

## The Weekly News.

Prince Alfred was at Montreal on Tuesday. Mrs. Barrow, the actress, is ill in Boston. John Brougham leaves England for New York this fall.

Burch, the Chicago banker, who persecuted his poor wife so cruelly, has failed.

Mr. Murray, of Toronto, is about issuing a Business Directory.

Proctor, the American tragedian, greatly pleases the theatre-goers in "bonny Dundee," Scotland.

Herbert Coleridge, grandson of the World's Coleridge, died lately. He inherited some shadows of the Poet's genius.

The London *Times* in a calm and elaborate article shows how absurd is the wrath of the Northern papers against England when her position is strict neutrality.

Miss Theody Dickinson, late of Brattleboro, Vermont, and recently deceased, left the income of her dwelling-house for the benefit of her pet dog, a small cur about the size of two cats. After the death of the dog, the property reverts to a nephew.

Mr. Dillon has been playing at the Royal Lyceum to good houses. His Brutus is a masterly performance. He is too stout to attempt Richelieu. He has enough head, but too much body to portray the wily Cardinal.

The London *Canadian News* says Mr. Quinn was sent to Europe, some time ago, to bring into notice the valuable descriptions of timber produced in Canada. His representations at Liverpool and Glasgow are likely to lead to good results, the *News* says.

The *Albany Journal* says:—"No great nation was ever involved in war for which it was so utterly unprepared as ours. The great defect of our war preparations is the want of rifled cannon. If, in the first conflicts we are checked—if disaster awaits us—it will be attributable to this cause. Old army (or fog) habits, and red tape have obstructed an essential reform in this respect. While every fort and battery of the rebels is rendered destructive with rifled cannon, we are lamentably deficient in this indispensable."

The election goes actively on at home. Mr. Brown addressed a large meeting at St. Lawrence Hall on Monday night. A meeting of both parties was held at the same place on Wednesday night, when Mr. Crawford was to address the public. The meeting, however, broke up in a row. We have no interest in the canvass, of a partisan character, and hope all our friends will vote just as they think best. The country will exist no matter whether Cypher or Popkins triumph.

Reynolds' *Weekly Miscellany* pronounces Mr. G. F. Train's street tramways to be impracticable. That paper says:—"Our verdict is an impartial one, recorded after due and deliberate observation of the working of the two tramways above alluded to. In the first place, the iron frames on which the cars move must inevitably disable a vast number of horses employed in vehicles which have to cross the iron parallels. In the second place, the stoppage of one carriage on the tramway necessarily entails that of many more; whereas at present, when an omnibus stops to deposit or take up a passenger, the others behind drive by without let or hindrance."

The American theatrical war drags its slow length along. Some skirmishes of no importance have taken place. Mr. Lincoln is at work on his message which will suggest calling out 50,000 men, and ask 200,000,000 dollars, to prosecute the war vigorously. Congress meets on July 4th, as also, do the Democratic State Conventions in many of the Northern States. The Federal army seems to be in want of rifled cannon; the South having secured most all those that were owned by the Federal forces. A battle at Manassas Junction seems imminent. We have no space or inclination to print the absurd rumors sent by telegraph from the other side. Mr. Russell's letters contain the only reliable news obtainable from the South.

## Miscellaneous.

## Let Shopmen Read.

All that is valuable in this world is to be had for nothing. Genius, beauty and love are not bought and sold. You may buy a rich bracelet, but not a well-turned arm on which to wear it; a pearl necklace, but not a pearly throat with which it shall vie. The richest banker on earth would vainly offer his fortune to be able to write a verse like Byron. One comes into the world naked, and goes out naked. The difference in the fineness of a bit of linen for a shroud is not much. Man is a handful of clay which turns rapidly back again to dust, and which is compelled nightly to relapse into the nothingness of sleep, to get strength to commence life again on the morrow.—*Emerson.*

## The Iron Duke's Oratory.

The oratory of the Duke of Wellington was the least of all his claims to renown. First in war, in diplomacy, and in the councils of his sovereign, his speeches in parliament were but the natural expression of his experience, opinions, and purposes. His mind being clear, his views practical and sagacious, and his objects singularly direct—his speaking was plain and to the point. Without fluency or art, and without skill in argument, he spoke out what his strong sense and judgment prompted. He addressed an audience whom there was no need to convince. They hung upon his words, and waited upon his opinions; and followed as he led. The reasons of such a man were often weighty, but they were reasons which had determined his own course, and might justify it to others, rather than arguments to prove it right, or to combat opponents.—*May.*

## Execution of Catherine Howard.

Since that time, on the afternoon of the 10th, the queen, after some resistance, and with some difficulty, was taken down the river to the Tower, preceded by a barge containing the lord privy seal, several members of the council, and a number of servants. The queen followed in a small close barge with three or four men, and as many women. The Duke of Suffolk came behind as a rear guard, in a large boat crowded with his retinue. When they reached the Tower stairs, the lords disembarked first, and afterwards the queen, in a dress of black velvet. The same forms of respect were shown to her as when she was on the throne. Two days after, being Sunday, the 12th, in the evening, she was instructed to disburden her conscience; she was to die the following day. She desired that the block on which she was to be beheaded might be brought to her, that she might learn how she was to place herself. This was done and she made the experiment. At seven o'clock the next morning, all the king's council, except the Duke of Suffolk, who was indisposed, and the Duke of Norfolk, presented themselves at the Tower, with a number of lords and gentlemen, amongst the rest being the Earl of Surrey, the Duke of Norfolk's son, and the queen's cousin. The queen herself was shortly after beheaded, in the same place where Anne Boleyn suffered. A cloth was thrown over the body, which was taken away by some ladies, and Lady Rochefort was brought out, who seemed to be in a kind of frenzy till she died. Neither one nor the other said much, except to confess their misdeeds, and to pray for the king's welfare.—*Pilgrim.*

## A Mystery at Washington.

Nearly four years ago a box of about ten feet long and two broad was deposited by a stranger at the wine store of the late John H. Buttmann, of this city, with an intimation that it would be asked for in three days, as it was to be sent South. This box has remained in that establishment ever since, much to the annoyance of the former and present proprietors, who, when they had occasion to have it moved to make room for wines, were necessarily compelled to use a large force to effect a change in the location, with the observance of all due caution, as hints had been thrown out that it might be an infernal machine. The other day, however, the top was removed, and disclosed a small brass model of a cannon, (similar in

shape to the great gun sent through this city about a year ago,) with a railway, on which it was to be worked. No further investigation was made, but it is evident from the very great weight of the box that it contains something else relating to military matters, which it might be well for some scientific officer of the Government to examine.—*National Intelligencer.*

## Lorenzo the Magnificent.

A strange existence truly, was that of Lorenzo! After working with all the power of his intellect and his will at the making of new laws which would crush out some last remnant of liberty—after using his influence to obtain some new decree of confiscation or sentence of death, he would enter the Platonic Academy, and dispute with vehemence on virtue and the immortality of the soul—issuing thence, and mingling with a couple of utterly depraved young men, he would sing his carnival songs (of infamous celebrity), and give himself up to wine and women—then return home again, and at table, in the Society of Pulci and Politian, recite verses and discourses on poetry—and to each of these pursuits he gave himself up so wholly that each seemed to be the whole aim of his life. But the strangest thing of all is, that in the midst of such a multiform existence not a single action can we find stamped with true virtue and generosity, either towards his people, his intimates or his kindred; and, surely, were the case otherwise, his indefatigable panegyrists would hardly have neglected to record it.—*The Story of Savonarola and his Times.*

## "STILL THEY COME."

Following we reproduce as many of the kind notices of our brethren of the press, not already published, as we can find space for this week. A host of others (and indeed many of them too flattering) are in our drawer awaiting their turn. The public will see that the press of the country is unanimously with us:—

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of a literary paper, bearing the above title, published by Mr. Wm. Halley, of this city. It affords us pleasure to introduce the HOME JOURNAL, which is got up in a workmanlike manner, and contains a large amount of interesting reading matter. It is at present the only purely literary paper in the Province. It ought, therefore, to obtain a liberal support from the Canadian public.—*Christian Journal, Toronto.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new literary periodical published in Toronto, by Mr. W. Halley. Readers have heretofore patronized journals of this class from the United States, but now that we have one of a very high order in our midst, of a superior caste to many that emanate from among our neighbors, and at as cheap a rate, we say patronize it by all means. The HOME JOURNAL is issued at \$1 50 per annum. Mr. Henry is agent.—*London Prototype.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of this new periodical, published at Toronto. Its contents are well selected, and its original matter indicates a practised pen. We can conscientiously recommend it to the public, and do most heartily wish it long life and prosperity.—*Montreal True Witness.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new weekly, devoted to Literature, Art, Music, Criticisms and News, published in Toronto. The typographical appearance of the JOURNAL equals, if it does not surpass, that of any other paper in the Province. The selections are made with good taste and judgment, and the original articles are got up with ability.—*Ottawa Tribune.*

NEW PAPER.—We have received the first number of a new paper published by Wm. Halley, Toronto, and called the HOME JOURNAL. It is to be a weekly, family newspaper, devoted to literature, art, music, criticism and news. It is well printed, and the matter judiciously selected. It will no doubt prove a welcome visitor in the family. Subscription price only \$1 50 per annum, paid invariably in advance.—*Brantford Expositor.*

THE HOME JOURNAL is the title of a new family newspaper, the first and second numbers of which we have received from the publisher, Wm. Halley, Colborne-st., Toronto. This publication is deserving of more than a passing notice. It comes forth the representative of Canadian serial literature hitherto an unfortunate trade in Canada, the brevity of their existence having intimidated many a talented man of letters, and repressed those scintillations of genius which have shone so brilliantly in other lands. The task of establishing and sustaining a truly valuable publication of this kind in Canada is one of some difficulty; but the country is advancing, and the attempt seems to have been undertaken in the right way. We therefore wait to Mr. Halley our hearty encouragements that the HOME JOURNAL may yet take a position far in advance of the *Ledger*. Such a paper has been a desideratum, and we hope to see it conducted with such caution and ability that it may never be superseded by others, but remain the first of its class. Typographically it is complete; and the original and selected matter is high-toned, amusing and instructive. It aims to be pure, refined, and moral, and thus far we must say that the promise

has been kept. May the nominal, treacherous trash which disgraces and disgraces American papers of this kind never curse the indigenous products of the virgin literary soil of Canada, but may every enterprise to which the progressive young country gives birth, be of so noble a character as to enlist an enthusiastic pride in supporting native talent and home productions. The first story is a Southern tale, from the nervous pen of E. F. Loveridge, Esq. The Canadian author, James McCarrroll, also makes his appearance in the first number, and the third number is to contain a contribution from T. D'Arcy McGee, M. P. For "high literature" the JOURNAL is perhaps not light enough, but it will no doubt soon become adapted to the place which it is to occupy. It is published weekly at the low price of one dollar and a half in advance.—*Brighton Flag.*

THE HOME JOURNAL is the name of a new literary journal published in Toronto by Mr. William Halley. The JOURNAL is tastefully gotten up, very neatly printed and presents a handsome appearance. "Down on the Beach"—a tale of the South—promises to be an intensely interesting story. We hope the paper will meet the encouragement it justly merits.—*St. Catharines Observer.*

HOME JOURNAL.—This is the title of a weekly literary journal published in Toronto, the first and second numbers of which we have received. It is devoted entirely to literary matters, and deserves to be encouraged. The first number commences with a thrilling tale of Southern life, by E. F. Loveridge; and it has also many able articles on interesting subjects. The second number has some very fine contributions from the pens of good writers, and, if possible, is more interesting than the first number. We wish the enterprise success. The JOURNAL is published by Mr. W. Halley, of the Montreal Type Foundry Agency.—*Eric News.*

HOME JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new literary paper, just issued in Toronto, the first number of which is on our table. It is a large and handsome sheet; non-political, and devoted entirely to the home circle. From what we have read of it, we would decidedly recommend it in preference to the "slang-wrang" journals of the American Union. It is published weekly, at \$1 50 per annum. Address, W. Halley, Publisher Toronto.—*British Canadian, Simcoe.*

A NEW PAPER.—For a long time back the Canadian public have felt the want of a cheap and entertaining family paper, to take the place of the inelegant, trashy Yankee publications with which the country is flooded but, from some reason or other, no real effort to present the people with such a journal seems to have been made, till within the past week or two, when Mr. W. Halley, a gentleman well qualified for the task, published in Toronto the first number of the HOME JOURNAL, a neatly printed eight-page literary paper, well calculated to prove a welcome visitor at every family fireside. "Down on the Beach," a tale of the South, from the pen of Mr. Loveridge, is commenced in the first number, and promises to turn out very interesting. The HOME JOURNAL is designed to give Canadian talent a natural field to display itself in, and we trust to see it well supported, as it is the only paper exclusively devoted to literature in the land of the Canucks.—*Orangeville Sun.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—The above is the title of a new literary journal, published in Toronto, of which we have received the first number. It is a very neat sheet, of good size, and well printed. We hope it may receive the support of the people of Canada, in preference to the emanations from the American Press. The HOME JOURNAL is kept for sale by Mr. Jaffray, Book Store, Post Office, Waterloo.—*Waterloo Chronicle.*

A NEW LITERARY PAPER FOR CANADA.—The HOME JOURNAL is the name of a paper devoted entirely to literature, just started in Toronto by Mr. Wm. Halley. It is neatly printed and contains some choice reading. We recommend it to our readers, and hope they will support it on the principle of "home manufactures," instead of sending their money out of the country for New York *Ledgers* and such like.—*Hilton New Era.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—The first number of this handsomely printed sheet is on our table. Mr. William Halley, an old friend of ours, is the Publisher. Judging from the first number, we doubt not it will rank high as a literary paper. \$1 50 per year.—*Elton Observer.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We have received and welcome to our table the first number of this literary journal, published by Mr. William Halley, Toronto. Its typographical appearance is very creditable, and it contains a large amount of original literary matter, and a mass of judicious selections—price \$1 50, in advance. It is time the reading portion of the people of Canada should try to sustain a literary journal of their own, after so many failures, and predict for the HOME JOURNAL a successful career, as the growing tastes of the public are beginning to mature at the cheap trash with which the country is flooded. We hope now to have a home literature—a field for the display of native talent, and if the HOME JOURNAL maintains the same degree of excellence in future numbers that is displayed in the first, we predict that it will have a liberal support.—*Welland Reporter.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We have received the first number of the HOME JOURNAL, a very neat quarto sheet, published by Mr. William Halley, Colborne-st., Toronto. It is filled with very interesting reading matter, and published at the low price of one dollar and a half per annum. Literary publications have not hitherto been long lived in Canada, and we wish the HOME JOURNAL better success than its predecessors have obtained. A large amount of money is annually paid out of Canada for the ephemeral literature of the United States—much of it of an inferior character—in the shape of Magazines, Weeklies, &c. &c. The paper before us is far superior to many of these importations, and we should hope to see our home productions better appreciated and encouraged. The first number contains the commencement of "Down on the Beach; a story of the South, by E. F. Loveridge," and the "The Adventures of a Night; by James McCarrroll, Esq." Mr. McCarrroll is one of the most popular writers in Canada, and will probably be a frequent contributor to the JOURNAL.—*Brantford Times.*