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[For the Home Journal.]

## LAKE-BRIE

BY WILLIE MORRIS.

I looked upon Lake Erie,  
 Before I looked on thee,  
 And I'll not leave it for thy gold  
 That lies by and the sea!  
 Its waves come leaping to my hand  
 As if to say I'd go—  
 I looked upon Lake Erie,  
 And my heart gives answer, No!

Upon the shores of Erie  
 A melody was sung  
 And regard its coasts and o'er its deeps  
 My child's shoutings rung,  
 Not that my heart can yet forget  
 The old song and the true  
 Upon the shores of Erie  
 A melody was sung.

Do not let me seek some other land  
 Away beyond the sea—  
 Where gold is like the river sand,  
 And spice grows like the pine—  
 I've heard it all—yet Canada  
 Has earned so well my love,  
 That when I seek some other land  
 'Twill be a Land Above!

[Written for the Home Journal.]

## Compensation.

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

## CHAPTER I

## THE VICTIM.

BEAUTIFUL is the rural picture of a Canadian village! Its scattered white-washed cottages, its wooden church, its lone store and tavern, where village politicians and village gossips assemble to discuss the affairs of the province or the scandal of the neighborhood. Athwart the road, spanned by a rustic bridge, dashes and foams the creek, that probably gives its name to the settlement—a turbulent little stream in spring, a lazy, murmuring brook in midsummer. Here and there nestled among orchards and pasture fields, are seen the more ambitious dwellings of the richer inhabitants, or the comfortable abodes of the independent farmers. There stands the neat cottage, with its green-painted verandah, of the Doctor, a man well esteemed by his neighbors, and finding more work in his one acre of ground than among his patients. There on the hill, bleak and bare, is the Minister's house. It has not been finished long and carries the stamp of newness on its face. The good man may often be seen earning his bread, literally, by cultivating his garden.

In such a village, before the rapid progress of improvement had made railways, and speculations, and newspapers things of daily use, or daily sight, lived an old country gentleman, as British settlers are wont to call themselves, and his daughter. Years ago, when fair Evelyn could scarcely prattle her first sweet monosyllables, Richard Elwood was reduced from independence and comfort to all but penury. In an evil hour he had subscribed a bond for the benefit of a favorite brother, who, for want of so small an act of fraternal kindness, could not procure a good situation in a London bank. It was a mere matter of form, of course, but it was necessary, and Richard did it, though against

the wishes of his wife, who felt her task a painful one, to counsel her husband to the disadvantage of a kind and generous brother, from whom they had received many favors. The issue showed the wisdom of her advice. Poor Sydney, led into gay company, weak, extravagant and reckless, commenced by appropriating small sums, and ended by such large abstractions, that, overwhelmed with terror at impending ruin and disgrace, he committed suicide by poison, at least such was surmised, although positive proof was wanting to confirm the dreadful deed.

His brother was summoned to fulfil his bond. He did so to the letter, but the shock was too great for his wife, and the day they were to have exchanged their pretty country house for poor lodgings, found her a corpse, asking no tenement but a few feet of mother earth.

Broken-hearted, unfit for business, uneducated for earning a living, Richard Elwood collected the scattered remnants of his property, and with his sole remaining treasure, his baby daughter, embarked for Canada, hoping to find consolation in an entirely different phase of life, and feeling that his changed fortunes would not be so hard to bear with an untroubled eye to watch him.

Cedar Creek village boasted of scarcely a dozen houses when the stranger stayed his wandering feet among its early settlers. With a portion of his small property he purchased a humble dwelling standing in the midst of a few acres of bush, his industry and labor soon rendered his rough home convenient within and picturesque without, and his patch of ground had been cultivated with so much discretion and care, that at the epoch when this story begins, it produced almost all that the frugal wants of Elwood and his daughter demanded.

Evelyn grew to girlhood content and happy in her secluded home. She had known no other, and found in her household duties and rustic pleasures occupation enough. Beauty was hers, beauty that made Richard Elwood's heart ache when he thought of her buried in such a spot, her mind uncultivated, her talents running to waste, for ignorant and uneducated she appeared to him, in whose memory the accomplishments of her mother, and the refinements of his sisters were yet fresh. Still Evelyn, contrasted favorably with her peers. Inter-course with a pure, enlightened mind like her father's had produced its effects, and if she were not versed in learned lore, or lacked the showy accomplishments of courtly circles, she never uttered a coarse sentiment, an incorrect sentence, or shocked the most fastidious taste by a movement or expression incompatible with grace and modesty. Poor girl! she had few social pleasures. Men like Elwood seldom adapt themselves to a new class of minds and manners, it was easier for him to put his hand to the spade and the plough, or wield the axe and the hammer, than talk familiarly with his pushing, acute neighbor, who thought all gain that filled his pockets, or increased his acres, or hobnobbed with the tavern or store-keeper sensible, honest men as they were. So Evelyn made her own friends as she grew up, and few enough they were, among them Willie Morris, a farmer's son, tall, stalwart and handsome, as most Canadian farmer's

songs are, born on the soil their fathers' honest toil has won from bush and marsh.

Willie but seldom walked beside the fair Evelyn to the village church, or joined her at the store and carried home her basket of purchases. Willie's hand had planted some of the prettiest roses in her flower garden, and pruned the peach and apple trees that smothered the low-roofed cottage in spring with their blossoms. Mr Elwood liked a chat on country matters with the lad, and often took his counsel as to planting and sowing.

Another visitor was the Schoolmaster—a grave, stern man, whose antecedents nobody knew, and whose abilities and manners were far above the humble capacity he filled. Many a long summer's evening the teacher would sit in the porch with Elwood and discourse of things and men never before heard of by the simple girl, who, engaged with her sewing, would look up occasionally to note the flashing of Paul Sylvester's eye, or listen, with unconscious enjoyment, to the music of his voice.

At Mr Elwood's request Sylvester had decided the unambitious studies of the village maiden, had taught her unsophisticated mind the simplest combinations of figures, and her fingers the first elements of written characters. That had been in her childish years, and even later he had frequently lent her books and answered her questions, but Evelyn was always shy of addressing him, and venerated and feared him far more than her father, whose mild character softened down his superiority and inspired more love than reverence.

So time passed till Evelyn was approaching her sixteenth birthday. Willie pleased himself with reckoning how long he should be in converting the wild land his father had given him in an adjoining township, into a fit home for the maid he loved. Still he found it hard to absent himself from her society, and his farm progressed but slowly in consequence. No word of love had yet been spoken, but by tacit consent their future lives seemed verged in one interest.

It was summer weather, clear, calm and beautiful as blue sky, soft breezes and green, leafy forests could make it. Willie, for a few months, had been unusually devoted to his estate, working with a stout and merry heart, looking forward to a happy day or two with his parents, and the sweet welcome of Evelyn. It was her birthday, well he knew it—had he not marked it since she was a curly-headed child? After turning his tired horse loose in his father's pasture-field, he took the nearest cut to Elwood's cottage, that he might give her his first greeting and simple love token. Following a mossy path, that led through a pine grove skirting his father's farm, he was presently arrested by the sound of voices. It was a lonely spot, and though he had often passed that way on his road to Elwood's, he had never before met a human being. Curiosity gave way to surprise, however, when, on peering through the trees, he spied, seated side by side, Paul Sylvester and Evelyn. He was talking, she listening, somewhat anxiously and perplexed, Willie thought, but he quickly made his presence known, and Sylvester, with a grave good-bye, left his fair companion to walk home with young Morris. She did not seem

in her usually gay spirits, nor did her society appear pleasant to her. He walked by her side indeed, but the demon of jealousy crept into his heart, and he vowed revenge against his dark rival. They parted at the father's door, his good wishes, his unexpressed, unoffered. Willie dashed wildly home, full of angry suspicions and cruel misgivings. Evelyn sought her chamber, and strove to wrestle with the unknown terror that had taken possession of her.

Like a bird fascinated by a basilisk was poor foolish Evelyn magnetized by the strong will and strong mind of her quondam teacher. Willie went back again to his wild-wood home, and time and reflection softened down and altered his feelings. He upbraided himself for unjust suspicions, and resolved to seek his gentle Evelyn again, entreat her pardon for his rough behaviour and confess his love. He anticipated no obstacles from his parents nor hers, and it would be far more agreeable to have a claim upon her companionship, and feel reassured of her affection by her words. So about a month later, he again sought Elwood's cottage, and was fortunate in meeting Evelyn equipped for walking at the gate. His joy at seeing her was damped by her embarrassed welcome. She invited him to walk in and speak to her father, but he said sadly he had come to talk to her, and would pay his respects to her father another time. They walked side by side almost in silence, apparently without aim, but presently Evelyn took the road to the lake shore, and they had not walked far when they met Sylvester. Willie thought he looked darker and more frowning than ever.

With a careless, cold greeting, he passed on towards the village, while the lovers soon gained the pebbly beach, and seated themselves under the shade of an overhanging rock. Ontario was majestically calm, rolling its rippling waves with sweet music on the shore. Here and there a white sail dotted the blue surface, and the gull winged its flight through the clear ether. But the young creatures gazing on all this beauty were deaf and blind to melody and color, their hearts were played upon by passion, and the effect was discord. Willie, in earnest trembling words, told the cherished secret of his life, but his listener instead of melting into tears and blushes, grew white and awe struck—clasping her hands in prayerful entreaty that he would say no more. She did not reply, she loved him not. Had he mistaken her sweet sisterly affection for something dearer than he had ever dreamt of? Oh no! Willie felt, bitterly, madly felt, that whatever her reason now was, she had once loved him, with all the ardor of youth. Had not her eyes and cheeks again and again revealed the tale? He conjured her to be true to the dictates of her own heart, and not shipwreck their happiness for a passing whim. He implored her to say distinctly she had never loved him, or else to throw herself on the faithful bosom of her devoted Willie. His words fell on a cold ear. Pale, trembling, yet determined, Evelyn bade him begone, never see her face again, and without uttering one syllable of farewell, of pity, she arose and fled with swift steps homewards. Not a word escaped Morris of his interview, but overwhelmed with a grief almost too great to be borne, he returned to

his desolate farm. Meanwhile a dreadful heart sickness seemed to have stricken fair Evelyn. She neither worked, nor walked, nor talked. Her father in vain tried to cheer her. He had longed suspected the growing fancy of the young people. When Willie absented himself for so long a period, he began to think they had quarrelled, or that he had proved feckle. He asked Sylvester to reason with the maiden, and suggested some new study to divert her mind. The grave man obeyed Mr. Elwood's request, and unbent in a manner quite new to him to rally and amuse the invalid—for invalid she had become. Anguish can rob the cheek of its rose and the footstep of its spring, as surely but more slowly than disease. After a while the object of their care awoke as it were from her lethargic state, and set herself with more activity than in her happiest days to her long-neglected duties.

The house was swept and garnished. No attention, no foresight that affection could devise, was overlooked by the girl for her father's comfort. The garden was visited, the autumn seeds gathered and set aside, the winter stores laid in, the winter clothing made. Had Evelyn contemplated a long journey and an indefinite return she could not have prepared her father and his home better for her absence. The hue of the damask rose was in her face: in palmier days the tint had more resembled the pink blush of the wild briar buds. Her eyes shown with painful lustre: once they shed a soft mild radiance. Her father often chid her for over-exerting herself, by gentle force removing her work and compelling idleness. But in vain; she always had her way with her indulgent parent, and kissing the brown hands so fondly laid on her head, she would plead to do as she liked and he could not gainsay her.

Towards the close of October Mr. Elwood had to pay his half-yearly visit to the neighboring town of Hamilton, to get his dividends on certain mortgages in which he had invested the residue of his property. In those times it was a day's journey. Sometimes he remained a day or two in the city to make purchases that could not be accomplished at Cedar Creek; but more frequently he was only absent one night. Susan Finch, a hard working laborer's wife, who frequently assisted Evelyn in her more onerous duties, was then in the habit of staying at the cottage until Mr. Elwood's return. The farewell was spoken, and still the fond father lingered to beg his daughter not to toil so hard and to be careful of herself till he came back. He had passed the swing gate that led into the road with a heavier heart than usual, when Evelyn rushing down the garden path, again clasped him round the neck and passionately bade him good bye. With tenderest words the loving father embraced and cheered her, and with the old promise that had such charms in childhood, spoke of the pretty gifts he would bring her. And so they parted, but neither pleasure nor business could divert Elwood's mind from his daughter. Some gloomy mystery seemed to shroud her. What harm could reach his rustic flower? He was disappointed in finding Mr. Markham, his lawyer, out of town, but he was expected home the following evening, and he had no alternative but to wait. Two days elapsed before he received intimation of the gentleman's return, and at the same time an invitation to join the family at dinner at six o'clock.

The Markhams had been friends of his ever since his residence in the country, and he availed himself with pleasure of their kindness.

A cheery welcome, a good dinner, some pleasant chat with Markham, and all the charming trifles that make the social circle a relaxation and a delight, had their influence on Elwood, who left them at a late hour, with the understanding that his business was to be attended to, the first thing in the morning. Much more cheerful he laid his head on his pillow, thinking of the happy meeting on the morrow. At the first glimmer of dawn, when nature wears her coldest and most chilling aspect, the sleeping man awoke with an uncomfortable burst of tears. Was it a dream or a real thing,

that bent, broken figure at his bedside, with its white robe bespattered and soiled, and its hair—Evelyn's golden bloom hair—damp and streaming? His eyes were wide open, he was not dreaming. There she was in the grey, faint twilight, raising her bloodless hands and sallow eyes in silent agonizing entreaty. With a desperate effort he passed his hand athwart his brow, then looked again, but the figure was gone! No vestige of his spiritual visitant, save an iron weight sinking and ever sinking deeper in his heart.

There was no rest for him, until hastily despatching his business he set out for home. Never did the stage move so slowly; never did the landscape appear so devoid of interest. At length, as towards evening he approached Cedar Creek, the certainty of soon beholding his darling revived him, and with a glad step he alighted at the village tavern.

Good John Saunders seemed unusually civil and talkative, quite anxious to detain him in conversation. His road was beset with people, everybody appeared to be out, and respectful in an extraordinary degree. Hats were touched, curtsies dropped; the very children hushed their voices reverentially as he passed. Presently he turned into the turf lane that led to his cottage home. Sylvester was at the garden gate. They met face to face. Elwood read in his ghastly lineaments a confirmation of his most horrid dread.

"My child! what has happened to my child?"

He pushed past, but Sylvester held him with a strong arm.

"You must not enter," he said, huskily, "calm yourself, and I will tell you all."

But love—a father's love—was stronger than the hand of man, and dashing him away he rushed distracted into the house.

All was still below. Up the creaking narrow stairs he flew. Her door was open, and in the little white bed, so smooth and snowy, lay his beautiful sole treasure, prone and still in death!

Susan was seated near, hushing to sleep a wailing infant, but Elwood saw nothing but his dead Evelyn, and with a cry as if some strong animal mortally wounded, he staggered forward a few paces and fell senseless. Nature, ever kind in her dispensations, struck him with a fit that required all the skill of the good doctor and the nursing of Sylvester and Susan Finch to bring him through.

For weeks reason tottered on its throne, but at last his still vigorous constitution rallied, and the invalid was able to exchange his bed for an arm chair.

One day, after a long interview with the doctor, during which groans and sobs were distinctly heard by Susan below, and in sympathy with which she rubbed the tears out of her own eyes, she was summoned up stairs by the sick man.

"Bring me the child, Evelyn's child." The voice was choked and unsteady, but there was no mistake, and the woman with a flood of tears left the room, returning presently with her charge. The poor bereaved father put out his trembling arms, the unconscious babe was laid in them.

"Leave me!" Noiselessly, as if in a sacred presence, the woman crept out and closed the door.

"Murdered mother!" muttered the heart-broken man, as he gazed on the sleeping infant, "my child was innocent, I must believe it. I knew her every thought from infancy: her pure mind was laid bare to me like a book. Who destroyed my dove, and who turned her very softness and guilelessness to her destruction? Hadst thou been spared, my poor stray lamb, I might have felt the shame, but death has expiated thine error. Died mad! Calling on her father not to curse her! Oh Evelyn! hadst thou no confidence in thy father's love, in his sacrifice? How would I have sheltered my wounded dove in my bosom, hide her from the world, shielded her from scorn? The world is wide, we could have found a rest somewhere; but death, cruel death, is irrevocable, nothing is left me but desolation and despair!"

The babe wept like Moses of old, and its tears kindled pity in the breast of the injur-

ed father. At that moment Sylvester entered. He had been a constant attendant by the sick man's couch, and his presence seemed to give consolation, for he had known Evelyn and they could talk of her together.

When Susan claimed her charge it was calmly sleeping in Paul Sylvester's arms. Were these two, the broken down grandfather and the stern teacher, to be the protectors and guardians of the orphan babe?

A few weeks afterwards Willie Morris threw up his farm in favor of a younger brother, and receiving a sum of money from his father, left his native village forever.

Popular suspicion, even his own parents, and Elwood in particular, fixed the odium of the late tragic event on him. Evelyn had died uttering no name, accusing no one, and Elwood never breathed his belief in Willie's crime, but every vestige of his presence was destroyed, every tree he had planted, every trifling gift to his daughter; and though in time he came to speak of things and people as of old—even of those connected with Evelyn's early life—the name of Willie Morris never passed his lips.

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT)

[From Chambers's Journal.]

### THE ANTI-NUPTIAL LIE.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

On the morning of my twenty-third birthday, I awoke early, and with a profound sense of happiness and thankfulness. My five years of married life, without having been a realized dream or sentimental idyl, had inclosed the happiest and worthiest period of my existence. Tracing the details of it, I rejoiced to think my worst difficulties were overcome, and that strong affection and deep-rooted esteem had changed an anxious course of duty into blessedness and fruition.

My husband, Mr. Anstruther, had yielded to my earnest wish to celebrate our wedding anniversary in our country home, and had granted me just three days, snatched from the toil of active parliamentary life, to taste my holiday; and I was tasting it slowly, but with intense enjoyment, as I stepped out that morning upon the dewy lawn, and de-voured, with my aching London sight, one of the loveliest park landscapes in all England. I looked in the distance upon low ranges of hills, blue in the early misty light, and granting, here and there, peeps of the adjacent sea, sleeping quietly beneath the rosy amber of the eastern sky, and immediately at my feet upon flower-gardens planned and cultivated with all the exigence of modern taste, and glowing with a hundred dyes. My mind recurred involuntarily to the narrow court in which my father's house was situated, and to the dreary prospect of brick and mortar—of factory-chimney and church-steeple, which for eighteen years had bounded my horizon; and if the recollection brought with it the old inevitable association, I was able to thank God that now no pulse beat quicker, no traitorous thrill responded.

How strange it seems that fate should come upon us with such overwhelming suddenness, that we are not suffered to hear the approaching footstep or see the outstretched arm, but are struck down instantly by the blow which might perhaps have been withstood, had a moment's warning been granted! I went back to the house that morning with the most absolute sense of security and happiness; but on the threshold of the breakfast-room I met my husband, and the first glance at his face told me something was wrong. His face was always reserved—it was now stern; his manner was always reserved—it was now severe.

I had approached him naturally with smiling face and outstretched hand, anticipating his congratulations; but I stood still at once, as efficiently arrested as if he had held a drawn sword at my breast.

"That is right," he said; "come no nearer!" Then, after a pause, he added, "You have been up some time; let us have breakfast at once;" and he opened the door of the room for me to enter. I took my place, and went through the accustomed

forms without a word. I saw he wished me to eat and drink, and I did so, although the effort nearly choked me. Indeed, I was thankful for the few minutes respite, and was striving to command my resources for the approaching conflict with all the strength of mind I possessed. I was not altogether ignorant of what had come upon me; there could be between us but that one point of disunion, that one cause of reproach; and surely, surely, neither God nor man could condemn me as without excuse upon that score!

While I ate, he walked deliberately up and down the room, making no pretence to eat; and as soon as I had finished, he rang the bell to have the table cleared, and then sat down before it opposite to me. "We have friends asked to dinner to-day to celebrate the double anniversary of our marriage and your birthday—have we not?" he said, leaning his arms heavily on the table, and gazing steadily into my face. "I shall not meet them. I fear it will be impossible for me ever to recognize you as my wife again!"

I think he expected that the cruel abruptness of this announcement would strike me swooning, or at least convicted, at his feet; but it did not. My heart did for a moment seem to stand still, and every drop of blood faded from my cheeks, but I did not tremble nor flinch under his hard scrutiny. I was even able to speak.

"Tell me at once," I said, "the meaning of this, you are under some delusion. What have I done?"

As I spoke, his face softened; I could see, in spite of the iron mould of his physiognomy, the instinctive hope, the passionate yearning produced by my manner; it was very evanescent, however, for almost before I had gathered courage from the look, it was gone, and all the hardness returned.

"I am not the man," he said, "to bring a premature or rash accusation, especially against the woman I have made my wife. I accuse you of having deceived me, and here is the proof."

He opened his pocket-book slowly, and took out a letter. I recognized it instantly, and my heart sank. I had sufficient self-command to repress the cry that rose instinctively to my lips, but no effort could keep back the burning glow which dyed face and hands like conscious guilt.

My husband looked at me steadily, and his lip curled. "I will read the letter," he said.

The letter began thus: "You have told me again and again that you loved me: were those words a lie? You shall not make good your Molloch offering, and sacrifice religion and virtue, body and soul, youth and happiness, to your insatiate craving after position and wealth. This man is too good to be cajoled. What if I showed him the pledges of your love? taught him the reliance that is to be placed on your faith? Why should you reckon upon my submission to your perjury?"

The letter ran on to great length, mingling vehement reproaches with appeals and protestations of such unbridled passion, that as my husband read them, his voice took a tone of deeper scorn, and his brow a heavier contraction.

The letter was addressed to me, on the back of the same sheet on which it was written; it was not dated beyond "Tuesday evening," but the post-mark, unusually legible, showed May 19, 1850—just three days before we were married. My husband indicated these facts with the same deliberation that had marked his conduct throughout, and then he said: "I found this letter last night in your dressing-room after you had left it: perhaps I ought not to have read it, but it would now be worse than mockery to make any excuses for so doing. I have nothing more to say until I have listened to your explanation. You tell me I am under a delusion—it will therefore be necessary for you to prove that this letter is a forgery."

He leaned back in his chair as he spoke, and passed his hand over his forehead with a gesture of weariness; otherwise, he had sustained his part in the scene with a cold insensibility which seemed unnatural, and which filled me with the most dreadful fore-



booding of failure and misery. I did not misjudge him so far as to suppose for a moment that he was as insensible as he appeared, but I perceived that his tenacious and inflexible nature had been cut to the quick both in its intense pride and love, and that though the wound bled inwardly—bled mortally, perchance—he would never utter a cry, or even allow a pang.

Alas! alas! he would never forgive me. The concealment, the deception, as he would call it, which had appeared to me justifiable, would seem crime and outrage in his eyes. I lowered my head beneath his searching gaze, and remained silent.

"You have nothing to say?" he inquired, after a vain pause for me to speak. "You cannot deny that letter? God is my witness," he said solemnly, "that I wish to be a merciful judge. I may hold extreme views of a girl's folly, a woman's weakness; you would only be vain and faithless, like your sex, if you had played with this young man's feelings and deceived his hopes. Is this your explanation?"

It was a very snare of Satan offered for my fall—one easy lie. "I deceived him but never you." And the way of forgiveness was open. I saw he was clinging to the hope with a concentrated eagerness it was impossible for him entirely to disguise. Oh! was it necessary for my punishment that the hard task should be made harder by that relenting glance?

I only hesitated for a moment; the discipline of the last five years had not left me so blind and weak as even in this supreme emergency to reject truth for expediency. However he might judge me, I must stand clear before God and my conscience.

"No, Malcolm," I said desperately; "the truth is rather as it first appeared to you. I have been guilty in this matter, but my fault is surely one that you will consent to pardon; for even were it greater, I think our five years of happy union might turn the scale in my favor."

"Yes," he said; "you have borne with the difficulties of my temper with angelic patience, until the passion which induced me to marry you, despite of many obstacles, was weakness in comparison with the love I had for you—yesterday. Only tell me I have not been your dupe throughout—only—" He broke off abruptly. "I can bear no more fencing round the point," he said harshly; "one word is enough—did you love this youth?"

"I did, from childhood, with all my heart and soul."

"Up to the date of that letter?" he asked quietly, but the muscles worked round the checked lips.

Yes, and beyond it," I found courage to say; but hardly had the words been spoken, when I felt I had exceeded the limit of his endurance. An involuntary oath escaped his lips.

I saw there was no hope for me in deprecation and irresolution: I must speak to the point, and decisively. "I have a right to be heard before I am condemned," I said, "and I claim my right. I confess I loved the youth who wrote that letter, but it would have been a miracle had it been otherwise. You know from what a life you rescued me; a prisoner in the dull rooms above my father's book-store, without a pleasure, a friend, a hope in life. You were astonished at my proficiency in unusual studies; if at that time an active brain had not driven me to intellectual labor, I should have gone mad in the midst of my austere and desperate loneliness. I was scarcely fifteen when Duncan Forsyth, a kinsman of my father's, came to study medicine in our city university, and to live as boarder in our house. I say it was inevitable that such a connection should in due course ripen into love: He was young, gifted, and attractive, but it would have needed but half his endowments to win my heart then. I was nothing but a blind, passionate child, neglected utterly till he flattered, caressed, and wooed me. I think he loved me with all the faculty of love he had, and for a time we were very happy. To me it was a delicious dream—Have patience with me, Malcolm; I must tell all the truth. My dream, at least, was brief enough; I soon awoke to discover,

it little matters now, that the lover I was canonizing in my imagination, as the type of heroic virtue, was unworthy. For, a while, I would not believe: when conviction became inevitable, I clung desperately to the forlorn-hope of reform. It was in vain; his vices were too confirmed and tyrannous for even my influence—and it was great—to overcome. Then I gave him up. I thought the struggle would kill me, for my foolish soul clung to him desperately, but I could not mate with dishonour and dishonor. My father who had approved of our engagement, and who did not know or believe the facts concerning him, upbraided and coerced me; Duncan himself, relying on my weakness, tried all the skill he had to move me, till I was nearly frantic in my misery.

"It was just at this crisis that you first saw me, visited my father's book-store, and desired to be made known to me. What followed, I need not tell. You told me you loved me well enough to marry me, despite of social inferiority, if I thought I could love you in return—if I had a young girl's free heart to give you. You insisted upon this Malcolm—I dare not deny it—and I came to you with a lie in my right hand! Here lies my offense, and, God knows, I do not wish to palliate it; but before you utterly condemn me, consider the temptation My father forbade Duncan the house, and threatened me if I dared to tell you the truth concerning him; but I hardly think that would have moved me, had I not persuaded myself also that I was justified in deceiving you. Had I told you I loved Duncan Forsyth, you would have given me up, and shut against me all the vague but glorious hopes such an alliance offered; but more than a lie, I knew this unworthy love must soon die out, and that my deep recognition and reverence for your goodness and excellence would end in an affection stronger and deeper than the weak passion of a girl. Before God, I vowed to do my duty; from that hour, I have striven, with his help, to keep my vow; and save in that preliminary falsehood, Malcolm, I have never wronged you."

My husband had recovered his self-command while I was speaking, but the last phrase seemed to overthrow it again.—"Wronged me!" he repeated, and the intonation, quiet as it was, thrilled me like physical pain, it was so hard and unrelenting. "I wish to be calm, Ellinor," he continued, "and therefore I will speak briefly. You seem to think that you have extenuated yourself by your confession. To my heart and mind you are condemned past forgiveness. Nay, do not plead or protest," he said, with a haughty movement of restraint, as I was about to approach him; "it is a point for feeling, not casuistry to decide. You understand fully the delusion under which I married you. I imagined I took to my arms a pure-hearted girl, fresh and innocent as her seclusion warranted me to believe her; instead of that, I find myself to have been cajoled by a disappointed woman, with a heart exhausted by precocious passion. You think it excuse sufficient that it was your interest to deceive me; to my mind, the fact adds only insult to the injury. Ellinor, you have ruined the happiness of my life. While I have been resting on the solace of your love, worshipping you for your sweet patience with a temper roughened by many causes unknown to your inexperience, it has all been the insensibility of pre-occupation, or at best a miserable calculation of duty. So gross is your sense of conjugal faith, that because your treachery has been only of the heart, you dare to say you have never wronged me, and to call upon God to approve your virtue because the lapse of time and better influences, I trust, have enabled you to school a disgraceful passion, and offer a measure of regard for the immeasurable devotion I have felt for you."

He paused in spite of himself, unable to proceed, and before he could prevent me, I had thrown myself at his feet. It was in vain to argue—to fight against his hard words—I could only implore.

"Malcolm," I cried, "you cannot believe what you say. Your affection has been the chief happiness of my happy life; you could not desire, you could not exact from a wife

a deeper love, more entire and minute, than I feel for you. Forgive this one deception, Malcolm; believe me now."

I would fain have been eloquent, but sobs choked my voice. I was completely overcome; and when he forcibly extricated himself from my hold, I fell almost prostrate at his feet. He lifted me up coldly, but courteously, and placed me on the sofa.

"Pardon me," he said, "this excitement is too much for you, and can do no good. When you are calmer, we will conclude this matter."

There was the same cool decision of tone and aspect in his manner which had marked it throughout the interview, and which convinced me he still adhered to his original purpose. I felt my situation was desperate, and that the time for prayers and tears was over. Were all my hopes of the future—his happiness, too, in which was involved my own—to be dashed to pieces against the rock of his unjust severity? Was it required of me to submit passively to disgrace and misery? In a moment, I too had taken my resolve, and conquered my agitation; I rose up nerved and calm, and spoke accordingly.

"One word before you leave me," I said. "However this ends between us, you do not, I suppose, desire to inflict upon me unnecessary shame and exposure. I request you, as a personal favor—it may be the last I shall ever ask—to postpone your decision till tomorrow, and help me to-day to entertain our friends as much as possible in the accustomed manner. Do you hesitate, Malcolm?"

His face flushed; some impulse seemed to incline him to refuse, but he checked it. "It shall be as you desire," he said coldly; and left me alone—alone with the conviction of a blasted life!

For a few moments, with my hands clasped over my eyes, to shut out the redundant sunshine, I sat trying to realize my position. Granting that the threatened separation was effected with a so-called due regard to my honor and future relations with society, all that I valued and cared for in life would be irredeemably destroyed. What honor remains to the wife repudiated by an honorable husband? What chance of happiness for her when at the same time he is the centre of her affection, of all her worldly ambition and hope? Doubtless I was tolerant to my own transgression, but I alone knew the force of the temptation. I alone knew—what, alas! I felt my husband would never believe—how near extinction was the old love smoldering beneath its own contempt, and how strong was the gratitude and esteem he had already excited. Oh! could I but convince him of my love for him! I: so up and paced the room. I felt he judged me harshly, was severe even to cruelty; but then I knew the innate inflexibility of his temper, and his rigorous sense of truth and duty. I knew how love, pride, and self-esteem had been all alike wounded, and I pitied him even in the extremity of my misery almost more than I pitied myself. Still, I would not accept my ruin at his relentless hands; I was a true wife, and would not submit to the position of a false one. I had vowed to love and honor him till death parted as, and nothing but compulsion should make me abandon my post.

I scarcely know how I got through that day; but the necessity for self-command was so stringent, that I could not but meet it. Fortunately, our guests were only a few country neighbors, for it was in the height of the London season, and I in some measure supported myself by the belief that their unsuspecting cordiality was not likely to make any discoveries. Mr. Anstruther's hospitality was always splendid, and his deportment as host peculiarly gracious and inviting, and if there was any difference on this occasion, it would be impalpable to all but a very keen observer. I perceived, indeed, a change in the aspect of the countenance I had long studied so closely, and beyond that, the intonation of his voice when addressing me, fell hard and constrained upon my shrieking ear. It was over at last; and I saw our last guest depart smiling and congratulatory, with the consolation at least left me that I had acted my part successfully.

The next day, the trial was renewed, Mr.

Anstruther wrote me a few words, saying it was his intention to return to his parliamentary duties that day, and that he deemed it advisable I should remain in the country. His final determination and all accessory arrangements should be made known to me through the family lawyer, which would spare the pain of a second interview. "Cruel!" I said to myself, crushing the letter in my nervous hand, and for a moment a passionate feeling rose in my heart that I would suffer things to take their hard course, and leave duty and effort unattempted. It was but a brief paroxysm; for, at the same instant, I saw a tiny, white-robed figure flitting across the lawn toward my open window, and the sweet shrill voice of our little daughter crying aloud: "Mamma, mamma, may I come in?" I stepped out and met her; stooped down and kissed the eager, upturned face; and with that quiet kiss I renewed my vow, and strengthened it with a prayer.

"My darling," I said go, "go into papa's study, and tell him mamma is coming to speak to him, if he is not busy." She ran away on her errand, and I followed at once; I did not mean to be refused. It was well I did so, for he had already risen, as if to leave the room, and had taken the child in his arms, to carry her away with him. As I entered, his face flushed with a mixed expression of anger and pain; but he was soon calm again, sent away our little girl, and then placed my a chair. "There is no occasion for me to sit. I said, with a voice as steady as concentrated resolution could make it; "I shall not need to detain you long. I come to say, Malcolm, that I am quite willing to obey you so far as to remain here while you return to London, but that I must positively refuse to have any interview with your lawyer."

"You refuse!"

"I do refuse, and that finally," I pursued, "for it would answer no end. I could only tell him what I came here to tell you, that no power save physical coercion shall separate me from you. I know it is vain to extenuate my fault in your eyes, but it is at least one on which no legal proceedings can be raised; you cannot divorce your wife, because she told you an ante-nuptial lie. It remains to you to abandon or magn her, but I will be accessory to no mutual arrangement. My duty is by your side while life lasts, whether in weal or woe, and I shall hold my post. That is, henceforth I shall consider this our home, and will remain here unless driven from it. I am now, as before, your true wife in heart and soul, as in word and deed; as anxious to fulfill my sweet duty to you, with no hope in life so strong as your forgiveness."

I had said my say, and was going, for I dared not trust myself longer, dared not even to look into my husband's face to read the effect of my words, but he arrested me with a peremptory motion.

"Am I to understand, Ellinor, that you mean to defy my determined purpose; and in spite of alienation and contempt, to insist upon the shelter of my roof, or rather to exile me from a place which would be intolerable under such circumstances? Do not be afraid, if you will consent to a formal separation, that the terms of it shall fail in all possible delicacy and liberality, but I cannot live with the wife who has cheated me of her first kiss."

"I am resolved," I answered. "I am able to say no more. I think I see my duty plain, and I mean to strive to do it. You must follow your own will; it will be for me to endure."

He paced the room in strong excitement. "I cannot bear it," he said, "it would eat my life out! You shall have our child, Ellinor, if she is the motive of this strange unwomanly resolution; far be it from me to torture the heart of the mother! She shall be yours unreservedly, and her interests shall not suffer one whit. You know how I love that little creature; there was but one thing dearer: judge, then, by this, of my intense desire to sever the connection between us."

"Cruel! unmerciful!" I exclaimed, with an impulse of bitterness I could not resist, but I stopped as soon as the words had escaped me: to upbraid was no part of my purpose.

"It is in vain," I said, "to think to move me by any words, however hard. I have nothing more to say. Let me go, Malcolm," and I turned and fled from the room.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.]



## THE HOME JOURNAL:

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## The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1861.

AN APPEAL  
ON BEHALF OF A CANADIAN LITERARY  
ENTERPRISE.

## TO THE CONDUCTORS OF THE CANADIAN PRESS:

GENTLEMEN,—Allow me to thank you for your handsome notices of THE HOME JOURNAL, on the occasion of its first appearance.

The encouragement which the paper has already received, both here and in the country, from the press and the public, satisfies me that the experiment which I have undertaken is one entitled to the confidence and support of the Canadian public, and that it only requires to be properly made known, to be appreciated and patronised throughout the length and the breadth of the land.

It has been a matter of reproach to us as Canadians, that we were without a native literature—without reviews, magazines, or literary journals; and that our country was flooded with foreign publications of every description, some of which were of a most pernicious character, while not a single publication with a Canadian imprint, (apart

from the daily, weekly, or monthly publications of parties, sects, or societies) was to be found.

Having been connected with the press of Canada, in various capacities, from an early period, it seemed to me strange indeed that no one who had hitherto undertaken to remove the reproach to which I refer, had touched the chord that produced the sound of success, and I at length resolved to feel for it myself. It would be too much for me to say, as yet, that I hear its sweet notes, but I appeal to you, gentlemen, and to your various classes of readers, who have all a part to perform, to render me your kind aid, and success will soon be certain, while the music will be pleasant to all.

Some one has said the time has not yet arrived for a Canadian literary paper like mine to succeed. This is folly; for in the absence of a producing medium of our own, has not the Province been flooded with the most sickly and degrading of the United States publications?—papers admitted on all hands to be inferior, in every respect excepting size, to what the HOME JOURNAL has proved itself already in the first few weeks of its infancy. One of the most influential gentlemen connected with the daily press of Toronto declared before I commenced my undertaking, that whoever would establish a literary journal of the right kind in Canada would be sure to realize a fortune. While my hopes of making a fortune from the HOME JOURNAL are not great, I am happy to say that it has received the warm approval of the journal conducted by that gentleman.

It would be lamentable indeed if the assertion which is often made, that we have not sufficient talent in this country to supply a literary periodical with good readable matter, should be shown to be true. But there is no danger of that. Have we not a McGee, a McCaul, a Wilson, a Heavysedge, a McCarrroll, and a McLachlan—gentlemen whose leisure is largely devoted to literature, and whose names are well and widely known to fame? How many other names of persons might I mention did I wish, whose industry, and devotion to the cause of letters are creditable to the country? Let any one who has any doubts on this point visit the various literary institutions of Toronto, on certain occasions and he will no doubt find himself agreeably mistaken. Indeed so well satisfied am I of what I say that I believe the association of young men in Toronto, known as the "Ontario Literary Society," is equal to any similar association anywhere, from the evidences of great talents and parts given by many of its members.

The talent and the thought are in the country. Give them a publication and a patronage and there need be no doubt that they will exhibit themselves, and be creditable alike to us all. In my own way I have undertaken to do my part. I place my prospects on the patriotism, appreciation and generosity of the Canadian public, and should failure be my fate (which I am far from dreading) I trust it will not be said it was owing to want of proper exertion or enterprise on my part.

By giving this letter a place in your columns, at an early day, and by noticing the HOME JOURNAL whenever you find anything noteworthy in it, (thus keeping it in the minds of your readers) you will confer a benefit on the only literary publication in Canada and a favor on the publisher.

I have the honor to be,

Gentlemen,

Your humble servant,

WILLIAM HALLEY,

Publisher HOME JOURNAL.

COLBORNE STREET,  
Toronto, July 1st, 1861.

A reporter of experience gives the following instructions for making one's way in a crowd: "Elevate your elbow high, and bring it down with great force upon the digestive apparatus of your neighbor. He will double up and yell, causing the gentleman in front of you to turn half way round to see what is the matter. Punch him in the same way, step on his foot, pass him, and continue the application until you have reached the desired point. It never fails."

## ELEGANT LEISURE.

Nobody will presume to laugh at the caption of this article. Not to put too fine a point upon it, there are very few who can afford to make fun of their wealthier neighbors.

If there is one grand trait of this splendid nineteenth century more praiseworthy than another, it is the tendency of the people to respect money, not as a representative of value, but as an intrinsic good; and although we are all far too well brought up in the theologics and the morals to worship the sun, or the nymphs of the sea, have we not as good citizens, a perfect right to prostrate ourselves at the feet of the Golden Calf? Have we not the example of a great nation across the border, who have succeeded so admirably in their investigations in Dollar-phobia during a long period of peace, that now they are engaged in a war. They are not at all uneasy, because their great men are all sure that money can do anything, and there is plenty of that commodity in the Union? The only regret expressed is that the war interrupts the money-making mill in its daily revolutions.

It is so repeatedly asked in this Province, why do not our ladies and gentlemen of Elegant Leisure write books, or contribute to the press, or foster "Home Literature," that the question should be answered. As everybody asks it, there must be profound truth to be derived from its correct solution. As a valued correspondent of this JOURNAL said in a late impression, "Mr. N. P. Willis was surprised that there had been no literary publication in Canada, since some of the best contributors to his paper were from our side of the line." Surely we have people of Elegant Leisure in our midst!

Yes, indeed, we have those treasures very plentiful. Perhaps not as thick as blackberries in August, but yet quite abundant. Toronto teems with these gems, and should they multiply rapidly, our beloved Canada might be too much favored by Providence, for there is something contagious in the fascinating appearance of Elegant Leisure.

The Southern States have been blessed with many persons of Elegant Leisure, but where is the Literature of the South?

Now, not for the world, would we venture to think differently from anybody else, but just permit us to ask a question:

Is it not possible Elegant Leisure does not do the World's thinking any more than its doing? Are our people of Elegant Leisure better patrons of the pastry-cook or the printer? of the tailor or the author? of the grocer or the artist?

These are mere random queries. Elegant Leisure is highly respectable; who says it is useless? Were it not for Elegant Leisure, who could be found to read the telegrams of the associated press in the newspapers, or those beautiful political disquisitions on the difference between Cypher and tweedle-dee, and Popkins and tweedle-dum?

If not impertinent, it would also please us to enquire how many classical authors the giants of English Literature were gentlemen of Elegant Leisure? Was Shakspeare one of those gentry? Did glorious Oliver Goldsmith or brave Bobbie Burns graduate in the college of those Elegant Leisure people?

To build marble piles, men must labor; nor can monuments of intellectual greatness be achieved without sweat of the brain, with wear and tear of the body; and it is a lamentable truth, which we blame ourself very much for telling, that in this work-a-day world, Elegant Leisure writes no brave, true words, neither does it give Humanity one grand pull at the weights that true civilization essays to lift from the shoulders of each successive age. Elegant Leisure is useful in doling out platitudes and the small beer of criticism; it has its place in the social economy, and it is admirable and greatly to its credit to see with what a profound air of dulness it receives the compliments of the press, the franchises of the people, and the tributes of Genius. It is an excellent intellectual and moral mill-stone which no flood can wash away.

## STREET STUDIES.

BY DIOPHNE.

"But what went you out for to see?" was asked eighteen hundred years ago at the crowd which flocked to the wilderness to look at the new prophet who had suddenly emerged from obscurity and was making the solitary places ring with the voice of warning and the announcement of the coming of One greater than he. The spirit of curiosity, the love of novelty, is an innate quality in the human race. This, it may be said, is the grand incentive in acquiring knowledge, the primary motive which prompts men to discoveries, to inventions, and to advance, from step to step, in the great search for truth. This, however, is curiosity in its purest and most natural form. We find it often operating in far other channels, and for far different purposes. Sometimes we detect it grovelling among the "mud-sills" of society, finding out wickedness, and misery, and vice, and acting as the forerunner of benevolence and christian charity. Too often, alas! can we trace it as the hired spy of malevolence and hatred—a social detective of vices and failings, which are held up over the heads of the detected to provoke the ridicule and scorn of the world. There is still another phase of it which actuates individuals, and which, coupled with a reverential regard for hereditary or acquired greatness, prompts them to see, and know, and, if possible, make themselves acquainted with all the details and surroundings of those who are either born great or who have greatness thrust upon them. On this last characteristic I intend to make a few remarks.

The "Divine right of Kings" is now completely and forever exploded throughout the world: in fact, in this land of ours, where republican ideas are so rampant, it never had an abiding place—scarcely, we believe, a single advocate. And yet, though Kingcraft is held at such low estimate, we find a virtual reverence and loyalty pervading the masses for the representatives of this same Kingcraft that they would not be willing to acknowledge in words. Not many days ago we saw the whole city astir with the expectancy of seeing one of those scions of royal blood. We saw flags and streamers flung out to enhance the welcome, and, more than all, we saw thousands hurrying to and fro, all bent on satisfying their curiosity, and, unconsciously or not, paying homage to one by accident above them, and in consideration of the ties existing between our sovereign and his mother. Were I to ask one-half of those thousands that lined the place of debarkation what they were there for, perhaps all the answer they could give me would be, "to see the Prince." Were I to ask the other half why they came to see the Prince; what motive impelled them to stand the crush of the multitude and the squeezing of obtruding limbs, perhaps the first reply would be that of simple curiosity. Yet behind that there is another reason, undefined it may be, which they may never call up to question or attempt to explain or account for.

Now this same principle pervades all society, and scouts at the idea of a universal equality of mind or material condition. The few isolated attempts at social communism have gone to complete wrecks, have become the laughing-stock of all but a few inveterate dreamers. There is extant among mankind a Man-worship or Hero-worship, or whatever other name you choose to call it. Rude force and physical power commanded respect in the early stages of civilization. Barbaric pomp and feudal grandeur made slaves of subjects and struck terror to the souls of the ignorant and debased. We stand now on a higher platform, and pay homage to more intrinsic qualities. Still station and position, to a great extent even in our day, is the grand highway to power. The materialistic and the intellectual in the world are so blended, and, in some respects, so inseparable, that often the one commands as much consideration as the other. "The rank is but the guinea stamp," but it is often taken as a test for the quality of the gold, and



dazzles the eyes of the world more than the real value of the metal.

There is often a wonderful want of discrimination in the homage which the world pays to its great men. Some pass through life in the borrowed halo which reflects the deeds of their ancestors, and men worship them, not for what they are, but for what their forefathers have done. They lost the mantle which fell from the shoulders of these great men, but they robe themselves in some theatrical tinsel cloak and so pass muster. Many, again, receive the homage which is due from their birth or position. The silver spoon with which they were born sticks in their mouth through life-time, and all the greatness they possess they owe to heaven and chance. Yet, amid all these counterfeits, there exists a true Man-worship, and, thank heaven, even in this mercenary age, men find out the true Heroes, and in a way more or less emphatic, stamp them with the seal of authenticity. I do not wish to paint an ideal man, for ideals can never be embodied in practice. Schiller says truthfully, though in a somewhat mournful spirit, "Let no man measure by perfection the meagre product of reality." Nor do I wish to elevate above their real place those who often, by the acts of the demagogue, manage for a time to overtop their fellows and draw the wondering eyes of the people to their performances. These inevitably find their proper level in time and sink into the obscurity from which they first appeared. This is an everyday sight among us, and doubtless others will follow in the same path as long as men will give heed to them.

It is instructive to note the continually ascending standard by which we estimate men, and by which we test them, whether they are worthy your homage or not. Our great men may be found in every country and in every caste of society, not always indeed, rarely occupying the high places of office or rank—still doing their allotted work of whatsoever kind is laid out for them; not querulously demanding recognition or preference, but commanding attention and respect from those around them; in the independence of thought and unity of action accomplishing the great purpose of life and achieving a moral heroism, the fruits of which will tell on their immediate friends and the world at large, when the labourer has gone to his rest, and the place that now knows him shall know him no more forever.

#### HINTS ABOUT WRITING.

BY BLOGGS.

ONE of your contributors last week gave the readers of the HOME JOURNAL an admirable description of his first attempt at writing poetry. A perceptible vein of irony and incipient burlesque runs through the article in question, and leads me to think that "Scroggs" has either been terribly jilted by his sweetheart and the Muses, or that he is far removed above these little annoyances and has only given us the result of observation and mature study of human nature. Whether this is so or not, "Scroggs" has told your readers what doubtless ninety-nine out of every hundred of our poets and poetsasters experience in youth; and though he has drawn the picture rather strong, let us thank him for this interesting episode in his intellectual life. In giving a few facts connected with my first attempts at writing prose I hope "Scroggs" will not think me presumptuous in following his footsteps, and I trust your readers will bear with me while I endeavor to offer a few hints which may be of service to beginners.

By the first attempt at writing prose I do not mean those juvenile waifs which are commonly known at school as lessons in composition. These happily are among the other forgotten follies of youthful days, and have been years ago consigned to oblivion. These I look upon as little better than copying lessons, with equal facility describing a rhinoceros or a daisy, still of some service as giving coherence and arrangement to the ideas which may be culled from the lessons already learned. But no one can claim his place in the guild of authors till he has burst these school-day fetters; till he has thought

for himself and put these thoughts in language of his own.

Doubtless the poetic element is stronger in youth than at any later period of life. Poetry is the natural language of those years, when generous impulses have not yet given way to reason; when romance has not been blighted by cold calculation and mere matters of fact. I will not say that I was like "Scroggs" at sixteen, in agony over

..... "A woeful ballad,  
Made to his mistress's eyebrow,"

but I essayed once or twice to write poetry, and, though not by any means flattering to my vanity, I must say I could make no figure at rhyming, and so gave it up. Like most literary aspirants, I deemed of far more importance the style of the writing than the ideas which the writing enunciated. This is a universal error, and it was natural that I should fall into it. Style was the Alpha and Omega of my success, as I imagined, and accordingly it became my chief study. I soon discovered that I had been hunting after the shadow, leaving the reality behind. As a mere outside adornment of the thoughts, style is, of course, in its own place of no little consequence; for the jewel, however brilliant and valuable, may be obscured and its beauties hid by the clumsiness of its setting. But it should only occupy a secondary place in the writer's estimation, and then the plainer and simpler it is the better. It took me some years to learn this, and then I only found it out by experience—the infallible instructor in this as in everything else of a merely human character. The pompous periods and rhetorical flourishes of the old authors and classic writers had a peculiar charm to my ear, and for a time I became a close copyist of this now almost obsolete style. Perhaps it suits well enough some high theme, as when the independence of a country is in danger, or when the powers of the writer are strained over the description of some great struggle for freedom. This style of writing has gone out of fashion now-a-days, and even from the rostrum we rarely hear the divine, the lecturer, or the parliamentary orator, speak in measured periods as they were once accustomed to do.

Next, I fell into what I call the sensational or spasmodic style, a most villainous mode of expressing one's ideas. This is comparatively the offspring of modern days, and tends to intensify or magnify everything that it takes in hand. Besides it has a peculiar attractiveness to the young in the very fact of this effort at exaggeration and desire to tinge everything it describes with an extraordinary beauty or horrible ugliness. Nearly related to it is the modern or American style, commonly called *highfalutin*, reveling forever in tropes and figures, ransacking nature for comparisons however odious or foreign to the subject, and twisting the English language into all conceivable metaphors that would fairly disgust even an Orientalist. The ideas cannot stand such a profusion of flowers. They seldom have the power or life to bear themselves erect amid such a bedizenment of frills and furbelows, and sink out of sight, leaving nothing to look at or handle but a mass of tinsel and tawdry finery.

Most young writers of enthusiastic temperament, in the early part of their career, are dazzled by the meretricious beauties of this style, and I am pained to observe that its influence is fast spreading. Let those ambitious of literary distinction be warned of their error in time, for assuredly sooner or later they will come to despise and avoid it.

As I remarked before, style is after all but a secondary affair. The first grand requisite to effective writing, which will command attention from the world, which will be appreciated by thinking men, and which will be of service to mankind, is an abundant stock of ideas. If a man when he sits down to pen an article, or write a book, has to force up his thoughts so to speak; if he sits down deliberately to create them; if his intellectual faculties are in a state of constant tension to fill up the blank that exists, then it were far better for him to throw the pen aside, to wait till he has something to say and which comes spontaneously, for thereby

he will lose nothing and his own peace of mind will be maintained. The thoughts once in the brain there will be little difficulty in giving expression to them. Marshal them up as a captain does a file of soldiers and each one will fall into its proper place and execute its appropriate mission. If the ideas are of the sterling quality the style cannot be very bad, for the one to some extent gives birth to the other, and even should it be rough and uncouth, the world will overlook the dross for the pure metal which is embedded in it. Above all cultivate simplicity. This is the grand secret of successful writing. The most brilliant thoughts look best in the plainest language, even as a woman's beauty shows to most advantage in the humblest dress.

Such are the few random thoughts gathered from the experience of years. The subject is not so attractive as that which engaged the attention of "Scroggs," nor has the personality been so prominent as in the case of that individual. Still it may catch the eye of some who are in need of a few words of advice, and who, let us hope, may before long occupy a conspicuous place in the columns of the HOME JOURNAL.

[For the Home Journal.]

PITY.

BY E. L. N.

SOCIETY abounds with a class of people who, with a whining voice and condescending countenance, express themselves "sorry, very sorry indeed," for any misfortune that may overtake a fellow-mortal; and, content with this outpouring of *Christian sympathy*, go their way blessing their stars that misfortune is a stranger to them, and deceiving themselves into the notion that they have done their duty and obeyed the Divine command, "Let all your things be done with charity." Ah! if charity consisted in a mere verbal display of sympathy, how many charitable men would the world contain! But, alas! the One who has enjoined liberality as a Christian duty, knows how to punish those who hypocritically pretend to the virtue, while their depraved hearts cannot feel for the sorrows of their fellow-beings. The charity which covereth a multitude of sins has been ignored, and men now generally resort to fine phrases expressive of sympathetic feeling without doing anything to remove the cause of the suffering. And how often is this latter mantle for transgressions esteemed more than the genuine one by even our own countrymen. Every man owes it as a sacred duty to himself and to his fellow-creatures to tear the mask of hypocrisy from these charitable hypocrites—charitable *middlemen*, who pretend charity and practice penury—and parade them before men's eyes in their natural, hideous deformity.

I would, were I in the situation of many a poor unfortunate, feel like inflicting bodily chastisement upon the man who would add insult to my misfortune, by telling me, with a Sunday face, that he "pitied me." I would feel like fighting the man who would dare to give me advice (these "sorry" men invariably do) when sorrow hung as a pall over me. But I would regard as an angel the one who would soothe by gentle words (not pitying ones) and gradually call out the man, bowed low by sorrow. There are different ways of effecting the same object, and if the one way crushes out the self-respect of the fallen man, and the other preserves it intact, which is to be preferred?

I cannot leave this subject of "pity" without relating an incident told me by a grey-haired friend of mine, who witnessed it. A great many years ago when Toronto was "Muddy Little York," and the country around it was just beginning to exhibit those evidences of wealth which since, through the blessing of Divine Providence, have been so gloriously brought forth, an emigrant who, by a judicious expenditure of the few guineas which he had brought from his trans-Atlantic home, became possessed of a few acres of bush, a span of horses, and sufficient stock to commence operations as a pioneer farmer. He set himself diligently to work, and Heaven smiled upon his industrious efforts, and a plentiful crop rewarded

his season's toil. With feelings of honest pride he loaded the results of his labours upon his waggon and drove to York to dispose of it. He made a very profitable bargain and drove down to the buyer's storehouse on the wharf to deliver his load. But by some means his horses took fright here and precipitated themselves and the loaded waggon into the bay, and all was lost. As the hardy woodsman gazed upon his dead horses lying upon the wharf, where they had been drawn up, and as he thought of the wheat lying ruined at the bottom, his bosom heaved, tears chased each other down his sunburnt cheeks, and he exclaimed in despair, "My wife and children! Must they starve?" All of the numerous crowd upon the scene of the disaster expressed sorrow for the poor man's loss, but none offered him the slightest help, until a Frenchman in the crowd, moved by his distress, putting his hand in his pocket, drew therefrom a ten-dollar bill, and placing it in his hat said, "Gentlemen, I pe not grate deal sorry in words; but I pe ten dollars much sorry;" and then he went to each man and asked him, "How much pe you sorry?" In a short time the noble-hearted Gaul had collected enough to set the poor man a-going in the world again, and, declining all thanks, departed!

Now, that's the kind of pity we want—tangible pity, substantial sorrow. Friends, wherever real and deserving misfortune is met with, let us remember the example of the Frenchman, and be something (not somewhat) sorry.

#### The Editor's Round Table.

..... "that is in the Wa—"

..... Three loud, most indefatigable knocks. "You can come in," say we. Entereth thereupon a new authoring. Now the room said Scribbleomaniac is introduced into, is neither large nor small. There is a sleeping-chamber adjoining, with a glass door, curtained with red silk damask. Said door is locked. The key of the door aforesaid is in the Editor's pocket. The table that functionary sitteth by is round, and is made of mahogany. Carpet has been Brussels: it is a little faded, like the wit that was once so new, and the brain that was erst fresh, but which are calmer now, for the pulse is long past two-and-twenty. To the left, is an escritoire. On our right is a sofa. By the windows, which overlook the lake, are chairs; and a portrait of one everybody knows. If you want to know where the sanctum is—the editorial "holiest of holies,"—unless you are a professional author you can't discover it, for printers tell no tales, and money without brains or culture is as much snubbed in these sacred precincts, as they are courted "in our best society"—i. e. among flunkies.

About the table are four gentlemen—one of them, very familiar to Canadian eyes. There are two ladies. One of them sits in the arm chair; the other is standing by the window.

As Scribbleomaniac enters he is given a chair.

Editor saith: "Young man did you ever burn your fingers?"

The staff preserve countenances appropriately solemn, save the lady by the window—that girl always will laugh when we are speaking.

"Well, yes, sir; I have I suppose."

"Do you like the sensation?"

"Cannot say I do, Mr. Editor?"

"Well, then, keep them out of the ink-stand."

Scribbleomaniac subsides into a chair. He looks like a gentleman of "elegant leisure," much training and small common sense and no spark of genius, and a high sense of his own abilities—though he never smelt of a printing office—so we think a little vinegar may stimulate the circulation. Moreover, he has interrupted us, when we were talking, and that always makes us mad, as we have a mortgage on the world, and would foreclose it if people bothered us; so ignoring Scribbleomaniac we proceed where we left



off, when his loud knocks interrupted our august tongue :

"—that is in the *Waverley Magazine*. The story is refreshing in these days of brilliant buncombe and dawdling dunness. If Effie Aron lives five years longer, she will have a world-wide reputation, "IN VAIN—a Tragedy of Real Life," now publishing in the *Waverley Magazine* of Boston Mass, is the most readable production we have met these two years. It is a whole revelation of New England Society ; of its few lights and its many dark shades. Cordelia Reynolds is drawn with a masterly skill ; so is Ralph, and so is Achsa Forbes. No! don't shake your head, Scribbleomaniac ; this tale is a work of Genius ; it makes our blood run faster, and brings back memories of earlier life. As a graphic, almost pre-Raphaelite delineation of New England Life, we have never seen it equalled. When we tell you Effie Aron is Mrs. —, of Canterbury New Hampshire, and as talented, noble and high-souled a lady, as she is a widely-known fictionist, you may forgive all this long rhapsody. The publisher told us this morning he soon expected to print a sketch from her graphic pen. Send it along, sir.

... Temple Bar has, in the June issue, a very capital article on "American Hotels and Food." By the way, when Warne & Hall sent us this number, we really meant the stereotyped thanks.

...The New York *Courier* publishes a sound novelette, styled "In a Fix." That is just what many literary papers are in just now in the United States.

...The subjoined is recommended for very love-sick swains and warm weather. It exemplifies the remark for making which Mariette said we were "an abominable man," that "all young women are angels."

Attached to the King of Dahomey's army there is a troop called "The Amazon Guard." The *West African Herald* thus describes them:—"The Amazon Guard," as they have sometimes been styled, are the most extraordinary troops that we have ever heard of read of. They are 3,000 in number, all females, and display such a degree of ferocious bloodthirstiness and hardihood as to bear a greater resemblance to a host of mad tigresses than to human creatures. They utterly despise death ; they show no mercy to any living being in war ; they are mad after blood, and seem not to know what fear means. They are, in fact, a troop of devils, so to speak, whose hideous wildness of manner, and the savage madness of whose demeanor in times of excitement are so appalling and inhuman as to have led many well-judging persons to opine that these dreadful creatures are periodically subjected to the influence of some species of drug which has this effect."

... The Buffalo *Express* says:—"Four lines more beautiful than these are rarely written. The figure it involves is exquisite:—

"A solemn murmur in the soul,  
Tells of the world to be.  
As travelers hear the billows roll  
Before they reach the sea."

Hereupon the Louisville *Times* copies the above, and adds:—

"Four lines more truthful than these are rarely written. The figure involved is absolutely painful:—

"A solemn buzzing in your ear  
When you retire to bed,  
Tells you that swilling lager beer  
Is dreadful for the head."

The Chicago *Times* here exclaims:—

"These 'solemn' warnings as they roll  
O'er hearts deep sunk in sin,  
Will make each unpoetic soul  
Exclaim—"G. Whillikins!"

Then the Texas press must have its "put in," and the *Telegraph* of Houston says:—

"A solemn warning to young men,  
All criminal doth teach,  
To wed a gal of 'upper ten'  
Must make a poor man screech.

Our devil suggests to the infatuated mortals who wrote these verses the following:—

"A solemn warning all bad verse  
To every fool doth teach,  
There's nothing in creation worse,  
Except when knaves do preach."

...The *National Review* has a paper styled "Romance in Japan," and gives us a charming insight into a Japanese novel, through the medium of a German translation. Dr. Pfitzner must be the most laborious of students. The *Review* gives a good abstract of Rintui Tanefsko's story, which is called the "Six Folding Screens with Figures of

the Passing World." Now, as the Japanese only print on one side of their paper, and there are four leaves to four pages, the illustrations are so managed that each pictured section is a reflection of the text. By all means read the article. It is also reprinted in the *Eclectic Magazine* for July.

...The London *Eclectic* has an able review of Lord Macaulay's last volume, but there is much bitter prejudice in the reviewer's tone. Giants build monuments for insects to peck at and undermine. Grand are the little critics of every one-horse town. They are needed, however, just as mosquitoes and other pests to purify the air.

...When the beautiful Duchess of Devonshire and her sister, Lady Duncannon, canvassed the electors of Westminster in behalf of Fox, in 1784, it was wittily said: "Never did two such portraits appear on canvass." The same might have been said of certain gentlemen this last week, but then it would not have been complimentary, for neither are generally thought handsome, save by blind men.

...To be very happy or very miserable is not very different.

...The theatrical critic of Blanchard Jerrold's *Lloyd's Weekly* has seen Blondin at the Crystal Palace, and says of him:—

"One great point, at least, is settled by M. Blondin's exhibition—there is a M. Blondin, who can walk and tumble upon any rope, no matter across what frightful chasm it may be stretched. Hitherto we had been inclined to deny this (perhaps on the principle of the sceptical showman, concerning the alleged sacrifice of the maternal pelican for its young) because we could not believe M. Blondin would be so stupid. But, stupid or not, there he is; and, undoubtedly, he is the most astonishing proficient in his art that the modern world, at least, has seen. Men familiar with the disgusting horrors of the receiving ward, the operating theatre, and the loathsome dead-house; men familiar with battle-fields, turn pale and sick at the thought of so frightful a sight as they might witness the next moment. He displayed a talent for grim jesting which made many people utter exclamations of horror. He persisted in missing his foot at every half dozen steps, doubtless being perfectly safe, but giving fifty ideas of certain momentary death. Such performances can be but demoralizing to the spectators, and we regret to find respectable English ladies and gentlemen patronising antics which would be more congenial to the atmosphere of a low country fair."

...Those who have been afflicted with corns can appreciate the following:—

SUNNIT 2 A KORN.

On the little tow of my right foot, which has obstinately resisted medical skill.

Destroyer of my peace I ole folly is your dad,  
Tite bites yure muther. Agony and pane  
(Deliteful orphsprang) is your children,  
And hang on the skirts of 1,000 ill es bad,  
On sundee knight, dress up, to Hanner anus i go,  
Two opposite sentiments my sole divides,  
I sink in agony—on joy's luc hoos i rules,  
Heaven in my hart, deah in my little tow.  
O, korn! what woes we bring upon ourselves  
By folly. Whi wuz i not content tu hav  
Fete of the same size that nacher, all-wise, gave—  
Whi did eye try on ates instead uv thirtceus?  
Thow'at toughest me a lesson. What nachers dum  
Man can't improve and better let alone.

...Poetry can be muddled or meddled. Last week, in reading proofs, the reader marked "leads" at the end of Jenny Gray's "Advice to Wives." Instead of separating the stanzas, as desired, Young Brilliancy added the word "leads." That was rhyme muddled. Here is a specimen of the meddled article:—

The moon was shining silver bright,  
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,  
When freedom from her mountain height  
Exclaimed—"Now don't be foolish, Joe."

O, my love is like the red, red rose,  
He bought a ring with poesy true,  
Sir Barney Bodkin broke his nose,  
"And Saxon I am Rhoderic Dhu."

And that will "do." This meeting is adjourned. You can leave your papers, Scribbleomaniac. They will do to light our pipe. Yes, we will read them, and sonny, if there is one grain of merit, we shall ferrit it out from the chaff. We fish for sprats as well as whales.

Here endeth the lessor but in the words of the immortal —, "Remember we mean five times as much than we say."

... "The Anti-Nuptial Lie," a brief tale in a late issue of *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, is the greatest piece of word-painting we have ever met. There are only

two characters in the story, but a woman's heart that was worth having, and a man's love that was worth cleaving to, are portrayed until it seems you see the very course of the blood in the veins of the two. Whoever wrote that little story had a great gift from Almighty God for good or ill. We believe it to be a woman's production, or else a man's far better than his kind. We print the first chapter.

### The Letter Box.

ROBA.—When you are older and wiser you will learn why Editors will not treat with anonymous writers. You had no particular call to get so wrathly. Magazine conductors cannot read everything that has been printed, and a real name is a guarantee of good faith. All reputable publications observe this rule. Your verses we knew were original, for you could have stolen better ones, if that were your dodge. On the whole we like you; for spunky young people are generally honest, and sometimes make writers when they get age. Call again, Roba. The contribution may get in type some fine day.

FRANK.—You ask us about a good man and a fine actor. We'll tell you all we know: Mr. W. M. Fleming, the well-known Southern manager, has just made up his company for a tour in the North. It is the purpose of Mr. Fleming to visit most of our cities in Canada. The company he has selected is a good one, and we need not tell our friends abroad that the manager himself is a straightforward, honorable, talented gentleman. We certainly wish him every success.

FANNY.—Those questions we cannot answer. "Not if this court knows itself."

J. P. G.—You are very foolish. No.

ETHEL.—It won't amount to anything. You can find it in Harper's Monthly for May—Editor's Drawer. Probably, in a few days.

JAMES WILSON.—Your "friend" is no friend to give bad counsels.

A MORTEN.—Charcoal calcined, or in the lump, will destroy the craving for tobacco or stimulants sooner than anything we know. It is the only means by which we ever heard of the appetite being destroyed for smoking tobacco. The charcoal need not be swallowed. A few days generally does the business. It will not injure the teeth, unless rubbed on the enamel. In cases of opium-eating or laudanum-drinking, it is useless. Gum myhr is better in that case.

M. S.—The battle of Waterloo was fought on the 18th of June, 1815.

\* \* Several communications remain unanswered.

\* \* Declined, "Speak to me Softly," "Lotus Leaves;" "The War in the States;" "To J. E. D."

When the press violates the sacredness of homes, and over-steps the just limits of a public censor to intrude on the rights of private character, it strips itself of dignity and clothes itself with baseness; it does not teach, but depraves, the mind of the community, and it is not the glory, but the shame of liberty.

George the First, on a journey to Hanover, stopped at a village in Holland, and while the horses were getting ready, he asked for two or three eggs, which were brought him, and charged two hundred florins. "How is this?" said his Majesty: "eggs must be very scarce in this place." "Pardon me," said the host, "eggs are plentiful enough, but kings are scarce." The king smiled, and ordered the money to be paid him.

When the late King of Denmark was visiting England, he very frequently honored Sir Thomas Robinson with his company, though the knight spoke French in a very imperfect manner, and the king had scarcely any knowledge of English. One day, when Sir Thomas was in company with the late Lord Chesterfield, he boasted much of his intimacy with the king, and added, "that he believed the monarch had a greater friendship for him than any man in England." "How report lies!" exclaimed Lord Chesterfield; "I heard no later than to-day that you never met, but a great deal of bad language passed between you."

### Choice Extracts.

Religious and Saucer.

When Ude first went to England, two peculiarities he met with struck him—a Frenchman, be it remember d and a cook—with astonishment; the number of churches and chapels in London, and the frequency with which melted butter appeared on the tables. "What an extraordinary nation!" he exclaimed; "they have twenty religions and only one saucer!"

Lord Byron.

One morning a party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later than usual, and requested some tongue. They were told that Lord Byron had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, loud enough for him to hear the observation. "I am very sorry for it, madam," retorted Byron, "but before I ate the tongue, I was assured you did not want it."

Obstinacy of the Sea-Horse.

The walrus is an obstinate animal, and does not fly on the approach of a man; on the contrary, forming themselves into a body, they go and meet him, and resist any attempt on his part to proceed. When a company of travellers meet those animals on the shore, they are forced to fight their way through them; and if the walruses are pelted with stones, they gnaw them with their teeth, but afterwards attack the men with redoubled fury, rending the air with the most tremendous growling. These animals seem to be fully aware of the effect of the united resistance and attack, and also of the utility of keeping in masses and ranks, for, should any of them attempt to retreat, those in his rear fall upon, and compel him to keep in the ranks, or kill him. Sometimes it happens that when one walrus attempts to stop another who is retreating, they all begin to suspect each other of being inclined to fly; and in that case, the contest becomes universal. When two are fighting one, the others come to the aid of the weaker side. While they are thus fighting on the land, others in the water raise their heads, and look on for a time, till they also become enraged, swim to shore, and join in the combat.

Arithmetic Run Mad.

The vast number of inhabitants who do live, and have lived on the face of the earth, appears, at first sight, to defy the powers of calculation. But if we suppose the world to have existed six thousand years; that every past generation averages the present; and that four individuals may stand on one square yard, we find that the whole number will not occupy a compass so great as one-fourth the extent of England. Allowing six thousand years since the creation, and a generation to pass away in thirty years, we shall have two hundred generations, which, at one thousand millions each, will be two hundred thousand millions, which, being divided to four persons to a square yard, will leave fifty thousand millions of square yards. There are in a square mile, three millions, ninety-seven thousand, six hundred square yards; by which, if the former sum be divided, it will give sixteen thousand one hundred and thirty-three square miles, the root of which, in whole numbers, is about one hundred and twenty-seven, so that one hundred and twenty-seven square miles will be found sufficient to contain the immense and almost inconceivable number of two hundred thousand millions of beings!

Patriotism amongst the Swallows.

Captain N. G. B. Dexter has on his premises in Dexter street, a bird-house, which is occupied by a pair of barn swallows. One day last week his servant girl left a piece of red ribbon on the sill of a window which was open, and during her absence from the room a few minutes, it mysteriously disappeared, and could not be found. In the course of the day it was discovered waving from one of the upper windows of the bird-house, making quite a respectable looking flag for such an establishment and its occupants. Not much was thought of the circumstance, and when evening came the flag or ribbon had disappeared. This could be accounted for by supposing



that it had blown away; but on the flag re-appearing next morning, curiosity was excited and a watch established the fact that the birds pulled the flag into the house every evening and put it out every morning. Several persons have witnessed the operations. How the birds have fastened the ribbon to their residence is not known, but it is secure there. The housing of it for the night, and the exposing of it to the breeze in the morning, had continued about a week when we last heard of the patriotic doings of these little birds.—*Patucket Gazette.*

#### An Autobiography.

"Are you married, Francisco?" inquired I, from my boatman, who propelled the boat with the oars, standing, bending himself forward the while.

"No; unmarried, signora."

"Indeed! But it is now time for you to be thinking about it, Francisco!"

"The time is past, signora; it is now too late. But though I have never been married, yet I have been and am still the father of a family."

"How so?"

"When my mother died, she left me four little girls to provide for. The bringing up of these four *povere ragazzi*, and the marrying of them, has given me something to do in my life, and, as you may believe, not so easy, either; and now I have the youngest still left. And thus the time has gone, and I have not had leisure to think about getting married myself, and now I am too old!"

Honest Francisco evidently did not think how beautiful was this short, unpretending autobiography; he looked pious and full of peace, and seemed quite satisfied with his four *ragazzi*.—*Miss Bremer's "Life in the Old World."*

#### Free Drinks.

A newly-arrived stranger at the Tremont House, walked down to the 'House of David,' and enquired for some form of bibulant known under the head of 'a ten cent drink.' For this he deposited a \$1 bill of Ohio money. The accommodating bar-keeper consulted his Railroad List, and gave a \$1 on — Bank. (Stump-tail, valued at 90 cents.) Stranger, not posted in stump-tail, was delighted, couldn't understand it, asked explanations, paid a 1 and got a 1, where did the ten cent drink come in? Bar-keeper said it was all right. Stranger thought it a great town, free drinks, and resolved to make a note of it. He went out, met a friend, 'greatest town I ever saw, bar-keeper a perfect stranger, didn't know me from a side of sole leather, gave me my money back.' Friend saw the point, but did not divulge. Stranger proposed to try that bar-keeper again. Friend didn't object to smile slightly. They went in. This time two 10 cent drinks, out came another Ohio \$1. Bar-keeper again consulted railroad list, and gave stranger a \$1 on — Bank, (stump-tail, valued at 70 cents) and ten cents. Stranger rubbed his eyes and looked at bar-keeper. 'How's this?' 'All right, sir,' said the accomplished David. Stranger looked at friend, then at bar-keeper, and tapped his head in a melancholy way. 'Well, this is the darndest town I ever see, drinks free and more than your money back. I don't understand it.' Stranger understood it better when he attempted to pass his stump-tail \$1 bills, and when we saw him, considered that bar-keeper, after all, had the best of the bargain.—*Chicago Tribune.*

#### Anecdote of the Plague.

In the village of Careggi, whether it were that due precautions had not been taken, or that the disease was of a peculiarly malignant nature, one after another—first the young and then the old of a whole family dropped off. A woman who lived on the opposite side of the way, the wife of a laborer, the mother of two little boys, felt herself attacked by fever in the night; in the morning it greatly increased, and in the evening the fatal tumour appeared. This was during the absence of her husband, who went to work at a distance, and only returned on Saturday night, bringing home the scanty means of subsistence for his family for the week. Terrified by the example of the neighbouring family, moved by the fondest love for her children, and determining not to

communicate the disease to them, she formed the heroic resolution of leaving her home and going elsewhere to die. Having locked them into a room, and sacrificed to their safety even the last and sole comfort of a parting embrace, she ran down the stairs, carrying with her the sheets and coverlet, that she might leave no means of contagion. She then shut the door with a sigh, and went away. But the biggest, hearing the door shut, went to the window, and, seeing her running in that manner, cried out, "Good bye, mother," in a voice so tender, that she involuntarily stopped. "Good bye, mother," repeated the youngest child, stretching its little head out of the window. And thus was the poor afflicted mother compelled for a time to endure the dreadful conflict between the yearnings which called her back, and the pity and solicitude which urged her on. At length the latter conquered; and, amid a flood of tears and the farewells of her children, who knew not the fatal cause and import of those tears, she reached the house of those who were to bury her, and in two days she was no more.—*Plague in Italy.*

#### The Carnival in Rome.

There are three modes of seeing and sharing in the festivities of the Carnival; one is to look at the scene from a window or a balcony; another, to ride up and down the Corso in an open carriage; and a third, from which ladies are debarred, is to mingle with the crowd in the street. An adventurous young man will probably make experiment of all. To be merely a passive spectator soon wearies the eye, and, if in a cynical humor, provokes a critical spirit and a wonder that men and women can behave so like boys and girls. To rough it in the street requires a stout frame and nimble feet. The carriage is the best medium, making the occupant at once an actor and a spectator. It is quite curious to remark how a fastidious dignity melts away under the contagious influence of the general riot, to see how soon a middle-aged gentleman, who gets into the carriage with a sheepish air of self-reproach and a look of intense self-consciousness, abandons himself to the genius of the place and the hour, and is seen throwing *confetti* and bouquets with all the ardor of twenty. Between taking a part and merely looking, there is the same difference as between dancing and seeing others dance. The mob, gentle or simple, seems uniformly good humored, though sometimes a little self-command must be exerted in order to maintain this genial mood. A handful of *confetti* is suddenly slapped into your face, bringing a vision of ten thousand dancing stars before your eyes, or as your hand hangs listlessly for a moment over the side of the carriage, with a choice bouquet in it, for which you have a particular destination in your mind and heart, a cunning varlet snatches it from your grasp and disappears in a twinkling—all this must be taken as a part of the fun, and endured with a smiling composure.

#### The Serfs of Russia.

Previous to the sixteenth century the Russian peasant was free to carry his labour to any domain where it was required; but on St. George's Day, 1598, the Czar Boris Godounoff pronounced the ukase which from that time attached the serf to the soil on which he lived, and made him part of the estate of the proprietor, where he was doomed to remain irrevocably, since he could not be sold unless the land itself was disposed of with him. This, however, was altered by the first Peter, and the serf became subject, at the will of his proprietor, to be dragged from his cottage and from his family, and sent anywhere at the pleasure of his master, who could even send him to Siberia, or kill him by systematic rigor.

Some of the Czars, however, seemed to appreciate the revolting injustice of this servitude, which carried barbarism to the very confines of European civilization. Peter III. conceived the project of emancipating the serfs. Paul I. had thought to realize the same idea, proceeding so far as to cause the peasants to take the oath of fidelity; and both Alexander and Nicholas were disposed to abate the power of the nobles and to raise the peasant.

It has been reserved for the present Emperor, Alexander II., to abolish this mon-

strous anomaly, which made service a shame to humanity. The Czar has had the courage voluntarily to enfranchise the serf.

On the day when the ukase was to be in force, the peasants were to be informed of the enfranchisement by the lips of the master himself, and were summoned to meet their lord at sunset, the usual hour for quitting their labor. There was little need to comment at any length on the subject of the ukase. The peasants were fully apprised of its extent in few words, and, instead of a peroration, the lord produced a flask of that spirit which the Russian loves. This he poured into a glass, and, after touching his lips with the burning liquor, presented it to the peasant, who came, perhaps for the last time, to kiss the feet of his lord. In many cases this abasement had been the preliminary salutation to a master ready to sympathize with and ameliorate his condition, and to interfere, it might be, between the exactions of an urgent majordomo and his peasantry; but now all servitude of serfdom was over, and master and servant might drink together in the equality of national freemen.—*Leslie's Magazine.*

#### Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

Of all the climes of earth, the torrid zone bears the palm.

What's the matter?—King Cotton's vessels seem to be all in tow.

A promising young man may do very well perhaps—a paying one much better.

Why is a chair like a fashionable lady's dress? Answer—Because it is *sat* in.

Natural enough—That the fire-arms of the Home Guard should hang by their fire-sides.

The manners which are neglected as small things are often those which decide men for or against you.

Those who lack a good natural character may be sure they cannot long sustain, without detection, an artificial one.

It is a less misfortune to be born with a club foot, a hair lip, or a hump-back, than with a cross and envious disposition.

To ascertain if your dog is mad, put your finger down his throat; if he does not bite you, you may be assured he is not mad.

The Hartford *Times* says that next to twenty-four grains there is nothing like a mean man's pocket to make a pennyweight.

Domestic jars, when concealed, are half reconciled. 'Tis a double task to stop the breach at home and men's mouths abroad.

If you want to have a man for your friend, never get the ill-will of his wife. Public opinion is made up of the average prejudices of womankind.

Wink at small injuries rather than avenge them. If to destroy a single bee, you throw down the hive, instead of one enemy, you make a thousand.

Men often talk of the humbleness of their origin when they are really ashamed of it, though vain of the talent that enabled them to emerge from it.

Caleb Whitford, an American gentleman of punning notoriety, once observing a young lady earnestly engaged at work knotting fringe for a petticoat, asked her what she was doing. "Knotting, sir," replied she. "Pray, Mr. Whitford, can you knot?" "I can-not, madam," answered he.

Men of genius are gifted with a sort of second sight. Science tells us that beyond the ordinary Newtonian spectrum, there are outer rays and more delicate varieties of color which are only appreciable to the eyes of peculiar creatures; and so in this "universal frame" there are wonders and beauties, where the generality of men see only darkness.

A good anecdote is related of a well-known vagabond, who was brought before a magistrate as a common vagrant. Having suddenly harpooned a good idea, he pulled from a capacious pocket of his tattered coat a loaf of bread and half a dried codfish, and holding them up with a triumphant look and gesture to the magistrate, exclaimed: "You don't catch me that way. I'm no vagrant. Ain't them visible means of support; I should like to know?"

#### The Weekly News.

The new Mechanics' Institute in this city is now ready for occupancy.

The brilliant comet, now visible, resembles in appearance the great comet of 1680. We shall have something to say about it in our next.

Thomas C. Street, Esq., of Niagara Falls, is said to have lost the sum of \$81,000 by the failure of a bank in Albany.

A fire broke out in Rose street, Soho, on Thursday of last week, entirely destroying the premises of Mr. Taylor, a picture-frame maker.

The steamship *Golden Fleece*, with the 47th Regiment on board, for Montreal, passed Father Point at a quarter past two o'clock on Monday afternoon.

Mr. Galt had his leg broken, while playing cricket at Sherbrooke. We have not heard particulars, but Mr. G. is said to be doing well.

We regret to learn that Thos. MacQueen, Esq., Editor of the *Huron Signal*, and a well-known public writer, expired on Tuesday, the 25th ult., at his residence, Signalfield, Haron.

The Montreal *Gazette* is informed that a number of householders are making arrangements to import bread from Kingston. Good brown bread is there sold at 5d., while in Montreal it sells at 10d per loaf.

At the special court of assize in Montreal, James Paterson was sentenced to be hanged on the 6th of September next. He was convicted of murder, in causing the death of a young girl named Savariat, by attempting to procure abortion. He was hired for this purpose by the putative father for \$30.

An engine driver in the employ of the Grand Trunk Railway Company, who had taken out a train on Tuesday morning, is supposed to have been murdered by some lumbermen with whom he had a quarrel on Saturday last. He was found on the track, with his head severed from his body, occasioned by the evening train passing that night. It was supposed that the body was placed on the track by the murderers to conceal their crime.

The Brighton *Flag* of Thursday last says: Last night our village was thrown into great excitement by the sudden decease of Mr. W. H. Davis, who was killed by lightning while in the store of Mr. I. M. Wellington, where he had gone to make some purchases. The fluid passed through the stove pipes and shattered the chair on which he was sitting, but left no mark of violence on the body. Deceased was enjoying most perfect health before the accident.

The *Chronicle* says that the proportion of sickness and deaths in foreign emigrant vessels coming to Quebec this year, has been greater than usually takes place in British ships, which has arisen in part from overcrowding, and, in the Norwegian vessels, from the greater length of the voyage and ignorance on the part of the masters of the best means of preserving health, which British shipmasters have learned by experience.

William Jones, a quiet and inoffensive resident of the township of Verulam, about thirty miles from Fenelon Falls, was brutally murdered on the night of the 21st ult. He was about 60 years of age, and lived alone, having no relative near. He supported himself by honest industry upon his farm. On Saturday the body was discovered by a girl who was looking for her father's cattle. The body was lying on the floor of his shanty, fearfully cut. There were several deep wounds, any of which would cause death, inflicted with an axe. His trunk was discovered about fourteen rods from the shanty no clothing had been taken out of it. It is supposed that the wretch who committed the crime did it with the expectation of getting money. Whether he got it or not is not known. It is thought he did not get much. A coroner's inquest was held on the 23rd; the body was interred on the 24th; and every exertion is being made to ferret out the murderers, but so far they remain unknown.



## THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

Said a bright little daughter—“This garment, dear papa,  
To color will make it look richer;  
So to do it up pretty, to please you and ma,  
I've got some good ram in my patcher.  
And I'm sure this will give it a rich dazzling hue,  
And people will ask where I had it,  
So I'll hasten away, and my industry show,  
And get a large portion of credit.”

Said the father, with wonder, his face looking blue,  
“Your knowledge is small, my dear daughter:  
For, to color good red, I most sure never knew,  
That ram was much better than water.”  
“But, dear papa, I've been told,” the philosopher said,  
“By mother, who sure ought to know it,  
That the ram gives your nose such a bright, dazzling red,  
And this is the reason I do it.”

[For the Home Journal.]

## THE DISCONTENTED DOLPHIN.

A FABLE.

Confined and pestered in this pinfold here,  
Strive to keep up a frail and feverish life,  
Comus—8.

Once upon a time, somewhere in the depths of the sea, there was a fish which had everything any reasonable fish could desire to make it comfortable. There were plenty of small fry for its subsistence, and abundance of fishy company. The water was wholesome and cool to breathe, and our Dolphin, with prudence, might have lived to be a very old and honored fish, and perhaps had a coral tomb erected to his memory, unless some casualty, such as all fish, big and little, are liable to, had overtaken it.

Either from indigestion because it had gorged itself too often, or had swallowed something which did not set well on its fish-ship's stomach, or, inasmuch as it was naturally a “scaly customer,” it continued to fret and worry itself, and take on airs even in the presence of whales. It put on all sorts of “queer extras,” flourished about, and conducted itself generally in a way to disgust all sensible Dolphins. Finally, it made out, with a great splashing and floundering, from its accustomed waters, which Nature had adapted to its constitution, and was off, no fish knows where, trying to distinguish itself in some way. Of course it scared all the very small and juvenile fish it met with, and delude a poor, innocent barracoota into the idea it was an infant whale, until its mother undecieved it, greatly to the amusement of an old shark which was passing by, that showed his teeth, amazingly at the joke.

It is not recorded how long or how far it travelled through the bosom of the vasty deep. Hostile fish probably spared it, either on account of its insignificance, or else its unwholesome, lank appearance rendered it undesirable food. Indeed, its green and golden hues were very much dimmed by its discontent. Besides, large fish were too much amused by its ostentatious way of swimming to arrest such a funny fish.

At length, it came to pass, that our Dolphin found itself going up the mouth of a river far away, almost under the equator. There were many water-snakes and fearful monsters, but the Dolphin contented itself in floundering finely, when none, save small fish, were about, travelling fast as it could, and making itself unobtrusive when it feared it would be attacked by any large fish or monsters, (which it did very greatly fear,) and would have returned, but it had lost its way, and was afraid to retrace the dangers it had braved. Unmindful of the gradual freshening of the water, and too proud to notice the movements of small fish who carefully avoided a certain course which it was making, it at last found itself in a small and shallow pond, to which there was but a very narrow entrance-channel from the river. When it was safe in this pond, it found out that it was the only denizen of the place, save an old Frog of a sickly appearance, who talked or croaked in a tongue unknown to the Dolphin. But even now the Dolphin was at its old ways, disgusting the Frog by its selfishness and conceit. It took a fancy to a certain spot the Frog had chosen, for its residence, at such times as he chose to reside in the water, and proceeded to drive the Frog away, which last, without a word, hopped up and waited on the bank to see what would follow.

The sun came down on the pond which was very shallow, being a mere overflow of the

river when it was high, but the water was now hourly rapidly lowering. The water in the pond, consequently, became intensely warm, and the little narrow way by which the Dolphin came was rapidly drying up. The water grew stale and sickening, and the poor Dolphin envied the Frog more and more. Not content in hot water, our discontented fish must needs, instead of trying to get back through the few inches of water yet in the channel by which it came, spend its fast falling strength in abusing the Frog and floundering about. At length it grew so angry at the silence of the frog, it made a desperate leap and found itself on dry land. The hot sun coming down in torrid intensity, it was in horrible torture for water to breathe. It made two or three tosses and writhed in great pain, but it was too weak to more than gasp for water. Finally, its eyes were so blinded by the sunbeams, that with a spasmodic shudder, which ran through its whole body, it stiffened and was dead.

The Frog soliloquized: “My poor friend! such violent and irritable fish as thou, are not dangerous to any one save themselves.”

The warm sun soon hastened decomposition, and when the night set in, the moonlight shone upon fierce birds and loathsome reptiles busy at their work, and when dawn came their was scarcely a vestige of the Dolphin remaining. The inharmonious and incongruous atoms which had entered into its composition were scattered in different directions, ultimately to be refunded into Earth's bosom, thence again to enter into new forms of material life.

E. F. LOVERIDGE.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY DINNER PARTY.

The following most extraordinary event happened in Lincolnshire, in the autumn of 1804, and may be relied on as a matter of fact. The violence of a fall deprived Sir Henry F. of his faculties, and he lay entranced several hours. At length his recollection returned. He faintly exclaimed, “Where am I?” and looking up, found himself in the arms of a venerable old man, to whose kind offices Sir H. was probably indebted for his life. “You revive,” said the venerable old man; “fear not; yonder house is mine; I will support you to it; there you shall be comforted.” Sir H. expressed his gratitude. They walked gently to the house. The friendly assistance of the old gentleman and his servants restored Sir H. to his reason; his bewildered faculties were re-organized; at length he suffered no inconvenience, excepting that occasioned by the bruise he received in the fall. Dinner was announced, and the good old man entreated Sir H. to join the party; he accepted the invitation, and was shown into a large hall, where he found sixteen covers. The party consisted of as many persons—no ladies were present. The old man took the head of the table; an excellent dinner was served, and rational conversation gave a zest to the repast. The gentlemen on the left of Sir H. asked him to drink a glass of wine, when the old man in a dignified and authoritative tone at the same time extending his hand, said “No!” Sir H. was astonished at the singularity of the check, yet, unwilling to offend, remained silent. The instant dinner was over, the old man left the room, when one of the company addressed him in the following words: “By what misfortune, sir, have you been unhappily trepanned by that unfeeling man who has quitted the room? O sir, you will have ample cause to curse the fatal hour that put you in his power, for you have no prospect, in this world, but misery and oppression, perpetually subject to the capricious humor of that old man; you will remain in this mansion for the remainder of your days; your life, as mine is, will become burdensome; and, driven to despair, your days will glide on, with regret and melancholy reflection, in one cold and miserable sameness. This, alas! has been my lot for fifteen years; and not mine only, but the lot of every one you see here, since their arrival in this cursed abode!” The pathetic manner that accompanied this cheerless narrative, and the singular behaviour of the old man at dinner, awoke in Sir H.'s breast sentiments of horror, and he was lost in stupor some minutes; when recovering he said, “By what authority can any man detain me against my will? I will not submit; I will oppose him, force to force, if necessary.” “Ah, sir!” exclaimed a second gentleman, “your argument is just, but your threats are vain; the old man, sir, is a magician, we know it by fatal experience; do not be rash, sir; your attempt would prove futile, and your punishment would be dreadful.” “I will endeavor to escape,” said Sir H. “Your hopes are groundless,” rejoined a third gentleman; “for it was but three months ago, when, in an attempt to escape, I broke my leg.” Another said, that he had broken his arm, and that many had been killed by falls, in their endeavors to escape; others had suddenly disappeared, and never been heard of. Sir H. was about to reply, when a servant entered the room, and said his master wished to see him. “Do not go,” said one; “Take my advice,” said another; “For God's sake, do not go.” The servant told Sir H. he had nothing to fear, and begged he would follow him to his master; he did, and found the old man seated at a table with dessert and wine; he arose when Sir H. entered the room, and asked pardon for the apparent rudeness he was under the necessity of committing at dinner. “For, (said he) I am Doctor Willis; you must have heard of me; I confine my practice entirely to cases of insanity; and as I board and lodge insane patients, mine is vulgarly called a mad-house. The persons you dined with are madmen; I was unwilling to tell you this before dinner, fearing it would make you uneasy; for, although I know them to be perfectly harmless, you very naturally might have had apprehensions.” The surprise of Sir H. on hearing this was great; his fears subsiding, the doctor and Sir H. passed the evening rationally and agreeably.

## A BRIEF ROMANCE.

During the vogue of Bulwer's “Paul Clifford,” there appeared quite a number of romances written in the same spirit, in which rascality was delineated as united with exquisite sensibility and a chivalrous sense of honor. But the wags of the great metropolis, meantime, were not idle, and one of them hit off the popular mania in the following capital sketch:—

“It was the gentle hour of gloaming. The beautiful Isabel had left the parental cot for an evening ramble. Through a green lane, redolent of honeysuckle, she bent her way to an antique wooden bridge, crossing a rivulet that murmured beneath the baronial towers, distant some half a mile from her humble, but not less happy dwelling. A mendicant, who was leaning over the bridge, rose as she approached, and, in a hoarse voice, solicited alms. Isabel had left her purse at home, or the appeal to her gentle bosom would not, perhaps, have been in vain. There was truth in the protestation that she had nothing for the man; but he could not believe it, and as she hurried to escape his importunity, he followed her with the accelerated step and heightened voice so characteristic of the determined and professional beggar. At this juncture a youth, emerging from behind a gnarled oak, and armed with a substantial walking-cane, suddenly placed himself between the maiden and the vagabond, authoritatively ordered him to go about his business. The fellow, grumbling, sulkily obeyed. The young man, taking off his hat, respectfully made an offer to escort Isabel home, and his services were gratefully accepted. He was tall and dark, wearing a profusion of sable ringlets, with moustache and a tuft. The moon, which was just then rising over the neighboring castle tower, beamed full upon his aquiline nose, and was reflected in the lustre of his black eye.

“Beautiful moon!” he exclaimed, addressing the planet, “for ages on ages on this turbulent world hast thou shone down, tranquil and serene as now. And thou wilt shine on, in thine unchangeable calmness, on hopes as yet unformed, on griefs unmet, on unimagined fears. Thou, oh moon! smilest on the quiet graves, thou wilt one day smile as peacefully on us, when we are laid in the

earth, and all our cares are forgotten. Is it not so?”

“Oh yes!” answered Isabel, with emotion. “The youth heaved a long-drawn sigh.

“This is a strange meeting,” he observed, after a pause. “A few minutes more, and we part—perhaps forever. In the meanwhile may I entreat a trifling favor, which would render me extremely happy?”

“Really, sir, I—that is—pray excuse—I could not, indeed!” stammered Isabel, blushing with an intensity actually visible in the moonlight.

“Suffer me to imprint but one kiss,—the maiden shrunk back—‘on that delicate hand,’ said the stranger.

“That is, indeed, a strange request,” she replied.

“It is, perhaps, romantic. But of late years,” he continued, “I have resided in Germany, where the boon which I now venture to crave would be esteemed a life-long happiness. Would you deny so rich a blessing, so easily granted?”

“To my preserver! that were indeed ungrateful!” Isabel answered. And, divesting her little hand of its neat kid glove, she presented it to the stranger, who, kneeling, respectfully raised it to his lips.

“At this moment a wild cry for help proceeded from a coppice not far distant. The stranger started to his feet, holding the hand of Isabel in his own, and clutching it convulsively, as he listened to the heart-piercing shriek.

“Await for me a moment!” he exclaimed; “a fellow creature is in distress!—Farewell, beautiful being, for an instant!—farewell—farewell!”

“Bounding over a gate into an adjoining field, he disappeared. So had a diamond ring upon Isabel's forefinger. It was the gift of a generous uncle, and was worth at least thirty pounds. She never saw either the stranger or the ring again. It was but too probable that the latter was stolen, and that the former was a member of the swoll mob.”

It is the etiquette in the Chinese Court for the Emperor's physician to apply the same titles to his disease as to himself, and accordingly they talk of “His high and mighty stomach-ache,” “His imperial and majestic dyspepsia,” and “His eternal and never-ending dyphtheria.”

## OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

CANADIAN PROGRESS.—We are pleased to receive the 4th No. of the HOME JOURNAL, published in Toronto, by Mr. Wm. Halley. It is issued in an eight page form, suitable for binding, and is neatly printed on good paper. The Editorial and Literary Departments are ably filled, while the miscellaneous and general news divisions contain the latest items of interest and news. The HOME JOURNAL bids fair for being a favorite with our neighbors of education and taste. We wish Mr. Halley every success.—Buffalo Sentinel.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—The advent of a promising literary paper deserves notice. The Home Journal is a paper just started in Toronto. We have the first and second numbers before us. We must say we like its tone. The editorials display good sense and ability. As no prospectus was issued, the Editor makes his first bow in No. 1, and concludes thus:

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

We have somewhat of faith in the success of the HOME JOURNAL, though many previous similar experiments have failed. We have an idea that we can tell whether a journal has a good constitution or not, by the time we have felt its weekly pulse once or twice. Men who talk in the following style, have not yet made up their minds to break down in their enterprise. It is your braggart who fails.

“We do not like to ask subscriptions for a new paper in advance, but we will not mail our paper unless it be paid for; if not for a whole year, at least for four or eight months. A dollar for eight months, is a convenient sum to send us, and we hope to receive many a one ere long,” &c.

That this will be a worthy vehicle for bringing out our native talent, we have no doubt. The first number contains a story by James McCarroll of Toronto; the third number will contain an article by T. O. Medec. A Southern story by Loveridge, late of Troy, now of Toronto, is continued from week to week. It is of the “sensational” type. We hope it will not contain too much blood and murder before it closes. The selections are admirable. We heartily commend this paper to the patronage of Canadians. William Halley, Publisher. \$1.50 per annum.—Queen's Sound Times.