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THE NEW WORLD

PRICE: FOUR CENTS...\$1.50 PER ANNUM.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861.

[For the Home Journal.]

OLD TIME.

Old Time, I do not fear thee,
My spirit is not riven,
Though on my cheek and in my hair
Thou hast left thy chilly token.

What though thy knell is ringing,
And my bloom of youth hath fled,
My own dear flowers are flinging
A halo round my head.

Ah no, I do not fear thee
When my own dear girls are by;
My bloom of youth is on their cheek,
My laughter in their eye.

And as they gather round me,
Their fondest love is mine;
Old time, old time, I thank thee,
For these rich gifts of thine.

Thou hast stolen youth and health away,
And beauty from my brow;
And tempt a grace that once I had
I cannot boast of now.

But I'll not trouble thee about
Those petty thefts of thine,
If thou wilt let alone those gums
That are at present mine.

H. P.

[Written for the Home Journal.]

Compensation.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE OLD WORLD AND THE NEW."

CHAPTER II.—(CONCLUDED.)

THE ATONEMENT.

LITTLE Evelyn Elwood had a happier childhood than her mother. All the omissions that rendered the dead Evelyn unfit for life's struggle, were filled up in her child. Richard Elwood had found out it was not alone sufficient to shield his darling from evil, and keep her mind pure and innocent even of the knowledge of sin; he tried to prepare his grandchild to resist wrong, to teach her to overcome the temptations of a selfish world, not to conceal their existence. The neighborhood acted kindly by the stricken man, and no one avoided the poor orphan or visited her parents' sins upon her; and little Evelyn lacked no companionship, and learnt to judge of character and motives in a manner her girl-mother never dreamt of. She enjoyed also a thorough education, instead of the desultory elementary lessons the first Evelyn received. Paul Sylvester had constituted himself her master from the time when her prattling tongue could lisp the alphabet, and many a lesson, addressed to eye and sense, had been instilled by him even earlier.

At one time Sylvester had entertained ideas of pushing his fortunes in more populous parts, but either he had found no encouragement to change, or had become attached to Cedar Creek; but he appeared to have given up all thoughts of removing, and had accepted the government stipend in virtue of a recent act of parliament, that had provided education for the people through the length and breadth of the province. Shortly after Evelyn's death he purchased a small lot in the vicinity of his school-house, and built on it a humble edifice in appearance, but comfortable and solid in its structure. Since Mr. Elwood's affliction he had become a daily-visitor, and had shared all his cares for the poor babe. As she grew older

the richest stores of his mind were laid under contribution for her amusement and instruction; literary lore, almost forgotten amid his sterner and more practical studies, was extracted from memory's cells to direct her taste and elevate her mind.

Evelyn grew to womanhood as beautiful as her unfortunate mother, but with more character and spirit, qualities that betrayed themselves in a kindling eye and a firm tread; what her heart and her head suggested should be done, was accomplished with an energetic will that defied alike difficulties and disappointments. Old Elwood leaned on her as on a son, and her affection and attention seemed to partake of the parental towards him. To Sylvester, on the contrary, she entertained unbounded respect. Her love for him was always blended with a little awe. His cold exterior, his profound knowledge (for such his excellent attainments appeared to his mere ignorant neighbors), his reserve and melancholy, all tended to impress the lively girl with a certain reverence that not the gentlest consideration or indulgence on his part could change into unrestrained confidence.

When Evelyn had reached her tenth year Farmer Morris died. His land was sold, his widow and younger children removed to some other part of the country, and their very name was soon forgotten. One little incident occurred at the time that left a lasting impression on Evelyn. Rambling by the lake shore with her faithful companion, a noble Newfoundland dog, she came upon a little lad, about her own age, in great distress; he was a stranger, she felt sure, and her sympathy and curiosity were excited. In reply to her inquiries he acknowledged, with a blush of shame, that he had lost himself. The giddy child burst into a merry laugh, it seemed so comical to lose one's self in Cedar Creek; but when she saw him turn away with proud sensitiveness, she begged his pardon so prettily, offering to show him in any direction he wished, that he could not choose but be friends, and they trotted away together. He told her he had come with his father from Montreal on account of grandfather Morris' death, and that, taking a short walk beyond the farm, he had mistaken his way, and got further and further from the right road. The little maid was quite officious in her capacity of guide, and escorted her new acquaintance to Farmer Morris' gate. When they parted she pressed upon him, as generous children will on those they like, her pretty basket of wild flowers, pebbles, bright feathers, and such gay trifles as idle youngsters collect in country rambles. She named the occurrence to her grandfather, but he became so agitated at the mention of the name of Morris, that she did not venture to repeat the experiment with Mr. Sylvester, and her meeting with the youthful stranger was only mused over in solitude or recalled in dreams.

The inhabitants of Cedar Creek were socially inclined, and many were the dances and parties got up among them in winter time, when they had nothing to do. Evelyn generally had her share in the pleasures going on around her, and although committed nominally to the care of some female friend or friends, it was Sylvester, silent, watchful, haunting her like a shadow, who was indeed

her guardian and protector. On one occasion, it was the anniversary of the Queen's birth-day, the bachelors of the village gave a ball. John Saunders benefitted, for his big room was hired, and he was commissioned to provide the supper. Evelyn had some trouble in persuading her grandfather to let her go with a party of young friends, who were of course anticipating no small share of enjoyment. However, she gained her point and prepared for her evening's amusement in the highest spirits. When she entered the apartment, fresh from her simple toilette, where her grandfather and Sylvester were talking in the pleasant twilight, they could not subdue an exclamation of admiration. Evelyn, almost unconsciously to them, had burst into beautiful womanhood, and as she stood in her gala dress, her young face radiant with smiles and the warm coloring of health, the fact seemed to strike them at once. Her glorious hair, a shade darker than dead Evelyn's, was crowned and decked with lilies of the valley, that rivalled in their purity the whiteness of her skin and the snowy folds of her robe. The old man faltered with emotion when he kissed and blessed her; the girl wiped a tear from her brow that his devoted love had dropped. She was a sunny tempered creature, and cheered and petted her aged relative, till the rinkled face, so dear to her, grew bright and cheery again; and then, with many a gay word of endearment and farewell, she joined her friends who were waiting at the door. Sylvester, as usual, accompanied the party.

In the course of the evening a stranger made his appearance. Sylvester learned from one of the managers that he was a traveller, a Mr. Morris by name. He had arrived by the eastern stage, was only staying the night at Cedar Creek, and at his urgent request, as he seemed a highly respectable young fellow, he was permitted to join the company. The new comer soon made himself at home and charmed the ladies by his good dancing and agreeable manners. Sylvester saw him lead fair Evelyn among the dancers, and so entertained were they in each other's society that they found sufficient to converse about for half an hour afterwards, Evelyn's face revealing the liveliest interest, while the stranger seemed most earnest in his tones. When the party broke up and Sylvester, as usual, offered his arm to his charge, he found a rival escort beforehand with him, and he had to content himself with walking behind. So pleased was Mr. Morris with his evening's amusement that he was resolved to cultivate the acquaintance of the Cedar Creek people for a few days, and when he announced the fact that he was good Farmer Morris' grandson, he was received with a kind welcome by all. With the hospitality so general among Canadians in rural districts, several pleasure parties were got up in his honor, and Evelyn had opportunities of meeting the young stranger on many pleasant occasions. Their first agreeable impressions of each other were amply realized, and the most careless spectator could not fail to observe the partiality that had so rapidly sprung up between them. Sylvester looked and watched, and grew darker and more silent than ever; he was so constantly by

Evelyn's side that young Morris, more than once, observed his morose, gloomy air. However, business could no longer be postponed, and the young traveller resumed his journey.

It was then that Paul Sylvester took upon himself the task of gently chiding Evelyn for her flirtation. The maiden listened with becoming reverence, then laughed and blushed, and at last, with hesitating accents, confessed that the pleasant stranger had acknowledged his partiality and had drawn from her a promise that she would not forget him till he should return, empowered by his parents to declare himself her suitor. Sylvester's pale face grew paler; with a hoarse whisper he inquired if her grandfather knew the state of affairs. She replied that, fearing lest he might feel any anxiety concerning her, she did not intend speaking of the subject till Willie should come back. Harshly bidding her beware how she named a Morris to an Elwood, he abruptly left her to unravel the mystery of his conduct as best she could. Evelyn had not forgotten her grandfather's emotion years ago when she spoke of little Willie, and full of troubled thoughts she endeavored in vain to comprehend the cause.

Meanwhile time passed; summer and autumn had gone, and Evelyn, with all her faith, began to waver in her confidence in Willie's constancy, and her elastic spirits drooped under the misery of hope deferred. Sylvester, after a short estrangement, had resumed his visits, and had shown himself even more gentle and considerate towards her than before, so that the old familiarity was restored and the girl regarded him with increased affection since he knew her secret.

Winter set in with unusual severity, and, for the first time in Evelyn's memory, the inlet of the lake called Cedar Creek Bay was frozen sufficiently hard for the safe exercise of skating. Hoping to restore her faded roses, Sylvester took some pains to teach her the amusement, and many were the pleasant hours spent in the healthful sport, the whole village turning out on such occasions.

The New Year brought Evelyn a letter, the first token from her lover, that he still retained a fond memory of his short sojourn in her neighborhood. He wrote with all the impassioned fervor of youth, dwelt on the self-denial he had practised in abstaining from addressing her before, but he was resolved to be true so his promise of not intruding on her again till he had gained his parents' consent. When he left Cedar Creek he anticipated no difficulty in doing so at once; what, then, was his surprise to find his father firmly set against it, for reasons that he could not discover. However, his perseverance and constancy had conquered every obstacle, and he was free to woo and win his forest flower. In a few days he would be beside her.

Until Evelyn felt the revulsion of joy caused by Willie's epistle she hardly knew how much her happiness, her life almost, was wrapt up in his love. Over and over again she perused his letter, till each dear word was recorded forever in her fond heart. Her first impulse was to share her joy with her grandfather, but she shrunk, from her former experience and Sylvester's warning;

besides the old man had been ailing lately, and she feared to agitate him. She resolved to wait until Morris came in person to tell his own story and plead for them both.

A few days afterwards a party of young friends called, on their way to the Bay, to take her to skate. Glad of any occupation to pass the weary waiting she joined them, and soon became exhilarated and joyous with the merry exercise. The road passed near the shore, and as the driver's horn announced the arrival of the daily stage, more than one skater balanced themselves for a moment to watch the cumbersome vehicle make the turn that led to the village. A keen pair of eyes within saw the party on the ice, and detected Evelyn's tall, lythe figure among them. There was a momentary stoppage, a few words exchanged with the driver, and Willie Morris, cramped and cold with long confinement in one posture, but radiant in countenance, came trembling down the rugged pathway to the lake.

Beautiful as a fairy dream, Evelyn glided towards him. In his excited state of mind, she resembled some spirit of the waters or genii of the lake. Many eyes were on them, but they were not ashamed to clasp each other's hands in cordial greeting, and then the company gathered round, and hearty were the words of welcome uttered. Willie was pressed to join in the amusement, and with boyish vanity, not unwilling, perhaps, to show off his accomplishments before Evelyn, for he was a bold and graceful skater, he accepted the invitation, and was quickly performing the most perplexing and daring curves and figures beside his fair companion. For a time she kept up with him, but presently, carried away by the inspiring exercise, the peculiar circumstances that threw a veil of enchantment over the whole scene, Willie was led into more venturesome feats, and many of those present paused to watch and admire his beautiful evolutions.

Unobserved by any one, Sylvester had joined the party. He quickly made his way up to Evelyn, and expressed a wish that she should return home with him. The ice, he said, could not be considered safe after the violent storm that had lately visited them and the change in the weather. Not safe! Every vestige of colour fled from Evelyn's cheeks, but before words could utter her fears there was a cry from the spectators that the daring skater was in danger. He had distanced all the rest, and so thoughtless were they that the idea of the lad going beyond a prudent line never occurred to any one, till they saw by his movements that pleasure and pride had given place to a dreadful anticipation of evil. Even as Evelyn looked the ice cracked under him; he cleared one fissure in safety. Self-preservation arms a man with supernatural power. "Nothing can save him," muttered Sylvester.

"Oh! Willie!" shrieked the frantic girl, "can nothing be done?" She grasped Sylvester by the arm. He was ghastly pale. "Willie, Willie Morris, do you mean?" "Yes, yes, he arrived just now." "You love him, Evelyn?" "Dearer than life."

Sylvester was divesting himself of superfluous garments. "Evelyn, I may perish in trying to rescue him; if so, remember my small black desk in my sitting-room is yours; here is the key. Let no one read the papers contained in it until you have done so."

"He is lost!" shrieked the bystanders, for at that moment the treacherous ice succumbed to the power of the swelling water, and literally crumbled beneath the poor fellow's feet. He was quite near them. They saw his arms extended, as if for help. They heard his frantic prayer, "God have mercy on me!" Personal fears soon scattered the party, a few moments before so gay and volatile, in all directions.

"Kiss me, Evelyn." The girl's trembling lips were pressed on Paul Sylvester's, the first kiss, since an unconscious child, he had received from one for whom he was willing to sacrifice life itself. A few bold strokes and he reached the gaping aperture. Evelyn pressed her hands over her eyes while

he disencumbered himself of his skates and plunged into the frozen angry depths.

"First one brave, good man, and then another, recovered his courage, and returned to the vicinity of the spot where two human beings were struggling for that dearest of treasures, life. A kind neighbour tried to draw Evelyn away, but she refused to leave the place where those so dear to her were in such horrible danger. Ropes had been collected, a few planks brought, any expedient that occurred in the emergency that could possibly be made useful. Several moments of fearful suspense ensued. Everybody knew Sylvester to be an expert swimmer and diver, and to be gifted with almost gigantic strength and endurance. Presently the forms of the unhappy men were seen quivering on the surface, then disappeared almost before hope had birth in the breasts of the spectators. Anon, and young Morris, stiff and blue with cold, and insensible from his long immersion, was half thrown upon the solid border of ice that surrounded the fatal chasm. Friendly, brave arms received him, carried him beyond danger, and then returned to aid in Sylvester's rescue. But alas! the almost miraculous effort that had saved Willie from his watery grave had been the stupendous exertion of a dying Titan, and while anxious eyes were straining their vision and human hearts were palpitating between fear and hope, Paul Sylvester, a livid corpse, was sinking into those unknown depths where science only vaguely penetrates and mortal ken can never pierce.

With difficulty Evelyn was taken from the scene of disaster. Willie had already been borne ashore, and was receiving all the care his situation demanded. A few hours sufficed to restore him to his ordinary vigor, and much shocked was he to learn of the tragic end of the lion-hearted man who had saved his life.

The news had to be broken very carefully to old Elwood. He was deeply attached to Sylvester, and the loss at his age was irremediable. He was requested to take charge of Sylvester's effects until it could be ascertained if he had any relatives, and some of the smaller articles of his property, liable to be lost, were removed to Elwood's cottage for greater safety—among them the black desk. Its arrival recalled the dead man's last words, and, producing the key, Evelyn tremblingly repeated his wishes. It was given over to her keeping, and with a feeling of reverence the girl proceeded, in the privacy of her chamber, to open the repository of Sylvester's secrets.

The first document that met her eye was "Paul Sylvester's Last Will and Testament." Laying it aside for more interesting matter, she was startled to see a folded paper addressed "Evelyn Elwood." It was dated June 1st of the preceding year, the day Willie left Cedar Creek after his pleasant visit of a week. It ran thus:—"Retributive justice follows man through all his misdeeds! For years I had hoped to blot out my crime, by devotion to my child, by giving up every worldly prospect, by quenching lust of wealth and power, that I might not forsake my one absorbing duty; but now the most fatal accident that could have occurred is brought to pass. Willie Morris' son, the accursed, the calumniated, has been led here to bring punishment on my most guilty head. As circumstances stand now, this wretched alternative is left me: I must see Evelyn pine and die, for Richard Elwood could never be induced to tolerate the son of her mother's murderer, as he considers Willie Morris, Senior, or I must confess myself as black a villain as ever walked God's earth, forfeit a lifetime of respect, and receive a hoary father's malediction, and see aversion and scorn, maybe, shine in the soft eyes of my child, that now reveal kindness and esteem, if nothing dearer. How sweet, how inexpressibly beautiful she looked to-day when confessing her love for Willie! Oh! what treasure would I not have sacrificed for the privilege of pressing her to my heart and calling her daughter! Such bliss is not for me. I have forfeited it, and must submit. I am resolved on my course of action. Evelyn must be made happy at all hazards. If Willie prove faithful, my confession shall

be made; though how, or when, or where, I am yet undecided. I can go away like Cain with the mark seared into my heart instead of my brow. Tempter of innocence; the viper that stung the bosom that cherished it! How could I address Richard Elwood? 'I murdered your daughter! through my stronger mind. My passionate will triumphed over her gentle confidence. I had taught her obedience only to ensure my success. I permitted an innocent man for years to be under the imputation of a crime committed by myself.' I hear the old man's curses. I see Evelyn's pale face of horror. The suffering is greater than I can bear. Oh! Evelyn! my child! my child! When time shall have softened the heinousness of your father's guilt; when every day you prove the value and utility of the lessons learned from him as a master; when every treasure of your brain, every impulse of your heart recalls the memory of one absent and erring—and it must be so—for have I not molded you to my model since infancy?—then let his devotion, his duty to you, earn for him your forgiveness; let his name be breathed in your prayers! Teach Richard Elwood to forgive him also for your sake. Not in calm malice, not with intent, was your mother left to die and suffer, unsupported and alone. Had she trusted in me, confided to me her fatal secret! But, alas! child as she was, she feared me more than she loved, and shrunk from me more than from the world."

It would be difficult to portray the emotions of Evelyn as she read the confessions of her father's erring, passionate life. Exquisite grief for her girl-mother, of whose fate she previously had a dim idea, sympathy she could not deny to the father, whose daily existence had been a daily offering to her childish needs. As he truly said, she was too entirely moulded by him to turn from him, guilty as he was, and his last act seemed to her almost expiatory. Hours passed in thought, in tears, and prayers, ere the girl could join her grandfather, and then the task was no easy one to make him acquainted with the facts so strangely made known to her.

It was a great shock to Richard Elwood—a far greater one than his death; but anger and severity were chastened by the knowledge that the offender had gone to a tribunal where justice would be administered by Omniscience, and he bowed his head, and murmured, "God have mercy on his soul. It was a brave death. I forgive him, as I hope to be forgiven."

Willie Morris saw Mr. Elwood before he left Cedar Creek, and his application for Evelyn's hand was listened to approvingly; but none of them could think of joy with the memory still fresh of the cold corpse yet tempest-tossed in the cold bosom of the lake.

Evelyn said she should devote a year to mourning, and Willie's tears mingled with hers when they spoke of the dead.

Sylvester's will made Evelyn his heir of whatever he might die possessed of. His savings had not been so very inconsiderable, being a man of rigidly frugal and sparing habits. So, when the time of probation ended, Evelyn did not go a portionless bride into the wealthy family of the Morris.

Old Elwood's last days were peaceful. In the domestic happiness of his beloved Evelyn, he realized the anticipations he had formed years before for another of her name

[From Chambers's Journal.]

THE ANTE-NUPTIAL LIE. IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

Then began as hard a struggle as any woman could have been called upon to endure. My husband went up to town that same day, and Parliament sat late that year. During all that time he never wrote to me, nor, save from a casual notice of him in the papers, did I know anything of his movements. The intolerable suspense and misery of such a separation may be conceived. My love for him, indeed, was no mere dutiful regard, but of that profound yet passionate nature which men of his stern and reticent character seem calculated, by a strange contrariety, to excite. Add to this, that I knew

myself to be exposed to the pitying wonder and suspicion of the world at large.

Mr. Anstruther's character stood above imputation, but I at the best was but a successful *parvenue*, and had at length no doubt stumbled into some atrocious fault beyond even his infatuation to overlook. The very servants of the household whispered and marveled about me; it was inevitable that they should do so, but all this added bitterness to anguish.

Worst of all there was a wistful look in Florry's childish eyes, and a pathos in her voice as she pressed against my side, to stroke my cheek, and say, "Poor mamma!" which almost broke my heart with mingled grief and shame. She, too, had learned in her nursery that her mother had become an object of compassion.

It was the deep sense of pain and humiliation which my child's pity excited, which aroused me to make some attempt to relieve my position. I sat down, and wrote to my husband. I wrote quietly and temperately, though there was almost the delirium of despair in my heart. I had proved that an appeal to his feelings would be in vain, and I therefore directed my arguments to his justice.

I represented to him briefly that his prolonged neglect and desertion would soon irretrievably place me in the eyes of the world in the position of a guilty wife, and that for my own sake, but still more for the sake of our daughter, I protested against such injustice. I told him he was blighting two wives, and entreated him, if forgiveness was still impossible, at least to keep up the semblance of respect. I proposed to join him in London immediately, or to remain where I was, on condition of his returning home as soon as Parliament was prorogued.

I waited with unspeakable patience for a reply to his letter, and the next post brought it. How I blessed my husband's clemency for this relief! My trembling hands could scarcely break the seal; the consideration of the sad difference between the past and present, seemed to overwhelm me—it was not thus I had been accustomed to open my husband's letters, feeling like a criminal condemned to read his own warrant of condemnation.

The letter was brief, and ran thus:

"As the late events between us have been the subject of my intense and incessant deliberation since we parted, I am able, Ellinor, to reply to your letter at once. I consent to return and attempt the life of hollow deception you demand, under the expectation that you will soon become convinced of its impracticability, and will then, I conclude, be willing to consent to the formal separation which it is still my wish and purpose to effect."

"Never!" I said, crushing the hard letter between my hands, and then my passion, long suppressed, burst forth, and throwing myself on my knees by my bedside, I wept and groaned in agony of soul. Oh! I had hoped till then—hoped that time might have softened him, that the past might have softened him, that the past might have pleaded with him for the absolution of that one transgression. Had my sin been indeed so great that the punishment was so intolerable? And then I thought it all over again, as I had done a thousand times before in that dreary interval, weighing my temptations against my offense, and trying to place myself in my husband's position. I did not wish to justify it: it was a gross deception, a deliberate falseness; but then I was willing to prostrate myself in the dust, both before God and my husband, and to beg forgiveness in the lowest terms of humiliation and penitence. But the pardon granted me by the Divine, was steadily refused by the human judge—against his hard impenetrability I might dash my bleeding heart in vain. What should I do? What should I do? Which was the path of duty? And frail and passionate as I was, how could I hold on in such a rugged way? Had I not better succumb?—suffer myself to be put away, as he desired, and close the door of hope on what was left of life? My child—he said he would give me up my child. Then resolution arose renewed. For that

child's sake I would not yield. I could not endure the thought of separating her from such a father's love, care, and protection, and of chastening with sorrow and humiliation her opening girlhood. No: with God's help, she should yet honor and revere her mother. However my husband judged me, that one fault had not cut me off from all moral effort hereafter. I would not be vanquished by it. I would, as I said, keep my post as wife, insist, if need be, on eternal forms, and leave no means untried of a patience, meekness, and womanly art, to melt down the iron barrier between us.

I should weary the reader if I detailed all the minute plans I formed, but at last I rose up from the prayers by which I strove to strengthen and sanctify my purpose with a firm heart and a new-born hope of success. That evening, I sent for Florry to keep me company in the drawing-room; I told her her favorite stories, played her her favorite tunes, and joined with her in singing a simple evening-hymn, which was her supreme delight. Then I took her up to the nursery myself, and bade her good night with as much of the serene feeling of old as perhaps I could ever hope to know again.

I also, holding my husband's letter in my hand, told the assembled servants I expected their master home to-morrow, and gave the necessary orders in such a natural and collected manner as must have gone far to disarm their suspicions. Then the long night—then the expected day. I knew the hour when he must necessarily arrive, and, taking Florry with me, I went to a certain part of the grounds which commanded a view of the public road. I was externally calm; the morning's discipline had made me that, but the subdued excitement was intense. Florry ran and chattered by my side as children do, little guessing, poor innocents, the cruel strain they often make on their mother's patience. It chanced, as sometimes happens, that the very intensity of our anxiety caused us to miss our object; the train was evidently behind time, and our attention, so long kept at full stretch, began to slacken, so that when Florry, who had wandered to some little distance from me, espied the carriage, it was so near the park-gate, that there was no chance of our reaching the house before it. I was vexed at my purpose being thus partially defeated, and, taking the child's hand, hurried back by the shortest route.

Mr. Anstruther was waiting us in the accustomed room. Still holding Florry's hand, I went into face the dreaded meeting. The first glance at his face nearly overcame me, he looked so worn and harassed; true, that might have been from parliamentary hours and hard committee-work, but it is a plea a woman's heart can rarely withstand. Florry ran into his arms, talking eagerly of how glad we were to see him, and how dull poor mamma had been without him, and the momentary diversion gave me time to rally my failing calmness. "We are very glad you are come home, Malcolm," I said at last, approaching him, and laying my hand on his. "Are you very tired? Do not trouble to dress before dinner to-day."

Perhaps my self-possession was over-done, so difficult is it in such cases to keep the golden mean; for I saw the unusual color mount even to his forehead, and he replied in a hurried voice, as he slightly returned the pressure of my hand, "I could scarcely sit down to table in this state—I shall not keep you waiting long;" and with Florry in his arms—I could see how he tightened his embrace of the child—he left the room.

I did not sit down and weep, although I was sick at heart. I had imagined it would be something like this, and had fortified myself to endure it. I sat there thinking, till I heard him come down stairs, and then I went into the drawing-room. Immediately on my entrance, dinner was announced, and he offered his arm to lead me to the room, just as he had always been accustomed to do when we were alone. There was no hesitation, no perceptible difference in his manner: I saw he had made up his mind to do it. During dinner, we talked but little, but even in days of old he had been wont to be

absent and taciturn. Florry came in with the dessert, and her sweet prattle was felt to be a gracious relief by both. I soon rose and took her away with me, keeping her with me, and amusing her with talk and music until her bed-time. My husband joined me at the usual time, and though he did not voluntarily converse, he replied to any thing I said without apparent constraint. Before the servants, his manners were scrupulously as of old; indeed, so undemonstrative was his natural character, that it required no very great effort for him to appear the same. I indeed felt a radical difference, which cut me to the heart: the hard tone, the averted or chilly glance convinced me of the reality of our altered relations. Could I live such a life as this?—so near, yet so far off. I had a vague perception that every day we spent like this would make the separation more complete and fatal. Had I not better make one last attempt, before I was chilled into silence and fear of him? Perhaps he resented the dignified and all but peremptory tone I had assumed in my letter, and was still to be moved by entreaty and penitence. Acting on the vague hope, I put down the work on which I had tried to engage myself, and went up to the sofa on which he was lying.

"Malcolm," I said, leaning over the head of it, partly to sustain my trembling limbs, partly to secure a position of advantage, "is this the way we are to live together? I can not resign myself to it without a word, without knowing better what are your feelings toward me. Am I to believe you will never forgive me? Do you hate me?"

He rose impatiently from his recumbent attitude, so as to be able to look into my face. "What do you mean by forgiveness, Ellinor?" was his answer, "the old love and esteem restored? Your own sense must convince you you ask an impossibility—a broken mirror can't be pieced again. Don't let us rake up the miserable ashes of our feud. I am here at your desire, willing to maintain your credit in the eyes of society. I have yielded so far out of regard for our little girl, of a solemn consideration of my own marriage-vows, and your exemplary performance of a wife's external duty. Do your duty, now, Ellinor, and obey me when I charge you not to urge me on this topic again; it is unwise."

"This night shall be the last time," I said; "so suffer me to ask you one more question. Do you doubt my assurances of affection for yourself? Can you believe, in the face of the evidence of all our married life, that, however I deceived you in the beginning, I did not soon bring to a wife's duty, a wife's entire and passionate devotion?"

"Ellinor," he exclaimed with sudden excitement, "you are mad to torment me thus! You compel me to say what had better remain unsaid. I repudiate your boasted love, which you parade as if it were the triumph of virtue. Had it been mine, as I believed, and you swore it was before God, it should have been the crown and glory of my life; as it is, I care nothing for a sentiment provoked by habit, and cherished as a point of calculated duty. One word more; you think me cruelly intolerant, but I must follow the bent of my nature. Some lies I could forgive—or even, perhaps, some grosser sins—but yours cheated me into an irrevocable act, and defrauded me of the best and strongest feelings of my nature. Do I hate you? No, I cannot hate Florry's mother, and my own intimate and cherished companion; but I hate myself for having been befooled so grossly, and almost loathe the wealth and its accessories for which you perjured your soul."

I was silent, but it was by a powerful effort. I could scarcely restrain myself, with all my power of self-control, from saying: "Now that I understand you fully, let us part; I could not brook the mockery of intercourse." But the thought of Florry closed my struggling lips. "For her sake, for her sake," I repeated to myself. "The last hope, the last, the last chance of happiness is gone, but duty remains." I looked up at my husband, deadly pale, I know, but

calm. "Are you resolved," I asked "to separate from me eventually? I claim it from your honor to answer me that question now."

"I care little," he said bitterly. "The sharpness of the sting must abate some day, and we shall become indifferent, like our neighbors; meanwhile, the effort may be salutary. "No," he added haughtily, as he perceived I was not satisfied with the reply, I am willing to pledge my word that I will never force you into a separation on that account. So long as you think proper to claim my protection, it is yours, only we must avoid such scenes as these;" and so the case stood between us.

From that time, my life became a hard monotony. To all appearance, there was no change in our relations; we went the same round in social life as of old, and, as I have said before, my husband's natural character gave little scope for self-betrayal. Occasionally some outside comments reached us, but they were generally expressive of the belief that Mr. Anstruther's temper was becoming more morose than ever, and of pity for the poor wife who was allied to it. He certainly did become more irritable and exacting. I could see daily the bitter effects that his disappointment in my sincerity produced, how his fine nature was growing warped and soured. It was not so much toward myself that these effects were manifested—he kept too rigid a control over our relations; but it grieved me to notice it in his impatience with his inferiors, and even with our little tender Florry, and in his cynical and cruel judgment of the world at large. He had always been very much absorbed in political affairs, and ambitious for distinction, but now he seemed to throw heart and soul without reserve into the arena, and to struggle for the stakes with the eagerness of a gambler. There had ceased to be any communion between us. In past days, hopes and schemes had been discussed with me; and I was proud to believe my influence had often availed with him for good. I cannot describe the intensity of my misery at this time. Not to speak of alienation and mistrust in the midst of daily intercourse, which alone contains almost the bitterness of death, I saw myself the cause of deterioration in one dearer to me than life, and he who meted my punishment to my offense knows that no heavier cross could have been laid upon me. Once or twice, I again attempted expostulation, but I soon learned to desist; it was of no avail, but to provoke some hard reply, which would otherwise have remained unspoken. Then I turned to my daughter: it was for her sake I endured this life, this daily martyrdom and I would not miss my reward. I devoted myself to her education, so far as my numerous avocations allowed, for I was scrupulous in the performance of all the duties of my station, and in any which my husband would suffer me still to perform for him. I strove with intense anxiety to make her attractive to her father, and to cultivate her affection and esteem for him. That he loved her passionately, I knew, but, as was his wont, he manifested the feeling but little; perhaps in this case he was checked by her inevitable preference for her mother, or by the difficulty of ever having her to himself. To me, she was the one solace and spur of existence, and life began to brighten when, resigned to suffer myself; I dreamed and planned her future.

Thus, more than a year passed on monotonously; fruitlessly, so far as I could see, for my husband was as far off from me as ever. Sometimes, indeed, I hoped I had extorted some portion of respect from him by the sustained performance of my routine of duty, but his heart seemed turned to stone.

At last the gloomy depth was stirred. O God! I had prayed for the movement of the healing angel's wing, not for a stroke of judgment.

One evening during the session, I was sitting up awaiting his return from the House. I was not accustomed to do so, but on this occasion, I was deeply interested in the result of the night's debate, and added

to that, I was uneasy about Florry, who had been slightly ailing all day, and seemed increasingly restless as the evening advanced. When he came in, he looked surprised to see me up, for it was already nearly three o'clock in the morning, and I could see that he seemed wearied and annoyed.

"You are anxious, I suppose," he said, "for the news I bring? Well, the ministers are thrown out."

I knew he, and indeed, the country in general, had been quite unprepared for such a result, and that personally it was a severe mortification to him. As I involuntarily looked at him with an expression of earnest concern I hardly ventured to express, I saw his face soften. Perhaps in that moment of vexation, he yearned for the sympathy of old. Should I dare to risk another appeal?

"Malcolm," I said; but at the now unfamiliar name, his brow clouded again, and I finished my speech with some measured expressions of regret. I knew I should damage my cause if I were to attempt to press into my service a momentary weakness; he was ashamed to feel. I could not, however, command my feelings sufficiently to speak of Florry, and after leaving him, I flew up stairs to my child's room, and putting down my candle, sunk on my knees by her bedside. Oh! how my heart ached! I felt this life was killing me, and that one of my moments of abandonment was come. Before, however, I gave full vent to my tears, I paused midway, as it were, to look at Florry, and that look dried them up. I felt my cheek blanch, my eyes start; I felt—who has not felt it?—a premonitory horror chill my blood. I had left her pale and restless an hour before, now her face was tinged with a crimson heat, her lips dry and parted, and she was moaning heavily. I touched her burning hand, her burning brow, and the shadow of that awful calamity seemed to fall before me. I did not moan, I did not even appeal; despair straitened my heart.

Mr. Anstruther I knew was still up. I went down stairs with a strange quietness, and re-entered the room.

"I do not wish to alarm you," I said, and my own voice had a strange sound to me, "but Florry is not well. She has been ailing all day, but her appearance now frightens me. Will you send some one for a physician at once?"

I waited for no reply but went back to the room. The fire in the grate was laid, but not lighted; I kindled it. I changed my evening-dress for a morning-gown, doing all mechanically, as if under a spell I could not resist. Then I sat down by the bed-side to watch my child and await the doctor. I seemed to hold all my faculties in suspense; no tear must blind my eye, no tremor unnerve my hand, until this agony had reached its crisis; then let life and hope go out together.

My husband and the doctor came in after what seemed to me an intolerable interval, but at first I only saw but one. Who knows not in such cases how the very soul seems hanging on the physician's first glance, drinking life or death from it? I drank death. The steady professional gaze did not deceive me, but the stroke was beyond my taxed endurance, and I fell senseless on the floor.

Thank God, it was but a brief weakness. For the few days that that sweet life was left to me, I held my post unconscious of fatigue, enabled to comfort and sustain, and even smile upon my darling through her brief struggle with death. God bowed my stubborn heart and strengthened me with the might of submission. I seemed, in the strong light of this fiery trial, to see the past more clearly, to acknowledge that I had not humbled myself sufficiently under the chastisement of my own sin.

It was midnight when she died. I was holding her in my arms, hushed and grief-stricken, when I saw that unspeakable change pass over the sweet face which tells the sinking heart the awful hour is come. Her laboring breath fluttered on my cheek, the look of love that still lingered in the

(CONCLUDED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)

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The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1861

CANADA NOW AND CANADA THEN.

If you are conversant with the writings of Mr. Mill, perhaps he has occasionally frightened you a little. To timid people we should think this gentleman might be a sort of nightmare, for his reasoning, however erroneous in method, is based on firm facts. It is very true "that the circumstances which surround different classes and individuals, and shape their characters, are daily becoming more and more assimilated," but the deductions which Mr. Mill wishes to draw from this, it might be said, were not logically consistent did we possess, at the present time, either inclination or leisure to refute the arguments of an author we so deeply venerate; because his protests are always warm, inasmuch as his feelings are greatly superior to his powers of inductive ratiocination.

However active material progress may have been, in the last quarter or half a century, in bringing town and country into closer sympathy by means of the electric wire and the iron railway; notwithstanding the good

old country squire of Harry Fielding's riper years, or Sir E. B. Lytton's younger days, are now alike, only figures more religiously distinct in the mirror of past times and manners, in despite of the dearth in the modern drama, and the unity of the old country of the hour, in habits, ways of thinking and widely ramified mutual sympathies, there are other agents at work in our Modern Advancement, in which individual character, if not external of speech and dress, are rather stimulated than retarded by the march of events that has brought England and Scotland close to each other, and put Quebec and Toronto within easy speaking distance.

There is something at once sad and cheering in the half-mourning, half-hopeful cry which every mail and every day brings to our ears. It is one that cannot be overlooked, for it shows the transition state of the intellectual development of the Province. It is a voice that even the powerful and all-absorbed press of Canada cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to much longer. There is that in this ceaseless yearning, that the professional politicians must listen to, irrespective of party. It is a sign of growth. Such a prayer never ascends from a decaying people.

That cry, that *yearning*, that *yearning*, that *yearning*—for it is all these and more, concentrated in feeling, however variant in expression—may be condensed into words like these—

"We are an active element—a restless, eager, ambitious one, that has thus far been unrepresented in Parliament, ignored in the presses and uncomprehended in the shops. We have seen older men, feebler men, less cultivated men steer the ship of State, talk to the people, write for them, preach for them, toil for them, we have seen estimable ladies, who appeared to class us with the drones in the social hive. It is not our wish to undervalue your material progress, your integrity, your thousand-and-one virtues, Gentlemen of the Hour, neither do we seek to usurp your places, nor dim one star on your provincial ribbands. We do not ask you give up the reins of government, of schools, of churches or society, into our hands. We are Catholics and Protestants, neither Upper nor Lower Canada confines our views, our homes are from the St. Lawrence to the Lakes, we are neither a theological nor a political body, our members vote all ways and many have no franchises, there are amongst us those who have money and those who earn a scanty subsistence from day to day, but our one great grievance is simply that we are misrepresented, not only in the government, but in society, not only in the daily press, but in the schools and churches, that we are voted impracticable, or eccentric, or too greatly in the minority, to make it worth while to notice us at all, for we are the literary men and women, the thinkers, the best brains in the Province. What we ask for is recognition at home, that we shall not be obliged to go to London or New York to obtain even a cold nod from our neighbors, and that those who read as well as those who write, may at least draw a portion of their employment and intellectual pabulum from Canadian sources."

Such is the spirit of these letters, and these plaintive sounds sometimes rather implied than expressed. We ask you, true-hearted men and women whom the Fates declare shall "write and when weary of writing, think," whether or no we have correctly translated into words those feelings and impulsive reveries you would hardly acknowledge to yourselves? And we appeal to you, O ardent and hopeful youth of Canada! if we have not put into a paragraph a summary of your greatest griefs? Let us ask, fellow-workers of the quill, if you, victims of a "system," have not rejoiced when elections are over, and when you could sometimes pluck a daisy that you found by the wayside, and transfer it to your readers, and point out its beauty and modest grace? Have you, gentle, quiet spirits, who teach the young of Canada the rudiments of their education, never wished the seed you planted in the Academy was better watered in the family circle? Reverend friend, have you never suspected your elaborate and-pious

discourses would bear even choicer fruit if the ears that listened were not sometimes distracted by the echo of the sovereigns that still seemed to chink in their drawers? Judges on the bench, do you believe many of those wrecks of manhood and womanhood who come before you, reeking with vice and sickly with shame, would stand in that dock had they possessed truer moral training in earlier life, and acquired a taste for reading, and a habit of thinking rightly? Nay, even ye worthy gentlemen of the shop is it not possible that fostering a love of the beautiful in the masses has its effect on the taxes, and a cheapening of your poor-rates?

When a country is very new, for a time men are naturally over-anxious for the things of the body. In a frontier village, the Yankee saying, "A dollar looks as big as a cart wheel," is rather a profound truth than a laughable hyperbole. But Canada has passed that time, and one of the most hopeful milestones in our progress, is to be found in the fact, that, taking a broad view, irrespective of party, every election since the Union, we have been returning a higher order—more cultivated and intellectual gentlemen to represent us in the House of Assembly?

The parent country has long been favored by the best brains as well as the best blood in the House of Commons, and it would be well if the leading spirits of the different parties in making nominations in the future remembered this, as well as other matters of eligibility. Days of mediocrity are passing away, and the hour is coming when a new generation is to step upon the boards, and we then old men, must even take our places by the inglenook and trust the children with their own destinies. There will come a day when the eyes now so bright will be dim, and the voices now so loud in the public ear will be hushed, and the little ones we now place upon our knee will walk with their children, and in the long pleasant summer afternoons read the inscription on our tombs, and the tiny lips shall ask what it means to die?

When we look at this Province—yes, even ten years ago—and remembering what was, now survey what is, we shall have abundant cause of pardonable exultation. Many of our children will be natives of the country, and their is that warm life in birth upon a soil which moe residence or adoption can rarely alone create, however loyal, fervent and good the citizenship. It is a feeling like that we all hold to the very village or house wherein we were born, too sacred for ridicule, too holy for analysis.

One of the greatest evils of the time, which is incident to the exclusion of the more refined elements of the social fabric from political life, is the gross personalities that characterize party prints and orators, in which politicians seem to forget they are also gentlemen. Of course when A calls Z hard names, and says O is a very bad person, none of these individuals really believe this in their heart of hearts. It is a desire to make "party capital," but if it excites the many it convinces none, and is a weapon so equally brandished that really "nobody is hurt," save in so far as society is outraged and the enemies of Representative Government afforded a perch for their ravens to croak upon.

Another lamentable circumstance is that a religious sectarian element is incorporated into parties—so foreign to the broad, liberal policy of the British empire, in which toleration to worship God in any way, or not to worship Him at all is a prerogative of every man and woman. Both in the matter of personalities and sectarianism the various party cliques and coteries are so equally guilty, that one is reminded of the old instruction of the innkeeper's wife, in the fable, when Pot and Kettle engaged in an angry dispute.

Every indication at home and abroad points to a bright future for our people, if we are as true to ourselves as Providence is generous. Local films and party prejudices cloud many eyes so they cannot take a long look ahead, and seeing only the Canada of the present are unable to discern the Canada of the future. We possess one great advantage, physically, over our neighbors. We mean that

our rising generation have good health and strong muscles. Body is essential to the usefulness of mind, and the overtaken nervous energies of our American cousins are at once a warning and a stimulant to ours. The Gradgrind philosophy there has been, 'get money, honestly if you can; if not without sell your body, and then, if you want more—' Well, it is useless to finish the sentence.

A people will either make business the be-all and end-all of earthly existence, or they will have healthful physical and mental relaxation, and the man who invented base ball and cricket, and the individual who devised the magazine, review, and weekly journal should have monuments side by side in Westminster Abbey.

We have great faith in the future. A kind mother to us all, let us trust her implicitly, and be calmer in our race for the riches that are doubtless very good unless one pays too much for their acquisition. The men of mediocrity will, as the masses rise to higher men, not alone in politics but in every grade of life. It is only when the ear of the many is partially closed, and the eye wear a film that the noise of the shallow stream is preferred to the deep flow of the peaceful river, or the gaudy brightness of the argand lamp to the soft lustre of the pale, beautiful stars. Those great party bubbles of to-day will be swallowed up in the mighty issues that are coming into the congress of all the nations of the earth, and Canada cannot be indifferent to anything affecting Great Britain, nor the development of civilization upon the American continent. With millions of people, with wealth beyond the power of Eastern enchantment to conceive, with new generations, with a more consolidated union—union in ties closer than blood, with an advance in culture and refinement equal to her progress in material things, with a vaster progeny than arithmetic can cypher, with a literature of her own, recognized abroad and at home, as she shall welcome the works of other lands—a whole empire in herself—the eyes of her children may well brighten at the thought of what those that are to come after them will witness, when they read of the Canada Now and see the Canada Then.

THE COMET.

This celestial ranger, which so suddenly burst upon our vision last week, is rapidly disappearing. Nobody seems to know anything definite concerning it, and it is generally set down as a hitherto unknown comet. Professor Kingston, of the Toronto Observatory, is blamed for not having previously announced its approach, and that gentleman defends himself by asserting that he has not the necessary instruments to make astronomical observations, the Observatory under his superintendence being solely intended for meteorological purposes.

We stated in our last that the present comet resembles in appearance the great comet of 1680, and so it does, but we are not astronomer enough to describe its likeness to it technically. Its form is the same, while the tail extended from the horizon to the zenith, as in the case of the comet referred to. This length has been computed to be 96,000,000 of miles, a distance greater than that of the earth from the sun!

The present comet was first observed on the 4th April, at New York. Many have supposed it to be the comet of 1556, again expected. Mr. Bradley, of the Alleghany Observatory, says, "I think by the cut of her job she will probably be remembered, and also recorded, as one of the most extraordinary craft that has floated into our horizon for hundreds of years."

We have had some days in our possession, a one dollar bill on the City Bank of Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, which bears on its back a burden as follows—"This one dollar bill is all I received for performing the marriage ceremony between John Gibbs and Mary Wallace, of the town of Salem, Kenosha county, Wis., after having travelled five miles in the cold and paid \$2.50 for livery." —James E. Sull.

[For the Home Journal.]
DOWN BY THE BROOK.

Down by the brook alone I lie,
Where hums the merry bee,
This pleasant morning in July,
And dream my love of thee.

Metheeks I see thine azure eye
In softest glance meet mine,
And smiles so winning, calm and coy,
Breathing of love divine.

Eliza, wert thou by my side,
This rosy bower would be
A paradise, where I'd dwell
In constant bliss with thee.

Alas! my dreams are all in vain,
And vain they still must be;
But night and day, in joy or pain,
My heart still beats for thee.

QUEBEC, July, 1861.

M. R. S.

WHAT MAKES A GOOD EDITOR.

A good editor, a competent newspaper conductor, is like a general or poet—born, not made. Exercise and experience give facility, but the qualification is innate, or it is never manifested. On the London daily papers, all the great historians, novelists, poets, essayists, and writers have been tried, and nearly all have failed. We might say all; for after a display of brilliant, brief and grand they died out, literally. Their resources were exhausted. "I can," said the late editor of the *Times*, to Moore, "find any number of men of genius to write for me, but very seldom one man of common sense." Nearly all successful editors have been men of this description. Campbell, Carlyle, Bulwer, and Disraeli fail; Barnes, Stirling, Phillips, succeeded; and Deane and Lowe succeeded. A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters, and combines; and to do this well, he has but a little time for composition. To write for a paper is one thing—to edit a paper, another.

This may do in Britain, where much money is expended among writers upon various subjects. In Canada the editor of a paper must select and compose, extensively too, for the proprietors of newspapers in general, among us, cannot afford to employ a host of writers to contribute to their columns, except in very few instances indeed. The above extract says: "A good editor seldom writes for his paper; he reads, judges, selects, dictates, directs, alters and combines; and to do this well, he has but little time for composition." In Canada an editor will be found doing all this, besides finding time for composition also. What would a paper be in Canada without an editor? When, elsewhere, proprietors can spend thousands per annum upon reports, correspondence, and literary composition, and reviews upon the important works of the day, there must be little else left for an editor than what is mentioned in the extract, and it seems he really has no room for composing. Yet although "to edit a paper is one thing, and to write for a paper another," both the one thing and the other are essentially the part of an editor's functions in this country, and he must, sometimes, do a host of other things not mentioned at all. For instance some editors will be at work setting type, and will also be found to be "reporters" as well as "editors." Where proprietors can find editors erudite and versatile enough to enable them to dispense with the system of the *old country* expenses, the papers will pay; but on no account could a paper be made to pay here on the transatlantic system, except in large, wealthy, and populous cities; and even there, an editor will be found not only "amending, judging, combining," but *composing, writing, and reviewing* also; and indeed, generally speaking, he must be here, there, and everywhere his mind must be concentrated upon every subject of the day—upon foreign intelligence—local gossip—poetry and politics, &c. &c.; and he must be conversant with literature in general, to make his paper safe and popular; but we do not allude to the low, grovelling ones, who do nothing but vend out the most virulent matter for the vulgar maw, but to those of another kind. In Britain there are various editors—there are sometimes half a dozen, sometimes more or less, viz: the head editor, the sub-editor, belonging to the establishment; and the outside staff are: the literary editor, the musical editor, the commercial and other editors also; besides, there is the office of "reader," which is distinct from

that of editor or compositor. Thus it must be obvious that a part being assigned to each of many functionaries, it comes light individually; while editors in Canada, like most of the ladies of the country (who can cook, bake, arrange the house, and act most queenly or most laboriously, as circumstances favor) must take part in everything, must be familiar with everything, and like the ladies in question (who are not too proud to be useful and who are able to be ornamental), must be ready for contingencies and eventualities, both present and future, and thus they are found to make the best of time while they are in the land of the living, their motto being, "industry and perseverance;" and if our editors here fall short of the characteristics of Campbell, Bulwer, Carlyle, &c. &c., they are able to do what these illustrious personages were or are not—they must be everything at the same time, and be capable of entering into every subject, whether they like it or otherwise, and whatever is interesting to anybody and everybody, they must be interested in also, and treat no hobby of any class, party, persuasion or sect, with anything but profound respect and admiration, that is if they want to make their paper pay, and we suppose "that same" is not the least of their considerations.

An old country editor here would be too "saucy and independent" to "get on." He would dare to say what he might think, instead of saying what is thought by others. He would endeavor to give instruction when he should thankfully accept it, and he would probably aim to be a master of society instead of being grateful to be its pupil, or ambitious to be its menial!—T. H. FENTON.

[For the Home Journal.]
BE KIND TO THE OLD.

BY MATT.

Art ye thoughtless, youthful throng, who giddily and carelessly jostle your way o'er the rough scenes of life, and surmount the ordinary difficulties of it by a more vigorous step, a "don't care," or a "never mind," and who think that the sunshine of existence must continue to thee always, how often, has my heart yearned to whisper to thee the words: "be kind to the old; be kind to those on whose heads repose the frosts of years." Years, too, in many cases, spent in macadamizing the highways of life, and smoothing the tramways on which you ride so majestically and triumphantly on your road to enjoyment; or in culling from earth or heaven those rich jewels of the mind, on which the soul banquets in its hours of revel.

That old gentlemen: that hast but just passed, and who now has such a fondness for that strong cane on which he leans so lovingly, was once as nimble and light of foot, and strong of muscle, as thou art, and well wouldst it have become thee, oh, youth! to have raised thy hat reverentially and gentlemanly to him as thou passedest him on his weary journey to the tomb. Thou wouldst have felt better for the act, and it would have sent young blood coursing through his old veins, and made *nim* feel young also. His may have been the strong hands, stronger mind, or more generous purse that, ere the barometer of his life began to fall, built, planned, or created that stately hall of learning, in which you have, in school-days, gathered the pearls of the intellect; that spacious park, in which you delight, in leisure moments, to stray away from the city and its turmoils; that resting place for the departed, in whose silent depths you seek, in sad hours, to recall lost faces and buried joys; that railway, with its iron-clad monarchs, that snort out in their terrible strength as they dash in their stubborn grandeur o'er woodland or through rock. His may have been the hands that planted and nurtured that beautiful chestnut tree, that stately oak, or sweet rose-bush, under whose shade you repose in summer hours, or resort to for the bouquet for some loved one. Yea, I say to thee, that each step thou takest in thy way through life is charged with debts thou owest the old; and shalt thou not repay them in kindness and in reverence?

And ye youthful and gleesome group, who have but just sent the "old man" or the "old woman," or both, into the back par-

lor, that you may the more unreservedly say your little sayings, and do your little nothings, what thinkest thou of the act? Ah! thou thinkest thou art well rid of him or her. But I tell thee, in all kindness:—No; 'twas not well. Go and call him or her back. Let the jingle of thy merry voices sound in their dull ears, and wake up echoes of the past: invite them to hear the song, join in the game of whist, or place the easy chairs for them, that they may see the gay whirl of the dance; but send them not alone with their old, sad thoughts to prey upon each other and eat their lives away, as they think of the wreck they are of what once was. Fear not that they will chide thee in thy innocence and mirth. Once they were young as thou art, and loved their frolic as thou dost. But now their eyes are dimmed, their blood is chilled, and their step enfeebled, but still their hearts are young. True, they cannot join in the general romp, but as they see their children do so, they cheat their minds into the belief that 'tis themselves, and are happy. The "tut, tut, Edward," of the father, or the "fie Susan" of the mother, are negated by the smile or the forgiving look; and oh! how happy have I seen households as they thus, young and old, gamboled together, all frankness and all peace.

And thou, oh, John or Thomas! How oft, as I have heard thee speak of thy parents as the "old governor," the "old man," or the "old woman," have my ears been offended, or have I pitied thy heartlessness and unkindness? Hast thou forgotten the hours of thy helpless childhood—the many anxious days and years that thy parents have spent in opening up the bud of thy young existence—entwining around thee the tendrils of the fondest care—enriching thy mind with the priceless treasures of intelligence, or building you up the substantial treasures of wealth, that thy life should not be burdened with the toils which have made *them* old before their time? If thou hast forgotten all these things, then call them to mind now, and change the terms "old man" or "old woman" into the endearing ones of "father" or "mother." Ask them into thy councils, or tell them of thy projects. Take them out for the stroll or the drive, and as they lean on thy arm, or sit beside thee, and thou art accosted by the gay, the beautiful, or those who have won for themselves the applause of men—nay, if, as is probable, thou hast attained to some eminence thyself, thou wilt see how the old eyes brighten up with joy, as they live again in thy manhood and thy praises.

Make them by such acts as these, in thy second childhood, conscious that the cares they lavished on thee in thy first, are gratefully remembered; and as thou hast thus something to cherish and love, thou'lt know the value of the words—"BE KIND TO THE OLD."

[For the Home Journal.]
TWILIGHT REVERIES.

WHAT a glorious prospect does my open window present! The St. Charles, with its many windings, its myriads of small, white sails, studding the bosom of the dark blue waters, reminds me of our own beautiful Toronto Bay. Beaufort, on the opposite bank of the river, with its neat white cottages, and on a graceful rise the village church, the spires of which are lighted up by the last rays of the setting sun, as if Old Sol, grateful for his rest, threw back one parting flash of light and glory on the temple raised to the worship of the living God. Mountains, arid and beautifully diversified, covered with their rich, dark foliage, finish up the background to this magnificent picture, which a Guido might not hesitate to transfer to canvass. And here, in this quiet hour, enjoying the varied beauties of the landscape, memory wandered back to the happy past. How many changes have taken place since last I looked upon this picture, which is still the same! Nay, it seems to me brighter and fairer than ever, because, perhaps, hallowed by associations marked in indelible characters upon the pages of my life's history. I have seen strange places since then; faces fair as those my childhood knew. Happy days, too, have I passed far from here; but oh! how few were they? Yet I am thankful for them. Those little green

spots in my life's rough journey, upon which I have knelt and prayed for support and strength, lest in my impiety I should be tempted to exclaim: "Remove, O Lord, this cup, whose bitter dregs I have tasted!" Aye, changes have indeed taken place.

Thus far, all was bright as a beautiful dream. No cloud darkened my life's young sky; and the bark which bore me on o'er the stream of Time, held no happier heart than mine.

But the storm came soon; too soon, alas! for me. The grave has closed forever over the forms of those whose friendship was pure and unselfish as that of angels. Thank God, they have not lived to feel the blasting, blighting cares of life—to taste the bitterness of severed friendships, and mix with the crowd of selfish, craven souls whose God is Mammon.

How I mourned over the death of my poor friend Lizzie—the young bride of a few months—the idol of one heart, the beloved of all:—

"Aye many a manly form bent low
To press on that marble brow
Affliction's tribute; but stars may flow,
Such it a's are useless now."

And in my great grief, I thought Divine Providence was unjust to take from my little circle the truest and the best. Yet what would I not give to lay my weary head beside her now and be at rest forever! May the dew fall lightly on her bed, where she calmly sleeps in her quiet and holy grave at the foot of Mont Royale. For me, I must abide my time. Sorrow and trials must wean my heart from things of earth; the ordeal passed, I shall be permitted to join those whom I have loved and lost, where parting is no more, and sorrow enters not

MARY ANNE M'CARNEY.

The Editor's Round Table.

..... Some child of Eve, with that curiosity natural to all the daughters of the first lady in the world (who, singularly enough, knew nothing about the "best society" of either London or Toronto), desires to know why this department of the *Home Journal* is called the Round Table. We will tell you, Miss. We make it a rule to write on a circular piece of mahogany. There are various reasons for so doing. At our weekly meetings the "Home Talent" sit about this article of furniture, and as all our authors are modest, and all modest people hate conceit (in other people) it prevents a squabble for place. Moreover—if the *Barker* of the *Kingston Whig* should happen to be present, he would not know whom to bite first; and as the seats are always occupied if the poet of that highly-learned and respectable newspaper should read his very entertaining "poems and lyrics" to us, we could give him a place on the top of the table, which, as it is rotary, each one of our friends could move a very little, until he revolved like a figure of Apollo in an Italian's *funtocini* box, and he could be seen and heard by us all. The critiques and the poems of the learned Editors would not "penetrate" us—but would move us to applause, and the *Whig* would admit a Round Table of *London workmanship* was "a great institution," even had it never seen Kingston; although indeed it might have taken an airing in Paris and New York.

"Now in writing at a Round Table"—
["A lady" is laughing. That won't do.]
"Hear! hear!" saith the Publisher.
[This is what Artemus Ward would call "ironical."]
"—the author gains a great advantage."
(Silence is restored and we proceed.)
"In the first place you have no angles nor corners to direct your thoughts from a broad view of your subject, and you are not getting into corners at everybody's logic."
"You are dogmatic, sir," quoth the author of a very good story, published in our last issue.

"Exactly," we reply; "it is necessary to be so, to keep order at this table. We might be deposed to-morrow, but we must exercise our kingly prerogatives while the crown—the tripod—is within our grasp. Are we

not just! Like all potentates, the Editor who does not rule wisely is overthrown."

"Do you speak from experience, Prince of Small Talk?" interrogates that provoking Mariette. [N. B.—As the lady is only a child, and not yet from school, we pardon her because one of these days she will be a sensible woman.]

"No and yes, my child. It takes a great deal of nerve to be an Editor. In the first place you have to keep the publisher in order, and—"

"Haven't you got the boot on the wrong foot?" asked that functionary.

"Young man, be quiet, when your seniors are speaking. Next you have to keep the contributors from 'feeling hurt,' or waxing wrathful. Then you must have patience with Dullness and keep Young Genius from getting rampant."

[The author of "Down on the Beach" shrugs his shoulders.]

"Young man, present company is always excepted in good society. Don't they know that in the States yet?"

Here occurs what a *Leader* or *Globe* reporter would describe, in a report of the meeting, as "sensation."

..... Scribblemania's papers have been examined. If one were almost asleep, he would not know the article from an essay in an *Edinburgh Review*. We quote a paragraph from his wonderful effort on "The Benefit of a Rigid Adherence to Rules of Rhetorical Flourish in Fine Writing:"—

"In the grandeur of Classical Literature, as placed in protuberant contradistinction to the careless idiosyncracies of modern superficiality, the reflecting, Christian sentiment of the enlightened and moral people of Great Britain will discover abundant cause for self-glorification that, notwithstanding the prodigious influx of lax and heretical light literature, there are learned and determinedly pertinacious classicists, who, with a praise-worthy heroism of moral obligation equal to Corinthian solidarity of physical architecture, are firm in expressing their entire conviction of the commanding superiority of the grandiloquent chastity of rhetoric, met with, like jewels in the mines of Golconda, on every page of the scintillating essays of Cicero de Officiis, as compared to the miserable, ungrammatical and immoral writings of a Carolus Diabolus"—*id est*, Charles Dickens, *en Anglaise*.

Do you want to hear any more, friends?

..... One of our contributors, who has been in Arkansas, tells the following with greatunction. We quote what he says:—

"Going from Helena to a place called Whangskulltown, I stopped at a roadside cabin to get water for my horses, whiskey for myself, and tobacco for my servant man, Tom. A specimen of the middle classes of Arkansas society sat on the door sill, busily engaged in doing nothing. I hailed him:

"Good morning, sir."

"Taint morning."

"Good afternoon, then; I did not know it was so late."

"Taint afternoon."

"Good gracious!—what time is it?"

"Noon."

"Well, good noon, then."

"Good noon, stranger."

"My horses require water."

"Do they?"

"Yes. Have you any water?"

"Yes."

"Can they get any, my good man?"

"If they can drink."

"Why, is there anything the matter with the water?"

"Not as I knows on; only skeeters."

"Where is the water?"

"In the well."

"Are you not willing," said I, getting vexed at his want of manners (I did not know Arkansas), "my poor beasts should have a couple of pails-full?"

"Yes."

"Where is the well?"

"Down the road, back of the cistern."

"How will I get it?"

"I don't know."

"How do you get it?"

"My niggers get it."

"Well, my dear sir, will you let your boy show mine how to get it," I asked, very nearly foaming with rage.

Hereupon, the Arkansas man called his boy, and my horses were watered

"Have you any whiskey, stranger?"

"Yes," said the indifferent host.

"Can I get a drink?"

"I don't know"

"Will you not sell me some?"

"Sir?" said he, raising his eyes to mine in astonishment, and expectorating a large amount of tobacco juice.

"I am dry," said I, "and afraid to drink the water clear, this warnin' day."

"Are you?" said he. "Quite right. I never drank a glass of water in my life."

"Well, for goodness sake, give, sell, or let me have some whiskey, for I am very thirsty."

Hereupon he brought out a jug, filled my flask, and said:

"It's the best white-wheat."

"We were now invited to dinner and not a dime would the Arkansas man take in pay. His indifference was only his way. The brain worked slow and steady, and what we thought ungracious was only the stolid manner: there was a man's heart underneath."

..... The *Irish News* for the current week has a racy sketch of glorious Tom Moore, and an account of his harmless duel with Jeffrey, the sledge-hammer critic of the *Edinburg Review*. We were going to make extracts, but find it impossible to do so without spoiling the elegant contour of the article; so we have filed it away for publication at some future day when space is plentier, contributors less active, and the Editor more indolent.

..... Can any one tell us the author of these stanzas?—

Forth from the forest! for the human heart
Is oft-times darker than those caves of earth,
Where ne'er a sunbeam may its gladness dart,
Or other babe than Wretchedness have birth.

No midnight's darkest shades can e'er
Cast o'er the soul so fearful awe as this—
To have *my fate*—and know that there
For thee may be no portion more of bliss.

To know but night yet love the sunny day—
To woo but Love and win but chilling Power—
To seek for Truth, while threading Error's way,
To wait in apathy thy dying hour.

..... We met with the subjoined the other day among a mass of quaint things. While we don't entirely like its tone, there is a grain of truth in it:—

"Somebody says 'morality,' with the English, was an epidemic, and it was because Byron's star rose when this periodical attack was on the public, that the author of Don Juan was so crucified.

"While we would denounce him who would write, speak or palliate a gross word that could call a blush to the cheek of sister, wife or friend, it is entirely true there is more or less pitiable twaddle regarding the word 'moral'."

"Because a few individuals find something in Truth or Theology, Fact or Fiction that they do not like, they exclaim, 'how immoral!'"

"*Par exemple*: Miss Conserve meets with a magazine article on the 'Extravagance of the Age.' Miss Conserve is fond of dress and style; in fact, it is the one idea of her life; when this essay in the periodical, chancing to strike some cord of womanhood not quite saved asunder by the whale-bones of modern inanity, it makes her uncomfortable, and she says, 'this is immoral.' She means *she don't like it*."

"That which makes you question the existence or eternity of God, or Good; of the Pure, Beautiful and True, is only surpassed in foulness by that which tempting you to stone the sinner, while it points out no foulness in the sin, must lead you to hate *abstract evil less than the detected evil-doer*."

..... Just as we had proposed adjourning for the week, somebody about the table handed us this

PARTING SONG.

In days of old, as we are told,
Apollo tuned his lyre to few;
And bluish mould, and dampness cold,
Around the tree of Knowledge grew.
But in our day—for those who pay—
The golden lamp of Wisdom gleams;
And all do say that Learning's way
For childish feet "so easy" seems

Around the *tree* with one accord,
Those "manor born" do meet,
Their little hearts, each doth afford,
The darling Public Ear to greet.

If what we say each Saturday,
One care from heavy heart shall raise,
'Tis what we pray—the only pay
We seek is our home readers' praise.

"Bohemian" hard' thy fate is hard,
But maple leaves are slow to fade,
And Fortune's card can never be married,
Though not "at home" in distant glade
On British soil, no faction's brood,
To jarring sections make us leam,
Our only toil—to pour on oil,
While crying out, God save the Queen

TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

Explorations and Adventures in Equatorial Africa
By Paul B Du Chaillu New York: Harper Bros
Toronto: George Faulkner.

AFRICA is almost the only country at the present day around which romance yet lingers. From Mungo Park to Paul Du Chaillu, we could easily name travellers by the dozen who have made this continent the scene of their adventures and the subject of their narratives. In every one of these narratives we find something new, some valuable addition to our geographical knowledge; some wonderful discovery in its natural history; some interesting details regarding its tribes and their customs; some facts hitherto unknown respecting its climate and natural resources; and yet every year we are startled by some later discoveries. At longer or shorter intervals, some daring spirit, unknown or almost forgotten by the world, appears, after years of patient travel under its burning climate, after passing through dangers innumerable, and living in a state of semi-barbarism among wild and savage tribes, and wakes anew the interest of the public by the recital of his strange and almost incredible adventures. Such a book is Du Chaillu's *Equatorial Africa*. Already in England this extraordinary production has been read by thousands, and the handsome edition before us, published by Harper Brothers, will soon have hosts of readers in Canada. A few feeble efforts have been made to throw discredit on the whole story and brand the author as an impostor. Chief among these scoundrels is Mr. Gray, of the British Museum, who, our readers may recollect, considered Dr. Livingstone a "humbug," and now calls Du Chaillu by no better name. The first distinguished traveller has outlived this puny attack, and we have no doubt his no less distinguished fellow-laborer will also come out scatheless. But leaving them to fight the battle together, we proceed to give a short, and for want of space, necessarily imperfect sketch of the traveller and his explorations.

Du Chaillu is an American of French extraction, who had in his youth lived several years on the Western African coast with his father, who owned a factory. His residence there was of material advantage to him, as he learned something of the inhabitants, the natural history of the country, and was, in some measure, acclimated. He left America in 1855, bent on exploring the great central portion of the country, hitherto dreaded for its excessive heat and the fierce tribes who were reported to be cannibals, and extremely ferocious. He arrived at the Gaboon River, on the west coast, some miles north of the equator, and made his purpose known to those of his former acquaintances. They at once concluded he was mad to take such a perilous journey, and all left him to his fate, he says, but a few steadfast friends.

The present volume is the record of that exploration, embracing the years 1856, '57, '58 and '59, and to give our readers some idea of the work gone through in those years, as well as the hardships he encountered, we give the following summary in the author's own words:—

"I travelled always on foot, and unaccompanied by white men, about 8,000 miles. I shot, stuffed, and brought home over 2,000 birds, of which more than sixty are new species, and I killed upwards of 1,000 quadrupeds, of which 209 were stuffed and brought home, with more than eighty skeletons. Not less than twenty of these quadrupeds are species hitherto unknown to science. I suffered forty attacks of the African fever, taking, to cure myself, *fourteen ounces* of quinine. Of famine, long-continued exposure to the heavy tropical rains, and attacks of ferocious ants, and venomous flies, it is not worth while to speak. My most severe and trying tasks were the transportation of my numerous specimens to the sea-shore, and the keeping of a daily journal, both of which involved more painful care than I like even to think of"

He also states:—

"The long and tedious labor of preparing this book for the press leaves me with the conviction that it is much easier to hunt gorillas than to write about them—to explore new countries than to describe them. In the year that has passed since my return to the United States, I have often wished myself back in my African wilds."

Add to this his continual exposure from cannibals, crocodiles, panthers and snakes, the danger he was often in from sheer starvation, being obliged sometimes for days together to live on roots and berries and the thousand-and-one dangers and annoyances to which he was exposed, and of which we have no account, and we have a faint picture of the difficulties he passed through, and a high opinion of the daring spirit, the dauntless courage, and indomitable perseverance that overcame them all

We are reluctantly obliged to skip over the interesting details he gives of those tribes that live on the borders of the Gaboon River, and come up to our traveller where he may be said to have fairly commenced his journey.

His purpose at starting was to explore the Muni River to its head waters; to cross, if possible, the Sierra del Crystal Mountains; then to ascertain if the Congo, which had been supposed to flow northward back of the mountains, was there to be found. Leaving the Muni, he ascended one of its tributaries (the Ntambounay) for some miles, until obstructed by a fall of water, the grandest he ever beheld.

"It was not a water-fall, but an immense mountain torrent, dashing down hill at an angle of twenty-five or thirty degrees for not less than a mile before us, like a vast, seething, billowy sea. The river-course was full of huge granite boulders, which lie about here as though the Titans had been playing at skittles in this vicinity, and against these the angry waters dashed, as though they would carry all before them, and breaking up, threw the milky spray up to the very tops of the trees which grew along the edge."

After gazing long at these splendid rapids, the leader and followers ascended one of the hills surrounding the river:—

"From this elevation," *she* continues, "about 5,000 feet above the ocean level, I enjoyed an unobstructed view as far the eye could reach. On all sides stretched the immense virgin forests, with here and there the sheen of a water-course; and far away in the east loomed the blue tops of the farthest range of the Sierra del Crystal, the goal of my desires"

Proceeding still farther east, the party came into the country of the Fans, a strong muscular race, and of more than average intelligence. Iron ore abounds in this locality, and the Fans smelt it and fashion a kind of knife with which their warriors are armed. There our traveller shot his first *Gorilla*, the largest and fiercest of the monkey tribe, and which many maintain is the intermediate and connecting link between the human race and the lower orders of the brute creation. The description of the hunt and the appearance of this monster we will give in the author's own words. After tracking him for miles he says:—

"Suddenly as we were creeping along in silence, the woods were filled with the tremendous barking roar of the gorilla, and presently he stood before us. He had gone through the jungle on all fours, but when he saw our party he erected himself and looked us boldly in the face. He was nearly six feet high, with immense body, large chest and great muscular arms, with fiercely glaring large deep-set eyes, and a hellish expression of face. He was not afraid of us. He stood before us, and beat his heart with his huge fists till it resounded like an immense bass-drum, which is their mode of offering defiance. The roar of the gorilla is the most singular and awful noise heard in these African woods. It begins with a deep bark like an angry dog, then glides into a deep bass roll, which literally and closely resembles the roll of distant thunder. He advanced a few steps, then stopped to utter that hideous roar again—advanced again, and finally stopped at a distance of a few yards from us. Here, as he began another of his roars and beating of his heart in rage, we fired and killed him. With a groan which had something terribly human in it, and yet was full of brutishness, it fell forward on its face. It proved to be five feet eight inches high, and the muscular development of the arms and breast showed what immense strength it had possessed. I protest I almost felt like a murderer when I saw the gorilla

this first time. As they ran on their hind legs they looked fearfully like hairy men: their head down, their bodies inclined forward, their whole appearance like men running for their lives."

After continuing some time in this neighborhood, ever eager in scouring the forest and daily gathering new and rare specimens for his cabinet, Du Chaillu returned to the sea coast, and arrived at Corisco Bay. From thence he made a trip up the Moondah, another river flowing westward from the interior. We cannot follow him through his many adventures on this journey, in which he furnishes not only stirring accounts of his hunting expeditions, but gives reliable information concerning the natives and their strange customs. Returning to Gaboon, he made preparations for his next and most important tour, in which he was determined to thoroughly explore the "Camma country," which begins to the South of Cape Lopez, in latitude 0° 40' S., extending northward to the Camma River, and east for about fifty miles from the coast. Shortly after starting the party came upon the traces of gorillas, and after a long hunt had the satisfaction of catching a young one alive. Our adventurer was in ecstasies over this young brute, took him home and placed him in a bamboo cage. Once or twice he escaped by breaking the bamboos; several times, young as he was, he bit Du Chaillu and made sad work with his clothes when he could get his hands at them. He died suddenly ten days after being first confined, and to the last continued utterly untamable, and after being chained added treachery to his other vices. The only sign of intelligence he manifested was in the care with which he made up his bed of hay, which was put in a barrel, before he went to sleep, and in the care he displayed in covering himself snugly with it after lying down. On the Anengue River the party came upon a new species of monkey, which Du Chaillu calls the *Nohiege*. He examined one that he had shot, and found many points of difference between it and the chimpanzee. It was three feet eleven inches high or long. The skin where there is no hair is black. The throat, breast, and abdomen are covered with short and rather blackish hair. It is not half so powerful as the gorilla, and the fingers are large and tapering, while those of the gorilla are short and thick. We have only room for another extract, which we give as illustrative of the affection of the young gorilla towards its mother. In one of their expeditions he came upon a small family of them, and his hunter, a negro, fired at the mother and killed her. "The mother fell, but the baby clung to her, and with pitiful cries endeavored to attract her attention. He crawled to her and threw himself on her heart. He did not find his accustomed nourishment, and I saw that he perceived something was the matter with the old one.—He crawled over her body, smelt at it, and gave utterance from time to time to a plaintive cry, hoo, hoo, hoo! which touched my heart."

The Camma people have some strange customs. As an instance:—

"In the last moments of a Camma man who lies at the point of death, his head wife comes and throws herself beside him on the bed. Then encircling his form with her arms she sings to him songs of love, and pours out a torrent of endearing phrases, all the village standing by uttering wailings and shedding tears. Such a scene was always very touching to me. When a man dies it is thought by his people that some unseen power operates through some of their women thereby causing his death. If these are discovered by the 'doctor,' death is their doom.

Our author describes their mode of putting their 'witches' to death. First they are bound to a boat in the river and surrounded by all the warriors of the tribe. She is made to drink the *meboundou*, a deadly poison. As they drank, the multitude shouted, 'If they are witches, let the meboundou kill them; if they are innocent, let the meboundou go out!' It was the most exciting scene of my life. Though horror almost froze my blood, my eyes were riveted upon the spectacle. A dead silence now occurred. Suddenly the slave fell down. She had not touched the boat's bottom ere her head was hacked off by a dozen rude hands."

After many wonderful escapes Du Chaillu at last reached the coast completely broken down by the fever. Quinine had little

effect on the disease, he had already taken so much of it. Daily he looked out on the broad expanse of ocean for a sail that would carry him from the deadly shores of Africa. At last, on the 12th of June, 1859, he descried one. "By night," he says:—

"I knew that my friends in the Gabon had sent to enquire for news of me. They had given me up for lost. The captain had orders to ascertain how I came by my death. I was glad to assure them I was not dead yet. And now the weary work of taking in my cargo of beasts and other things; the tedious delays which yet kept me, poor fever-stricken wretch, to the shore. At last we were off, and with a thankful heart, I welcomed the cool breeze which bore me back to civilization, to friends, and to renewed health."

Not only has Du Chaillu enriched natural history by some of the rarest specimens that Africa produces; not only has he added much to our knowledge of the races that inhabit Central Africa, but he has discovered and proved almost beyond doubt that, to use his own words:—

"An important mountain range divides the continent of Africa nearly along the line of the equator, starting on the west from the range which runs along the coast north and south, and ending in the east, probably in the southern mountains of Abyssinia, or perhaps terminating abruptly to the north of Captain Burton's Lake, Tanganyika. In the northern slope of this grand range originate, probably, many of the feeders of the Niger, the Nile, and Lake Tchad; while of the streams rising in the southern slope, it is probable that some join their waters to the Remba Okanda, the Rembo Ngouyai and the Congo, and others flow south into the Zambezi and into the great lake or chain of lakes in the eastern part of Africa. I think it probable that the impenetrable forests of this mountain range, and its savage inhabitants together, put a stop to the victorious southward course of the Mahomedan conquest. South of the equator, at any rate, they have never penetrated."

We might go on filling column after column by similar extracts, but our space is done. A mere cursory sketch of the book can but give a faint idea of it, and we advise those who want to get the most readable book of travels that has been issued for many years to procure a copy at once. They will be amply repaid by the perusal. There are no long-winded details which tire the most patient reader. The style is lively, the incidents well told, and altogether its literary merits are considerable. Though lacking the simplicity of Dr. Livingstone's narrative, there is more freshness and life in its pages, and the reader is carried along from one adventure to another, through scenes new and strange, as if he were witnessing a panorama. The illustrations are excellent and life-like, the "get-up" of the book very creditable, and we predict for it an extensive circulation and a cordial welcome throughout the country.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR MR. EDITOR—In a recent number of the HOME JOURNAL you quote a very bitter *resumé* of the public life and influence of Lorenzo di Medici, and one which seems to me to give a very unfair view of his character. It is true that his literary fame is tarnished by the licentiousness that characterises his lighter poems, but in judging him we ought to take into consideration the age in which he lived; and when reading his devotional poems it is difficult to doubt the sincerity of his piety.

Mr. Roscoe, who is generally allowed to be a good authority on Italian affairs in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, says of him: "As a statesman Lorenzo di Medici appears to peculiar advantage. Uniformly employed in securing the peace and promoting the happiness of his country, by just regulations at home and wise precautions abroad, and teaching to the surrounding governments those important lessons of political science on which the civilization and tranquility of nations have since been found to depend. The wars in which he engaged were for security, not for territory, and the riches produced by the fertility of the soil, and the industry and industry of the inhabitants of the Florentine Republic, instead of being dissipated in imposing projects and ruinous expeditions, circulated in their na-

tural channels, giving happiness to the individual and respectability to the State. If he was not insensible to the charms of ambition, it was the ambition to *deserve* rather than to *enjoy*. It will be difficult, not to say impossible, to discover either in his conduct or his precepts anything that ought to stigmatise him as an enemy to the freedom of his country. The superiority of his talents enabled him to avail himself of the advantages of his descent with irresistible effect, but history suggests not an instance in which they were devoted to any other purpose than that of promoting the honour and independence of the Tuscan State. It was not by the continuance, but by the dereliction of the system which he had established, and to which he adhered to the close of his life, that the Florentine Republic sunk under the degrading yoke of despotic power; and to his premature death we may unquestionably attribute not only the destruction of the commonwealth, but all the calamities that Italy soon afterwards sustained."

Excuse this long extract, for Lorenzo the Magnificent is a man whom I admire for the power of his intellect, the strength of his will, the warmth of his friendship, and the sincerity of his patriotism.

With sincere wishes for the success of the HOME JOURNAL,

I am, Mr. Editor, yours sincerely,
ROSANNA RODES.
Brampton, July 4th, 1861.

The Ladies' Cabinet.

Last week, from some inexplicable cause (whether the much-talked-of comet had anything to do with it or not we cannot say), the Ladies' Cabinet was never once unlocked, and manifold have been the complaints on that account by the neglected friends. The first fragment we place our hand on this week is

THE UNPOETICAL WIFE.

Siebenbas could never inspire Lenette with a lyrical enthusiasm of love in which she could forget heaven and earth and everything else. She could count the strokes of the clock between his kisses, and could listen and run off to the saucepan that was boiling over, with all the big tears in her eyes which he had pressed out of her melting heart by a touching story or sermon. She accompanied in her devotion the Sunday hymns, which echoed loudly from the neighboring apartment, and in the midst of a verse interwove the prosaic question:—"What shall I warm you for supper?" and he could never banish from his remembrance that once, when she was quite touched, listening to his eloquent discourse upon death and eternity, she looked at him thoughtfully, and towards his feet, and at length said, "Don't put on the left stocking to-morrow, I must darn it."

If literary men generally had "blue stockings" for wives, a queer household they would have to be sure. It is well for the children—innocent darlings!—that when people of literary tastes take to themselves wives, their good genius generally attracts them to women who have common sense and are able to take care of them—something they rarely know how to do for themselves. Reading the above extract from an old English magazine, we confess our sympathies are altogether with Lenette. Now if Siebenbas had gone without any dinner for a few days, or what is worse, "a cold, wash-day made-up dinner"—that social abomination of Middle Classdom, which every man who cares for his digestion regards with so much disfavor—we are of the opinion that Siebenbas would have wished his better half was less addicted to letters. In the classical words of the great Yankee poet-showman, "Artemus Ward," or Charles F. Brown, "Nuff ced."

Speaking of "blue stockings," we notice the subjoined in an English paper:

CHILDREN'S HOSE.

It appears that colored stockings are to be the mode this summer; the petticoats seem to indicate that this fashion will be very general. Colored stockings, or white ones embroidered with colored silk, are,

moreover, in harmony with the Swiss petticoats, or those in scarlet. For a costume "at home" it is already decided that these fanciful petticoats may be worn with a black cloth or velvet basquine; the effect of which, contrasting with the gay colors of the quasi-skirt, may be somewhat coquettish, but will certainly be pretty, not to say picturesque.

CHILDREN'S JULY FASHIONS.

The Zouave jacket is very much worn by little girls for an out-of-door covering during the warm weather, but the loose basque also continues in favor.

Several very pretty juvenile costumes have just been prepared. Among the dresses destined for little girls may be mentioned one composed of dark-blue silk, striped with very narrow horizontal lines in a deeper tint of the same color. The skirt is edged with black velvet, and a row of black velvet buttons passes up the front of the skirt and body. The latter is low and square in front, and has a berth with ends trimmed with black velvet; the ends descending on each side of the row of buttons in the centre of the skirt; the sleeves, wide and open, have revers edged with velvet. A muslin chemise reaching to the throat, and under-sleeves also of white muslin, and close at the wrists, complete the costume. A little girl's dress of white and green striped silk has been neatly trimmed with plain green silk. On the skirt there are two broad bands of plain silk. The sleeves are short and the corsage low, with a berth of plain green silk, edged with bias rows of the silk composing the dress. On each shoulder a bow of ribbon, and a sash of the same is tied behind in a bow and flowing ends.

We could wish equestrian exercise was more popular with both the ladies and gentlemen of Canada, for no amusement is more healthful or a greater foe to a large practice among the Medical fraternity. We give

A FEW HINTS TO LADY EQUESTRIANS.

In saddling, the groom very frequently flings the saddle on the horse's back, and at once proceeds to tighten the girths to the extent required. This causes the animal great inconvenience, which he resents by throwing back his ears, and trying to bite or kick his tormentor; for which he is corrected in very strong language, if not by a blow, and his temper ruffled, to the discomfort of his rider. The horse, being accustomed to such rough treatment, endeavors, by puffing himself out, to lessen, in some degree, the distress experienced from this mode of saddling; and, in consequence, when the rider has been on the road some half hour, she finds her seat become loose and unsteady. Should the horse start or shy, and the rider be inexperienced, she may lose her balance (in which case the saddle will turn round) and be precipitated to the ground.

The humane and experienced groom will place the saddle lightly on the back of the horse, patting him kindly as he does so. Then drawing up the girths to within two holes of the required tightness, will so leave it for a quarter of an hour. By this time the saddle will be warm, when it may be tightened as much as necessary, without pain or discomfort to the animal, and moreover, greatly lessening the chances of a wrung back or withers.

A lady's saddle should be placed more backward on the horse than a gentleman's, to keep the heavy weight of the iron as far from the withers as possible.

In mounting, place the left foot in the hand of the groom, resting the right hand on the pommel of the saddle. Spring lightly, but surely, into the seat, neither throwing too much weight on the hand of the assistant, nor pulling at the saddle; both are ungraceful, and, after a little practice, unnecessary. Let the groom arrange the habit carefully between the foot and the stirrup. If well arranged at first it ought to remain so during the ride. The habit should never be pinned under the foot; it is sure to tear the skirt, and prevent it falling gracefully and easily. Seat yourself rather backward on the saddle, taking care that the figure be erect, and the shoulders perfectly square with the seat. Take the reins in the left hand. If you ride on the curb raise that first, leaving the left rein outside the hand.

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

glazing eyes fixed upon my face died out, and I was childless

My husband was standing at the foot of the bed, watching the scene with an agony all the keener that he suffered no expression of it to escape, but as the last faint struggle ceased, and the baby-head fell prone upon my breast, I saw the strong frame quiver, and drops of perspiration start upon his forehead.

"God forgive me," he said in a stifled whisper, "for every harsh word spoken to that angel child!" Then as his eyes fell, as if involuntarily, upon me, the expression of stern anguish softened for a moment to one of pitying tenderness. "Poor Elinor!—poor mother!" you think me a hard man, but God is my witness, I would have saved you that little life at the cost of my own."

"It would have been but a cruel compromise," I answered; "and yet—O my darling! how I have loved you!"

My husband had turned away a moment, as if to pace the room, but at the sound of my cry of irrepressible anguish, he came back hastily to the bedside, and bending over me, tried to separate me gently from the dead child in my arms.

As I felt the touch of his hand, his breath upon my cheek, caressing, warm as of old, it recalled, even in that moment of supreme bereavement, the passionate yearning of my heart, and yielding to the uncontrollable impulse, threw my arms round his neck.

"Only give me back what is in your love and trust—our old happiness, Malcolm, and even the death, of our child will not seem too hard a sacrifice!"

There was a moment's breathless pause, then he raised me in his arms, and strained me to his heart in a close, vehement embrace.

"God forgive me," he said, "for what I have made you suffer! If your love has survived my long intolerance, I may well trust you, Elinor. If I have the power left to comfort you, be to me again all, and more than all I remember in the sweet past. A hundred times during the last few melancholy days have I been on the point of confessing my injustice, and entreating your forgiveness; only it seemed to me a mean thing to take advantage of the softness of sorrow. Life is not bearable without you, Elinor; only satisfy me once more that I have not worn out your heart—that it is not magnanimity but love."

I did satisfy him. We began henceforth a new life, chastened, indeed, by the shadow of a little grave, but a life, I trust, humbler and more blessed than the old past had been.

MEMOIRS OF COUNT ROPTOPCHIN.

WRITTEN IN TEN MINUTES.

MY BIRTH.—On the twelfth day of March, 1765, I merged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptized. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked Heaven, without knowing for what.

MY EDUCATION.—I was taught all sorts of things, and learned all sorts of languages by dint of impudence and quackery I sometimes passed for a savant. My head has become a library of odd volumes, of which I keep the key.

MY SUFFERINGS.—I was tormented by masters; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women; by ambition; by self-love; by useless regrets, and by remembrances

MEMORABLE EPISODES.—At the age of thirty I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the trouble of thinking; and I have now become a true sage or egotist—which is the same thing.

RESPECTABLE PRINCIPLES.—I have never meddled in any marriages or scandal I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and consequently have never attempted any one's life.

MY DISLIKES.—I have a dislike to sots and fops, and to intriguing women, who make a game of virtue; a disgust of affection; pity

for made-up men and painted women: an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics and rhubarb; and a terror of justice and wild beasts.

ANALYSIS OF MY LIFE.—I await death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melo-drama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the nobleman, but never the valet

MY EPITAPH.—Here lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased man, with a worn-out spirit, and exhausted heart, and a used-up body. Ladies and gentlemen, pass on!"

Choice Extracts.

Rev. Patrick Bronte.

Rev. Patrick Bronte, father of those remarkable women, Charlotte, Ann, and Emily Jane Bronte, recently died at the age of 84. It is impossible, says the London Critic, to think without emotion of that long and troubled life, so full of trial and bereavement, sudden triumphs, and sudden disappointments; and above all, of these longest latter years which he has toiled through almost alone, and quite childless.

The Use of Language.

To Talleyrand has generally been attributed the authorship of the maxim that "the use of language is to conceal our thoughts." But in Pycroft's "Ways and Words of Men of Letters," a quotation is made from an article on "The Use of Language," published in a periodical called the Bee, under date of October 20, 1759, which reads as follows: "He who best knows how to conceal his necessities and desires, is the most likely person to find redress; and the true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them."

Lake Serpent.

For years, lake fishermen out of Dunkirk, have entertained the idea of the existence of veritable lake serpents. This opinion has lately been materially strengthened by the personal observations of a fishing party, composed of gentlemen of known veracity. The party consist of five, who will aver this fact; an object was discovered, some sixteen feet in length, with head and tail erect, of a greenish colour, and very active in its motions. It would disappear from view for two or three minutes, and then appear on the surface of the water, coming up with such force as to present its entire length clearly to view. It was in about 30 feet of water, off Light House Point, and after sporting at leisure for some fifteen or twenty minutes, made a final disappearance. So confident are the gentlemen referred to that they are not mistaken in their impressions, the entire party are willing to make oaths to the effects stated. The legend of the serpent is also familiar to the fishermen of this locality.—Rochester Advertiser.

Politically Dead.

McG., an Alabama Marshal, arrived at Cleveland, about two years ago, in search of a fugitive from justice. He put up at the Wendell House, and, during his stay there, had a difficulty with a person who roomed with him one evening, on which McG. shot three times at his antagonist, slightly wounding him the third time. He was immediately arrested and put in jail. In the morning the following scene took place in the prison: A friend of the Marshal entered his cell and found him seated, his head resting on his hands, and looking like one who had entirely given up in despair.

"Come, Mac," said the friend, "cheer up; the man is not hurt."

"Ruined, ruined, ruined!" groaned the Marshal, without even changing his position.

"Ruined, bah!" returned his friend; "don't be a child. I tell you the wound is but slight; besides, it is an aggravated case, and had you killed him you would not have been ruined."

"I know it," said the Marshal, suddenly starting up; "but three times!—only think of it!—to shoot three times at a man, and not kill him! I am politically ruined in Alabama!"

Stars of Destiny.

No one believes in astrology now, because the order of celestial phenomena has been

ascertained with remarkable precision. Yet how natural was the belief in starry influence! In the serenity of Asiatic skies, the majestic aspects of the stars would naturally attract incessant notice. It is a tendency, observable in children and savages, to suppose whatever interests them must also be interested in them. If we look up to the stars, do they not look down upon us? If we follow their course with interest, will they not likewise with interest follow ours? Hence the belief in astral influences. The child upon whose cradle Mars has smiled will be credited with a martial career; the child born under Venus will be under her protection. These are the spontaneous beliefs. Before they can be discredited, men must, by a long process, have learned to check this tendency to suppose a direct relation between events which are simply coincident, and must have learned that the course of the stars and the course of human conduct are in no direct relation to each other. But this is a slow process; and, until science has been thus far established, Astrology, and all other superstitions, are unassailable.

Pope's Criticism.

When Pope's famous criticism on the "Provoked Husband," a comedy, which was the joint production of Cibber and Sir John Vanbrugh, first appeared, it was a matter of mere conjecture what part one or the other had written. It was generally supposed, however, that the high-life scenes were the work of Sir John, as he had previously distinguished himself in a similar style of writing. At all events Pope did not hesitate to come to the same conclusion. This he thought an excellent opportunity to give a death-blow to his old foe. Accordingly, sick as he was at the time, scarcely able to leave his bed, he wrote an elaborate article, in which he analyzed the play quite as carefully as he did any book or scene in Homer, expressing the highest admiration of the scenes of Lord and Lady Townley, of which he thought the fable, the dialogue, and, above all, the moral, were perfect. But when he came to the part which he supposed to be that of his enemy, all was vulgarity and dullness—such as could have been written only by somebody whose pretensions to anything beyond coarse farce were not to be tolerated in any intelligent community. His mortification may well be imagined when, two or three days after the publication of his critique, Sir John published a letter in the Public Advertiser, giving Cibber all the credit intended for himself, and claiming all the vulgar and stupid scenes as his own.

Intense Cold in Canada.

Sir Francis Head relates the following instances of the loss of limbs by the intensity of the cold in Canada:—"I one day inquired of a fine, ruddy, honest-looking man, who called upon me, and whose toes and insteps of each foot had been truncated, how the accident happened? He told me that the first winter he came from England he lost his way in the forest, and that after walking for some hours, feeling pain in his feet, he took off his boots, and from the flesh immediately swelling, he was unable to put them on again. His stockings, which were very old ones, soon wore into holes, and as, rising on his insteps, he was hurriedly proceeding he knew not where, he saw with alarm, but without the slightest pain, first one toe and then another break off as if they had been pieces of brittle stick; and in this mutilated state he continued to advance till he reached a path which led him to an inhabited log-house, where he remained suffering great pain till his cure was effected. On another occasion, while an Englishman was driving, one bright, beautiful day, in a sleigh on the ice, his horse suddenly ran away, and fancying he could stop him better without his cumbersome fur gloves than with them, he unfortunately took them off. As the infuriated animal at his utmost speed proceeded, the man, who was facing a keen north-west wind, felt himself gradually, as it were, turning into marble; and, by the time he stopped, both his hands were so completely and so irrecoverably frozen, that he was obliged to have them amputated."

The Weekly News.

The Great Eastern, with troops from England, has arrived. The papers handle Robinson's circus severely and deservedly.

A skirmish took place at Falling Water, Va., July 1st, when the confederates got the worst of it.

The weather has been quite sultry in all parts of Upper Canada for some days past, we learn by our exchanges.

Last week the elections for Toronto resulted in the return of Mr. Crawford and Mr. Robinson.

The Fourth of July was celebrated with unusual display in all the cities and large towns in the United States.

President Lincoln's Message is published. It is quite brief; favors a strong prosecution of the war, and asks for 400,000 soldiers and £80,000,000.

The midsummer examination of the pupils of the deaf and dumb institution was held at St. Lawrence Hall on Tuesday evening last.

Forty-five colored persons from Canada West started for Hayti on Tuesday. They left Detroit in the propeller Illinois for Buffalo.

Dr. Wm. H. Russell, the Times' correspondent, passed through London on Friday morning last. His destination was said to be New York.

A number of policemen and others were engaged with arms, on Monday night, watching a ghost, said to be visible for some time in Bond street, in this city. Somebody was probably playing a trick.

A man from Lynn, Mass., named Gilbert Bryce, attempted suicide in Toronto on Monday. He had delirium tremens, and was rescued by Mr. Graham, with whom he boarded, ere it was too late.

Counterfeit four dollar notes of the Bank of Montreal, numbered C-II 48,913, and dated Ottawa, 1st August, 1861; also Nos. C-II 84,781 and 84,784, of the London branch of the same bank, have been freely circulated within the last week. The notes are easily detected—being smaller than the genuine; and the paper has also a greasy appearance.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This is the name of an excellent literary paper started in Toronto by William Halley, at the low price of \$1 50 per annum. The paper is conducted admirably, and should be well patronised in Canada. It is a far better paper than a majority of the Yankee journals of the same class; and we hope all who take papers of this kind will subscribe for the HOME JOURNAL in preference to anything foreign.—Perth Standard.

THE HOME JOURNAL is the name of a new literary paper hailing from Toronto, and published by Mr. W. Halley, at \$1 50 per year. We peruse the columns of the JOURNAL with pleasure, knowing, so far as we have seen, that there we are sure to find a literary treat—a sincerity of earnestness which distinguishes it above the generality of such productions. Hence we hope it will find a place in every household, and that Mr. Halley's most sanguine wishes will be fully realised.—Niagara Mail.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We have received No. 2 of the HOME JOURNAL, published in Toronto by Mr. Wm. Halley, at \$1 50 per annum. It is an eight page, well got up literary sheet, comparing favorably with similar Boston and New York publications, so extensively circulated in this section. We hope the Canadian public in search of interesting and valuable literary reading, will patronise the Toronto HOME JOURNAL in preference to the Eastern productions. Encourage home industry, and keep your money in the country.—St. Catherine's Herald.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We have to apologise for neglect in not noticing at an earlier date the literary production of our old friend, Mr. W. Halley. The HOME JOURNAL appears before the people of Canada in a more respectable garb, in a more suitable form, and with matter of a more acceptable character, than marked the advent of any literary publication that has yet presented itself. The "Story of the South," by Mr. Loveridge, which commenced with the first number, is both instructive and entertaining; and the other contributions have the stamp of genius, and are given with exquisite taste in respect to composition. The low instalments from the pen of Mr. McGee, and from Mr. McCarroll, with the promise of future papers from these sources, indicate a brilliant future for the HOME JOURNAL. The scraps, choice extracts, the "fais and fancy," are all of a high tone, and betoken a chaste taste and varied acquaintance with the current literature of the day. The price of the HOME JOURNAL is only one dollar and fifty cents per annum, and we trust that it may soon be placed as an institution in our land on a solid basis, competing for popular support with the Waverley, the Ledger, or The Line-of-Sail-Ship.—Woodstock Times.