

of the ground in order to strip it, should be banished from society, and no one suffered to relieve his wants till the relatives of the deceased consented to his re-admission. It was a felony at common law to steal the shroud or apparel from a dead body. 1 Hale's P. C. 515; 1 Russell on Crimes, 629; 3 Dane's Abr. 13. And it is so, also, under the statutes of this State.—*Albany Law Journal*.

SWITZERLAND.

A SINGULAR CLAIM FOR DAMAGES.—The Geneva correspondent of the *London Times* says, that a strange lawsuit has arisen out of the late manoeuvres of a portion of the Swiss army, near Morat. During the operations Herr Muller, ex-judge and commandant of a battalion in the Steinhausen brigade, recommended his men to abstain from drinking the beer of the Bohlen brewery, on the ground that it was likely to injure their health and render them less able to support the fatigue of marching and the weight of their accoutrements. The proprietor of the brewery, feeling himself much aggrieved at this order, and on the plea that it has operated greatly to his detriment, has brought an action against Herr Muller, laying his damages at a rather considerable sum. The beer, which has been submitted to analysis, is pronounced by experts to contain no ingredients injurious to health. On the other hand it is contended that when an officer on service orders or advises his men in good faith to abstain from the use of such food or drink as he may think likely to impair the value of their services to the State, it is not right that he should be exposed to the annoyance of an action at law, much less that he should be liable to be mulcted in heavy damages. The case excites much interest among officers in the army of the Confederation.

GENERAL NOTES.

The U. S. Commissioner of Patents reports 14,100 patents granted for the year ending June. Receipts, \$734,888. Expenditures, \$665,906; 1,505 trade-marks were registered.

CONCEALED ASSETS.—I once held some shares in a joint stock bank (limited). The directors wishing to launch into a system of finance, persuaded the shareholders to turn the concern

into an unlimited bank. I sold out at once. The system did not answer, and within a couple of years the bank was in liquidation. I was called upon to show cause why I should not be placed on the list of contributories. I had not much difficulty in doing this, for as it happened, I could prove that I had sold my shares in good faith and in good time. But one of my companions in misfortune had not been quite so prompt in getting rid of his shares, and the Bankruptcy Commissioners added his name to the list. A question arose as to his power to pay. A. pleaded poverty, of course. He had not a shilling in the world. "You seem to enjoy good health," said the solicitor to the estate. "Yes, tolerable." "Good appetite?" "Yes, nothing to complain of." "Do not suffer from indigestion?" "Not much." "Ah! I see you have a fine set of teeth—your own, of course?" "Yes." "Come, now, what did you pay for them?" The poor contributory turned pale, and appealed to the Commissioner to protect him against importunate questions. "You can easily answer the question," said the Commissioner, coldly, and the tormentor calmly repeated it. "What did you pay for that set of teeth—40, 50, or 60 guineas? It is no good fencing with the question. I intend to have an answer. Sixty guineas?" The contributory drew himself up, indignantly pursing his lips, and refused to answer. "Fifty guineas?" More pantomime. But at last the answer came in a tone of indignant scorn, "Fifty-five guineas." "And how long have you had these teeth?" "Only the day before yesterday." "And you purchased them after you had notice of your liability as one of the shareholders of the bank?" "Yes." "That will do," said the solicitor, triumphantly. "You can take out your teeth and hand them over to the official assignee. They constitute one of the assets of this bank." And the poor man left the Court sans teeth, a sadder, but I hope a wiser man. I do not use false teeth, but I have never touched a share in an unlimited bank since, and wishing to keep my own teeth I do not think I shall.—*Mayfair*.

RHETORIC AT THE BAR.—Lord Ellenborough had a sovereign contempt for rhetorical flights. "It is written in the large volume of nature," said a barrister. "At what page?" gravely inquired the judge, taking up his pen.