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A CANADIAN PAPER for the CANADIAN PEOPLE

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THE HOME JOURNAL,
A WEEKLY CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER, published every Saturday.

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The ablest writers in Canada contribute to the Home Journal. Every number contains an Original Tale, expressly written for it, together with Original Essays, Poems, &c., by Male and Female Authors. It has among its departments, an "Editor's Round Table," a "Ladies' Cabinet," and a "Letter Box." It is already a great favourite. "The Ladies like it!" "The Gentlemen like it!" "The press applauds it as the best Literary Paper ever started in Canada."

A highly interesting Canadian Backwoods story, (the Scenes and Characters of which are real) from the brilliant pen of Mr. James McCarroll, entitled

BLACK HAWK,

Will soon be commenced in the HOME JOURNAL. Those who wish to possess correct ideas regarding early Pioneer life in Upper Canada, as well as of Indian habits and character, should read this story.

All Letters and Communications should be addressed (post paid) to

WILLIAM HALLEY, Publisher HOME JOURNAL, Toronto.

An Agent, to whom a liberal Commission will be allowed, wanted for each of the Post-Office Districts of Upper and Lower Canada. References required.

Exchanges will confer a favor on the Publisher, by giving the above advertisement a few insertions.



The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF APPROBATION.

Did you ever know a flower to thrive unwatered? Neither can a human life unfold its beauty in an uncongenial social atmosphere.

Sometimes in looking around among old married friends, as a quaint wif may be permitted by their kind courtesy to do, we are saddened to see so many young people listless or positively unhappy; deemed indolent or unamiable by their relatives for no other reason than that an air of disapprobation surrounding them, their past years are saddened by the thought that those who are about them are not of them, and that those things so precious to their ardent hearts are unseen, or undervalued, by those they would look up to, if it were only in their power.

When Macready, the English tragedian, came to this continent and appeared for the first time, the morning thereafter he came from his bed-chamber with an expression of disappointment on his face, and said to a friend, "I may as well repack my trunks and leave by the first steamer for Europe after my failure last night." "Failure! Why, man, the town rings with your praise. See what the papers say of your Hamlet." The explanation to this incident is that the comparatively small amount of physical applause he received in comparison to the more demonstrative audiences he had been accustomed to play to, had dampened his spirit; and the application we would draw is, that it is the duty, and should be the leisure of those who approve, to make that feeling manifest, whether at a theatre or after perusing a new book; for, now-a-days,

the author lives on the breath of public opinion almost as much as the player. Cardinal Richelieu, in Bulwer's drama of that name, it will be remembered, forgives De Mauprat many minor offences, because he had applauded the wily Cardinal's play, and in the right places, too; and we are not sure but "the old man terrible" was correct in this view of the gay soldier's expiation of many an offence.

There are those who seem to dislike to manifest approval. After all that is said about flattery, the parasite is quite as respectable as the niggard who grudges admiration or praise to others. Many and many a man and woman are denounced as vain and conceited, when they are really more humble than their ignoble and ignorant detractors, who, from the envious malice of their own mean souls, cannot distinguish between an almost childish love of approbation, and a morbid self-esteem. Nay, more; the very love of the applause of one's kind is the highest compliment Genius can pay to Mediocrity, and you may rest assured that the reason some eyes are so sharp to see egotism in others, is attributable to the fact that their own self-love is perpetually on the alarm, and quite easily ruffled by seeing sunshine rest on another head, yet avoid their own.

To come to the point of this printed "thinking aloud," nothing can stimulate the literature of Canada more than for writers to feel they are appreciated; that moneyocracy and purist philosophy has not quite crushed out all the youthful feeling and mental elasticity of our people; that the HOME JOURNAL is but the pioneer in a path where many similar publications will yet follow; and that appreciating the trials and thousand-and-one hindrances which beset such an enterprise, the best brains and hearts in the Province will help to fill the sails of the adventurous little craft with those breezes of Popular Favor welcome to a publisher or an author as flowers in May time.

ONTARIO LITERARY SOCIETY.

The following are the Officers of this Association, elected in June, for the current year:—

President.....J. G. Scott.
 1st Vice-President.....W. A. Foster.
 2nd Vice-President.....Chas. Belford.
 Treasurer.....John Forsyth.
 Secretary.....T. Sellar.
 Corresponding Secretary.....W. R. Carter.
 Assisting Secretary.....J. C. Farewell.
 Librarian.....D. Spry.
 Editor.....Jas. Bethune.
 COMMITTEES.—W. J. Rattray, J. W. Holcomb, C. W. Bunting, O. Gable.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Ontario Literary Society, held on Tuesday, the 9th inst., the Executive Committee recommended that the following Lecturers be engaged for next season, viz:—Messrs. W. R. Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Dr Chapin, Oliver W. Holmes, J B Gough, J. Starr King, H. W. Beecher, and Mrs. Lippincott. The Committee submitted a letter from Mr W. Halley, publisher of the HOME JOURNAL, offering to publish the proceedings of the Society, and suggested that the thanks of the Society be tendered to Mr. Halley for his offer, and recommended the HOME JOURNAL to the favorable consideration of the members. The report of the Committee, after some discussion, was almost unanimously approved of by the Society.

The following question was then debated: "Should the Press be subject to the surveillance of the Government."

On the Affirmative—Messrs. Martin and Beresford.

On the Negative—Messrs. Halley and Rollo

The meeting decided in favor of the Negative.

THOS. SELLAR, Secretary.

BLACK HAWK.

We shall commence the publication of this tale, from Mr. McCarroll's pen, in our next issue. We know our readers look forward to its appearance with anticipations of pleasure. "The New Life Boat," a sketch by the same author, appears in our issue of to-day.

BOOK NOTICES.

ALEX. McLACHLAN'S NEW BOOK.
BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GER.

Alexander McLachlan, a Scottish settler, dating his letters from the village of Erin, in the County of Wellington, must be already favorably known to many of our readers. If he is not, he ought to be—so much we dare to say. For, judged by his two books of song, the second of which lies now, with manifold marks, before us, a heartier nature never was nursed in auld Scotland, nor ever welcomed into youthful Canada. He is, as every reader must soon discover, a Bard of the School of Burns, by the same titles by which Burns was himself a Bard; by the same blended gentleness and boldness, the same upright sympathies and antipathies, the same naturalness, sincerity, and straight-out utterance.

In his present appeal to the public ear, Mr. McLachlan has chosen his topics not inaptly—snatches of old country and new country song, are impartially interspersed; snatches conceived in moods gay, or sad, or censorious, and true to the mood, as the features of an expressive face are to the sensations of a feeling heart. The chief piece which by virtue of its length and strength and intent, gives name to the whole volume, is called by a term familiar to most of us, "The Emigrant." In the very selection of such a subject, we find all the homely, honest, practical purposes of the writer—his ardent love for his order and his kind—his desire to dignify the pioneer's remote but beneficent walk of life—to honor labor, to sweeten and enrich with flowers of song, flowers that never perish for the gentle, the pure hearted and true minded, the humblest shanty of the farthest backwoods settlement. Nobler purposes never swayed the heart of poet, ancient or recent, epic or other. The wars of Greece with Troy, the founding of the Eternal City, nay, to vindicate the ways of God to man, are not nobler themes, seen in the clear vision of a high morality, than the struggles of associated industry with the intrusive forest, the founding of free Christian communities, in strange, savage countries, the providences of humble toil, exiled from its ancient seats, and decreed like our first ancestors, to find for itself "a place of rest," with only the same good guide leading on, who led of old the offending pair, beyond the menace and glare of the fiery sword. In the subject itself there is a grandeur, and a softening gentleness equally abundant, but Mr. McLachlan, true to his own kindly, social, sympathetic heart, has chosen to glance only at the higher and more solemn aspects of the tragedy of emigration; it is among the bye-play of character and adventure, the humorous, the humane, and affectionate details of the mighty spectacle, he elects to dwell, and dwells with such inimitable fidelity of tone and expression.

The "Emigrants" or poem are mainly Scottish, though they fall in with certain Southern on board the good ship *Edward Thorn*, whereof one "Bill of Kent"—quarrelsome, but found useful enough afterwards with his ready rifle—is specially mentioned. The departure and the voyage are lightly sketched; while the after growth of the settlement, with its little world of cares and characters and events, is dwelt upon, as the theme intended, at greater length. Out of many passages in the earlier experience of the adventures, we must select their sense of loneliness and disappointment in finding the woods of their new country, though far from destitute of birds, yet so sadly deficient in song. Here it is, what every "old countryman" has felt, though none so well expressed:—

Then there came a change of scene,
 Groves of beech and maple green,
 Streams that murmured through the glade,
 Little flowers that loved the shade,
 Lovely birds of gorgeous dye,
 Flitted among the branches high,
 Coloured like the setting sun,
 But were songless every one;
 No one like the linnet gray,
 In our home so far away;
 No one singing like the thrush,
 To his mate within the bush;
 No one like the gentle lark,
 Singing between light and dark;
 Soaring from the dewy sod,
 Like a herald up to God.

Some had lovely amber wings,
 Round throats were golden rings;
 Some were purple, others blue,
 All were lovely, strange and new;
 But although surpassing fair,
 Still the song was wanting there;
 Then we heard the rush of pigeons,
 Plopping to the sootily regions,
 And anon when all was still,
 Pursued to hear the whip-poor-will,
 And we thought of the cuckoo,
 But this stranger no one knew.

Other pictures equally striking—such as the felling of the first tree—we might quote, and ought to quote, but the HOME JOURNAL has other demands on its space, and the interested reader will be quite certain not to miss a single beauty of the volume, when he becomes, as of course he will become, its reader, in his own right.

Of the miscellaneous poems, which make up the balance of the book, that which for power and originality impresses us most vividly, is "The Suicide's Burial."

But the character-sketches of "Elder John" and "Auld Granny Brown" are, in their way, as full of inimitable native peculiarity. Of love songs, we have two or three true-hearted, buoyant specimens; and of the politico-philosophical didactics so common in our generation, as many more. In this last department we think our dear Scottish Bard loses half his freedom, and three quarters of his fire—as indeed who would not? Of all the treasons against the sovereign powers of Song committed in our age, these rhymed didactics, these metred maxims, these obvious, intrinsic gravities, coupled and made to jingle in verse, seem to us the least pardonable. The true Poet is indeed a Teacher, but hardly a Preacher, still less a bore of an exhorter. His sermons are symbols; his texts are truths indeed, but truths under forms natural and beautiful; to set the dry bones of Benthamism in verse, is as offensive to true taste, and feeling, and genuine reverence, as it would be to embalm with Arabian spices the skeleton of a dead donkey. Mr. McLachlan is, we know, freer from this deadly sin than most of our living writers, and it is that he may be wholly and forever free from the cant that is canted by Fopper and his kind, that we have taken the liberty of relieving ourselves on this point, *apropos* of his second most meritorious, most musical, and most manful little book.

In this volume we see how deeply the Poet has felt his duty to his adopted country, and how he comes forward to discharge it like a Patriot Volunteer. We need many such books, calculated for our own meridian, colored by our own scenery, and ameliorative of our own condition. Here is a man of genius and purpose, who evidently has in him much more than he has yet found audience or opportunity for. What should be the duty of the Canadian public towards such a man?

LOVELL'S GEOGRAPHY.

By GEORGE HOBBS, I.L.B. Montreal: John Lovell. Toronto: R. & A. Miller.

Every teacher of geography in the Province is well aware of the unsuitable character of American text books for home use, and the grave objections that the descriptive portions of Mitchell and Morse are open to, inasmuch as they, in their anxiety to give prominence to the United States, and to flatter the national vanity, abound in statements and allusions which are to use the mildest term, indifferently well adapted for the youth of Canada. With regard to British geographies, although in many respects admirable, they are open to this drawback on their availability in the Province; they are too redundant in their descriptions of the British Isles and adjacent countries, and too condensed concerning the American continent and the colonies of Great Britain.

The above is a summary of the prefatory notice to the volume on our table, and we have examined it as carefully as moments of comparative leisure would permit. It will be readily acknowledged by those acquainted with the difficulties in the way of writing for the young, that the task is one of no ordinary difficulty. He who can sing to suit children, may write to edify sages. The boy in his pinafore is a critic, and merciless in his rapid, instinctive ratiocinations. You