

THE HOME JOURNAL:

A WEEKLY CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER
—devoted to Literature, Art, Music, Criticism and News
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The Home Journal.

TORONTO SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

NEW STORY.

Mr. LOVERIDGE's excellent story, "Down
on the Beach," will be concluded in our next
issue.

We are pleased at being in a position to
announce that it will be succeeded by an
original Canadian serial from the brilliant
pen of Mr. James McCarroll, and to be en-
titled "Night Hawk." The issues of the
HOME JOURNAL containing this story will
be much sought for, and we request that
news-dealers will at once regulate their
orders, that we may know how to meet
them without disappointment. Those de-
siring of possessing the paper from the com-
mencement should send in their subscrip-
tions at once, as the numbers we have over
are rapidly disappearing.

CANADIAN LITERATURE.

"Let me write the songs of a people, and
I do not care who writes their books or ad-
ministers their Government," was, substan-
tially, the remark of one whose name is as
familiar as household words to every Briton.

There was a deep thought in the apparently
flippant saying; for it is only dulness that
seemeth profound at the first reading. In-
deed, there is nothing which presents a
greater contrast than the simple, easy diction
of many of the most world-known English
periodicals, and the pompous, inflated as-
sumption of dignity of style, which is the
besetting sin of some of our journalists;
just as an entire disregard of grammar, and a
slang-like, would-be-conversational manner
is the characteristic of many of the Yankee
daily and weekly presses.

"Heavy writing" is not, by any means,
necessarily profound, any more than a slip-
shod, indecent carelessness is epigrammatic;
and in the remarks we are about to make, it
is sincerely hoped that our contemporaries,
whose thousand-and-one virtues we respect,
and whose generous encouragement we ap-
preciate, will not be offended, or suppose, for
a moment, we mean to snarl at, or lecture
our seniors, and possibly superiors.

Since the HOME JOURNAL was born, the
publisher is often asked the question, both
by letter and in person, "Why do you not
make your paper more strictly local? Home
stories, home essays, home poetry, home
literature are what the Canadian public most
crave."

It is precisely because that is what we
most desire to give you, that this publication
was commenced; but, friends, will you be

kind enough to remember, for a moment, that
this Province is comparatively a new country
that every similar publication has died a
premature death, and that letters require
ages to bring them to perfection.

Literature is catholic, it owns no clime,
no creed, no politics, no preconceived op-
inions. Its birth is indicative that a State
has passed through the first stages of pioneer
development; its death, that a nation is in
the agonies of dissolution.

Nothing is ready-made to our hands. It
is our task, and our pride, and our wish, to
rally to the standard of the JOURNAL every
literary man and woman in Canada. Hitherto,
they have had no field to cultivate; no
theatre to play in, and the natural conse-
quence is that those with whom letters
mean life are writing for American maga-
zines and newspapers, and the amateurs are
either merely toying with their pens, or dis-
heartened and idle.

It must be the work of years of patient
toll to develop Canadian literature. Physi-
cal wealth is not created in a day; nor can
the world of thought be made fruitful in a
week or a month. Every post brings us
letters from all quarters of the Province,
cheering our labors, by indicating far more
material awaiting encouragement than we
had deemed could possibly exist, when for
years it has seemed the study of partizan
presses and prejudiced persons to discourage
literary people as useless, and literary jour-
nals as unwelcome guests. In our desire to
develop the literature of Canada, we must
work with such materials as are at our com-
mand; work with no immediate hope of pec-
uniary emolument: work with the expecta-
tion of being misconceived by the malicious,
and persecuted by the prejudiced; but
cheered by the reflection that the best intel-
lect of the Province, and the most cultivated
of the gentlemen of the press, have bade us
God-speed in our labors, and promised us of
their hands support and kindly notice.

Brought by business associations for years
into contact with the newspaper men, not
alone of this Province, but of many gentle-
men across the border, we have learned to
appreciate their struggles, as well as the
difficulties in the path of a publication
strictly devoted to letters; and it is our
wish to obtain the friendship of the many,
while we cannot sacrifice our enterprise by
listening to the carplings of the few.

To obtain as much original matter as
possible is, manifestly, the only way to en-
courage home authors; but we cannot re-
fuse contributions from American literary
men of note, while Boston and New York
journals own no narrow proscription of
writers on the score of birth, creed or posi-
tion; and while willing and anxious to give
the preference to Canadian writers, we could
not, if we had even accepted contributions
too crude for publication, have printed the
amount of original matter we are doing, had
we shut our columns against the two Ameri-
can writers who have favored us already, and
whose articles have hitherto been welcome
to the columns of periodicals and presses
that are largely patronised in both Upper
and Lower Canada; and, with two or three
dissenting voices, their writings have not
only been eagerly sought by the public, but
warmly recognized by the press of both the
West and the East.

In this age of the world, it is utterly idle
to denounce fiction and poetry; to do so,
argues not only a narrowness of feeling, but
a slender store of education. Neither can
an editor always compel writers to walk on
stilts, or express just his or the JOURNAL's
opinions; to do so, would be illiberal, and
an attempt to constrain men of letters in a
mode that would be as indignantly as justly
resented.

As in the case of the author of "Down on
the Beach," for example:—There are many
views entertained by that writer that are
not those of the paper; but they are natural
to a man who has resided for years in the
far South, and who by many ties is bound to
that section. He obtained warm and cordial
recognition as a writer of talent in Louisiana
and Texas, (albeit somewhat eccentric in his
nervous style,) as well as in New York and
Boston; and though we may criticise some

of his peculiarities, it is scarcely liberal to
allow our dissent from his peculiar opinions
to prejudice us against what is meritorious
in his compositions, and it is possible that
between the warm occasional outbursts
against the North, and our frequent feeling
of indignation at what we conceive his
errors and the errors of the South, there may
be a *muddle view*, which, precisely coinciding
with neither, is substantially a true one.
Every tourist knows the fidelity of his de-
scriptions of life in the Gulf States.

True literature is very charitable, and
Fancy cannot be confined by geographical
boundaries or narrow lines of sect or party.
While authors, as well as readers, are bound
by certain principles of morality recognized
by all Christian nations, let us allow them
all reasonable freedom, and if any thought
inadvertently creeps into the HOME JOURNAL
that seems objectionable to older and wiser
heads, our columns are open to any refuta-
tion of what a correspondent conceives to be
an error, so long as courtesy of tone, correct-
ness of expression, and terseness of style
characterize its contents.

These few hints have been thrown out
hastily, as we could not reply by mail to all
the friendly letters we have received, and
we would close our remarks by expressing a
wish that the best intellect, scholarship and
youth of the country would aid our efforts to
foster Canadian Literature.

[For the Home Journal.]

SOCIAL LIFE.

BY A. H. ST. GERMAIN.

God created His beings with capacities
for social intercourse. He did not intend
that life should consist merely in three score
years and ten—to eat, drink, and sleep—
with habits, wealth and trade—these bless-
ings alone, will not give vitality to the
mechanism of existence. Unconscious hu-
manity requires to be awakened. Knowl-
edge, Truth, Love, Goodness, and Faith,
must be possessed by man before he begins
to live the life that his Creator designed
him to.

The good of society demands Education.
A sound mind in a sound body may be a
great blessing, but soundness of mind
without mental acquirements gives a man
no fair pretensions to merit.

There are various kinds of knowledge;
however, man is not expected to learn every
kind, but he must not allow his mind to re-
main a barren desert, or a forest overgrown
with weeds and brambles. Not an hour that
passes but calls for an exercise of our judg-
ment upon some one thing or other relative
to our family, neighborhood or government.
It is necessary, then, that we improve our
understanding, inform our judgment, and
treasure up useful knowledge, and acquire
the necessary qualifications to make us use-
ful and honorable members of society, and
thereby escape the danger of plunging into
folly and guilt.

In early times the youth were trained up
to be useful to their country, and were
taught to do all they could to promote its
welfare. This course of instruction pro-
duced characters and actions creditable to
reflect upon, and has kindled in the breasts
of thousands a laudable ambition to imitate
those virtues that have appeared admirable
in others. Very many people are restrained
from associating together to do good owing
to conventional forms. They do not wish
to become identified with any society lest
they may subject themselves to the frown of
some sect, or the anathema of some synod,
or the fashion of some clique, or the laugh
of some club. Under these influences have
many noble impulses and high thoughts been
suppressed—neighbors have been afraid of
each other, their hands have been bound and
their feet fettered. Would that there were
more joyful freedom in the social inter-
course of communities and individuals.

Selfishness destroys many of the sources
of happiness to be derived from social life,
and makes slaves of its subjects, who feel it
a relief to part company. It is human na-
ture to be happy and miserable by times;

but, it is to be regretted that too many of
Adam's erring mortals prefer the privilege
of always being miserable. Again, there
are those in the world who imagine them-
selves so exalted in intellect and influence
as to cause them to behave with arrogance
towards others. This class of persons,
however, does not always triumph—their
schemes are often nipped in the bud—and
sociality and good feeling allowed to take
the place of discord and confusion.

Life has no charms without friendship,
Virtue, purity of manners, an elevated soul,
and a perfect integrity of heart, render
friendship true and lasting. To be safe and
sure in the means of promoting our social
happiness, we should select our companions
from the society of the good and virtuous.

Courtesy and politeness towards those
among whom we mingle promotes social
happiness. We should, in our intercourse
with one another in life, avoid giving of-
fence. Bluntness and Gothic freedom are
not always agreeable companions in society.
Some people say there is a pleasure in what
they call "speaking their minds." But
what may be an artificial pleasure to them
is often a pain to those whose feelings
they intended to wound. There are those
who aiming at honor and reputation, try these
means, but they often reap contempt and
derision. Ill-nature has ever been hated,
while civility is always courted and esteem-
ed. Narrowness of mind often incapaci-
tates men from taking a correct view of all
the complicated influences that cause incon-
sistencies in their actions; thence it is that
a want of prudence and decency are prac-
ticed among the bulk of mankind. Thence
arise bickerings and dissensions instead of
generous and hearty good-will.

Men are too apt, while engaged in dispu-
tations, to heap nonsense and reproach on
the heads of their opponents, when reason
and truth could be as handily employed.
We ought to keep our minds free from pas-
sion and prejudice, as they give a wrong
turn to our observations, both on persons
and things. When we desire to make proper
observations, let self, with all its influ-
ences, stand aside, as far as possible. A
great deal of social happiness is destroyed
through the thoughtlessness of many who
seem never to be done speaking evil of their
fellows. It is an old rule, but nevertheless
a good one, that our conversation should
rather be laid out on things than on persons.

Impertinencies of discourse, and reproach-
es of the tongue, should not be tolerated in
the social circle. It is a misfortune that
mankind act more from habit than reflec-
tion. Man is a bundle of habits. If he
habituates himself to be abrupt and dis-
agreeable in his manners, he becomes a nu-
sance in the social gathering, and his ab-
sence would always be preferred to his
presence. On the contrary, if he be a man
of good principles, information and social
qualities, his acquaintance is sought after
by the good and wise, and he is at once
placed in a position to benefit his neighbors
intellectually and morally.

How necessary it is, then—in order to ful-
fill the designs of Providence—that we, in
common with others, become possessed of
those social qualities and right principles,
which will render our days pleasant here,
and ensure us a peaceful departure from this
transient state.

[For the Home Journal.]

ON EYES AND THEIR LANGUAGE.

BY MATT.

Thought may be said to have three utter-
ances—those of the tongue, gesture or action,
and the eyes; and although it would seem
to be the duty of the former to do all the
work, yet the latter does much of it, and
does it more truthfully. Eyes are varied in
their expression. Some look out from under
their covers, like suspicious sentinels, ques-
tioning and demanding the passports of all
that pass. Others look defiance, hate, and
all that is demoniacal, and utter stronger
language by these than ever the tongue
could. There are eyes that melt you into
pity, as you look into their depths; eyes
that melt into compassion the steepest hearts,