

## THE HOME JOURNAL:

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## The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

## WHAT THE HOME PRESS SAYS.

We are deeply obliged to our brothers of the Canadian Press for their many kind notices of the enterprise we have undertaken, with so many mingled hopes and fears, that it would be either ingratitude or affectation to deny that a sense of their kindness has deeply penetrated our heart, and their favorable opinion it will be our study to measurably deserve. If we annex a few of their "golden opinions" we hope it will not be set down to the charge of vanity, but of appreciation of the courtesy—we had almost said the enthusiasm—with which our little hantling has been received. When were the Knights of the Quill, personally, ever anything but generous to one another? Thank you, one and all gentlemen.

## SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Young Canada is a theme we never weary in following. The man who hateth the youthful is a disagreeable, if not a dangerous, member of society. If the HOME JOURNAL can only be taken to the hearts and hearths of the rising generation of the Province, it will have the society of those it most desires to be loved by, and it shall be its care, while avoiding anything like prudery, never to say one word, or be guilty of a single insinuation that would bring an unhallowed blush upon the cheek of a sister or a wife. In the common imperfections of human nature sometimes it may stumble, but it will not grovel in the mire: and if the scholars and preachers and best intellects of Canada will rally around it, the field it essays to fill may not only bear a rich harvest but be materially extended.

Looking across the border, not as a politician, nor as one with any sympathies in the strife that threatens to drench that unhappy Republic in rivers of blood and years of internecine conflict, of civilization as well as arms, of thought as well as action, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Northern States owe much of their present troubles to a neglect of their young.

For they have been cruelly abused!

It is not enough to afford young people intellectual training. That civilization is diseased that sharpens the brain and ossifies the heart. Indeed the moral nature sacri-

ficed to the mental, is sure to result in ultimate shipwreck of a State. The very first thing that strikes the tourist in the States is the weakness of home-ties, and the deserted family altars are cold and grim with neglect, and the household gods avengo the unfaithfulness, by abandoning their unworthy people to their own destruction.

Materialistic civilization is very grand and very useful, but no number of steam engines can make one human soul, and while no sane man would, in these days, desire to set the car of progress in wealth and science set back a single mile over the weary road it has passed, every true student of society would desire to see spiritual adornment maintain an equal position in the race. In very new countries there is more palliation for an inordinate care for the things of the body; but when the colony expands into comparative competence, it is the part of wisdom that the better class of men have a care for the spiritual element that existing in the young, more abundantly than in the old, (because the hearts of such persons are fresh and free from the world-rot that gathers with advancing years) needs sustenance, and will have it or be debased. You may warp the spirit; you cannot crush it.

The Gradgrind Philosophy that deals only in facts is the most baneful of any that ever corrupted a community. A poetical element is native to our nature, and is to the soul what flowers are to the body. No fancy was ever half so erroneous as a quant fact, teaching no principle save selfishness; and the men who never see a pretty conceit in a volume of poetry are the very gentlemen who, if they had the power, would bottle up all the sunshine and peddle it out at so much the ounce; and if anybody could not pay for it, they would let them go without.

Such people are doubtless shocked at the caption of this fragment, but even on their own plane of argument, Love is a reality, and why deny its existence? One half of the evils that afflict the social body; nine-tenths of the infidel sects, and dreamy theorists have arisen from that mistaken policy which leads some very good folks to suppose the grand passion a delusion, when it is in reality, a development of every wholesome self-hood.

Let us ask you, O! lonely man of the world, of fifty, if you would not be better, and truer, and greater, and happier if you had married twenty-odd years ago the little blue-eyed girl half the village said was your sweetheart? Do you think the pride of life and the cautious lies worldlings teach would, if you could re-live your existence, step between you and your first love? No: you do not wish to speak of it: you know very well that—

Oh we turn from fair to fair,  
Forthless as the summer air;  
Yet wherever we may rove,  
Memory lingers with First Love.

Did you ever hear a man rail against the sex and feel no desire to pull his nose? But no; on second thoughts, you would be sorry for him, and wonder if he were afflicted with such a mother as the author of *Child Harold*?

Sweethearts and wives! The words make every man proud and happy. How much they mean of sweet dawning love and tranquil twilight! They carry the husband and father back twenty years or more, and the matron, so honored and so beloved, becomes again in imagination the blushing maid, that in trembling accents confessed that she would walk with him henceforth, even adown the dark valley of the Shadow of Death. And the very dress she wore when he first saw her comes fresh to his vision, and she is the sweetheart he so idolized because he saw heaven in her eyes.

And will young people, with the example of their parents before them, love unworthily, or bring the traces of the carer that cark to those dear brows, now silvered with gray? Do they not know that their parents only desire their happiness, and that they have travelled the way they now so ardently desire to go? Let them remember it is a grand and holy thing to love worthily, purely; and it is the highway to the deepest pitfall in the unfathomable depths below to throw the heart away—to cast diamonds to dogs.

[For the Home Journal.]  
MEAN MEN

BY MATT.

No II.

My business is varied, and I meet with many different kinds of men. There is a very numerous *religious class*—bless the mark—who when they come to trade with you, suddenly discover that they are of the same religion as yourself, and have in consequence, an immense desire to leave their money with you, "if they can deal with you." This remark you will invariably find to embody the healthy proviso that they will buy, *if they can get their goods cheaper than at any other house in the trade.* I recollect an instance. A religiously inclined couple, desirous of patronizing people of their own sort, and who had just been united in the "holy bands," came into my place as I was taking in some goods, which, not having had time to mark, I quoted the prices of at random, but upon examination, found I had quoted at much less than cost! Yet my pious friends must have them lower still! I'm afraid I showed temper and am certain I showed them the door, and have, I suppose, ever since been considered a sort of barbarian by them, for refusing to receive their pious alms.

I got bewildered in the number of trading experiences, which I have been either witness of, or participator in; still I must mention another case. It's so striking a sample of those who go out to purchase, not knowing the value of the goods they are in pursuit of, but have, however, made up their minds, never to pay what is asked. My friend on this occasion was aggravatingly inclined in that direction, and no matter what price I asked, he would give so much less. I let him have his way, and made up my mind to be even with him at some future day. That day came, and with it my trading friend. He bought what he wanted and had a large percentage off it. I made out his bill, and received payment of it, and then handed him back a couple of dollars, being the excess I had over my usual prices, for that, as well as for his former purchase. The poor fellow was crest-fallen, and ever since, I suppose, considers me an honest man, (the poor dupe) for he has been a constant customer of mine.

Another and also numerous class, bent on finding out the cheap places, want a quotation of the prices of your goods, or a sample thereof, but *always* for some friend in the country, who requested him or her, to enquire for him or her, and who promise an order as soon as they can get word from their friend Mr. Thompson, or Mrs. Jenkins. Ah, your sight will be gratified when you receive that order.

You've no doubt heard the story of the swain who was paying his addresses to Sally Jones, and who on crossing a toll-bridge in company with her, remarked, as he pulled out a penny to pay his own passage, "there Sal, you must pay your own toll, for I'm not sure yet whether I'll have you or not." But I had occasion once, to take dinner with as mean a man as that. Pigs feet, (a delicate enough dish when you know it's not served for cheapness,) a shank of mutton, that had certainly done duty *once* before; some boiled weeds, for greens, and bran bread, composed the banquet; and this dinner, notwithstanding my delicate and epicurean taste, I was obliged, in courtesy, to partake of. But it was the bran bread that made up the joke, for the good wife apologized on presenting it by saying, "Weel John, ye wadna ken the mistake, I made the day." "Na lassie." "Weel ye ken where the bran and flour bags stan' the-gither." "Aye lassie." Weel as misfortune wad hae it, I took a dish o' bran; instead o' a dish o' flour, and there ye hae bran broed for dinner." I visited one of his neighbors on the same business, and questioned the latter as to how his neighbor across the road had obtained his wealth, when he replied by saying, "The people around here say of him, that, when he and his family first came to this section, land was cheap, and not much market for anything except wheat and pork, he bought a small lot of land, and whatever it produced, that would sell for cash, he sold—whatever would not sell for cash, he fed pigs on, and whatever pigs would not eat they ate themselves." I was satisfied with the

explanation and never went back for the cattle I bought, (I was then in the provision business) for I was afraid he might make a mistake similar to the wife's, and give me the bran of his stock, instead of the kernel.

Ah, you mean contemptible wretches, you annoy me when you come within the range of my vision. A poor little ragged and half-starved girl that I saw the other evening selling her *Evening Leaders* and singing her *toodle-doodle-toodle-doo*, is worth more in society than a score of you, for she was happy, and had a sunshine on her face, even amid all her poverty. But you, you discontented wretches, are like walking pallis that dim and darken all you look upon, and if these lines fall under your gaze take the resolution to reform your ways. Go and meet your families with smiles on your faces; distribute a dozen kisses between your wives and the little pledges, subscribe for the HOME JOURNAL, look pleasant, and my word for it, the wrinkles (that meanness always leaves) will desert your countenance, your coats swell out, and your relatives be glad to see you.

There are your mean snobs, your mean politicians, your mean aristocrats, and meaner people, who ape aristocracy. Mean retired merchants, and mean merchants who have not retired, but I'm sick thinking of their existence not to speak of writing of it.

## STREET STUDIES.

BY DIOGENES.

I intend to say something, by-and-bye, on the individualism recognizable in streets; for individualism in such localities is generally more apparent, and stands out in clearer outline, than in any other place. Perhaps we may hereafter pick out our representative men and women of those subdivisions into which society has been marked out, and which are kept distinct by nature's great laws and their own affinities. In the meantime I will devote my space this week to subjects of a more general nature as regards streets.

Mr. Buckle has given to the world the first instalment of his *History of Civilization*—a most stupendous undertaking. We are informed by sundry critics and reviewers that the author has devoted years of study and preparation towards the accomplishment of this *magnum opus*. He has read and thoughtfully compared those great authorities, whose ideas and deductions, extending over all past ages, and dealing with every phase of the world's history, have come down stamped with all the reverence due to age and to the reflections of the great minds of the past. A stupendous undertaking, did we say? Nay, more, an impossible one. All honor, say we, to the designer of this new Evangel; but we have come to the conclusion long ago, that this *History of Civilization* will take its place among the many noble fragments that already strew the paths of literature. The imagination of the architect in every such case outruns his ability and the lapse of years—the ideal always surpasses the realization, and instead of the majestic edifice, reared in the author's dreams, we will find in after years but an imperfect structure—here a turret, there a buttress—all beautiful fragments, but, alas! not the grand, perfect whole.

Nor will we call in question Mr. Buckle's mode of dealing with his history; but we hold it as a first principle—*gainsay* it who may—that the real history of our race must be written, as it were, at our street-corners. We said enough already about studying men from books. Give us true pictures of our streets, whether in the stately periods of Gibbon, or the animated style of Macaulay, or the rough, jagged, tortuous sentences of Carlyle, or even in blank verse, as wild as Nat Lee ever scratched on his prison wall. By these we will unlock the mysteries of human nature, and open up the grand arcana of our social being, with all its aims and desires. By these we will see the shuttle silently weaving its strange web of happiness and misery from the elements that make up the living structure that we call human life.

We want some man to write for us the advancement of civilization in a series of pictures; and what a gallery of art would these