

## Ballads for Bad Memories.

A frequent excuse put forward by persons asked to sing, is the declaration "that they would be delighted, if they could remember the words." As words in the present style of singing, really matter very little, we give the following verses as a sample of the kind of thing that may be sung by people with short memories.

Oh, if I had a lumpty tum tumty tum too,  
In the land of the olive and fig,  
I would sing of the lumty tum tumty to you,  
And play on my thingummy-jig.  
And if in the lumpty tum battle I fall,  
A tumty tum's all that I crave;  
Oh, bury me deep in the what you may call,  
And plant thingumbobs over my grave.

[In case this should be too great an effort for the memory, we have dashed off the succeeding trifle, in which, by a clear and loud delivery of the ends of the lines, the bearer will imagine he knows what it is all about.]

Dumty, dumty, dumty, love,  
Dumty, affdy, heart,  
Dumty, dumty, dumty, prove,  
Dumty, diddy, part.  
Dumty, dumty, dumty, meet,  
Dumty, diddy, coy,  
Dumty, dumty, dumty, sweet!  
Dumty, diddy, joy!  
Dumty, dumty, dumty, bliss,  
Dumty, diddy, shine,  
Dumty, dumty, dumty, kiss!  
Dumty, diddy, mine!

The following is very characteristic of a certain type of Irishmen:

A humorous cross-examination occurred at a certain court house not long since, but no report of it found its way into the papers. A witness, one Edward Flynn, a school-master, was interrogated by the opposing counsel with: "What business do you follow?"

"I am a school master."

"Did you turn off your scholars, or did they turn you off?"

"I do not wish to answer irrelevant questions."—

[Laughter.]

"Are you a great favorite with your pupils?"

"Ay! troth am I; a much greater favorite than you are with the public."

"Where were you on this night?"

"This night!" said the witness; "there is a learned man! this night is not come yet; I suppose you mean that night."

Here the witness looked at the judge, and winked his eye, as if in triumph.

"I presume the 'school master was abroad' that night doing nothing?" continued the counsel.

"Define nothing," said the witness.

The counsel not complying, the learned school master said: "I will define it—it is a footless stocking without a leg." Roars of laughter greeted this amusing definition.

"You may go down, Sir," said the somewhat angry counsellor.

"Faith, I believe you're tired enough of me, but it's my profession to enlighten the public, and if you have any more questions to ask I will answer them."

A VALUABLE BUCKET.—Amongst the many curious modes of making money in Australia, none, I think, surpasses the following: A surgeon told me that he went one day into the tent of a brother medicus, on the Bendigo, just as the patient was going out.

"I have been stopping a tooth," said the surgeon.

"Do you get good cement here?" inquired my friend.

"Admirable!" replied the surgeon. "I saw an old gutta-percha bucket selling in a lot of old tools one day at auction. I bought the lot for the sake of the bucket, which cost me five shillings. I have already stopped some hundreds of teeth with the gutta-percha at a guinea each, and shall, no doubt, stop thousands with it before the old bucket is used up. It is a fortune to me. My name is up for an unrivalled dentist, and they come to me from far and near."—*Life in Melbourne.*

Why ought women to be employed in the post office? Because they know how to manage the males.

PAROLED PRISONERS.—On Sunday last the steamer Geo. Leary reached the Naval School wharf with thirty-five officers and over 500 paroled men from the Southern prisons. On Monday the New York arrived with over seven hundred officers and men. The general appearance of the unfortunate prisoners indicate the most cruel and inhuman treatment on the part of the liberal and generous Chivalry. On Monday evening we witnessed in one procession fifteen dead bodies of these men reaching here by these two boats, on the way to the soldier's grave yard. The death of all the men was the result of the want of food and ordinary comforts whilst in the hands of their worse than savage captors.—*Annapolis Gazette.*

"I was toting down the Hudson on the night-boat, and trying to sleep in a berth in the cabin. Two country dealers—slow, old coaches—sat near me, drawing out a conversation about store-keeping and buying goods, while I was wishing they would go to bed and let me go to sleep. They kept up a low, buzzing kind of dreamy talk—not life enough in it to interest a sleepy hearer, and just too much to let him drop away. But I was finally amused by overhearing them, as they got upon two or three of the big merchants of New York, who, they allowed, were something. 'Purty smart, I s'pose, they are in York,' said one of the men; 'but I'd like to know what chance any of them fellers would stand in Willsville?'—*Harper's Magazine.*

"A friend of ours in the country," writes an entertaining correspondent, "has a peacock, that, like other peacocks and people, has a habit of spreading himself considerably. Our friend has a German servant in his employ quite unacquainted with the peacock tribe and nature; and when the bird expanded himself the boy was frightened, thought something was the matter, and, having vainly tried to put the upright feathers down, he ran in to tell his mistress that the wind had blown the peacock up. The lady came out, and, for the sake of seeing how far the boy would go in his wonder, she told him to catch the bird and bring him to her.—As he made the attempt, the kingly bird dropped his tail, and the boy exclaimed:

"So longer as a man lives so more he finds out."

True, very true; and happy he who has wit enough to know it.

A GEORGIA writer tells of one of the intelligent pedagogues of that State:

"He was visiting a family in a town adjoining the one in which he pursued his profession of 'keeping school.' One of his scholars had been recently injured by the accidental discharge of a gun in the hands of another pupil. 'Well, Sir, I suppose you are still engaged in teaching the young idea how to shoot?'

"You mistake, Sir," he replied on the instant; 'if I had had my way, neither of them should have taken the gun in his hands!'

Bright, wasn't he?

A DANGEROUS FISH IN THE HUDSON.—The *Troy Times* says:—"A queer specimen of a fish was discovered in the Hudson river near the bridge recently. It was a monster indeed, and hereafter it will be well for small boys not to venture into the waters of the river to bathe. The fish, or rather monster, as it may well be called, was first discovered by the people on the bridge, some of whom immediately commenced to take measures for its capture. It was plainly evident that the fish was not a sturgeon, from the fact that it was quite black, and, it being ugly in appearance, it was hard to find a person willing to go out in a boat and capture it. Finally, no better plan offered itself and the fish seeming inclined to remain awhile in that vicinity, a man in the crowd obtained a gun as soon as he could, and then blazed away at the monster's head. The fish turned over on its back, but still evinced some signs of life, and it was feared that it might yet escape. At last, the spectators being very anxious to secure the fish and preserve it as a curiosity, a boy who was heroic enough ventured out in a boat for that purpose. The fish was grappled and brought out of its native element without a struggle, when to the horror of the bystanders, it was discovered to be a—black cotton umbrella!"

A TOUCHING INCIDENT.—One of the saddest stories we ever read was that of a little child in Switzerland, a pet boy, just as yours is, reader, whom its mother, one bright morning, rigged out in a beautiful jacket, all shining with silk and buttons, and gay as a mother's love could make it, and then permitted him to go out and play.—He had scarcely stepped from the door of the "Swiss cottage," when an enormous eagle scooped him from the earth, and bore him to his nest, high up among the mountains, and yet within sight of the house of which he had been the joy. There he was killed and devoured, the eyrie being at a point utterly inaccessible to man, so that no relief could be afforded. In tearing the child to pieces, the eagle so placed the gay jacket in the nest that it became a fixture there, and whenever the wind blew it would flutter, and the sun would shine upon its lovely trimmings and ornaments. For years it was visible from the lowlands, long after the eagles had abandoned the nest. What a sight it must have been to the parents of the victim.

AN INTERESTING STORY.—"Shon, mine Shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language. "Shon, mine Shon! come here, an' I vill dell you von little stories. Now, mine Shon, shall it pe a drue story, or a makes believe?"

"O, a true story of course!" answered John.

"Ferry vell den. Dere vas once a goot, nice old shentleman, (shoost like I,) and he had von liddle poy, (shoost like you.) And von day he heard him shwear like a young fillin, as he vas. So he vent to der winkie (corner,) and took out a cowhide, (shoost as I am going to do now,) and he dook ter dirty liddle plackguard py de collar, (dis vay, you see!) and valloped him, (shoost so!) And den, mine tear Shon, he bull his ears, (dis vay,) and smack his face, (dat vay,) an' dell him to go mifout his supper, shoost as you vilt do this efening."

A WESTERN man writes: "When the laws of our State required parties wishing to be married to get license from the County Clerk, an Irishman, evidently of full age, applied for the writ of execution. After the Clerk had put the usual questions as to his native place, occupation, etc., he asked,

"Will you swear that you are twenty-one years old?"

"Faith, and I will do that same," said Jimmy.

"And Bridget," said the Clerk; "will you swear that she is twenty-one?"

"Jimmy straightened up, and looking somewhat indignant, replied, 'Shure, an' I can swear she's double it!'

"He got his license, and hastened off to his waiting bride."

The following is a bill of fare at a fashionable hotel:—

First Course—Arm-chairs.

Second Course—Heaps of plates.

Third Course—Silver spoons, plates and forks.

Fourth Course—Wait as long as you please and get nothing.

Entrees—Clerk of the house entering and collecting two dollars per head.

Desserts—Yawns, gapes, swearing and music.

The following curious question and answer, throwing a strong light upon the social habits of the subjects of the Pharaohs, has been translated from some lately discovered hieroglyphics. The question is—

Why is an Egyptain son remarkable for his filial affection?

To which is appended the answer—

Because after the decease of his Pappy, he takes such care of his Mummy.—*Punch.*

An Irishman who had just returned from Italy, where he had been with his master, was asked in the kitchen:

"Yea, then, Pat, what is the lava I hear the master talking about?"

"Only a drop of the crater," was Pat's witty reply.

How the Prince of Wales popped the question to the Princess of Denmark—"Please deign to marry me?" And the fair Dane deigned.