

# ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

NAPOLEON was such a confirmed egotist that he always wrote his name with a capital "N" and put an "I" after it.

Julius Cæsar lived abroad all his life, regardless of the expense involved. He was remarkably fond of the classics, and his writings abound in Latin quotations.

Nero is supposed to have been the inventor of the exasperating phrase, "Is it hot enough for you?" which he used to intensify the sufferings of the martyrs whom he burned at the stake.

William III. habitually rode a white horse, which, having been trained for circus performances, had a habit of waltzing on his hind legs.

Carlyle never rode a mule when it was possible to take a 'bus. As a rule he preferred to remain indoors during wet weather.

The Duke of Wellington had an unaccountable aversion to shoveling snow off the sidewalk. He always let the job out rather than tackle it himself.

Henry VIII. was never known to drink lager or reply to a post card.

Nicholas Flood Davin combs his hair with a towel.

The author of the "Beautiful Snow" is male and female, old and young and middle-aged, tall and short, handsome and homely, dead and alive, and characterized by a greater diversity of incongruities than any other writer of the century.

John Milton is wholly indifferent to the remarks of the critics on his poem of "Paradise Lost." The fact that he is dead may possibly account for this.

Shakespeare, an actor who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and had an incurable propensity for gagging, is believed to have written some very creditable dramas. He spelled his name in about seventeen different ways.

Pope Iconoclastes XII. was so indolent in disposition that he never even existed.

Xerxes, the Persian monarch, after his return to his country, on being repulsed by the Greeks, burst into tears. "Why weepest, oh, Prince?" enquired Periphrastes, the philosopher. "Alas," replied the unhappy king, "I tried to make myself a record in history, but I foresee that my memory will only be perpetuated to fill a long-felt want for copy-book headings commencing with 'X.'" And he went out into a vacant lot behind the palace and kicked himself.

Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, continually interlarded his

conversation with Shakespearean quotations. He is believed by some people to have been mad, which, considering that his uncle murdered his father, is not remarkable. Such conduct would make most anybody mad.

Ald. Shaw is sensitive about the orthography of his name. He grows highly indignant when anyone inadvertently spells it with a "P."

James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, was also somewhat touchy on a similar score. A pun upon his suggestive name was distasteful to him, and he once refused to speak to Robert Burns for a week, because the latter had alluded to his *paroxy* humor.

Alfred F. Jury sells (made to order) clothing as cheap as any other tailor, and throws in a lesson on political economy.

Edward Farrer cares so little about upholding the dignity of his vocation as a \$5,000 editor that he writes his MS. in a clear bold hand that the printers can read easily.

## THE TWO ADAMS.

VISITOR TO SCHOOL—"I would like, if you have no objections, Mr. Whackler, to put a few questions in Biblical history to the class."

TEACHER—"With pleasure, sir. I think you will find them fairly proficient."

VISITOR—"Well, then, boys, who was Adam?"

THE CLASS (*in chorus*)—"The first man, sir."

SMART SCHOLAR (*who has studied Canadian history, continuing*)—"to discover Canadian literature, and his other name was G. Mercer, sir."

## QUALIFIED FOR A BETTER POSITION.

JINKINSON—"Hello, Boozer! Where you been this long time? Haven't seen you round lately. You look as brown as a berry."

BOOZER—"Been on my holidays down to the seaside. Had a splendid time."

JINKINSON—"Going back to local work on the *Mud-slinger*, I suppose?"

BOOZER—"Guess not. I think I shall try for a sit as stenographer. No, I never took any lessons, but I think I can claim to be a shore-tanned reporter."

And with a wild snort of glee he crooked his finger and nodded in the direction of the nearest budge dispensary.



EVOLUTIONARY ASSIMILATION.

A Story of Signor Piatti and his 'Cello.—Punch.