

## F A C E T I A E.

## THE BATHER'S DIRGE.

(BY TENNYSON MINOR.)

Break, break, break,  
On thy cold hard stones O Sea!  
And I hope that my tongue won't utter  
The curses that rise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,  
If he likes to be souled with the spray!  
O well for the sailor lad,  
As he paddles about in the bay!

And the ships swim happily on  
To their haven under the hill;  
But O for a clutch at that vanish'd hand,  
And a kick—for I'm catching a chill!

Break, break, break,  
At my poor bare feet, O Sea!  
*But the artful scamp who has collar'd my clothes*  
*Will never come back to me.*

"Six into four, you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

The beauty of a man's parting his hair in the middle appears to be that it gives both ears an equal chance to flap.

Extract from a Romance.—"With one hand he held her beautiful head above the chilling waves, and with the other called loudly for assistance."

The novel writers have changed the usual phrase describing their heroes to suit the times, and now say: "He was born of rich but honest parents."

He put it down without anyone telling him to do so, and peevishly remarked that "a woman was a fool to set a red-hot flat-iron on a kitchen chair."

M. Howells says he saw an English family stop before Titian's "John the Baptist," and heard the father sum up his impression in one sentence, "Quite my idea of the party's character!"

Dr. Johnson remarked, when he heard that a friend of his had married a second time, it was an instance of the triumph of hope over experience.

"George has had a great many pull backs in life," said the young wife to her lady friend. And when the friend said "Yes, I saw him with one yesterday," the young wife didn't know what she meant by it.

"ERRORS ACCEPTED.—It's hard to say whether the intelligent compositor shines most when dealing with poetry or prose. He was grand when he gave us "Caledonian stern and wild, *wet nurse* of a poetic child;" but he also shone in telling of the pride a young Oxonian felt in "turn to his *Alum-Water*."

At an evening party one lady was very bitter in referring to an absent acquaintance, of whom she said vehemently that there was not such another for everything that was unladylike or unwomanly; "Sh—sh, my dear," whispered a friend to her, "you are forgetting yourself."

"I canna leave my mammy yet." "I like you," sighed a girl to her suitor, "but I can't leave home. I'm a widow's only darling: no husband can ever equal my dear parent in kindness." "She is kind," pleaded the wooer, "but be my wife; we will live together, and see if I don't beat your mother."

The Last about the Scots' National Music.—Lady of the house: "Of course, Herr Twangdeweyer, you play Scotch music?" New German Music-teacher: "Vot, madame, de bagpipes? Ach Himmel, no! To blay dot would be a great blow to mine genius; it would be mine death-blow; take mine breath away forever!"

A wag brought a horse driven by a young man to a stop in the street by the word "Whoa," and said to the driver:—"That's a fine horse you have there?" "Yes," answered the young man, "but he has one fault, he was formerly owned by a butcher, and always stops when he hears a calf bleat."

Prompt Information.—Sheridan was much annoyed in the House of Commons by a member who kept constantly saying, "Hear, hear!" The witty orator described a fellow who wanted to play rogue, but had only sense enough to play fool, and exclaimed with great emphasis, "Where shall we find a more foolish knave or a more knavish fool than he?" "Hear, hear!" shouted the troublesome member; Sheridan turned round, and, thanking him for the prompt information, sat down amid a general roar of laughter.