

of the third century and in the form of books. This and the Virgil are considered the oldest manuscripts in existence. Here also is one of the three great Biblical manuscripts which contend with each other for the greatest antiquity—the "Codex Vaticanus." It contains the Old and New Testaments, with various omissions or changes, and is written in capital letters. Each page has three columns, except in some places of the Old Testament. It is placed usually at the middle of the third or the fourth century. This great Biblical and textual authority was removed by the French Commissioners to the Imperial Library of Paris in 1797, together with five hundred and one other manuscripts, among which were the famous Virgil, Terrence, Homer, Cæsar, and Piantus of the Vatican, besides other rare books. But in 1814 and 1815 these were all restored. Among the rare manuscripts of Hebrew Bibles is a very large Hebrew Bible formerly in the library of the Dukes of Urbino; for which, though it is so ponderous as to require two men to carry it, Venetian Jews are said to have offered its weight in gold. A Greek manuscript of the Acts of the Apostles, written in gold letters, and presented to Innocent VIII. by the Queen of Cyprus, is worthy of note. The "Annals" of Baronius, in twelve volumes written with his own hand; a copy of Dante's "Divina Comedia," in the handwriting of Boccaccio, and sent by him to Petrarch, with his corrections; and another autograph of Tasso, including a sketch of his "Gieusalemme Liberata," written when nineteen years of age, are all to be found in this autograph collection. To this list might be added Henry VIII.'s love letters to Anne Boleyn, nine in French and eight in English. Here, also, is Pynson's dedication copy, on vellum (London, 1521), of the same sovereign's treatise against Luther, which won for the king the title of "Defender of the Faith."—'Ladies' Repository.'

### WAIFS AND STRAYS.

**ADVERTISEMENTS V. COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS.**—An American journal writes thus lovingly of itself and its *confreres* as vehicles for advertisements to the trade addressed:—An advertisement if your business paper has most of the merits and none of the vices on commercial travellers, besides many advantages entirely its own. 1st. It travels in all directions at once, and visits your customers punctually. 2nd. It interests them in every town, and is building up the general prosperity, while it is faithfully transacting your particular business. 3rd. It talks with thousands of tongues, and has the confidence of its hearers. 4th. It doesn't get drunk. 5th. It doesn't bet, or play at billiards, pool or loo. 6th. It doesn't bring in any supplementary fancy bill of expenses. 7th. It requires no commission. 8th. It doesn't swell round on the credit and name of your house. 9th. It never gets mad and threatens to transfer its good-will to a competitor in business. 10th. It never sets up in business itself on the credit it has built up at your expense, or has artfully filched from you. 11th. It doesn't add so much to your expenses as to reduce to zero the margin you would like to offer to good customers. 12th. It doesn't cost many hundreds of pounds a year, but brings customers to you and makes them your personal friends.

**THE LONDON POLICE.**—No man is admitted to the London Metropolitan Police who stands less than five feet seven inches without shoes or stockings, and it is rather amusing to sit by and quietly watch, as one after another they come up to the standard. One is conscious of a good couple of inches to spare, and stalks up with a dignified self-complacency; the next evidently has his doubts about it, and comes forward with a face full of anxious concern. He stretches up his eyebrows, purses his under lip, sticks out his thumbs with painful rigidity, and finally endeavors to make a little use of his toes. This won't do, however. "Turn up your toes," is the stern mandate, and down he drops, and perhaps a quarter of an inch below regulation height. If with the toes turned up there seems to be a doubt about the heels being fairly on the ground, a slip of paper is put underneath, and lightly pulled. The raising of the heels will of course liberate the paper.

**THE PRINTER'S ART.**—The following analysis of the contents of one day's number of the London 'Times' is given by the Spirit of the 'Daily Press':—The 'Times' of May 19 consisted of twenty pages—one hundred and twenty columns of well-printed type, seventy-three of which were advertisements. This amount of printing—about equal to *five volumes* of an ordinary novel—was all accomplished in less than a day and night! Let us see what all this means. Calculated roughly, it means \$1,343 lines, \$13,430 words, 2,203,910 letters; or, inclusive of the metal slips between the lines and paragraphs, not fewer than 2,800,050—or perhaps three million—separate and distinct pieces of metal picked up letter by letter, and placed in regular and consecutive order so that any reader may refer to any paragraph with ease, celerity, and pleasure. This is the 'Times' newspaper of to-day.

**SAN FRANCISCO OF THE PRESENT.**—In many ways San Francisco is a city of contrasts. In population, in amount of business and wealth, in the development of its civilisation, in everything, in fact, that goes to make capacity—it is old, while the years of its life yet number less than thirty. Its streets are narrow and unimposing; most of the houses of wood, in many places tottering to decay. One section of it is squalid and filthy beyond compare, while alongside of them the largest hotel in the world rears its mansion walls, flanked by a dozen other insignificant edifices; living and the necessaries of life are expensive, but, for all that, a man can have an ample and luxurious lunch or dinner for nothing. The men, as before remarked, are as a rule, courteous and polite to each other, but if a "difficulty" does unfortunately take place it generally ends in the death or mutilation of one or more of the parties concerned. The climate, though equally removed from the extremes of heat or cold, is yet subject to great and sudden changes of temperature, and then, though no one complains of cold, everyone as a rule catches cold. The majority of the population of the

city is comparatively poor, but the wealthy men of San Francisco are perhaps the wealthiest men of the world. There are plenty of millionaires among them, while two individuals are supposed to have between them the astounding income of two million pounds sterling annually. So much for a city which, twenty-six years ago, was nothing but a few tents scattered along a sandy and somewhat barren shore.

**HOW TO BEAT THE SAVAGE.**—The cunning Frenchman has contrived a novel way to impress the barbaric mind. M. De Brazza, who has charge of the expedition to Senegal, carries an electric battery in his pocket communicating with two rings on his hand, and with other apparatus scattered about his person. When he shakes hands with a savage chief, that chief will be very much astonished, for an electric shock will run up his arm, and he will see lightning playing about the head of his visitor. Naturally he will think he is being interviewed by the devil, and will be ready to consent to anything in order to get away.

**IRISH RELICS.**—A lawsuit has been decided in London which concerned the disposition of some interesting Irish relics. The suit was instituted for the administration of the will of the Marchioness of Thomond in 1868, which contained a clause giving to Lucius O'Brien, Baron Inchiquin, the family diamonds, four bog-oak tablets with the history of Brian Boromha, and various other articles enumerated. The testatrix died on the 22nd of October, 1874. Sir Lucius O'Brien, Baron Inchiquin, died in May, 1872, and the defendant, Edward Donough, the present Baron Inchiquin, his successor, claimed the diamonds and china plates. The Vice-Chancellor decided that the defendant, Lord Inchiquin, was entitled to the diamonds, etc., without prejudice to the question whether he was entitled to them for life only or absolutely, and the trustees must hand those articles over to him on his signing and giving an inventory of them; and there must also be a declaration that the bog-oak tablets were given to Lucius O'Brien, Baron Inchiquin, and lapsed by his death.

**ORIGIN OF THE TERM CANARD.**—The origin of the term *Canard*, "duck," in the sense of a journalistic untruth is by E. von Wurzbach in his "Historische Woeser" attributed to a M. Egydy Aubert Cornelissen, of Brussels, a journalist, who once published a little fable, without any moral, on this wise: "The voracity of ducks is well known, but up to the period of the following experiment, it could not be calculated with any nearness how much they could swallow. One of a flock of twenty ducks was taken, killed, chopped up as it was and thrown to the nineteen remaining ducks, who immediately devoured it down. The same course was followed with the remainder till there was but one left, gorged with the flesh and blood of its fellows." This story made the round of Europe, and was re-imported from America as a new fact in natural history. The very unpleasant cannibalistic *canard* who came twentieth in the story, is, says Wurzbach, the parent of all later birds of the same feather.

**ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.**—This painstaking traveller was equally painstaking as a correspondent. Up to the age of eighty-six he conducted his own correspondence, which was an enormous one, in his own person. On account of his position at the Court of Berlin, he was made the recipient of letters, not only from scientific men, but from all sorts and conditions of men. From his own country, from Italy, England, France, and America, he was bombarded with letters. He received an average every year of over three thousand, and answered two thousand, his account for stamps running up to 500 or 600 thalers—£75 to £90 a year. In spite of the wearisomeness of his correspondence he would not receive the help of a secretary.

**HOW SAN FRANCISCO WAS NAMED.**—That very remarkable book, "General Sherman's Memoirs," contains some information as to the manner in which San Francisco obtained its name, which we do not remember to have seen in print before. In the summer of 1848, General Sherman, then an artillery Lieutenant, was stationed in California, and, in recalling reminiscences of those days, he imparts the information of which we have spoken. While at Benicia, on Carquinez Straits, he became acquainted with Dr. Semple, an Illinoisian, who published the 'Californian,' which afterwards became the 'Alta California' of to-day. This Dr. Semple, foreseeing the growth of a great city somewhere on the Bay of San Francisco, selected a site on Carquinez Straits and laid out a city which was called Francisca, in honor of the wife of General Vallejo. At this time, the name of the town near the mouth of the bay was Yerba Buena. Some of the prominent men of the latter place, foreseeing that Francisca might be a rival, and that there was something in a name, induced the Council to change the name from Yerba Buena to San Francisco. Gen. Vallejo was very much incensed at the adoption of a name so closely resembling Francisca, and in turn changed the name of his town to Benicia, which was Mrs. Vallejo's other name, and San Francisco and Benicia the two places remain to this day. General Sherman says: "That Benicia has the best natural site for a commercial city I am satisfied; and, had half the money and half the labour since bestowed upon San Francisco been expended at Benicia, we should have at this day a city of palaces on the Carquinez Straits."

**THE DRUNKARD'S WILL.**—"I leave to society a ruined character, a wretched example and a memory that will soon rot. I leave to my parents for the rest of their lives, as much sorrow as humanity in a feeble and decrepid state can well sustain. I leave to my brothers and sisters as much mortification as I could bring upon them. I leave to my wife a broken heart, a life of wretchedness and shame, to weep over my premature death. I give and bequeath to each of my children ignorance and low character, and the remembrance that their father was a brute."

**THE CARE OF OIL CLOTHS.**—An oil cloth requires careful treatment, and should never be scrubbed with a brush, but after being swept with the long-handled hair-brushes that are made for the purpose, it should be carefully washed with a large soft cloth, dipped into milk and water, half-and-half, or if the milk is not obtainable, tepid water without soap. The latter ruins oil cloth, by taking off the brightness of the point, and it should never be