

I determined that my two companions should accompany me across the Bridge, as I was confident that there were no hotels open, at that hour, in the neighbourhood of the spot where we had landed so miraculously. Besides this, I felt that I owed them something, as I was the undoubted cause of their second misfortune, however illegal the pursuits in which they might have been engaged previously; and further, that were it not for the active exertions of one of them at least, I might have had a very different story to tell, myself. Feeling, at all events, that I entertained a degree of warmth towards them, which I could not well explain at the moment, I made up my mind, fully, that they should spend the remainder of the night under my roof; and then, in the morning, enter into some explanation regarding their conduct, which I was resolved to view with as much leniency as the law could possibly recognize, and, for the purpose of grinding old Ringwood, permit them to enter the goods, if they had *nouse* enough to concoct, between them, any sort of a story that would sustain me in the act. I therefore communicated to them, as plainly as I could, (for the storm was absolutely increasing instead of otherwise), that they would have to cross the Bridge, to the Canadian shore, before they could obtain shelter, but that they might not be apprehensive in any degree whatever, as, even in the absence of the lightning, which during my observations commenced to flash with extraordinary vividness, I was perfectly acquainted with every step of the way. To this arrangement they assented tacitly,—as it was impossible, during such a commotion of the elements to attempt anything like a conversation—and, without further comment, we all commenced an ascent of the rocky track that led to the main road, and the entrance of the wonderful structure that hung, in mid air, over a gulf nearly three hundred feet deep, a short distance from where we stood.

In the course of a very few minutes we reached the gates of the Bridge, where I was surprised to meet a covered vehicle standing in the shelter of the dark wooden towers, and a light still burning in the toll house. Being accustomed, however, to cross and recross at all hours, I was aware of the secret crevice in which the night key was deposited for the convenience of those who were privileged and resided in that immediate locality, so, without making any disturbance whatever, I turned the key in the lock, and proceeded on my way across to the other gate, which I knew I could open with the same ease and certainty.

The moment we stepped out over the frightful chasm, no language can describe the grandeur—the sublimity of the scene that burst upon us. The lightning, which now swept the horizon at rapid intervals, lit up the whole river beneath us with strange brilliancy, discovering in its fitful glare, all Nature, as it were, leaping in and out of gloom! while, in the distance, the great white American cataract fell blazing from the clouds, like some mighty drop scene, that shut out from mortal gaze the grand drama of Eternity! It was a night of appalling festival! The thunders beat out their long *revelles*—the winds piped to the dancing heavens!—and the startled waters were struck into purple wind once more, by the lurid wand of the Grand Enchanter!

Being now in the very highway of the storm, it was with great difficulty we could keep our feet, or prevent ourselves from being blown out through the wire guards that caged us in; but still struggling onwards, we soon arrived at the end of the aerial thoroughfare, and found ourselves, with every degree of pleasure, at the termination of our journey. Here, too, as I closed the gate behind me, I observed another covered carriage and a light, as on the other side, shining in the toll-house. This perplexed me exceedingly for a moment; but remembering the story of the robbery which I doubted so seriously on my way to the ferry, and which had been totally banished from my recollection by our late fearful adventure, I at once came to the conclusion that I did injustice to the character of the two strangers with the dark lantern; and as I stepped upon the verandah of my abode

once more, censured myself for having so hastily entertained suspicions of the veracity of persons who could apparently have no interest whatever in making false statements on the occasion.

As may be supposed, my wife and daughters were greatly alarmed at my prolonged absence on such a night, and were in anxious expectations of my return, when the noise of our footsteps brought them to the door. While greeting me, however, on my re-appearance, they seemed surprised at finding themselves in the presence of two strangers, muffled up to the eyes with huge shawls, and loaded with india-rubber coats, caps, and immense gloves. Those I introduced, briefly, as benighted and having marked claims on our hospitality, from the fact of their having been my companions in a very singular adventure, which I should relate at my leisure. This I felt was sufficient; and shaking hands, or rather gloves, with my new friends—so as to put them as much at ease as possible—I entered the dining-room,

where a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and lights burning on the side-board. Some decanters and glasses having been produced hastily, I called out to my two guests—who were divesting themselves of their outer garments in the hall—be expeditious, and approach without the slightest ceremony, for the purpose of partaking of some exhilarating refreshment before we sat down to do justice to something more substantial. To this very reasonable request I fancied they were about to accede both cheerfully and quickly, as I conceived they had been much longer exposed to the inclemency of the weather than even I had; but what was my utter astonishment and that of my family, to find, as they both slowly entered the apartment where we were all waiting to receive them, that, instead of two hard featured, coarsely-dressed smugglers, there stood before us the beautiful quadron and her handsome young lover, whose fate had interested us so deeply during the early part of the night.



[For the Home Journal.]

THE CHILD'S REPROOF.

Young Farmer Maple had a wife,
And a baby daughter, too;
In the sunshine all his life,
He had walk'd as few men do.
He own'd some land, he own'd some cattle,
His life was peace, it was not battle.

One August ev'ning when the sun
Was most asleep in the golden West,
His daily labors all were done,
He lean'd on the barn-yard gate to rest.
His fair young wife by the cow was sitting,
The golden clouds in the West were fitting.

Sweet baby Maud, stood by the gate,
Smiling up in papa's face,
(So a child will dream of Fate,

As night's shadows grow apace!)
Soon, said she, in her infant treble,
"Mamma, why's old Whitey feeble?"

"My darling daughter, that poor cow,
Was once a little baby calf;
She was not always old as now,
She gave more milk than this by half."
"Ma," said Maud, as her face grew elfish,
"Are cows, as well as we folks, selfish?"

Folding his arms, the Farmer said,
"Wife, O prythee promise me,
When I'm gone, when I am dead,
Keep Maud's heart from world-rot free!"
Man and wife, e'en the dear old cattle,
All were blest by the wee one's prattle.

The Letter Box.

Under this heading, correspondents will find answers to their communications of enquiry, whether upon general topics or the decisions made as to communications. All letters should be addressed to

THE HOME JOURNAL,
TORONTO,
C. W.

OUR FIRST NUMBER.

Dear Readers, male and female, we hope you like the appearance of our little paper. We think it looks nice and believe you will agree with us. Everything, however, has been hurriedly done, in our anxiety to issue our first number on the first Saturday of the month. Do not complain that our matter is too heavy and not sufficiently varied. We anticipate your objection. Although most of the articles are long, they are, nevertheless, very readable and interesting. Don't fail to read the splendid essay "The World," as it will well repay perusal.

OUR HEADING.

We feel proud of it; and think the artist who designed it (Mr. John Ellis, Jr., of this city) deserving of mention. The engraver is Mr. Wheeler, of Victoria Hall, a young artist who has acquired his knowledge of his art in Toronto. He has well executed his part of the work. We think, altogether, our readers must admire the heading of THE HOME JOURNAL. Our young friends will find it quite a matter for study.

TO OUR FRIENDS OF THE PRESS.

We shall be happy to receive copies of the various newspapers and periodicals published by our brethren of the press in exchange for the JOURNAL. We hope you are all well pleased with our appearance.

OUR AGENTS.

We have arranged with Mr. C. A. BACKAS, Toronto Street, to take charge of the sale of THE HOME JOURNAL in Toronto, and supply News-sellers in the surrounding towns. His place of business is near the Post Office.

Mr. TUNIS of Clifton, and his agent in Hamilton, Mr. IRWIN, will sell the paper in those places, and also supply News-sellers in Western Towns, whom we trust will use their best endeavors to procure a circulation for the only paper in Canada, purely literary in its character.

We shall announce the appointment of other Agents in the allotted districts, as soon as possible.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Our next issue will be prepared with care and contain a great deal of excellent matter, both original and select. We shall go to press in sufficient time to place the JOURNAL in the hands of our patrons at an early hour. We know our lady readers will be anxious to read the continuation of our Southern Tale, which rapidly increases in interest.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We do not like to ask subscriptions for a new paper in advance, but we will not mail our paper unless it be paid for; if not for a whole year, at least for four or eight months. A dollar for eight months, is a convenient sum to send us, and we hope to receive many a one ere long. From those who have not a great deal of faith in our continuance we shall receive fifty cents for four months. Those who have no wish to subscribe for any given time, can procure single copies at the Bookstores. We shall be happy to have a large list of subscribers, but they must be such as think sufficient of it to pay for it in advance, and we hope soon to make the inducement sufficiently tempting.

The Weekly News.

GREAT BRITAIN.

A proclamation has been issued by the British Government relative to affairs in the United States, warning British subjects against engaging in the American war, that all doing so, will be held responsible for their own acts. The proclamation declares the intention of that Government to maintain the strictest, impartial neutrality between England and the Government of the United States and certain States, styling themselves the Confederate States of America. It warns all British subjects if they enter the military service of either side, or join ships of war or transport, or attempt to get recruits or fit out for war purposes, or transport or break, or endeavour to break, any blockade, lawfully and actually established, or carry soldiers, despatches, or any material contraband of war for either party, they will be liable to all the penalty and consequences, and will do so at their peril, and in nowise obtain the protection of their government.

The screw frigate "Mersey," 40 guns, has sailed for the American station.

In the British Parliament Lord Woodhouse said that the Government of Spain, at the request of the inhabitants, had accepted the annexation of the eastern portion of the island of St. Domingo to her possessions, and that Government had given assurances that African slavery should not be re-established on that island.

The cotton growing company of Jamaica has determined to plant several thousand acres forthwith, so that the crop may be delivered in Manchester before the end of the year.

Tempting offers for the purchase of the steamship "Great Eastern," are believed to have been made for either the French or American Governments. A special meeting of the shareholders had been called to raise funds or sell the vessel.

The Duke of Bedford is dead.

AUSTRIA.

Mr. Deak on the 13th, in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, urged moderation in the assembly. Most of the members loudly applauded. Austria, was withdrawing her troops from her provinces in Italy.

In reply to an address from the Lower House of the Reichsrath, the Emperor said, he meant to maintain the unity of the Empire, and the autonomy of the provinces.

UNITED STATES.

On the 23th, the *Pochontas* left Washington for a trip down the Potomac, joined by the *Anacosta* and *Pawnee*, she will try to attack Aquina Creek.

C. H. Foster, who ran away from North Carolina says, the Southern troops are not so armed or numerous as many believe.

There are 2,900 "rebels" at Manassas junction.

The 2nd N. Y. regiment has been sworn—that is, what remains of them—some 300 refusing to be sworn in for three year's service. All their uniforms, except their pantaloons were stripped from them, and they came into the city from the encampment, and making many noisy demonstrations, got into a building where they are quartered till tomorrow. Co. G left in a body.

The Baltimore and Ohio railway is impassible. The abandonment of the "right" of privateering excites much attention from the English papers, as well as those of these provinces.

Some of the country papers, both sides of the line, find great fault with the associated press telegrams, on account of their length and shallowness.

ITALY.

The *Independence Belge* says, England and France had agreed to propos to Austria and Turkey the following arrangement:—Austria to cede Venetia to Italy and to receive, in addition to a pecuniary indemnity of 200,000,000 a territorial compensation, including Bosnia, the Herzegovina and Turkish Croatia—the Sultan also received and an indemnity of 200,000,000 from Italy. The *Independence* adds that the British Government appeared desirous to withdraw from the arrangement.