

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. E. M.—We will publish one, or both, of the pieces, as opportunity offers.

J. C. F.—Much obliged. Shall be happy to hear from you again.

J. G.—Your contribution will appear in an early number. Please accept our thanks.

Miss Incon.—If accepted, we will publish the tale under any *nom de plume* you may select. Of course we cannot say more until we have an opportunity of reading the manuscript. Please forward it.

ROUNDHEAD.—The appellation was probably given to the Puritans from the fact that they wore their hair short, whilst the cavaliers rejoiced in long ringlets. Haydn says the Puritans were in the habit of putting a round bowl or wooden dish upon their heads, and cutting their hair by the brim.

R. B. W.—The stanzas are not suitable for publication separately. We are equally desirous with yourself to render our people independent of American light literature. We believe our paper to be more healthy in its tone, and superior in every way to nine-tenths of the American journals which find their way into the Province; and we hope the day is not far distant when Canadians, generally, will transfer their literary allegiance from New York to Montreal, or at least to Canada.

S. B.—Respectfully declined.

J. L.—Much obliged. We could not make room for more in the present number. Will be glad to hear from you frequently.

HATTIE.—A much better arrangement. Thanks!

H. H. M.—Please forward the solution to the first problem.

V.—Your article will appear in our next issue. Will attend to your request with much pleasure.

WYMBLEDON.—We believe the error was in the "copy," but are sorry we did not observe it. Please forward the contributions you refer to. The "long string" will prove very useful, we have no doubt.

H. E. C.—Your contribution is in type, but we are unable to find room for it in the present issue.

ST. GEORGE.—"Alsatia" was the name popularly given to a district in London situated near the Temple. It was a place of refuge for thieves and vagabonds, who, once within its precincts, were enabled to bid defiance to the ministers of the law. The Mint, in Southwark, was a refuge of similar character, and to the present day is one of the very worst districts in London. Sir Walter Scott has just described "Alsatia" in his "Fortunes of Nigel."

H. B.—Declined with thanks.

XENO.—We cannot inform you at present. As soon as the covers are complete we will state the price.

DAISY.—Your note has afforded us much pleasure. It is always a source of gratification to us to know that the READER is appreciated by our friends.

## SIR HILARY.

AT the request of a correspondent we published a few weeks since one of Mackworth Præd's celebrated Charades. Our correspondent probably quoted it from memory, and we find that some of the lines were incorrectly given. As we have been asked by several of our readers to print the charade, as written by Præd, we give it below, together with one or two answers we have received.

## CHARADE.

"Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,  
Sooth 'twas an awful day!  
And though in that old age of sport  
The Rufflers of the camp and court  
Had little time to pray,  
'Tis said Sir Hilary muttered there  
Two syllables by way of prayer.

"My First to all the brave and proud  
Who see to-morrow's sun;  
My Next with her cold and quiet cloud  
To those who find their dewy shroud  
Before to-day's be done;  
And both together to all blue eyes  
That weep when a warrior nobly dies."

WYVANT writes.—"In answer to your subscriber's query in regard to Mackworth Præd's celebrated charade "Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt &c.," I may state that in 1845 several answers appeared to it in an English Miscellany, that I happen to have lately turned up in looking over some old books. Among them I see "Heart's-case," "Gramercy," and "Good-night"—the last of which was offered by Mr. S. Williams, in the following lines, and was accepted by Miss Mitford, the talented authoress of the "Memoirs of Præd."

"The conflict was over, the victory won,  
And Agincourt saw the last rays of the sun  
'Ere Sir Hilary dared to alight;  
His steed and his armour were covered with gore  
And, oppressed by his toil, he could utter no more  
Than the one feeble prayer, "Good-Night."  
He thought with joy of the proud and brave,  
Who had fought by his side and escaped the grave,  
And he prayed for all "good" for those;  
But he mourned for his friends who lay dead on the field,  
Unburied, exposed, without corslet or shield  
The victims of battle's woes.  
And he prayed that the "Night" with its quiet cloud  
Might over them cast a peaceful shroud,  
And give them safe repose.  
Then he bade "Good-night to those bright blue eyes  
That weep when a warrior bravely dies.

But none of these are satisfactory. I submit another solution of my own:

When Sir Hilary charged at Agincourt,  
His heart was stern and his spirit dour;  
But, amid the tumult raging there,  
He breathed one word of heartfelt prayer—  
Find "Good," oh Lord! the deeds of those.  
Who fall before the battle's close:  
May "Luck," for their future lives be won  
By those who see to-morrow's sun;  
"Good-luck" to the daim with beautiful eyes,  
That weeps when a warrior nobly dies.  
Frontenac gives "Good-night" as the solution.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

Fine clay diffused through the water in boilers has been found to put a stop to hard incrustations. The clay particles prevent the consolidation of the deposit, and it accordingly assumes a soft, muddy form, which it is easy to remove.

A simple invention was exhibited at the late Birmingham Cattle Show for making butter by atmospheric action, the air being forced by a plunger into the midst of the milk or cream, which is contained in a cylinder, the result being the making of butter in a few minutes, leaving the milk perfectly sweet for family use.

GUNPOWDER MARKS.—A Correspondent of the *Lancet* says he has found the following treatment successful in several cases from the explosion of large quantities of gunpowder:—To smear the scorched surface with glycerine by means of a feather; then apply cotton-wadding; lastly, cover over with oilsilk. The discoloration in one of the cases was very great—in fact, the sufferer looked more like a mummy than a living being. It entirely subsided in a month by the above treatment. It is a pleasant and soothing application.

ATLANTIC MUD.—At a late meeting of the Manchester Philosophical and Literary Association, Mr. Sidebotham read an interesting paper on the microscopic examination of the mud of the Atlantic. In the unsuccessful attempts made to raise the Atlantic cable, the grapnels and ropes brought up with them a quantity of ooze or mud, some of which was scraped off and preserved. He obtained specimens of the deposit from Mr. Fairbairn, and submitted them to microscopic examination. In appearance the deposit resembles dirty clay, and reminds one of the chalk of Dover; indeed, it presents such appearances as would lead to the inference that a bed of chalk is now being formed at the bottom of the Atlantic. It was composed entirely of minute organisms, which exhibited a very fragmentary condition.

THE GLACIER THEORY OF AGASSIZ.—Professor Agassiz has found in Brazil confirmation of his glacier theory—namely, that in "some remote period, the glaciers, the great ice rivers and moving plains, had flowed over the present home of the most tropical nations in the world." But, what is of far greater importance, he has dis-

covered that Brazil has coal of the true carboniferous era. This is a confirmation of the views of Mr. Plant, an English geologist, rather than a discovery. Brazil now brings its coal all the way from England.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

THE BILL-STICKER'S PARADISE.—The Great Wall of China.—*Punch*.

On the departure of Bishop Selwyn for his diocese in New Zealand, Sydney Smith took leave of him as follows:—"Good-by, my dear Selwyn; I hope you will not disagree with the man who eats you."

A RATIONAL OBJECTION.—Sir Edwin Landseer, the celebrated animal painter, and Sidney Smith, met at a dinner party. The Canon was in one of his best humours, and so delighted was the painter that he asked him to sit for his picture; to which proposition Sydney replied—"Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this thing?"

PUNSON says that a Yankee baby will crawl out of his cradle, take a survey of it, invent an improvement, and apply for a patent before he is six months old.

HIS FIRST ACT.—A young candidate for the legal profession was asked what he should do first when employed to bring an action. "Ask for money on account," was the prompt reply. He passed.

PHILOSOPHERS have widely differed as to the seat of the soul: but there can be no doubt that the seat of perfect contentment is in the head; for every individual is thoroughly satisfied with his own brains.

A GOOD REASON FOR LAUGHTER.—A spendthrift was once lying awake in bed, when he saw a man enter his room cautiously, and attempt to pick the lock of his writing desk. The rogue was not a little disconcerted at hearing a loud laugh from the occupant of the apartment, whom he supposed asleep.

"Why do you laugh?" asked the thief.

"I am laughing, my good fellow," said the spendthrift, "to think what pains you are taking, and what risk you run, in hope of finding money by night in a desk where the lawful owner can never find any by day?"

The thief vanished at once.

After the election of Mr. Wilberforce for Hull, his sister promised a new dress for the wife of every freeman who had voted for her brother. At this she was saluted with the cry, "Miss Wilberforce for ever!" but she smilingly observed, "Thank you, gentlemen, but I really cannot agree with you; I do not wish to be Miss Wilberforce for ever."

Queen Elizabeth one day seeing a disappointed courtier with a melancholy face walking in one of her gardens, asked him, "What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?"—"Of a woman's promises," was the reply. "I must not confute you, Sir Edward," returned the queen, and so left him.

MAGISTERIAL CLASSICS.—Rather a good story is told about one of the Leith Bailies in the "good old days." A case was before him in which a gentleman sued a captain of a vessel for loss sustained by the death of a parrot, which he alleged was owing entirely to want of proper attention during the voyage home. The Bailie found the captain in error, and in passing sentence in favour of the pursuer, said, "Ye maun pay the beast" (meaning the value of the parrot). The captain's counsel deferentially hinted that the parrot was not a quadruped, but a bird. Our learned Bailie (who had evidently not been well up in the classics, and who supposed quadruped meant a Latin word implying a plea of non-culpability) thereupon immediately exclaimed, "Qua drappit here, qua drappit there, ye maun pay the beast!"

RECOVERY.—A man in London, by suit at law, recovered one hundred pounds from a druggist who prescribed and gave him mercury pills, whereas he should have administered rhubarb. The man fell sick, sued, and recovered as above.