

BOB INGERSOLL'S DREAM.

ONE night, after speaking in his usual fashion to an audience of many hundred persons, Bob Ingersoll went to his chamber, and laid him on his bed to rest. He had a dream.

The man dreamed that he stood in space, face to face with a great clock, that slowly beat out the seconds of a miserable existence. The face of the clock was as ghastly as the face of death. The hands crawled over the face like the worms of corruption, and crawled slowly on toward the midnight hour. Every tick of the clock was the splash of a great drop of blood in a pool of gore. Every plash of blood sprinkled in his bosom with hideous red. He tried vainly to wipe away the stain; and he found that his hands, too, were red like his bosom, and like the pool of blood at the foot of the clock. But the hands of the clock crept on to midnight.

There shot in around him a hot suffocating fog of night. Then the hopes and loves and hates and aspirations within him groaned and gasped and died. The hot, suffocating shroud of vapor wrapped him more closely, and he, too, groaned and gasped; but death came not to him as it had come to his hopes and affections. He stood there alone in the dying universe, alone with the great clock that splashed blood at the beat of every miserable second, while the hands crawled on to midnight.

To this man every breath was agony, every heart throb a century of pain. He felt his bones crumbling in decay, and his flesh rotting while it clung to him. His tongue was swollen in his mouth. His throat was dry and horribly bitter. He cared no longer for the stains of red blood, but bathed his brow and his eyes in the pool, and moistened his lips with the clotting gore. In the same breath he blasphemed and prayed for the light of the morning.

The hands of the clock reached midnight and stopped. There were no growing hours thereafter, no dawn, no morning light, no sun. Even the blood splashing, and the pool died away so that he could no longer moisten his lips or quench the indescribable thirst that consumed him.

In anguish that was terror, and in terror that was agony, he broke the awful silence, and cried:

"Is there no sunlight?"

A voice louder and harsher, hoarser, and as sneering as his own, answered out of the silence:

"There is no sunlight for the stirrer up of strife."

After an eternity, again he cried:

"Is there no dawn?"

And the voice replied with a bitter sneer:

"There is no dawn for the denier, the liar, and the blasphemer."

"When an eternity of eternities had passed, he cried out once more:

"My God! Is there no morning?"

And the voice came back:

"There is no morning, and you have no God!"

A STARTLING DEATH-CRY.

MR. SMITH, the Assyriologist, died at Aleppo on the 19th of August, at or about the hour of six in the afternoon. On the same day, and between three-quarters of an hour and an hour later, a friend and fellow-worker of Mr. Smith's (Dr. Delitzsch) was going to the house of a third person, the author of the account of the labors of the departed scholar which appeared in a weekly contemporary (the 'Academy'). In the course of his walk Dr. Delitzsch passed within a stone's throw of the house in which Mr. Smith lived when in London, and suddenly heard his own name uttered aloud in a "most piercing cry," which thrilled him to the marrow. The fact impressed him so strongly that he looked at his watch, noted the hour, and, although he did not mention the circumstance at the time, recorded it in his note-book. In this particular case, as it is reported, the skeptic can scarcely make use of the fact that Dr. Delitzsch did not mention his experience to any one at the time it happened. The record in his note-book would be amply sufficient evidence of the liveliness of the impression. Criticism would be better employed in discovering the possibility of a suggestion of Mr. Smith to Mr. Delitzsch's mind. He was at the moment "passing the end of Croftland road, in which Mr. George Smith lived." He was, however, not thinking of him, and it is difficult to imagine that an unconscious suggestion of the brain, caused by the law of the association of ideas, could take the shape of a seeming cry, not of his friend's name, but of his own, so piercing as to thrill him to the marrow.—London Daily News.

INVENTION OF PRINTING.

ARCHBISHOP SPALDING writes:—"It is usually stated, that the credit of this noble invention should be given to Gutenberg, to Coster, or to Faust or Schoeffer, who flourished about the middle of the fifteenth century. The three cities of Strasburg, Mayentz, and Harlaem, all claimed the honor of having originated the invention. The prize thus contended for was indeed a more glorious one than that of having given birth to Homer, which anciently excited such emulation among contending cities; but, according to the more generally received opinion, the city of Mayentz bore it away, and the glorious crown has been awarded by grateful Germany to John Gutenberg. We would not pluck one leaf from the blooming wreath which decorates his brow; his glory is that of the ages of faith and of invention. The art of printing, as it now exists, is certainly of no older date than the fifteenth century; but it was itself little more than the real revival of an art five centuries older, and which had been almost lost sight of in the confusion of the middle ages.

"Recent antiquarian search has established the important fact, that there was, as early as the tenth century, a species of hand-printing, or *Chirotypography*, more or less generally used. A learned Italian, the

Abbate Requeno, in a work lately published at Rome, has set this matter in the clearest light. He has proved, that many ancient diplomas and other documents, hitherto viewed as manuscripts, were printed by a species of hand-press. By a careful examination of those first specimens of printing, he has ascertained that the use of stereotype plates, as well as that of moveable types, was contemporary with the birth of the art. Thus, it appears, that in both stages of the invention—in the tenth and in the fifteenth century—the noble art leaped, as it were, to the highest point of perfection and to its fullest stature, at its very origin; but, then, like a giant exhausted with over exertion, it fell back into the cradle of infancy, to await the maturing of its strength, and the gradual development of its energies; Gutenberg abandoned stereotype plates in favor of moveable types, because he could not hit on any method for multiplying the former.

"If ever a man deserved a monument it was John Gutenberg. But the grateful Germans did a work of supererogation, when they recently erected one to his memory in the city of Mayentz; one had been already erected. His own noble art of printing bestrides the world; it is the most suitable monument that could have been raised to his honor. It is immensely more grand and sublime than was the famed Colossus of Rhodes, reckoned erewhile among the wonders of the world. All the splendid libraries of modern times, owing, as they do, their origin to his great invention, constitute his most appropriate cenotaph: he needs no other!

"The invention of the art of printing constitutes the most important epoch in the history of libraries. It naturally marks the boundary line between the ancient libraries of manuscripts, and the modern ones of printed books. The ancient manuscript libraries are again naturally subdivided into two great classes: the classical and the Christian; or those of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and those of the middle ages."

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

"Lord Dudley was one of the most absent men I think I ever met in society. One day he met me in the street and invited me to meet myself. 'Dine with me to-day; dine with me, and I will get Sydney Smith to meet you.' Another time on meeting me he turned back, put his arm through mine, muttering, 'I don't mind walking with him a little way; I'll walk with him as far as the end of the street.' As we proceeded together W—— passed. 'That is the villain,' exclaimed he, 'who helped me to asparagus and gave me no toast.' He very nearly upset my gravity once in the pulpit. He was apparently very attentive, when suddenly he took up his stick, as if he had been in the House of Commons, and clapped on the ground in approbation of what he had just heard."—Sydney Smith.

Some animals are held in universal dread by others, and not the least terrible is the effect produced by the rattlesnake. This snake will frequently be at the bottom of a tree, on which a squirrel is seated. He fixes his eyes on the animal, and from that moment it cannot escape; it begins a doleful outcry, which is so well known that a passer-by, on hearing it immediately knows that a snake is present. The squirrel runs up the tree a little way comes down again, then goes up, and afterwards comes still lower. The snake continues at the bottom of the tree, with his eyes fixed on the squirrel, and his attention is so entirely taken up that a person accidentally approaching may make considerable noise without so much as the snake's turning about. The squirrel comes low, and at last leaps down to the snake, whose mouth is already distended for its reception. Le Vaillant confirms this fascinating terror by a scene he witnessed. He saw on the branch of a tree a species of shrike, trembling as if in convulsions, and at the distance of nearly four feet, on another branch, a large species of snake, lying with outstretched neck and fiery eyes, gazing steadily at the poor animal. The agony of the bird was so great that it was deprived of the power of moving away—and when one of the party killed the snake the bird was found dead upon the spot—and that entirely from fear—for on examination, it appears not to have received the slightest wound. The same traveller adds, that a short time afterwards he observed a small mouse in similar agonizing convulsions, about two yards from a snake, the eyes of which were intently fixed upon it; and on frightening away the reptile, and taking up the mouse it expired in his hand.

HISTORICAL! Vide "Jurors Reports and Awards, New Zealand Exhibition." Jurors: J. A. Ewen, J. Butterworth, T. C. Skinner. "So far as the Colony is concerned, the dyeing of materials is almost entirely confined to the re-dyeing of Articles of Dress and Upholstery, a most useful art, for there are many kinds of material that lose their colour before the texture is half worn. G. HIRSH, of Dunedin (DUNEDIN DYE WORKS, George street, opposite Royal George Hotel) exhibits a case of specimens of Dyed Wools, Silks, and Feathers, and dyed Sheepskins. The colors on the whole are very fair, and reflect considerable credit on the Exhibitor, to whom the Jurors recommended an Honorary Certificate should be awarded." Honorary Certificate, 629: Gustav Hirsch Dunedin, for specimens of Dyeing in Silk Feathers, &c.

"DUKE OF EDINBURGH."—The old wooden structure that did duty as the Duke of Edinburgh Hotel, in Russell-street for so many years, has, we are pleased to observe, given place to a new brick building, erected at considerable cost, in order to meet the rapidly increasing requirements of this popular and important part of the city. The present proprietor, Mr D. HARRIS, has spared no reasonable expense in furnishing and fitting the building with every modern comfort and convenience. The situation is extremely healthy, and commands splendid views of the ocean and harbour, and is within easy reach of the business part of the city. Persons in pursuit of a respectable and comfortable residence will do well to go to the "Duke of Edinburgh" Hotel, Russell-street, Dunedin.—[Advt.]