

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

QUERY.—Patience, good friend; it is a difficult matter to determine.

Q. E. D.—We are glad to welcome you under your old signature. Accept our thanks for the contributions, which we will make use of from time to time. Shall be pleased to hear from you frequently.

PETER.—Thanks! Will appear in next issue.

T. B. P.—You should have appended the solution; please forward it.

CAMP QUEBEC.—Much obliged for your good wishes. You can aid us by extending the circulation of the READER as opportunity offers. Will refer your comment to the author—a committee of ladies should be appointed to award him fitting punishment.

YOUNG CANADA.—We have simply to say that the article was not obtained by us from the source indicated, and could not be, as we never see the paper you refer to. Our selections are made almost exclusively from English periodicals.

JIM CRACK CORN.—If not indispensable to the possession of the office, you must admit that it is a very desirable adjunct. Don't understand the query, why "high" and what does "slender means" refer to?

G. W. T.—If he simply acted as a broker, giving the names of his principals, he cannot be held in any way responsible.

SOLO.—Thanks! Will make further selections in an early issue.

GEORGE A.—Why not get up a club in your village? the Publisher offers special inducements to the getters up of clubs.

ALICE G.—Please forward the complete MS.; we cannot judge from one chapter.

LITERARY.—Our advice is, "stick to the warehouse." Literature is, at best, an uncertain profession, especially in young countries. As for fame, it is a perfect "Will-o'-the-wisp," that will lead you a sorry dance, probably to the tune of empty pockets, if there be any tune in them.

GLOMANA.—Much obliged; you will see that we have made some slight alterations.

ALTHEA.—The MS. is to hand; will give it our early attention.

A. B. McN.—The piece handed to Mr. T. has not reached us. We cannot insert the whole of the verses sent, but select one or two stanzas.

CANADA.

Bring me my harp!
My soul doth feel inspired
With true devotion bred,
To Canada my home.

Time-honoured battle plains!
Where Wolfe, the hero, fell,
(Hanging the foeman's knell),
And victors stood alone.

Land of the brave and free,
May heaven's outstretched arm
Shield from all threatening harm
And guide thy destiny.

God will defend the right
Amid night's darkest hour,
And on our country pour
A flood of glorious day.

Bring me my harp!
That I may touch each string,
And welcome music bring
To thee! my cherished home.

H.—We shall be glad to receive any short articles you think may be of any service to us.

G. A. H.—We are not disposed to attach much importance to the rumours of impending Fenian invasion from the United States. The hope of increasing the difficulties which at present exist between Great Britain and the United States might induce an attack upon one of our border towns, something of the character of the St. Albans raid, but we think even this very unlikely. Government is in a position to obtain fuller and more reliable information than that circulated by sensation mongers; and should danger be imminent, will doubtless take prompt measures to meet and avert it.

VSRITAS.—We are unable to give you the information desired.

NORAH DAME.—The back numbers are all in print, and may be obtained at the READER office.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.

CREAM BISCUITS.—Rub one pound of fresh butter into one pound of flour, make a hole in the centre, into which put half a pound of powdered sugar upon which the rind of a lemon was rubbed previously to pounding, and three whole eggs; mix the eggs well with the sugar, and then mix all together, forming a flexible paste, cut it into round pieces each nearly as large as a walnut, stamp them flat with a butter stamp of the size of a crown-piece, and bake them in a slack oven.

APPLE SNOW.—Put twelve good tart apples in cold water, and set them over a slow fire; when soft, drain the water, strip the skins off the apples, core them, and lay them in a deep dish. Beat the whites of twelve eggs to a stiff froth; put half a pound of powdered white sugar to the apples; beat them to a stiff froth, and add the beaten eggs. Beat the whole to a stiff snow; then turn it into a dessert dish, and ornament it with myrtle or box.

ROUÉ BISCUITS.—Boil a pound and a quarter of lump sugar, upon which you have rubbed the rind of a lemon, in half a pint of milk; when cold, rub half a pound of butter with two pounds of flour, make a hole in the centre, pour in the milk with as much carbonate of soda as would lie upon a sixpence, and a couple of eggs, mix the whole into a smooth paste, lay it out upon your baking-sheet in whatever flat shapes you please, and bake them in a very warm oven. The proper way to shape these biscuits is by wooden blocks having pine-apples, leaves, and other devices carved on them.

MACAROONS.—Blanch and skin half a pound of sweet almonds, dry them well in your screen, then put them into a mortar with a pound and a half of lump sugar; pound well together, and pass the whole through a wire sieve; put it again into a mortar, with the whites of two eggs, mix well together with the pestle, then add the white of another egg, proceeding thus until you have used the whites of about eight eggs, and made a softish paste, then lay them out at equal distances apart upon wafer-paper, in pieces nearly the size of walnuts, place some strips of almonds upon the top, sift sugar over, and bake in a slow oven, of a yellowish brown colour; they are done when set quite firm through.

OATMEAL CAKES.—Melt half an ounce of salt butter or lard in a pint of boiling water, and having put a pound of oatmeal into a basin, pour the water, quite boiling, upon it. Stir it as quickly as possible into a dough. Turn this out on a baking-plate, and roll it out until it is as thin as it can be to hold together; then cut it out into the shape of small round cakes. Make these firm by placing them over the fire on a griddle (a gridiron of fine wire bars) for a short time, and afterwards toast them on each side alternately before the fire until they become quite crisp.

WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

It is reported that a patent has been obtained at Washington for a newly invented machine to make haste.

WHEN is a clock like a discontented workman?—When it strikes.

BLACK stockings of all colours were advertised the other day by a country dealer.

WHEN is a good tunc most relished?—When it is opportune.

WHEN may two people be said to be half-witted?—When they have an understanding between them.

Sydney Smith was once looking through the hot-house of a lady who was very proud of her flowers, and used not very accurately a profusion of botanical names. "Madam," said he, "have you the *Septennis psoriasis*?"—"No," said she, "I had it last winter, and I gave it to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came out beautifully in the Spring." [*Septennis psoriasis* is the medical name for a disease.]

A LEATHER medal having been offered for the worst possible conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following, selected from several hundreds sent in—"Why is rascality like the breast of a fowl?"—"Because it is a piece of chicane."

WHEN can a ship be said to be sensibly, imprudently, ridiculously, ambitiously, and boldly in love?—1st. Sensibly—when she is attached to a man of war. 2nd. Imprudently—when borne along by a great swell. 3rd. Ridiculously—when in the company of a small boy (buoy). 4th. Ambitiously—when making up to a peer (pier). 5th. Boldly—when running after a swack.

SIR W. G.—, when Governor of Williamsburg, one day returned the salute of a negro who was passing. "Sir," said a gentleman present, "do you condescend to salute a slave?"—"Why, yes," replied the Governor, "I cannot suffer a man of his condition to exceed me in good manners."

Mr. Serjeant Gardiner, being lame of one leg, pleading before the late Judge Fortescue, who had little or no nose, the judge told him he was afraid he had but a lame cause of it. "Oh, my lord," said the serjeant, "have but a little patience, and I'll prove everything as plain as the nose on your face."

A PARTY of "bon-vivants" who recently dined at a celebrated tavern, after having drunk an immense quantity of wine, rang for the bill. The bill was accordingly brought, but the amount appeared so enormous to one of the company (not quite so far gone as the rest), that he stammered out it was quite impossible so many bottles could have been drunk by seven persons. "True, sir," said Boniface, "but your honour forgets the three gentlemen 'under the table.'"

IN King William's time a Mr. Tredenham was taken before the Earl of Nottingham, on suspicion of having treasonable papers in his possession. "I am only a poet," said the captive, "and those papers are my roughly-sketches play." The Earl, however, examined the papers, and then returned them, saying, "I have heard your statement and read your play, and, as I can find no traces of a plot in either, you may go free."

HOW TO RAISE IT.—Tom Moore, the poet, used to tell a good story of the gentleman, who, when he was short of money, and his relatives were stingy and refractory, used to threaten his family with the publication of his poems. The invariable and immediate result was as much cash as he wanted.

JUST LIKE A WAITER.—The *Grand Journal* tells a little characteristic story, which may be thus Anglicised:—A gentleman going into a chop-house the other day found the room very close and hot. He called the waiter, and said, "Haven't you any ventilators?" The reply was, "No, sir; they are all gone. I have just served up the last."

CRACKING A JOKE ON A CRACKED SKULL.—A famous craniologist, strolling through a churchyard near town, perceived a gravedigger tossing up the earth, amongst which were two or three skulls. The craniologist took up one, and after considering it a little time, said, "Ah, this was the skull of a philosopher."—"Very like, your honour," said the grave-digger, "for I see it is cracked."

TRUMPING WON'T MAKE A GENTLEMAN.—Two eminent members of the New York bar, whom we will call Messrs. Doo and Roc, quarrelled not long ago, so violently, that from words they came to blows. Doo, the more powerful man (at first, at least), knocked down his adversary twice, exclaiming with vehemence, "You scoundrel, I'll make you behave yourself like a gentleman!" To which Roc, rising, answered with equal indignation, "No, sir, never; I defy you! I defy you! you can't do it."

"JACK," said a gay young-fellow at a ball to his companion, "what can possibly induce those two old snuff-taking dowagers to be here to-night? I am sure they will not add in the least to the brilliancy of the scene?" "Pardon me," replied the other, gravely, "for not agreeing with you; but for my part I really think that where there are so many lights of beauty, there may be some occasion for a pair of snufflers."