

THE HOME JOURNAL:

A WEEKLY CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER—devoted to Literature, Art, Music, Crime 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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A few appropriate Advertisements will be inserted at Ten Cents a line, for the first insertion; and Five Cents a line, for each subsequent insertion.

Single copies may be had of the News-dealers in the various Towns and Cities of the Province, at Four Cents each.

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

WILLIAM HALLIDAY, Publisher,
Collborne Street, Toronto.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

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Wholesale Agents are wanted at Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, to supply the News-dealers in their respective districts, with the HOME JOURNAL.

We are making arrangements to supply dealers in some of the principal Cities of the United States, in order to place within the reach of their Canadian residents a Canadian paper, free from the controversies, political or religious, that almost invariably characterize our newspaper literature.



The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

OUR ENTERPRISE.

TO-DAY we issue the first number of the HOME JOURNAL. We have had some doubts and misgivings about our intended undertaking; but after weeks of consideration and thought, now find ourselves face to face with the public. Notwithstanding the failures that have hitherto attached themselves in this country, to similar enterprises, we are buoyed up, with a confidence of success. The field before us is broad and fertile, and we know it must yield abundantly to whoever bestows upon it proper cultivation and care. We are willing husbandmen in this field; and hope soon to show the public, (who will appreciate us according to our deserts,) that our reliance is well founded, our enterprise beneficial and worthy of support. We issue forth unprospected, and but barely announced. No trumpet sounding herald has preceded our appearance. We have made no magnificent promises; we cannot, therefore, disappoint any "great expectations."

That this paper will succeed, if we but truly understand our mission, we are certain. We have been long assured, that the public taste is ripe and ready for an enterprise of this description. Indeed, it must appear strange that Canada has up to this period, been without a permanent literary periodical. We have had many attempts at the establishment of a vehicle of this nature, in various forms, and in various localities. But every one of them, commencing with the *Canadian Magazine*, published at Montreal in 1824, and ending with the *Family Herald*, published but a few months since, has been a failure. Whether the fault has been with the public or the publishers, we are not prepared to say.

We find ourselves in different circumstances however, at the present day. The advantages are all on our side. Canada is rapidly assuming national proportions. Her population is not now, all immigrant, battling for a home in the wilderness. We have a large educated population, both native and otherwise, who have time for reading and reflection; and, the literary newspaper is the popular periodical. We have innumerable young men and women, with cultivated minds and correct tastes, craving for a fresh and free native literature, to arouse their sympathies and beguile their leisure hours. We have also, in our midst, many young persons with active imaginations, a strong desire for

literary recreations, and a yearning for literary fame. By both those classes, our paper will be weekly looked for with interest, and we are confident, they will appreciate our efforts; on the one hand, in supplying them with acceptable reading, and on the other, in giving publicity to their productions.

Hitherto the readers of Canada, have had to satisfy themselves with what is imported from the New York and Boston markets, or brought from abroad. It is now full time that something Canadian, not only in name and appearance, but also in sentiment and subject, should be offered to them. This we propose to do, to the best of our ability. We have abundance of talent, which for want of a suitable channel to give it vent, lies dormant and useless. That we shall have hosts of contributors we are well satisfied, and now at once, invite them to our standard.

Those who are already experienced in the world of letters, and whose names are known to fame, we shall be glad to hold up as examples to the aspiring but timorous tyros, whom we shall be glad to lead on by the hand and encourage.

It may be objected by some, that we do not fully meet the want which it is our aim to supply—that our sheet is too small, to compete with the large and varied literary papers, which weekly inundate us, from the States. To such we say, that our aspiration is to be equal to the best of them. In some respects, we think we shall show, in a few weeks, that we surpass them. Did we commence magnificently with a mammoth sheet, it would at once be said (with the recollection of a late similar enterprise in the public mind) that a literary paper so expensive, could not be maintained. If our sheet is smaller than most such papers elsewhere, our price is lower; and we think our friends will find in it as much good reading, as in papers of a larger size. We do not expect it will produce us any profit for some time, as our intention is to devote all our resources to its improvement; whereby we hope finally to reap a reward commensurate with our exertions.

With these preliminary remarks, we submit "our enterprise" to the Canadian public, and confidently solicit their sympathy and support.

A WORD WITH THE PEOPLE.

HUMBLY, as a little child, we enter upon the duties of our editorial station. The weight of the responsibility arises from the fact that this *Journal* aims to reach the hearts of the young people.

An experiment—a little vessel, launched on waters where many larger ships have been cast away, its safety depends on your kind co-operation, which can alone give the Publisher success, and the Editor happiness.

The tendency of our modern civilization is essentially materialistic; and, at the present time, there is no journal in Canada where the cultivated, the imaginative, the high-souled and the daring, can meet on a common level, and exchange those airy thoughts that enwrap so many of their hours in beautiful reveries. That the void the paper essays to fill really exists, is demonstrated by the large and weekly increasing sales, of not only the best English periodicals and reviews, but the cheap literature of the United States. While it is not expected, that a provincial paper, of the scope of the HOME JOURNAL, can supply the place of those great publications of Great Britain that have earned their present high position by many decades of business energy and thrift, coupled with intellectual research; nor that the lighter serials and magazines of New York, Boston and Philadelphia will be overlooked, it is confidently believed by the publisher, that the Canadian HOME JOURNAL, will measurably fill a niche in every closet that, at present, seems to be vacant.

It is a common error to confound English and Canadian civilization. Unquestionably we owe much to the mother country and are proud of our Queen, but our people, heterogeneous though they be in origin, have essentially individual characteristics. A people must look to life's necessities, ere they care for their literature, but the rapid increase of these provinces in wealth, has not been with-

out a corresponding mental development; and to foster letters at home, and cultivated tastes among the rising generation is so lofty an aim, that much may be forgiven where so much that is praiseworthy in intention is sought.

One thing can be promised by the paper—it shall be the organ of no clique in Letters, Theology or Statecraft. Its course is not, over the high ways and much travelled roads of party predilection; it does not arrogate to itself the privilege of mending the intricate paths of theological casuistry; its walks are over the verdant meads of poesy, biography, romance, and among the gilded palaces of conflicting, but intrinsically beautiful civilizations. In letters, at least, democracy is practicable, and so that wholesome morals and elegance of diction characterize contributions sent for examination, no pilgrim up the glittering heights of Parnassus shall be rudely thrust aside.

Let the young *litterateur*, whether he be an amateur or a professional, bear three points in view in forwarding contributions to this journal; he should never send out a line to the world, he could not read to his sister or his wife; he should let his real name and residence accompany his communication, as a guarantee of his good faith, and his private letter should state whether he writes for bread or for the love of letters—whether his circumstances are such, that they can be to him "their own exceeding great reward."

Personalities will find no place in the paper. It is scarcely possible any one can be so lost to a love of his land, and of progressive civilization as to cast stones at so young a traveller, over so perilous a road, but should, unhappily, any misguided person be so unfortunate, he must be left to time that tries all—refines the good and purifies or punishes the evil. No abuse of any writer, be he or she ever so obscure or unfortunate can be permitted in these columns, though dignified and manly criticisms of new books, inventions and enterprises will be kindly considered, and from time to time inserted.

The publisher wisely sends forth, for the present, none of those aggravated forms of Nineteenth century nuisances, known as canvassers, or travelling agents.

Any reputable news dealer, will furnish you the paper, from week to week, or, if, you feel desirous of obtaining it by the mail, by remitting the price, *pro rata*, for the time you wish it sent you, it will be punctually forwarded. By taking an interest in the matter, with your pen and personal influence, you will confer a favor that will be gratefully appreciated by the proprietor.

And now, good friends, (and there are among you many elderly men and women, with souls that Time never tinges with frosts of bitterness, but, who love the pleasant walks of improvement, and the shady groves of Letters, where no carking care in *des*;) let us express the hope, that we shall call you our gentle readers, for many a long year; that the JOURNAL may live and grow, when the hand that traces these lines, is cold and motionless for ever; that many kindred publications may arise with the advancing civilization of these provinces; that they shall develop the literary taste of successive generations—and, under their fostering shelter, embolden many hearts, to utter to their countrymen and countrywomen their sweet, sad songs, their airy fancies, and their gems of humor.

The present Editor, while he has charge of the HOME JOURNAL, will aim to please, and treat readers and contributors as friends, brothers and sisters in letters, rather than assume those airs of editorial condescension and stateliness, which would be out of place in a paper like this; and which, foreign to his nature, lend ever but a theatrical dignity to a man, who is more full of the human, than the politician—who would rather converse with his neighbors than make speeches to please a party.

So, having gone through with the ceremony of introduction, and, at the risk of a charge of egotism, talked plainly with the public, we vanish in the shadows, and let the little boat glide wherever the winds of public favor may permit.

THE EDITOR.

Lose not the glory of the sun by always seeking to count the spots upon it.

STREET STUDIES.

BY DOUGLASS.

It is curious to note how many different ways one portion of the world sets about studying and analyzing the other. Almost everybody of a reflecting turn of mind has a peculiar stand-point from which he looks abroad over society, and forms his estimate of its idiosyncrasies and habits, its virtues and its vices. Some view human life as a traveller views a landscape—from a distance. From some prominent back-ground, they by one commanding sweep survey the whole in the aggregate; they contemplate life in the mass. Again, many get riveted to one peculiar phase of it; they dog its history with persevering and unrelenting eagerness. The kaleidoscope of the ever-shifting multitude shows but one color to their eyes; still they are satisfied with this squint at life, and live on in the belief that they have fathomed its mystery, and discovered the key to human actions and passions. Another class, afraid to look the world in the face at all, glean their scanty and crude ideas of it from books. What little they know is gathered from the teachings of philosophers and the wisdom of the learned. The curtain is drawn between them and the moving panorama, and the imagination alone supplies the lack of observation and reality. Now all these methods are more or less wrong. By them, we are incapable of forming a *real* and appreciative estimate of our fellow men. The philosophy of such observers is at best one-sided, and falls far short of that which is founded on a comprehensive and analytic examination. True, we may dimly behold the battle of life as it surges along in its restless upheavings, but its under current is imperceptible. The impulses that are the life-blood of society are never detected; the inferences are always partial, often erroneous.

A philosopher, in one of his gloomy fits, once said that "Life itself is a disease; a working by suffering." Perhaps there is much truth in the expression, but we imagine that the motive of life is as much the result of pleasure as of pain. Were such a truism to have a universal application, this fair world of ours would have a most sepulchral look, and the gleams of love and happiness that ever and anon shoot athwart the thunder clouds of passion and folly would forever disappear. There is, undoubtedly, a time to laugh and a time to weep. There is a time when it is right for us to be at peace with ourselves and all the world besides—to paint life with the sun-gilt colours of brightened hope and expectancy—to trace the wonderful beneficence of the All Wise in our career. And it is no less right that we should have our moments of despondency and gloom; that we should feel but for a moment all the bitterness and despair that can be pressed into the heart. Such moments every one feels; when the world seems a blank, cheerless and foreboding; when friends seem to have turned enemies and left us to struggle alone and unaided; when our own soul refuses to give comfort or restore hope; when all seems black and tempestuous, and forelorn, and we sink for a time into utter despair. Yet slowly, but surely, the dawn returns. The mental horizon, erst all black and storm-charged, gets once more unclouded and serene. The lights of a purer philosophy and returning hope shed their benign influence around, and the sufferer arises purified by the terrible ordeal—more meet to learn and to suffer, to accomplish his allotted work, and to extract a salutary lesson from every experience, be it pleasant or sad.

With this digression, let me return to the subject of my paper. I was observing that no one can form a true appreciation of life, or probe the secret, underlying springs of men's acts, but by mixing up with every caste, familiarizing ourselves with every class, and taking our proper share in whatever is to be performed. We must plunge into the living vortex, we must follow the tide as it moves along, we must track each labyrinthine turn, and watch narrowly every fluctuation, if we wish to gain anything like a faithful portraiture of society. And we know no fitter place for such an object than