

## THE HOME JOURNAL:

A WEEKLY CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER  
devoted to Literature, Art, Music, Criticism and News  
—is printed in Toronto, and published every Saturday.

The terms of subscription are, One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum invariably in advance.

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All letters on business should be addressed to the undersigned. All contributions for publication, and literary correspondence should be addressed to the Editor.

WILLIAM HALLEY, Publisher,  
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\$1.50 per annum, in advance; \$1 for eight months; 50 cents for four months. Any person sending the names of 5 Subscribers, with the money, for either of the above terms, will be entitled to one copy for his trouble. Single copies four cents. To be had of the principal News-Agents.

The ablest writers in Canada contribute to the HOME JOURNAL. Every number contains an Original Tale, expressly written for it, together with Original Essays, Poems, &c., &c., by Male and Female Authors. It has among its departments, an "Editor's Round Table," a "Ladies' Cabinet," and a "Letter Box." It is already a great favourite. The Ladies like it! The Gentlemen like it! The press applauds it as the best Literary Paper ever started in Canada.

A highly interesting Canadian Backwood's story, (the Scenes and Characters of which are real), from the brilliant pen of Mr. James McCarroll, entitled

## BLACK HAWK,

Will soon be commenced in the HOME JOURNAL. Those who wish to possess correct ideas regarding early Pioneer life in Upper Canada, as well as of Indian habits and character, should read this story.

All Letters and Communications should be addressed (post paid) to  
WILLIAM HALLEY, Publisher HOME JOURNAL,  
Toronto.

An Agent, to whom a liberal Commission will be allowed, wanted for each of the Post-Office Districts of Upper and Lower Canada. References required.

Exchanges will confer a favor on the Publisher, by giving the above advertisement a few insertions.



## The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

AN APPEAL  
ON BEHALF OF A CANADIAN LITERARY  
ENTERPRISE.

## TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE CANADIAN PRESS:

GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to thank you for your handsome notices of THE HOME JOURNAL, on the occasion of its first appearance.

The encouragement which the paper has already received, both here and in the country, from the press and the public, satisfies me that the experiment which I have undertaken is one entitled to the confidence and support of the Canadian public, and that it only requires to be properly made known, to be appreciated and patronised throughout the length and the breadth of the land.

It has been a matter of reproach to us as Canadians, that we were without a native literature—without reviews, magazines, or literary journals; and that our country was flooded with foreign publications of every description, some of which were of a most pernicious character, while not a single publication with a Canadian imprint, (apart

from the daily, weekly, or monthly publications of parties, sects, or societies) was to be found.

Having been connected with the press of Canada, in various capacities, from an early period, it seemed to me strange indeed that no one who had hitherto undertaken to remove the reproach to which I refer, had touched the chord that produced the sound of success, and I at length resolved to feel for it myself. It would be too much for me to say, as yet, that I hear its sweet notes, but I appeal to you, gentlemen, and to your various classes of readers, who have all a part to perform, to render me your kind aid, and success will soon be certain, while the music will be pleasant to all.

Some one has said the time has not yet arrived for a Canadian literary paper like mine to succeed. This is folly; for in the absence of a producing medium of our own, has not the Province been flooded with the most sickly and degrading of the United States publications?—papers admitted on all hands to be inferior, in every respect excepting size, to what the HOME JOURNAL has proved itself already in the first few weeks of its infancy. One of the most influential gentlemen connected with the daily press of Toronto declared before I commenced my undertaking, that whoever would establish a literary journal of the right kind in Canada would be sure to realize a fortune. While my hopes of making a fortune from the HOME JOURNAL are not great, I am happy to say that it has received the warm approval of the journal conducted by that gentleman.

It would be lamentable indeed if the assertion which is often made, that we have not sufficient talent in this country to supply a literary periodical with good readable matter, should be shown to be true. But there is no danger of that. Have we not a McGee, a McCaul, a Wilson, a Heavysedge, a McCarrroll, and a McLachlan—gentlemen whose leisure is largely devoted to literature, and whose names are well and widely known to fame? How many other names of persons might I mention did I wish, whose industry, and devotion to the cause of letters are creditable to the country? Let any one who has any doubts on this point visit the various literary institutions of Toronto, on certain occasions and he will no doubt find himself agreeably mistaken. Indeed so well satisfied am I of what I say that I believe the association of young men in Toronto, known as the "Ontario Literary Society," is equal to any similar association anywhere, from the evidences of great talents and parts given by many of its members.

The talent and the thought are in the country. Give them a publication and a patronage and there need be no doubt that they will exhibit themselves, and be creditable alike to us all. In my own way I have undertaken to do my part. I place my prospects on the patriotism, appreciation and generosity of the Canadian public, and should failure be my fate (which I am far from dreading) I trust it will not be said it was owing to want of proper exertion or enterprise on my part.

By giving this letter a place in your columns, at an early day, and by noticing the HOME JOURNAL whenever you find anything noteworthy in it, (thus keeping it in the minds of your readers) you will confer a benefit on the only literary publication in Canada and a favor on the publisher.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM HALLEY,

Publisher HOME JOURNAL.

COLBORNE STREET,  
Toronto, July 1st, 1861.

A reporter of experience gives the following instructions for making one's way in a crowd: "Elevate your elbow high, and bring it down with great force upon the digestive apparatus of your neighbor. He will double up and yell, causing the gentleman in front of you to turn half way round to see what is the matter. Punch him in the same way, step on his foot, pass him, and continue the application until you have reached the desired point. It never fails."

## ELEGANT LEISURE.

Nobody will presume to laugh at the caption of this article. Not to put too fine a point upon it, there are very few who can afford to make fun of their wealthier neighbors.

If there is one grand trait of this splendid nineteenth century more praiseworthy than another, it is the tendency of the people to respect money, not as a representative of value, but as an intrinsic good; and although we are all far too well brought up in the theologics and the morals to worship the sun, or the nymphs of the sea, have we not as good citizens, a perfect right to prostrate ourselves at the feet of the Golden Calf? Have we not the example of a great nation across the border, who have succeeded so admirably in their investigations in Dollar-phobia during a long period of peace, that now they are engaged in a war. They are not at all uneasy, because their great men are all sure that money can do anything, and there is plenty of that commodity in the Union? The only regret expressed is that the war interrupts the money-making mill in its daily revolutions.

It is so repeatedly asked in this Province, why do not our ladies and gentlemen of Elegant Leisure write books, or contribute to the press, or foster "Home Literature," that the question should be answered. As everybody asks it, there must be profound truth to be derived from its correct solution. As a valued correspondent of this JOURNAL said in a late impression, "Mr. N. P. Willis was surprised that there had been no literary publication in Canada, since some of the best contributors to his paper were from our side of the line." Surely we have people of Elegant Leisure in our midst!

Yes, indeed, we have those treasures very plentiful. Perhaps not as thick as blackberries in August, but yet quite abundant. Toronto teems with these gems, and should they multiply rapidly, our beloved Canada might be too much favored by Providence, for there is something contagious in the fascinating appearance of Elegant Leisure.

The Southern States have been blessed with many persons of Elegant Leisure, but where is the Literature of the South?

Now, not for the world, would we venture to think differently from anybody else, but just permit us to ask a question:

Is it not possible Elegant Leisure does not do the world's thinking any more than its doing? Are our people of Elegant Leisure better patrons of the pastry-cook or the printer? of the tailor or the author? of the grocer or the artist?

These are mere random queries. Elegant Leisure is highly respectable; who says it is useless? Were it not for Elegant Leisure, who could be found to read the telegrams of the associated press in the newspapers, or those beautiful political disquisitions on the difference between Cypher and tweedle-dee, and Popkins and tweedle-dum?

If not impertinent, it would also please us to enquire how many classical authors the giants of English Literature were gentlemen of Elegant Leisure? Was Shakespeare one of those gentry? Did glorious Oliver Goldsmith or brave Bobbie Burns graduate in the college of those Elegant Leisure people?

To build marble piles, men must labor; nor can monuments of intellectual greatness be achieved without sweat of the brain, with wear and tear of the body; and it is a lamentable truth, which we blame ourself very much for telling, that in this work-a-day world, Elegant Leisure writes no brave, true words, neither does it give Humanity one grand pull at the weights that true civilization essays to lift from the shoulders of each successive age. Elegant Leisure is useful in doling out platitudes and the small beer of criticism; it has its place in the social economy, and it is admirable and greatly to its credit to see with what a profound air of dulness it receives the compliments of the press, the franchises of the people, and the tributes of Genius. It is an excellent intellectual and moral mill-stone which no flood can wash away.

## STREET STUDIES.

BY DIOPHNE.

"But what went you out for to see?" was asked eighteen hundred years ago at the crowd which flocked to the wilderness to look at the new prophet who had suddenly emerged from obscurity and was making the solitary places ring with the voice of warning and the announcement of the coming of One greater than he. The spirit of curiosity, the love of novelty, is an innate quality in the human race. This, it may be said, is the grand incentive in acquiring knowledge, the primary motive which prompts men to discoveries, to inventions, and to advance, from step to step, in the great search for truth. This, however, is curiosity in its purest and most natural form. We find it often operating in far other channels, and for far different purposes. Sometimes we detect it grovelling among the "mud-sills" of society, finding out wickedness, and misery, and vice, and acting as the forerunner of benevolence and christian charity. Too often, alas! can we trace it as the hired spy of malevolence and hatred—a social detective of vices and failings, which are held up over the heads of the detected to provoke the ridicule and scorn of the world. There is still another phase of it which actuates individuals, and which, coupled with a reverential regard for hereditary or acquired greatness, prompts them to see, and know, and, if possible, make themselves acquainted with all the details and surroundings of those who are either born great or who have greatness thrust upon them. On this last characteristic I intend to make a few remarks.

The "Divine right of Kings" is now completely and forever exploded throughout the world: in fact, in this land of ours, where republican ideas are so rampant, it never had an abiding place—scarcely, we believe, a single advocate. And yet, though Kingcraft is held at such low estimate, we find a virtual reverence and loyalty pervading the masses for the representatives of this same Kingcraft that they would not be willing to acknowledge in words. Not many days ago we saw the whole city astir with the expectancy of seeing one of those scions of royal blood. We saw flags and streamers flung out to enhance the welcome, and, more than all, we saw thousands hurrying to and fro, all bent on satisfying their curiosity, and, unconsciously or not, paying homage to one by accident above them, and in consideration of the ties existing between our sovereign and his mother. Were I to ask one-half of those thousands that lined the place of debarkation what they were there for, perhaps all the answer they could give me would be, "to see the Prince." Were I to ask the other half why they came to see the Prince; what motive impelled them to stand the crush of the multitude and the squeezing of obtruding limbs, perhaps the first reply would be that of simple curiosity. Yet behind that there is another reason, undefined it may be, which they may never call up to question or attempt to explain or account for.

Now this same principle pervades all society, and scouts at the idea of a universal equality of mind or material condition. The few isolated attempts at social communism have gone to complete wrecks, have become the laughing-stock of all but a few inveterate dreamers. There is extant among mankind a Man-worship or Hero-worship, or whatever other name you choose to call it. Rude force and physical power commanded respect in the early stages of civilization. Barbaric pomp and feudal grandeur made slaves of subjects and struck terror to the souls of the ignorant and debased. We stand now on a higher platform, and pay homage to more intrinsic qualities. Still station and position, to a great extent even in our day, is the grand highway to power. The materialistic and the intellectual in the world are so blended, and, in some respects, so inseparable, that often the one commands as much consideration as the other. "The rank is but the guinea stamp," but it is often taken as a test for the quality of the gold, and