

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. M. LEM.—Received—will appear in our next issue.

R. T. B.—Much obliged.

MUSIC ON THE BRAIN.—We refer you to our second page for the best proof we can give that our promise was not forgotten. In future we hope each week to devote some space to musical matters.

F. B. D.—We believe you were one of our earliest correspondents, and are glad to have heard from you again. Perhaps the most satisfactory reply we can give to your request is this, "we will publish your contribution in an early issue."

MAY.—We hope you will be able to favour us with further contributions of a similar character.

WATSON, C. O.—It will always afford us much pleasure to answer, to the best of our ability, any questions you may address to us. Do not hesitate to write when you think we can be of service to you. We reply to your first query, that the present Emperor of the French was born April 20th, 1808, consequently he is now in his 59th year; to the second, that there are two or three paper collar manufactories in Montreal. As to the problem, we admit that it was an easy one, but we purposely furnish an occasional question suited to the capacity of our young readers.

JAMES PORTER.—Will reply to your several communications at an early date. Please excuse the apparent lack of attention.

AN OLD MAN.—We invariably receive with respect any suggestions that are submitted to us; but you must be aware that we cannot adopt many, for which we, may, nevertheless, be greatly obliged. The *Reader* is not published for any particular class; but we endeavour so to arrange its contents, that there shall be something to please all classes.

E. H.—Some of the lines are very good, but others are too faulty to admit of publication, unless improved. We placed your request a second time before the proper authorities, but regret that it was again refused in a prepotent manner. The *fact* are inexorable, not the Editor.

J. T. S.—In our next issue.

ISABEL.—We do not think you have been very successful this time, but please try again.

M. E. J. M.—The articles are very respectfully declined.

GEORGE.—The present population of London is estimated at 3,067,000; Edinburgh, 175,000; Dublin, 319,000; Liverpool, 482,000.

FLORA.—The popular notion that a marriage between second cousins would be illegal, is quite incorrect. There is no law either here or in England against the marriage of first or second cousins, or in fact of cousins of any degree.

HARRY.—We believe the total sum subscribed for the relief of the Lancashire operatives during the cotton famine, from all parts of the world, was £1,773,647 sterling. More than a fourth of this sum was subscribed by Manchester men and their connections. Happily the supply of cotton is again ample, and the number of the unemployed is daily becoming less.

LOCO.—We are unable to suggest any satisfactory solution of the difficulty.

W. W.—With pleasure.

MISCELLANEA.

In a special jury compensation case tried at the Guildhall recently, the land in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's Churchyard was estimated at £1,000,000 per acre.

THERE are seventy thousand kernels of corn in a bushel; two hundred and fifty-four thousand apple seeds in a bushel; and over fourteen thousand seeds in an ounce of tobacco.

In South Australia grapes may now be purchased wholesale readily at from 1d. to 1½d. per

pound, and, at this price, it would pay families to purchase the fruit, and make their own wine.

SOUND travels at the rate of 1,142 feet per second in the air, 4,960 in the water, 11,000 in cast iron, 17,000 in steel, 18,000 in glass, and from 4,636 to 17,000 in wood.

"A LIGHTED lamp," writes M. Cheyne, "is a very small thing, and yet it giveth light to all who are in the house." And so there is a quiet influence which, like the flame of a scented lamp, fills many a home with light and fragrance.

LADY JOHNSON has handed over to trustees the sum of £10,000, the interest of which is to be devoted to the assistance of respectable unmarried females, being Protestants, over the age of fifty years, and who shall have resided for at least five years in the town of Belfast.

The *Journal du Havre* states that during the late violent hurricane, 200 enormous blocks of stone, placed in front of the breakwater at Cherbourg to protect it from the action of the sea, were lifted by the waves and thrown over the wall into the harbour. Forty cannon planted on the pier were thrown into the sea. Such a storm had never before been experienced in that place.

MOVING BEACH.—A curious geological fact is noticed in the Isle of Wight, consisting of a layer of pebbles, each about the size and colour of a horse-bean, which has been gradually moving eastward along the south-western shore of the island. The layer has now reached Ventnor. A few years ago no such pebbles were to be found on that coast. They probably originated on the coast of Dorset. They are, like all gravel, broken and water-worn flints. The layer has probably been formed under the sea, and driven by some unusual disturbance from the Dorset shores, past the Hampshire coast, on to the Isle of Wight beach.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

DR. BARBIER affirms that ground coffee possesses properties as a disinfectant, and that in *post mortem* examinations of bodies under very disagreeable circumstances he found that a handful of coffee strewn over the body and about the room quite overcame any bad odour.

RECENT experiments, conducted by the French Government, show that the water-tanks on board ship should be iron, coated inside with tin, and not of galvanized iron, as at present. It was discovered that the water, under certain various conditions, dissolved the zinc off the iron, and rendered it injurious to health.

DECOMPOSITION OF NAPHTHALIN.—Naphthalin carried through a red hot-tube yields marsh gas, and a very fine soot, which Kletinsky thinks might be used for Indian ink. When fused, naphthalin swells up and dissolves caoutchouc with great facility.

NEW METHOD OF PICTURE MAKING.—It is reported that an important discovery has just been made by Mr. Carey Lea, who has found that a plate prepared with chemically pure iodide of silver will give a picture of any object simply pressed upon it in the dark. The picture is developed by the ordinary agents in the usual way. This is extraordinary if true, and will lead to most important conclusions.

USEFUL INSECTS.—The Philadelphia *Entomologist* says:—"We blame the house flies for annoying us, and fail to see that in the larva state they have cleared away impurities around our dwellings, which might otherwise have bred cholera and typhus fever. We excrete the bloodthirsty mosquito, and forget that in the larva state she has purified the water, which would otherwise, by its malarial effluvia, have generated agues and fevers. In all probability, when we rail at the tabanus that torments our horses in the Summer, we are railing at insects which, in the larva state, have added millions to the national wealth, by preying upon those most insidious and unmanageable of all the insect foes of the farmer—subterraneous, root-feeding larvæ."

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

JAW BREAKER.—Welsh—Llanfawpwlwgwngll. French—Larochejaquelein. Welsh has it.

LOST.—The buttons from a coat of paint.

WHY is a distanced horse like a man in a shady place?—Because he is out of the heat.

A MISS GILMORE was courted by a gentleman whose name was Haddock, who told her that he only wanted one *gill more* to make him a perfect fish.

THE *Quarterly Review* states that the quantity of wax now required for one year's consumption, in sealing patents for inventions alone, is upwards of a ton and two hundred-weight.

JOSH BILLINGS says—"There is two things in this life for which we are never prepared, and that is twins."

A LETTER from Naples says:—"Standing on Castle Elmo, I drank in the whole sweep of the bay." What a swallow the writer must have!

A GERMAN writer says a young girl is a fishing-rod: the eyes are the hook, the smile the bait, the lover the gudgeon, and the marriage the butter in which he is fried.

QUITE RESIGNED.—"My dear Julia," says one pretty girl to another, "can you make up your mind to marry that odious Mr. Snuff?"—"Why, my dear Mary," replied Julia, "I believe I could take him at a pinch!"

SHAKERS.—A Yankee who had won a fat turkey at a raffle, and whose pious wife was very inquisitive about his method of obtaining the poultry, satisfied her scruples at last by the remark that "the Shakers gave it to him."

CRABBED COMPANION.—A crusty old bachelor says, some ladies sprinkle their husbands with tears in order that they may sweep the cash out of their pockets, just as people usually sprinkle the floor before sweeping it, in order to bring down the dust.

RATHER COOL.—"There has been a slight mistake committed here," observed the house-surgeon; "of no great moment, though—it was the sound leg of Mr. Higgins which was cut off. We can easily cure the other—comes to the same thing."

A BULL.—An Ohio paper publishes the following item:—"A deaf man, named Taft, was run down by a passenger train, and killed, on Wednesday morning, half-a-mile north of Greenwich Station, near Cleveland. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

ONE GOOD TURN DESERVES ANOTHER.—A young gentleman, named Harry Turn, recently married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied that it had always been a maxim of his that "one good turn deserves another," and he had acted accordingly.

A CUNJUGAL CONUNDRUM.

WHICH is of the greater value, I pry'thee say, The bride or bridegroom? Must the truth be told?

Alas! it must. The bride is given away; The bridegroom's often regularly sold.

A COQUETTISH-LOOKING vehicle is now the fashion in the Bois de Boulogne. It is hung on the finest springs, and is like the car of a water-nymph—a theatrical one. There is but room for the fair driver and her petticoat, and she fills it as completely as an oyster does its shell. There are no hangers-on, neither tiger behind nor lion at the side.

"I THINK," said a fellow, the other day, "I should make a good Member of Parliament, for I use their language. I received two bills a short time since, with requests for immediate payment; the one I ordered to be laid on the table—the other to be read that day six months."

As several neighbours of a rather dishonest man who kept a turner's shop were discussing his wonderful skill in his art, one of them remarked that, skilful as he was, there was one thing which he couldn't "turn."—"What is that?" was the generally inquiry. "An honest penny," was the satisfactory reply.