CLIPPINGS FROM THE COMIC JOURNALS.

PICKINGS FROM "PUNCH."

THE RELIGION FOR RITUALISTIC CURATES.—Nincompopery.

HOW WE ARE GOVERNED.
Head of the Cabinet—Lord Beaconsfield.
Tail of the Cabinet—Lord B. *concealed.*

THE RIGHT TIME FOR THE DUCHESS OF MARLBOROUGH.—Lady Left-tenant.

THE LIVERPOOL MAJORITY (translated into a Trumpetarate of Triumph).—"Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho! Ho!"

THE STORY OF THE SOUTHWARK ELECTION (IN BRIEF).—Dunn—and Done—between two Gentlemen.

NEVER SATISFIED.—Some people are always suspecting the foreign policy of the Government. Now they are beginning to smell a Russo in Central Asia.

"WHAT IS THE CAPTAIN'S BUT A DISGRACEFUL WORD."—The Lord by his gardener, who had caught somebody trespassing! "Hum! And you say, Saunders, that the fellow was impudent? Gardener—Yes! "Impudent? Dear, sir, if he had been the Laird himself he could na has been mair ill-bred!"

LET TALIOTH.—Philanthropic Old Lady: "Bless me, child! what did you get that dreadful black eye?"—Street Arab: "Mother! But—(triumphantly)—ah gat her three months for't, a-an tell yer!"

A LIVE'S LABOUR AND A LIFE'S WAGE.

"CAN IT BE TRUE?—A correspondent asks this question in reference to the following report:—'At the meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters, in Manchester, the Rev. R. Matson, late curate of Membury, Devon, applied for an order to enter the workhouse as a pauper. He had been curate for thirty years, and had never failed to deliver a living, and had nothing to depend upon. The guardians thought it a very hard case; and, as there was no alternative, granted the order.'

Shrunk was his frame, and bowed his back,
His face pale, red, and spare;
White-seamed his suit of rusty black,
And thin his hair.

With shaky hand and mien subdued,
His old hat he did doffed,
And of the Board of Guardians said
An order for the Bower.

Thirty hard years had Curate's work—
Twice marriage, death, and birth
Twixt save and spare, patch, pinch, and pare—
None now left round him with an hearth.

More dull and sadder Life's evening grown,
While no Church-living nears,
After Church-starving, too well known,
For all this length of years.

What's rest for the old Curate's head
But the grave still and deep—
Wherein these years through he hath read
So many to their sleep?

Yes, one rest more!—he is on that one
He comes to Board's consent—
The workhouse! Why its shelter shun?
For workers it was meant.

Who fairer tale of work can show,
From manhood's prime to age?—
Work like his Master's, crowned, we know,
With much his Master's wage!

The Board debates, regrets, demurs,
But grants the order thus,
They print it in the newspapers,
Headed "Can it be true?"

FACETLE FROM "FUNNY FOLKS."

SOMETHING NEW IN NOSES.—According to the *New York Times*, a difficult and singularly successful operation has been performed at the Bellevue Hospital, where a patient has been provided with a new nose made from flesh taken from his arm. Luckily society in this country is not so particular as in England, where it is not considered quite the thing to put *your fingers to your nose.*

THE USE OF EPITHETS.—Rude and Imperadnin.

NATIONAL SCHOOL FOR "COOKERY."—The Exchequer.

THE ORIGINAL HOME RULER.—The rolling-pin.

DEPORTMENT.—Mr. Irving, of the Lyceum, and Bernhardt, in order to startle London with novelty, is studying fresh parts. But the rumour has arisen simply because every morning she practises her English with a new French word.

SHROVE TUESDAY CON.—What objection can there be to cook's frying pancakes on Shrove Tuesday?—Only that she's *frittering* away her time.

VALENTINITIONS.
(By the Extra Postman.)

When a lover talks about the "torch of Cupid" you may safely conclude that he is a Sun-dial.

Short postmen are decidedly out of place on St. Valentine's Day. The missives of Cupid should be delivered by High-men.

The hoisting of the letter-bags at the General Post Office on the 13th of February is said to require so much strength that the officials always call it "the heave of St. Valentine."

Some Valentines don't pay for delivering, but it must be a very dear one if the lover has to pay for it.

With most young ladies the 14th of February is emphatically a read-letter day.

The patronesses of Valentines are said to be so driven for time for a day or two before the 14th that the employes have to subsist on perfo-*rations.*

Some postmen grumble sadly at their work on St. Valentine's Day, while others regard their extra labour as a mere bag-a-telle.

A homonym in connection with this subject is that upon this day the largest parcels that go by post are invariably Valen-tiny ones.

DISCIPLINE IN SOUTH AFRICA.
(A Military Farce.)

SCENE 1—*Town in South Africa. Enter the* BRITISH ARMY.

BRITISH ARMY. 'Ullo, 'ere's a liquor store! Let's break in an' get jolly well tight!
[They break in and plunder.

PROPRIETOR'S WIFE. No, you shan't!

BRITISH ARMY. Wot! Yer don't mean to say! missis an' kids round! the British Army! Why, this is wuse than the Zulus!
[They trample Proprietor's wife and children under foot.

PROPRIETOR. Gently, gentlemen—gently!

BRITISH ARMY. Ear that? A prop in the jor wouldn't do 'im no harm.
[They prop him in the jor. Tableau—Store in Ruins.

SCENE 2—*British Army marches in and sits round it.*

SCENE 2—*Officers' Quarters in the same town.* COLONEL *and several* INFERIOR OFFICERS *discovered.*

INFERIOR OFFICERS. Don't you think you ought to interfere? The British Army's having drinks on the premises all over the place, and it doesn't look well, you know. We shall have the inhabitants despising us if it goes on.

COLONEL. I am afraid I ought to do something, but if you think I ought, I'll go out and reason with them.
[He does so.

BRITISH ARMY. Warter shay? Ge'whoiee—'have deekent? Ain't likelish!
[They hurl paving-stones at Colonel.

COLONEL *(to Inferior Officers).* There was no need to tell you!
[Dodges stones.

SCENE 3.—*The same Town.* BRITISH ARMY *still amusing itself. Enter* DISTINGUISHED COMMANDER *and* WAR CORRESPONDENT.

WAR CORRESPONDENT. Good gracious! What a disgraceful state of things! Roughly speaking, about one-half of the British Army decorating a church, while the other half is about to steal the town-clock!

DISTINGUISHED COMMANDER. No, no. Your eyesight is hoaxing you, my dear sir. Surely you must perceive that while the one moiety attends divine service, the other is engaged in "smashing things."

WAR CORRESPONDENT. Yes, marking it for plunder. I shall give my version of affairs to the public.

DISTINGUISHED COMMANDER. Very well. And I shall contradict you.
[Exeunt to do as they threaten. And John Bull thinks he knows which statement to believe.

SHAVINGS FROM "FIGARO."

Miss Helene is just perfection. Her uncle brought her some New Year's presents.

"Embrace me, at any rate," he said.

The dear kissed him, and then said, "Gracious, how I spoil you!"

A late number of an educational journal thus describes the trouble a Frenchman had with the verb "break":—

"I bonded questioned your language better," said my French friend, Mr. Dubois, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still; you make them so irregular in composition."

"I am sorry you find them so troublesome," was all I could say.

"I saw your friend, Mrs. Murkeson, just now" he continued. "She says she intends to break down housekeeping; am I right there?"

"Yes, housekeeping, she must have said."

"Oh yes! I remember; break up housekeeping."

"Why does she do that?" I asked.

"Because her health is broken into."

"Broken down."

"Broken down? Oh yes! And, indeed, since the smallpox broke up in our city—"

"Broken off."

"She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"

"No, she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."

"Certainly; it is what I meant to say."

"Is her son to be married soon?"

"No; that engagement is broken—broken—"

"Broken off."

"Yes; broken off."

"Ah, I had not heard of that."

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right? I am anxious to speak English well."

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."

"It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow—a broaker, I think."

"Baby went to play again, and after awhile came back without her balloon.

"What have you done with your balloon?"

"It has gone to heaven. Little sister will have it for my New Year's gift."

DREAMING AND DRIFTING;
OR,
FROM THE TAY TO THE TEES.

A MYSTERY AND A ROMANCE,

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

BY CHARLES FARQUHARSON FINDLAY.

CHAPTER I.

"Friendship is love, without either flowers or veil."

"Strange that I should have lighted on you in this place. One would have thought after so long a separation that in the fitness of things something more formal than a mere unexpected meeting would have been granted us."

The words are said dreamily. The speaker is reclining, lazy-fashion, on the heather, his eyes not fixed on the person to whom, apparently far out into the sky as if to watch the clouds of fleecy whiteness that drift across it. The inevitable cigar is removed from his lips to make room for utterance and only recognised when he has had his fill. He answers a youth who is standing near, carelessly knocking off the heads of sundry blue-bells with his stick.

"Well, I don't know, after all, we have much to complain of on this score. We have met as we have met, natural we should meet. "Hallo," "By Jove," and a hearty shake of the hand, I take to be as pleasant a mode of renewing friendship as any that modern society could devise. I have your formal greetings, which arrive heralded by a flourish of epistles, and the pleasure of the reality spoiled by anticipation. In such a case, one is prone to speculate whether one is really welcome, to answer a youth who is standing near, carelessly knocking off the heads of sundry blue-bells with his stick.

"Well, I don't know, after all, we have much to complain of on this score. We have met as we have met, natural we should meet. "Hallo," "By Jove," and a hearty shake of the hand, I take to be as pleasant a mode of renewing friendship as any that modern society could devise. I have your formal greetings, which arrive heralded by a flourish of epistles, and the pleasure of the reality spoiled by anticipation. In such a case, one is prone to speculate whether one is really welcome, or whether, on the other hand, he will violently and awkwardly demonstrative in his salutations. You've heard of the fellow who arranged to be in the act of shaving and have his face covered with a convenient lather at the moment of the arrival of a friend from India in case said friend should, in the exuberance of his heart, desire to greet him with an hoty kiss. An effectual means of prevention wasn't it?

"Rather. But of all the places to meet an old schoolfellow after travelling round the world this seemed to me about the most unlikely.

"I don't know why. The place is not so God-forgotten as you would make out. A Scotch moor, blooming heather, a clear sky, and altogether a bit of shaving and more do you want? It is all right for you, Arthur, to talk of travelling round the world; but I don't travel, so when you wish to see me you must perforce look for me in "my native wilds." Why shun them?

It was indeed true. My fate—for it was I who was the last speaker—had not, to all appearance, lit in such pleasant places as that of my erewhile comrade, Arthur Montrosser, and I felt the bot of friends and of home passionately devoted to one another, when but a very few years out in the world our relative positions somehow became considerably changed.

In our early days we were at one in being, like most boys, rich—according to our own ideas—and correspondingly profuse in our own expenditure at the beginning of the half-year, but impecunious as the last of those three months had rolled their course, and we stood midway between Christmas-tide and the summer. In those days we entered sympathizingly into our mutual financial difficulties, chuckling over the joke as a happy issue out of our afflictions; for if there is a condition hateful to the heart of any schoolboy it is to be in debt and minus pocket-money.

Arthur and I parted, seemingly enough along the not always rosy path of an English public school, vowing every now and then eternal friendship, and entering into one another's delights and sorrows as though we were bound to walk through life whole of heart in the close relationship. When the time came to part—for Arthur was by some strange family arrangement removed to a Continental school where he barely remained long enough to witness the youthful agony I experienced, and in our "good-byes" we must have resembled a pair of romantic schoolgirls. As a compensation for the loss of Arthur's presence I was allowed to remain at Eltham for nearly a couple of years, and then in some unaccountable way, even that mode of communication was given up and we remained practically dead and buried to each other for the long period of fifteen months.

I had years before learned that my friend had fallen into an enormous income on the death of his father, and further—what Arthur himself was ignorant of at school—that he was heir to a baronetcy.

His training had not been that usually bestowed on the sons of English gentlemen. Oxford had been denied him, and even his public school career had been cut short. The scruples of two maiden aunts who, in room of his mother dead, presided over his juvenile destinies, so far swayed the mind of his father into the belief of the great injustice that his son would be lost if he should go to Oxford that the orthodox old gentleman had no other alternative than to give him a Continental training.

O foolish old woman! Had but these two silly creatures in their maidenly fear only for a moment compared English with Continental morals, how different from my friend it might all have been! But Oxford was to one of these two the "Babylon of Infidelity," to the other styled "a nest of Jesuits," and so those two old females in conclave assembled decided that to Oxford Arthur must not go.

No; he must mix with all the grace and dignity of learning about it; not the Classics shall be his model, nor the flower of English youth his companions; but Paris and Berlin—rakish Berlin—these with all their manifold attractions of theatres, operas, ballets, Kosses and dancing garden, these must form the arena where his best years shall be spent. The maiden aunts—simple-minded creatures both—had agreed to fix the fate of my friend on the Tay, and I, who had already said on the grounds of religious orthodoxy forsooth! had determined that he should find a home and education in the north of Scotland, Edinburgh, the Athens of Scotties its principles by way of adding to its income. So to a "good Protestant family" Arthur was packed off, which means that from that hour, and at that early age, he was allowed practically to become his own master.

The worship of Mammon may even prevail amid what Montrosser himself alliteratively styled "a profuse profession of Protestant principles." Knowledge of the youth's good birth and wealthy connections caused disciplinc to be but lightly exercised over him, and indeed his natural laughtiness led him to scorn and shake off all the petty restraints likely to be imposed by the ordinary regulations of the family. He came in when he liked, went out when he liked, attended his lectures when he liked, and excelled with intuitive ease in all in all to himself and heedless of the verdict of the world. Montrosser led, in short, young as he then was, the life of a thorough Bohemian.

The same fruitful nature of the English boy seemed likely to be perverted into the drivelling silliness of the polite sensualist. He was a puzzle to the family he lived with, and was apparently popular amongst them, as well themselves. His friends sought and sought elsewhere—where, they knew not, and nobody knew. His very goings-out and in-comings were at the mercy of conjecture. Nothing, probably, but the positive young exile, would hardly have reconciled my once open, candid friend. The fair nature, blossoming into a healthful manhood, was stanted, and allowed to drift to its destruction by the instinct of passion or the thoughtless impulse of idle hours.

Montrosser's letters to me during that period contain only the record of a ceaseless round of gaiety—a gaiety of which I could partake at the distance, but the belief that through it he was becoming a man while I was still vegetating in simple boyhood. His taste was soon far out-reached his age and in his letters there was evinced a restless spirit of restlessness, dissatisfaction, and not unfrequently a morbid melancholy hitherto in my experience foreign to my friend. He was becoming a Bohemian in nothing of at the time, fancying only what a fine fellow my friend Arthur had become, and how thoroughly familiar he must be with the ways of that great world I had heard so much about, and of which as yet I knew so little.

It was only when Montrosser's communications became in time fewer, more irregular, and conspicuously reckless in tone that I began dimly to suspect something wrong. By and bye he stopped writing me altogether. Letter after letter remained unanswered. I, first sick at heart, then despairing, and lastly proud and indignant at his continued neglect, ceased to address him.

In my turn I left school, and after a short course at Oxford, was placed by my guardian at the University of Edinburgh with the view of qualifying myself for form medical profession. I had been distinctly made aware that the circumstances under which I had been left by my father's will rendered it necessary for me to pursue a definite profession, and that beyond the bigoted advantages of education I should have but a poor position to rely on.

Natural proclivities induced me to select Medicine as the most suitable arena for my energies. I had been ever noted for my—not very systematic—skill in dissection; and the quantities of dead birds, mice, rabbits, weasels, and cats I had slaughtered in the experimenting pocket-knives of Montrosser and myself, it would puzzle me now to determine. Our scientific researches, indeed, on one occasion were extended to a huge porpoise, which had been washed up dead on the beach and over the delicately odorous carcass of which we lent for days, utilizing the hide, and investigating the blubber. I therefore did not much regret the necessity which compelled me to follow in the footsteps of those labourers whose rudiments I had roughly learned as a pastime at school.

Of Montrosser I had heard absolutely nothing since his last letter. At the time of my meeting him now I was a lad "walking the hospitals," and had betaken myself for a short vacation to Loch Tayside for the purpose of recruiting my not over-strong frame against the coming winter's work. Knowing no one, and living a lonely and somewhat comfortless existence at an obscure Highland Hotel, I passed as much of the time as possible in the open air. A solitary walk on the moors, when occasion serviceable, or a solitary shot or an odd day's fishing, formed my chief amusements, and my furlough was tamely drawing to a close when on that memorable 25th of August the form of my long lost friend Montrosser stood before me in his glory.

I was strolling carelessly along with eyes towards the ground when I heard some one near humming what seemed to me an old familiar air.

I looked round and saw no one, but presently a voice, which had also a familiar ring in it, called out in somewhat imperative tones—

"Hey, you there!—Can you tell me which is the way on the high road?"

I turned to where the sound came from, and there seated on a stone, and regaling itself on sherry and sandwiches, was a bronzed, bearded figure which upon at my approach.

"Arthur Montracy?"

"Ronald Stuart, as I live, by Jingo!" And I can say at least for my friend's face that it was a picture of astonishment.

We clutched each other's hands.

"By Jove, I never thought I'd meet you here."

"And, by Jove, I never thought the chance of meeting Flibbertygibbet or Auld Clootie himself as Arthur Montracy at this moment. I had begun to think that we had seen and heard the last of each other."

Montracy was all but a stranger to me, and a look of wistful anxiety flitted over his face; but he said cheerily—

"Well, let us make the most of it now that it has come. I'm at a primitive lunch, and you'll join me."

So I sat down and devoted myself to my friend's fare and his excellent sandwiches.

Montracy's whole manner and his curt replies to my observations led me to feel that any direct questioning as to the past would at that time prove irksome, if not actually painful, so I contented myself by telling him of such little bit of my life as I saw him and by giving the vaguest generalities as to his continental experiences in the hopes of drawing him gradually out into fuller details.

But my best efforts proved fruitless, for Montracy touchsaled me no particulars further than that he had spent seven years in France and Germany and had finally travelled round the world. For hours we talked together of our mutual friends—those friends ever changing scraps of information as to their whereabouts and present life. We had already exhausted much of that kind of conversation which generally comes on occasions of the meeting of friends and had walked together on the moor several miles, when Montracy, throwing himself wearily on the heather, gave utterance to the speech which begins this chapter.

Evening was closing in around us and the sun had dipped out of sight. Hours glided by, but we took no note of them so absorbed were we in the renewal of a prove friendship. Contrasted with rubbed-down and changing scraps of information as to their whereabouts and present life. We had already exhausted much of that kind of conversation which generally comes on occasions of the meeting of friends and had walked together on the moor several miles, when Montracy, throwing himself wearily on the heather, gave utterance to the speech which begins this chapter.

Evening was closing in around us and the sun had dipped out of sight. Hours glided by, but we took no note of them so absorbed were we in the renewal of a prove friendship. Contrasted with rubbed-down and the world and had been hardened in its customs and perhaps my simple enthusiasm was a mystery to him. But I had few friends on earth—Heaven knows I've fewer now—and it was a pure, unalloyed pleasure to meet one with whom I had spent so many happy hours in my still younger years.

It was a renewal of ingenuous boyhood to sit and talk with Montrosser as of old. Since we roamed about the old schoolhouse together, our arms locked, after the fashion of boys, round each other's necks, I had tasted something of the bitterness of life, a lonely life and known it was to be utterly friendless. I had scarcely a relative, and those I had were cold and unsympathizing. The merest civilities passed between myself and them; and that in despair I thought it were better had I none at all. I was simply and literally alone in the world. My few school companions and those with whom I had been most intimate while at Oxford were now scattered far and wide, and the correspondence at long intervals was all that attested to our former friendship. Nor was I one to be content with the "Hail, fellow, well met" acquaintanceships of the medical classes. Having been a lonely child, I was slow to make new ones. Was it wonderful that in the tanned, grizzly bearded Bohemian my heart was glad to recognise an old friend? Montracy, the laughing, quick-witted boy, had developed into a manly Bohemian man of twenty-five with the subdued spirit of forty. Yet our mutual feelings remained the same. We had not amid cold formalities outgrown the pure sentiments of our boyhood. Memory, hope, fears and these, too, at a time when the most rapid changes, both bodily and mental passed over us, had not choked in either the memory of those brighter, better days when all was pleasure and hope—days of pleasure which, and when in the vista of the future the very innocence of our lives then led us to see only fresh cause for happiness, and the consummation of our wishes to be a wished.

Arthur Montracy, where, Oh where are you now in these and latter days? "I walk the earth with aimless feet," and does your spirit never visit me, never return to those hallowed days when we lived and roamed together? Shall we meet once more and piece together the old, sweet memories in *some* Haven of Rest where aching troubles will no more beset us? Surely, surely there is recognition beyond the grave. Yes. Somewhere we must surely meet.

"Don't you fancy it is time we were beginning to think of turning homewards? It is all up with the moon coming on space when we were still on the moor. "And that reminds me, Mont, to ask, where are you staying?"

"Oh, five miles from this I should think," he answered carelessly, "forty-second cousin—Macgrath—you know him?"

"I've heard of his place and know the name. The house, I should think, is good seven miles from this. Remain, see how far we have walked since I met you. There is no use your attempting to go back to-night."

"No, I think not. Sky looks lowering, doesn't it? Macgrath can put me up for a night I daresay; but now that I think of it I ought to have been home by seven for dinner. Some friends, I believe, that I thought had to drop with him in the afternoon. Perhaps he'll forgive me, though. I told him I wasn't to be relied on. And I think I'll go with you to-night—that is, if you'll allow me?"

"Of course I invite all that over that, my boy. I should be glad of anybody to relieve the monotonous quiet of the little inn. But I hardly reckoned, Arthur, that I should be so fortunate as to have an old school-fellow turn up and stretching his limbs beneath the primitive board. Strange world, isn't it?"

"Deuced strange," replied Montracy, with peculiar energy. "A deuced strange world, Stuart." Then rolling himself from the heather, "Hang me if I can understand it at all."

"We", perhaps we'd better not enter into the question just now," said I, "for I confess to finding my limbs a little stiff, and the best thing we can do is to get up steam at once and swing ourselves into a smart walk. If you haven't seven miles to go alone you will find it a good one for a night I daresay; but now that I think of it I ought to have been home by seven for dinner. Some friends, I believe, that I thought had to drop with him in the afternoon. Perhaps he'll forgive me, though. I told him I wasn't to be relied on. And I think I'll go with you to-night—that is, if you'll allow me?"

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