



# FOUND YOUR WAY

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

[For the Home Journal.]

## POOR.

(A SKETCH FROM LIFE.)

Her childish face, tanned by the summer's sun,  
And waves of chestnut hair,  
In curls wreathed around her brow—  
An artless, timid one,  
Her eyelids drooping low,  
Came softly to me, unaware!

Her eyes were clearest wells,  
Wherein a chastened splendour dwells;  
They seemed to me  
As if enchanting melody.  
Borne thro' the realms of space had taken flight  
To float amid their limpid light!  
And found a home apart  
From callous air, where tempest-tost,  
Its magic sweetness would be lost.  
For every look she gave was music to my heart.

To her the flowers might have bequeathed  
Their garb of beauty in the morn,  
When with the dew-drops wreathed,  
And felt the happier for their loon!  
The roaming breeze that stirs the clouds above  
In sultry noon,  
O, surely, might have sighed disconsolate for her love.

An air of poverty  
Clung round this artless child;  
Her treatments, homely spun, were coarse and plain;  
She seemed to me  
A morn'g flower's wilt,  
Whom nature had made beautiful, a debt she owed  
To the dense forests round the child's domain—  
A cot of maple wood.

Glide past me, sweet one, with thy airy head!  
A calm, ethereal sense of happiness  
Has fallen where thy steps have sped;  
The air is resonant with a sweet sound,  
That, welling from thy guileless heart,  
Reveals its tenderness;  
And earnest thoughts of good abound  
Within my breast.  
That of thy being are a part,  
That breathe upon my turbid spirit rest.

St. HILAIRE, C. E. ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

## THE NEW LIFE-BOAT.

A REMINISCENCE OF No. 108.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

WHAT a night it was for signs, doors and window-shutters! Whip! slap! bang! was heard from one end of the grim old city to the other, as the tempest turned the long, dark streets into bugles, and blew an assault that made youngsters shudder, and old men moun in their sleep. Although a feeble light gleamed here and there, it served but to gar-rison the gloom. All was void. There was neither earth, nor deep; nor sky. He who was abroad, was alone. Darkness was every-where.

It had been freshening all the evening, and we who were for duty had employed the last, lurid streaks of day in preparing for the merciless storm that we knew would be upon us before we left our different stations. Gloves, mufflers and heavy over-coats were in serious requisition; and he who happened to possess a sound India-rubber, as the rain came down in torrents, considered himself more than ordinarily blest indeed. Somewhere about nine o'clock, we were all at our respective points, among the various alleys and thoroughfares, making the best of it, no doubt. For my own part, taking everything into consideration, I had no right to complain. I was well wrapped

up; and, although the deluge was absolutely tearing the stones out of the pavement, I knew precisely how to avoid any serious inconvenience arising from a state of things so unpleasant. To keep up anything like a contin- as patrol, was not only perilous in the ex-reme, but totally impracticable. The slates were flying in every direction, and the force of the hurricane was such at times as to literally sweep you off your feet. So, about half-past eleven, after testing the virtue of sundry porches and sheltered nooks, I dropped down towards the water's edge, groping my way as best I could, until I stood directly opposite the "Foul Anchor," where I occasionally recruited my spirits with a foaming tankard and a pipe, when weary of trudging through the lewd, dark, dirty streets.

The locality in which I now found myself, although well known to me, was not the most respectable. It was in the suburbs, however, and possessed the only tolerable public house in my peculiar section. It appeared to have seen better days, nevertheless; for many of the buildings, though untenanted and dilapidated, were three, and even four stories high. But its glory had passed away, and it was now the abode of crime and the most squalid wretchedness. Contrary to my expectations, the "Foul Anchor" was closed. Owing, as I presumed, to the terrors of the night and the lack of custom, the inmates had retired at an earlier hour than usual. Not a light was to be seen glimmering from any of the windows, and the dim fabric itself would have been lost in the impenetrable darkness, were it not for the struggling beams of a dingy old lamp that seemed just expiring over the weather-beaten door. What was to be done? The storm was at its height, and the rain descending in cataracts. In the flickering ray from the low, projecting cave before me, I perceived some straw protruding through an opening in a ruined edifice beside which I was standing. Grey as my locks were, in a single bound I gained the friendly aperture; and the next moment was ensconced among some provender obtained, as I fancied, for whatever four-footed animals belonged to the hostelry over the way. Here I determined to remain until the fury of the elements had subsided, and so resigned myself to my ears and meditation alternately. Although a single drop had not penetrated my water-proof coat or over-alls, and notwithstanding that I was not now buffeted about by the blast, I was far from being thoroughly at ease in my impromptu quarters. I was fully aware that the structure in which I had taken refuge was old, infirm and lofty; and that the fact of the roof not having yet fallen in, or the floors given way totally, was, in the presence of a power so terrific, but little in its favor. I remembered, too, that all the doors and windows on the weather side, were barricaded with mouldering props and planks, setting up, so to speak, its frail shoulder against the dire attacks of the storm. It was this latter circumstance that disturbed me most, as I was apprehensive that some sudden swoop of the gale might bring the trembling walls about my head and bury me beneath their final ruins.

Shortly after midnight, the dark wings of

the tempest began to flap about in a manner so fitful, that, in the brief, uncertain pause accompanying their motion, I heard the long, wild shout of the sea. The yell was appalling! The billows were lashed from their deepest tones up to a cry so agonizing—so unearthly—that, for the moment, I was completely paralysed. The wind and rain that had been previously beating about my ears, had, up to that instant, confused me and masked the sublime battery of the deep. But, now, down came the shotted waters upon the rocky bar, about two miles to seaward, with a crash that shook the towering light-house to its base, and strained the iron stanchions in their grooves. I had never before been swallowed up so wholly amid a war of the elements; and now that the conflict began to wane down within the limits of my comprehension, its immensity became the more apparent. "God help the mariner to-night!" said I, as I thought of my own poor son, who had been a wanderer on the trackless ocean, from youth to manhood, and from whom I had not heard for three long years. "God help the mariner to-night!" I repeated—"and may He who holds the winds in the hollow of His hand, guide whatever lone bark may stagger on its starless way through that tumultuous wild." The words came back to my lips again and again; and, as I gave them silent utterance, I felt that they were mingled with the fervent pleadings of his fond mother, whom, but a few hours before, I left in her humble dwelling, sad with forebodings regarding the dangers of the deep on such a night of tempests.

The rain having ceased suddenly, I was enabled to get a glimpse of the sea along the bar, and up to the very foot of the light-house on its northern extremity. The waters seemed to be heaped up in mountains of foam that threw back the glare of the stormy pinnacle with an effect the most awful. My gaze was riveted upon the grand spectacle, when I thought I perceived a peculiar gleam of light to the north-west close on the fatal reef. I started from my recumbent position, and straining both eye and ear, again sought the point where I fancied I had discovered the feeble beam. I caught it once more; but this time my heart died within me, as the low moan of a gun came wailing to the shore, in one of those unaccountable gaps not unfrequently distinguishable among the wildest commotions of nature. There was a ship in distress! In such a place! And on such a night! She had evidently made some miscalculation regarding the position of the light-house, and was now dead ashore upon the bar!

Although no "old salt," I was not a total stranger to the deep, and could handle an oar as well as many a man who wore a tarpaulin: consequently, I soon recovered myself, and was quickly in the bar-room of the "Foul Anchor," after having roused up some of the inmates with the iron-shod toe of a boot that might have done credit to a trooper, and the heavy end of a baton that had been serviceable to me on many a former occasion.

"Holloa! holloa! what's ahead now?" said the landlord, as with a light in his hand he hastily unbarred the door and let me in. "Surely," he continued, when he caught a

glimpse of my face—"there must be something strange afloat that brings you down here in such foul weather and at such an hour of the night."

"Where's Bill Jones to be found?" said I, in reply to all this. "There's a ship in distress on the bar; and as the wind seems to be going down there may be some chance of her yet."

"On the bar!" he returned, in a measured, solemn tone, indicative of the utter hopelessness of the case. "Did you see her lights or hear her gun?"

"I saw and heard enough," I replied, "to know that there's a ship in distress on the bar; so where's Bill Jones, for I have learned that he has charge of the new life-boat."

"If that's all you want," said he, "follow me, for he turned in here, about half seas over, at nightfall; although apparently ready for any lark that might turn up 'twixt now and the next new moon."

I followed the landlord into an adjoining room; and there, in the arms of the drowsy god, I discovered the object of my search. He was, but half undressed, having divested himself of his shoes and jacket only, and as the light-streamed full on his manly face, he gave a short, uneasy twist, and sat bolt upright in his bed.

"Aho! there, 108," said he, as he recognized me beside the landlord. "What's to pay now, that you pipe up all hands in this here manner 'fore half your watch is out?"

"There's a ship in distress on the bar," said I, "and I think she is not totally beyond the reach of assistance, as the storm has been decreasing for the last half hour."

"Shiver my timbers," said he, leaping clean out on the floor, "but that's past lark-in," and, looking about him, he continued, "bear a hand there, and pass that toggery forred, as there's no use in heaving her a rope from such outlandish moorins as these."

In an incredibly short period he was fully equipped; and, passing out to the door through which I first entered, he brought his eye to bear upon the distant bar and the terrific white breakers that were wildly tumbling over it.

"It's no use, 108," said he, after having taken a long, steady look out, "'twould swamp a balloon over yonder, or blow the masts out of the Flying Dutchman. How-somever," he added, "it's not for Bill Jones to haul down his colors while there's a cutlass on board or a leg on a powder-monkey; so if you like to try the new life-boat, pass the word and let's take a swig."

"What hands can we get?" said I, ordering something stiff, "as the boat is a large one, and will have to be well and stoutly manned in a sea like this."

"Hands enough," he returned, as he tossed off his glass, "but we'll want hearts as well, for there's wild work going on a mile or so out; although this strip of shore doesn't suffer so wonderfully, owing to the long head-land and the bend."

"If that's the go," said the landlord, who was an old sailor, and had just finished his brimmer, "belike I might lend a hand, as Jack Hardy's not the man to stand by and see both chain-pumps choked below and the youngsters clinging to the standin-riggin."

"That's my hearty, old Blow Hard," said Bill, "and now let's ship our nor-westers,



and beat up half-a-dozen more lads as we tack for the blue-light pier; for there are plenty of them ashore in a gale like this, or my name's not Bill Jones."

In a very few moments, we were all three ready for our perilous adventure. Bill and the landlord being old sea-dogs, and myself not altogether a green-horn. I had divested myself of the most cumbersome portion of my apparel, and slipped on a pea-jacket that fitted me like a sentry-box, while the landlord, who was well accustomed to such midnight adventures, along a coast so dangerous, soon smelled as strongly of old Neptune as any of us.

We each of us carried a small flask of spirits, and the "Foul Anchor," as he was sometimes called, bore, in addition, a few fathoms of slight cordage on his arm, and a well-lighted ship's lantern in his hand.

Through the great popularity of Bill, and the natural instincts of every true sailor, on our way down to the pier, which lay some distance to the southward, we augmented our number, till we mustered nine men all told; and, winding along the different slips and docks, we soon found ourselves standing by the berth of the new life-boat, which was snugly built into one of the wide niches in the masonry of the pier. By the aid of the lantern, we had no difficulty whatever in descending the steps to the platform under the lee of the huge limestone blocks; and here we remained while Bill produced the key of the boat-house, and gave us a glimpse of the beautiful craft which lay safely moored within. We had not much leisure for inspecting her figure or dimensions, however, as, from the head of the pier, before we descended to the water, we saw the ill-fated ship's lights distinctly, and at intervals heard, mixed with the tempest, the death-like boom of her signal-gun.

"Give way there," shouted the stout-hearted sailor, as he grasped the tiller fearlessly, and saw the remaining eight of us firmly seated at the oars. "Give way there," he roared again, as he snatched the lantern from the hand of the landlord and held it above his own head for a moment. The order rang like a clear clarion above the tumult of the waters; and, answering to the command, the next instant the boat was moving as steadily as might be through the heavy, uneven swell that was working and pitching under the lee of the pier. "Steady, lads, steady," he sang out again as we shot away from the partial shelter of the gloomy mass beside us, and received the whole force of the sea right in the teeth. For a moment we quavered from stem to stern as if our craft had received some tremendous galvanic shock; but we had work to do, and with a resolve that never faltered for a moment, we stood out for the bar, notwithstanding the fearful conflict by which we were surrounded.

"That's my hearties," cried Bill once again, as he saw us gaining more sea room and giving the pier a wide berth. "And now," he continued jocosely, "let's have no catching of crabs, but a stroke as even as if we were taking the skipper ashore in the Bay of Naples."

"I could not but join in the hearty 'aye aye, comrade,' with which these few cheering words were received; nor could I but admire the coolness and courage of the brave fellow who gave them utterance. There he stood with the tiller in one hand and the lantern in the other; and as the light fell fitfully upon his handsome, bronzed face and manly form, I thought I had never before seen a more perfect specimen of the sterner sex, uncultivated and all as he was.

Man, in the full vigor of his strength, is always vain in calm and sunshine; but lead him into the presence of darkness on the desolate seas, when the winds out-roar the thunders and the sudden, red reefs in heaven but serve to blot out his appalled vision, and what is he? When staggering among the clouds, upon the awful pinnacle of some mighty billow, or plunged into the midnight depths below, with the dread avalanches from above ready to descend upon him; what is he? He is as a waif—as a gossamer—as a sear leaf upon the icy blast that robs Autumn of her latest charm, and leaves

her tossing about her naked arms and weeping, like Rachel, for her children on the wooded hill-side, where but yesterday she sat enthroned in all the splendor of purple and green and gold.

So thought I, as I found myself vainly endeavoring to peer through the impenetrable gloom which surrounded us, and form some idea of the magnitude of the tremendous waves that seemed to throw us at intervals into the very sky, and recede from us suddenly, leaving us trembling in mid-air. No language is adequate to picture my sensations. The spell of darkness and the sea was upon me; and I have never been able to shake it off thoroughly up to the present moment.

Notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties that encompassed us, we still stuck manfully to our oars, and in the course of an hour or so, were well out towards our destination. We had to weather the lighthouse, however, before we could accomplish anything; and now that our boat had struggled so gallantly through the tempest, we were so close to it as to observe, at intervals, human figures moving in the lamp-room. Trifling as this latter may appear, it was cheering to us in the extreme; and redoubling our exertions we soon passed to windward of the lofty structure, and for the first time, since we left the shore, got a partial glimpse of the ill-starred vessel as she lay about a quarter of a mile from us, with the sea breaking over her every few minutes. For fear of getting in among the surf, we were obliged to keep a good stripe of blue water between us and the bar; and running down towards her cautiously, and with imminent risk to ourselves, from the waves that were now almost broadside on us, we soon found ourselves within hail of her. There we remained steady at our oars with our head to windward, and discovered that the gale had fallen so rapidly we could easily keep our own without being swept in among the breakers that surrounded her. We therefore dropped in a little closer, and found, to our astonishment, that she had gone ashore stern foremost, and, in this position, become firmly imbedded in the sand, which, fortunately for her, was totally free from rock at the precise point where she had struck. Had she been broadside to the tempest, or had she gone ashore a few fathoms to the right or left of where she lay, she could not have held together for twenty minutes; as along every part of the bar there were ugly, jagged peaks, seen at low water mark, that would have literally torn her to pieces before we could have reached her.

When we got directly under her bows, we discovered that she was a brig of small tonnage, and that, although her masts were standing, her canvas was blown into tatters, and her rigging flying about on all sides. She must have been tacking and in stays when she grounded; otherwise there was no way of accounting for the singularity of the position in which she stood. From the darkness and confusion that enveloped the deck between every sea she shipped, it was impossible to discover whether there was any living person on board; but we were satisfied that no individual in his senses would have attempted to desert her in such a sea and in such a place, previous to the time of our arrival. While in this state of suspense, another gun was fired from her stern in the direction of the glimmering lights seen on shore; and remembering that I still carried my pistols in my belt I drew one of them with my left hand and fired it into the air. In the course of a few moments we perceived a figure with a lantern, struggling forward towards her bows, and keeping himself from being washed overboard by clinging to the bulwarks whenever a wave rolled in upon him. He was an active and daring fellow, for we could see him occasionally bound along whenever the waters left him free, until at last he stood out almost on the jib boom within a cable's length of us. When we got a full view of his dusky form, we gave a long, loud cheer, by way of giving his spirits a lift, which he returned in a clear, ringing voice that was heard by every one of us. Bill being nearest him, and par-

tially disengaged, managed to make out that he was the skipper—that he had his wife and five of a crew on board—that he was never on the coast before, and had gone ashore in consequence of not being able to procure a pilot, or beat up against such a hurricane. From the noise of the breakers, and the constancy with which we kept at our oars, not one of us forward could make out a single sentence of what was passing; but I felt certain, from the awful manner in which the vessel was swaying about, that there was but little time to lose, if we were to rescue the crew, and was, consequently, glad to hear Bill yell out at the top of his voice, "pass the live stock forred before you go to pieces."

On getting the word, the captain disappeared rapidly, but quickly appeared again with a burden in his arms. This time he was tried sorely, for he was repeatedly buried beneath the billows as they rushed over the deck. Still he pushed forward with almost superhuman energy, until nearly exhausted he stood directly over the figure-head of his vessel. Now we dropped in closer and closer, until we perceived him hanging over us with what we presumed to be his wife in his grasp, while the whole of the crew made the best of their way forward, and were seen in the dim, signal lights above their heads struggling in the direction of our boat. In the twinkling of an eye, Bill cast him the end of the rope brought by the landlord. It was caught with an unerring hand and rapidly passed round the waist of his passive burden. The next moment, with a precision the most astonishing, he caught the rise of the boat, and dropped her directly into the arms of the bold sailor at the helm, whose lamp unfortunately was extinguished accidentally at the moment. In this manner the whole crew escaped from the ill-starred vessel, the captain using the rope until the last of them was out of immediate danger. We could discover that one or two of them wanted the captain to take his turn before them; but all to no purpose, for the brave fellow refused to move an inch from his post until he saw them all stowed in among our feet. But now came the difficulty of escaping himself; and there he stood alone, while the brig was rolling about in a manner that might well appal the stoutest heart. Bill understood the difficulty of his position at a glance, and throwing him the end of the rope once more, we eased off a little as if we were about to pass close under her bulwarks. The skipper caught us as we rose towards him, and was in amongst us like an arrow.

"Give way there, my hearties," roared Bill, above the thunder of the waters, when he found the captain by his side. The word was obeyed with a will, and in a few long sweeps we cleared the tottering vessel. We were now in almost total darkness, being scarcely able to distinguish each other in the rays which reached us from the light-house; but, on finding ourselves so successful, we bore up with three hearty cheers towards the lofty building, determined to remain there until morning, as our boat was crowded, and as we had enough of it for one night. The captain sat in the stern-sheets, holding the trembling hand of his poor wife, and informing his deliverer, as best he could, that they had been married but a few weeks, and that although doubtless destroyed totally, the brig and cargo, consisting of dried fruits chiefly, were fortunately well insured. Bill, in return, informed the brave seaman, that the rescue of the crew was owing altogether to a landsman who had not been long in the city, and who happened to hear their signal of distress, as he was going his night-rounds, and who was now pulling an oar forward. The poor fellow, as I afterwards learned, wanted to struggle to where I sat, for the purpose of pouring out his gratitude, but Bill restrained him, as the boat was crowded to such excess.

We were now quite close to our destination, when a sort of suppressed groan ran through our little craft. Some of our own crew had their eyes riveted on the brig from the moment they left her, and now seeing her keel over, and disappear completely, their horror was expressed audibly at the sight.

Every eye was turned quickly towards the spot where the ill-fated vessel had lain; but not a trace of her was to be seen! She was gone! The billows had swallowed her up! Although impossible to distinguish a single syllable uttered a yard from us, yet we all felt alike at the moment, in so far as the true appreciation of an escape so miraculous was concerned. Of course those who had just been rescued from the jaws of death experienced more deep and heartfelt gratitude than moved us; and I noticed that the captain's wife, who appeared to understand that the brig had gone to pieces, fainted in her husband's arms and that it was some time before she recovered. Still, we moved on, and after having passed our flasks through the boat a second time, we found ourselves rounding the old stormy tower, and within a few strokes of the friendly landing place under its lee.

As we shot beneath the shelter of the huge blocks of stone that composed the foundations of the powerful structure, a prayer of thanksgiving rose to every lip. The lighthouse keeper and his daughter, who saw us as we passed down to the vessel, were at the lofty doorway to receive us, and as they perceived us approach the massive steps that led to where they stood, the old man gave us a cheer of welcome which I shall long remember. Bill and the captain remained behind to secure the boat, and exchange grateful sentiments at the success of the one, and the Providential delivery of the other. The skipper's wife, who had been passed forward, was received in my arms; and we were the first to gain the comfortable apartment above, and the cheerful fire which seemed to endow us with new life. In a few moments I heard Bill's voice at the door, and found that he was pointing me out to the captain as the humble instrument under heaven which led to their delivery. I was engaged at the moment in observing the light-house keeper's daughter administering a little wine to the poor, frightened creature whom I had just placed in a chair beside the warm blaze, and who was as pale as death. My back was towards the captain, but, hearing his footsteps, as, overcome with gratitude, he rushed forward to embrace me, I turned round, hastily, when, merciful heavens, I found myself in the arms of my son!

#### CAN A "BIVALVE" REASON?

There is a deal of subtle humor in the annexed from a Californian print:—"Somebody asks Prentice, 'if he thinks clams are healthy?' To which he replies that he 'never knew one to complain of being out of health.' Although his opinions in matters pertaining to poetry and politics may be beyond dispute, it is evident that Mr. Prentice's knowledge of clams is confined to the eating of them, and that when he casts out a slur imputing to the clam race in general a want of feeling, he gravely errs; and if the clams had any method of expressing their feelings, we do not doubt they would contrive some plan to be revenged upon him. We have the best of reasons for believing that the clam is a 'reasoning animal,' for it not only knows enough to come into its shell when an enemy approaches, but it 'saves' the exact instant of time to close down on the rash intruder who ventures to pry into the mysteries of its living abode. A philosopher who knows all about it, has assured us that these bivalves attain the acme of happiness at high water, and why should they be happy at high water, if it is not because they know that the rising of the tide will bring to them abundance of food, and concealment from their unrelenting enemies, the diggers? They breathe, also, else why the bubbles that rise from them when feeding? Finally, they sing. If you doubt it, throw one into a frying-pan, and you will doubt no longer. The attention of naturalists is respectfully solicited to this article.

Lord Bacon beautifully said:—"If a man be gracious to a stranger, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins them."



[For the Home Journal.]

FANCY.

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE.

Fancy! raise thy pinched wing,  
Surely here you cannot stay,  
Do not strive my dear, to sing,  
I can have no holiday.  
I must work—I cannot play,  
You will only sorrow bring,  
I can have no holiday.

Fancy! do not shake your head,  
Swifly, pry thee, go away,  
To all joy my heart is dead,  
Hasten! hasten on I pray,  
I can have no holiday,  
Care corrodes my heart to lead,  
I must work; I never play.

Fancy! I'm a married man,  
Wedded to the "Curse of Fate"  
She would quicken the "Curse"  
Would I take you to be wife,  
And escape this curking state,  
She would tap me with her fan,  
Saying, "Sir, obey your wife."

Fancy! do not toss that curl,  
Coquettishly before my face,  
Pretty, airy, fairy girl,  
Snow-hills shining under lace,  
Every movement full of grace,—  
Do not think me quite a churl,  
If I fear thy lovely face.

Fancy! once I loved you true;  
Now you must be off, I say,  
Indeed I fear for weeks I'll rue  
This moment you have come my way,  
I tell you I've no holiday,  
I cannot hasten now to you,  
I must work, I cannot play.

Fancy! I'm no longer boy,  
Though I know that "Boy" means Bliss,  
I can never more enjoy  
The sweet pleasure of a kiss,  
I am bound—I tell you this,  
With you more I may not toy,  
"Business" will this hour miss.

Fancy! do not call me cold,  
Loved I once, and love I still;  
To strange idols I am sold,  
I have not my old free will,  
By the old deserted mill  
Where we met ere we were old,  
Tell I thee, I love thee still.

Fancy! ere you fly away  
Hear me dear! and grant me this,  
Bend thy sunny head I pray,  
Let me know a parting kiss,  
Thank you, love, it were a bliss  
As I go you, his away  
To dwell upon a thought like this.

[For the Home Journal.]

A VISIT TO SPAIN.

BY TH. FENTON.

The first sight of Spain gave me much of that delightful feeling that springs from novelty and the recollection of historical events. What a host of subjects suggest themselves to the memory as you see "renowned Spain" lift her huge sierras and her bold frontage over the light-blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea! Her ancient chivalry, Saragosa, the Alhambra, the Goths, the Moors, the Romans, and Viriatus, and also a thousand other subjects, fill the mind, and create a longing after some crumbling monuments that may operate as mute but eloquent attestation of all that was either beautiful or noble, illustrious or startling, in her ancient day—now forever gone from the present theatre of existence, and long mingled with the things that were; swallowed up in the unfathomable mysteries of the past eternity.

As regards the Alhambra, Washington Irving has given a true picture of what it is, and a beautiful idea of what it was, when the chieftain flew to battle, and the maiden "crowned at her feet the kneeling cavalier;" when Saracenic chivalry thundered over its vineyard grounds, and the Cid spurred his charger to the onset, and roused the martial spirit of his native land to feats of dashing enterprise and matchless prowess; when Valencia rang with the bugle of the hero, and saw her streets running with the mingled blood of conflicting races; but it is only the Alhambra, with a few interesting particulars peculiar to itself, its owners, and the enemies of the latter, that he writes of; it is not a history of concatenated events, embracing a long period, or different epochs, but in itself the nicest and most beautiful work on the Alhambra that has yet been seen.

The first thing of national importance, handed down from, and sanctified by, ancient custom, that I witnessed, was the bull fight. It

was not a morbid inquisitiveness that led me to *La Plaza de Toros*. I am averse to cruelty, and could not shout over the premeditated tortures inflicted on an unoffending brute, nor the retaliation that followed the premeditation in question. Algeciras was the place where this national butchery-scene was to be enacted, only a few miles by sea from Gibraltar. Officers of the garrison are to be seen there in numbers; people from all "parts unknown" seem to make visits whenever there is an arena, and there are many of such things in Spain. Officers from Malta also obtain leave of absence to enjoy the sports, and indeed there is a good deal of love-making within those walls! I believe British officers never learn Spanish for any other purpose than for turning it to some amorous advantage; for they are, without an exception, the greatest men for appreciating a "bright black eye," a ripe feminine lip, and the smiles of the "lovely and good," that I ever saw in my travels in the world. "Women and wine" seem to be their dreams by night as well as their thoughts by day, and every grace of form and movement that can be cultivated into the semblance of perfection, or perfection itself, is done so, in order to gain the admiration of their fair friends, and for the purpose, occasionally, of effecting by appearances of mien, dress and gesture what sincerity, candour and honor have very little to do with in effecting. But some ladies are also disposed to the same kind of conduct. In Spain they are not very sincere; all is parade, glitter and expression; the aim of the head, and not the heart, is the centre and inspiration of action in the majority of instances; and conquests alone, with the satisfaction of having made them to boast of the number accomplished, and to prove a certain kind of feminine resistlessness and potency, yield a satisfaction to ladies here which are the results of aims parentally taught from the cradle into womanhood. The lady is prized according to the number whom she captivates, and who have worshipped at the shrine of her loveliness. In Ireland, at one time, when a gentleman proposed marriage, the first enquiry of the lady was—"Has he shot his mark yet?" and "How many has he called out?" There is a certain fame and charm, it seems, in the fatality or management of superior attraction that has counted its hecatombs, and also in superior nerve that has perpetrated *fashionable murder*!

But we must not be too free with license. "There is reason in all things"—or there should be at least. Before expressing an opinion of the Spaniards, a person should study well the ancient and modern peculiarities of the country and people. It may be harsh to deal with the love of the horrible, witnessed in the *La Plaza de toros*, the arena of the bull fights—(by-the-by, a relic of the barbarism of the Romish Amphitheatre, where the eyes of many a gladiator "swam about him" in all the agony of mutilated nature, and whether it was introduced by the Romans when they invaded the Province of Andalusia, for the purpose of plundering its gold and silver mines, in the time of Julius Cæsar, or subsequently, I forget)—but nevertheless this must be noticed, and as I before said, we must consider many circumstances before we come to any conclusion about them, and even before giving an idea of a Spanish bull-fight.

First then the example was imported from the transcendent civilization of ancient Rome. And again, the tastes of a people greatly depend upon the influences of climate and hereditary organizations, whether those tastes are good or evil.

Spain is a mountainous country, and its people are quick, impulsive, and ever fond of amusements. In low flat countries people are generally indolent and sluggish; and those amusements which have become national through a series of years in Spain are those which the people delight in. The bull fight, looking at it as a system of cruelty, like the occurrences of the old Roman gladiatorial arena, and like the systems of the Greeks of old at their Olympian games, who used to take "the honors" for knocking down a bull with a blow of the cestus on the forehead, or pound each others' teeth out,

like Dares and Entellus, with the same kind of *humanizing* instrument,—looking at it as a system of cruelty, the only wonder is, that while we have not a vestige of the ancient practice, where the examples originated, it should exist in such an age as this, and lure to its dreadful haunts and terrific and inhuman scenes, not only the male portion of the country, but also the most educated and refined of the female!

At eight o'clock in the morning I started for the "Plaza de Toros,"—a beautiful summer morning! The sea was calm and blue; the air clear, balmy and wooing. Birds carolled as we left the shore of "Gib," and as we were moving on, the whole city (of 30,000 inhabitants) seemed to recede, while we only seemed to have been motionless. We could see the windows of the houses thrown up to catch the zephyry airs of the Medeterranean that came in lapses—girls were putting out their canaries in the sunshine, and everybody was a-stir. As we moved onward upon the glassy bosom of the water, sometimes rocked upon a diaphanous swell, the "Rock" had a very imposing appearance. It bore the appearance of a lion couchant, and the old Moorish Castle (now a jail for military delinquents) looked sombre with the spells of years, the changes of time and circumstances upon it. The signal battery, perched like a bird upon a steeple, looked exceedingly aerial, and seemed to have been a structure hanging in the air, or enthroned in clouds, for a vapour, like that of a boiling caldron, wreathed and curled from the massy rock between its foundation and its lowest rampart. The sun coming out with an intense glow, anon concealed by the exaltation of vapour, many of the objects which we were before contemplating; then seeing it fruitless to expatiate further upon the grim and savage grandeur of "Gibel Tarrick," we thought we might with better effect take a survey of our destination, Algeciras. It had a strange appearance: "distance lends enchantment to the view," and there it lay, like a grey depopulated village, that suffered, as it were, from the circumstances of war, or the pillage of the Roman heroes. The distance made it livelier and more romantic to the eye than it really is when you view it from its own suburbs. A dirty, straggling place it is, and its only recommendation is, it is perched upon a mountain, and overlooks the most beautiful sea in the world.

On landing, and on approaching the sombre-looking walls of the arena, crowds of men, women and children were to be seen, all dight in their most fashionable costumes for the most fashionable of national *funcions*—wedded to the affections in such a way that observance becomes the most national of habits, and the most venerated of customs and indulgences. "The fair and the gay," "the lovely and good," come in their most glossy paraphernalia, and their sweetest smiles; and I warrant you, many of them pawned many an article of household utility to possess a pin, a brooch and a bracelet for this auspicious ceremony. Trinkets have a great temptation for the Spanish maiden, and anything is sacrificed for a show.

The palcos or boxes were densely crowded; fans, glittering with ivory, pearl and gold figuring, waved about the whole scene. These are handled, or rather fingered, with great dexterity, sometimes suddenly snapping with only the application of finger and thumb, and sometimes unfolding like the tail of a pigeon that cleaves the air, and wheels desportingly around the brow of the rock that contains its delighted paramour. Pleasure seems here the business of life—pleasure of various kinds—courting and ogling, bull-beating, and the jingle of religious pomp, as it parades the thoroughfares of cities, dressing and dancing, masquerading, buffoonery and serenading, cards, smoking and plotting, night-walking and "sparking," every thing seems a pleasure; but behind the scenes can only be seen the reactions. Spaniards do not obtrude their griefs upon you; they are merry in your presence, and love to see their guests as happy as hospitality and human artifice can make them. Strange, good-hearted, prejudiced people; sorrowful and gay to the extreme extremity, hospitable, tender and

blood-thirsty; fond of the arts, of dressing, rongeing, and dancing particularly, but fond of poetry, painting and music, and all that gives a stimulus to the virtues also, all that gives elegance to the form and figure, that urges the passions, or soothes to elegant and voluptuous indolence the fatigued body, the surfeited intellect, and the propensities satiated and tired. In fact, it is a difficult matter to define the *morale* of a Spaniard; but "*telle est le vie*." Let us not smell of the oil lamp in the philosophy of the matter, but take things as they seem, and furnish a dish which is easily digested—something for an easy moment that will not require a great concentration of the mental powers to thoroughly and conveniently relish. Mysticism in prose is unbearable, and so much of it in poetry also, unless worked with a master genius, such as Shelly. But, hark! the trumpet sounds! the boxes are full to overflowing; this is the note of preparation; how it tingles through every vein! how expectation is on the tip-toe of realizing a stirring reality! There is a general rustling of black silk, a voluptuous movement of soft and graceful forms, a dazzling of black eyes and bewitching glances. A general murmur pervades the crowd, low and unintelligible. Here and there can be seen many British officers, many fashionable men from England, and a few British ladies. It resembles a theatre before the curtain rises, or at the expectation of its rising. The various functionaries are below for the encounter, and here are their names: the "light-limbed Matador," the "media espada," and the "prima espada." The first stands in the centre, to make his attack upon the monster, yet caged in the Toril; the Majos, stern-looking men, standing around the rails or enclosure, with fine costume, and legs encased in iron. The aguadors—water bearers.

The Chulos are young men who flutter gay coloured capas (cloaks), to attract the "lords of the lowing herds." The Pecadores, or Matadores, are invariably mounted: they are sheathed with armor, under which is a suit of buff or leather. The Pecadores are followed by a band of Toreros on foot, Chulos, Canderretos, &c., marshalling in two and two, and headed by the Picador—the first actor. Amaranth velvet, beautifully blue and gold, with bright red are prevailing colors of the dresses of these men. Some have gold buckles, knee buckles of blue (ultramarine), and white silk stockings. There are dagger-bearers also (banderejaros). There are others with small flags, the ends of which contain rockets, to madden the bull to his best *pluck*, and the rocket is attached to a spear, twenty of which might be seen sticking in the neck of the infuriated animal. Well, I shall not mention all the performers; suffice it to say, there they are, all dressed in gold and blue, ready for the butchery. Another note from the trumpet!

"The lists are open—the spacious area cleared—  
Thousands on thousands piled are seated round:  
Long ere the first loud trumpet-note is heard,  
No vacant space for lated wight is found."

The bull comes out at the second trumpet sound, from the Toril into the space below. The door seems opened from above, and out he bounds, waving his enormous tail, snuffing in the air by hogsheads at a draught. He is bewildered, but the moment he bounded from the cage must he not have thought he was once more with freedom and his liberty? once more out upon the mountains of Salamanca, snuffing the breeze of the hill-tops, leading on his herd, in the full liberty of life, and in the strength of his mighty form? What savage majesty! In all the range of my vision and experience, I never saw such a monster: an elephant in size, but more than an elephant in activity and proportion. The Picadore makes a feint at him—down goes his broad head for a full drive against his antagonist—the latter is on horse-back, and the horse's eyes are shrouded, for no horse can stand the glare of the monster's eyes: they are like balls of fire, and the foam of his mouth is like snow upon the ground. But the feint was made, and the animal's attention was drawn off by a cap having been flourished in his face. Some of the Chulos shouted out "¡Valiente!

(CONCLUDED ON EIGHTH PAGE.)



AGENTS FOR THE HOME JOURNAL.

Wholesale Western Agent:—Mr. W. E. TUNIS, CLIFTON. Wholesale Agents for Grand Trunk Line East:—Messrs. WARP & HALL, TORONTO TORONTO—C. A. BACKUS. Also Messrs. WARP & HALL, GEORGE FAULKNER, M. SHEWAN, P. DOYLE, & C. MONTREAL—E. PICKUP GUELPH—M. RYAN LONDON—B. HENRY. OTTAWA—JAMES O'REILLY AMHERSTBURG—J. H. ABEL. WHITBY—W. BLACK. PETERBORO—J. MURPHY. GRIMSBY—CHAS. RUTHVEN. ROMANVILLE—J. C. GRANT.

A CANADIAN PAPER for the CANADIAN PEOPLE

Buy it! Buy it! Subscribe! Subscribe!

THE HOME JOURNAL, A WEEKLY CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER, is printed in Toronto, and published every Saturday.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

\$1.50 per annum, in advance. \$1 for eight months, 50 cents for four months. Any person sending the names of 5 subscribers, with the money, for either of the above terms, will be entitled to one copy for his trouble. Single copies four cents. To be had of the principal News-Agents.

The ablest writers in Canada contribute to the Home Journal. Every number contains an Original Tale, expressly written for it, together with Original Essays, Poems, &c., &c. by Male and Female Authors. It has among its departments, an "Editor's Round Table," a "Ladies' Cabinet," and a "Letter Box." It is already a great favourite. "The Ladies like it!" "The Gentlemen like it!" "The press applauds it as the best Literary Paper ever started in Canada.

A highly interesting Canadian Backwoods story, (the Scenes and Characters of which are real) from the brilliant pen of Mr. James McCarroll, entitled

BLACK HAWK,

Will soon be commenced in the HOME JOURNAL. Those who wish to possess correct ideas regarding early Pioneer life in Upper Canada, as well as of Indian habits and character, should read this story.

All Letters and Communications should be addressed (post paid) to WILLIAM HALLEY, Publisher HOME JOURNAL, Toronto.

An Agent, to whom a liberal Commission will be allowed, wanted for each of the Post-Office Districts of Upper and Lower Canada. References required.

Exchanges will confer a favor on the Publisher, by giving the above advertisement a few insertions.



The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1861.

AN ATMOSPHERE OF APPROBATION.

Did you ever know a flower to thrive unwatered? Neither can a human life unfold its beauty in an uncongenial social atmosphere.

Sometimes in looking around among old married friends, as a quaint wif may be permitted by their kind courtesy to do, we are saddened to see so many young people listless or positively unhappy; deemed indolent or unamiable by their relatives for no other reason than that an air of disapprobation surrounding them, their past years are saddened by the thought that those who are about them are not of them, and that those things so precious to their ardent hearts are unseen, or undervalued, by those they would look up to, if it were only in their power.

When Macready, the English tragedian, came to this continent and appeared for the first time, the morning thereafter he came from his bed-chamber with an expression of disappointment on his face, and said to a friend, "I may as well repack my trunks and leave by the first steamer for Europe after my failure last night." "Failure! Why, man, the town rings with your praise. See what the papers say of your Hamlet." The explanation to this incident is that the comparatively small amount of physical applause he received in comparison to the more demonstrative audiences he had been accustomed to play to, had dampened his spirit; and the application we would draw is, that it is the duty, and should be the leisure of those who approve, to make that feeling manifest, whether at a theatre or after perusing a new book; for, now-a-days,

the author lives on the breath of public opinion almost as much as the player. Cardinal Richelieu, in Bulwer's drama of that name, it will be remembered, forgives De Mauprat many minor offences, because he had applauded the wily Cardinal's play, and in the right places, too; and we are not sure but "the old man terrible" was correct in this view of the gay soldier's expiation of many an offence.

There are those who seem to dislike to manifest approval. After all that is said about flattery, the parasite is quite as respectable as the niggard who grudges admiration or praise to others. Many and many a man and woman are denounced as vain and conceited, when they are really more humble than their ignoble and ignorant detractors, who, from the envious malice of their own mean souls, cannot distinguish between an almost childish love of approbation, and a morbid self-esteem. Nay, more; the very love of the applause of one's kind is the highest compliment Genius can pay to Mediocrity, and you may rest assured that the reason some eyes are so sharp to see egotism in others, is attributable to the fact that their own self-love is perpetually on the alarm, and quite easily ruffled by seeing sunshine rest on another head, yet avoid their own.

To come to the point of this printed "thinking aloud," nothing can stimulate the literature of Canada more than for writers to feel they are appreciated; that moneyocracy and purist philosophy has not quite crashed out all the youthful feeling and mental elasticity of our people; that the HOME JOURNAL is but the pioneer in a path where many similar publications will yet follow; and that appreciating the trials and thousand-and-one hindrances which beset such an enterprise, the best brains and hearts in the Province will help to fill the sails of the adventurous little craft with those breezes of Popular Favor welcome to a publisher or an author as flowers in May time.

ONTARIO LITERARY SOCIETY.

The following are the Officers of this Association, elected in June, for the current year:—

- President.....J. G. Scott. 1st Vice-President.....W. A. Foster. 2nd Vice-President.....Chas. Belford. Treasurer.....John Forsyth. Secretary.....T. Sellar. Corresponding Secretary.....W. R. Carter. Assisting Secretary.....J. C. Farewell. Librarian.....D. Spry. Editor.....Jas. Bethune. COMMITTEES.—W. J. Rattray, J. W. Holcomb, C. W. Bunting, O. Gable.

At the regular weekly meeting of the Ontario Literary Society, held on Tuesday, the 9th inst., the Executive Committee recommended that the following Lecturers be engaged for next season, viz:—Messrs. W. R. Curtis, Wendell Phillips, Dr Chapin, Oliver W. Holmes, J B Gough, J. Starr King, H. W. Beecher, and Mrs. Lippincott. The Committee submitted a letter from Mr W. Halley, publisher of the HOME JOURNAL, offering to publish the proceedings of the Society, and suggested that the thanks of the Society be tendered to Mr. Halley for his offer, and recommended the HOME JOURNAL to the favorable consideration of the members. The report of the Committee, after some discussion, was almost unanimously approved of by the Society.

The following question was then debated: "Should the Press be subject to the surveillance of the Government."

On the Affirmative—Messrs. Martin and Beresford.

On the Negative—Messrs. Halley and Rollo

The meeting decided in favor of the Negative.

THOS. SELLAR, Secretary.

BLACK HAWK.

We shall commence the publication of this tale, from Mr. McCarroll's pen, in our next issue. We know our readers look forward to its appearance with anticipations of pleasure. "The New Life Boat," a sketch by the same author, appears in our issue of to-day.

BOOK NOTICES.

ALEX. MCLACHLAN'S NEW BOOK. BY THOMAS D'ARCY M'GER.

Alexander McLachlan, a Scottish settler, dating his letters from the village of Erin, in the County of Wellington, must be already favorably known to many of our readers. If he is not, he ought to be—so much we dare to say. For, judged by his two books of song, the second of which lies now, with manifold marks, before us, a heartier nature never was nursed in auld Scotland, nor ever welcomed into youthful Canada. He is, as every reader must soon discover, a Bard of the School of Burns, by the same titles by which Burns was himself a Bard; by the same blended gentleness and boldness, the same upright sympathies and antipathies, the same naturalness, sincerity, and straight-out utterance.

In his present appeal to the public ear, Mr. McLachlan has chosen his topics not inaptly—snatches of old country and new country song, are impartially interspersed; snatches conceived in moods gay, or sad, or censorious, and true to the mood, as the features of an expressive face are to the sensations of a feeling heart. The chief piece which by virtue of its length and strength and intent, gives name to the whole volume, is called by a term familiar to most of us, "The Emigrant." In the very selection of such a subject, we find all the homely, honest, practical purposes of the writer—his ardent love for his order and his kind—his desire to dignify the pioneer's remote but beneficent walk of life—to honor labor, to sweeten and enrich with flowers of song, flowers that never perish for the gentle, the pure hearted and true minded, the humblest shanty of the farthest backwoods settlement. Nobler purposes never swayed the heart of poet, ancient or recent, epic or other. The wars of Greece with Troy, the founding of the Eternal City, nay, to vindicate the ways of God to man, are not nobler themes, seen in the clear vision of a high morality, than the struggles of associated industry with the intrusive forest, the founding of free Christian communities, in strange, savage countries, the providences of humble toil, exiled from its ancient seats, and decreed like our first ancestors, to find for itself "a place of rest," with only the same good guide leading on, who led of old the offending pair, beyond the menace and glare of the fiery sword. In the subject itself there is a grandeur, and a softening gentleness equally abundant, but Mr. McLachlan, true to his own kindly, social, sympathetic heart, has chosen to glance only at the higher and more solemn aspects of the tragedy of emigration; it is among the bye-play of character and adventure, the humorous, the humane, and affectionate details of the mighty spectacle, he elects to dwell, and dwells with such inimitable fidelity of tone and expression.

The "Emigrants" or poem are mainly Scottish, though they fall in with certain Southern on board the good ship Edward Thorn, whereof one "Bill of Kent"—quarrelsome, but found useful enough afterwards with his ready rifle—is specially mentioned. The departure and the voyage are lightly sketched; while the after growth of the settlement, with its little world of cares and characters and events, is dwelt upon, as the theme intended, at greater length. Out of many passages in the earlier experience of the adventures, we must select their sense of loneliness and disappointment in finding the woods of their new country, though far from destitute of birds, yet so sadly deficient in song. Here it is, what every "old countryman" has felt, though none so well expressed:—

Then there came a change of scene. Groves of beech and maple green. Streams that murmured through the glade, Little flowers that loved the shade, Lovely birds of gorgeous dye, Flitted among the branches high, Coloured like the setting sun, But were songless every one; No one like the linnet gray, In our home so far away; No one singing like the thrush, To his mate within the bush; No one like the gentle lark, Singing between light and dark; Soaring from the dewy sod, Like a herald up to God.

Some had lovely amber wings, Some had necks were golden rings; Some were purple, others blue, All were lovely, strange and new; But although surpassing fair, Still the song was wanting there; Then we heard the rush of pigeons, Plopping to the sootily regions, And anon when all was still, Pursued to hear the whip-poor-will, And we thought of the cuckoo, But this stranger no one knew.

Other pictures equally striking—such as the felling of the first tree—we might quote, and ought to quote, but the HOME JOURNAL has other demands on its space, and the interested reader will be quite certain not to miss a single beauty of the volume, when he becomes, as of course he will become, its reader, in his own right

Of the miscellaneous poems, which make up the balance of the book, that which for power and originality impresses us most vividly, is "The Suicide's Burial."

But the character-sketches of "Elder John" and "Auld Granny Brown" are, in their way, as full of inimitable native peculiarity. Of love songs, we have two or three true-hearted, buoyant specimens; and of the politico-philosophical didactics so common in our generation, as many more. In this last department we think our dear Scottish Bard loses half his freedom, and three quarters of his fire—as indeed who would not? Of all the treasons against the sovereign powers of Song committed in our age, these rhymed didactics, these metred maxims, these obvious, intrinsic gravities, coupled and made to jingle in verse, seem to us the least pardonable. The true Poet is indeed a Teacher, but hardly a Preacher, still less a bore of an exhorter. His sermons are symbols; his texts are truths indeed, but truths under forms natural and beautiful; to set the dry bones of Benthamism in verse, is as offensive to true taste, and feeling, and genuine reverence, as it would be to embalm with Arabian spices the skeleton of a dead donkey. Mr. McLachlan is, we know, freer from this deadly sin than most of our living writers, and it is that he may be wholly and forever free from the cant that is canted by Tupper and his kind, that we have taken the liberty of relieving ourselves on this point, apropos of his second most meritorious, most musical, and most manful little book.

In this volume we see how deeply the Poet has felt his duty to his adopted country, and how he comes forward to discharge it like a Patriot Volunteer. We need many such books, calculated for our own meridian, colored by our own scenery, and ameliorative of our own condition. Here is a man of genius and purpose, who evidently has in him much more than he has yet found audience or opportunity for. What should be the duty of the Canadian public towards such a man?

LOVELL'S GEOGRAPHY.

By GEORGE HOBBS, I.L.B. Montreal: John Lovell. Toronto: R. & A. Miller.

EVERY teacher of geography in the Province is well aware of the unsuitable character of American text books for home use, and the grave objections that the descriptive portions of Mitchell and Morse are open to, inasmuch as they, in their anxiety to give prominence to the United States, and to flatter the national vanity, abound in statements and allusions which are to use the mildest term, indifferently well adapted for the youth of Canada. With regard to British geographies, although in many respects admirable, they are open to this drawback on their availability in the Province; they are too redundant in their descriptions of the British Isles and adjacent countries, and too condensed concerning the American continent and the colonies of Great Britain.

The above is a summary of the prefatory notice to the volume on our table, and we have examined it as carefully as moments of comparative leisure would permit. It will be readily acknowledged by those acquainted with the difficulties in the way of writing for the young, that the task is one of no ordinary difficulty. He who can sing to suit children, may write to edify sages. The boy in his pinafore is a critic, and merciless in his rapid, instinctive ratiocinations. You



must not make your work so simple as to render it unsuitable for older heads, nor yet so intricate that the school girl just beginning the study cannot understand it; while you enter into competition with text-books that have the *imprimatur* of success on their pages, as you read "twentieth" or "fiftieth edition." The introductory chapter on Mathematical, Physical, and Political Geography is a marvel of concise simplicity, which will at the outset enlist the approbation of the thinking teacher. The "tabular statements" added to those introductory paragraphs which relate to the general geography of each of the principal divisions of the globe, are particularly valuable; while the prominent notice of each British colony supplies precisely that want which is complained of in the English text-books. The maps and illustrations are far more creditably executed than we had supposed possible, and are quite equal to those in Olney, Mitchell, or Morse, while they will compare favorably with those of British publications—our immense inferiority in facilities being taken into consideration. All in all, the Lovell's Geography is a very valuable addition to Canadian school books.

## STREET STUDIES.

BY DIOGENES.

"Be thou a spirit or goblin damn'd,  
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,  
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,  
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,  
That I will speak to thee."

LITTLE did Diogenes think, when he began his peregrinations through the city, that in the course of his travels he would come across a veritable ghost; no flesh and blood apparition, mind you, for the nonce metamorphosed into a temporary shadow of the night, but a real, unsophisticated spirit. Well, wonders will never cease, and it is refreshing, in these matter-of-fact days, when diablerie and demonology, and the romantic lore of past days is well nigh trodden down and buried, to welcome back as from a resurrection a kindred spirit of those almost forgotten times.

Yet, what are we to do with our strange visitor? Who is to limn its features, and describe its ghastly countenance? Who dare have the courage to grasp its skinless fingers, or hold converse with such an awful shadow? Oh! for one hour of the once great Unknown, the immortal Waverley. Around the pale apparition he would weave another story, and give to this flitting visitant a local habitation and a name.

Diogenes confesses to an innate curiosity for everything supernatural or infernal, and the nightly appearance of the WHAT IS IT WAS a perfect god-send to him. Accordingly, he took his place with hundreds of other observers, and waited patiently for the appearance of this new visitant. As night darkened around the scene, the interest deepened, and every eye pierced through the gloom in the anxious hope of catching a glimpse of the veiled form. Hour by hour the eager throng waited and watched; hour by hour, whisperings of doubt and the slight tremor of fear awoke, as the "all's well" of the watchman echoed through the silent streets. Still no spirit. The rustle of the leaves, and the sigh of the night wind through the branches, made many hold their breath, as if they caught the first weird sound of one whom they wished to see, yet were afraid to face. Even the street lamps twinkled in the distance like the witch-candles of yore. But it came not, and disappointed, yet relieved, one by one the watchers departed to their couches, leaving Diogenes alone. Long I waited, and often I looked for the solitary stranger, but no spirit was visible. I ran over in my mind all the legendary histories of the world, and beguiled the time with imaginative pictures of the most noted fairies that ever dwelt on earth. Then I began to doubt the authenticity of this latest ghost, and was beginning to balance the arguments *pro* and *con*, when I fell fast asleep on the pavement.

I know not how long I slept, but the dreamy fancy soon came over me, and shapes and shadows flitted through the brain in ceaseless activity. One by one they crossed

and passed away, and then the vision assumed another character. Slowly through the darkness, and with church-yard step, came a figure robed in white. Lifeless it seemed, yet moved as by instinct. Nearer and nearer it approached, with the same solemn tread, and I could distinctly see a twinkle of light, which shed a steady gleam, as if coming from its breast. Still on it came. My eyes were fixed on it, as if I had been charmed by a basilisk, and a terror of something awful took possession of me; but I could not move. I was chained to the spot, and must abide the meeting. Raising the naked arm, with the fleshless finger pointing towards me, it came close to where I was lying, and stood beside me. Then with a look I can never forget, it bent over my body, and seemed determined to read the inmost thoughts of my soul. After gazing long and anxiously, it caught me by the arm and rudely shook me. I was wound up to the highest pitch of terror, and the extremity of my seeming danger broke the spell. With one startled shout, as of a drowning man for help, I woke the echoes of midnight, and, with a bound, was on my feet. Looking wildly around, still half under the power of the spell, and expecting to see the object of this terrible nightmare, my eyes fell upon—a policeman and his faithful bull's-eye. Demanding, in rather a rude tone, my business in that locality and at such an hour, I gave him a confused account of my object in being there and the sequel, which he had so unceremoniously broken in upon. The worthy fellow laughed loudly at the adventure, as he was pleased to call it, and without the least compunction, put me down among the rest of the ghost-hunters who disturb his nightly meditations. The only reason he could give for this strange hallucination was the advent of the comet, which he maintained was the cause of it all. He even went farther, and admitted if there was any appearance, it must be a piece of the caudal appendage of that celebrated luminary, which had somehow got disengaged, and was dangling about like a disembodied spirit, waiting the first opportunity to get back to its appropriate place.

## A VOLUME OF CANADIAN POETRY.

The Kingston British *Waig* has the following kindly and judicious notice of one of our favorite contributors:—

"There are not many Volumes of Canadian Poetry from which very lengthened extracts can be made. Probably half a dozen at the most. But they are on the increase, and the time must come when the difficulty will have been so far removed as to make the search, now next to fruitless, unnecessary. Like the perfume borne by the wind, they will come to us unsought. In addition to the contributions already made to the Muse, we are shortly to have a most promising volume of Poems from the pen of Mr. James McCarrroll, of Toronto, many of whose lyrics have appeared from time to time in our leading periodicals, and been well received. We are the more inclined to hope that his volume will be a welcome folio, from the fact of his having taken his time in producing it, and not rushing into book form before he had fully matured his compositions, and given himself time to properly prune the productions of his muse. During this process, many a tender, promising shoot has to be lopped off; many a pleasing line to which we clung too fondly is to be corrected or revised. There is nothing like the sober second thought in poetry. Besides, a man must be somewhat of a mechanic to write poetry now-a-days. He must display more or less genuine architectural skill in building up the lofty rhyme. 'The poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling,' is all very well, so is 'The vision and the faculty divine;' but it is when the poet, like Richard, is himself again, and the fine frenzy has passed away, that his poem receives the seal and impress of durability.

A young lady lately appeared in male attire in Baltimore; and one of the editors says that her disguise was so perfect that she might have passed for a man "had she had a little more modesty."

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. M.—We would suggest kindly, that a lady may not be pleased at seeing her name paraded in the columns of this journal, were the poem dedicated to her even less objectionable than the one now before us.

"A FRIEND TO CANADIAN LITERATURE"—Thank you for your friendly and elegant letter. We have carefully noticed its contents. You are correct in what you have stated. Shall we not add you to our list of lady contributors?

A. McP. K., TORONTO—We should have been happy to have met your views, had your contribution met ours.

ROBA.—Don't be angry. In the first moments of the existence of a new journal, there are difficulties to encounter.

J. F. T., ST CATHERINES—We refer you to our answer to "Roba," and are sorry that you have withdrawn your permission to publish the other poem.

J. J.—RUGBY, P. O. ORA.—Not suitable for our columns.

"LINES TO H. E."—Respectfully declined.

CHA.—However respected the individual named, he was known to a very limited circle only; consequently the *Monody*, should *per se* be possessed of greater merit to command a place in our columns.

Our Quebec friend, S—y, must know that we have a large correspondence to select from; and that it may be some time before his turn comes again.

"A RICH MAN AND A CHILD &c."—Not the description of poetry for us. Thank you for your kind wishes.

A. C.—It is, we are informed, true that the ladies and gentlemen attending the school you mention, are not permitted to speak to each other. It is said, by those connected with the institution, that the rule is a salutary one.

H. P.—Your letter is most frank; and you need not be ashamed of "Old Time." We shall always be happy to hear from you.

UNO—Thanks for your two jokes. We shall use them when opportunity serves. The first is not new, however. As to the "sketches," we anticipate them gladly.

"MY HATTIE."—Received, and shall appear in due course.

PRUDENCE—At this early stage of our existence, we are not inclined to institute a quarrel with any of our brethren of the Press. Besides, we are of the opinion that the name you mention should not be used in connection with the journal to which you refer, inasmuch as it is not publicly announced as that of one of the editors. The injustice done us, may have been thoughtless or inadvertent. Thanks, nevertheless, a thousand times, for your goodness and promised assistance.

K—Wishes us to point out the defects of his poetical compositions. Well, the orthography is bad—the feet irregular—the terminations ineuphonious, and the subject common-place, and loosely treated. The first two verses will explain in part:—

Through the lone street one gloomy wintry night  
Did rage the cold and fierce December blast;  
The icy snow that fell was madly hurled  
Upon the pavement stones and 'gainst the lighted  
windows east.

In that same eve along the lonely street,  
Against the cold and fiercely raging storm  
Did struggle a poor child of wretched poverty,  
A little girl of frail and tender form.

• • • The "needless alexandrine" of the first verse, and the last line but one of the second, may tell the story.

## ONTARIO LITERARY SOCIETY.

In calling attention to the proceedings of this Association, which appear in our issue of to-day, we cannot forego observing, that we feel honoured and grateful in relation to the kind endorsement of the HOME JOURNAL contained in the minutes. At a juncture of our existence so critical as the present, we eagerly and thankfully seize the extended right-hand of a Society numbering amongst its members men of undoubted learning and ability; and we do trust, most sincerely, that each successive number of our new venture may justify fully the confidence thus so generously reposed in us.

## The Editor's Round Table.

..... During the past week the company which is wont to gather about this piece of mahogany has been very much broken up; and had it not been for the advent of a most gentlemanly stranger, whom we shall hereafter designate as Mr. Waif, we really believe we should have been lonely, as we strained our eyes away across the lake; but this new acquaintance consoled us measurably for the temporary absence of our pleasant weekly companions, some of whom have gone on a fishing excursion, while others have turned their faces Lower Canada-wise to see the Leviathan of the deep. Mariette promised us ere she departed—at least she promised one of our contributors—that she would send us her "impressions"—(the child!)—concerning the Big Ship, but we imagine Little Crinoline has come to the conclusion that there are some things school children have yet to learn. "Diogenes" alone remains faithful at his post of duty, and but for him and Waif, we should have been terribly "blue" this week. "Fortunately Diogenes" has too much cultivation, and Waif too much common sense to bother us with their "genius," which however well it looks in print, and however attractive when dressed for public edification, in private life is generally egotistical, poor—a bore, not to put too fine a point upon it. Waif hands us the subjoined:—

"Once upon a time, when I was a very great deal younger than I am now, I met with a story in a literary weekly paper that interested me so strangely I could not get it out of my head; and, *mirabile dictu!* it was by a woman, if the *nom de plume* and the editor's comment, and my own heart told the truth. So strangely did said story haunt me, I wrote "....." under cover to the editor of the print aforesaid, and to my joy got a long letter. The correspondence went on from week; we had exchanged pictures, locks of hair, histories, opinions, and were open and avowed lovers—yet neither had seen the other. Of course in human nature the thing could not go on so forever; and I was to meet my *unknown*, *unseen* inamorata. I started, so did she; both arrived at the same city, but never met, and never have to this day. Do you know why? We were so engrossed in writing love, we forgot the necessity of making it understood *where* we should meet. We both waited a week in the same city, hunting one another unsuccessfully. Heaven save my unseemly lady-love; she is now married and has six children, and lives for two years past on the continent of Europe, and I am still her devoted, &c. &c. But it taught me common sense. I would not see her now for anything. What do you say to this, Mr. Editor?"

That we have seen the lady you allude to a dozen times, friend Waif, and think you a very fortunate man. Do you know she has red hair, and is on the shady side of forty by this time, and has one of the most determined pug-noses we ever met? Fortune has been kind to you, sir.

..... This sonnet "to a young mother bending o'er her sleeping child," is very pretty, but it sounds familiar though we cannot locate it. If indeed you wrote it, "Amarynth," you "did proudly;" but we still doubt the originality. Pardon! you are innocent until proven guilty:—

Oft have I seen thee, bending o'er thy child,  
Marking each little cough, each deep drawn sigh,  
Soothe his dear slumbers, and with watchful eye  
Note every movement of his fragile form,  
As if thy very soul in him lay bound.  
Fear not. He sleeps. No writhing, torturing storm  
Invades his breast. Not a disturbing sound  
Breaks through the stillness, save thy beating heart.  
Speaks loud to thee of one whom thou hast lost.  
Thus memory goads us with a piercing dart,  
Marring our joys, leaving us tempest-tossed  
Upon a shoreless sea, where all is gloom.  
Save the pale lamp that guides us to the tomb.

..... The following stanza is by Margaret Blount, author of "Lamia"—now being printed in London and New York, in papers of wide circulation. Those reading the serial will understand its force:—

Oh, dark and deeply mournful face,  
Before I gazed on thee,  
No blither maiden crossed the lawn,  
Or danced upon the lea!  
A fate forecast—a doom foretold;  
And I must yearn and pine,  
For a heart and love too calm and cold  
To still the pain of mine;—  
While the sadness of my wasted life  
Must be the curse of thine!



.....J. Hal Elliott, of the *Waverley*, must have felt the critics' lash, for a late issue of that periodical contains a "pome" from him, styled "Rise above Criticism—a word of encouragement to *Waverley* bards who have fallen under the scourge of the critic." We *must* quote at least one stanza, for the benefit of Scribblemaniacs at home and abroad:—

"Let us, like the fat moon, tread firmly on,  
And though dark clouds shall gather round our way,  
Though Critics throw cold water in our face  
We'll only whisper, "each dog has his day."  
And ever climbing higher  
To such far flights we'll dare,  
To such high things aspire.  
That they will envy the bright crowns we wear.

That is, in the words of the celebrated Higgins, "real boo'ful!" Try again! Keep at him, sonny!

....."No man knows what he can do until he tries." *Oui, Monsieur Platitude*; but no man knows what he can *not* do until he has tried. He will know then.

.....The author of the following is about right:—

For every evil under the sun,  
There is a remedy, or there is none,  
If there be one—try to find it,  
If there be none—never mind it!

.....At the request of a valued correspondent we print glorious Tom Moore's Canadian Boat Song. "The mate to it—'The Woodpecker'—was written at Kingston." So says the *Whig*.

Fauntly as tolls the evening chime,  
Our voices keep time, and our oars keep time,  
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.  
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?  
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl;  
But when the wind blows off the shore,  
O! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon! ]  
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.  
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers;  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs.  
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,  
The Rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

## The Ladies' Cabinet.

There is not probably a lady living, who will not call the author of the following

### A MONSTER.

Charlie's wife is a very dear, loving little woman, and an excellent housekeeper. The other day she moved her low rocking-chair close to his side, placing her dear little hand lovingly on his arm, and moved it along softly towards his coat-collar. He certainly expected a kiss. Dear, sweet, loving creature!—an angel!

"Husband," says she.

"What, my dear?"

"I was just thinking——"

"Were you, my love?"

"I was just thinking how nicely *this suit of clothes you have on would work into a rag carpet!*"

### TURKISH COFFEE.

The Turkish mode of making coffee produces a very different result from that to which we are accustomed. A small conical saucepan, with a long handle, and calculated to hold about two table spoonfuls of water, is the instrument used. The fresh roasted berry is pounded, not ground, and about a desert spoonful is put into the minute boiler; it is then nearly filled with water, and thrust among the embers; a few seconds suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, grounds and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits into a brass socket much like the cup of an acorn, and holding the china cup as that does the acorn itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid. We allow it to remain a minute, in order to leave the sediment at the bottom. It is always taken plain; sugar or cream would be thought to spoil it; and Europeans, after a little practice—(longer, however, than we had)—are said to prefer it to the clear infusion drunk in France. In every hut you will see these coffee-boilers suspended, and the means for pounding the roasted berry will be found at hand.

Coquettes of both sexes may read to advantage, this story of the

### MAGICIAN AND HIS JEWEL.

There is an Eastern fable of a magician who discovered by his incantations, that the philosopher's stone lay on the bank of a certain river, but was unable to determine the locality more definitely. He then proceeded along the bank with a piece of iron, to which he applied successively all the pebbles he found. As one after another they produced no change in the metal, he flung them into the stream. At last he hit upon the object of his search, and the iron became gold in his hand. But alas! he had become so accustomed to "touch and go" movement, that the real stone was involuntarily thrown into the river after the others, and lost to him forever. We think this story well allegorizes the fate of the coquette. She has tried and discarded so many hearts that at length she throws away the right one from pure force of habit.

We continue this week our

### HINTS TO LADY EQUESTRIANS.

Should a horse shy, he does it generally from timidity. The common practice of forcing a horse to approach very near the object of alarm is a foolish and useless abuse of power. He should be encouraged by words and patting on the neck, and above all by the fearlessness of his rider. A horse soon learns to depend greatly on his mistress. Should she start, or feel timid, he perceives it immediately, and will prick up his ears and look about him for the cause. On the other hand, we have known many real dangers encountered with safety, through the rider having sufficient presence of mind to break out into a snatch of song (all horses like singing), which has diverted his attention from the object of fear.

Should a horse kick, unless he throws his head down; and he cannot do that, if the reins are not held carelessly loose. A practised rider can always tell when a horse is about to kick, by a peculiar motion of his body. It is instantaneous, but unmistakable. The best-tempered horse may kick occasionally, from a rub of the saddle, or pressure on the withers. The animal should not be beaten, but the cause of his misconduct inquired into.

There is a great deal of sound sense in the subjoined paragraph

### CONCERNING WHALBONES.

Whalbones have no business in a woman's dress. They spoil all the beauty of outline which Powers and other great artists have found in the natural woman. They interfere not less with that peculiar undulating action of the chest and abdomen which results from the normal action of the thoracic and abdominal viscera. And if the waist be short and loose, there will be no need of whalbones to keep it down. God knew what he was doing when he made the human body, and made it just right in every way; and we cannot alter its shape without destroying its beautiful symmetry, and causing disease and premature death.

Young housewives may read the following recipe, sent us by a lady, with profit. She says she never knew a failure, if these directions were followed in making

### SALLY LUNN.

Take a stone pot, pour in one pint bowl of sweet milk, half a teacup of baker's or other yeast, one quarter of a pound of melted butter, a little salt and three beaten eggs. Mix in about three pint bowls of flour; let it stand several hours or until quite light; then put into Turk-heads or other tin pans, in which Sally should again rise before being shoved into the oven, to be "brought out" and presented to your friends as the beauty and belle of the evening.

[For the Home Journal.]

### ACROSTIC.

Among the ancient forests, three hundred years ago,  
Majestic the red man, with his arrow and his bow  
Equipped, for the chasing of the deer and buffalo;  
Rang the valleys of the wildwood, with his shrill whoop  
and hallo.  
Indigent, spirit-wounded, placed in condition low,  
Conquered stands the noble Indian now, divested of his  
bow:  
A slave, abused, in thralldom to a proud and cruel foe.  
W.

## Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

"Matchless misery" has been defined to be having a cigar and nothing to light it with. Since ladies have commenced the practice of medicine, the health of young men has been very delicate.

What is that which Adam never saw, never possessed, and yet he gave two to each of his children? Parents.

A trusting wife: One who trusts, when her husband goes out in the morning that he never will return.

*Punch* says an architect is a designing character. Of course he is; a man so full of art must be an art-ful man.

Rarely tames wild horses by the use of a strap. Wild boys may be tamed in the same way.

"Boots?" answered a sea-sick Frenchman from his berth, "Oui, oui—you may take zem; I shall vant zem nary more!"

A Maine Law physician's prescription on the city agency: "West India rum, 1 pint, aqua (water), 5 drops."

A man lately, inquiring for letters at the Lexington (Mo.) post-office, was told that there were none, upon which he asked if there was another post-office in town.

Miss Tucker says it's with old bachelors as with old wood; it is hard to get them started, but when they do take flame they burn prodigiously.

Why are railways just like laundresses?—Because they have ironed all England. And it may be added that they sometimes do the mangling.

Friend, imitate the example of a locomotive. He runs along, whistles over his work, and yet he never takes anything but water to wet his whistle with.

"Jenny," said a Scotch minister, stopping from his sermon, have ye got a preen about ye?" "Ye-, minister." "Then stick it into that sleeping brute by yer side."

Anatomists say that man changes every seven years. "Therefore," says the inimitable Jones, "my tailor should not remind me of the bill contracted in 1854—I aint the man!"

A man was suspected of stealing a horse, and was arrested. "What am I taken for?" he inquired of the sheriff. "I take you for a horse," was the reply; whereupon he kicked the sheriff over, and ran off.

"It seems to me I have seen your physiognomy somewhere before, but I cannot imagine where." "Very likely; I have been the keeper of a prison for the last twenty years."

An article in an exchange paper announcing the decease of a person, says: "His remains were committed to that bourne whence no traveller returns attended by his friends."

Lawyers, like scissors, never cut each other, but what is between them!

A slip of the foot you may soon recover;  
But a slip of the tongue you never get over.

When you find a person a little better than his word, a little more liberal than his promise, a little more than borne out in his statement, by his facts, a little larger in deed than in speech, you recognise a kind of eloquence in that person's utterance not laid down in Blair or Campbell.

During the examination of a witness, as to the locality of the stairs in a house, the counsel asked him, "which way do the stairs run?" The witness who, by the way, was a noted wag, replied, "One way they run up stairs, the other way they run down stairs." The learned counsel winked both eyes, and then took a look at the ceiling.

"Having in my youth," says a celebrated writer, "notions of severe piety, I used to rise in the night to watch, pray, and to read the Koran. One night, whilst deeply engaged in these exercises, a man of practical virtue awoke whilst I was reading 'Behold,' said I to him, 'thy other children are lost in irreligious slumber, whilst I alone am awake to praise God.' 'Son of my soul,' he answered, 'it is better to sleep than to awake to remark the faults of thy brethren.'"

## A LITERARY GRIEVANCE—COPY-RIGHT IN THE COLONIES.

Mr. William Howitt, whose name is familiar to every reader, makes public in a London periodical a curious injustice which British authors suffer at the hands of the authorities of the British colonies. The attention of Mr. Howitt was called recently by the Messrs Longman to a long list of small sums, with which those eminent publishers had been furnished by the British Treasury Department, and which purported to be a return from various colonies of the sums received by the colonial governments for duties or fees in lieu of copyright on reprints of the works of British authors. These sums seem for the most part to have amounted to a few shillings on the works of really popular authors, Mr. Howitt, moreover, personally complains that Mrs. Howitt has more than once been notified by formal letter from the Treasury, that she may receive on application such a sum as fifteen pence, the return of copyright money from some colony on one or other of her works, of which certainly many hundreds, perhaps thousands, had been sold there. Mr. Howitt complains that the return of these pitiful amounts, seldom equal to omnibus fare from the suburbs of London to the Treasury office, adds insult to the injury of pirating the author's works. Mr. Howitt writes with much indignation, at which there can be no wonder. We confess our inability to understand how these Treasury returns can be made up. We were not aware that the works of British authors were reprinted in the North American colonies, except perhaps in the newspapers; we know that on American reprints of the works of British authors considerable duties are levied in all those colonies, and we have always understood that these duties were intended to be returned to authors in lieu of copyright. The duty on American reprints of Dickens, Bulwer, Howitt and others entering Canada, New Brunswick, &c., must be considerable: does Mr. Howitt mean to convey that these sums are never returned to the authors, or are we mistaken in the belief that they are intended so to be? Mr. Howitt, indeed, states that the British author stands in a better relation with the public of the United States, where there is no copyright on the works of foreign authors, than with our own people in the colonies, where, ostensibly, British authors have copyright; for the American publishers pay large sums, ranging "from ten pounds up to several hundred pounds a sheet" for copies of works a little in advance of their regular publication at home, whereas from the colonies the author receives only the few pence or shillings which Mr. Howitt deems an insulting reminder of the British author's impotence to recover from British subjects proper remuneration for his labor.

We commend this matter to the attention of our colonial contemporaries. The colonist's copyright is as sacred in Great Britain as within his own province, and there is no reason that we know why the converse should not be the case. If circumstances have made it necessary to change the British author's relation to his work in the colonies, he should at least have all the law guarantees him, and have it promptly.—*Scottish American*.

## INCREASE OF INANITY.

The fifteenth report of the Commissioners in Lunacy, just issued, shows that during the ten years from the 1st of January, 1849, to the 1st of January, 1859, the number of patients in the various asylums of England and Wales have advanced from 14,560 to 22,853. This increase has been principally in public asylums. In county and borough asylums the advance has been from 6,494 to 15,645, making an increase of 9,351; in lunatic asylums from 1,135 to 1,922, making an increase of 657; but, as respects licensed houses, the numbers have been reduced from 6,931, to 5,016, making a decrease in those houses of 1,915 patients. The great increase which has taken place in the number of patients in asylums is limited almost entirely to pauper and criminal patients.



[For the Home Journal]  
SWALLOWS.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL.

Like shining shuttles, weaving the bright spring,  
See, how they flash throughout the briny air,  
Whose sunny warp and woof symphonious ring  
To their gay twitter, and their swift wing there.

Or see them dip into the silvery stream,  
And, dripping, shoot athwart the crimson west;  
Till, in its deepening glow, the spray drops seem  
Some beam of evening powdered on their breast.

But something far more dear, these sports foretell:  
The scented mead, the grove, the bee, the flower;  
And the flushed lover hastening down the dell,  
To merge all sunshine in one twilight hour—

To taste the dew that's tinged with pearl and rose,  
And whisper strangely, and the trembling leaves,  
To some one sighing gently, as she goes,  
"Oh! would, the swallows never left our caves."  
TORONTO, July, 1861.

## Choice Extracts.

## A Singular Fact.

Louis Napoleon is said to be the only man born within the city of Paris, who has occupied the French throne within the recollection of authentic history. He was born within the Palace of the Tuileries, where Hortense was then on a visit to Josephine, on the 20th of April, 1808.

## De Corlova on Money.

Every time the consols fall one-quarter per cent, down go the stocks on Wall Street 2 per cent. Though there is about as much connection between the national debt of England and Wall Street as there is, for example, between the Emperor of China and our doorkeeper, who is, undoubtedly, a gentleman from Ireland. England does not want to pay off the national debt, and any prime minister who would make the attempt to liquidate it, would pretty soon be liquidated himself, and be compelled to resign.

## Good Cooking and Piety.

In the novel of "Adam Bede" the annexed occurs:—"I've nothing to say agin her piety, my dear; but I know very well I shouldn't like her to cook my victuals. When a man comes in hungry an' tired, piety won't feed him, I reckon. I called in one day when she was dishin' up Mr. Tryan's dinner, an' I could see the potatoes was as watery as water. It's right enough to be sperital,—I'm no enemy to that; but I want my potatoes mealy. I don't see as anybody'll go to heaven the sooner for not digestin' their dinner—providin' they don't die sooner, as as mayhap Mr. Tryan will, poor dear man!"

## The Theory of Tea Drinking.

The general theory of chemists hitherto has been that tea lessens the waste of the body, and so sustains the bodily powers with less nourishment than is otherwise required. Dr. E. Smith, at a recent meeting of the Society of Arts, gave the result of some experiments he had made to ascertain the truth of this theory. He found that if there was abundance of food in the system, and that especially of the farinaceous or fat kinds, tea is a powerful digestive agent, and by promoting the formation of food, it adds in nourishing the body; but with a deficiency of food it wastes the tissues of the body and lowers the vital powers.

## A Penny in our Saviour's Day.

An agricultural paper says that in the time of Christ a penny was about equal to 15 of our coppers, and as money was ten times as valuable as now, the penny a day was as good as 150 of our coppers; so that the man who worked in the vineyard for that, got as good wages as good men now generally have in harvest time. The gift of the good Samaritan of two pence to the landlord to the care of the man who fell among thieves, in addition to the raiment, the oil and wine, was equivalent to about \$3 of our currency, which would probably pay for his board two weeks in a country tavern where board was very cheap.

## Mr. Kingsley on the Study of History.

Without doubt history obeys, and always has obeyed, in the long run certain laws. But those laws assert themselves and are to be discovered not in things but in persons; in the actions of human beings; and just in proportion as we understand human beings shall we understand the laws which they have obeyed or which have avenged them-

selves on their obedience. This may seem a truism; if it be such, it is one which we cannot too often repeat to ourselves just now, when the rapid progress of science is tempting us to look at human beings rather as things than as persons, and at abstractions—under the name of laws—rather as persons than as things."

## Loveliness.

It is not your neat dress, your expensive shawl, your golden fingers, that attract the attention of men of sense. They look beyond these. It is your character they study. If you are trifling and loose in your conversation—no matter if you are as beautiful as an angel—you have no attraction for them. It is the true loveliness of your nature, that wins and continues to retain the affections of the heart. Young ladies sadly miss it who labor to improve their outward looks, while they bestow not a thought on their minds. Fools may be won by the gew-gaws and fashionable showy dresses; but the wise and substantial are never caught by such traps. Let modesty be your dress. Use pleasant and agreeable language, and though you may not be courted by the fop and the sop, the good and truly great will love to linger in your steps.

## A Very Long Ride.

An American exchange says that the Butterfield Overland Mail Route from San Francisco to St. Louis, is the longest stage route in the world, covering a distance of 3,000 miles. The fare is \$150, exclusive of provisions, which the traveller provides for himself. The journey is made in light waggons, hanging on leather springs, and covered with Russia duck, drawn by four or six horses or mules, in stages of from fifteen to forty miles, according to the supply of water and other circumstances. Where the roads are pretty good they travel from six to twelve miles an hour. Two men are attached to each team a driver and conductor: the former, in addition to whip and reins in hand, carries a revolver in his belt, and a Sharpe's revolving rifle on the seat at his side, and the latter official is armed to the teeth. The distance travelled each day varies from 125 to 150 miles, with a change of drivers twice a day.

## The Stimulus of Land Ownership.

The stimulus of proprietorship is undoubtedly the most powerful that can be applied to labor in any department, and especially that of soil-culture. John Stuart Mill, one of the greatest of modern writers on political Economy, sums up in its favor in this language:—"If there is a first principle in intellectual education, it is this—that the discipline which does good to the mind is that in which it is passive. The secret for developing the faculties is to give them much to do, and much inducement to do it. Few things surpass, in this respect, the occupations and interests created by the ownership and cultivation of land." A Swiss statistical writer speaks of the "almost superhuman industry of peasant proprietors." Arthur Young says, "It is the magic of property which turns sand into gold." Michelet says it acts like a ruling passion on the peasantry of France; and that in Flanders, the peasant cultivation is affirmed to produce heavier crops in equal circumstances of soil, than the best cultivated districts of England and Scotland.

## Sir James Outram and the Tiger.

The London Review remarks that one anecdote is illustrative of the man. A magnificent tiger, a "man-eater," was hunted and struck, but not mortally wounded: the beast dashed away, as only wounded tigers can, followed by the staunchest sportsmen of the party. At last it was again found, but to the disgust of all, the brute had gone to earth in a dark and ugly cavern, about the last place to close single-handed with such a "Titan." Men who have fought in the "open" like Spartans, would not go to be crushed like rats in a sewer, and the tiger appeared to have escaped, when out of the crowd came a thick-set Feringee, with a quiet black eye and a pleasant smile upon his face. Merely asking where the beast was concealed, he quickly dismounted, grasped his rifle, stepped into the den, and passed from the sight of the admiring natives. Presently there was heard the sharp ring of the daunt-

less sportsman's rifle, and Jas. Outram reappeared a conqueror indeed of the man-eater, but quite as much so of the impulsive Ishmaelites, who recognized in him honor and civilization associated with true courage.

## Lady Physicians.

No less an authority than Sir James Clarke, has said as regards the instruction of young women in physiology: "I venture to suggest, for the consideration of those ladies who have gone through a systematic course of medical education, with the idea of qualifying themselves as medical practitioners, whether devoting their time to the instruction of their own sex in the laws of health would not form an equally useful and a more appropriate profession than that of a physician or surgeon. In adopting as their sphere of action the hygiene of female and infantile life, ladies would be in their right social position; and assuredly they could have no higher vocation than that of teaching their own sex the important duties which devolve on them as mothers—how to manage their own health and that of their offspring. If ladies, properly educated for such duty—they need not be fully educated physicians—would devote their time and energies to this noble work, they would confer an inestimable benefit on the rising generation, and merit the lasting gratitude of prosperity."

## The Learned Town-Drummer of Dundee.

Daniel M'Cormick, the late town-drummer of Dundee, was a person of accurate and extensive scholarship. He was particularly conversant with Oriental literature. An itinerant teacher of Hebrew had visited the town, and issued handbills, intimating that he undertook to impart a competent knowledge of the Hebrew language in a few lessons. He had secured a public hall as his schoolroom, and was proposing to engage M'Cormick as the door-keeper. "Do you teach Hebrew with or without the points?" said the drummer. The *soi-disant* professor asked impatiently what he knew about the matter. M'Cormick took a Hebrew Psalter from his pocket, and proceeded to read a portion both with the Masoretic points and without their use. The pretended Hebraist looked aghast, and was silent. He had not expected to find such learning in Dundee. If the town-drummer was so accomplished, how erudite must be the magistracy and the merchants! Numbers assembled at the hall for a Hebrew lesson, but the preceptor had decamped.—*Rodgers's Illustrations of Scottish Character.*

## Low Crowned Hats.

Says that facetious grumbler, "the Governor" in one of his late papers in the N. Y. Atlas:—"It is generally admitted by physicians that sunshine is necessary for human health, and that a house in which it does not pour down on the roof, at least at intervals, and glimmer in occasionally at the windows, can never be a wholesome residence. I am fully prepared to endorse the fact; but I do not argue, from that, that the roof of the human body—i. e., the head—needs to be beaten upon by the sun of June, July or August, in order to produce the same desirable result;—or that the pouring in of the full glare of the sun at the windows of the body i. e., the eyes—is necessary for health or comfort. For those reasons, I do not endorse the Godenski, or any of its kindred abominations, the tarbouch or the fez, all of which are constructed with especial reference to letting the sharp needles of the sun pierce into the brain with the least possible difficulty,—or the nonsensical imitation of the sailor hat, the crown of which is so low that it rests on the top of the skull and acts as a baking-dish or frying-pan for cooking whatever small amount of brains there may happen to be in the head."

## A "Victim" of the Telegraph.

Some print out West gets off the annexed bit of caricature:—A gentleman bearing the highly honorable and respectable name of John Erskine, was recently arrested by a police marshal in St. Louis, and taken before a magistrate. When captured, Mr. Erskine, who is a severe looking personage, with sickly whiskers, was apparently endeavoring to carry away the stone steps of a banking-house, and occasionally calling some invisible individual a "durned mean ab litish-ish-onist."

Upon being arraigned before the court, Mr. Erskine balanced himself majestically on one leg, shut one eye indignantly, and said, severely:

"G'on with the (hic) show!"

"What is the matter with this man?" thundered the magistrate, who felt somewhat ruffled by Erskine's profound remark.

"Drunk, your honor!" roared the marshal. "Itzall a mistake, Mr. Chairman—I mean your honor!" responded the injured Mr. Erskine. "I was not drunk, sir—no, sir! Drunk, sir—no, sir—no, sir—drunk, sir, no sir—hoss!"

Here the court observed that the prisoner was rambling.

"No, sir!" ejaculated Mr. Erskine, falling suddenly into the arms of the marshal, and then righting himself again with a heavy lurch. "I'm not rambling, sir; but it's the cursed telegraph. That's what's the matter. I take a paper and read all the telegraph. That's what's the matter. First, the telegraph says that Abe Lincoln has taken Virginia, and then it says that he's marching on Canada. That's what's the matter. Six telegraphs an hour, and all diff-fiferent—hic! I want to know about the war, and I read the telegraphs. What do I learn by the telegraphs? Why, I learn that what took place yesterday didn't take place yesterday, but will take place to-morrow; and that the stirring events reported to have taken place to-morrow won't oc-kec-kec-cur till some time last week—hic! That's what's the matter. I'm so confused that I don't know what I'm about, and it's all the telegraphs. I hope your honor will not think I'm at all intox-ex-oxes-intoxes-oxes-isticated—hic! That's what's the matter!"

## Curran's Gratitude.

"Allow me, gentlemen," said Curran one evening to a large party, "to give you a sentiment. When a boy, I was one morning playing at marbles in the village of Ball Alley, with a light heart and a lighter pocket. The gibe and the jest went gaily round, when suddenly among us appeared a stranger of a remarkable and very cheerful aspect. His intrusion was not the least restraint upon our merry little assemblage. He was a benevolent creature, and the days of infancy (after all, the happiest we shall ever see), perhaps rose upon his memory. Heaven bless him! I see his fine form at the distance of half a century just as he stood before me in the little Ball Alley, in the day of my childhood. His name was Boyse; he was the rector of Newmarket. To me he took a particular fancy. I was winning, and full of waggery, thinking everything that was eccentric, and by no means a miser of eccentricities; every one was welcome to a share of them, and I had plenty to spare after having freighted the company. Some sweetmeats easily bribed me home with him. I learned from Boyse my alphabet, and my grammar, and the rudiments of the classics. He taught me all he could, and then he sent me to a school at Middleton. In short, he made me a man. I recollect it was about thirty-five years afterwards, when I had risen to some eminence at the bar, and when I had a seat in parliament, on my return one day from the court I found an old gentleman seated alone in my drawing-room, his feet familiarly placed on each side of the Italian marble chimney-piece, and his whole air bespeaking the consciousness of one quite at home. He turned round; it was my friend of Ball Alley. I rushed instinctively into his arms, and burst into tears. Words cannot describe the scene which followed. 'You are right, sir—you are right; the chimney-piece is yours—the pictures are yours—the house is yours. You gave me all I have, my friend—my benefactor!' He dined with me; and in the evening I caught the tear glistening in his fine blue eye when he saw poor little Jack, the creature of his bounty, rising in the House of Commons to reply to a right honorable. Poor Boyse! He is now gone; and no suitor had a larger deposit of practical benevolence in the court above. This is his wine; let us drink to his memory!"

It is estimated that the tunnel through the Alps at Mount Cenis Pass will be completed in about six years. The machines on the Italian side cut about eight feet per day.



(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

toro—bravo! toro," and so forth, and the ladies awarded the courage of the poor brute with the approval he deserved, and shouted out, "Bravissimo!" at the top of the highest octave; but they were soon prepared for a different cry. The Picador put spurs to his horse, levelled his lance, and drove straight against his antagonist; the latter lowered his head, plunged forward, threw his tail into the air, and with one bound ripped with his horns the entrails out of the horse, flinging both him and his rider across the arena! All the host runs out to protect the fallen man; his leg is broken, and the dead horse is drawn out by mules from the arena. While the man remained down, the infuriated and angry beast made another charge to make his assurance doubly sure, but he was attracted off by a red cloak or capa, which was flourished in his face by a boy, who laughed as he did it. If he had not a little corner to run into for security, he might not have laughed so heartily and with such confidence, for such little "securities" are made in every arena, large enough for a man to enter, but not for a Toro. A fresh horse is brought forward, and a fresh horseman. Now there are no feints, everything goes on prosperously and earnestly. Another charge is made at the bull, he wheels round and avoids the lance, and the ladies very seriously and earnestly brand him with the name and stigma of coward ("cobardo" in the Spanish). The horseman pulls in his horse with all his might, like lightning turns to avoid a counter blow, and again "levels," but stirs not—he is drawing breath, and gulping in the air (a tolerably warm draught, too), and he awaits his enemy. The latter is in a corner, neither tired nor cowardly—his eyes are like the glow of red hot iron; he is covered with foam, and his head is down; but anon he waves his tail into the air, throws his horns up, and shakes the foundation of the building with a roar! Majestic brute!—savage, grand, and proud! He is but doing his duty, obeying the law of his being: are his tormentors doing theirs? What has man's intellect to do with this? Surely here man is "in harmony with death and desolation!"

The horse trembles, like an aspen leaf; he looks as if he had the ague; he cannot be brought forward, and his fore-legs are launched out stiff, to hold himself a-back against the will of his rider. The rider plunges the spurs an inch deep into his sides; the blood streams out, and the poor animal obeys the dreadful dictate of the spur. The rider dashes forward, and the spear is broken in the shoulder of the bull! Another spear is called for, but it is too late—horse and man are killed! A general murmur pervades the crowd; the horse is drawn out, and the rider is taken out to be attended to—not for this world, but for the grave, which his confidence and his buoyant spirits prevented him from anticipating, and obtuded every idea, save those of conquest and reputation. When the Toro seems strong and undismayed, there is no end to the number of his enemies on horseback; but when fatigued a little (which the present one did not seem), those on foot follow up the prolonged butchery, or what is termed in Spanish, "*A corrida de toros a muerta.*" But out comes another rider, well proportioned, tall, handsome, and cavalier-like. A small black moustache is curled up at each end of the mouth; his cap sits aslant upon his tall forehead, and his eye, dark and flashing, seems to give us an anticipation of his success. The moment he entered, the ladies and gentlemen shouted out "*valiente!*" "*bravo!*" and a few whippers of ejaculation went round the fair sex, who have always a regard for the personification of chivalry, "*Che hermosa caballero!*" (What a beautiful gentleman.) Well, he was a splendid looking fellow, and put one in mind of the ancient chivalry of Spain, more like a Gid (a lord) than a man of ordinary bull-fighting pretensions. He spurs his horse, and makes a few flourishes and feints. The bull is in the corner well rested; the foam that hitherto oozed from his joints and covered his huge neck and shoulders, has disappeared; his head is slightly turned; but, heavens! what a look of disdain he gives! There is a fate in that single glance; there

is a certainty of what is to come. The people shout "*Valiente, toro!*" The rider is undismayed; there is confidence in him also. I believe he would prefer death to relinquishing his design. The man who was killed and taken out before his eyes was his elder, and only brother! A more proud, determined, or valiant-looking man I never saw in the presence of death or in the face of danger! He spurs his horse's flanks again—a larger horse than the one which preceded him—but he is likewise bandaged; no horse in the world can stand against the look of an Andalusian or a Salamanca toro. Another flourish of the lance and the bull is brought to his vantage-ground. Now for the aim—face to face they stand. It is hard to say which has the fiercest eye, the man or the monster. A half-charge is made for the purpose of following it up by a full one, and of putting the bull off his guard; but it is not effectual—before the rider can retreat for the length of the second, the bull rattles and thunders against the horse—the horse gets a side peep at his antagonist, and flies to one of the corners built in for the protection of a *Chulo*, but too small for his body; and his head being in, he fancies himself safe. Poor animal! death is upon him like a flash of lightning; the rider cannot turn him, and the bull makes a literal paste of him, and fills up the door of the *little corner* with a quivering and bleeding carcase. There is a general fear entertained for the man, and they all shout out "*matalo! matalo!*"—kill him! kill him! But the man dismounts unhurt and secures himself from a "double attack; the *prima espada* comes forward in his beautiful costume—a bright blue vest, embroidered with gold, crimson breeches, with broad gold stripes, crimson and blue cap and tassel, and gold-buckled slippers and white silk stockings. He has a keen Toledo in his hand, and is about saluting the audience, particularly some noble lady, who is the *lady patroness* of the *funcion*, when the dismounted rider, makes an address and begs permission to be the slayer of the slayer of his brother. There was eloquence in this appeal, and it was soon answered by the cries of "*Si, señor,*" "*Bravo!*" "*Valiente!*" and so on; and the lady patroness smiled assent from her conspicuous box, articulating a compliment, *uno caballero! uno caballero!*—a gentleman! a gentleman! This was against precedent, but allowable under the circumstances. The bull gets a quarter of an hour's rest, and who should come in but the rider, in the costume of the *prima espada*—the first sword-bearer; he steps in buoyantly and confidently, bows to the galleries, flings his cap into the air, catching it on the point of his Toledo, and having uttered something, makes a salute and faces his antagonist on foot. He puts himself *en garde*, and then makes a feint, and the bull flies at him with all his force; but that hand is steady—there is nerve, and power, and confidence in the man—one moment and the keen Toledo, that glittered like a needle, is buried in the heart of his brother's murderer. Garlands are flung down; the man, flushed with success, retires from the applauses of the shouting multitude.

## THE LATE KING LOUIS PHILIPPE.

In a sitting of the French Senate, a petition was read from a private individual, praying that the mortal remains of King Louis Philippe might be removed to France Count de Beaumont, the reporter, observed that the committee was decidedly of opinion that a mere stranger was not entitled to a petition for such a result, and that a member of the Orleans family could alone make the request. Were such an application sent in, there was nothing to lead to the belief that it would not be accorded. When the late king died, the Emperor had declared—as was confirmed by a letter from the Minister of State, which the reporter had in his possession—that he should not oppose the translation of the body of Louis Philippe to Dreux. That decision was made known to the Orleans princes, who did not consider it advisable to profit by the authorization. In consequence, the committee proposed to the Senate to pass to the order of the day. That course was agreed to.

## ENGLISH WORKMEN IN PARIS.

The Paris papers studiously avoided mention of the late visit of British workmen. The people with whom they came in contact were courteous, the museums and shows were thrown open to them, and the hotel-folk were not rapacious. And the men went merrily on their way back to England, having spent a pleasant week. But, although there was no direct contact between English and French workmen, I am strongly inclined to believe that this excursion will not be without a good result. In the first place, it is certain that the excursionists will, by a rapturous chronicle of their Parisian experiences, tempt others to follow their example. From the Black Country, from smoking Birmingham and Sheffield, from Glasgow, Newcastle, Preston, Bolton and Leeds, prosperous operatives will form themselves in groups, and put themselves under the auspices of professional excursion contrivers. During this first excursion much was seen, but much was left unseen. There is a special fascination in the first knowledge of Paris, that bewilders all who approach for the first time. It is not surprising, then, that bands of working men, who had never wandered far from their native cottages, were content, when they reached this city, to be in its bright ways, and to linger where the sun shone, and where the palaces stood against the cloudless sky. It is not well, however, to be "sipping only what is sweet." Pleasure takes a new zest, when accompanied by a sense of a duty fulfilled. I take this ground in venturing to offer advice to future excursionists of the working-class. I shall boldly suggest that when a second and third batch of British workmen shall visit Paris, they shall not keep on the broad and sunny walks of the capital, sipping only the sweets—seeing only what is fairest.

I have been much behind the scenes of this great capital. Those solemn men you have seen holding lanterns over the gutters in search of rags or bones, I have traced to their homes, met in their dark drinking-shops, watched at their strange and uncouth balls. I have talked with the Paris costermonger over his barrow, and have heard the story of his hardships and his wrongs. I have been in the workshops of our tributary friends of the Quarter St. Antoine, also, where I have watched wondrously skilled men singing over their work, as though to work from dawn to sundown were the happiest of lots, even under the surveillance of regiments quartered hard by, to punish indiscreet expressions of opinion. Aye, I have been with the paviers who paved these great streets, with the sewer-men who chased rats under them. There is a skeleton hanging somewhere in the neighbourhood of every great city, and I have heard the rattling of the bones more than once hereabouts. Now it is to the byways of this vast pleasure city that I would direct the footsteps of British workmen, who may chance to travel hither. I would lead them to places where they may hear something that may be of use to them. I would conduct them behind the *Chateau d'Eau*—to a certain court of justice among other places. Here they should see some six or seven men, seated at a semi-circular table, presiding at a court of justice. They should recognize in these judges an equal number of masters and workmen, but all decorated alike with a silver star suspended about their necks by a broad black riband. They would be surprised to discover that this was a self-constituted court of justice, where quarrels between employer and employed were arranged, with little or no expense, and with perfect satisfaction to both parties.—*London Review.*

"Why are you not dancing?" exclaimed a young lady (who could never give the proper air to any tune) to a couple who were standing for the space of five minutes, whilst she was endeavoring to hit upon the right notes of a late polka, and which she thought were correctly rendered. "O, I can't dance the variations," exclaimed one of the dancers (who was a wit in her way) "pray begin the polka." The dancing ceased, and the party disposed of themselves around a card table.

M. A.

## The Weekly News.

The steamship *Savonia* has arrived with three days later news.

The Indian loan of £4,000,000 has been introduced.

Spain abandons her claims against Morocco to declare Tetuan the property of Spain, to render it impregnable and to colonize the territory.

The Pope had recovered sufficiently from his indisposition to celebrate on Saturday last the Pontifical Mass in St. Peter's, a long and fatiguing service in honor of that apostle, the Patron of Rome.

The New Orleans *Delta* says that that the New York Marine Insurance policies cover losses by pirates, but not by privateers; therefore, if the Northern courts condemn Southern privateers as pirates, the insurance company will be liable.

"Malakoff" writes the New York *Times* from Paris, that the rebel Commissioners have offered the "crown" of the mixed kingdom of the South to young Bonaparte of Baltimore, now a Captain in the French army, and who, it will be recollected, is a graduate of West Point.

The Great Eastern after a passage of nine days, has lately placed on our shores some fifteen hundred soldiers, of the regular army of England, and it is said, that those are to be followed by some thousands, together with the requisite amount of guns, horses, tents, &c., for an army.

A company in London called the Pneumatic Dispatch Company, are erecting a tunnel in that city thirty inches in diameter, through which they intend to send parcels by exhausting the air in front of the cylinder containing them. The line is first to be put in operation between the general post-office and Bloomsbury.

The Kingston *Daily News* is responsible for the following:—An article of produce not embraced in the tariff of duties was entered at the Custom House on Saturday without an invoice. A young infant was deposited in the vestibule of the building by a little girl who immediately ran away. Observant eyes, however, saw the mother, Ellen Chambers, not far distant, and she was taken into custody.

The New Orleans *Delta*, of the 11th inst., says that further persistence of the Confederate States in the endeavor to obtain recognition of their nationality, is useless. It also says that the British Ministers had not the courage or inclination to apply to the Confederate States rules which they have uniformly applied to other nations. It adds: Too much importance has been assigned to the idea that France and England would break the blockade to get Southern products. The Editor, therefore, proposes the recall of the Southern Commissioners, and to refuse the recognition of resident consuls of all the powers which will not recognize similar officers of the Confederate States abroad.

HOME JOURNAL.—This paper is a credit to Canada. If it succeeds, which we trust it will, it will plainly indicate the progress of the Canadian mind. The ways of literature are the "ways of pleasantness"—the bowers of philosophy and fancy. The proprietor deserves credit, for doing what few would venture to do, viz., of starting a literary paper in a country where none have hitherto been properly supported. The HOME JOURNAL is the only literary paper in Canada, and it has a good corps of contributors. We notice the names of the following gentlemen in the HOME JOURNAL, viz., McGee, Loveridge, McCarroll and Fenton,—the latter gentlemen hail from our own town, and is known to the readers of the *Wavely Magazine*,—there is a letter from his pen in No. 5, for which the Editor renders him his thanks in that number.

No Canadian household should be without this journal. The matter is above the standard of American literature, and what belongs to our country, should be patriotically supported. If the numbers are preserved, they will in a year hence make a handsome volume for Canadian Libraries, and one of sterling material to boot.—*Chatham Argus.*