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OUR OWN

PRICE: FOUR CENTS—1.50 PER ANNUM.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

THE COMET.

You ear of fire—we watch its way
Resplendent down the glowing blue
Soar through the twilight's folding gulf
The world-wide wonder flew.

Daily in turn, each orb of light
From out the deepenn'd concave brot,
First eyes soft herald swam to sight,
'Till every star awoke.

The Lyre resting its burning chords,
High flung the cross as streaming ray—
Lain rose. Alas, more sweet than words
On music's soul could say.

They, from old time, in course the same,
Familiar set familiar rise,
But what art thou, wild, love flame,
A'whart the startled skies?

Mysterious yet, as when it burst,
'Trough the vast void of nature hurled,
And shook their shrinking hearts at first,
The titans of the world.

In vain the sage, heaven's scroll unseals,
Vainly has baffled science strive—
We only know that there it wheels,
The miracle of heaven.

God's monster! We guess no more,
Of thee, thy frame, thy missions still,
Than he, who watched thy flight of yore,
On the Chaldean hills.

Yet spirit tidings from thy blaze
From radiant touch this earthly clad—
Not e'en the fool on thee could gaze,
And say—"There is no God!"

[For the Home Journal.]

BLACK HAWK.

A TALE OF "THE PLAINS."

BY JAMES MCCARROLL.

CHAPTER I.

TO many of the pioneers of the backwoods of Western Canada, it is, doubtless, well known that between thirty and forty years ago, the site on which now stands the flourishing and picturesque town of Peterborough, presented to the eye all the characteristics of a wilderness but newly invaded, and still sleeping in the shadow of the gigantic pines and cedars by which it was then surrounded. Reclining on the verge of the broad and beautiful Otonabee—whose waters, emerald in the sheen of the summer foliage that traced their course, rolled onwards, amid song and surge, to join those of Rice Lake—it tempted the weary foot of the adventurous emigrant; and so persuasive were its charms and the advantages connected with them, that log cabin after log cabin soon began to steal into existence, until, at last, more than a dozen blue lines of smoke rose towards the heavens, and commingled gracefully in the morning air: while the echoes that had slept among the neighboring ravines for ages—save when aroused by some savage yell from wolf or Indian—leaped into life at the sound of the axe, and paid back, with interest, the song of the woodman, and the occasional clack of the first unpretending little mill that ground his scanty "grist."

Previous to the year 1822, the few settlers scattered in the vicinity of "The Plains"—for the name, "Peterborough" was then unknown—were constrained to use a huge wooden pestle and mortar, with a view to

reducing their wheat to flour, or to boil their grain in milk and subsist, mainly, upon a dish known as "fermenty" to the Irish of the early part of the present century, if not to those of to-day. Indeed, at this trying period, it was nothing unusual for the sturdy settler, who would be luxurious, to shoulder his bag of grain, at the first peep of dawn, and set off for "The Front"—as Cobourg and Port Hope, were then called—for the purpose of getting it "floured," and in the hope of being able to bear it back, in a day or so, to make glad the hearts of those who were anxiously awaiting his return, by the rude fireside of his primitive dwelling.

In these long journeys, through almost trackless forests, with but little to guide him, save an uncertain "blaze," or the moss said to be found, invariably, on the north side of the trees, it is not surprising that he had often lost his way, or fallen among those ferocious animals, that were then the terror of the woods. Seldom had a winter's evening passed in the shanty of the shingle maker, or the stall of some more pretending artizan, without its having been beguiled by the narration of, hair-breadth escapes from the fangs of these inexorable scourges of our early civilization, or startled by the hurried announcement, that some distant settler had left his lonely dwelling at dusk, never to cross its homely threshold again. These were the days of excitement to those, who, anxious for the possession of broader acres, penetrated the wilderness, and bared their brawny, right arm, to let the first patch of sunlight that ever illumined its depths, fall unbroken upon the rugged soil. This hardihood, however, was exposed to the ravages of the wolf and the bear, in a frightful degree. Night after night, some wearied "squatter," was aroused from his tired slumbers, to witness the mangled remains of the last lamb of his flock, or the abstraction, by some huge, black bear, of his only swine, that he had, perhaps, on the day previous, purchased miles away; and upon the growth and success of which, his wife and children were almost solely depending for an occasional mouthful of meat during the approaching Fall or Winter. Yes, these were the days of trial; when a single yoke of oxen had to accomplish the logging, dragging and ploughing of a whole "Concession" or "Township;" and, when little communities had to band together, and form "Bees," with a view to assisting each other to perform gratuitously those heavy tasks, beyond the narrow means of the individual settler, and which set at naught the strength of a single arm.

To the newly arrived emigrant, who had never previously witnessed or heard of these gatherings, that of the "Logging Bee," at least, presented an aspect the most novel and ludicrous. The continuous ringing of the axe—the hoarse yelling at the oxen—the clank of the chains through which the logs were dragged into piles to be burned—the unwearied circulation of the cracked tea cup, and the coarse, earthen jar whose precious contents had been purchased at "The Front"—the creaking of handspikes, as some ponderous mass of timber was rolled up the "skids" into its place on the "heap"—the merry joke and boisterous laugh of men, women and children, as they looked into

each others faces, black as jet from the coal dust arising from the charred brands of some previous day's burning, and the continual crackling of the blazing piles of brush, fed by half a dozen urelins in costumes the most original, all conspired to astonish and amuse him: as well as to assure him, beyond a doubt, that he was on a foreign shore, and far removed from those appliances of civilization, which characterized, so broadly, the land of his birth.

Still, in all this curious turmoil, there was a strange, weird pleasure that won upon you insensibly. Everything like rigid conventionalities, were, necessarily, swept from its midst; and you found yourself on the threshold of a future indistinct and shadowy in the extreme. Walled in by almost interminable forests never penetrated by the hum of the great outer world, you soon made common cause with the adventurers among whom your lot was cast; and felt, no matter what your hopes or education, sentiments of friendliness taking possession of your bosom, and leading you, imperceptibly, to assume, with cheerfulness, the position assigned to you in the rude, social compact. In this relation, the adaptability of our natures to circumstances, is one of the mightiest master-strokes on the part of Him by whom the heavens and the earth were kindled out of darkness. Were our happiness subject to one fixed standard only, whose slightest disarrangement would result in pain, how lamentable should be our fate. The moment that any untoward alteration took place in the temperature of our aspirations or our fortunes, we should sink into apathetic despair, without being able to make a single effort to recover the position from which we had fallen, or turn to account those straggling beams of light by which even misery itself is invariably surrounded. The fabric of our being and our destiny is, at once, perfect, stupendous and sublime. And, although its foundations may be laid too deeply in the eternity of the Past for mortal recognition, while its towering height is lost completely in that of the future, yet here, amid the central stories which are within the reach of contemplation and analysis, we discover such exquisite symmetry and proportions, as to give most undoubted assurance of the existence of a superb and harmonious whole. Pain is but the dark and effective background which serves to throw out in more brilliant and exquisite relief the colorings and groupings of Pleasure; and "Evil and Good"—as Bailey has it in his "Festus"—"are God's left hand and right."

It was after the labors of the day had closed, however, and when night had set in, that the phases of these simple-hearted and kindly gatherings exhibited themselves in their most attractive and picturesque garb. Pea coffee, hemlock tea—not a la Socrates—"flat jacks," fried pork, and the inevitable jar and cracked tea-cup having been placed on the rough, pine table, once more, the "loggers" gathered around their simple fare, with brown, bare, brawny arms and smutty faces that refused anything like consolation from the hasty ablutions performed at the neighboring creek. It was now that the hopes and prospects of the new settlement were discussed with eager anxiety, and plans laid regarding its future management. Nor

did the gravity attendant upon a subject so serious, relax in the slightest degree, until repeated jovial witticisms, on the part of some light heart, broke in upon its solemnity, and turned the current of thought out of its more sober channels into those of song and glee, or directed attention to the success of the newly-fired log-heaps that were reddening the whole heavens, and driving into impenetrable fastnesses whatever wild animals might have been lurking all day in the vicinity of the lonely "clearing." At this point, and when supper was over, the scene was one well calculated to inspire the pencil of a Vandyke, or provoke the genius of a Dante. The rude, log shanty and adjoining little barn, glowing in the midst of a hundred roaring furnaces, and surrounded by numerous dusky figures, some lounging, like brigands, in the sullen glare, and eyeing, in silence, the movements of those who sought "to dance each other down" to the strains of some opportune violin, that never failed to accompany the owner on such occasions. Others performing feats of strength, or relating merry tales of their ludicrous mishaps; while the female portion of the happy throng were busily engaged in discussing their various household affairs, as well as the mysteries of a red delf pitcher, whose warm and aromatic contents were introduced, in part, to mark the undoubted effeminacy of the sex, in contradistinction to that of the more swarthy and robust natures, who handled, with such manly dexterity, the rough brown jar and ubiquitous, cracked tea-cup, until "the cock's shrill clarion" warned them of the approach of morn, and the rest they required before commencing the labors of another day.

Time strode on; and in the course of three or four years, the "Robinson Emigration" gave a fresh impetus to the little village of "The Plains." Here and there a one-story log edifice, or "cash store," began to peep out upon what was facetiously termed a street; and, henceforth the name, "Peterborough," became associated with the settlement. The staples of these stores were pork, flour, red flannel, bad whiskey, factory cotton, logging chains, maple sugar, nails, salt, fish and tea. Any thing approaching the luxuries of life was totally out of the question. Chip hats, blanket coats, red flannel shirts, muskrat caps, buckskin mitts, stogy boots, and any kind of stockings and trousers, composed the wardrobe of most of the settlers; while the eternal pork and flour, varied by an occasional bass or maskinonge, took sole and undisputed possession of their table. In addition to this, the trade between them was, owing to the almost total absence of money, carried on by barter, mainly. When winter set in, and the sleighing was good, the rising farmer from the adjacent townships paid his bills in pork or wheat; and, when the spring arrived, procured little necessaries in exchange for maple sugar, eggs, or butter. In the village itself, however, a species of currency obtained, at once original and ingenious. If a needy matron required "a quarter of tea," or a pound of sugar, she generally eked out her scanty stock of change by stripping her husband's coat or waistcoat of a few buttons, and converting them into a circulating medium, recognized, at once, to be genuine by the unsophisticated

CHAPTER II

and obliging vendor of such necessities. The process of transformation was simple in the extreme, nor were the implements of coinage multifarious or complex. A hammer and a smoothing-iron were all she required for the performance of the task, in the execution of which she outvalled, in rapidity, the whole machinery of the British Mint. In the present day, the species of labor in which she was engaged would be considered hazardous in the extreme; but, thirty-five years ago, the inhabitants of "The Plains," were a very primitive people, and had not such stringent modes, as they now have, at their finger's ends, for the purpose of enforcing a proper observance of the nice distinction between *meum* and *tuum* or establishing a rigid standard to which society generally was to be subjected with a pertinacity the most inexorable. No, indeed: A community that presented an admixture of lumbermen, Indians, poor mechanics, reckless adventurers, a few half-pay officers and needy gentlemen, was not likely to settle down rapidly into one solid and uniform mass, or to recognize any governing influence that would direct its scattered energies.

Each individual button, on being removed from the articles of clothing just mentioned, was laid flat on the iron, and struck once or twice on the shank, until the loop became deeply imbedded in the centre of the metal, on the completion of which, as veritable a halfpenny lay before you, as ever bore the head of King George. As this flattening did not add to the value of the novel coin, it was doubtless used as a decent observance; although some were tempted to believe, that it was adopted with the sole view of making the change lie easy in the pocket, or facilitating that gliding process of counting from the hollow of the hand through the fingers, to which "shanks" would be a deadly obstruction. Be this as it may, the few then in business, although well aware that a part of the circulating medium, was as base as base could be, were constrained to close their eyes to the fact. Silver was rare—trifles were needed, and there was scarcely any true copper currency with which to purchase them. What, then, was to be done? Just what they did do bravely and well. Like stout anti-bullionists, they mixed their veritable and spurious coppers with "shin plasters," and on grave occasions, adding a piece of more precious metal, shoved the whole from hand to hand, sooner than let the wheels of trade clog until relief came up.

At the time of which we speak, the Indians encamped in and about the little village, with their deer-knives, blanket coats, bare heads, moccasins, gaudy leggings, and the indispensable "Indian Chief" piece, with its old flint lock, and small oval silver portrait set in just behind the britch. In those days, numbers of them were terribly addicted to the use of ardent spirits. While in a state of intoxication, they occasionally exhibited some of the most ferocious traits of their character. Quarrelsome amongst themselves, when inebriated, they not unfrequently rushed from their wigwams and, with their knives unsheathed, made a feint upon the trembling emigrants that were then scattered along the brink of the river near what is, now, known as the site of the old, government house. No deeds of actual violence, however, resulted from these savage outbursts; as, in his more sober moments, the "red man" was not unfriendly to the "pale faces," and sold them his furs, baskets, head work and moccasins, in a spirit of honest simplicity, which might have put more civilized transactions to the blush. But this barbarous state of affairs, with all its trying adjuncts, has long since passed away; and Peterborough, in the possession of its unrivalled mills, fine public edifices, and beautiful private dwellings, has to the credit of its intelligent and enterprising inhabitants, become a place of great note in our midst. The splendid back country to which it may be considered the key, and the unlimited water-power at its command, have established its importance on a basis the most immovable, and marked out for it a future, the prospects of which are not second to those of any other settlement in this rising Colony.

At the close of a delightful day during the early part of the Autumn of 1825, and while the red beams of the setting sun were kindling into crimson and gold the tremulous cones of the lofty pines that scintilled the Menaghan hills, a canoe of rare beauty and workmanship was seen slowly making its way through the eddies that were whirled out of "Whitlaw's Rapids," in among the roots of the overhanging basswoods, elms and cedars that darkened the waters of the Otonabee, a short distance from the settlement, and afforded a delightful shade to those who, at the decline of day, dropped down through the "little lake," at the foot of the village, to enjoy an hour's fishing, or to lie in wait for the red deer that frequented the "salt lick" near "The Cold Springs" on the opposite bank of the stream.

This lake—which the canoe entered shortly after being discovered—was one of unrivalled beauty; and appeared to have been formed, or scooped out through a sudden obstruction to the course of the waters of the river, owing to an abrupt bend in their channel. In shape, it was inclining to oval, with the longer diameter measuring about a mile, and the shorter, something less than three quarters; and so securely did it nestle in the bosom of the forest, that you stood on its very brink before you became aware of its existence; unless, indeed, you had previously heard of the locality, or caught a glimpse of the rude but hospitable log cabin of the Rev. Mr. Croley, who was, doubtless, the first Roman Catholic clergyman that had ever settled on or near its solitary shores.

On the right hand side, as you emerged from the narrow strait through which the stream still rushes so rapidly, spread out a bright, little bay with bold steep banks, hopelessly tangled with underwood, and presenting scarcely an available foot of strand to step upon. At the lower extremity of this basin, and directly opposite the strait just mentioned, a moderately elevated promontory seemed to stretch out towards the opposite shore; although, when you reached it, you found it to be nothing more than a simple continuation of the banks of the river as they might have appeared before any sudden enlargement of its bed had taken place. To this point, the canoe now made its way, and as it touched the beach, after having shot, like an arrow, through a fringe of rushes, an Indian, with the agility of a roebuck, leaped on the glittering patch of strand at its bow, and dragged the little bark deep into the shadow of a projecting rock.

When the new-comer had thus disposed of his canoe, he grasped a heavy rifle that lay at its bottom, amongst various articles of luggage, and began ascending the precipitous bluff, until he stood upon an open space, a few yards square, that the storms of centuries had blown completely bare. Here in the deep broad splendour of the departing day, he presented an aspect the most imposing and picturesque imaginable. His erect and athletic form, towering at the height of six feet—his finely poised head and muscular chest and limbs, as well as his ample forehead and faultless nose and chin, bespoke him no ordinary man. His eyes were of a fiery darkness, and his complexion a pale olive, seemingly, however, more from constant exposure to the weather than from any natural tinge of the blood; and, although he had evidently numbered upwards of forty years, yet his hair was still as black as night, and his teeth as white and perfect as the purest ivory. What appeared inexplicable, nevertheless, was the fact of his finely curved lips, unlike those of Indians generally, being covered with a thick, glossy moustache, while his cheek bones were not in any degree prominent, or his nostrils distended in the manner of the tribes then so familiar to the settler. In short, his magnificent features and whole figure, were worthy the chisel of a Praxiteles; while his superbly pencilled eyebrows, together with his small ears, hands and feet, might have belonged to a woman, without attracting any extraordinary degree of attention.

His dress, although that of the red man, in all its ramifications, was costly of its kind,

and sat on him with a graceful negligence not to be surpassed. On his head, he wore a crimson skull-cap braided with gold, and closely decked, in front, with eagle's feathers, about half a foot long, and ingeniously inserted into the shining fillet that clasped his stately temples. His coat and outer shirt were of the finest deerskin, elaborately wrought with porcupine quills that presented all the hues of the rainbow, and ran along the seams in a manner the most artistic. His trousers were made of the same material, and ornamented similarly; while his leggings of bright scarlet cloth with silver buttons, fell loosely upon his moccasins, that literally blazed in the dying beams that still lingered at his feet. The other ornaments of his person were a rich, diamond brooch, that confined the falling collar of his shirt, and a large ring of singular beauty which shone on the forefinger of his left hand. In addition to these, a massive gold chain fell from his neck into a small pocket at his breast; while a pair of elaborately mounted pistols and a shining powder-flask were carelessly thrust into his dazzling belt, of silk and Indian grass, whose many shaded fringes reached almost to his knee. Thus he stood for a moment on the silent headland; and as his manly face caught the light that was reflected strongly by the placid waters beneath him, you perceived, at a glance, that a more perfect specimen of the handiwork of the Great Architect of the Universe, had never existed since the morning stars first sang together.

After having remained stationary for a few seconds, as in thought, he moved with a graceful and agile step towards one side of the bluff, where his quick ear caught a noise amongst some brushwood that grew at the point where the lake again narrowed into the river. In an instant, the sharp clang of his rifle rang through the surrounding dells, and, simultaneously with the report, a huge buck leaped into the air and fell dead within a few yards of the little cove where the canoe lay securely sheltered.

"Ha!" exclaimed the hunter, in excellent English, though tinged with a slight Indian accent, "just the thing for 'Daylight.' She shall command these fine antlers to be hung up in the hall, and get the skin tanned for moccasins, until it is as soft and as white as her own beautiful feet. Dear Madam Gertrude, too, will be delighted with such an opportune supply of venison; for here, decidedly, the markets are not so well stocked as those I have witnessed in her great City of London, on the other side of 'the big sea water.' But," he continued, "although I have not far to go before I reach her residence, I should not like to be so encumbered with the weight of this noble fellow. But I had better let his blood flow more freely, at once, and leave him here if Kondiaronk should fail to take the track along the bank."

He had scarcely spoken, when he was joined by another Indian who suddenly emerged from the woods, and hurried down the steep to where he now stood beside the prostrate animal.

"Ha!"—this new arrival, ejaculated in Indian—"I heard the voice of the rifle of Black Hawk, and hastened because I knew that it spoke the words of death."

"Yes, Kondiaronk," replied the Huron, "while waiting for you here, this pride of the forest crossed my path; and behold!"

"Right through the heart," returned the "Rat," as his name implied, "and would, that the Great Spirit had directed as unerringly every bullet that our fathers had sent into the midst of the accursed Iroquois."

"Aye!" observed Black Hawk, as he bent musingly over the deer that was now bleeding profusely, "but it is useless to repine. The shores and islands of some of the upper lakes are still ours; and 'Grey Eagle' had wealth enough to leave me, his son, when he departed for the bright hunting grounds of our fathers, and named the chief of his tribe."

"Well!" said Kondiaronk, "it is past. But is it not fortunate that I have found you here just now, so as that we may bear this royal buck to the log palace of Daylight from whence I can return with one of the pale faces to the canoe?"

"When I left you at the foot of the rapids until I passed the shallows," observed the chief, "I thought you might possibly follow the trail along the bank and pass here, rather than force your way through the swamp to the point where we now see the smoke rising and from whence you expect assistance regarding the contents of the canoe."

"You guessed rightly," said his companion, for the swamp is very dense, and always next to impassable, but let us, if you will, dispose of this fellow at once, as the sun is not an hour high."

This conversation, which was carried on partly in English, which Kondiaronk spoke fluently, was interrupted by a nod of assent from the Huron, and a significant wave of the hand, at which, Kondiaronk drew his tomahawk from his belt, and retired once more into the woods.

In the course of a very few minutes, the Indian re-appeared, bearing a stout iron-wood pole and some white strips of the inner bark of the basswood, that trailed along the ground. With these tough ligaments he bound the fore, as well as the hinder, legs of the deer together; and having slipped the pole lengthwise between them, he strapped it securely to the body of the animal, leaving a couple of feet projecting at either extremity, so as that the burden might rest easily on the shoulders, in the manner of the palanquins of the East. On this being accomplished, he hastily procured some branches of leafy brushwood; and concealing the canoe beneath them, so effectually as to defy the keenest observation, he looked enquiringly into the face of the chief, as in anticipation of some signal for their departure.

Kondiaronk, who had been, from his youth, a devoted follower of Black Hawk, was every inch an Indian. His long, lank and black hair, his small, dark twinkling eyes, and his stout bandy legs proclaimed his origin at once. He was much younger and shorter than his companion; and was so square and so muscularly built as to be the very personification of strength. Unlike his chief, whose beard and moustache were of a description the most superb, but a few scattered hairs were discernible on the lower part of the face; while his elastic nostrils and heavy eyebrows were noticeable for their continual restlessness, and the expressiveness with which they interpreted his feelings. He was bare headed, and wore the blanket coat, coarse cloth trousers and blue leggings common to most of his caste. His moccasins, like the rest of his habiliments, were totally devoid of ornament, and not a gleam of brightness was to be discovered about him, save that which proceeded from the oval piece of silver inserted in the stock of his gun, or the highly polished tomahawk that was again restored to its wonted resting place. Although his forehead was low and slightly retreating, there was still something frank about his face. An admixture of daring and cunning, however, seemed lurking beneath this pleasant surface; but never obtruding themselves in any degree calculated to mar it, unless provoked by deep diplomacy or the war cry of his tribe. In brief, Kondiaronk was a bundle of contradictions, with the good predominating. And seldom were the more objectionable traits of his character exhibited, save where the interests of his chief, or the fate of an enemy was at stake. At periods such as these, he was bound by no laws, and used, however questionable, the first means within his reach to accomplish his ends; and often had Black Hawk to stay his merciless arm, and endeavor to counteract his fiery designs, when his milder and now generous nature was swept turbulently aside. Such was the person that now grasped one end of the ironwood pole, while the Chief seized the other, and swung it on his shoulder; and as they both moved up the steep, with the dead animal suspended between them, they did so with an ease and rapidity which could have been based only upon strength the most Herculean.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Time is the most paradoxical of all things; the past is gone; the future isn't come, and the present becomes the past while we attempt to define it.

[For the Home Journal.]
THE HOME OF UNREST.

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE

Look! those walls all marble white
Seem to woo the moonday's smile,
And the golden rays of light
Love to linger there awhile.

O! you temples fair to view,
On the dome there seems to rest
Brightness of such holy hue
As if the very spot were blest.

Lo! this temple, by the beams
Of the elvish moon to-night
Is fair, as when in infant dreams
Are seen the smiles of angels bright.

Yes, indeed these walls are fair,
While you mark the marble's sheen
Your young heart is free from care—
Till the inner courts you've seen.

Hark! a stream all rest, as flows
Underneath this temple bright,
And the mysteries it knows
Which shall never see the light.

And this stream it hath a voice,
Strange the dirge it chants I ween,
"Surely youth could never rejoice
Did it know what I have seen."

O! the walls are pure, you see,
Gaily sunbeams on them rest,
Yet you'll hear no melody,
For within no bird hath nest.

So, the temple seemeth fair,
So I knelt without the pale,
When to enter I did dare,
Once within, my heart did fail.

In that temple is no light,
By no honest day 'tis lit,
While in dreary, lone midnight
Ghastly shadows through it lit.

Fair without! so foul within!
Darkness, damp, and mould'ring hearth,
Few would wish to enter in
And close the gates on merry Earth.

I entered young, and free and gay,
I left it old, and wise and sad,
And when again I saw the day,
Alas! it could not make me glad.

Choice Extracts.

New Order of Knighthood.

The *Gazette* announces that Her Majesty has been pleased to institute an order of knighthood, to be known by, and have for ever hereafter the designation of the most exalted order of the Star of India. The order is to consist of the sovereign, a grand master, and twenty-five knights. Her Majesty's object, in founding the order, is to afford to the princes, chiefs and people of the Indian empire a public and signal testimony of her regard; and, in order to mark Her Majesty's high sense and esteem for the order, the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales were appointed extra knights. Earl Canning is appointed first grand master. The following is a list of the knights of the order:—Viscount Gough, Lord Harris, Lord Clyde, Sir G. Clerk, Sir J. Lawrence, Sir J. Outram, Sir Hugh Rose, and nine Indian princes.

Death from a Worm in the Brain.

An inquest was held at Walsall, Staffordshire, recently, on the body of a girl named Rachel Brady, aged twenty years, who was found dead in her bed. The medical man who had made a post-mortem examination, stated that he had ascertained that the deceased used to eat sausages. On opening her head he had found, where the brain and spinal marrow join, four dydated sacs. The dydated sac, he had no doubt, was composed of the egg of the tape worm, the worm thus taken into the body in process of eating sausages not properly cooked, composed of measles pork. The worm thus taken into the body forced its way into the organs, the liver, the head, eyes and brain, and deposited its egg, and this again forced its way wheresoever it could gain most nourishment. In the present instance, the dydated sac, pressing upon the brain at the particular point named, caused death.

A Yankee at a Restaurant.

An American in Paris went to a restaurant to his dinner. Unacquainted with the French language, yet unwilling to show his ignorance, he pointed to the first line on the bill of fare, and the polite waiter brought him a fragrant plate of beef soup. This was very well, and when it was despatched he pointed to the second line. The waiter understood him perfectly, and brought him a

vegetable soup. "Rather more soup than I want," thought he, "but it is Paris fashion." He duly pointed to the third line, and a plate of tapioca broth was brought to him. Again to the fourth, and was furnished with a bowl of preparation of arrow-root. He tried the fifth line, and was supplied with some gruel kept for invalids. The by-standers now supposed that he was an unfortunate individual that had lost all his teeth, and our friend, determined to get as far from the soup as possible, pointed in despair to the last line on the bill of fare. The intelligent waiter, who saw at once what he wanted, politely handed him a bunch of tooth-picks. This was too much; the American paid his bill and left.—*N. Y. Courier.*

A Beautiful Reflection.
Rulwer eloquently says: "I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon the faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their annual festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beings that pass before us, like shadows, will stay in our presence forever!"

A Roland for an Oliver.

A few days since (writes an attorney), as I was sitting with Brother D—, in his office, in Court Square, a client came in, and said—

"Squire D—, W—, the livery stable keeper, shaved me dreadfully yesterday, and I want to come up with him."

"State your case," said D—.

Client—"I asked him how much he would charge me for a horse to go to Dedham. He said fifteen shillings. I took the horse and went, and when I came back, I paid him fifteen shillings, and he said he wanted another fifteen shillings for coming back, and made me pay it."

D— gave him some legal advice, which the client immediately acted upon as follows:—

He went to stables and said—

"How much will you charge me for a horse to go to Salem?"

Stabler replied—"Thirty shillings."

"Harness him up."

Client went to Salem, came back by railroad, went back to stabler, saying—

"Here is your money," paying him thirty shillings.

"Where is my horse?" says W—.

"He is at Salem," says client; "I only hired him to go to Salem."

A Knowing Horse.

Last Saturday morning a gentleman bought a wagon at Kingsley Calcutt's auction sale. In the afternoon he sent his man and horse to bring it home. On the way home, the horse ran away, and nearly killed the man and broke the wagon all to pieces; but, strange to say, when the horse found he had got his liberty, he thought he would like to see the auctioneer who sold the wagon to his master. So down he runs, and on his way to Calcutt's auction-room, he ran into a cart and cut himself very badly. On he went as hard as he could run until he got to Calcutt's store. He then halted, and in he walks all the way down his long store, looking around at all the goods. In turning round at the end of the store, he slipped and down he went with such a crash that you would have thought the house was falling in. Getting up, he broke a lot of furniture. When he got up, not liking the looks of things, he turned and put his head over the counter where Mr.

Calcutt was standing, and looked up at him straight in the face, and shook his head at him, as much as to say, "Old fellow, I have called to thank you for the bargain you gave my master in the wagon, at the same time I thought I would do a little business with you in the way of breaking some of your new furniture. Good morning, sir, and out he walked. (N. B.) As strange as this may appear, it is strictly true.—*Cobourg Star.*

Chinese Tea Tricks.

All the "tricks of trade" are not confined to this country, nor to "outside barbarians." We saw on Tuesday, in a wholesale establishment in this city, a chest of tea opened under circumstances that preclude the possibility of its having been tampered with since it left China; yet it had not a pound of tea inside, and we were told by the merchant that it was by no means the first case that he had seen of the kind. In one case the contents were a mixture of rough rice and clay, so proportioned as to give the exact weight of the tea the package originally contained. He states that the trick is the work of the tea carriers, who must have facilities to reclose the package after abstracting the contents, with such skillfulness that the theft cannot be discovered until the chest is opened by the merchant at its final destination. Formerly the most common trick was the substitution of an inferior tea for a high priced one, which the thief disposed of for his own profit, buying the cheap sort with a part of the money; but of late they have found that dirt will pass as well as pure tea, and so save the whole contents of the plundered packages. This trick of substituting one sort for another is so common, that the tea merchant is no longer certain of what he is buying, unless he examines every package before shipping it, which is simply an impossibility.—*New York Tribune.*

Life Everywhere.

You cannot go into a meadow and pick up a daisy by the roots, without breaking up a society of nice relations and detecting a principle more extensive and refined than mere gravitation. The handful of earth that follows the tiny roots of the little flower is replete with social elements. A little social circle had been formed around that germinating daisy. The sunbeam and the dewdrop met there, and the soft summer breeze came whispering through the tall grass to join the silent concert. The earth took them to the daisy gem, and all went to work to show that flower to the sun. Each mingled in the honey of its influence, and they nursed the "wee canny thing" with an almitment that made it grow. And when it lifted up its eyes towards the sky they wove a soft carpet of grass for its feet. And the sun saw it through the green leaves, and smiled as he passed on; and by starlight and moonlight they worked on. And the daisy lifted up his head, and one morning while the sun was looking, it put on its silver diadem, and showed its yellow petals to the stars. And it nodded to the little birds that were swimming in the sky, and all of them that had silver lined wings, and birds in black, grey, and quaker-brown came, and querulous blue bird, and the courtesying yellow bird came, and sang a coronation of that daisy.—*Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.*

Trying to Kith Me.

Looking over our exchanges, we find the following dialogue reported as having occurred in one of the Cincinnati schools:

"I," says the person that witnessed the scene, "saw a little fellow with his arms around a little witch of a girl, endeavoring, if I interpreted the manifestations right, to kiss her."

"Tommy," said I, "what are you doing there?"

"Nothing, sir," spoke the bright-eyed little boy, somewhat alarmed.

"He wath, thir—he wath trying to kith me, that he wath thir!" said she eycing him closely.

"Why, Lucy, what prompted him to act so ungentlemanly r'ight here in school?" I asked anticipating some fun.

"Oh, he hitched up here, and then he wanted me to kith him, and then I told him I wouldn't kith such a thumpy boy as he ith;

then he thred he'd kith me, and I told him he dathn't, but he thred he didn't care a thnap for the mather, and then he tried to kith me the harder!" and the little thing sighed.

"Why didn't you tell me, as you said you would?" I asked in a pleasant manner.

"Oh," she replied, with a naviete, "I didn't care much if he did kith me, and thot I let him!"

Here the whole school, who had been listening, instantly broke into an uproarious laugh, while our little hero and heroine blushed deeply.

Blondin and the Lion.

M. Blondin wheeled a lion cub over the rope at the Zoological Gardens, Liverpool, on the afternoon of the 29th ultimo—a boisterous wind prevailing at the time. The lion, which is 18 months old, and is called Tom Sayers, after the renowned pugilist, was strapped in the barrow. Much curiosity was excited to see the animal. Scores of glasses were raised, and when the head of young Tom was observed, with his eyes wandering about, as if anxious to know what was to become of him, the clapping and cheering became very great. Having adjusted the barrow, Blondin began to move, apparently trembling with the weight of his and as it was let out by his assistant, it by some means or other got entangled after he load. A gye was attached to the barrow, had proceeded some thirty or forty feet. Blondin halted, and the gye rope fell to the ground. The heart became sick at looking at him. People kept their breath, expecting every moment that the gymnast, with "Tom Sayers" and the barrow, would be precipitated into "the city of Pekin," or into the lake below. Instantly Blondin's resolution was taken. He evidently could not go on, and he began to walk backward cautiously and slowly. Women were terrified, as if they were witnessing an execution. A deep silence prevailed, which was only broken when Blondin landed safely on the platform. Again the barrow was adjusted, and Blondin moved on, this time without a gye rope. Gradually, he reached the centre, and, after resting a short time, began to push his load up the incline. The wind seemed to impede him very much, and it was really frightful foot, as if he who guided it had not sufficient strength to push it on another inch.—*London Paper.*

Cannibalism among the Fans.

Eating the bodies of persons who have died of sickness is a form of cannibalism which I had never heard of among any people, so that I determined to inquire if it were indeed a general custom among the Fans, or merely an exceptional freak. They spoke without embarrassment about the whole matter, and I was informed that they constantly buy the dead of the Osheba tribe, who in return buy theirs. They also buy the dead of other families in their own tribes, and, besides this, get the bodies of a great many slaves from two other tribes, for which they readily give ivory, at the rate of a small tusk for a body. Until to-day, I never could believe two stories—both well authenticated but seeming quite impossible to any one unacquainted with this people—which are told of them on the Gaboon. A party of Fans who came down to the sea shore once actually stole a freshly-buried body from the cemetery, and cooked it and ate it among them; and at another time a party conveyed a body into the woods, cut it up and smoked the flesh, which they carried away with them. In fact, the Fans seem regular ghouls, only they practice their rrid custom unblushingly and in open day, and have no shame about it. I have seen here knives covered with human skin, which their owners valued very highly. To-day the Queen brought me some boiled plantain, which looked very tempting, but the fear lest she should have cooked it in some pot where a man had been cooked before—which was likely the case—made me unable to eat it. On these journeys, I have fortunately taken with me sufficient pots to do my cooking. They are the finest and bravest looking set of negroes I have seen in the interior, and eating human flesh seems to agree with them.—*From a new French work on Central Africa.*

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The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1861.

BONNERIAN LITERATURE.

Be good enough to allow us to state our proposition! Thus:—

If it is useful to peruse the biography of heroes, it is instructive to trace the rise, progress and downfall of humbugs.

In this point of view a Bonner deserves attention as well as a Bonaparte; for if the latter placed his foot on the neck of Kings, the former led captive the mighty despot of Majorities.

Some centuries ago, a quaint English wight perpetrated an essay to prove how many more fools than wise men were in existence. Robert Bonner, of the New York Ledger, has prevented the necessity for any future volume on the same subject, having demonstrated "ye ancients pene-mane's" premises to be entirely capable of being substantiated by modern statistics.

Did you ever read an entire copy of this notorious paper through, from the first column of page one, to the last line of page eight? How did you feel after the operation? Candidly, the process is like attempting intoxication on very small beer. You get partially sick, but no sign of any inebriety. Nine hundred and ninety-nine such tipples, however it might emasculate the system, would never produce that result; and reading the Ledger a twelvemonth would never give you the ghost of an idea, either good, bad or indifferent. Why, literateurs of Canada! the place is a *Hospital des Invalides*. Why Edward Everett fiddled for Ledger audiences to the tune of £2,000 for the benefit of Mount Vernon, for a whole year, he never played one natural tone. You

cannot write like yourself in those columns. The stupendous heights of Bonnerism are more fearfully difficult to scale, than the glittering steeps of Parnassus. For example.

Mrs. Alonzo Lewis, in 1851, writing for the Boston *True Pilot* a poem called "Australia," penned this stanza:—

"I have grown wise. The Frays greets and nabs, Through which I passed with later, burning tears, Have been the good hands upon God's dial, Pointing me onward to serene years."

In 1856, the same lady, then and ever since engaged solely by Mr. Bonner, under her maiden name of Mary W. Stanley Gibson, perpetrates verses like the subjoined:

"I pledge ye all! I seem to feel The living gathering at my side— Nor dash away these tears that steal To speak my love for those who died!"

Read this same lady's "Jael" in old files of Dodge's *Museum*, or her "Madoe, the Monster," or her "Peabody Papers," and then turn to her milk-and-water sketches in the New York *Ledger*, and see what kind of influence the Bonnerian Paradise has on genius. Take Prentice's *jeu d'esprits* in the *Louisville Journal*, and then peruse his half column of "Wit and Humor" prepared expressly for the New York *Ledger*, and observe the effect of Bonnerism, on his sharp mentiment. Read the earlier poems and lyrics of Geo. P. Morris, and listen to "The Brigadier" in the columns of the *Ledger*. Why, a mere squirt of Bonnerian eyes transforms warm and living genius to cold, inanimate mediocrity. Fanny Fern has committed literary *felo de se* in the precincts of Bonnerian success. So with Anna Cora Ritchie—so, in fact, with every man or woman of note who have listened to the chink of Bonnerian dollars. Alice Carey, once a nightingale, has been changed into one of her mother namesake's chickens since she sang to the pitch of Mr. Bonner's choir. It would have been a blessed thing for letters, if Edgar Allen Poe had lived long enough to use his "meat axe" on this Upas tree, which Mr. Bonner has planted on American soil. Poor as Poe was; drunk as he used to sometimes become, when in his bad moods; burning alive as we know he often was for money to rescue his wife from hunger, we hazard the opinion that Robert Bonner, Esquire, printer, parvenue, Editor and Proprietor of the New York *Ledger*, could not have inveigled the great "Gold Bug" in his web. Had he written for the *Ledger* at all, it would have been critiques on the paper, and possibly Bonner might have been glad to print them in his own sheet, to take off the point of their sting.

But there is no rule without an exception, except the rule that there is no exception, and that is an exception to the general rule. Two plants have thrived in the Bonnerian gardens of sham. It is a safe assertion to say that Sylvanus Cobb and Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth have bloomed in *Ledger* soil, as they would have developed in no other. When the Napoleon of Nothingness met the Author of Emptiness, then indeed the old fable of two base metals turning into gold proved to be a truth. When Mrs. Southworth, too old and stale for Philadelphian edification, came to the "hospital," she secured a good birth, and Mr Bonner evinced his usual "business tact." Indeed the world owes to Mr. Bonner the preservation of the genius of these "distinguished" writers. We all know "Cobb writes only for the *Ledger*." At the present time, it is questionable if he could write for anything else. He is used to Bonnerian audiences. They know him as well as we all know the clown in a circus. His muse is pitched precisely to the Bonnerian key. Those heights of Shamdom he has scaled. The work of his brain is graded to *Ledger* grooves. Whether "Sanguinary Shoemaker," "Gunmaker of Moscow," "Orion, the Gold Beater," or "Sophinista, the Sensible," Mr. Cobb's stories are always popular, and patent to the most wooden comprehension; while Emma Southworth, under the golden stream of the Bonnerian mill, has grown in intensity with years, until the very title of a new story from her pen is enough to fire all the paper mills in the country.

Mr. Bonner has built up a large paper, and a thriving business, not on a sand-bill, for

that has some weight, but upon a huge bladder filled with the lightest of gasses, and only kept from blowing away by huge lumps of lead. He has advertised the *Ledger* from the North to the South pole. The country papers—always short-sighted—have printed his advertisements for a mere song. In the States, as here at home, weekly journals have been too busy with petty politics and paltry local interests to cater for the youth and intellect of the country. Shrewd men, like Bonner, have seen this thing, and have built up large fortunes on the emasculation of the inland presses, meanwhile throwing paltry sops to blind the eyes of the very journals he was running.

But a change has come over the American social, as well as political, world. Mr. Bonner has gone back to his old system of advertising entire pages in the daily journals, and has added a new name to his list of contributors, who threatens to yet displace Sylvanus Cobb in the affections of *Ledger* readers. We allude to one "Lieutenant E. Langford," author of "The Triad" now being printed in Mr. Bonner's columns. Beside this gentleman, Mr. Cobb almost becomes classic. It is filled with the grossest perversions of history, and seems to be chiefly intended to gratify the chronic hatred of Americans of the lower order against Great Britain. If Canadians like this sort of reading, and desire to build up a large circulation here in Canada for papers devoted to instilling unpatriotic ideas in the minds of our young, why, they must do so; but it seems to us that if one half the money expended among those who scorn everything British was expended here at home in building up Canadian enterprise, that ere many years we might have many literary papers quite equal to those of Boston or New York.

One thing is evident: Mr. Bonner's Southern circulation being stopped, he is at last driven to catering to the worst prejudices of the Northern States, and if to do so, he must countenance the revival of the worst popular antipathies to Great Britain, should the Canadian public encourage him in the work? We mistake our people if they will patronise such a paper much longer, especially when "The Triad" has not even literary merit to atone for its violent sentiments.

In connection with the *Ledger*, there is one noteworthy fact, here at home, that has often attracted our attention. Of those who read it, "there are none so poor to do it reverence." You will never see it defended, even by those who purchase it weekly. These persons seem to act on the principle of gentlemen who smoke pipes in their stables: they know it to be a very low practice, and are ashamed to be seen thus engaged, yet still persist in the use. Who will explain this anomaly?

AN EXAMPLE.

The daily press has already chronicled the demise of the late Lord Chancellor of England, and made us acquainted with some of the leading events of his history. For several years he held the highest legal position in the gift of the Sovereign, the duties of which he fulfilled with the same assiduity and diligence that marked the earlier years of his professional career. To the world he is better known as the author of the *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*, a work characterized by patient research, copiousness of detail, and strict impartiality. But it is the earlier period of Lord Campbell's life which we wish at present to notice, and from it present a few facts which perhaps may not be lost on our young readers.

John Campbell, like many others of our great men, had to fight his way to distinction and honor. Endowed with the untiring perseverance and energy with which old Scotland fortifies many of her sons, he made his own circumstances—not like too many, became their obsequious slave. Not gifted with genius *par excellence*, he had the true genius of patient labor within him, which, in its due time, bore ample and honorable fruit. We find him, at the beginning of his career, like hundreds of others who have stamped their character on the world, performing the daily and nightly drudgery of a reporter on the London *Morning Chronicle*, gaining

the esteem and approbation of his employer, Mr. Perry, by the correctness and tact which he displayed in his reports. There were no flashes of wit in his productions—a thorough contempt for everything sensational or flowery; yet the facts were there, and they could be relied on. By-and-by he might have risen to an honorable position in the metropolitan press, but he was determined to study law, and accordingly entered himself at Lincoln's Inn. His considerate employer on the *Chronicle* gladly assisted the aspiring youth by paying the entry fees, and John Campbell set about the study of Law with the same determination to succeed as he had shown when he began his labors on the press. Moreover, he continued at his post as Parliamentary Reporter, and amazed Mr. Tidds, his legal preceptor, himself one of the most eminent lawyers of the day, how he managed to attend to his double duties alone, to say nothing of the manner in which they were performed. Still his difficulties were not over, for after being called to the bar he had to struggle on before his talents were known or his legal skill appreciated. But the reward was before him, and he could already see the first dawnings of his subsequent prosperity. He rose rapidly in the estimation of his professional brethren and in the circuit where he practised. He was, after some years' practice, returned to Parliament by an English constituency, and afterwards for many years represented the city of Edinburgh, till he was appointed to the Woolsack.

His life carries with it its own moral. Few may mount to such an eminence as John Campbell attained, but many are endowed with the same capabilities, many more have equal, if not better, opportunities. We say to all, go and do likewise. The goal may never be reached which you had in view at the beginning, but you will ascend, and in mounting step by step you will feel a self-satisfaction in your efforts, and find out by experience that God helps those who help themselves.

THE LITERARY LULL.

The book trade is in an extremely languishing state at present. The critics, poor fellows—those self-appointed arbitrators between the author and the good-natured public—can find little to write about, and when they fall foul of some stray volume, born out of time, they make sad work with the bantling. Some of them—a pitiable minority—have the good sense to betake themselves to rural recreations, such as the rearing of cabbages and other bucolic pursuits, waiting the "book season," and sharpening their wits for fresh onsets. The other class—by far the majority—those sour-faced villains who tear poetry and prose alike to rags—who snub the poor, young poetess and unmercifully drive her off to the kitchen and the scullery—who delight in scarifying some honest, unsophisticated clergyman who has had the courage carefully to write out and publish a volume of exceedingly dull and fusionless sermons—who even take an occasional tilt at our belted knights in literature, and attempt to shiver a lance with these tried warriors—these you will find flitting, like scare-crows, about the back-doors of publishers' shops, sadly out at elbows, and looking more like inmates of a lunatic asylum than the supposed calm and dispassionate judges of our literary productions. Nor do we wonder at the phenomena. Who expects that our authors will keep boring their readers all the year round? The poet has gone off to green fields and shaded woods, there to luxuriate in nature and find fresh themes for his song. The literary divine, ambitious of seeing himself in print with the inevitable D.D. stuck to his name, is now taking his constitutional vacation for the benefit of his health—so the ladies say. The essayist calls a halt to his nimble pen, and vainly thrashes some stream in the hope of catching fishes instead of men. Even the metaphysician throws aside his entities and isms, and goes quietly to the sea-bathing with his wife and the babies. The historian stops midway in his narrative and condescends to read the daily papers for the "latest movements" of the grand armies

on the other side of the lakes. No one writes in these summer days but the "able editor," and even his editorials are sadly lacking in spirit, and look as if he had dropped off asleep before he had come to his climax. The only thing that can wake him up are "Results" and "Electoral figures," which he watches rather narrowly to see how the political beam kicks. Sometimes, too, he is all a-fuss in ranging his representative men, drawing them up in opposing columns—a fruitless task, we fear, for many are sure to turn tail at the first fire and "secede" to the winning side.

The "Gorilla Book" is the only one sufferable in these hot days, and the only consolation about it is that we feel a great deal cooler than the author did when bagging his ugly-looking prey. Buckle's Civilization is a capital somnolent at the present, and we know not a better mode of getting into a sound sleep than by meddling with his heavy facts and heavier arguments. Clearly, it must be laid aside for the long nights, when no outside amusements can be got, and the cozy fireside is the most welcome and the warmest place.

Even the newspapers, with their war despatches and other excitements, are at a discount. Across the border there is a newspaper crisis, worse than the financial convulsions of our lively neighbors. In the North they are clipping and paring, until by-and-by there will be little left but the heading and the imprint. Some are giving up the ghost altogether, are decently buried, their appropriate epitaph written, and then consigned to the limbo of defunct enterprises. The admirers of the chain-lightning literature that adorns the pages of the *Ledger*, the *Mercury*, and others of that stripe, find more pleasure in the facts and flourishes of war than in the wheezy fictions of Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., and other talented contributors. The press in the South is in a state of agony prior to dissolution. They have cut down and cut down, till their proportions are ridiculous, and yet no signs of relief. The blockade has laid an embargo on paper, and the heroic sisters of the South are meditating a subscription of handkerchiefs on which to stamp the glowing periods of the chivalrous writers. Failing that, an irreverent dog hints that the patriotic editor should get the impression stamped on his back and do bulletin duty in the public streets. It would be a sad alternative, but we doubt not, if necessity compels it, the editor will be ready, thus transferring the coinage of his brain to his breadth of back—by no means a contemptible invention.

Meanwhile, let us be thankful for past mercies and hopeful for future blessings. The quill-drivers are only taking it easy, only enjoying their annual holiday. May it be happy, and fruitful for the future, and ere many months we will be bewildered among wet sheets and uncut pages, the rich harvest of a pleasant summer.

THE DEATH OF MRS. BARRETT BROWNING.

In the death of this gifted poetess, at Florence, on the 29th of June, the world has lost one of the most earnest-minded women of the age. Without possessing the tenderness and affectionate outpourings of Mrs. Hemans, with little of the simplicity and scarcely any of the sentimentality that distinguish the writings of her poetical sisters, she yet could dissect the feelings and passions of human nature with wonderful power. Her method of thought was masculine; her manner of expressing it still more so. She caught her inspiration from all sources—a struggle for liberty, the red field of battle, even from the dry-bones of politics, she extracted poetry. While the patriot and philanthropist saw nothing but tyranny and oppression, she would point the finger of hope to the future, and preach liberty while the chains of bondage were clanking around her. Yet, in hidden corners of her writings, will the reader come across quiet spots, where all the tenderness of woman gushes up spontaneously. They are exquisitely feminine, and though sometimes couched in language quaint and sometimes extravagant, they never fail to

find an echo in the heart. If the thunder-cloud is often thrown across her horizon, always may you detect behind it the bright edge of the rainbow with its assured tokens of hope and trust. Though eminently a poet of the passions, Mrs. Browning was no less a poet of nature. Her imagination had full play amid its beauties, and often would she interrupt her meditations on the social and political condition of men to paint some rural scene, or, in beautiful language, describe nature in its sublimity. Like Keats, she loved the mythology of the ancients, and especially in her earlier works do we find frequent and loving allusions to the deities that inspired the poetry of those early times. The legacy she has left to the world is rich indeed. Popular in the broadest meaning of the word, her poems will never die, and they will hold for many a year a high place in the esteem of the thoughtful and the earnest. We proceed to give a brief sketch of her life:

Miss Barrett was born in 1809. She began to write at the early age of ten, and some of her productions at fifteen were full of merit, and gave indications of what she afterwards accomplished. In 1833, she issued her first important work, a translation of "Prometheus," from Æschylus. The attempt was a bold one, for, in 1850, she published what she called "an entirely new version, made for my friends and my conscience, in expiation of a sin of my youth with the sincerest application of my mature mind." She also published several admirable papers on the "Greek Christian Poets," also articles on the English Poets to the London *Athenæum*, showing that her prose was hardly inferior to her verse. The year 1838 brought out "Seraphim and other Poems," which attracted general attention. In the words of an accomplished critic, "sublimity, tenderness, the sympathy of inanimate nature, the compensation of the second Eden, are blended in that bold, but human and pathetic picture, of the Fall of Man." Shortly after this, domestic affliction, in the loss of her brother by drowning, while she was looking on unable to help, and her long sickness, in consequence of the rupture of a blood-vessel, interposed to temper, refine, and strengthen the aspiring soul of the young poetess. Henceforth, suffering seems to have intensified her feelings, and given a scope and power to her thoughts not manifested before. In 1850, her collected works were published in two volumes, among which was "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," one of her happiest inspirations, and composed, too, in great haste. "Casa Guidi Windows" appeared in 1851, being poetical sketches of the Italian Revolution of 1848. This great struggle she described with all the ardor of one to whom liberty was dear, and her glowing pictures of the scenes she witnessed in Rome during that eventful period, are, in the highest degree, picturesque. It was only partially acceptable, for the ideas were often clothed in such fantastic and uncouth form, that many turned away from the rough exterior, unconscious of the originality that was hid within. In 1856, "Aurora Leigh" was published, her most voluminous, and, in many respects, her greatest poem. We cannot enter into any criticism of this production at present. Only this much we may say, that while there are parts of it gloomy, and, to many, repulsive—in which the dark side of life stands out in rather bold relief—yet, pervading the whole, we have matchless pictures of nature, and unbounded sympathy with the wrongs, the woes, the aspirations, and efforts of humanity. During the Italian War, while still residing at Florence, whither she went with her husband, Mr. Browning, after their marriage in 1846, she wrote several pieces relating to that short campaign, and the changes that followed it in the diplomacy of Europe. They were quaint, often grotesque, and written in all kinds of rhythm. Since then, she contributed occasional pieces to the periodicals, sometimes to the *Cornhill Magazine*, and often to the *New York Independent*.

Thus lived and wrote Elizabeth Barrett Browning. One by one our literary lights are dying out; shall we say that others are rising worthy some day to take their place? Let us hope that, like her own hero, her labors and sufferings here are changed for

the happy realization she pictures for one of her heroines in the following lines:—

Lifting up my hand in his
As whirled by strong spirits towards the east,
He turned instinctively—when faint and fair,
Along the tingling desert of the sky,
Beyond the circle of the conscious hills,
Were laid in jasper-stone as clear as glass
The first foundations of that new near Day
Which should be builded out of Heaven, to God.
He stood a moment with erect brows,
In silence, as a creature might, who gazed;
Stood calm and fed his blind, majestic eyes
Upon the thought of perfect noon."

THE EMIGRANT AND OTHER POEMS,

BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

Toronto: Rollo & Adams. New York. London and Edinburgh: A Fullerton & Co.

This book, which was so favorably noticed by Mr. McGee in our last issue, is a handsome 12mo volume of 136 pages. It is from the press of Messrs Lovell & Gibson, and does them credit. The price of the book is \$1.00. We hope to hear of a good demand for it.

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"THE LONG ENGAGEMENT" is the title of a short tale, by the author of "Compensation," which will appear in our next. Our young lady readers will find in it a treat.

"TRAVELS IN SPAIN," by Thos. Fenton, will be continued.

"EMINENT WOMEN" is the title of a number of sketches with which we are favored. The first of these will also appear in our next.

JOKES FROM BELLEVILLE.

To the Editor of the Home Journal.

DEAR SIR,—Please remit me \$5 for the two best jokes of the season.

The inhabitants of this beautiful "Bay City" are blest with having a large number of law students with more brass than brains, and any joke, at their expense, is highly relished by the inhabitants; but to my story.

A short time ago a matrimonial alliance, offensive and defensive, was formed between a stuttering limb of the law and a highly accomplished young lady, residing near this place. Everything went "merry as a marriage bell," the bride was ready, and the company waiting; but, lo! and behold! the bridegroom tarried, with a few friends of a kindred spirit, over their glasses till a late hour, and, finally, the to-be happy man repented, and did not make his appearance—so the marriage was broken off for the time being. In a short time, however, matters were finally arranged to the satisfaction of both parties, apparently; the wedding day was again finally fixed; the minister in his robes, in a crowded church, all waiting the arrival of the interested parties. A noise was heard at the door. All eyes were strained in that direction, eager to catch a glimpse of the happy pair, when, with dishevelled hair, and eyes starting from their sockets, the bridegroom rushed in, made direct to the pulpit, and in a voice which was intended for a whisper, but which burst forth in the vehemence of disappointed hopes, said, "s-s she h-h-hung fire; s-she would not c-c-come to the scratch; s-s-she l-l-l-laughed at me; s-she did." He planked a ten-spot, and rushed forth from the building amid the titter of the ladies and the hearty guffaws of the gentlemen, no doubt a "sadder but a wiser man," to ruminate upon the fickleness of the fair sex in general, and his own "gay deceiver" in particular.

This is what I call a sensation!

A GOOD ONE.—As a certain Member of Parliament was riding through the streets, driven by his little son, an unconquerable wit asked why Mr. B.'s son resembled an ancient and renowned Jewish Governor? All parties "gave it up."

Because, said O., he is paunch's pilot.
BELLEVILLE, July 15, 1861. UNO.

One of Lord Campbell's first achievements as a London pressman was a review of one of Shakespeare's tragedies which, under the impression that it was a new play, he spoke of in flattering terms as a meritorious effort on the part of the author to revive the Elizabethan drama.

The Editor's Round Table.

..... There are those who look lightly on the marriage vow. We have no words to express our pity for them. We never felt like writing abusive articles concerning the "Free Lovers;" for, in our eyes, no human court can ever loose man or woman from the obligation taken at the altar. Believing thus, we shall not be accused of "immorality," if we state all that the disciples of this social revolutionary principle can, in substance, allege:—

"In heaven 'there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.' We recognise no principle that forbids on earth, the law that prevails in 'another and a better world.' We believe aspirations to be proportional to destinies. Why should any couple live together who are not happy in their union?"

We will tell you why. In heaven only the pure can dwell. On earth, it is the duty of all good and true men and women to abnegate self at the shrine of Duty. This revolutionary principle, once applied, society would be torn asunder; children would wander houseless and homeless, and the woman who loved her husband, or the man who loved his wife, might be made unhappy by the first cultivated villain or artful syren that crossed their respective paths. It seems to us, that the married man or woman, who, in their heart of hearts secretly love another, yet crush the feeling, and on the family altar place wild dreams of passion, and all their wildest yearnings, are the real heroes and heroines of the century—ever prone to follow the phantom-coloured lights of selfishness.

These reflections passed through our mind as we read this paragraph in the *Liverpool Daily Times* concerning Mr. and Mrs. Charles Dickens:—

"Mr. and Mrs. Dickens have been reconciled and are again living together. Let us trust that we shall hear no more of incompatibility. The fact is that Mrs. Dickens is a plain matter of fact, sensible woman without any literary tastes, and who, possibly, has not read the whole of her husband's novels. It seems to me that this is just the sort of wife that, a *littérateur* should have, seeing that they could not come in one another's way; but Dickens thought otherwise, and sees, I suppose, in the happy relation that exists between Sir Edward and Lady Bulwer a proof of the happiness which must arise when an author and authoress are united. But Dickens is getting older, and therefore, wiser, and sees that he will be most happy in the society of the mother of his family."

..... The new serial, from the pen of James McCarroll, Esq., which we commence publishing this week, in classic elegance of diction, and artistic fidelity to early pioneer life in Canada, is worthy to be placed beside the earlier productions of a Scott or a Cooper. If McCarroll is true to himself, and Canadian readers are true to their authors, our gifted fellow-townsmen has a bright future before him.

..... In an admirable article on "A marriage a la mode and its Results," alluding to the "diamond wedding" of Senor Oveido, the *Stratford Examiner* has the following:

"Whatever Thackeray may say, the English middle classes are not half so intensely snobbish as the Americans in a similar condition of life. However, politically considered, free and equal our Republican neighbors may claim to be, they are socially the most enslaved beings. Having no recognized distinctions of rank, their perpetual struggles to occupy positions on the top of the social ladder, are painful to behold, and the greatest misfortune which can befall them seems to be the knowledge that the rest do not consider them as 'good society.'"

"Money being then looked upon as the enchanted key which opens the door to all that is worth striving for on earth, it is not surprising that the 'Almighty Dollar' should be worshipped with a devotion equal to that shown by the Israelites of yore for the golden calf, and this material, grasping spirit has equally affected the female portion in those communities.

..... It is our design to show how often a retributive justice overtakes these mercenary beauties, who marry for the sake of riches. Perhaps the 'constant reader,' that mythic individual so often appealed to in newspapers, may remember the so-called "diamond wedding," when one of New York's loveliest daughter's was married to a rich, old and homely Cuban. At the time

of its occurrence, nothing was so much spoken and written about as the marriage of this lady to the wealthy Don.

"An additional piece of news, recently set afloat in the upper circles of New York, has completely prostrated that pride of race which characterizes the Anglo-Saxon American. It is confidently asserted that the Don Oviedo who carried off the belle of Gotham to the Antilles, is not only no *militaire*, but actually a mulatto with a considerable infusion of African blood in his veins. For this reason he is said to live in strict retirement, without the pale of the Cuban *Sangre azul*, and his wife has not even social distinction to compensate her disappointment in the expected millions. The excitement, if not positive disgust, which this startling announcement has created in New York is said to be terrible. Had Don Oviedo deliberately planned a way in which to avenge the race from which he partly traced his descent, he could not have inflicted a severer blow on his contemptees."

..... A correspondent who signs himself "Oxford" writes "ye Editor" a very bitter letter. According to "Oxford" "the Round Table is all a sham." There is too much easy conversation about it. It is not moral. We are not "classic." In fact, not to put to fine a point upon it, there are four things "Oxford" detests: "Yankees," the world, somebody never mentioned in polite circles, and the "Round Table."

Young man! calm yourself. We shall not sit at said piece of furniture many weeks more. Time will be when this table will suit you and yours far better. It is quite true we lack the pretentious dignity you so love. No country, no Province, no Union bounds our vision. We believe literature to be catholic. Our style is founded on no model. We imitate nobody. *Whether better or worse, we are ourself.* It has been our aim to gather about us the young, the high-souled, the daring. We have not catered to purists, nor yet to mere dreamers. In talking to the youthful, we have spoken as the memory of young days might speak to the reality itself. Here is our apology. You and we have no affinity. *Bonjour, Monsieur "Oxford."* We suggest to you a course of reading in the literature of "Merrie England." A dose of *Cornhill, Punch, Temple Bar, or Fraser*, to say nothing of the *Athenaeum*, may do you good. You, evidently, know little of *English* literature. We opine you are more at home in Edingburgh than in either Cambridge or Oxford; but in your sojourn in the "City of Letters," you must have neglected to peruse even the *Edinburgh Review*—for, with all its prejudices, that periodical is able, and, at least, *strives to be just!* *Verbum sap, &c.*

..... It is said that the graphic account in the *Times* of the prize fight for the championship was written by Mr. Woods, the Crimean correspondent of the *Morning Herald* during the Russian war, and one of the most effective and powerful descriptive writers of the day.

..... Frederika Bremer, the Swedish authoress, thus sketches the late Sultan:—

"Abdul Medjid has the Turkish family features—the oval countenance, with somewhat prominent cheek-bones; the nose broad at the nostrils and arched; the dark brown, well cut, but not large eyes, and the finely pencilled eyebrows. They struck me as finest when contrasted with their threatening expression, and the countenance then appeared most significant. If they could contract with a grave earnestness, Abdul Medjid would be a man of high character. Naturally mild of disposition, a good son, good brother, unwilling, although a despot, to sign a death warrant, Abdul Medjid is not wanting in the softer feeling. That which he wants is real earnestness, real strength. So, at least, it seems to me. He does not throw himself seriously into anything, but lets all go as it may and will. 'Allah Kerim!' God is great, and does that which He will. Let us enjoy the day and the hour. And enjoyments for the day and hour are not yet wanting to the Sultan.

"I have seen many crowned heads, but none who seem to me so devoid of dignity, so devoid of anything remarkable, as this 'Shadow of God on Earth.' Nevertheless, the throne must produce an effect either for good or for evil. Travellers who see Abdul Medjid only at public audiences usually observe merely the lifeless, automatic character of his exterior. I now saw him under other circumstances. He was lively, and his countenance, although pale, indicated more youthful strength and health than I had been led

to expect. 'That is,' I was told, 'because within the last few years, he has drunk something stronger than champagne, and this has given him strength.' Besides, he was to day in a good humor. But he generally looks very gloomy."

Miss Bremer owes all her English popularity to Mary Howitt's translations.

..... The *American Publishers' Circular*, hitherto published weekly, will, for a time, be issued only once a month. The publishers give the following as their reasons for the change:—"The entire absorption of public interest by current events has caused a nearly complete cessation in the demand for new books, and publishers, have, in consequence, discontinued their usual issues." The *Circular*, a year or two ago, had from twelve to twenty pages of advertisements, the number is now reduced to about four pages. Out of seven new books, published in June, four are military works.

..... The *Kingston Whig*, in its paper on the "Canadian Muse," says:—

"We have lamentably, unavoidably, but almost unpardonably, failed in our efforts to establish a periodical literature in Canada. The last of that ilk, the *Anglo-American Magazine*, was decidedly the best—certainly the raciest—although the volumes of the *Literary Garland* would be no mean acquisition to any miscellaneous library."

Why is this? Will the *Whig* (an authority on English) tell us why an *unavoidable* is an *unpardonable* failure? Where are Dr. Johnson's and Lindley Murray's ghosts?

..... One of the steamers which reached the New World last week, bore melancholy tidings to all lovers of sweet song. Elizabeth Barrett Browning is no more. The gentle author of "Aurora Leigh" will pour forth no more of those strains that made two continents glad. "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" will endure while a vestige of the English language remains, and the really cultivated people of England, Canada, and the States, will regret her demise for many a long day. This week, we give a sketch of the literary life of this truly noble woman, of whom every man with an English heart may well be proud. Her poetry was not simply harmonious numbers, or the trifles that "Elegant Leisure" weaves for a day's applause. They welled up from the depths of her great, pure heart, and there were more readers beneath her, than able to criticize her faults. She was a woman of genius, not a lady of talent; a devoted wife and a Christian mother. She was better than her day, wiser than her generation, and her self-constituted critics, when they hurled their darts at her, saw them fall harmless, for they could not reach unto the cloud-capped palaces wherein she dwelt secure. Peace to her ashes! "Merrie England" never lost a worthier daughter.

..... Who wrote this exquisite trifle, which we find in a Dublin paper? It is very expressive of what its caption implies:—

REST.

Rest, rest, my beloved one,
Earth's trials are over.
Sleep, my beloved one,
Soft 'neath the clover.
Daisies and violets
Bloom o'er thy head,
Roses and lilies entwine thy cold bed.
Rest, rest, my beloved one,
Under the sod,
There, gently awaiting,
The coming of God.
Soft be thy sleeping place.
Sweet rest be taking,
Innocence light thy face in the waking!
Rest, rest, my beloved one,
Soft be thy slumbers—
Hearst thou God's music?—
Sweet are thy numbers.
Where angels greet thee,
In Heaven alone,
There, love, will I meet thee,
Oh, welcome me home!

..... The *Boston Post* gives this as an answer to "What has become of Truth?"

Quill, being asked the reason why
Lies are so plenty?—made reply:
Truth, anciently, as poets tell,
Lived "in the bottom of a well";
—and, when trying to get out,
She was so rudely knocked about,
She had an accident, you know,
And kicked the bucket—long ago!

..... A typographical error occurred in Mr. Ascher's poem "Poor," published in our last issue, by which the word "head" was substituted for "tread," in the first line of the last stanza.

ONTARIO LITERARY SOCIETY.

The usual weekly meeting was held on Tuesday, 16th inst.

Readings were given by Messrs. J. D. Edgar and Richard Lewis.

The question, "Ought Canada defray the expenses of her own defences?" was debated.

AFFIRMATIVE—Messrs. George Kilpatrick, R. Graham, and R. Jones.

NEGATIVE—Messrs. Jos. Wright, D. Spry, and A. Houel.

The question was decided in favor of the Negative.

TUESDAY, July 23.

At the regular weekly meeting, held this evening, Mr. C. Vaie read an essay on "The Rise and Progress of English Literature."

Readings were given by Messrs. Kilpatrick, R. B. Sullivan, and Sellar.

The question for debate—"Ought our Tariff to be Purely Protective"—was open to all present, and was discussed by the following members:—

AFFIRMATIVE—Messrs. T. Sellar, T. Holden, J. M. Mitchell, A. S. Hardy, R. Graham, and J. E. Farewell.

NEGATIVE—Messrs. D. G. Carnegie, W. L. Chaplan, W. R. Carter, R. W. Elliott, and R. B. Sullivan.

On motion of Mr. Carnegie, seconded by Mr. Sullivan, the debate was adjourned to the 6th of August.

After some discussion with regard to procuring rooms for the society in the new Mechanics' Institute building, the meeting adjourned.

PUBLIC DEBATE.

On Tuesday, the 30th instant, a public debate will take place, when the following question will be discussed:—"Would Canada be Benefited by an Extension of the Franchise?"

ON THE AFFIRMATIVE—Messrs. D. Spry, Thomas Moss, and Thomas Sellar.

ON THE NEGATIVE—Messrs. J. B. McGann, George Kilpatrick, and W. J. Holcombe.

The President, Mr. Scott, will, at this meeting, deliver his inaugural address.

THOS. SELLAR, Secretary.

The Ladies' Cabinet.

WOMAN AND DRESS

Alphonse Karr says: "In woman's life everything leads to a new dress; everything ends with a new dress, every circumstance marked by a new dress is the most important point. A girl is going to be married; a dress. For a moment her heart is filled with love, thoughts of an entirely new existence and of a long separation from her parents. Everything appears before the all-absorbing question of the wedding dress. A relation dies; the grief of the ladies is violent; but it is soon checked, for the mourning has to be thought of. What are the people wearing? What is the most fashionable mode of testifying one's sorrow. It is necessary to go to the linen-draper, to the dress-makers, to the milliners, and in a little while they are so thoroughly occupied that there is quite an end to lamentations, unless, however, the dress does not happen to fit, or the bonnet be too much or too little off the head. But if the dress is made of some new material, if the bonnet is becoming, then they experience an inconsiderable consolation."

ADA CLARE ON MALE CRITICISM.

The "Queen of Bohemia" in a late issue of John Clancy's *N. Y. Leader*, thus discourseth on the injustice of our sex to the dear creatures, in one of her sparkling papers, styled "Thoughts and Things." Ada is one of the now-departed and universally lamented *Saturday Press* contributors. A brilliant woman, she is worth listening to, ladies:

"To hear some sensible men speaking of women, you might suppose them (the men) to be hopeless lunatics. What confusion of tongues is there, what moral impossibilities, what social extravagancies, what literary blindness, what oratorical deafness, what stupendously illogical conclusions! You may hear a man stating facts, and

uniting causes and effects, in speaking of the characters and abilities of women, with a looseness of reasoning, that if introduced into the lowest scientific or artistic consideration, would shock art and science to dismay, if not to decay.

Read, for instance, a male's criticism on female productions. Does he not insist that the woman's efforts are weak, always weak, when the one he is criticising rises up into the heavens for very strength? Does he not stop to state that the queen of the poultry-yard, the divine muffin-maker, is his divinity? Does he not waste our time with discourses about his domestic proclivities, and strictures upon the silly buttons of his ridiculous shirt?

Of course, we all feel grieved when Peter, the cook, serves us with muddy coffee—but do we immediately turn to maligning Carlyle and assail his ears with our guilty caps?

Oh, fie! my dear, dear male reasoners, is this the logic, the sound philosophy, the manly honor, that you are forever shrieking of from the housetops of your conventions!

The man should exalt and assist the woman, even as she should exalt and assist him. The two sexes need have no jealousies, no injustice, no hatred between them in the abstract. Nature divided them into two sexes that they might the better love each other."

CHOICE OF COLORS IN DRESS.

There is no better evidence of personal taste and refinement than in the selection of dress, and it is more strikingly apparent in the use of colors. The ladies have a wider field for the exercise of their taste for fast colors than men have, the latter being by fashion or custom restricted to a few of the more subdued colors, and rarely flash out in brilliant hues, except in a resplendent vest or magnificent tie. To ladies who have unlimited range of all the hues prismatic or otherwise, judgment in selecting colors to harmonize with their complexions is of first importance.

There is one class of persons possessed of more money than taste, who estimate colors by their cost only, and will purchase the most expensive merely because they are expensive and fashionable. Of this class was a certain lady of whom it is related that, in reply to Sir Joshua Reynolds' inquiry as to what color the dress of herself and husband, who were then sitting, should be painted, asked which were the most expensive colors? "Carmine and ultramarine," replied the artist. "Then," rejoined the lady, "paint me in ultramarine, and my husband in carmine."

We hear constantly of fashionable colors, and these fashionable colors are forever changing; moreover, we hear more of their novelty than of their beauty. All who wish to be fashionable wear these colors because they are fashionable, and because they are new; but they do not consider whether they are adapted to the complexion and age of the wearer, or whether they are in harmony with the rest of the dress. What should we say to a person who with the right hand plays an air in C major, and with the left an accompaniment in F minor? The merest novice in music would be conscious of the discord thus produced; yet, as regards colors, the educated eye is constantly shocked by combinations of colors as startling and inharmonious.

As the object of all decoration in dress is to improve, or set off to the greatest advantage the personal appearance of the wearer, it follows that the colors employed should be suitable to the complexion; and as complexions are so various, it is quite impossible that the fashionable color, though it may suit a few individuals, can be becoming to all. Instead, therefore, of blindly following fashion, as a sheep will follow the leader of the flock, even to destruction, every lady should select and wear the precise shade of color which is not only best adapted to her peculiar complexion, but is in perfect harmony with the rest of her habiliments, and in accordance with her years and condition.

The Orientals and other inhabitants of tropical countries, such as the negroes of the West Indies, love to clothe themselves in brilliant and positive colors—red and yellow, for instance. They are quite right in so doing. These bright colors contrast well with their dusky complexions. With us "pale faces" it is different; we cannot bear positive colors in immediate contact with the skin without injury to the complexion.

OLD LETTERS.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

We republish, at the request of the author, the following poem, which appeared incomplete in our third number.

Don't burn them—they preach love and wisdom,
Of life's purest joys they are part,
I read in blurred lines loving memories
Deeply traced on the scroll of the heart.
Don't burn them—the past fades too swiftly,
Oh! let these dim treasures remain;
Faint records of life's fleeting histories
That the heart yearns to scan o'er again.

Look, look at a heart's fond confession,
The tears blind my eyes as I read;
It breathes love! well, well, it don't matter,
Some hearts, 'tis ordained, are to bleed.
Such letters I'll fold uncomplaining,
And lock them away from the sight.
The bitterness folded forever,
Regrets locked in stillness and night.

These lines, touched with Time's shrivell'd fingers,
Are yellow and dim, like dead leaves;
Yet the light of remembrance glows o'er them,
Like rays that made golden the sheaves.
The letters, though wan, are not faded,
But speak like an old tender strain,
That flashes at once, when its music
We strove to recall, but in vain!

Don't burn them—they speak mystic wisdom
That sermons or lore cannot teach,
And from the vague twilight of memory,
Deep lessons, sweet comfort they preach:
They cling to hard rocks of existence,
Like muses, deep rooted for o'er,
Made green with the years that pass o'er them,
Though sorrow or rain be there!

These letters are links that bind closer
The heart to the dead, buried years;
Why lay them in dust and in ashes
The relics that memory endears?
Our hopes may not ripen like blossoms,
Regrets prove that past joys are vain,
But there's truth in these dumb, aged treasures
That the heart loves to scan o'er again.

A SIMPLE PEOPLE.

TO ROBERT O'HARA, ESQ.

Mio amigo estimado—To plain, unsophisticated men who are not conversant with the wiles, the arcana, and the ramifications of what is called "law"; and to men whose souls are steeped in an atmosphere of poetry, and filled with the honey-dew of musical and literary excellencies, what a blessing would be the revival of the rural period, when shepherds piped to their flocks on the mossy hillocks of "green declivities," and honest toil received its every necessary by the exchange of commodities with a toil appertaining to other avocations than its own.

I was once in a Genoese village upon the coast of the Mediterranean, and the people lived entirely by a change of commodities with each other; and, in order to procure clothing from remote towns for families, it was only necessary to send in a *creel* of eggs to the market, a barrel of dried fish, or a mule-load of delicious grapes. In this village there grew the luscious orange, the fig, the pomegranate, and the lemon. The people seemed particularly happy, with their wants provided for, all without the expenditure of money. In this little village there lived a very old man, whose silvery beard descended to his chest, and the snows of one hundred and twenty winters gathered upon his head. He was the village King—the patriarch, the lawyer, and the friend of the inhabitants, whose number exceeded five hundred, exclusive of the young generation. They had a priest, a little chapel and a school-house. The priest had his glebe-house, built by some of the native musons without money, and his ministrations were paid with the produce of the garden, the vineyard, and the spoils of the fisher. His clothing was purchased by exchanges, and the old patriarchal monarch had a home at the *ingleside* of every dwelling.

It was the invariable business of the patriarch to go round, reconcile differences arising from misunderstanding, from jealousy and passionate impulses. He prevented fighting; his presence in a quarrel was the cessation of dispute and anger, and the reverend old man, who was their beloved pastor, was dreaded for the solemnity of his rebuke, and the awe that was associated with his experience, his holy mission, and the number of the years of his earthly pilgrimage. The evenings were very pleasant; the youths of the village loved the music of the harp and the guitar; the maidens were beautiful as they were buoyant and healthy, and they

danced and sung alternately with the young men, but in the presence of their aged sires and mothers, who drank in delight from the scenes over which they presided. Every cottage fronted the blue and placid sea, and at night it was a poet's luxury to gaze upon the deep blue sky, the moon, that hung like a blazing chandelier from the midnight firmament, and the flood of silver that streamed over the liquid expanse beneath. A large rock, like a mountain, bounded the village all round, except the Southeast, and that point was bounded by the most beautiful sea in the world. Here were lovely and graceful girls, modest and unassuming; here were the athletic boatmen and the indefatigable fishers. Here was age revered for its years, and here there was no physical deformity, and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

When a young man "takes unto himself a wife," the parents of the bride furnish her wardrobe—a black mantilla, and other garments to suit the deep complexion of the Southern girls. The patriarch and priest regulate the adaptability of connection; no near relations were allowed to be married, and if relations were, the connection should be very remote. There was an influx of Spanish blood allowed from a neighboring locality, to keep the natives from degenerating physically and mentally, by too close a consanguinity; and all marriages, where the ties of consanguinity have ever entered in close proximity, have proved to be inconsistent with good physical and mental development. Thus the race grew healthy and prosperous; and *without the use of money*. The houses of the people were neatly decorated both inside and out—trellis for the vines, summer-houses overhung with figs and mulberries for toiling men reposing after labor, and for the chaste and endearing recreations of literary inquisitiveness. Here lovers met, and the displeasure of the pastor and that of the patriarch infused the element of prudence and moral rectitude into their language and general bearing. The tables groaned under a banquet every day; homemade wine (expressed by the thrifty mother from the melting grape) sparkled in the *vasos*, and gave the decanters a tinge of living purple. Here large clusters of many-tinted and juicy grapes and dishes of delicious figs exhibited their beauty to the eye, and tempted the appetite of the stranger. The huge sugar-melon of Valencia grew here in all its native richness, and its golden flesh added to the luxuries of the table. Milk from the goat gave an excellent cheese, and afforded cream for salads. The turvey fish belonging to this latitude and the sword-fish, hung up and smoked, make a staple necessary of existence.

In the sunny noon the fishers stretch beneath the shadows of the rock, and the shadow cast by the highest pinnacle (lifting its top high up into the air) is the clock and sundial for the simple inhabitants. Here are felicity and comfort; here there is no litigation and no gold; here the lawyer would starve, and the poet and musician would be sought after. The Italian harper and the Spanish guitar-player are here beloved and honored. Here are read the works of Petrarch, Dante, Espronceda, and Cervantes. "Thoughts that breathe and words that burn" are the inspiration of solitary musings. There is no gold, no law, no jail, no drunkenness, and no swearing.

This not fiction, but a real, solid fact. Gold is not here required; it enters our civilization like a withering and blasting curse, for the good it is capable of doing, *evil is propagated and practised to obtain it!* The working-man has not time to study its fluxes. It is the cunning man, the crafty and successful speculator, that studies the channels of its tides and its complex windings, and they reap the benefit—the most industrious and toiling receive, but little, though they work the most. Possession does not even insure the felicities of existence. The mind is the empire of happiness in man.

There was one marriage while I was in this village, and let me describe it. The bride was seventeen, and the bridegroom twenty-four. One morning I saw an unusual stir about our little Utopia, and, on enquiry,

I found all were preparing for a marriage. A friend of mine, who was a good sonneteer and an excellent performer on the guitar, informed me that my presence was required at the festival in the evening, and that the ceremony was to be performed in an hour. He took me to see the little chapel. It did credit to the villagers. Festoons hung in all directions. In one place were wreaths of rich, double geraniums (they grow wild in "these parts"), orange-branches, pendulous with golden fruitage, the lemon, and the grape-vine. In another, and about the altar, were vases of Ethiopian lilies, fleur-de-lis, and the lilly of the valley. The giant lilly was also here, surrounded by mignonette, which grew by the sea-shore. Around the base of the altar stood two dozen larger vases filled with carmine-colored stocks, the largest bunches and the sweetest flowers I ever saw. Tassels of the laburnum, mixed with sprigs of apricot with the fruit on, were to be seen upon the windows, and the sacred sanctuary, filled with the most delightful odors, looked fit for the reception of the presiding peri of the Persian paradise. This ornamental work would cost much money in large cities; but here, it cost nothing. They were the product of the labor of love, and they breathed of high expectancy, connubial felicity and coming joy.

I left the scene, and promised to accompany my friend to see the bowers in a short time, if he would spend an hour with me beforehand upon the Western rock, fishing-rod in hand, and he did so. The fishing was good, and my friend took all for the festival. Lest parties should be soon tired of the luxuries, and the general abundance and variety, all observed a fast until the time of festivity came. They were enjoined to drink the juice of the lemon to make the appetite keen; and to give the digestive organs a little practice, they were allowed to eat the delicious pulp of the *igo chumbo*.

Our fishing tour up, we went home, dressed ourselves in muslin jackets, light sombreros on our heads, our pantaloons being duck, and our shoes made of goat-skin.

On our way to the *funcion*, we met another friend, a fine, young fellow, of some eighteen years, with dark sombrero, black silken moustache, and with a form full of life and vigor. He came running "like the wind," and the smiles of satisfaction played about his features. He called my friend aside, and told him something that was to be told again by my friend to me. This young man, it seems, was a cousin of the bride's, and the patriarch and the priest forbade him to marry her, as it would stunt their offspring! We are not so particular as this; but the poor fellow, Ignacio by name, mourned for a whole week in his abode, as his "Maria" was to be married to another. Ignacio could have taken vengeance, for he was brave and spirited; but the patriarch reconciled him to the circumstance. His "Maria" refused to marry without the permission of Ignacio, but the permission was granted through the old sire of the village. Ignacio revered old age, and bowed to the mandates of experience. But what made him so joyous coming from town? Here it is: the marriage was near at hand, and he brought his finest kid to market, for which he received the price of a handsome necklace for the forgiven one, and he had the pleasure of flinging it around her neck in the presence of his rival, the young lady's father and mother, the priest and the patriarch, and, having done so, he asked permission to kiss her. All around smiled assent—smiled to see what could be roused into unquenchable hatred could also be softened down to the tenderest sympathy. He kissed her, and both looked happy; for Maria was forgiven, and Ignacio himself was softened by the precepts of sinking age!

I did not go into the chapel; it was too small, and the nearest connections had the priority of places, and many could not enter. Ignacio was asked if he would choose a seat first—he had the choice of all; but he begged to decline going; he would go to the festival, and make some arrangements, perhaps to make a suggestion in the decorations of the nuptial bower. He begged to be excused

from the ceremony; he had no anger—but it would *unman him!* Poor fellow! Keep up, you deserve a good girl for your partner:

"The flame of love shall warm thy breast,
Another maiden, faithful prove;
Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blessed
In woman's love."

Excuse the alterations of the verse. Now for the bower. Oh! oh! is there a god in all the mythology by whose name I can aver the testimony of mine eyes? British refinement, beat this, if you can!

'Tis night; the moon is up, and beautiful. Its beams seem to struggle through the foliage and the clustered and entangled canopy of the bower. Seats for two hundred inside, and outside there is enough for all the rest of the village; lamps, suspended from the floral festooned and umbrageous roof, and all are made of the wreathed and roscate shells of the ocean! How they glitter! and with what can they be surpassed that twinkles in the artificial lustre? Nothing less beautiful and becoming than copper and silver tinsel. What a sea of flowers! The chapel was lovely. But what is this? The light is mellow, and proceeds from olive oil (this is the land of olives also), impregnated with odoriferous properties from the opposite coast—the coast of Africa. (This Genoese vilage is in Spain.) Friends who were invited and could not come from Tangiers, from Cueta, and from Morocco and Tetuan, sent their presents. Those from the latter places, dates, cocoa-nuts and honey; and from the others, superb slippers, or papoochas, attar gul, and all other manner of essences. Here is a reticule made by a Moorish lady. How exquisite! Here is a fan, from a distant friend, full of ivory, gold cypher, and pearls (here pearls are taken from the oyster); and the slippers seem absolutely powdered with the little, pale beauties!

The light pours down, and scintillates upon the decanters, filled with the wines of the country. There is Manzanilla and Mosquetelle for the ladies; there is sherry, Malaga and brandy for the men. Few Spaniards and few Italians get drunk; but they take the use of the wine, and eschew its abuses. Fruit, of all kinds, served up in dishes, and crimson, silver, and purple-colored shells! Nuts of all kinds, and some of the choicest cooking is here. There is the bride on the left of the bridegroom, bowing, shaking hands, and smiling compliments upon the guests. All join and partake of the cheer. Musicians play at intervals, and, to use a quotation from a friend of mine (Thaddeus Williams):—

"Ten thousand floral gems of beauty rare
In wild luxuriance deck the dewy plain;
Celestial strains of music fill the air,
And pleasures banish every sense of pain!"

And so they did. All went "merry as a marriage bell;" and far be the day (though it may yet come) when the following verse from my friend Williams will be applicable:

"The sweetest flow'rs that round their pathway grow,
Soon wither, die, and quickly pass away;
The bees, the birds, the butterflies, they go,
Life's mirth and music vanish with its May."

Now we shall end the festivity. Words could not portray the scene. Music and dancing in the moonlight; the ripples of the blue sea edged with a silver radiance; trees—the cactus, the orange, and the mulberry—nodding their fruited and foliaged heads over the mirror upon whose margin they grew. Everything was well done, and all without money, except the pearl necklace, and a small basket of choice fruits could have purchased that—a few vases of flowers could also have done it. So you see it is possible that people can live without money, for this is an exemplification of the fact.

THOMAS FENTON.

Spurgeon, the English Baptist preacher, a few weeks ago gave a new taste of his personal vanity and startled the public, by the following announcement, following which, of course, he left town for recuperation:—"Mr. Spurgeon begs to inform the public that he is knocked up with hard work, and is compelled to go into the country to rest. This will upset all his arrangements, and he begs his friends to remit his promises, and the Christian public not to inundate him with invitations."

(For the Home Journal.)
MY HATTEL.

BY J. E. PALMER DOYLE.

Let poets sing of distant climes,
Of lands beyond the sea,
Extol their loveliest rhythms,
And laud their liberty;
But dearest to my warm heart,
Where seeds of love are sown,
Is she whose soul has torn'd a part
And mingled with my own!
Let flutes and coquets play their arts,
And use their cunning wiles
In "rag" "clemens" to their knees,
And kill them by their smiles;
True to the maiden I pledged my word
I ever shall remain,
And when they lay their silken snares,
I'll laugh them to disdain.
Others may boast a fairer form,
May claim a richer "dower,"
And in the "Halls of Beauty" reign
The goddess of the hour;
But of those attributes which form
The nobleness of mind
None can excel my modest maid,
In whom they're all combined.

CHARGE OF MURAT AT EYLAU.

It is at Eylau that Murat always appears in his most terrible aspect. This battle, fought in midwinter, in 1807, was the most important and bloody one that had then occurred. France and Russia had never before opposed such strength to each other, and a complete victory on either side would have settled the fate of Europe. Bonaparte remained in possession of the field, and that was all; no victory was ever so like a defeat.

The field of Eylau was covered with snow, and the little ponds that were scattered over it were frozen sufficiently hard to bear the artillery. Seventy-one thousand men on one side, and eighty-five thousand on the other, arose from the frozen field on which they had slept that night of February, without tent or covering, to battle for a continent. Augereau, on the left was utterly routed in the morning. Advancing through a snow-storm so thick he could not see the enemy, the Russian cannon mowed down his ranks with their destructive fire, while the Cossack cavalry, which were ordered to charge, came thundering on, almost hitting the French infantry with their long lances before they were visible through the storm.

Hemmed in and overthrown, the whole division, composed of 16,000 men, with the exception of 1,500, were captured or slain. Just then, the snow-storm clearing up, revealed to Napoleon the peril to which he was brought, and he immediately ordered a grand charge by the Imperial Guard and the whole cavalry. Nothing was further from Bonaparte's wishes or expectation than the bringing of his reserve into the engagement at this early stage of the battle, but there was no other resources left him.

Murat sustained his high reputation on this occasion, and proved himself, for the hundredth time, worthy of the great confidence Napoleon placed in him. Nothing could be more imposing than the battle-field at this moment. Bonaparte and the Empire trembled in the balance, while Murat prepared to lead down his cavalry to save them. Seventy squadrons, making in all 14,000 well mounted men, began to move over the slope, while the Old Guard marched sternly behind.

Bonaparte, it is said, was more agitated at this crisis than when, a moment before, he was so near being captured by the Russians. But as he saw those seventy squadrons come down on a plunging trot, pressing hard after the white plume of Murat, that streamed through the snow-storm far in front, a smile passed over his countenance.

The earth groaned and trembled as they passed, and the sabres, above the dark and angry mass below, looked like the foam of a sea-wave at its crests on the deep. The rattling of their armor, and the muffled thunder of their tread, drowned all the roar of battle, as with firm, set array, and swift, steady motion, they bore down with terrible front on the foe.

The shock of that immense host was like a falling mountain, and the front line of the Russian army went down like fretwork before it. Then commenced the protracted

fight of hand to hand, and sword to sword, as in the cavalry at Eckmuhl. The clashing of steel was like the ringing of countless hammers, and horses and riders were blended in wild confusion together; the Russian reserve were ordered up, and on these Murat fell with his fierce horsemen, crushing and trampling them down by thousands. But the obstinate Russians disdained to fly, and rallied again, so that it was no longer cavalry charging against infantry, but squadrons of horse galloping through the broken hosts that, gathering into knots, still disputed, with unparalleled bravery, the red and rent field.

It was during this strange fight that Murat was seen to perform one of those desperate deeds for which he was so renowned. Excited to the highest pitch of passion by the obstacles that opposed him, he seemed endowed with a tenfold being, treading down helpless mortals, than an ordinary man. Amid the roar of artillery and rattling of musketry and falling of sabre-strokes like lightning about him, that lofty white plume never once went down, while ever and anon it was seen glaring through the smoke of battle, the star of hope to Napoleon, and showing that his "right arm" was still uplifted and striking for victory.

He raged like an unloosed lion amid the foe, and his eyes, always terrible in battle, burned with an increased lustre, while his clear and steady voice, heard above the turmoil of strife, was worth more than a thousand trumpets to cheer on his followers. At length, seeing a knot of Russian soldiers that for a long time had kept up a devouring fire on his men, he wheeled his horse and drove in full gallop upon their levelled muskets. A few of his guards that never allowed that white plume to leave their sight, charged after him. Without waiting to count his foes, he seized his bridle in his teeth, and with his pistol in one hand and his drawn sword in the other, burst in headlong fury upon them, and scattered them as if a hurricane had swept by. Murat was a thunderbolt on that day, and the deeds that were wrought by him will ever furnish themes for the poet and the painter.

A POSITIVE WITNESS.

It is of Warren, says *Blackwood's Magazine*, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," that this sharp practice in the examination of a man, accused of swearing falsely in a will case, is related. It shows great dramatic power unconsciously exhibited in his business.

The prisoner being arraigned, and the formalities gone through with, the prosecutor, placing his thumb over the seal, held up the will, and demanded of the prisoner if he had seen the testator sign that instrument, to which he promptly replied he had.

"And did you sign it at his request as subscribing witness?"

"I did."

"Was it sealed with red or black wax?"

"With red wax."

"Did you see him seal it with red wax?"

"I did."

"Where was the testator when he signed and sealed this will?"

"In his bed."

"Pray how long a piece of wax did he use?"

"About three or four inches long."

"Who gave the testator this piece of wax?"

"I did."

"Where did you get it?"

"From the drawer of his desk."

"How did he light that piece of wax?"

"With a candle."

"Where did that piece of candle come from?"

"I got it out of a cupboard in his room."

"How long was that piece of candle?"

"Perhaps four or five inches long."

"Who lit that piece of candle?"

"I lit it."

"With what?"

"With a match."

"Where did you get that match?"

"On the mantel-shelf in the room."

Here Warren paused, and fixing his large

deep blue eyes upon the prisoner, he held

the will up above his head, his thumb still resting upon the seal, and said, in a solemn, measured tone:

"Now, sir, upon your solemn oath, you saw the testator sign that will; he signed it in his bed; at his request you signed it, as a subscribing witness; saw him seal it; it was with red wax he sealed it; a piece of one, two, three, or four inches long; he lit that wax with a piece of candle, which you procured for him from a cupboard; you lit that candle by a match which you found on the mantel-shelf?"

"I did."

"Once more, upon your oath, you did?"

"I did."

"My Lord, it is a wafer!"

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. GUELPH.—We regret that your excellent lines are mislaid. Otherwise they would appear in the present issue. Please furnish another copy.

M. H., THORNTON.—Your attempt at verse writing is very good, but, the subject is not suitable for our columns. The enclosures are fair, and we may publish some of them. We have read the whole with satisfaction.

SUSAN MARGARET.—Your contribution is under consideration. You are evidently no novice at the work.

ROSA.—We are well pleased with the spirit and sense of your last letter.

The Weekly News.

The Viceroy of Egypt has described £500 towards the Indian Relief Fund.

Patrick Ryan, arrested for petty larceny, died in the city jail on Sunday.

The Police Court business in our city, for a few days past, has been unimportant.

Madame Wolowska's matinee at St. Lawrence Hall on Tuesday, was worth attending. She has a highly cultivated voice.

Her Majesty, it is announced, will pay a private visit to Ireland about the close of August.

Patti sang at a second concert, given by command of the Queen, at Buckingham Palace on the 28th ultimo.

A private company at New Orleans has, for \$150,000, taken out a contract to sink, burn, destroy, or take the Brooklyn blockading ship.

Detective Arnold apprehended a man named Reuben Potter on the evening of Saturday charged with passing several bad bills.

Mons. Berger, the great French billiard player, was at the Revere House early in the week.

Mr. Edwin Adams has been drawing tolerable houses at the Royal Lyceum in this city the past week.

A despatch from Centreville, to the Northern papers, dated July 21, says Beauregard's forces are larger than was anticipated.

At the last meeting of the Board of School Trustees for this city, no quorum being present no business was done.

In the difficulty between the Federal and Confederate forces at Bull's Run, it is probable the former were worsted.

"W. H. W.," in a communication to the *Leader* takes the ground that it is discourteous in the Canadian papers to call the Southerners rebels.

The Northern papers acknowledge to the capture of 23 vessels by privateers. The Southerners say they have taken fifty-one prizes, worth \$3,000,000.

A momentous event has occurred in Milwaukee. The Young Men's Association of that city has determined to subscribe to the daily edition of the *London Times*.

A new paper, to be styled the *Toronto Evening Journal*, is advertised to appear, by A. H. St. Germain, in a short time. It will be a penny paper, and a little larger than the *Leader*.

A merchant arrived at Cincinnati from New Orleans the other day, bringing letters

for three Ohio merchants. He demanded ten dollars each for conveying the documents, and the money was reluctantly paid.

The recent battle near Manassas Junction has resulted favorable to the South. Four thousand Federallists were taken prisoners, and much baggage fell into the hands of the Southern army. The Lincoln forces fell back on Arlington Heights.

At Suspension Bridge, on Wednesday night, the Express train on the Great Western road was backing up, when a woman who was walking on the track was struck by the cars and ran over. She was horribly mangled, so much so as to defy recognition.

Immense crowds are on the move to Quebec. This eighth wonder of the world is attracting people from all quarters; the inducements are so great and the cost of the trip so light, that we do not wonder at the intense excitement which is so general to see the Great Eastern.

The *Quebec Chronicle* has an excellent article on Canada as a home for emigrants, in which it marvels that so many emigrants are led to go to the United States West, when they could do better here, and thinks certain American and home railway ticket sellers have something to do with the fact.

The Board of Trade Inquiry into the loss of the *Canadian* still proceeds at Liverpool. Several witnesses have been examined. It appears that at the time the *Canadian* passed through the Straits of Belle Isle, it had a right to do so by the regulations of the Company.

Since the captures made by the Confederate privateer *Sumpter* and their arrival at Cienfuegos, no American ship can obtain a charter in Cuban ports, shippers refusing to take the risk of their being fallen in with by the cruisers of Jeff. Davis. All the sugar and molasses there to be shipped is given to English and Dutch vessels.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Marybone was held on Wednesday evening, June 19, convened for the twofold purpose of raising funds for the benefit of Anderson, the fugitive slave, who had recently arrived from Canada, and for his kinsmen, of Hamilton, Canada West, to aid them in erecting a church and school. The meeting took place at Portman Hall, Carlisle street.

The celebrated daguerrotypist, Niepee de Saint Victor, has at last discovered the secret of reproducing colors by the camera, and rendering them permanent. He has subjected pictures taken by his new method for several hours to the direct action of the solar rays, without producing any visible change in the tint. Blue, which has hitherto been regarded as well nigh unattainable in the photograph, is now copied vividly. The same is especially true of yellow and green. The *Paris Moniteur*, which brings this intelligence does not give the process.

A pleasant story has long been current in the House of Lords and the Inns of Court, that Lord Chancellor Brougham would never die for fear that Lord Campbell would write his life. Lord Campbell was made to answer this jest that he would write Lord Brougham's life whether he died or not. Lord Brougham is said to have retaliated in black and white; so that while the author of the "Statesmen of the Reign of George the Third," is said to have a life of Lord Campbell in his desk, the author of the "Lives of the Chancellors" is said to have had in his desk a life of Lord Brougham.

An order of the day has just been issued to the army of Paris by Gen. Magnau against suicides, which he says have lately been too numerous. He reminds the soldiers that their lives belong to their country, which relies upon them in the hour of danger. Whenever, he tells them, you find your mind agitated by fatal ideas, whenever you feel yourselves unequal to the trials you have to meet, come and see me, you know that I am always accessible; come and tell me your troubles; my soldier's heart will understand yours, will recall you to a sentiment of duty, and preserve your lives for your family, for France, and for the Emperor who loves and trusts you.