

The Letter Box.

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

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

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

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

THE MOTHERLESS GIRL.

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

LINES

ON THE DEATH OF AN EARLY FRIEND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

CHARLES.—Emphatically no.

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

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

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

* Several communications await examination.

Choice Extracts.

One of Pharaoh's Dahlias.

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

A Roman Electioneering Placard.

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

Mrs. Siddons' out Shopping.

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

Bear with the Little Ones.

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

Duke Charles and his Hostess.

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

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

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

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

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

Equal to any Emergency.

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

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

Billiards in the British Provinces.

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

A Volunteer for Garibaldi.

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

Grumblers.

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

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

Government by Servants.

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

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

Victor's Book at the Bank of England.

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

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

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

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

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

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

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

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