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[Written for the Home Journal.]

Down on the Beach:

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE.

I.

CRAFT VS. YOUTH.

As far as the eye can reach, an unbroken level meets the vision. Tall mezquit grass rises and undulates, like the waves of the sea, before the wind. Here and there, stunted trees and bushes of chaparral lift themselves a few feet, from the vernal prairies, even, as on the ocean, one wave will rise above its fellows, then fall and disappear for ever.

Looking carefully over the scene, you will observe a toad that winds, like some huge serpent, through these wilds, and the soil, black and heavy, bears the impress of the wheels of those carts that go in long trains, drawn by some very lazy mules, urged on by the whip, in the hands of John Mexican and vaifs from all quarters of the globe, gathered in the employ of the United States Government. Uncle Sam has queer servants.

Over head, the clear sunshiny of an August afternoon bathes the great sea in a golden sheen. The breeze from the Gulf renders the sultry atmosphere balmy, and mingling with the grass, perfumes the air with an odor like new-mown hay. White, fleecy clouds, tinged with streaks of roseate hue, relieve the blue vault above your head, and alone in the wilderness of verdure, you feel the might and glory of the Ever-living God.

Travel for fifty miles northward, and you will meet no broken bit of landscape: the scenery here is majestic, and one vast expanse of verdant plain, often waving or sloping, but never rising into hills or descending into vales. The impression is as novel to one accustomed to the broken scenery of New York and New England, as is that which is created in the mind when he first embarks on an outward bound vessel, and the land fades from his wistful eyes.

Turning your head a little to the left, you perceive two horsemen approaching, and as they come nearer you remark that the one is a German, apparently about thirty five, while the other is a mere youth, hardly turned two and twenty. Mr. Schrieff rides with the air of a man who was born on horseback, and cradled in a stable. His features are strongly marked, and swarthy with years of exposure to semi-tropical sunshine and the vicissitudes of frontier life. His hat has a broad brim, and is made of rye straw, and a long green ribbon serves the double purpose of ornament and fastening it about his head. Lavater would have told you he approximated to the felline tribe, for his face expresses both cunning and secretiveness, yet, the large back head, and the deep coloring of the lips, indicate that the passions are burning like coals of fire. His attire is of drab alpacas, and the flowing garments well become his muscular figure; while his loose collar, worn without neckcloth, and fastened by buttons of gold, quaintly carved, set off his splendid throat to the best advantage. His companion is less easily described.

The figure has scarcely reached its full development, but it is very lithe, and graceful as a steed of the desert. With no preponderance of muscle or sinew, there is that kind of strength, that nervous energy, which in the American people often covers up, their deficiency, while it can never supply their place. His hair is of a golden auge, as you see it, in this sunshine, and the eyes are of that mingled tint, between violet and gray, that is neither blue, nor hazel, but a changing color, like the faces of the angels, that infants see in dreams. The forehead is high and slightly deficient in breadth, and the dark sombrero only serves to increase the whiteness of the face, too pale for perfect health. The attire is simple, of a dark gray fabric, fine in texture and only worn by the more opulent classes. His small, and almost womanly soft hands, are encased in gauntlets of deer skin, fastened with silver clasps.

On the face of the youth, there are indications of two natures; the one, pure, candid, lofty, enthusiastic: the other sceptical, sensual, vindictive. He can never rest, like Mahommed's coffin, midway between Earth and Paradise. No middle ground is possible for the man. The rich wine of his blood is warmed by fire from the skies and from the unfathomable depths below. The cup of rapturous bliss and unutterable pain have been long and often raised to his lips, and he has drunk the sweet waters of poesy, and tasted the bitterness of Marah? This is the critical period of his life, and as it is passed, so will the future be pregnant with flowers or with thorns for him through the rest of his days: through the cycles of his eternity.

The German treats his young companion with staid courtesy and inimitable tact. The man is a born diplomatist, and I have no doubt got his playmates share of *blas-bons* and comfits, when he was a mere child in the Rhine Valley. You could place him tomorrow in the desert of Sahara, without a second change of linen, and the day after he would be ruler in an Arab village, and marry the fairest daughter of the most powerful Chief. It may be he is a villain, but then he is no petty cut-purse, and it will not do for you and I to criticise our neighbors, for have we not sins enough on our own shoulders? Mr. Schrieff is a believer in the theory that underlies nine tenths of the chief transactions in the World's history: that this globe is an oyster made to be opened and swallowed. The big fishes eat up the little ones, and the insect world devours one another; so why should not men do the same? In the blotted pages of human nature, the Chief Clerk of Olin and Gnaubb, Commission Merchants of Corpus Christi, is profoundly versed. He landed there on horseback, or in a boat, or a balloon, nobody knows or cares how, some dozen years previous to the opening of this narrative, and is worth ever so many thousands of dollars. Perhaps he may own a negro or two; so you see he is nobody's ninny. But of some pages in the book of the heart, friend Schrieff knows less than the little charity children in San Patricio. Tenderness to him is a quality applicable to beef, not to woman, and self abnegation absolute Greek. In the hard school of the world he has learned to give more knocks than he takes, and if by any accident he ever falls in with a company of angels, I am firmly persuaded he

would endeavor to try and find out where he could purchase some shining robes at a reasonable figure. Venerating the Golden Calf, he has no worship for anything else, and while he has the tact to conceal his intense selfishness, the monster will occasionally peep out from the flimsy veil of conventional politeness and superficial education, which he has picked up, to peddle along with his other wares.

The young man, Mr. Dacre, does not talk a great deal to his new acquaintance. Indeed the novelty of the scene absorbs his attention. The balmy breeze from the distant sea sings sweet, sad songs in his ear, and the sun-light is reflected in the clear hope in his heart. He has fallen in with Mr. Schrieff at Corpus Christi, and rides out with him to visit some ranches, and see the country, where land goes a begging at twenty cents the acre. They are now on their return to the city which is an hour's ride distant, and while they canter steadily onward the young man dreams glorious visions.

Far in the distance, there is a cloud, a shade darker than any in the sky. If you look at it steadily, you will see it takes the form of a rulture, and that cloud floating nearer resembles a man, and a rock. Have we Prometheus bound there, and is the ill-omened bird to peck his heart out? I wonder if Lansing Dacre notices what I fancy I see? No, no, for his imagination searches only for happy images and forms of hope. Mr. Schrieff has not a lively fancy, but, he smiles as he glances ahead of him. He very well knows, Mr. Dacre is not to marry the young girl he is dreaming of, and he knew it, before the gentleman ever set foot on the shore. In fact Mr. Schrieff has some very particular reasons, why Mr. Dacre and Miss Emily Hazleton, should not become man and wife. Miss Hazleton is the best match in Nueces County: Mr. Dacre has youth, but somebody else has more experience. Shall a man, who never fails to get his candidate sent to Austin, to the Legislature, find his plans thwarted by a youth of twenty two? Cannot a man who can pack a convention, break off one match, and make up another one? Mr. Schrieff thinks it can be tried, so uses all his tact, to make friends with young Dacre.

Now what will Miss Emily say to all this? As our friends are nearly at Corpus Christi, you may ride on in advance, and inquire.

II.
EMILY.

Emily Hazleton was walking up and down the gallery, which ran around all sides of her father's house. The building was newly erected, and stood at the extreme north-west boundary of the city, not more than fifty yards from Corpus Christi bay.

From the west wing of the mansion, which was but a story-and-a-half high, and covered a good deal of ground, you could see the entire town. In Texas, a city does not mean a crowded capital, but a village that has a charter, a Mayor, and Board of Aldermen. The white population of Corpus, at the period of which we are writing, 1853, was much larger than it is at present, because it was a military station for Uncle Sam's soldiers on the Rio Grande, and the cash ex-

pendent at this point amounted to over half a million of dollars per annum.

A more beautiful site for a city does not exist on the globe. Coming from the sea, through a long chain of lagoons and bayous, freight is lightered in small vessels—and as you enter Corpus Christi bay, deep enough and vast enough for the largest vessels to ride in safety, the shore looms up in the form of a crescent. A long dead level extends from south to north, half a mile wide, when a high bluff rises up some fifty or sixty feet, overlooking the bay, and the business portion of the city. Along this bluff, many of the more opulent people reside, and the mansions of the late General Forbes Britton, Major Chapman, and Chief Judge Webb, are particularly remarkable for their beauty and exquisite proportions. This bluff once gained, the country is a prairie, as described in the previous chapter.

Emily gazed towards the bluff, and was awaiting the arrival of Mr. Dacre, her father's guest, to whom she was betrothed. The wedding day had not been fixed, but it was supposed the event would take place in a month or six weeks. The twain had been "engaged" for the past three years, and the judgment of Mrs. Grundy rather approved the match, though what business it was of hers is more than I can tell.

Miss Emily was turned twenty-four. She had the advantages of a modern education, and was a very creditable specimen of the boarding school training of the Middle States. She could read French, with the aid of a dictionary and a translation, to peep into occasionally; embroider in Parisian style the finest cambric muslins; run through equations in Algebra tolerably glibly; wrote a very fine hand, bordering on Italian; played on the pianoforte all the light pieces of the day, and a few church chants, in methodical style, and conversed with ease on such subjects as she understood, and even better upon those with which she had no glimmering of an acquaintance. In "the proprieties," the two-and-six-penny moralities, she was literally *au fait*, and thoroughly despised the conventionalisms she obeyed.

Emily Hazleton was a Northern woman. Her father was a man of infinite energy, and his wife a walking interpretation of the word *parveau*. But the daughter was no fool. She was far more cultivated than papa and mama, and felt towards the latter a strange mixture of contempt, mixed with natural affection, in a homeopathic dose. Emily was one of those women, who, without being beautiful, bring more men, and of a higher class, to her feet, than your generally received beauty. Her amber hair was very fine in texture, and fell about her exquisitely moulded head in a wealth of profusion. The forehead was almost too high for feminine loveliness of the classical standard, but deficient in breadth; the arrangement of her hair concealed a portion of its height, while the eyes were so womanly that you never mistook her for a "blue stocking." The nose was small, and anything but handsome, and, moreover, had a slight tendency to turn up; but the nostrils were so exquisitely chiselled, that you forgot the defect. The upper lip was short, and the mouth capable of expressing deep scorn, as well as love. The chin was finely wrought, yet denoted lack of firmness. Her face was slightly freckled,

and the complexion only passably fair. In the throat and shoulders there was a mixture of pride and grace. The hand was beautiful, and her nails as delicately cast as those of the highest lady in the land. Her voice was mellow, and her movements had an irresistible charm, conveying the intense and sublimated sensuousness of her nature, and the restless activity of her intellect.

If you contemplated the countenance of this woman, at that point where profile and full face merged, unless you were a bold man, you would be repelled. There was a treacherous shade in the features; something at once to fascinate and to warn. She was no common woman, and while she might be an inspiration to a lover, a paradox to a philosopher, and a subtle opponent to a foe, she would be a dangerous friend. When she smiled, there was something almost cat-like in the fineness and the regularity of the sharp, pearly teeth, and it was very difficult to imagine she had ever been a laughing, gleesome babe, upon a mother's bosom.

The attire of this woman, on the Friday afternoon, when you first make her acquaintance, was most exquisite in its simplicity. The waves of amber hair were lightly combed away from the brow, and looped up with ribbons of a bluish white. The dress was of purple lawn, full in the skirts and gently trailing on the polished gallery. The sleeves were long, loose, and flowing, open at the waist with Marie Louise lace underneath. The neck was low, but partially veiled by an over sacque of white *brillante*, embroidered with green sprigs, in silk. Her tiny feet were encased in bronzed half-gaiters, and as she paces to and fro, while the waves are washing on the shore hard by, she seems rather a nymph of the sea than a carpenter's daughter.

Now, mark you, how that golden setting sun lends its last rays to catch a resting place for a moment in the glossy wealth of her amber tresses, ere it sinks down to sleep in the deep blue waters of the bay! She hears the song the salt waves are singing as they lash the sands of the beach. Do they tell her that she is faithless, cowardly, and unworthy of the love of a man like Lansing Dacre? Does she know she is untrue to him, hourly, in her heart, and that the more opaque shadow of the German ever rises between him and her first attachment? Refinement, habit, early recollections plead for Lansing in tones deep and gentle; her worsened self is intoxicated by Mr. Schrieff and the energy of his clandestine wooing. Then she is nearly two years older than Lansing, and to marry him no obstacles intervene.

The hearts of some women are bundles of contradictions. He is a very good, or a very young man, who does not believe in the imp of the Perverse. To take a straight road is as hard for some persons as it is for all serpents. They delight in side ways, and crawling around Robin Hood's barn, and Miss Emily had more than one woman's share of the inclination to wind about the Tree of Knowledge. Had she been Eve in the Garden, it is more than possible she might have obtained more information from his unmentionable Majesty than has yet been gathered by the sex, since the forbidden fruit was plucked.

Mr. Dacre and Mr. Schrieff approach, and she is now very busy surveying the beach. It is only when she sees they are hard by that she pretends to observe them—just as if the witch had not been straining her eyes for an entire mortal hour to catch sight of her betrothed and her German suitor. The dear little hypocrites!—old men sadly smile, and young men sometimes go mad over them. You and I, sir, are long past all that sort of danger, but what would you give to have the fresh heart of two and twenty once again?

"Good evening, gentlemen. I hope you have enjoyed your ride, Lansing? Mr. Schrieff, did you show him the new cathedral, that is yet, like many other things in Corpus Christi—a magnificent promise? Yes, I know you did. Father will not be home till next week. Mother is rather unwell, and will not be visible till supper. How tired your ponies look! Shall Sam ungarth them?—Yes?" and Miss Emily gives the order, like a Queen of the Sea.

"We have had a fine ride Emily: I am sure I am much obliged to Mr. Schrieff for his kindness, and he did show me the projected cathedral. We can possibly spare your mother for half an hour, if you will be very amusing, and walk with us in the drawing room, and send Peter for some water. There! Emily, I have answered you seriatim, said Lansing, with animation in his face, a flush on his cheeks, and love in his eyes.

Mr. Schrieff, spoke very deliberately, and looked at Emily steadily. His part, was difficult and his determination to succeed very fixed. He insinuated, rather than expressed some fine complements upon the youth's horsemanship. Mr. Dacre bore the fatigue very well: better than any one he had accompanied, who was so unused to the climate and the peculiar style of saddle and pony. Mr. Dacre was delicate; Texas air would bring him out in a few months.

Women admire strength; Mr. Schrieff know this well. He was a magnificent King in the Body. He magnetized Emily with his dark, piercing eyes. Dacre was more a man of society. In the Louvre, at Rome, at Bath, at Westminster Abbey or at Saratoga or Ballston, he would have had the German at a disadvantage; on the frontier, Carl Schrieff was the better man of the two. Only two years transplanted from the North, Emily looked up to the strong man.

LANSING.—Mr. Schrieff, you told me you were building a house. Can you show me the site from here?"

CARL.—Yes—but as the sun is nearly descended, suppose we go, with Miss Hazleton, and see what I am doing; you can see the corner of the building, if you turn a little to the left. There it is. That will do! It is directly back of that chapel. Not ten minutes stroll from here.

EMILY.—I will accompany you; and, we can pass the Artesian well. Mr. Dacre makes wry faces over the water, but we all do that, and come to drinking it, after a little,

CARL.—I believe that well is the only well-to-do physician in the place, and, as much as the climate, has something to do with our exemption from the fever. Yellow Jack never came here but once, and then he went away, for the first man he took hold of was old Mr. Dethous, who is too lazy to die.

LANSING.—Well, Mr. Schrieff, this is a glorious atmosphere. I don't wonder everybody takes life so easy here. There is indolence in the very air.

EMILY.—Have a care, Mr. Dacre?—(how funny it sounds to call you so!) I do not want you to get infatuated with this country and have the Texas fever.

LANSING.—What is that, Emily?

EMILY.—Laziness, to be sure.

CARL.—I am sure any command of Miss Hazleton will be law to Mr. Dacre; but I doubt if even woman's wit can contend with the weather.

LANSING.—Ha! ha! That is the most cruel thing I have heard you say.

Miss Emily now donned her flat, and the two started for a promenade. She took the arm of neither, but Dacre walked outside of her, and Carl Schrieff followed at her left, nearly a pace in her rear, as an evil genius, or a snake in some fair garden.

The walk of a man is very expressive. Mr. Schrieff put his foot lightly but firmly down. Ant, or harmless grasshopper was crushed beneath his heel; while Lansing, felt, as if walking amidst violets, for Emily Hazleton was beside him, and he often stepped aside for some harmless worm to pass. The young lady floated along, now turning to the one, anon to the other, chatting gaily and easily about any and everything save what she most cherished in her heart.

The Artesian well is in the very centre of the city, but then Corpus Christi is a place of magnificent distances, and does not to-day contain but three or four thousand people, though, at the time of which I am writing, there were probably, thanks to the hard dollars disseminated by old Uncle Sam, twice that number of sojourners in the town. At morning and evening, everybody, rich and poor, high and low, black, white, yellow and red, flock to the well and fill their glasses, monkeys and bottles with the sulphurous waters. As a tonic it is superior to

Congress or empire springs, and though almost as disagreeable to the unaccustomed palate as Harrowgate, it is very clear and cool, and is a physician to the people, without money, and without price.

Dacre's unaccustomed eye, noticed the entire social democracy, that prevailed at this well. Nobody was in a hurry, and each took his, or her turn, with perfect politeness, and good humor, many a young senoritta, giving place voluntarily, to some infirm old man, who could not have raised six reals in a year's time, had his life depended on the negotiation. There were no drawers or dippers, each pe' on filling his vessel from the crystal stream, as it gushed forth from the rock.

"Who says the Mexicans are not a classical people? see how those gentlemen offer a libation to Bacchus, ere they raise the cups to their lips," said Lansing.

"Yes," said Emily, looking scornfully at two Senorittas, who, it is quite possible, were not thoroughly versed in the proprieties of the North, though nobody could deny they were beautiful, "but I am inclined to think Bacchus is not the only deity they worship."

Mr. Schrieff "took," to use a very expressive slang term, but Lansing looked grave, for he comprehended that the thought expressed, both envy and indelicacy; but Emily was his idol, so in a moment he blamed himself, for misunderstanding his beloved, and when he spoke to her, there was a new inflection of tenderness in his voice, always very gentle, when he addressed, even the humblest woman in the land.

The party now proceeded to the house Mr. Schrieff was building. It was evidently going to be substantial, and it had progressed sufficiently far, to show the design: it would be two stories high, with a gallery running about the front and rear; the right wing was almost finished, the other, had scarcely been touched.

"Why have you left this uncompleted?" said Emily, with a spice of Eve's native curiosity.

"I expect to have some assistance, before I finish it," answered Carl quietly.

The young man understood him to mean, he was awaiting funds. Emily knew the remark was intended for herself, and as Carl looked at her, while Dacre was examining the quaint cornice, of the main building, her eyes flashed back upon the German a glance that awoke all the latent fires within him, and made every nerve quiver, with internal exultation.

"But, who is that coming this way?" said Emily, as an odd figure siddled up the road towards them.

"Oh, that," rejoiced Schrieff is India, the Indian fortune teller. The ignorant Greasers* imagine, she has dealings with the Evil One. We had best keep out of her way, if we would avoid her importunities. S'death! she has caught sight of us, and is hobbling up as fast as she can. If some of us do not have our fortunes told, we shall be remembered in her prayers to His Infernal Majesty, for a twelve-month, in other words she will rate us soundly.

"Do you know, I should like above all things to have our fortune told, Emily!" said Dacre, half in jest, half in earnest. There may be a wisdom in superstition, that we can not prove by the rule of three, but is nevertheless not without reason. Everybody wants to know the Future. If yonder old hag reads it by the light of her past, I am afraid it is a very lurid flame that the inscriptions which she sees are written in.

Emily assented and seconded Lansing's proposal, and Schrieff, though he despised Christianity and second-sight as equally baseless superstitions, naturally assented to the proposition, and beckoned India to approach.

She might have been a hundred, for she had evidently outlived every womanish feeling. Tall and guant, with powerful arms, though wasted to a mere skeleton, she was bent by the loss of one of her limbs, and hobbled along with a crutch and a staff. Her hair was perfectly white, and gave to her swarthy, wrinkled features, a strange unna-

tural contrast, while the large, glistening, jetty eyes sat back and peered out from her overhanging shaggy brows. Her hair streamed in the wind, and a copper necklace quaintly carved in the form of a snake lent to her bony throat, an impression analogous to that, which we would feel to perceive an adder, entwined about the neck of a skeleton. On her wrists were gold bands with Aztec letters, and her dark blanket, covered her like a pall.

She looked first at the young man's hand, and marked the lines steadfastly, and then turned her piercing eyes to his face, drew with a piece of flint a circle on the sand, when she lighted a scrap of paper, and marked it burn to ashes when she chaunted in a guttural croak these words:

A broken vow, shall give you truth,
The snake, into a bird shall turn;
From out this trial of your youth,
A rose shall bloom upon your urn.

Going to Schrieff, she said with a sardonic smile.

The panther woos the snake and thinks
A dove it is, he would beguile;
The poison mixing, ere he drinks,
Let him but pause a fit while:—
The snake, the panther, shall subdue,
The dove shall vanish, like a dream,
The bitter dregs remain for you,
The grave a very refuge seem.

Then approaching Emily, she took her hand, and held it like a vice, as with the other she pointed to the surging waves of the bay, lashing the beach with the fast gathering wind:

Dove or panther: snake or man,
Read my riddle, if you can,
Days will come, and days will go,
Days and nights, the truth will show,
Maiden follow light you know,
Wander no more, to and fro,
Twix the paths of day and night,
You will be lost—O, leave my sight!

And clutching the silver coin Schrieff tossed to her, she hobbled off, but Dacre felt the old hag's eyes followed them as they returned.

"Well," said Mrs. Hazleton, as they returned, "supper has been awaiting you this half an hour, and a gentleman from New Orleans is very anxious to see Mr. Dacre in the drawing-room. Ask your friend in to say 'yes'?" And Dacre thanking her, promised to do so, and went to greet his unannounced visitor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

• • • Russell's Magazine has published some exquisite songs. The subjoined stanza from a poem in an old number, is very sweet. The lover thus speaks to his betrothed:—

"Indeed, indeed I do not know,
Of all thou hast, the power to grant,
A boon for which I could not show,
Some pretty precedent extant.
Oh, put the anger from thine eyes!
Or shut them, if they still must frown,
Those lips, despite you garish skies,
Can bring a timely darkness down."

• • • We notice with pain, a certain morbidity of tone, in much of the "native" verse, (or poetry, if the writers will so imagine it) that we meet with in some of our Canadian exchanges. To the unreflecting, this may seem a trivial subject, yet if straws show which way the wind blows, the productions of young writers, however crude, serve to show the temper of their thoughts. Moreover: Canadian papers, being read by the young people of the provinces must have an influence, and, while the tone of most of the editorials in these home papers are healthy, the poetical contributions often reveal the most morbid sensibilities. Perhaps this is the inevitable reaction from an over practicality, but the fact, although it may pass unnoticed or unheeded by those who only read papers for news, political or commercial items, is patent that many of our young people who rhyme for the papers, semi-occasionally, are mentally morbid. Byron, Shelley and the unhappy "L. E. L.," are doubtless responsible for much of this feverish thought, for persons of literary taste, who have neither genius to be great, nor common sense enough to be happy, will, unconsciously, imitate what they have read and admired. Matrimony, is perhaps the only antidote for this morbid sentimentalism.

• • • The events of to-day have more interest for us than those of yesterday. So men are fast giving up books for newspapers.

* A term of reproach applied by whites, to the mixed blooded Mexican men.

THE WORLD.

Nihil est dulcius his teris, quibus ca hinc terram, maris, cognoscimus.

There is a noble passage in Lucretius, in which he describes a savage in the early stages of the world, when men were yet contending with beasts the possession of the earth, flying with loud shrieks through the woods from the pursuit of some ravenous animals, unable to fabricate arms for his defence, and without art to staunch the streaming wounds inflicted on him by his four-footed competitor. But there is a deeper subject of speculation, if we carry our thoughts back to that still earlier period when the beasts of the field and forests held undivided sway; when Titanian brutes, whose race has been long extinct, exercised a terrific despotism over the subject earth; and that "bare forked animal," who is pleased to dub himself the Lord of the Creation, had not been called up out of the dust to assume his *soi-dissant* supremacy. Philosophers and geologists discover in the bowels of the earth itself indisputable proofs that it must have been for many centuries nothing more than a splendid arena for monsters. We have scarcely penetrated beyond its surface; but, whenever any convulsion of nature affords us a little deeper insight into her recesses, we seldom fail to discover fossil remains of gigantic creatures, though, amid all these organic fragments, we never encounter the slightest trace of any human relics. How strange the thought, that for numerous, perhaps innumerable centuries, this most beautiful pageant of the world performed its magnificent evolutions, the sun and moon rising and setting, the seasons following their appointed succession, and the ocean uprolling its invariable tides, for no other apparent purpose than that lions and tigers might retire howling to their dens as the shaking of the ground proclaimed the approach of the mammoth, or that the behemoth might perform his unwieldy flounders in the deep! How bewildering the idea that the glorious firmament and its constellated lights, and the varicolored clouds that hang like pictures upon its sides, and the perfume which the flowers scatter from their painted censers, and the blushing fruits that delight the eye not less than the palate and the perpetual music of winds, waves and woods, should have been formed for the recreation and embellishment of a vast menagerie!

And yet we shall be less struck with wonder that all this beauty, pomp, and delight, should have been thrown away upon undiscerning and unreasonable brutes, if we call to mind that many of those human bipeds, to whom nature has given the "os sublime," have little more perception or enjoyment of her charms than a "cow on a common, or a goose on a green." Blind to her more obvious wonders, we cannot expect that they should be interested in the silent but stupendous miracles which an invisible hand is perpetually performing around them—that they should ponder on the mysterious, and even contradictory metamorphoses which the unchanged though change-producing earth is unceasingly effecting. She converts an acorn into a majestic oak, and they heed it not, though they will wonder for whole months how harlequin changed a porter-pot into a nosegay;—she raises from a little bulb a stately tulip, and they only notice it to remark, that it would bring a good round sum in Holland;—from one seed she elaborates an exquisite flower, which diffuses a delicious perfume, while to another by its side she imparts an offensive odour; from some she extracts a poison, from others a balm, while from the reproductive powers of a small grain she contrives to feed the whole populous earth; and yet these matter-of-course gentry, because such magical paradoxes are habitual, see in them nothing more strange than that they themselves should cease to be hungry when they have had their dinners, or that two and two should make four, when they are adding up their Christmas bills. It is of no use to remind such obtuse plodders, when recording individual enthusiasm, that

My charmer is not mine alone, my sweets,
And she that sweetens all my bitter tows,
Nature, enchanting Nature, in whose form
And elements divine I trace a hand
That ere not, and find raptures still renew'd,
Is free to all men—universal prize!"

for though she may be free to them, she sometimes prescribes them, instead of a prize, "an universal blank." The most astounding manifestations, if they recur regularly, are unmarked; it is only the trifling deviations from their own daily experience that set them gaping in a stupid astonishment.

For my own part, I thank Heaven that I can never step out into this glorious world, I can never look forth upon the flowery earth, and the glancing waters, and the blue sky, without feeling an intense and ever new delight; a physical pleasure that makes mere existence delicious. Apprehensions of the rheumatism may deter me from imitating the noble fervour of Lord Bacon, who, in a shower, used sometimes to take off his hat, that he might feel the great spirit of the universe descend upon him; but I had rather gulp down the balmy air than quaff the richest ambrosia that was ever tipped upon Olympus; for while it warms and expands the heart, it produces no other intoxication than that intellectual abandonment which gives up the whole soul to a mingled overflowing of gratitude to Heaven, and benevolence towards man. "Were I not Alexander," said the Emathian madman, "I would wish to be Diogenes;" so, when feasting upon this aerial beverage, which is like swallowing so much vitality, I have been tempted to ejaculate: "Were I not a man, I should wish to be a chameleon." In Pudding Lane, and the Minorities, I am aware that this potation, like Irish whiskey, is apt to have the smack of the smoke somewhat too strong; and even the classic atmosphere of Conduit-street may occasionally require a little filtering; but I speak of that pure, racy, elastic element which I have this morning been inhaling in one of the forests of France, where, beneath a sky of inconceivable loveliness, I reclined upon a mossy bank, moralizing like Jacques; when, as if to complete the scene, a stag emerged from the trees, gazed at me for a moment, and dashed across an opening into the far country. Here was an end of every thing Shakspearian, for presently the sound of horns made the welkin ring, and a set of grotesque figures bedizened with lace dresses, cocked hats, and jack-boots, deployed from the wood, and followed the chase with praiseworthy regularity, the nobles taking the lead, and the procession being brought up by the *valets des chiens a pied*. Solitude and silence again succeeded to this temporary interruption, though in the amazing clearness of the atmosphere I could see the stag and his pursuers scouring across the distant plain, like a pigmy pageant, long after I had lost the sound of the horns and the baying of the dogs. A man must have been abroad to form an idea of this lucidness and transparency, which confers upon him a new sense, or at least enlarges an old one by the additional tracts of country which it places within his visual grasp, and the heightened hues with which the wide horizon is invested by the crystal medium through which it is surveyed. I feel this extension of power with a more emphatic complacency, because it seems to impart a warmer zest to religious impressions; though I suspect novelty contributes liberally to the result, as I do not by any means find a correspondent fervour in those who have passed their lives in this delightful climate.

In the unfavored regions, where Heaven seems to look with a scowling eye upon the earth, and the hand of a tremendous Deity is perpetually stretched forth to wield the thunder and the storm, men not only learn to reverence the power on whose mercy they feel themselves to be hourly dependent, but instinctively turn from the hardships and privations of this world to the hope of more genial skies and luxurious sensations in the next. The warmth of religion is frequently in proportion to the external cold; the more the body shivers, the more the mind wraps itself up in ideal furs, and revels in imaginary sunshine; and it is remarkable, that in every creed, climate forms an essential feature in the rewards or punishments of a future state. Scandinavian hell was placed amid "chilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;" while the attractions of the Mahometan Paradise is the coolness of its shady groves. By the lot of humanity, there is no proportion between the extremes of pleasure and

pain. No enjoyment can be set off against an acute tooth-ache, much less against the amputation of a limb, or many permanent diseases; and our distributions of a future state strikingly attest this inherent inequality. The torments are intelligible and distinct enough, and lack not a tangible conception; but the beauties are shadowy and indefinite, and, for want of some experimental standard by which to estimate them, are little better than abstractions.

In the temperate and delicious climates of the earth, which ought to operate as perpetual stimulants to gratify piety, there is, I apprehend, too much enjoyment to leave room for any great portion of religious fervour. The inhabitants are too well satisfied with this world to look much beyond it. "I have no objection," said an English sailor, "to pray upon the occasion of a storm or a battle, but they make us say prayers on board our ship when it is the finest weather possible, and not an enemy's flag to be seen!" This is but a blind aggravation of a prevalent feeling among mankind, when the very blessings we enjoy, by attaching us to earth, render us almost indifferent to heaven. When they were comforting a King of France upon his death-bed with assurances of a perennial throne amid the regions of the blessed, he replied with a melancholy air, that he was perfectly satisfied with the Tuilleries and France. I myself began to feel the enervating effects of climate, for there has not been a single morning, in this country, in which I could have submitted, with a reasonable good humour, to be hanged; while in England, I have experienced many days, in and out of November, when I could have gone through the operation with stoical indifference; nay, have even felt an extraordinary respect for the Ordinary, and have requested Mr. Ketch to "accept the assurances of my distinguished consideration" for taking the trouble off my own hands. I am capable of feeling now why the Neapolitans, in the late invasion, boggled about exchanging, upon a mere point of honor, their sunny skies, "love-breathing woods and lute-resounding waves," and the sight of the dancing Mediterranean, for the silence and darkness of the cold blind tomb. Falstaffs in every thing, they "like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath." From the same cause, the luxurious Asiatics have always fallen an easy prey to the invader; while the Arab has invariably been ready to fight for his burning sands, and the Scythian for his snows, not because they overvalued their country, but because its hardships had made them undervalue life. As many men cling to existence to perpetuate pleasures, so there are some who will even court death to procure them. Gibbon records what he terms the enthusiasm of a young Mussulman, who threw himself upon the enemy's lances, singing religious hymns, proclaiming that he saw the black-eyed Houris of Paradise waiting with open arms to embrace him, and cheerfully sought destruction that he might revel in lasciviousness. This is not the fine courage of principle, nor the fervor of patriotism, but the drunkenness of sensuality. The cunning device of Mahomet, in offering a posthumous bonus to those who would have their throats cut for the furtherance of his ambition, was but an imitation of Odin and other northern butchers; and what is glory in its vulgar acceptance, stars, crosses, ribbons, titles, public funerals, and national monuments, but the blinding baubles with which more legitimate slaughterers lure on dupes and victims to their own destruction? These sceptered jugglers shall never coax a bayonet into my body, nor wheedle a bullet into my brain; for I had rather go without rest altogether, than sleep in the bed of honor. So far from understanding the ambition of being turned to dust, I hold with the old adage about the living dog and dead lion. I am pigeon livered, and lack gall to encounter the stern scythe-bearing skeleton. When I return to the land of fogs I may get courage to look him in the skull; but it unnerves one to think of quitting such delicious skies, and rustling copses, and thick-flowered meads, and Favonian gales as these which now surround me; and it is intolerable to reflect, that yonder blazing sun may shine upon my grave without imparting to me any

portion of this cheerful warmth, or that the blackbird, whom I now hear warbling as if his heart were running over with joy, may perch upon my tombstone without my hearing a single note of his song.

As it is probable that the world existed many ages without any inhabitants whatever, was, next subjected to the empire of brutes, and now constitutes the dominion of man, it would seem likely, that in its progressive advancement to higher destinies it may ultimately have lords of the creation much superior to ourselves, who may speak compassionately of the degradation it experienced under human possession, and congratulate themselves on the extinction of that pugnacious and mischievous biped called Man. The face of Nature is still young; it exhibits neither wrinkles nor decay, whether radiant with smiles or awfully beautiful in frowns, it is still enchanting, and not less fraught with spiritual than material attractions, if we do but know how to moralize upon her features and presentments. To consider, for instance, this balmy air which is gently waving the branches of a chestnut tree before my eyes—what a mysterious element it is! Powerful enough to shipwreck navies, and tear up the deep grappling oak, yet so subtle as to be invisible, and so delicate as not to wound the naked eye. Naturally imperishable, who can imagine all the various purposes to which the identical portion may have been applied, which I am at this instant inhaling? Perhaps at the creation it served to modulate in words the sublime command, "Let there be light," when the blazing sun rolled itself together, and upheaved from chaos:—perhaps impelled by the jealous Zephyrus it urged Apollo's quoit against the blue-veined forehead of Hyacinthos;—it may perchance have filled the silken sails of Cleopatra's vessel, as she floated drownd the Cydnus; or have burst from the mouth of Cicero in the indignant exordium—"Quousque tandem. Catilina, abutere patientia nostra?" or his still more abrupt exclamation, "Absit—evasit—excessit—crupit!" It may have given breath to utter the noble dying speeches of Socrates in his prison, of Sir Philip Sidney on the plains of Zutphen, of Russell at the block. But the same inexhaustible element which would supply endless matter for my reflections, may perhaps pass into the mouth of the reader, and be vented in a peevish—"Psha! somewhat too much of this,"—and I shall therefore hasten to take my leave of him, claiming some share of credit, that when so ample a range was before me, my speculations should so soon, like the witches in Macbeth, have "made themselves air, into which they vanished."

Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

To all men the best friend is virtue; the best companions are high endeavors and honorable sentiments.

Of all monarchs, nature is the most just in the enactment of laws, and the most rigorous in the violation of them.

We are often more cruelly robbed by those who steal into our hearts than by those who break into our houses.

In some tranquil and apparently amiable natures there are often unsuspected and unfathomable depths of resentment.

That only can with propriety be styled refinement, which by strengthening the intellect, purifies the manners.

When a young man complains bitterly that a young lady has no heart, it is a pretty certain sign that she at least has his.

He who thinks he can do without others is mistaken; he who thinks others can do without him, is still more mistaken.

When a cunning man seems the most humble and submissive, he is often the most dangerous. Look out for the crouching tiger.

Friends should be very delicate and careful in administering pity as medicine, when enemies use the same article as poison.

Some of us fret inwardly, and some fret outwardly. The latter is the better plan for our friends, but the worse for ourselves.

THE HOME JOURNAL:

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

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

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

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

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

WILLIAM HALLIDAY, Publisher,
Colborne Street, Toronto.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

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Wholesale Agents are wanted at Kingston, Ottawa, Montreal and Quebec, to supply the News-dealers in their respective districts, with the HOME JOURNAL.

We are making arrangements to supply dealers in some of the principal Cities of the United States, in order to place within the reach of their Canadian residents a Canadian paper, free from the controversies, political or religious, that almost invariably characterize our newspaper literature.



The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1861.

OUR ENTERPRISE.

TO-DAY we issue the first number of the HOME JOURNAL. We have had some doubts and misgivings about our intended undertaking; but after weeks of consideration and thought, now find ourselves face to face with the public. Notwithstanding the failures that have hitherto attached themselves in this country, to similar enterprises, we are buoyed up, with a confidence of success. The field before us is broad and fertile, and we know it must yield abundantly to whoever bestows upon it proper cultivation and care. We are willing husbandmen in this field; and hope soon to show the public, (who will appreciate us according to our deserts,) that our reliance is well founded, our enterprise beneficial and worthy of support. We issue forth unprospected, and but barely announced. No trumpet sounding herald has preceded our appearance. We have made no magnificent promises; we cannot, therefore, disappoint any "great expectations."

That this paper will succeed, if we but truly understand our mission, we are certain. We have been long assured, that the public taste is ripe and ready for an enterprise of this description. Indeed, it must appear strange that Canada has up to this period, been without a permanent literary periodical. We have had many attempts at the establishment of a vehicle of this nature, in various forms, and in various localities. But every one of them, commencing with the *Canadian Magazine*, published at Montreal in 1824, and ending with the *Family Herald*, published but a few months since, has been a failure. Whether the fault has been with the public or the publishers, we are not prepared to say.

We find ourselves in different circumstances however, at the present day. The advantages are all on our side. Canada is rapidly assuming national proportions. Her population is not now, all immigrant, battling for a home in the wilderness. We have a large educated population, both native and otherwise, who have time for reading and reflection; and, the literary newspaper is the popular periodical. We have innumerable young men and women, with cultivated minds and correct tastes, craving for a fresh and free native literature, to arouse their sympathies and beguile their leisure hours. We have also, in our midst, many young persons with active imaginations, a strong desire for

literary recreations, and a yearning for literary fame. By both those classes, our paper will be weekly looked for with interest, and we are confident, they will appreciate our efforts; on the one hand, in supplying them with acceptable reading, and on the other, in giving publicity to their productions.

Hitherto the readers of Canada, have had to satisfy themselves with what is imported from the New York and Boston markets, or brought from abroad. It is now full time that something Canadian, not only in name and appearance, but also in sentiment and subject, should be offered to them. This we propose to do, to the best of our ability. We have abundance of talent, which for want of a suitable channel to give it vent, lies dormant and useless. That we shall have hosts of contributors we are well satisfied, and now at once, invite them to our standard.

Those who are already experienced in the world of letters, and whose names are known to fame, we shall be glad to hold up as examples to the aspiring but timorous tyros, whom we shall be glad to lead on by the hand and encourage.

It may be objected by some, that we do not fully meet the want which it is our aim to supply—that our sheet is too small, to compete with the large and varied literary papers, which weekly inundate us, from the States. To such we say, that our aspiration is to be equal to the best of them. In some respects, we think we shall show, in a few weeks, that we surpass them. Did we commence magnificently with a mammoth sheet, it would at once be said (with the recollection of a late similar enterprise in the public mind) that a literary paper so expensive, could not be maintained. If our sheet is smaller than most such papers elsewhere, our price is lower; and we think our friends will find in it as much good reading, as in papers of a larger size. We do not expect it will produce us any profit for some time, as our intention is to devote all our resources to its improvement; whereby we hope finally to reap a reward commensurate with our exertions.

With these preliminary remarks, we submit "our enterprise" to the Canadian public, and confidently solicit their sympathy and support.

A WORD WITH THE PEOPLE.

HUMBLY, as a little child, we enter upon the duties of our editorial station. The weight of the responsibility arises from the fact that this *Journal* aims to reach the hearts of the young people.

An experiment—a little vessel, launched on waters where many larger ships have been cast away, its safety depends on your kind co-operation, which can alone give the Publisher success, and the Editor happiness.

The tendency of our modern civilization is essentially materialistic; and, at the present time, there is no journal in Canada where the cultivated, the imaginative, the high-souled and the daring, can meet on a common level, and exchange those airy thoughts that enwrap so many of their hours in beautiful reveries. That the void the paper essays to fill really exists, is demonstrated by the large and weekly increasing sales, of not only the best English periodicals and reviews, but the cheap literature of the United States. While it is not expected, that a provincial paper, of the scope of the HOME JOURNAL, can supply the place of those great publications of Great Britain that have earned their present high position by many decades of business energy and thrift, coupled with intellectual research; nor that the lighter serials and magazines of New York, Boston and Philadelphia will be overlooked, it is confidently believed by the publisher, that the Canadian HOME JOURNAL, will measurably fill a niche in every closet that, at present, seems to be vacant.

It is a common error to confound English and Canadian civilization. Unquestionably we owe much to the mother country and are proud of our Queen, but our people, heterogeneous though they be in origin, have essentially individual characteristics. A people must look to life's necessities, ere they care for their literature, but the rapid increase of these provinces in wealth, has not been with-

out a corresponding mental development; and to foster letters at home, and cultivated tastes among the rising generation is so lofty an aim, that much may be forgiven where so much that is praiseworthy in intention is sought.

One thing can be promised by the paper—it shall be the organ of no clique in Letters, Theology or Statecraft. Its course is not, over the high ways and much travelled roads of party predilection; it does not arrogate to itself the privilege of mending the intricate paths of theological casuistry; its walks are over the verdant meads of poesy, biography, romance, and among the gilded palaces of conflicting, but intrinsically beautiful civilizations. In letters, at least, democracy is practicable, and so that wholesome morals and elegance of diction characterize contributions sent for examination, no pilgrim up the glittering heights of Parnassus shall be rudely thrust aside.

Let the young *litterateur*, whether he be an amateur or a professional, bear three points in view in forwarding contributions to this journal; he should never send out a line to the world, he could not read to his sister or his wife; he should let his real name and residence accompany his communication, as a guarantee of his good faith, and his private letter should state whether he writes for bread or for the love of letters—whether his circumstances are such, that they can be to him "their own exceeding great reward."

Personalities will find no place in the paper. It is scarcely possible any one can be so lost to a love of his land, and of progressive civilization as to cast stones at so young a traveller, over so perilous a road, but should, unhappily, any misguided person be so unfortunate, he must be left to time that tries all—refines the good and purifies or punishes the evil. No abuse of any writer, be he or she ever so obscure or unfortunate can be permitted in these columns, though dignified and manly criticisms of new books, inventions and enterprises will be kindly considered, and from time to time inserted.

The publisher wisely sends forth, for the present, none of those aggravated forms of Nineteenth century nuisances, known as canvassers, or travelling agents.

Any reputable news dealer, will furnish you the paper, from week to week, or, if, you feel desirous of obtaining it by the mail, by remitting the price, *pro rata*, for the time you wish it sent you, it will be punctually forwarded. By taking an interest in the matter, with your pen and personal influence, you will confer a favor that will be gratefully appreciated by the proprietor.

And now, good friends, (and there are among you many elderly men and women, with souls that Time never tinges with frosts of bitterness, but, who love the pleasant walks of improvement, and the shady groves of Letters, where no carking care in *des*;) let us express the hope, that we shall call you our gentle readers, for many a long year; that the JOURNAL may live and grow, when the hand that traces these lines, is cold and motionless for ever; that many kindred publications may arise with the advancing civilization of these provinces; that they shall develop the literary taste of successive generations—and, under their fostering shelter, embolden many hearts, to utter to their countrymen and countrywomen their sweet, sad songs, their airy fancies, and their gems of humor.

The present Editor, while he has charge of the HOME JOURNAL, will aim to please, and treat readers and contributors as friends, brothers and sisters in letters, rather than assume those airs of editorial condescension and stateliness, which would be out of place in a paper like this; and which, foreign to his nature, lend ever but a theatrical dignity to a man, who is more full of the human, than the politician—who would rather converse with his neighbors than make speeches to please a party.

So, having gone through with the ceremony of introduction, and, at the risk of a charge of egotism, talked plainly with the public, we vanish in the shadows, and let the little boat glide wherever the winds of public favor may permit.

THE EDITOR.

Lose not the glory of the sun by always seeking to count the spots upon it.

STREET STUDIES.

BY DOUGLASS.

It is curious to note how many different ways one portion of the world sets about studying and analyzing the other. Almost everybody of a reflecting turn of mind has a peculiar stand-point from which he looks abroad over society, and forms his estimate of its idiosyncrasies and habits, its virtues and its vices. Some view human life as a traveller views a landscape—from a distance. From some prominent background, they by one commanding sweep survey the whole in the aggregate; they contemplate life in the mass. Again, many get riveted to one peculiar phase of it; they dog its history with persevering and unrelenting eagerness. The kaleidoscope of the ever-shifting multitude shows but one color to their eyes; still they are satisfied with this squint at life, and live on in the belief that they have fathomed its mystery, and discovered the key to human actions and passions. Another class, afraid to look the world in the face at all, glean their scanty and crude ideas of it from books. What little they know is gathered from the teachings of philosophers and the wisdom of the learned. The curtain is drawn between them and the moving panorama, and the imagination alone supplies the lack of observation and reality. Now all these methods are more or less wrong. By them, we are incapable of forming a real and appreciative estimate of our fellow men. The philosophy of such observers is at best one-sided, and falls far short of that which is founded on a comprehensive and analytic examination. True, we may dimly behold the battle of life as it surges along in its restless upheavings, but its under current is imperceptible. The impulses that are the life-blood of society are never detected; the inferences are always partial, often erroneous.

A philosopher, in one of his gloomy fits, once said that "Life itself is a disease; a working by suffering." Perhaps there is much truth in the expression, but we imagine that the motive of life is as much the result of pleasure as of pain. Were such a truism to have a universal application, this fair world of ours would have a most sepulchral look, and the gleams of love and happiness that ever and anon shoot athwart the thunder clouds of passion and folly would forever disappear. There is, undoubtedly, a time to laugh and a time to weep. There is a time when it is right for us to be at peace with ourselves and all the world besides—to paint life with the sun-gilt colours of brightened hope and expectancy—to trace the wonderful beneficence of the All Wise in our career. And it is no less right that we should have our moments of despondency and gloom; that we should feel but for a moment all the bitterness and despair that can be pressed into the heart. Such moments every one feels; when the world seems a blank, cheerless and foreboding; when friends seem to have turned enemies and left us to struggle alone and unaided; when our own soul refuses to give comfort or restore hope; when all seems black and tempestuous, and forelorn, and we sink for a time into utter despair. Yet slowly, but surely, the dawn returns. The mental horizon, erst all black and storm-charged, gets once more unclouded and serene. The lights of a purer philosophy and returning hope shed their benign influence around, and the sufferer arises purified by the terrible ordeal—more meet to learn and to suffer, to accomplish his allotted work, and to extract a salutary lesson from every experience, be it pleasant or sad.

With this digression, let me return to the subject of my paper. I was observing that no one can form a true appreciation of life, or probe the secret, underlying springs of men's acts, but by mixing up with every caste, familiarizing ourselves with every class, and taking our proper share in whatever is to be performed. We must plunge into the living vortex, we must follow the tide as it moves along, we must track each labyrinthine turn, and watch narrowly every fluctuation, if we wish to gain anything like a faithful portraiture of society. And we know no fitter place for such an object than

the streets of a city. They are the grand theatre of action, the stages on which each plays his little part, the broad platform where business and pleasure, fashion and pride exhibit themselves in the noon-day sun. The simple purposes of honesty and the transparent covering of hypocrisy are here tangible and apparent. The eager thirst after riches and ambition betrays itself in the hurried gait and business look of the passer-by. The beggar and the outcast appeal in tones of pity for as much as will satisfy their hunger. Vice, arrayed in flaring habiliments and unblushing finery, rubs shoulders with the virtuous and the good as each passes on its own road to its own goal. Old age, hoary and bent with years of busy activity, has to give place to the impetuous stride of youthful vigor—the one looking forward to a dim and near-approaching eternity, the other buoyant and high-hoped on a prospective life of happiness. What a strange mingling of forms and features, of characters and impulses! What a text-book for the philosopher and the philanthropist! What a sermon to the thoughtless and the unreflecting! Here, we say, a philosophy may be learned that the schoolasts never dreamt of; here an insight may be gained into human nature that we never would find in books. True, such peripatetic observation runs much in the face of fashion. We care not, for nature stamps it with authenticity, and nature is eternal, while fashion is ephemeral.

Streets themselves, apart from their inhabitants, are an interesting and profitable study. I like to walk along them, whether in the first flush of morning, when the reinvigorated energies of man start anew into life; or when the living mass moves along their broad pavements in all the bustle and hurry of noon-tide haste; or when the deep hush of midnight hangs over the big heart of the city, and sets its wild throbbings, for a season, at rest. They have characters of their own as marked and distinct as those of men. Those west end thoroughfares put on an air of respectability that would be deemed sadly out of place in other localities. They impress the beholder with an idea of the wealth, the grandeur, and the pride that surround him. Here the song and the dance, and the festive carousal may be heard; here all the gilt and glitter of fashion find their appropriate home, and here also avarice and pride often dwell side by side with their more pleasant neighbors. Some streets begin their existence with no such pretensions. Perhaps they are the receptacles of the commerce of a country, the spoils of foreign climes, the resting places or half-way houses between the producer and the consumer. Here the merchants sit and regulate the commerce of the globe. Here fortunes are made and lost with all the rapidity of reckless speculation. Here grow up the men that are to succeed their fathers in the turmoil of business, and here they learn the lessons that will fit them to guide and direct the fluctuating waves of commerce. I might also speak of those streets that have fallen into recent decay, where everything betokens a decrepit incident to gathering age. I might draw the picture of those which seem to have become the sewers of a city's population, where are collected the outcasts, the *sans culottes* of society. But my space is exhausted. These few thoughts are but preparatory. By and by, I may go into detail, and pick up from my daily rounds some things yet more interesting in my "Street Studies."

THE ORIGIN OF "PUNCH,"

Something more than twenty years ago, four men were sitting in a little tavern in Ipswich. They were what is technically known as "poor devils"—and we use the expression, not because we like vulgar phrases, but because no other term gives their true estate. They were "Bohemians" in a decline. They drank a great deal of gin, and as the washerwoman held most of their shirts as security for her labor, they used to go shirtless a large part of the time. To remedy the defect in their wardrobe, they invented the paper collar, now so generally worn by the flash people of New York and Boston, and buttoning their thread-bare coats and covering the creases with ink, they

were as happy as lords. Being very fond of punch in the evening, and very brilliant over the bottle, one day, Mark Lemon proposed that they should print their jokes, and call it by the name of England's favorite joker—Mr. Punch. The names of those four men were Douglas Jerrold, Lamont Blanchard, William North and Dion L. Bourcicault. Poor Jerrold is dead, and his family is in moderate circumstances. Blanchard died in poverty, and his poor wife owes all she has to the brotherly conduct of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, whose heart was ever open to the needs of less fortunate brother authors, and on whose head the laurels of fame sit more gracefully, because with years and domestic infelicities he has grown purer and better. William North committed suicide at No. 9 Bond Street, New York, in the latter part of November 1855, for love of Ada Clare, one of the most beautiful, gifted and brilliant women on the American Continent. She is the original of Columbia, in the lamented poet's "Slave of the Lamp." Bourcicault married Agnes Robertson; wrote the Octoroon, made a fortune and quit chewing opium. And the London *Punch* is a power felt throughout the whole civilized world. Even the French Emperor became tired of excluding it from Paris, for all the wits, as well as the noblesse of the Fauburg St. Germain demanded its weekly visits. Three cheers for the free press of England and three times three for the London *Punch*—a paper that will never die, while a "Bohemian" lives in the land.

The Editor's Round Table.

One of these fine days, we shall have something to say about theatricals in general, and Toronto theatricals in particular.

We shall, in a few issues, present our readers with an original article from the sparkling pen of Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq., M. P. He is so well known and beloved in Canada, that it would be gilding refined gold, to speak in praise of his literary contributions.

Introductions often mean nothing. Modern Society has become a theatre for the display of the tailor and mantua maker's wares, whilst the *dramatis personæ*, as in an old English Comedy of to-day, talk pretty and meaningless vapidities.

The lot of the Exile is to be calumniated without replying—to suffer without complaining—for *him* there is no justice. Weary and thirsty, his soul panteth within him, and he finds no city to dwell in, no rest for the sole of his weary feet.

Some of our politicians in these provinces, are so accustomed to the faint and dim light of partizan politics, that if they catch a glimpse of the broad sunshine of truth, their eyes become sore, and closing them, they say it is dark.

At this point, we come across a Gem in an old number of a Scotch journal. It is one of those precious jewels that are always appropriate: Let it atone for any faults in our paragraphing this week. Its beauty like Charity, may cloak a multitude of sins.

Mentioning McGee, naturally leads one into the theory of politics—with the details of which no Literary Journal should ever meddle. Law and public opinion should go hand in hand in all progressive measures however, and it is bad policy to attempt coercing the spirit of the age. It is better and easier to do good by stealth than by force.

The sketch by James McCarroll, Esq., of this city, which is reprinted on the sixth page of this impression, from a number of the late *Anglo-American Magazine*, will be read with gratification, as one welcomes an old friend in a strange house. It is with pleasure we are permitted to announce an original Canadian story, from the same graceful pen, which we trust to give our readers in a few weeks.

Scandal mongering is an ancient and incurable disease. Like other corruptions, it thrives best in the darkness and damp, at-

tracting about it the hideous worms, the horrid gad-flies and disgusting larvae of Society. The sunshine of Knowledge, and vital Christianity are alike fatal to it. It is your ignorant, masculine women, your craven, effeminate men, your unlovely wives and dawdling, do-nothing daughters; husbands without stamina, and your spinsters without suitors, that are prominent in the cause of individual detraction.

American newspaper correspondents possess, in common, certain idiosyncracies. Hungry for news, their mental digestion would shame that of an ostrich. To be a good letter writer is to attain the "Seventh Sphere," wherein author rarely can enter, because they would, if admitted, ask their friends to read their works, and thus transform it into the realms of King Boredom. Editorial correspondence, even here at home, is rarely readable, for the Knight of the Quill carries his local prejudices in his carpet bag. To travel a man must look sharp, shake off prejudice, and keep quiet till he returns home, and his faculties get over the glare of novelty.

The idea of politics suggests punning. A politician is a creature that everybody has a right to make fun of: but a bad pun deserves severe punishment. Here is a pun made by Peter Cagger, Secretary of the N. Y. State Democratic (Douglas) committee. Cagger is an Irishman and loves a joke. He said to an English friend the other day, at a public gathering, just before dinner, in the bar-room of the Delavan House when invited to imbibe: "I never take bitters before I dine, for a bottle of champagne, on an empty stomach, is much more likely to produce a happy-light!" The Englishman ordered the wine, and the bystanders grinned.

If the Royal Lyceum is not perfection, and it is a great distance from it, the audience needs criticising as well as the actors. We would inform our American cousins, that however much they may desire to hear "Dixie," it is not usual in this province for an orchestra to yield to clamor, an *encore* they would cheerfully gratify as a request. Moreover, when "God save the Queen" is played, it is only the part of a gentleman to respect the propriety of the occasion by removing his hat gracefully. Any American would remove his hat to a lady, and the Queen is at least, the first lady in the empire. *Verbum sat.*

Spring has passed away. June is here, gallantly escorted by old Father Time, who lays his hand on some sunny heads so lightly, that they scarcely seem to feel his touch. June is the sixth month of the year—(to drop poetical figures which cannot hide their nakedness in our vaporish prose to-day)—when the sun enters the sign Cancer. The orthography of the word is a little altered by the nations of Southern Europe; the French spell it Juin, the Italians, Guigno, the Spanish, Junio, and the old Romans (whence we have all got the word) Junius. "The long June days," never lag wearily, even to the young, to whom days are so much longer than to the old. "Tired of play," perchance, we sang as children, but then we never wearied of life, for we enjoyed the present, and looked forward to the future that promised us so much joy, and brought perhaps such heavy pain. Heigho! if young people only knew the peace and blessedness, the glory of the hey-day of their youthfulness.

We beg leave to call attention to the story on our first page, written by Fenwick Loveridge, Esq., formerly of San Antonio de Bexar, Texas. This is the gentleman who was driven out of Troy, N. Y., where he was publishing the *Morning News*. Mr. Loveridge is a brother of Mr. Clinton Loveridge, of Albany, the celebrated landscape painter—a pupil of the world-known James M. Hart, of Scotland. Mr. Loveridge is well known to the literary people in New York, Boston and New Orleans, and the author of a book called "Tharg," of which the N. Y., *Leader* speaks as follows in its issue of April 23rd:—

"Tharg is a very strange, wild, wierd little story, complete in itself, and quite as well worth reading, as anything of the time. It is literally crammed full of thought, and has a tragic interest in plot, that should have formed a story of full and orthodox

proportions. Some of the character sketching in it has fearful power, and suggests that the writer (who is young and should have his career all before him) has passed through furnace fires that only a few pass and survive. Mr. Loveridge has published more than one story in the *Leader* as well as other N. Y., papers, embodying romantic power of the first promise."

We need only say in this connection, that Mr. Loveridge is in his twenty-fourth year and a highly cultivated gentleman.

Poets' Column.



FOR THE MOTHER'S SAKE.

BY T. McKellar.

[A young man, who had left his home in Maine, ruddy and vigorous, was seized with the yellow fever in New Orleans; and though nursed with care by friendly strangers, he died. When the coffin was being closed, "Stop," said an aged woman who was present: "let me kiss him for his mother!"]

Let me kiss him for his mother!
Ere ye lay him with the dead;
Far away from home, another
Sure may kiss him in her stead.
How that mother's lips would kiss him
Till her heart should nearly break!
How in days to come she'll miss him!
Let me kiss him for her sake.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
Let me kiss the wandering boy;
It may be there is no other
Left behind to give her joy.
When the news of woe the morrow
Burns her bosom like a coal,
She may feel this kiss of sorrow
Fall as balm upon her soul.

Let me kiss him for his mother!
Heroes ye, who by his side
Waited on him as a brother
Till the Northern stranger died—
Heeding not the foul infection,
Breathing in the fever-breath—
Let my of my own election,
Give the mother's kiss in death.

"Let me kiss him for his mother!"
Loving thought and loving deed!
Seek nor tear nor sigh to smother,
Gentle matrons while ye read,
Thank the God who made you human,
Gave ye pitying tears to shed;
Honour ye the Christian woman
Bending o'er another's dead.

THE CANADIAN GIRL.

BY ADAM KIDD.

I saw her by the dimpling lake*
Just when the sun's last ray was setting,
And paused to hear her softly wake
The lover's tale of sad regretting—
Till every note that passed along,
Inspired me with her magic song.

The loveliest of the lovely far,
She seemed in that retreat so lonely,
Bright hallowed by the vesper star,
Which o'er her was twinkling only,
Giving a charm to that loved spot,
Which never yet has been forgot.

And as the wood she wandered through,
Her milk pail in her hand she carried,
Nor made one minute's pause to view
A youth, who fondly there had tarried,
The throbbing of his heart to tell,
And love's too sure enchanting spell.

Oh! never yet has pleasure wove
Around the heart such soft attraction,
As binds me to this mute grove,
Adorned in nature's gay perfection—
Forming a blushing arbour sweet,
Where two young hearts might gladly meet.

There is a pure—a sacred bliss,
That o'er the soul comes gently stealing,
When musing in a spot like this,
Touching the very soul of feeling:—
And oh! that I its joys could share
With my beloved Canadian fair.

* LAKE CALVIERE.—Of the many beautiful lakes that surround Quebec, there is none more interesting than Calvierre. The scenery is delightful, and such as to attract the admiration of the lover and the poet. An evening's sail in a canoe, across its peaceful and shaded bosom, which reflects back the shifting figures of the forest, while the parting sunbeams are but faintly thrown among the waving branches, has often been to me the source of great and uninterrupted pleasure.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

The above engraving is a very good likeness of the President of the United Northern, Middle and Western States of America. He was born on the 12th day of Feb 1809, and is 52 years old. His birth-place is in the State of Kentucky. For many years past he has lived at Springfield Illinois, and is personally very popular in his immediate neighborhood. In his great contest with Mr Douglas, there are many who consider he was the most able debater. The personal relations of the "Little Giant" and "Honest Old Abe," as they are generally known in the States, have always been friendly.

Physically, Mr Lincoln is not nearly so hardy a man as is generally supposed from his *soubriquet* of the "rail splitter." His profession is that of law, and his most ardent admirers have never claimed that he possessed commanding talents. Certainly, if he has them, the American revolution is well calculated to call them into exercise. If the old saying, "uneasy is the head that wears a crown" is ever true, surely the position of President of the United States of the North at this juncture is anything but desirable.

We shall give a portrait of Mr Douglas in our next.

THE ADVENTURES OF A NIGHT.

BY JAMES M'CARROLL, ESQ.

ON a dark, dreary evening towards the latter end of October, 18—, I was seated alone with my family, in our residence a short distance from the Falls of Niagara, where I was then stationed, and which was at the period one of the most notorious smuggling points on the whole frontier. The wind came up the gorge of the river, from Queenston, with a violence that made the great Suspension Bridge, within a few hundred feet of us, absolutely shriek as it swung to and fro over the frightful abyss it spans so miraculously, and the eagles that were seen hovering around the far famed Whirlpool, at sunset, were—as Tennyson has it—literally blown about the skies,—preferring, as might be supposed, the gloomy and unsheltered regions of the clouds, to the uncertain refuge of the woods that were bowed to the earth before each successive sweep of the merciless blast. I had just filled a pipe, and drawn my chair a little closer to the fire, with the intention of giving a temporary quietus to the cares of this life, when one of my daughters directed my attention to a paragraph of some length, which she had at that moment been perusing in an American journal, requesting, at the same time, that I would be so good as to read it aloud for the gratification of the other members of the family. To this solicitation I acceded cheerfully, and found, as I proceeded with the subject, that the contents were of more than ordinary interest—embracing a very recent and peculiar circumstance connected with the boasted freedom of the neighboring Republic.

It appeared during the progress of the narrative, that somewhere to the southward, a young, rich, and exceedingly beautiful quadroon—who was affianced to a handsome youth of slightly mixed blood, like herself—was the object of a lawless and most ungovernable passion on the part of a disreputable though enormously wealthy planter, whom she detested, and whose estates were but a few miles distant from her abode. On finding himself baffled at every turn, by the sterling

virtue of the young girl, and the vigilance of her anxious and pure minded lover, this fiend in human shape—acting upon a hint received on a former occasion—secretly set enquery on foot regarding the parentage and antecedents of the youthful pair, when, strange as it may appear, it was ascertained beyond the slightest possibility of doubt, that, notwithstanding their pecuniary independence and estimable character, they were not free according to the laws under which they lived, but were, on the contrary, liable to be seized and sold, at any moment, as the indisputable property of a distant slave-holder, with whom he was on the most intimate terms, but who, through a strange combination of circumstances, was totally unconscious of the existence of the parties, or of having any claims upon them whatever.

On being positively assured of a fact so important, a visit was paid, post haste, to this gentleman, but, as might be anticipated, he very properly hesitated before entering into bonds affecting the liberty of two strangers. Misled, however, by the misrepresentations of his visitor—and, as a full title, at any sum, to whatever claims he might be found to possess, was all that was demanded on the occasion—a total transfer of the unfortunate orphans—for such they were—was soon effected, and Mr —, returned to his splendid inheritance, rejoicing over his nefarious triumph and the anticipated immediate possession of his long sought prize.

The very morning after his arrival, and before the sun had yet risen, this heartless wretch appeared at the residence of his intended victim, armed with legal authority and accompanied by a sufficient force to overcome all resistance, and carry both her and the youth of her heart, off into the very depths of his plantations. But what must have been his rage and disappointment, to learn, that she and her youthful protector had suddenly disappeared the day previous, and after having been married privately—as it was rumored—at the cottage of an old and tried friend, who apprised them of the calamity that threatened them, and to whom they disposed on the most advantageous terms, of all their valuable property, with the exception of a small cask of jewels, and some necessary wearing apparel.

Burning with vengeance at this mortifying intelligence, and determined to succeed at any cost, couriers were despatched in every direction, and ten thousand dollars reward offered for the apprehension of the poor fugitives. In addition to this, four or five reckless characters were hurried off, with all speed, to the frontiers between Buffalo and Fort Niagara, as it was conjectured, that the "runaways" would endeavour to reach the Canadas, as the only impregnable place of safety for them on the broad continent of America.

On the completion of these hasty arrangements, he managed, through the influence of his countless riches, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with every step of the route to be pursued by the persecuted outcasts, and to fathom all their secret hopes and designs. The result was, that, after making some hurried dispositions regarding his affairs, he was, himself, on their track, in less than twenty-four hours after their departure. Night and day he sped onward, without wearying on his journey, for a single moment, until, at last, he arrived at Buffalo, where he lost all traces of them,—although put in full possession of the fact, that they were seen at one of the Railway Stations in that City, but a few hours previously.

Here, the paragraph, closed with a statement, that gangs of desperados were now employed, on both frontiers, with the intention of kidnapping the hapless pair, should they succeed in even reaching the Canadian shore,—and further, that although the affair was hushed up in certain quarters, it was well understood, that two human beings of the most refined feelings and education, were, at that moment, hunted like wild beasts, through the land, if not already writhing in the relentless grasp of this inhuman monster.

After indulging in various comments on these heart-rending disclosures, and offering up many a fervent prayer for the safety of the poor, panting fugitives, our conversation turned, not unnaturally, on the violence of

the storm, and what might be anticipated as its sad results.—We spoke of the ocean on such a night, with "the man lashed to the helm," while the starless waves rolled over him in mountains, and left his fated bark a shapeless mass. We thought, too, of the houseless wanderer on some bleak and barren moor, with, perchance, the tear of bitter memories on his cheek, as lone he staggered o'er the cheerless waste, without a ray to light his weary feet, or show his grey hairs scattered in the wind, save that which flashed around him in blue flame, and mocked his poor, dim eyes back into ten-fold night. Nor, did the daring smuggler escape a passing observation, for well we knew, that the commotion of the elements must be fearful, indeed, that could obstruct his lawless operations, and, that, possibly at that very instant, and at no great distance from where we were then assembled, he was buffeting the winds and the waves, in the pursuit of his hazardous occupation. Of all this we thought with every degree of seriousness, and were just contrasting our enviable circumstances with the condition of those who were exposed to the inclemency of the weather, when we were startled by a sharp, single knock at the outer door. Wondering who it could be that selected so strange a period for a visit, I hurried immediately into the hall—where the lamp was still burning, although we were about retiring to rest—and gave instant admission to a useful though not highly esteemed acquaintance of mine, who generally paid his respects to me, long after the sun had set, with the hope of concealing from the public, the fact, that he possessed a wonderfully keen eye and ear, which he occasionally turned to good account, at the expense of the free-traders that abounded in the neighbourhood—although, notwithstanding this laudable delicacy on his part, a more incorrigible and universally recognised informer never stepped in shoe leather.

"What's up to-night, old Ringwood?" said I, leading him into my office—"for I am totally unable, I confess, to comprehend the motives that induced you to venture out during such wild weather as this."

"There's a good deal up, sir, a good deal," he replied, while the light from the hall fell on his sinister features,—"I was on the cars this evening, at six, when they stopped at Schlosser, a very suspicious spot—and put off a large quantity of tobacco, sugar, and tea, together with a number of small parcels, which are all, I am satisfied, to be run in below Chippewa, to-night, by old Tarpaulin and his sons."

"But in the name of common sense," said I, "how can you possibly imagine for a moment, that any one, but a confirmed lunatic, would attempt to cross the river, on the very brink of the Rapids, and so short a distance above the Falls, during such a terrific night as this?"

"That, I can imagine very easily," he returned, "for the wind which is blowing a hurricane, is directly up the channel, and almost sufficient of itself, to keep a craft stationary in the current, while, as to the darkness, and the few heavy drops that are falling occasionally, they are perfect pets of Old Tarpaulin, who, as you are aware, never permits a trifle to keep his boats idle, when there is a prospect of laying his fingers on a few dollars."

"That may be," I observed, "but I must assuredly entertain strong doubts, as to the certainty of his tempting Providence, by exposing himself to the fury of the elements on the present occasion. Although, I would, myself make every rational sacrifice to teach a smuggler, so notorious, a very sharp lesson, and put a stop to his habitual boasting, and sarcastic sneers at the alleged inefficiency of the service on this side of the lines."

"Now is your time, then sir, now is your time,"—eagerly ejaculated my companion, "for I saw him at the train, eyeing the goods closely, as they were landed out, and what's more, he endeavored to get a peep at me, and make out who it was that was standing, muffled up, watching them, in the freight car from which they were taken, although, I am almost confident he did not succeed. And, as respects the fury of the elements, I have walked nearly four miles through the very

height of the storm, with this intelligence, without being, as you perceive, a single whit the worse."

"But," said I, endeavoring to throw some insurmountable obstacle in the way, "how are we to get to Chippewa, as it is now nearly nine o'clock, and, can you positively determine the precise point at which the articles may be landed?"

"The boats," he replied, "must be landed at the old spot near the church, as it is not only some distance this side of the village, but quite sheltered and secluded, and, with regard to our getting there, we must go across the road at once, and make Tom harness up his horses, and take us to the place, himself, as he is no great stranger to the service, and will be of infinite assistance to us, in case of any emergency."

The scoundrel had me in the hip at every turn, so, not wishing the impression to go abroad, that I was influenced in the disclosure of my duties, by the state of the atmosphere, or the lateness of the hour, I put the best possible face on the matter, and informed him, that as he appeared so confident of success, I would go and equip myself instantly, or the adventure, and join him without a moment's unnecessary delay.

As may be presumed, my determination to leave my dwelling, at that unseasonable hour, in company with a character so suspicious, and under circumstances so unfavorable, was not received with any great degree of satisfaction, by my family, however, my resolution being then fixed, I proceeded to make some hasty preparations, and in the course of a very few minutes, emerged into the storm—Ringwood leading the way with a dark lantern, and my wife informing me, as she closed the door behind us, that both she and the two eldest of my daughters, would sit up and anxiously await my return.

On making our intentions known to Tom, whose abode was but a few paces distant, I was not surprised to find that he expressed great astonishment at our proposed undertaking, and predicted that it would turn out "a wild goose chase," from the fact, as he observed, that the most daring smuggler, on the face of the whole globe, would not attempt a passage of the river near the church, on such a night. On my apprising him, however, that having once set out, I should proceed with the journey, and judge for myself, he reluctantly agreed to accompany us. So, after fortifying himself, both inwardly and outwardly against all contingencies, he proceeded to the stables, and soon had a suitable vehicle in readiness for our departure.

It was close upon ten o'clock, when seated in a stout waggon drawn by two powerful Bays, we all started off towards Drummondville, by the back route, not wishing to take the track across the river, leading past the Clifton, lest the lightning, which flashed around us at intervals, should startle the horses, on the verge of the frightful precipices that skirt the whole way. We had a journey of nearly five miles to perform, but were almost carried along by the tempest, wherever the wheeling was good. The roads, however, in consequence of the late rains, were exceedingly heavy in some places, until we reached the wide Common stretching out between us and the Pavilion. Here it was thought advisable to leave Drummondville to the right, and make our way across the open space, as being the shortest cut, if the best road to our place of destination. This part of the route, being accomplished without meeting with any serious obstruction, we soon passed through the first toll-gate, and, rolling along the plank at a middling brisk pace, we found ourselves, about a quarter to eleven, directly opposite the church which the lightning discovered standing in an isolated spot, a short distance to the left.

We now turned into the little avenue leading to the edifice, and driving cautiously under one of the wooden sheds we carefully secured our horses, and, by the aid of the dark lantern, which Ringwood had just relighted, examined our revolvers—for we were all well armed—while, in addition to this, I drew from one of my pockets, a powerful night-glass, and adjusted it to the proper focus, so as to have it in complete readiness, should any lights be discerned in the dis-

tanco. On these precautionary measures being adopted, we all moved off in the direction of the river; and, still guided by the lightning, reached the precise point at which the boats were expected to land; where we sheltered ourselves, as best we could, beneath the underwood which here sloped down gently a few feet to the edge of the water. After remaining in this situation for some short time, I perceived a light moving, as I fancied, on the American shore a little to the right of us; but from the haze that surrounded it, I was unable to make it out clearly, although there was not a drop of rain falling at the period. Ringwood, however, whose cold, grey eye could absolutely pierce the most impenetrable glance; for no sooner had he discovered it, than he exclaimed rapturously:

"There they are, sir: there they are; and I'll bet my life on it, they will be here in less than an hour, for the light is just at the very point from which they always set out!"

"Perhaps so," said I endeavouring to make myself intelligible above the roaring of the waters of the storm, "but the river is convulsed so dreadfully, I am inclined to believe that they will not attempt to cross to-night, for fear of being swamped."

"No fear of that, sir; no fear of that," continued the old oxhound. "They are sure to have a light somewhere in Chippewa to guide them; and after keeping up well in that direction, until they nearly touch shore, they will then drop down nicely here, where there is a good landing and comparative shelter, as well as a sufficient number of teams, no doubt waiting within pistol-snap of them, to carry away the goods."

I hated the fellow, he understood his business so perfectly; but without making any further reply, I kept my attention fixed steadily on the light, and found that it was quite stationary, instead of wandering, as I at first supposed it to be.

About midnight, I became weary with expectation; and was on the point of expressing my full determination to give up the whole affair, when the wind in the most extraordinary manner conceivable, chopped suddenly round, and, to my utmost surprise, came thundering down over Grand Island with an impetuosity as irresistible as if the whole of its strength had been accumulating in that quarter for days. This unaccountable right-about-face in the storm was noticed the moment it occurred, by my two companions, who informed me, simultaneously, that if the boats were now on the river, as was highly probable, they were lost beyond all hope, as they would be totally unable to keep clear of the rapids, against the combined forces of the current and the hurricane.

In this momentous juncture I lost all sight of the intended seizure, and became seriously alarmed for the safety of the unfortunate men, who, as I feared, were, perhaps, at that moment struggling vainly against the merciless elements that were hurrying them on to the verge of the awful abyss scarcely two miles below us. Convinced that all human efforts were unavailing, if the boats were any great distance from either shore, I brought my glass to bear, as well as I could judge, upon every point of the river, where they might be expected to pass, and sought, with trembling curiosity and anxiety, to penetrate the gloom, and realize within its fearful depths the objects of my solicitude; but so profound was the darkness, and so uncertain and confused was everything that was revealed by the lightning at long intervals, it was all to no purpose. The light on the opposite shore, however, happening to get into the field of my glass, and increase, apparently, in brilliancy, owing, as I presumed, to the haze having been dissipated by some new current of air, I began to examine it with more minuteness, and found that it proceeded from a large lantern attached to a high post at the corner of what seemed to be a rough wharf or landing place. Not a solitary human being was to be observed in its vicinity; for I could perceive, with great distinctness, the locality for several yards around it, and, in addition, noticed particularly that there were two large boats drawn up, high and dry, on shore directly beneath it. Lest I should be mistaken in any degree, I handed the glass to Ringwood, requesting,

at the same time, that he would examine the object and everything about it closely, and then inform me if he had discovered anything that might tend to alter his opinions as to the anticipated danger of the smugglers, or the prospect of a seizure on that occasion. The cunning old vagabond read everything at a glance, for no sooner was the glass to his eye, than he exclaimed, with a yell that was perfectly demoniacal—

"Sold! sold! we are all sold! They are Tarpaulin's boats! I have been discovered on the cars by the cursed old scoundrel, who, suspecting that I might give you a hint that would induce you to pay a visit to this place to-night, has hung up that infernal lantern there, for the purpose of deceiving us and keeping us waiting here, until every dollar's worth of the goods is carried away by his teams, and ferried across by some of his accomplices, perhaps miles from where we are now standing."

To me there was some degree of pleasure in this intelligence, as it tended to put the safety of half a dozen, at least, of my fellow-creatures beyond all doubt; but to Ringwood it was gall—it was death. He had made up his mind to a glorious haul; and now that he was outwitted, after so much trouble and fatigue, the worst points of his character were developed strikingly. He became silent and sullen, save when some horrid imprecation escaped his lips, regarding the bold smuggler and his sons; and on one occasion, in the face of a sharp rebuke, he expressed his unfeigned regret that the whole crew were not out on the edge of the rapids, when the wind chopped round so suddenly. In short, so hideous did he appear to me at that moment, that I secretly resolved to keep my eye on him, and discontinue all intercourse with him except where it was unavoidable.

We now retraced our steps to the church, and resuming our seats, we quickly found ourselves in the vicinity of Drummondville once more. Not a light was to be seen in the village, as we passed through it instead of crossing the Common as before. So we kept struggling along towards our respective habitations, until we reached the turn leading down from the main road, to the Clifton which stood in the hollow, a very short distance to the right. Here Tom stopped the waggon, and proposed that we should strike off, and take the side of the river for it, as the lightning did not appear to affect the horses, and as the road was much harder and better than the one we had taken in the first instance, and which lay straight before us. To this I assented readily. And down the hill we started at a safe pace, anxious to get under shelter as soon as possible, and lose all recollections of our "wild goose chase"—as Tom appeared to have correctly designated it—in the soft embrace of the drowsy god. When directly in front of the Clifton, however, the lynx-eyed Ringwood, who had been anything but communicative for the last half hour, observed a light at the bottom of the ferry staircase, on the American side; and instantly directed my attention to it, as being extraordinary and suspicious at such a time and place. This deduction I thought reasonable enough; and immediately leaped out of the waggon, to ascertain, on a nearer approach to the edge of the rocks, what could possibly be the occasion of this new feature in the comedy, when we considered the performance closed for the evening. Through the aid of my glass, I now discovered with the greatest clearness clearness—taking the spray of the Falls into consideration—not only the light in question, but a man standing at the Ferry on our own side of the river, and evidently guiding, with a colored lantern which he held in his hand, a boat that was preparing to put off from the opposite shore. Just beside him, and on the very brink of the water, which was now rising rapidly, owing to the change in the wind, were piled a lot of barrels, tea-chests, and small boxes; in short, all the goods described by Ringwood, as discharged at Schlosser, in the fore part of the evening.

"We have got them at last," said I to Tom and his companion, who had just joined me, on tying up the horses at the guard wall. "All the merchandize of which we have been in search is at this very moment lying below

at the ferry. So let us proceed down at once, and make the seizure, for I apprehend we will not have much difficulty, as there is apparently no great force to encounter."

I got a glimpse of old Ringwood's face in a solitary ray that gleamed from one of the windows of the Clifton. He was in ecstasies. He rubbed his hand with excessive joy, and chuckled audibly over his sharp-sightedness and its anticipated results. I could have pitched the wretch over the cliffs; for well I knew what was on within him. His soul was literally corroded with the love of gain. It mattered not to him whether the goods belonged to the wealthiest man in the land, or were the sole fortune of a fatherless child or a widow. A portion of them was likely to become his prey; and that was all that concerned him—all that made his eyes glitter. I had never given the subject a thought previously, although he was always repulsive to me; but now the truth seemed to flash upon me at once; he had not a single redeeming trait in his character; his heart, I felt assured, was impregnable to the most agonizing prayer; he was a villain of the deepest die.

On our way downwards, we encountered a covered carriage standing close under the shelter of the rocks; and were in the act of passing it, when a dark lantern was flashed into our faces, by two men who were seated in the inside, smoking their cigars; but who, on perceiving our features, apologized immediately, informing us, at the same time, that an extensive robbery had been just committed at Toronto, and was expected to attempt an escape by the Bridge or the Ferry that night, and that their object was to arrest him if possible. I did not like the appearance of either of these persons, nor was I quite satisfied of the truth of their story, as, from their dress and the jewellery with which they were bedizened, they evidently belonged to no police force in the Province. Consequently, without making any very lengthened remarks in return, we continued our course to the water's edge, which we just reached as the boat was about touching the shore.

From the single barrel and small quantity of packages contained in the craft, it was now apparent that we were in the very nick of time; as well as from what I at a glance conjectured to be the two owners of the goods, sitting quietly muffled up in the stern after having shipped the last article from the other side. So, with the determination of making a sweeping affair of it, I resolved to pounce upon the boat first, and secure it while it was being unloaded, and cut off the two persons in the stern—who were likely to remain in their position, until some of the parcels were removed forward—from lending any assistance to their comrades should a scuffle ensue, which, without this precaution, I thought more than probable, as there were five against three of us! although the two boatmen appeared to be mere striplings, and no such sterling stuff as old Tarpaulin and his sons.

It was now the dead hour of the night, when from behind a large pile of rock, some distance below the foot of Grand Horse Shoe Fall, we all with quickened pulses, perceived the boat run up on the long narrow slide, within twenty paces of us; and which was, at the period, almost buried in the waves that dashed in foaming eddies out of the current that flashed past one of its extremities, and then shot out to join the great body of the waters that, for upwards of two miles, swept with savage impetuosity the shore on which we stood. My object being to ascertain, if possible, whether any of the party was armed, before I attempted to secure the boat, or make any disposition of the articles that had been already landed, I waited anxiously, until I saw the man with the lantern, assisting the two boatmen to get the barrel ashore; but on not being able to discover any weapon whatever, the moment I found them engaged in removing the other parcels, so as to make way for the parties in the stern, I stepped out into the blaze of the lamp, and with a pistol shining in my hand, was on board, amongst them, in a twinkling. Tom and Ringwood were on the beach, at my elbow, in an instant, but their proximity was discovered by the man with the lantern

only, as his companions had just stooped down with their backs to the light, to lay hold of a package and hand it to him as he stood on a portion of the slide beside them.

On discovering my sudden apparition, the two boatmen threw out the parcel towards their comrade and leaped hurriedly after it; but, unfortunately, as they both bounded, together, from the gunnel of the boat, the great force of their feet drove us off the slide, where we were lying uneasily, and with the loss of an oar, sent us far out into the midst of these headlong waters, that yelled and shook themselves into foam as they swooped down the rocky gorge that shut them in!—Good God!—This was terrible! In a moment we lost sight of the light! and there we were—three human beings—wrapt in Egyptian gloom, and borne on by the thundering flood towards the fatal Whirlpool, that never mortal crossed and lived, or to destruction as equally certain and horrible—the Charybdis, directly beneath the Suspension Bridge, but a single mile from us!—Oh! how indescribably powerful is darkness, when, through its eyeless depths a vague and unseen depth hovers around us!—when we feel as if we were shut out from light, before our time, and dragged on, towards the verge of eternity, by some mighty and irresistible arm! And yet, how difficult to extinguish the last spark of hope in the human breast, and leave the altar on which it burns in utter desolation! It was so with me, even at that dreadful moment. I knew the river thoroughly. I was sensible that all the great waters of the West, were here struggling to free themselves from a narrow pass, where they were walled in by towering cliffs that were lost in the clouds: but at the same time, I was aware that there were eddies, and one recognized landing place on the American shore, which might, through some miraculous cast of the die, be gained ere our doom was sealed. Consequently, the instant, I found myself adrift on a flood so terrific, with but a single oar to guide me, and in the midst of a merciless storm, I pulled with almost superhuman might towards the opposite rocks. To attempt a landing on the Canadian side would result in our immediate destruction, as the whole force of the current broke furiously over the immense wedges of fallen cliff with which it is studded. Fortunately, it was the left hand oar that fell overboard at the time of the disaster, otherwise I should have been unable to keep the boat quartering off the course of the waters, or impel it angling forward, as we were swept along—although I was not alone in my exertions to reach some point of safety; for, scarcely had I grasped the full danger of my situation when a flash of lightning revealed one of my companions, paddling vigorously, in the proper direction, with a piece of plank which he, providentially, found beneath some small cases, after having, with strange promptness and agility, pitched nearly overboard, in search of something of the kind. However doubtful, at the period, I considered his character as a smuggler, yet, he appeared, evidently, a man who required no stimulant to act when the time came; and feeling that I had a fellow mortal beside me, with every muscle bent in unison with my own, I caught additional strength from the conviction, and made the oar whistle through the waves with increased velocity; until, at last, I found we were whirled into an eddy, where we came into sharp contact with what appeared to be some large floating body. I knew it!—I could not be mistaken!—I clung to it, and grasped a huge chain that happened to touch my arm!—We are safe!—It was the "Maid of the Mist," at her powerful moorings on the American shore, in the immediate vicinity of the Bridge and the deafening surges that fought round the Cave of the Waters. I groped along her guards for her low forward deck which was on a level with our boat, and surrounded merely by an open railing. I found it, and shouted to my companions, while fastening our own stout craft to one of the uprights of the gangway. The next instant we all three stood on board, safe and sound, offering up—though invisible and almost inaudible to each other—a fervent thanksgiving for our wonderful and unprecedented preservation.

The boat being secured, as just observed,

I determined that my two companions should accompany me across the Bridge, as I was confident that there were no hotels open, at that hour, in the neighbourhood of the spot where we had landed so miraculously. Besides this, I felt that I owed them something, as I was the undoubted cause of their second misfortune, however illegal the pursuits in which they might have been engaged previously; and further, that were it not for the active exertions of one of them at least, I might have had a very different story to tell, myself. Feeling, at all events, that I entertained a degree of warmth towards them, which I could not well explain at the moment, I made up my mind, fully, that they should spend the remainder of the night under my roof; and then, in the morning, enter into some explanation regarding their conduct, which I was resolved to view with as much leniency as the law could possibly recognize, and, for the purpose of grinding old Ringwood, permit them to enter the goods, if they had *nouse* enough to concoct, between them, any sort of a story that would sustain me in the act. I therefore communicated to them, as plainly as I could, (for the storm was absolutely increasing instead of otherwise), that they would have to cross the Bridge, to the Canadian shore, before they could obtain shelter, but that they might not be apprehensive in any degree whatever, as, even in the absence of the lightning, which during my observations commenced to flash with extraordinary vividness, I was perfectly acquainted with every step of the way. To this arrangement they assented tacitly,—as it was impossible, during such a commotion of the elements to attempt anything like a conversation—and, without further comment, we all commenced an ascent of the rocky track that led to the main road, and the entrance of the wonderful structure that hung, in mid air, over a gulf nearly three hundred feet deep, a short distance from where we stood.

In the course of a very few minutes we reached the gates of the Bridge, where I was surprised to meet a covered vehicle standing in the shelter of the dark wooden towers, and a light still burning in the toll house. Being accustomed, however, to cross and recross at all hours, I was aware of the secret crevice in which the night key was deposited for the convenience of those who were privileged and resided in that immediate locality, so, without making any disturbance whatever, I turned the key in the lock, and proceeded on my way across to the other gate, which I knew I could open with the same ease and certainty.

The moment we stepped out over the frightful chasm, no language can describe the grandeur—the sublimity of the scene that burst upon us. The lightning, which now swept the horizon at rapid intervals, lit up the whole river beneath us with strange brilliancy, discovering in its fitful glare, all Nature, as it were, leaping in and out of gloom! while, in the distance, the great white American cataract fell blazing from the clouds, like some mighty drop scene, that shut out from mortal gaze the grand drama of Eternity! It was a night of appalling festival! The thunders beat out their long *revelles*—the winds piped to the dancing heavens!—and the startled waters were struck into purple wind once more, by the lurid wand of the Grand Enchanter!

Being now in the very highway of the storm, it was with great difficulty we could keep our feet, or prevent ourselves from being blown out through the wire guards that caged us in; but still struggling onwards, we soon arrived at the end of the aerial thoroughfare, and found ourselves, with every degree of pleasure, at the termination of our journey. Here, too, as I closed the gate behind me, I observed another covered carriage and a light, as on the other side, shining in the toll-house. This perplexed me exceedingly for a moment; but remembering the story of the robbery which I doubted so seriously on my way to the ferry, and which had been totally banished from my recollection by our late fearful adventure, I at once came to the conclusion that I did injustice to the character of the two strangers with the dark lantern; and as I stepped upon the verandah of my abode

once more, censured myself for having so hastily entertained suspicions of the veracity of persons who could apparently have no interest whatever in making false statements on the occasion.

As may be supposed, my wife and daughters were greatly alarmed at my prolonged absence on such a night, and were in anxious expectations of my return, when the noise of our footsteps brought them to the door. While greeting me, however, on my re-appearance, they seemed surprised at finding themselves in the presence of two strangers, muffled up to the eyes with huge shawls, and loaded with india-rubber coats, caps, and immense gloves. Those I introduced, briefly, as benighted and having marked claims on our hospitality, from the fact of their having been my companions in a very singular adventure, which I should relate at my leisure. This I felt was sufficient; and shaking hands, or rather gloves, with my new friends—so as to put them as much at ease as possible—I entered the dining-room,

where a cheerful fire was blazing on the hearth, and lights burning on the side-board. Some decanters and glasses having been produced hastily, I called out to my two guests—who were divesting themselves of their outer garments in the hall—be expeditious, and approach without the slightest ceremony, for the purpose of partaking of some exhilarating refreshment before we sat down to do justice to something more substantial. To this very reasonable request I fancied they were about to accede both cheerfully and quickly, as I conceived they had been much longer exposed to the inclemency of the weather than even I had; but what was my utter astonishment and that of my family, to find, as they both slowly entered the apartment where we were all waiting to receive them, that, instead of two hard featured, coarsely-dressed smugglers, there stood before us the beautiful quadron and her handsome young lover, whose fate had interested us so deeply during the early part of the night.



[For the Home Journal.]

THE CHILD'S REPROOF.

Young Farmer Maple had a wife,
And a baby daughter, too;
In the sunshine all his life,
He had walk'd as few men do.
He own'd some land, he own'd some cattle,
His life was peace, it was not battle.

One August ev'ning when the sun
Was most asleep in the golden West,
His daily labors all were done,
He lean'd on the barn-yard gate to rest.
His fair young wife by the cow was sitting,
The golden clouds in the West were fitting.

Sweet baby Maud, stood by the gate,
Smiling up in papa's face,
(So a child will dream of Fate,

As night's shadows grow apace!)
Soon, said she, in her infant tattle,
"Mamma, why's old Whitey feeble?"

"My darling daughter, that poor cow,
Was once a little baby calf;
She was not always old as now,
She gave more milk than this by half."
"Ma," said Maud, as her face grew elfish,
"Are cows, as well as we folks, selfish?"

Folding his arms, the Farmer said,
"Wife, O prythee promise me,
When I'm gone, when I am dead,
Keep Maud's heart from world-rot free!"
Man and wife, e'en the dear old cattle,
All were blest by the wee one's prattle.

The Letter Box.

Under this heading, correspondents will find answers to their communications of enquiry, whether upon general topics or the decisions made as to communications. All letters should be addressed to

THE HOME JOURNAL,
TORONTO,
C. W.

OUR FIRST NUMBER.

Dear Readers, male and female, we hope you like the appearance of our little paper. We think it looks nice and believe you will agree with us. Everything, however, has been hurriedly done, in our anxiety to issue our first number on the first Saturday of the month. Do not complain that our matter is too heavy and not sufficiently varied. We anticipate your objection. Although most of the articles are long, they are, nevertheless, very readable and interesting. Don't fail to read the splendid essay "The World," as it will well repay perusal.

OUR HEADING.

We feel proud of it; and think the artist who designed it (Mr. John Ellis, Jr., of this city) deserving of mention. The engraver is Mr. Wheeler, of Victoria Hall, a young artist who has acquired his knowledge of his art in Toronto. He has well executed his part of the work. We think, altogether, our readers must admire the heading of THE HOME JOURNAL. Our young friends will find it quite a matter for study.

TO OUR FRIENDS OF THE PRESS.

We shall be happy to receive copies of the various newspapers and periodicals published by our brethren of the press in exchange for the JOURNAL. We hope you are all well pleased with our appearance.

OUR AGENTS.

We have arranged with Mr. C. A. BACKAS, Toronto Street, to take charge of the sale of THE HOME JOURNAL in Toronto, and supply News-sellers in the surrounding towns. His place of business is near the Post Office.

Mr. TUNIS of Clifton, and his agent in Hamilton, Mr. IRWIN, will sell the paper in those places, and also supply News-sellers in Western Towns, whom we trust will use their best endeavors to procure a circulation for the only paper in Canada, purely literary in its character.

We shall announce the appointment of other Agents in the allotted districts, as soon as possible.

OUR NEXT ISSUE.

Our next issue will be prepared with care and contain a great deal of excellent matter, both original and select. We shall go to press in sufficient time to place the JOURNAL in the hands of our patrons at an early hour. We know our lady readers will be anxious to read the continuation of our Southern Tale, which rapidly increases in interest.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We do not like to ask subscriptions for a new paper in advance, but we will not mail our paper unless it be paid for; if not for a whole year, at least for four or eight months. A dollar for eight months, is a convenient sum to send us, and we hope to receive many a one ere long. From those who have not a great deal of faith in our continuance we shall receive fifty cents for four months. Those who have no wish to subscribe for any given time, can procure single copies at the Bookstores. We shall be happy to have a large list of subscribers, but they must be such as think sufficient of it to pay for it in advance, and we hope soon to make the inducement sufficiently tempting.

The Weekly News.

GREAT BRITAIN

A proclamation has been issued by the British Government relative to affairs in the United States, warning British subjects against engaging in the American war, that all doing so, will be held responsible for their own acts. The proclamation declares the intention of that Government to maintain the strictest, impartial neutrality between England and the Government of the United States and certain States, styling themselves the Confederate States of America. It warns all British subjects if they enter the military service of either side, or join ships of war or transport, or attempt to get recruits or fit out for war purposes, or transport or break, or endeavour to break, any blockade, lawfully and actually established, or carry soldiers, despatches, or any material contraband of war for either party, they will be liable to all the penalty and consequences, and will do so at their peril, and in nowise obtain the protection of their government.

The screw frigate "Mersey," 40 guns, has sailed for the American station.

In the British Parliament Lord Woodhouse said that the Government of Spain, at the request of the inhabitants, had accepted the annexation of the eastern portion of the island of St. Domingo to her possessions, and that Government had given assurances that African slavery should not be re-established on that island.

The cotton growing company of Jamaica has determined to plant several thousand acres forthwith, so that the crop may be delivered in Manchester before the end of the year.

Tempting offers for the purchase of the steamship "Great Eastern," are believed to have been made for either the French or American Governments. A special meeting of the shareholders had been called to raise funds or sell the vessel.

The Duke of Bedford is dead.

AUSTRIA.

Mr. Deak on the 13th, in the Hungarian Chamber of Deputies, urged moderation in the assembly. Most of the members loudly applauded. Austria, was withdrawing her troops from her provinces in Italy.

In reply to an address from the Lower House of the Reichsrath, the Emperor said, he meant to maintain the unity of the Empire, and the autonomy of the provinces.

UNITED STATES.

On the 23th, the *Pochontas* left Washington for a trip down the Potomac, joined by the *Anacosta* and *Pawnee*, she will try to attack Aquina Creek.

C. H. Foster, who ran away from North Carolina says, the Southern troops are not so armed or numerous as many believe.

There are 2,000 "rebels" at Manassas junction.

The 2nd N. Y. regiment has been sworn—that is, what remains of them—some 300 refusing to be sworn in for three year's service. All their uniforms, except their pantaloons were stripped from them, and they came into the city from the encampment, and making many noisy demonstrations, got into a building where they are quartered till tomorrow. Co. G left in a body.

The Baltimore and Ohio railway is impassible. The abandonment of the "right" of privateering excites much attention from the English papers, as well as those of these provinces.

Some of the country papers, both sides of the line, find great fault with the associated press telegrams, on account of their length and shallowness.

ITALY.

The *Independence Belge* says, England and France had agreed to propos to Austria and Turkey the following arrangement:—Austria to cede Venetia to Italy and to receive, in addition to a pecuniary indemnity of 200,000,000 a territorial compensation, including Bosnia, the Herzegovina and Turkish Croatia—the Sultan also received and an indemnity of 200,000,000 from Italy. The *Independence* adds that the British Government appeared desirous to withdraw from the arrangement.