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[Written for the Home Journal]

**Down on the Beach:**

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

IX.

TOTY.

THE heavy double rap at the hall-door of Terroverde Manor House, which aroused Maud La Grange from her task of construing *Telemaque*, and the voice which called her name, both proceeded from a very little creature, not quite as tall as the youthful mistress of the plantation, and scarcely a year older. At the sound of the welcome, familiar tones, Madame knew it was useless to expect any more lessons from her pupil until the Birthday *fete* was over, and Monsieur Mentor had arrived and departed; so, with her blindest tones, the French Governess allowed the happy beauty a respite from study for the next week, and you may be sure "Missey Maud" gave her a kiss and a warm "thank you" for the indulgence.

Hastening down the stair-case, she reached the front door ere Townsends, the burly porter, could open the ponderous oak, and in a moment more she had seized Toty, by both hands, kissed her a dozen times, and was hurrying her visitor to her own room, when her little guest said:—

"Let us wait for Phillis, Maud."

"But who is Toty?" asks the reader. "She has not been introduced to us, and Canadians (as Britons are in duty bound to be) are suspicious of people not properly introduced."

You shall have all the particulars!

Miss Theodora Elizabeth Grade is the youngest daughter, madam, of Colonel Theodore Ravenswood Grade, of the plantation of Baton-Blanc, Lascelles Parish, Louisiana. Mr. Grade has four daughters and five sons. He has a very vast extent of land that is beautifully planted with mortgages. By birth, he is English, and a lineal descendant of the Earl of Willoughby—probably a nine hundred and ninety-ninth cousin. His wife is a Creole, and owns about fifty negroes in her own right. The only servants Mr. Grade possesses himself are his body servant, Uncle Pierre, and Aunt Phillis, who is the nurse and *Ministress Extraordinary* of his daughter Toty. Both these darkies are so old, and so utterly useless to anybody else, that nobody would take a mortgage upon them. Mr. Grade has a natural born genius for spending money, and if he had \$5,000 to-day, he would have to borrow a few picayunes to-morrow to pay his turn-pike fee, and then, probably, got trusted on his return trip. He is about fifty-five years old, and fortunate in having a wife who can wear pantaloons when occasion requires. "Toty" is Mr. Grade's pet child, and she is the bosom friend of Maud La Grange. The two girls were together in the Convent at New Orleans for four years, and shared the same dormitory, and their cots were side by side. It required all the careful surveillance of the Lady Superior to keep them from sleeping in the same bed. They acquired

among the other pupils the *soubriquet* of "The Inseparables." Living nearly eighty miles apart, they write each other at least once a week, and visit each other whenever they can coax, cajole, or worry the powers that be to permit them. It is safe to suppose that, on an average, they pass three months a year in each other's society. Of course, when Maud's birthday approaches, Toty comes at least one day beforehand. This young lady and Phillis have just arrived by the semi-weekly mail coach, and Phillis is holding an argument with the driver, who is an Irishman, on the impropriety of handling Toty's rather rickety trunk with such recklessness and disregard of its safety. It is finally dumped outside of the court-yard gate, and Maud sends two servants to bring it safely within the walls of Terroverde. Phillis again charges these darkies not to "han'le um so reckless," and as "Missey Maud's" eyes are on them, and Phillis and Toty are both popular "institutions" in this locality, the negroes convey the baggage at a snail's pace, and as if it were a package of eggs or looking-glass, up to the Purple Room, which opens on "Missey's" private apartment, while Phillis, puffing like "a porpoise in the Doldrums," follows after, at the speed of about a hundred yards an hour.

Toty Grade is as unlike Maud La Grange as a sun-flower is different from a daisy. Toty has rather large features, splendid black eyes, luxuriant and jetty tresses, and a complexion of an almost olive shade. Many a quadroon is fairer than Theodora, although the hue is of a very different tinge from the mixed African color, though ever so many removes from the full-blooded original. French and English, she is a brunette of an aggravated description; but the greatest admirer of blonde women could not call her ugly. Her figure is beautiful, and she has the tiniest hands and feet ever artist grew mad over in attempting to reproduce on canvass. She is attired in a brown linen travelling dress, which fits her little plump figure to a charm, and her gypsy flat of brownish straw is removed by her little hostess with a charming *naivete*, as she says: "Toty, I want to see your dear little face. How is the Colonel? Is Mother well? Does your brother Sam bother your guinea pigs any more? I am so glad to see you. I knew you would come, but did not think the stage would pass so early. Toty, come to my room, and we will have such a time! Madame Leveroux has given me free of that tiresome *Telemaque*. Mr. Mentor—you know Guardy—will be here day after to-morrow. Do you know he is going to bring me a present? What do you think it is, Toty? I can't guess. Uncle Abe thinks it is a husband; but I can't believe him. I don't want a husband; do you, Toty? I had such a nice breakfast this morning—broiled pigeon. I must make Uncle Abe get pigeons for you, Toty. Oh, Toty, I am so glad to see you!" And Maud kissed her visitor at least fifty times, and only desisted for want of breath.

Then Toty began jabbering, or chirruping—for these little girls were as like canary birds as women—and Maud began laughing, for Toty was so funny.

"Maud, papa wanted to come along, but mama said no. You see he went down to

New Orleans the week before last, and staid two days, and had to borrow money to get back. He says he thinks he must have been robbed. Dear papa! I know how. Oh, Maud, papa will go to those stupid faro tables, not to play, but to look on; and then he lends his money, or takes all the city to get a drink with him. He brought such a nice dress, though! Dear papa! he is always good to me, Maud. I am going to show it to you. Can't you get your dress-maker to make it up? It is so lovely—white and green and gold. Sam is away at college, and the littlest guinea pig is dead. I am afraid that miserable little nigger, Patsy, hurt it putting it in the wash-tub. Ma was going to have her whipped, but I did not let her, for Patsy knew no better. Patsy cried to come along with Phillis and I, but then she is too little, and keeps me so busy watching her tantrums, and keeping her out of mischief. I promised to bring her a doll. Emily Hazleton, whom you heard me speak of getting acquainted with at New Orleans last winter, is married."

"To Mr. Dacre?"

"No."

"Why, you told me she was engaged to him, I thought, Toty."

"Yes: she was—but she married a Corpus Christi gentleman—Mr. Schrieff. She is coming to Louisiana, the week after next, with her husband, and they will be two months in New Orleans, unless the fever breaks out. Emily never had it. But papa says it is so late now, he don't believe we shall have it this year. I want her to come to Baton-Blanc and visit me."

"But what became of Mr. Dacre?" said Maud.

"Why, how silly I am to be sure! I forgot how I came to tell you! In Emily's letter there was a postscript. She wrote me that Mr. Dacre was coming with your guardian to Terroverde—that so she had learned by a letter from Sarah Graham, who lives in Brownsville, and who received a call from Mr. Mentor and the young man. Emily said in these few lines—"I want you to tell me, dear Theodora (why can't she call me Toty, Maud?) just how he looks. Don't ask me why I changed, nor question me—I want to know that Lansing is well and happy. I cannot rest till I hear from you!"

"Why, now I see," said Maud. "That may be the gentleman Guardy wrote was coming with him. Here is the letter. Why did he not tell the young man's name?"

Toty was not good at deciphering Mr. Mentor's legal, angular hand, so Maud read it aloud.

"Is that all?"

"Yes."

"Why there is some writing on the fourth page."

"Is there? I didn't see it," said Maud; and she read it aloud:—"Maud, Mr. Dacre is a very dear friend, and I hope you will be a sister to him, for my sake."

"It is him," said Maud thoughtfully. "I feel sorry for him, Toty? Don't you?"

The girls chatted on for some hours, until it was time to dress for dinner, at which ceremony, we, of course, sir, would be *de trop*—so we will withdraw, and with the license of

romancists, hurry to the Crescent City to await the Point Isabel steamer, which is coming up the river to her wharf at the Southern Levee.

X.  
MAUD'S BIRTHDAY.

If Mr. Robert Dale Owen were beginning this chapter, he would be attracted by the "co-incidence" that "Toty" reached Terroverde, and Mr. Mentor and Lansing Dacre arrived at New Orleans from Brazos St. Laago, on "the same day, at the same hour;" and you may be sure Egbert lost no time in hurrying to Terroverde, which was thirty hours' journey, in order to be present at his ward's birthday *fete*.

The old gentleman, we should say—but such men as Mentor never grow old, for their pure spirit preserves perpetual youth in their hearts—had remained weeks instead of days in Mexico, to give the first flush of Dacre's grief time to pass away, and in order that he might divert himself by changed scenes and a sensuous existence. In order that no moral-mouthed but depraved-going man should have a vulnerable place to hang a sermon upon, let it be distinctly understood that Mr. Dacre did not plunge into debauchery. It is so hard for people who live in ice-houses not to throw stones!

When Lansing Dacre disembarked at New Orleans, he was a trifle thinner and many years older than the sunny day when our readers first saw him on the prairies of the Nueces. In a few weeks of disappointed love, he had grown into a maturer manhood. Left to himself, the sensual, the vindictive, the base might have triumphed, but with Egbert Mentor near him, who had suffered the same sorrow from the mother who was sleeping her last dreamless sleep in that Maryland grave, he could not fall into the pit-falls of Despair. He never spoke of Emily Hazleton. Her letter was only answered the very day he left Matamoras. As he handed the little note to his friend, no words passed between them, save these:

"Will you be kind enough to direct another envelope like this, and post my letter inside of it?"

Certainly," said Mentor; "I had written one to her myself."

He handed it to Dacre to read:—

"MATAMORAS, Sept. 7th, 1853.

"Mrs. Carl Schrieff will accept Mr. Mentor's congratulations, and he wishes her many golden returns of her wedding-day. Her enclosure was received, and duly delivered, and her note to himself carefully perused. Will Mrs. Schrieff present her husband and parents the kind regards of Mr. Mentor?"

Lansing read it without a word. Finally, he pulled from his writing desk a copy of his reply to Emily:—

"You are free. I thank you for not returning or demanding me to send you again the little locks of hair we exchanged, when younger and less wise than we are now. May God bless you and yours, Emily!

"Matamoras, September 16th. L. D."

Henceforth, as by tacit consent, the subject was dropped between the young man and his friend, save the second evening of the voyage from Point Isabel to New Orleans,



when Lansing said, as they smoked their cheroots alone on the lower deck:

"Mr. Mentor, please write my father that I wish to remain South the balance of this year."

"I have done so already, Lansing. There is balm in Gilead. *I have faith in Terreverde.*"

After this the past was entirely ignored.

The gentlemen reached the plantation of Maud La Grange about seven o'clock on the morning of her birth-day. Toty and her little hostess were walking in the south part of the court-yard, and Chloe and Phillis were enjoying with Uncle Abe, the luxury of a snail's-pace promenade at the North-Eastern extremity of the grounds. So busy were the girl canary birds in chirruping, that the private-carriage of Mr. Mentor was almost at the Lodge, ere Maud perceived it, when she ran like a fawn, followed by Toty, and called loudly to the sleepy Isaac to unfasten the gate.

Uncle Abe, however, had his eyes open, and had quietly reached the carriage-walk, long before the burly black porter had got awakened, and expressing his patriarchal scorn of "dem or'nary lazy niggers," had the entrance wide open, ere the spirited bay mares came to a full stop.

Mentor and Dacre alighted, and Uncle Abe mounted beside Jim, Egbert's coachman, and after depositing the trunks on the gallery, piloted the carriage to the coach-yard, and assisted Isaac in unharnessing the horses and placing them in their stalls, in the open shed appropriated to the purpose; and I am afraid a strict economist would have thought Abraham slightly profuse in the use of provender; but then "Missey Maud" always wanted the best for "de gemmen from de city."

Maud rushed to Mentor, throwing her little arms about his neck: "Dear Guardy! I am delighted to see you. Oh, Guardy we will have such fun to-day! But here is Toty: don't you remember Toty, Guardy?"

"Of course Dacre we cannot make fish of one and fowl of the other," he replied. "And Toty was saluted by Mentor, whose face fairly scintillated with fatherly tenderness as he looked at the two girls.

"Mr. Dacre, let me make you acquainted with my pet baby, Maud La Grange—the dearest little canary bird in the whole South-West."

Dacre took the wee creature's tiny hand, and bowed quietly; and, as he saw what a child it was, said:

"Miss Maud; I hope every birth-day morning of yours, may see as cloudless a sky."

"Thank you, Mr. Dacre. But let me introduce you to Toty."

Dacre laughed: unsophisticated Maud forget every one did not know Toty as she did.

Toty was not abashed, and as Mentor whispered: "this is Miss Grade," Lansing shook hands and remarked:

"Miss Grade, you must let me say, 'Toty' too."

...Lansing, at once, was charmed by Maud's girlish ways—so artless, so thoroughly Child-Woman. And as she took his arm up the gravelled walk towards the Manor House, she caught many sly peeps into those sad violet-gray eyes, and divined there that he was lonely, unhappy, and worthy of a brighter fate. She had read this, as little "Missey Maud," not as heiress of Terreverde; and Uncle Abe's exposition of Mentor's promised present, vanished from her mind; but had the idea returned that she would one day call this young man "husband," she would have laughed as guilelessly as if some one had given her a pet kitten. It was such a funny idea—a husband! Her heart knew nothing of the love that men dream of, and which many beautiful spirits fade from earth without realizing in its glorious fruition. He was a gentleman, Guardy's friend, and seemed melancholy and good, and little Maud's simple soul realized all that was pure, holy and beautiful in the Poet. She thought if she had such a brother, her happiness would be indeed complete.

Dacre treated her as a bright and promising child. To him, as yet, she was a mere bird, that might one day bloom into a lovely flower, and her tiny hand resting on his arm,

seemed to him as that of the little sister, who, had she lived, would have been about Maud's age, but closed her eyes almost as soon as she had opened them on this work-a-day world.

Breakfast was not long delayed, and the quartette seated themselves to enjoy a Louisiana morning meal. So simple, so clean, so peaceful! Dacre felt the soothing influence of the scene; and the merry prattle of the young ladies and Mr. Mentor, who, for the time, was the most perfect child at the table, drove him out of himself and beguiled Memory of her poisoned arrows. Blessed indeed is it that Providence allows no mortal to be forever miserable or happy!

As the day wore on, the birthday preparations developed themselves. Guests arrived rapidly, and the oldest and wealthiest families in the neighborhood gathered together at Terreverde. The court-yard swarmed with figures of plainly yet richly attired gentlemen, and gorgeously-robed ladies. All the young people for twenty miles about congregated to greet Maud La Grange on her sixteenth birthday; and as each party of the visitors were accompanied by one or more family servants, and it was holiday on the plantation, the negroes were in ecstasies—many a dusky nymph wearing silks that would arouse the envy of a country maiden in the rural districts of the wise and frugal North.

A more exquisitely formed, a fairer-featured assemblage, never sun shone upon; "like the lilies of the field, they neither sewed nor spun, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these." There were beautiful women, with large, dark liquid eyes, and a flowing outline, and graceful dignity of carriage, as difficult to describe as irresistibly felt by the tourist. A few old planters and their wives were present, but they formed chiefly a coterie by themselves, and let the young mingle with the young. There were heads there of which ancient Rome could alone have furnished equals in majesty and stately firmness; but then this was softened by a suavity only Old Spain could parallel.

The court-yard, with its cool shades, and the wide galleries about the mansion, were chiefly sought by the guests. Few cared to haunt the old drawing-rooms and library. It was a party where hum-drum etiquette did not intrude, for being well-bred people, "Miss Leslie's Behavior Book" was not carried in their pockets. It was a reproduction on the Western Continent of chivalrous gentlemen and noble ladies—children of a Republic yet undisturbed by the bursting of the war-clouds, and the inroads of the Vandals.

Just fancy this scene. That court-yard alive with at least two hundred human forms, shining in the splendor of a Southern September afternoon—the very flowers hiding their gaudy heads beside the loveliness of the bright fairies and cavaliers about them. Scent the magnolias, and gaze at that unclouded sky. Hear the music of the violins, tuned to gay strains by dusky figures. Mark the plantation alive with negroes enjoying the holiday, and not a care upon a single face. How the figures float before the eye, and how the dancers on the gallery are travestied by the dusky servants upon the greensward in the distance! See Mentor, at his years, joining in the dance, until Toty laughs with girlish glee. Mark Dacre, silent, quiet, forgetful of the past, absorbed in contemplation of the glowing, living panorama before him. Yonder are lovers, apart from the noisy crowd of merry dancers, love-making in shady groves where seats are placed convenient. There are two old men, looking so wistfully, and wishing they were young, and light of heart, and free to live and love, and hope and do and dare again. Here you meet Aunt Chloe and Phillis and Uncle Abe in dignified converse, slowly "meandering" from the court-yard to the field—now sharing the glories of their mistresses, Missey Maud and Missey Toty; now watching those of their own class, free from work, dancing against time and tide. The littlest picaninny enjoys the afternoon, and dances with its mate. Color, form,

light, music, youth, age, beauty, wealth, flowers, sunshine, sky, trees are all blended as in one dreamy phantasmagora, and the sounds of merry voices float away on the soft September breeze.

Then come the merry games, and crowning the Queen of the Fete, and when she sitteth in her bower and the flowers are fastened in her pretty, silken hair, you may be sure Toty is one of her maids of honor, and when she is called on to choose a King, and the young men pass in a circle round-about her leafy throne, do you marvel that she gives her hand to Lansing, who claims the penalty ere he leads her to the dance. As for a moment they were seated in that Magnolia copse, and he touched his lips to the girlish forehead, down through the foliage came a rollicking gay beam of sunshine, and rested like a halo from above upon their wealth of soft, light hair, almost the same color, seeming only divers shades of one golden hue.

Mentor saw it: he accepted the good omen, and his eyes were so moist as he looked up to the vernal throne, that Toty pressed forward and whispered in his ear: "He may have her. He deserves her, don't he?"

Mentor took Miss Grade's hand, and I believe a tear fell on it, as he answered: "Toty, those children are very near to me."

#### XI.

##### MR. AND MRS. SCHRIEFF.

The course of our narrative has, up to this point, followed Lansing Dacre's path, and we left Emily Hazleton and Carl Schrieff as they emerged from the unfinished Cathedral at Corpus Christi, after he had unfolded his plot to marry her without acquainting her parents until the knot was tied; and the reader must now prepare to return to the Concrete City, with only such knowledge of Emily's doings and feelings as has been gleaned by the few words relating to her, which have fallen in the course of the last five chapters. From them the intelligent peruser will have learned:

First—Emily had married Carl Schrieff. Secondly—The newly-wedded couple were contemplating a visit to New Orleans at an early day, if the fever did not break out, which was improbable, considering the advanced season.

Lastly—Mrs. Schrieff had some acquaintance with Theodora Grade; knew from her Brownsville friend Dacre was going with Mentor to Terreverde; and desired Toty to write her if he were well, and if he seemed happy.

Herefrom are to be drawn these conclusions:

No. 1.—Mr. Schrieff's plot had succeeded.

No. 2.—Emily wanted change of scene, and the gaieties of the capital, at a season when the pleasure-seekers were returning from the Northern watering-places, and New Orleans was awakening from its summer sleep and getting ready for the winter campaign.

No. 3.—She either had a secret cloister in her heart, where sometimes she would kneel in secret at the shrine of her early love, or else she felt some remorse for her deceit and desired to know the Boyish Lover had survived the wound.

N. B.—Possibly feminine vanity, curiosity, and a jealousy lest he might wed some one else, had something to do with the inquiries placed P. S. to Toty's letter, by Mrs. Schrieff.

...Emily had married Mr. Schrieff, and though her parents were displeased, they of course recovered their serenity. Indeed, contrary to Emily's expectations, her father took it far more coolly than her mamma. Mr. Hazleton never stormed about the matter—but his heart went from his daughter forever. He at once asked Emily and her chosen husband to his home, and invited all the guests at the surprise party, treating them all with scrupulous politeness. His lady, less accustomed to control her feelings, gave Schrieff "a piece of her mind" openly, and told Emily she "despised her;" and in half an hour afterwards was shaking hands with the German, and kissing the naughty girl and weeping over her at a great rate. Oh, these mothers! how much they can forgive; what neglect, cruelty, dis-

obedience they pardon. They are from our cradles to our graves, if we die before them, ministering angels, loving us in poverty, disgrace, banishment: they know no sundering of the cord that binds their hearts to ours; and they reconcile us to a world that were desolate indeed without their loving care.

Mr. Hazleton was more terribly just. His manly sense of right was shocked at the deception his daughter had practiced upon her parents and her lover, and while too proud to evince his indignation, Emily felt the change in his demeanor towards her, and saw she was, in his eyes, a guest, not a child of his heart.

Carl hurried the completion of his house with all the energy native to his character, and when nearly ready to be partially habitable, he proposed to Emily a brief visit to New Orleans, with the double object of business and pleasure. They could purchase furniture, carpets and the luxuries of civilized existence, and take a recreation that was a novelty to Carl Schrieff.

To say Emily was happy, even in the first days of her married life, would be as incorrect as to assert she was miserable. That her husband, when with her, plunged her soul into a dream of forgetfulness of the Past is what might naturally be expected, but there were hours when he was away from her, engaged at his business, when the thoughts of Long Ago would come back to her; and, gradually, the spectacle of the man's moral deformity broke upon her vision. He was coarse, though intellectual; he was strong and over-bearing, and had no chivalrous respect for Woman in his heart. Utterly unprincipled, with no notion of Right and Wrong save expediency, even Emily Hazleton was shocked as she saw only the worst elements in her own nature, reflected as in an exaggerated mirror.

Even deceitful women—those who do many a wrong deed, impulsively—have fine fibres in their natures, and shrink with horror from contact with men, daily and hourly, who offend every feeling they most cherish. Women must worship something: and while it is true that they ask to be loved rather as women, than idolized as angels, sad is their lot, when they find the strength they so revered is unaccompanied by tenderness, and grace, and a looking above earth, upward towards heaven.

This is not morbid sentiment. It is a law of human life, and you shall find it, deep adown the heart of the lowliest woman in the land. Woe be to the man who dares to crush it: such flowers, trodden under the foot, ruthlessly, give birth to serpents that make home a Hades:

Emily did not learn all this in a day, nor a week, nor a month. There were times when she was under the fervid gleams of that dark, magnetic eye, that she believed she was very blessed in his love. But in this affection betwixt the twain there was no pure and exalted element; there were no cooling shades from the broad noonday sun; no drop of water for the parched and burning lips; the garden of their Union bloomed with no sweet, modest, violets; it was a hot-house where only fierce Passion flowers grew, that yielded no perfume to the air, no emblem of Hope, and Rest, and Peace to the heart.

Carl Schrieff had won the race, but the bauble mocked him, and sometimes the prophecy of India rang in his ear:

"The panther woos the snake and thinks  
A dove it is, he would beguile;  
The poison mixing, ere he drinks,  
Let him but pause a little while:  
The snake, the panther shall subdue,  
The dove shall vanish like a dream,  
The bitter dregs remain for you,  
The grave a very refuge seem."

Carl loved his wife—as well as he could love anything; but he felt that there were chambers in her heart he had no key to unlock. Trifles light as air, told him, she had not forgotten Lansing Dacre, and it made him bitter to think that he, the Strong Man, could not conquer many a fancy that the Boy Poet had created. He saw in her, too, signs of a temper like that which had shone in her eye, when he stung her to the quick on that memorable afternoon, previous to the evening of their marriage, when he had



asked her if she "would be a slave?" Daily, he loved her more fiercely, and he felt her eye exercised power over him. It was as if he had indeed caged a dove, and it had changed into a beautiful serpent in his hands. It was to be a battle-ground—this marriage, in which one of them must conquer, but alas! he began to feel Emily had a will of her own. Once bursting those tiny restraints of filial obedience and womanly truth, which she had done by his urgent wooing, the timid woman was a resolute queen.

And so Schrieff loved her the more. A gentle, womanly creature, who would have trembled at his lightest frown, could have only won scorn and neglect from a nature like Carl Schrieff's; but a spirit as fearless as his own, ever on the alert to assert its own freedom, and rebel against his oppressions, had a fascination for the stormy man.

Thus days passed on. No quarrels, and many endearments, but Emily ever strengthening herself by resisting every encroachment of her husband's will: in so subtle and fine a manner, that he never knew how he was worsted.

One evening he came home, earlier than usual, and called "Emily."

No answer.

He called again.

"Mrs. Schrieff says she will be down presently," said the servant.

Several moments passed.

He called again, and then went to the door of their apartment.

"Emily! open the door."

"I am engaged. You can come in presently."

He must either force the door or bear it.

By and by Emily comes forth, looking very beautiful in a flowing pink lawn.—"Carl," says she, "go and brush your hair: I want you to go down to Miss Gore's with me," and she brushes past him—not one feature of her face evincing a knowledge of the fact that he was angry.

He went into the room. He saw the dresses, like fairy robes, hanging in the wardrobe, and the tiny shoes, and the dressing-table with its myriad feminine mysteries, and an air of wondrous neatness in the apartment, and seated himself by the window, which over-looked the beach, and heard the song the waves were singing. Why did she not call him? He bathed his face, and brushing his hair, went down into the sitting-room.

"You are ready?" she said, "come!" and did not even notice the delay. Provoking witch! But ere they had returned from the walk she had charmed him, until he forgot his grievance, for the time. But these things rankled in his heart, sometimes when alone or a fresh wound came. He loved her. She had an affection for him. They fought, yet never had had a word of difference. Oh, these wayward women, what a myriad of arts, offensive and defensive, they possess.

On the morrow they would leave for New Orleans.

## XII.

### THE MASQUERADE.

Several weeks have elapsed since Maud's birthday fête. It is late in October; and on Christmas Lansing Dacre is to take the heiress of Terreverde to his own heart and hearth.

Is he fickle?

If an admiration of her childish beauty; if a veneration for the simple piety of her life; if regard for her unaffected, truthful womanhood; if a delight in her guileless presence; if the mournful pleasure a jaded man must feel in the pure devotion of a fresh young heart; if a sense of companionship at her quaint marveling as he relateth portions of his life and thoughts and readings, such as one might tell to a sister or a mother, is Love, then Lansing Dacre worthily wooes Maud La Grange.

Their courtship was very quiet. When he went away from Terreverde, after a week, Maud wrote to Mentor she was ill, and wanted to see him and Mr. Dacre. Both came, and the Wee Flower that drooped brightened, and one evening Lansing said to Maud:

"Little Sister: we cannot part company. I cannot be here always as your visitor. May I take you to my Maryland home, part

of the year? If we must flit like the birds between the North and the South, at least like the birds we must be mates. Maud, will you marry me?"

And the young mistress of the old Manor House said to him, tremblingly:

"Lansing, I never refused any gift Guardy gave me. I know there are chambers in your heart locked from poor little Maud; but I'll go where the doors are open, and love only you till I die."

That was all. They sought Mentor, hand in hand, and Lansing said:

"My dear old friend, little Maud takes your gift. I wish it were worthier her acceptance. When may we be one?"

"Wherever Maud says, yea."

"Let it be Christmas," answered the Child-Mistress; "for Toty will be here, and my people will have holiday for the week."

"My people!" If the unworthy shopmen who have mortgages on these poor slaves, but knew the meaning of those words! "My people!" if the cold North knew the glowing, queenly, tender affection between the mistress and the dusky serf! "My people!" if the wide world comprehended all the term implied in the golden, far South-West, it would be better for humanity.

Strange anomaly!—the very men who have battled most manfully against *abus* in the system, are the very men the world calls "rebels," "traitors;" and those who recognise in Southern Serfdom *only* chattels, have been, and ever will be loudest for "the Union," and the Northern Whip upon the Southern Back! Every *ref* *rm* Slavery has, or can know, has originated with the brave, true men, to whom Gold or Blood is Dross and Water, so the South can be known of all men by her works!

..... I said some weeks had passed away. Mr. and Mrs. Carl Schrieff, and Toty and the Colonel are at the Arcade Hotel, under the charge of Mrs. Colonel Gracie; and as the pet is by to watch her father, and his better-half only doles him out a half-eagle daily, the Colonel rarely runs behind his cash account more than fifty cents *per diem*, which deficiency his pet contrives to make good. Maud La Grange, her cousin Helen, and her Governess, with Chloë and Abraham, and four family servants, as well as Mentor, and his young friend, are all at the St. Charles. Lansing's body-servant, old Uncle George, or "Gemmen George," as the darkies at Chester Hall, all call him, has arrived by the aid of no other care than a certified pass from his master, and that venerable darkie and Uncle Abe are very fast friends, and discuss the approaching union of their master and mistress with the same interest that the flunkies about Court speak of the wedding of the last Princess who went abroad, and with a similar respect. Indeed these dark appendages to lighter greatness shine by a reflected light from their owners, and it has frequently happened in the South that colored gentlemen have come to blows, on account of a diversity of opinion between them upon the respective glories of their sovereigns. No doubt, a person of African extraction born free, would feel that this was degrading; but then these people were born in a different clime and condition, and view Life from the Southern stand-point; and while we would indignantly protest against the enslavement of a freeman of *any* color, we cannot pity those who are proud and happy in that condition in which it has pleased God to call them, nor believe that the slave to savage masters is injured by being transferred to Christian, humane serfdom.

..... Everybody was preparing for the grand masque that is to occur this evening at the *Salon des M*——. No less than three hundred invitations have been issued, and among the company will be names known and honored from the Potomac to the Rio Grande. Col. W——, of Texas, Mr. L—— and Major S——, of South Carolina, General B——, of Louisiana, Col. T——, of Mississippi, and a score of others will be present, whose names now fill the public prints of Europe and America. It is almost needless to remark, that no persons are admitted until they show credentials, and that the company comprises people who have *entre* to the circles of any civilized land as "respectable," at least.

What a gorgeous scene! The frescoed hall is lighted by three large chandeliers, and from the alcoves are branches giving light. And yet each burner is so softly shaded, that this blaze of gas offers no painful sensation to the eye. The walls are hung with evergreens, and flowers are visible in marble vases from every niche above the side-lamps.

The costumes are generally plain, costly and magnificent in their simplicity. There is Night, clad in dark crape, with silver stars from her veil that falls almost to the floor, and her mask is of black silk, which does not conceal the high narrow forehead, and the close observer cannot fail to note stray tresses of beautiful amber hair. Do you suppose that woman could walk across the floor, and that Lansing Dacre would not recognise Emily Hazleton Schrieff?

Look at that pretty fairy, with her crown of leaves and simple dress of cloud-like blue, and see her move with her tiny stateliness, and tell me, if despite the green mask, it is not Maud La Grange?

But who is this, clad in funeral weeds, with a form like a Peri and grace like a Gypsy Queen, that seems to ever hover about Night and yonder Soldier of Fortune? If you had asked Inia, the fortune-teller, she might have informed you; but not even the Master of Ceremonies knew her other than as Madame Lavestiel, a wealthy widow in New Orleans for the season. She will go away ere the ball is ended, or the supper announced, or the masks removed, for Carl Schrieff might betray by some sudden exclamation the presence of his Indian wife.

Wife not by law, wife not by the statutes; but wife by the Indian usage and in the eyes of Christians who believe the marriage bond indissoluble. Why does Inia's daughter hover about his pathway? Is Nemesis in the track of the dark, cruel man?

That Doctor of Salamanca surely must be Egbert Mentor, and that Oxford Student may be his youthful friend; but it must be remembered that in the motley costumes only Mentor knew Dacre and Maud, and she knew Guardy, but not her betrothed husband, until by instinct she recognised him.

Toty wore the robes of a Tyrolean peasant girl, and was puzzling her little wits to discover Maud La Grange.

The Soldier of Fortune, approaching the Fairy, leads her to the dance, when the Little One says:

"I want to wait," and declining the offered hand she trips up to Night, and the following discourse ensues:

NIGHT—"Why do you not dance?"

FAIRY—"I don't like Soldiers of Fortune."

The Oxford Student pines, and says:

"Which of you ladies may I claim for the quadrille?"

Maud trembles, for *she* knows that hand. Emily is in a delirium of anxiety.

He does not know little Maud; and he leads Emily to the dance, and Maud approaches the Doctor of Salamanca, and he feels the Little One is weeping under her mask. *He has seen it.* But then Dacre knows not it was his betrothed wife he deserted to dance with Emily.

A waltz follows the quadrille, and without taking their seats the dancers join the waltzers. Dacre, as he encircles her waist, feels a strange thrill, and the truth flashes on him, as if by lightning. He would have fallen, but the Soldier of Fortune catches him in his arms, and seating his wife leads Lansing out into the balcony, and offers him a glass of water.

But as he raises it to his lips, the lady clad in funeral weeds brushes by, as if accidentally, and dashes it to the ground, and then in very deep tones says, "pardon me: I will get you water."

And she takes no notice of Schrieff, but leading Dacre to the ante-room, gives him to drink from flagons of water and wine, and leads him again to the waltz.

The beauty of this woman's movements no words can paint. Nearly as tall as Lansing, she was so faultless in her exquisite symmetry of proportion, that she towered as a queen. How the music seemed but as the breeze that wafted them in graceful undulation, and how many eyes, peering through

dark masks, marvelled at the poetry of that lady robed in funeral weeds.

It was not long after the waltz was ended ere this strange being brought Lansing and Emily together again, and almost forcing him to escort them both, led them to an ante-room, that was empty and deserted, when she suddenly vanished.

LANSING.—"Where is my other companion?"

EMILY.—"Night is very dismal to a gay student like yourself."

LANSING.—"It was not always so. But when the stars burn out, men seek solace in books; and Philosophy consoles them when the Poetry of Life is gone."

EMILY.—"But the stars watch over the student, and sometimes wish the eyes were turned to them again. But let us go."

LANSING.—"Yes;" and raising her hand to his lips, under the fringe of his mask, he lightly touched it, and left her as if a surging gulf of fire yawned at his feet.

He sought Mentor. "I wish to find Maud," said he. "There are three figures about her height; but they are always dancing. Oh, Mentor, let me find her; you know her: why did I not know who she was in this throng?"

Mentor was calm: "I will bring her to you; wait here."

"Maud," he whispered, "Dacre does not know you. He is trying to find you. He is wild to dance with you. Will you come?"

"Yes: but I knew him, and he knew her."

That night Lansing, in self-remorse, devoted all his intellect to make Maud happy. He discovered Toty for her, who had thus far defied her own and Mentor's investigations; and finally he led the child out for a German waltz.

How Emily's eyes followed the twain. The little figure in his arms seemed scarcely mortal, and she heeded not that Carl Schrieff scowled beneath his mask. At last, to his surprise, she said: "let us dance," and she took his arm. Carl was delighted. There was a smile under his mask now, for he did not know she wished to follow that youthful couple.

A strange contrast was presented by those four persons. Faster and faster rang the music, and swifter and swifter flew the dancers, yet ever, despite all their wild passion, and strength, and power, the youthful pair flouted from them, here, there, and evaded their pursuit. They seemed to sail through space, now here, now there, across, beyond, away, far off; and never could the eye follow them, for their paths were diverse, here and hereafter.

When the dance was at its height, the Lady in Black might have been seen joining with a gaily-attired stranger in the waltz, and as she approached the door of the ante-room with her partner, they brushed against Schrieff and Emily, as by inadvertence, and in a moment more had disappeared; but Carl staggered and fell upon the floor with a heavy sound.

In a moment every sound of violin and flute had ceased, and the throng rushed to him; but way being made, he was carried to the ante-room, where, after his head had been bathed with water, he opened his eyes, and spoke to his wife.

"I am not well, Emily; we had better go, I fear."

What was that envenomed point that stung so, neath his gay domet? Carl Schrieff knew the poisoned dagger, fine as a needle, well. Delay was death, indeed. A moment might win or lose his life. "Fool the antidote!"

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

Eion Bourcicault has had a single and elegant copy of "Colleen Bawn," printed at the Dublin University press, with likenesses of himself and wife in character. This is to be a present to the Queen of England.

Little do the ladies who wear silk velvets know the wretchedness of those who weave them. It is a laborious task to watch, mend and regulate the thousands of threads in the warp, and small are the wages paid.

## THE HOME JOURNAL:

A WEEKLY CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER  
—devoted to Literature, Art, Music, Criticism and News  
—is printed in Toronto, and published every Saturday.  
The terms of subscription are One Dollar and Fifty  
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WILLIAM HAYLEY, Publisher,  
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## The Home Journal.

TORONTO SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1861.

## NEW STORY.

Mr. LOVERIDGE's excellent story, "Down  
on the Beach," will be concluded in our next  
issue.

We are pleased at being in a position to  
announce that it will be succeeded by an  
original Canadian serial from the brilliant  
pen of Mr. James McCarroll, and to be en-  
titled "Night Hawk." The issues of the  
HOME JOURNAL containing this story will  
be much sought for, and we request that  
news-dealers will at once regulate their  
orders, that we may know how to meet  
them without disappointment. Those de-  
siring of possessing the paper from the com-  
mencement should send in their subscrip-  
tions at once, as the numbers we have over  
are rapidly disappearing.

## CANADIAN LITERATURE.

"Let me write the songs of a people, and  
I do not care who writes their books or ad-  
ministers their Government," was, substan-  
tially, the remark of one whose name is as  
familiar as household words to every Briton.

There was a deep thought in the apparently  
flippant saying; for it is only dulness that  
seemeth profound at the first reading. In-  
deed, there is nothing which presents a  
greater contrast than the simple, easy diction  
of many of the most world-known English  
periodicals, and the pompous, inflated as-  
sumption of dignity of style, which is the  
besetting sin of some of our journalists;  
just as an entire disregard of grammar, and a  
slang-like, would-be-conversational manner  
is the characteristic of many of the Yankee  
daily and weekly presses.

"Heavy writing" is not, by any means,  
necessarily profound, any more than a slip-  
shod, indecent carelessness is epigrammatic;  
and in the remarks we are about to make, it  
is sincerely hoped that our contemporaries,  
whose thousand-and-one virtues we respect,  
and whose generous encouragement we ap-  
preciate, will not be offended, or suppose, for  
a moment, we mean to snarl at, or lecture  
our seniors, and possibly superiors.

Since the HOME JOURNAL was born, the  
publisher is often asked the question, both  
by letter and in person, "Why do you not  
make your paper more strictly local? Home  
stories, home essays, home poetry, home  
literature are what the Canadian public most  
crave."

It is precisely because that is what we  
most desire to give you, that this publication  
was commenced; but, friends, will you be

kind enough to remember, for a moment, that  
this Province is comparatively a new country  
that every similar publication has died a  
premature death, and that letters require  
ages to bring them to perfection.

Literature is catholic, it owns no clime,  
no creed, no politics, no preconceived op-  
inions. Its birth is indicative that a State  
has passed through the first stages of pioneer  
development; its death, that a nation is in  
the agonies of dissolution.

Nothing is ready-made to our hands. It  
is our task, and our pride, and our wish, to  
rally to the standard of the JOURNAL every  
literary man and woman in Canada. Hitherto,  
they have had no field to cultivate; no  
theatre to play in, and the natural conse-  
quence is that those with whom letters  
mean life are writing for American maga-  
zines and newspapers, and the amateurs are  
either merely toying with their pens, or dis-  
heartened and idle.

It must be the work of years of patient  
toll to develop Canadian literature. Physi-  
cal wealth is not created in a day; nor can  
the world of thought be made fruitful in a  
week or a month. Every post brings us  
letters from all quarters of the Province,  
cheering our labors, by indicating far more  
material awaiting encouragement than we  
had deemed could possibly exist, when for  
years it has seemed the study of partizan  
presses and prejudiced persons to discourage  
literary people as useless, and literary jour-  
nals as unwelcome guests. In our desire to  
develop the literature of Canada, we must  
work with such materials as are at our com-  
mand; work with no immediate hope of pecu-  
niary emolument: work with the expecta-  
tion of being misconceived by the malicious,  
and persecuted by the prejudiced; but  
cheered by the reflection that the best intel-  
lect of the Province, and the most cultivated  
of the gentlemen of the press, have bade us  
God-speed in our labors, and promised us of  
their hands support and kindly notice.

Brought by business associations for years  
into contact with the newspaper men, not  
alone of this Province, but of many gentle-  
men across the border, we have learned to  
appreciate their struggles, as well as the  
difficulties in the path of a publication  
strictly devoted to letters; and it is our  
wish to obtain the friendship of the many,  
while we cannot sacrifice our enterprise by  
listening to the carplings of the few.

To obtain as much original matter as  
possible is, manifestly, the only way to en-  
courage home authors; but we cannot re-  
fuse contributions from American literary  
men of note, while Boston and New York  
journals own no narrow proscription of  
writers on the score of birth, creed or posi-  
tion; and while willing and anxious to give  
the preference to Canadian writers, we could  
not, if we had even accepted contributions  
too crude for publication, have printed the  
amount of original matter we are doing, had  
we shut our columns against the two Ameri-  
can writers who have favored us already, and  
whose articles have hitherto been welcome  
to the columns of periodicals and presses  
that are largely patronised in both Upper  
and Lower Canada; and, with two or three  
dissenting voices, their writings have not  
only been eagerly sought by the public, but  
warmly recognized by the press of both the  
West and the East.

In this age of the world, it is utterly idle  
to denounce fiction and poetry; to do so,  
argues not only a narrowness of feeling, but  
a slender store of education. Neither can  
an editor always compel writers to walk on  
stilts, or express just his or the JOURNAL's  
opinions; to do so, would be illiberal, and  
an attempt to constrain men of letters in a  
mode that would be as indignantly as justly  
resented.

As in the case of the author of "Down on  
the Beach," for example:—There are many  
views entertained by that writer that are  
not those of the paper; but they are natural  
to a man who has resided for years in the  
far South, and who by many ties is bound to  
that section. He obtained warm and cordial  
recognition as a writer of talent in Louisiana  
and Texas, (albeit somewhat eccentric in his  
nervous style,) as well as in New York and  
Boston; and though we may criticise some

of his peculiarities, it is scarcely liberal to  
allow our dissent from his peculiar opinions  
to prejudice us against what is meritorious  
in his compositions, and it is possible that  
between the warm occasional outbursts  
against the North, and our frequent feeling  
of indignation at what we conceive his  
errors and the errors of the South, there may  
be a *muddle view*, which, precisely coinciding  
with neither, is substantially a true one.  
Every tourist knows the fidelity of his de-  
scriptions of life in the Gulf States.

True literature is very charitable, and  
Fancy cannot be confined by geographical  
boundaries or narrow lines of sect or party.  
While authors, as well as readers, are bound  
by certain principles of morality recognized  
by all Christian nations, let us allow them  
all reasonable freedom, and if any thought  
inadvertently creeps into the HOME JOURNAL  
that seems objectionable to older and wiser  
heads, our columns are open to any refuta-  
tion of what a correspondent conceives to be  
an error, so long as courtesy of tone, correct-  
ness of expression, and terseness of style  
characterize its contents.

These few hints have been thrown out  
hastily, as we could not reply by mail to all  
the friendly letters we have received, and  
we would close our remarks by expressing a  
wish that the best intellect, scholarship and  
youth of the country would aid our efforts to  
foster Canadian Literature.

[For the Home Journal.]

## SOCIAL LIFE.

BY A. H. ST. GERMAIN.

God created His beings with capacities  
for social intercourse. He did not intend  
that life should consist merely in three score  
years and ten—to eat, drink, and sleep—  
with habits, wealth and trade—these bless-  
ings alone, will not give vitality to the  
mechanism of existence. Unconscious hu-  
manity requires to be awakened. Knowl-  
edge, Truth, Love, Goodness, and Faith,  
must be possessed by man before he begins  
to live the life that his Creator designed  
him to.

The good of society demands Education.  
A sound mind in a sound body may be a  
great blessing, but soundness of mind  
without mental acquirements gives a man  
no fair pretensions to merit.

There are various kinds of knowledge;  
however, man is not expected to learn every  
kind, but he must not allow his mind to re-  
main a barren desert, or a forest overgrown  
with weeds and brambles. Not an hour that  
passes but calls for an exercise of our judg-  
ment upon some one thing or other relative  
to our family, neighborhood or government.  
It is necessary, then, that we improve our  
understanding, inform our judgment, and  
treasure up useful knowledge, and acquire  
the necessary qualifications to make us use-  
ful and honorable members of society, and  
thereby escape the danger of plunging into  
folly and guilt.

In early times the youth were trained up  
to be useful to their country, and were  
taught to do all they could to promote its  
welfare. This course of instruction pro-  
duced characters and actions creditable to  
reflect upon, and has kindled in the breasts  
of thousands a laudable ambition to imitate  
those virtues that have appeared admirable  
in others. Very many people are restrained  
from associating together to do good owing  
to conventional forms. They do not wish  
to become identified with any society lest  
they may subject themselves to the frown of  
some sect, or the anathema of some synod,  
or the fashion of some clique, or the laugh  
of some club. Under these influences have  
many noble impulses and high thoughts been  
suppressed—neighbors have been afraid of  
each other, their hands have been bound and  
their feet fettered. Would that there were  
more joyful freedom in the social inter-  
course of communities and individuals.

Selfishness destroys many of the sources  
of happiness to be derived from social life,  
and makes slaves of its subjects, who feel it  
a relief to part company. It is human na-  
ture to be happy and miserable by times;

but, it is to be regretted that too many of  
Adam's erring mortals prefer the privilege  
of always being miserable. Again, there  
are those in the world who imagine them-  
selves so exalted in intellect and influence  
as to cause them to behave with arrogance  
towards others. This class of persons,  
however, does not always triumph—their  
schemes are often nipped in the bud—and  
sociality and good feeling allowed to take  
the place of discord and confusion.

Life has no charms without friendship,  
Virtue, purity of manners, an elevated soul,  
and a perfect integrity of heart, render  
friendship true and lasting. To be safe and  
sure in the means of promoting our social  
happiness, we should select our companions  
from the society of the good and virtuous.

Courtesy and politeness towards those  
among whom we mingle promotes social  
happiness. We should, in our intercourse  
with one another in life, avoid giving of-  
fence. Bluntness and Gothic freedom are  
not always agreeable companions in society.  
Some people say there is a pleasure in what  
they call "speaking their minds." But  
what may be an artificial pleasure to them  
is often a pain to those whose feelings  
they intended to wound. There are those  
who aiming at honor and reputation, try these  
means, but they often reap contempt and  
derision. Ill-nature has ever been hated,  
while civility is always courted and esteem-  
ed. Narrowness of mind often incapaci-  
tates men from taking a correct view of all  
the complicated influences that cause incon-  
sistencies in their actions; thence it is that  
a want of prudence and decency are prac-  
ticed among the bulk of mankind. Thence  
arise bickerings and dissensions instead of  
generous and hearty good-will.

Men are too apt, while engaged in dispu-  
tations, to heap nonsense and reproach on  
the heads of their opponents, when reason  
and truth could be as handily employed.  
We ought to keep our minds free from pas-  
sion and prejudice, as they give a wrong  
turn to our observations, both on persons  
and things. When we desire to make proper  
observations, let self, with all its influ-  
ences, stand aside, as far as possible. A  
great deal of social happiness is destroyed  
through the thoughtlessness of many who  
seem never to be done speaking evil of their  
fellows. It is an old rule, but nevertheless  
a good one, that our conversation should  
rather be laid out on things than on persons.

Impertinencies of discourse, and reproach-  
es of the tongue, should not be tolerated in  
the social circle. It is a misfortune that  
mankind act more from habit than reflec-  
tion. Man is a bundle of habits. If he  
habituates himself to be abrupt and dis-  
agreeable in his manners, he becomes a nu-  
isance in the social gathering, and his ab-  
sence would always be preferred to his  
presence. On the contrary, if he be a man  
of good principles, information and social  
qualities, his acquaintance is sought after  
by the good and wise, and he is at once  
placed in a position to benefit his neighbors  
intellectually and morally.

How necessary it is, then—in order to ful-  
fill the designs of Providence—that we, in  
common with others, become possessed of  
those social qualities and right principles,  
which will render our days pleasant here,  
and ensure us a peaceful departure from this  
transient state.

[For the Home Journal.]

## ON EYES AND THEIR LANGUAGE.

BY MATT.

Thought may be said to have three utter-  
ances—those of the tongue, gesture or action,  
and the eyes; and although it would seem  
to be the duty of the former to do all the  
work, yet the latter does much of it, and  
does it more truthfully. Eyes are varied in  
their expression. Some look out from under  
their covers, like suspicious sentinels, ques-  
tioning and demanding the passports of all  
that pass. Others look defiance, hate, and  
all that is demoniacal, and utter stronger  
language by these than ever the tongue  
could. There are eyes that melt you into  
pity, as you look into their depths; eyes  
that melt into compassion the steepest hearts,



as they tell of the hardships which the mind or the body undergoes; eyes that search the soul in its inner and most secret chambers, and like so many deeply-learned chemists, stand at the door of the laboratory of human nature, and place all that human nature's tongue utters in the crucible, and reduce each speech that it gives forth into its simple elements of truth or falsehood—the tongue uttering the sound, and the eye stamping it with a value.

Watch that stolen utterance between Amelia's and Henry's eyes—not a sound has been created, not a lisp exchanged, and yet a long, deep, and soul-filling conversation has been going on, not a syllable out of place, not a word mispronounced. "Look me straight in the face, and say that again," says one to another, and the tongue again pronounces, and the eye says its true or false.

"You heard those courteous remarks, a little while ago, between John and Edward?" "Yes." Ah, yes! But did you see Edward's eyes as they said, "wait awhile, until the constraints of society are off, and then you shall answer to me for your insults and your sarcasms." There are eyes that speak so pure and noble a language, and have so elevating and ennobling an influence upon us, that we feel more at ease with ourselves, and that the world seems less heavy on us by their giving us even but a passing glance on the street. Eyes again, that when we meet them, they bid us examine the strength of our watch-chain, or see if the pocket our money is in is securely buttoned. Lustrous eyes, that speak a sunshiny language to whomsoever they rest on. Languishing eyes, that speak of voluptuousness. Cold grey eyes, that freeze us. Eyes there are, again, of which we have not the alphabet—they cannot be read, but, like some undeciphered hieroglyphics, may mean anything or nothing. But who is there who has not seen the fond blue eyes that look out their pure and noble language, cheering and bright—great wells of love, from which we draw the moisture that irrigates the heart and keeps it free?

Oh! those mysterious aqueducts to the human soul, through whose labyrinthine channels flow sunshine and sadness, joy and grief!—by what mysteriously wondrous power have their materials been compounded, and whence the source of their inexhaustible beauties? Without them, what were nature, even amid all her loveliness, and what were man? But with them to guide us, we behold the profusion of nature, the rich and varied hues in which she bedecks herself, and we can, with their miraculous aid, trace the lightning's flash or follow the streamlet; we can observe the terrific leap of the mighty Niagara in its hurry to the ocean; or we can roam through the untrodden paths of space, revelling in the mighty grandeur of the heavens.

### The Editor's Round Table.

.... "Heigho!" said we, as the sanctum door opened, and admitted a bevy of beauties, and half a score of the most sentimental-looking gentlemen that ever pestered an Editor, and delighted the lady public, "friends, you have gathered in increasing numbers about this circular piece of furniture, that unlike the handicraft of the mere mechanic, improves with age." "Is it real mahogany?" asked Mariette. "If it is not, young Miss, it won't remain long in Canada. You cannot humbug these people. For instance, my dear lady, we all know your pearls, in that ring, are genuine. People hereabouts once were poor. *Nous avons change tout cela.* Nobody confesses poverty or murder, and to wear real diamonds when paste are so much brighter in the day-time, is very singular." The young ladies all said we were "a provoking creature," so after making one Yankee, who will smoke and talk and put his feet on our marble mantel-piece, throw away his jack-knife and stop making the young poetesses laugh when we were talking, we began on the theatre in general and the Royal Lyceum in particular:—

.... Don Cesar de Bazan is a rollicking, careless Spanish serio-comedy. When Matthews and Vestris appeared in it, or in the

*petite comedy* of "Faint Heart," you would have sworn they were figures, suddenly endowed with life, that had stepped from Velasquez's canvass, every immortal line of coloring glowing with vital warmth.

Like Garrick, Charles Dillon, who is playing a brief re-engagement at the Royal Lyceum, has a talent for comedy. In fact, we had almost said a genius, friends, but that is a word the people on the other side of Niagara river adulterate like their ground coffee, and fine-cut tobacco. It is doubtful if any man can be a great delineator of human passions, who is blind to human follies.—Why, our poetic friend from St. Catharines knows very well that Pathos is own brother to Humor. Ah! you shake your head, Miss Fanfangle, and think we should say sister. Not at all. Pathos and Humor are masculine. Who ever knew a woman capable of enjoying a joke she had to pay for? No lady ever could see she was ridiculous.

Mr. Dillon's Don Cesar is the best we have ever seen on the British, American or Spanish stage; for the play is a paraphrase of a comedy by somebody none of you ever heard of; and hating an argument, or a very old gentleman who is deaf, we won't give you his name. Charles Dillon never over-acts; never for a second forgets that under the gay doublet there is a man's heart. You never fail to remember Don Cesar is a nobleman—a scion of the proud race he represents. He is sorry for his creditors. It cannot be doubted he would pay, if some one would loan him the money. The Marquis of Manager Porter, and the Don Jose of Mr. Carden were very well rendered, and Miss Wilkes as Lazanillo was inimitable. The action, grace, spirit she threw into this minor part were highly artistic. Julia Elliott's Maritana we would prefer to be silent about, for three reasons: she is a pains-taking actress, a lady of talent, and a pretty woman; but entirely failed to comprehend the Spanish ballad singer and dancing girl transformed to the Countess de Bazan. No woman of Madrid ever looked, moved, or spoke like her. We say this kindly. It was a part out of her line. Indeed to render Maritana well is what we have never seen done on a Canadian or American stage. All in all, however, the piece was effective: we hope to see it repeated, and that Miss Elliott may improve. The critic who is honest is not the enemy of the player folks. Besides criticism is only one man's opinion. Probably ninety-nine in a hundred would not form the same conclusion; yet the hundredth man's applause is what makes reputations.

.... The *Westminster Review* for the April quarter has a paper on "Voltaire's Romances and their Moral," that is so thoroughly appreciative, that it goes to disprove the old saying: "there are two kinds of nature—human and French." The common idea that Voltaire was an Atheist or infidel, or inflicted any dangerous wounds on Christian logic, is, of course, an absurdity, although, strange to say, many educated people believe it. Voltaire never reasoned: he felt. The thin, nervous, spiteful little man—he was as free from cold scepticism as candid breadth of mental vision. With all his faults he had some virtues. He almost hated Atheists; and a genuine human grievance made him wild till he launched his arrows of poisoned wit at the head of any one who caused or defended it. He was a poor reasoner—a grand, glowing furnace of honest indignation, who hit even the Good, if he could but make sure of the Evil. Like most men the world owe much to, he not only had his claims repudiated by posterity, but got villified into the bargain. The only remarkable thing is, he ever found any one brave enough to lift a whisper in his extenuation. But men are so kind to one another!

.... Warno & Hall send us the *Eclectic* for May—the best Magazine in the world, because the Literary Highwayman who conducts it never stops any traveller—article not inlaid with diamonds. Robbing all the best magazines in Europe, the *Eclectic* defies competition. It may be rascally, but then it is necessary; and fame makes the debt quits. It may go to pay some of the pro-

tested paper of dead literary men. Even if authors were cheated entirely, it would still be admirable. We thank the enterprising firm who first remembered we had a Round Table.

.... "Stella" sends this gem from an English paper:—

"Lady Isabella Finch, daughter of the Earl of Winchelsea, was lady of the bed-chamber to the Princess Amelia. Lord Bath, one evening, having no silver, borrowed a half-crown of her; he sent it next day, with a very gallant wish that he could give her a crown. She replied that though he could not give her a crown, he could give her a coronet, and she was very ready to accept it."

If the noble Lord did not do it, he wanted taste. The woman who had so much wit would have been a fortune to any man.

.... Those terrible Seven Essays and Reviews that have created such a terror among the lovers of orthodoxy, are familiar to our friends. "George" sends us, from a London paper, this extract. To those who are fonder of denouncing than reasoning, it is indeed

#### A WORD OF ADVICE.

Denounce Essayists and Reviewers,  
Hang, quarter, gag, or shoot them—  
Excellent plans—provided that  
You first of all refute them.

By all means let the Hangman burn  
Their awful look to ashes,  
But don't expect to settle this  
Their heterodox hashes.

Some heresies are so ingrained,  
Even burning won't remove them,  
A shorter and an easier way  
You'll find it—to disprove them.

Be this, right reverends, your revenge,  
For souls the best of cure—  
Essay Essayists to upset,  
And to review Reviewers.

.... It is our deliberate conviction that however great it may be to write like Addison, it is far greater to write like yourself.

.... Whoever sent us *Once a Week* shall be remembered daily.

.... The literary press of London, as well as of the States, is gaining a higher tone, as the lower strata of society get educated up to it. In this sense of doing the hard work of Letters, even Reynolds and Sylvanus Cobb may be tolerated—as, in time, the masses want better mental pabulum—but without food adapted to their past condition, better presses would have fewer patrons. *Unmixed Evil* is very scarce. Does it exist at all?—Ah! yes. It is quite plain, for there are people who believe in it. *They prove the fact.*

.... Warno & Hall have sent us Ballou's *Dollar Monthly* for July. It is, in fact, a reprint of the *Flag of Our Union and Drawing Room Companion*, with a little original matter. If letters are to be measured by the square inch, it is the cheapest magazine in the world.

### Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

"The Mother of States" is having an unexpected visit from some of her children.

Any merchant may make his house a *custom house* by attention to his duties.

A short time ago a man became so completely "wrapped in thought," that he was tied up, labeled, and sent off on the "train of ideas."

A henpecked husband writes:—"Before marriage I fancied wedded life would be all sunshine; but afterwards I found out that it was all moonshine."

The lady-principal of a school, in her advertisement, mentioned her female assistant, and the "reputation for teaching which she bears;" but the printer—careless fellow—left out the "which;" so the advertisement went forth commending the lady's "reputation for teaching she bears."

A newsboy of Cincinnati having got stuck on his stock of papers, cried lustily: "Ere's yer mornin' papers—all about Jeff. Davis being hung—only three cents." A victim remonstrated with him on the deception, whereupon the youngster remarked: "If Jeff. Davis' been hung, I'd a sold all my papers afore six o'clock this morning, and yer wouldn't got it fur three cents nither." The man passed on.

### Poets' Column.

#### PURE METAL.

The following poem, from an unknown pen, is worthy the exalted genius of the age. "Clang! clang! clang! clang!" How the author rolls out the colossal symphonies of the sons of Vulcan, and holds you in his ponderous grasp as if you were a pigmy! As you read, the red sludge of your blood, quickening us in sympathy, showers its blows like hail upon the glowing anvil of your heart. The Plough, the Chain-cable and the Sword are here thrown out in such stupendous relief, in such magnificent proportions and colouring, that we involuntarily strain our eyes in the hope of catching a glimpse of the giant who forged them *thus*, among the first men of the day:—

#### Song of the Forge.

Clang, clang! the massive anvils ring—  
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;  
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky  
The mighty blows still multiply;

Clang, clang!  
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang—we forge the coulters now—  
The coulters of the kindly plough;  
Sweet Mary, mother, bless our toil;  
May its broad furrows still unbind  
To genial rains, to sun and wind,  
The most benignant soil.

Clang, clang—our coulters' course shall be  
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,  
By many a streamlet's silver tide,  
Amidst the song of the morning birds,  
Amidst the low of the sauntering herds,  
Amidst soft breezes which do stray  
Through woodland hedges and sweet May  
Along the green hill's side.

When regal autumn's bounteous hand  
With wide-spread glory clothes the land;  
When to the valleys, from the brow  
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled  
A ruddy sea of living gold  
We bless—wo-bless the FLOUCH!

Clang, clang—again, my mates, what glows  
Beneath the hammer's potent chain?  
Clank, clank—we forge the GIANT CHAIN  
Which bears the gallant vessel's strain,  
Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;  
Secured by this, the good ship braves  
The rocky roadstead, and the waves  
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
The storm-cloud on the hill;  
Calmly he rests, though far away  
In boisterous climes his vessel lay,  
Reliant on our skill.

Say, on what sand these links shall sleep,  
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?  
By Africa's pestilential shore—  
By many an iceberg, lone and bare—  
By many a palmy western isle  
Basking in spring's perpetual smile—  
By stormy Labrador?

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
When to the latter's deadly peal  
The crushing broadside makes reply?  
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while  
For death or victory.

Hurrah! Cling, clang! once more, what glows,  
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath  
The iron tempest of your blows,  
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang—a burning torrent, clear  
And brilliant, of bright sparks, is poured  
Around and up in the dusky air,  
As our hammers forge the SWORD.

The sword—a name of dread; yet when  
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,  
While for his altar and his hearth,  
While for the land that gave him birth,  
The war-drums roll, the trumpets sound,  
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right  
It flashes in the van of fight;  
Whether in some wild mountain pass,  
As that where fell Leonidas,  
Or on some sterile plain and stern,  
A Marston or a Bannockburn;  
Or mid fierce crags and bursting rills,  
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;  
Or, as when stank the Armada's pride,  
It gleams above the stormy tide;  
Still, still, whenever the battle word  
Is Liberty—when men do stand  
For justice and their native land—  
Then Heaven bless the SWORD.

According to Haller, women bear hunger longer than men; according to Plutarch, they can resist the effects of wine better; according to Unger, they grow older and are never bald; according to Pliny, they are seldom attacked by lions (on the contrary, they will run after lions); and according to Gunter, they can talk faster.



## THE TWO THIMBLES.

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A TRAP FOR A SUNBEAM."

WERE you ever in a carpenter's shed, little folks?—a large shed, with its piles of shavings, its strange, quaint-looking tools, its endless pieces of wood, of all shapes and sizes?—because if you ever were there, you know what it is to play in. What a mysterious awe hangs over the tools we must not touch, and therefore look at with longing eyes—What a delight to build houses there, with those pieces of wood, so much nicer than our own neat box of bricks at home—What fun the piling up shavings to "pretend" it's a bonfire; and the still greater delight of having the hammer and the nail-box, and driving a whole row into a piece of wood, with no earthly object but to make the same noise as the carpenter! Such pleasures as these were being thoroughly enjoyed by a little bright-eyed, dark-haired, gipsy-looking child, one warm summer afternoon, when I shall first introduce her to you. Her name is Jessie Hay; she is the second child of one Alfred Hay, the village carpenter; and, perhaps, it may be owned, his darling; for in spite of the never-ending scrapes into which she continually got, she was so merry, so clever, and so winning, that he could not help loving even while he scolded her. Mrs. Hay said her father spoilt her—but I don't quite think that; Mrs. Hay made the mistake too often made with children—she thought if a child was quiet and never worried her, it was good; but if, on the contrary, it was full of life and restlessness, it required constant correction. So it happened that the little meek-faced, quiet, unexcitable Lucy, Jessie's eldest sister, rarely incurred her mother's displeasure, whilst poor Jessie was in constant disgrace. Mrs. Hay had never been fond of children before she married; and though she had a natural love for her own, all their "little ways" irritated and vexed her. Exquisitely clean, neat, industrious, and remarkably quiet herself, the mess which children make was a source of real pain to her—the ringing of their fond, eager voices—the impatience to be heard and attended to, however much she was engaged herself—the spoiling of their clothes—the destruction of books and playthings—all combined to prevent her finding any pleasure in her children. She loved them with a tender, anxious love, which made her willing and desirous to spare them from pain or ill-usage; but she wished in her heart that she and her husband had shared their home alone—that the spotlessly clean cloth she loved to spread on the table was never soiled with dirty fingers and clumsy "upsets"; that the nicely-swept floor was never strewn with broken rubbish nor shreds of linen; in short, that she could sit down peacefully to enjoy the neat home she took such pains to keep so. Lucy being a naturally quiet, dull child—she had trained her to her notions of right and wrong, so that before her mother, Lucy was never in mischief, always neat and clean, and supposed by her, and all who visited the cottage, to be a model child; but Jessie—wild, restless, joyous Jessie—was her mother's perpetual torment, and, as I have said, constantly in disgrace. And let me pause a moment to address you, the "Young of the Household"—I who love you all, from the tiniest baby cradled in its mother's arms, to the sturdiest boy or girl among you—rich or poor, high or low—the lordly infant in his silks and laces, as well as the cottage child in its patched, and, it may be, dirty pinafore—let me tell you I can understand how it was that Mrs. Hay did not like children, and how it is that so many do not; how it is they are so glad to shut them up in their nurseries with their nurses, or turn them out in the streets to play—anywhere so they are rid of them—because you forget, most of you, the good old proverb, "Little children should be like old men's beards, seen but not heard." You should try to remember that there is a time to play and be merry and noisy; and a time to be silent and quiet; when you must be contented not to be noticed, nor engage attention; but to steal away in some little corner, and be so still

that no one shall know you are in the room; a time to cease the eager questionings, to rest the restless feet; so that it may be said of you, that, though always in the way, you are never out of the way.

Lucy Hay had learned this lesson, but unhappily she had only learned it to serve herself, not because it was right and good; and, moreover, it was not so much merit to her to be still as it would have been to Jessie, because it was no trouble to her. She liked to be quiet—she liked to listen to what other people said—and above all, she liked the sugar-plums and half-pence, and sweet words, her mother lavished on her for being "so good."

On the afternoon when I tell you Jessie was so happy in the carpenter's shed, Lucy was quietly seated in a corner of her mother's best room, listening to the conversation between her mother and a visitor who had just arrived. At last, her mother returned to her and said—

"Lucy, love, where is Jessie?—in mischief somewhere, I'll be bound!"

"I don't know, mother," answered Lucy, meekly. "I think I saw her going into father's shed."

"Into father's shed! She heard me say I wouldn't have her go there. I never saw such a naughty child in my life. I declare, Martha," continued the mother, addressing the visitor, "I don't know what to do with her; you'd never think the children were sisters, or had been brought up alike. Lucy's always quiet and good, and no trouble; but as to Jessie, she almost drives me distracted. Go and tell her to come here directly Lucy; she shall have bread and water for dinner, for not minding what's said to her."

Now do you know, Lucy knew well that Jessie was not in the room when her mother had said she did not like the children to go into the shed, and she had quite forgotten to tell her sister so; but, fearful of getting scolded herself for not mentioning it, she allowed her mother to believe Jessie was wilfully disobedient. She found Jessie very happy among the shavings, and, beckoning her out, said:—

"Oh! Jessie, Aunt Martha's here, and you're to come in; and mother said we were not to go into the shed any more, and I forgot to tell you. Don't say I forgot, Jessie dear—pray don't; mother will be so cross."

"All right," said Jessie, cheerfully, and throwing down her bundle of shavings, she ran into the house with her sister. Her hair hanging in rough, disordered masses about her face, with pieces of shavings sticking to her clothes, and her little brown hands anything but clean, Jessie certainly did not present a very elegant appearance; but the honest glance of her loving brown eyes won her aunt's heart at once, and the angry rebuke of her mother was interrupted quickly by Aunt Martha, who, taking the rough head kindly between her hands, said:—

"Don't scold the child, sister: we have all been children once; and this is a loving, honest face, that can't belong to a very naughty child, I think."

"She is a naughty child, Martha. What business had you in the shed, when I said you should go there no more?—it's not a place for girls. You should bide at home with your needlework, or your book, or something, quiet and steady. I shall never make anything of you, I fear."

Jessie made no answer, only still kept her steady gaze on her aunt's face, as though to discover if in truth she had found a friend.

"Your aunt's going to dine with us," exclaimed Mrs. Hay; "so go and make yourself tidy, Miss; though you'll only get bread and water for your dinner. Go on, Lucy dear, with your sister, though I don't know that you want doing much to—you're always tidy."

When the children had left the room, Aunt Martha made it a particular favor to herself that Jessie should be forgiven, and have her dinner with the rest; and as Aunt Martha was a favored individual—a rich relation—her request was granted, and poor little Jessie was permitted to partake of beef and pudding with the rest of the family.

Before Aunt Martha went away that night, she and Jessie were fast friends. She gave

each of her little nieces a silver thimble, and said that she hoped she should see them when she came again, and that they would show her some of the work they had done with them.

Jessie was very sorry to see her aunt go away, and called after her as she turned the corner of the street—"Do come again soon!"—for which she got nothing but an angry push from her mother, for her aunt was too far off to hear what she said.

Jessie and Lucy went to school in the village; and they would have been there today, only it was Saturday, which is always a holiday. On Monday morning they both started off, carrying their thimbles in their pockets, proud enough, as you may suppose, of having silver ones. They had some little way to walk, and Lucy kept taking hers out of her pocket and flourishing it about on her finger. Once or twice Jessie said—

"Take care, Lucy—you'll lose it." But Lucy only gave her some pert answer, and went on. At length she gave her finger one unlucky twist, and off flew the thimble; but where had it flown to?—that was the question: It was not to be seen anywhere. The road had just been repaired, and was full of stones—doubtless, it was among them. But if so, where would their search end?—not in time for them to get to school, certainly.

"You run on," said the good-natured Jessie, "and I'll stay and hunt. I don't mind a scolding so much as you do, and if I do lose my place in the class, I'll soon pick it up again."

"But I wanted to show my thimble directly I got into school," said Lucy, beginning to cry.

Jessie could not bear to hear her cry, so, taking her own thimble out of her pocket, she said—

"Take mine, then—they're both alike—and I can have yours when I find it. There, do run on, dear, and don't cry any more."

"Oh, thank you, dear, dear Jessie, you are so good," said Lucy, quickly leaving off crying; and, taking her sister's thimble, off she ran to school, whilst Jessie remained busily looking for the lost one.

It was a quiet little village, and but few persons were to be seen about it; but those few who did pass asked her what she was looking for, and some even helped her for a few minutes, but in vain; so, fearing certain disgrace at school if she did not soon make her appearance, she turned away, determining to have another search on her return. The village clock struck ten as she entered the school; she was received, of course, with an angry rebuke, an order to go to the bottom of the class, and the information that she was to be "kept in." She would not have cared for all that so much as if she had found the thimble; for the gratification it would have afforded her sister would have been her consolation. But now she had to tell her that it was not found, and the fact that she was to be "kept in" would prevent her having another search for it. At twelve o'clock Lucy went home without her, and Jessie remained to finish a task that had been set her, and which would at least take her half an hour. One or two children who lived a long way off had brought their dinners, and seeing them eat theirs made Jessie feel very hungry; but though they all good-naturedly offered her a piece she would not stop from her task to eat it. She got it done at last, and was permitted to go home.

Her mother saw her coming, and opened the door to her.

"You naughty child!" she said; "I'll take care and let your aunt know how well you have kept her pretty present—you careless little thing you! It's useless to give you anything, it's broken or lost directly; and now, do you think I'm going to give you any dinner, coming in just as it's half over?"

"Yes, yes, mother," said her father, "give the child some dinner; she didn't lose the thimble on purpose."

"Ah, Henry! that's the way you go on; I shall never do anything with her while you take her part;—come and eat your dinner then, as your father says so." But poor Jessie had flung herself down in one corner of the room, and was weeping bitterly; the scolding, the loss of her place at school, and her dinner, mattered nothing, but that her

sister, whom she had tried to serve, should have told an untruth about her, was hard indeed.

"Come, come, lassie," said her father, kindly; "don't take on so; eat your dinner—you did not mean to lose the thimble—Aunt will forgive you, I'll be bound."

But poor Jessie sobbed on—her little heart felt breaking—she could only say, "I can't eat any, dear father;" she would not say that Lucy had told an untruth. And so her father went out to work, and her mother cleared her untouched dinner away—and still poor Jessie sobbed in the corner. At length it was time to go to the afternoon school, and her mother told her, if she was not ashamed to be seen such a figure, she had better go off with her sister. Slowly rising and drying her eyes, and pulling down her bonnet and cloak from the peg, which she threw on certainly without the least regard to appearance, she followed Lucy out of the cottage.

"Jessie, dear," said Lucy, as soon as they were outside, "I am so sorry; I'll buy you some bull's eyes—I've got a penny."

Jessie must be excused for feeling so angry that she could not answer. Lucy went on—"Mother said, as soon as I went in, 'Where's Jessie?' and I said you were kept in for being late; and she said, 'What made you late?' and I said you stopped looking for the thimble. I didn't say your thimble; but she flew out directly, and said she'd beat you for losing it, and I was afraid then to say it was mine; and she asked directly for mine to put away, and kissed me for having got it safe, when I gave her yours, and I could not say anything, Jessie. I should die if mother was to scold me as she does you; but I'll run back and tell her now, Jessie, if you like."

Lucy had said this in an eager breathless manner, gazing earnestly with eyes filled with tears in her sister's face. Jessie's anger vanished at once, and she said, "No, Lucy I'm used to scolding; better me than you. Mother won't say any more if I go home with a cheerful face, and I shall be no worse off than before I had a thimble; keep mine and welcome, and let's forget it." And as she spoke these generous words, the little girl remembered the story in Holy Writ of him who was falsely accused, but came at last to great honour, heartily forgiving those who had injured him. And her step soon recovered its lightness, and her loving face its glandsome smiles; and her joyous laugh rang out the loudest as with the rest of her schoolmates she sauntered home that evening in the light of the setting sun.

A few weeks after, their Aunt Martha came again to see them; and, after some little conversation, requested to see the thimbles and the work that had been done with them.

"Oh, Jessie lost hers next day! a careless little thing; and Lucy asked me to take care of hers, so no work has been done with it—but I can show you Lucy's; and, unlocking a box, her mother produced the thimble. Aunt Martha looked at it all over, silently, for a moment; and then calling Jessie to her, said very kindly—

"Where did you lose your thimble, my dear?"

Poor Jessie looked first at her mother, then at Lucy, and then on the ground, before she replied; but finding they said nothing, she answered—

"It was lost in the street."

"And what were you doing with it in the street?"

"Lucy and I were going to school."

"Did you lose it out of your pocket, dear? tell me the truth."

But this was too much for Jessie, and with a trembling voice she said—

"Please don't ask me any more, dear Aunt Martha."

"There is no occasion to ask you any more, my dear little girl; I know it all. This is your thimble and the lost one is Lucy's. I marked them, in case of any dispute; there is the little cross I placed inside Jessie's; Anne," she continued, turning to the mother, who was looking from one to the other in amazement, but suddenly she exclaimed—

"Let me see the thimble a moment. It



is Lucy's—at least, the one you gave her; for I marked hers directly, knowing how often there's quarrels about things. There's the mark on the edge I made with a knife."

Lucy gave a sigh of relief, but Jessie was perfectly bewildered, knowing so well it was her own thimble; how could it bear the mark her mother had placed on Lucy's?

"Well," said aunt Martha, "it's very strange; but I'm by no means satisfied. The other thimble may yet be found, and if it is, we will look at them carefully together. And now, Anne, I want you to let Jessie come home with me for a day or two."

How Jessie's eyes brightened up at the thought—what joy to ride home in the cart between her aunt and uncle on that lovely summer evening; what delights were anticipated from a visit to uncle's farm!

After a few happy days Aunt Martha brought her back, having quietly won from her the story of the lost thimble; she was now determined to see the child righted, and Lucy, if possible, shamed out of her deceitful and treacherous conduct; but before she could begin the subject Mrs. Hay said—

"Oh! by the bye, Martha, the lost thimble's found. An old man working on the road picked it up, and carried it home to his old missis, who brought it to me last night, as she'd heard we'd lost one. Here it is, but beat and battered enough I've not had time to look at them together."

"Look here, Anne; here's your mark, but no cross of mine. This is a sad story of a little girl's deceit."

Finding that all hope of longer concealment was at an end, Lucy threw herself down before her mother, and, with passionate tears and sobs, interrupted with supplications for pardon, told all the truth: how Jessie had so generously given her her thimble; and how she, as she came home, remembered that her mother had marked hers; and so she had borrowed a knife of a boy to make a similar mark on Jessie's.

The poor mother was, of course, deeply distressed at this proof of her favorite child's duplicity—but in consideration of her having at length told the whole truth, and through Jessie's earnest entreaties, Lucy was not punished: the misery she herself had felt ever since the deception had been punishment enough.

This incident, however, worked a happy change for Jessie. Her mother could not but acknowledge her generous conduct, and by Aunt Martha's advice, tried quite a new kind of treatment with her; so that, though she lost none of her bright joyous spirits, she learnt to keep them in proper check; and, in gratitude to her mother for her altered manner and increased kindness, strove to be quiet, gentle, and tidy, as she wished her to be. On Lucy the lesson was not lost; and though her character was never so fine as her sister's, she never forgot what she had suffered in this, her first attempt at deceit and falsehood, and wrestled with the temptation whenever it assailed her. She kept the battered thimble always by her, and often, years after, in winter evenings, by the light of the wood fire, she would tell her own little ones, as a lesson and a warning, the story of the *Two Thimbles*.

#### Oriental Ingenuity.

I heard of another ingenious way of detecting a pilferer. The party who had been robbed drove a wooden pin into the floor of a dark inner room, and annointed it thoroughly with a preparation of hing or asafoetida. He then assembled his servants, one of whom he knew must be a thief, and, after a preliminary ceremony to awaken their superstitious fears, he said:—"Now go into that room singly, and lay firmly hold of that pin; the guilty party will stick to it, the others need have no fears." The servants having gone in and returned, one at a time, their hands were examined, and all but one were found to smell strongly of asafoetida. That one, was of course, the thief; as, knowing himself to be unobserved, he had not touched the pin, for fear of sticking to it, as he had been told he would; and his house being searched, the stolen property was found therein.—*Residence at the Court of Neer Ali Mooral.*

## The Letter Box.

Our portfolio, as it rests on yonder table, is a formidable looking object; and could the vulgar eye penetrate into the cosy, Bohemian-looking room where we write, the aforesaid *oculis vulgaris* would learn a good many things it has never taken in at one *coup d'œil*. From our window the beautiful bay glistens in the afternoon sunlight, and the schooners at the wharves seem as enchanted trees, in the Persian fable, that had the magical property of showing all colors to all eyes. Now, as a critical correspondent, whose praise is pleasantly acidulated with wholesome rebuke, remarketh: "A little more learning is requisite in a literary paper. Remember you are writing for Canada, and the classics are in better odor here than the acacia blooms or the violets." Very good now, we maintain, in the face of the whole University of Toronto—big-wigs and little-wigs; red gowns and black gowns—that the Persian Tree was only a type of a great truth which is thus differently rendered, by different people, to wit, namely:—

ENGLISH: "Be all things to all men."

YANKEE: "Play smart."

SOUTHERN-AMERICAN: "Magnolia leaves change colour."

SPANISH: "Cual Tiempo: tal el tiempo"

Now, we ask our critical correspondent, if that is not learning enough for one number of the HOME JOURNAL? If he will give us: "Be all things to all men," in idiomatic Russian, Turkish, Norwegian, Swedish, Indian, etc. etc. etc., he will do more service to letters than he can do by criticising a man old enough to be his great grand-father; and if he cannot, let any LEARNED MAN tell us how to render this, *idiomatically*, in any language not generally studied by young ladies in short frocks, and young gentlemen without beards, and we will thank him and print it. Six words analysed and exhausted will teach more than all the dictionaries, Johnson, Walker, Webster, and the entire bevy, or as the Yankees say, "co-boodle" of learned people of the *genus asinus* ever could impart. We would rather meet a man who knew all about "stove-polish," than to listen to graduates who had a *smattering* of all things under the sun, and a *knowledge* of nothing in all creation. Our critical correspondent must take a joke as well as he gives one, and say, as we do, "*Monsieur Je vous remercie*."

A. M. P. K.—Your kind letter, thankfully received. One of your contributions will appear in the "Round Table" next week. We will think about the "Children's Corner." He who can write to children well, may address sages without fear.

ROBA.—We cannot and will not, under any circumstances, listen to any one who does not give us a *real name*—not for publication—but as a guarantee against plagiarism or trickery. If you *fear* to trust us with your name, we fear to trust your production in our JOURNAL. We don't say this unkindly, Roba; send us your name, and we will talk kindly to you. Masked people are our aversion.

J. G. A.—One of these days the publisher will write you. If you tune your harp simply to gladden the ears of Canada, you are welcome to an audience-chamber in our columns. If a "professional," desirous of the substance instead of the shadow, sing to wealthier crowds. Do you understand? Hope you will help us, for in doing so you benefit your class, and will gain larger honors, than in inland villages. Do you see, *mon ami*?

J. F. T. sends us two poems, written in two handwritings, on two different kinds of paper. We shrewdly surmise "J. F. T." knoweth us, and we know "J. F. T." We excuse "J. F. T." for the half sheet, as an old friend, but beg him not to do so again, as one must have a great partiality for another to forgive "a half-sheet letter." Next time him write a friend, on a whole sheet, and gave us four pages of himself instead of two. *Regardez vous, mon ami!* We here

annex one of his poems and mean to let the other rest, until next week, or week afterwards. The versification in these stanzas is tolerable; but writing manuscript on two sides of your paper is rascally, "J. F. T." "Don't do it again, Hal, 'an thou lovest me."

THE EXILE.

BY J. F. T.

A weary traveller from afar  
Was wont o'er hills to wend;  
No rest had he, no joy to mar,  
For he was far from home.  
He loved his home, the dearest spot  
On good Italia's soil,  
Though far from there was cast his lot  
Of woe, and endless toil.

His way-worn look, his heavy sigh,  
His sad, reflecting mien,  
His silvery beard, and glaring eye,  
Showed former days of mien.  
He was *an exile* from his land,  
That land of "sunny beams,"  
Where artists of all times have planned  
The objects of their dreams.

He lay reflecting, 'neath an oak,  
Beside a gentle rill,  
And in a silvery voice he spoke  
These words—his foremost will:  
"Oh! loved Italia—father-land!  
May I return to thee!  
And join the remnant of my land,  
The noble and the free!"

"I long again to see thy shores,  
The land that gave me birth,  
To win again my plundered stores,  
And sing with wonted mirth,  
But now an exiled wretch am I,  
And doomed afar to roam,  
But still my heart shall often fly  
To those dear ones at home!"

ST. CATHERINES, 14th June, 1861.

MARIETTE.—We are sorry to reject; but, little girl, you must learn to spell ere you soar among the poets. Moreover, pet child, your grammar is fearful. Do not despair, however. You may yet marry the richest man's son in all Canada. If you were born with a silver spoon in your mouth, then your folks must have stolen it very lately, for "*parvenue*" is engraved upon it—that's all.

A. C.—Many thanks. Your letter is filed for reference. As to your question, ask the lady pupils.

A CLERGYMAN sends us a copy of a sermon in verse. We will look at it when we have more leisure. Thank you.

W. K. wants to know, why "While the College system of New York is considered a failure, do some parties wish to introduce it into Canada?" The reason is obvious. Some people would have a change any way, and if the moon and stars were not hung up so high, some reformer would try to pull them down and light the world at night by gas-burners.

D. M. asks this question. As we do not know enough to answer it, will some member of the society give this paper the information? Here is the query:—

"At what time and under what circumstances did the Orange Society first originate in Ireland?"

J. E.—Nease is in New York. His Great Britain campaign was successful.

THEATRE-GOER.—See Northall's "Before and Behind the Curtain." Long & Brothers, New York, can send it you for \$1.

P. M., Montreal.—We cannot answer such a question.

M. H., Guelph.—No. You had better consult a good barrister in your neighborhood.

J. B. R.—Filed for insertion. Print this week or next.

SAVOY.—We have read of no authentic date fixing the date of birth of Florence Nightingale. Some writers say that she was born in Florence, Italy, in 1823, and to that city, is indebted for her pretty name. For the romance of the thing it will be as well to believe in the latter statement.

Lord William Poulat was said to be the author of a pamphlet called "The Snake in the Grass." A gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William protested his innocence, but the gentleman insisted upon a denial under his own hand. Lord William took a pen and began: "This is to scratify that the buk called 'The Snake—'" "Oh! my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me, you did not write the book."

## The Ladies' Cabinet.

HOW THIS CAME TO THE "HOME JOURNAL."

The numerous little gilt-edged, lavender scented notes that have accumulated on the Editor's *escrtoire* could not always be thrust into the great, cumbersome portfolio, where manuscripts and letters awaiting examination are hurried out of sight, nor could they be placed on the Round Table, where the authors crowd every week to chat with us; so seeking the Publisher one very sunny afternoon, when he was unusually good humored, we conjured him to furnish the *sanctum* with a Rosewood Cabinet, lined with satin and perfumed with the rarest odors of tropical flowers. Yesterday said Cabinet was entrusted to our custody, and here are deposited all letters that appertain to the Ladies' Department, from which they are from time to time drawn forth, as well as such extracts as appertain to the fairer portion of creation; and if any of our lady patrons make any new discoveries in dress, in embroidery, in the elegancies of life, it is expected they will forward them to the "Cabinet" for the benefit of their sex. And it is not to be tolerated that any red-be-whiskered, clumsy gentlemen will be thrusting their harsh visages where they are not invited. Indeed, we want the masculine part of the world to keep their eyes, nose, and fingers out of this column of the HOME JOURNAL altogether. If they are caught intruding, they must not complain if some tiny hand boxes their long ears.

A MATTER OF FACT PROPOSAL.

There is a cool method in the following that few ladies would fancy. Only to think of what a bear-garden society would be, if there were many such "gentlemen":—

A party of ladies and gentlemen were laughing over the supposed awkwardness attending a declaration of love, when a gentleman remarked that if ever he offered himself he would do it in a collected and business-like manner. "For instance," he continued, addressing a lady present, "Miss S—, I have been two years looking for a wife. I am in receipt of about three hundred a year, which is on the increase. Of all the ladies of my acquaintance, I admire you the most; indeed, I love you, and would gladly make you my wife." "You flatter me by your preference," good-humoredly replied Miss S—, to the surprise of all present; "I refer you to my father."—"Bravo!" exclaimed the gentlemen. "Well, I declare!" said the ladies, in a chorus. The lady and gentleman, good reader, were married soon after. Was not that a modest way of "coming to the point," and a lady-like method of taking a man at his word?

HOW TO PICKLE MUTTON HAMS.

"A Lady who has no time for sentiment," and thinks the HOME JOURNAL "should be useful," sends us this recipe:—

Procure a plump leg of mutton; wipe it dry, and put it in a pickle made of three gallons of soft water; one lb. coarse sugar; two oz saltpetre; three lbs. of common salt. Boil the above ingredients together, remove the scum as it rises, and immerse the meat when cold. In two or three months' time the ham will be excellent for baking or boiling: a slice cut out and broiled is very good. It may be smoked, but is by many preferred without that process.

HOW TO CLEANSE GLOVES.

Ladies of an economical turn of mind may profit by the subjoined:—

Put the gloves on your hand and wash them, as if you were washing your hands in some spirits of turpentine, until quite clean: then hang them up in a warm place, or where there is a current of air, and all smell of the turpentine will be removed. Or else wash them with soap and water, then stretch them on wooden hands, or pull them into shape without wringing them; next rub them with pipe-clay, or yellow ochre, or a mixture of the two in any required shade, made into a paste with beer; let them dry gradually, and, when about half dry, rub them well, so as to smooth them, and put them into shape; then dry them, brush out the superfluous color. Other colors may be employed to mix with the pipe-clay besides yellow ochre. To dry clean gloves, lay them out flat; then rub into them a mixture of finely powdered fuller's earth and alum; sweep it off with a brush, sprinkle them with dry bran and whitening; lastly, dust them well. This will not do if they are very dirty.



## The Weekly News.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## Miscellaneous.

## Let Shopmen Read.

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

## The Iron Duke's Oratory.

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

## Execution of Catherine Howard.

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

## A Mystery at Washington.

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

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

## Lorenzo the Magnificent.

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

## "STILL THEY COME."

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

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

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new literary periodical published in Toronto, by Mr. W. Halley. Readers have heretofore patronized journals of this class from the United States, but now that we have one of a very high order in our midst, of a superior caste to many that emanate from among our neighbors, and at as cheap a rate, we say patronize it by all means. The HOME JOURNAL is issued at \$1.50 per annum. Mr. Henry is agent.—*London Prototype.*

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

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

NEW PAPER.—We have received the first number of a new paper published by Wm. Halley, Toronto, and called the HOME JOURNAL. It is to be a weekly, family newspaper, devoted to literature, art, music, criticism and news. It is well printed, and the matter judiciously selected. It will no doubt prove a welcome visitor in the family. Subscription price only \$1.50 per annum, paid invariably in advance.—*Brantford Expositor.*

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

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

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

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

HOME JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new literary paper, just issued in Toronto, the first number of which is on our table. It is a large and handsome sheet; non-political, and devoted entirely to the home circle. From what we have read of it, we would decidedly recommend it in preference to the "slang-whang" journals of the American Union. It is published weekly, at \$1.50 per annum. Address, W. Halley, Publisher Toronto.—*British Canadian, Simcoe.*

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

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

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

THE HOME JOURNAL.—The first number of this handsomely printed sheet is on our table. Mr. William Halley, an old friend of ours, is the Publisher. Judging from the first number, we doubt not it will rank high as a literary paper. \$1.50 per year.—*Elora Observer.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We have received and welcome to our table the first number of this literary journal, published by Mr. William Halley, Toronto. Its typographical appearance is very creditable, and it contains a large amount of original literary matter, and a mass of judicious selections—price \$1.50 in advance. It is time the reading portion of the people of Canada should try to sustain a literary journal of their own, after so many failures, and predict for the HOME JOURNAL a successful career, as the growing tastes of the public are beginning to mature at the cheap trash with which the country is flooded. We hope now to have a home literature—a field for the display of native talent, and if the HOME JOURNAL maintains the same degree of excellence in future numbers that is displayed in the first, we predict that it will have a liberal support.—*Welland Reporter.*

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