

OWNERS YOUR OWN

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

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

[Written for the Hon. Journal.]

Down on the Beach:

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

XIII.

EIGHT MONTHS LATER.

CARL SCHRIEFF did not die of the wound he received from Inlin's daughter—his Indian wife. He suffered for many weeks though, but the antidote to the poisoned steel and a good constitution won the battle with death, for the time being.

It is now the middle of June—one year since our narrative opened, and eight months after the masquerade at the Crescent City, described in the previous section; and as the reader has already foreseen Lansing Dacre and Maud La Grange are married since Christmas—nearly half a twelve-month.

Maud has been to Maryland with her husband; she was a light in the gloom and loneliness of Chester Hall; but though old Mr. Dacre loved her as if she had been his own daughter, like the birds, the Little One yearned for the Far South once again.

As I look back to the months of Dacre's life; as I see once again before my spiritual vision the sweet face of that Child-Woman, it seems marvellous to me that the husband could not see what Uncle Abe and Chloé plainly enough discerned, and which alarm they communicated to Mr. Mentor, Maud's oldest, truest, best of friends.

We were visiting with Mr. Mentor at the plantation, and Toty and her father the Colonel were also there for the week. Toty, Mentor and the writer were walking to and fro one pleasant morning, before breakfast, in the court-yard of Terreverde. Presently Maud and her husband appeared on the upper gallery, which it has already been stated, both on first and second stories ran about all sides of the main building,—upper and lower piazzas communicating by a staircase on the rear of the mansion, as well as by the main flight of steps inside: or, in other words, to descend from the second story gallery to the first, it was not necessary to go inside the Manor House.

Maud and her husband paced slowly up and down the upper front gallery, and the early morning sunshine lighted them faintly as its beams struggled to reach their forms. Maud wore no bonnet, and her hair fell in a wealth of golden curls almost unto her waist. She wore on this occasion a blue and white lawn morning robe, and her little figure scarcely reached Lansing's shoulder, and the tiny hand was placed within his arm, and as she walked along, to and fro, up and down, very languidly, we all thought, her face would turn to his, as a child might look up in the face of an elder brother.

Pretty soon Maud espied us, and waving her handkerchief like a fairy, exclaimed: "How'dyo Toty; you may come and walk here too." And then as Toty tripped away to join her, she coughed violently, and when the fit was over said to us, as she bent over the railing of the corridor: "Lansing is a

naughty boy, and won't let me come down until the sun is longer out of bed lest I get more cold."

When Toty was by Maud and her husband's side, Uncle Abe, who was smoking that same long pipe near the porter's lodge, approached Mentor, the Colonel and myself, and we saw that his dusky features wore anxiety, for he said in very low tones, looking wistfully at his youthful master and mistress:—

"Massa Mentor, you'be hear dat?"

"What do you mean, Uncle Abe?"

"Dat air cough. Missey Maud um de im'go ob her mudder. She was tuk jes dat way. Dar um dose up dar," and he raised his withered hand to heaven, "are awaitin' on dat air angel. Ole Marse J'ovah nebber give dem air bright ones to dis wicked world all de time. Dat cough am jes de way Missey's dear mudder go away. Why see dat air chile! She don't step lika as she used to do. Massa, Massa, sho's gwine to die and leave Ole Ab'em an' all de darkies! Massa Lansing don't go for to see it. Bet the writin's on de wall. Oh! Massa Mentor, take de little angel farder Souf: its do only hope; an' let Ole Abe go too."

Language cannot convey the tone and plaintive air with which the faithful fellow uttered these words. They came upon us all like a clap of thunder, and the Colonel was the first to break the constrained silence:

"But Abe, you must not frighten Mrs. Dacre or her husband. Surely Toty would see this if it were so."

"Massa Grade; jes you look at dem two. Missey Toty neber see anyting but de sun, and de moon, and de stars. She'b love Missey Maud, and neber tink dar is anuder place for her dan Terryverdy."

"Uncle Abe," said Mentor, "cheer up. I shall see if Dacre won't go with me and this gentleman to Corpus Christi, for a few weeks. If you are right, then it is wise to be warned. We must not lose Maud now. And Uncle Abe!"

The old negro turned to hide a tear.

"And, Uncle Abe, you shall go, too, if I can fix it. There! there! Don't tell to any one what you have expressed to me."

"Tank you, Massa Mentor. No! Abe'm would not scare dem sweet birds—not for no ting in de hull world."

After breakfast, Mentor saw Dacre apart, and the young man's face was grayer, and he was even more tender than was his wont when he spoke to his baby-wife. How it was, does not import, but it was arranged that Dacre and his lady, Toty and Mr. Mentor, should pass some weeks at Corpus Christi. As Mentor turned to the Colonel and the writer, just before dinner, he said: "I am sorry, Colonel Grade, we cannot have you with us, but we will take good care of Toty;" and he whispered, as the Colonel went away, late that afternoon: "Loveridge, do you know I fear Abe is right: her mother died of it. I think Dacre may meet Mrs. Schrieff unharmed, now. Do not you?"

I answered, "Yes, unless he is very mad or very base. Do you know I have a curiosity to see that woman. Lansing evidently loves his wife. You love him as a son: he is a dear friend of mine."

"Yes, yes, but"—

"But what, Mentor?"

"You know the verse, 'Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel.' Pshaw! Loveridge, I am getting gloomy. Let us go and join Maud and Lansing in the library."

We both felt a cold chill as we entered the room. Why was it? "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."

XIV.

CORPUS CHRISTI AGAIN.

The "Concrete" City glittered with the mid-summer noon. There was a silver sheen upon the restless waters of the bay.

So bright were the beams, and so merrily the little stars twinkled, that Corpus Christi loomed up like a very fairy-land. From the bluff, and far forth on the prairie, this weird light penetrated, so that the Mexican quarter of the town could be plainly discerned from the lower wharf; and if you surveyed the level, or main portion of the city, you could clearly descry Carl Schrieff's new house, and the quaint homestead of the Hazletons down on the beach.

The lustre of the moon was so bright, that those who have only seen the "Queen of the Eventide" in her pale robes which she wear-eth when she gives audience to her children in the colder regions of the North, can form but a faint image of her glory when she vouchsafes her royal presence to the peoples of the far-off South. A farthing candle and a drummond light, indeed! Why, I have strolled for hours on that beach, on such a moonlight, and listened to the voice of those wild waters, reader, until the weary Past and the uncertain Future were forgotten, and the living Present was all and all to me. The light was not the light of golden day, nor dewy eve, but a quaint and glorious halo, such as dreamy Persians sing of as belonging to another and a better world, and all things were absorbed in the joyous consciousness of these two glorious words: "I live!"

Emily Schrieff is visiting at her father's house; her husband is on his way home from Indianola, and the same little sloop that dances over the waves of Corpus Christi Bay to-night, bears more precious freight, for it bears also our friends from Terreverde, and on that miniature vessel, on the night you read of, was, as well, the writer of this record of happy days, now passed away forever. But, for the moment, let "the Fairy" plough her way over the phosphorescent water, and turn your eyes to the mansion of the Hazletons, and, invisibly, as a spirit, pace up and down the gallery, and mark Emily Schrieff as she walketh to and fro in the moonlight in her flowing robes of fleckless white, in the balmy air, tempered by the salt breeze from the bay that laves the beach. She is all alone; alone with her own soul, and straining her womanly eyes to catch the first glimpse of the little white sails of the boat that bears her husband, her old lover, his wife, and their friends and their servants to the wharf that is plainly observable in the distance. There have been tears in those passionate, deep, deep eyes, but she dashes them angrily away, and she dreams very sadly of a glorious life that might have been her own, had she been true to herself, her girlish heart; and to her God.

This woman loves her husband, but she feels her degradation. She was not born to creep on the earth like the serpent, but to walk erect amid the stars, as a Queen. Always controlling him, never condescending to altercation with him, the influence of the twain has been mutually poisonous. Neither could bend, and they must have a care of collision. Those two iron wills will chafe each other forever, and destroy all the temper of the metal. She knows all his baseness, and despises the perfidy that came so near costing him life. Carl Schrieff is her *bete noir*, but she loveth him, as angels in the wild ballads of the Arabs are said to have been infatuated by demons; but when the spell was broken, the pure spirits realized all the horror of their enchantment; while the German drains the goblet, filled with red wine, steeped in Passion Flowers, and finds his strength, as a child's obbeth when she singeth her syren song.

"This is horrible," you say.

C'est ne pas mon affaire, gentle reader. Alas! that it is true. You are in a spiritual dissecting room: the doors are locked, and you cannot close your eyes to those strange operations that are progressing in this psycho-anatomical theatre. Truly, did the singer of sweet psalms exclaim:—"I am fearfully, and wonderfully made."

Emily Schrieff paces to and fro rapidly, and you see that her heart surges like the sea, and that not a wave which lashes the shore almost at her feet, is not echoed by a wave of impatient self-communing that sweeps over her perturbed soul. Emily Schrieff has been weak, but not wicked; she has been under the influence of those poisoned words of the Tempter, which are to the soul like deadly night-shade to the physical system, and she realises, when too late, all the glory of what might have been.

That she *must* love her husband, that she *does* love Carl Schrieff is not the least part of her punishment. Do men gather figs from thistles? Oh, this horrible incertitude of soul—looking up to the clouds and groveling in the mire!

In the foul and terrible mire of a blasted life!

Of course, Lansing Dacre is happy. By her own heart, Emily Schrieff reads his. Such a torch of corruption might show all the horrors of any soul's charnel-house; she is bound and delivered up to the darkness that cometh only *after* the light.

Hush! her voice is raised in song; it is a deeply-plaintive voice, and the very air is echoed by the waves that dash at her feet but a few yards from the gallery:—

"DOWN ON THE BEACH."

"Down on the beach, the angry waves are dashing,
The sky is black—the thunder's crash is deep.
The lightning's keen white blade is sharply flashing,
As if a harvest in the clouds to reap;

And the billows lash the shore,
With a sullen, surging roar,
Ah! they seem to tell of death in the sea,
Of its grandeur and its dark treachery,
And the graves 'neath its coral floor;

"Down on the beach, the dancing wavelets shine,
At eventide when crimson clouds hang low,
And dying sunbeams faintly gleam and quiver,
Upon each wavelet's crest of curling snow,
The come, and they love the shore,
With a sound I have heard before,
And they sing to me of life in the sea,
Of its beauty and its wild mystery—
Sing of life forever, ever more."

Down on the beach, night's trembling shadow lingers,
The morning stars their anthems have begun,
Dawn clasps her pearly veil with rosy fingers,
And waits the rising of the Monarch Sun,
When asleep on the ocean's breast,
Each wave hath hidden its crest,
While the air is hush'd in a murmurous calm,
Which steals to the soul like an Infinite Balm,
Lo! it whispers of Infinite Rest.

As her chaunt ceased, she saw the white
sails of "the Fairy," and presently the mid-
night breeze wafted a strain to her ear from
the little vessel that approach'd the shore
with the speed of the wind, now blowing
towards the beach, and before which the
tiny vessel was speeding like a thing of life:

THE RIVER'S VOICE.

"I sat me down beside the river,
I laid me down by its waters clear!
Listening to its flow forever,
Why did I let fall a tear?
Voice so musical, so clear,
Flowing far, now flowing near,
Why did I let fall a tear?
Knew I then death was so near?
"I dreamed; nor knew sunset was paling,
Nor saw the death of the golden day,
Till twilight's last faint smiles were falling—
As I came my homeward way;
Then the river, soft and clear,
Sadly fell upon mine ear,
Why did I let fall a tear?
Ah! I knew that Death was near.

As Lansing led his little wife into the
cabin, Uncle Abe whispered to Mentor, "De
crown of glory am a waiten for Missey,
Massa Mentor; dat air angel am gwino far
away."

But in a few moments the Fairy had
reached the wharf, and the travellers separ-
ated; Schrieff to join his wife, and the party
from Terreverde to take possession of the
cottage, down on the beach, at the lower por-
tion of the town, which had been hired for
the season, and where Chloe and Phillis had
already, as *avant courier* blackbirds, prepared
everything for their reception, and where
coffee and supper awaited their arrival.

XV.

MAUD'S DREAM.

Maud, when recovered from the fatigue of
her voyage, seemed to brighten in the genial
air of Corpus Christi. Lansing was very
attentive to the wee creature now, and ap-
peared solicitous to pay more than ordinary
attention to his little wife, now that he was
in the places once sacred to the memory of
an earlier love.

The cottage which we inhabited was in
point of fact a double cottage, and was al-
most as close to the waters as Hazleton
House; but it stood at an opposite extremi-
ty of the city, and the beach taking nearly
the form of a crescent, although some three
fourths of a mile apart by the road, yet in
an air line the distance was much less con-
siderable, and the eye could plainly discern
"Summer Rest," as Mentor had christened
our place, from the residence of Emily's
parents; while Mr. Schrieff's new house,
now completely furnished and inhabited,
stood almost mid-way between the home of
the Hazletons and our quiet little domain.

Mrs. Hazleton, as I intimated early in this
narrative, was the very embodiment of hos-
pitality, and we had not been in Corpus
twelve hours, before the good lady sent her
cards, requesting permission to call in the
evening with her husband. When the ser-
vant brought them, Maud and her husband
were walking to and fro on the little gallery,
and Toty and I stood on the beach, throw-
ing pebbles in the bay, and the little witch
declared that she thought Southern people
would do a much more sensible thing to
wend their way South in the summer heats
to the cool breezy air of the Crescent City,
than to flock to Saratoga and broil in the
close apartments of the United States Hotel.
As Toty is at present in no danger of being
arrested as a "rebel," it may not be im-
proper to say that she is a very loyal subject of
President Davis; and as early as '54 "Seces-
sion" was discussed among young and old
of the better sort of people in the far South,
and had its earnest advocates even long be-
fore that date. Educated people regarded
it only as a question of time, and while Mr.
Lincoln's election aided the master spirits
of the South in precipitating the Gulf States
into revolution, by affording them a just pre-
text and an admirable occasion, ultimately

North and South would have been two na-
tions, as they had for half a century at least
been two distinct peoples—a manufacturing
and commercial country on the one side,
and an agricultural and aristocratic State
on the other. This is given, not as a politi-
cal argument, but as a simple statement of
unanswerable fact, which every one con-
versant with Southern society in the Con-
federate States of America knows to be true.

Maud Dacre, of course, sent a courteous
reply to Mrs. Hazleton, and the good lady
and her husband visited "Summer Rest"
that evening. Many of the better class of
people dropped in soon after, and Maud re-
ceived her guests with a quaint childish
demeanor very hard to describe and very
sweet to see. Mrs. Hazleton looked on the
heiress of Terreverde with a womanly inter-
est, and we all thought the better of her for
her kindness of heart. When she arose to
leave, she begged the Little One to name a
day when she and her friends would dine at
Hazleton House, and Lansing laughingly
replied we were a party of idlers, who only
sought amusement, and would be delighted
to accept whenever it was agreeable to her-
self.

It was very plain to Toty and Mentor that
Emily Schrieff would be of the party, and
it would avoid all awkwardness, considering
the past relations of Dacre and herself, that
this should be thus arranged.

When the guests had departed, and the
beautiful moonlight flooded the land and the
water, the inmates of "Summer Rest" pass-
ed an evening none who were there, in and
of that household, will ever forget. I be-
lieve Dacre thought it the most peaceful
hour his weary heart had ever known. Even
Toty forgot to be gay in the holiness
of being happy, and once Uncle Abe, who
was sitting with Chloe some little distance
from the porch of the cottage, turned his
dark face to the heavens as if he read there
the handwriting of God upon the deep blue
sky.

Maud was clad in an evening dress of buff
lawn, which became her tiny form to a won-
der, and sitting close behind her husband on
the door-sill of the cottage, it seemed to be
"Summer Rest" indeed. One arm was about
her waist, and one little slender hand, now
thin and wasted, it seemed as we saw it in
that word light, was placed within his dis-
engaged hand.

The Little One rarely now-a-days was
wont to prattle so merrily as of yore. Ever
since her marriage she had seemed as one
wandering in the mazy labyrinths of some
beautiful dream, but whose path-way was
overshadowed by a sorrow. To-night she
spoke more than usual, and her voice had a
silvery tone unlike the sound of mortal
syllables. Dacre watched her face and seem-
ed unconscious any one was near him but
his wife. Once I saw him place his lips re-
verently upon her pure, pale brow, and the
action caused Maud to turn her face to him,
and cast upon him all the brightness of her
deep, mild eyes.

Then there was a pause for a few moments,
when the Little One said:

"Lansing, we shall be very happy here,
for a time."

"A long time, too, darling; we will stay
here until the summer heats are passed."

"Do you know I have always wished that
I might die in mid-summer, Lansing?—die
when the skies were bright and the gayest
flowers in their bloom."

"Hush! hush! do not talk thus, Little
One," said Mentor, drawing near his pet,
and bending over her, and brushing back
the golden curls the sea-breeze had blown
in strange disorder over her face. Ever
since her marriage, Mentor seemed even
more tender of his little ward than he had
been in the by-gone days of her girlhood.

"Guardy, do not feel so sad. I am not
sad. But I had a wild, wild dream last
night, and I want to tell it to you all."

How we gathered round her!

Even Uncle Abe, somehow, contrived to
place his sable ear within hearing distance.

"I thought I was upon a journey from a
place like Terreverde, to some other even
brighter spot of earth, Lansing, but that my
way was through a very deep wilderness.

There were few thorns, or brambles, or
marshes, or reptiles, but many very bright
wild flowers that glittered like jewels in
stray beams of light, which stole adown
through the tall magnolias and branching
live-oaks that over-arched me. O, such
flowers you never saw, Toty, even in Terre-
verde! and when I saw them I felt as I only
felt, when Lansing asked me if I would take
Guardy's present, and 'sit with him like the
birds between the North and the South.' I
do not know how far I wandered on, a little
terrified lest night would come on, and I be
left all alone, when Lansing joined me, and
said: 'I will guide you, Maud.' Then a
voice, so deep down, that I fancied it came
from my own heart, said: 'I wish to go with
him, but his journey is longer than mine, and
I will go with him only to my journey's end,
and then I shall not obstruct his way, or
delay his steps any more.' Sometimes as
we went on together, I told him I was afraid
I should hinder him, but he laughed and said
'no,' and so we went on together, hand in
hand, all through the woods, and when I
was weary, and my head ached, Lansing
carried me, until I was rested and felt able
to travel more, and, setting me down on my
feet again, called me his little 'pussey.'

"By-and-bye we came to an open place in
the forest, and a great lake of water out-
stretched before us. O! the water, Toty,
was as big as that great bay, and larger,
too, for I could see further in my sleep—see
even the palace where they were waiting for
me and where I wanted to go.

"Now I noticed a woman approach with
another man. He was going across the
water, too, but not where I was waited for
by my friends. His destination seemed a
great mountain, where I feared he would
find no water, and no friends, and I told him
to come with me, but the man in the boat
said 'no, he cannot cross with you.'

"I saw this man set forth. He was a tall,
dark man, and I felt afraid to look up in his
face, for it was sad, and terrible to gaze
upon, but I pitied him, for the name of the
place he was going to was called the Moun-
tain of Unrest.

"Lansing was not allowed to go with me,
but the keeper of the little vessel told me
he would come by-and-bye and join me, and
when he thought I was out of sight, he and
the stranger lady went forth together down
along the water's edge, and I lost sight of
them at last, and awoke when the boat was
nearly to the palace steps."

..... You should have seen the faces on
that porch of Summer Rest, when Maud ceas-
ed speaking. Mentor looked like the Mem-
ory of a Life—not as a living man. Lansing
bowed his head upon his bosom, and drew
the little creature closer to himself. Toty
turned away, and a tear glittered in her
dark eye, while Uncle Abe walked away
towards the edge of the water, and when I
glanced to catch the expression on his dusky
face, I read there a confirmation of the fears
that were within me.

Maud Dacre loved her husband with all
the fervency of her childish heart, and in-
stinctively divined that the gates of the soul
of the kind, brotherly man she called her
husband were closed to her forever, for deep
in those chambers was a tomb sacred to the
memory of a Worthless Love.

Proud, sensitive, affectionate; half a child,
half a woman; with a spirit as gentle as an
angel, and a heart as noble as a queen, our
little hostess concealed her sorrow from
every human eye, and worshipped the cher-
ished semblance, hugging dear delusion to
herself at one moment, and awakening to
the truth at another, was it then a marvel the
insidious canker-worm, whose germs were
in her system, should awaken thus prema-
turely, when they might have been dormant
for years, if not forever, had she been en-
tirely blessed with all the love of Lansing
Dacre.

There are MARBLE GODS oven unto these
latter days.

Mentor had made a fatal mistake. The
one false action of a single inconstant heart
had blighted more lives than one. Thus it
is that Evil, like Good, is immortal, and that
the minute seed the little birdling drops by
accident from his bill may yet be the means

of feeding whole nations and preserving the
people thereof from famine; or the spark
from a burning candle may lay a city into
ashes.

XVI.

DOWN ON THE BEACH

Toty noticed there were more clouds than
usual the morning of the day our party was
to dine with the Hazletons. Whether Miss
Grade was correct or not, I cannot say. It
would not do for me to contradict her now,
for a reason very obvious to myself, if not to
the Canadian public.

In the forenoon, Mr. Mentor, Dacre and
somebody else, whose modesty is a chronic
complaint with him, visited the Mexican
quarter of the town. As we passed one
hacker, Dacre said: "That is India.

"*¿ Senor que tiene Vmd? ¿ Porquó tiene
Vmd, en su corde?*"

"You told my fortune once, India. Here is
a silver sharpener of your wits. Come,
what have you to tell us all now?" and the
young man laughed, for Maud was more
blithe to-day, and Dacre had a good, kind
heart. He knew less about himself than any
man I ever met.

The old crone, muttered to herself, and
burning a piece of paper which she lighted
from Mentor's cigar, looked at the young
man's hand, and presently said in her Mexi-
can *patois* words that might thus be trans-
lated into English:

A broken truth thal give you truth,
The Snake into the Bird did change;
Forth from the trial of your youth
The good God gave you Maud La Orange.
The flower withers in your grasp,
The rose shall fade i' the summer sun,
The Snake shall turn in your arm'srous clasp,
To the form of the Early Cherished One.

Turning to Mentor, India said:

Truer than Knight to his Lady-love,
Father in more than the blood can be,
Rather rejoice that the pretty Dove
Lies to the Bright Humanity.

Approaching the narrator, she muttered:

In the days of strife and battle,
When the air with fire teems,
You shall hear the War-God's rattle,
In a land where Freedom gleams.
In the days when men are weary,
Of the Carnival of Strife,
Cometh to your soul so dreary,
News of a new Nation's Life!

As the sun was very warm about three
o'clock, our friend, the Major, sent his cari-
age for the ladies, as himself and family
were among those invited. We started in
advance a few moments, and were at the
house almost as soon as Maud and Toty and
Mrs. C—and her sister.

The meeting with Emily Schrieff was less
formal than might have been anticipated.
She kissed Mrs. Dacre, and they were very
good friends in half an hour. Carl looked
a shade thinner, and more care-worn, Men-
tor said, than when he first saw him, but
was attired with great, good taste and
seemed like one who had made up his mind
to go through with a disagreeable role in
the best manner possible. A man of the
world, he was very cordial to Mr. Dacre and
Mentor, who were too thoroughly well-bred
to express any of the instinctive dislike
which they might have felt.

Indeed, the great difference between civil-
ised men and women and the inhabitants of
bear-gardens and fussy villages, is that in
the first instance men smother and conceal
their aversions, and that in the other they
tear each other to pieces, or what is much
the same thing, growl forth and gossip over
their animosities in a corner. The first are
Christianised and humanised by having
learned the great lesson that we owe a duty
to Society as well as to ourselves; the other
are so honest, blunt and plain-spoken, that
for the sake of unpleasant truths they would
set the whole social fabric in flames.

Emily Schrieff's attire, on this occasion,
was very becoming, being composed of a
purple lawn, very similar to that which she
wore on her first introduction to the reader.
Was it accident? or did the innate coquetry
of the woman cause her to reproduce an ap-
proximation to the *sainto toilette*?

The half hour previous to dinner is always
an epoch in the history of the day that re-
quires marvellous tact in a host and hostess,

for it is then that the careful entertainer will seek to bring his guests *en rapport* with one another, so to speak, and study them, that they may be placed at table in a manner mutually agreeable, and calculated to promote that "good digestion" which should ever "wait on healthful appetite." As worthy Mrs. Hazleton was not gifted with this species of tact, Emily good-naturedly did it for her, and the consequence was that in fifteen minutes the draw-room presented the spectacle of some twenty people thoroughly at ease with one another and themselves. Maud was as happy as a lark, and forgot her husband had ever been betrothed to another. Lansing Dacre was proud of the admiration his wife excited, and Mentor seemed fairly radiant with pleasure. Indeed Maud, on this occasion, appeared more like her former self, the old-time "Missey Maud," Mistress of Terreverde, than the half-drooping invalid she had been for the two past months. Her little robe of blue silk lawn seemed very like the robes of a fairy, and the white camelias in her golden hair were more beautiful than all the pearls or diamonds of the Ind; though, truth to tell, refined people everywhere are long passed making themselves walking advertisements of the jeweller.

The moments fled by, and dinner was announced. Just at this moment, a carriage drove up, and Emily approaching her husband and the writer said:

"Excuse me for my seeming abruptness. Carl, Mrs. Major M— was invited with her husband, by mother, but sent us word she had a guest from the Habanna, whom she could not leave,—and mamma of course sent her word that, it would give her great pleasure to have this lady's company also. They have just arrived. As our guests are about going in the dining-room, may I request you to escort this lady into dinner, and you sir," [addressing me] will perhaps—"

"Do myself the honor of escorting you thither?—certainly, Mrs. Schrieff," I rejoined.

We were all seated: Major C— was next to Maud. Dacre escorted a lady whose name escapes me. Mr. B— was by the side of Toty Grade. Mr. Mentor had a place assigned him next to the Lady of General K—, and Miss Goro was on the left of Colonel R—. Mr. Schrieff and the strange lady exchanged a few words in Spanish inaudible to me, and my seat next to Emily, was directly *vis-à-vis* to her husband and the guest from Habanna.

What a change had come over the features of Carl Schrieff. He was as pale as death, and the muscles about his eyes seemed to twitch convulsively. It seemed to Mentor, that this was not the first time, that he had seen the lady from Habanna, and Dacre's glance towards her was arrested by my eyes, and he looked like one moved by a dread of something I could not understand.

The stranger was tall and stately, and the grace of her movements I can scarcely convey by language. Her complexion was of an olive, but it seemed to have a faint tinge as of burnished copper, seen through a glass darkly. The hair was black as night, and straight as that of an Indian Queen. I could not keep from stealing stray glances at that woman. Her eyes gleamed with a deep light as from an unfathomable well, and although her demeanor was polished no decision could have been found by the most fastidious in her manners, there was a certain "Je ne sais quoi," that made me feel she had no right to be in our midst, other than a dark angel might possess to hover in Paradise.

The longer I gazed upon that woman, the stronger a vague likeness haunted me, as if her face was like to one that I had seen before, and ere the viands were sent away the image was fixed upon my brain.

This strange lady resembled Inlia, as a statue of gold might be fashioned like unto a statue of copper.

She spoke English with a slightly foreign accent; but not Emily Hazleton, the accomplished lady at my side, conversed with more faultless precision. In her company Carl Schrieff seemed to wither, and his

strength depart from him. There was a cruel malevolence in the way this stranger lady led him into conversation, and covered him with an embarrassment which she affected not to perceive. Once I saw Schrieff look up into the face of Emily, for a moment, as a lost soul might gaze up in the blue vault of heaven; and I felt sorrow, aye pity for him, when Emily cast upon him a look of stone, and turned to converse with Mentor who was not far distant on the other side of the table. Once I caught Maud's silvery tones, and Emily looking up in my face said:

"Is she not very beautiful?"

Schrieff thought that dinner would never have an end. Truth to tell, the salt sea-breeze, and the excellence of the repast, provoked the appetite, and Mrs. Hazleton had spared no pains to please her guests. The waters washing the beach but a few yards from the mansion, sang sweet songs in the ear of all save Carl and his companion; but the waves chanted a funeral dirge to his ear, and a song of vengeance to his Indian wife, who followed him as a blood-hound scents its victim.

Who shall tell the agony of that hour to that German's guilty heart? Years and years that had been buried, the fugitive from the old world had buried himself within the depths of the South-western wilds, and hungry, fainting, houseless and alone found shelter in the love of the Indian Queen of a semi-savage tribe.

In their midst he had lived for three long years, when the civilized man, sated of the barbarous life, and turned his steps away from the dark-eyed woman, who had loved him as the pale-faced maiden never dreamed of love.

Time passed on, and the tribe was driven far away in the unsettled Northwest of the Texan frontier, and the daughter had learned the vices of the white race, and sought only vengeance. In a few years the pupil who was goaded by her burning desire for revenge, had acquired, by fair means or foul the gold that Carl Schrieff worshipped and the accomplishments that Anglo-Saxon maidens so affect, and by the lynx-eyes of the old crone, her mother, had kept a record of Carl Schrieff's whole life. Safe from the laws, she knew there was no shelter for him from her vengeance, and she had nursed these dark passions even as the mother suckleth her young. All the semi-savage ferocity of her nature concentrating in one passion, she had been as the Nemesis ever on the track of the man she so jealously had loved and now so mercilessly hated.

Newspapers daily tell stranger romances than these of the women of the colder North, and those who know the Indian women of the far Southwest know that the wine of their life runs with warm and glowing tenderness for the true man, and is poisoned with unutterable terrors for the faithless heart.

Civilized or semi-savage, women over all the world are still the same!

Carl Schrieff did not refuse to take wine with her, and when the usual salutation was exchanged the ladies all withdrew. What a glance of hatred and terror he threw after her! Had that man's face been photographed that moment, by the truthful camera, the picture would have banished sleep from those who gazed upon it in the midnight

Then as the bottle passed how gay the German grew! His laugh was fearful, and his features worked in strange convulsive spasms that none of us could comprehend. He spoke of life as if it were an ebbing tide, and men were little barks tossed upon the sea's troubled bosom with each fickle wind. There were quaint fancies in his awful mirth not generous wine alone inspired, and at times his eyes would snap as if a coal of fire were burning at his heart.

I think we all were glad when the motion was given to adjourn to the drawing-room, and Carl leaned heavily on Mentor's arm as the door was opened.

It seemed like entering heaven to leave that dining-room and rejoin the ladies, who were engaged in that species of feminine prattle so unintelligible to men and so dear to all dimity. It will not do for you and

I, sir, to make fun of the dear creatures, nor to explore too closely the mysteries of their private converse; for between you and me, we might hear truths not at all flattering to our self esteem, as they are intuitively gifted with the power to jump at some very correct conclusions that we can only reach by inductive ratiocination and an immense amount of very stupid logic.

Coffee was brought in when the sun was nearly set, and on glancing over the drawing-room you might notice that the lady from Habanna had suddenly taken her departure, as if she were an evil spirit that had vanished in thin air.

...The moments glided by, and when the moon was rising some one proposed we should take a stroll down on the beach. Every minute circumstance of the walk comes back to me, as after the interval of years these lines are traced in a foreign land.

It was a glorious moonlight, when the last gleams of day were struggling with the mid-summer moon. Our party now followed affinities rather than etiquette, and directly in advance of Toty and I were Emily Schrieff, Maud, and Mr. Dacre. Directly after us followed Mr. Mentor and Mrs. Hazleton; while the remainder of the guests were divided into couples and trios as the fancy of the moment had dictated.

It was a beautiful beach, and the sand was studded with a myriad glistening tiny pebbles, like jewels strewn about with a lavish profusion no mortal wealth could rival, for the Everlasting God had given to this remote and almost unknown quarter of the globe a glory, prouder more densely settled lands can little comprehend, mocking, as it were, the patronizing pity of the Northern scorn, by strewing pearls of natural beauty in the pathway of the brave, true-hearted people of the Lone Star State.

Some asked where Schrieff was, but no one knew, and Emily—inconstant heart!—did not give him even a passing thought. Truth to tell, we all were happy in the glorious present, and in no mood to remember unpleasant things. Mayhap the writer was dreaming bright dreams with one who has lighted his pathway many an hour, and month and year since then. We were all enjoying the beauty of the night and the breeze from the bay that the Spanish Missionaries rightfully christened. Thus we sauntered on for half a mile, when some one said:

"What is that object in the water?"

"It looks like a log," said a lady.

"It cannot be a fish," exclaimed Col. T—.

Why did we all gather closer together and watch it? Certes each group drew very near one another, and many an eye was turned to the dark object that was so fearfully near.

"It is a human form," said Dacre.

It came no nearer for a moment, till a passing wave lifted it up, and then we saw a horror I can never forget though I were doomed to live a myriad life-times on this earth.

Uncle Abe suddenly emerged from the crowd of anxious watchers, and wading in the shoal water bore the burden a little way, but it was too heavy, and Dacre went forth with General K—, to his assistance.

The moon hid itself for a moment behind a cloud, and as it emerged again we saw the body and recognized Carl Schrieff—the poisoned man, who, in his delirium, had plunged into the waters to cool the fever Inlia's daughter's draught, dropped in his wine-cup, had evoked.

Why did they place that corpse almost at Emily's very feet? Why did they not hide it from the gaze of all who thronged in horror round about the miserable man, upon whose features not even the cool waters could wash away the fearful agony that his guilty soul had known before it went to its last account? And why did Emily hide her face in her jeweled hands and weep no tears, but stand in the stony attitude of one cursed in the hour of unutterable relief?

From the day of this fatal visit, Maud drooped as flowers fade in the glare of the midsummer noon. She was very cheerful,

and seldom evinced consciousness of what was now apparent to us all; but spoke of the future and of a return to Terreverde at a very early day.

So weeks rolled by. Her husband scarcely left her side an hour in the morning or the night-time, and on pleasant breezy afternoons she would wander with us a little distance down on the beach, and when she grew too weak for that, she used to drive with Toty and Lansing by turns in the little carriage that Mentor sent for from the Crescent City.

The time had passed when Maud had strength to see Terreverde again, and yet the little creature longed, longed for home, for the bright court-yard, and the shady trees, and the dusky forms of "my people," as the thirsting heart panteth after the water brooks, but wise men of science told us it was certain death to remove her now; that she could never survive the fatigues of such a journey.

One evening in September, when the sun had yet an hour or so, of life, Lansing sent Abraham to us, and Mentor, Toty, and I, went into the little chamber that over-looked the sea. The little one was lying on a couch, and her white robes seemed unlike the vesture of frail mortals. Those cheeks were burning red, and the mild eyes wore an unearthly brightness, while the wasted arm, and almost transparent hand told too truly the advancing feet were near.

As we came in, she beckoned to Abraham, and whispered in his ear, and the faithful fellow hiding his tears answered; "Yes, Missey Maud! shall be done; ole Ab'em go to de on' ob dis air worl' to please leble Missey."

"Darling," said she, taking Lansing's hand as he knelt down by her side, "Darling husband, I am fading away like the light of this beautiful evening, and while I have power to speak, I want to tell you some things it is necessary that you hear. You will not very long have any little wife to cloud your pathway. Lansing, I have loved you as God alone can know. You married me almost a child, and you forget, that your little wife would, had she lived, one day been a woman. Darling, you have always been very kind to Maud, and she is happy if she came in your existence, at an hour when you needed a little sister to take the place of the little Clarisse Dacre that died, ere it knew what Life and Love imported. Darling do not grieve for me when I am gone! It is better so. May I not come to you, hereafter Lansing, when you are happy, famous, and doing great deeds in this busy, noisy world—may I not come to you, darling, and whisper to you in the summer evening air, and wail you not feel little Maud's spirit watches over you as angels guard the heroes clad in triple steel?"

He gave her to drink, and clasped her sweet form, and Mentor, I know, heard the muffled tread of the advancing feet.

"Oh, Maud! Maud! if I ever, since the hour I first saw you had a dream, a wish, a thought that was not of you, in you, for you, believe me I knew it not. Better than kindred, better than early dreams, and vagrant fancies, better than wild ambitions, better than my own soul, I have and do love you, Little Consolation of my life. I would die to spare you, O, so willingly, so gladly, Baby Maud!"

She would her little arms about his neck, and pressed her pale lips to his brow, struggling, as it were, with Death for the last moments of her life.

"Lansing, I am borrowing of your life. Nay, I must speak."

Mentor gave her to drink once again.

"I would say, love, husband, Lansing, you must conquer self, and rise above the trials of this hour. There is a better and a brighter land above, where there's neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and where the fire that consumes, and the jealousies that torture human hearts never enters—in the abode of the Blessed."

We all drew near her, and did not notice that Emily Schrieff was coming with Uncle Abe down the beach in the carriage.

(CONCLUDED ON SIXTH PAGE.)

THE HOME JOURNAL:

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

Payments may be made as follows:—For Four
Months, Fifty Cents; for Eight Months, One Dollar
for Twelve Months, One Dollar and Fifty Cents.

A few appropriate Advertisements will be inserted at
Ten Cents a line, for the first insertion; and Five Cents
a line, for each subsequent insertion.

Single copies may be had of the News-dealers in the
various Towns and Cities of the Province at Four
Cents each.

All letters on business should be addressed to the an-
dressed. All contributions for publication, and literary
correspondence should be addressed to the Editor.

WILLIAM HALEY, Publisher,
Colborne Street, Toronto.

AGENTS FOR THE HOME JOURNAL.

Exclusive Wholesale Western Agent—Mr.
W. E. TUNIS, CLIFTON.

Wholesale Agents for Grand Trunk Line
East—Messrs. WARNE & HALL, Toronto,
TORONTO—C. A. BACKUS, Also Messrs. WARNE
& HALL, GEORGE FAULKNER, N. SHEWAN
P. DOYLE, & Co.

MONTREAL—E. PICKUP.

QUEBEC—M. RYAN.

LONDON—B. HENRY.

OTTAWA—JAMES O'REILLY.



The Home Journal.

TORONTO SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1861.

CHEAP LITERATURE.

It is, no doubt, a great thing to be born
at any time. Did any of the cultivated peo-
ple in Canada ever consider what a priceless
blessing it was to be born in the last half of
this Nineteenth Century?

Our younger readers who have been to
school four or five years, have probably
learned several very profound truths, which
are "so self-evident," to their apostles, that
they term them "axiomatic," and every tyro
in mathematics knows very well you cannot
prove any dogma of that sort.

Among other great advantages that the
present generation possesses is "Popular
Literature," or "Cheap Publications," as
their proprietors facetiously term them; and
no sane author ever quarrels with the pub-
lishers who, usually, possess one virtue in
common with the operatives in silk factories,
they live among splendor but never feel
covetous. On the contrary, they are always
quite willing that an author should know as
much as he pleases, so long as they can make
money and suit the public.

Now, in old times, there were some be-
nighted creatures that supposed the educated
and gifted part of mankind were the best
judges of the merits of bards and historians,
essayists and feuilletonists. Living as we
do in an age of enlightenment, this seems
very absurd; and what is more to be deplor-
ed, almost every writer those miserable bigots
applauded have descended by their works to
our day and generation. We do things more
liberally now-a-days, for when once an author
has pleased the masses, so long as he can do
that, he is sure of emolument; and instead
of producing a few very great books in a
decade, which never die, every week sees the
birth of at least a score of new stars, who
blaze away in the firmament of letters until
their oil gives out, and the public gets sick
of their performances.

If we look across the border, we shall all
be penetrated by the number of literary
periodicals, and still more delighted by the
way they are conducted. Bonner, of the *N. Y. Ledger*; Dow, of the *Boston Waverley*; and Gleason, of the *Old Line of Battle Ship*, are all graduates in the College of Eye-Openers, and authors of several celebrated works, as for example: "*How to Raise the Wind*," "*Famous Names and Little Wit*," "*Fast Horses—a Moral Essay*," and "*A Trap to Catch Gudgeons*." The *Ledger* and

similar publications have done a great deal for
the country, as witness the way in which
they have developed the genius of a Sylvanus
Cobb.

Mr Cobb's writings possess one great
merit, no matter what the scene, incidents or
characteristics of his story may be, each of his
productions has equal claims to public favor.
There are no reflections of a startling na-
ture, no analysis of individualities, no dig-
ressions, but a grand mince-bash of plot.
The plot is always safe, even if you cannot
see the people. You could not tell the Gun-
maker of Moscow from the Knight of the
Bloody Turban, but the plots would be dif-
ferent, as Mr Cobb never remembers the
same book twice. His success should urge
every young man to engage in writing *noir-
littes*, for nobody knows but he may be a
second Cobb.

There is a very lamentable practice being
introduced on this side of the water of pay-
ing literary people for their labor. This is
quite wrong, for to make Literature cheap,
all mental labor should be gratuitous; and
we are pleased to see a growing indisposi-
tion among American literary papers to pay
for contributions, for really, this is ruinous
to the financial success of cheap publications.
Even if the authors of a country are not
paid, fame should console them, and if it is
true that the Boston press fees only half its
contributors, the fact that the other portion
are not paid at all is still very admirable!

One of the most discouraging blows cheap
literature has ever received has been through
the person of Mr. Thackeray, who taking
Pendennis in manuscript under his arm,
one day went forth to seek a Publisher. A
very smart young man in Pater-noster Row
took the folios to read, but returned them
next day, stating that "the utter absence of
plot would preclude any negotiation." An-
other brilliant publisher declined the offer,
as "the satire was so bitter, and the dig-
ressions so frequent, that the masses would
not approve the work." At last a very weak-
minded firm did accept it, and the masses
very foolishly ran the work through several
editions, when "Cheap Literature" was
awaiting their patronage.

Our deliberate opinion is that anything
not liked by the many must be worthless;
and that any young gentleman in round
about is quite competent to criticize Shake-
peare in his own fashion, and no one could
dispute his freedom to do so, if he saw fit. As
a general thing, what everybody says must
be true, and if majorities are not right, who
are?

Cheap literature is a very great blessing to
any country or people with good mental
digestive powers, and we hope the liberal
tone of this article will satisfy all our friends
that the Home Journal appreciates the im-
portance of its mission. Should this article
be misinterpreted by any one, it would be a
great misfortune, for the object of the writer
was simply to have a little quiet growl with
his friends. If any of the public outside are
offended he sincerely hopes to be forgiven,
for there is no doubt they know best about
everything.

MY FIRST ATTEMPT AT POETRY.

BY SCROOGES.

I am somewhat ambitious of figuring
among the other literary brethren in the
world of letters, and have made several
attempts, with what success let the world
judge when the mystery attending my pseu-
donym is cleared off, and the author stands
revealed in *propria persona*. Still I am
afraid that like many other aspirants for
literary fame, I began my career with a
miserably small stock-in-trade—*alias* ideas.
The motto adopted by the celebrities of the
Edinburgh Review, at the hint of that prince
of clerical-wits, Sydney Smith, "We culti-
vate literature on a little oatmeal," would
scarcely suit my case, for I am suspicious I
had not such a substantial substratum on
which to work. So that as it may, I have
written poetry in my day, and now when
the fervid fire of youth is gone, and the
flashes of genius given place to more sober
thoughts—when the eye does not light into
frenzy as of old, but looks at things with

more of the steadiness of philosophy—when
the auburn locks have disappeared and the
whitening hairs of age taken their place, I
can, without any severe reflections on my-
self, give the readers of the Home Journal
an account of my first attempt at writing
poetry.

I was in "sweet sixteen" when, as I
thought, the inspiration was on me. Before
that eventful period the whole wonderland
of poetry was opened up to me by the bards
whose memories are embalmed in the world's
recollection. I had read them all, from Mil-
ton down to Perrody, and between these
two poetical poles what a world of imagina-
tion and thought! My mother—bless her
memory—always told me I was born a poet,
and in my infantile freaks thought she dis-
covered the first evidences of genius. With
such an upbringing how could I escape
being a poet? and consequently a poet I was
determined to be.

Alas! like many more I wanted to be
crowned before I had earned the laurels. I
wanted to have the world believe and
acknowledge me before I did anything to
deserve the distinction. Accordingly, I affect-
ed the poetic costume—loose, careless, and
fantastic, I outdid the Byronic in the extra-
vagance of shirt collar and the flying stream-
ers of neckerchief. On the streets I seemed
to people as an escaped lunatic or the latest
importation from the moon. Sometimes the
eye would roll as if in the "fine frenzy" de-
scribed by Shakespeare; sometimes I would
ogle the empyrean, as if praying for a divine
affatus; again would I rivet my gaze on the
paving stones as if I had found another
"vasty deep," and was busy conjuring up
its submundane shades. I wanted a subject
on which to write and lavish the wealth of
my ideas, but it was as hard to find one as
it was for Byron to get a hero for his "Don
Juan." Visions of the beautiful, the sublime,
the horrible crossed my daring soul, but they
appeared in such chaotic forms that I could
by no possibility individualize either of them,
and like Macbeth's witches they vanished as
they came, unsubstantial shadows and noth-
ing more. I was at my wit's end. The fabled
Nine had either gone crazy or were tantaliz-
ing me to the verge of madness, when at
last I found a theme and a poetic utterance.

Need the reader ask what lit the flame on
the altar where all the materials were ready,
and only required the kindling spark? Love
was that spark, without which the poet's
existence would be a blank, a howling wil-
derness. I think I see her image now as she
floats past among the recollections of the
past. Beautiful she was to me, and the light
beaming from her eye was as placid and calm
as the moonbeam's glitter on the sleeping
water. Pensive and sad, yet with a benig-
nant smile ever wandering o'er her face. It
was love at first sight. It seemed as if na-
ture had been nurturing each of us in lone-
liness only at the right time to bring us
together and make us one forever. So I
imagined, for as yet I worshipped afar off.
I stood like the publican in the parable, and
loved at a distance, not daring to break the
illusion by a nearer approach. Poetry came
to my aid, and I sat down to indite a sonnet.
With the forced calmness of a philosopher,
I betook myself to my desk, ran my fingers in
poetic fashion through my unkempt locks,
stared most attentively at an object straight
before me, and—began! Instantly the whole
of those glorious images that I had created
took to flight, not one would return at my
bidding. Every palimpsest of the brain, those
wonderful tablets of which De Quincey
speaks of in his *Suspensio*, showed a clean
surface. Nothing but a blank remained, and
I could not for worlds get beyond the first
line! I remember that line well. It ran
thus:—

"Ethereal spirit, goddess of my soul!"

I could get no further. Half distracted I
went out and wandered through the woods,
still repeating that line and trying to eke it
out with another. My waking hours were
miserable, my sleep was broken by dreams.
An unseen apparition whispered into my ear
"Ethereal spirit!" but never got beyond
that fine apostrophe!

At last I managed to write out some score
of lines and dispatched them to Angelina,

meanwhile waiting in sad bewilderment, be-
tween hope and fear, for the result. I got
my reply in due time and with it my labored
lines, besides the advice to look first to my
grammar before I attempted the poetic. I
will not describe my feelings after this rebuff.
There seemed to intervene an *interregnum*
between reason and madness. I was tempt-
ed often to send to her who had rejected me
and my sonnet Hamlet's letter to Ophelia,
but pride triumphed, and henceforth I looked
upon my first poetic venture and the subject
of it with proud contempt.

Such was my introduction into the domains
of poetry, and from it I learned a wholesome
lesson that has often done me good service.
I gave up sighing after moon-struck maidens
and loving swains and such like mawkish
stuff as they call forth. I gave up wandering
about the streets like a bedlamite, and took
to sober looks and calmer thoughts. I be-
took myself to Nature and there I found a
wealth of poetry which I never thought of
learning before. There I saw the living
principle of life in a thousand varied forms,
all beautiful and simple and true. No decep-
tive film of fashion or hypocrisy veiled its
beauties. It was free to me and all the world
besides. The faculties of the mind were
ennobled by such a study, and the imagina-
tion had liberty to revel untrammelled thro'
every department of its wondrous mechan-
ism. Humbly, as a little child, I began to
learn and describe, at every step discovering
something new in the profusion and grandeur
that encircle us. And I look back with a
smile of complacency on the bye-past days,
and especially on the time when I made my
first attempt at writing poetry.

[For the Home Journal.]

UTTERLY WRECKED.

BY MAVALGARE.

The spectacle presented by a noble vessel,
which has gone to pieces on a sand-bar, is
very sad. It is difficult to realize that the
miserable hulk, over which the waters sweep,
was once freighted with human hopes, and
that, with the shore in sight, it was broken
up, its cargo ruined, and, perchance, a por-
tion of the lives aboard doomed to be washed
lifeless on the beach, and the dead bodies
plundered of their jewels, clothes and money
by the wreckers.

Yet it is no rare occurrence, as all who live
near dangerous shoals well know.

But there is a compensation in the thought
that these are dangers of the sea, which
"those who go down to the vasty deep in
ships" take into account; and which are
often unavoidable, and incident to naviga-
tion.

Turn now to the mortal stranded on the
quick-sands of Human Life. Gaze upon
that little infant, smiling as it dreams upon
its mother's bosom, and survey the pathless
wastes it may travel over, ere it reaches
another and a better land, where there is a
safe harbour for all those born of Woman.
What storms must howl over it, from the
cradle to the grave, even if it has a com-
paratively prosperous voyage. Hidden rocks
beset its pathway; intervals of calm, and
changes of violent tempest, and hours when
the very elements seem to conspire for its
destruction. False lights will beckon it
from its straighter and safer course, and
warning beacons will sometimes be passed
unseen, or worse, unheeded. It must con-
tend against cold, and rain, and fever heat,
and may know hours when flames of passion
threaten to consume its precious argosy—
ITS SOUL.

As we write these lines, the image of a
painful recollection comes over our spirit,
and Memory brings up, with her magic wand,
the spectre of a Human Wreck—a glorious
and sublime one; for your worthless ships,
your paltry little schooners, your leaky fish-
ing smacks are rarely lost at sea; and Fate
as well as Neptune loves a precious offering
to her wrath.

He was a beautiful boy, and at school we
were playmates. There was a native grace
in his every movement, which made him
friends, and a pleasant courtesy in his light-
est word that caused high and low to bright-
en when he passed them in the street. Says

of sunshine used to seek him when he was resting under the elms in the court-yard, and when you looked up in his beautiful, soft eyes, something said that God had been very good to him, and that his mother must have been one of those bright, gentle spirits that are allowed to pass little life-times here on Earth, to make men feel there is a Heaven.

It was a deep study to watch this young man's career. Worldly success seemed to follow him, though he was poor, and years later, when others in the same class at the Academy had not entered the world, nor emerged from college, he was an actor in the theatre of events.

Like very many men, who love early, he did not marry the first choice of his heart; but, as is not often the case with deep natures, he seemed to be no worse for the rebuff, and a few months afterwards he wooed and won a little child, that was born to be his consolation: for she surely was a Fairy of delight, making his life glorious and blessed.

What energy and ambition that man had! How he rose from obscurity to power and affluence, and how his name seemed echoed by the world. They seemed very happy together, this child-wife and our friend, but sometimes a shadow rested on the little one's face.

She died ere two years of married life were over—died, loving him with a sister's love; died, not of wilful cruelty, for he was always kind to her; but died of neglect—his careless thoughtlessness of her, and his selfish absorption in himself and his ambition, and the thought that she had never been taken into the great depths of his heart, for in them was the image of an earlier face.

It was only when the blow fell he woke from his dream. Only when she was gone, only when it was too late, was his heart all her own, and he awoke to the worth of the flower he had undervalued by comparison; awoke to the worthlessness of all his ambitious strivings for baubles that were so worthless compared to the pure little heart whose incense he had never appreciated, when daily offered up to him for two long, miserably-wasted years.

From the day of her death the man's course was downwards; and he flew to the miserable, poisonous cup, that mocks men with its syren tongue, and looses surcease of memory when they need it most; a wanton cup, that has no truth in its promises; no balm in the hours of delirium.

..... The man died. It is not for pure, young eyes to read the story of his death. When we think of it, the little room where these lines are penned seems a charnel-house, where horrid spectres and hideous larvae writhe in worse than physical corruption. On his tombstone there are two simple words: "Too Late."

Utterly wrecked, indeed!

"Utterly wrecked," there is the howl of the Banshee in the syllables. "Utterly wrecked," every graveyard tells stories of those storms. "Utterly wrecked," many a hearth-stone in this Province is desolate in the gloaming with the saddening secret hidden in the words. "Utterly wrecked," many a broken-hearted wife, mother, daughter, sweet-heart, avert their faces when they hear you speak of men that were better than their fate.

There is a terror no romancist ever foreshadowed; no poet ever painted; no human voice ever breathed of, in the hearts of thoughtful men and women at the memory of buried sorrows awakened by the simple whisper, "Utterly wrecked."

OUR NEXT NUMBER.

Our next number will be an excellent one. Among other good things it will contain the first chapter of an original Canadian tale, written by a lady of this city, and entitled "Compensation." Also a contribution from the pen of Mr. McGee, entitled "Alexander McLachlan's New Book."

Mr. McCarroll's story, "Black Hawk," will be commenced after the conclusion of "Compensation." We wish the public to be well prepared for it.

The Editor's Round Table.

.... This week no throng is near the Round Table. Almost alone, we have been sitting, dreaming weird fancies of what might have been. In this mood, half despairing of, and half hoping for company, we came across Owen Meredith's "Last Remonstrance," a poem by the Bulwer Lytton's son. It is too long to copy. Besides, it is possible it is a little wicked. In the wine of the young man's life, there lingers many a flavor of Passion Flowers; but the perfume is very sweet, even if it be poisonous. We dare only quote the last four stanzas—for although Frank Leslie's Magazine (for which we are indebted to Warne & Hall) republishes the entire poem, it might give umbrage, did we copy it entire, to some very good people:

If furing on together, I have fed
Thy lips on poisons, they were sweet at least.
Nor couldst thou thrive where higher love hath spread
His simpler feast.

Change would be death. Couldst severance from my side
Bring thee repose, I would not bid thee stay.
My love should inset, as calmly as my pride,
That parting day.

It may not be; for thou couldst not forget me;
Not that my own is more than other natures,
But that 'tis different; and thou wouldst regret me
Mid purer creatures.

Then, if love's first ideal now grows wan,
And thou wilt love again—again love me,
For what I am; no hero, but a man
Still loving thee.

If Bulwer's son does not get ruined before he is thirty, he will make as great a man as his father. It is narrated of him, when a child, that a visitor calling to see the Baronet, this boy, then a lad of eleven, was sent for, and, in reply to some kind remarks from the visitor, Sir Edward said:—"Yes; he is a fine youth, but he looks deucedly like his mother." "And he is deucedly glad of it, sir," was the child's retort. This may be scandal, but it is interesting enough to be true; and every editor is more or less of an old woman, whose business it is to repeat wickednesses: or so the dear public seem to think, which amounts to the same thing.

.... Here is a very suggestive eight lines from Poor Robin's Almanac for 1734. It does not need comment:

Saint Agnes' Day comes by-and-bye,
When pretty maids do fast to try
Their sweethearts in their dreams to see,
Or know who shall their husbands be;
But some when married all is o'er,
And they desire to dream no more,
Or, if they must have these extremes,
Wish all their sufferings were but dreams.

.... "Compensation"—a very beautiful story—by the authoress of "The Old World and the New," is filed for a very early insertion. We wish literary people were all getting "compensation" for their labor, and hope the day will come when the HOME JOURNAL will be able to pursue a liberal policy, and that trained writers may earn at least as good wages as the vendors of patent razor-strops.

.... Godey's *Lady's Book* is responsible for the following. Is it any wonder that Yankee literary paperdom is at a low ebb? We quote:

"We are constantly annoyed by young beginners sending us poetry and asking us to remit our usual price. We may add that we do not either pay for or return poetry. One thing more while we are upon the subject. It is folly for writers who have made no name to think of receiving payment for their productions. An article may be fit to publish without being entitled to compensation. A young writer should have a little modesty, and be thankful that he has the opportunity of displaying his talents before some hundreds of thousands of readers, without asking more or less pay in addition. If he write with unusual ability, he will be sought out, and his contributions solicited, and then will be time to put a price upon the productions of his brain. A little plain speaking at this time, when we scarcely open a letter offering a prose contribution without a request to know "our terms," will probably prove a blessing to other publishers as well as to ourselves."

.... Actors and actresses, one might think, were not dangerous foes to either of the Presidents on the American side of the Niagara river; but some of the New York papers are trying to raise a mob against Mark Smith and W. H. Leighton, because on one occasion, in New Orleans, some joker made the players turn out in a travestie of "sojering," under the style of "The Varieties' Volunteers of the Regiment of Cock-tail

Guards." *Wilkes' Spirit* says, on this subject, very properly:

"The absurd story of the Varieties' Volunteers being a belligerent corps has been ventilated over and over again in these columns, and we are free to say it would never have been mooted in the first place, nor so persistently refused, had not the spleen and bile of a few rickety "crickets" been found effervescing, with no better subject at hand to saliva with their frothings. The miserable attack upon the parties named, in a last Sunday's paper, is worthy of that sheet. Give us another sensation paragraph, by all means. Read the riot act, and call out the Perlice."

Another paper of more pretensions and less sense than the *Spirit*, seems to be at work to injure Mrs. W. H. Leighton, because she was a stock actress at the New Orleans "Varieties" a few seasons. This is almost equal to those wisecracks who still believe the Sons of Malta were a "political institution." "'Tis well," and should be duly "recorded!"

.... The London magazines for the current month are interesting. Mr. Thackeray continues his novel in his wonderful magazine; and Mr. Sala is still busy unravelling the complexities of his "Seven Sons of Mammon;" while Mrs. S. C. Hall conducts her quiet story in her *St. James's Magazine* with becoming demureness. We are glad to welcome back, in this leafy month, the well known cover that unfolds Mr. Charles Knight's admirable "History of England," and to wish this noble historian of the people the health and strength to bring his honored labor to a successful close. The contents of the magazines for this month are of average merit. Mr. Thackeray and Mr. Sala lead troops of writers, who vary little either in subjects or power of treatment. But we are glad to welcome old names revived. The world must be delighted to discover that all the tender genius of Hood is not buried in his grave. Both son and daughter of the singer of "The Song of a Shirt," have shown themselves worthy of their parentage. In the present number of the *St. James's Magazine*, young Thomas Hood (he should sign T. Hood, the Younger) has a poem that is exquisitely tender, called "Home at Last." We wish for room to copy it, but we must give our space to "HOME TALENT."

.... *Punch* is not silent concerning the American war. Politics are not forbidden to the Jester, and he laughs at cries of "stop that paper," if any one could do such a thing. Even Napoleon III. gave up trying to proscribe *Punch*; and the subtle statesman knew his enemies must have an escape-pipe for their bitter wit, or burst. In an ode to North and South, Mr. *Punch* exclaims:—

O Jonathan and Jefferson,
Come listen to my song;
I can't decide, my word upon,
Which of you is most wrong.
I do declare I am afraid
To say which worse behaves,
The North imposing bonds on trade,
Or South, that man enslaves.

Could volumes state the issues more clearly?

.... Jenny Gray's "Advice to Wives" would have gone into the "Cabinet," only men are forbidden to look into those exclusive columns, and this will suit "unfortunate" husbands (i. e., Good-for-Nothings) so well, we allowed Jenny to read it at the "Table" in the presence of all the *habitués* of our sanctum:

ADVICE TO WIVES.

Love is fickle, sages say;
Beauty cannot hold him;
Love will steal himself away,
Maidens, if you scold him leads.
Love, he will not live with strife—
Even turns from beauty,
If the lady plagues his life.
With her household duty leads.
You can have him in your power,
Ladies, if you try it;
Use him as you won him first—
Love, he can't deny it.

.... Owen St. Clair sends us this trifle:—

L I F E .

O! Life, Life, Life!
The weary, dreary way of life!
What a dearth on the earth,
What a sight is the fight
And the strife, strife, strife.
Day and Night

O! the throng, throng, throng!
In the busy, noisy town;
In the street pass, and meet
Every class—what a mass!
How they jostle weak and strong
All day long.

O! Life, Life, Life!
The world is full of human life,
Wax and wain—greed and gain,
Hunger and cold—silver and gold,
What an eager strife, strife, strife,
For a day of life!

.... The Lyceum Company closed on Saturday evening with a complimentary benefit to the Lessees. This company opens at Mechanic's Hall, Hamilton, in a few days. We hope they will do well there; they will be missed here!

.... The papers fairly bristle with politics. We should think the capital letters, italics and display type would be glad when the contest is over. Why is it politics make men crazy? Ladies say the newspapers are not worth reading now; but then, what do party editors care for the women folks? Most of these gentry are married and have seventeen children each.

Poets' Column.

[For the Home Journal.]

THE GLADE WHERE THE DANDELIONS GREW.

BY J. R. R.

One beautiful morning in May time,
When birds were preparing for June;
The red willows waved in the breezes
That rippled the little lagoon.
The sky was embellished with azure,
The landscapes replenished with dew,
When we chose our companions and wandered
To the glade where the Dandelions grew.

My choice was celestially favored—
She baffled art's exquisite touch;
I do not believe that the angels
Surpassed her in loveliness much,
When I gave her the pearl-tinted lily,
That wave in the waters of blue,
And she gave me her beauty forever,
In the glade where the Dandelions grew.

Though many a change has distorted
The heart that was happiest then.
I remember our mirth when we sported
At hide-and-go-seek in the glen.
The still, rosy twilight of heaven
To distant hills dazzled adieu,
Ere we came from the lake in the valley,
The glade where the Dandelions grew.

Though the cloud that encompassed that eve
Was the spray from adversity's wave,
By her kindness she made me believe
In a heaven this side of the grave;
And so few are life's scenes of rejoicing,
That fancy delights to review
The first of the fields that are fragrant—
The glade where the Dandelions grew.

I never returned to that valley.
I never shall go there again,
For the change that came over the real
Would make the remembrance a pain,
But I often look back to its beauty,
And sigh o'er the sweetness we knew,
When we sat by the blackberry bushes
In the glade where the Dandelions grew.

HAMILTON, June, 1861.

[For the Home Journal.]

WEARY.

You wish that I should sing once more,
A lay like those I sang in youth,
You would hear my voice out-pour
Melody of hope and truth.
You have ask'd that I should wake
The lyre, that hath silent lain
For many years—'Pd love to make
You happy, dear, nor give you pain.

But, child! I cannot sing in glee,
My heart is withered, and this hand
That erst made pleasant melody
Those strains no longer may command.
I can neither laugh with you,
Nor feel the warm blood's early fire,
Nothing more I dare to do
Than idly toy with lute or lyre.

If some sweet, sad notes arise,
Do not turn your face to mine;
Do not raise those violet eyes,
Nor that little hand entwined.
Turn thy happy face away,
Truc, my years are still but few,
But I feel so old to-day
I cannot dare to play with you.

I no more can hate nor love,
Hope, nor fear, nor win, nor lose,
Tumidly I look above
To catch my boy-day's happy muse.
Then I could not help the laugh
That merry rose to lip from heart,
Then I used to gaily quaff
Life's rich wine and dream of Art.

I remember that to love,
To trust, to smile, to pray, to bless—
Each emotion then would move
My features into tenderness.
Would that I could love you, child!
Would my weary heart could beat
With the olden fervor wild,
Here so weary, I repeat.

Do not call me bitter, dear,
Once I was not cold and sad:
See! I cannot drop a tear,
If I could 'twould make me glad.
But I prythee smile, my dear,
Child! some hearts they still are young;
But I weary you, I fear,
Pray forget what I have sung.

(CONTINUED FROM THIRD PAGE.)

"You must be kind to my people, darling, when I am gone. Remember they have lived on Terreverde, dear Terreverde—(how I wish I was to die there, Toty) and never sell them from the home where they were reared. Promise me this, Lansing, for Terreverde will soon be all your own."

"I promise," said Dacre, solemnly, "and I shall love Terreverde as no other spot on earth, for every object will be alive with the memory of Maud La Grange, when I first saw her that pleasant September morning, not quite one year ago. But you must not die, Maud. Now I am in danger of losing you, I know how I love you, and I look at my past as the wild wanderings of a dream."

Then she was silent for a few moments; but turned to Toty after a little, and put her tiny arms about the dark, clustering curls of her young friend, which gave her pale face an unearthly whiteness, as she whispered:

"Toty! you and I need no words now. Toty, we were more than sisters from the hour we first knew one another, when we were little mites of creatures in short frocks, and long, white aprons. You will find, Toty, I have not forgotten you, when I am gone; and prythee, when you lie with him to the North [pointing to me], "do not forget Maud, but keep her grave green in your heart."

"Guardy," said the dying girl, as the noble, kind-hearted old man approached her closer, "do not be unkind to Lansing when I am gone. No! you cannot be unkind to him, I know—but love him just as ever, won't you, Guardy, for my sake?"

"For your sake I'll try, Maud. Oh, my dear child, I so wished to see you happy all your life!" he rejoined.

"Uncle Abe, come here; tell Emily to come in; I want to see her very much. Call Aunt Chloe, too, Uncle Abe. You won't have to bear many more commands from Maud. Do you remember, Uncle Abe, what a naughty child I used to be, and how I used to disobey poor mamma and play in the sand, and make mud pies, and you—"

Here a fit of coughing seized her, but in a few moments she continued:

"You used to go with me to Aunt Chloe's cabin, and get me clean clothes, and wash my hands, and never let poor mamma know how disobedient I was. Uncle Abe, tell all my people at Terreverde Maud loves them all, and that they must remember Mr. Dacre will be kind to them forever, for my sake! Oh! Uncle Abe, if I could but see Terreverde for a little moment more! Dear Terreverde!"

"De Lor' am a comin' sure. Dat angel speak jes as her mudder did wen she was a goin' for to leab us. Bless you, Missey Maud. Abe'm allu's sez, Missey Maud was too good for dis world."

Emily entered the room in her widow's garb—very pale and sad, and with a heavy care in her heart. Was she afraid of the dying child whose husband's heart she had stolen before his hand had been given? I know not. Mentor averted his face to hide grief too deep for tears.

Emily knelt at the couch of little Maud, and her black raiment contrasted strangely with the flockless white that the Wee One wore; but Maud kissed the high, narrow brow of the Widowed Girl, and toyed with a tress of her amber hair.

We were all silent for some moments, when Maud whispered her husband's name. She motioned him to kneel at her side, and pressed her lips to his for an instant, and then, with a sound that I thought was a sigh, she placed Lansing's hand in that of Emily, and gave them a glance that words are dead blocks of emptiness to represent.

In that look was a Woman who had risen above earth's petty rivalries, envyings and distrusts; in that look was a spirit scattering golden blessings ere it took its flight from earth; in that look was the Girl transfigured to a Saint—a martyr at the sacred altar of a wife's fond heart.

The shadows lengthened rapidly, and the last rays of the setting sun stole into the

chamber, as we waited for the Little One to speak to us again; but no sound was audible to Mentor, as he listened to catch her faint breathing; for the pure spirit had returned to the God who gave it, so quietly, so peacefully, that none of us knew the moment when the Death-Angel bore the willing soul away from the beautiful form that seemed so like unto marble, as the very last beams of the dying day fell upon it from the open window of the quaint little sitting-room, in the cottage that was "Summer Rest" indeed, and which still stands in Corpus Christi, "Down on the Beach."

TORONTO, June 25, 1861.

OUR HOME CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Home Journal:

I am quite proud that we have a literary paper of our own. I have, for the want of a local medium, been in the habit, for the past few years, of sending articles to the *Waverley Magazine*, published in Boston, and other American periodicals, and have had many invitations to others, but it is impossible to serve them all—at least many have found it difficult, particularly when they know that their productions were sent adrift in a land of strangers, where no familiar friend, and no countryman, whose thoughts are for the great, the aspiring, and the noble of his own land, can be expected to eulogize the sentiment, appreciate the national peculiarity, and redeem the modulated cadences of the Canadian Muse from the icy oblivion and the chilling atmosphere of foreign indifference and neglect. This must be the idea of all Canadians who have contributed to foreign literature, and really some of it is foreign enough. I received a letter from N. P. Willis, who was astonished that Canadians had no literary paper of their own, and no books of national essays, &c., as some of his best contributors were Canadians. Now, when I speak of Canadian genius, and the Canadian Muse, I am authorized, as it were, to do so by the sentiments of such a distinguished person as N. P. Willis.

Time will tell; we shall see who are our great thinkers, our essayists, our moralists and poets. We shall see if Willis is not right, and we shall also see the merits of the various writers, and we may have from some of the humblest mechanics and artisans of this romantic soil—men from the land of bold and primeval forests, old and mighty rivers, and broad lakes and sparkling cataracts—we may have, I say, amongst the humble and unassuming of this new country, those who can put to shame the gilded and hollow pretensions of the old and proud, the sounding and brassy lucubrations of the would-be monarchs of the quill—we may, by engendering through years a moral atmosphere, capable of wooing the native spirit of song into existence; we may, by encouraging this, and sensitizing the region of native thought, adorning the path, and making it soft, beautiful and attractive, give to the rising generation the foundation of a national literature, the love of all that is either sublime or beautiful in nature, or bold, glorious or promising in man. We have never, as a people, seemed to call or to yearn for a national literature; we should value it, for anything that is not worth valuing will not be worth the trouble of seeking. The more it progresses amongst our happy million of free and thinking people, the more will the valuation increase. A full and an immediate development would be impracticable; but progress and perseverance lead to the great result in the end. We must have some writers of experience in this country—we must have many who, if joined together in the laudable desire of contributing their strength to uphold a literary periodical amongst us, could, by their praiseworthy, intellectual co-operation, prevent the possibility of that periodical from sinking.

Literature is the ornament of a nation; we may see the pomp and excellence of mural grandeur—the effect of riches and architectural design; but it is not the leading ornament of a people's boast. All people are foremost in boasting of their poets, historians, and their orators—their men of ta-

lent and their men of mind. Prowess is essential to a nation's security; the soldier has his reward in the annals of a nation; and he has his place peculiar to his position and circumstances: but the march of intellect, the onward, steady and persevering march, transcends the monuments of wealth, outlives the existence of the pyramids, and exercises a triumph over everything of an inimical tendency and a hostile influence. It will be the duty of every man who can wield his pen—who has gone through its "exercises" in moral warfare, as the soldier with his sword on the "listed field;" it will be the *tyro's* duty, the duty of the cultivated and refined, to merge into this sunny and inviting channel. We must have a fleet upon it to guard the treasures of intellect and virtue from the invasion of the vices, the pennon of hope must fly aloft, and stream triumphantly and beautifully in the cerulean of the moral heaven, and wave with the *etesias* and the airs, wafted from the ocean of illimitable thought.

I trust, sir, that your step, which was taken with confidence and courage, will lead you safely to your expected goal. If there is anything that I felt more disagreeable than another, when speaking to aliens about this country and our neighbors, it was the fact of not being able to boast, as the Americans truly could—"We have literature encouraged in our country."

TH. FENTON.

Chatham, June 6, 1861.

The Ladies' Cabinet.

We have received so many kind little satin-paper, gilt-edged notes this week, that we feel more than a common hesitation in unlocking the Cabinet, lest eyes may peep over our shoulder that have no right to such a liberty, but will take it without so much as saying "by your leave." The first topic you will want touched upon ladies, is,

THE FASHIONS.

Gored dresses have now become an institution among us, no skirts being now considered fashionable unless made in this manner, which after the first shock always produced by a decided innovation are exceedingly admired, as they enable a lady to appear gracefully with a short dress in front and an exceedingly long train. All skirts, whether plain, flounced or puffed, are now gored.

The new style for walking dresses more thoroughly combines neatness, elegance and comfort than any mode which we have ever chronicled. They are made of Mozambique, poplin and other thin materials too numerous to mention, with skirts into which gores are introduced at the sides. The sleeves are made either tight at the wrist, with two large puffs above, or coat sleeves trimmed with buttons or gimp. Down the front a row of large buttons are placed, covered with some decided color. A small rounded cape completes this costume, which has somewhat the appearance of a coat.

For dress goods plain silks are much worn also narrow plain silks, which are always tasteful and lady like, either for home or street wear. We have seen some made up with a single flounce, eight inches in depth, bound with a different color from the dress, the flounce continuing up to within a quarter of a yard to the waist on the left side, and terminating in a rosette with ends.

Dresses trimmed with flounces *en tablier* are considered the latest as well as the most elegant novelty. Plain silks are extremely pretty made in this style; for instance, a light gray silk with four small flounces pinked, of alternate gray and Solferino, the flounces forming a tablier in front, and extending up the waist to the shoulders; at the head of the four lower flounces and at the side of the tablier, a quilling of Solferino silk. The sleeves demi-closed, trimmed around the bottom and up the back with alternate flounces of the same shade.

Cloves with the seams worked in a different color down the back of the hand are exceedingly pretty, and very much worn. Black and white are the colors most adopted, but we have also seen them of every different hue.

LEISURE OF SERVANTS.

Some of our lady readers can appreciate this anecdote:—

Mr. B.— hired two servants, James and Eliza. One morning he called to James:—

"James, are you down stairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"What are you doing?"

"Nothing, sir."

"Eliza, where are you?"

"Down here, sir."

"What are you doing?"

"Helping James, sir."

"Well, when you have both leisure, one of you may bring me my boots."

GOOD ADVICE.

Ladies, listen to some advice—you need it badly enough, there's not a question about that. Don't give your beau a chance to feel sure of you. It's bad for them, and it's worse for you. There are exceptions, to be sure; there are men who may be safely trusted with the knowledge that they are all in all to the heart of the woman they are wooing; but such are deplorably few. The ardor of most men lasts only so long as lasts their uncertainty. Keep them off and they'll grow more and more devoted; bring them near, and they'll cool off as fast as a flat-iron in the snow. Let them think that you care but little for them or their love, and they will try hard to become more worthy of your regard. Not flirt, nor strive to wound their feelings; we don't mean that—heaven forbid! But don't make yourself cheap. Just keep your own counsel, and the more hopelessly in love you are, the more do you guard the knowledge of the fact from your lover.

THE ST. JAMES' MAGAZINE.

This publication is conducted by Mrs. S. C. Hall, and is issued every month, from Paternoster Row, London. It is worth a great deal to the ladies, and should be on every *boudoir* table.

LADY EQUESTRIANS.

To ride well is a great female accomplishment, giving grace to the carriage and health to the entire system.

The art of horsemanship does not consist merely in knowing how to mount, how to hold the reins, how to sit with security and grace, nor how to compel the horse to walk that canters or gallops, at the will of the rider. All these are indispensable. But there is also to be acquired the art of drawing forth the *willing* obedience of the animal. This is to be obtained only by a kind, temperate, and uniform treatment, and by a thorough knowledge of his habits and instincts. How different is a ride on a well-kept, well-used horse, who feels that he carries a *friend*, to one on a broken-spirited or timid creature, in whom ill-usage has produced many defects. In the former case, the ride is as great a pleasure to the horse as his rider. He sniffs the air, he pricks up his ears, he throws forward his feet with energy. Life has, to him, delights beyond his stall and corn. The horse is naturally gentle, intelligent, and affectionate; but these qualities are not sufficiently studied or appreciated. He is usually regarded merely as a means of health and pleasure to his owner, and not often is either gratitude, kindness, or sympathy extended to him in return.

CANTERING.

On your very first setting forth, the horse should be allowed to walk a short distance. Some riders gather up their reins hastily, and before they have secured them properly, allow the animal to trot or canter off. Such a proceeding is often productive of mischief, sometimes of accident. A lady's horse should canter with the right foot. The left produces a rough unpleasant motion and ungraceful appearance. The whole body is jerked at every stride. Should the animal have been trained to canter with the left foot, a little perseverance will soon teach him better. Hold the rein so as to tighten it slightly on the left side of the mouth, touch (not hit) him gently on the right shoulder with the whip—sit well back in the saddle, so as not to throw weight on the shoulder. The horse will soon understand what is required of him. But if he does not, try again after an interval of a few minutes. Straighten the reins immediately

he throws out the right foot. Pat and encourage him with kind words, but repeat the operation should he change his feet, which he may do before getting accustomed to his new step. The considerate rider will not compel him to canter too long at a time for it is very fatiguing. That it is so, is easily proved by the fact that the steed of a lady, too fond of cantering, becomes weak in the forelegs, or what is commonly called "groggy."

TORONTO LADIES.

Strangers coming here, for the first time, from the States, are much struck by the graceful carriage, clear complexions, and tasteful attire of our city ladies. A late letter from an American gentleman in this city, to a New York paper says:—

"I wish you could see, for yourself, Mr. Editor, the display of loveliness upon King street any sunny afternoon. The Canadian ladies seldom over dress. The little round, gypsy-like hats they wear so jauntily upon their heads are intensely becoming to young and pretty faces; and they walk with an easy stateliness it is hard to make those accustomed to the mincing, or languid gait of our New York ladies, understand. Although in regularity of feature, many of our American women are more beautiful, in freshness of complexion and a winning shyness, they can not approach these fair daughters of Upper Canada: and I want to state, for the especial edification of the Albany girls, that females here, even of the humblest class, do not stare at gentlemen when on the street."

We do not want to make you vain, ladies, but we could not help telling you what strangers say. Don't show this to Uncle John or Brother William, before dinner, because they will say "pshaw! Stuff!! Nonsense!!!" But then you know how to manage these "Lords of Creation," better than we can tell you.

The Weekly News.

His Royal Highness Prince Alfred, accompanied by his suite, Sir Edmund Head, Lady Head, Miss Head and Miss Shaw Leferre, arrived at this city on Monday evening by the steamer *Kingston*, which had been chartered by the Royal party. Although owing to the recent death of the Duchess of Kent and the unofficial character of His Royal Highness's visit, the request of Her Majesty the Queen that no public displays should occur on the occasion, yet while these wishes, definitely expressed, were a law to the loyal people of Canada, it was impossible to subdue the impromptu feeling of gratification that every one felt to have the Royal visitor among us. Thousands gathered on the wharf to welcome him to Toronto, and when the steamer came in sight loud cheers welcomed him to our city. He stayed at the Rossin House until Tuesday evening, when he left, having visited the University, Osgoode Hall and the Normal School, and endeared himself to every one by his amiable demeanor. His Royal Highness is rather stouter than the Prince of Wales, but strongly favors him in general appearance.

The news by the *Europa* is rather meagre. The political news is unimportant.

The House of Commons had agreed to appoint a select committee to investigate the circumstances of the Galway subsidy.

The crops in England were making rapid progress under the influence of the hot weather, and the corn market had declined.

The Italian Cabinet will carry out all the original intentions of Count Cavour.

The dates are three days later than those by the *Anglo-Saxon*, via St. John's.

The *Europa* had 94 passengers and £19,000 in specie.

The next steamer advertised to sail from Galway is the new steamer *Agliu*. She will leave on the 2d July.

Sixteen gun vessels have been ordered immediately to join the squadron about to be despatched to the North American coast.

Prof. Lowe made a successful experiment with his Army Balloon at Washington on Tuesday. He sent and received messages while high up in the air.

Mr. Winans, of Baltimore, feeds every day

125 poor families, who are left destitute by the war. He has just purchased a small church, opposite his residence, where he feeds them at a cost of \$500 per week.

In Virginia, a company of 40 young ladies are daily drilling under a military instructor. Their leader, Capt Josephine Swan, declares that they will fight to the last.

On entering at the New York Custom House, the *Peerless* was charged foreign tonnage (1\$ per ton) amounting to \$501, as she had no papers except a certificate that she had been sold to American citizens.

W. H. Russell, of the London *Times*, arrived at Cairo, from the South, on the 19th. He says nothing in regard to Southern affairs, but complains that his correspondence has been tampered with.

A fine little girl aged about three years, daughter of Mr. Thomas Keating, of Caledonia, fell into a soft water cistern, in the yard of Mrs. Filgiana, on Wednesday last, and, although there was only about 20 inches of water in the cistern at the time, she was drowned before being taken out.

The *Times*, in an editorial on American affairs and the indignation of the North towards the attitude of England, asserts that the British public has given much sympathy for the Federal cause—more than it ever gave to the cause of British sovereignty and union in any of its trials. It claims that England will do her duty, and leave Federalists to do theirs, knowing well that she could not do them a greater mischief than by taking their part.

An old workingman in France, who had lived fifty years, hung himself on account of domestic troubles. He was found swinging, with a note giving the reason for his act, with the following postscript:—"The rope has broken before strangulation was effected, and I am still alive. I will go to bed for a while to gain strength, and then I hope that I shall complete my job." The rope was found to have been broken and mended.

The *Sat. Ev'g Courier* says: "Mlle St Leon, a French actress who has studied English, emulated her countryman Fechter's example and made a recent appearance in London in Shakspeare, as "Lady Macbeth," and successfully accomplished a decided failure before the end of the third act."

A gentleman who has spent a few days in the region of the oil wells in Pennsylvania, says that in his opinion the Government of the United States—the Confederate States—or some other power, ought to interfere at once and put a stop to further boring and pumping for oil on this continent. He is quite certain that the oil is being drawn through these wells from the bearings of the earth's axis, and that the earth will cease to turn when the lubrication ceases. Such a suspension would beat anything that ever agitated Wall-street, and the consequences will be too great for ordinary minds to contemplate or comprehend. It had better be attended to at once!

Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

Which is the smallest bridge in the world? The bridge of the nose.

False happiness renders men stern; true happiness makes them gentle.

Hypocrites are creatures of darkness disguised as angels of light.

A sheaf from the shock of an earthquake must be a rare curiosity.

It is a misfortune for a man to have a crooked nose, for he has to follow it.

Who is a very unpopular officer with some of the ladies? General Housework.

The man who buys a herring and then hires a cab to take it home is extravagant.

An easy way to acquire German—eat sauer krout or marry a Dutch girl.

A dog is counted mad when he won't take something to drink, and a man insane when he takes too much.

Sometimes society gets tired of a man and hangs him. Some as a man gets tired of society and hangs himself.

An ugly wart is a difficult thing to get

off one's hands. An ugly daughter is still more difficult.

If you were obliged to swallow a man, whom would you prefer to swallow? A little London porter.

They are not reformers who simply abhor evil. Such men become in the end abhorrent to themselves.

Folly is the queen of the world; we all, more or less, wear her livery, her orders, her crosses and her bells.

Anger wishes a man had but one neck; love but one heart; grief two ears; and pride two bended knees.

A smile is ever the most bright and beautiful with a tear upon it. What is the dawn without its dew? The tear is rendered by the smile precious above the smile itself.

Precept and example, like the blades of a pair of scissors, are admirably adapted to their end when conjoined; separated, they lose the greater portion of their utility.

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

A school-master requesting a little boy who had been whispering, to step into the next room, is wittily spoken of by one of our exchanges as "starting on a whaling excursion."

Prudence, through the ground of misery, cuts a river of patience, where the mind swims in boats of tranquility along the stream of life, until she arrives at the haven of death, where all streams meet.

A country girl, coming from the field, was told by a cousin that she looked as fresh as a daisy kissed with dew. "Well, it wasn't any feller by that name, but it was Steve Jones that kissed me. I told him that every one in town would find it out."

The expression of Bossuet to one who found him preparing one of his famous orations, with the *Iliad* open on his table, is finely characteristic of the lofty and magnificent genius of the man. "I have always Homer beside me when I make my sermons. I love to light my lamp at the sun!"

An Irishman was once indulging in the very intellectual occupation of sucking raw eggs and reading a newspaper. By some mischance he contrived to bolt a live chicken. The poor bird chirruped as it went down his throat, and he very politely observed—"By the powers, me friend, you spoke a leetle too late!"

The Northampton *Press* says that an ambitious young lady was talking very loud and fast about her favorite authors, when a literary friend asked her if she liked Lamb. With a look of ineffable disgust she answered her interlocutor, that she cared very little about what she ate, compared with knowledge.

Never be ashamed of confessing your ignorance, for the wisest man upon earth is ignorant of many things, insomuch that what he knows is mere nothing in comparison with what he does not know. There cannot be greater folly in the world than to suppose that we know everything.

A correspondent asks:—"Has the Southern Corn-fed-eracy really induced the New Orleans Banks to Shell out, or is that statement only an 'ear-say'?" There may be some grain of truth in the report, but for full information, we refer our correspondent to ex-Secretary Cobb.

JOKES.

Charles Bannister, coming from a coffee-house one cold and stormy night, said that he never saw such a wind.

"Such a wind!" replied a friend. "What was it like?"

"Like!" answered Charles, "like to blow my hat off!"

When Cibber once went to visit Booth, and knew that he was at home, a female domestic denied him. Cibber took no notice of this at the time; but when in a few days afterwards Booth paid him a visit in return, he called out from the first floor he was not at home.

"How can that be," answered Booth, "do I not hear your voice?"

"To be sure you do," replied Cibber; but what then? I believed your servant-maid, and it is hard indeed if you won't believe me!"

At the Newcastle bazaar a young gentleman lingered for some time at one of the stalls, which was attended by a very handsome young lady.

"The charge of your inspection of my wares," said the fair dealer, "is half a crown, sir."

"I was admiring your beauty ma'am, and not your goods," replied the gallant.

"That's five shillings," responded the lady with great readiness; and no demand, perhaps, was ever more cheerfully complied with.

A gentleman travelling in a one-horse trap chanced to stop at a small roadside inn, which rejoiced in the presence of a very intelligent Irish ostler. Handing the reins to this worthy as he alighted, the traveller requested the man "to take his horse to the stable and bait him."

"Sure 'an I will, your honor," answered the Milesian, briskly, and away he went.

In about half an hour the gentlemen, having refreshed himself sufficiently, naturally concluded that his four-footed servant was in equally good case, and accordingly ordered his trap to the door. The horse was panting and trembling.

"What's the matter with my horse?" asked the traveller. "What have you been doing to him?"

"Only what your honor ordered me."

"He don't look as if he had had anything to eat."

"Is it ait yer honor said?"

"To be sure."

"Sorra the word like it did yer honor say to me. More botoken, your honor tould me to bate the beast, and not to ait him!"

"Why, you stupid rascal, what have you been doing?"

"Och, I just tied him up to the stable with a halter, then out with me stick and bate him till me arm was used out."—Anonymous.

Johnson on Marriage.

Johnson's first love was the sister of his friend Hector. This passion, he told Boswell, dropped imperceptibly out of his head, and the lady subsequently married Mr. Careless, a clergyman. More than thirty years after Johnson's attachment for her had ceased, he passed an evening with her at Birmingham, and seemed to have his affection revived. She was then a widow. Upon his remarking that it might have been as happy for him if he had taken her to wife, Boswell inquired whether he did not suppose that there were fifty women who would please a man just as well as any one woman in particular. "Ay, sir," replied Johnson, "fifty thousand. I believe marriages would in general be as happy, and often more so, if they were made by the Lord Chancellor, upon a due consideration of the characters and circumstances, without the parties having any choice in the matter."

Attractions of South America.

South America, long neglected by the world at large, has begun to draw attention from the scholar, the artist, the poet, the scientific explorer, the man of adventure who seeks strange scenes for surprise and pleasure, and from the man of enterprise who strives to win the smiles of fortune in new lands. Ideality, and practical skill find ample scope in South America. Industry has spread her great arms every way in North America: but the Southern part of the continent offers a new world for her peaceful conquest. North America has been searched all over, through and through, for the means of prosperity. Danger, disease, distress, have not daunted, fatigue and famine have not made men faint in the pursuit of gain. No aches, agues, swamps, snakes, storms, floods, exploding boilers, exploding banks, bowie-knives, revolvers, Indians, no obstacles, animate or inanimate, in earth, air, water, or fire, has conquered the American will to do and dare.—Wm. G. Dix.

The Letter Box.

Every mail brings new and cheering indications that through all parts of the Province there exist numerous young and middle-aged, as well as elderly people who take a warm interest in the career of our little vessel. Such a paper as the JOURNAL is evidently needed, and if sustained, as we have every reason to hope and believe we shall be, in another six months we may feel warranted in enlarging our dimensions and extending our area of usefulness.

J. H.—Thank you for your kind note and enclosure. The story you will see is noticed by the Editor in his "Table."

T. F.—We print your letter in another part of this impression. Thank you.

DAVID.—Your letter and enclosures are received. The "sentiment" is well, but the metre fearful. Try prose. Do not despair; you may have poetry in your soul and no faculty of expressing it. To show we are not unjust we print one verse of each of your contributions. Ask any educated friend (who does not know you wrote them) what he thinks of the versification. Can you scan them and keep a straight face, friend?

THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

The motherless girl! Be a mother
To the poor and forsaken young girl;
The net will to thyself give pleasure,
And blessings thou'll have from a motherless girl.

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AN EARLY FRIEND.

'Tis thus that early friends do fall,
And leave us one by one;
And we can only drop a tear,
And wander in ourselves alone.

Dear, dear "Davie," next to the affliction of being motherless and losing our friends, is that of having to endure such "poetry." There we have had our joke—but we'll tell you (confidentially) our first rhymes were even more unreasonable, and as your penmanship shows character and education, we hope you will send us a prose sketch. Don't be angry; Editors are not in a conspiracy against genius. Rough as bears, they are as kind as doves.

T. V. B.—An esteemed friend sends us these kind words:—

DEAR SIR—I have to thank you for the first and second numbers of the HOME JOURNAL, and request you to send it regularly to my address.

I have heretofore studiously avoided subscribing for any of the fictional publications of this country, as I considered the tendency of their contents hurtful in the extreme, and very destructive to the morality of our youth.

I am happy to see that your journal is a thoroughly good family paper, and on reading its contents, find that the highest moral tone pervades every article, and that your serial stories are replete with talent, and have only to wish you every success in its publication, and I would, with all sincerity, recommend it to every Canadian home.

With great respect,
I am, sir, yours truly,
15th June, 1861.

MARY.—The gentleman is evidently either a fool or a knave. You had better not recognise him if you meet him again. He is an undesirable acquaintance, if you give all the facts.

CHARLES.—Emphatically no.

STARKLING.—You are right. Actresses have to study very hard, and in small theatres do a great deal of work for small pay. Although there have been good and true women who played in a theatre, the modern stage is surrounded by so many temptations, that the player of either sex who can pass through such an ordeal, must have a strong will and good moral principles. We would not advise you to adopt the profession.

ANT.—Most of them are copies. The number of originals is much smaller than you would suppose. Many foreign visitors at Rome bring away "originals" made to order. It is a trade in Italy, getting up "Old Masters."

* These articles are respectfully "declined": "To Nellie," "May and I," "The Motherless Girl," "The Lost One," "King Sham," "Atheism," "On Money," "Down in the Woods," "Ups and Downs," "To S.C.M.," "Evergreen Lawn," "Jones' Courtship."

* Several communications await examination.

Choice Extracts.

One of Pharaoh's Dahlias.

Lord Lindsay states that, in the course of his wanderings amid the pyramids of Egypt, he stumbled on a mummy, proved by its hieroglyphics to be at least, 2000 years of age. On examining the mummy after it was unwrapped, he found in one of its closed hands a tuberous or bulbous root. He was interested in the question how long life could last, and he therefore took the tuberous root from the mummy's hand, planted it in a sunny soil, allowed the rains and dews of Heaven to descend upon it, and in the course of a few weeks, to his astonishment and joy, the root burst forth, and bloomed into a beautiful dahlia.

A Roman Electioneering Placard.

In an establishment of ancient baths, discovered some time since among the ruins of Pompeii, in the street called the Odeon, there have lately been uncovered several grated windows looking into the street, and a door flanked by two pilasters, above which is painted this inscription: "P. FVR II. V. B OVF. Publium Furium duumvirum bonum oro vos faciat." ("I beg you to name as duumvir P. Furius, an honest man") This is evidently a sort of placard made at the moment of an election.

Mrs. Siddons' out Shopping.

Not many years before Mrs. Siddons' retirement, this celebrated actress went down to Brighton, to play a few of her favorite characters. One morning, coming from rehearsal, she called in at a shop to purchase some article of dress. Wholly absorbed in the part she was to perform, whilst the shopman was displaying his muslins, &c., Mrs. Siddons took one in her hand, and fixing her eyes full on the man, exclaimed in a solemn voice, "Said ye, sir, this would wash?" The poor fellow, in great alarm, began to think the intellect of his customer were not right; but Mrs. Siddons, recalled to recollection by his astonishment, with a smile, apologised for her absence of mind, and repeated the question in a voice better suited to the occasion.—*Lives of Players.*

Bear with the Little Ones.

Children are undoubtedly very troublesome at times in asking questions, and should, without doubt, be taught not to interrupt conversation in company. But, this resolution made, we question the policy of withholding an answer at any time from the active mind which must find so many unexplained daily and hourly mysteries. They who have either learned to solve these mysteries, or have become indifferent as to an explanation, are not apt to look compassionately enough upon this eager restlessness on the part of children to penetrate causes and trace effects. By giving due attention to those "troublesome questions," a child's truest education may be carried on.—*Godey's Lady's Book.*

Duke Charles and his Hostess.

One hot summer day, Duke Charles dined in the little town of Nagald. With the dinner came a great multitude of flies, all uninvited; but that mattered nothing. They buzzed about, one over another, and alighted here and there, making quite as free as if they had been a portion of the princely train.

Duke Charles was angry at this, and, calling the hostess, said, "Here, old beldame, let the flies have a separate table!"

The hostess, a very quiet woman, did as she was ordered; set out another table, and then, coming up to the Duke, said, with a curtesy—

"The table is served. Will your Highness now order the flies to be seated?"

The rest need not be told.—*English Traits.*

Equal to any Emergency.

Not many years ago, two Frenchmen, one wealthy and in possession of ready cash, and the other poor and penniless, occupied, by chance, the same room in a suburban hotel. In the morning the seedy one arose first, took from his pocket a pistol, and holding it to his forehead, and backing against the door, exclaimed to his horrified companion—"It is my last desperate resort; I am penniless and tired of life; give me five hundred francs, or I will instantly blow out my brains, and you will be arrested as a murderer!" The other

lodger found himself the hero of an unpleasant dilemma; but the cogency of his reasoning struck him "cold." He quietly crept to his pantaloons, and handed over the amount; and the other vanished, after locking the door on the outside.

Billiards in the British Provinces.

While the present disturbed state of the country has a depressing effect on the manufacture of billiard-tables, as on all other branches of manufacture throughout the United States, the demand in Canada is greatly increasing. Messrs. Phelan and Collender have manufactured and sent off a number of billiard-tables to the principal cities of both Canada East and Canada West. Our friends used to import their billiard-tables from England, but they have got over that weakness, and since the Phelan table was introduced among them they have recognised the incomparable advantages of its cushions, their adaptability to the climate, and the great superiority of the table as a whole, to anything that old England can produce. They will not be satisfied with "fine old English billiard-tables" of the most antiquated description, but must have the newest improvements. If the mother country chooses to remain behind, they cannot afford to wait for her.—*Frank Leslie's Newspaper.*

A Volunteer for Garibaldi.

When Garibaldi was in Sicily, a dwarfish, deformed little man presented himself as a volunteer, but was refused by the committee. Nothing daunted, he went to Garibaldi, and begged the general to accept him. Here again he was refused. After one of the first battles, the little individual came up to Garibaldi, and exclaimed, "See, general, you would not take me, but you could not prevent my coming. I have fought well—indeed I have; and I am wounded too." Garibaldi, who had recognised the man, replied, "Ah! bravo! and where are you wounded?" After some hesitation, the other showed a wound between his shoulders. "Oh, no!" said Garibaldi, "wounded in the back! I knew you would never be anything good." The soldier returned quite confused and ashamed. Another battle soon followed, and it was scarcely over when the poor fellow again accosted his chief: "Here I am, general, wounded again, but this time on the right side;" and, pointing to a wound in his breast, he fell dead at Garibaldi's feet.

Grumblers.

I find the gayest castles in the air that were ever piled, far better for comfort and for use, than the dungeons in the air that are daily dug and cavered out by grumbling, discontented people. I know those miserable fellows, and I hate them, who see a black star always riding through the light and colored clouds in the sky overhead; waves of light pass over and hide it for a moment, but the black star keeps fast in the zenith. But power dwells with cheerfulness; hope puts us in a working mood, while despair is no muse, and untunes the active powers. A man should make life and nature happier to us, or he had better never been born. When the political economist reckons up the unproductive classes, he should put at the head of this class, pitiers of themselves, cravers of sympathy, bewailing imaginary disasters. An old French verse runs, in my translation:

Some of your griefs you have cured,
And the sharpest you still have survived:
But what torments of pain you endured
From evils that never arrived!

Government by Servants.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Pocket had such a noticeable air of being in somebody else's hands that I wondered who really was in possession of the house and let them live there, until I found this unknown power to be the servants. It was a smooth way of going on, perhaps, in respect of saving trouble; but it had the appearance of being expensive, for the servants felt it a duty they owed to themselves to be nice in their eating and drinking, and to keep a deal of company down stairs. They allowed a very liberal table to Mr. and Mrs. Pocket; yet it always appeared to me that by far the best part of the house to have boarded in would have been the kitchen—always supposing the boarder capable of self-defence, for, before I had been there a week,

a neighboring lady, with whom the family were personally unacquainted, wrote in to say that she had seen Miller slapping the baby. This greatly distressed Mrs. Pocket, who burst into tears on receiving the note, and said it was an extraordinary thing that the neighbors couldn't mind their own business.—*Dickens' Great Expectations.*

Victor's Book at the Bank of England.

I was much amused by the inspection of the bank-note autograph book—two splendidly bound folio volumes, carefully bagged over with linen covers. Each leaf is embellished with a beautifully illuminated border, exactly surrounding the space required to attach a bank note. When any distinguished visitor arrives, he is requested to place his autograph to an unsigned note, which is immediately pasted over one of the open spaces. One of these volumes is quite full, and the other nearly half full. They are thus illustrated by the signatures of various royal and noble personages. That of "Victoria Regina" does not appear; but those of Napoleon III., Henry V., the Kings of Sweden, Portugal, and Prussia—a whole brigade of German princes, ambassadors from Siam, Persia, and Turkey—the latter in Oriental characters—and some of our higher nobility. Though there are some scientific names, as Arenberg and Chevalier, there are but few of our literary celebrities. Among them I observed those of Lady Sale and Mehemet Ali, the Pacha of Egypt.—*City Press.*

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

THE HOME JOURNAL.—Another aspirant to patronage has just made its bow to the public, in the shape of a literary weekly, called the HOME JOURNAL, published at Toronto by Mr. William Halley. The first number presents a very modest, though neat appearance, and seems to be quite respectably edited. Among its table of contents we notice the commencement of an original story, "Down on the Beach," from the versatile pen of Fenwick Loveridge, Esq., late Editor of the *Provincial News*, whose well-known abilities we are glad to see turned to account in such a congenial field.

We sincerely hope the HOME JOURNAL may be a decided success. Much will however depend upon the hands to which the general management of the enterprise has been confided. Literary talent without great business tact, is as rarely successful as mere business capacity without the requisite literary taste and judgment. Though Canada is populous and intelligent, and has arrived at that stage when a good literary journal should be liberally supported, there are yet some peculiar difficulties to be overcome. We lack, for an instance, that class of professional writers whom good and regular pay would induce to devote themselves exclusively to literary pursuits. Another drawback is, that undertakings of this kind are usually started by men with insufficient means, who expect already the first year to realize a profit, forgetting that it takes time to build up a solid reputation. *Festina lente* should particularly be the motto of those who enter themselves for a race in which bottom and endurance alone can gain a prize.

But these and other obstacles might easily enough be conquered if the public would only heartily co-operate in the matter with the publishers. What makes a good paper? Able writers, good articles, the best printing materials, &c. How are these obtained? By money! If, therefore, the Canadians would resolve hereafter to foster their domestic literature than a foreign one, let them eschew all American rival blanket-sheets, and subscribe liberally to those which here languish for want of support. A few years steady persistence in this course would soon show that literature and art can prosper as well on this as on any other soil.

We must not omit to mention that the HOME JOURNAL's price of subscription is \$1.50 per annum. *The cheap by far.*—*Stratford Examiner.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—We are in receipt of this new literary paper, published in Toronto by Mr. William Halley. From the hasty glance we have been enabled to take over its columns, we are prepared to give the work our hearty approval; but judging from the fate of many of his predecessors—equally well conducted—we tremble lest it may share the same fate. Should it continue as it has commenced, it bids fair to drive the worthless and unconstructive *N. Y. Ledger* from our Canadian homes, and become, indeed, to us a HOME JOURNAL. Among its many talented contributors, we notice the names of E. F. Loveridge and T. D. McGee, M.P.P. names well known in Canadian literature, and sufficient in themselves to give the HOME JOURNAL a hearty welcome to all. We wish it every success. Price only \$1.50 per annum. It may be procured at any of the book stores.—*Hastings Chronicle.*

THE HOME JOURNAL.—This is the name of a new literary journal published in Toronto by Mr. William Halley. The paper is well got up, the selections carefully made, and the original matter the production of Canadian authors of ability. Amongst its contributors we find our old friends Mr. Thomas D'Arcy McGee, and Mr. James McCarroll, whose productions have heretofore so frequently charmed the Canadian public. It deserves to succeed in that place in public favor now occupied by those abominable Yankee productions, such as the *New York Ledger*, and sheets with similar tendencies. We wish the HOME JOURNAL a long and useful career, and the publisher every success. Subscription \$1.50.—*Whitby Chronicle.*