

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ARTIST.—The article will appear in an early issue.

NEW.—We refer you to the present number.  
 CHAS. H. S.—Did you receive our letter? Your communications are to hand. Please forward No. 3 at once.

S. J.—It is a matter of taste, but we much prefer the good old Saxon word "mother."

BLANK.—Is "Blank" a candidate for Beaufort? Had we supposed that the refusal to print his brilliant effusions in the READER would have been attended with such serious results, we might have hesitated ere committing his unmitigated doggerel to the flames. As it is, will Blank understand that any future communications of a similar character will be consigned unread to the waste basket? If he has anything to say, let him say it sensibly—if he can—for we have no taste for madness without a spice of "method" in it.

F. B. D.—We cannot decipher your first problem; the second appeared in one of our earliest issues. Will you be good enough to re-write the first, and forward it with the solution appended.

The verses are not carefully written, many of the lines being faulty in metre. We append two of the best stanzas.

A strange light illumines her sparkling blue eye,  
 Death, and its terrors serenely defying;  
 I've mark'd it of old when she gazed at the sky,  
 As though she saw further—she does now she's dying.

The day is fast waning—the winds are at rest,  
 The happy birds homeward are lazily flying;  
 The sun will soon sink in the gold tinted west,  
 And like the day—calmly—our darling is dying.

J. R. CLERE.—Please accept our thanks—will be glad to hear from you at your convenience.

H. J., QUEBEC.—Your communication is to hand—we trust an additional "s" will not be needed.

W. H.—To obtain the value in gold of, say \$500 in greenbacks, multiply by the gold value of \$1, which, supposing the current discount to be 32 per cent, will be .68. \$500 multiplied by .68 give \$340, the value in gold. To obtain the equivalent in greenbacks for any given sum in gold divide by the gold value of \$1.00, and the quotient will give the equivalent. Reversing the example above—\$340 gold, divided by .68 give \$500, value in greenbacks.

SERVIS.—You can obtain the information you require from any good Encyclopedia.

VERITAS.—Declined with thanks.

CANADA.—The Canadian National Song has yet to be written. Many, probably, will write patriotic verses worthy of a place in the literature of the country; but some day the happy inspiration will come, and the hearts of the people will thrill with a soul stirring song which they will instinctively claim as their own. Who would not be writer? We have only space for one stanza of the song you forward.

Ring forth the blessing of peace through our border,  
 May demagogues cease to create false alarms;  
 The star of our ancestors frowns on disorder,  
 "God and right" is our watchword, our shield is his arm.

While the banner of freedom waves o'er our fathers,  
 May their mantle encircle us, over the sea,  
 And their valorous sons when the war cloud foregathers,

Be ready, eye ready to claim victory,  
 Ready, eye ready! devoted and steady,  
 Canadians will guard their honour with pride.  
 We have wreathed many laurels around us already  
 "God and right" is our watchword—in it we confide.

R. S.—If you have any doubt on the subject, you had better obtain legal advice.

ONE of Theodore Hook's friends was an enthusiast on the subject of grammar; a badly-constructed sentence, or a false quantity, inflicted as much pain on his sense of hearing as a false note in music does on the ear of a musician. Theodore Hook said of his grammatician, "If anything could cause his ghost to return after death, it would be a grammatical error in the inscription on his tombstone."

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

FROM a report on the subject we learn that the signals on an English railway forty miles long costs as much as £3,000, and that the complicated ones at the chief stations of a great railway cost about £2,000.

A curious invention has been provisionally patented by Mr. E. S. Jones, of Liverpool, according to which he proposes to compress air into suitable chambers, conveniently stored in various parts of ships. The compression may be effected when the ship is in port, in order that it may be available when required in cases of emergency.

It is stated in the *Lancet* that Mr. Bitot has proposed perchloride of iron as a cure for cancer. The French *savant* considers that this salt is a specific remedy, and that its action is somewhat similar to that of iodine in cases of scrofula.

LARGE discoveries of plumbago are stated to have been made in the inland districts of the Cape of Good Hope. A sample of eight bags has already been shipped to England, in order to test its value in the home market.

At the Birmingham Industrial Exhibition the first prize was awarded to Mr. Peter Gaskell, the inventor and patentee of the cab indicator, which shows the distance the cab goes, and the amount the passengers have to pay.

TO DESTROY RATS.—The appended method is said to be an excellent means of destroying rats in a house.—"Oil of amber and oxgall mixed in equal parts, added to thin oatmeal and flour sufficient to form a paste; divide into little balls, and lay in the middle of the apartment infested. These balls will form an irresistibly attractive bait for the rats: they will eat them ravenously, but will immediately be seized with intense thirst. Several vessels of water must be laid close by, at which the rats will drink till they die on the spot."

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

WHY should a doctor never carry a new time-piece?—Because it is impossible to count a patient's pulse with any watch but a *second-hand* one.

WHEN is a steamboat like a witness in a trial?—When it is bound to a pier.

QUITE ANOTHER THING.—*Luxurious Party*: I say Bob, did you ever try a guinea razor?—*Less Pecunious Friend*: No; but to tell you the truth, old fellow, I came here to try to raise a guinea.

TIT FOR TAT.—Once upon a time an Irishman and a negro were fighting, and while grappling with each other the Irishman exclaimed, "You black rascal, cry enough! I'll fight till I die."—"So'll I," said the negro; "I always does."

HOLDING HIS OWN.—Colonel Bodens, who was very fat, being accosted by a man to whom he owed money, with "how d'ye?" answered, "pretty well, I thank you; you find I hold my own."—"Yes, sir," rejoined the man, "and mine, too, to my sorrow."

GRASS-WIDOWS.—A writer says that he has come to the conclusion that the term *grass-widows* arises from the fact that their husbands are always roving *blades*.

A LATE heavy fall of rain showed one ludicrous sight—an attempt to crowd two fashionably-dressed women under one umbrella.

A PARADOX.—When is a sailor not a sailor?—A sailor is not a sailor when he's *a-board*, nor when he's *a-shore*; and as he's always either aboard or ashore, of course he cannot be a sailor at all.

THE ONE.—When a man and woman are made one by a clergyman, the question is, which is *the one*. Sometimes there's a long struggle between them before this matter is finally settled.

NOT SO TALL.—Lord Chesterfield's physicians having informed him that he was "dying by inches," he thanked heaven that he was not so tall by a foot as Sir Thomas Robinson.

NEVER MISSED.—A fop asked a friend what apology he should make for not being one of the

party the day before, to which he had a card of invitation. "Oh, my dear sir," replied the wit, "say nothing about it; you were never missed."

WISE IN HIS FOLLY.—In the North the "daft Jamie" of a parish got into the pulpit of the church one Sunday before the minister, who happened to be rather behind time that day. "Come down, Jamie," said the minister, "that is my place."—"Come ye up, sir," replied Jamie; "they are a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, the people o' this place, and it will tak' us baith to manage them."

HOW TO SWEAT A PATIENT.—A young gentleman was undergoing an examination at the College of Surgeons, when the questions put were of a very searching character. After answering a number of queries, he was asked what he would prescribe to throw a patient into a profuse perspiration. "Why," exclaimed the youthful Galen, "I would send him here to be examined, and if that did not give him a sweat, I do not know what would."

SHERIDAN was once talking to a friend about the Prince Regent, who took great credit to himself for various public measures, as if they had been directed by his political skill, or foreseen by his political sagacity. "But," said Sheridan, "what His Royal Highness more particularly prides himself in is the late excellent harvest."

In an election for the borough of Tallagh Councillor Egan, or "Bully Egan," as he was familiarly called, being an unsuccessful candidate, appealed to a Committee of the House of Commons. It was in the heat of a very warm summer; and Egan, who was an exceedingly stout man, was struggling through the crowd, his handkerchief in one hand, his bag in the other, and his countenance full of excitement, when he met Curran. "I'm sorry for you, my dear fellow," said Curran. "Sorry! why sorry, Jack—why so? I'm perfectly at my ease."—"Alas," said Curran, "it is but too visible that you're losing tallow (Tallagh) fast!"

A PATIENT LAD.—"Ben," said a father to his delinquent son, "I am busy now, but as soon as I can get time, I mean to give you a flogging." "Don't hurry, pa," replied the patient lad, "I can wait."

NO ADVANCING WITHOUT A GUARANTEE.—That miser, old Moneybags, who has lately joined the volunteers, has got into great disgrace, when commanded by the officer to "Advance," by positively refusing to do so, unless he was guaranteed his own rate of interest.

SMOKING.—A Boston paper says that a hasty pudding which had been set out to cool one morning in that city, was taken to the station-house, by a policeman, on a charge of *smoking in the street*—a practice which is not permitted in that tidy little city.

GOOD COMPANY.—Sir George Saville was remarkably fond of sailing, and, pursuing his favourite amusement on the Humber, with an old fisherman, the vessel admitted a great quantity of water. At last Sir George turned to the old man, and, with great composure, asked him how much more water the boat would hold before she would sink.—"Half a bucket-full, and please you, Sir George." On which the sails were unfurled, and they came safe on shore. The old man being asked why he did not sooner apprise Sir George of his danger, replied, "Why, marry, I see an auld man, and thought I could not die in better company."

PROSAIC POETRY.—I gave her a rose and gave her a ring, and I asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, the insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of men. I told her I'd oceans of money and goods—tried to frighten her with a growl; but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods, to be scared by the screech of an owl. I called her a coquette and everything bad, I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like the sea in a storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and dear; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We will marry this year."