

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

**ACROSTIC.** We cannot insert the Acrostic in the "SATURDAY READER." Although we like subscriptions well, we like independence and self-respect far better, and have no notion of begging for subscribers. The other contributions were more acceptable.

**G. H. H.** I could you not travel over a less beaten track? Try! You will see the use we have made of your communication, for which, please accept our thanks.

**FALLINUS.** Your boatmen dream too disjointed a dream; please see general notice below.

**J. H., TORONTO.** If you are, as we gather from your letter, quite a young student, why then there is plenty of time to write and re-write your compositions before offering them for publication. We cannot use those you have sent, although we would willingly do so. Work and wait.

**JEAN, A RHYMER. L. B.** Please see notice below.

**H. H.** Can you favour us occasionally with similar contributions?

**HERMAN L.** Will insert shortly.

**JAMES J.—I.**—d. Your paper will be regularly delivered in future; pay collector full amount. We have dated your subscription from No 3. When writing again, please give your full address.

**RIVY — C.** Manuscript received, will have attention.

**A. H.** "Honour" is waiting for you at the office of the READER. Too long and heavy—light, racy sketches would be acceptable. Many thanks nevertheless.

**GRADUATE.** We believe the first obscure mention of Academical Degrees was in 1214 in the University of Paris, from which the other Universities of Europe borrowed most of their customs. In 1231, Degrees had become general.

**ANTI-FANATIC.** We would not insert your communication even as an advertisement. Once for all, we wish it to be understood that the READER is intended to be a family paper, and not a vehicle for the diffusion of scepticism.

**JAMES H., GUELPH.** The weekly issues of the READER have thus far been stereotyped; we shall consequently be always able to supply the early numbers to complete sets. We thank you for your good wishes, and may state that the success of the READER is beyond our most sanguine anticipations.

**GENERAL NOTICE.**—The space which we can devote to Poetry is limited, and we have already upon our table of original poems, good, bad, and indifferent, (especially the latter) sufficient to last us for six months. (Our correspondents must not feel surprised then if their effusions do not appear. Why not devote to prose compositions the time which is wasted in the effort to "rag rhymes?" We shall be glad to receive well written original tales and sketches in prose.

## WITTY AND WHIMSICAL.

"AFTER me," as the needle said to the thread  
When do two and two not make four?—When they stand for 22.

"WHAT is the chief use of bread?" asked an examiner at a school exhibition. "The chief use of bread," answered the urechin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry, "is to spread butter and treacle on."

"Is it quack-quack?" an Englishman, who was enjoying what he took for hashed duck, asked of his neighbour, a Chin man. "No, no, it is much better. It is bow-wow-wow," replied the yellow Oriental.

"FATHER, did you ever have another wife beside mother?" "No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible that you married Anna Dounni, 18, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

**SHOOTING PISTOLS.**—There is a quaker in the country who is so attached to the principles of the Peace Society that he will not have a single flower in his garden; for "it's terrible," he says, "to walk at this time of the year, and to see the flowers in all directions with shooting pistols."

"I THOUGHT I understood you to say that your father was a merchant only a week ago," said a lady to a little girl who was soliciting alms: "and if that is so, how could your family have been so soon reduced to beggary?"—"It is true, ma'am: my father kept an oyster stall, and last week he took a bad sovereign, and failed."

**AN ANGLER'S PATIENCE.**—A person, late on Saturday afternoon, hailed a gentleman, as he was skillfully essaying the wily fisherman's art for trout, with, "Hallo, there! Got anything?"—"Got anything," of course not, I only came here last Wednesday," was the reply, as the patient angler once more cast his patient fly.

"SIR, one word," said a soldier one day to Frederick the Great, when presenting to him a request for the brevet of lieutenant. "If you say two," answered the king, "I will have you hanged." "Sir," replied the soldier. The king stared, whistled, and signed.

**R. A. D.—**The late Mr. Solomon, the artist, who, it is well known, took it very much to heart that he was not elected one of the "Forty," happened to be at a public dinner, and returning thanks for his health being drunk, made some clever observations upon art. A gentleman hearing him, not knowing him, asked a neighbour who the speaker was, and inquired if he were a Royal Academician. Solomon, who had sat down in the interim, overheard the question, and said, instantly, "Academician?—no, sir. Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

MANY of our "slang" sayings have a classical derivation. When one calls his comrade a "brick," he is

only paying a compliment uttered a thousand years ago:—An Eastern Prince, on being asked, "Where are the fortifications of your city?" replied, pointing to his soldiers, "every man you see is a brick."

**MAN A VERB.**—A parochial teacher, who delights in calling forth the thinking powers of his pupils, asked a member of one of his younger classes to give him an example of a verb.—"Man," replied the boy, quite readily.—"How so, my child?" inquired his master.—"Because," added the little philosopher, "a verb expresses being, doing, suffering; and if that be true, man is the greatest verb I know, for he unites the whole three."

**THE LOST TONGUE.**—Not far from Quebec there lives a man whose spouse one day got in a pet, and refused to speak for eight or ten days. Well, the husband, poor fellow, although her silence sometimes used to be most devoutly wished for, wished to hear again the clapper of that little bell, that sometimes made his ears tingle, she was inexorable. At last he hit upon an expedient that brought her to her speech again. She was very neat and tidy about her furniture and apparel. He stepped into another room, opened a bureau, and commenced throwing the contents on the floor. She came in when he had nearly completed his work of tumbling out silks, laces, handkerchiefs, &c., and without thinking screamed out "Mercy! what in the world are you doing?"—"Nothing," he replied, quite coolly; "only looking for my wife's tongue, which I have found in the bottom of these drawers."

A HUSBAND complained of his wife before a magistrate for assault and battery, and it appeared in evidence that he had pushed the door against her, and she in turn had pushed it against him, whereupon the counsel for the defendant said that he could see no impropriety in a husband and wife *adoring* each other.

**A WEDDING VISIT.**—The celebrated and witty Lord Lyttleton, and several other English gentlemen, went in a boat to see the ceremony of the Doge of Venice wedding the Adriatic. They had on board with them a *laquais-de-place*, a talkative fellow, making a plaguy noise, explaining everything that was going on. This unfortunate cicerone was standing up in the barge, and leaning over it, at the moment the Doge dropped the ring into the sea. The loquacious lackey bawled out with all his might and strength, "Now, my lord—look! look! the Doge has married the sea!" "Has he?" replied Lord Lyttleton; "then go you, you noisy dog, and pay the bride a visit," and, giving him a push, into the sea went the poor prating valet. He was taken up immediately, without having received any injury beyond a ducking, for which he was well repaid.

It has been decided, lately, that a boy found on a man's door-step may not necessarily be his step-son.

**A LAWYER'S HORSE.**—A well known lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross the mill-dam bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging, would carry him over without stopping. So he advertised him, "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

"I AM so lame from the railroad crash of last week I can hardly stand," said Smith. "Well, then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend, "Damages!" he repeated. "No, no; I have had damages enough; if I sue for anything it will be for repairs."

**RICH HERBS.**—"Time is money" is a sage saying. Thy me may be money, but the mint produces it. Shakespeare tells us of "a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." A sweet time a man would have in trying to get money out of that bank! Bah! Time is a very good thing to be allowed when a bill falls due; but, after all, we would rather have a mint of money, and we should then be sure of having a good time.

**STRIPES WITHOUT STARS.**—An enthusiastic Yankee urechin, who in a fit of absence of mind, gave three cheers for the stripes and stars during school hours, awoke to a consciousness of his mistake on receiving the stripes without the stars.

"JOK, my dear, said a fond wife to her husband, who followed the psecutory profession on the banks of Newfoundland, "do fix up a little, you look so slovenly, Oh, what an awful memory it would be for me, if you should get drowned looking so!"

**DR. VOGT,** a German philosopher, in his book on the species of mankind, hits out at his critics with the following dogged witicism:—"A cur was barking furiously at a cowkeeper with a milk-can. 'Thou barkest!' says the milkman. 'Thou always barkest! Thou barkest all the dogs! Thou barkest at me, and barkest till thou hast done barking, and canst bark no more!' 'Let critics bark till they can bark no more,' are the last words of Dr. Vogt.

A NEGRO had a severe attack of rheumatism, which finally settled in his foot. He bathed it and rubbed it, but to no purpose. Finally, tearing the bandage off, he stuck it out with a savage grin, and shaking his fist at it, exclaimed, "Acho away, dear old fellow, I shan't do nothing more for yer. dis child," said he, tapping his breast, "can stand it as long as you can, so acho away."

**DRY, BUT NOT THIRSTY.**—Curran, conversing with Sir Thomas Turton, happened to remark that he could never speak in public for a quarter of an hour without moistening his lips; to which Sir Thomas replied that, in that respect, he had the advantage of him.—"I spoke," said he, "the other night in the House of Commons, for five hours, on the Nabob of Oudo, and never felt in the least thirsty."—"It is very remarkable indeed," rejoined Curran, "for every one agrees that it was the driest speech of the session."

A PARISIAN lately hired a house at Argenteuil, in order to make it a wine shop during the annual *fête*. Hour after hour passed, and not a customer. "Very odd," observed Mercator—If, indeed, he can be Mercator who does no business. "Very strange," observed madame. "Why, papa," says son and heir; "every-

body looks in, but nobody comes in." It turned out that the unfortunate speculator had hired an old "bu reau," outside of which was painted in official characters, "The public is expressly forbidden to enter this house."

**COUNSELLOR CODER** and Sergeant Pleas, who had been opposed to each other in a case of considerable interest, left the court arm-in-arm, to take a beefsteak together at the "Gridiron." "You made out your case well, brother," said Coder; "and it was no easy matter." "My dear sir," replied Sergeant Pleas, "I am never in better feather than when I have to prove that black is white." "Well," said Coder, "I will give you a knotty case for your ingenuity. Prove to me that that vile blackleg, Thomas, who swindled you out of a hundred pounds the last Derby-day, is the best man in Her Majesty's dominions?" "That is easily done," said Sergeant Pleas; "for however good any other man may be, no one will deny that a black-leg is sure to be a *better* (better)."

Mr. JASPER MAIN, who lived in the reign of James I of England, was celebrated as a scholar and a wit. He displayed through life a strong propensity for practical jokes. Before he died he told his servant, who was sadly addicted to intemperance, that he had left him something that would make him drunk. The servant concluded that something handsome had been left to him; but, after his master's death, his disappointment was great in finding that his legacy consisted of nothing but a red herring.

The once popular play of "Paul Pry" was suggested to Poole, the dramatist, by the following circumstances, which, he has himself related:—"An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed so much of her time in watching the affairs of her neighbours, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the sound of every knocker within hearing. It happened that she fell ill, and was for several days confined to her bed. Unable to observe in person what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, as a substitute, for the performance of that duty. But Betty soon grew weary of that occupation; she became careless in her reports, impatient and tetchy when reprimanded for her negligence. "Betty, what are you thinking about? Don't you hear a double knock at No. 3? Who is it?"—"The first floor lodger, ma'am."—"Betty, Betty, I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is at No. 3?"—"Why, for, it's only the baker with pies."—"Pies? Betty? What can they want with pies at 51?" They had pies yesterday."

**WANTED TO KNOW.**—How much the waist of time measures round.

If the man who had his faith shaken, experienced any disagreeable sensations.

If the eye of the law equits.

The rate at which a fast young man goes.

If the *Ancient lyre* is a truthful collection o' music.

If the man who paid attention got a receipt,

If the *light of love* is as brilliant as coal oil.

## THE CATASTROPHE.

"Poor fellow! So young too! Well sooner or later  
We all bid farewell to the pleasures of life,  
'Tis but just—"  
"What! has anything happened to Slater?"

"Is he dy'ng?"—"No! no! but he's taken a wife."

The man who "carries everything before him."—

The water.

To prevent a man from cutting his throat from ear to ear.—Cut off his ears.

**FELIX DE SE.—**Verdict on an old beau's black moustache.—Dyed by his own hand.

**RELIABLE.**—Female correspondents in Europe are thought more reliable, as they never miss the mails, and are never tight except when *laced*.

**ILL EAGLE.**—Supposing the ornithological emblem of the United States was taken sick, why would it be contrary to law?—Because it would be *at eagle* (il-legal).

**A TRUTH FOR TEA-DRINKERS.**—Commercial intelligence from Shanghai lately announced:—"Tea tending downward."—"Do you call that news? Why, of course, whenever anybody drinks tea he experiences its downward tendency."

**A CHICKEN DIET.**—Among the patients whom Dr. S had at one time, was one to whom he had recommended a diet of chicken. While he was still under the doctor's care, it chanced that he, with Dr. S., and a number of other friends, was invited to a dinner party given by a mutual acquaintance. The principal dish was fowls, and as the patient sat on the right of the host, the platter was passed to him first. The man helped himself very freely—more so than politeness allowed—not only to the annoyance of the host, but of Dr. S. also, who happened to sit at the farther end of the table, and who began to think his chance was slim. Gazing for a moment at the contents of the patient's plate, the blunt doctor asked, in a tone of half-rebuke, half-ridicule, "Hello, Jones, what are you doing?" "Why, doctor, you told me I must eat chicken!" the patient replied.—"Yes, I know I did; but I didn't tell you to make a hen-coop of yourself," retorted the man of physic, amid the roars of the entire table.

**THE ADMIRAL'S PERMISSION.**—The late Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin had given strict orders that no naval officer should appear out of uniform in the port where he commanded. One day he met a captain in mufti, being himself, too, in the same condition. "How is this, sir? How dare you, after my express orders," &c. "I will answer your question, Sir Isaac, by begging to be told how it is you set me the example."—"Ah!" was the instantaneous reply, "I have the Admiral's permission, sir." The story goes, that the peccant officer received, instead of an order to consider himself under arrest, an invitation to dinner.