

VARIETIES.

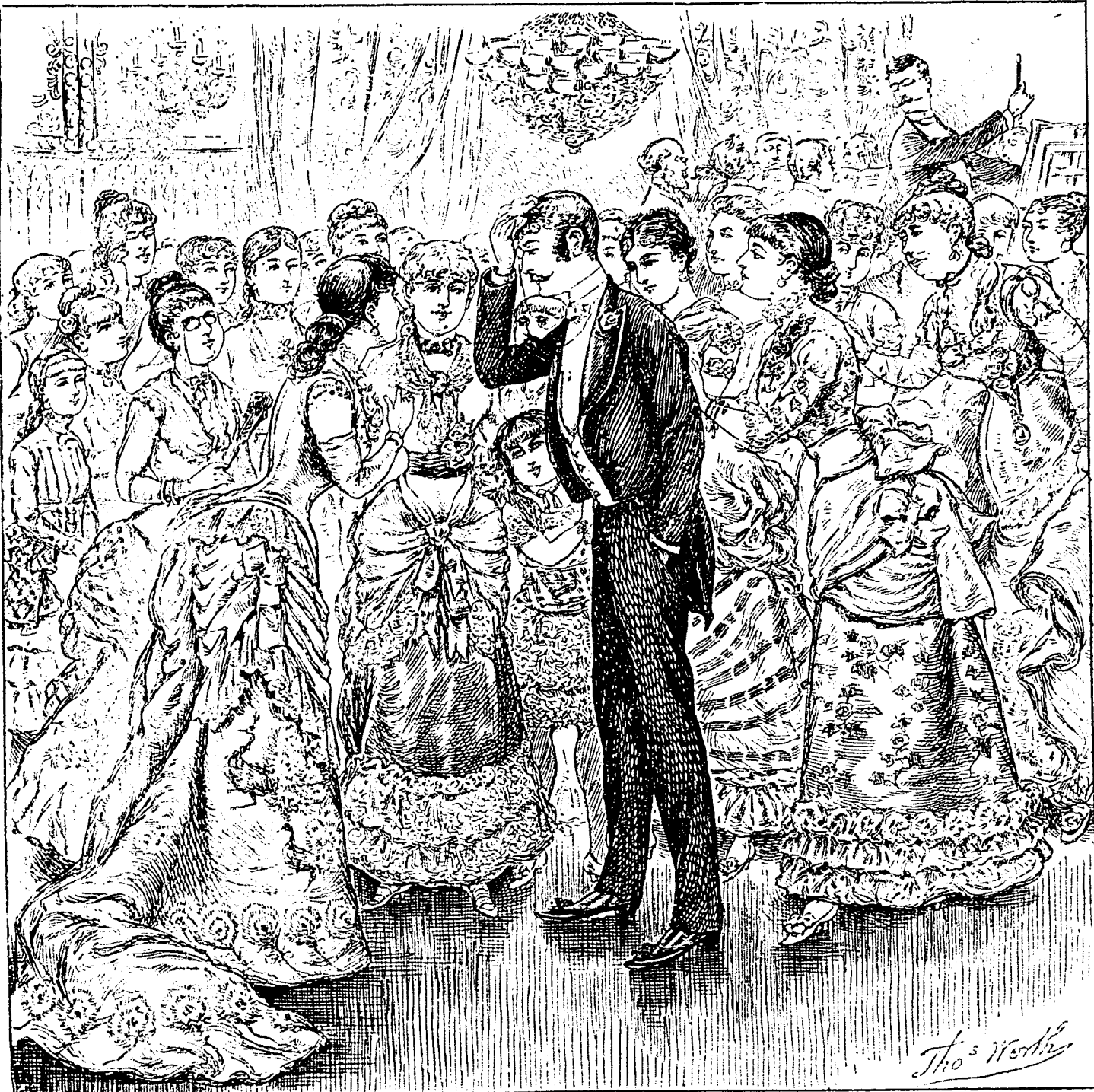
A PAGE OF SOCIETY.

CASH advances—
Courtin' a rich widow.

THE worst kind of a
cork screw—The host
who is sparing of his
wine.

In writing his opi-
nions and other docu-
ments, Justice Clifford,
of the United States'
Supreme Court, always
avoided as much of pos-
sible the definite article.
He would write page af-
ter page without a single
"the." Why he did so
no one ever found out,
nor indeed dared try to
find out, except the
jocular Justice Grier,
who alone could take
liberties with his digni-
fied colleague from
Maine. Once, in hope
of solving the mystery,
he asked, slapping Clif-
ford on the back as he
spoke, "Cliffy, old boy,
what makes you hate the
definite article so?" But
Clifford drew himself up
with Roman dignity,
and replied gravely,
"Brother Grier, you may
criticise my law; but
my style is my own."

On the first day of a
recent Session, as the
terms are called in Scot-
land, the students at the
Edinburgh University
read on the door of the
Greek class-room: "Pro-
fessor Blackie will meet
his classes on the 4th
inst." A wag took out
his pencil, erased the
"c," and made the no-
tice read thus: "Pro-
fessor Blackie will meet
his lassies on the 4th."
A group of young men
hung about the door on
the opening day to see
how the Professor would
take the joke. Up he
came, saw at once the
change in his notice,
stopped, took out his
pencil, apparently made
some further alteration,



and passed into the room
with a broad grin on his
face. A roar of laughter
followed him. As altered
for the second time, the
notice ran—"Professor
Blackie will meet his
asses on the 4th."

"THE DEVIL'S OWN."
—In 1803, when Napo-
leon threatened England
with invasion, he col-
lected an army at Boul-
ogne, and declared that
one battle would place
London in his hands.
The spirit of the country
was stirred; 460,000
volunteers sprang up to
defend King and country
and this vast enrolment
was England's answer to
the menaces of Bona-
parte. Camps were es-
tablished in the majori-
ty of places; warehouses
were turned into bar-
racks for the troopers,
and into stables for their
horses. Peers and citi-
zens, Whigs and Tories,
stood shoulder to shoul-
der in the ranks. In the
Universities, students
and their tutors ex-
changed their books for
the sword. The lawyers
were not behindhand in
manifesting zeal and
loyalty. The barristers
furnished a regiment of
infantry and a company
of riflemen. Once at a
review, as they defiled
before the King, his Ma-
jesty asked Erskine, who
commanded them, of
what men his corps was
chiefly composed.

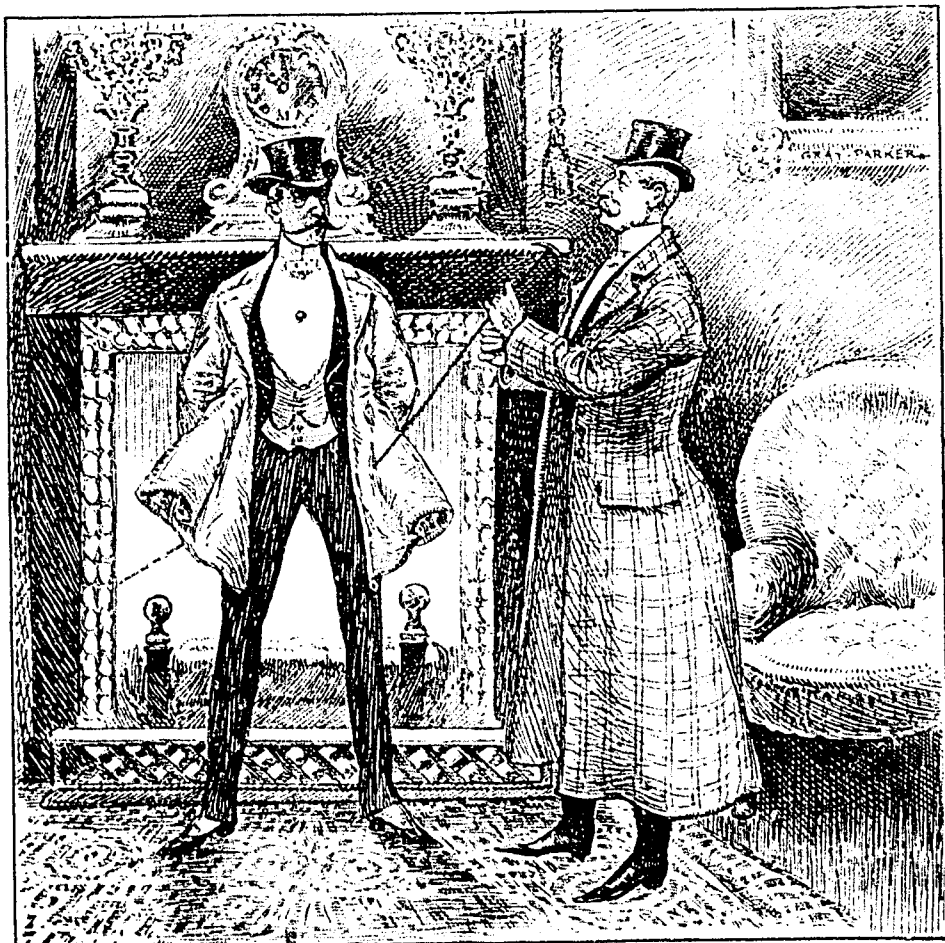
"They are all law-
yers," said Erskine.
"What? what?" said
George III. "All law-
yers? all lawyers? Call
them then 'The Devil's
Own.'"

And the Devil's Own
they were by Royal Man-
date called; and to this
day the popular 14th
Middlesex R. V.'s, so
ably commanded by Lt.
Colonel Bulmer, Q.C.,
are better known as the
Devil's Own, than as the
Inns of Court Regiment.

THE LAST MAN.

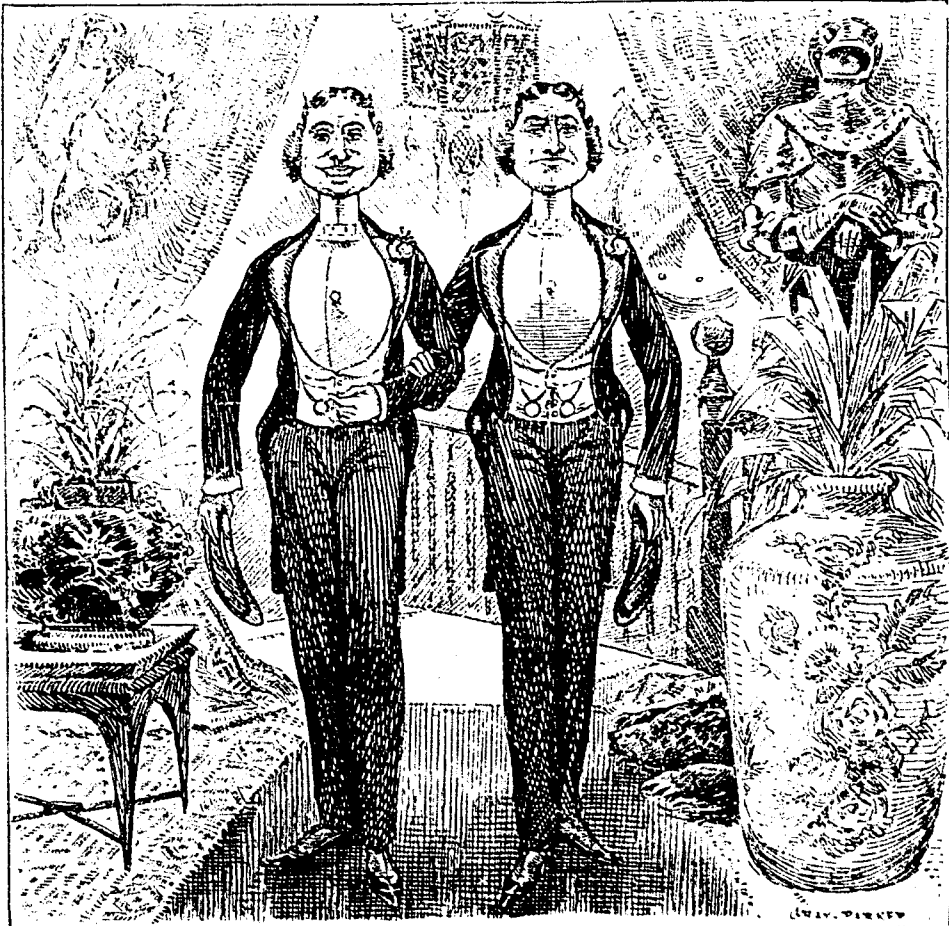
(Mr. Tomkins was the last available dancing man left at our Hotel.)

"So sorry, Miss Lightfoot, but there are twenty-seven ahead of you. In about two hours, say."



SOCIAL SPONGES.

- No. 1.—"What kind of a house is it?"
No. 11.—"O capital! Best Society. Splendid Girls."
No. 1.—"O Hang Society! What kind of suppers, Man?"



A DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Those two nice Messrs. Fitzwilliams. One tells the jokes and the other laughs at them.