

Disciples." Mr. Long, a Trinitarian missionary, took this work, and adding notes and criticism here and there, republished it at half the original price, and when charged with piracy pleaded that as a blasphemous and heretical book it was not protected by law. Sheriff Buntine has, however, decided that though the doctrine of the Divinity of Our Lord is statute law, yet it is open to decent criticism. A perpetual interdict has been granted against Mr. Long, and he will have to pay the costs.

Not to be Caught.

A coloured man once applied at one of the Boston savings banks where he had a deposit, and whence he wished to draw a dollar. The polite clerk informed him that the iron rule of the institution forbade the withdrawal of a less sum than three dollars. Sambo meditated for a few minutes, and then said, "Bar, I'll take the free dollars." The three dollars were paid to him, when he at once added, "Now, sar, if you please, sar, I'll posit two dollars in de institution." The amount was duly received and credited to his account, when, with his one dollar in his pocket, he gave the clerk a sly wink, and walked away whistling "Catch a weasel asleep."

Prices of Autographs.

At a recent sale of autographs in London a love-letter of David Garrick's brought £7 10s., a page of correspondence in the handwriting of Erasmus realized £16 10s., and a humorous note from Burns was sold for £13. A four-page musical manuscript of Bach was sold for £16, and a letter of Beethoven for £11 10s. A higher price—£22 10s.—was realized for one of Goethe's letters. Hogarth's letter accepting the membership of the Augsburg Academy brought £18 10s.; one of Mozart, £16 10s.; one of Rubens, £15 15s.; and a Tasso, £18 10s. The highest price was that given for a letter from Goldsmith to Sir Joshua Reynolds describing his miseries on the Continent—£37 10s.

En Rat.

An ingenious individual of Liskeard, Cornwall, has for some time past been exhibiting himself in a dress composed from top to toe of rat skins, which he has been collecting for three years and a half. The dress was made entirely by himself; it consists of hat, neckerchief, coat, waistcoat, trousers, tippet, gaiters, and shoes. The number of rats required to complete the suite was six hundred and seventy; and the individual, when thus dressed, appears exactly like one of the Esquimaux described in the travels of Parry and Ross. The tippet or boa is composed of the pieces of skin immediately around the tail of the rats, and is a very curious part of the dress, containing about six hundred tails and those none of the shortest.

A Spitzbergen "Cold Snap."

Says a writer: "No description can give an adequate idea of the intense rigour of the six months' winter in Spitzbergen. Stones crack with the noise of thunder; in a crowded hut the breath of the occupants will fall in flakes of snow; wine and spirits turn to ice; the snow burns like caustic; if iron touches the skin it brings the flesh away with it; the soles of your stockings may be burned off your feet before you feel the slightest warmth from the fire; linen taken out of boiling water instantly stiffens to the consistency of a wooden board; and heated stones will not prevent the sheets of the bed from freezing. If these are the effects of a climate within an airtight, fire-warmed, crowded hut, what must they be among the dark, storm-lashed mountain peaks outside?"

A Feather's Weight.

They suffer in Cedar Rapids even, it appears. Here is a wall of indignation: "The man who can sit patiently in the opera house and be satisfied with the view of the stage he gets through a three-story feather in a tall girl's hat is fit to be transported to a better world than this. But even such a man loses some of his patience when a regulation dry goods clerk, with his hair parted by a civil engineer, sits beside the girl and engages in conversation with her. Then the feather waves gracefully before his eyes as she bends her head to listen to his remarks on the weather, and a confused blending of feather, high hat, back hair, and the actors on the stage drives the observer to distraction. Those long white feathers are very nice indeed; in fact, they are fine; but we earnestly assert that they ought not to take the place of a drop-curtain in the opera house."

A correspondent relates the following story of a coachman who had evidently never puzzled his head with chronology, or any other kind of ology: "A friend of mine was riding a few years ago on the outside of a North Devon coach, from Barnstaple to Ilfracombe, when the driver said to him, 'I've had a coin giv' me to-day two hundred years old. Did you ever see a coin two hundred years old?' 'Oh, yes! I have one myself two thousand years old.' 'Ah,' said the driver, 'have ye?' and spoke no more during the rest of the journey. When the coach arrived at its destination, the driver came up to my friend with an intensely self-satisfied air, and said, 'I told you, as we druv' along, I had a coin two hundred years old.' 'Yes.' 'And you said to me as you had one two thousand years old.' 'Yes, so I have.' 'Now it's a lie.' 'What do you mean by that?' 'What do I mean? Why it's only 1867 now!'"

Parental Prince and Princess.

A London correspondent, in speaking of the rejoicings which followed the arrival of the Duchess of Edinburgh in England, says: "The Prince and Princess of Wales were at Windsor taking part in the extraordinary festivities of the week. Everybody but themselves seemed to have forgotten that last Wednesday was the anniversary of their marriage, and people could not understand why they suddenly left Windsor that day and came up to town. The next day it was known that they and all their children had spent the evening at the circus, where they absolutely sat out the entire performance. Said Alexandra to Edward: 'My dear, do you know that this is our wedding day?' Said Edward to Alexandra: 'So it is, my love, let us run up to town and give the children a treat.' And up to town they went, and gave the children their treat, and then back again the next day to take their places in the ceremonies there. It may seem like a small matter, but it was a pretty incident, and has appealed to every father's and mother's heart."

The French Editor.

The French editor does not produce more than half as much work as his American fellow, and he receives more pay. When the French writer makes two articles in a week, each of about fifteen hundred words, he has performed what is considered fair work; and he receives for this a salary of twenty thousand francs a year, or about seventy-five dollars per week in gold. In New York, the highest grade of salaries in

the offices of the best papers, as a rule, does not exceed seventy-five dollars in currency, and the writer does double the work of the French journalist. Besides, the work of the American is done under unfavorable circumstances—at night, in haste, based on the latest news by telegraph; while that of the Frenchman is done leisurely in daylight, for the latest news feature, which is considered of such importance in America, is not required here. There are instances where higher salaries are paid, as in that of Edmond About, attached to the *XIXe Siècle*, who receives thirty thousand francs a year. Several writers are paid from twenty-five to twenty-eight thousand, and with such compensation they do not stand so far behind men in other professions as journalists do in America; for the professional man outside of journalism is not as well paid in France as in our country, where the leading lawyers and doctors make forty or fifty thousand dollars a year.

Crab.

In view of its supposed restriction to North America, much astonishment was excited some time since by the discovery on the coast of Holland of specimens of the American horse-foot or king crab. More recently, however, the problem has been solved by a communication in the *Zoologist* by Mr. W. A. Lloyd, who remarks that in 1860 numbers of these crabs were imported alive into Hamburg, and sold about the streets, and that many were purchased and kept in aquaria and elsewhere. On one occasion, a few years later, a large number were shipped from New York to Hamburg, and the market glutted thereby. With much tender-heartedness, Mr. Lloyd, who was then director of the great aquarium of Hamburg, in preference to allowing this great number to die, took occasion to have them thrown into the sea off the island of Heligoland, this taking place in August, 1866. Whether the animals captured are those originally introduced in this summary manner, or their descendants, is not known, but there is no good reason why the species may not hold its own in these seas, and in time become as abundant as they are on the American coast.

The First Boats vs. Sunday School.

The *Galena (Ill.) Gazette* relates the following incident: "As the Gate City pulled up to the landing in this city on Sunday afternoon the superintendent of a certain Sabbath-school was wending his way in the direction of the church. Casting his eye along the wharf he discovered a large crowd of men and boys, and sighed in his heart at the thought that several of his flock might be there, having been attracted by the arrival of the first boat of the season. On reaching the Sabbath-school, however, he was delighted to see both teachers and scholars in their accustomed seats, whereupon he acquitted himself of a congratulatory speech, announcing that he was proud to say that not even the first boat of the season had drawn away a single one of his flock. In the twinkling of an eye there was a general stampede for the door, and when that Sunday-school superintendent arose from the floor, where he had been violently thrown by the retreating mass, and had collected his thoughts sufficiently to determine in his own mind whether he was himself or some one else, he cast his eyes about the room and, through the partially settled dust, he made the sad discovery that he was alone with several rows of empty benches. His scholars had remained in blissful ignorance of the news until he had given them the cue."

Restrictions on the Belgic Light Fantastic Too.

The clergy of the parish of Berchem, in Belgium, have, it appears, a conscientious objection to dancing. This is, unluckily, not confined to salutatory action on their own part, but extends to the enjoyment of the pastime by others. Accordingly, one evening, a public ball being in progress, the priests resolved to make a stand against the objectionable practice, and enlisted the communal authorities on their side, as the Belgian clergy are, under the present régime, too frequently permitted to do. As early as 11 p.m. the ball-room was invaded by the whole *posse comitatus*, the names, surnames, addresses, and professions of those present taken down, and the guests ordered to retire. These, however, sturdily refused to move unless expelled by bayonets. These weapons not being forthcoming the police officers withdrew, having drawn up a report of the proceedings, and the fiddles again began to play. At midnight, however, the whole force returned, desired the company to withdraw, revised the report, and retired. The fiddles went on again. At one o'clock, again at two, the same imposing array reappeared, with the same result; but before three o'clock the police authorities and the dancers, like duellists, declared themselves satisfied, and the matter stands over for decision before a competent tribunal.

Oriental.

A Hindustani Ode has been addressed to the daughter of Lord Northbrook by a gentleman whom the *Calcutta Englishman* calls the "Irrepressible Poet Laureate" of that town. Here is a translation—"But," says the *Englishman*, "The English language has no words in which we can express the extraordinary beauty of this poem."—

The renowned Hon'ble Miss Barling has obtained much delight by her tour.

All of us ever pray to Almighty God for her health and well-fare.

She is adorned with the ornament of learning, and her conversation graceful.

And this is the beauty of the flower of nobility, its sweet fragrance fills the mind.

Her return here and the presence of His Lordship will enhance and ensure the prosperity of the City.

The Durbar and Entertainments at Government House will be characterized by elegance.

For His Lordship's continued happiness, we ever heartily pray. May this my humble tribute of respect be kindly accepted!

Dying as the Romans Die.

"Rome," says a correspondent, "is the dearest place in the world for a foreigner to die in. From the moment the breath is out of the body until the final disposition of the remains, a system of extortion prevails. The landlord will most likely lay in a claim for heavy damages. He will insist on being paid the cost of a new set of furniture, carpets, wall-paper, bed and bed-clothes, &c., and for the rent of the apartments for several weeks, during which they are undergoing fumigation, disinfection, and refurbishing. The municipal law gives them such indemnities in case of death occurring from infectious diseases, such as small-pox, scarlatina, and typhus fever, but they call pretty much all kinds of sickness which produces death 'infectious,' and insist on their exorbitant demands being paid—enforcing them by vexatious litigation, seizures of the effects of the deceased, and abuse of the relatives. After the landlords are settled with, the rapacious bills of the undertakers are next in order. The embalmer requires

about 1,200 or 1,500 francs for his fee. The corporation of the city presents a bill; the clergyman who drones over some printed prayers expects a gratuity of several guineas; and sundry and divers other people expect fees for doing what it is difficult to comprehend. The best advice that can be given to the traveller is not to die in Rome if he or she can avoid it, but to select some other town, and the one nearest your American home is to be the most preferred."

"Under Simon Jennings."

Among the scholars when Lamb and Coleridge attended the Blue-coat School was a poor clergyman's son, by the name of Simon Jennings. On account of his dismal and gloomy nature his playmates had nicknamed him Pontius Pilate. One morning he went up to the master, Dr. Boyer, and said, in his usual whimpering manner, "Please, Dr. Boyer, the boys call me Pontius Pilate." If there was one thing which old Boyer hated more than a false quantity in Greek or Latin it was the practice of nicknaming. Rushing down among the scholars from his pedestal of state, with cane in hand, he cried, with his usual voice of thunder, "Listen, boys; the next time I hear any of you say 'Pontius Pilate' I'll cane you as long as this cane will last. You are to say 'Simon Jennings,' and not 'Pontius Pilate.' Remember that, if you value your hides." Having said this, Jupiter Tonans remounted Olympus, the clouds still hanging on his brow. Next day, when the same class were reciting the catechism, a boy of a remarkably dull and literal turn of mind had to repeat the creed. He got as "suffered under," and was about popping out the next word, when Boyer's prohibition unluckily flashed across his obtuse mind. After a moment's hesitation he blurted out, "Suffered under Simon Jennings, cruci—" The rest of the word was never uttered, for Boyer had already sprung like a tiger upon him, and the cane was descending upon his unfortunate shoulders like a Norwegian hail-storm or an Alpine avalanche.

The Neglected Hand.

The *Scientific American* asks: "Why should not a child be taught to write and draw with both hands? The very natural echo is, 'Why?' The human body can be educated to do almost anything. Men have written with their toes and done all sorts of wonderful things with their teeth; and yet since the creation of man that intelligent animal seems to have regarded the left hand as a sort of tender to the right. In fact, the left hand is the latest member of the human body. When the right is scribbling away for bare life the left looks on placidly; keeps down the paper with its fingers and shows its rings. In truth the only things in which it seems to excel, except when occasionally helping its big brother in an indifferent sort of way, consist in hitting from the shoulder in a prize-fight, and in using a fork to advantage. The left hand is always too pretty to do any work. Ladies show off its lines of beauty while delicately resting their lovely chins upon its fingers. Let a poor fellow have his right hand shot away, and then just see what the left can do! In a wonderfully short space of time it can button a coat, write a letter, and do things which, in its palmy days, it never dreamt of. By all means educate the left hand, and if it will not work make it. There is nothing in the world to hinder a man writing two letters at once, like Ristori in "Queen Elizabeth," and keeping up an animated conversation with his unruly member at the same time. The left hand was given to man to do its share in the business of life, just as much as its twin brother in boots. At present it is a kind of a loafer, doing the gentle pressure business in love affairs, and having all the fun. We are down on left hands, and strongly recommend that they be put to school."

The Power of Music.

Snooks had occasion to call on the Reverend Dominie Thomas Campbell while he was at Glasgow. "Is the dominie in?" he inquired of a portly dame who opened the door. "He's at home, but he's no in," replied the lady. "He's in the yard, superintending Sauners, the carpenter. Ye can see him the noo if you business is vera precise." Snooks assented, and walked through the door pointed out to him into the yard, where he beheld a carpenter briskly planing away to the air of "Maggie Lauder," and the worthy dominie standing by. Unwilling to intrude on their conversation, Snooks stepped, unseen, behind a water-cask, and heard, "Sauners!" No answer from the carpenter. "Sauners, I say! Can ye no hear me?" "Yes, minister, I hear ye. What's you wull?" "Can ye no whistle some mair solemn and godly tune while ye're at your work?" "A-weel, minister, if it be your wull, I'll e'en do it." Upon which he changed the air to the "Dead March" in Saul, greatly to the hindrance of what was now painful planing. The dominie looked on for some minutes in silence, and then said, "Sauners, I hae anither word to say till ye. Did the gudewife hire ye by the day's darg or by the job?" "The day's darg was our agreeing, maister." "Then, on the whole, Sauners, I think ye may just as weel gae back to whistling bonnie 'Maggie Lauder.'"

Diamond Parures in New York.

Concerning diamonds and the value of precious gems that may on occasion be seen at parties in New York, it is said that at an entertainment given recently by Mrs. Astor, at her residence on Fifth Avenue, she was radiant with jewels. "On each of her shoulders were four stars, the size of silver half dollars, made of diamonds. Her hair was set very thickly with diamonds, and her head seemed aflame with them. There was a diamond bandeau upon her brow. She had diamond ear-rings, and a diamond necklace of magnificent proportions. Upon the two sides of her chest were two circles of diamonds about the size of the palm of the hand. From them depended lines and curves of diamonds reaching to the waist, round which she wore a diamond girdle. On the skirts of her dress in front were two large peacocks wrought of lines of diamonds. There were rosettes of diamonds on her slippers. There were diamonds, large or small, but in every variety of form, all over her dress and person wherever they could be artistically placed. She presented an extraordinary and dazzling spectacle as she moved languidly through the dance among her friends. One of the ladies present, a connoisseur in precious stones, who kept cool enough to take practical observation, says the diamonds she wore could not have cost less than a million dollars, and must have represented her husband's income for at least a quarter of a year. This same lady, who is familiar with court life in Europe, says that the largest collection of diamonds in possession of any European empress or queen belongs to the present German Empress, but she adds that even Augusta herself could not make a diamond show which would begin to compare with that made by Mrs. Astor."