

HOW TO LIVE

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Down on the Beach:

A STORY OF THE SOUTH.

BY E. F. LOVERIDGE.

(CONTINUED FROM OUR LAST.)

VI.

AT MATAMORAS.

MR. Mentor and his young companion reached Brownsville, in safety, on the morning of the fourth day after their departure from Corpus Christi. As soon as the elder gentleman had attended to the more pressing business of his visit, Lansing hurried him across the river, which is very narrow at this point, desiring to visit the Mexican city which is on the opposite bank of the Rio Grande—for, like most people of the poetical temperament, there was a charm to him in being in a foreign country.

Matamoras is not a large city, but there is much that is picturesque in its appearance, and as the two gentlemen wended their way to the inn, as it must be called for the want of a more expressive term, Lansing revelled in the novelty of the scene.

The word Indolence he now realized in its full expressiveness. Surely this was the Paradise of lazy people. There were no locomotives steaming and snorting fire and smoke; screeching in the night time and disturbing honest people's slumbers; nor were there any rapidly-walking brokers, bankers, clerks or shopmen hastening as if they expected to crowd two years of life into the next few moments. The clock striking three would produce no sensation like you see in Wall Street among the Slaves of Mammon every week day in the year. *Dolce fur niente*, and *quies non movere* seemed the mottoes of these Mexicans.

In complexion you could find all shades, from the fairest Castilian to the most mongrel mahogany color. There were squatty little Greasers, and tall, stately-looking cavaliers. Hans was not absent, and the Emerald Isle had her representatives, and John Bull was portly and presentable in the motley mass. Of course Jonathan was present, as well as his more dignified brother of the far South.

The canine race seemed to have a *carte blanche* of the city. Such mangy, miserable, woe-begone little dogs, some of whom seemed inclined to snap at the sunshine, but desisted from pure incapacity to get up a respectable growl, and who were doomed never to die a natural death, because it would be too much effort to draw a final long breath. It amused Mr. Mentor to see Lansing's face as he scowled at the puppies. "Young man," said he, "they are not worth so much scorn."

Providence seems to believe in the doctrine of compensation. The women were all studies for a great artist. Whether they had deep blue eyes, and brown glossy hair, and fair white skins, or were dark, with raven tresses and eyes like night, all, high or low, rich or poor, pure or mongrel, all dressed with exquisite taste, and walked as gracefully as fawns. In carriage and innate politeness, no

women in the world can equal them. They seem to monopolize all the beauty of their clime. Although half of their brothers are as ugly as monkeys, an uncomely young Mexican girl is an exception to a general rule. They have not all regular features or intellectual faces, but they have beautiful eyes and are as full of airy grace as the visions raised in the dreamings of a warm mid-summer night.

The city lay sweltering in the August sun, and our friends were not disinclined to rest in the thick walls of the inn, where dinner soon greeted their delighted vision, although the superabundance of pepper made Lansing wonder if they occasionally diversified the monotony of this fare by eating live coals.

Mr. Mentor had been far into the interior of Mexico, several years previous, and the conversation soon turned on this peculiar people. Like most of the citizens of the Great Republic, Mr. Dacre had some of the prejudices of his countrymen regarding these "poor heathens of the great South-West," while his poetical imagination was, nevertheless irresistibly attracted to the land of the Montezumas.

As the gentlemen were drinking a bottle of Mustang wine, Lansing said: "Do you know, my dear old friend, I am so delighted with this clime, I so enjoy these warm suns, that I do not believe the old plantation and Chester Hall will ever content me again?"

"Lansing," said Mentor, and his voice trembled a little, "do you know I would give nineteen-twentieths of all I have, could I set back the clock of time twenty-five years, and re-live my life. I see in you something that reminds me of what I was at your age."

"You are right, young man, in loving the far South. It has been balm to more than one wounded heart. Who can die of the grief that cankereth, when the warmth of God's smile forever surroundeth us with a golden brightness? Do you know I was born in the northern part of England? It was not until," and his voice faltered, "your father married, that I ever saw the glory of a Southern noon."

"Why, your surprise me. I thought you were born in Louisiana."

"No. I sometimes think that a man must be born in more genial climes to know how good God is to those who dwell under semi-tropical skies. Blessings we are accustomed to, we do not always prize."

And Mentor was silent some moments, and there was a moisture in his eyes, as he turned his head and feigned to cough.

DACRE.—But, Mr. Mentor, is there not some memory behind all this? Pardon me: I would not be intrusive, but something in my inmost soul tells me, deep adown your heart, even now, there was a mournful echo of the Past; it rang in your tones. I am young, my dear friend—young enough to be your son. Father has often told me you were the truest man he ever knew. When mother died, four years ago, I know one of the last things she said was, 'Georgie, do not forget to give that brooch to Egbert Mentor.' I asked papa, why she said it so earnestly, and he said you had been very kind to both of them, many years ago.

Here Mr. Mentor had another and more violent cough, which he laid to the red pepper, and, rising, handed Dacre one of the two cigars he drew from a jeweled case, saying, "Lansing, I shall have to go over to Brownsville again, but will join you this evening, as I want you to see a Mexican fandango, and there is to be a great gathering here to-night. Take care of yourself till I return."

And Lansing watched him from the doorway, as Mr. Mentor walked in the sunshine to the ferry.

VII.

THE FANDANGO.

Were you ever in a slaughter-house? I went there once, just as I visited a dissecting room, to study the Philosophy of Death. I did not sleep for several nights afterwards, and loathed animal food for a month.

I remember one little lamb brought to the shambles. It was a pet creature. It had a blue ribbon about its neck, and seemed a part and parcel of some childish existence. I felt, on seeing it, as if it were a girl's plaything about to be destroyed by some savage. Indeed, if I had not then been so wretchedly poor, I should have bought the lamb. Its soft, sweet eyes looked wistfully and innocently into mine. I did entreat for its life to be spared a few moments, and the butcher, laughingly, acceded to my prayer. If Pythagoras' doctrine of the transformation of souls were true, which you and I, sir, as fervent Christians living in the glare of a high pressure civilization know it is not, then that little creature had the soul of some bright child that died too early, ere it knew what Sin, and Carking Care, and Human Vanity and Pride, and Oppression and Mortal Vices meant.

Do not be alarmed, ye churches! This is only a pretty fancy. I am not going to bombard your orthodox piles of granite truth with my daisies and violets. Let me have them. Look at them. They are so sweet, and loveable, and tender they will not do the young, nor even the old, any harm. The loving are the truly brave and daring. You have facts enough, Messieurs of the Gradgrindian School; do not complain, nor snarl at me for peddling clever Fancies! It is my trade: I am Poet and Philosopher of a School yet, in its infancy,—that of Passional and Intellectual Harmony.

When the pet lamb came up to die, how innocently she looked up in the butcher's face. Such a glance Marie Antoinette might have turned to the glittering axe of the guillotine when the monsters who screamed "*Liberte, egalite, fraternite*," doomed the best blood of France to die.

I shut my eyes. I could not see the blow, which was a merciful one, for the little pet never stirred again. Sick to the soul, I turned away: I would not have eaten of that pure flesh for all the gold in the Indies.

Afterwards, I thought it was better so. The pet might have grown to be a coarse old sheep, whose slaughter would have awakened no compassion in any one. For all we know, madam, that sheep might have had the dirtiest fleeces in the flock. It was better so. I think Fate has more mercy than the Fools allow.

When Mr. Mentor received from Schrieff's

courier the packet, containing Emily's letter to himself, her letter to Dacre, and a bunch of letters written by Lansing to her within the past year or two, with little boyish notes, dated longer back, and, crossing over to Matamoras, met the young man coming to the ferry, where he was hastening to meet him, and saw so much happiness, and brightness, and tenderness and youthful hope on his thoughtful face, and knew that the letter in his coat-pocket was to change all this—making the boyish lover older, sadder, wiser, more care-worn—destroying all the freshness, tenderness and beauty of first love, do you marvel, gentle reader, that like the butcher, he did not hasten to drive the blow, and strike down his young friend?

Were there chambers in Egbert Mentor's heart that even now, when nearly thirty years had passed, echoed with the sounds and love-music of early days? Should he unlock the rusty doors of his own soul, and take the young man into that cemetery where a green grave was hidden? Should he tell Lansing Dacre that he had known, also, all the agony of a broken vow?

And that, too, to the son of the woman he had so wildly worshipped when he was young and blithe, and his heart was free from dull satiety. Tell this to the fruit of the union that had made his own life, if not a desert, yet a chilly moor—only watered by the consciousness of doing good for evil. Should he bless the Child, as he had blessed the Wife and the Husband? Must he even re-open the old sores that had never seen light or been known, save to the Great Physician of all wounded hearts?

How terrible the Nemesis of the Actual! Her son stood where he himself, the discarded lover, had stood twenty-seven years ago. Before him too, the jilted suitor. For a moment pride dilated his nostrils, and his haughty head lifted itself up in self-elation to quaff the subtle vengeance, but a voice from that Maryland grave said to him, "Egbert, shield my child!"

Beautiful grave! holy, holy, Death!—the voices from the Tomb are the whispers of angels, and bless us, and right our wrongs when the cold world only curses us, or still worse, dares to pity our affliction. Madam, does your dead son's tomb tell you no tales in the gloaming? Rough, gritty merchant prince, can you go to that graveyard and hear no voice from your wife's turf? Wayward boy! does that mother's coffin have no tongue to make you weep? Wordling! is there never, in the silent watches of the night, a silver, childish whisper from the Little One's grave, whose birth shame made you hide from human eyes? When the ancients made death a skeleton, they were blind. Death is an angel, and the kindest friend the poor, and lonely, and unhappy penitent can have.

Egbert Mentor could not cast a shadow on that young man there, in the sunshine. He would wait till the inky night spread her curtains over earth: wait for soft moonlight, and silence, and holy rest, and quiet. Let the young man enjoy a few hours more of his bright dream of love and happy days with her. The mortgage Fate had on those *chateaux en Espagne* would be soon enough foreclosed. There was no occasion to be

blunt and precipitate, because he must bear a poisoned arrow and a great, big horror in his sacque coat's inside pocket.

"True," thought Egbert, "I had no one to break the force of my fall. True, I would have been a happier man had this Lansing Daere never been born. But one drop out of every two, in the rich wine of his life, is her blood. Let that consecrate the whole. Her race shall not suffer if Egbert Mentor can prevent one pang."

Heroes are common enough in the gaslight of our nineteenth century democracy. Do you know I honestly believe nine hundred and ninety-nine Ned Everetts would not make one such man as this Louisianaized Englishman? Any fool can make a woman feel vengeance. Only a born knight—a man of gentle blood—can pardon the wound his heart receives from the lady of his choice. "But, do you, an American, a citizen of the great United States, believe in aristocracy?" says a Canadian at my elbow. "Sir, I believe in the aristocracy of Almighty God. I consider the doctrine that all men are born equal a self-evident lie, which every meadow and forest proclaims to be false. I had far sooner swear allegiance to Victoria than be taken into 'Abraham's' despotic bosom. Victoria does not open her subjects' private letters. She does not hang every dissenter at the nearest lamp-post. She does not invade private houses and make 'black-lists' of those literary men who make, through the public press, expositions of their conscientious convictions.

After supper, the old gentleman invited his young companion to take a walk. They passed through the town out into the cemetery. Every tomb bore quaint devices, and the city in the sunset shone with a glorious lustre. Lansing looked really beautiful. His violet-grey eyes glittered with a myriad mingled emotions, and his golden hair, as he removed his *sombrero* to enjoy the delicious evening breeze, hung about his high and narrow brow in a wealth of luxuriant profusion.

Pausing by a tomb that was covered by a flat gray stone, upon which was carved the simple words: "*Dolores, etat 16, Resurgam.*" Egbert seated himself, and lighting a fresh cheroot and handing another to Lansing, Mentor said:

"You showed to-day a curiosity to know something of my past."

"Say, rather, a nobler feeling than curiosity. Your voice told me, dear sir, that you had known a grief. Tell me all about it. Who should better sympathise with the memories of the old, than those young like me?"

"Lansing, in a few words, I will sketch the past. I came to Maryland young in life and when but twenty-two met one I worshipped. Shall I tell you what a sweet, sad face, what a wealth of soft brown hair, what delicately-pencilled eyebrows, and what a pouting mouth my angel wore? I loved her, Lansing, even as you worship Emily. Do not quarrel with me if I tell you she was even a nobler, holier, better woman than Miss Hazleton. Do not say 'impossible!' At any rate, I thought so then, and think so still. I was a tutor in her father's house, and she was the eldest of my pupils, at this time 'sweet sixteen.' Of good family, and possessed of a competence, she was not rich, and when she confessed her love, and I won her parents' consent to our union, I confess my own good fortune begilded life until I thought this earth a heaven. In two years we were to be married, and I went away to New York, having obtained a lucrative professorship in a college in that metropolis. Every vacation I visited her, and thrice each week she used to write me letters that trembled with a girlish heart's sweet tenderness.

"When within three months of the time appointed for her marriage her letters ceased, and one dull November day, going to the post, I received a letter announcing she was married to another. She asked forgiveness. Her father was embarrassed; she had wedded rich; she had not known her own heart; she did not love me—would I forgive her all the seeming inconstancy?"

"Lansing, do you believe I suffered? Do you marvel, if I drank deep, and lost my

place, and became for years a broken-down, prematurely-old young man?"

"It would have killed me," gasped the boyish lover.

"No: men never die of such wounds. Time is very kind, young man. I raised the Circean goblet of pleasure to my lips and blunted sense.

"One day I got a letter from my father's solicitor. He was dead, and I was rich. Richer by far than the one love of my life. Richer than her husband.

"Suddenly I dismissed my last female companion. I removed to New Orleans and was a Monk of the order of Desolation; for no social pleasure, no gay company, no wine nor wassail knew my presence more.

"The crash of 1837 came. I was engrossed in business, when one day accident put me in possession of the fact that my old rival was on the brink of ruin. He had assets enough, but could not realize, and a large sum of ready money only could save him from destruction. 'A lawyer,' I wrote him, a client of mine had a large sum he would invest, if he would give a mortgage, and never till the money was paid, did he know it was I who saved him. Subsequently we met, and became firm friends."

"Who was this man?—I have a suspicion. My father has often said, you saved him from ruin years ago."

"Lansing! Lansing! you are her son. Have you confidence in me; are you calm?"

"My dear, dear friend!" And the boy-lover put his arms about his neck and wept.

Then gradually, Mentor broke the sad news to him, and placing the letters in his hands, turned down another avenue of the cemetery, and left the young man alone with his big grief.

Minutes lengthened into hours; hours rolled on, and the midnight moon arose, when suddenly Mentor felt the delicate hand upon his shoulder, and Lansing said:

"We will go now to the Fandango."

Egbert looked a second at the young man. The lips quivered and the eyes were red with traces of scalding tears. "Let us go to the inn first; I—I—I want to change my coat."

Mentor smoked in silence, and the boy went to his room, boy no longer! Carking care, and distrust, and the bitterness that never dies, had made a man of him. Those letters were silently placed in his trunk, beside the Bible his dead mother gave him years ago. He could not take them to a place of revelry. His eyes were washed, and he had, calmly, changed his coat, and Mentor marvelled at the years his friend had lived in a few brief hours. Not a word was said as they went to the Fandango.

... Who forgets the wild days of his passionate youth? Who that has known the grief that woman bringeth, forgets the surcease of the cup?—the mad forgetfulness the music lendeth?—the blunting of the senses in the maddening dance?

The room was large. The violins were sending forth wild, joyous strains, and the light of the candles in their bronze and silver sconces, cast weird shadows on the groups. At a side-room, were two monte tables, piled up with gold and silver coin, surrounded by a throng of both sexes, who smoked and staked their money with the terrible excitement of an assumed stoicism.

The young man watched the scene, and dreamily marked the panoramic expression of the players. At length, a young girl tapped him with her fan, exclaiming, "*¿Senor, tiene Vmd, la bondad a dar me dos reales?*" He gave her the coins, and she lost them.

"I am out of luck," said she. "Why do you not play?" This she remarked in English.

"Certainly! if you wish it."

Meanwhile, Mentor watched the youth in sadness.

He staked, quite recklessly, an eagle. And the eagle won, and won, and won, until a pile of golden coin idly rested at his left hand. The superstitious players bet upon his cards, and there seemed a magical breath of fortune in the ace he bet upon. At last the dealer threw the cards to his *vis-a-vis* and a new deal was made, when the girl

whispered, "Cease now! they will cheat you with those packed cards."

He obeyed her, and listening to the prayers of veteran gamblers against whose efforts Fortune frowned, gave them a handful of small silver, and followed Martina into the main hall, where the dance was at its height.

Like all Spanish women, the new acquaintance of Lansing Daere was born to waltz. You ask these Mexican ladies who taught them, and the everlasting "*¿quien sabe?*" is your reply. Graceful as swans, and light as fairies, they will waltz hours and know no fatigue. They do not hop like German *fraus*, nor drag like the mournful English dames. They waltz for the love of waltzing, not to display their charms. You might preach a twelvemonth and fail to convince them it was an "impropriety" to waltze, save with a husband, brother, or accepted suitor. They laughingly take your proffered arm, and if you dance well, will never tire in your arms; but if you have no ear for music, or affront their taste, they become "so tired," and begging a hundred pardons, soon remember they have another engagement. The music was faultless for the purpose. Did those Spanish composers catch inspiration from some wicked fairies? Else how did they learn those seductive strains? What business have such soft, sweet notes in this work-day world of ours? The naughty fairies!—how they make those violins give the "good bye" to Duty, Sobriety and staid Decorum.

Do you wonder, with the wound fresh in his memory, and the point of the poisoned dagger of Despair in his bleeding heart, that Lansing Daere did not repulse the exquisite tapering fingers laid upon his shoulders, but encircling her waist joined in the dance? For a marvel, the American waltzed well. No one can learn to dance—save as a monkey or a dog. And if this fact were realized a great many *parvenues* would save time, money and ridicule.

I wonder what thoughts passed through the brain of that young man, as he whirled around in the delirium of that night! Did he know where he was, and realize the horrid mockery of the scene to him? Was he not unconscious of his partner, and was this why his fingers scarcely touched her waist? Was it the motion that lent him surcease of sorrow, by drowning reflection and making him dream he had once lived, but now was dead and flitting through the clouds, as a lost spirit seeking home, and rest, and holy peace?

Egbert watched him mournfully. He could understand him. It would not do to balk his wayward humor now. The violence of the tempest must subside. It was better so: better than lonely brooding and paralysis of the soul. He would watch over him; but not dare to interfere with these manifestations of his agony. Martina might teach him oblivion for a few days: the cup might give him stupor—the gaming-table could never lead the poet far astray.

The night was far spent when they gained the inn. Lansing was silent, and forgot to even bid his friend good night. Of course he did not sleep. Grinning fiends peopled his chamber. Emily took more shapes than Proteus to his delirious brain. Now she was a star, lost in the immensity of space. Anon, she was a spring of water, bitter to the taste. Again, she changed into a violet, and he was keeping herds from browsing by his flower.

.....Why try to make you feel the wild fancies that surrounded him? He was mad, for the time; and Egbert was rejoiced, as he went into his room after breakfast to see he had at last fallen asleep. How lovingly the old man fanned the youth and prayed for his future life!

VIII.

MAUD LA GRANGE.

The plantation of Terreverde, in La Grange Parish, Louisiana, glittered in the sunshine of the early day.

Standing nearly a half mile from the high road, the Manor House was in the centre of a spacious court-yard redolent with beauty. Stately magnolia trees gave cooling shades, and gorgeous flowers filled the air with perfume. The grass was soft as velvet, and a

little stream which flowed lazily and dreamily along, in the rear of the mansion, had been made by human labor to irrigate every portion of the miniature park, while gravelled paths, hedged with evergreens, led hither and thither, so that pursuing their winding course, you could explore and enjoy the delightful scene in detail, which was equally exquisite in the effect produced by its *tout en semble*, viewed from the brow of a hillock, to your right, as you approached Terreverde.

For miles and miles of level, or gently undulating ground this vast estate extended. There was scarce a man, in lower Louisiana, who had not heard of its rare fertility and marvellous loveliness; and a servant belonging to this plantation held his head high above neighboring negroes.

The wealth of brilliant colors in each *parterre* of the court-yard, was like the descriptions of the enchanted gardens that you find in Persian story; and had not these gay hues been relieved by the soft vernal tint of the grass and hedges, and the gray of the gravel, and dark shadows of the grandly gloomy old Manor House, the eye would have wearied of the gorgeous brightness. In the stately branches of the magnolia trees, laden with their white, sweet blooms, birds were singing gaily, and your first impression on beholding all this glory, was to kneel and thank the good God who had made, here and there, little spots of earth so very like to heaven.

The mansion itself, though screened by shady elms, and grand old live-oaks was very old, and in some places seemed to need repair; but the neglect seemed to arise rather from veneration for its time-worn glories, than from indifference or economical considerations. A very high and broad stone stoop led to a wide and quaintly carved gallery, which ran around all sides of the main building, both on the first and second stories; and the architecture seemed a strange commingling of Ionic and Corinthian, with a dash of the Arabesque. In the material, a brownish stone had been used chiefly, but the pillars that supported the gallery were of a whitish, coarse-grained marble, that presented a singular effect, the first time you saw them, as if reminding you of people you had met in a world anterior to earth.

Green trailing vines ran over the mansion in a semi-barbarous freedom. Sometimes, by moonlight, you could fancy they were serpents that had broken from their secret lurking-places, and thronged for a midnight revel about the gray walls of Terreverde; but, when you viewed the place in the morning and clear sunlight, you saw they were kindly, harmless "wood-bine" and "everlasting" that caressed the Manor House now, even as they had done for fifty years and more, in the happy, happy past.

Far away, in the distance, when the day was very clear, and the water high, you could catch a faint glimpse of the Mississippi, and young eyes, that see so much more than older worldlings do, have even discerned the smoke from the steamers bearing the wealth of the western world on the bosom of that marvellous river; while looking westward, through the court-yard, you might mark the white, clean cabins of the plantation village.

The early September morning air, carried the song of the negroes to your ear, as *returning* from the field-labor, they were marching to the copse where their breakfast was awaiting them, and if you cared to listen, you would mark a plaintive sweetness in their merry voices. The nearest approximation Roman letters could give to the words and measure would be:

"Pick de cotton, hoe de co' n;
Ho! de Kigi, kogi kum—
Niggers all to work 'um bo' n;
See de Kigi, see dey cum—
Spec ow' Missey, she' do say;
Ho! de Kigi, kogi kum—
Dat de darkies rubber play;
See de Kigi, see dey cum—
Den, vivy 'erry-verdy!

The day is very newly born, yet from one wing of the mansion comes two figures presenting the law of contrast in the most striking aspect, for approaching the main avenue of the court-yard, they pace to and fro, up and down the winding walks, enjoying the delicious morning breeze.

The first of the twain is very petite, and although in her imagination her sixteenth

birth-day "which will come the day after to-morrow, Chloe," as she says to her companion "is very full of bright anticipations, yet she is so fragile and her face is so free from the shadow of a care, that you look upon her as a child, at least a couple of years younger. She is beautiful—but it is rather the loveliness of a spirit than a woman. You cannot describe such features, for girls like Maud La Grange make you worship so reverently you fear to love, and enwrapping you with the purity they radiate, compel your world-wearied heart to own there is a better and a truer passion than sense inspireth. When you see that soft, brown, fine mass of waving curls, you do not think of Venus in the Louvre, but of Mary at the Tomb. Those blue eyes tell the story of a little life, passed in holy peace and one cloudless summer. The pure white forehead has no lines upon its marble surface, and around the gentle mouth Selfishness and Vanity have traced no imprint. Born to an estate which is told by millions, the orphan heiress is ignorant of base pride or ignoble impulse. A beautiful daisy, she walks among her sister flowers, and shares the same refreshing balmy air.

As she steps along, by the western terrace of the court-yard, you remark that her exquisitely fragile figure is perfect as a Grecian statue. She is not thin, nor lank, nor sickly; hers is the delicate beauty of a healthy, Perfect Girlhood. Her movements, with all their gracefulness, have a fairy stateliness; if she were clad in rags you would swear she were a gentleman's daughter; and her morning robe of simple white is fastened simply with pearl buttons, and her only ornament is a plain gold ring. A blue ribbon confines her hair, and another serves as a belt for the waist—which small and trim is not waspish, but in entire harmony with her age, size, weight and delicate organization. Upon her head is a gypsy flat, of unbleached straw which shades the head, neck and shoulders, and when she smiles, you wish it were removed, for it hides an angel's countenance.

Chloe, walks by her mistress, a pace or two in the rear, as the old nurse is getting into the vale of years. She is not much bent, however, and her gray hairs are concealed under a turban of so many colours, that even the flowers are ashamed to lift themselves up in Aunt's presence. Her complexion is neither brown, nor yellow, but a jet so black that a cat could not see her of a dark night. In cleanliness she could set an example to many a Bridget or Miss Fangle, and at seventy her health is the envy of all the aged niggers of her acquaintance. She nursed Maud, as she had nursed her mother before her, and loved Miss La Grange better than all the pickaninnies that had called her "mammy," until she would have to throw the poker at them, to clear the road for herself. She would have seen all her own young ones, the number of which was fabulous, and an unknown quantity even to herself, broiled alive, and eat up by Abolitionists, (which would be piling Pelion on Ossa in the mind of a Terreverde darkie) rather than that harm should come to one hair of her little "Missey Maud." In the mind of Aunt Chloe, there were three main principles, to which all other things were merely corollaries: First, every LaGrange had a mortgage on all creation; secondly, servants on Terreverde plantation were superior to all "or'nary darkies;" lastly, "Missey Maud" must always have her own way, when possible, and if not, have it all the same, and after "Missey Maud," Aunt Chloe's *ipse dixit* must be final; or if there were any appeal, it could only be taken to Uncle Abe, a venerable octogenarian, who had a faculty of getting people out of scrapes and taking care there "was nobody hurt."

"Aunty," said Maud, as she stood under a magnolia, whose spreading branches stretched over the walk, "the day after to-morrow Guardy will be here, surely, for he promises. Do you know he is going to bring me a present for my birth-day? Can you imagine what it is?"

"It must be someth'ing good, Missey Maud, for Massa Egbert um gem'men. Will de darkies have a hol'day?"

"Of course, Aunty." And Maud put her little, furry hand on the shoulder of her nurse: "But 'this present,' Mr Mentor, says, will 'only be valuable as I have sense to use it.' What can he mean 'Chloe'?"

"Golly; an how should dis nigger know, Missey? Let's go an' sult Uncle Abe."

"By all means," chimed in Maud, and she tripped off towards the gate so rapidly, that poor Chloe, panting like a porpoise, exclaimed, "Lor, 'bess de angel;—dis ole nigger, um no go fas, an she'd do'um once."

But Maud laughing at the breathless negress, waited at the road side, and the remainder of the walk kept a more moderate pace.

Arrived at the village, half a mile away they paused before one Cabin that stood apart from the rest. The boards were painted instead of being whitewashed, and something about the tenement proclaimed that it was indeed the White House of the settlement, and no common individual lived within. Uncle Abe was a sort of President in the village, and was always beset by a crowd of phant worshipers, who knew his influence on the Plantation of Terreverde, when they wanted a smell of the kitchen door.

The old darkie sat in the door-sill of his cabin, smoking a very long clay pipe, that was black with age, and ornamented with various ribbons that had once been green, and blue, and red, and white. His head was bare, and his white wool seemed to find a luxury in the morning sun. His shirt was of the most violent turkey-red calico, and the broad Byronic rolling collar was fastened by a neck-erchief of pea green. His waist-coat was a heavy velvet, of a hue that had once been black, and which he had begged from the wardrobe of Mr. Merton, during his last visit to Terreverde, where he came regularly four times a year, as well as on Christmas and "Missey Maud's" birth-day, for he was her Guardian and Trustee of Terreverde. His breeches were made of white duck-cloth, very full in the lower extremities, and his coat was an old surtout he had bought of a Jew at a bargain, last time he went to New Orleans with Mr. Mentor; and as it was heavily padded, to any one but a Southern negro, it would have seemed slightly warm for a Louisiana September morning.

When Chloe and her mistress approached the Cabin, Uncle Abe said to his better half; "Lor de Golly! un am you' be a taken um wid'out a bit ob bek'fast, fum de House? am you' crazy, kase um in de wale of de D'ceemb'rs?" And the old darkie, ducking very low, said to his youthful mistress:

"Missey Maud, you'be jes kum in de shade. Chloe ken m'ke de coffee, un I'be a pige dat Sam kill las night dats jes de bird for de flower of Terreverde." And displaying the trophy of his son's skill, the venerable slave gave it to his wife, and she went to work to broil it, in a very brief time; for Chloe had a sovereign scorn for the French dishes of the *Chef d'cuisine* of the Manor House, who had never known the advantages of education on a Virginia Plantation, and who, being a Creole Slave, and a Catholic into the bargain, with quite as much French as African blood, was the natural enemy of the aristocratic old negress.

While Chloe went to work getting breakfast in her humble field, Maud's case was duly opened, and Uncle Abe mastered all the points, which were:

Imprimis: Egbert Mentor, guardian of Maud La Grange had, as he did every week when away, written her a letter.

Secundus: He would be at Terreverde on her birthday, Saturday.

Tertius: He would bring her a present.

In a postscript, he enjoined Chloe to see the Red Room was ready to receive a stranger, who would accompany him.

The solution required was, "What was the present, which could only be valuable as Maud had sense to use it?"

Uncle Abe lit his pipe. He pulled his wool violently, and walked up and down the cabin; now cautioning Chloe to not "bu'n dat air pige;" and again resuming his cogitations, at last he paused, and said to Maud:

"Missey, Abe 'em got 'um!"

"That is right," said Miss La Grange,

laughing, as she looked at the enthusiasm of her most peculiarly worthless piece of property. "Well, what is the result of your deliberations, Uncle Abe?"

"Massa Mentor am a long 'eded ole gem'men. Two an' two make four picayunes. Wy do 'um say 'fix up de quartier de rouge,' as dat yellow pison ob a Alfonse call um red bed-room? Wat dat a young Missey hab de sense to use? I spees, an' dat am dis air nigger's impassh'nate consid'ration ob de circumferences of dis 'stra'nary bizness, dat Marse bring 'um a young gem'men to marry Missey Maud."

Maud did not blush: she was too much child and too little woman 'et for that. She only laughed, and looking enquiringly at Uncle Abe, said:

"Uncle Abe, why should Guardy want me to marry?"

The venerable darkie lighted his pipe again, with his mistress' leave, and answered, as if all the wisdom of past ages was concentrated in his head:

"Missey Maud, dat air ole no 'count nigger—dat mis'ble Chloe—one day wen both 'um us 'um young, got a picaninny, she foun' in a cabbage. Yah! yah! yah! She seb to 'um, 'Abe'em, wot we do 'um de leoble darkie? Dar's no close, dar's no shoes, dar's no no'ting.' Say I, 'Chloe, honey, de ole Marse Edward—(you hab um papa, den, dear Missey Maud,—p'vide 'em. De picaninny neber lib many days, Missey. Poor picaninny! it was ver' near to Abe'm's ole heart. Dis chile was young Abe'm, den, Missey Wen she fin' nudder pic'ninny Abe'm hab de close, de shoes, de multiplicashun ob cherub-tail'ring all on dat cradle. Now, ole Marse Mentor know 'ting or so. He'b seen de little Misseys lub vultures and crok'diles? He hab a care 'um de white angels, as Abe'm had 'bout his pic'ninnies, when de firs' libbie black d'i'mond die 'um ig'nance Dat's my 'pinion, Missey Maud;" and Abraham smoked, as if to recompense himself for the long exercise of his wonderful powers of brain.

Chloe soon had breakfast on the cabin table. A bran new linen cover was spread, and Maud had her favorite luxury, pigeon broiled on toast, sprinkled with lime juice. The coffee was of a quality I am afraid the very intelligent people of Canada are not so fortunate as to see, and the lettuce and cresses were as crisp as only Southern salads can taste. Chloe and Abraham stood watching their mistress, as you and I, madam, might attend at a banquet of the gods, reverently and happy; and the little creature partook of her simple meal as a canary bird might consume the seeds you dropped in its cage—singing between whiles.

Let no one fancy this is rare: in the South young people seem possessed to take meals, now and then, in the catins of old family servants, and it is only justice to say, that the negro quarters in the far South are generally kept with a cleanliness and even simple luxury, unknown among the very poor of the Northern States.

I do not write to shock your sense of poetry, but let me ask you a question: Did you ever eat hoe-cake? for Maud La Grange made no scruples of patronizing that favorite morning accompaniment to digestion. I know this shocks "taste" horribly, for I have been told by a Boston friend "nobody looked nice eating." I do not believe a word of it. I find a great deal of poetry and philosophy in a meal life; and when we have so many thousand two-penny Reformers taking care to enlighten people's minds and improve their "morals," may I not be regarded as an antidote to modern transcendentalism, if I get in edgeways a plea for the human body?

..... An hour later, when Maud reached the Manor House, her Governess was awaiting her arrival to have her read over so many dull pages in that tiresome *Telemaque*. But remembering that it would only last a couple of hours, with a heavy "hiegho!" Maud went to work translating the adventures of the son of Ulysses. She had read about half an hour, when a heavy double rap at the hall door, and a voice calling her name, caused her to drop her task and hasten to the main gallery.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Fun, Facts, and Fancies.

We never know what some persons don't mean until they have spoken.

Self-respect is the noblest garment we can clothe ourselves.

Every anniversary of a birth-day is the dispelling of a dream.

Say less than you think, rather than think only half what you say.

The three great conquerors of the world are Fashion, Love and Death.

Never employ yourselves to discover the faults of others—look to your own.

He is the best accountant who can count up the sum of his own error.

It Appears Doubtful,

Putting all the reports together
Relating to barley, wheat, and hops,
Whether the crops will weather the weather
Or the weather will weather the crops.

Miss Mullock gives it as an item of domestic felicity that the man of the family should be absent at least six hours per day.

"Now, gentlemen," said a nobleman to his guests, as the ladies left the room, "let us understand each other; are we to drink like men or like beasts?" The guests somewhat indignant exclaimed, "like men!" "Then," he replied, "we are going to get jolly drunk, for brutes never drink more than they want."

"Jennie," said a venerable Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking his consent to accompany her urgent and favoured suitor to the altar, "Jennie, it is a very solemn thing to get married.

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it's a great deal solemnner not to."

A friend gave Garrick a case, containing a razor and other utensils, telling him at the same time he would find some other pretty things in it. "I hope," said Garrick, "that one of them is a pretty little barber."

A wife's bosom should be the tomb of her husband's failings, and his character far more valuable in her estimation than his life.

"Doctor" said a man to Abernethy, "my daughter had a fit, and continued for half-an-hour without sense or knowledge." "Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many continue so all their lives."

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

Talleyrand said of certain ladies' dresses, that they "began too late and ended too soon." If he could look in upon the fashions where the long trailing dresses are so much worn, he would be apt to remark that the dresses begin so late that they don't get through in any kind of season!

We have heard of an old lady, who, on being asked in her last illness, what part of the Bible she would like to have read to her, remarked that the account of Samson's tying the foxes' tails together had always been her favorite, and that if the enquirer would read it "easylike" it might be the means of putting her to sleep.

A thief who broke out of jail in Ohio, the other day, being recaptured, told the sheriff that he might have escaped, but he had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday.

Macklin and Johnston disputing on a literary subject, Johnson quoted Greek. "I don't understand Greek," said Macklin. "A man who argues should understand every language," replied Johnson. "Very well," said Macklin, and gave him a quotation from the Irish.

Virginia's Notice to the Federal Government.—N.B. 'Children-in arms not admitted.'

A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was very much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the great regard we have for each other."

Grinding Bones.—The proprietor of a bone mill advertises that those sending their own bones to be ground will be attended to with punctuality and despatch.

THE HOME JOURNAL:

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

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

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The Home Journal.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1861.

WHAT THE HOME PRESS SAYS.

We are deeply obliged to our brothers of the Canadian Press for their many kind notices of the enterprise we have undertaken, with so many mingled hopes and fears, that it would be either ingratitude or affectation to deny that a sense of their kindness has deeply penetrated our heart, and their favorable opinion it will be our study to measurably deserve. If we annex a few of their "golden opinions" we hope it will not be set down to the charge of vanity, but of appreciation of the courtesy—we had almost said the enthusiasm—with which our little hantling has been received. When were the Knights of the Quill, personally, ever anything but generous to one another? Thank you, one and all gentlemen.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.

Young Canada is a theme we never weary in following. The man who hateth the youthful is a disagreeable, if not a dangerous, member of society. If the HOME JOURNAL can only be taken to the hearts and hearths of the rising generation of the Province, it will have the society of those it most desires to be loved by, and it shall be its care, while avoiding anything like prudery, never to say one word, or be guilty of a single insinuation that would bring an unhallowed blush upon the cheek of a sister or a wife. In the common imperfections of human nature sometimes it may stumble, but it will not grovel in the mire: and if the scholars and preachers and best intellects of Canada will rally around it, the field it essays to fill may not only bear a rich harvest but be materially extended.

Looking across the border, not as a politician, nor as one with any sympathies in the strife that threatens to drench that unhappy Republic in rivers of blood and years of internecine conflict, of civilization as well as arms, of thought as well as action, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that the Northern States owe much of their present troubles to a neglect of their young.

For they have been cruelly abused!

It is not enough to afford young people intellectual training. That civilization is diseased that sharpens the brain and ossifies the heart. Indeed the moral nature sacri-

ficed to the mental, is sure to result in ultimate shipwreck of a State. The very first thing that strikes the tourist in the States is the weakness of home-ties, and the deserted family altars are cold and grim with neglect, and the household gods avengo the unfaithfulness, by abandoning their unworthy people to their own destruction.

Materialistic civilization is very grand and very useful, but no number of steam engines can make one human soul, and while no sane man would, in these days, desire to set the car of progress in wealth and science set back a single mile over the weary road it has passed, every true student of society would desire to see spiritual adornment maintain an equal position in the race. In very new countries there is more palliation for an inordinate care for the things of the body; but when the colony expands into comparative competence, it is the part of wisdom that the better class of men have a care for the spiritual element that existing in the young, more abundantly than in the old, (because the hearts of such persons are fresh and free from the world-rot that gathers with advancing years) needs sustenance, and will have it or be debased. You may warp the spirit; you cannot crush it.

The Gradgrind Philosophy that deals only in facts is the most baneful of any that ever corrupted a community. A poetical element is native to our nature, and is to the soul what flowers are to the body. No fancy was ever half so erroneous as a quant fact, teaching no principle save selfishness; and the men who never see a pretty conceit in a volume of poetry are the very gentlemen who, if they had the power, would bottle up all the sunshine and peddle it out at so much the ounce; and if anybody could not pay for it, they would let them go without.

Such people are doubtless shocked at the caption of this fragment, but even on their own plane of argument, Love is a reality, and why deny its existence? One half of the evils that afflict the social body; nine-tenths of the infidel sects, and dreamy theorists have arisen from that mistaken policy which leads some very good folks to suppose the grand passion a delusion, when it is in reality, a development of every wholesome self-hood.

Let us ask you, O! lonely man of the world, of fifty, if you would not be better, and truer, and greater, and happier if you had married twenty-odd years ago the little blue-eyed girl half the village said was your sweetheart? Do you think the pride of life and the cautious lies worldlings teach would, if you could re-live your existence, step between you and your first love? No: you do not wish to speak of it: you know very well that—

Oh we turn from fair to fair,
Forthless as the summer air;
Yet wherever we may rove,
Memory lingers with First Love.

Did you ever hear a man rail against the sex and feel no desire to pull his nose? But no; on second thoughts, you would be sorry for him, and wonder if he were afflicted with such a mother as the author of *Child Harold*?

Sweethearts and wives! The words make every man proud and happy. How much they mean of sweet dawning love and tranquil twilight! They carry the husband and father back twenty years or more, and the matron, so honored and so beloved, becomes again in imagination the blushing maid, that in trembling accents confessed that she would walk with him henceforth, even adown the dark valley of the Shadow of Death. And the very dress she wore when he first saw her comes fresh to his vision, and she is the sweetheart he so idolized because he saw heaven in her eyes.

And will young people, with the example of their parents before them, love unworthily, or bring the traces of the car that cark to those dear brows, now silvered with gray? Do they not know that their parents only desire their happiness, and that they have travelled the way they now so ardently desire to go? Let them remember it is a grand and holy thing to love worthily, purely; and it is the highway to the deepest pitfall in the unfathomable depths below to throw the heart away—to cast diamonds to dogs.

[For the Home Journal.]
MEAN MEN

BY MATT.

No II.

My business is varied, and I meet with many different kinds of men. There is a very numerous *religious class*—bless the mark—who when they come to trade with you, suddenly discover that they are of the same religion as yourself, and have in consequence, an immense desire to leave their money with you, "if they can deal with you." This remark you will invariably find to embody the healthy proviso that they will buy, *if they can get their goods cheaper than at any other house in the trade.* I recollect an instance. A religiously inclined couple, desirous of patronizing people of their own sort, and who had just been united in the "holy bands," came into my place as I was taking in some goods, which, not having had time to mark, I quoted the prices of at random, but upon examination, found I had quoted at much less than cost! Yet my pious friends must have them lower still! I'm afraid I showed temper and am certain I showed them the door, and have, I suppose, ever since been considered a sort of barbarian by them, for refusing to receive their pious alms.

I got bewildered in the number of trading experiences, which I have been either witness of, or participator in; still I must mention another case. It's so striking a sample of those who go out to purchase, not knowing the value of the goods they are in pursuit of, but have, however, made up their minds, never to pay what is asked. My friend on this occasion was aggravatingly inclined in that direction, and no matter what price I asked, he would give so much less. I let him have his way, and made up my mind to be even with him at some future day. That day came, and with it my trading friend. He bought what he wanted and had a large percentage off it. I made out his bill, and received payment of it, and then handed him back a couple of dollars, being the excess I had over my usual prices, for that, as well as for his former purchase. The poor fellow was crest-fallen, and ever since, I suppose, considers me an honest man, (the poor dupe) for he has been a constant customer of mine.

Another and also numerous class, bent on finding out the cheap places, want a quotation of the prices of your goods, or a sample thereof, but *always* for some friend in the country, who requested him or her, to enquire for him or her, and who promise an order as soon as they can get word from their friend Mr. Thompson, or Mrs. Jenkins. Ah, your sight will be gratified when you receive that order.

You've no doubt heard the story of the swain who was paying his addresses to Sally Jones, and who on crossing a toll-bridge in company with her, remarked, as he pulled out a penny to pay his own passage, "there Sal, you must pay your own toll, for I'm not sure yet whether I'll have you or not." But I had occasion once, to take dinner with as mean a man as that. Pigs feet, (a delicate enough dish when you know it's not served for cheapness,) a shank of mutton, that had certainly done duty *once* before; some boiled weeds, for greens, and bran bread, composed the banquet; and this dinner, notwithstanding my delicate and epicurean taste, I was obliged, in courtesy, to partake of. But it was the bran bread that made up the joke, for the good wife apologized on presenting it by saying, "Weel John, ye wadna ken the mistake, I made the day." "Na lassie." "Weel ye ken where the bran and flour bags stan' the-gither." "Aye lassie." Weel as misfortune wad hae it, I took a dish o' bran; instead o' a dish o' flour, and there ye hae bran broed for dinner." I visited one of his neighbors on the same business, and questioned the latter as to how his neighbor across the road had obtained his wealth, when he replied by saying, "The people around here say of him, that, when he and his family first came to this section, land was cheap, and not much market for anything except wheat and pork, he bought a small lot of land, and whatever it produced, that would sell for cash, he sold—whatever would not sell for cash, he fed pigs on, and whatever pigs would not eat they ate themselves." I was satisfied with the

explanation and never went back for the cattle I bought, (I was then in the provision business) for I was afraid he might make a mistake similar to the wife's, and give me the bran of his stock, instead of the kernel.

Ah, you mean contemptible wretches, you annoy me when you come within the range of my vision. A poor little ragged and half-starved girl that I saw the other evening selling her *Evening Leaders* and singing her *toodle-doodle-toodle-doo*, is worth more in society than a score of you, for she was happy, and had a sunshine on her face, even amid all her poverty. But you, you discontented wretches, are like walking pallis that dim and darken all you look upon, and if these lines fall under your gaze take the resolution to reform your ways. Go and meet your families with smiles on your faces; distribute a dozen kisses between your wives and the little pledges, subscribe for the HOME JOURNAL, look pleasant, and my word for it, the wrinkles (that meanness always leaves) will desert your countenance, your coats swell out, and your relatives be glad to see you.

There are your mean snobs, your mean politicians, your mean aristocrats, and meaner people, who ape aristocracy. Mean retired merchants, and mean merchants who have not retired, but I'm sick thinking of their existence not to speak of writing of it.

STREET STUDIES.

BY DIOGENES.

I intend to say something, by-and-bye, on the individualism recognizable in streets; for individualism in such localities is generally more apparent, and stands out in clearer outline, than in any other place. Perhaps we may hereafter pick out our representative men and women of those subdivisions into which society has been marked out, and which are kept distinct by nature's great laws and their own affinities. In the meantime I will devote my space this week to subjects of a more general nature as regards streets.

Mr. Buckle has given to the world the first instalment of his *History of Civilization*—a most stupendous undertaking. We are informed by sundry critics and reviewers that the author has devoted years of study and preparation towards the accomplishment of this *magnum opus*. He has read and thoughtfully compared those great authorities, whose ideas and deductions, extending over all past ages, and dealing with every phase of the world's history, have come down stamped with all the reverence due to age and to the reflections of the great minds of the past. A stupendous undertaking, did we say? Nay, more, an impossible one. All honor, say we, to the designer of this new Evangel; but we have come to the conclusion long ago, that this *History of Civilization* will take its place among the many noble fragments that already strew the paths of literature. The imagination of the architect in every such case outruns his ability and the lapse of years—the ideal always surpasses the realization, and instead of the majestic edifice, reared in the author's dreams, we will find in after years but an imperfect structure—here a turret, there a buttress—all beautiful fragments, but, alas! not the grand, perfect whole.

Nor will we call in question Mr. Buckle's mode of dealing with his history; but we hold it as a first principle—gainsay it who may—that the real history of our race must be written, as it were, at our street-corners. We said enough already about studying men from books. Give us true pictures of our streets, whether in the stately periods of Gibbon, or the animated style of Macaulay, or the rough, jagged, tortuous sentences of Carlyle, or even in blank verse, as wild as Nat Lee ever scratched on his prison wall. By these we will unlock the mysteries of human nature, and open up the grand arcana of our social being, with all its aims and desires. By these we will see the shuttle silently weaving its strange web of happiness and misery from the elements that make up the living structure that we call human life.

We want some man to write for us the advancement of civilization in a series of pictures; and what a gallery of art would these

pictures make! Let the reader for a moment cast his imagination back to the time when the earth was but in its infancy and society in its childhood, let him travel up through those after ages and scan the chequered history of our race, and as he travels on, call up the street scenes of every period. Step by step would he move up through the primeval streets of anti and post-diluvian days—but open spaces between the ranges of tents pitched in some beautiful valley, or on the gentle slope of some hill; up through the infant cities of the east, year after year extending, year after year assuming gigantic proportions, through terraces and avenues, mixing with the people in their ceremonies, their triumphal processions, their strange rites of heathen worship, and their pageants of burial. From city to city would he move as the march of intellect strode westward, noting the changes and the advances—how science, glimmering in its first feeble light, began to question and elucidate—how the grosser forms of worship gave place to mysterious rites and appeals to the sun and moon and stellar influences—how the primitive customs of life began to soften down, and growing refinement characterised the improving generations. Still farther on would the rapt observer move, at every point—some vestige of the past disappearing. He would watch the feeble growth of philosophy gradually tearing asunder the swaddling-clothes of ignorance and prejudice, in which they had been nursed and confined; he would mark the decline of idolatrous faith and the gradual brightening and growing power of man's last and best religion. Thus would he learn as he observed; thus would he travel up through the avenues of the past, and by the lights of the present measure the way he trod, and correctly estimate the onward advancement of our race.

Macaulay's graphic picture of the streets of London, during the reign of Charles II, dwells longer in the memory than the intrigues of politicians or the battles of opposing factions; and why? Because by it we gain a truer appreciation of the morality of the time, for then, as in every period and in every country, we see the fruits of legislation, we test the morals of the people, we gauge the intelligence of the masses by their acts.

Where else can you find a better arena to observe the strength of the governing power? Where else have you a better opportunity of noting the manners and habits of the subject? Elsewhere, in Council Chambers, in Parliaments, in Courts of Justice, in Churches or in Schools, we have but the law in the abstract—the dead letter. In the streets we have it embodied and made a living reality. Democracy, the grand will-o'-the-wisp of the present time, would have slept forever in the minds of Utopians and theorists but that it grew into life in the streets. In the brain it was nothing but a chimera—on the streets it acquired the power of a Hercules, and set thrones and despotisms reeling in affrighted consternation.

Not many nights ago, had we not a miniature specimen of this same spirit on our own streets? Was not the city frightened out of its propriety by the glare of turpentine flambeaux, elevated on sticks and held aloft by a crowd of Salamanders, rigged out in their peculiar toggery with other swash-buckle gearings? It was but the Modern Democracy marching on to teach a delinquent a wholesome lesson, as it thought, in its own peculiar style. Just in the old spirit—only in embryo—was it beginning to display itself as it did before in the French Revolutions and other anarchic movements. The law, represented in blue coat, musket and gleaming bayonet, interposed, and the tug of war began! The question to be settled that instant was—the Majesty of the Law or the Majesty of Democracy. Macadam's thoroughfare for the time being became a small Thermopylæ as the devoted few stood stern and undaunted behind their wall of glittering steel. All the tar torches, the tar-smearing effigies, and swash-buckle gearing were of little use then. The tar torches and effigies flickered and went out, leaving only darkness behind. The Salamanders went on their way—let us hope wiser men—leaving the Law master

of the field—its majesty vindicated and asserted in the eyes of thousands who, we fervently hope, carried home with them the salutary lesson the scene was fitted to impart.

The Editor's Round Table.

.... These golden, long June days have come suddenly upon us all, yet perhaps ere the HOME JOURNAL reaches our readers the fickle winds will have changed, and reading of warm weather may be *malapropos*. Blessings, of sunshine or good fortune never come singly, however, and the rise in the thermometer only seems to have set busy brains and tiny fingers at work, for the Round Table groans this week with the manifold epistles forwarded to the Editor.

Young people—you may all be seated. That little blue-eyed girl in short dress, who is not yet in her teens, must stop making us laugh, and that youthful gentleman, who smokes a little and expectorates a good deal, must get the odor out of his clothes ere he presumes to be amiable to crinoline-fledged visitors.

Some people say, "we talk a great deal;" well, if we do, we are also a good listener—and we would not for a bushel-full of sovereigns, all in gold, and fresh from the mint, frighten any timid little applicant at our *sanctum* door away. When anything disagreeable or horrid is going to occur, we always vanish in a mist, and leave the Publisher to face the difficulty. This may not be very brave, but it is quite comfortable.

.... ALISTER writes us kindly. He says: "I am much pleased that after numerous failures of the Literary journals in Canada, you have determined to make a new attempt. There are doubtless thousands willing and glad to patronise home letters, and I see no reason to predict anything but success for your welcome periodical." Our correspondent sends us this trifle, which we print because five years hence he can do so much better, that he will re-read it as we look over little locks of hair, and clothes we wore in childhood:

ON THE ENGLISH OAK Planted in the University Park.

Guard the young stranger and keep him from ill,
Let not the tempest his tender buds kill;
Watch the young monarch in beauty arise
Pointing his branches so proud to the skies;
Where'er those branches wave man must be free;
Touch him not, harm him not, England's own tree.

A proud noble tree is the old English oak,
Though assailed by the storm it yields not to the shock;
For centuries past it has waved in the breeze.
In the keel of the ship it has ploughed the rough seas.
'Tis the pride of the land, 'tis the pride of the sea,
And wherever its branches wave man must be free.

As the young giant nation increases in might
So may that young oak grow up far to the sight;
As an emblem of liberty may it stand forth,
And spread out its limbs to the South and the North;
May the land where it grows be a home to the free,
And worthy to nourish old England's own tree.

And let yonder proud structure the young nation's pride
Spread its influence o'er our country so wide,
And as learning and virtue increase in the land
Let young Canada's oak in its majesty stand,
'Till it grow tall and strong as the old parent tree,
That has waved for a thousand years over the free.

.... Publishing the above reminds us that the Park deserves a passing mention. It is a great city civilizer. It is worth more to Toronto than the lucubrations of a dozen Able Editors. On these beautiful early summer evenings the Park is alive with young and old, and the babies—bless their innocent faces!—seem to enjoy the fresh air and cool shades as much as the older folks. If we could know what some of those infinitesimal people—those two-year-old Lilliputians—think of matters and things in general, we don't believe big men would always feel complimented. We saw a little baby, the other evening, that looked very distrustfully at a large, pompous gentleman, and the wee creature's eyes followed him, disdainfully, until he was out of sight. She crowed as we passed along, and laughed till her little eyes were moist. Bless the children!—they are a sort of connecting link, between this world and a better. A world without babies would be a humbug!

.... Artists are always early and severe sufferers in times of confusion. The theatres in the United States are already beginning to discover the calamities of civil war. Even Forest, among the most attractive of modern actors beyond the Atlantic,

meets with nothing but empty benches, and several establishments are closing. Niblo's Garden and Theatre are in the market; rental \$35,000 per annum.

.... The Convocation of the University was well attended. How many a bright eye sparkled with joy as some brother or sweet-heart bore off an honor. Scholars, like Artists are, after all, your only democrats worth having, a dozen of them are more valuable than a whole army of politicians and those pestilential Quack Reformers. As we sat in that magnificent chapel we could not help mentally repeating

THE POOR SCHOLAR'S SONG.

Death, old fellow! have we then
'Come at last so near each other?
Well, shake hands, and be to me
A quiet friend, a faithful brother.

All these merry days are gone,
Gone with cash, and health old fellow!
When I read long days and nights,
And sometimes with a friend got mellow.

How I toiled! For one, now fled,
I wore down the midnight taper,
Laboring, dreaming, till one day
I woke, and found my life—a vapor.

Yet, I hoped (ah! laugh not now)
For wealth, and health, and fame—the bubble?
So I climbed up Wisdom's steep
And got a fall, boy, for my trouble.

.... Christy's Minstrels have to yield to the universal demand nightly for the song of Dixie's land—the "Yankee Doodle" of the South. Surely the music must be excellent, and the action inimitably Ethiopian, when an enlightened audience can listen to rhyme, like this—one stanza of which we copy to put the rhythm, where it can be found by future ballad-historians:—

Old missus Mary Will de weaver,
William was a gay deceiver;
Look away, etc.
When he put his arms around her
He look as fierce as a forty-pounder.
His face was sharp like a butcher's cleaver,
But that didn't seem to grieve her;
Look away—look away—away—Dixie Land
Chorus—Den I wish I was in Dixie,
Hooray! Hooray!
In Dixie's land we'll took our stand
To live and die in Dixie,
Away—away—away down South in Dixie.

.... F. writes us a kind note, in which he says: "I desire earnestly to see your enterprise succeed. I have neither time nor ability to send an original article." He encloses a contribution we may print when we have more spare space. Many thanks.

.... Old types may well inspire the veteran editor with material for a sterling essay. In putting on its new dress, the London (C. W.) *Free Press*, gives utterance to some beautiful reflections. We clip a paragraph, regretful that our Round Table is so full of miscellaneous all sorts of items that we cannot spread the entire article before the JOURNAL'S readers:—

When reflecting upon the checkered events that the old type have recorded—the changes that have taken place in nations—the casualties that have befallen individuals—the social and domestic vicissitudes that have transpired, we stand appalled upon the verge of that unknown future whose history and events have to be recorded by the new type, as they have been for years by the old. Who can scrutinize the mysterious future, divine the ways of Providence, lift the veil, and tell us what they shall be? Alas! no one. That they will be equally as striking, significant, and wonderful as the past, none can doubt; but until the womb of Time evolves them, they must remain hidden to all but to that Eye to whom the past, the present, and the future are known.

.... An exchange says the Southern ladies are practising with Colt's revolvers. They have generally been "sharp shooters" and their batteries have always done great execution among the Northern men. If as formidable on the field as in the drawing-room, who could stand unmoved before them?

.... Wilkie Collins' novel of the "*Crossed Path*" is being republished in the *Guelph Advertiser*.

.... The *Advertiser* protests against the "Blue Laws" of Canada. What does the man mean?

.... Cobourg has a Literary Association. Properly directed, it may be very useful to the community.

.... OWEN ST. CLAIR contributes this week some very pretty stanzas, which we print in another part of the paper. The name seems to belong to a new star in the American literary firmament—where "people of genius" are as plenty as black-berries in September,

and every little school-mistress has mastered all the sciences before she puts on long dresses, and is married, dead and forgotten ere the sun shines on her grave, upon what would be, her thirty-first birth-day, had she lived. As we have ceased to be astonished at anything, (to come back to ST. CLAIR,) we will tell what we know about him. Some weeks ago we picked up, by chance, an American country newspaper, which contained a poem called "The Wedding Feast." It was poetry—as you will admit, when we get space to copy it one of these fine days, gentle reader. That poem reminded us of the polished verse of two deceased poets—Edgar Allen Poe, and the Rev. D. L. Osburn,—whose demise in New York, a short time ago, was mentioned with regret in several literary journals. ST. CLAIR'S poetry, however, differs from that of either of these "weird singers of sad songs" who have passed away from earth, to "another and a better world," in its *greater grasp of Hope*. We would wager something, that St. Clair will be heard of, widely, ere many years have passed. It is needless to say, that the fragment from him that we publish is no fair criterion of his ability. If we have been correctly informed, he is a western gentleman.

Poets' Column.



[For the Home Journal.]
GOOD NIGHT.

BY OWEN ST. CLAIR.

Good night, love! the stars are in sight,
The moon has gone down o'er the hill,
One kiss ere we part from your lips rosy bright,
My spirit with rapture to fill.

Good Night!

Good night, love! and go by the path to the right
That bends round the brow of the hill,
That your dear little form may be longer in sight
As I go down the path by the mill.

Good Night!

Good night, love! remember to-morrow-night
We will meet here again by the mill,
And our love shall be warmed by our soul's inner light,
Till the moon goeth down o'er the hill.

Good Night!

[For the Home Journal.] OLD LETTERS.

BY ISIDORE G. ASCHER.

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

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

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

ADDISON.—How soft and rich the everlasting April of his style! By what green pastures and still waters does he lead us! What a tremble there is in his beautiful sentences, like that of a twilight wave just touched by the west wind's balmy breath! How he stammers out his mild sublimities; and how much does his stammering, like a beautiful child's; add to their effect! His piety, so sweet and shepherd like; his kindness, so unaffected; his mannerism, so agreeable; his humor, so delicate, so sly, so harmless!—*Gilfillen's Literary Portraits.*

(For the Home Journal)

TO RED RIVER AND THE PACIFIC
VIA THE VICTORIA BRIDGE.A MORNING MEMORIAL ON MONTREAL
MOUNTAIN.

BY THOMAS PARCY WOFF.

In an early morning walk towards the summit of that mountain from which Montreal derives its name, when two-thirds of the ascent had been made, I sat down to rest, and saw the city and the river outstretched at my feet. The zinc domes of McGill College, and the Bonsecour, the spires of many churches, especially the slender and beautiful one of the English Cathedral, I hardly wanted to observe, for my eye rested with a species of fascination on the long stride of the Victoria Bridge, with its four and twenty piers, and its graceful, gradual elevation over the central bed of the river. My mind reverted, by a very natural association of ideas, to the glory of that Northumbrian collier's son, who now sleeps in Westminster Abbey among the immortals of the Empire; to another name, laboring under a mental eclipse as sad as death; and to those still happily among us, and of us, who have not had that full justice done them, in the story of the enterprise, which the imperial fame of Stephenson secured at once to that illustrious engineer.

Involuntarily, according to my habit when alone, I began to link deduction to deduction, inference to inference, speculation to speculation, as to the international significance and highest possible utility of this masterpiece of masonry and art: for I have long been unable to look upon anything in Canada without busying myself with conjectures as to its future effects upon the Northern nationality, whose signs may already be read in the skies above us, and in the earth and waters beneath. The thoughts, as they arose in my mind, on this particular occasion, took, on my return home, the oratorical form, which is habitual with some minds, when heated and interested; such as they were, when poured out upon the paper, I present them to the readers of the HOME JOURNAL—the new venture of an old friend.

I set down the concatenation of thought at the point which possessed me longest: the possibility of this Bridge becoming a main link in the future railway which is to cross the continent from the Atlantic to the Pacific. To the river system of the North, properly so called (excluding the waters that flow towards Hudson's Bay), it is the one essential artificial aid. Between Lake Ontario and the ocean, there was but one rocky ford insurmountable to inland commerce, and the despair of the engineer, until the Bridge was erected. Now, for the Nova Scotian, New Brunswicker, or New Englander, facing towards the west, the rapids of the St. Lawrence no longer exist as an impediment. Every pier of the twenty-four on which Stephenson's tube reposes may be said to stand for an hour of the day. The builders of the wonderful work have endowed all future travellers to or from the interior of North America with what the Roman Emperor so grieved to lose—a day!

Most of all does it seem interesting to me speculatively, viewed in connection with a possible Pacific railroad, and as extending the boundaries of our Province westward, until they join those of the new colony on the other slope of the mountains—British Columbia. I have always felt an active, living interest in everything that concerns what is usually called among us "the Red River Country." In the very heart of the continent, on a territory, 500,000 square miles in extent, where Lord Selkirk, half a century ago, declared there was field enough for a population of 30,000,000 souls, the only speck of settlement yet visible is some 7,000 or 8,000 of our fellow subjects in and about Fort Garry. No American community has undergone a sterner apprenticeship to fortune, or been so unwisely underrated by Imperial and Canadian statesmen. The greater part, if not all that region, was an integral part of Canada at the Conquest, and to Canada the people of the Selkirk settlement naturally looked for protection against the monopolizing policy of the Hudson's Bay

Company. It is not creditable to us to be forced to admit that hitherto they have looked this way in vain. No Canadian can have read with satisfaction the latest intelligence from that kindred community; no Canadian can learn with satisfaction that it was left for the infant State of Minnesota, with a census not exceeding altogether this little Island of Montreal, to do for them what they naturally expected from us—that while we were interrogating our Ministers as to their policy on the Hudson's Bay question, the Americans from St. Paul's were steaming down to Fort Garry. It is not the first time that we have received a lesson in enterprise from our republican neighbors; to be our leaders on our own soil, though creditable to them, is surely not in this case particularly honorable to us.

That Red River country, let me observe, is no inhospitable desert, repugnant to the increase of the human race. Modern science has exploded the ancient error, that climate is determined by the latitude. The best authority on the climatology of our continent, Mr. Lorin Blodgett, has pointed out the existence of a vast wedge-shaped tract, extending from the 47° to the 60° degree of northern latitude, ten degrees of longitude deep at the base, containing 500,000 square miles of habitable land, subject to few and inconsiderable variations of climate. This author gives a summer of 95 days to Toronto, and of 90 days to Cumberland House in 54° north. Mr. Simon Dawson, from personal observation, compares the climate of Fort Garry to that of Kingston. Professor Hind places its annual mean temperature at 8° lower than that of Toronto, for though the fall of rain is 17 inches more, the fall of snow is 33 inches less, than at Toronto. Herds of Buffalo winter in the woodland as far north as the 60° parallel; Indian corn grows on both banks of the Saskatchewan; wheat sown in the valley of the Red River, early in May, is gathered in by the end of August. The altitude and aspect of the country nourishes in it a temperature which one would not expect to find so far northward. Blodgett asserts that spring opens almost simultaneously along the vast plains from St. Paul to the Mackenzie river; and assuredly where cattle can winter out, where the rivers are generally free of ice by the first week of May, where wheat can be grown "twenty years in succession without exhausting the soil,"—there must be something woefully wrong in the system of rule, when, after fifty years of settlement, we find a total population of less than 10,000 souls! The lake and river system of that region are almost as wonderful as our own. Lake Winnipeg has an area equal to Erie, and Lake Manitoba nearly half that of Winnipeg. In the valleys of the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine, Professor Hind estimates that there are above 11,000,000 acres "of arable land of the first quality." Of this region about one half is prairie to one half woodland; it is the only extensive prairie country open to us, east of the Rocky Mountains and if justice was even now done it, it would become the Illinois or Iowa of our future British-American nationality.

And this country is not only valuable in itself, but valuable for that to which it leads. The distance from a given point on our side of Lake Superior to navigable water on Frazer River, in British Columbia, does not exceed 2,000 miles—almost twice the distance between Boston and Chicago. It has been shown by every explorer how, with some inconsiderable aids from art, a continuous steamboat navigation might be obtained from Lake Winnipeg to the base of the Rocky Mountains. By these aids, and corresponding improvements on the other side of the Mountains, Toronto might be brought within ten or twelve days of British Columbia. But there is a still more important consideration connected with the territory; for we now know that through its prairies is to be found the shortest and best railroad route to the Pacific. Every one can understand that the American route from western Europe to Asia, which lies farthest to the north, must be the most direct. Any one glancing at a globe will see where the 46° parallel leads the eye, from the heart of Germany, through the

British Channel, across to the Gulf St. Lawrence, and from our Gulf westward to the Saskatchewan, to Vancouver's Island—the Cuba of the North Pacific—and from Vancouver to the rich and populous archipelago of Japan. This course was demonstrated by Captain Syngé to be 2,000 miles shorter between London and Hong Kong than any that has been proposed: it has but one formidable engineering difficulty to overcome, an elevation of 6,000 feet above the sea level in crossing the Rocky Mountains into British Columbia. Such at least is the carefully guarded statement of Mr. Stevens, the late American Governor of Washington Territory; and such is said to be the result arrived at by Captain Palliser's more recent explorations. By a short tunnel at the favorable pass, the elevation may be reduced to 5,000 feet, "whose gradients," it has been calculated, "need not exceed sixty feet per mile, from the head of Lake Superior to Puget Sound." An elevation of 5,000 feet is not an insuperable obstacle—as has been shown at Mount Ceniz and the Alleghanies. (On the Philadelphia and Pittsburgh road at Altona, the gradient of 96 feet to the mile has been found practicable.) The name—"Rocky Mountains"—is more formidable to the ear than to the engineer, as the latitude has misled us with regard to climate, so the altitude has been overrated with regard to cost; but the science of this age once entered upon any experiment, will neither be deterred by regions represented as uninhabitable, nor by mountains reputed to be, impassable.

To find a north-west passage to the Pacific, how many valuable lives have been risked and lost! The heroism of the battle field is common-place in comparison with the devotion of those intrepid explorers, blasting their way, with European gunpowder, through reefs and cliffs of Arctic ice. For three centuries men of science and courage matchless among modern adventurers for resources and acquirements, have driven their prowess into the ice-pack, as if they could force the passage by sheer persistency. Their sails have stiffened in the frigid blast; their ships have foundered in the floe; their trail has been tracked by the savage thirsting for their blood; death has dwelt with them, hope has abandoned them, fame herself has half forgotten them, but still other men arose to follow in their courses, to steer by the same stars and encounter the same terrors. The problem has at length been solved in our own time, and we know now that no navigable strait from the North Atlantic into the Pacific can ever be discovered. Yet there is a passage, short, safe, and expeditious: it leads through the Red River territory, from Canada to British Columbia, and though Canada of herself is unequal to the task of opening it up, and Columbia unable to render her much assistance, we cannot suppose that English and American enterprise will suffer the advantages of that route to remain much longer untried. What Cabot and Baffin projected, what Kellett and McClure demonstrated impossible in the remote north, will be achieved in a more southern parallel, and the dream of Jacques Cartier shall be fulfilled, when the common route from Europe to India will lead, as it must yet lead, through the valley of the St. Lawrence, across this Bridge. The Victoria Bridge as a local, or even as a Provincial work, is out of all proportion to our own means and requirements. As an American causeway, free to the commerce of the lake region and the northwest, free to the Eastern United States and Eastern Provinces, it is not, perhaps, too ambitious. As an interoceanic work it is not, perhaps, too ambitious; it has the back to bear, and the sinews to support, the burthens of more than one continent. Yet it is not only as a material success that we can consent to regard anything on which so much human intelligence has been lavished. Of its moral significance something remains to be said. In that view, it becomes an altar dedicated to international peace—a monument sacred to good will among men. It is no Chinese barrier to shut out strangers—no Egyptian dormitory of the dead—but a free highway, open to all the living, inviting and assisting intercourse from abroad. So regarded, it presents itself in striking

contrast with another masterpiece of masonry and art, which stands lower down in this valley—the fortress of Quebec. That famous work employed more hands, through a longer period, at a much heavier cost, than the Victoria Bridge. Of its present uses for defence nothing needs be said, except to express the hope that they may never again be put to the test. Canadians, loving and desiring peace with all the world, turn with thankfulness from the silent bastions of Quebec, to gaze with admiration on the stone and iron outlines of this gigantic work of peace. We contemplate the times passed, the difficulties overcome, the work completed, the future before us, and our minds revert—not irreverently—to that ancient scene in an Asiatic valley, where an emancipated people, entering into possession of their new country, planted memorial stones on the banks and in the bed of their celebrated river. If this edifice fulfils its highest end, tending to preserve and promote peace and brotherhood between the nations inhabiting North America, it too will become memorable with age, as the Hebrew monuments set up at Bethbaran and Giddad were from the first. If it draws together into one confederacy and kindles with the patriotism of a common nationality the dissevered British colonies of North America, it will prove itself a stronger Imperial fortress than Quebec. At all hours of the day, and from all points of view, the Bridge looks well to my eye; yet I love best to contemplate it by the widening and rising light of morning and expectation; not only as an evidence of what can be done, but as a prospectus of what may be done hereafter—for themselves and for all the continent, by the free communities of British North America.

A BACHELOR'S REVERIES.

At thirty, looked back through a vista of ten years; remembered that at twenty I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle-aged to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again, and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty, but it is too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom. At thirty-seven, fell in love again; rather pleased to find myself not too old for that passion; Emma only nineteen; what then? women require protectors; day settled; too late to get off; luckily jilted; Emma married George Parker one day before me; again determined never to marry; turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond street; some of these fellows make a man look ten years younger—not that that was the reason. At forty, looked back ten years; remembered at thirty thinking forty a middle-aged man; must have meant fifty; fifty certainly the age of wisdom; determined to be wise in ten years; wished to learn music and Italian; tried Logic; it would not do; no defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood. At forty-six rather on the decline; but still handsome and interesting; all of them talk too much or too little; began to call chamber-maids of inns "My dear;" thought money expended on Waterloo-bridge might have been better employed; listened to a howl from Captain Querulous about family expenses; price of bread and butcher's meat; did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf; lugged myself in "single blessedness," and wished him good morning. At fifty, the age of wisdom, married my housekeeper.

IMMORTALITY.—At the age of 75, one must, of course, think frequently of death. But this thought never gives me the least uneasiness—I am so fully convinced that the soul is indistructible, and that its activity will continue through eternity. It is like the sun, which seems, to our eyes, to set in night, but is in reality gone to diffuse its light elsewhere. Even while sinking, it remains the same sun.—Gathc.

FRAGMENT ON ANCIENT MUSIC AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

BY JAMES McCARROLL.

For Cypriote late was string with poets' sweaves
Whose golden touch could soothe in steel and stones,
Make tigers tame and huge leopards
Forsoke unsounded deeps to dance on sands,
Two Gentlemen of Verona

This gem from the lips of the immortal Shakespeare, although figurative and florid in the highest degree, evinces a knowledge of the influences of music upon the human soul, not surpassed in the philology of this or any other age. With the hand of a master he grasps the subject, and in the majesty of his genius places it upon an eminence more lofty and dazzling than any accorded it by even the most sublime myths of the past. The fever of Tantalus, the stone of Sisyphus and the wheel of Ixion, although said to have been arrested by the "concord of sweet sounds," do not present to the imagination a picture so strikingly superb as that drawn here by this great Original. Eschewing the doubtful identity of these heroes of classic lore, he does not offer this momentary release from their fabled anguish in illustration of the position he assumes regarding "the food of love," but leads you down to the great, round sea itself, and there permits the voice of the enchanter to penetrate the vast, dim caverns of the Leviathan, and lure the appalling monster step by step through nameless empires, cities, fleets and thrones, till the huge, dark, dripping bugles of his ponderous ears strike through the upper air and lead him shoreward to the charmer's feet, where all his cold, dull nature disappears, and the thick torrent, quickening in his sluggish heart, leaps red to his cumbrous brain and sends him gambolling off beneath the moon. No other object under the canopy of heaven could illustrate so fully the potency of this "the language of angels," or the idea thus propounded by the poet. Of the nature and habits of the savage denizens of the jungle or the burning plains, we have some knowledge, and believe that even the most ferocious of them are not totally indifferent to the "magic of song." The deadliest snakes of India forget their poisoned fangs when gently swaying to and fro to the rude pipe of the juggler—the fold of the shepherd has been sometimes indebted for its security to the plaintive notes of his reed rather than to the sturdy kraal that shut in his timid wealth; and the stately king of the desert himself has been turned from his stern and bloody resolve by the mellow sounds of a simple horn. All this we can, in a measure, comprehend. The objects effected are occasionally brought within the range of our vision, and we are consequently familiarized with them to some extent. But the seer of Avon, in the broad splendour of his originality, sweeps them all aside, or uses them as but mere stepping stones to that unrivalled climax, where he forsakes the genial sunshine and the flowery earth, to tread "unsounded deeps" and summons from their gloomy chambers, to own the rapturous spell, that stolid mass, whose pulses scarcely throbbled, while to the great dull moon of his strange fixed eyes, there stole the first faint ray that ever told he lived or ever warmed his bulk that darkened half the sea. Here, indeed, is a grand exemplification of the author's conception of the power of music. Here we have a metaphor, which, like the mighty hard himself, must, in all its lustre, stand forever unapproachable and alone.

The origin and early history of this science is necessarily involved in the greatest obscurity. Man being an imitative animal, it may fairly be presumed, that in the first stage of his being, his ear was influenced by the songs of birds or the different modifications of sound so inseparable from his existence. Perhaps his earliest preceptor was some far off progenitor of the identical little warbler who sat "all the day long" in that "garden of roses by Bendemeer's stream." May not the anvil of Tubal Cain have laid the foundation of Handel's "Harmonious Blacksmith," or the corner stone of the celebrated chorus in "Il Trovatore?" Let us not be slow to acknowledge the influence, in some

things, of those subtle capillaries that reach us from the remote past, and tend to tinge our originality with unconscious plagiarism to-day. How many a keen arrow has been filched unwittingly from the quiver of Horace, and sonorous period from the glowing abundance of Demosthenes and Cicero? The ocean of human greatness has not leaped into existence at a single bound. On the contrary, it has been fed by a thousand rivers, streams and brooklets, the sources of which are lost in antiquity. Assuming this then to be true, we are not to arrogate to ourselves any extraordinary credit touching the perfection we have attained in this age; but rather acknowledge the ramifications of a partnership extending, perhaps, to the "dispersion of tongues," if not to the years beyond the Flood, "when earth lay closer to the skies."

From recent researches in the East, it is apparent that Egypt, the presumed cradle of the Arts and Sciences, had at a very early period a knowledge, however imperfect, of music and musical instruments. There is, however, no evidence of the Egyptians having any idea of melodic rhythm or harmony, or of their having any musical notation whatever. Their ancient flute was a cow's horn with three or four holes pierced, doubtless, without reference to recognised intervals. Their harp or lyre had but three strings. The Jewish trumpets, that shook to their fall the walls of Jericho, were ram's horns. The psaltry of the age was an instrument with wire strings struck with an iron needle or with a stick. Their sacbut resembled the present "zag" of Malta—a description of bagpipe villainous in the extreme. Their timbrel was a simple tambourine, while their dulcimer was a rude box of strings, played in the manner of the psaltry, and something similar to those seen about the streets of Europe at the present time. From this it may be presumed, that their concerted pieces were simply a variety of noises or sounds both acute and grave according to the uncertain inspiration of the performer, and such as would now prove utter destruction to the nerves of the sensitive connoisseur of the Italian Opera. In the lapse of ages, however, there was no doubt, evolved from this chaos, some melody bearing the impress of refinement and received as current coin by the elite; but as we have not a scrap of Egyptian musical notation extant, we must, for the present at least, remain in utter darkness on this point. Nor are we in a better position regarding the Jews. This latter people borrowed their music and musical instruments from Egypt, and there is no evidence of their having improved upon either. In fact, it does not appear that the ancients considered this science other than an art subject to the caprice of every innovator, and merely an emanation of supple fingers or powerful lungs.

As previously observed, there can be no reasonable doubt, that the first idea of music was suggested by the songs of birds, and the innumerable modulations of sound so closely connected with our existence. So, too, was the construction of wind and stringed instruments prompted respectively by the whistling of the winds through hollow substances, and the half harmonious twang of the hunter's bow. Whatever doubt may attach to the assumption that the "Shepherd's reed" or Pandean pipe, which is of great antiquity, is indebted for its origin to the notes produced by the breeze passing over the standing tubes of reeds cut on the banks of the Nile, we have the most undoubted evidence that the existence of the harp was suggested by the bow of the warrior or huntsman. In support of this latter assertion, the fact may be adduced, that the early harps found in the tombs of Thebes were of this shape, as well as those subsequently discovered in Greece; and it may, in addition, be observed that the lyre placed in the hands of Apollo, by sculptors and painters, up to the present hour, is simply a bow of this description bent and modified to meet the caprice of taste, or the requirements of more than one string. Bruce's Theban harp of thirteen strings, found painted in fresco in one of the tombs of Egypt, and regarding which there has been so much controversy,

although indicative of great improvement in the mechanism of the instrument, and highly ornate, still exhibits the characteristics of its original, the bow. The bass, or longest and largest string, forms one side, or the hypotenuse of this harp, while the other two sides are composed of a sort of irregular, the elegant arch of wood, broken out of the natural curve, one section forming the sounding board, and the other composing the arm that projects from the performer and holds the keys as in the modern specimens, so familiar to us. This painting, I presume to be comparatively modern, not only from the shape, and number of strings, but from the fact that the performer does not strike the instrument with a plectrum, but appears in the attitude of the harpist of our own times with his left hand extended over the bass strings, and his right touching the treble. According to Julius Pollux, who flourished at the close of the second century, Epigonus was the first of the ancients who played without the plectrum, or rather with his fingers. This being the case, the painting under consideration, could not have been anterior to the age of this latter personage; and as he is said to have lived 350 years before Christ, the remote antiquity of this Theban harp cannot, I humbly submit, be clearly established.

It is a fact worthy of consideration, that, although music is constantly mentioned by ancient authors as having been in great vogue among the nations of the East from the earliest periods, yet no art or science had ever been so tardy in arriving at anything like even a moderate degree of perfection. To the pencil of Apelles, and the chisel of Phidias, testimony the most undoubted is borne in more than one direction. We have abundant evidence of the merits of early artificers, and of the skill of workers in silver and gold and precious stones, as well as in iron and brass. But not one intelligible line have we to tell us of the state of this delightful science among the inhabitants of the great cities of the past, save a few rude fragments of musical notation from Greece, which have been characterised by the learned Dr. Burney as barbarous in the extreme, in so far as any approach to harmony or melody is concerned. And, yet, when we come to investigate this closely, we shall find that there is nothing more natural or easily accounted for than such a condition of things. In sculpture and painting, man, from the beginning, had perfect models in nature constantly before his eyes; and genius in course of time transferred their counterpart to canvas, or sought and found it in the marble block. In this manner the form and lineaments of heroes and monarchs were perpetuated, and temples filled with representations of the gods of the people. Hence it was that these two arts took the lead in refinement, while those of a more useful and common-place character of necessity took care of themselves. Not so with music, however. It had no perfect originals from which to copy its own existence, so to speak. It had no outward natural exponent of what its essence ought to be, and was consequently constrained to grope its way through ages of melodic darkness before it was enabled to resolve itself into anything approximating to a science. An astronomical hymn, composed by Dionysius, in the days of Greek refinement, and discovered by Archbishop Usher among the archives of the Cathedral of Armagh, Ireland, illustrates fully that we are not indebted to ancient Hellas for much that is valuable on this head, however we may have been benefitted in other relations. Through the medium of this composition we are enabled to pronounce definitely upon the state of the science at the period alluded to, and this Dr. Burney has done without the slightest hesitation, designating this production as unworthy any degree of civilization. The harsh clangour of a heterogeneous assemblage of barbarous instruments, then, and the chanting of some uncouth monophonic strain, appear to have accompanied Greece to her fall, and to have characterised the refinement of the Romans who have given no evidence of their having advanced beyond their neighbors in this direction. Nay more,

it may be asserted with truth, that Music had not shaken off the last of her shackles until she stepped on the very threshold of the present century, and that up to this period she had, "like a wounded snake," to drag her "slow length along."

OUR HOME CONTRIBUTORS.

We are proud this week to call attention to our contributors. The sketch by Thomas D'Arcy McGee Esq., is in his best vein, and these long, clear, ringing sentences are welcome familiar to Canadian ears.

Isidore G. Ascher—a Canadian poet—who hails from Montreal—is already well known to all lovers of sweetly tender song. His strains have tuned up the answering lyre in many a seemingly prosaic heart, and if he does not get spoiled, or die as most horn poets do, Mr. Ascher will write his name so high on the arch of poesy, that our children will love him for his deep, true words. We publish an exquisite gem from him this week.

Our friend and fellow townsman, James McCarrroll, also favors us with a charming little fragment, which, like all his writings, is as clear and easy as the flowing of a stream; every one will read it; indeed the entire paper is made with a view to that.

WEALTH.

Wealth is in applications of mind to nature; and the art of getting rich consists not in industry, much less in saving, but in a better order, in timeliness, in being at the right spot. One man has stronger arms, or longer legs; another sees by the course of streams, and growth of markets, where land will be wanted, makes a clearing to the river, goes to sleep, and wakes up rich. Steam is no stronger now than it was a hundred years ago; but it is put to better use. A clever fellow was acquainted with the expansive force of steam; he also saw the wealth of wheat and grass rotting in Michigan. Then he cunningly screws on the steam-pipe to the wheat-crop. Puff, now, oh, Steam! The steam puffs and expands as before, but this time it is dragging all Michigan at its back to hungry New York and hungry England. Coal lay in ledges under the ground since the Flood, until a laborer with pick and windlass brings it to the surface. We may well call it black diamonds. Every basket is power and civilization. For coal is a portable climate. It carries the heat of tropics to Labrador and the polar circle; and it is the means of transporting itself whithersoever it is wanted. Watt and Stephenson whispered in the ear of mankind their secret, that a half ounce of coal will draw two tons a mile, and coal carries coal, by rail and by boat, to make Canada as warm as Calcutta, and with its comfort brings its industrial power.—Emerson.

The Letter Box.

A great big pile of letters is in our portfolio awaiting an answer, as we had promised. A very few we have noticed through the Round Table. The Publisher has implored us to see to our correspondents; even threatening to keep all letters from lady contributors himself, if we did not "mind our eye."

Now what excuse made we? None. When you are in a storm bend to the blast. If one knoweth he is at fault, how can he dodge Truth's arrows?—for Truth is the fairest and most cruel maiden in the wide world.

We will do so no more. The letters shall all be attended to (even as though we were a soap-chandler, and did a heavy business, and our confidential clerk had gone to see his aunt in the country,) beginning with A, and coming down to Z. People fond of reading old letters and young answers, next week can luxuriate, as our Post Office department will then and there be so large as to require a Government appropriation, if we got our deserts—which very few do in this world.

So "Adolphus," keep cool; your poem will keep. "Mariette," you shall have an answer. "A Clergyman" will be treated respectfully. That "Lawyer" we are afraid of, and have the mat under counsels and verbose advisement.

The Weekly News.

The New York *Tribune* says there are too many secessionists in Washington, who regularly inform Davis of what is going on in the Government Councils.

General Beauregard will probably give battle to the Federal army at Manassas Junction, thirty five miles from Washington.

The New York *Herald* (daily) contains violent tirades against Great Britain.

Mademoiselle Titiens sustained the part of Gabriel in the "Creation," at Exeter Hall, London, on the 22nd ult. She received one hundred and twenty guineas for singing the few bars that compose the role.

Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, writes that he has passed large fields of cotton on the Zambesi, the article having a pile an inch and a half long.

The expenditure for rations and pay of a regiment for a month is about \$26,000.

"Shilling telegrams" are likely shortly to be as popular in England as penny postage. The United Kingdom Electric Telegraph Company, which proposes to forward messages of twenty words for the convenient sum named, is rapidly progressing with its works between London, Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham.

Dr. Holmes, of New York, the celebrated embalmer, has received a commission as surgeon in the United States army. His duty will be to embalm all those killed in battle whose bodies it may be desirable to preserve, if the war does not kill off more soldiers than it hitherto has done.

The interview of the New York Zouaves with President Lincoln is described by those who witnessed it to have been one of the most amusing incidents possible. They saluted him as familiarly as though he had been a brother Jake or Mose. Mr. Lincoln was so much amused at their odd expressions that he laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

Great efforts are being made by an English company and government agents to increase the yield of cotton from Queensland, North Sidney, Australia. The home government promises a premium of £10, or fifty dollars, to settlers for each bale of the staple successfully saved.

The rise and progress of towns in Australia is extraordinary. Some 30 miles from Adelaide in South Australia, a town called Gawler has sprung up within the last few years which now numbers about 20,000 inhabitants. It has its corporation, churches, chapels, public buildings, and societies.

A Paris correspondent of the London *Post* says the internal condition of Russia, owing to the emancipation of the serfs, is startling.

The Liverpool breadstuffs market, June 3rd, quotes breadstuffs dull; wheat declining. Consols closed 90½ @ 90¾ for money.

The Spanish Court will maintain a representative near Francis II., so long as he remains in Italy.

A skirmish occurred at Great Bethel, Virginia, on the 11th, when several U.S. troops were shot by mistake, by their own companions, the signals not being noticed. The Federal troops lost twenty-five men and were obliged to retreat.

Austria refuses to receive Anson Burlingame, the United States Minister to that country, on account of his Italian sympathies.

The growth of cotton in British Colonies engages the attention of English statesmen and merchants.

The stormy discussion in the Hungarian Diet, at Pesth, on M. Deak's proposition relative to an address to the Emperor, was continued.

The British Government has prohibited privateers from bringing prizes into British ports.

Prince Napoleon, after visiting Algiers, Spain and Portugal, will visit America.

The political contest at home still progresses. The two parties are at boiling point. We take no interest in the strife between "Cypher and Popkins."

A late letter of Russell, correspondent of the London *Times*, says the South Carolinians do not deny their monarchical sympathies.

Hon. John A. Green, Jr., of Syracuse, chairman of the N. Y. Central Democratic Committee, has addressed a letter to the editor of the *Syracuse Courier*, taking strong grounds against the American Civil War. While expressing no opinion on his political theories, which are out of place in a journal devoted to letters, we may remark that in classic elegance of style, and an almost Roman simplicity of diction, it is, in a literary point of view, the most polished piece of composition we ever remember to have seen in an American party journal. We simply notice it because bad grammar and high-wrought rhetoric are the ordinary characteristics of Yankee politicians.

Miscellaneous.

FEMALE BEAUTY AND ORNAMENTS.—The ladies of Japan gild their teeth, and those of the Indies paint theirs red. The pearl of teeth must be died black to be beautiful in Guzurat. In Greenland the women color their faces with blue and yellow. However fresh the complexion of a Muscovite may be, she would think herself very ugly if she was not plastered over with paint. The Chinese must have their feet as diminutive as those of she goats; and to render them thus their youth is passed in torture. In China small eyes are liked, and the girls are continually plucking their eyebrows that they may be thin and long. The Turkish women dip a gold brush in a tincture of a black drug, which they pass over their eyebrows. It is not visible by day, but looks shining at night. They tinge their nails with a rose-color. An African beauty must have small thick lips, a large, flat nose, and a skin beautifully black.

ORIGIN OF PAPER MONEY.—The Count de Tendilla, while besieged by the moors in the fortress of Alhambra, was destitute of gold and silver wherewith to buy for his soldiers, who began to murmur, the necessaries of life from the people of the town. In this dilemma, says the historian, what does this most sagacious commander? He takes a number of little morsels of paper, on which he inscribed various sums, large and small, and signs them with his own hand and name. "These he gave to the soldiers in earnest of their pay. How, you will say, are soldiers to be paid with little scraps of paper? Even so, and well paid too, for the good Count issued a proclamation ordering the inhabitants to take these morsels of paper for the full amount thereon subscribed, promising to redeem them at a future day, in gold and silver. Thus, by subtle and miraculous alchemy, did this cavalier turn worthless paper into precious gold and his late impoverished army abound in money." The historian adds: "The Count de Tendilla redeemed his promises like a royal knight, and his miracle, as it appeared in the eyes of Agapida, is the first instance on record of paper money, which has since spread throughout the civilized world the most unbounded opulence."

PORTRAIT OF A PRIEST.—This truly Christian man was one whose large kind eyes saw in each suffering mortal, brother, sister, and strove to teach the wretches to look on Jesus as a friend.—Preaching no heresies to his faith, his enlarged mind went out far beyond the more dogmas of his theological tenets. A man of the world, for years, he had studied for the priest-hood late in life, and he brought to his high calling an extensive knowledge of the Social Man. He knew how to get at the anguished soul, and lend it comfort. He comprehended intuitively those particular temptations most powerful to each individual penitent he came to see. He said to the troubled waters of the grief-wrung soul—"peace he still!" Behind the symbols of his creed he made you realize the dim presence, of the Mighty Truth. He was greater than his priestly vestments. He was a high type of Man ennobled by the influence of Divine Love.—*Whip of the World, a Novel.*

THE QUEEN OF NAPLES.—The Parisian ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain have held a

meeting, with a view of getting up a testimonial of their admiration of the heroic fidelity of the young Queen of Naples. There was a long deliberation as to what sort of testimonial should be adopted. At first it was proposed to offer the queen a large gold ball, on which should be inscribed "Souvenir de Gaeta, 1861;" but this suggestion was finally abandoned. It was next proposed to transmit a considerable sum of money, to be placed in an elegant coffin of carved oak and gold, enclosed in packages shaped like cartridges, with balls of gold at the extremity. But this project was not accepted. At last, it was determined to have a golden casket enriched with diamonds and precious stones, in which an address was to be deposited. With the casket were to be sent the subscription list. Eighty thousand francs were subscribed at the meeting.

MONOGAMY.—The law that binds one man to one woman is so indelibly written by nature that, wherever it is violated in general system the human race is found to deteriorate in mind and form. The influence of woman ceases; the wife is a companion—a hundred wives are but a hundred slaves. Nor is this all, unless man looks to woman as a treasure to be wooed and won—her single heart the range of his desire—that which deserves the name of love cannot exist, is struck out of the healthful system of society. Now if there be a passion in a human breast which most tends to lift us out of egotism and self—which most teaches us to live in another—v. 'ich purifies and warms the whole moral being; it is love, as we of the north hold it, and cherish it. Thus in the uniform history of the world we discover that whatever love is created, as it were, and sanctioned, by equality between the sexes which the permanent and holy union of one heart with another proclaims, there, too patriotism and liberty, the manly and gentle virtues also find place; and whenever, on the contrary, polygamy is practised, and love disappears in the gross satiety for the senses, there we find neither respect for humanity nor reverence for home, nor affection for the natal soil. And one reason why Greece so contrasted in all that dignifies our nature with the effeminate and dissolute character of the East which it overthrow, is that Greece is the earliest civilized country in which, on the borders of these great monarchies, marriage was the sacred tie between one man and one woman: not man was the thoughtful father of a home, and the wanton lord of a seraglio.—*E. L. Bulwer.*

Opinions of the Press.

The HOME JOURNAL is the name of a new family weekly paper. It is designed to be a literary journal, and presents a neat appearance. Published by William Halley, Toronto.—*Christian Guardian.*

The HOME JOURNAL.—The first number of a new literary paper, to be published weekly in Toronto by Mr. W. Halley, has reached us. It is a neat looking paper, partially illustrated, and freighted with original matter, in prose and verse. The paper presents a good appearance, but we cannot speak favorably of the embellishments. The portraits of a few Canadian celebrities would be more acceptable than those of other countries. The subscription to the paper is \$1.50 per annum, which is little enough truly. We wish Mr. Halley success with his new undertaking.—*Hamilton Spectator.*

The HOME JOURNAL.—We welcome the first number of this literary journal, which is published by Mr. William Halley, of Toronto. It is very handsomely got up, containing a large amount of original literary matter, and some very judiciously culled and entertaining selections. It may be obtained of all news-dealers, at 4 cents per copy, or annually from the publisher at one dollar and fifty cents in advance. Though recent efforts in Canadian periodical literature have generally resulted in failures, we predict for the HOME JOURNAL a successful career, as the growing tastes of the Canadian public are beginning to nauseate at the trashy, cheap literature of New York and long for something truly Canadian in sentiment. It is time now that we should have a home literature—a field for the display of native talent, and the gratification of native taste; and if the HOME JOURNAL does but maintain the same degree of excellence in future numbers, as it displays in the first, we are sure it will command, as it will deserve, a liberal support.—*Hamilton Herald.*

The HOME JOURNAL.—We are in receipt of the first number of this beautifully printed literary gem, and must acknowledge it to be the most handsome journal of the kind ever published in Canada. The HOME JOURNAL fills a vacancy which has long been felt in Canadian literature, and we feel assured that the people of Canada know how to appreciate the enterprise of the spirited publisher, Mr. Wm. Halley, and will give him that

generous support which his exertions are deserving of. The letter press of the JOURNAL is faultless, and the table and other matter which grace its pages, spirited and interesting. The ladies will, no doubt, eagerly look for each coming number of the HOME JOURNAL. We heartily wish it every success.—*Colourg Sentinel.*

The HOME JOURNAL, Vol. 1, No. 1, Toronto Wm. Halley. This is the first number of a weekly literary paper, one of that class which does not appear to flourish well in Canada. The sheet before us is well printed and promises well, and at the low price of \$1.50 a year ought to succeed, but when such a sheet as the Montreal *Family Herald* failed to command success, we confess that we have little faith in the present attempt. It promises to be the organ of no clique in Letters, Theology or Statecraft, and we doubt not sincerely, yet it is some what amusing to find that on the very next page Thomas D'Arcy McGee, Esq. is described as being not only well known, but "beloved in Canada." "Beloved?"—by whom? Echo answers—"Whom?"—*Colourg Star.*

The HOME JOURNAL.—This is the title of a new paper published in Toronto by Mr. William Halley, a name well and favorably known to the members of the great estate. The paper is well got up, and promises to be a great acquisition to the literature of Toronto. The articles are well chosen, and the paper promises to be very interesting. It is \$1.50 per annum, in advance. We wish Mr. Halley every success.—*Colourg Sun.*

The HOME JOURNAL.—This is the name of a new literary paper just issued in Toronto, by Mr. William Halley, Proprietor. It is a credit to the publisher. Its typographical appearance is not surpassed by any similar paper in the United States, and its pages are well filled with choice literature. We wish Mr. Halley every success.—*Georgetown Champion.*

NEW LITERARY GEM.—The HOME JOURNAL is the title of a new candidate for public favor just issued at Toronto by Mr. W. Halley at \$1.50 per annum, in advance. The selections, though somewhat heavy, are made with care, and will repay perusal; while the original serial "Down on the Beach," and other sketches, will no doubt absorb attention. Several similar publications have heretofore appeared in the Province, but after a very brief existence they have fizzled out. It therefore behoves the publisher of the HOME JOURNAL, if he desires to succeed in his undertaking, to give moon-struck poets and love-sick swain literature a wide berth, and keep on as he has commenced, with carefully culled selections and stirring readable original tales. By pursuing this course, we believe a discriminating public will cheerfully accord him a liberal support. We wish the HOME JOURNAL and friend Halley every success.—*St. Catharines Constitution.*

The HOME JOURNAL.—This is the name of one of the neatest papers ever published in Canada, and from a cursory glance over this, the first number, it is, in our opinion, decidedly the best literary paper ever attempted in this Province. Those who wish a good family paper, devoted to Literature, Art, Music, &c., will find the HOME JOURNAL to be just the thing. Long life to it. Published by Wm. Halley, Colborne St., Toronto, C. W., at \$1.50 per annum.—*Cayuga Sentinel.*

The first number of a new paper called the HOME JOURNAL, was published last Saturday. It is to be devoted entirely to literature. Several attempts have already been made, both here and in Montreal, to establish literary papers, but hitherto without success. Mr. Halley, the publisher of the HOME JOURNAL, deserves credit for embarking in such an enterprise, and ought to be heartily supported by the Canadian public. If the thousands of Canadians who subscribe for the *Ledger* and other Yankee papers, would transfer their names to the subscription list of the HOME JOURNAL, they would enable the proprietor to establish it on a good basis, and make it equal to any of the New York papers.—*Toronto Correspondent Stratford Beacon.*

The "HOME JOURNAL."—We have received the first number of this excellent Family Journal, published weekly in Toronto by Wm. Halley, Esq., at only one dollar and fifty cents per annum. The "Home Journal" is devoted to Literature, Art, Music, Criticism and News. We would recommend it to the favourable notice of heads of families; and wish it every success.—*Fergus Constitution.*

"THE HOME JOURNAL."—The first number of a literary journal bearing the above title, is before us. The artistic appearance of the sheet is second to none on the continent of America; while the matter cannot fail to please the most critical reader. An interesting tale of the South,—by E. F. Loveridge—commences in this number, and is entitled "Down on the Beach." The many excellencies of the paper cannot be described in a single paragraph, and we must conclude by recommending it to the patronage of the public. Published weekly at One Dollar and Fifty Cents per annum, by Mr. W. Halley, Colborne Street, Toronto.—*Durham Standard.*

"THE HOME JOURNAL" is the title of a new neatly printed family paper, published and edited by Mr. William Halley, at his office, Colborne Street Toronto. The first number contains a variety of original contributions from Canadian writers. "The Adventures of a Night," by James McCarron, is quite a readable story, descriptive of Canadian life in the neighbourhood of Niagara Falls.—*St. Catharines Post.*

We are in receipt of a very neatly printed literary paper, entitled the HOME JOURNAL, just issued at Toronto, by our old typographical friend, Mr. William Halley. The sheet is a credit not only to the publisher, but to the country, and we sincerely hope the enterprise will prove a success. Terms one dollar and fifty cents per annum.—*Ingersoll Chronicle.*

The HOME JOURNAL is a new Weekly, published in Toronto. As its name implies, it is intended for the family circle. Being a literary paper, and the only one published in the province, the Editor feels that it will be welcomed by the Canadian public. It is well got up and contains two or three original tales. We wish it every success. One Dollar and Fifty cents per year.—*Victoria Herald.*