

lordship's night-cap, with great presence of mind cried out to his fellow, 'Hold up the man's head or he'll choke!' The landlord, thinking a drunken man was getting a carry, quietly withdrew, and the procession marched past.

Writing to the editor of an English magazine, Mr. Ruskin gives utterance to the following characteristic dehortation:—'Young men have no business with politics at all; and when the time is come for them to have opinions, they will find all political parties at last resolve themselves into two—that which holds with Solomon that a rod is for the fool's back, and that which holds with the fool himself that a crown is for his head, a vote for his mouth, and all the universe for his belly.'

Brown (picking up a volume from club table): "Ulló! what's this?—'Is Life Worth Living?' What do you say, Jones?" Jones: "H'm! it depends. If I'm going to have curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, yes! If I've had curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, no! But I've not had curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, you see; and, what's more, I'm not going to. So I give it up!" Brown: "So do I!" (Exeunt, each to his respective business or pleasure, as the case may be.)

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown weary, grown grey with unblemished honour, bless God and die.

Says an English critic:—'When a bride goes to the altar conscious that she has played out all her trumps and lost the game for power, much of what the French call *l'impreu* of marriage is gone and the girl feels that she is simply entering upon a humdrum state of life, whose petty miseries and general dreariness are known to her beforehand. If, on the other hand, it is the bridegroom who feels that he is about to enter into domestic bondage, his face may possibly

not wear that serene expression which one is glad to see upon a wedding day.'

First Pagan, then Christian—this is the text on which the Calcutta comic paper preaches to its fellow religionists.

Soldiers, yours the work of vengeance!

Slow to spare and swift to slay

Be your arms when next the Afghan

Shall confront you in the fray.

Let your father Viking's fierceness

Quell all thoughts of mercy, say

To the dotards who would stop ye,

We are Odin's men to-day.

Thor and Odin against Mahomet

Till the accursed walls are flat;

Till our comrades' bones are rescued—

We'll be Christian after that.

The following conversation between a senior and an inquisitive freshman, says the *Amherst Student*, was overheard on East street the other evening. Freshman (confidentially): "I say, Smith, didn't you find Greek plaguey hard when you were a freshman?" Senior (nonchalantly): "Greek? No; Greek came pretty easy to me." Freshman (awestruck): "What! Didn't you find Greek hard?" Senior (meditatively): "Hold on. Lemme see. Greek? Is Greek the stuff with the funny little crooked letters?" Freshman (in astonishment): "Why, yes!" Senior (emphatically): "Oh! yes. Greek was deuced hard!"

Teetotallers would have us believe that alcoholic drinks are poisonous. Without giving an opinion on this physiological question, we would rather refer the matter to the famed eccentric Doctor Abernethy when consulted by a worthy Scot on a kindred subject, the use of narcotics—"Tell me, doctor, does tobacco, or snuff, or ardent spirits, injure the brain?" "Nay, verily," said the eccentric M. D. "Weel, I'm real glad at that," said the querist, "for I like a bit snuff among hauns, an' whiles a draw o' the pipe, an' when it's wonerfu' could I'm fond of a bit nedfu o' spirits." "Weel," said the fun-loving doctor, "Drink, smoke, and snuff as much as you like, neither of these things will injure your brain, for I never saw a man that had any brains use any of the specified articles of poison."

Soon after the late Salmon P. Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio, he issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of being orthodox, the Governor composed