by this time, and has one of the most determined pug-noses we ever met? Fortune has been kind to you, sir.

..... This sonnet "to a young mother bending o'er her sleeping child," is very pretty, but it sounds familiar though we cannot locate it. If indeed you wrote it, "Amarynth," you "did proudly;" but we still doubt the originality. Pardon! you are innocent until proven guilty:—

Oft have I seen thee, bending o'er thy child,
Marking each little cough, each deep drawn sigh,
Soothe his dear slumbers, and with watchful eye
Note every movement of his fragile form,
As if thy very soul in him lay bound.
Fear not. He sleeps. No writhing, torturing storm
Invades his breast. Not a disturbing sound
Breaks through the stillness, save thy beating heart.
Speaks loud to thee of one whom thou hast lost.
Thus memory goads us with a piercing dart,
Marring our joys, leaving us tempest-tossed
Upon a shoreless sea, where all is gloom.
Save the pale lamp that guides us to the tomb.

..... The following stanza is by Margaret Blount, author of "Lamia"—now being printed in London and New York, in papers of wide circulation. Those reading the serial will understand its force:—

Oh, dark and deeply mournful face,
Before I gazed on thee,
No blither maiden crossed the lawn,
Or danced upon the lea!
A fate forecast—a doom foretold;
And I must yearn and pine,
For a heart and love too calm and cold
To still the pain of mine;—
While the sadness of my wasted life
Must be the curse of thine!