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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.)

III.

MR. MENTOR.

THE "gentleman from New Orleans," who was waiting to see Mr. Dacre, was fifty years of age, and no stranger to Lansing. The welcome between the youth and his old friend was warm, though but few words were said, as supper was waiting their appearance.

One feature of Southern life is particularly charming: an extra guest never causes either host or hostess "to make a fuss;" and although the Hazletons were Northern people, they were wonderful adepts at learning "the ways of the country."

Introductions over, the party seated themselves at the table, Mrs. Hazleton doing the honors of the coffee urn, the rest of the waiting being done by the slaves. Emily and Schrieff were placed side by side, opposite Dacre and his friend, so that Mr. Mentor had an excellent opportunity to study the countenance of the German, and observe Miss Hazleton's features at that point where profile and full face merged, and what was thus indicated, the reader of the preceding chapter will readily remember.

I do verily believe that the Creator makes every face so sensitive to the internal operations of the mind, that, day by day, the man or woman's character is written thereon so truly, that "he who runs may read;" and if you argue that some of the worst crimes have been perpetrated in Italian history by beautiful women, I shall ask you if you have ever studied the profile of a Lucretia or a Catherine de Medicis?

The windows looked out on the bay. The lighted candles, in silver sconces, were placed inside of tall, quaintly-shaped glass cylinders, to protect the flame from the strong but grateful sea breeze. The floor of the tea room was bare, but the morticed planks were smoothed and oiled, as you often see in cathedrals in small Mexican towns, where stone is costly. The windows were curtained with white dimity, fastened with blue cords, and ornamented with fringe of an ultra-marine color.

To do Mrs. Hazleton justice, she did love society, and invariably treated her guests with the best that she had. It was with her, like many other women, who reach, late in life, social positions above their early education, she could never be entirely at her ease. A man like Dacre or Mentor made her a trifle nervous. Mr. Schrieff was a favorite. He never seemed to know if she tripped in her grammar, which she would do, sometimes, in her earnest efforts to be very precise. The mother loved her daughter—her only child—and I do not believe begrimed her anything, either of the time, pain, care or money she had ever given her; but I have had my doubts if Mrs. Hazleton did not sometimes wish Emily spoke English less

perfectly, or that she herself had taken larger doses of Lindley Murray in her youth.

Then the poor woman did have so many little harmless and transparent deceptions. It was really laughable. She wanted Emily to marry well, and knew Dacre was a desirable match in a wordly point of view, and that his social position was many degrees higher than their own, but then he would remove Emily to Maryland, and what was she to do without her darling?

And yet, gentle reader, do you know I think that in heart Mrs. Hazleton, with all her little weaknesses and some few *gaucheries* of language and manner, was a truer woman than her daughter. She was a good wife, and a firm friend. I do not believe she knew how many nights she had, in years gone by, when no gray hair streaked her dark brown tresses, walked the floor with baby Emily, who did not exactly know what she wanted, but instinctively realized if she screamed that mama would give her safe into the arms of Morpheus to the tune of "Hush-a-bye-baby," or "Bobby Shafter," or some other of those blessed melodies, handed down from generation to generation by that greatest of all lyrical poets Mother Goose.

Mr. Mentor may have had some such thoughts in his head as he partook of the oysters and warm biscuit. I am inclined to think, as he looked on his young friend, and saw the tenderness flashing from the violet-gray eyes, that the face of the man of fifty wore a compassionate expression, for he could read faces clearly enough to know that Lansing Dacre was building altars of gold, and burning precious incense upon them to a goddess of marble—to an idol that could not realize the worth of the heart she might break if it were weaker, but which she would turn to stone, because it was strong. Perhaps Mr. Mentor knew a charm that might yet soften his young friend's heart, if what he so much feared really came to pass. Possibly, in his soul he saw a spiritual presence—the likeness of a fair Creole girl, that he recognized as the other half of Lansing Dacre. Perhaps—but he was aroused from his momentary reverie by the deep voice of Carl Schrieff, who enquired if he would journey far into the interior of Texas?

"Not at present, sir. I shall go to Brownsville, and return by the Vera Cruz steamer to New Orleans."

"By the way, Lansing," said Schrieff, and he looked him full in the face to feel his way, "you seem to be fond of the poetical side of existence: I think Brownsville and Matamoras would please your fancy."

"Yes," said Emily; "and the place is replete with historical associations. If I were a man, and could take so long a horse-back journey, I should delight to go for a few days."

Mr. Mentor's suspicions were confirmed. Lifting his dark, deep-set eyes up into the young lady's face, he said, in a voice as bland as a courtier to a queen:

"I quite agree with you. Nothing would give me more pleasure than to accompany Mr. Dacre. Cannot you go for a few days, Lansing?"

"Really," said Mrs. Hazleton "I must protest against your taking our guests away.

Why he has only been in Corpus Christi four days, and we had him only one. The first day he came my husband lugged him off to San Patricio; the day after, Mr. Schrieff took him to Padre Island. The next day we had him in-doors for one day—"

("Victim to the mosquitoes,") said Dacre, *par parenthèse*, laughing in his simple trust and guilelessness of suspicion."

"And," she went on to say, "To-day Mr. Schrieff carries him away on one of those abominable Mexican ponies. Now you propose to take him away to Fort Brown for a week at least. I am afraid our young guest will return to Maryland with a poor opinion of Texan hospitality."

"My dear mother, I am sure," said Emily, "Mr. Dacre appreciates your regard for him and your endeavors to save him from fatigue, but do you consider he is a man, and must have a taste for manly sports? Would it not be selfish in us, when his friend has come to see him and ask his company, for us to interfere with the arrangement? Do you not agree with me, Mr. Schrieff, that hospitality really requires that we allow Mr. Dacre a furlough for a few days, and that we take Mr. Mentor's pledge that he sees no harm come to him?"

"Why," said Schrieff, and you have no idea how innocent the schemer looked, for a few days would be a god-send to him in his intrigue, and further his plans materially, "I had intended inviting Mr. Dacre and yourself to take a sail with me to the bluff of Magooon, but suppose we must postpone it until he returns. However, a week soon passes, and, to tell the truth, my dear Mr. Dacre, I expect certain little feminine preparations will go on faster in our absence; so, perhaps, instead of delaying it, Miss Emily really thinks it will hasten the event."

Emily "took," and blushed purposely to her temples (*as well she might*) and gave Dacre a tender glance, which of course decided him, as, recovering his calmness, he said, "Really, Mrs. Hazleton, I think you must withdraw your protest, for I should enjoy a great pleasure in journeying with my own and my father's dearest friend."

Schrieff and Emily were really overjoyed. But they concealed the feeling. Emily sought Dacre, and walked with him in the moonlight on the gallery. Should she pack his portmanteau? Would he write her while he was away? Did he like Schrieff?—"he is a good soul, Lansing? I don't know what mother and I would have done without him when father was away up country."

You say, reader, Emily Hazleton is a demon, or that there are no women so treacherous. Prythee, stay your indignation. None of us become saints or devils in a day. When he came to Corpus Christi to marry her, although they had long been betrothed, it had been over two years since they had seen each other. She lived, originally, in New Jersey; Dacre on the eastern shore of Maryland. Schrieff was so superior in intelligence to the men in Corpus Christi, that she saw him in an exaggerated light. He was older than herself—Dacre was younger. She was a mature woman—Lansing was only in the first flush of manhood.

Schrieff had not declared himself until

Dacre reached Corpus. The German was too good a tactician not to first measure his enemy. He knew it was easier to wean Emily's heart from a living than an imaginative suitor. He did not rashly declare himself the young man's rival, nor did he fail to treat him with unusual deference. Schrieff knew too much to arouse the chivalry which exists in every woman's heart. In a frontier town, Carl made Lansing seem, by contrast, even more youthful than he was. In a strife like this between the two gentlemen, when Carl had thirty-five years on his side against two-and-twenty on the part of his antagonist, any player at the Hazard Table of Matrimony will agree, that with Emily two years the senior of Lansing Dacre, the German must win the rubber.

Late in the evening, Schrieff and Mentor bade good night to the Hazletons, the latter to go to his boarding-house, the former to his usual abode. Mentor and his young friend were to start for Brownsville on horseback the following day after breakfast, Mr. Schrieff kindly undertaking to procure them good horses for the journey.

When about leaving, Schrieff, unperceived by any one, save the lady, said to Miss Emily, "I wish you would make it convenient to take an early walk to the Artesian Well tomorrow morning. You better take Dacre with you, as it is the last time. There will be a note in the usual place."

"I shall follow so good a general, Carl," and she hurriedly pressed his hand. Then, as she turned towards Lansing, she put her arm in his, and pointed up to the stars in the midnight sky, saying, with a momentary tenderness, flickering like their light, "I wonder if they read hearts truly, Dacre?"

## IV.

## THE MORNING WALK.

The sun was scarcely awakening in the east when Emily Hazleton and her betrothed husband were, arm in arm, wending their way to the Artesian Well. It will be remembered that she had invited him to take this walk with her, and that Mr. Schrieff had advised her that in the usual secret place she would find a line from him.

Shall I tell you what the young man said in the ear of the woman he so soon dreamed of making all his own? Would you have me trace on this cold paper those burning, tender words which he poured in her ear? She was the first love of his young life, and if he were, like most all young men of passion and cultivation, less pure in deed than herself, he was infinitely holier and truer in his heart. Men of the world know what I mean, and I have no wish to tear away the bandages which we wrap around the unsightly sores in our social superstructure, but which will, one day, when men and women both become civilized, cease to corrupt the body of the age.

No: it is not for you to listen to the soft, sweet strains of love that he poured within her ear. The waters in the dawning day were placid, and no breeze had yet arisen to ruffle their smooth surface. Few persons were stirring in the city, and the young pair wandered on, and Lansing, at least, was happy.

Schrieff's magnetic eye no longer upon her. I verily believe the young woman, for a moment, felt the shame of the deceit she was practising. But what could she do? She had not the womanhood to declare she preferred Mr. Schrieff for her husband. In fact she felt ashamed to avow such a truth even to herself. With Dacre, alone, she sometimes forgot Carl's existence. When both were together, the strong man fascinated her. In her nature there existed a sensuous element that frequently accompanying a high order of intellect in man or woman, forbids Constancy and Love to be united. Mind you, I do not say the highest kind of genius, for the Great and the True are one.

You must indulge me in my analysis. I wish you to know these people—to study them as wonders in the Natural History Kingdom—to look upon them as beacons warning you of quicksands in the stormy seas of human life—to realize all their errors, their temptations, their punishments and their pardons. Prythee look at them with the glasses I offer to you, for colored though they may be, there are none others you can see these forms half so distinctly through. It is not by exciting your indignation, I can impress you with the real spiritual presence of my people; you must see them in flesh and blood; in mind and heart, or else you had better drop their acquaintance and visit Bonner's Museum, where Sylvanus Cobb shows his puppets.

It was the misfortune of Dacre, in his wooing, that he worshipped Emily. Women infinitely prefer to be loved. If Miss Hazleton had been sixteen, she might have been charmed by Lansing's youthful strains of adoration; at twenty-four, a woman of the world has outgrown sentiment, and pants for a grand passion.

The influences about Miss Hazleton had not been entirely free from fleck. She had her father's energy and strength, and a little of her mother's ambition. Schrieff was not so much of a Sphynx to her as young Dacre; and he often so brought up her better self to her spiritual eyes, that her worser nature was stung with remorse, and maddened with envy. Do you and I like the prating of our consciences, madam?

There were two influences ever at work against Dacre's wooing: her maturer self and Carl's infectious strength of purpose. In Emily's presence, Lansing's worser nature never was aroused—she was a divinity where he worshipped the Ideal, not an Hourie that made for him a paradise.

The sun rose brighter, and they had well nigh reached the well, when Emily adroitly dropped her handkerchief. When by the rock, whence the water gushed forth, the wily woman said:

"Dear me: I have lost my handkerchief. How careless I am! I am sorry, for I wanted to surprise mother by doing the marketing. Now I shall be too late if I stop to search for it." Oh, there it is, I will go for it.

Of course, Lansing hastened to pick it up, and while he was doing so, Miss Hazleton grasped the note she was confident of finding under a stone at the rear of the well. A small scorpion fell from the paper as she hastily placed it in the pocket of her sacque; true, it was not venomous, but was it an omen?

Then Emily thanked Dacre for the handkerchief, and he gave her a glance of unutterable tenderness. I cannot tell you why it was, but for a moment the woman's better nature triumphed, and she put her tiny hands upon the young man's shoulder, and timidly pressed her lips to his cheek as a sister might have done. It was a trifle—a sort of salve to her own conscience, and Dacre felt that caress, felt those tiny hands upon him, felt those beautiful eyes softly beaming up in his for many and many a long day. However deceitful the action might seem, I believe, verily, it was one redeeming action in Emily's whole life. I think more kindly of her for it—there were some pearls in the dark chambers of her heart.

How gaily these two young persons chatted as they wended their way to the market. How charming Emily looked as she gave the order for the meat, and I am not sure but

the memory that she had purchased it, lent new zest to the appetite, at breakfast, of the young lover. There is a physiological reason in the exercise, in the walk, I am aware, as Mr. Gradgrind will observe, but when Poetry and Prose sit side by side in the ball-room of Existence, who would not prefer to take the former for his partner in the waltze? When Fancy is pretty, and airy, and young, and winsome, and dressed in clouds and spangles; and Fact is old, and gnarly, and sour, and withered and clad in funeral weeds, and veiled in crape, what man, who has not lost the memory that he once was young, will hesitate to allow the sable-garbed crone to mourn in the corner, and whirl Fancy away, while the music, and lights, and spirits of the hour permit?

Mr. Schrieff did not come to breakfast. Mentor had been sent for at Mrs. Hazleton's suggestion. He reached the house about eight o'clock, and brought a bunch of flowers for Emily, and another for her mother, and I wish you could have seen the young gentleman's face as he looked his welcome to his father's old friend. If you could have seen with what taste the orange flowers were arranged in the bouquet he handed Emily, and studied her countenance as she returned his searching gaze, you would have felt sorry for her, even though she deserved the delicate admonition—the tacit reproof.

The breakfast was late, for people rarely hurry in Texas. Men do not work by railway there, as if they only had five minutes to live, and wanted to swap jack-knives before they died.

Mrs. Hazleton was a good hostess, and had her own little pride about appearances. Moreover, she was used to Northern servants, and Aunt Chioe was not accustomed to exert herself too excessively for her merely temporary mistress. Negroes are great admirers of aristocracy; they comprehend the genuine article, and are seldom much attached to those who merely hire them away from their masters and homes.

Breakfast over, Emily entertained the gentlemen until Schrieff arrived with the horses, and a Mexican servant. The German looked well. The day was fine. The breeze was just rising. Would they like a guide?—the road was sufficiently travelled to render the work of threading their way one of no great difficulty, but in camping out, should they fail to so divide their journey as to make a ranch at nightfall, a servant might be useful. The Mexican waiting with the horses was a very good guide. He could recommend him to them. Had they pistols? Would they accept the loan of his? In fact every preparation to facilitate their departure he had ventured to undertake, since it was decided they would go. He would ride with them to the Rancho del Trago, where he had some business, five miles in their way.

Mr. Mentor thanked Carl. It was very kind to take so much trouble. He would take the horses and the pistols. The guide, he thought, he might dispense with. Was glad to have Mr. Schrieff's company, &c., &c.

While Emily turned to give the necessary orders for the gentlemen's departure, Lansing followed her to the tea-room, which was empty. He tried to speak, but his heart was too full, so he approached her, and taking the little hands in his, pressed his lips to hers for a moment. Just then Schrieff's shadow flitted across the west window looking out on the gallery, but his face was a little averted, and he pretended not to have seen the caress.

When adieux were interchanged, and the gentlemen mounted, Mr. Mentor, whose horse was very near the front piazza, leaned a little forward and said apart to Emily, "Will Miss Hazleton pardon me if I express the wish that the next time we meet, she will remember the orange flowers of this morning?"

"I will wear them, Mr. Mentor, but not those, then, for they will be withered," was the low reply.

"So I feared. In any event, please remember how dear Lansing's peace is to me. Will you write me at Brownsville when you write him, for you will write him."

"Most certain!" and she saw he under-

stood her, and blushed, as she turned away.

As the gentlemen were starting, she turned to Dacre, and said, "Pray, dear Lansing, think of me always at my best," and she pressed his hand and kissed it.

"What do you mean, Emily?"

"Nothing; but life is so uncertain. Good bye, Lansing. Good bye, gentlemen."

"Now we are off," said Schrieff, and there was exultation suppressed, yet visible to Mentor, in his tone."

Emily followed them with her eyes as long as she could see them, and quietly placed the few lines Schrieff had written in the stove in the kitchen, and then hid herself in her room, and looked out on the waves resplendent in the golden sheen in a listless reverie. A tear fell on her hand. It was the last vestige of the old love. I believe could that tear have been preserved, it would have irrigated an entire blasted life.

#### V. CARL'S WOOING.

Mr. Schrieff was not a man of sentiment. Passion, energy, and force were characteristics of his nature. This was a busy day for him. The campaign had been carefully planned; the time to act had arrived, for opportunity favored him, both in the absence of Mr. Hazleton from Corpus Christi, and the departure of Lansing Dacre and his friend Mentor on a brief visit to Brownsville and Matamoras. Emily's father, however, would return this very day from his trip up country. Hours just now were precious. Indeed Carl could have blessed the young gentleman's New Orleans acquaintance for his very fortunate advent at the precise moment when the German most ardently desired a clear field for himself.

The note which Emily had found in the usual place, by the Artesian Well, where he had occasionally carried on a clandestine correspondence with her, like all Carl's love letters, was very brief. Had his lines fallen into the hands of the enemy, I do not think much light would have been afforded, inasmuch as they were a mere pencil scrawl, without date, address or superscription, requesting Emily to be at the usual place, at five o'clock in the afternoon, and concluded with these words:—"Please do me one favor—attire yourself in white."

At the appointed hour, Miss Hazleton, who had readily been enabled to satisfy her mother as to the propriety of going out after dinner, by simply stating she was going to spend the afternoon and tea with Miss Gore, left the residence of that young lady—a visiting acquaintance of the Hazletons, and Emily's most intimate friend in the "Concrete City"—and leisurely strolled to the new cathedral, which stood on the bluff, a short distance back from the neighboring private mansions, and hard by the *arroyo*, a ravine caused by the rains of each returning spring and autumn rains. The outer walls of the church were up, and the windows sealed up with cloth, though the doorways were open; for the work had been temporarily discontinued for a few weeks until funds could arrive from Europe, and the *Padre* could complete his circuit, so that once within the sacred, though as yet unconsecrated precincts, Miss Emily was quite screened from observation and the rays of the gairish day; and, indeed, had any one intruded, what was more natural than that she should visit an object of interest to the entire population—a recent city improvement?—while the sacristy gave her, if she desired it, both a screen from curious eyes, and a romantic retreat.

She did not wait many moments, for Carl Schrieff, attired with more care than was his wont, joined her, and quietly took her little hand within his own.

"Emily," said he, modulating his voice with infinite tact, to a tone that was manfully tender—trembling with the energy of the passion of his strong nature—"you know that I love you madly, earnestly; with all the will and energy of my soul. Unhappily, when we met, I was ignorant of your engagement with this boy, this gifted, brilliant Lansing Dacre, if you please—yet still a boy, and no peer for one like you. Shall the she-eagle take a goldfinch for her

mate? We loved each other, Emily—certainly I loved you, and the passion of a strong man has the power of the lightning over any women who either loves not at all, or mistakes a mere girlish sentiment for the great reality. You gave me your heart, my sweet, not because I had merit of my own, but for the reason that my love was that of a man, who, in wrestling with the world, had learned singleness of purpose; and who had faith in the might of his unutterable cravings to make themselves heard in the vasty deeps of the heart of a woman like yourself, who is worthy of better things than to be the mere belle of a drawing-room—to dangle in the haunts of fashion, till all the youth and glory of her affections are withered as the sickly flowers in the vases on the mantel-shelves—to dawdle away life in the emasculations of a Maryland provincial village, or the stupidity of some old squad of effete planters and their dummy wives. Is not this so? Were you made merely to make tea, to superintend servants, and die without one wild craving of your heart gratified? Do you like my picture? Is it not a true one? By the God that is above us! we love each other, my own sweet Emily."

"Carl, you lash my spirits into wild, wild commotion, and I glory in the storm you evoke; yet when away from you I doubt, and quiver with vague fears, all the more unendurable because so undefined. I cannot see, however, now that I have allowed Lansing Dacre to come here, and the engagement has gone so far, how I am to disentangle myself?" And her fainting heart, conscience-troubled at her duplicity, sought refuge in his strength.

Carl inwardly smiled: he saw how to gain his purpose. What perceptions that man had! How thoroughly he could handle his cue and make his score!

"Emily,—I love to speak that name,—I did not wish to win and wear you, till I knew your heart was all my own, filtered from every grain of that first attachment of your girlhood, so you remembered it but as a child's April night's dream. You had not seen Mr. Dacre,—(the rogue had a very slight, almost imperceptible emphasis upon the word *Mister*)—“for some two years. You had out-grown him. Passing from the sentimental, dreamy girl, under these cloudless skies, you have bloomed into the glorious woman. The fruit had ripened: it was not for a boy's hand to pluck. I wished to see this youth—to have you meet again. The real presence could alone disenchant the imaged remembrance. Else had he still been to your heart a developed man, not a dreaming boy. He has been here. He is not the Lansing Dacre you have loved in these past two years. You see him now by the clear daylight of the present, not the moonlight of the past. You would not make him happy even if you were to immolate yourself for his momentary peace. He is bright but he is not strong. He dreams, he does not live. He can weave garlands; he cannot protect a woman. A poet, he is not yet a man. In latter years you would fade, like the orange blossoms in your bridal veil, my sweet wife that is to be, and to one like Dacre it is a worship of Beauty that is Love; and he would one day in his secret heart wish that he had waited. This would be a bitter day for both of you, Emily, Emily! *dreaming is not doing!* The mist is fair, but the sea is greater. He weaves for you a beautiful wreath of leaves, but he gives you nothing to cleave to, to live for, to die for. Is he a protector? a rock? a support to lean upon? Shall Emily Hazleton, whom the very storm says should be Carl Schrieff's own, take for her staff a daisy or a violet?"

"It is true. But he loves me so well! Carl, I see in your eyes a spirit answering all the cravings of my own, but how break loose from this thrall, and yet spare pain to him? Carl, remember he was my first love, and you know the lines:

"On devient infidèle,  
On court belle, en belle,  
Maris on revient toujours,  
A ses premiers amours."

Are you sure the tree sees all the beauty of the vine?

"My faire!" and he put his stout arm

lightly but firmly around her waist, and his eyes poured streams of the lava in his own fierce heart upon her, whose nature was sensitively alive to the energy of his will, radiating burning passion, too fearful for analysis, "I know he has loved you, and mayhap thinks you are all the world to him now; but the young tree bends where the old oak would break, and Mr Dacre possesses one of those happy, mercurial temperaments that will recover this shock. As you cannot be his wife, as you must be mine, and are stayed by ten thousand fears such as are natural to even the bravest of your sex, will you let me take you in my arms and carry you safe through all these perils. I can command—will you obey? Would you, if we were on yonder bay in a storm, and our boat were in danger, hesitate to trust that I would bring you safe to shore? It is the surgeon's keen knife that is the kindest friend to the patient suffering with a dangerous limb. Let me tell you a story!"—

She bowed her head upon his bosom, and a strange smile stole over his features as he continued:

"We were out hunting. One of our party was bitten by a rattlesnake. There were no surgeons, no doctors near—not even an old woman was at hand. The unfortunate victim was a young man—as youthful as Mr. Dacre, and he was pale with the fear of death and the horror of his situation. The man was a physical coward. 'My boy,' said I, 'if you can bear the pain, I will try to save you.' He assented, with a shudder and swooned with terror. I bade my companions bind him to a tree, so fast he could not move. I stripped the leg, and with my knife cut out the wound, and then burned the sore whence the blood was oozing, pouring tobacco juice in the incision, and binding up the gash with leaves and my handkerchief, pouring whiskey down his throat.

"The man suffered the most excruciating tortures, and howled like a wolf, for an hour. But he got well. Delay, indecision was fatal. The bite was certain death, the treatment desperately dangerous."

"To draw my moral: which is better—to torture yourself, your boyish lover, your parents and me by cowardly delay, or burst these bands at once?"

"But how, Schrieff? I feel so cowardly. What will they say? My father, Lansing, and my mother; how can I do it? I have no strength. These spider threads are ropes to me: conventionalisms have ever held me firmly, even while I chased under them. I hate the thrall I am." And she wore a look of mingled irresolution, shame, fear and unutterable desires which caused Carl's whole heart to throb at the glimpse he saw of his approaching victory. He must arouse her to do all his behests—to give her will up to him entirely.

"Dare you be free, Emily? And he loosened his hold upon her waist, and stepping back a pace crossed his arms and fixed his black magnetic eyes upon her, till she was spell-bound by his giant will.

It was a picture for Velasquez, that magnificent King of the Body, as he towered there in the arch of the sacristy of that bare-walled, unconsecrated Church, like some Titan looming up and bidding defiance to all pygmies. The black garb he wore became his stalwart figure to a charm, and as he removed his hat, deep beads of inspiration stood on his forehead, which in the shadow seemed as bronze, relieved by the rich masses of his thick, jetty waving hair.

And the afternoon sunlight streaming in through crannies of the arching windows, sealed with canvass only, revealed the wealth of Emily's amber hair, and lighted up her graceful figure, until her white, flowing robes, seemed rather the vesture of a Hour in Mahomed's Paradise, than belonging to a daughter of earth.

She answered him, at last, in low tones soft as the summer evening breeze from the deep blue sea, that swayed the grass for miles and miles around:

"Yes, Carl Schrieff, I dare and will. With you, for you I will leap into the yawning gulf. Remember! In the future be you worthy of the sacrifice."

He clasped her in his arms, answered: "My peer, my bride, have I at last found the

only woman I could ever love. Listen! In my pocket, I have the marriage license. This very evening ere three hours are over we will be made one in all things earthly. Emily, you shall be mine forever!"

"YOURS FOREVER."

So said a hollow voice. No one was near, those tones, were they an echo, from the surging hell beneath them? Were they mortal voice? Emily shuddered; but Carl who would not have feared the Evil One himself, had he stepped between him and his bent, quietly and firmly led her forth into the open air of the porch and told her it was fancy an echo in the arches.

"Go with me," said he, "to the Mayor's residence. His wife and I are old-time friends. No one knows, save they and the County Clerk, I have obtained the license. It is fairly come by—you are of age. My countrywoman has sent out verbal invitations, as for a surprise party at the Gores. Your father has returned. I will see they come, and send a servant to tell him you will stay with Miss Gore until he and your mother come. As soon as it is twilight, the Minister at the Mayor's will make us one, and we will have the Judge there, and your friend you just have left. Then we will adjourn to the Gores, your parents will arrive when the marriage is announced by His Honor, and what can they do but congratulate us, and adjourn the party to your residence."

"But what shall I say? What can I do when Lansing returns?"

"He will not return. I will send an express courier to Brownsville, with a brief note from you dated to-day, and signed with your maiden name. Tell him it was done to spare him pain."

She hesitated: "Schrieff, my father is passionate. He is honorable."

"Rut he never really liked Lansing Dacre."

"True! but how he will despise me. It is so sickle when I pleaded so hard. And mother she adores him."

"Your father has energy; he will not despise me. Emily Hazleton, will you be a slave?"

The sting cut keen. She flushed. Carl for a moment quailed before that glance, but tactician ever, he seized his escape.

"Thank God! Emily, if I spoke harshly, you are not a weak chit—a mere drawing-room woman. That glance was worthy of my wife. But let it be the last. We must go: you are ready now. It is time to act: we can dream hereafter."

As they passed the angle of the porch, he pressed his lips to hers. Emily was free no more. The spell was complete. It was Carl Schrieff's first kiss.

As they descended the bluff the last rays of the setting sun bathed them in a crimson glory, and one beam stole into the chapparel bush where Inlia watched them with an evil eye. When nearly out of sight, the Indian fortune teller suddenly crawled forth with sinuous motion like a snake, and hobbled off to the Mexican quarter of the town, muttering as she went along:

The panther woos the snake, and thinks  
The golden serpent but a dove:  
A poisoned wine the panther drinks,  
And calls the mocking goblet love

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The private library of the late King of Prussia comprises about 56,000 volumes, and contains, for the greater part, works of history, archeology, and Christian art. The library fills six large rooms of the royal palace at Berlin. Humboldt's works formed a special compartment, called the "Humboldt Press," and are found in greater completeness, from a large work on America, which costs 3,000 thalers, to the smallest pamphlet, than when Humboldt himself possessed them. This library has been left by will to the present king, with the exception of the artistic works, which have been bequeathed to the Queen Dowager. A question arose, if all the illustrated works, with woodcuts, &c., were to be understood as "artistic works," which question has been decided in favor of the Queen.

## Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

"Marriage," says Phizzle, like a mouse-trap, is easy to get in but difficult to get out.

"Marriage," says Ditto, "like buttermilk, is palatable while new, but when old, too sour for even hogs."

"Marriage," says Do., "like poison is a certain cure for love."

An officer who was on intimate terms with the Prince of Orange, one day asked him the purpose of an extraordinary march they were making. "Will you keep the secret?" asked the prince. The officer hastened to assure his master that he was incapable of abusing his confidence. "I believe you," replied the prince; "but if you possess the gift of keeping a secret, the same blessing has also been conferred on me."

**DEFINITION OF A YANKEE.**  
He'd kiss a Queen till he'd raise a blister,  
With his arms around her neck and his  
soft hat on.

Address a King by the title of Mister,  
And ask him the price of the thorne he sat  
on.

.....We overheard a poor weatherbound  
individual the other day, who was caught in  
the rain humming to himself in a doorway:

"Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,  
That chilling fate on me has fell.  
There always comes a sudden shower,  
When I hasn't got no umbrella.

Jones, suffering from an attack of influenza, went to serenade his lady-love and could only sing after this fashion:

Cub, oh cub with me,  
The hood is beatin';  
Cub, oh cub with me,  
The stars are glebin'  
And all around above,  
With beauty teabin':  
Boodlight hours are best fer lub.'

Jones felt that he was an unfortunate being, when a small boy opposite where he was singing, cried out "blow your dose you dab fool."

The first Lord Lyttleton was very absent in company. One day, at dinner, his Lordship pointed to a particular dish, and asked to be helped of it, calling it, however, by a name very different from that which the dish contained. A gentleman was about to tell him of his mistake "Never mind," whispered another of the party; "help him to what he asked for, and he will suppose it is what he wanted."

A French gentleman reproached his son for carrying a gold watch in a very careless and exposed manner; but the young gentleman persisted in the practice, in spite of parental admonition. In a crowd at the theatre, one evening, the old gentleman asked his son what o'clock it was, when he was distressed and mortified to find his watch had been stolen. "Never mind," said his father, smiling; "I took it myself, to show how easily you could be robbed. Here it is!" He put his hand in his fob to restore it; but lo, and behold, it was gone! Some thief, more adroit than himself, had appropriated the property.

**JOKE ON WALKER.**—The Montgomery correspondent of the Columbus *Sur* writes:

As a specimen of the daring and vim of the soldiers now quartered here, I saw two of them on the dome of the Capital yesterday, (old sailors I presume) where the Secretary of State has in vain tried to get workmen to go and "stop a leak." The Secretary observing them, called to them to do the work whilst up there, to which they replied they would do so if he would bring up to them the putty and glass. This was decidedly and most respectfully declined."

Girard, the famous French painter, when very young, was the bearer of the letter of introduction to Lanjuinais, then of the council of Napoleon. The young painter was shabbily attired, and his reception was extremely cold; but Lanjuinais discovered in him such striking proofs of talent, good sense and amiability, that on Girard's rising to take leave, he rose, too, and accompanied his visitor to the antechamber. The change was so striking, that Girard could not avoid an expression of surprise. "My young friend," said Lanjuinais, anticipating the inquiry, "we receive an unknown person according to his dress—we take leave of him according to his merit."

## Miscellaneous.

**LIFE INSURANCE.**—An Irish volunteer, whose life is insured for a few thousand dollars, went into the office in State Street, a few days ago, and very innocently said, "Gentlemen, will ye be pleased to give me a little o' that money in advance, as I'm going to the wars, and the Lord only knows if ever I live to get back again." After a general roar of laughter, the company made him up a purse.

**AN ARAB'S MODE OF CURSING.**—A Frenchman, residing in one of the Oriental cities, while once watering some flowers in the window, accidentally filled the pots too roughly, so that a quantity of water happened to fall on an Arab who was below basking in the sun. The man started up, shook his clothes and thus gave vent to his feelings respecting the offender: "If it is an old man who has done this I despise him; if it is an old woman I forgive her; if it is a young woman I thank her." The young Frenchman, who had managed to keep out of sight, laughed heartily on hearing the malediction that fell to his share for his carelessness.

**DEATH OF LEVER, THE NOVELIST.**—A recent arrival brings intelligence of the death of Mr. Lever, which occurred at Spezzia, in the latter part of April. Charles James Lever was born in Dublin on the 31st Aug., 1806. At an early age Mr. Lever was destined for the medical profession, and studied with that view, first in his native country, and afterwards in France. Having been nominated physician to the Embassy at Brussels, and while occupying that position, he published his first work, "Harry Lorrequer." This was followed by "Charles O'Malley," "Jack Hinton," &c. He was editor of the Dublin University Magazine in 1842, but soon abandoned his post. In 1848 he went to Florence, and spent his later years in Italy.

**WIGS.**—One would never guess the device adopted by one of our Parisian dandies of ripe age to delude his acquaintances into the supposition that his luxuriant wig is the natural product of his own cranium. The secret has been betrayed by a treacherous barber. The gentleman, it seems, caused to be manufactured as many wigs as there are days in the month, each wig being provided with a box and a number. Each morning he puts on a periwig slightly differing from the others. Thus, the hair of number four is a trifle longer than number three, and so on to numbers thirty and thirty-one, which look as though they needed clipping. Upon reaching the last day of the month, our ingenious beau visits his club or the *boudoir* of some fair one, runs his fingers through his "scratches," and says, in a careless tone "My hair is growing entirely too long; I must have it cut!" And the next morning he dons number one again. We recommend this clever dodge to such of our Adonis as have been so unfortunate as to become bald.

**NAUTICAL ADVENTURE.**—While the steam packet *Le Claire* was on one of its trips from Marseilles to Algiers, lately, with four hundred passengers on board, it encountered a strong gale from the southwest. In the night a tremendous sea struck the ship, swept the deck, penetrated into the cabin and engine-room, and threw everything into the greatest confusion. In the general panic, while the crew were making every exertion to rid the boat of the superfluous element, a terrific cry was heard from the second cabin. "Help, help! the shark is gnawing me!" screamed, in a voice half-suffocated with terror, a travelling dramatic artist, who, awakening in a cold bath, had found in his arms a sheep, which had been precipitated into the cabin through an opening made to let off the water. They hurried to the traveller, whom they found more dead than alive, immersed in water in company with the placid quadruped. This accident has thrown the poor artist into such a state of excitement and hallucination that, in spite of all the consoling attentions that were lavished upon him, it has been impossible to counteract entirely the effect upon his nerves, and he still fancies himself pursued by a marine monster.—*Paris Semaphore.*

## THE HOME JOURNAL:

A WEEKLY CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER it is devoted to literature, Art, Music, Criticism and News—it is printed in Toronto and published every Saturday. The terms of subscription are One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, invariably to advance.

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## The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1861

## CLIFF-ST. VS. PRINTING HOUSE SQUARE.

Messrs Harper and Bros., of New York, have become involved, by their own discourtesy, in an issue of veracity with Mr Russell, the American correspondent of the London Times.

*Harper's Weekly* some time ago said

"The proprietors have dispatched an artist to the South, in company with Mr Russell, correspondent of the London Times."

This statement was naturally calculated to place Mr. Russell in an embarrassing position, inasmuch as Southern correspondents are excluded from the North as "spies" and "traitors," and retaliation is very natural to poor human nature. The *Times'* correspondent then writes as follows to the *Mobile Register*—not to create difficulty with Harper & Brothers, whom he probably never gave a second thought, but in justice to himself and the dignity of his mission—

"In reference to that statement, I have to observe that my companions are two, vizt Mr Ward, a personal friend, who is kind enough to act as my secretary and travelling comrade, and who has no connection with any journal in the United or Confederate States; and Mr Davis, a young artist, who is taking sketches for the *Illustrated London News*, and who assures me that he is not engaged by or connected with *Harper's Weekly*, although he formerly sent sketches to that periodical."

"My position is that of a neutral, and I am employed on a mission that requires the utmost impartiality on my part, although I shall claim for myself the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and my observations to the journal which I have the honor to serve. The expression of these convictions and observations, however, is meant only for England, and I shall not permit the position I occupy to be abused under any circumstances whatever by those who accompany me, although I have every reason to believe that their good faith would render such a guarantee or assurance on my part unnecessary."

"I have only to say in addition, that by this post I have forwarded to the paper in question a request that they insert my formal denial of the statement which has occasioned this communication. I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"W H RUSSELL, J.J.D.,  
"Barrister-at-Law"

At this calm, gentlemanly note, the Messrs Harper fall into a violent passion, and abuse Mr. Russell and sneer at the English people generally. We quote their choice and classic "scoldings," not because anybody is much interested in what *Harper's Weekly* sees fit to say, but because as the publications of these gentlemen have generally been ultra-conservative, and they have even in the past been accused of putting their consciences on "the slavery question" in their pockets. The absurd course which in this instance their *Journal of Civilization* is now taking, shows that the prejudice of the North against Great Britain has not, as we had fondly supposed, been placed in the grave of past an-

nimosity, but been put in the same place as "the peculiar institution."

That we may not be accused of want of candour, we quote the article from the columns of *Harper's Weekly*.

## OUR OWN

"W H RUSSELL, J.J.D. Barrister-at-Law" writes a letter to the *Mobile Register* in which he says that he shall claim for himself "the utmost freedom in the expression of my convictions and of my observations in the journal which I have the honor to serve." Mr Russell may claim what he chooses. But his convictions and observations should lead him to the conclusion that a rebellion so wanton and wicked as this was never known, he could take good care that his amiable friends the rebels do not hear of it while he is still among them. Nothing but the imposing fact of an English fleet and its unique steaming willingness to defend him as an Englishman would save him from the fate provided for all who do not treat a rebellion for the most part as if it were a revolution for the highest.

## THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE AT THE NORMAL SCHOOL, TORONTO.

Few of our readers, even resident of Toronto, are aware that we possess an excellent public collection of sculpture and paintings, copied from the best masters, in our Provincial Normal School establishment on Gould street. We propose giving a brief no ice and sketch of the principal works of art therein exhibited, which are so well worth the inspection of any person of taste, especially those who admire the famous models furnished by the sculptors of Greece and Rome, as well as the celebrated paintings of later ages. We observed, on entering the sculpture-room, an excellent copy of the Laocoön, original in the Vatican, at Rome. The mythical history of this group is as follows—

Laocoön, a priest of Neptune, at Troy, after the pretended retreat of the Greeks, was sacrificing a bull to Neptune, on the shore, when two enormous serpents appeared swimming from the island of Renodos, and advanced toward the altar. The people fled, but Laocoön and his sons fell victims to the monsters. The sons were first attacked, and then the father, who attempted to defend them. Wreathing themselves round him, the serpents raised their bodies high above him, while in his agony he endeavored to extricate himself from their folds. They then hastened to the temple of Pallas, where, placing themselves at the foot of the goddess, they hid themselves under her shield.

The people saw, in the omen, Laocoön's punishment for his impiety in having pierced with his spear the wooden horse which was consecrated to Minerva. The whole story is admirably related in the second *Aeneid* of Virgil.

The original work was discovered in 1506, by some persons digging in a vineyard, on the site of the baths of Titus. Pope Julius XI bought it for an annual pension, and placed it in the Belvidere, in the Vatican, from whence it was removed by the first Emperor Napoleon to Paris, but has again, since its restoration, been placed there. The preservation is perfect, except the right arm of Laocoön was wanting: this was restored by a skilful pupil of Michael Angelo. The original sculptor of this work is unknown. Some assert that it was modelled in the first years of the Peloponnesian war; others in the time of Hysiphus and Alexander, and a few attribute it to the era of the first Roman Empress. We have never seen the original, but on seeing this copy we at once understood the sentiment animating Lord Byron when he penned the following lines—

"Or, turning to the Vatican, go see  
Laocoön's torture dignifying pain—  
A father's love and mortal agony—  
With an immortal patience blending, —vain  
The struggle, vain against the coiling strain,  
Sad groan and keeping of the dragon's grasp  
The old man's clutch, the long envenomed chain  
Rivets the living links,—the enormous *asp*  
Enforces pang on pang, and stifles gasp on gasp."

## MR. DILLON, THE TRAGEDIAN.

Other duties have prevented our visiting the Royal Lyceum except on one occasion the past week, when we witnessed Mr Dillon's rendition of *Virginia*, in Sheridan Knowle's tragedy of that name. Like most of that gentleman's dramatic composition, the piece is excessively heavy, and only first talent, in star as well as in company, can render it supportable to a veteran play-goer. Mr. Dillon has a good voice, tolerable walk and is a reader of faultless precision, and

while well supported so far as the acting of Messrs Carden, Porter and Little went, as well as by Miss Elliott, in the role of Virginia, suffered considerably from the eccentricities of many of the supernumeraries. Some of the stock seemed to labor under the delusion that the tragedy was not heavy enough, and therefore labored to make it droning as much as possible, which was entirely unnecessary.

A third, competent to judge of Mr. Dillon's Macbeth, is enthusiastic in his praises of that gentleman's rendering of the "Thane of Fife," and states that the company on that occasion acquitted themselves measurably better.

By the way—Mr. C S. Porter is always admirable in his conception of his role. Why does he not appear on the boards, in person, more frequently? His *Dentatus*, in the tragedy we have noticed was a redeeming feature.

A word to the management—the economy that divides one programme of the play amongst three visitors is questionable, and occasions inconvenience to the pit, which after all, gives the verdict of popular approval. Had it not better be more liberal in a few sheets of white paper? It would pay

[For the Home Journal]

## EVER NEW.

Altinoton we are in the same latitude as the South of France—where the grape skins the highway, and "blue blouses" drink *vin ordinaire* at breakfast—we have but little in common with the delicious climate of that sunny land. It may, however, be said, that with us the months, for the greater part of the year, are frolicsome at least. March is continually playing at leap-frog with May, and occasionally bounding over her beautiful shoulders into the very middle of June, while she, in her turn, not unfrequently skips over the dazzling head of her balmy sister, and falls into the glowing bosom of July. And thus they all move on in such humorous confusion that we scarcely know where to find them, while anything like consistency in dress or the skies, is completely out of the question.

So curious and sudden are the gradations of the thermometer, that in the space of a few hours every sensitive young lady undergoes all the changes of the chameleon, oscillating between martin-skin and muslin, and becoming rosette or pale as the emergency of the moment requires. But what of all this? Are we not blest in such capriciousness, and more happy in its existence, than if from day to day we were softly consigned to some broad flood of unvarying sunshine, whose warmth and radiance, though tinging the vine, might, after all, soon pall upon our senses and make the hours wearisome.

[For the Home Journal]

## MEAN MEN.

BY MATT

NO. I.

It's a pity they exist, for we would not have to write about them. But the fact stares us in the face—they are—and like all other social evils, they must be dealt with. Now I have in my mind's eye a variety of mean men, for they differ as materially from each other in their styles of meanness as they do in their dress, their gait, or the cut of their pantaloons, and a prominent fact in their characters is, that they are thoroughly conscious of the little peculiarity which exists in their construction. They never meet you with an open, manly gaze, but sneak a sort of sidelong or momentary look, and then change the range of their orbs.

You meet them on the street and they are looking rods ahead, to be sure that you must, in some unguarded moment before you pass, see and recognize them. They know they have no certain value in the community, and want the countenance of honest men to pass them off in society, and so they endeavor to betray passers-by into the belief that they are acquainted with respectable people. They accost you at every corner and detain you with their little sayings, their little speculations, and their little hopes. Now I

know one of those men and have kept him in my memorandum book of bagatelle's for the past four years. He is a character in his way, and if he were not so small, he would be ridiculous. I can't tell you many of his deeds, but I may mention a few. I was very much puzzled for a long time, as to how he supplied himself with garments. The separate pieces of his wardrobe seemed to have been brought from the separate quarters of the globe, so heterogenous did they appear, and I thought he must be a patron of our "poor man's friend" around the corner. But no, for happening to drop into P.—'s auction room one evening, I saw my genius, and had the mystery solved. It was late in the fall of the year, and a light summer coat was being offered. It had reached four-and-sixpence, and the little scoundrel added another penny. The auctioneer objected to such a bid, but the little scoundrel insisted, and the coat was knocked down to him at four-and-seven.

The next day I saw him dressed in it, and a thoroughly tightfitting pair of continuations, added to a military fur cap, which must have been intended for one of the rank and file in the Russian war. And now please to understand, that this man is well to do, and has his houses and lands, which he rents in this, our metropolis. I met him shortly afterwards at another auction—you see I'm inclined that way myself—it was a book sale, and after miscellaneous lots had been sold, a dozen of Dinsmore and Co's American Railway Guide, of some twelve month's growth, were offered. My little curiosity was on the quiver at once, bid a penny each, and secured the dozen for a shilling. We had a laugh at his expense, but it did not deter him, for shortly after a copy of Brown's Toronto Directory for 1856, and a book of Interest Tables for pounds, shillings and pence—it was about the time the currency was changed into dollars and cents—were offered, and he obtained the two volumes for sixteen cents. The poor soul was evidently literary inclined, and no doubt collecting a library for his family, and "my lies!" as the young coon said, what a rare sight it will be when complete! If farthings were in circulation that fellow would wait until late in the evening to get the *Evening Leader* for one. I have a class of mean men in my eye for your next, and I shall endeavor to do them justice.

## OUR PROSPECTS.

We are satisfied. The first number of the *Home Journal*, has been received by the press and public with a favor far beyond our expectations. We shall endeavour, by every means in our power to deserve their good will. We have several improvements in contemplation which cannot be made all at once, but which will appear in due course. Among them will be the publication of choice pieces of original and select music, from time to time.

In future we shall go to press at an hour sufficiently early for the paper to reach distant subscribers, at least on the date of publication.

Contributors will please send in their papers early in the week.

Those who desire to subscribe can do so, for either four, eight, or twelve months, by calling, in this city, on Mr. Bichas, our Agent; or by remitting to the publisher by mail.

In our next we will publish a list of local Agents.

## ORIGINAL ARTICLE BY MR. M'GEE.

In our next issue (Saturday, June 15th) we will publish an original article, of unusual interest, expressly written for the *Home Journal* by T D McGee, Esq., M P P, entitled—"TO RED RIVER AND THE PACIFIC VIA THE VICTORIA BRIDGE. A MORNING MEDITATION ON MONTREAL MOUNTAIN." We are promised the aid of Mr McGee's masterly pen, in prose and verse, whenever his public and other arduous duties will allow it. We are sure his literary contributions will be always welcomed by our readers, no matter what their political opinions may be.

Dr Franklin says that "every little fragment of the day should be saved." Oh, yes, the moment the day breaks, set yourself at once to save the pieces.

## The Editor's Round Table.

... The *Atlantic Monthly*, organ of the New England school of philosophy and letters, for the current month, is at hand. Like most Boston publications it is well printed, and notwithstanding its Americanisms, it is conducted with much ability. The papers on "Napoleon III," and "American Navigation" are written with considerable animation. One of the most amusing articles we have seen in a twelvemonth is the political essay styled "The Pickens-and-Stealin's Rebellion," which bears the earmarks of Charles Sumner's pen. "Concerning Things Slowly Learnt," it is Henry Ward Beecher's bantling, and is distinguished by those peculiarities of style and sentiment for which he is notorious.

... The men who really are in advance of their age, rarely dabble in politics, save when great emergencies call for their presence. They prefer to work, slowly and steadily, in their legitimate occupations until the hour calls for the man. We have considerable respect for the men who are ahead of their age.

... In 1646 a very quaint collection of poetry was published in London, under the title of "New Litanie, King's Pamphlets." There is a stanza in one of these strong, ringing rhymes, that is quite apropos to the present day and generation. Here it is:—

"From meddling with those that are out of our reaches,  
From a fighting priest, and a soldier that preaches.  
From an ignoramus that writes, or a woman who  
teaches. *Liber nos!* &c."

... Scorn is the fort where a lazy intellect goes and sleeps away its life.

... It is very wicked to poke fun at religion, but sometimes the religious papers are quite witty; though we are willing to belie it is unintentional. A writer on Providence in an exchange says:

"If a man drinks whiskey made by religious distillers, from corn raised by religious farmers, until delirium tremens interposes, please say he died of religious whiskey, but do not say that Divine Providence interfered

... Magazine stories, sketches, verses and chit-chat, albeit they are not going to set the Atlantic Ocean on fire, have an interest all their own to the young. Women and children, and men, too, who can occasionally spare time from staring a \$5 note out of countenance, will read "such stuff," for all you can say to the contrary notwithstanding, Brother Gradgrind. As Ingomar the Barbarian, enquired of Parthenia what was the use of flowers, so do you want to know how anything is good that cannot be food and raiment, or a commodity of barter and sale. To you, we give Parthenia's answer? "Their use is in their beauty."

... The anonymous hath so become a creature of custom, is so interwoven with book, periodical and paper, to declaim against its use may shock the "Conservatives." Our objections to the use of the anonymous in print, are not first, secondly, thirdly and lastly, but in toto, and altogether. It is not brave in one man to attack another under a *nom de plume*; or without giving the writer's real name. We dislike the anonymous in the retailer of gossip, for if his (or her) lucubrations be inserted in a journal of any status, it lends that an importance, which, if its originator were known, would, perhaps, possess none. It is injurious to letters, inasmuch as it fills our papers with amateur scribblings—effusions of those who do not love literature sufficiently well to struggle with it and for it, nor have yet sufficient good sense, (especially if they be "charming women") not to meddle with things they do not understand." William North says, "the Anonymous, is an invention to cheat authors out of their reputations." Moreover, it is an affectation, inasmuch as if a book succeeds, "modesty" does not prevent the author claiming his bantling.

... Your born author rarely hath a prosperous early day. Show us the first crude compositions of boy or girl, and let us tell you if the man or woman hath genius in them. It is not the youths who write prose like a Westminster reviewer, or jingle verses with the correctness of a Prof. Aytoun, that

write their names on the arches of fame. We distrust the tyro who writeth too easily. Genius hath a babyhood, and like first love, beareth its virgin utterances with the incoherence of conflicting emotions.

... Amelia Welby of Louisville Ky., has written many sweet gems of song. The subjoined stanza has probably gone around the newspapers of the world many times:

My heart grew softer as I gazed upon  
That youthful mother, as she soothed to rest,  
With low song her loved and cher'ed one.  
The bairn of promise on her gentle breast;  
For 'tis a sight that angel ones above  
May stoop to gaze on, from their bower of bliss,  
When innocence upon the bairn of Love,  
Is cradled in a sultry world like this.

... Doctors sometimes make jokes, and they are generally pleasanter than their pills. Here is a strictly Medical joke:—"The dead are never sick. Consequently all diseases may be classified as affections of the liver."

... A reviewer in the *Atlantic Monthly* speaks of certain writers of popular newspaper stories, as having obtained "a worldwide obscurity." Some of those Athenians have never got even that.

... It is a profound truth, not generally realized, that all young women are lovely.

... Here is an anecdote showing how some men do business:—

A cooper, finding considerable difficulty in keeping one of the heads of a cask he was finishing, in its place, put his son inside to hold the head up. After completing the work much to his satisfaction, he was astonished to find his boy inside the cask, and without a possibility of getting out, except through the bung-hole.

... Kissing is to be conjugated. To the ticklish verb "to kiss" there is of course a proportionately ticklish grammar, and the conjugation is as follows:—"Buss, to kiss; rebus, to kiss again; pluribus, to kiss without regard to number; sillybus, to kiss the hand instead of the lips; blunderbus, to kiss the wrong person; omnibus, to kiss every person in the room; erebus, to kiss in the dark. Kissing one's own sister has been aptly likened to eating a real sandwich; carrying out the comparison, kissing one's cousin—except she be a particular cousin, one coming under the denomination of "dangerous"—may be considered equivalent to discussing a beef sandwich; and the chaste salute, snatched from the lass we love, to the *piquante*, appetite-provoking combination of ham, mustard, and bread."

... A good story is told concerning the writing of a certain railroad manager. He had written to a man on the route, notifying him that he must remove a barn which in some manner incommoded the road, under penalty of prosecution. The threatened individual was unable to read any part of his letter but the signature, and took it to be a free pass on the road, and used it for a couple of years as such, none of the conductors being able to dispute his interpretation.

... The following should find a place in the American papers, over their blood-thirsty leading articles!

Battle is righteous only when the sword,  
Nations oppressed, against their tyrants draw.  
And every warfare is by heaven ignored.  
Save that for life, and liberty and law!

... In another column will be found an article under the caption of Cliff Street vs. Printing House Square, the insertion of which we permit on the ground that, while the *Horn's Journal* will not meddle with politics, it is the right of a Canadian literary publication to defend a British subject, and a man of letters, from the assaults of an American paper of the same class, when travelling in a foreign country, and the assailed is clearly guiltless of provocation.

\* \* \* When Margaret Fuller wrote, "Women in the Nineteenth Century" she produced a "sensation work," as our American cousins call it: she had taken some gold, and much foul alloy, distilled them in the alembic of her brilliant, but somewhat unhealthy understanding, giving the world glittering grains of truth, with much dazzling dross—so intermixed, he had a nice task, who could separate them. We notice a Boston firm is republishing her works.

... Mortimer Thompson, the notorious "Doesticks," whose extravagances of style have made him readers the world over, was lately married to Miss Grace Eldridge, "Fanny Fern's" eldest daughter. This is the second marriage of the humorist.

... The Canadian papers are getting ready for the approaching political contest, and will, for some time be dry reading to those who take no interest in the struggles between Cypher and Popkins. "It is like playing battledore and shuttlecock. Both are knocking about something with great energy. How eager the players, how noisy the battledores, how anxious the bystanders; yet think when this something falls to the ground it is only cork and feathers. This figure of speech is stolen. Our theatre-goers will be able to tell you from whom.

Job PRINTING.—"Job printing!" exclaimed Mrs. Partington, the other day, as she peeped over her spectacles at the advertising page of a country paper. "Poor Job! they've kept him printing week after week, ever since I first i read; and if he wasn't the patientest man that ever was, he never could have stood it so long, no how."—*Boston Post*.

The old lady neglected to say he was miserably paid in some localities. "Job" does his work in Toronto for next to nothing, and finds himself into the bargain. He is a very patient man.

## Poets' Column.



## THE BURIAL OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY T. M'KELLAR.

Robe the beautiful for the tomb—  
We may no longer stay her;  
She has pass'd away in budding bloom,  
In vestal white array her.  
One single auburn tress we crave  
Before her face ye cover:  
Why should the cold and grasping grave  
Take all from those who love her?

Bear the beautiful to the tomb  
While yet the sun is shining,  
Ere the shadows and evening gloom  
Denote the day's declining,  
Bear her softly and slowly on—  
Disturb no placid feature;  
Deep the sleep she's fallen upon,  
The last of a mortal creature.

Lay the beautiful in the tomb;  
Beneath the weeping willow  
Let the maiden have sleeping room,  
And softly spread her pillow.  
Angels hasten from realms of bliss,  
Their wreathe above her keeping:  
Dear to the heart of the Father is  
The place where a child is sleeping.

Leave the beautiful in the tomb;  
There may be others fairer;  
Daughter heads may wave a plume  
With glory to the wearer;  
But so beautiful and so good  
—Thank they who dearly held her.  
Earth in 's loveliest sisterhood  
May never have excelled her.

## THE ROMANY GIRL.

BY G. H. ROKER.

The sun goes down, and with him takes  
The coarseness of my poor attire;  
The fair moon mounts, and nay the flame  
Of gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale Northern girls! you scorn our race:  
You captives of poor, air-tight halls,  
Wear out in doors your sickly days,  
But leave us the horizon walls.

And if I take you dancin' to task,  
And say it franklly, without guile,  
Then you are gypsies in the mask,  
And I the lady all the while.

Go, keep your cheeks from out the rain,  
For teeth and hair with shopmen deal;  
My swarthy tint is in the grain,  
The rocks and forest know it real.

The wild air bloweth in our lungs,  
The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,  
The birds give us our wily tongues,  
The pruther in our dances slices.

You doubt we read the stars on high,  
Na'pathless we read your fortunes true;  
The stars may hide in the upper sky,  
But without glass we fathom you.

## Biography.



THE LATE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

If not "the most remarkable man in a country" where every other citizen is a Colonel, Judge, LL.D., or at least an Esq., the subject of this article was the most thoroughly representative politician in the Northern American States. The virtues and vices that go to make up the party leaders and followers, in the "Model Republic," loomed up in the strongly individualised "Little Giant" of "the Great West."

It is no part of the duty of the writer of a biographical notice to kick a dead lion, any more than it is meet to act on the too generally received axiom that the grave buries all errors; and in the brief review which the publisher of the *Horn's Journal* has kindly permitted us to make of the eminent deceased, it shall be our aim rather to afford Canadians an accurate judgment of the influence Judge Douglas exercised on American politics, than to please his party followers on the other side of the line, or to gratify those prejudices which it is so natural for us to entertain here at home, regarding one whose senatorial toga was anything but free from partisan sleek.

The candidate of the Van Buren Democracy for Presidential honors in the campaign of 1860 was, in the strongest acceptation of the term, a self-made-man. In cultivation and the refinements of good society, any member of our lower house was perhaps his peer. He had all the sharp angles of character incident to men who have risen in an hour from obscurity to a conspicuous role in the drama of human action. His will was inflexible; his modes of procedure unscrupulous. The conclusions he reached were rather jumped at, by intuition, than attained by any deliberate process of logical reasoning or learned research. His knowledge was superficial, his manners coarse, his style of speaking energetic, his over-bearing impulse almost sublime. When he spoke, the galleries of the Senate and the floor of the Chamber, as well as the Lobbies were crowded to suffocation; and with American women he was almost a god. Masculine applied to him meant more than the gender of sex: his very voice vibrated with virile power.

The very excellent engraving of Mr. Douglas, which precedes this article, will convince the careful student of physiognomy that these are not merely reckless assertions; while those who have seen him in life will understand how very much the picture fails to convey. He was the Napoleon of the Democratic party, and his Waterloo was lost because he knew little or nothing of the spiritual element in the natures of the masses of his followers. With a marvellous insight into the baser passions of men, he was unacquainted with that better element, which is never destroyed, even in the most gangrened civilizations; and right and wrong conveying no other impression to his mind than failure and success, he fell into the very error of his followers, when he supposed principles could be sold with the same impunity as the cereals of his section and the manufactures of the East. Always plausible, he was never profound. Trusting to his passions, rather than to any abstract conclusions, he was a dexterous debater, but a very poor analyser of the very civilization

\*The subject of this memoir died at his residence, in Chicago, on the 3rd instant.

# THE OPENING OF THE WILL.

that had made him what he was. Persistent in a cherished object, however wide of justice it might be, the distinguished Senator from Illinois, in the highest hall of American legislation, but exemplified the character of that heterogeneous, energetic, mercantile people, whom foreign to sum up in the comprehensive term—"Americans."

Judge Douglas was born in Brandon, Vermont, on the 23rd day of April, A. D. 1813. His father, Stephen Arnold Douglas, sen., was a native of Rensselaer County, N. Y., but had removed, early in life, to the "Green Mountain State," after graduating at Middlebury "College" (i. e. Academy). A physician by profession, Dr. Douglas died young, leaving a wife and two children: the elder, a girl not quite two years of age, and the subject of this sketch, a mere babe of eight weeks, to struggle through the world as best they could.

Until nearly fifteen, Mr. Douglas lived with his mother and a bachelor uncle in Vermont, where he apprenticed himself to a cabinet maker, with whom becoming dissatisfied, and with the freedom of his peculiar people, he left and sought a more congenial employer in Middlebury. At the end of two years, his mother and sister marrying, he went to the Academy at Canandaigua, N. Y., where he remained but a short time, when he entered the law office of the Messrs Hubbell in that village. It was here that he first evinced a taste for politics, and many anecdotes are related of him, showing his dexterity in the small field then open to his abilities. Indeed, with Douglas, the aphorism that "the child is father to the man," was substantially correct.

It may be worthy of remark, that in the States nearly all of the more noted politicians have been members of the Bar. In fact it seems to be the chief avenue to public life, and the reports of the judicial proceedings in most of the States would lead to the conclusion that the courts of justice, as well as the halls of legislation, are viewed, to a great degree, as mental gladiatorial arenas, where the sharpest sword stabs mortally, and the stoutest arm bears off the victory, with but little reference to the merits of the causes, or the rulings of the Bench.

In 1833 Judge Douglas removed to Illinois, then a sort of vent for the more enterprising among a people who all expect to be at least half millionaires, or members of the Cabinet before they die. In this, then western state, he taught a common school some months, and in 1835 succeeded in being admitted to a Bar which he was well calculated to adorn. Full of a quality best described by the expressive word "pluck," Mr. Douglas had pitched upon a field worthy of his prowess; and the Courts in Illinois, as well as Kentucky at that period, "scintillated with coruscations of brilliant wit," and powerful if not altogether faultless, pleading. The grammar of the Advocate was quite a secondary matter, so that he had the grit. Roughness was pardonable, if the Lawyer had a rasp, a rim in his composition.

In 1835, when only 22 years of age, deceased was elected State Attorney, which office he resigned in a few months, to take a seat in the Illinois Legislature, where, though the youngest member, he soon became marked by his opposition to what is expressively called on the other side of the line, "wild cat" banking. Indeed, it seems almost incredible to a man versed in the laws of political economy, or the simplest rudiments of finance, how any people claiming average understanding could for a moment tolerate a paper currency, beside which the most unsound bank of issue now existing in the States, is a miracle of solidity and pecuniary safety. Suffice it to say, that the crash of 1837 justified the views of the youthful representative, and in December 1840, he was chosen to the important office of Secretary of State; but in February of the following year a joint vote, of both branches of the legislature made him judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, while he was only in his twenty-ninth year.

It may seem strange to our people to view the rapidity with which the young Illinoisian was hurried from office to office, ere he had served his terms out; but the history of the

United States, especially in the West; is so full of similar instances, that the surprise is removed, when we consider that restlessness and change is a characteristic of the civilization of the Republic. Our neighbors crowd centuries into decades, and bottle up a barrel of events in an ounce vial. Living in a climate that acts like champaign upon the Anglo-Norman; with no past, and only a surging present; with an overweening self-confidence, the result rather of their material expansion than their mental and moral advancement, it is scarcely to be wondered at that they view life rather as a kaleidoscope—a gaudy carnival, than as an earnest reality—governed by laws as fixed and immutable as the unmoving rocks or the century-rolling sea.

Judge Douglas was twice elected a member of Congress; but only remained in the Lower House one session, for in '47, soon after his re-election, he was elected to the United States Senate by his friends in the Illinois Legislature, and ever since that period has been a figure in the foreground of the group of actors who have made that body as world-known for its idiosyncrasies, as it was once world-respected for its simple dignity and calm statesmanship.

It was during the administration of Franklin Pierce that the Kansas-Nebraska agitation arose. At that time Judge Douglas was chairman of the Senate Committee on Territories, and in that capacity engineered the final passage of the measure which repealed the Missouri compromise line, re-opened the whole slavery agitation, produced civil war and developed the *dénouement*, which sooner or later, in any event, was certain to take place. It is mournfully solemn to read the articles in the *N. Y. Tribune* to-day, and the editorials in the same paper during that contest over that vexed question. How little politicians regard immutable principles! Evidently the Southern leaders who were instrumental in the passage of the measure foresaw the consequences and used the "Giant's" arm to drive the wedge for their section's separate nationality. Whatever may be the opinions of our people on the merits of the American civil war, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Southern traders looked further into the future than their Northern allies, of whom Mr. Douglas was the chief.

The North—opposing the measure—finally came to be its defenders. As to the question of slavery in the territories, the South never seriously contemplated so suicidal a policy, for every slave in a Cotton State was more profitable than he could be made in the North-West. It was a struggle for political power; the laws of trade had long ago pronounced the course of Southern Empire was towards the regions of Central America—not in the direction of the North Star—if indeed extension of territory was the object of the Southern leaders, which is hardly probable, when the South was already far richer in lands than in the means of developing her resources.

Mr. Douglas arrayed himself against the administration of President Buchanan in the admission of Kansas as a Slave State. The Presidency was the bauble that led him on ever since '52. His friends calculated on obtaining for him the nomination at the Charleston Convention, '60, but were blocked by the generalship of the Secession Leaders, who only foreshadowed their policy in resisting encroachments, that if submitted to, would have effectually placed the Southern people under Northern domination. In fact the issue had for years been growing into North and South, with two separate nationalities, which outside of slavery, were essentially distinct; nor could the special pleading of the Democratic party, nor the superior ability of Judge Douglas, avoid an explosion. "Four years more of Democratic ascendancy might have delayed but could not prevent."

The nomination of Breckinridge of Kentucky concentrated the Secession strength. The issue between those gentlemen and the Republican party was squarely defined, and truth and falsehood hate neutral camps. Although Douglas, who clearly saw the result, with the strength of desperation, resorted to the undignified expedient of stump-

ing the country as a candidate, the victory of the Northern party was assured from the beginning.

During the last session of Congress, Mr. Douglas served in the Senate. The Lincoln he had beaten in the senatorial chase of '52 gained the victory in the Presidential race of 1860. When the war became certain, Mr. Douglas called on Mr. Lincoln in person, and expressed himself in favor of supporting the Federal Government.

Mr. Douglas was twice married. He married first, in April, 1847, Miss Martin, the only daughter of Colonel Robert Martin, of Rockingham county, North Carolina, by whom he has left several children, who inherit from their mother a large property in Southern lands and slaves. And again, in the winter of 1856-7, he married Miss Cutts, of Washington, a young, handsome and accomplished lady, who survives him.

Mr. Douglas was never the same man after the result of the Charleston Convention. At the hazard table of politics he had lost his own self-respect. The free habits of thirty years of political gladiatorialship had made inroads even on the iron constitution of the lion of many a midnight session, and the life of many an evening feast?

Personally Judge Douglas had generous qualities. He lived freely, and had no ideas of economy. If a friend wanted money, his purse was at his service, and when he was embarrassed he could raise whatever sums he chose by a mere wish. Properly trained, with his moral nature developed, in a more cultivated state of society, Stephen Arnold Douglas might have written his name in letters of living glory on the arch of Time; undisciplined, ill-educated, and reared in the worst school of a bad system of politics, his career is rather a beacon than a star—rather a warning than an example for imitation. For his energy and brilliant self-hood he will always be respected. For his errors he may be pitied. For his sins let him be forgiven.

## THE OPENING OF THE WILL.

### THE LAST STORY OF EUGENE SCRIBE.

"Is she dead, then?"

"Yes, madame," replied a little gentleman, in a brown coat and short breeches.

"And her will?"

"Is going to be opened here immediately by her solicitor."

"Shall we inherit anything?"

"It must be supposed so; we have claims."

"Who is this miserably dressed personage who intrudes herself here?"

"Oh, she," replied the little man sneeringly, "She won't have much in the will—she is sister to the deceased."

"What! that Anne, who wedded in 1812, a man of nothing—an officer?"

"Precisely so."

"She must have no small amount of impudence to present herself here, before a respectable family."

"The more so, as sister Egrie, of noble birth, had never forgiven her for that misalliance!"

"Anne moved at this time across the room in which the family of deceased were assembled. She was pale; her eyes were filled with tears, and her face was furrowed by care with precocious wrinkles.

"What do you come here for?" said Madame de Villeboys, with haughtiness, who, a moment before, had been interrogating the little man who inherited with her.

"Madame," the poor lady replied, with humility, "I do not come here to claim a part of what does not belong to me; I came solely to see M. Dubois, my sister's solicitor, to inquire if she spoke of me at her last hour."

"What! do you think people busy themselves about you?" arrogantly observed Madame de Villeboys; the disgrace of a great house—you who wedded a man of nothing, a soldier of Bonaparte?"

"Madame, my husband, although a child of the people, was a brave soldier; and, what is better, an honest man," replied Anne."

At this moment, a venerable personage, the notary Dubois, made his appearance.

"Cease," he said, "to reproach Anne with a union which her sister has forgiven her.

Anne loved a genorous, brave and good man, who had no other crimes to reproach himself? than the obscurity of his name. Nevertheless, had he lived, if his family had known him as I knew him—*i.e.*, his old friend—Anne would now be happy and respected."

"But why is this woman here?" said the notary, gravely. "I myself requested her to be here."

M. Dubois then proceeded to open the will.

"I, being sound in mind and heart, Egrie de Demsiemeg, retired as a boarder in the Convent of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, dictate the following wishes as the expression of my formal desire and principal clause of my testament:—

"After my decease there will be found two hundred francs in money at my notary's, beside jewelry, clothes and furniture, as also a *chateau* worth two hundred thousand francs.

"In the convent where I have been residing will be found my book, '*Heures de la Vierge*', a holy volume, which remains as it was when I took it with me at the time of emigration. I desire that these three objects be divided into three lots.

"The first lot, the two hundred thousand francs in money.

"The second lot, the *chateau*, furniture and jewels.

"The third and last lot, my book, '*Heures de la Vierge*'."

"I have pardoned my sister Anne the grief she has caused us, and I would have comforted her sorrows had I known sooner her return to France. I compromise her in my will.

"Madame de Villeboys, my much beloved cousin, shall have the first choice.

"M. Vatry, my brother-in-law, shall have the second choice.

"Anne will take the remaining lot."

"Ah, ah!" said Vatry, "sister Egrie was a very good one; that is rather clever on her part."

"Anne will, then, only have the prayer-book," exclaimed Madame de Villeboys, laughing aloud.

The notary interrupted her jocularity.

"Madame," said he, "which of these lots do you choose?"

"The two hundred thousand francs in money."

"Have you quite made up your mind?"

"Perfectly so."

The man of the law, addressing himself to the good feelings of the lady, said:

"Madame, you are rich, and Anne has nothing. Could you not leave this and take the book of prayers which the eccentricity of the deceased has placed on a par with the other lot?"

"You must be joking M. Dubois," exclaimed Madame de Villeboys: "you must really be dull not to see the intention of sister Egrie in all this. Our honored cousin foresaw full well that her book of prayers would fall to the lot of Anne, who had the last choice."

"And what do you conclude from that?" inquired the notary.

"I conclude that she intended to intimate to her sister that repentance and prayer were the only hope that she had now to expect in this world."

As she finished these words, Madame de Villeboys made a definite selection of the ready money for our share. M. Vatry, as may be easily imagined, selected the *chateau*, furniture and jewels as his lot.

"Monsieur Vatry," said M. Dubois to that gentleman, "even suppose it had been the intention of the deceased to punish her sister, it would be honorable on your part, millionaire as you are, to give at least a portion of your share to Anne, who is in want of it."

"Thanks for your kind advice, dear sir," replied Vatry; "the mansion is situated on the very confines of my woods, and suits admirably, all the more so that it is ready furnished. As to the jewels of sister Egrie, they are reminiscences which one ought never to part with."

"Since it is so," said the notary, "my poor Madame Anne, here is the prayer-book which remains to you."

Anne, attended by her son, a handsome boy, with blue eyes, took her sister's old

prayer-book, and making her son kiss it after her, said :

" Hector, kiss this book, which belonged to your poor aunt, who is dead, but who would have loved you well, had she known you. When you have learned to read, you will pray to heaven to make you wise and good as your father was, and happier than your unfortunate mother."

The eyes of those who were present were filled with tears, notwithstanding their efforts to preserve an appearance of indifference.

The child embraced the old book with boyish fervor, and opening it afterward :

" Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, " what pretty pictures !"

" Indeed," said the mother, happy in the gladness of her boy.

" Yes. The good virgin in a red dress, holding the Holy infant in her arms. But why, mamma, has silk paper been put upon the pictures ?"

" So that they might not be injured, my dear," she replied.

" But, mamma, why are ten papers to each engraving ?"

The mother looked, and, uttering a sudden shriek, she fell into the arms of M. Dubois, the notary, who addressing those present, said :

" Leave her alone, it won't be much ! people don't die of these shocks. As for you, little one," addressing Hector, " give me that book ; you will tear the engravings."

The inheritors withdrew, making various conjectures as to the cause of Anne's sudden illness, and the interest the notary took in her. A month afterward they met Anne and her son, exceedingly well, but not extravagantly dressed, taking an airing in a barouche. This led them to make inquiries, and they learned that Madame Anne had recently purchased a hotel for one hundred and eighty thousand francs, and that she was giving first rate education to her son. The news came like a thunderbolt upon them. Madame Villeboys and M. Vatry hastened to call upon the notary for explanations. M. Dubois was working at his desk.

" Perhaps we are disturbing you," said the arrogant old lady.

" No matter ; I was just in the act of settling a purchase in the state fund for Madame Anne."

" What exclaimed M. Vatry, " after purchasing house and equipage, has she still money to invest ?"

" Undoubtedly."

" But where did it come from ?"

" Where ? Did you not see ?"

" When ?"

" When she shrieked out at seeing what the prayer-book contained."

" We observed nothing."

" Oh, I thought you saw it," said the sarcastic notary. " The prayer-book contained sixty engravings, and each engraving was covered by ten notes of a thousand francs each."

" Good Heavens ! exclaimed M. Vatry, thunderstruck.

" If I had only known it," shouted Madame de Villeboys.

" You had the choice," said the notary, " and I myself urged you to take the prayer-book, but you refused."

" But who could have expected to find a fortune in a breviary ?"

The two passionate egotists withdrew, their hearts swollen with passionate envy.

Madame Anne is still in Paris. If you go by Rue Lafitte on a summer evening, you will see a charming picture on the first floor, illuminated by the pale reflection of wax lights.

A lady who has joined the two hands of her son, a fair child of six years of age, in prayer before an old book of " *Heures de la Vierge*," and for which a cross in gold has been made.

" Pray for me, child," said the mother.

" And for who else ?" inquired the child.

" For your father, your dear father, who perished without knowing you, without being able to love you !"

" Must I pray to the saint, my patron ?"

" Yes, my little friend ; but do not forget a saint who watches us from heaven, and who smiles upon us from above the clouds."

" What is the name of the saint, mamma, dear ?"

The mother, then watering the child's head with her tears, answered :

" His name is—sister Egrie."

#### CHARLES READE'S FIRST NOVEL.

In a private letter from London, which has just been shown us, and from which we are permitted to make this extract, the following amusing account is given of the circumstances and impelling motives under which he wrote one of his first and most successful novels. It recalls, with some additional circumstances, the story related of Oliver Goldsmith, after he had just finished the *Vicar of Wakefield*.

" Reade at this time, you must know, was very extravagant, very short of funds, and very deeply enamored of a young lady—the daughter of a defunct Waterloo colonel—who had come to live with her widowed mother in the same boarding house. Reade loved her more than "a little," as became a youth on the manly side of twenty; and "loved her long"—or, at least, for some eighteen or twenty weeks, in which he did nothing but turn her music, escort her to Primrose Hill, and the Zoological Gardens in Regent's Park, (they lived close thereto, in Fitzroy Square,) and write "sonnets to her eye-brows."

This work, however, did not pay, and neither did Mr. Reade pay his landlady, who was also, I have heard, his aunt, and sincerely attached to him. One fine day, the old lady appeared in his room, which was an attic at the top of the house, and demanded for the fiftieth time either "immediate payment or that he would leave her house," with the alternative that he might, if he saw fit, sit down then and there, and "not leave his room until he had written a story of sufficient length for the *Family Herald*, which paper always heretofore received and paid fair prices for his contributions." The young author remonstrated, but the landlady, was not to be moved. She would lock him up with pleasure—it was the only means of correcting his natural indolence—supply him with pens, ink and paper, and tell the Colonel's widow and daughter that he was seriously indisposed.

Reade had nothing for it but to comply, or incur the disgrace of being turned out of the paradise in which his angel was enthroned,—and this, too, on the humiliating plea of his not being able to pay for what he ate and drank ! Making the best terms he could with the unrelenting housekeeper, and stipulating only that his pretended disease should be one of a contagious nature in order to deter visitors,—he sat down manfully to his work, and at the end of ten or eleven days handed to his female turnkey the complete manuscript of the *The Beauforts of Chumleigh*, the first story, it may be said, though never republished, which called any decided attention to Mr. Reade's ability. Charles Dickens was much struck by the force, oddity and graphic vivacity of its earlier chapters, and it was on his recommendation, founded wholly on a perusal of this mere novelette or newspaper feuilleton, that Mr. Reade first obtained introduction to the bookseller who is now making a fortune by his successive and successful works. The price given for *The Beauforts* was fifty guineas, which just about cleared the landlady's bill, leaving the writer but a few shillings over the amount for the prosecution of his enamored suit.

It is supposed, however, that the real cause of Mr. Reade's detention must have become known in some manner to the Colonel's widow, for on his re-appearing in the drawing-room he was coldly and distantly received by both mother and daughter—the latter being several years older than himself, and prudent enough, it may be supposed, did not wish to be entangled with a youth doubtfully able to pay his board.

She scolded him, and Reade, huffed, instantly and forever—doubtless a good thing for him, but costing this match-making mother and daughter one of the most eligible matches to be found, shortly after, in the matrimonial market. It was too late, how-

ever, when they discovered this, and Reade now laughs—or, at least, pretends to laugh heartily at his boyish adoration.

But the story of "The Beauforts" continues to have painful recollections connected with it, and he has steadfastly refused all offers to perpetuate its life in book-form, nor can it be republished in the English newspapers, as the author holds the copyright in his own name, having only sold one edition of it to the *Family Herald*, where it is now an object of literary curiosity."

#### A STUDY FOR THE PHILOSOPHER.

The celebrated author of "Monte Christo" has been mulcted in damages, in Paris, for cheating one of his business associates, a publisher. Dumas made a variety of excuses for his conduct; but the court held them all to be frivolous, and the novelist was forced to "pay up." The truth is, Dumas, through he makes so much money, is always short of cash. He is a literary charlatan; and employs a number of needy *litterateurs*, in translating and adapting works, to which he puts his name, and for which he receives a very great sum. But he is so improvident, that the income of a Prince (particularly of a German prince) would not support him; and that improvidence often exhibits itself in shapes the most absurd and fantastic.

It is not well for some men to make money too easily. They lose sight of themselves, and go insane in their folly. The fabled revenue of Monte Christo was nothing to what Dumas thought he could draw upon at one time. He had his castle—his women of all nations to wait on him—his gold and silver plate—his equipage, and so on. His steel pen was his Mariposa. His ink-stand was his gold mirror, more inexhaustible than the best in California. His handwriting was the "open sesame" that exposed the "piled-up treasures of the Ind." He was the modern Aladdin; and the Genii of the Quill stood prepared to build chateaux for him in a night, to robe him in purple and fine linen, and cover him with jewels. But his lavish waste outran even all this capacity for production. He failed, time after time, for want of money to pay his debts. He went to prison. He availed himself of the insolvent laws, only to get rich again, and squander again those riches. He has now adopted a system of cancelling his debts, by repudiating them; but justice mulcts him as usual, and he goes on, old as he has become, just as recklessly as ever ! He is a study for the philosopher.

A French paper has the following :—" The Count de St. Croix, belonging to one of the noblest and wealthiest families in France, became engaged, after a long and assiduous courtship, to a lady, his equal in position and fortune and famous for her beauty. Shortly after the happy day was appointed which was to render two loving hearts one, the Count was ordered immediately to the siege of Sebastopol. So he girded on his sabre, and at the head of his regiment marched on to the battle field. During his absence it happened that his beautiful fiancee contracted the small pox, and after hovering between life and death for many days, recovered her health to find her beauty entirely lost. The disease assumed in her case the most virulent character, and left her seamed and scarred to such a frightful extent that she became hideous to herself, and resolved to pass the remainder of her days in the strictest seclusion. A year passed away, when one day the Count, on his return to France, accompanied by his valet, presented himself at the residence of his betrothed and solicited an interview. This was refused. He, however, with the persistence of a lover, pressed his suit, and finally the lady made her appearance, closely muffled in a double veil. At the sound of her voice the Count rushed forward to embrace her, but stepping aside she tremblingly told the story of her sorrows and burst into tears. A heavenly smile broke over the Count's handsome features, as raising his hands above him he exclaimed : " It is God's will, I am blind !" It was even so. When gallantly leading his regiment to the attack, a cannon ball passed so closely to his eyes, that, while it left their expression unchanged and his countenance them all.

unmarked, it robbed him forever of sight. It is unnecessary to add their marriage was shortly after solemnized. It is said that at this day may often be seen at the Emperor's reception, an officer leaning upon the arm of a lady closely veiled, who seem to be attracted to the spot by their love of music."

There are many different ways of getting on in the world : it does not mean making a great deal of money, or being a great man for people to look up to with wonder. Leaving off a bad habit for a good one, is getting on in the world ; to be clean and tidy, instead of dirty and disorderly, is getting on ; to be active and industrious, instead of idle and lazy, is getting on ; to be kind and forbearing, instead of ill-natured and quarrelsome, is getting on ; to work as diligently in the master's absence as in his presence, is getting on ; in short, when we see any one properly attentive to his duties, persevering through such difficulties to gain such knowledge as shall be of use to himself and to others, offering a good example to his relatives and acquaintances, we may be sure that he is getting on in the world. Money is a very useful article in its way, but it is possible to get on with small means ; for it is a mistake to suppose that we must wait for a good deal of money before we can do anything. Perseverance is often better than a full purse. There are more helps towards getting on than is commonly supposed ; many people lag behind or miss their way altogether, because they do not see the simple and abundant means which surround them on all sides ; and so it happens that these means are aids which cannot be bought for money. Those who wish to get on in the world must have a stock of patience and perseverance, of hopeful confidence, a willingness to learn, and a disposition not easily cast down by difficulties and disappointments.

A fearful murder was committed in the township of McGillivray, County of Huron, on the evening of the 28th ult. An old lady seventy years of age, named Garbutt, and her grand-daughter, only six years old, were killed by William Mahon, out of spite to Mr. Garbutt, the husband of the murdered woman. It seems Mahon's farm joined Garbutt's, and having an altercation with him, the prisoner assaulted him, and was sent to jail for three months ; emerging from which he wreaked his spite on the innocent wife and grand-child. The murder was accompanied by scenes of brutality that we have never heard equalled, and we would as soon think of giving our readers poison, as detailing the particulars, which no human imagination can conceive. He must be possessed by a fiend. Anything of like atrocity no record of civilized nations gives trace of ; and that he was not lynched speaks well for the law-abiding spirit of our people.

The theory of M. Veuillot's pamphlet, entitled "Waterloo," is that Waterloo was a victory gained by the Protestant over the Catholic nations : that Louis Napoleon's expedition to Rome was the revenge of the Catholic nations, and that at the present moment the Protestants are meditating a second and more terrible Waterloo, which shall result in the suppression of the temporal power.

#### The Letter Box.

We have received during the past week many kind letters from all parts of the Province which will be answered in detail next week. This indulgence we ask from our friends, inasmuch as the numerous calls and communications incident to a new paper, have, for the past few days, engrossed much of the time of both Publisher and Editor.

#### TO PUBLISHERS.

Some editors have favored us with a notice without sending us a copy of the paper containing the same. If the publishers do not wish to exchange, we request they will be so good as to send the copy of their paper containing the notice of the Home JOURNAL, as we desire to be possessed of them all.

## THE INFANT TECUMSEH.

Onewequa, like Logan, "was the friend of the white men." He admired their arts, and wished to inspire his tribe with a desire of attaining them. Alas! he was yet to learn, that the blackest vices still prowled amid all the refinements of the most polished states. Like the murdered kindred of unhappy Logan, he also fell a sacrifice to the treachery of an enlightened man. His blood was poured upon the red altar of that exterminating hatred which many of our people still bear his scattered and unfortunate race.

Onewequa was wandering through the forest in pursuit of game, when he met a party of men who had recently assisted in the massacre of an Indian settlement. They knew Onewequa, and requested him to accompany them as a guide through the forest. The soul of the Indian darkened as they spoke.

"Are not your hands," said he, "yet red with the blood of my countrymen?—even now the spirits of my slaughtered people call aloud on their brethren for revenge."

"Insolent savage," cried the leader of the party, and instantly discharged a pistol at his bared bosom. Onewequa fell! The white men passed on; the dying Indian was left in the silence of the forest.

The day declined and Eloahama clambered the rocky steep to watch the return of her husband. Daughter of nature! repress the throbings of thy bosom—the heart of Onewequa now but faintly beats with responsive feeling. Deep shall his sleep be in the silence of the desert, and often wilt thou call on his name, but he shall not awaken?

Eloahama threw her anxious gaze through the deep shades of the surrounding wilds, but in vain—she listened in breathless stillness for the light footsteps of the hunter; but no sound was heard, save the hollow murmurings of the gathering storm, and the wolf howling loud and discordant from his hills. Clasping her infant to her bosom, she sought the narrow path that wound through the wood, and, determined not to return till accompanied by her husband. The night gathered dark round the wandering savage, and thunder rolled deep and heavy through the sky. In the pauses of the wind, a dying groan struck her ear—she followed the sound—it led to the body of Onewequa! A flash of lightning streamed across the stormy bosom, of nature, and shed a livid glare on his convulsed features: Eloahama sunk at his side—successive flashes now discovered the blood which lay congealed on his bosom. Her shriek recalled him for an instant to life—he opened his eyes, and fixing them on his wife, distinctly said, "Behold the faith of white men."

"Oh! my Onewequa, hast thou fallen thus, and is there none to avenge thee? The arm of the warrior is broken since thou art laid low; but the young plant at my breast shall gather strength to crush thy destroyers. When thou hast past yon sky of storms, thou shall see and converse with the great Spirit amid his clouds. Then let all thy petitions rest on the name of Tecumseh. For him shalt thou ask the soul of the warrior, and the strength of the mighty. Then shall he be as a whirlwind and a storm, that scatter desolation and death: as a fire spreading over the hill and the valley, consuming the race of dark souls."

Eloahama paused. The winds died away, and the raging storm was suddenly still. The full moon rent her thick mantle of darkness, and her clear light streamed here and there through trees of the forest. The heart of Onewequa was cold; but a smile of approbation rested on the features now fixed in death. The voice of Eloahama had been heard, and the passing spirit assented as it fled. The night passed away, and the mourner transferred her gaze from the marbled body of her husband, to the placid features of her sleeping child—a lock of her own long hair, yet wet with storm lay across the face of the infant warrior. Softly she put it back, while she contemplated his countenance with a kind of holy reverence.

"The Great Spirit," she said, "has smiled on the ghost of Onewequa, and granted his petition for our son. He hushed the howling

tempest, and bade the moon and stars come forth in their glory, as tokens of his ascent. Tecumseh, thou shalt avenge the death of thy father, and appease the spirits of his slaughtered brethren. Already art thou elected the chief of many tribes, for the promise of the Great Spirit is everlasting. Thy feet shall be swift as the forked lightning; thy arm shall be as the thunderbolt, and thy soul fearless as the cataract that dashes from the mountain precipice."

Such were the consolations of Eloahama, and she looked anxiously forward to the time when Tecumseh should realize her prophecy.

Three rolling years had marked its birth when she led him to the grave of his father. It was at the close of the day, and the most perfect silence reigned round the hillock of death.

"Seest thou that little mound of earth?" said the savage.

The boy fixed his steady gaze on the spot, and was silent. Eloahama threw herself on the wild grass that grew rank round the grave, and drew her child towards her.

"My son, thou art dearer to me than the strings of my heart—thou art the sweetest flower that greets my eye as I wandered thro' the forest—thy voice is the music of my ear, and it is thy affection that cools my scorching brain when it turns in frenzy. My son, who like thy mother would have cherished thy helpless infancy? who like her rejoices in thy growing beauties?"

The boy rolled his dark eye on Eloahama: it shone in all the radiance of gratitude and filial affection.

"My son," she resumed, "mark me, and remark all I say. Thou hadst once a father who would have been more to thee than the mother that bore thee. He would have gladdened in thee, Tecumseh, and thou wouldest have been the light of his soul—for thee, he would have climbed the mountain steep and braved the angry storm, when the Great Spirit frowned in darkness, he would have taught thy infant feet to explore the hidden paths of the forest, and guided thy young arm, when it first aimed the arrow at the bounding buffalo—he would have taught thee to build the light canoe, and ride the deep waters in safety. But he is no more; in the summer of life has he fallen: and he sleeps in the earth before us."

Eloahama paused—Tecumseh for a moment seemed lost in thought, then suddenly exclaimed,

"Mother, why does he not awaken?"

"My son, his is the sleep of death."

"Death!" said the boy.

"To-day," resumed Eloahama, "you saw a deer bounding through the forest; he was lovely in strength and beauty, and fleeter than the winds, which parted before him. Suddenly the hunter crossed his path, and an arrow cleaved his heart. I led you to the spot and bade you look at the dying animal; a short time passed away, and the warm blood that flowed from his wound grew dark and chill: he was stiff and cold, and his beauty was departed. Such is death, and such is the sleep of thy father?"

An awful pause ensued: the features of Tecumseh assumed a ghastly ferocity.

"Mother, whose arrow cleaved the heart of my father?"

"My son, thou has been told of a people beyond these wilds, who are the enemies of thy race: their souls are dark in treachery, and their hands are red in blood. They came with the pipe of friendship to our forest, and smoked the calumet with our nation; but they met thy father alone on his hills, and pierced his bosom with their arrows. He was a warrior, and his arm was the arm of strength. Great would have been his deeds; but he is now low in the dust."

Tecumseh heard, and the livid glare of his eyes changed suddenly to flashes of lightning.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "give me my hatchet and lead me to the villages, I will drink their blood, I will consume their race."

Eloahama smiled at the enthusiasm she had so anxiously endeavoured to awaken.

"My son," she replied, "thy arm is yet too feeble, and thy arrow is yet unsure. Thy hatchet must lie in its rust till the blossoms of many a spring shed their leaves around

the grave of thy father. But time still rolls on without ceasing; the winter passes quickly away, and the summer is again here. Thou shalt soon rejoice in the strength of thy manhood, and thy enemies afar off shall hear of thy name and tremble."

## The Weekly News.

The American civil war drags its slow length along. No battle has been fought, though there has been skirmishing.

Slaves from time to time run away to the enemy's camp. Gen. Butler puts most of them to work as property contraband of war.

Accounts from either side are so explored as to be almost worthless. Canadians will have to receive all information from the United States *cum grano salis*.

The Montreal papers mention the seizure of the steamer *Pearlress*, at the instance of the Hon. Alex Giddings, Consul-General for the United States, on the ground that she had been purchased for the Confederate Government. The *Leader* thinks if Mr. G. had communicated with Washington before making the seizure, he would have found that the Federal Government was at the bottom of the purchase.

Casius M. Clay's letter in the London *Times*, on the objects of the American war, excites attention. Mr. Clay is Minister to Russia from the United States.

By the Australasian from Liverpool 25th, we have later foreign advices.

Money was easier: the bullion in the Bank of England had declined £387,000.

The news by the Australasian is meagre. The French Government contemplate a more liberal press law.

Three well known gentlemen from Upper Canada are to be appointed Commissioners to investigate the accounts of Toronto University.

The Montreal *Pilot* was premature in stating the election was ordered for the 28th. It will, however, be ordered soon.

Mr. W. L. Mackenzie declines being a candidate for North York. It is not probable he will stand for any other constituency, judging by his letter in one of the city papers.

The *Nor'-Wester*, of May 1st, mentions a great freshet which caused much injury. We quote:—"The general flood which is spreading the country will necessitate a temporary suspension in the publication of the *Nor'-Wester*. If the waters continue to rise any longer, we shall be compelled to migrate with the multitude to distant ridges and enjoy the red man's life for some weeks. Should they recede we shall continue uninterrupted, but there may be difficulty in the delivery, as nearly all the bridges are swept away."

There was a violent storm on Lake Ontario on Wednesday. A raft belonging to Mr. McAdam of this city was blown to pieces. We hear of no other damage.

The fourth number of the Ontario Literary Society's manuscript Magazine will be read at the meeting, next Tuesday evening.

Brown has issued a new edition of his *Directory* for 1861, enlarged and improved.

The Manchester *Guardian* mentions that there are a very unusually large number of persons out of employment in that city and vicinity.

A city contemporary says of Osgoode Hall:—"The Law Society have done well in establishing Scholarships, to be given to the most proficient student in each year."

The Hamilton *Herald* of Wednesday publishes a long letter from Mr. Loveridge, in reply to the attacks made on him by Thurlow Weed, of the Albany *Journal*. Its tone is bitterly sarcastic.

A correspondent of the *Leader*, writing from New York, says the Scotch show less inclination to fight for the stars and stripes than any class of the foreign population; the reason being a fear England may yet be an ally of the South. The *Leader* disclaims any endorsement of the intensely radical letter of its New York correspondent.

## OUR RECEPTION BY OUR BRETHREN OF THE PRESS.

We feel highly gratified at being able, in our second number, to present to our readers such an array of favorable opinions and welcome greetings, on our first appearance, as that which follows from our brethren of the fourth estate. We have received other notices, which are too late for this issue. We thank our friends for their well wishes.

*The Home Journal.*—This is the name of a new weekly aspirant for literary honors published by Mr. W. Halley, of this city. The first number appeared on Saturday last. It is not a very large sheet but the low price at which it is sold, and the fact of its being indigenous, may enable it to compete with the innumerable journals which come this way from the States. We must say we are favorably impressed with the first number of the *Home Journal*. It opens with a tale of Southern life entitled "Down on the Beach" by E. F. Loveridge, which promises to be of much interest. Mr. Loveridge is not a novice in this line, having written several sketches which have been well received by the American people. His style is nervous, and his imagination strong two characteristics which are essential to the production of a tale. There is also republished an old story from the pen of Mr. James McFarroll, of this city, who is already well known in the Province, both as a poet and a writer in prose; and a new tale is promised us from the same gentleman, which we trust will soon appear. The general reading matter is interesting—a little heavy perhaps, but this objection the conductors promise to meet for the future. We do not take up the new sheet without some fears for its success. Other papers of a similar nature have arisen; their sun have shone for a while, and then they have disappeared from off the stage. We trust our new contemporary will prove a plant of more hardy growth, and that it will long survive for the amusement and instruction of the Canadian public.—*Leader*.

On Saturday was ushered into existence in this city a new literary paper called the *Home Journal*. In typographical appearance it is all that can be desired. Two original tales by writers in Canada, are commenced in it, and it contains besides a large amount of reading matter of an interesting and valuable description. Great care will be taken to exclude from its columns anything of an immoral character, therewith giving it a decided advantage over many of the papers which come from the United States. Politics will have no place in it. The publisher is Mr. William Halley, of the Montreal Type Foundry Agency. We wish him every success, and would remind Canadians that they should feel peculiarly interested in the prosperity of the enterprise. The *Home Journal* is the only paper published in the Province devoted solely to literary matters, and on that account, if on no other, should be liberally supported.—*Globe*.

*The Home Journal.*—The first number of the *Home Journal*, a weekly Canadian family newspaper, is before us. We are much pleased with its appearance. It bears a neat and cheerful look. The *Journal* contains eight pages of original and judiciously selected matter. There is a very good variety of reading, including a contribution from Mr. E. F. Loveridge, entitled "Down on the Beach," a story of the South; which promises to be a treat to the lovers of light reading. The *Journal* is published by our enterprising fellow-citizen, Mr. William Halley, who is entitled to a large measure of support for his very laudable efforts to create a taste for home literature. We trust the *Home Journal* will supersede many of the trashy and demoralizing publications which flood the country, and that Canadians will take a pride and an interest in supporting native talent and native enterprise. We wish the *Journal* a long and prosperous career.—*Canadian Freeman*.

*The Home Journal.*—The above is the title of a new literary paper, the first number of which was published on Saturday last in this city. In appearance the *Home Journal* is very neat, and great care appears to be taken in the selection of reading matter. The publisher is Mr. Wm. Halley, of the Montreal Type Foundry Agency, and we trust, if the *Journal* continues to be what is represented, that it will be well supported.—*British Herald*.

*The Home Journal.*—This new candidate for public favor is on our table. It is an eight-paged, beautifully printed sheet, published by William Halley, Esq., of Coborne Street, a practical printer, and a good judge of what kind of a paper the masses of the literary public desire. We notice in the initial number a serial novella, by E. F. Loveridge, Esq., styled "Down on the Beach," which bears the eccentricities of his style, and will be read with interest, especially by those who are perusing "Out of the Way," on our outside page. While we like the story we are publishing, as in duty bound, the best, we think "Down on the Beach" most calculated to take with the masses. The article "A Word to the People," is a polished piece of writing. Whoever the Editor of the *Home Journal* may be, he is "an old hand at the bellowes," very evidently. The "Round Table" seems to have been "made up" in a hurry by the foreman. The article on "The World" is rather heavy reading, and we do not agree with its philosophy, though it is marked by great ability. The "Adventures of a Night," by James McCarron, of this city, is, like all Mr. McCarron's articles, characterized by grace of diction and elevation of tone. The poetical selections are very well in their way, the most noticeable piece of verse being original, and well illustrated. It is called "The Child's Reproof." All in all, the *Home Journal* will compare very favorably with the best of the New York and Boston Weeklies, and it has our best wishes. If Canadians do not sustain this paper, characterized as it is by ability and a high moral tone, which all the American literary papers cannot claim, then the fault is in our people themselves. We shall watch the experiment with interest. The *Journal* can be had of any reputable news-dealer for four cents a copy, or the publisher will mail it to any address for \$1.50 per annum.—*Toronto Mirror*.