

THE CALLIOPE.

it altogether in the multitudinous array of finery in which it is wrapt up.

It is not necessary that a man should either study or *eat* the dictionary to be able to talk or write. We can, all at least *talk* plain English, and if we only write as we talk we will soon learn to both write and talk more correctly. We should endeavour to adapt our language to our subject, and not sacrifice our subject to language which is entirely out of place in the mouth of a youngster, and which forces upon us the unpleasant conviction that they are not his own. When we see a boy making superhuman efforts to drag up some monstrous words, and when out get entangled in the roots, it makes us feel for the poor fellow and come to his aid with a few nouns and adjectives to help him out. It is amusing to see one of your literary levellers sit down to dash off an article in the regular "yankee Sullivan" style. Striking a suitable attitude he turns up his cuffs, lays hold of the largest dictionary he can find to pick out the longest words, takes a huge sheet of paper, plunges a monstrous pen into an oceanic inkstand and goes at it. He'll show you what writing is! No matter what his theme he'll astonish the natives. If he "had a donkey what would'n't go," he would tell you that he was "the possessor of an ungovernable quadruped who absolutely refused to proceed." These chaps certainly astonish the vulgar, not by the force of their argument, but by the weight and length of their words.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Three Rivers, June 20th 1859.

Dear CALLIOPE,

Insert this letter. Confer a great favor. Know who I am? I'm a boy. Yes, a youth. Won't attain to manhood for some time yet. Glad of it. Youth happiest time of life. In age looked back on with regret. No use that. Should take things as they come. Be content with what you've got. Never sigh over what's past, lost. Foolish, weak—very. Youth called spring of

life. Very appropriately. Everything springing up then. Same in nature. Grass springs up then. Flowers spring up then. Cabbages spring up then. Carrots spring up then. All vegetables spring up then. Aware of that I suppose? Buds burst forth then. Birds spring out then. Warble sweetest notes then. Everything green then. Same in youth. Grass of hope springs up then. Flowers of hope spring up then. Cabbages of hope spring up then. Carrots of hope spring up then. All vegetables of hope spring up then. Buds of hope burst forth then. Birds of hope spring out then. Warble sweetest notes then. All green then—dark. Spring of life; spring of nature, identical. Above reasoning proves so, don't it? Fellow boys—listen. Know anything about farming? No: Never mind, don't matter. Aware that better land cultivated, better it produces? Yes. Good. Know that more manure, the better? Fewer weeds the better? Plants spring up. Weeds spring up. Weeds thicker. Choke plants—impede growth. To unchoke plants, aid growth, root up weeds. Know all that? Very good. *Bene* Dominic would say. Don't like to quote Latin. Looks peevish, affected, ostentatious—odious. Boys laugh—worse. Cultivate field of hope well. Will produce abundantly. Add lots manure. Make it rich, fertile. Kill weeds that they may not choke plants. Keep field clean. Well fenced in, so that no stray cattle get in. If do will make immense holes in field. Destroy many-hooting plants. Perhaps destroy them altogether. Take care then to have no holes in fence—no rotten rails. Do all this. You will have green, luxuriant midsummer—abundant harvest. Adieu. Hear from me again. Glad I suppose? Yes. Well, I won't disappoint you. Good fellow is Calliope. Wise fellow Calliope. Shy fellow Calliope. Great fear of girls. Blushes and shakes at sight of one. Silly fellow. Listen to all he tells you. To what I tell you too. Can't go wrong.

I am, Your Seryt.

CURTIS CRISP.