CLIPPINGS FROM THE WEEKLY JOURNALS.

PICKINGS FROM "PUNCH."

"In Vino Veritas."—Baille Vecintosh, Member of School Board (who wished to address the children after luncheon).—"Now, bairns, aw'll jest tall ye, we're a' like sheeps—we're a' gone astray—we're a' lost i' the ocean!—some's near the haven! Ye're jest leavin' pourrt! Ash I'me, aw thenk aw'm about hauf shesh drun!"

A Fact for Naturalists.—Young Housewife: "Dear me! what very small eggs for twopence-halfpenny eish! I never saw such extravagance, to take them!" Affable Dairy-woman (who has always a conclusive reply for complaints): "Well, yes, m'm, it does. But I've always scolded them for the wild goose chase!"

Two Sides to a Question.—It's all very well to talk of sticking to your old friends, whether they be prosperous or the reverse. But what if they insist on calling Sockered, for instance? You ask R. S. to dinner, to meet your respected father-in-law (the Dean), and General Oakbrake, and the Member for Downsey, and, shade all, Sir Georgius Midas and Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns—and to mention the better halves of these important people—and lo! the little Pickle of Trade! Sockered scorns worldly success, and still pawns his watch to pay his rent, insists on reminding you across the table of the good old days, when you used to do his errands, and is a piquant sort-off against your present splendour, tells that capital story of how you managed to get for a song that jewel-cupboard at a certain by and by auction shop in Drury-lane, and then settled the bill with a hat and coat your grandmother lent you to go to your grandfather's funeral—and, if I'll stick with the servants in the room, confides him! and that spiteful little Bohemian minx, Mrs. Scatehord, gobbling away for the week before and the week to come, and revelling in your wife's black looks at you!

FROM "JUDY."

Very Unreasonable.—The weather, Mrs. J. is informed on good authority, has lately been so very close on the metropolitan railways, that passengers, in order to cross the Channel "came over" in a profuse perspiration.

At the Bar.—Why is a man who has just swallowed his "Queen's Bench" like a Bankruptcy Commissioner? Because don't you see, he has just passed his little "go."—A-ha!

When an old fellow takes his "forty winks" after dinner he should always put a *nap*-kin over his head.

SHAVINGS FROM "FIGARO."

A physician, finding a lady reading "Twelfth Night," said: "When Shakespeare wrote about patience on a monument, did he mean doctors' patients?" "No," she answered, "you don's find them on monuments, but under them."

"H.M.S. Pinafore," translated into Russian, will, I am told, shortly be performed simultaneously in St. Petersburg and Moscow. I thought the Czar would yet find a way to drive the Nihilists out of the country.

Mary made a little pie,
The sugar crust was tough;
But Mary's brother chewed away,
And couldn't get enough.
She tried a piece herself one night,
And strange as it may seem,
That simple chunk of pie became
The fabled of a dream.

Now that the banjo has become so fashionable, would it not be well to act up to the nominal advice given by the instrument, and reply to "Ban-jo-ho" by saying "Ban-jo is polite society. The "Ban-joseph" would be a much more elegant name.

We often hear that So-and-so has given Someone the lie. Well, what could be expected? A lie is scarcely the thing one would go to any outlay to obtain. Even as a gift, it is hardly worth having.

A "London Correspondent" has written, in a recent letter to the poor benighted provincials that have to read his mendacious twaddle, that "Ban" is a word quite common to meet a lady with a cigarette in her mouth." It is not often these mischievous scribblers are content to thus promulgate their unmitigated falsehoods, but they must to know a lady when they meet one; though it is nothing, now for their falsehoods to end, as in the present case, simply in another lie.

Mr. John McCullough gives an entertaining account of his first leanings towards the drama. It was in a Philadelphia shop as a clerk, and he tells us that he knew that he they John began his working life as apprentice in chair making. In the same shop was an intelligent old mechanic named Bass, whose body lay in the shop, frightened by much hard reading, and who was continually reciting Shakespeare, greatly to the bhy's delight. Burke's Favourite quotation was "Ambition should be made of sterner stuff."