

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 8, 1861

CLIFF-ST. VS. PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

Messrs Harper and Bros., of New York, have become involved, by their own discourtesy, in an issue of veracity with Mr Russell...

Harper's Weekly some time ago said

"The proprietors have dispatched an artist to the South, in company with Mr Russell, correspondent of the London Times."

This statement was naturally calculated to place Mr. Russell in an embarrassing position, inasmuch as Southern correspondents are excluded from the North as "spies" and "traitors," and retaliation is very natural to poor human nature.

"In reference to that statement, I have to observe that my companions are two, viz: Mr Ward, a personal friend, who is kind enough to act as my secretary and travelling comrade, and who has no connection with any journal in the United or Confederate States, and Mr Davis, a young artist, who is taking sketches for the Illustrated London News, and who assures me that he is not engaged by or connected with Harper's Weekly, although he formerly sent sketches to that periodical."

"My position is that of a neutral, and I am employed on a mission that requires the utmost impartiality on my part, although I shall claim for myself the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and my observations to the journal which I have the honor to serve. The expression of these convictions and observations, however, is meant only for England, and I shall not permit the position I occupy to be abused under any circumstances whatever by those who accompany me, although I have every reason to believe that their good faith would render such a guarantee or assurance on my part unnecessary."

"I have only to say in addition, that by this post I have forwarded to the paper in question a request that they insert my formal denial of the statement which has occasioned this communication. I have the honor to be, Sir,

Your faithful servant,

W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law."

At this calm, gentlemanly note, the Messrs Harper fall into a violent passion, and abuse Mr. Russell and sneer at the English people generally. We quote their choice and classic "scoldings," not because anybody is much interested in what Harper's Weekly sees fit to say, but because as the publications of these gentlemen have generally been ultra-conservative, and they have even in the past been accused of putting their consciences on "the slavery question" in their pockets. The absurd course which in this instance their Journal of Civilization is now taking, shows that the prejudice of the North against Great Britain has not, as we had fondly supposed, been placed in the grave of past an-

nimosities, but been put in the same place as "the peculiar institution."

That we may not be accused of want of candour, we quote the article from the columns of Harper's Weekly.—

OUR OWN

"W. H. RUSSELL, LL.D. Barrister-at-Law" writes a letter to the Mobile Register in which he says that he shall claim for himself "the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and my observations in the journal which I have the honor to serve."

THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE AT THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO.

Few of our readers, even resident of Toronto, are aware that we possess an excellent public collection of sculpture and paintings, copied from the best masters, in our Provincial Normal School establishment on Gould street. We propose giving a brief notice and sketch of the principal works of art therein exhibited, which are so well worth the inspection of any person of taste, especially those who admire the famous models furnished by the sculptors of Greece and Rome, as well as the celebrated paintings of later ages.

Laocoon, a priest of Neptune, at Troy, after the pretended retreat of the Greeks, was sacrificing a bull to Neptune, on the shore, when two enormous serpents appeared swimming from the island of Renedos, and advanced toward the altar. The people fled, but Laocoon and his sons fell victims to the monsters. The sons were first attacked, and then the father, who attempted to defend them. Wreathing themselves round him, the serpents raised their bodies high above him, while in his agony he endeavored to extricate himself from their folds. They then hastened to the temple of Pallas, where, placing themselves at the foot of the goddess, they hid themselves under her shield. The people saw, in the omen, Laocoon's punishment for his impiety in having pierced with his spear the wooden horse which was consecrated to Minerva. The whole story is admirably related in the second Æneid of Virgil.

The original work was discovered in 1506, by some persons digging in a vineyard, on the site of the baths of Titus. Pope Julius XI bought it for an annual pension, and placed it in the Belvidere, in the Vatican, from whence it was removed by the first Emperor Napoleon to Paris, but has again, since its restoration, been placed there. The preservation is perfect, except the right arm of Laocoon was wanting; this was restored by a skilful pupil of Michael Angelo. The original sculptor of this work is unknown. Some assert that it was modelled in the first years of the Peloponnesian war; others in the time of Hysiphus and Alexander, and a few attribute it to the era of the first Roman Empire. We have never seen the original, but on seeing this copy we at once understood the sentiment animating Lord Byron when he penned the following lines—

"Or, turning to the Vatican, go see Laocoon's torture dignifying pain— A father's love and mortal agony With an immortal patience blending,—vain The struggle, vain against the cooling stream, Sad groan and keeping of the dragon's grasp The old man's crouch, the long envenomed chain Rivets the living links,—the enormous asp Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

MR. DILLON, THE TRAGEDIAN.

Other duties have prevented our visiting the Royal Lyceum except on one occasion the past week, when we witnessed Mr Dillon's rendition of Virginius, in Sheridan Knowle's tragedy of that name. Like most of that gentleman's dramatic composition, the piece is excessively heavy, and only first talent, in star as well as in company, can render it supportable to a veteran play-goer. Mr. Dillon has a good voice, tolerable walk and is a reader of faultless precision, and

while well supported so far as the acting of Messrs Carden, Porter and Little went, as well as by Miss Elliott, in the role of Virginius, suffered considerably from the eccentricities of many of the supernumeraries. Some of the stock scenes to labor under the delusion that the tragedy was not heavy enough, and therefore labored to make it dig as much as possible, which was entirely unnecessary.

A friend, competent to judge of Mr Dillon's Macbeth, is enthusiastic in his praises of that gentleman's rendition of the "Thane of Fawcett," and states that the company on that occasion acquitted themselves measurably better.

By the way—Mr C. S. Porter is always admirable in his conception of his role. Why does he not appear on the boards, in person, more frequently? His Dentatus, in the tragedy we have noticed was a redeeming feature.

A word to the management: the economy that divides one programme of the play amongst three visitors is questionable, and occasions inconvenience to the pit, which after all, gives the verdict of popular approval. Had it not better be more liberal in a few sheets of white paper? It would pay

[For the Home Journal] EVER NEW.

Altho' now we are in the same latitude as the South of France—where the grape skirts the highway, and "blue blouses" drink gin ordinaire at breakfast—we have but little in common with the delicious climate of that sunny land. It may, however, be said, that with us the months, for the greater part of the year, are frolicsome at least. March is continually playing at leap-frog with May, and occasionally bounding over her beautiful shoulders into the very middle of June, while she, in her turn, not unfrequently skips over the dazzling head of her balmy sister, and falls into the glowing bosom of July. And thus they all move on in such humorous confusion that we scarcely know where to find them, while anything like consistency in dress or the skies, is completely out of the question.

So curious and sudden are the gradations of the thermometer, that in the space of a few hours every sensitive young lady undergoes all the changes of the chameleon, oscillating between martin-skin and muslin, and becoming roseate or pale as the emergency of the moment requires. But what of all this? Are we not blest in such capriciousness, and more happy in its existence, than if from day to day we were softly consigned to some broad flood of unvarying sunshine, whose warmth and radiance, though tinging the vine, might, after all, soon pall upon our senses and make the hours wearisome.

[For the Home Journal] MEAN MEN.

BY MATT

No. I.

It's a pity they exist, for we would not have to write about them. But the fact stares us in the face—they are—and like all other social evils, they must be dealt with. Now I have in my mind's eye a variety of mean men, for they differ as materially from each other in their styles of meanness as they do in their dress, their gait, or the cut of their pantaloons. A prominent fact in their characters is, that they are thoroughly conscious of the little peculiarity which exists in their construction. They never meet you with an open, manly gaze, but sneak a sort of sidelong or momentary look, and then change the range of their orbs. You meet them on the street and they are looking rods ahead, to be sure that you must, in some unguarded moment before you pass, see and recognize them. They know they have no certain value in the community, and want the countenance of honest men to pass them off in society, and so they endeavor to betray passers-by into the belief that they are acquainted with respectable people. They accost you at every corner and detain you with their little sayings, their little speculations, and their little hopes. Now I

know one of those men and have kept him in my memorandum book of baggels for the past four years. He is a character in his way, and if he were not so small, he would be ridiculous. I can't tell you many of his deeds, but I may mention a few. I was very much puzzled for a long time, as to how he supplied himself with garments. The separate pieces of his wardrobe seemed to have been brought from the separate quarters of the globe, so heterogenous did they appear, and I thought he must be a patron of our "poor man's friend" around the corner. But no, for happening to drop into P's auction room one evening, I saw my genius, and had the mystery solved. It was late in the fall of the year, and a light summer coat was being offered. It had reached four-and-sixpence, and the little fustian added another penny. The auctioneer objected to such a bid, but the little soul insisted, and the coat was knocked down to him at four-and-seven. The next day I saw him dressed in it, and a thoroughly tight-fitting pair of continuations, added to a military fur cap, which must have been intended for one of the rank and file in the Russian war. And now please to understand, that this man is well to do, and has his houses and lands, which he rents in this, our metropolis. I met him shortly afterwards at another auction—you see I'm inclined that way myself—it was a book sale, and after miscellaneous lots had been sold, a dozen of Dinsmore and Co's American Railway Guide, of some twelve months' growth, were offered. My little curiosity was on the qui vive at once, bid a penny each, and secured the dozen for a shilling. We had a laugh at his expense, but it did not deter him, for shortly after a copy of Brown's Toronto Directory for 1856, and a book of Interest Tables for pounds, shillings and pence—it was about the time the currency was changed into dollars and cents—were offered, and he obtained the two volumes for sixteen cents. The poor soul was evidently literary inclined, and no doubt collecting a library for his family, and "my hies" as the young coon said, what a rare sight it will be when complete! If farthings were in circulation that fellow would wait until late in the evening to get the Evening Leader for one. I have a class of mean men in my eye for your next, and I shall endeavor to do them justice.

OUR PROSPECTS.

We are satisfied. The first number of the HOME JOURNAL, has been received by the press and public with a favor far beyond our expectations. We shall endeavour, by every means in our power to deserve their good will. We have several improvements in contemplation which cannot be made all at once, but which will appear in due course. Among them will be the publication of choice pieces of original and select music, from time to time.

In future we shall go to press at an hour sufficiently early for the paper to reach distant subscribers, at least on the date of publication.

Contributors will please send in their papers early in the week.

Those who desire to subscribe can do so, for either four, eight, or twelve months, by calling, in this city, on Mr. Buchas, our Agent, or by remitting to the publisher by mail.

In our next we will publish a list of local Agents.

ORIGINAL ARTICLE BY MR. M'GEE.

In our next issue (Saturday, June 15th) we will publish an original article, of unusual interest, expressly written for the HOME JOURNAL by T. D. McGee, Esq., M.P.P., entitled—"TO RED RIVER AND THE PACIFIC VIA THE VICTORIA BRIDGE AND THE MONTREAL MOUNTAIN." We are promised the aid of Mr McGee's masterly pen, in prose and verse, whenever his public and other arduous duties will allow it. We are sure his literary contributions will be always welcomed by our readers, no matter what their political opinions may be.

Dr Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, set yourself at once to save the pieces.