

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DELTA.—The present Emperor of the French calls himself Napoleon "the third" because he holds that the imperial title did not become extinct with the first Napoleon, but that his son, commonly called the Duke of Reichstadt, was Napoleon "the second."

C.—With every disposition to advise you, we really do not see that we can, as we know so little of the circumstances of the case.

Y. Z.—Please put the question in a more definite form. We do not see the point.

M. M.—Will forward the MS. as requested.

R. T. B.—Always welcome.

AN ENGLISHMAN.—Arbuthnot's satire "The History of John Bull" was the origin of the collective title now so generally applied to the English nation. In this satire the French are designated as Lewis Baboon, the Dutch as Nicholas Frog, &c. It is said that "The History of John Bull" was designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough.

PHILLIP.—Your name is derived from the Greek, and means "a lover of horses."

NABOB.—The once eminent firm has not enjoyed so high a reputation of late years. A story—for the truth of which however we do not vouch—is told of some rather sharp practice on the part of one of its members before it was merged into a Limited Liability Company. The Bank it is said held a large amount of securities from one of its customers, which, upon examination, it had strong reasons to suppose were forged. The same customer applied for advances to the extent of £10,000 sterling, from another quarter. The person applied to sought information from O—G—& Co., as to the respectability and standing of the applicant. "Oh" replied the wily partner "—'s word is as good as his bond." The advances were made, and the ten thousand pounds soon found their way into the coffers of the bank. The reply was literally correct, but we think it must have required some effort to reconcile it with Quaker notions of morality.

COUSIN.—"The Trials of a Grandmother" is respectfully declined.

V. V. R.—We have not, as yet, been able to read the MS.; will report in our next issue.

H. P.—Will endeavour to do so.

IDLER.—"Roundhead" was a nickname given in the reign of Charles I to the Puritan or parliamentary party who were accustomed to wear their hair cut close to the head. The cavaliers or royalists, on the contrary, wore their hair in long ringlets. The term "Roundhead" was soon applied to all adherents of the parliament, whether Puritan or not.

A. B. C.—The tenth of February, 1864, fell on a Wednesday, and the third of June on Friday.

FLORA.—We will quote Longfellow for Flora's benefit:

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

Of course Flora is familiar with the verse; but one in doubt and difficulty cannot read the noble lines too often.

L. W.—We have heard that washing the hands in bran-water will render them white. All that is necessary is to pour boiling water over the bran.

A. G.—Not in the present volume.

STAFF.—Your suggestion will receive our respectful consideration, and if possible we shall be glad to act upon it.

ARUNDEL.—Sir Isaac Newton died on the nineteenth of March, 1727.

LOPEZ.—We are compelled to decline your proposition.

H. H. V.—Please accept our thanks. The problems will receive our early attention.

We have to thank Polly, Meazles, and Irene De Forest for contributions to our Pastime Column.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"The Sportsman and Naturalist in Canada," by Major W. Ross King, 1 vol., with numerous illustrations, is announced by Messrs. Hunt and Blackett.

ACCORDING to Mr. Jules Simon, there are only 4,225 booksellers in France.

MR. WILKIE COLLINS' story, "Armada," will be concluded in the next number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, and a new story, by the author of the "Story of Elizabeth," will be commenced in the July number.

WE are promised a life of the late Mr. John Keble, whose friends, including Sir John Cole-ridge, are collecting materials to render it as perfect as possible. Messrs. J. Parker & Co. are to be the publishers, and any letters or documents entrusted to these gentlemen, by way of loan or otherwise, will be thankfully received.

THE various balloon experiments of M. Nadar, the famous Parisian photographer, have resulted in a small volume, which the English translator styles, "The Right to Fly." M. Nadar considers that all existing styles of locomotion will be deemed obsolete in a few years, when a more perfect system of aërostation shall have been discovered.

THERE is to be a Universal Congress of the friends of Historical Science, to be held at Paris, in 1867, the movement having originated with the Institut Historique, the oldest of the learned societies in that city.

"GEORGE ELLIOT," the author of "Adam Bede," has just finished a new novel, which will shortly be published by Messrs. Blackwood.—The title is to be "Felix Holt the Radical," and the time, the stormy period of the first Reform Bill.

VICE-CHANCELLOR Sir W. Page Wood says he is "not the author of that foolish book, 'Ecce Homo.'"

AN interesting volume of American folk-lore is announced for publication in New York—"The Legends of Long Island," by W. A. Chandos Fulton. It is said that the stories in this work are founded on the quaint and beautiful legends with which this State abounds. The foundation of the stories is Indian, but the incidents given are those which attended many of the first settlers in their struggles against the Red Men.

ANOTHER scrap concerning the second volume of the French Emperor's "Life of Caesar" is supplied by a Paris correspondent. He says the publication of the second volume is officially announced. "The Imperial printing-office has already despatched sample copies to the Tuilleries. Correcting the proof-sheets of this volume has occupied but five months, whereas correcting those of the first volume took one year. M. Anselme Petetin has had the responsibility of overseeing the printing of this volume, and to guard against any fragments being surreptitiously published prematurely in the papers, he established a workshop in a remote part of the hotel, and removed thither certain number of picked men, who, after their day's work, delivered the completed sheets over to him, to be placed, till next morning, under lock and key. Only a small number of these copies has been struck off at the Imprimerie Impériale. They are intended for the Emperor's private distribution.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

IN the gallery of the theatre in Cow lane, Dublin, one night a coalporter made himself disagreeable. There was a yell of "Put him out;" followed by the exquisitely droll rider, "Don't washt him, kill a fidler wid him."

FOR what do you wink at me, Sir?" said a beautiful young lady, angrily, to a stranger at a party. "I beg pardon, madame," replied the wit, "I winked as men do looking at the sun—your splendor dazzled my eyes."

WHY are good resolutions like fainting women? Because they want carrying out.

THE man who was discharged as conscript because he had not good teeth, was certainly deficient in grit.

A LEADING ARTICLE.—A blind-man's dog.—*Puck.*

"You may depend upon me, wife; I give you my word."—"I had rather you would sometimes keep it, sir."

THROW a piece of meat among bears and a purse of gold among men, and which will behave most outrageously—the men or the beasts?

WIFE (anxiously): "What did that young lady observe who passed us just now?"—HUSBAND (with a smile of calm delight): "Why, my love, she observed rather a good-looking man walking with quite an elderly female—that's all. Ahem!"

WHAT nation produces most marriages?—Fasci-nation.

IT is thought that toned paper should be good for printing music upon.

Never say "die," unless you are a hairdresser, and have an invention for doing away with grey hair.

Mrs. Partington asks, very indignantly, if the bills before Parliament are not counterfeit, why there should be so much difficulty in passing them?

AN old bachelor says that during leap year the ladies jump at every offer of marriage—hence the term.

The question, "Does getting drunk ever advance one's happiness?" would seem to be put to rest by the Irishman who went courting when drunk, and when asked what pleasure he found in whiskey, replied, "Oh, Nelly, it's a treat entirely, to see two of your swate purty faces instead of one!"

The evening before a battle an officer asked Marshal Tolras for permission to go and see his father, who was at point of death. "Go," said the marshal, who saw through his pretext; "honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land."

A story is told of a man living out West who completes eight pair of large-sized boots every day. The editor of the *New York Globe* says, "it would be considered small doings in this city. There is a ladies' shoemaker down in the swamps, who, as fast as he finishes a boot throws it over his shoulder into a box behind him. He keeps one in the air all the time, and don't half try."

COOL.—Brown, the manager of a great railway terminus, is a heavy swell; and Smith is a small public school-boy, who never spoke to Brown before. "Brown," says Smith, "why is the train so late?" "What do you mean by calling me by my surname, sir?" says Brown, in a passion. "Well, I don't know your Christian name," replies Smith, smartly, and Brown is extinguished.

PROGNOSTICATOR OF EVIL.—A carpenter who was always prognosticating evil to himself, was one day upon the roof of a five-story building, upon which rain had fallen. The roof being slippery, he lost his footing, and as he was descending towards the eaves, he exclaimed, "Just as I told you!" Catching, however, in the tin spout, he kicked off his shoes and regained a place of safety, from which he thus delivered himself, "I know'd it there's a pair of shoes gone to thunder."

SILENCING A MEMBER: AN APT REPLY.—Sheridan once succeeded admirably in entrapping a noisy member who was in the habit of interrupting every speaker with cries of "hear, hear." Richard Brinsley took an opportunity to allude to a well-known political character of the time, whom he represented as a person who wished to play the rogue, but had only sense enough to play the fool. "Where," exclaimed Sheridan, in continuation, and with great emphasis, "where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than this?"—"Hear, hear!" was instantly vociferated from the accustomed bench. The wicked wit bowed, thanked the gentleman for "his ready reply to the question," and sat down amid loud laughter from all but its unfortunate subject.