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HOME JOURNAL

PRICE: FOUR CENTS—$1.50 PER ANNUM. TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1861.

SIR WALTER AND THE LION.

(From the German of Professor Alfred Waknner.)

BY B. P. SHILLABER.

Sir Walter of Thurn o'er the Syrian waste
Rides away with a flowing rein,
But he hears a groan that checks his haste,
As if Death were in the strain
He spurs his steed
Whence the sound proceed;
And there, from a rocky chasm arise
Fierce cries of pain that assail the skies,
And his horse upreares
In excess of fears,
As the glance of the lion attracts his eyes!
Fierce struggling there, in the monster folds
Of a serpent that round him twines.
Sir Walter a moment the scene beholds,
Then to save the beast inclines;
His good sword stout
From its sheath leaps out;
Then down it falls on the Python's crest,
And cleaves the coils that the lion invest,
And the noble beast,
From its thrall released,
Shows grateful joys most manifest.

He shakes his mane, and bends his form,
And licks his preserver's hand,
As if he yields allegiance warm
To his supreme command—
Like the faithful hound
To her master would,
And follow his steps forevermore—
And thus he follows on sea and shore;
In the battle's tide
He stands by his side,
Or with him rests when the strife is o'er.

In Palestine Sir Walker is known—
Long years attest his fame,
And many brave deeds he there hath done
That ray with glory his name;
But his heart doth expand
For the Fatherland,
And he fain its pleasant scenes would see,
With his friendly lion for company;
But with fearful breast
The sailors protest,
And they glance at the beast in his majesty.

Rich guerdon he proffers, and golden store;
But, though the prize were great,
The sailors hurry away from the shore
As if from the doom of fate!
The poor beast moans,
In piteous tones,
Then darts impetuous o'er the sands,
Then looks to the ship and mournfully stands,
Then plunges into the gloomy wave,
The perils of its depths to brave!
Already he nears the fleeing bark,
Already his roar of grief they hark;
But his strength is spent, and the sea is strong,
And he may not the fearful struggle prolong.
His dying glances are fondly cast
Along the track where the loved one past,
Then he sinks to his grave
Beneath the wave,
And the night and the ocean behold him the last.

[For the Home Journal.]

BLACK HAWK.

A TALE OF "THE PLAINS."

BY JAMES McCARROLL.

CHAPTER VI.

AFTER having travelled for some short distance through the unbroken forest, our two adventurers came suddenly upon a clearing of considerable size, and in the midst of which stood a log-house of more than ordinary pretensions. This building, in the rear of which were some comfortable sheds, was surrounded by a verandah, the rustic pillars of which were completely entwined with scarlet-runners, hops and wild grape-vine. The door, which was handsomely painted, opened into a large hall with rather spacious apartments on either side—the two principal ones looking towards the East, while the others ran back in the direction of the kitchen, which occupied a portion of a wing that projected from the main edifice. Towards this picturesque dwelling Black Hawk now made his way, after having left his ponderous game in charge of Kondiaronk and Brown, the sturdy farm servant, who met them at the rustic gate. Scarcely had he crossed its threshold, however, before he was met by an elderly lady in deep mourning, to whom—from the cordial manner in which she extended both hands towards him, and the smile that o'erspread her somewhat haughty features—he was evidently no stranger.

"Ha! dear madam," he exclaimed as he gracefully removed his cap, after having taken both the proffered hands; "you see I have kept my promise, although I should have been with you before, had I not been prevailed upon to stay a day or two with my friends at Rice Lake."

"Ah! dear, dear Black Hawk, how anxiously we have been expecting you," replied the lady; "Daylight, as you have always called her, will be with us in a moment. Olive! my darling Olive! The Chief!"

Scarcely had these exclamations escaped the lips of Mrs. Mornington, until a miracle of beauty came bounding along the hall—her beautiful face dashed with sunlight and roses, and her two white hands extended before her.

"O! Chief! Chief!" she cried, while a gleam of light shot from her eyes and the pearls of her mouth; "how delighted I am to see you again—how happy you have made us once more."

"The happiness is mutual, dear Daylight," returned the Huron, as he kissed her cheek; "and now that I am here again, I will, with your permission, send down to my canoe for such habiliments as shall make me more presentable than I at this moment appear in your eyes."

"You are welcome to us in any guise," replied Mrs. Mornington, "but as you will; for you must be fatigued and in need of rest and refreshment."

At the close of this conversation, which took place hurriedly in the hall, Kondiaronk and Brown were despatched to the canoe, and soon returned with some cases and valises; while Black Hawk, under the direction of a serving lad, gained his room and began to make the necessary alterations in his attire.

Now, notwithstanding all this joyous welcome, and that kiss, Black Hawk was not in love with Olive Mornington, nor she with him. The tie between them—although a hackneyed term—was that of brother and sister; or, perhaps, more properly—father and child. She was given to him on the battle field—bequeathed to him by a dying comrade, when she was scarcely ten years of age. From that hour he watched over her with an eye of affection that never wearied. Owing to his instrumentality, the family had removed from the turmoil of frontier life, to their present happy location, where now, with the pension of an officer's widow, and an excellent grant of land, they were free from everything like penury at least.

But there was another and a more powerful reason why Black Hawk did not love Olive Mornington. He once had a wife, and his heart lay buried in her grave. He lost her in Europe, while travelling with her for her health's sake; and never loved again. Now, all his pulses were even; and he could look upon his exquisite *protege*, as calmly as he could on the immortal marbles of the Vatican. So it is:

The heart can but one faithful impress bear,
The scar of the first, blighted passion 's there.

When the chief made his appearance again, he found the ladies seated in an apartment widely different, indeed, from what might be expected at so early a date of the settlement, and at such a distance from the great centres of civilization. The furniture was dark, antique and massive; and the hangings of the two large windows in front, rich and costly. The walls, too, were handsomely wainscotted, and the floor elegantly carpeted, giving to this part of the building an air of graceful and substantial independence. Over the mantel-piece hung a portrait of Arthur Mornington in military uniform; while some exquisite little scraps in water colours, from the pencil of Olive, and other paintings were scattered, at intervals, about the room. On a centre table of solid mahogany stood a small silver lamp and a few choice books; while in a distant corner lay a harp that loved to feel the touch of the brilliant and harmonious fingers of its mistress. Most, if not all, of these articles were brought to this country by poor Arthur, who had determined to "sell out," and take up his abode in another clime, rather than remain in what was to him, at least, inhospitable England. Among such refinements, and under the elegant guardianship of her accomplished mother, Olive grew up from childhood to what was, now, the broadest blaze of womanly beauty; and, as she arose to greet the Huron a second time, a more bewildering specimen of celestial loveliness never burst upon your startled vision.

She was above the medium height, with a dower in the voluptuous sweep of her form and the queenly fulness of her limbs. Your stealthy gaze wandered along her shining arms till you caught a glimpse of her magnificent bust and throat, and then lost yourself amid the heaven of her face. Her head was beautifully poised upon marble, fresh from the very chisel; while her dark eyes sent the light out from their depths in long, soft shafts that found you and touched you. Her forehead although not high, was ample; and the slight wavy swell beneath her chin, a study. Her mouth and nose harmonized with the rest of her features so charmingly, that all seemed to shine together, and you caught but one broad-tinted sunbeam only; while her dark masses of glossy hair, her small sea-shell ears, pearly feet and hands, gave a finish to the picture, beyond the reach of mortal pencil.

'Twas thus she stood before Black Hawk, when he entered the apartment, and as he looked upon her smiling face, and knew that she was as good as she was lovely—knew that she was a high-souled and generous girl, he warmly pressed her hands once more, and led her to a seat.

"Daylight, my dear," observed the Chief, opening the conversation, "is my friend Kavanagh in these regions yet, as I have not heard from him for some time? Rely upon it that is a fine, noble-hearted fellow. I know him well; and when I introduced him to you, when last here, I was satisfied of what pleasure his company would give you all."

At the mention of the name of Stanhope Kavanagh, a deep blush suffused the countenance of Olive; and she stammered out, incoherently, that she believed "Mr. Kavanagh still resided in the neighborhood."

"I am delighted to hear it," returned Black Hawk, smilingly; "because he is an acquisition to even the most distinguished society; and I hear that you have some very nice people settling along the river now, as well as in the body of the village. I must call on him at the first possible moment, and renew your acquaintance, if it should have flagged in my absence."

At this point, a shade past over the brow of Mrs. Mornington, and joining the conversation, she said that "very little was known of Mr. Kavanagh's antecedents in that vicinity; and that he never visited any of the people just mentioned."

"Ah! my good lady," returned Black Hawk, "that's because Stanhope is too poor and proud; for I know from his own lips, and those of others, that he has as good blood in his veins as the best of them; and that, like more than one honest fellow in the world, he has been robbed of his inheritance by a villain! Kavanagh belongs to one of the first families in the south of Ireland; and, if I am correctly informed, but few obstacles stand between him and an ample fortune."

"My dear Chief," replied the lady, "all these Irish gentlemen are of high families, and heirs to something or other; only that there are invariably obstacles in the way that are insurmountable, and I am afraid Mr. Kavanagh is one of that class."

At this point Olive, under some slight pretence, left the room and sought the verandah. When she reached the corner of it, and was stooping to pull a carnation from one of her little flower-beds, a tear fell amongst its leaves, like a heavy pearl.

"There's some foul play here," thought the Huron, as his quick eye caught the emotion of Olive, and the shade that passed over the face of her mother. But resuming the subject, he continued: "Yes! yes! good lady, there is some truth in what you say, but where there is true dignity of spirit, we carry the title-deeds in our heart, and need no patent of Nobility in our pockets. It is true, that honors are not to be thrown aside as worthless; but I'd rather shake Stanhope Kavanagh's hand this evening than that of many a man who wears a blue ribbon."

There were now two beautiful white hands thrust up into the balmy evening air, quite close to the open window where the Chief was speaking, and two moist dark eyes turned towards the deepening heavens, and two trembling, rosy lips calling down a blessing on the Huron's head.

Supper was soon ready under the able superintendence of Mrs. Brown, and the active aid of little Tim, whom Brown christened "the Squirrel." So the party adjourned to the dining-room, on the other side of the hall, the Chief leading in both the ladies, Olive having sufficiently recovered herself to

rejoin the little coterie. The repast did credit to Mrs. Brown's snowy cap and snowy apron. The meal passed off cheerfully, as the hopes of the settlement only were discussed, and as no further allusion was made to Stanhope Kavanagh, Irish fortunes, or great families. Kondiaronk and Brown were dressing the deer, and removing his splendid antlers, so as to surprise Olive with them nailed up in the hall next morning, she not having yet heard of the death of the animal. In due turn, they, too, took care of themselves in the kitchen; Mr. Brown telling his wife that she was really getting younger, and assuring Tim. that he was a very respectable little squirrel. Thus pleasantly matters passed off in both divisions of the cottage, until it was time to retire, when soon high and low sought their couch—Olive to dream of Stanhope Kavanagh, Black Hawk to keep his eyes wide open for hours, and Mrs. Mornington to frown in her sleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A GHOST STORY—AN IMITATION OF DICKENS.

FROM THE FRENCH, BY M. F. S.

"SINCE you have asked me for a ghost story," said my uncle, "you shall be gratified."

And he began thus:

One fine autumn evening, forty years ago, I was journeying from Shrewsbury to Chester. Being fatigued I sought for some hotel on the road in which to pass the night, when I was overtaken by a thunderstorm. My horse, terrified by the vivid lightning, became uncontrollable, and no longer obeying the rein, pursued his own course, until I finally succeeded in arresting him before a country inn of respectable appearance.

Well, thought I, this is not so bad after all! I shall at least find shelter here, so dismounting from my horse I gave him in charge of a vigorous young countryman who was standing at the inn door, and entered the house. The kitchen, which served also as a dining-room, was spacious, neat and comfortable. Several travellers, probably like myself forced to seek shelter from the storm, were grouped around the fire, and were warming themselves while the supper was in preparation. I joined the party by invitation of our hostess, and we soon found ourselves, to the number of a dozen, seated before a savory repast.

The conversation turned very naturally upon the adventures and mishaps incident to the sudden storm, and each one had some experience to relate connected with it. One had been thrown from his horse, another from his tilbury into a ditch; all had been drenched to the skin, and were unanimous in pronouncing the night only fit for witches and ghosts.

"Witches and ghosts prefer moonlight for their expeditions!"

These words were pronounced in a solemn tone, with peculiar emphasis, by one of the party, a large man of sombre appearance. My immediate neighbor, a handsome, dashing young fellow, with a frank, bold expression, after laughing heartily, said:

"You, sir, must be particularly familiar with the manners and customs of ghosts to affirm so positively that they are not partial to rain and mud"

The first speaker cast a dark, fierce glance at the young scoffer, and rejoined:

"Young man, do not speak so lightly of matters which you do not comprehend."

"Do you mean to say that phantoms are among the number?"

"Perhaps. You would scarcely have the courage to meet one face to face"

The young man crimsoned with anger and rose, but reseated himself immediately, saying coldly:

"This insult should cost you dearly, did I not perceive that I should only be wasting my anger upon a madman or a fool!"

"A madman or a fool!" cried the man, throwing upon the table a heavy leathern purse. "That contains fifty guineas, and I will forfeit them all if within an hour I do not cause you to see, you who are so firmly convinced to the contrary, the ghost of one of your friends, and if after having recognized him you will venture to press a kiss upon his lips."

We all looked at each other, but my young neighbor replied in the same mocking tone as before:

"You wish to enter into this compact? You really wish to do so?"

"Yes," responded the other, "I will stake these fifty guineas, on condition that you forfeit an equal sum should you loose"

After a moment's silence, the young man laughingly rejoined:

"Reflect for a moment, most estimable and illustrious sorcerer, was ever a poor student of the university even suspected of being the possessor of so much gold! But here are five guineas, and I will wager them with all my heart"

"The man took up his leathern purse, saying in a contemptuous tone:

"You are afraid, if I understand aright. You wish to retract?"

"Retract!" cried the student, "retract! If I had only fifty guineas you should see if I wished to retract!"

"Here are four guineas," said I, "which I will add to your stakes."

Hardly had I made this tender, when the other travellers, interested by the singularity of the adventure, also put their money upon the table, until soon the fifty guineas were made up. The older man seemed so sure of winning, that he placed the stakes in the student's hand and began to make preparations for deciding the wager.

We chose for this purpose a little summerhouse, situated in a retired spot in the garden, and without any issue except a door and window, which we closed carefully after the young student's entrance. We placed writing materials on a little table in the summer-house, and removing the lamp, we remained outside, with the sorcerer in our midst. He then commenced, in a low, deep voice, a mysterious incantation.

This done, he said, in a solemn voice.

"You wish your friend, Francis Villiers, who was drowned, three years ago, off the coast of South America, to appear to you? What do you see now?"

"I see," replied the student, "a white mist rising near the window; it assumes no shape, but seems only dense vapor."

We, who were listeners to this strange colloquy, maintained the deepest silence.

"Are you afraid?" inquired the sorcerer, in a loud tone.

"No, I am not afraid," said the student, firmly.

After a moment's silence, the sorcerer stamped thrice upon the ground and began chanting a second incantation. Then he solemnly inquired,

"You, who would penetrate the mysteries of the tomb, what do you see?"

The student replied, in a calm voice, but like a man describing that which was passing before him,

"I see the mist assuming the form of a man; his head is covered with a long veil; he is motionless."

"Are you afraid?"

"No, I am not afraid."

Struck with horror, we all looked at each other in silence, and the sorcerer, elevating his arms above his head, in a sepulchral tone, began a third incantation.

"What do you see now?" he inquired.

"I see the phantom advance—it raises its veil—it is Francis Villiers—it approaches the table it writes—it is his signature?"

"Again I ask, are you afraid?"

There was a moment's awful silence, and the student replied, but in an altered tone of voice,

"No, I am not afraid."

With strange, wild gestures, the man again commenced his incantations.

"What do you see?"

"It advances—it approaches me—it pursues me—it extends its arms—it seeks to embrace me! Help! Help! Save me!"

"Are you afraid now?" inquired the sorcerer, in a mocking voice.

A piercing cry, a smothered groan, were the sole response to this cruel question.

"Go to the assistance of this young man," added he, coldly. "I have, I think you will concede, won the wager; but it is enough for me that I have taught him a lesson. Let him keep his money, but let him be more discreet in future!"

At these words he walked rapidly away.

We entered the summer-house and found the student in frightful convulsions. A paper, signed "Francis Villiers," was upon the table.

As soon as he returned to his senses, he furiously inquired for the infamous sorcerer who had submitted him to so cruel a test—he wished to take his life! He searched the hotel from top to bottom, then running, like a madman, he plunged into the woods in pursuit of him, and we never again caught sight of one or the other.

There, my children, you have heard my ghost story.

"But how does it happen, uncle," I inquired, "that after such an adventure, you do not believe in ghosts?"

"Because," he replied, "we never again saw the student nor the sorcerer, nor the forty-five guineas belonging to myself and the other travellers The two rogues decamped after having enacted a farce which we were stupid enough to believe a reality."

Choice Extracts.

Maternal Love.

The *Union de l'Ouest* of Angers records a singular case of the murder of a husband by his wife, the only motive being "excess of maternal love!" The only son of a woman living at Blaison, in the Department of Maine and Loire, was drawn for a soldier. The mother, distressed beyond measure at the idea of parting with him, consulted her neighbor as to the means of procuring his exemption, and in the course of her inquiries she learned the piece of military law that if she were a widow her son would be exempt, as the prop of the family (*soutine de famille*). Upon this hint she murdered her husband.

The Cathedral at Palermo, Sicily.

The city of Palermo is surrounded by historical memories of rare interest. Founded by the Phœnicians, Panormus became the capital of the Carthagenian possessions in Sicily. It appears to have been a place of considerable importance in ancient times; the name, Panormus, signifying "All-port," may be regarded as indicating its early commercial consequence. It was taken by the Romans 250 B. C.; it was afterwards the capital of the Saracen States in the island. The Normans took the city in 1072. In 1282 it was the scene of that fearful massacre called the Sicilian Vespers.

The cathedral dates back to the tenth century, but it boasts of a modern cupola. It is remarkable for its many splendid sepulchral monuments in porphyry, among which are those of the Emperor Frederick II and King Roger the Norman. It is one of the striking attractions of the many rare curiosities of the old famous city of Palermo.

The Former Days.

The degeneracy of our times, especially in the matter of honesty and integrity in public affairs, is most sadly marked. A gentleman in middle life furnishes to one of the papers the following incident in his boyish days:

Having occasion to write he thought to supply himself with a sheet of letter paper from the desk of his grandfather, who at the time had an office under the Federal Government.

"What are you doing there?" said the old gentleman.

"Getting a sheet of paper, sir."

"Put it back, sir, put it back; *that paper belongs to the Government of the United States.*"

How exceedingly old-fashioned that sounds in these days of wholesale speculation, fraud, robbery and plunder! Well may we sigh for the return of "Auld Lang Syne."—*N. Y. Sunday Atlas.*

Keeping the King to his Word.

The favorite of a certain Eastern king rebelled and headed a conspiracy to dethrone his master. The conspiracy was put down, and the traitor taken alive, and condemned to be shot to death by arrows, in the courtyard of the royal palace, in the presence of the king. The hour came, the arches were drawn up, and the prisoner was let out to die. After kneeling down to meet his doom, he asked for a drink of water. A goblet was placed in his hand, but he hesitated and looked distrustfully from the levelled arrows of the archers to the face of his royal master. "Fear not, oh Hamet!" said the king, "thou shalt not die until thou hast drank that water." Whereupon the face of the culprit lighted up with joy; flinging down the goblet, he cast himself at his royal master's feet, exclaiming, while the sands absorbed the spilled water—"In virtue of thy royal word, oh, King, I claim my life! Lo, I cannot die until I have drank that water which the sands have swallowed, but shall live many years to wipe out my treason in faithful services to my sovereign!" And the good king raised and embraced his repentant minister, and restored him to life and favor, which he ever more sought zealously to merit.

The Best Bed.

Of the eight pounds which a man eats and drinks in a day, it is thought that not less than five pound leaves his body through the skin. And of these five pounds a considerable per centage escapes during the night while he is in bed. The larger part of this is water, but in addition there is much *effete* and poisonous matter. This being in great part gaseous in form, permeates every part of the bed. Thus all parts of the bed, mattresses, blankets, as well as sheets, soon become foul to an unhealthy extent, and need purification.

The mattress needs this renovation quite as much as the sheets. To allow sheets to be used without washing or changing, three or six months, is regarded as bad housekeeping, but I insist if a thin sheet can absorb enough of the poisonous excretions of the body to make it unfit for use in a few days, a thick mattress which can absorb and retain a thousand times as much of these poisonous excretions, needs to be purified as often as once in three months.

A sheet can be washed. A mattress cannot be renovated in this way. Indeed there is no way of cleaning a mattress but by steaming it or picking it to pieces, and thus, in fragments exposing it to the direct rays of the sun. As these processes are scarcely practicable with any of the ordinary mattresses, I am decidedly of the opinion that the good old-fashioned straw bed, that can be changed every three months with fresh straw, and the tick washed, is the sweetest and the healthiest kind of beds.—*Dr. D. Lewis.*

A Curious Marriage.

A curious fact in regard to the marriage of John Kemble is told in Bannister's memoirs. One of the daughters of a noble lord, formerly holding high office, but then living in retirement, had fallen in love with the graceful and showy actor, merely from seeing him on the stage. Kemble was sent for by the father, and, to his astonishment, acquainted with the circumstances. The noble lord told him further, that it was in his power to do him either a great evil or a great favor; and that if he would do the latter, by relieving him from all apprehension of the lady's indulging her fantasy, and relieve him effectually, by marrying any one else for whom he might have an attachment, his wife should receive a dower of five thousand pounds. Kemble immediately proposed for Mrs. Brereton, a pretty actress in the company, and the marriage took place without delay. But the amusing part of the tale is, that the afflicted and magnanimous father instantly recovered his spirits, and lost his memory. On being applied to for his thousands, he declared that he had no recollection whatever of the compact, nor, indeed, any of the idea, further than some general conversation on such matters with the "very intelligent person in question;" adding, "that if he was to pay five thousand pounds for every whim of his daughter's, he must soon be a much poorer man than he ever intended to be." It is certainly believed that Kemble never got a shilling from this very sensitive nobleman, and that, for the rest of his life, he attached a new value to the vulgar etiquette of signing and sealing beforehand, even with the most plausible of mankind.

[For the Home Journal.]

THE WIND.

Lightly I spring, and softly I sing
Over meadows and forest and sea,
By night or by day none can hinder my way,
For I'm bold, independent and free.

Sometimes I will rest in the far-distant west,
Till dark clouds gather over the sky
But I've only to breathe on the black smoky wreath,
And away swift as lightning they fly.

I sing many a song as I soar thus along,
And cheer the ships on to the shore,
I roar with the waves and howl in the caves,
Or whistle wierd strains through the door.

I bear from afar the low thunders of war,
As I roam over mountain and plain,
I catch the last sigh and the last dying cry
From the bosoms of those who are slain.

As oft as I see on some tall, stately tree
The green leaves beginning to fade,
I rise in my might and they're hurl'd from the height
To languish and rot in the shade.

I sing a low tune in the warm month of June,
And breathe on the lustan lman's brow
And I hover around by the green shady mound
Where lovers record their first vow.

DAVID MILLAR.

TRAVELS CONCLUDED.

BY THOMAS FENTON.

HAVING arrived at Southampton, we saw the experimental squadron going through their "exercises" in the Channel. What a soul-stirring and ennobling sight to those who feel patriotic betimes! I think patriotism comes spasmodically to a cosmopolite. There is nothing like travelling to round off the corners of those prejudices appertaining to locality. We see then what we could not see if prejudice commanded our reason; we feel then what we could not feel if we were to give ourselves entirely up to books and to opinions which were inculcated in our youth. There is a beauty in every land, there is honor and liberality in every sect, and every people exhibit characteristics that we honor for their sincerity and their worth. When I heard of the Moors, in my younger years, I thought they were little else than the Anthropophagi of barbaric nations! When I read of the Spaniards in books published by some timid travellers, who feared their shadow, and had no confidence in strangers, I formed the idea that they were a dangerous set of cut-throats! But no; every nation has its refractory sons, and its evil company. The Moors are a splendid people. Of all the people I ever saw, they are the noblest in appearance, and as honorable as any other.

Excuse the digression, for a moment, from Southampton.

The Moors have a stately gait; they are large men, and exceedingly tall and erect; they step forward boldly, as if they were, in reality, the lords of the creation; they wear long, loose vesture, hanging negligently from the shoulder to the knee, and their turbans add materially to their *tout en semble*. They are particular with their teeth, which are very white; and when they greet you, they smile *condescendingly*. I never knew a Briton yet, who happened to meet a Moor, who did not imagine they were a superior people. They look proud and haughty, but, on a near approach, they do not; and they have their literature as well as the Londoners. Fez possesses many literary men, who take care of the beauties of the ancient Arabic.

All the Moors of Barbary with whom I was acquainted could converse in Spanish. Many of them are wealthy and possess very valuable estates. I dislike the Arabic—it has too many gutturals, and few elementary sounds.

There are a great many Jews in Barbary; they are called Moresco Jews They live by selling eggs, fowl and fruit to the public. Some have good shops, and possess great riches.

To end this little digression, I must say that the Moors are a hospitable and polite people

I have said enough about the Spaniards in a former chapter, and I have only to add, that the women are very superstitious. The Moresco Jews are a dirty people, and are, as well as the Jews of Spain, great swindlers.

Having had a good look at the squadron, my Bavarian friend accompanied me to the town, and we put up at the same hotel. Next day we started in the train for London, and having arrived, we separated. I remained a month in the smoky city, and took passage for the "Emerald Isle." I had not seen Ireland for twelve years, and when I landed, something like a *spasmodic* patriotism stole over my nature It is good to see one's native land after such an absence.

For a year I remained in Ireland (Sligo), and spent my time in exciting sports and held amusements fishing, fowling, and coursing, *i. e.*, following the grey-hound over bogs and marshes.

The trout fishing in Ireland and Scotland is the finest in the world. You go out early in the morning with your rod and gaff, your little basket, and "fly-book," with flies for trout and salmon, and different flies for different kinds of weather. How pleasant to troll up the mountain stream! You are seven miles before you know it; the birds are singing overhead, and the skylark sends down a flood of music upon the valleys below; the mountains seem rising above you, all green and refreshing to the eye; the lungs feel grateful for a draught of mountain air; and having gone through an exercise of pleasure, you return home delighted, determined to rise early for such another "day."

In Spain I suffered from rheumatic fever, but Ireland banished it very soon. One can sleep so well when he leaves the centepedes, the mosquitoes, and the flies of Spain, saying nothing of the horrible vermin that nestle in the joint of every bed, that tell you of their approach by their odor! If you are in the act of eating from your fork, a swarm of flies will be upon what it holds, and will not leave until you are about closing your mouth upon them! It is wonder, then, that Ireland was pleasant and agreeable. Good rest at night, undisturbed, except by the storm and the sea occasionally, which seemed at variance with each other for supremacy; but that was nothing. There is something grand in the solemn roar of the sea—and as the disturbance would only be occasional to one whose senses were *determined* to sleep, it did not matter.

Boating is also a fine exercise, and I enjoyed it to some extent.

Having remained in Ireland for a year, I left it for the Continent of America. My first place of visit was New York.

The first thing that struck me as not being good-looking was Broadway. It is a great street, without a doubt; but such a mass of red brick constantly glaring on the eye is not pleasing to those who have been accustomed to grey walls of limestone, or brick with outside plastering of soft and agreeable hues. My stay in New York was only a short time, and from the habits and manners of the citizens, I thought I could gain a knowledge of the people of the States generally. It would not be necessary to say much about them in Canada, where everybody has seen a "live Yankee." They have peculiarities that are engaging to a stranger. They are very generous and hospitable. In fact I never knew a people who were not to some extent; but the "*New Yorkers*" are quicker at introducing a stranger to their friends than other people. Many puffed up Britons in Canada and England turn up their noses at the people of the States, but they need not. It is affectation, and nothing more I have seen as polite ladies and gentlemen in New York as I ever saw in England, and, in fact, many more. The English are cold-looking and retired within themselves—too satisfied with their business to bother themselves much about strangers; but in New York, if you are at a hotel, your name is on the books, and, some way or other, you become at once at home amongst the good, intellectual and hospitable people of the city. This is a duty upon me. I never knew a Yankee before: but I certainly prefer a middle-class Yankee to a middle-class Englishman. However, there is no accounting for taste; but I think, in that particular, I am not *totally* deficient.

I left New York for Canada, and I saw the Falls for the first time. This wonder of the world ceased to be a wonder to me. I have seen waterfalls that seem to have poured from the clouds, and from what I heard of this, I expected that I could not see its top; but I was disappointed. It is the greatest body of water that I ever saw in the shape of a waterfall, and the momentum of the waters is greater than I ever dreamt of, but, on the whole, it is not so stupendous as I expected.

Dickens, and others, did much to bring contempt upon the people of the United States. They have created a false impression of them in England, and, being popular writers, their assertions were taken by the majority as true. This was wholly undeserved. The people of New York are not the people that are represented by sneering gentlemen of the old country, whose sole business is fault-finding. The writers were well received in the States, invited everywhere, and some of them filled their pockets with the people's money when lecturing. They were very polite at this *this critical* moment, and having filled their pockets and their stomachs at the people's expense (and, no doubt, they made themselves agreeable, or they would not have been treated so well or endured so long)—having done so, and artfully initiated themselves into their good graces, they abused them the moment they got home, and sold their abuse at a high price! So the *initiation* and the slander paid; things paid each way—one in one country, and one in another; each country required an opposite *dish*.

I prefer New York to London, and, in my estimation, the natives of the City of New York are far preferable to the Cockneys.

London has no charms for me. The people seem to be in a constant struggle for the things of life. Go into the streets; look at the bustle, the confusion, and the traffic. It is horrible I think men could gain a livelihood without all this hurry and bustle. It being such a tremendous emporium—the very receptacle of the world's goods, from its appearance—we must expect great crowds and great confusion, I suppose. I like the quiet way people have in going through the business of life in my native country. In London, people have no room for quiet pleasure; all is speculative madness and traffic, traffic, traffic! The people are not content without making every hour an hour of pecuniary profit, and yet there is as much distress, murder and villainy in London as half the world besides! Take up any of the papers, *Lloyd's Weekly Despatch* and *Reynolds*, for instance, and you are actually horrified. My pockets were picked of silk handkerchiefs every time I walked in the city. There are many pickpockets in London. I never had my pockets picked in New York. London is full of the swell-mob, and it is dangerous to carry a watch or money in one's pockets. The back streets are dens of vice, and every species of murder, robbery and villainy—brothels, protected by bullies in their "dirty work"—houses of ill fame and prostitution. Heavens! it is sickening. Oh! how I longed for the country and the sea-shore! A person feels a taint hanging around him in this horrid place. How I *did* long for the sea! the wheeling and the screamings of the sea birds, the curlew and the gull; the free breezes full of blessings, invigorating and fresh; the harvests and hay-making; the mountain peasants and their sturdy sons and daughters, the cows tending homeward, and the streams gurgling through the meadows. The country is the place. That is the place for an educated man, who is not only fond of his books, but fishing and fowling, horse-riding, and every species of country amusement. London is horrible; a smoke hangs over it, like a pall over a corpse—the smell of gas, and the pale, cadaverous and wasted faces. Horrible! horrible! How did Johnson love it?

When I arrived home, I penned a few lines on "London." They went the round of the Irish and Scotch papers. My Bavarian friend, when we just entered Southampton, saw London in the distance, and said: "Oh! smoky London! smoky London!" I asked him how he knew that was London or not? and he said he knew it by a German description, which said that "the smoke hung in a pestilential cloud over the city like the curse of God, for the infamy of the people!" This was not flattering; but he knew that was London, for there was never such another cloud hanging over any portion of the earth's surface than over "the Great City."

LONDON.

Where smoky London strikes the traveller's eye,
And eddying nuisance flouts the hidden sky,
Where foul disease to fouler thousands clung,
Where bright-eyed Health never poises on the wing,
Where conquering Vice on struggling Virtue stands,
And midnight Murder laves his bloody hands.
Survey the mingling mass, or list the tale
Where vile disgust attaints the evening gale,
Where the low hireling waits his lordling's nod,
Bows his vile knee and licks his pampered god!
How proudly high those gorgeous structures climb;
What noble domes befit illustrious crime;
What lofty minds adorn this mighty town;
The herring vendor dons the saintly gown;
The perfumed tailor decks his gilded car,
Like fierce Achilles thundering to the war;
The aspiring chandler, spurns his former sphere,
And all but genius seems to flourish here.
Hound down your victims, every black review—
Tear off the laurel, substituting yew;
And even the yew, while envy wildly raves,
Leave not an honor in the land of graves;
Here fulsome rhyme bedaubs the lauded name,
And flows triumphant through the tolls of fame;
Reviling Hunt displays no Lardic fire,
Where glorious Byron swept the living lyre,
Though low in death, the hated name he bore
Will live admired, when Hunt's shall be no more;
Oh! sacred Greece, renowned in song and art,
To lift the soul and guide the patriot heart,
To whose fair isles the musing fancies fly,
A noble Briton sought thy shores to die.
'Tis thus with all in our ungracious land,
Where conscious envy aims a poisoned brand;
It strikes, it wounds, and he who will not save
The rich ey verse, precedes them to the grave.
Gorged to the throat, his body to appease,
Snores the filled noble in the lap of ease;
Unlike the time when Norman clarion loud
Roused to the field the noble and the proud,
To mount the steed or face the fortress wall,
To fight for honor, or in honor fall.
Disease and gout, and low voluptuous strain
Of life disgusting, fill the sluggish brain,
And one bold son in angry impulse draws
His failing line from Time's devouring jaws.

A PALACE OF ICE.

During the reign of Anne, Empress of Russia, her favorite Minister, Biron, Duke of Courland, induced her to command the marriage of one of the court jesters, who was, forthwith, directed to select himself a bride; while the cabinet minister and master of the hunt, Volinsky, was commissioned to celebrate the event by an exhibition of the most strange and novel festivities he could devise, the empress insisting merely that the ceremony should be constructed in an edifice constructed wholly of ice.

When the building, which was literally a Crystal Palace, was completed, it was well worthy the unbounded admiration it excited in the multitudes who flocked to see it. For its construction the ice was sawn out of the frozen river, in large quadrangular slabs, which were piled upon one another with great accuracy, and then connected together by swelling them with cold water, which, quickly freezing, united them in one mass.

The masquerade, contrived by Volinsky in honor of the nuptials, was not the less extraordinary than the palace of ice. From all parts of Russia, which contains a variety of different races, one couple of each was summoned to attend the solemnities. They all appeared at this masquerade in the holiday costume peculiar to their tribes, and danced their national dances, to their national music, and were afterwards feasted abundantly on their favorite national dishes. The dinner took place in the riding-school, or manege, belonging to the Duke of Courland; and the visitors were formed into a procession to attent it.

The procession began with an elephant, on whose back was secured a large cage, within which sat the newly-married pair. Then followed the guests in pairs, seated in sledges drawn by various animals—mostly such as are commonly used for the purpose in the countries from whence their respective drivers came—and accordingly some were drawn by the reindeer and some by dogs, and others by oxen, and even by goats and bears.

After dinner the day was terminated by the triumphial entry of the married couple into the palace of ice, where, however, they remained only a short time, probably with little enjoyment of the caprice which assigned them such a chilling nuptial home.

THE HOME JOURNAL:

A WEEKLY CANADIAN FAMILY NEWSPAPER—devoted to Literature, Art, Music Criticism and News—is printed in Toronto, and published every Saturday.

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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 undersigned. All contributions for publication, and literary correspondence should be addressed to the Editor.

WILLIAM HALLEY, Publisher,
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The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, AUG. 17, 1861.

VALEDICTORY.

No man of limited means can establish a literary newspaper in Canada. The proprietor of the HOME JOURNAL was thoroughly aware of this, when he appealed to the patriotism and generosity of those favorable to his enterprise and asked them to strengthen the "sinews of war" at his command, by paying up their trifling subscriptions in advance. Paradoxical as it may appear, a periodical may be successful and unsuccessful at one and the same moment. Its circulation may be increasing hourly, its ability endorsed by men of letters, and its stability fixed in the heart of its readers; and yet, it may die, and that, suddenly. Were its mechanical identity based upon a pecuniary substratum that required no outside aid for a year or so, the case would be widely different indeed. Then, its supporters should become its legal debtors, and the aggregate of such indebtedness, resolve itself into property.

Although eminently successful in one of these relations, the warm pecuniary support asked and expected by the proprietor of the HOME JOURNAL has not been accorded to him. True, that from every section of the Province subscribers poured in upon him; but their names were unaccompanied by that which, in his position, was necessary to his very existence. In this city, alone, many hundred subscribers rallied round him, but the reluctance to pay in advance was felt at every step. We are aware, and so are his friends and every gentleman connected with the paper, that he commenced the enterprise in good faith, and used almost superhuman exertions to insure its success. Night and day, his energies were bent upon it; and it is well known that he sought assiduously the aid of the Press in every quarter, with a view to making his publication popular throughout the length and breadth of the land. His means were limited, however, and in consequence of this, and this only, he has failed. Had he been in a position to sustain himself for a single year, he should have succeeded in an eminent degree; but not being thus happily circumstanced, he is constrained to announce that this day's issue closes, for the present, the brief career of the HOME JOURNAL.

There is one thing which pains us exceedingly in connection with this subject, and that is, the sudden interruption of Mr. McCarroll's story, "Black Hawk." It is to be hoped, however, that that gentleman will make arrangements with some newspaper or magazine to publish the whole complete, so as our readers may have an opportunity of perusing it to the close; for, so far, it has been received with the highest tokens of approbation; and it would be a loss to the literature of this Province should it be permitted to pass away thus incomplete.

In saying "Adieu," we beg to return our heart-felt thanks to the generous gentlemen of the press who so cordially welcomed our advent; and we have only to say, that we regret it has not been in our power to make a better return for their kindness. To our friends and contributers, too, who so cheerfully lent us their aid, we owe a debt of the deepest gratitude. We could mention many distinguished names belonging to this latter class, but shall forbear, for the present, as any attempt at doing justice to them individually would swell this article beyond all reasonable bounds. We shall therefore—without any allusion to the serious pecuniary loss of the proprietor—conclude with the fervent hope, that the public will attribute his present uncomfortable position to the proper source, and not to any neglect or mismanagement on his part.

A PARTING WORD FROM THE PUBLISHER.

TWELVE weeks ago, full of confidence, I commenced the publication of the HOME JOURNAL. Nothing then seemed to me more certain than success. The services of some of our ablest writers had been secured. Newspaper and periodical selling had been reduced to a system in Canada; and I felt certain that the publication of my paper could be conducted on the cash system, and thereby avoid loss by subscribers. I argued that hundreds of States papers were sold in Canada, in the absence of a native paper of the same class, and that the latter only required to be produced, to be patronised. In everything excepting contributions, have I been disappointed. From news-dealers, on whom my reliance was first based, and to whom I allowed a more than usual discount, I have not yet received in cash $6. When I saw this source failing to meet my expectations, I tried the virtue of printers' ink and paper, and invested largely in advertising, posters, handbills, circulars, &c., with a view to procuring subscribers. Add to this the very kind and cordial aid extended by the press throughout the country, and what is the result in Upper Canada outside of Toronto? Just sixty-five subscribers, from whom I have received subscriptions, classified as follows: 38 who have paid 50 cents each, 5 who have paid 75 cents, 20 who have paid $1, and 2 who have paid $1 50! In the city, by a close canvass, a large number of names have been procured, but the amount of subscriptions paid is small. Having given the enterprise as fair a trial as possible, and the result being so very unsatisfactory, it would be the greatest of folly for me to endeavor any longer, after having exhausted all my available means, to keep the JOURNAL afloat. To the few who have paid over 50 cents, the balance of their subscriptions will be returned. To those who have interested themselves in the success of the HOME JOURNAL by contributions and otherwise, I return my most sincere thanks; and, in conclusion, ask the public to believe that I have done as much as it was possible to do to make a Canadian literary paper a success. The field is now open for anybody else who may feel disposed to try the experiment; but I can assure him that money and time (no matter what other aids may be available) are necessary to make such an enterprise successful in Canada.

THE PUBLISHER OF THE
HOME JOURNAL.

TORONTO, August 17th, 1861.

A just economy is not niggardliness; one should not be considered a miser for avoiding the waste and extravagance of a spendthrift.

GETTING ALONG.

Good intentions, it has well been said, are the pavements of Hades. If this be true, reference must be had to those intentions which were broken. Without a firm purpose in Life—a daily strengthening of the will by good deeds done, and dreary duties pleasantly performed, there can be no true Getting Along.

There are comparatively few, who in the broad, true sense of the words, can claim them as their own. A and his wife, it is quite true, are making money, and saving it too, but for all that they progress very slowly up the mountain of mortality. Their eyes are so near the ground they can never look up and see the stars. To them life is a terrible lie. What slaves toil harder? Who is so given over to the most groveling idolatry as they. The poor people are not Getting Along, they grub in the earth;—they drift backward; the worms or the serpents crawl not less upon their bellies, than do they? Do you know Mr. Secretary? The gentleman is a man of classical education. Tell him so to-day, and you offer him a mortal insult. He has become a stockbroker, and exchanged the Iliad for "Illinois Central;" dispensed with Ovid and gone into "Oil:" *coal oil* at that! The man is a walking interest table. Shares are his saints. Not your miserable heathen gentleman, just converted to better doctrines, ever, in his worst days, worshipped the fishes, as doth our friend Mr. Secretary adore stocks in the market, selling above par, which cost him only a little over the amount. Somebody said the man once toyed with the muses, and jilted them to win the smiles of fortune. Sensible people of letters will admit that "the Nine" had a "happy escape." The man sold his soul for more than it was worth, but he is not Getting Along; he is too busy making money.

There are those who go through life adding acre to acre; house to house; share to share; and accumulate property until the habit of acquisition becomes the mainspring for their existence. They know nothing of men and less of letters. Art to them is an abstraction; music a masked maiden, whose beautiful face is forever veiled. Newspapers may note such men as pillars of the state; but they are only moles burrowing under the arch of our social superstructure. They are too numerous. Composed of none better there would be no Getting Along, and a state would fall into fragments from the selfish antagonism of the fractions.

The respect exacted and received by mere wealth is at once absurd and demoralizing—as much so as the modern doctrine that the majority can do no wrong. Wealth allied with cultivation, Christianity and liberality, is a blessing to society as well as its possessor; but wealth in the hand of Mawworm or Mr. Miser, is entitled to no more regard than beauty on the face of a fool. It is time to speak, when a gross and groveling materialism is undermining the very arch upon which our noble civilization rests; it is right that a literary journal should note the tendencies of the times, and demand for letters and literary men and women that they receive as much defference at the hands of the many as is vouchsafed to the measurer of ale or the manufacturer of candles. It is our duty to address young hearts, fresh and free from the fleck of the Mammonites, and ask them how are they Getting Along?

Nor are precedents wanting. Hazlitt has lifted his pen till the ground worms crept away in their holes. Poe protested, and his bitter prose has neutralised the poison of many a bad poem. Ruskin is doing good service in the cause of art, and the best minds of the age see the rocks of selfishness which beset the ships of state, and hinder her Getting Along.

There is no misanthropy in our reiteration of our protests against moneyocracies. It is not because we believe in equality, nor in infallible masses, that we speak. There must always be the rich and the poor; but there has not always been, and will not always be, the insane worship of vulgar and insolent people for their paltry "property" when they flout it in the face of their betters. The beggar may be a banker, yet remain a beggar still. The gentleman may shiver in his rags, but never change his blood nor his breeding. And this is what modern civilization leads the many to forget.

Getting Along, means learning how to live and how to die. It is the lesson of every true life, and happy are they who are taught by the fire-side from their parents' lips, and do not acquire the knowledge by wrestling with the world. A firm purpose—a union of the ideal with the realistic—a blending of worldly duties with spiritual aspirations—a broad charity for human weakness and a Christian pity for the sinner, mingled with detestation of the offence, rather than the offender—a hope for the future and a sorrow for the past, this is truly Getting Along.

ONTARIO LITERARY SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, August 13, 1861.

In consequence of the lamentable loss of Messrs. J. M. Mitchell and Pierce Morton, both members of the Society, it was moved by W. A. Foster, Esq., first Vice President, seconded by Daniel Spry, Esq., and carried unanimously:—

"That the members of this Society desire to express to the friends and relatives of our late much-respected fellow-members J. M. Mitchell and Pierce Morton, our condolence with them under their recent bereavement, and, out of respect to the memories of deceased, that this Society do adjourn."

The debate next Tuesday will be on the question, "Ought our Tariff to be purely Protective?"

THOMAS SELLAR, Secretary.

THE SOCK, BUSKIN AND FOOTLIGHTS.

THE "Seven Sisters" are now in their ninth month of success at Laura Keene's theatre, New York. This peace is purely spectacular, eminently successful, and capable of any number of local hits, a well-drilled Zouave corps having been introduced.

Florence and his wife are "doing" the sensation drama of "America's Dream" at the Winter Garden theatre, New York.

Geo. L. Fox, Lieutenant, United States Army, having returned from the "wars," is drawing large houses at his Bowery theatre, New York.

P. T. Barnum, has engaged Tillman, the negro who rescued a privateer from its captors by murdering the officers with an axe while they slept.

Miss Lottie Hough declines going to California and Australia, and remains in New York, at Laura Keene's.

Miss Julia Daly and Harry Watkyns were at the dinner at the Royal Collonade Hotel, London.

Wallack's new theatre, in New York, opens in September.

Matilda Heron is to lease Niblo's in New York.

W. M. Fleming's theatrical troupe are or will be at Ottawa. It is said to be a good company.

F. S. Chanfrau is playing to good houses at St. John, N. B.

Joseph Proctor is playing at the Pavillion Opera House, London.

The Toronto *Leader* pointedly rebukes the course of the Hamilton policeman towards the firm of Little & Co., of the Royal Lyceum, in this city.

A new theatre is being built at Salt Lake City, Utah. It will cost $100,000, and opens January 1st, 1862.

"Don Giovanni" has recently been performed in London with such a cast as opera never knew. Grisi appeared as *Donna Anna*, Patti as *Zerlina*, Czsillag as *Elvira*, Ronconi as *Masetto*, Formes as *Leporello*, Tamberlik as *Don Ottavia*, with the parts of *Don Giovanni* and the *Commandant* sung by Fauro and Tagliafico.

When Oliver Cromwell first coined money, an old cavalier looking at one of the new pieces, read this inscription one side, "God be with us;" and on the other, "The Commonwealth of England." "I see," said he, "God and the Commonwealth are on different sides."

LITERARY.

Since our last there has come to hand Mr. Trollope's *Framley Parsonage*, in a complete form, reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine* We cannot join in the extravagant praise awarded by some to the author of *Doctor Thorne*. He is a pleasing, facile writer, and when we have said that, we have almost said the best we can of him. All his works are readable and, to a certain extent, talented; but he will never take rank with first-class writers—at any rate that is our judgment. *Seasons with the Sea Horses*, a book of sporting adventures in the Northern Seas, will be read with interest; it is a good book *Davis's Carthage* is one of those works which the restless energy and research of the moderns is constantly producing; it is an attempt to do for Carthage what Mr. Layard did for Nineveh, and although the former city interests us far less than the latter—less, we think, than as students of history it should—it is a work which we are persuaded will be read with increasing attention, and will take rank with any of its predecessors in the same field. *The Westminster* for July came to us full, as usual, of attacks upon orthodoxy, more or less direct; four out of the eight principal articles in the Review are of this character. How sorrowful it is that the talent we always find in *Westminster*, talent of the highest rank, should be employed in the hopeless task of essaying to shake the foundations of Eternal truth. Apropos of M. du Chaillu's discoveries in Equatorial Africa, we have an investigation into any supposed identity between the lowest forms of the human race, and the highest type of animal. The evidence adduced leads to the conclusion that there is still a vast and seemingly impassable gulf between them. Millions of years would, it is confessed, be required to develope the highest ape into the lowest negro; so that the whole development theory breaks down as we approach the lord of the creation. If the opening of Sir Bulwer Lytton's *Strange Story* may be taken as a "specimen brick," he promises to be a "strange Story" indeed. It is going to be more romantic than his later novels we think, possibly more widely popular.

Mr. William Howitt writes an angry letter to the *London Critic* about a practice indulged in by the Colonies, and sanctioned by the Imperial Government, which he thinks very unjust to English authors, and which, if it were as he states, would undoubtedly be so. He says, "any of our Colonies, on passing an act for the purpose through their legislative chamber, can reprint any British copyright works, subject to a certain duty, to be paid to the respective authors. * * * Once a year the British Treasury hands over the various sums to the authors. * * * You are not informed which of your books it is which have been reprinted, nor which are the Colonies that have reprinted them. You are simply told that what you have to receive is 'for works reprinted in various Colonies.' The largest sum ever received by one author in one year, 'for works reprinted in various Colonies,' was £1 9s., received by Mr. Dickens. It is rarely, however, that the sum an author has to receive is more than a few shillings; generally, it is only a few pence. Mrs. Howitt has just now received notice that she may receive from the Paymaster-General the sum of 1s. 3d. if she will go for it. For the sheets of the work for which, so far as we can judge, she is thus to receive 1s. 3d. from 'various Colonies' she was immediately offered £100 by an American house on its first announcement. Surely the sooner this farce is ended the better. Either let our Colonies pay something like a fair royalty for the copyright they use, or let them pay nothing." Some of our readers will perceive the error into which Mr. Howitt has fallen. The Colonies have *not* the power to reprint English copyrights, but only to allow the importation of them by payment of a certain rate of duty; and it is these duties, less we suppose the expenses of collection and transmission, which make the large sums to which Mr. Howitt alludes. It would be better for the authors if the fact were as he states it. For instance, suppose the import duty now levied on English copyrights to be the duty payable by the Canadian publisher on any work he reprinted, he would then pay that amount in one sum to the Colonial Government to be transmitted home for the benefit of the author. Assume that *Great Expectations* had been printed here with an edition of 5,000, then 12½ per cent. paid on say 30 cents per number, as the lowest wholesale price, would give about £37 to Mr. Dickens, rather better than £1 9s. it will be admitted. This, however, is a clumsy, circumlocutory road. There is no occasion that the Government should have anything to do with the transaction, or pocket more than the postage of letters between the author and his Colonial publishers. There are two ways by which authors could be directly benefitted by the sale of their works in the colonies. Either English publishers should prepare a colonial edition of popular works, which they could afford to sell equally as cheap as American reprints, and which would, as a rule, be preferred here, or, when the work would justify a Canadian edition, the author should enter into direct negotiation with one of our publishers, some of whom would, we doubt not, willingly pay a royalty equalling the amount of import duty upon the whole edition. We believe that in the case of Mr. Wilkie Collins' *Woman in White* this was done, much to his satisfaction. Certainly he received an amount not one penny of which would probably otherwise have reached him. English publishers and authors are, generally speaking, too contracted in their views when dealing with the Colonies. Let them enter upon a more liberal policy, and we shall not then, we are sure, have any more such complaints as that of Mr. William Howitt.

We stated last week that the *Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge* were about to publish a new weekly penny magazine. It now appears that they have abandoned the idea.

Anent Female Compositors, we read: Miss Emily Faithful's Victoria Press is about to issue a volume called the "Victoria Regia," dedicated by permission to the Queen, and under her especial patronage, as a perfect specimen of the success which has attended the Press, and also as a proof of the support afforded by the first literary names. The volume will be edited by Adelaide A. Proctor, and will contain original contributions from Tennyson, Thackeray, Barry Cornwall, Kingsley, Maurice, Dean Milman, Anthony Trollope, the late Leigh Hunt, the late Mrs. Jameson, Authors of "Paul Ferroll," "John Halifax," and a "Lost Love," Holme Lee, Lady Fullerton, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Grote, Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. Oliphant, and many others.

Messrs. Longman will publish immediately "The Comets: a Popular Treatise," by Francis Arago, reprinted from Arago's "Popular Astronomy," translated by Admiral W. H. Smythe, D.C.L., with a preface, and a brief account of the comets discovered since the original publication of the translation, now added by Robert Grant.

At a sale which took place last week at Newstead Abbey, formerly the property of Lord Byron, the first printed copy of his early poems, with autograph, after a vigorous competition, only realised £6.

A new poem may be shortly expected from Mr. Robert Browning. It is already in the press, and will be published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall.

It is stated that Mr. Buckle's next volume is intended to contrast the civilization of Germany and the United States.

Mr. G. J. Holyoake has discontinued his *Reasoner*, to commence in August the *Counsellor*, a monthly magazine "on secular, co-operative, and political questions.

The Last Days of Pompeii has been played at the theatre. Since the outrage committed upon the prompter by a Hamiltonian officious official, the public pulse beats sympathetic to the Lyceum. We can speak the more freely, as we have never asked the courtesy which is invariably extended to all our city contemporaries by the proprietors.

BOOK NOTICE.

Great Expectations By Charles Dickens Philadelphia: T B. Peterson & Brother

There are some readers with whom it is an article of faith that the first work of every writer is his best; that the first number of every magazine exceeds all its successors; that both writers and editors start at the top of an inclined plane, and are constantly going down, down, down, every issue getting more dreary, and exhibiting the usual unmistakeable signs of decrepitude and decay. We take the liberty of differing from these down-hill readers, and contend that, as a rule, the contrary is the fact. Which of Bulwer Lytton's earlier works equals *My Novel?* So of Wilkie Collins—his *Woman in White* is decidedly his most powerful and successful tale; so also of Thackeray and many other writers. Exceptions there are, of course—witness Lever's last, *A Day's Ride;* did any popular writer ever before venture to inflict such trash upon his readers? The book before us is, however, a signal instance of growth in power, in intellectual vigor, and in brilliancy of imagination. Without going the length of some English critics, who doubt "whether the library of English fiction contains a romance comparable with *Great Expectations*," we yet hold that, as a whole, it is second to none of the author's former works; that while the romantic is more intense, it is by no means deficient in humor, in pathos, or in tenderness; and exhibits in a great degree, the same closeness of observation and power of grouping characteristics. One thing, we think, must have struck every reader—the finish of the tale; the care that has been bestowed upon it; not a slipshod expression or careless sentence in the whole book; every incident is well studied, and made to bear upon the general course of the tale. The plot, it may be granted, is improbable, still it is far from impossible. Strange things do happen every day in life, and that a poor, miserable wretch, hunted down, with the hand of justice ever on his shoulder, should feel an attachment to a child who had provided him with the means of escape, and should nurse the feeling until it became a monomania, is, at any rate, conceivable. Beyond that there is scarcely anything which can be called extravagant; for the poor recluse of Satis House, with the unfortunate child of her adoption, sorrowful as is the future she presents, can scarcely be said to be overdrawn. Humanity is capable of, and does commit the wildest and strangest freaks, and the freaks of a disappointed woman are of the wildest and strangest. The characters with whom Mr. Dickens make us acquainted in this novel are all well-conceived and carefully pourtrayed. Pip's sister, everlastingly on the Ram-Page, with her constant reference to Tickler Pumblechook, whom we have a longing to kick every time he makes his appearance; Biddy, kind-hearted Biddy, with her motherly interest in Pip; Miss Havisham and Estella, taught scorn and contempt so perseveringly, that at last she scorns her teacher; Orlick, the villain of the tale; the Pocket Family, the peep into whose daily life is exceedingly clever; Jaggers, washing his hands of everybody—(by the way, we took up a late English law list the other day, and there actually was a Jaggers!—he will surely feel immortalized); Wemmick, with his Old Bailey life and his Walworth life, with his sham impromptu marriage, one of the best pieces of quiet humor Dickens ever wrote; and last, but not least, Joe, dear old, simple-minded, large-hearted Joe Gargery. High in the gallery of worthies Dickens has given us do we place blacksmith Joe. From his first appearance in the chimney corner with Pip, down to the repetition of the scene with Pip the second at the close of the tale, our attachment to him increases, and we feel that we should like before parting to shake heartily his huge old fist. The great power of the writer is only fully developed when we come to the return of Magwitch; the night scene in Pip's chambers, his agony at discovering the foundation upon which his "Great Expectations" rest, and the gradual, steady, inexorable closing in of the doom, which, from the first, we feel awaits the poor convict, stamp the tale as among the highest conceptions which the genius of Dickens has ever given us. We remember nothing finer in the range of fiction than the way in which the interest is made to gather round the unfortunate man (even when he is away in hiding chapter), by chapter, through the attempted escape, the capture, trial, condemnation and death in the prison. None but a master of fiction could hold and carry us away thus. We had marked for extract the scene at the lime-kiln, with Orlick's attempt on the life of Pip; but as everybody has either read the book, is reading it, or will read it, we think that we may omit it. In taking leave of *Great Expectations*, we can only say that we hope Mr. Dickens will be prepared to commence another tale so soon as Sir E. B. Lytton has finished his *Strange Story* in the pages of *All Round the World.*

The Editor's Round Table.

.....There is a deal of wholesome truth in these stanzas from an old Scotch ballad:

"Be a lassie e'er sae black,
If she hae the name o' siller,
Set her upon Pintock-tap,
The wind will blaw a man till her.

"Be a lassie e'er sae fair,
If she want the penny siller,
A fly may fell her in the air
Before a man be evened till her."

.....Peruse the history of the best poets, painters and musicians that the past two centuries have produced, and what do we see? A struggle in more than one case out of four for bread. Literary men have brought forth their best efforts amid throes of anguish only those who are very poor can realize. Genius of the highest order has given diamonds to all time, yet sometimes the landlord's rent has been unpaid, and the jail sheltered the weary body, whose brain gratuitously taught us, and is still teaching our posterity. "Nobody is to blame for all this." An age is generally blind to the merit of its best authors. Dives can tell the work done by the mechanic, but he cannot perceive that the architect who designed his temple was greater than the builder who executed it, or the owner of the wealth that paid for it. There is something horrible in the savagery of the Mammonites—in our modern civilization; in this reduction of all brains, hearts, and spiritual aspirations to the guage of the banks and shops. True, we throw no stones at the leper, now-a-days, but we sneer, "Thou art poor" to the pauper, and if he stumbles we do not trample him down, nor hurry him to the executioner; but, we send him to the poorhouse to die at his leisure. We sometimes marvel, if in another and a better world, Dives will pay his obligation to the men of genius, who, reduced to desperation, died of their griefs, in loneliness, in neglect, and in want.

.....There is one peculiarity about the undertaker's occupation: he can never dun the person for whom his services were hired But then tax-payers always read his bills for burying the dead pauper with a grim satisfaction.

.....A great many people labor very incessantly, yet never accomplish anything of moment. Why is this? Because they have no system in their habits of application, and drive the poor body until it is prematurely worn out. This is particularly applicable to Literary men, who frequently overtask their energies, and under the excitement of composition exhaust their faculties, and have to follow over-industry to-day, by entire idleness to-morrow. Four hours a day devoted to letters are quite sufficient, and one will progress more rapidly, and do more execution by spending only that or even less time, every day, in composition, than in pursuing the forcing system. Sir E. B. Lytton has given it as one reason of his fertility, that he has made it a rule to devote but a few hours daily to literature, and keep them thus applied most religiously.

.....William the Conqueror had a will that was irresistible. He seemed as a wooer as relentless as in every other capacity. The subjoined extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror is characteristic of the manners and semi-civilization of the age in which he lived. Now-a-days, a lover would but need to show a crown or a banker's book to

the mothers of Belgravia, and lo! all the eloquence of *paterfamilias*, and family ties would accomplish the same result. Modes, not men and women, change:

"After some years' delay, William appears to have become desperate; and, if we may trust to the evidence of the 'Chronicle of Ingerbe,' in the 1047 waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges, as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and, not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed. This primitive method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion, by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife."

.....We are very willing to allow all possible latitude to the opinions of contributors, consistent with the scope of the HOME JOURNAL, but would respectfully request them to avoid all allusions of a political or theological character, as many persons are morbidly, perhaps, but naturally sensitive on these heads. Toleration and courtesy—unwillingness to offend the prejudices of others, and a spirit of forbearance with those who cannot think like us in many points, should be cultivated by the writer who wishes to address the large and weekly increasing audience, with which it is our privilege to afford a channel of communication. It is always unpleasant to erase or alter passages in a contributor's MS. and we had rather the author avoided its necessity, by penning nothing which might offend those of any religious denomination or political party. In view of one or two erased paragraphs in a friend's recent contributions, we deem it may be well to remind our literary brothers and sisters to guard against this error in the future.

.....Warne & Hall will accept our thanks for *Blackwood* for the past month, and the *Edinburgh* and *Westminster Reviews* for the current quarter. We mention this, not as an advertisement but to point a moral; for sending these periodicals to the HOME JOURNAL, is a recognition from that most useful and honorable class of men, known as newsdealers: men who have made Literary papers possible, and who alone can put the London publications in the hands of the general reader with promptitude and economy.

The periodical depot is the creature of our generation. Many persons now-a-days who dislike to subscribe for a paper, and pay in advance, prefer to patronise the news agent, and pay him weekly on delivery for such print as they want. The newsdealer will always deliver if it be desired; and the reader has the advantage of changing his intellectual diet as he pleases, by a brief notice of stoppage, in the case of more expensive foreign publications. The newsdealers is the mental purveyor of the century. He can procure any work, no matter where published, at the publisher's price. He was a convenience and is becoming a necessity.

To friends out of Toronto, we say, especially, if you do not want to subscribe for the HOME JOURNAL, but desire to buy it weekly, go to the news agency in your place and ask for it; if not on the counter—(most large firms, who do any business, keep it on hand)—he will get it for you, and you can pay him weekly. If you have any trouble in so getting the paper, which you will not, unless your news agency is a *very* petty concern—send us fifty cents for four months, or a dollar for eight, and you will get it regularly by mail. But if your news agent is at all obliging, you can obtain it from him. As a general thing the periodical dealer has no favoritisms, but is willing to furnish any publication his patrons desire *regularly*; if he does not aim at this, he has no business disgracing a respectable occupation.

.....Some time ago—we have a bad memory for dates—a protest against the anonyme in Literature appeared in our columns. We must consider the dead-head system, as affecting the drama, nearly equally objectionable. Theatrical critiques are for the most part over. We have "notices"—meaningless as their insipid writers—instead. Occasionally, some bitter pique against the man arouses a prejudiced attack upon his witless head; or some *literateur* of Athens or Gotham (heaven save the mark!) will, to pamper prudery (a questionable nymph who sometimes puts on the air of offended virtue), produce a column of "thunder" at some deliciously naughty Parisian *petite* comedy, or sanguinary drama. Generally, our papers "notice" a play as they would chronicle "Jones' new butler." Alas! to criticise requires more than to be amiable or bitter: you should be candid.

Reporters, printers, etc, are often dead-heads, directly or indirectly, at places of amusement. He, however, who writes the theatrical column for a print should never refuse to use a free ticket. No man likes to go as an invited guest to a house, and then go away and abuse his friends; whereas if your theatrical critic pays for his ticket, he has the rights of a spectator. He may speak out his mind honestly, sharply if you please, but yet say what he thinks. It is a poor stick that can be snuffed out by criticism. When the issue is made plainly of Author or Player versus Critic, the public can tell which hath the long ears.

.....Toronto does not rise up very early in the morning. It is well worth seeing the city awaken from its sleep. At five o'clock scarcely a rag gatherer is stirring. The saloons are all closed. A quiet rests upon the town. By six, there is more sign of life, by seven the drowsy giant rubs its eyes, and by eight it is tolerably well awake.

Arising early, you will meet a few pale young gentlemen and studious ladies who seek to steal time from sleep or labor for exercise and a mouthful of air; or to filch it from those dreadful books. It is a curious study for the city "reporters," these matutinal investigations.

A MOTHER OF QUEENS.

The wife of the celebrated Lord Clarendon, the author of the "History of the Rebellion," was a Welsh potgirl, who, being extraordinarily poor in her own country, journeyed to London, to better her fortune, and became servant to a brewer. While she was in this humble capacity, the wife of her master died, and he happening to fix his affections on her, she became his wife; himself dying soon after, leaving her heir to his property, which is said to have amounted to between £20,000 and £30,000. Among those who frequented the tap at the brewhouse was a Mr. Hyde, then a poor barrister, who conceived the project of forming a matrimonial alliance with her. He succeeded, and soon led the brewer's widow to the altar.

Mr. Hyde being endowed with great talent, and at the command of a large fortune, quickly rose in his profession, becoming head of the Chancery Bench, and was afterwards the celebrated Hyde, Earl of Clarendon. The eldest doughter, the offspring of this union, won the heart of James Duke of York, and was married to him. Charles II sent immediately for his brother, and having first plied him with some sharp raillery on the subject, finished by saying, "James, as you have brewn you must drink;" and forthwith commanded that the marriage should be legally ratified and promulgated. Her daughters, however, were Queen Mary, the wife of William, and Queen Anne, both granchildren of the *ci-devant* potgirl from Wales, and wearing in succession the Crown of England.

The following story in connection with the late Principal Taylor of the University, Glasgow, is sufficiently ludicrous. Lord —— had been on a visit to Glasgow and, wishing a suit of clothes for a special purpose, requested the waiter of his hotel to send for the principal tailor in the city. In a short time, a venerable looking person was ushered into his lordships presence. "Are you the principal tailor," said his lordship.

"I am at your service," replied the visitor.

His lordship proceeded to explain that he was desirous of procuring a well-made suit of black clothes.

"Ah, said the visitor, "I see there has been a mistake; you had sent for a principal tailor and your message has been misunderstood. I am Dr. Taylor, Principal of the University."

The Ladies' Cabinet.

In the July number of *Blackwood* there is an article on the barbarisms of civilisation which contains some very sharp paragraphs We clip, for the amusement and instruction of our numerous lady readers the following concerning

PATENT COFFEE POTS.

Of all the mortifications which our patient age inflicts upon itself, none is more remarkable than the eagerness with which it adopts all inventions for spoiling its coffee. Good coffee is so easily made—that is, by any cook who will take the pains to learn the method and keep to it afterwards that every effort has been made by human ingenuity to complicate the process so as to avoid the proper result. Coffee, fit for the Sultan, may be made either by plain boiling, or the old "percolator." A good article, plenty of it, and a careful hand, are the secrets. But go into any hardware shop, and you may see a counter covered with specimens of the most extraordinary machinery bearing classical names, all on different principles, and all professing to be the only true coffee-makers, and all—as you will find, if you are foolish enough to be seduced into buying one—miserable failures.

I once bought, in my bachelor days, when I was not so well acquainted with the wicked ways of men (or of women either, for that matter), a patent article that to look at was a wonder in itself. It was the elaborate nature of the machinery that tempted me. It had, I remember, a small windlass, air-pump, and tubes and pipes and screws innumerable. Make coffee! of course it could, I thought to myself; it looked as if it could make anything. I forget its name now; it was *Pan*-something. My own impression at this moment is that it *could* have made almost anything—except coffee. I am not much of a mechanician; but I have no doubt that very slight adaptations would have fitted it to serve as a very respectable electrifying machine, or a portable printing-press, or anything of that kind. I have a strong suspicion now that it was the work of some inventive genius, who had originally intended it for some other operation, and finding it a failure, had added it to the list of patent coffee-machines; feeling a justifiable confidence that, do what it would in that line, it could hardly do worse than some of its rivals. The machine was bought and sent home; and in the pride of my new possession I invited a friend to breakfast. The coffee was to be made on the spot by the gentleman or lady requiring it; that is always the special advantage held out to tempt the purchasers of these new inventions; to make your own coffee seems supposed to be the ultimate end of human actions.

Well, my friend came, and found me in my dressing-gown, working away at my new apparatus, and really hard work it was, winding up the windlass which I mentioned, against a considerable power of suction produced by the air in some way below. It was very wholesome morning exercise, however, and calculated to increase the performer's enjoyment of the excellent beverage which was to follow. Twice I failed altogether; and once there was a sudden eruption which scalded my hand considerably; but I am quite willing to confess that this was rather my own fault than that of the machine; for although I thought I had pretty well mastered the theory of the science from the instructions of the fluent young gentleman who sold it, I found that I had reversed some of the processes in order of time, and thereby of course deranged the whole plan of operations. At last, with the printed instructions before me, I brought matters to a successful termination, and had the pleasure of presenting my friend with a breakfast-cup full of a very dark and viscous fluid, and retaining about half the quantity for myself—as I trust never to drink again. There was good cream and sugar: and my friend, who was a few years younger than myself, and rather a well-behaved person, with a vigorous morning appetite, was good enough to drink it without open remonstrance.

There is something very sweet in these verses, and happier would all our homes be if every woman was

THE CONTENTED WIFE.

I would not change this happy scene
For all the earth e'er proudly great;
I would not change my humble home
For kingly rank or queenly state

I would not change my husband's love
For all that earth can give of fame,
Nor barter his approving smile
To wreathe a halo round my name!

I would not change my child's sweet glance
For all the love earth's wreath could gain;
Nor change the certain bliss I feel
For all ambition might obtain.

May He who gave me these good gifts
Send down His blessing of content;
Preserve my treasured ones in health,
Or give us strength if ills be sent.

Having received a little reminder from one of our fair correspondents that it would be acceptable, we this week continue our hints to lady equestrians

TROTTING.

Trotting, if well performed, is very graceful, but is more difficult to acquire than cantering. The rider should sit slightly more forward than for cantering, on, but not more forward than, the centre of the seat, pressing the knee firmly against the saddle, and keeping the foot perfectly straight (rather turned *in* than out) in the stirrup. She must rise slightly with every step of the animal, taking care to keep the shoulders quite square with the horse. To lean over one side or the other, be the inclination ever so slight, or to bring forward one shoulder more than the other, has a very bad appearance.

REARING.

Should a horse rear, lean the body forward, loosing the reins at the same moment; press both hands, if necessary, on the mane. Should, however, a horse rear so as to endanger the safety of the rider, loosen well the rein, pass the whip from the right hand to the left, double up the right hand into a *fist*, and hit him between the ears *Show no fear*, but trot on as though nothing had occurred. Turn his head towards home, and he will be certain not to repeat his feat on a future occasion! The above is rarely necessary, and should only be done in a case of urgency.

HOW A LADY CONQUERED

A lady rode a spirited thorough-bred horse. She had been ill for a short time, and the groom had been ordered to exercise him every day. Recovered from her indisposition, the lady again mounted her favorite. She had not proceeded far on her ride before she encountered one of those high trucks often seen in country towns. At sight of this the horse reared fearfully. His rider pressed all her weight on him, and he descended, but only to rise still higher. As she cast up her eyes, she saw his forefeet pawing the air above her head. He stood so erect, that she almost fell backwards. The bystanders screamed—the groom rode up: "Drop off! ma'am, oh! pray drop off!" he exclaimed, adding, in the excitement of the moment, a truth he might have concealed, "I always do" The lady fortunately preserved her presence of mind: she shifted her whip and struck the horse with all her force between the ears. He descended instantly. Then (it was the first and last time she ever struck him) she beat him with her whip, and rode on as though nothing had happened. On inquiry, it was discovered that the groom had taken the horse out for exercise three times, had each time encountered a truck, and had each time dropped off behind when the horse reared, which he did at first through fear, but afterwards through "trickiness," for the purpose of getting home.

Henry VIII. designed to send a nobleman on an embassy to Francis I. at a very dangerous juncture; but he begged to be excused, saying that such a threatening message to so hot headed a prince as Francis I. might go near to cost him his life. "Fear not," said old Harry; "if the French king should take away your life, I would revenge you by taking off the heads of many Frenchman now in my power." "But among all these heads," replied the nobleman, "there may not be one to fit my shoulders."

[For the Home Journal]

O SAY NOT THE HEART.

O say not the heart that you once thought your own
Has lost of its kindness, its fondness for you;
O say not the heart has made free to grow cold
That pledged to be faithful—that swore to be true.

But think you the flower that unfolds from the sun
Its delicate tints and its soft tender green,
Yet blooms as it did when your praises it won
If the cloud never shuts that rests them between?

Or think you the river not ebbing can flow,
If rain not the rain to replenish the spring?
Can the harp of Æolus the bosom make glow
If breathes not a breath to give life to the string?

And think from the heart love ceaseless can flow
If its fountain receives not the plenishing tide?
O! think not the eye with its fondness can glow
If the eye that enkindles turns ever aside.

JULY, 1861. A. D.

SKETCHES FROM HISTORY.

EMINENT WOMEN.

ELEANOR,

Daughter of William, Duke of Guienne, was born in the year 1122. At the age of fifteen she succeeded to the government of Poiton and Guienne, on the death of her father, and soon after was married to Louis VII., King of France. To peculiar charms of person were united a polished understanding with manners at once engaging and sweet; yet these concealed an overbearing temper, which, at a future period, was strikingly displayed. Louis, having caught the enthusiasm that pervaded the twelfth century, determined to leave his kingdom under the care of a Regent while he made a crusade. The Queen accompanied Louis in his religious excursion; but excited his suspicions during her residence in the Holy Land. Yet it is generally believed by the historians of the age that he had no foundation for his surmises, notwithstanding which he determined to repudiate his wife. In vain his ministers endeavored to convince him of Eleanor's innocence, and point out the folly of resigning the two rich provinces of Guienne and Poiton; but, like all persons of shallow understandings, he refused to listen to their salutary advice, and sued for a sentence of divorce from her, which he obtained in the year 1152. Upon regaining her liberty, Eleanor gave her hand to Henry, Duke of Normandy, who afterwards ascended the English Throne. But happiness in the marriage state seems to have been denied her, and indeed the fault is universally admitted to be her own. The impetuosity of her temper was insupportable to Henry, whose disposition was at once susceptible and mild, and being disappointed in his hopes of domestic felicity, he reposed his affections upon an object more deserving (?) of his love. The attachment of this amiable monarch to the daughter of Lord Clifford has furnished a subject for both dramatists and poets. However, that the Fair Rosamond really fell a victim to the Queen's jealousy, is a circumstance which still admits of a doubt. Eleanor died at a very advanced period of existence at the castle of Fonterrault, where she had retired A. D. 1201.

ELFRIDA,

Daughter of the Earl of Devonshire, was celebrated justly for the superiority of her charms; and the youthful monarch, Edgar, fired with the description, resolved to let them blaze on a Throne. Knowing, however, that description frequently magnifies perfections, he declared his intentions to a favorite friend, and at the same time requested him to make a visit to the Earl of Devonshire, and if his daughter was really as beautiful as she was represented, to make her an offer of the monarch's hand; but if her charms were not equal to his expectations, to shorten his visit without explaining his designs. The Earl of Ethelwold was the man in whom Edgar placed this confidence, and he instantly set out on his mission, where, as the known favorite of his sovereign, he met with a reception calculated to satisfy his vanity and pride. All that report had said respecting the lovely Elfrida fell infinitely short of the reality; she captivated the Earl's senses, excited his admiration, and drove every sentiment of loyalty from his heart. Instead of pleading the passion of his Royal master, he, in a moment of infatuation, implored her to listen to his own, and assured the Earl, her father, that the sole purpose of his visit had been to solicit the honor of the fair Elfrida's hand. Still it was necessary, he informed him, to have the marriage kept private, as the King had recommended another lady to his choice; but he did not doubt of procuring the King's assent to his nuptials in the course of a little time. The high rank of Etholwold, together with his being the favorite of Edgar, induced the Earl of Devonshire to consent to the marriage. The ceremony was performed with the greatest privacy, and in the course of a few weeks Etholwold returned to town. The eager monarch impatiently demanded whether Elfrida was the angel rumor had described her. When Etholwold told him that her possessions more than her personal charms, which were of an inferior order, had given rise to the rumors, in fact he was more disappointed than language could express. The King, perfectly satisfied with Etholwold's account, thought no more of Elfrida.

After some time had elapsed, Etholwold requested the privilege of soliciting the hand of Elfrida; "for though," said he, "she does not possess charms enough to satisfy the heart of a monarch, yet her extensive treasures will make a subject regard her as a prize." The King, little suspecting the deceptious conduct of his favorite, readily granted the boon; but Etholwold was obliged to make a variety of excuses for not presenting his bride at Court.

The favorite of a Prince is generally surrounded by enemies. Etholwold's private marriage was discovered, the attractions of the bride greatly exaggerated, and the treachery of his conduct exposed. Edgar heard it with every mark of indignation, which, however, he resolved to conceal; but on the following morning told Etholwold that he would immediately set out for his castle, as he was resolved to pay his respects to the bride. Petrified with fear at this declaration, yet not daring to invent an excuse, he merely requested permission to precede him on the journey, in order to prepare Elfrida for the reception of her guest. Unmindful of fatigue, and careless of exertion, he travelled with the utmost expedition to his castle, and throwing himself on his knees before the object of his affection, disclosed the fatal secret which terrified his heart. With all the candor of love, and the pathos of feeling, he implored her to pardon a crime which he had been induced to commit by the violence of his passion for her, but which would in all probability be expiated with his life. He begged of her by that tenderness which she had excited, to veil the lustre of her charms, if possible, and if there was one mode of dress more unbecoming than another, to retire and immediately put it on. Elfrida, with apparent cheerfulness, promised to comply with his wishes; but instead of endeavoring to disguise her perfections, she displayed them with a studied art. The heart of Edgar was instantly enslaved by her attractions, though he concealed his emotions from the man whom he no longer considered worthy of his regard. The next morning he invited Etholwold, now totally disarmed of fear, to hunt with him in the adjoining forest, and there for this act of treachery, he deprived him of his life. Soon after Elfrida consented to become the wife of the man who had deprived Etholwold of life.

Though the conduct of Etholwold was treacherous and unpardonable, yet that of Elfrida excites emotions of horror in the heart; for instead of complying with the solicitations of her husband, she evidently endeavored to inspire Edgar with regard; and her immediately marrying the murderer of her husband proves that she must have been as destitute of feeling as she was of regards. Her historians endeavor to palliate her crime by saying that she was told by Edgar that Etholwold was accidentally killed by falling from his horse.

A Scotch paper tells the story of a dairy farmer, who, after the funeral of his wife, drove a hard bargain with the grave-digger. At last the indignant grave-digger, bringing his hand down on a grave-stone, exclaims: "Down wi' anither shillin' or up she comes."

A ROYAL MARRIAGE FOR LOVE: A ROMANCE OF 1861

The circumstances under which the marriage of the Prince de Trani has been concluded are not without that little spice of romance which has grown almost peculiar to the old chivalry of Europe, and which is eschewed by modern utilitarianism as being a useless expenditure, always of time and sentiment, and sometimes of money likewise. The Princess Mathilde had been promised to the Prince de Trani at the very time of the marriage of the King of Naples. Her royal highness was then considered as giving great promise of beauty, although but a mere child at the time, and it seems that the young prince himself, scarcely emerged from boyhood, had been deeply smitten. The change which took place in the character and constitution of the latter after this sentiment had become developed in his mind, led to the most extraordinary and miraculous improvement in the whole moral and physical bearing of the prince. The careless, indifferent and somewhat heavy boy, grew suddenly into the eager, inquiring, ambitious youth, and a transformation, like that so beautifully expressed by Robert Browning in the case of the young Duke of Florence, seemed to take place with the Prince de Trani.

When misfortune overtook his family, all the old timidity and diffidence returned; and, although frequently assured by the Queen of Naples, who well knew the generous character of the fair Princess Mathilde, that the change in the position of the royal family of Naples would make no change in her intentions, yet the delicacy of his feeling towards her urged him to release the sacrifice. It appears that a short while ago he wrote to the princess, informing her that, unable to endure the idea of surprising her affections into a decision of which she might hereafter repent, he had despatched a faithful friend, who would undertake to ascertain his fate without words, for a written refusal he could never bear.

The sign by which the Princess was to make her resolution known was poetical enough. The friend was to be the bearer of a bunch of flowers cut from the Calvary in the gardens of the Vatican. These would, of course, be faded by the time they reached her hand. If she returned them by the messenger, the meaning would be clear enough, and he would accept it without a murmur If, on the contrary, she retained it, all faded and withered as it then would be—fit emblem of his fallen house—then would he know that she was ready to fulfil the promise made in happier days, and to share the evil destiny which had come upon him. The princess replied that she was ready to receive the messenger, and courteously thanked the prince for leaving her thus free.

Soon after this, it was announced at the palace at Munich that two gentleman had arrived with a message from the Prince de Trani for the Princess Mathilde. Her royal highness, who was at the moment exercising in the riding-school with the king, bade the equerry to inquire if the gentlemen had brought nothing more than a message from the prince; and if they were the bearers of any token it was to be brought for her on the instant. Presently the equerry returned, looking conscious and embarrassed, with the faded boquet in his hand "A rare lover's gift, truly," said the king laughing; "but had we not better hurry to meet the prince's messengers? It is scarcely courteous to keep them thus long waiting." "Nay, your majesty, let them be ushered in here; it will be a greater compliment to the prince to receive them with the smallest ceremony possible." "Then be it so," replied the king, gaily; and presently the two gentlemen were ushered into the royal presence even as the royal party were then occupied in the riding-school. The one who entered first looked up at the princess At sight of the poor faded bouquet, already placed upon her bosom, inside of her velvet riding-jacket, he uttered an exclamation of delight, and, unable to advance, stood still in the midst of the amphitheatre, trembling and afraid. The princess held out her hand with the most charming and bewitching gesture. "Ah, signor," said she, "go now and tell the doubtful and mistrustful prince who sent you how I received his token and where I have sheltered it." In another moment she had leaped from her horse, as the prince, overcome by sudden faintness, had been compelled to lean against the wall for support. She knew well enough that the Prince de Trani would be his own messenger, and had, therefore, preserved her self-possession when he had presented himself before her, and was the only one of the whole company who manifested no astonishment on his entrance.

The story we have from the best authority. It accounts entirely for the circumstance, which seemed at the time so extraordinary, of the journey to Munich, taken with so little ceremony, almost by stealth, as it were, by the Prince de Trani. It was not made, as the newspapers declared, to demand the hand of the princess, but to test her attachment. But once there it was deemed best to hurry on the ceremony, as the youthful pair will return immediately to Rome and pass the honeymoon at Albano. The history of this little court romance has completely set at rest the anxious curiosity of those who for a long time were lost in amazement at the singular choice of a bouquet of faded flowers with which the lid of the *corbeille de mariage*—exhibiting up till last month at Madame Felicie's—was so minutely adorned.

THE KNIGHTS OF OLD.

During the winter of either 1828 or 1829, Louis Napoleon, being then on a visit to his aunt, the Grand Duchess of Baden, was walking on the banks of the Rhine with her and his two cousins, the Princesses Josephine and Marie of Baden, attended by numerous members of the court. The conversation turned upon ancient French gallantry. The Princess Marie was, with much wit and piquancy, praising those chivalrous times, and the "preux chevaliers," who adopted as their motto, "God, my king, and my lady," and who, to prove their fidelity, shrank from neither peril nor sacrifice. She contrasted with this picture of former times the vices and egotism of the present age.

Louis Napoleon joined in the discussion with all the warmth of his years. He maintained that, in courage and gallantry, at least, the French had not degenerated, and that they still knew how to treat the fair sex with all the homage their forefathers had done. "In all ages," he added, "devotion is never wanting for those women who know how to inspire it."

As they strolled along the path beside the water—the ladies of the party being engaged in defending their toilettes from a strong breeze—a flower, detached from the headdress of the Princess Marie, was swept by the violence of the wind into the river.

"See," exclaimed the imprudent princess, laughing at her misfortune; "what an excellent opportunity this would have been for a knight of old to distinguish himself!" at the same time directing the prince's attention to the poor flower, which, borne along by the rapid current, was already disappearing in the abyss.

"Ah, cousin!" exclaimed Napoleon; "is that a challenge? Very well—I accept it!"

And immediately, before any one had the least idea of his intention, he plunged, all dressed as he was, into the flood. Our readers may imagine the affright of the grand duchess and her companions, more especially of the young princess, whose thoughtless speech had been the cause of this act of rashness. The air resounded with lamentations and cries for help. The prince, however, was swimming vigorously, battling against the force of the waves; and after having disappeared for some time from the anxious eyes of the spectators, they at last beheld him, after great efforts, safely regain the banks, holding in his hand the precious flower.

"Here," said he, as he sprung up the bank, "here is your flower, my fair cousin; but for heaven's sake," he added, laughing, and pointing to his streaming attire, "for the future endeavor to forget your knights of old."

[For the Home Journal.]

THE CHOPPER.

O the chopper bold, through the biting cold,
Hies off to his labor early,
And the sounding axe, with fast-urged whacks,
Sets the trees a quaking rarely.

The wind may blow, and the driving snow
Sweep wild over hill and valley;
But he heeds not the blast, as fierce and fast
The blows from his keen blade sally.

The sturdy oak quick bows at his stroke,
And the pine makes obeisance lowly—
The maple and beech, their grim lengths stretch
At his feet, lying vanquished wholly

And the startled woods, at his sounding thuds,
Retreat and vanish affrighted,
And when spring comes again, to clothe wood and plain,
She'll be half of her labor lighted.

Then loud let us cheer the brave pioneer—
May his axe ne'er be rusty by sorrow,
And for long years to come, in his forest-won home,
From his life all its joys may he borrow.

J. McL.

A VOLUNTEER CENSUS-TAKER.

I was not paid for it, or I would be the very last man to complain of it. I did my duty for the first time in my life (being a lawyer) without a fee; and I at least have the right to speak about it. I can't have been bound over to secresy, because I never committed myself in writing: as to being restrained from feelings of honor and so forth, there was not one word about that in the Census paper from beginning to end.

The Artesian Rifle Volunteer Company in our town were in distress for knickerbockers. They had no money to buy them with, and it was plain that they could not defend their hearths and homes in mere trousers. We lawyers, therefore, agreed to deliver and call for the Census papers without pecuniary recompense, in order that the money allowed by Government for that purpose should be set aside for procuring the indispensable patriotic equipments. Thus it was that I became an enumerator of the people.

By Friday, the 5th of April, the day preceding the commencement of this duty, I began to feel somewhat too overwhelmingly impressed with the sense of its importance. Upon the result of the Census, we had been officially informed, would depend the figure which Great Britain would make for the next seven years in the eyes of the world. Napoleon III. would be decided by it as to whether it would be expedient to make a dash at the British metropolis or not. The Emperor of the French, in fact, was waiting with hand on hilt for *me!* If the return I sent up should be inaccurate, there was no knowing what dire effects might not spring from it. If under the mark, the very knickerbockers might not be turned out from the tailors' hands in time to repel invasion; if above the mark, the government of my country might be induced to take some presumptuous step which our numerical strength did not in reality warrant. I could do *compound* addition—pounds, shillings, and pence—pretty well; but as to enumerating *people*—men, women, and children—I had never tried my fingers at it, and distrusted my powers. Punch (the liquid) restored my self-confidence, but at night I had a tremendous nightmare. I dreamed that I was one of Mr. Babbage's calculating-machines, with a pebble in my interior putting all the machinery out of order.

There were some hundreds of houses included in my particular beat, and several of them were very queer ones. A "sporting public" was one of them, where the money for approaching prize-fights was always advertised to be "ready" in disrespectable newspapers, and in the backyard of which all sorts of iniquities were said to go on. Skittles, with a glass of spirits placed between each couple of pins, was, by comparison, a drawing-room amusement there; while dog-fighting was a daily practice. It was a place, in short, which, if I had my own way, should have been levelled to the earth, and the site of it sown with gunpowder; one which the military should have been called in to clear with bayonets fixed, and without regard to sex or age.

Yet the *Three-legged Duck*, I, as a numberer of the people, was bound to enter that morning; I, who at the same matutinal hour was usually up at the Court-house, in a white cravat, pleading—with an artificial head of hair—the purest interests of justice and civilisation. I had once, too, been personally instrumental in getting Mr. Hookey Barnes, the landlord, convicted of some offence, which confined him to a year's retirement—combined with healthful but compulsory exercise—from public life; and an interview with that gentleman was therefore fraught with peculiar embarrassment He was standing at his own door, smoking a coal-black pipe, and with one of his eyes, as usual, in mourning, and watched me as I came up the street, performing my official duties, with a sardonic leer. I did not waste my time upon him with any reference to the beauty of the day, or the general mildness of the season, but at once presented the document with which I was charged.

"No," said he, waving me away with a gesture of disgust; "not if I knows it. I never takes papers from anybody's—not I. How do I know as it mayn't be a writ?"

"It is the Census paper, Mr. Barnes."

"How do I know whether that aint a lie, now?" replied that gentleman. "Why, your very trade is lying'—it was thus he spoke of the honourable profession of barrister-at-law—"and you know it is; no one better. I say, Sambo"

At these words, an enormous negro—the darkness of whose visage was much intensified by a huge strip of white plaster, sanguineous at the edges, which crossed it diagonally—came out of the passage, bringing with him (in addition to the aroma peculiar to his race) a gush of perfume from the house, the combined fragrance of many ends of bad cigars, and of remains of flat, but doubtless not unprofitable beer.

"Tracks be blowed!" was his observation upon catching sight of the Census paper. "A man and a brother," he had doubtless often been the object of misplaced missionary effort.

"It is the Census paper, my good friends," said I, in a tone of conciliation; although, I confess, my heart was not exactly yearning towards either of them. The black man shewed his teeth—as many of them at least as the knuckles of the boiler had spared. The landlord expectorated contemptuously.

"And suppose," said he, "I don't choose to take in the paper?"

"You will be fined five pounds," returned I, with some little warmth.

"And suppose I don't pay it?" inquired he, with increased insolence.

"Then you'll go to jail, *as you did before*," answered I in a rage.

I never shall forget the demoniacal change that came over that man's countenance—and, he had not been pretty before. His black eye in particular seemed to be shot with a malicious green.

"*Very* well," remarked he with calm ferocity; "you know him now, Sambo. You'll not forget him. All right. You'll know what to do with him, I think, when opportunity offers. Good. I don't think you'll ever come round with *another* Census paper, Mr. Counsel."

It was evident that the ruffian was darkly hinting that I should meet with a violent death within the next ten years; but I smiled contemptuously upon him and his myrmidon as he took the paper, and proceeded with my duty elsewhere, although perhaps in a somewhat lower *stratum* of animal spirits. I should have been still more desponding, if I had foreseen my reputation as well as my life was to be endangered through that interview It has since been averred that I delight in low company, and have become a habitual drunkard; for I was seen on a Saturday morning, before eleven, "coming out of the *Three-legged Duck*;" nor was the circumstance wanting to the falsehood, for it is added, "and wiping his mouth with the back of his hand"

Again, but a few doors further on, my moral character was exposed to another shock of a different but not less distressing nature I was endeavoring to impress the importance of my official mission upon the unintelligent domestic of Miss Macstinger—a lady of uncertain age, but unmistakeably from the north—when her mistress, leaning over the balusters of the stairs, informed me (in the Aberdeen tongue) that no followers were allowed in *her* house, and least of all at that time in the morning, to the hindrance of work. She added that I had better be off, since the policeman had already got his orders to keep an eye on me, this not being the first time, by many, that she had watched me lurking about the house with amatory intentions. Even when I had explained to this dreadful woman the real circumstances of the case, she was by no means to be driven from her first position. "It's all verra weel, young man; but I dinna fa' under this heading"- and she pointed to a column of the Census paper—"I am neither deaf nor blind; and I'll thank you to leave our Jeanie alane for the future."

She talked so loud, and seemed so thoroughly to believe in her own scandalous suspicions, that the perspiration stood upon my forehead ere I left her door. Having a strip of garden at the back of her house, and engaging a boy to weed it once a fortnight, she set those circumstances (as I afterwards discovered) down in her Return, as the statement of her position in life as an employer of labor. Also, there being plenty of room in the document, after she had described therein herself and Jeanie, she occupied it with some severe strictures upon the government for supposing it possible (as it did by the terms o the paper) that any body belonging to her should be either travelling or out at work upon a Sabbath evening.

This lady's Return was, however lucid and practical, compared with that of some householders of her sex; one of whom had the temerity to put "Engaged," and another "interesting," under the head of Condition. Like Miss Macstinger, the majority of them seemed to be averse to leave any unoccupied space in the record, and filled it up with domestic intelligence that was by no means required; or furnished us with voluntary contributions to these *Household Words*, in portions of their past biographies, as, "Formerly in good circumstances," or, [illegible] now in England for educational purposes." The babies were set down as "scholars," because they had learned to say Pap-pap, "in the course of regular tuition at home."

It is certain that the gentle sex took no little pride in the matter, and enjoyed making the Return—with the exception of one particular column—more than householders male. At one house, in particular, I had a great deal of difficulty in persuading a female that it was her husband's duty, and not hers, to comply with the government requisitions; at last, she sent for her inferior half from somewhere below stairs, where I fancy she generally kept him, and informed him of the honor that had been thrust upon him. He took me into his "study"—which was painfully neat and orderly, except that it had some female garments airing before the fire—and there received my instructions as to how he was to proceed. To him, poor creature, the filling up of the Return was as a problem paper. Years of tyranny, I think, had softened the martial brain. He chuckled, however, at having to style himself Head of the Family. It was a privilege, he said, that had not befallen him for the last ten years—that is, since the last numbering of the people.

"There's *she*," said he, pointing towards the door (behind which it is my belief that she was listening), "and there's my mother-in-law!" He meant, poor fellow, that there were two at least in that household who exceeded him in dignity.

I beheld other domestic scenes of an almost equally distressing character; but I forbear to disclose them. The memory of them, indeed, is obliterated, or at least much impaired by a misfortune that overtook myself. The enumerators of the people are not exempt from the terrific operations of the Census in their own homes. There is an old, a middle-aged lady residing in my house, who is a Fundholder of suspicious temperament. We have expectations from her; and it is of course most important that she shall never be put out of humor. She was 64 at the last Census—I mean she returned herself at that age—and therefore it was almost as a matter of form that I said playfully, with pen in hand, "Well, my dear Miss Nugget, and what was *your* age last birthday?"

"Sixty-six!" said she.

I knew her pretty well, I flattered myself, but I did not give her credit for such audacity. It was really going a little too far—or rather not far enough by at least ten years.

"Why, you must have been born in leap-year, then, Miss Nugget, and only had a birthday once in four years," said I, in my cheerful humorous manner. "*Sixty-six!* my good lady—is that seriously your Return?"

"Is this *your* return, sir," cried she in a fury, "for all that I have done, and *all that I have intended to do* for you and yours? I will let you know, sir, that I am not a person—although I may not be perhaps what you may choose to consider *young*—to be insulted with impunity"

With that she flounced out of the room, and into her own chamber—where she keeps her will, I *know*—and there she has remained for the last eight-and-forty hours How it will all end, goodness knows. I returned her at 56, and hallooed through her keyhole that I had done so; but she answered nothing, and has made no sign of reconciliation up to this date If the worst comes to the worst—that is to say, if she leaves her money to my brother's children—it will be £5,000 lost to me and mine on account of a Census paper. Poor satisfaction will it be to me *then* to know that I helped to procure knickerbockers for a rifle company. I had not the heart to collect the papers myself upon Monday morning, but accompanied my clerk upon that duty. For my part, I had had quite enough of counting people.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

ADOBE HOUSES.

In the western new world men have adopted the kind of building used in the earliest Orient. The children of Israel rebelled because they were not only set to building adobe houses and pyramids, but because [illegible] to make their labor painful to them.

No cheaper houses can be made than the adobe. When the season is favorable, the builder takes good stiff clay and kneading into it straw—or omitting it if none can be had—makes large blocks, rather than bricks, which he dries in the sun. In a tropical climate these soon become very hard. They are then built together with a clay mortaring, and the outside is thickly whitewashed.

It is worth while to call the attention of farmers and others to this style of building. Different combinations of clay, lime and gravel have been used with great success of late years to form blocks of solid mortar or of artificial stone. We have heard of a farmer who, with the assistance of one man, by devoting a single half hour every morning to the work, found himself in two or three months in possession of sufficient hardened blocks to build a goodly house. For the sills, facings and ornaments, blocks can be made of a combination of blood clay and lime with sand, which becomes very hard. The material is poured into common board boxes of the size required, and suffered to harden.

In ancient times this cheap and effective adobe building was very extensively practised, and may be again when men discover that country-houses may be better and more cheaply made by it than from any other material. The walls can be made of any thickness, keeping out cold in winter and heat in summer, as no brick or wooden houses could do. The vast cities of the East—Babylon, Nineveh and others—were all, we believe, adobe built. Bitumen was, however, used for cement in those edifices.

Bashfulness is not so much the effect of an ill education, as the proper gift and provision of a wise nature. Every state of life has its own set of manners, that is suited to it and best becomes it. Each is beautiful to its season; and you might as well quarrel with the child's rattle, and advance him directly to the boy's top and marbles; as expect from a diffident youth the manly confidence of riper age.