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CASTLE BUILDING.



PERHAPS some malignants may doubt the wisdom of Fraser de Berry's proposal to expend half a million on a Castle for the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. GRINCHUCKLE has soberly considered the matter, and thinks the money could not be laid out to more advantage. If our country roads were susceptible of improvement, our canals of extension, and our population of increase, the case would be different, but as things are we cannot grudge so small an amount as half a million to make His Honour comfortable. It is gratifying to see that the matter has taken so practical a shape as it has. There was a rumour that it would be proposed to erect a *palace*, but a *castle* is far more in accordance with the wants of the times. Royalty in the present day is rather belligerent than magnificent. The fate of ex-King Macdougall has probably opened the eyes of the Chief of the clan Fraser to the necessity of providing for the security of royal personages. There is no knowing to what humiliation petty sovereigns may be subjected. If one can be deliberately pushed out of his realm, why may not another be pelted, bonneted, and otherwise maltreated by his subjects? A castle is evidently what is wanted. Then as to the site. GRINCHUCKLE heartily agrees with Fraser de Berry that no situation in the world could be more suitable than the Heights of Abraham, except, perhaps, some peak on the Himalayas; but that might be beyond the confines of the Province. GRINCHUCKLE is decidedly in favour of the Heights of Abraham; we shall then have a castle in the air, as well as a castle of indolence—a pleasing admixture of fact and fancy.

May not a low Churchman who takes a whole pew in a church be said to be inclined to *pewseyism*.

POLICE.—When a Sergeant-of-police visits the *beet* does he not rather go to see what is likely to *turn up* (turnup)

When a policeman goes on his beat are we to infer that his duty is to trash any one or every one.

What in the heavens is like an engagement with a young lady? A meet her (meteor) on a moonlight evening.

When may a ship be said to take her rest? When found on the bed of the ocean.

When is a ship like a nobleman stocking his cellars? When she lays in port.

What instruments are used in levelling an accusation? A rarity—A clean sweep.

SCIENTIFIC RESEARCHES.

Viewed from the outside—Patrick and Sandy looking in at the window at a party of ladies and gentlemen, who are searching for microscopic objects among sand.

PAT.

Arrah! thin, Sandy, me boy, come near;
Look in at the window, and see what you hear.

SANDY.

Gude faith! Pat, but you're blithe the nicht,—
Ye'll be spearin' next, can I hear by the licht?

PAT.

There ye're at it again; troth, a boy would need
To spell out his words, and then let ye read;
But, just for a minute, come here, take a peep,
An' if ye're not charmed, it's yerself I'll not keep.

SANDY.

Some mair o' your fooleries, Pat, I'll be bound;
If ma head was na steady, you'd soon turn it round;
But just tae please ye, I'll e'en hae a peep—
Sakes alive! has the company a' fa'en asleep?
Or been turned into saut, like Lot's puir wife,
For nane o' them a' looks as if they had life.

PAT.

Ye'll never see nothing till it's knocked in ye're ear;
That they're searching for gould to me is quite clear;
An' the lady's found something—What is it, mavourneen?
There, she's putting it now on the weighing machine.
Now don't hurt ye're eyes, my darlins so fair—
You'd need to find diamonds to make fortunes there.

SANDY.

Noo, Patrick, my lad, I think ye're clean wrang—
It's a wee pickle sand they're glowerin' amang;
Ye see folks maun aye be working at something,
An' when they don't need to, they just tak' to naething
An' gie it a name that will end in an *ific*,
An' this, I am thinkin', they ca' scientific.

BEAUPORT BLOSSOMS.

Who is the coldest customer in the world? A Pole-ice-man.

What difference is there 'twixt a king and a quoit? The one is there on the throne, the other is thrown in the air.

What guage does a man run on, when going back in the world? The Mortgage.

What ancient is a ferryman like? A Roman (Rowman.)

How is a horse like a bank? Both increase their circulation on Notes "oats."

Why is a silent King like Great Britain? Because it is a king' dumb.

What is the difference betwixt a king and a bridge? The one is a monarch—the other is an arch, man.

Why is a darkey like an illusionist? Because he is a Negro-man-sir! (Necromancer.)

CANADIAN PASTORALS.

Since the Georgics of Virgil, pastoral poetry does not seem to have been sufficiently attended to. A great many poems, and some by the best authors, partake of this character, but have not been written as such, and can scarcely be called pastoral poetry. Of this kind are Pope's "Windsor Forest," and Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," and many others. We have also in our own times, more or less of poetry of this description, such as the "Ode to an Expiring Frog," a "Poem written for the occasion of the Œcumenical Council," but none of these comes up to the standard which we should like to see introduced among us.

It is because we consider it especially adapted to this "Canada of ours,"—adapted to the native genius of the land,—that, like some modest youth who essays to lead a round of applause in an audience, by a hesitating stamp of the foot, or clap of the hands, we put forth a few specimens of this kind of poetry, hoping that others, more gifted, may take up the strain, and enrich the too barren literature of our country by productions of this nature, which shall be read wherever poetry is appreciated.

The author at first labours under a sense of the inappropriateness of the subject to the season of the year, but as the imagination travels as fast as the scenes in a play, faster by far than the "*winged flight of time*," he hopes shortly, pastorally speaking, to "*catch up*."

SCENES IN THE COUNTRY.

Where springs the daisy from its lowly bed,
There let our wandering footsteps idly stray;
By lovely nymphs and kindly dryads led,
Who work for love and honour,—not for pay.

What time the sun with thirsting fiery tongues,
From blade and petal laps the glittering dew;
And morning air reanimates our lungs,
And quicks our steps, and makes our noses blue.

Spring, gentle Spring, has come, and o'er the land
Diffuses wide a sense of liberty:
Each crackling frosty chain, and wintry band
Around these *diggings* you no more may see.

The grateful kine, from many a byre and yard,
Forth to the meadows roam with joyous will,
To seek the well-trod paths, and crop the sward,
And scratch their backs on every post or sill.

The meadow now, to Nature's wants alive,
Its rival blossoms so impartial yields,
That green and yellow, like two armies, strive,
To place their colours foremost in the field.

The fleecy flock the springing verdure crops,
Well pleased no more to dreary pens confined;
Nor dreaming aught of death or mutton-shops;
The hapless fate predestined for their kind.

The playful lamb, with loud enquiring cries,
The fountain sweet of nature oft assails;
Prone on its knees, it draws the rich supplies,
And butts its head, and shakes its little tail.

The robin carols to the morning air,
With tuneful notes, his tale of love so true;

Or slyly perched on neighbouring tree-top, there
Of flocks and meadow takes a bird's-eye view.

In yonder field, the ploughman can be seen,
Guiding with careful hand his rustic car;
Or resting now, his clagging share to clean;
Or wet his whistle* from an earthen jar.

At length the distant horn, whose notes betray
The noontide hour, sends forth a welcome peal,
"The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the world"—to take his mid-day meal.

AN ABYSSINIAN CATECHISM OF MARINE INSURANCE FOR THE USE OF MERCHANTS.

Q.—What is a Marine Insurance Company?

A.—A Marine Insurance Co. is a something incorporated by the laws of the State of New York.

Q.—What is the chief duty of a Marine Insurance Company?

A.—The chief duty of a Marine Insurance Co. is to receive payment of premiums.

Q.—What is the secondary duty of a Marine Insurance Company?

A.—The secondary duty of a Marine Insurance Co. is to repudiate losses.

Q.—What are the extraordinary means whereby an Insurance Co. may fulfil its chief duty?

A.—The extraordinary means whereby an Insurance Co. may fulfil its chief duty are two-fold:—

1st. By having an Office.

2nd. By having an Agent.

Q.—What are the ordinary means whereby an Insurance Co. may fulfil its second duty.

A.—The means whereby an Insurance Co. may fulfil its secondary duty are three-fold:—

1st. By having no office.

2nd. By having no agent.

3rd. By imputing fraud.

Q.—What is a premium note?

A.—A premium note is an obligation taken by the Co. in anticipation of the issue of a policy.

Q.—What is a policy?

A.—A policy is an instrument binding the Co. to receive a premium.

Q.—What is a certificate?

A.—A certificate is an instrument proving that a premium is due to the Co.

Q.—What is a pass-book?

A.—A pass-book is a place for the entry of premiums.

Q.—What is a premium?

A.—A premium is a sum of money which has to be paid to the Co.

Q.—What is a loss?

A.—A loss is a sum of money which has to be paid by the Assured.

Q.—Who is the Assured?

A.—The Assured is the person who always has to pay the premium.

THEODORUS I.

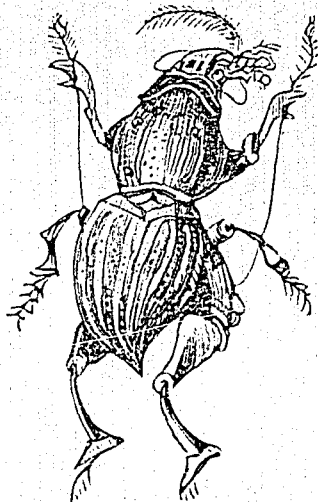
From Magdala, 1869.

* No allusion whatever to "The Whistler at the Plough."

OUR NATURAL HISTORY SERIES.

No. 2.

THE SCARABÆUS.



The Scarabæus is a relative of the *Melolontha Vulgaris*, just arrived from Egypt, where it was regarded with veneration as the emblem of fertility. In the above cut, he is represented in the attitude in which he appears to most advantage, when performing the favourite operatic dance of the Pasha of Egypt.

TO MASTER JAMES LOVEBOOK,

SWISHTAIL ACADEMY.

MY DEAR JAMES,

As it is always right for you to study the ceremonials observed in the more advanced seats of learning, I have sent you a report of the proceedings of the Builders' Feast of McMutchkin's College.

McMutchkin's College has produced many learned men, each of whom has a number of letters after his name. This is a sure indication of the deep draughts of learning they have imbibed. It is true that the chief employment of the young gentlemen, particularly those who attend the medical course, is to indulge freely in the use of their lungs, and to sing choruses composed for them by the bard of the University, who, being only a collateral descendant of the Builder, is styled the Half Mutchkin. He is full of spirit, and his works are of a very original cast. Osteology is a favourite study. Not being well acquainted myself with the subject, (as how can a woman be), I made enquiry of a young gentleman, and was informed that it meant the investigation into the nature of bones; that they must be broiled, and that the anatomical examination of a Welsh rabbit usually accompanied it. How this should be I do not profess to understand; but I have learned, accidentally, that so great is the elation of spirits produced by these studies that the students burst forth into a flood of song, which so carries them away that they are sometimes most unjustly accused of being under the influence of strong drink, and have not unfrequently been arrested and fined. I am sure this is a malicious report. One of the students whom I met one morning, almost speechless from his intense and close attention to study throughout the previous night, whose eyes were bloodshot from the glare of the midnight oil, his lips almost powerless, and his tongue nearly paralysed from reading the dead languages, assured me that they were much maligned. His hand shook so that he said nothing would steady him but a visit to a dear friend of his—whom he familiarly designated as Old Tom. Poor fellow! he was much affected at the slanders to which they had been subjected. I advised him to take more muscular exercise, but he assured me that he and some of the others had entered for the prize in the Gymnasium, but that a ton of iron,—he said, playfully, poor fellow, an iron ton,—had fallen on him and hurt him severely.

The young gentlemen who study the laws of the country, are not, as might be expected, so simple in their tastes. They all wear white neck-cloths, and have an air of profound wisdom that is highly delightful.

To return to our sheep, as the French say. On the night of the Builder's Feast, the Halls of Learning were brilliantly lighted up. It would require a Homer to describe the dungeons of knowledge who walked about like common mortals; the lovely and "sweet girl graduates" who were adepts in the delightful task of bending the bean; the learned ladies, in long trains, low-necked dresses and spectacles; the ingenuous youth with hair split down the centre, like calves' heads dressed; the beautiful but illegible inscriptions on the walls; the eloquent speeches; the crash of music, and the truly noble poetry. At last, to the tune of "Jolly Dogs,"—the University Anthem,—entered His Serene Excellency,

surrounded by a blaze of learning. He was addressed in one of the most eloquent speeches I ever heard, containing only two sentences; but, oh! James, so full of beauty that, as I saw the head ruler, Simon Scarletroad, Esq., (I could not hear him) address His Serenity, I could almost have expired with joy and delight. How sweet it was to see him go through the motions, and to know that at that moment he was rolling the long drawn periods like a sweet morsel under his tongue. I was disappointed in His Serenity: We could hear every word he said. To my mind it showed (if such a thing dare be said) a touch of vulgarity; for here I must pause to note, as that truly sweet paper the *Willis* did, that he read distinctly showing that his education was not neglected! What have men of high position to do with education? The Ode composed for the occasion was so beautiful that I must transcribe it for you, my dear James. It was a delightful composition, full of true classical feeling, and must have delighted Rev. Mr. Blunderbore, the Cornish professor. The Ode was modelled on the "Tune the Old Cow died of."

UNIVERSITY ODE.

Oh! here we go up, up, boys,
And here we go down, down;
We take a turn about the streets,
And rouse up all the town.
Justinian's works we read, boys,
And Galen's jargon spell;
For we're the boys for knockers,
And eke the area bell.

So welcome to your Highness,—
Stand nobly to your letters;
We'll all rejoice to see your Grace,
Serenity, etceterers.

Oh tempora mutantur
Pray take your change of that;
Litera Scripta manet,
So please pass round the hat.
Our M.A.'s, B.C. L. s. Oh!
In white ties and kid gloves,
Are by "sweet girl graduates,"
Vowed to to be perfect loves.

So welcome, royal welcome,
A hornpipe dance in fetters;
We're glad to know your Royal Grace,
P. C. O. Brigade etceterers.

When the applause with which this truly classical production was received (especially the Latin) had subsided, so had His Serenity, who appeared overcome, and was led almost fainting to the Museum, there to examine one of those little lively insects which Sir Joseph Banks asserted, in very strong language, were not lobsters. There were also exhibited to His Serenity some fine specimens of the *Scabies* (very taking); a fossil *Asphyxia*; a magnificent *Elephantiasis* from the lower red sand-stone; and a very rare specimen of the *Gastro enteritis* from the post pliocene strata. The *Chorea*, taken from the Taglionic formation, still bloomed as if enjoying a perpetual *spring*; and *Meningitis*, frequently to be met with in the vicinity of the College. These were all examined with great interest; but a neat operation in anatomy, when the body of a fowl was dissected in the supper room, was watched with much curiosity, the senses of touch and taste being brought to bear to test the result. His Serenity shortly after retired, and so pleased was he with his visit that he immediately entered on the chemical investigation of the principles of nicotine, making use of the blow-pipe, and inhaling the fumes with great relish, on purely scientific grounds. The fair votaries of science also left soon after, but the arduous duties of the Committee prevented them from returning to their homes till an early hour in the morning; and some of those ill-natured persons who walk the streets all night—usually called policemen,—threatened to lock up in the dreadful, dreadful cells, some of the ardent followers of Galen whom they accused of being also ardent lovers of ardent spirits. Oh! my dear James, such is the wickedness of man. These virtuous and good young men, with white ties and neatly parted hair, to be so accused! Never, my dear James, let such awful thoughts enter your mind. It is true they did mistake other houses for their own, and ring the door-bells. But it is ever thus in the playful hours of youthful genius.

Ever, my dear James,
Your affectionate Aunt,

SAMUELINA JOHNSON SCRAGGS.

P.S.—Desire Dr. Ableboddy, with my kind love, to have your foot-bath ordered for you at least three times a week, and pray, pray, put a handful of salt into it.

How was it the Egyptians dyed? By getting into the Red Sea.



ST. ANDREW'S NICHT.

SANDY—"Eh! lassie, I'm no richt ava. I kenna what's wrang wi' me. I'm jist a' throughbither."

KIRSTY—"Ye ken, faither, ye had an awfu' dose o' haggis, an' that an' coffee disna 'gree!"

SANDY—"Richt, my woman; a guid stiff tumbler o' he 'Glenlivet' will be jist the thing. I'll dauner awa hame, an' the toddy kettle 'll be faur better than nesty doctor's drugs."

THE DUMB BARBER.

The London papers state that the garrulity of barbers has led to a reformation in many of the leading establishments. The operators are now obliged to preserve strict silence when they have a man by the nose, instead of taking advantage of their position to assail the ears of their victim while lathering his mouth, and thus placing him *hors de combat*. Still the clatter of the operating barber is an institution of such long standing that we can scarcely contemplate its suppression without regret. The ticking of an old Dutch clock which has gone wrong so long "that the memory of man goeth not to the contrary," if suddenly stopped causes a disagreeable sensation. GRINCHUCKLE does not see, moreover, how all communication between the shaver and the shaved can be dispensed with. It is notorious that the chin is always in an advanced stage of lather before the operator dreams of asking whether the stubble is to be entirely removed or not. Then, when the invariable gash is made, the invariable apology—even if the torturer were securely gagged—would work its way out. In addition to this it would be cruel to cramp the operator's anxiety as to whether cutting is to follow shaving, and shampooing is to succeed cutting—whether the victim uses grease, oil, —. These difficulties, serious as they are, may be met by the adoption of a system of signals easy of comprehension.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

A paraphrase sometimes serves to bring out the sense of a document which, taken as it stands, seems to have no sense at all. For this purpose we supply the following paraphrase of the speech delivered by the Lieutenant-Governor at the opening of the Quebec Legislature.

Gentlemen, Honourable and otherwise:

I am very glad to see you here again. Your fortitude in choosing Quebec as your winter quarters interests me.

Since last session our farmers have gathered in an abundant harvest. You will not forget this when you take up the question of taxation.

It will gratify you to learn that the laws which you passed last session for the advancement of Agriculture, Colonization and Education have not been thrown into the waste-paper basket. The Government is entitled to your consideration for this unusual mark of respect for you.

Colonization is going forward. A few starving Norwegians have settled somewhere in the Province, thus increasing the consumption, and adding very materially to our resources.

The various Railway projects are in a state of forwardness. Several embarrassed municipalities have taken shares, and in a few years means of leaving the country at a nominal fare will be placed within the reach of all.

The expenses of the Civil Service have been enquired into, and, with a view to greater economy, it will be proposed to augment the salaries of the heads of the several departments.

I expect an early settlement of the question of the division of the surplus debt of the late Province of Canada, as the Treasurer has lately been called to another and more important political station.

I have done all I could to make Prince Arthur comfortable, and am glad to say that people generally have been equally civil.

You attempted too much last session, and will have to do half your work over again.

I have no doubt you will do the same this session with equal zeal.

I hope you will like it.

Bless you!

"Small profits and quick returns," as the Cornish immigrant said when he went to dig for nuggets in Griffintown.

"The untimely bier,"—when taken immediately after breakfast.

Unpardonable Gluttony—Devouring a book.

Notes discounted—Returned love-letters.



“HOPE TOLD A FLATTERING TALE.”

“I am happy to be able to announce to you that such progress has been made in the division of the surplus debt of the late Province of Canada, as to lead me to expect an early settlement of the question.”

(See the speech of His Excellency of Quebec at the opening of the Session.)

COME HAME, HUNGRY WILLIE.

"There be land rats and water rats,"
Shakespeare.

Ah! Willie McDougall, I'm grievin'—
Dishonesty never succeeds;
An' it's no just the thing to gang thievin'
The lan' frae the honest half-breeds.
Wi' a' yer "exaggeration,"
I fear, man, yer noo unco tame;
Yer a kingie disown'd by yer nation—
Come hame, hungry Willie, come hame.

Ye're a backslidin' radical, Willie,
A renegade oot on the wing,
But yer subjects are no just sae silly
As to loo to a plebeian king.
The redskins against ye hae risen—
They maybe hae heard o' yer fame
They hae put yer bit poet in prison—
Come hame, hungry Willie, come hame.

Provencher, yer mighty prime minister,
They care no' for his jabber a straw—
They ken weel a' his motions are sinister;
An' yer paymaster poet sings sma'.
It's o' nae use, brave Willie, to shoot them—
Ye'll find that a dangerous game,
For they'll tak' yer bit scalp, gin it suits them—
Come hame, hungry Willie, come hame.

O' yer fa'shoods ye here were a bragger,
While crawling to jolly Sir John;
But ye mauna come owre muckle swagger
In the lan' whaur ye lately hae gone.
Ye to Washington needna be lookin'—
On yer conduct they'll likely cry shame,
Whan yer foemen yer lang shanks are cookin'—
Come hame, hungry Willie, come hame.

As yer wisdom an' powers are resented
In yer new hame, it's no muckle wunner,
Whan they ken wi' corruption ye're tainted,
The smell o' ye gie's them a scunner.
Gin ye stay there yer courage ye'll rue, Willie—
A conclusion baith empty and lame:
There is dirty wark here still to do, Willie—
Come hame, hungry Willie, come hame.

The Indians a' seem to eye ye,
As if waiting a fair opportunity;
An' maybe they some day may fry ye
For a feast for the savage community.
Auld renegade Howe's in his glory.—
Eh! yer honours he cares na to claim,
For he laughs in his sleeve at yer story—
Come hame, hungry Willie, come hame.

Yer a gude pliant tool for a minister,
Though anither hae got in yer place,
As yer antecedents are sinister,
The Militiaman pities yer case.
He will gie ye a new situation,
Though he kens ye are muckle tae blame;
Then attend to my recommendation,
Come hame, hungry Willie, come hame.

When is a bad tooth like a small field? When it's
an acher.

OUR UNIMPRESSIBLE SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR ON THE QUALIFICATIONS FOR A MEMBER OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

The prime qualification for a member of the Canadian Parliament is that he shall have no settled convictions. Opinions he may have, but then he must keep them to himself, or air them in the bosom of his family, when no eaves-dropper is near to overhear him. Should he have the temerity to express them publicly, he will be sure to offend some of his constituents. A Canadian constituency must have for its representative a man who will represent local grievances and local wants, be always craving protection, attend all the meetings of the National Societies, take chances in the lucky-bag at church bazaars, buy tickets at fancy fairs, make vapid speeches at charity concerts, to interrupt the harmony, and talk platitudes to the ladies. If he has gone through the elements of English history at school, he must forget his Goldsmith; and if he has studied political economy, he must be dumb, for if he should be suspected of reading John Stuart Mill, he will be a marked man, be suspected of having some idea of a national policy, and in that case he may never aspire to a seat in the Cabinet.

If, like Mr. Bounderby, he was born in ditch, he must give himself the airs of a swell, make use of big words without knowing their meaning, denounce democracy, sneer at the Yankees, hint that every liberal Irishman is a Fenian, laud the unbounded success of the New Dominion, and pronounce our bran-new constitution the perfection of human wisdom. If he can comply with these conditions, he will be eligible to be sent to Ottawa, to represent the free and independent. And when he goes to the seat of government, he will not be required to do much in the senatorial way, for he will find that all the work was done at Quebec, a few years ago, by the men who, in order to keep their places, gave us our new constitution; and should he think he might suggest something in the way of improvement to that heaven-born instrument, he will be told that it has not yet had a fair trial, but that, like wine, or beer, it will improve with age, if it is not disturbed. Well, if he wishes to ascend the ladder of fame, he will have to stick pertinaciously to his text, declare that the Ministry is corrupt, thwart them in their schemes, look to Washington, throw out dark hints about annexation, in his public capacity; in private he must smile complacently when the Minister of Justice says a good thing, bow low to the Minister of Militia, tell him, on the sly, that he ought to be a general, and a British peer, and he, the member, will soon be appointed to a seat in the Cabinet. When he presents himself to his constituents, he will be returned by a triumphant majority. He can then tell them that all he said about the Government, was exaggeration; he will have his photograph in the "British Americans," be permitted to write his own eventful life, with the assistance of a scholarly man to punctuate the sentences and correct the orthography, and finally be appointed to take charge of the red Indians, in the event of Governor McDougall having to return from the seat of war.



THE SPIRITS WHO VISIT THIS CITY HAVE REASON TO COMPLAIN OF THE CLOSING OF PLACES OF REFRESHMENT AT NINE O'CLOCK, AS THEY ARE NOT AT LIBERTY TO ROAM TILL THE "WEE SMA' HOUR."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Grinchuckle,—

That 'ere individual who wrote the letter about machinery, &c., that you printed last week, is a sassy cuss, and the chimbley of his lamp was pretty black, I guess, when he was a writing of it. Suppose some fellers, writing for the newspapers, praise things that don't deserve it now and again—haint they got the right to? And what business is it of "Lamp Black?" The big editors don't know nothing about it, and the public are used to that sort of thing. There is plenty of room for all sorts of picter papers in Canada, and it looks spiteful to be a runnin of them down. Ef a Germin invents a machine, and calls it labour-savin' (which it isn't), and a labour-savin' critter alters it a little, gives it a funny name, and gits hold of a rich man to go in for the thing—why, let them go it. Let them improve the taste of the people right away. It's bad taste to be writin' agin it, and it's a first-rate advertisement for them.

I guess some of these ere things that they call art in this ere town are like scandal—they always gain additional beauty in the process of transmission; and, moreover, it is a grand title to be called artist now a days. I always heard tell that it meant a painter of a picter—it didn't matter much whether he had a very clear idea of perspective, anatomy, &c., so long as he could paint. Ef they go in for labour-savin' arrangements, so much the better. Daguerre was a rale inventor. They make beautiful photographs now-a-days, and its a grand thing. The trumpet blast went forth that the work of the artist was gone—that the

everlasting sun would make all the picters, and all that; but the work of a true artist remains. And there is some consolation for you. I would say to Mr. Black, in the fact that there is a thing wanted in the makin' of picters, after all, that no labour-savin' apparatus can supply. So don't run foul of the mightiest ingin of modern times—the press. Stick to your trade, ef yer have any, and let writin' alone.

CAD MIUM YELLER.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications intended for insertion should in future be addressed to the EDITOR, Box 367.

We have received two articles which, if inserted, might leave room for a short paragraph, declining everything else. Will our friends compress what they have to say within the space of half a column?

W. T. B.—Very good, but too late for insertion this week.

A. R.—Your pen is fatally fluent. We have boiled down your article, and think we can make some use of what has not evaporated in the process.

LOOP REVIL.—Thanks; we appreciate your kindly feeling, and shall be glad to hear from you. The piece you sent was *hardly* so good as we have had from you.

WORLDLY WEALTH.—Original but unsuitable.

K.—Your conundrums are welcome. Please send us more.

C. G.—We shall make use of your sketch, for which accept our thanks. Please favour us with your address.

ACCEPTED.—Pre-Adamite; X. N. Tricity; A. M.; The Troubles of a Dun; F. G. H.; Valet; R. S.

Declined with thanks.—Et Cetera; R. J. L.; Meteor; K. I. S. S.; J. N.

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