

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R. C., MISSISSQUOI.—*A propos* to the times; will insert.

ALEXIS.—Too long; some of the shorter pieces might suit us better.

OLIO.—We have already noticed and corrected the error you point out. Thanks for the solution; we did not doubt that your proposition admitted a legitimate answer.

NEMO.—You are correct.

THEMISTOCLES.—Much obliged, your contributions are very acceptable.

A. G., HAMILTON.—Shall be glad to hear from you frequently.

FINTY.—We did not notice the mistake until after the charade was in print. Of course Meerschbaum is correct. Will avail ourselves of your contributions in our next issue.

ARTIST.—We cannot promise that we will insert the biographical sketch until we have an opportunity of perusing the manuscript. Perhaps you had better forward it, but first condense your matter as much as possible.

PETER.—The problem is amusing, and we will place it before our readers in an early issue.

W. H. F., OSHTAWA.—Did not Lord Byron write one on the same lotter?

EROSTRATES.—Will insert one or both of your communications as space offer. Please forward the S. at your convenience; if accepted, will attend to your request; if not, the MS. shall be returned.

E. H. A.—We are exceedingly obliged to you for the trouble you have taken, and will avail ourselves of the earliest opportunity of referring to the work you mention.

F. B. D.—One or two of the stanzas are defective, the others read pleasantly and smoothly. We insert the three last.

## FAREWELL.

Look at me, look at me, sweetly and trustfully,  
Out of the depths of those wonderful eyes,  
Let me read "Love" in their azure transparency,  
Love that braves all things and still never dies.

Speak to me, speak to me, softly and soothingly,  
In the sweet tones that have charmed me so long,  
Soon in my ears those same tones will ring mournfully  
Like the wild strains of some half forgot song.

Kiss me, love, kiss me, love, fondly, if tearfully,  
Each kiss must bring us still nearer the last,  
But soon like gems in the caverns of memory [past,  
They will brighten the present with thoughts of the

J. L.—All in good time. Much obliged.

LIMA.—We hope to be able to announce our new serial tale within a fortnight. Our readers will benefit, we hope, by the unexpected delay which has followed our first reference to this subject.

T. M.—We have repeatedly stated that all the back numbers are now in print, and can be obtained at the Reader Office.

HAMILTON.—Your article will appear in an early issue. The moral it conveys is a sad one.

LECTOR.—Will write you in the course of a few days.

FELIX.—You cannot claim the cost of the goods, but only their actual value at the time they were destroyed. No Insurance Company would, or ought to, pay you more.

S. W.—We intend in future to devote more space to reviews of new books. Much obliged for your suggestion; you can best aid us by extending our circulation in your neighbourhood.

CHESS.—We have by no means forgotten our promise. The chess column will be commenced at once, and we trust our chess-loving friends will aid us in making it generally interesting to the fraternity.

## SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

MEERSCHAUM-MAKING IN NEW YORK—Meerschbaum is made on a large scale in New York, by saturating carbonate of magnesia in silicate of soda, or soluble glass—care in selecting a good quality of magnesia being the only requisite for success. The profits are immense.

PERPETUAL MOTION—The *Comte Cavour*, a Turin journal, confidently announces that the

problem of perpetual motion has been solved by M. Louis Caucreé Rizzo, a mechanic of Strasburg, who, the same journal asserts, has invented a machine which finds its motive force within itself without any external aid. Nay, more; it is to be seen at work at Naples, where it has been applied to raising water, but M. Caucreé hopes to render its application universal. Meanwhile, it seems, he has obtained a patent for fifteen years from the Italian Government. The machine will, most probably, "run out" before the patent.

NEW GALL INSECT.—Mr. W. Couper has recently described a parasite on the common creeping ryegrass. It belongs to the *Hymenoptera* or bee order of insects. As soon as the larva issues from the egg it places its head downwards in the gall, remaining in that position till it eats its way through. About the end of September it ceases to feed, and prepares to meet a Canadian winter. By this time the gall is hardened, and the larva remains in a torpid state, becoming active again in the spring, and changing to perfect insects in time to attack the young grass of the season. Baron Sacken regards it as belonging to the genus *Eurotoma*.

Mr. Frank Buckland suggests, on the strength of some experiments which were made some years since, when an epidemic prevailed in the Zoological Gardens, that chlorate of potash should be used as a remedy for the cattle plague.

A PEA-SHELLING MACHINE.—To facilitate the tedious operation of shelling beans and peas, the *Scientific American* tell us that a Mr. Price has invented a machine. The details are simple enough, being merely a pair of rollers covered with india-rubber, similar to those used in wringing machines, and mounted in a wooden frame, in the same general way. These rollers are connected by gearing with a shaft and crank, so that when the same is turned the rollers will revolve also. In the bottom of the compartment, in which the rollers work, there are holes. These holes let the peas and beans fall into the drawer below. By turning the rollers, the pods are drawn in, and the compression causes them to burst open and deliver the peas on the other side in good order.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

## MUSSUM CONTRIBUTIONS.

A SEEM of street yarn.  
A TOOTH from the mouth of a river.  
A LEAP from a branch of the Mississippi.  
A HAIR from the forelock of time.  
A PHOTOGRAPH of the night-mare.  
A PETAL from the "flower of the family."

"WHAT is the difference between an organist and the influenza?"

The one *knows* the stops—the other *stops* the nose."

## MODERN DICTIONARY.

FIN-ISH.—Having fins.  
GRIMACE.—A dirty card.  
WARD-SHIP.—An iron clad.  
HEIR-SHIP.—A balloon.  
HU-MAN.—A carpenter.  
IN-CITE.—Visible.  
IN-FIRM.—Well inserted.  
JAR-GON.—A broken vessel.  
KIDNAP.—The hair of a young goat.  
LI-ABLE.—Ability to tell a falsehood.

THE man who had his feelings hurt, revenged himself by cutting an acquaintance.

SOMETHING NEW! Old maids are at a discount no longer but may be mated off at once. Apply at the *Feller Institute*.

DEAN SWIFT, when dining at a corporation dinner at Leicester, was rather severe upon a poor, sleek, quiet alderman. In the course of the dinner he was helped to the wing of a duck, and immediately called for mustard. "Doctor," said the alderman, in perfect innocence of heart, "you eat duck like a goose."

A PLAOGARD in the window of a patent medicine vendor, in the Rue St. Honoré, Paris, reads as follows:—"The public are requested not to mistake this shop for that of another quack just opposite."

WHAT is it we all frequently say we will do, and no one has ever yet done?—Stop a minute.

WHY is a child who gets stout as he gets taller, like a newspaper reporter?—Because he picks up information.

HOW CHILDISH!—The mismanagement of the Atlantic cable is distinctly proved by the admission of those on board the Great Eastern, that they have left it in charge of buoys!

A GENTLEMAN recently received an unpaid letter (for which the postman charged him two-pence) commencing—"Sir, your letter of yesterday bears upon its face the stamp of falsehood." His answer was brief and to the purpose—"Sir, I only wish your letter of yesterday bore upon its face a stamp of any kind."

THERE was a certain "Daft Will," who was a privileged haunter of Eglinton Castle and grounds. He was discovered by the noble owner one day taking a near cut, and crossing a fence in the demesne. The earl called out, "Come back, sir, that's not the road," "Do ye ken," said Will, "whaur I'm gaun?"—"No," replied his lordship.—"Weel, hoo do ye ken whether this be the road or no?" said Will.

WOMEN FROM OPPOSITE POINTS OF VIEW.—"I would not be a woman, for then I could not love her," says Montaigne. Lady M. W. Montague says, "The only objection I have to be a man is that I should then have to marry a woman."

A CURIOUS COMBINATION OF NAMES.—Sir Thomas Winnington, in *Notes and Queries*, states that formerly the three names "Wise," "Parsons," and "Hunt" were to be seen at St. Clement's, Oxford, and that the undergraduates very naturally read them consecutively and without stops.

## LAW.

An upper mill and lower mill  
Fell out about their water;  
To war they went—that is, to law,  
Resolved to give no quarter.

A lawyer was by each engaged,  
And hotly they contended,  
When foes grew slack, the war they waged  
They judged were better ended.

The heavy costs remaining still,  
Were settled without bother;  
One lawyer took the upper mill,  
The lower mill the other.

The father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose a member of the old gentleman's company, whom she secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious.—"Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?" The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not disobeyed.—"What, madam, have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in my company?"—"Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

You may call me irritable if you like, but it would take a good deal to make me cross just now," remarked an old lady who wanted to get from one side of the street to the other, when two railway vans, a fire-engine, five omnibuses, a dozen Hansom cabs, and a drove of bullocks were coming along at full speed.

ACCORDING to an ancient proverb, we had always understood that "a cat may look at a king." In Wurtemberg, however, it seems nothing under the rank of nobility can hope for that delightful privilege. Orders have been given that all renters of boxes in the royal theatre of Stuttgart, who do not belong to the titled classes, should be removed from the right side of the theatre, where they could look at the royal box, to the left side, where they can't! If His Majesty is so averse to the sight of common folks, we can't help thinking he had better stay away from the theatre altogether. There are, we should say, some people on the stage itself who don't hold absolutely princely rank. Perhaps, however, the king thinks that though the actor may be a commoner in private life, his profession, at any rate, *makes him appear* upon the stage.—The worst yet!